

Extended titles:

1. I'm sitting in the library in New York City where it is gorgeous; eleven shelves stacked high, large arching windows, grey light, gold tables held up by dragons, yawning men, women, all types. The president is in the news again and I feel sorry that he will never know what it is like to be nobody. To let the cold air whoosh over your head while you are eating Altoids mints. We are all working here quietly, and nobody is making a show of it. Some days, on the lucky ones, I wake with a silent pride to sprout and rise from the dead, and face the day with the world. (*aube*, French for daybreak) (*gob*, a lump or clot of a slimy or viscous substance). In this drawing I am laying on my back, one foot sprouts a Humpback Whale, the other a Flamingo, my penis is a small bud of green pushing out of the ground. ***Aube Gob***
2. This is a still, a sex scene between two men superimposed onto a memory. One of the men is wearing a tight blue suit, the kind where the white of the dress shirt sticks out of the cuffs, and the skin shows between the top of the shoes and the hem of the pants. You see these kinds of suits in Paris. I once saw a guy wearing a suit like this in a porno. During sex he kept the suit on and only his dick stuck out of his fly. It was neat. It was similar to a dream I had when I was sixteen and I found my best friend's cock in the bathroom next to the sink. I was surprised to find it there. I picked it up and examined it. The skin was soft like velvet and it was warm, thick and really big. I played with it for a little while, and then eventually put it back because I was worried he would come and discover that I had found it. I wanted to combine this dream with the porno, and then superimpose it on a drawing of my first sexual experience in nature: I was in the woods finally having sex with a young man I was actually in love with. I remember as he entered me, I grabbed onto some leaves and had the strangest feeling, a vision almost, of our bodies, slugs, skeletons, moss, dirt, leaves and this aching feeling of love. A hole trying to be filled with dirt. ***Animal Bones Touching Leaf***
3. Kenjатаimu is a Japanese term for the kind of thinking men do after orgasm, before they fall asleep. Once in Tokyo I met a young news anchor at a gay bar. The bar had no address, it was hidden in an alley. I imagine the name roughly translated to: *Hide Face*. Our introduction was awkward. An older drunk American encouraged us to sit together, and then at some point, told us to leave together before it got late. And we did. When we got to the hotel, after his pants came off, I discovered that he was wearing black lace underwear. They looked sexy on him, his broad shoulders meeting his narrow waist with the delicate lace. They made me feel clumsy and crude. When we kissed he barely opened his mouth and this turned me crazy. I wanted to pry him open. But in the end, I was the open oyster, lying there in the state of kenjатаimu. The city soaked in rain, vast and expansive, and I felt vast too, splayed open, confused at this extra space inside of me, of the new smell of him, holding him, exhausted and weak. ***Riding the Golden Bird of Kanjатаimu***
4. As a child, I could sometime see stars from my bedroom window that made the shape of a W.

Triangles are abundant in the sky, but I didn't know that then. The W gave me comfort, as if some alien beings had placed it there as a sign for me. Maybe it was a crown, I thought. I was beginning to obsess about death. My best friend had an infant sister who was deformed and wriggled around on the table making sounds. I loved to touch her and rub her head to calm her down. Then one day she died. I suspected that if you died, you most likely lost your ability to think - like erasing a drawing and then erasing the eraser. It gave me a queasy feeling. At night, when I couldn't sleep, I would go to the window and try to find the W. Now I wonder, what would erase the eraser's eraser? ***Asleep I Hold a Circle Around Me***

5. I once built a shelter in the woods near my house with a piece of carpet for a floor and some old plywood I found dumped in a ravine. The carpet stayed dry for a few days, but eventually I had to drag it out and let it rot next to a stump. Dirt makes a better floor, dirt and pieces of plastic. My friend who was a grade above me told me if you pressed your penis against a tree it would help make it grow. Doing this was more difficult than I imagined, and I end up having to lay face down on a log. My penis felt smaller that day than any day in its history.

