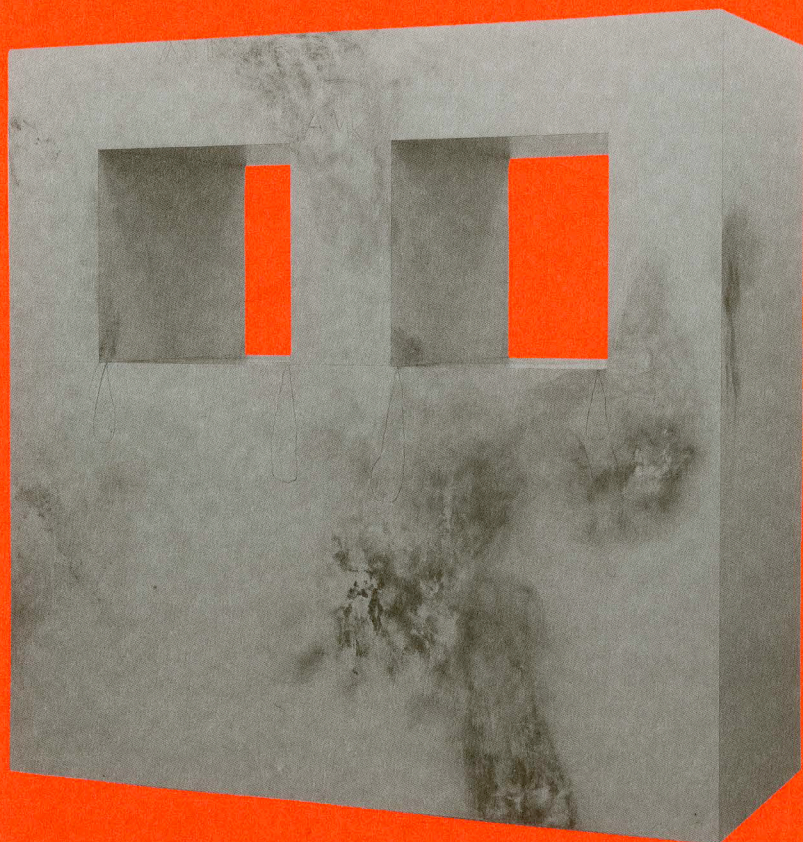


STERLING RUBY
SUPERMAX 2008
THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART
LOS ANGELES



2008 SRS FACILITY CONDITION REPORT
W/CONTENT REVIEW
(ADDITIONAL COMMENTARY &
APPENDICES WITHELD)
Erik Frydenborg

INSIDE

Inside there was no moon. There were salts and skin, and edges on things more or less sharp, and there was no ocean. None. There was a morning circuit, walking heads up and down, with no yard irons, plush pockets of inverse sky sewn up in squares, rations. Cave things loomed, were pushed around on bum wheels. They left sometimes and returned less often. There were presences: some of eminence and those whose fumes would infect and swell the soft tissues, which went inflamed and generally untended. As for shivs, they were everywhere: swaddled in dirty bedclothes, propping room corners and feet under buckling legs, breeding splinters in swirling slop and carbohydrate doses. Names were written out on limbs of bodies still steaming in afterbirth, signed with a flourish, documented and dispatched.

Light was flat and noxious or brilliant and noxious, apportioned by the square foot and left glowing for long, long artificial noontimes. I did not survive. There were one...two...thirteen cells on the block. Sounds of industry, falling, a thickness. A syrupy substance bound up with gentle adoration and impassioned hatred and distrust. Jocular diversions. Alms for the less fortunate. The routine went: climb, spit, climb, stare, climb, climb, stare, spit, climb, cut, climb, flip, climb. All manners of things coursed through failing veins. They were up in the inconceivable morning, brutal, drooling blood and slapping each other about the skulls and shoulders, making the whole thing move from the center. They loved. It was by noting subtle shifts in this seething dance that our synthetic days were carefully marked and recorded. A cancer quietly increased its purchase. Family was the most cherished possession and was guarded with a fierce gnashing of teeth and daggers and histrionic displays of wilting looks. An affected but convincing forgetting followed. Everything was bartered with discretion by good and eager men.

It was remembered that there was no one. The grunts of lifting wore dark patches in unfinished walls and all agreed upon an awkward choreography of labor. Twilight chords lilted through a faint static. Violations were perpetrated, then handed over to committee for review. This process was repeated. Territory was marked and mimicked, conquered and usurped.

SPATIAL CHARACTER: _____ deleterious/rousing

ATMOSPHERICS/A.O.: _____ 47% coprophagic; 44.2% elastic (12% differential)

FRONTAL INTEGRITY: _____ disheveled/massive facial trauma/"hazard"

OUTSIDE

(SRS Location: _____)

It was obvious what was happening in there. Occupants were said to have been crouching in the pitch darkness, patiently whittling their teeth into finer and finer points. All interior movement was surely governed by the positions of decimals and margins, where revenues exceeding third-quarter expenditures were exchanged for rare metals and melted into the sleek forms of large-scale uranium-tipped missiles. It was (wrongly) assumed that this would not be noticed. In accordance with local behavioral deficiencies already on record (see SRSFCR 01/06, sec. 2), occupants were believed to have engaged in periodic ritual immolation of public and private property, primarily intellectual but occasionally personal/material, to incrementally greater problematic effect. *(Several individuals have subsequently been brought to trial and convicted in absentia.)* When we knocked, we were not admitted.

Corrosive fog hung about the impermeable compound; a thick unkempt beard, masking furtive movements of various limbless or short-legged animals prowling its outer walls. Reports of district-wide psychic disturbance have been linked to emanations issuing from the structure's approximate west-most and north-most coordinates; nearby residents complained of powerful unwanted visitations, sensations of suffocating confinement akin to conscious molten immersion or "hot freezing," animate apparitions of fragmentary bejeweled bones, sudden terrific transposing of cypress trees by mockingly enormous deposits of ersatz igneous, wheezing random disfigurement of previously unspoiled comfort surfaces via eyehole burnouts, etc. Numerous fines have been levied against the presumed warlord/C.U.S., who is believed to reside deep within an infrastructural patchwork nodule composed of impact-resistant Kevlar and lightly perfumed endangered-species' hides.

ALL FURTHER CONTACT AND NEGOTIATION HAS BEEN
SUSPENDED PENDING FULL PAYMENT/ADEQUATE CONTRITION

A partial compendium of occupant-attributed statements will be issued as a supplement to this report and may be obtained by request at any regionally accredited station. Among the more abominable of these declamations are several sanguine passages hailing the principal dictums of *Amorphous Law*,

usually accompanied by marginally legible appeals for complex patricidal procedures, answers to incorrect equations, claims of non-specific geographic affiliation, and reprogramming commands for basic skill sets. Other fractional portions of available evidence reveal an alien and aberrant internal culture, replete with bizarre and unsavory feeding, mating, and sleeping habits, refuse-hoarding, non-denominational idolatry, and additional Delphic practices unsuitable for print.

REPULSION CATEGORY: active/tenebrous (class 4)
INVESTMENT STATUS: ambulatory: sacrificial w/ idiot clause
VOID/YIELD: unlimited=unrequited