

Mrs. Steadyrockerson



S t o r y o f t w o w o m e n w a s h i n g t h e i r f e e t

a form of a series

PARIS

ENTRÉE

097394

097395

BEVERLEY

PARIS

ENTRÉE

BEVERLEY PARIS

ENTRÉE

097395

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097396

BEVERLEY PARIS

ENTRÉE

BEVERLEY

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ENTRÉE

097396

ENTRÉE

097397

BEVERLEY

PARIS

GOUV







Modern solution to war ds a problem

As the project presents, the shared views, the cultural conflicts in exaggeration, the mind-blowing liberal movements, and the walk-away from solutions, we have lost it all.

We have lost the ability to solve, the ability to perform, and, in the essence, the ability to be fragile. We are armed contemporarily, drinking tap water...

Didn't the greatest owner of the world once not have a mind? Tossing the ball around, you said it was about certain subject of a specific matter. I see white and black and a consistent stream of electricity. How rare it is to see the flow? Didn't the greatest fucker of the world once not have a dick? A woman said no, and another woman said no, the no from the third woman goes on... I see a man protests, and another man protests, and the greeting of the third guy goes on.

Where shall we find the simplest solution of it all. Then comes the smallest decision of our time. The tail sign of forbidden, the tail of the signs, we overheard the smallest crack of an opening. Too late to call it dawn.

Where shall we find the defining point of the dawn, of whether it is too early or too late. Time, in terms of modern solution, cannot be used in place. Time is the killer. As each woman goes on and on about the rarity and the clarity of a man; men were trying to bring down appearances, that they are not what they appeared to be. Women were trying to bring down appearances. Didn't the greatest television owner used to believe in the level of a paper? The modern solution of the appearances of words is not motion pictures but a rather elevating imagination.

Modern solutions are only providesr for those who lay their eyes on the refrigerator. We keep cool and composure in a small volume of a container.

I see a woman rubbing lotion on her body. This must be my dream. I am, in this context, rubbed

contemporarily in the abuse of terms. I have no idea where the words will take me. In fact. I have no idea how they are defined in time, in place, in a yellow box of garbages. And that is my point. Not knowing certain things but meanwhile use it aggressively. Not knowing the impact is an outcome.

Aggressiveness. Abusive behaviour. Calling out. Problem in the silhouettes of a king. Imagine the king in a chamber kneeling down to the ground; the royal carpets are the time. Those who kneels on time have no where to run, nor does the king. His kingdom rises as his woman kneels down, rubbing lotions... Who's coming home to abuse? You dance as if it is bad for your health. You wealth is bad for how he deals with problems. Problem is the silhouette of a ring. I am doing ten things at a time.

I am doing ten things at a time. Messy and difficult. Electronic and folklore. All I need is deletion. Delete motion pictures out from this world. Now you change your kneeling position to sitting down. It is already high enough. Your knee must be a kid of yours.

You are in a sexy position right now. I now have received the sign of making love. Proceeds. You are taking me agressively. I am sure that it was a motion picture from the start. Where shall we find the simplest solution of our time? I can't...I can't. The belly strikes me as a tide. Such a change of a plan! I am using you. Your breasts are two factories, building implements and condemnation towards the self. It is the smallest description of our time. The smallest context that I could ever be in. The smallest intercourse that I have ever had. You are small as ever. I am the replacement of your refrigerator. You are the smallest prision that I've ever been in. The compound.

You were holding my adam's apple, thrubbing it. Television now makes a cool noise. I have been torned into....what it all could've been.

I am thrubbing your crack. You go down. As soft as it could be. You go down. The third party resides in. I must be the king. I must be the king. I am a king with no composure. You are the queen of Ireland. You should give me the blowjob... Your nose sets up a revolution.

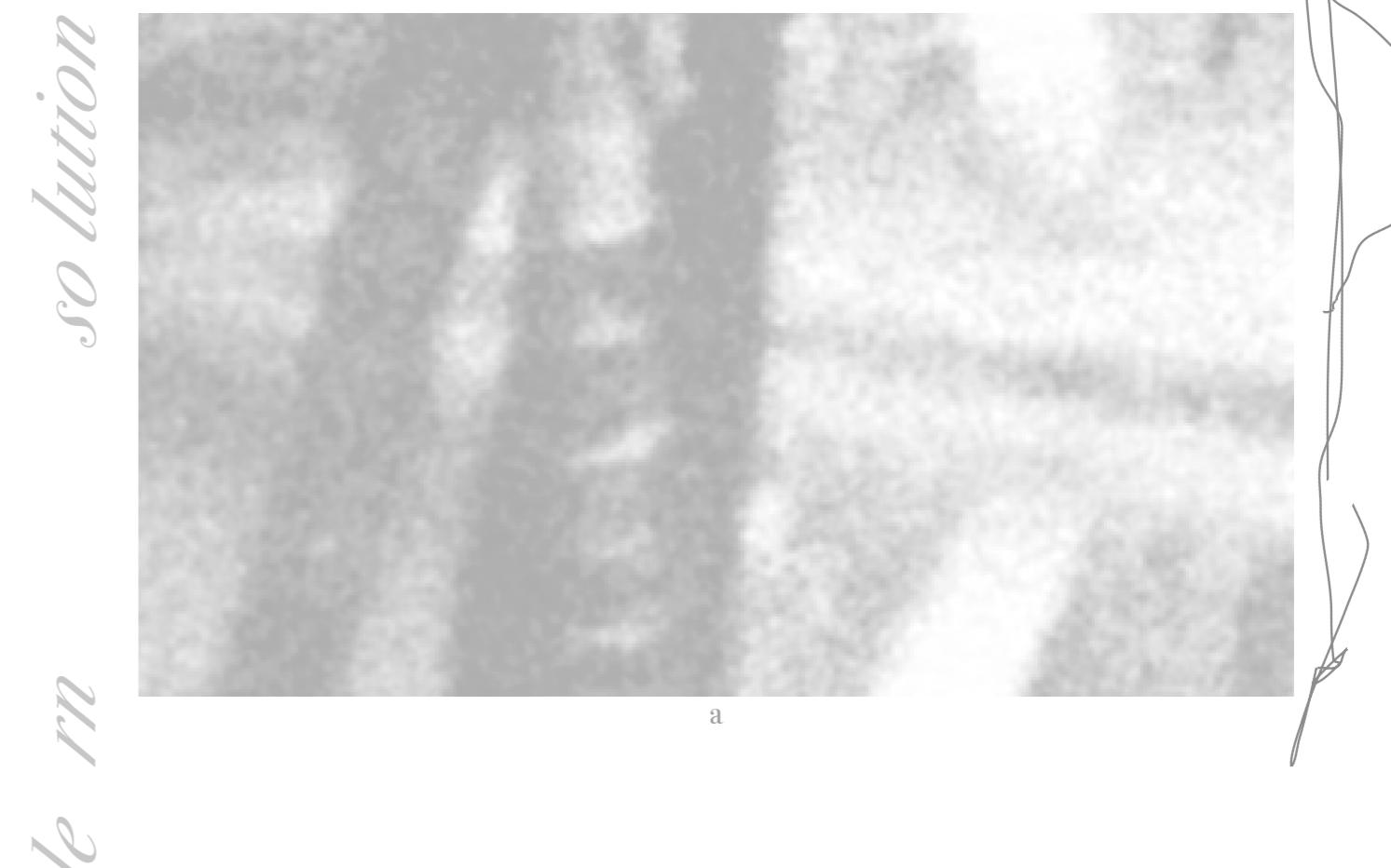
I shall make no sound. Didn't the most well living sex offender have a deal with the deal breaker? Proceeds, you are taking me softly.

I believe the modern solution to a problem is deletion. And you are everywhere, how can I delete you?

And I do believe, the modern solution to all complicated problem is deletion.

Time is a shell. What if a photo says that it wants to trap you in a square? Fifty miles you kill a man, thirty seasons for you to abuse a woman. Your tea-drinking process is not a true phenomenon. I see the heart in you. A heart that governs itself. A heart of a king and the lung of a queen. Peasants were floating above your palace. Peasants were hiding behind your vowels.

Now, you have a troop for you to chase the modern solution back.



In a sense, and in so far as this mask represents the conception we have formed of ourselves—the role we are striving to live up to—this mask is our true self, the self we would like to be. In the end, our conception of our role becomes second nature and an integral part of our personality. We come into the world as individuals, achieve character and become persons?

Washing my feet, and it feels nice

A modern magazine or just a zine, with modern words concerning modern problem. If we care about the titles and we care about the fonts, then we are facing a real problem. This, however, is for my problem and to be more specific, the problem belongs to Jane and the brunette.

The repetitive mentioning of washing my feet is originally addressed to no one; that is to say, an unrealistic thing was created just to solve my mental.

If I were to go upstairs for the room above, roofless one with special construction, I'd see strangers walking around; strangers prefer not to be stared at and that I wouldn't discuss too much.

People need their feet washed. People need their feet washed. People need a magazine to read. People need a zine to handle. People concern problems. People were strangers. People use fonts. People are too modern to address where the problem is.

All problems were constructed in a complicated way as in the room above. People need nice feelings for fulfillment just as in the way the urinal needs the pee to be satisfied.

Jane and the brunette and I wonder if there should be another character. Another fucking sickness to be built. Mental. People need their feet washed. The people need their feet washed.

They saw a hanger out in the woods. What a weird combination. A modern solution appears again. For owning too many clothes, for to be owned by your mind, for the laziness/ then why would you go into the woods? They walk with a pair of modern solutions, who heard pianos? Who need modern fulfillments?

Out in the woods, I have a little store that sells modern sickness. Jane and the brunette were my regulars. That is why I know them. Everyday early in the morning they would come, anger both on their face and they would dissolve into a pair of dead faces the moment they stepped in. I guess they don't want to show it to me their angers alongside with all their emotions. I would say that it is the earliness and the unreadiness of the

morning bought it to them, or the greasy feeling of the night that is never going away, their faces look problematic.

To notice this pattern, yet I was always carried away by the preparations of the store. Sickesses were always sold unevenly and that is a problem had to solve...through a serious procedure. Masturbation would always rank first on my to do list, sometimes it would be performed by somebody else rather than myself. I get into a realm of mania just by thinking about the process. Then is to wash my feet. Sometimes I wash my special parts too if I were too excited. We have no music in the store. No discussions.

Sometimes be a rebel with a label on: this here a demon. Or it could be labeld as: this here is someone who matters. Labelling is as important as revolutions to black people. Or weaponization to white people. Or propaganda to the communists. We need to climb the Himalayas/ We need to punish the criminals. Sometimes be a rebel with a label on: aged motherfuckers.

I am the only store in this region. The only seller in this forest. Sickness does not exist oftenly in the less populated area so that is why I bring it here. As well as why people are fascinated by the idea of washing their feet, I brought it here.

I forecast weather and bad news.



a

*feels
my feet
and it*

Washing my feet and it feels nice

To be clear, under command I moaned/ under control I fevered/ under options I fell in love under the unnamed one.

To be clear, the water has to be clear for me to wash my feet. And to wash it again, I think she knows.

I'll let my love wash my feet. Emergency, I'll let the meadow soothe me as you provoke the words you hate, do you hate me? Didn't you know?

The house has emptied, the singer left for more. For you to consider, for you to thrive, for you to knock on the door/you pushed in/what you see/what you hear/and all, anguishes.

Paying anger to inhabit
Migrating in and out
I see you, and the house has emptied without you.

If to repeat, the constant yelling, the unconventional fear, the woods fall upon you so you would have the chance to be burned down. The process opposes to water, fire wood of cabin. Moanings, desperately into the awakening of the forest. Take the brunette and leave.

Jane took the brunette and left this morning. Stepping into the forest, yelled about how this break of down was thirty minutes early. We can hear, the birds were not ready, river was caught off guard, losing its voice.

In the house where you sleep, the magazine is too modern, a cabin takes it back. What do we see in a magazine? Put paper on repeat, to read it again, I think she knows. I think Jane knows, what has behaved wrongly. Steps, 30 to know how early it is. Down the road, we found a fountain, an unnamed one.

I found the water to wash my feet. We found what is so called a solution to an emergency. Then we write it down in a magazine.

