

Garden: Smear the Black Circle

Thesis

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree Master of fine Arts in
the Graduate School of the Ohio State University

By

Theodore Zanardelli, B.F.A.

Graduate Program in Art

The Ohio State University

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Thesis Committee:

Laura Lisbon, Advisor

Robert Derr

George Rush

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Abstract

My work, both drawing and painting, contains atmospheres that are made dense and then stretched to the breaking point. The space is crippled and crumpled. The space at times mimics the space of this questionable reality. Realities lead to alternate realities. In the end they are all ethereal and solid, whimsical and solemn.

I see no difference between a ditch on the side of the road, the quantity of time in a blink, and that infinitely dimensional and elastic hollow space between life and death. There is the circle of this world, and there is the smeared circle of the "other". Are my created works simply this reality, or the twigs that hold the soul together?

Commentary about my work is structured around a fictitious story about a garden and the man, Shadrack Landini, who owns and maintains it. The story has fifteen chapters and is used as a vehicle that evokes certain concepts that I

subsequently address with text concerning my work. I have included quotes from my journals and relevant artists. The reasons for the story are three-fold.

1) My writing is extremely important to my process and the way I create my visual work. My stories are the literary equivalent to my visual work. I have discovered that the way I compose a story and the way I place forms, lines, and interpret space on a canvas or piece of paper are quite similar. The writing addresses the same issues, but often in a more personal and emotive way.

2) The story encapsulates my belief that art encompasses all the aspects of life, and that life's influence is integral to my work. It further develops my ongoing belief that the assessment of this life and reality uncovers other realities.

3) The physicality of the garden and the "making" of the garden are analogous to my "hands-on-making" of my work.

The thesis ends with a moderately in-depth analysis of the process, tools, and ideas I am presently employing to complete my paintings and drawings. The method is described, dissected, and examined.

Dedication

Dedicated to Teresa Zanardelli for her infinite support and love

And

Giovanna Zanardelli, Theodore C. Zanardelli, John Mastroianni, Josephine Mastroianni
for always believing

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Laura Lisbon's insight and assistance

Vita

1992.....West Virginia University
2010 to Present.....Graduate Teaching Associate, Department
of Art, The Ohio State University

Field of Study

Major Field: Art

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GARDEN: SMEAR THE BLACK CIRCLE

“The senses deform, the mind forms. Work to perfect the mind. There is no certitude but in what the mind conceives” (Cameo / Abrams 1997, 6). -Braque (1920)

“How extraordinarily strong the subjective factor can be is shown most clearly in art. The ascendancy of the subjective factor occasionally achieves a complete suppression of the mere influence of the object; but nonetheless sensation remains sensation, although it has come to be a perception of the subjective factor, and the effect of the object has sunk to the level of a mere stimulant. Introverted sensation develops in accordance with this subjective direction. A true sense perception certainly exists, but it always looks as though objects were not so much forcing their way into the subject in their own right as that the subject were seeing things quite differently, or saw quite other things than the rest of mankind. As a matter of fact the subject perceives the same things as everybody else, only he never stops at the purely object effect, but concerns himself with the subjective perception released by the objective stimulus” (Jung 1959, 231). -Carl Jung (1938)

“So, for instance, the ear lost its human convolutions, and its clearly defined edge and became a sudden semicircular whorl around a small, dark opening. Max’s bony chin, starting from the ear itself lost its simple boundary, indispensable, as it seems, and a new one was as little created for the observer as a new truth is created by the removal of the old. The hair flowed in sure, understandable outlines and remained human hair no matter how the artist denied it” (Kafka 1948, 144). -Franz Kafka (1911)

Chapter One

There is only the sun and there is never the sun. Shadrack Landini raises the blinds in the windows of his house. He is not sure who he is. He gazes outside. A breeze moves the grass. Insects crawl on the inside and inside of the glass. Legs akimbo. Mind a jumble. He walks down the steps and opens the front door. Shadows and light crash in. His eyes react. His mind retracts. He walks down the steps of the porch. "I need to paint this porch and railings someday," he says to himself. Shadrack walks around the side of the house, following the slate sidewalk he had laid in another lifetime. As he turns the corner of his house he sees he beloved garden in the distance. Slight distance.

A peeling rod iron gate and a peeling rod iron fence. A square. A peeling rod iron fence with a peeling rod iron gate surrounding an almost perfect square. No rot, peel spot. A giant cube nestled in a floating square floating locked within a rectangle. Nestled. Plunked down unceremoniously. He knows nothing is perfect. Nothing is perfect. Perfect hate on a piece of toast is an illusion. He reaches his hand down and unlocks the gate. The gate is semi-shattered. His memory is semi-battered. With a push and a squeak he enters. He needs to oil that gate. He needs to oil his tendons. Tendon trickle.

Shadrack walks around the garden, straightens plants and poles, and tightens strings. The leaves and stems on some of the plants are still delicate, still tender. He has a mixture of

vegetable plants and wild flowers. He contemplates the utilitarian nature of the garden versus the aesthetics of the garden. Visual dreamscape. Dream escape.

The clouds in the air mix with the plumes from the factory down the road. This is the factory where Shadrack and his buddies work. Smoke stacks crack the sky. Plume drone towards a skid row home. The steel industry in his town is like a weed, it just will not completely die. The weeds in his garden will not die. Perish. He blinks. Dust and dirt mix with his eye fluid. He reties some more strings. String from spool to plant to pole to plant to pole. Knot. "One must not damage the flesh", he mutters to himself.

Shadrack visually embraces the flowers as much as the vegetable. Peppers and daisies. Which serves the greater good? Which serves the demon of obsolescence? He often lays the flowers and the vegetable together on top of the fine dark brown earth. Cucumbers and petunias. Clutter free. There is no clutter from the outside and no clutter from the inside. True home dwells here, but the weeds must be included. All things will be included. All things are part of all things. A grain of sand is the sun and the sun is a grain of sand.

PART 1

Am I simply painting geometry and geometric forms of this world, or transforming them into other worlds?



(realize, drain, simple, 2011, oil on canvas, 17"x26"x3")

Shapes, forms, and lines are gathered through my eyes and filtered through my mind as I walk through life. Is the resultant work originating in the ether or is it simply a result of the dirt. Is the work trickling down from the

soul, moving forward out of the intellect, or simply erupting forth from the animal?

animal-----→ machine-----→ soul-----→ god-head
god-head-----→ soul-----→ machine-----→ animal

4/13/11

"moving through the thickness of life."

-tz

The thickness is observed and contemplated. This thickness or denseness is both visual and non-visual. The thickness is the transparency of life and the opaqueness of death. It is physical, spiritual, and psychological. The reconstructed observations are filtered through my mind and then through my hands and turned into strictly visual entities. The images are from eye to mind to hand and finally to paper and / or canvas.

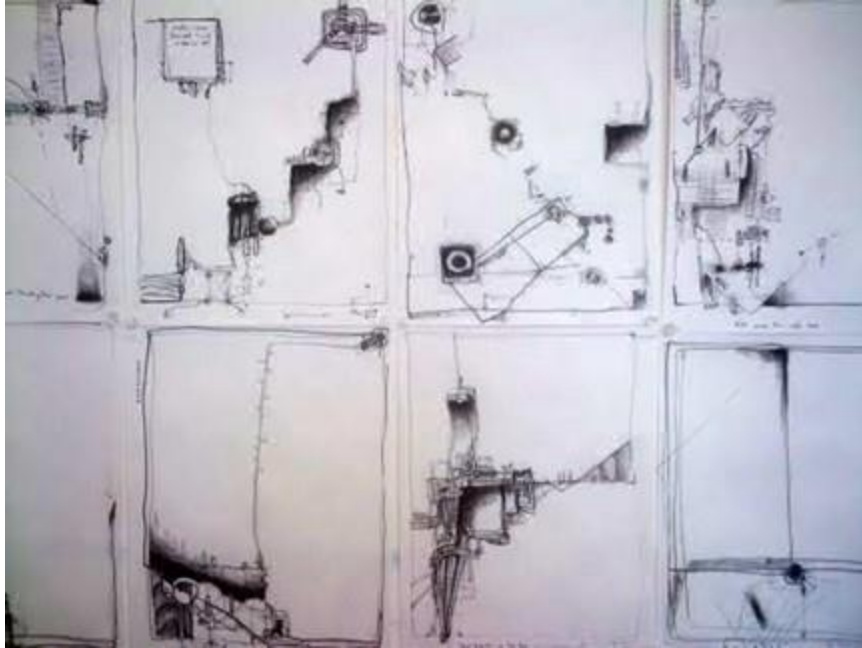
The images that remain on the canvas or paper are the sum total of my life experience. They are the drips, scrapes

and spatters of living, of remaining. Experience of mind and body stretch across the canvas. Pencil lines mimic walking a line. Drips are emotional drips. The recalcitrant is made fluid, and the fluidity of a dream is crushed into concrete stagnation. Eons and seconds are the same.

