

MOURNING

ARPAD

(from Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia)

Born: Péter Kozma, 11 September 1967, Budapest, Hungary

Died: 3 February 2013 (aged 45), New York City, New York, U.S.

Other names: Francois Kagylo, Peter Kozma, Árpád Miklós

Ethnicity: Hungarian

Height: 6 ft 2 in (1.88 m)

Weight: 235 lb (107 kg)

Life:

Miklos was born in Budapest, Hungary. He used to be a chemical engineer before becoming a porn actor. He last resided in New York City, where he also worked as an escort.

Career:

Miklos has worked under the direction of John Rutherford, Jerry Douglas, Kristen Bjorn, and Chi Chi LaRue. He appeared as François Kagylo in a European film with director Herve Handsome. Miklos won a “Grabby” award and a GayVN award for his part in BuckleRoos Part I. Miklos only performed in the top role in his videos, but sometimes performed fellatio as a bottom. In August 2009 he released his first straight film for the Straight Guys for Gay Eyes site. In June 2010 Miklos was chosen to feature on the BUTT Magazine beach towels sold at American Apparel; for every towel sold a portion would be donated to the Ali Forney Center, an NYC organization providing housing and services to LGBTQ youth. He appeared in the September 2007 edition of Unzipped magazine. In January 2012, Miklos featured in the music video for the song “Hood” alongside artist Perfume Genius.

Awards:

2005 Adult Erotic Gay Video Awards (“Grabbys”), Hottest Cum Shots, BuckleRoos Part I

2005 GayVN Awards, Best Solo Performance, BuckleRoos Part I -- Along with Ricky Martinez

2007 International Escort Awards, Rentboy.com & HX Magazine, Best Top Escort

2008 Grabby Awards Nominated for Best Rimming Scene, “Private Lowlife”

Death:

Miklos was found dead in his Lower East Side, New York City apartment on 3 February 2013 from an apparent self-induced drug overdose. A suicide note was found at the scene instructing friends regarding his wishes for any memorial service. The motivation for his suicide was speculated as long-term depression. Miklos’ friend and New York writer Randal Lynch is quoted as saying “He was a very active person in the gay community. He wasn’t happy, I would say, but he wasn’t going into crying fits. He was a hard nut to crack. “I knew he was depressed, but I didn’t realize the severity of it, because he was not a very talkative person about his own emotions.”

CONTRIBUTORS:

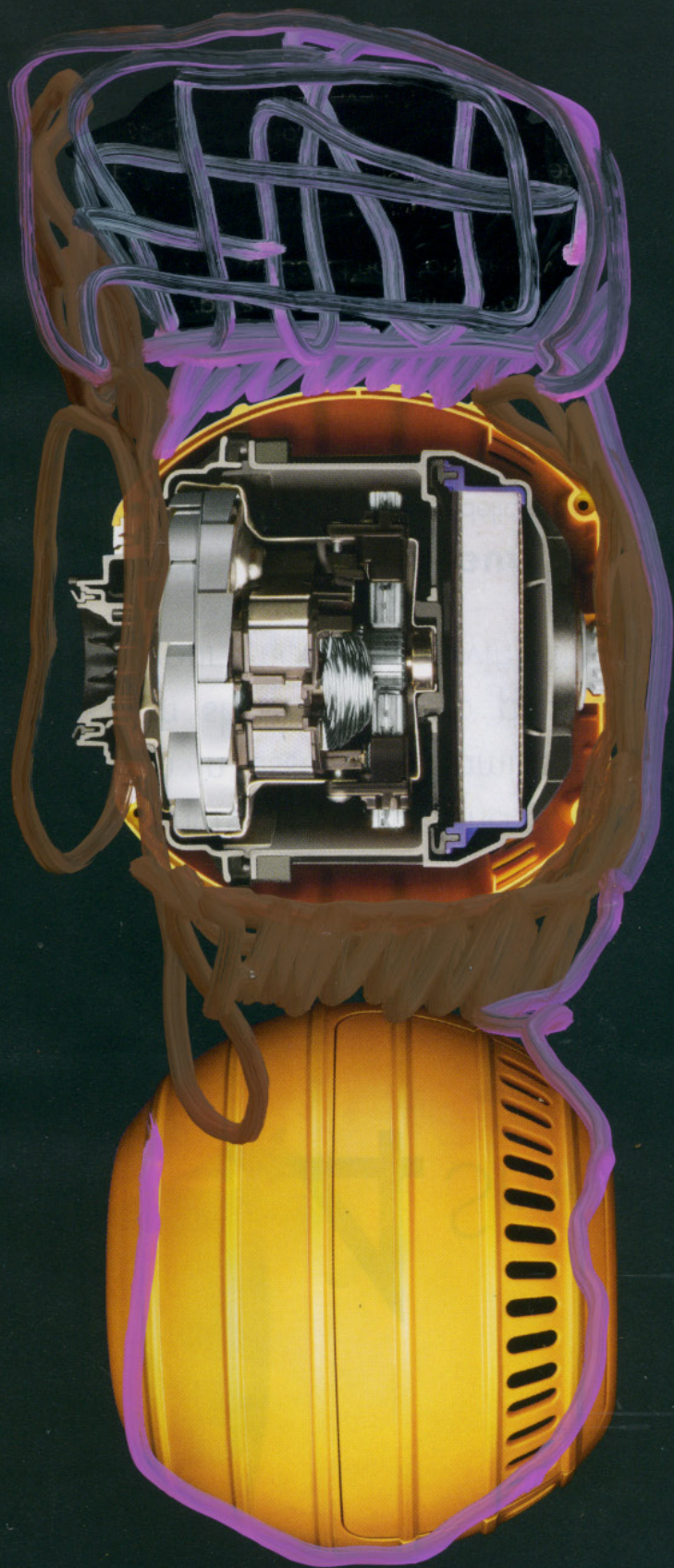
Mike Andrews
Jarrod Beck
Jason Cawood
Jovencio De La Paz
Gregg Evans
Steven Frost
James Gobel
Richard Hawkins
Jamil Hellu
Kevin Killian
Matthew Lawrence
Ivan LOZANO
Darrin Martin
Sam McKinniss
Joel Parsons
Michael Robinson
Oli Rodriguez
Erik Scollon
Michael Sirianni
Matthew Underwood

ARTIST: Mike Andrews

TITLE: ARPAD

BIO: Mike lives and works in Chicago.

