

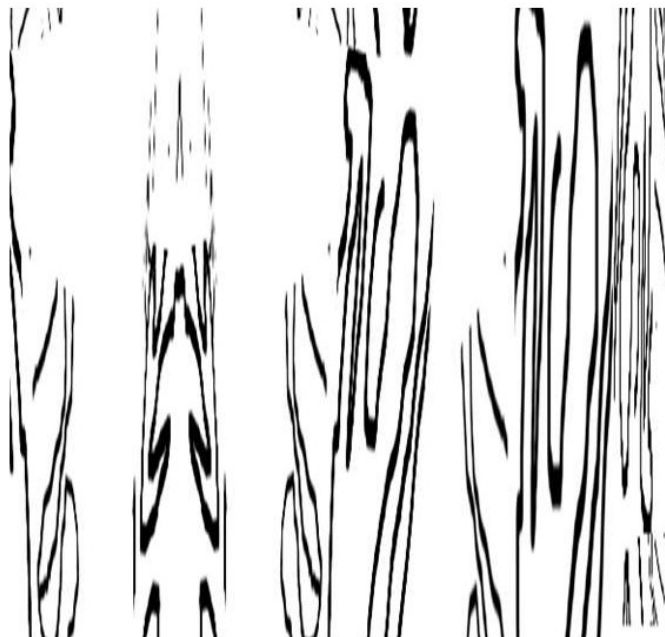
FLIP

FLOP

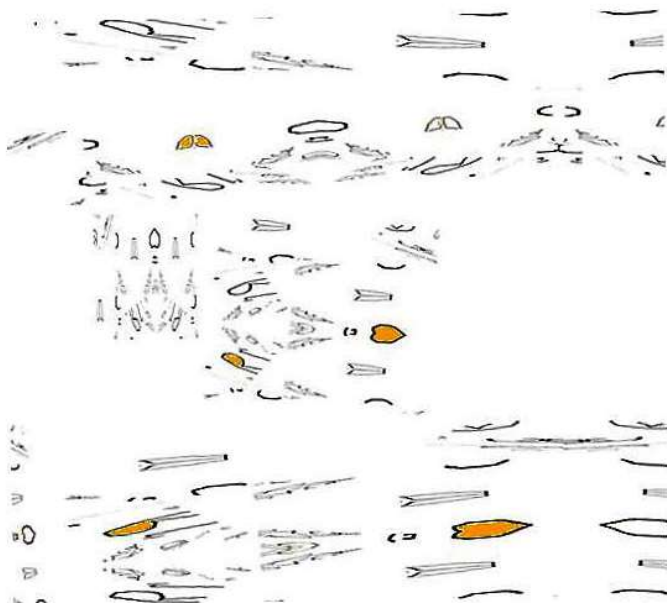
VIDLER

JENKS

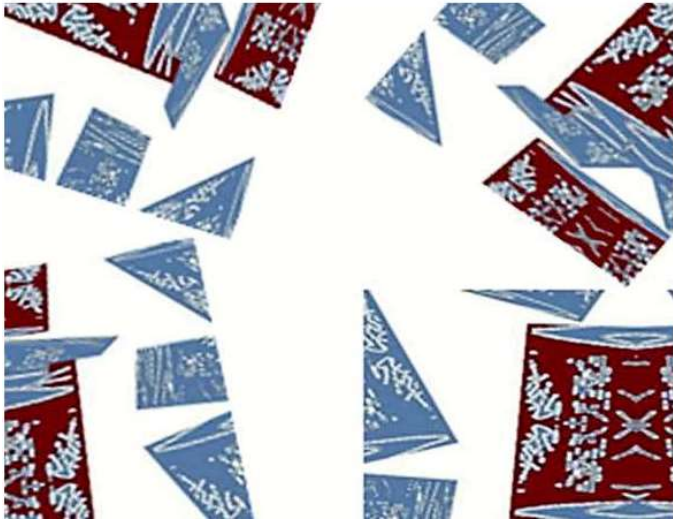
A text and image collaboration between Catherine Vidler and Tom Jenks, conducted over the Australian summer and English winter of 2016/17.



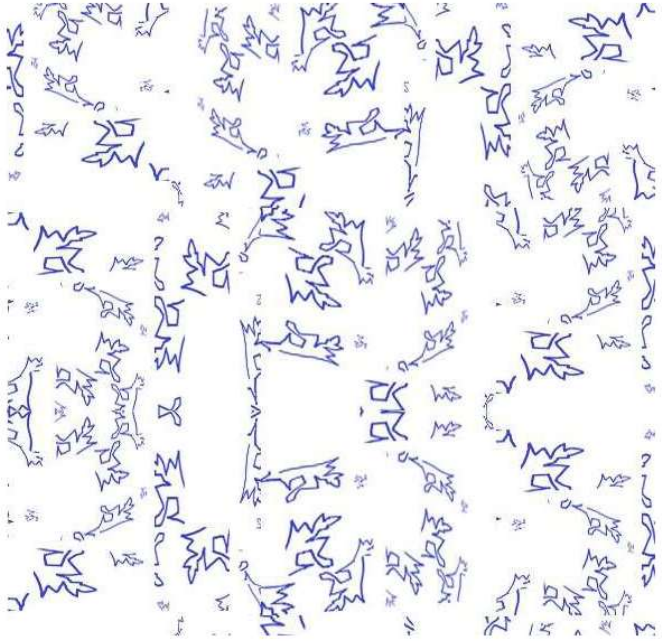
Lost in the forest, Merlin is unsure whether he is still making a documentary.



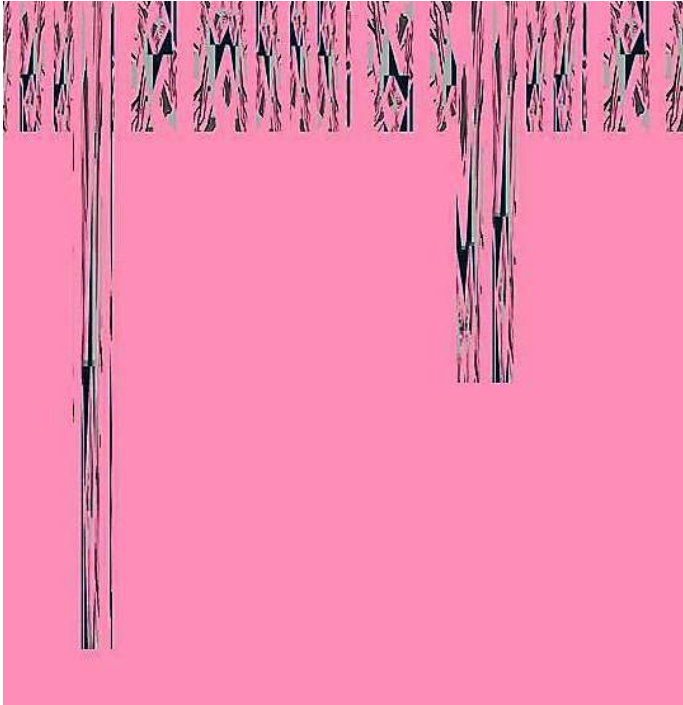
Stimulated by distant magnets, five carp rise to sniff the moon.



