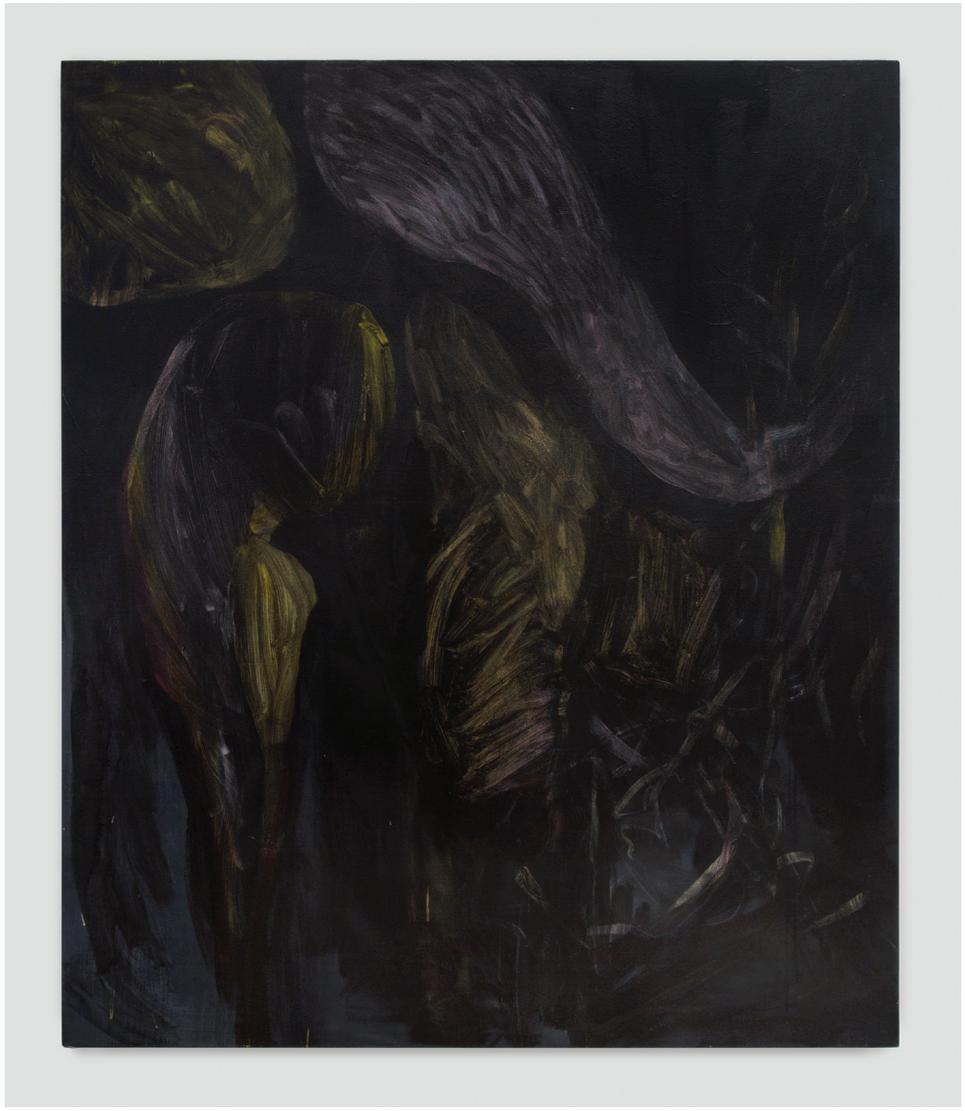




# CUT YOUR HAIR

@billyatluxelab  
(310) 255-9900



Cay Bahnmiller, *Home Sweet Home*, 2003

[info@whatpipeline.com](mailto:info@whatpipeline.com)

Pied-à-terre



Commodity may appear without extension, boundary, and/or interiority, and then disappear. The ostensible materiality of every sensate object is catastrophic. But it is the same kind of profusion—the stillness of the serial subject. The look of language is active as another species of seducer.



the  
erin experience  
118 s. glassell space 90  
old towne orange  
orange circle antique mall  
mon 10-5 tues-sat 10-6  
sun 11-6  
vintage/mid-century  
modern  
GAINNEY CERAMICS



