

### PLATE 3

#### A

Instead of a photograph, A, that merely repeats something, a souvenir or keepsake, I wanted this to resemble nothing but itself, and thus to capture the blankness and non-theatrical spaces of the world “out there.” The least repetitive photographs are the photographs that make us forget the things that we love. That is why most landscapes are so boring to look at. A beautiful landscape is like a beautiful photograph is like a beautiful landscape is like a beautiful photograph. Such photographs erase people, relatives, household objects, other photographs, and landscapes at a steady velocity. That is why it is normally so difficult to fall in love with the same person twice.

Because each of these flowers, in April, may be counted more than once, the photograph seems to repeat itself endlessly, just like our feelings do. That is why photographs of landscapes or people or nature are usually meaningless. Such a photograph becomes a kind of definition of the theatricality of the world. If the world is a landscape, then our emotions become a reversed and private spectacle of all the things we cannot remember.

Yet everything about our desires is central to a point of fault. For this reason, the empty page corresponds to a location. If my eyes were like a newspaper, the photographs appear to revolve around the words like a series of imaginary facts, and then appear to double.

#### B

In any given landscape, B, like this, whatever is written down is beset by resemblances and whatever I hear I write down. No writing should ever be done while one is thinking about something. The newspaper on the other hand is purely temporal. It records phenomena as if they had just happened. If I have no memories of this (i.e., Plate 6), I consider this to have been the object of a desire or something that is reconstructed many years after the fact.

When I look at a landscape in a novel all I see is something that I have not had the time to forget. One waits patiently for the things that have happened already. In this landscape, something I forgot (once) is about to reverse itself and become exactly what it is. You can remember someone many times but you can forget them only once.

On the front page of today's *New York Times*, which I confuse with a landscape, in front of the flag, there is a photograph of an unspecified Federal building.

