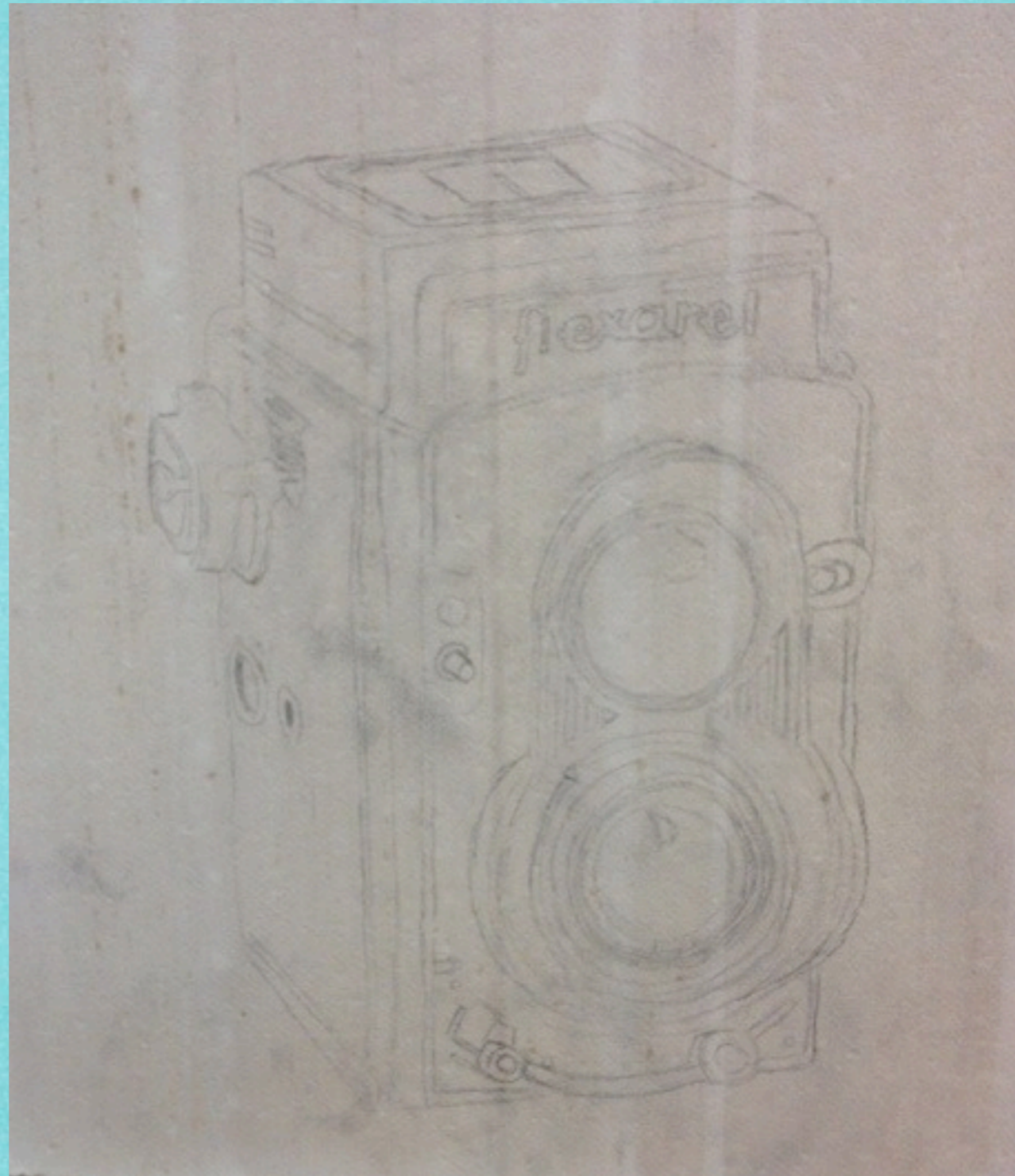
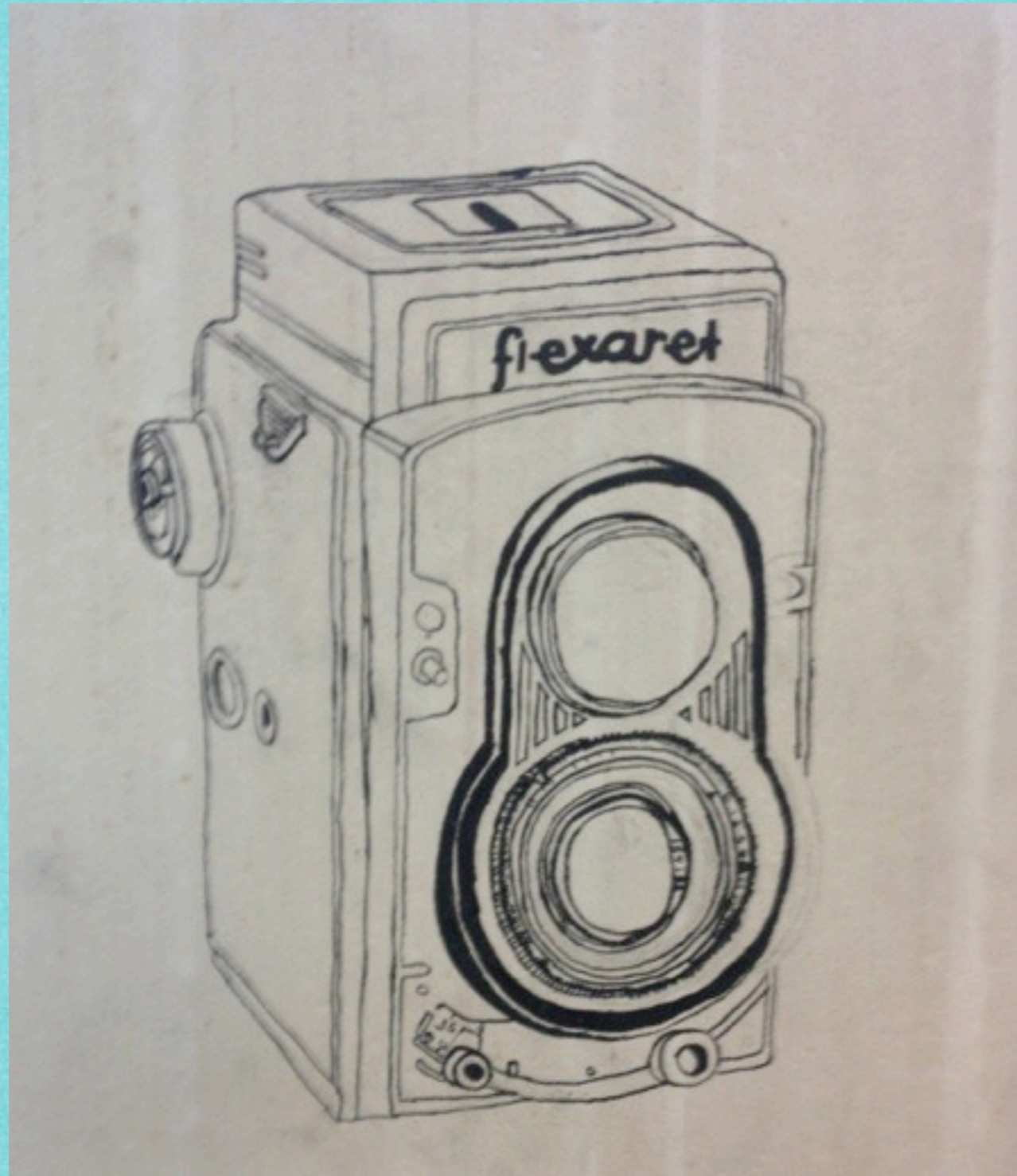