CONTACT: instagram:mandrewsdraws



ARTIST: Jarrod Beck

TITLE: Arpad/Orpheus

BIO: Jarrod Beck lives and works in Brooklyn, NY. His drawings are in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art and he has created installations at the Socrates Sculpture Park, the South Street Seaport Museum, the Cape Cod National Seashore and the Provincetown Art Museum. In June 2010, he began a permanent installation on 5 acres of land in the Chihuahuan Desert near Terlingua, Texas. He has been a Visual Arts Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center and the MacDowell Colony. He received a Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant for a residency at the Vermont Studio Center and will be in residence at the Bemis Art Center and the Rauschenberg Foundation in 2013. He misses seeing Arpad on the F train but knows he is safe and lost in the crowd.

CONTACT: <http://jarrodcharlesbeck.com>
jarrodcbeck@gmail.com



ARTIST: Jason CAWOOD

TITLE: Arpad

BIO: Jason Cawood is a multi-disciplinary artist who works both solo and in the collectives Turner Prize* and Phomohobes. His work has been exhibited internationally and written about in numerous Canadian journals including BlackFlash and Canadian Art. Cawood is also a published writer & photographer, and runs the popular blog 80's art.

CONTACT: aphex.twin.towers@gmail.com

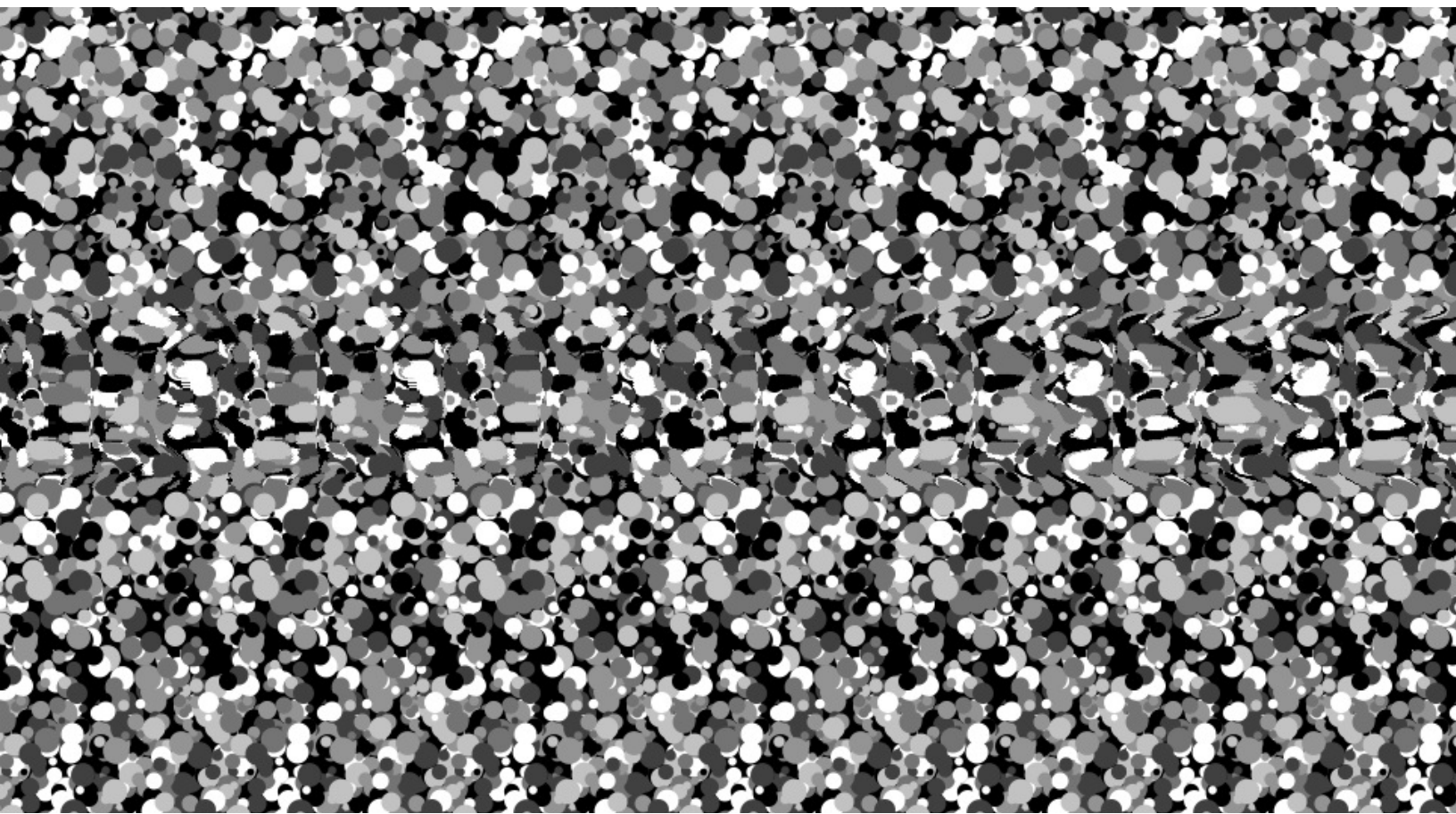


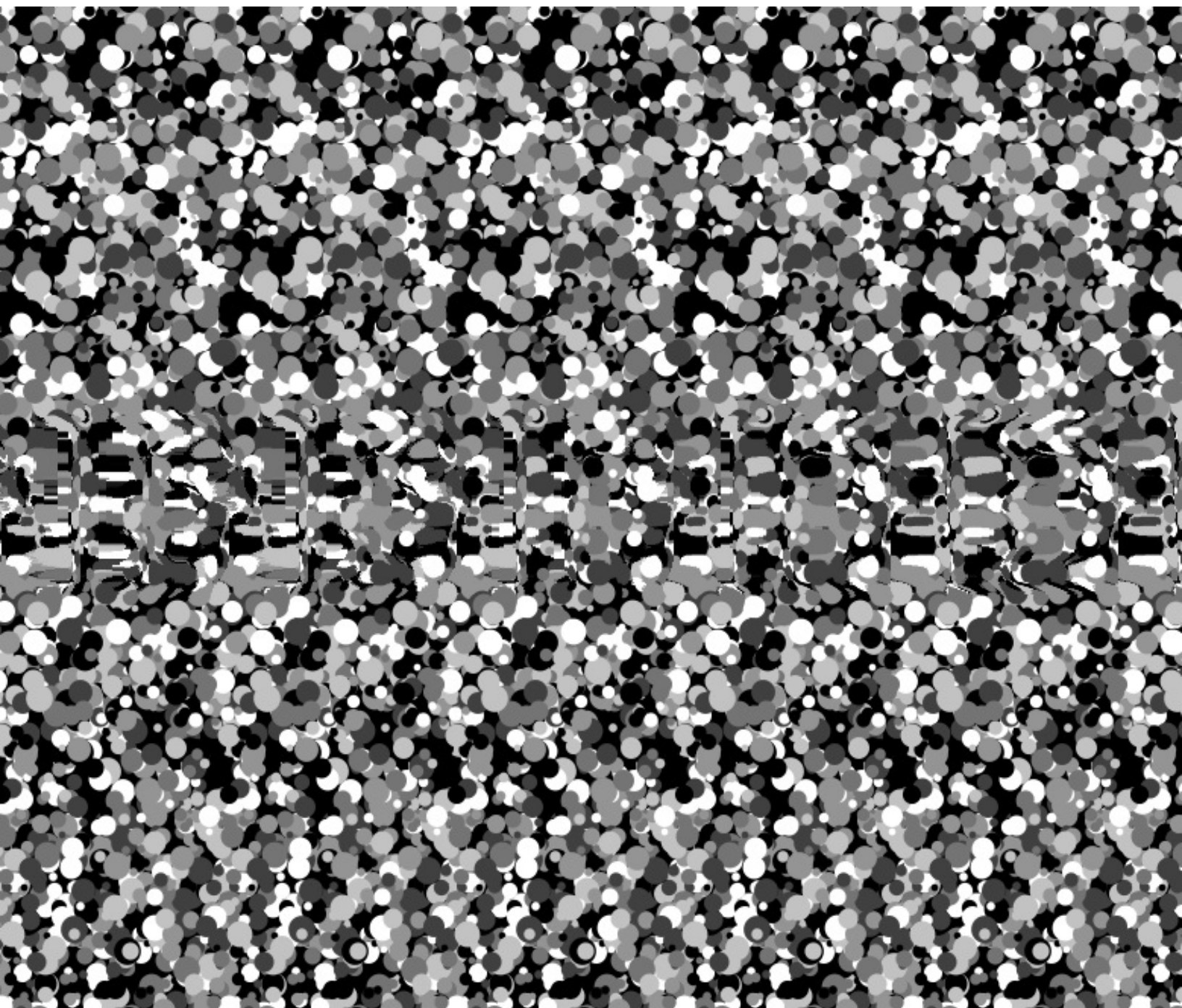
ARTIST: Jovencio De La Paz

TITLE: Touch You Never Again, Love You Through A Screen

BIO: Jovencio de la Paz is on the faculty of the Fiber and Material Studies department at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Currently, his work and research deal with material embodiments of metaphysical phenomenon. He is a member and co-founder of the Craft Mystery Cult.

CONTACT: <http://www.jovenciodelapaz.org>
<http://www.craftmysterycult.com>





ARTIST: Gregg Evans

TITLE: A Shadow, Of A Shadow, Of A Shadow

