archipelago archipelago!

SELECTED WRITING

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archipelago archipelago!
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[auras, ghosts, mirrors and islands.]

Selected Nonsense - written between January 2017 - May 2017
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Archipelago Archipelago! The shattered pieces explode and are spat across slat wood floor. "What is the here and now of your work?" it is the potential of future failings and saving time by doing quickly the things that need done. Urgency and pace speed through and print and reprint the documents I wrote an hour before. Urgency is the here and now of my work. A want to be there and be present, ready to talk and engage with someone else. An open dialogue inviting people in, but keeping my distance from what they want to hear and what I want to say. An islandic scattering of seeds across a large space. Dissemination. Push and Pull. In and out. Black and White. Seduction and Repulsion. Here and now is better than there and then; a desire to keep with now and the potentiality of things, not the past wonderings of what could happen. Cardboard boxes wait to pack up the things that have been made. Phototubes showing the unseen photo, longing to be somewhere in the future. Curtains closed for a stage that isn’t there and wont be seen. A tabled topped museum show of things that never really existed. Spurious prose of nonsensical nonsense and absurd dances. A scan becomes a print becomes a projection of a dance of text and a flash of light. A sound to accompany and bring it in. Lighting to highlight what is more and what is less. An aura of absent longing and willing want. “A thorned missing”. The space, the space, the space.
Time moves fast in the archipelago. There’s no time to respect the curios. A total urgency that forces, feet first, forward the potential of future failings. Golden Lights and Long Casts.

<<What is the here and now?>> There is no time to stop and think now, instead wait, it will come around again soon. Nowness! Continue/To be continued! To slow what can’t be slowed, and live in it; revisited and changed. A nostalgia for your own times. Physically absent, but domestically present. To be lived in and to be continued.
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dogs who pee on the benches, end up like animals in the window
2.
THE UNSEEN PHOTOGRAPH (...PART OF THE BIGGER PICTURE)
[auras, ghosts, mirrors and islands.]

The action of collating data, texts, images, objects etc, becomes a perfor- 
rativ e process of posed questions and possible solutions. A recapitula-
tion of isolatory factors pointing towards something greater and some-
thing less describable. Auras and atmospheres are created within this 
and flag an intangible notion of situation; attempts at grasping the here 
and now, the indefinite solid form. These images, often [ but not always 
] taken from found imagery, start life as they enter mine: They are real 
and worldly, yet cycle through me and are spat back out. The content 
becomes an evaluation of what information I am physically encounter-
ing; articles and images from artist books / encyclopaedic data / receipts 
from purchased materials / business cards and wallets / photographs etc etc. These are all scanned in and become digitalised, cemented and 
affirmed, ready to become rematerialised. It is a path of physical situa-
tion in shelved rows of books and journals. Material, captured and re-
produced, is turned back into material. object to jpeg to print to object 
becomes a cycle that allows room for growth.

raw source — digital scan — .jpg / .mov — projection — photograph 
— .jpg — printed material — text etc. raw source — digital scan —
.jpg / .mov — printed material — digital scan — .mov film — project-
ed film — photographic documentation raw source — digital scan —
.jpg — written text — printed text — drawing — projected image 
over print raw source — digital scan — written text — photograph of 
screen — digital image — digital film. etc.
The unseen photograph becomes images not present; an aura created through the suggestions provoked by vast quantities of imagery. The imagery is chosen through research based attention and collected as a document of my presence connecting them; the only thing connecting these hundreds of images. Their uniformity in colour, print techniques and composition results in my own stamp of filtration, deeming these images to have some physical influence from me. It is a highly curated process, with dispensable and invaluable relations with many of the images - which get removed and discarded as the process continues. This selective process favours some images over others, whilst wanting to treat them equally, platforming them all on the same level with the same amount of value. A push and pull, black and white, attraction and repulsion. And a beauty that draws you in, with a vagueness that distances.

