

Penny Goring

notes
for
DAMAGED
GODS



Penny Goring, *Strap-On Labia Floribunda*, 2017, *Strap-On Weeping Floribunda*, 2017
Courtesy the artist and Arcadia Missa.

Jan 2016


I love you with bared teeth – that fiercely. I love you so I can't go near you – that lonely. Sent from my fuckbone. Holdin fake shadows. Ur hair a dark lake behind u. Deep cold still. Hairy eye ball. Softer stranger pls. Softer smaller. Soft garish crossbar. Not stickers – paper cut-outs. Fallin apart and held together tightly. The tiny leather *Monolith of Labia Foribunda*. Bleeding woman contorted with flowers all indigo curse box falling woman cream satin curse box strung up woman blood red or circular strung out woman curse flower ACTUAL SOFT TOTEM! Curse flower. Red leather FUCKBONE. Hate fuck the reader bcuz? the reader might be you. red n green shld never be seen <3 garden of labia floribunda. Smells like deletia. Weeding. Wedding. Spikes not droopers. Wot is above her? The obvious. Cloud or wrong shadow. Or huge full moon! All scratchy biro! Oooh! Nah. Nah. Badly coloured in biros. Lol yeah. Cod Rothko. Virtually unseeable. Like a fukin domesticated Rothko lmao in biro hot pink. Or is it like you sed > the abyss. The boi who cried love. Tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny. That urge for blood red on cream satin – may as well follow thru. I will ALWAYS let me down <3 all the teardrops are white except for the teardrops that are not white. Tortured (in some way) free uncaring heedless (in some way). If I stop takin risks it dies. Yellow lycra leg hinge. Side by side, not attached. Droop over edge. Dreamt I made a sculpture with a secret compartment with other lil sculptures inside. Saw the face of jesus in

the sweat on my vest #nightsweats Try make pattern sideways. Leg n shoe in pink biro on A4. 2 much 2 literal? A crawl space w stormy weather. Ceiling slowly rises n falls. Inflating and deflating blobs of despair? Extremes of weather. Confessions not in booth, whispered from nowhere. Not just smell of lavender, several evocative smells on rotation > shit, bread, coffee, booze, roses Etc. <3 Agnes <3 Give me the best dreams and the worst life idc. Sewin a tricky crotch-piece. Wen body stuffed stitch all over it xxx+++ bld red stretchy head? no. (if you're a recently plucked chicken). Skinny & sad & droopy & sexless I can't see the head! Torture doll. Blood red jersey is too stretchy. Cream satin. Come on! VERY CALM WHORE. I don't know, I feel. Colours and shapes and my beating heart my seeing eye my aching jaw my broken spine. HOW MANY ME Does it take to change. Skinny lil sainted votive stitched all over w cuts, tiny loving cuts, neglected overgrown regalia/genitalia no head! No head! Is she Agnes Bioluminescent? No. Shes The impossible guest 1 & 3. Baggy head. Like rising damp cept its rising blood and dirty milk. Make hips a 'feature'. Unlikely creature. Unlikeable creature. But the girlish spread-eagled the house. Get some of that grey wire gauze. My sapling ankles won't snap. Feed into that fucking blanket. Semen seminal. Prolly needs small lump of stuffing under stitched chest, only to the left tho. With those stitches where her heart was. 1st I will make another and she'll have a badly but earnestly embroidered chrysanthemum-type flower and i'll stuff

her in 2 parts or from the side. Teenagers striving to look fuckable – conventionally attractive – so boring n regressive. Vagina as amulet. 6 clits and a silk bandage. And now you must pretend to be dead. She was lowered into the bed. Shrouded doll figs. A shadow would be bigger n sewn at feet. Or a house – each sentence a different room eg. Moody mansions. Tho floating seems...obvs therefore better? ETERNITY * OPIUM * POISON* BONE * DUST Milky bleeder. Unstuff body. Unpick. I fucked up milky bleeder with red felt tip :(Sod Kiki Smith. I want milky bleeder to have long red beads. Probably I was Joan of Arc. Probably you lit the fire. Secret telling tree painted purple on yellow. Malade. Malware. Grand mal. Maladie. Relapse ain't worth the tears. Little illness. Love handle. Love sick. Sassy savvy. Under the sea. Chuck a few oblique ones in? Repaint yellow head red lady angry grey sky blue lightning. Leg on doll = red PVC. Make long thin central tube for doll > no. kneeler. Either side of heart like a contortion.

