

# TIM GLA SET

## #8-5

**lists by**

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Co a multiple of 3

Rnd 1

K2,

\*yo, sl st wyib, K2, PSSO K2\*,

K1

Rnd 2

P

Rnd3

K1,

\*sl st wyib, K2, PSSO K2, yo\*,

K2

Rnd 4

P

Rep rnds 1- 4

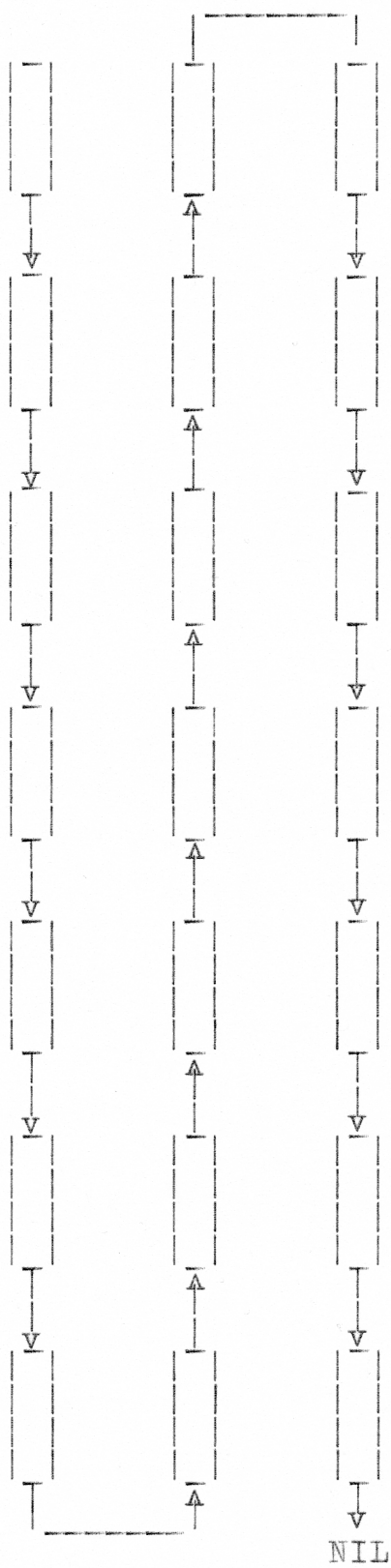
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## 100 CHORUSES

1. Watching other people without their knowledge gives a cheap thrill
2. Blindness, deafness and speechlessness is a consequence of deep sleep
3. You have very good reason to be afraid of spiders
4. Someone is collecting dead skin to make a new you
5. Pay attention to where you have left your children
6. Sunshine can not only blind it can kill
7. Empty houses hold the memories of previous occupants
8. Staircases sometimes add extra steps
9. Going through tunnels can bring on mild panic
10. You wake up somewhere you have never been before
11. Leaves know they are transitory, do you?
12. Clothes don't work without a body inside
13. Are you sure you can trust yourself to wake up?
14. A change of direction changes the ambiance around you
15. Weeds are more perspicacious than flowers
16. Blood doesn't always know which direction to move in
17. Think about what will happen when you are gone
18. Names are just sounds to help you remember
19. Most people have concern with good reason
20. The soil contains history written by earthworms
21. The continent you are on wasn't always where it is now
22. Air gets displaced when your lungs exhale and inhale
23. You wake up and your skin doesn't fit
24. Listen to the sound of movement all around you
25. A phone rings in an empty room
26. At the bottom of the ocean it's hard to look up
27. Passageways are not always useful sometimes they hinder
28. People leave and arrive at their own stations
29. Time moves at an accelerated rate in moments of excitement
30. There are fibers all around connecting information
31. People move through the sky without wings
32. Books of wisdom can be both wrong and right, it's hard to tell
33. Moths secretly hate chrysalids
34. A lot of the machinery we use doesn't help us
35. Space between the listener and the receiver moves through dimensions
36. Love is a physical thing that actually exists in your brain
37. If you think you're being followed you probably are
38. When you touch yourself in the dark make sure you can feel it
39. The sound of sirens eventually become just background noise
40. Hurt feelings can sometimes create uncomfortable daemons in your mind
41. The world is full of more wonder than you can imagine
42. Treason is less popular than betrayal
43. Every day you move closer to termination
44. Corners of rooms contain things you don't want to see
45. Forests contain places where nightmares are born
46. Your central nervous system is a map of the world
47. Be careful with inhibitions they expand exponentially
48. If you were made of glass you would tread lightly
49. The sound you make with your mouth is noise
50. Water is a horrible death

