This body is layers of itself, an expanding evolution. This body is expressive of the markings of time. What time chooses to give.

Make them in pairs so they can mate.

I am inspired by many to work with a social physics, architecture. Social physics is a reason to make a quilt. To weave. To stitch. This is political in representation.

A way to make a narrative about the approach, the style. A political form of technique. Commentary for a line to represent. Represent something.

The idea of weaving a string independent of material, the material becomes a wrap and space is between the stitches.

What is the edge of polite society, where does industry begin ? The machine manufactures all around the world. The assemblage of even single, local shops bring together pieces from all over. Boxes of metal screws brought over in shipping containers, which is why ~~I make a material~~. I encourage the growth of cells.

I build my own material.

I build my own material.

I build my own material.

I build my own material in order to create.

Wait! Using combinatory organization I create like biology. These are my cells!

This is not visual art. This is not painting. This is not painting, but combinatory organization. I want a process that produces a geologic layer. I want a process that produces geologic layers that can be folded to represent landscape.

Cementing the calcite.

Pressing into sandstone.

Sedimentary layering.

Quilts made of grit, sot and urban blight. We treat the quilt with love, because the world is hard.

The start of these materials is irrational, chance, but not random.

I’m looking for the serendipitous moment of creation by combining strings of irrational patterns modulated to create unity through alteration. To explore when these possibilities occur.

This is an overlapping of creation and destruction. Organic organization and chaos, but not random. An overlapping of creation and destruction. Irrational, woven textiles.

Stitched, quilted, seams tied, the original materials, sedimentary like, have been forced into a new terrain. Landscapes created as geologic formation.

In order to invite the viewer to see and experience sculpture of landscape. In order to create representations of upheaval from layers of strata. Materials transformed into complex ecologies and relationships. In order to invite the spectator to image a sculpture containing the dynamic force, complexities and destructive order that exists in nature.

A quilt provides order

holds the forest together.

What is below the folded surface? What is below the folded surface that can fold? Can the space below a folded surface fold. Is it turtles all the way down?

What happens when a surface folds? Does it crinkle?

The vastness of the weaver is profound. The woven boards exist on an infinite plane. I move across this plane searching for interesting places.

The infinite plane is not random. Random is unexpressive and dull.

I’m interested in combining materials. I’m interested in combining materials with professions, philosophy as sculpture. I’m not interested in starving. I’m not interested in living without shelter.

Given the amount of effort that goes into the creation of these materials, even though there is chance this is an ordered complexity. Not Random. Not Random. Random is dull.

It feels good to just clear the mind and mark

Mark these boards.

Some is painstaking

Some is more expressive

after working tediously

to mark

draw with a broken pencil

paint with rags

to care maybe not to care.

The next step after finishing these material panels, board layer of strata, effort force interaction, these images of areal photography of surface patterns, is to disregard that nature almost entirely and force these materials to act under pressures from folding and eruption. To transcend the surface and begin anew.

By exploring sculpture in a medium that may look like surface patterning I hope to bring about a geologic landscape that sees painting as the surface of the Earth over time to create a dimensional representation of life, both socio-political and ecological.

Combing in a relative order so that ones before are in the ones that are after, so that the edges of time have folds.

I lay flat the board. Stacks, one on top of another, like a deck of cards. I wanted to image the ruptures as folding into themselves one into another and another and another; most of one into the next one, yet some of each splashing into others out of order.

The rupture began by cutting seven layers and then sorting them. Cut guided by a certain weave pattern and then alternated, like the checkerboard patterns, but this time also along a z-axis.

The deck was cut in half and then combined with each other.

After the rupture begins archeology. Digging into the rubble. Excavating a new topological surface.

Folding; building like a rolling snowball.

As the lava flows

Edges cool and later fold back

Into the flow

It’s not a stream without friction

formations build at the edges

Certainly this is not a mechanical process

If we can image one texture as strata and we introduce that strata as another terrain; then certainly we can believe that other similar forces helped to extrude that form in a unique way.

