

Artificial It

(lumps V)

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March
2019

420 x 420 mm

Behold the early yielding of
the beggaring focus of
the last serious representative of
the first sceners!

Quantities

Planet max.

Pessialised place.

Floaty? To be redone.

Yes.

Definitely.

A feeling of.

Homerica.

His small techniques, his holes.

His small aching to speak, his anew.

Yes. That is repressing.

Hypothesis

How does one start again.
After so much mismight.

(‘Oh no clearly can’t change.’)

Then. Surrections of the metastance.
Or something approaching.

Haha, yeah, sure. Each to one’s old phase.

the spices the sex the bats
the tough water movement
at the same time as
painting as well,

correctly discussed such as
the startling to oneself
the x & the y the hence the &c.,

at least a bit discussed such as
the where the how the this that called me
((in) the shit (in) the &c.)