

Gelatin Prints

paradox-- argument deriving contradictory conclusions by valid deduction from acceptable premises. Angular number lines, with rounded edges. True infinity. Premises are overrated. There are all sorts of acceptable premises. In certain company, unacceptable ones as well. Brothels, for example. Grow houses, maybe. The Bowery, perhaps. (With The Bowery, it depends). Prison, for some; school, for some. Hospitals, banks, motels, Shea Stadium, for some. Round and round we go, and where we stop--Trouble is, within certain spheres, especially with my folks, everything is all so *relative*.

easy-- not difficult to endure or undergo. He struck a plea, so he's only serving ten; his cousin got a quarter-to-forever and the shooter, a hard forty. "I can do the dime on my head." It's still a really long time, though! "Ain't that bad. Worked my connections, chose wisely." Wisely? "It's all in your perspective. Right seeing, right thinking." I suppose. Ten *is* one-quarter of 40, and nearly a third of 25. Computational consolation.

jazz-- Father told me there were two kinds: white people's, and "the real thing." He'd retrieve an LP from the boxed anthology in the den, slap it onto the turntable: "All right now, Bessie! Say it, sister!" "Go to town, Louis." "Lionel--let it all out, my brother." Benny Goodman or Glen Miller--well, not on such a casual basis. No direct address, for them. "That's a white cut; can't dance to that. Forever trying to figure out the beat." Hot and cool jazz, compare and contrast. And complement? Maybe, but I kept that to myself. Apple pie à la mode, sensuous delight, two distinct temperatures on my tongue at once, piping hot pie, icy vanilla cream.