

IT'S NO DREAM. YOU'VE
BEEN THERE BEFORE.
YOU'VE SEEN IT.

Scottie to Judy-Madeleine, in Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, 1958¹



Lordsburg, 1967

D · R · E · A · M M · O · V · E · M · E · N · T

Reacting to his paintings as he paints them, David Reed splits his attention. He evaluates each work as a developing external situation, letting himself be guided by internal sensations felt all the more immediately. Ironically, some if not most “immediate” feelings are likely to have remote sources – memories, dreams, recurrent fantasies. Common wisdom holds that we see what we wish; and so our internal sensations align to bring a satisfying order to whatever external situation engages us, whether we find ourselves there by design or chance. Barring a certain alignment, consciousness suffers. A person becomes anxious.

Despite his extremes of craft, care, and planning, to speak of order and direction in Reed’s case is somewhat misleading. His pictorial order extends only so far. Granted, the logic of his empirical studio technique tunes the hues and values of his painting ever more finely; and the optical energy that results exceeds the sum of the chromatic elements contributing to it. Yet Reed’s technique can hardly control the dream world that each of his paintings opens up, when feeling begins to dominate the technique and its logic. Technique succeeds by reaching this moment of its own failure. At that point, “color” acquires a new character. It becomes a single emotion rather than a play of various wavelengths – an internal sensation as much as an external phenomenon. Color of this sort is a set of diverse sensations that cohere as a movement. It is a motivating force, the sign of a soul.

On a number of occasions, Reed has been struck by the degree to which an earlier experience of a particular aesthetic order has fundamentally affected – *colored* – the order or movement of his subsequent sensations. “It’s no dream”: the painter has in fact already visited the places and seen the things he is destined to regard as novel visions. Reed must realize that he cannot be aware of the vast majority of the links between one moment of his experience and another. Half-conscious of the source of the resemblances and repetitions that articulate his conscious life, he feels himself moving through an environment of dreamlike, uncanny effects. As he responds to these conditions, he (like the rest of us) may be doing no more than adhering to the given formation of his personality, remaining in the dream world to which he is most accustomed. It is, of course, *his* reality. But who is he, this person with the personality, emotions, and sensations of David Reed? What moves him? How would he himself know, if not by reflecting on the movement, direction, and pattern of his past experience?

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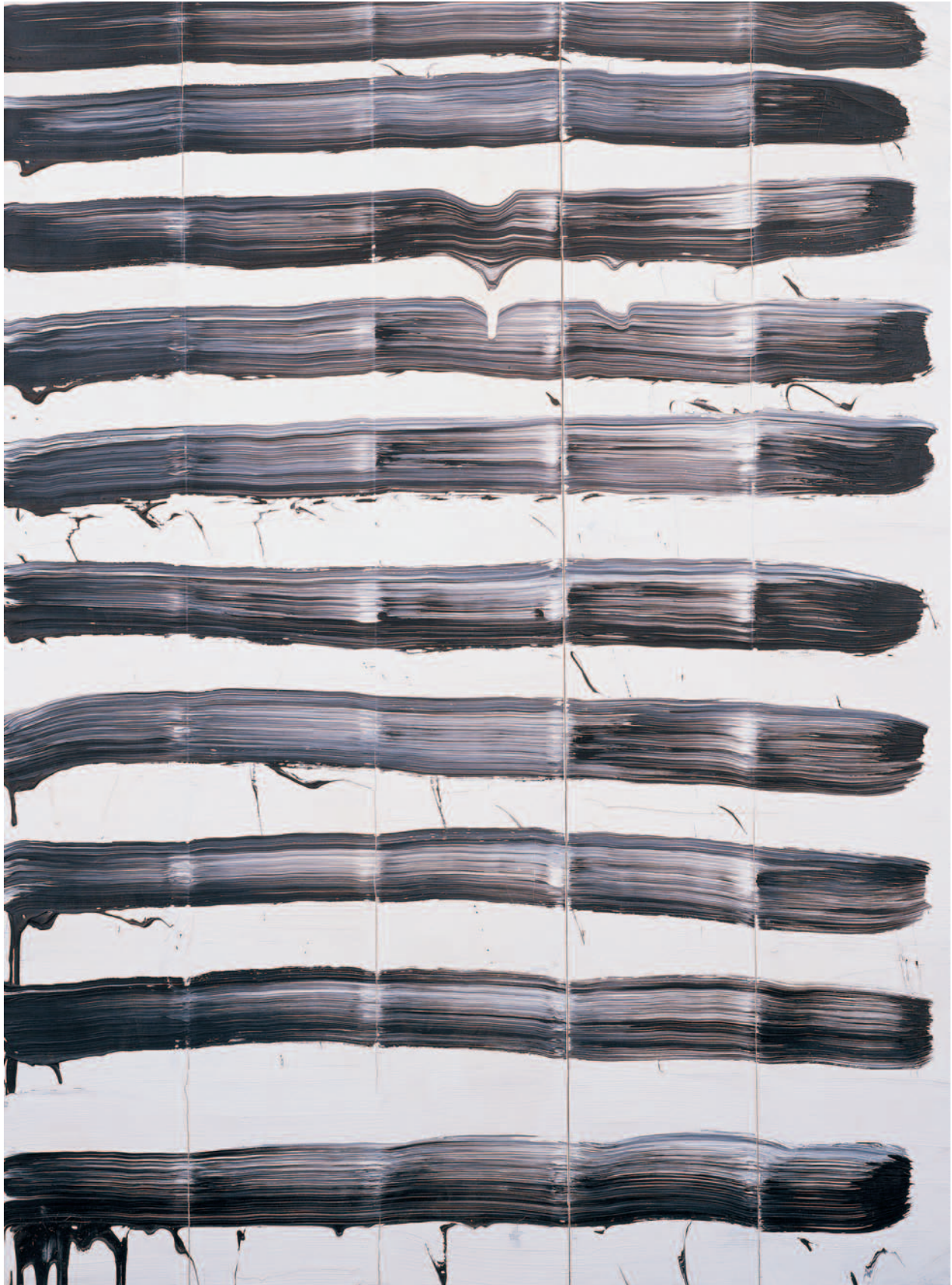
The split between what a person does and how it may relate to who that person has become is of deep concern to Reed. Otherwise, he would not trouble to relate his surprises, confusions, and discoveries with respect to the evolution of his awareness. Here are two instances of his introspection:

My first memory is of looking at the peachcolored stucco wall of my parents’ house. I remember looking at the light moving across it ... Much later, visiting my parents in San Diego, I noticed the drip pattern on their bathroom floor: a Jackson Pollock floor. ... I sat down and suddenly I felt right at home. I realized I’d memorized those abstract patterns.²

When I was painting landscapes [during the late 1960s] ... I always thought the ideas came straight from nature. Then last summer [1989] I saw a series of westerns in CinemaScope and realized how much those films had influenced my work. ... We’re used to seeing images in a different way now ... seeing [them] move on a flat screen.³

Such realizations sometimes lead Reed to suggest principles that might be applied to analyze his work: “One event in the painting leads to another in a process that happens in time, as it does in film. ... More and more I find I’m better off not thinking of space and composition but instead of filmic devices such as focus and camera movement.”⁴ Just as he recognized only much later that his consciousness remained imprinted with a childhood experience of pattern, Reed’s early aesthetic practice may already have been affected by filmic movement. He was resistant to his art school training. Why? It was the movies. I say this in view of Reed’s recollection of his first encounters with professionalism: “When I was supposed to paint a still-life setup, I hated it – I wanted to paint the space between me and the still life and everything behind it.”⁵ Reed’s sense of still life was anything but still; he refused to conceive of it in the traditional pictorial way as a stable arrangement situated at a fixed distance. His proposal for still life amounts to subjecting it to procedures analogous to the pan, zoom, and tracking of a film camera. He imagines articulating multiple planes of space both in front of and behind the object of focused attention by differentiating the degrees of scale and movement associated with positions on the periphery. For example, whatever is behind and farther away from the point of focus of a mobile camera lens “moves” more slowly than what is in front; within a landscape, a similar variation in space and motion can be perceived while traveling in an automobile.

