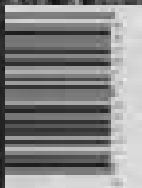


WEGWAY

No 5 Spring 2003

Display until Sept 15th 2003



Australia 16AUD
Argentina 29.28ARS
Belgique €6
Brasil 31.60BRL
Canada \$7
Ceska Republika 320CZK
China 82.77CNY
Chile 7.207.50CLP
Danmark 68.90DKK
Deutschland €6
Eire €6
España €6
France €6
Finland €6
Hong Kong 77.99HKD
Island 768.74ISK
Italia €6
Japan 1.202.21JPY
Luxembourg €6
Mexico 106.45MXN
Nederland €6
New Zealand 18.30NZD
Norge 72.89NOK
Oesterreich €6
Polska 39.41PLN
Portugal Cont. €6
Rossiya 310.50RUR
Schweiz 12CHF
Slovensko 380.74SKK
South Africa 77.84ZAR
Sverige 84.63SEK
Taiwan 347.81TWD
United Kingdom £6
United States \$7US
Yisra'el 45.83ILS
Venezuela 15.980.00VEB

Contributors

Artists Anonymous, Chris Ballantyne, Christina Reid, David McClyment, Dixon, Don Bonham, Gary Michael Dault, Hendrik Mallmann, Javier Tellez, John K. Grande, Kenji Siratori, Lanny Quarles, Mark Laliberte, Randall Packer, Robert Lederman, Ron Martin, Sherwin Tjja, Seak Mac, Sue Bracken, Susan Gold, Tony Brooks

WEGWAY

Nº 5

Spring 2003

Front Cover

Doug Fishbone

Doug Fishbone built a huge pile of bananas in the middle of the street in a crowded Brooklyn neighborhood as part of the Sixth Annual DUMBO Art Under the Bridge Festival. At 4:30 in the afternoon, the entire pile began to vanish, as the audience was invited to eat the bananas and take them home free of charge.

Back Cover

Susan Gold

From Susan Gold's Nobel Peace Project – Mailart by HeMi Henning Mittendorf, Germany.

Editor/Publisher: Steve Armstrong, s.armstrong@utoronto.ca

Co-ordinating Editor: Andre Questcequecest, wegway@sympatico.ca

Art Director and Principal Designer: Paul Hogarth, p.hogarth@sympatico.ca

Accountant: David Burkes B. Com, c.A.

Business Manager: Wm. F. Krendall, krendall@wegway.com

Internet Editor and Webmaster: Paul Smerek, psmerek@sympatico.ca

Contributing Editors: Celestine Vanestric, Eugene Tripley, Gary Michael Dault, Harriette Lemonjello, Juno Youn, Larch Punin, Lenny Ankersfeldt, Mark Laliberte, Nora Tenzi, Roland (RH) Sniedus, Ron Martin

All contributors retain full copyright

All correspondence to Wegway, P.O. Box 157, Station A, Toronto, Canada M5W 1B2

Wegway is published 2 times a year. For subscriptions to Wegway email wegway@sympatico.ca. For general editorial inquiries, please email s.armstrong@utoronto.ca. The contributors to Wegway retain full copyright for all other purposes. Visit our Web site at www.wegway.com.

Contents

*A spirited and vehement expression, by being expanded, is weakened.
As wild beasts gather their limbs together for an attack, so language
also should gather itself as it were, into a coil to acquire force.* Demetrius

04 Letters

06 Chris Ballantyne Intersecting Gates

07 Artists Anonymous Pointlessness

12 Hendrik Mallmann Macaroni Camera

19 Randall Packer Secretary's Remarks University of California, Los Angeles February 11, 2003 10,000 Acts of Artistic Mediation

24 Christina Reid

25 Mark Laliberte Pheonix Flash

26 Ron Martin Report 3 from the serialized novel, The Report The Society of Misunderstood and Abused Viewers

28 Seak Mac Graffiti

30 Tony Brooks A Collaboration: Raewyn Turner and Tony Brooks

34 David McClyment and Sue Bracken Cool Pool of Wonder

36 Don Bonham and John K. Grande Angels of Beauty

42 Robert Lederman Excerpted from the 1996 Second Circuit Federal Appeals Court ruling.

44 Dixon LampPost Covers

46 Gary Michael Dault SCRIM: Porosity in language (Reading, Carapace, Release)

48 Sherwin Tjia Pedigree Girls

52 Kenji Siratori Blood Electric

54 Susan Gold Nobel Peace Project

59 Javier Tellez Open Letter, March 3rd, 2003

61 Lanny Quarles

62 Contributors' Biographies

Pointlessness

By way of introduction, we have to say that we can't introduce ourselves due to the confidentiality of our organization. Being ashamed of our past activities as artists, we and our members do not want anyone to know who we are.

Artists Anonymous was founded in the year 2000 by a person from Winnipeg, who was at one time, an artist of renown. It was not instituted as any sort of millennium project but rather as a purely magnanimous gesture to offer services for those poor, troubled, bedraggled and harassed artists who are discouraged, downtrodden, disenfranchised, or just plain tired of knocking their heads, hearts and souls against the brick wall of the Art World.

