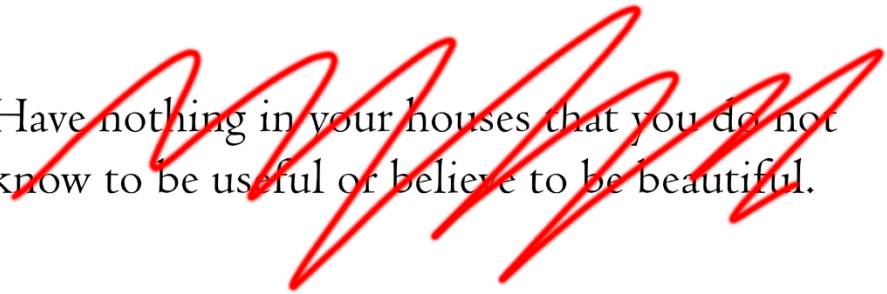




Last Days In My Life  
*getting rid of stuff*

PHOTOS BY KYLE CASSIDY POETRY BY DIVERSE HANDS



A large, stylized red scribble consisting of several overlapping, curved lines that partially obscures the text below it.

Have nothing in your houses that you do not  
know to be useful or believe to be beautiful.

William Morris

*A shelf is no place for a camera.*

## *You Have Too Many Cameras & You Don't Take Enough Pictures*

I used to constantly admonish photographers who had turned into collectors. It all starts out well enough — you want to take photos, you get bitten by some magical bug, you get a camera and for a while you take pictures but then, there's always something not exactly *right* about your camera and you start pining for another one and you work and work and eventually you get the other camera, but you can't, for some reason, get rid of the one that you didn't like so much, so then you have two, and soon enough you have three and four and then closets full of them and then deciding which one to use becomes the thing you spend most of your time doing. I heard someone say once: *photographers take photos with their cameras and collectors take photos of their cameras*. And, so, eventually, despite all your good intentions you're standing there with your new camera taking a picture of your old camera and you you have a Pogo-like revelation: *we have met the collector and the collector is us*.

Anyway. I have too many cameras and I don't take enough photos. So this morning I looked at all the stuff that I honestly couldn't think of a good reason for keeping and decided to have one final moment of glory with it before consigning it all to the dustbin of ebay so that it can find a new person who will hopefully use it to take photos.

I posted to the Internet announcing an open studio for two hours — get here in time & I'll take your photo. And I also invited people who couldn't make it to write a poem on something that they weren't going to keep — like trash or a book they were going to donate or something else because it's more fun if everybody can participate.

Anyway, I said I'd photograph for two hours, layout the photos for an hour and whatever existed at the end of that time is what it was.

So that's what you have here in front of you.

Thanks to everyone who participated.

Kyle Cassidy  
West Philadelphia  
May 4th, 2019

M9

Leica

Leica





Certainty  
is only  
possible  
where there  
is a  
profound  
lack  
  
of  
possibility.

Here, there is a monster,  
this labyrinth, a spiral  
of ribs, housing  
a red-heaped heart,  
a constant howl  
of wild, of want,  
this once-soft virtue  
Suddenly gone ~~at~~ villain,  
hands open,  
mouth like a forest fire  
looking for a lullaby.







Atlantic County 4-1

Name: MARCO Polo

Address: now unknown  
the cat's fate

Email: an afterlife

Year: or rebirth Make: ginger

All Cats will enter at heaven ~~Route 50, South Entrance~~

Please mail form to: 4-1

or e

By completing this application, exhibitor  
members, agents, representatives, and an

Happy Roswell Day.









