

Dear Daily Constitutional,

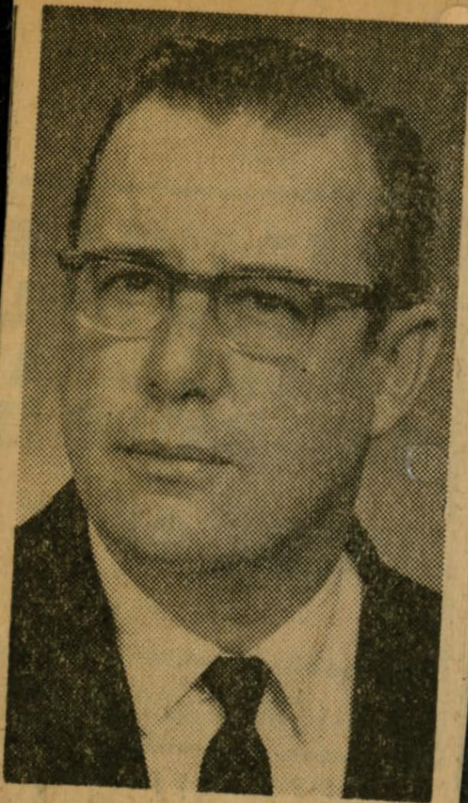
As I'm trying to get myself ORGANIZED, I decided to weed out a bunch of CRAP laying around, in hopes of getting back to basics and to look for clues in my never-ending search for inspiration and ideas. Because the reality is that the things I've been doing in the studio for the majority of my life are the same things that I've been doing for around 50 years. In other words, it's all related, maybe it's all the same thing, maybe even made out of the same materials. For instance, the life-size figurehead that I'm building out of paper mache reminds me of the project I did in 4th grade, which was a paper mache horse head built on the top of a bottle; hard to believe it but I did win an award for that. Then there are the artist books I have been producing somewhat infrequently for the past few years. They contain my writing / drawings / photographs and are usually things I find incredibly amusing, although I'm not sure anyone else does. During my effort to clean up all the papers and flotsam and jetsam in my desk I found an envelope of "keepsakes" that my mother saved for me. In it was: 4 report cards, all of which said: Please Sign and Return to Your Homeroom Teacher (Was I supposed to do that?); the sad SAT scores of an under-achiever (Dad to me: You never apply yourself!); two letters from camp that talk mostly about food, and a newspaper clipping of my father that has a mysterious typed caption attached, which reads: "Everybody has to have a hero". But the bonus was finding a small handmade book, co-written by myself and a friend, Linda Nagy, called POEMS, (although on the inside the words POOMS seems to have been erased out). It was made by gluing sheets of scrap paper from my Dad's office, which appears to be part of a mortgage appraisal dated from 1962, possibly one of the last remnants from my fathers' working days. The poems are awful, although I did like the one entitled "Eight at the Gate":

"Eight at the Gate
Let's get it straight"

So, if I can guess at what this all means and tie all these strange clues together, I could possibly wring some sort of INSPIRATION out of it, and finally understand that I've basically been doing the same things my whole life, and there is no reason to change now.

Elizabeth Jordan
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Everyone has to have
a hero



ROBERT W. JORDAN

S&L League