

*When I accept the tools of technology I accept the body in rapid decline, I accept distance under the pretense of safety. I am not expected to make, only to receive and my insistence to insert myself is unwelcome. Chasing touch in empty space perpetuates spin, groundlessness and unease. The expansion of the universe: the distance between mind and body and body to body; everything is unfixed, changing, in-between. When I use these instruments I become the instrument. Is there agency in distance? Am I empty or free? Text me if you want to talk about the end world.*

Before being calculated and recorded, a body that sits in front of the lens is suspended in the reflection of the glass. Is this moment of suspension a space for resistance or am I image before the shutter is released? My work explores my personal relationship with photography which is one of both paranoia and fascination. As a photographer, artist, and woman I act as both instrument and player in the history of a medium that has always rejected my voice.