

Keepin' it local

date: 2003-11-17T10:49:35+00:00 author: Sam Wilson excerpt: "I can't wait to get to work! I'll avoid transport; I'll dig the skips; I'll code to my heart's content (and no farther)!" layout: post guid: /?p=18 permalink: /2003/11/17/keepin-it-local/ aktt_tweeted: - "1" views: - "2320" categories: - Woodworking tags: - dichotomy - focus - materials - reuse - shipping - transport - Woodworking — I'm so excited!! Last night I couldn't sleep for the thrill of what I'm planning on doing. I'm feeling excited about facing the utter enormity of global manufacture from a standpoint of low-tech and beautiful dumpster diving! Take that door jamb from the week before last (let's just forget about last week, eh? Apart from Monday I was singularly unproductive), a rough length of ash replete with nail holes and weathering — and what potential! A box made from such a waste item, even with a lot of attention, will never be quite the same as a box made with new material — *and that's the point!* It is the thought, the love, and the time that goes into a thing that makes it speak, more than it's raw material. I believe that this works both in terms of a) gaining spirit by putting more hands-on time into a piece (ripping boards by hand for example) and b) also losing spirit through increased alienation and disconnection *of* the material (shipping things half-way around the world [see The Fable Of The Cop Car]). Hmm... I'll think about this a bit more...

I have been working on the encyclopaedia code for the last few days (because I didn't go to the Major's Creek Folk Festival) and it is now nearing test data entry stage. I still have a lot of work to do with the stylesheet of course — I'm no graphic artist!

This strange, apparently discordant, confluence of the high-tech web world and slow, intuitive woodworking that I am embarking on is a thing which is going to require great concentration on my behalf. It's a matter of balance, and I know how easy it is going to be to lean more to one side than another. To spend so much time coding that I throw my hands up in disgust and want to never look at another computer. Or to force myself to continue with cutting a joint past when I can see why I'm doing it, and inevitably stuff it up.