A number of Reed’s early landscapes, such as *Lordsburg* (1967, p. 27), are site paintings, not stilled products of a studio arrangement.⁶ They record the painter’s effort at capturing aspects of the color, dimensionality, and movement of the land. This movement is implied – a potentiality that a painter acts out so as to make contact with the natural scene. I cannot determine whether the broad swaths of strong blues at the center top of *Lordsburg* mimic the upward force of mountains or the downward force of a sky perceived as heavy (and it may be neither). I would choose sky: with a weighty blue appearing to press on the earth, Reed’s bodily imitation may have required the slanted, vertical strokes seen in his elongated canvas. The pigment is densely applied, and the slant of its stroke suggests the resistance and deflection to be felt as heavy sky impinges on heavy rock and the rock responds by thrusting. Whatever the case may be, Reed was *living into* the material consciousness of the land by painting it. Such painting is a reciprocal act.⁷ Through this process, the life of the land colored the painter.

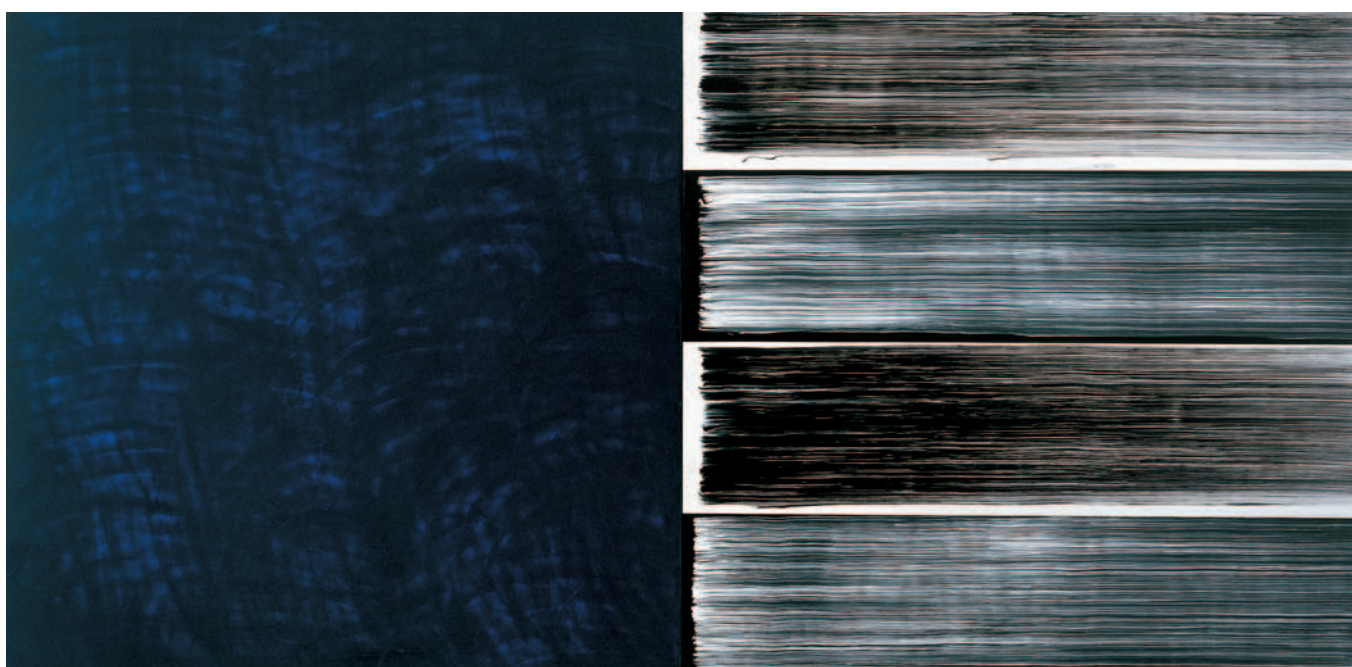




#140, 1978

opposite page: #140, detail with edge of canvas, 1978





#150, 1979
opposite page: #140, detail

S · P · L · I · T P · E · R · F · O · R · M · A · N · C · E

Some years later Reed produced a series of works he calls “Brushstroke paintings” or “Stroke paintings,” an appropriately descriptive title which happens also to identify the primary vehicle of a painter’s experience: it condenses in a passing moment of contact; all is in the stroke (whether or not made with a brush). I prefer to call this type of work “performance painting.” Doing it, Reed was attempting to overcome the division he felt when he turned from painting in the land (which had the advantage of immersing him in vastness) to painting abstractions in an enclosed studio (where vastness can only be an illusion). Abstraction and the studio confinement that accompanied it induced the artist to become more actively reflective, deliberative, and self-critical. A more pronounced split resulted: “Part of me would identify with the painting, as if I were inside it . . . Another part of me would stay outside and watch what was happening. I felt split in two.” Sometimes a difference represented by two can be more revealing than a unity represented by one. Reed nevertheless sought to perfect his performance painting as a means of sealing the split: “In some of my first Stroke paintings, the idea was to work so quickly that I knew I could get the two parts back together.”⁸

Reed’s #90 (1975, p. 29) is typical of the series in that it required him to extend his reach to its physical limit. He made continuous, horizontal brushstrokes across a measure of 56 inches; and, by stretching toward the top and crouching toward the bottom, he filled a height of 76 inches with a downward sequence of ten of these horizontals. He introduced a temporal limitation by determining that his wet black paint should be brushed across a wet white ground.⁹ The effect he sought would be lost if he failed to work quickly enough to prevent the paint from drying, for when dry, the two contrasting colors would cease to interact, and the desired tonal variation would not develop. In Reed’s painterly stress test, doing and looking would have to become one, or at least approach that condition. If the artist was living into the land by painting at Lordsburg, he was living into both his body and his materials by painting his “performances.”

Performance paintings integrate the forces of the artist’s body (reaching, stretching, pulling, dragging) with the potentiality of materials (spreading, drying, mixing). The basic force of nature, gravity, becomes a third factor in this dynamic equation: gravity, too, pulls and drags, causing drips. Because Reed attempted to coordinate these three forces – body, materials, nature or gravity – and to set them in mutual play, each had to be adjusted to the same temporal condition. When he reached the bottom right of #90, completing his tenth brushstroke, the bodily work terminated; so he set the canvas flat to limit the effect of gravity and stabilize the material process. But the black and white image, having incorporated so much movement, may already have passed beyond the limits of any perceptual fix.

A related painting in a different format, #140 (1978, p. 30), manifests a somewhat different sense of time. Along its right side, where the exposed canvas wraps around the supporting stretcher bar, a few drips of white paint fall over the physical edge, then turn abruptly at a right angle (p. 31). This indicates that Reed brushed a white ground across the upper right division of the canvas while it lay flat on a table or floor; then he set the canvas upright in order to drag a broad stroke of black across the white before the white dried. The right-angle drip records in time (gravity’s time) this shift from table or floor to easel or wall. In the lower right division of the canvas, Reed correspondingly brushed white across a black ground, wet into wet. Within the remaining division, a vertical bar to the left of the two horizontal bars, he painted several layers of translucent green – a bluish green over a yellowish green.

