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"Mom Dances with a Dollar on Her Forehead, NY, 1976," a photograph by Meryl Meisler, whose work is on view this month at the Kathleen O. Ellis Gallery, in Syracuse, New York.

OFF: Do your colleagues think you're a bit presumptive to finish the work of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart?

JONES: I mean, I think I'm a bit presumptuous. But I'm not trying to write fake Mozart. It's rather like, you know, if you were a pianist and you're playing a Mozart concerto, and in the first movement there's a big gap in the score, so you've got to improvise a cadenza. And nobody bats an eyelid.

OFF: Is it possible that Mozart would not have liked you to have done this?

JONES: I'm sure he wouldn't have.

[Theory]

VERDE REQUIEM

By Gillian Osborne, from *Green Green Green*, a book of essays, which was published last month by Nightboat Books.

There is a deathliness built into the linguistic history of green. As in, you look green. As in, lie down. These meanings come