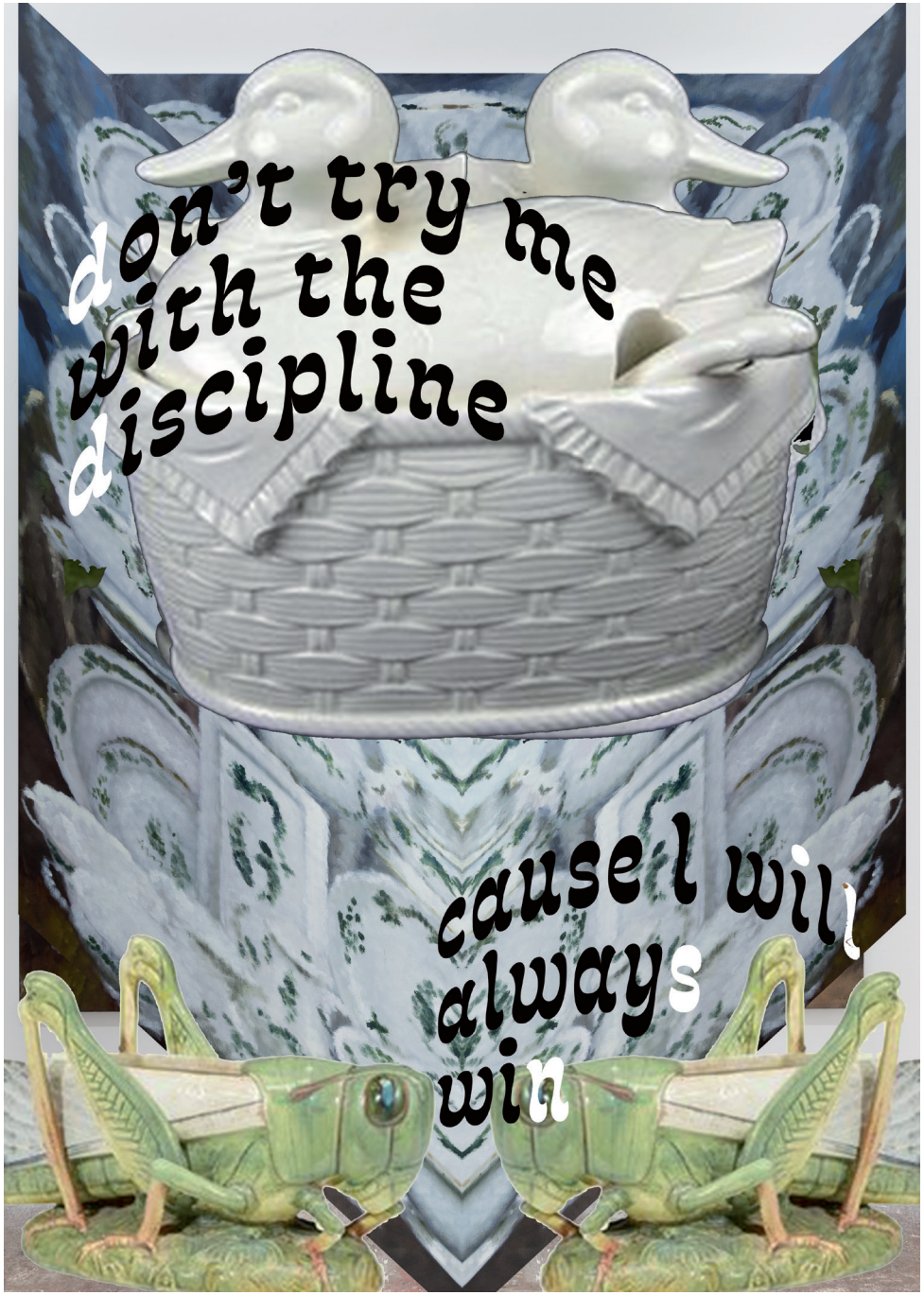
GO, DRI
DIY!