They become a ‘mise-en-abyme’ [mirror within a mirror // abyss], a fractal view of infinite development; awaiting being cut up, repurposed, projected, broken again and reimagined. With vast productions of digitally reproducing images [memes, image sharing platforms, streaming etc], it becomes hugely important that my images reenter the world through a material tangibility and accessibility. Printer paper becomes important; stale smelling, cheap to the touch plasticity enables a recon-textualization of a very bureaucratic but increasingly obsolete material. With emails, forms, papers, fines becoming developed online, the printer paper is a material that is no longer necessary in bureaucratic activity.

So here I wanted the dissemination of these images to be great - a vast body of printed leaves littering space, yet within an instant, cleared up and formally organised into book like formats; scripts for something yet to come. The abdomen of the investigation utilises this office paper material, whilst enables room for higher quality images to be printed, and to sit alongside a hierarchically superior material. The faith, at
this point, is not put in the material, but the materials relationship to the space / and the other bodies around. The images gain body and momentum the more and more they are produced, yet they become further documents of their past existence. They gain new life, yet also tell a story of their death. They give life to untold myth about both their former life within world contexts [library books etc] yet also hold the potential for their redistribution and abstraction. The dead body becomes something around which these images circulate; an incessant need to want to be re-animated. This body form, not living and no longer involved in the discourse of humanity. [<<doesn't fit in with the economy of the living>>] Can a dead body still produce? What is the value with this form, equally material as my presence, yet completely obsolete. These questions relate to a lecture given by Andrew SnyderBeattie posing questions on the future of humanity - we understand our value of life is equal over space [ie family overseas, charity aid work, long distance relationship etc] but is it equal over time? Do future generations hold equal place in moral positioning? And what of those of the past? The unseen photograph is a picture of this. Something where its physical absence is lesser than its immaterial presence. <<Do you make immaterial art or material art?>> good question. That is to say, it points towards something that, whilst not there in tangible plasticity, it is signposted and suggested. A funeral pyre for an imagined body; an artists obsolete obituary; the world from the point of view of a baby being born. All imagined scenes enter a push and pull, a seduction that repels and a macabre that makes light of something too unbearable to consume.

when the written word becomes italicised, each succeeding character leans to compensate for the former on their shoulder. they are unified and in solidarity become an expression of some collection until the italics stop.

The images serve a similar supporting and compensatory network;
defining a lineage and uniformity similar to italicised text. This then becomes frayed and diverts into new pathways and relationships. The more images there are [and the more offspring images created from them], the more power they have as a unit. They become a network, and a community, that supports itself.

It is not an archive [or maybe it is] but more a parody of that process. A futility in collecting information only I can access, and even at the best of times, it is still inaccessible to me. It becomes a process referred to as ‘post-heritage’ system of removing the importance of what we inherit, and instead on what has happened and what is to come.
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3.

**Emphatically Yours, Emphatically Ours.**

*Is Intimacy the True Arbiter of Collaboration?*

A bundle of twigs, or a 7 ply board. A shelve of books and a gathered crowd. Strength in numbers stimulates growth, diversity and change. It enables and disables, and allows for action the individual cannot reach. It has faults and short-comings but amazing things can be achieved. The more the merrier. The act of collaboration in art, is for me and many others, central to some semblance of understanding as to why we are making art in the first place. It is a term that is used frequently, whereby responsibility and agency is delegated amongst a group, and a level of autonomy is established.

The idea of collaboration is tenuous - for there is no real parameter in which collaboration can be defined; like many of these terms souping around and rarely considered. It is almost a nugatory word, for there is an implication that it begins when two or more sets of hands start working on something real. I would argue that collaboration has much more intimate ties, beginning long before the words ‘art’ or ‘work’ have even been uttered.

Collaboration supersedes explainable logic, and becomes an intimate unity between people that enables a mutuality of understanding, and often the fuel to create art. It is rare, and precious, and is completely electric when realised.

Gilbert and George, The Chapman Brothers, Jean-Claude and Christo, Marina and Ulay; there exists this obsession in art with unifying collaborative forces; a tendency to brand them as single entities in order to understand how its even possible that two or more people could harmonise so compatibly that art can be produced. This almost fetishised position is seen as such for a reason. There is such rarity that two or more people could come together to create art successfully, proving a true human unification. My argument is that our understanding of collaboration often ends at these homogenised
groups, whereby they are almost seen as single characters in themselves. For me collaboration begins before this name calling and extends a great deal further, and is in a perpetual state of affect and effect. Ragnar Kjartansson - although deeply romantic - speaks of collaboration within music with an acute sense of simplicity and accuracy. “…You have to be totally concentrated on yourself; but also totally concentrated on the others…is like the perfect society…”1 And admittedly this is a sentimental statement…but i also feel it is something worth being sentimental about.

