

MINUTE

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Nostalgia as memory's capacity to diminish reason to the point of accepting the shortcomings and truncation of anachronistic simulation...

1.

There is very little feeling on the bachelor body of the missing link. Thoughts are piled in a corner, picked at only occasionally -- looking for nothing. Senseless... I only read on the train, there's nothing else to do, so I read, I read on the underground.

Son suspiciously looks up from his reading, looking for nothing, looking out for other secret agents. Missing nothing. (bored out of his mind) I read out of boredom, read my way out of boredom; then I start writing, writing my way back into boredom.

The missing link is suspicious of his own bachelor body. It seems senseless, really. So, it can't be the truth. It depends what one wants, or one thinks one wants - what sort of being is privileged, how much nostalgia is involved...

...writing my way into boredom...

What kind of life can there be for the missing link? I mean, is it really worth it? There's no room; you'll have to get out of the way.

...writing my way into boredom...

I will not make suggestions; suggestions are always suspect - suspect to ignorance, suspect to indecision.

...writing my way into boredom...

Our lies to ourselves are sweet brown banana. Even laziness wears the cock of will. It's about dexterity. Gymnastics, blooming-upward. It comes down to taste, and if your tongue is very French and well trained you come with delight - reading your own lips, always giving the obvious.

...writing my way into boredom...

With the aid of poorly lit mirrors we are all better off. I know I am. I am certain I am better than I was before I found a dim mirror for myself.

...writing my way into boredom...

...I don't see it coming...

The missing link, a slug, is elevated in potential, from the sludge. Thinking, thinking, always thinking things.

...writing my way into boredom because I want it...

...and, it's good...

...more than posing, more than chance or choice...

(It's not my guilt but it is the guilt of work-beings)

The blooming-upward rapes, or reaps an abundant crop, the entire line of Braun and Krups appliances - passions for its home. Then it sits lethargic, as if possessed by virtue. Privilege is divvied out, here and there, to the greasiest palms. Meanwhile, the missing link corresponds with a flat earth.

...writing my way into boredom as if I had a choice...

...choice is debatable...

The missing link doubts, hates the blooming-upward, feeling-feeling so-to-speak. This makes the Son suspicious.

(tedious silence)

(more tedious silence)

(still more tedious silence)

You have to make up your mind, you have to know - the missing link must know. Simple being, with all its comedic pain is nostalgia, always. Looking ahead, there's much more humor, but only as potential - the fall of the undefeated body. Simple being is clumsy and aloof - the ideal machine for processing ones own boredom. The missing link sinks back into the sludge.

...writing my way into boredom...

...boredom felt at my forehead...

See-saw -- teeter-totter. The fulcrum, the difference, the hymen, the missing link is absent, missing. It's a new age brother.

...writing my way into boredom...

There's no faith in flight. It's troubling, really.

...writing my way into boredom, into contradiction...

...feeling-feeling...

It's troubling, really. To the missing link it's never about progress - the missing link is missing. A finished painting, a perfect frame. Time is dead - a trite rat painting, blooming-upward.

...writing my way into boredom...

The missing link wants to walk more upright. Stepping away from the sludge, the missing link considers gravity - the harmony of barks and bleats commingled with angel harps and bird wings. The counterpoint of justice. Time is dead, or deaf.

...writing my way into boredom...

Time is dead. Or, in a coma. It's troubling, really.

Son is suspicious. The missing link is missing. Time is dead. And, it knows it. Time is dead. Stop.

2.

Minute Daring is a brandy sipping seductress, an out of work "erotic artist". She's sipping brandy in a dive bar with the missing link. She's suspicious of the secret agent Son - "he's not the usual beatnik, he's a fascist." Minute is at his service, a self effacing minor s..

Minute Daring is not where she's supposed to be, but she needs the work so she's here - with the missing link. She won't be told her career is over, that she's no longer desirable. She does what she likes and she doesn't hurt anybody. She just wants something stable, a home to return to, to her passions.

Minute Daring is wet, she wants to hear tales of heroism, she must know that she's safe. At the point where paranoia is seductive, seducing the suspicious Son into his own capture, using her eyes against his bones... She will submit to all kinds of humiliation to quench her suspicions, she needs the work - a shrinking s..

Minute Daring was held hostage once and to this day is held hostage by her own obsession with the obsessions of others. She tells the missing link that her captors got her pregnant and she wanted to keep the child to torture because she didn't want it. She wanted to be a star but her captor wouldn't let her.

Minute Daring is fearless; maybe she's just stupid - free because her eyes are her sex. She is fearless but suspicious, suspicious of the ugly and ungracious, in her blood. Minute keeps a secret.

Minute Daring is a cat, "rather; - or a young, female panther." It's disgusting and intoxicating. Her sex is her eyes, making the Son a suspect - she is his captor. He's lost, brainwashed... Oblivious. She's shooting death rays from her eyes, inflating the suspicious Son, holding him in her arms and shaking him. At the end of his nerve, digging deep-deep holes toward his own missing link, the suspicious Son wears a gossipy cock of will.

Suspicious of the ordinary,
Of every lazy consumption,
Of comforts and the modern,
Walking backward,
Into the ordinary,
Suspiciously bound to it.

Now, there's justice on the body -
Her sensitive breasts,
Her careful hands,
And one can only imagine
her head filled with the most pornographic thoughts.

Minute Daring is comfortable with the Son's suspicions. They are both prone to these episodes of deep wanting.

X: Show us Minute.

(tedious silence)

X: I'll beg if you'll let me...

MINUTE: No, no, no. Not for you little man.

(an exchange of glares and tedious silence)

Minute Daring knows everything.

(TOTEM)

Waking, pulling one's self up.

ART

.art is a controversial veridical

.art is a direct line to cheese

.art is sensual perfunctionality

.art is always wrong

.art is(not)

**I FORGOT TO PAY THE ARTIST,
FEELING GUILTY NOW,
PROFOUNDLY GUILTY...**