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From the Inside Out, and Through.

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Abstract

These photographs describe “Science” born of consumerism, hijacked by me, economically disenfranchised, or rather—temporarily embarrassed, artist. I was putzing around Malibu—my old college stomping ground, looking for free food; maybe a sample of some gourmet \$5 chocolate, and all I got were these photographs.

Keywords

Malibu, photography, fishtank, fishbowl, nature, synthetic, beauty, religion, science, marine biology

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This photograph churns the limited version of science-processes with the job of the artist: Artists study themes from life, nature, and human constructs, and present their interpretation: their findings. This photograph describes the other-worldliness of a synthetic marine environment which has been constructed of rubber and acrylic plastic and houses farmed marine species. The object pictured includes no elements of what is found in raw coral reefs which have not been constructed by humans. The synthetic marine environ utterly fails as a simulation of the ocean, but instead it successfully takes on an identity that is entirely different, it becomes a totem instead of its parent environment, Mother Wild Ocean. Much as a painting is a portal to a world that does not exist in reality but exists only in the container of the canvas, this photograph describes a living interior landscape where the mind can explore, ponder and observe, remotely. It describes the ultimate passivity: the domestic, sheltered landscape. In a way, it is the aquatic version of Plato's cave. Despite the aquarium's shortcomings, it is an object of curiosity and beauty, and must be respected as such and never done away with.

The photographs I create describe “Science” born of consumerism, hijacked by me, economically disenfranchised, or rather—temporarily embarrassed, artist. I was putzing around Malibu—my old college stomping ground, looking for free food; maybe a sample of some gourmet \$5 chocolate, and all I got were some photographs. The thing is, there isn't any science here. This is purely a captured observation in a shopping mall, in Malibu, in a place that is getting spanked by the hand of strip-mall-developer titans. What are these pictures doing? They are inverting the perspective. The photographs are images of what one sees from the vantage of the observed. The reality of those inside the fishbowl is different than that of those outside the fishbowl, but is just as valid.

Read my poem:

Man takes land. Man builds mall. Man needs beauty. Man scoops up beauty and lets it die slowly in a glass bowl, which satisfies his basic need for re-ligature to beauty, for a small lifetime. Woman passes by, passes through. The woman sees the glass, sees the cup, the Holy Grail, sees herself in the reflection. The woman and the glass fishbowl are one and the same in the hands of man.

I am re-digesting synthetic marine environments, much as a mother bird chews up a worm and regurgitates it for its young. As the fish swim around in a man-made tank, the outside world is distorted and "psychedelicized." The "nature" on display is nothing more than tortured victims of a consumer-based society.



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