Feb 2016

<3 Coming to terms with – age – death – loss – the terms shift constantly. In clear perspex boxes. Sleep beauty sleep. Very large empty clear perspex boxes – 'sealed'. With one unlucky one in there. Moral panic and her shadow. RED FINGER. BAD FINGER. Badly Fingered. Fingered badly. Feathers sewn on. Or white-headed pins stuck in. Shit leg. Dirty Needle. Shit needle. Dirty leg. Bad leg. Hospital bracelets. Name tags of kids I don't know.



Me. Penny. Very me. Me becoming. Another Me. Dreamt a clotheshorse, with grey jumper draped. Unlucky. Unloved. The lost ones. The unlucky ones. The 4gotten ones. The hidden ones. SHITBAG. Like The Woman Who Fell to Pieces. Blake gave me lump of pot and wen he asked 4 it back Christian had smoked it all. Blake was v unhappy – Christian was v stoned – I was lookin for an antidote on the brightly-lit back seat of Blake's car. Like lil fragile transparent coffin. Or – its own furniture. Bibi's baby booties. Clear perspex monolith. Sew heart on supplicant smaller or bigger. Red finger. Bad finger. Ring finger. BLU RABIT IS RILLY FUKD UP. HELLO (PLS TAKE ME HOME). GOODBUY. HELP. HALP. HULP ME NECROTOY. Tears of blood manifesto. Dead bird. Dead bird on your shoulder. No-one but us will ever know what it felt like to be alive in 2016. Elvis impersonator at the foot of my bed. Even the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages was tolerant by current standards. All I can see is: red on white, pale on pale, emeralds on purples. Delicate like needlepoint on lace. Semi-divine. Fuckin huge tail and not much else. Except very long legs.

March 2016

Wild gestures on deep violet swirl stains. Always one lil scared face. Carefully painted. Like its been stuck on with glue. Afterthought. Princess Careful in foreground. Like laxatives. The Vivian Girls. Currin tits. Hairy circles. Shitfoot. Too pronounced. Curve more acute. Long longing arms. Lil stiff legs. BEGGAR. BLEEDER. LIAR.

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LOLLER. Prefer this: SHITSTACK SHITSTACK. Make it more like an echo of something real. Traumatic furniture. PTSD upholstery. Wool cat's cradle. 3 is the unmagic number. Red like its on fire. The flat roundness kinda lends itself to upwards objects. That's the many cursed faces of the omni-moon. Above the Tiny Monolith. Fabric. Salt dough. That's scary Hastings – minus the sea! That's a monolith – by the sea. That's a neck – with 4 heads. That's a fishing hut – not a monolith. That's a monolith – not the sea. That's a dead thing – alive alive oh! When I open my mouth all the rubbish pours out and my brain is left clean n serene. No arms in red PVC. Features drawn on in biro. Your vagina is a weeping rabbit hole. Face is just features sewn on with red silks. Shame rabbit. Small blue rabbit. Knitted. White pom pom tail. Check out the velveteen rabbit. Votive offering. Drawn n written over in biro. She's a shit (brick) stack (house). It wants to go high. It wants me to make it WOW tall shiny. Wtf is it. Deliberately ugly. Deliberate mistakes. Lol – this sculp is hilarious (an ugly mistake). Wonky structure. Cod-Twombly. Rothko in biro still appeals. Unstuffed dog dicks. (Top half) unstuffed. Get beyond the grave. Hit the air ugly. So phallic i'm snoring. Congratulation – – ur online presence is vomitous. All shit off shit foot. Okay so I keep it all same colour is better – all pink – a curvy extension or 2 as originally intended – not stupid random red n yellow bits! Draw shape & do it! Heart-shaped arsehole. Sew PVC heart on front circle. It lies on its side. Or on the red thing. The push-me pull-me. The

