I am going to begin with *Durango*, painted in 1990 and now at the museum in Düsseldorf. As you can see, it is a very large work painted in black and grey horizontals and verticals with an extreme degree of physically manifested emotion. The center panel bulges out, making it in some way like an altarpiece. It is a painting of order and violence. And this brings me to the main theme of this lecture, which is taken from a line by William Butler Yeats, the great Romantic Irish poet. Yeats said that "no mind can engender until divided into two," which means that a mind not divided cannot create. In other words, one might say that the romantic impulse needs and depends upon friction, divide and schism and that this is a problem of identity -- a split which can be worked out and resolved through the making of art and which causes the pressure one needs for creation. Michael Peppiatt, who worked on the Francis Bacon show [1999], said that what Yeats is getting at is that if you don't have a sense of duality inside you, you have no need to create. The need to create comes *because* you are split and forced to find some kind of unity. It is not a choice. I think this is a very powerful aspect of my work, and you will see it registered in practically every artwork that I am going to show you.

This work I'm now showing you is *Stone Light*. Painted in 1992, it is at the Pinakothek der Moderne in Munich. It's part of a group of paintings that includes *Hammering*, *Light in August* and of course *Durango*, all coincidentally in German museums. This again relies on a vertical-horizontal axis, but the sense of light in this painting is greater. Whereas *Durango* is a threatening painting, *Stone Light* is a painting of light. It has a corner section that alludes to the natural world, or one might say to the world of flowers and blood, to the world of nature with its two reds, one light and one dark. I titled this painting after a phrase of the great Australian critic Robert Hughes, who wrote that my paintings contain "a gravitas and at once a light, one might say the light of stone." I thought that this was such a beautiful phrase that I tried to use it in the next important work I made. And this painting is at once grand and luminous, yet it is not the luminosity of the Impressionists. It is a luminosity of the solid. So that's why I am so attracted to this phrase "the light of stone" or "stone light," because the light one finds in stone is a kind of light that is, in a sense, eternal and timeless. It is luminous and sensual but also stubborn. It also has about it an enduring quality and the possibility of crossing over time. A light of permanence this is, if you will, and this is what I

would like to make in my paintings. I want to defy the passage and destruction of time by making a light that has in it pathos and nobility, pathos and permanence.

The next picture I would like to show you is by the great nineteenth-century German Romantic painter, Ludwig Richter. This painting, as you see, is a picture of a boat crossing a river and is called *The Crossing of the Elbe at the Schreckenstein*. And on this boat everybody is presented. We are all there: young, old; male, female; farmer, musician, intellectual; married, unmarried, etc. Everybody is dreaming their own dream. The reason I show this work is because it is not simply a painting of a boat. I believe it to be a painting of what painting can offer, and painting can offer this now. I think of a painting as a place of freedom, a place where one can recuperate, a place where one can rehumanize oneself, relocate oneself, remake oneself, to use that phrase of Goethe. And at times I also think of a painting as a floating platform. (I'm speaking metaphorically and poetically, of course.) A painting is a place of freedom: it is not here, it is not there, it is a place that has not arrived at a conclusion. And in an age of screaming information, I believe it to be so very important to have a place that one can go to that is free. In one sense, it is the responsibility of the painter to make something that is definite and clear and open at the same time, a painting that offers the possibility that Richter offers in this picture. It is a nineteenth-century version of what I'm talking about, this reality that can be offered at this moment in time by the deep humanistic surface, the individual surface of an abstract painting. It is something that is not concluded, something that is clear yet endlessly possible, usable in a humanistic way. And this is what I try to offer in my paintings and why I find this Ludwig Richter painting so very profound.

Continuing the water theme, I will now move on to the next big painting, which is called *Narcissus* -- taken of course from the story of Narcissus, who found the reflection of the self in the other self, the reflected self. And this is the beginning of our ability to look at ourselves in a double way. Going back again to Yeats' fantastic line on the divided mind -- the divided self in this case -- this painting is, I would say, a very romantic painting and at the same time a physically aggressive work. It is very big, over three meters tall, and it includes a projection. The top of the painting is heavier than the bottom, so one has the sense

of great weight even though the theme of the painting is, to a degree, water and reflection. I am painting in blue and red, and yet I paint in a way that is without definite colors. When the color is uncertain the way I paint is full of emotion, and the painting has about it an enormous solidity, but a solidity undermined by the repetitive nature of the stripes. It also includes within it in a massive painting, the subject of intimacy; because the small inset is painted in a different way -- flatter, less physical -- it requires you to move up to the painting. I will read you a quote at this point by Armin Zweite, who wrote a very beautiful and important essay on the painting that I already showed you called *Stone Light*. But this phrase of Zweite's will describe *Narcissus*: "With their coldly geometric structure, the paintings impose an enormous distance between themselves and the viewer, yet their painterly energy somehow engages one's attention and touches an emotional chord. Scully's pictures generate a kind of aesthetic experience, which can only be described as a paradoxical dual movement. Away from the viewer and, at the same time, towards him, emphasizing and yet suspending the difference between subject and object."