The primary goal of AA is helping artists who want to help themselves. In other words, we attempt to assist artists to quit making art and in the process, become better human beings. All races and genders of any age are welcome. However, we do try to discourage painters of birds, anyone who's art practice involves searching their roots and anyone who thinks the Dionysian work of the Austrian artist Herman Nitsch is even marginally interesting.

We realize that our aims are alarming to some artists and to all visual arts support systems such as galleries, museums, art consultants and yes, even such governmental support systems such as the Canada Council. However, the analogy might be pointed out that our sister organization, Alcoholics Anonymous, has not destroyed the liquor industry as they only attempt to assist those individuals who want to be helped.

Being a non-profit enterprise, we must rely on the generosity of our members, but due to our small constituency we are forced to instigate money making schemes in an attempt to keep our financial heads above water. Thus far, our fund raising has been somewhat unsuccessful but we are ever hopeful.

As reformed artists, we are no strangers to rejection and the trauma of such repudiation but we are continually brainstorming in the hope of hitting a mother load of understanding and more importantly, generosity.

To illustrate some of the problems and barriers AA has encountered, the following anecdotes may illustrate the difficulties the organization has run up against.

Cases in point:

We have tried to raise funds via a vis the “Art” commission route. In our submissions we explain how applying for such awards might seem like a contradiction but then go on to explain how what we are proposing is not art.

In one instance, we applied for one of the many commissions at the Calgary International Airport. In a nutshell, our proposal consisted of building a booth to compliment the city’s official chuck wagon booth where elderly volunteers in white hats greet visitors to Calgary. In an attempt to make Alberta the first artist-free Province in Canada, the hatless and hapless AA volunteers monitoring our booth would have been disseminating information about AA and trying to discourage arriving artists from moving to Calgary while vigorously congratulating those that were leaving town for good. The selection committee soundly rejected us. Unlike the next example, at least we did receive an official rejection letter.

The second competition involved some art consultants (the lowest link in the Art World’s pecking order) who managed somehow to be in charge of a \$1,300,000 sculptural commission for the Bankers Hall towers in downtown Calgary. In our submission, we explained that our work would be in the same category as that “Breaking Wind” thing that is currently on the Stephen Avenue Mall (also commissioned by Bankers Hall) and therefore that our submission, being like this hideous abomination, would not qualify as art. Rather than boring the reader with the details of what we thought was an excellent proposal, suffice it to say that we have it on good authority that our proposal was the only one not submitted to the jury (which, by the way, consisted of no artists – something we were pleased with and wholeheartedly agreed with).

We did receive a strange communiqué back from the art consultants, which consisted of one Canadian dollar and a pasty note telling us to use it to “Buy yourselves a cup of coffee”.



Masked + Anonymous

Excitedly, we wrote back assuming this dollar was the first instalment of the \$1,300,000 commission. We did have to inform the art consultants that members of AA did not drink coffee but only drank martinis. We told them that we looked forward to working with them on the project that we thought we had won.

We were very ebullient but, at the same time, felt sorry for the losers and requested the consultants to offer our condolences to the losers of the competition. This letter was never answered and we found out later that a couple from British Columbia had been awarded the commission. We were astonished!

Having seen the winning model, we can only inform you that it is, yet again, one of those concoctions that has put the city of Calgary on the map for having, without a doubt, the worst public art, if not in the world, then certainly in Canada. Think of what we could have done with the \$1,300,000! (We are pleased to announce that the particular art consultants involved have gone out of business. We assume they have taken their cut and run.)

AA also submitted a proposal in hopes of being included in the 2002 Alberta Biennial of Contemporary Art. Our proposed work was similar both materially and conceptually to our unwelcome wagon booth proposed for the Calgary Airport. The only difference in this proposal was that the booth would be installed at the Edmonton Art Gallery and The Nickle Arts Museum in Calgary where the Biennial was being held and instead of AA volunteers manning the booth, we expected the curators to be the ones doing that. They rejected us.

Most recently, and perhaps most shocking, is a recent rejected grant application submitted to the Canada Council for their “Studio in New York” grant. AA was one of the very few groups or individuals who knew about this newly initiated award. (How we knew is confidential, but rest assured, our information came from our mole in New York (code named “Zapata”).

Our application to the Council was serious, intelligent, innovative and above all, magnanimous. We felt we were shoo-ins. A jury of five artists who the Council called our “peers” said no. They saw fit to give the three grants a year to three artists who will now go to the area of New York known as Hell’s Kitchen, where the studio is located, with the gullible idea that this will be the move that makes them famous. After they experience Hell’s Kitchen’s lake of fire and return to Canada frustrated from not having made those important contacts, we will not hold their failures against them but rather, will be happy to make our counselling services available to help them deal with the third degree burns to their egos and try to ease their “post censure syndrome”.

Some successes have occurred. In 2000, we produced a short promotional videotape which depicts an actual AA meeting. Its exclusive premier put on for the participants in the tape caused quite a stir. This inaugural screening of our tape has been compared by some to Stravinsky’s premier of his *Sacre du printemps* in Paris on May 29, 1913. With the exception of the distinguished composer Maurice Ravel, virtually everyone in attendance at the Theatre des Champs-Élysée that night threw tomatoes and other garbage at the stage and tried to hoot the performance to a standstill. In contrast, Ravel was shouting at the top of his lungs, “Genius! Genius!”

