



unsinn **ZINE**



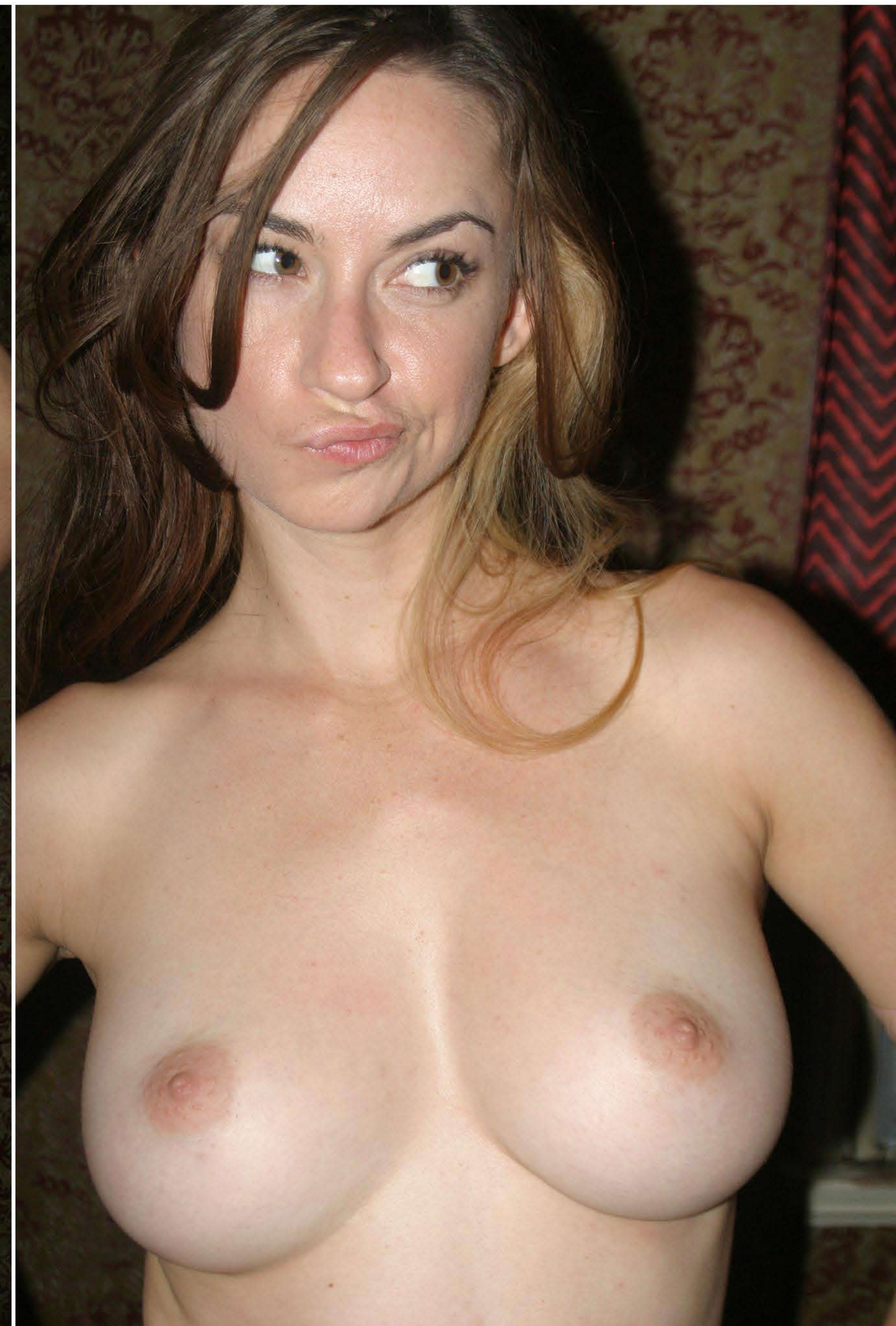




“What a fool believes he sees, no wise man has the power to reason away.”













I SHOOT in a lot of sketchy motels. They are far more interesting than studios and just generally great places to explore — atmospheric and fun, with just a hint of being illicit. Sometimes, there's even a little danger. And they all employ someone to clean up the mess when you're done.

Also, they're cheap...for the most part.

Though, not the Harvard House Motel.

Assuming it was just another budget shithole like many of its Hollywood counterparts, I made plans to shoot there without checking rates until the afternoon of the shoot. I figured why potentially tip them off to what I was doing. But not realizing they wouldn't give a shit about what I was doing ended up locking me into a rather expensive plan.

