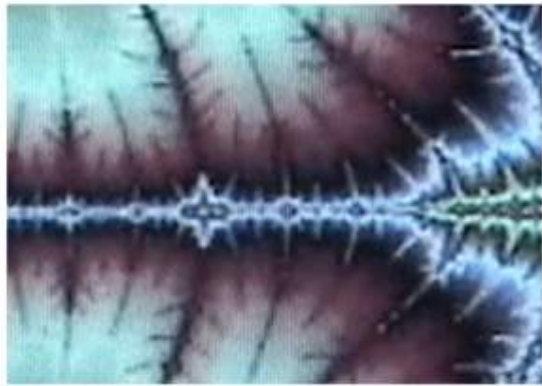


Frowntown

Wallspace Gallery, NY
2012

Documentation



FROWN-TOWN



continuum 1.) opposite of *the discrete*—which posits reality in pieces or atoms. 2.) variation as incomprehensibly gradual; no part can be differentiated from any adjacent part. 3.) reality as a fabric; *no breaks*.



digital 1.) a signal created by converting an original (continuous) subject into binary code, or discrete bits. 2.) any binary attribute, i.e. on/off, man/woman, dead/alive.













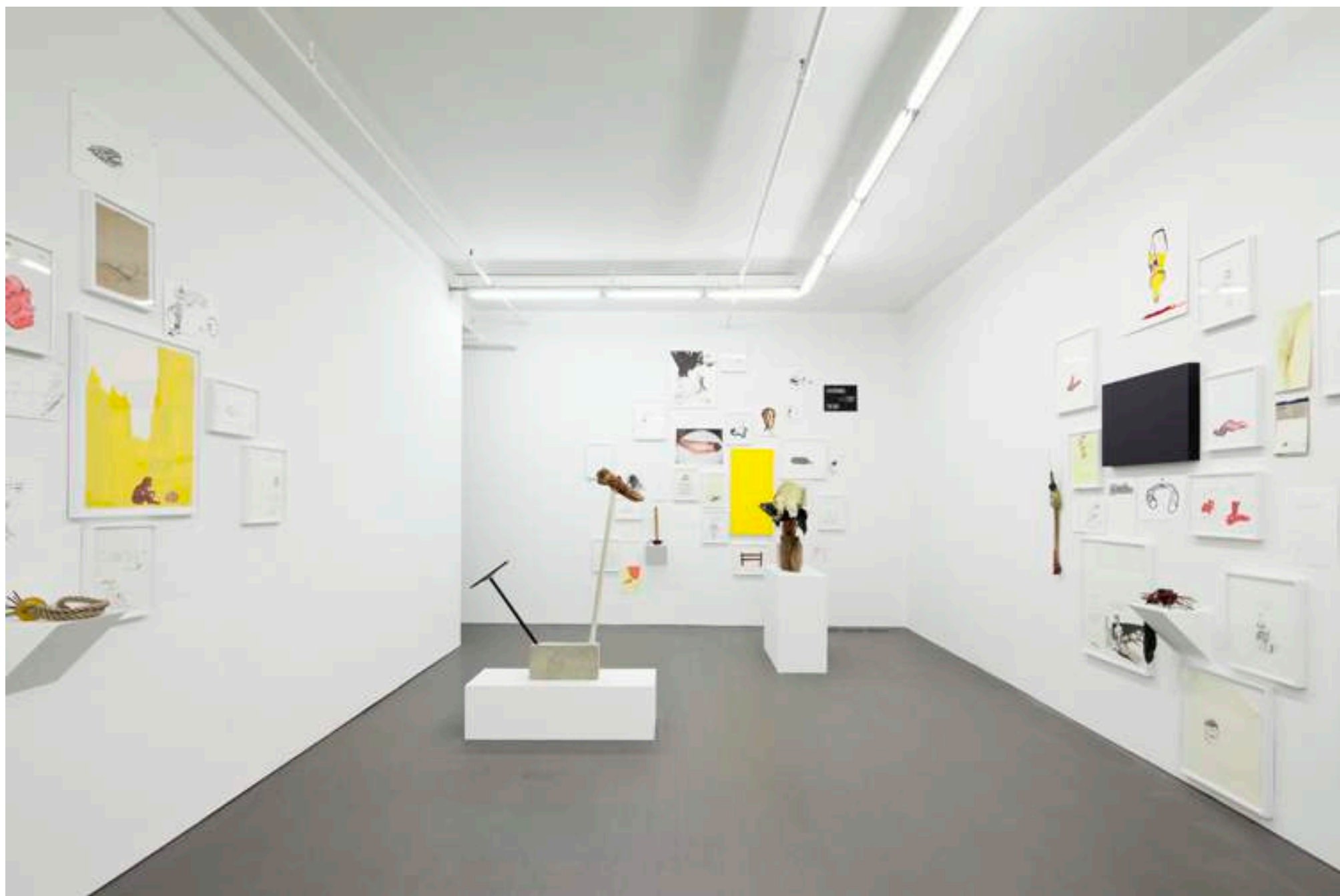








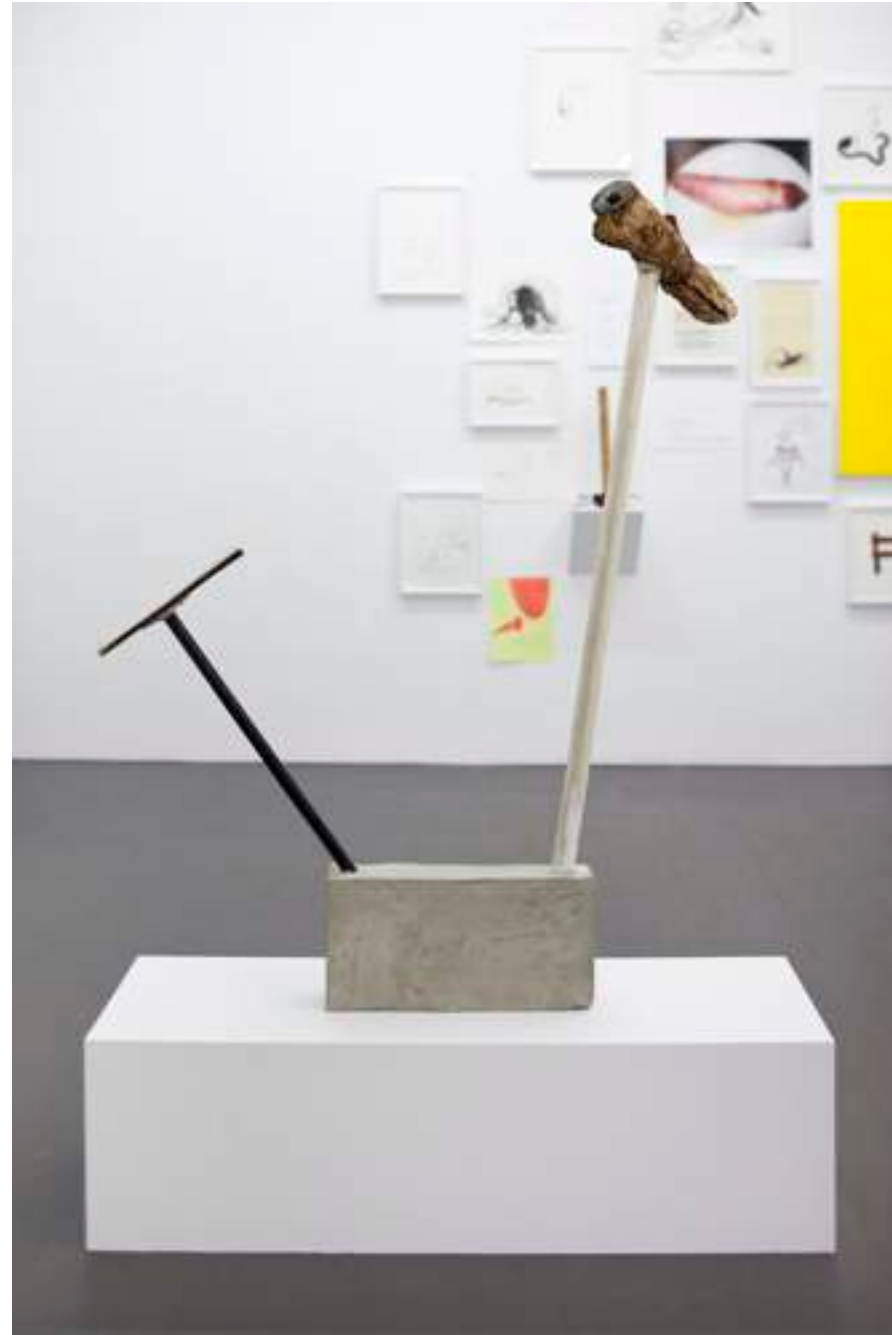












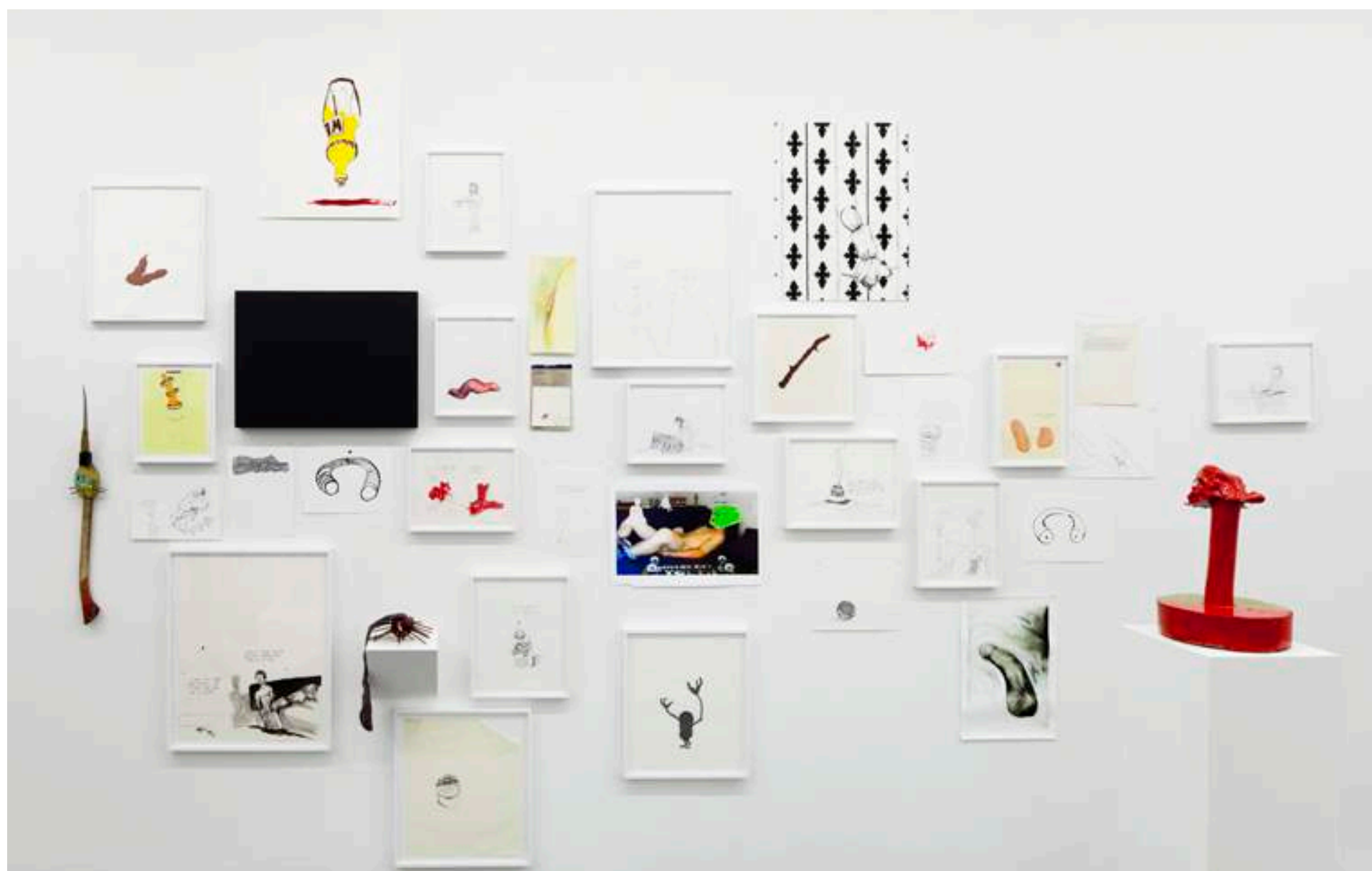








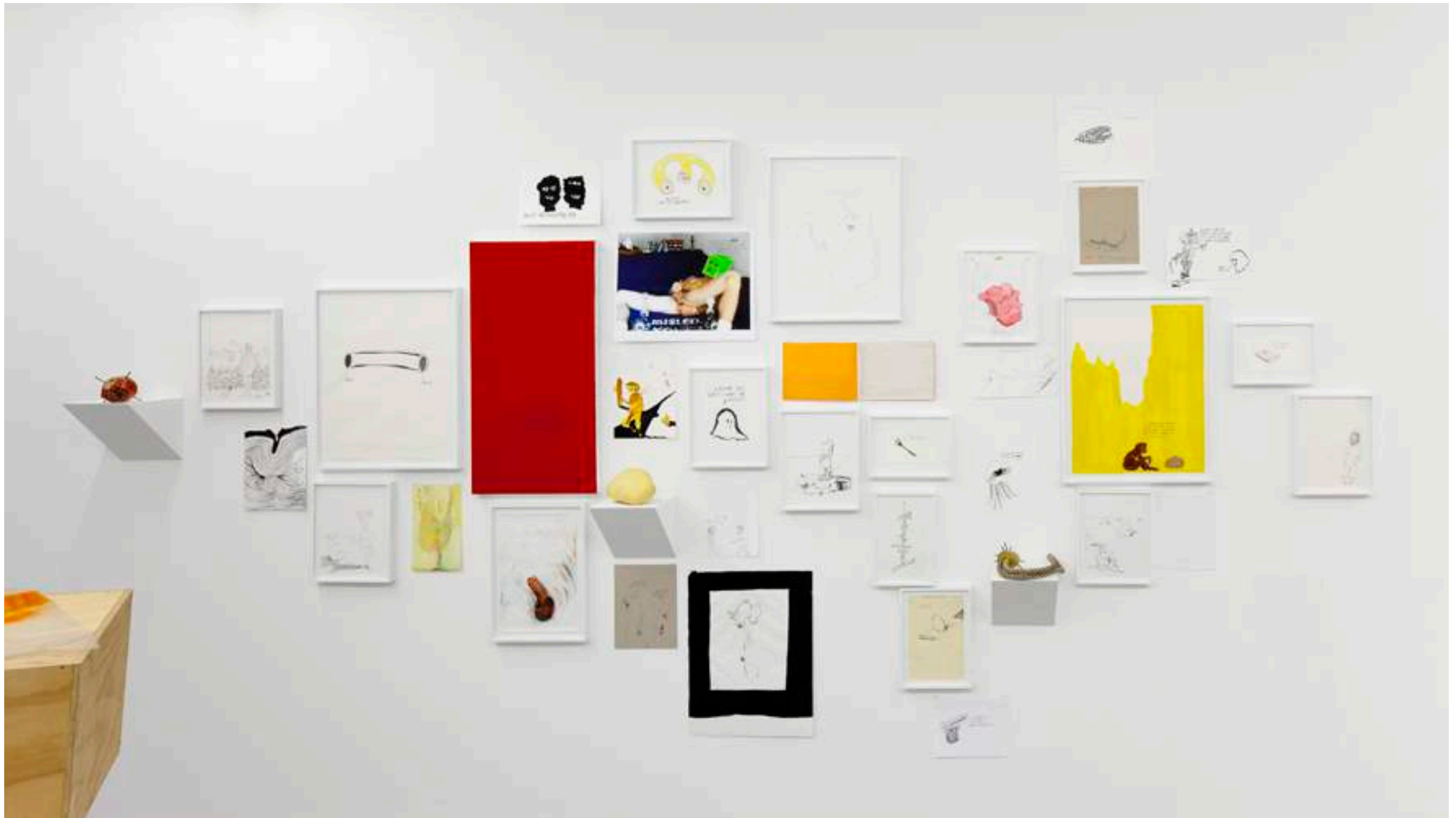


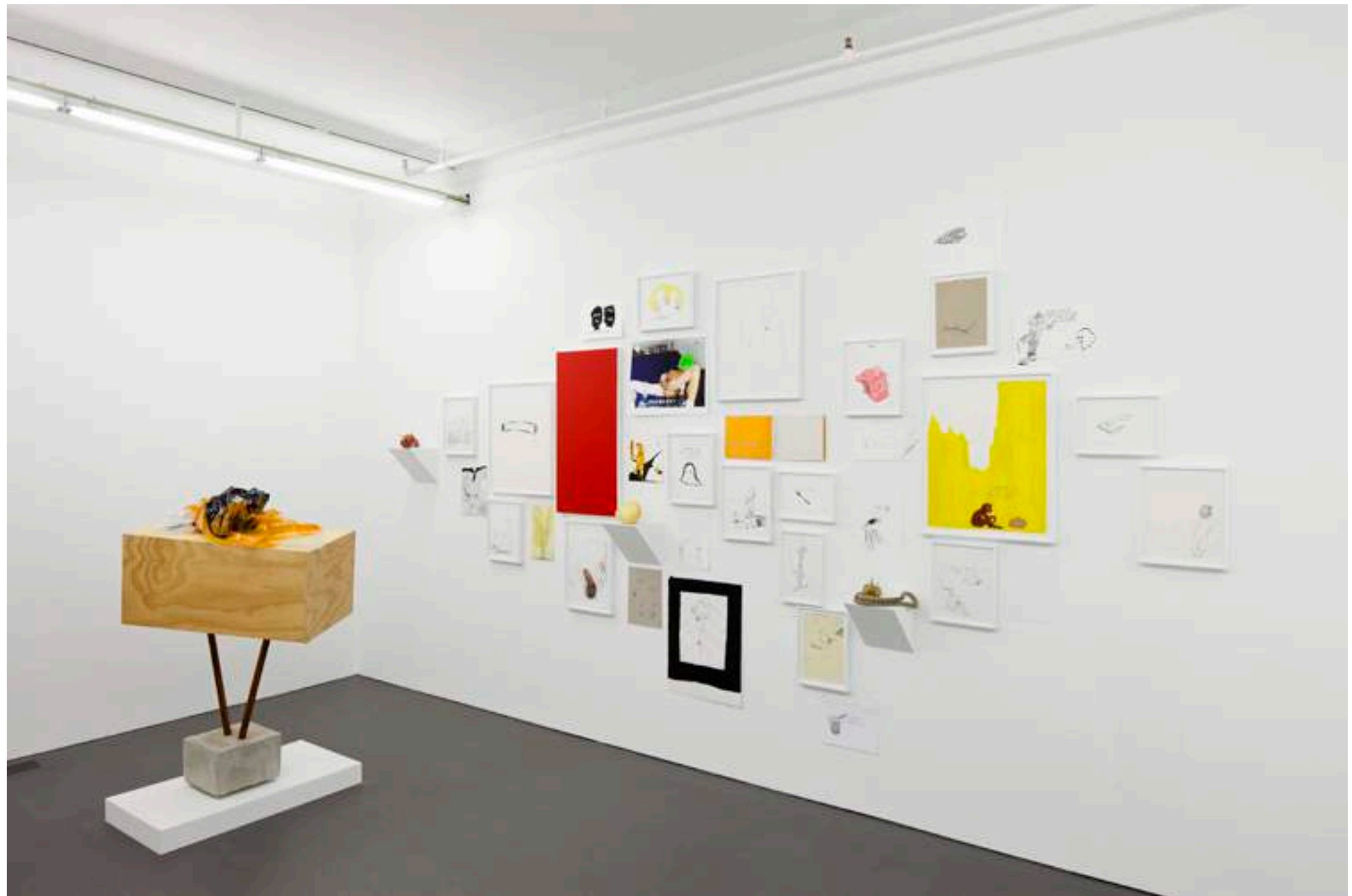




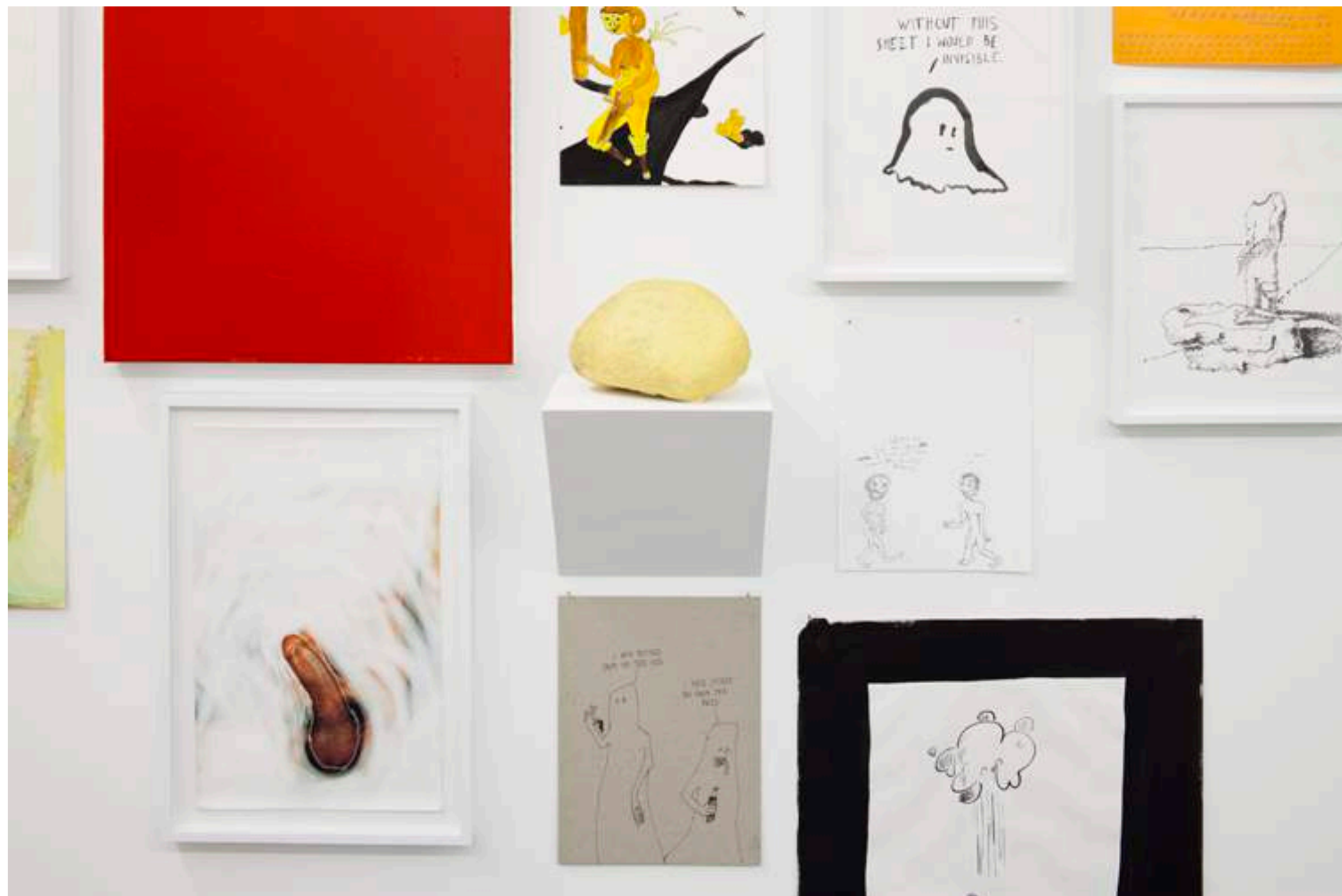


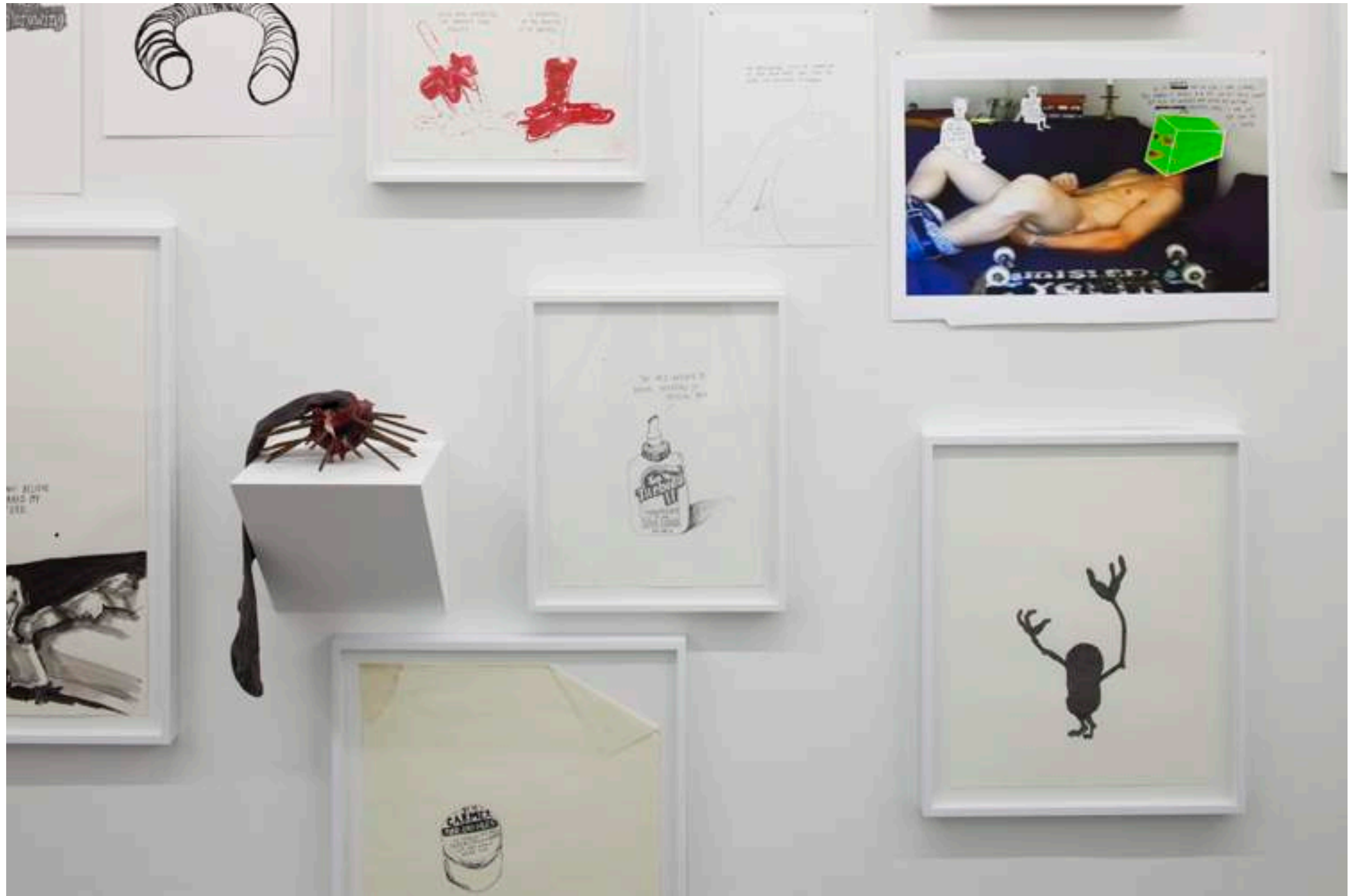






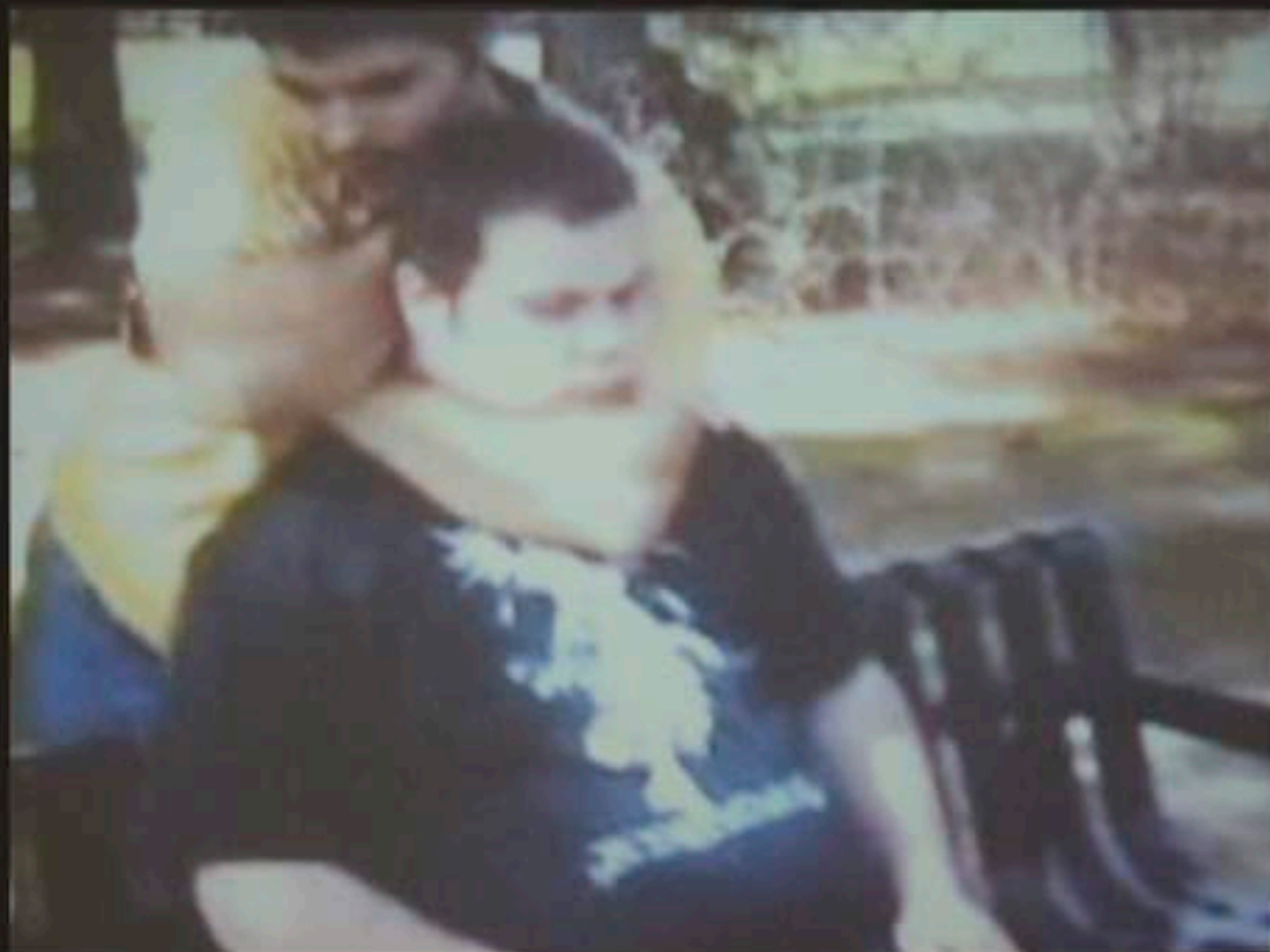












FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Harry Dodge

Frowntown

March 30-May 5, 2012

“Let us call the resting-places the ‘substantive parts,’ and the places of flight the ‘transitive parts,’ of the stream of thought.” —William James

“Out of what is in itself an undistinguishable, swarming continuum, devoid of distinction or emphasis, our senses make for us, by attending to this motion and ignoring that, a world full of contrasts, of sharp accents, of abrupt changes...to which we therefore give substantive names, and which we exalt to this exclusive status of independence and dignity... It is the reinstatement of the vague and unarticulated to its proper place in our mental life which I am so anxious to press on the attention.” —William James

Wallspace is pleased to announce Frowntown, Harry Dodge’s first solo exhibition at the gallery and 3rd solo exhibition in New York City.

Frowntown presents a viscerally affective body of work which employs all manner of drawing, performance, video, and sculpture to explore Dodge’s longstanding interest in what is transitive, or “in-between,” be it between states, stations, technologies, genders, or forms of representation. Using an unruly variety of media and tone, Dodge creates a sort of relentlessly faceted taxonomy of the unnameable, which riffs on (among other things) William James’ notion of the often imperceptible, often irretrievable primal stream from which namable items are cleaved.

Made with urgency over the course of a six-month period, the video trilogy of *Ipse Dixit* (2011), *Unkillable* (2011), and *Fred Can Never Be Called Bald* (2011) explores the space in between language and image, as well as the inexorability of narrative progress or momentum itself in different tonal and formal registers. *Ipse Dixit* is a two-minute loop which uses the simplest tools of Final Cut Pro to deliver a short transcription on the end of the world. The black comedy *Unkillable* investigates the potency of images made from language by means of monologic performance: wearing a mask, Dodge performs a “text-story” of a would-be film made up of progressively appalling events. *Fred Can Never Be Called Bald* uses a combination of text cards, computer voiceover, and a distorted collage of YouTube clips to meditate on the translation and compression of material information into the digitized, virtual world. Each piece in the trilogy edges its structural and metaphysical concerns with a measure of comedy and brutality, offering tough, tender witness to the vulnerability of the human animal and its enterprises.

Dodge’s drawings treat related issues via play with captioning, non sequitur, and an often lewd sense of humor. Many dramatize the violent enterprise of articulating from the muck by means of obsessive depictions of various tools, prostheses, or accessories (such as saws, knives, wigs, wooden legs, keyboard tray extensions, probes, human limbs, or dipsticks). The sculptures translate this play into three dimensions, transforming and transvaluing everyday objects (buckets, boxing gloves, motorcycle helmets, salad dressing bottles, kitchen knives, and so on) into the realm of the indefinable and the menacing, while pieces such as “Matter-Baby” and “Strawman” give the sense of being souvenirs that have come back, dipped, from other dimensions.

Some of the sculptures meditate on James’ notion of transitive space—the space of *orientation*, of “if” or “nearly,” of being between substantives—vis a vis their employment of “legs” or other theatrical forms of presentation (see “What is the Difference Between Foreshortening and Amputation?”). Others humourously invoke simultaneous fluid subjectivities, such as “The Dogs Bark at the Tree Contains The Word Bark Near Both Tree and Dogs” whose titular reference is Google’s “disambiguation algorithm” a function that—unless thwarted by ambiguous proximate symbols—is able, by context, to decipher a user’s interests.

Taken together, the works in “Frowntown” evidence an obsessive, often audacious insistence on the “places of flight,” while also offering a raucous, reclamatory vision of human despair, comedy, sexuality, anatomy, and drive.

Harry Dodge has exhibited solo and collaborative work at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the Hessel Museum of Art, Pleasure Dome (Toronto), and Curtat Tunnel (Lausanne, Switzerland), the 2008 Whitney Biennial; “Code Share: 5 continents, 10 biennales, 20 artists,” CAC Vilnius, Lithuania; the “Videonale 12,” Kunstalle Bonn, Bonn, Germany; “Slightly Unbalanced” at the Harnnett Museum, Richmond, Virginia; “Reflections on the Electric Mirror: New Feminist Video” at the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art, Brooklyn Museum of Art; “Unusual Behavior,” Santa Barbara Museum of Contemporary Art, Santa Barbara, “California Video,” Getty Museum, Los Angeles; “Laughing in a Foreign Language,” The Hayward, London; “Between Two Deaths,” ZKM/Center for Art and Media, Karlsruhe, Germany; “Eden’s Edge,” Hammer Museum,

Harry Dodge, Frowntown

Press Release, March 2012

‘Harry Dodge, Frowntown’

Artforum Online, Critic’s Pick, March 2012

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CRITICS' PICKS

[CURRENT](#) | [PAST](#)

New York

- Harry Dodge
- Virginia Overton
- Valerie Hegarty
- Darren Bader
- Anne Collier
- Mira Schor
- Ron Gorchov
- Stan Douglas
- Neil Goldberg
- Brian Ulrich
- Dan Flavin
- Mary Ellen Carroll

Los Angeles

- Hugo Wilson
- "B. Wurtz and Co."
- "L.A. Raw"
- Alina Szapocznikow

San Francisco

- Luke Butler

Beacon

- Jean-Luc Moulène

Berkeley

- "State of Mind"

Boston

- Michael Cooper

Chicago

- "Feast: Radical Hospitality in Art"
- "This Will Have Been: Art, Love & Politics in the 1980s"

Minneapolis

New York

Harry Dodge


WALLSPACE

619 West 27th Street
March 31–May 5

UrbanDictionary.com defines *frowntown* as a "fictional place were [sic] nobody is happy and nothing is pleasant." A neologism that makes an affect into a location, *frowntown* is also a childish rhyme, a singsongy absurdity that seems to undercut its grim meaning. Harry Dodge's "Frowntown" pushes this adolescent mix of humor and sadness to the breaking point by exploiting gaps between the sound of words and their (invented) meaning in a selection of drawings and sculptures bookended by two excellent films.

The first film, *Unkillable* (all works cited, 2011), is an approximately twenty-minute monologue performed by Dodge wearing a lumpy gray mask and a cube that seems to have lodged in his skull like a meteorite. Assuming the role of aspiring film director, the masked figure sits on a cheap couch and describes, shot by shot and in gory physical and visual detail, a film about adultery and revenge. A cinematic version of Paul McCarthy's *Painter*, 1995, Dodge's director deflates the auteur by asking us to access our own inner visions of erotic destruction, leaving us to fill in the particulars of sexual preference and gender identity that are usually inscribed in filmmaking and viewing.

