

SPIVAK, PETER G., M.F.A. Community Day. (2008)
Directed by Amy Lixl-Purcell. 20 pp.

The subject of my thesis is a recent event in the community in which I live. Visual investigation consists of drawings, paintings and mixed-media prints and collages that serve as parodies of the event. An accompanying booklet includes the initial drawings of people who live and work in the neighborhood and a fictional account derived from my knowledge of the event which occurred as follows:

A new tenant on the corner began using the rental house for prostitution and drug dealing in 2005. In August of 2006, someone threw a Molotov cocktail at the house and almost burned it down. On the same day, a church down the street was celebrating “Community Day” and advertised the event with a hand-painted, wooden sign on the corner. The sign consisted of two sheets of plywood 30” x 48” hinged at the top, along with three small, floating balloons attached by strings.

COMMUNITY DAY

by

Peter G. Spivak

A Thesis Submitted to
the Faculty of The Graduate School at
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

Greensboro
2008

Approved by

Committee Chair

APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of The Graduate School at The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Committee Chair _____

Committee Members _____

Date of Acceptance by Committee

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER	
I. INTRODUCTION.....	1
II. VISUAL INVESTIGATION.....	2
Drawing.....	2
Painting.....	3
Mixed-Media.....	4
III. TRUE STORY.....	5
Thomas Riley Gaines	6
Jimmy “J” Johnson	12
Joline Delia Campbell	18
CATALOGUE.....	20

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

This research began with an investigation of the community in which I live following a Molotov cocktail bombing of a house down the street. Inspired by the community-based works of Austrian arts collective WochenKlausur, and artists Susanne Lacy, Annice Jacoby and Chris Johnson, I wanted to produce work that directly related to my local surroundings.

I began by initiating conversations with various people from the community to form my own subjective opinion of what happened. My intention was to utilize local events as subject matter. Here lies the primary difference of my approach and that of the artists previously mentioned.

I had no intentions of initiating change in my community with this investigation. My goal was to gain a better understanding of how subjective perspectives relate in a diverse environment. In this regard, my perspective is the primary subject. Although I have attempted to remain objective, my own agendas are impossible to conceal.

My reaction serves as one example of a single subjective opinion. As an artist I have dealt with it in my own way. Another member of the community chose to alert the press. The responding journalist soon discovered that very few locals were willing to discuss the event for various reasons.

CHAPTER II

VISUAL INVESTIGATION

Drawing

Visual investigation began with a series of drawings from memory of individuals from the neighborhood. I have spoken with many of the individuals I drew, but some of them I have just seen from a distance. A cast of characters were created and utilized as illustrations in a written work of fiction based on the Molotov cocktail bombing. By responding to the event with subjective free interpretation, I cast myself as participant and generator of urban legend.

The drawings were an important part of this interactive interpretation. Inspired by actual persons and what I know of their lives, I created a mythology of victimization upon a foundation of facts derived from observation and conversation. One conversation involved picking up a prostitute and paying her \$55.00 to drive around and talk for forty-five minutes. The drawings were intended to convey personalities and imply narrative by postures and simple gestures.

My approach retained a distance between the subjects and myself, which I desired for a variety of reasons. This is often the case with members of diverse communities and one that I wanted to acknowledge in the work. Each drawing presents a single individual standing alone without background or context of any kind. When displayed together they form a cohesive grouping with medium and isolated symmetry as the unifying elements.

Painting

The works selected for this thesis exhibition are three paintings on 30” x 48” wooden panels with latex house paint and pencil. These represent the three main characters of the story: the biker, the pimp and the prostitute. Each image bears the same message, “Community Day: Welcome to Our Neighborhood” and challenges common notions of what defines a community and who gets to say “our neighborhood.” Iconic presentation suggests a local pantheon and refers to the trinity of Christian tradition.

These paintings echo the aesthetic of the church “Community Day” sign along with yard sale signs, storefront windows and other local advertisements. They read as signs, but with a seemingly contradictory combination of text and images. Depth of space is suggested by figurative and rectilinear perspective, but contradicted by flat surface treatment and transparency of color fields. Value structure is also defined by layers of flat surface treatment and reinforces a tension of depth.

The underlying subject of this thesis is the unique perspective of each member of a community and the resulting dynamic when perspectives collide. Each of the three paintings is presented with a title card and supplemental text:

- 1) Thomas Riley Gaines (biker): Recognizing others as actors in the passion play of your own life is a path to divinity.
- 2) Jimmy “J” Johnson (pimp): Recognizing yourself as an actor in the passion play of other lives is a path to enlightenment.
- 3) Joline Delia Campbell (prostitute): Recognizing that life is not a passion play is a path to reality.

