Endless
despair,
Eraser
Deconstructed
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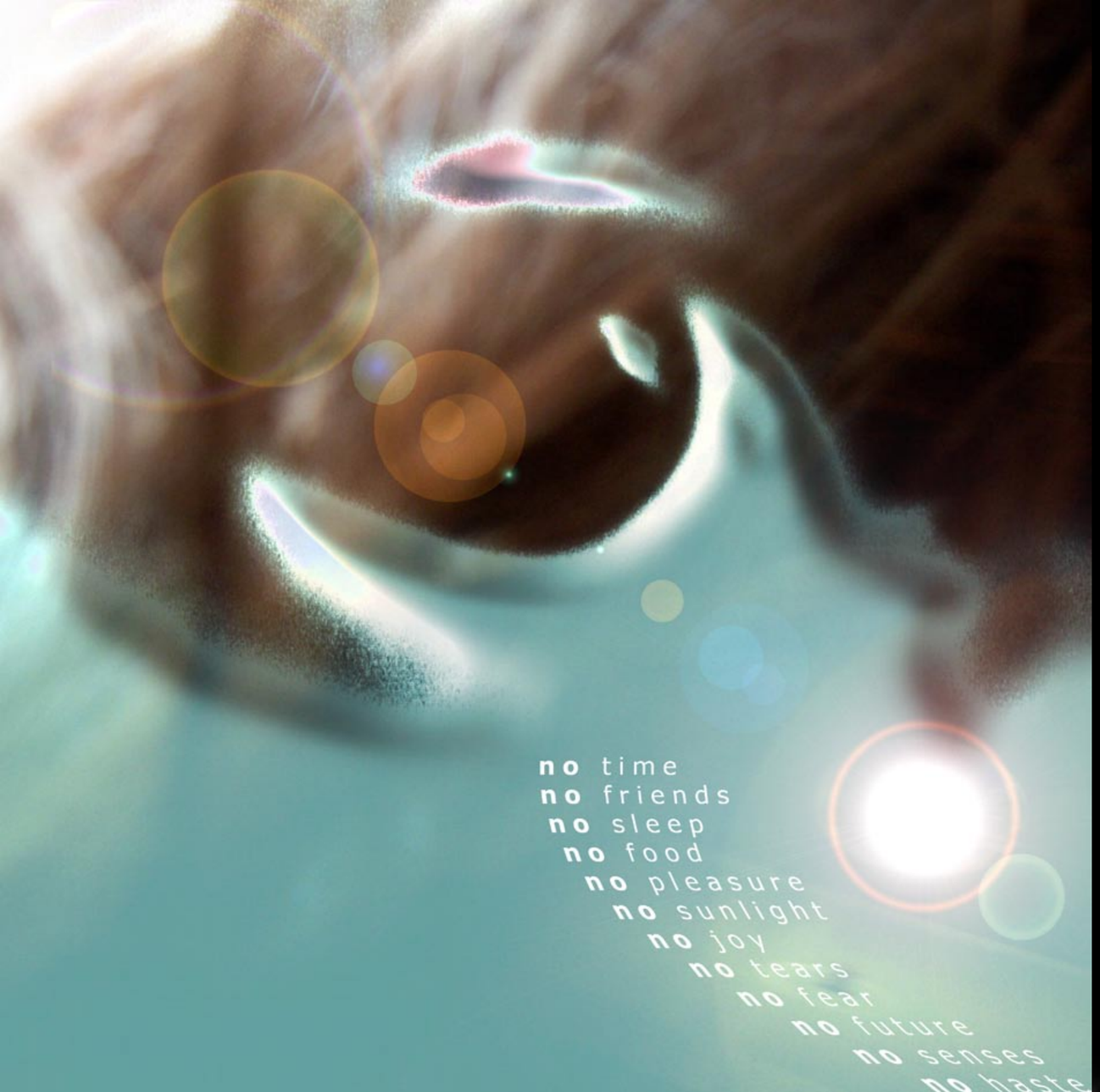
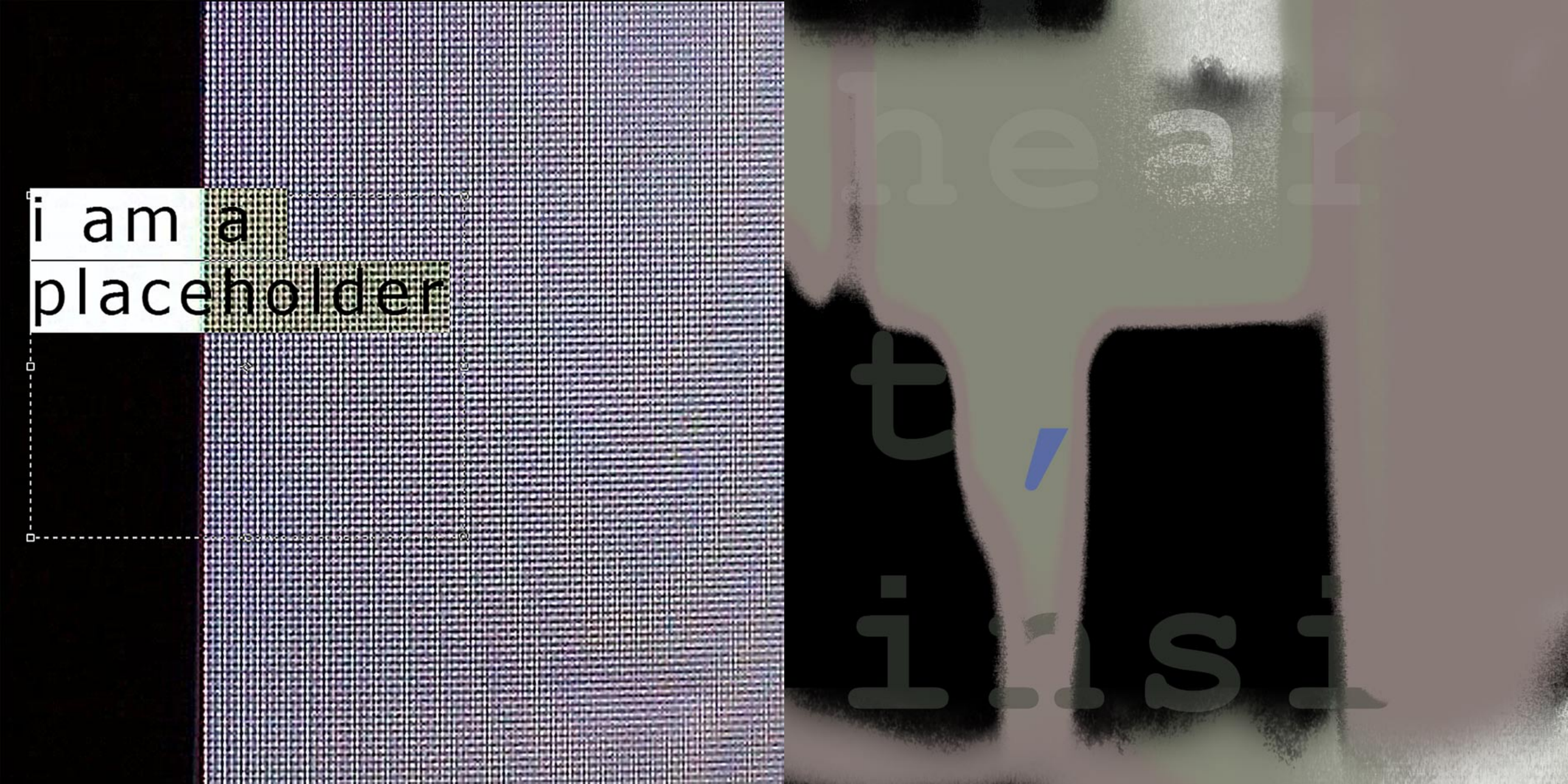
I wanted to expand my skills in setting typography as a design element. And that leaded me to a stupid problem that I couldn't handle for a long time: To work with text you do need text first.
I don't want to only copy someone else's text, like I usually do when using lyrics from songs, but also to use real continuous texts written by myself. (Since I can't use others continuous texts due to copyright laws and shit...)

