

Domestic Detail

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It's so me of me to start a journal, especially knowing nobody will read it. In theory, I hate navel-gazing, so not writing felt justified: the supreme negative poetics. So much for that.

—Tony Tulathimutte, *Private Citizens*

Writing is too often about people who can't manage. Now I have become one of those people. I am one of those people. What I should do, instead of writing about people who can't manage, is just quite writing and learn to manage.

—Lydia Davis, *can't and won't*

Preface

As a very wise person once said: tell me what you read and I will tell you who you are. The 'notes' included in this text are intended to augment the autobiographical information I have posted in the About tab on my website. Keep in mind that this document—which is presented in the form of a digital chapbook—is an on-going project altered almost daily. The first version was posted on June 1, 2025. The latest revision was made on August 29, 2026.

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Notes for an Introduction

If the world were clear, art would not exist.

—Albert Camus

From the moment I first laid eyes on the spectacle called painting, I was smitten by the aesthetic style known as *expressionism*. The attraction became apparent over the years: *distortion* seemed to me to be much closer to the truth of our experience of reality than any other form of representation.

Up until the day I walked into an art museum for the first time in my life when I was 22, I wasn't aware that humans could create objects that didn't make noise. When I first started to look at visual art at that time, I was strongly drawn to the idea that painting was a *silent medium*.

When I first stood in front of 'The Old Guitarist' in Chicago, I didn't see an old man, nor did I see a guitar; what I saw was *paint on canvas*; and I saw and felt an artistic *sensibility* embodied in an object that seemed to have great power beyond just the material facts. I later came to learn that this poetic quality was known as the *aura* of the hand-made object. This idea that a work of art could have a special aura has now been discredited by the critical establishment; however, this hypothetical attribute of painting powerfully *worked on me* in my naive state in 1973. I was deeply altered by just *looking* at painting for the first time. And I wondered—how could this be: how could an object that *makes no sound* be so

charismatic and so unforgettable?

After looking at visual art—especially painting—carefully for a couple of years in the mid-1970s, I finally asked myself a life-defining question: could I conceive of myself creating an object that has artistic-expressive qualities, and has the *potential* to silently ‘move’ people? Could an artistic identity be part of my future? The answer was a definite maybe. So I started painting about fifty years ago in the late 1970s to see what would happen—for better or worse. In my creative practice today, I am always attempting to communicate a *sensibility* rather than trying to illustrate specific subject matter. Formally speaking, I utilize deceased, high-modernist techniques of distortion and dispersal to express feral, apolitical, preverbal predicates. Most importantly, in making a drawing or a painting today, I try to confirm the positive status and continuing value of the hand-made object.

Some Favorite Quotes:

A concrete act makes language irrelevant.

—Rachel Cusk

Because I am not silent, the poems are bad.

—George Oppen

He had a good vocabulary except when he was talking to someone.

—Don DeLillo

Saying the whole truth is materially impossible, words fail.

—Jacques Lacan

Notes On Creativity

I learned early on—when I first attempted to make paintings—that I could not explore my own sense of ‘difference’ by trying to *illustrate* reality. I discovered early that I had a very strong aversion to illusionism, especially styles of realism and hyper-realism. I am not against illusionism in general *for others*; but, as an aesthetic style, the approach seriously does not work for me. This aversion I believe has determined my entire approach to creativity, especially painting. I discovered that I was personally repulsed by trying to ‘pull-off’ the technical ‘tricks’ of pictorial realism like modeling and shading. And trying to draw a figure or a realistic scene on a flat surface ‘in perspective’ made me feel like a phony—as if I were trying to tell a story and the story was all lies. I experienced a palpable feeling of *nausea* when I tried to utilize any of the ‘tricks’ of illusionism to make an image. So I gave up this ‘style’ early on, and had to find a different approach to painting. I believe this problem started when I was a child: I have always had a gut-loathing for anything claiming to be ‘magical.’ I don’t know what this says about me. What kind of artist doesn’t like to fool people and play tricks on the audience?