A physical manifestation of thought through making is an essential part of a relief within art. The ability to see, touch, smell an idea in its physicality is when things start to excite. Be this through computer keyboard, musical notes or clay brick. It is an absolute concrete disposition whereby I know what I feel can be real - because there it is. Singing back at me or standing looking, it is there. There is something. I have made that.

However, this practice of transforming something as wispy and intangible as an idea into something more physical is still contained within the self. It comes from an interior space to an exterior one, but both equally my own. This was resolute for me with an admittance that indeed, this work is a direct product of the space I inhabit, not just a pure self-authored document of what I am thinking. Guattari writes about this as an exponent of multiplicity, and the notion that with in us, there is a desire to accept otherness. “We cannot live outside our bodies, our friends, some sort of human cluster, and at the same time, we are bursting out of this situation.”2

Collaboration is an instant forceful removal of insular thinking, and only works with an acceptance of otherness - be it other ideas, people, ways of action, sleep patterns; whatever these other systems are, collaboration requires an openness to them.

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Collaborating is essential to this realisation. The people I have around me are all I have. A truly constellatory thought reminds me that although situationally there is an isolation and toil with art making, that everything I do and have done is because of them.

A rarity of synergy arises when the ability to creatively collaborate becomes a reality. The act of true collaboration, is not one founded on compromise and democracy; it is one founded on passion, empathy and love. Be that the love for the other involved minds, the material being managed, or the situation in which the work takes place. This collaborative relationship supersedes a friendship, and is more coherent than family. Yet it contains the intimacy that is essential for any of these bonds to function successfully.

I am privileged to have been granted a position in which I am exposed to some of the greatest creative minds, in environments respectively similar and different to my own. Through the platform of St Martin’s, the cities of Edinburgh, London, Leeds, and now Stockholm, I am able to build relationships with these people. The connections I have with people, both those with whom I do and do not make work, are the most valuable assets I have in my own progression. I feel the act of conversation, and the willingness to listen and to talk, to act and respond, become a physical manifestation essential in the idea of learning and progression. Sometimes its a case of just listening, particularly to those whose voices are often not heard. And other times its a case of talking, and saying what I have to say and understanding what I really believe through learning from others.
“Heinrich Heine’s well-known saying that one should value above everything else ‘freedom, equality and crab soup’. ‘Crab soup’ stands here for all the small pleasures in the absence of which we become (mental, if not real) terrorists”.3 This brilliantly absurd quote of Heine’s (revisited by Zizek) for me is the crux of a lot of what collaboration represents. The absolute pleasure of being able to create, learn, make with other people is a unifying and life affirming thing - with no hyperbole, it really is. It is no coincidence that enforced group work is sniffed at by disgruntled students and beyond. The harmonious bond naturally found in collaboration rarely can be willed as it negates a pleasure. A sense of shared artistic values leads naturally to a sense of freedom in that you have reception for free thought. It is a society of equality, whereby respect and disrespect are valued equally, laughing at ideas and also respecting them. And collaboration contains a lot of “crab soup”, some of the greatest pleasures imaginable through the production of art.

I quickly befriended 3 people when I first moved to London; each of whom had their own periphery, problems and solutions. A total happenstance of good timing and bad alternative company drew us to discuss ideas in a very quick space of time. It was not long after that we started to make work together, operating around our converging interests and nonsense ideas.

“…Our first tentative definition of event as effect which exceeds its causes thus brings us back to inconsistent multiplicity: is an event a change in the way reality appears to us, or is it a shattering transformation of reality itself?”4

An example: A flat-mate once said to us how the Contour Design course which she studied was too structured; a vicious and competitive path in which a lot of creativity of hers was stifled. In our hapless naivety, this formed the basis of the first work we made together. A range of home-made underwear named Undies. A true exposé of exposure, and a testament to the closeness of our collaborative friendship. What at the time, to me, seemed

like a week of evening pleasure with friends, has become, in hindsight, a much greater indicator of a way in which I am drawn to working.

