

Why is it so easy for you put aside art?

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Did you know that it represents beauty.

A break from the life served to you in a bunch of stupid colors that don't represent how you see the world.

Do walls of white feel comfortable to you because they have no commitment?

Pure of pesky personality, judgemental free, making sure you have nothing to remember your past, what it did to you, what it took from you, what it won't give back, blank, naive with innocence, begging for you to end it's monotonous misery brought on by your lazy mind.

You know the value of that white space is only your daily mental stability.

Nothing special.

So why is it so easy for you put aside art?

Buy things you hardly value with ease of mind and ease of credit card swipes. Always running that story about how you'll do it when life is in more order, because I do love this piece, I love this artist, they connect with me in a way I've never felt, they understand me, they are here for me...

But I won't let them in.

I keep my walls white.

I'll buy it another time.....

I KNOW!

I'll support you with compliments.

Well guess what, compliments don't mean shit to me.

I offer you a break from yourself! Into a world and mindset that shows you you're not alone no matter how hard you cry.

A BREAK from having to think for yourself.

A BREAK from the white walls haunting your creativity without you even knowing!

It's an EASY choice! The more breaks you fill your life with, the better right? WRONG. I mean I don't know. It's all mystery.

To Fuck off, or not to fuck off.

That is the answer.

I think this is letter 10. I could be wrong

Hard to believe. I am as confused as you are. Coming up on a year of this bullshit?

You know life only happens to you if you let it, and most of you don't because there is a huge wall of consequences that you put in front of yourself anytime you want to have fun, or live, or enjoy a moment rather than critique it to death.

It's all make believe.

It all gets you through the day.

You are here to fulfill a role not yet understood in the entire scope of the cosmos, but it can be an interesting ride on a shooting star, or it can feel like a drag, sluggish and boring, building rocketships instead of flying them, always on the outside looking in, instead of into outer space!

But you can be a space cadet like me!!!!!!!!!!!!

except....

I don't believe in causes

I find them commercialized

Believe in my brand, buy my shit, we're in this together, let's change the world. Do you care about anything other than growth and spreading your message. Are you anything more than a virus spreading yourself anyway you can. Survival Of The Fittest? Survive WHAT? Another day in a lonely world where love is the only great cloak for infection?

But I'm excited about the apocalypse
I'm trained for it.

Amenities are great but they are nothing relative to happiness in the mind of a _____

The only thing I need is everything I want

So I just have to control a couple drug habits and everything will be A OK. The only thing I know is that moving sucks, and moving on is a harder, but moving nowhere is the worst....

a life I don't understand, but accel at.

So here is to the future .

Here is to stability.

Here is to black holes that look like conversations with you.

I wish we could have worked out.

I REALLY like your work. It's just that you know I don't have the money right now and I'd rather verbally show you how useless I am.

Photo Glossary

1. Leaving - I've always felt the finger in this photo looked creepily long, although I don't think it takes away from the impact of the photo. I've always felt like it represented my attitude towards relationships and my art. I can't decide if the disappointed posture of the woman or the shameful posture of the man controls the emotions, but I guess it's somewhere in between, my favorite opinion.
2. This photo is of astrofunk (what up jordan) Floating, being abducted? Leaving nature? Bringing nature into another realm? One is up, one is down, posture is not indicating in which direction he is heading, oddly still and elevated, spooky feet for a spooky person... The makeup was done by artist Brandon McGill.

3. How I picture rainbows look like in hell. Driving from Vegas to Phoenix. We stopped in a storm to smoke some pot and take pictures of the darkest dankest double rainbow I ever did see.