On the right side of #140, the blacks and whites mix to varying degrees according to variation in the pressure of Reed’s brush and the drying time. As a result of the variation, the grays assume either a warm or cool cast, tending just slightly toward yellowish brown or dull blue. These unique grays lose their stereotypical identity as neutral, becoming distinctively chromatic like the varied green tones to their left. (See #150, 1979, p. 33) as a painting that generates similarly de-neutralized grays.) Reed’s performance created the precise conditions in which such color effects would occur, but he refrained from exercising total control. Having committed himself to the limitations of the process, he either accepted or rejected its aesthetic and emotional outcome, case by case. As close as he was to his color physically, he and it maintained an intellectual split. He did not expect to understand all that it did. He acted and observed, and he observed while acting, but more than one identity always remained in play.

I've realized that I use a particular color of turquoise that I've taken from this [neon] sign [in Hitchcock's *Vertigo*]. It is a color between green and blue and therefore hard to identify.
 – David Reed, 1992¹⁰

Reed likes to tell the story of his decision to recreate the bedroom scenes from Alfred Hitchcock's film *Vertigo*. He published his principle account as two variants, in 1992 and 1995.¹¹ Subsequent commentary on his career often alludes to both the story and the art it generated: *Judy's Bedroom* (1992, p. 44) and *Scottie's Bedroom* (1994, p. 45).¹² These installations bear the names of the lead characters in Hitchcock's screenplay (Kim Novak as "Judy," James Stewart as "Scottie"). Reed inserted one of his abstract paintings as a physical object above the bed in each of the two reconstructed bedrooms. He also inserted the *image* of that art object by digitizing it into a video loop of the corresponding bedroom sequence from *Vertigo*.¹³

Consider *Judy's Bedroom*. Reed's video loop plays continuously as an essential element of the installation. As a result, we hardly know which of the two views of his inserted painting should be considered as primary. Details of his reconstruction – such as the bed with its decorated bed cover – imitate the physical aspects of what appears in a sequence of scenes, both studio and location shots, that Hitchcock filmed. Yet the character of the Reed-Hitchcock video replay seems split between reproducing Hitchcock's film and representing Reed's own imitative installation, into which viewers can wander, even to the point of sitting on the bed. A viewer might imagine that the video records the presence of Reed's painting in the reconstruction. If so, the physical installation must precede the video shown within it, just as physical reality presumably precedes its reproduction by film. In the case of *Judy's Bedroom*, however, this scenario is thoroughly implausible, if only because Novak and Stewart have no part in the installation aside from its video component, where all three "star": Judy, Scottie, and #486 (2001-02, p. 59), one of several paintings Reed has used as his insertion.¹⁴ A viewer might nevertheless linger over the notion that the "real" painting in *Judy's Bedroom*, Reed's physical object, has an aesthetic status greater than that of its dreamlike filmic image.

Why would anyone receive such an impression? Perhaps because Reed's painting inserts a *present* reality into Hitchcock's temporally destabilized fiction. Through his painting on the wall in *Judy's Bedroom*, Reed lives into the present moment of Hitchcock's dream world of representation – just as he once lived into the Western landscape by painting *Lordsburg*, and just as he once integrated his living body into the quickened forms of #90. Bits of material reality need not have the elevated status of works of art in order to come alive in this sense. They need only impress observers with their specificity and distinct identity. The slightest material bits have the potential to hold conscious attention or at least register upon it, half-consciously. Hitchcock himself, the "master of suspense," understood this, distributing physical clues and connectives throughout his cinematic mysteries. A viewer familiar with the Hitchcock style begins to expect and look for them. The placement of cushions in front of a fire, which in *Vertigo* connects two scenes of different emotional impact, attains the privileged status of such a clue. This casual detail assumes a "life" of its own because of the significance that the film subtly projects onto it. *Vertigo* is one material clue after another, one elevation of the most ordinary object (or gesture, or phrase) after another. I would hesitate to suggest that the film degenerates into a formula. Nevertheless, as a Hollywood classic, *Vertigo* holds a secure place in the collective memory of its mass audience. There is something deeply familiar about its look – the camera perspectives, for example, so often angled from below or above. *Judy's Bedroom* has this familiarity, and then it does not. People already at ease with Hitchcock and his period style (as most Americans probably are) must react to the inclusion of Reed's painting as an alien, deviant element – a clue-like feature that leads them nowhere. Even though its placement into the background is modest (as dramatic gestures go), its anachronism causes it to stand out. Noticed, it expands within a viewer's eye and mind, as if spreading its Reed-like color over the entire Hitchcock scene.

In Hitchcock's original staging, an unobtrusive still life of flowers hung over Judy's bed, an example of hotel art designed not to disturb, not even to be noticed – a product of the kind of art school exercise Reed always resisted. In distracted moments, a viewer's eyes might light on this object of commonplace aestheticism and appreciate its pleasant harmonies, never intended to be a *cause* of distraction. Reed's far more aggressive insertion does distract. It changes the character of *Vertigo*. And if the film as Reed altered it looks decidedly different, should we be wondering whether we look different to it? Are we changed by being seen in the new light of Reed's painting, as if something of *its* personality were being transferred to us? Here I refer to the painting's personality, not the artist's.

I make these fanciful suggestions and ask these rather nonsensical questions because *Judy's Bedroom* elicits them. I do this also to move closer to the creative spirit of David Reed, who puts few limitations on visual imagination. He grants to works of art a remarkable autonomy. He thinks analytically as his paintings develop, not so much to form them, but in

order to observe what emerges as something like each painting's opinion, its perspective. For this reason, a work may be in the studio for several years before Reed feels ready to release it. Paintings do things, and the artist's professional responsibility is to be certain not to underestimate a painting's potential. Once, having noted a "lavender light" emanating from the "warm glow" of oil seeping into unprimed canvas in Barnett Newman's *The Moment I* (1962, p. 52), Reed imagined that he could actively enter into this mysterious lavender space, eluding anyone who might be following.¹⁵ When he says such things (in this case, in a short review), he communicates his extraordinary conviction regarding the transformative powers of visual art. His imaginative vision is not misdirected. He seems to believe – or, perhaps more to the point, he seems *to see the value in believing* – that paintings open up possibilities and do things as if with a will of their own. Such a belief encourages extremes of attentiveness, which in turn reward the belief.

Are paintings themselves attentive? Can they "see" what happens in front of them within the prospective field of their view? This notion enters into Reed's involvement with *Vertigo*. His thinking took off from a conversation with his friend, the late artist and dealer Nicholas Wilder:

Nicholas Wilder and I were discussing John McLaughlin's paintings. He said that [they] were "bedroom paintings" ... that often people would buy [one] to hang in their living room. After a while they would move the painting to their bedroom where they could live with it more intimately. I said, "My ambition in life is to be a bedroom painter." [Later] someone asked, "What bedroom?" Without thinking, I answered, "The bedrooms in Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*." ... What might a painting [on the wall above the bed] have witnessed here?¹⁶

The final sentence does not appear in Reed's 1992 version of his statement but only in 1995. Perhaps it was a genuine afterthought and amounts to a rhetorical ploy to make the message more dramatic. It alludes to what Reed calls in both 1992 and 1995 "one of the most perverse love scenes in any movie": Scottie removes Judy's wet clothing, believing she is unconscious after an attempted suicide in San Francisco Bay.¹⁷ In reality, she is conscious, and the suicide attempt was staged. In Scottie's bedroom, pretending to awaken, she compounds the deception by acting as if she understands that she must have been unknowingly undressed (and yet she does not protest). The undressing and potential exposure pass unseen by *Vertigo*'s audience, who must infer the action from being shown the clothing Scottie has hung up to dry. Reed muses that any painting in Scottie's bedroom would have been in position to witness everything, observing the reality Hitchcock could not show. The artist's fanciful notion seems to motivate his interest in patching his painting into *Vertigo*. His parasitical act has little if anything to do with hero worship or the ego gratification that might come from association with the great director. Whatever else he may have had in mind, Reed's speculation – "What might a painting have witnessed here?" – introduces the possibility that a painting sees.