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cull-me cuddle-me of the call-me- to-you & the terrifying smell of downstairs. Heartsease. Love-in-idleness. Jacques-jump-up-and-kiss-me. Love is hate. (Bad Friday.) That was the bad week that was. Supplicant. DOGGY BAG. Wet Look Experience. Doggy handle. DOG DICK. DOG HANDLE. DOGGED. UNDERDOGGY. It was a sculpture w/out a title. Scarlet sash round the waist, symbol of chastity. Scarlet ribbon round the neck, symbol of revolution. Transparent empire line dress, symbol of duh. Sexcrime. Thoughtcrime. Bonecrime. Crime of passion. Crimebone. I MISS MY HANDSOME ESCORTS. Gold shoes. Red shoes. White shoes. Blue shoes. Pointed toes tracing the stars. Spiked heels stabbing the dirt. Blood red handkerchief. Round your neck. This is not a poem, cunt face. Grey velvet might be better than blue. Long pointy shoe. Not lookin at you. Paintings like Disney. Oh Unlucky! Unlucky one. Blue rabbit is an Unlucky Blue Rabbit. We Very Love You


April 2016

This blue rabbit is very very small. This blue rabbit has no ears at all. Blue rabbits can be any colour at all. Stash of blue rabbits. Very no. more yes than no. I has a couple of blind spots and they were featured on yesterday's double bill. Mum is going blind and she needs a blue rabbit bcuz you don't need to see it to feel it. Drunk party clothes strewn all over back alleys n gutters (words on). Poem shoes. Just an old junky. Just a young junky. Just a junky. The perfect solution. SAY NO > I will not be your token

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old woman or mum. No Theory. No Labels. No History. Stuffed and stitched on unstuffed and unstitched. Sew all blue scraps together for this. *kills ur babies* fresher and the pale blue of minimal sky or swap as and when I fancy. Prole feed. 5 times divorced. Blue stain. Many lovely. Many morning. Belly think. Old think. Young think. New think. I myself remind me of a girl who was just a fantasy you gave speeches about in my rooms I go completely blank the deathly wave the reasons why (i'm loving me not you) < trite. Roll call of lost things. With or without pom-poms. In 3 days I will be 54. Loo roll rabbits. Callous cruel greedy arrogant monsters in power and they are liars. The reasons why i'm fuckin him 4 u. Hang red leg how? More legs all hangin cavern of legs cave of legs sex nightmare death dread ugly leg. Off HRT – less intense night sweats but terrifying 'flashes' and sudden outbursts of aggressive vocalised anger. UGH. Cant cope with this anger, more like rage actually! Rage, extreme constant fatigue, faint, dizzy, hot, sweats, insomnia. FUCK THIS FUCKING SHIT. Rabbit i making 2day felt like sheer slogging drudgery – angry sewing doesnt work. And its a lack-lustre bunny bcuz I was so throttled inside. And listening to Emma, Jane Eyre audiobook was making me feel like kicking the pc in. such garbage. Very unpleasant making today. 2moro I will resolve the rabbit and finish my blue painting. Poo period. Make a tiny weeper. Everybody has one, yet they tell me I don't need one? HAS TO BE DETACHABLE. Eternal patrol. ETERNITY. OPIUM. POISON. MAL. u know the tories r

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in power bcuz zombie apocalypse. Test it – with black silks + knots cut short. How make hairy mohair very dark purple velvet too. Red or black stitches. Wot words. Sand inside holes then re-paint, for easier smoother insertion and need to not damage words. Make branches wonkier. Selvedge seams. The 'real' me is likely some place inbetween the forced, learned, acceptable version, and the foul-mouthed screamer. IF YOU CANT BEAT THEM, KILL THEM. The rule of lore. BAD LEG. Where the action really is. MAL. POISON. BAD LEG. BAD LEG. BAD LEG. GIVE ME YOUR WORD WORD WORD. BIG WORD. WRONG WORD. OLD WORD. Pile of bad legs & poison, all different fabrics n sizes, variations of shape n detail + choose words. Crucial > wot words to sew on doom. Fuck the doom, i'm making bad legs! Nah i'm makin Doom Tree AND Bad Leg (s). Every wrong doom branch is a Bad Leg! You can't give urself openly to ppl like u some rare n special gift – bcuz they might not want it – but u can give as much as u like IN YOUR WORK <3 <3 <3 Just finishing a 5ft long 5" thick black felt I think. Dying to make another PVC but arthritis index finger. 4th hole down for big bad leg. You never answer my emails. Yes please to the big empty. Yes please. Big empty. You still come looking for me. UGH. Deflated arms? But its a leg tho! You find me at night. Nope. When I'm trying to sleep. Yes. And tell me all about Big Bad Leg 3 and Blood Foot and Plait. Finishing school for Trauma and Peculiarity. I was a dark little monster riding a darker faster future yes please to the big empty, yes please, big empty. 1980. 1990. 2000.


