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## Active Rhythm (-Indigo Letter-)

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ACTIVE RHYTHM (-Indigo Letter-)

This artist, if you can call him an artist, was squirting blue paint out of his  
anus  
onto a canvas on the floor. I'm glad my mother wasn't there to see it.  
It's what Messiaen calls active rhythm, as when one character  
punches another in the face.

(There was a long pause.)

"I have your order," Pieter said.

"Where would you like it?"

Went very still.

"Don't wear the earrings, leave them on the table."

Classical art is the last car of the train, the one that goes by silently. It's  
like the hundreds of  
silver crosses, too, that flash on the lake without touching it. As for you,  
you paint with appalling carelessness. The road in your painting, if you can  
call it a road, looks like chopped rotten wood. That does it, I use the word  
crapulent against you. Tear my heart out, why don't you.

I have reviewed eight canvases this size and concluded: "Rain is junk  
atmosphere. It makes one  
detest all one's acquaintance." Sometimes, amidst this decadent modern art, I  
tremble all over myself, a blind hairless dog at the base of a mountain of fleas  
decomposing in twelve angles of fall.

You look surprised, you who feel at home in your air-hanger studio,  
hearing each up-in-the-corner speaker howling the same meathead theory of  
art: *Lose modulation. Paint between things, not things.*

Be a dove. Paint Venus pupping in your laundry basket,  
*careless love.*