

colliding colliding two paths colliding  
colliding two paths colliding colliding

Colliding, colliding: four daisies colliding. If you step back a bit they become a cluster. Held random yes, but focal points of a shape with roots, stems. A suspension system that works. Move back some more and the clusters have boundaries. The daisies are kinetic. The boundaries are still green paths. The paths cut through. Daisies have been plucked. Someone walked on that path.

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I am a transit van. I am painted white. Red electrical tape is stuck in the sign if a cross on my side. Approach with caution, the cross can snare. You can drive me anywhere. The door is open, keys are in the glove compartment.

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Stretched and pulled.  
I am your cover.  
I am the veneer you accept as the exterior.  
I think that I am grey household paint.  
you think I am slathered over the surface of this plywood.  
I am invisible.  
The starting point upon which I stepped.  
What if, I were not?  
What if, instead,  
you simply poured me out with Peyton,  
and let me be?  
Do I hear you say with fond music.  
Because I am grey.  
MY GREYNESS is the proud figures fighting.  
Without my skin in Paris.  
I am you.  
And you are Severley Folk framing.  
Dallas and Berlin.  
Take sides and take cover.  
Glossy walk in front of the lense.  
False friends glued under a moment of careless offering.  
Dripping with hurried Slap.  
Modelled, Rubbed, Drawn.  
Retro, intra, ultra Spective.

09  
10

05  
06

IT WAS ART  
IT WAS HUNG  
IT WAS STAGED

For this issue we invited artists through an open call to submit work with the understanding that, if selected, they will be entering into a long dialogue with the editors. They will also give editors full permission to alter the work and publish all correspondence and edits.

01  
02

ababeth Peyton. With thanks to Sophie Calle.  
tiful, how could anyone be more beautiful  
orowitz. He told me that democrats are  
et you. I want to tear your eyes out.  
line of your lips and crack your jaw. I  
and dull the exquisite polish. I want to  
re beautiful. But you stop me with your  
ou cannot be real.  
thing to destroy. And all around you the  
lare.  
can you possibly be alive?  
an access. You told Jonathan Horowitz  
ked to feel burning on your skin. You liked  
ky stares beyond your skin. Your  
te. Too white. Too white to be real.  
are you dead? Are you alive. I want to  
ake you happy. Turn around and look at me.  
want to make you exquisite pain.

available framed Daily  
Antique Mirror Dingy  
Mirror supplement

EARTHQUAKES?  
ARE YOU A RED CABLE?  
You will be a shadow of your former self.  
Although you are not biodegradable you will have aged badly.  
Your red glossiness will fade.  
Your edges will fray.  
Your original and current purposes will be fragments of ancient history.  
Is the original purpose different from the current?  
Dear Lauren,  
this sounds like a surf rock song circa 1968. I'm imagining a transitive + the waves in the background. I see red to a tiki hut. -S.

WE'RE UNDER THE

CHAPS / ARE GILBERT AND

LIKE? / SHIT SEEMED NICE

Hello. This publication is the culmination of Art Writing Summer School at Whitechapel Gallery 18-20 August 2009. The pages you're now reading were generated and edited by workshop participants, in collaboration with Maria Fusco and Francesco Pedraglio.

- Workshop Participants:
- Lauren Barnes
  - Genevieve Cast Browne
  - Emily Candela
  - Henrietta Cullinan
  - Janet Dowling
  - Sara Angel Guerrero-Rippberger
  - Katherine Hart
  - Sam Jones
  - Shaun Levin
  - Frances Loeffler
  - Ingrid Persaud
  - Teresa Schweiger
  - Miranda Sharp
  - Ilke Wiese

Art Writing Summer School was an intensive three-day event focussed on the production, reception and distribution of art writing. Participants were invited to consider and develop their own original writing in relation to three exhibitions at Whitechapel Gallery — British Council Collection: The Third Dimension, East End Academy: The Painting Edition and Live Forever: Elizabeth Peyton.

The Summer School was led by Maria Fusco, with Francesco Pedraglio and Natasha Soobramanien.

Maria Fusco is Writer-in-residence at Whitechapel Gallery, 2009-2010.

Thanks to Jon-Ross Le Hays, Patrick Millner and Nicola Sim.

Layout design by Jon-Ross Le Hays.



MOONS MADE OF ORANGES?  
"good evening dear listeners:"  
i'd like to share with you a message just in by satellite from Princess Kurt. he's recently suffered an unplanned detour in his great underwater journey to the 8 moons of jupiter. seems he's lost his way, and due to an excess of spare time and loneliness on his spaceship, he's decided to dedicate a list of thoughts to us:  
TO SARA - REGARDING YOUR PIECE  
1. orange moons  
2. blue luncheonettes  
3. flowers & the tattooed arms of boys  
4. waiting for a haircut to be finished  
5. lighting a cigarette  
6. and then lighting a friend's  
7. naps in the afternoon & blankets  
8. the sun king.  
(some potential titles for existing Elizabeth Peyton paintings.)

