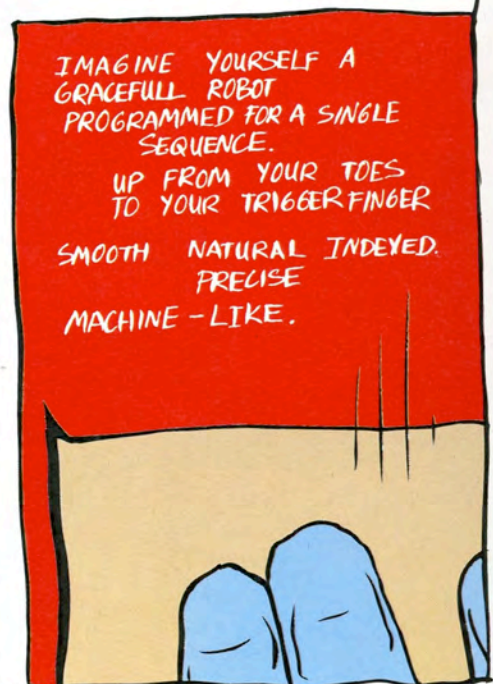
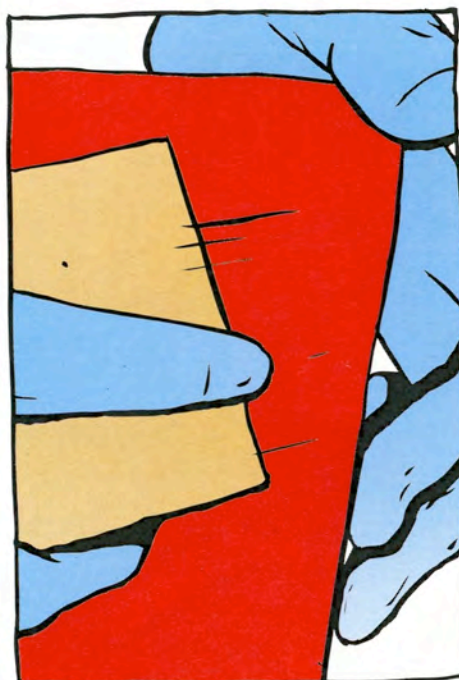
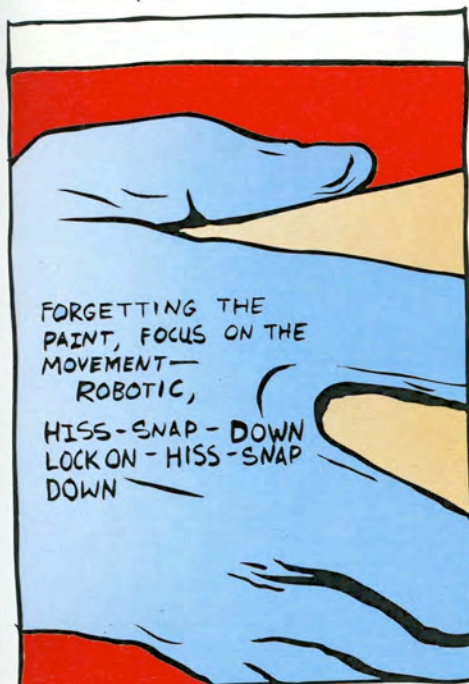
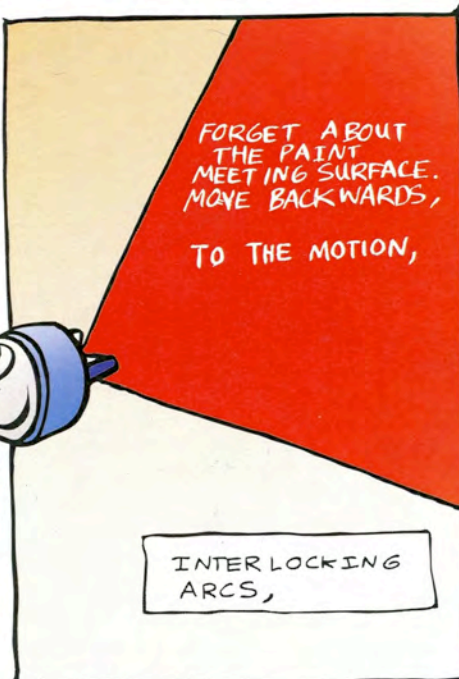
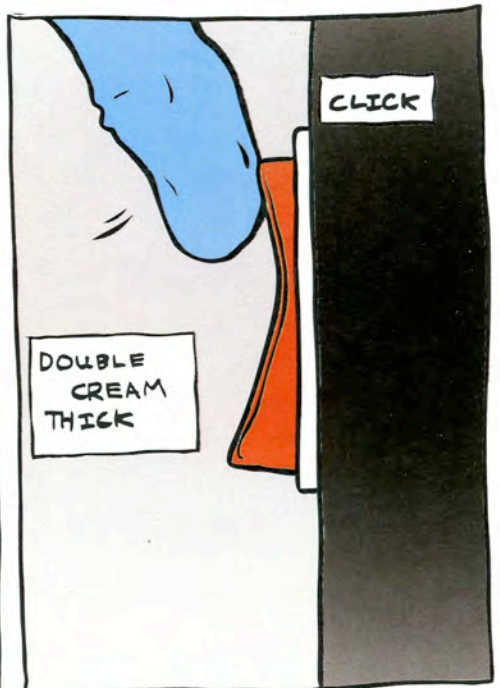
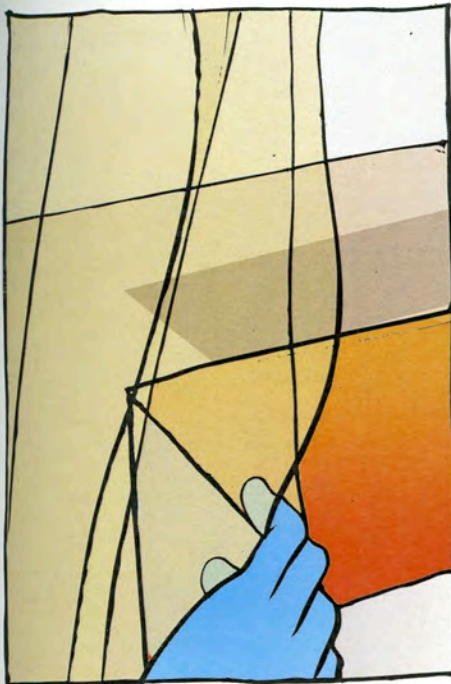


A YEAR
PASSES



FORGETTING THE
PAINT, FOCUS ON THE
MOVEMENT—
ROBOTIC,
HISS-SNAP-DOWN
LOCK ON-HISS-SNAP
DOWN

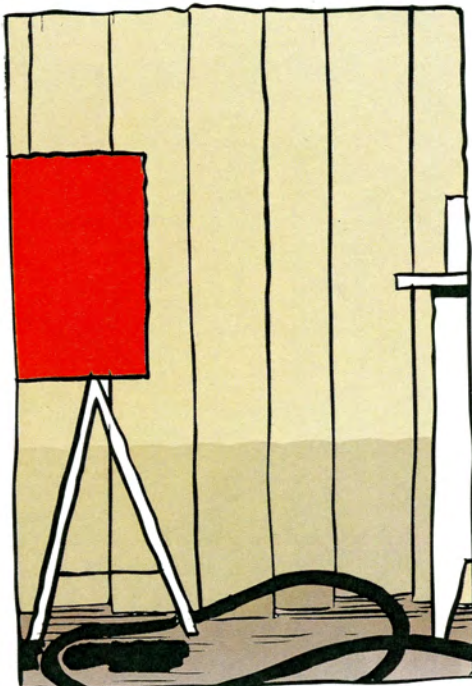
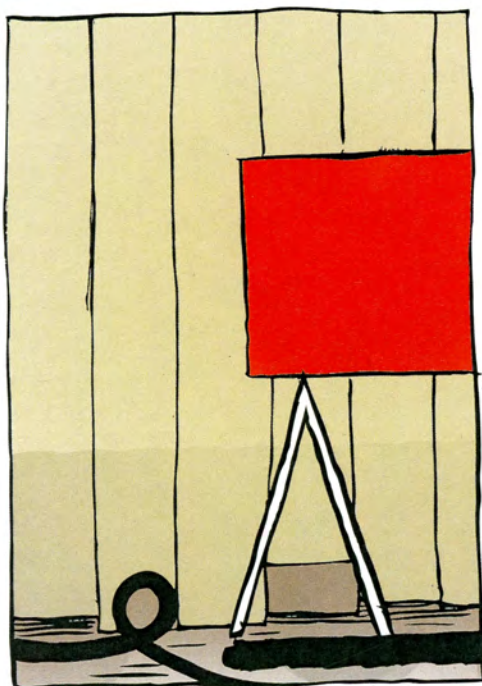
FORGET ABOUT
THE PAINT
MEETING SURFACE.
MOVE BACKWARDS,
TO THE MOTION,

INTERLOCKING
ARCS,

OVERLAPPING THE
PATTERN,



IMAGINE YOURSELF A
GRACEFULL ROBOT
PROGRAMMED FOR A SINGLE
SEQUENCE.
UP FROM YOUR TOES
TO YOUR TRIGGERFINGER
SMOOTH NATURAL INDEXED.
PRECISE
MACHINE-LIKE.



THE PAINT ITSELF
WONT COME OFF
UNTILL THE SKIN
ITSHAS STAINED
WEARS OFF,



THE SOLVENT
SOAKS RIGHT
THROUGH,

AND DISSAPEARS
INTO THE BLOOD
STREAM,

LEAVING THE
PIGMENT BEHIND
INGRAINED ON
MY HANDS.



THAT, THAT OBJECT.
THAT IT HAS TINY FLAKES
FRAGMENTS OF MY SKIN
STUCK IN ITS COATING



MY COATING SHED,
TRANSFERRED.



