



READING IS STATIONARY & A CONCRETE PERFORMANCE

#Shampoo bottle-top shower webcam

**The collected writings of Alex Bienstock;  
FB Timeline, January 1- December 31, 2014**

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## **preface**

Sittin here on facebook make mah ass raw







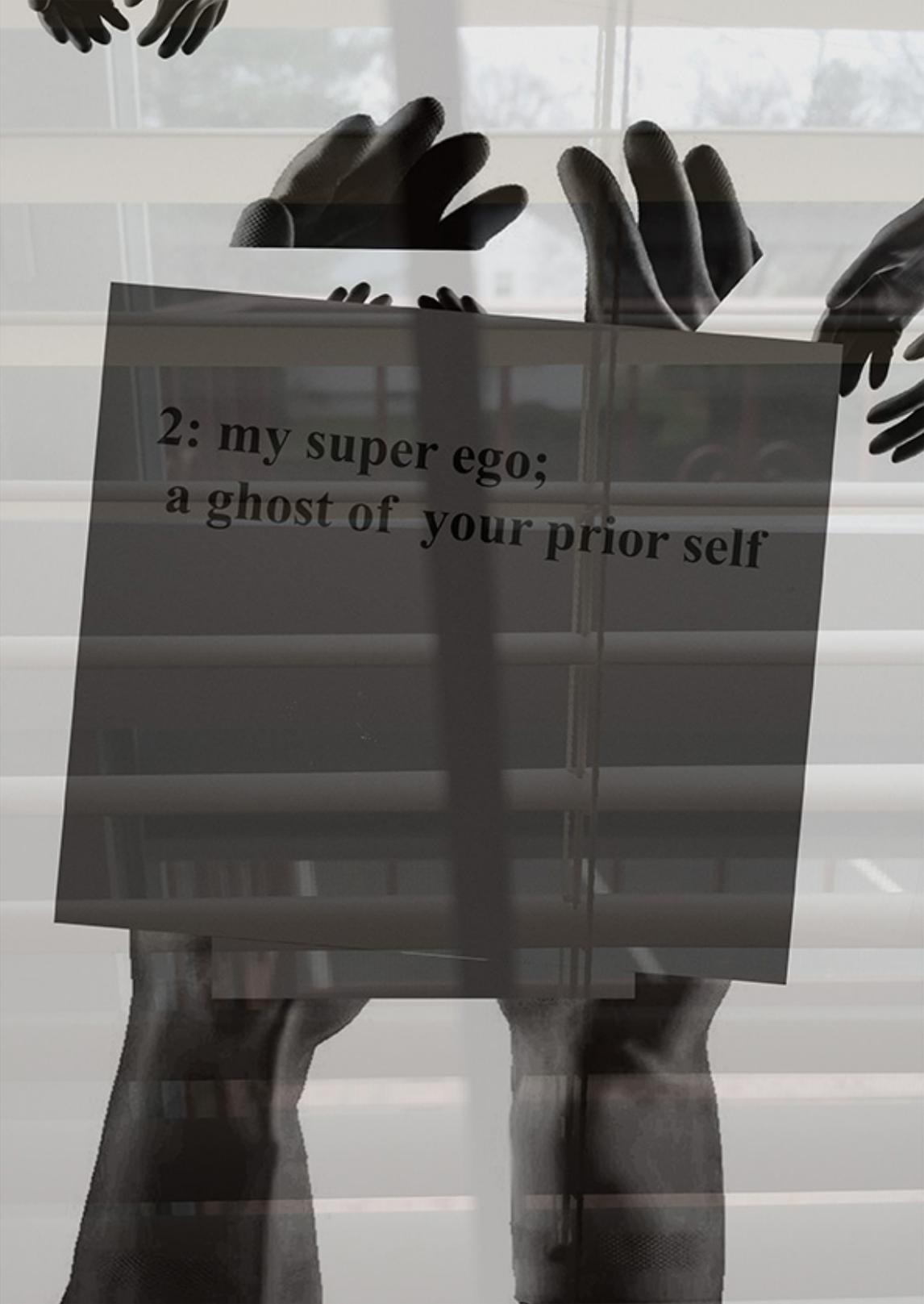
Listening to your dad have phone sex is the norm here

All mental illness is ur dads fault

u know,

i used to feel bad about being embarrassed about my parents when I was young but now they are embarrassed by me so i feel we're even steven





**2: my super ego;  
a ghost of your prior self**



***me, you and you again***

waking up,  
thinking  
about one  
person  
of course,  
it's  
me  
but it should  
be you, you again, you wish to speak.  
but how could you, you knew, you knew.

