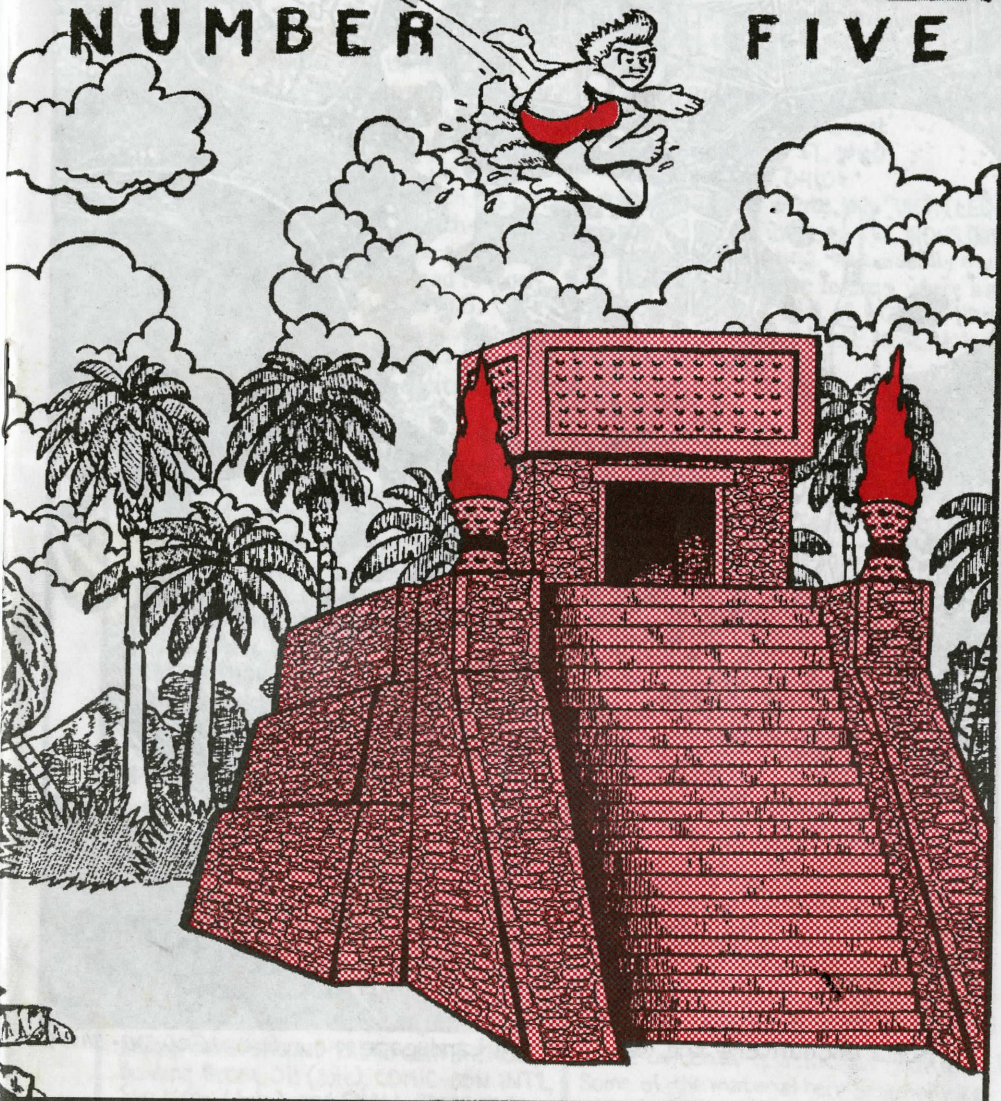


# TEN-FOOT-RULE

NUMBER

FIVE



ONE DOLLAR





Mr. Rosa encounters the New Martian Landscape

SHAWN GRANTON • 5/1999



# the call-up

Hello, y'all, and welcome to TEN FOOT RULE number 5. Yep, I realize it's been almost a year since no 4, and I sort of said it wouldn't take that long, but you can't always get these things done as fast as you want to. I hope this issue's been worth the wait. And *please* quit nagging me about it!

There's some big news here at TFR World HQ. I've decided to form **TFR INDUSTRIES** to better serve the public for this new century. Many other comic-books and like publications have been going into the "multi-media" jazz. We here at TFR INDUSTRIES think that's o.k. but we also believe that's not the true route to the expansion of the art form. What we're getting into instead is much more useful to all of us: **PLASTICS**. So TFR INDUSTRIES will be all about the best in comics and plastic technology. Can't you just taste the excitement?

But don't you worry, we ain't flagging on the comix front. Being released *simultaneously* with this periodical you are reading is not one, but TWO new TFR INDUSTRIES comics! First is **LEFT OF THE DIAL: TFR SPECIAL**, a comic commemorating the ALTERNATIVE PRESS EXPO in San Francisco on Sat. Feb 5, 2000. And all the comics in it are about **MUSIC**. Price is only 50¢ plus a stamp. And last is **MODERN INDUSTRY**, a fat anthology filled with short stories by ten great cartoonists. Price is \$2.00 plus a stamp.

