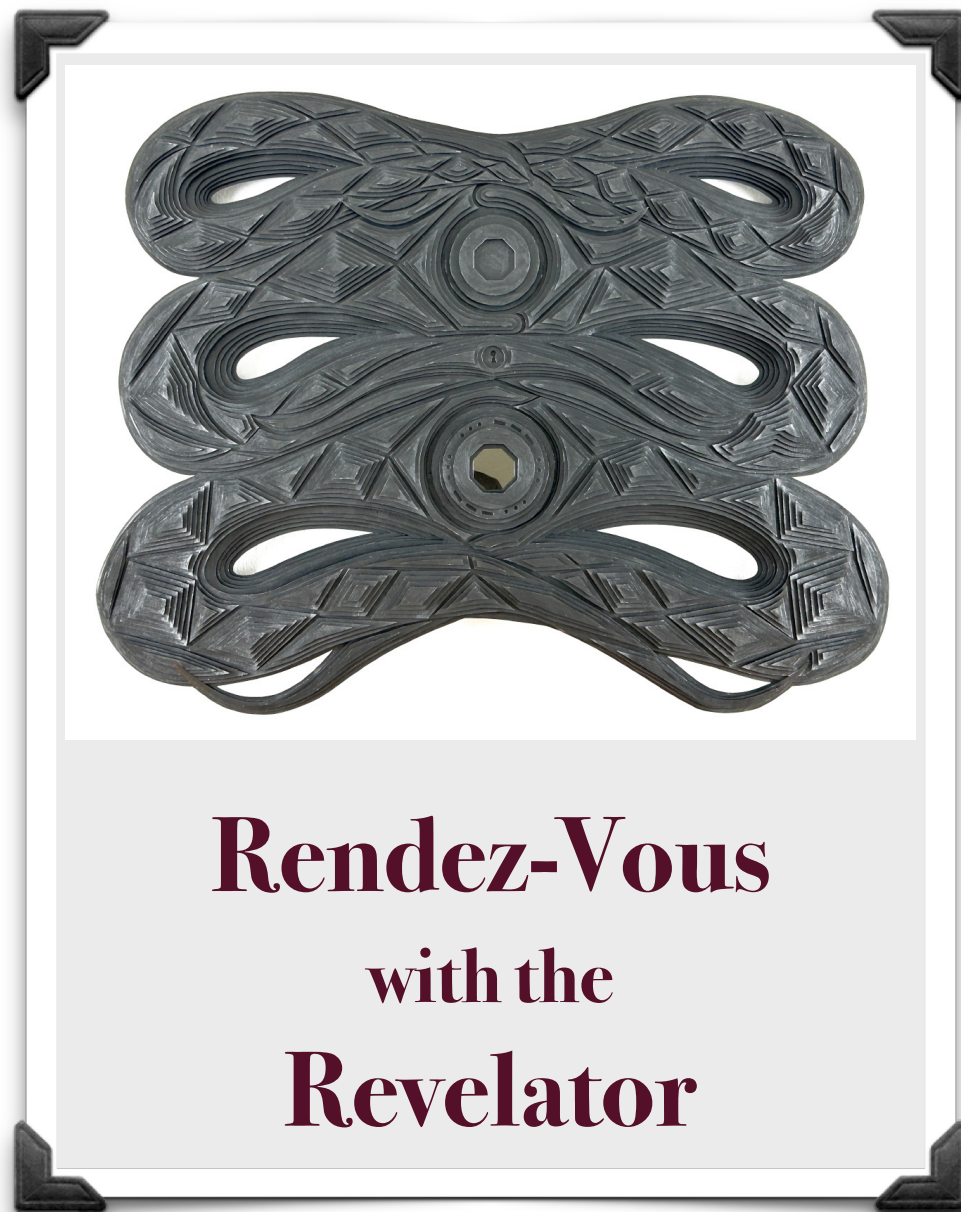


Working my way along a process that can only ever be partial, I don't have great odds of materializing in my entirety, but then you know what that's like. Thing is, don't worry about any of us – despite my father's predictions, I surely did right in dedicating myself to avocado theory.