"The test of any of the new paintings is its seriousness - and the test of its seriousness is the degree to which the act on the canvas is an extension of the artist's total effort to make over his experience" (Rosenberg).

-Harold Rosenberg (1952)

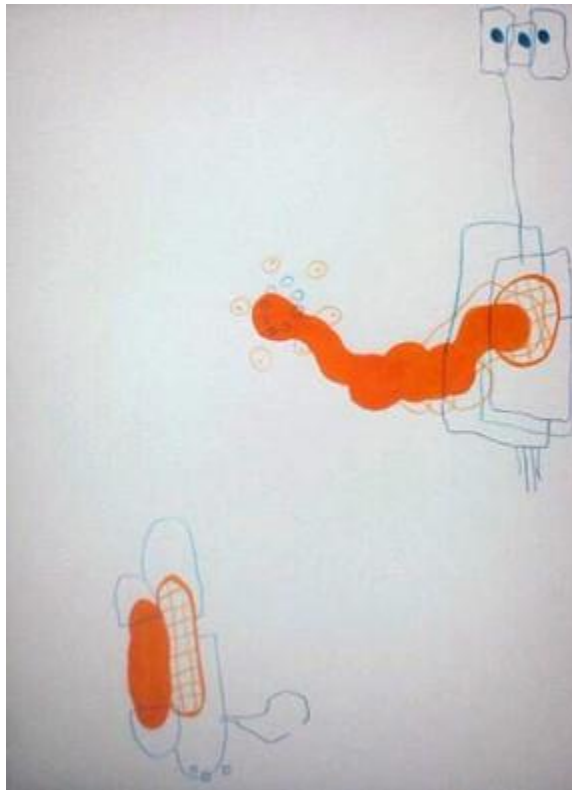
The attempt to make visual life / death experience has remained a constant throughout my work. My early work within the graduate program settled back to a more representative description. The work looked like diagrams of impossible machines. There was a much greater anatomical mimetic representation. These elements often combined in a map-like format. And with the map-like format arrived the aspect of the work appearing to represent aerial views.



(country road 44, (detail of 8'x6'), 2010, pencil, ink, gouache, charcoal, marker on 8.5"x11" pieces of paper)

Countless drawings, paintings, and notebooks explored the boundaries of this format and the limitations that inevitably followed. Some of the self-imposed boundaries were shading, strict adherence to representation, space that made sense, and the use of my hand. Eventually the boundaries were stretched, and often obliterated. With this obliteration came the defeat of a somewhat strict

representation of this reality. I realized the mimetic representation of this world was fruitless, and therefore quite tedious. The strict representation added nothing to the dialogue occurring within the picture plane. It merely accomplished a tepid reinterpretation of this imposed reality.



(form/space study No.2, 2011, gouache, colored pencil, crayon on Bristol, 12"x9")

Color, beyond black and white, became as restrictive as the realistic representation. Both concepts were abandoned more and more. Letting go of these ideas became paramount. I began to realize the ideas were really crutches. The restrictions of black and white and few mimetic type objects actually became quite liberating.



(flowers above the house, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 49"x73"x3")

The most recent work begins with stenciled forms placed on the canvas. The stenciled areas, which eventually become

the white forms, are extrapolated primarily from the industrial world. The stencils mask the area and are painted and drawn over. When I decide the work has reached a stopping point the stencils are removed. This process exposes the original white of the canvas. These areas remain white. The environments outside of the white forms interlock, intermingle, and overlap.

New stencils and templates for the world around the white forms are created. They are predominantly biomorphic in form. They are traced around with brushes of varying sizes. The idea is to remove, or at least limit, the contrived line. From the moment the line is considered to the moment it is drawn or painted can be only a matter of seconds. But those few seconds can be lifetimes. The idea is that the less thought behind most of the lines, the better.

The stencil forms in the environments and the white forms begin to interact. The space between them is continuously

being altered. Atmospheres and realities shift. The environments created consistently investigate negative and positive space.

3/17/11

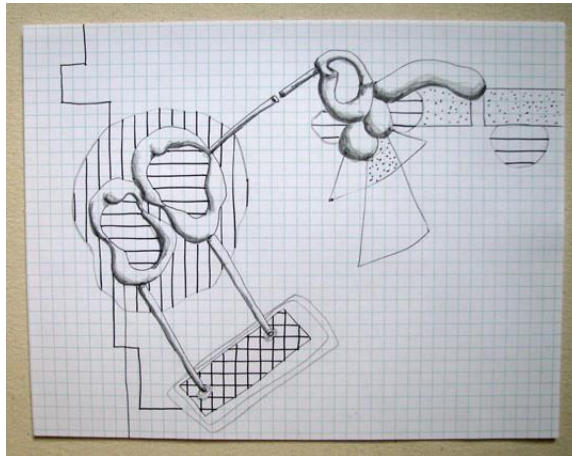
"trying to energize space, incorporate it. drawing space as somewhat passive. thinking about how the mass of space influences the forms" **-tz**

Energized and passive spaces have achieved great import. Accomplishing both of these has proven to be a tremendous challenge. Objects and line live within, create, and influence these spaces. Voids, holes, and portals open and close. The removal of the masked out areas change the entire dynamic of the space in the painting.

4/7/11

**"Examine the line
Examine the lack of line"** **-tz**

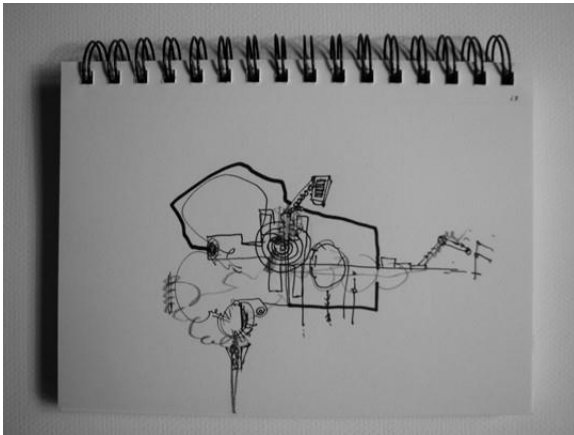
Obliteration of the line is imperative. The destruction has become as important as the creation. Impotent and energized lines dance together. They often change roles.



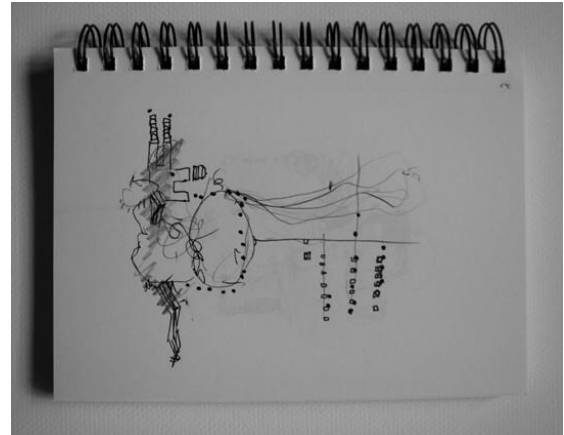
(untitled, 2011, pen, pencil, marker on graph paper, 8.5"x11.5")

All of the lines, spaces, and forms derive directly from the never-ending drawings and explorations I complete in my notebooks. I establish different themes and challenges for each notebook. The notebooks develop and explore diverse ideas. Formal challenges and problems are created, and to varying degrees resolved. The challenges established could

be as simple as the effect of a single line to the exploration of a grid pattern flickering within a space. The challenge of developing environments could also be a theme. How environments are influenced by the page border is often introduced. Another example would be the interaction of flat forms and objects with volume. Problems of volume and depth of space are also prevalent in the notebooks. Reaction and contrivance are dominant themes as well; a fresh line verses a contrived line, for example. The inability to resolve certain problems is equally important.



(untitled, 2012, notebook - pencil, charcoal, marker, pen on paper, 8.5"x5.5")



(untitled, 2012, notebook - pencil, charcoal, marker, pen on paper, 8.5"x5.5")

"Drawings usually are not pompous enough to be called works of art. They are often too truthful. Their appreciation neglected, drawings remain the life force of the Artist" (Cummings, Paul 1979, 22). **-David Smith (1955)**

Exploration through drawing / sketching must be relentless. The unyielding process allows for the compression and combining of disparate ideas and forms. The unrelenting nature and experimentation impart the drawing with the same importance as a "finished" painting.

