



**¡EL TIEMPO!**

**NO HACE  
SI NO  
PASAR**

Christina Barrera 1-2  
Dahlia Bloomstone 5  
Shauna Steinbach 8  
Xinan Helen Ran 11  
sgp 13-14  
Jeremy Lawson 17-18

Carrie Rudd 3-4  
Lele Dai 6-7  
Areum Yang 9-10  
Whit Harris 12  
Alina Yakirevitch 15-16



pP

got finger prints taken today by a warm woman she had pillowy resilient breasts the kind my mom and flo have the kind i want to submerge my head in gurgle up soft tissue that feeling again that gut wrenching pang of sensual urgency a need to fucking cum the tingles gyrating in the lower organ of my so-called woman body the procedural touching pushing me to the edge edge edge if i haven't yet, i want to

pR

Dog starts licking his balls. It's a long slow lap with a kind of smack at the end. It's how he organizes his unstructured time.

i remember your sloppy wet kisses  
i was your pet dog  
what we did under the coral sheets

a winning pair, certainly  
that sensitive membrane

pO

*Like poetry searching for language to enunciate that which is not yet knowledge  
Breath it into life*

*Yeah the sort of transitive process of sensation to words to experience to knowledge to image etc etc  
No set pathway, but a web of connection of sorts  
I love the idea of enunciating  
Enunciating as a means of getting closer to something  
But an enunciation not defined by sound or speech*

pM

Intentional ingredients but what is the hex?

pP

showering beneath her i knew i'd always strive for my bush to be just like hers a dense and wide equilateral triangle (SLAM THE VANITY IN THE BUCKET IN THE BREW) *this might sound peculiar coming from a 13 year-old but i just adore his hands so firm so skilled* wearing her undies like a diaper did she have orgasms in her sleep too \*chronic wet dreaming\* does she still does she sound the same when she growls does she taste like me and smell like me feel good like me her lips made of

liver

pT

Tangle, untangle, re-tangle. Now let us Paradoxically Undress together.

!

I imagine that I will fart/ vomit/ burp out my first child.

Evan would have been 32 this April.

My big brother with the widow's  
peak.

I crave you but I will never squeeze  
you.

*NO DEAD BABY JOKES IN THIS HOUSE  
ALSO YOU JUST SHOULDN'T SAY CUNT*

!

I am expecting I am with child there is a bun in my oven

but the bun's a meatball and the oven is my esophagus

!

need money don't have any eggs but  
can I interest you in some of my cysts?

"My First Cyst"

It twinkles in the toilet bowl reflection

*Hey, Carrie! I'm about to fuck your world up!*

with an I will burst any second glow  
An engorged shade of pustule pink

My vulva is the site of a childhood bloodshed  
a premature eruption  
that led streams of red to my flip flop

*But you're too young to menstruate!*

Friends in hallways now laugh and gasp

*Little did she know I never would.*

and I erotically dream of draining it dry

I was trying to become a better person and read a book on how to talk about race. I read twenty pages and got really tired. I wanted to read more but it is 4:24 in the morning. I wanted to write 4:24 AM because that feels more accurate, it is never the morning or evening.

I am now in bed with my ~~strip club~~<sup>transactional institution</sup> chocolates. They were taken from a large candy bowl in the men's bathroom at the ~~club~~<sup>transactional institution</sup>. He knows I like them. He gets them for me during the bathroom breaks I make us take ~~so I can breathe and stop forcing a smile for a few minutes~~. I also have to pee frequently when I am drinking a lot of champagne.

I was going to eat the chocolates but I am not sure I can even stomach them ~~knowing where they came from. His hands touched them and he thought they would~~ make me happy. He repeats all the time that he would do anything to make me happy with more desperation in his voice than the starving souls in one of Dante's layers of hell.