Q1 Artwork

Bailey Collins

Ceiling Tile









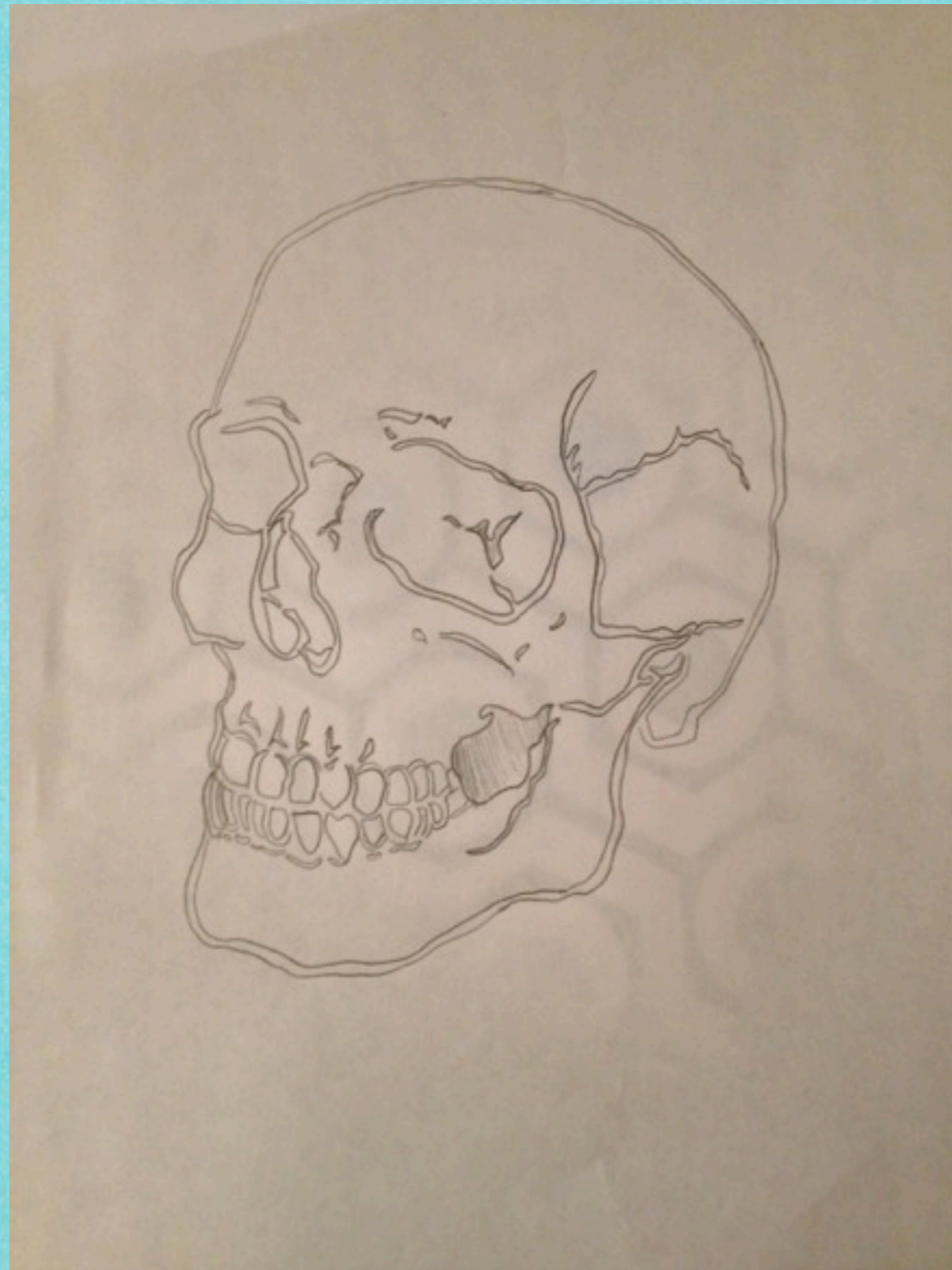


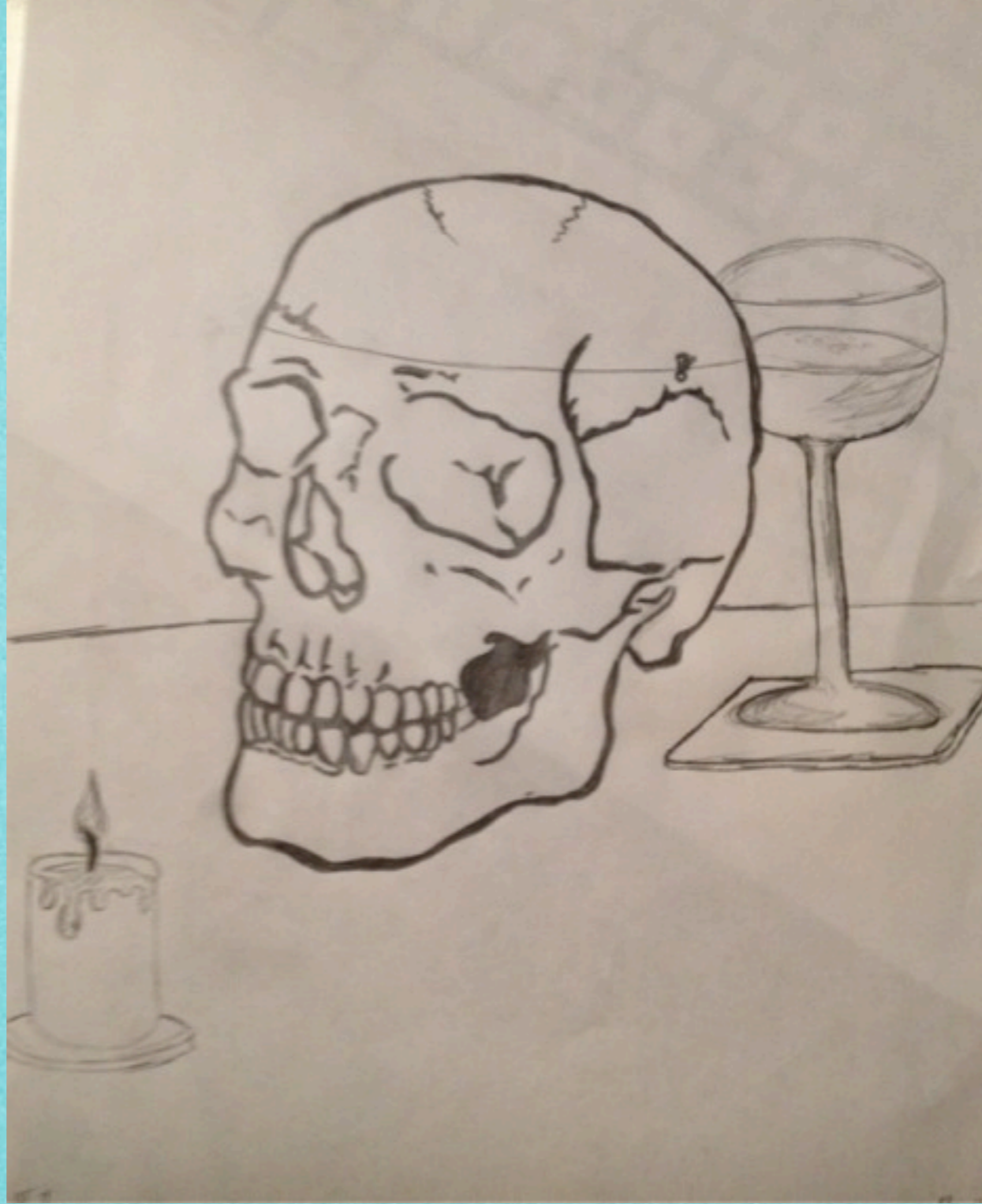


Final



Contour Line Drawings





Gravestones





Self Portraits







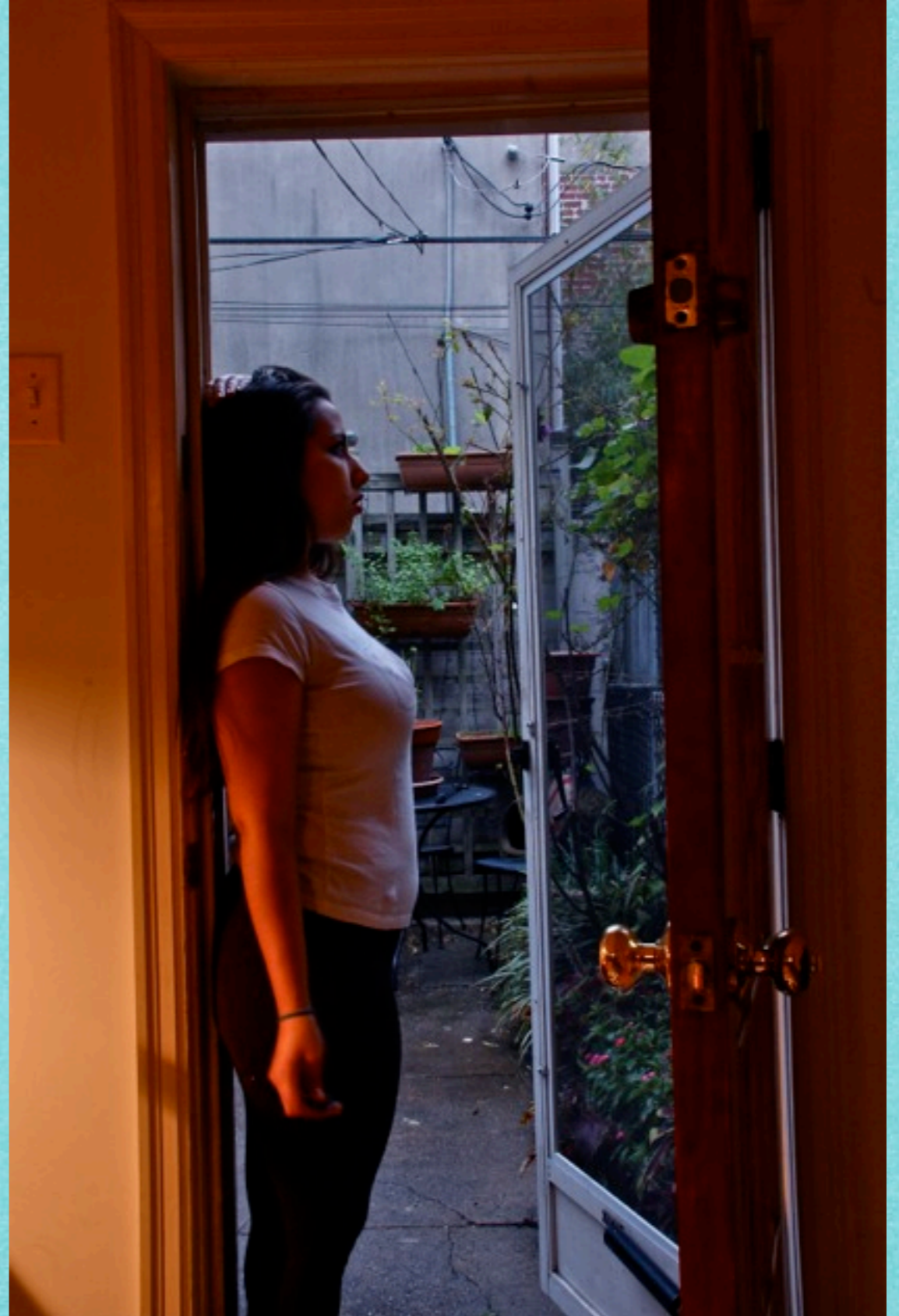




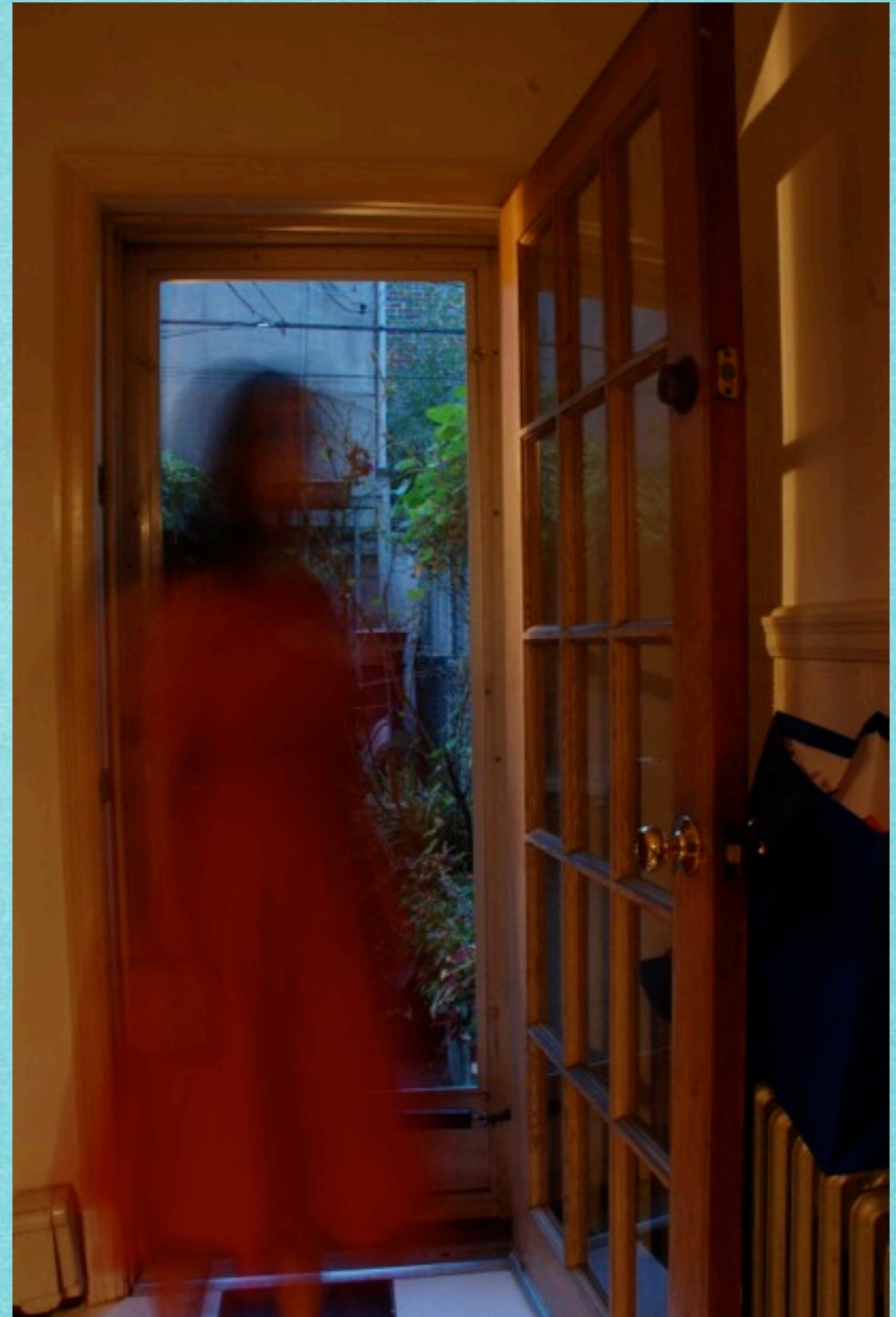






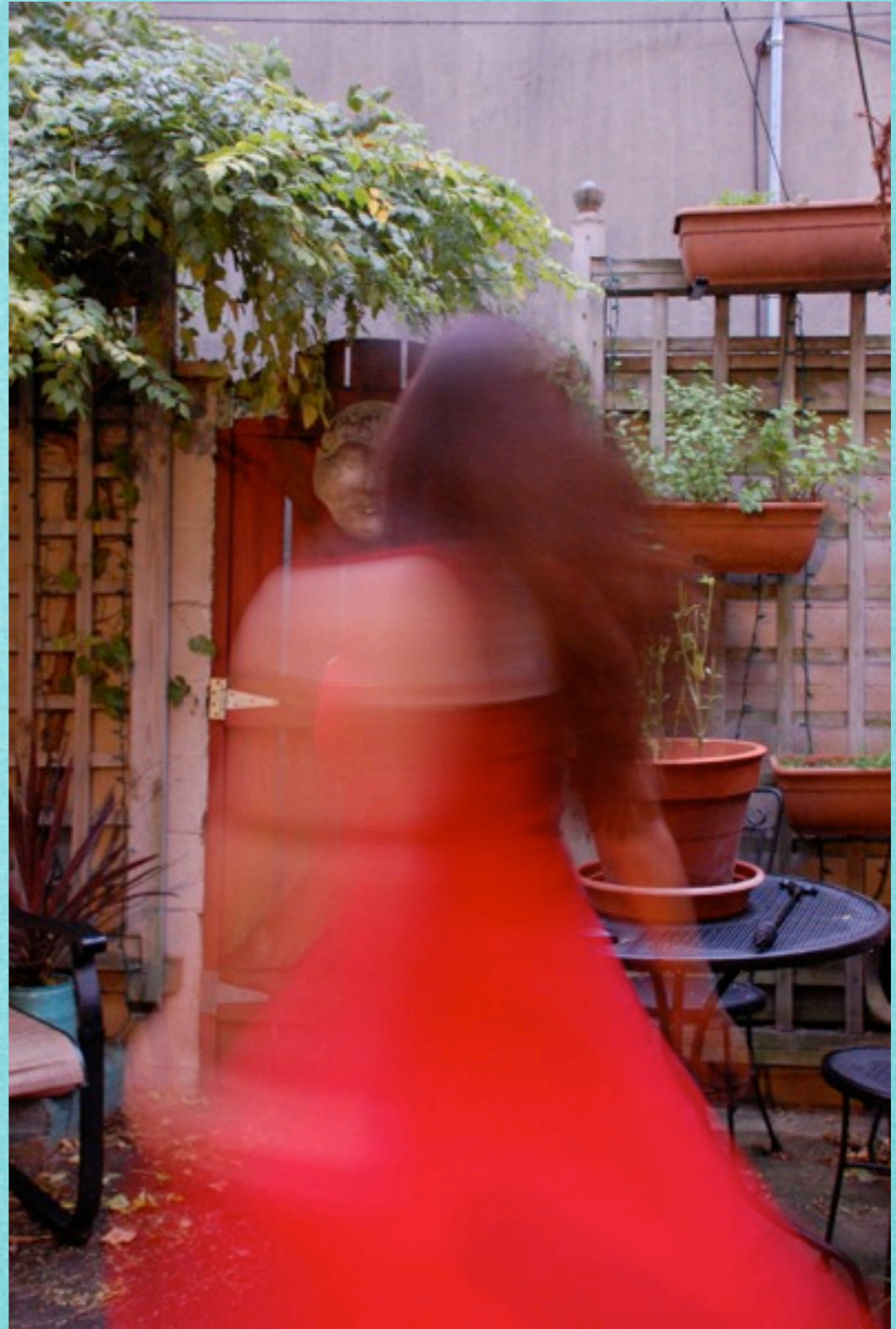














Photography



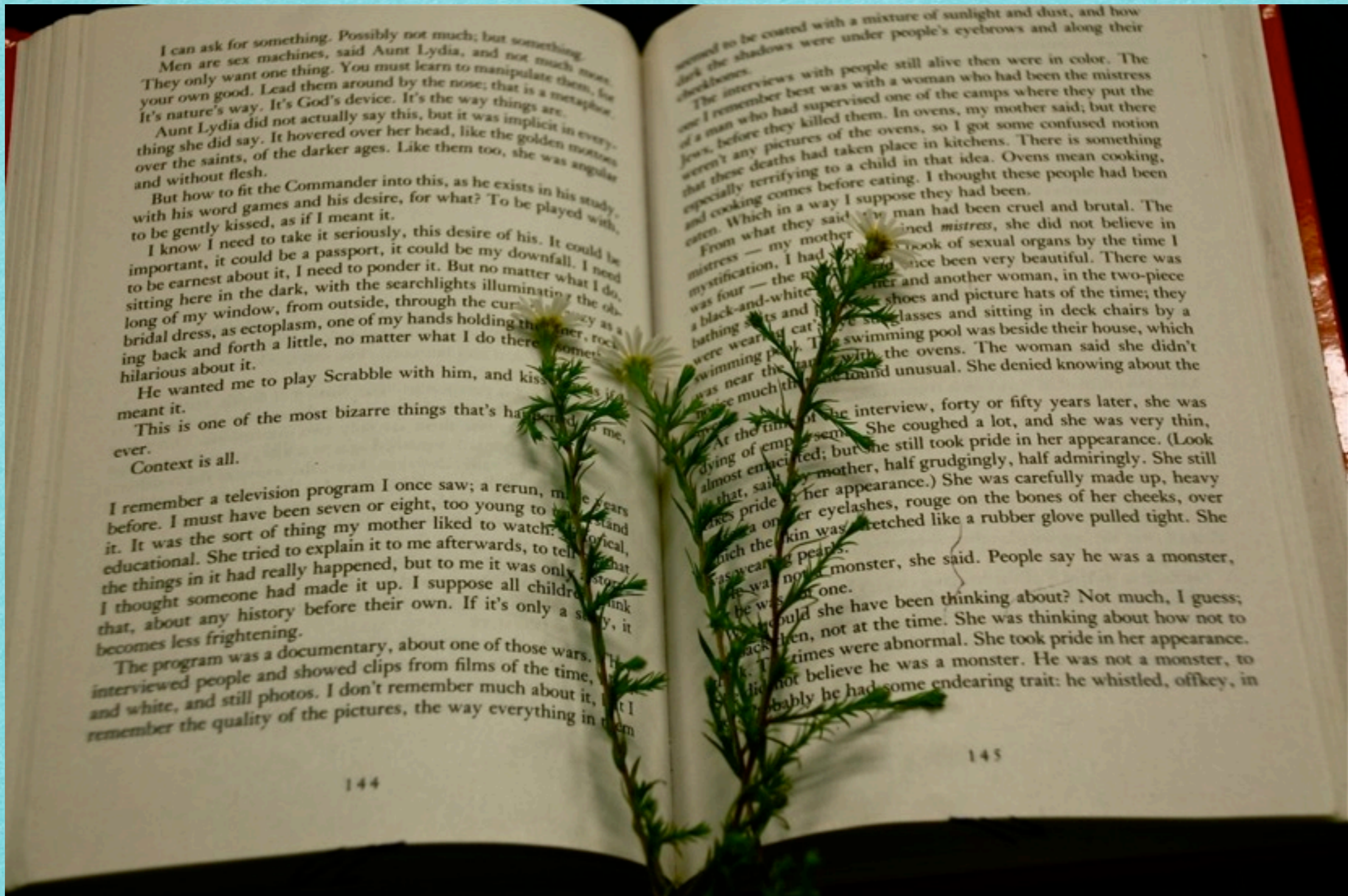












I can ask for something. Possibly not much; but something.
Men are sex machines, said Aunt Lydia, and not much more.
They only want one thing. You must learn to manipulate them, for
your own good. Lead them around by the nose; that is a metaphor.
It's nature's way. It's God's device. It's the way things are.

Aunt Lydia did not actually say this, but it was implicit in every-
thing she did say. It hovered over her head, like the golden mountains