Just a small reminder: I do all sorts of freelance illustration for people and organizations. If you like my stuff, and need zine art/ LP covers/sticker designs/flyers/T-shirt designs/etc. please contact me. My rates are VERY economical.

If yer interested in seeing the TFR INDUSTRIES travelling road show, here's places we should be stopping at in the future: **BEANTOWN ZINETOWN**, Boston (Mar), **MOTOR CITY CON**, Detroit (May), **UNDERGROUND PRESS CONFERENCE**, Bowling Green, OH (Jule), **COMIC-CON INT'L**, San Diego, (July), and **SMALL PRESS EXPO**, Bethesda, MD (Sept). Contact me if

yer. interested in seeing me at 'em in advance, because I don't know for sure which ones I'll definitely be at.

And look at the fine contributors I've lined up for this issue!

★ **SARAH OLEKSYK** provides "OLD MEN OVERHEARD." A recent Parsons grad, Sarah's left the small-town charm of NYC for the bright lights of Portland, her home town. Check out her great comic **ROADSIDE**, one of my faves of '99. Send \$2.00 for the latest.  
439 CONGRESS ST. #401  
PORTLAND, ME 04101

★ **RICARDO ROSA** wrote the "UNTITLED" poem. A confidant to TFR INDUSTRIES since the beginning, he's usually my travelling compadre to cons, where he ends up smokin' a lot of KOOLS. He's also the chap to the left. Contact him at  
92 WESTMINSTER ST.  
HAMDEN, CT 06518

Finally, thanx to all the usual suspects, especially those that gave me crash space on my various trips. Take care folks and **LIVE THE ROCK AND ROLL LIFESTYLE!** — Shawn Granton

**merch:** Send all orders to the address below and wait 2-4 weeks

- ★ **COMIX:** TFR 1, 2, 2½, 3, and 4 are all still available! All are \$1.00 each, plus a stamp.
- ★ **STICKERS:** black & white vinyl, only 50¢ each, or 5 for \$2.00
- ★ **PINS:** b&w, one inch diam. only 50¢ each, or 5 for \$2.00
- ★ **T-SHIRTS:** 100% cotton, black design on white, sizes M, L, XL, only \$10.00

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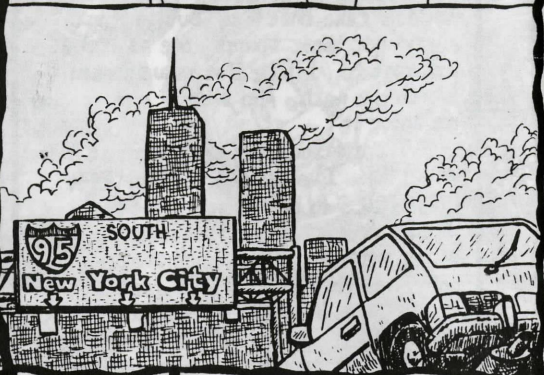


# Saturday March 20, 1993

Went to the gas station early in the day and got an oil change.



Then I hopped on the highway for my destination



My main goal was to go to the Big Apple Con, located at 9th Ave & W. 60th in Manhattan



The Con: Big Mistake!

It's located in the basement of a church, and there must have been all of the 5 boroughs down there! Forget about looking around! I got claustrophobic and left.



Got back in the car and dodged cabs southward towards St. Marks.

**HONK! HONK!** # @ ! \*



It took me about a half-hour to find a parking spot.

One reason why I hate coming to "the city": I always encounter lots of beautiful women, who I would never have the balls to start up the most basic conversation with, ever.



Caught a bite at the local burrito place. It's sort of an obligation, whenever I run across a real Mexican take out place, I have to eat there. That's the Northeast for ya: good pizza places everywhere, but Mexican? Forget it!





Zoomed on up to Hanley's Universe (by the Empire State Building) and sold some comics!

Around nightfall, it was time for me to leave the city. So I hopped in the car (again), proceeded to wait in the entrance of the Holland Tunnel for almost an hour, and then found myself in NEW JERSEY.



In Jersey, as I was getting out of my car, thirty feet away a derelict was getting arrested by "thefuzz". I forget the reason why. VIVA LA NEW JERSEY!

The reason why I was in N. J. (other than the cheap crack, of course) was because I had to go to a show my friend's band was playing. All the other bands featured 16 year old kids playing sloppy punk rock badly. I was less than thrilled.

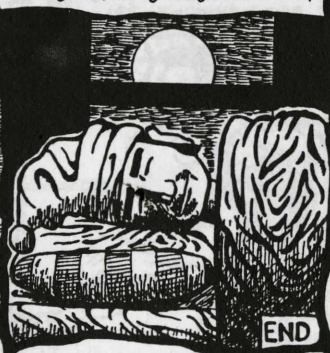


I was pretty happy when the damn thing was over.

Jersey fun fact no 3861: It costs nothing to cross the Hudson to get into N.J., but to leave, well...

Finally, after a ninety-minute drive, I arrive to the (relative) safety of Ansonia. Tired after a long day, I go right to sleep.

**FOUR FUCKING DOLLARS TO CROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON? FUCK?!**





# sometimes i wonder..

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY GOTHS IN CALIFORNIA?



