

## Production Plan

A faintly remembered activity shall be recalled and through pictures and words made pretty again. It will then be printed on to thick glossy paper in a range of colours to lend it substance and authority. Site specific recommendations will be issued to bookshop owners to shelve the ensuing publication at eye-level. Mention of a cash incentive will encourage them to comply. A small piezo chip emitting a pleasing subliminal hum at 8 Hz will be inserted into the spine - recharged constantly through the light hitting the cover's black surfaces (lettering, headcap and back boards), and the pressure of browsers' fingers. Children and pets will be drawn to the book, play fanciful games before it, then curl up and slumber deeply.

A limited edition version will be made and it shall be huge, too big for bookshops, too wide for most doorways. These copies will be housed in a barn in Hertfordshire, only ever visible through a crack in the door. Passersby will be lured by the so-nice drone, activated by a bare light bulb hung from the rafters, and they will press against the crack in such numbers that the wood will develop a smooth, everyface hollow.

*Will there be suffering?*

We shall be fine, our lives privileged already. We buy books. Stage fanciful activities in the name of art. Go on holiday. We slip higher denomination coins and bank notes through the grilles of storm drains because... we can afford to. And whether we see it as an offering to the forces that maintain our place of privilege, or as a letting, a purge, the fact is we do so and still go home to a full larder. We go home to a home that has a larder. And then we go on holiday again.

*But the others - will they suffer?*

I imagine so.