DRAMATIC BACKDROP

Why should the falls drag me down here this morning just to show me how small I am

What's so wonderful about that

Safe in modern housekeeping, I pretend I'm asleep and dreaming of your museum connections your indifference to progeny
and your delayed honeymoon and a sales split not unlike the doorstop between your birth and my birth

What it is is that efficiency rules your planets and I'm getting into tantric which, no, doesn't mean I'm promised to
any other god or consignment

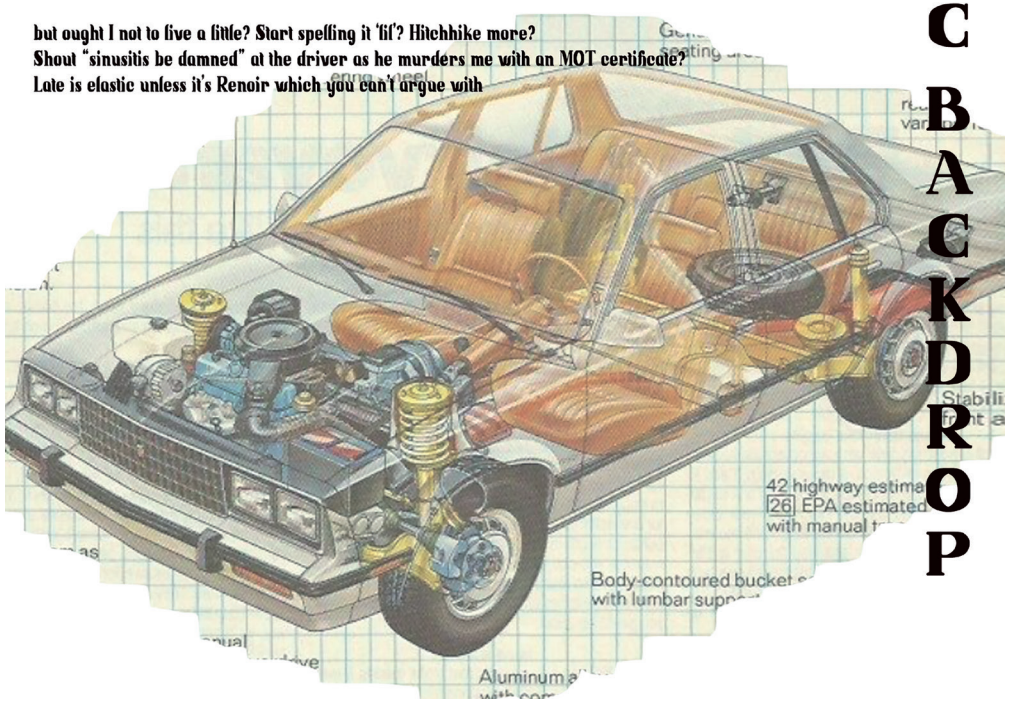
But what you think warrants the Heimlich manoeuvre, I will always think needs keyhole surgery
you want the psilocybin when I need to talk
you want spellcheck as I'm running for a dictionary
you want petroleum and I try to vouch for solar energy

Surely things should be the other way round

ie. me asking for bathing suits and you defrosting your knees in non-slip cabins
me squeezing ice for immediacy and you taking a golf cart

Instead you're jumping from the sauna saying "why don't you ever get a dress like that" as I'm bound
by imaginary curfews saying "listen (sic) for a dress like that you've gotta start laying plans when you're about 13"
as though it's too late which in some respects it is