I am so tired. ~~The work makes me extremely sad. It is exhausting, but it is only 3-6 hours a week.~~

~~3 hours guy. That's on a, or Friday depending on work scheduling. We sit on a sunken couch, it is the owner of the strip club's loft, about our week. About an hour or two in I am cold and get on his lap for a lap dance. It is never not for me. He always seems with it. Lately he has been and touch me more, and I just. It's disgusting.~~

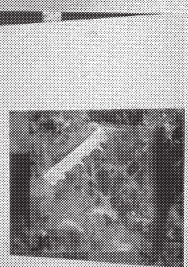
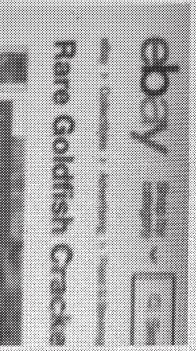
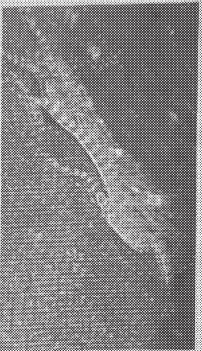
I still cannot eat these chocolates. I grabbed them out of my medium-sized ~~stripper~~<sup>transactional institution</sup> purse with cherries on it. I always got a lot of compliments on it.

~~Every other in his early 30s who has real in his life. He wants to family. With his salary of \$300,000, I think he can do it. He pays me 1.7 million for 3 hours of either talking, walking around NYC, dinner, a show, or playing video games in his apartment. He has never tried to with me. He owes me more for the time he takes up but I haven't been able to bring it up. The other guy is. When we used to, he would ask for dances every- he would come. He would cum. I would usually just laugh.~~

(He quit his job and he is now asking to meet me for free.)

The chocolates are "extra creamy milk chocolate with toffee and almonds". One of them is milk chocolate almond. I might still eat them. I have 7 of them.

They tasted like the gum they have been next to for however long. I tried to convince myself that they tasted good by telling myself that they were mint chocolate flavor, and that did not work.





secure connection...

MacBook Pro



I awoke this morning aroused by my memories of the night before. While conversing with friends I became distracted by a single strand of hair sitting atop a nearby stranger's head. This lock, far superior to the others, was decidedly vertical at its source, jutting out dramatically before angling wildly about as it fought to buckle against gravity. I approached the stranger and asked if it would be permissible to mount the strand. When the stranger obliged, I climbed atop the golden fiber with great desire and gently began rocking back and forth.

As I rode, I wondered if I asked for the hair would it willingly be plucked from its source? Upon receipt, would the hair then be my hair or would it always belong to the one who created it? Would I even want the hair if it wasn't connected to this body? I realized then that I was communing with an extension of the stranger that was easily disposable. Though surging with color and lively gesture, this bodily attachment was in fact dead.

Despite its unfeeling nature, the hair provided a strong connection between us. The stranger, patiently offering me what I desired, was also receiving pleasure in the same way one does when they know they are giving the perfect gift. The hair's owner continued to converse with others but the divided attention did not detract from our bond. On the contrary, the occasional laughter caused the strand to quiver, bringing me closer to bliss.

## Aggregate / Sleeping

Mother and I left home for several faraway places. I was four and she was young. We stood at Tiananmen square in a cold February morning and watched guards raising the flag. Or we actually went there in a hot afternoon in the summer when I was exhausted from the day. I kept up my pace because it was just her and me.