Now to explore the ruptures, the tectonics of plates

I color the plates, they move

Define a coordinate system and tie it together

Then cut again

These shapes and patterns are the image of a movement. Choreographed transformations in shape, these are not random cut up checkered boards.

A series of evolving movements:

1. It begins with a string
2. The sting is woven into fabric
3. The fabric is transformed across a matrix to have depth, width and height.
4. These folding movements are repeated over time. The material evolves.

I want the work to build itself; I want to create a process that organizes the art without huge intervention on my part. I want it to pour forward and flow on its own, must let go of attachment, these forms cannot be held just as a river cannot be held. I did however fall in love with a mountain.

\*\*

“Through the principle of organization or man’s common ability to think” John Cage

\*\*

Below the wire rack fall pieces through a sieve.

Wrote numbers of square root 13,

11

of 17

numbers

write numbers

numbers

numbers

these are not numbers, but strings

strings

strings

strings

strings.

Strings woven on a loom, drafting the draw down, a draw down across an infinite plane.

\*\*Feb 7

Left off with a few straight lines.

A long wash of string

The white of winter

Grey charcoal strokes

Layered over time

Brushing the pigments like water colors

a liquid plastic

coats smears blends.

Blue mesh

a loose weave

Building up the strings interacting with the pattern

Washing blue lines

Part fabric

Part string

Becoming into the next.

This one has remains.

United by a woven draft the natural movement of the plates seems more evident that all the pieces belong to one Earth yet through the rupture of and movement of geologic time has its influence

These pieces are natural to themselves yet part of a larger body.

The group of the first rupture, these plates combine into the next transition.

I can image these at eye level, placement of vast horizons.

Perspective, horizon, landscape

I challenge myself to look at the vastness at different vantage points to move through these sculptures from the nadir, or an airplane, or the hiker among mountains.

I was thinking that an expressive and easily produced material was an expression of sustainability in materiality.

I am thinking about creating a material representative of a more natural or biological process not mechanical, but generative.

I am interested in natural variance, but not random, not chance.

I am interested in a material that can present a vast two-dimensional area that transforms into multi-dimensional space.

I think of not just creating objects, but in a sculpture expressing a geologic movement.

Folding of space over time.

A movement we cannot see, a movement we know.

A space we do not visualize.

Organic growth, earth tectonics

Earth textiles, textile tectonics

If we accept Karlheinz Barck’s ‘Materiality: Kaleidoscope” my sculpture is certainly pure materiality. The argument becomes how does this stand up to the sculpture as a practice as an art.

Will these sculpture challenge the digital by becoming physical ?

Building a physical sculpture from a pure concept.

The sewing for me is a way to put my heart into the construction. The quilt is meditative, string binds. It can’t be just be glue and nails.

Despite a lack of agreement regarding signification we are all tied together.

A community of schizophrenics is still an inter-dependent group of citizens knotted together.

A quilt is a computable-like concept like John Cage’s music or Bernard Tschumi intersections of programmatic elements, however, unlike a program of random chaos that hopes to express by chance something meaningful, a quilting process is complex and not random. The quilt goes beyond these concepts by possessing not only the qualities of these other processes by also more insight ones as well.

It allows a pure procedure yet expands on simple mechanics and allows a non-contradictory theory of subjectivity within an objective realistic paradigm.

By using a creative organizational program I help bring a spatial material into an expressive form.

Gravity: wanting, desire or ability to attract.

Gravity must have a current and a medium.

Bottom of a future ocean – this could be one

Fold in space at (sqrt 5 at coordinates) I can see this one

The characteristics of potentials missed by normal interpretations. What did I miss?

Should write up a story [sculpture] dedicated or about the man who made the digital weave archive at AU.

A material built from irrational numbers.

Why not just always be exact in procedure ? Answer: I am not a robot.