Writing texts is somehow hard for me. It's not that I don't know what to write about, but more that I have a big lag of having the enthusiasm to finish bigger works of mine. And this manifests itself most notable in my tries of writing something.
In my adolescent phase I used to write science essays – just for myself, nobody has ever read something I wrote. I could barely finish one and afterwards I couldn't even force myself to read it again for error diagnosis and stuff. Anyhow I always wanted to write on bigger things, like a novel, poems or a collection of topical related essays. As I always knew I could not finish something like that – I never started anything of this, but have material in my mind for quite a bunch of good books. I'll keep them in mind, who knows what happens somewhen else...

So, trying to use more texts as a basis for digital design experiments with Grunge art or alike would be the perfect chance to write some small texts that aren't that important at all, so that one does not have to read it.
This is one of those texts. You're reading this, don't you? Well, you don't have to! It's much like dummy text – Jabber. This text purpose is just in being existent. To be right in its place and look good.
That's all.


no time
no friends
no sleep
no food
no pleasure
no sunlight
no joy
no tears
no fear
no future
no senses
no haste


i am a
placeholder

de
my
mind...

you forgot "you"
You'
Lost

Nightmare I

This is the most terrifying dream ever.

I dream of me being some kind of special forces, with big armor and a futuristic full automatic gun. Me and my unknown comrades are off at some kind of an old abandoned factory (all dark and rusty), running up a spiral staircase, then into a long and dark corridor, while checking our equipment. We all take on helmets and stuff, checking our guns twice. As if we're up to kill quite a bunch of people or something like that.

And then we die. Somehow.

We spawn again, as if we were playing a multi player shooter, run up the staircase again, checking our equipment, run along that corridor and die again, in another way then all the deaths before.

And this keeps on repeating, on and on...

Once we die by some hidden snipers. Once by a trapdoor with hidden spikes beneath it. Another death is by a big sharp blade that comes out of the wall and instantly beheads us all. We are killed by poisoned monster flowers with tentacles, by another squad with AKs, and even by our own disability to differ our own people from the enemies.

We die. And die. And die...

And every time we run up the stairs I take a look behind, a view through the spare enlightened hall, and with every try to spot something I am able to look a little more further into a big container, or something alike, that is placed in the middle of that factory. I am damn curious about what's inside it. I can easily spot that it's opened upon, maybe only 1 meter tall and about 5 meter cross section dimension. But I just can not view directly into it, because I'm just too busy with climbing up the stairs without stumbling and simultaneously checking my equipment. But with every spawn I can spot a little more into it...