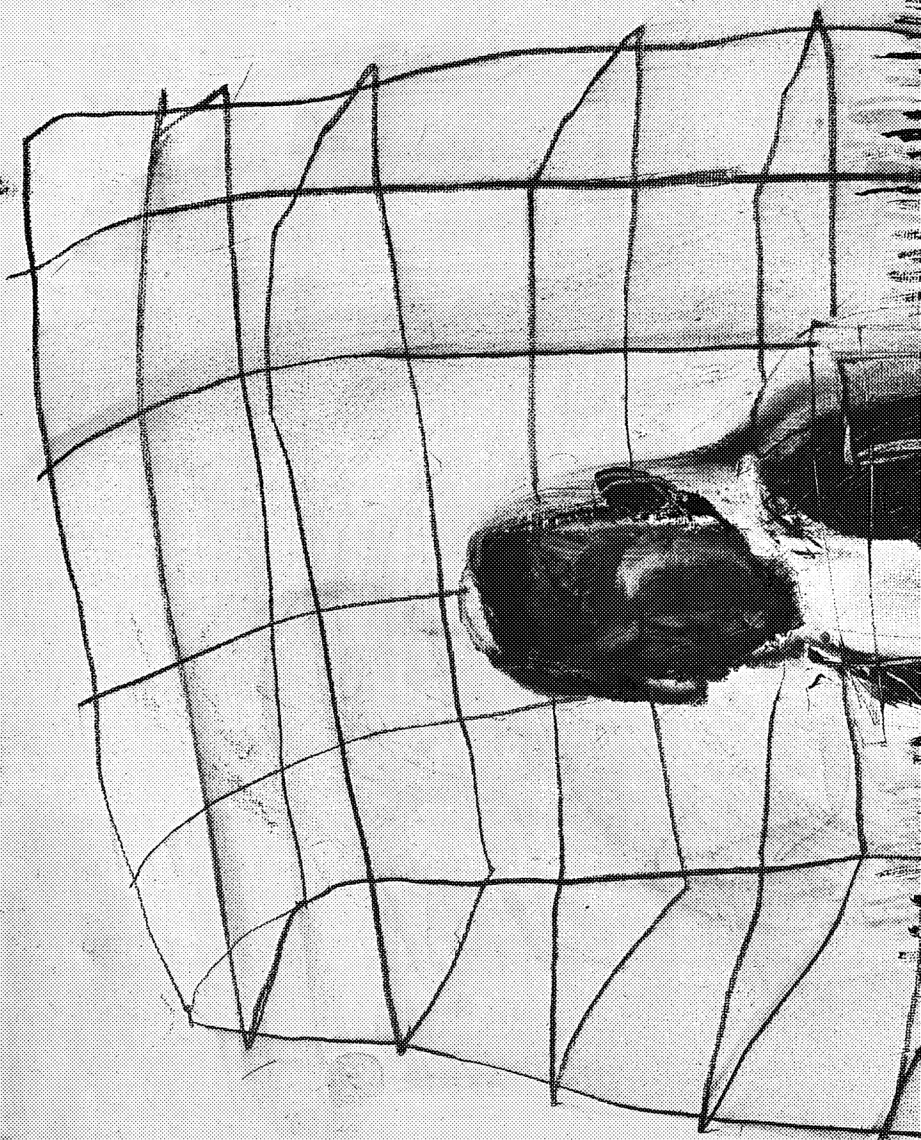
I am always carsick. During that trip, I lied on her lap right away before the bus left the station. Long hours were spent and we just sat there and waited for the stop. I could do nothing but be a child, and she was always a mother. Her hands rested on my hair, my neck, and wrapped around my elbow. When the bus passed through potholes, my face jumped in her lap and my teeth clicked. I drooled on her and she kept sweating. We were a loose-fitting two piece suit not tailored for anyone in particular. Dad is farther away.

I always pressed my head and raised my body so I always travelled parallel to the ground. I imagined myself an old wood shuttle rocking back and forth along the gentle motion of the bus. Mother was vertical like the warp: she is always upright when she sit, talk and rest. She lances through the space yet malleable like a rubber band.

Weaving the self healing wound is growing up and out of myself. To stitch is to organize all the threads in my head and store them for future bearings — honestly I don't know how to weave. The idea of weaving, however, repeats like a .gif file in my head.

Mother always wants to be an educated woman so she reads and learns and writes. Mother wanted to be of a “different class” when she was growing up. She was looking for that moment when she can be “better”. Both of us want to know when we've made it. Mother is every future moment and dad is all about the past. They are the winter mittens and I am the snowball they press gently into spheres.







1. WHAT MADE YOU NOTICE? its in the center

2. IT'S DARK OUTSIDE; DID YOU EAT BREAKFAST THIS MORNING?

YES

NO

OTHER

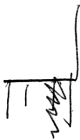
3. ANTS HAVE TWO STOMACHS. HUMANS AND ANTS ARE THE ONLY TWO SPECIES TO KEEP PETS?