IMPREGNATED



SURFACES ARE
OPEN LIKE
SYNAPSES, POROUS

RECEPTORS
OF MEANING

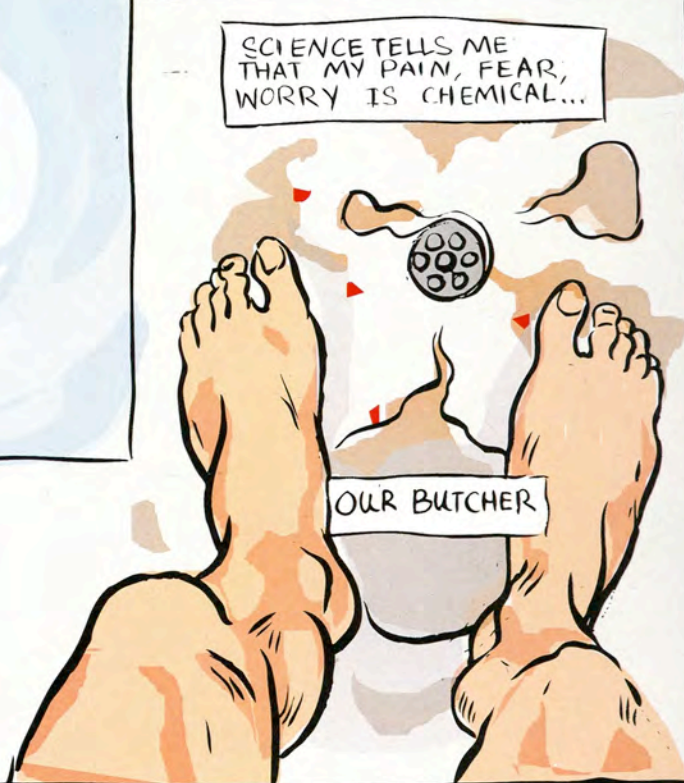


IS THAT THEN ABSORBED LIKE THE
SOLVENT, INTO WHATEVER IT SETTLES
ON LEAVING ITS WASTE TRACE ON OR IN
THE SURFACE?



SCIENCE TELLS ME
THAT MY PAIN, FEAR,
WORRY IS CHEMICAL...

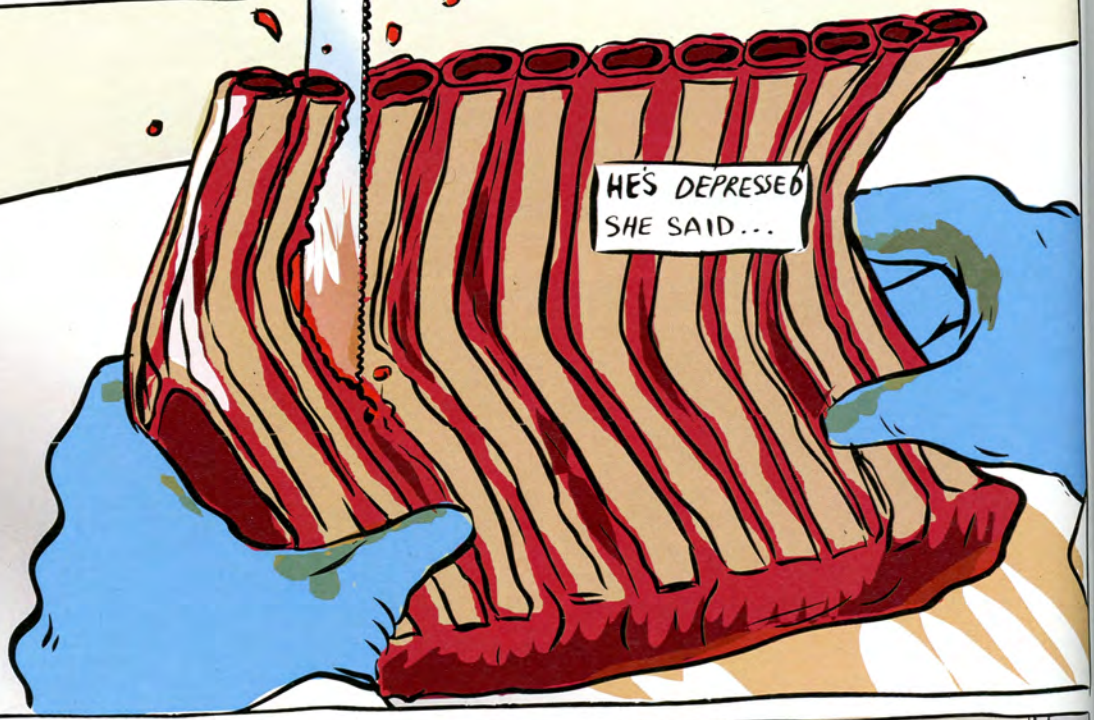
OUR BUTCHER





HIS WIFE LEFT HIM FOR
SOMEONE SHE MET ONLINE

HE CRIED TO MY MUM ONCE.
SHE GETS THAT A LOT, SHE'S
A VERY GOOD LISTENER.
PEOPLE OPEN UP TO HER.



HE'S DEPRESSED
SHE SAID...



WHEN SHE GOT BACK
INTO THE CAR...



OPEN

HES CRYING, AND
ALL THE WHILE
HES HACKING AWAY,
SAWING CHOPS,
TRIMMING GRISTLE...

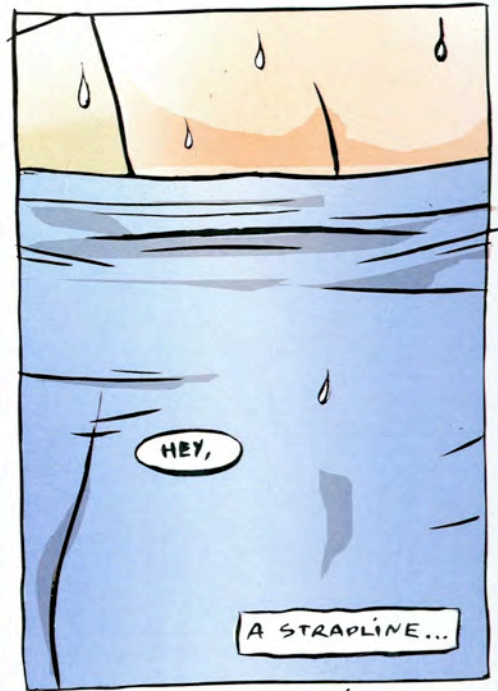
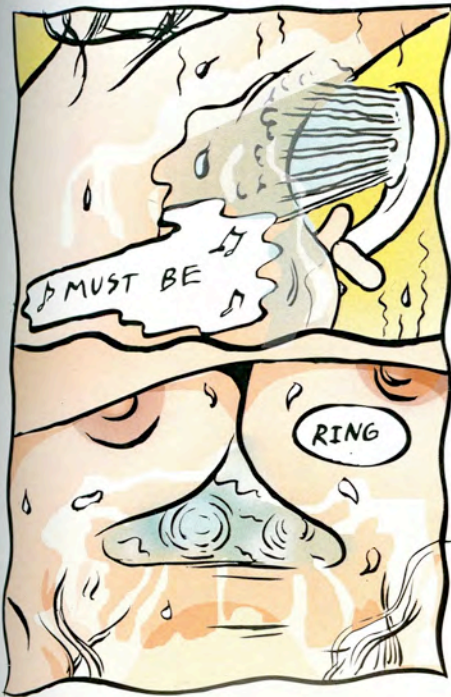
SO IF HE'S SAD, I THOUGHT,



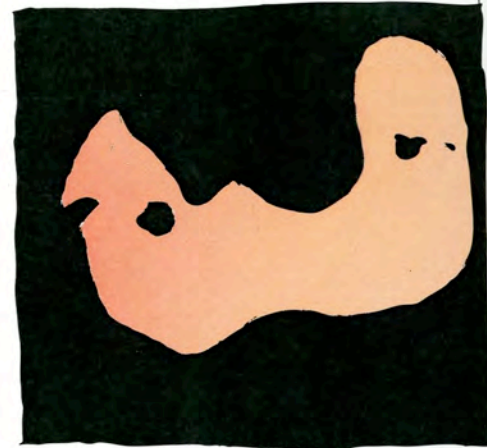
DOES THAT MEAN
WEVE GOT
SAD STEAKS?

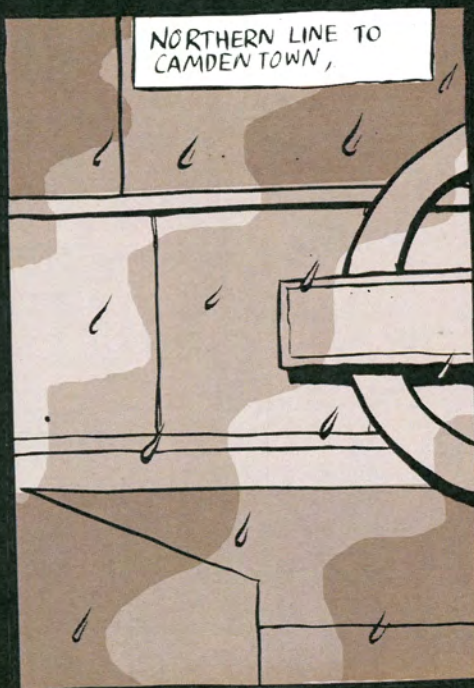


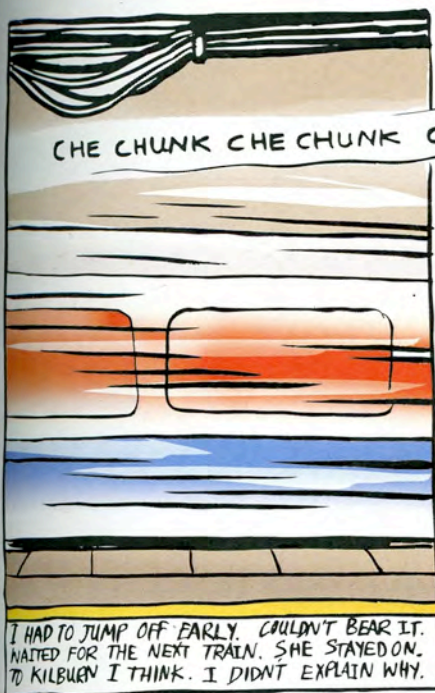
DING
DONG.