There is something to be said about the safety and reassurance you have artistically when working as a group. They will be there to support even your most ridiculous ideas.

This familial situation of support, honesty, and passion for our respective practices, became a routine of discussion, experimenting and output. The act of collaboration is a constant materialisation of ideas through conversation and action and when you are engaged in it perpetually, a definite sense of momentum occurs. In March last year, this collaboration, and everything we knew was brought into question when one of our four died in an incomprehensible situation. Its an almost impossible task to write about the event; however I can say now, as I regularly do, it is the result of such an event that we are now inseparably close. If one of the most beautifully energetic forces in our lives can be subtracted at such an young age, then it is on us to take the best of what we have and just do it.

The act of our prior collaboration had rendered us very close with the comfort of expressing wanted artistic ventures, but the death of Jess opened up an emotional platform that has somehow cemented the important of accepting collaboration, and indeed, intimacy. Since Jess died, the three of us have made sure to respect with greater importance, the absolute treasure of being able to work together - and others. “Its hard enough talking about work with other people, let alone making it with them. Its a rarity we have” Eliot said to me recently. Its true. And what I have realised from the whole situation is the importance people. Everyone who engages with me and what I do, and everyone whom I consider part of my life, are important. It became a realisation that they are all to be framed with equal importance, because who’s to say there is any kind of logical hierarchical system of influence. This idea of conversation is massively important in the realisation.
A vital component with functioning collaboration, that makes it so important in a broader sense, is the ability to be honest. With an individual practice, you are interiorly honest, always, of course. How could you not be honest with yourself? But that honesty is devalued as it is not shared, and in own isolation, becomes annulled I feel. It is not until that level of honesty enters a collective sphere that it becomes alive. (The honesty I am referring to here is involved with a engagement in the subject at hand, and the artistic gesture that represents of the ideas that operate around it. An honest attitude to something is expressed in the materialisation that accurately vibrates with the artists voice. A rare happening but an electric one)

What collaboration enables, and indeed provokes, is the forceful mobility into different spheres. When working with others, there is an inevitable access into their worlds and their words. This allows a sense of both externalisation, becoming part of something larger than yourself; as well as being a mechanism for validation of your own practice and your own being. And this collision of two or more forces within collaboration becomes the tinder for something great, or something ugly. But whatever the outcome of clashing heads or lucky agreement, if the conversation provokes the tiniest bit of good, then that is all that is needed. Douglas Gordon says, eloquently as ever, “Art should be an excuse for a good conversation.”5 This is what I truly believe, and of all my uncertainties within art making, I am sure that with good conversation, progress will be made.

With a lot of collaboration comes a sense of play. A school-childish charm through which ideas are hacked out and take shape. This ties in with a sense of curiosity which I believe is vital in art making. For me, this questioning of ‘what if?’ is an essential drive and focus in art, whereby potential is imagined and impossibilities are prospective.
In reference to the attitudes developing in Glasgow in the late-80s, regarding collaboration, Douglas Gordon supports his ideas of conversation with ...


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“…there was preparation for collaboration [and] processes involved; but there was also a real-time element where change could happen as a live event, where change could happen in front of people. Nothing had to be perfect before presentation, but the presentation itself never really stops.”

This for me engages with the idea that collaboration is a force with no boundary, something far more elastic that a definable point at which converging minds work together. Collaboration is an active cycle of dialogue and interchange, and for me this sits in ideas of intimacy. It perhaps even requires a level of exposed vulnerability to the other participants; be that through simple and seemingly inane conversation, or admission of a forthcoming breakdown. The collaboration is a stabbing of intersecting forces from which something can be built, and physically working with people is only part of that. I am trying to hold equal levels of value in each of these aspects, and not just view the physical act of collaboration as the most important. It holds a very special force, but so does the conversation with the Uber driver, for example. My point being that these situations revolve and will come back and inform an idea or some kind of grasp on the understanding of a situation. Indeed I have been engaged in conversation with Uber drivers that have been more informative in 20 minutes that those with fellow students lasting days. Its a liberating thought when realising the potential of collaboration in a broader sense.