06 – 09. 09 –16. ugh. Voodoo tampon. Add dick riders. Wot about if I change my mind and make doom tree deep blue. I can do pain bcuz that takes me (back) to my work, but joy takes me somewhere boundless and unexplored (where anything could happen, where eye could keep on happening) and that terrifies me (you). Branches black and blue. The Light-Sucking Night. Fuck Gstaad n fuck Doom. How bout loadsa words embroidered on largest Bad Leg? Y or N. PPL WHO DON'T LIVE IN TORMENT CAN FUCK OFF. Bcuz I don't drink. Words for PORTENT. All the blues is my colour. Mourning. Celebration. Happiness. Joy. Empathy. Outrage. Nor – mal. Omen. Sign. Indication. Presage. Warning. Forewarning. Harbinger. Augury. Signal. Promise. Threat. Menace. Ill omen. Forecast. Prediction. Prognostication. Prophecy. Straw in the wind. Writing on the wall (leg). Hint. Auspice. An exceptional or wonderful person or thing. What portent can be greater than an UGLY EPIPHANY. Imagine clear box or cube over your object now measure the box front to back. Open my inbox and only email I got is 'dog eating festival'. I love me. I love you not. I love not. I love not me. I love tree. I love not you. You love me. I tree not love. I love tree not. The doom tree. The doom tree hot. The hot tree. The tree of fire. The burnt tree. The tree of not. Our geography rests up your arse. I'm just an old lady who makes stuff. Leave me alone. Its all ok its emo soup. Hate this poxy tree i do. Droopy cruciform. I DONT NO. fake velvet drooper. Twirly twisty fairytale twigs. Salt dough tears. Bowl of blood. Circle of

salt dough hearts. Sculpture like topiary. Possibly nylon lace. Gold totem tree, pale blue sausages, yellow words, black tree, black dense hairy sausages, red words, white tree, yellow sausages or red, pale blue words, or red tree! So hard to choose bcuz all lovely :(Nine will be tiny, formless, with big black eye. Even, all all all pale blue, a sky tree. Or even, jewel gem colours, emeralds, purples, crimson. Totally confusing myself here. Everything a foreshadow of everything. Cod-democracy. Lil Hitlers. Legs dead. Arms empty. Poo period. Droopy hung bunny. Marbles or power balls. A shroud over it. What does beauty look like – echo of something real. Passionate and dignified. End times p much like start times – brutal, unfair. LUV NOT LUV NOT. You loves me. You loves me knot. And still sewin lace around this hole. The Waiting Tree. I believe only in waiting. I believe in my sense of hell. I trust in the grief of the night. Thank you by Led Zep fed into cut-up machine. Leg of hell. Hell legs. Tree of hell. Hell tree. Can u see me dying even when I am asleep. I am breathing dreaming and dying, all the time, yeah – but – this anthropomorphasises it even more! UGH. I could make swamp boys believe. BIG WORD. WRONG WORD OLD WORD. 19 words. Tree of gibberish. 19 years. 19 years old. Give everything the weight it deserves. My shadow. Skinny shadow. Glam shadow. Poison. Poison. (your shadow is the real you). When I was young ppl told me I would be beautiful forever and now they hate me bcuz it's not true. Leaning on your flimsy intellectual crutch. Visualise = see something in

its absence. We are punished or rewarded for behaving in certain ways. Linear optical trajectory. Central curvy needs to be re-tied slightly higher, or removed. Re-make 2nd 'branch'. Or is it okay. This fake velvet is great to work with, could be good for future shitfoots. The ancient grief. All my trews too baggy on bum :(crumbs to the starvling. Unpick grey. I can control and squash my stupid fucking feelings in the day but as bloody usual my dreams are so not caring about my decisions and just continue to torment me and it's a betrayal. My dreams betray me. Was in hateful mum and dad house and Amelia rang and she was brushing me off from down the pub on a bad line. And she was talking to others at same time and I was side-lined. I sed I couldn't hear what she was saying and put phone down and smashed my glasses accidentally with the force I lay them on the table they snapped in half and there was hot steam geysers shooting up from the carpets and mum and dad are stupid and I am stupid and she will never want me.