ASICKLY PINKSMEAR,

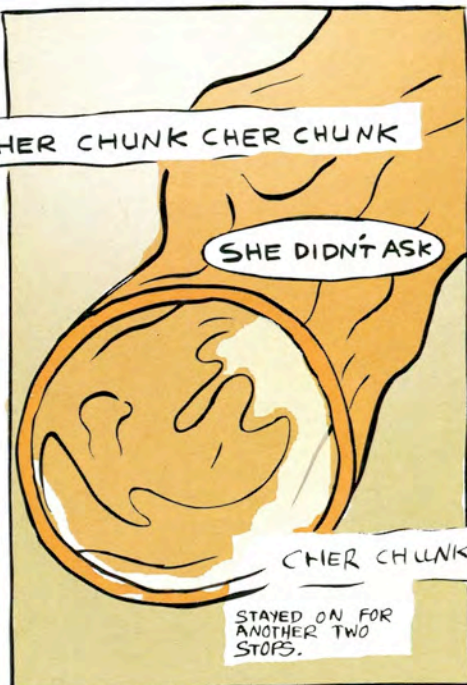






CHE CHUNK CHE CHUNK CHER CHUNK CHER CHUNK

I HAD TO JUMP OFF EARLY. COULDN'T BEAR IT. WAITED FOR THE NEXT TRAIN. SHE STAYED ON. TO KILBURN I THINK. I DIDN'T EXPLAIN WHY.



SHE DIDN'T ASK

CHER CHUNK CHER CHUNK CHER CHUNK

STAYED ON FOR ANOTHER TWO STOPS.



SORRY.

SOB:

NO! COME OVER TO ME...
WHERE ARE YOU???
OH... YOUR NOT
SERIOUS?! NO!
COME HERE... ARE
YOU STILL THERE
... I CAN'T SEE YOU!



ARE... YOU...
... STILL...

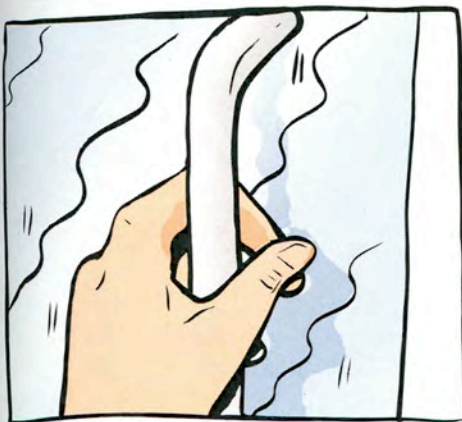
HERE ? ?

OH...

NO!

CLACK

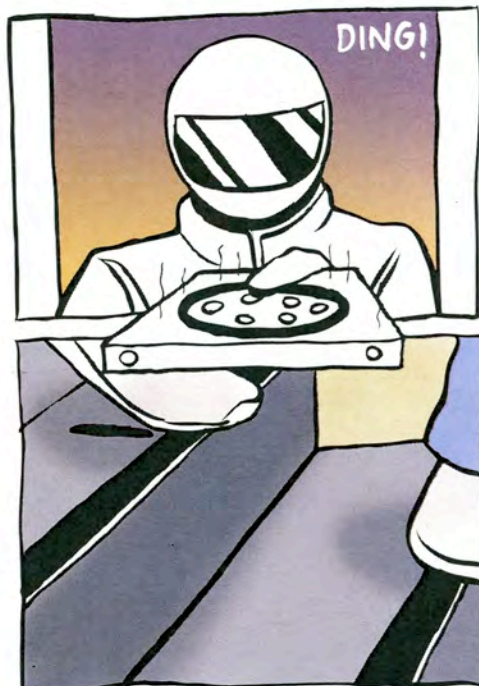
Oh...



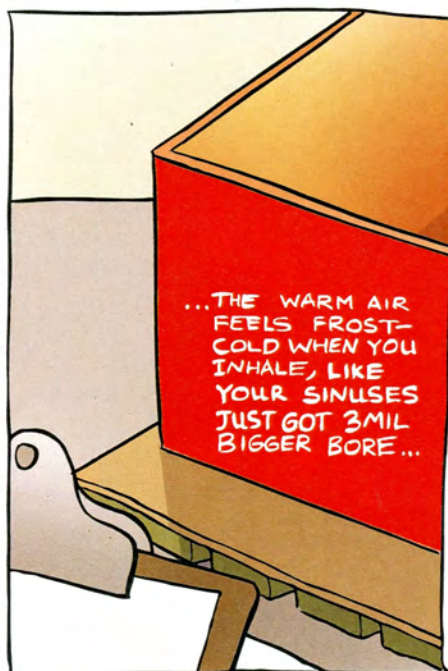
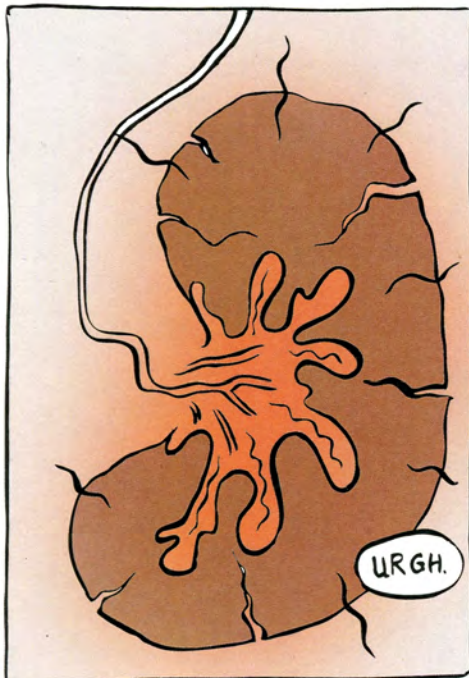
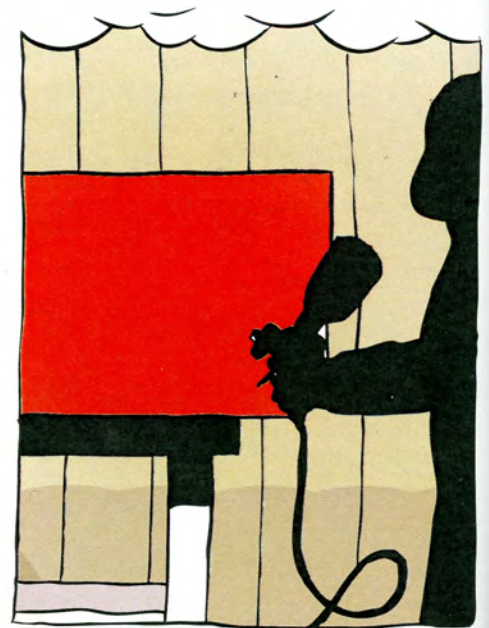
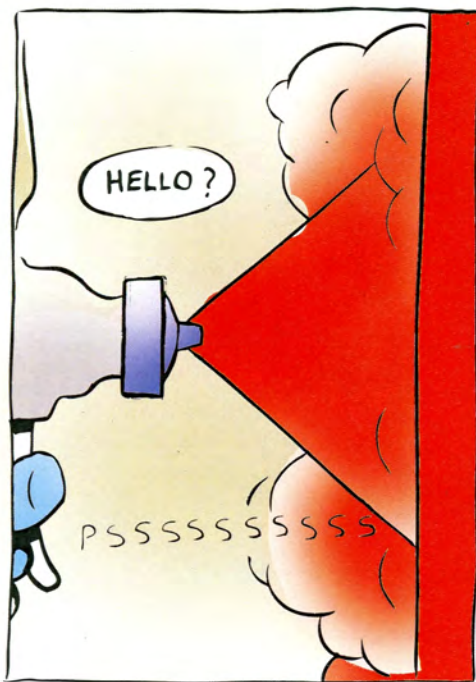
IN - OUT

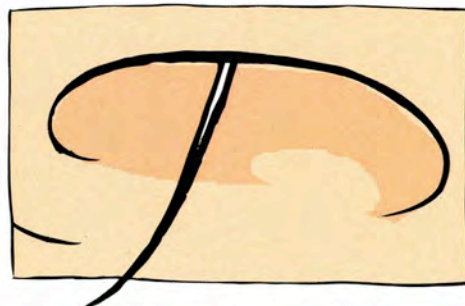
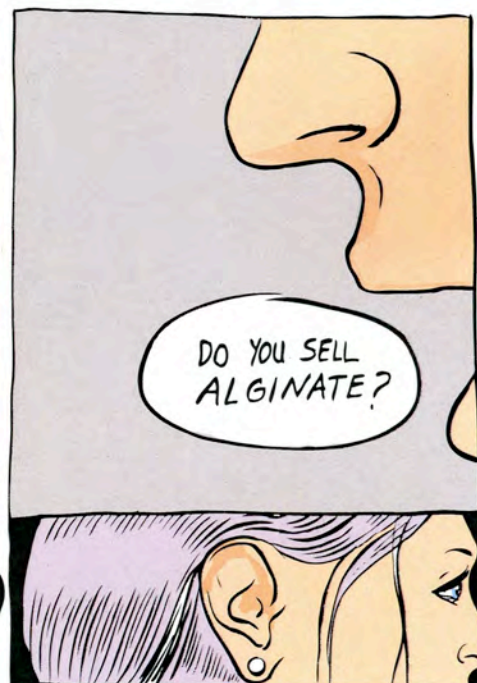


