

To and From:

“If God much strong, much might as the devil, Why God no kill the Devil, no make him no more do wicked?”  
- Girl Friday

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Kyle, I'm frustrated. Discipline your language. To function only on its immediate context.  
Say only Yes or No. I'm waiting.  
No. Tell me.

Your male living spaces do not sculpt our new masculine. They repurpose a domestic space created to function as a demonstration of the ideal post-war technohabits of the male body.  
You're American. Did you know your model was erotic?

He sings “we're all gonna die” and he's calling us all by his name. “Us”. I'm with you. Right now. Is it a video?  
There are no pictures of our kitchen.  
To be alone with you.

We miss Hef. He really knew how to design a habitat. What an opus, right? Against the nuclear. We liked that.  
I'm telling you to like it, you'd be happier if you knew.

Our reality is a trivialization of “the real” and “the imaginary”. And mimicry. A poetic distinction between non-fictive and fictive genres of presentation. The ordinary vs. the poetic. Face-to-face vs the literary. Exteriority and interiority. Tensions between modes of interiority. Inner and outer spheres. A house within a house... Like that?

Can I come over?

Your dollhouse is an apt analogy for my locket, within within within. A materialized secret. Let me in.  
You perfect American. I'm here to play this part. Your perfect anti-subject l:l lacks any grotesque obscurity attached to caricature.

Moneo and Monstro respectively mean: “to warn” and “to show forth”.  
That's the thing about Evil.

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