This also puts me in mind of the basic idea of Friedrich Nietzsche, whose idea was that life would be lived with the extreme polarities of intellectual rigour and depth and passion and emotions turned up and expressed to their fullest, simultaneously. In other words, this is not a compromise reached by passion and intellect. It is the simultaneous, extreme expression of both, the manifestation of both at the same time. One unhindered by the other. And this is what I was attempting to do in most of these paintings. Even though they are, of course, paintings of compositional balance, I want them to be rigorously structural and timeless -- classical in a sense, reaching back into history, and at the same time passionate and visceral in that passion.

The next painting is *The Bather*. Like many of my paintings this is an homage, in this case to the great French painter Matisse and his painting *Bathers by the River*. As you can see, it is rather a joyful painting in the sense that the colors are extremely reminiscent of nature, and the composition has a kind of giddy craziness about it, an ecstatic quality. It's physical and highly structured, but not with the structure of reason. It is the structure of feeling. The band with the orange and pink projects forward and is somehow cut off from its environment, very

separated. So this is not a figure *in* a ground, it's a figure *on* a ground or *away from* a ground, a figure that is coming away from its environment and so assertive, so confident of itself that it almost cuts itself from its environment. And of course the color blue and the color green refer to water and gardens.

This next work I'm showing is *Molloy*, a very different work painted in 1984, just one year after *The Bather*. *Molloy* is a darker, more threatening painting. Both of these paintings, however, have something in common, which is that the bands that run across the vertical divisions -- the physical construction of the painting -- obey and disobey that structure. So again, as in a lot of my paintings, there is point and counterpoint. There are simultaneous truths competing for dominance within a single work.

The next picture is *Africa*, painted in 1989. Interestingly, this was painted in a Victorian house in London in a bedroom that was only the same size as the painting. In fact, I had to put my hand behind the painting to turn the light off when I left the room. And the painting now lives in the [Museo Nacional Centro de Arte] Reina Sofía. It is an homage to northern Africa, where I made a lot of trips as a younger man, sleeping on the ground outside. And this painting has about it a strange kind of cold, warm, dark, purple light, the light of the desert sky and of the desert ground. Yet within this massive painting there is, once again, an opening. So the painting is not simply a single-point–of-view painting; none of my paintings are. I reacted against the hegemony and the singular point of view of Minimalism, the movement that preceded me in the U.S. This painting has within it a window, and the window in this case does indeed offer light relief from the weight and the relentless façade of the painting. This painting has, you will see, a step in it. It is bulky, comes projecting off the wall as paintings of that period typically do. And the light in the window offers a view to not only another atmosphere but to another scale. So, conversely, the façade of the painting is made with bigger stripes than the window and the window is painted in greater detail. This is the reversal of what one would normally see in a view from a window, which would imply less detail: the window is pulling you towards the painting at the same time as the physicality of the painting is pushing you away. As such it is a rather aggressive work.

This next work is called *Yellow Ascending* and was painted around the same time. It deals in one way with the idea of ascension. My paintings are not religious to the extent that they don't follow any religious doctrine. They are, however, meant to be spiritual. They are meant to be available to anybody and everybody. They don't follow rules, but they do make what one might call permissive references to religious themes from the past (and not just Catholicism). So this painting has in it an austerity --again using these massive vertical and horizontal paintings -- but an austerity painted with greater physicality through the polarity of black and white, as a lot of my paintings are. And running through it is, in fact, a ladder, implying the possibility for ascension, a way to destroy the forbidding and inhuman façade that is set up by these massive black-and-white structures.

