


I got a call from my best friend the ~~morning~~^{night} before the Race for the Cure. "Crispin this is Barry Do you think I could come visit." Yeah sure what time and when how about in the morning at around 8am. Ah UH! Yeah sure why not? You can go to the Breast Cancer Race for the Cure, Barry arrived at 8am sharp. He has been to Iraq once and will be going back around the time I am writing this story. During our time catching up we were walking on the OSU campus when I found a broken cell phone. Look at that phone. I walk over and pick it up. You should put that Down it might be someones, Barry said, What, OK I said, seeing he was noticeably disturbed and not joking. As we walk on Barry says, That could have been a Bomb.



THE NEXT DAY AS I WAS WALKING BACK FROM MY STUDIO
I FOUND ANOTHER BROKEN CELL PHONE. I PICKED IT UP WITH
NO HESITATION JUST AS ~~THE~~ DAY BEFORE, THIS WAS THE MOM-
-ENT ~~AT~~ THE ~~SAME~~ ^{THE} MOMENT FROM THE DAY BEFORE BEGAN
TO VIBRATE WITH A NUMBER OF MEANINGS AND
EMOTIONS.



I Had been reading a book about Jasper Johns - (the Painter), - when I found this Ballantine ALE CAN. I was in a small antique store in 2001 walking around killing time when I stumbled upon a large collection of old Beer cans neatly displayed on a large shelving unit. Each Can had a small circular sticker

 on the underside of the can. I was struck after a few minutes by the Ballantine can; Not literally but by the reference to Jasper Johns. I purchased the can for \$1.00, ~~and~~ I remember being amazed that you could buy an object like this in Mt. Vernon OHIO. This is better than the real thing I remember thinking.



WHEN I WAS a small boy my Grandfather would give me these ~~can~~ notepads of blank paper to Draw on. I thought they were like a small treasure containing a color painting of a western scene. I didn't ^{discover} ~~realize~~ untill recently that the books were from Columbia Gas. My grandfather was given these while he worked there. ~~But~~ He told me he was supposed to throw them out but didn't because he thought they could be usefull. I used them and sort of treasured the memory of them.