When the west wind strikes the windows, it shatters the saints.



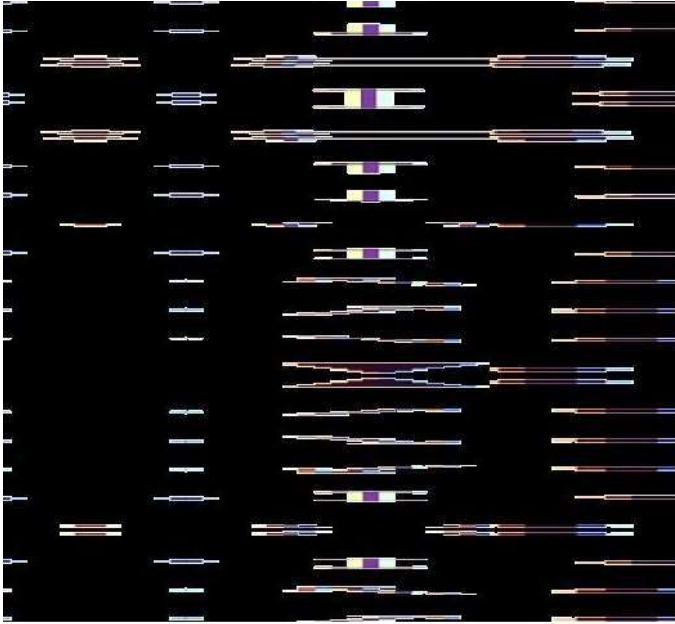
Never lend a ghost your fountain pen.



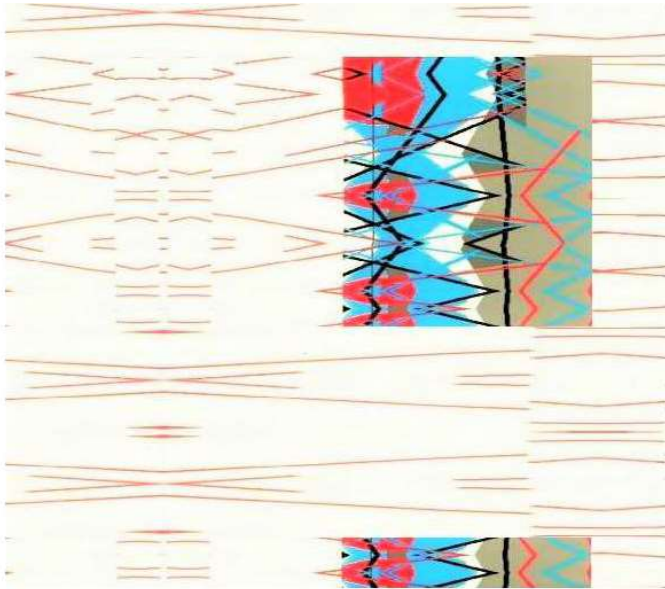
Like Americans, not all icicles are created equal.



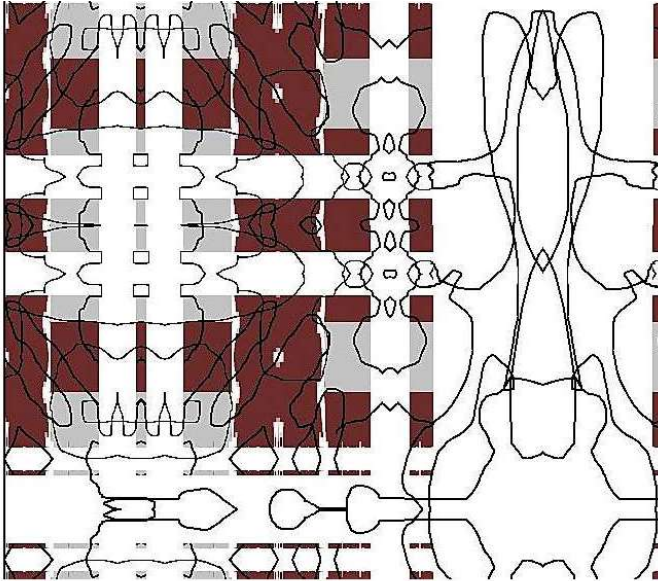
Even eggs can't escape from geometry.



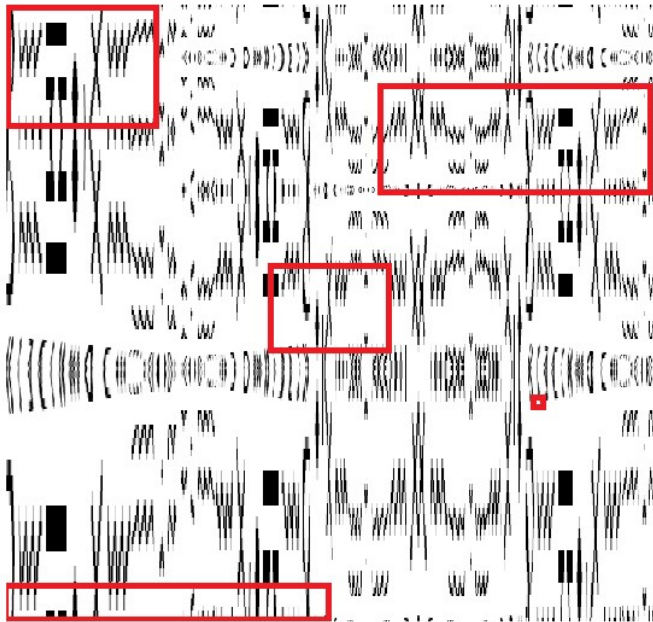
Stars blur when you eat the shaman's sponge cake.



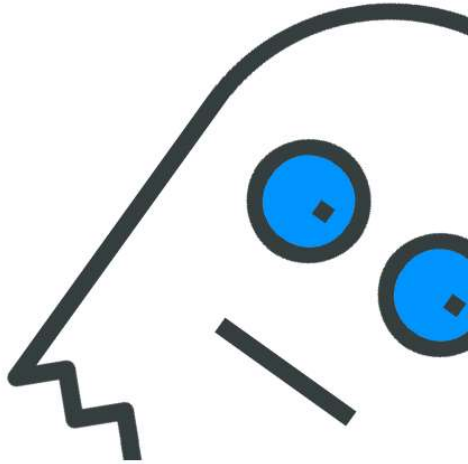
Somewhere on the surface of Mars, two Hawaiians are having separate picnics.



