

KREWELLA, *LIVE FOR THE NIGHT*

For Kristopher “Rain Man” Trindl, Jahan Yousaf, and her sister Yasmine Yousaf, this is probably one of the best weeks of their lives, for their song *Live For The Night* is number #40 on America’s Top 40 with Ryan Seacrest.

Because the Top 40 is listed in descending order, appearing first is technically the worst.

But it is the *Top* 40 after all.

If you find yourself after death living on the moon with the souls of the blessed who showed lack of fortitude in their earthly lives, who abandoned their earthly vows because of a small temerity of will, you’re still technically in paradise, at least Dante’s.

My brother has been trying to explain the convoluted scenario of the American League wild card right now on the Internet, and how the Kansas City Royals fit in it.

When people express confusion, he says, “They’re the worst of the best.”

I don’t have a song on America’s Top 40, but my week is going okay.

How’s yours?

I go into the bathroom at work and spit into the urinal before I pee in it.

The spit has some blood in it and the blood gathers in the spare white water of the urinal, a suspended smudge.

Live For The Night is itself like a smudge of almost everything in pop music from the last few years.

It celebrates the allure and power of the night, a rarefied time marked by the disappearance of obligations to labor, which thus becomes the critical time to practice abandonment as a way of life, to supplant regular ascesis for a new, wilder one.

Living for the night in *Live For The Night* is figured as the loftiest practice possible, one worthy of so much devotion it becomes synonymous with existence.

In this way *Live For The Night* is ethical, in that if these three are going to live for the night, what are we going to do at night?

Saying “I live for X” is a classic dative of purpose.

I’ve been taking baths in the morning lately.

It started a few weeks ago when I was g-chatting with Ben.

Ben sent me a link to a piece that the fashion designer Tom Ford wrote for *Esquire*, in which he describes his toilette, the bejeweled minimalism of his opulent routines.

Ford takes several baths every day.

The first bath he takes is before his workout, right when he wakes up, he bathes with a glass of iced coffee, “slowly coming to life.”

“I don’t like hot beverages,” he writes.

Reading the piece was so liberating, as I realized that I too don’t really like hot beverages, and I vowed to introduce baths into my morning ablutions and drink iced coffee exclusively.

My bath is about ten minutes long or so, and I stare at the wall or ceiling, occasionally drawing my legs up and out of the water and stretching them along the facing plaster.

Or I lift my back from the bottom of the tub so that the water which rushes into the space my back had occupied is newly hot.

Yesterday morning I watched a cockroach glide along the trim, under a bad patch job over a kinky clump of mold.

I had never realized how graceful cockroaches can be.

I hardly ever see them, and up until yesterday morning I had only seen the stray bug at night, crumb-hunting in the kitchen.

Maybe this particular one was a “morning person.”

I thought about getting out to smash its body into a smudge, but it felt weird, while “slowly coming to life” to be an agent of death, of any kind.

It’s never pleasant to see cockroaches, unless you’re at the house of some enemy, then you might relish it.

If I were Kristopher “Rain Man” Trindl, I might feel some anxiety about my job security.

For if anything drastic were to happen to the structural integrity of Krewella, I bet Kristopher is going to be the one to go, since after all Jahan and Yasmine are family.

“Krewella” is kind of clever, but I don’t know about electing to use the infix nickname “Rain Man.”

As a kid I was a frantic ranker and maker of lists, I kind of “lived for” making them.

I liked to make my own lists of pop songs, ranking all the ones I knew from worst to best.

One of my favorite things was Casey Kasem’s America’s Top 40, which I’d listen to every Sunday after church, buckled up in my parent’s car, while they “socialized.”

Church ended at 12:00, the time Kasem’s show started, depending on the punctuality of the pastor and my success in avoiding sweet Lutherans, sometimes I’d miss the first, i.e. the 40th, song of the countdown.

Later I read an article about an autistic kid whose most obvious symptom was an obsession with America’s Top 40.

He wrote down the top 40 songs in order every week and filed the loose papers in a homemade archive, for no one’s use but his own.

It made me wonder.

TEGAN AND SARA, *CLOSER*

Today is Tegan and Sara's birthday!

It's also Filip's birthday.

Filip was in town for two weeks, I didn't see him, and I feel bad.

Filip, like Tegan and Sara, is a Virgo, and he wrote the most wonderful thing about Virgos recently, "Virgos are not organized chaos is."

Closer is set on the cusp between two bodies about to satiate their lust, its language is in the dialect of the sweaty threshold.

I guess Tegan and Sara typically have different objects of lust in their minds as they sing, even though they sing in unison.

For a long time I didn't know whether they were sisters, a couple, buddies, or what.

I have to admit that the reason I never paid much attention to them is because Logan liked them so much.

Logan is also a Virgo, like Filip, Tegan, and Sara.

Long ago, I made a hasty decision that our tastes were so radically different in their objects, that whenever Logan professed interest in a given work of art or artist I felt a sense of relief.

One less artist to have to attend to.

But now I dunno.

Closer makes a list of vows ("I won't treat you like you're typical") surrounded by a central imperative ("Come a little closer.")

Sometimes vows are more for the benefit of the vower than the avowed.

The vower experiences the narcissistic pleasure of making a promise he or she thinks is sooo charitable, as if not treating someone like they're typical is so hard.

The first word of the syntagm “I love you” is “I.”

The word order matters, since “you are loved by me” is a different sentence.

Tegan and Sara were originally called Sara and Tegan, but flipped the names in interest of euphony.

It’s not like we’re supposed to think Tegan is superior to Sara or anything like that.

It’s not that I thought I had superior taste to Logan, in fact, far from it, but rather that when it came to matters of taste we almost always differed.

I’m not even sure what taste is, so I don’t know if it’s something that can be “better” or “worse.”

Taste is supposed to be something that there’s no disputing, that is, something tautological, although in practice it is always the subject of dispute.

I don’t think my taste is bad exactly, I just hate disputes so always admit it as for the gaudiest, most crystalline, obvious, normal art.

I’d rather read long lush descriptions of Tegan and Sara’s haircuts than another page of Adorno ever.

But maybe this again is a matter of taste.

This afternoon I was talking to an acquaintance who said she was thinking about moving to a new neighborhood.

Being new to the Bay Area, she wondered about the various districts of San Francisco, and asked me for advice.

I said well what are you looking for in a neighborhood?

She said that she wanted to be around her age peers, be within walking distance to bars and boutiques, and to live in a place “where white people lived.”

I made like a “I’m gonna throw up” face.

The meaning of the face was the opposite of the meaning of *Closer*, in that it meant “Please get farther away from me.”

I was taken by surprise, and she, recognizing my discomfort, said ok bye and walked away.

I’ve spent the rest of the afternoon wondering what I should have said to her.

Some of my friends talk about “stringing people (capitalists) up,” some talk about slitting throats in Oscar Grant Plaza, some joke about a server who was smashed in the face with a brick during a demonstration.

I guess such rhetoric makes Adorno look pretty chill, if no less annoying.

These sentences send me fleeing into Tegan and Sara’s four arms, I come closer to them, I’m at their beck and call, they become my marshals, we support each other profoundly, bracingly, differently.

David often quotes Angela Davis, on the day of the General Strike in Oakland, saying “Our solidarities will be complex.”

I don’t want this tragic and horrible white person to be hanged for being so stupid, but I am okay with her going away from my door to never return.

My non-solidarity with her is simple; it’s solidarity that’s always more complex, like the molecules that make up a fungal ear on an old bathroom wall.