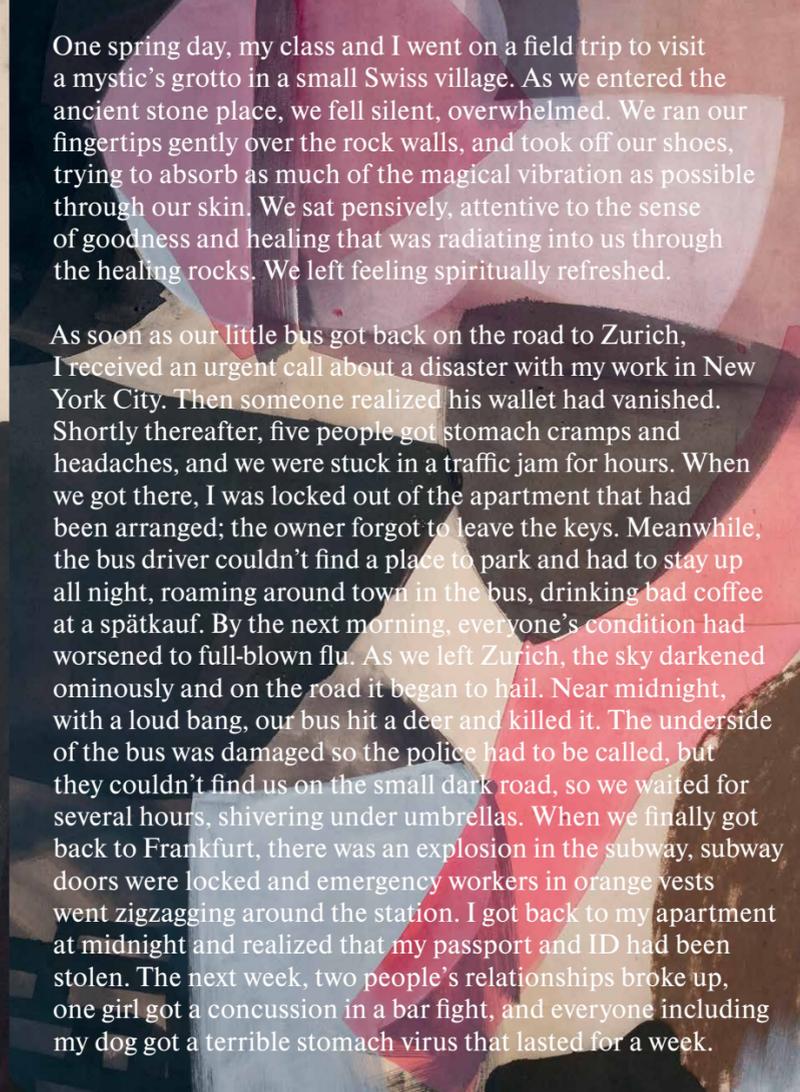




A dog is what there is
to speak of
I try thinking in its language
to find myself interesting
I want to be in this aspect ratio, not that one
Ann Stephenson



Take heed: you are not a gadget, a fad, a slab,
a brain in a vat, a fragment, a nag, an adage,
a template, or a drag. You are not seasick, derivative,
split down the middle, congenital, generic, hermetic,
apoplectic, didactic, spastic, plastic or clammy.
You are not an audience or a viewer, these
designations being politically suspect.
You are an inimitable interface. O schema,
you are polis. You are what you fidget with.
Jeremy Hoevenaar