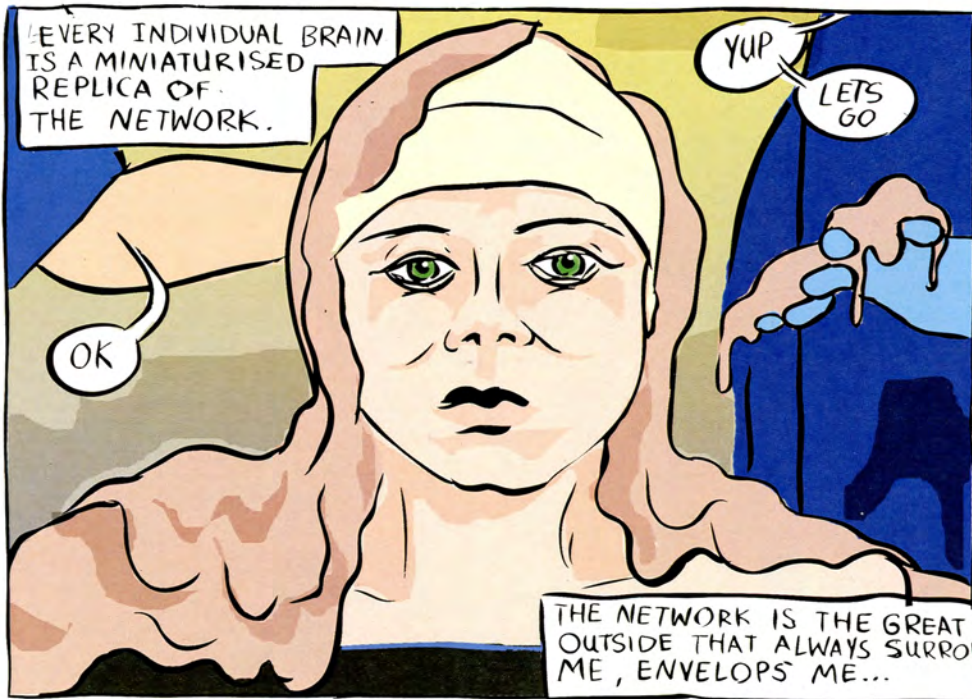
WITH ALL THE
COMPASSION OF
THE DOMINOES
MAN...

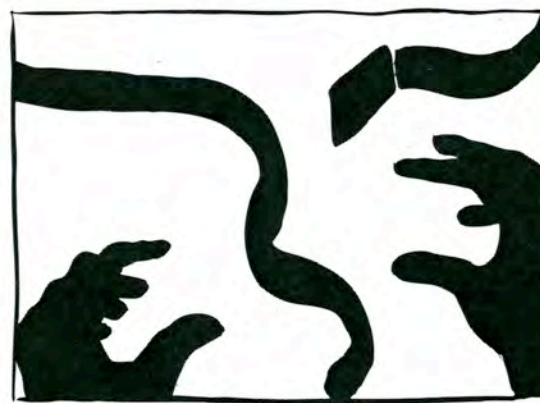
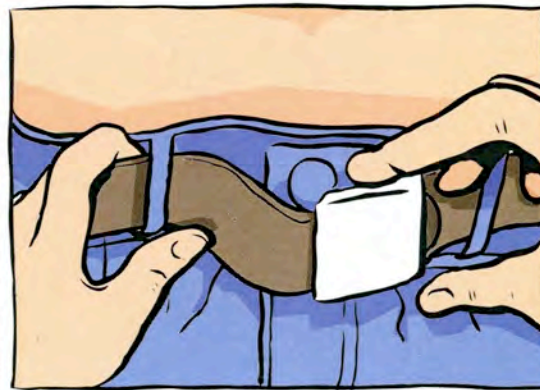
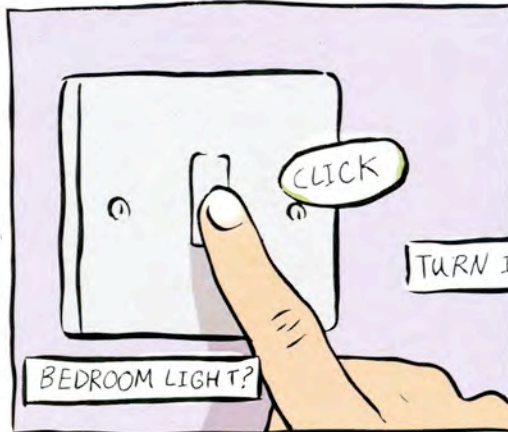


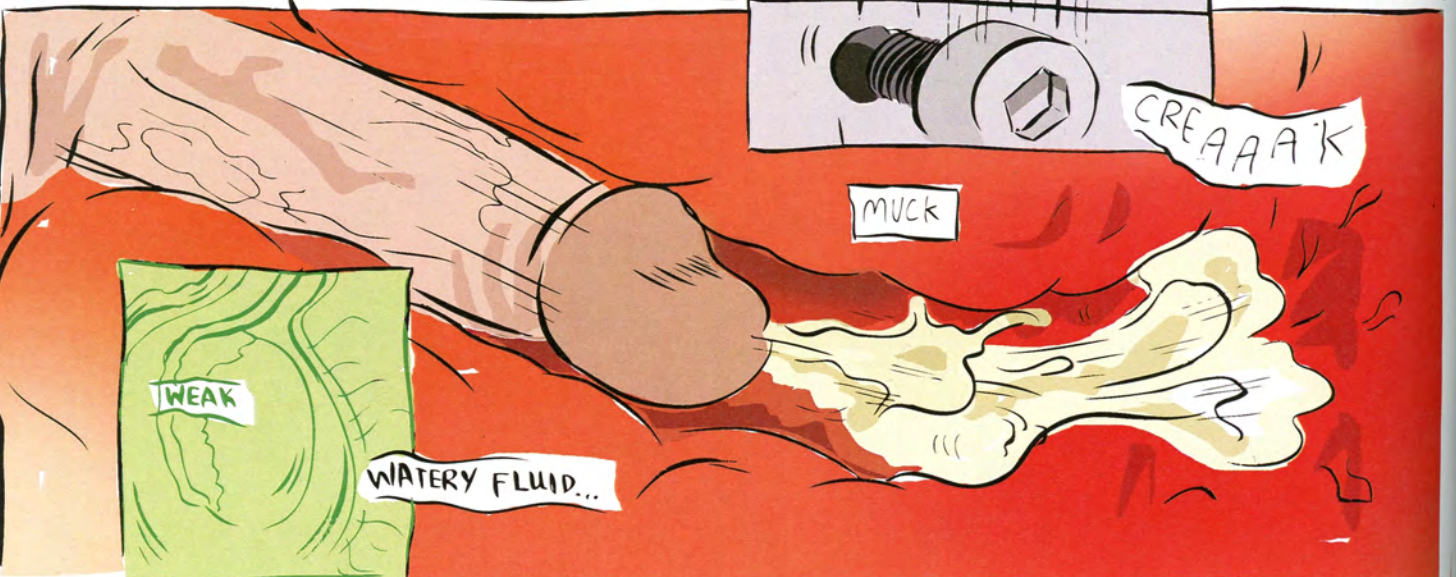
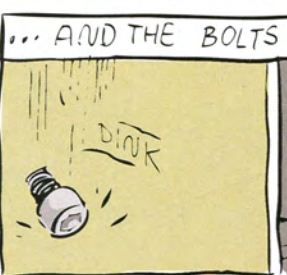
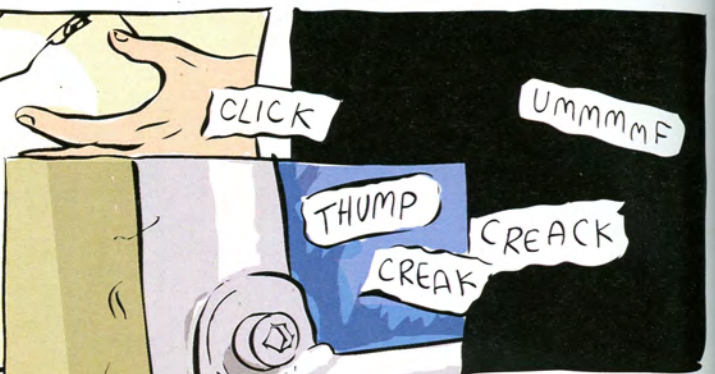
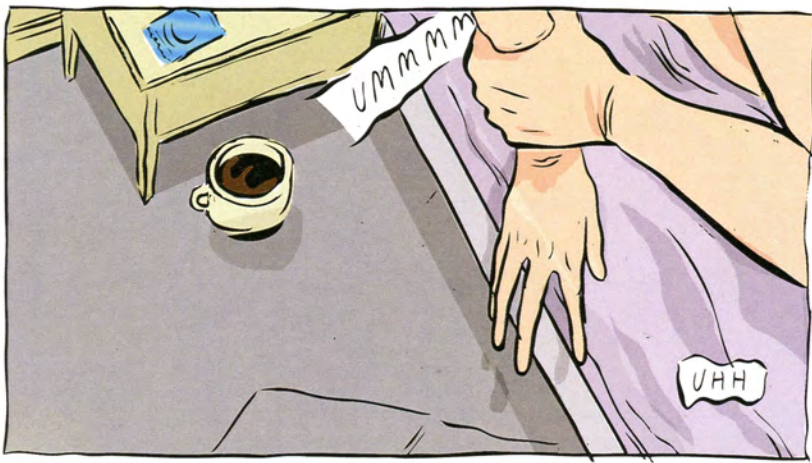
DING!



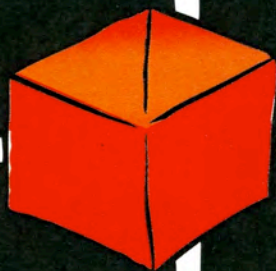








RASPING BREATHS THROUGH
STRINGS OF SALIVA,



SOME MINUTES
LATER, LYING



I PLAY HER DEATH
OUT IN MY MIND.



