Half in Dream: The Tangle in the Grid

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Half in Dream: The Tangle in the Grid

A Thesis Presented

By

ABBÉY PACCIA

Submitted to the Graduate School of the University of Massachusetts in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

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Department of Art
Half in Dream: The Tangle in the Grid

A Thesis Presented

By

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ABSTRACT
HALF IN DREAM: THE TANGLE IN THE GRID
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ABBEY PACCIA, B.A.A., SHERIDAN COLLEGE INSTITUTE OF
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Half in Dream: The Tangle in the Grid discusses the form and content of a physical art installation by the same name. The site-specific installation is a large three-dimensional collage of natural ephemera collected from the area around Amherst, Massachusetts, which interacts with natural lighting conditions to illuminate a gallery-facing image of ever-moving light and shadow. The written work elaborates some of the many details within the structure of the artwork, and reveals the philosophies, embodied practices, and methodologies that informed the visual work’s creation. Woven throughout are reflections on phenomenology, walking practice, General Systems Theory, collective making, narrative arts, Zen Buddhist practice, indigenous perspectives, and ecological theory.
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABSTRACT</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIST OF FIGURES</td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. HALF IN DREAM</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. THE VEILED VIEW</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. THE THINGS THEMSELVES</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. STORIES</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. EDGES AND BORDERS</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. ORGANIC, COLLABORATIVE MAKING IN AN OPEN SYSTEM</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. WALKING AND COLLECTING</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. WILD PLACES</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. ARRANGING</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. PRECIOUS MATTER</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. TIME</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. A SENSE OF WONDER</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORKS CITED</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# LIST OF FIGURES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Interior view of the installation</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Eastern window, interior view</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Close view of screen at night</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Exterior view of the installation</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. A detail of two panels from the exterior view</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Horizontal box from the eastern section, exterior view</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Horizontal box from the eastern section, interior view</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Far western window, exterior</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Far western window, interior</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Work in progress</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Mill Riverbank Forest</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Spider web at Puffer’s Pond</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Temporary collection</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Plants from the grounds at Dharma Rain Zen Center</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Zendo altar at Dharma Rain Zen Center</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Buddha figure from kitchen garden at Dharma Rain Zen Center</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Autumn leaf in frosted grass</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Drying fern leaves</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
19. Paper made of fern and cotton ................................................................. 37
20. Panel from eastern section in full shade .................................................. 39
21. Panel from eastern section in partial shade ............................................. 39
22. Panel from eastern section in full sun ...................................................... 40
23. Two frames mid-day on February 6, 2022 .............................................. 42
24. The same two frames mid-day on April 18, 2022 .................................. 42
25. Sunset view of middle section on January 21, 2022 .............................. 46
26. Sunset view of *Half in Dream* on April 17, 2022 ................................. 46
27. Beaver on Puffer’s Pond ......................................................................... 50
Half in Dream is a physical artwork. It’s wooden, rectangularly framed sections sit completely within the central windowsills of the Lee Edwards Gallery in the Studio Arts Building at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. The piece fills a space just over eight feet high, eighteen feet wide and five inches deep. Because it is situated on a borderline of the building itself, there are two ways to physically encounter the piece. Inside the gallery, the whole of the sculpture can only be viewed as an image projected by sunlight onto the screen of its surface. To view the opposite side, a person must exit the building and face the windows from the vantage point of the outside world. There they find the physical collage of natural materials responsible for the shadows on the screen.

The installation emerged from growing relationships between walking and collecting, explorations of material behaviors, fascination with narrative structures, and artistic collaboration between myself, my partner, Eric, and a growing network of other voices. Daily walks through forests and winding river paths in my vicinity reveal innumerable subjects that ensnare my curiosity if I make an effort to rest in beginner’s mind. Because all the natural materials have been gathered from the area where the piece is displayed, the loose tangle of collected ephemera within Half in Dream is approachable and familiar. Viewers or participants engage with the new mysteries they see in everyday flora and fauna, as well as the changing nature of the sky. Some onlookers have participated in the work’s creation through offerings of collected materials found on their own walks. Many conversations with others also helped influence the shape of the work.
towards completion.

What we are “allowed” when we are an *amateur*, or one in love, is the permission to follow curiosity without justification. An amateur can rest in beginner’s mind and be continually open to what they observe, make fresh connections between presence and thought, and experiment in personal ways detached from long and sometimes flawed traditions. This work is intended as a space of refuge that may hopefully elicit sparks of wonder, and moments of mystery, paired with a sense of groundedness.
From inside the gallery, a viewer sees only projections of light and shadow on the surface of a paper screen stretched over boxes which fill nine large windows. The surface image changes drastically according to real-time external factors. The movement of water and air in the sky, the proximity of our earth to the sun (or time of year), and our local angle in relation to the sun (or time of day) all shift the appearance of the whole. Sunlight chases shadows across the screen over the course of a day. When the sun’s light shines onto the screen from the most direct path, the contrast is high, the shadows are sharp, and shapes that were once hidden now boldly converse with others. When the sky outside is gray and clouds toss the light around before it reaches the gallery, colors on the screen’s surface seem muted and soft. The edges are difficult to locate. Shapes recede into some ‘unlocatable’ space.
What does the projected image hold? A branching wave? A line twisted and rough, like the hairy limbs of a tarantula? The arboreal and fungal tendrils drawn together underfoot? Or veins pushing fluid between muscle and bone? Is it the unseen air tumbled into eddies after colliding with a solid mass? The bleeding of watercolor, and cloud, and flight, and nothing at all? the tangle of one’s thoughts, knowledge, and imaginings at a particular time and at the particular shape of the thinker’s being? Eyes moving upward might glimpse a snake or twisting vine, the head of a dragon, a spindle prick, topography, cellular structures, the glyphs of an unmade alphabet. The shadowy forms elicit many interpretations.

Night viewing brings an opportunity to interact with the sculpture in relation to artificial light. Unless the city of Amherst and neighboring townships experience a power
outage during the exhibition, no one will see the piece in direct relation to the night sky. Many streetlamps and building lights surround the gallery, and a glow gently bounces in from the hallways of the Studio Arts Building. With the gallery’s interior kept dark, the aggregate artificial light creates enough contrast within the piece to project a dark and tangled image in deep purple and brown. Passing cars create a dance of soft glowing color and the accelerated movement of morphing shadows. Standing close to the screen brings more variation. What appears is the impression of a holographic projection, or moments crystalized in a colorful frame-by-frame turning of shadows. Because of the even placement of prominent streetlights in a semi-circle around the outside of the gallery, the viewer is witness to distilled moments of shadow movement, as if all the shapes and positions taken over an entire day are condensed. Here it is not the movement of light in relation to the piece but the movement of one’s own body across the front of the screen that creates the illusion of life.