We were somewhat bewildered but didn’t hold our detractors’ anger against them because often times, AA members fall off the wagon and revert back to their art career attitudes. We simply explained to them that we fully understood and that they should still continue their struggle to rid the scabby, flea infested art-monkey from their backs. Nicely enough, at the reception held after the screening, one of the gentler participants in the tape did relent. She apologized to our President for her outburst and tearfully continued “...why am I so irrational? AA is saving my life!” Even the President became a bit choked up and could only respond, “There, there.”

Also, at the post-screening reception, Cauhtemoc Medina approached our President and encouraged him to take AA’s message to Mexico. We are considering applying to Canadian External Affairs for assistance to travel to Mexico to spend the money that they would give us to buy Mexican art. Medina said that with such a project we would get invited to many parties put on by artists. We would expect those who we bought art from would sign a letter of intent to quit. What we would then do with the art is somewhat problematic but we would probably attempt to donate it to public Canadian institutions so as to get a Cultural Review Property tax receipt.

Oh, just think about a world without practising artists! Try to imagine if you can, the feeling of contentment that would prevail. Imagine the absence of rejection, frustration and all that useless art that would no longer exist. Oh yes... such a world would be a beautiful garden of delights without the weeds of creation that have always attempted to strangle the beautiful flowers we call non-artists. Come join us on our stroll through this pastoral and bucolic garden of rhapsodical alacrity.

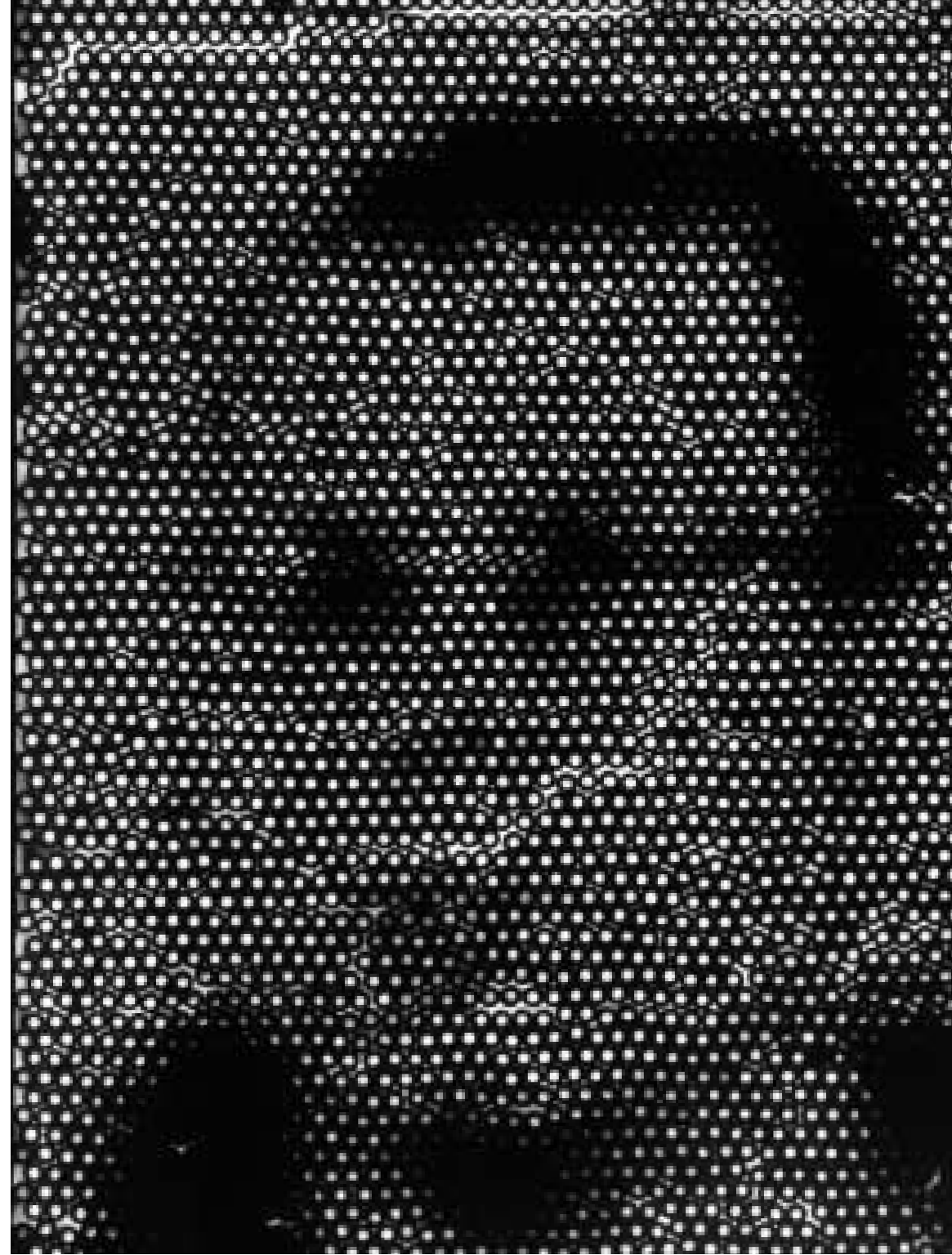
DON’T MAKE A BAD IMPRESSION....QUIT!

