

In anticipation of the coming Equinox, The Missing Years have congregated here, at Francesca Pia.

I collected a good many boughs, rotten and golden ones, and promised myself to stick them together while studying old press releases, to renew my ancient loves with the creeds of the gullies. --- which I did last month; but it struck me that it would be convenient to show the paintings from Coney Island.

Coney Island with the Funny Face of Steeplechase. Steeplechase park, with its neo-Classical architecture and manicured gardens--- but also hidden fans beneath the Boardwalk entrance that blew girls` skirts up over their waists, as well as a clown faced dwarf that chased visitors around and spanked them with an electric paddle.

A glass wall bearing the Funny Face rose over the gates of Steeplechase in 1908 and grinned upon thrill-seekers for 56 years, until the park's foreclosure in 1964.

The following year, Freddy Trump
convert it to waterfront housing.
park a protected landmark, Trump
bricks to fellow scum, they threw
teeth.

Running on empty.

I walked the alps for a fortnight
the convenience to confer upon
quite brilliantly through this year as
During vesper in solitude, I am quite
behind an invisible partition, I heard a
for oxygen. A sufferer, I called him,
I pictured him half-fathomed, strung on a
lemon tarts in a saucer, but still very young

I hear you---



bought the property and hoped to
To preempt the city from declaring the
held a public stoning handing out
them through the Funny Face's bared

or so. At my stay in Rosenloui, I had
the degree of a Neophyte, I passed
Probationer.
sensitive to interruptions; as if from
rattling noise. Like someone's gasping
muttering to myself.
crooked spine, the scent of smouldering
alas, a week's growth of fur.

CURRO AD PERPETUUM
CURRO VACUUS CURRO CAECUS
CONTINUATUM IN CURSU SOLEM
SED SERO SUM

By these words I felt dragged behind the chariot of a secret order. But its chains of such exquisite temper, that it might be beaten into shiver, to cut loose again. Hither and yonder his voice.

The horror! The horror! There's America I said, I had to say something at least.

PER-DU-RA-BO,
Stefan „Jackson“ Tcherepnin & Yannic Joray