May 2016

Blue baby. Deformed and glamorous. Bad leg. Finished Doom Tree today. I want a title thas a kind of un-title. This god-suit is killing me. We invented grief without grieving. Until we reach the melting ice-rink, filthy slush shovelled by you. Under the radar. Uninvent. Untrust. Unbelieve. Under the shrubbery. These things are sent to fry us. Fallen branch is wrong. Need more Sylko red. Bcuz falling apart doll needs a home. Hell furni. A totally



droopy one. Omg I rilly wanna make this. If intention and regret propelled me i'd be everywhere always for you. Be my wife. In for the kill. NIB. Some kinda love. Penny Royal Tea. Dexys. I still wanna make Darklings into a play. On a stage. In a theatre. With sets (I can see), and all of it I can hear. My fam were probly wreckers. That violin music. Yung me. In memorium to the blue twister. Trust me, I has vision. Trust me, I can feel it. Trust me, i'm ancient. Trust me, I can see. If you was ever alive. Choice is an illusion created between those with power and those without. I chucked out my funeral dress and nice things started breathing. New PVC – I used wrong template – 2 big! Unstuff, unpick, re-cut. She doesn't want to see me after all. Take dick off milky bleeder, re-embroider and unstuff legs. Make shitfoot from menopause sweat and faded stretchy flowers. Baby pornstar shitfoot would use less PVC, could then make another in palest. Oval, legs spread, both red. Circle supplicant position. Bleedin shitfoot. Bloody shitfoots. 100% red. The Lacan lock-shaped device. I ain't sendin nufink nowhere ever again. Ache and hardship. Coat stand. If eye was you. I am broke. Blue shitfoot. Me = Clapham Junction return. You can change what you do, but you can't change what you want. Yes you can. Every shitfoot is different. This shitfoot is fucked. Wonky shitfoot. Fucked up shitfoot. Perfect circles w lycra etc. lengths of strips of trailing dirty shawls, faces covered, dirty bundles on walls, not dead. Transparent dirty ripped lace, netting, crochet, heavy dirty lace. Babies on nails,

in swaddling, on walls, in paposes, shrouds, wrapped, no faces showing. Warm grey ground, dark puddles. Weeper. You fucked my world. Mysterious buckets. Dark buckets of liquid matter. I am a livin archive, innit. Bendy blue soft wool and hairy hair and red lycra on pale shelves. So it looks like they floatin. Next time sew on outer edge, more accurate. Unsqueezeable spot. Goin round 2nd hand shops w Mick we both agreed the blue plastic duck wasn't quite good enuf to buy – it didn't have the classic neck curve – I think we wanted a swan.

June 2016


Harry was choosing paintings i'd done on scraps of cream silk. David Cameron was with us. There was a boy on a horse in a dense lush green jungle, looked terrified, like as if the kid was literally shitting hissself on the actual horse, that terrified. Terror is the new fear. Black is the new black. Relapse is the new doom. 100% fucked. Doom is the new gloom. Is it sex or violence. Is it sex or love. Fear Wall becomes more relevant every day. Fearfoot #9. 100% red in supplicant position. Up down up down. Make a baby on a nail. Dignity. Make a burgundy velvet blood red shame doll hybrid! :D I wants more sham dolls. I wants more falling apartness. I wants more manhandles. Poison is a manhandle. So is Mal. Funeral dress. What I want to do with you – I want to dance barefoot on carpet with the lights low n moody to music I love we love you love. A fallen tree is a doom tree is a pile of bad legs. Doom trees w/out wood – w/out dad – fallen trees (are

bad legs). Bagpipes. Church bells. Thunder. Unexpected shapes in luxe fabrics = manhandles. Stuff a lil black ship. Blk velveteen blk lace nylon red words. Shame dolls. Poo sticks. Shitfoot number 10. Only if 2 significantly smaller than 2. Take one section away so its wonkier. Or a square stuffed so hard its a circle. Craving the company of a person my own emotional age. Unusable furni. Untenable landscape. Too organic. Loose petals. Have to decide/visualise painting before I do it. I luv contrast of hard-edged on gestural. I luv vibrant cod-abstract expressionist eg. Soft soap sci-fi landscape. Royal blue blob of despair on the romantic carpet. Candles in the rain. I broke my heart in 1984, 1987, 1997, 2010, 2016! cut longest in nearly half. Red PVC bundle of bad legs. I balk at any title. Funeral pyre. Arse to arse with you. Tied or untied. Any bleeding title. Have diarrhoea fabric! Is it a colour I can use. Is it too shit for shit. Could the big bundle be a pyre cut on the grain that causes stretch. Kindling. The epitome of gutteriness. Its a funeral pyre, obviously. One more big one as base. Two more curly on top. If I was ever dirt. Please let me always be making. Please don't let them stop me. Shitfoots that fit together. The only way I could cope is if there was 2 or 3 of me. Last nite I found BFI films of us from 1981. I was a screechingly stylish fuckable mess. Or red PVC tip. Glamorous violence. A poem, refusal, secret, promise, joke. SWALK. Classy and repugnant. Tragedy hands. Little stretchy triangle bra – litany for fear. Snagging – re-embroider G on grief. Restuff last twig bcuz that new stuffing sux.

