



TRIPTRYCH

LOT PIECE

There is a small lush patch of land across from where I live. Every day I sit on a pallet or



sometimes a cinder block. I watch the wind move the plants, which are all edible and growing in contaminated dirt. I contemplate my lot.

I speak in a vaguely Germanic accent in quar, for reasons that remain unclear. It makes me feel both content and glamorous, although also -- of course -- deranged.

Sometimes I film myself to post on the net. I gather cardboard from a heap nearby to make a mound which will become a bed. When it falls apart, the flowers will grow. But mostly I sit and contemplate a lot.

I placed another pallet 6 feet away. You can join me there any day of the week.



The plants are edible and yet they are not edible! Something is very wrong but it's ok. We contemplate our lot.

DIRTBAG



LOT PIECE can be purchased
dirt, which I am selling at

Currently: \$1720/Oz.

As certificate of
shall receive a 1-oz

Materials: topsoil +
valuable).

for the cost of
the price of gold.

ownership, you
dirtbag.

compost (very

Edition of 10.

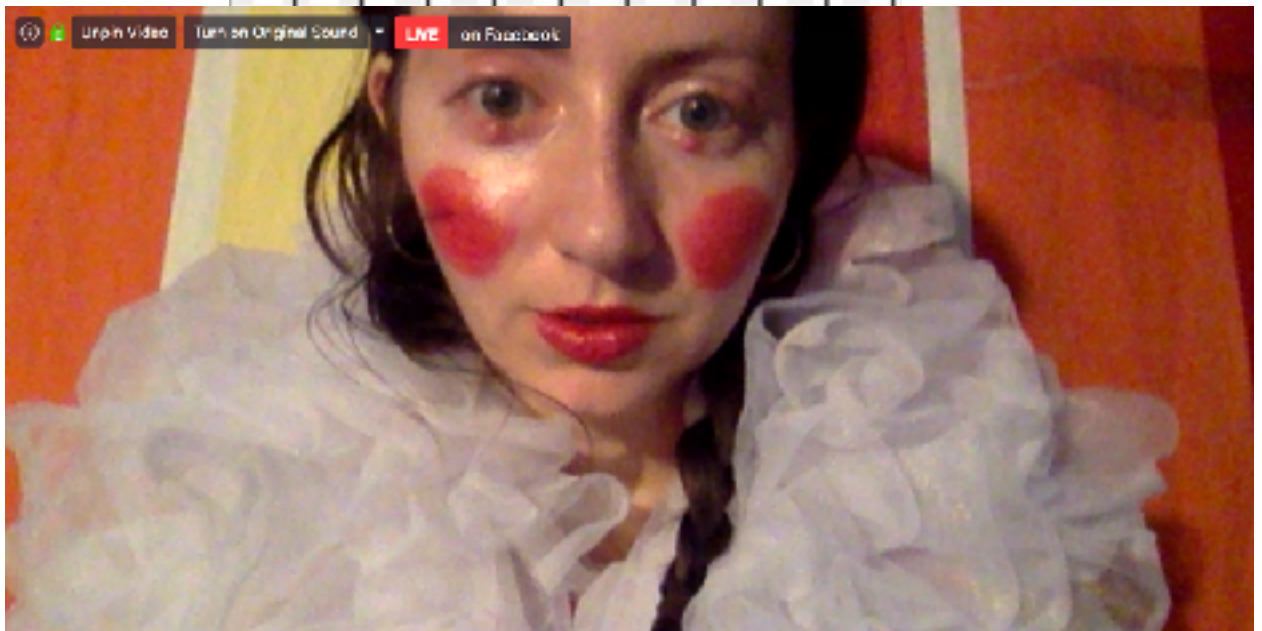
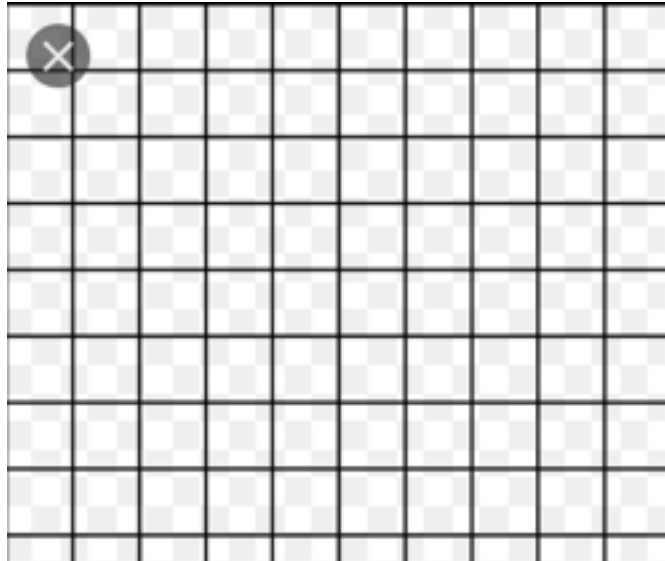
If 10 dirtbags sell, I will buy a lot and live in it.

You will be partial owner of my dream.

(Thank you in advance.)

HUMAN COMEDY :

FRAME STORY



Accompanied on opening night by a 10-minute adaption of THE DECAMERON.