



*dear frank: i trust you are still standing at the brink of the wounds of this age. political or psychological. as for me, i am still disassembling, watching, learning, occasionally fucking someone up who knows not from whence his deserved but inconsistent misfortune has come. mostly, however, i am wrapped up in a sense of myself which sees value in (a small collective) putting ideas out there that sometimes link up to counter-discourses and suddenly people are moved to think and believe extraordinary things. in all of these displays, i remain utterly obscure. this is my lot in life. what has become of yours? i miss you. love, trevor.*