over the saints, of the darker ages. Like them too, she was angular
and without flesh.

But how to fit the Commander into this, as he exists in his study,
with his word games and his desire, for what? To be played with,
to be gently kissed, as if I meant it.

I know I need to take it seriously, this desire of his. It could be
important, it could be a passport, it could be my downfall. I need
to be earnest about it, I need to ponder it. But no matter what I do,
sitting here in the dark, with the searchlights illuminating the ob-
long of my window, from outside, through the curtains, the ob-
scure, as a bride, as ectoplasm, one of my hands holding the other, rock-
ing back and forth a little, no matter what I do there, I am
hilarious about it.

He wanted me to play Scrabble with him, and kiss me as if
meant it.

This is one of the most bizarre things that's happened to me,
ever.
Context is all.

I remember a television program I once saw; a rerun, many years
before. I must have been seven or eight, too young to understand
it. It was the sort of thing my mother liked to watch. Educational,
educational. She tried to explain it to me afterwards, to tell me what
the things in it had really happened, but to me it was only a story
I thought someone had made it up. I suppose all children think
that, about any history before their own. If it's only a story, it
becomes less frightening.

The program was a documentary, about one of those wars. It
interviewed people and showed clips from films of the time, in
black and white, and still photos. I don't remember much about it, but I
remember the quality of the pictures, the way everything in them

seemed to be coated with a mixture of sunlight and dust, and how