A BOUNDARY SEPERATES
TWO ZONES OF SOCIAL
SPACE-TIME WHICH ARE
NORMAL, TIME BOUND

CLEAR CUT

CENTRAL

SECULAR

BUT THE SPATIAL
AND TEMPORAL
MARKERS WHICH
ACTUALLY SERVE
AS BOUNDARIES

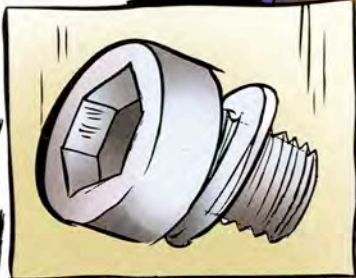
ARE THEMSELVES
ABNORMAL,

TIMELESS,

AMBIGUOUS

AT THE EDGE...

SACRED.



ALL OPPOSITES ARE
ILLUSORY

EMBRACING POLUTION AND
DEGRADATION OF BODIES
PUTRIFICATION AND

DESOLATION

REALISING NON DUALITY

ARSE HOLES OR
SMOKY BACON CRISPS.
MY MINDS LIKE
MEMORY FOAM

BONG SMOKE CREAMS
IN BLUE PLASTIC AND
POURS OUT. SO MUCH
LIKE A HOUSE FIRE

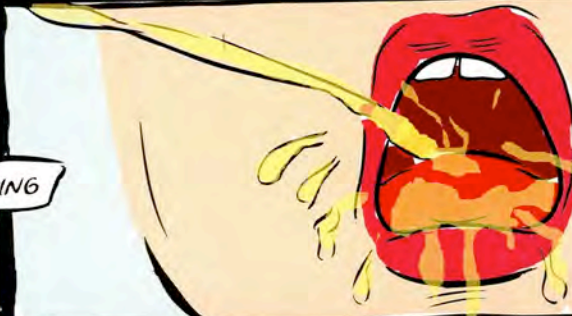


THAT IM EXPECTING IT TO
BLACKEN HIS BROWS AND
THE LINTEL OF HIS LIP...

I JUST
WANT TO TEST
IT OUT.



ATTAINING



ESSENTIALLY WHAT
IS AN ALTERED STATE
OF CONCIOSNESS
THROUGH THE
TRANSCENDING OF
SOCIAL TABOOS

YOU DO?

LIKE PICKING YOUR WAY
THROUGH A GIANT RANCID
MOUTH FULL OF ROTTEN
TEETH.

SCHIZOID VOICES. BRAYING
LOUDER EVEN THAN THE
STREET LEVEL DIN.

GLASS AND MOULDING BRICK AND PLASTER
ROWING LIKE THEIR BEEFY HUMAN
INHABITANTS LEANING THICK NECKED
INTO THE SCRUM.

THE CROPHHEADED MEN BELLOWING
BULLOCKS AS FAT FISTS AND FINGERS
SMASH INTO BRISTLY LIPS RINGS
AND TEETH

WHAT BOUNDARY

**FOOD
& WINE**

A FRANKENSTEIN NETWORK
OF BODGED CONNECTIONS
SPARKING WITH ANXIETY
LEAKING INTO MY OWN
POXY LITTLE NERVOUS
SYSTEM LIKE RADIATION...

SPLEENS POPPING LIKE
OVER FILLED RUBBISH
BAGS CHEAP MEAT SCRAPS
AND STRINGS OF GRAVY,

BLACK BLADDERS OF SWILL
AND GASTRO-BILE
RUPTURED ON TOP OF
ANCIENT GRIME.

I USED TO THINK
I COULD RETREAT
FROM IT...

TAKE SHALLOW
BREATHS.

BUT A WHILE BACK
I LOOKED UP
AND REALISED...

ITS A GUT. AND
WERE IN IT
SLOWLY DISSOLVING
INTO SHIT...

LIKE
EVERYTHING
ELSE IN
HERE.



YEAH! IT STARTS SO LOW! ITS LIKE IT SHOULD START LIKE - HERE!

THERE?

A THREE HEAD?

ITS..



SPLOSH - SPLOOSH

SPLOSH



ITS A PERFORMANCE NOW

AND I HATE HER FOR IT.

WHY DO YOU LIKE WATCHING ME GET READY FOR WORK SO MUCH?

I,

LIKE WATCHING YOU GET READY,

ITS MY FAULT TOO. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SAID.

FOR WORK.

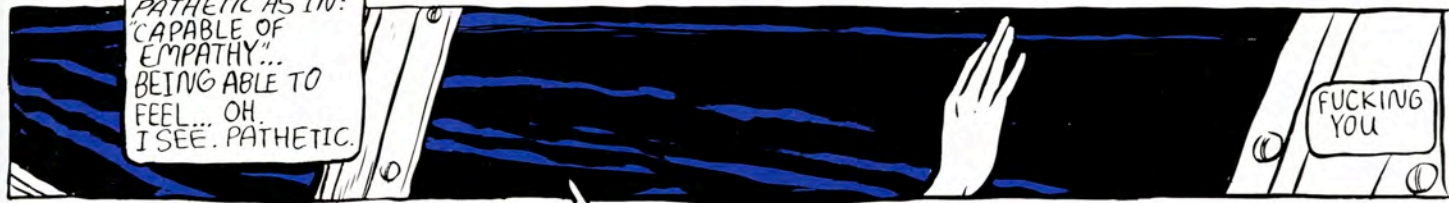
FLICKING HER HAIR BACK, LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER,

SHE'S MADE HER PONYTAIL THREE TIMES NOW.

ITS PATHETIC.

ITS SO INSINCERE.

NOT PATHETIC. PATHETIC AS IN: 'CAPABLE OF EMPATHY'... BEING ABLE TO FEEL... OH. I SEE. PATHETIC.



FUCKING YOU



I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

ITS RUINED.

PPSSST - PPSSST



HA, HA, ERM I DONT GET IT THATS SO RANDOM

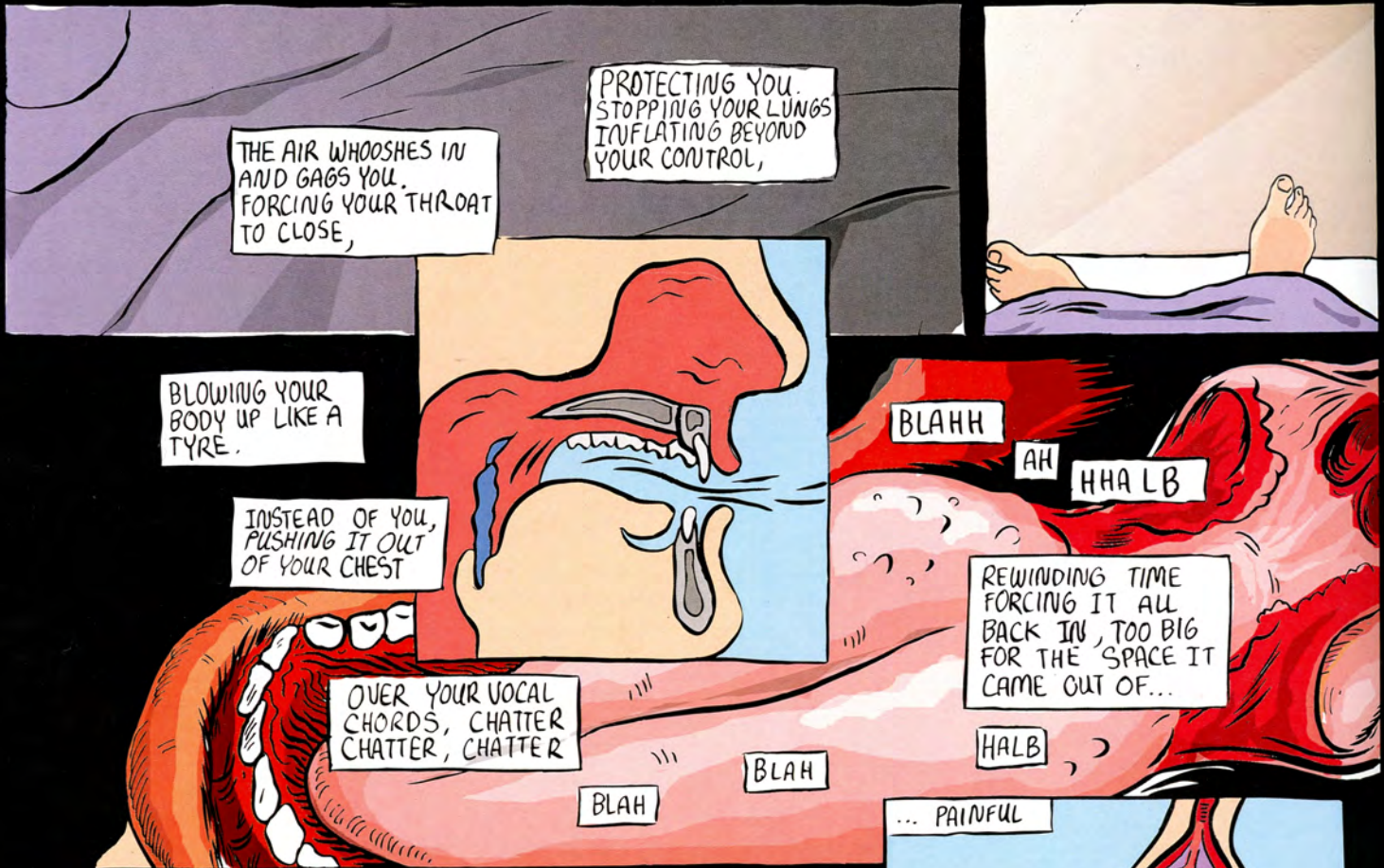


I'VE FIGURED IT OUT..

NOW

THERES

A GROWN-UP PATTERN ON THE DWET COVER.



