



The lightheadedness, when you stand up too fast and feel as though you've wasted your life. Soft little dumb-dumbs with flabby bellies and yellow crust in their eyes. Staring out at the world uncomprehending and afraid, but with a general desire to help, to be seen as having helped. They go to bed early and love that more than anything. They get eaten up by bugs in the night.

They are revered for about forty minutes, and then they're shoved to the bottom of the pile. It doesn't matter if they get wet, it doesn't matter if they get torn up. It's fine. You have to trick them into standing for something. You have to create a situation in which they burn brightly for a moment or two, oblivious to notions of reason or quality. Needle them and needle them until they're backed into a corner, and lash out explosively, snot and tears streaming from their face.









take all your shit with you



So ugly so lovely so perfect



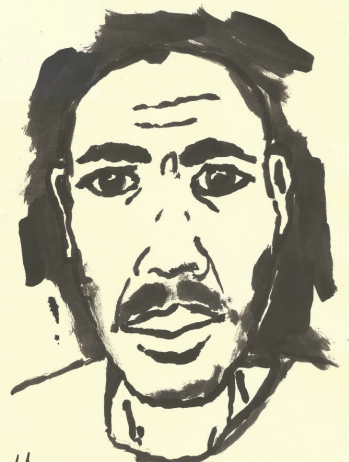
gotcha; nuh uh



how hard have i really tried



personally, no



there are people i love











*When's My Next Thing That I Get?*

March, 2025

I spent a lot of 2024 in a tiny town in rural Illinois. I did not work a job. I made drawings and paintings in my kitchen. I traveled in a camper-van which I had purchased the year before, intending to spend the bulk of the year living out of it.

Did you know that the average gasoline price in 2024 was \$3.30 per gallon? A 2000 GMC Savana 1500, equipped with a weighty Quigley 4x4 conversion, gets about 12 miles per gallon. This comes out to each mile of travel costing about \$0.28, and I drove a lot. It could have been a lot worse, but I'm cheap. And I get nervous when the only direction money is flowing is away from me. So, while I did pass many hours with the whole of my humanity crammed into a big white van, I spent most of my time making art and reading in the trailer I had rented as an interim storage shed / flophouse / studio, and taking long walks alongside the cornfields.

It wasn't always the best. But it certainly wasn't terrible. I was safe and comfortable, I had access to all modern conveniences. But I felt a bit marooned, siloed. I felt a little bit of shame about not having a job, despite the fact that I didn't owe anybody money and that I could pay my bills just fine.

I did get out quite a bit. A beautiful extended ramble in the van down to the Gulf of Mexico. A trip to London with my love on the occasion of my first time exhibiting there, a solo wandering around Scotland, an extended road trip through the Dakotas with my best friend. I had a great time and I'm grateful for all of it.

But it couldn't last forever. I'm fortunate that I was able to afford to take that time, and it felt great to amass a pile of pictures, and to spend so much dedicated time thinking visually, but I knew that eventually I was going to have to suck it up and go back to pretending to be a normal person.

So I spent some time in the fall looking for a job. I was sadly unable to find a position that truly aligns with my passions (dicking around with construction paper at a kitchen table and hollering into tape recorders until I go hoarse), but I was able to secure some employment that pays well enough, is relatively engaging, and is not too spiritually taxing. I moved into a quiet little house in a relatively quiet small city, and I'm just up the road from someone I love so much. It ain't bad.

But I've kind of run into an obstacle with respect to the question of where the art that I make is supposed to go. I'm happy when I have a chance to exhibit, but those opportunities are infrequent, and I've never been great about seeking them out. My primary outlet for the past several years has been Instagram. Put a picture of the drawing or painting up on there, collect a few hearts, maybe a fire emoji (if the work is truly revelatory), and that's that.

Do I have to explain why that feels like a bad thing to keep doing? Continuing to utilize that program feels like being complicit in something I don't want to be complicit in any longer.

So, it's come to this. I'm just going to put together some electronic zines and send them directly to people via email. I'm going to aim to send them out about once a month. You can look at them on your phone! I hope they find you well, and I would truly love to hear back from you. Thanks so much for looking.

- Nick Stolle







OH YEAH  
IM SURE  
YOU'LL  
FIND SOM  
ETHING  
THANKS