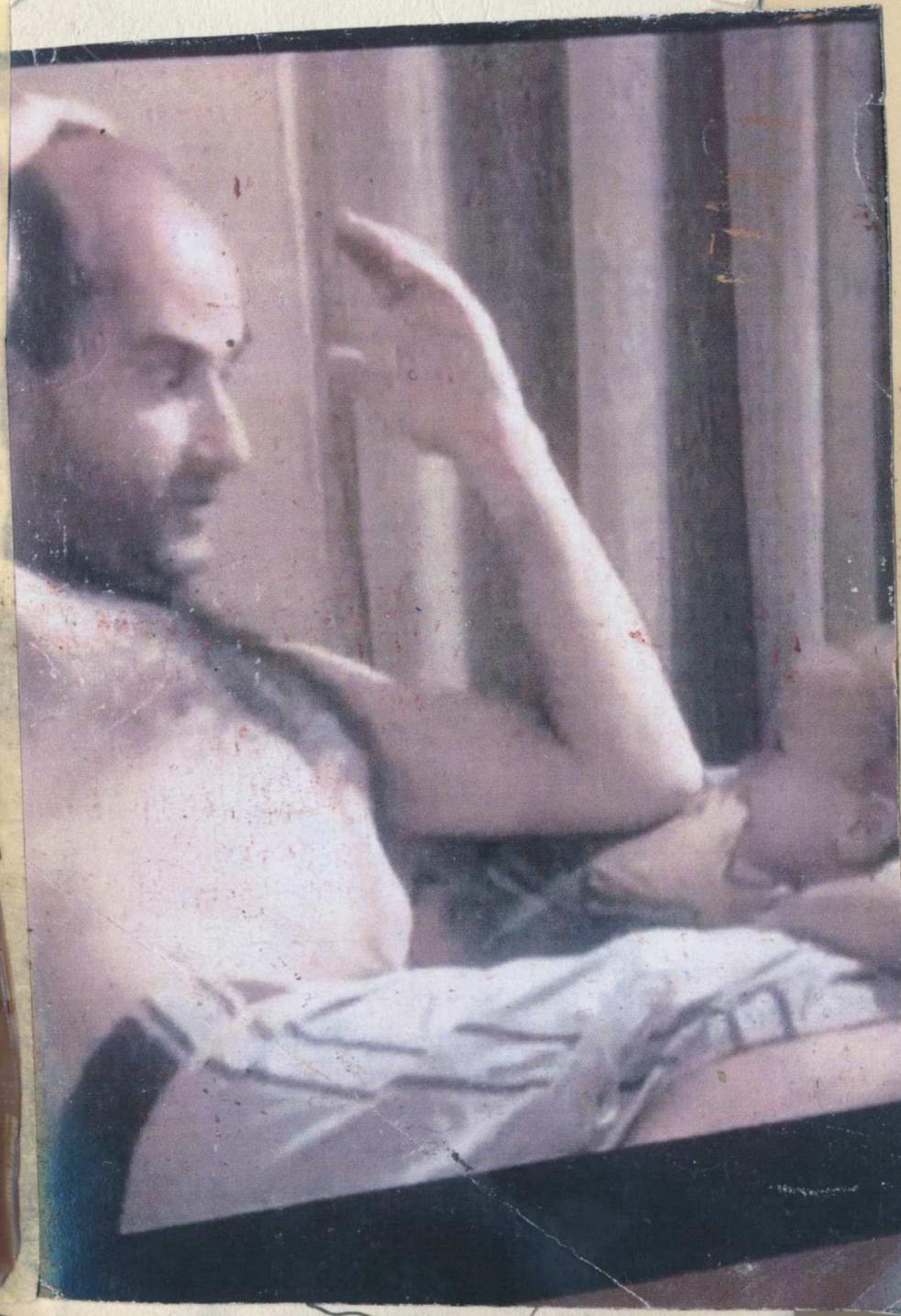




DOG-EAT-DOG



For Dad.

Thank you.



lace
and
no
forms
tten
matics)

not
of

eter.

path

Drawing is not
about being any
good at anything.
It's about being
honest.

This story is about a strange
place called Painting. This place
is inhabited by the illegible and
the ineffable. This place has no
nouns or verbs; it is made of forms
that remain unnamed in any written
or spoken language (even mathematics)
I like to visit Painting often -
every day if I can - but i do not
think that i could recall any of
my visits with any detail.
Luckily, there is a nearby town
called Writing. It is much like
Painting, only smaller and quieter.
It is inhabited by strays. And
from writing, I found a hidden path
to Painting.