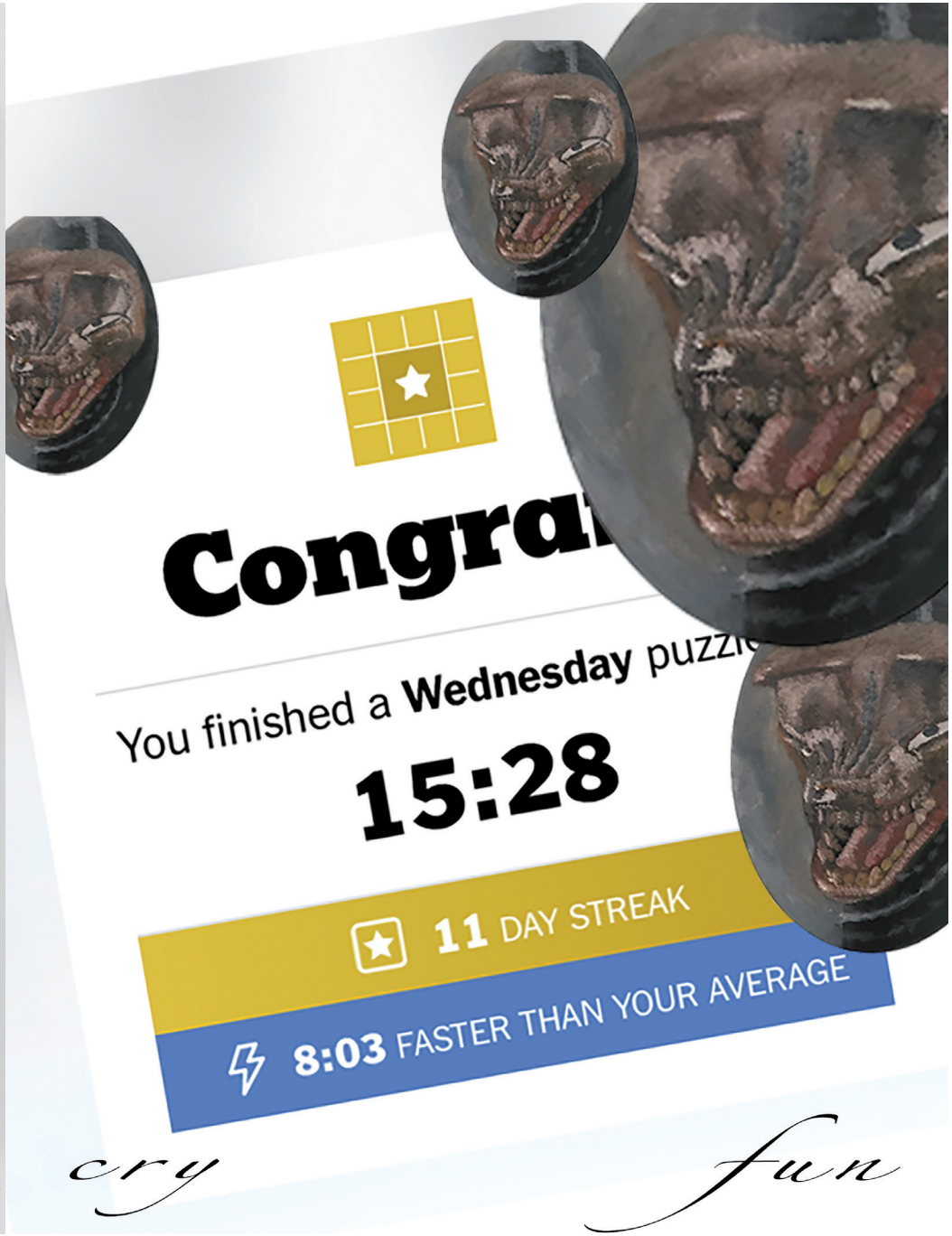
but ought I not to live a little? Start spelling it 'lil'? Hitchhike more?
Shout "sinusitis be damned" at the driver as he murders me with an MOT certificate?
Late is elastic unless it's Renoir which you can't argue with



Worst accessories
Thierry Mugler

ISSY WOOD

CARLOS/ISHIKAWA



2

Things I heard and read today

"I feel 90 but good"

"I met with maybe over 30 mayors"

"It is like carrying 2 men inside one man. I'm just one man"

"What if my wife throws caution to the wind?"

"Money poses a threat, scientists say"

Today is for stabs in the dark at something close to gratitude -

For the big stuff, namely my socioeconomic foothold, my working legs and arms and brain
my studio, my people (this sounds vaguely racial, it's not)

And for small gestures like the plumber who admitted to coughing on his way to my apartment
and had the guts to tell me so we could cancel the job
(shout out to Silver Saints for living up to their name)
and the fruit guy in Finchley who used a threatening but thoughtful grabber
for forcing vitamin C onto people

Also to those friends who've expressed condolences for
my, and I quote, "key dating demographic being wiped out by this whole thing"

because it IS hard - the men I want to touch are the ones I may well kill -
daddy issues didn't close up shop for the Passover locusts and they probably won't for this

I'm grateful for my corner of the art world taking
isolation seriously and I treasure in advance all of the deranged
YouTube channels and/or podcasts we are about to start