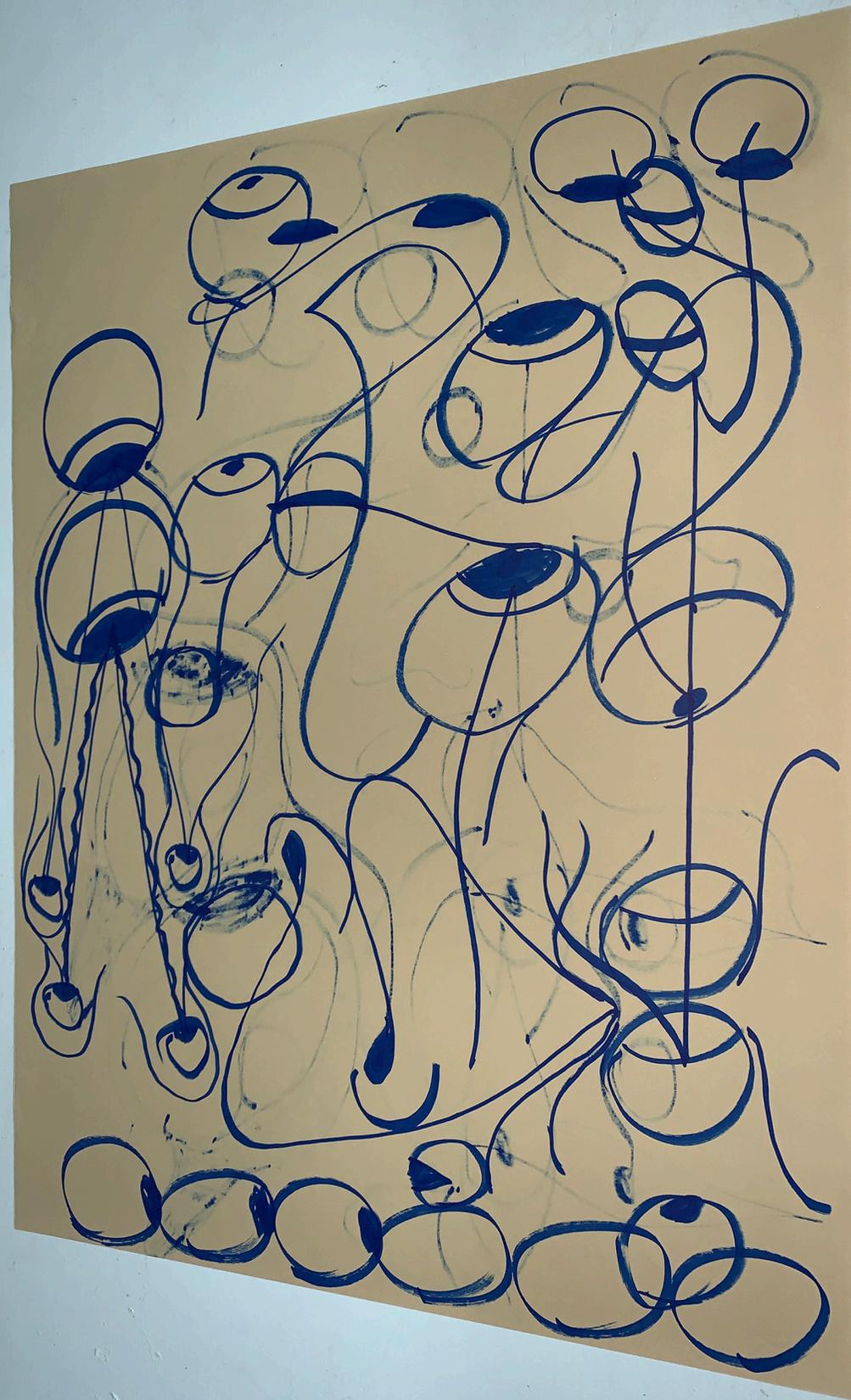
Bravo!  
ALL OUR DREAMS CAN COME TRUE  
IF WE HAVE THE POWER TO PURSUE THEM  
A very special "THANK YOU" goes to the  
Love The Family  
remarkable team of JESSE, BECKY,  
we are so proud of you!  
DAVIDA AND LEILA. You showed up  
Love, Mom + Dad  
everyday to help guide with your love and  
commitment  
...we love & support you

# LOCAL 1

bar de vino  
natural,  
residencia  
& espacio  
de arte

*Las ganancias generadas de las ventas  
en el bar se destinan a financiar  
el programa artístico.*

*Ciudad de México. [local1.mx](http://local1.mx)*



In the deepest recesses of pre-pubescent REM sleep, Sally Moore was dreaming.