The overflowing selection of drawings likewise exercises a masterful control over multiplicity as cartoons meet classified ads meet monochrome abstractions. In contrast, his sculptures direct their polymorphous semiotics through painterly assemblages of household items with erotic, sinister, and organic overtones. *Identity Amplitude or Separately Investigable Problems* is a cylinder with a domed top standing seventeen inches high, painted lipstick red on one side and mustard gold on the other: an oversize dildo-hammer-mushroom. This mash-up of masculine signifiers and regressive desires acquires greater dimension in the second film, *Fred Can Never Be Called Bald*, a nearly forty-minute montage that intercuts grainy YouTube videos of *Jackass*-style pranks and science experiments with poetic intertitles of dictionary definitions of words like *conversion* and *continuum*. What kinds of connections, Dodge seems to ask, would you like to make?



Harry Dodge, *Identity Amplitude or Separately Investigable Problems*, 2011, concrete, stump, tarp, urethane resin, paint, 17 x 9 x 9".

— Megan Heuer

MARIAN GOODMAN GALLERY

links

WALLSPACE

NYUSteinhardt ART

DAVID NOLAN NEW YORK

team

W VENEKLASSEN WERNER

SIKKEMA JENKINS & CO.

CHEIM & READ

relationship with her family—above all her five sisters—but also her struggle with MS. (A homeopath prescribed two substances for her treatment, she tells us, which both turned out to be chemicals used in photography.) We see Davey wandering through her apartment—periodically there are shots of the winter cityscape through the window—as she listens with earphones to a recording of the essay and attempts to repeat it as it plays. The result of this self-ventriloquism is a peculiar distance between voice and text. Each word she pronounces is like a snapshot of a word we can't hear. When she says, or rather repeats, the line “my fragmented story came out rather flat and monotone,” she seems to be describing not only what we are actually hearing but also an aesthetic of neutrality in which passion is authenticated by the artist's ability to studiously reflect on it by mediating its expression.

At one point, we see her blowing the dust off her books into the air, as if this dispersal of what has accumulated around her library was an essential gesture of her art. Amid citations of authors such as Sigmund Freud, Walter Benjamin, and Isak Dinesen, she ruminates over the photographs she took of her sisters more than thirty years earlier, the ones from which the prints displayed in the next room were chosen. Dressed in white tank tops or striped T-shirts, all very graphic, the astonishingly self-possessed young women look like the perfect feminist post-punk band—the one whose album I might have liked to put on after wearing out the grooves on my Slits and Raincoats records—rather than a family. Their subsequent lives, we gather from the narration, reflect uncertainties and regrets, the incipient signs of which one looks for in vain in the photographs. For Davey, reflecting on life, literature, and the image constitutes a single process, but it's one that opens out as well as reflects inward. “On the subway downtown on the way to the New York Public Library, in search of Mary Shelley's diary,” she recites in the video's coda, “I began to notice subway riders absorbed in writing of their own.”

—Barry Schwabsky

‘Harry Dodge, Frowntown,’
by Johanna Burton

Artforum, May 2012

Harry Dodge
WALLSPACE

Intro to Logic, freshman year, college. I recall these sentences on the blackboard: “God is love. Love is blind. Stevie Wonder is blind. Therefore Stevie Wonder is God.” The example was given as the epitome of *fallacy*, illustrating, that is, a breach of reason while appearing to maintain reason's very form. Such sleights of hand, we learned, are identified easily enough yet are surprisingly pervasive (and persuasive). While



Dodge, *Fred Can Never Be Called Bald*, still from a color video, 39 minutes 56 seconds.

nonsensical, they can be steeped in such emotional or affective content that their inaccuracy goes unnoticed or, more to the point, feels inherently correct despite obvious evidence to the contrary.

Harry Dodge's nearly forty-minute video *Fred Can Never Be Called Bald* (all works cited, 2011)—appearing in “Frowntown,” his first solo outing at this gallery—would seem to follow the illogic of fallacy. Somewhere near the halfway mark of the work, the following language appears: “Fred isn't bald now. If he loses one hair, that won't make him go from not bald to bald either. If he loses one more hair after that, then this one loss, also doesn't make him go from not bald to bald. Therefore, no matter how much hair he loses he can never be called bald.” It's a strangely comic non sequitur, housed within the body of an otherwise darkly cacophonous video, whose content is largely found footage culled from YouTube. To describe its parts is to do a disservice to its whole, since viewers (this viewer at least) are lulled into a kind of eerie trance as the work unfolds. Here are so many *Jackass*-type shenanigans, enacted mostly by tribes of frenetic young white men: They light themselves on fire, asphyxiate themselves (or others) to the point of passing out, or perform daredevil acrobatics. In almost all cases—and in those clips that provoke anxieties and upset of other kinds, such as one showing a freak hailstorm in which baseball-size globes crash like meteors into a home swimming pool or another depicting an elephant falling to its knees—there is more than a hint of real peril, of the near-death encounter becoming death itself.

Yet these scenes of stupidity and mayhem come to feel incredibly precarious and unexpectedly moving. The brashly mindless participants, nudged into detailing an odd typology of sorts, appear, in their shared terrain, as though they are pursuing something beyond their immediate circumstances and beyond, too, the immediate thrills they seek. One after the next, they are like lemurs throwing themselves off a cliff, slaves not only to their desires but to some relentless pull of biology or spirit or *something*. Throughout the piece, various words—*latent*, *sublimation*, *continuum*, *transubstantiation*, *conversion*, *infinite*, *transitive*, *digital*, *compression*, and so on—and their dictionary definitions appear on-screen, all describing changes in states of being or the orientation of things. A computer voice-over coolly delivers some of this information, too, and the metaphoric implications of, say, the difference between a *continuum* and the *discrete* are weirdly rendered all the more palpable. Near the end of *Fred Can Never Be Called Bald*, there is a shot of a total eclipse of the sun, and then a scene of the artist's brother crying at the foot of his mother's deathbed at a hospice. The sequence is clichéd, but clichéd in the sense of that word's earliest etymology: ringing with a known sound, though without reducing its effects.

Dodge's show included, as well, drawings (abject, but also often quite delicate), sculpture (violent collusions that also often approximate embraces between everyday objects), and two additional videos. The first, *Ipse Dixit*, uses lo-fi effects to deliver an end-of-the-world message; the second, *Unkillable*, features the artist clad in a pallid clown mask reading out loud the shot list for a film about lives (and life) coming undone. The entire assembly of work in “Frowntown” generated a pathos perhaps better described as a scent—pungent, almost pleasant, yet without question that of decay: a state of being like no other, where internal contradictions constitute rather than undo.

—Johanna Burton

Alex Bag and Patterson Beckwith
TEAM GALLERY

Between 1994 and 1997, Alex Bag and Patterson Beckwith produced sixty-odd hours of two public-access cable-TV shows, *Cash from*

Selected Drawings

WITHOUT THIS
SHEET I WOULD BE
/ INVISIBLE.