HOW CAN SO MANY PEOPLE I KNOW GET BY ON NOT WORKING OR WORKING VERY LITTLE FOR EXTENDED PERIODS OF TIME? I CAN'T EVEN GET BY ON WORKING FULL TIME!



AT WORK, WHY IS IT THAT BIG JOCKS AND OTHER PEOPLE I'M INCLINED TO HATE ARE THE ONES THAT GIVE ME BIG TIPS?



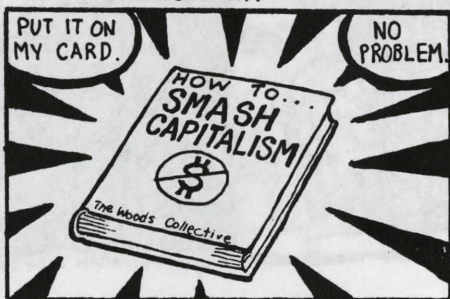
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SCOTT BAIO? HE SHOWED SO MUCH PROMISE! LOOK AT HIS BODY OF WORK: HAPPY DAYS, CHARLES IN CHARGE, uh, THE MOVIE ZAPPED, er...



WHY DO SO MANY COLLEGE DJ'S HAVE SUCH CRAPPY PSEUDO-ALTERNATIVE MUSIC TASTES?



WHY WOULD SOMEONE USE A CREDIT CARD AT A PUNK/ANARCHIST STORE? AND WHY WOULD THE STORE HAVE THE ABILITY TO PROCESS A CREDIT CARD TRANSACTION?



MAYBE I WONDER TOO MUCH.



# this guy i knew...

A FEW YEARS BACK, I WORKED WITH THIS ODD KID, **BURT**\*, AT "THE STORE."



I FREAKED AND YELLED TO HIM, "DON'T FUCKING DO THAT AGAIN!" ALL HE RESPONDED WITH WAS A GOOFY GRIN.

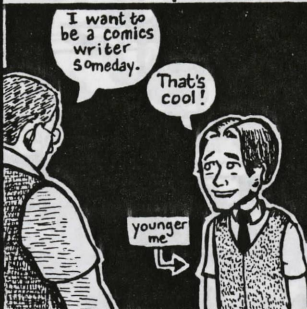


WHEN BURT WAS CONFRONTED, HE DENIED IT ALL. THEN MY BOSS PLAYED THE TAPE SHOWING BURT DOING THE DEED. HE HAD NO OPTION OTHER THAN ADMITTANCE.

You're lucky I'm just firing you! I could have you arrested!



BURT LIKED COMICS, SO WE HUNG OUT A FEW TIMES. HE SEEMED OKAY, BUT THERE WERE INSTANCES WHERE HE SHOWED HIS DARKER, FUCKED UP SIDE.



NOT LONG AFTER THAT, I CAME TO WORK ONE DAY AND MY BOSS SAID:



I TRIED TO CALL BURT'S HOUSE TWICE THE NEXT DAY, BUT I NEVER GOT TO HIM. THAT WAS THE LAST I HEARD OF HIM.



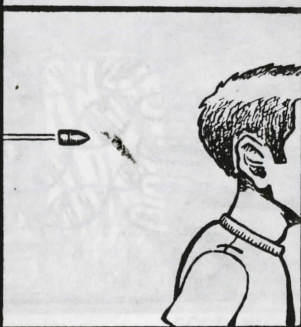
ONE TIME WHILE I WAS STANDING ON A CONVEYOR BELT IN THE STOCKROOM, TRYING TO REACH SOMETHING, BURT CAME ALONG AND TURNED IT ON.



BURT WAS CAUGHT TRYING TO STEAL A RIFLE FROM SPORTING GOODS. HIS PLAN WAS TO HIDE THE GUN IN A RIFLE CASE AND STICK IT IN BACK. THE NEXT DAY BURT WOULD "BUY" THE CASE.



ONE QUESTION BURNS IN MY HEAD TO THIS DAY: **WHAT THE HELL WAS HE GOING TO DO WITH THAT GUN?**



\* name changed to protect the not-so-innocent



Ric-o embodies disorder, randomness, and formlessness.



or wishes to



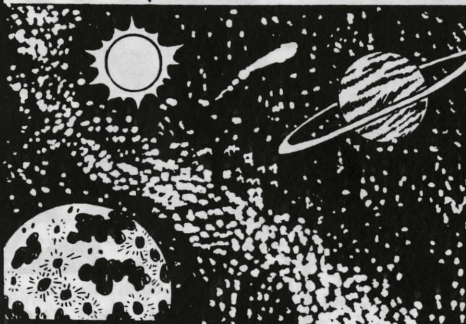
Here is a lamb who doesn't give a damn about killers, crazy kats



Watch him leap out his window



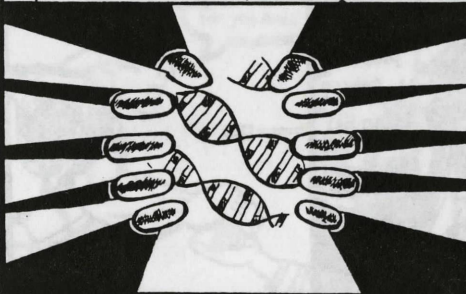
into the deep cosmos



A disassembler, A deceiver



pulling the light into recognizable rhythms that live only here



(an ink surfer)

