

*This Message...*

Toned gelatin silver prints

15" x 19" (images 1, 6, and 11), 6" x 9"

December 2020

Response to [This is How You Lose the Time War](#) by Amal El-Mohtar and Max Gladstone

I live in a house on an island. The air is clean, the land rich, and the spring water never freezes. The house holds everything needed to survive. Communication is possible by the tendrils stretching from satellites navigating the ether and into electronic devices... as well as the familiar jeep that makes paper deliveries to the box atop a post, which stands proudly at the end of the driveway. The neighbors smile and wave from their islands. We are all separated by invisible fences and six-foot leashes. Our communication, when needed, is in the form of yelling loudly... or relying on one of those electronic devices.

This thing - this quarantine - is as if I'm "alone in a crowd, apart and belonging, to have distance between what I see and what I am" as I try to survive and remain solitary... This thing - this solitude - is "causing a small sensation among those who care for me" and encourages them to extend and make contact.

This thing - this connection - like a ball of twine with its threads and cords, its strands and braids. The roots clinging to the dirt. The leaf that refuses to let go. The patch of snow determined not to melt. This connection... This message is a connection.

Titles and sequence of images:

- 1 This Message in Smoke
- 2 Fly on a Sill
- 3 Upthread (1 of 3)
- 4 Island (1 of 3)
- 5 Downthread (1 of 3)
- 6 This Message in Broken Glass from the Spring
- 7 Mailbox Full
- 8 Upthread (2 of 3)
- 9 Island (2 of 3)
- 10 Downthread (Bird Braid; 2 of 3)
- 11 This Message in a Burn Pile
- 12 Upthread (3 of 3)
- 13 Island (3 of 3)
- 14 Downthread (3 of 3)
- 15 Tendrils