

## NO-HOW

Weak snivelling, syphilitic, wheezing aesthete. Posh backpacker, staying at charming taverns and sighing at the sweeping vistas of the alps. If it's patriotic to be a pedestrian then show me the coach and horses to sweep through lands new. Let this be the antithesis of moral fibre and the height of artificiality; the degenerate artist in search of the mythical land of Charles Dickens but who is rarely far from his house or his carriage. The carpet needs a tortoise to bring out its finer shades. No scratch that. A gilded tortoise is surely better. No lets scrap that. A jewel encrusted animal. The creature expires. Landscape critic equals nature critic.

'The appalling weather struck him as an instalment of English life paid to him on account in Paris'. (1)

## STEAK PIE ECTOPLASM:

The body is subjected to terrible pressures in outer space. The pilot and crew are forced to eat multi coloured survival paste. In the woods this might be an unhealthy discharge, the environment turning the human inside-out as the legs tremble. Outside the pod shaped structure the robots are attacking the computer. Inside the spectacular sight of someone pulling yards of muslin from their orifices. Squatting in a drawing room, captured in a neon bright photograph. The skin glows like porcelain; delicate and diaphanous. Whether they're inside or out with teeth like palette knives they all dream of tucking into rump steak pie.

'The executioner stood impassive, his hands resting on the pommel of his long, blood stained sword.'(2)

## ICEBERG STEAM PACKET

Prince and Princess of the vegetable kingdom on a one way trip on the Iceberg Steam Packet. The further they get from the edge of their kingdom the more the traces of mankind are made visible. NYC bubble-writing scrawled across the frozen wastes, sprayed and sprayed again, starburst highlights twinkling on each and every globular curve. The two monstrosities look on with unwearying delight, their heart shaped heads bobbing on their hairy stems.

'Further away, at the end of the wine shop, a tow haired man with a chin sprouting hairs like an artichoke was using a microscope to decipher the minute print of an english newspaper'. (3)

## LAMENTABLE AUTUMN

Reverentially taking down a volume she fondled the glowing binding, rendered in a velvety white leather. Scanning certain pieces, the interior settings of the text seemed to make it deeper and more striking than ever. The internal mechanism clicked and ground out a word, battery three quarters full. The glowing screen became dimmer. In the dark the milky oblong hovered in the air before winking once and vanishing.

## A CURTAIN IS NOT A CABBAGE

Coloured lights pick out the back of a large hall, the tracery of stone ornamentation. An ill judged Trading Up spacial trick or something about the mechanism of the trick itself. Straight lines are too prevalent, right angles aren't much better. After all a few of these and you're stuck in a box. Better, after the decorative doormat, to enter a room that has none of these attributes whatsoever.

'a room with four or five mirrors arranged at random, is, for all purposes of artistic show, a room with no shape at all'. (4)

## THE CRICKETS WEAR DENIM

They said 'we are you' at one time. Time to get off the couch and have a shower, let's stop helping one and other. The insistence on 'something' is the very reason why people would buy a rifle and set of cartridges long after Buddy Holly played flea circus ring master to his insect charges. Swap those practical boots for some white loafers and get louche. Bardot is back, Riviera style. In the background a diminutive man in a Rolls that he can't drive or a wind burnt vagabond with dynamite strapped around his head.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY AND ENDNOTES

1. Huysmans, Joris Karl, *Against Nature (A Rebours)*, Penguin (2003) p.119
2. Huysmans, *ibid*, p.54
3. Huysmans, *ibid*, p.123
4. Poe, Edgar Allan, *The Philosophy Of Furniture* as it appears in *The Fall Of The House Of Usher And Other Writings* Penguin (1986)

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