I have a vivid memory of my parents fucking on a hot, Ethiopian weekend. It was a Saturday or Sunday because we were all home together.

Peering in through the keyhole of their bedroom door, I watched my mother thrust and thrust atop of my stepfather's torso. I knew this was something beyond sex, something on the other side. Not across a threshold, but within a shadow. And that day, her shadow engulfed their room.

I could tell she desperately wanted something . . . at some point, she stopped and started to weep, her body slumped over.

Back then, I think she wanted my stepfather's name: Antonio. In the end, she never took it, keeping her father's instead: Luvualu. Perhaps because he had the virility she desired.

ANYWAY,

LUVUALU

A Luvualu tends to be hungry, even if its name rolls off the tongue.

Page 57:

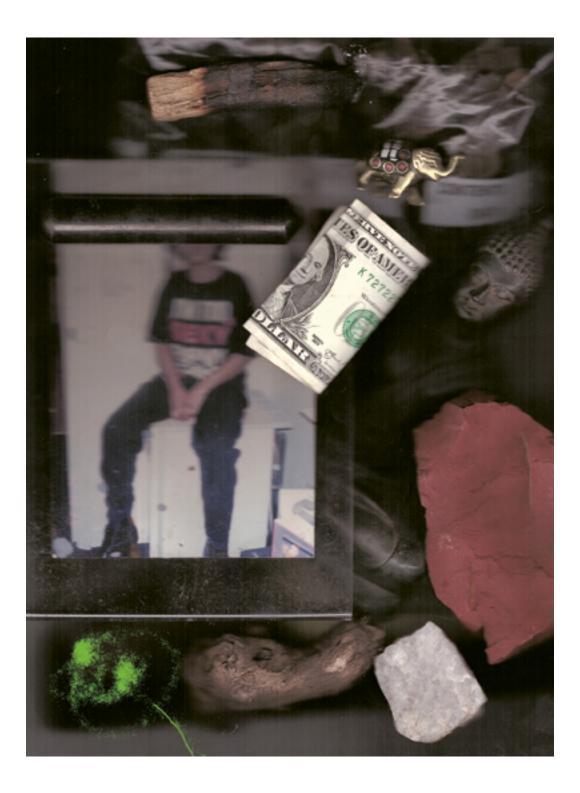
Marvin Luvualu António, *Don't know* what I'm praying for, 2021, mixed media on scanner bed, 21.59 × 27.94 cm.

Page 58:

Marvin Luvualu António, *Untitled*, 2021, ink on paper, scanned, 21.59 × 27.94 cm.

Page 59:

Marvin Luvualu António, *Dirty Harry*, 2021, digital image, 21.59 × 27.94 cm.



9223-44-42-83 73-08. MATEUS Hi Julvia, R40 NOVOR FORT SO 42 LONGLY LIKE THUS EJUR TIME, BREAKING TO 923 You by PHONE ITAS BEEN A GREAT MOVEN 6.28 5 OF PLOTISURE AND SATISAC-TON BUT NOT CALOUGH TO FILL MY ANSINTY TO FEEL YOU IN MY HARIAS. 44-30-78 607 LOVE YOU MORE THAN EVER MONY NEINGA 211190 TETCHIK 9 0 324.298 POLAN 0 ILEts 59 hadit bhis EMPRE. 3 0 . 58 50 39-39-30 0 0-6 and 64 arrow CONBOMINO 5 5

