

I take the triangle as a fundamental form; a place to begin. The three-sided, three-pointed shape wobbles, see-saws, and teeters its way around the canvas. Always moving, dynamic, merging into a quadrilateral as it runs into another triangle, or star/asterisk conjunctions when many triangle points meet in the middle.

I read incessantly. I forget what I read, and I read it again. I stare at unfinished paintings for hours, asking the same questions again and again: how much accumulation is necessary, how can a composition be an anti-composition as well, how does this color react to that color, when will it be done?

I make small paintings. Because I work in my small apartment. Because I require density: compression. Because the paintings must remain experimental: provisional prototypes for a completed product that will not occur. The paintings contain residue of process: paint (clumpy,) dust, hair, time, weight. Sometimes I frame them, sometimes I cut into them; one time I tied a brick to a painting. Trying to make it heavy.

I try to overload them with feelings, energy, mood, weather, moonlight, fatigue, without tipping the balance into sentimentality or kitsch. Sometimes I fail. I keep reading. Maybe the books affect the paintings – make them somehow smarter. The mark-making reflects my engagement with the books – focused attention, intent, small marks, stubborn. Or daydreaming, dawdling, torpid, gestural and anachronistic.

I compensate for the backward look by teaching and writing. Claude Levi-Strauss wrote that non-literate societies experience time as linear, whereas literate societies' feeling of time is accumulative – whether a museum, a library, or a garbage dump – time piles up. How will we organize and store that time? How will we pass it on to the future?

I reject the model of the avant-garde. (of progress, of competing with technology, of faster faster faster.) I attempt to inhabit the space of that rejection, without offering or seeking a substitute.