Figure 3: Close view of screen at night.
Detached from their physical makers, the shadows are free to conjure many thoughts and associations on the paper’s surface. What we see and interpret on the screen is a version of solid matter that is forced into the realm of illusion, flickering change, and abstraction. Observations of imagery seem to have much more to do with the shape of the viewer’s formational causes and conditions that have brought them into being and the specific state of their mood and thoughts when in the gallery.
From the outside looking in, a viewer will see the three-dimensional collage of natural ephemera, which creates the shadows inside the gallery from the opposite view. Frames of different sizes lock together into an uneven grid which houses a tangled mix of growth and decay. As with the view from inside the gallery, the large organic shapes can be read as a whole, twisting in waves through the walls of a rigid structure, and they can be viewed as individual moments, each contained within their wooden frames. Where the rectangular segments of the gallery view conjure filmic language or comic panels, the frames on the outer side allude to natural history collections, with an important difference. The specimens refuse to be ordered by any process of dissection from the mad tangle that is life.
Figure 5: A detail of two panels from the exterior view.

Each fragment of physical and earthly material contained within the piece has been carefully gathered from long walks through suburban sprawl, adolescent forests, riversides, and farm edges in and around Amherst, Massachusetts. Some of the leaves and a whole dragonfly corpse were found within the gallery itself. The dragonfly looked out from a high windowsill, and leaves were blown in from the open door during the creation of the sculpture. Some fragments have been shed from beings still alive. I am one of them. Others are remains of a whole organism whose life has been extinguished. The jawbone of a mouse whose flesh was consumed by an owl sits within the tangle, as do the whole bodies of a frog and a baby snapping turtle, both killed under car tires. The discarded skin of a snake now arcs in a delicate line next to the screen.

We can speak of one side of the piece or the other, but this binary is not the whole of ‘what is.’ The notion of two sides only exists because of our body’s relationship to its body. This work is not two separate sculptures. What we see are different aspects of the same whole. There are no secrets within the sculpture. At the same time, no viewer
(including myself) will see all of what is present. What any person sees is entirely dependent on their physical presence, their own perception, persistence, and luck of timing. If we are patient and observant, we can view multiple aspects of the whole piece and witness its constant transformation over time.
CHAPTER 4
STORIES

Images moving through an uneven grid of frames may be read as comic panels. Day or night, the flicker of light through the screen hearkens to early film devices, magic lantern shows, shadow puppet plays, and miniature theater sets. These are all forms of narrative expression which court the fourth dimension of time. When abstract narrative imagery is paired with real-time change of our days and nights, we can better attach it to our own lived experience.

Both the side of the screen and the side of the things themselves hold and continue to collect many layers of narrative. The process of collecting and arranging demands intimate attention to what the world contains. My memories of the origins of materials and specific moments within the creative process make my internal translation from image to narrative unique. Viewers and collaborators have other relationships to the materials and the images that result, revealing layers of narrative through observation and conversation.

Figure 6: Horizontal box from the eastern section, exterior view.

As an experiment to see how much narrative might weave through any one part of
the piece, I will discuss one panel: the long horizontal box at the top of the eastern section. The tree branches that form the base of the tangle were collected from two locations: the grassy hill on the UMass campus between my designated parking lot and the Studio Arts Building, and from my backyard, which faces the Mill River Conservation Area. Two different trees twist together to form one branching line. The combination of limbs makes me think of the process of horticultural grafting, and the artful fruit trees of Sam Van Aken growing in my hometown; as well as Mary Shelly envisioning the construction of a living being from parts we call a ‘monster.’ Reflecting on these branches also brings me thoughts of aching legs while walking up the hill to the parking lot and the memory of wind moving through the forest with such force that the sounds of cracking wood and the howling air knitted together as a conjoined roar from our dark apartment. The storm that gave me those branches felled many giant trees in the span of a moment. We had just made it home when it hit. The wind threw the car door open. As Eric sprinted toward the house, a swirling wall of leaves appeared and seemed to spirit him away.

Attached to the tree branches are several other collected fragments. Two blue jay feathers fringe the edge of the line. They tell a story unknown to me. I encountered the feathers along with many others, scattered in close piles along the Robert Frost Trail one day in Summer. I have heard that blue jays go through a complete molting cycle every year, but I don’t think they lose all their feathers at once. The tale I imagine most is one of a fight or predation, but I lack the knowledge to conduct proper forest forensics. I am fascinated by feathers of all kinds for their stunning form and incredible range of functions. In the sculpture, the shining edges of blue jay feathers are unquestionably blue,
but from the screen side, they are only monochromatic shadows. Any perceived color in a blue jay feather is created by the physical structure of the feather’s cells and the way light interacts with its barbed surface. *(All About Birds)*

Hugging the left side of the branch, there is a curled brown filigree of prairie plant leaf that I collected one fall. It pulls my thoughts to the place we call the *shorn meadow*, and the memory of change throughout seasons. Wide-open and brittle in winter months, the meadow is full and almost impassable in the summer. So many kinds of life burst from a patch of ground that appears to be dead. It brings memories of visiting the prairie land that surrounds Eric’s childhood hometown, which in turn brings complex thoughts of family relationships and how some changes to webs of connection can ripple through a being and all of their future connections. Prairie plants make me think of a time at school when Eric brought me to a mowed trail to show me the sound of a thistle.

I don’t remember the specific story of where I encountered the dried leaf at the bottom fork of the branching form, nor the curls of birch bark shreds. The collection of the brown plant with rows of tiny balls has also escaped my memory, though I think it is also from the *shorn meadow*. When arranging these fragments, my thoughts drift to curls of smoke, the form of written letters, paper making, the Zen temple in autumn, and the spray of seeds.

![Image](image_url)

*Figure 7: Horizontal box from the eastern section, interior view.*
The green leaves and vine of a pea plant which seem to grow vertically from the ridge of the branch tell me the story of surprising resilience. In very early spring, I decided to try a windowsill patch of microgreens. I planted a tightly packed group of dry peas under some soil, watered and waited. Nothing came up for weeks. True spring came around and I assumed my experiment had failed. In a frenzy of spring cleaning, I tossed the seedling containers in a box and threw it in the back of the car. It was quickly buried under other things which I neglected to clean out for another few weeks. One day, I opened the trunk and shoved piles of junk aside to find a thick garden of pea plants. They had sprouted in a hot car, dry, and forgotten in the dark. They lived on in true garden pots where I tended them through the summer and ate handfuls of pea pods. Near the end of the season, I clipped a few tendrils and hammered them into the surface of fabric to make prints with their pigment. When the project dried, the remaining vines and leaves gained a delicate translucency from the flattening of hammer strikes. They are still the color of their summer growth.