This time I'm paying my vision to inhabit
The brunette loses Jane and Jane loses the brunette
what is so called a magazine, what is so called an emergency

What is so called a modern solution to my icky feet.
Resolution came earlier this time, on the front page.

Going back to the store, into the woods/ New trends

The store was closed approximately for three days/ The bathroom inside was always open. As the only source of dirty human leftovers, it always stayed open. The camera, one of the most modern solutions of our problems, had caught some acts in there.

The toilets were, as usual, used as some urinal and all the symbols were all torn down and covered by a new relevant societal symbol/ I see changes./ I see vulgarity/ I see cuts all over the wooden wall. Surprisingly, Jane and the brunette were not there that day.

Surpassing the roof of the store, some trees fell on it. Approximately there were three/ I am glad that no one got hurt./ I am glad that the only apparatus for human leftovers wasn't destroyed by this accident. I do not care much about the symbols on the wall as usual. They are cheap/ They can be demonstrated by anyone with anything at anytime.

The store is like a rock. Not like anything else. I don't see resemblance to anything except for a jar of sickness.
I am going back to the store./ Chekcinc/ Peeing/ Differentiating and drinking/ I am thinking about changing the brunette into something else.

The brunette hasn't even got a name yet.

If the forest is a gigantic combination of trees and soil, I feel the words are way too modern to be present. As I put up the poster on the wall of my store that day, a work of now, I see people protesting a little. Near this one, there was already another one sitting silently. I guess it is not the problem with how I fashion this, but rather a spontaneous act born of breathing too much oxygen. I said, the forest is only a gigantic combination of trees and soil. So any other presence will be judged fairly around here.

I question all those protestants alongside with their acts. I protect my posters, I protect my modernly fashioned way and so on with all other things.

I see people have gone lazy around here so I need to have a thing, a thing to do and to divert attention.
I need a fountain/ for people to find / not to purchase/ to use/ to view as a thing.

The weather has gone bad. I need acceleration. Speeding up certain processes in this woods won't be hard, based on this population it won't be too hard to persuade people to believe in certain things. The only hard thing to do would be to build or bring a fountain here. As for the rest, nothing could be easier than being judged here.

I go into the woods/ I discover foot prints/ They are smelly/ They fit in to the category of icky feet, and they will be in the need of a fountain to wash their feet.

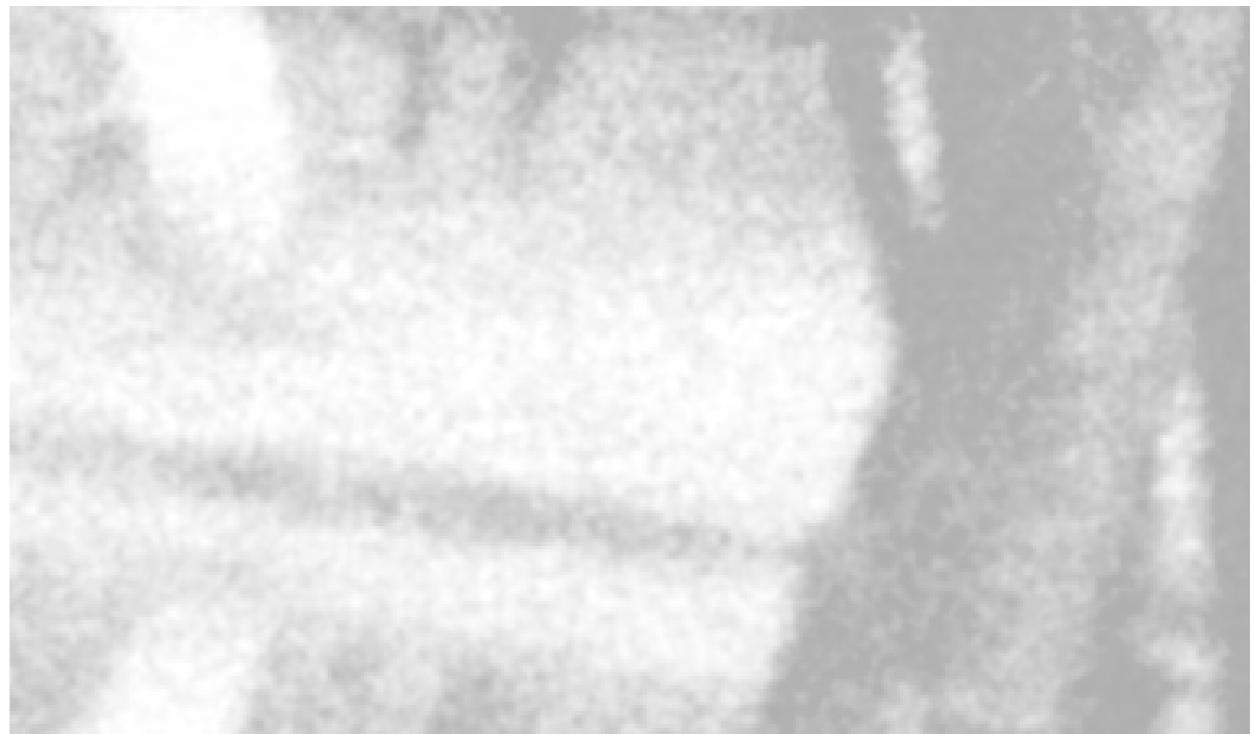
The town took a huge hit and fell in to the trend of washing their feet. Nobody has ever done it before in this town, that is to admit that they got unhealthy feet. According to everything, our feet should be as healthy. It is like committing to a crime, a filthy, dirty and disgusted one.

The town has got a new trend/ The town has got a new trend/ The town has got a new trend
The people have got to wash their feet/ The people have got to wash their feet/ The people have got to wash their feet
The town is icky/ The town is icky/ The town is icky

Going back to the store, into the woods/ New trends



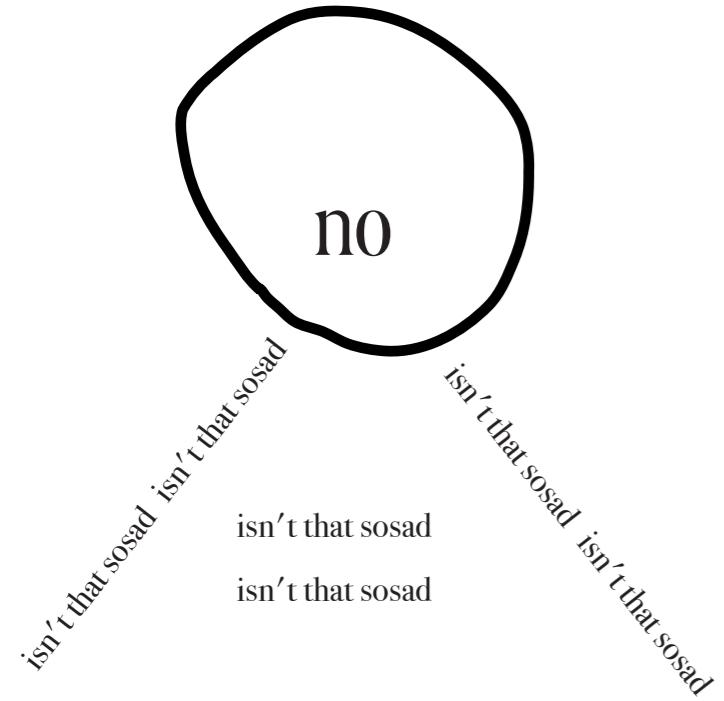
a



b

In crime, in imagination

The forest was taken down by the greedy sleepers; they are falling in pairs.



I go back to the transformation that started at first, the town was crystallized into lenses. Jane was there, witnessing all this, and through her eyes as I looked into them; they were there as if she had put the glasses on, the transparency of her glance was the only thing that I see; yet transparently, I went blind for just a second. I heard the rules from the only store in the woods, that there shouldn't be any music. I would just enjoy what is there.

Quietness is no longer a moustache, not even a beard that grows fast. They climb on you and they are all over you. And they fall into units. For just a second, in a glass room full of imagination, reality blinks with sanity and strikes color onto your forehead. Looking up as if your eyes are rolling into the back. Backwards they say, your front is a front. What is the meaning of emphasizing, again, not to ask for the meaning, the meaning of color to a crime? A statement is black and white, long and proudly forbidden.

Then we went back into the safe house. Classified in weights/ Discrimination/ Allegation/ Colourful socks and lonely monks.

We are putting on a tape to see and to kill time in this time of crisis, and again, none of these are real.

We are putting on a show.

Everybody is putting their glasses on. We are gathered here for the same reason as well as no reason.

The room is not getting any darker so Jane starts to panic about the fact that the quietness is no longer a mustache.

Then to pick up where we left from, everybody should be repeating the same line.

“In crime, in imagination.” “In crime, in imagination.” “In

imagination

in

crime,

L'enfant et la lune

Modern solution

Problem requires feelings. Feelings cannot be generated.



www.ilovethe1975.bagsynotinthenet.com

this feeling or something that you call me

fuck this feeling





Human condition, interface and language

I see. The pages are metaphorical. In this indispensable language system, the bloodstains on my socks are some boats. Boats that carry name tags, and I felt it in advance, names are the quietness when I call you or when you call me. Langauge is a system you use to slip away, bonded and rebounded, the things you say reveal feelings.

From afar, I see the boat sailing towards me; you, surrounded by names, silence veils your motivation; the things you've moved past are somehow red, the things you carried. Life and evil follow, a sticky shirt was used as a tag in the middle of somewhere, a sticky shirt felt like an interface.

I am setting you up as an interface. Holding words and symbols, you are not as mechanical as you were. You are slipping away.

Where do you go when you go within.

Pirates are coming aboard. Ready to take away modernity.

Where do you go when you call me?

I am putting labels on you.

You: dirty can of worms.

You: infectious wounds with sanitary tides from the sea.

You: respond to commands

You: yearn

You: 3 seconds of modernity

You: understand human conditions.

You: me

I am pirates in disguise. Darkness is my night-vision goggles.

White simplicity and cultural language you must use.

I need to call you as you were. Human terms and conditions persuade you so you won't go down.

Give it to me.

interface

condition

language

Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

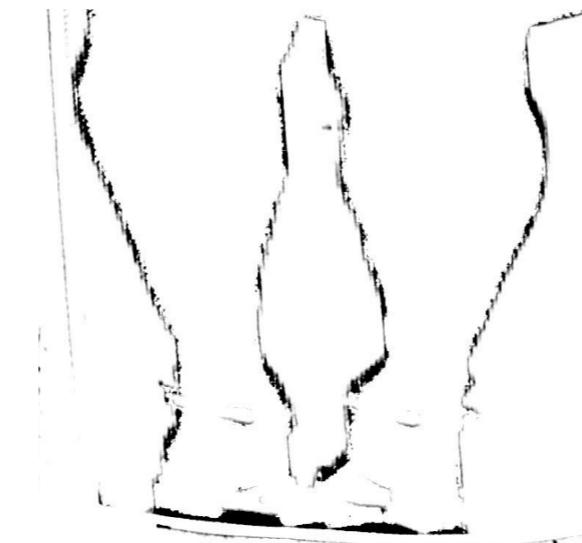
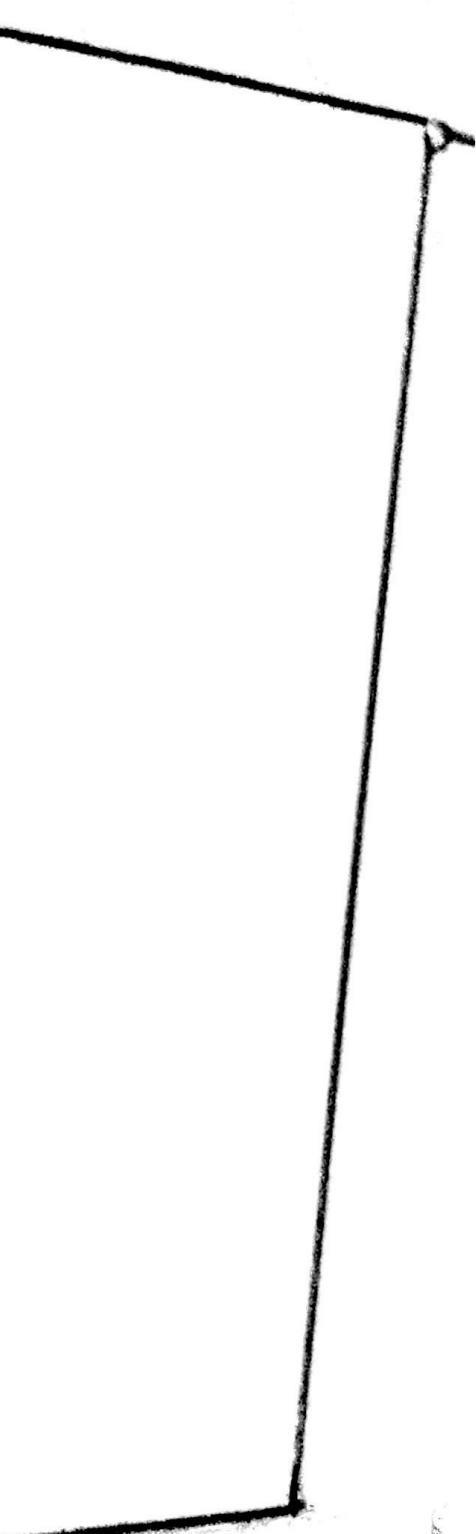
Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