A Partial List of Titles (#1)

old shed fell down

people are funny

no one likes a barking dog

you can't get there from here

it's good we're talking again

scare quotes

curtain twitchers

what if we were both wrong

I do not think I can be of any further help

cowboys for \$4.99

the talking cure

turpentine burn

untitled, undated, unsigned

live removal

I said no

Notes On Creativity

I failed miserably at painting when I first started making art in the late 70s. Although I was very enthusiastic about painting as a medium, I had no idea how to physically *make* a painting. I discovered that I had a very strong feeling for the *sensibility* of painting, but I had *none* of the craft skill that was required to compose and paint an image on a support. But I wanted badly to be part of the world of cultural producers who used creative skills to make works of art and received some form of appreciation for their efforts. That's where the collage process came to my rescue. Sometime in 1977 I had a personal break-through that I would describe simply as a *recognition* of an alternative technique that could be used for creating an image: *I discovered the medium of collage*. On the wall across from my desk in the business office at Walker Art Center hung six prints by Robert Motherwell from his 1973 series of lithographs called 'Summer Light Series.' The prints could be called 'hybrid' since they combined traditional lithographic printing techniques with collage elements that were 'glued' to the surface of each image. I was 'knocked out' by these prints, and was overwhelmed by a desire to make collages myself. From my experience of looking closely at these Motherwell prints, and looking at collages made by other artists, I discovered that I could use the collage aesthetic to build an image rather than illustrate subject matter.

Plus I had developed a strong affinity for using paper as a support from my experience of taking a few print-making classes at the University of Minnesota. Trying to conjure an illusionistic image on a flat surface with paint brushes seemed like an impossible task—at least for me—that required magic talent. This ‘magic’ was beyond my reach in the late 1970s. I found however that I was much more comfortable with arranging and pasting pieces of paper on a support to construct an image. For over twenty years, from the late 70s to the late 90s, I leaned heavily on the the collage process.

More Favorite Quotes:

At the end, we all become edited copy.

—Richard Powers

None of us constitutes a material whole, identical for everyone . . . our social personality is a creation of the minds of others.

—Marcel Proust

Being convinced we have moral ownership of the earth is the best way to make it uninhabitable.

—Jacqueline Rose

The first rule of the world is that everything vanishes forever. To the extent that you refuse to accept that then you are living in a fantasy. —Cormac McCarthy

A Partial List of Titles (#2)

bad bad narrative

sorry not sorry

before and after pictures

she made me then she went away

not a talkable topic

20 first cousins

screw comes loose

repetition compulsion

green is not one color

emoji gushing & other stories

I'm not feeling like myself

the end of wholeness

play it for laughs

the deadbolts

liar, faker

no, never

Notes on Creativity

In the mid-1990s, after trying to make paintings in utter futility for over 20 years, it finally dawned on me what the problem was: *I did not know how to draw*. It just had never occurred to me before that the *skill* of drawing might have something to do with the practice of painting. I was really *that* naive. So I set about teaching myself how to draw. I bore down on this project very enthusiastically. This was the point where I withdrew from the art world so I could reassess my identity as an artist. And drawing really changed everything for me. For several years in the late-1990s, I devoted all my art-making time to drawing. I explored as many ways of making marks on a surface as I could imagine, employing a wide variety of materials and tools. Drawing can be brutal in exposing one's faults and weaknesses as an artist. As Richard Serra said, "Drawing is a way of seeing into your own nature." In other words, drawing can be like an x-ray of one's creative drives and life forces. So, over time, inside the process of drawing, I discovered the source of my personal drive to make visual art: *I needed to express impermanence*. Before I started drawing, my work tended towards the static and the emblematic. After I immersed myself in the process of drawing, I became more and more interested in expressing gesture, flux, and the transitory. Strangely though, because of the awkwardness of my life, it took another twenty years of searching and stumbling—until the late 2010s—for me to take what I had discovered from the process of drawing and apply it to the medium of painting.

Notes on Reading, Writing and Speaking

Given the challenges of where I come from and what I'm made of, my life nevertheless has been wonderfully satisfying and fulfilling. I have gone from *0 to 1*.

I tell myself everyday that I am an incredibly lucky man. But now in my seventies, in order to preserve what energy and patience I have left for living, I have *by choice* become a bookworm. I read a fair amount of nonfiction and fiction every day. I read for information and entertainment, and especially for insight. Reading 'saves' me because—like making drawings and paintings—its something I can do without having to talk and without having to make noise.

