

ARCHEOLOGY, EXCAVATION, AND WHAT REMAINS

AN INSTALLATION BY BRIAN BIXBY
FROM THE SERIES, *DEATH AND RESURRECTION*



So this is my world, my room. It has not become a business office, calculations here are different. And nothing is sold—or only rarely. A rectangular white canvas, as prescribed by Euclid, puts a little order into the confused darkness around us. I am here with all my imagination. By painting upon it, I can record something about myself and my inner world: lines, shadows, light and the eternal, infinite spiral.



No, mine is not the world of commerce, inspiration and mood are what matter in mine. No margarine is made here, no tires, no bicycles, nothing edible. At best products of imagination are fabricated here, and though this world is useless, it secretly continues to exist. The world consists essentially of useful things and pretty things, and the ivory tower was built much more solidly than many a supposedly practical construction.





The sheer number of canvases from the 1920s with the title Lustmord (Sexual Murder) ought to have been a source of wonder for Weimar's cultural historians.