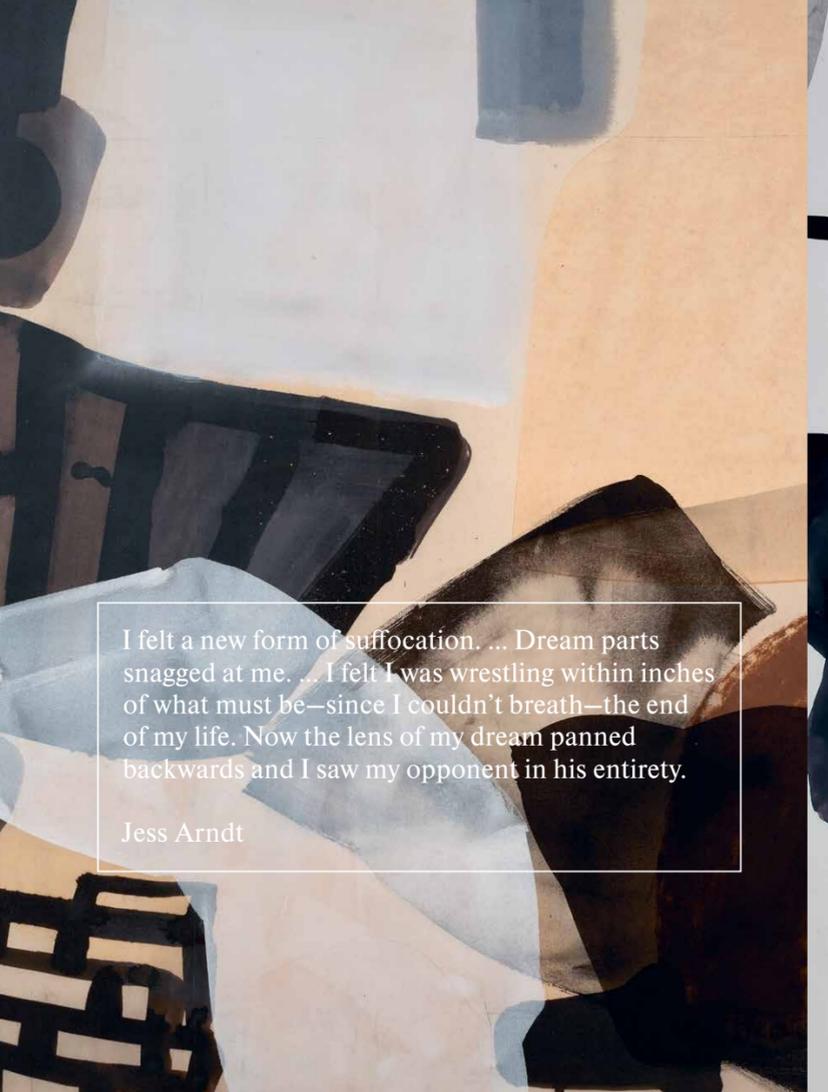
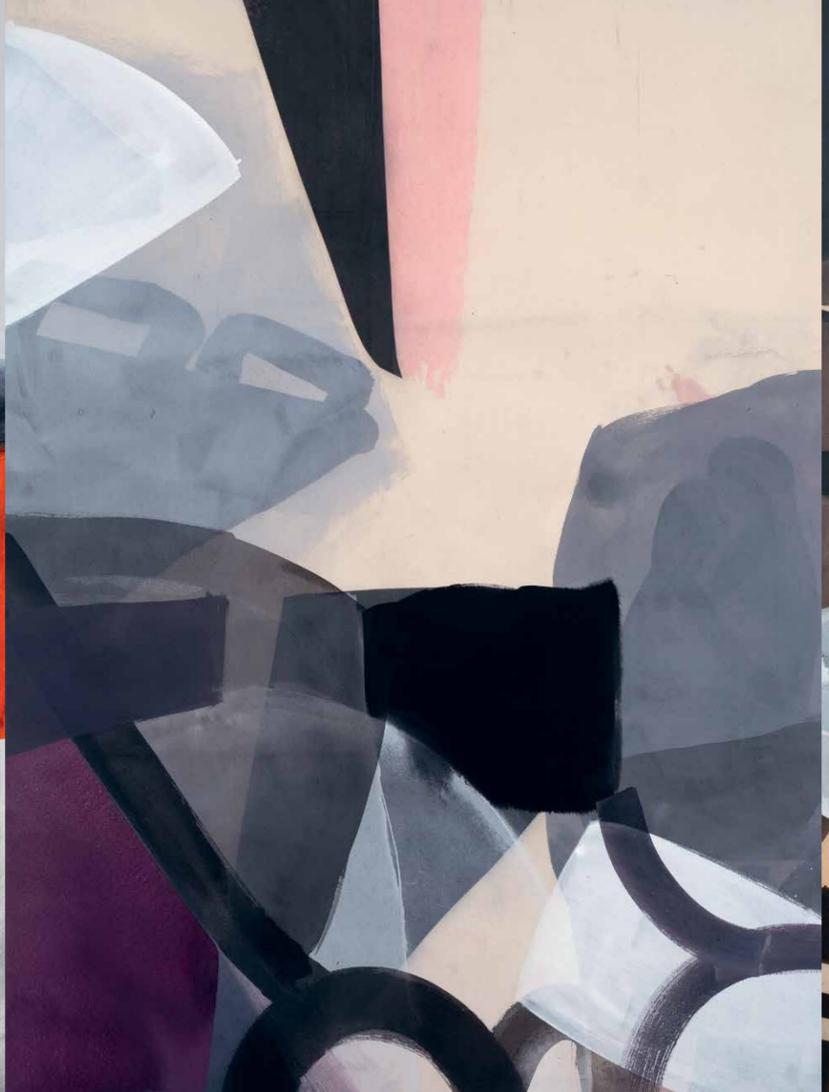