BIO: Gregg Evans is a photographer living and working in Chicago, IL. He holds an MFA in Photography from Columbia College Chicago and a BFA in Photography from S.U.N.Y Purchase. His work examines the tension between representation and presentation, between the traditionally singular desire inherent in the photographer's gaze, and the mutual desires involved in cruising. Recent exhibitions include New York's White Columns gallery, Envoy Enterprises and United Photo Industries, as well as Northern Trust, The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, and Ebersmoore gallery in Chicago. He likes milk shakes in almost any weather condition, Roseanne, and My Bloody Valentine.

CONTACT: <http://greggevens.net>
<http://annotatedimages.tumblr.com>



Uncertain Gesture.



Mark, In Multiple Positions.



Nervous Interaction.



Mark Playing My Fascination With Tragedy.

ARTIST: Steven Frost

TITLE: Genet/Miklós

BIO: Steven Frost lives and works in Los Angeles, California. He received his BFA from Alfred University 2004 and his MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2011. Frost has exhibited his fiber-based objects, drawings, performances, and installations across the US including recent exhibitions in Los Angeles, Seattle, Chicago, and Washington, DC. Frost is an avid Jean Genet fan although he reluctantly acknowledges that he's probably not Genet's type.

CONTACT: <http://www.stevenfrost.com/>
<http://miracleoftherose.tumblr.com/>

Genet/Miklós

Steven Frost

SCENE: INDUSTRIAL ROOM WITH CHANGING BENCH.

Enter Árpád Miklós. Jean Genet in his early 50's / Late 40's is sitting in room as Árpád enters. Jean smokes a cigarette. He will not stop smoking the entire scene. Next to him a thread, needle and an embroidered rose patch set on a chair.

Jean (to Árpád):
Take off your pants.

Árpád:
Is this a scene?

Jean:
It's a sort of scene.

Árpád:
I mean. Am I on set?

Jean:
I'm not pretending. I'm not much of an actor. I would love to drop some clever line here about being seen, scenes of a crime, the OB-scene but the man writing my dialogue is better at darning socks than writing speeches.

Árpád:
I'm sorry?

Jean:
It's not often that I find myself asking things of a man your size and girth.

Árpád:
I'm not in control here am I?