Invisible

Acrylic on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Ecstatic Keyboard Tray Extension

Pencil on Paper, 11 x 8.5

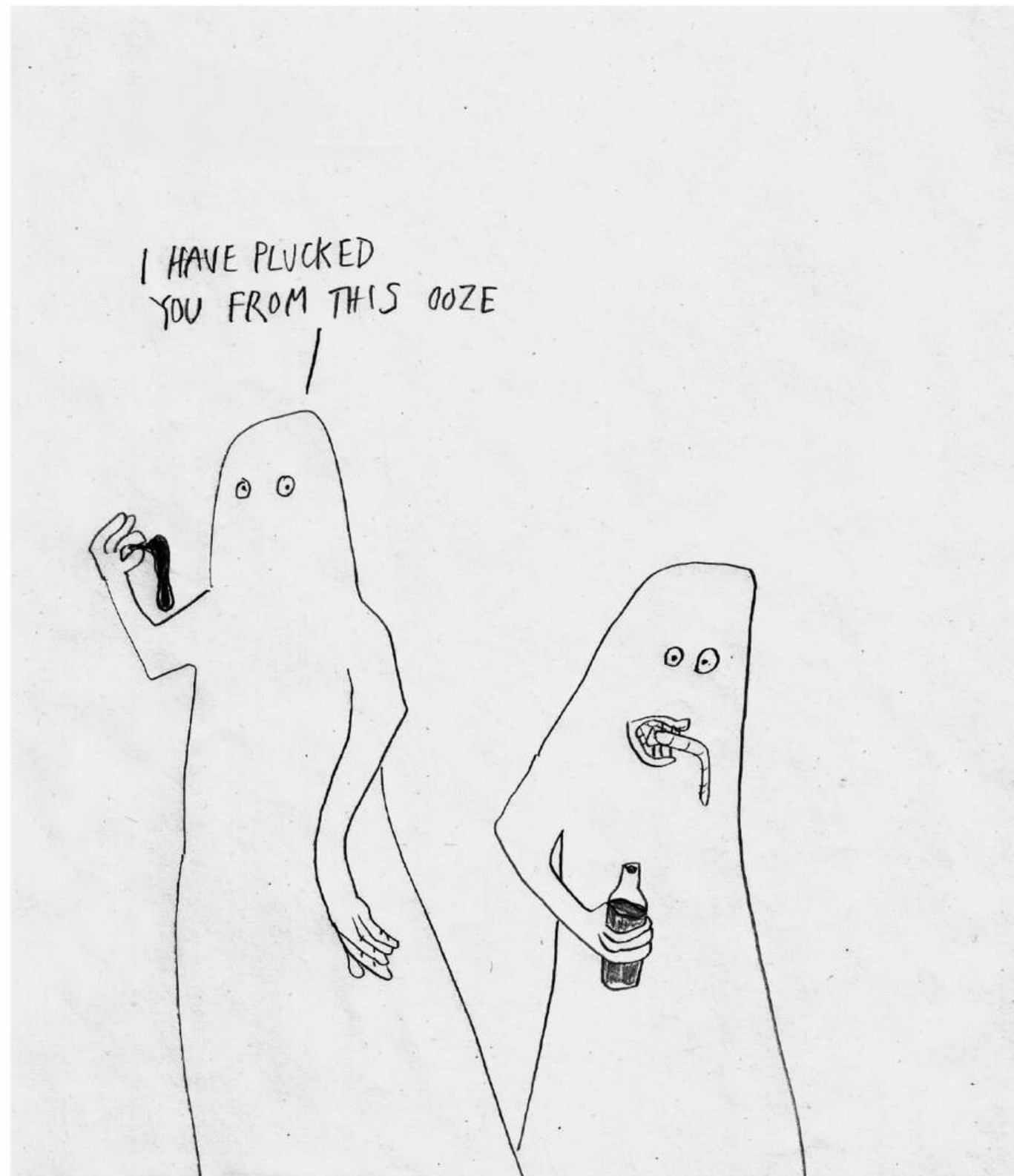
2011



Occult Weiner (On a String)

Acrylic and Ink on Paper, 18 x 24

2003



I Have Sucked This From Your Booze

Pencil on Paper, 8.5 x 11

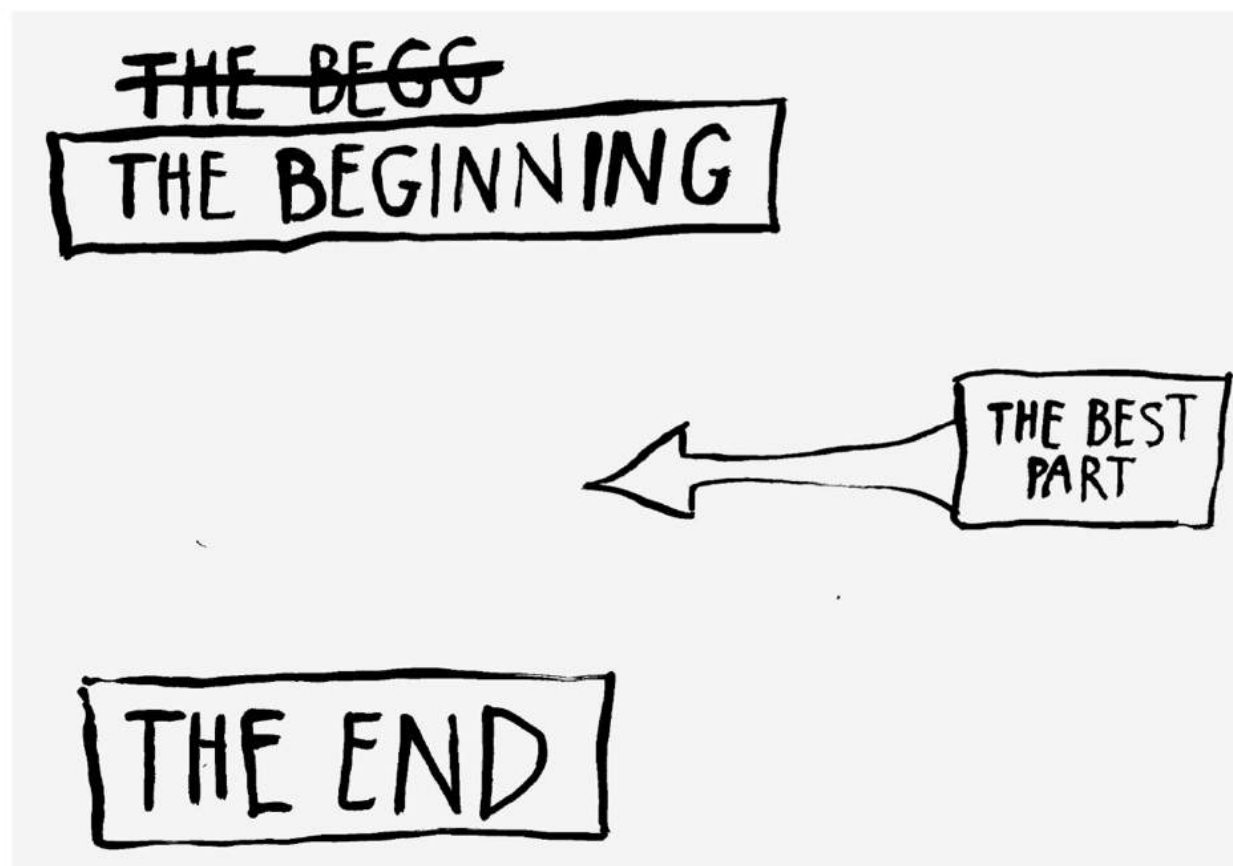
2011



Reality Of My Fantasy

Ink and Pencil on Paper, 12 x 9

2012

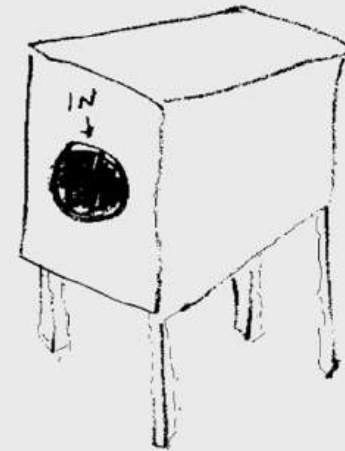
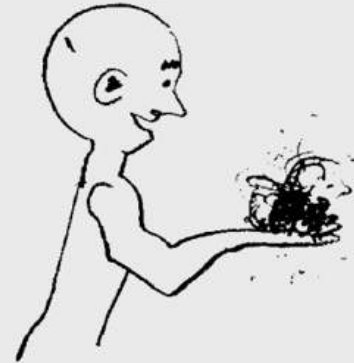


The Best Part

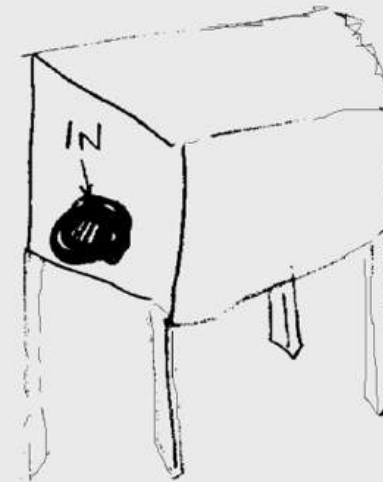
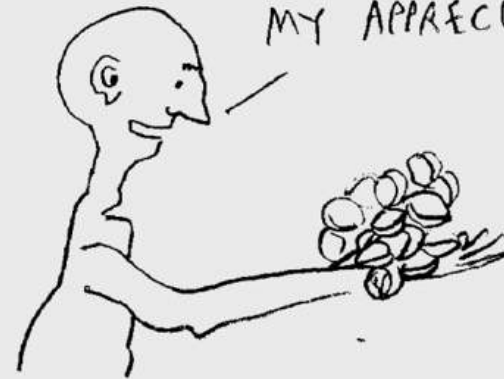
Ink on Paper, 9 x 12

2012

PLEASE TAKE THIS
FUZZBALL AS A TOKEN OF
MY APPRECIATION



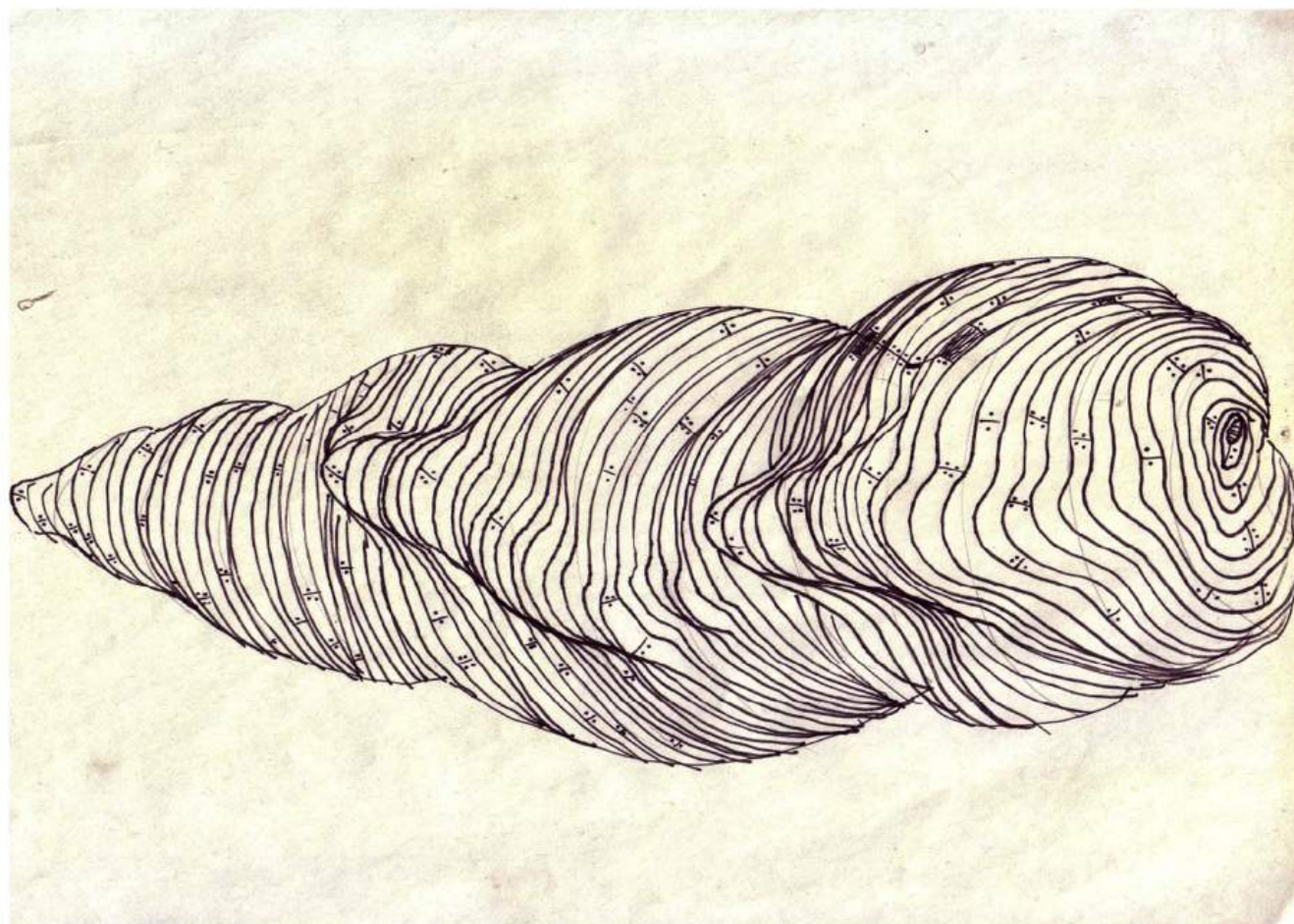
PLEASE TAKE THIS
NUTBALL AS A TOKEN OF
MY APPRECIATION



Fuzzball/ Nutball

Pencil on Paper, 6 x 8

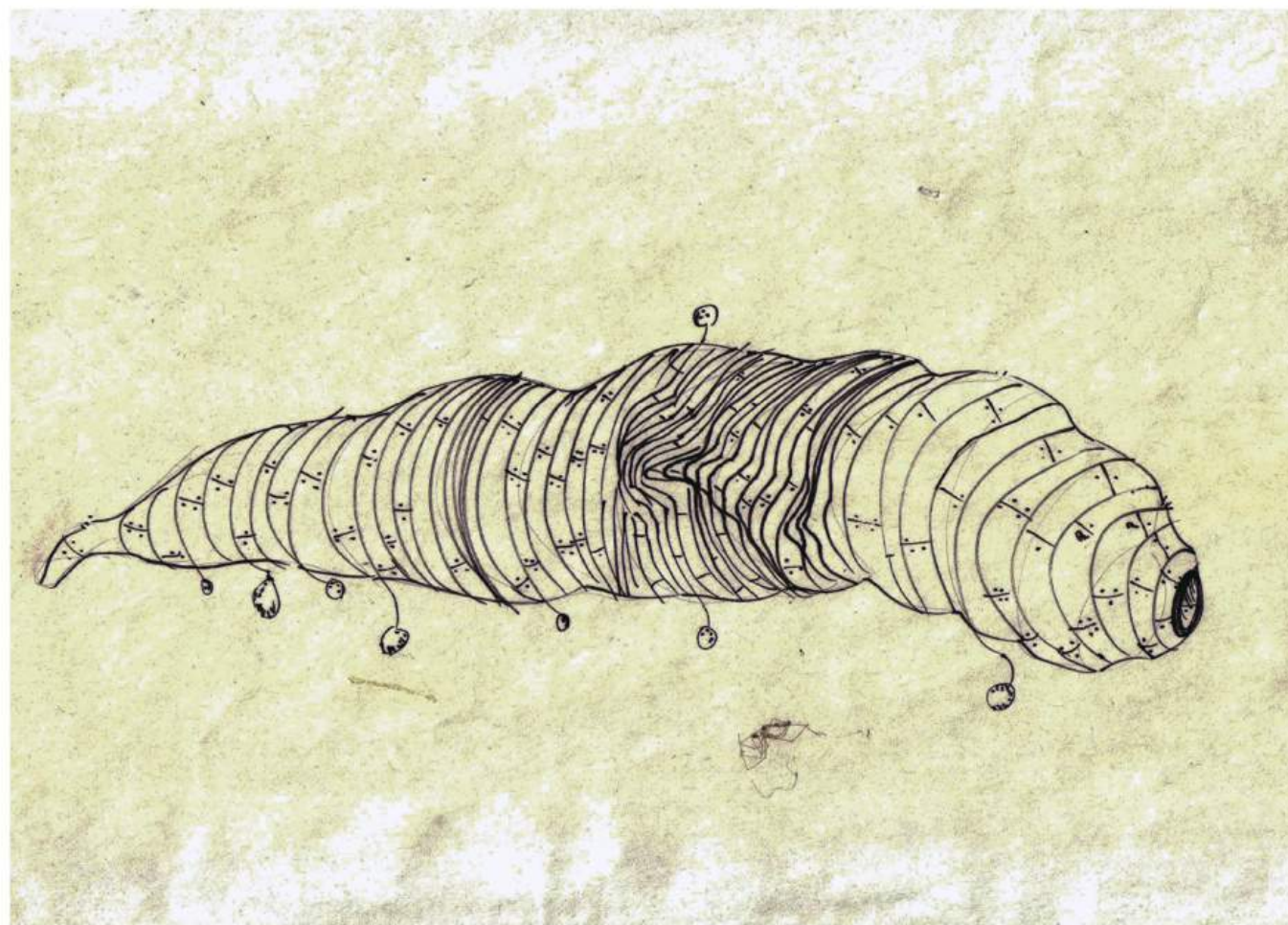
2011



Partes Facere Totum (Striated Blob)

Pen on Paper, 11 x 8.5

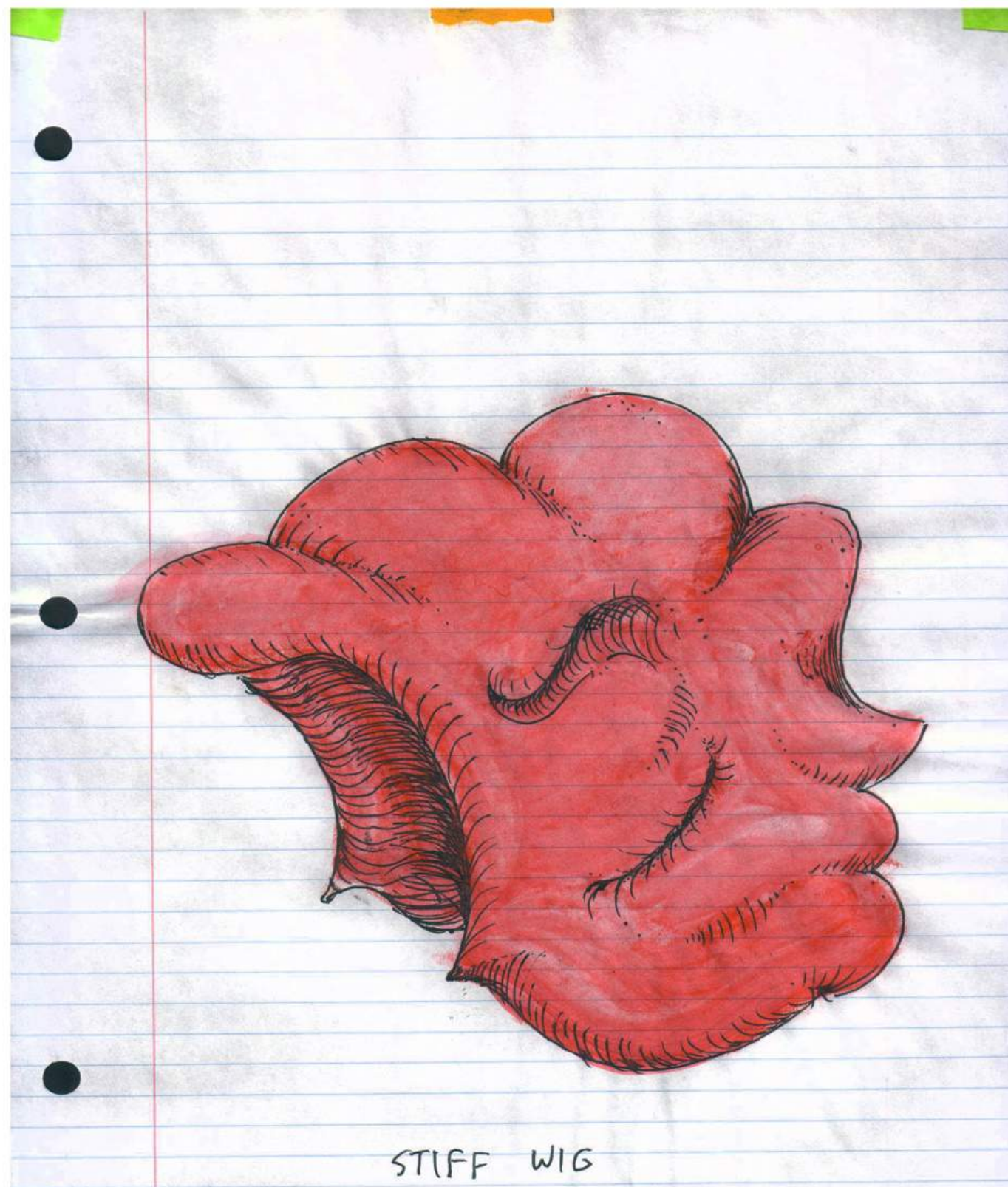
2004



Partes Facere Totum (Striated Form)

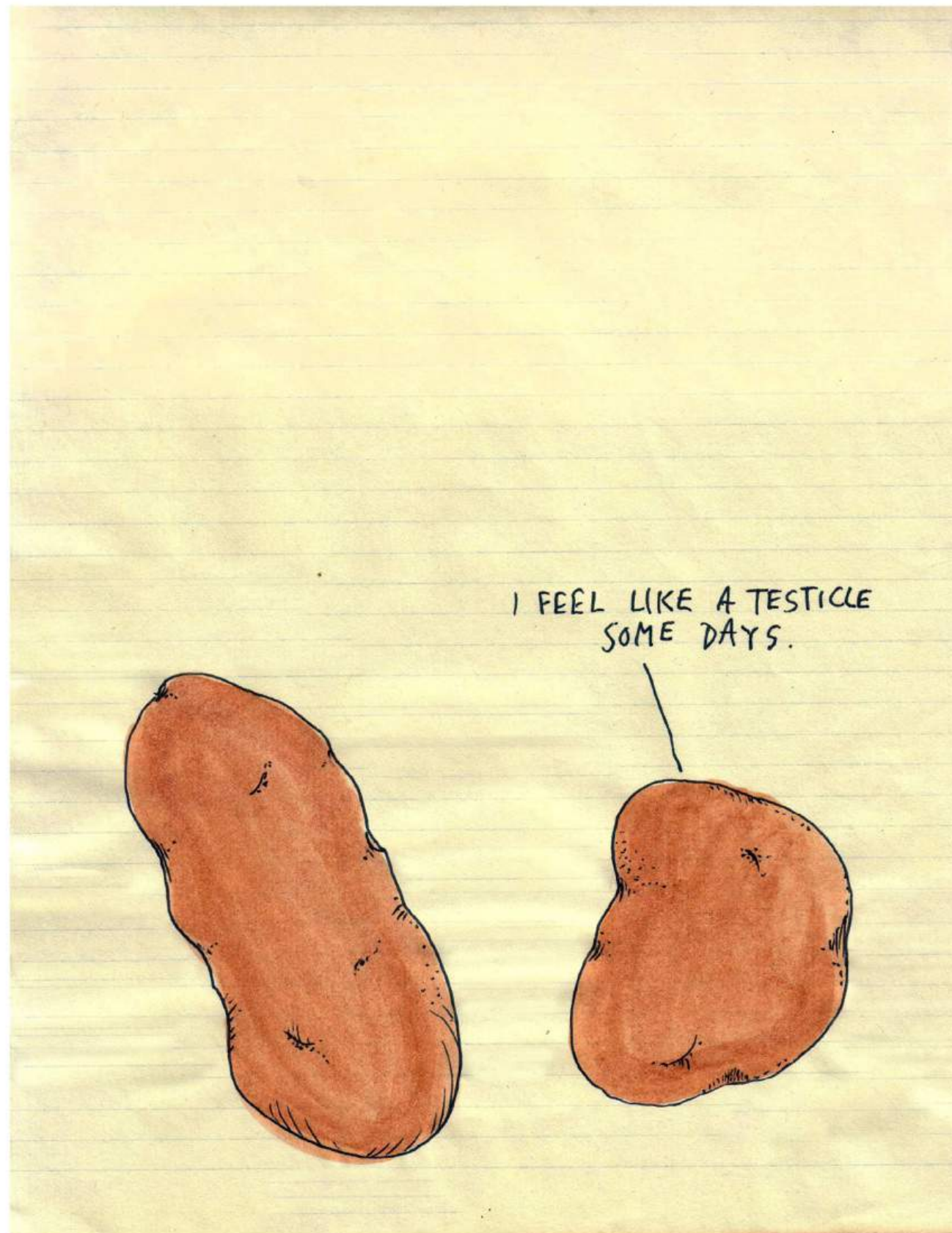
Pen on Paper, 11 x 8.5

2004



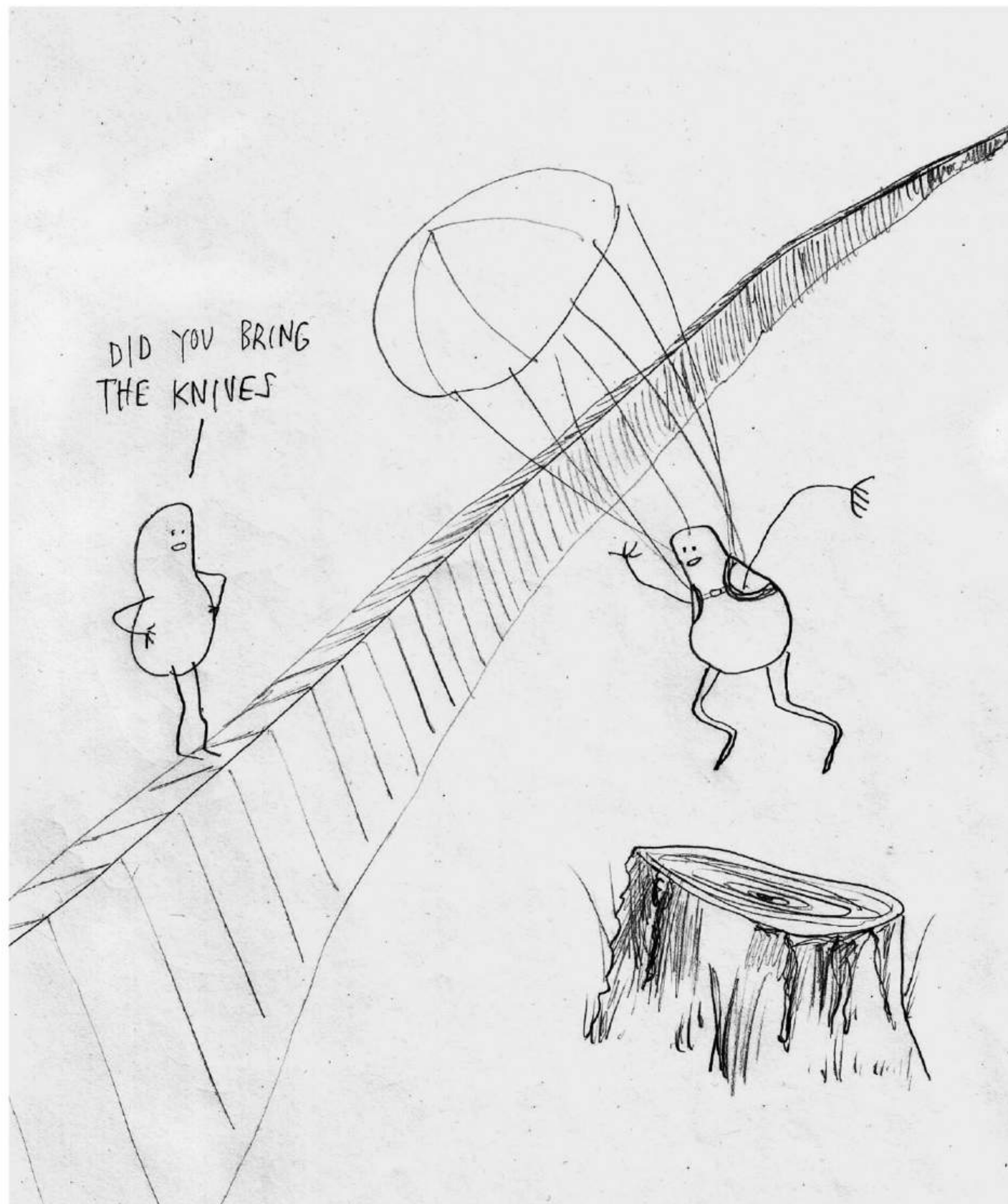
Stiff Wig (Red)