She was big, bigger than her older brother Smith, bigger than her father. Sally was large and slow, but equipped with a heaviness and the power that came with it. She lumbered: every movement dragged through honey, through water, through mud. Sliding her hands down the contours of this new girth, Sally trembled to feel the exotic sensations of pelts of hair, a round, firm belly, damp heat. Sally swung her arms, trying to spin in a familiar gesture of girlhood, but her center of gravity stayed stubbornly put, her suddenly thick appendages unable to lift away from her body as they normally could. Even the effort of the attempt proved to be too much in this dripping and dragging existence, and she let herself sink back into the slow muck.

On the outside she was new, but on the inside she felt the familiar desire for satiation, a thwarted need for more. As she settled into herself and adjusted to the new pressures on her joints and sit bones and shoulders, from her great belly came deep gurglings, the churning and working of activity that she felt at once alienated from and deeply protective of. Each new sensation and new bodily reality seemed to Sally a small duckling that had waddled into her charge, without thinking and with great consequence. The curls of coarse hair, the sour sweat, the thick body, the workings within it, were novel but also very much her own; they were sweet and

strange and worthy of protection. Like a giantess, the Great Mother, Sally laboriously crooked her head downward and wished for merging; she longed to suckle and stroke her yellowed hard toenails, the roll of middle skin created by sitting, and especially the active bubbling of her guts. She burned and toiled, at once separated from and only existing as the roiling of her belly. Her ears were given over to it first, the bubbling became a roar, and her ears were colonized by the cauldron of her guts; for a brief moment she could see them as clearly as anything, and said goodbye. Then went the hair, a second after gaining god-like awareness of every strand and follicle, on her toes, her legs, her groin, her belly, her chest, her back, and her head, it was all swept away, carried into the greedy gulping fire of her stomach. Then her hands, plump and cakey and moist, ceased to grip the skin of her belly and as if casually walking through an open doorway, slipped to the other side.

One by one, the parts of Sally's new body enacted greetings and introductions, then like lemmings, gave themselves to the greasy agitations of her gorgeous belly.

