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 toward existence:

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.

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“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.

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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.