Aquarelle and Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11
2001



Some Days

Aquarelle and Ink on Paper, 8 x 12
2002



Ready To Cut

Pencil on Paper, 8.5 x 11

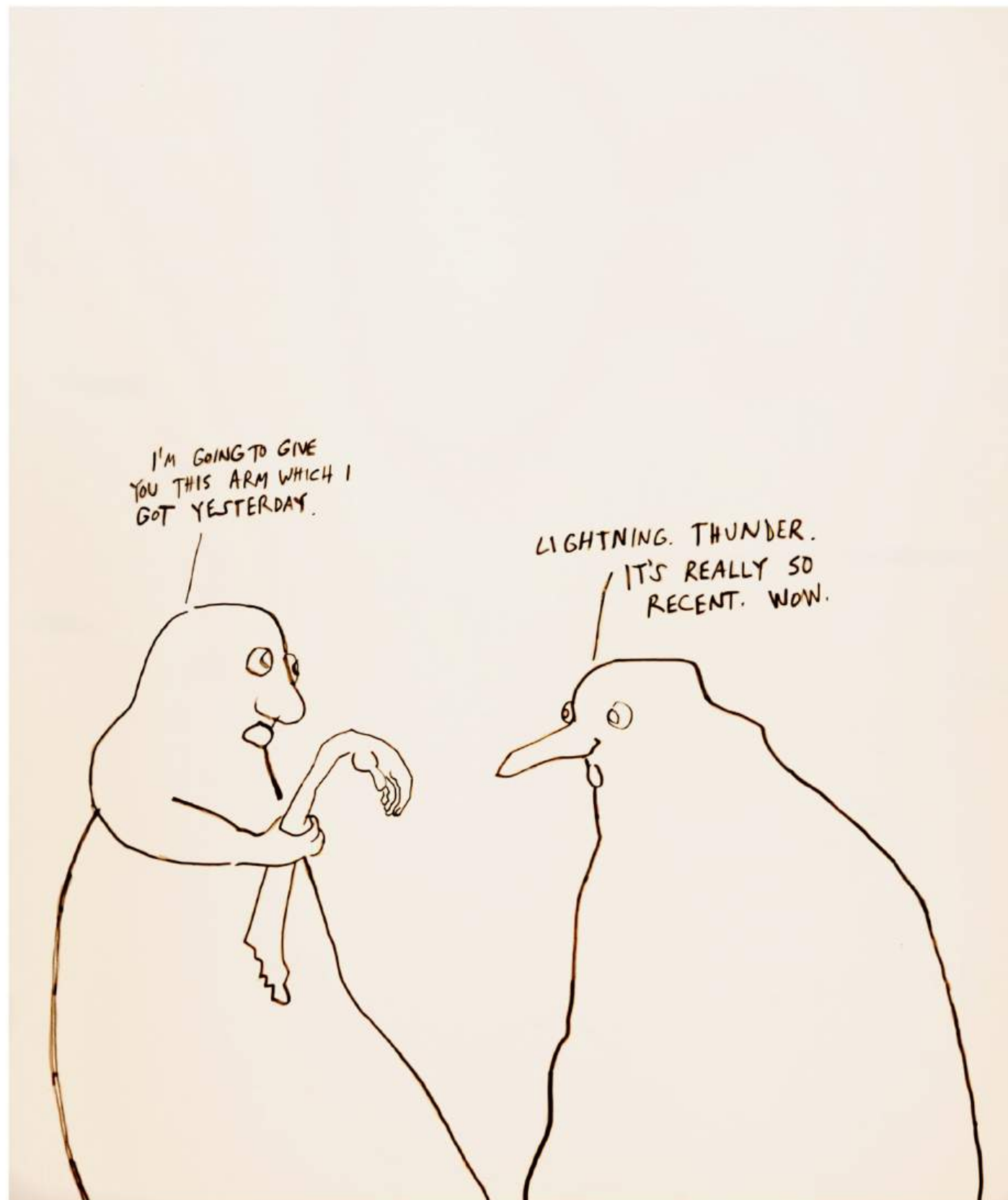
2011



Attraction/ Repulsion (Confrontation with a Thing-That-Won't-Be-Named-On-A-Stick)

Acrylic on Paper, 21 x 16

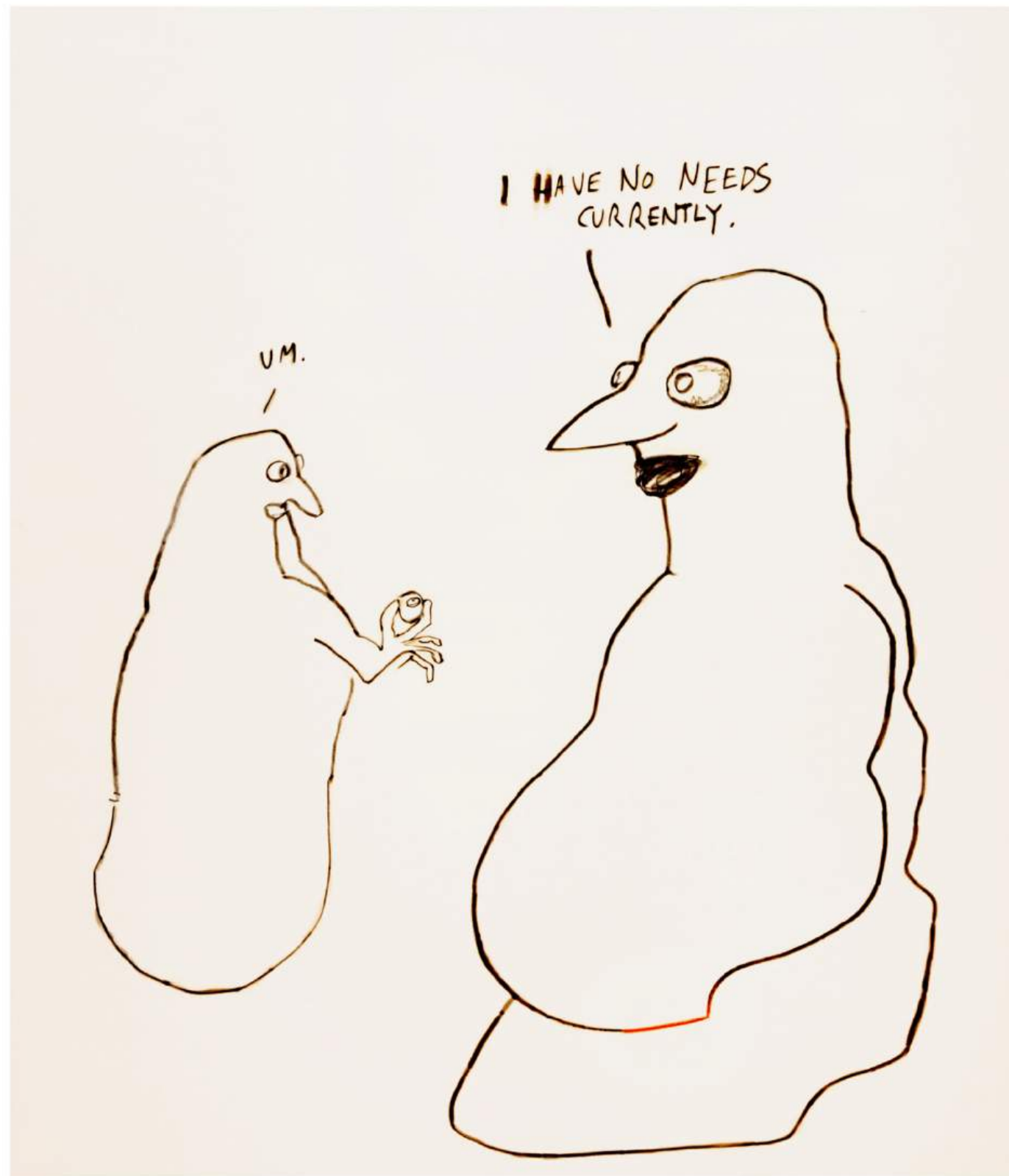
2011



Fresh Arm

Pencil on Paper, 16 x 21

2010



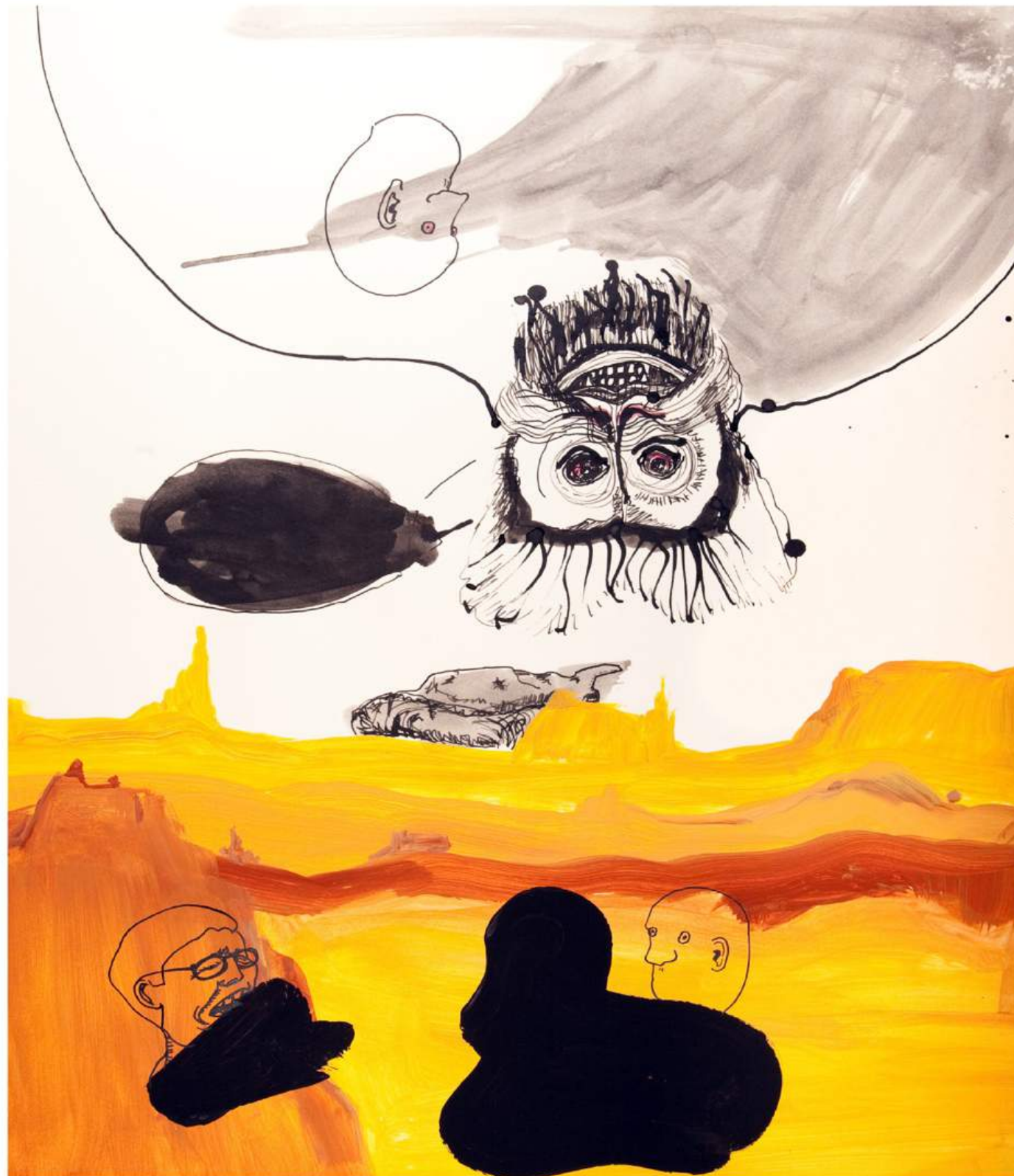
Eyeball Gift (Anorexia)

Pencil on Paper, 16 x 21

2010



Confronting Other
Pencil on Paper, 16 x 21
2010



Grey Turd In Brown Desert (Color Theory and Geologic Figuration)

Acrylic and Ink on Paper, 19 x 24

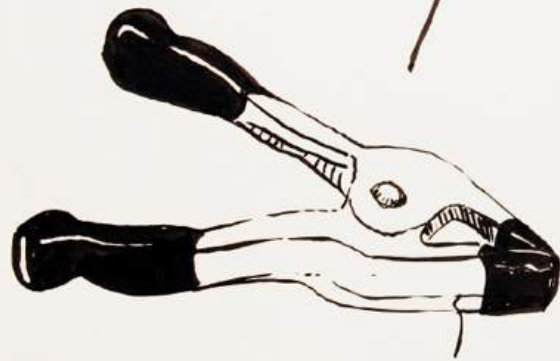
2006



Gravitas

Acrylic and ink on Paper, 19 x 24
2011

LIFE GOES ON LONG
AFTER THE THRILL OF
LIVING IS GONE.



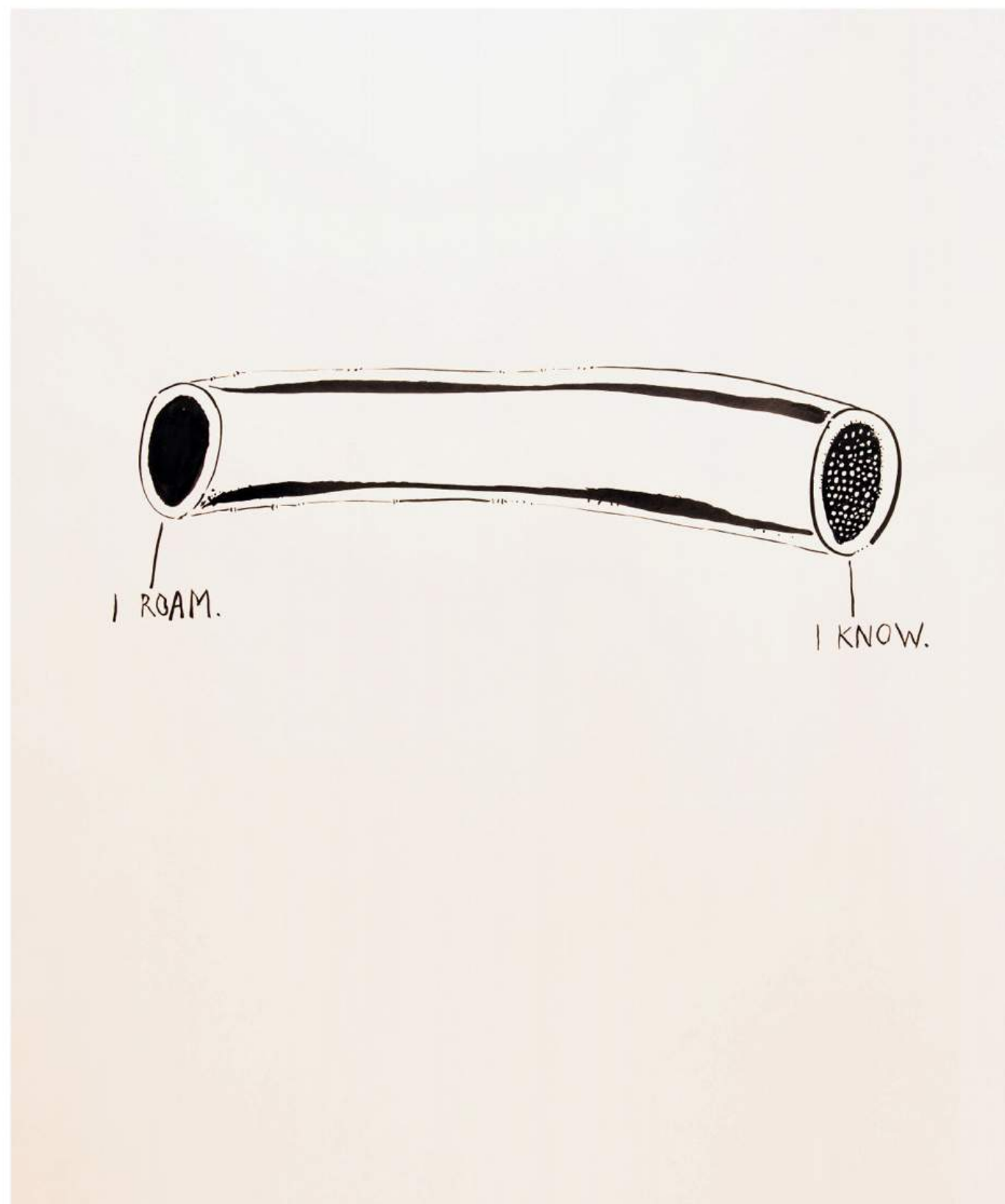
I DON'T CARE.



Thrill of Living

Ink on Paper, 18 x 23.5

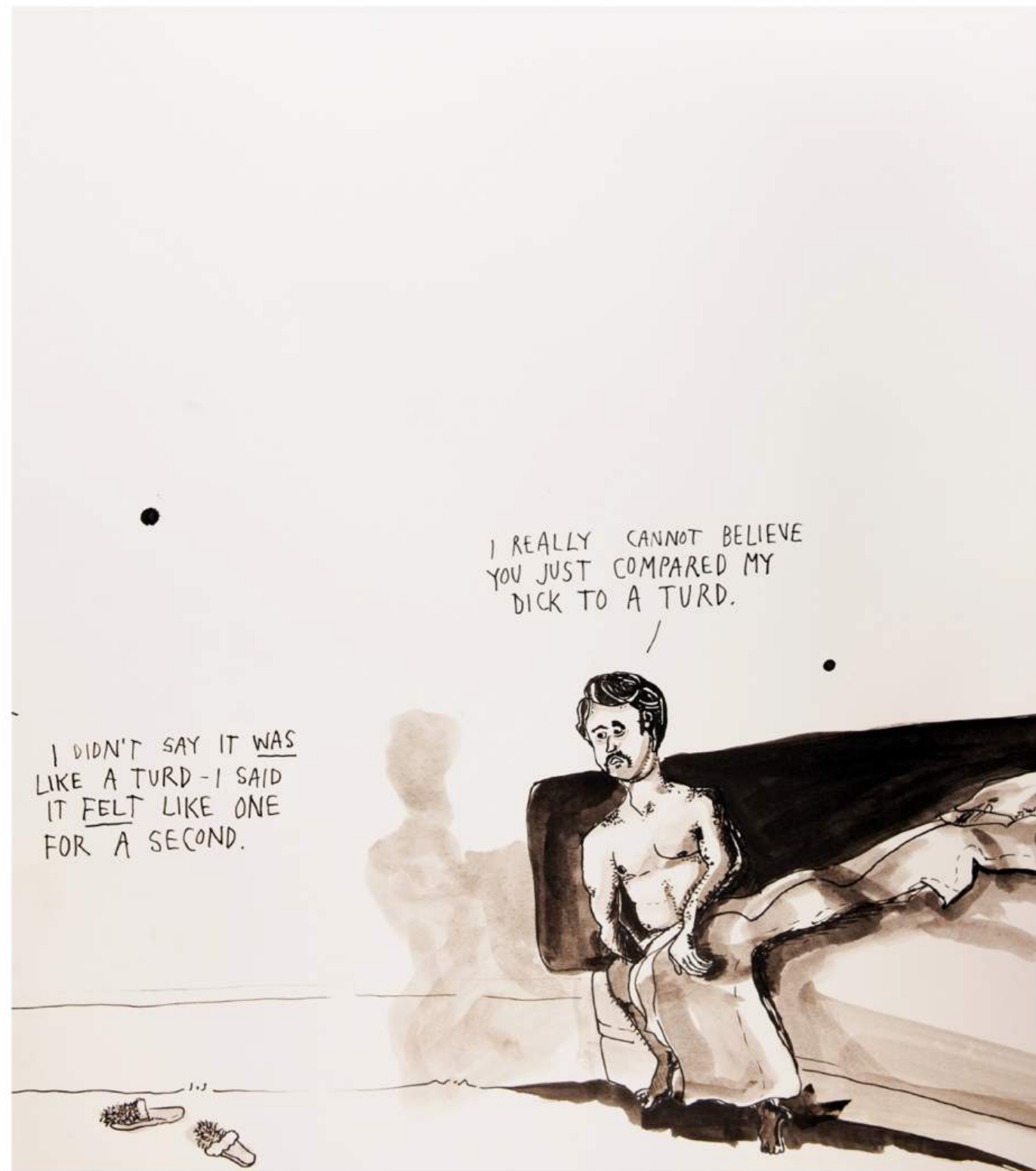
2003



Untitled Tube (I Roam, I Know)

