

There are no more 400-year canons, it's over. Human stewardship of this planet is winding down, and now as artists we are just fecklessly decorating the twilight. It was beautiful for a moment.

I love and detest my species in equal measure, part of me wants to share joy and love and poetry, and part of me cannot understand the pointless rearranging of atoms in the face of billions of uncaring universes.

Are we as artists just perfumed manicured poodles dancing through fiery hoops to the mild applause of a gilded plutocracy? Or are we the antenna and emotional divining rods of a species? I am totally confused.

And let's make no mistake; this 'art world' we inhabit and gain our sustenance from has squarely hitched its wagon to the recent explosion of staggering global inequity. But that primal need for sustenance is wholly different to that primal need to create artistic avatars acknowledging our existence. That's our 'out'.

But then you drown out all this noise and revert to your default hard wiring, the need to act as an organism within a collective; the need to construct things where nothing existed before. All I ever wanted to do was simply to do what the likes of Nina Simone and Leonard Cohen have done for me. There is an unwavering need to soar in beauty and to ignite some intangible in the hearts of unknown others. The reasons for this are not clear, but to not do so would be the same as death.

And what is the point of inventing some clever new artistic language if that language is only going to be put in the service of describing itself and its own existential condition.

Drama always wins above truth. Hyperbole and hypocrisy are as fine as any other artistic tools, all things being rendered even, and the more slippery and contradictory the better. When language itself is understood as utterly malleable, and when one realizes that literally everything is language, well, that's when you're in interesting territory. No wormhole should ever be unbeckoning no matter how great the stench. From very early on I had felt frustrated by contemporary art's general inability to speak. Much as I love the work of both Rothko and Still, I could not help but feel that such work was shackled and unable to address the wild range of real world experiences and events. In a sense, these artists had become servants to the perpetually nuanced logification of a brand.

The ocean does not need any more crap in it, just like landscape does not need any human enhancement. It's fine just the way it is. Choose your materials carefully, avoid too many art fairs and travel, limit your footprint. Disappear.