



Oil Paint Stained Mesh Shorts

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## Oil Paint Stained Mesh Shorts

945:1111 .851

—(01) .921

In late Two Thousand  
Eighteen  
I was smoking an  
ice hookah at Pasha  
wearing  
oil paint  
stained black  
basketball shorts  
with dress socks  
and creme brulee Sperry's  
and felt surprisingly  
fine about it,  
which strikes me  
like an acceptable  
enough intro  
to this mode.

—(02) .789

In a sense, I felt  
in the moment that  
all that remained was opinion,  
this notion that the internet  
itself was basically  
our last standing forest,  
a natural architecture entirely  
dedicated to the morass  
of people's little perspectives

on things, the informal  
personal essay  
basically as the fulcrum  
of the internet itself,  
but the essay as part and parcel  
of a large amalgamation  
of one expansive  
Nonsensical Opinion,  
and this  
is essentially  
our final remaining  
foray into nature  
and spontaneous architecture—  
whereas Robert Frost  
wrote about fucking trees  
and sticks and stones  
and shit, but  
now?—that's all over.

—(03) .858  
Even modern art,  
I thought,  
these horrendous Matisse  
reprints you now see in Millennial  
doctors' offices, what did they evince  
but a particular degradation  
of form, which then  
expressed itself in unmeasured  
and anecdotal poetry, which  
subsequently served as a  
rosetta stone of the

internet's personal essay,  
which amalgamated into the  
amorphous  
Nonsensical Opinion—  
was it possibly the case  
the demolition  
of all art basically  
took place  
in a free verse poem  
about people's capricious feelings,  
that this falsified subjectivity  
that had been violently promoted  
by CIA funded MFA programs  
as so-called art for decades  
was now finally realized  
as a collectivist project  
that was ipso facto the internet,  
as an Amalgamated Nonsensical  
Opinion, which is now our  
last remaining National Park?

—(04) .769  
Art is functionally nothing  
if not just another  
consumer product  
in a capitalist machine  
that at bottom  
prioritizes portable butt wipes—  
yes, the median  
American citizen  
is primarily concerned

with wiping their balloon knots  
with only toilet paper  
when away from home.

—(05) .841

Take an artist  
like Tao Lin,  
are we to truly believe  
his novels,  
which are perfectly  
indicative of  
acceptable contemporary  
literary art,  
was it ever truly tenable to  
consider Tao's  
specific novels  
as explicitly  
apolitical  
(as they often are  
categorized)—  
regardless  
of Lin's  
more recent  
tweets about  
vaccines,  
was his art itself  
ever really divorced from  
political opinion?

—(06) .847  
Well, of course  
not, not even close!—  
because  
Tao's novels are  
absolutely apex  
assets to the  
private equity industry—  
when Taipei  
was released  
K Street lobbyists  
were absolutely ecstatic  
that so-called alt lit  
had now finally  
reached the mainstream,  
that this brand of  
ruthlessly tracking  
your subjective  
fleeting thoughts  
but while  
taking illicit prescription  
drugs, which was  
of course nothing  
more than the imaginative  
art of memory itself, as  
it'd be impossible to recall  
pure thoughts  
in that manner,  
when you were three sheets  
to the wind,  
that the notion

ostensibly  
literary millennials  
had completely eschewed  
any analysis of the system  
that fed them infinite xanax,  
in favor of Larry David  
adjacent  
minutia calculus  
was nothing but a  
fucking monumental  
victory for the financial  
engineers and derivative  
salespeople  
of this country!

—(07) .905  
It's possible it  
was, in fact,  
when I sat at Pasha  
smoking an ice shisha  
in paint stained  
black basketball shorts  
and Sperry's that  
I considered:  
Tao Lin  
penned a long form  
piece of so-called  
autofiction  
where he questioned  
the frequency  
his ostensible ex-wife's

showering sessions,  
essentially,  
leaving the question  
of her hygiene  
in a *diabolical public  
literary purgatory*,  
and that, far from  
being an apolitical act,  
actually  
allowed the private equity  
industry to fundamentally  
seize control of the market  
for single family homes,  
to the extent  
every major city in this  
country is now dominated  
by quote-unquote  
"developers" who scoop up  
affordable housing  
with outrageous cash bids  
from middle class  
suckers who are then  
forced to re-enter  
a bubbly market to  
hopelessly bid  
on said property "flips"  
or even worse  
"lease new rental units."