My personal transition from boyhood and adolescence to *adult consciousness* didn't occur until the late 1980s, when I was already in my late thirties. A drastic change of living conditions and a personal crisis drove me to discover the subjects of psychology and existentialist philosophy and then, more importantly, the world of critical theory. I discovered Sartre and Beauvoir, then Nietzsche and, as a sidebar, Freud and Lacan. I came to realize that I liked the challenge of reading and thinking about critical theory very much. I started to seriously critique myself. Eventually, I was led into the world of contemporary French theory. And in America, no writer has helped 'open my mind' more effectively than Judith Butler. I want to stress here that *I could only comprehend a small portion of what I read by these writers, but what I did understand changed my life.*

Theory helped me to focus and to de-clutter. My doubt and skepticism evolved. My adult identity started to finally form on the back of *critical thinking*.

I'll admit to being an obsessive notetaker; I revise and edit my notes and my lists to try to clarify my thinking from day-to-day. To put it another way: I consider note-taking to be an essential part of my personal attempt to be creative. But I would never call myself a writer—just like I would never call myself a fine artist. If I write and paint, it's not because I'm trying to make something desirably permanent; it's because I am dedicated to the daily process of scrutinizing myself—editing and revising the self. I *consciously* place my life on trial every day.

I do not speak well. My verbal skills have never been that good. Talking is always a sure way for me to feel like I'm getting lost fast. I *personally* find the act of speaking to be more and more difficult, and now sometimes even impossible. Inside my head, my voice often sounds like a garbage disposal in urgent need of repair. When I summon the resolve and stop talking though, things start to get better immediately. Writing now gives me at least the illusion of control. I take notes and I write in an effort to make legible and coherent all the random and arbitrary incidents and events that take place in my life. I write in an attempt to be what we call *normal*—to normalize. Then I make paintings and drawings *to undo* that normal.

A Partial List of Titles (#3)

mac'n cheese on black velvet

the dog ate my personality

non-mint copy

warmable stuffies

hamburger gravy

shop bouncy castles

a conceptual artist walks into a bar

do not remove this tag

wind chimes are the clown torture of noise

content-free positivity

the terrible glimpses

wait! just one more thing

yes, you can pet them

somewhatedly true

unskilled replacements

Notes on Chance and Improvisation

For the field is not just the field of music . . . it is the field of human awareness, and the acceptance ultimately is of oneself as present mysteriously, impermanently, on this limitless occasion.

—John Cage

The origin of the word improvisation is from the Latin *improvisus*, which literally means *unforeseen*.

The prototype for improvisation in visual art is *psychic automatism*, the Surrealist technique that related to poetry and writing and was also used by painters like Hans Arp, Max Ernst, Joan Miró, André Masson.

Over the years I have used (that is, appropriated and mimicked) the following improvisational techniques that are part of the history of high-modernism:

the drips and spatters of action painting — Jackson Pollock, Willem DeKooning, and Franz Kline

the smudge — Willem DeKooning

chance operations — John Cage and Merce Cunningham

pouring and staining — Helen Frankenthaler and Morris Louis

flung ink and paint— Robert Motherwell, Pat Steir, Jean Dubuffet

clotting and smearing — Joan Mitchell and Cy Twombly

squeegee painting — Gerhard Richter

freehand meandering — Louise Bourgeois and Joseph Beuys

And, although not strictly techniques of improvisation, there are two other tropes of modern painting that have been very important to my practice:

the fuzzy zone — Mark Rothko

white overpainting — this is a method of painting a white or light pigment over the top of other marks or images that were previously applied to a surface; the art historical reference for this ‘look’ is called *pentimento*, in which the earlier thoughts and activities of a maker are visible *under* the white and variously transparent overpainting; three artists who have inspired me in this regard are Brice Marden, Robert Ryan, and Richard Diebenkorn.

All of these techniques, which are still being used by artists all over the world, are nevertheless, in our times *dead*; some commentators and artists have taken to calling them ‘zombie’ techniques—as in dead but still walking; my personal term of endearment would be ‘deceased’—as in dead, but still lingering in our minds like valued ancestors that have passed on. I have a very mordant sense of humor that enables me to see both the the triumphalism *and* the masochism of continuing to paint and draw using these deceased creative techniques.

