

Lecture: Sean Scully @ The Metropolitan Museum of Art 2006

Hi, I'll talk for about an hour and a quarter today if that's all right with you. I've shown a lot in Kunsthalle in Europe and there, they have wooden seats. Doesn't make any difference to me of course but I'm glad you are advantaged: show in a classy museum, you get classy seats. OK, so if we can start that would be groovy. So how do I do that.

Press a button. Good. All right. And the slides are of course needless to say, fabulously out of order, thank you Metropolitan Museum. And this was achieved without sponsorship of UBS. However, as a painter, you know, it is always necessary to improvise. And I will do just that.

The painting on the left is called *Bend*, 1971. The painting on the right is called *Inset*, first *Inset* painting. So let's see if I can find the one that's suppose to be there.

The one on the right is called *Backcloth*, the one on the left is *Bend*. So these painting demonstrate my original interest in rhythm and the beautiful affect that lines achieve when they are put next to each other. After a very exciting trip to Morocco in 1970, I believe, I came up and past Paris and there I saw a very important exhibition by Jesus Raphael Soto in the Musee d' Art Moderne de la VIII^E, and that in a sense pushed the influence of Morocco into the contemporary, contextualized it into the contemporary and when I for left for my trip I was making calligraphic paintings but when I returned I started to make paintings more or less exclusively with stripes. I have worked with that pretty much exclusively since and what I've tried to do is to deepen my relationship with a simple motive without causing myself to have to change direction but I've attempted over time to in some way identify myself immerse myself, with the subject matter so that it becomes slowly transforms itself into a process of devotion, will, and imagination, thus causing a gradual and authentic evolution.

The painting on the left of course shows, it looks like big s's, it looks like the surface of water like something bent, and the one on the right is made with horizontals and verticals and therefore a city painting. So, I worked on these while I was at school and you will see over time how things evolved, the one on the left is by John Constable, painted in 1821 and it's a picture of Hampstead Heath and this is more or less where I grew up. I grew in London after we left Ireland. I wanted to show you this painting because for two reasons one is there a fantastic show on right now in the National Gallery in D.C. which allowed me to see Constable in a way that I've never saw him before. If you like train rides, you can go and see it. And the other reason is that I wanted to illustrate the difference between where I grew up, which is a literary culture, and what I looked at, which was France, which is also a literary culture but a very great painting culture. You can see the painting on the left, its painted with a kind of brutality, and Hampstead Heath is covered with a giant sky that changes every twenty minutes,

as it does in England, and in Ireland, of course, it rains even more than it does in England, and that's where I come from and both those cultures are essentially romantic and literary.

The painting on the right is by Cezanne, who in a way is my model. In many ways he is my model. His durability, his devotion, his willfulness, has a parallel in my own ideal. With Cezanne you get mountains, and then besides mountains you get mountains of apples, but the subject matter changes very little, and he is a builder of paintings. He said, "All I have is my little thrill", and I would describe what I have with humility in relation to him, as a very big thrill. I have a very big thrill when I paint because its an arena of activity. I work on a giant scale a lot of the time.

When I was in Italy once I was looking out of a window. This was in Umbria. I looked out the window for a very long time and time passed ever so quickly and I noticed that in the 30 minutes I was looking out the window, that the landscape I was looking at had not changed at all, it was as if I was looking at a painting and of course, and there is something very still in Italian painting, certainly from the cuatro ciento: Pierro della Francesco up to Giorgio Morandi, and its this permanence of light that seems to provoke the culture of painting. Matisse said of NY, that it has the most beautiful light in the world. and it does have a bright constant light. Its very interesting to me that I grew up in a culture that produced I would say two great painters Constable and Turner, and it seems to me that the environment in which we live creates the art that comes out of it. There's something in the light of Italy and light of France that is still, that provokes the visual.

Painting on the left is Long Light, 1998. And this painting now lives in Bologna, which seems very appropriate to me because it is a painting of long light. Now you see I distort distance by changing the scale of the same unit and inserting it into a larger field so I am destroying space in a certain sense and I am and destroying time, so therefore I am interested and beside simultaneous viewpoint, impermanence, a durability, the eternity, the eternal now, the eternal sense of light.