Mixed-Media

Along with paintings, I produced a series of mixed-media works on paper as part of my thesis investigation. Various methods were utilized to produce one-of-a-kind prints including collage, etching, monotype, wintergreen transfer and stencil. These prints are intended to read as posters and represent various members of the community.

Poster art has a rich tradition which has crossed the threshold of high art with artists such as Toulouse-Lautrec. In particular, I have been inspired by the paintings and graphics of Ben Shahn, the posters of Soviet artist Gustav Klutsis, the *décollage* work of Mimmo Rotello, comic book artists Will Eisner, Jack Kirby and Harvey Kurtzman, early Hollywood movie posters, band fliers, circus art, and the work of contemporary artists Michael Ray Charles and Raymond Pettibone.

Signs and posters are the art of the people. I wanted this work to be idiosyncratic but with a local sensibility as a way of celebrating individuality in a diverse community. The works were created for presentation in the Weatherspoon Art Museum, which I assume does not have a large prostitute, pimp or drug dealer clientele. Therefore, my intention is to present translations in text and images of the environment in which I live to an audience presumably more removed than myself. Conversations during the opening reception will be an important aspect of this translation process.

CHAPTER IV

TRUE STORY

The following is a work of fiction inspired by an event that occurred in the neighborhood where I live. Names and details concerning the lives of those involved have been invented, as their true identities remain unknown. The story is told from three perspectives: A biker, a pimp and a prostitute. The text is presented in booklet form and was created to supplement visual development of the characters.

Police were cracking down on drug dealers and sex workers downtown in 2005, so they migrated into the neighborhood where I live northeast of town. Someone moved into a house that was for rent on the corner, and it was soon frequented by prostitutes and drug dealers. I often had to drive around people parked in the street doing business.

On August 20, 2006 I noticed a hand-painted sign with balloons on the corner advertising "Community Day." When I left the house the following morning, I noticed the front porch of the rental house had been burned the previous day by what appeared to be a Molotov cocktail. Having not read the details of the sign, I imagined the same person who burned the house also made the sign to say, "Community Day is the day we let it be known that we will not tolerate drug dealing and prostitution in this neighborhood!"

I soon heard stories from locals that a man rode up on a Harley, threatened the life of the tenant, and then set fire to the house with a Molotov cocktail. That same day, a church at the other end of our dead end street was having "Community Day."

Thomas Riley Gaines

Thomas Riley Gaines spent the day steaming. The yelling and bullshit down the street woke him up again last night and something had to be done. He got up to get high and laid back down an hour later. He could hear the blood pumping in his ear against the black pillowcase as he tried to clear his head and finally drifted off. The last thing he heard was the squeal of tires in front of his house. “Fuckers,” he thought.

He awoke to the sound of garbage trucks a few hours later. The sun lit the American flag hanging in his window like a neon sign. He grabbed a cigarette from the bedside table and lit it with a heavy silver lighter. The click of the cover reminded him of his father. Frank always insisted he be called by his first name. He never liked the sound of “Dad.” He was a strong man who chose his words carefully. Or maybe he just didn’t like to talk. He was tough on Tommy because this world is tough and a man had to be ready to stand up for himself. The beatings reminded him he was alive and he got stronger every time. “It won’t last long,” he would think to himself.

The room was thick and hot. He could hear the window unit pumping in the next room but the cool air was like a runner who never reached the finish line. The morning sun heated his room like a greenhouse. “Not a bad idea,” he thought. “Too much trouble though. It’s easier to buy it and save all the hassle.”

He sat up and the carpet that met his feet was dirty but familiar. “Something’s gotta give,” he thought as he sat on the edge of the bed. He picked up a robe from the floor and noticed for the first time how close the color was to the carpet. The blue shag covered most of the floor leaving only a few feet around the twenty-foot square room.

With girlie magazines and motorcycle parts stacked around the edge of the floor, it might as well have been wall-to-wall. He got it from a friend ten years earlier in exchange for fixing his bike. His buddy had a connection and could get carpet for cheap.

His finger caught a loose thread as he pushed an arm into the robe and he heard it snap as he pulled it on. The robe is frayed with holes, but is comfortable. He stared at his hand held shaking in front of him, then grabbed his Marlboros from the bedside table and put them in a warm pocket. He took one last drag and heard the filter sizzle. He crushed the butt in his fingers and tossed it on the shag before heading for the toilet.