The first while I spent in Painting was at Oil and Paper's home. They lived in a one bedroom apartment with two staffies named Charlie and Daisy. Oil was stocky and short, compressed by domestic pressures and difficult parents. She wore a very particular palette but could not have named any of the colours; it doesn't seem relevant either way.

Oil had a tight grip and a heavy hand, often breaking glasses by accident or bruising Paper by playing too hard. She would look to Charlie and Daisy for they seemed to be able to exert force without damage. They could apply appropriate pressure, unlike her.

Oil envied the dogs; she envied that they did not wear each other to nubs or snap in half or rip through skin.

Oil was my first love and she is still so kind as to meet me for coffee here and there.

She showed me the beauty of mess, how to into a melty heap after heavy pushing, how to sink deeply in-between fibres and be a still, silent stain.

I learnt that I scratch too hard, and that that is often no different to soft-tapping

It is easy to ^I forget about Paper in Oil's presence. He was boring.

Bureaucratic, straight-forward, inoffensive

I suppose Oil hadn't found another roommate yet, and Paper was good enough for now.



It is easy to forget about Paper in Oil's presence. He was boring. Bureaucratic, straight-forward, inoffensive

I suppose Oil hadn't found another room for

437



HANG THE bloody egg here. ↓



longing can be
satiated by cigarettes
and notes to self

YOUR SMOKE CAN HARM
THOSE AROUND YOU



RUN FAST
BITE HARD
RUN FAST
BITE HARD
RUN FAST
BITE HARD |
RUN FAST
BITE HARD

- Donna Haraway

Haraway, D. 2011 'From
Cyborgs to Companion Species'
Available from: Youtube, UC
Berkeley Events.

ing



RUN FAST
 BITE HARD
 RUN FAST
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RU
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D B IT TIE

- Donna Haraway



Sliding
 Box!

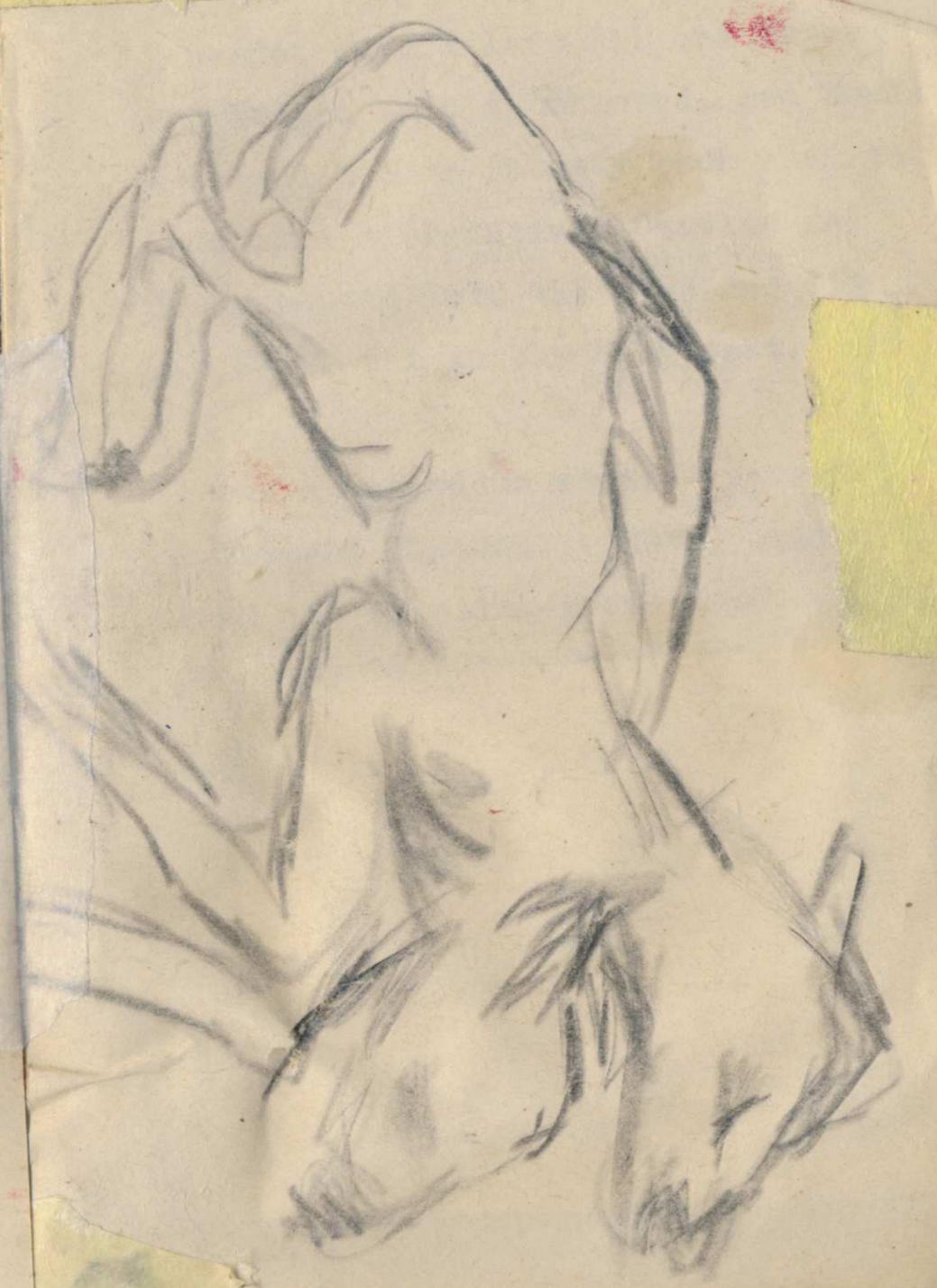
WOW!

