

It is quiet.
 The sun is hot.
 The subway passes underneath, making the ground respond.
 And again.
 And again.
 Step back.
 My shirtsleeves are folded to elbow height, my Reeboks are worn.
 Here and now we want nothing to be other than it is.
 To think I need to move.

Copy copy copy.
 Are you okay sir, do you need anything.
 No.
 In here it is a human sprawl, a theatre of all kinds. A classic situation rehearsed over centuries.
 A quadrel horizon obstructed.
 A Keira K licking away on her Coco Mademoiselle.
 A plastic bag reinterpreting what plastic bags do best. Gently lifted from the ground for then to fall again.
 On falling.
 A delicate gravity versus a north-western wind.
 Walking in the shade with my mind on the ground.
 Seven tall girls waiting for an audition.
 Base.
 Base.
 One of these days.
 Yellow.
 Yellow.
 Green.
 Red.
 This is part 4 where are we at.
 The pavements are getting wider, I sense an exclusive air.
 An older folk with cool sunglasses.
 Two A's leaning against a white container.
 A hole penetrating the beneath.
 I count my steps.
 I count my steps.
 Red.
 What is it about sneakers and their soles. The current trend is kind of perverted ruffle, or sole icing. Look at me, look at my shoes, look at the soles on which I rely.
 Dear pavement I am just trying to cheer you up.
 And here on the other side a certain monotony. A vertical monotony dealing in quiet ambition.
 It's beautiful.
 It's beautiful.
 Three men in white shirts open one door after the other, taking a seat, contemplating the beast.
 Be sexy.
 Write.
 I am exercising straight derive.
 Obeying to the inevitable.
 I am a silent member making my way north.
 And death.
 Is it allowed to laugh at death. Is it allowed to make use of that very human mechanism, laughter, in the face of death. When it finds its way in slowly maybe not, but what about when it arrives so sudden that its presence becomes one of brutal absurdity.
 Do.
 Do.
 Be.

Be.

And stop counting will you please. You haven't made much and you wont make much. You are not like them and you wont be like them. Even here in the land of prospect you are fucked. I am sorry to say it, but you are fucked. But you don't care, you have stopped caring, and good on you for keeping it real. I mean, no, I am not even entitled to an opinion. Hi, me too, I am younger then you, a plain observation. I am leaner then you. We share skin colour. 1 2 3, stop counting, stop counting you fucking idiot, get on with it.

I am making my way north staying in the shade.

You are not old, but lived.

Such rigidness.

Have you got restrooms.

No I am so sorry.

Richard Prince

Wayward Nurse (Crashed), 2006 – 2010

Estimate \$ 4.000.000 – 6.000.000

Would you like a drink sir.

Coffee, tea, soda.

Just water please.

Flat or sparkling.

Sparkling.

Christopher Wool

Untitled (P522), 2005

Estimate \$ 800.000 – 1,200.000

I never had a penny to my name, so I changed my name. Again, I never had a penny.

Mark Rothko

Untitled (red and orange on salmon), 1969

Estimate \$ 3.000.000 – 4.000.000

Green.

Green.

Red.

Green.

Red.

Green.

Staying in the shade pretending to care.

Be clever.

Write.

White tulips.

Red tulips.

Yellow tulips.

Rose tulips.

A monotonous straightness.

And then down and dark and cheerful.

Base.

Base.

The kind of place where trains ride high and women sing out loud.

Of course I am romantic, how can I not be.

Shut up stupid.

Up here the world gets another kind of attention.

5

On belief.

118

454

496

122

I feel numb.

Perverted ruffle.

Flat smart.

Flat func.

High not shy.

Or maybe high shy trying something new.

Moderate perverted ruffle.

Flat open.

Half high retro.

Flat func.

Flat smart.

Finished my coffee.

Dumping my cup.

On circulation.

On navigation.

On Broadway.

On bourgeoisie.

On opinion.

The intensity of movement is immense.

On men with no breasts, but fabulous bras.

I follow him.

On women with a very certain confidence.

On falling.

Down, obviously, learning height.

On landing.

Hard.

Perverted ruffle.

I am looking up, it is.

From here just a collective hum.

And the prospect of infinity.

And what a ruin it is going to be, celebrated and explored to an unheard of extent. But all knowledge must go, all collective knowledge must vanish, for this place to be of interest.

Excuse me, watch your back.

Perverted ruffle.

Sexy integration.

I don't want to say revolution, but rather, revolution, as a thing.

Unnecessary noise.

Moving again.

It was really suitable for the post-war.

And a view of the west.

The hunter girls are chilling in the shade.

On straightness.

On ways of doing.

On Crosstown.

And an early moon.

A sense of relief settles in my mind, again I am a dilettante.

Again I am a dilettante.

I am faced with a rock.

And presidents of the United States of America.

More whites here then normal.

You wanna know what I want.

Perverted ruffle.

I am not quite there yet.

This is the furthest south I have been.
A beginning with two names.

It is 3.27pm, I am at the Tribeca Grand.

And what do you write when you have nothing to say. When purple cups and cigarette butts make up your material. When the spectacle that draws all the attention is a cage being elevated to the 22nd floor. When it falling down, killing a few, would for sure make the headlines. When people speak in languages you know all too well. When she is a thing of beauty and the rest a bore.

What do you write when your head is suffering from self-inflicted pain. When you feel alienated by familiar faces and strange manners. When you have gone off track and lost sight. When the world has some catching up to do and no one seems to care. When you want to write in a language so simple that the signs don't add up. When you are back on track realising those horizons are in fact only a consequence of height. When you want to look look and stay quiet. When you know that you know that the qualities you appreciate don't make it here. When standing around sleeping is the only option.

What do you write when base is your favourite word.

What do you write when base is your favourite word. When looking down appreciating shoelaces over faces. When the graphic impulse is blown out of proportions. When straightness seems the rule.

What do you write when technique is superior. When stupidity shines. When glossy pants is doing rounds.

What do you write when a simple painting makes sense. When men are making their way north. When you are fully covered but short a quarter.

What do you write when your coffee is strong and smelling fine. When girls are chatting sharing lunch. When apples are wrapped in ways that saturate their beauty. When people on their phones seem to be speaking just to themselves. When idealism is banned and no one knows where to go.

What do you write when the tension in your head is moving on. When awareness shifts and you suddenly start to care. When sanity prevails and things slow down. When all the brave faces of this street stop doubting their project. When women are wearing hats that support my beliefs and men are trying to shift old literature.

What do you write when word upon word looks a waste. When it manifests a presence but ordering is hard. When bread is sliced. When beauty looks your way while waiting for her salad getting dressed. When you pick up a wifi but the page refuses to load.

What do you write when a leather jacket suits someone and makes that one look hot. When pigeons indulge in the muggy shit that makes up the profound. When a symmetry of taps makes a lot of sense. When epic is the buzzword and texting it to 78247 might make a difference. When several greys come together and turn a surface into an experience.

What do you write when queues are made up entirely of people who don't belong. When architecture shows its true face and exercises terror and triumph concurrently. When the cold arrives and you pull up your hood finding comfort in its informality.

What do you write when men are puking into plastic bags. When blue turns red turns green turns yellow.

What do you write when topless men mingle with horses. When faced with a spring green forest. When you have come to the end and are meant to leave. When monotony is the favoured means and simplicity your hideout.