Bone dust. Valium, Zopiclone, Dust. Shitfoot – pink, black legs, like dipped in death, cancer 4 Sara. I paint like I draw but looser, I sew like I draw but tighter. Smokey, velvety, flocking. NEUROROCOCO. Whistling past the graveyard. If destroyed still true. H8FUCK UK. a line from a poem or song or steal studded heart-piece with lie flaps. Girly girly bad heart. Fat heart, bad legs. Unnamed. No name. Nameless. Baubles for bastards. The triumph of beauty. Wot does that even mean.

July 2016

Handle not shithandle. Rainbow elephant not bum. We're just skint little poets, we're no big deal, SPECIAL OFFER. £1.85. You'll have to excuse me. I'm on such strong pain killers to get here that i'm a bit fuzzy Yeah fuzzy lengths of me. Dull twanging. Muffled. Hobbled. To get here. TEETH WILL TEAR US APART. If you want to be a beautiful swan you has to choke on lotsa dirty water. DILUTED. I am a one-legged swan. Bad leg. Bad leg. Bad leg. Me and my kid. And my kid. Back when you knew how to juggle. Blockin your view of my paintings. Clinging at straws bcuz there is nothing else. Don't stroke me. Q. When you've taken everything as far as it can go, where else do you take it? A. All the way back again. Ceremonial monial. (Unnatural study) Velveteen eyes. Leakage from another dimension. Karma points in heaven. Brought to you by the power of elbow. Just bcuz I drew it dosnt mean its a good idea – this drawing bores my tits off. Dreamt a funeral. Another lover. Dreamt a faux pas.



Private view. Trust my eyes. Trust my hands. I make what I see in my head x I told the rich ppl how cruel they are. Bcu3 i'm not. Wonky PVC homage to LB's Velvet Eyes. Or make them Velveteen eyes! Escape from blood castle. My fears are swallowing me from the inside. Imagined a red PVC extravaganza folly. Willy nilly. So dumb I like it. GOR ING ING ING recluse. Me and my swan and my swan. Rub out the wind – no don't – ink it in :) menopausal sweat and stretchy flowers. Menopausal sweat smells sweetly. Pastel colour painting – as always – but gestural + thin outlines? But gestural. Nah. OMG I rilly wanna make dead baby!! WIKIHOW SWADDLE. Bcu3 my work is my death twisted into shapes and lines and it makes life-long patterns – eg. Death. My death your death all the deathly shit death. Death things happen. LOVE IS... deathly habits. I'm an unlucky expert at breaking my favourite bad habits. Tie in knots round central section w red wool??? Sew tiny stitches to secure red band? A thing about my sculptures is they are precarious – and they gather dust/are dusty. That's what I don't enjoy about my grey hair – makes me look dusty! Lol – I needs invisible chains. Also, they can't be, mustn't be dusted. Ok, yeah, and make another one actual newborn size. On a nail on a wall. Make tiny tester? Less veil more swaddle. Self as straight-jacket. Every summer we are forced to accept we has no friends and no money. IF IT'S NOT ROMANCE IT'S VIOLENCE. If its not violence it's romance. 0THE GOD I PRAY TO IS MY ARSEHOLE0 far-out scenarios used to sell doubt. Every shitfoot is

a one-off. I don't expect or require you, I want you, is all. I am as described in legends. That dressing- table is more like art than art is. Emergency shoes. Legs as betrayers. Go away. HARD TIME. Plot Spoiler.

