

Kraken: ...so you just want me to lie low and crawl on all fours into a hole?

Lyngbakr: That's pretty much it. That wouldn't be so bad, would it?

K: Let me try to understand, I'm feeling a little blindsided by your suggestion, can we take a small step backwards? So, first, who is going to be on which team? After I learn this I'll just crawl back whence I came.

L: Everyone is talent-equivalent... don't you agree?

K: So true...agreed.

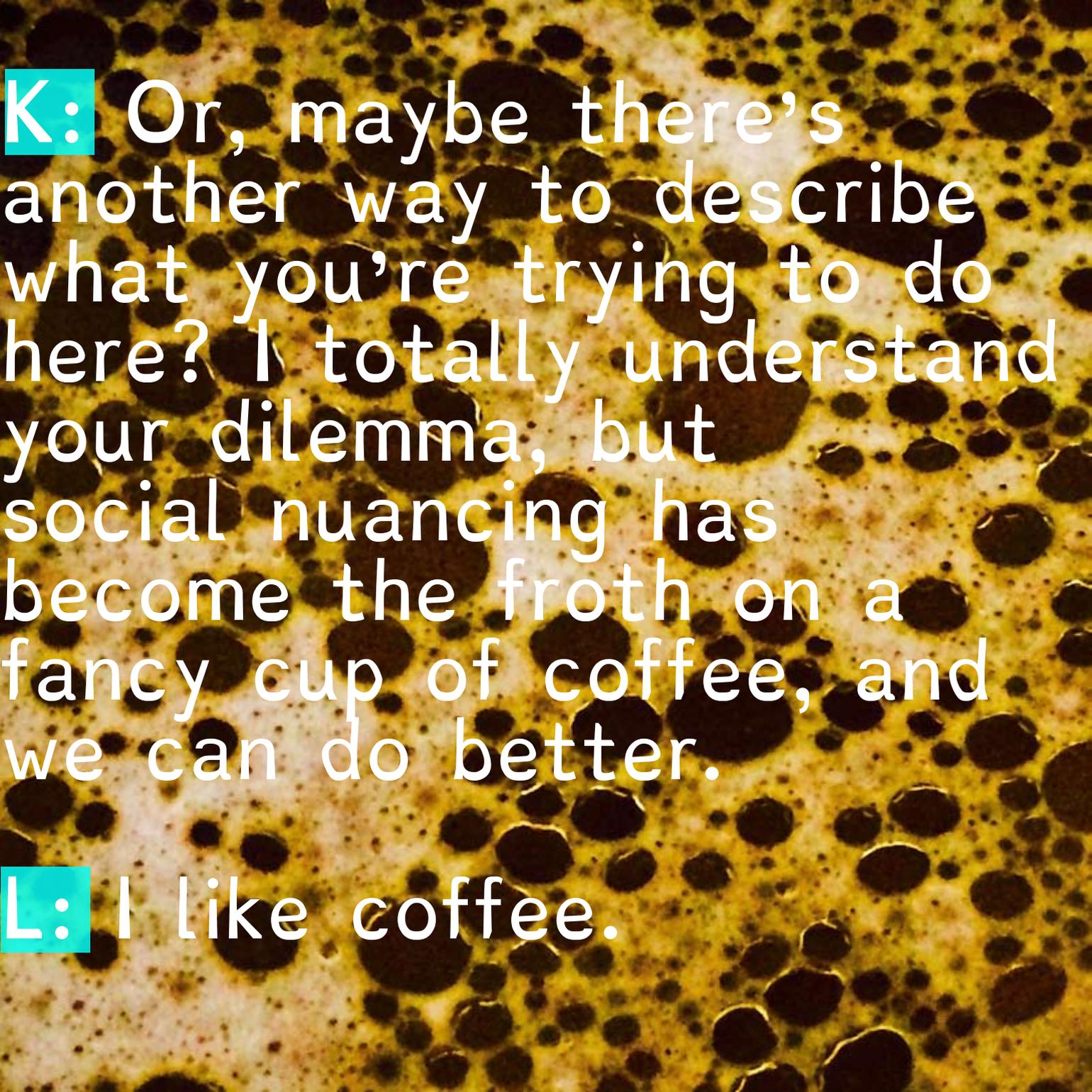
L: Then it doesn't really matter, whom or which team, does it? It's hard to truly differentiate between all the bodies, anyways, so we can easily sort them out

alphabetically,
chronologically, favoritism,
friends, height, age, etc.
Please select any
preference that works
for you.

K: Hold-up there partner!
Do you really mean what
I think you're implying?
I guess there can be a
positive side to any
approach, but I feel

uncomfortable with
categorical delineations.
We've been down this
path before, and it
doesn't bode well
for anyone.

L: Maybe what you
really expressing/feeling
is liberation?



K: Or, maybe there's another way to describe what you're trying to do here? I totally understand your dilemma, but social nuancing has become the froth on a fancy cup of coffee, and we can do better.

L: I like coffee.

K: Me too, almost as much as a delectable monochromed surface.

L: Okay, stop there! We're getting way off track, which is fine by me, but I'd love to know what you're really thinking.

K: With everything being equal, and there being an endless supply of pretty goods, collectively deciding between one and two (this or that) is a fruitless exercise, which only seems to matter in moments of economic hardship or love. The rest is mere flutter.

L: Oh yes, fluttering.















“Density Drawings,” 2015: 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45.

**DRAI
DRAE
DRAEMENN**
[DAY DREAMING]