He remembered the toilet was broken as he opened the door to the bathroom and that pissed him off. He pulled himself from his boxers and made a mental note to get parts today. He left the lid standing open like a hungry chick, then tucked himself back in and wrapped his robe while he leaned to spit in the sink. He felt the last drop soak a spot in his boxers and he pushed himself to the other side. He stared into his eyes in the mirror and felt old. He thought about Elaine and shuffled to the kitchen.

She drank Maxwell House too. "What the fuck is up with her," he mumbled to himself as he pulled the jar with the dark red lid from the cabinet. He continued mumbling something even he didn't understand and put three scoops in the cup that used to belong to his wife. She drank from that cup every morning they were married. When she was moving out he claimed he had no idea where it was.

Tommy bought her the cup the week they went to the beach for their honeymoon. He picked it up at a convenience store one morning when he went out for coffee. He poured it in the cup and brought it to her in the hotel bed where she was still waking up.

He had no interest in the ocean, but he enjoyed watching Elaine fight the waves. She seemed so strong and determined back then. She always loved the sea.

Tommy liked having his feet firmly on the ground. The idea that his body was submersed in a world he couldn't see was too much for him. It made him feel vulnerable, though he would never say so. He claimed a dislike for sand in his pants. He would sit on the beach drinking cold Budweisers from a cooler and nod occasionally while Elaine had the time of her life.

Tommy liked that he could make her happy. And she was so happy back then. She was a dancer when they met and the road was her home. He gave her something to stick around for and she was grateful to not have to work for a living. But she never minded the old perverts who seem the same in every town. They were harmless for the most part. Just suckers who believed her stories of hardship and hungry children. Still...it was nice to have someplace called home.

Tommy was glad they never had kids. "What a pain in the ass," he thought. Tommy grabbed a pan from the counter, rinsed it in the sink, then filled it with water and put it on the gas stove. The stove clicked longer than usual before firing and the smell of gas made his brain feel warm. It lit with an impressive flash and the sizzle of the water on the bottom of the pan faded into the traffic out front. The kitchen faced the street and the curtains in the window reminded him of the mornings he spent talking with Elaine about nothing. He missed that.

The town he grew up in was home. Everywhere else...was somewhere else. He liked to take road trips but coming home was always the best part. He didn't have a net-

work once he left, and a man is only as big as his network. He slid a red vinyl chair out making more noise than he was ready for, and sat down to clear a space on the table for his coffee. He waited for the water to boil and tried to stop thinking about Elaine. Staring at her cup while he waited didn't help much.

Tommy liked living alone. He had his friends, and his bike. He had a good job that paid the bills and then some. And he liked the neighborhood. He grew up a few miles away and used to come to this neighborhood when he was in high school. A guy named Maurice lived at the end of the street and sold nickel and dime bags in small manila envelopes. He hung out with the seniors until his last year when he dropped out. All his friends were already living life and school seemed like a waste of time. He got a job and bought his first bike a year later.

Discipline was the key. That doesn't mean you can't get high...but you have to take care of your shit first. Half-wit burnouts are a dime a dozen. To make money you gotta know when to be sharp. To survive you gotta know when to stay off the bike. He lost a good friend a few years back not far from his house. Some asshole turned in front of him just down the street from Curley's Bar. Mike's wife still hangs flowers there every year on the telephone pole where it happened. Nobody ever talks about it anymore...but nobody forgets either.

"You never know," he thinks as he gets up to check the water. It sounded like boiling. He stands next to the stove and stares into the pot. Eventually bubbles form and rise to the top. Two, four, seven hot spots. That's plenty. He takes the pan from the stove and walks to the table. As the last drop leaves the pan he smiles to himself, "Perfect."

Tommy prides himself on guessing the exact amount of water for his wife's cup. He's been on a roll lately. He carefully pushes empty beer bottles with the pan and sets it on the table as he sits down. He stirs the coffee with a relatively clean spoon he finds on the table and watches the steam glow from the sunlight through the curtains. He sets the spoon on the table and covers the cup with his palm until it hurts, then takes a swallow and feels it burn his throat. "I'm getting there," he mumbles.

He tried to stop thinking about Mike and remembered last night. "I'm tired of this shit," he thought as he took another gulp. Something had to change. "Mutherfuckers bringing that shit to my neighborhood...this is my house and you're fucking with the wrong asshole." This had been coming on for months, though he tried to deny it. And things were only getting worse. Tommy had a rule he followed religiously: Don't shit in your own backyard. But the rule that stuck out this morning was: Don't let anybody else shit there either.