SINGLE HANDED

NL Baroid

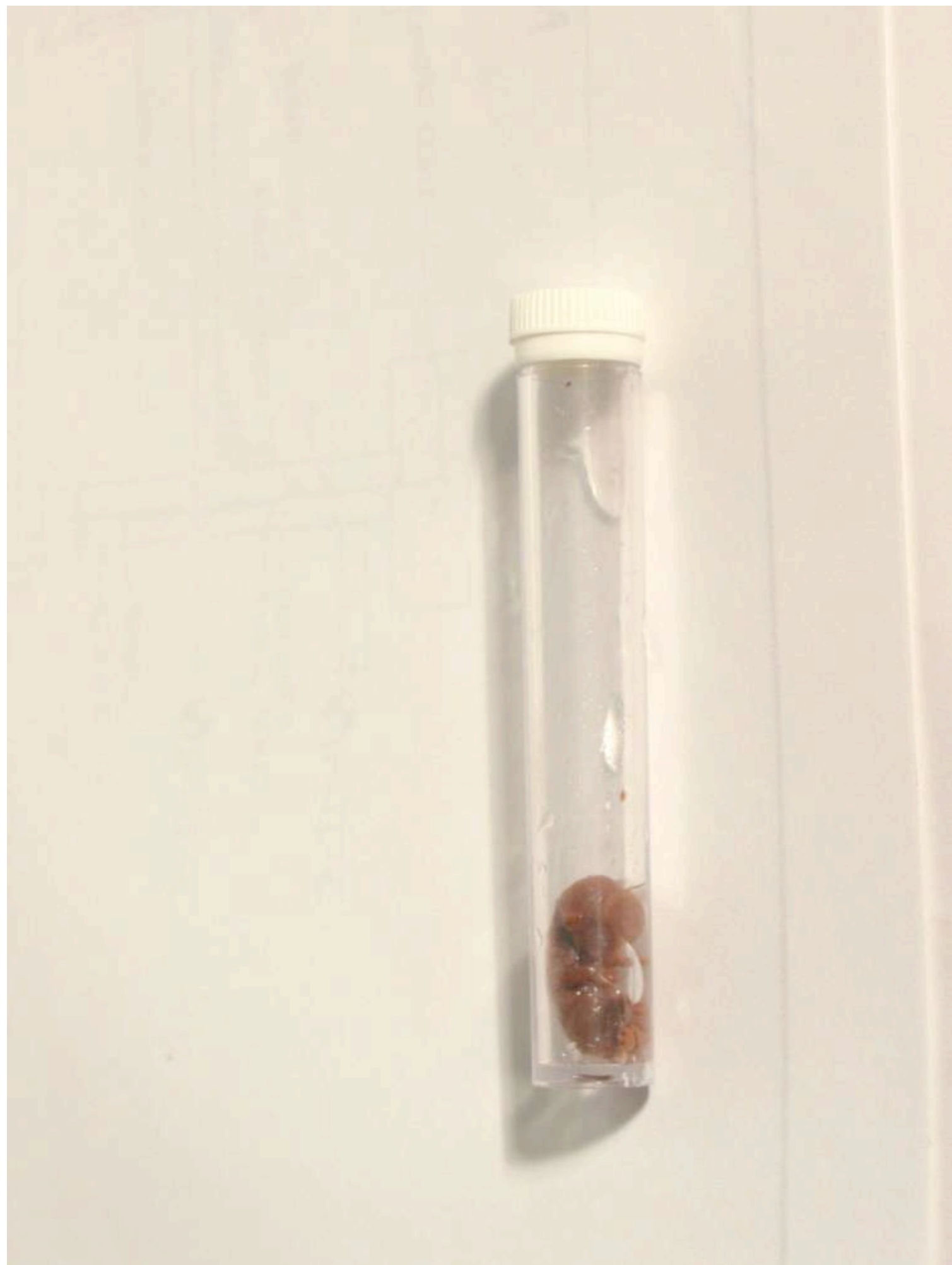
NL Baroid/NL Industries, Inc.
P.O. Box 1675, Houston, TX 77001

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

This green bug was found dried up in the windowsill of my apt window many years ago. I was amazed by the intensity of color that had been held in time somehow. Many months later I saw a piece much like this but that Don Boyd had made. He put a large preserved casada in a small packaging from a retail store. I had these small jewel case things that I had gotten from Ken Arthur so the big green bug found its home.



I got this small vial from a friend who is a physics teacher in ohio. The vial contains a small cat fetus wich strikingly resembles a human or something... I can remember getting this and noticing the brain tissue pressing against the glass of the vial. I have sort of treasured this object because of the strangeness and because of the interest I have for science. I was never a great student and had a hard time in school because i never responded to the memorization of terms and what i felt to be arbitrary information. Lab was always where i understood and acceted. James the one who gave me this fetus would often show me things that i was unable to see because i wasunable to take certain classes because of the prerequisites.



I was up one night late and decided to take some pictures outside with some large shoplights. As I was looking for something to hold I picked up an old tire. I heard this loud hissing and threw the tire far from my body in fear and ran ~~into the bathroom~~. I immediately realized that the ^{inside} hissing was not a snake but the sound of water and air escaping the tire.

As I am writing this I realized I am ~~wearing~~ ^{wearing} a shirt from undergraduate that says "NO SISSY ART" on the back. This shirt offended several people, ~~without me~~ ^{without me} I ~~wasn't aware~~ ^{wasn't aware} This was just recently brought to my attention. I was sort of surprised because no one had ever said it was offensive; I have been wearing it since 2002.