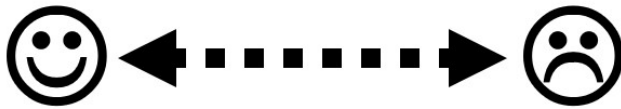
In the logbook for the Starship Enterprise, there is no explanation of how to turn on the heating.



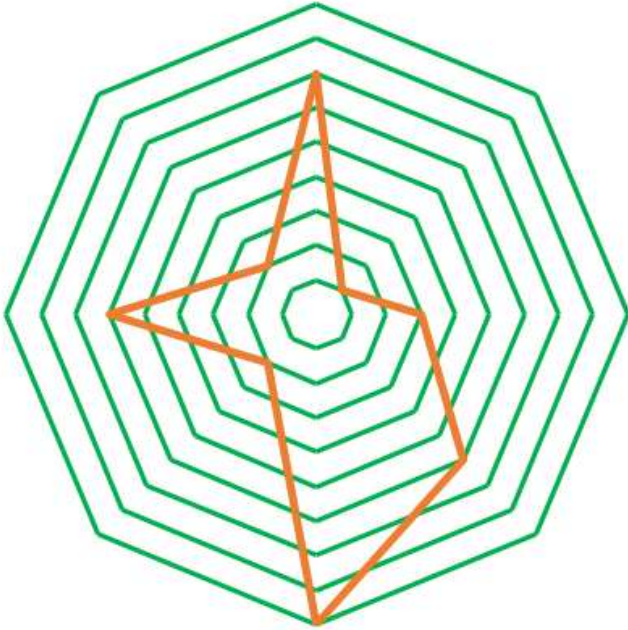
When examined in detail, the intercepted communications were mostly concerned with practicalities.



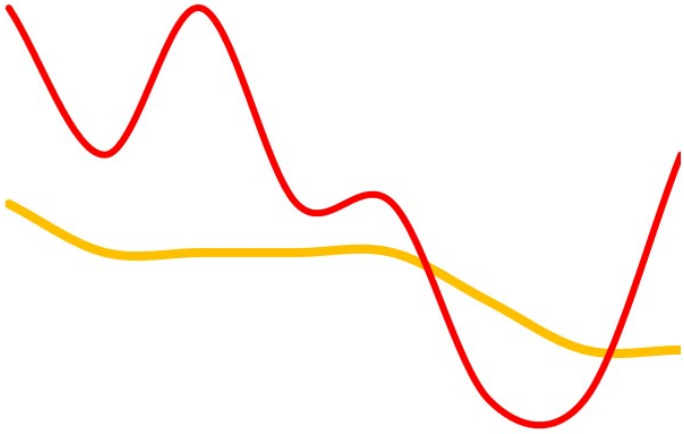
The sky wasn't quite sure what to make of this new cloud.



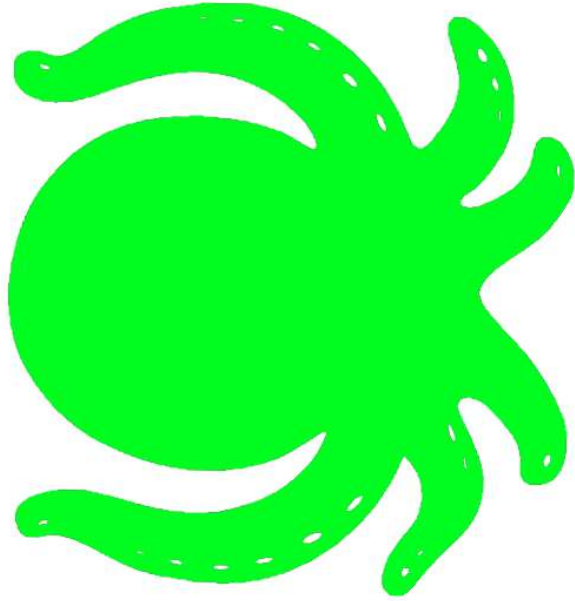
Together (virtually, essentially, extensively)



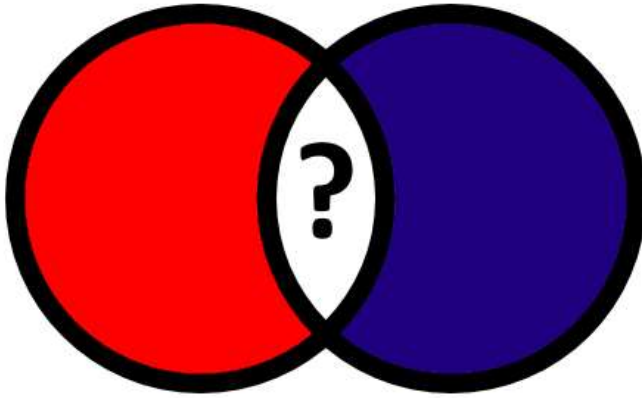
It was while she was combing her hair that she realised she'd forgotten something.



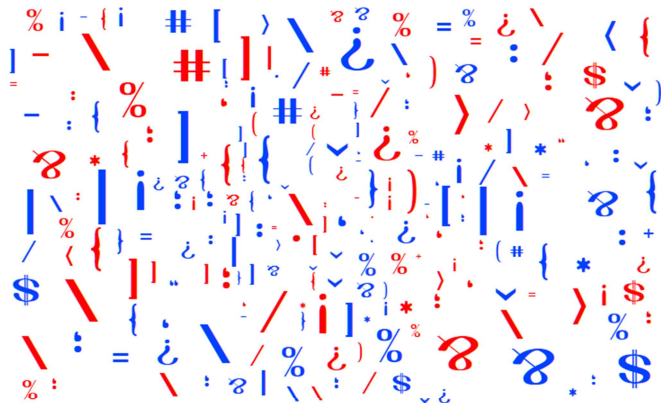
Supine and Prone could never have predicted this.



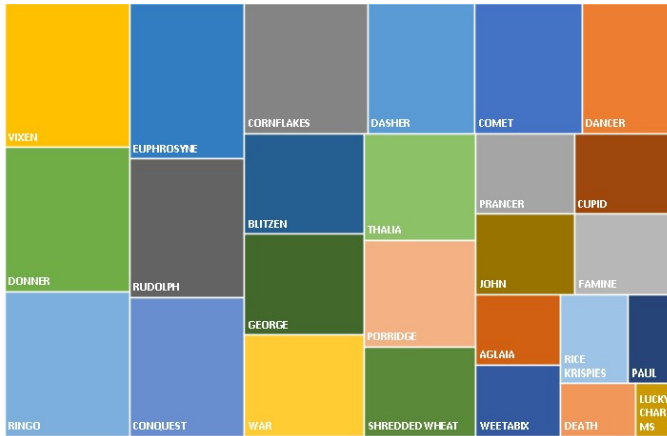
It fled into the headwind with an open mouth and an open
mind.



Their playfulness was overdetermined from the outset.