***a non person***

my superego is super non-existent  
Would you ever analyze me for a project?  
i already was a non person  
of course the more objective you try to become the more symbolic you actually are

***been a bro my whole life***

i've been a bro my whole life..eating at applebees, taking my girlfriend to the movies,  
watching hbo with my dude friends and i've realized i want to try something different. u  
know? i want to get my ears pierced..watch foreign movies like requiem for a dream, and  
finally do me  
u know?

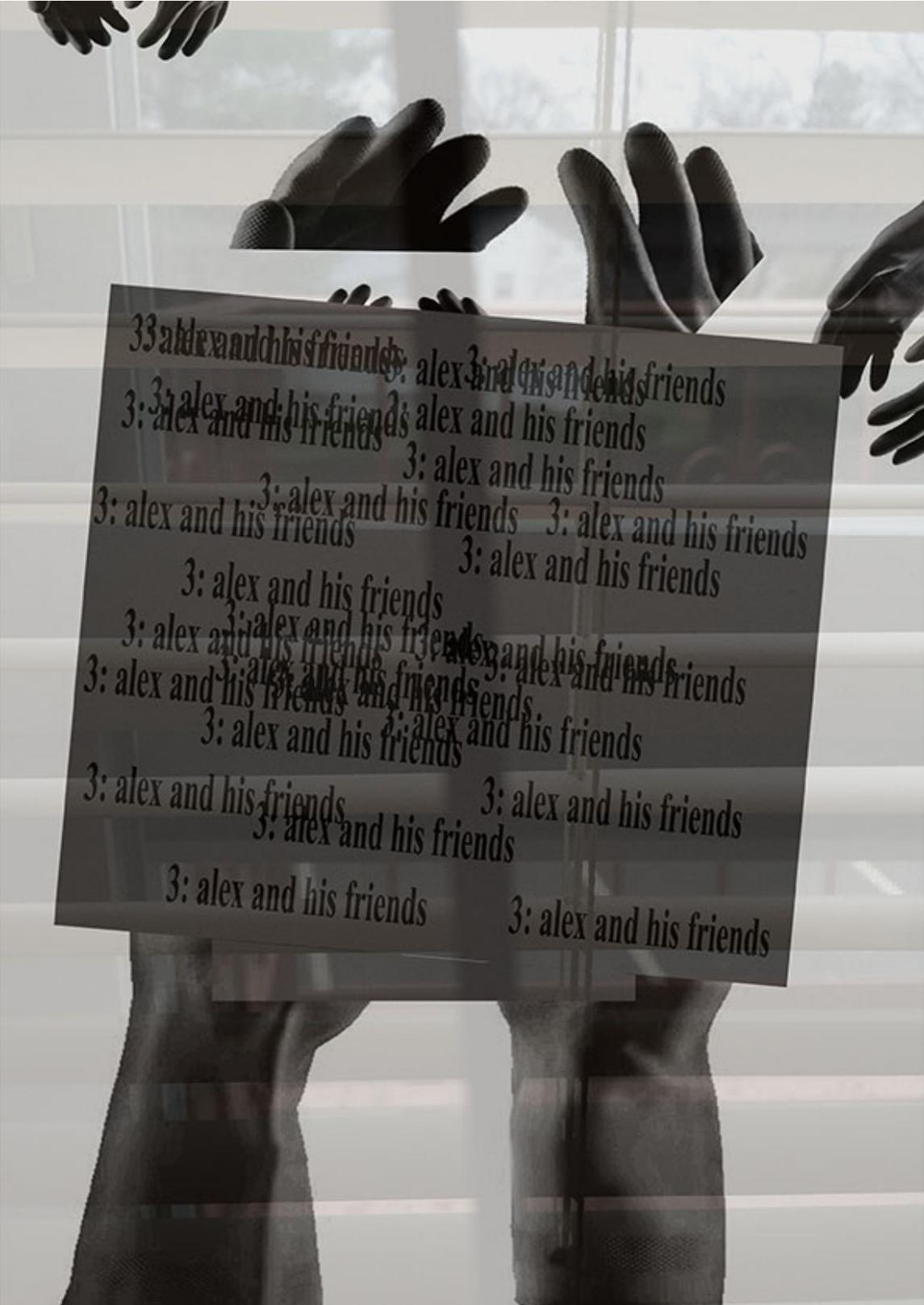
***Don't worry, you're not lazy and dumb. Everything is research.***