Did you know that slugs have teeth?

I discovered this by letting a slug slowly crawl onto my finger. After retracting from our touch, it began to bite me, which feels like a very fine sandpaper rubbing against your skin. ***Arion Ater, Rufus Vulgaris***

6. You've heard the tales of Bakunawa, the giant serpent who attempts to swallow the moon. But have you heard of the gargantuan crab named Tambanokano? The belief in giant monsters swallowing the moon, and the wild efforts to frighten them away, are widespread. You can find them throughout the Philippines, as well as parts of Malaysia, Indonesia, Mongolia, China, and Thailand. The stories spread through trade with the expansion of the Indianized Kingdoms. In Vedic Mythology, Rahu is a Hindu demi-God who attempted to become immortal by swallowing a divine nectar. The sun and moon deities told Vishnu about this, which led to Rahu's decapitation. To take his vengeance, he occasionally attempts to swallow the sun or moon - causing an eclipse. As Hinduism spread, it was absorbed into other cultures, which evolved and adapted Rahu's story to fit the society beliefs of the time. It was these preexisting animist beliefs that we have to thank for such fantastical beasts. We know this because stories of moon-eating giants spawned all over the world without the help of Hinduism. For instance, Vikings believed that two "sky wolves" chase the sun or the moon and an eclipse occurs whenever the wolves catch one. Hinduism evolved the moon-swallowing beasts into pantheistic tales of vengeance, filled with adversaries and even love. Before that, they were just giant beings doing what they were supposed to be doing, be it malevolent or benevolent. ***Tambanokano Moon Eating Crab***
7. I wish that we could walk as citizens of a transparent world. Free to move about, without