This is not the most rational of notions, but consider its implications. Through a painting, an artist would extend his or her vision into the intimacy of the bedroom. Reed calls these domestic interiors places of "reverie, where the most private narratives are born."¹⁸ Reverie is a kind of dream, a waking dream, perhaps a dream imbued with reality. A painting may well be a reverie, especially when at home in the bedroom. Reed's fluid conception of "bedroom painting" shifts his art out of the position of being seen and into the position of doing the looking, the investigating, the probing. In its context, his statement about the capacity of paintings to witness events suggests something more substantial than a mere anthropocentric metaphor or voyeuristic conceit. His "bedroom painting" approaches a certain understanding of the emotional quality that art and reverie instill in human consciousness. A painting views a "perverse love scene" not for voyeuristic pleasure but for the sake of grasping ineffable love – the range of this mysterious emotion – whether sexualized or not.

Reed's decision to enter Hitchcock's bedrooms through his own art seems to have been blurted out in response to a provocative, perhaps insolent question ("What bedroom?"). His choice was intuitive, an uncalculated guess as to which bedrooms would reward the greatest attention from paintings that could, in effect, spy on them. Curiously, he chose a fictive bedroom, a dream world, rather than a real one. He then did two things to explain his response to himself: he wrote "Two Bedrooms in San Francisco," which recounts the Nicholas Wilder anecdote; and he created his two installations as if to demonstrate that paintings could be observers of, and perhaps even participants in, the drama of human feeling. The choice of *Vertigo* could hardly have been better, given the emotional complexity of what transpires between Judy and Scottie.

Hitchcock's presentation of emotion has a painterly component – his staging of the light that illuminates and even transforms his characters. Light and its color are as central to *Vertigo* as the plot line that makes so much of bedroom scenes. And light and its color are the cause of certain painters becoming "bedroom painters." Wilder told Reed that works by the California abstractionist John McLaughlin were often relegated to their owners' bedrooms because they

required intimate scrutiny. A typical McLaughlin painting yields little to the straightforward compositional analysis that its sequence of solid vertical bars seems to demand. McLaughlin's color is the problem. The verticals are typically warm and cool grays, with or without additional chromatic elements (see *Number 12*, 1955 [cat. pg. 47], a McLaughlin painting that Reed, when interviewed in 1989, associated with Hitchcock's *Vertigo*).¹⁹ The grays provide a strange sense of shifting atmosphere, a kind of moodiness, a light neither abstract nor representational, and neither decidedly cool nor decidedly warm. Yet, this grayness is not neutral (recall Reed's #140). A viewer needs to soak in McLaughlin's light, becoming sensitized to its subtle changes. A painting of this type requires time, as the collectors (according to Wilder) realized. Reed himself had said as much when writing a short review of McLaughlin in 1982: "The space of the paintings is ambiguous and shifts while one looks. . . . In each case, our perceptual experiences convert to our deepest emotions."²⁰ Nevertheless, McLaughlin's actual bedroom experience seems to parallel the bedroom fantasy that Reed created as *Judy's Bedroom*. There Reed's painting, like McLaughlin's, requires time: not only the time of the video sequence that contains its digitized image, but time to appreciate its performance under the pervasive green light that covers it. Reed's green light is modeled after Hitchcock's conceit of an "exterior" light cast by a neon sign. In *Vertigo*, this light falls on Scottie and Judy to particularly dramatic effect. In *Judy's Bedroom*, the green light transforms the appearance and the "deepest emotion" of the color of Reed's #486. It blackens the red, electrifies the bluish tones, and surrounds the entire painting with an echoing shadow of brilliant green. "I want the paintings to unsettle," Reed says.²¹ Within its bedroom scene, #486 is both unsettled and unsettling.

I stated that Reed's painting, because it appears as an alien element in *Judy's Bedroom*, "expands within our vision, as if spreading its particular color over the entire scene." This action would saturate the scene with whatever emotion such color instills. It seems that I need to modify my observation, for Reed's painting has no intrinsic color. He alters the redness of #486 by subjecting it to his green light. The light approximates the turquoise that Reed believes is so difficult to identify. As the "turquoise" light spreads, it spreads its difficulty. Through which color should we seek the emotional character, mood, or identity of *Judy's Bedroom* – through red? through green? through a composite blackness? In "Two Bedrooms in San Francisco," Reed wrote: "A painting is hanging over the bed. It has no sense of presence. It doesn't belong. Instead it makes us wonder where we are. Have we [been] wandering in the set of a movie?"²²

I assume that a painting described as failing to "belong," a painting incompatible with any fixed place, is not Hitchcock's innocuous still life but must be Reed's abstraction. When I asked him about the green light in his installation, which filters out through a doorway designed to remain slightly open, he referred to the green as a "clue [to let] people know that something is going on." Yet, something is also not going on, or has gone missing. Clues are often signs that point to some crucial absence: "The nearly closed door gives more of a sense of privacy and also more of a sense that there is a missing presence in the room . . . This relates to a kind of missing presence I feel in the paintings."²³ Should we love the paintings for themselves, nevertheless? If they ever possessed a stable identity, the green light has altered it. Being struck by light changes the appearance of people and paintings alike. Which appearance should viewers invest with their love?

Q · U · A · L · I · T · Y (P · E · I · R · C · E A · S · L · E · E · P)

Hoping that I could make you love me again – as I am – for myself.

– Judy, writing to Scottie, in *Vertigo*

A *quality* is a consciousness. I do not say a *waking* consciousness – but still, something of the nature of consciousness. A *sleeping* consciousness, perhaps.

– Charles Sanders Peirce, 1898²⁴

Emotional life blurs when the intellect attempts to view it. A person's "waking consciousness," one's conscious identity, is a state that ought to appear complete, clear, and self-evident; yet every individual's inner identity becomes a cause for anxiety whenever it eludes observation, as it so often does, and perhaps always does. Is our problem that something is missing?

We *feel* consciousness, our self, as a "quality"; elaborating on this term philosophically, the American pragmatist C. S. Peirce attempted to capture whatever it is that we do perceive in ourselves. Speaking in the most ordinary way, Hitchcock's Judy offers her equivalent to Peircean "quality": "as I am for myself" is the way she describes her conscious being.²⁵ It is as if a unity of emotion or mood defined who each person is: I am the one who feels *this way*; this is my feeling,

myself; and it is entirely natural for me to feel as I do. On this, individuals tend to agree – we are ourselves and not otherwise – though each may disagree as to whether the other’s specific feeling, as well as the character it implies, is quality enough and loveable.