I am constantly being pulled over or being stopped by the police. This ticket is for not wearing my seat belt. I have been pulled over 9 times this year and stopped while walking 5 times, one of which I was cuffed and thrown to the ground. The strange thing is that I try to obey the law and I don't even smoke ~~or~~ Drink, ~~or~~ ~~do~~ ^{or} do Drugs. I have been consistently stopped by the police for one thing or another since about 13. Sometimes for legitimate reasons but more often for some unknown reason. I think I must just look like a criminal. My mom who works in a prison has told me I look like a criminal.

UT-3.6 (7/03)

New York State Department of Motor Vehicles

LW184688 0

UNIFORM
TRAFFIC
TICKET

POLICE AGENCY

Last Name (Defendant) RUPP		First Name WILLIAM	M.I. J
Number and Street 11 West 1st Avenue		Apt. No.	
City LTD JEROME PARK	State NY	Zip Code 10003	

Client ID Number SN 1131779								
Lic. State NY	Lic. Class D	Date Expires 12/77	Sex M	Date of Birth 1/1/71	Com. Veh. Y	Bus. N	Haz. Mat. N	
Plate Number 10	Reg. State NY	Reg. Type REG	Color RED	Veh. Type CAR				

In connection with your alleged commission of the following offense committed on:

Weekday MON	Date of Offense 1/1/71	Time 11:00	AT M
Street Name ON	Hwy. Type NY	Hwy. No. 135	

IN C/T/V OF Section 1135 CO. OF Westchester Location CodeIN VIOLATION OF ☐ NYS V&T Law ☐ Other LawSec. 1172 Sub. ADescription of Violation Left turn into path of vehicle MPH 20 MPH Zone INOfficer's Signature [Signature] Offense Type ☒ Traffic ☐ Infra ☐ Misd ☐ FelNOCCOR 3 Div/Troop 1 PCT/Zone 01 Section/Location 01Officer's Last Name (print) W. J. [Signature] E.I. 1 M.I. 1 Badge/Shield 1

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED TO APPEAR IN THE

City NY Town NY Village COURT COURT 1 of WestchesterAddress 11 West 1st AvenueCity NY State NY Zip 10003Date 1/1/71 Time 11:00ON 7/26 YEAR 71 AT 11:00 M

A plea of guilty to this charge is equivalent to a conviction after trial. If you are convicted, not only will you be liable to a penalty, but in addition your license to drive a motor vehicle or motorcycle, and your certificate of registration, if any, are subject to suspension and revocation as prescribed by law.

Upon conviction you may be subject to a mandatory surcharge in the amount prescribed by law. Your failure to respond may result in a warrant for your arrest or suspension of your driver license and/or a default judgment against you.

U.S. DOT#-

LW184688

I recently found this list from May 27 2004 that I had written for my trip to Bard college. I was sort of confused by why and how this sort of stupid list has remained with my important things. I find it compelling to look back at a time to discover what order things came to mind before a long trip. — what I needed to not forget.

Shave Head
Planner
microwave.
~~Print map~~
Bathroom stuff
100\$ Cash.
~~Phone/charger.~~
check oil and Radiator fluid.
Lib Print out Readings

LIST FOR TRIP to BRID MAY 27th 2004

I bought these small stuffed animals for my sisters girls. The animals had sound boxes sewn inside that I was really struck by.

I opened the animals and removed the sound so I could use them for something.

The box on the right is a frog sound the other one that ended up in a sculpture was a cow sound.



Recently I got a ticket going home for thanksgiving. While traveling I was pulled over for failing to yielding to an emergency vehicle. The highway patrolman made it clear the charge and the price for the offence, which carried a heavy fine of \$110.00. As time passed thanksgiving gone and preparing to make a trip to NYC to see friends and take a vacation I discovered that my ticket could not be paid because there was a mandatory court appearance for the offence. I proceeded to find out that a warrant had been issued for my arrest. What is happening? I thought as I listened to the county clerk explaining that I could be arrested and put in jail if I was stopped by the police. "I am leaving for NYC in a couple of hours. What should I do?" I said to the clerk. I had to go to the courthouse and add myself to the court docket when I returned from NYC. So off I went a little bothered by the whole thing but determined to have a good time despite.