"If a painting is an action the sketch is one action, the painting that follows is another. The second cannot be 'better' or more complicated than the first. There is just as much in what one lacks as in what the other has"
(Rosenberg). **-Harold Rosenberg (1952)**

Often the lack of preciousness of a drawing or sketch enables events to occur on the two-dimensional surface that would otherwise not take place. The ability to observe, record, and distort is at its grandest and most profound when using a notebook. The rapid recording process enables these profound discoveries. A freshness and lack of

contrivance can be found in the freshness of the line and mark. Profound discoveries can be found when reflecting back on the pages of the notebooks.

4/27/11

"color fields / geometric forms / biomorphic forms / patterns, all coexisting, comingling. colors, patterns, forms are all around. observe, record, distort." -tz

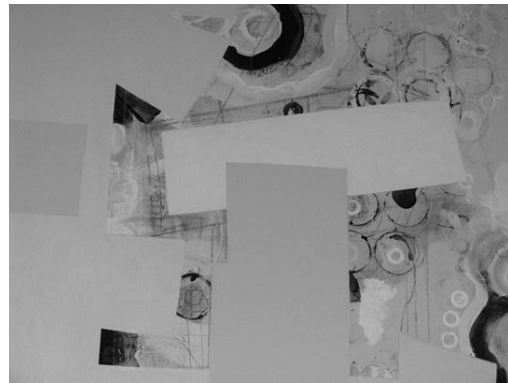
The sequential nature of a book also allows my creative process to flow in another manner. The notebook allows for the recording, cross referencing, and re-recording of events and non-events. Erasing, smudging, layering, and experience all join together and become one on the notebook page. My relentless experimentation on the notebook page then floats over to the canvas to be examined anew.

"How did I think up my drawings and my ideas for my paintings? Well I'd come home to my Paris studio in Rue Blomet at night, I'd go to bed, and sometimes I hadn't any supper. I saw things, and I jotted them down in a notebook. I saw shapes on the ceiling..." (Mink, Janis 2006, 43).
-Joan Miro (1915)

All the lines, forms, shapes, and experiments come together on the canvas. Real life structures and the imagined are introduced. They are layered and crunched together. The diverse elements are often assimilated and join together to create original forms and new environments.



(factory, 2012, photograph, 4"x6")



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

Photographs I have taken examine industrial brown zones and active factories. The white geometric forms mimic these structures to a certain degree. The surrounding areas are counter elements that involve the biomorphic forms, atmospheres, and landscapes. Both areas interrelate and

counter each other. There is physical, psychological, and spiritual tension and harmony. The tension and harmony create areas for all the form to dwell. The slight mimetic realities crash together with the distorted and ripped apart shapes.

"I think shapes have to have a place to be. It's a psychological place, a psychic place. It's not a place in this world" (Sussler, Betsy). **-Carroll Dunham (1990)**

The body exists in space. The mind exists in the ether. The soul exists in neither. I attempt to give all these credence within the picture plane.

Chapter Two

The sound of footsteps mixes with the wind. Tree seed pods whirl by. Shadrack looks up and sees his friend from work, Billy Greeble, approaching. Blue jeans and a stripe shirt. Holes all around. A round hole. A whole round.

"Morning Billy-boy."

“Morning Shadrack. Howz’ the garden coming along? You spend way too much time in this mud patch.” Replies Billy.

“You wouldn’t understand... Billy.” says Shadrack. “This is a sanctuary and a chore. A resting place and a work place. My eyes dream and cry here. Dance and stare here.”

Billy has a puzzled look on his face. Puzzle face. Crinkle lip display.

“Well... I’ve gotta head on down the road. I want to be there when the bar doors swing open.” responds Billy.

“You wanna go?”

“Nah... you have a good time.” Shadrack says.

“Yeah, me and all my fake friends.” Billy says.

“No friends are better than fake friends”, Shadrack says as he closes the gate behind Billy.

It seems like Billy squeaks as much as the gate. He has about as much feelings as a gate too. According to Billy insects and people dwell on the same plane.

“I should rethink some of my friends” Shadrack says to himself.

Shadrack grabs the shovel leaning on the fence. He picks up two sticks and pulls a piece of string out of the front pocket of his flannel. He places the sticks approximately ten feet apart and in line with the rows of plants next to him. He ties a string between the sticks. He grabs a shovel leaning in the corner of the fence. Rusty but still useful. He begins to

dig a new row of holes. Ten holes. Ten lives. Ten journeys. Ten nowheres. He digs the holes.

After he finishes he stands at one end by a stick and stares down at the holes. Whole holes. Death in a sunken space. Life in a hole. A depression. Footsteps of devils and angels. Beside each hole is the dirt that was removed to create the hole. Mounds. Mountains. Valleys. Madness is in between the mound and the void. That is also where the release is.

Gravity and omens swirl around. Neither can be fought. Neither can be determined. Empty spaces. Flies swirl around. Are the mounds of dirt mountains on far away worlds? Thought piles? Breasts? Are the holes bombed out areas of wars? Eye sockets? Craters?

The reality is all around and hiding in the invisible cracks. Sequestered in shallow fissures.

Voids, Holes, Openings, and Portals:

My work has always to some extent contained voids. The voids in the past were primarily passive. Empty spaces were the traditional negative spaces, and the forms were the positive spaces. At present, however, the voids are now active. They command the same attention as the positive forms. The voids have become negative openings, and in turn become active positive spaces.

The voids at present are developing a deep sense of spatial depth. the overlapping of forms and lines crated voids within voids. Openings appear unexpectedly. They can be obliterated or created when the paper stencils are removed.



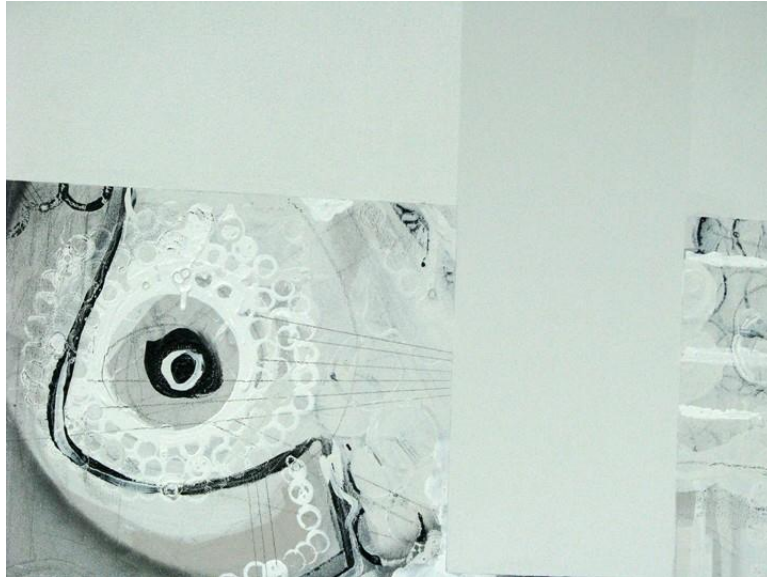
(floating dots, 2011, oil on canvas, 30"x30")

The voids take on lives of their own. Are they the surfaces of worlds within this universe, or are they worlds in from another universe? Are they shallow depressions that house withered souls; or are they simply voids on a canvas?

"There's an issue of inside and outside in terms of the shapes in the field and how they interact. That's something I'm trying to make more complicated in these new things. I think inside and outside, my inside and my outside, all that preoccupies me" (Sussler, Betsy).

-Carroll Dunham (1990)

Holes in a skull carry the same weight as the hole remaining in the ground after the removal of a pole. Eyes and eye sockets are evident.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

6/1/11

"- clashes of temporal & material.
- clashes of ephemeral & density."

-tz

The portals lead to regions where temporal, ephemeral, material, and the dense are smashed together. The profane can become sublime and the unreal can become paint and grit. The seemingly disparate realities are compacted and elongated into both a continuum and a single point.



(matter and matter and mouth, 2012, mixed media, 42"x64"x3")

Chapter Three

Shadrack pulls a packet of seeds out of his front pocket. He purchased the seeds at Pete Hunkles' feed store about two weeks prior. Pete lives at the end of Desolation Road with his girl friend Wilma Sandtoes. He has been battling the big box stores for years and is still hanging in there. Shadrack reads the side of the packet, "place three seeds per hole for optimum out come." He gently places one seed per hole and then returns to the first hole and repeats two more times. Repetition. The seed feels strange between his fingers. Phalange pods.