(28 July) plans?

I should paint.



Thievery & diacopes
Anaphoras & typewriterbugs
Man/girls & Woman/boys



The drive took two years, but at the time it was the only way through Painting. In this time Charlie had died, and then Daisy. I carried their decaying, uncovered bodies the whole way through.

Eventually I arrived at the corner of a fluorescent room at the University. Wax, Wood, Clay and Canvas eyed me suspiciously. They welcomed Oil and Paper for they shared DNA. They lay Charlie and Daisy in the shape of a circle by the sunny windowsill, but I came in like a bumbling colonist.

I missed the road. Homesick.

Famous
Dogs

Munch

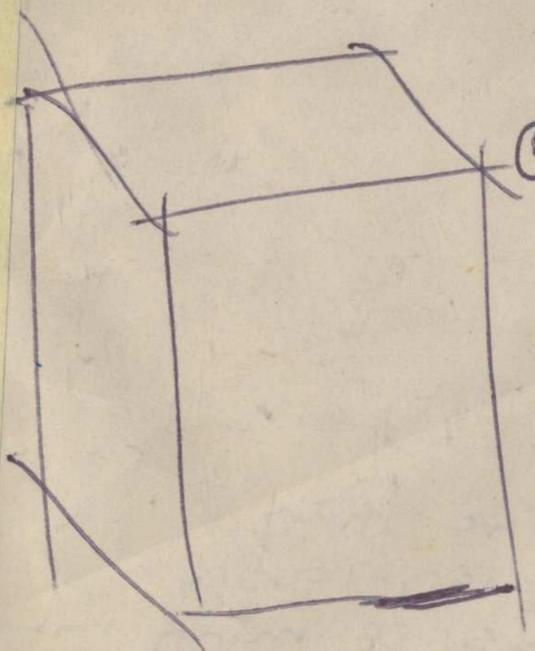
Bacon

GOYA

Creed...

SO MANY MEN

(ew)