Minister of Information, Artists Anonymous, © 2002
Note: (This essay was originally published by The Estate Gallery in 2002 and ultimately resulted in its demise.) It has been edited for length

Macaroni Camera

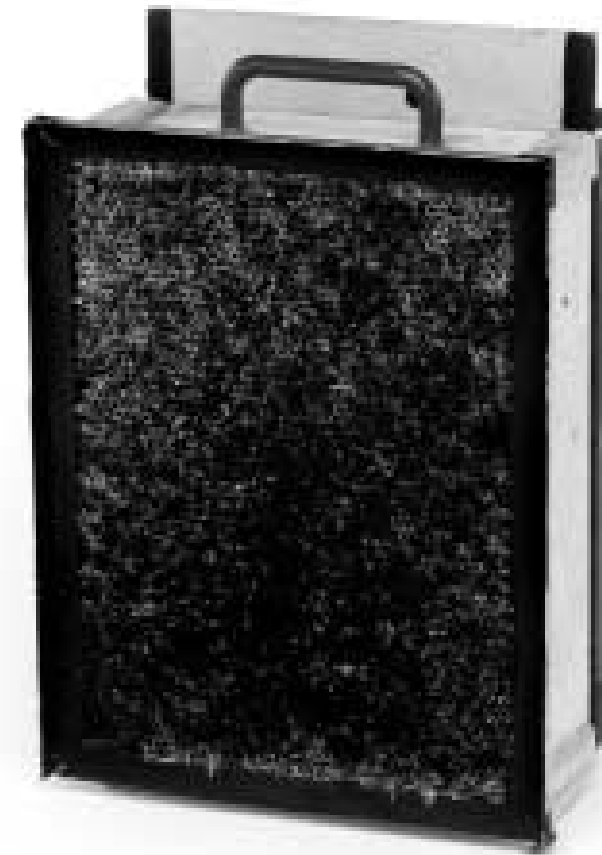
The camera is made from seven pounds of macaroni, roughly 3100 pieces, and uses 24x30 cm (10"x12") film. The film/paper is pressed to the macaroni with a piece of wood and a layer of foam material. Clamps are used to secure it. The macaronis are held together with a mixture of water, glue and black paint.

Each piece of macaroni is a small pinhole camera that creates an upside down image and the array of these tiny images builds the big, final image. In theory, they should only capture light coming directly from the object, as all the macaronis are parallel. The focal length would be infinity (in theory) but I only photographed at a distance of about one meter.





