

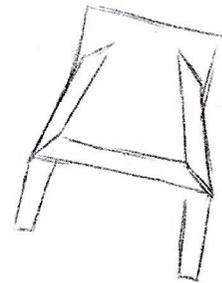
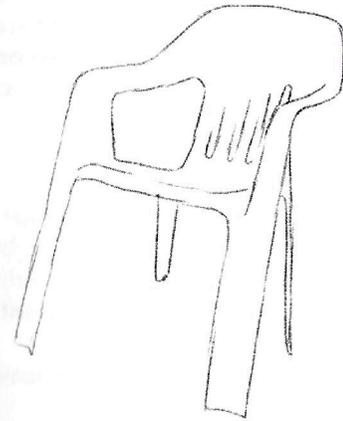
FRONT COVER

high as the sky

Proof of occurrence

1A-R

FRONT INSIDE DETAILS



YAMA KID.

2A-R

2B-L



Chewing Gum

You choose to chew chewing gum as others chatter on by,
Staring me in the eyes, as you try to justify, why you defy being just
another bad guy, full of good lies, filling a voice that intensifies, as the
spit splattering across the table hits my face.
And yet, you still choose to chew chewing gum, all tongue-tied has the
silence fills the space.

You took me to the roof that day.
Your feet over the edge as our bodies swayed.
I remember seeing the city lines.
I remember seeing the people below and wondering why they wouldn't
see me.
And as I felt arms wrap around me, I heard him spit out the chewing gum.