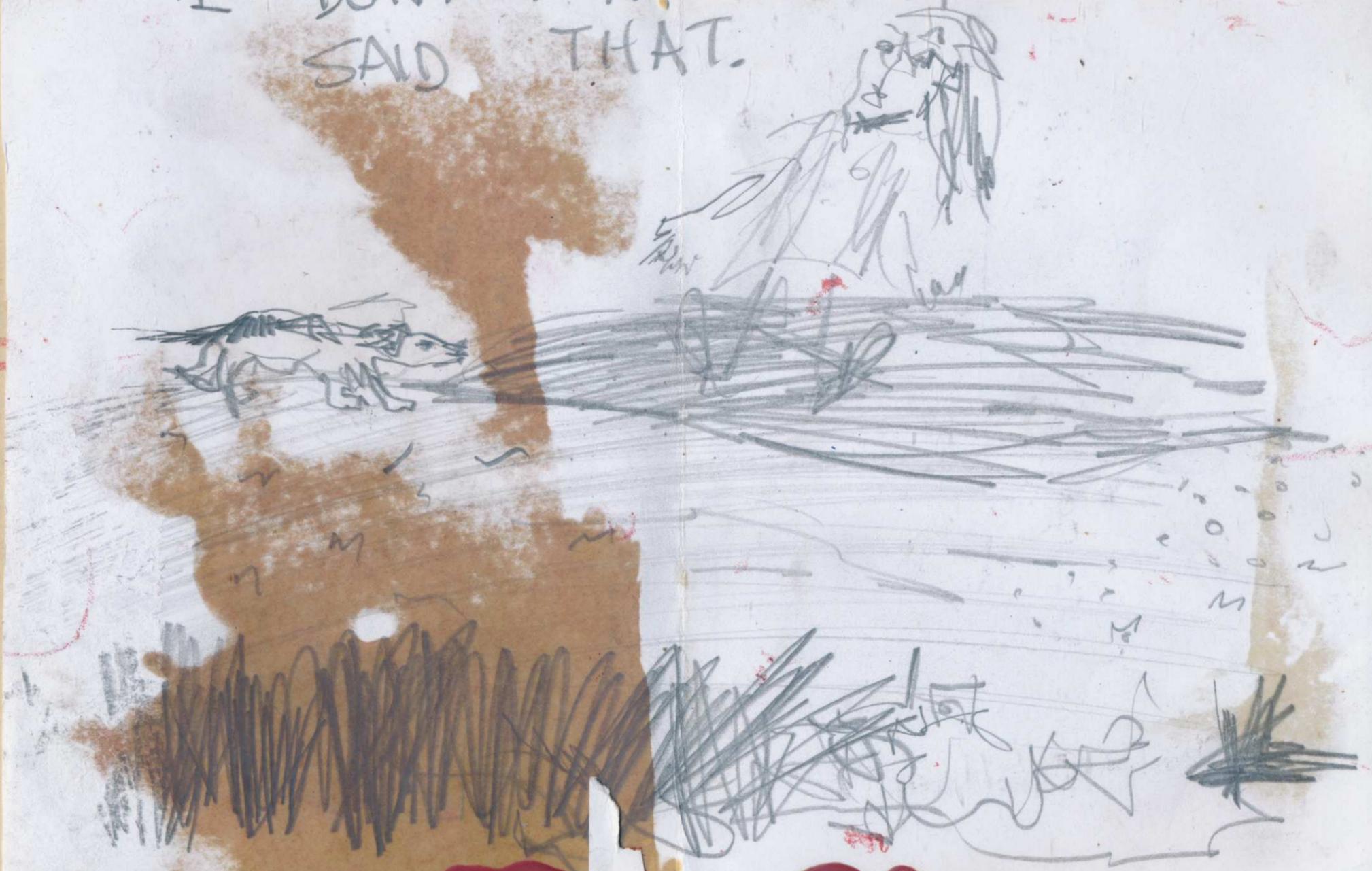


"Many of my
brothers
passed away
but look at me
I'm here"

