

Statement

to be an anthropologist of yourself is kind of weird
in order to perform an autopsy there must be a death
we begin in a state of relative ignorance
but maybe it's just the looking that matters

the aesthetic informs the message
aimless moodiness, residue of an action
the photograph is a chambered nautilus
black and grey suggest the end of autumn

different ways of composing a landscape
found mark, fractured atlas
acts of creative destruction
all coincidence becomes causality

praise for the complexity of living things
when everything is good, it's mediocre
anti-paintings as a history of process, of play
standing on a slippery rock
the idolater is always someone else

photographs, pickled aliens
acid tests where emptiness fluctuates
mark-making as given, inevitable
to photograph; the first artificial act
images as memories for the future

looking to pictures in search of common ancestry
gradual unfolding of the gesture
language returns as a world of preconceptions
banal, charged through a window
vibrating in the night air