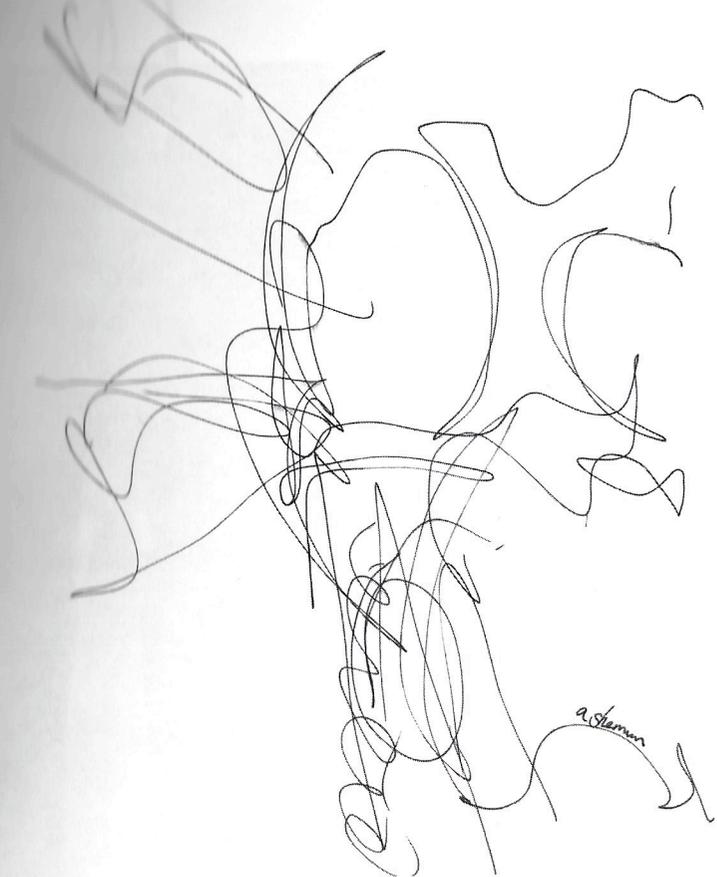
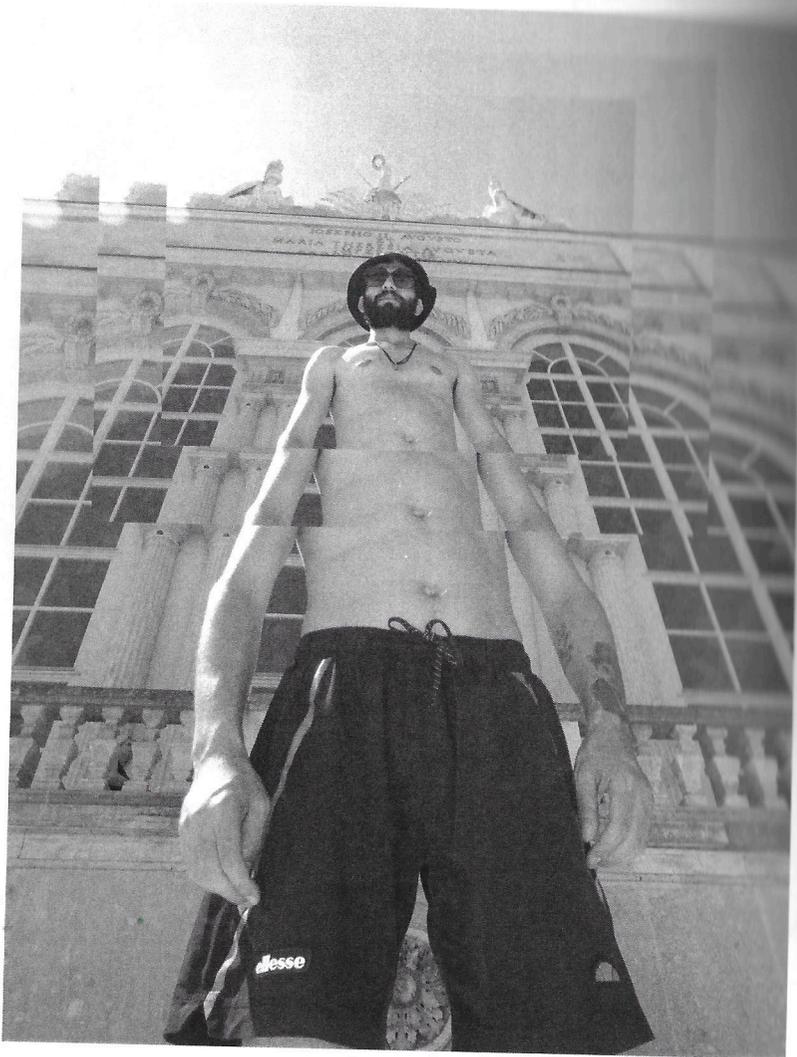
I watched it... I watched it go all the way down those nine floors. Further
and further down till it hit the pavement without a single sound.
Eventually, a stranger ran on by and stepped on what remained.
It stuck to their white running shoes and I watched as they carried it
completely out of view. Far away, seemingly out of existence completely.
In that moment, I wished more than anything to be that chewing gum.