Aug 2016

find ur own show butterfly I hate you. & I could use you. Takin the penis out of phallic. This is not a penis. I am not your girl. You are not my life. Valium my only. A frilly weapon waist-high all the frilly tops or bottoms. THE CHANGE. Against Fear. I've gone beyond celibacy into new regions of unfuckable. Good job my body doesn't care. my romantic bones dance happily alones. My romantic heart bleeds on the carpet. The intimacy and reassurance – special care/attn. Someone on my side. Yeah. I miss that. TVW54 (tough vulnerable weird age 54) Oh thank you! Some other new & monstrous version of what I asked for. PLAGUE objects too. Ugh. DESIRE IS GREED ULCERATED IN BLACK LACE. wrap fabric round like bandages. MOUR MAW MORE MOOR. Yes I am excited. Always. Sometimes it morphs into fear. Always hiding the bar codes. Pointed end sticks? Nah. Yeah. Bleeding FENCE. Sweet jesus I fuckin love drawing seems its only thing I do that I feel 100% confident with (apart from makin sandwiches). MY fav place to be is in my sketchbook. If I had a hovel for life i'd be happy. DONT KNOCK DERIVATIVE. UNSEEN. Sticks and stones will break your bones and names will always hurt you. AINT NO LOV IN TH HEART OF TH SHITFOOT. YOU THINK

UGLINESS MAKES IT DEEP YOU THINK MY BEST SIDE IS NOT ART YOU BEHAVE WITHIN PPL'S BOUNDARIES YOU TRY TO BE A GOOD ARTIST – A GOOD GIRL – YOU ARE A FUCKING USELESS SPINELESS FEEBLE GUTLESS SCARED NON-PERSON. Well-behaved goody-2-shoes twit. I want fence and emergency sticks. My biggest struggle is with sobriety, not ageing. I've gone for honesty rather than fabrication. I tell lies to your eyes and you love it. CEASE AND DESIST. a fence of my own. How I work is no concern of yours. Why I work is no concern of yours. HIGH KEY HATRED. You jumped on my back for the ride. I'm naked in rags – not for sale. I fear stupid. Tree of blood and shit/tree of life (Constipated Tree). Blood red tree. Shit tree. I dream of a guaranteed regular bowel movement and a roof over my head. Maybe this is where the red lace goes. Suffer this shit. Shit tree. Blood tree. My tree. Clumsy solutions for obvious ppl. COLLAPSIBLE STRUCTURE. Rehearsals 4 oblivion. YES NO YES NO.


Sept 2016

Hang my dead baby from the blood tree. In a black lace papoose hanging like a bat. Sucker for red on white, lookin for excuse to make beautiful. Bad gateway. Yes, white PVC spike = white lace only. Virgin stick, ghost bone, death bone. Yes, red PVC sticks = emergency sticks + poss red lace. Prod – ppl prod, ghost prod. Emergency Ghost Stick. Ppl are scary and then they die, wen they are dead u can prod them w ur ghost stick. Here it is. I made it 4 u. The god of acute alcoholism.

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Much easier to stay sober if you with a bunch of drunk arseholes than a bunch of sober arseholes. Ghost goad – No – Fuck off. White pin heads in top – nope. U can't fuck with death bone, virgin death bone. All white ghost leg shitfoot. Is my fence called 'emergency fence' or 'self as fence' or just 'fence'. Deaf & Blind Stick, wtf is it called – STICK of the 7sorrows. I'm not v good at being careful but these days I know how to be scared. Fuck this! That virgin stick is shit! Just do: blk lace over fur stick OR over a new velv. War tree. Maybe make the heads detachable – fixed on w safety pins – no – ties sewn on, yeah. HAVE THE BALLS to not be beautiful in this world. HAVE THE TITS to be ugly. Intense stretch of vile time. narcos: 'the men of always aren't interested in the children of never' ~ Pablo Escobar. A punishing year, futile fun. Branches droopy tho – not straight. 3000 ways to define yourself, 5 ways to set yourself tree. Droopy gloom. White PVC branches, blk lace shroud. Ppl are a cold ocean. Dead rabbit baby, silver grey wool, upside-down eyes. No white in tree AT ALL, midnite blue. Cruciform parachute. Hanging tree, birch tree, weepin tree. Dead baby in grey woolly straight-jkt. Blood red shame tree, bleeding blood tree + feathers on end of top branch. Old tree. Branches lumpy grey. Bcu3 you're not meant to, I will x Relapse tree, Miranda (relapse doll). Psychedelic teardrops of stone cold love. One more coat on stand, don't stuff 2nd branch down, diagram of teardrops positions, lil circle. No decoration//all decoration. Weepin pile of shit babies. Pale grey cotton