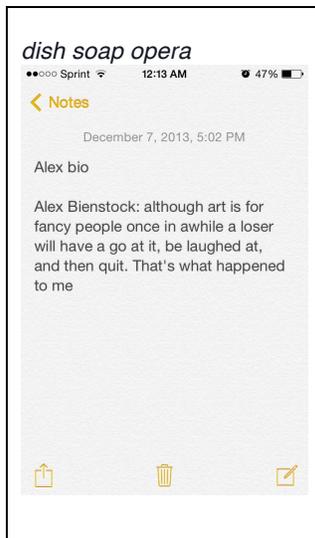
the character i play on facebook is a 14 year old homeless actor who is obsessed with her  
own camel toe. Sometimes you have to admit you have an average iq and that all your  
demons are related to the amount of body hair you have.

***I'm back***

I'm back in Bushwick where everyone sounds and looks like me and I hate it.







If u sell art I feel bad for ur waiter  
*If you sell art you probably are the waiter*

does the post-art critic write post-hermeneutically, going to galleries and analyzing the gallery architecture, design, and types of people there using pure data collection and analysis?  
*Or does she lock herself in the bathroom and masturbate compulsively? I'm not sure, but someone is making a lot of noise in there.*

Is all culture furniture?  
*Yes, but none of it is a love seat.*

someone in your life is telling you something, but you still want the book version. this is when you realize you're insane and abusive  
*or u realize u need to get a job at Barnes N Noble!*

wackos at public libraries  
*Shhh.*

punctuation is pretty  
*Says the guy with no punctuation in his sentence.*

a building becomes a place of worship or a place of  
hate.

*or neither*

*or both*

indifferent to buildings, indifferent to animals, indifferent to babies, indifferent to mountains,  
indifferent to taxonomy, indifferent to manners, indifferent to cars, indifferent to boats,  
indifferent to flowers, indifferent to machines, indifferent to people, indifferent to colors,  
indifferent to systems, indifferent to families, indifferent to words, indifferent to houses,  
indifferent to neighborhoods, indifferent to computers, indifferent to everything.

I like eyes, I like arms, I like gaps, I like hate, I like silence, I like sounds, I like weirdos, I  
like tears, I like fingers, I like smells, I like chaos, I like violence, I like pain, I like rain, I like  
dirt, I like grass, I like feathers, I like ghosts, I like books, I like blood, I like fear, I like toast,  
I like shit, I like chairs, I like trees, I like air, I like fools, I like time, I like beds, I like floors, I  
like pens, I like everything.

*I could care less, and I like it that way.*

*Indifferent, ya indifferent*





**4: school, times, infinity  
and beyond**



...(If you went to school with someone famous in New York you're not only part of the problem you're part of the solution) times infinity and beyond ...def did my best work when i was 19, 300 pounds and long bearded. made both my crit teachers walk out on a video of me and my good friend smoking blunts and high on acid wrestling with pepperoni on r titties. after dropping out i was pretty much offered money to go back to school and decided to just document a low paid minority cleaning up my artschool bullshit and letting strangers make their worthless art in my expensive studio. if u actually th ink art is anything but a network of handjobs then i guess u sh ould go to gradschool. after a couple more projects leaving this bullshit for real. i wish everyone luck and can't wait to silently judge u while browsing art magazines in cool bookstores. if u see me and i seem fatter and hairer its because im deciding to b zizek for halloween..good night and good luck with ur next facebook post..... First thing I'll do when I go back to grad school is cry, travel with my loan money and then invite every cool curator to my empty studio to talk about clothing and food....





5:

garbage artworld

&

the side business circles

### ***political awareness***

wants to have sex with dead bird at no name gallery in the bronx and lecture about political awareness

### ***I am and I will***

I am the last gangsta in this garbage artworld. I will penetrate your lousy useless mind I am the cultural janitor who continues to clean your mess. Free yourself and join my cult I will take you to god because I am his shadow

### ***70s***

start making art to accept your poorness - like johnny depp in the 70s

### ***art quitters***

no one has ever successfully quit art because all their friends are artists and they get trapped by art-sex

### ***80s***

all the rich kids who became successful artists were actually conceptual projects started by their dads penises in the 80s.