Antonio Okun

3A-R



'A One Way Ticket to Tjjauna, Chicago and Hong Kong'
Joachim Castañeda



a. Stamen

5A-R

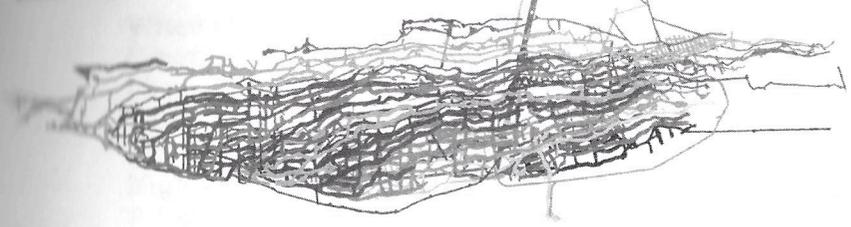


5B-L

6A-R



The tape in this sculpture's mouth points to an accident I had as a kid too, as I probably mentioned
I put a ruler in my mouth (playing a game I invented on the spot) tripped forward, and the ruler
went into the back of my mouth. I needed the back of my throat reconstructed. Almost all the
things I had as a kid happened to my head/face. So it's interesting that the sculpture caused another
thing to happen in a way. When I'm working I often think about how to bring some personal mark-making
back to past trauma, into relation to some other dominant system or image. I like thinking about
connections, nodes, or worlds that don't necessarily have a physical or intuitive relationship, but are
brought together by some idiosyncratic or imagined link. Sometimes this happens accidentally. I
recently looked at a close up image of a xenomorph from Aliens, and for a moment, I mis-recognized
it as an image of the sunken Titanic ship. I really enjoyed experiencing that weird misunderstanding of
what I was seeing, and then the sudden realization. I read somewhere that the orebody that was
mined in my hometown was once said to "resemble the hull of a ship." After spending a lot of time
thinking about mining, the production/destruction that built my hometown, what I later learned about
my father's obsession with archeology and cosmology, it's difficult now not to think of the mine as
some hulled/occulted vessel pointing to the origin of things. How do aliens and a submerged ship
relate? I've been obsessed with this thought lately. Remaining in that fluid space interests me a lot.
So I'll follow this thread now as far as I can take it, like some case needing to be solved (knowing of
course there's nothing to solve and I'm merely building these associations), and I guess that's what
excites me about the idea of growth, transformation, or things coming out of things too.



Cake Soak (for nek)

by hal roeser

these days i move through the kitchen:

caring,
careful,
curious.

i press sugar drops into chiffon skin and
soak wounds like epsom salts. bathe you and
soak away your pain. melt us both into sponge
cake sugar bed. close your eyes. let me
help you dream.

i baked this cake for you
(grief)

can you taste my love?

i spin sugar into egg whites and think about
you as i watch the resonance of memory
transform from ribbon wake, into ocean
waves, into hurricane crash into mountains
strong. i watch, eyes locked. wishing i
could have recognized the gone in yours.

hold my hand.

we fold meringue gently into ourselves until
we are cloud. letting form fade to innocence,
erasing and making selves.

collapse
(grief)

can you believe it all becomes stronger this
way? falling apart is a part of the process.
we tuck blankets of sugary yellow over bones
of foam until they marble and become cream.
repeat. we watch as the fragmented thens of
the mountains make broken heart islands and
drown. repeat and part ways with all that we
worked to make strong, make stable, make some
sort of momentary perfect, all to let it fall
apart and collapse into pillow.

let care be a glue.

beneath the surface, i watch you
scaffolding for something

collaboration in movement of the world

caring,
careful,
curious.

did you know that love is a language

i watch you ripple as you dream in the
witness // witness // witness

sugar

i relinquish you to the dust of the world
learn to become still. the dust
ribbons through my mind, leaving
that linger and melt slowly into
softly on your balcony. we pass
hearts into cups as the sun sets
temperature rises. i never did see
moussaka. would you believe that

your laughter fills the air and holds you
for molecular transformation.

the cake rises

i watch you ricochet off yourself and
body towards the speakers until it becomes

when you let the bass become you did you
would last?

i grab onto your shoulder blades and
syrup, unraveling your knots and
rest. i draw baths in the holes that air
and the holes that are to ease the way
is that you are going.

however you go, go gently.

whenever you go, be free.

Bubble gum.
Ocean eyes framed by the night sky.

The bass from the subs or the rumble of the floorboards?
Gliding over hard-finished wood smooth as ice.

Sweaty palms grasp for each other. But not yours.
Maybe a Coca-Cola. Lucky Coca-Cola.

You're bathed in spinning moons.

Your band tee doesn't hold you like I can.
What do you play? You sing? Sing to me.

Whether you're here or not means nothing.
Except when you touch me. Then I know
I'll need a ride home.

5B-R

Nightwatch,
A Dov Brescia

6A-L



ZOMBIE CATTLE

THE CATTLE SEIZES THE GRASS WITH ITS TONGUE,
AND BITES IT OFF WITH ITS FRONT TEETH.
THE REAR TEETH THEN CHEWS THE GRASS.
THE SALIVA BEGINS THE DIGESTION,
AND THE FOOD GOES TO THE FIRST OF FOUR STOMACHS.
THE CATTLE THEN REGURGITATES THE HALF-DIGESTED GRASS,
WHICH GOES BACK TO THE MOUTH FOR MORE CHEWING.
A PROCESS OF RUMINATION,
WHICH BREAKS DOWN EVERY PART OF WHAT WAS INGESTED.

