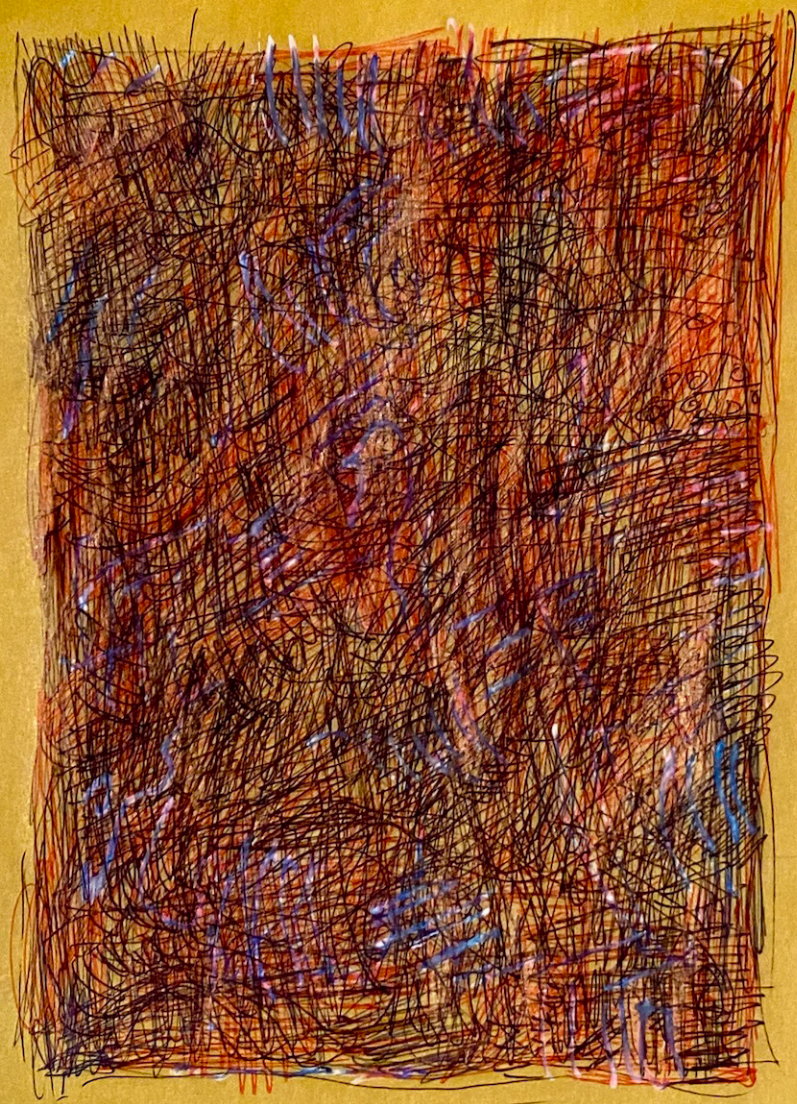
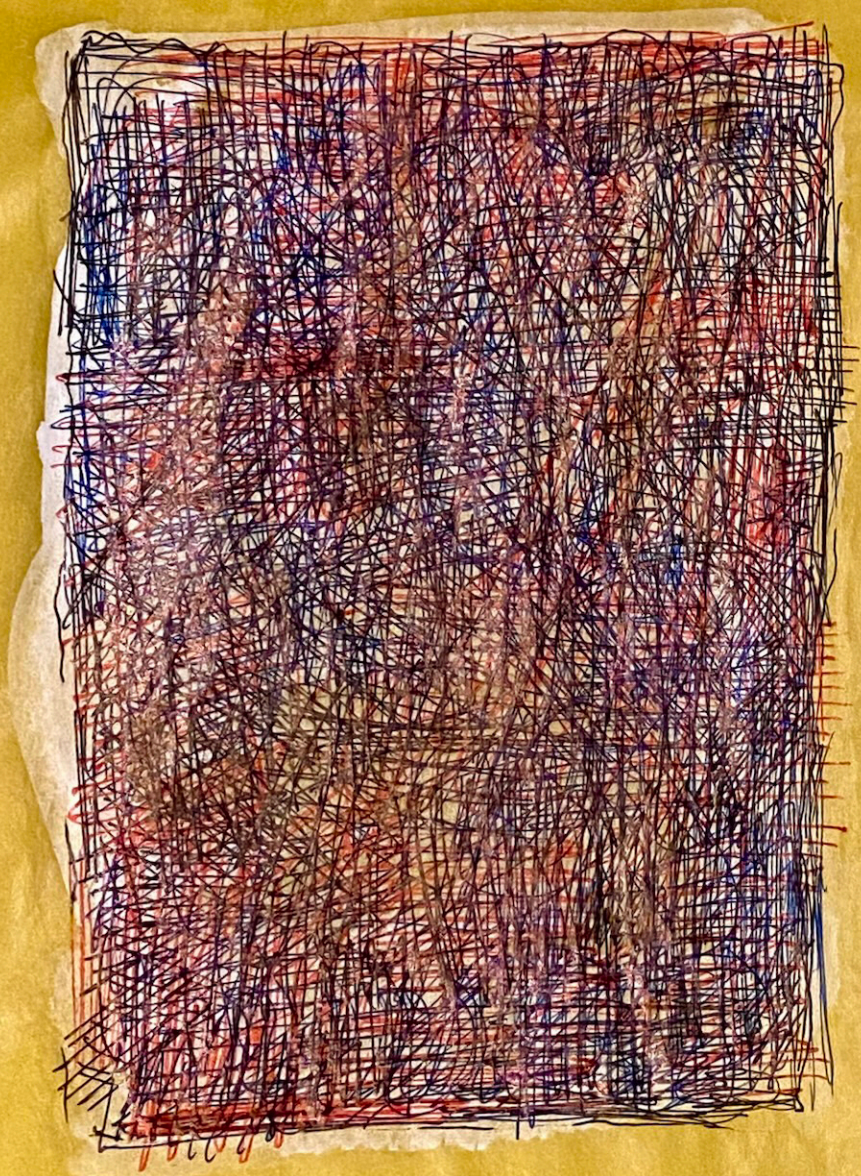
