

LOVE IN PRIVATE
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FOR MORE INFORMATION
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“headphone splitta bb”
ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN SENSE EUROPA 3

“advertise me down baby”
ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN METAZEN

headphone splittah bb

heyyyyy guuurlllllllll
how u feel abbout thiissss
heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah???
i got it from a dad for xmas 2 years ago
this heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
left it in my stocking next to chocolate
even though im 23
this heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
iin the train with u gurl
this heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
walking on a winter beach
heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
peppermint lattes inside of a giant snow globe
on top of the metlife building at sunset
heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
wearing matching grey cashmere while listening
to jazz and eating field roast from whole foods
with some other couples
heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
at a concert not listening to the live music in
favor of the music we both agree on
heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah
shopping at a dollar store
heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnneeee splittah

buying craigslist furniture in brownsville
at midnight

heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnnnneeee splittah
making u some foods, you call me domestic and i
tell you to do the dishes but you read cosmo

heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnnnneeee splittah
ridiculous hotlinks

heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnnnneeee splittah
i feel weird baby

heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnnnneeee splittah
but are you ok

heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnnnneeee splittah
i don't know

heeeeeaaaahphooonnnnnnnneeee splittah

ideal couple's tv show

i guess there is the obvious 'hookers in space'
plot that could bring things together,
our shared interests, our unshared tastes.

lawyer show maybe
something about the art world, but where people
die, but not violent deaths
just loss and some mystery.
we like mysteries, i think.

i really don't like watching tv except
for with you.

it's so intimate and not intimate,
in this personal way.

i think tv is supposed to be relaxing
but if you're watching tv with someone who
you can't really relate to it just seems
strange and alienating.

i like to talk about the actors with you - you
know them better than i do
but i think it's fun to have

opinions about them.

we can say silly things or serious things,
they can't say anything - they just read lines
and we can pull the blanket over ourselves,
get more chocolate from the kitchen, maybe.

i like when we talk over the tv together - not
because we have anything funny to say,
though we usually do -

but because we know the tv is there to
entertain us, not the other way around.
it's like a third wheel situation, but not at
all like stressful,

like if we went out with the tv to a bar
the tv would probably be really chill and not
have much to say.

it would tell stories dunkley and we would
sometimes ignore them.

i think i like tv shows with action and some
kind of political theme - like economics
or history
or something

i know you like shows with strong characters in
them, and women.

action is boring - i know, i know

it's boring to me too
except the actual images, when they come
together quickly:
explosions, chases, machines, wet bodies.
this reminds me of when something in my
life happens faster than
i can understand it.
here are names for shows that i imagine we
would like more than most shows on tv now:

ghost pussy
how art isn't made
GI jeanette
bushwick elders
the last days of new downtown
true life tumblr dads
sunset over soho
help me my mom is a ceo
hollywood undertaker raw and uncut
peurto rican fire rescue
nashville '85 - country electric
worldstar behind the views counter
on the transom: the story behind the story behind the headlines
rawbar sweetheart: nyc politics 1845
open ocean: scientists work against time to save the oceans in 3D
jeopardy international space station edition
european union on 20 dollars a day
european union on 2000€ a day
'late night role models' featuring former cast members of the view
unsolved nightclub mysteries
all the nights that punk didn't break: london, nyc, la 1979-81
important historical gay weddings
lost home films of gore vidal
philosophy conversations with jackie chiquoine and special guests
pennsylvania farmers public access network
next the actor's studio with bill murray's cousin
dirty jobs: animal social media experts

bb cheeks

she's coming, down the hall.
she's between the high ceilings. zoom in.
digital shake.
off white balance on the walls, off broadway,
way fucking offline, tremble or whatever.
the thing is between everything else,
cablevision ass, landline curves,
and im just high, so hi baby, open up the
store, heh.
and she turns in the doorway,
to the walk in closet.
get closer.

we're in this building next to the train.
nothing else outside.
it's raining in our shower, the lights are
down, i imagine music.
diced pineapples, woodgrain, jazz in the other
room, news monolog, workin on it,

i'm feeling it, about her butt,
and maybe her butt is thinking about me.
thought bubbles.

i fell in love, a person and a downward
direction, downtown train,
but the ass makes me impossible,
the way people feel about false idols, broken
sex toys, natural elements. software.
if i try to think about dat ass as a part of a
whole complete woman
i can totally pull it off
stick it in
work out my relationship with reality.
finish in the dark, before time.
late to work again.
sippin energy drink on the train,
and we imagine it's saturday,
and it might as well be.
it feels that good.

the buttgaze mixtape would never be finished.
i was a DJ, in this life.
now i work for a larger market.
there's no point to rigour,
this method is an amazing and lazy

form of life as art,
the only sculpture on my mind.
in the corner of your apartment,
breathing,
it always feels like afternoon.

advertise me down baby

her sharp little movements
are everything in the dance club.
she is a fragmenting sweetheart
of the lower manhattan scene, 2011.
she dates rich men.
she dates men who are alive with their own art.
she dates men with dead eyes and
clean black maseratis.
she makes these cars her sex symbol,
her love code. many people think she
is free, that she is a blank wave goddess:
out in the new cold of the bowery in november,
living for the the birth of cool,
dreaming of the sunset
over new jersey behind condo glass.
some men know her secret
that she is bored, that she is ending.

but that story is less interesting,
told by man-dolls in other shadows and
few people remember such conversations.