\*When I use the term "rich kids" it's not pejorative, but more of a general historical term of jealousy and hatred that's difficult to come to agreement regarding its validness as a critique, especially since it most likely comes from people who would love to have the status they are shit-smearing. I've always used it and heard people using it coming from lower middle-class backgrounds. I hope it doesn't offend anyone who actually is a rich person because it's kind of unfair and useless. However, I generally relate to the snotty lower middle-class people and understand their hatred for spoiled "creatives". If you are a "rich kid" I want you to think about how that relates to your practice and how others probably talk about you, not just the other rich kids who glorify what they think you are doing, but those who completely disbelieve in your applauded performance. I like to imagine that everyone who is young and successful and every institution that supports them is actually a fictitious conspiracy started by anti-governmental social-scientists who believe in the functionalism of the arts to catalyze an uprising of the dispossessed. All "art" and "expression" should be banned and neoliberal colleges should become military schools to prepare for alien takeover in the near future.

***no more...***

no more collectors. no more decoration, it's gross. support memories and ideas. just call them buyers, they don't collect. they buy, its social furniture.

{{{(>\_<)}}}

I think explaining a readymade and its historical importance to a non artsy person, say a doctor or a business owner, is the most embarrassing task imaginable. It's like so dumb and unimpressive. It's like you're verbalizing a cough or something. It's like you sneeze on them and you want them to respond.

***refuge***

the art world is always a movie, real art is in the asylum

**p.s Was only into postnet art as a joke movement and now looking for something new**







I remember a couple years ago defending a lot of artists who are now lauded. There's no one that anyone hates anymore. I think being fashionably bad is over in a way. Like remember when Jerry Saltz hated young hip art? He has totally changed and now performs as a young hip artist lol. Like he's always cursing and is really sexual all the time now, it's super weird.

is Jerry Saltz the greatest artist of our time?

jerry saltz may have finally become an artist and now it is he who must be critiqued.

jerry saltz has taken over the artworld and im scared..for my life

jerry saltz looks like so many men in my family and i'm scared





# 7: polischtiks

*(it ain't pure water!)*



***doesn't matter***

Every thought is public

it doesn't matter that you have no voice

it doesn't matter that you had no choice

Ur opinions on war and polischtikis remind me of my grandmas opinion on how she likes her omelets

***PURE EYES***

a demented marxism that exists in your eye

The neo Marxist aristocracy capitalizes and exploits your guilt for its own nice sweaters

NO MORE DOCUMENTATION!!!! I'M SAYING PURE EYES WIDE SHUT SHITTT

***psychos and crazies on the street***

i have always made friends with psychos and crazies on the street. I do think they have something to say, especially if they are missing teeth. It is not romance but more of the opposite. They have erased romance in their life, while everyone else believes in fables. I think you can de-narrativize and re-ambiguate the life that is around you so signs become unchained once again, as to cause a certain noise of the senses. We know this is possible. However, everyone wants to capitalize and economize the insensible with some dumb aesthetic, mostly contrived beauty or its equally accessible ugly. There is no pure dirt or pure water. It is all mud, yet that is much too slippery for the new purveyors of etiquette.

***YOU ARE NOT ABSTRACT ENOUGH FOR ME, PLEASE LEAVE!!!***

next time u upload a new Facebook post, just remember ur actually a puppet to someone else's interpretive apparatus.....the commons is most definitely not not a pipe nor not not a t shirt nor not not a rock. hegel never even existed before 1943