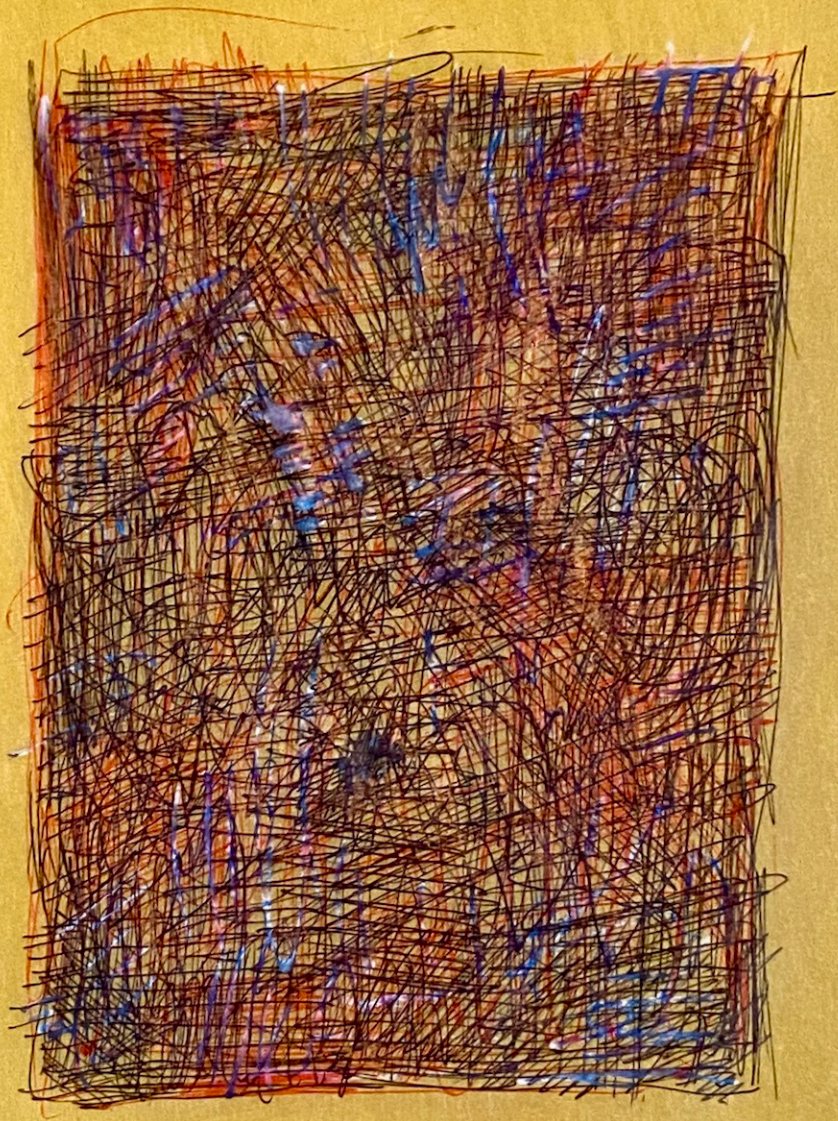


