



single man looking to the right

All the time, no matter when, he's trying to think, but can't remember, except that true poets never work, and he didn't make that up, but he forgot who did.

His work is made on about the same level as a snake's decision to crawl on its belly.

Art is in the bone of his shoulder and since he can't avoid it he tries not to control it.

He tries to administer a system of chaos as a perpetually pedestrian subject, then levels the components of his chaos with the great whip of the familiar.

He finds he's an element of surprise in what at best is a perfectly ordinary setting. He places himself in a situation without specific purpose, keeping in mind, that once involved in that situation, the paramount concern is not the care.

This may seem like an unstable gesture to obtain a property of singularity, but he can only attempt to fix himself up, in an area where there's fifty degrees of uncertainty.

The source of the pleasure for him is the surprise.

If art is to be made, then the solution is made by the experience.

Since his ambiguity cannot be appreciated, his problem then is to translate what he believes to be 'privileged sensations', with a time-adjusting nonplus attitude.

He generates himself in an optional space where he devises breathing methods of constant 'gression', neither progression or regression, but just gression movements to be fool in and to be wise of.

Since the material of which he's made extends to the public domain, he exists on his own terms, with his own solutions.

But like the man who invests in a mirage simply to test the notion that he has nothing left to lose, he lives in a world of constant failure.

He's no more prone to exaggeration than the edge of a knife guaranteed for fifty years at two-thirty in the morning.

He agrees with every philosopher he's ever read, and to hear him tell it, it all sounds pretty good to him.

For him not to be is as it should be. If afterfacts remain, he thinks of them as temporary proof providing the convenience of hindsight.

Richard Prince

Dear Helen
Sorry I never got back to you about that project
but I had to go to Europe suddenly last Sept. and
have been in and out of N.Y.C. since —
Richard