

“I EAT, THEREFORE I AM” (After Descartes)
1999 Ongoing

Portraiture. Aren't all art works portraits in a way . . . Even if not explicitly . . . Brendan Kass is organizing a portrait show and it has “annual” in the title of the show, like a golf or tennis tournament . . . Something that one returns to, and I suppose, it gets better with age. Or maybe it's just the memory that becomes the desired patina. With copper it's weather that changes the patina from a brilliant, well copper, to a scummy blue green, brilliant in its own way. Who, what is that player that becomes, the participant returning over and over, so much so it becomes your own, your essence, your being, your portrait. For me that return is really right around the corner where you sign the bill day in and day out, and take the refectory/establishment's pen . . . 'Cause you can never have too many. That collection of pens, colorful places and a scrapbook of memories that follows you around, stays with you, brings you back both literally and physically . . . Annually . . . To your own daily private or public Idaho . . . Or portrait.