I had seen photos from a few magazine shoots at the motel, so I probably should have known the owners knew what their space was worth. But, I'm not always as bright as I look. So, with models on the way — since I had planned two shoots this night — I took the financial hit and forged ahead.

For the record, distressed and characterly locations are always worth it.













JEWELS is...well, stunning.

Obviously.

But in a way that feels warm and attainable. And it's fantastic.

She's so low key and natural in real life, if you didn't know she was a model, you might never suspect it. But, like Marilyn Monroe, she seems able to "blend in" when she wants to...and switch on the charisma when it's needed.

In other words, it's entirely possible she is the reason they made up that saying "it's the quiet ones you gotta watch out for."

For my art, though, that natural beauty — with something deeper simmering underneath — is absolutely perfect. And when you add in the duality of her fearless and vulnerable persona, as well as her absolute willingness to be both sultry and silly in front of the camera, she made for the perfect Unsinn shoot.

And the images we created reflect that beautifully.

ROOM 14 is what happens when a dog eats Victorian wallpaper, your grandma's quilt, an aerobics leotard and the men's room of a German discotheque, then barfs it all up into the fez of a drunken Shriner who got a merit scholarship to study interior decorating in Hell.

In other words, it's photographically intriguing and aesthetically fantastic, but you wouldn't want to actually sleep there. Which is just as well. During my hours at the Harvard House, I detected only one guest...a chain smoker sitting outside in a ragged, folding lawn chair and bearing a striking resemblance to Philip Seymour Hoffman.

"Before or after he died" you ask?

Take your pick.

He seemed happy with the accommodations. But I got the distinct impression he wasn't a truly choosy man in such respects.

My point is, either the motel makes its entire revenue from renting rooms for photo shoots or it's a money laundering front for the Yakuza.

Either way, it's entirely none of my business.





PAINTED ON THE STARS

an original short story

TEDDY STARED at the red button, looking incredulous in his rumped security guard uniform.

"But, we're not SUPPOSED to open the door."

"Oh, good. You read the handbook," replied Wallace...who looked equally incredulous...though slightly less rumped.

"If that door were to open, all the immutable laws of physics would become...mutable."

"Sounds cool, doesn't it."

"Sounds like a nightmare."

"Do you even know what 'mutable' means?"

"I know it's the opposite of what things are supposed to be."

"C'mon," taunted Wallace. "Don't you want to see if all of Ben Stiller's theories are right?"

"Ben Stiller?"

"Yeah. Ben Stiller is a brilliant theoretical physicist. That's why his movies are all...you know...so-so."

"I liked ZOOLANDER."

"You would."

"C'mon. 'Blue Steel?!'" Teddy sucked in his cheeks in a poor mimic of a comedic male supermodel face. "That's funny," said Teddy, pushing his words through his fishlike pucker.

"It's a bad SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE sketch that overstays its welcome," argued Wallace. "They all are."

"STARSKY AND HUTCH was funny."

"Not really," Wallace mocked. "Ooooh, one's a neat freak...and the other's a mess. It's like THE ODD COUPLE in a red Torino with a big white checkmark on the side!"

"ODD COUPLE is funny, too."

"ODD COUPLE is a classic. But STARSKY AND HUTCH is not THE ODD COUPLE. Although, when Owen Wilson started playing 'Don't Give Up On Us, Baby,' I did laugh out loud. I was the only one in the theatre who got the joke, though. Probably because everyone else was 14."

"What joke?"

"Really."

"Whaaat?!"

"David Soul, who was the first Starsky...or Hutch...whichever was the blonde one...sang that song in the 70s. It was a big hit."

"Oh. See, THAT'S funny. It's subtle...and funny."

"Not that funny. Especially if I'm the only one who gets it."

"Comedy is an art."

"Nearly a science."

"And that STARSKY AND HUTCH car was cool."

"Very cool."

Silence seized the room.

"Push the button. Open the door."

"We can't!"

“Stop being such a lemming, Teddy. Don’t be a Teddy-Lemming.”

“If we open the door, can we close it again?”

“For just a taste of mutable laws of physics? Nope. In for a penny, in for a pound, little man.”

“The manual said the chaos on the other side of that door...well, nobody can even imagine it.”

“Ben Stiller can.”

“That is so weird. Ben Stiller.”