The next painting is *Darkness, a Dream*. This was painted in 1985 and it is in the Denver Art Museum. *Darkness, a Dream* is really another homage, this time to the wonderful painting by Jackson Pollock, *Portrait and a Dream*. Whereas in the Pollock you have a head on one side and an abstract fantasy made in swirling Pollock lines on the other -- one obviously conscious, one unconscious -- in my painting I confront you with a very deep box made in the golden light of the end of the day and in midnight blue. One might say these are the yellow of the dying day and the blue of the beginning of the night. Its physicality, its projection, insists upon its sense of body and its physical, corporal reality. Then the painting recedes, falls back on the right side into a diptych that is attached to this big block. And it falls into the color of dream, a color that lacks a relationship to actual life -- into the colors that we find in nature and daily life, daylight and the colors we see. These are the colors of dreams in this painting, and the way it is painted is far more tenuous, far less physical than the block on the left, which offers its counterpoint. In a way it is a diptych which is part of a bigger diptych -- a split within a split, to go back again to the idea of Yeats.

Taking the notion of the split even further, I will now show you *Vita Duplex*, painted in 1993 and related formally to *Yellow Ascending*. *Vita Duplex* is about double life, a double or multiple point of view, the ability to consider and live with duality. This of course makes my painting quite European in relation to art from America, where I developed my painting. But I developed my painting in New York with a memory of being a European person in the way

that de Kooning developed his painting in America as a European; and of course Rothko was originally European as well. One might say from the American point of view that Europe is not definite enough, and from the European point of view one could easily argue the reverse -- that the American point of view is too simple, too quickly arrived at, as we have seen in the case of Iraq. And too simplistic. It's not dialectic enough. It is not loaded with the pathos and regret of history. And I have tried to make a bridge between these two realities. My work goes back and forth: it has the grandeur, the scale and the emblematic quality that one can find in a lot of American art, but it is sympathetic to history and very sympathetic to touch. I believe it is very nuanced and very affected by this. There is a lot of scraping out in the painting *Vita Duplex*; there is a lot of regret. In other words, there is a lot of going back, a lot of changing -- allowing the history of the painting to color the final result and, in fact, to subvert the grand design of the painting. These paintings are extremely nuanced. The black in *Vita Duplex* was once green. Scraped away, the residue, the shadow, the memory of that green remains in the painting. Like history itself, once something has happened it cannot un-happen. And this is very clearly demonstrated in the making of my paintings, which are above all surfaces that are made over time, with feeling, by a single individual working alone without assistance.

The next painting I want to show goes back in time -- it is *Angel*, painted in 1983. This is now at the Stanford Museum in California. When I was flying back to New York from Pittsburgh I was looking out the window at the clouds, and of course I was looking for angels. But I didn't actually see any, although I suspect they were there. I had the idea to make a painting that was based on those colors and was about this idea of looking for angels. So when I got back to New York I made this painting very quickly. It's one of my most conceptual ones. One side is drawn and the other side is filled in. This reminds me of, and gives me an opportunity to quote, Joseph Beuys, whose work I am very fond of. He said of Marcel Duchamp that Duchamp needs filling in -- in other words, that Duchamp's works were ideas that lacked the union with the experiential, that they weren't poetic, weren't filled up with feeling, which is basically what Beuys said about doing. I would say the same thing is true of my work in relation to Minimalism. Minimalism was interesting to me as a kind of cleaning-out action, getting rid of fussy detail and making art that was in some way essential,

stripped down, direct and honest. What I wanted to do after Minimalism was fill in the vacuum, the emotional vacuum caused by this thinking. In other words, it is the equivalent movement to the one that Beuys made in relation to the beginning of conceptual art and Duchamp. My response to Minimalism is to fill it in with the pathos of history and the possibility of emotional painting.

And on the left of *Angel* you see the idea for the painting. Ideas are manifested in drawing, in line: a line represents an idea, a diagram, a thought. And on the right side of the painting the idea is given body and feeling, nuance, pathos, poetry, and mystery. It is painted in the same color as the clouds that I experienced from the airplane window traveling between Pittsburgh and New York. The other thing that I thought about very strongly in this painting, as in all my diptychs, is the idea of a book, a book that sleeps when it is closed and that is in flight when it is open. Like wings similar to butterfly wings: when they are closed they are dormant, when they are open they are animant. They light up. Their pattern and design light up, and they declare themselves very differently from when they are closed. I think of this action a lot with these diptychs – and, of course, of Narcissus and the reflected self.

