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Press release

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The last few years during tulip season I have especially enjoyed watching how they deteriorate and die. During the flower's too-short-lived life, its entire aim is of an elegant perfection. The bulb gently enclosed and full of color, the stem raised upwards so balanced and taught, like a neck raising upwards to heaven. But the tulip's decay is truly spectacular. All perfection is suddenly wasted as petals fall away, just days before so crisp but now full of waste. However what each tulip's decay always shares is the revelation of a deep, black core. I am amazed by this pitch black interior. It feels as if for weeks the tulip tricks you into believing in its beauty, but at the end reveals and betrays itself as always being full of dark entropy. This entropy becomes the star in mere days and becomes the last memory of the flower. It is truly lovely.

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