One last piece in this tableau is a bit of ginkgo wood, now used to extend the main tangled structure and hold the pea vine close to the screen. The larger ginkgo branch it was taken from has been leaning against my studio wall for two and a half years, and the whole tree that the branch detached from still grows along North Pleasant Street between the studio and my current home. I had an eye out for ginkgo and felt very fortunate to collect the towering branch from the ground after a storm. With all its green leaves swishing to the rhythm of my steps, I happily carried it down busy campus sidewalks to the Studio Art Building. I remember crossing the threshold of the building with branch in hand and thinking at that moment, “now this is art.” After backaching hours and many
gallons of water, the branch’s leaves were then transformed into sweet-smelling sheets of thin brown paper. Ginkgoes are old. They are now their own branch of the evolutionary tree with no remaining relatives or neighbors from the time of their early development.

The lasting image I carry in my mind is a painting of a Mesozoic era scene housed at The Botanic Garden of Smith College. Ginkgoes are depicted along with other ancient gymnosperms. Dinosaurs nibble on their high leafy crowns. This is a story of the same planet we’re on right now. (*Plant Life Through the Ages*)

Other boxes contain countless other stories. Oak galls and wasp paper tell of complex social and biological tangles. My own knotted hair wrapped closely to the ootheca of a praying mantis tells stories of transformation and rebirth. Nested within the frames are stories of concern, surprise, beauty, joy, mourning, companionship, cooperation, hardship, and healing.

Most of these narratives have little to do with the actual life of the plant or animal involved and have mostly to do with me, my thoughts and memories, and the ways in which I interact with the world. We use stories as a tool for sense-making in a world that will always be beyond our ability to know fully. Nevertheless, there are solid things in those boxes and any stories I connect to them do not change their true nature of origin.

Interpretations bring with them the particular notes of one’s past. Our associations are entangled not only with the shape of the world but how the world has shaped us. So which parts are truly present before us, and what are we adding to the translation? Humans are associative and storytelling creatures, constantly commingling our memories and conditioned tendencies with our present observations. Ehei Dōgen, the founder of Zen Buddhism in Japan, said we should investigate what it means to live as the driver of
a boat. We are the person being carried by the boat and we are handling the boat at the same time, whether we realize it or not. To me, that means I must consider my own part in my perception of reality. It also means that, though the concrete world exists as it is, I can never see the ‘whole picture.’ There will always be hidden sides beyond my boat.

The sky, the water, the shore—all have become this moment of the boat, which is completely different from occasions when I am not on a boat. Thus, life is what I am making life to be, and I am what life is making me to be. While being carried on a boat, my body and mind, with their inner causes and outer conditions, are, all together, a part of the way a boat functions. The whole of the great earth and the whole of the expanse of space are, likewise, a part of the way a boat functions. What this metaphor is saying is that life is what ‘I’ is, and ‘I’ is what life is.” (Dōgen, “Shōbōgenzō” 526)

It is important that both sides of Half in Dream are visible to the viewer. The screen becomes a filter of visual information. Much like the translation of information from the world around us into the realm of our understanding, the image that comes through is distorted and hazy. Sometimes crisp edges appear but there are many forms that recede from clarity into a dissolved realm of impressions. The illusions created by shadow on the side of the screen are visually fascinating, and the mystery of the forms hold wonder, but the solid materials responsible for the shifting shapes on the screen are no less wonderful for their ubiquity. If we do not see the artful design, resilience, and vitality of roadside plants, it is only because we have trained our attention to grab at other things.
 CHAPTER 5
 EDGES AND BORDERS

 Both views are important models of the ways in which I can understand what is. Focusing my attention on the material world grounds me in corporeal awareness. I am a part of this physical reality. The reality of the physical does exist whether I fully understand it or not. It is the way that I can be and relate in the world of other beings. The material world is where life happens.

 The side of shifting shadow and light tells of another part of the same reality. It helps me to remember the truth of impermanence; that seemingly solid things change over time. The moving shadow over days and seasons reflects the shifting, moving, turning, churning nature of the tangle of life.

 Figure 8: Far western window, exterior. Figure 9: Far western window, interior.
Though centuries of our inherited western philosophy, science, and socio-political constructions have ordered the world and its functioning using models of pyramids, ladders, and linear narratives of growth and improvement through competition, many of earth’s humans are finding inspiration in more accurate models which reveal a complex and flowing net of relationship. These models are shared by many branches of ancient spiritual practices, indigenous knowledge, findings in quantum physics, and ecological science. Joanna Macy and Molly Brown illuminate the overlapping knowledge of these groups, some core principles gleaned from them, and how this knowledge can be applied in both our daily lives and as signposts for the reorganization of our systems. Macy’s connection of the Buddhist teaching of codependent origination with General Systems Theory is particularly enlightening. She explains that to better satisfy questions of life’s complex unfolding, some twentieth-century scientists began to look at whole systems instead of reducing life and its organisms to parts. In doing so, they discovered the fundamental shift in thinking and a set of principles that hold true through many examinations of the workings of the living world. These few principles became the core of General Systems Theory. (Macy and Brown 39)

First, each system is a whole. It is not possible to predict the system’s “emergent properties” (Macy and Brown 40) by observing its individual parts alone. Only together is the organism, or being, or particle, or planet what it is. Thankfully, the whole of my being is more than a list of my organs and bones. The same proves true for every other open system in the universe. At the same time, each living system or holon is woven into the net of every larger system. It both contains other holons and is part of a larger holonic entity.
Open systems can maintain balance because of change through a constant dance of feedback and response of information from their relationships with other systems. Austrian biologist, and one of the founders of General Systems Theory, Ludwig von Bertalanffy, calls this state “fließgleichgewicht (or flux-equilibrium)” (Macy and Brown 40). Accurately sensing outside feedback and properly adapting behavior to that feedback is essential for the survival of the holon and others attached to their web of being. This feedback response pattern not only enables a holon to maintain flux-equilibrium but also feeds its evolution into greater complexity. (Macy and Brown 40)
CHAPTER 6
ORGANIC, COLLABORATIVE MAKING IN AN OPEN SYSTEM

While building this work, I have come to realize that the local web of relations I am a part of influences artmaking much more than any solid or conclusive version of me. Certainly I, as an individual, made decisions that loosely guided the shape of the whole and physically moved matter to create the structures seen in the gallery. But the further the project developed the more I realized how impossible it would be to disentangle ideas of others from my own, and how little control I had over the behavior of physical materials. This process became a lesson in loosening the grip of my own ego and adapting the mindset that a creative practice can be modeled after a living system.