“That’s the great thing about people. Everybody has hidden talents... and secrets you’d never suspect. I, myself, grow orchids and once met the Dali Lama.”

“Really? I never would have guessed.”

“Exactly. That’s what makes the world go ‘round.”

“So true.”

“Push the button.”

“No.”

“Life is an illusion. Push the button. Open the door.”

“It’s our sacred DUTY to guard this door and make sure it stays closed.”

“What are you living for? A studio apartment, a hot plate and regular masturbatory fantasies of Alexandra Daddario?”

“She’s so pretty,” Teddy said dreamily.

“Yeah? Well, imagine a universe completely beyond this one. Time and space folding in on itself and bending in every way. A reality full of wonder. A life that transcends your most astonishing Alexandra Daddario fantasies.”

“Is that what Ben Stiller sees...in his mind?”

“Yep. Push it. Push it. Push the button!”

Teddy looked at Wallace with all the possibilities of limitless and free-form existence glinting in his eyes.

“Fine!”

In a fit of impulse, Teddy pushed the shiny, red button.

And nothing happened.

Wallace doubled over as he began to laugh uncontrollably.

“Shut up!” yelled Teddy.

“I’m sorry,” Wallace managed between convulsive fits of giggling. “But, you didn’t really think they’d leave control of the ONLY door between universal order and multi-dimensional chaos in the hands of two rent-a-cops, did you?! There’d have to be matching keys...like a missile silo...or SOMETHING!”

Wallace turned to Teddy.

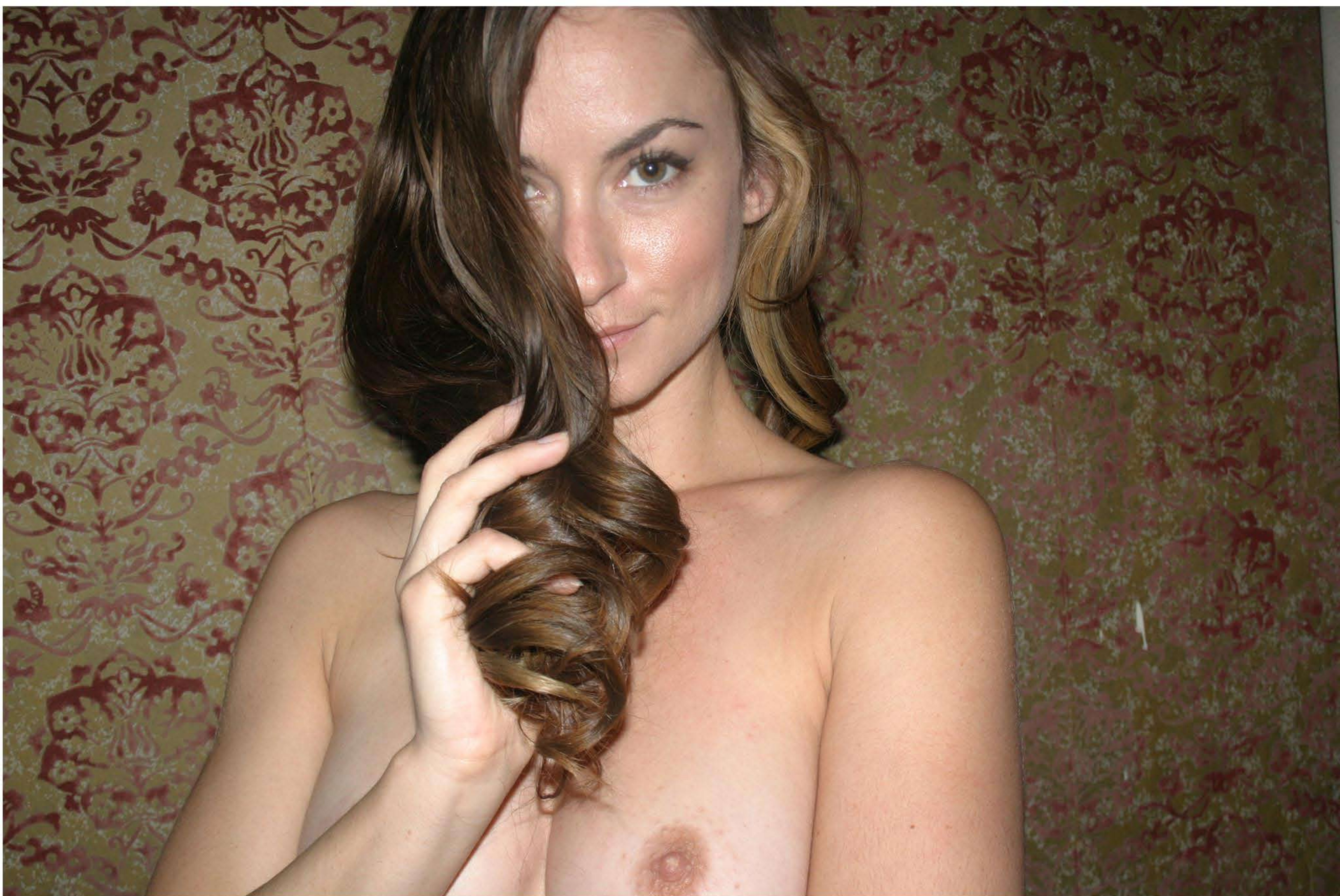
Teddy was a squid.