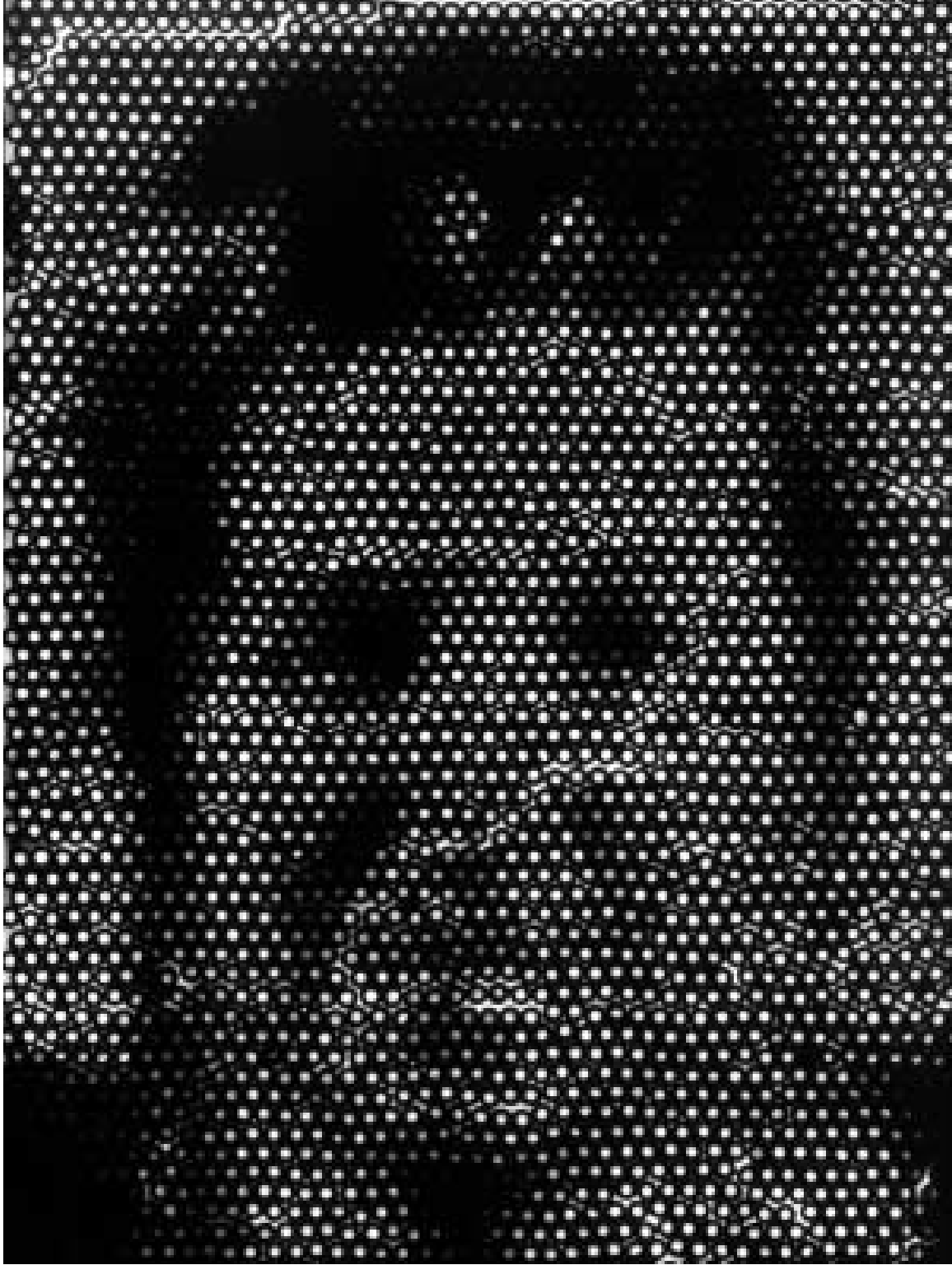
Hendrik Mallmann

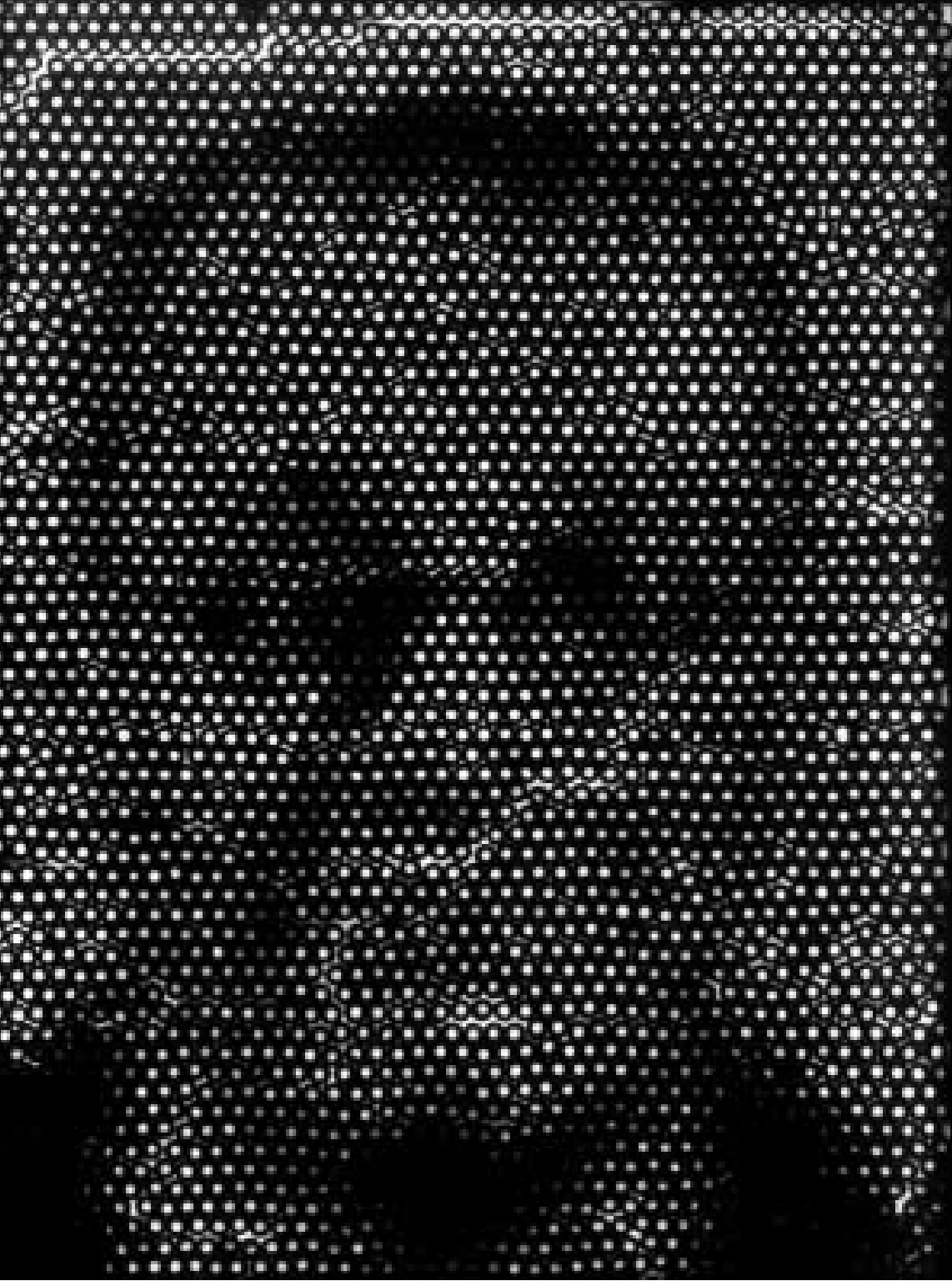


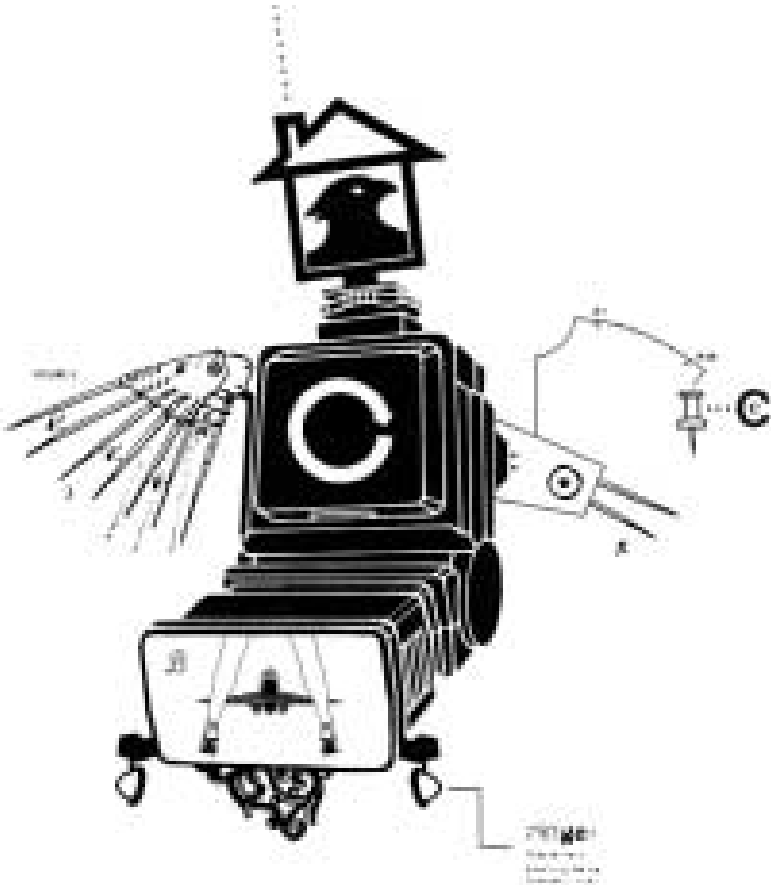
Macaroni camera without front slide shutter



Macaroni camera with closed dark-slide and attached light protection back plate







Pheonix Flash

Angels of Beauty

An interview with Don Bonham by John K. Grande

JG: Don, how did you get into being a sculptor?

DB: It is a long story. I had been a Marine NCO with a vocabulary that wouldn't quit. After the Marines, I went to university and majored in Art History. History interested me and I took some courses that had nothing to do with my degree, a lot more than I needed but I never completed my French, so I left university just short of finishing. By then I had no desire to complete the courses. So I then went to work in a Ford plant in Detroit. Most of my time was spent downtown drinking beer and shooting pool with other Vets. At that time in the United States, without a degree (MFA) it was almost impossible to get into the art world. I seriously thought of returning to the Marines and was told that as a Marine NCO I could be in Southeast Asia within 30 days as grunt leader. I was very unhappy and in 1967 I went up to Canada. I was in a bar when an airborne trooper gave me a name and a telephone number up in Toronto, a place hiring mercenaries at \$600 per month in South Africa. I considered it. I stopped at a place called West Lorne, in Ontario. I met these two crazy guys working picking tobacco to make a living named Eddy Zelenak and Walter Redinger. We just hit it off. The next weekend I drove back and got there too early, so I slept in the truck. Those two guys came up and banged on the truck when they arrived, inviting me for breakfast. They talked about the arts scene in Canada. They took me to London and I met

