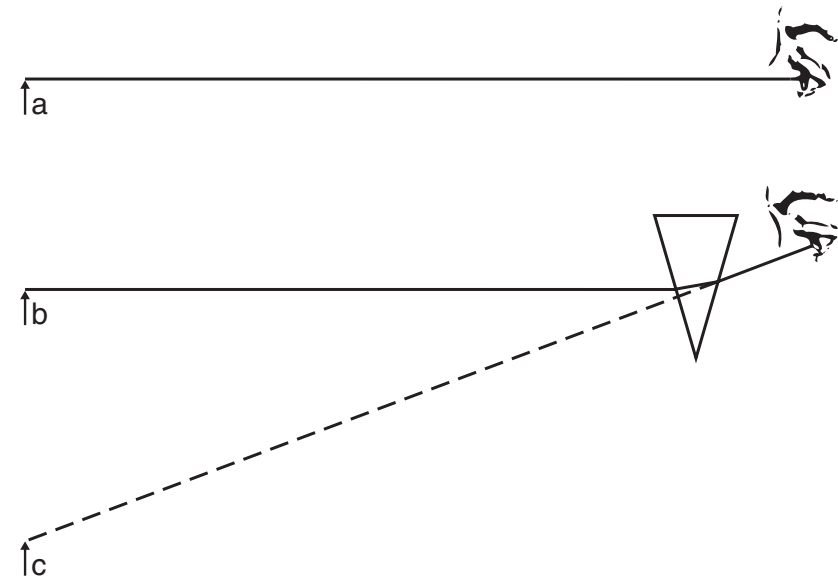


SCHEMATICS → A Love Story

Julian Hibbard

We shall not cease from exploration
and the end of all our exploring will be
to arrive where we started
and know the place for the first time.

T.S. Eliot



Act 1

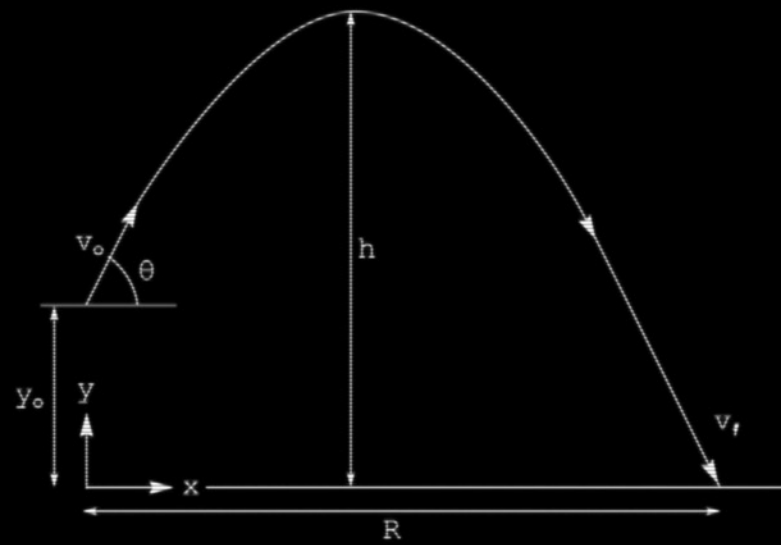
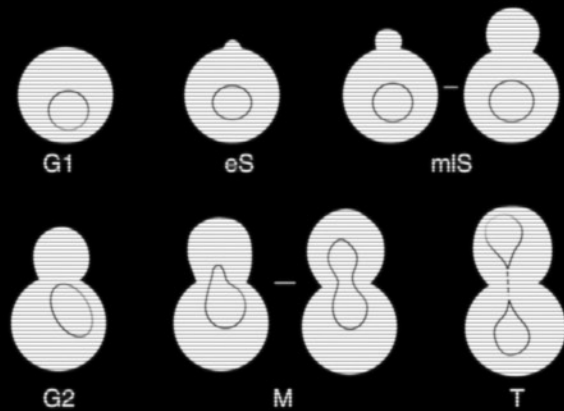


fig. 1

I like highwaymen,
I like girls.
I like petrol bombs,
I like calm.
I like the lives of secret agents,
I like walking through wet fields.



