

The title of this exhibition at Art Base should be "Complete Fragments".

It is morning in Santa Rosa, from my window I can see and feel the cool foggy air holding back the sun. Crows in full cry, call to the moment, they seem to be dividing up the earth into their own. A nice lady brings me a juice extracted from celery and cucumbers, it is the first food I've had in 14 days. I look down into the well of my glass and marvel, I stir the contents with a degradable straw, the results show themselves in the formation of a floating constellation of an unknown universe. I wonder of the relationship between body and mind, eye and hand. There is a feeling of comfort in the knowing that living flesh has memory, but it also gives me pause. I stop to survey the psychological horizon of my being. Do I lay in wait for the hum of repeated patterns, or do I meet the star ship in the distant fields so as to plant a new beginning? I do both in the same breath knowing these words are clocked in reverence. I fold the Goodbye Gloves neatly into their box. I have laid before me paper and pencil, readying myself for the journey, It is a long way from there to here. These drawings mark the edges of a shoreline washed with fragments of my very being, parts layered in the tightly packed strata of the me that is me in full view, with nothing to hide and and nothing to hold back. It is as if I have cupped my hands at the spring fed pool and drink my fill while knowing Paradox lays in wait for those who drift.

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