See also Lyotard (‘materials of communication’ for another explanation)

Gravity Installation.

Why make pictures with titles as the basis of sculpture ? Answer: the coordinates tell a deeper story of the space.

Perhaps we can say the weaver provides a type of modernist ordering system, a place to return too; however, it’s simply a frame of reference that allows a continuity of time. The advancement is the ordering of a non-random subjective creativity space for construction of expression relating to the order system. A sculpting process that provides a freedom but without the dull abstraction of creation. Or the creation of images that entertain by spectacle alone. Random is dull.

Taking a digital computable process and expanding the ordering system into the non-computable without being random.

Where does it want to fold?

Answer:

Using patterns from itself and mating with another the fabric begins to fold. If it cannot find a mate, then dividing itself into two and the two halves mating with each other.

Not only does landscape emerge, but also do forms. And these forms emerge using their own organization.

The edges always fade

The edges always fade either because the arm cannot interact the same due to the awkward angle / setup / position or other.

Wrapping space in my woven blankets.

Folded space at x,y coordinate. Star date.

Reliefs are the natural progression from cloth to Earth.

I’m weaving the concept of materiality of the 20c into a fabric.

And with the new material I’m exploring concepts of space.

\*\*

This is a journey through space and time

Traveling along the infinite plance

Spread out; expanding

Exploring : waiting for

Geologic time.

What happens over time?

Even this conceptual materiality needs material, a physical motive and assistance to create the next step of recursion. As I near the middle of the possibilities of these materials I fear not folding this first half into the beginning of the first half of the next chapter. To be able to create a spiral of outward movement in a recursive means.

Beginning with a string of infinite length, then proceeding to a digital loom, I am exploring the ode of production. Manufacturing a type of textile. I expose this material to selective pressures and forces. Re-organizing using patterns from a digital weave of infinity. Exploring the vastness of this plane. From here I begin anew a sculptural undertaking dedicated to the possibilities of folding space, a space generated from a vast, unique transfinite fabric.

**I need to focus on removing anything that I hold onto and move with courage into the void.**

None of this is anything I think it is.

1

Establish a place for combinatory organization,

2

Delivery of empty materials,

3

Create adjacent centers,

4

Each is enumerated,

5

Express the desire of emptiness to fill a space parallel and above,

6

And fold,

7

Visualize outward growth of time and space.

Brushed aside the / rubble

Let it fall through the sieve

Left what was fastened / two formations

Folded them together

What remains is a landscape

A flat terrain with / a formation

Geologic space affixed

--

Sew it together / Quilt it

The formation is set

Just tie

Generate book, 5 pdf’s front back double sided

Each PDF is a list of images

Use square of 5

5page 8x11 print outs doubled sided

10 images order by sqrt 5

50 places for 5 books

fold and sew , no glue , no cover / hand write on each one

Rupture 2 :

8 panels

these experiments ended up random

the rupture 1 was also random, this one attempted using sqrt27 but it was not a fractual combination

What I would like is to add color to the weaver and did

First Friday success thanks to friends and family, but even strangers where very engauged with the strings to numbers as material and the sculpture from these new materials. It’s too easy to get catch up in the numbers, the loom and the basis of the production. This is ultimately about sculpture the weaver is only part of the process.

What is folded space? What is the shaping of materiality.

Two new pieces this week, a twist, folded and shadered space I ever thought to make it monochromatic, but I left the contrast and carefully appliced the oil finish so as not to dirty the white emboridy. Last time I made it so red it lost the organization of the weave patterns. I also used curved lines and did not force triangles. I folded paper to help envision this space.

Steel wire and a clamp would better fix this chair.

This is a folded plane one on top of the other.

The one in the middle is a folded volume, more architectural in shape. This is a folded volumne or a plane folded into volume and a very simple quilt. I like that simplicity.