And Wallace was a toadstool.

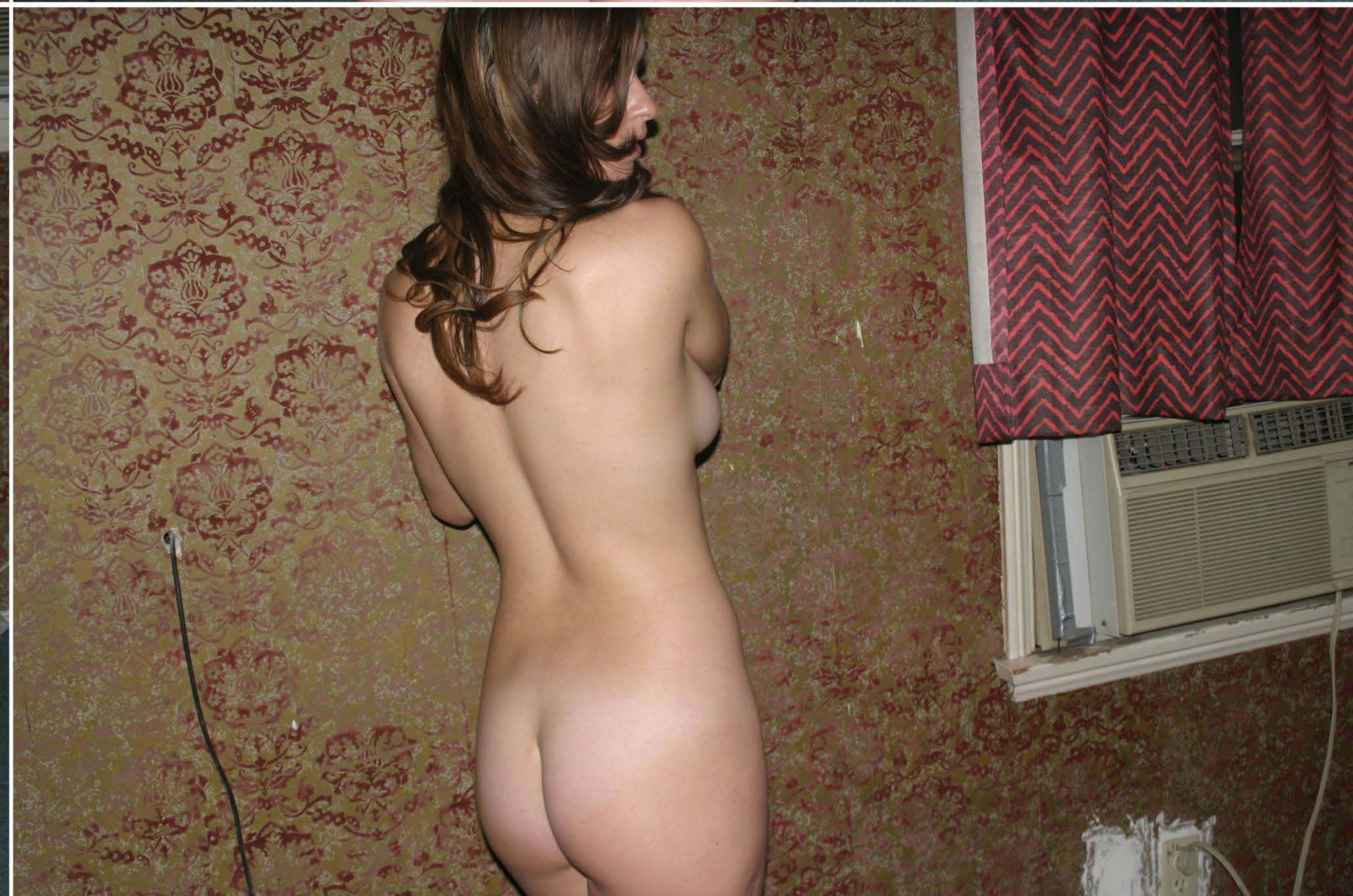
Then, they both turned into stars.