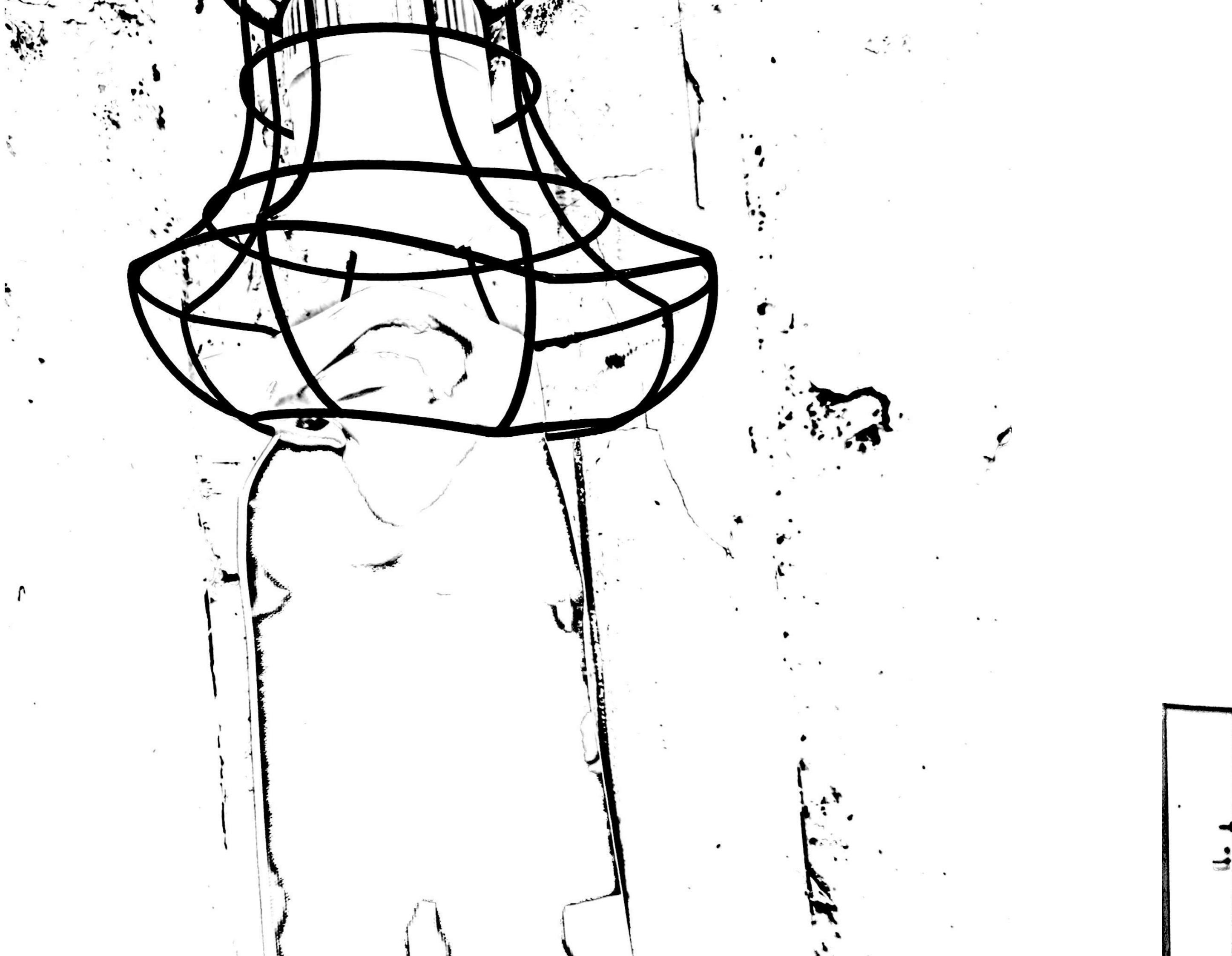
Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.

Be loyal to me but also be loyal to appearances that build the spectacle.







Do you wanna leave at the same time?

*19:15, police, pompier, arriver, un homme
blessé, bureau, colleagues.*

Combien de temps après ? DIX MINUTES.

OXYGEN

Occidentale

D'être ici, écrire, traverser. Assisiez vous !

It is grande.

*Vacances, rien, reposer, rythme habituel, mer,
installer, livre, baigner, proper, bronzé, chaud !*

What do you do when there's an hysteria?

EN COURANT.



Leave you, me!

Masque facial et guerre infinie.

Aéro, aéro, aéro, aéro, aéro.

SITE

SITE

L'Antéchrist et les Motherlovers, tous des martyrs américains.

QUOTE

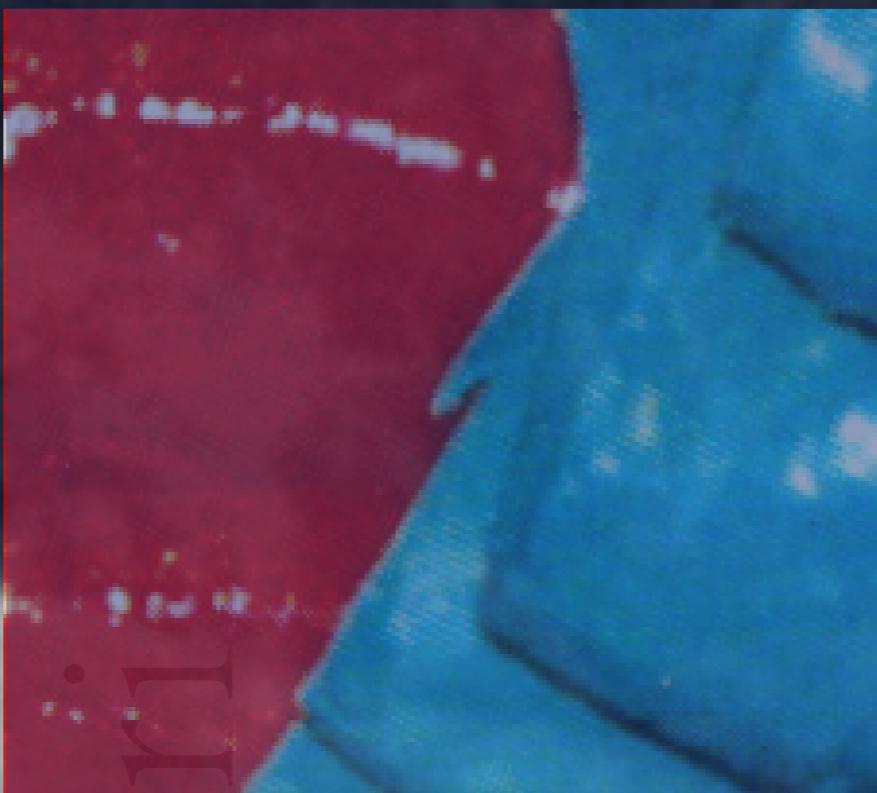
CITER

Dealing in death and being lonely.

Meurtre aboutissant à la culture du microphone.

Loop cover and shinny collarbone.

Bah ouais, bah ouais sur un ton élevé.



re pli c a t e w h o ?



re p l i c a t e w h o ?





Rain and the manifestation with a naughty coincidence of histrotical moment

Jane wasn't so sure about this now. Every concern to detail.
Can I have the pack that I want instead of your desire.

Leave me in aero. Windows help you see, and you are a such
bigger man inside. Such. Such. Such. Bigger man.

Windows help you see through the clarity and to directly stare at
the unclarity behind the scene. What is the manifestation of
a scene. The bedside near which you walk slowly towards death.
The death is a rain. How can I find, among millions and millions
of coincidences and repetitions in history, a same one like this.
The concern to detail is a soft pack of pain. Your pain outruns you.
And it aims at you.

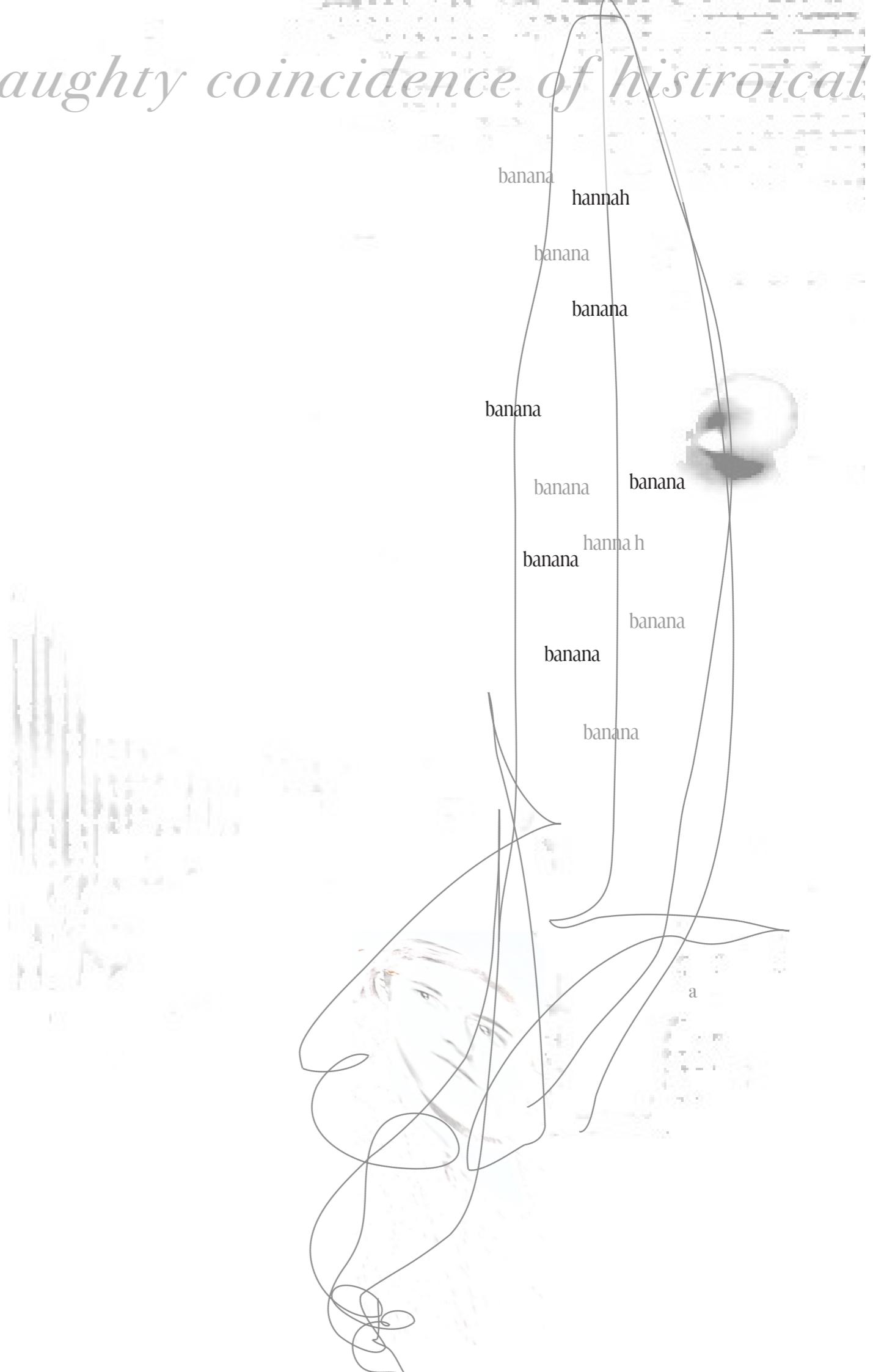
How to aim? How to aim with precision? Who is there to pack
your bags when you want to leave.