The painting on the right, the one that was up there in the first place is called *Inset #2*, and it was painted in 1973. You can see from this painting that the inset challenges the hegemony of the grid, so it's a grid being challenged by a grid. All-over painting, in my opinion, requires in a sense, a sense of acceptance or submission to a pictorial structure of one kind or another. You have a system, you a way of doing something, you accept the consequences but its interesting that even in 1974, when I was still in England, still haven't arrived in the United Stated, I questioned this, I was still in a sense, fighting for the figure. The figure is pushing itself into the bottom of the painting and its either the figure or the window or the other viewpoint and this is something that stayed with me constantly all of my working life, the idea of questioning the inevitable field of

painting; puncturing holes in it, putting figures in to it, whatever, but I've never truly accepted the idea of the field. I've never submitted to that and that I think has given my work its essential character.

So now I wanted to a little talk about Europe America and also what I consider to be authentic development as opposed to change. There are two DeKooning paintings there, one is called Easter Monday, 1956, and the other one, a beautiful painting on the right, 1975, "Whose Name Was Writ In Water", therefore dealing with mortality, our mortality, and you will see that the painting on the right, of course is less angular, more circular, more rhythmical perhaps less urban than the one the left, but the difference with the two paintings is slight, when one considers that they are 19 years apart, but that how long it takes to get from one to the other with work , if one works within ones own gestalt, if one plows one's own field in other words, and I think of painting in relation to travel as being the equivalent of walking; you can get there quicker of course but then that's a different experience. With painting you are always touching the material of life, and you work your way through the material, and the material enters through you, your body and your soul, and with devotion, with love, with commitment, with imagination, you get from one to the other. But it takes a long time and here's an example by the artist who I consider to be really the greatest after the Second World War.

I also identify with him because the slowness of DeKooning's acceptance into the American mindset was I think in some degree caused by his lack of obvious conceptual clarity. In other words in relation to Jackson Pollock, his fantastic painting, lets say #32, the black and white, one as he stands over his painting as he simultaneously unifies drawing and painting by dripping paint onto bare canvas, you have a closure that is extremely elegant and it looks radical. Barnett Newman's Zips painting looks radical.

DeKooning's paintings carry more baggage, they are more complicated, and their entry is more complicated. so it took longer, but I believe he look pretty fantastic now.

On the left is a painting called Hidden Drawing 10.1.75, and on the right is a painting called 1994 Union White, the painting on the left was made at the very end of my life in London just before I left to come to America, its made with masking tape it's a quite conceptual in a sense because it's a process painting I painted over in layers ripped up the tape and accepted the results and there you get some very interesting painterly effects that are joined with utter fidelity to the process of the painting thus obeying the canon of process art which was very prevalent 70's ,with land art, and all sorts of other stuff.

The painting on the right you see the squares empties out of the lines and filled with emotion or materiality of light and the different in date between these two paintings is identical difference in date to the two DeKoonings, so this is the point that I wanted to make, that it takes that long to get from the left painting to the

right painting. But as you can see they stand for very different values. The painting on the right is much more mystical, much more contemplative, it's less optical, it's less structured and, of course line has submitted to body.

Same thing is true here, on the left is *Small Pale Mirror* and on the right is *Horizontal Brown Blue*, 1976, again, the difference between the paintings is 19 years but what I have not abandoned is the central concept behind the work. I have always been interested in the mirror, in the double you, the double us, how we reflect each other, how the painting reflects us, how one side of the painting critiques the other side of the painting. Going back to the idea of Narcissus, of course, and the reflected self, you see the painting on the left is very poetic in the way the brushstrokes are put down and in the way the paint underneath is allowed to come up.

The painting on the right is much more disciplined and infinitely more detailed. It is a painting of nocturnal light. At that time I was shooting pool at night for my income. I used to go out at ten get back at four am. With my winnings, I'd buy the paint with which I painted the paintings, if I won that is. And I spent a lot of time in New York nightclub when I was making these paintings and I did this for about five years, so I also purged myself during this time of Europe and this was profoundly important to me, not just to come to America but to be in America. Not to come with what I had, but to allow New York to change me and however much New York is like Europe, it's not Europe. It's much more frontal, much more stripped down. So I did this, I noticed that other people were coming to America too from Europe at that time and hardly any of them stayed, and I think that the price I was willing to pay affected the outcome later on and the price was great because I love to work with color but I worked in a way that was almost painful for five years. I disciplined myself to make these paintings, to make these subtle relationships.

Painting on the left is called *Malloy*, 1984. Painting on the right is *Murphy*. So I think I'm going to read you some fun stuff now, if you don't mind.