I was handsome,
I was strong,
and every now and then,
I would get ill again.

fig. 3

0 98766562
1 97719630
2 69987766544422211009850
3 876655412099551426
4 9998844331929433361107
5 97666666554422210097731
6 898665441077761065
7 98854431100652108073
8 653322122937
9 377655421000493
10 0984433165212
11 4963201631
12 45421164
13 47830
14 00
15 676
16 52
17 92
18 5
19 39730

At exactly what point did I become old?

fig. 5

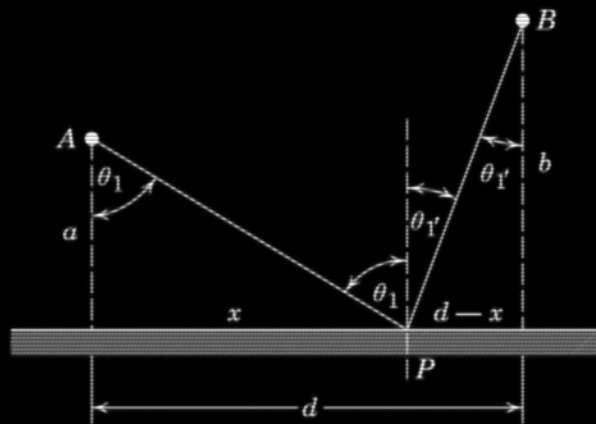


fig. 7

I read the text several times,
but its meaning became no clearer to me.

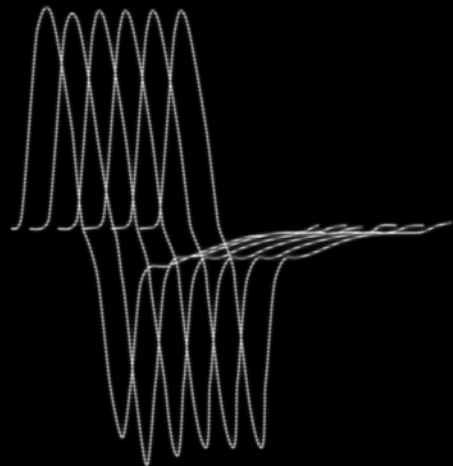


fig. 8

I was a bully.
Then I encountered a bully.
Please tell me,
I was never a bully like that.

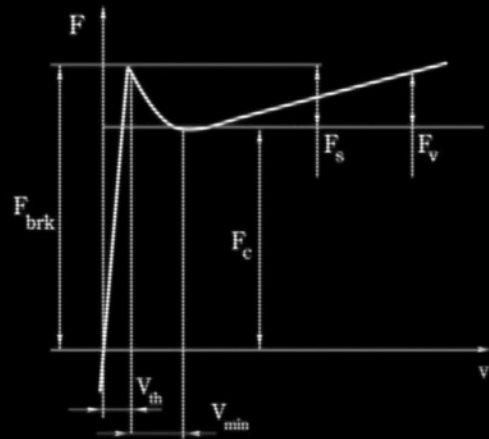


fig. 11

Can there be beauty with sadness?

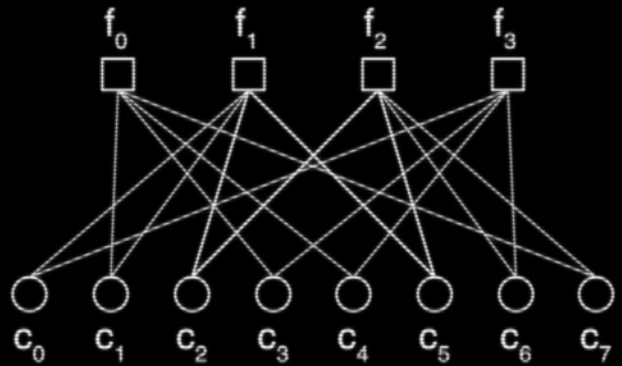


fig. 13

I dance with a friend and
holding her hand realize,
how disconnected I have become,
from the simple beauty of touch.