Ink on Paper, 18 x 23.5

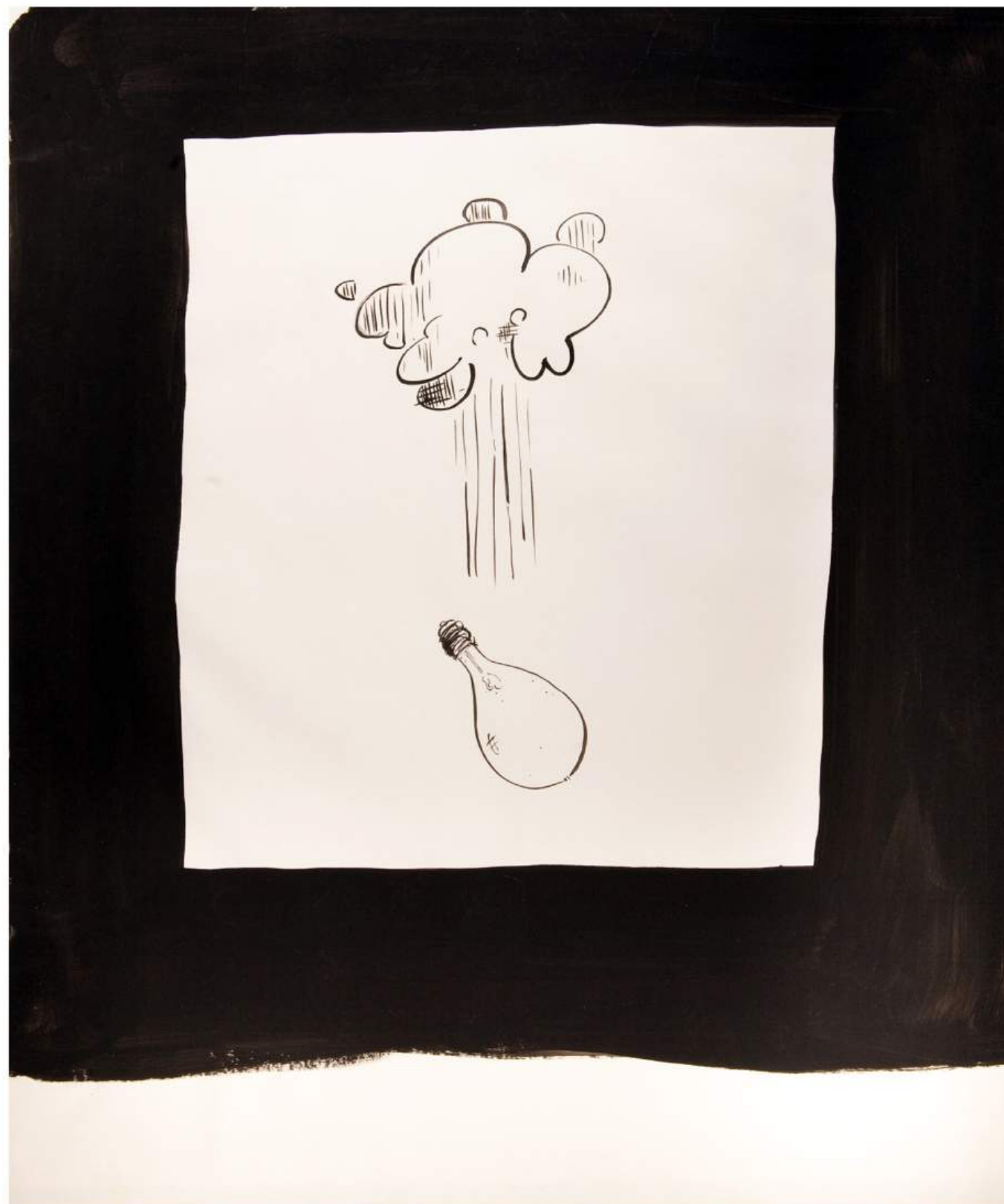
2003



The Sometimes Disappointing Reveals of Sudden Associative Leaps

Acrylic and Ink on Paper, 19 x 24

2006



Puff to Indicate Recent Presence and Utterly New Absence (Where a Lightbulb Used to Be)

Acrylic and Ink on Paper, 17.5 x 20.5

2006



Carmex (Folded Page)

Pen on Paper, 15 x 18

1997

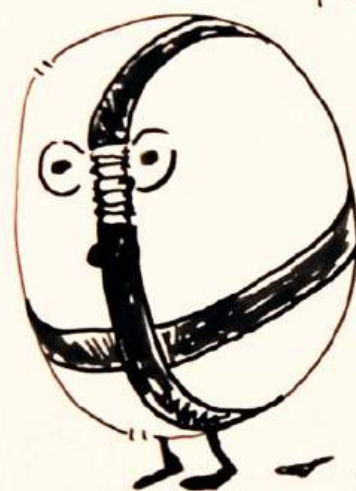


A Bottle of Wesson Oil Falls Toward the Floor

Acrylic on Paper, 19 x 24

2006

I'LL SEE YOU ON THE
/ DARK SIDE OF
THE BASEMENT

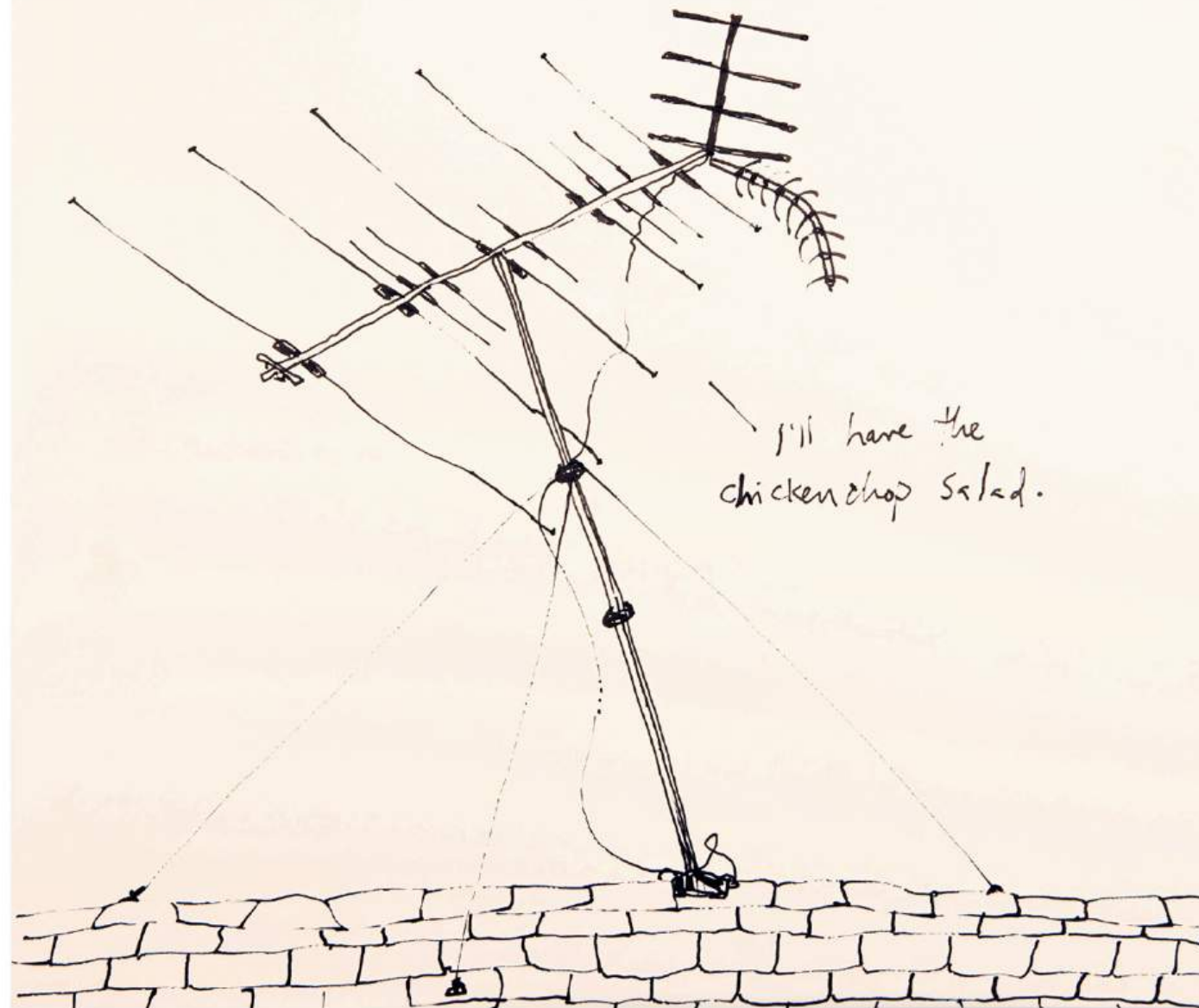


Dark Side

Ink on Paper, 11 x 14

2006

OBSOLESCENCE BREEDS FOR BEARANCE



Obsolescence Breeds Forbearance

Ink on Paper, 11 x 14

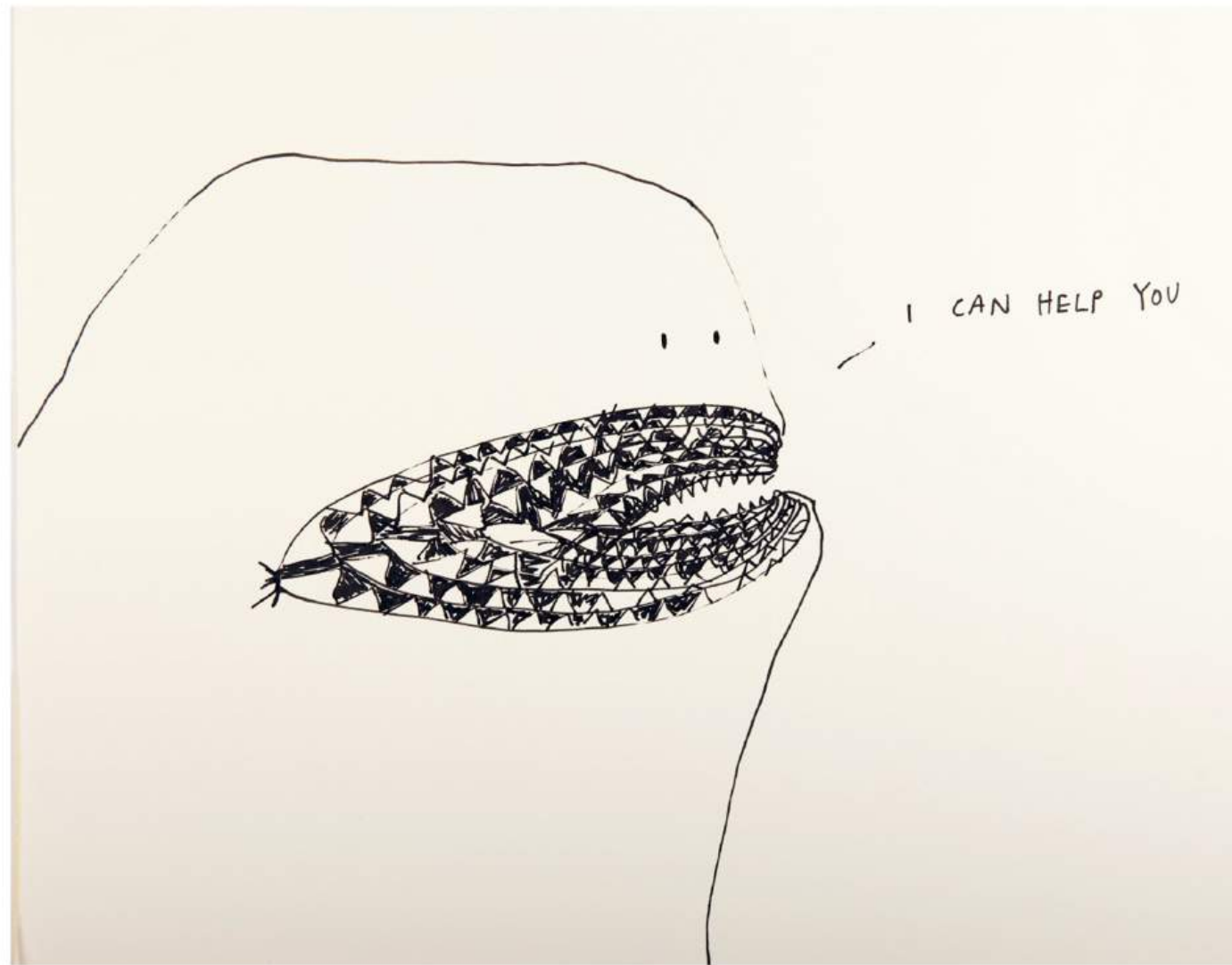
2012



Wrestling Exhaustion

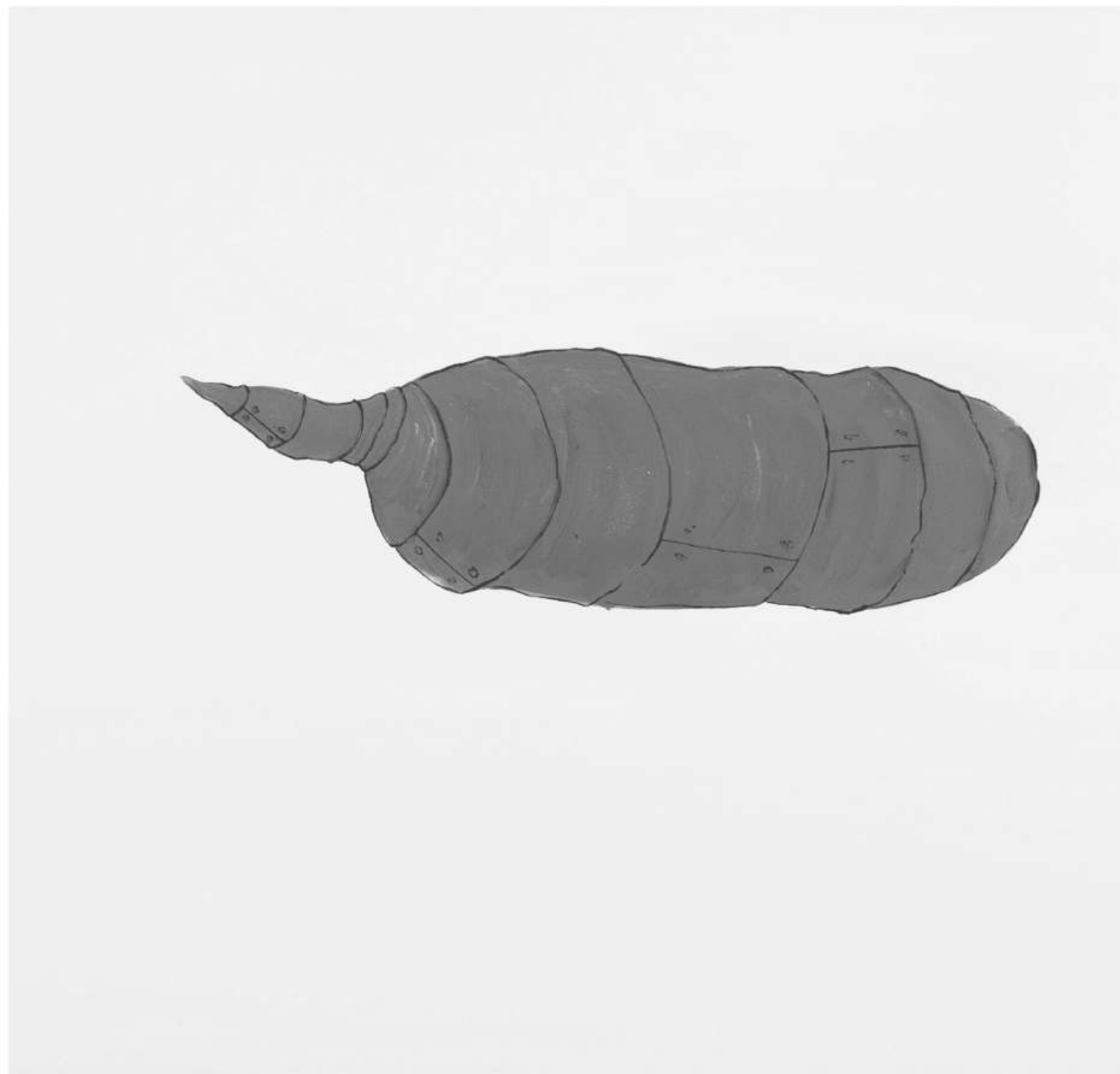
Pencil on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2010



Helper

Ink on Paper, 14 x 11
2012



Grey (Enclosure)

Acrylic on Paper, 17 x 14
2002



Grey (Sightless Automaton)

Acrylic on Paper, 14 x 17

2002



Accessory Imperative

Pen on Paper, 8 x 13

2001



Brown (Fence Segment)

Acrylic on Paper, 13 x 10

2002



Brown (Stick)

Acrylic on Paper, 11.5 x 14
2002

THE ONLY ANTIDOTE TO
MENTAL SUFFERING IS
PHYSICAL PAIN



Proposal for Community Coherence (Solo Workaround)

Pen on Paper, 11 x 14

2012



Black Blob (Flow From Top)

Ink on Paper, 12 x 9

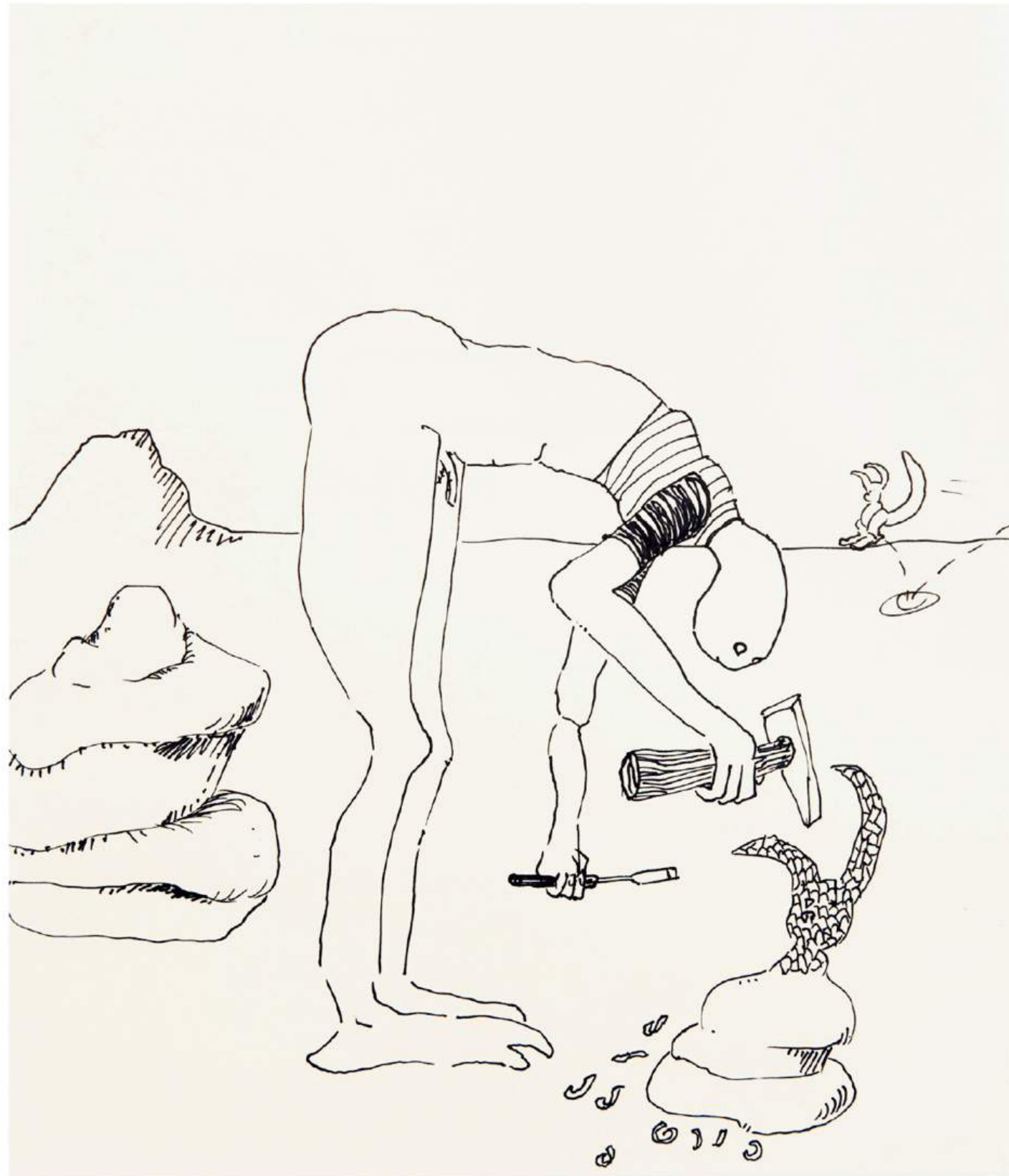
2012



Brown (Stephen Hawking with an Apple)

Acrylic on Paper, 11.5 x 15.5

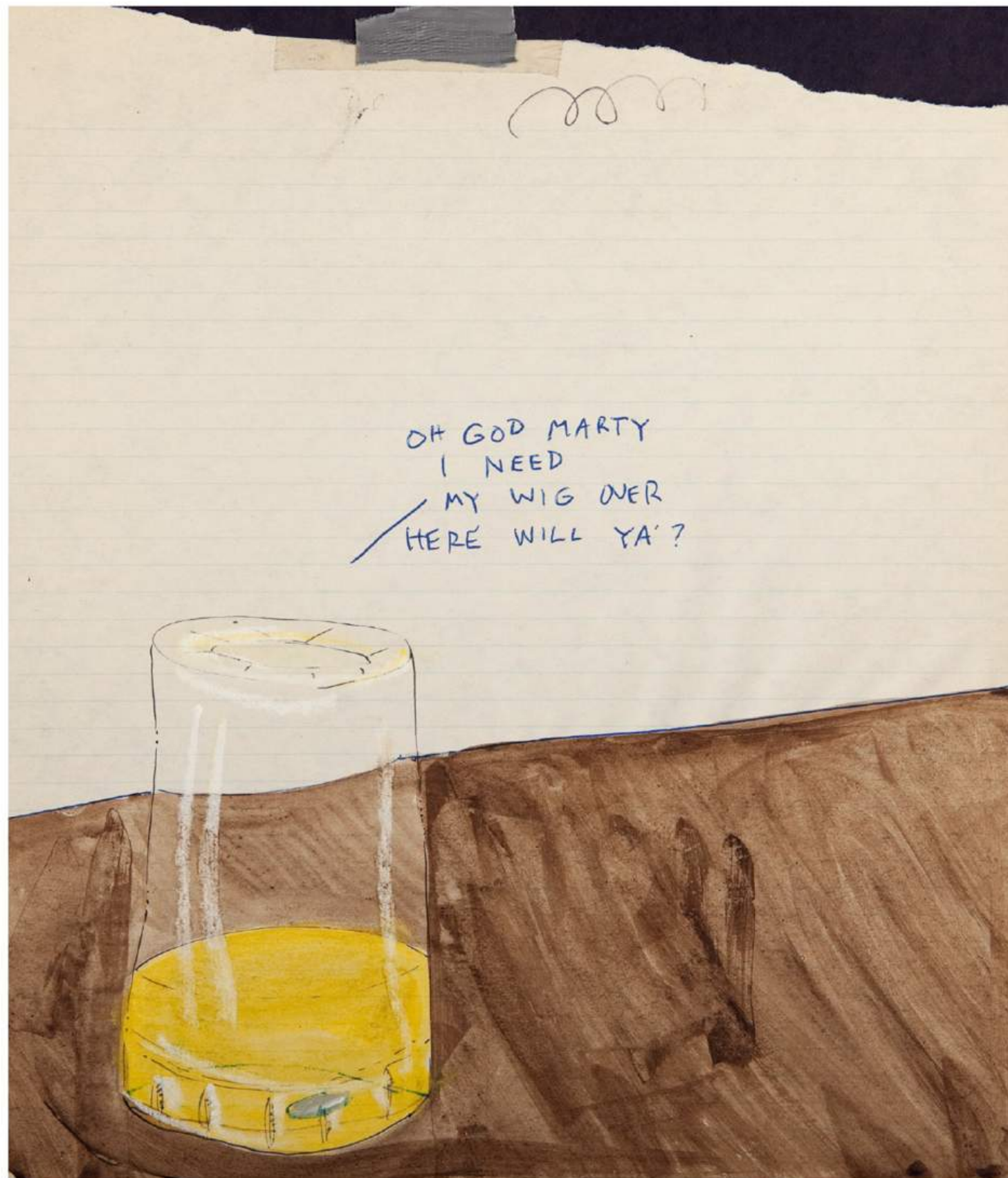
2002



Arresting Time/ Granularity Study

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2005



Tip Prank (Urine)

Aquarelle and Pen on Notebook Paper, 8.5 x 11

2001



My Bird Is Missing

Pencil on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2010



Novelty (In All Its Forms)

Aquarelle and Ink on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Will The Illusion Never End?

