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Intro to Face

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Intro to Face

a topography of typography

a concept of shell-shocked sages

sucking fearsomely on their own western

limitations unlearned:

this means pro-imitate the typeface;

detoxify the details; change

Calibri

Brilliance—

Cajones.

Make a mess

of the minds

of graphic designers; replace “Helvetica”

with

“Comic Sans;”

let the comedian

introduce the

contortionist

to San Serifs,

to Tarantino Spaghetti Easterns.

Kurosawa

will present a vertical

haiku d'état

VS. a vulnerable

ALPHABET

where the sunrise-sunset

less horizons are thread in to be read

from East

to A to lunar Ω,

geocentric

O Sensei

h

漢

字

immortal!

Someone call the Serif!

Someone dial

0100010101010010010100100100111101010010!!!,

Someone drunk

dialed

The syllables

and

defunct the expectations—

making the

errata

EROTIC

the nowheres

to no errors,

the nowhens

to no ends

to meaningless,

until now:

life seen as the new
Evil,

the new cicada
one syllable scarab—
but not nearly more

as sacred.

Ode to Juvenalia

It's not creativity

we lack

but being terrified
of revisiting

the past

on those freshly milked bones
of cookie cut homes

where Father

had spent hours on painting

static

of a dry wall

you know the one

the one that you

weren't supposed to color on
but you did anyways,

genuinely rationing
for fun

because to us

it was more

than just blank space

framing a prison full

of Mother's
interior design

it was a canvas
a paper thin galaxy

given to me by

God

where ancient mystics
had last spilled their guts on
leaving behind

their talons

and abandoning

their scratches

upon the world

today

that tries so hard

to remember

what the face of art

looked like

yesterday.