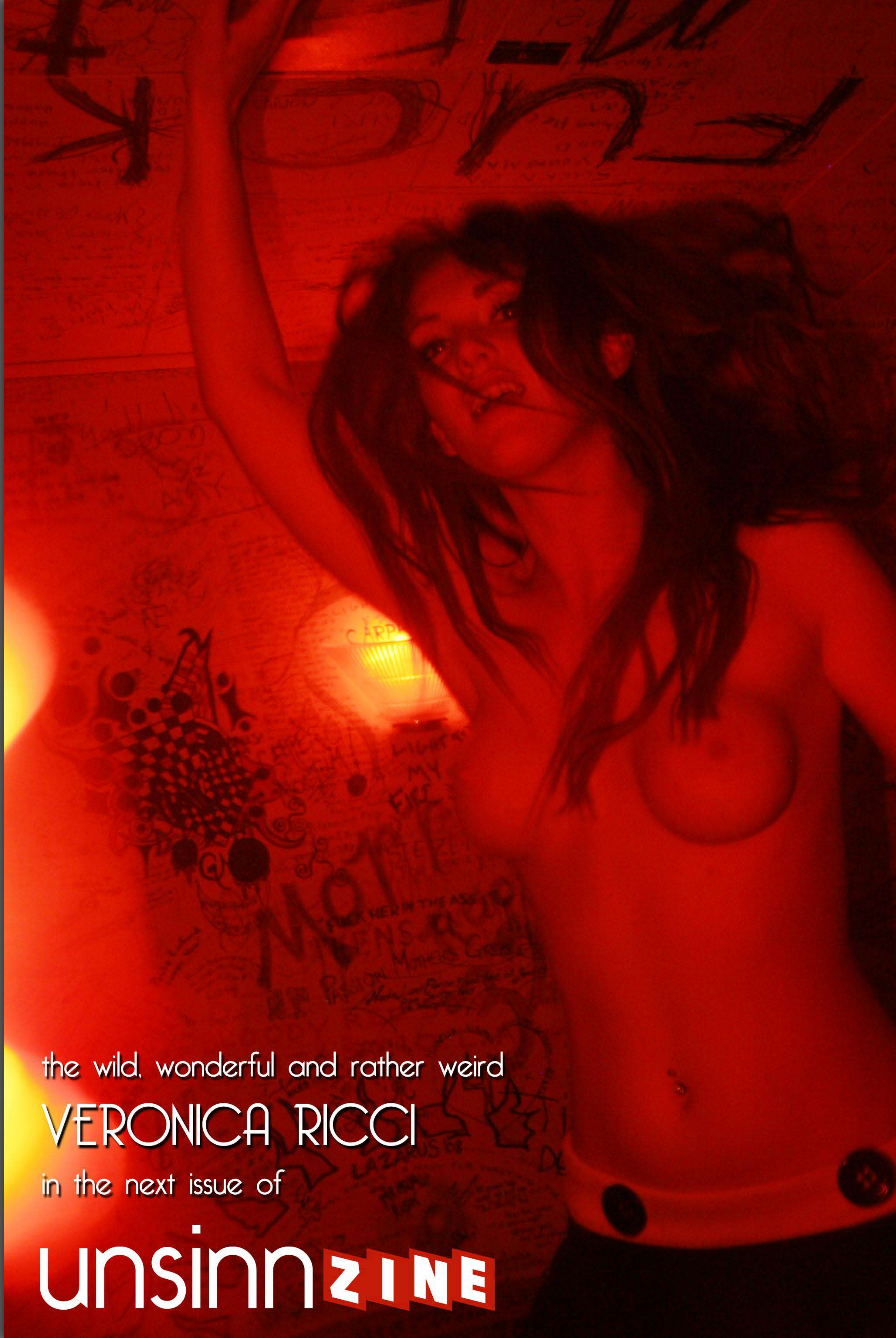








unsinnzINE || das ende



the wild, wonderful and rather weird

VERONICA RICCI

in the next issue of

unsinnZINE