- borders. A moth bashes against the window as I write this, trying to escape my studio, and an ant crawls across the paper on my desk. A lizard sleeps between the pages of my book and I discover a centipede in my bed. ***The Fugitive***
8. While looking at AA Bronson's, *Felix Partz, June 5, 1994*, I began to cry. I buried my face in a triangle shape I created with my arm. I wasn't crying about death, but about bravery, about AA looking into the face of death and seeing something worthy, something beautiful. This work of art is an act of friendship, creating dignity at a time when the world showed little. ***Weeping Figure (Blue)***
  9. The letter A is created by draping my arm limply, like a rope, over my leg. My head, a blue mist, slowly clearing, even though the rest of my body feels greener, far away. When I walk away from the photo of Felix, I go outside and I sit and warm myself in the sun. I will try, I say to myself, to not turn away from suffering like I have done so many times in the past. ***Thinker/ Feeler***
  10. If it was possible to melt the ice caps on Mars, the whole planet would be flooded with 11ft of water. But this will never happen. We should be happy to have our oceans, which to this day have barely been explored. Why send people to Mars? ***Mars***
  11. I know these drawings look easy, but I had some trouble making them. The water spreads from the brush like a spill, a cloud temporarily forming and then sometimes drying badly. The colors fade away and it looks dead. When it works, a feedback occurs, and I feel I have the ability to integrate and assimilate the opposites in my life. Swallow my shadows and come back to life. I suspect this is the secret of cloud formations, the essential material of my consciousness. ***Cloud Sucker***
  12. I ask you, are butterflies dirty? ***Awakening***
  13. *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, a book that changed my life. I found it in my sister's room, I think I might have just begun high school. When she was out, I would flip through the newsprint pages. There was one page that fascinated me, a picture of a woman with her legs spread open, holding a flashlight, while another woman held a mirror so the woman with the flashlight could look at her vagina. One day when the house was empty I took a mirror, leaned it against the bathroom wall, locked the door and had a bath. I got out of the bath, dried off, leaned back naked against a cabinet, spread my legs, and with my Dad's flashlight looked into the mirror. ***Awakening II***
  14. Our parents used to drive us over the border from Vancouver Canada to Seattle to go shopping. My sister and I saved our babysitting money to buy candy that wasn't available in Canada. We would sell it to kids back home for more money. Everybody did it. The selection was incredible. This began my lifelong dream to live in the United States. My favorite candy at the time was Bubble Yum and Pop Rocks. I had read a few science fiction books and it was clear to me that people in the U.S. were living in the future. For example the gum, which was cut into thick cubes, came in grape flavor. Can you imagine that? Cubes? Grape flavor? These trips gave me hope of a better future. ***Grape Leafolder***
  15. You may think this drawing is about mudpuddling, but it is not. Mudpuddling is a behavior most conspicuous in butterflies, but can occur in other animals as well, mainly insects. They seek out nutrients in certain moist substances such as rotting plant matter, mud and carrion, and they suck up the fluid. If the conditions are suitable, conspicuous insects such as butterflies commonly form aggregations on wet soil, dung or carrion. From the fluids they obtain salts and amino acids that play various roles in their physiology, ethnology and ecology. ***Mudpuddler, (Tom)***
  16. I heard terrible arguing from the hotel room above me last night. A man's voice was pleading, but I couldn't make out what he was saying. He was crying uncontrollably and then I heard the sound of a child's voice. A woman screamed, "no" "no" "no!!!" Then I heard him say, "I want my baby girl!" Then sobbing. Hours later, at three in the morning there was whispering from their room, the sound of something falling on the floor, and then the sound of the door opening and closing. ***My Vessel***
  17. From my studio where I made these drawings, I look out into the garden and think. I wish I had had someone to walk me through the garden, to teach me the names of plants and what the insects do. Why didn't we have a garden at school? Why didn't we learn to take care of bees? We only learned how to make vegetable soup once. ***Discovery***
  18. Was there a time when news arrived slower? Yes, it used to take months, and then it took a day, and now it takes seconds. We must have been quieter back then. People die because of fast arriving news. It must be stopped. ***Kissed over Close, Wears yet a Crimson Speck***
  19. There is something so freeing about being fucked. Sometimes I think about the men who have missed out on this. The feeling of the whole world going up your butt and every molecule of your body being rearranged. Afterwards you can hear your heart purring and you feel powerful, not like the sun but like the moon. You are in awe. You are a completely new being. ***Rolling over and over in the Sweet Bulbs, Smell of Dirt, Musk, Nectar and Air***
  20. I have sucked on some beautiful dicks. Not the kind you hear about destroying the world. I mean the good ones that you can take out for vegetarian dinner or to a dance performance. These dicks are happy to do volunteer work, they clean up after themselves and leave flowers on your doorstep. ***Slobbering Scare Dagger (Acronicta Auricoma)***
  21. Lowly is an anthropomorphic earthworm who usually wears a Tyrolean hat. He wears a shoe, a red tie, and his best friend is Huckle Cat. They live in Busytown. This is a town I have spent a lot of time in. *What Do People Do All Day?* is a book by Richard Scarry and it is a masterpiece. It explains economic and industrial processes and even if the gender roles are traditionally prescribed, it has helped me imagine there might be a place for me. It was never clear what Lowly's role was but that is why I wasn't a punk rocker. To be a punk rocker, I thought, you first had to feel part of the world, so

you could reject it. Lowly the worm gave me hope that there might be a place for worms like me.

**Corn Borer (Lowly the Worm’s Ghost)**

22. This drawing is an attempt I made to make an image in one brush stroke. More a photogram than a drawing. It took about fifty attempts. I made on August 24th, at four thirty in the morning, on the Island of Kaua’i in the hill up from Lawai Valley. When I draw at this time, it is dark, and when I turn on the lights to the studio it triggers the rooster in the tree to crow. Nancy Spero has been on my mind. Her figures wake me up, to sit with her book, *The Torture of Women* and read the essay by Diana Nemiroff. I met Diana Nemiroff once in Ottawa and she made me want to be more rigorous and scholarly. My body in this drawing is making a Nancy Spero shape, where I can make a perch, a resting place for her book.