Complete self-expression is achieved by means of free association . . . To associate freely means an endeavor . . .to express without reserve, and in any sequence in which it emerges, everything that comes into [the] mind, regardless of whether it is or appears trivial, off the point, incoherent, irrational, indiscreet, tactless, embarrassing, humiliating . . . Free Association differs from our customary way of thinking or talking not only in its frankness and unreservedness, but also in its apparent lack of direction . . . In free association there is an effort to express everything that passes through the mind, regardless of where it may lead.
—Karen Horney, *Self-Analysis*

Notes on Creativity

It would seem rather quaint in our times to speak of the details of how an artist applies paint to a support. Nowadays, what viewers and critics alike are more concerned with is *subject matter*, not the object and its formal characteristics. We want to know: what are the *politics* of the subject being depicted? Is the artist expressing resistance or compliance?

In my case—for better or worse—the ongoing ‘problem’ of my practice has been the haptics of paint handling, not subject matter, not size, not the demands of presentation and promotion, not commercial viability, not political relevance. The problem has been *the physicality of the*

paint itself and how best to apply it to a surface for expressive purposes.

I have never liked the way a paint brush *feels* in my hand when I apply paint to a support. Something *always* seemed wrong and it took me a very long time to *accept* what the problem was: the touch and feel of the brush applying paint was way too precious, too refined for me personally as I tried to carry out the various impulses of my creative drive. I was never able to get my hand and the brush 'in sync' when it comes to painting. I believe this problem of being uncomfortable with paint handling has been the main reason why I was not able to sustain any consistency in making paintings over the years. This is very embarrassing for me to admit, but it took me forty years of attempting to make paintings to face this problem.

Finally I realized I needed to make a drastic change in my approach to painting, or stop working altogether. So in late 2017, I made the decision to stop using brushes, and to take a more direct approach to applying paint to a surface. The 'tools' I use now are rags, sponges, palette knives, various types of squeegees, and my hands. The *Slabtown* series and the *Open Outcome* series both are a direct result of the decision to not use brushes when I paint. I no longer feel anxiety and dread when I work. I now paint with a feeling of confidence and pleasure.

Update: Starting in December 2017, I had an extended period of a little over eight years in which I focused on painting alone but *never touched a paint brush*. But then

in March 2026 I decided to give painting a rest for a while, and focus on drawing. I favor the form of drawing where you don't have any particular subject matter in mind, you just take a blank sheet of paper, and some black ink, and improvise an image—and then see where it goes. And I started using brushes again as part of my drawing process—since there's hardly anything that gives me more pleasure in making an image than spontaneously applying *black ink* to a piece of paper. Excuse the 'bad' metaphor, but I always start a drawing by 'shooting first' without over-thinking or over-controlling. For me, giving up a measure of authorial control is the key to getting started. Then I revise and edit. The end is not pre-determined. Again—excuse the expression—but I don't want to just take a 'selfie' of what I already know. I want to *experience* a version of the ever-evolving self.

Coda #1: Body-Ego-Mind

My *body* is hardwired for maleness. For my entire *social* existence—moving through the world with other people—I have never represented myself in any other way than as a cis-gender, heterosexual male. Heteronormativity has been the default mode for 'performing' my body in the social world. But my subjectivity, *the inner life of the mind*—that mysterious and dark place—is a totally different story. As I have gradually discovered over the years, my mind is not gender coded. The best way I could think of to describe my inner, private mind would be to

call it ‘queer’—meaning radically *non-traditional*. Not sexually queer, but psychically nonbinary and non-patriarchal.

Painting gives me the opportunity to explore safe and traditional ego-hedonism. Drawing however, affords me the chance to delve into the unconventional and polymorphous side of my imagination and my creative drive. *The content is the resistance to the static subject.*

Coda #2: A Comment on Reproductions

On a casual, surface level, I like a good photograph as much as the next person—but I get no *lasting* satisfaction from photography. To emphasize the point: although I have thousands of photos stored on my computer for archival purposes, I do not have a single, photo-based image displayed in my home. As seductive or comforting as a photograph may be, for me the imagery always traps reality in a lie. As Susan Sontag has stated, *Strictly speaking, one never understands anything from a photograph*. The approximately 300 images I have posted on my website are far removed from the source material—the hand-made paintings and drawings. The images are instead, mediated, digital reproductions that participate in the pop-culture practice of sharing tricked-out content for hygienic, online consumption. ●