

## ORANGE

Photo Montage, 2010

I have an obsession with the color Orange. It rules my vision. It dictates my observation of the environment. Its presence in the visual field has reacquainted me with my junkie's twitch. Automatic. No beat missed. Orange.

Orange as a color surrounds us. As artists, we know there is only one true Red, but damn if there aren't millions of oranges and yellows. In my own past, Orange has a direct connect to employment, primarily that of construction. I also find that this is true for many of us, we often universally associate Orange with Safety, Caution, and Danger. However, in other parts of the world, the duplicitous nature of Orange is revealed. It can be the color of a trashcan or construction vehicle for sure. But it can also be the color of a monks robe worn or binding broken stones at Angkor Wat, Cambodia. The montage shown here provides some of the many examples that can be found wandering the world seeking Orange satisfaction.

Ramblings aside, color information codes our environment. We think this coding is universal but like language, dialects and localized interpretations occur spontaneously and out of our control. We all have our own inherent cultural takes on color mostly due to nurturing. These perspectives are a direct representation of our unique individuality. Standardization of color erases that. Its very rare for someone to think Red does not symbolize Fire. So in fact, I am not fascinated with the color Orange specifically, rather, I am fascinated with what it represents. Orange and our interpretation of it represent the phenomena of universal coding of a thing (Orange) and the breaks that occur due to localized cultural resistance of a global human identity.