

When you flush everything's gone, everything.

Some say toilets are as neutral as milk of a mother's breast. When you're in one of these small cabinets you're alone, except for yourself. So how do you treat these walls, sometimes not even blank? What do you do with them? What do *you* do?

There is this old tramp, stinking as if she had washed a year ago. Her hair is matted; her dress is torn just like her heart. She enjoys being on the toilet, public of course. Sometimes she makes little money by sucking dicks of old fat businessmen. While being at it she's focussing on the patterns of the cabinet, on the notes other users left, or on the burn marks of cigarettes that happen to be just everywhere.

Occasionally she makes one of these toilets her home, crouching on the cold and mostly wet tiles. She doesn't care, because she just doesn't smell it or feel the coldness. On other days, she uses the toilet to roll a joint and safely smoke it on her own, or she sits down and rests. She dies one day of a lung disease during winter in one of those so beloved cabinets.

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And here we have Nick, a twenty year old graffiti artist who loves to spray-paint and tag the cabinet walls. Sometimes he even clusters them with stickers or puts on stencils, he prepared the night before. This time he's around to cluster the right-side wall with one of his new pieces – highly astonishing and terrific in its size (60x60cm). It depicts a surreal scene in a garden-like landscape – crippled trees battle against each other not to fall or get snatched off their limbs, ducks the size of huge rocks pose like in a modeling contest, behind the trees there's a swamp that seems to digest everything else in the picture. In there, right in the middle of that thick, dark and tar-like moat, Nick's head sticks out, watching all these horrific creatures.

Nick has insomnia, since weeks he hasn't been sleeping, and therefore he's taking Mandrax, some very strong sleeping pills, in enormous amounts. Sitting there in the cabinet nearly finished with his piece, a fatheaded black marker in his right hand, slowly but surely, sleep falls upon his eyes. His right hemisphere resembles his sketchbook or black book, as he is more likely to call it. His left hemisphere is concerned with coordinating his right hand in combination with his eyes, she is obviously successful, even though she starts to pass out every now and then until he gets shaken up, and suddenly finds himself with wide opened eyes, having a feeling near to claustrophobia that is new to him. The blurred vision fades and he realizes that he's stuck in a huge mud hole that seems to be in the swamp that he painted before he fell asleep. He's hearing the ducks chattering away like mannequins on cocaine in dressing rooms, their knees cracking like stones being slammed together to produce fire, just like the bones of skinny models who collectively nag the one that is new to the group. Right beside him, the crippled trees resemble boxing heavyweights, struggling for defense and having nothing to hide but their bare fist-like limbs.

Nick feels something cold and stiff taking a weak grasp around his right-foot ankle. It's something distinctively different from the honey-like mud that surrounds him. He tries to shake it off, but he would not succeed. The grasp gets tighter for some seconds, and then finally lets his foot go. Nick can't see clear now, everything's

blurred again. He passes out, and finds himself awake hours later, still sitting there on the toilet with the black marker in his hand, resting on his thighs and right beside him the wall is covered with his finished 'swampland of dreams' that bares some similarities to drawings of Alice in Wonderland's dreamland. However, the only odd thing that astounded him in a rather negative way had something to do with his left foot, respectively its ankle. It's the same foot that was taken hold off, when he was nearly digested by the thick tar-like moat. Nick's foot still was taken hold off by a seemingly female and indeed very grimy hand that had grown a bit limp. At first he thought that his dream didn't have finished yet, but after trying to shake of the grasp, he realized that it really was a human's hand or rather arm that was clasping stiffly to his ankle. He was shuddering and panic arose deep inside of him.

Nick got up and loosened the grip of the obviously dead hand in order to see whom this hand belongs to. He packs his painting utensils in his backpack, unlocks the cabinet's door, and then proceeds to the next-door cabinet. The door wasn't locked and as he opens it to see what's behind, a barely audible scream escapes from his lips. He is to find a woman in bad shape – stinking with matted hair and a torn dress – lying there on the tiles that are wet from the piss of other toilet users. Her limp arm lies there between 'his' and this cabinet, still seeming to grasp his ankle. Right beside her there's a spoon and a syringe containing one single blood drop of hers – she supposedly died of an overdose, but who was to say, he didn't know. He didn't know what to do, because he actually thought that nobody was in the public restrooms he choose to beautify with his new piece. He panics. He turns around and rushes out, leaving the dead woman behind. He never turned until he was home. He never returned to a public restroom. He gave up his graffiti, because it reminded him of the woman's miserable sight. Luckily his insomnia has gone after the incident, but now after he's finally able to dream again, he's haunted by that old tramp's dead eyes.

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