The next painting is *Angelica*, painted much later. Fifteen years later, in fact, in 1998. But the painting in a way has a similar theme. I've painted works called *Angelina*, *Angelica*, *Angelo*, *Angel*…all along the same theme. They are generally painted with delicate, non-natural colors, or colors that do not relate to the nature of the earth upon which we stand. I made an exhibition with Francisco Jarauta in Málaga, which he installed. Taking this theme further, manifesting it in an installation, he installed all the color paintings on the ground floor because they were near the plants, near the ground; on the floor above, which was nearer the sky, he installed all the white and black and grey paintings, making a physical narrative in this division in my work between color and non-color. This painting has on the inset a very faint trace of a pink that was once there and that was removed. The inset that enters the painting comes in from the left as a discrete visitor -- changing the rhythm of the painting and offering another tempo, musically speaking, and a lack of body. The body is taken away from the area that shows the traces of pink.

The next work is *Come In*, painted in 1983 around the same time as *Angel*. At that moment I was making quite a lot of paintings with drawn areas -- drawn lines and painted areas. I was very interested in this idea of body and lack of body. The paintings are built up -- they are massive, heavy, on the wall -- and they refer to the idea of drawing versus painting. What is the difference between a drawing and a painting? How do the two resonate? What do they provoke in us? What feelings do they provoke in us? Obviously painting is a skin; it is a subjective surface and it is a very powerful surface in the sense that it is individual, registered differently every time. When I had painted this painting, a friend of mine came over and told me a story which I have recounted before about Beckett and Joyce. Joyce was dictating to Beckett when somebody knocked on the door. So Joyce said "come in" and Beckett wrote down "come in." The next day, when they were going back over the manuscript, Joyce asked Beckett why he had written "come in," and Beckett said, "I wrote it because you said it. If you say it, I write it." And Joyce respected this so much that he let it stand; and "come in" was left in the manuscript, making no narrative sense of course, yet respecting the intervention of something entering an artwork. The next week I had a visitor to my studio. This was Diane Waldman, from the Guggenheim Museum, with her very enthusiastic junior curator. And she asked me the title of the painting, and I told her it was called *Come In*. She immediately thought that it was because it was physical and it related to architecture, that I was making a reference to a door -- as if I were titling something as simply as "come in" in relation to a door. I found it pretty funny at the time. Anyway, I was obliged to tell them the story of how the painting came to get the title, which was in fact my intervention. One can see it as arbitrary or not, depending on one's point of view and what one allows into one's work. I could see that as I neared the end of my little story she looked bewildered and disgusted at the same time, as if I were messing up something that was clear in its message, or could have been clear in its message, even though that message would have been simple to the point of being simplistic. But she was extremely uncomfortable with my justification, and I knew at that moment that my work would never enter the museum while she was there. And indeed, it did not. It took eighteen years for a painting of mine to enter the Guggenheim Museum. It's also a portrait of my relationship with American formalism.

The next painting is called *Paul* and is in the Tate Gallery. It is a dedication to my son, an elegy if you like. In a sense it is quite a rough painting for such a tender emotion, even though it contains the color pink, which I always use with the intention of some kind of tenderness. The middle section is like a body, a box or a tomb. It has a luminous stripe running down the middle. It's absolutely essential in its color and is put into a landscape that is in some way beautiful. So I've put my son into a landscape. One can also see it as a landscape with two figures on the right: one guarding the other, one standing behind the other.

The next painting I show you is *Maesta*, at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington. *Maesta* is a dedication to Duccio's masterpiece of the same name in Siena. Again, it takes the theme of the triptych as a sacred form. It isolates the central panel and flanks it with panels painted in black and white -- in other words in the lack of color (the color of pure spirit, pure idea), but painted very rough, very physical. I would say that this painting has an extreme physical quality. Yet the blue and red in the center represent body and life, surrounded and supported, buttressed by the architecture of spirituality.

The next painting is *As Was*, from 1993. This is in the museum in Dublin. In a way, the title is Beckett-like; it refers to the "way it was," refers always to the "way it was." It is a painting of loss, of being lost or discontent, because one side refers to the other side *as it was*. So the painting is always in a state of *as was*. It never offers a resolution; it just simply goes from one side to the other. The right side is made of metal, so the painting is both framed and incarcerated. The same painting, slightly different since it was painted by hand, is isolated on the left side of the work and put into a landscape of austerity. This painting is extremely unhopeful, a painting of great severity.

This picture is *Ukbar*, a title I took from a story by Borges of a place that nobody can remember the location of, or the correct pronunciation of.