After returning from NYC and a extremely satisfying trip I arrive in court where I must wait almost three hours to have the court hear my case. I was very tired and fell asleep while waiting for my name to be called. I was later startled by my name being called "Crispin Webb please come forward" After just a few minutes I was relieved of the warrant and forced to pay \$130.00 for the ticket and court costs. "Ahhhhhhhhhh" I gasped as I boarded the bus to go back to my studio. I decided I would get off at McDonalds and get some breakfast. I stepped off the bus still a little upset by the fine when I looked down to my left to find a crisp \$50.00 dollar bill frozen in the snow.



Recently I got a ticket going home for thanksgiving. While traveling I was pulled over for failing to yielding to an emergency vehicle. The highway patrolman made it clear the charge and the price for the offence, which carried a heavy fine of \$110.00. As time passed thanksgiving gone and preparing to make a trip to NYC to see friends and take a vacation I discovered that my ticket could not be paid because there was a mandatory court appearance for the offence. I proceeded to find out that a warrant had been issued for my arrest. What is happening? I thought as I listened to the county clerk explaining that I could be arrested and put in jail if I was stopped by the police. "I am leaving for NYC in a couple of hours. What should I do?" I said to the clerk. I had to go to the courthouse and add myself to the court docket when I returned from NYC. So off I went a little bothered by the whole thing but determined to have a good time despite.

After returning from NYC and a extremely satisfying trip I arrive in court where I must wait almost three hours to have the court hear my case. I was very tired and fell asleep while waiting for my name to be called. I was later startled by my name being called "Crispin Webb please come forward" After just a few minutes I was relieved of the warrant and forced to pay \$130.00 for the ticket and court costs. "Ahhhhhhhhhh" I gasped as i boarded the bus to go back to my studio. I decided I would get off at McDonalds and get some breakfast. I stepped off the bus still a little upset by the fine when i looked down to my left to find a crisp \$50.00 dollar bill frozen in the snow.

I walked into this space at around 3pm to find something being projected on to the wall in the space I was given for my MFA thesis show. I was sort of dumbfounded for 5 minutes until I realized that what was on the wall was a large camera obscura. ~~It~~ I had discovered yet another miracle.



As I look at this stark image of a soldier in Iraq it is overwhelmingly real and shocking that the man in the picture was my best friend growing up. Barry is looking into the camera with a strange demented distanced look that is jarring because of the history and memories embodied in his face. He will be going back to Iraq once again very soon. This was written on the day of Monday July 3rd 2006.



This photo was taken from my window in Columbus Ohio 1900 n the st. apt 8. The building was purchased by xenos Christian fellowship during the first week in march. I had been living on woodruff in my studio for the preceding 5 months when i decided to find an apt. I would usually park in front of this building. During this time i had been attending a hom-church meeting associated with xenos. This fellowship or home church is the real deal, accepting all people despite there background or current problems. The day after signing my lease at 1900 N 4th st., I discovered that xenos had purchase the large building outside my window. I was shocked to find out the church was goin to use the building but not push out the poolhall, grocery, barber and welding company.

