

There is some desire inside my body to be different than it is. And it's desperate. Sure, it would be nice to grow wings, but if my kidneys could become ears or visa versa, then I'd take it! The imagined body squirms inside the actual one. Such a striking difference persists between the formal inflexibility of my body in this lifetime, and the flexibility suggested by the vast timescale of Darwin's vision. The possible permutations of the same fundamental forms are endless. I can imagine my bones, muscles, and organs morphing into those of a whale, and as much as my mind can make sense of that fluid variety, my body remains stuck. It becomes frustrated. The reversal and polarization sometimes evident in my work are potentially expressions of that frustration. At the same time, I think my work is less about "reversal and polarization" than it is a holding of things together (squeezing them between thumb and forefinger until they fuse), and the sensory/cognitive dissonance and/or virility that results.

There's a greedy hungry impulse:

*"Can't I be both?!!!"* it seems to say, *"Can't I be a leg and an arm? Can't I be tempting and repulsive? Can't I be sex and death? Can't my work be your food? And can't you hold these contradictions with me?"*

If I can't step laterally across the evolutionary tree, perhaps I can move backwards. Myself as a baby is still in me, as well as the fetus, all the way down to the single-celled, the organism with no separate organs, where the drives towards sex, hunger, and the need to be held have all been merged back into some slow pulsing unity. Through my work, maybe I'm chasing the residues of those life forms that don't fit my image, but that I sense internally.

Working with food has expanded my access into this area of inquiry. These fruits and fleshies refer so strongly to our bodies without being direct images of them. I think the simple fact that they are materials we are willing to ingest alters the way the work gets read; I'd like to think that when people see a bowl of borscht rising slowly then heaving, or see me eating kissing smacking a pile of polenta, they sense not only with their 'head-senses', but with their guts. All of our digestion happens in darkness. We rarely feel the contracting, circulating, and secreting that happen in our bellies all the time. Gut speaks to gut. My hope in this work is to draw people back down into those spaces in their bodies that though ignored, are the point at which our most superfluous desires fold back into our most longstanding needs.