And the following painting is *Okbar*, painted around the same time. I wanted to paint paintings that were slightly different, with slightly different titles, confusingly different or

confusingly similar titles. And it is a painting of place because it *is* a painting of a place; or it is a figure dropped into a field, coming of course from the idea of Annunciation paintings in the history of art. And the field of *Ukbar* can be seen as giant guitar strings vibrating on a yellow ground, with a visitation from the top edge of the painting breaking this field. The same is true of *Okbar*. A different kind of visitation, a visitation of greater blockiness, greater weight, and with a stiller quality offers in both cases the notion of something entering the painting and breaking the field from the top edge, breaking the harmony of the painting and causing it to be, in a sense, a figure-ground painting.

This work, *Planes of Light*, is in fact here in the collection of the IVAM [Instituto Valenciano de Arte Moderno]. This picture is, in a sense, three pictures. The nomadic Bedouin people have a habit of laying down on the floor layers of carpets, and so their pictorial reality is physically layered: it has its own archaeology that is made every time they set up home. Every time they remake their floor they also remake this personal, familiar archaeology. I find this idea very beautiful. The idea of the inset is also a very beautiful idea, as it gives you a double, triple vision. You are looking at three things at once. And *Planes of Light* is a poetic constellation of a triple view. Two windows on a field or two paintings on a painting, or in other words three paintings: a drawn painting, a checkerboard painting, and a striped painting, running through the possibilities of color to no color. The difference, once again, between drawing and painting within a single work.

The next painting is *Long Light*, 1988. This is in the museum in Bologna, something I am happy about since it's the town of Morandi, one of my absolute favorite artists. I believe him to be the European equal of Mark Rothko -- more introverted and more existential, perhaps, more tied to the objects of the real world, but nevertheless as important in the history of art. It's a portrait of horizon lights at different times of day and night and from different distances. It is somewhat distinct from *Planes of Light* in the sense that the insets in *Long Light* seem to be more embedded into the ground, not floating. They are more part of it -- particularly the top inset, which seems to be absorbed and swallowed by the ground around it. So there is of course the issue of identity crisis in my paintings, where parts of the painting are put into survival situations with each other. Where the sense of identity is

heightened. This identity is asserted by the color, the way things are painted, the horizontality and the verticality of something. The verticality is usually more aggressive, but the paintings are painted over and over in layers so the colors are complicated. The experience of looking at these different whites is very complicated in this painting. It takes a long time, and thus it has a long light.

For me this next picture, *Stare Red Yellow*, is extremely emblematic. It's a little bit like two eyeballs arranged vertically. You stare at the painting and the painting stares back at you. One of the insets, the red and yellow, is of course isolated in a white ground, and one is isolated in a black ground, which becomes a question of equivalent pressure. The fascinating thing for me about this painting is that it is a kind of pressure that never stops. The work is painted with energy in these colors; and these colors in the composition create an unrelenting stare that is also timeless, because it is at the same time a classical painting.

The next work is *Four Dark Mirrors*, which was painted in response to *Four Large Mirrors* at the museum in Düsseldorf. This work is in the museum in Houston, Texas. Now I am taking the idea of the mirror, which is one of the themes in my work that I am most interested in. Arthur Danto put one of these images, a mirror image, on the cover of one of his books, which was called *The Body/Body Problem*. And it's the perfect image for the title, because it is the image of a body against a body, the body-body problem, the reflection problem, the identity problem, the self-outside-the-self problem. One thing against another, competing for domination or simply for its own place. What I've done in this work is to multiply the situation four times, and what you see is an installation shot taken from my studio in New York which, as you can see, has a wooden roof with a skylight coming in from the top. It is a big, beautiful, airy space, and the reason I bought the building was in fact because I fell in love with the roof. Anyway, to return to the subject: the rhythm in the painting runs from one end to the other and back again, always doubling, tripling up on itself, multiplying itself. The space between the panels should be the same size as one of the panels itself, so there is a lot of repetition within the work -- relating of course to Minimalism, but it is a very emotive response to Minimalism. And it doesn't follow a system, nor do the colors. The colors are highly intuitive, as is the way they are painted. They are painted in layers, and they are

arrived at on the canvas. This work took probably one year to complete. Running backwards and forwards between these panels, taking them out, separating them, painting them, putting them back again, looking, waiting: it was a work that took an enormous amount of attention. It is, instead of simply two sides moving backwards and forwards across the center divide, a work of multiplication. So in that sense (to agree with Zweite and his comment) it becomes Matissean, celebratory; it becomes environmental, because the three spaces between the four panels are somehow recruited into the work.