dark the shadows were under people's eyebrows and along their
cheekbones.

The interviews with people still alive then were in color. The
one I remember best was with a woman who had been the mistress
of a man who had supervised one of the camps where they put the
Jews, before they killed them. In ovens, my mother said; but there
weren't any pictures of the ovens, so I got some confused notion
that these deaths had taken place in kitchens. There is something
especially terrifying to a child in that idea. Ovens mean cooking,
and cooking comes before eating. I thought these people had been
eaten. Which in a way I suppose they had been.

From what they said, the man had been cruel and brutal. The
mistress — my mother had called her *mistress*, she did not believe in
mystification, I had never heard of sexual organs by the time I
was four — the man had been very beautiful. There was
a black-and-white photograph of her and another woman, in the two-piece
bathing suits and high-heeled shoes and picture hats of the time; they
were wearing cat-eye sunglasses and sitting in deck chairs by a
swimming pool. The swimming pool was beside their house, which
was near the camp with the ovens. The woman said she didn't
notice much that was unusual. She denied knowing about the

At the time of the interview, forty or fifty years later, she was
dying of emphysema. She coughed a lot, and she was very thin,
almost emaciated; but she still took pride in her appearance. (Look
at that, said my mother, half grudgingly, half admiringly. She still
takes pride in her appearance.) She was carefully made up, heavy
eyelashes, rouge on the bones of her cheeks, over
which the skin was stretched like a rubber glove pulled tight. She
was wearing pearls.

