

With Pleasure

Q: When a child goes missing, by definition no one has seen that child.

A: Generally someone has, just the last person you would have liked to.

Q: I'm sensitive about worldly affairs such as kidnapping.

A: Is that right?

Q: Absolutely. I was kidnapped once.

A: What do you mean?

Q: (shrugs)

A: You were kidnapped as a kid?

Q: It was a long time ago. I don't really remember it.

A: That's incredible. Devastating.

Q: I'd like to thank you for your time.

A: Is it already over?

Q: Oh, no, I just thought I'd thank you before things get too serious.

A: That's backward from what I'm used to. It may be worth noting that all of my relationships have ended with the other person thanking me lavishly.

Q: Thanking.

A: Holding both or one of my hands with both of her hands and thanking. Yes.

Q: Are all of your relationships with women?

A: Invariably.

Q: Perhaps you should consider branching out.

A: I'm not afraid of that. I'm just not interested.

Q: You'd rather be a woman.

A: Not in the least. My adoration of women is much different from my adoration of artists.

Q: You presume the comparison.

A: Of course. The difference is that I want to be the artist, but I don't want to be the woman.

Q: You want to admire the woman from the outside.

A: In a manner of speaking. Though that sounds superficial.

Q: You're afraid of that.

A: I'm afraid of being called fearful, as you keep doing.

Q: I'm asking, not calling.

A: I'm a little jumpy, sorry about that. This room is full of animal heads. It's unnerving.

Q: Well.

A: I'm ready for the next question.

Q: I've already asked all my questions.

A: I don't even remember you asking any questions.

Q: There weren't many.

A: Any?

Q: No, many.

A: I heard you, I just don't remember...

Q: It's a fluff piece.

A: I'm feeling better already.

Q: Have you given much thought to death?

A: I've considered it.

Q: Is it inevitable?

A: Are you asking me that, as a question? Is death inevitable?

Q: Can you *tell* someone a *question*?

A: I'll die if it's the last thing I do.

Q: Cute

A: Thank you.

Q: Are you breaking up with me?

A: Cute.

Q: Tell me something ironic. Do you consider yourself an ironist?

A: If I were to succumb to irony, my days as an artist would be over.

Q: Or numbered.

A: And that number is zero.

Q: If zero is a number, then could "nothing" be considered something, in a sense?

A: It's probably not causal, in any case. And I think zero's not really considered a number, technically. But it doesn't seem to be exactly the absence of a number either.

Q: What's more of an "absence of a number": Zero or negative one?

A: This is starting to resemble a conversation with my financial advisor.

Q: Hard times have fallen on the art world.

A: The world will never be ready for art, in my estimation.

Q: Historically, humanity is still deep in its infancy, it's probably safe to say.

A: Here's some irony—everything falling under the category "adult" is, rather, *profoundly* childlike.

Q: You said the word "profoundly" so spiritedly that I almost didn't recognize it.

A: I try to create onomonopedia wherever I can.

Q: There's a good buck in that.

A: This waitress makes her way around these tables like she's on tracks. Train tracks. She can't fail, are you seeing this?

Q: She has enthusiasm. How important is enthusiasm in sex?

A: As important as in childhood, I'd guess.

Q: Everything.

A: Everything.

Q: Is it humiliating for you? Is there any humiliation in sex? Does humility play much of a role in the sex act? Why are you looking at me that way?

A: It's humiliating to *not* have sex. I'm vulnerable as long as I'm not having it.

Q: Would the term "salvific" have any bearing here?

A: Certain people make too much of religious language regarding sex, in my opinion. Also with the "shocking" connection between violence and sexuality. All these scenes of violence-turned-sexual in the supposedly anonymous "heat of passion," as if when you get a boner you're just as likely to murder a stranger as sleep with your own wife.

Q: Your worldview is especially influenced by cinema, is it not?

A: Is that supposed to be belittling?

Q: Let me utilize this great silence to once again thank you for your time.

A: Is this your transition? Are you rounding of the final curve?

Q: Not necessarily. Just take it at face value. Is that a challenge for you? To take things at face value?

A: I'm not that convinced that things have face value. In the way that you mean.

Q: Make your own world... kind of thing?

A: No, I don't have enough time for that sort of undertaking.

Q: You just take things as they come.

A: Let's just say my complex is less complex than some.

Q: Alright, let's say it together: My complex is less complex than some.

A: My complex is less complex than some.

Q: You've done some collaboration, with poets. The physicality of the word. Has this emblazoned your understanding of "canvas?"

A: There's still by and large a misunderstanding on the part of the common man about what art is trying to do.

Q: To express oneself, express attitudes about the world, to add matter to the world rather than simply represent or imitate it. Not "about" life, but part of life, etc. An "experience."

A: Actually, that's pretty good. Although I wouldn't call you a "common man," quite.

Q: That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me. Excuse me while I drink this freezing-cold coffee for a moment. There we are. Okay, says here... you prefer large answerable questions. As opposed to otherwise, I suppose. Does that classify you as a scientist?

A: I think it takes more than that to be classified as a scientist. In this economy.

Q: Should I buy or sell?

A: Just don't give everything away, for God's sake.

Q: Not worth it?

A: No, it's worth it, it's just impossible to really do genuinely for common men such as ourselves.

Q: A take-back.

A: What?

Q: Now I *am* a common man, you say.

A: "Common" is relative to the topic. You're uncommon artistically, and common religiously.

Q: How do you know about my spiritual life?

A: I have an intuition for that sort of thing.

Q: Let's make a trade.

A: Of secrets? Information?

Q: No, things.

A: Like what? What do you mean?

Q: Whatever you think is fair.

A: I can bring a cup of coffee to the table.

Q: I'm afraid the enthusiastic waitress has beat you to it.

A: And I'll have your head.