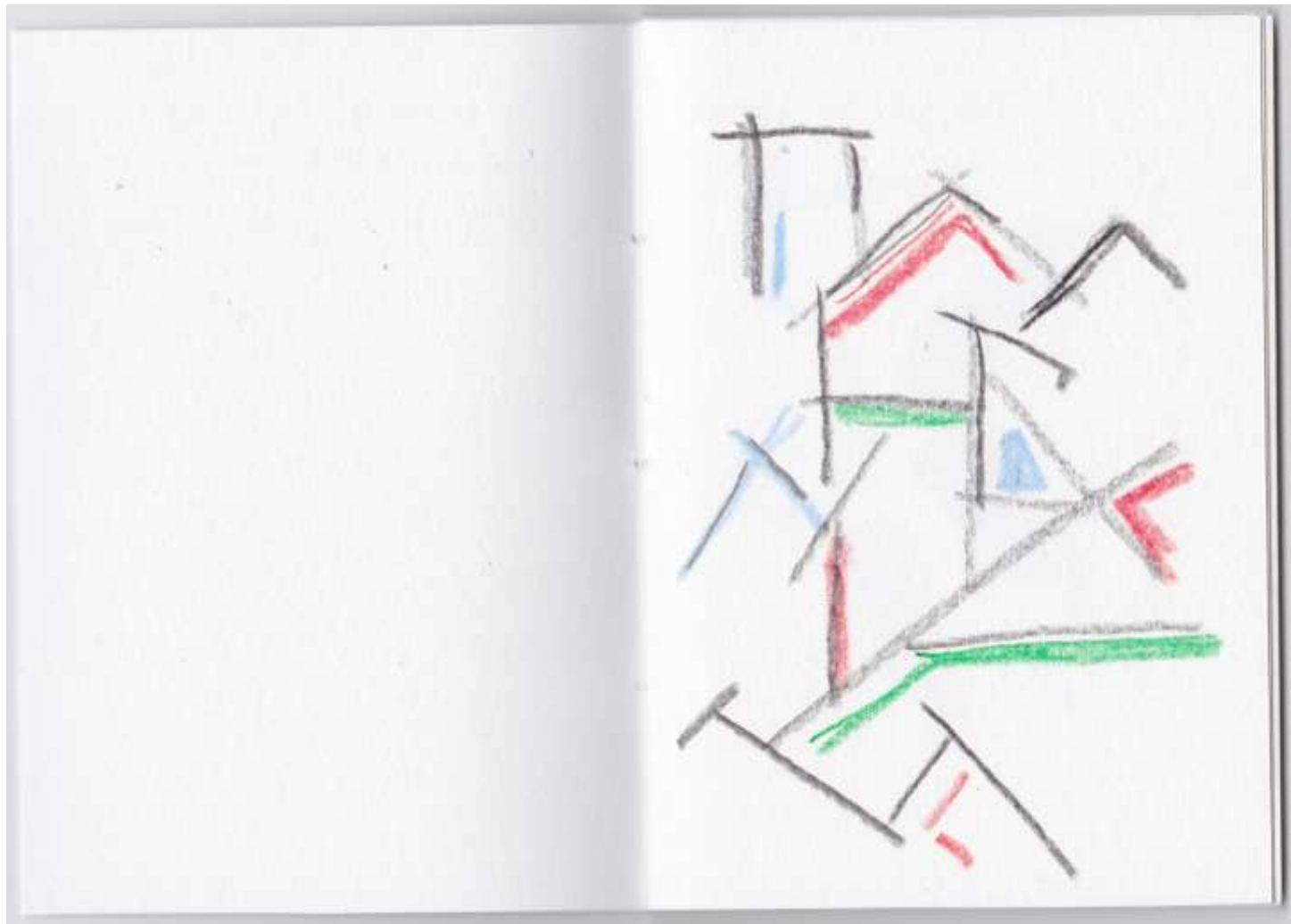


The shelter on the black
ground makes me think
of the work of Melvin James.



power of the artist - make them whirl around



And the
young being left
out
=> No Wonder stop turning
her back!

Yes the perversion
of real estate



The futility of
these huts as a symbolic
object of wealth (that they
have become). And they
disappear as the owners
spin in their diesel guzzlers
Sad irony

I want a 'fab' ice lolly.
I want one so badly. But
they are 2/6, and a cone
is only 1/- - and that's what
I've got. So I buy one.
I don't really like the taste.
It's fatty, as if it's made
from dead seals.



It all floods away

They look on...