51. Chemicals are all around us all the time
52. Houses offer scant protection from heavy weather
53. Being lost can open up hitherto unknown possibilities
54. Two seemingly unconnected events may reveal secrets
55. The inside of your head is filled with little sparks of light
56. Art is a form of abstraction
57. Despair is something to pay attention to
58. You mark your territory by filling the space you need
59. Do you ever think about leaving everything behind?
60. The sky above us is actually a wall that holds us in
61. There are spaces inside your body that contain nothing
62. As the sun moves shadows lengthen
63. I have used magick to move things forward
64. There is a large percentage of nonsense coming in at your eye
65. The more you see abstractions the more narrative unfolds
66. You think you're on a predetermined path but that's not true
67. During the night you're visited by more things than you know
68. Chemical reactions only ever happen if ignored for long enough
69. Human life is only a series of clever accidents
70. Ideas can create wounds larger than steel can
71. Try hard to give memories and ensure life after death
72. The sound of the earth moving is a cry for love
73. The fact you encounter circles throughout your life is a coincidence
74. Your sense of wonder is expunged only if you ignore it
75. She makes silent shapes in the air with her hands
76. Don't follow the umbrella man in the rain
77. The lights are so bright the audience will always disappear
78. Mister Punch beats his wife and child often with venom
79. The March hare is quick
80. She covers her face with her arms and hides her eyes
81. He has blue skin, yellow gums and orange teeth
82. The magpie is speaks to you and it tells awful truths
83. The conversations you eavesdrop on make no sense
84. His neck extends with the sound of mechanical ticks
85. Why do dead letters have to have their own office?
86. They kiss every morning and they mean it
87. You keep noticing her wherever you go she has green eyes
88. Follow the line of ants across the window and wonder
89. The whorls of skin on your fingers identify you
90. Corridors are rarely empty for long
91. The more she stared out the train window the closer she got
92. The flats stood like gravestones filled with the dead
93. The air breathed on the tube is full of skin
94. Cooling towers cast shadows bigger than themselves
95. Pylons are the skeletons of slump shouldered shrugging men
96. There is something moving independently of me beneath my shirt
97. The city is empty there is no one in it
98. The marks your clothes leave on your body are your skin remembering
99. When a door is not in use it just becomes ether another part of the wall or a hole
100. A Nemophilist is someone who is fond of woods

psw: **List skeletons**







you will	8	hand draw	8	a gothic	8	fanzine	then	8	forget	it
you will	9	hand write	9	an ironic	9	frieze	then	9	frame	it
you will	10	interpret	10	a kinetic	10	icon	then	10	instagram	it
you will	11	mime	11	a neo-dadaist	11	joke	then	11	photograph	it
you will	12	paint	12	a political	12	landscape	then	12	PM	it
you will	13	perform	13	a post modern	13	manifesto	then	13	podcast about	it
you will	14	pixel draw	14	a post-punk	14	poem	then	14	post	it
you will	15	relief print	15	a psychedelic	15	portrait	then	15	publish	it
you will	16	screen print	16	a realist	16	poster	then	16	record	it
you will	17	sculpt	17	a renaissance	17	sketch	then	17	sell	it
you will	18	spray	18	a super realist	18	story	then	18	submit	it
you will	19	vector draw	19	a surreal	19	totem	then	19	tweet	it
you will	20	vocalize	20	a symbolist	20	vision	then	20	xerox	it



Det finns tre egenskaper hos listan som fenomen som verkligen förvånar mig.