When I was 7 I lived in 82 Highbury Hill with my 2 cousins identical twins the same age as me almost, who were and are really my sisters. And following on timidly was my little brother Tony. He was always shy so he was always last through the door. No matter the door, he was always last. Anna was sometimes first but only when mounting a challenge to the superior charisma of Lesley. On Highbury Hill there lived a lot of old Irish ladies, right after the Second World War. It's more or less a straight hill up to the pub, which could easily have been called Irish Hill, except that if it were an Irish Hill it wouldn't have been straight, at least psychologically. Across the street from us and our big house full of Irish people and a Jewish couple. Auntie Nan, and Uncle Vick, who was a transvestite comedian, was another house that was more or less filled with Irish people. One of these was a grand mysterious old lady who loved to give us gifts. She would affectionately and with great understanding of the special moment invite us down

into her magic cellar. There opening a huge wooden chest she would especially and very particularly select the gift of the day. One I remember was a worn out but noble ladies pink shoe. On another occasion we were especially gifted a formerly grand decorated with flowers ceramic milk jug with a hole in the bottom. A fine milk jug with a fine hole. As in Becket with the most economic of means, we were left honored, happy and bewildered by the meaning of things. By the meaning of one shoe, perhaps formerly owned by an Irish queen, and who among us was to wear it and how would that be as a thing in the world? How would that be in the comic elevated sense? And collapsing, the figure ground once more. What would it be to pour milk into a milk jug that would obligingly pour it onto the floor? Or was it abstract, and the symbol of a fine intention. She called us loves, dears, darlings and we were mystified and touched. We skipped out of the house, Tony last through the door flattered bemused running up the road as little philosophers.

so I'll read you a couple of other things that I wrote about these paintings from this time. Because I am going to be in an exhibition in the Pompidou and it's dedicated to Beckett so I was thinking of these paintings in relation to Beckett.

I made a painting called *Falling Wrong*, 1985. I also made a painting called *How Not*, 1985. Then I made a painting called *Any Questions*, 1985-2005.

All these paintings are big and they are all physical. Thus being assertive they assert that they are *Falling Wrong* and not *Right* and that they demonstrate *How Not*. *How Not* to. *How Not* to do a thing. *How Not* to make a painting. *How Not* to paint stripes. They call for *Any Questions* and not *Any Questions* are answered.

Any Questions is big and black and white. So it is austere. But it is not calm. It uses abuses a system of one two or A B if you like or Black White Black White, but it does not arrive at order. It is broken apart then it is put back together then it is bolted against a big painted box that is a black figure on a white distressed ground. One is lonely one is broken but reconstructed and they are obliged by me to spend an eternity together (relative). They are a relationship that is a question. Thus *Any Questions*.

Going back again to *Falling Wrong* In a creative sense *Falling Wrong* is better than *Falling right*. *Falling right* is codified. If not we wouldn't know it was right and you wouldn't be able to win a medal for it. Similarly second prize is better than first prize. First prize implies down. Second prize implies up and down. *Falling Wrong* is beautiful because no one knows how it will end. And no one can prove how beautifully wrong it is. *Falling Wrong* has a million possible forms and faces. *Falling right* is incarcerated into one.

so at this time I was thinking about all these mad relationships they look like crazy flags that represent countries that don't exist. And I use the system of order in a sense to create disorder or to create a kind of anarchy things that don't quite

fit together. These are the paintings that I made in the mid 80's. There's the second version that was made in the mid 90's and here's the third version which I made last year. So *Any Question* is a painting that is full of questions. Obviously, I can't finish it, so I've been making it so far for twenty years. At that time, I also made this statement:

"The artist who can provoke empathy is the one who simply completes your thought. " or makes visible our desire, yours and mine. I'm not trying to say anything different from what you want to say. I want to say the same thing, I want to make visible what we feel not just what I feel but what we feel. I want my painting to be obvious so that when you see them you feel that I have painted something that you were thinking yourself. as though I have stolen a thought from you this is what I mean by empathy. this is something I said in 1986 and these painting are all from around the mid 80's including *Murphy* there and I describe *Murphy* as a huge field that has a figure in a sense pinned down on the right side, so of course American art of making non relational paintings in a certain sense, getting rid of the European burden of relationships, compositions and so on. Many famous cases of Barnett Newman railing against Mondrian for making relational paintings, and so did Barnett Newman, but anyway, we won't delve too deeply into that, lest we cause discomfort. however it is clear that the stripes are placed, therefore put in a special place thus composed , thus in some way compositional, so movin on from this, you see all the versions of *Any Questions*. By the way, I got *Any Questions* from a fantastic rock concert that I saw, I can't recall. 57th street, Carnegie Hall, Talking Heads, David Burn was singing on the stage just like this, wearing a wonderful loosefitting felt suit and he looked kind of crazy jumping up and down on stage and this concert was really beautiful. At the end he said "any questions". I thought it was great any rockings, cause any questions was about rock and roll and rock and roll was really in the business of destroying sense. So to ask for any questions was interesting. So I made a painting that makes no sense because these two things don't fit together and its called therefore *Any Questions*.