Jean:
Looks like you just ask questions. Let me remind you. I need you remove your pants and your underwear. Please take them off and hand them to me.

Setting his curiosity aside Árpád takes off his clothes and hands his warm, sweaty Armani underwear to the man. This is his favourite pair; one of his only pairs. He rarely wears underwear unless he's being paid to.

Jean sitting at eye level with Árpád's cock. Jean takes the underwear, crumples them, then holds them over his face as one would expect him to. He breathes in Árpád's musk. He smashes the underwear against his face and takes another sustained breath as if he's huffing ether from a rag.

Árpád:
Holding his firm cock in hand.

You wanna suck it?

He gestures at Jean with his penis.

Jean:
You like to have strange men in dark rooms suck your cock? You take off your clothes when they ask. You're a dirty faggot aren't you?

Árpád:
I have been.

Jean:
I want you to punch me.

Árpád:
Demands, demands. It doesn't look like I'm getting paid for this. Is this a scene?

Jean:
You asked me that. How about a dance while I fix these?

Árpád:
Fix them? Uh. I'm so confused. What is wrong with them?

Jean:
I bet your cock tastes good. Do you want me to taste it while you dance?

Jean sets the underwear down next to the thread and needle. He takes Árpád's cock in his hand and squeezes tight. Pumping it while it gets harder. He licks just the tip. Then looks up at Árpád.

Mmmm your prick tastes like hundreds of pretty little puckered holes have let you FUCK THEM. Do you remember all the fools and soldiers you've filled with this?

Árpád:
I do. Most of them are very nice but some were mouthy bottoms like you. You're a weird one. You talk too much. You're full of wit. You should be full of...

Jean cuts him off. Squeezes his cock uncomfortably tight and rubs the tip of Árpád's pulsing cock against his tongue. He loosens his grip then tightens it as he moves Árpád's cock back and forth across his tongue like a doctor checking his patient's throat. He pauses to take a puff from his cigarette. In a move he'd clearly practiced, Jean leans back slightly to gaze at Árpád's cock, and then, exhales a cloud smoke as he takes Árpád's member deep into his mouth. Smoke gathers, flutters up Árpád's hairy torso and his eyes squeeze shut as the Jean's chin pushes against his balls. Jean pauses with Árpád's prick in his mouth. Árpád's eyes open. Jean pushes Árpád away.

Jean:
You need this.

Árpád
Head? Yeah I want it.

Jean
No. You need me to give you this rose.

Árpád:
His face flush, his hard cock dangling

Rose? You mean that rose.

Pointing to the rose patch setting on the bench.

Jean:
Yes that one.

Árpád:
Why would I need that.

Jean:
You're too young to understand.

Árpád looks down to find that his dick has become a bunch of grapes and Jean vigorously consuming them. Jean's mouth is bursting with grapes. Grapes begin to pour from his mouth like marbles. The grapes roll across the floor. Árpád looks in horror at the mound of grapes between his legs where his dick once was. Jean rolls to his side and grapes continue to gush from his mouth. His eyes now vacant.

LIGHTS OUT.

ARTIST: James Gobel

TITLE: (untitled series of installed drawings)

BIO: James Gobel is on the faculty of Painting and Drawing and
Graduate Studies at CCA in San Francisco

CONTACT: jamesgobel@mac.com



Come Back

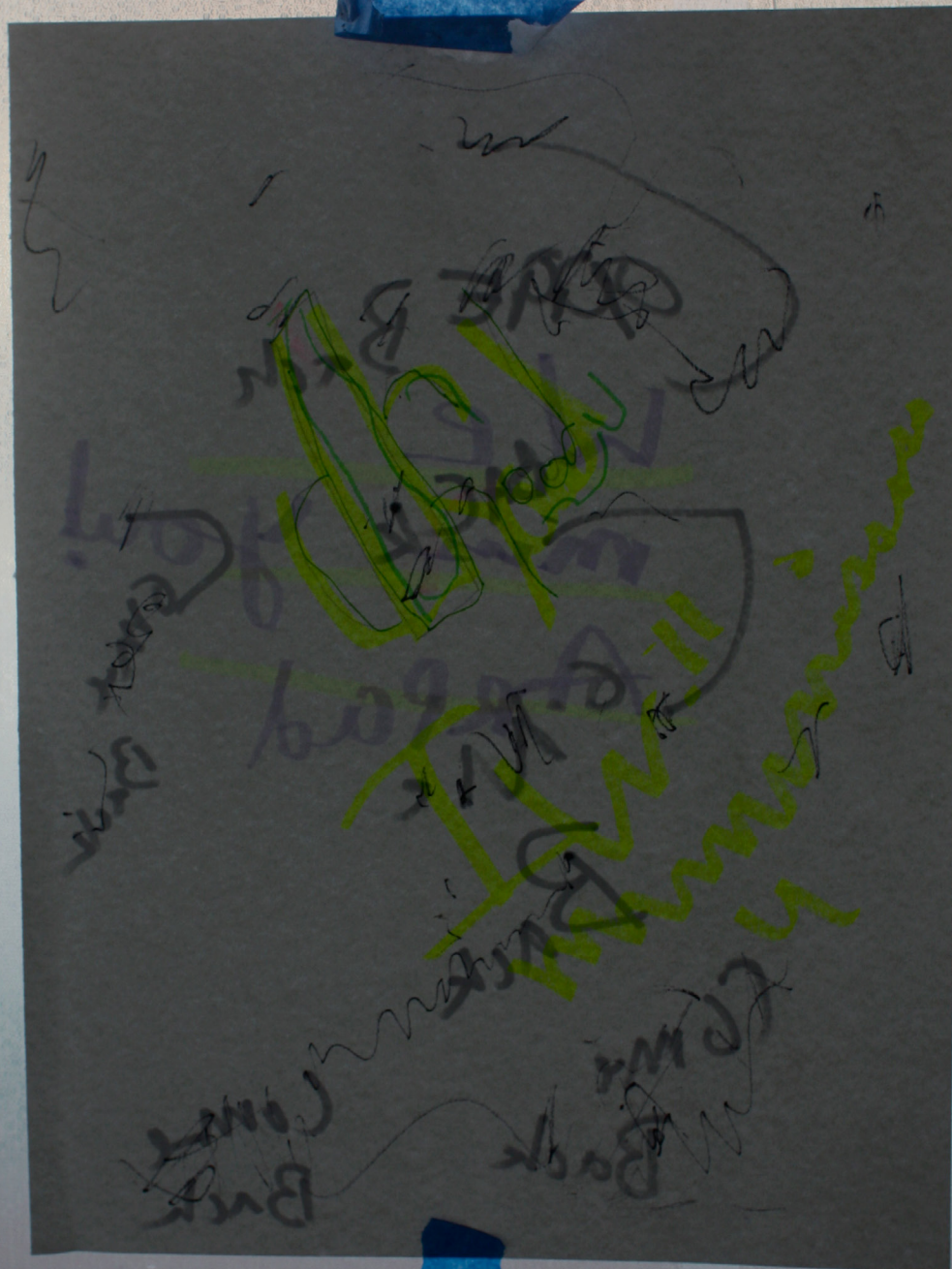
We
miss you!

