

Thou Adidas Monger

(Front matter)

My feet are beautiful and they have walked from over there to over here, with and without my Adidas.

I am why

The discovery of your own limitation is a shock on a par with you waking up next to David Hockney, naked, with a branch of a Yorkshire up your tree ass and him offering you cup of tea.

The art world is a very warm and cosy place for a snail that lives inside an art piece, bought buy a filthy rich collector, living in a mansion heated by Norwegian gas, transported across the seven seas.

Enter the space with thoughts that you know will be remembered.
Look there goes the monger looking for his punter.

We have a clear view before impact.
Simply follow this - Become the gate keeper.

Chapter 1 (Vanity killed the cat)

Notions of fuck entering the lower part of my body, fuck travels through my pale and rotting corpse at the speed of light. Inside my blue face, I need nothing and then I eat everything that moves in front the self, the great big I.

This is where I was not born.
This is where I will not die.
This is just a geographical root clogging up my view.

Seek.

Pride has always been in the way of excellent work, if excellent work even exists in my part of the universe. I will approach my work with my dead hands, I will present work made with a lifeless brain and no eyes.

I am a man with a brut mahogany neck.
The neck snapped, the intense smell of dark self was the only hint that harvest time was entering my id.
Closing in on it's next weak, muddy, pray I discover the harrow leaning against my history.
Then lowering the iron plough into the conceptual sorrow.
Ripping the soil to pieces, folding it over onto itself.
Soil to soil and the concept is accepted.

My head falls back, no longer connected with my body, only the flesh between the two machines holds us together.

At last I am the column that bears nothing.
I stand still in my Adidas, but only for a few liberating seconds.

Falling body tumbles.

The feeling of defeat is a burden like the heaviest metal known to man, it pushes you deep down into the soil. Your own soil. And you might not recover from its immense totalitarian pressure of hate. Your pride is torn a part, crushed to smithereens.

Searching.

I am defeated, I can't breathe, suffocating. I need air, I try desperately to open my wedged windpipe, to suck some needed air down into my lungs so that my brain and I will not to fade to black. The question is not the beautiful air that is so needed, it is how the hell did I get here, again, into this position of banality and irritation?

Covered with flesh, meat that I own.
I suck and lick the spine clean in hope of a vague taste of heritage.

Chapter 2 (Abflussloch)

Dig that hole, fill that hole, eat that soil, become that mud and then the mahogany birth.

All systems go - reach.

My work is done soon here, so I lower my head back into my mothers cunt. Aimlessly searching for a reason to exist, with or without the concept of self documentation.

Sad fuck searching.

MATURE you old bastard, mature and become what I made you.

Disembarking my Adidas foot. No one there to meet me or even greet me.
Self residency is a conceptual fuck that penetrates my organs through my asshole. The ego is secured and I can embark with my beautiful feet. I have toes that can speak.
Soles that can hear and a face that mirrors your janus hope.

Chapter 3 (Puma the Baker)

Words of gratitude for the pretentious

Adidas

Me Di Das
Das Me Di
Di Me Das
As Mi Mo
Mo Das Di
Mi Mo Ma
Das Ma Mi
Ad Ma Di

Di Das Do
Ma Das Di
Do Ma Das
As Mi Ras
Da Di Das

Chapter 4 (Persian Asphalt)

Benny looked down, then up and he said: 'I am so pretentious'.
Finally an opening, but it was into the crater where one finds the food.
How does one attach a label of level?
I am even more pretentious so I felt relieved not being on my own.
Me, myself and the load of ostentatiousness I carry around like a growing cancer.
I ate asphalt, good black frenetic asphalt that evening.
Eating makes me strong.

Hoping to find a good rug one of these days.
He has written a string quartet.
Do you hear me? He wrote that.

Sought.

Tarmac.
My Lack.
Lie Mac.
And the mighty Cockerel.