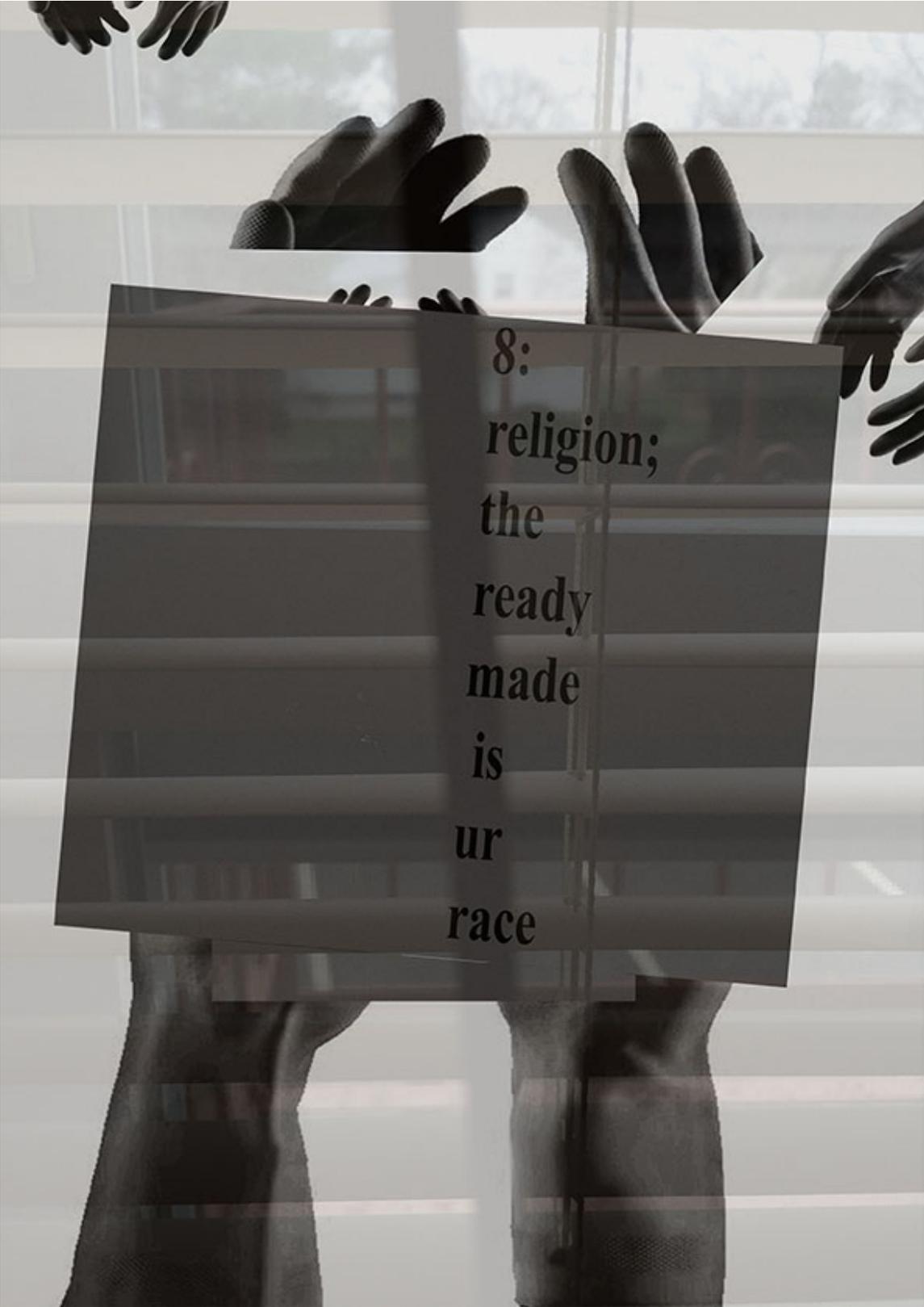
***the exorcist is about white fear***

It is ok to be a loser in life, but not a loser of a game.









8:  
religion;  
the  
ready  
made  
is  
ur  
race



Aliens and God exist

God is not dead he is only in prison and I hope u sumday find him

Religion in the ghetto is simply piss

if ur not a satanist i dont want to talk to u

THE READY MADE IS UR RACE







...Reading is stationary and a concrete performance so to be post-literary is to read objects in a hyper-textual space and become "delusional" or "hallucinate". You can read and write on the move using ghost-texts so as to enter abstraction once again without a physical screen....i'm not going to read radical philosophy and pseudo-psychology anymore. I'm going to learn how to socialize and become a sales clerk at guitar center....Picture of cute puppy next to its charred remains, lookin like boneless spare ribs at that Chinese joint in Newark. Everyone eats that puppy wit plastic forks and den throws it up into a garbage bag. Then u get a 12 year old white boy to huff that shit till he pass out. Den u write a poem on him, something like...go go gadget....your attempt at writing theory looks like little child monkey garbage to impress your very white friends who wear glasses. please give up and become the traditionalist your low iq makes you...big dicks, big lips, big sticks  
here i am, giving poetry to you for free...worse than post-internet art is post-internet poetry - writing that is specifically made to be posted online. Pretty much porn....All poetry dies and just becomes stuff...POETRY NEVER EXISTED...





