

This is a work born of our shallow, passionless, effete times. (Your times, are, uh shallow and effete, right?) It self-referentially focuses on items that are as meaningless as our modern, commercially driven environment: specifically, thirty yards of barbed wire situated twelve miles from the North Dakota-Montana border. Over the course of the book, the fence is plagued by wind, rain, snow (lots of snow). The fence rusts. A little.

It would be a mistake to label this as either fiction or nonfiction. This work is truer than fiction, and yet manages to be as appealing as the Code of Federal Regulations.

If you leave this book on your coffee table, you will impress everyone who comes over. After all, people who are merely intelligent read for pleasure. It takes a real genius to read for the mind-numbing pain.

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

"If you read this book, your nose will bleed. Seriously."

"This book is completely devoid of secret ninja power. It is, in fact, entirely ninja neutral."

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TRIAL *by* BARBED WIRE

A BOOK ABOUT EXCLUSION AND SEMIOTICS, FOR, LIKE, REALLY SMART PEOPLE. LIKE YOU. YEAH, YOU.

COURTNEY MILAN