## Diagrams

In l[a]te [T]wo Thousand  
[Ei]gh[t][ee]n  
I was [s]mo[k]ing an  
i[c]le hoo[k][a]h at [P][a]sh[a]  
wear[ing]  
oil [p][ai]nt  
[s]t[ai]ned [b]l[a]ck  
[b][a][s][k]et[b]all shorts  
with d[r][e]ss [s]ocks  
and c[r][e]me [b][r]oulet [S][p]e[r]r'y's  
and [f]elt [s]ur[p][r][i]ngly  
[f][i]ne a[b]out it,  
which [s]t[r][i][k]es me  
l[i][k]e an a[cc][e]p[t]a[b]le  
[e]nough int[r][o]  
to this m[od]e.  
58:63 .921

In a s[e]nse, I f[e]lt  
in the [m][o][m]ent th[a]t  
all th[a]t re[m][ai]ned was op[i]n[i]on,  
[th]is [n][o]tion [th]at [th]e [i]nter[n]et  
[i]t[s]el[f] was b[a]si[c]a[l]ly  
our [l][a]st [s]t[an]d[ing] [f]orest,  
a n[at]ural ar[c]hi[t]e[c]ture [e]n[t]ire[l]y  
[d]e[d]i[c]ated to the mor[a]l[s]  
of [p]eo[p]le's [l]ittle [p]er[s]p[ec]tives  
on [th]ings, [th]e in[f]ormal  
[p]er[s]onal e[ss]ay  
[b][a][s]i[c]ally as the [f][u][c]r[u]m  
[o]f the [i]nternet [i]t[s]elf,

[b]ut the e[ss][ay] as [p][ar]t and [p][ar]cel  
 of [a] l[ar]ge [a][m]alg[a][m]ation  
 [o]f [o]ne ex[p][a]ns[i]ve  
 Non[s][e]n[s]ical O[p]i[n]i[on],  
 [a]nd th[i]s  
 [i]s e[ss][e]ntially  
 our [f]inal [r]em[ai]n[ing]  
 [f]o[r][ay] into [n][a]ture  
 and [s]pon[t]a[n]eous ar[ch]i[t]e[c]ture,  
 whereas [R]o[b]ert [F]r[ost]  
 w[r]ote a[b]out [f]u[ck]ing t[r]ees  
 [a]nd [s][t]icks [a]nd [s][t]o[n]es  
 [a]nd shit, [b]ut  
 now?—that's all [o]ver.  
 135:171 .789

Even [m][o][d]ern [a]rt,  
 I [th][ou]ght,  
 [th][e]se ho[rr]en[d]o[us] [M]at[i]sse  
 [r][e]p[r]e[s]e[n]ts you [n]ow [s][ee] [i]n [M]ille[n]ial  
 [d][o]c[t]ors' [o][f]f[i]c[es], what [d][i]d they ev[i]n[c]e  
 but a [p]arti[c]ular [d]e[gr]a[d]ation  
 of [f]orm, which th[e]n  
 [e]x[p]r[ess]ed it[s]e[lf] in un[m]easur[ed]  
 [a]nd [a]n[e]cd[otal] [p]o[et]r[y], which  
 [s]ub[s]e[qu]e[n]tly [s]erved as a  
 ros[e]tta [s][t]one of the  
 in[t]er[n]et's p[er]s[on]al e[ss]ay,  
 which [a][m]alg[a][m]a[te]d into the  
 [a]m[or]phous  
 Non[s]e[n]s[i]c[al] O[p]i[n]i[on]—  
 was it [p]o[ss]ibly the [c][a]s[e]  
 the demol[i]t[i]on  
 of [a]ll [a]rt b[a][s]i[c]a[l]ly  
 took [p]l[a]c[e]