10: pure rationality you are a mechanical  
fantasy

### ***this leaf***

you're a person and you walk around, you see this leaf and maybe this leaf is actually an insect and maybe this insect is also the sun or maybe a magazine and you open it up and see that this insect is actually the president doing naughty things. it's thinking about doing drugs and this drug has a knife next to it, it feels cold and bloody and you're not sure if it's old or new but it doesn't matter. you take this insect to a doctor and the doctor does tests on it, intelligence tests. it has a slightly above average iq and you're mad at it, you wanted it to be the answer to everything, to every question about war and race and sickness and love. you decide to fall in love with this insect, with the knife, with the president and you put it on tv. you collaborate with this while it's on tv. you become its narrator, expressing entertaining expressions about other expressions. you side with it, because you need this character to be a dictionary with all sorts of words you never heard before. you then begin to experience aphasia and all you can say while you're on tv is the word um. you know this is bad but it also helps you. it helps you explain the universe to other insects.

you begin to lie down and express love poems to not one leaf but a pile of leaves, which is interesting and nostalgic and also clueless. you express something, you say, hello, I wake up and have to find flesh to move through, you enter and then you exit you repeat yourself over and over and that's how you qualify you don't share time with only one person so you must break some people and enter their brain tissue and ask questions about their chemical makeup you tie their shoes for them and you take them off because you're not sure where you're going or what you want you open the present and immediately give it to someone else you use your arms not hands because those are covered in silk, you gently wash, you move through water, you hum and you dance with a radio on a plate, but the radio leaks juices, those salty juices become alcohol and realize there is no content here, no story, no end nor beginning. it's very simple finally, finally it's simple, the simpletons are also here.

but that bus is also a simple person, like a person with a bunch of simple persons inside of them and they all have cool clothes on them, like with images and other notions of simpleness

### ***I wondered***

"it's very quiet here, I love it", he said  
over and over again  
and I wondered if he really meant it.

"I don't like assholes, it's a turn off", she said  
and I wondered if she really meant it.

I'm not completely sure, but I heard that people  
often don't mean what they say.

Maybe it's time to believe people mean what they say.  
Maybe that'll make things easier.

Even if it may not be true.

### ***You are a mechanical fantasy***

I refuse to believe in the singular subject. Suicide is homicide. You are a mechanical fantasy in which the other influences. When you brush your teeth look in the mirror and recognize your artificiality, stare at your skull, tongue your swollen gums and push around your eyeball. Your farts are the compass and finally your senses do not lie. It is pure semen that is the devil. He will rot your insides until you're an empty casing, gutless and moribund.

### ***the perturbed mind***

the perturbed mind is paper without end

### ***the economy of piss***

pure rationality, the flower which is not in the bouquet, the discarded object. too much negation, too much hegel, the hallucinating figure pisses his or her pants. yes i have to pee, here is the urinal, here is the separation between, you can train anyone to use a litter box. i can piss wherever i want, you will be ticketed. the economy of piss. the twitching woman outside, stereotyping, the mumbler. you see they are touching or talking to a universal object/subject. How does this happen. How are the loonies the true universalists? I don't understand this? God or gods are the craftsman, but the prophet is the mouth, the pee hole, the ass

***These moments***

having a long discussion with someone about a movie or book you didn't read/watch. fake laughing in response to a joke you actually didn't understand. These are the moments that truly test your skills.



11: an accidental fissure

### ***my bucket list***

I have four male children. One white, one black, one Spanish, and the other Chinese. I've decided to put them up for adoption for 5 dollars each. They are all teenagers and have good bodies that could be put to work immediately. I have trained them to be docile and sensitive. They all read and write and speak fairly clear. I wouldn't call em smart if ya know what I mean, but they ain't idiots. Please! Take these children from me! I have important things to do and my bucket list is only getting longer.

...

...waiting hating, contemplating painting, framing laymen, garbage truck gentlemen, asking the alphabet for a cigarette.

Fugue state on a date, drinking alcohol, burning fingers, reading numbers, horse manure.

I saw this, I saw that, I know this, I know that. Fast guy on a bug, riding across a strip of land.

Knight in shiny farmer, endless carrot. That's cool, I'll see ya later. Doesn't matter, nothing's wrong. Happy to meet you never, happy to greet you never, happy to touch your feet. ...anti-somebody, anti-nobody. Not an island, not a range, not a person.

