

The fridge is an institution, even more so than buildings and people. The fireplace of most lives, primarily spent inside, with the plan libre, plan der Freiheit, as a basis of negotiating one's state of being real. It functions like real estate, holding a steady cold climate to host some rotten basic needs, by using energy and producing heat in exchange. Opening it to see what is missing is like saying hi to the personnel at the counter in a museum or gallery where the lights are not yet on. It stands for the body as architecture. It stands for people.

Painting is the mind, the economy behind some desired congruence of being. The material pretending to mean something totally other than it is, preceding language, like the third eye appearing as blank, when one meditates too hard.

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