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*Arts Center (1992)*

For a decade or more the guardians of the city's self-image have been insisting on the necessity of converting the old Watts-Hardy dairy into an Arts Center, as a means (so the local paper claims) of repairing the grievous damage wrought by the cruelly accurate late-Seventies characterization of *Newsweek* ("Boulder: Where the Hip Meet to Trip"), that this is a party town inhabited exclusively by narcissistic trust fund babies and their support personnel. — Indeed the old joke had it that the three people you had to see in any given day were your lawyer, your broker, and your dealer, and with any luck they were all the same person. — But for this reason also a great town in which to pretend to be an artist, so here the Center is at last. Groaning inwardly but compelled by social obligation I attend the official opening. I wander from room to room, viewing wall upon wall of execrable watercolor landscapes. Finally lighting up when I find the one where they're stashing all the good shit, some really nice primitive stuff. Then I realize this is the exhibit from the elementary schools.

Watching a dance performance. "Lay of the Crane. A dance about the Whooping Crane, and its indangered [?] situation." — They do look like cranes. — I write Joe Bob's review for him: he likes the girls in their underwear, but wonders why they keep flapping their arms.

Then I watch Karen, who is actually good, of course, smooth, very controlled, the higher Fourier components edited out of her motion, not a delta function to be seen. — I talk to her afterwards, maybe she still has a thing for me, maybe not, but in any case — seriously — never again. This time I mean it.