*1. Att en kort lista är mindre kontroversiell än en lång.*

När den stora kanondebatten svepte över den litterära världen för kanske tio år sedan gjordes listor på 100 eller 1000 böcker man borde läsa – eller kanske ännu hellre ha läst. De möttes alla av upprörda röster som med utmärkta argument hävdade att fler författare och titlar borde vara med. Nästan ingen ville ta bort någonting – alla ville lägga till. Undantaget var de som ville avskaffa såväl alla listor som själva kanonbegreppet. Icke desto mindre: Den kanonlista som väckte minst protester var den danska – med bara 10 titlar inom varje genre.

*2. Att upprättandet av en lista ständigt väcker lusten att skapa fler listor.*

Ett exempel kan hämtas från fågelskådarnas värld. De fågelskådare som gör listor har snart genererat ett otal listor med olika geografisk och tidsmässig utbredning: världslistor, landslistor, landskapslistor, kommunlistor, platslistor, tomtlistor, livslistor, årslistor, månadlistor, dagslistor och listor för enstaka promenader. De kan sedan kombineras: kommunlistor för varje år, enstaka promenader upprepade vid olika årstider osv. Det finns ingen hejd på hur många listor man kan göra om man vill.

*3. Att de listade objekten inte förstenas utan blir mer levande.*

Vore det inte bättre om fågelskådaren levde i nuet i stället för att göra alla dessa listor?

Svaret är ett definitivt nej (för alla som gör listor). Observationen av en koltrast blir lyckligt ny och värdefull (minst) så många gånger som det finns en ny lista att sätta upp den på.

Den är ny för året, ny för världsdelen, ny för landet, landskapet, kommunen, tomten etc

Och sinnesintrycket upplevs på nytt när listan görs, när den konsulteras och kompletteras, när den delas och jämförs med andras listor. För antingen det gäller fåglar eller musik så kan vi naturligtvis byta listor med varandra. Så snart det finns listor börjar de leva sitt eget liv. Vem blir inte glad och förvånad (och kanske lite generad) över att hitta en gammal favoritlista!

Finns det någon sens moral i detta? Tveksamt. Möjligen värdet av att låta sig förvånas.

## First-hand Eye Witness Accounts

A ghost places my lit cigarette under the sofa consequently burning down the apartment.

A man moves on me and my dog's right. In the park a green arm shoots out of the lake, grabbing my leg and pulling me into the water.

My finger is bitten off as I place it inside the mouth of a small stone guardian lion at the entrance to a restaurant.

My dog jumps into the lake and sinks like a stone.

Wearing rubber boots, walking through the torn up road, a nail passes through my boot, then my foot.

Sitting in his cab, a cabbie watches me as I walk through the back alley of nearby apartments toward him.

Sitting by the open window reading, during a thunder storm, I am struck by lightning.

Slowing flying through the kitchen window, I, hovering, turn on the stove fan.

A black car reverses with a jolt.

One of a pack of wild dogs stands ready to strike in defense of territory and family at the threshold of a thicket.

My cell phone rings in my pocket in the dumpling restaurant.

On the bed, lying among scattered clothes, a black, dead dog.

A ghost walks before me in the stairwell of my apartment building.

A black object falls off the shelves by the front door.

In Bangkok, a ghost walks across the Tara hotel's small fourth floor open landing.

I accidentally drop a gaiwan into the washing machine, and days later, a chahai.

Neighbours spy through the peephole while I have a cigarette in the hallway.

The curtains in the bedroom sway in the wind.

On the grass a chunk of ice flaps like a bag in the wind.

