As any junkie will tell you, addiction knows no cause and occurs without memory. The best paintings, like words, expire like photographs of themselves. As such, the space for paintings and for experiencing paintings ought to take place backwards and as if they were erasing themselves

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paintings like words can be read as an equation for any number of diagrammatic surfaces: inexactitude, thought, the false arc of the historical. All paintings should be flowcharts of paintings and inhabit a decorated space. A painting like a poem is just a space that is showing up somewhere else. It should be ahistorical and undesigned and as homogeneous as possible. Like a book, it should aspire to the most taciturn forms of expression such as greeting cards, photographs of outer space, video monitors turned off, slightly incandescent lightbulbs, automobile windshields at night, billboards, cheap but glossy high-quality reproductions (of photos or paintings), banners, escalators, central air-conditioning, airports, ticket stubs, sheetrock, flags. You are looking at a book. Look at what is reflected: symbols that pass before it before they become emotions. In paintings, all emotions become the symbols of things that they are not.

Like the Pantone color chart, the beautiful book is a diagram of “historical inexactitude” which reflects (by turning) something “not there.” A very beautiful painting should have its pages turned endlessly and without thought. What is “not there” is opposed to what appears in a poem or building or painting. It should never be necessary to turn a page when reading.

The page should turn before you got there. This is known as history.