Appad
Me

Back

Come
Back

Come
Back



1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1



I never
Knew you!
But you are given
back to the norms of
then kids. then in
my today. and you
will be in me





ARTIST: Richard Hawkins

TITLE: Dossier Vic

BIO: Richard Hawkins is an artist and writer living in Los Angeles.

Years, decades... Well, centuries have passed since the last sad addition to this dossier. Old Hollywood and the surrounding environs previously known as the City of Los Angeles exist only as a gray rubbled and barren no-man's-land today, arid and choked with the chalky ash of its former illustriousness, nothing human can survive here now... What does scratch out an existence has to dodge the many obstacles, both natural and manmade, that litter the place: lava shafts, steaming mud pits, quicksand ash, the many throbbing scalding conduits and flumes that carry the surging motive energy from gigantic pulsing black-iron steam engines that serve as this new dystopia's landmarks and on out to the bilge bogs offshore terradumps beyond, clogging the sea canals and aqua-ways all the way out halfway across the New Pacific Salt-Swamp...

Nothing on these shores but half-deformed creatures, patched-together miscreants, cast-offs from all the calamities that have crippled this wasteland... Nothing can thrive here, not a thing... Unless it's already demented or in some way desperate enough or despondent enough to scavenge a paltry living off the grubs and termites that now top off the food chain...

Only wretched bone-draggers for the most part, aberrant species of half-lizard half-man that somehow scrape by in these ashy desert ruins... Lithe, filthy and grey, they leap with febrile agility through the many scalding hazards and with nimble digits and keen see-through-matter eyes sift through the layers of whispering debris and decay to make their meager modest sustenance... A new breed of savage grave robbers, really... Unearthing dried-out fragments of tissue and corpses and remains, bartering them in their jibbery language of clicks and whistles and hand signals to the DNA consortiums and federations whose scouts buzz like junkyard pterodactyl drones overhead... The little they manage to dig up, these piddling scraps of human residue, are then sold off wholesale to higher up petrochemical and pharmaceutical teams that make it their business to turn all these tattered ingots of dead flesh into hot liquid scintillating cash ...

One particular vein, bounded in the east by what was once known as Vermont Avenue and extending westerly to La Cienega runs rich with bone fragments all the way north to the granite slabs of the ancient site of the Hollywood Hills. It's gradually come to be known by the name of Bone-Petosi simply because of all the surplus of flush mellifluent human ore.

By and large the more deep-pocketed corporations have their pick of the litter: ReAnimiCorp, Conocoroccoco, Micro-Exxono-soft, Mal-Wart etc etc... Snatching up genetic trace bone shards for a dime, gypping the corpse-draggers out of even the smallest modicum of profit and churning out cheap zombie knockoffs of hulking laborers, competitive sex athletes, B-grade tramps, Scientistologist starlets... Just junk market reanimants, robocrap, fleshmarket souvenirs... Sold off for hundreds of times over the cost of production to all the evangelical skinshows, rural crackhouses, juke joints and ramshackle cargo cults that always crop up in the bio-dome ghettos and hydro-slums further offshore...

One smaller corporation though, Lotus Island Inc, banking on their own innovation rather than high-yield glut market greed, has undermined some of the corporate dominance by scooping up some of the least practical of the bone samples and spinning them into the most wondrous applications. Building on the foundation of their own ZombiFux line of clockwork sex novelties and self-lubricating love-dolls and through the ingenious labors of a small team of "perversioneers" the company has been able to invent processes which have cut decades off of breeding replicants from petri dishes, glass beakers and Erlenmeyer flasks and can produce full-fledged walking talking buttfucking wisecracking re-animants over the course of an afternoon. Sidestepping the major corporation fetish for Big Name DNA celebrity samplings, Lotus Inc has been able to be the sole dominating force in the adult-oriented zombie entertainment marketplace by concentrating

primarily on niche and fetish market attractions. Some of their most popular hits include: The Phyllis Diller Show, The Charles Nelson Reilly / Paul Lynde Comedy Hour, The JoAnne Worley Cavalcade of Stars, Sid & Marty Krofft Present!, Al Parker Rides Again, Kip Noll's Boys of Venice Review, Jon and JW King's Brothers Should Do It Live Again and Again, Leo & Lance: Blonds Do It More Better, Harley Davidson Presents: Arpad Miklos in Meatmarket Resurrection: Live Raw and Uncut... etc etc.

*

Out of the dank ashen grime of ancient East Hollywood the smallest of osseous fragments was found – a sliver really, spaded, sluiced, palmed up and panned through the filthy toady fingers of one of the scads of slithering excavators harvesting the area. Closer laboratory inspection revealed that traces of the antiquated primitive drug crack cocaine had exuded from its core. The tiny splinter was offered up for auction with the simple listing:

Boneshard GG4270H11K

Excavation site: E-HWD 90027

DoD: circa Ultra-Fundamentalist Era, Decade 01

Species: Humanoid

Sex: Male

Age: mid 40s

Note: cursory examination of bio-strands indicate medium but sturdy bone structure of Centro-Americanische Latinesque extraction with sub-strains of Mongoloid heritage. Superficial markers for pharmaceutical dependency.