4. Smooth Sailing On Waveless Skies - Model: Kandy K year: many ago

I imagine a girl running away from her home, searching for the feeling inside that is sinking instead of floating. The origin of deflation in our hearts comes from somewhere most of us never understand, and few are brave enough to confront and learn from. ---- We got up twice at 6am for this one, the hot hair balloon guy forgot gas to inflate the balloon, but eventually we got to go inside and shoot also. I always regret not taking way more shots in there, but love the ones we did get. The dress was made by

@customballoondresses

5. Cure - I think I'm obsessed with suicide enough to return back to the theme frequently. Maybe too many times trying to beautify an action most regard as the lowest you can go. But when pictures like this come together, that suspend you into a place you can mostly describe as unsure, than we look more than once, maybe more than twice, and then we are in a long term relationship...got ya bitch

6. Ocean. I posted a except with this photo. I'll post it again, because I like it.

I am lost in an ocean that won't let me drown.

I swim in every direction in order to keep from going in a particular one.

I fight against the waves, the current, and all the other fish who think they know how cold and deep the waters run, but they really don't know a thing about how dark it gets down there. So I fight them. And I hate them. To justify treading to nowhere for as long as possible. But what happens when I hit land, something reasonable and sensible, a reason to stop swallowing water in hopes that I can suffocate instead of breathe for once. I don't really know. I'm sailing for uncharted undiscovered make believe, and I like living in a fantasy where it's impossible to drown, no matter how long I hold my breath. I float around and wish for things that I don't really want. So people think I'm normal, Or anything but. A sinking ship that never set out for any particular reason other than to end up as treasure on the bottom of the Ocean.

7. Breaker - Kacy Hill - Heart Reaper Series

This was more of a portrait of Kacy Hill during the - Heart Reaper shoot - I should write more on that story. I'm tooling around with creating a world of all my characters into one cohesive story line. Which sounds impossible, which sounds like my kind of gig. So I'm hoping to release all responsibility so I can do more things someday, one can only hope.

8 Cleanse - Emily Caldwell -

Man sometimes you have an idea, and then it doesn't work out, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and then something goes right and then something clicks and then you take a really cool picture and everyone is happy. Except this time I don't think I ever talked to the model again after this shoot, so the concept matches the relationship well. Quick, CLEAN, innocent, awesome, sexy, and dead.

9. Smash - Kacy Hill - Melody Michelle

I have moved every year for about 15 years now or so. It's getting a little ridiculous. I have no concept of home anymore, or what that is supposed to feel like. I just keep jumping from one temporary living condition and lifestyle hoping for the best which has yet to be defined. It feels a lot like I'm smashing shit on purpose. Maybe I deal with things in pieces better than I like being functional.

Maybe I just make bad decisions everyday and call it art. Most of the time I feel like a delinquent, but when someone hands me a check for doing it I feel really good about it all.

(Bonus Writing - Written about 7 years ago, felt it fit)

I painted my walls today.

But the one person who wanted these walls painted more than anyone else, isn't here to enjoy them.

And yet I painted my walls today, with a fake smile, and rotten coat.

Wondering why I'm doing this.

Wondering why when you're gone rather than when you were here.

I think I wanted my place to look different. I wanted to look at my house and see that it didn't resemble anything from the way it looked before.

Different walls

Different life

Different times

White walls for oversight will never let you breathe.

Or was it the obligation that made me paint them?

I promised maybe fifty times that I would paint the walls...but I never did.

Sometimes the little things you don't think are important to someone, mean the world. Not opening a door, not holding a hand, not fixing something in the house that's just a fucking color.

Just a fucking color...

It's the little things, and they really do mean the world. So I didn't want to feel guilty anymore about the walls being white.

I guess all in all what I'm taking away from this is that you need to color your life while there's people around you to enjoy the color. I have no one to truly share my color with, but the walls remind me that when I get the chance again, to pick up the paint brush.

I want to take this space to say thanks to everyone who is signed up for this. I use extreme liberty in the realm of creative writing.

Like weird spacing and Grrrrrammar. Hopefully along with the message, photos, and writing, you get the gist of what I want you to learn, which ultimately is that there are no rules when it comes to personality, and no one will ever give a fuck about you if you don't have any, so let it out.