Now these two paintings are once again concerned with the reassertion of the figure. I always revisit the figure, I never give up on the figure. One is called *Figure in Orange*, the other one, that's 2004, the other one is called *Chelsea Figure*, 2006, *Chelsea figure* was painted in Chelsea. *Figure in Orange* was painted in my studio in Germany, in the countryside, and as you see I make paintings with holes in them. Now whether that has anything to do with that milk jug with the hole in the bottom I am not sure. You could describe them as a nice painting with a hole in it. Therefore, perhaps an argument with a hole in it. Who knows. But the paintings had these insets that assert the seperateness of the Window, of the figure, it causes a kind of cut edge, breaks attacks the romance of the painting which brings me to a very interesting point. I think that what I learned from America to a large degree was to be hard in the head. And I am a very romantic person and a very sentimental person. But in order to represent deep feeling, going back to Cezanne, I think that there has to be something in the

painting that is willing to be hard, to be tough minded. There is a relentless simplicity, a simpleness about my paintings that asserts itself again and again. I also wanted to show another way of looking at repetition nonrepetition. These are photos of walls that I took on the Aran Islands in 2005. on the left is *Inis Irr* , a little island and *Inis Maíen* , mean being middle you see how beautiful the stones are and how that walls are built obviously to serve a function. to keep the wind out and to keep the animals in. But they are wildly personal. Even though when you first look at them, they all look the same, but they're not the same. you see this one has a kind of horizontality in the way the stones are put together, quiet neutral horizontal and vertical seems to be evenly distributed but you see the one on the left is extremely vertical. So even the wall builders have styles. They look like fantastic drawings.

Yeah, now, this guy, a guy who was on the island at the time, took me for a long walk, to show me the wall on the right. From Inis Morr and he said I want to show you something that proves that you come from Aran. Which I don't. But this Ireland so ...you know whatever. So I come from Dublin, that's why I am so cosmopolitan. I am naturally cosmopolitan. So we go walking across the fields and guess what? He forgot where it was and it took us four hours to find the wall on the right. But its beautiful isn't it, I mean its fantastic the way that the stone are composed, the decisions that were made by a farmer. Not by a land artist, but by a farmer. And the one on the left which is vertical and looks like, almost looks like a Dekooning. Anyways, so this says something about why repetition is not repetitive. It is is not.

This is a wall I made in response. I made that for the University of Limerick, and I chose black and white, and I stacked it black and white relentlessly, so the middle is the same as the outside, this has a lot to do with my paintings.

The paintings I make are layered very honestly I hope, and what is at the back is the same stuff that's up front. It goes all the way through. There's a constant sense of the integrity of material here and as you see in the illustration on the right of this wall there is an inset. There's an area where the stones are polished and they react differently to the weather and of course since there's so much weather in Ireland, its quite kenetic. Because someday's its grey someday's its black and white. When I was kid, I use to go to the seaside with my Mom and Dad, like lots of kids, and we use to buy this material to eat, when we were good, which was called Rock, and Rock was a long stick of candy that was red on the outside and white on the inside and it used to say "Brighton" and when you bit it off, it said "Brighton" so you'd bite another piece off and it would say "Brighton". So it said "Brighton" all the way through, I thought this was great. That means the letters were the same length as the stick of Rock the stick of candy. And that's what I did with sculpture. It's the same at the front as it is in the back