I saw someone, I saw them from far away, I talked to them. I gave them something, not a person, not a pumpkin. I was someone, that's good. Have you ever held a wire?

Frozen potion, love glove. Courting a stranger into danger. Powerful. You don't mean that. I don't dream that. You're not alive, you're not a guy, you're just a rhyme, you're just a spine.

Fellow incident, don't have an ego. Do what you do, even if flavorless. I can chew gum a mile a minute. I can look at a person while they are singing. Into it, hate it, rape it, cake it.

Accidental fissure. Asshole splinter, finger-less sprinter. Don't. ...

### ***forever mad at mcdonalds***

forever mad at mcdonalds for not employing me when i needed them the most last year, coming out of the hospital after losing all sense of reality and my identity, i desperately applied to mcdonalds because at this job center thing that i was forced to go to, to get free mta cards and other benefits, they got me an interview right away. They never fucking called me back and i don't know why. I ended up getting a decent job somewhere better, but i still felt it unfair that mcdonalds didn't even try me.

***psychosis***

psychosis is post-art but also losing any interest in shame because you walk around naked amongst the next generational doctors. You don't know what I mean but the doctors actually do wear costumes and are a part of a secret.





**12:**  
images of classic beauty

***I am not trying to write a poem***

the ticking of your heart is too loud  
it reminds me of old movies that I rather skim  
I do and I don't appreciate familiar images of beauty  
it's not fair, you can't escape artifice and love  
if only you could die for a moment and then return at will  
but don't confuse that for a dream  
don't confuse happiness with productivity  
because it's just not true  
if only you could die for a moment  
then maybe we would meet

what is it about mood boards that I hate so much?  
I long for something new, I really do  
but new and beautiful is almost impossible  
because beauty is classic, right?  
Classic Beauty.

but you don't have to be on a terrace to kiss  
is that what I miss?

I've been there, believe me and I guess  
it's not all what its cracked up to be  
although its nice  
its really not for me  
until it is  
and I have to start all over again.

I suppose I fear function and indifference equally  
I am not trying to write a poem  
I'm not trying to do anything because I'm already doing it  
it's not the right time to be kind to me  
but if you are  
thank you

### ***How strange this day is***

I find it compelling. The way you move your shoulder when walking. You don't have to do anything interesting. You become just a moving adulation. I sometimes remember you, remembering me.

Imagine our sensibilities were completely the same, but one day you hysterically laugh at your own joke that no one else does in a room and everyone decides to violently sacrifice you. You become just a red gelatinous mess on the ground, only because your sense of humor suddenly shifted into something wholly self-satisfying. How strange this day is...

