

Hello friends, new-comers, passers-by, and those of you who just woke up in the back alleyway of a Google search to find yourself in a Read Me Document.

(It's okay. We've all been there. Deep breaths.)

My name is Kelly Wyre, rhymes with "here" and "[have a] beer." My partner in crime and ~~punishment~~ encouragement is AF Henley, or just Henley, if you please. We are here today to talk about the masterful art of the blow job. Now, I'd like to take a moment and--

Henley: No. No. This is not the blowjob document, Kelly. That's the OTHER document.

Oh. Right. I'm so easily distracted by the shiny and the shaft-shaped.

Ahem.

Take two, then.

Hi! We're here, today, to talk about art.

Those of you trying to run are going to find the doors barred from the outside and that the windows are holes into dimensions full of beasts recreating the legend of the *Vagina Dentata*.

I'll be brief--

*Henley: *COUGHS**

--despite the rumors you may have heard that it is physically impossible for me to do so. You see, sub-section B of paragraph three in chapter thirty-six of the Kelly Philosophy for Life reads something like this: "Just because you *can* do something, doesn't mean you *should*."

Most of the time, this holds to be true. Just because one can rob a liquor store while wearing a clown costume backward and dancing with a naked midget does not mean you shouldn't rethink your plan for simplicity's sake.

Henley: Double negative?

Hush. The point is, ART isn't like that. ART is the grand exception to this rule. In fact, ART calls unto us with an entirely different air and approach:

WITH ART, IF YOU CAN, THEN YOU SHOULD GO FORTH AND CREATE.

Because, I truly believe, (so long as we're speaking of sanity on the relative scale and intentions that would be bright, sparkly billboards outlining the road to hell), that if you feel called to create, someone, somewhere out there needs what you will do.

[Colby Keller's blog post](#) about the "Pieces of Eight," was a call to artists and people to *create* and *discuss* and *interrogate*. And it was a call that Henley and I heard.

Well, technically, it was a call that Henley heard and kicked me hard enough to knock my headphones off and hear it.

So we created **EIGHT TURNS OF FATE**. It's based on Colby's idea of the "[Pieces of Eight](#)," which we read as a call to arms for audience participation, and it is a story, at its heart, about two people trying to know one another in a world full of anonymity shields, pigeonhole labels, false lines, vast separation, and many, many opportunities to lie. It's also an art project that tells the story by incorporating various newfangled ways to communicate with one another. It's meant to illustrate how we can still use all these ways and means to be *real* with one another, and when we do it with integrity, honesty, and courage... even when it's scary or vulnerable-making... it can change your life.

WHY ARE YOU DOING IT, OH SAGELY VERBOSE ONES?

To make art. To be real. For fun. And also because we both respect Colby Keller and what he does. And I'm not just talking about the porn, goys and birls, I'm talking about how, in a world where nudity is a click away but the path to *connection* sometimes seems like a canyon too wide to cross, Colby manages to both be naked and real. We know something about the socio-political leanings and artistic wiles of the actual person filing the... shoes.

Henley: All size fifteen of them ... mmmmm. And wait, I thought we WERE talking about the porn? Now I'm confused again...

Yes. You usually are. Both confused AND talking about the porn. One would think one would get used to this state and prepare accordingly.

Henley: So... porn?

Yes. There is. Thank the gods. ALL of them. But seriously, though, Colby spreads honesty in a world where it's easy to hide. I can respect the hell out of that.

Henley: I can... yes... respect the hell out of that. That's totally the word that comes to mind.

Speaking of distracting people by spreading things...

HOW YOU GOING ABOUT THIS, OH WISE BUTTS?

Colby is going to release one picture/virtue/piece of art every month for eight months. In eight “turns” or eight chapters, Henley and I will tell our story. It’ll be continuous, despite the fact that we, the authors, don’t know what virtues he’s going to throw at us next. Although... because some of us are game-ier and geekier than others, (this is me hiding my Dorkdom Hall of Fame Membership Card) we have our suspicions about the pool from whence he shall draw. We still have dick-all clue about the order, though. And that’s part of the challenge. More about how we do each individual chapter/turn can be found in the Notes & Deets docs that go along with each one.

Henley: By game-ier and geekier, do you mean we make better stalkers than most?

I refuse to answer that on the grounds that I resemble the fuck out of that remark.

ORGANIZATIONAL MANNERISMS:

Each month, we’ll post a chapter, notes about that chapter, (the blog post from whence it came, etc), extras, associated files, and other goodies. We’re organizing them on a Google Drive, and we shall unleash the ~~erackens~~ files when they are complete. Each individual file will have a master links list so everyone can see all of the story and its associated parts as we go along.

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

As Colby was good enough to open up this project to the public, so too shall we. Comments will be open on most of the files. If we figure out our cool-fu, we may have files which you, the readers, can play with, manipulate--

Henley: Heheh.

--or rearrange to your heart’s desire. It’s not going to be one long block of text. There’s also a YouTube Channel, among other things, and playlists... pictures... all kinds of stuff. Nobody’s story is simple. Everyone’s story is multi-dimensional. So too will this be.

You know, Lords of Creation willing and creeks taking time off from flooding the planes of best-laid plans.

Henley: Best laid, indeed.

Seriously, dude. Would you GET some, please? For my sake? Eesh.

Spread the Love:

Feel free to link us, blog us, tumblr us, tweet us, or generally social-media us in the face until you've had your fill. You'll find contact info in the HOW TO STALK document. You'll find disclaimers if you need them. You'll find links on all the files. You'll find updates as we have them.

And, we hope, you'll find love in the pages.

ONE FINAL NOTE ON HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

Last but not least, I wanted to share with you the story of the inception of this creative beast, because all good art pieces have a tale to tell in their roots as well as in the rings of their growth pattern.

And so, without further ado, and with many sincere apologies to Will Smith, I give you...

HOW HENLEY GETS WYRE TO DO A THING

by Kelly Wyre

**Now, this is the story all about how
Our lives got flipped, turned upside down
And we'd like to take a minute, just sit right there
And we'll tell you how we came to do art for the Colby Keller.**

**In two entire sep'rate countries, born and raised
Our noses in the books is where we spent most of our days
Scribblin' down, erasin', stressin' not so cool
Dealin' with publishers, and tryin' not to be fools**

**When a couple 'a people who were up to no good
Started makin' trouble in our writin' hood
There was more than one fight, and our hearts got scared
And we said, "We gotta move out and move on; go get some fresh air."**

Beggin' and pleadin' may have got us our say

But we had to pack up our worlds and get on our ways
We blew kisses good bye, told the asses to stick it
Met up, flipped to porn, thinkin', "Might as well kick it."

Sweet tats, yo this is phat
Drinkin' gin, watching Colby partake of the ass
If this is what we gotta do to unwind and live square to the right
Then, hell, man for real, this might be more 'n all right.

But wait, Wyre said to Henley, that's just the start
Did you know this cool cat is into the art?
No way, Wyre, didn't know, but now we gotta get real
Take life in hand, and prepare the way for the feels.

We whistled for the muse, and when it came near
It was covered in eight virtues, and had nothin' to fear
If anything, we could say, that this project was rare
But we thought, eh, forget it, go on and share.

We pulled up Google drive and loaded files about Eight
And we yelled out to Colby, "Yo, man, it's all about fate!"
And we all looked upon our creation, and knew it was fair
So we cracked open the world. Now everybody can share.

Henley: Good God.

I know. I'd apologize, but I'm SO not sorry.

MUCH LOVE!
Kelly & Henley

Thank you for reading!
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