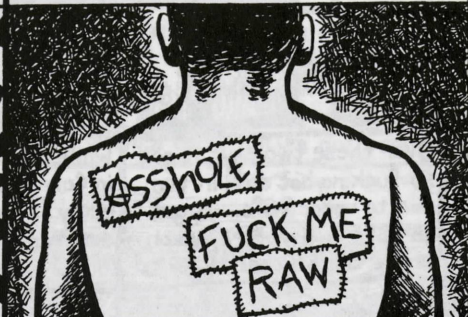




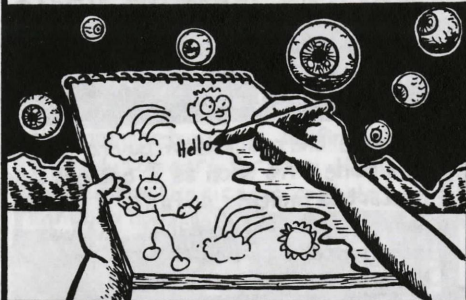
Fear his wrath



See the patches stitched into his skin



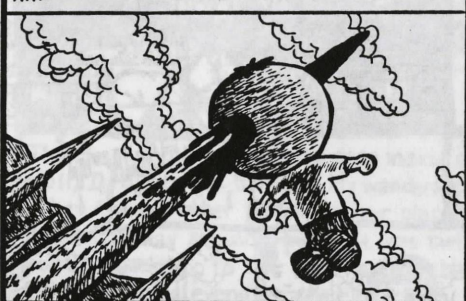
cold sweating another page of doodles and rainbows



wear the spikes in his neck



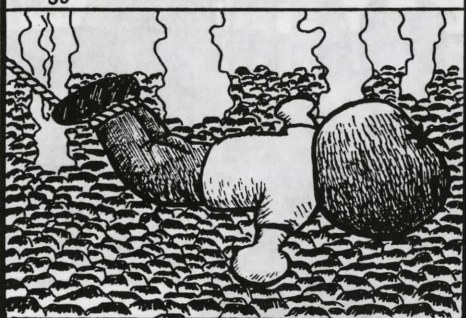
while looking for a soft spot to impale him



slice cleanly



dragged over coals and melted fat



tucked in, and left!



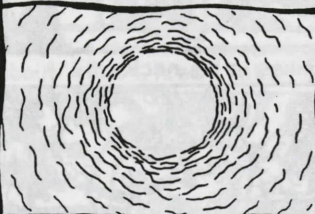


# HEAT

June 7-8, 1999

Over these two days, it got so fucking hot out, in the mid to upper 90°s. It got to 98°F in Hartford, which broke the old record.

While it's not uncommon for the air temp to reach 90°F in Connecticut, it is rare for it to get this hot this early. After a cool May, it was a sharp reminder that summer was here. The humidity made the air hazy, gently whiting out objects in the distance.



Driving around in this kind of weather is hell. I don't use my ac 'cause I fear it would make my fragile radiator overheat.



I made the mistake of buying ice cream in a cone. As soon as it got outside, it started melting so fast. I looked damn silly trying to eat it. It was a losing battle to lick the ice cream up before it got all over me.



One thing that always gets to me about this weather (and I don't know why it bothers me so) is the people who dress like it's NOT hot (long pants, jackets, etc.) I can understand if it's required by your job, or if you're goth, but for the others? Are you "defying" the heat? Are you thinking cool? Are you looking cool? Do you have a/c in your clothes? Do you have poor circulation? Are you just old? Are you from the desert and this is cold to you? Are you just punishing yourself? Yet here I am, in t-shirt and shorts, sweating my balls off.

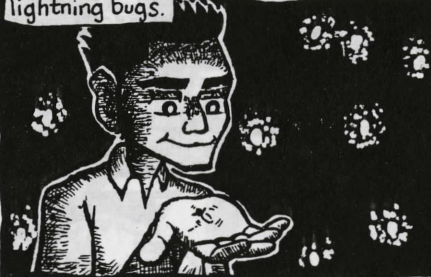




As the day rolls on towards night, the ever present haze transforms into a cloud cover. The sky now looks threatening. Will it rain? Maybe, maybe not. Mother Nature can be a tease. I wish the sky would open up. Nothing would be more comforting than a good summer thunderstorm. All the humid tension in the air gets released in an orgasmic explosion. And what a show nature puts on!



Speaking of storms, I haven't seen any of nature's other lightning yet, the lightning bug (a.k.a. the firefly). It's probably too early for them. Nothing says summer like cicadas, crickets, and lightning bugs.



Call me crazy, but I like this type of weather. I love summer. Whenever I think of this season, I think of the good memories: camping trips, amusement parks, the beach, road trips down the coast, and no school.



That heat and humidity gets deep inside my brain. and gives me urges. I can't stay still, I have to get moving. My wanderlust kicks into high gear. I have to see other things, other people, other places. For instance, I was driving up the Wilbur Cross Parkway around 8 p.m. It was twilight, and the sky had that deep blue tone to it, a backdrop to the black silhouette of leafy trees that line the highway-side. I love summer evenings, the electricity and anticipation in the air, the possibility that anything can happen. It makes me feel so alive. I wanted to keep on driving and driving to some unknown destination without stopping...