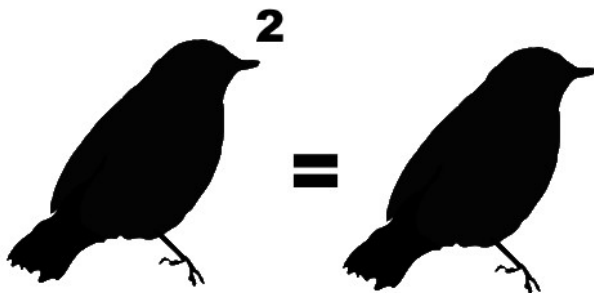
Unfortunately, the purple word was unable to give them what they wanted.



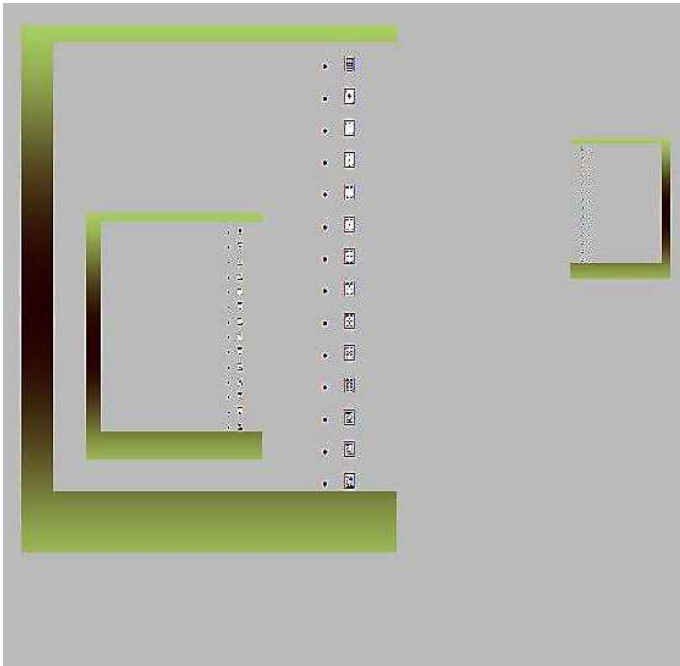
The brochure had been less inclined of late to supervise the surfaces of its opaqueness.



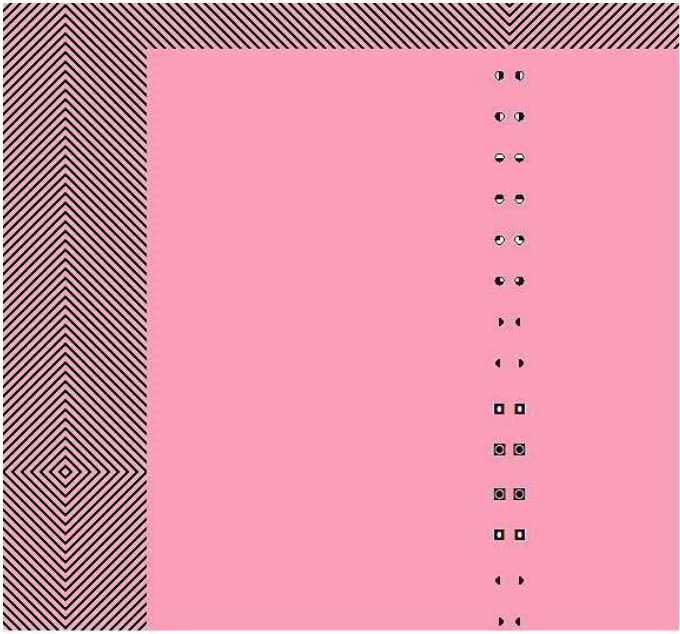
Its theme-song was a failed anchor trailing the shallows of
unlikeliness.



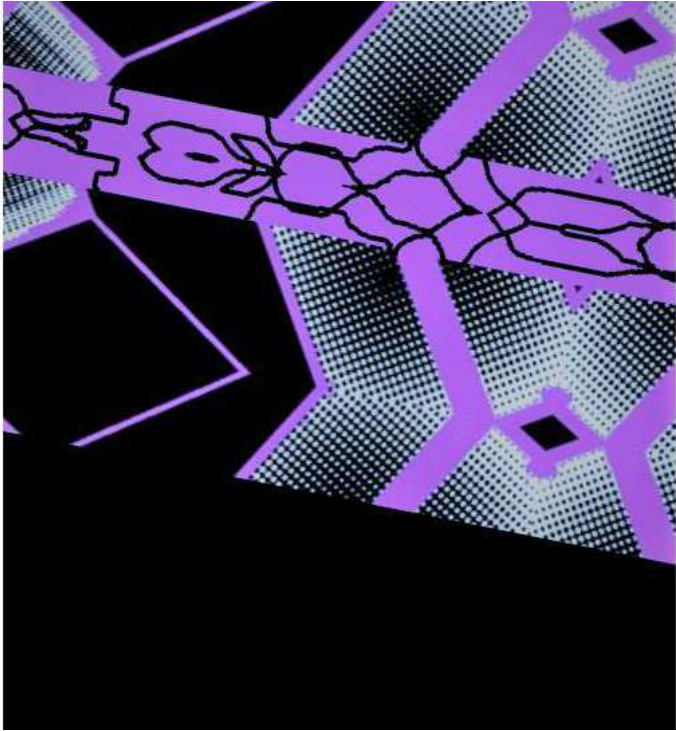
Destined to be dismantled by midnight, their relationship was nonetheless vulnerable to temporary estrangements.



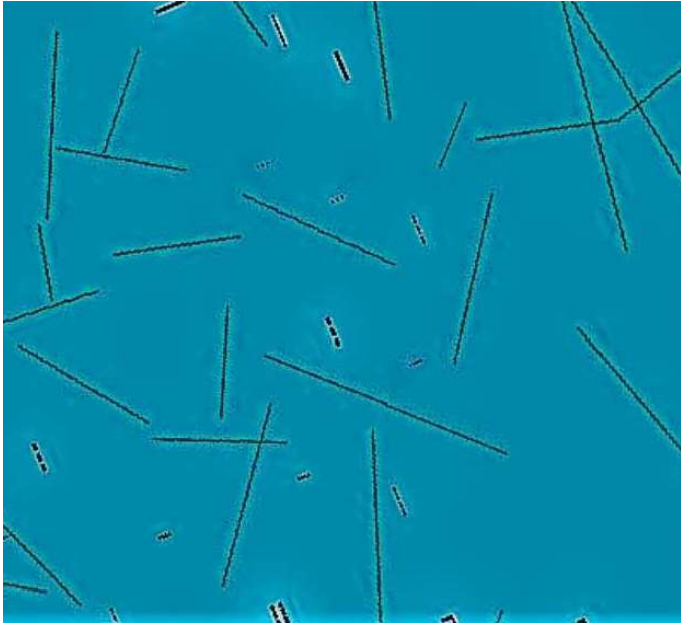
From the mezzanine, everything is significant.



