


Dear CSI/Candyass,

I must say that you were **"Livin' Large"** (as my friend Trent would say) at STUX gallery. And I'm not just talking about the deluxe private after party at *chez* McDonalds. (In N.Y.C.'s financial district no less). The work as a whole would qualify as **"Livin' Large"**. Everything so slick and custom — including that shocking **PORNOGRAPHIC** calendar of **toi**.


I saw children with those! 

Some of my favorites were the thought-provoking mini-baseball bats that read

"I Want To Love U Butt I Don't No How" and the Leibowitz china serving set for six with

various inscriptions beautifully packaged in gold boxes. Your tempting display of them, hundreds stacked one on top the other in the

middle of the room made me want to charge enough for a wedding party of 500. The hundreds of tiny teddy


bears also, their yellow t-shirts that read **"Will Make a Cubist Painting Someday But Right Now It Is Not Important"** made me feel as though I was in an enlightened  children's toy store. But, you really outdid yourself with the K-Mart size door mats reading **"LOSER LINE FORMS**

HERE" and that Romper-Room colored rug with **"There Are 2 Things I Need To Watch 4 the Rest of My Life: My Weight and My Racism"** was too fantastic. Sentiments that I hope

all gay men keep close to the ♥!

The **in-your-face** high school mascot banners (minus the mascots)

with **"Don't Pretend 2 Like It"** and **"Expect Copying"** were nice. Is this a bit

mocking of your audience? Oh well, you're the artist.  Also, I had a time with those flat shipping boxes with the Whiney monologue. I knew it had to refer to something important — instability maybe?

I am very proud of you. The after party was too much *fun*. The Hampton crowd, too busy closing their summer places truly missed a treat by not attending.

— TR
Todd Roulette

