

::A QUEER CRYSTAL FOR WORSHIPPING OUR TRASH PLANET::

I am an artist who uses trash as a tool for divination and a container for having conversations about the subconscious, intergenerational trauma, and consumerism. I collect trash as a method of deepening my relationship to a place. I view the treatment of trash as paralleled with our collective unprocessed trauma and the tendency to bury it. I create spaces where trash is made visible and cherished as an antidote to the pressure to repress emotions and histories of trauma.

PLASTIGLOMERATES

Plastiglomerates are a geological substance composed of plastic, sand, rocks, and earth. The plastic components come in all different colors and appear to have glommed together after a process of melting on the tops of waves or being heated in beach bonfires. They are a tangible symbol of the inability to separate humans and nature.

The term “plastiglomerate” was invented in 2007 to describe objects found on Kamilo Beach, a coastal spot on the southern tip of the Big Island of Hawaii, just north of the Great Pacific Garbage patch. [Photo credit: Kelly Jazcav, “Plastiglomerate Samples,” 2013]



Winter 2018 I made a three hour trek to search for plastiglomerates. I found a shore made up of pastel colored sea washed detritus: flip flops with imprinted coral textures, rope tangles of many colors, fishing bouys engraved with Japanese characters. Amidst the excitement of finding my personal paradise -- a half a dozen precious plastiglomerates revealed themselves to me. I carried them home to Portland, where they’ve since been my muse.

The plastiglomerate is the queer crystal on my altar. Fossil of the future, key to time travel. Reminder of the deep time of the earth. A portal into the vast microplastic mist grey area between humans and nature. Nature has no borders and neither does trash.

If you hold a plastiglomerate in your hands, tracing the ripples in the plastic, you might hear the universe whisper a love poem: *the strength of the moon guides the sculpting hands of the water waves in returning all human manufactures to wholeness. Sun will bleach away your illusion of separateness while the earth swallows your concept of binaries. When you are spit back out of the mud, a newborn mutant, you too will be liberated from your assumed roles under capitalism.*

WORKSHOP PROPOSAL:

Time Duration: 1 hr 30 min

Budget: \$50 for materials

Location: Long Beach

I'd like to lead a hands-on workshop seated on the beach where we collaboratively create diy plastiglomerates, aka "gloms." Our gloms will be made of detritus found on the beach and trash I collect in the Sea View area. We will work with adhesives including paper-mache, fast drying clay, and tape, to form our gloms. The inevitable inclusion of sand will be a welcome addition.

Each participant will begin by gathering their pieces of trash. As a group, we will "glom" the bits together. One person will layer on a paper mâché strip and pass it on to the next who might add some clay. As the objects make their rounds, they will become themselves.

This process requires us to cast away our masks of individual human personalities and collectively play the role of the elements. Our hands will be weathering agents and all of our hands will contribute to shaping each glom.

I will invite participants to contemplate the questions: *what will beings in the future decipher about us from the trash we leave behind? What would the world look like once capitalism has fallen? Where do I store my emotional "trash"?*

The local Seaview trash will teach us about the place we occupy. We will consider the origin stories of the trash while circling the absences in our knowledge about the past of the land we sit on.

Following the creation of our gloms, we will "activate" them through a guided meditation where participants will use their glom as scrying tools that allow access into a realm beyond and a moment to listen for a poem from the universe.

Each participant will be entrusted to carry their glom home and decide it's fate. Perhaps it will be sacredly placed on their altar or buried in the yard. The glom may ask for a ritual in it's honor. Wherever they land, our gloms will offer guidance to those that worship them.

The photos below capture intimate times I've had with trash through performance, installation, and trash explorations.

1: Oregon Coast 2015

2: Kamilo Beach, Hawaii 2017

3-6: The Wasteland, Portland OR / "Ephemeral Installation" 2018

7: Residency in the Garden, Portland OR / "Life Drawing Series" 2016

8-9: Studio Place Arts, Barre VT / "Trash Mounds" 2017