His bike needed maintenance so he decided to try and take his mind off the garbage filling his head. Working on his hog always calmed him down and gave him focus. He was good at it. Other guys keep their bikes running well enough, but Tommy's bike had a sound that would turn heads in church when he rode by.

His porch has two ramps: one for riding up, and one for down. He worked on his bike outside if the weather was good. Otherwise, he pulls it inside. But it was a beautiful day. He left his half empty cup on the table and walked to the bedroom to pull on his jeans and t-shirt from the day before. He kept his boots polished and after years of wear the black leather was rich and creased like an old man's face.

Tommy hardly noticed the hours go by. It was getting on 5 o'clock when he wiped the grease from his hands. When the rag hit the floor, his mind began to race. Something had to be done. "Every fucking night," he thought. He walked inside to wash up. With his hands still wet, he took a swallow of cold coffee then turned to heat it in the microwave. A sudden squeal of tires out front distracted him and he hit the back of the chair with the coffee cup as he turned. It slipped from his wet hand, bounced on the seat and smashed on the linoleum. Coffee sprayed his boots and soaked the junk mail on the kitchen floor. "Goddammit!"

Something clicked in his head. A loud click. The kind of click you could probably hear if you were standing next to him...like a hammer striking a cartridge. His body felt as if it would explode. His face became stone cold, and without another word or thought, Tommy grabbed an empty bottle from the table with one hand, and the keys to his bike with the other and slowly walked to the porch. He put the keys in the ignition and grabbed the gas can sitting by the door. He filled the bottle, then grabbed the rag lying by his back tire and stuffed an end of it into the bottle. He stashed it in the saddlebag and mounted his bike with a heel on the kick.

The engine roared by the time he hit the polished leather seat. It echoed in the small porch and the exhaust hovered in the ceiling as he rode down the short ramp. His body felt heavy...as if his bike needed every ounce of energy just to move him along. But one quick whip on the gas reminded him power was not a problem. He pulled into the driveway down the street and got off his bike. "Just the asshole I'm looking for," he growled to himself.

Jimmy “J” Johnson

Jimmy “J” Johnson spent the day recovering. Somebody fucked with one of the girls last night and something had to be done. He was high when he finally fell asleep, and the sun was creeping in defiantly making his buzz vibrate in his head. His grandmother’s quilt was too short to cover the thin shaft of light from the bottom of the window. Every time he moved, dust rose from his bed and sparkled like glitter, floating by in slow motion.

He woke up ten hours later and lit a menthol while he laid in bed and smoked most of it with his eyes closed. He wasn’t ready for thought, but the smoke in his lungs reminded him he was alive. He began to cough and said to himself, “It won’t last long.”

The room was thick and hot. He could hear the window unit pumping in the next room but his closed door kept any relief at bay. He preferred privacy over AC. He was sleeping. What difference does it make. Summer would be over soon enough.

He sat up and the carpet that met his feet was dirty but familiar. “I should get some sheets,” he thought as he sat on the edge of the bed. He picked up a robe from the floor and noticed for the first time how close the color was to the carpet.

The blue shag covered most of the floor leaving only a few feet around the twenty-foot square room. With clothes and trash piled on the floor, it might as well have been wall-to-wall. He picked it up at the last job he had driving a forklift in a carpet warehouse ten years earlier. It was the only piece they would let go of without some cash and it was already old when he got it. They were real tight-asses. His pay wasn’t worth shit, but the money he made selling carpet on the side made the year he worked there

worth it. Delivery trucks were usually left unattended while he was loading, so he often made one trip for his independent venture. The woods behind the warehouse made a great place to stash a few rolls of carpet until later that night.

He could hear the robe slide across his skin as he pushed each arm in and saw his dry hands emerge from the sleeves. The robe is frayed with holes, but is comfortable. He stared at his hand held shaking in front of him, then grabbed his Kools from the bedside table and put them in a warm pocket. He took one last drag and heard the filter sizzle. He crushed the butt in his fingers and tossed it on the shag before heading for the toilet.

It stung when he pissed and that pissed him off. He shook it like it let him down, then let it drop and wrapped his robe while he leaned to spit in the sink. He felt the last drop hit his thigh and it felt good. He wiped it with the robe. Everybody else was still sleeping. He didn't want to talk to anybody anyway. "Some days Jimmy J is just plain sick of it all!" he thought as he stared into his eyes passing the mirror.