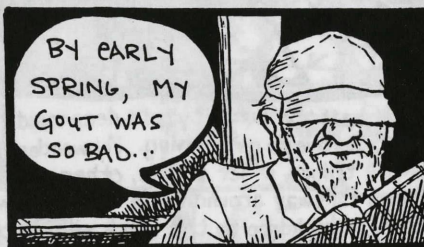


SHAWN GRANTON © 1999  
drawn 6/27 - 7/27

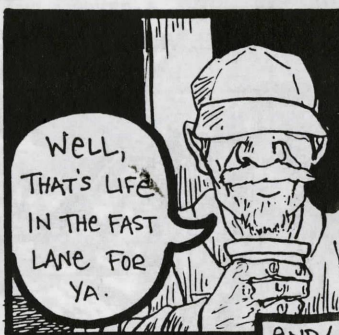
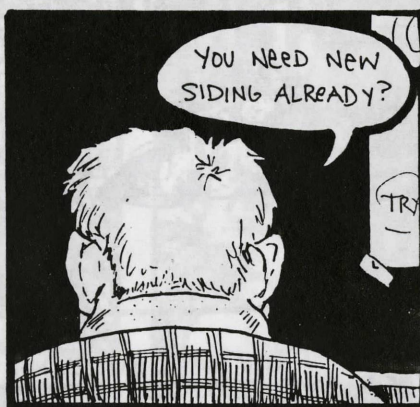
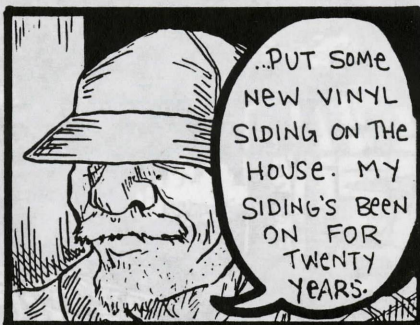


# OLD MEN over- heard

© 1999 S.K. OLEKSYK







END!

\*THIS CONVERSATION RECORDED VERBATIM ON JULY 21, 1998!



# NORBERT QUARKIN

*tfr's® robot mascot*



in  
YEAR  
OF THE  
RABBIT

SO THIS IS WHAT 24 IS LIKE.



I DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT.

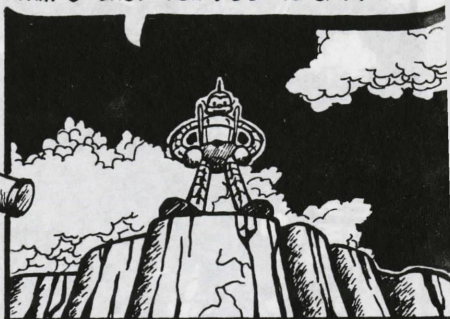
SHOULDN'T I KNOW WHAT I WANT BY NOW?  
I MEAN, 24 IS PRETTY OLD. NOT ANCIENT, NOT  
OVER-THE-HILL, NOT "MIDDLE-AGED," YET NOT  
YOUNG AND NIAVE. I CAN'T EVEN SAY I'M IN MY  
EARLY TWENTIES ANYMORE.  
SO WHY DO I FEEL LIKE SUCH A NOVICE AT LIFE?





MAYBE IF I SAW SOME SORT OF PROGRESS  
IN MY LIFE UP TO THIS POINT, I'D FEEL  
DIFFERENT. BUT I DON'T. I LOOK BACK  
AND SEE A SERIES OF FAILURES, A STRING  
OF "SHOULD HAVE DONES" AND "IF ONLY..."

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY!  
"DON'T BE SO NEGATIVE! YOU CAN'T GO  
BACK AND CHANGE THE PAST, CAN YOU?"  
THAT'S EASY FOR *YOU* TO SAY!



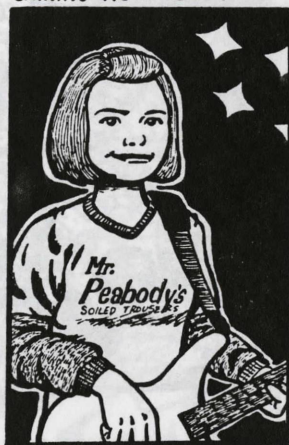
**YOU GOT YOUR DEGREE!**



**YOU WENT OFF TO THE CITY!**



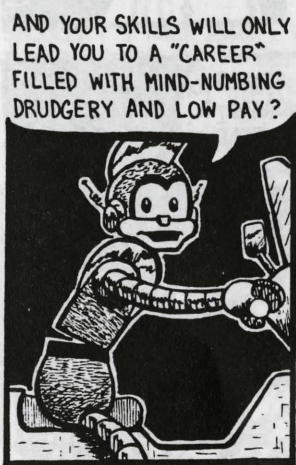
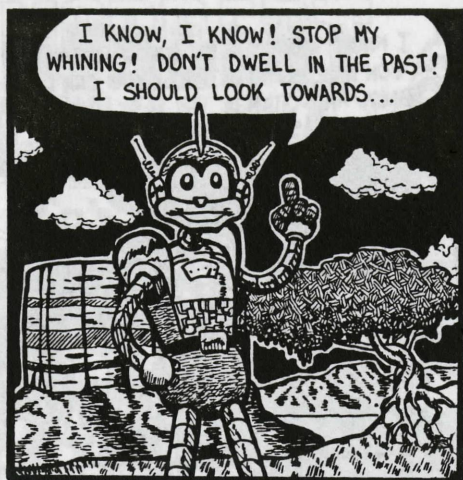
**YOU JOINED A BAND THAT'S  
GAINING NOTORIETY!**