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

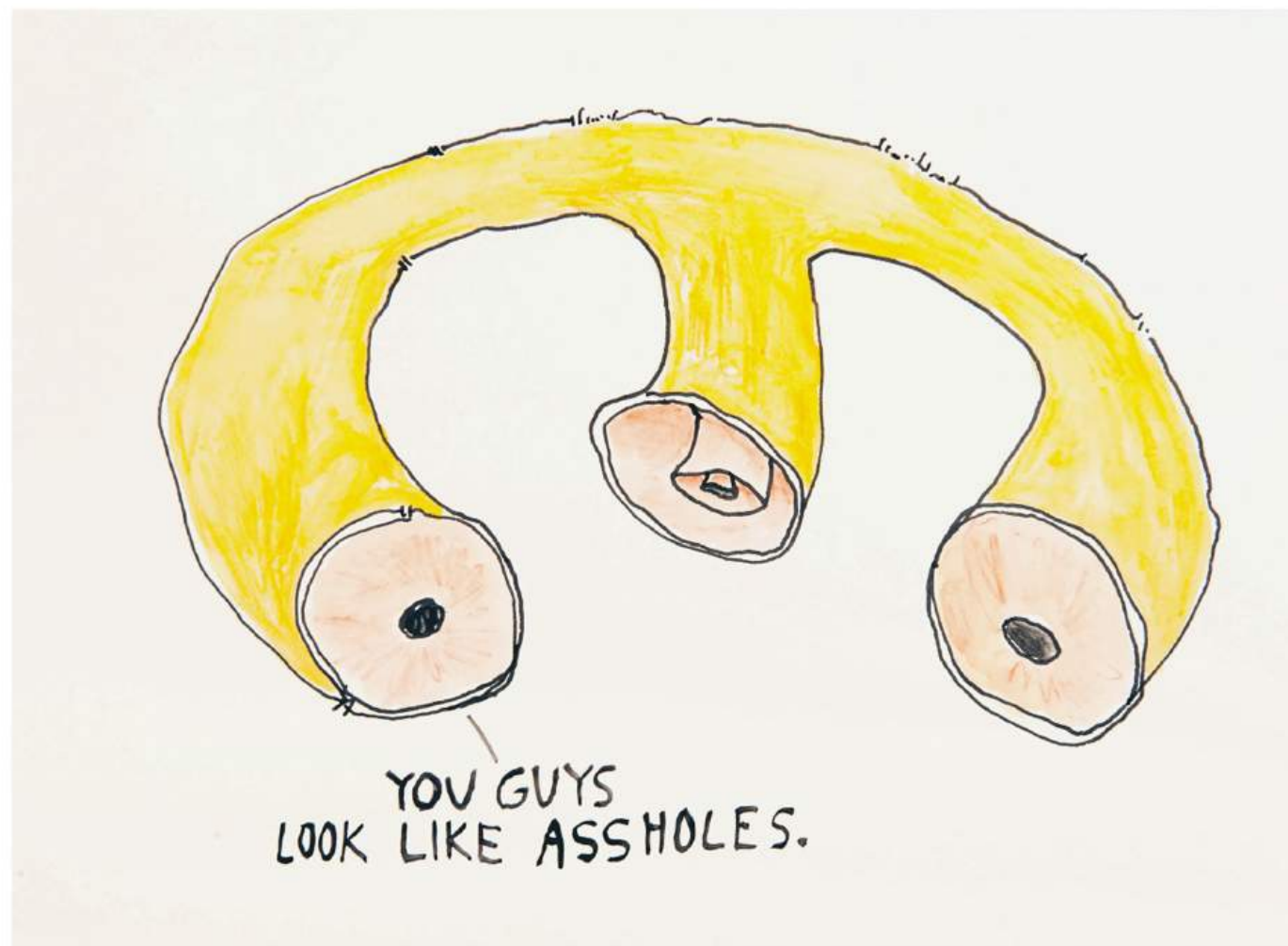
2004



Penetration

Ink on Paper, 12 x 9

2012



Untitled Tube (You Guys Look Like Assholes)

Aquarelle and ink on Paper, 12 x 9

2012



Untitled (Segmented Tube)

Ink on Paper, 12 x 9

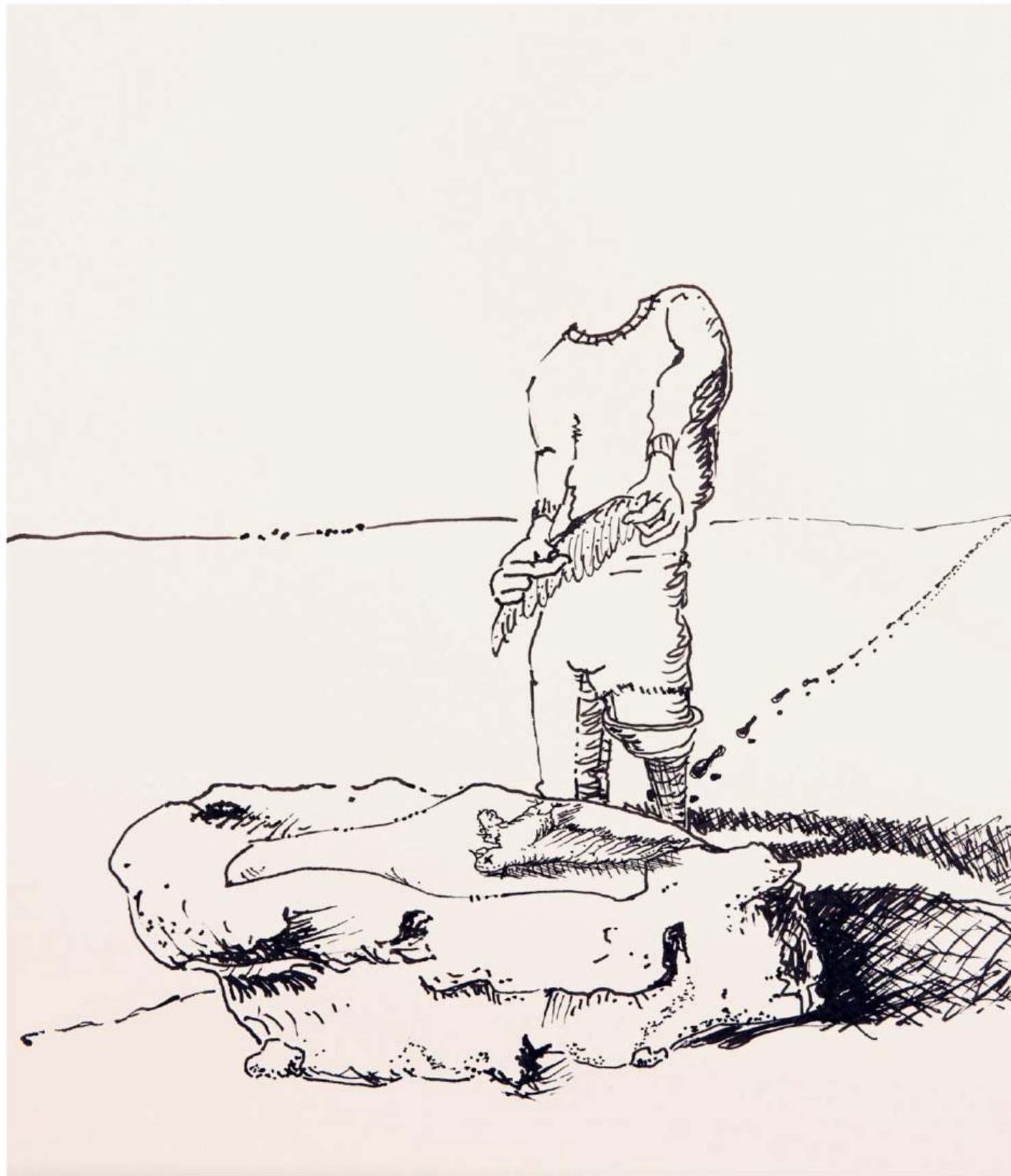
2012



Dear Art Spirit (Normal)

Ink on Paper, 9 x 12

2011



Regarding Your Wing (Which I No Longer Need)

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2012



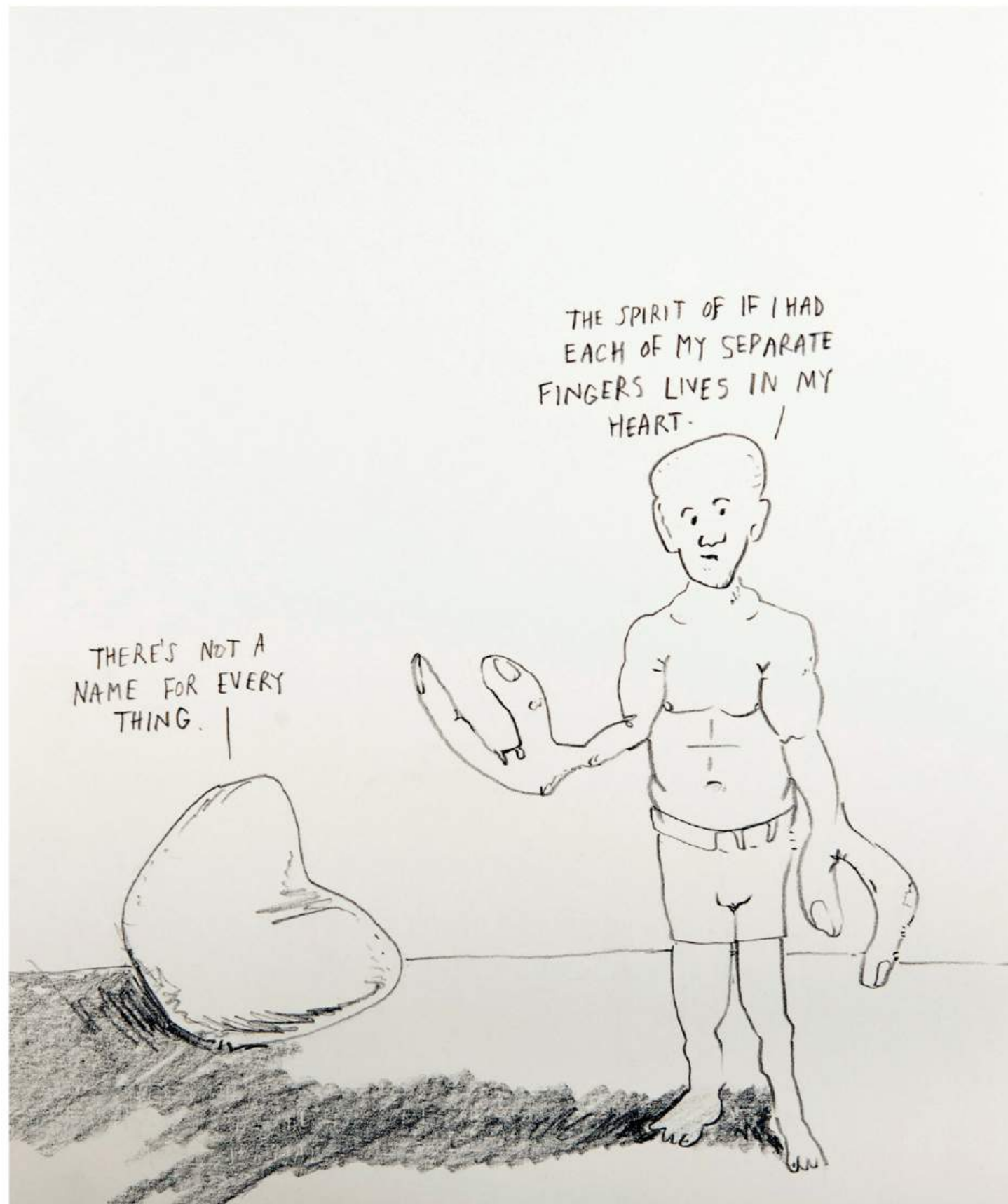
Monster Band-Aids (Everything Bleeds)

Pencil on Paper, 12 x 9

2012



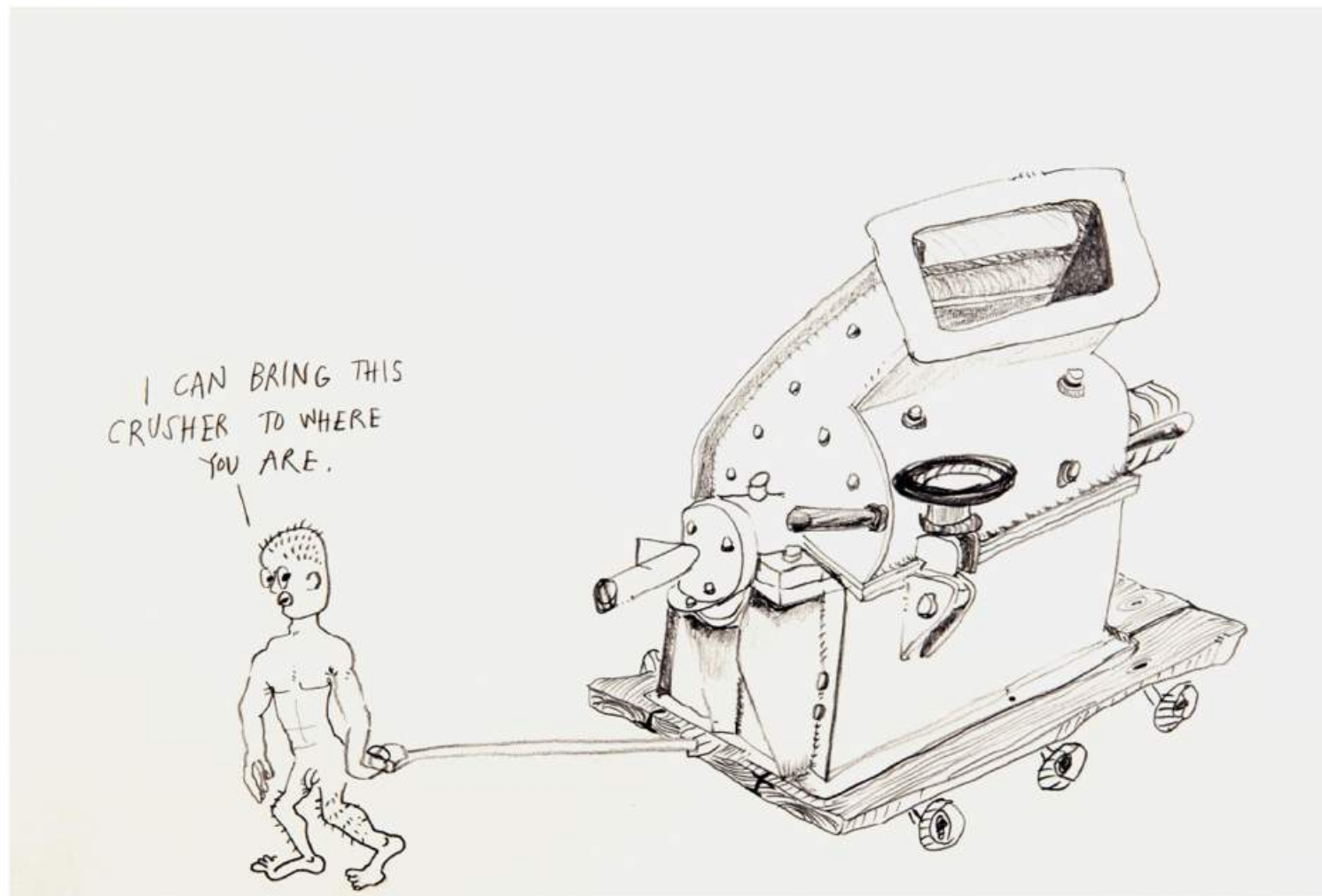
Untitled (Tube)
Acrylic on Paper, 12 x 9
2012



Lobster Boy Regarding Articulation

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Portable Tool

Pencil on Paper, 12 x 9
2012

~~SHAMAN~~ ~~ARTIST~~

I COULDN'T DECIDE
WHETHER TO BE
/ A SHAMAN
OR AN ARTIST



Pickle

Pen on Paper, 7 x 9.5

2004



deep.
FLAGGER.

More About Me

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

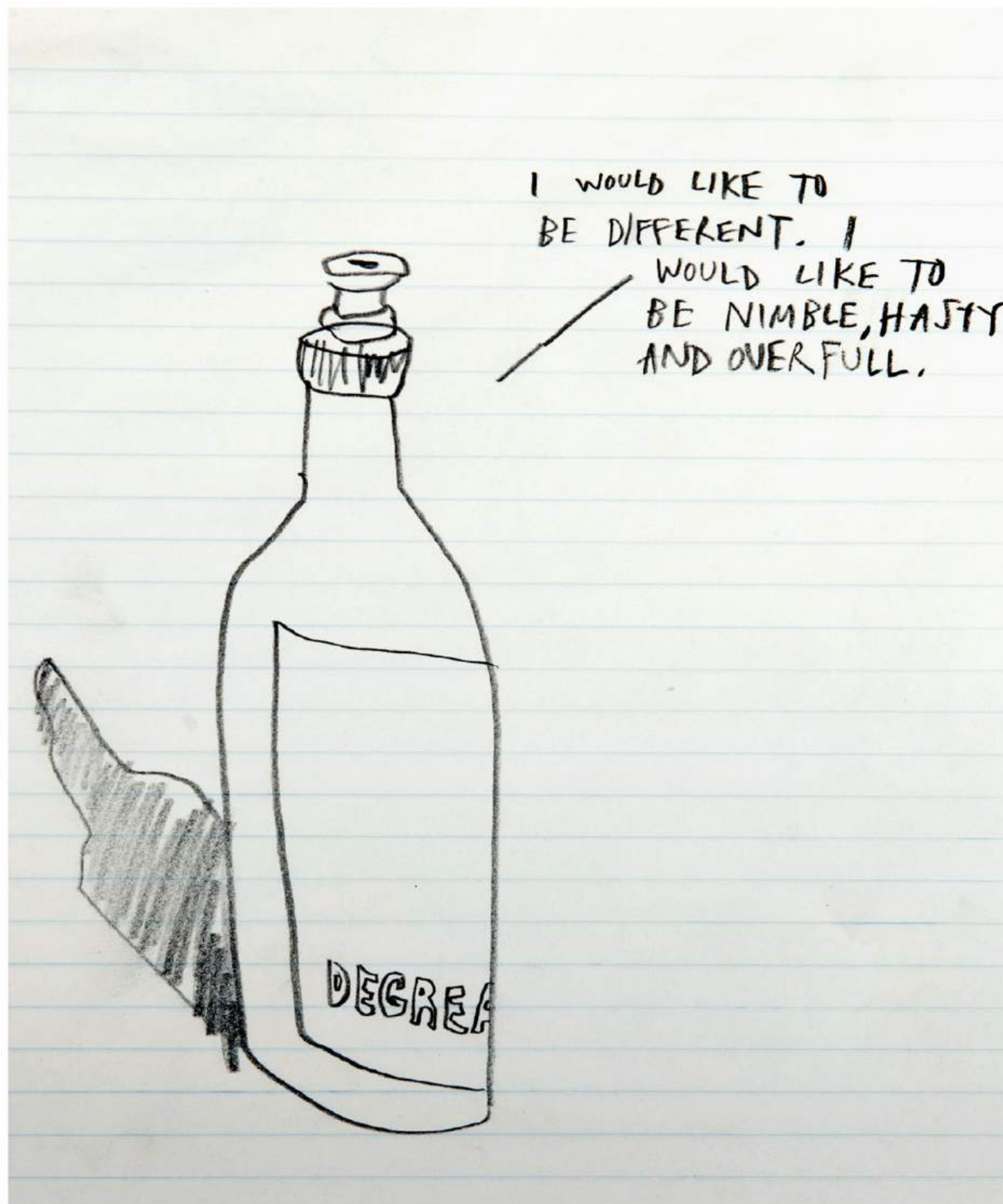
2000



To Join The Club

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Solvent Lament/ Ideation

Pencil on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2012



Initiating Contact (Good Word)

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2002

lead-up to the crucifixion



Guitar Part

Pen on Paper, 8 x 11

2007



MIC CHECK.

BE A SHAMAN OR JUST LOOK LIKE ONE.

Beuys and His Bunny

Pen on Xerox, 8.5 x 11

2012



Airborne Dustballs Leaning Into a Curve (Intention)

Ink on Paper, 11 x 8.5

2010



Spurting Black Blob

Ink on Paper, 9 x 12

2002



Evanescence Relation to a Nasty Hole

Pen on Paper, 12 x 8

2008



Granularity Revisited

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

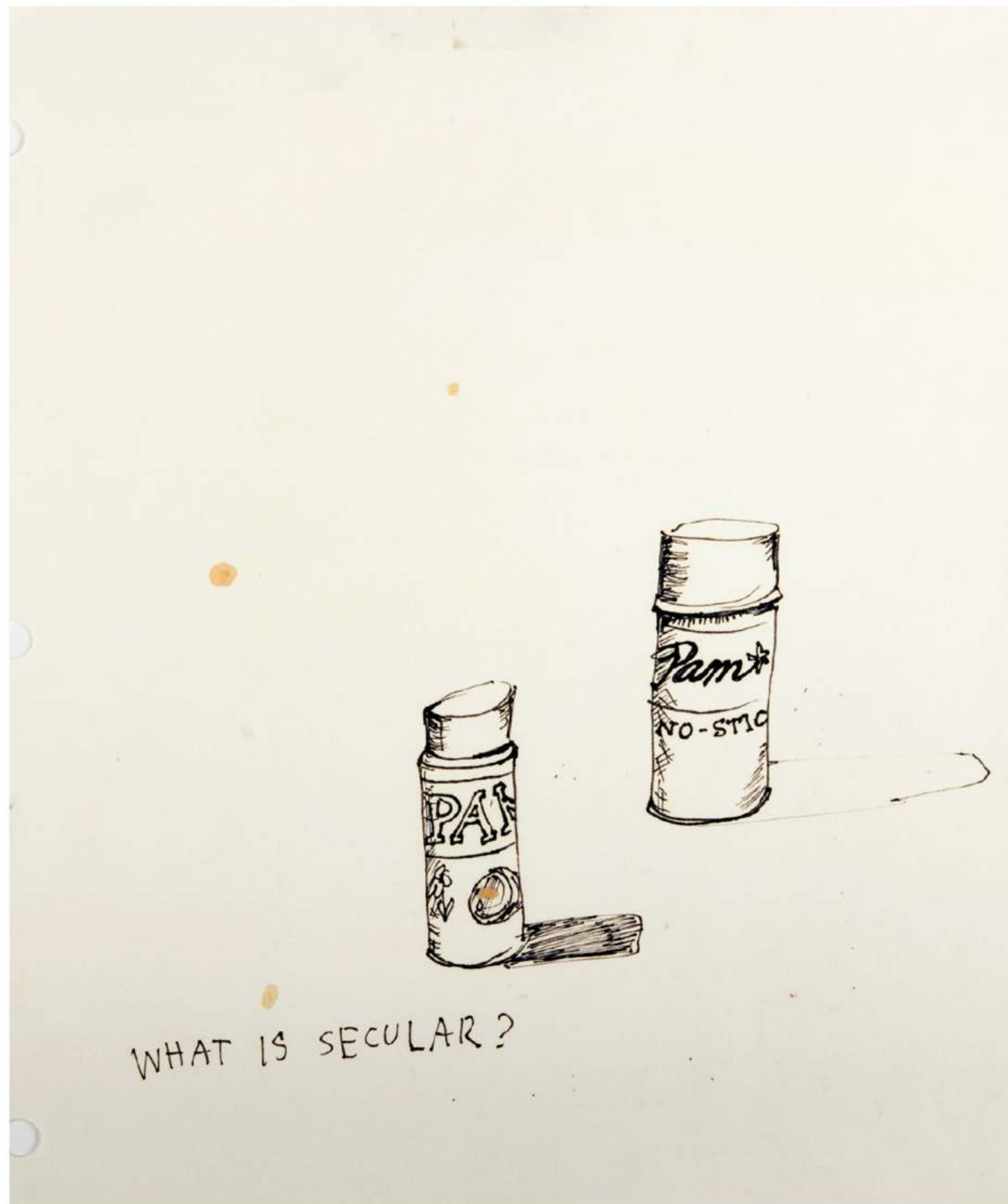
2003



Untitled Fence Drawing (Difference)

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2003



Secular/ No-Stick

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2002



What It Is

Ink and Acrylic on Paper, 8.5 x 11
2005



Untitled Fence Drawing (Distinction)

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

2003



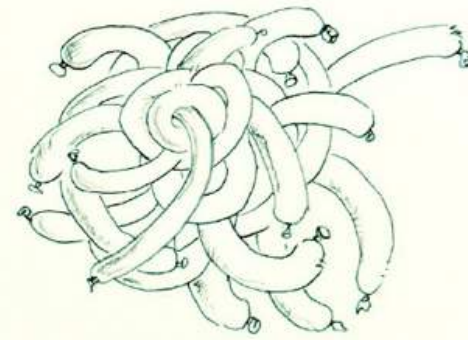
Even One Less Tool

Pen on Paper, 12 x 8.5

2012



I HAVE A MILLION WORDS ON
THE TIP OF MY TONGUE.