His Mama was on his mind this morning as he shuffled to the kitchen. She drank Maxwell House too. "What the fuck is up with her," he mumbled to himself as he pulled the jar with the dark red lid from the cabinet. He continued mumbling something even he didn't understand and put three scoops in the cup that used to belong to his mother. She drank from that cup for as long as he could remember until he gave her a new one. He picked it up a year ago when he drove to the east coast and back one night. He bought it at a convenience store when he stopped to fill up. He had no interest in the ocean, but he liked the way the air smelled there. He took a deep breath standing next to his faded blue '78 Nova, and even mixed with the smell of gas, there was no mistaking it.

Jimmy never liked turning off the engine if he had to make a run out of town so he left it running while he filled up. The car always started eventually, but something about being out of town made it painful every time he had to turn it over. The town he grew up in was home. Everywhere else...was somewhere else. He didn't have a network once he left, and a man is only as big as his network. He felt alone and vulnerable but would never say so. Who would he tell? Who would give a shit?

He was in a relationship once. Had it been eight years already? No...seven. Who knows what happened. Everything just went to hell. There was no dramatic decision to never love again. It just happened. "Maybe one day when things are different," he thought. "There's no room for love right now anyway. It just wouldn't fit."

Jimmy grabbed a pan from the counter, rinsed it in the sink, then filled it with water and put it on the gas stove. One rule of the house was that this pan was never used for anything but water. The stove clicked longer than usual before firing and the smell of gas made his brain feel warm. It lit with an impressive flash and the sizzle of the water on the bottom of the pan faded into the traffic out front. The kitchen faced the street but the soiled black sheets hanging over the windows did a much better job fighting daylight than his grandmother's quilt.

He slid a yolk vinyl chair out making more noise than he was ready for, and sat down to clear a space on the table for his coffee. He waited for the water to boil and tried to think about nothing. All he got for his efforts was a rush of incomplete thoughts about everything. Life begins at 5 o'clock...not until. Second rule of the house. Everybody else usually sleeps until then anyway. It wasn't so much a rule as a habit. Jimmy rarely talks

to anybody until after 5pm. He held everything together and discipline was the key. That doesn't mean you can't get high...but you have to take care of your shit first. Half-wit burnouts are a dime a dozen. To make money you gotta know when to be sharp.

His mother has never said anything about the cash he leaves on the kitchen table when he stops by once a month. He knows she deserves better than her life. "That's why she's so angry. She'll probably work until she drops. She has always worked...hard. Life shouldn't be that hard," he thinks as he gets up to check the water. It sounded like boiling...he stands next to the stove and stares into the pot.

Eventually bubbles form and rise to the top. Two, four, seven hot spots. That's plenty. He takes the pan from the stove and walks to the table to bring his instant coffee to life. As the last drop leaves the pan he smiles to himself, "Perfect." Jimmy prides himself on guessing the exact amount of water for his mother's cup. He's been on a roll lately.

He pushes empty beer cans with the pan and sets it on the table as he sits down. He stirs the coffee with a relatively clean spoon he finds on the table and watches the steam change the color of his skin. He sets the spoon on the table and covers the cup with his palm until it hurts, then takes a swallow and feels it burn his throat. "I'm getting there," he mumbles to himself.

Three of the girls slept over again last night. "I don't want them getting in the habit of staying here," he thought, "but seeing as how shit went down last night...it's cool. Some guys are just assholes. They figure they pay for a woman...they can do whatever they want. These girls deserve better than that. Or maybe they don't...what do I

know. But I got a business to run.”

He tried to stop thinking about it. It was too early and he hadn't even finished his first cup. “I'm tired of this shit,” he thought as he took another gulp. The coffee was losing its punch. He always liked the idea of running his own business, but dealing with people was too much trouble. Everybody has some kind of story or excuse. “Everybody is so fucking pitiful,” he mumbled.

Something had to change. “Maybe I can pay somebody to deal with this shit. But you can't trust anybody. Mutherfuckers get high and forget priorities. It's about loyalty,” he thought. This had been coming on for a while, though he tried to deny it. “He was making descent money. And the girls were a pain in the ass...but better than a boss,” he reminded himself.

Charlie was cool about letting him rent the house. He was pretty sure Charlie knew what was up, but he never said anything. They had known each other since Jimmy was a boy. The smell of Irish Rose followed Charlie like a young apprentice and each word he said was a muffled pink puff. A conversation with Charlie wasn't so much about words, as it was about gestures. And like a man who speaks two languages, Jimmy couldn't tell a difference anymore.