A quality does more than characterize consciousness; like a pervasive color, it fills consciousness to the exclusion of other possibilities, if only momentarily. According to Peirce, “every operation of the mind, however complex, has its absolutely simple feeling, the emotion of the *tout ensemble*.”²⁶ The quality of consciousness, uncontrollable, overwhelms the conscious being. And any object or substance that possesses a pervasive quality, Peirce reasons, has the potential (like a person) to come consciously alive, as if in this instance an insensate “sleeping consciousness” were subject to being disturbed and activated by some chance occurrence. Just as chemical compounds become protoplasm, every lump of matter – inertial and sleeping – has the potential to quicken into life. Peirce calls “*quale*-consciousness” the distinguishing, defining feature of both persons and things. “This moment as it is to me” is a descriptive phrase he uses in this context. He implies that at any moment, *this* moment is all-consuming. Peirce’s formulation, which comes almost as a casual aside, resembles Judy’s “as I am for myself.” In the very same sentence he notes that every work of art possesses its “distinctive *quale*.”²⁷ So a work of art is somehow like a person – though probably an incompletely formed person, one whose consciousness sleeps, and therefore, in its dream state, accommodates odd tensions within itself. The work of art is a pseudo-person undaunted by any lack, gap, flaw, or split in identity.

Attempting to explain to others (or even to oneself) what one feels from the inside of consciousness begs failure.²⁸ According to Peirce, the result will be a divided self: “Instead of introducing any unity, [operations of the intellect] introduce conflict that was not in the *quale*-consciousness itself.”²⁹ Thinking about our feelings, analyzing them, either distances us or distorts the feeling by complicating it. Does the work of art, when disturbed and awakened, experience a similar frustration and impasse in its self-expression?

Ludwig Wittgenstein once asked: “If someone talked in his sleep and said ‘I am asleep’ – should we say ‘He’s quite right?’”³⁰ What would “right” mean in this conversation between a fully conscious person and a sleeper? Would the sleeper’s remark have been addressed to someone else in the same dream? Like Wittgenstein’s question, a painting by Reed neither restores integrity to life nor simplifies communicative conflict. His art acknowledges complexity as something beyond the mere failure to simplify, synthesize, or idealize. Complexity and conflict are not conditions to be removed, despite the capacity of a work of art to exhibit – or rather, to *be* – a unit quality. Within *Judy’s Bedroom*, #486 can be both red and greenish black, and both painted object and digitized image. This multiplicity constitutes its specificity at a certain place and time.

Conflictedness and ambivalence are themselves qualities. Reed muses that his paintings and the actions that generate their forms are “a puzzle, not just one that can’t be solved but one that shows there are no solutions.”³¹ The splashy, swirling, self-reversing marks that characterize his recent works seduce the viewer. It matters not whether the eye traces those marks one by one or in combination, and whether they are probed down through their superimposed layers or scanned across an elongated horizontal dimension or tracked up and down an elongated vertical. Reed’s opulent marks move in too many dimensions and directions to be stilled. Because they either retain or seem to generate a temporal quality (a consciousness of movement and time passing), they are “markings” as much as “marks.” Intent on doing something, they keep moving. Reed states that when a person looks “directly at the movement it stops,” but then “peripheral movement starts somewhere else.”³²

Although he executes his works with an unusual degree of planning and technical polish, the effect of Reed’s “finished” paintings is of something moving out of an order rather than into one. His plan for each work might emerge from his previous experience with a certain range of color or a certain proportion, but he sets no particular problem for the painting as a whole and reaches no resolution other than that of a level of “quality” (in the Peircean sense) at which the work may be saying more to its creator than the creator can say to it. By setting no problem and solving no problem, each of Reed’s paintings manifests a hard-won perceptual wisdom. Each neither simplifies what should remain complex, generalizes what should remain specific, nor explains what has no edifying explanation. This is the point at which the painting, having filled the artist’s consciousness, acquires its own consciousness.

Take David Reed at his word a second time:

When I first started working abstractly, part of me would identify with the painting, as if I were inside it working through the forms. Another part of me would stay outside and watch what was happening. I felt split in two.³³

Reed's abstract paintings have a luminosity and chromatic brilliance readily associated with the synthetic, chemical colors of both photography and film processing. He thinks of his art as more filmic than photographic because of its time dimension. This factor sets it apart from classic abstraction: "Mondrian and the other pioneers of abstraction wanted to make abstract painting timeless. . . . Even when you look at a single part, you are still so aware of the whole that you don't get any sense of looking at the painting in time, at one part after the other. . . . It's not that I want to eliminate this awareness of the whole. I want to test it, stress it, to see how far it can stretch."³⁴ With his combination of fades, translucent layerings, and abrupt juxtapositions, Reed seems to be risking an irreversible split between whole and part – between the timeless duration of controlled pictorial resolution and the living consciousness of a moment unlike any other moment, so unlike that it defines its moment. The controlled whole is analogous to Reed's view from outside, "watch[ing] what was happening," whereas each part of either the process or the object is analogous to his view from inside, "working through the forms." The paradox is that the view from inside may *feel* more complete because it is the more absorbing, and in that respect closer to the "quality" of consciousness.³⁵

Reed came of age during the era of Technicolor movies in wide-screen CinemaScope (introduced 1953) and VistaVision (1954). When Paramount Pictures released Hitchcock's *Vertigo* in 1958, the future artist was twelve years old. He recalls that he probably first saw the film when it was new and then again during his college years. "This was nothing special" in his experience, he now says, for *Vertigo* "is just a part of our visual culture."³⁶ The cultural centrality of *Vertigo* and other memorable commercial films that have gained a wide audience is what makes them such significant points of reference. Reed stated in the second and more ambitious of his accounts of becoming a "bedroom painter" that Hitchcock's imaginary "*Vertigo* bedrooms . . . are also the real public space which we all share."³⁷

Despite taking place over an extended period of time in San Francisco, where the weather is often variable and marked by seasonal change, *Vertigo* has no scenes of rain or fog. Its daytime skies are sunny with occasional clouds and clear for the scenes of dawn and twilight. Reed, who grew up in California, is well aware of how intense the light can be. He noticed that Hitchcock moderated the dark-light extremes of San Francisco atmosphere by featuring pastel colors in both indoor and outdoor scenes. His perception of Hitchcock's coloristic ruse may be an instance of a "sleeping consciousness," for he linked it with his childhood memory of "pastel-colored houses and signs."³⁸ That consciousness reappears in certain of his paintings, such as #453 (1996-2000), where pastel chromatics and black-and-white chiaroscuro are joined by sheer force of will.³⁹ On Hitchcock's part, the use of pastel in his film complicates the prevailing emotional effect by introducing a dreamy harmoniousness – an incongruous indicator, given the ominous tones of the accompanying musical score and the dark events that transpire. Reed notes that "when the hero [Scottie] is deceived by the girl he's following [Judy-Madeleine], the scenes are all in flat, pastel colors. When he's pulled into the reality of the situation, the screen is crossed with black and white diagonals."⁴⁰ Some of the same "flat" hues – oranges, violets, greens, and blues – dominate a nightmarish dream sequence, but in bolder, strident tones.⁴¹ Reed has referred to *Vertigo*'s "strong, contrasting lights and darks *disguised* by pastel colors."⁴² This analytical description introduces a split between sensations that ought to be felt in the given situation and those that substitute as the "disguise" that masks the more blatant identity.

Hitchcock's film centers on a split between the character of Judy and the character of "Madeleine," whom Judy has created as a fiction. Judy's "Madeleine" impersonates a real Madeleine, the wife of Judy's illicit lover Gavin, who plans to stage the real Madeleine's murder as a suicide. The two personalities – refined Madeleine, coarsened Judy – represent a difference of light and dark, which blurs when obscured by *Vertigo*'s complicated moral development. Judy herself – if "herself" can be applied to such a character – exhibits a surprising range in her speech, gestures, mannerisms, and dress. In the first half of the film, she projects herself as Madeleine to carry out the elaborate murder scheme. Her subterfuge is essential to the crime, which, in fact, the authorities do not detect. In the second half of the film, now distanced from her crime, Judy desires to be loved for who she *really* is. But who is she? Or rather: Who has she become? Is she now, as always, the sum of her qualities, the sum of everything from the corrupted morality that her actions have revealed, down to all the material factors, including the color of her hair, which she willfully changes? Can she just as willfully rid herself of the qualities of the person she has been in her own past, in the fictive life of her making? To love her as herself may be impossible, for the way she appears to others and the way she appears to herself have grown apart.

