

All the Fantasies of the People

AP Kingsford. The midnight security guard. His arrival is announced through a low hum and the tracing of lines with a stick in the air or on the ground. Hot nights, and flat-feet-walking produce salt-water... his eyes-sting, tears-well, and drip-drop on the linoleum, adding rhythm to Kingsford's humming. A P Kingsford, blue-monitor-faced, puffy. A P Kingsford, creased... grey... colourless... An often lonesome figure, though creative and artistic - he likes to draw, sketch, doodle and write. He is often seen handing out crayons or chalk in order for people to draw on the floor. The ground is his friend, his first love, his only means of communication.

Roy Burns. An instrument of opening and closing bodies, a hypocrite, a breaker of oaths. He uses the symbols of the jockstrap, the Chinese box and of user-generated content in contemporary communications technology. He feeds on the juices of rotting fruit and his territory is amongst the Jupiter Trojans. Roy Burns sits at the end of lines and the beginning of lines, and HE IS the end of a line and the beginning of a line. He moves between points, but he does not communicate between points. For all lines are lines in space. Roy Burns does not understand the concept or consequences of time, violates the rules of physics in a manner still not perfectly understood and, when manifest, will rapidly disintegrate. His nature is that of a copycat, a terror loop, a voyeur. He is an agent for art-as-magic, and becomes real through a cycle of voyeurism and creative agriculture.

The 'big figure' and 'the little figure'. An elongated neck and a mirror growth, and a companion with no mirror growth. 'Little figure' appears rarely, and then, even rarer still, but it is he who decides when the figures come together to make one. 'Big figure' is a retired jockey, elected after every 7 year cycle, for which 'Big figure' holds a 7 year erection for the duration of its kemmer or office. Little figure has to overcome the smell of horse sweat, to mount and ride Big figure. 'Little figure' is the pull to the push of Big Figure. As Big Figure is normally wrong, Little Figure is usually right. But Little Figure can only be right as a negative response to Big Figure's propositions and actions. Only on rare occasions will Little Figure ever ride solo. When Little Figure does come without Big Figure, a terrible void will be felt by all present.

Outsapop Trashion. Outsapop Trashion is washed-up, a falling down celebrity who fell from on high, now downgraded, now washing up, now un-liked, after making an unwise fashion choice. Outsapop is a Trashion-image... that slaves away... that slaves daily... a slave to trends... an image banker that 'likes' all... and said to represent popular culture of all the times - a super-fish-trashion, and pop-super-fickle, but like all of us, Outsapop only wants to be 'liked' too. Outsapop Trashion cannot change - for Outsapop is always changing to satisfy a longing - to indulge and gratify- but Trashion-speed creates pop-blur - a high-pitching clicking in the ear - that helps others to dispel insecurities and the desire to impress. All hear Outsapop trashed. All hear the earworm Outsapop-Outsapop-Outsapop: a joyful popping-in-out, for Outsapop has a short attention span and displays some dyslexic tendencies. Outsapop Pops-in-Pops-out.

Papa Mao. Papa Mao is cat-like. Papa Mao Meeow-Cat-like, and is a cat-like-Pookah – one function only, to promote no-meeoow-sense...It is unclear whether Papa Mao can be entirely trusted; he calls to all with meeoow-cat-like-Pookah-drone but does not meeoow-language. This might be because HE is a rabbit. The sound Papa Mao produces, the Oom (nothing but a drone), a meeoow-purred-OOOM, pervades everything – you hear it now and always - but OOOM cannot be understood. For there is not and never has been anything to understand. Papa Mao is not a L'wa, a God, but he pretends he is. He is, however, a Pookaaaaa...He is associated with the number 20.

Voidrider. Voidrider unfurls like a sea anemone, soft alien, gliding-riding, with a touch like a feathery blade. People stop what they're doing, glaze-over-half-smile-cut, scenting rider-void-fear, and then fall, but fall safely-safely-safely, breathing lulling Lethe water, drinking endless-less-less oblivion, and follow voidriders release-tail from the trap-of-the-self-self. Voidrider swims the comfort-abyss. Nothing matters, but it's OK, because nothing matters. Her eye-voids see in the dark, see in the thickest forest, the deepest water, the furthest mountain cave. Her skin shimmers with iridophores, a kaleidoscopic metachrosis with a hypnotic, crystalline song. Voidrider moves in a tesseract, feeds on nihilophilia, and gifts us with the ability to glide effortlessly along a most joyful-void-path.

Subkast Koffkee. Subkast Koffkee, Dirty-dirty invert. Front to backwards tongue, licking deep round the rim, soft-sucking, sucking-back froth. Subkkast Kofke - also known by the name of Staabucks Fukkee - will say, 'Black is white, red is green, blue is yellow, pink is blue'. The arrival of Subkast Koffkee is announced by a sweet-sweet, milky odour, bitter in the mouth and steam... AND... the touch of her chilled-skinny-wet-soya-hands. She offers a back to front greeting - Fukkee Staabucks'. Subkast Koffkee, Subkast Kokkkee, Staabucks Fukkee. Kokkee... Fukkee... Koffkee... she is malicious hot steam, whispered into the ear, at the most inconvenient of times: Fokkeeeeeee...Subkast Kofke spills and stains as she comes and goes. Stains that fade but never disappear. They spell the words - Your Mother Fukkee Kokkee.

Twiggett. As Capital accelerates ever faster it loops-around-to-its-own-beginning...in fact, pre-beginning: net result = Twiggett! A residuum and redundancy. A spin-off from the main business. Silver-crown-on-found-figure-ground, deposed king of a I-know-not-where...adorned with the remnants of its past: glitter-paint from a 3-day rave. (Looking like) yesterday's New-Age kitsch-co-mod-ditt-tee...faked-up crystal energy for the cofffeeee table: Twiggett moves like a tree – slower-than-slow – wood-den and all-a-hush, then, suddenly (when the tekno-machine starts its rackett) jerks into action with a tourette-dance (House-in-the-Haba, gabba-gabba-gabba, all hail the great-gobbler!). Beware fully-functioning-units. Twiggett a-comes stumbling... fur YOUZ! Be ware functioning units - Twiggett a-comes stumbling! And comes ware full-functioning- Twiggling fur. Full-Funk-shun-ning-Twigg-gel-la-ling.