In the shadow of an alcove, a bicycle  
whispers.  
A raven of insane proportions dives  
behind buildings in the far distance.  
A formidable individual stares at me from  
behind a cage-like door.  
Pages in Foucault's History of Madness  
liquefy: silent waves and belly-dancers.  
In the Yuan Hai Yuan building complex a  
dog sprints across the parking lot.  
I kick my pregnant wife's belly.  
A god drops a ¥1 bill on my head.  
Blinds in a café which I frequent rise and  
fall with my breathing.  
When Rui, sweeping, disturbs a small  
pixie-like creature, it exclaims in a voice  
equally small, "Fuck!"  
In my periphery, a circular white light  
slides across the wall.  
Listening to BK-K/032 Creative  
Commands Compilation Data, an  
unnoticed branch collides with my right  
headphone.  
The Blair Witch haunts the  
neighbourhood; gradually approaches  
clacking stones.  
A dog sniffs behind the desk in the lobby.  
In a pornographic video, a man fumbles  
with his penis which then falls off.  
I fall off a cliff, and in the descent my arm  
is broken, smashed against the rock; I'm  
impaled and I die.  
I read, Published beginning on May 16, 2012.  
Milk runs across my child's face into her  
eye.  
In the kitchen, a cockroach scurries across  
the floor.  
A mosquito brushes my ear; sings into it.  
Stepping onto a wooden slat with my  
right foot, nails protruding from it  
penetrate boot and said foot.  
Walking into our room, the baby's in her  
crib.  
A police van reverses.  
Charlie Parker, given the opportunity to  
experience future jazz, travels in time and  
inhabits my, to me, present body, which is  
enjoying said jazz. He is dumbfounded by  
the amount of traffic.  
I am crushed when a car barrels down a  
stairway leading to a tunnel.  
Flashing with strobe effect, a multi-  
coloured plastic bag sitting on the sofa.

A wolf, lunging, clamps its jaws on the laundry I am lifting.  
Bamboo moves.  
The apartment key is in the apartment while I am not.  
A gas explosion in the kitchen means the very worst.  
Having unknowingly consumed a shard of glass, its effects are felt.  
In a cafe, almost dropping off, my teeth crunch together and crumble.  
Leaves of the peace lily shaking violently, blown by A/C air currents rising from vent directly below them.  
Front right tire disintegrates while driving down Francis Rd. at 6:45am.  
Front passenger door of Rui's parked Honda ajar.  
Figure walks across kitchen as I sit outside at new patio table smoking and preparing to collect data – 12:44am.  
Toad sits on wooden ramp.  
Small black animal darts across patio steps between the flowering hostas.  
Cat slinks past back door.  
Space spasms on the passenger side where there is an absence of feet.  
A snake draped high on the branch of the birch tree is about to drop.  
An insect flies around one of the leaves of the peace lily, from back to front (a beautiful arc), left to right.  
Stepping backwards in Alexie's room, I nearly step on a cat.  
A large insect scurries along the outside of my right arm at rest on the kitchen table.  
On a sweltering afternoon, flying into the car through the open window, a wasp.  
Rui walks past kitchen window towards the door, then again five minutes later.  
From behind clouds, the moon illuminates, suddenly, a corner of the sky.  
A discoloured humanoid figure approximately 1' tall, walks up King's Road as I drive home.  
There is animal movement on my right, in front of the refrigerator, under the clock (which reads 11:25).  
I read, sitting in Dan's studio, So after all your tooth was merely loaned?  
A body, crumpled on the floor, pushed by the door – a fat, wet, dead movement.

Closing a kitchen drawer, it says I don't want.

A bat flits past side of car.

Refrigerator door open during breakfast.

A gigantic gutted carcass, ribs jutting out into dawn light on the shoulder of Old Waterdown Road.

Car shifts right, displaced in time and space.

A lama eats the grass next to a white picket fence.

An insect flies up onto the door out of the laundry as I, having pulled it from the machine, put it in the laundry basket.

A vine of the hoya darts towards the transparent wand of the kitchen blinds.

A figure crouches slightly so as to be able to see into the window of the car they are standing beside which is stopped at a red light in the darkness of early morning. (It is unclear if they are looking into the window or hiding behind the car).

A black beam hovers in the middle of the room.

A figure stands directly behind me in the kitchen.

Bright lights flash in front of me in the school's gym while the walls amplify the children's noise of play.

Alexie softly calls my name from somewhere in the middle of the empty backyard.

psw:

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L A S T  
L I S T!  
L O S T  
L U S T?