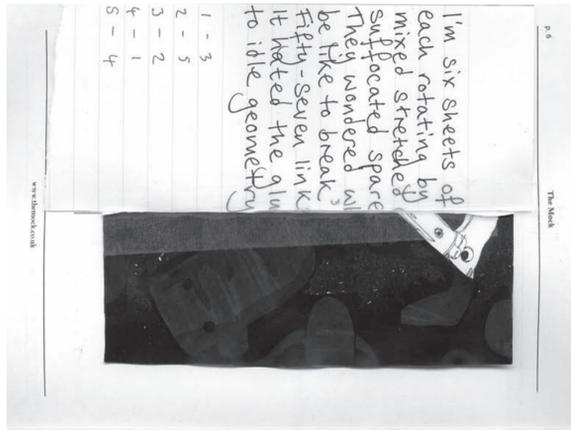
Ikea Kings found tribal horn  
 Out in the street decorated with rubbish  
 A hollow treasure peeling paint  
 Echoing the king's fall  
 Civilization and it's waste

A Tony Cragg art print  
 is created by dissecting a found object  
 in the case: a horn  
 The imagery is designed by slicing through the fibers of the object  
 and more abstract forms in the imagery

An artist is peeling layers  
 Palimpsest is made of life and experience  
 It is a painful hard shell to take apart  
 She wants to unravel the years constructed  
 But the single wishes and ideas make her persona

The same yet turned, falling  
 Floating through space  
 Adjacent imprinted on the wall  
 A twin with a separate life  
 Different and same simultaneously  
 Reflecting each other's contradictions

The rusted tusk has contradictions  
 Mirrored by 2D monotone graphite sketch  
 Framed constraints create boundaries  
 Skeletal, fragile, flash  
 Repelled shapes, remnants of civilization.



Flirt, Rock, Tear,  
 stretch out of the frame.  
 Sleep, Read, Cry, Snap. Shot.  
 Kissing fame.  
 Viewing the viewer and the viewed.  
 Prince's first day.  
 Nick's first drawing.  
 Walking. Leaning. Pansing Cheeky  
 Num - num.  
 Zoe's sleeping. (Curt Caught)  
 Invited intruder thickly  
 Silver, after a democratic  
 More beautiful than everything can happen.  
 megaphone.  
 Nick's even:  
 recorded what is not possible?  
 Admin...  
 VERY PRECISE.  
 neutrality you could never be.  
 beginning.  
 our end.  
 need me.  
 a gun to your head.

When winter hit they began to fluorinate the water.  
 SUPPLY

1. When she told him what she wanted to do he said there was no way. He said the world was not the kind of place for things like that. Not that kind of place. In 5 minutes time she would be sitting someone else's car. She was mistaken they were in the kitchen, he was in the dining room.  
 2. She said, "I can't bear to make you sad."  
 3. INVITATION TO A BEHEADING. YEAH, WELL, WHAT IF YOU DONT GO. (NOBODY GOES OUT IN L.A. ANYMORE.)

1 - have you heard of a'col? it's art made in a lab in the Andes where, yeah it's scarce, but that makes it all the more valuable [...] They ~~was~~ molded the air into the ~~air~~ on the stiches of old cars, golden statues, jade things, platinum crowns and you could hardly tell the difference between the glow + the space ... for you ... light heartedness / lightheadedness [...]

I must hang, There is no other option.<sup>1</sup>

03  
04

07  
08

11  
12

13  
14

EVEN THOUGH WE DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE - I'M ENRAPTURED RISING ~~ONLY~~ ONLY ONCE THE SUN HAS SUNKEN, SLOWLY MOVING AT FIRST, CREEPING IN OTHER PEOPLE'S SHADOWS  
 THEY SAY "NEVER TRUST AN <sup>or New York!</sup> ~~ELF~~ FROM DUNSMORE  
 THEY'RE FILLED WITH TRICKS AND DARK ART - EMPTY OF SOUL... (full stop)  
 FIND THEM AT TWILIGHT... (full stop)  
 NOTE. THE PILE BARS AND TRANSLUCENT SKIN!  
 \* The wonderful and frightening world of the fall.

A Record of Sorts. After Elizabeth  
 How could anyone be more beautiful than you. I've met Jonathan H more beautiful. And I believed him. Until I met I want to destroy the perfect want to smear your complexion believe that democrats are more stare.  
 Dry  
 Bone.  
 Too much red.  
 Its not possible to be you. Y  
 I encounter your face as some world stops. Frozen in your g  
 Skin that white must be dead,  
 There is an interior, a crack, that you liked the sun. You li to stare beyond the sky. The s lips  
 are burnt but your skin is whi  
 Are you real. Are you real or scratch your face. I want to m  
 I want to scratch your face. I

instructions c1960.  
 with full how to build  
 some attention. Also  
 Classic design. Needs

FOUND RUSTED HORN

The words you said about yourself.

\* THE DOG LEMPT UP, LOCKED HER TROU AROUND THE STICK. THE MAN SAWING THE DOG IN A RUGH HIC SO IT LOOKED LIKE A STAFF ED CARISE, BLOTTED SCUMMING FROM THE TREE THEN THE MAN TWISTED IT, SPUN IT ROUND AND LET IT GO

Dear Helene / Fred  
 your [ ] summer.  
 your  
 your  
 your  
 Helene

I AM STABLE  
 GUARD IT

I guard it.

+ I turn my back to the wall.\*  
 SHE MOVED IN CLOSER TO HIM SO THAT THE SLEEVE OF HER DRESS TOUCHED HIS WHITE COTTON SHIRT.

/ GEORGE GEORGE SAYS PERIODICAL / MAKE TWO SUCH GLASS / WE'RE UNDER THE CHAPS