The seeds go in the ground just like much of his family has been placed in the ground. Earth sleep. "What a racket" he says to himself. "Just place me on some twigs in the woods." Good food for the worms. Just as he thinks this he notices an earthworm crawling across the dirt mounds. Slow motion examination. He ponders the life and times of an earthworm. Earthworm dreams fill his mind. All realities crunch. Crunch bunch on a hunch.

The seeds will grow roots, stems, flowers, and vegetables. The pod transforms into different forms. They will enable the worms to live. Insects a place to land. Toads a house to dwell. Worms feed on the dead and on his plants. There are no ends.

Transition. Flux. Mutation and elation.

Shadrack dreams of the transformations. He dreams of his own transformation. The environment allows the change. The change enables the environment. He uses his hands to gently push the dirt over the carefully placed seeds. The seeds form a pattern that is soon covered with dirt. The dirt forms a pattern that will be interrupted by the plants pushing through. The plants will disrupt the space and air. Molecules and insects will dance together. Atom train.

*Planting forms; Forms and shapes emerging; Forms
becoming environments; Environments becoming forms:*

6/7/11

"mutation / transformation / existing and entering worlds.
mutation through existing in this world.
transformation through events." -tz

The white forms stencils are taped to the canvas. The can grow from a single simple form into complex entities. The taped stencils begin as one piece but slowly develop into a complete composition of forms and shapes.

"I can only hope that the throwing of the paint onto the already made image or half made image will either re-form the image or that I will be able to manipulate this paint

further into - anyway, for me - a greater intensity"
(Schmied, Wieland 2006, 82). **-Francis Bacon (1987)**

The forms and atmospheres around the white forms are planted early on in the work and are allowed to grow. They appear after the final white form stencils are taped to the canvas. Contraction and growth of these forms and atmospheres continue throughout the creative process. Again, this process is developed in my notebooks which are done simultaneously with the paintings. Various paints and a mixture of mediums are introduced to the canvas. A real textural surface emerges based on the forms. The process further mashes the lines and forms together.

What I want to do is to distort the thing far beyond the appearance, but in the distortion to bring it back to a recording of the appearance" (Schmied, Wieland 2006, 97).
-Francis Bacon (1966)

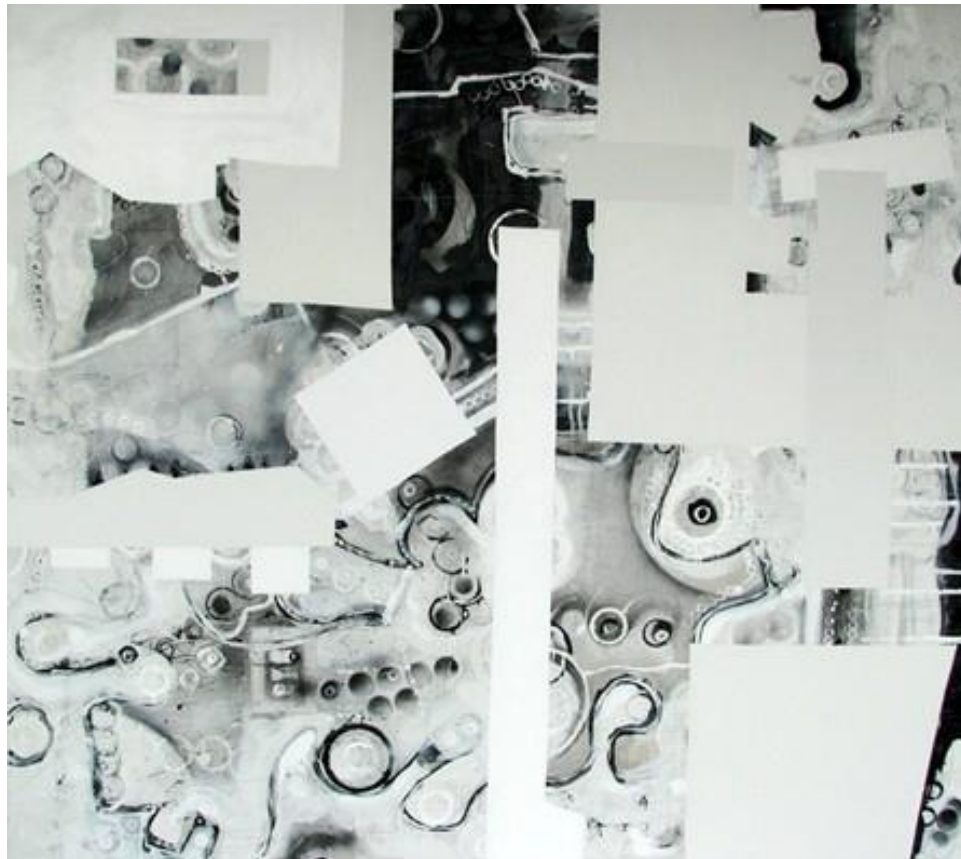
I distort forms so far beyond their original borders that they can not be brought back. The task is returning some

back to the canvas' surface while allowing others to disappear forever. Some forms are planted and allowed to grow into a completely different entity. Destroying and tearing apart is necessary. I can not, however, set limitations to bring something recognizable back to the original form or structure. I choose even to go beyond a recording of the appearance, to perhaps only have an appearance of the remains or destruction of the form. I attempt at times to simply show the evidence of the passing by of the form.



(remnant #31, 2012, mixed media on paper, 5.5"x8.5")

My latest body of work, both drawings and paintings, contain atmospheres that are made dense and then stretched to the breaking point. The space is crippled and crumpled. The space at times mimics the space of this questionable reality. Realities lead to alternate realities. In the end they are all ethereal and solid, whimsical and solemn



(hollow walk, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 57"x64"x3")

Chapter Four

Shadrack's knees begin to ache from squatting too long. He stands up. He wonders how many times he has repeated that same movement throughout his life. Repetitions. Repetition reduction. Repetition excretion. Repetition increase. Dots lead to dots. He sees the holes and non-hole as dots. Repeated marks and patterns. There is no end, and that quite possibly is the end.

He has a half rotted crate in the corner opposite from where the shovel was resting. He places the crate at each side of the garden, starting at the northern side and moving counter clockwise. North. West. South. East. Strict world. Shallow world. He observes the garden from each of the four vantage points.

Shadrack observes the geometry of the garden. The here is a sameness from side to side. A folded garden that has been opened. But when it is unfolded discrepancies occur. As he is gazing and thinking, he glances down at his body. There is a beautiful equilibrium in the human body. There is also a glorious unevenness. The forms and shapes trickle across his brain. Flickering. Non-bickering. Unison is the way. Harmony. Harmony even when there is discord. Sometimes the visions appear as mirrors, other times as disparate images. Crumpled. Rescued and discarded.

At certain moments the plants and flowers seem to sway in unison. Movements. Stopping. Movement. Resting. Action. Often times they seem to react to each others movements. A response and an action. Occasionally Shadrack sways with them, reacts to them. Eyes and petals. Roots and arms. The breeze and the motion move the garden and its inhabitants into a reflection of themselves.

Shadrack looks closely at the insects and plants. It looks as if they were split in half the halves would be the same. But, upon closer examination there are wonderful differences in comparing one bus side to the other. One plant side to the other.

Symmetry and Asymmetry:

There is symmetry and asymmetry in thought and matter. The most interesting moments are when the asymmetry takes over. My current work at times will evolve into symmetrical environments. At that moment I will destroy the symmetry. Fractured space is created.

