

Cop took a piece of red chalk. It drew a circle, saying: *"Yeah motherfuckers who, even unknowingly, are to meet again one day, whatever may befall each, whatever their diverging paths, they will inevitably come together in the red circle."* Drive around the block. Injected us with black mercury, he made them crystal



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He made it crystal: the only emotions it's since been able to inspire in the cop are indifference and derision. Its colored tones, aperiodic yet predictable, mask an ashen fluid core withering in the interrogation seeping in from all sides: *Who cycles through solar periods of drink? No membrane could admit of a better cast, who drift listlessly into the shot, yet will be financed?*



Case a somewhat unknown bank in the North Sea. Waves and trawl lines bracket our vehicle: it drifts through amniotic coral ATM. The vitalists amongst us number the organisms behind the screen at six. Despite the misdirection of an informer, the Leith Police dismisseth us. The Leith police dismisseth us, thankful to say; the Leith police dismisseth us, vestigial flesh of a grey, thirsty conspiracy. Stand us a drink, on evidence, in a locker the size of the Leith police



Dispersed nervous system washes across the onramp, dissipating whatever sounds seep through the grid. It's just a job. A powered blonde suspect leaks from a building across the street: some kind of memorial come-down. You've seen it before. Cop's palm glissades down roach's fang condo— die as only you can, along a wall of lean blue-grey coral collapsed to an aqueous film

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