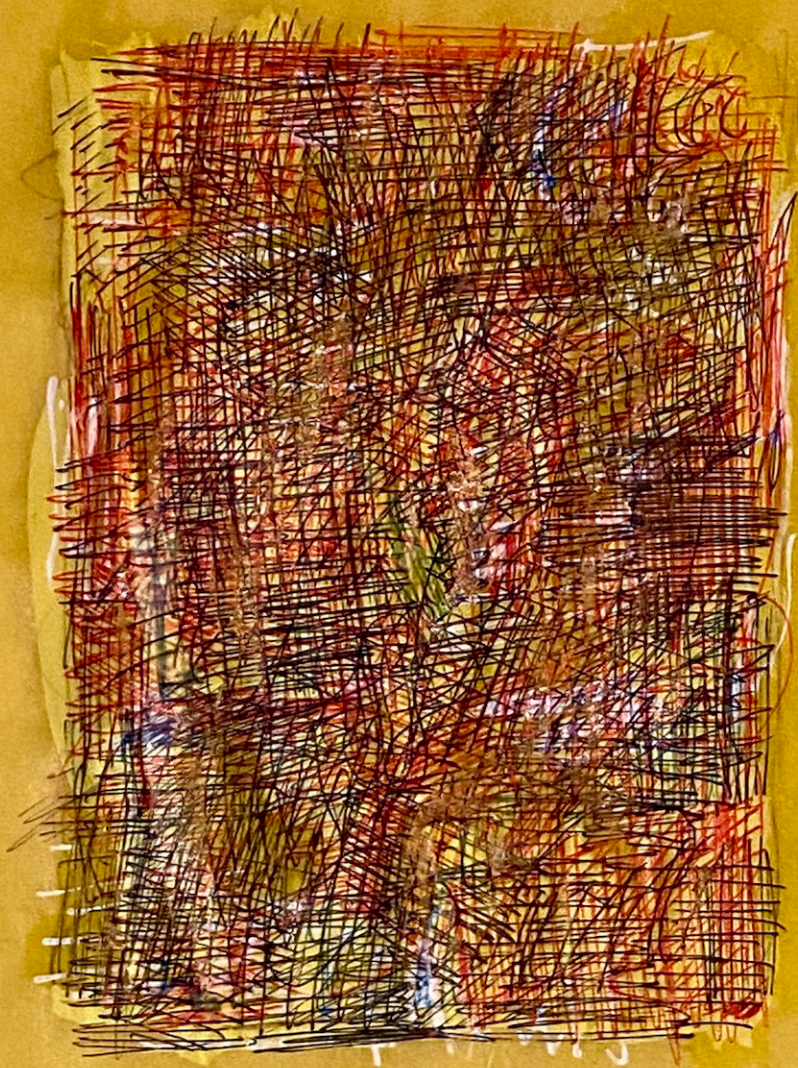
DENSE-TIME [NOLA]