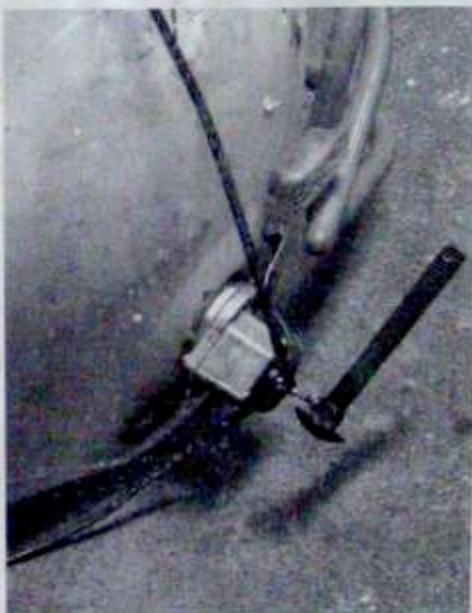


IN 2004 I TOOK A BAG OF GLASSES FROM A DONATION BOX FOR GLASSES. I ENDED UP TAKING A SERIES OF PHOTOS WEARING THE GLASSES. I WAS JUST RECENTLY SURPRISED TO FIND A STRANGE PAIR OF GLASSES WHILE MOVING SOME OF MY STUFF. I RETURNED ALL THE GLASSES IN 2004 BUT SOMEHOW THESE GLASSES WERE IN MY STUFF. I WONDER IF I DROPPED THEM AND DIDN'T NOTICE, I KNOW I WAS SORT OF NERVOUS WHEN I WAS TRYING ON THE GLASSES.



2 years ago I was given a studio ^{space} ~~center~~
in Fredricktown Ohio. Two other artist were also
given access to the space with no charge.
The space is 1 city block long prob 200ft across
or more, basically it is enormous with two
floors. The image on the page is sort of related to
the space and the attitude attached to it. We
Don Jason and I always put up things on shelving units
and walls and ~~others~~ we all do things to them. The space
is named OPEN FLUXUS but I'm not really sure why,
^{but} we are all sort of open to fluxus and like a lot
of the ideas FLUXUS has presented. SO it sort
of fits.

OPEN FLUXUS
an affiliation with PHONY FLUXUS



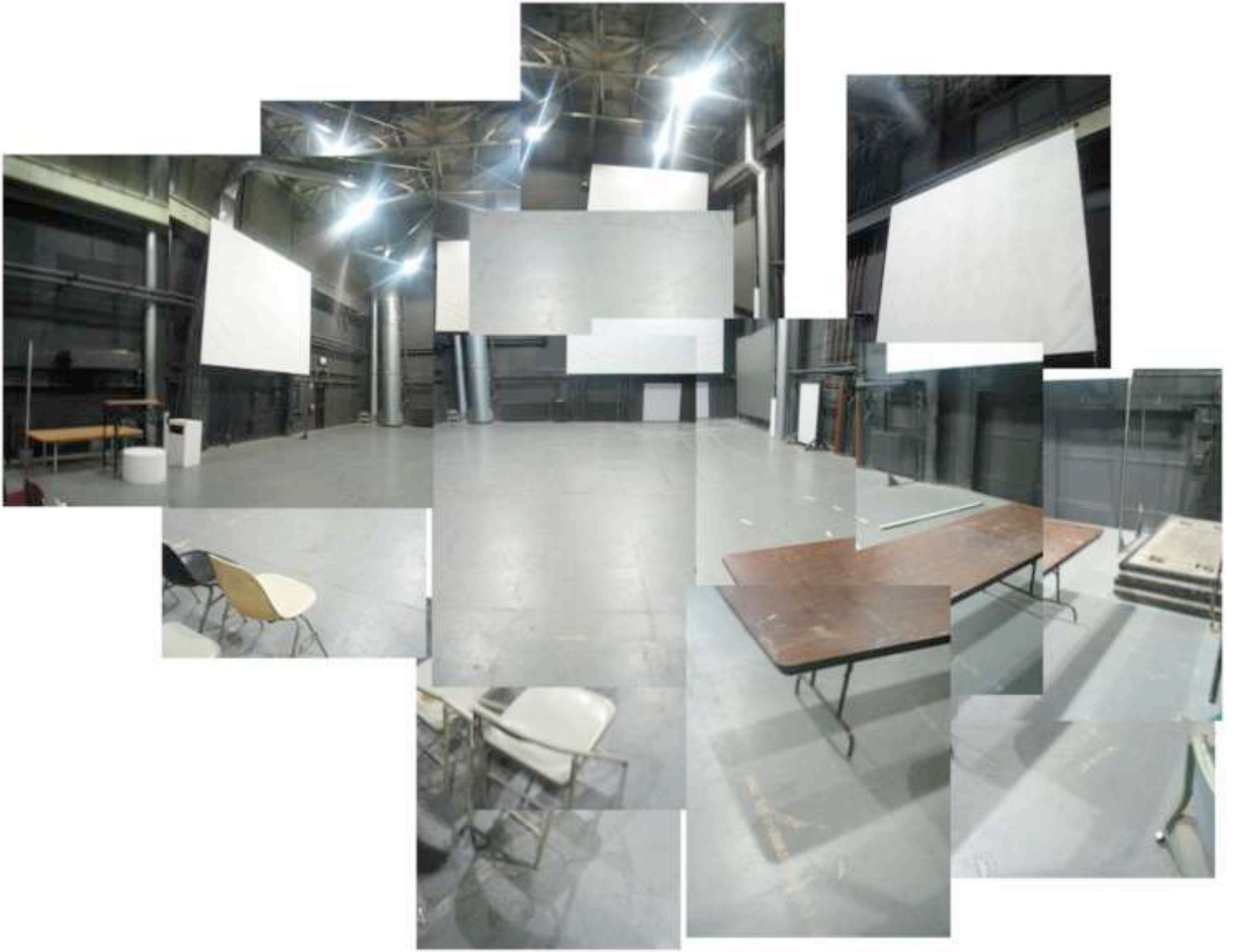
"Mechanical Football Helmet"
Printed with Laser Printer I found in the Trash.
It actually worked, and here's a print from it.
NOT BAD.

