

Excerpt from *The Growth and it's Perennials*:

I ask the cashier to not double bag my items. I say “plastic is not good for our environment”. The cashier smiles, single bags without much discomfort, then next! Moving on with the double trouble – or abuse without refuse.

In the Philippines Hurricane Haiyan has brought about the loss of thousands of human lives, and an unknown number of animals, plants and objects have been uprooted, destroyed and killed.

News reports have cited a statistic that the ubiquitous plastic receptacles take 500 years to break down in landfills. How do we know? Actually, we don't. Plastic bags have only been around for about 50 years, so there's no firsthand evidence of their decomposition rate. Plastic in the ocean spreads bits of toxic chemicals that end up in animals or gets in contact with humans as it moves onto shore.

Voltaire's Candide travelled the catastrophes of earth in the 18th century, the Hayian and the Fukushima of his time. No one will survive to pay testimony to the longstanding damages from Fukushima. How does the constant dissemination of information penetrate my body? Through what invisible structures do my life, the personal connect with the global flows? How do the cosmic and the myopic interact, and the transposition of scale operate? Where is the middle scale of the social, the human?

In Tjernobyl, mutated life is slowly taking a hold, while reactors in Fukushima are still leaking. Unemployed sacrifice their lives cleaning while the radiation is carried inside our bodies, transmitted to future generations. Not virally contagious, just pervasive. From these disasters, the eco system transmits a steady flow of radioactivity. A time table of over a gazillion of years, far beyond any biological clock, far beyond what any Geiger meter can survey and measure.

This abstraction of time and scale

Filmmaker Derek Jarman died of HIV/AIDS complications in 1994. He built his garden next to the nuclear power station in Dungeness. His plants were slowly but visibly growing, while the pulsating neutrons from the atomic splits next door veiled from human vision and sensorial perception.

“The silver sea turns to lead, The honey sours in the spoon” writes Jarman in his diary from his garden on Friday 27th of October, (p. 172)

His narration of the garden, his voice, the story, his daily life, his chores and his habits. His body degenerating from the virus, his vision deteriorating, the plants growing, that other plant silently emanating the radio-active waves, penetrating

our every physical nook. This is Modern Nature

Of ocular complications related to AIDS, Cytomegalovirus retinitis is by far the most frequent cause of vision loss. 15 - 20 million people, or 50% - 70% of all living with HIV/AIDS are at some point affected.

Nature and the radioactive

Nature and viral disease.

Nature and decay

Nature and contagion

Nature and regrowth

Nature and other multiplicities

Nature and reproduction

Nature and mutation

Nature is and nature was

Nature will become

Nature is and nature is becoming

Nature was and never will be again

Nature is now and nature is then and there

Nature and the human subject delineating borders of rationality.

The artificial, the natural, the man-made, the growth, the plastic, the other timetable, our time, geological time, the interglacial holocene, what the heck is the anthropocene?

Going about life, my life, I feel, I sense, I touch, I perceive, I cognize, I love, I live my life

We for an I, we sense, we move, we move each other, we affect and are affected, nature and technology are affecting us

I was in my garden today. It is covered with snow. Earlier in the fall I pulled up weeds and vines. An entire root system came unearthed, the visible and the invisible merged together on the ground.

The invisible part of radioactivity

The invisible part of the medicated body

The invisible part of rotting decay

The invisible part of our innermost feelings

The invisible part of what is in-between us

I once interviewed a visually impaired person. He said: houses and stars are abstract objects.

Icebergs and other abstractions,

We can see what we can see, the rest is left not to imagination but to data gathering centrals. An iceberg is amorphous, ever changing. 90% is under the water surface, could amount to a 55 story building. What is above does not reflect what is below. What is inside does not reflect the surface. An iceberg, a typhoon, radiation as objects, we cannot perceive their shape shifting entirety, larger than human scale, they are non-local, temporally undulating, phasing object forms, what is between, the inter-objectivity of those cloudlike, swarmy, storms is what constitutes these objects.

It is a question of temporal and spatial scale, correlation of structures, scale to scale, breath to breath, face to face, flow upon flow.

Moving across a surface, touching what is above, and what is under, not visible nor perceptible

What I cannot see still affects me
What I cannot feel still affects me
What I cannot sense still affects me

Today it was 60 degrees fahrenheit, or 15 degrees celsius outside depending on how you measure. It is the day before Christmas, December 23rd. I don't have a thermometer out side. I look at my computer. The computer connects to the wifi radiating from the router. I cannot see or perceive those waves or particles, but I know they are there and enter and connect to my computer that gives me information on the outside temperature. These are the invisible, yet central parts of current life.

The current, the electrical current, the current of a stream. I am ...