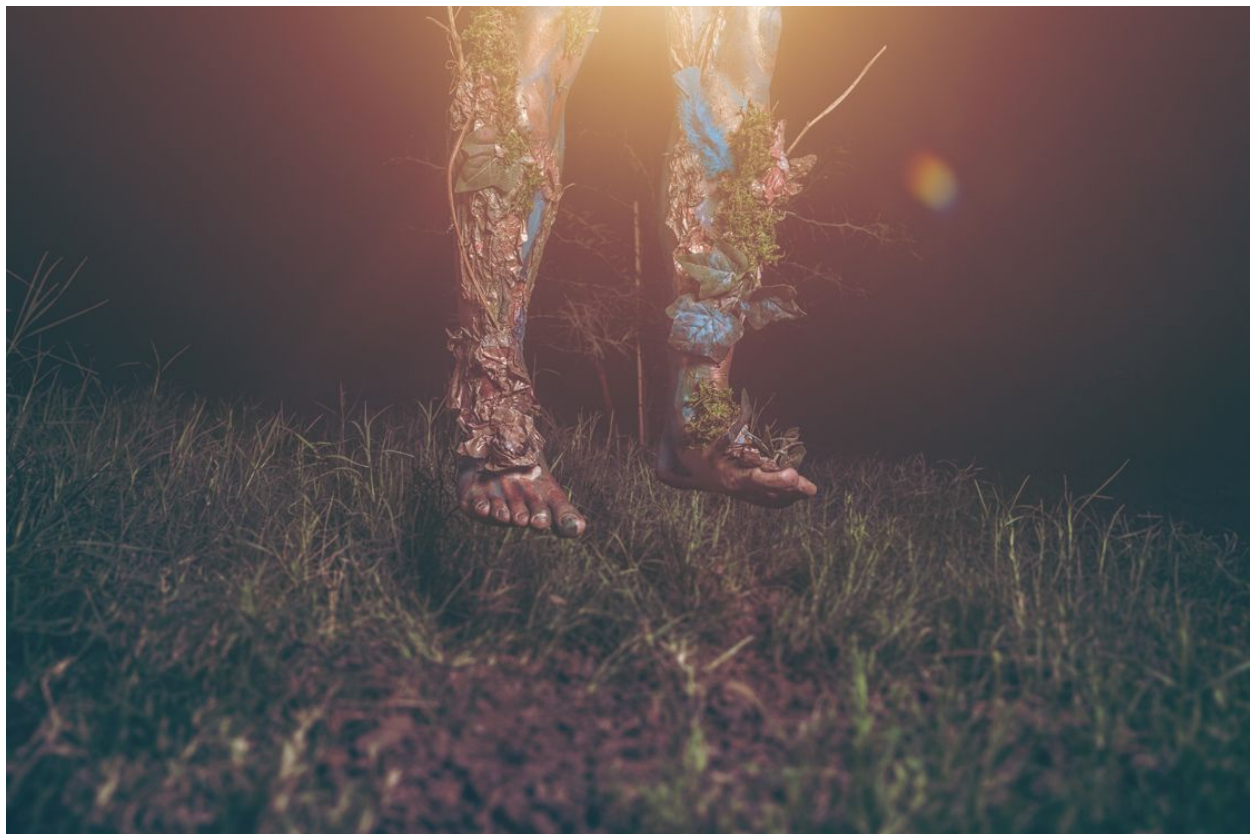
Special shout out to Slavik - Highest contributor to keeping these letters floating so far! Love you boo!

Your one sided pen pal McKay Fucking J
I've added some free art for you for my troubles













**ARTISTS ARE PEOPLE
DRIVEN BY THE
TENSION BETWEEN
THE DESIRE TO
COMMUNICATE AND
THE DESIRE TO HIDE.
— D.W. WINNICOTT**



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You can try to dirty my name,
but I'll wear your hate like war paint.

-Madalyn Beck