In the drawing, it’s a moth.

It is through my intellect and its strength that I can do this. There is also an innate feeling of care and affection for her life and work. This is a drawing of me reading early in the morning before the roosters have begun the day, woken by an artist who was born on August 24, 1929. **Lying Asleep Between the Strokes of Night**

23. I made a pilgrimage one summer along the shores of the Zürichsee to the C.J Jung Institute in Zurich. I’m not sure what I thought I would find there, but what I found wasn’t what I was expecting. It is easy to get there and along the way you can stop in at the Kronenhalle Bar where you can sit under lights designed by Alberto and Diego Giacometti and have a drink. From the main train station, go to platform 44 and take the S16 train and in 18 minutes you will arrive at the Institute. When I arrived, it was a hot day and the doors where open. I walked downstairs and found some rooms with tables covered in sand. They were sandboxes with legs. In the sand, scenes were arranged using a variety of children’s figures; matchbox cars, toy houses, all different kinds most likely collected from thrift stores. Upstairs in the library I found a box of cards that contained the Rorschach test. This drawing reminds me of one of those cards. The beauty of the Rorschach test is it allows patients to reveal something about themselves, even when they might be reluctant to. **No Lip Has Touched It Since His and Mine, in Turns, Therefrom Sipped Lovers’ Wine**
24. Light all candles. **A Candle**
25. The bottom of the ocean is serene. All dying material eventually floating down in a continual precipitation of nutrients, biological material and garbage. I used to imagine myself as a water-breathing creature resting on the ocean floor. I knew that this might mean crabs would eventually eat away my flesh. This seemed a step up from the daily bites I experienced at a school full of aggressive kids. **Fall into the Sea**
26. A personification of the fear brought by war. The offspring of Aphrodite and Ares. **Phobos**
27. The first time I hot-knifed hash, my ribcage filled up with burning acrid smoke. I coughed so much I thought I was going to puke. My mind dissolved

through a drain in my neck and dripped down my spinal cord like honey. I laid on a couch motionless, my body glowed for about three hours, and I hung out with gravity. Gravity... the giver of life. **Ribcage**

28. 300 million cells die in your body every minute. **A Cell**
29. A philosophical proposition. **Ant Inside an Ant**
30. Refer back to entry number 13 (**Our Bodies, Our Selves**). **Exploring**
- (31 – 41.) Drip, drop, bending to scatter ashes, I’m on my way, folding, defrosting, puffing. 41. Brian, knocking on my door. He has come to tell me he has tested positive for the HIV virus. We stand dumbly, I hold him. A month later I am in the hospital on the special floor, there is an AIDS memorial quilt on the wall and a jean jacket in a frame. It is the hospital that I was born in and the hospital where my mother use to work as a nurse. The nurse on duty today is being stern and bossy. I want to take Brian back to his beautiful apartment, with all of the antiques he found in alleys, things scrounged from theatre sets. The iron bed from the 1930’s, an old duvet, the dim glow from a tin light we made. Five years earlier I was scattering ashes from an ocean cliffside. I held the chunks of small bone in my hands. Five years can make a difference. Brian survived and is happily living in an antique trailer on the outskirts of town.
31. I’m afraid to say, my good friend Sean has disappeared. He asked me for three hundred bucks, and I haven’t heard from him in three years. **Puffing**
32. Laying in bed drunk. **Defrosting**
33. Refer back to number 7. **On My Way**
34. Based on an illustration from a children’s book. **Folding**
35. Reading Bell Hook: *All About Love*, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 2018 **Polymorphic Platyform**
36. Walking naked in the garden after reading about the stabbing at the bank on Rice Street. Lawai, Kauai, May 17<sup>th</sup> **It’s a Pity to Shut Oneself Indoors**
37. 50 Guy Cum Dump Cream Pie 65 Guy Cream Pie #2, **Cum Dump**
38. Not the play by Martin Sherman. **Bent**
39. Marin Headlands near the Kirby Cove Campground. **Scattering Ashes (1991)**
40. Despite his complete physical transformation into an insect at the beginning of the story, he faces it without complaint. **Die Verwandlung (The Metamorphosis)**
41. **Brian Knocking on my Door**

(42 – 48) Is it right for a father to grab his son by the neck and choke him? Or for a mother to try and run their child over in the driveway of their home? I can report to you that these things have all happened. I met a girl who has ninety percent of her body burned.