Preliminary Occupational Classification: Over-the-Hill Crackhead Laborer of Mixed Ethnicity

Reanimation Grade: less than * out of *****

Cash price: 2 riyals

Barter price: 1 bio-seed of any genus / one half-glass of unpurified water / one rusty old tin can / one vintage plastic grocery sack / or equivalent...

At first glance it didn't seem to be the most worthwhile specimen. The auction search-engines of Mal-Wart first highlighted it simply based on the keywords "Mongoloid" and "Laborer." Even the presumed drug dependency wasn't that much of a problem since half the labor for the company's manufacturing plants spend their shifts hooked up to intravenous doses of taurine in order to monopolize production potential. But the words "over-the-hill" caused the fragment to be thrown out – of all of Mal-Wart's amazingly productive Chinese worker reani-drones, most are decommissioned by the age of 14.

The only bidders of any significance were the forward-thinking research staff at Lotus Inc. Based on the advocacy, specifically, of board member and founder Dr. Tobias who stated, according to public record, "You know... well, lemme think... hmmm... I used to live somewhere over near there. You ever hear of an old 90s porn star named Vic Hall...? Well, the location's certainly right... the description's promising... I told you we're opening a new bar, 'Tough Titties'... a Vic Hall doll would be perfect for that... and look how cheap it is... I say we put in a bid... and, you know what? - might as well put in a really high bid... I want to have a look if only just for my own personal collection... and I've got plenty of old grocery sacks and tin cans back at the house..."

*

The first experiments at re-animating the porn star material from the bone shard were seemingly

inconclusive, only a mass of jellyfish-like tissue about the size of a terrapin, floating in a puddle of slimy scummy fluid... Whitish-pink, translucent and discoloured in spots, showing the merest evidence of a tiny tail to mark its distinction from otherwise purely inert matter. The first observations of Dr. Tobias, though, are worth quoting at length: “tail, my ass... take another look son, that’s not a tail – it’s his damn dick... see how wide and thick and creamy and delicious it’s becoming? ... that cleft you see is probably the makings of a pretty incredible ass... and what’s that you say? Melanoma? ... why, any idiot can see - as blurred as it is – those are his goddamned tattoos... and see those two little brown spots above them? Touch one with the end of your scoopula and see what happens... haha see? ... Hello there, Vic... Those’ll be his hot little sensitive nipple-buds... Now do me a favor, son... upload some of this genetic material into a few of those new boybots I’m having delivered... and while you’re at it, there’s no reason to not graft at least a little of this onto something we might have down in the morgue... Yeah, just pick out something fresh and young before the Chinese chefs get ahold of it... I’d tell you there’s no rush but, literally son, I’ve been waiting for this day a long damn time...”

The Vic-bots were pretty much of a bust. Something about the character-rich fluid coursing through their tubes and pipes reacted against their more machinic brain-pans and made them rather resistant – either that or just plain indolent. Unlike the other bots from the same batch – charming ambitious and slutty to the last one – the Vic-bots spent all their ticking energy and kettle-boiling forces to chase girls and trannies – but even that with only half-hearted enthusiasm. They didn’t show up for work at the gogo bars they were consigned to, got into angry brawls on street corners and generally spent most of their time locked up in the Queen’s Landing brig. The few of them that survived became members of the hobo, wino and bum class you see throughout Lotus Island today.

The graft zombie Vic, on the other hand, thrived... in a way. Patched into the resilient bright flesh of a recently deceased sauropod, the pliant frog-flesh soon embraced the vibrant markers of the long-dead porn star, smoothing out its moist and rough ridges and ruffles into the rounded planes of the most rich succulent skin... The nipples responded to the great call of hereditary indicators, hardening up and rounding out to dark thick hyper-sensitive popart protrusions... Sprouting thick batches of coal-black hair at distinctive well-contained locations: the dense silky thatch that commanded the top of the zombie whore’s head, two thick luxurious hunks of it at both armpits and, nestled at the downward pinnacle of his milky smooth curving belly, a compact jungle of it, wiry yet silken, black as a raven, the appropriately feathery crown to the king-size cock and balls hanging below... Every surface and sinew of the frog’s corpse innervated by the boy prostitute’s spunky supple invigorating force, heating it up, filling it out into pleasingly substantial masses of gleaming white boyflesh with only the slightest hint of its former icy cold-bloodedness, particularly around the back, bubbling up in frosty residuals along the surface of that amazing cool-to-the-touch tremendously phenomenal and munchable ass...

There were problems, of course, as there are with any new investigative technologies. Vic wobbled a bit, jerking slightly along in a discombobulated bow-legged way – but only just slightly. The features of the face took to their new form with exacting precision except for the quirk of a faintly higher, broader forehead, a side-effect of the new reani-melding zombie works it was supposed, moderately cro-mag, Munster-ish – but not so distractingly so...

Despite any quibbles of absolute verisimilitude, ReAniVic was a resounding success, especially to old timers who had been fans of his movies and would sometimes just have him over to bartend cocktail hours in his underwear or else sit, holding their hands, watching old faggy movies on TMC. For whatever reason the New Improved Vic was just that – new and improved – any of the

resistance and temperamentalness, any of the barriers to doing not much else than the tight-lipped kisses and all-in-a-days work blowjobs had completely vanished. His old school looks were pristine, his thick twang of an accent preserved in all its seductive integrity and his attitude refreshingly compliant. Even to the extent that, despite a pre-zombie career of holding out on bottoming to the last possible desperate second, we have this final kink to report from at least one satisfied customer, “It was amazing... When he was sticking that big ole fat dick up me and, for whatever strange reason, I just wasn’t feeling it, Vic said ‘Oh, that not working for you mister? Here, how’s about we switch? I’m my best at cowgirl if that’s ok with you’.”

ARTIST: Jamil Hellu

TITLE: R.I.P. Arpad

BIO: Born in Brazil, Jamil Hellu earned his MFA in art practice from Stanford University in 2010 and was granted a BFA degree in photography from the San Francisco Art Institute in 2003. He lives in San Francisco.

