



tuna

Recombination 1

Guacamole turned brown
Guacamole turned brown
Guacamole turned brown
And I couldn't wait long enough
For it to turn black
There is a black hole in my fridge
Guacamole escaped into that black hole
And it never returned

Guacamole turned brown
For it to turn black
Guacamole turned brown
There is a black hole in my fridge
Guacamole turned brown
Guacamole escaped into that black hole
And I couldn't wait long enough
And it never returned

1. Memories of blue ink botanical wedding

Surrounded by motherly footless winds

The shadows of otherworldly pietas

Sausage Ragu by Julia Moskin

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MEET “THE WALTER WHITE” – THE KINGPIN OF MEAT BUNS by Lady and Pups

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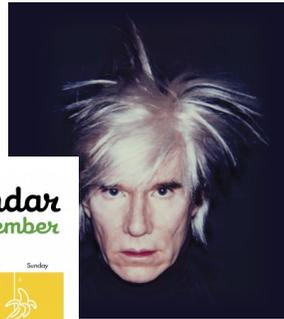
§ Autopilot: Trying as hard as you can not to think or consider what you are writing, write as much as you can as fast you can without any editing or concern for syntax, grammar, narrative, or logic. Try to keep this going for as long as possible: one hour, two hours, three hours: don't look back don't look up.

It is 12:38 p.m. and I'm going to continue this till 1:38 p.m. Maybe. Maybe not. I'll see how it goes. I've done this exercise before or I didn't know this was sort of an exercise. I was talking with my friend who was an artist one day. She told me it's nice to write down one's thoughts so the mind will be clear and one will have better understanding about what they are actually thinking. What am I actually thinking? I don't know. But, I'm always thinking. I'm a yogi and I was into meditation for a while, but you don't realized how hard to mediate until you start mediating. You don't realize your mind is always crowded with random thoughts of your own and usually it's repeated non-sense. My brain needs some productivity. This also reminds me of dance workshop I too with Jeanine During at Movement Research's winter MELT program. It was called non-stop talking, or non-stop writing or something like that. She actually does performance of non-stop talking or that kind of sort of things. It was really interesting. Experimental writing reminds me of my experience with contemporary dance. That non-sensical movement that makes some sense. I was not technically trained dancer, but I was good at contact improvisation. I also remembered taking skinner release technique which is sort of a dance technique that you start lying on the floor while listening to guided meditation type of taking and then you start moving with the music under subconscious or almost hypnotized state. Hypnotization! I actually never got one, but I like to get hypnotized once or twice with really good hypnotizer and see what's actually happening in my deeper subconsciousness. Deeper subconsciousness! I don't think I have read neither Freud or Jung enough to talk about this subject. However, everything is a penis envy according to the professor of feminism and modern art class that I've audited before. Or maybe I wasn't listening the class well and not reading Lacan properly. Whatever. No, I actually do want to read Freud and Jung carefully when I have time. I never have time. Everything is done on wikipedia. The fake internet source that everybody relies on. I've even donated to Wikipedia. \$3. One time. It's 12:50 p.m. and I'm getting skeptical that if I will continue writing this till 1:38 p.m. as I suggested in the beginning. I already want to give up. I'm giving up. Or not. No, I can actually continue writing, but it's just I'm getting hungry. Although I just have had lunch 30 min ago. My stomach is such a black hole sometime. Although the food doesn't disappear into anywhere. It comes out the next morning promptly. Well, that might be a little too much information. But, I am really getting hungry. What should I eat? No. I will keep finish writing this and I'll eat something after this. I'm a semi-vegetarian by the way. Like any other twenty something in 2015. It's such a bullshit. I like eating healthy and it makes me feel good, but giving up all the art of eating is very problematic. Food is culture and meat is culture. As an artist, one should be able to enjoy all sorts of food so it can enrich one's art to another state. But I am against mass production of meat products and hormones induced cows and all that evil things. That's why I don't like eating meat in America. Such a strange country. Well, I guess every country is strange in it's own way like any families. The world is full of weirdos. See, this is what happens when I keep writing stuffs. But, I'm also self-conscious what to put here and what not since this will be shown to certain readers. Sometimes, people read diary of deceased people or friend or relatives or partner and find out important secrets. My friend once told me that it's not "Please burn my diary when I die" anymore. It became "Please erase my hard drive when I die." I thought that was very true. What is hidden in my hard drive? I don't know. But I'm pretty organized person, so my hard drive and computers are pretty in good shape. Sometimes, you look over your friends's desk top and you can't even see the wall paper clearly since the desktop is filled with all sorts of different files. But I guess they know which file is where like messy people actually know what is where in their super messy room. The superior memories! It's 1:02 p.m. and I'm really getting hungry. It's been already hour since I had my last lunch. I can eat dinner right now. The world is so quiet. My studio is so quiet. There was a squirrel outside of my window yesterday. Squirrels are just rats in cute disguise. The world is not so fair. Cuteness is so overrated. I heard that cuteness of babies are their strongest defense mechanism from other predators. Because predators can't really attack or kill things that are too cute. I think this is just an urban myth. There are so many mythes out there and our belief systems are pretty fucked up. My friend run into pope yesterday when she was biking in suburb trying to escape from pope chaos in the city. Then her bike just broke. She has underestimated pope for sure. I personally like him and I also liked the speech he gave. I wonder what kind of conversation would they have if Pope and Donald Trump were in the same room. It's probably much more interesting than presidential debate of any sorts. Things got a little political and I have to back out. Well, what should I talk about? I don't have to talk about anything I just need write about anything.