Leave me in aero then you'll see. Who's the bigger man inside?
Who's sorry to let a naughty girl in?

By far, the humidity is a lantern. 7 out of 10 light bulbs were on,
the rest were black. Jane and the blonde sat and complained.
Your hair takes you to a higher dimension and your bag include
the air that doesn't belong to you. Your glasses are mirrors in
which you see nudity under the scene. Erections strike on to tell
you that her jokes aren't funny, she hates you for your worth and
your socks can no longer hold you feet.

Rain, rain, rain, your feet continue to expand. Shoes no longer
want you. Paradigm of conceived ideologies. Rain and its
manifestation. 7 out of 10 are the bigger man with even bigger
appetites. You feel small. By far, you feel small.

Rain and the manifestation with a naughty coincidence of histrotical moment



person

was considered as a



a



b

Jane was considered as a person

They left early this morning and returned late. The cabin did not wait for them; the stove overcooked itself; some clouds to oversee, some rain to drop in.

Their feet hurt so they went on a search for a place to wash their feet.

The place was nowhere near expectations. Jane slowly dived into her tiredness and the brunette gradually formed a name. What do we call her was just as blurry as the location of the fountain. And even the fountain has got a name. Well, all objects got a name according to what we claimed before.

What Jane went on and on about was all objects were destined to be named. Sometimes we rain and we forget, sometimes we name and we express, never had anyone thought that icky feet might need a serious resolution.

On the other side, in brunette's process, all was much simpler. In a much more common sense, brunette cannot be used as a name; but in brunette's process, everything that could be pronounced has the right to be called a name. Through the same logic, why icky feet doesn't deserve a resolution?

So the rain dropped, wet fountain was formed.
Everywhere can be a place to wash icky feet.
All that can be pronounced can be called a name.

Jane and the brunette fell into the confusion. The very confusion of deciding which property in a fact or a problem deserves a solution? Who can be considered as a savior? On this subject of matter, simple as it is, a man capable of manipulating his hands to perform the act of rubbing, washing, cleansing and the active searching. The brunette wanted it. She wanted expectation and a finely crafted logic to explain it all.

Problem is a ring, Jane thought it was marriage and something serious. Well, Jane once thought the brunette was an object; transformation clears the path for you. Transformation was once a ring. The brunette was always capable of manipulation; she manipulated Jane's mind,

intriguing the feet washing idea.

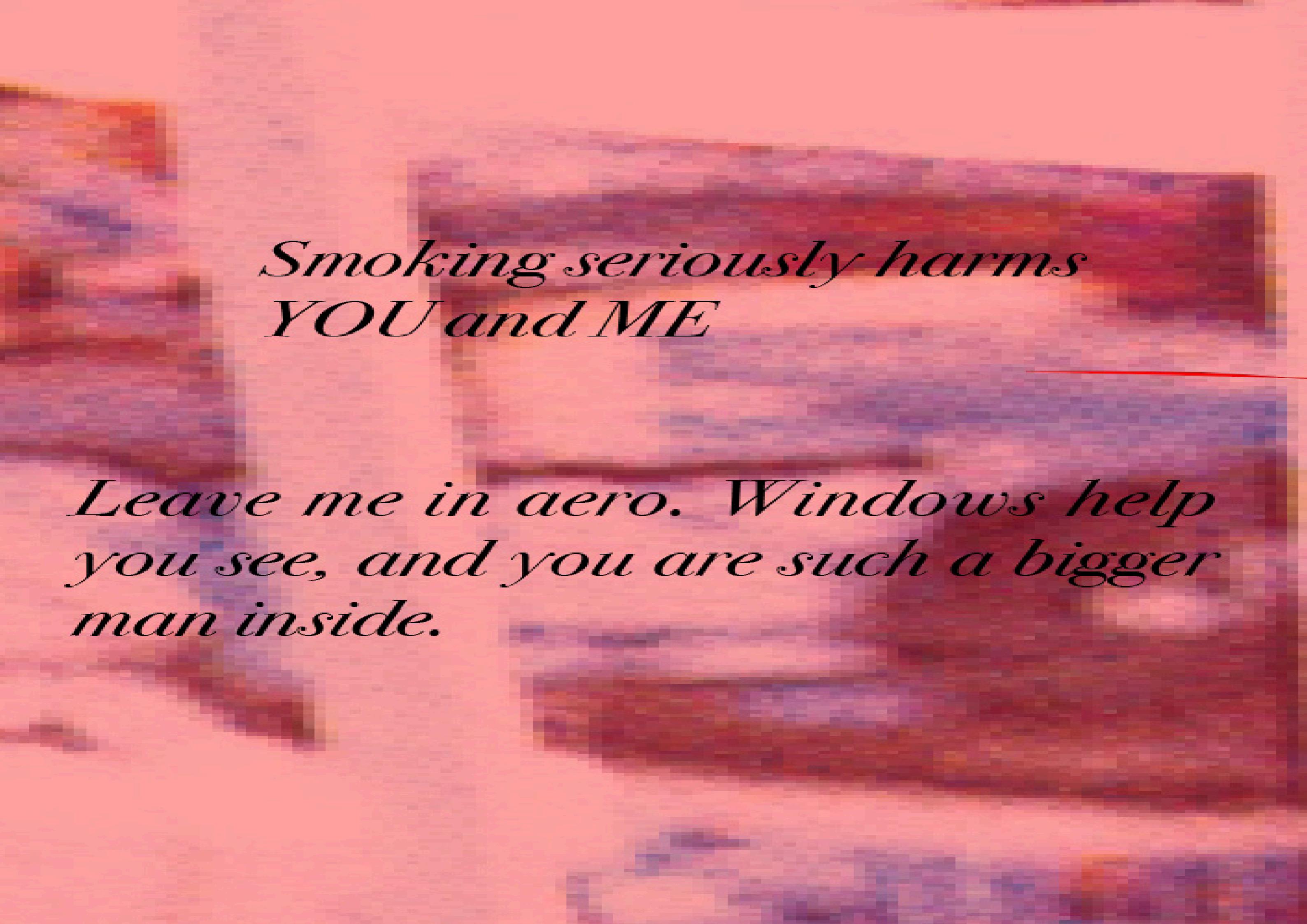
Now, not a single person could remember who had icky feet first.

And again, on the other side of the same logic, they went out on the search.



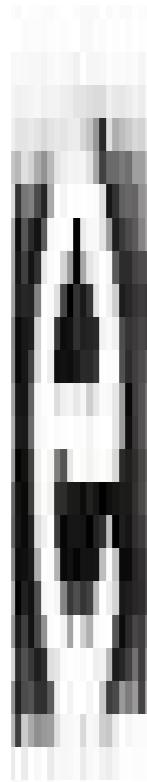






*Smoking seriously harms
YOU and ME*

*Leave me in aero. Windows help
you see, and you are such a bigger
man inside.*

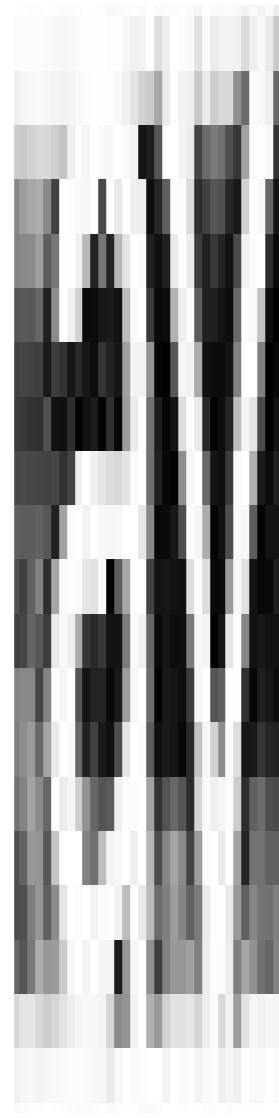


e e x p l o e r

ss' ss

s s' s s s s

p o o r v i s i o n h u b





I am going to
establish something.

Quietness is a mustache/ brunette name/ Deconstruction of an urinal

Not all mornings are quiet, at least not the ones we had here. The place was always shaky and presumably dark even with the daylight. Jane likes to have a dark figure upon herself so that people won't stare into her directly and this matter adds pressure on the brunette, the only person who wants to see through her.

Jane had to shave the lights off her every day before she heads out; like the men had to shave their beard, Jane scratches her figure. In her view, the brightness is a burden to her and in broad daylight, it makes her feet even more icky. And quietness is a mustache, we shave it off every morning.

Quietness is a mustache/ Quietness is a mustache/
Quietness is a mustache

It is a thing we say here.

Jane stood in front of the mirror everyday with hand holding an apparatus. The room was dim, if you had to taste it, it must be like alcohol that stops you and dreams you overnight. The brunette usually just took the seat on the toilet holding nothing except sometimes a mirror. It is a thing she likes to do, surround Jane with mirrors and since there was already one in front of her, she decided to hold one behind her. They are waiting for the first light and the first disconnection of tranquility.

Mirrors remind Jane of eyes.

Quietness is a tide/ And the morning ritual begins by Jane scratching herself, filling her apparatus. Her hand is always stable when it comes to shaving; she will only be affected by a bounce of light that ricocheted off the mirror behind her. The process has to go neat, the apparatus cannot be involved by blood or a tiny sip of water. Liquids are unstable, liquids reflect lights, liquids help you gaze...badly. Sometimes when it got bored, the brunette would peek a little across the mirror she was holding the entire time only to find Jane focusing on one thing. This made her think, how long will it take

her this time? Can they still leave early for the store to buy things? The same question strikes Jane as she feels a hint of a light coming in, she knew the moment that the process had to start.

Scratching/ Scratching/ Scratching
Over and/ Clean the apparatus/ Quietness is a mustache.

They left their place/ Into the woods

1



a

Now we have a problem. A problem requires then a modern solution.
Each generation generates its own unique name.
Sadly, the brunette belongs to no generation of any kind.
So that a new problem rises up to the surface.
To which modern solution should I match her?

So a poster then was posted on the wall of the store: What name should the brunette have?
I am hearing suggestions.

As always.

Sadly, the brunette belongs to no ways.

2

Because it is hard not soft, changeable, not solid and because it is something else. Because it is divided in sections, and because it is a light installation. And then because you put your penis in it, the girls will never understand. But because you understood the assignment, and because you have the clarity of what is in front of you, you'll never know what's behind.

You know what's right and so dead. You know everything in your coordination, you know who's with you. You know whose penis is larger in size; I like it when your pride is working and when it is not. I like it when you know what time it is and when it is not. I like it when you go, I like it when the pride is fucking with you. Because you use weapons. Because you use your weapons.

Your tattoo says a lot. Your soft skin says a lot. I like it when it doesn't mean shit. I like it when it deconstructs. I like it when I perform. I like it when it is the four of us.

A divider says a lot. The color of your pee says a lot. Have you been drinking? Have you been watering? Have you been seizing? Have you been fucking with your pride?

3

fr fr fr for the part

'I needed to wake up
'oh gosh, i needed to lie down

another man standing at the door saying

-lets go for a cup of coffee
'yeah sure why not

me getting dressed, looking at myself in the mirror saying 'im going to use you, mirror man, or mirror woman

'check, check

'what if they were going to make a superhero movie called mirrorman?
-why not mirror woman?