THE AIR WHOOSHES IN
AND GAGS YOU.
FORCING YOUR THROAT
TO CLOSE,

PROTECTING YOU.
STOPPING YOUR LUNGS
INFLATING BEYOND
YOUR CONTROL,

BLOWING YOUR
BODY UP LIKE A
TYRE.

INSTEAD OF YOU,
PUSHING IT OUT
OF YOUR CHEST

OVER YOUR VOCAL
CHORDS, CHATTER
CHATTER, CHATTER

BLAHH

AH

HHA LB

REWINDING TIME
FORCING IT ALL
BACK IN, TOO BIG
FOR THE SPACE IT
CAME OUT OF...

BLAH

HALB

BLAH

... PAINFUL

NO SENSATION, JUST
AESTHETIC BLISS...

PATTERNS OF THE BODY
WHEN IT TURNS INSIDE
ON ITSELF IN CRAISIS

TASTE?

AS I BREATHE IN AND OUT

THE EDGES OF MY VISION
DISTORT.

DONT THEY
UNDERSTAND?

HOW AWFUL
GOOD TASTE IS?

TO PEOPLE
THAT HAVE
BAD TASTE ...

THAT IS.

PRAYING TO BE RELEASED
FROM IMAGES

WHERE THE FUCK
ARE YOU NOW
DR CALIGARI ?!

EH?

WHAT PATTERN
HAVE YOU GOT
ON YOUR QUILT
COVER ?



SOME...

YES?

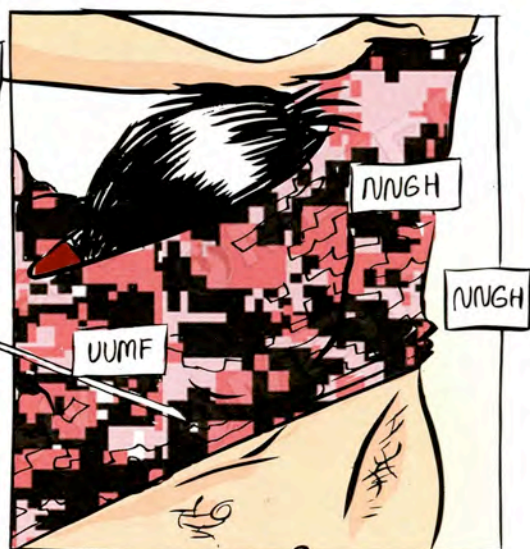
SOME SORT OF ANATOMICALLY DERRANGED BEING,

OH?



UH

UMF



NNGH

NNGH

UUMF



SHIT

RRRRRRRIIIIPPPP

OH SHIT



FUCK IT



AS I STAGGER OVER TO THE STACK OF SHOE BOXES NEXT TO THE WARDROBE.

MY NOSTRILLS HOOVER UP THE CHEAP STENCH OF A LYCRA-COTTON BLEND...

THROUGH PARTED LIDS,



MY VISION IS A PEXELATED MESS OF CAMO

A TECHNICOLOUR RASTERISED DIGITAL MESS.

ITS SO FUCKING THIS SEASON IT HURTS



IF YOU CANT PICTURE EXACTLY WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, WHERE THE FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN??

BY NOT DESCRIMINATING AMONGST HIS PERCEPTION

ITS PRIMARILY MAGENTA AND CYAN.

GO ON...

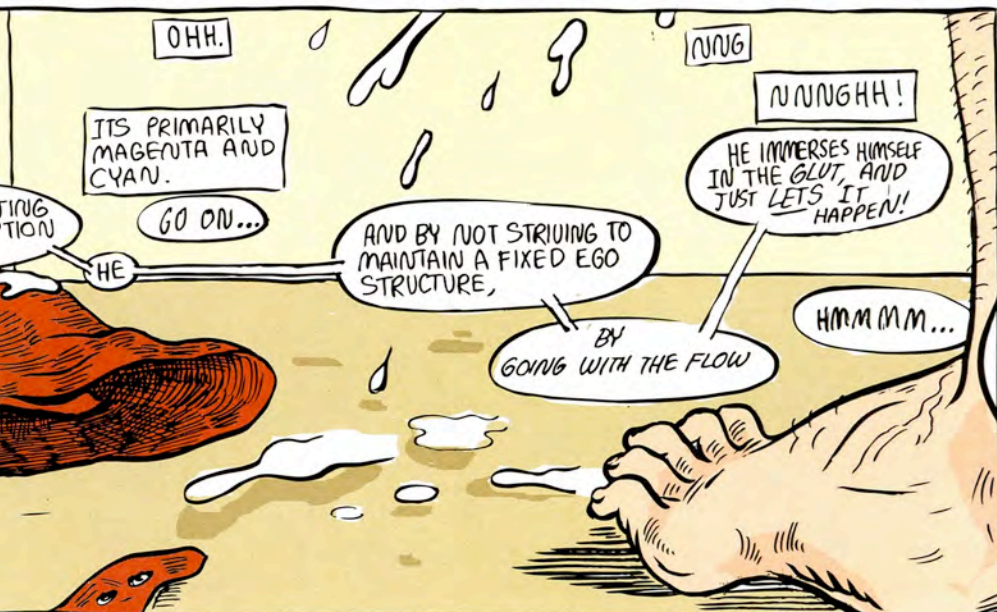
HE

AND BY NOT STRIVING TO MAINTAIN A FIXED EGO STRUCTURE,

BY GOING WITH THE FLOW

HE IMMERSSES HIMSELF IN THE GLUT, AND JUST LETS IT HAPPEN!

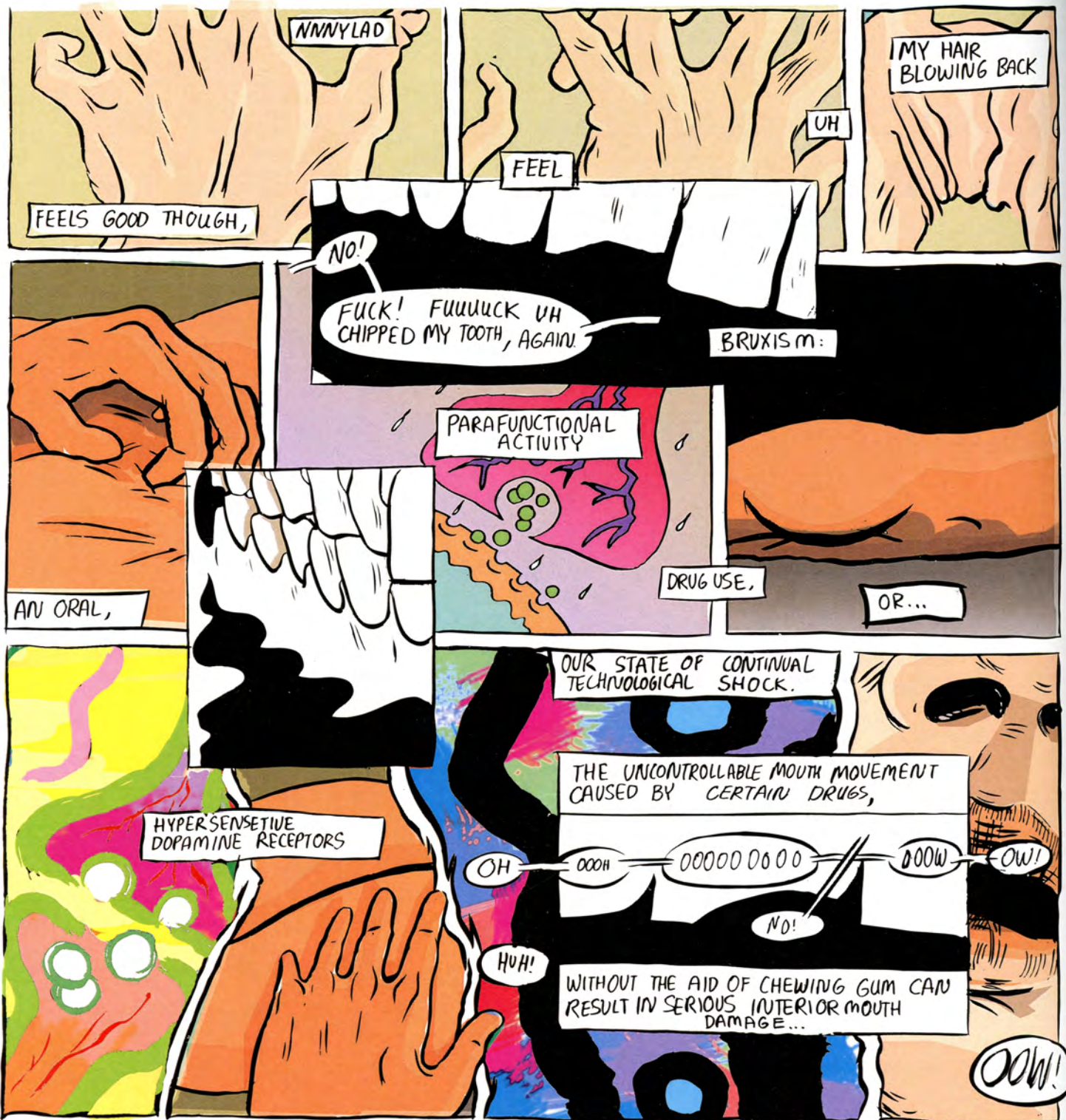
HMMMM...



OHH.

NNNG

NNNGHH!



SOME ...



CAN'T SEEM TO GET...

IT OVER...

SOME KIND OF SUPER-SAVVY?...



...A BRILLIANT NEW MODIFICATION OF HUMAN PERCEPTION.

THIS ONE, THEN?