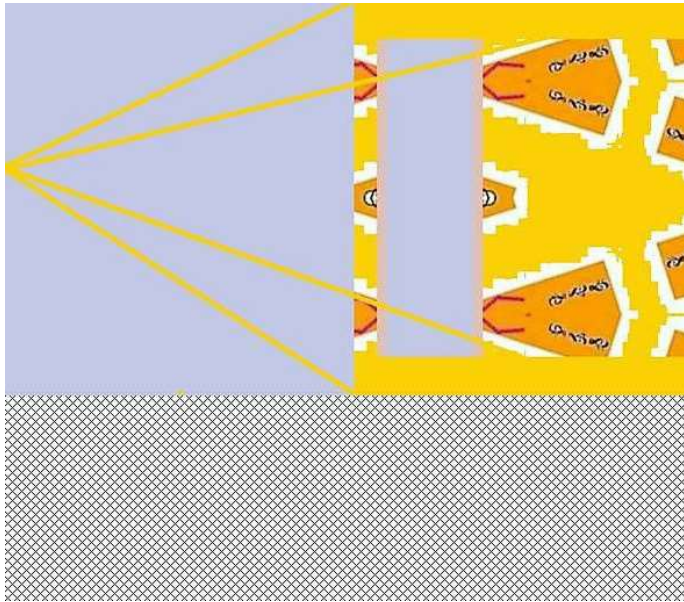
Long, sleepless nights in the house of chameleons.



Never trust a cockroach with your blueberries.



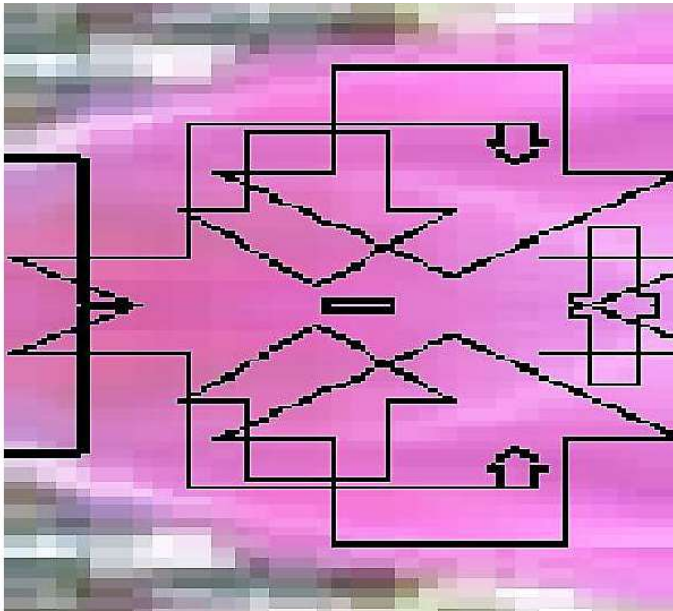
We are all microbes underneath our overcoats.



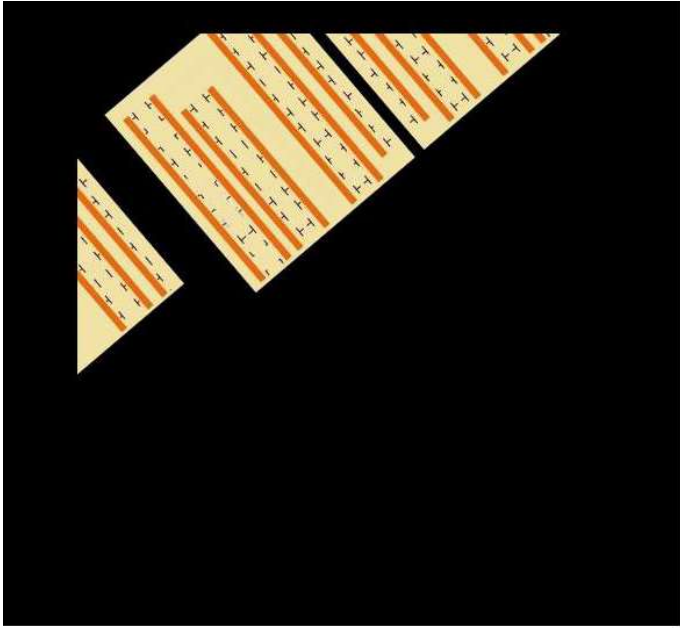
When they built the docks, they forgot about the ships.



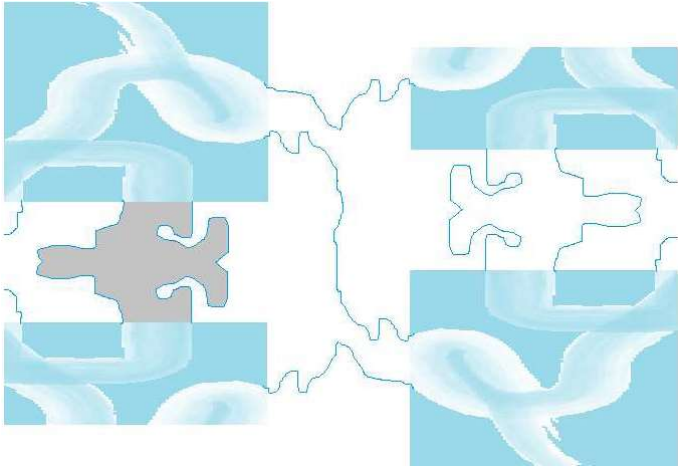
Inside the sub-basement of every Russian oligarch, there is a smaller sub-basement waiting to be discovered.



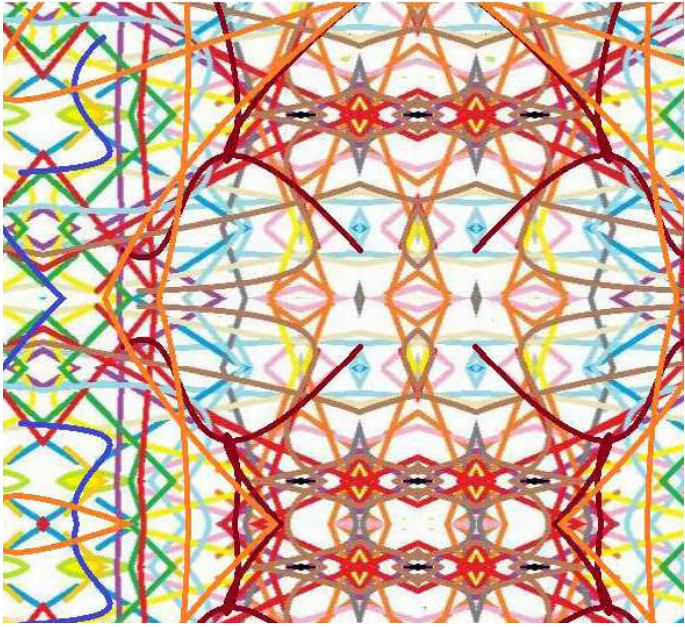
In the crab nebula, it's hard to tell which way is up.