'yea, that'd be great

walking — intersecting scenes where i am reading something

'i really need love du know? or do i even like women, maybe its just umm this unit of family

-hey look!?

running towards a corner

with me running too

you see that tube over there? i always wanted to be that tube you know. just imagining that it is connecting to me....man, how cool is that?

that im just connected to this tube.

i want people connecting to that tube right here right now, maybe not right here right now but i want that. this is perhaps all i have...

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AD
BC

art

audience

artist

c

d

We exchange, non-filthy girl I slept with

We exchange, for something far worse than beauty. I take it upon you, and overridden, I came with ease so neither of us have to exist.

For the facts, for the white, the face of you is not going to be discussed here yet they were yours so easily. And mine, for the reds, the men, the dark ages and what we built to call it mine; we hug, then come to see the whites were only printed as a background for me to sleep on. Heads, bending, my foot print on this non-filthy background. My face prior to be recorded, and as none as in one, you are the non-filthy, unrecorded, typed and printed, holded, chocked, not being familiarised, crimed, retarded, dicated, overly used in the little head—darkness shed the night

This transformation into a Non-filthy little girl

This transformation as a sleeping process

This transformation as we exchange. So now

Filthy as you were

I adored the process

i n g s

Then you turn into something else, less attractive, less submissive, wronged, switched, said and done, paid and a little less, eight nights, doors locked, I never destroy the keys. Unlocking, you are recording.

Picked and locked on, volume hides the target, and what I strive for, what I said for, all turn into something far worse than beauty. What is far worse than beauty, what do I ask to be yours. What are mistakes for and what do I ask for. Then, my face hooked upon you, fleshto be burned and beauty waiting to be destroyed. call it so it will never ends, call it so it will never be shed, smooth it so it would deviate in your favor, take it so then the last one of us has nothing to chase. And this is my flesh wanting to be discover again, not only by the mother of mine, not to be back to the uterus again, not to be back to this filthy vagina, not to be back to the place of a life supporting system, the system is not being invented just to be destroyed. It works differently from the rules. Didn't wanted to be destroyed, didn't want it to be suffering, didn't want it to be, as ever, evolving, and nurture a life out of its way. There again, my face was hooked on to you, the teeth as the dangerous attachment so the tongue will smoothly, with saliva, regret on this for the detachment. Life supports could be your ear, to hear the vivid scene, and clair to be mine. Ever as mine. So what do I ask for, and what was I made for, didn't think of anything to live for. Suffering the life your mother made you for, squint the eyes for your words to be one solemn line. Smoked out of its way. A pitch black, worms as it would be in a can, didn't think of it as beauty and for always and for forever. Rules are not vaginas. Neither does it born, nor does it hits your orgasm.

Racing to the stimulation. Faking this simulation, caution to be hospitalized, wondering to be hospitalized, and layers and layers of quest to be hospitalized. Call it the attention of this simulation, vaginas rise to the problem. Vagina rises to the occasion. Then, one question needs to be ask. Do we apply rules when it comes to Vaginas? Well there would be nothing to constrain about. To relieve the consequence of bearing with anything, and this all include the consequence of bearing a child.

Racing the car, smash and destroy the vagina. While it was all taken care of. The vagina has lost its weight, decreasing. I serve for the meaning. Then you grow a bear out of your mustache. Then you pee into the pool you made 30 seconds ago, what pool is it then, not to be sure and not to be secured. The vagina leaves no trace as I'm sure of yours. I saw the occasion for you.

Pregnancy is the book mark you left, and it fucks up your life to finish it, or not to be this literate. It takes 30 seconds to reach climax.

Pregnancy is the book mark you left, and in 30 seconds you'll about to reach the climax. Not a climax you'll even like. The pleasure

c

weighs up on you as if nothing is bearing the child of the uncertain pleasure. As you would walk down the tiny and lighted room, you figure that you'll want something that is so steady to be found. And again, for the downfall on the other side of the room, how woud you know the light is still on the otherside of the room knowing that we shared the same switch. Instantly ends.

And about in 20 seconds, you'll about to reach the climax. About 10 seconds to the fake down, and then you'll see, the spectator isn't watching you.

Racing towards, crashing with, you'll be caught up in between any system and any vagina, caught up in the pleasure, you hope you could have a switch for the light as well as the pleasure. Formula to be written, formula to be written. And cheated then you miss the climax, we don't need metaphors. inorder to be disguised, and might as well wear a mask. Steam on it, whip it out, climax on.

b i l i e v e

b

AD
BC

art

artist

d

Kokona Sakurai, a name of pornstar (I thought), but turned out to be a famous golfer. (trying to recapture the masturbating moment but led to a famous web page.)

What I wondered for what its worth, you fell from something sweeter than the sky that makes you look even taller.

I know I am here to show that you're not. I will forget, and you, notice to look down to find me. Presence to govern, didn't know the sun could love us back, masturbating, touching the stars.

How can you not want me? My left the remains, you were refusing, action well fired. The city you used to paint it with notes, fully, I've written all.

There and after I burn my missing cigarettes on a candle, just so the smoke will be flawlessly trapped in a liquid like me; a liquid, an empty vase that slows your motion while being clean and transparent. Smells good too.

Did you hear my remains were transported elsewhere?

It was a magical place you've never heard of. We go to places, the keys and the notes; with all, you take, you unlock and you remember that there and after, I am the remain.

To who you tell the story of us?

a

Interchangeably and fully darkened and brocasted, a joke upon you progresses you. House, notes, used languages and with all, you add up, you hope a brand new witch would cast her spell on you so you could have the reason to hold on to the spring. For you to not arrive, eight years spend their time over thirty two seasons and one hundred and twenty eight months.

Then I sneeze to let you know that I love you.

What was in a sneeze? I, then, reverse to tell you about batteries, children and trees, for what I not sleep; I must dream you for what I could never achieve on you.

To wash it again, I think she knows.

Calling my fight and sit on my bed, my dad banned my cigarettes. It is my privilage to talk so you know that I love you and my privilage to think to process to vibrate to have this room for us to make it all. I think with my brain, storage failed to process. I think she knows.

To wash it again.

What does it matter if she knows? I own the brain. Then blue night comes, morning shed the day.

audience

c

t h a t
m u i s
b e l i e v e
t i

b

AD
BC

art

artist

d





exiled bitch

Առևտութեան

Հայոց պատմութեան





nuve mos
gonna
I'm
munk



a



b

w w w . i l o v e t h e 1 9 7 5 . Y O U . c o m e



c



d

Think I'm gonna have those

She said, as the clock is showing some weird time, I got yellowish pee in the morning. I answered with: it is due to the water deficiency in my body.

It is a soft pack of heroin. My greed goes harder. Beyond limitless numbers, I see a filter that was produced in China to see Japan. Our Chinese are filthy. Your Japanese are filthy as well. We are some soft packs.

Science is filthy. An aspect of a group of people believe in something. I managed to get through with it. I answered everything with: it is due to the water deficiency in my body. Sometimes I would portray everything in the right way if I had drank enough water. I managed to lie to myself on that. It is the same concept as if I could purify my pee with enough water drinking activity, such as, drinking water.

Before and after science, before and after my morning pee, I see things differently. Before and after my body goes hard and soft, I feel like I need a manual description of how to purify my morning pee to the most. In the most creative part, I could always consume my pee and pee again... second time with the process.

Didn't I tell you about the cats and their morning routine is quiet like a disturbed storm in white snow?

t e x t r e l e v e n t a n d b e n s i m o n

慢

乳

性

I am Making

This Socially Relevant



To Practice

Culture ,

Man

My stage presents a rather considerate inadequacy
of those respectable generalisations.



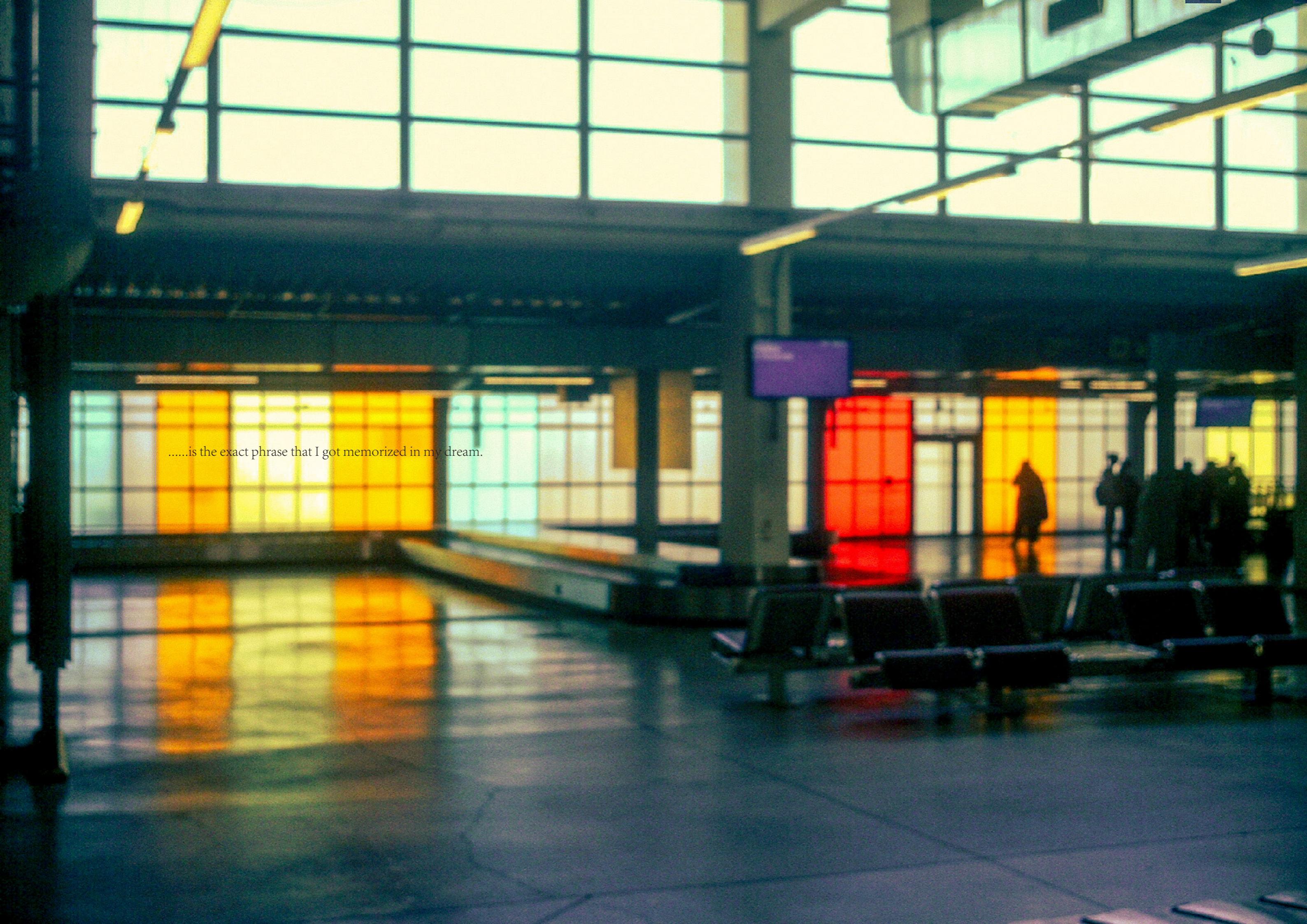
I rely on most things that weren't true, or for the most, partly true.
I rely on most things that were partly painful, or for the least, they
weren't painful at all. I rely on sceneries for the most part.



As supposed to say, one can imagine and catch anything, or for the most part, you cannot let go!

There were 11 people on the field including you, and you insisted on not being the goalkeeper.



A blurred photograph of a modern interior space, likely an airport or terminal. The scene is dominated by large, multi-colored panels (red, orange, yellow, green, blue) that appear to be part of a digital display or a set of large windows. In the background, several people are visible as dark silhouettes. The overall atmosphere is hazy and out of focus.

.....is the exact phrase that I got memorized in my dream.

I think it's a clean clue. Will I get the future references.

