

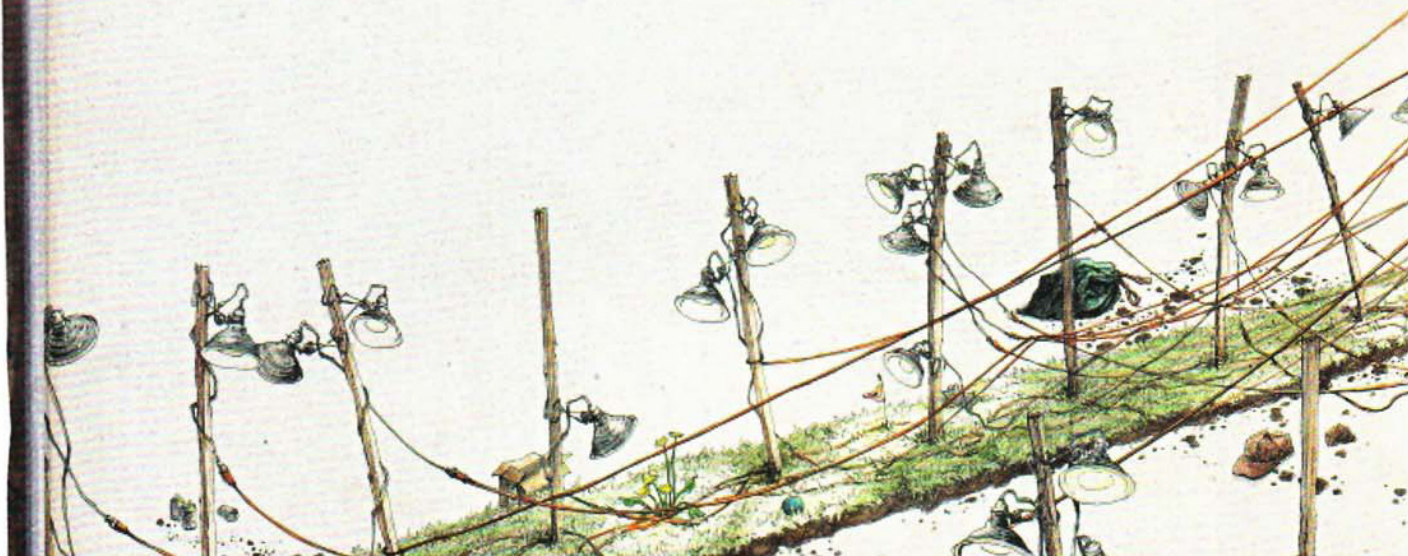
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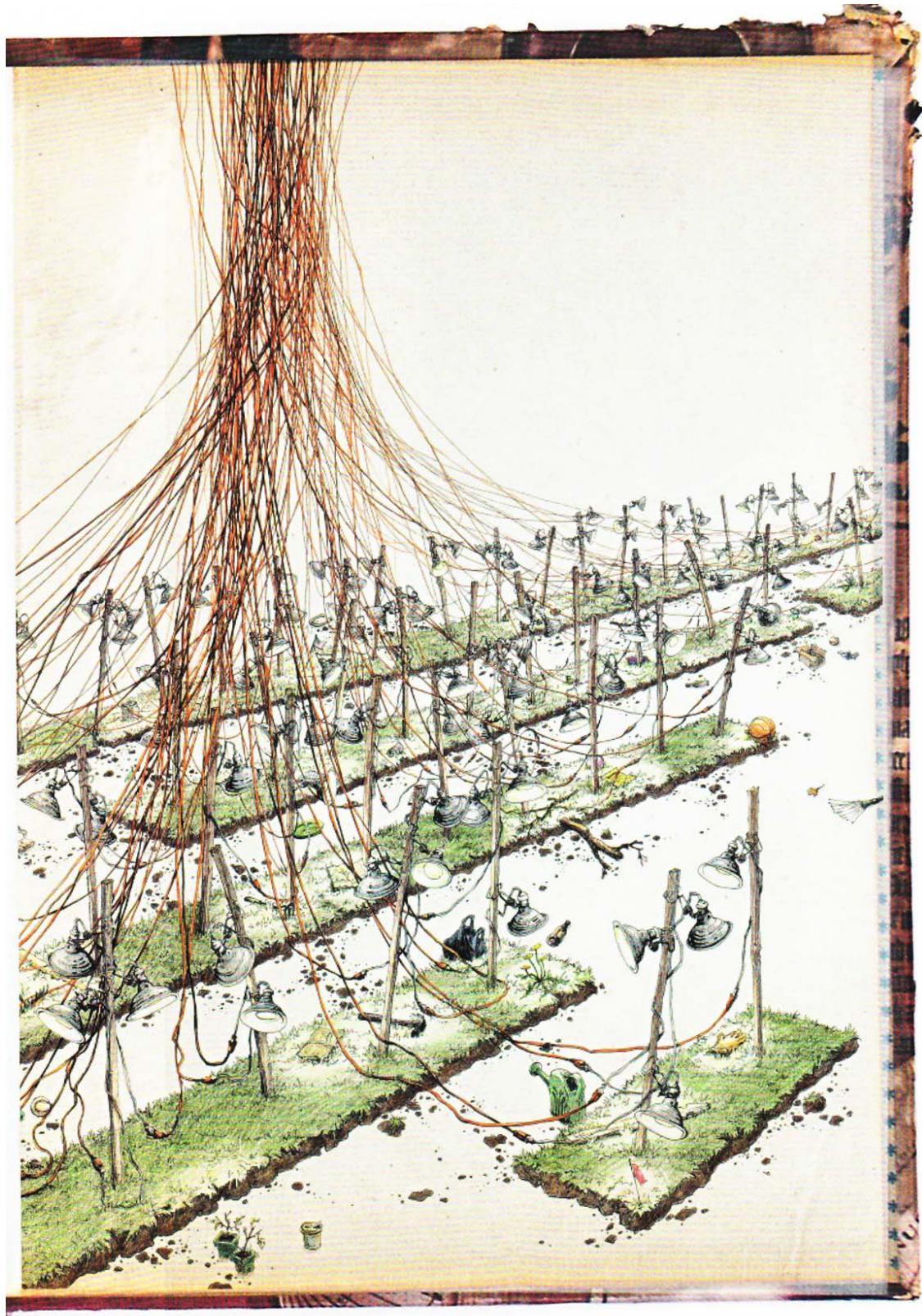
DAVID OPDYKE

My neighbors and I have spent the last 18 months fighting with our landlord to hang onto our live/work lofts. The relentless, slow grind of meetings, court dates, affidavits, arguments and uncertainty made me wonder if it was time to hang it up—move upstate and get a yard?

All I remember from this dream is that I was in the yard. I suppose it was our yard, because it needed straightening up and I found myself doing the work. It was a sunny, still day. I had some time, and it would feel good to actually get something done. A rake, a trowel, a hammer...back to the garage. Fallen branches, weeds...to the compost pile. Potting soil, seed packets...garage again. Beer bottles, paper plates, a grill spatula... Do we have a grill? Wiffle balls, a tricycle, paint cans, sandpaper, caulk, a cinder block... Wait, what is a cinder block doing in my yard? I just picked that area up. It isn't fair. I never asked for all this responsibility. Then I woke up.



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521 WEST 26TH STREET NEW YORK CITY 10001
(212) 244-2344 www.MAGNANMETZ.COM