Chapter 5 (Eet Fuk)

Today, this second in fact, I am a part of the ongoing research into self residency. (yawn)
In order to understand what that could be, my torso needs to be cleaned.
I hold my left arm up, and start to swing it, round and round, like a human windmill.
Must look very stupid, standing here like a fool swinging my arm. idiot.
The shoulder dislocates with a beautiful sound that reminds you of two black stones of
about one kilo each touching each other gently. Finally I have a moment of thought.

YVES SAINT LAURENT
ADIDAS

Master my finger is becoming me and that hole.

The little man is an epigone, epigone, epigone, epigone, epigone, epigone, epigone,
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(repeat and clap hands at the same time)

Chapter 6 (Dying Photographer)

Janus I see you, you monger.
Mentioning that, mentioning this, I felt content covering that face with metal.
An object created to capture time, but used more frequently to capture vanity.

Boredom.
Bore.
Boring little cunt.

The tranquil feeling of breathing and pushing your face up against metal, looking through the lens, observing the life on the other side. Gave me, sporadically, peace of mind, but each and every time I put the metal machine down, holding it with my right hand against the lower part of my body, I saw nothing. I never saw life through my own eyes. What a crock of shit.

I am Victor Boulet and I am a balding, dying, snapping machine searching for my own self-love and whys. I will share the unutterable self-indulged decadence of absolute nothingness and my own, very pretentious, life with you.
All I have is my own experience and that is what I will effortlessly try to discover, just to plunge the knife back into its gut.

Janus you, me, all.

Chapter 7 (Debris of a tooth)

Hey, I see no further than my own nose, limitations stacking up in front of the great self.

Hard core rebel can't look me into the eyes, this being is a radical with rotting teeth.
Plonk is my opinion.
Moving on. He is disappointed with my thought.
No eye contact is the price I have to pay. I actually pre-paid for that.

Conceptual disappointment, the .com for future perpetrators.
The monger is armed.

Hello, are you ok? Have you had a good day?
Denial is here to stay or will you pre-pay?

Blocked view searching.

I lift my hand up and forget why, standing there like a minimalist, craving chaos, I was why.

Have you payed?
Have you signed the contract?

The room is filled with people, I decide to enter.
Inside their horse I see even the better ones.
What and who is a better one? No one he answers, they have all fallen.
The Punter, The Monger and I stand there, knowing we have no invitation.
Seeing them clamouring for acceptance creates havoc in the mind of even a rejected donkey.
For god sake, fuck off out of here, you little mongrel.
Post what? Post who? Neo there, Neo Here and of course Neu being buggered somewhere.
The horse gives off an odour that makes me believe in the future, or do I mean the past or do I mean my own present time, what do I mean?
Have I ever meant anything.
The opinion I harbour is mine and it's redundant, I thought.
So in other words *this is where it begins*.

Who cares about this nonsense?
More important.

Theory.
Conceptualism.
Project.

Please refer to what is accepted and respected while I have a cup of tea.

Accept(ance) is the trophy.

Chapter 8 (The beginning of the That)

We are gathered here today to join together the Monger and the Punter in holy matrimony.
Who gives this That in marriage to that other This?

Marriage was originated by the Monger.
Our thinking on the subject has its basis in the divine revelation that we call the butter for our lunch.

Marriage was the first institution of fuck given for the welfare of humanity. In the garden of the Monger, before the tempter had touched the world, The Monger saw that it was not good for man to be alone, so He made a helpmate suitable for him and established marriage.

YES I DO
PLEASE EAT DING DONG PANG PANG PONG

CHAPTER 9 (Hail The Pong Stone)

Fist, down, get up, stay up.
down, stay down, fist.
Turn around
Soil, gravel, birth, fist, fist, born.
The death of a familiar thought.
fist, foot, face down.
Ear, arm and then thou skull.
Fist, spin and your thought.
Finger, elbow, thigh, fist.
Foot, Knee and your mind.
Hand, Take, Reach, Seek and the Throw.

I need to seek, then throw stones at the failing system we have created and accepted.

Hail that stone thrower.

The pong of the others.
Their PONG.
PONG.
PONG.

Chapter 10 (Comb Over)

I steal.
I lie.
I cheat.