

Embarking on a collaborative journey with dear friends, I waded into the wilds of the Mississippi River. As I submerged myself in the river's embrace, I found echoes of ultrasound imaging, feeling like a small, slimy mass in Mother Nature's womb. This sensation sparked introspection on the interplay of breath, genetic inheritance, and environmental conditioning, prompting a desire to delve deeper into the pre-birth experience.

Transitioning from the untamed river to controlled pool settings, I grappled with questions of identity and connection to the natural world. Constructing a vessel for contemplation, I confronted the societal conditioning that separates humanity from nature, echoing Bruno Latour's critique of the modern constitution. Despite my initial intention to integrate with nature, I found myself inadvertently reinforcing barriers between self and environment through physical constructs.

Occupying the vessel, standing amidst rain showers and beneath thundering waterfalls, I pondered the clinical sterility of pool environments and humanity's impact on the planet's delicate balance. Moments reminding me that I am a disruptive force. More importantly, that Nature is the most. My disruption has an eventual limit, a boundary the falls and water cycle at large do not know. In the lovely words of Toni Morrison, "all water has a perfect memory and is forever trying to get back to where it was." This faith water shows in continual flow gives me great hope. The white of the clothes I swaddled myself in, helped complete the flow of the falls by matching the highlights of the water. Telling me that even though I may be unsure of the direction, I am part of a flow.

Reflecting on the cycle of creation, I revisited the notion of LUCA—the last universal common ancestor—and pondered the power dynamics between conditioning and the expressions of primordial cells. As I traced the evolutionary thread back to its origins, I couldn't help but marvel at the resilience of life itself, embodied in the collective dance of cells that have persisted through millennia. In this contemplative space, I found myself grappling with the weight of history, recognizing the enduring echoes of shared biological lineage. I've come to hope it's egotistical to believe that humanity's current conditioning is more imprinted and powerful than the expressions of our primordial cells.

As I come to rest and reflect on this journey, I am reminded of the fleeting moments of openness, indicative of larger cycles and systems. These moments, like rain showers nourishing the earth, offer glimpses into the fabric of reality, where humanity's true role is but a thread among the vastness of nature. I have hope in the enduring rhythms of the natural world, knowing that despite humanity's interventions, the essence of life persists, rooted in that ancient dance of creation.

A note on material:

Most of the images have an analog origin, yet have been brought to presentation in a digital way. There is a range from completely digital to complete analog, the majority existing in the space between. Presentations of myself neither fully attuned to their analog origin or completely digitized mirror my discoveries across the cycle of creation. The chair utilizing metallurgy, the most ancient form of making present, serves as a base of perception with which I have presented the audience. Connective tissues to the divine creation within themselves.