

Autobiographiti



JUST BEFORE OUR ENDLESS SPRING BEGAN,
THE PERFECT **HIBERNATION PROJECT** DROPPED
RIGHT INTO MY LAP.

FAUBOURG (SEXY FRENCH BRASSERIE,
FANTASTIC BUZZ) WANTS AN ENTRANCE-MAKING
SHOWPIECE ARTWORK FOR THEIR
black-and-white lobby.

Okay.

LOVE STORY #1: MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM.
STOPPED IN MY TRACKS BY FEDERICO URIBE'S
DIZZYING ZEBRA COLLAGE, MADE FROM
CHOPPED-UP **TRUCK TIRES**. THE ARTIST'S MEDIUM →
GARBAGE and SURPLUS and DEBRIS.
IT'S THE IDEAL DESIGN STRATEGY FOR A LOCKDOWN:

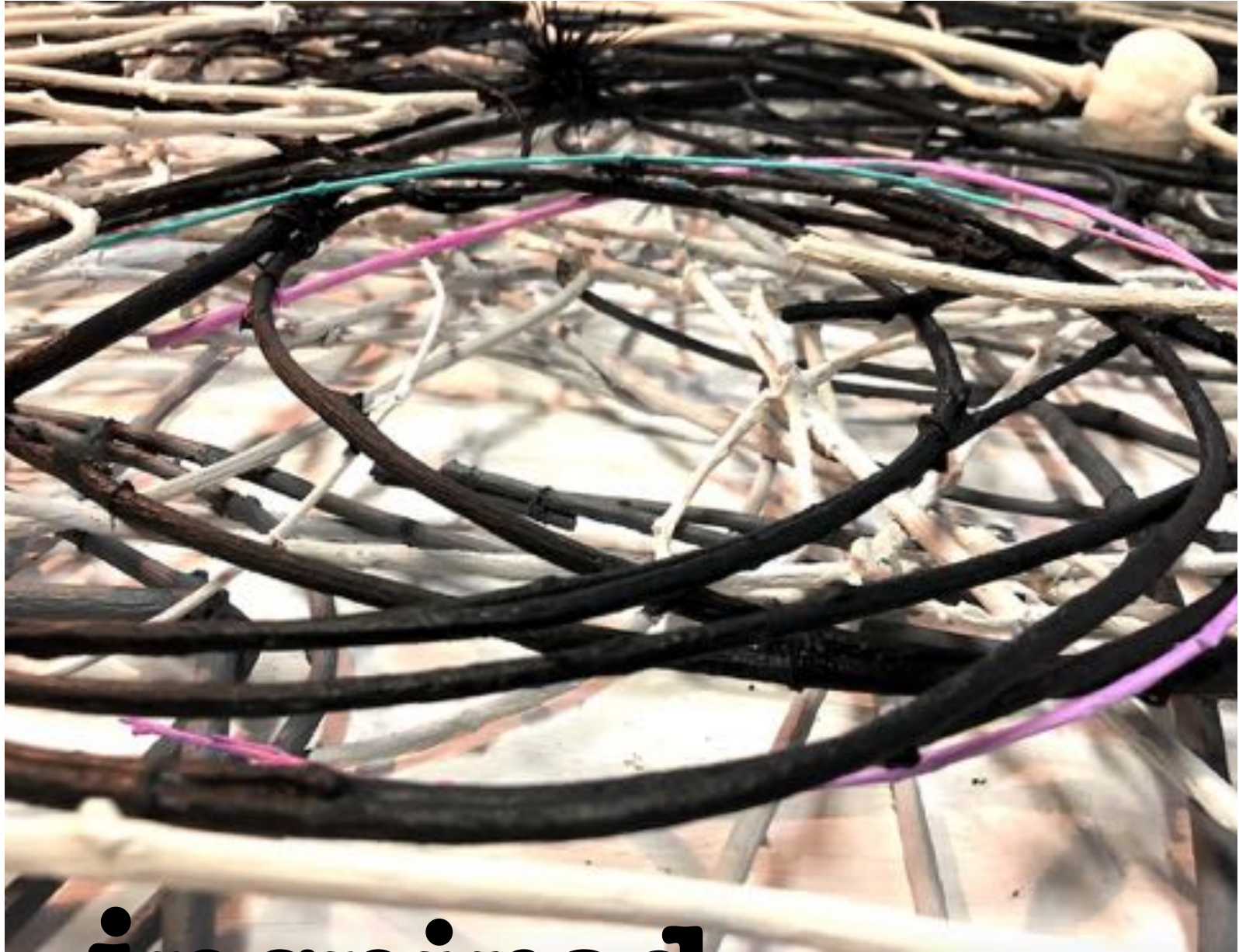
Use whatever you've got around you.





