

AnnyNymity

“Days with Art”

Once on campus the art people covered every piece of visual “art” to raise AIDS awareness. (So many talented queers falling like lepers seemed unfair— whether funding to stop the spread of the infection was a direct result remains a murky ideal.) We tore gigantic black sheets of paper from the rolls. We bought and/or dyed worn bedsheets black for the larger trickier sculpture. Funnily, or no, silence descended as we blackened the art work, a darker veneration; also, funnily or no, our peers grew somber, watching. Awe, then, communicated. After the day without art the same old paintings or new sculpture or whatever were restored, to what even the art fags take for granted— our dull B-grade art collection on campus. We do have that one nice Grant Wood in the library for contrast.