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Advice About Advice (Faultlines)

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Advice About Advice

Advice should have a torso and be armless and ordained. It should sweep and careen off unaccountable surfaces, contain tropical storm force winds but not ditch caesuras altogether. Advice should be a territory yet to be named after its brutal conqueror. It should have a big wardrobe that opens onto empty hangers pushed to one side. It should stick to an alkaline diet. It might be jittery and chic, or staid as a doyenne’s brooch collection. It should be splendid as green aphids parading as big data visualization. It should flock and preen and attempt to kick the habit of having been there done that. It should be sly finding ways to insert belfry and stadium complex and commensurate into the exposition. So it’s dusty and derivative, a cage of feathers—a concealing hay—it’s no good unless it gets a lot wrong. You think you follow me, that advice should be the kind of water fountain you’re not supposed to bathe in but on a hot day people do. I’m not so sure.