

polly core: the mirror is to blame.

when clients say that a tuff whatever i kno were headed in the left direction. this pleasure doesnt happen often and its rather pitiful to have to wait so long for it come around again. butt when it does unfurl its pink and wrinkly head, the exhilaration of some new truth getting them bent outa shape is quite a pleasure to reckon with. an addiction of sorts. as my friend daniel recently reminded me with a quote from jean genets prisoner of love, which d candidly synopsis as jgs book about trying to fuck palestinian freedom fighters: anyone who has not experienced the ecstasy of betrayal knows nothing of ecstasy at all. subject matter ups the ante on aesthetics. sometimes its even enuf on its own to snuff the soothing power of the prevailing gratuitous nice. it breeds consciousness, instigating xamination of ones limitations. in search of the new, discovery is certainly the cherished path. the unknown is a wonderfully scary thing. tho rarely do they buy these things, not that there are so many of them. the children couldnt live with it, guests would be offended, when really its their unwillingness to be at home with living ideas and personal discussions in their mist. live verb process. why fear an idea? why fear? aids is everywhere and inextricably mixed with love. the flip flop of that painting brings a smile to my face. formally its a beautiful thing. for me, the contextualized reference somehow makes the horrific aspect of the situation more manageable. it just is. you live with it. most everyone knows someone who is poz and happy. most everyone knows someone who is rich and miserable. somewhere in my chicago mid 80s, i remember visiting nancy lurie in her apt above her inspiring fearless gallery with her youngsters running around and over the sofa in the front room hung a softly bold and complexly amusing fred escher ptng of two figures each simplified to kewpie doll generic innocence via an adeptly flowing continuous thick white brushstroke outlining a sideview standing



man on the right peeing on a side view of a woman lying on the ground, her head by his feet, holding in her hand alongside her thigh an upright stem topped with a flopped over wilting flower. an xxx-ray cartoon of sorts. whatever it couldnt mean it was riveting. i asked nancy what her kids thought of it and she perked up her eyebrows with the enthusiasm of an art dealer and added the half worried smile of a mother and as she folded her hands in her lap she looked me in the eye and said oh they see it. it was a beautiful difficult moment. i was thinking how important real communication is in this world. fortunate these kids and their visiting friends to have this opportunity to honestly xperience the flattened perspective that associative thinking puts on the seriously humorous intricacies of life. god i love art.

may you live in interesting times, goes the proverbial chinese curse.

we still barely confront difference without the general m o of getting them the differing to be like us. not part of the solution = part of the problem. remember that? or being either on the bus or off the bus? busted. outed. somehow all that seems deeply connected to our current swing to globility. cut to my best memory of the 90s reign of power of act up with their policing fingerpointing against what they saw as infractions countering their ideology. what was supposed to bring freedom brought tyranny and fear. that reminds me of living legend john waterss memorable 1970 the diane linkletter story where divine as diane linkletter matterofactly informs her parents i'm doing my own thing on my own time. i think its in houellebecqs platform that his character michael postulates that the righteousness of the muslim nation will be vanquished by their desire to participate in capitalist consumerism.

- > why are you being so antagonistic?
- < why are you being so controlling?

politically correct lives next door to esthetically correct and theyre both just down the street from fashionably correct. ones an emanation of the

other. they focus fear and are about control. obnoxious is their name. they commercialize under the tyranny of class, which these days tops race and gender, the haves and have nots, the right and the left out. the insidiousness of advertising is perpetuated here. connoisseurs flock the pc country club, as kippenburger dished, preaching pc thru condescending affectation. nothing is wrecktified. issues are usurped by their slathering of self serving congratulations. words only. nothing is xperienced. zpg. is like those scads of late 60s hippies from antiwar marches who five years later were all corped out in suits chocked full of amenities and protected their investments with decades of republican usa prezes. since then, i never trust a crowd. wanabe dogooders. packs of art world colonialists ferociously infatuated with a new that obfuscates the real damage of their seasonal ravagings of insipid ideas of contemporary ethnicities, china the most recent, for investment artifacts which mimic central markets fob expectations of far enuf away close enuf to. issues of 80s appropriation seem again to be lurking.

art is a place for idealism, one of the very last available, and is open to all makers and observers. artists gleefully spill their letters of blasphemy, injustice, and question to thoughtfully confront and goad the world to its bigotry and blindness. their fucking with oppressive and dilapidated power structures is a healthy bloodless war. you can easily see why control of images supercedes control of words. the thousand words worth of pictures allows you to bring your baggage and make it personal, and once its personal its worth fighting for and then it gets messy.

i recently repurchased spaceman 3s 1986 translucent flashbacks. in the first tune, walkin' with jesus, he sings well, here it comes, here comes the sound, the sound of confusion. well, here it comes, the sound of love and the jangly guitar then goes screechy and discordant. this has me thinking how love brings openness and acceptance and openness and acceptance brings awareness and awareness brings attention to others and attention to others brings compassion. compassion pops your bubble.

our little stabs at happiness.

how do animals be politically correct?

as bruce naumans 1973 print so aptly put it,
SREKCUF REHTOM NOITNETTA YAP

Hudson, Feature Inc., New York
July 2008