Love Story #2: **“AEROSOL”**
exhibit at the Morris Museum.

DAZED. I'M STARING UPWARDS AT
30-FOOT-HIGH WALLS OF WILDLY
ORNATE SKYWRITING, SUPERSIZE
SWOOPS OF LOOPY CALLIGRAPHY
...that look like vines.

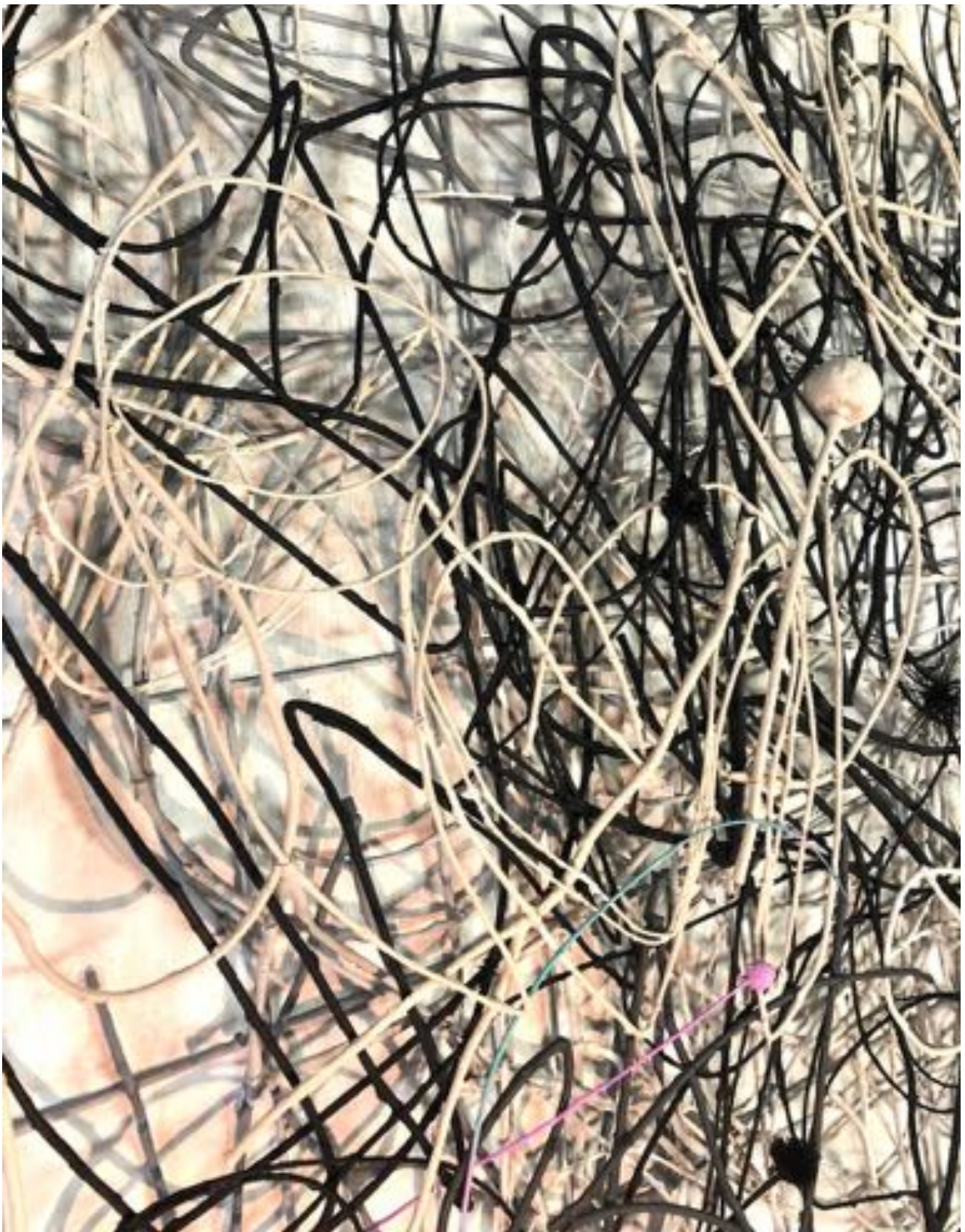


inspired, I CART AWAY
WHEELBARROW LOADS OF
DISCARDED VINES THAT HAVE
OVERRUN MY NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD.
And then I branch out,
*curling and swirling the vines into
long skeins of* **UNSCRIPTED SCRIPT,**
freestyle figures of speech.