Intimacy in many senses becomes a fuel for collaboration, through which part of yourself is shared with others, and likewise, and you receive an extent of insight into their self. This act of shared human interest has been used throughout the production of art in history. Often this collaboration extends further than an immediate artwork and becomes a force for social change, allowing both a sense of compassion for individuals, as well as resolution for conflict. I am thinking, for example, of Milo Rau, whose work I was introduced to at a lecture in Stockholm recently. He is an artist whom constructed a piece of political theatre that reflected the Congolese Tribunal

for the war that raged there, in an effort to uncover through extra-political means, a sense of understanding for an audience of real people. It was a 14 hour long piece of theatre that included a jury of politicians, philosophers, lawyers and other notably legitimate figures. “Why this war has continued to rage is no longer to do with ethnic antagonism, but commodities, like coltan, niobium, or cassiterite, which are seen as essential to our 21st century lives, and are to be found in abundance in the Democratic Republic of Congo.”

Milo Rau managed to uncover truths and bring a sense of focus to an issue that within essentially a real life context, is often overlooked. With the compassion of these people acting within this piece of theatre, he was able to propose a sense of legitimacy to the issue via this artwork. These were not actors; they were in full collaboration, by principle, to discuss and highlight real world struggle. This is an active agent in Rau’s work, whereby often he will offer platform to victims of war, political and societal injustice and abuse. Through working with them in collaboration, it becomes not a narrative portrayal of an event, but an extension of something real and existent - something by which the participants can have a voice. Through art, highlighting, in this case the war in Congo, could have been approached in a variety of passive documentation and interrogation. However Rau, through collaborating with real figures and victims of the war, was able to actively question and scrutinise a situation that would perhaps have otherwise not been questioned. This shows a complete power that art has, whereby something active is done to form some kind of resolution.

A more recent example of this sense of humanity through collaboration, is seen within Women’s Marches that have happened - and I’m sure will continue - internationally, representing something far greater than a protest and out cry. These marches, indicative of human spirit and compassion, is one of the most miraculous examples of unity. Millions of people from a plethora of back grounds, socio-economic positions, and political beliefs came together very intimately with the shared belief of highlighting injustice and celebrating pride.

7 Kate Connolly . (Wednesday 1 July 2015 07.00 BST). The most ambitious political theatre ever staged? 14 hours at the Congo Tribunal. Guardian . na (1), 1.
I was in Sweden for the march in Stockholm and it had the same sense of overwhelming power that I am sure the hundreds of other marches did. For me, it represented this serious reminder of shared community at the face of prejudice and bigotry. It is with a sense of humanity that through this collaborative act and our ability to show intimacy through shared voices, that we are reminded of our closeness as humans. Although these outcries are in reaction to something so inherently wrong in our world, we are also reminded that really, we have true power in our willingness to show our power of vulnerability, and through collaborating within community, we are made stronger. It was a reminder not of the injustice seen in our world, but instead a gesture from us stating that we are united.

Within the Second Sex, De Beauvoir states “Two separate beings, placed in different situations, confronting each other in their freedom, and seeking the justification of existence through each other, will always live an adventure full of risks and promises.” This so clearly and simply expresses the feelings we have when engaged in some kind of loving relationship; and neatly summarises my relationship with collaboration and how in many ways the justification for my existence lies with those I share my time with. I think it is so important as an artist to engage with others collaboratively. Both to remind ourselves that we are not alone, and to share what we collectively have as people. That dialogue we have reminds us of togetherness, and through the intimacy we share, we are reminded of who we have and why they are there.

[newsletter 2] The Potential of American Andy

The potential of impossibilities intersects the failures of the known, and we are left in a present state of looking forward and back. The excitement and frustration aroused by potential is a good reason to keep going on; who is to say ‘no’ and anything can happen. Mop yellow haired demagogues and warm handed beauty can both exist in the same world, and potentiality gestures towards imagining what can be.

