



This is the garden.<sup>1</sup> If you put water on it - it grows. Sometimes, even if you don't do anything - it still grows. But sometimes even if you do things, lots of things, with movements, gestures and materials, all imbued with great care and good intentioned attention - bits of it die. It's a rectangle.

This is one of the books I'm currently reading.<sup>2</sup> This particular book lives on a small shelf in the bathroom. It's a rectangle.

This book is a different one.<sup>3</sup> It's full of words that make me uneasy about the future of human existence. This other book is full of shapes that make me want to make more shapes, but I never get round to doing them.<sup>4</sup> This other-other book<sup>5</sup> is full of images that are designed, on occasion, to involuntarily arouse you.\* This book next to it is the same but it's framed as being 'academic', or 'an art'.<sup>6</sup> They are all rectangles.

I'm lucky enough to have access to one. A garden that is. It's currently included in the rental agreement. Shared with the flat upstairs. Along the edges there are two long oblong<sup>7</sup> (rectangle) sections for plants, flowers and shrubs. In the centre there is a grass bit. Also rectangle.

This is the computer. As part of my work they gave it to me.<sup>†</sup> They let me carry it around

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\* Printed Porn. † They 'gave' it to me. But on some level, thinking about it, properly now, I think they 'made' me have it. I don't think you get to say no. I asked for it - yes. But they need you to have it. Don't they?

whenever and wherever I want, so I take it home every single day. Once home, I try to catch-up on all the work I didn't manage to get done at work whilst I was busy doing all my other work.

Work. I do this... all times. I do this in the evenings, in the mornings and during the weekends. The computer – it's what I'm currently writing this on.<sup>8</sup> And, because I'm writing this on that – I'm not doing my work. So I guess it's not 'all times'. Rectangle.

This is the phone.<sup>9</sup> It's what I've been looking at instead of; watering the garden, reading those books, making shapes, or writing this. The Phone – I'm still paying it off in monthly instalments. You need to put electricity in it. When it runs out of electricity it goes dark. Lifeless. Cold coltan.

A slab of dumb-sand.

'Phone died'. That's what we say isn't it.

'Phone died'.\*

When it does this, when it goes off, it somehow feels lighter right? When it does this, when it runs out, you feel uneasy about the future of human existence. Rectangle.

This is the front of the house. It's a small street level grid of concrete slabs.<sup>10</sup> For the last few months it has been home to the remnant parts of the old garden fence. They and it, were

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\* It's not died. It didn't die. It's not dead. Is it? The real dead ones, or you know, the nearly really dead ones – you put those in a little box under the bed. You do this just because. You get 'em out time to time just to look.

and are – rectangle(s). The fence is gone now.

Every Sunday (without fail) I get all of my toy cars plus other assorted model vehicles out from their boxes and create small vignettes. Scenes. Displays. Curations along the grid of concrete slabs (on the stoop?). Some weeks it's a kind of car boot sale / village fête setup. Other times it's a drive-in cinema or theatre. That sort of thing.\* A thing where lots of cars are required. Where lots of cars don't feel out of place. Once they are satisfactorily placed, set into a good scene, one that is filled with both the promise of the commons, as well as a rapidly fading, soon to be irretrievable sense of a socially driven spectacle – once that's there – I start to imagine some kind of excessive drama to shake things up.

A play.

I play.

The play invariably involves, it demands, monster trucks. Causing or resolving. Chaos. Crush. Carnage. Cat. Our cat looks out at me, at this – through the window.<sup>11</sup> Rectangle. (The cat is cat shape.)<sup>12</sup>

I'm not sure of much, but I'm pretty sure they're not thinking what I'm thinking.

It's a weird space. A sort of non-space.

As I said it's at street level. From the perspective of the bedroom window

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\* There's lots of this text that could, and really should be way better than it is. But this bit here - I really wish I could make it land with you. I try incredibly hard to instil a certain flavour to the scenes. Sorry.

(that the cat looks out of) – it appears raised. It appears this way because it is this way. The flat is lower. It's at basement level. It's a basement flat. This is a problem when it comes to keeping all of your things dry and mould free etc. but it does allow you to get a real good perspective on all the vehicles when stood in the gully (the trench?) that separates the two levels.\* It makes me feel delicious.