in a [f][r][ee] verse [p]oem  
 [a]bout [p][eo][p]le's cl[al][p]ri[c]ious [f][ee][l]ings,  
 [th]at [th]is [f]al[s]i[f]ied [s]ubject[i]v[i]ty  
 th[at] h[a]d [b]een [v][i]o[l]ent[ly] [p][r][o]moted  
 [b][y] [C][I][A] [f]un[d]ed M[F][A] [p][r][o]g[r]ams  
 as [s]o-[c]alled art [f]or [d]e[c]ades  
 was now [f][i]na[l]ly rea[l]i[z]ed  
 as a [c]o[l]l[e]c[t]i[v]ist [p]ro[j]ect  
 that was i[p]s[o] fact[o] the in[t]ern[e]t,  
 [a]s [a]n [A][m][a]lg[a][m]a[te]d [N]on[s]en[s]ical  
 O[p]i[n]ion, wh[i]ch [i]s [n]ow our  
 l[ast] re[m][ai]ning [N][a]tional [P]ark?  
 193:225 .858

Art is [f][u]nctio[n]ally [n][o]thing  
 [i]f [n]ot j[us]t [a]n[other]  
 [c]onsu[m]er [p]r[od]uct  
 in a [c]a[p]italist [m]ach[i]ne  
 th[at] [a]t [b]o[t]tom  
 [p][r]io[r]itizes [p]orta[b]le [b]utt wipes—  
 [th]at [th]e [m][e]d[i]an  
 A[m]eri[c]an [c][i]t[i]z[e]n  
 is [p][r]i[m]a[r]i[l]y [c]oncerned  
 [w]ith [w]i[p]ing their ba[l]loon knots  
 with [o]n[ly] t[er]m[in]at[er]  
 [w]hen a[w][ay] from h[ome].  
 60:78 .769

[T]ake an [ar]tist  
 [l]ike [T]ao [L]in,  
 [ar]e we [t][o] [t]r[u]ll[y] be[l]i[e]ve  
 his novels,  
 which are [p]erf[e]ct[ly]  
 [i]nd[i]c[at]i[ve] of  
 a[cc][e]l[er]at[i]ng [c]ont[em]p[or]a[r]y

[l]ite[r]a[r]y art,  
 was it [e]ver [t]ru[ly] [t][e][n]a[b]le [t]o  
 [c]on[s]i[de]r [T]ao's  
 [s][p][e][c][i]f[i]c [n]ovels  
 as [e]x[p]l[i][c]i[t]ly  
 a[p]o[l]i[t]i[c]al  
 (as they [o]ften [a]re  
 [c]atego[r]ized),  
 [r]egard[le]ss  
 of [L]in's  
 more [r][e]c[en]t  
 tw[ee]ts about  
 [v]a[cc]i[n]es,  
 was his art it[s]elf  
 e[v]er [r][e]a[l]l[y] di[v]orced f[r]om  
 [p]o[l]i[t]i[c]al o[p]i[n]ion?  
 95:113 .841

Well, of [c]ourse  
 [n][o]t, [n][o]t e[v]en [c]lose!—  
 be[c]ause  
 [T]ao's [n][o]v[el]s are  
 [a]b[s]o[l]ute[ly] a[p]ex  
 [a][ss]ets to the  
 [p]r[iv]ate equ[i]t[y] [i]ndust[r]y—  
 [w]hen Tai[p]ei  
 [w]as [r]e[le]a[s]ed  
 [K] [s]t[r]ee[t] [l]obbyists  
 were [a]b[s]o[l]ute[ly] ec[s]t[ra]t[i]c  
 that [s]o-called alt [l]it  
 had [n]ow fi[n]a[n]c[e]  
 [r][e]ached the main[s]t[r]ea[m],  
 [th]at [th]is b[r]a[n]d of  
 [r]uth[le]ss[ly] t[r]a[ck]ing  
 your [s]u[b]jective