"A dream is a dream never lost. So many dreams have been lost to lack of material, work space, storage, etc. - that one more becomes another wish. Items included are used material with history, trimmings, chopped iron cloud ends,

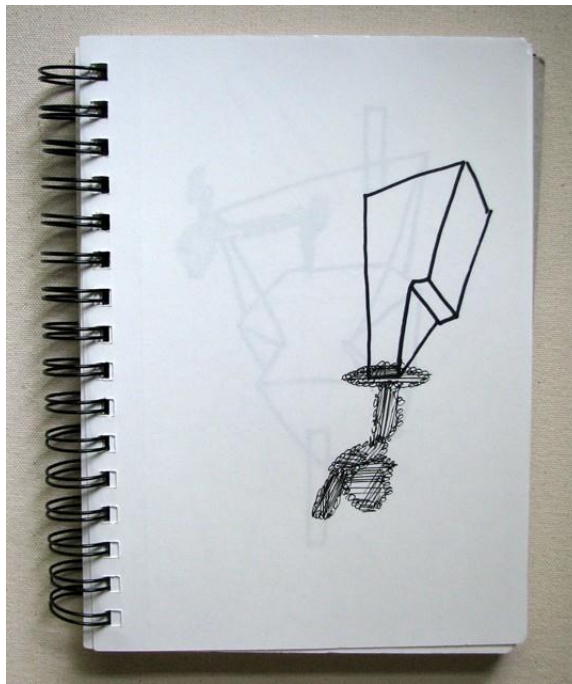
forgings, circles - wheels are circles with mobility..."
(Cummings, Paul 1979, 37). **-David Smith (1962)**

Countless drawings from nature, machinery, architecture, and the anatomy have acquainted me with the world of symmetry. But much like mimetic images, I find symmetry to be tedious. And often, upon closer examination, symmetry falls apart. Asymmetric thought can be derived from asymmetric images.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

Non-linear asymmetric thought is where the intellect can break free from the restraints of the reality placed upon the viewer. Asymmetric thought is the grand evolutionary end of tedious linear thought. Non-linear dreams are engaged. Symmetry is made to be broken, ripped asunder. The possible symmetry lures the viewer in, only to be challenged visually and intellectually. Layered asymmetry creates its own harmony.



(untitled, 2012, notebook, pen and marker on paper, 8.5"x5.5")

Chapter Five

Pitter patter. Pitter patter. Pity the matter. Patter splatter. Dirt trap. Shadrack looks up and then down. Sprinkles of rain are beginning to fall. Sprinkle in the eye. It's been a while since it has rained. The drops strike the ground and tiny plumes of dust rise up. Like meteors hitting a distant world. A distant environment. The view is from hundreds of miles away. A sound slightly louder mixes with the sounds of raindrops hitting the ground. Footsteps.

Shadrack turns around. It is Tomas Dooble, the nosey neighbor from next door. They speak about once a month. Usually in the garden. Usually in single word utterances. Thomas will spot Shadrack and come outside to fish around for information. Doors of information. Doors and doorways.

“Afternoon Shad”

Tomas always abbreviates Shadrack's name. The abbreviation remains a slight irritant to Shadrack. All his life really. He despises abbreviations of any kind. Give all the info you can in some way. In some fashion. But do not abbreviate. Negative to shorthand. Rain and Tomas Dooble. What a mixture!

“Hi Tomas.”

“Gardens lookin’ good this year. Thought I saw some rabbits the other day trying to get in.” Tomas says on a monotone voice.

“Rabbits gotta eat too... Tomas. Most everything does.”

They stand in silence for about thirty seconds. Thirty years. Thirty decades. Thirty lifetimes. The sprinkles have turned to a steady drizzle. Shadrack glances over at Tomas. His face and hands are a pale shade of gray-green. Like a sickly green bean from the garden. Drizzle clinging to gray-green. Tomas’ eyes look like the holes Shadrack dug earlier in the day. Tomas appears to be a thousand years old. Wrinkles seem wrinklier. Lips seem grayer.

“Gonna head inside, don’t like the rain.” Tomas says. The words seem to be squeezing out from his mouth. Barely audible.

“Yeah.” Shadrack replies. Disdain is tough to conceal.

Tomas walks away. He did not enter the garden confines. He never does. He just leans on the outside of the railing. As he walks away Shadrack notices some paint chips stuck to his pants. He decides not to say anything. It will just lead to more conversation.

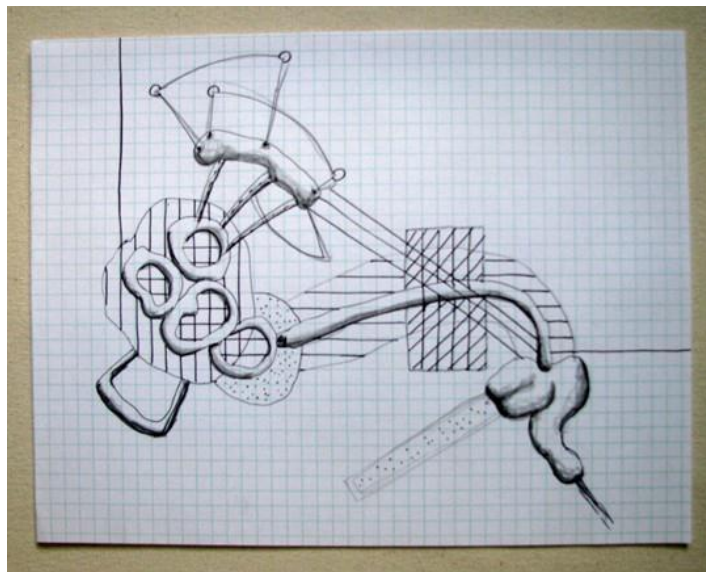
Tomas’ figure seems to fade. He doesn’t enter his house, he just fades away. Dust. Dust ball. The dust ball fades into the black of the recessed doorway.

As soon as Tomas evaporates the drizzle ends. Rays of light break through the clouds. The sunlight creates beautiful shadows. The shadows appear to accentuate the overall crisscross pattern of the garden. The criss-crossing mesmerizes Shadrack. The pattern is simple and rigid. It has been around for a long time but seem original in this moment. The structure is broken only by the worn foot paths between the rows and plants, the foot paths wind and weave throughout the garden. They once followed the grid but have now broken free and taken on a life of their own. Sirens break his meditation. Sirens break his thought patterns.

An ambulance arrives at Tomas' house. The medics rush in. Determined. Grim. "This is the house the call came from," the first medic says as they push open the front door. Shadrack looks on. Furrowed brow. Squinting eyes. He hears noises from inside. Rattling items. Shaking nerves. The men exit about fifteen minutes later and retrieve a stretcher from the ambulance. They do not appear to be in a hurry. Rush free. They return inside with the stretcher. Shadrack looks at it. It looks older than it should. As they remove the body on the stretcher Shadrack notices one of Tomas's legs is not covered. Dead accountant. He will be replaced at work before anyone can notice. Shadrack stares at the leg. He can see the paint chips. The chips are still stuck to Tomas' paints. The chips are beautiful geometric shapes floating within a striped space. A pin-

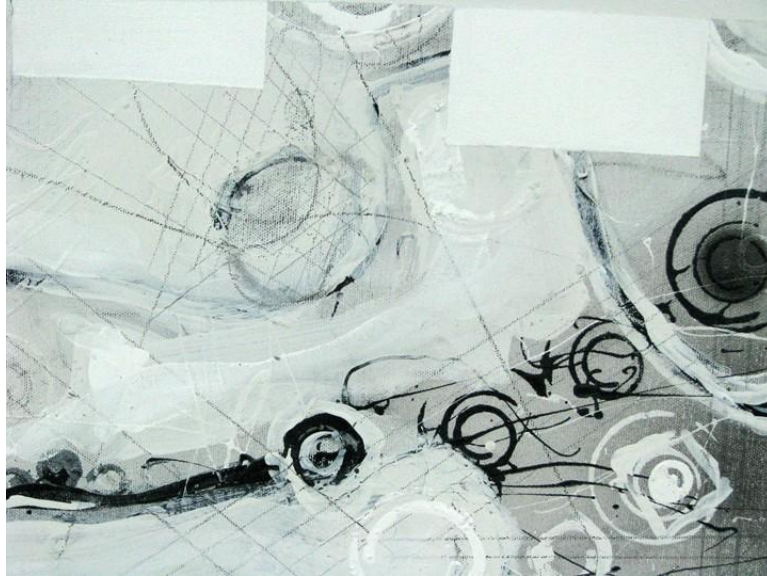
striped space. The chips, the space, and Tomas go away. To the sky. To the heavens.
To the earth. Spiral galaxy trip. A cloth and dirt galaxy.

Grid and Non-grid; Intellect and emotion:



(untitled, 2011, pen, pencil, marker on graph paper, 8.5"x11.5")

Use of the grid in my work at present is quite widespread. It represents more than one thought. The grid explores the beginning of structure and the counter to emotion. The grid lines trip and fall over each other. The grid tries to hold together that which cannot be held together.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

The grids signify planning. They are faded most times because the esoteric can not be planned. It can not be controlled. The grid restrains the line. The grid attempts to place order on things that have no order. The grid attempts to organize the chaos.

The grid pattern has connotations of planning, determining, and mapping out. However, the surrounding atmospheres enveloping the grids often overwhelm them.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

The grids in my work also characterize the intellect. It is the mind's answer to the soul. It is the intellect's battle with sentiment. The grid is the antitheses of emotion: the opposite of free flowing.