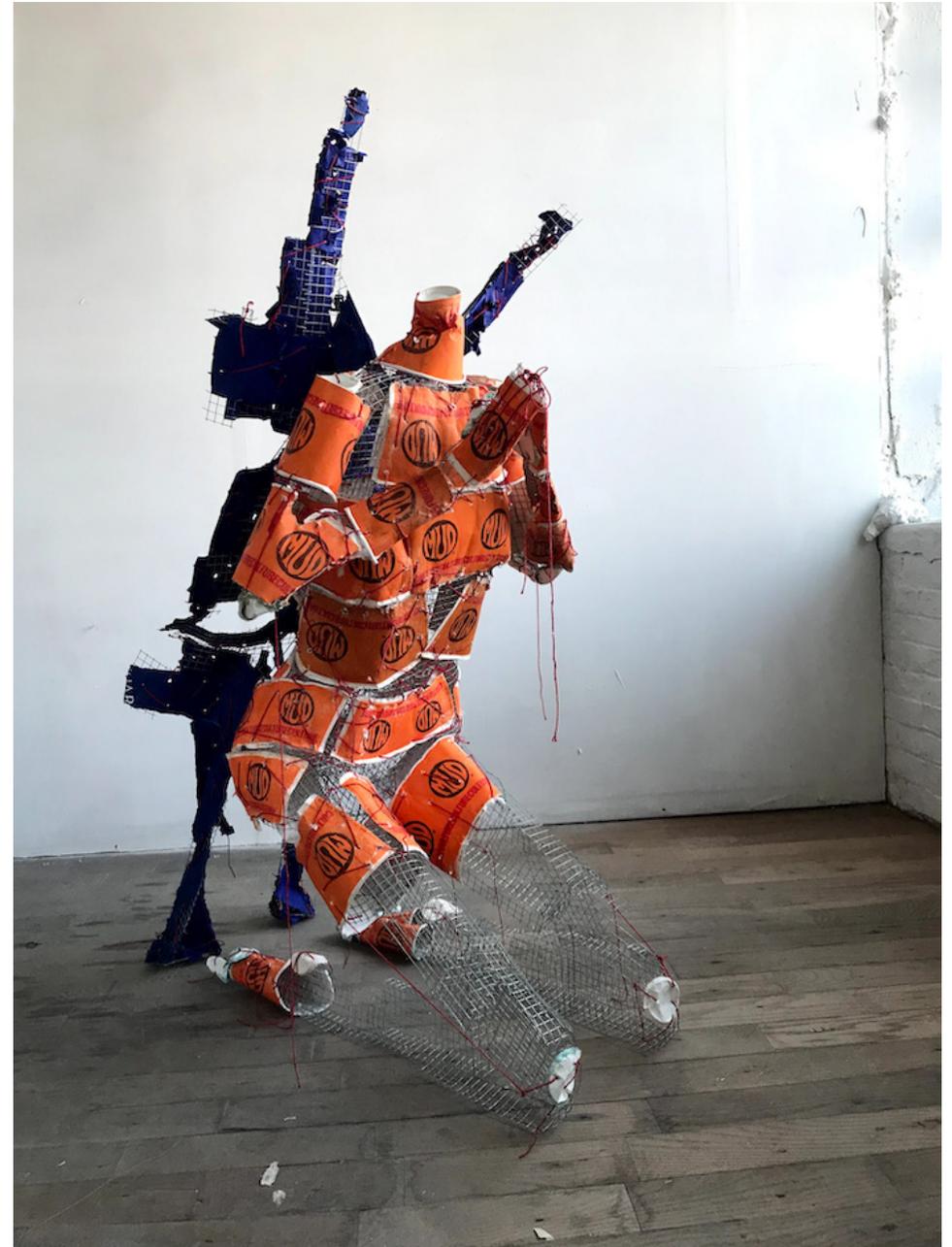
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Sally felt herself being pulled back to the surface, and the sound of someone shouting her name penetrated the mucus of the dream. As she opened her eyes, she learned the viscosity had gone and was replaced by smoke, as if the swirling lava had exhausted itself, dry-

ing into a blackened crust emanating a different state of matter into the world.

She was pulled from bed, roughly but without much strain. Her body had returned to its slight state, subject once more to the machinations of others without the stabilizing force of her newly gained, newly lost, sheer, gargantuan physicality.

Later, wrapped in a fireman's blanket at the neighbor's house, she dispassionately discovered she had soiled herself in bed, but it mattered little as the contents of her bowels had burned with the rest of the only home she had ever lived in. Laying her hands on her belly, once again flat and smooth, she beckoned for the dream to coat her, reveling in the stink of herself, and felt a surge of love and protection for all that had died in the fires.



