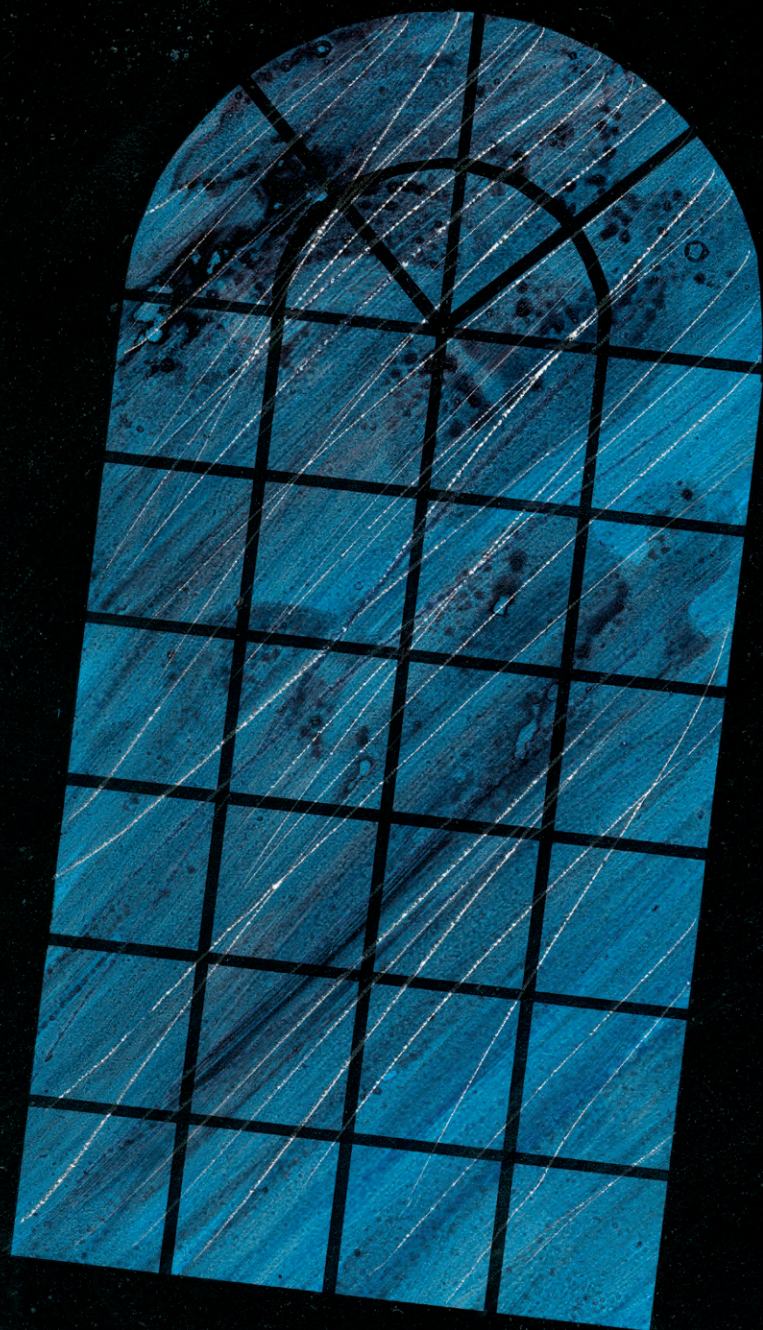


*...Pain...Pain is awareness.
Because of it I know that I
am alive...It is as unwelcome
as it is unfamiliar.*



*...the constant
agony is a vile
fountain of
energy.*



*...how is it
that man is at
once capable of
primordial
baseness as well
as the creation of
exalted works?*



*...my existence
sculpted by the
implements of
science, the desire
for godhood...*



*...awareness
is pain...*



Dear Sandy,

Greetings from Paradise! I never thought it would happen, but that creep Joe is finally out of my system. All it took was a couple of weeks in the sun, multiple margaritas and-- oh yeah--Paco. The hunk.

