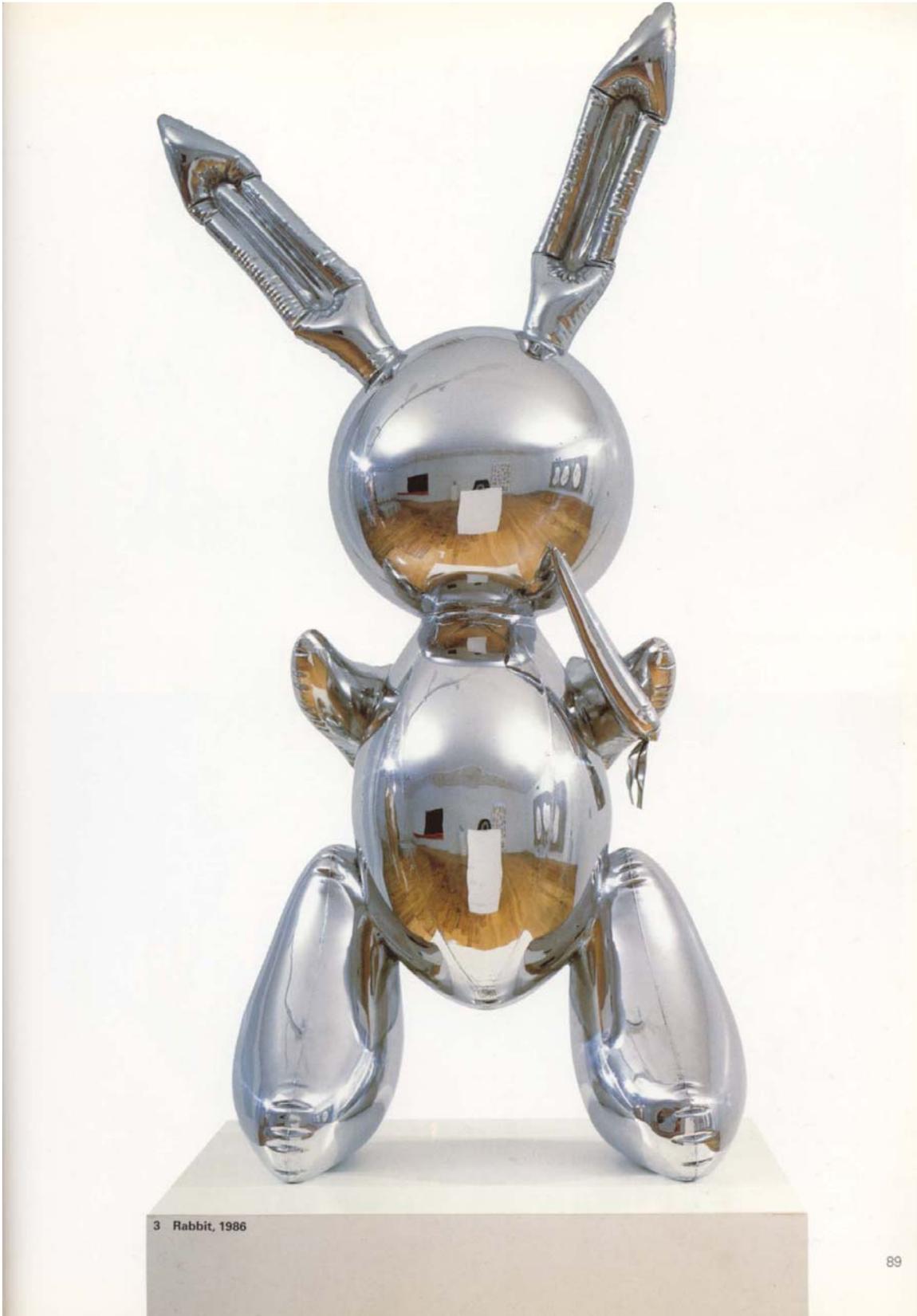


Jeff Koons- Rabbit = Reflexive Rodent



Mike Kelley- Dialogue #1 = Spill Your Guts



## Journal 1

### Shark Attack

In the summer of 2004 I was attacked by a shark. This happened in Hilton Head South Carolina where most shark attacks happen; in two to three feet of water. The shark was most likely a three foot sand shark that was resting on the sand. This happened while I was playing foot ball with my brother. I was running to catch a pass. I caught it, with a great sense of finesse and skill, and then stepped on something sharp. It was so sharp that I immediately pulled my foot up and then, WHAM! Like a bear trap the jaws closed on my foot. I felt like a dump truck was driving over my foot. Then as quickly as it had closed the shark released and swam off. Perhaps the shark was as stunned as I was. I subsequently screamed out, "I've been hit!" Then in true football fashion I spiked the ball. Upon reaching the shore I discovered a thick trail of blood being lapped up by each wave. The need to curse was strong, but the shore full of children didn't seem to permit it. I was so stunned that I didn't yell out shark or get out of the water. I just trudged up the beach swearing under my breath. The lifeguard seemed like she had seen a ghost when faced with the task of bandaging my foot. "A shark here," she said, "this is a resort there aren't supposed to be sharks around here." I found this hard to believe and even harder to justify the next day. I was a mere two hundred yards away from the shore that housed hundreds of children at the jetty. The jetty was full of sharks in plain sight patrolling the man-made fish siphon. Men were fishing for sharks on the other side. Where was the reasoning in this? Building a feature near a resort that is a magnet for

predators. Where was the line between us and them? There has never been a line and never will be.

## Journal 2

### Fujico

Last week I got my dog Fujico a new bed. Ok, not just a new bed, the only bed. Before this time she has slept on my bed or on the couch. These are fine places for a dog to shack up and are very comfortable. Let's say I wouldn't mind sitting on them. But, after relentlessly cleaning dog hair off of them I decided that she needed her own "bed". I didn't really think that she would understand what it was and would just sit on my bed again, so I was reluctant. As soon as I came in the door with the bed, she knew instinctively what was up. She was jumping up and down with excitement. As soon as I put it down on the floor she jumped in it. She circled around it for two or three minutes. She jumped in and jumped out from all angles of attack. She would lie down and get up. This continued for a good time and then she fell asleep. The bed had been assimilated and accepted. It was her new bed and was hers alone. She embraced it like a child. Maybe I should have gotten her one sooner. How did this recognition of personal space help her in her umwelt? Is it personal space to her? What then is the rest of the shared space? My room to her could be a hut in the jungle of the upstairs. My music could be the tribal roars of savages. And to my dog am I her boy? Is this dog possessive? If the bed can become hers can I as well?