YES

NO

OTHER

4. DRAW A CHAIR WITH FOUR LEGS BELOW (CAN BE DIMENSIONAL).



5. WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD HAPPEN IF 10 MILLION PEOPLE CHOSE TO WITHHOLD PAYMENTS ON THE SAME (STUDENT) LOAN AT THE SAME TIME? PLEASE DESCRIBE BELOW:

the market would crash,  
this is such a dumb liberal question

6. WHOSE DEBT ((HOW) DOES IT MOVE)? DISCUSS TOMORROW.

7. ARE YOU THIRSTY?

YES

NO

UNSURE

8. GO BACK TO QUESTION 5; ERASE ONE LEG.

3rd leg

9. DO YOU FEEL A LOT HAS BEEN ASKED OF YOU HERE?

YES

NO

OTHER

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE UPDATES ON THIS INFORMATION, PLEASE PROVIDE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

1. WHAT MADE YOU NOTICE?

My Pal

2. IT'S DARK OUTSIDE; DID YOU EAT BREAKFAST THIS MORNING?

YES

NO

OTHER

3. ANTS HAVE TWO STOMACHS. HUMANS AND ANTS ARE THE ONLY TWO SPECIES TO KEEP PETS?

YES

NO

OTHER

4. DRAW A CHAIR WITH FOUR LEGS BELOW (CAN BE DIMENSIONAL).



5. WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD HAPPEN IF 10 MILLION PEOPLE CHOSE TO WITHHOLD PAYMENTS ON THE SAME (STUDENT) LOAN AT THE SAME TIME? PLEASE DESCRIBE BELOW:

Revolutions

---

---

---

---

---

6. WHOSE DEBT ((HOW) DOES IT MOVE)? DISCUSS TOMORROW.

Joe Biden's

7. ARE YOU THIRSTY?

YES

NO

UNSURE

8. GO BACK TO QUESTION 8; ERASE ONE LEG.

9. DO YOU FEEL A LOT HAS BEEN ASKED OF YOU HERE?

YES

NO

OTHER

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE UPDATES ON THIS INFORMATION, PLEASE PROVIDE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS: [REDACTED]

*When I look at sharks from underneath,  
in an aquarium or on TV I  
notice their huge mouth,  
always slightly open.*

*Sharks have an overbite.*

*You can see the teeth peeking out.*

*These teeth can't stand staying hidden*

*behind shut lips. Lines of jagged teeth, one on top of the other.*

*Like every tooth is fighting for it's place at the front. Shark's eyes  
are hollow, pupils blown up. Pupils are private little black holes  
and sharks have big ones.*

*It's a gaze, not a look.*

*If I could choose a magical friend, I'd choose a shark. Every time I  
feel like fears are pure acid spreading in my chest causing chemi-  
cal burns, I think of a shark in the Mideterenian.*

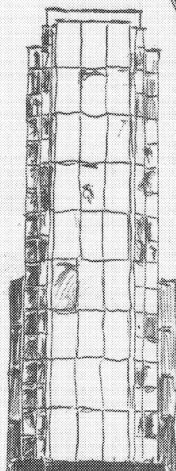
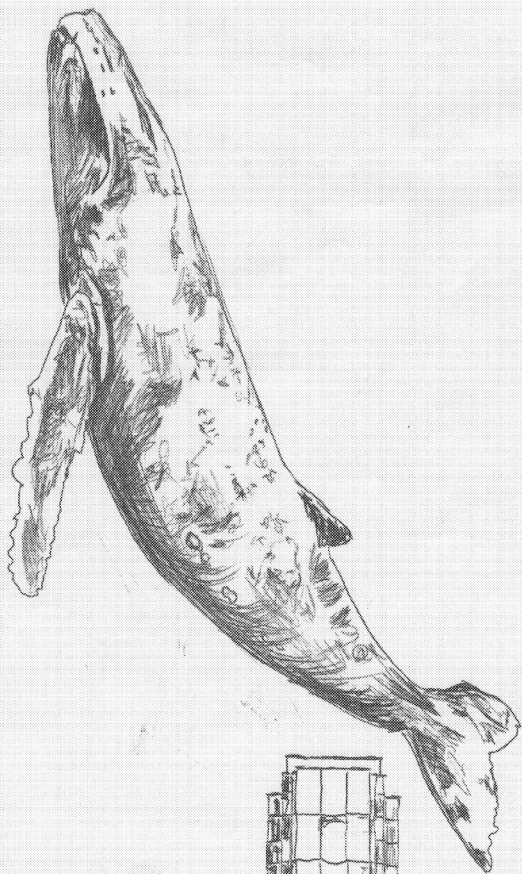
*I think: this shark is just swimming, searching for a bite to eat.*