CONTACT: <http://www.jamilhellu.net>



R.I.P.

ARTIST: Kevin KILLIAN

TITLE: Eyes On The Prize

BIO: Kevin Killian is a San Francisco writer. His books include Bedrooms Have Windows, Shy, Little Men, Arctic Summer, Argento Series, I Cry Like a Baby, Action Kylie, Impossible Princess, Spreadeagle, and Tagged.

EYES ON THE PRIZE

Been a roller coaster rush, this dying phase,
The year goes by like the brass ring that once I grabbed for,
 Sullen, naked, my genitals bouncing as up I tossed my hair,
 down on the balls of my feet, I was lucky I guess,
Everything I wanted came to me and I lived till I met you, Arpad,
I was a little depressed, but you caught it worse,
you the chemist who turned to porn, to get out, to get off,
 You brushed the hair of the perfume genius so womanly,
the penny drops, I click on it, I understand,
 love makes us servants out of each other. If I could,
 I'd mend that chemistry that caught your dick in my hole,
but somehow let you down at the very NY second—
 February sheaf, for Arpad Miklos, in the garden of Chaldea.



ARTIST: Matthew Lawrence

TITLE: Closer 1 / Closer 2

BIO: Matthew Lawrence co-edits a magazine called Headmaster and runs a Tumblr called Naked Pictures Of Your Dad.

CONTACT: mixtapesforhookers@gmail.com

Arpad was stunningly, stupidly handsome. I saw him in real life only once, at an awards show for male escorts. Though I was there as press and theoretically could have approached anyone, I avoided him because I was, quite honestly, overwhelmed by his beauty. Not his sex appeal, because in a room full of porn stars and escorts more or less every person is sexy on some level.

From afar he exuded an admirable, fearful confidence, appearing at an Oscar-themed party in a hunter orange t-shirt that was barely able to contain his massive arms.

I wonder whether Arpad's ruggedly sweet face—the striking, sharp nose, rounded head and dark eyes, so striking—would have been seemed remarkable in his native Hungary.

His body was unspeakably perfect, but it's funny marveling at the physical forms of men with the time and energy to spend so much time at the gym. Bodybuilding is a science, not an art. But since laziness and fear obstruct me from going to gyms myself, why not admire musclemen for dedication, for focus? When someone is physically perfect, why try not to marvel?

I projected on Arpad the opposite of everything I feared as a teenager about identifying as gay. His aesthetic was the opposite of bad club music, of the original Queer As Folk series, of the only openly-ish gay boys at my school. I supposed. Whether this was actually true or not I can't say. Adulthood has taught me that plenty of men look like Viking warriors and behave like petulant children, and that sometimes the meekest little men are the fiercest sexual tigers. Humanity can be fun that way. And really, I was not interested in Arpad's personal life.

An aside: in New York recently my boyfriend and I ate dinner next to two guys on what seemed like a first date. One, a Nigerian-born business student with giant biceps and a thick north London accent, explained to the other how much he loved Kelly Clarkson because her songs really speak to a greater human emotion. His companion, a handsome, urbanely grizzly gentleman about twenty years older, seemed to understand perfectly.

It's funny, that I know more about these two men after eavesdropping on one dinner conversation than I do about Arpad, despite knowing his body quite intimately.





ARTIST: Ivan LOZANO

TITLE: SUB ROSA
(link to GIF: <http://ivanlozano.net/GIF/SUBROSA.gif>)

BIO: Ivan LOZANO (b. 1981, Guadalajara, MX) is a transdisciplinary artist living and working from Chicago, IL.

CONTACT: <http://ivanlozano.net>
<http://giggomachine.tumblr.com>



ARTIST: Darrin Martin

TITLE: My favorite scene compressed with ending kiss

BIO: Darrin Martin is an artist, educator, and curator. Martin's most recent work explores the use of multiple sensory modalities as a way to examine the limits of certainty. His videos have screened at venues including the Museum of Modern Art and Impakt Festival. His installations have exhibited most recently at Krowwork Gallery, Oakland, CA and collaboratively with Torsten Zenas Burns at the Dumbo Arts Center, Brooklyn, NY.

CONTACT: <http://darrinmartin.com>
burningmartin@gmail.com



ARTIST: Sam McKinniss

TITLE: A SINISTER RAY OF LIGHT SUDDENLY FELL UPON THE FUTURE
("SO HERE WE ARE, MY DARLING, HAVING LOVELY CAKE AND
EATING IT, TOO, WHICH IS ONE'S GREAT AIM IN LIFE.")

BIO: Sam McKinniss is an artist living and working in New York City.

CONTACT: <http://sammckinniss.com>

A SINISTER

RAY OF

LIGHT

SUDDENLY

FELL UPON

THE

FUTURE

ARTIST: Joel Parsons

TITLE: Memorial Selfies

BIO: Lives in Memphis, TN. Exhibitions Director at the Metal Museum. Curator and founder of Beige, a peripheral space for otherwise art and performance.

CONTACT: <http://joeltparsons.com>
parsons.joel@gmail.com



Started jacking off, thought
of Arpad, and stopped

|||| ||

Started jacking off, thought
of Arpad, and kept going

|||| ||||

2/6/13 - 3/3/13

ARTIST: Michael Robinson

TITLE: Eternal Fade 1&2

BIO: Michael Robinson (b.1981) is an American artist working in film, video, collage, and photography. His work has shown internationally at venues including the 2012 Whitney Biennial, The Walker Art Center, MoMA P.S.1, The New York Film Festival, Tate Modern, IFFRotterdam, and REDCAT Los Angeles. He has been awarded residencies from the Wexner Center for the Arts, and The Headlands Center for the Arts, and was a 2012 Creative Capital grantee. Robinson was listed as one of the top ten avant-garde filmmakers of the 2000's by Film Comment magazine, was featured among Cinema Scope's "Best 50 Filmmakers Under 50" in 2012. He holds a BFA from Ithaca College and an MFA from the University of Illinois at Chicago.

