BOOKS That Function As BUILDINGS

AREA 51

Because certain books function as labels rather than mirrors, the most beautiful things take place before our eyes for the most indignant of reasons. In them, reading is beautiful because reading is generic and immaterial, like most of the buildings we pass through [                ] and the streets we happen to be on. [As anyone] [who has spent time on the Las Vegas strip] can tell you,

FUSE

there is minimal enclosure and negligent direction. Hence removing the jacket

➤

from a book is the best way to create a kind of empty enclosure within the book, or a black box recorder or closed parking garage without it. One never really knows what is beside a parking lot or a book. Such reading experiences aim for a uniformity in which nothing is produced by the book’s turning pages ➔ CVR

In such a bureaucracy of form, there is no plot and/or character. The page is spectral [unformatted] and dumb. The book comprises a solid diagram, however illumined [décor] by outside sources. Someone said Samuel Johnson, who was a great compiler of things people have already said, is indignant and she was right but only in the moment before she said it. The front of a book is always less interesting than the back of a book.

Someone I love told me an anecdote is about the decline of something natural, like the novel (insignia), a sports car or a t-shirt. A beautiful novel will give off anecdotes at a relatively habitual rate. This is because a belief in anecdotes is like a belief in the paranormal.

2,612,944

For this reason, any anecdote will tend to resemble things that are boring and a great many other things will be more boring than any untold anecdote (of life), which is completely un-repetitive and rarely generates anything good to read. As any reader knows, no one has yet invented a novel that is capable of reading itself (sadism). That is why novels today are so inconclusive and ill-formed: they resemble outlines of novels we have already read, each with a troubling, hard core of meaning locked inside by the author. As Gertrude Stein said resemblance is not repetition.
Whither God's Righteous Path is Still Unseen. To me, photographers, some of which I expected, and others who "began," others known as amateur works, are the subject of this book in which photography is considered with due stress in a given context. However, the recent concept of surrealism and the art of surrealism in photographic representation and the abstraction of non-figurative painting.

These photographs reveal a parallel between the theme of "photography," evidence of the instantaneousness of contradictory elements of work in relation to a new