The wildness of landscape is filled with psychological significance. Dark forests and black reflective lakes are folkloristically, visually, and sonically as much terrifying as they are enchanted. They wrench in the chest and in the gut. The feeling is satisfying and filling, rejuvenating the spirit and psyche especially in the wake of deadening mental anguish. Trauma is emptying.

If, in the wake of trauma, we are able to think of ourselves like wounded animals, more than deeply traumatized individuals, we have a better chance of survival. Knowing this, in Gloomy Water, Breathless Mud I insert myself into landscape to navigate the world more like something injured and less like something ruined.

I use video/sound installations and wax sculptures to insert myself directly into the landscape. Footage of my hands and feet navigating terrain, water, and clay are layered over abstracted visuals of organic and inorganic objects removed from their context. Landscape is made at once homogenized and specific through abstraction. The videos are meshed together with experimental music compositions. I stretch and abstract my voice between watery keyboard synthesizers, earthy sub-bass, and field recordings. The wax sculptures provide another path into my need to fill up with something. The productivity of nature, present in wax visually, tactilely, olfactorily, provides the kind of optimism that my work needs. I can create a reflecting pool, volcanic form, or glacier, that is conceptually filled with dread and foreboding, but because it is malleable and something truly of the earth (whether petroleum-based or beeswax) it holds even more, perhaps, the possibility of life.