In 5 months, when I see many of you again, none of us have any idea where we will be. Towering, touching sky in Canary Wharf or lying facedown in a irrigation ditch, the constellatory possibilities surround us, and potential keeps me promised that the most amazing things will happen. Things which are present but not there, are perhaps everything and something to delight in. What if the beach could sing and the fur could grow, what would that mean and how would you feel.

This isn’t intended to sound like spurious garbage. // Its potential presence, cloaked in absence, that connects me to all of you; and the promise of delighting in everyone again, and the prospect of what is to come, keeps me going. This morning I met American Andy, whom was my first hug of the day. I met him in a cafe, and asked him how he slept. He said “I woke up alive this morning, how great is that” with a teeth splitting grin, warmed by the potential of today…anything could happen and he met me. Our 10 minute love affair got me thinking, the worst and best is yet to come, but for now lets imagine the best. And lets focus on the dumb. The most dangerous attack on potential is logic. And to let go of logic even for a second, leaves us somewhere thats not home. And its always good to be there, until its time to move on.

Let go of logic

love Gillies
[newsletter 3] theres no escape now

Did you hear about what happened last night in Sweden? Can you believe it?!..of all places; Sweden?

Well I will tell you what happened in Sweden last night.

An insomniac cheated on his bed in a turn of furniture infidelity. The round quilted comfort of the chaise-longue beckoned nocturnal pleasures, and temptation grew too strong. What began as an 11th hour lounge, in torpidity of restless city life, lies now as an intimate lucidity of comfort and care.

One is born, commonly, in a bed; and one will, commonly, die in a bed. Unless one is hit with force by a speeding Ford Transit and pronounced DOA. But commonly one dies in a bed.

The bed becomes the centre of a folded piece of paper, where introspectively the vertices meet. It was never furniture. It is an incubatory cocoon in which we are rapt with the thoughts of the pleasures of being alive. We return every day, alone or accompanied, with the weight and force of past happening and the potential yet to arrive.

We rest and we breathe and we enjoy the licence of free vacant space to return to us. The bed reminds us, and keeps us alive. So when we are unable to sleep, like the insomniac [who’s name is Frederick] ; what does that say about the state of our own humanity? The bed no longer becomes our wombic return, but we find different means for rest and composure.

Unfurl the futon, line the desks, outdoor sleeping is an arabesque. This period of rest allows us time for us. We can love again tomorrow after we have slept.

Breakfast in Bed! Bed Head!

The Wrong Side of the Bed! \‘You Made Your Bed, Now You have to Lie in it!

Love again tomorrow.

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harry asleep in the living room