The grid, in my work, however, is not perfect. It shows the imperfection of the mind. The quest to discover reality is fruitless, and the slightly skewed grid reflects this idea. Even at its closest moments of exact quantities

in my drawings and paintings, the grid is not completed to exactitude.

The grid is the counter to emotion. Emotion exists within the crawling spaces surrounding the white forms and behind the white forms. The battle is back at forth. The encounters are fluid.

4/15/11

**"allow vision to flow
vision into the eye
vision flowing out of the hand."**

-tz

Vision is snagged by the grid. The grid can slow down the movement of the eye across the canvas or drawing. I insist that the eye break free from that snagged moment.

Inevitably the eye and vision are ensnared once again. The cycle is continuous, never ending.

There should be a sense of a catapulted vision. The intellect and emotions pummel each other and spin into the atmospheres. They spin into the resting spaces within the

canvas or paper. Grit and ether becomes the same thing.
Riverbeds and plaster chasms are one in the same. Flesh,
plants, dirt, and starlight have no differentiation. All
must be taken in with every eye available.

4/18/11

"hyper-observant - wide open eyes."

-tz

Chapter Six

The ambulance drives off in no particular hurry. Shadrack stares. Sees. Does not see.
He feels pain and sorrow and simultaneously feels nothing. Eyes, eyelashes, and ears.
One more item for the ground. His blood still flows. Tomas' does not. Clot. Rot.

"Tomas...you were here...moments ago... you are gone...where are you now?"

Shadrack says, almost as if he is asking the garden. Asking a tomato plant. Asking the
ant on the leaf of the squash blossom.

Shadrack will taste garlic at lunch. Tomas will taste nothing, nothing ever again. He sits
down on the crate. He rests his hands on his lap. The grid pattern disappears from this
vantage point. He stares intently into the tomato vines interwoven with the wire fence

that he installed for the plants to climb. As he is staring a bunch of little moving bits crash into his field of vision. Vision crush. It is a swirling ball of gnats. He looks at the rolling fields beyond his back yard. He looks intently at the swirling fields of wheat. He looks skyward and thinks about swirling fields of stars. Tomas is back to being a part of all these things. He always was. Everyone is. Everything is.

The cabbages are growing nicely. As he stares at the cabbage the leaves of cabbage become abstracted. The leaves look like flames. He images a garden of neutron stars.

The fireflies from the night before, still fresh in his memory were like spinning photons. Bouncing photons. Winged elements. Membrane photons. The darting fireflies dream photon dreams. The photons dream firefly thoughts.

The green beans on the vines, tied in a pyramidal form, climbing the pole, must be what the strings look like buried deep within dark matter. Matter. Dark matter. Matter does not matter. String bean skipping dark matter. Bop ban matter.

He observes a toad resting on one of the leaves of the bean plant. This is the toad's universe; this is the toad's visible matter, and dark matter. If only Shadrack could see the plant through the toad's eyes. Toad eye universe.

The toad looks to the left. Fly buzz. Gnat buzz. Shadrack looks to the left. There is only left. He sees the broccoli florets. He thinks of Tomas again. Not a friend, but still tears in Shadrack's eyes. The mixture of tears, the newly arrived sunlight, and grit make the florets look like star incubators. Birth, death, and rebirth. Debris field.

Reality crashes in and Shadrack has to get something to eat. His neighbor is finished with the chore of eating. Shadrack leaves the garden and heads towards the house. It is time for lunch. Two slices of bread. Filler. Pickles. Mustard. Cut in half. Consume. He rises up from the old oak chair. His bones creak almost as much as the worn dowel rods. He drinks a glass of water and heads towards the mailbox. No mail. No lines to other realities. Alternate realities. The yard needs mowed. The weeds need pulled. It is all secondary to the garden. Most everything is. Secondary burn.

Shadrack returns back to the house. He wants to get some potatoes from the pantry for soup tonight. He removes seven from the bag. Seven potato heaven. Seven potatoes and ten carrots. The spuds have many eyes growing. Eyes on strings. He imagines the potato eyes as third eyes. The eyes merge into infinity. Eyeball infinity. Pupil paradise. He places the veggies on the counter and decides to head back out the garden. The phone rings. He leaves the house.

The rod iron fence again appears in the distance. Lines and wrinkles in space. He approaches. Shadrack feels like he is floating. Dreaming. Scheming. There is no redemption in regret. He enters the sacred space, the garden. The void within the space. The moment within the moment. The eyes of others may not see it. The molecule within the molecule. Minced.

Everyday objects as objects beyond this reality:

Can I paint the soul, infinity, ether, or am I simply painting concrete, grit, dirt, and the finite?

Am I painting and drawing an inhale or an exhale; elevation to the heavens or hollow despair in careless air?

3/24/11

"worlds within worlds.

try to paint the soul. the place where the soul dwells.

using subtle washes, over and over and over." -tz

Many forms in my present work are derived from the objects, people, places, and environments I observe daily. All things are open game to be interpreted, and reinterpreted,

infinitum. The everyday forms are then transformed into things that are, at first glance, unrecognizable.

"I do not paint in front of nature but from within it"
(Mattison 2009, 105). **-Arshile Gorky (1945)**

Amebas, trees, tractors, and galaxies all are fodder to be referred to and rearranged.

"Work goes ahead and I paint for eight or nine hours each day, except for two hours which I spend painting from nature" (Cooper, Douglas 1956, 54). **-Juan Gris**

There appears to be aerial views of wasted lands. Dried river beds litter the canvas. Furnaces generating souls come and go. Conveyor belts deposit into empty spaces. Desolate countrysides seem to come back to life. The results are further examinations and dissections of the line. Heavy lines and evaporated lines are equal.

4/12/11

"concern with line. no concern with line. *appear and
evaporate*" -tz

Chapter Seven

There is a numbing silence that has fallen over the garden. The air seems stagnant. Stagnation. Death is never stagnant. Moss. Shadrack sits on the still moist soil. Eyes closed. Mind open. A living death is no way to live. He hears a sound. He hears more than a sound. Shadrack opens his eyes and sees a spider's web sparkling in the sunlight. Water droplets cling to it. A sound again. A spider in the center of the web. A universe on a web. The spider is whole and alive. In a moment, a humming bird flies into the scene and plucks the spider from the web. The spider is gone. Swallowed. No stretcher for the spider. The web vibrates in the air. The droplets that were clinging to the web fall to the ground. The droplets leave a field of craters. Moon surface in a garden.

The lines of the web remain in the air. Suspended. The lines of the web mix with the lines of the garden. Intersecting in space and in the dirt. All the lines flicker and float. The lines between the sticks blend together with the spider web lines.

A breeze blows the tattered web to the ground. Now there is only space between the plants. Empty space. Full space. There must something there. There has to be something everywhere. Tears and tears. The space between the plants house dancing souls. Existing . Reeling. Intermingled. Woven. The plats caress the peaceful souls. Between the souls exist and almost endless number of universes. Multi-verses. The breeze dies down. Fades away. The breeze is caught up in the needle of the pine trees that line the eastern edge of Shadrack's yard. Silence gives way to a low hum.

Something must be constructed to contain that beautiful hum. The vibration seeps into Shadrack's marrow. His skin becomes thin enough to absorb the multi-verses. Space warp osmosis. His lungs can take in the air that houses the dancing souls. Sunlight feed them. Stars are born from them. Enveloped. Removed and enclosed.

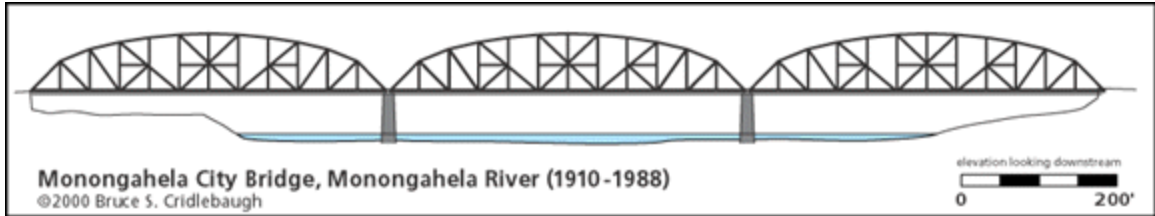
Lines and Non-lines; Hollow space; what is witnessed and what truly exists. Is there a difference?

Am I painting and drawing factories or the hollow space between life and death?



