

ARTIST'S STATEMENTS

For the man in the street, bricks are still only good for making houses, no matter how self-righteously they lie on the floor. However great, ethical art itself does not make an ethical world. We are all part rogue, saint, hunter and victim.

I've learned more in the street from and given more to Josefa (Paris), Cucho and Hollywood (Lower East Side) and Mendelez (Berlin) than from or to the artworldly.

And I've learned more from watching the small-brained genius of the Caddisfly larva building its house by attaching blade after blade in an ascending spiral around its body as it grows than by studying the works of large-brained architects.

I've always thought of my work as transsocial, transpolitical, transsexual and transparent(al).

I see a relationship between the rehabilitation of building shells through Sweat Equity and the hermit crab's primal mode of reinhabiting abandoned shells. Only when we can envision the sun rising on our transparent plastic plumbing and when we are able to realize how we devour our lovers in the act of mating will we love the person in the street as much as we love our own vainglorious art.

— Charles Simonds