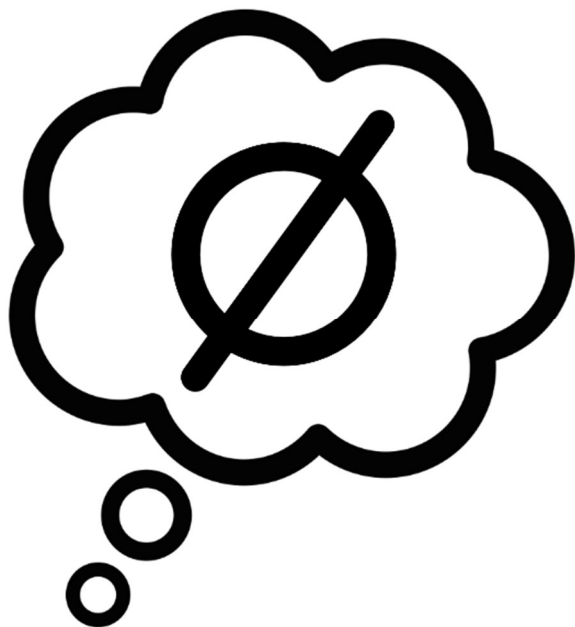
Remember that you are an Englishman, and have consequently won £10 in the lottery of life.



Never let a surrealist decorate your bedroom.



Everything looks better through William Blake's binoculars.

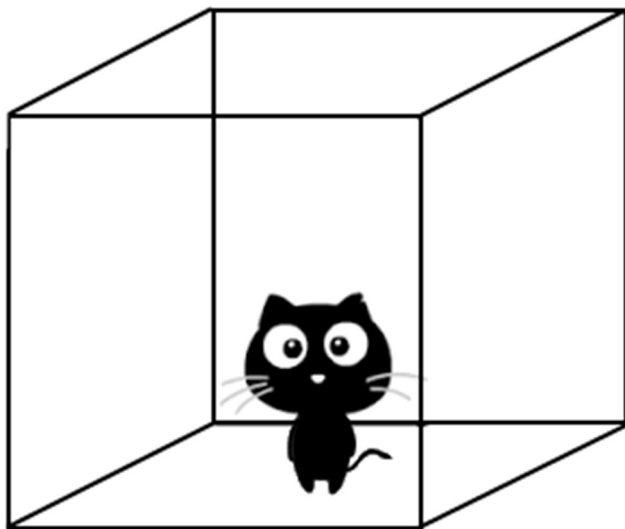


Nothing could impede his determination to think about it.

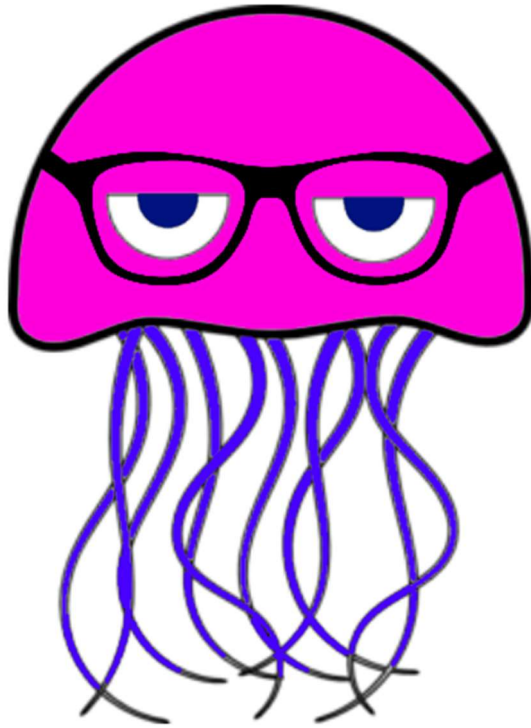


HERE

The presence exuded by its total perimeter was patently
mysterious.



The entanglement occasioned by our encounter was immediately transparent.



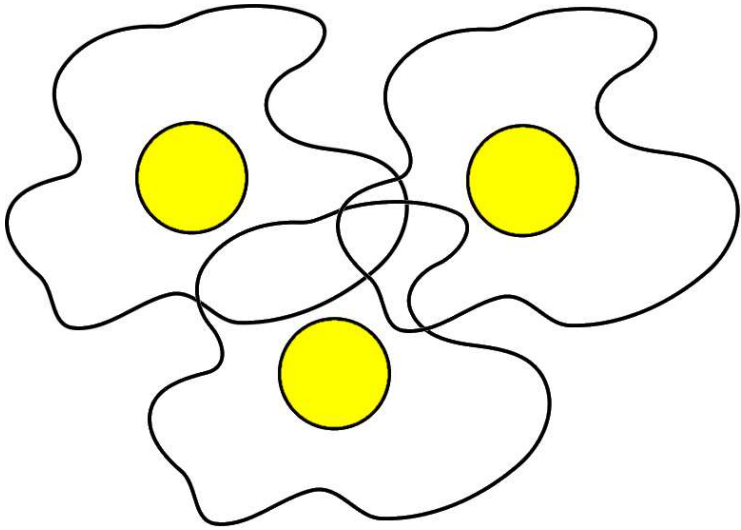
It had been so long since I penned a letter by hand that I felt it was only appropriate to mark the moment with a modest photograph (taken by my wife).

**LOOK
AWAY
NOW**

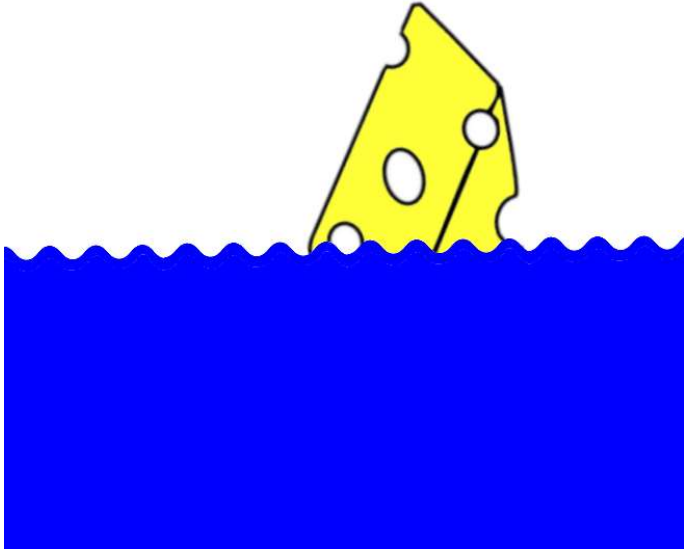
Unlike Disobedience, Compliance found the imperative to be a spectacular challenge.



Obviously this wasn't the first time it had been overlooked by the geometry set.



Their collaboration was briefly confined to the periphery.