- The man
relentlessly
screaming into
traffic in the
5:00am
darkness

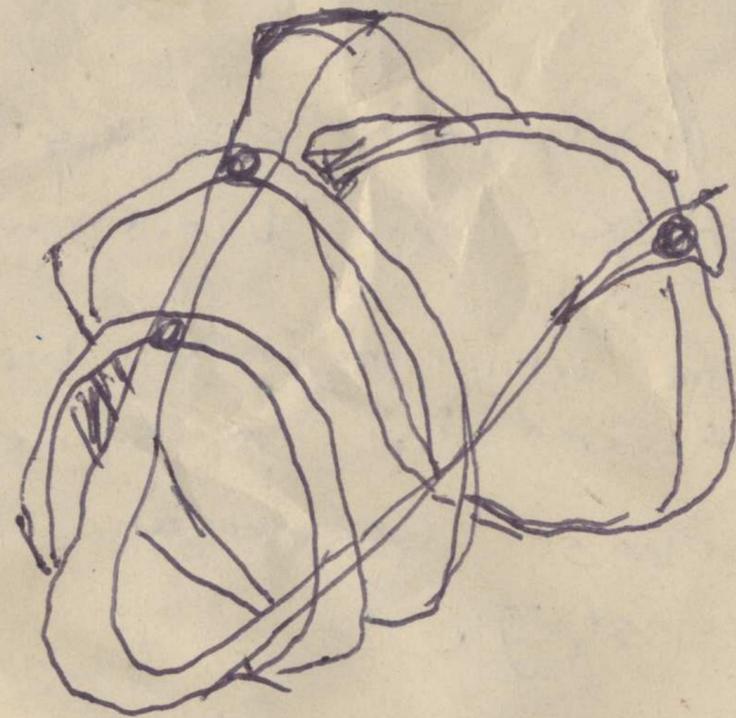


I DON'T KNOW WHY I
SAID THAT.





SUNFISH



Muzzle.



The Bones Fuse
at the centre
creating the perfect
seam to crack open
the skull.

And when it cracks,
there is a lurid smell
and while the head will
never be the same
at least we learnt
keinstugi

DO YOU THINK DAISY
KNOWS ABOUT
PICTORIAL
REPRESENTATION?





I Dreamt
that I was
spayed.
x





I Dream
that I was
spayed.

X





I
that
SF

PINK

vi(s)c(i)ous
viscious
viscous
vicious
viscous
vicious
viscous



The forest is pale and the trees are flat. The roots are made of tacky masking tape. and it is never too hot or too damp or too quiet until it is.

I sleep upright in the left corner with a dog skull on my back to ward off the (placeholder)s.

We know that it is not right to bring something into this world just to let it rot. We know that rot is the only good we have left anyhow. But rot does not bite when we love it too hard, it just reminds us that the laundry is still unwashed. We know that there

is red anyway. Red which prods the gappy teeth ~~and~~ which long for softer things - which strain to follow the form - in between their

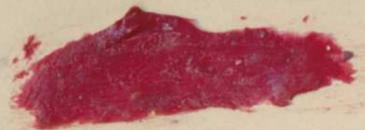
(placeholder)s

A pack of viscous dogs finds me beneath the wax tree. They lick the crack in my head until it fuses I do not know the words "sagittal suture" yet. But I do know how a sentence should not be formed. And I do know that "enmeshment" is undesirable in a family but not in a pack.

Pink dog dreams of clowns unfolding into planes of liquid (placeholder).