Her mother immersed her in recently boiled water as punishment. Everything below her neck is a scar. This makes being punched in the face seem like a walk in the park. Is it any wonder that we just want to sit in the park and watch the birds?

I recently put a bowl of water out for the birds to come and drink from. It brings me some peace to watch them, calming my nerves from the things I read in the newspaper each day. I know we must read and live with the facts we find there.

42. Choke Daddy Gay Videos **Choked**

43. Bird flu: how will it affect HIV/AIDS care? (2006) **Flu Bird**

44. Noise pollution causes chronic stress in birds and health consequences for their young. **Bird with Empty Eyes**

45. From John Ray's *A collection of English proverbs 1670, 1678*. **Early Bird Getting a Worm.**

46. Just stop. **Crumpled**

47. Master- slave dialectic. **Bow**

48. A bird hit my studio window and died. **Embrace**

(49 – 67) The Yellow Wall: My best friend for many years once told me when we were high on MDMA that the reason he contracted HIV was because I broke his heart.

We had met because he stole my watch. Before that I didn't know him, but he came to our party. He reappeared at one point to return it, then he passed out on my bed drunk. The next day I was driving down to Portland to meet some friends and he asked if he could come along. I shrugged, he opened the door to the car, and during the drive we became friends.

Our friendship last until his drinking got bad enough he was committed to a psychiatric ward for a month. After he was let out, he would call me and tell me he was going to commit suicide. I would drive over to his apartment and try to talk him down. It would always involve hearing his criticisms of me, of what a bad friend I had been. One day I figured that might be true, and I told him if he wanted to kill himself he should do it. But I didn't want to clean it up. That he should go into the woods dig a hole, get in it and die. I told him that I couldn't help him.

That ended our friendship, or began our friendship. It is fifteen years later and he is still alive.

49. Four lips coming together. **Kissing Orange Lips**

50. In the apartment of a friend, above the bed. **Ganesh**

51. I have said the words, "oh yes suck it!" **Oh Golden Earth!**

52. Leaving the city, Nov 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2018. **Wandering off to the Paper Sky**

53. Walking and holding the hand of my husband. **Judgment**

54. The time I went to meditation class. **Figure Being Spiritual (Figure Extending Beyond Spirit)**

55. Underwear. **Kite**

56. Guiding me to safety. Follow the one-handed bird. **Spirit Bird**

57. A dear friend. **My Jonathan**

58. Colin and I exploding the pipe bomb and almost being blinded. **Trouble Won't Always Last**

59. Baby sister before her death. **Lifted Up**

60. A dream figure, half human half duck (toe and foot). **A Human**

61. My place in the forest, age ten. **Protection**

62. My Italian lover. **Bruno in his Red Italian Socks**

63. I do not want to be cremated. **How I Want to Die is How I Want to Sleep.**

64. After reading the Dune Trilogy, age fifteen. **Spice Eye**

65. There is a zoo in Berlin with lightening, a hippo in a square concrete hole filled with water, and a tiger that lives in a theatre. It's not the zoo where the elephant was killed by a bomb and where most of the animals were eaten during the war. It's a zoon on the eastside of the city, and I saw there once, in the rain, a small bird, huddled, looking like this. **Camouflage**

