

THE CONVOLUTED VISIONS OF ANCIENT CONSTRUCTIVISTS COLLAPSE IN THE
CORROSIVE SUNLIGHT OF POSTMODERNISM. ALAS!...CAN ANY LATTER-DAY
CASSANDRAS FORECAST THE END OF ART IMMERSSED IN SEAWEED AND SOY?
OR CAN A SPECTATOR SUCH AS YOURSELF LEARN TO SEE THE WORLD WITH
FRESH EYES THROUGH THIS CLOUD OF UNKNOWING SPECKLED WITH THE
DUST OF DEPLETED URANIUM AND OLD
HAIRSPRAY? TRULY I SAY UNTO

THEE: IT'S HARDER FOR A
C.E.O. TO ENTER THE KINGDOM
OF HEAVEN THAN FOR A RED
BRONTOSAURUS TO PASS
THROUGH THE ARSEHOLE
OF A CONSTIPATED FLEA.
WE ARE WITNESSING THE
VERITABLE DISSOLUTION
OF FINESSE WHILE THOSE
WHO ONCE CALLED OUT
TO ART CRITICS TO PICK UP
AFTER THEMSELVES NOW BEG FOR A
CHANCE TO PROVE THAT THEY CAN
ALSO PONTIFICATE ABOUT CRASS,
DERIVATIVE DECORATIVE VASES ON
FAUX MATISSE-LIKE CANVASES AND
QUAINT TABLEAUX OF CAVORTING
HAMADRYADS AND CHUBBY TOYS
WALLOWING IN ETHEREAL POOLS OF
CHLORINATED WATER NO SON OF A
GOD COULD EVER TURN TO WINE.

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