Judy's problem is that she can no longer have the integrated consciousness that she imagines should belong to her. This brings confusion and anguish to Scottie, the man who returns her love. Perhaps Judy's tragic condition makes her all the more human, for it may be that the events of anyone's life open this type of split. Despite her identity as willing accomplice to a murder, her words instill sympathy in *Vertigo*'s viewers, or at least convey the poignancy of her situation. She struggles to regain the love of a man who sees in her no more than a resemblance to the person he believes he loves in

reality. Judy is the dream, the fantasy object; “Madeleine” was the reality. “I made the mistake; I fell in love,” Judy says. She fell in love as Madeleine. “I want you so to love me,” she tells an absent Scottie in a letter she will destroy, “hoping that I could make you love *me* again – as *I* am – for *myself*.” And then later, in his actual presence: “Couldn’t you like me, just me, the way I am? . . . If I let you change me, will it do it? . . . Will you love me?” I, me, myself: Judy repeats the words intended to secure her identity; but these indexical, deictic signs are inapt, for Scottie’s love is “Madeleine,” whom Judy created, then annihilated. Scottie keeps adjusting Judy’s iconic appearance – her clothes, the color of her hair, and finally the way she combs it – to achieve the closest resemblance to “Madeleine.”

Where is the reality Scottie seeks? Can his confusion be resolved? Hitchcock’s film requires an implausible plot twist to bring about its resolution, one unworthy of the moral and emotional ambiguities developed throughout the rest of the film. Fate releases Scottie, who is still uncertain of his love for Judy-Madeleine. Or rather, he knows that he loves, but not *whom* he loves. Judy had asked: “If I let you change me . . . will you love me?” What would constitute a change? Has love – his, hers – changed her? We do not know. Judy falls from a church tower, the original scene of her crime, having been startled by a figure who resembles Death. It is a nun in her habit entering unexpectedly – in Judy’s eyes, perhaps the dream-figure of the woman she had conspired to murder. After her sudden, accidental fall to her own death (which mimics the crime), ambiguity remains. We are left to imagine that Scottie spends the rest of his days wondering whom it really was that he loved. Films made for the commercial movie houses have to have an ending, and *Vertigo* has ended. Does a painting have to end? Not according to Reed’s practice.

Identity, like physicality, ought to be continuous in time. Yet the past that I remember can appear more immediately real than my concrete present, creating a break in the temporal continuity of my consciousness. Perhaps such an experience is a mere quirk of the most ordinary mental life, far less momentous than the genuine mysteries of human psychology. Whatever the case, Reed takes questions of this sort seriously, pondering their many perspectives. “Not long ago,” he wrote in 1975, “I awoke remembering a painting that I had painted in a dream. Quickly, without thinking much, I painted it. Now, I cannot remember painting it in reality, only in my dream. Yet the painting is real and exists as an object.”⁴³ At the least, Reed understands that both dream and reality are his, even if they conflict in consciousness.

Peirce’s notion of a “sleeping consciousness” may explain Reed’s experience. How much does a “sleeping consciousness” observe? Reed seems to have dreamed the entire execution of his painting, a creative process that would require time, thought, and energy. Peirce believed that a certain low level of consciousness would be possessed by things normally considered as inanimate. “Matter is effete mind,” he wrote.⁴⁴ A similarly rock-like, single-minded consciousness would characterize human feeling in its most elemental, uncomplicated state. For Peirce, this state had little to do with religious belief (pantheism, for instance) but amounted to a scientific hypothesis. By its nature, the physicality of matter affords every object and substance, like every human sense organ, the potential to be disturbed. Disturbance, like Judy’s love, occurs by chance. With agitation comes intensified feeling and a heightened consciousness, a kind of awakening. Think of consciousness as change, a departure from inertia, a disturbance: “What we call matter is not completely dead, but is merely mind hidebound with habits. It still retains the element of diversification; and in that diversification there is life.”⁴⁵ In its particularity and internal difference, a mind or even a bit of matter can disturb itself, gaining consciousness.

As paintings change and become ever more distinct, they too may acquire consciousness, as if it were condensing upon them, like a vapor on cold glass. “All that is necessary to the existence of a person,” Peirce wrote, “is that the feelings out of which he is constructed should be in close enough connection to influence one another.”⁴⁶ Like the consciousness of a person, the consciousness of a painting arises from the particular consistency of its qualities. The “feelings” of a painting must maintain some kind of connection, like the affinity a person senses between his or her own states of waking and sleeping: the personality remains recognizable whether acting or dreaming of acting. As we know, Reed sometimes regards his paintings as if these inanimate objects could see – a puzzling split between what the painter sees and what his paintings see, peering back or just watching.

Imagine that paintings project their color and light on their viewers, as if it were the vehicle for their vision (in fact, they do project color by reflection). The viewer absorbs the painting’s look. This action converts the viewer into a visual object, a dream-object for the painting. (In *Vertigo*, Judy becomes such an object, both within the plot of the film and, more abstractly, for the sake of exercising the film medium; the green neon outside her window illuminates her, sometimes sweetly, sometimes rather monstrosly.) When the viewer becomes an object for the painting, the split between seer and seen lacks all resolution. Testing the edge of that split, Reed needed to paint his dream “quickly, without thinking much.” The more thought, the greater the gap between dream and reality. Having awakened, he was moved to bring his dream to the material reality of a painting where he could inspect the split at close range by marking it. Otherwise he might fall deeper into his fantasy. “I want to be a bedroom painter,” he explained, “because then my paintings can be seen in reverie . . . The *Vertigo* bedrooms show that when in these private places, we should also be self-critical of our fantasies and assumptions.”⁴⁷

Reed tells the story of another dream that seems to reflect the same desire:

Over and over, in a dream, I found myself outlining complex gestures. I cut them out until they became distinct, isolated forms. I was obsessed with watching myself repeat this process which I couldn’t stop. Opening my eyes, I realized that the brushmarks in the small painting by my bed were the same as the gestures within my dream.⁴⁸

Why, in this instance, did Reed dream of a painting he had already made? Perhaps because it is in the nature of painting – his type of painting, at least – to allow people to gain perspective on themselves, which normally occurs only in a dream state. In the dream, Reed was “obsessed with watching [him]self.” But because his typical painting has at least one anamorphic split (if not several), it too is capable of watching itself. By this I mean that Reed’s paintings incorporate conflicting perspectives and cast them in tension – just as pastel and chiaroscuro can be in tension – as if set to spy on each other. Reed’s dream is about his attempt to become self-conscious, to experience the quality of his consciousness (Peirce’s *quale*-consciousness) from more than one direction. When he “cut out” the forms, this was analogous to his actual working process, which features the masking, cutting, and sanding of marks deposited with brushes, knives, and trowels. By cutting out, Reed the dreamer was isolating his own gesture, splitting it off from the continuity of his life so it could be seen as a distinctive quality, that is, both as a moment to itself and as a complication in relation to other complications, a part of a life-puzzle lacking a solution. (Freud argued that “either-or” used in recording a dream is to be translated by ‘and.’”⁴⁹ A dream unites incompatibles.)

