

House Desks and Kitchen Knives



By: The Grand Cabal of Creative Popes' newly duly elected Wizard's niece, Rebecca

Heeey! Thanks again Uncle Mark for letting me be in your cool new underground Zine! This feels like I'm in a 90's movie rn, omg. Anyway, I want to write this about ART! Specifically the one that no one "gets". Since this is the art-forms debut, you will remain ignorant until you've read this entire page. [MESSAGE TO EDITOR (PLEASE REMOVE BEFORE PUBLISHING): If you touch so much as a pixel of my article, I will suffer you a magic raven to rap at your chamber door (**not** the cool kind) for evermore!]

ART! what is it? That's a good question. And by good I mean, a really really stupid one. There exists a place which in fact is no place, where the forms of, let's say, a golden apple, exist in perfectly pure golden appley form. Yes, just as Plato described in his theory (100% infallible btw);

"... when a man [or a woman!] has discovered the instrument which is naturally adapted to each work, he [or she] must express this natural form, and not others which he [or she] fancies, in the material ..."

So by this theory, does there exist a "natural form" of art? Well what the heck does that look like? Now those are good questions. But to get back to your stupid one, art is in everything, but not everything is in art. In fact, some argue art doesn't even exist! Well those that argue that are nothing but a bunch of [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED]s who are so disillusioned by their little material world, that they've practically become material girls [or boys!]. Can you imagine if you couldn't tell what was real anymore and what wasn't? Wouldn't that be HELL?

Take this House Desk for instance, which is used as I type this out on my totally New MacbookPro™ (Courtesy of the Grand Cabal (shoutout to Uncle Mark!)), it's totally real right? I know it's real, or else I wouldn't be able to write this, duh! But **you** don't know if it's real, and yet you imagined it perfectly. Curious. What about this common Kitchen Knife which I hold firmly pressed against my throat (*I'm ready.*)? Well there you go imagining again. Turns out I lied! It's actually a measly spoon that I'm using to finish my Panera® bread bowl. Yummy!

With this newly revealed knowledge, you are now ready to hear about the radical new art previously mentioned, that will, in no doubt, forever change the artistic landscape for decades to come.

As it were,

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Grand Cabal of Creative Popes' newly duly elected Wizard, Mark, would like to express Rebecca's dearest apologies for lying like this in an official publication. Unfortunately, she also forgot to save her work before I spilled iced green tea on that awesom laptop.

(THE REAL) EDITOR'S NOTE: The Grand Cabal of Creative Popes would like me to express how, while it is unfortunate about the TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS lost, impersonating the editor so you don't have to go back and finish your idea, is somehow even worse. Mark has been deeply embarrassed about this whole thing, and has personally apologized to me (the real editor) about the unwarranted threat issued by his niece. He would really rather you just forget everything she wrote. Also, more unfortunate news to The Order is that they are contractually obligated to submit *something* here before the issues deadline. As it turns out, Rebecca was their best option. After some careful deliberation, The Erisian Zine and it's board members have determined that the remainder of this page would be used for ad real-estate.

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