

Collective Task II  
November 2011

“Deathbed Confession”  
-Andy Sterling

Contributors:

Andy Sterling, Astrid Lorange, John Paetsch, Josef Kaplan, Kieran Daly, Kim Rosenfield, Lanny Jordan Jackson, Lawrence Giffin, Robert Fitterman, Stacy Doris, Vanessa Place.



Robert Fitterman, *November's Task*:

THIS IS JUST TO SAY THAT I WANTED TO BE THE FIRST TO  
COMPLETE NOVEMBER'S TASK

I ate the plums.

sorry.



Stacy Doris, *Following on Rob's lead...*

Perhaps I may have eaten the plums





Lawrence Giffin, *Three Plays*

Breath: A Play in Four Acts  
*for Rob Fitterman*

Act I

*VOICE*

*[straining]* I chopped down the house that you had been saving to live in next Summer.  
I am sorry, but it was morning, and I had nothing . . . . *[The sound of a dying exhalation.]*

Act II

*VOICE*

*[straining]* We laughed at the hollyhocks together  
and then I sprayed them with lye.  
Forgive me. I simply do not know what I am . . . . *[The sound of a dying exhalation.]*

Act III

*VOICE*

*[straining]* I gave away . . . . *[The sound of a dying exhalation.]*

Act IV

*VOICE*

*[straining]* Last evening we went dancing and I broke . . . . *[The sound of a dying exhalation.]*

Breath by Samuel Beckett: A Play  
*after Kieran Daly*

ACT.

[Entire text of Breath by Samuel Beckett]

SCENE.

Breath.

SCENE.

Breath by Samuel Beckett. Published 1969.

ACT.

The play Breath by Samuel Beckett.

Breath: a play by Samuel Beckett, edited by Lawrence Giffin

Curtain.

Instant of recorded vagitus.

Curtain.



Vanessa Place, *A diptych*.









Kim Rosenfield, *My Deathbed Confession*

## *My Deathbed Confession*



*with thanks to the Fugs*

*Monday: Nothing,  
Tuesday: Nothing,  
Wednesday and Thursday: Nothing.  
Friday, for a change: A little more nothing,  
Saturday: Once more nothing.*

*Sunday: Nothing,  
Monday: Nothing,  
Tuesday and Wednesday: Nothing.  
Thursday, for a change: A little more nothing,  
Friday: Once more nothing.*

*Montik: Gornicht,  
Dinstik: Gornicht,  
Midwoch an Donnerstik: Gornicht.  
Fritik, far a noveneh: Gornicht pikveleh,  
Shabas: Nach a mool gornicht.*

*Lunes: Nada,  
Martes: Nada,  
Miercoles y Jueves: Nada.  
Viernes, por cambio: Poco mas nada,  
Sabado: Otre vez nada.*

*January: Nothing,  
February: Nothing,  
March and April: Nothing.  
May and June: A lot more nothing,  
Ju-uly: Nothing.*

*'29: Nothing,  
'32: No9thing,  
'39-'45: Nothing.  
1965: A whole lot of nothing,  
1966: Nothing.*

*Reading: Nothing,  
Writing: Nothing,  
Even arithmetic: Nothing.  
Geography, philosophy, history, nothing,  
Social anthropology (hakalakala): Nothing.*

*Oh, "Village Voice": Nothing,  
"New Yorker": Nothing,  
"Sing Out" and "Folkways": Nothing.  
Harry Smith and Allen Ginsberg:  
Nothing, nothing, nothing.*

*Poetry: Nothing,  
Music: Nothing,  
Painting and Dancing: Nothing.  
The world's great books: A great set of nothing,  
Audy and Foudy: Nothing.*

*F\*cking: Nothing,  
Sucking: Nothing,  
Flesh and Sex: Nothing.  
Church and Times Square: A lot of nothing,  
Nothing, nothing, nothing.*

*Stevenson: Nothing,  
Humphry: Nothing,  
Averell Harriman: Nothing.  
John Stuart Mill: Nihil, nil.  
Franklin Delano: Nothing.*

*Karlos Marx: Nothing,  
Engels: Nothing,  
Bukunin and Krapotkin: Nyothing.  
Leon-a Trotsky: Lots of nothing,  
Stalin: Less than nothing.*

*Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!  
(Lots & lots of nothing)  
Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!  
(Lots of it)  
Nothing!  
(Not a God damn thing)*



Lanny Jordan Jackson, 1. *La Tête contre les murs*  
2. *Borborygmi*  
3. *Vissi d'arte (Palazzo Farnese)*

2011.

Three photographs.

11" x 14" inches each.





I don't believe in anything.