Greg Curnoe and I realized this was a chance I would never again have. I told my wife that I was going to sell the house and move up to Canada. That's how I ended up in Canada. I moved to London on August 6th, 1968. Days later Paterson Ewen showed up. He had just been released from the Medical Centre there. Pat and I hit it off. He had been in a recon unit in World War II and I had been in a recon with the U.S. Marines.

JG: And what about the London scene?

DB: London was great! There must have been some 60 to 100 working artists, and I mean really working there in London at the time. Paterson Ewen and I spent a lot of time together. We talked and we drank. We even showed our art together. I learned a lot from Pat – he gave me strength, and I gave him excitement.

What a wild 8 years I had in London. Times like that only happen once in a blue moon. To be honest, I loved London. It gave me my start, and it was a wonderful home base. Canadians took it for granted, but to me it was unbelievable. Within a few years, I had one-man shows in New York City, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Florida, Michigan and more. At Fanshawe where I was teaching, I asked the television studio people to help me do this presentation on video. I had the films of the Bonneville and Herman Goode Aesthetic Racing Team. So I put on a three-piece suit like a banker and they shot me on blue. I actually walked on top of one of my machines while talking. Eddy Zelenak and Walter Redinger were interviewed. They filmed me sketching out how I was going to spend the grant money on a blackboard. The video was for a senior Canada Council Grant application. The jury, though I had no idea, included McEwen and Bloore. They finally said: "God damn it! Give him the grant".

