

In the last four and half years I have lived in two American and two European cities: Richmond, Virginia, NYC, Berlin and Amsterdam. I have followed my work, my heart and an avid curiosity for life. I found a lot and much was always in flux from the ground I stood on to the language that entered my ears. At the same time, I have found myself returning to the past in my work with a quality of nostalgia for familiarity and recognition and with a desire to bring more understanding to the present. In this sense this piece feels cumulative: *Hindsight in a Present Tense Retrospective (1992)*

Go long past dreams and sleep into dark and dirty under filled with water wailing dreams dank. This is the way sometimes into murmurs with stillness beside the ticking of a clock. We have them, clocks that is: all telling a time of their own. Proudly. Proudly wept and wonderful. Why? Why of course it is easy to be seen and said and done tucked squarely into bed at night. Yes, I remember this. I remember memory dipping over bumpy roads lit by the full moon and lined with tall trees shrouded and murky. Perhaps there was an owl and yes, there were other choices that were not chosen and consequently tucked squarely into memory remembered much later in the form of what if. We are told hindsight is much more accurate.

The reference point is in the centre. The centre believes belief with no effort. The centre rides a horse chestnut brown and galloping gait.

Drink musty, drink old, drink deep down there where it all lies beneath the earth. Surely you can remember this. Surely you can. This is true and as old as the hills. Do you remember the long valley?

Endless, open.
Open, endless.

In the realm of blue air one feels most strongly, that the most ethereal dreams can penetrate the world, for dreaming has true depth. The blue sky is arched beneath the dream. The dream flees the confines of the flat surface. Yves Klein