BUT!

WHAT IF THE CATTLE EATS CATTLE?

MAD COW DISEASE!

INFECTED MEAT PROTEIN CREEPS INTO THE CATTLE'S SPINAL CORD,

AND TURNS THE BRAINS INTO MUSH.

DISORIENTATION, TREMORS, AND AGGRESSIVENESS,

THE DISEASE EATS THE CATTLE FROM INSIDE OUT.

MADNESS OF THE ZOMBIE CATTLE!

A THREAT TO THE WHITE CANNIBALS,

TO THE HORNY MASTERS OF HORNS.

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM,

THEY CAN BEAT YOU,

EAT YOU.

BUT WHO WOULD DARE TO EAT THE ZOMBIE CATTLE?

FOR AN ART OF REGURGITATION,

AND THE REVOLUTION OF THE ZOMBIE CATTLE.

THE ZOMBIE HAS NO WILL

BUT NEVER SETTLES.

THE ZOMBIE HAS NO HOPE

BUT STILL MOVES.

THE ZOMBIES OF OXANA TIMOFEEVA:

"ONCE ONE IS ALIVE, THERE IS HOPE,

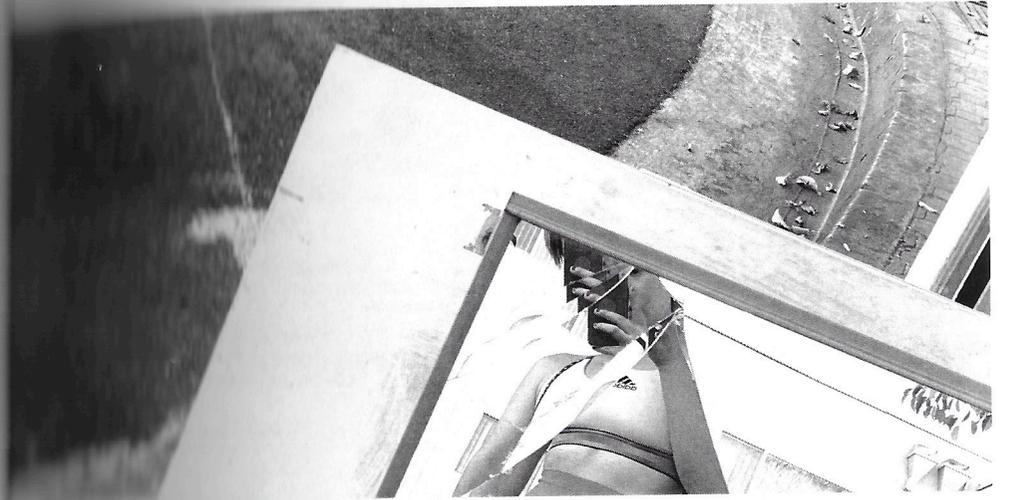
AND READINESS FOR DEATH FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY CAUSE SOUNDS ALMOST CRIMINAL."

THE ZOMBIES ACT,

THE WHITE CANNIBALS PACT.

4B-R

4A-L







BACK INSIDE DETAILS

created on the occasion of 'high as the sky'
a show in west hollywood
from the new arts foundation
on august 20 + 21, 2022

in order
yana pan
zhu
antonio okun
minga opazo
joachim castaneda
gert resinger
alex sherman
anny wass
yanbin zhao
kristofor giordano
hal roeser
armand brescia
advik beni
rodrigo arruda
mel zhao
greg jenkins
siena foster-soltis
elizabeth herring

BACK COVER

New arts

a r r a n g e d b y g r e g j e n
k i n s p r i n t e d b y t h e
n e w a r t s f o u n d a t i o n
f i r s t e d i t i o n o f 1 0 0

2022

1A-L

50/100