Long before the project took physical form, conversations, many hours of forest excursions, and collective visual experimentation between myself and my partner, Eric, had already set many thoughts, underlying philosophies, and practices of making in motion. The specifics of Half in Dream continued to from that partnership and were also shaped by the influence of more human voices and the feedback of material relationships. When operating with the knowledge that life in all its forms are equally valuable, creative, and active, it is important to me to recognize the many beings involved with the making of anything, and specifically, this artwork.
Previously, my direct process of art creation was hidden to all but Eric and a few others who are inextricably woven into my daily life. The site-specific nature of *Half in Dream* transformed the usual seclusion of my process into a semi-public event. The windows of the gallery-turned-studio invited curious onlookers. Sometimes a friend or student would visit the work in progress and offer an interpretation of a section. Their observations would often be shared so enthusiastically that the once tenuous arrangement of materials now had to stick. After one friend’s visit, I cannot now disentangle the idea of Sleeping Beauty’s spindle-pricked finger from the box in the center panel where red cockscomb touches the white screen. The cockscomb was included in a box of CSA vegetables in the fall, and we struggled to cook fast enough to use them all. Ever more meaning is layered onto my interpretations with each change of light or new conversation. The collaborative generation of the piece was not only happening between
myself and the materials, but between myself and the materials (mostly all pieces of living beings or whole bodies of former living beings themselves), and Eric, and Phoenix, and Coates, Mikael, Victoria, and many others.

Perception of what is there also functions like this. What I see is dependent on the current shape of me just as much as it is on the actual shape of it. The piece could equally be called a physical heap of glued-together stuff, or a work of art, or an image of light and shadow, or a changing and ephemeral experience of visual play, or Rorschach test, or a memory stimulator, or a story generator. All of which have my handprints all over it but really emerged (in whatever proportions) from combined thoughts, physical conditions, karmic and evolutionary inheritance, past experiences, cultural steeping, and undulating moods of many beings.

The basic visual flow of the work was planned in advance, but the spontaneous and collaborative process that emerged when building the specific piece was necessary in order to honor the nature of materials and to root the imagery in visual associations of those closest to the piece’s genesis. It is a collective representation of the natural “stuff” of the area conjoined with the dreams of human neighbors.
CHAPTER 7
WALKING AND COLLECTING

Walking and collecting have become a way for me to explore my connection with nature. It is a practice of daily attempts to be in the world as it is and as I am in it. It is a practice in opening to wonder and awe and leaning into beginner’s mind.

![Mill Riverbank forest.](image)

Figure 11: Mill Riverbank forest.

The philosophy of phenomenology is one framework to view the act of discovery through walking, collecting, and art making. Unlike other ontological models, which would split a thinker from their body to gain a valid perspective of life, the phenomenological perspective points out not only the impossibility of this schism but the dangers of decision-making from this imaginary detached state. Pretending that it is possible to see the world objectively, people are apt to continue in patterns of thought and action that accord only with inherited biases and embedded stories of the past that may or may not accord with the true feedback that they are receiving from the world. Thinking
that we can reason from a place independent of the rest of the world’s systems, we become prone to devaluing and ignoring the sensory input from our lived experience.

As philosopher Eric Matthews explains, twentieth-century phenomenologist Maurice Merleau-Ponty’s reduction of phenomenology is “…an attitude of ‘wonder’ towards the world. We cannot withdraw totally from the world - a complete reduction, Merleau-Ponty says, is impossible. But we can relax the ties which bind us to things in our practical dealings with them so that the sheer strangeness of the world becomes more apparent. By abandoning, temporarily at least, the theoretical structures which we have built up to make our practical and social life manageable, and getting back to our immediate, pre-theoretical experience of the world, we can understand better the meanings of those theoretical structures themselves.” (Matthews 17) By opening ourselves to our lived experience with the freshness of beginner’s mind, we can better see new ways of navigating our way in the world.

Ecologist and philosopher David Abrams draws on this phenomenological view when tuning his sensing of the world in an attempt to read it pre-linguistically. The practice is to recognize that you have eyes, ears, a nose, a mouth, and nerves in the skin. It is understanding that you are an animal whose body has been designed to sense the world and interpret through those senses. It is acknowledging the inherent worth in embodied attention.

“What if thought is not born within the human skull, but is a creativity proper to the body as a whole, arising spontaneously from the slippage between an organism and the folding terrain that it wanders? What if the curious curve of thought is engendered by the difficult eros and tension between our flesh and the flesh of the earth?” (Abrams, “Becoming Animal” 4)
My amateur forays into mushroom foraging, as with other versions of collecting, have taught me the benefits of focusing attention to other parts of the living world. Though I have been out seeking edible mushrooms many times, in truth, this has never successfully ended in a potential meal. Instead, I gained the knowledge that tracking one goal leads to the discovery of many others. Though I never encountered the specific mushrooms I was looking for, I found dozens of others that were new to me, though I may have passed them many times. The act of opening differently to a space brings the unexpected.

Daily walking in the forest is not a repetitive experience. The presence of the kind of person I am on a specific day interacts with the kind of forest happening at the same time. What kind of fusion am I plus the world? Frequent walking in the same space changes my relationship with the beings of the place over time. A cluster of trees called a forest can become a specific cluster of trees, then individual trees emerge in my consciousness. And then I recognize the ways that individuals clack against one another, house one another, feed one another, and fell one another until they seem a single body of forest once again.

Figure 12: Spider web at Puffer’s Pond.
A path walked over years holds memories within footsteps. Sometimes I can pick up thoughts I left on the path if I walk the steps again. Scales of attention also change. ‘Landscapes’ may mean fields and mountainsides, or they may mean surfaces of rocks or an inch of bark. From close observation of many natural forms, I might begin to sense the fractal song of growth and decay, the big in the small, that speaks to the wonder of our shared origins. On rare moments, time can stretch from a single observation in the present into the past and future all at once. Walking a familiar loop at the edge of the pond, I recently noticed a very large trunk stepped with dead limbs. Since we have lived in this area, the forest has been re-shaped many times by the large bodies of fallen trees. Most have begun their new process of nursing other plants and animals with their material substance. When I saw that denuded tree, standing straight and brittle on the slope of the hill, I thought that it would soon fall. Two days later, it did. This does not show an astounding example of premonition or expert ability to read the signs of the world, but it did give me hope and a glimpse at how such proclivities could unfold if I spent enough time cultivating my attention.

