The ultimate lifestyle exercise for a home is its television. It produces error after error. If knowledge unlike pleasure takes place in a network, a painting should pursue itself in a set interval of time, i.e., the time allotted to it. The ideal interval is programmed, usually three or seven or twelve, and expands indefinitely. In that way all the words, like portraiture or shades of color, could be replaced by something that reminded one of a couplet, an integer, a television set, a phone number or the revolving seasons. If one doesn’t have a television set it is necessary to make one. It is now spring or it is now autumn when you read this. The temperature is the same across all three screens. Somewhere it is summer and I am losing someone because she is already gone. The television set is sitting on the windowsill. It resembles a canvas. These are the feelings television has and these are the ways we make our feelings disappear into them, like small pieces of ice. The best paintings like poems make our feelings evaporate at a constant rate like a disco, which is nothing but a rotating system of words masquerading as numbers. I think it is snowing and I worry that the guests will be late. I flick on the screens. This is an election year, of course. How to incite the idea of reading without reading? How to accessorize reading as a practice similar to entertaining? One comes and then one goes. One adds something and then one subtracts something else.

The most precious commodity in modern life is time. I live in a house like a series of loops, plus signs