

Declaration of Dependence: Patton Hindle

I woke up this morning to discover a friend and artist with whom I worked had unexpectedly passed away. Instinctually, the first decision I made was to cancel my day and stay at home. The last 12 months have been a rollercoaster of unexpected tragedies and monumental life shifts. As these swells have come in, I've simultaneously been accumulating books, art, friends, plants, a cat, and a partner in my apartment. This space is my physical holding but also so much more—loving relationships, ideas, creative impulses, and companionship.

Growing up I moved a lot—Nashville to London, back to Nashville, and again back to London. I never thought a physical space was essential to my grounding but, as I get older, I realize the valuable role my home plays in my independence. Isn't that a funny thing? My independence is reliant upon my dependence on this space. I have filled my domain with art created by people I have worked with and admired. I have filled bookcases with the ideas and words of people who push me forward but also can offer me an escape. My creative projects have been born at this table I write from now. And I share my space with my partner, my friends, and my family, who all fill it with memories—good and bad—that become an accumulation of my own history. All of these things charge and propel me out into the world, as a thinking, moving, loving, acting citizen.

Today, I'll plant the seeds of a desert holly given to me by the friend who passed. He will now become a part of my accumulation—my dependence.

