

On *When the Moon was in the Seventh House*

There are places that crop up on the cusp of prairies that linger, stuck out of time. To me, they serve as as precious depositories of sentiment. Places that emphasize and encourage memory, places that tell us stories. Reminiscent of my own upbringing, my mother's, and my grandfather's. Stories told to me since childhood of mischief unfolding in dim twilight, of smoking in fields, of myths whispered over the phone and us not really knowing if they are true. In *When the Moon was in the Seventh House* we see a love story, built out of fiction, and reality, through memory.

The title, *When the Moon was in the Seventh House* references the Age of Aquarius, a dawn and end of an era. The work relies on the structures of oral mythos and focuses heavily on the passage of time. It draws a tangled narrative from the phenomena of the tall tale: a story conceived out of truth that becomes twisted by time, the handling of different tellers, and slow exaggeration for cinematic effect. The pervasive presence of text in the work seems to enshroud rather than illuminate. A resourceful reader may wonder if the artist is being purposefully deceitful. Through these processes, this love story of birth and death in moves from fact to near-fiction and becomes situated in that murky region of not quite truth or untruth, like a campfire ghost story.

Through the *When the Moon Was in the Seventh House* pictures, I tap into my own memories, the memories of others, and tableaux invented by the mind's eye. A loose but complex web of artifacts, portraits, and landscapes, *When the Moon was in the Seventh House* is a romantic anthem to the river of time, to the cycle of birth and death, and to my desire to subvert truth in order to build narrative. The photographs in *Seventh House* are slippery and difficult to place, we can almost see the characters and the stage, but it is as if we can't conjure them fully through the smoked film of the story itself.