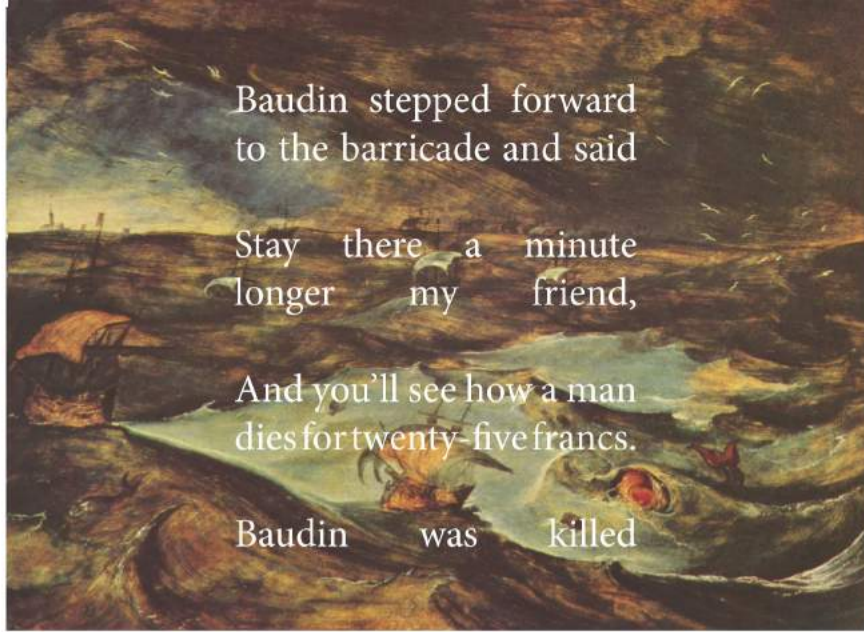


Om dat de werelt is soe onger
Dact om gha te inden ru

Dear Architecture School...

What nature lacks, is lacking in our art,
because the world is perfidious, i am going into
mourning

recipe for a mall of remembrance



Baudin stepped forward
to the barricade and said
Stay there a minute
longer my friend,
And you'll see how a man
dies for twenty-five francs.
Baudin was killed

Command 1:
Take
100 acres of
ideally-shaped,
flat land



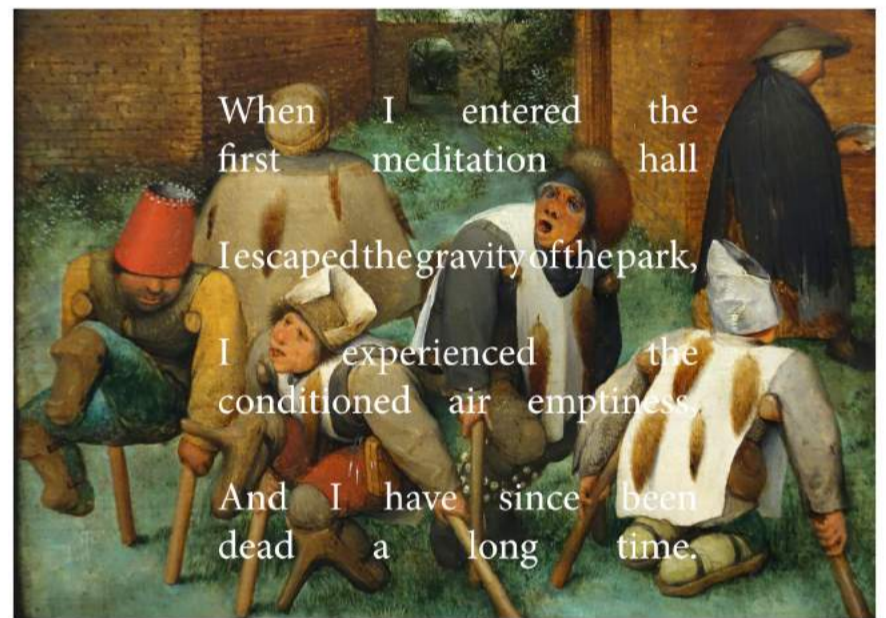
When I had
you could call it
My mother wept to me:
My son, my beloved son,
I never thought this possible

Command 2:
Surround it
by 500,000 consumers
who have no access whatever
any other shopping facilities



I'll follow you on foot.
Halfway into concrete
and slush the
microphones picked up.
It was raining
on the
It was showing on
the police-cars.

Command 3:
Prepare
the land
and cover
the central portion
with 1,000,000 square
feet of buildings



When I entered the
first meditation hall
I escaped the gravity of the park,
I experienced the
conditioned air emptiness.
And I have since been
dead a long time.

Command 4:
Fill
with first-rate merchandisers
who will sell superior wares
at alluringly low prices



On the horizon I could see,
In-between the centre
of the day clouds
I saw it again that
self-same day,
You'd never believe it.

Command 5:
Trim
the whole on the outside
with 10,000 parking spaces
and be sure to make same
accessible over first-rate
under-used highways from
all directions



The astronauts were weeping,
Going neither up nor out.
And my own mother was
brave enough she looked
And it was alright,
it was on sale.

Command 6:
Finish up
by decorating with
some potted plants,
miscellaneous flower beds,
a little sculpture and serve
sizzling hot to the consumer