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1. REGARDING THE ‘UNIVERSAL YOU’

Urban Dictionary is the only source on the Internet to define “Universal You,” and in doing so they insinuate an alarm degree of innocuousness:

The ‘you’ pertaining to everyone in general, usually paired with a suggestion. Such as “you should always dress better than the rest.”

HOWEVER

A quick search of my personal music library does a more adequate job of elucidating the term, rendering 387 song titles that include the pronoun you, including:

- Do You Realize?
- Fuck You
- I Want You
- I’m Sticking With You
- No One Does it Like You
- You
- You Are My Sunshine
- You Don’t Know What Love Is
- You Keep Me Hangin’ On
- You Oughta Know

In each of these separate cases (songs) the referred-to “you” is most likely an amalgamation of people, and most likely employs some degree of poetic license that renders a more general ‘you’ —an esoteric, ubiquitous love object. This is the universal you (U.Y.).

Example: ‘Summer of ‘69’, the 1984 rock song by Canadian musician Brian Adams.

Verse:
*Spent my evenings down at the drive-in
And that's when I met you
Standin' on your mama's porch
You told me that you'd wait forever
Oh and when you held my hand
I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life*

We can assume that the ‘you’ Adams refers to is a love interest the songwriter had in the summer of 1969, but it’s also possible, due in part to the highly tropic nature of the activity portrayed in the lyrics “you told me that you’d wait forever” (For what?) That the ‘you’ is more of an idea, an encapsulation of the cultural idea of ‘summer love.’

2. ILLUSTRATING U.Y.

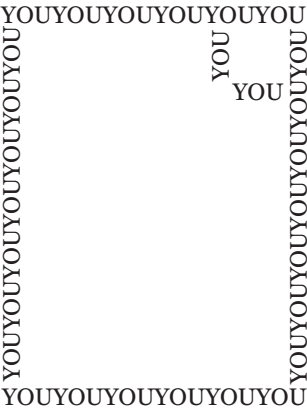


fig A: ‘Page’

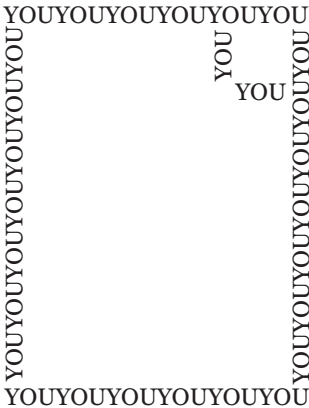


fig B: ‘Bed’

3. I ATTEMPT THE U.Y.

A. ‘Heat wave’
A polish girl in denim cutoffs riding on the handlebars of a man’s bike;
you wipe your face with my comforter and whisper about my freckles...

B. ‘Later, July 21’
Your fingerprints, though; all their quotidian urges

C. ‘Heat wave, revised, after reading a lot of Maggie Nelson’
Your clumsy shoelaces and hanging diphthongs, pretty mouth and steep staircase--- we fucked through the heat wave in mid July; and expansive blanket that turned the eastern seaboard thick. I worry(ied) a lot, without due cause.

I am writing this now, early, when I do not really know you, to remember what it was like: your fingertips, you running the water, you rubbing toothpaste on your teeth, weight falling, heavy and warm

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF SOMETHING HOKEY; OR
SOMETHING FOREGONE

‘Played it ’til my fingers bled’

I looked on and listened - staggered. Horrified too. The performance was really frightful.

“Why do you always talk about art?”

said Barbara.

again.

“Why do you always talk about art?”

again.

“Why do you always talk about art?”

How to document your Work.

“You bring these dead people into everything. What do I know about Canova or whatever it is?”

How to take a proper picture of a painting

They were none of them alive. She thought of that dark face, bright as a lamp with life. He at least wasn’t dead.

A robust studio practice - *how to document it*.

... rain and the wind would have blotted them out.

How to document your work

OR:

How to document your work

How to document my work

How to take a proper picture of a painting

How to take a decent shot of my painting(s)

How to make a photo of a painting

In a city of singular thought the man of multiplicity flounders as class bubbles up from the sidewalks and streets. Every bus stop is a negotiation; every detail becomes magnified to 1000 times its size. There are no more rules here because there can be no more realizations. The revolutions came and went. The calendars were thrown into the street and used as fire starters or left to rot. Violence is inherent; rocks are hurled with the ease of a glance and each of these is a judgment. Deflection is integral to survival and survival tactics must be re-imagined regularly. This is where camouflage is important. With great care a fashion of starts and stops must be invented. Sudden turns and drops, rights overlaid by wrongs, the uncanny and the superficial, nothing should be overlooked: ignore everything. These tactics can be applied to other survival mediums as well, social media, sonic interventions, day-to-day interactions. However be warned: this is an approach not a style. To confuse the two is to enter the ranks of the walking dead.

