

What do you think about this as a painting?

I don't think it's a painting.

Why not?

Paintings are flat; this has volume.

So what is it?

A sculpture.

I still think it's a painting.

How so?

Because of the paint and the scrumptious color.

But the 3-d shape is pretty conspicuous, too.

That's true.

It looks like a drunk cube. It makes me think about the difference between the perfect cube and the imperfect cube.

The ideal and the actual?

In reality, nothing is perfect.

Now I wonder, why do we have to call it one thing or another?

Surely there must be a name for it.

We could call it a sculpainting.

Ick.

I'm reminded of another zen story:

An old, much revered Zen Roshi lay dying, surrounded by loving disciples eager to hear his last words. One of his followers pipes up, "Roshi, can I ask one last question please? What is life?"

"Life...is a river," says the teacher.

"What do you mean by that, Roshi?!?" demands the pupil.

"OK," replies the teacher, "life is not a river."

And he died.



Gail Fitzgerald

**“Le Freak” (2018) wooden stretchers, canvas, wire mesh, plaster gauze and metallic paint,
5” x 5” x 4”**