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'36, '40, '82, '92..

..

In Coyoacán, a borough of Mexico City, you can stand in the home office where Leon Trotsky was killed -- an ice pick driven into the crown of his head. The moments of his death are represented by a theatrical scattering of papers strewn about the room. Each page lies face up on the floor baring excerpts from Leon's most famous works: 'Results and Prospects', 'The Problems of Every Day Life', 'On Lenin', and so on. Here we can imagine Leon at his desk appraising an assortment of his own works, conveniently translated into English and Spanish.

Leon and his wife Natalya lived here between the years 1936 and 1940. In the evenings, the couple had dinner parties with notable artists, writers and diplomats. During the day, Leon wrote for ten hours dutifully, resting only to remedy his chronic headaches and tend to his many chickens, all kept within hutches around the perimeter of his garden.

Displayed on the northern wall of the garden is a testimony from Natalya which reads: "the operations that involve the care of the animals and the cleaning of the hutches provides a rest to his spirit, distracts him." Further along by the hutches another translation of this testimony reads, "the operations that involve the care of the animals and the cleaning of the hutches provides a rest to his spirit, distributes it." Given Leon's ideology, this translation begs the question of how evenly his spirit was distributed between each chicken. And additionally, if confined to his Mexican home, Leon saw this system of distribution as a form of spiritual collectivism -- now unachievable in his homeland, but achievable within his backyard.

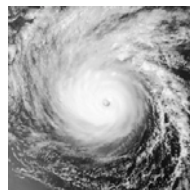
Leon's chicken hutches remain in immaculate condition. An assortment of artificial chickens, handmade out of plastic and feathers, are now scattered around the garden as if they have just been freed by the groundskeeper -- a spiritual liberation..

On the island of Kauai, Hawaii, It is estimated that there are 450,000 feral chickens compared to a human population of 75,000.

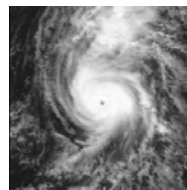
Six chickens per person.

Walking through the suburbs you can observe lush football fields, auto body shops, burnt out cars and palm trees growing out of concrete. Each tree is surrounded by chickens of different colours and sizes. They squabble and run around in gangs, some standing some sitting, littering themselves among the vast open car parks and grassy pitches. No cars or people, just chickens and you.

The large chicken population is due to the unregulated mating of domestic chickens with the ancient Polynesian Junglefowl. When the great hurricanes Iwa (thief) and Iniki (strong and piercing wind) tore through the islands in 1982 and 1992, all of the hutches were shattered and the chickens were set free.



