EVERY DAY IS DIFFERENT: THE COLLECTION OF JASON PICKLEMAN

It's time Tim spoke. Inside he cries. It's raining. He lies about the room. It couldn't be concluded, he confessed. But it was all over between them. Behind him. Everywhere he went he remembered in spite of himself. He missed her so, he thought. The note had instructed, "Repeat after me, 'the deluge."" He considered drowning. His sorrows came to mind. "It's time," Tim spoke. "Inside," he cries, "It's raining!" He lies about the room. It couldn't be, concluded he, confessed. But it was all over-between them, behind him, everywhere. He went, he remembered, in spite of himself. He missed her, so he thought. The note had instructed, "Repeat, 'After me, the deluge."" He considered. Drowning his sorrows came to mind.

Auction

14 September 2023 11:00 am ct

Wright

1440 West Hubbard Street Chicago IL t 312 563 0020 f 312 563 0040

wright20.com bid@wright20.com

232

KAY ROSEN Oh Eau

letterpress on Cranes Lettra 12½ h × 23¼ w in (32 × 59 cm)

Signed, dated and numbered to lower edge verso '14/16 Kay Rosen 1989/2018'. This work is number 14 from the edition of 16 published by Spudnik Press Cooperative, Chicago.

Estimate: \$1,500-2,000

