WHAT THE FUCK WAS THIS MONTH?

V.S.C
02
2020
February 25, 2020

This zine commemorates the February 2020 session at Vermont Studio Center.

In keeping with the title, What the fuck was this month we as your humble editors (?) have no idea what to say to give context to the events and people and cats and snow and art pictured within. We hope that having this zine will bolster your memories and encourage you to keep in touch and keep working.

Kate: Can I make it weird?

Ním: “Sure, bro.”

Kate: “I’m reminded of the story of the little match girl. When she keeps lighting the match and imagining a safe place. Each page is like lighting a match of memory to a place where we had solace, to think, make, and listen. Where time was very different. As we return to our regular rhythms, I hope it means something to you. It did to us.”

This only exists because all of the contributors came together with all the amazing material you see here. The project was instigated and edited by Kate Laster and Ním Wunnan, with production help from Victor Mattina, C. Violet Eaton, Sophie Kovel, and Jen Audette. Houdini was no fucking help at all and is a bad kitty. Our cover features Chloe-Rose, aspiring style leader, astronaut, doctor, and lion.

February 2020 residents contributed materials to this zine in the order listed below (starting after the contact pages)

Jeff Gibbons
Jeff Gibbons
Angela Hoener
Angela Hoener
Sofia Ortiz
Jessica Caldas
Rachel Rickert
Kate Laster
Kristin Mitchell
Michelle Lewis
Anon.
Victor Mattina (curator)
Reye Cordes
Victor Mattina (pictu​red) / Kristina King / Vaune Trachtman
Kate Kosek’s studio / Kate Laster’s Studio
Houdini and Cruller Man
Nim Wunnan (photo)
Jessamyn Plotts
Bird Murder (by Coopers Hawk)
Deepa Mahajan
Saebom Yang
Vaune Trachtman / Kristina King
Lynn Newcomb
Julie Piché
BARBARA WHITE!!
BARBARA WHITE!!
Nim Wunnan (photo)
Jessica Caidas performance photo by Vaune Trachtman
Jessica Caidas performance photo by Kate Laster
Kristin Mitchell
Saebom Yang
Jen Audette
Map of What Happened Where by Julia Matejcak
Sophie Kovel
[Karaoke]
[Karaoke]
[Karaoke]
Kate Laster
Notes
Jeff Gibbons by Nim Wunnan
Whalen Polikoff
Catch us in Cyberspace

Mixtape!

Please add to the Various Songs Collected playlist to keep the jamz going

http://tinyurl.com/qmz6bqy

A pdf of this zine will be available online for the next few years at least at

http://wunnan.com/transfer/022020WTF.pdf
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Whalen  whalen. Polikoff@verizon.net

Jesse Morsberger
LOOKING IN IS WRONG

after Jeff Gibbons

Moving at, moving
in, getting close
Moving there, moving
back, backing off

Hello my name is I'm real
I think I'm really
Think I'm your first voice
The one gets brung home

Love come to the window
Go away from the window my love

C. Violet Eaton
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Sara Says Ghosts Are Real
By Molly Fuller

I feel her body leave my body
and we’re the ghosts here now
All the trees and ground are scorched
Our cancer cells are increasing
skin is tender on the forest floor
bodies are tinder among sticks
We are slowly trying to forget
metastasizing cells shining in the dark
I feel her body leave her own body
and we are ghosts and every tree is burning
Leaves are fire orange, the sky is smoke
Pine needles whisper past our faces
The tears, the rain, the mud, the ghosts
February 2020,
VSC

Rise, rise to meet your privilege, realize what you have and with that gratitude, build something in this world. That green apple sits on the shelf, the air stale from the pita chips in the opened bag from yesterday next to it, a can of Sanpellegrino next to it, $2.00 more than the average sparkling water (why?). Underneath, on the second shelf, I've placed my library of books, all four, one autofiction, one novel sensation of linked stories about a middle aged woman, one Great Gatsby and its prototype, Trimalchio. My coat hangs on a hook behind the door. The coat looks small, not made for my body, I can't even close it around myself. How did I become that woman? When? When did 43 become 53? So meet life. Meet it here, in this moment, in silence, in meditation, in static oneness, in hissing noises between your ears as you sit under your floor lamp in your upholstered studio chair. ‘Ssss,’ eternal, primordial sound, the sound the dead silence makes in dark space, the deepest darkest place. This, the expanding sound of the universe.
"WHAT'S COOL IS THE INFINITE POSSIBILITY OF COOL PEOPLE"

-MOONDOG
What can you do in the face of beauty?
Go ahead, be the thousandth person,
the ten thousandth, to take a picture
of that bridge, that waterfall,
that frozen river. Be the first
to notice pawprints in snow
of some small, brave creature
that made it across.

