

AT SEAPORT: 2023

*My art is grounded in the belief of one universal energy
which runs through everything: from insect to man,
from man to spectre, from spectre to plant from plant to galaxy.
My works are the irrigation veins of this universal fluid.
Through them ascend the ancestral sap, the original beliefs,
the primordial accumulations, the unconscious thoughts
that animate the world. —ANA MENDIETA*

What the deaf see is what seers hear.
A place of emptiness makes sense
to those of us who stand in the door.

When does a boomerang turn back?
If you put a lamp in a box, does it still spread its light?

An artwork is a marker on our way down the road.

We are always being moved.

The look we gave each other was the first in a series of anxieties.
We let the baby cry until its diaper slipped.
If a net breaks and its haul escapes
this begins an economy of waste. While disorders are efforts
to achieve balance
smears and distortions are signs of effort, not evil.

Never let yourself be more than a handprint, a silhouette.

What's that rope? A lion's tail?

If you put a lamp in a box, does it still spread its light? Evenly?
The fruit of the mind is weightless.

You are “all eyes” but thoughts are nothing.

The people pressed cereal into the lips of a rock to feed it.

There is always a holy figure in a crowd. It could be a tot with its
finger pointing at God, or at a simple chair.

Is he a terrorist if he hides a red van in plain sight?

If you see a handprint in a photograph, where is the real hand?

Prophetic in captivity we will be struck dumb in freedom and
kick one shoe off, flower and all.

I see so many shoes in this room!

The objects stand still all through the night.

Hang up your plumbline first thing in the morning to
make sure the night is gone.

Good measurement will make it safe to sit down.

Wooden shoes are a sign of old children.

Look for them. Help them.