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Dear Isabelle,

We're not so different. Like you, I have been transformed by this city—seduced even. And I am still changing. It could be chalked up to a chemical reaction: with light, with water, with heat. Or revised with diet. Or love—that too, changes us.

And yet we will never be locals. (But who is anyway?) The symptom is dialect. It slips out in conversation. I out myself with “out,” the vowel’s wet curl bloating the word before I close it with a sharp click on the roof of my mouth. I too carry that measure of foreignness in my voice, enough to buoy me from being absorbed into American culture too far. And yet, in correspondence, I trained myself to drop the “u” within months of my arrival: from color, from neighbor, from labor.

2

*Idle, Idol, Little Idyll* is a perpetual writing project (2014-ongoing) in epistolary form. The work is presented as a single, self-published book bound by hand which can only be viewed in specific, manufactured conditions that guide and limit its reading.



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Since 2014, the book has been revised and presented in the following exhibitions/venues:

*The Work of the Work*, curated by Isabelle le Normand, at UCSB Gallery, February 5 to 21, 2014.



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ENTER>text: *Rumors*, organized by Henry Hoke and Marco Franco di Domenico, Human Resources, Los Angeles, May 30, 2014.

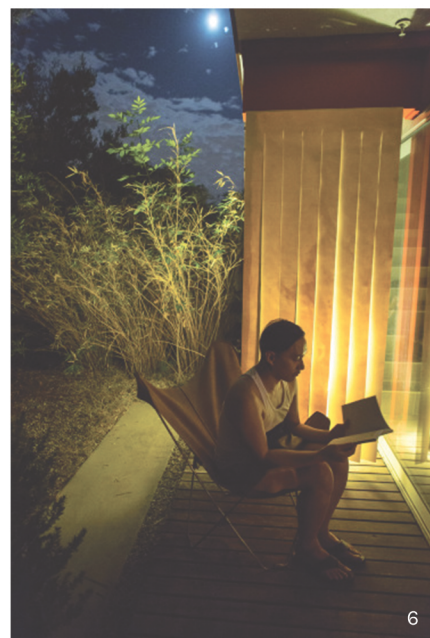


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ENTER>text: *In the Air*, organized by Henry Hoke and Marco Franco di Domenico, private residence in Mount Washington, Los Angeles, September 7, 2014.



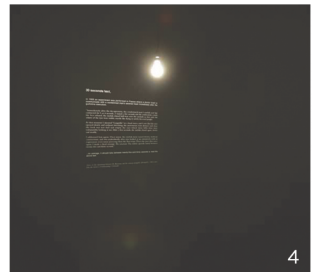
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