DESIGNED BY CRISPIN WEBB

CRISPIN WEBB

15 APR 1996

THE SOUNDstage at the OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, was the location that most occupied my attention. My studio was just off to the left under the stairs. I was not officially given a studio of my own but instead moved in to a space that was not being used. There are a lot of spaces not being used at OSU, so I took advantage of it. This building was some kind of engineering production space which explains the vast open space and enormous window above and the large hole in the floor going down to the front entrance.



This Natural sponge is part of a miracle
noticed by DON BOYD and Crispin Webb while in
the MVNU ART BUILDING. Don and I were talking
with Jim Hendrickx when we noticed a sponge on the
table. We were commenting how great the sponge was and
how it was done nothing else should be done to it, a
finished art work. As we were leaving we found
another sponge in the trash can. We split ^{Don and I} the sponge
in half, and each took a half. The miracle was finding
another sponge that had been discarded while the original
was sort of valued by Jim. He wouldn't give
us the original one because he was using
it.

A FLOOR PLAN



Sponge Story

This Natural Sponge is part of a miracle that was noticed by Don Boyd and Crispin Webb while in the MVNU art building. Don and I were talking with Jim Hendrickx when Don picked up a sponge on the table saying "This is it a finished piece". We agreed he was right but Jim said "its Mine Im using it you cant just take it". Moments later after saying our good byes Don noticed a sponge of the same quality in the trash can by the door. We were witnessing a miracle. I snatched the sponge from don's hand saying "Get OFF, THATS MINE". Then Don said "you can have it, use it in one of your drawings". I decided immediately to split the sponge and give half to don, "here you take half and use it too". This interaction and recognition of a miracle prompted the writing of this story, creating a document for a small miracle.

DATE	10/10/04
TIME	10:00 AM
LOCATION	ART BUILDING
PROJECT	ART BUILDING
DESIGNER	ART BUILDING
CLIENT	ART BUILDING
STATUS	ART BUILDING
REVISIONS	ART BUILDING
APPROVED	ART BUILDING
DATE	10/10/04
TIME	10:00 AM
LOCATION	ART BUILDING
PROJECT	ART BUILDING
DESIGNER	ART BUILDING
CLIENT	ART BUILDING
STATUS	ART BUILDING
REVISIONS	ART BUILDING
APPROVED	ART BUILDING

1. The first part of the story is about the sponge. It is a large, rectangular, porous sponge that is light brown and yellowish. It is placed on top of a detailed architectural floor plan. The floor plan shows various rooms, corridors, and structural elements in black lines on a light background. The sponge is highly textured, with a cellular surface that is visible through the floor plan lines.