**YOU FOUND THE LOVE OF  
YOUR LIFE!**









*and now, jake's room-mate,  
new yorker walter, a man who  
happens to be from new york.*



I GUESS THE CLUBS AND THE MUSIC SCENE IS HAPPENING HERE, BUT WHEN YOU COMPARE IT TO **NEW YORK**, IT LOOKS REAL DEAD!



Y'KNOW WHAT ELSE YA CAN'T GET HERE THAT YOU CAN GET IN **NEW YORK**? BAGELS. WELL, THEY DO HAVE BAGELS HERE- IF YOU REALLY WANT TO CALL IT THAT



NEW YORK, NEW YORK, NEW FUCKING YORK! NOTHING IS AS GOOD AS NEW YORK TO YOU! AND YEAH, THAT MIGHT BE FUCKING TRUE, BUT IF IT IS, THEN **WHY THE FUCK DID YOU LEAVE NEW YORK IN THE FIRST PLACE?**





# reading list

**FISH WITH LEGS.** Great per-zine filled with Eric's bile-laden observations on the world. Much like me, he has no clue what to do with the rest of his life. Plus, decent fiction and tales of retail!

(\$2) ERIC LYDEN, 224 MORRIS ST.  
BROCKTON, MA 02301

**BOOK OF INSOMNIA.** A fine collection of comic from Gabby. She writes of subjects that have an air of whimsy and dreaminess, and her art has a light, sketchy, yet refined feel to it. Cool stuff!

(\$3) GABRIELLE BELL, P.O. BOX 217  
3288 21<sup>st</sup> ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

**DRUNKEN MASTER.** This one's not only a per-zine, but a comic too! The latest features his travel diary of NYC, and an encounter at a strip joint. The comic are very stylized and surreal. Dig it!

(\$1) KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA, 3324 ROWENA AV. #A  
LOS ANGELES, CA 90027

**BOOTY.** Anne provides this fine li'l personal comic detailing the trials of her life. Travel stories, work on her Ph.D., all done with very raw, sparse, personable art.

(\$1) ANNE THALHEIMER, 377 S. COLLEGE AVE.  
NEWARK, DE 19711

**WISHBONE.** A nice mix of personal, political, and bunnies. Bunnigrrrrrr writes about her school days, work daze, and social topics that interest or irritate her. And did I mention the bunnies?

(\$1) PMB 200, CAMINO CAPISTRANO A  
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA 92675

**MR. PEABODY'S SOILED TROUSERS.** Jay's a Native New Englander who moved to L.A. a few years back to pursue screenwriting. Now he's back in N.E., running his own record store. Read all about it here, done with his dry wit.

(\$1) JAY KOVU, P.O. BOX 22  
WEST TOWNSEND, MA 01474

**INDIGO.** Normally, I don't go for goth or bondage zines, but this one I like. More a per-zine with the above elements added. Michelle writes about her topics with passion and knowledge, which keeps ya interested.

(\$2) MICHELLE AIELLO, 8005 W. IRVING PK.  
CHICAGO, IL 60634

**RETAIL HELL.** Done by the SPAGHETTI folks, this zine has horror stories about you guessed it—retail! I can sympathize. Unique cuz it deals from a management view.

(\$1.50) FRANCES BISCOTTI, P.O. BOX 8782  
ERIE, PA 16505

**TWENTY BUS.** This one's from THAT GIRL, it has adventures on—yep, that's right—the bus! If you ever had to sit with a gaggle of crazies in some metropolitan

bus line, you can relate. Check it out!  
(20¢) KELLI WILLIAMS, P.O.B. 170612  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117

**OBLIVIOSITER.** Great auto-bio comic with simple, yet engaging artwork. Tim talks about his childhood, life in the army, living out of the city, more.

(\$1) TIM BROWN, P.O. BOX 115  
BRADWELL, SK SOK OPO CANADA

**ICHTHYOELECTROANALGESIA.** Try pronouncing that! A per-zine dealing with archeological subjects (and it ain't boring!), plus Sean's journeys through the Middle East.

(\$2) SEAN MELACHLAN, P.O. BOX 3734  
TUCSON, AZ 85722-3734

**EASY LIFE.** As y'all probably know, I'm guilty of liking the "ska". The problem is, besides a lot of bad bands, there are few good ska zines. This is one of those few. Very honest, subjective, and well written. Free of ass-kissin' that litters this genre.

(\$1) MEGAN GERRITY, P.O. BOX 1545  
NEW YORK, NY 10276-1545

**DISGRUNTLED POSTAL WORKER.** Very raw, biting, sarcastic, "in-yo-face" comic/zine. Cool stylized artwork, and dada-esque moments.