66. I was once at a dinner in the apartment of a figure skating coach. He told great stories about his life and of the famous Canadian figure skater Toller Cranston. At the end of the dinner, he gave me a VHS cassette, which had one of Toller's T.V. specials from the 1980's. It was called *Strawberry Queen*. I watched the tape many times, but I can't find it now. I wish I had sent him a thank you note. **Spirit of my Own: Strawberry Queen**

67. Inspired by a trip to the Canadian Artic. **Fancy Bird**

(68-80) Family Wall

68. I read the poem by Langton Hughes. **Mother and Son**

69. Several versions of the Nachtkrapp exist. In most legends, the Nachtkrapp is described as a giant, nocturnal raven-like bird. In Norse mythology, the, Nachtkrapp (Swedish "Nattrammen", Norwegian "Nattravnen") is depicted with no eyes which if looked into cause death. It is also depicted with holes in its wings, which cause illness and disease if looked at. **Nachtkrapp**

70. Irreparable damage to my groin. **Father and Son**

71. At fifty I have a sister. **Sister**

72. With benefits. **Friends**

73. Wanting a brother, a child. **A Dream of Other Offspring**

74. ***Held Fast in his Hands, Clothed Warm with his Wings***

75. Under a Violet Moon is the second studio album by the group Blackmore's Night, released May 25, 1999. ***Violet Moon***

78. My time. ***Dusk***

79. Pre-med student, who I lost my virginity to. ***Doug***

80. Sitting in the library doing my breathing exercise. ***Breath Wakes Me***

81. Illustration for a children’s book. ***Escape***

82. ***City That Does Not Sleep***

In the sky there is nobody asleep. Nobody, nobody.  
Nobody is asleep.  
The creatures of the moon sniff and prowls about their  
cabins.  
The living iguanas will come and bite the men who do  
not dream,  
and the man who rushes out with his spirit broken will  
meet on the  
                    street corner  
the unbelievable alligator quiet beneath the tender  
protest of the  
                    stars.

Nobody is asleep on earth. Nobody, nobody.  
Nobody is asleep.  
In a graveyard far off there is a corpse  
who has moaned for three years  
because of a dry countryside on his knee;  
and that boy they buried this morning cried so much  
it was necessary to call out the dogs to keep him quiet.

Life is not a dream. Careful! Careful! Careful!  
We fall down the stairs in order to eat the moist earth  
or we climb to the knife edge of the snow with the voices  
of the dead  
                    dahlias.  
But forgetfulness does not exist, dreams do not exist;  
flesh exists. Kisses tie our mouths  
in a thicket of new veins,  
and whoever his pain pains will feel that pain forever  
and whoever is afraid of death will carry it on his  
shoulders.

One day  
the horses will live in the saloons  
and the enraged ants  
will throw themselves on the yellow skies that take refuge  
in the  
                    eyes of cows.

Another day  
we will watch the preserved butterflies rise from the dead  
and still walking through a country of gray sponges and  
silent boats  
we will watch our ring flash and roses spring from our  
tongue.  
Careful! Be careful! Be careful!  
The men who still have marks of the claw and the  
thunderstorm,  
and that boy who cries because he has never heard of the  
invention  
                    of the bridge,  
or that dead man who possesses now only his head and a  
shoe,

we must carry them to the wall where the iguanas and  
the snakes

                    are waiting,  
where the bear’s teeth are waiting,  
where the mummified hand of the boy is waiting,  
and the hair of the camel stands on end with a violent  
blue shudder.

Nobody is sleeping in the sky. Nobody, nobody.  
Nobody is sleeping.  
If someone does close his eyes,  
a whip, boys, a whip!  
Let there be a landscape of open eyes  
and bitter wounds on fire.  
No one is sleeping in this world. No one, no one.  
I have said it before.

No one is sleeping.  
But if someone grows too much moss on his temples  
during the  
                    night,  
open the stage trapdoors so he can see in the moonlight  
the lying goblets, and the poison, and the skull of the  
theaters.

By Federico García Lorca