2. The second part of the story is about the interaction between Don Boyd and Crispin Webb. Don Boyd is the one who picks up the sponge and says "This is it a finished piece". Crispin Webb agrees with him but Jim Hendrickx says "its Mine Im using it you cant just take it". Moments later, Don Boyd notices a sponge of the same quality in the trash can by the door. They are witnessing a miracle.

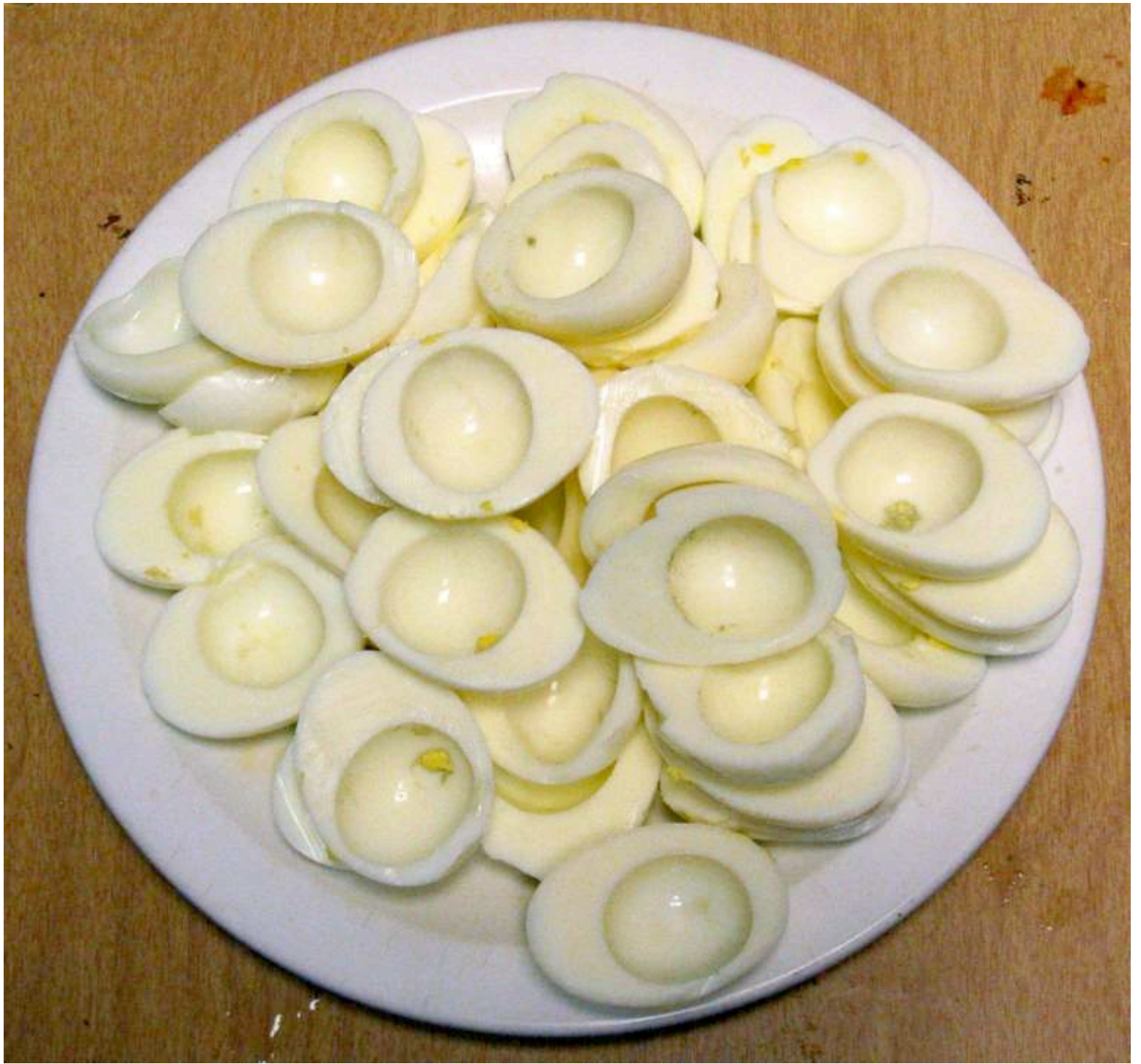
3. The third part of the story is about the decision to split the sponge. Don Boyd snatches the sponge from Crispin Webb's hand and says "Get OFF, THATS MINE". Crispin Webb then says "you can have it, use it in one of your drawings". Don Boyd decides immediately to split the sponge and give half to Crispin Webb, saying "here you take half and use it too".