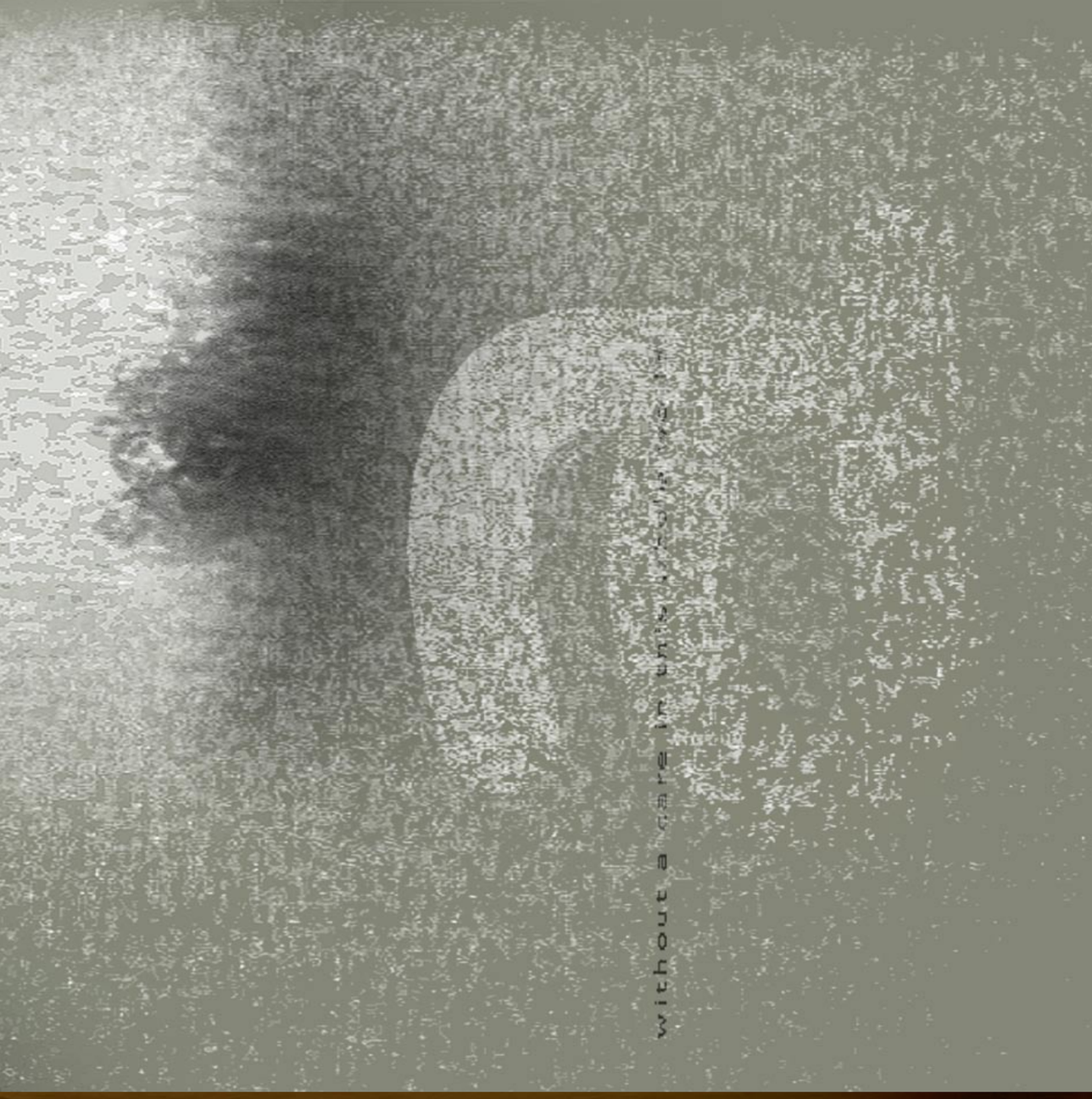
And then, at last, I can see it. The inside of that container.