IN THIS LIFE WE HAVE TO TAKE THINGS AS WE FIND THEM,



HOT

AND



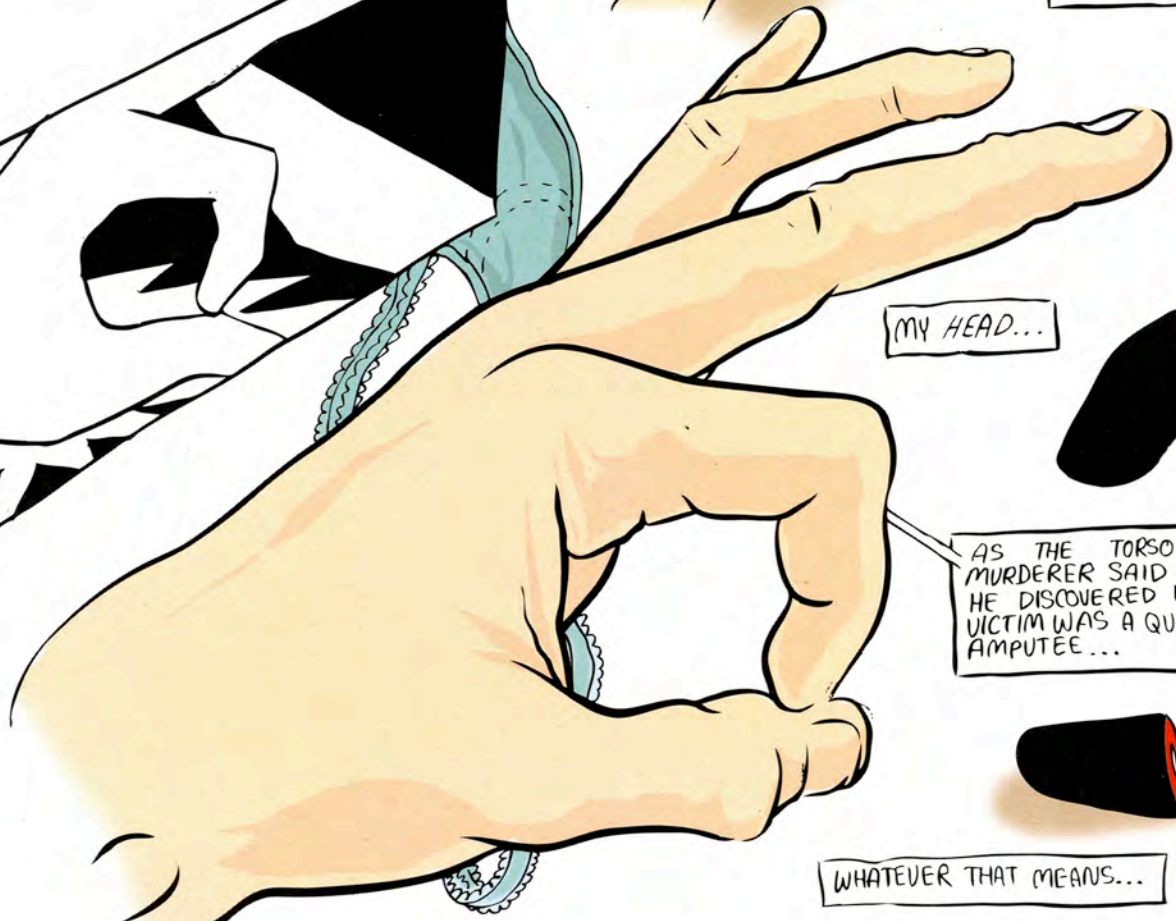
COOL...



MY HEAD...



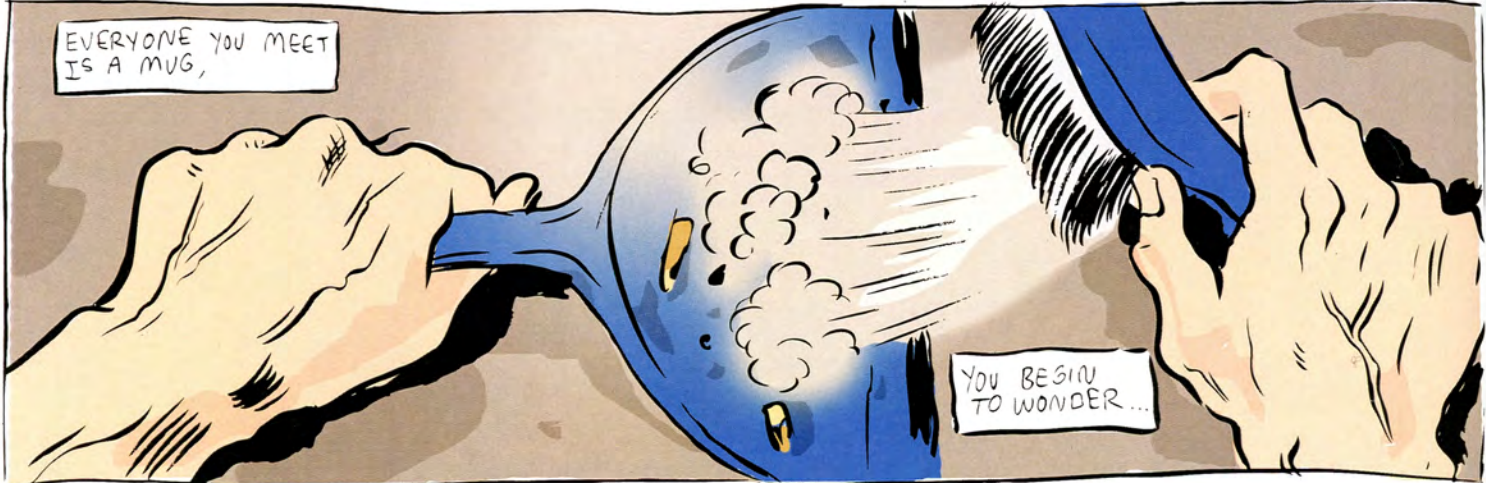
AS THE TORSO MURDERER SAID WHEN HE DISCOVERED HIS VICTIM WAS A QUADRUPLE AMPUTEE...



WHATEVER THAT MEANS...



THERE ARE ALWAYS DAYS LIKE THAT,



EVERYONE YOU MEET IS A MUG,

YOU BEGIN TO WONDER...



YOU BEGIN TO LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE GLASS,



AND WONDER

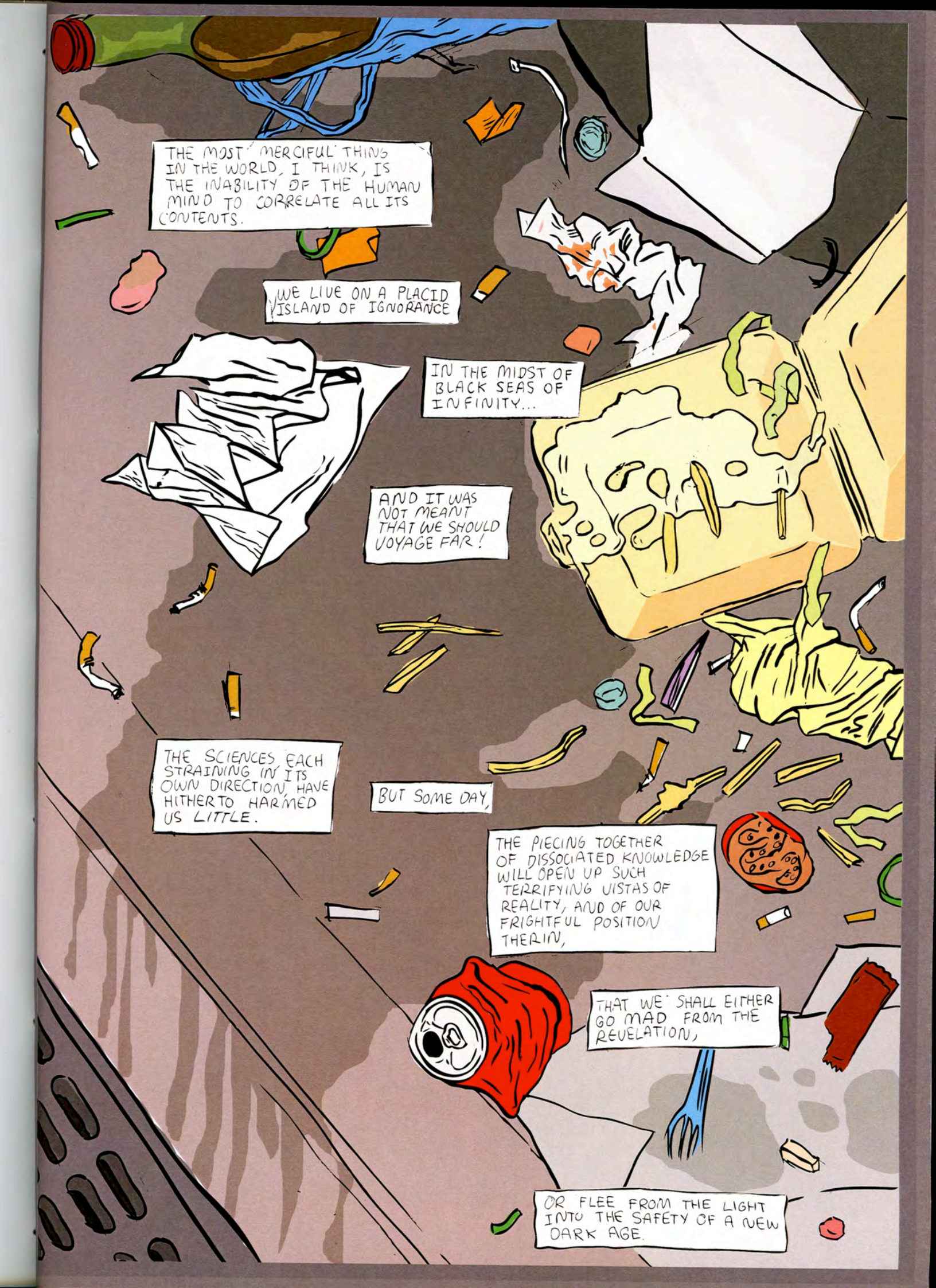


DEGENERATION

ALIENATION

DIRT...