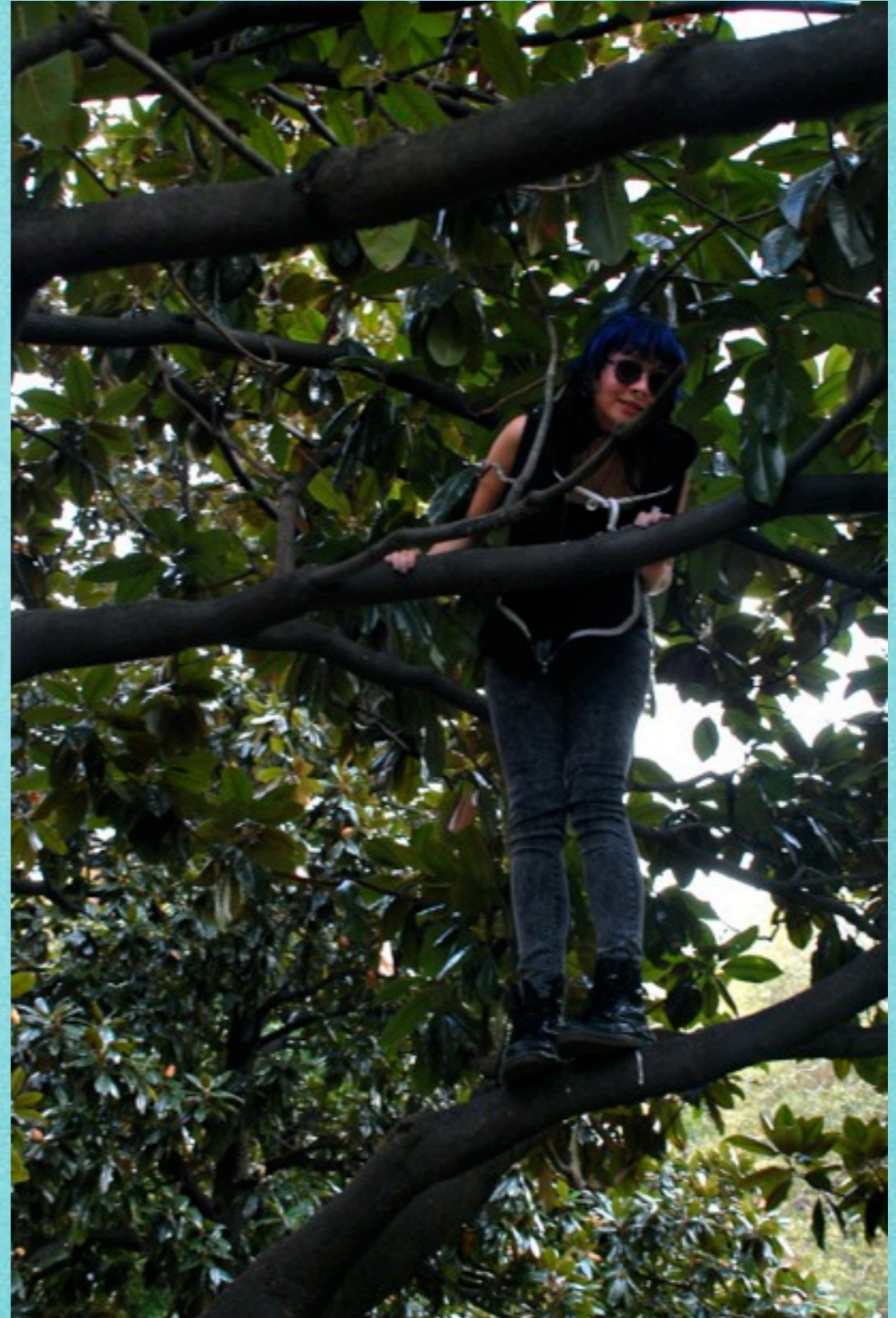
He was not a monster, she said. People say he was a monster,
but he was not one.

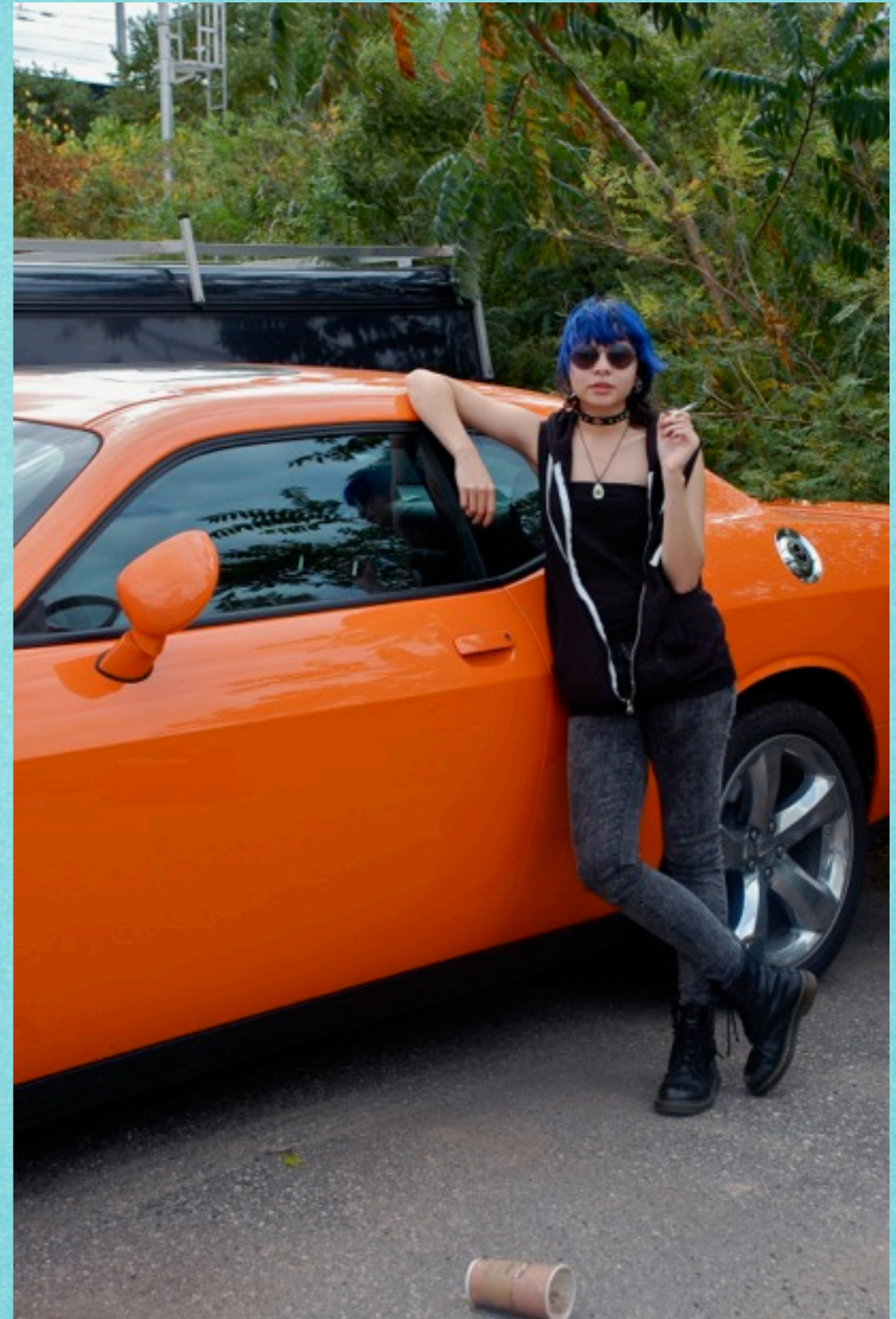
How could she have been thinking about? Not much, I guess;
back then, not at the time. She was thinking about how not to
die. Times were abnormal. She took pride in her appearance.
I did not believe he was a monster. He was not a monster, to
probably he had some endearing trait: he whistled, offkey, in













