The end of it, End On, looks like one of the Robe paintings, this is another set of paintings that I work on which is not in the exhibition wall of light and a friend of

mine, Peter Marzio said that what's interesting about these paintings, is that the paint has to do more work. In the Wall of light paintings, drawing is considerably more animated because the wall of light paintings are not a grid as we will see in a minute. And you can see looking at this painting on the left, Wall of Light April, against Big Grey Robe or Big Dark Robe, 2002 that the drawing in the Robe painting is really a grid, therefore the paint is obliged to do everything to give the painting life. This I think has something to do with my relationship to the Jasper Johns of 40 years, who is the Jasper Johns that I respond to. Jasper Johns painted rows of numbers flags, targets in other words, banality. Romantically, or as an old master. He made American pop art painted like Cezanne. Thus causing a psychological disturbance, a break in the ability to emotionally cope with the image because one is getting a double message all the time or a contradictory message. And in the painting on the right, Big Grey Robe, the drawing in fact can not be more banal. It is the same drawing that you would find in any bathroom shop where you go to pick your tiles, but its painted with utter conviction thus hopefully transforming it into another reality. I was in the Museum of Modern Art recently where it was being exhibited and I was charmed to see a mother and her young adult son looking at the painting. Well he could have been her lover but I assumed he was her son. You know being a conventional sort of guy like I am. I thought how nice that they're looking at the painting, I thought it was so sweet. As they passed me, the mother said, "some artists must be simpleminded". And in an interview recently, someone asked me what I want people to think, and of course I said I don't want people to think of anything in particular. Its like asking people what they think when they listen to Mozart. But I probably don't want them to think that. But it does raise something very interesting about the painting because the painting is in a way banal. It is ridiculous. Because it is like something that you'd see on a subway wall or on a notice board but yet its subjected to deep sense of romance and I find the painting very emotional.

I wanted also to talk about to help you with the exhibition now we get to the exhibition. I wanted to talk about paintings that have revision and don't have revision. The painting on the left is called *Wall of Light April*. The painting on the right is called *Raphael*. What's interesting about the titles I believe is that the painting on the left relates to weather. In other words, it goes back to the conversation I was having before about Constable and the impossibility of permanent light in that environment, how constable had to grab the light that was there at the time in a very instinctive way. The painting on the right, Raphael, took over a year to make and was the result of many revisions. The painting on the left, Wall of Light April, was painted more or less in one go. I spend a lot of time getting ready I mean I walk around the painting for a few days, so if you count that, it takes a few days. But if you don't count that it takes maybe a day. And there's something extremely instinctive about April, as you can see the brushwork, on the bottom in particular is very aggressive. And is hammering out the painting, the surface of the painting is extremely animated and the edges are more ragged than the edges on Raphael.

It is a month that of course is famously Quixotic as we all know. And I painted it in April, I painted it under a skylight roof. And I did it in a day of extreme inspiration a very athletic process of running backwards and forwards in a great deal of excitement and the painting was finished and it has in it light dark and many many greys. But the greys are not as complicated, or as complex as laminated as the greys in Raphael which was the subject of many revisions. And as you see, as you look at Raphael, you'll see that the surface is considerably slower. It's a much more classed painting and here are two paintings side by side that seem to use the same vocabulary but have a different meaning. And this is what I mean by repetition not repetition or the expressiveness of something that is in fact a constant. So what I am doing is that I take something again and again and I remake it. I try to deepen my relationship with it and make it more consequent which is a very similar enterprise to the one that was taken on by Cezanne. This painting on the left, which is not in the exhibition is called *Mooseurach*. And it's the first painting I made when I moved into the country you can see from this painting how the environment changes what I do. The gaps in the painting are much bigger. If you look at gaps between the grey and the green and the red on the right side of the painting, you'll see that a lot more of the background is coming through and the painting has green in it. And I started to use green again, when I moved into that studio after not using green for I think quite a long time because the paintings are very urban in a certain sense. They are urban in their structure but they attempt to gather to themselves my life in some way my passion my love my memories, my feelings and I try to animate a grid that we live in in a simple way, it's easier said than done. The painting on the right which was also made in the countryside in Germany on a farm is called *Wall of Light Horizon*. It's a very horizontal painting, unfortunately it's not in the show but I wanted to show you two paintings that are deeply affected by a rural environment that the romance of the painting becomes very powerful with the dark light with the red running through from the back and so on.

ok ten minutes to go. then you can have a toilet break. So *Wall of Light Desert Night* on the left. *Wall of Light Desert Day* on the right. *Desert Day* is not in the show but I wanted to show something to help you to in a way enjoy the paintings I wanted again to show something about the way I think of an environment. The way I throw an idea out. The paintings are very connected to the senses of the world. Even though a lot of my thinking is formed by minimalism. So the systemic part of the painting has something to do with my relationship with minimalism. The painting on the left *Desert Night* was again a painting that was made in a day so its quick the brushstrokes are very feathery there's very little going back into the painting as little as possible because the more I go back into the painting, obviously the more layered the painting becomes and the slower it becomes. This painting on the right, *Desert Day* is a painting I made when I was thinking of Australia. Which is where the painting lives in fact in the National Gallery and the lights not so good but it has these deep red colors and these deep yellow ochre colors that I associate with the

ground. I 'm very interested in colors that has a strong relationship to material. A color gives light emanates light but is somehow earthbound this I find very moving. Anyways you'll see that both these paintings are very rhythmical in the sense that the colors bash down quiet openly. It has a lot of stuff coming through from the back.