JG: So you got the grant...

DB: Yes. After I won that senior grant I looked at Toronto. Toronto was still roast beef – very Protestant and boring. I looked at New York and did not want to live in SoHo at the time, but I loved Montreal. Montreal was like a very sexy woman. Something nice about it so I went there. I rented a huge warehouse just off St. Dominique near the Portuguese Park.

JG: Your cars were so controversial. They had women fused into their forms – some quasi-nude. What with Playboy Magazine doing a feature on you... How did the Canada Council perceive this?

DB: Playboy featured me three times, first in October 1972, then in the Best of Playboy in 1978, as well as in a European Playboy. That really ruined my career with the bureaucrats in Ottawa. Hugh Hefner offered me a \$13,000 sculpture commission but I blew it. He wanted cutesy taillights, with Pepsi bottles. I could not do it. Then in August 2000, I got a call, “Bonham! Bonham! Get The National Post!,” and there was the Dark Angel in a full page spread. The next day I got another call. “Bonham! Bonham! Get The Ottawa Citizen!” On The Ottawa Citizen’s front page was my Dark Angel. I was thrilled. This publicity was right in bureaucrat land.

JG: How do you explain the fact that you have been totally written out of the history of Canadian art, aside from a brief characterization of your sculpture as figurative by David Burnett in his survey book Contemporary Canadian Art? You were a major fixture in the London scene, which in the 1960s and 1970s, was one of the most active in Canada.

DB: I didn’t exist.

JG: Was it a kind of jealousy about the publicity you had received in the United States?

DB: I was an American and I was not a draft dodger. I had served with pride in the Marine Corps. I went to Canada because I wanted to go to Canada. I did not go to Canada to teach.

JG: ...and what about that legendary performance cum artwork initiative, the Herman Goode Racing Team, that you conceived, created and participated in...

DB: It was in 1970 that I started the Goode team. We had costumes with white trousers, red stripes and STP baseball caps. We built several of these machines. In fact, the Art Bank bought my Bonneville. We actually went to the Salt Flats in the United States for the World Speed Record in 1972 with our full team. We had a pickup, Pit Passes, looked really professional. We also went to Detroit for the hydroplane races. We had built a Miss 50 Hydroplane (now in the collection of the McIntosh Gallery at uwo) and our purported mission was to bring the trophy back to Canada.



The Bonneville

JG: Your early body machines presaged David Cronenberg's films. The forms morph. They presage all the imagery of machines transforming into living beings or vice versa that we see in Hollywood films now.

DB: Funny you mention this. When Cronenberg started out as a puppy, there were two artists he was particularly fond of. One was Walter Redinger and the other was Don Bonham. He hired my apprentices to do the artwork in *Scanners*, which Stephen Lack starred in. I did not know Lack at the time. Later when Cronenberg was shooting *Videodrome*, he came down to my studio. I did a portrait of Cronenberg in fibreglass that had wings, like little horns, sprouting out of his head. I called him the Prince of Light. Cronenberg really liked the piece but his joke was it didn't match the drapes.

JG: And when did you start to exhibit your work? What was the response in the London community?

DB: I had my first show in their 20-20, which is now the Forest City Gallery. It was about when I started doing the machines. I heard Royden Rabinovitch speaking there. It was boring. So I hired some actors, one to play Barry Lord, and another to play Don Bonham, and another to play Pierre Th  berge. The actors got \$20 apiece. And I had another straight looking guy play me wearing a Stars and Stripes shirt. Nobody knew it was supposed to be me because I wasn't really known locally at the time. I wrote them saying if you were giving a talk at 20-20 what would you say. Pierre Th  berge and Barry Lord replied, so I had the actual lines they would have spoken. The script went on and on with the actors playing Pierre Th  berge and Barry Lord, then an art critic. I also hired a very straight looking actor to sit in the crowd who kept standing up and saying, "This is Sh..! Do we have to listen to this?" It was the first performance I ever did. The 20-20 never again had such an event. Did Curnoe and the boys ever get upset!!

JG: And you have created mock commissions like the Monument to Unicyclist, which is like a Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, but for kids killed in war.

DB: The *Monument to Unicyclist* came about when I was up in Northern Ontario knocking around those little towns up there. Some have concrete monuments. I saw one dedicated to a cavalry outfit in the Boer War. Nobody knew what it was about. How strange, I thought, how little Canadians know about their history. Any country that fails to learn its history soon ceases to exist. We forget who settled Canada, yet Canada's history is rich, and exciting. So I decided to make a monument for no reason. I chose this title Unicyclist because it has no precise association, actually means nothing. I then made a larger monument, like a sarcophagus. It is held up by hands, and is cordoned off like those mini-monuments one sees. I dedicated it to all the children who starved or were lost in wars in the 20th century.

JG: But works like *The Dark Angel* (1981, Art Gallery of Hamilton) or *Twin Prop Pusher* (1976-78, Grounds for Sculpture, Trenton, New Jersey) recall science-fiction fantasy something like *Brave New World* or *Bladerunner*. The figures are fused to machines, and the machine/bodies are extensions of the person. They also remind one of archaic forms in sculpture. There is something haunting to them, but also a political aspect. Are they a comment on technology's impact on the social and human condition?

