

Sheet of Paper in The Stomach of Portage Bay

Hoja de Papel en el Estómago de Piedra de la Bahía de Portage

肚中纸张有旅湾

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The piece is a short video that documents the life around an A4-sized sheet of paper underneath a couple rocks at the water's edge. On the paper is a short poem about the digestive nature of the stones, written in three different languages. The interaction between the spectator, the piece, and the environment is the same. The paper is unknowingly broken down over the course of five days. At the end the paper becomes nothing, completely decomposed by about 120 hours in the wild. Even if some pieces remained, the text would be unintelligible, either from bled ink or paper torn. The purpose of the piece is to point out forces on Earth unknowingly and uncaringly break down the environment around them while simultaneously apportioning to its rebirth. All marks of humanity will one day be washed away, and all marks of nature will be changed in either completely obvious or infinitely subtle ways. The paper emulates the slow processes of death and rebirth that characterizes the whole of existence. Just one small part of the feedback loop: the paper is broken down to be rebuilt in an unrecognizable form. Although, the video breaks this loop. Just as there are dreams of storing human consciousness in a computer, the life of this paper has been stored digitally. The video gives a competent view to the days before its confirmed transformation into dust.

The display environment for the paper is of course the rocks. It must be placed in a way that is invisible to the common observer. This is so natural instincts for destructive chaos do not worsen the state of the paper at a dramatic rate. Every day the paper is filmed. For the creation of the video, I recorded myself walking on the rocks and then slowed down the audio for it to sound like a stomach's cavernous roar. The song in the video is a slowed down version of "Small World for a Big Fish", a song which I made with my friend Dhruv Khatwani, inspired by the Hindu myth of *Matsya*.

For ease of reading, this is the poem and its translation to Spanish and Chinese

The rocks a stomach of a many million years
The rocks that swallowed us once or twice before.
And will continue to do until time is no more.

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Las piedras un estomago de millones de años
Las piedras que una o dos veces nos han tragado
Y lo seguirán haciendo hasta que el tiempo falle

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石肚数着多亿年
吞我之石一次两
依旧吞着到时末