f[l][ee]ting thoughts  
b[ut] while  
ta[k]ing [i]ll[i]c[i]t [p][r]e[s]c[r][i]p[t]i[on]  
d[r][u]gs, [w]hich [w][a]s  
of [c]ourse [n]othing  
[m]ore [th][a]n [th]e i[m]a[g]i[n]ative  
art of [m]e[m]ory [i]t[s]elf, as  
it'd [b]e [i]m[p]o[ss]i[b]le to rec[a]ll  
[p]ure th[ou]ghts  
in th[a]t [m]a[n]ner,  
[w]hen you [w]ere thr[ee] sh[ee]ts  
to the [w]ind,  
[th]at [th]e [n]otion  
o[s]ten[s]ib[ly]  
[l]ite[r]a[r]y mi[ll]e[n]ials  
had [c]omp[li]e[te]l[y] es[c]hewed  
a[n]y a[n]a[ly]s[is] of the [s]y[s]tem  
that [f]ed them [i]n[f]i[n]ite x[a][n]a,x,  
in f[a]v[or] of [L]arry D[a]v[i]d  
adj[a]c[e]nt  
[m]i[n]utia [c]al[c]u[ll]u[s]  
was n[o]thing b[ut] a  
[f]u[ck]ing [m]o[n]u[m]ental  
[v]i[c]to[r]y for the [f]i[n]ancial  
engi[n]eers and de[r][i]v[ati]ve  
sales[p]eo[p]le  
of this [c]ount[r]y!  
194:229 .847

[I]t's [p]o[ss]i[b]le it  
[w]as in f[a]ct  
[w]hen I [s][a]t [a]t [P][a][sh][a]  
[s]mo[k]ing an ice [sh]i[sh][a]  
in [p][ai]nt [s]t[ai]ned  
[b]l[a]c[k] [b]l[a]s[k]et[b]all [sh]orts

and [S][p]erry's th[a]t  
 I con[s]idered  
 Tao [L]in  
 [p]enned a [l]ong [f]orm  
 [p]ie[c]e of [s]o-[c]alled  
 auto[f][i]ct[i]on  
 where he [q]u[e]st[i]oned  
 the fr[e][q]u[e]nc[y]  
 his o[s]t[e]n[s]ible [e]x-[w]ife's  
 [sh]o[w]ering [s][e]ss[i]ons,  
 [e]ss[en]t[i]a[l]l[y],  
 [l]ea[ving] the [q]u[e]stion  
 of [h]er [h]ygiene  
 in a d[i]a[b]o[l]i[c]al [p]u[b]l[i]c  
 [l]ite[r]a[r]y [p]urgato[r]y,  
 and th[a]t, [f]ar [f]rom  
 being an a[p]o[l]i[t]i[c]al [a]ct,  
 [a]c[tua]lly  
 a[l]lowed the [p]rivate [e]l[qu]it[y]  
 in[d]u[s]t[r]y to [f]un[d]a[m]e[n]ta[l]l[y]  
 [s]eize [c]ontrol of the [m]ar[k]et  
 for [s]ingle [f]amily homes,  
 to the [e]xt[en]t  
 [e]ve[r]y [m]a[j]or [c]i[t]y [i]n th[i]s  
 [c]ount[r]y [i]s [n]ow [d]o[m]i[n]a]ted  
 by [q]u[ote]-un[q]u[ote]  
 "[d]evelo[p]ers" wh[o] s[c][oo]p u[p]  
 a[ff]or[d]a[b]le h[ou]sing  
 with [ou]t[r]ageous [c][a]sh [b]ids  
 [f]r[om] mi[dd]le [c]l[as]s  
 [s]u[c]kers who are then  
 [f]or[c]ed to [r]e-enter  
 [a] [b]u[bb]l[y] mar[k]et to  
 ho[p]e[less]l[y] [b]id  
 on [s]aid [p]r[o]p[er]ty "f[l]i[p]s"

or [e]ven worse

"[l][ea][s]e [n][ew] [r]ental [u][n]its."

210:233 .905