Here is the reality, the truth, that Reed realized in his dream: to be split is one feeling. The split between dream and reality provides a space for consciousness to operate. “Paintings can be ‘intermediate cases’ between dreams and reality,” Reed now says. “Probably only we can bridge the gap; the paintings can’t. Usually, we don’t see that the gap is there.”⁵⁰ Painting reveals the split in consciousness through the very fact that it manifests this failure. Even the most accomplished abstractions, whether conceptual or expressive, fail to “bridge the gap”; and Reed respects their lesson. His startling response is to have developed some of the most effective no-resolution techniques ever seen in painting.

T · W · O R · E · D · S

To be conscious of scarlet and magenta at the same time is either to compare them [by setting] them over against one another . . . or it is to merge them into one general feeling in which the scarlet and magenta are not separately recognized.
– Charles Sanders Peirce, 1898⁵¹

Finally, I decided that this experience of being split apart was necessary to make a painting.
– David Reed, 1989⁵²

Reed recently completed a work that lacks his characteristic elongation but uses a format he favors almost as much: a near double-square, a rectangle not quite in the proportion of 1 to 2. The painting, #521 (2004, p. 59), measures 26 by 50 inches. It relies on two reds that are close in hue and value: a scarlet lake (call it “scarlet”) and, in the squarish inset to the right, a somewhat deeper, more primary red (call it “red,” or even “magenta,” to honor Peirce’s insight).⁵³ All the divisions and proportions of #521, which from a distance might seem to have been based on halving or bisecting, prove to be slightly off. Along with the play of such similar reds, this inscrutable proportionality destabilizes the entire image. Reed performs the brush-, knife-, and trowelwork of #521 primarily in white upon the base of scarlet and red; he also uses a deep cobalt blue and a pale tint of the same blue. On the left, the dark blue strokes appear to pass into or emerge out from a horizontal, off-center fault line. On the right, bold white strokes within the red inset establish a more dimensional convex-concave space; it gives the illusion of extending either forward or backward. Take one viewing and the divisions of this painting fold into themselves; take another viewing and they slide under and over each other, moving either together or apart. #521 is a picture of multiple, incompatible qualities. Yet it may appear to be integrated by its own projective light – its intense redness counteracting the tension between its two reds.

Do you prefer the “scarlet” or the “red”? Is each color better as is, or better in the light of the other? Are you willing to love a color for itself? “The color of your hair . . .,” Scottie says to Judy, without need of finishing the sentence. He wishes to change red to blonde. Judy knows that Scottie’s dream is for her to become “Madeleine,” the fantasy-woman she created, whom he is recreating. She is already Madeleine. Which color is hers?

Not so long ago, Reed wrote that “rationality or belief don’t work well now for painting. Suspension – doubt – works best.”⁵⁴ #521 is a pleasure to observe and a stimulating challenge to ponder. I like red; I could love this painting. But it is hardly rational, and an analysis of its relationships causes me to doubt my perceptions. I should leave #521 to its qualities, dreaming it rather than attempting to understand it. If anyone understands this painting, it would be Reed. He kept a detailed set of notes to chronicle its construction. They include trial measurements, color tests, a schematic sketch (p. 64-65), and a diary of the ongoing decisions – enough to convert the painter’s art to a science. Reed’s notes also list a series of casual, matter-of-fact judgments: “not sure will work,” “green not good,” “blue is possible.” The document appears to exclude references to feelings, however, as if they were not part of the process. Or, more likely, although feelings are facts, such facts were not among those that could be recorded.

There is an exception. At the very end of the chronicle, with the work having met all studio standards and satisfied all criteria, Reed added a single word in capitals: ANXIOUS. The painting had moved him.

