

Darsie Alexander  
Chief Curator  
Walker Art Center  
1750 Hennepin Avenue  
Minneapolis, MN 55403

April 10, 2009

Dear Ms. Alexander,

I am an art world pup longing for a job in the contemporary art field. I am looking for a new Chief owner, and my artistic tongue is hanging out and my fluffy tale is wiggling and wagging. Will you please take me home as the new Volunteer Administrative intern? As a dog with fleas, I'm itching to work with you.

I would love to be told what to do by my new owner. As a future volunteer art administrative dog, I long to be dominated by a museological and curatorial wench who would tug at my collar, but also gently pet my tummy. I have big ears that hear well—yet are professionally sensitive to multiple art decibels.

As a past puppy, educator, and artist, I would love to sit in the Walker Art Center cubby near the loading dock and be thrown bones of work into my doggy dish. I love the scraps and getting scrappy. The dream of creating my own puppy racetrack in the Sculpture Park and running around it during creative breaks thrills me. As a responsible caveat, I would supply my own artistic doo-doo bags. (Another curator named Francesco recommends earth safe baggies.)

Like the poodle down the block and under the auspice of the top-notch contemporary curator, I would love to find out juicy curatorial and museological tidbits. I love to drool and slobber. In particular, I love to rip up art periodicals—such as Art Papers, Artforum, and Extra; or the latest Venice Biennale, Art Basel, or Documenta catalogs. Chewing on 'bits and pieces' is my kind of doggy thing.

My drive as a young canine art pup is to be told by a gatekeeper to research some Yale, SAIC or Art Center grad because they recently passed out at an exclusive Whitney or X-Initiative party. I love to make the hard art market and Chelsea styled decisions—especially when it comes to nutritious puppy treats.

In a *Discipline and Punish* sort of way, I would love to shadow my curator wherever she goes, like a new puppy on a leash—yanked back n' forth into behavioral codes of administrative conduct. I love to put my tail to the grind and talk shop at the Xerox machine. Crime dogs dig me. Arrrrrrfff! Aarrrooooff!

In a televised *Scooby Doo*, *CSI* or *Law and Order* fashion, I want to work at a major art museum, and secretly grab aesthetic information from the wastebaskets of the director, curators, and registrars. With my random whiskers and continuous wet nose, I love to sniff out and initiate advanced scholarly research. As an artistic dog, I am very familiar with sniffing other art dog butts.

Like a Bichon Frise with a new hairstyle that won the big dog award, I want to be on the cusp of the art world—that fine razors edge that is fun and cool, yet also cliquy and snooty. With my past pup credentials, I am prepared for emersion into that part of Pop Culture that is often looked down upon by traditional society. I have a new doggy haircut and a plaid winter sweater and wear them proudly.

After working and learning in the big Art Center for a while, I want to go out and begin barking in the aesthetic community with the other street art dogs. I can bark the bark, and kick grass on my own poop. The thought of having a new Chief/owner makes me chase my tale. Round and round and round and round!

Please be my curatorial puppy owner. You can reach me via pupster email at [elroydog@puppup.pet](mailto:elroydog@puppup.pet) or [pete@elroydog.pet](mailto:pete@elroydog.pet), or by doggy phone at 612-Pet-Poop (owners studio) or 612-Bad-Dogs (owners home). I have enclosed doggy treats, sniffing hairs, a brief doggystyle artistic resume, and kennel references. I look forward to the possibility of changing dog tags and going on our first walk together.

Woof woof,

Elroydog  
(Pete Driessen)