

POCARI SWEATS

WITH
KIM SEOB BONINSEgni
COSTANZA CANDElORO
JULIEN CECCALDI
NICOLAS CECCALDI
LIZ CRAFT
KASPAR MÜLLER
CHARLES IRVIN
JONAS LIPPS
FABIAN MARTI
PENTTI MONKKONEN
LUCIE STAHL
AXELLE STIEFEL

The one is here not the title, but it is usually the number by which you could start, some somewhere, let it be Truth and Consequences.

From then on and consequently number two should be skipped. For there is no other space, no outside for the outsider, no gun but the cannoli.

Less truthfully than nonchalantly number three is caused by no more effort than needed to obtain synthetic sweat – we rather drink it than produce it –. If you may venture to give it a try, ask for the blue can. It sweatsssss.

Here we are not afraid to follow instructions to the number and scratch our nose on number four of John's Odorama. Call it the Polyester touch.

Jeans are made to hold something else than your change : keep your five for Peanuts friend Lucy.

Six is the number of lines you've got on a keyboard, if you except the arrow looking up. Looking down you may find yourself six feet under. Better keep your profile Kleen.

Seven isn't the number you count with. Take a break instead. A deep breath. Un « appel d'air ». It sucks.

Who cares about after eight ? It was just an AkzidenZ Grotesk, forget about Hel vetica. Picture the beach. Muscles and Museln are the Zen of Running.

Nine and we start to google translate.

X is the point of irreconciliation where the hat is off the head and you may be out of your shoes, but inside a new sweat.

xx