

the FUCKINGsky wasblack likebloody sex-laceration of a corpse smashed sideways-dead and adjacent-fucked by the rabid hyena-necro-cunts lost in the non-reified,scum-sucking ecstasy that seeves and jumps across-forwards the putrid, rabid non-surfaceof the spectacular which opens itself up as a screen for our insidiousbourgeois fantasies replayed as proletarian dreams as bourgeois fantasies. FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND Over all my burdens, and through all my fears... Jesus carries me. Through all my trials, and through all my tears... Jesus carries me. One night a man had a dream. He d-Lord.Across the sky flashed scenes from footprints in the sand: one belonging to scene of his life flashed before him, he noticed that many times along the path footprints.He also noticed and saddest times in his questioned the LORD about it:"LORD, walk with me all the way. But I have no-my life, there is only one set of footprin-most you would leave me." The LORD you and I would never leave you. Duri-see only one set of footprints, I didn't l-Over all my burdens, and through all m-triumphs, and through all my tears... Jes-burning sand, over water deep and wide to the other side. Oh my Jesus carries me. mydick with his tongue. Singing my life arsehole. Killing me softly with his song, whole life with his words,Killing me softly with his song ...I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style.And so I came to see him to listen for a while.And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes.With his song AMEN. AMEN. Diagonal. the FUCKING sky was black like the bloody sex-laceration of a corpse smashed sideways-dead and fucked by the rabid hyena-necro-cunts lost in the non-reified,scum-sucking ecstasy that seeves and jumps across the putrid, rabid non-surfaceof the spectacularpseudo-wilderness which opens itselfup as a screen forour insidiousbourgeois fantasies replayed as proletarian dreams as bourgeois fantasies. Trashedand spasmed by the trajic love-death non-life that non-fucks in the push/pull of the inescapable joy. As the last bacteria cuts its way viscidiously across the dust powdering the face, etching a glittering trail shining the neon pulse of the aesthetico-critical. Teething babies dripping death-blood nuturing hope flowers, emerging fromcall centre exchanges. Reclaiming the thing-itself as a fucking tombstone, replacimgage with solid base materiality. Replacing abstraction of labor time with thejoyous/nonjoyous mother-fucking elipsistic parallel traversation. joyous crack-shitting andthe tedium of a long car journey. Pumping pumping pumping pump-ing out my dick-cunt with the soild base of www.aliensex.org. As penis-vag:na combo corner sofa, mountain crevis plus two balls. as the tech-max filtration ateliates beyond the transformstion of one thing to another as the cunt-cunt counter traverses the non-exteriority of the electro-future universe, dying like a spacedroid smashed up and left to vacuum the piss-blackness of the non-thing. Flipped upbackwards on your retina, the image tips out its filiations. the image of your motherlike verto spunk cutting into the outer WHETHER YOU ARE A PERVERT OR A DRUG ADDICT OR A PAEDOPHIULE YOU CAN FEEL THE HEALING POWER

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John Russell / 2010

John Russell

Issue 4: Negative Space, 2010

Letter press print (Stone Canyon Nocturne Press) on archival paper
Edition of 109
300 x 235 mm
£15 each (+ postage and packaging)

A surreal narrative written by Russell and printed onto archival paper, depicting the negative space of a crucifix within the body of the text. The narrative comprises religious questioning, extreme language and references from popular culture: "Through all my triumphs, and through all my tears... Jesus carries me, Oh he carries me across the burning sand, over water deep and wide he gently takes me by the hand and carries me to the other side. Oh my Jesus carries me. Strumming my pain with his fingers..."

For all enquiries please contact editions@norwichoutpost.org

OUTPOST

10b Wensum Street, Norwich, NR3 1HR, UK
questions@norwichoutpost.org | www.norwichoutpost.org
+44 (0)1603 612 428 | Charity Number 1109254



Supported using public funding by
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