The other downside here with this setup is that the gully (the furrow?) is a total trash trap. Road flotsam. Street jetsam. Wind swept caught discards. Packaging for products we would never buy. Bags that once contained things that are no longer around. Tissues that I didn't even get to blow my nose on. That sort of thing. I have on several occasions, maybe once a week for about 5 years thought about indexing these things. I never get round to doing it - but the thought of doing it is in itself satisfactory enough.

Where was I going?

Oh yeah.

Squares.

Our posh neighbours - no not him.

Lets for the sake of this call 'him' Tom (his real name sounds like that but you spell it with a J instead of a T. And then an N instead of an M). Tom's great. I like Tom.† It's the other lot.

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\* This is also incredibly badly described. I should have just taken a photo or done a drawing. † His real name is Jon, but it might be spelt John.

The ones that live on the other side.  
They moved in during Covid. Anyway.  
That lot are currently working on increasing  
the value of their property. And it's loud as fuck.

Bang, bang, bang.

It's the sound of 'oh wow, what a spacious  
kitchen you've got now!'

Drill, drill, drill.

It's the sound of, 'soon we won't be able to  
afford to live in the area anymore.'

Grind, grind, grind.

It's the sound of capital stretching forth.  
Knocking down. Knocking up.

Knock, Knock, knock.

Who's there?

The translucent molesting hand.

The translucent molesting hand who?

Smash, smash, smash.

Dismantling any chance of our...

You don't need to hear more of this.

You get it.

And so what? Fair enough.

But also, it's obvious right – I'm probably,  
even if not right now, have been, was at some  
point 'the posh neighbour' for someone else.\*  
And you know what, if you're fortunate enough  
– if you manage to catch a break – that'll be  
you some day. And good luck to you.†

I've noticed. Don't think I haven't.

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\* I'm specifically thinking about the place we used to live at before. We were pretty broke back then, but that doesn't change everything. Does it? No. No it doesn't. † Good luck. I'm really routing for you!

I know. I've seen seen the folks passing me, wandering up and down the street, staring. Checkin' out my Hot Wheels! Coveting thy neighbour's Matchbox! But you know what. I've noticed you too. I've also noticed the shit you've been dropping because it's now clogging up the stairs that lead to the door.

I'm just minding my own business down here in the crack (gully?). Playing quietly on the slabs. Surrounded by your rubbish.

I don't often remember my dreams, but the other night I dreamt that I'd woken up having managed to have a lie in. I had an actual dream that I'd gotten enough sleep.

I was like yeah - I did it. I was so happy.

I was relieved. But then, I actually woke up.

Checked the time on my phone. I'd slept for only four hours.

So I got up, made some coffee, read some emails and waited for the banging to start.

Soon, we won't be able to afford to live here. And this is what it sounds like.

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What a downer this has been. Sorry. Also, it's overly / fully indulgent. Sorry. I wrote this the night before the deadline. There you go. There it is - wafting. The stinky caveat. I should have tried harder. I always - sometimes do this. Fail to fully engage with an excellent and generous opportunity to be a part of something special. I was supposed to go to a private view / launch reading of this other thing. I was asked to be involved. It was earlier in the month. But I bailed at the last minute. A colleague of mine (who actually attended) even offered a backie on their bike to get there. I declined. So, I'd like to use this space and time to apologise for that. I drank Guinness and played with my monster trucks instead. Last note. The image at the start of this text is titled MAVDA 2.0 (2011) by Anvil. It's probably the 5th or 6th best thing they ever designed. I'm happy to try and make and then to show a recreation of this, but I will have to get their permission first. Fingers crossed.

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4.

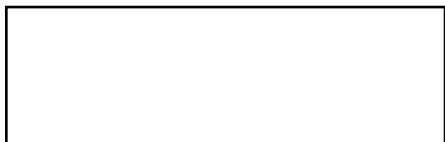
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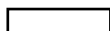


10.

11.



12.



Twelve. The Cat is not shown here (although they are). This is due to him not being a rectangle. But if they were a rectangle, fully stretched out, long-boi, legs-2-legs he's about 830mm long. In his head though - he's much bigger.