

A friend once said to me, 'you have to get them on the dance floor.' This statement continues to inspire me whenever I think about painting.

Those who frequent techno clubs and raves seem to be a bit more attuned to what those primal impulses are when it comes to getting on the dance floor.

Once while at a club I ingested some kind of drug. I had a drink and waited for it to have its way.

The bass and thud from the music shook the floor and stone walls with a pulse. It felt like a warm hug all over my body. The place smelled like musk, cum, sweat, and salt. Even though the club was a darkened cavern I could see bodies move with each flash of strobe light. As I peered into the middle of the dance floor, trying to make out what I was seeing, the bodies started coalescing.

What once was a room full of people separately moving to the beat of techno music, became a single entity. I was in awe at what was transpiring before my eyes. The crowd of bodies took on a machine-like form. The machine was made of gunmetal. Hard, metallic, cold, and wet. It glistened and shimmered as it moved its multiple arms. With each iteration of the music, its body continued to morph into a symbol. That symbol seemed so familiar as it took shape, but I could not tell what it was exactly. The experience seemed so spiritual but at one point became too intense and I had to purge the hallucinogen from my system.

After my senses returned to normal, I reflected on what had transpired and thought more about that symbol. The symbol was the glyph called djed. In Egyptian hieroglyph that symbolizes the underworld. The backbone of Osiris.

This was a profound and lasting experience as I began to think about the origin of signs and symbols? Do they come from nature, happenstance, or are they embedded in our DNA like an ancient code? I also started to ask about the cyclic nature of time and wonder how that which is ancient is also future.