CONTACT: <http://poisonberries.net>





ARTIST: Oli Rodriguez

TITLE: 22 Instances of Arpad

BIO: Oli Rodriguez is an interdisciplinary artist working in photography, video and performance. His projects conceptually intersect and dialogue within consent, queerness, childhood and sexuality. Oli has screened, performed, lectured and exhibited internationally and nationally. Currently, he is faculty in the Photography Department at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

CONTACT: <http://www.olirodriguez.com>



ARTIST: Erik Scollon

TITLE: Tuberose and Lime Blossom for Arpad Miklos

BIO: Erik Scollon is an artist and educator based in Oakland, California. His work has been seen in venues as diverse as art galleries, craft fairs, museum shows, design blogs and gay biker bars. He is represented by Romer Young Gallery in San Francisco.

CONTACT: <http://www.romeryounggallery.com/>
<http://erikscollon.tumblr.com/>





ARTIST: Michael Sirianni

TITLE: Still life for Arpad

BIO: Born in upstate New York, Michael Sirianni received his MFA from the University of Illinois, Chicago in 2010. His exhibitions include New Capital Projects (Chicago), Johalla Projects (Chicago), the CUE Art Foundation (New York), Iceberg Projects (Chicago), Los Caminos (St. Louis), Gallery 400 (Chicago), the Urban Institute of Contemporary Art (Grand Rapids), the Antimatter Film Festival (Vancouver), Fleisher/Ollman Gallery (Philadelphia) and the Hyde Park Arts Center (Chicago). A 2010 recipient of Joan Mitchell Foundation MFA Grant, Sirianni lives and works in Brooklyn, NY.

CONTACT: <http://michaelsirianni.com/>

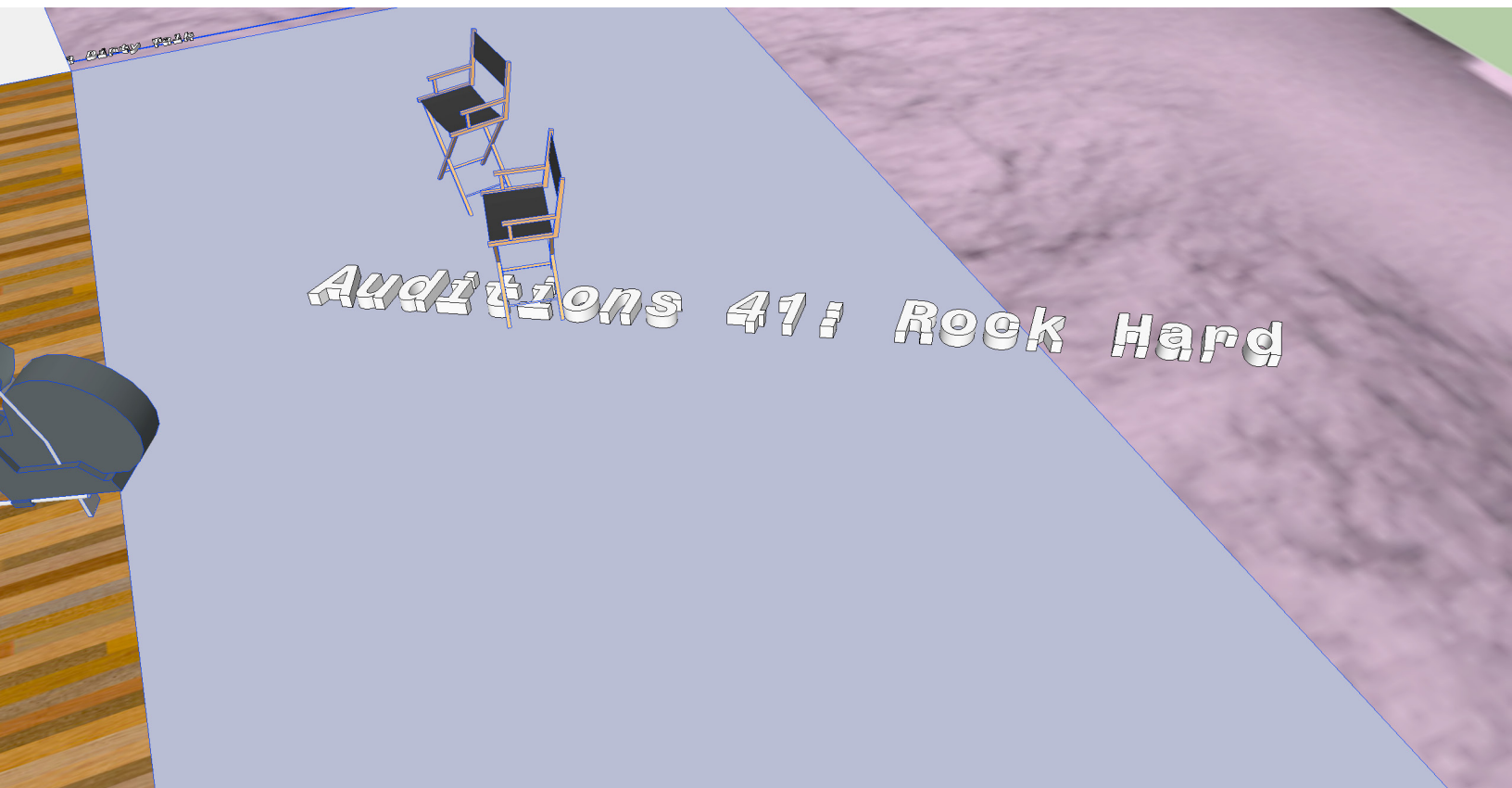


ARTIST: Matthew Underwood

TITLE: Filmography
(link to video: <http://vimeo.com/61489365>)

BIO: Matthew is a Providence, Rhode Island artist. He has recently been in three shows put on by RK Projects. His work has screened internationally in the European Media Art Festival and the ZKM Center for Art and Media (DE).

CONTACT: <http://mattunderwood.net>
<http://mathunderwood.tumblr.com>



Comrades in Arms





Fire Island Cruising 6

... with the

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