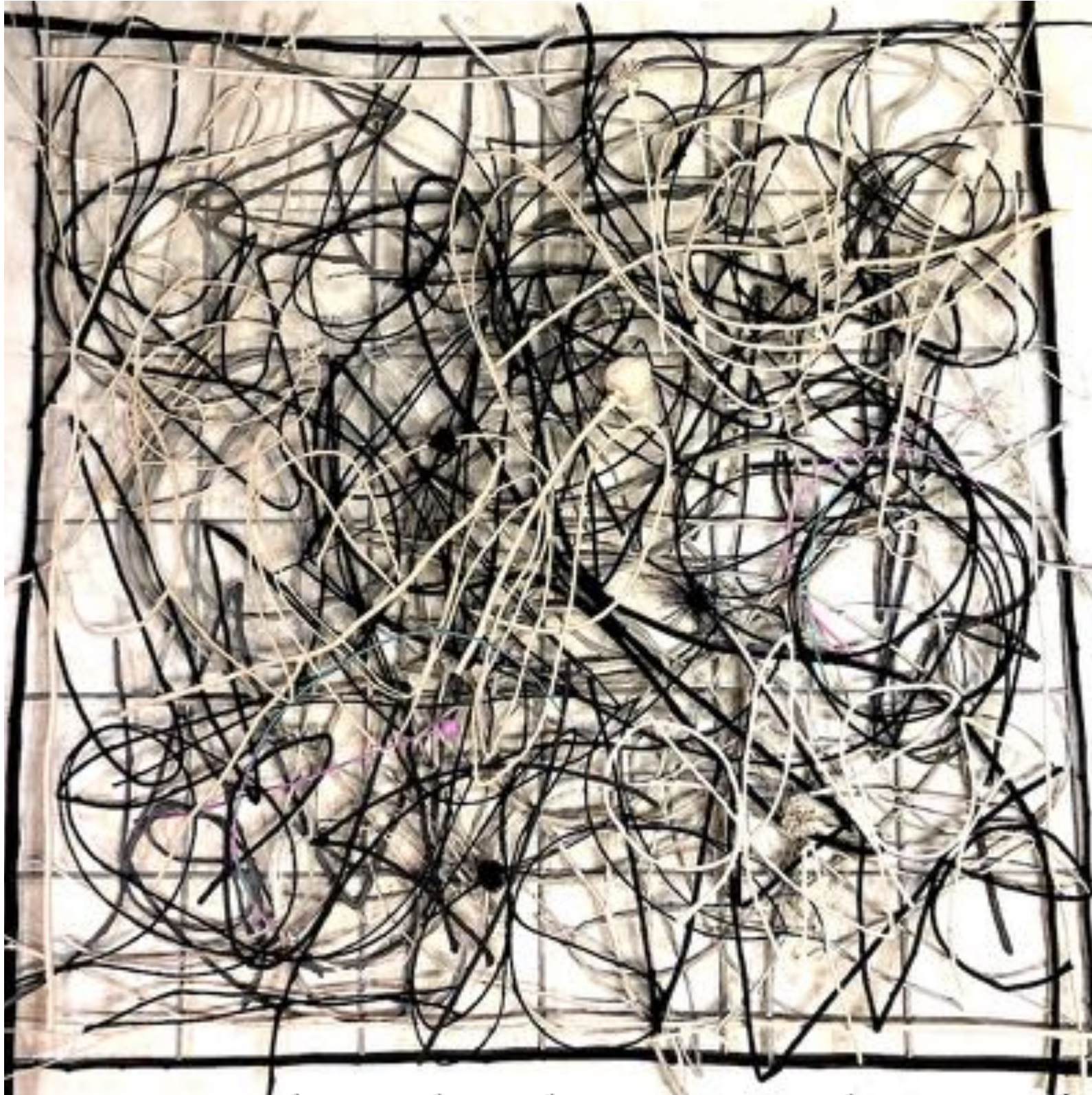
IT'S THE
SIGNATURE
OF NATURE:



INTENSE
INDECIIPHERABLE
INTERCONNECTED.



A PUBLIC / PRIVATE DIARY AND DIALOGUE:
sound + motion + emotion
→ **commotion.**



**tangled threads of
converging conversations.**