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Are we wrong to desire—rather, should we not expect—that the progression of abstract painting that began in the early 20th century resolves in an independent abstract entity? There! The lightning cherub with its magma lance tending the garden of whorls . . . only imagine the scene out-of-focus. Blur the image beyond description. Let it swim in static akin to pure power, bright-like and loud-like. Give yourself a headache.

Archeologists continue to search for the garden of pure abstraction, the location of which has been lost to time. According to legend, from a Romantic seed there sprung Constructivist, Neo-Plastic roots, issuing in due course a heroic trunk of Abstract Expressionism with Color-Field bark and Action-Painted branches. After a season or two, there appeared a most magnificent Post-Painterly canopy of Minimal foliage and Hard-Edge boughs. The flowers were inexplicable and the fruit forbidden. Yet, despite its majesty, there came another season when the dark wood was felled, harvested, pulped, and paper-milled. Worse, the whereabouts of the harvested pages is unknown.

Wait! Could it really be? There!

(Blotsplotch only XXX
waits
wants for you to believe in Blotsplotch)