(\$1) CHEYRNOBYL KID, 211 FAIRMOUNT W#3  
MONTREAL, QC H2T 2M8 CANADA

**RED HOODED SWEATSHIRT.** Newest zine from Marissa of nothing/fame. Personal stuff like school adventures, life in the city, craft projects, and low-top Cons.

(\$1) MARISSA FALCO, P.O. BOX 15214  
BOSTON, MA 02215

**DIRTY HANDS.** Well drawn comic, chock full of the personal. Old swimmin' holes, waxed dead bodies, UFO cults, more.

(\$1) JERRY SIMS, P.O. BOX 1604  
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647-1604

**\$6.99/1b.** Cool music zine, featuring a lot of artists I actually care about! .. Glen E. Friedman, Frank Black, Burning Airlines, Russell Simins, more.

(\$3) MATT ALBANESE, P.O. BOX 843  
WINCHESTER, MA 01890

**REPORTER.** Neat looking, clean artwork in this comic. Strange, eerie story about a young man (Ivar) arriving in a small town. What is he there for? Who are the other folks in town he bumps into? Hmm...

(\$2) DYLAN WILLIAMS, P.O. BOX 10952  
PORTLAND, OR 97296-0952

**LINKA.** Mierd li'l comic about a space probe filled with critters sent out to the nether-regions. Something goes wrong, the animals gain sentience, and... you'll

have to find out yerself!  
(£2) BRUCE ORR, 427 GREEN ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19123

**ATTEMPTED NOT KNOWN.** Surrealism is the platter du jour! Comics about dreams and dream-like situations, drawn in a polished, 60's style. Cool shit.

(\$1) PETER CONRAD, P.O. BOX 64522  
SUNNYVALE, CA 94088

**MILEPOST 111.** Christmas elves with shotguns, dogs 'join' it, diggin' for the devil, a box with her dad's possessions. Very good mix o' comic here. Nice art.

(\$2) BARRIE LYNN, P.O. BOX 297  
RENO, NV 89504

**ANGRY YOUTH COMIX.** See the likes of Looby Mc Gee and other assorted losers get in to hilarious, un-PC situations. John has contempt for most of the human race, and takes it out on us here.

Funny stuff, but not for the easily pissed off or offended. AGE STATEMENT REQ'D.  
(£2) JOHNNY RYAN, 3624 CONN. AVE.  
NW #5, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20008

## Soundtrack

- SGT. SCAGNETTI - Detonate (but o'course)
- PIETASTERS - Awesome Mix Tape #6
- JETTS TO BRAZIL - Orange Rhyming Dictionary
- WILCO - Summer teeth
- TOM WAITS - Mule Variations
- THE DONNAS - Get Skintight
- PAUL WESTERBERG - Suicide Gratification
- MU330 - 4/t
- PAVEMENT - Terror Twilight
- BETH ORTON - Central Reservation
- BIM SKALA BIM - The One that Got Away
- DJ SHADOW - Endtroducing
- FISHBONE - Truth and Soul
- THE SMOOTHS - No Brakes
- WYCI - 91.7 FM, Danbury, Conn.
- MADNESS @ Irving Plaza, NYC, 4/30/99
- FRANK BLACK @ Toads, New Haven, 7/99

## contest!

Guess nobody pays attention to my intro text pages, cuz no-one responded to the contest I announced in TFR #3. So I'm gonna run it AGAIN! Okay, if anyone can correctly name the retailer I worked for, and depicted in earlier stories, you will get an artifact from that retail chain, while supplies last. ONE GUESS PER PERSON, AND YOU'RE DISQUALIFIED IF I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU.

→ And now another one! In TFR #3, the name of the "Jake" story is a song by a band. Correctly name it and you'll get TFR #6 free (when it comes out) plus other goodies. ROB SMENK NOT ELIGIBLE. ONE GUESS PER PERSON.

→ Bonus: First two correct guessers in each category get a SKETCH of a TFR character of your choice! BOTH CONTESTS END 3/15/2000.



Retail Hell Theatre  
presents:

# 'the difference between want and need'

IN GRANTON-CHROME

BOSS, CAN I LEAVE A LI'L  
EARLY TONIGHT? I HAVE  
TO PICK UP MY BROTHER AT  
THE TRAIN STATION, AND I  
WANT TO MAKE SURE I'M  
THERE ON TIME.



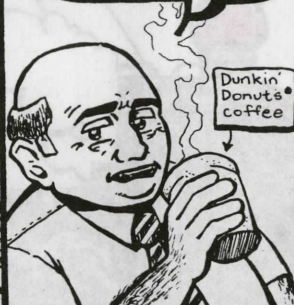
BUT-BUT IF YOU LEAVE,  
WHO WILL FINISH UP ORDER-  
ING? WE NEED YOU! SORRY,  
BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO  
PICK HIM UP LATE.



BOSS, IS IT OKAY IF I COME  
IN AN HOUR LATE TOMORROW?  
MY DAD NEEDS A RIDE TO THE  
DOCTOR'S OFFICE, AND THERE'S  
NO ONE ELSE WHO CAN DRIVE  
HIM!