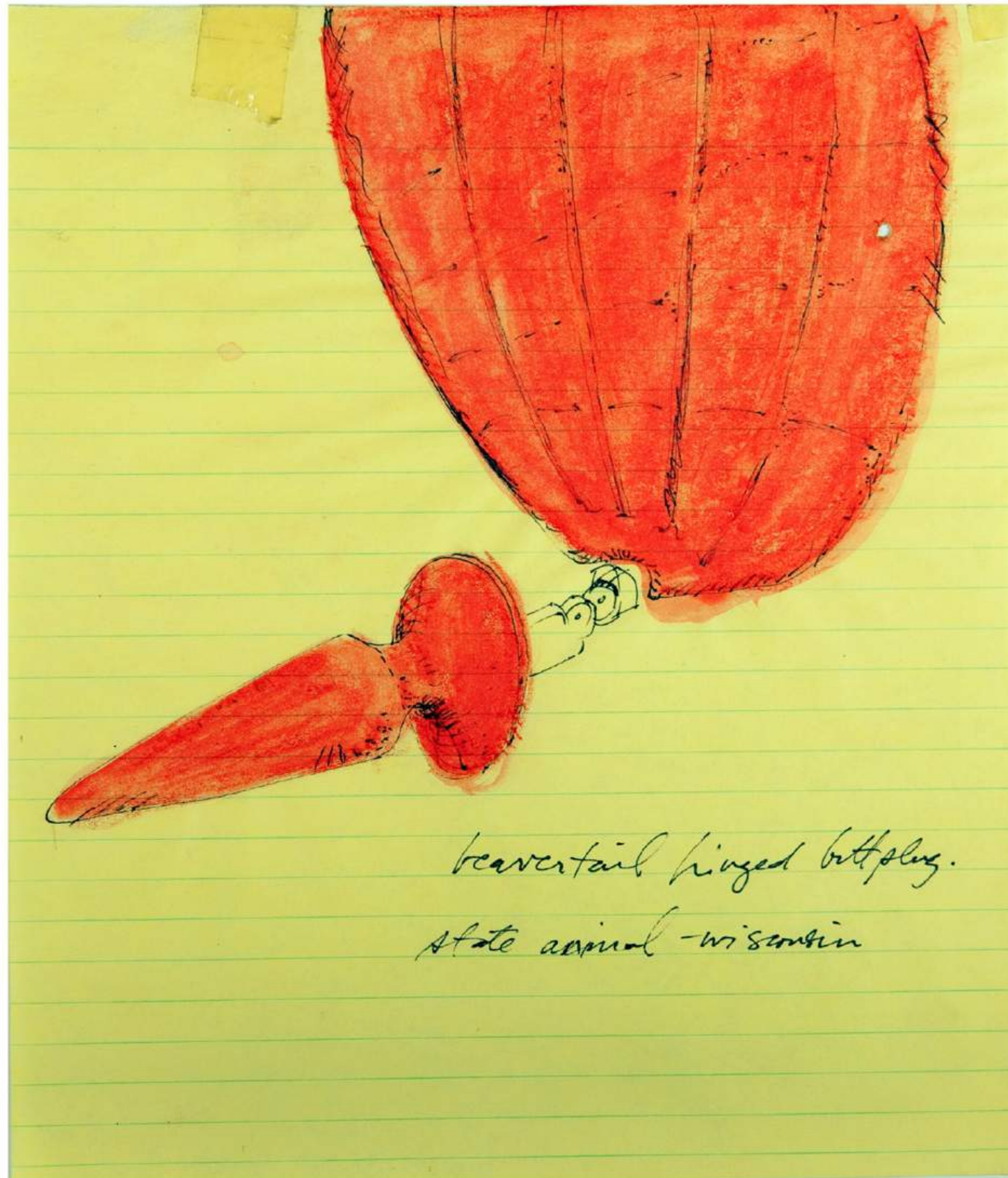


I'M FLYING

Semi-Erect/ Buoyancy

Pencil on Paper, 12 x 8.5

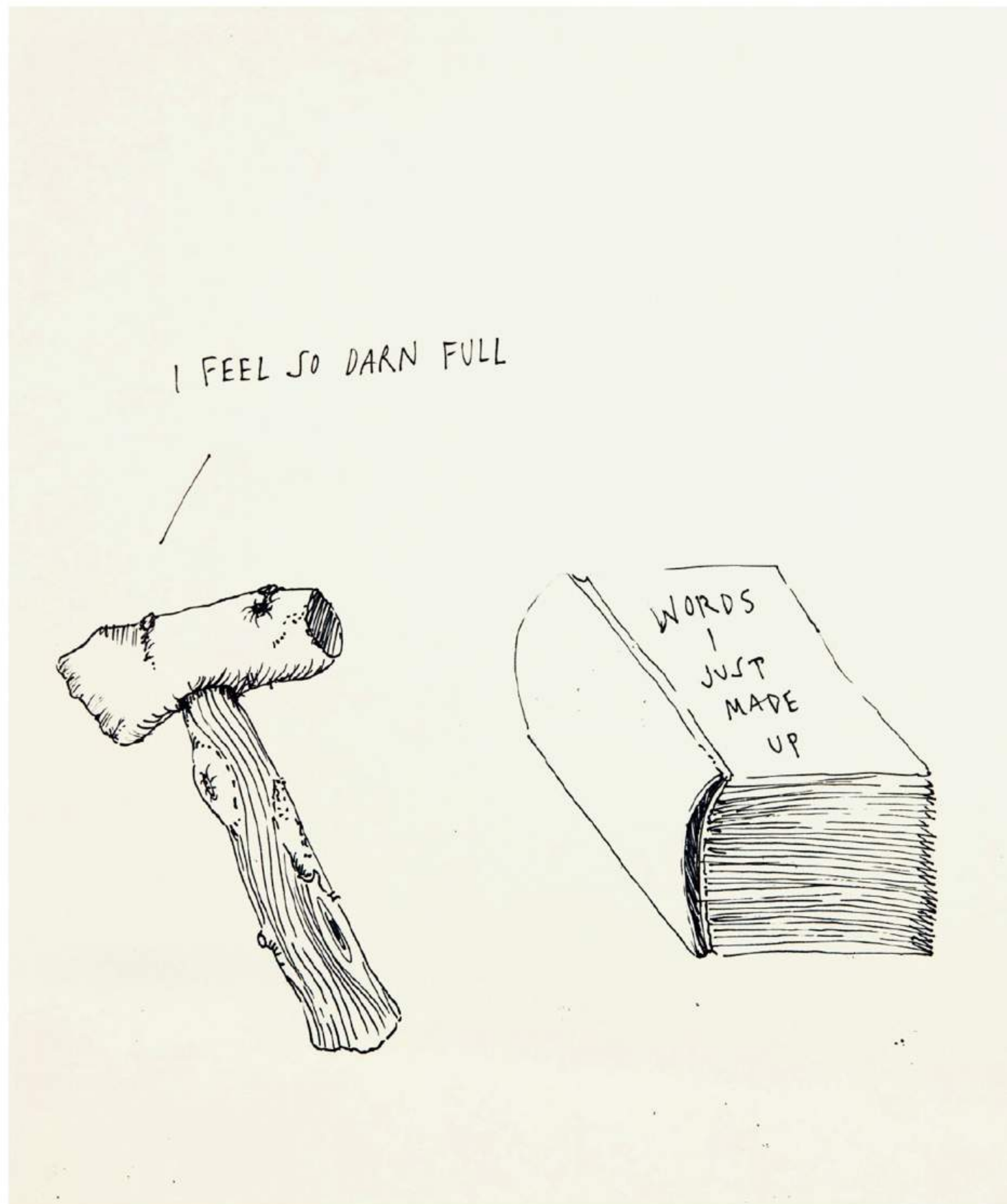
2011



Beavertail-Hinged Buttplug (50 State Plan)

Aquarelle and Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

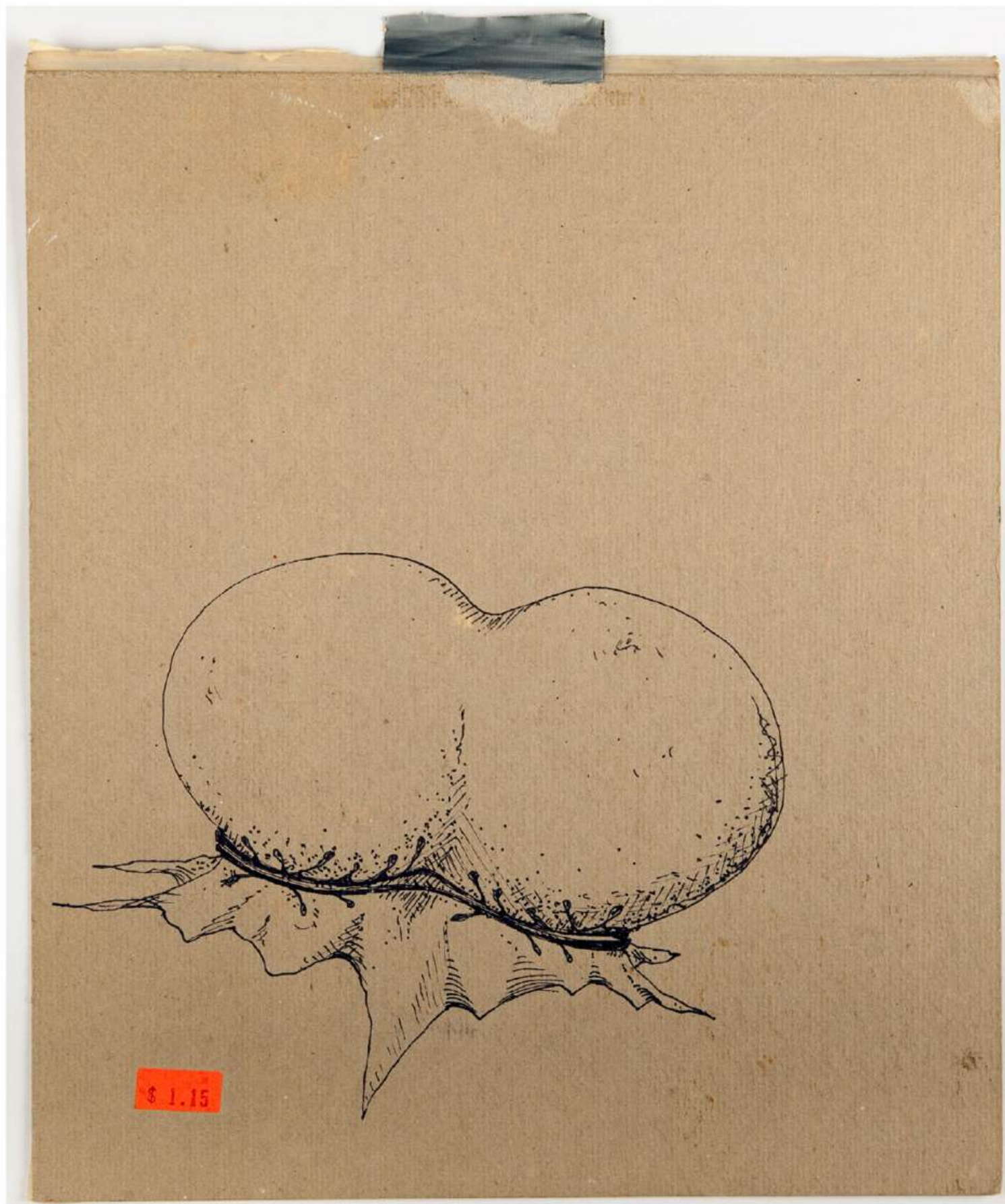
2001



Words I Just Made Up/ Full

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2002



Hidden Forms (Double Sphere)

Pen on Cardboard, 8.5 x 11

2002



Oreo-Carrot Hybrid Tower

Aquarelle and Pencil on Notebook Paper, 8.5 x 11
2000



Articulated Cobs in a Primordial Mash

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

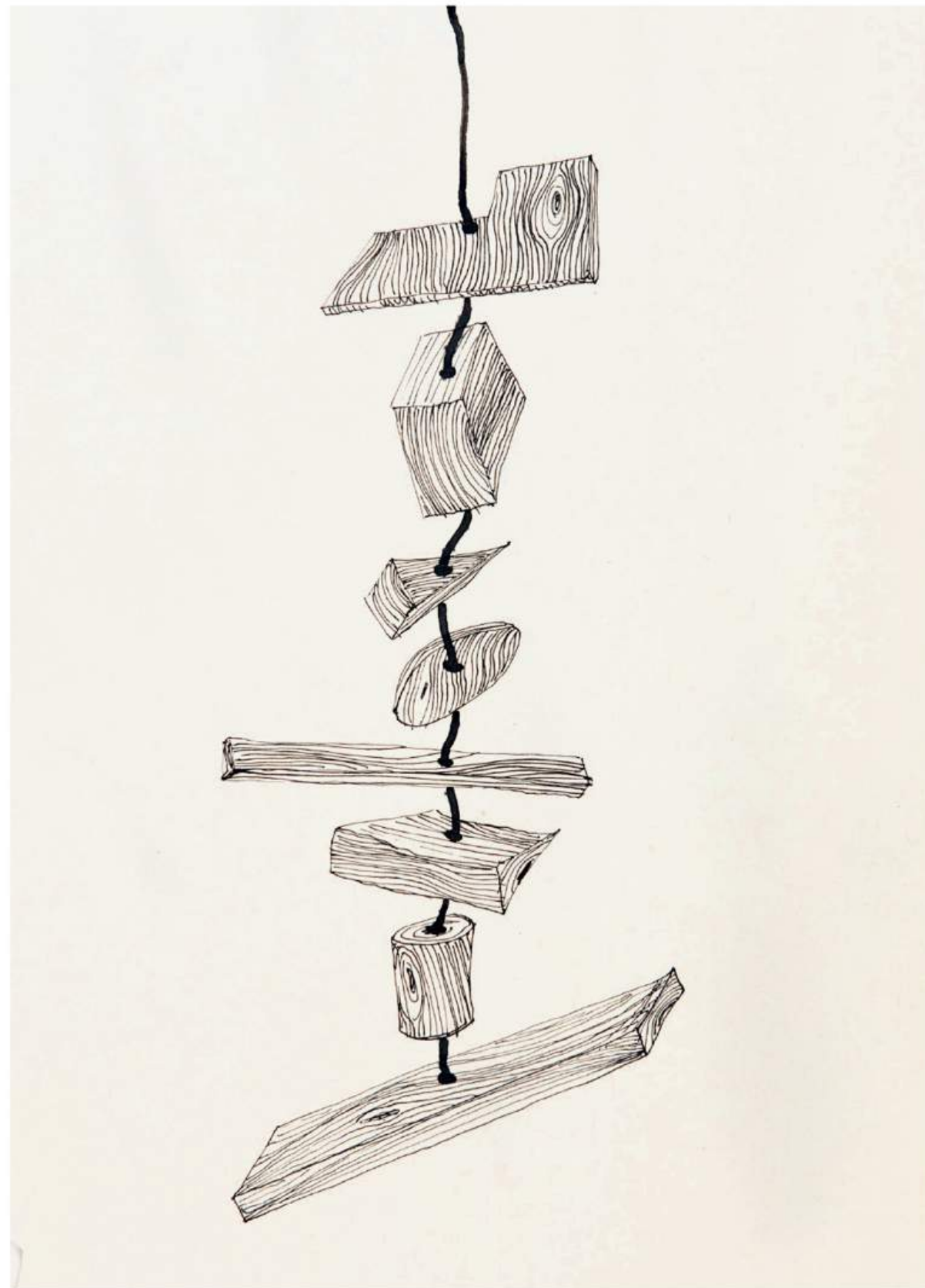
2003



Advanced Tool Deployment

Pencil on Paper, 12 x 9

2002



Sentence (Wood Blocks)

Ink on Paper, 6.5 x 11

2005



Strong and Prepared (Self-Portrait as a Sturdy Neanderthal with a Head Like a Cactus)

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

2003

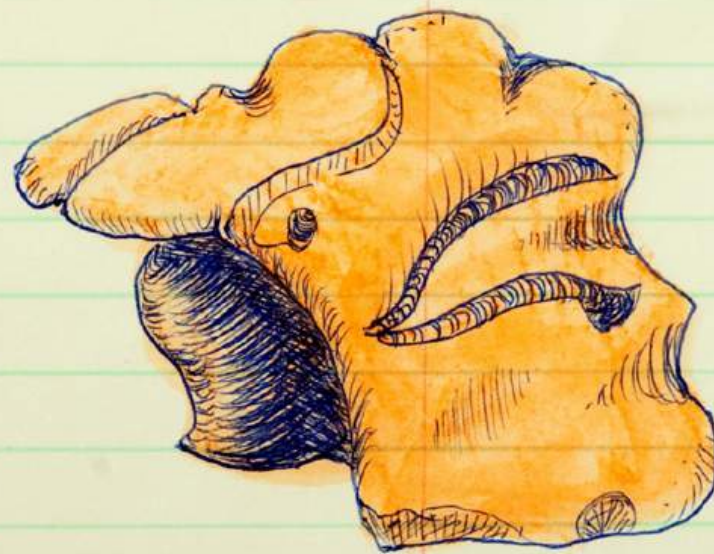
i have benefitted
— from prayer.



Not Wholly Secular

Ink on Paper, 7.5 x 5

2012



STIFF WIG

Stiff Wig (Short)

Aquarelle and Pen on Paper, 6 x 8.5

2001



Hospice-Oriented Fork

Ink on Paper, 7.5 x 5

2012



Stumpfucker

Pencil on Paper, 11 x 8.5

2011

WHO HERE IS NOT
TOTALLY AFRAID?



Totally Afraid

Ink on Paper, 7.5 x 5

2012



Blunt and Graduated Bob

Acrylic on Paper, 12 x 9

2012

i have seen the
light and i'm crowing.

Beacon

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

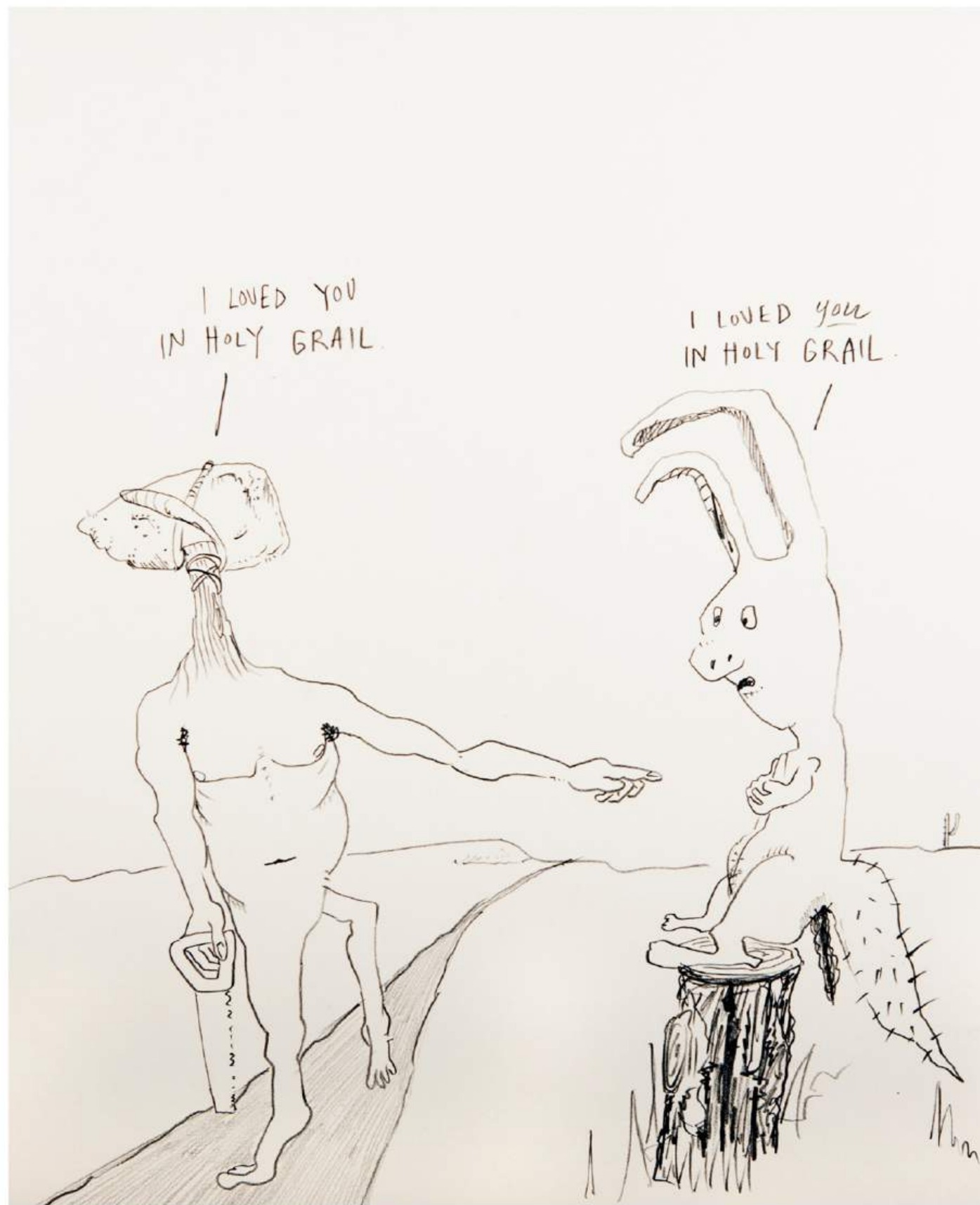
2012



Laughing Inside

Acrylic on Paper, 12 x 9

2012



Holy Grail

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Self-Portrait On a Piece of Bag

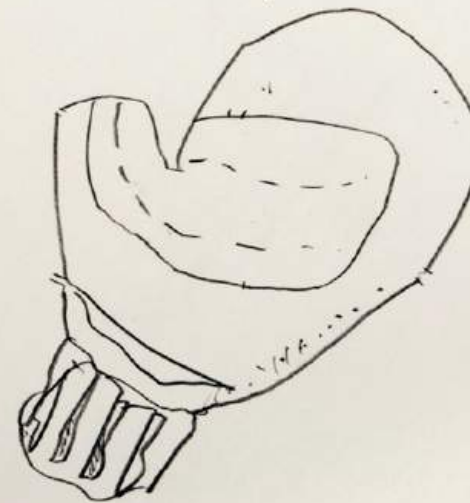
Pencil on Paper, 8 x 8.5

2003

i can't be all
things to all
/ people.



y'know what
i'm sayin'?



