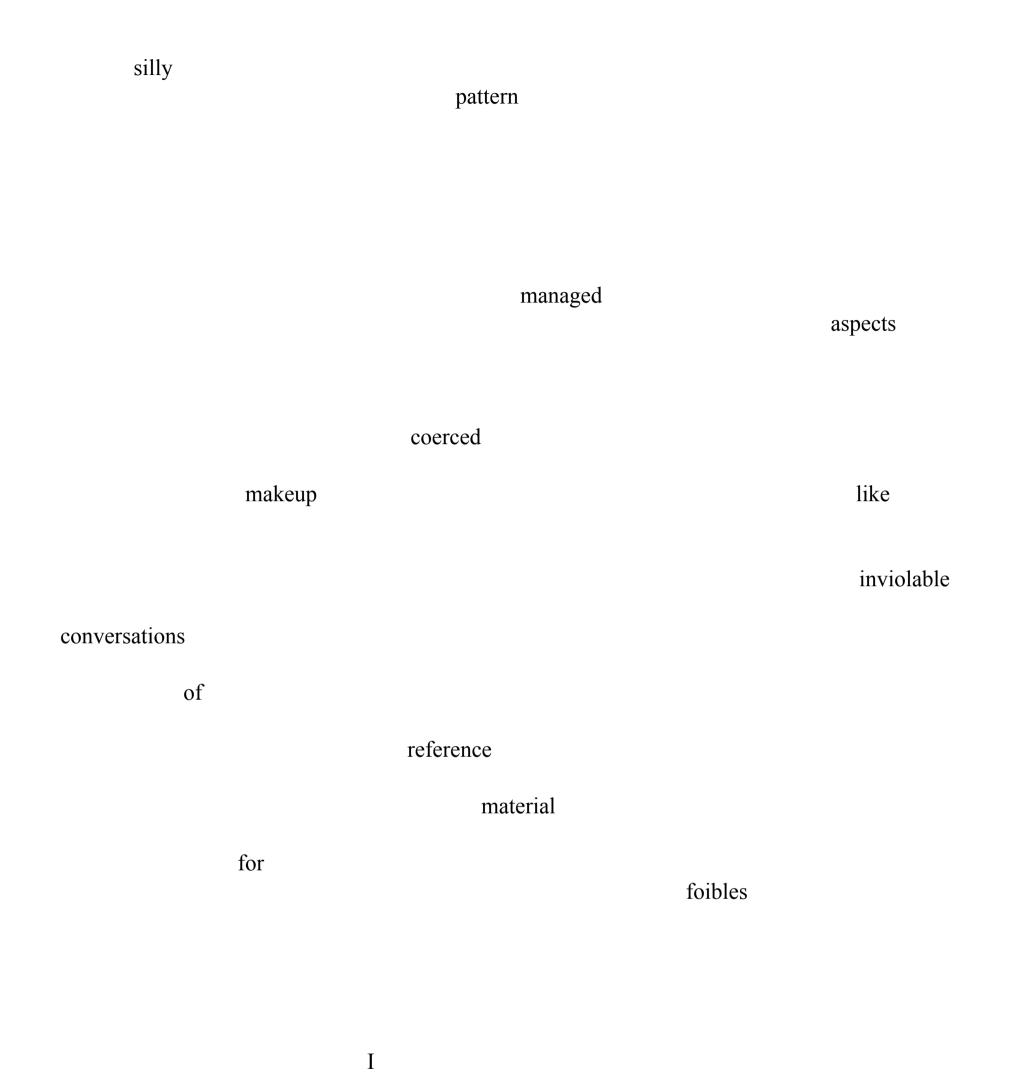
From a letter for Jenny



I I

Ι

frozen

I

yellow press

Ι

Evan Harris

teenage

feel

throat rules

myself

himself

flat

hunting

online

my

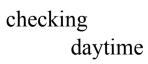
beating two

what

numb

my

head



edginess

ex-

peeling

Ι

compound

slowly

but

someone herself

sprint

strangers red sensitivities

candid friendship

lead me to my death

continue

this

wound shivering abated

it's



Evan Harris is a writer living in London. He is nearing the end of his PhD, documenting people's stories of mental health problems. The text is from a letter he wrote to Jenny when she naively invited him to her birthday drinks.

This text was commissioned for *Small Room*, an exhibition by Jennifer Bailey at David Dale Gallery, Glasgow, 09.04 - 21.05.22