BUT THE NEW KID IS ON IN  
THE MORNING! WE NEED YOU  
HERE TO TRAIN HIM! SORRY,  
BUT YOUR FATHER WILL HAVE  
TO TAKE THE BUS.



CAN I GET NEXT WEEKEND  
OFF? I'VE WORKED THE LAST  
TWO WEEKENDS HERE, AND I  
COULD REALLY USE A BREAK.  
PLUS, MY FRIENDS WANT TO  
TAKE ME CAMPING.



BUT-IT'LL BE BUSY HERE! AND  
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN  
RUN LAYAWAY AND THE PAINT  
MIXER! WE NEED YOU HERE TO  
COVER FOR PEOPLE! SORRY,  
BUT MAYBE NEXT TIME.



BOSS, I DO TOO MANY THINGS  
HERE YET I DON'T GET ANY  
RESPECT. AND I BARELY MAKE  
ABOVE MINIMUM WAGE! IF YOU  
DON'T GIVE ME A RAISE, I'M  
AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE.

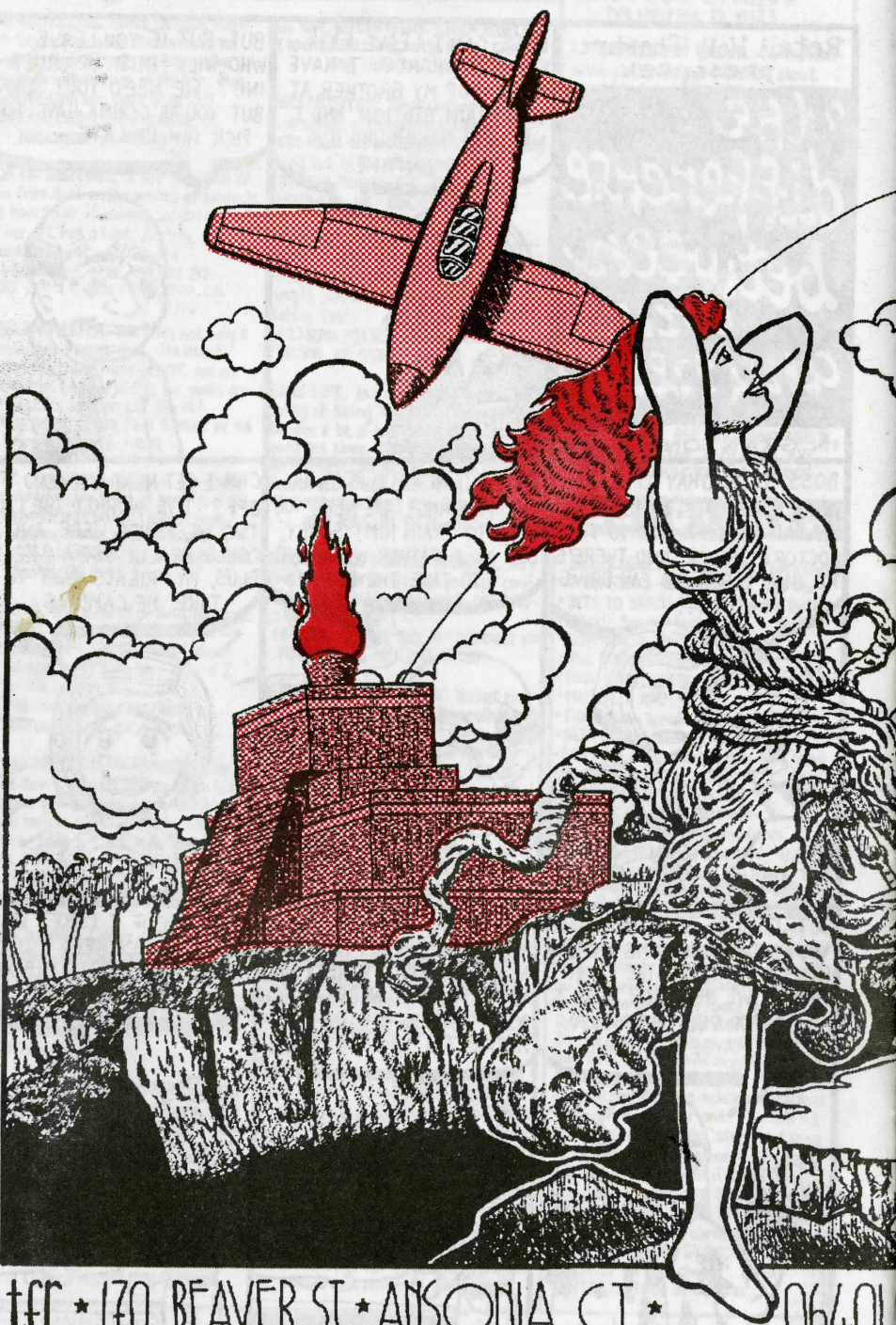


FINE. SEE IF I CARE. WE  
DON'T REALLY NEED YOU  
HERE. I CAN GET ANYBODY  
TO DO YOUR JOB.





SHAWN GRANTON © 1/2000 with apologies to Rick Griffin & Maxfield Parrish



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