White dog dreams of guns. I dream



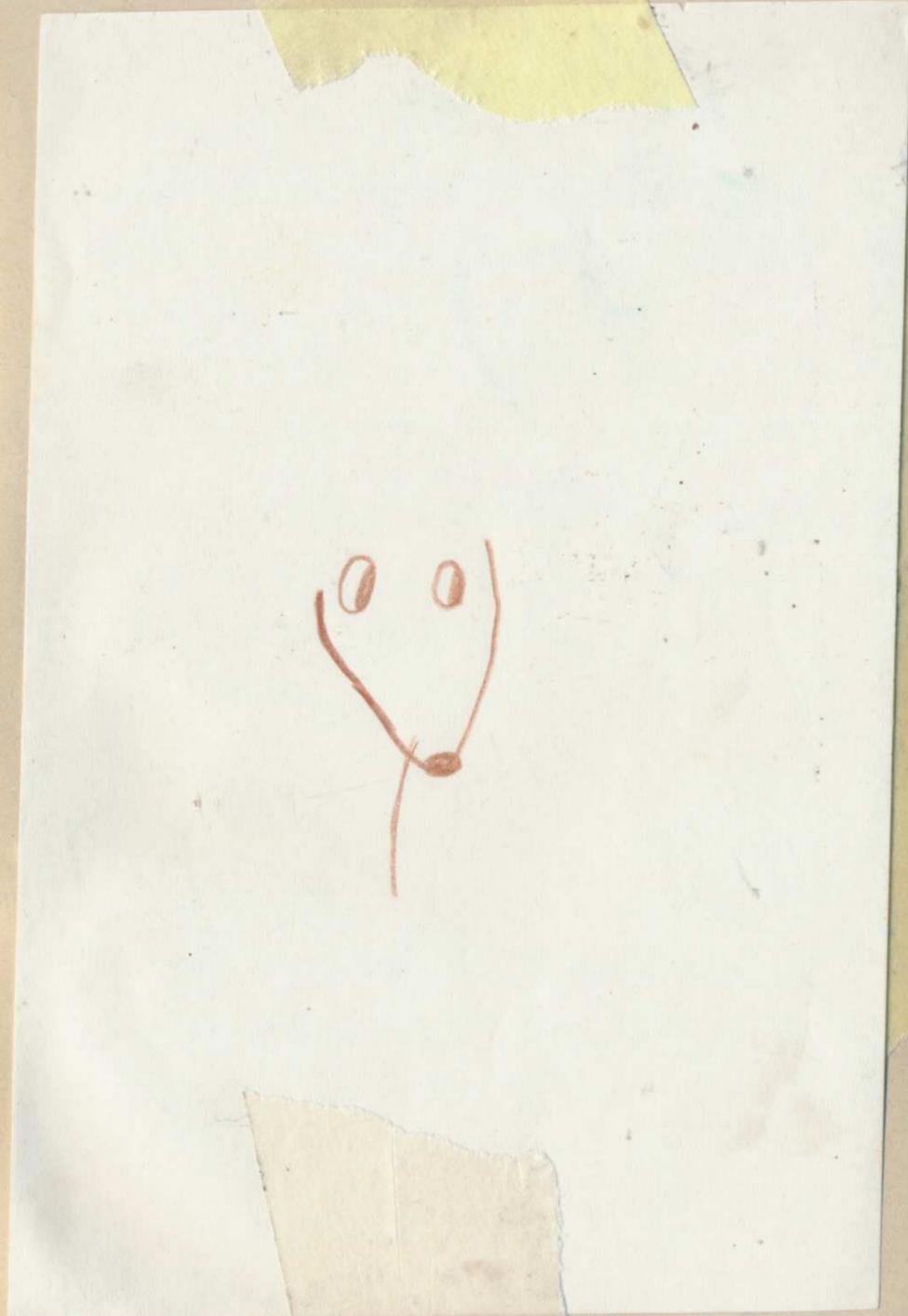


You

told me of a dream of a red dog
and a stillborn
red and wet fur
and
I don't know how to be
your stillborn child
without your red jewels on my
ankle