OLD CARPET MFI BEDSIDE TABLES, CARDBOARD DOORS CHEWED BACK INTO PULP BY DOGS AND THE DRAB ANONYMITY OF 1000 SHITTY LIVES.



THE MOST MERCIFUL THING
IN THE WORLD, I THINK, IS
THE INABILITY OF THE HUMAN
MIND TO CORRELATE ALL ITS
CONTENTS.

WE LIVE ON A PLACID
ISLAND OF IGNORANCE

IN THE MIDST OF
BLACK SEAS OF
INFINITY...

AND IT WAS
NOT MEANT
THAT WE SHOULD
VOYAGE FAR!

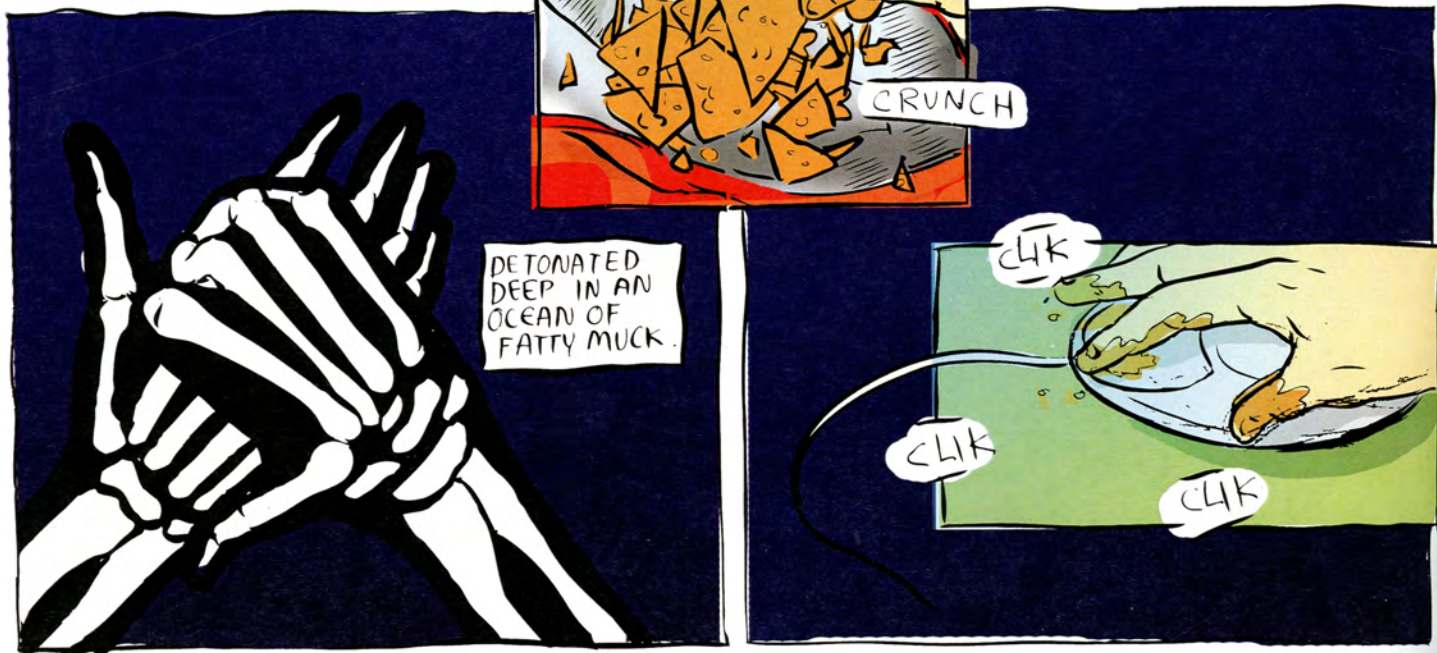
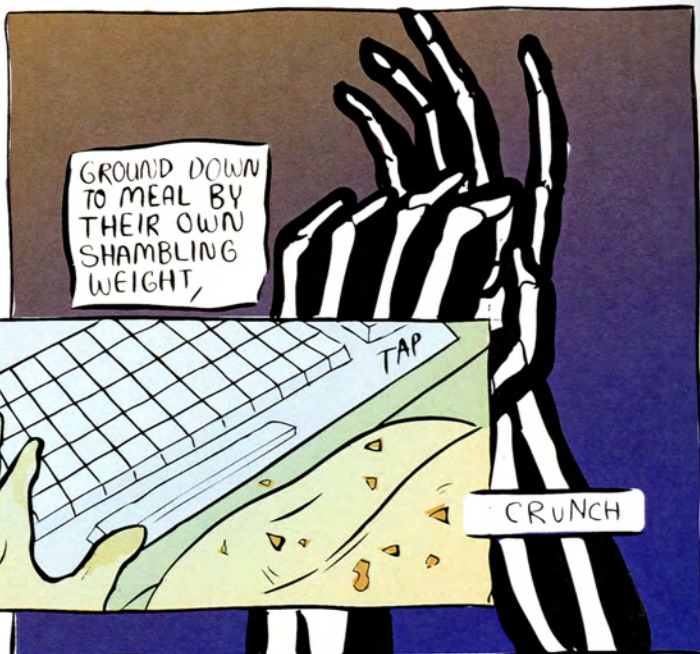
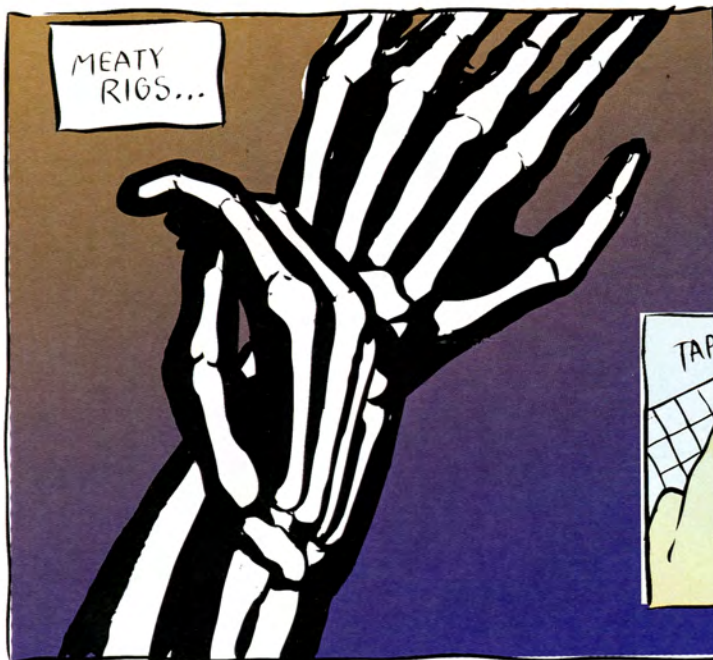
THE SCIENCES EACH
STRAINING IN ITS
OWN DIRECTION, HAVE
HITHERTO HARMED
US LITTLE.

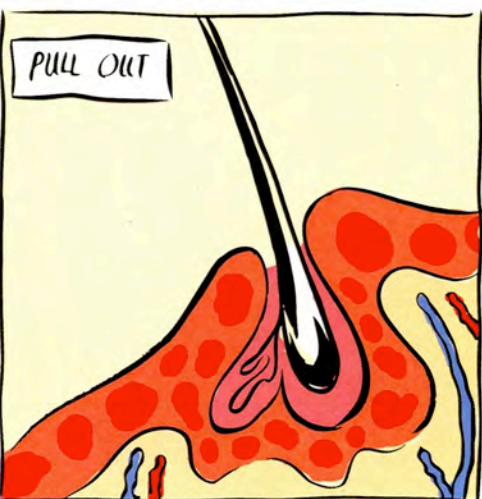
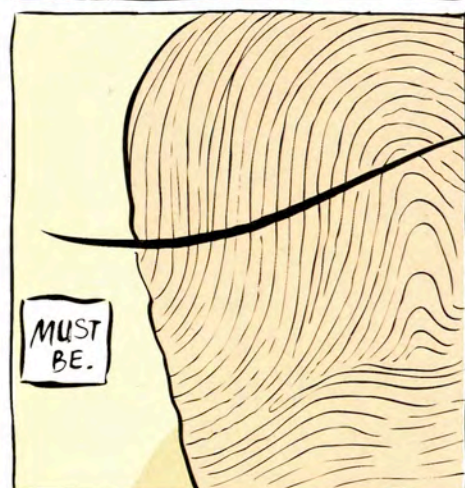
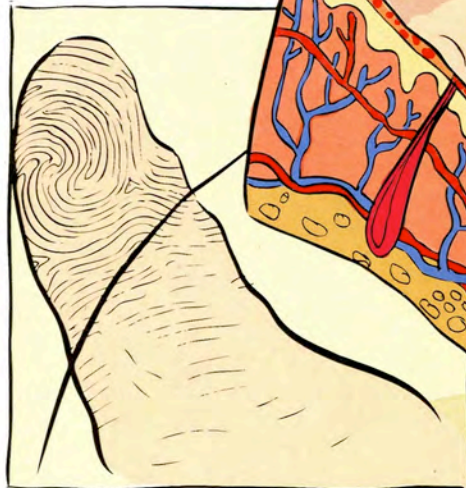
BUT SOME DAY,

THE PIECING TOGETHER
OF DISSOCIATED KNOWLEDGE
WILL OPEN UP SUCH
TERRIFYING VISTAS OF
REALITY, AND OF OUR
FRIGHTFUL POSITION
THEREIN,

THAT WE SHALL EITHER
GO MAD FROM THE
REVELATION,

OR FLEE FROM THE LIGHT
INTO THE SAFETY OF A NEW
DARK AGE.





LIKE
NOTHING