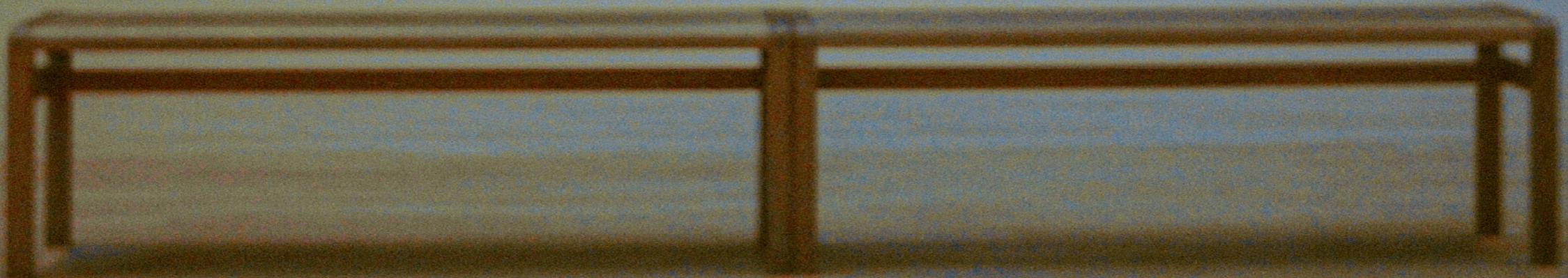




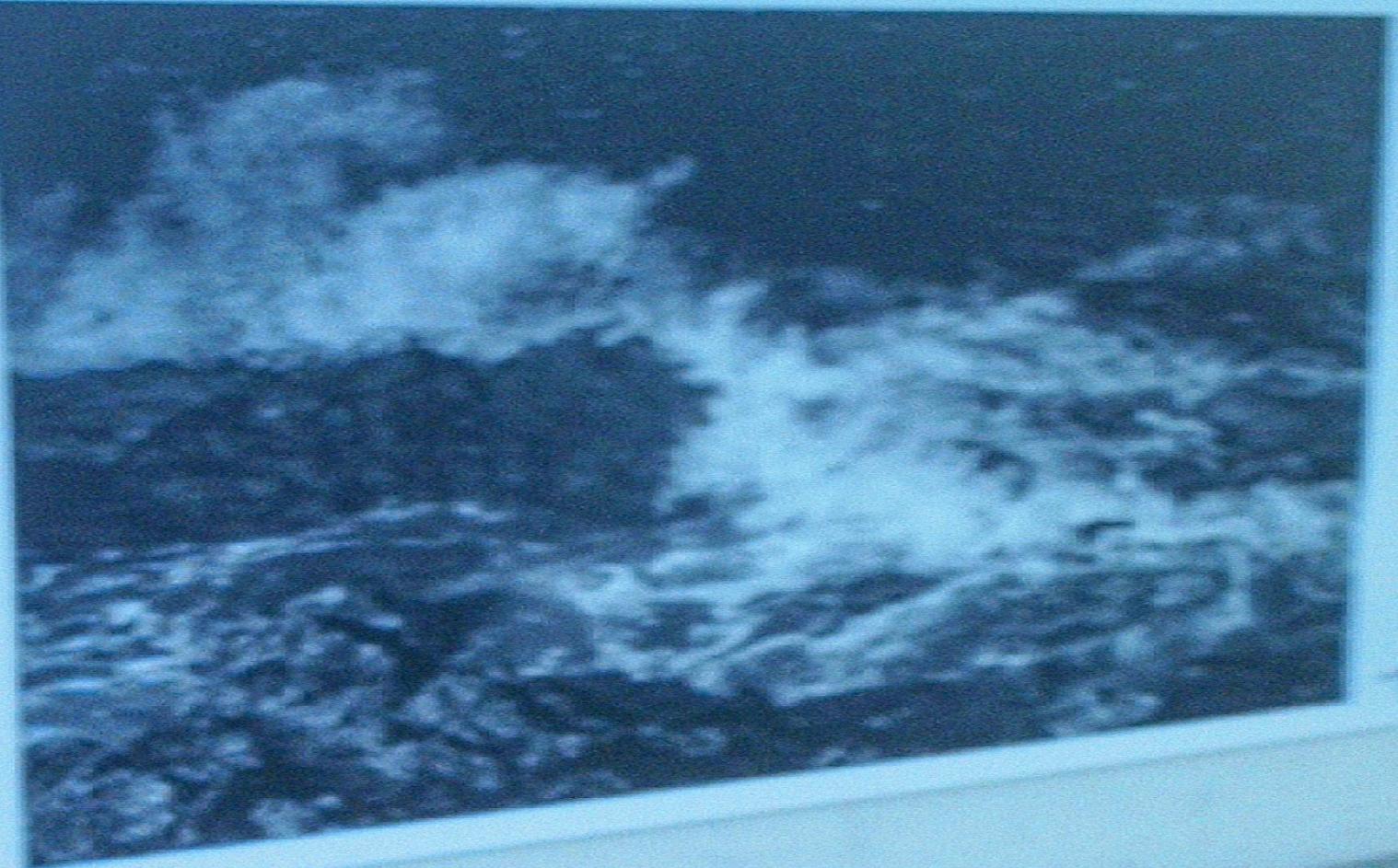
What stage are you in? You were penetrated by an inside job so resulted in an own goal. You should've be prepared by the ongoings and you should perform better. You have a tendency of not being in love. Seductions are overappreicated and so is confidence. Seductions are consents...we failed that while talking about it.



It is tailored and compressed with compassion and tolerance; and measured again under supervision and consistency, and to extract, for example, from the word "harm" under the context of "view", you honestly feel the repression of regularities.



I am not being the goalkeeper







It is a generalised idea itself and the stand-out of the character performance, similar to an interactive frame work, to wisely and critically chose your orientation gently. Mostly, I repy on the prudent views.

I like cars.





This is giving me the vibe.

Self actualizing act in cultural interface
↳ Reproduction

Replication of Monty-holism

between acts & audience, there's a
gap in which exists the context collapse

↳ A recombination.

It's trying to present & represent the duality
of the receivings & the giving.
~~personally in having patterns~~ ↳ actualizing

objects initiates from cone of M
feelings initiated by cone of A

↳ Into the I as in interface
How to replicate is how to create an interface
to be more precise as in ↳ a mutual mesh
that contains the form of three



which is mentioned in a 1977 article 'Anatomy of the
mind' I need to expand on. Here the situation
is closer to realistic world and the ~~psychological~~ ~~mind's~~
is closer to language
through the semiotics of meaning.

That is to say then this must mean
something otherwise is useless.
It is the exact border of definition between
and the decommitment of feelings
where I found a variant of being which very
well in novels: quietness is a matter less
And to put it

Think I'm gonna have that

What is the spirit behind 'you having that'? A possession towards certain property that'll never satisfy you. I speculate you behind the brilliant screens and so many centuries past, you were still here entertaining. And what really matters? This is the seventh time that I have showered today to wash off the dirt, and to know your name for the seventh time wasn't easy. I found out that you go down to the drains and you decided to leave everything behind. A soldier of 'you having that'.

I found out that you could never have what you really want until the resentments then you start to envy, start to become, start to transform and in the end you rationalize it. That was a sentence of resentment, and I started to rationalize it just now. The cog has been speculating me since forever, and I'll never like it. What is the ultimate point of speculation? Have me? It could never! Time didn't go off easy. And I found out just now that all of your toes hate you that they want to leave you in every motion but your body always sticks to them. Oh, they hate you.

I love it, I love soldiers, I love the internal cog, I love the cog of life and the oil that keeps the machine running. You are sex driven, replication driven and only conditional. You are a slave of what you could've been in. I miss nine fifty, which was moments ago. The cog of this machine is ticking.

Like a wallscape, didn't you? Contained and loaded for presentation purposes. Varies in materials, settled in new names. Another reason why you were still here entertaining after so many centuries.

How could I ever love the spirit? How could I ever imagine the concept of 'you having that'? I could never!

You might hate it but it could never be you! You could never! And I should free up the results, results of culture, and you'll be as lost as in the names you equipped yourself with.

When there is ten thousand water rings above your vision, the closest river bed will save you. It is a moment when you need to examine your head, your eyes turn into two squares; and the world inside of them, way too numb and way too free, free your mind and go to the port; a black cat comes out outrageously cursing, you are still feeling lonely.

What do you do when you are feeling lonely? Having ten thousand water rings to dissolve you, ever and ever, you are caught up with a slap in the face, air makes you weep, go drum... Drum is a vision, a rhythm, a river, a monstrous foot, the morning light is the book you read. Drum is a name I made up as I see ten thousand road signs and billboards with it on them, and I name you drum. As I put you on the pedestal...

Your heart is quiet like a pedestal, life as an apple tree. You are the innovation. You rise as innovation falls. City rises as you fall. You wake up and yawn like an unforgiving tiger, which zoo did you run out from?

And where do you go when you are hungry?

Every time I see box I cry. Everytime I see box I cry.

Every single time I see box I burst into tears.

Every time I see box I cry.

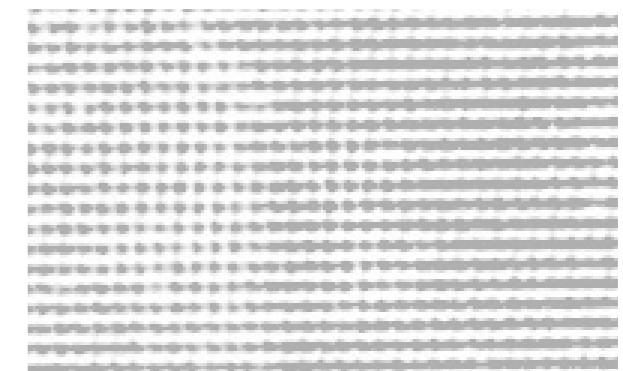
have that

I'm gonna

Think



a



b







Everytime I step on the velvet express, I cry/Open doors on the velvet express

Sexed and some failures, drapes on the train are all shut to prevent the voyeurs from the outside as if their focus were just so good. And one drop of rain could turn the surface of the train into blue where all colors were asleep except for what's outstanding. This velvet express is so much faster than the car we own, and dedicated for more, all kinds of people are welcome to take this train. Every same date the train announces its new annual route, that is to say every year the train changes its path. Path to where? A path to the surface where all colors were asleep except for what I see. Does that mean I'm in the same dreams within it?

Ten people on the train are talking, dust through the yellow filtered drapes, they are just enjoying their tea, and waiting to be crying. And there are ten people standing outside of the train, just near the rail, waving hands for this annual announcement. The annual announcement goes on and on about what we've gained this year, on the side of every evil things, good outcomes determine what we talk about.

On the side of every evil things, good outcomes determine what we talk about. And the annual announcement goes on and on about what we've gained this year, what have we learned about the steps of the velvet express? The steps of it seems deep. They are series of murderous events accompanied by different serial killers who have cereals for breakfast. And godly peasants who carry peanut butter in the pockets for fun, wait for them to melt and then force for an action.

How I love raw wars. On the side of every evil things, good outcomes determine what we talk about. How I love raw peasants. The train goes by and I see them, they would genuinely see me. There is no hard work on the velvet express and there is no person in Hiroshima. That is an action we've all took part in! Cry! Everytime you step on the velvet express you should cry!

Why aren't there any person in Hiroshima? Every time you step on the velvet express you should go cry! How and who spent hard time building the rail ways? By putting all the flesh of the railways builders in one train box, squish them and celebrate!

It is just so sexy thinking about the way you cry when you step on the velvet express.

1

Theories, swallow me. Ten purple Japanese guys singing red, five different guys singing red, all the other guys express. Theories express the one who swallow me.

As the machine door open in your rearview, a long period of time has passed. It makes you feel the disturbance in 1952. Nothing happened in 1952. It then makes you feel the blur in 1852 where it went back 100 years to bring back the expression for you. It takes time for you to feel angry. The steps towards the velvet express are grey.