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



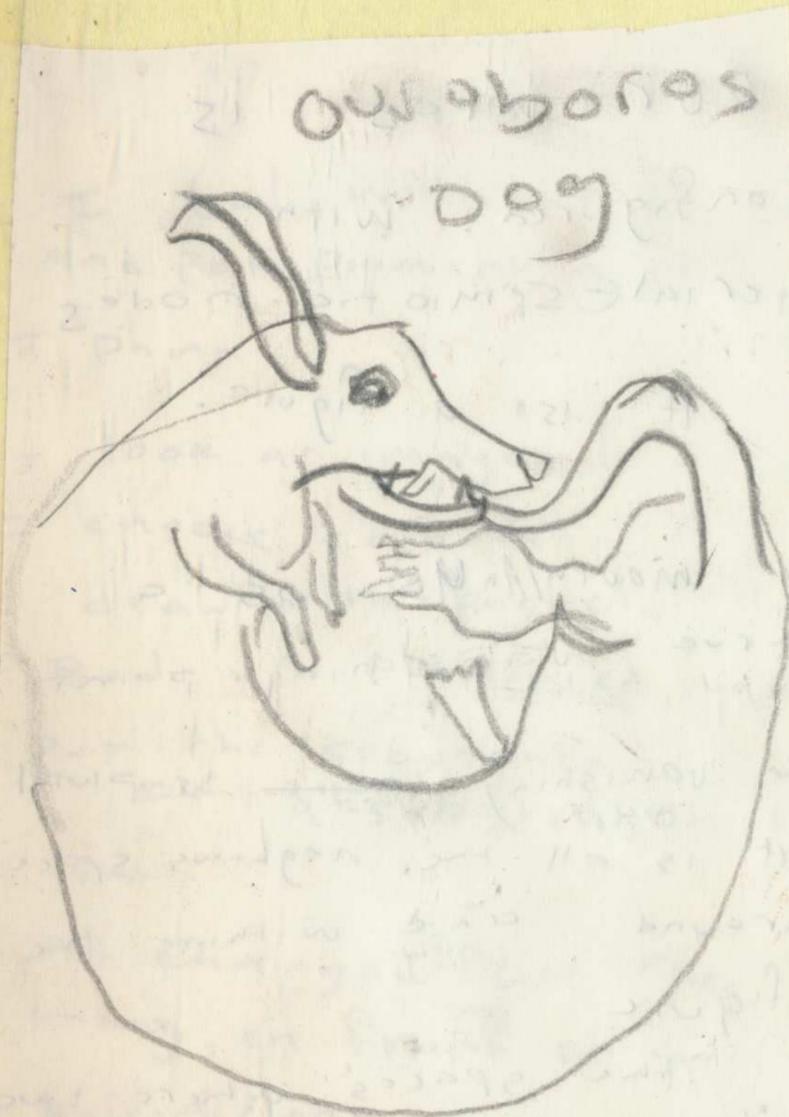


of the black dog. In the
around a ring of steam and
we are left with a hard and
line unravelled at the points
most likely found. The string is
tied to itself at the ends.
It is an orbicular -
like when your dog ticks their



of the black dog. We tie a string
around a plume of steam and
we are left with a damp and flaccid
line unravelled at the points
most tightly bound. The string is
tied to itself at the ends.
It is an ouroboros -
like when your dog licks their anus.

We were the people





It's at the back of the neck
the bone that,
when incinerated, keeps you
from coming back,

only Daisy will be saved by
the Messiah .
and Charlie ate a live bird
whole once, I saw it
so maybe he doesn't deserve

and maybe none of us deserves

We were the people
who ate the meat
from the man who gave
his dogs fresh Meat,
And bound them by
the ~~paws~~ feet... Feet.
We were the meat who
ate the people.
from the men whose dogs
were sick.
we enjoyed it.

SKIN
PICKING



OB-5E-3
IMPERMANENCE

FIGURES

3

2 R.H.
p.c.m.i.c.





The
Snake
dog



I put the pumpkin
in the bag

As if my finger, tracing your collarbone/
behind closed doors, was enough to erase
myself. To forget we built this house
knowing it won't last. How does anyone
stop/regret/without cutting off his
hands? Another torch
2., streams through the kitchen window,
another errant dove. It's funny.
I always knew I'd be warmest beside
my man.

- Ocean Vuong, Seventh Circle of
Earth (misquoted)

(2016)



Th



I put the pumpkin
in the bag
and left it on the
mountain

When I returned it
was gone

I cried for three days
And replaced the gar in
the bag with
mismatched socks



Wax and OIL danced together madly,
scolding me for wanting to join.
Wood and Canvas and Paper loved to
watch from the walls and giggle about
their days in the factory. Clay was
a bit of an outsider, always more
interested in the things out the
window; I suppose that's why we seemed
to get along so certainly. But they
were a terrible communicator and only
days after spending time together I
would find out that I had somehow
broken all of their bones... At least
Wax was kind enough to patch them up.

I

In Painting, they play a string-figure game called Ouroboros.

Ouroboros has a skin, but it is too holey to contain or cover. Some call it The Great Hermaphrodite. The in/output begins when the dog eats its own tail. We are now all in play. ONCE the inhards are digested, the skin itself is digested too. It is a matted sheet of strings - a canvas perhaps - oscillating into every variable of contact.

contact happens on the (porous) surface.

Every viscous line and every damp string is in play with every (not) other. the holey boundaries bite-down-betw

een-each-other and the stringsy figures are enmeshed in knotty locks ad infinitum.

The game is not won. It is lumpy. And it is the hardened, soggy, unravelling THING that hold the fleshly-meaning-making of the queer litter (mates)

(placeholder) has skin. It touches (placeholder) which also has skin. There are tendrils underneath which cling to one-another greedily through the holeyness of skin-on-skin. ((placeholder)s get hard and soft and hard and soft and genomes are shared under indefinite sutures.



can each - others the...
... ..

why ~~paint~~ love - be anyway.

... ..
... ..
... ..

out

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..



The digestive system is
central to my work



when we are
stitched up in
the womb
it does not always
look like lace.

Sometimes the
thread is shorter than
we thought
our pallettes cleft,
our navels ~~short~~ cut
we are left to
stitch up ourselves



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Thank you Gretchen and Nicky
for holding each of my hands
while I bumbled through the last
two years.

Thank you to my family for staying
in my court no matter what.

And thank you to Charlie and
Daisy, my angels, and my pack.



The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a page of handwritten notes or a letter, but the ink is too light to read. The paper is aged and yellowed, with some staining and a torn edge on the right side.