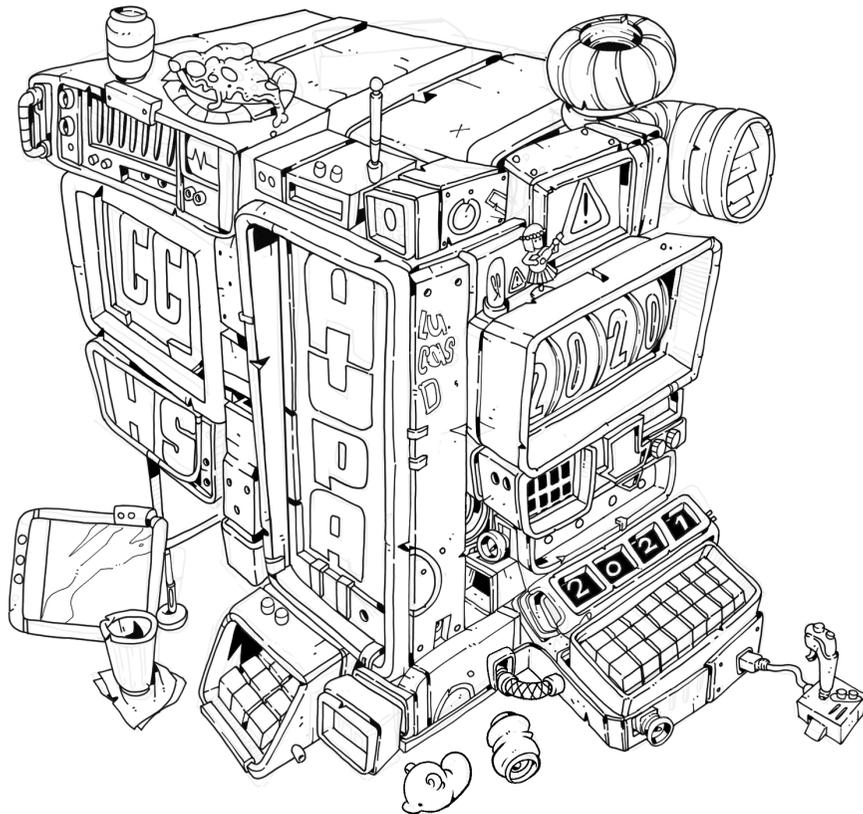
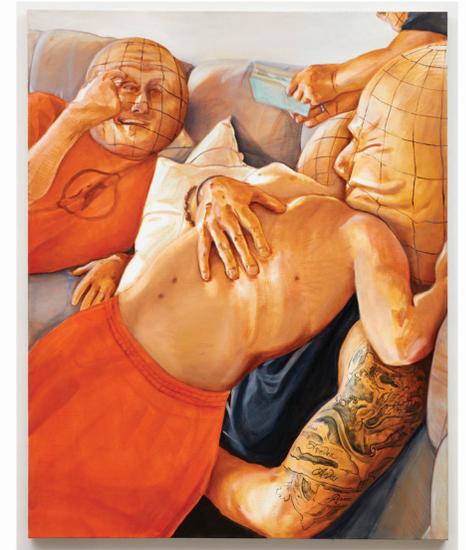
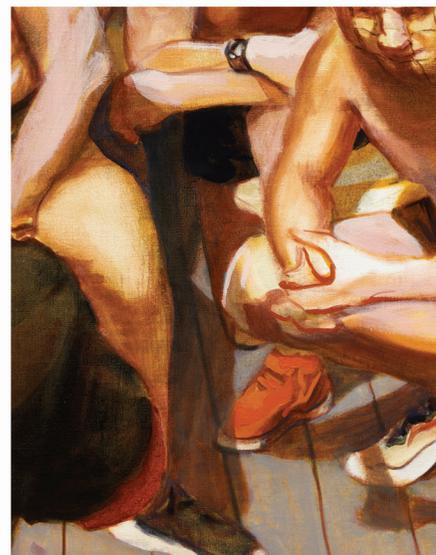
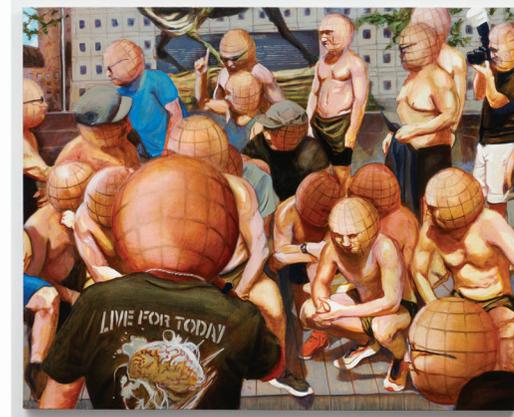


**THINK OF THIS PHRASE AS A  
SPECIAL, READER-ACTIVATED  
COMMAND!**

## **HENRY BROS STUDIO**

1976-2020

*"If you like what we do, we'll like what you do."*



Tanyth Berkeley  
*Balloons on Table*, photograph, 20 x 15.615”

Jeanette Mundt

Catalina Ouyang  
Le Guin, Ursula K. “The Marrow.” *Hard Words and other poems*, HarperCollins, 1981.