...ness, in truth, is the opening  
...directions. But the opening has  
...or cracked, *each time*, incessantly

## V

...the character, simultaneously  
...universality. Entrenchment  
...the whole is un

R





Andy Sterling, *Two Poems*

the other night I  
drank 8 pints of  
Guinness  
my friend  
Nick had  
sent me  
from  
LA

just  
the  
shakes!

just  
get  
a  
shake!

it is  
rumored  
that Fahey once  
drank 27 pints of  
Guinness

oh my word

the 2nd  
thing on  
my  
to-do  
list  
when I  
am in  
Utah

gonna get it  
in the water  
before  
winter?

no aft bulkhead yet, Pat

once the bottom is  
coated I could  
probably  
splash it –  
the water  
is still  
warm  
here

I have a  
foam one  
cut and  
ready  
to  
go

Before we hit the last two groups of players, I have a quick All-Star Weekend story for you ...

So it's 2:45 in the morning on Friday night. All the Dallas bars and parties have either closed down or stopped letting people in. I'm standing on Main Street with a bunch of people, including Worldwide Wes, the renowned NBA power broker who's really a cross between Confucius, a benevolent uncle and The Wolf in "Pulp Fiction" to assorted NBA superstars and up-and-coming stars. Known as "Uncle Wes" to the players, he carries more weight within the league than basically anybody. Because he keeps such a low profile, I could never figure out why. Which is why I went out of my way to spend some time with him on Friday night.

Back to Main Street: We're standing with a young player who wants the night to keep going. The young player pushes to find another bar even though the odds are against it. Uncle Wes makes a

face. He's squashing this right now.

"Nothing good can happen at this point," Wes explains simply. "You can't chase the night. When the night is over, the night is over. That's just the way it is. You just gotta wake up tomorrow and hope for a better day."

Uncle Wes had spoken. I am not exaggerating by saying it's a strangely profound moment. Within 15 seconds, our group splinters in three directions to look for cabs. I find one with my friend Connor. We climb in. We look at each other.

"I will never be able to properly explain that story to anyone," Connor said.

Agreed. You can't chase the night. It was like hearing a human fortune cookie. I went back to my hotel, took my contacts out, crawled into bed and hoped for a better day. These are the things that happen at NBA All-Star Weekend.





Astrid Lorange, *Untitled*

The huge boxes blurred into a solid brown mass as the speedometer raced toward 60. The girl was a very beautiful creature with jade-green eyes and carrot-orange hair. The scientist, on the other hand, has dark-ebony hair and striking blue eyes. The surviving police began to emerge to begin the grim task of checking their fallen comrades to see if any could be saved. Drums. An aerial image of Detroit. The truck resembled a riot police rammer, with closed lock doors at the back and front. The feeling of apprehension was rising up in the cyborg's stomach, anxiety filling his brain. The cyborg's arid behavior forced the boy to take a step back in fear. If the cyborg had a fully working stomach, it would've twisted and fell to the ground. From behind his protective shielding, his eyes grew wide, his mouth twisted in horror and his fingers twitched violently. The Old Man resumed walking.

He smiled to himself. God bless unions. "I'll touch you." Assured he was alone, he opened the computer terminal on his right leg and plugged the laptop-like diagnostic tool in. His arms went straighter and straighter, pushing him into his seat. He was right. He was in a moving vehicle. He could see the sources of the voices sitting in the front seats, their heads blurred by the closed screen. He stepped back with the force, but was uninjured. If the cyborg had a fully working stomach, it would've twisted and fell to the ground. From behind his protective shielding, his eyes grew wide, his mouth twisted in horror and his fingers twitched violently. The cyborg's arid behavior forced the boy to take a step back in fear.

At 62 miles per hour the Ford slammed into a gun, its weight driving it through a half dozen wooden crates in a hail of splinters before coming to a stop. Then the fire resumed, this time focused on the cyborg. Images of conflict floating across the screen before forming a solid grid. There is nothing scarier than walking into a city and finding nothing. No trash, no stray animals, no insects. The ground wasn't even slightly covered by bird faeces or discarded gum.

The city looked almost brand-new, as if the government built it and is now waiting for people to inhabit it.

Taking a small canister that sat beside her pile of blankets, she sprayed a small amount of white foam onto her shoulder. She didn't know what a dog was. She stopped; there was nobody left to send. There were still a dozen or so cops on duty, but they were unreachable. She was on her own and cornered by people determined to drastically lower the cop population. She slandered off to her little corner. There, she took another book, flipped through it and ripped out a page. She had ripped out a picture of a cockroach. She mounted the picture among her others, stared at it for a moment and went to sleep. Her chest was dangerously close to the mouthpiece of a revolver that was held by the trembling hands of the scientist. By the way the scientist didn't blush and turn away even though the girl was portraying her bare naked body at him, it was obvious that they were lovers. Taking off her arm clearly exhausted her. She hated space – she lived in constant fear of it.

Mega looks down to see a lone microchip lying there and the beep from Mega's forearm now becomes a persistent flatlining tone. A minute later, a voice came over the radio. A girl was sitting on a dentist-like chair right in front of a scientist, her body completely bare save the loincloth that covered the lower part of the body.

Almost simultaneously, 5 bullets, one for each of the 5 officers in the street, were fired and instantly took out their targets.



