

PAUL MCCARTHY

BLAH, BLAH, BLACK

I undergo an asshole I enter through an asshole we was full but my mother my mother was in the room the corner through the asshole who was March 1st that's Timpanogos Cave my mother was in a cave but I brought there coming down the stairs at the bottom was like M. Kelley with his mother like son this is Mrs. Kelley I said this is my Mrs. McCarthy I said this is my mother Mrs. McCarthy like to follow me I went under this is Mrs. Kelley's skirt under Kelley's skirt he was lying flat on her back legs spread and walked up to her up to his crotch like squirrels and self through the crack and enter the body of the smaller by soon fall recalled into Mike's mother's uterus through the flagellate as close to Mike's mother's vagina entering entering into Mike's mother we wandered around for several days in the corner at one point was wrong my I undergo an asshole was full but my mother my mother was in the room through the asshole who was March 1st that's Timpanogos Cave my mother was in a cave but I brought there coming down the stairs was like Kelley with his mother like son this is Mrs. Kelley I said this is my Mrs. McCarthy I said this is my mother Mrs. McCarthy like to follow me I went under this is Kelley's skirt under Kelley's skirt he was lying flat on her back legs spread and walked up to her up to his crotch vagina like squirrels and self through the crack and enter the body of the smaller by soon fall recalled into Mike's mother's uterus through the flagellate as close to Mike's mother's vagina entering entering into Mike's mother we wandered around for several days at one point was wrong my house like we entered Mike's house we went into living-room Lindenwood hallway my father's have you done your homework I said no immediately struck me to the face knocking me but grab me by the collar and proceeded to drag me down the hall to the store I fell down the staircase bumping my head on the door passing through the door where I bumped my head on the doorknob and then fell down the stairs might Mike came down the stairway went down the hallway at the bottom of the stairway turn to the right entered the rumpus room and then went down another staircase going to the right and entered the work with and Zabar's where there they were bobbing for apples well tending to but fuck each other now five layers underground we were in the Pendergraph at one point Mike seemed to be I couldn't find him I didn't know where my quotes I didn't know where Mike was Michael's lost use you said something about a retrospect it felt that he was he didn't want to do the restaurant but he didn't matter anymore

you told it didn't matter like call me on the telephone later night and said he didn't want to do his retro abuse that he has an artist over longer matter that the Santa Monica Museum was just using him using me you had to boycott the museum this stupid auction for something for Clement about fucking Mike seemed to be quite lost I couldn't find it was a dark specs it was so black and this space so black and so blah and black black black black we're four layers down and it's so black it's so black it's blocked in here we're four layers underground it's so black so black Paul Paul it is so black and here I can't see can you see Paul Paul can you see it's so black I'm going to lie and die I'm going to live couldn't die and going to sleep now where are you going where did you go where where are you where where Mike said Mike said Mike said it was so blah Mike said it was so blah where did you call where did you call why why what can go what the P what can the matter what's the matter what can the matter and so black for later this day underneath your mother's house it's so black for later stand underneath your mother's for layers down underneath your mother's house it's so blah where's my mother where's my where's where's the microphone where is my phone where's my where's my mother where's my phone where is my mother where's my phone where is my father my father my mother where's my mother awake late at night after Mike's death

Mike was a ceaseless worker, but he harbored dreams of pleasure that he was perhaps never able to attain.

—Kim Gordon

Hands on his knees, chin upward performing a hysterical laughing squawk

Wearing a woman's flowered adorned hat dressed in a sleeveless shirt he strolls past the audience with a staged smile

Mike Kelley
A Great Mind
A Huge Influence
A Good Friend

Through his work we can see him and remember him. □

PAUL MCCARTHY IS AN ARTIST BASED IN LOS ANGELES.

Mike Kelley and Paul McCarthy, *Heidi: Multiple Crisis Trauma Center and Negative Media Engram Abstraction Release Zone*, 1992, still from a color video, 62 minutes 40 seconds.