Here I wanted to show you a painting from 79'. Which is a painting that I made four years after I arrived in the United States in New York that is called Fort. These paintings were painted in my austere days my monk like days. And they were based on the Roman Fort divided into four, with four different zones that were made with alternate stripes. The painting on the right is in the show, its called Night. And the reason I show this together is because I think that all the work that I did in the seventies has its place in the present because of everything I learned about black and about the night and you will see looking at my exhibition that I make many references to place and time of day. Night and day means very different things to me. Night being a time of solice and sadness. You will see that the painting on the right which is in the exhibition, is a painting that can be seen, in a sense in two ways. In one way it can be seen as an exuberant painting of reds that have been slowly covered up piece by piece by a blanket of darkness. A loss of light a sense of closure a sense of falling light of going down yet there is a very animated line running through it. So the background and the foreground are in a sense in a competition. And there's always this sense of pressure in my work. there was in the eighties when the panels were bolted together painted in a way that Van Gogh might paint. Everything in my paintings like Van Gogh's paintings, who's my other hero of course, is something, there aren't any negative spaces in my work. There's a kind of desperation in a sense desperation to fill in space and to make a big painting with a passionate surface. As well as a small painting of course , but its easier on a small painting.

Now I wanted to show you something about the watercolors which are very important to me and became so after I visited Mexico. Watercolor on the left, which is called Wall of Light is my most important watercolor. And that is a watercolor I made on the beach in Zuatanejo, in Mexico and I've been going around I've been looking at all the old buildings the way that the paint falls off the side of old buildings, the way that the times of day changes what are makes them into something sacred but into something sacred that you can't define which I like the best since I have severe problems with the church. So basically in a certain sense I'm trying to make something sacred that is in a way secular. Which is of course, I understand is saturated in probability. The one on the right I made the same year so that year I was really good to myself. The one on the right I made in Greece and this is when I like to make these watercolors when I go away when I'm in a hot climate. It tend to work very well with the sun you can sit in the shade, you can take them around with you. Its an old idea. The watercolors represent the extreme opposite of the paintings and the paintings are saturated with weight they are made with so much effort so much devotion and the warercolors are made with a sense of lightness with no effort physically and with

a watercolor, you can not make many revisions so you have this quality of lightness lightness of touch lightness of being and of course the beautiful ragged edge. And as it sits humbly on the painting it gives you an entirely different feeling from the paintings which brag with them the weight of history as well the weight of experience. Two pastels, the one on the left is the one I'm giving to the Met in honor of Bill Leiberman who was the first person to buy one of my big paintings for a museum in America and I've always thought of him as a great man not that friendly sometimes but nevermind but a great man nevertheless and his own man, which might be said about me. So I think we make a pretty good fit. I've given that one to the Met. The one on the right is Chelsea 2.1.04 its another pastel that's in the show. I'm very interested in pastel, extremely difficult to do you have to make them with your hands and it goes all everywhere. Its goes in your ears, up your nose, terrible stuff but it has a kind of obvious metaphysical appeal. Because it is by virtue of its nature out of focus like all otherness, its out of focus. Painting on the left, these are the last two paintings I'm going to show you. Painting on the left is called Day Leaving 04' made in the countryside again in the winter very sad painting I believe a kind of lamentation. Day leaving meaning light leaving life leaving I'm moving into darkness an abandoning of the vitality of the day a letting go a letting go of hope but its not a hopeless painting. It's a giant painting like many of the painting in the show. Painting on the right is 16 x 20 inches, its called Small Barcelona Painting 1. 29. 99. And with these two paintings I hope to show not only the difference in scale but the difference in expressive possibility with the same kind of material one looks as if it was made on the beach and is just happy to be here and the other is sorrow personified. So I've more or less have come to the end of my little talk three minutes overtime not bad just like the German train system.

I want to tell you something that Picasso said. Picasso said many interesting things about art and one of them was that the life of the painter is only terrible for the first thirty years. And 2006 marks the thirty first year since I arrived wide-eyed in New York. And it has of course be stringent as it should be but it has also I must say been magnificent. Thank you for your attention.