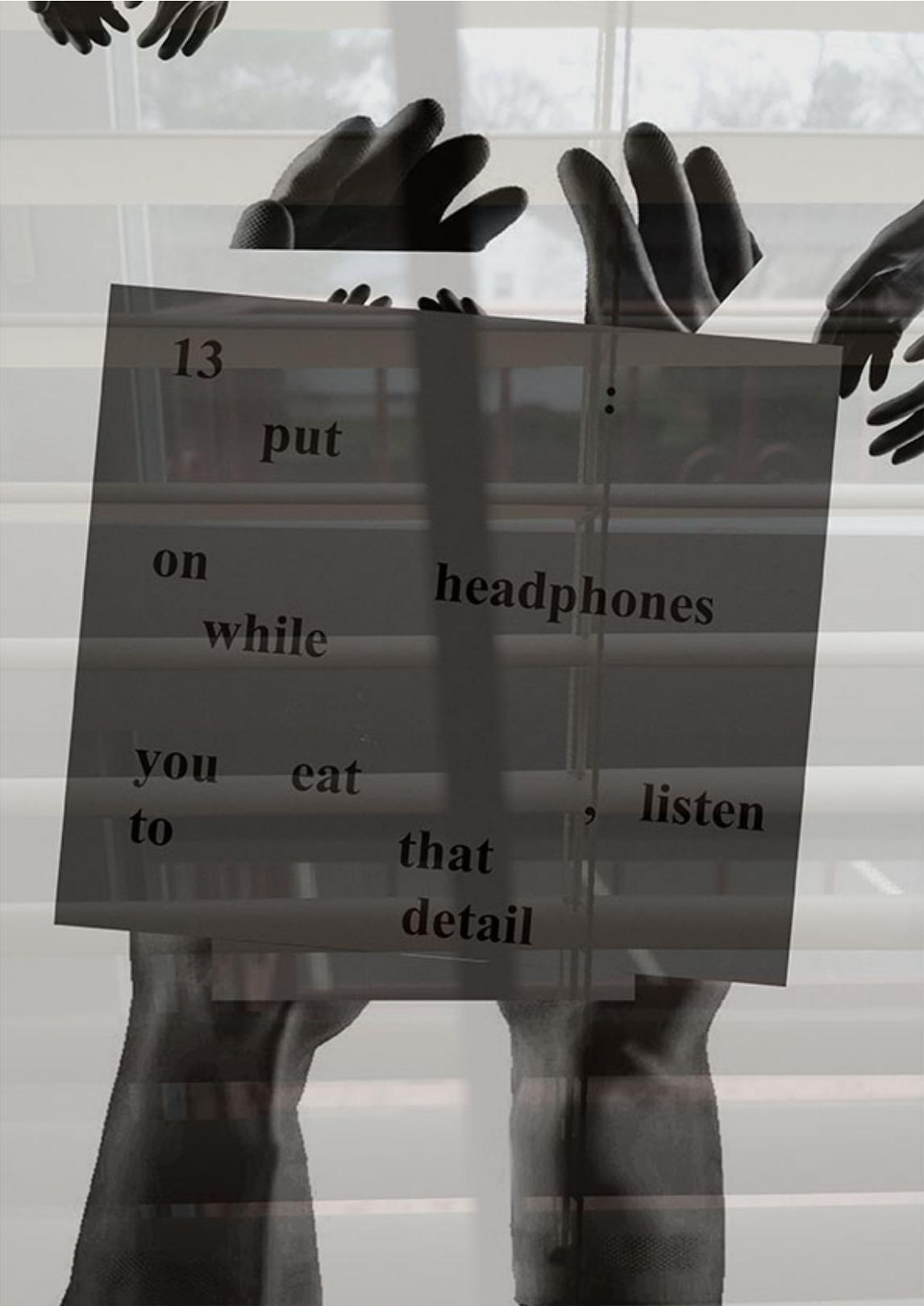
### ***the way she combs her hair***

it's terrible, the way she combs her hair. Maybe she's made out of paper, and her talents have bought her friends but not enough luck. I can see her outline causing distress. Dismorphic depression, not good enough, not a smile internalized, but a smile drawn on by other people. He remembered her talking to the boys at a young age, while her legs spoke another language. The shyness ran in her family, as did defeat and despair. A waitress, eternally. But it's better than nothing. A bed can only hold so much pain. A pillow can only hold so much ink, until like a cloud, it breaks into infinite points, disappearing, unmarked, gone, never noticed. You can dye your hair so many times, but you'll never be another person. She wanted to wake up dead, but everyday there she was again, interminable corpse, too many days. Eating in silence, her salads tasted like the tissues that would get caught on her tongue while crying, crying slowly, nano tears. It's ok, you can hold someone's hand. It's not about sex, I promise. People like you, in fact they don't understand and they never will. Never ever, ever. Ever.

### ***People***

People who can't even snob





13

put

:

on

headphones

while

you

eat

, listen

to

that

detail



therapist eating a green apple, wearing a wedding ring - becomes malevolent fetishist of certain types of oranges

put on headphones while you eat, listen to that detail

been obsessed with blueberry muffins toasted, cut in half, buttered, and grape jelly

I was thinking more about that blueberry muffin, how warm and soft it is, becoming crispier towards the edges, retaining a spongy wet flexibility. Its buttery moistness melting onto my tongue as the sweetness collapses into a doughy substance hugging my gums.

14 dollars should taste better

listen to that detail

breadsticks dipped in spit

i told the world to fuck off and then just ate me popsicles





14:  
here's  
i  
get

what  
don't  
...



Y go on okcupid when you can just be a pussy ass bitch in real life ?

do you realize that almost every single image and representation of anything is sexist? do

you know how girls actually talk and think about guys? are u a fucking idiot?

do u know that even just using the word sunday is sexist and religious?

more of this...but how?...why?....

is there anyone here who would like to talk about their feelings?

Does anyone else immediately feel like they are a fake when they get dressed?

'Can everything just be talked about?

do you think charismatic people are just good verbal pickpockets?

here's what i don't get...if i have a question about a work of art do I ask their gallery or the

artist who is on facebook?

DO YOU GET IT?