2 stem cells disguised as mittens continue
discourse regarding sudden controversial
rise in demand.

Stem Cells Disguised As Mittens

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

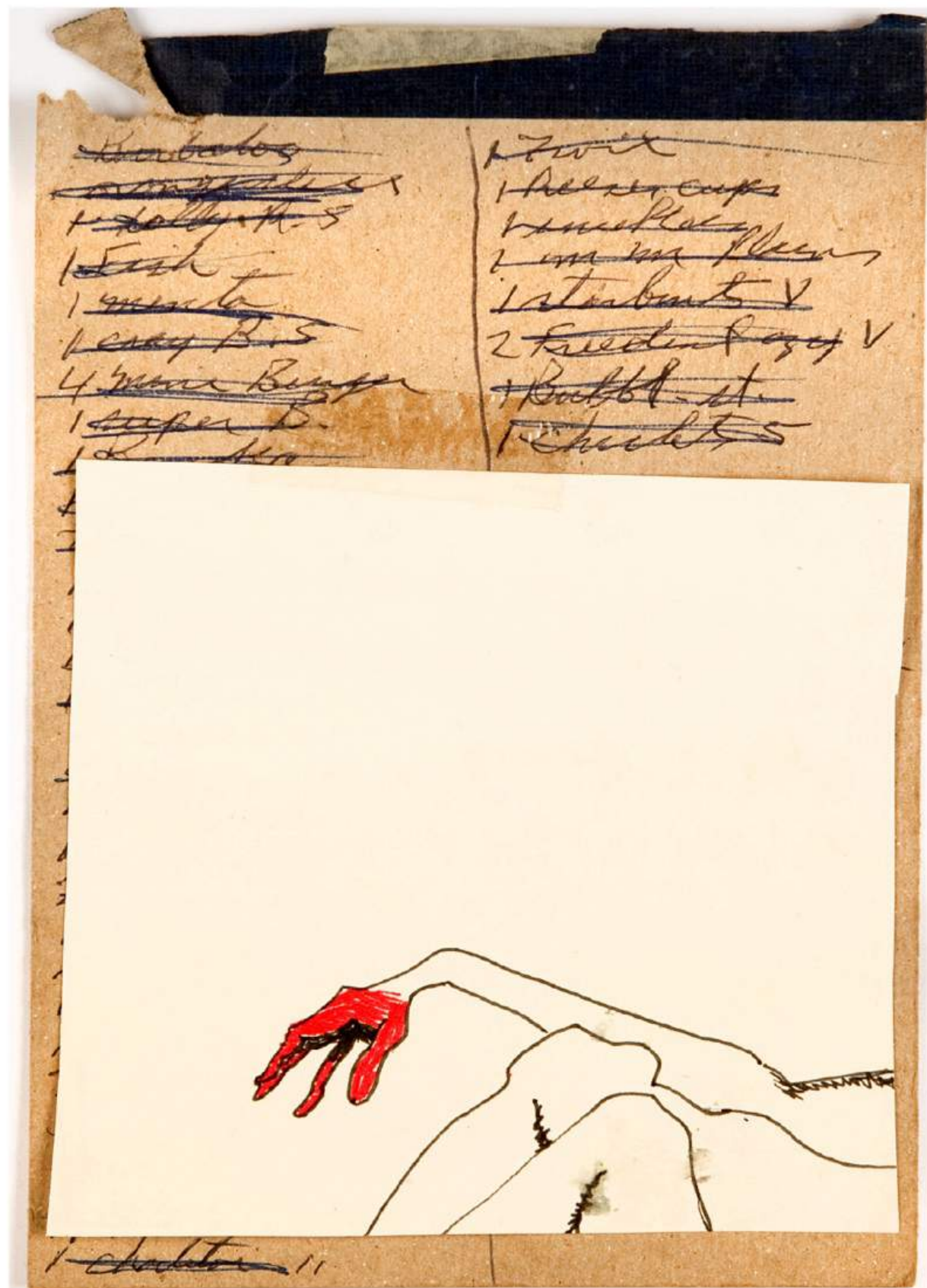
2011



Slippery Slope

Pencil on Paper, 11 x 8.5

2011



Dip (Shopping List with Drawing Fragment)

Pen on Paper and Cardboard, 5.5 x 8.5

2000



Hapless As Beasts

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2003



STIFF WIG

Stiff Wig (Long)

Pen and Aquarelle on Paper, 6 x 8.5

2001

i hate that we
have two legs - ~~for~~
~~it~~ ruins my whole
"beyond-the-binary"
theory.



Tripod/ Third Leg

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2002

HELP WANTED

Couple of straight guys needed for video project.
Should be sexy, articulate, good critical thinker,
well-read, with a natural, but clean je ne sais quoi.
I'm doing a piece on the midwest and need you to be
able to push a corn cob atleast half-way into your
ass.

Contact harry dodge at harrydodge2@aol.com
thanks for your interest and thanks ahead for your
willingness and particular avocation.

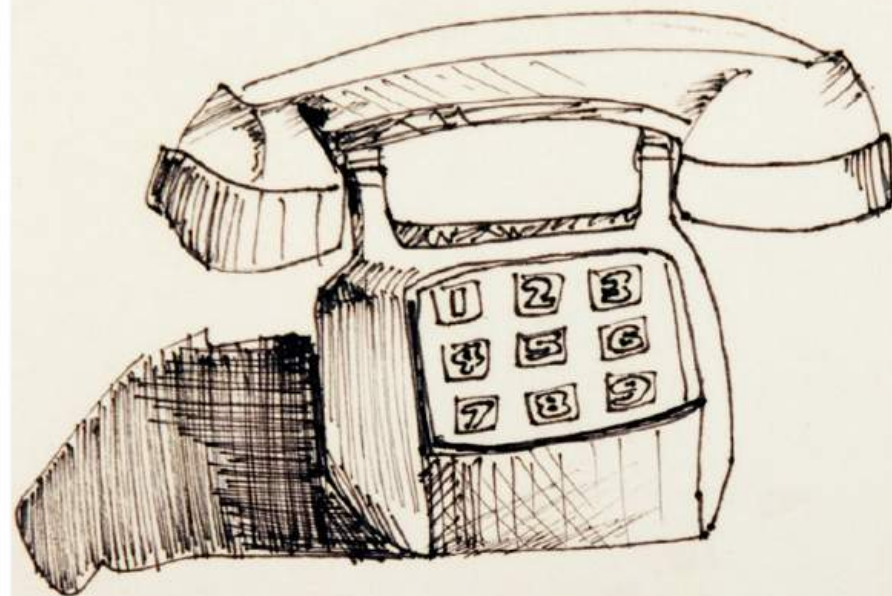
Discretion available if needed. Extremely non-
sexual. Practice at home, I don't have a lot of extra
time to blow waiting around for you to relax.



Recent/Projected

Pencil on Cardboard, 22 x 8.5

2011

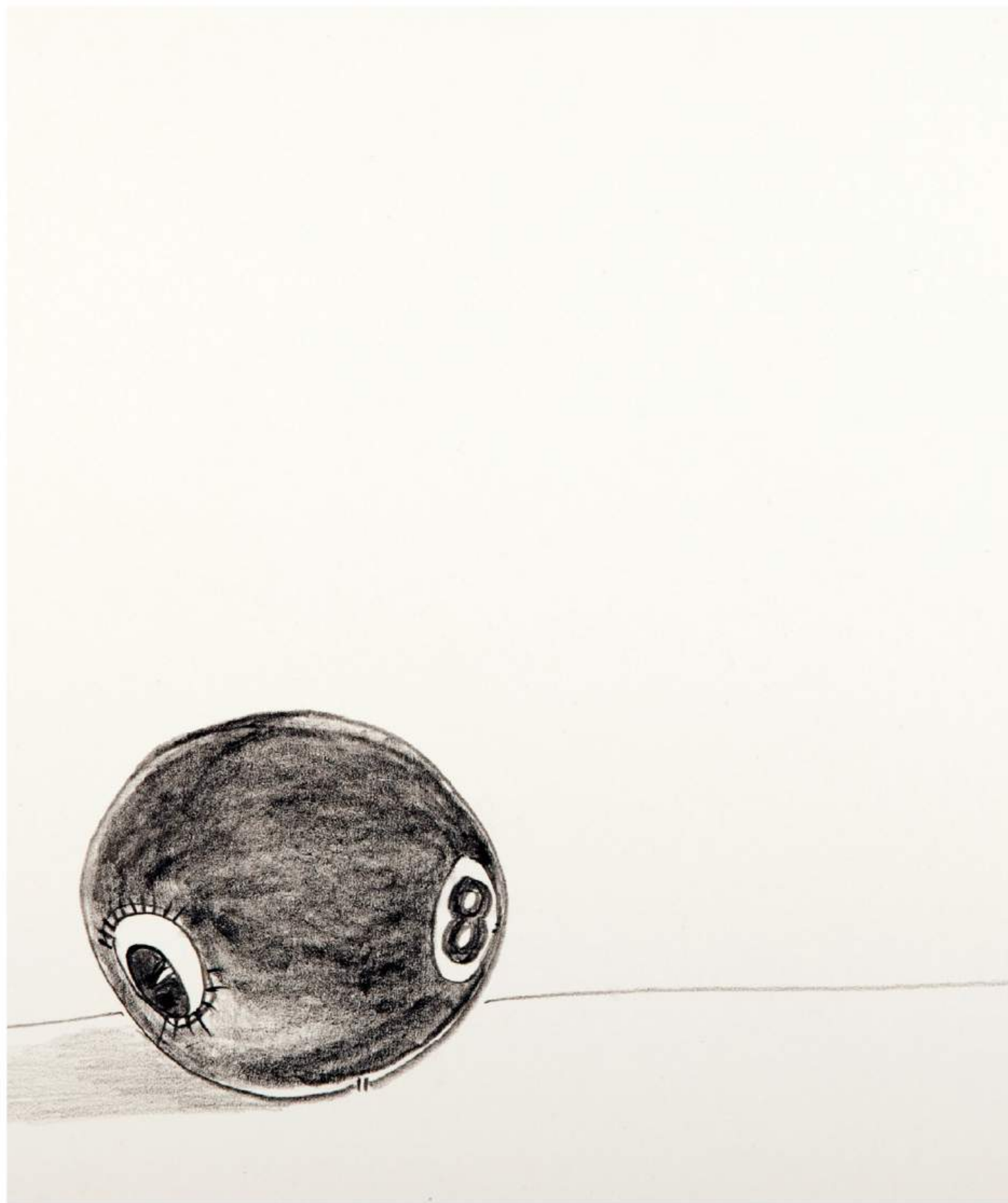


BIG BOY REALITY.

Big Boy Reality

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2000



Seeing Orb

Pencil on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Simultaneity and Froth

Ink on Paper, 9 x 12

2012



Loin 2

Laserprint on Notebook Paper, 8.5 x 11
2003



3-Way Stink

Ink and Acrylic on Paper, 9 x 12

2006



that's not what
i meant.



KING POO heaves a sigh of disdain as a tsunami of
pictograms replace words. (in his new kingdom.)

Laws Against Language

Pen on Paper, 8.5 x 11

2005



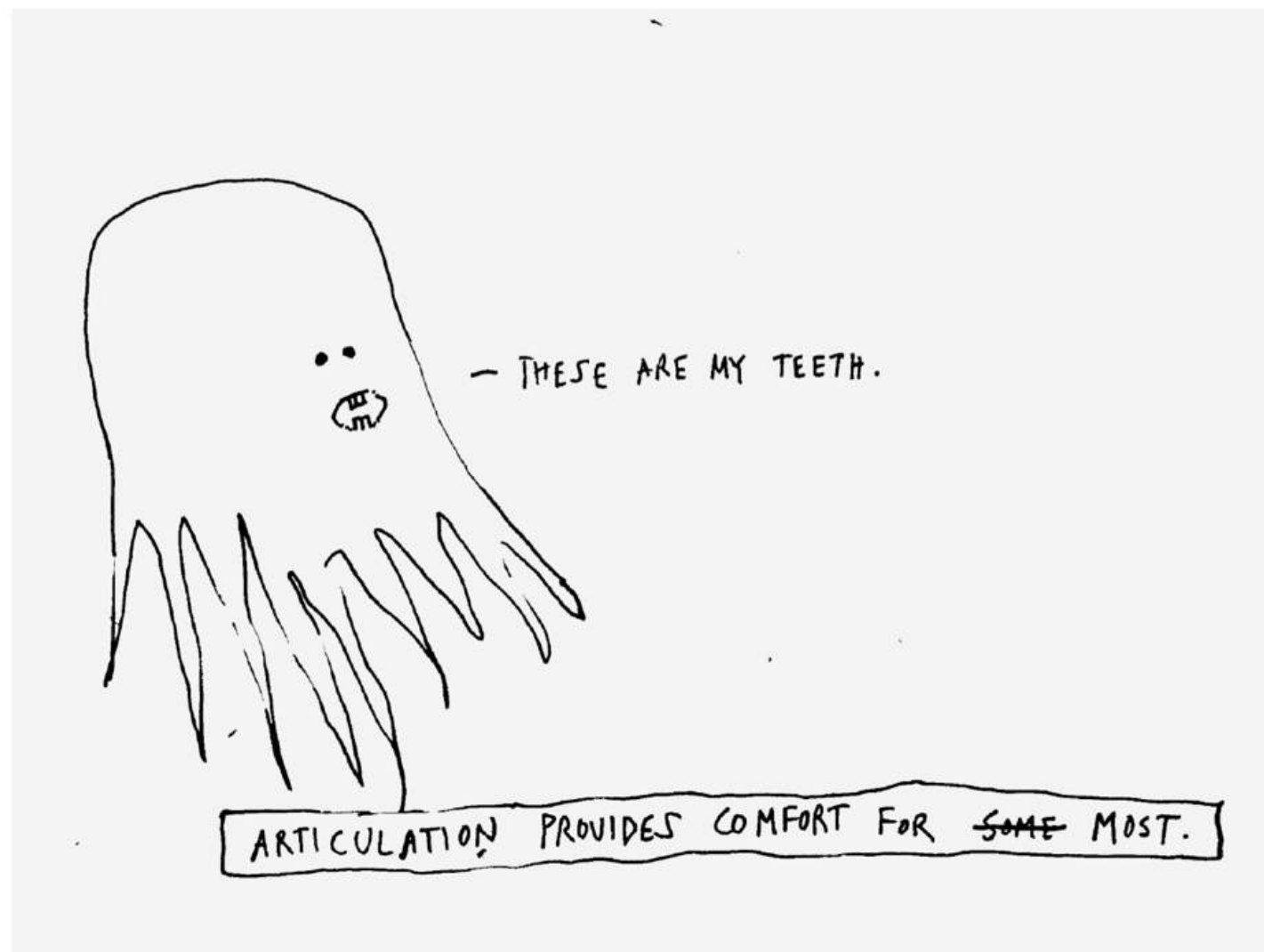
Green Asshole 1

Acrylic, Colored Pencil and Graphite on Paper, 4 x 8
1995



Green Asshole 2

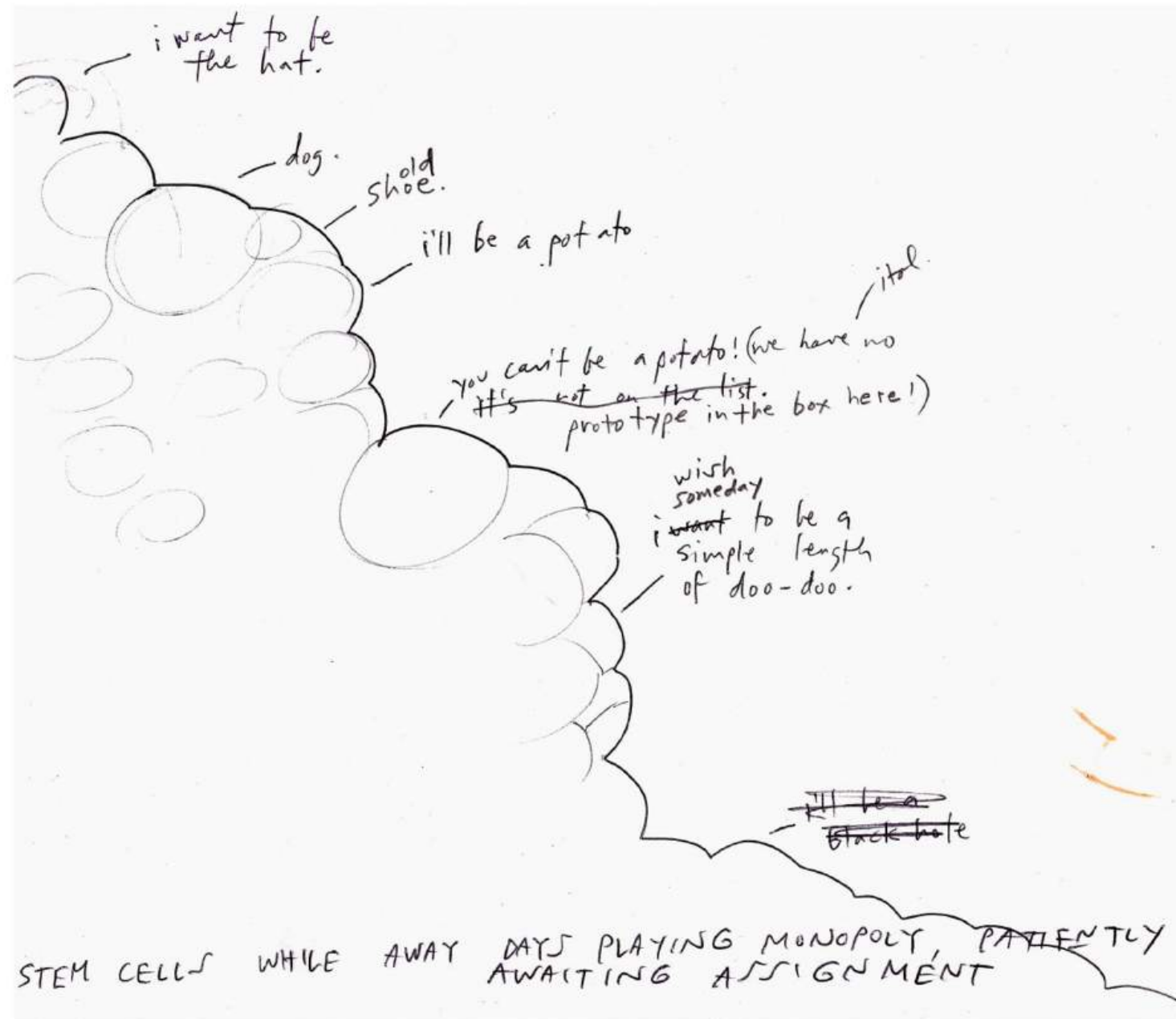
Acrylic, Colored Pencil and Graphite on Paper, 6 x 10
1995



Articulation (These Are My Teeth)

Ink on Paper, 12 x 9

2012



Awaiting Assignment

Pen on Paper, 11 x 8.5

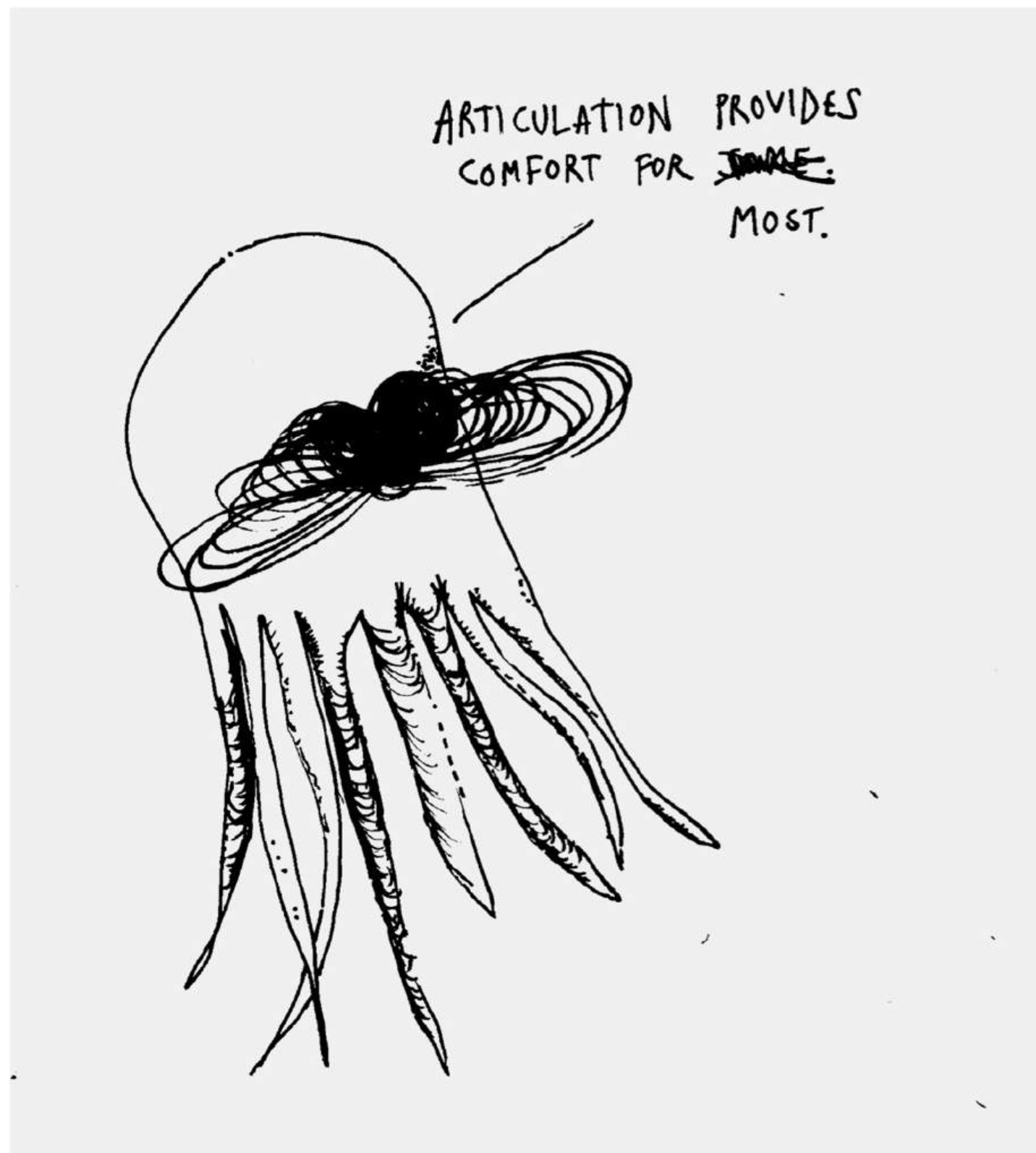
2005



Never Been There, Sounds Nice

Ink on Paper, 12 x 9

2012



Articulation (Blinded Squid-Ghost)

Ink on Paper, 9 x 12

2012