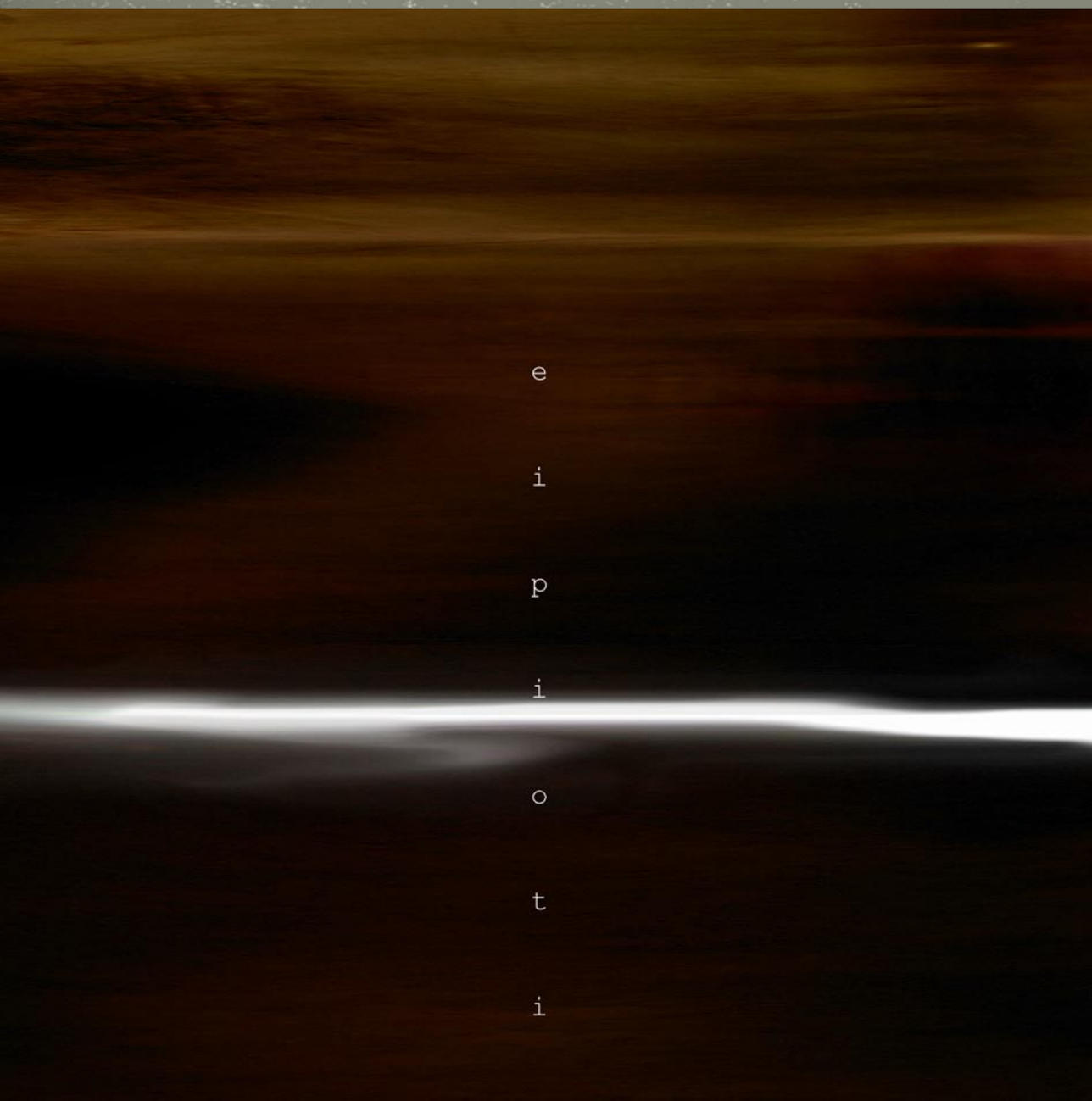
Inside of it is some kind of pool in the middle, leaving a small footbridge around the inside wall of the container. In the pool I see some fat fishes poked out of the water with half of their bodies, keeping the same distance to one another and swimming counter clockwise around that pool in circles. Slowly.
But on the footbridge I see something that makes the most creepiest look of my life complete: Some small horses, fillies maybe, without hair, and wet, walking around in circles as the fishes do, but the other way around, clockwise, and keeping the same slow speed. I see the animals walking and swimming around in circles and realize that they do this forever and will never stop. This pure awareness petrifies me, my eyes are wide opened now, I can't think of going on the stairs and am as scared as I never was before.

Then I wake up.