The other one a little mountain ridge, althought that seesms to representation. I’d prefer to foucs on the emerging volume the dimension of a fractal which is more like two and a half dimentions. This is simply a folded plane into a texture, the survace of the Earth is like this.

It has a cavern, an entrance or as it is hanging on the wall maybe a chimmy.

By caring back into the wood, throught the gesso and exposing the raw wood again then painting this has a very dynamic color pattern.

Color pattern was abtained by carving the sculpture for texture I think adds t the work a dialog about the lineage of sculpre and these works that I’m creating. There is an interest in classical sculpture.

Like Michelangalo who carved away pieces that did not belong, I’m removing unwanted areas, letters and patterns. Removing portions of the material.

Christo talks about the history of fabric in art, the way in the classics it was used to emphasize the human figure. Rodin teacher recommended using wet linen.

But fabric is important in life and in more ways than art alone.

3/5/2017

Does this material create a dialong with the materiality of mass media as a medium ?

The community wall id not succeeded. In fact, the community here is greatly exposed to graffiti. I do not wish to create debate about the nature of graffiti. To what purpose the commodification illegal acts of expression has on culture directly. Rather I will let my work which engages to materialize the everyday product in order to create sculpture that is a reflection of the idea of commodification, speak to such a point.

Gaint white canvas makes you feel not only the sense of possibility but also oblivion.

When I set up a space for guests to draw whatever they liked, each one asked, “but what should I do” And that is the fear of the oblivion of the white canvas. The artist moves into the oblivion to face that fear.

So what to make now? A folded plane, A folded volume, a folded plane as landscape?

I started to double side and prep the last 4 panels – I think these are designed to become a true 3d quilt, a free standing folded space.

A free standing folded space

A free standing folded space

A free standing folded space

There is enough for one more rupture.

There is another relief waiting.

There is the equivalent of five in area, weaved planes. Two 2x2 and one

And still the large ones are worked on, one blank, one nearly so.

Twist.

A lot of artists will take an everyday material using it to construct into an image that represents a creative or artistic statement. For instance a tank made from balloons that slowly deflate. One I saw on social media. I want to take every day items (materials) and “create” a new material to work with. I want to incorporate the process of commodification as a representation of our cultural preference for artist consumption. The idea that we can monetize ideas through the use of capital networks, like social media and advertising is the materialization of culture. My work attempts to record this practice by creating art works which are made from a process of materializing a concept.

Recursive folding of material and space.

Many artists use materials to represent or express images knitting a skeleton, creating inflatable forms. I want to create a new material to express the very creation of this material in a physical form. Creating a type fabric by weaving. What is the physical form of folding? Ideas into physical material. Not folding fabric but folding the idea of fabric into a physical shape.

Meshes of string, text strings, number sequences – digital string, a digital loom. Combin to form a fabric that is woven and then folded. **And then folded into shape.**

Representing the concept of material as idea, material as memory and the volumes of , shapes, possible. Capturing images of this process unfolding. [nearly 4 months after writing this I’ve come across People of the Black Mountains by Raymond Williams and find it fascinating.]

Try to model the creation of this material on a geological or abstract biologica, ecology, of sequencal transformations. The layering of debris of an ecology tht over time are acted on by forces barely preciable to the everday actions of the members of the ecology and that once these geological movements complete become imageiable as forces that could have taken place in a moment of time witnessed by a person.

Mass media takes a concept and manufactures a material. A news network commodities information in order to make use of advertising space. How do you fold this space?

3/13/2017

Some people saw my art and had a thought about something, and what more could I want? Yet that doesn’t mean those ideas are what this work is about.

Stoke pile some material and make a sculpture.

3/17/2017

Like film or television I am capturing an idea and turning it into a material it is with this material that I make sculpture. What is the implication of selling books that are images of the sculptures? Does it further demonstrate the point?

Inspireation for painting, where does color begin? Spring brings white flowers paint a chalky white and washed out black ink.

Made a simple fold and

Attached it to the rupture (rupture #4)

Have been resisting the urge to just fold, thinking it too easy, slowly letting it out.