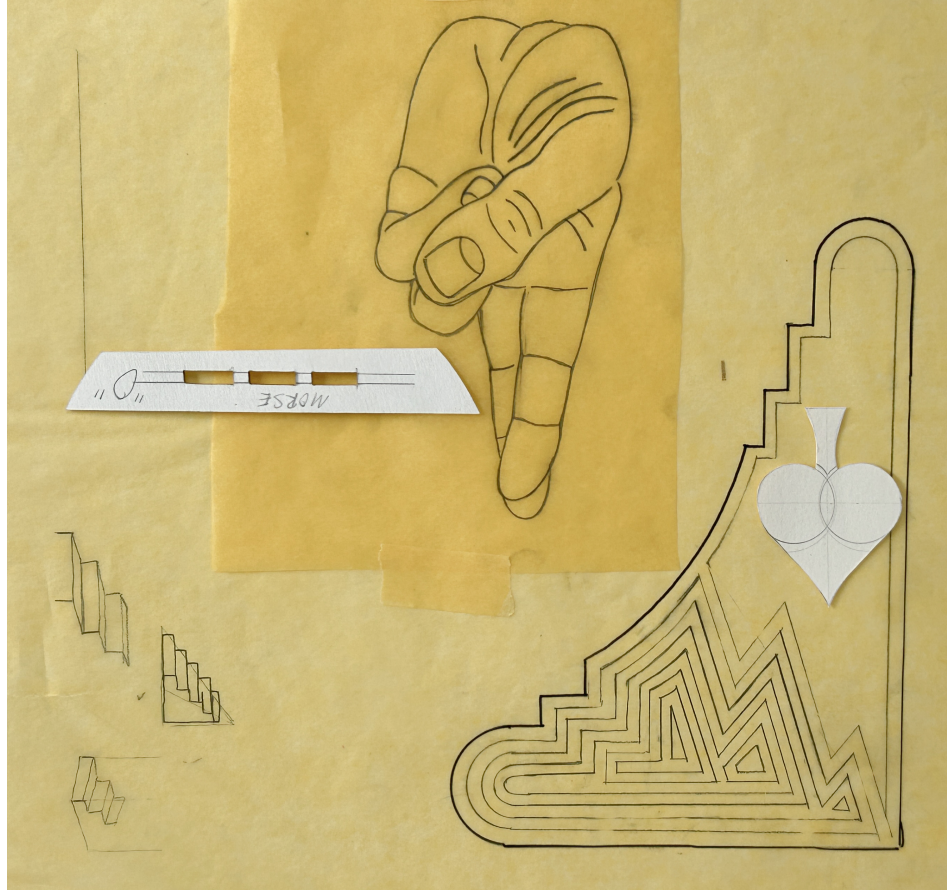
The **ripe** avocado can slip through the keyhole as abstraction – mother, desire, penis, snake, truth. Whichever you in your innocence need, in that fashion I escape, with a wet squeak, bumpy reddish lozenges and, alone at last, the whirr of your machinery.



Rendez-Vous with the Revelator

In which a barber (& amateur herpetologist), who departed this plane in 189–, transmits messages on the frequency of artifacts made by Michael Aaron Lee, impersonating an art critic and instructing us in heretofore unrecorded ideas about the avocado & c.

Michael Aaron Lee's work evokes the age of the traveling huckster, when the blood stains in the parlor went unremarked and mass somnambulism was achieved with hats, corsets, varnish, and a whimpering lamplight that promoted congress with ghosts. A sped-up time-lapse film of Lee's process would render idiosyncratic rhythms that oppose the factory mesmerism a person might expect of the sawtooth, gearlike layers in the finished pieces, layers that might otherwise seem to grow crystal-like out of the grid on which the works are planned. But at the same time, the not dreamed of in your philosophy Horatio reality that illusion represents is actualized in Lee's works. Sure, the stepwise motion cuts against illusion, grit in the emollient of avocado theory, which would *lumpens* the social atoms, i.e., you and you. Here it's worth involving Zaha Hadid, who, *mutatis mutandis*, encodes orthography's threat to the comprehension of boundaries in her ossographic architecture, which can be called *concrete or literalist* for conducting us in crossing thought borders just as Lee's artifacts — sketch; collage; x-acto scraps; shimmied, glued, graphite-rich constructions that gleam soberly — enact the transmigration of souls. Yes, Lee is that rare thing, an honest medium. Is he wary? He has nothing to fear from me, but the others don't play.



I am a learned and toothless ex-barber of the post-blood-letting, pre-antibiotics school, a lubricator of dirty gears through commerce in wise tinctures and private card games. A *soi-disant* so to speak **avocado**, guac-ripe with the wisdom that can only come of storing at center a considerable pit. Picture me in the unpaved street of my Wisconsin town. Something like a candy apple, something like Baudelaire in his smock and Boho bowtie. That's not me! I am approaching you but haven't arrived yet. You're getting the flavor — penny-sewn into the hem of raffeta skirt.

