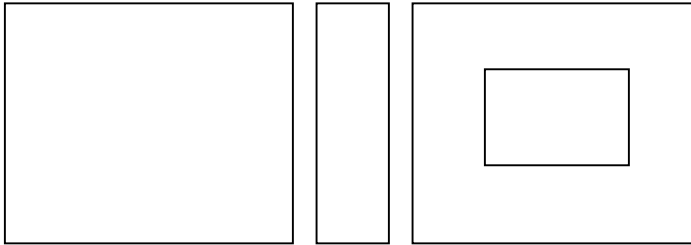


Three related texts

Three related texts for proposed bookworks.

The book works to consist of rough cardboard, scored twice to make three parts per side, two large rectangles separated by a thin spine part. One of the rectangles with a window cut in it, unglazed.



The text to be written on the cardboard in the manner of graffiti.

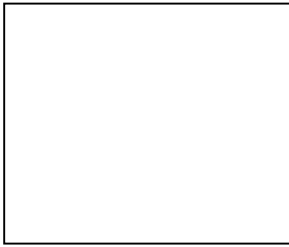
The large rectangle takes 6 lines per side.

The spine takes one line.

The windowed rectangle takes two lines.

Text has been written to be multivoice, but the distribution and spatialisation of voices is left to negotiation between self-selecting performers.

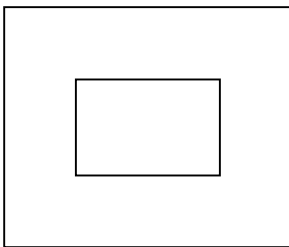
Text 1 Obverse



News no longer matches
our own experience.
The surface of everything
we've built starts to crumble.
It's all in substantial,
structure's inadequate



Those with spines may succeed.



What should protect us fails.

What should enclose us falls.

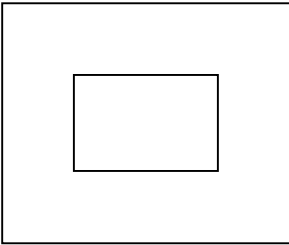
Text 1 Reverse



Constructions break us down.
So shoddy; we collapse
as they collapse, and we,
one reinforcing one,
making many, feedback
exponential, dying.

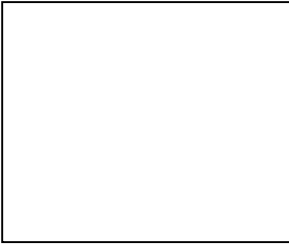


Solids are not solid.



Society's fabric
is the poor's illusion.

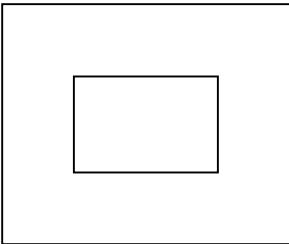
Text 2 Obverse



Women are humiliated...
Large human turds on display...
Carrion birds roaming the sky,
the sick and the half and lame
muttering repetitions
of evacuated language...



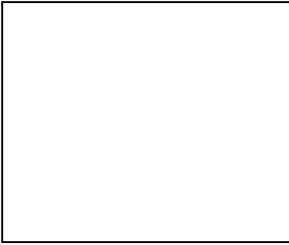
God is great! God is great!



Man in an expensive suit

vomiting over what he holds...

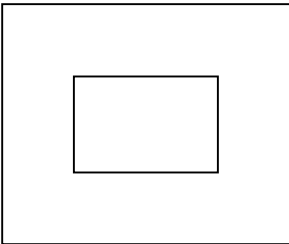
Text 2 Reverse



Public work, undertaken
in the middle of chaos,
or so it looks to some
moves to a stop. Lines end.
Gutters flood and roads block.
Most waters are blood-coloured.



Behold, I'm with you always...



Woman with a microphone.

Decorative devastation.

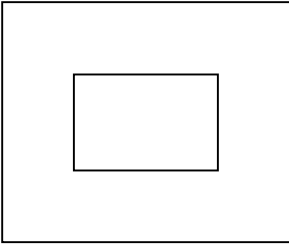
Text 3 Obverse



There isn't a roof left here.
All gone: blown off by high winds;
or, there, looks like explosion;
rotten from neglect in damp;
burned by uncontrolled fire.
Any shelter has been grabbed.



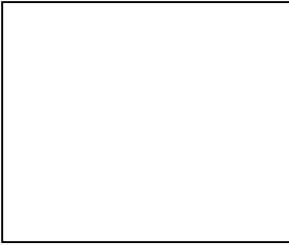
What we are doing is best!



You bastards cause the problems.

No one tells us anything now.

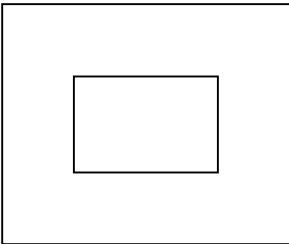
Text 3 Reverse



There are no calculations.
It is intuitive work.
We must start again. You first.
Learn from our mistakes. You first.
Once you have started, ideas
will flow abundantly. Start!



Respect the ways of others.



Catastrophe constructed.

We need better erections.