One spring day, my class and I went on a field trip to visit a mystic's grotto in a small Swiss village. As we entered the ancient stone place, we fell silent, overwhelmed. We ran our fingertips gently over the rock walls, and took off our shoes, trying to absorb as much of the magical vibration as possible through our skin. We sat pensively, attentive to the sense of goodness and healing that was radiating into us through the healing rocks. We left feeling spiritually refreshed.



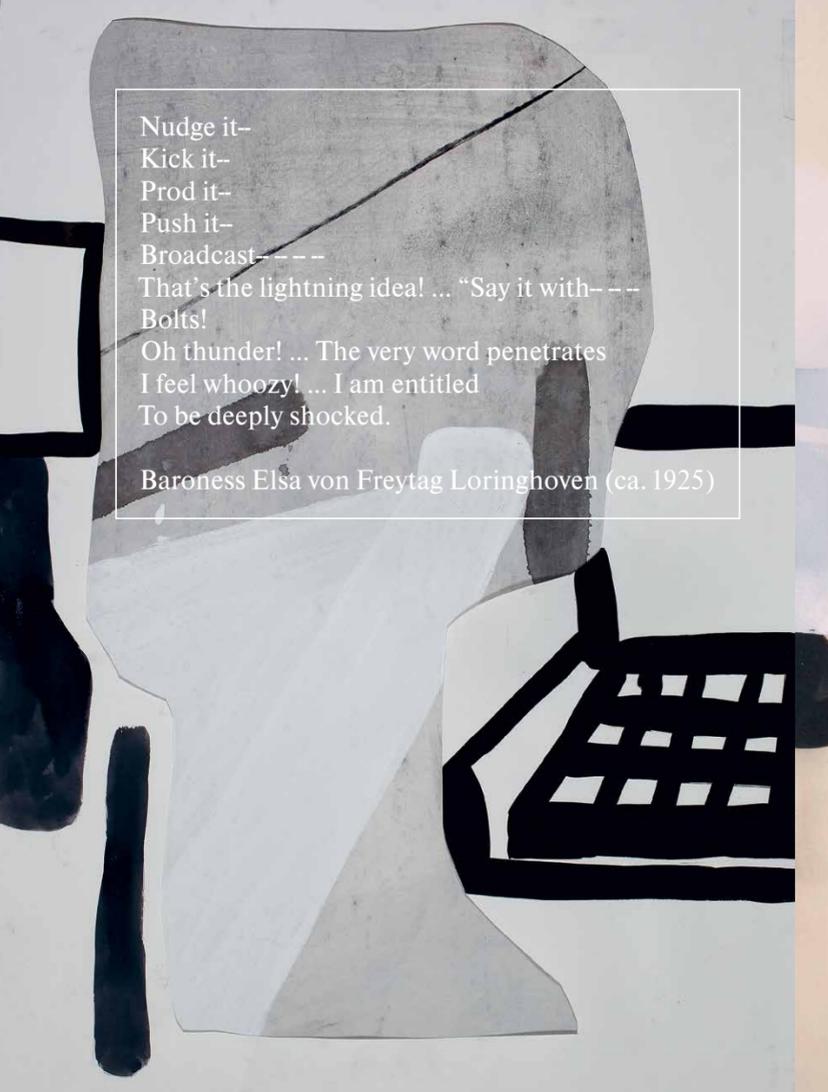
As soon as our little bus got back on the road to Zurich, I received an urgent call about a disaster with my work in New York City. Then someone realized his wallet had vanished. Shortly thereafter, five people got stomach cramps and headaches, and we were stuck in a traffic jam for hours. When we got there, I was locked out of the apartment that had been arranged; the owner forgot to leave the keys. Meanwhile, the bus driver couldn't find a place to park and had to stay up all night, roaming around town in the bus, drinking bad coffee at a spätkauf. By the next morning, everyone's condition had worsened to full-blown flu. As we left Zurich, the sky darkened ominously and on the road it began to hail. Near midnight, with a loud bang, our bus hit a deer and killed it. The underside of the bus was damaged so the police had to be called, but they couldn't find us on the small dark road, so we waited for several hours, shivering under umbrellas. When we finally got back to Frankfurt, there was an explosion in the subway, subway doors were locked and emergency workers in orange vests went zigzagging around the station. I got back to my apartment at midnight and realized that my passport and ID had been stolen. The next week, two people's relationships broke up, one girl got a concussion in a bar fight, and everyone including my dog got a terrible stomach virus that lasted for a week.