Like any open system continually evolving in form and substance, the forest rewards persistence, patience, and keen senses with an unpredictable program of changes on display. There are so many changes that it is often difficult to keep track of what is new, especially when I am prone to distraction. I know how easy it is to miss a fork in the path just by looking too long at the rocky ground or thinking about the future. It is just as easy to become confused about shifts in forest architecture. Eric and I often wonder about whether a downed tree has newly fallen or if we just never noticed. The re-location of a whole tree is not a small change.
Collecting fragments of life forms is a practice of gratitude and curiosity. It focuses my attention to ways that other life expresses itself and attunes me to the places where my paths cross with theirs. In previous projects, collected pieces would be turned in front of the camera. The image would be collected, and the material released back to the place of our encounter. In *Half in Dream*, the objects themselves form the collection to be released at the eventual end of the project. Their temporary form is now one of comingling. The collision of lives spent and still being lived. Braided fragments gathered from the wreckage of our interactions and the places where our borders cross.
CHAPTER 8
WILD PLACES

The forest is not an escape. An escape implies retreating into some “less-real” place in order to avoid reality. I cannot accept that the world of human chatter, written words, and socio-political world-making is more real than trees growing from the earth or water flowing over and through layers of living soil. Those human goings-on demand our attention because they are the way in which we as a collective society have decided to organize ourselves. But they do not compose the whole of what is.

Nor are ‘other than human’ lives bubbled into forest pockets and nature conservancies. Their lives are layered within and around ours in ways both visible and invisible. Awareness of our intersection with other lives depends on the focus of our attention. A mouse infestation in our house will alert us to the presence of other beings, as will the sweet attraction of lilac aroma. They enter our consciousness when the sensory experience they bring is disruptively foul or pleasant, but we can also be more deliberate in directing our gaze toward coexisting life. This requires a subtle but profound opening of the senses and an embodied embrace of the idea that we are not alone. The shift reveals the tangle of life everywhere, from office buildings to bus stops, to mountainsides and estuaries.

I recognize the philosophical danger in thinking of wild spaces as those untouched by humans. In his essay “The Trouble with Wilderness: Or, Getting Back to the Wrong Nature,” environmental historian William Cronon illuminates the problems in upholding the romantic idea of pristine wilderness as a gateway to a sublime experience or as a reclamation of a lost frontier. Using grand landscapes to seek god (the one that humans
are supposed to be fashioned after) reduces the complex web of life to a backdrop for human dreaming. In viewing earthly spaces this way, humans jump right over the wonder of life on earth to grasp at the heavenly myth of their own reflection in some mystic realm. When it comes to our collective action, this perspective has enabled the idea that only places with majestic vistas are worthy of protection, and then only as a resource for human spiritual experience.

I greatly value my experience in wider expanses of forests, mountains, deserts, and coastlines, and I think it is possible to gain insight from these sojourns without stepping into the inherited human-centric traps embedded in wilderness narratives to this day. Spending time in a wild place can remind me that I am not the center of things. It is easy to think myself the all-important species on the planet when I am only surrounded by other humans and their constructions. When in the absence of environments built with humans in mind, I have a better opportunity to consider the possibility that all other life didn’t spend millennia evolving to serve us. We evolved alongside each other from the stuff of the earth.

It can take effort to shift my human-centric framework when living within western culture. These narratives are woven into nature documentaries and political discourse, and in casual interactions with natural spaces. Once on a trail in Arches National Park, I listened to a discussion between two women. They were debating which way the trail was meant to lead them. One of the women pointed, “It’s this way. They put the tree roots here to block that other path.” Who they were supposed to be, I’m not sure. The tree she pointed to was a pinyon pine, and judging by the size, anywhere from 80 to 200 years old. The likelihood that this tree spent 200 years forming itself into just the
right shape to direct hikers seems absurd.

When humans believe themselves the rightful lords of the land, much less benign interactions may occur when the borders of human and more-than-human overlap. I have seen people spraying pesticides to exterminate ants around their camper at a state campground. Most web pages that a Google search for paper wasps yields are those with instructions on how to kill them. It isn’t just stinging neighbors that we want to remove from our spaces of being. Dandelions are just weeds that get in the way of our grass. Anything that can’t be corralled into our way of life is a pest.

Again, the forest is not an escape. Protecting one area from more invasive human development does not offset the need to care for all of earth’s spaces with equal attention. All of the spaces and materials on Earth are inextricably linked. Nothing we see is made from anything off-planet. But some things have been transformed into material that is not able to rejoin the long cycle of birth and renewal. I hear daily stories about how plastics have overtaken oceans and watersheds. This manifestation of toxic alchemy can already be found in our own bloodstreams. In the tumult of fast and catastrophic change, political turmoil, health crises, and ever-increasing demands on myself and those around me to be able to live within our current structures, I feel a great need for pause in order to respond to the looming and desperate need for change.

Ecofeminist scholar Donna Haraway’s call to “stay with the trouble” of our age is both resonant and urgent within the cluster of my everyday thoughts.

“Anna Tsing argues that the Holocene was a long period when refugia, places of refuge, still existed, even abounded, to sustain reworlding in rich cultural and biological diversity. Perhaps the outrage meriting a name like Anthropocene is about the destruction of places and times of refuge for people and other critters…I
think our job is to make the Anthropocene as short/thin as possible and to cultivate with each other in every way imaginable epochs to come that can replenish refuge.” (Haraway 100)

These greater and planet-nourishing spaces of refuge may be encouraged to form again if we can recognize their benefit within our own beings. Small alcoves of pause are important right now, amid the trouble. Especially those that sit on the thin line between calm appreciation and grief. The ones that exist within the tangle of our conjoined karma and allow us to stay. Maybe if we can carve out places of refuge, not to hide from the world but to endure its gaze for longer periods, we could facilitate a greater internal shift in understanding our connections to it.

Living amongst the destruction of the Holocene, with knowledge that many systems we’ve been accustomed to will continue to collapse, it is difficult to know how to respond on a personal level, including my methods and purposes behind artmaking. My decisions add to the wave of many others that will shape the world. I feel ill-equipped to make statements about what will lead the earth toward rejuvenation, but when looking back through my own experience, I notice that the instances I was able to stop a negative pattern and rebuild healthier habits only happened after a period of calm reflection. What sometimes seems like an indulgent backward step, regular moments of pause provided me the stillness of mind and clarity required to make decisions that were truly aligned with wellbeing.