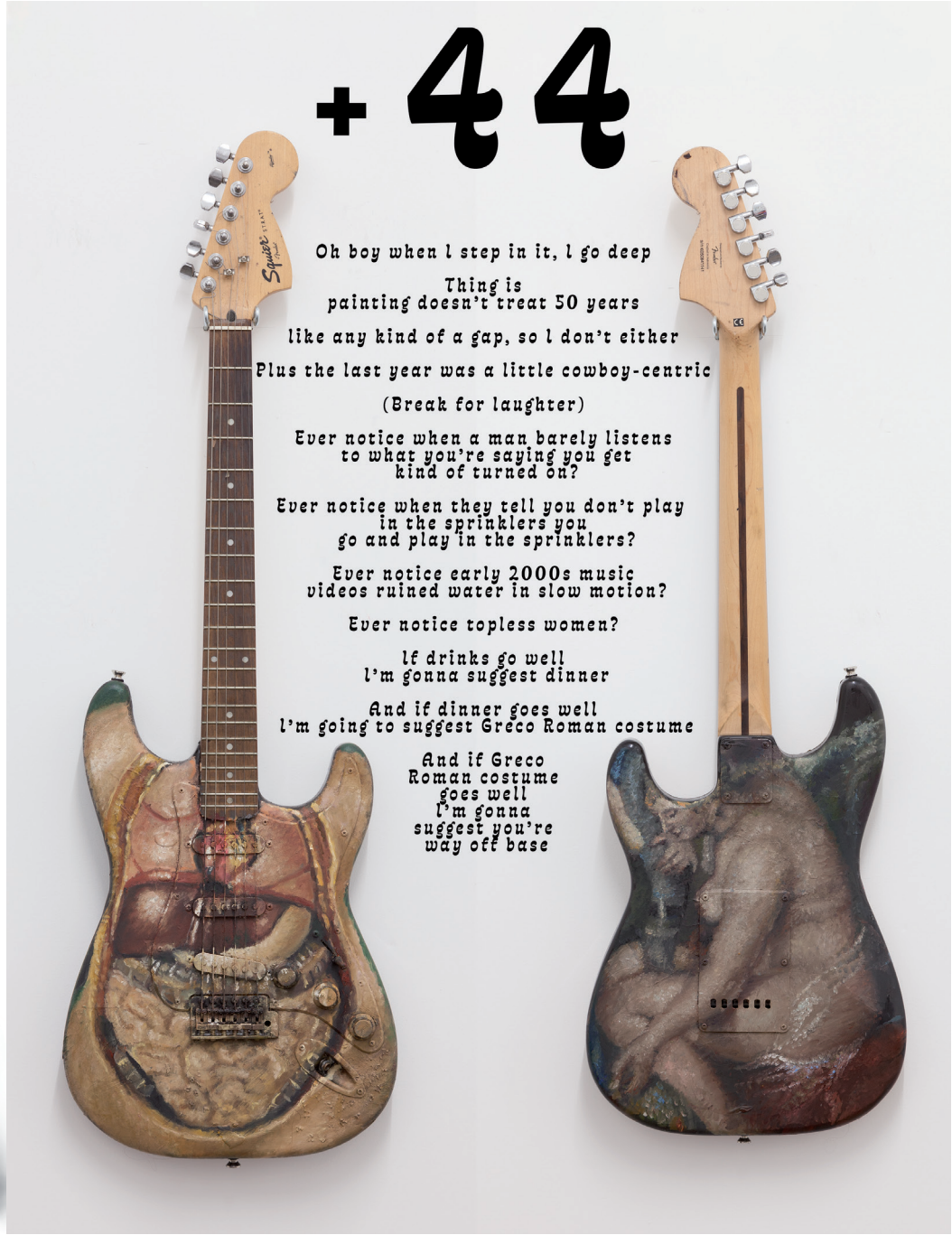
I read there are drunk British holidaymakers flouting
social distancing laws in Spain's party provinces, so I'm bracing myself for this
country learning the hard way to choose between national alcoholism and national health

I'm also interested to see, knowing Brits' quickness to mock
American hypochondria, how many stiff upper lips start to soften
in the chaos, how many buried English vulnerabilities are about to burst out
like that game where you think it's a can of nuts but it's weirdly full of snakes

Watching otherwise important articles and critiques and reviews
and albums and years-long projects being immediately dwarfed by the virus upon
release is so bizarre and so sad, but I'm grateful theyre coming out anyway-
we have never needed things to read more
(god forbid we have to face ourselves sooner than implemented by law) which
is doubtless why you've read this far

Counting the number of more-or-less-scuppered 2020 plans
vague / rigid, large / small, risky / banal, personal / professional
has had me mourning the shape of The Horizon a little

It's easy to rose-tint in advance how exciting and fulfilling things
like shows and interviews and birthday parties and dates and payments
and wine tastings and bridal conventions and haircuts would've been, start to feel
robbed of ego massages and loving gazes and that stage of inebriation
where you can dance but not fall before we've even had them, but as terrifying motivational
coach Tony Robbins says, humans are very quick to go from joy to entitlement

We've all got this void, to varying degrees: mine's shaky but far from life-or-livelihood-threatening
I am not faced with destitution or homelessness or screaming unschooled kids or
respiratory failure or a spouse I've known for some time I can't stand —
I just have myself, my digital accoutrements and the floating heads they contain
who are what we call "friends" now, my nicotine addiction, some poor attempts at dry food storage

it's not not scary
but it's not not not scary either