

Another day
in life on earth. In despair and excitement, I pull
open a drawer in the kitchen. Before pouring the morning
brew into my solo traveler cup, I pour my pockets with junk. pain-
killers, a metal chain, an eraser, lipstick, outdated coins, outdated sedatives,
an outdated friendship-necklace, parts of some useful technical device, needles and
pins, a broken ruler, and a tomato branch, before I rush ahead onto the tightrope I've
stretched above the shitstorms beneath me.

I press dried flowers directly onto the thin mesh in the printing workshop. Their outline create a
true-to-scale pattern. It is all as illogical as my umwelt, a dingbats defense.

The cast-offs of that world merge like shadows on a plane. The painting, the print, the photograph,
and the upside down lightshow on the cave wall. All flattened before us in service of representation.
I won't lead you any deeper. Rather, the opposite. All I know is the depth of surfaces shaking
together. The flat puzzle vibrates and in between it and you, a wave of air, or sound if you will,
pierces through.

Within four forty-five-degree corners, scarf-sized planes sits slightly elevated from white
gallery walls. Before, I would have emphasized that elevating little brim. I'd highlight where
the representation end and the represented begin. With these works I've tried to stay
within the corners. And outside, chaos rules. Other images, of horrendous sort, fresh and
direct, etch onto the eyelids of the secured northfolks.

A needle through the heart, stitching paths between continents, meander down a
decor for the house, a decor for the face. The sign that used to signify the river,
now signify greek salad. What would a sack of flour say if it could? Is the elephant
afraid of the mouse? The concealed concept of a celebrated legend, displayed like
the tortellini-edged samples of a merchant.
(Do we turn you on? Do we disgust you? Do we bore you? What do we do you?)
The immortals write to us with pictograms, icons. Babelonians hastily scribbled
images in wet clay, indented bridges over temporal horizons and language
barriers. In sumerian the word for star, sky and God is
"Dingir". Written, it comprises of three crossing golf pegs
that make up the image of a star, or rather, our image of a
star is made up of three crossing golf pegs. Text was pictorial
in its cradle. The A was a bull, the P was a mouth, the Q was a
hand, grabbing. On Wingdings, Q is an airplane.

Suddenly we are in a sexy office drenched in eau du frat and beams of
Ra, and we are having martinis. You receive a CMY-keyed invitation to the
galaxy. War is someone's play with balls, somewhere.

Dada was only as illogical as its umwelt, the defense of the dingbats. If the world around
them could turn so bizarre, defying all laws of logic and moral, then so could their art. I return
into the infinity of the surface, the shapes and colors that can merge into anything. And in that
state of myriad-fidelity, I let them stay. Do you trust a bartender in a bar called Chaos?