My hope in making *Half in Dream* is to create a space where small moments of reflection are possible. If the balancing act of a biodiverse ecosystem needs pause to replenish, so do we smaller holons. Time detached from life’s demands can open moments for us to examine the purposes behind the rush. When walking in the forest,
distracted and overwhelmed, I am often pulled out of the destructive thought patterns by an unexpected sight, sound, or interaction. A beaver slapping his tail on the water or a heron flying overhead alerts me to the existence of other layers of reality. Visual illusion, especially when anchored to real-time conditions outside of human control, can also act as a call to be present.
CHAPTER 9
ARRANGING

Collage is a form of narrative. It is a process of putting something next to something else and observing the new meanings that emerge from their combination. The practice satisfies a desire to behold and consider the materiality of life and its relationships. Collecting materials connects me to the pathways that I walk daily, alerting me to the presences within my locality and opening me to further questions. Collaging those materials through art making allows me to reflect further on the meanings I attach to my lived experience and notice new narratives that generate from visual play.

For a short time, I engaged in work practice at a Zen temple as a keeper of the altars. This meant hours spent carefully cleaning each altar and its contents, compressing and meticulously smoothing ash, and gathering and arranging floral displays. As within life, but more obvious when at the temple, every task provides an opportunity to practice the Dharma. Or, to investigate what is real in the world. I was given instruction about the position of candles, incense, and statuary, but nothing about the proper way to artfully arrange plants. The organic palette came from the earth around the grounds. The tools available for creating were pruning shears, vases, rocks, and water. I would try to ask my teacher, “Does this look good?” or, “Is this right?” But in a very Zen manner, I would always be met with a smile and a shrug. “What do you think?”

Direct experience is valued highly in Buddhist practice. The importance of embodied discovery is written into the Bodhisattva precepts as “In the realm of the One, holding no concept of ordinary beings and sages is the precept of not defaming the three treasures. To do something by ourselves, without copying others, is to become an
example to the world, and the merit of this becomes the source of all wisdom. Criticize nothing; accept everything.” Like most Zen verses, it is properly tangled.

Because plants are gathered directly from the temple grounds and newly arranged each week, there is a direct connection to the more-than-human world outside the zendo. The altars reflect the current moment within the cycle of seasons. I don’t know what the plant arrangements are supposed to mean, but I always thought of this direct connection to growing life as equal in presence to the statues of Manjushuri, Fudo, and Kanzeon. Venerating life itself in the same way that we venerate models of enlightenment, exemplars of wisdom, strength, and compassion.

Figure 14: Plants from the grounds at Dharma Rain Zen Center.
When new plants were collected to arrange on the altars each week, the old ones would take a new place of importance in the kitchen garden compost pile. The cycles of life were more visible at the temple. I could see the physical processes of growth and decay. Each vegetable I ate from the garden taught me my place within the net.

“Perhaps we made our biggest error in thinking of the world as made of “stuff” to begin with. Fortunately - and paradoxically - our very search for mastery and knowledge through science has brought us to the dawning realization that the
world, indeed the universe, seems not to be composed of stuff at all. Each time we have grasped what appeared to be a basic building block, it has dissolved into a dance of energy and relationship. And so we awaken today to a new kind of knowledge, a growing comprehension of our connectivity - and even identity - with everything in the universe.” (Macy and Brown 38)

Life can be seen in the seemingly inanimate when thinking in terms of relationship and a broader view of time. To slow down and contemplate the growth of a branch and to know that a tree is a living thing widens the wonder of the ways in which life physically manifests. I have spent my whole life knowing in some sense that trees are alive but have referred to them with inanimate pronouns, treating them as dead things or things never alive. Language is another way that our inheritance limits our understanding of this perspective. I am grateful for Robin Wall Kimmerer’s passionate writing about her struggle to learn to speak Potawatomi and her breakthrough in understanding relationships with the more-than-human world through the grammar of the language.

“This is the grammar of animacy. Imagine seeing your grandmother standing at the stove in her apron and then saying of her, “Look, it is making soup. It has gray hair.” We might snicker at such a mistake, but we also recoil from it. In English, we never refer to a member of our family, or indeed to any person, as it. That would be a profound act of disrespect. It robs a person of selfhood and kinship, reducing a person to a mere thing. So it is that in Potawatomi and most other indigenous languages, we use the same words to address the living world as we use for our family. Because they are our family.” (Kimmerer, “Braiding Sweetgrass” 55)

The slow act of collecting from paths I frequent, paired with a growing embodied knowledge that most of the material world is family makes me think of creating artwork in a very different way than I have in the past. From this perspective, suddenly, each piece of matter created by developing life seems both precious and situated within a precious cycle. Physical making now seems to me an act of transformation rather than creation.
当我在考虑物质世界和我在这个地球上宝贵的时间时，我是否仍然能够全身心地拥抱事物的更迭和相互关系，并因为在这种完全拥抱中，我是否能够与地球自我的节奏和更新共舞，并添加我自己的声音而不损害这个循环？

我花了很长时间来训练手绘动画，这是个繁琐的过程，涉及疲惫的眼睛，后背疼痛，和高耸的纸堆。我们被教导，没有一幅画是宝贵的。在我接受教育的过程中，我重新利用，烧掉和回收了成千上万页写满了追逐生命幻觉的笔迹。在最近的几年里，我探索了艺术材料直接从活生生的地球获取的缓慢过程。这种物质的转化是另一种与生活和幻觉打交道的方式。花费了无数个小时去散步和注意周围的一切，弯腰去收集东西，寻找一丛特定的浆果，或

Figure 17: Autumn leaf in frosted grass.

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leaves, or vines, remembering what will appear where and when. The gathering stage is the start. Some forest fragments find their way directly into the work. Others, like materials used to make paper and ink, undergo further transformation.

Figures 18: Drying fern leaves. Figure 19: Paper made of fern and cotton.

Does a limitation of resources inhibit my accustomed creative process of rapid experimentation? Perhaps in one sense. If I draw on handmade paper with ink I made from wild grapes, I can no longer use an entire stack to shape a design to my vision. Just as I cannot bend branches, bark, and lichen into the exact form I first imagine. What I can do is work within the reality of their present forms and discover what pieces do in relation to each other. Fortunately, the way that lichen forms itself (or themselves, being a symbiotic partnership of fungus and algae) is vastly more visually compelling than anything I could ever dream up with a pencil and a stack of paper.

