

Distance

Monday, 2017/03/13

Most of which could not be recorded, however, the Antimaterialist Manifesto was posted by mail to the offices of the press, there, where it would be printed. That being done, it stood to reason that the afternoon was free. Free of the little things that can clutter the daylight hours and obscure the sights that stand to be seen.

There had been a bathroom, there. A four inch tile wall, bathtub, molded. I was spraying the showerhead on the grey mold, trying to clean it. I wanted to use this bathroom. But there was nothing more than a room, sheetrock, flat medium grey paint traced with outlines of bath fixtures. Without plumbing.

It's more than art. It's a line through a spell of breath and a coin of success. Were it not so, the art would be but that. A surface hung over the manifold of intent and purpose such that we feel the breath of ourselves and others as one in the same.

Exhausted story. Freak shits floor. Loathe to feed it peanut butter, anything it can digest and pass. Makes life intolerable. When will it learn to shit in toilet.

The rage of exhaustion. The rage of frustration. The waste.

I don't mind the force of it. Disturbing or even disturbed. I mind the loss of it. Time. But it's time lost to life, you see.

I'm not sure I understand. The picture is plain enough. But this state is too bare to envelop that state. I'm facing a certain waste, and an alterior benefit.

To see the benefit is not simple. It's an art of life in art, therefore it's necessarily subtle.

Art is subtle, it illuminates the limits of awareness. The actor with the freedom to bring art into life and life into art is a creature possessed of art, in a sense.

We many find expression valued. It is the same, on a larger canvas, with a larger palette.

The only faith I've ever found has been in high places, often known by an appearance of distance. In contrast, the individual. Faith, here, valuable.