Juliana Gray
Whalen

Skinded Knee

[Signature]
Sometimes my body becomes ghost, inconsequential vapor. Atoms disperse away from center, flying out, then collapsing back, so that when I pass through a room, and you’re not there, existing doesn’t matter. Matter as both noun and verb.

Is any Earth-pulled thing lonelier than the moon?

Jen Audette
Springfield, VT
The artist constructs a cadaver
from the frozen wastes
of the woman's failures, and,
together with her companions,
they wrap the bulk into a white sheet,
carry the body down Main Street,
over the river Gihon, over the bridge,
to Bevin's House.

The pallbearers ae dressed in black;
filled with mirth, they struggle.
Someone speaks, stops, speaks again,
losing a train of thought.
Go on, says another, what
we have here is failure, then speaks
of light, of water,
of windows and meadows.

A camera films the procession.

"May the fluency of the waters be yours,"
shouts a poet into the blue.

And the woman, her body frozen,
remembers green girl.
Without making a sound,
she whispers to the ones
with ears: "Today
I will begin."

Mary J. Amani
Something

Yeah, I once welded myself into a cage...
Man Arrested with Dildos and a Dolphin in his Pants (2011)

oil on canvas
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**TOTAL** 845.99

Make all checks payable to **Considering Relationship: P.M. / M.L.**
Total due in 15 days. Overdue accounts subject to a service charge of 1% per month.

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WELCOME TO THE
BARBARA BETTY BUSH BARRACUDA BERNADETTE BIRDY BABS BETHESDA BILLIE-JO WHITE FISHMAN STUDIO BUILDING
Depression in the Athabaska

004:52:19 Armstrong: Well, we didn't have much time, Houston, to talk to you about our views out the window when we were preparing for L.M. ejection; but up to that time, we had the entire northern part of the lighted hemisphere visible including North America, the North Atlantic and Europe and Northern Africa. We could see that the weather was good all--just about everywhere. There was on--cycloonic depression in Northern Canada, in the Athabaska--probably east of Athabaska area. Greenland was clear, and it appeared to be we were seeing just the icecap in Greenland. All North Atlantic was pretty good; and Europe and Northern Africa seemed to be clear. Most of the United States was clear. There was a low--looked like a front stretching from the center of the country up across north of the Great Lakes and into Newfoundland.

004:53:24 McCandless: Uh, roger. We copy.
004:53:28 Collins: I didn't know what I was looking at, but I sure did like it.
004:53:31 McCandless: Okay. I guess the view must be pretty good from up there. We show you just roughly somewhere around 19,000 miles [35,000 km] out now.

004:53:43 Aldrin: I didn't have much outside my window.

004:53:49 McCandless: We'll get you into the PTC--one of these days, and you take turns looking.

005:20:17 McCandless: Roger. We copy. [Long pause.]
005:20:31 Collins: If we're late in answering you, it's because we're munching sandwiches.

005:20:36 McCandless: Roger. I think I could do the same thing.

005:20:40 Collins: I don't think so.

005:20:42 McCandless: Don't worry, I won't.

005:20:47 Collins: Flight doesn't like it. [Pause.]

005:20:54 Collins: How is Flight today?

005:20:58 McCandless: Oh, he's doing quite well.

Depression in the Athabaska

GET: 004:52:19 -- 005:20:58

Well, we didn't have much time, Houston, to talk about our views on depression in Northern Canada, the Athabaska, the icecap in Greenland. low looked like stretching the center into Newfoundland. I didn't know what I was looking at. I didn't have much outside my window. We'll one of these days take less... If we're late answering, it's because we're munching sandwiches.
A map of what happened?
THIS SET OF PAWS CARVED THE BURNING BUSCH, LEAKING HOLY LITE, I AM PROJECTED FROM THE FOUNDERS THIRD EYE, PRAISE THE TRINITY BARBARA, WHITE AND FISHMAN.