Any material not transformed past the earth’s ability to reclaim it can be broken up and made anew. This is the same for pieces of visual art made to conjure the illusion of life. If I respect the rules of the living cycle throughout my process of arranging matter
into artwork, the materials can eventually return to their source. In the meantime, the artworks themselves can be cut up and reassembled, living out multiple forms before their organic transformation. It might be considered a contradiction to honor materials as precious and then speak of their continual remaking before they find the compost pile. It is a contradiction if we don’t consider compost to be precious. Paper will turn back into tiny fibers if rejoined with the water that helped form the sheet in the first place. Those fibers were not paper to begin with but the living cells of plants. Those plants grew from the compost of other bodies. Change is the way of things.
CHAPTER 11

TIME

Figure 20: Panel from eastern section in full shade.

Figure 21: Panel from eastern section in partial shade.
Figure 22: Panel from eastern section in full sun.

In the presence of *Half in Dream*, the projected image changes when the light changes. When the humidity changes, the wooden frames of the structure itself swell or contract, and the tension in the screens tightens or buckles. This can happen over hours and days. Over time, the materials will collect dust and probably spiders. Bacteria will grow and change. Unseen chemical processes will decay leaves and branches. Causes and conditions will re-shape the existence of the piece. Most likely, the sculpture will be disassembled, and the life of the whole will be re-dispersed into the larger system. Perhaps some of the composed frames will remain as they are, allowed to carry out the experiment of aging in their current form. Others will be scattered further. The wood and leaf, feather and bone, free to decay around similar debris of life’s making.

As I write this in spring, the light that shines through the window of the gallery is no longer the thin and distant light of January. Our proximity is tightening. Heat and light
are becoming more of a presence in our daily experience. Some call this ‘nice weather.’ Others feel the duration of illuminated skies as a signal for change. They unfurl new parts of themselves to catch the intensifying waves and particles dancing toward the earth. On the screen, light bounces through the felted fibers and blazes hot white shapes into my eyes. My skin can feel the heat coming from the screen from steps away. The sun’s presence is caught in the net of this sculpture. A pleasant smell of hot leaves emanates from the paper wall, and I can sense the chemical processes of decay.

I did not anticipate the magnitude of change the sculpture would undergo throughout the seasons. Building the sculpture’s internal image in winter felt immediate and present. The skeletal twists of the tangle flowing through the center of the piece seemed to match the current translation of life in the cold New England winter just outside. Now, viewing the sculpture against the backdrop of spring flowers and new leaves, the image reads as the memory of a season past.

It is not only my internal associations that have changed. In January, sunlight illuminated the piece for about five out of the nine hours it was visible above the horizon. The light sat closer to the earth and to the windows of the small, south-facing gallery. Daytime viewing in winter presented opportunities for nearly full coverage of light on the screen, with little shadow cast from the wooden grid. In Spring, the overhanging shadows have stretched significantly downward, swallowing the forms that were once composed to find an airy balance against the harsh geometric edges. Change is the essence of this piece. Whole sections of nuance visible in January will have disappeared by Spring and Summer.
Indicators of time that don’t match up with the pace of my body’s experience do not register. Some change over time is sensed as a subtle gradient and some change is so subtle that we do not notice the gradient without help. When do we perceive change and
when does it seem that the world is staying still? Entire cities, the ground beneath my feet
and yours, lifts and lowers 14 inches skyward and core-ward with every cycle of the
moon’s pull. It’s hard enough for me to envision what it truly means that the tides push
and pull whole oceans, let alone all the earth’s land. Is it just my body that makes it
difficult for me to sense these shifts? Does the culture I’m from help me to see faster
instances of change? Does it prohibit me from seeing the more gradual shifts?

When I look at the image on the sculpture’s screen, I consider certain visual
elements to be still, solid, fixed in place. When I view a video of the shadows on the
screen and I can detect movement in some areas, I do not read change in the rest.
Scrubbing through the playback at a faster speed tells a completely different story. One in
which all objects are constantly moving. Blue tape, a ruler, and my phone timer tell me
that it only takes five minutes for the edge of a shadow to move two inches during certain
times of the day. When I can realize that it is not the shadow that is making the journey
but the entire planet spinning around, with us and everything we have ever seen perched
on the surface, both time and space become vastly more complex.

Even mountains have lifecycles instead of rigid stability. We would have to sort
the sand from the shallows and the deep to find the oldest ones. They swelled in bursts of
revolution, weathered in a slow and majestic diminishing, and dissolved into dust again,
long before anyone could read the histories written on their faces.

Thoughts of deep time and musings on the cycle of days and seasons is
incomplete without also including what is to come. Many generations of my most recent
ancestors have lived their whole lives with the basic reassurance that life, in general,
would continue. This luxury is no longer available to us. Sometimes I fall to thinking of
deep time as a comfort. If I can map my thoughts onto the lifespan of mountains, even for a moment, I can be reassured by the greater forces pulsing through the universe.

My human life-scale doesn’t even appear as a frame in the mental film of my mountain dreaming, and yet from the perspective of this human body, there could be nothing more important than the days, months, and years that I spend on this earth. *Everything* happens within that time. Isn’t this likely true of all beings? That their time and place is essential to them?
CHAPTER 12
A SENSE OF WONDER

I had many Fall and Winter conversations about what I expected *Half in Dream* to look like when it was to be installed in May. Nearly all my predictions have been wrong. The closer I work with the natural, the more I realize how little I know.

The wood for the structural skeleton of the sculpture was purchased from a hardware store as it was meant to work with the rigid architecture of the building and represent the unyielding frameworks of our systems. It seems laughable to me now that my attempt to imitate rigid structure revealed the impossibility of maintaining a stiff integrity. Wooden boards (made of life’s stuff to begin with) refuse permanence of any kind. They bow and buckle, twist and fray. The fibrous paper screens pull against the frames in times of high tension. They sag when their surface is not firmly embraced. The physical relationship between wood and paper is constantly fluctuating. Engaging with a specific site and the form of a building, I also learned that the structures I take for granted in the human-built environment are anything but square and regular. At every level, our attempts at perfection seem to give way to the dynamic truth of a fluctuating universe.

Many fairly predictable conditions were simply outside of my knowledge base. I wrongly assumed that I knew the sun’s general pattern in relation to cardinal directions from where I stood in the gallery. Before this project, I would have said that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, generally at the same point on the horizon each day, though at varying times depending on the season. Of course, this is false. My ignorance has been revealed many times through the making of *Half in Dream*, and while my ego was temporarily ashamed, the rest of me can only laugh and marvel.
Rachel Carson advocates for children to be encouraged in their curiosity about the planet. Their wonder at life would garner appreciation for the earth and seed inspiration for future stewardship. Her book “The Sea Around Us” opens with the most fantastic story I have ever heard. The one of the earth’s becoming and the formation of oceans
giving way to the impossibility of life. It is a story of gigantic masses of rock colliding in space, the slow cooling of a burning liquid heart, and the eventual blossoming of all life as we know it.