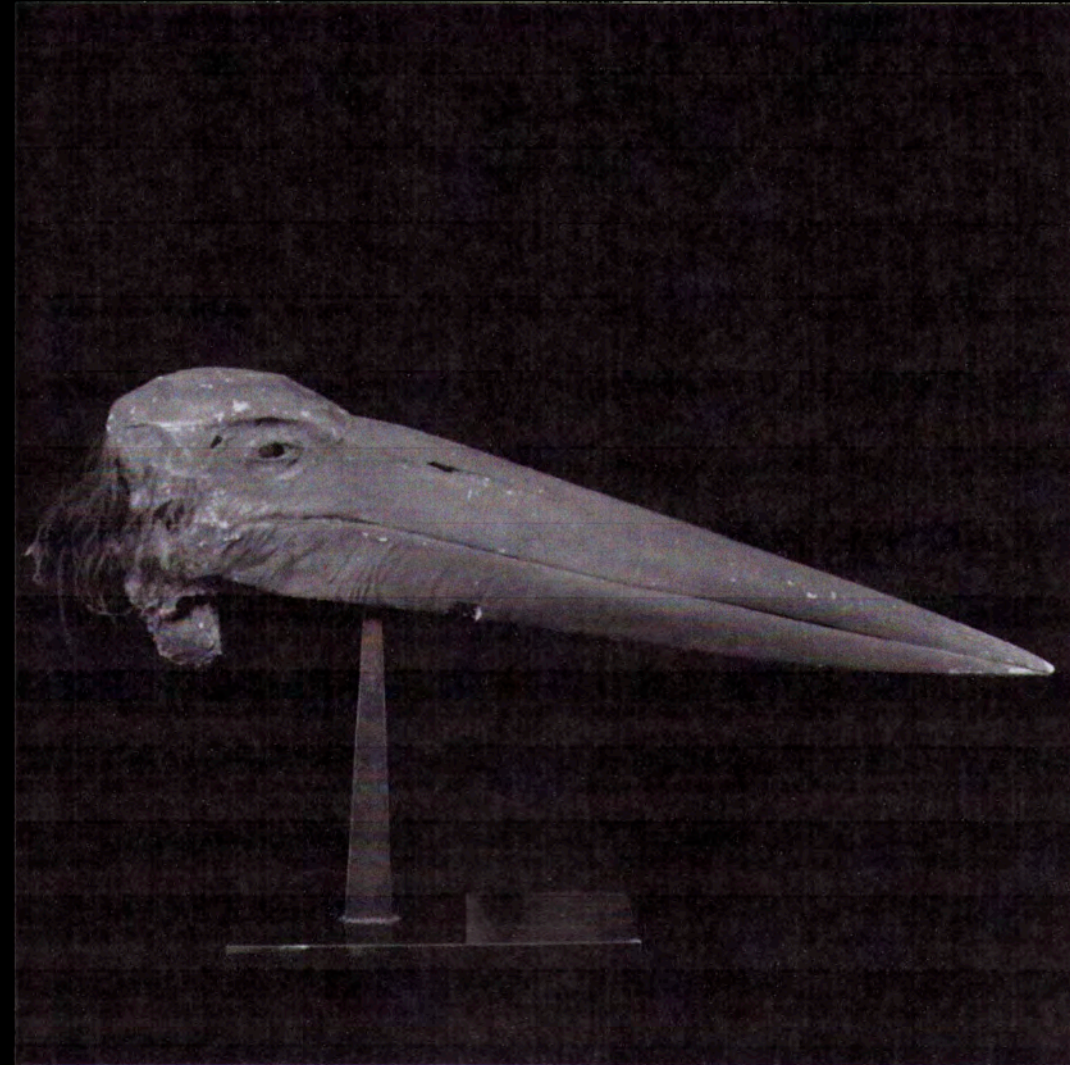
Iwa

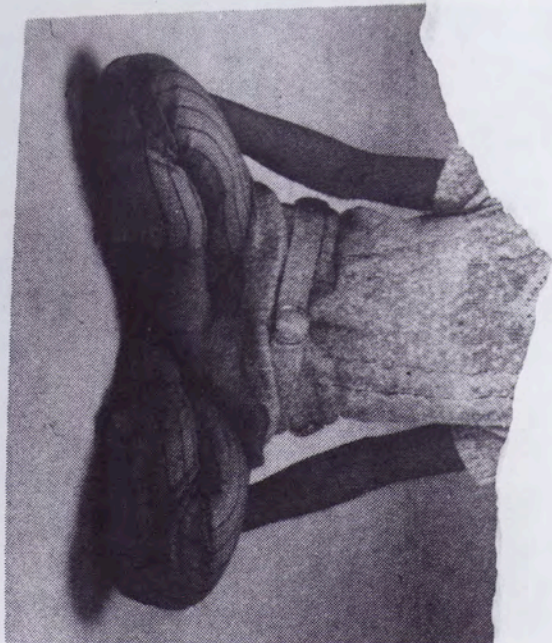


Iniki

Sound pollution from the chickens is a significant issue for locals according to r/Kauai. However, these complaints are voiced with the same resignation as someone lamenting the weather.

The chickens disallow acoustic distance between any fixed point on Kauai. The island is a delirium tremens of voice.





IF AFFECTED BY MOTION SICKNESS PLEASE USE THIS BAG

MISSION
MEDICAL 2:15

Jetstar ★

Handwritten mark resembling a stylized '4' or '7' with a diagonal slash.

GREEN CORONET
Propane

Matthew Benjamin
Martina Copley