The heat was cracking down on the old stretch he used to work inside the city. Moving out to the edge of town seemed like the thing to do. It had been three months and clients had no trouble finding the new location. Business was good and the bills were paid. “So what gives,” he thought. He had been working with a few of the girls a long time now, and they had grown to depend on him for just about everything.

When he was seventeen he wanted his own restaurant. His first job made him determined to run a business the way he thought it should be run. And people always need food. Good food...and cheap. He never liked the feel of fancy restaurants. Everybody was so fucking pretentious about filling their bellies. We all gotta eat. Simple as that. It all turns to shit and we keep on going. Eating is about family and friends...not two sprigs and a sculpted blob with fancy sauce.

“It’ll never happen,” he thought. “It takes real money to start something like that.” He didn’t like the feeling he was a slave to his own life. It seemed there was only one boss with many faces...and now that face was his.

Jimmy took another swallow of his coffee then got up to heat it in the microwave. Over the hum of radiation he heard a Harley pull up in the driveway. There was no mistaking the sound. He left the cup turning slowly on the glass platter coated with coffee and frozen dinner splatters, and walked into the den. Two of the girls were asleep on couches. Only one foot was left uncovered by the sheets and he recognized it. “At least she got some sleep,” he thought. The room was cool and dry but smelled of spilled beer and cigarettes.

He pushed opened the front door and heard the snap and drag of frayed wood on the threshold as the day poured in. He recognized the biker and straightened his back as he stepped outside. He felt the chipped paint and worn wood of the porch as he made his way to the warm concrete steps. When his feet hit the dirt and gravel of the front yard he looked in the eyes of the man coming towards him. His body felt heavy...as if his feet were supporting the earth.

Joline Delia Campbell

Joline Delia Campbell pulled the sheet from her head and recognized Jimmy's silhouette in the front door. It gave her strange comfort. "Is it 5 o'clock already?" she grumbled. Her face hurt. It was already starting to bruise when she laid on the couch and she was afraid to see what it looked like now. "Fucking asshole," she whispered.

She saw the whole thing coming. He was a dick from the drop. She had gotten pretty good at judging people and she could size up somebody at a glance. Usually she was dead on. But with the crackdown getting so bad, she had begun to doubt her instincts when she needed them the most. She could spot a dick cop in a second. They tried to come off as nice guys. This asshole didn't even try to fake it.

"He was a big mutherfucker...but that didn't stop Jimmy," she thought. He had that look in his eyes again last night. It always scares her even though she knows he would never hurt her. At least none of the other girls say he had ever been rough with them. But last night he was wild...like he was possessed. He always says, "Nobody fucks with my girls." They had come to believe him.

Jimmy usually opens the front door and walks to the kitchen without saying a word...like telling everybody it's time to get up or something. "Where's he going?" she thought. Joline lost sight of him from the couch when he stepped off the porch. All she could see was the huge oak just a few feet in front of the house. Its trunk is large enough to provide a fair amount of privacy if you want to sit on the porch and get high. She heard a shuffle in the yard and a voice that wasn't Jimmy's. She sat up on the couch and noticed a few drops of blood on her favorite Stones t-shirt. That pissed her off. She

walked to the door and looked out to see Jimmy lying on the ground in his bathrobe.

“What the...?!”

“Wake up Donna and go out the back!” She heard Jimmy but it didn’t register. It was then she saw him. Standing by the motorcycle in the driveway. “Why isn’t Jimmy getting up?” she wondered. “Go!” ...then she saw the Molotov cocktail... “Go now!!” Jimmy yelled.

Joline snapped to attention. “Donna...wake up! We gotta go...now! Come on...right now...let’s go!” She heard a loud thud and the hellish void of exploding gasoline. She let go a scream and turned back to see a door of flames. She heard the paint sizzle... “Jimmy!!!” She grabbed Donna’s hand and they ran down the short hallway to the back door. “Fuck!” she screamed as she struggled with the locks...“FUCK!!!”

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CATALOGUE

1. Thomas Riley Gaines, latex house paint on wood panel, 2007
2. Jimmy "J" Johnson, latex house paint on wood panel, 2007
3. Joline Delia Campbell, latex house paint on wood panel, 2007
4. Jorge Chavez, graphite on paper, 2006
5. Donna Jenkins, graphite on paper, 2006
6. Randal Cox, graphite on paper, 2006