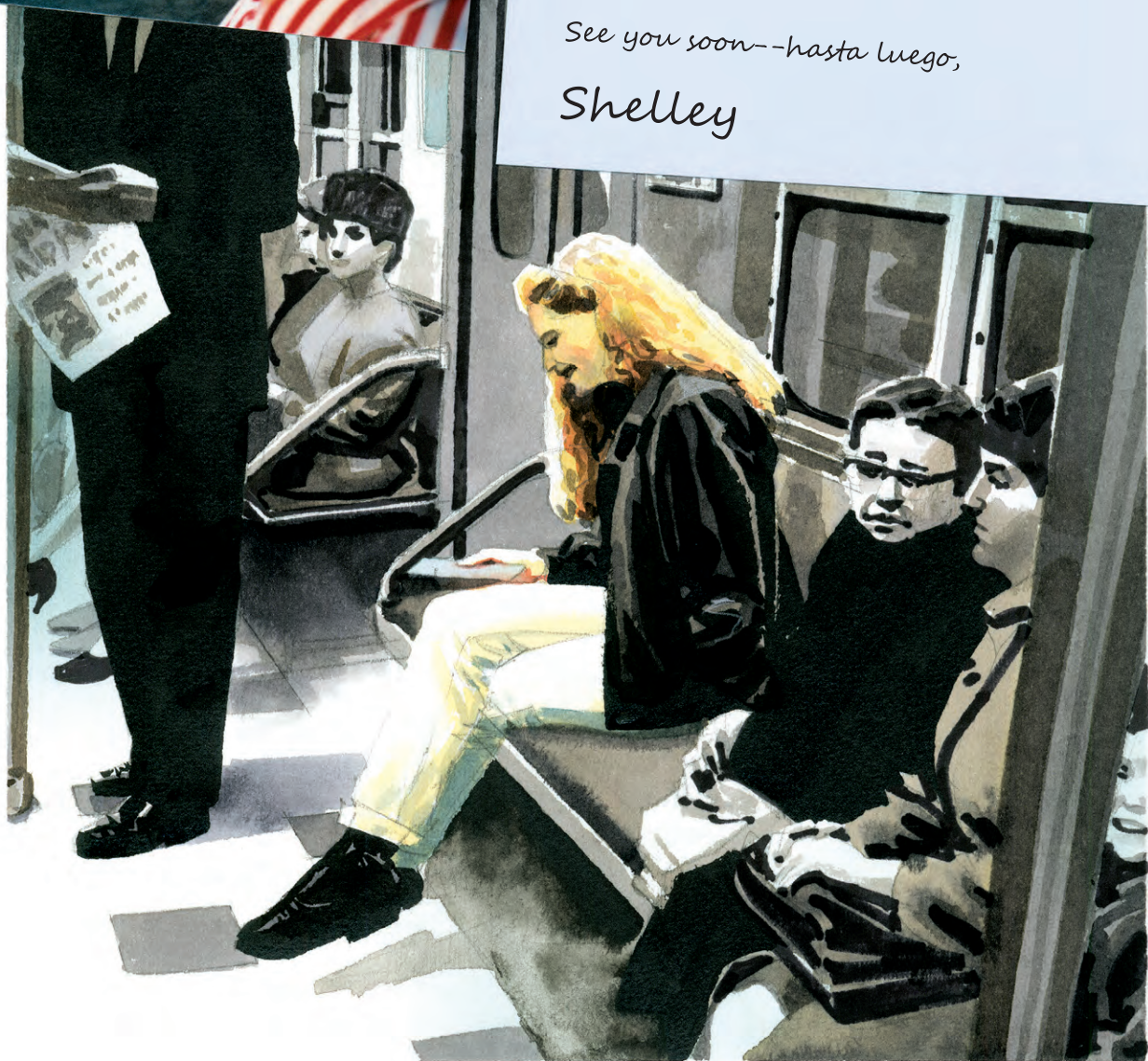
I'm hanging low for a while since nothing is happening audition-wise. And won't, till this shiner disappears.

God, Sandy. Why do they all turn out to be monsters? I just don't get it. One minute they're falling all over you and the next, they'd like nothing better than to snap your neck in two.

Maybe it's me. Something about me that turns them into animals. Tenderness, and then rage. Little by little. I begin to hate them. Almost as much as they hate me. It's a fine line, you know.

See you soon--hasta luego,

Shelley

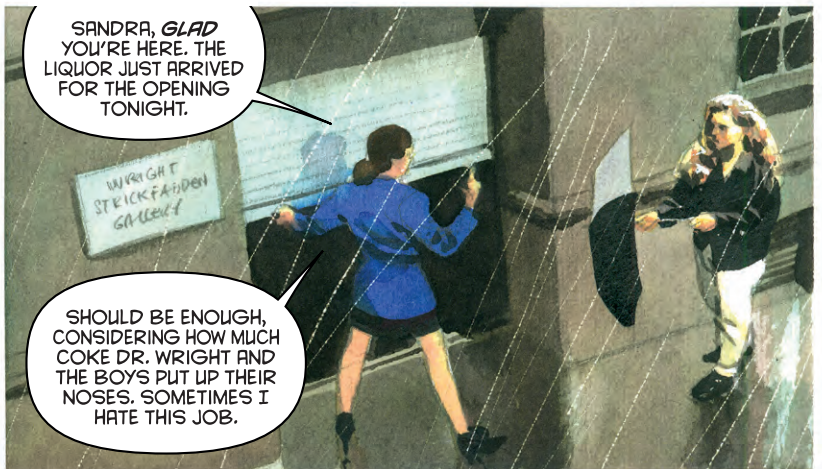




DAMN...




SPARE CHANGE...?



SANDRA, *GLAD* YOU'RE HERE. THE LIQUOR JUST ARRIVED FOR THE OPENING TONIGHT.

SHOULD BE ENOUGH, CONSIDERING HOW MUCH COKE DR. WRIGHT AND THE BOYS PUT UP THEIR NOSES. SOMETIMES I HATE THIS JOB.



...ONE OF HIS EARLY PIECES AT MY PLACE IN THE HAMPTONS. DR. WRIGHT AND I ARE NEIGHBORS, YOU KNOW.

...DID A SWEAT LODGE IN SANTE FE THIS SUMMER. VERY SPIRITUAL.

JACOB SISTINE
RECENT WORKS