The flat ontology between artworks and the studio process is not in danger as far as its magnitude and abundance. But its underlying symbolic pathos seems more precarious. It is unstable and fluctuates more involuntarily than its constructed cousin "the last painting". We find mojo by pretending a thing is in danger and then performing the rescue scene’s soundtrack ourselves. The famous quote about Burroughs’ Naked Lunch was that it was the moment everyone saw what was at the end of everyone else's fork. It isn't a very pleasant or utopian transparency. On top of that it seems like beatnik kitsch. If it’s decadent it might regain some innocence. Twilight is pretty. Magentas and dusty mauves all the way to night.