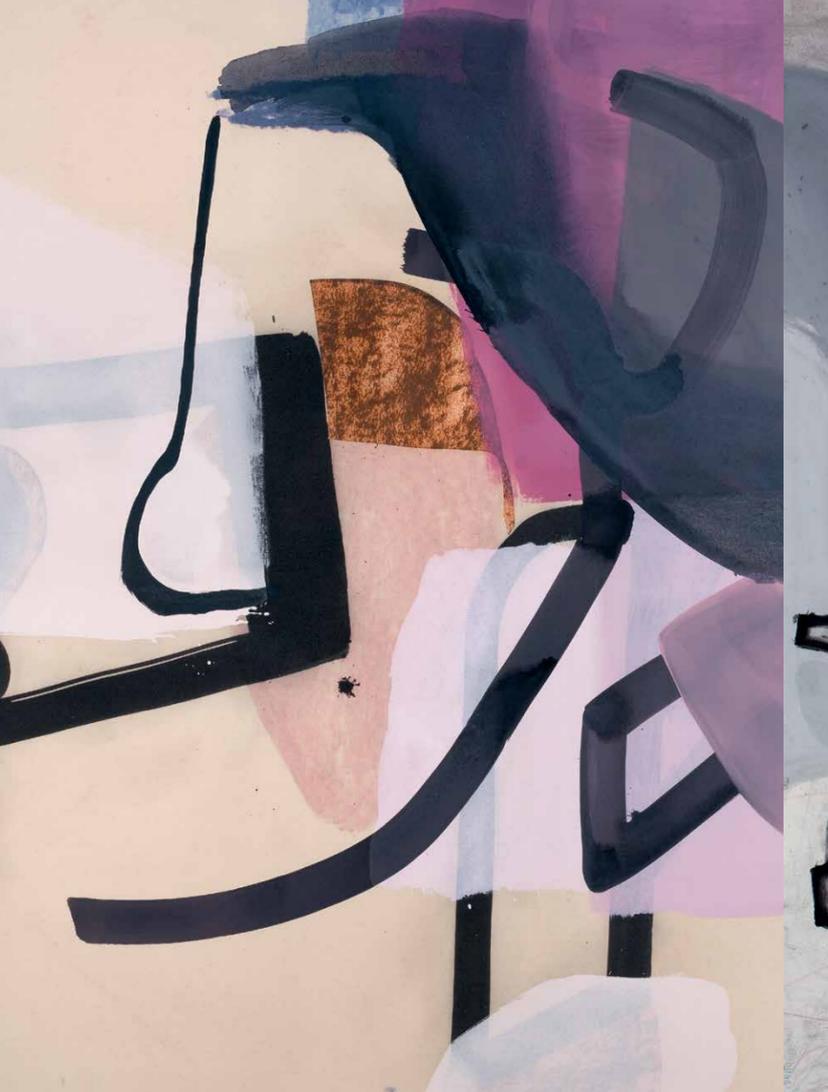
I felt a new form of suffocation. ... Dream parts
snagged at me. ... I felt I was wrestling within inches
of what must be—since I couldn't breath—the end
of my life. Now the lens of my dream panned
backwards and I saw my opponent in his entirety.

Jess Arndt



Nudge it—
Kick it—
Prod it—
Push it—
Broadcast-----
That's the lightning idea! ... "Say it with---
Bolts!
Oh thunder! ... The very word penetrates
I feel woozy! ... I am entitled
To be deeply shocked.

Baroness Elsa von Freytag Loringhoven (ca. 1925)



the All-Over
Amy Sillman

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Jeremy Hovenaar, from *Cold Mountain Mirror Displacement*, American Books, 2013,
americanbooksusa.wordpress.com
Ann Stephenson, from her poem "Between Downpours," 2016

Thank you to Franz Kafka and Quid for envisioning transformation as the subject.