

Untitled, in byzantine icons you couldn't show the source of light like the sun or the moon or a shadow. So it is a divine light without any origin or destination.

Untitled, but if the light pierces the canvas, would the source not be the world? And would the world not destroy itself through assembly?

The Painting, or rather the piercing becomes a depiction and so must police itself as such.

The Painting, mooning the sky.

The Painting, indeed the image is no longer actual because it has depicted too much. A frame within a frame expects self-reference to produce value, it does not reinvent the algorithm but becomes it.

Untitled, and so with fervor the painting waits to become a wound now squared. Multiplied by its own impossibility it is the negative function of my imagination that trips on a cotton wire.

The Painting, is a doomed human entanglement with buildings. The beaches are gone so I bought a shell at the store and realized memory is quite the outdated invention. Finally the world itself has become divine. That being the point of loss we find ourselves.

Untitled, that it is impossible to remember and so it is also impossible to trap light.

The Painting, performing light as a way to invent the possibility of memory. As a way to insist on those four-legged instruments of chaos.

Text by Adrienne Herr