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wait, wait! the package hasn’t arrived. Gille Sanderson Flowerpot III has returned! it was proclaimed from an imaginary balcony by big plastic megaphone. you slept through its due delivery. the painting, not mine, I’m here now. i wasn’t here then though to be fair. idiot idiot. precious cargo that cannot wait. have to wait another day. i do not know what its going to be like. probably too small and maybe a little ugly. some of those painting were a little ugly. close to ugly sometimes, unpalatable colour that didn’t match the beauty of the painter. maybe it was orange because eliot used orange sometimes. or trying to mark itself out in the contemporary tradition of the traditional. its arrived! unwrapped, unwrapped. the perfect size, the corporeal perfect shape and feel. when touching it, a bodily shiver and bodily reminder of something. its not just a painting / But when seeing the hand crafted frame, irregular staples, badly cut canvas, blemished wooden joints, stamped finger print. blue and blue line and line. i couldn’t stop touching it and became self conscious of the sensation of feeling the edges with my thumbs. she’s in there though, every inch of it had been touched by her. cream smoothness, sat perfectly on my lap. its unquestionable power and strength over us. we all sat silent. a hand rubbed my shoulder. “anyone else want a go”. a joke comes now after months of an inability to express anything about it. this is a tome of beauty and a monument of joy. its not a reminder of anything except that. in soho when the sun licks the lips of the window frames and the wind dies for 20 minutes, reminders of paradise whisk images of the past. I’m pretty hungry come to think of it. fractal ! fractal !! fractal !!!, linen ! linen !! linen !!!: long silkscreen, sucks in the image into every latticed fibre. Lost in the crossed fired the swimming images soup and spit back shattered depictions of their former selves. Curtained mirror fights back and shouts at the projector, shining inky light at the vertical screen. Nightmare! Nightmare !! Nightmare !!! The eye that hits the sheet, looks back as a warped oval of broken black and white bleakness. Its seduction is too much and draws in compliments of beauty and awe, and the now drawing images grow mould and gather dust, unrecognisable under the seemingly
misread delight. I delight not only in this dancing wonder and captivating aura, but in the hope that darkness will descend. Broken! It needs fixed from being stale. Old bread stale! 21 Days of Darkness 01 Sniff! As the plane took off and I put my sunglasses away ready to sleep, because I didn’t have anything good to read and I woke up early to catch the train, I was excited to feel what I felt as I left the place that last made me cry. And to see the people who I had longed to see since I last saw them. The anxieties that once gripped me by the throat and made my palms sweat salty fear now had left me and the tin can isolation was levitating. The sun licked the lips of the ledges that lay below the red brick windows of Fitzrovian nostalgia. I want that feeling of warmth and comfort of the smooth dryness of stems of grass on a lawn in the middle of the city. I am a person of extremes. I am a person of extremes. I am a person of extremes. Two scoops please, I ordered it for you too because I am a man of extremes; Gille Sanderson Flowerpot III has returned. The prodigal son has returned. An urgency and attention deficit is misread as a laziness in attitude. That smell of wet leaves and far away sound of running water, unsure if its actually there, or imagined, hit me when I smelled wet leaves and heard running water that I could see so knew was there. Winter doesn’t have so many smells. So cold, the icy air freezes the scents that are so recognisably vital and alive when the sun pulls up. Its a monochromatic flatness that is at the same time, beautiful in its simplicity, as it is dull and lagom in its banality. So its no surprise that the thoughts of the sun licking the lip of the window sill strikes me know, because i realise what I have been missing. the cold tiles refrigerate the morning stink of the mould growing rapidly on the ceiling. i don’t miss that. the cold that soaked right in and stays for more time than is welcome. so avoid that by not showering at all, that will do.
the dead body is the origin of aesthetics
1 second subtitles Absurd actions lead to informed dances, that bring new life to untold myth.

difting from the archipelago, the isolatory ice island floats towards warmer water. A cold viking burial; solid soon no more. The pool [of pulled water], straight from higher ground. Magnetic gravity leads everyone here. Fast flowing and perpetual and powerful. Such power. Such force.

HOTPOINT WMFUG742G SMART.

[1400 rpm] power !!

<< 0 degrees celcius

So cyclical, spat back into the pool that it came from. Through the pipes, filtered and ready to be reused.

<< #18 It is safe to drink the water.>> Only healthy green. No algae. No mold here. Vegetarian delight in this land if you so please. [You know what they say...]

<< Take a skinhead bowling, you might lose the ball. >> ?

[No one says that] The atmosphere of unease at the fancy dress cravate strangeness that lives deluded in a world that doesn't have space for it anymore. Hippies selling mothball fur coats, blissful happiness when delighting in the sunshine of your love. North Carolina man; gleefully blissful, speaks of god and love. What great music! What music! Free coffee, far from cold, free love, not far from hippies

<< He works in mysterious ways >> Red flag waving ‘see you later guys’ I don't want to meet and or hear about. A couch and a pillow and a blanket, and an inverted camera eyeing me in the bottom corner. Keep away from the face. The food doesn't match the decor index order clarity with comfort and pleasure.
bring me back to the place I belonged
[\textit{text from the film 'My Love For You Grows}]

Time moves fast in the Archipelago.
There is no time to respect the curious.
A total urgency forces,
feet first,
forward the potential of future failings.
Golden Lights and Long Casts
\textless\textless What is the Here and Now?\textgreater\textgreater
There is no time to stop, and think now

Instead
Wait It will come around again soon.
Nowness!
Continue!

To be continued!
To slow what can’t be slowed,
and live in it revisited and reminded; a nostalgia for your own times,
physically absent but domestically present
and close.
To be lived in and to be continued
Chris Burden, a rock from the library and 2 pieces of stone

archipelago archipelago!
Chris Burden and a rock from the library

archipelago archipelago!
archipelago archipelago!
archipelago archipelago!