How unbelievable that the entire ocean was once held in the sky? All the world’s water condensed in a cloud. The same water that is falling back to the ground as I write these words. The same water that forged this paper into sheets and pushes its way through your body and mine. We are made of this stuff.

“When they went ashore the animals that took up a land life carried with them a part of the sea in their bodies, a heritage which they passed on to their children and which even today links each land animal with its origin in the ancient sea. Fish, amphibian, and reptile, warm-blooded bird and mammal - each of us carries in our veins a salty stream in which the elements sodium, potassium, and calcium are combined in almost the same proportions as in sea water. This is our inheritance from the day, untold millions of years ago, when a remote ancestor, having progressed from the one-celled to the many-celled stage, first developed a circulatory system in which the fluid was merely the water of the sea. In the same way, our lime-hardened skeletons are a heritage from the calcium-rich ocean of Cambrian time.” (Carson, “The Sea Around Us” 28-9)

Each of us are earth embodied in our own particular form and moment. This is not a metaphor. To watch people move down the sidewalk in all variety and combination of shapes, colors, beliefs, and persuasions, and to simultaneously believe the truth of our shared beginnings is difficult. I am, you are, the person you most hate is, literally, the walking earth. What will happen when we forget where we come from?

Children know that our gigantic home is tiny compared to the mass of fire that we orbit along with seven other planets. Children can name them in order. They know that the vast expanse of ocean holds enormous distant cousins who also breathe air, though they live in the deep. By the time they learn to match the name whale with the proper
image, it’s already becoming old news. Children learn that matter cannot be created or destroyed, only transformed. Preschoolers learn to share; it is one of the first lessons. I do not think this is kid’s stuff.

Why should the wonder and awe of existence be confined to a few years of our childhood? The years when we are seen as still becoming, when we don’t have any real influence over the functioning of the human world. Before we are even able to put these facts in context and understand the marvel that is life, we are asked to get serious. And serious usually means finding ways to fit ourselves into the structures already in place without the health of the whole in mind.

Like Joanna Macy and Molly Brown, I find eco-philosopher Sigmund Kwaloy’s term “Industrial Growth Society” a helpful one for describing the system I live in. The title exposes the impossibility of the model we have been trying to operate within.

“Scientists may try to tell us what is at stake when we burn rainforests and fossil fuels, dump toxic wastes in air, soil, sea, and use chemicals that devour our planets’ protective ozone shield. But their warnings are hard to heed. For ours is an Industrial Growth Society. Our political economy requires ever-increasing extraction and consumption of resources. To the Industrial Growth Society, the Earth is supply house and sewer. The planet’s body is not only dug up and turned into goods to sell, it is also a sink for the often toxic products of our industries. (Macy and Brown 2)

Industrial growth is the only goal of this framework. Our current system does not account for the problem of transforming matter beyond the ability of the earth to re-absorb it, nor is it concerned with the wellbeing of all lives that depend on the healthy functioning of the planet’s web of connection.

Donna Haraway talks about “rehabilitation and sustainability” instead of sustainability on its own. This seems important to me. If the word sustainability is the one
most repeated, it is as if we humans and our current systems are functioning mostly well with a pesky little resource problem. And all we need to do is to find ways to better sustain this business as usual. When referring to ‘sustainability’ in the past I have usually meant - to live in a way that will continue to be livable. But what I once thought was livable, wasn’t. At this point, to sustain the current ways of things is to hold the desire for permanence and to court complete destruction. To fight for the right not to change.

If we could think first of rehabilitation, as Haraway defines as “to make livable again,” (Haraway 33) our task first requires a massive system overhaul. Sustainability then, can only come in gradual pauses. Chunks of the puzzle that seem to function can be invited to remain for a time until something else is needed. Or rather, we can put continued effort toward the things that seem to work well for their time, place, and planet. This transformation can only come from a shift in our models of thinking in the first place. And to shift our models, we need to pause, embrace change, and realize that we do not know everything. When we surrender to the idea that yet unknown possibilities exist, it activates the part of us that can observe and, ultimately, learn. If we engage our curiosity, we can start to build a more complete picture of reality, with more accurate feedback from which to eventually act.

I love the story of Antony van Leeuwenhoek, a seventeenth-century Dutch city official and amateur lens-maker who was likely the first human on earth to see microorganisms living in everyday substances. He gained this privilege from his experimentation with optical tools, and also because he let his curiosity for the contents of the world guide his actions. To most passersby, pools of rainwater were wet spots to avoid stepping in. But to Leeuwenhoek, they formed the basis of a question. What if I put
this water under my lens? That first look must have been miraculous. (Yong 27-9)

I’ve noticed that beginner’s mind is something that becomes difficult to retain over time. There is a pressure, both internal and external, to become an expert and an authority. But, I still believe there is something valuable in direct, embodied relationship with other life in my vicinity. There are unspoken lessons that I carry with me from those encounters that shape my understanding in farther reaching ways. I can read facts about the forest, but they fall flat without the hours of close attention that I spend in direct relationship.

*Half in Dream* is intended to spark a viewer’s curiosity for the everyday wonder in their vicinity. Recognizing that the materials which make up the magical allure of the piece are the same as those we walk beside daily can reveal wonder in the mundane. I hope that this small space of refuge invites people to pause and appreciate their part in the web of life.

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Figure 27: Beaver on Puffer’s Pond.
We got to be with the beavers yesterday. They all came out of the water, gnawing branches on a fallen tree. I have only ever seen the pair, but we met the young one last night. The large beaver waddled onto the shore, feet from our feet. Sometimes I’ve gotten a tail slap from the beavers, warning their kin to stay away from me. Other days, like this one, everything feels calm, and we can rest together at the border of worlds. Our shore looking out over the pond and their shore looking up from cold, murky water to the forested hills. It takes time and surrender to be in presence.

We surrendered our conversation about client notes and human worlds. We surrendered to the darkening sky and the chill and the need for schedule. Our length of walk was shortened, but we gained the knowledge of another beaver. And the wonder of the world increased. How many babies do beavers have? When this one is old enough, where will she go and how will she travel? My mind scanned the path of streams and known ponds attached to this one. Beavers live in many of them already. Where will the young beavers go? Without this encounter, I wouldn’t even have thought to ask. What happens to the focus of human decisions when we don’t even think to ask?

On the walk home, the hollers and songs of shore fisherman echoed with the peeps, croaks, and trills of spring frogs. A chorus of many critters. I was fooled by a human hidden in the evening shadows, filling in the frog song with his own voice once they had stopped. How beautiful.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