The next work is from 1998 and is called *Pink Bar*. This is a very important work for me, since it is the beginning of a whole group of paintings which I am still working on to this very day and which I've not yet begun to explore forcefully, or as forcefully as I will. It relates once again to the notion of the figure in painting. My work of course is abstract and unapologetically so, but it has in it the longing to communicate in the way that figurative painting can; I was after all originally a figurative painter. This painting is an inset with a figure, with a painting painted up to it, so it has the feeling of two figures huddled together, like in a Brancusi kiss: two figures pressed up against each other that have extreme personality in a red and grey landscape.

The next picture I show you is *Wall of Light – Sky*, 2000. It is a triptych, again relating to the notion of the triptych as a sacred painting. It makes a subtle and oblique reference to this. Someone asked me to describe it to them on the telephone, and I answered, "Well, if you think about a giant Morandi painted as a grid you will be able to imagine this painting," because the color in this painting changes all the way through. It was painted very slowly, which brings me to an extremely important issue in painting: the issue of hand, of surface, of how a painting is painted. I've always loved the way that Monet's hand moved in his paintings -- slow, expressive, yet somehow noble in the way that the music of Brahms is emotional yet noble, emotional yet structural. In this painting the marks are made with an expressive but slow movement. The paint is not put down fast. It is not hammered down in the way that some of the earlier paintings were -- for instance *Darkness, a Dream*, where the paint is set down with great speed. In this work the paint is put down with great modesty. And the resonance of the painting is slowly built up with all these greys that are never

identical. And the greys are painted over different greys at different times of the day, so that the color is changing all the way through the painting and the gaps between the colors are being gradually closed up. This painting is slow and classical in the way that a Morandi painting might be described. The color is a color of modesty.

The next work I want to show you is *Wall of Light – Dark Orange*, which is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This is a slightly more lit up, more monumental painting since it is taller. Again, it has a scratched out area that is left. Between these melancholic colors you can see an orange line running all the way through the painting and subverting the austerity of the color. So one is looking consciously at one kind of color and feeling this rhythm running underneath the painting, informing us of the archaeology of the painting and, at the same time, offering a very different feeling to the first impression. This is what I want to do in my work, to make the paintings layered. The idea of "Wall of Light" is of course metaphysical, since it is impossible to have a wall of light except in one's imagination, and only if one is prepared to cooperate with my spiritual illusion.

The last painting I will show you is *Wall of Light – Brown*. This is the painting that corrected the rather sad encounter between myself and Diane Waldman, as it now resides at the Guggenheim Museum. At this point I would like to recount a small excerpt from an interview, which I will now read to you. Someone recently compared my work with Guston's, which is something that I can understand. There are many similarities -- we both put paint on in a very direct, very physical way -- but where we are very different is in our use and understanding of color. Guston's color sense is very simplistic and, as you know, he gave up on abstraction. Michael Peppiatt asked, "It is because of that, do you think?" I went on to answer, "I don't know. Human beings are so complicated. If Guston had loved the idea of abstraction more he might have developed a color sense in support of it. He may have subverted himself deliberately, in some way, to get out of abstraction. I am not developing a color sense. It is complicated enough to keep it. Guston said he went up the mountain of abstraction and realized, when he was near the top, that he had forgotten something. I've gone up the mountain of abstraction and I've realized that I haven't forgotten anything. I'm not going down. This is where I am, and this is abstraction which

has body and soul. And there is not much of that around in painting at the moment. So my feeling is that painting at this moment is uniquely placed to offer a surface and a hand that is the antidote to the world of the virtual, the technological world we live in, where people even have romantic relationships on the Internet and where images are screaming out at us and where the world is turning into one giant TV screen. On the surface of the painting it's a non-repeatable, unique reality. I try to also make the painting available to anybody who wants to look at it, to keep it in a sense, as I said before, inconclusive -- so that it is clear and very definite, like my work is, but also open and usable.

This painting, *Wall of Light – Brown*, was solved, or let's say finished by the area in the middle -- that is, the brown that was put down like mud, like dirt, as if it was something found on the ground, which in fact it was. Brown comes out of the ground upon which we walk and then is simply mixed up and put on the painting, so it has about it a joyful quality that these colors – green, red, sandy colors, orange, blue – have; and yet it is also ugly, and I believe that this ugliness, this awkwardness, is its quality. It is not a painting that slides comfortably into the culture. It is, I hope, a painting that has the authenticity of clumsiness, of awkwardness. This to me is a great quality in painting as an antidote to the slickness of the information world in which we are now traveling. Instead of being a construction or an arrangement like practically any other art form that one might think of (like environmental art, installation art, sculpture), painting is a unique surface. And it could possibly best be described as a profound, compressed incarnation where everything comes together in one moment.