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velvet + burgundy. Grey furry skinny bent tree or blk fur!
Yeah! Cover blue metal in blk fur. Black lycra rounds w
eyes. Navy velv. Night Tree. Pile of velvet egg-babies
covered in PVC tears. The Ever-growin Funeral Pyre of
Mistakes. I need a happy ending – and fast. Hate the blue
of blue twigs. How change it. Spray paint – veil – wrap –
applique – glue ... lace over central main sections. Draw
some furniture trees. Pyres. Grey woolly egg-baby shapes
w no face just blk PVC tears or sewn on. Bleedy Shit Tree
or Deep Shit Tree, brn felt, navy velv. Red lace, deflated.
Veil of shit. Blk hairy fur. Weeping. It has to be blk fur.
Saint death hole crusade. My face glued on. Paper doll w
many guises: ghost, head of flames, on the stake, porno
crone, dripping milk, dripping blod, school girl, mother,
covered in flowers, feathers, cuts, junkie, limp, blue, lace
tutu, tears, beggar, liar, thief, eternity, opium, poison.
I'm not middle-aged – I'm medieval. HAIRY STAREY
TREE. Hairy glarey tree tree tree tree tree star gazey tree.
Pourin out mine eyes. #sheer. Man prop. A shitfooty
manhandle-ish pvc lace extravaganza. Canned applause.
Holy music. Choir of angels. Flower girl scattering cut
up poems. Nobody loves Blue Grey Tree. Unnecessary
heart. Leave dead baby ALONE. Wanna make a whole
forest of trees to live in. Blk velv eye circle – base of Love
mug, big blu face circle – rim of fuchsia bowl, PVC blk
eye – rim egg cup (fake glass). I feel really scared and
then I remember the rabbits. The bentest stick in all the
world. Weeping shit babies are mourners so are the
blue balls. Shit stick, junky stick, emergency stick. The

bleeding tooth fungus. 3 claws, hairy claw, blu hand & blu
arm of an alky. 1980 floor show. I know I survived bcuz I
wanna make a velvet hand. Sleeping golden shitfoot.

Oct 2016

Press releases can suck my ancient dick. The seven
sorrows are: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Sittin here envying your
massive ego. This tenuous useless making of things.
Spinach diseases. The shitty price I pay for this.
Harnessing our disabilities. All the crysanthemums
projected onto my walls. The Amazingly Persistent
Legend of You. DIRTY MILK. More like ultra-engorged
clit or swollen red nose than dumb dick thing. The sky is
one of my favourite places and I don't even has to leave
the house to enjoy it. I want it to be careful and uncared
and delicate and bold and intricate and wild but with
more empty spaces and you just scroll down n down n
down. All about fabric n paint n weather n plant disease.
I could be happy in a room with wild floral wallpaper,
wild floral curtains, wild floral setee, wild floral me <3
Blanket of repetitions. Photos of me naked shame doll
wearin my monsters. Sara lost both arms and one leg
and all her hair. Be less natural. Lace as tumour, outcrop,
barnacle, outgrowths. Embed Comfort. Distort pattern
more. Repeat and permeate an obsession that moves
like a blanket in every direction. Sew eyelashes. you
can make any any thing your own if you so choose. If I
have to go live in Hastings I will kill myself. Grief, anxiety,

trauma, fear and addiction. Wot about anger and pain.
Historical weather. In the past 30 years, it rained 28 out of
30 times on this day. This officially rainy day. Established
as such since I was 24. Q. What is the use of thought
in this world? A. Somebody has to light the candles.

Nov 2016

I accidentally threw out the list of things I need. Gonna
chuck out all the crap and old memory rags. Keep fabrics
with possibilities. Felt sick, bone-tired, leg aching, back
feel like kicked by a donkey at 10.10am. Felt bit better
at 10.30am after valium :(Shlogging my guts out guts
out. Choc cake and double cream, trifle trifle trifle,
lemon drizzle cack, lindor darker, my shit stincks. Can
I insert foxes? no. I am going for a dead cert bang on
performance. Poverty n violence made me. Addiction
reduced me. Love finished me off. Please keep me
safe and alone. Screaming brooch on your shoulder.

Dec 2016

I'm seein new drawings in many colours with my new felt
tips. Wow – i'm seein another whole year of work. Wanna
make some stuff thas beautiful not grotesque. I'm can't
talk or swallow.