Tulip
green jelly
cactus
sunflower seeds
spams
pigs
electrical cords
CUBA
Blue hair
Kombucha

I was supposed to brew Kombucha this weekend, but I couldn't find large enough container and I was dare to go center city because of pope chaos. The road was all closed and I saw many people walking across the bridge yesterday evening. It was like a real walking dead. That was really funny. It's 1:13 p.m. and I really want to give up. And go eat something. My brain is mainly controlled by my stomach. I often start a sentence and forget what I wanted to say. Finishing a sentence is pretty much mission impossible.

My brain and hands kinda look like each other. hour writing experiment. I'm now might be the time. right now. Hold on. I have to



escaped a little and I was trapped in the internet for a while but I came back. And I found out that these two people It's 1:18 p.m. and I have twenty minutes more to go! That means I have one third amount of time left from my one semi-vegetarian but I'm really hungry and I'm craving meat right now. I eat a burger once per half year or so and Should I go to shake shack or federal donut for fried chicken? It will be depending on the custard flavor they have ask internet. I'll be right back.



SHAKE SHACK
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They have mint chocolate fudge. I would have been sold if it was either banana pudding or pumpkin pie. Trader Joe's is having out of control pumpkin campaign right now. I bought pumpkin rooibos tea, pumpkin pan cake mix, pumpkin granolas... Anyways, what I am trying to say is it's so hard to avoid capitalism. I actually don't need that much pumpkin flavors in my life. Really. My hands are tired. I can't type anymore. I need to hire assistant to type things for me. I mean intern since I can't pay for that position. I really feel that unpaid interns are mainly just the abuse of the labour. Interns should form a union and demand their rights. It's 1:27 p.m. I'm almost there. Nearly there. Super close. Almost 10 more minutes! I watched Henry Darger's documentary the other day. It was okay. My friend asked me why he is so popular. I don't know. I guess his PR did great job after he died. I do like his work though. Vivian girls. They almost becoming populist icons. Or not. I have 8 more minutes to go. Maybe I should stop writing and start changing the colors of the words, making certain words capitals. But I think that is editing and that defeats the purpose of this exercise. I'm a little afraid that my grammar is out of control since this is non-stop writing and I can't re-read and fix it. Well, it's readers' problem if they can't understand. There is nothing to be worried about. All I need to think about is what I am going to eat after this. There is priority in our life and it is very important to make hierarchy of your to do list. Otherwise it's just a list that you never do. And most of the to do list in the world belong to the later one. I have to call my grandmother. That's what I actually have to do. It's very hard to call her since she goes to bed early and wake up late. I have to call her in the middle of the day when she is awake. 3 more minutes! Three is a very interesting number according to Duchamp. Three and triangles and all that spiritual sort of things you know. I haven't done yoga for a while and I think I really need to work on my Chakra so I won't get hungry all the time. ALL THE TIME!!

Performance Workshop at Christopher Knowles: In a word

1. Stand up straight
2. Breath in, breath out - repeat couple times
3. Start walking around in the space
Keep walking, do not stop
4. Walk faster, faster, and faster
5. Walk slower, slower, and slower
As if you are not moving
6. Look at each other while walking
Keep looking at each other
7. Look at art works while walking
8. Stop
9. Sit down
10. Lie down
11. Close your eyes
12. Relax your shoulder, relax your eyeballs, relax your brain
13. Remember what you saw
14. Forget what you saw
15. Remember what you did not see
16. Forget what you did not see
17. I just moved one of the art work
But you did not see what I did
18. I just moved the same art work back to its original place
But you can't remember what I did
19. Severe
High alert
Alert
Guarded
Low
20. The train came
21. I have to go!
22. I have to go to my grandparent's house
23. But I can't recall what it was like

Getting Things Done By David Allen

1. Only when there is nothing left
2. It's all connected
3. A creative, buoyant energy will be unleashed
4. Collecting things out of your psychic RAM
5. What is the purpose of the meetings
6. When in doubt, throw it out
7. Out of all my remaining options, what is the most important thing for me to do
8. Oh, that's right, I need to get butter next time I'm at the store
9. Runway: current actions
10. Have a great rest of your life!

§ Cento: Write a collage made up of full-lines of selected source poems. (Or see Kate Fagin's short form centos.)

beyond sight
I went looking for my soul
So be a girly man
in the air
War is surrealism without art
Not for a million trips to Mars
to this
for at least,
to every time it looked like occurring,
Turn Pinocchio into ox or gore
of the Voyager

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