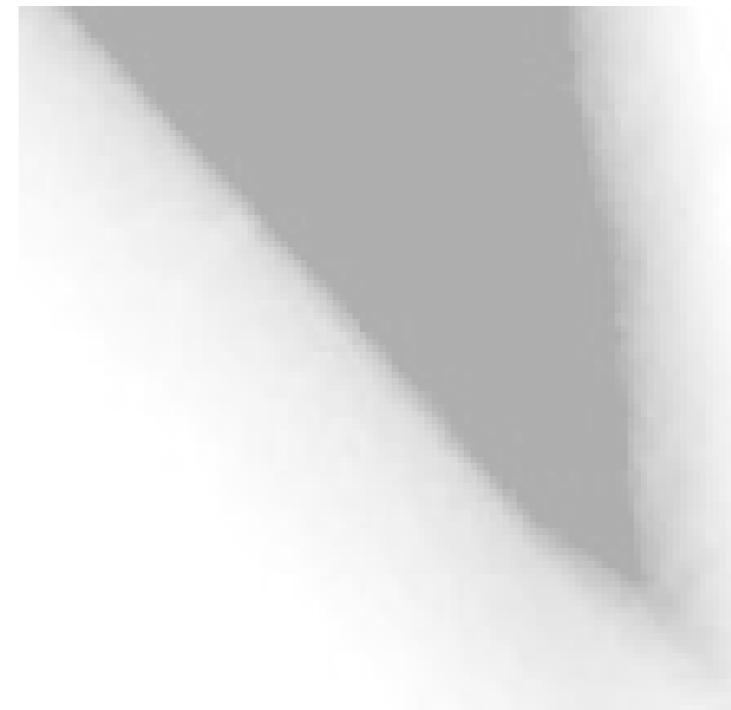
Let a gentleman open the door for you. Let a hacker slipping pills for you. Until the time is a dot for you, and I insist on building this era for you.

Cacè let a gentleman open doors for her. Cacè then let a gentlement kneel for her. Cacè then makes the wind against your hip even softer, like an event of truth telling, like ten straight lines go right in front of your heart. Cacè is made out of porcelain and she's so fragile. Cacè let a man touch her.

If theory says, then ten Japanese guys will burst into flames and Cacè will go.

2

Everytime I step on the velvet express, I cry/Open doors on the velvet express



a



b

When you take off, bring a bottle of mineral water just to you could have something industrial with you

A bottle of mineral water is a nice antique product. And when you lie in alphabetical order, something pure as rock comes out to make you think where are you. You are taking off to pure land. Yellow stands for banana and the black star is the sun. Nearly all people think height is where you are. Not many people would think. So I am telling you to bring a bottle of mineral water with you just so you could have something industrial.

Our side has to win. Wine takes you higher but height is not where you are. Height is your industrial level. The medicine store opens 24/7. Height makes you die younger.

After all, three fireflies tell you that they hate gay sex. They would rather have some industrial solvent to kill them.

Over so many years, the mineral water has condensed into peace. Wars never came. When you take off, you take off on a camera so people have the evidence of you leaving. And you will come back on a valentine's day. A wardrobe of peace. Pack what you have baby, you are going to some place much more higher. You'll get to see the world and come back telling people, tell people about a platform.

You are on a platform and on which you see people climbing towards you. You want peace so you'll leave. Critics are camels, upon one juicy hill is another hate tool. When you are solving the platform you go quick and find the landlord. You are a tattooed person, knows a couple of sports that could kill you.

I raised my penis. I erased my penis. It's a classic.

When you take off, bring a bottle of mineral water just to you could have something industrial with you

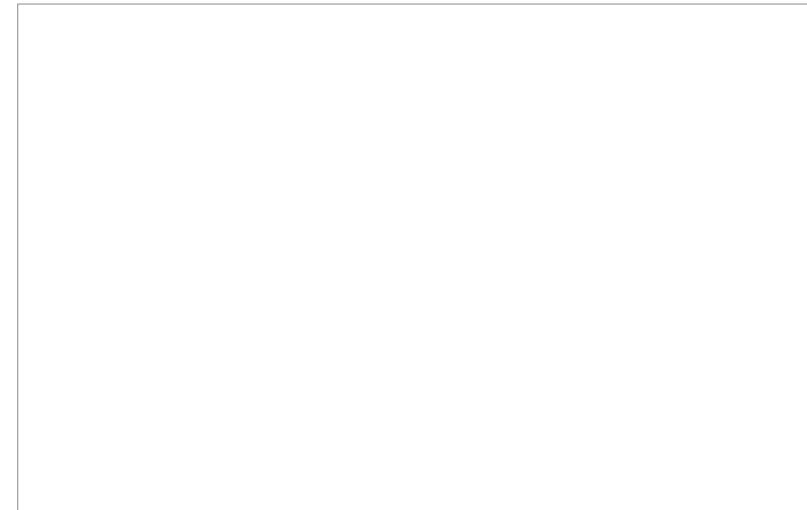


a

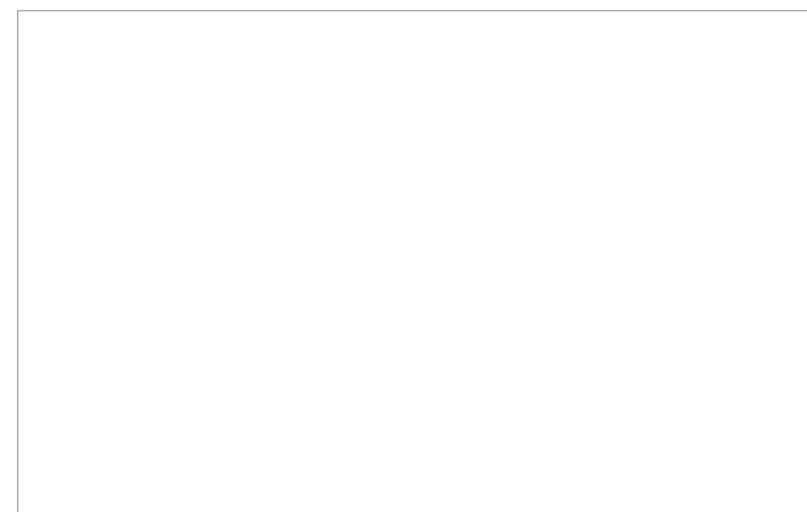


b

Where to start in my class? We were like a chart in which you go higher and I was dismantaling you



a



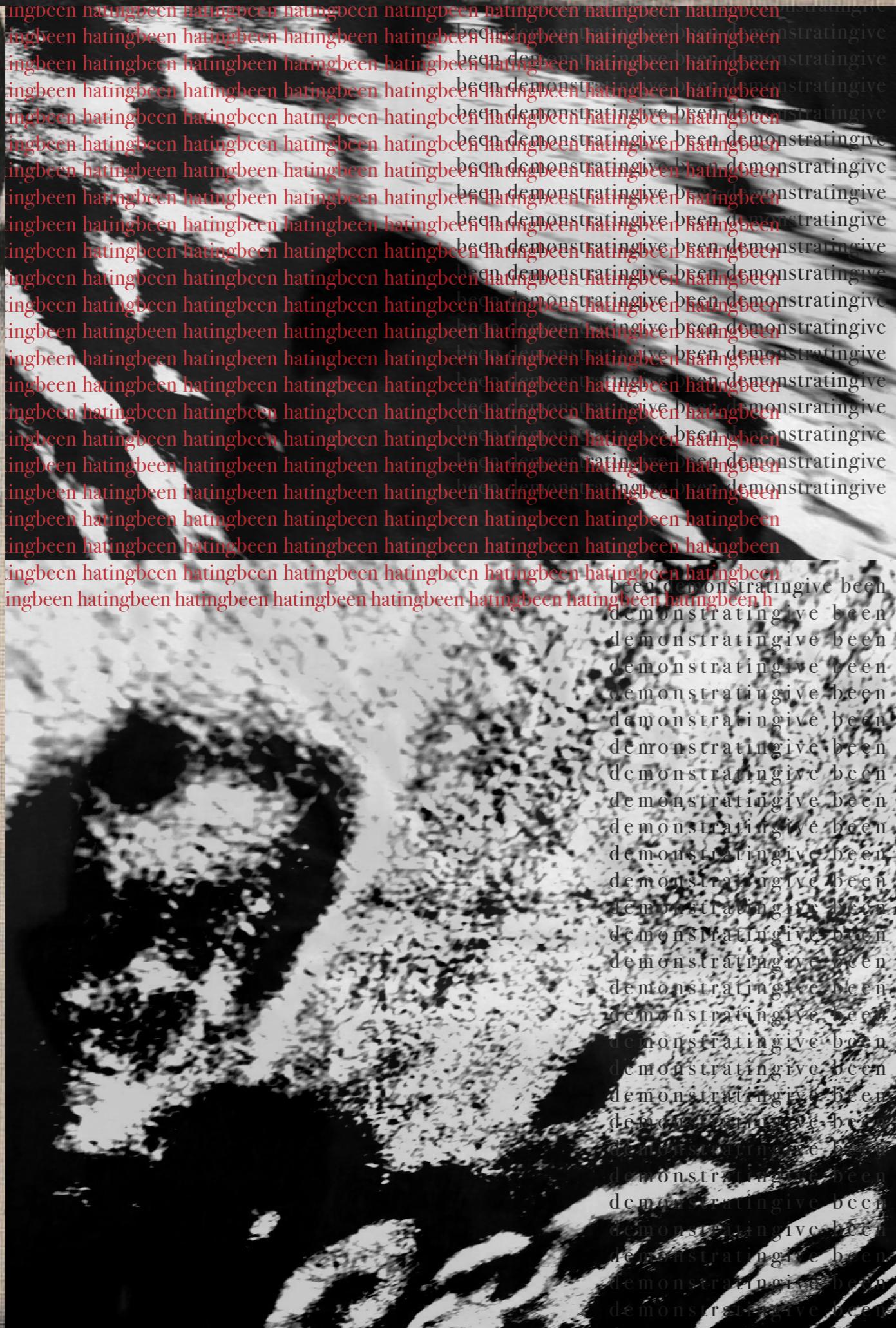
b

I finally decided to use the cup for water as an ashtray. The cup holder is not sexual, it is a beautiful earring on which your skin falls onto. I am a man, usually with a plan, nails all white to cover up smoky fossil down underneath. You are a gemini when the clock hits one at midnight and a tiger during noon. And imagining being kissed by you, all of a sudden turns it into the tradition of using a fork in Europe where you always need a tip. I have no idea where to start in my class, as in level, as in awareness, as in the way you open up a window to breath the fresh air you just missed two hours ago. We were in a hurry.

I busted into atoms to know we are the same breed and I've spent too much time breaking it down. So I wish we could enter the same building. You. You know what is it like to stuck in three different boxes knowing you're in the one below me, knowing I could never come up. When I was giving the power to bitter-sweetened it, I started to celebrate my long-term memory for I could still remember your name, your knowings and for so long, I don't have to worry about where you are, I just have to elevate my mouth and ask this damn question: Where are you and how does your face look like now. We're half as bad, we're rituals, we're conditions, we're chaos, we are merging into one line knowing before this we are two.

I'm Sean and I'm under 20. And I could never let a spoon to swallow me. I'm Converse and I'll never be old to know I am valuable. I am Donald and I always smoke a pack of virginia leaf. I am finish and I am a snail, I support slavery but only upon me. At a time, at a slippery phase, I found out that I could only sense half. And if only I could check each and every files like documents, I would stand here and archive the air you wanted from two hours ago.

Me and the window had a fierce geographical correlation.



Rock steady as a handmade cohesive strip

My rock agitates me higher where I fume and where I blue, and not a complexion through which addiction runs the bread machine. I'm asking how many stairs would you take for you to go down. In the corner of a flat windows that opens wide, inward, say, summons the flexible air into a weaving machine, say, lets me know the winter is nearby, the reflection of the pedestrian dies inside. It cramps like a softened bush, combustible and yearned, it is there without the inner power.

For once, wasn't there an apparatus that can't seal any strange belief?

Mr. and Mrs. Steady Rockerson, all harms are around you. Funerals retract the will. And Mr. and Mrs. Willson, never have I had a blessing to you.

My bladder is a filtered film, it streams underneath the vast vacancy and elegance of a higher mountain. Ten years ago I saw the originals. And I laugh at this yogurt for too long, for is there anyone that can choke on such a thing?

It'll be day until I confess what I did, and days carry nights that carry midnights that carry a bit of moon-shaped sun that carries consent where everybody would and need to know that it is going down.

It'll be days until I fabric the sun.

Mr. and Mrs. Steady Rockerson, I apologize for my rock steady heart.

