

# Artificial It

(lumps V)

Jérémie C. Wenger

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.

Floating? To be redone.

Yes.

Definitely.

Still 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 meta stance.  
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.)