*He doesn't know human troubles.*

*He doesn't give a fuck.*

*The sharks don't care.*







j\_lawson38

jeremylawson947

mr\_jrlawson

seapugs

hoodlumjeremy

jeremydlawson

drjeremylawson

jeremylawson

jeremylawson

jeremy\_lawson



hoodlumjeremy

Active 10m ago



jeremylawsonphotography

PRIMARY

GENERAL

Requests (1)

jeremy\_lawson



I\_am\_the\_andrew

1h ago

jeremy\_lawson

jeremylawsonstudio



mr\_knutzen

Active 1h ago

jeremylawson

three15fitness



Well when it's ready to go I'll... · 1w

jeremylawson.jl

lawson\_j\_customs



Active 11m ago

lawson\_\_8372

lawsonjeremy



jeremylawson

Active 10m ago

jelawson\_jr

jeremylawson



Active 2h ago



mr\_jrlawson

Active 32m ago



nickandsonsbakery

Active 19m ago



kenny\_matt

Active 41m ago



cooper\_schmader

That would be fun · 2w



mayayadid

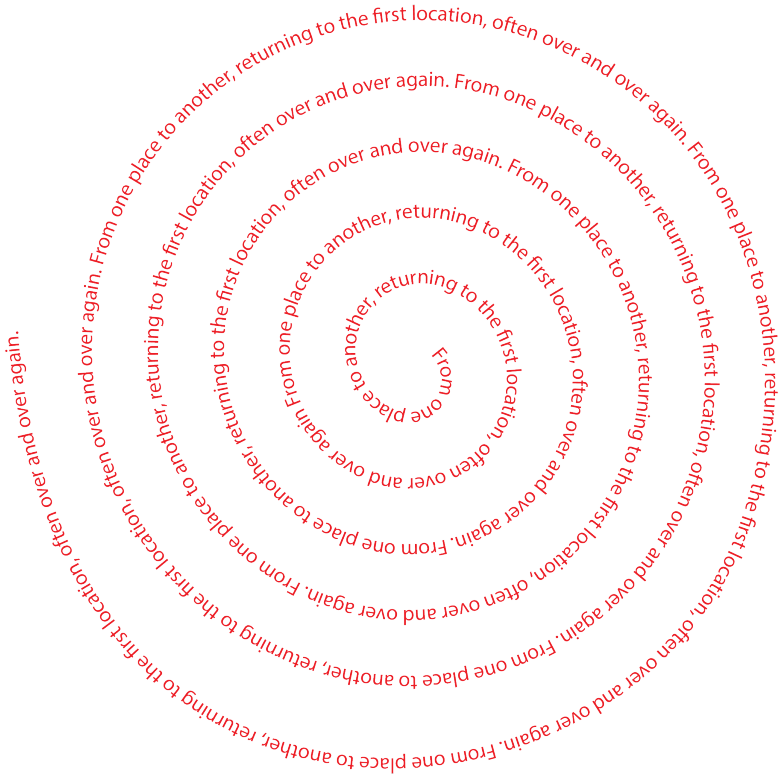
the flattening out of difference, our merging characteristics through algorithms. Similarly I want to have a small book made that introduces both things, essentially a taxonomy, (listing details basically) which is the basis of the natural sciences and now algorithms that sort out online, but also our correspondence and this request to have you send a picture of something that reflects either where your name comes from, or simply something this weird coincidence has brought up. It could be literally anything.

But long term I would love for us to literally collaborate on an artwork or multiple artworks, at minimum through shared materials, in which all of us would receive credit as the author. For this part, I'll obviously have more details and have some simple ways to get going if you're still curious. I hope so, I think you'd have a lot to add. Ok, take care, Jeremy

March 27, 2021 12:09 am

sorry bro i work a ton

but i'm with you and i'm interested



We Were Already Gone  
Hunter College and Hauser + Wirth

14 May 2021

Designed by Sigourney Schultz, Liza Lacroix, and Jonas Albro