Elif Erkan

Sean Kennedy  
Untitled (detail), 2020

Elif Erkan

Mark Roeder  
Sketch for Nine Dead Sparrows, 2021

Mark Flores

Jason Underhill

Benjamin Echeverria  
*M&M&M&M* (detail), 2020, canvas, caulk, oil, primer  
Image: artist/Paul Salvesson

Hildegarde Duane

Marlon Kroll

Peter Wächtler

Charlie MacFarland

Cara Benedetto and design by Nico Fontana  
*Origin of Love and Other Tales of Degradation*, Night Gallery, 2020. Pp. 1

Tom Krumpak  
*Mid-Air*, acrylic on canvas, 24 x 24”

ASHES/ASHES

Takako Yamaguchi  
Untitled (21), 2020, oil on linen, 18 x 24”

Leila Weefur + 5/5 Collective

Jesse Benson  
*Delusionarium 4 Catalog Page Painting 2* (Nathan Hylden “Untitled”, 2008, acrylic on canvas, 29 x 23”; Joshua Nathanson “Lobster and Seagull”, 2008, acrylic on canvas, 40 x 32”; Will Benedict “Untitled (Pro Choice)” 2008, wall painting), 2013, oil on panel, 17 x 22”

Keith J. Varadi

William E. Jones  
*Homage to the Square 20—variation* (Vietnam—Andy Warhol—Chinese revolutionary ballet), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 14* (Andy Warhol—Mike Kelley—Valentino—Chinese revolutionary opera), 2019, collage 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 4* (Autumn foliage—Andrea Mantegna—Alexander McQueen—Chinese revolutionary opera), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 2* (Plowed Fields—Frank Stella—phone sex—Donald Judd), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 3—variation* (Storm clouds—Gerhard Richter—man and penis), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 5* (Pinturicchio—Gerhard Richter—sunset—circus posters), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 6* (Tomb of Henry VII—Alexander McQueen—Jeff Koons—aurora borealis), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 9* (Swiss Alps—Gerhard Richter—Maison Margiela—Turkish bath), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”

*Homage to the Square 11* (Andy Warhol—Bridget Riley—catacombs—Patty Hearst), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 15* (Andy Warhol—Australian outback—Francis Picabia—zebras), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”  
*Homage to the Square 18* (Pisa—Hokkaido—Andy Warhol—penis), 2019, collage, 15 x 15”

Star Montana  
*In Memory*, 2019, inkjet print on sintra (archival photograph), 13.8 x 16”  
*Carlos Lopez Jr. 2007*, 2019, inkjet print on sintra (archival photograph), 24 x 18”

Shagha Arianna  
*A Red Night*, 2020, acrylic and flashe vinyl on canvas, 56 x 48”

Ad 2021, 6.25 x 4.75” (PH - AL is Patrick Hill and Alex Lemke) PH - AL

Tory J. Lowitz

Renée Petropoulos

Awol Erizku  
*The Definition* (*see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil*), 2018-2020  
Image: artist/Nik Massey

Michael E. Smith

Ana Iwataki

Elizabeth Englander  
*Mud Angel*, 2020, steel, paper, cotton twine, 54 x 26 x 40”

Bel Ami (credit Miriam Laura Leonardi)

Daniel T. Gaitor-Lomack  
*Knowledge Ablaze* (detail), 2020, found mixed media, dimensions variable

Steven Lucas Delgado

David Muenzer  
*Ann Arbor Exchange*, 2020, pencil on paper, 11 x 15”  
*Sleepers*, 2020, pencil on paper, 11 x 15”  
*Interview*, 2020, pencil on paper, 11 x 15”  
*Semper Fidelis*, 2020, oil on linen, 60 x 48”  
*Live for Today*, 2020, oil on linen, 48 x 60”  
*Hearth* (*TIL of the Dunning-Kruger*), 2019,bronze, patinated cold-rolled steel 31 x 56 x 30”  
Installation view “Sylan Plug” at Jan Weenix  
*Live for Today*, 2020, detail

Special Thanks:  
Davida Nemeroff  
Tom Jimmerson  
Doug Henry  
Jim Fetterley



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