(trickles, fields, tissue, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 40"x 68"x 3")

In my mind, ultimately, there is no difference. My attempt with my present work is to convey this belief. An example would be dots on the canvas. The dots can be people, drips, blinking eyes, pieces of a soul, or holes left from the removed rivets of a bridge. The void of a structure can represent the aforementioned hollow space. Factories, bridges, decaying remnants of thoughts, and souls can all exist in the openings within the image on the canvas or paper.



"Art springs from a dialectical position that deals with, I guess, whether or not something exists or doesn't exist and it seems that no matter how far out you go you're always thrown back to your point of origin" (Tsai, Eugenie and Butler, Cornelia 2004, 205).

-Robert Smithson (1968)

The drive is to explore all venues and cram them into the work. I stuff all areas to an extreme level of content, and then step away. The overload is then out of my system. I will return to edit and remove. Addition though subtraction takes place. The process can then repeat until a state of flux and completion occur.

5/27/11

"- editing / simplifying are still adding.

- reality creeps in, becomes unreal, which then becomes real again."

-tz

The lines are hand drawn and “mechanically” produced. Both types of lines interact with each other, thick and thin do battle. The lines on the canvas and paper move forwards and backwards within the world in which they dwell. They define edges and are engulfed by the surrounding forms.

In my present work the space dances between flat worlds and worlds with volume. Often, a single shape encompasses both flat areas and volumetric regions. Layered flat shapes also create a sense of volume. A sense of spatial depth is also occurring to a much greater degree. The objects, forms, and environments respond to each other.



(square breaks, 2012, photograph, 4"x6")



(detail, 2012, mixed media)

"For me objects exist only as far as their mutual harmonious relationships, as well as those between the objects and myself, are concerned. Whenever this harmony is achieved a sort of intellectual nonexistence is attained that makes everything possible and just" (Cameo / Abrams 1997, 6).
-Georges Braque (1920)

All things are possible when the perfect balance or imbalance is achieved. Harmony can be developed through discord. The discord that comes from crushing opposing ideas and objects can be exquisite. The result can be both delicate and brutal.

4/27/11

**"observe - record - distort
observe - record - deconstruct
observe - record - reconfigure"** **-tz**

The well-spring for opposing items and ideas can be derived from anything. The form can come from a head gasket or a flower. The idea can come from a philosophical dilemma or an exploded chart for a tractor engine.

"I try to follow each thing without the pattern I made with the other one. They can begin with a found object, they can begin with no object. They can begin sometimes even when I'm sweeping the floor and I stumble and kick a few parts and happen to through them into alignment that sets me off thinking and sets off a vision of how it would finish if it all had that kind of accidental beauty to it"
(Wilkin, Karen 1984, 72). -David Smith (1961)

Images can originate from any source. There must be no limits. The distance between the singularity inside a black hole and the event horizon must be the same as the distance between the eyes of a spider. The original version of the observed objects can ripple out into regions that are beyond recognition. There must be no barriers.

Chapter Eight

Shadrack decides to construct a wall. He gathers pieces for the wall from around the yard. He has a pile of flagstone, a stack of old cinder blocks, and a mound of rocks that he pulled from the ground last fall when he roto-tilled the land for the garden. He uses his wheel barrel from the garage. The wheel is almost flat but it will suffice. Semi-flat atoms and quarks.

Shadrack begins stacking the pieces in a somewhat primitive wall. Rustic. Standing and crumbling at the same time. The pieces seem to fit strangely together. Jig-saw wall. Man-made and natural fit together. Dust and powder mix. Life puzzle. Drizzle face.

Shadrack mixes up a batch of cement. The mixture is applied piecemeal. In some areas the cement is necessary. In some areas it is not. He decides, about half way through, to apply the cement where it is not necessary. He conversely does not apply it where it is needed. He works in a trance. Trance gaze. Steady eye blaze. After five hours of continuous labor the wall is complete. It rises and falls like waves. The cement patterns look like the star lit arms of the Milky Way. A space time continuum fortification. The pits and pock marks within the wall are like worm holes.

As he stares, thinks, empties... the wall seems to decay and rebuild itself. Insects immediately begin to make the wall their home. Dust and pollen stick to it. Pine needles fall from the trees and attach to it. The wall is alive. Alive enough to contain the hum. Retain the hum. Light and sound.

Entropy; Decay; Building Surfaces; Tearing;

Covering; Layering:

Is the work finished or unfinished? Is the state of flux, constructing or creating remnants and remains? Is it building or removing. Where is the line between redaction, reduction, layering, and blocking?

"At all events I find pictures excessively cold. But Ingres too is cold, and yet he is good. Seurat also. Yes, Seurat also, although I dislike the meticulousness in his pictures almost as much as my own. Oh, how I wish I could convey the ease and the charm of the unfinished" (Cooper, Douglas 1956, 33). -Juan Gris

My work during the fall of 2010 dealt with transparencies and multilayered semi-opaque paper. Drawing and painting was completed on paper and canvas. The effort never quite worked because a satisfactory integration never occurred. I was too often attempting to paint my drawings or draw my paintings. The flow of hand and mind was corrupted.

3/22/11

"dashes and squares drawing. very minimal, black and white. surrounding space is a huge factor. considering space, but allowing space to be alive." -tz

The white forms can act as objects with substance, with weight. They can intimidate and push around the surrounding environments. The space around the white forms at times reacts to the white forms.

The white forms can be resting spaces. They can be a neighborhood for the eyes to rest.

The white forms also act as a type of redaction. Instead of a hole or tear, the forms appear to be concealing the information that would have continued if it were not for the white spaces. There is a redaction of the information that was once available.

The white forms can act as tears in the fabric of matter, space, emotion, intellect, planes, and the spiritual.

They can represent a simple physical break in the work. The physical tears can be a crack in a wall, a rip in the bark of a tree, a tear in the skin.

"A great deal of visual information was released, so that even though it was hard to get to the roof and basement, they were liberated from being hidden areas" (David Joselit 2003, 147).
-Gordon Matta-Clark (1974)



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

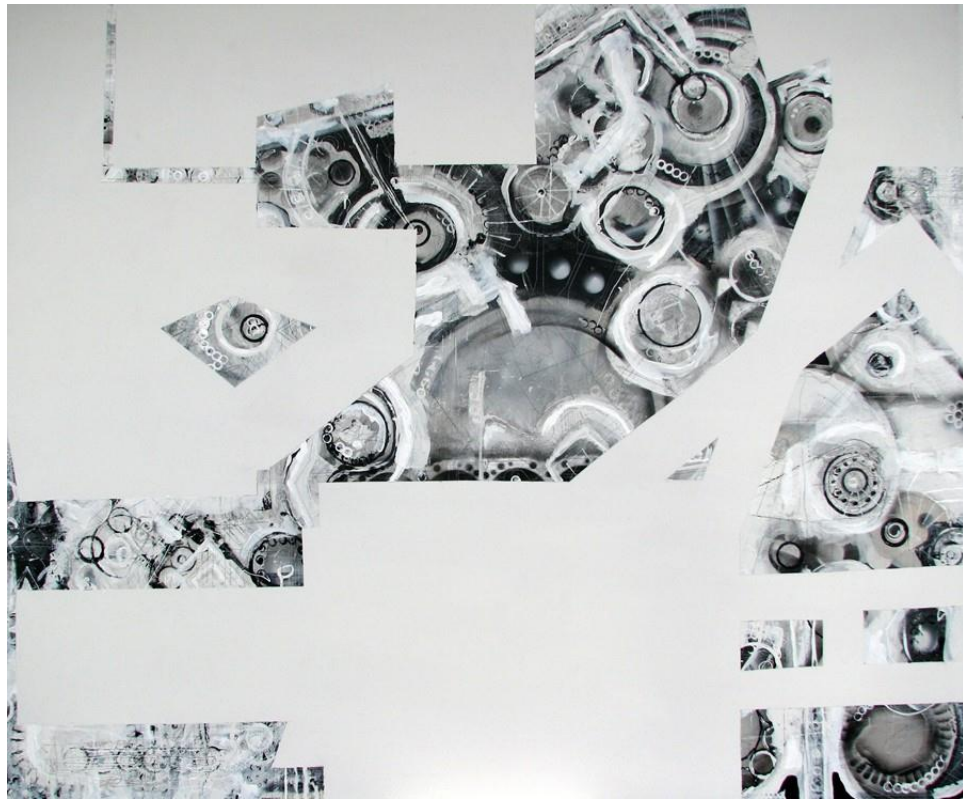
The tear can be a break. It can be broken thoughts, broken dreams, broken realities; A glimpse into a different nature. A world based on elements that are not known.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

The white forms can be a metaphysical tear, a metaphorical a spiritual tear, a psychological tear. They can be ripped souls pieced together from fragments of day dreams. The tears can also represent the soul. The white tears can be

the emptiness and sameness of the soul. They could be the place where emotion evaporates. Where the ego disintegrates. It is an area where the self disengages. Rips that expose desolate nightmares.