- ¹ *Vertigo*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, Paramount Pictures, 1958; restoration, Universal Pictures, 1996. The phrase “love her as herself,” used as the title of this essay, appears in David Reed, *Two Bedrooms in San Francisco* (San Francisco: San Francisco Art Institute, 1992), n.p.; and in a revised, expanded version, “Two Bedrooms in San Francisco,” in Udo Kittelmann and Martin Hentschel, eds., *David Reed* (Ostfildern: Cantz, 1995), 69. I thank Charlotte Cousins for essential aid in research.
- ² David Reed, interview by Stephen Ellis (29 October 1989), in William S. Bartman, ed., *David Reed* (Los Angeles: A.R.T. Press, 1990), 12.
- ³ *Ibid.*, 14-15. Compare Reed’s more specific account of the effect of Western movies: “After painting one morning, to escape the sun, I went to a cave I had noticed nearby for lunch. Just inside the cave entrance there was a small spring of water running down the rock walls. . . . I bent and drank directly from the stream. . . . I had an uncanny sense of familiarity. . . . After lunch and a nap I explored the back of the cave and found a flue, a crack in the mesa’s walls, which I walked through into a small canyon cul-de-sac which also seemed familiar. Many years later I realized that I knew both the cave and the cul-de-sac from a movie, *The Searchers* by John Ford. . . . This recognition made me realize how much CinemaScope westerns had influenced how I thought about the space of the desert”; David Reed, “Media Baptisms,” in Rosemarie Schwarzwälder, ed., *Abstract Painting Between Analysis and Synthesis* (Klagenfurt: Ritter, 1992), 129-30.
- ⁴ Reed, in Bartman, 15; Reed, “Media Baptisms,” 131.
- ⁵ Reed, in Bartman, 3.
- ⁶ In a statement to the author, 9 November 2004, Reed confirmed that his Western (desert) paintings were sympathetically coordinated with the landscape view, responding to it directly. He brought a number of unresolved landscapes to New York in 1968, where they then became studio paintings, acquiring more definitively the look of abstract art; for example, their up-down orientation became arbitrary.
- ⁷ On reciprocity, tactile vision (contact), corporeality, and other notions related to modern practices of both site and studio painting, see Richard Schiff, “Cézanne’s Physicality: The Politics of Touch,” in Salim Kemal and Ivan Gaskell, eds., *The Language of Art History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991), 129-80; “Breath of Modernism (Metonymic Drift),” in Terry Smith, ed., *In Visible Touch: Modernism and Masculinity* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1997), 184-213.
- ⁸ Reed, in Bartman, 5. Compare Reed’s biographical entry for 1972: “paints *Door* and *Brushstroke* paintings, working faster and faster to avoid the ‘split’”; David Reed, “Artist’s Chronology,” in Elizabeth Armstrong, ed., *David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures* (San Diego: Museum of Contemporary Art, 1998), 80. Examples of “Door” paintings are #3 (1972, p. 76) and #17 (1974, p. 77).
- ⁹ On performance and temporality in Reed’s art, see also Katy Siegel, “David Reed: Painting Over Time,” in Roland Wäpse and Stephan Berg, eds., *David Reed: You Look Good in Blue* (Nürnberg: Verlag für moderne Kunst, 2001), 9-17; David Green, “Painting as Aporia,” in Jonathan Harris, ed., *Critical Perspectives on Contemporary Painting: Hybridity, Hegemony, Historicism* (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2003), 81-107.
- ¹⁰ Reed, *Two Bedrooms in San Francisco*, n.p.
- ¹¹ Reed, *Two Bedrooms in San Francisco*, n.p.; “Two Bedrooms in San Francisco,” in Kittelmann and Hentschel, 68-70.
- ¹² As examples of commentary, see Arthur C. Danto, “Between the Bed and the Brushstroke: Reading the Paintings of David Reed,” in Kittelmann and Hentschel, 71-82; Siegel; Green.
- ¹³ The video loop includes a brief retelling of the story of Reed’s interest in *Vertigo*, a third variant of his written text.
- ¹⁴ The inserted painting can vary from one presentation of the installation to another, but it is essential that the particular work appear both as an object and as an image. Most of the existing photographic documentation of *Judy’s Bedroom* shows it with #328 (1990-93) as the insertion. #486 is featured in the version of *Judy’s Bedroom* now installed in the Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt am Main.
- ¹⁵ David Reed, “Barnett Newman at Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster Street,” typescript, 1982 (for publication in *The Art Gallery Scene*), courtesy David Reed.
- ¹⁶ Reed, “Two Bedrooms in San Francisco,” in Kittelmann and Hentschel, 68 (paragraph break eliminated).
- ¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 68.
- ¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 69.
- ¹⁹ See Reed, in Bartman, 14.
- ²⁰ David Reed, “McLaughlin at Andre Emmerich,” *The Art Gallery Scene*, 40 October 1982, 2.
- ²¹ Reed, statement to the author, 22 November 2004.
- ²² Reed, “Two Bedrooms in San Francisco,” in Kittelmann and Hentschel, 70. In *Vertigo*, Judy-Madeleine and Scottie often refer to “wandering.”
- ²³ Reed, statement to the author, 22 November 2004.
- ²⁴ Charles Sanders Peirce, “The Origin of the Universe” (1898), *Collected Papers*, ed. Charles Hartshorne, Paul Weiss, and Arthur W. Burks, 8 vols. (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1958-1960), 6:149 (original emphasis).
- ²⁵ “By a feeling I mean an instance of the sort of element of consciousness which is all that it is positively, in itself, regardless of anything else”: Peirce, “A Definition of Feeling” (c. 1906), *Collected Papers*, 1:152. Peirce defines quality just as he does feeling: “Each quale is in itself what it is for itself, without reference to any other. . . . Quality or quale-consciousness is all that it is in and for itself” (“Quale-Consciousness” [1908], *Collected Papers*, 6:150, 153).
- ²⁶ Peirce, “A Definition of Feeling,” *Collected Papers*, 1:155.
- ²⁷ Peirce, “Quale-Consciousness,” *Collected Papers*, 6:150.
- ²⁸ “Feeling [is] completely veiled from introspection, for the very reason that it is our immediate consciousness”: Peirce, “A Definition of Feeling,” *Collected Papers*, 1:153.
- ²⁹ Peirce, “Quale-Consciousness,” *Collected Papers*, 6:153.
- ³⁰ Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Zettel*, eds. G. E. M. Anscombe and G. H. von Wright, trans. G. E. M. Anscombe (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970), 71. Wittgenstein precedes this with a similar provocation: “Imagine an unconscious man (anesthetized, say) were to say ‘I am conscious’ – should we say ‘He ought to know?’” I am reminded of a related statement by Jacques Lacan: “The subject . . . may say to himself, ‘It’s only a dream.’ But he does not apprehend himself as someone who says to himself – ‘After all, I am the consciousness of this dream.’” (Jacques Lacan, *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis*, ed. Jacques-Alain Miller, trans. Alan Sheridan [New York: W. W. Norton, 1978], 75).
- ³¹ Reed, statement to the author, 20 November 2004.
- ³² Reed, in Bartman, 15.
- ³³ *Ibid.*, 5.
- ³⁴ *Ibid.*, 18. Reed’s attitude may owe something to the example of Barnett Newman, whose posthumous retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, New York (1971-72) he remembers having visited twelve times (Reed, “Artist’s Chronology,” in Armstrong, 79). Newman expressed a similar opinion of Mondrian’s work and was also concerned to test the capacities of his materials and his own craft. Reed would not have known, however, that when Newman was asked to explain his purpose in *Uriel* (1955), a painting eighteen feet wide with a single expanse of pale greenish blue extended to about three quarters of that dimension, he answered that he had “wanted to see how far [he] could stretch it before it broke” (Barnett Newman, quoted by Harold Cohen, introduction to “Barnett Newman Talks to David Sylvester,” BBC radio broadcast, 17 November 1965, typescript, Barnett Newman Foundation Archives, New York).
- ³⁵ When a picture is resolved in a conventional way, every visual path through it leads the viewer to the same result; when it is unresolved in Reed’s sense, every path through it elicits a unique feeling.
- ³⁶ Reed, statement to the author, 21 November 2004.
- ³⁷ Reed, “Two Bedrooms in San Francisco,” in Kittelmann and Hentschel, 69.
- ³⁸ Reed, in Bartman, 14.
- ³⁹ Other examples might include #509 (2002-2004) and #511 (2001-2004), despite their differences. David Green writes: “The effect [of a Reed painting] is one of chiaroscuro without the presence of objects” (Green, 90).
- ⁴⁰ Reed, in Bartman, 14.
- ⁴¹ John Ferren, a New York painter familiar with European surrealism and American abstract expressionism, designed the nightmare sequence, which he intended to affect the viewer physiologically and hence psychologically; see Dan Aulier, *Vertigo: The Making of a Hitchcock Classic* (New York: St. Martin’s Press, 1998), 146-50.
- ⁴² Reed, statement to the author, 21 November 2004 (emphasis added). See also Reed, in Bartman, 14 (already quoted in part): “If you think of the Spanish Missions, you imagine them in the starkest light. A light that strong is dangerous, so it’s disguised with bright pastel colored houses and signs.”
- ⁴³ David Reed, “On Intermediate Cases,” *Art-Rite*, Spring 1975, 9. The term “intermediate cases” appears to derive from Wittgenstein’s discussion of “family resemblance” in the relationship of words to their meanings; like cousins, alternative meanings share certain features but differ in other respects. See Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, trans. G. E. M. Anscombe (New York: Macmillan, 1958), 49.
- ⁴⁴ Peirce, “Architecture of Theories” (1891), *Collected Papers*, 6:20.
- ⁴⁵ Peirce, “The Law of Mind” (1892), *Collected Papers*, 6:111.
- ⁴⁶ Peirce, “Man’s Glassy Essence” (1892), *Collected Papers*, 6:176.
- ⁴⁷ Reed, *Two Bedrooms in San Francisco*, n.p.
- ⁴⁸ David Reed, “Journal” (1994-95), in Günther Holler-chuster, ed., *Neue Malereien für den Spiegelsaal und Studien von David Reed* (Graz: Neue Galerie am Landesmuseum Joanneum, 1996), 13.
- ⁴⁹ Sigmund Freud, *On Dreams*, trans. James Strachey (New York: W. W. Norton, 1952 [1901]), 65 (emphasis eliminated).
- ⁵⁰ Reed, statement to the author, 22 November 2004. See note 43.
- ⁵¹ Peirce, “Quale-Consciousness,” *Collected Papers*, 6:152.
- ⁵² Reed, in Bartman, 5.
- ⁵³ Reed’s actual pigment is a commercially produced color, “Winsor Red.” The color often called “magenta,” which has a different appearance, is also a primary red, but within the system of color-separation printing that uses magenta, cyan, and yellow (and sometimes black).
- ⁵⁴ Reed, “Media Baptisms,” 133-34.



Judy's Bedroom, 1992, ensemble featuring painting #486, 2001-02, installation view Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt



Scottie's Bedroom, 1994, ensemble featuring painting #297, 1989-91, installation *You look good in blue*, Kunstmuseum St. Gallen, 2001



Barnett Newman, *Four Paintings*. Installation view at Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster Street, 1984. Photo: Dan Walworth
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previous spread: Scottie's Bedroom, 1994, framestill detail featuring painting #496, 2002-03