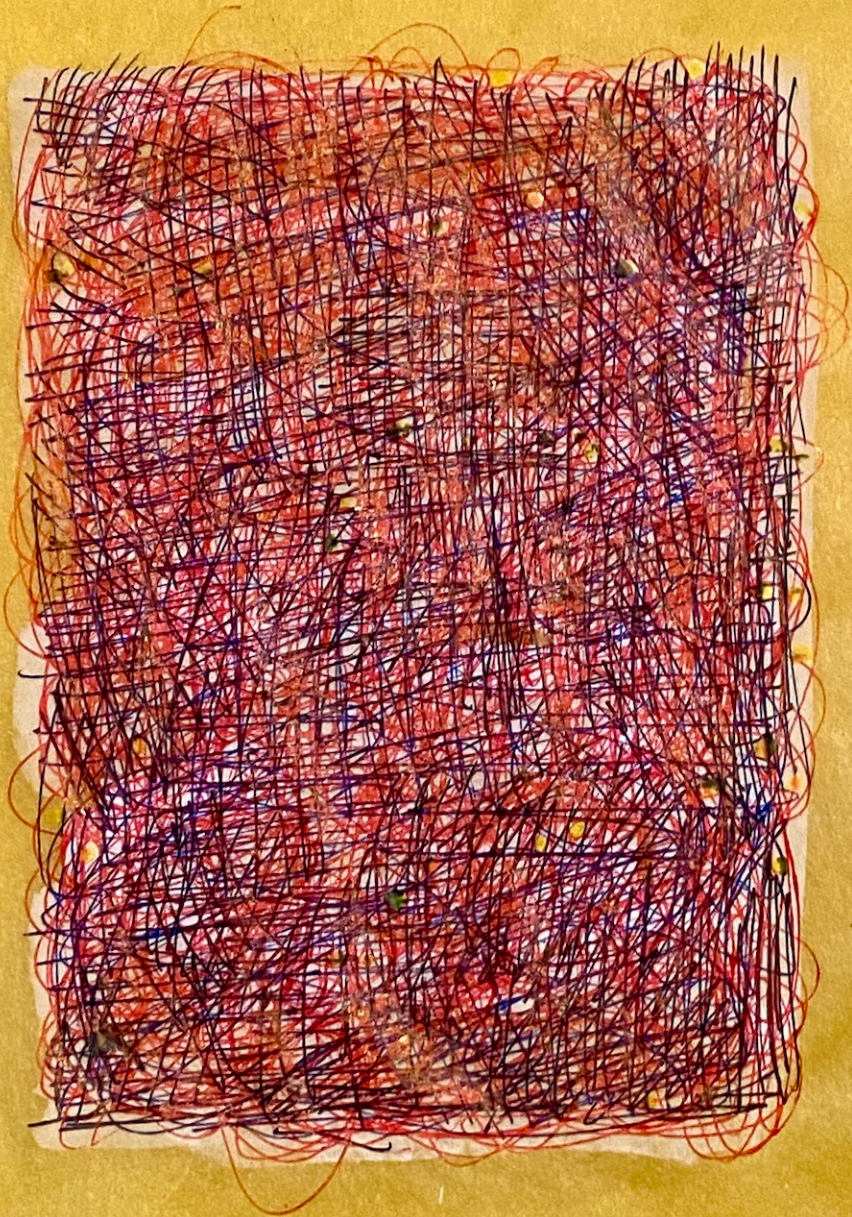












DENSE-TIME [NOLA]

I adore the saying “different, but the same,” since it conjures up a comparative analysis: different from what?, the same as what? When it comes to the experience of geography, difference and similarity reveals its narrative purpose within a much larger shifting context.

I grew up familiar with the astounding width and opaque presence of the northern parts of the Mississippi River near Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It has always intrigued me, even when not directly in front of it. It has been many years. The last time was as a flyover: a linear demarcation cutting through the land as clear as day. There are histories to this watery place, the steady flow, the undercurrent, while appearing slow and steady on the surface. It is all about appearances. I have always understood the river's role as being a lifeline to industry, commerce, transportation and culture: an undeniable and immeasurable resource.

Recently, I saw the Mississippi in NOLA, it was an old friend, the same exact recognizable body that I saw as a young man decades ago: though now it was the “bottom,” the end of the line, appearing as indifferent as ever. As I watched it go by I realize that now my body is also different, though my passions remain the same and run deep.

These drawings are a record – conflating the density of experience into the public/ecological record: journalistic, pictorial and complex.

– MK