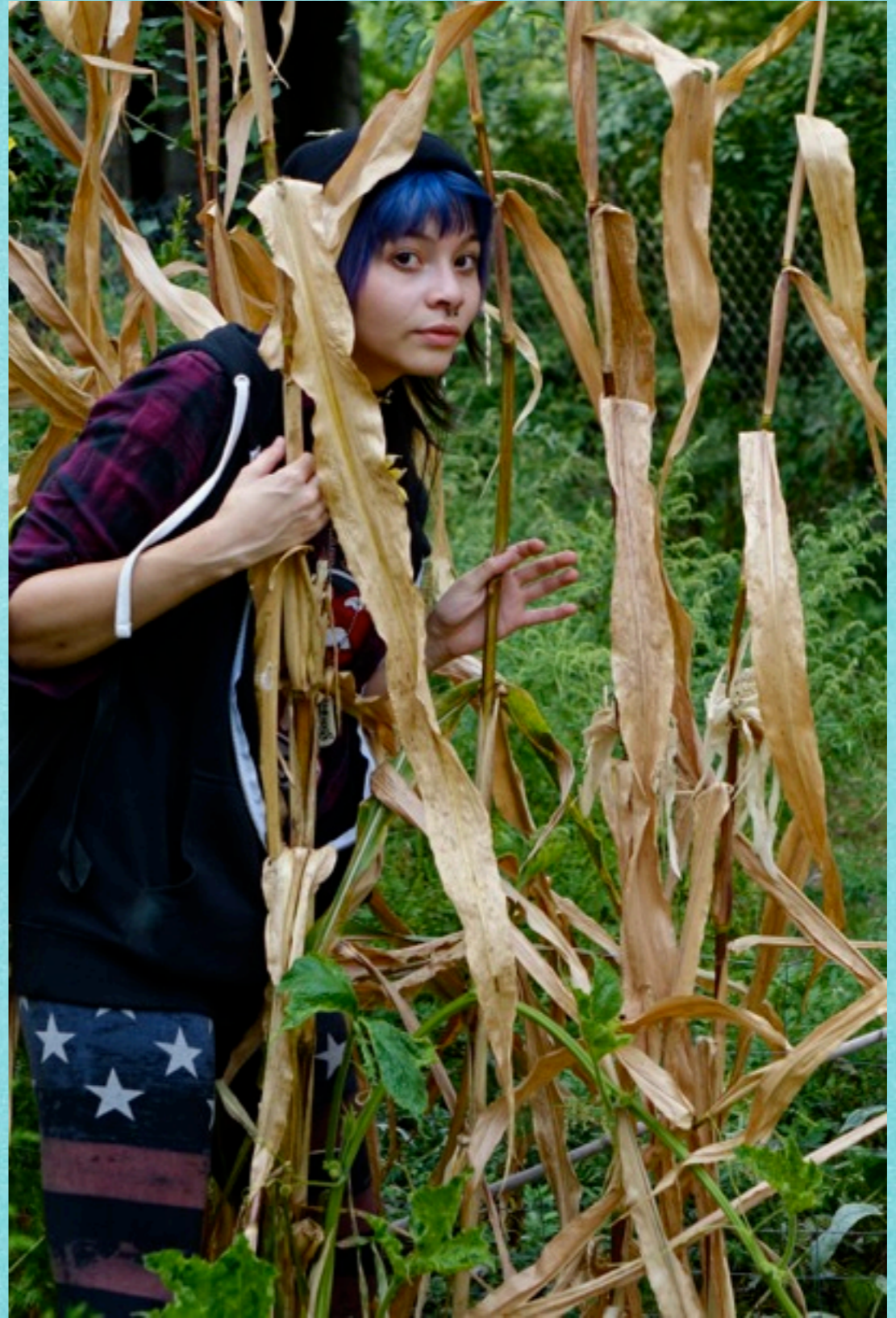


























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