4. The fourth part of the story is about the recognition of a miracle. This interaction and recognition of a miracle prompted the writing of this story, creating a document for a small miracle.

THIS TOWEL BAR IS MINE FROM MY MOTHERS
HOUSE IN WV. I can remember how happy I was
to get my own Bar for my towel. AS I sit on
the toilet and look at this ~~Bar~~^{Door} and Bar
I am some how comforted and reminded
of years passed and time spent looking.



These eggs were made ~~for~~ for a dinner party where each person had to bring a significant personal or Historical, or meaningful dish that carried with it some sort of embodied knowledge from the preparer. I picked the eggs because my grandmother has made them for me everytime I visit for over 15 years, I used to not eat them as a child because they were called deviled eggs. I tried them finally and loved them so began this tradition. ~~this strange~~



THESE IMAGES are from a series of snap-
shots that I took to send to my grandma
& grandpa. I wanted to send some images
to let them know where I was during
grad school.



I was given a small lima bean by Jamie Boyle to grow in a small plastic cup. Jamie was growing one and I mentioned I would like to do the same, so she gave me a cup paper towel and bean to grow right then. I kept this plant all through the cold months, this picture was taken right before I left. I am curious if the plant will still be around when I get back to Columbus. With no one to water it the outlook is bleak.



This is the first Drawing that I made before I decided I wanted to be an artist. I had been working in the mall spending a lot of time doing nothing. I can recall a moment while making this where I felt a sense of contentment, and purpose. I started making a lot of drawings after that and decided I could do this if I really wanted to.



My first Summer in Mt Vernon I built this sort of Box to use for storing my art supplies. I kept a lot of objects and writings that had significance in this Box. During this time I had been reading a lot about fluxus and become involved in a fluxus group. Fluxlist is an internet community of artist's from all over the world. This summer 2006 I got rid of this box but kept a lot of the objects inside. Several of the objects have arbitrary yet significant stories embedded in them. Pon Took this Picture of me as I was leaving the apt on west chestnut ~~for the last time~~ for the last time.



OFTEN TIMES I REALY FEEL UNPRODUCTIVE AND
FIND MYSELF NEEDING TO JUST DO SOMETHING. THIS
IMAGE IS ONE OF THOSE INSTANCES, FOR OVER A WEEK
I KEPT A CAMERA ON A TRIPOD IN MY BATHROOM.
EVERY TIME I USED THE BATHROOM I WOULD TAKE
A SERIES OF IMAGE MOST OF WHICH WERE OF MYSELF.
BUT SOME WERE OF OBJECTS IN THE BATHROOM. THIS COMB
CAME FROM A TRIP WITH SOME FRIENDS TO YOUNGSTOWN OHIO.
I WANTED SOME COMB THAT I COULD COMB MY BEARD WITH
AND SOMEHOW I ENDED UP WITH THIS ONE.