l x f t x r h

QUINTESSENCE


without a care in this world, I'm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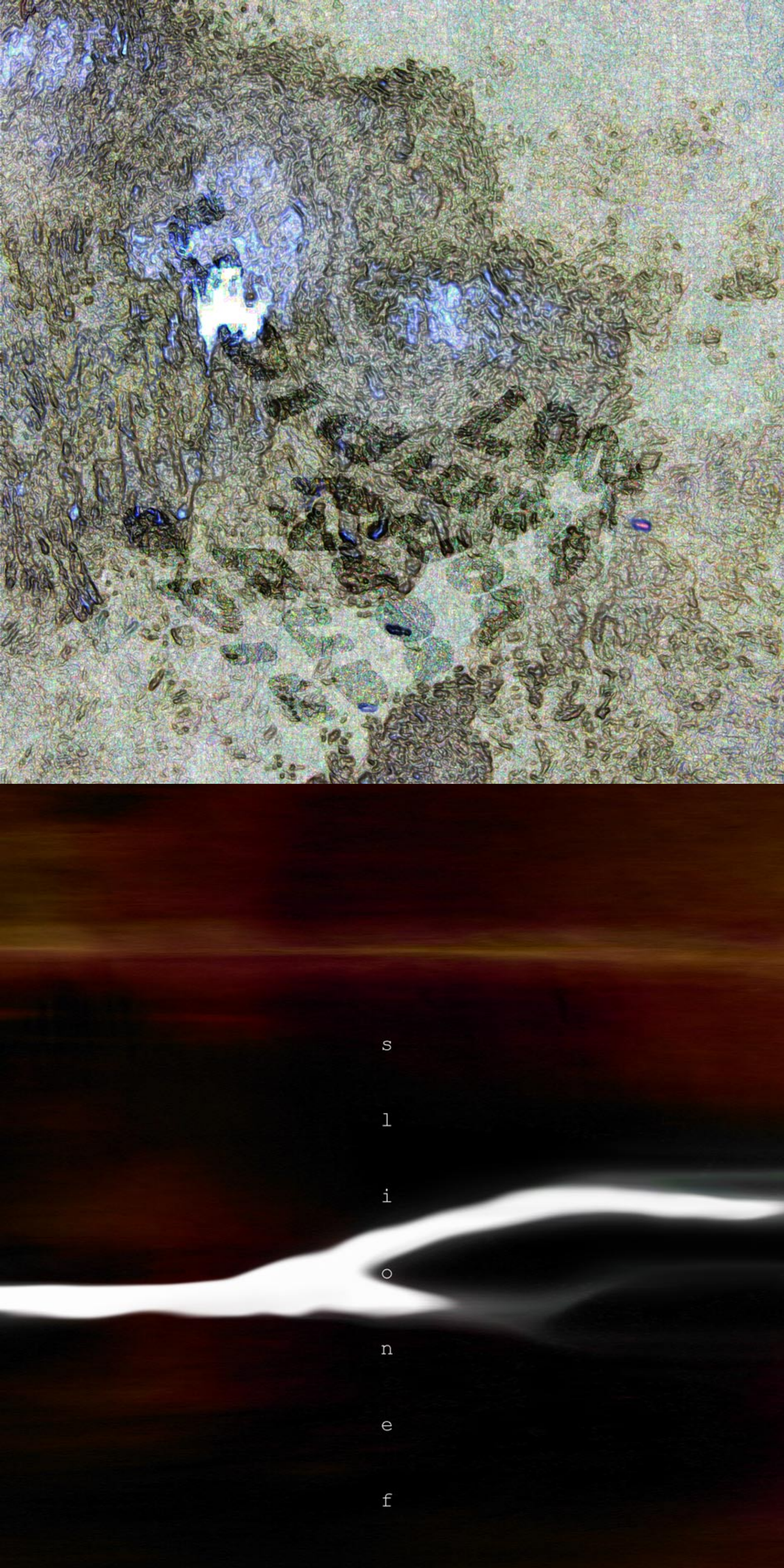
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e u e u x e t

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> editorium >>

>> cover work
Nine Inch Nails
Eraser

>> about writting]
>> no]
>> placeholder]
>> untitled]
>> you forgot you]

>> Way too deep]

[extend life <<

[nightmare] <<
[quintessence <<
[without a care <<
The Smashing Pumpkins
Porcelina Of The Vast Ocean
[hide and seek <<

all photos, editing and alternative textes by Seth, 2007 & 2008. Doctrine Designs
used fonts: Verdana, Times New Roman, Courier, Courier New, Impact