The Buoyancy Assumption had never felt more vulnerable.

**<P><SPAN
STYLE="FONT SIZE:72PX;">BIG BLACK POSSUM</P>**

The spotlight revealed a special syntax on the verge of flight
from its customary habitat



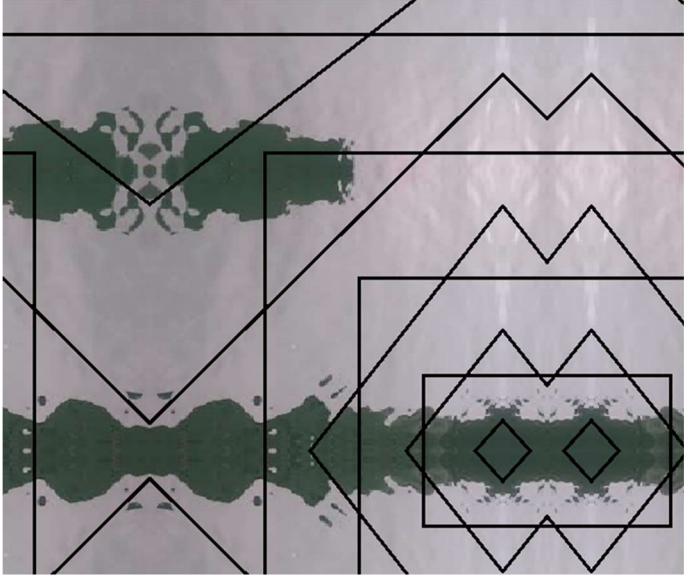
What's happened to the game, Vladimir?
I don't know, Estragon. Just ignore it and keep playing.



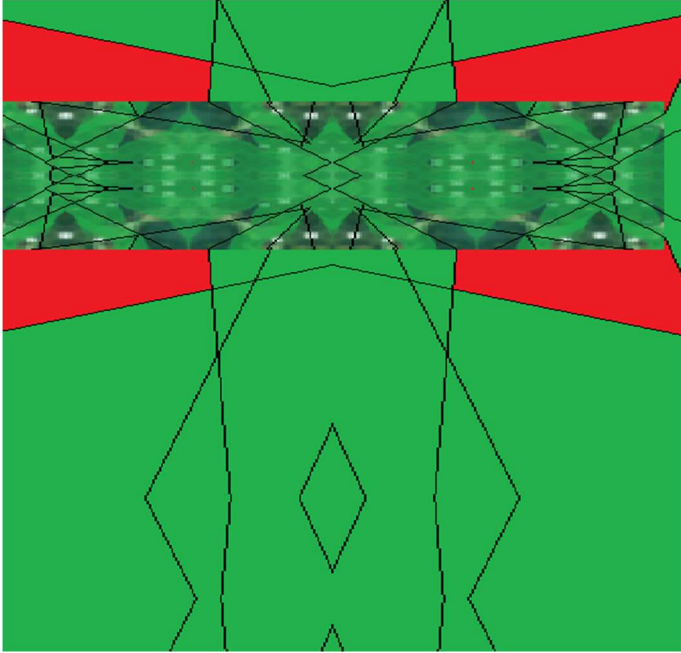
I saw the mystical moons of Jupiter and knew I had once more
strayed into the wrong thicket.



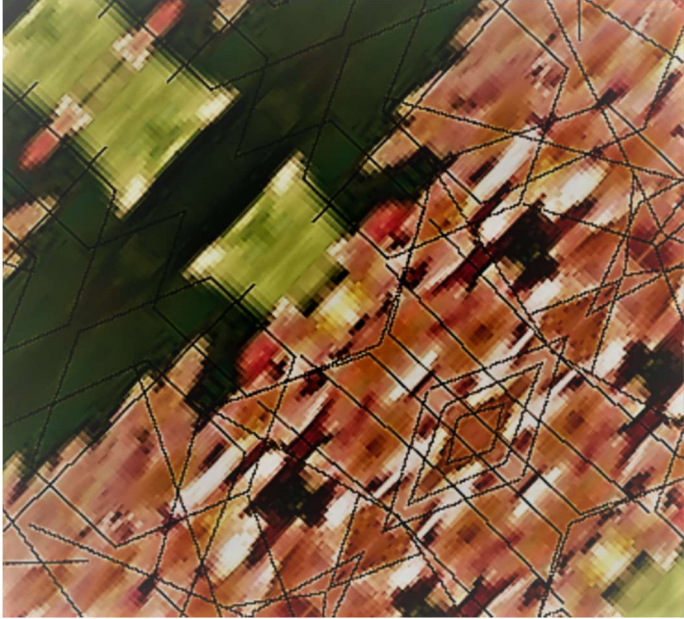
Enter Leaf, stage right, disguised as a leaf.



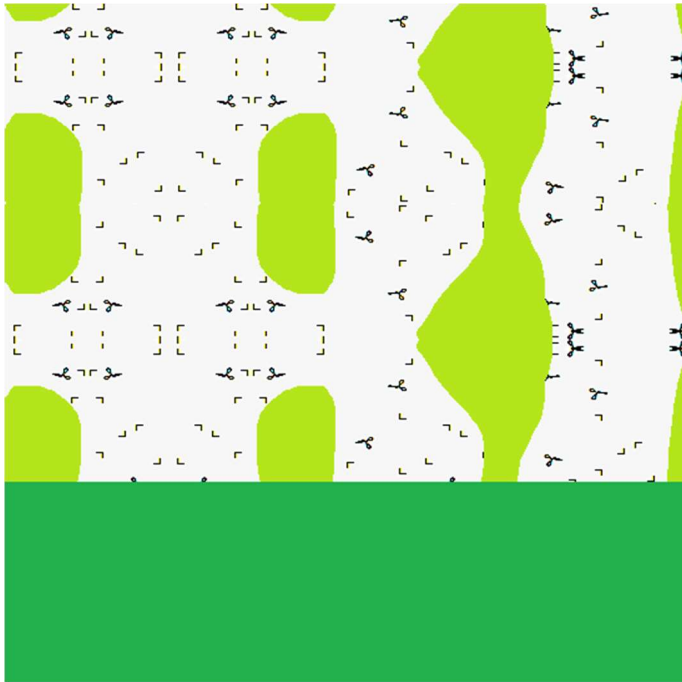
Soft through the pylons, a ragged anaconda