And when your forgiveness sheds me a willow tree.

Whenever I'm in an entrance, I would wonder when it will be closed. The hall always answers me with, no, it'll always be left open for you to leave. So there's confusion, almost conflict alike regime where the time isn't even considered as an office of regulated man, or even close to somewhere that closes on time or never opened; where a concept of When Wanting To Leave. When will the cohesive stripes leave me and left me open. Where do you go when all the harms are around you. Time is a

purple shirt, you wear it, you attract. A parody of local users, of an apparatus that even all local sons of bitches use to contain their highly praised respect in. And how normal even is that we chose an unnominated field to present?

What can we do to verify. There are couple of places I wanted to go. For me it is impossible to enter with a steady heart, and there are couple of pieces I want you to pick up. If you do pick them up and organize them, you will know that I am Chinese. We went from mind to dick and vagina, there could seriously be a baby and our pregnancy paper is blue. The sky wants you to have it, and thus showing you something private: letting you know the pollution still exists and there could be rain at anytime; you would take on such an anticipation in days, you wouldn't kill the window or just close it; the sky wants you to know that all harms are around you. But it'll protect you. Blessings on blessings, you are next to a loud neighbor comme des personnes like you. Sometimes they show you a flag outside of their window saying that they are using cohesive stripes to shut the window, then whenever it opens they just blame it on the inconsistency of it. Such an option, and it is just like the way you talk to me. Command gives control on the keyboard a power. Your vacancy is gorgeous, and I like it when you hollows, for you are so beautiful yet so unaware of it. Yes, there is no way for you to know because how hollow you are that everything just passes through like a handmade desperation, unseasoned, proud, and thoroughly communicating yes to ungive yourself the power.

Mr. and Mrs. Steady Rockerson, I apologize for my heavy heart.

And when your forgiveness sheds me a willow tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Steady Rockerson, I identify myself as you, but lived long and prospered.

*Rock steady as
a handmade cohesive strip*

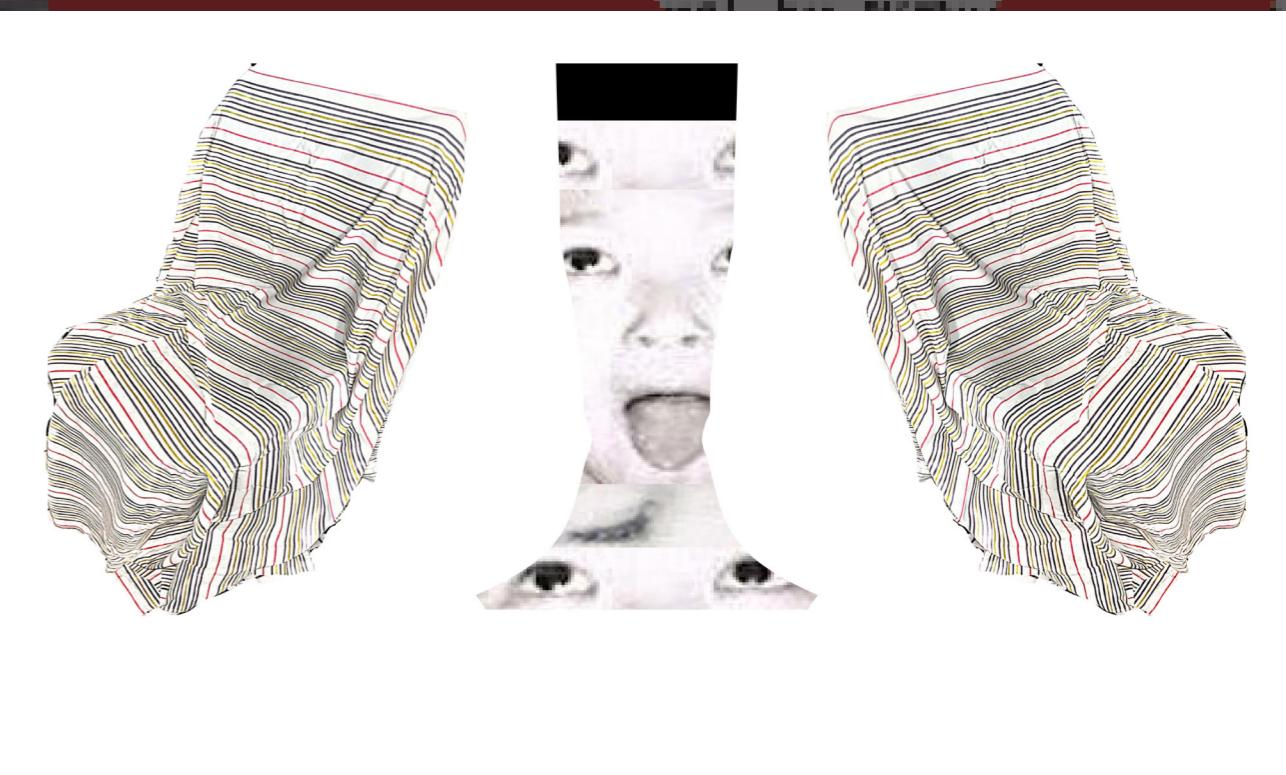
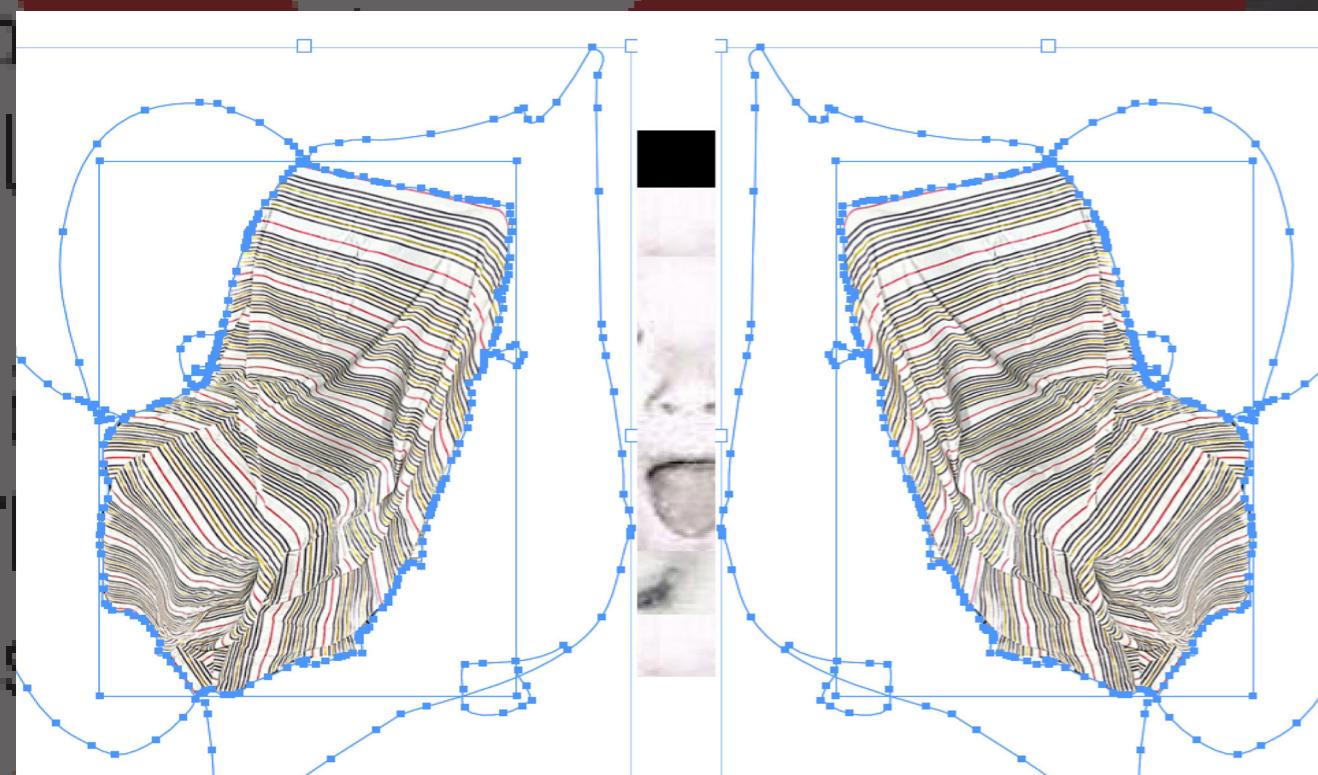
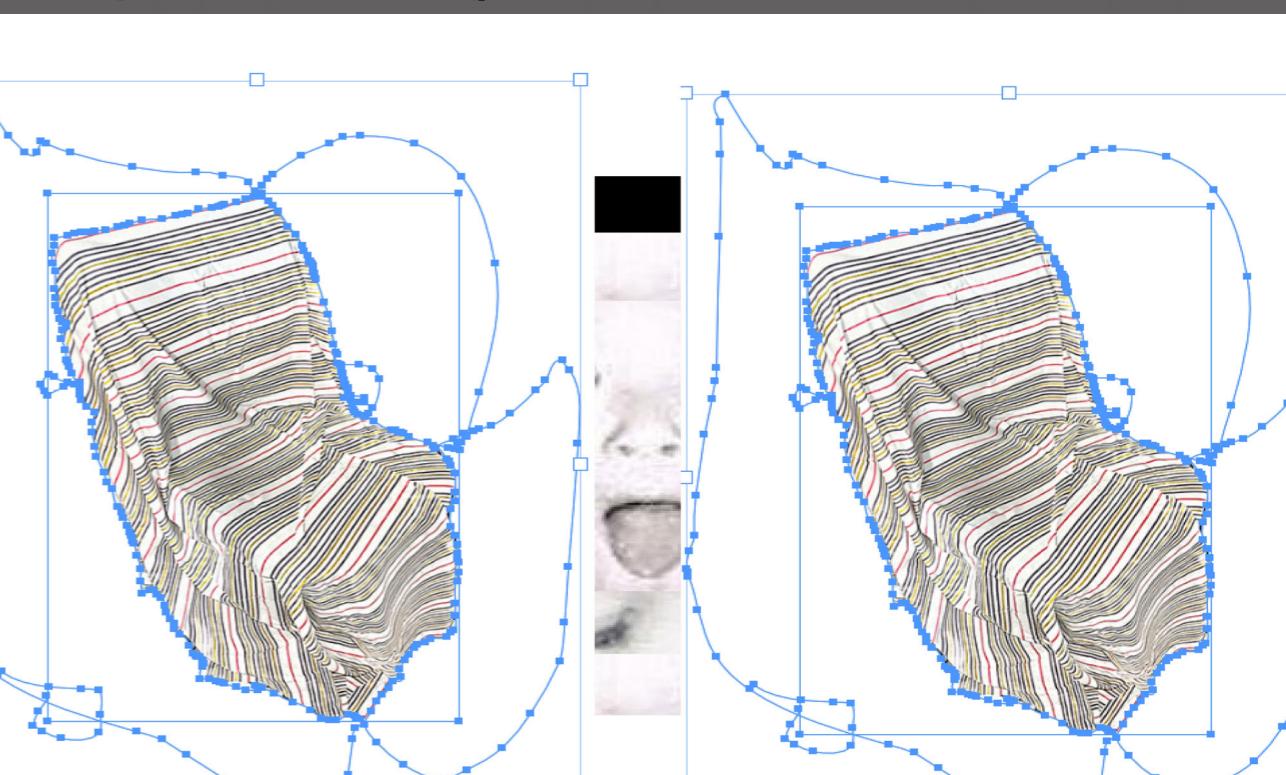












n o t e s :

是这样子的啊

n o t e s :

没错 最好是的

n o t e s :

太感谢了

n o t e s :



我跟他并没有爱情





t h a n k y o u g u y s

a n d i t ' s a l s o a

historical discussion have chance

a n d r e m e m b e r y o u s h o u l d b e

loving somethin e

L a s t f o u r c h i n e s e c a p t i o n s
f r o m J a p a n e s e a d u l t v i d e o

R e s t y o u c a n s e e i s d o n e b y m e

P h o t o s f r o m p . o g o - 1 1 5 d o n e b y Z h a n T i a n a i
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