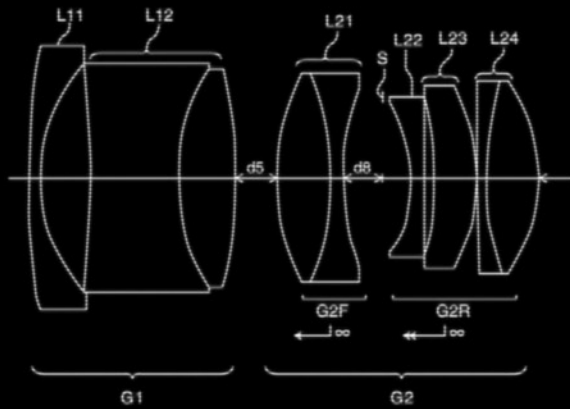


fig. 16

At first I could not look you in the eyes.
You were too bright for me.

4 9 2
3 5 7
8 1 6

I want to be real.
I want to be true.
I want to achieve happiness,
and insight with you.

fig. 19

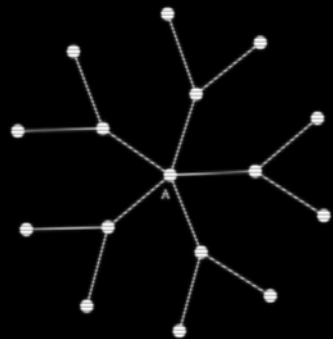


fig. 21

Alone.
All one.

America strikes back.
The Northern Alliance.
It all sounds like a sci-fi film to me.

fig. 25

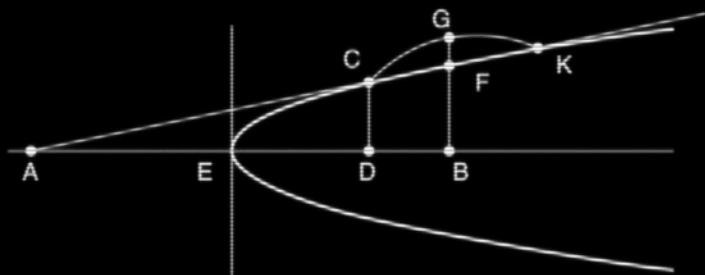
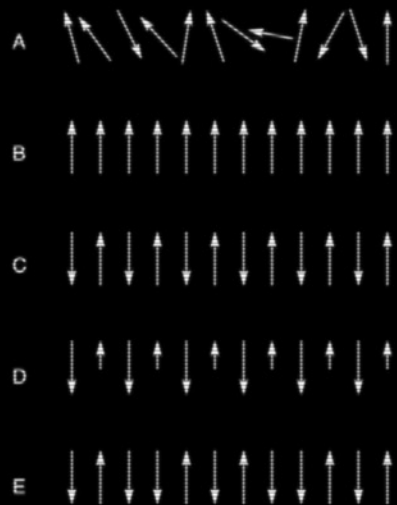


fig. 26

Are the dreams of astronauts,
any different from yours and mine?



Not to be found is to be lost.
Escaping is not about being free.