The city of wealth is a city of silence. Everything is seen from above. Like a child's play rug, shapes, colors, and interactions are flattened to two dimensions and soft to the touch. We could lie here in the grass. It's not our grass but we're not ourselves. This is the front lawn of a modern apartment complex. Inside are the dead, encapsulated in cold white cubes, living the art of everyday life. Inside are lifestyles. Lets stay outside and lie here in the grass. It's warmer being dead in the sun.

The shadows are permanently long here, the sun only artificially moves across the sky. We know better than that. Time is no longer as linear as it once was. Now there is only one kind of time: capital.

Here we don't use objects, we climb inside them.

In this city to discard something is the highest form of worship. It has served its purpose, it has attained the highest form of nirvana: to have value. Now its value is gone as all things eventually leave us (or we leave them). The burial ceremony is short but beautiful, as the object is placed in a container to take it to its final resting place. There are also grave robbers here. They walk among us, existing in our world but living in another. Like the translucent papers overlaid on an overhead projector or the layers of a Photoshop file these two worlds exist simultaneously invisible to one another but startlingly apparent to the outside observer.

These grave robbers, like us, have a uniform. They too are consumers - they are post-shoppers. Unlike our economy theirs is based on raw materials, ideas are more malleable there, on the other side of the mirror.

In this city of facades nothing extends beyond what you can see. These are only flat stage sets built for you. Beyond them is nothing. But don't worry, you can walk around as much as you like, around every corner is another stage set. This city of facades is also a city of actors and actresses, set dressers and stage managers, directors and prop makers. You can and will be any and all of these roles, individually and simultaneously at any point in time. At times you will choose a role that you enjoy and at other times a role will be given to you. No need to worry about being prepared, the play is happening as we speak and will begin in 5 minutes.

A world of props is a world of endless beginnings and no endings. Thoughts are things and things mean other things. Value can be turned inside out and used as a floatation device.

I know of an imaginary space we can live in. More likely though is that it will live in us. This room has a sense of self: it lends itself well to housing objects, rooms, tastes, and sounds... There are no

thoughts here; this room is impervious to ideas. Because of this we can do all kinds of things we can't do on the outside. Here if we wish we can taste sounds. We can wear space as clothing. Here time is an object and is as easily re-arrangeable as furniture in a room. Objects are feelings here and we can arrange tableaux of complex emotions. Here we don't act as much as are acted upon, re-arranged ourselves to change the landscape. There is no volume here, which makes for all types of interesting flips when it comes to the perception of depth. There are no doors or windows here. To exit we sleep.

Exchange is a form of compromise and compromise is one of the softer forms of death. Once the seed is there, the desire for comfort becomes an addiction. The world of the dead creeps in slowly, like a cold draft from under a door that slowly fills the room.

Cause and effect have collapsed on each other, which means all actions have immediate and simultaneous effects. Because of this there can be no re-actions, since all things are constantly destroying and rebuilding themselves. Needless to say driving is an incredibly complicated affair.

When we're alone we can expand. We can feel our bodies expand; our ideas are born and have space to expand and fill the room. Like all systems this expansion can only be sustained to a point. At the peak we begin to feel ourselves shrinking, returning to our usual size. Danger comes when we continue to be alone after returning to size. We feel ourselves slowing, our thoughts become thick. Try as we may we begin to worm inside of ourselves as we turn to a pillar of salt. Enter stage right.

I hear that here things have a meaning, over there is probably a different story. Is blue still blue over there? Is blue still blue if over there they call it red? Is a target a place, thing or idea? If I take aim, is it wrong? Is power skill? Is value power? Can power be subverted? Is subversion a form of power? Is it wrong to think things are wrong? Is a right a value or a direction? Can I be right and going left? Can I be left and going wrong? If there is no why is this a question?

Is the idea of a thing a thing itself?

All I know is that here I don't worry about the future because here it doesn't exist.

While the sun is out everything is flat. If you stand at just the right point there's nothing to see, it's all just vertical lines. As the sun goes down things regain their depth and shape. Slowly things expand until the sun disappears and everything bleeds into one. Now it's our job to cut it apart.