I want more material before the folds

And then a twist, I did a kind of twist, this time with triangles sewn together first then coming back and cutting it in half.

Think about using the hook needles (curved needles)

Think aobut pulling pieces from the sieve. Reocvering large ones.

A great force exhausted me making this twist.

And it most keep going.

This month is especially like work, repeating tasks and yet forced by the nature of creating to have new ideas inside the regiment of this body / to continue a tangible series. For I seem to have so many ideas, that I can not possibly explore them all.

Finally cut up the large ones in a desire to make something bigger. And then it hailed so hard everything flooded. Now I image cutting these two woven ones again into patched trinagles in order to create even larger ones with great folds cutting across the terrain.

Stop falling in love with the material. Keep folding and keep weaving until there is mothering left..

Make those curved weaves and then make triangle or from triangle make curves? I think subtle curves and then make a quilt. There are many ideas.

\*\*\*\*

I never would have thought these weave patterns would have anything to do with Anges Martin, yet after reading her writing I realize one thing in common – loneliness. The plane expands so vast that you cannot help but feel small, insignification even. And, then, for a moment you feel a little bit of life in an arrangement in your view and then all of a sudden the vast despair fills with hope and inspireation.

It is true, it seems, that with whatever I’ reading I find a way to be creative with those ideas. I’m always reading to fuel creativirty. Alwas exploring, always seeing, but reading I love. A long hike restores the mind as well or a good day of sking. But reading brings fuel to the flames.

Martins writing takes the deeply philosophical and says it so plain that perhaps hou’d think she stated the obvious, or maybe misunderstood the exactitude of words. She cuts through rationialism better than anyone.

Though she is a painter I see the stich, but admitingly only after readying the work and writing. I have perhaps walked by, maybe glanced in Houston, maybe DC, but now do I look forward to seeing an orginial for the first time. To quote her writing inspiration from a work of art. Perhaps New Mexico.

Stichting is about fo using a wild impulse into something manageable, in her words her grids are disciplte. Blocking out noise to see clearly a true truth. Not a reality shared but truth exprosed. Like brief sun passing through clouds to monentarility warm a space with an illuminating hope.

She speaks of life like Alexander speaks of life, even more poetically, less architecturally.

She says an artist feels failure and of course you do and so these statements of hers comfort and then only add to the feeling of failure.

Even my hand writing looks or do I have a new pen?

\*\*\*

Rupture #4 is quilted. A good quilt. Like the grey one with the graves (and a sleeve).

Its getting a little better these ruptures, happy it turned out ok. I was terrified in the studio today : focus and discipline too very important things.

As much as I want to rush the work it takes time. I have three in mind. The irractic TIN as felief on the wall, another rupture and the free standing sculpture – finally getting to sculpture. Diagram here -- it has a foot. Or a base and folds up two side quilt sewn together at the seams. Cut quilt and then sew the piece. It needs four more panels or maybe if I cut carefully.

Right now I’m moved to make much more subtle quilts. Pick an order begin the large sculpture – begin these. [diagrams]

No art work is for sale. Nothing is for sale except books and prints. Nothing is for sale except books and prints. Nothing is for sale except books and prints. Nothing is for sale except books and prints. Nothing is for sale except books and prints. Nothing is for sale except books and prints. Books and prints are for sale. May art is about folding a space – sculpture / environment.

I invite you to think of mathematical space / digital space and that space made real and folded.

That art is certainly time consuking and any distraction in life inhibits its creation. And certainly it takes time.

Initially there is an energy but then the desire to improve takes over. And now sadness as to make more ruptures requires more materials.

And a house and a job and a wife and a life and none of these desire art, yes you to desire art but fixing on the void to allow art to pass into the artist is not something that translates into everyday.. Best to quietly work away and focus on discipline and humility. The art will make itself, but you must allow it and not believe it comes from you.