fig. 28

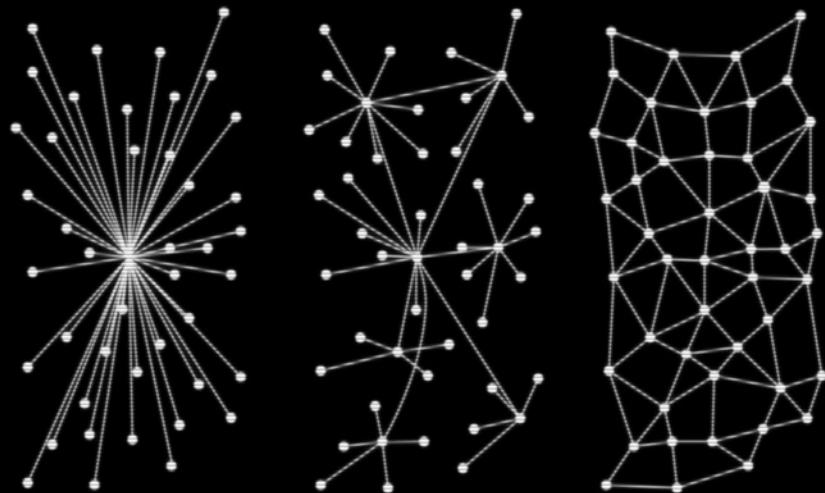
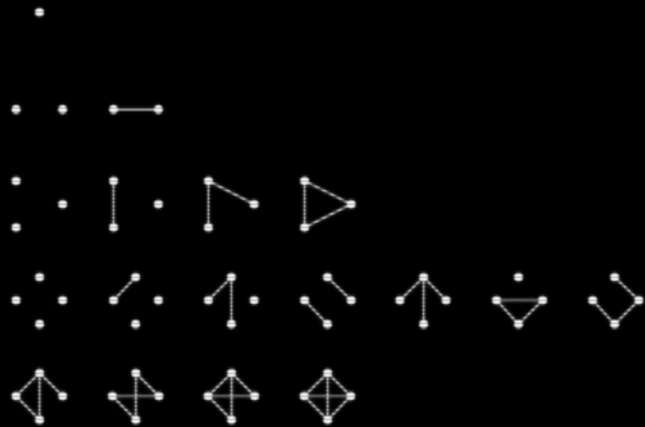


fig. 30

The story of my life,
I was curious.
Then it hurt me.
And then I got over it.



Memory is a filtering process.
 Idea of place linked to memory.
 Method of place to improve memory.

fig. 31

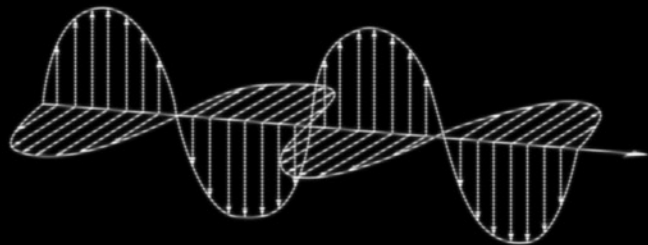


fig. 35

A film,
my film,
your film,
it begins,
it ends.

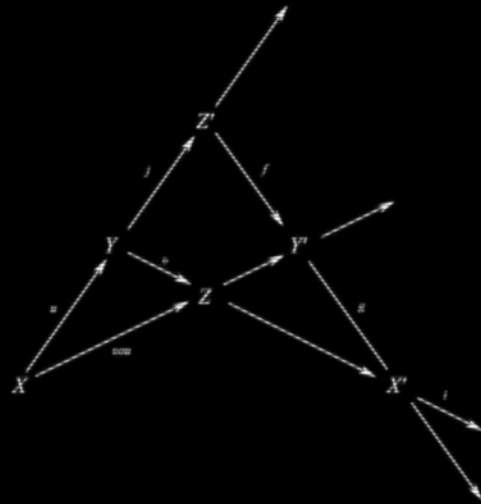
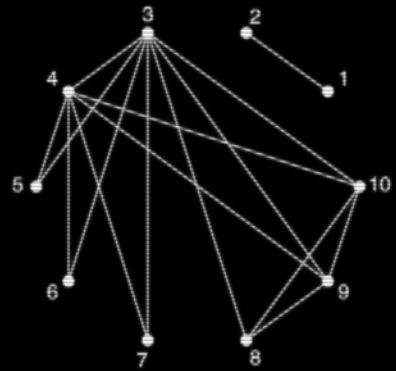


fig. 37

Fate doesn't make mistakes.
The truth has always existed,
somewhere between optimism and denial.



None of this matters.

fig. 39



fig. 41

I am in-between.
Never here, never there.
Endless travel.