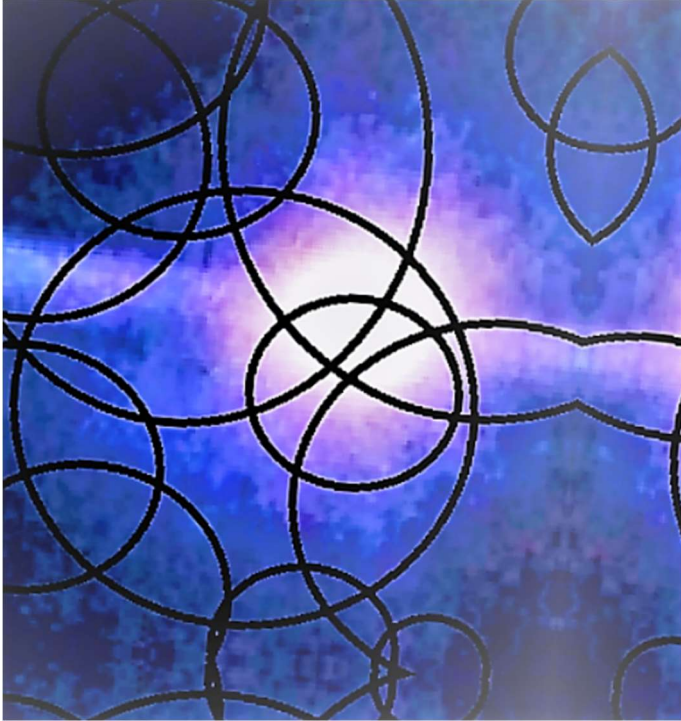
For a bat, perspective is a matter of perspective.



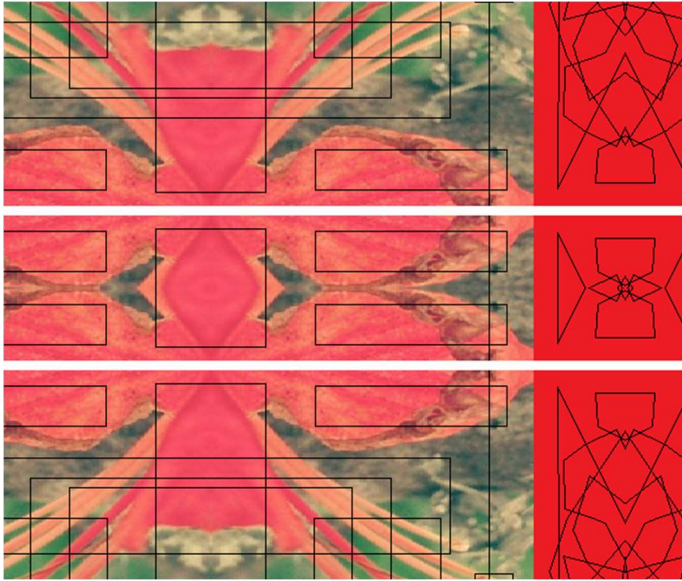
It was a long, slow pixelated autumn.



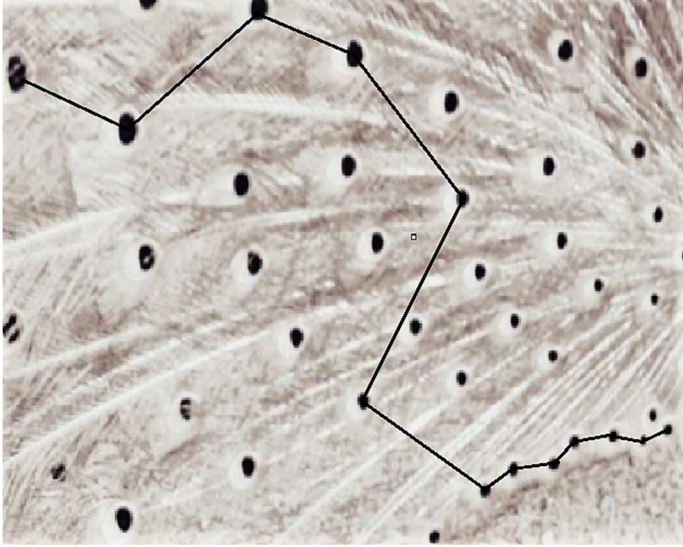
All the bracketed birds in the greenwood were resolved by absorption.



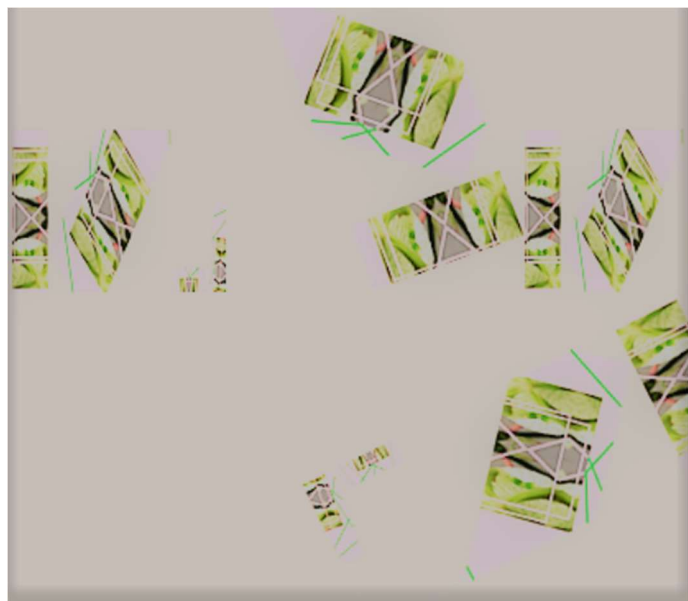
Deep within the enchanted pool, the energy saving moon.



Two paths cross the abyss. Only one leads to Starbucks.



Alone in the orangery, Ogilvy the astronomer has edited a peacock.



Ten abstract bottles, some reflected.



The new clown gag was practically impossible to perform.



The dream was exactly the same, only this time there was even less salad to go around.



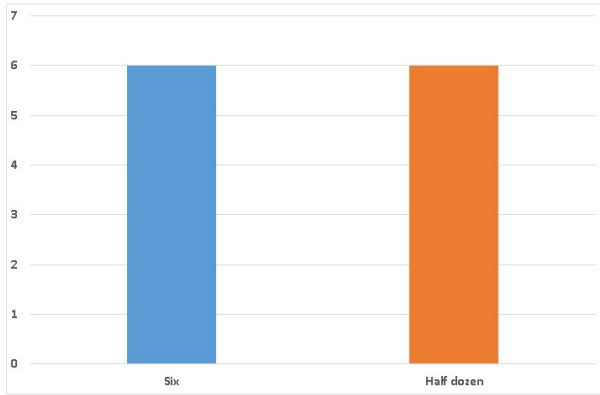
Unfortunately, by the time negotiations were finalised the bargain was already cold.



Bewilderment was but a brief incubator for full-scale, feathered and unshakeable dissent.



It was virtually incontestable that the games were destined for self-defeat



Supplements to the senary chart: geese-a-laying; dry, round, old, withered knights; chapter; quarter-to.

RED
RED
RED

COLOURED
COLOURED
COLOURED



**I AM THE GOD OF
HELL FIRE**

That sounds like a superposition to be in!

#p@nopticon

#icwydt

PULL YOURSELF



TOGETHER MAN



FLIP

FLOP

VIDLER

JENKS