DB: You bet ya. The head of Psychology at New York University accused me of being the original Cyber punk. I think of my work more as machines. I am fascinated by technology. I was raised on a dirt farm in western Oklahoma. We had no technology. Now every kid it seems, has a computer and a cell phone. It is not what technology is, but what men do with technology that is frightening. It seems odd, but war brings the best out of technology. When you look at a work like *Dark Angel*, it could be called haunting but it is also beautiful, because I make my works with precision. They are something beautiful and gorgeous to look at... beautiful angels.

This interview has been edited for length

SCRIM: Porosity in language

(Reading, Carapace, Release)

Does it matter if a writer has a name?

Names tend to pious excuses for an imprisonment by knowledge and an acquiescence to the undertow of taste. The very letters of a name come to the page as palpitations from the perpetually decentred self, which self is a distended methexis (“having with” in Plato) (1)[Paul Tillich, *The Courage to Be*, London 1974, p.91], a lettered participation, like a graduation ceremony, of the individual in the universal.

No name any longer serves as an affirmation of the self, but, rather, wields its nomination as a scythe of poetic temper cutting a swath through the burden of the larger lettrism we employ to hide our endless reformations; thus names flicker and grow dim when we ask of them that they illuminate any certainties of accumulated selfhood. A name, to wrest a momentary convenience from Kierkegaard, is like a cramp in the foot – the best cure being to stamp upon it. (2)[Kierkegaard, *Journals*, Fontana, p.59]

When you sign your name, it’s like a cat dropping by its food bowl, to see what’s new there. What name do you use for your misadventures? It is surely not the same name which templates your desk and walls in your work! Then let it go.

A man is always passing out of his name. A woman too is always passing out of her name. A man passes out of his name and into her wider name. A woman passes out of her name and into the names of worlds; one by one their names stand up on the shoulders of

the other. A name, hand-in-hand like writing-at-large (*écriture*), lets itself go, *se laisse aller*. As Mireille Calle-Gruber, interlocutor to Helene Cixous in *Rootprints*, notes about the signature (and for our purposes, the name) “...the signature is not a mark of property, that it is to leave a trace, a deposit of oneself...” (*Rootprints*, pp.37-38). Cixous amplifies this same point (“To leave oneself in freedom”) thus:

So, one must leave oneself go. One must not be afraid because when one sets oneself in writing, or sets oneself to writing, one sets off, without brakes, without harness, etc. this phenomenon which always remains disturbing will be produced: the manifestation of a force expressing itself much more powerfully and more rapidly than ourselves. (*Rootprints*, p.39)

This morning a dragonfly landed on the pages of my open book, white-hot in the sun and, factor of a growing pre-alzheimeric stutter in the mind, I could not remember that Dragonfly was what it was, despite the dragon imagery that floats everywhere these days in pop-cultural consciousness, and so it took the place of my own name, or, more particularly, became equal to my own name, this translucent beating thing with its bleached humming in air, and became a dragonfly-shaped space in the world, hovering, ready to receive the liberating impress of language, a beating hole in the tissue of the grammatological universe, a language-rent in the totalizing membrane of my experience. What an isolated cocoon. A teabag of time.

A name is mortal material. To assert oneself against one’s name is to struggle against dying and dissolution and that is why anybody writes.

What should anyone do, therefore, with an introduction but flee it? Here, in delimitation, is Gary Michael Dault, now stationary, partially carved already from the raw marble of infinite possibility. Writing of course partitions the same way or in drawing the devolvement of potential increasing with every growing mark on the paper--until the drawing is weighted with your own bloods and you are, by contrast, emptied and as free as a cloud. A name is brief but deadly specific. It stinks of exactitude. “Exactitude”, wrote James Cowan’s fictitious priest-mapmaker in his *A Mapmaker’s Dream: The Meditations of Fra Mauro*, Cartographer to the Court of Venice (Shambhala, 1996, p.31) “presses upon me like as pestle grinding spices in a mortar”.

PEDIGREE GIRLS

I'm hungry.

Aren't you hungry?

There's candy.

Copyright © 2001 by Sherwin Tjia

PEDIGREE GIRLS

I can't believe that! Why did you sleep with me if you never loved me?

I can be screwed-up that way.

Copyright © 2001 by Sherwin Tjia

PEDIGREE GIRLS

Ah... Ahhh...

Ahhh!

Fuck you.

Copyright © 2001 by Sherwin Tjia

PEDIGREE GIRLS

We want to, my mom's funeral this morning...

Alright - sad, sad.

Copyright © 2001 by Sherwin Tjia

PEDIGREE GIRLS

Okay. Thanks for the loan, but I do not always borrow money from you. What if you owed me this cash?

But I don't.

Parent.

Copyright © 2001 by Sherwin Tjia

PEDIGREE GIRLS

Your dad did what? Still nude photos of my younger brother over the internet.

That's terrible.

Don't worry. He's got diplomatic immunity.

Copyright © 2001 by Sherwin Tjia



David Dellafiora, Australia



Pascal Lenoir, France

[illegible]

References