

I think recollections of water are the best way for me to begin describing to you why I make art.

A thin film of water runs lightly down a rock wall. I place my hand flat in its path and without interruption the water skims over the surface of my hand and then back onto the rock. Running over the cold rock and my warm hand both as if they were one surface, the water binds them into each other. When I remove my hand, the water returns to its prior course.

Water dripping from a rock-ceiling. It is running along, gripping the large underside of the rock. Coalescing at one small protrusion, it drips. Later, in the shower, I discover that when I am on my hands and knees, water raining down my back wraps around my chest and drips from my nipple in the same way.

It excites me beyond measure that through art making and thinking, I can interact with the world in the same way that it interacts with itself. My body can never become a rock, but it can be enough like a rock to allow water to roll over it in the same way. When water drips it doesn't know what it is falling over; it falls as it can.

Currently, I am attempting to make golden tears; I want to give them to someone I was in love with. I saw water dripping down a wet tree, and wondered what the path of the rivulet would look like if the tree were removed. I wondered the same thing about my face.

I wanted the tears I was producing to fall like tears would had I cried them. While I could have sculpted them out of wax or found flat gold strips that could bend to the contours of my face, there is no joy for me in those routes because they represent the phenomena more strongly than they are one in themselves. Instead, I made a plaster copy of my face over which I could run alginate, a material that falls like a tear until it sets into a gel. From there I am now moving towards gold.

Even though I am not a magician, and am unable to transform a salty tear from my eye into gold, even though I have to employ other materials and techniques to approximate that transformation, those means are as close to magic as I can get and I find them immensely satisfying. I love that I am human and alive and can observe a natural process like water dripping off a tree or a face, and then seek out the means to reassemble that process with materials, technologies, and skills that, while as bound to this world as a water drop, are also contingent on human invention. I want to find those ways of working where my human hand converges with the processes that existed in this world long before our arrival.