Josef Kaplan, *Steve Jobs*

## Steve Jobs

He ought to be killed. It is a wonder some one has not done it already. If I had an opportunity, I would do it myself. He is a wooden-headed son of a bitch. I wish he was in Hell, and if I had the power I would put him there.

Hang him. I think the only hope this country has is his assassination.

God will hold him accountable, as a comedian.

Then I point a gun at his head; it is a takeoff on the 1969 Pulitzer Prize-winning photo by Eddie Adams that showed Vietnamese general Nguyễn Ngọc Loan executing a Viet Cong prisoner at point-blank range. Then I take a photo of him out of a magazine and tack the picture to a wall with a red thumb tack through his head. Then I make a thumb's-down sign with my own hand next to his picture, and take a photo of that and paste it on a poster. Then I post some messages to Yahoo Finance criticizing the Iraq War and stating: "call for his assassination" and "rape and kill his wife." But I never explicitly threaten anyone. Also I do my best to disguise where the messages are coming from. Then I make some polls on Facebook asking whether he should be assassinated. I make groups such as "LETS KILL HIM WITH SHOES" (which has 484 members as of September 2009). I do similar things on Myspace. Then I tweet "ASSASSINATION! America, we survived the Assassinations and Lincoln & Kennedy. We'll surely get over a bullet to his head," and "The next American with a Clear Shot should drop him like a bad habit. 4get Blacks or his claims to b Black. Turn on him." I mark the former tweet "#tlot," a reference to "Top Libertarians on Twitter." Then I post a poem entitled "The Sniper" about his assassination on a white supremacist website. Then I post to Craigslist, "People, the time has come for revolution. It is time for him to die. I am dedicating my life to his death, and the to the death of every employee of the federal government. As I promised in a previous post, if the health care reform bill passed I would become a terrorist. Today I become a terrorist."

He's just not doing enough to help African Americans. I want to kill him and then kill myself. I am planning on killing him. I can compass and imagine his death.

I hope this helps stimulate opposition to his national policies, however wise, even in the most critical of times; to incite the hostile and evil-minded to take his life; to add to the expense of his safeguarding; to be an affront to all loyal and right-thinking persons; to inflame their minds; to prove resentment, disorder and violence; and to disrupt his activities and movement. I hope this is understood to be treason and a crime against the people as the sovereign power. I want to increase the possibility of actual assasult. I may not myself be very dangerous, but I am liable to put devilment in the mind of some poor fellow who does try to harm him.

Thankfully I am not in jail, so I can follow through on my plans to kill him. But if I were in prison, I would direct people on the outside to kill him. I'd use such directions to manipulate the system, e.g., I'd claim to be "institutionalized" then threaten him in order

to stay in prison, or to get transferred to a federal institution, because it would be more comfortable, and afford me more time and energy to devise new and effective ways of doing him harm. I am full of will, and it is righteous and knowing.

If they ever make me carry a rifle he is the first man I want to get in my sights.

Then I make a gesture of sighting down the barrel of a rifle. The audience responds with laughter and applause, which is potentially ominous. I have some cannabis in my coat.

If I get the chance I'm going to harm him. But until then, I plan to mail to him ambiguous messages, white powder and cigarette butts. I do this so that he may see the truth. Then, when I get a hold of him, I'm going to shoot him.

On a piece of paper posted in a public space I write that it would be an acceptable sacrifice to God to kill an unjust man. Then I imagine, wish, hope that the act of killing him will be committed by someone else. Then I send letters out to random people with the words "kill him" typed huge and in a hard, black font. On the back I draw his head impaled on a stake. Then I talk about killing him to myself, in my room.

I plan to make these threats indefinitely.





John Paetsch, *Untitled*





Kieran Daly, *DEATHBED CONFESSION ORGANON PALATINO*

*DEATHBED CONFESSION ORGANON PALATINO*

[http://www.michigan.gov/images/deq-rrd-flint-thrall-oil\\_109343\\_7.gif](http://www.michigan.gov/images/deq-rrd-flint-thrall-oil_109343_7.gif)

GIF image (animated, 3 frames)

640px × 480px

547.78 KB (560929 bytes)

Spatial Clustering: Using Simple Summaries of Seismic Data to Find the Edge of an Oil-Field

A. T. Walden

Journal of the Royal Statistical Society. Series C (Applied Statistics)

Vol. 43, No. 2 (1994), pp. 385-398

<http://www.ogp.org.uk/pubs/373-18-1.pdf>

Inert Atmosphere Fumigation of Museum Objects

Mark Gilberg

Studies in Conservation

Vol. 34, No. 2 (May, 1989), pp. 80-84

Indiscernible-without-perceptuality nullipotent dramaturgical variable [without verb; /might/] a para-metrized pseudo/1-dimensionality via X direction (operation?)?

e.g. <http://www.ncatlab.org/nlab/show/path>

Experimentation with Weather Control

Jerzy Neyman

Journal of the Royal Statistical Society. Series A (General)

Vol. 130, No. 3 (1967), pp. 285-326

<http://i.imgur.com/9QMiq.png>

PNG image

821px × 497px

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