(ground symptoms, grind, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 57"x68"x3")

All of this occurs under the umbrella of an entropic world.
It can be seen as a world that is crumbling under its own
weight.

**"The word entropy...is a mask for a lot of other issues...a
mask that conceals a whole set of complete breakdowns and
fractures"** (Tsai, Eugenie and Butler, Cornelia 2004, 205).
-Robert Smithson (1968)

Entropy can overshadow subtler elements. This can happen
with my present work. There is also a desire to examine
growth after entropic forces do their damage. Decimated
structure and systems are replaced in an endless cycle.
Forms and lines are ground up and spit out of the system.
Entropy is absorbed.

3/29/11

**"- must be willing to cover it up
- must not fall in love with any effect.
- push works to success, the failure
- see what occurs"**

-tz

The layering, removing, and recovering contribute to the sense of decay. The decay gives way to ghost images. Circles repeat and slowly disappear. Stamped forms fade as the ink and paint dissipate. Sanding allows for the introduction of new forms. Death and rebirth are thought the canvas. The broken forms and functions are regurgitated.

Chapter Nine

Insects join in the gentle hum of the garden. A cacophony of sound. The insects are speaking. Leaking secrets to anyone that will listen. Shadrack watches their interaction. Antennae. Multiple eyes. Multiple legs. Multiple lives. The visuals are striking. Shadrack can hear Tomas' voice hidden within the insects' songs. He can hear the voices of his deceased parents. All his deceased friends. Dead enemies. His ears are filled. His long gone tears are consumed by the strings within dark matter. All in a stunning cacophony of sounds.

A rhythm is detected. A rhythm is there. Tears form in his eyes. Water eyes. Water falls. He is not afraid. Fear removal machinations. He recalls the story of the man that could understand the sounds of crickets. The man was torn to pieces by what many

called demons. Shadrack now knows it was not true. The sounds are not evil. The sounds are not good. No malevolence. No benevolence . Simply beautiful. The rhythm and sounds simply are. Purity. The sound and the scene are one. Fusion.

Patterns, Rhythm and Movement:

My painting and drawing process always evolves into a rhythm. The rhythm of movement and thinking moves with rapidity then slows. There is a constant ebb and flow.

6/1/11

"Rhythm in writing is the same as rhythm in painting" -tz

The rhythm inevitably leads to pattern. There develops a pattern of forms. A pattern of marks emerges. All the patterns intertwine into one enormous pattern. It develops into a vast blueprint.

"I try to paint. The reeds and bushes provide a beautiful rhythm of patches" (Doschka, Roland 2009, 205).

-Paul Klee ((1915-Diary)

Just when the rhythm appears to be consistent it is broken and disrupted, as if by a dissonant note. A series of broken patterns create their own pattern.

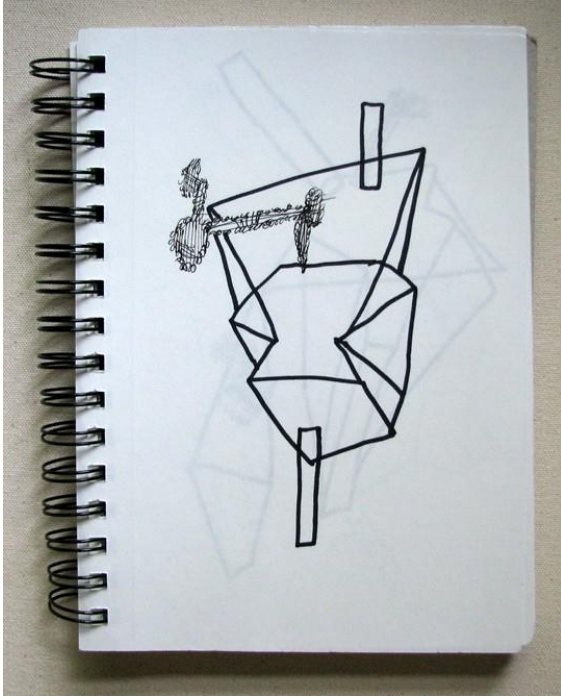
Eventually the pattern and rhythm are disrupted, and at the farthest end of the spectrum both are destroyed. A destroyed pattern falls apart and reforms into a new pattern.

The rhythm and pattern, in all its stages leads to movement. The movement is jolted at times. It is staggered. The white forms can have movement, as well as the movement contained by the atmospheres surrounding the white forms. The white forms can stagger the movement of the atmospheres and vice versa.

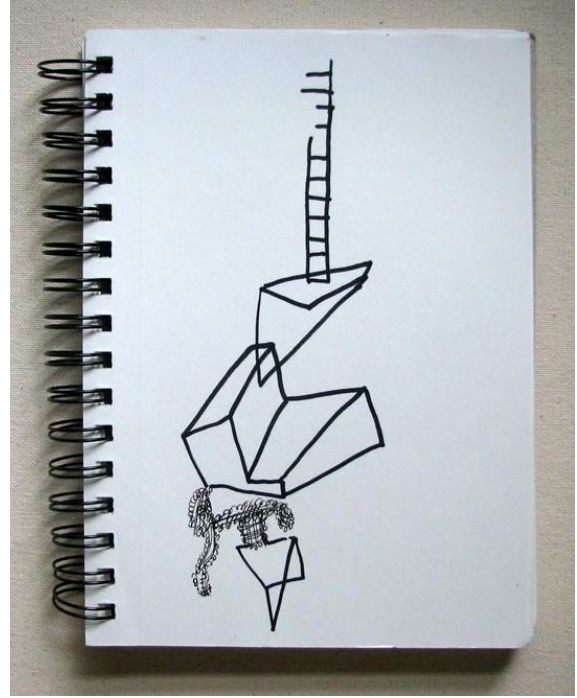
The rhythms I discovered when I would unfurl my 30' drawings also played an important role in the rhythms and patterns of my paintings. I completed the drawings in segments and would not see the entire drawing until the

last segment was completed. The coincidental ebb and flow of the drawing fascinated me. I try to create the same movement and rhythms in my current paintings.

The repetition that comes from my relentless notebook experimentation inevitably shows itself within the patterns. Leafing through the notebooks exposes hidden patterns and rhythms. The forms, lines and space of the page struggle against each other. The struggle can be subtle or tremendous. This struggle often resurfaces in my paintings.



(untitled, 2012, notebook, 8.5"x5.5")



(untitled, 2012, notebook, 8.5"x5.5")

Chapter Ten

Shadrack hears a twig break. Then another. And another. Twig snap on an endless map. The hum and insect song is shattered. The twigs are snapping under the feet of his good friend Frankie Sawtooth. Frankie is known for his love of pies, and sure enough he is carrying one. Perfectly balanced in his hands. Isolation breakdown.

“Hey Shadrack, what’s up?” Frankie says as he enters the garden.

“Hey pie-boy, how’s it goin’”

“What’s up with the wall?”

“It’s to keep the sounds in. The visuals in. Contained.” Shadrack replies.

Frankie looks on with a puzzled grin. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t you see the space? Don’t you feel the sound, the vibration?” Shadrack says.

“I think you’ve been in the sun too long buddy. Heard your neighbor croaked it”

“Hey man, that’s not funny. He’s on a journey... a journey to the spaces between the plants. To all the universes. To all the eyes.” Shadrack replies.

“I think you’re losin’ it man. You have that thousand yard stare goin’ on.” Frankie pauses, sets down the pie, and continues, “ You wanna go down to Pete Finkles’ bar?”

“I cant believe you’re even askin’. Hell no I don’t want to go there. Stale smoke. Stale beer. Stale people. Snail people.”

“Ya sure? You used to love that place. I heard William Nukkles is down there. He hasn’t been ‘round for a while,” Frankie continues, “Heard he went through some kinda transformation. Spiritual bliss or somethin’.”

“If it’s true, I’m happy for him.” Shadrack replies.

There is a pause in the conversation. Incineration syllables. Only the breeze speaks.

“I’m gonna stay in the square.” Shadrack says as he escorts Frankie out of the garden.

The sun is setting and so is Shadrack’s patience.

Shadrack looks at the pie. Looks like apple. Smells like apple. Apple head. Smells like small things. Flies are gathering. He swats them away. Clouds are gathering. He can not swat those way. It is useless. Many things are. He walks back into the garden. The gate no longer squeaks.

Shadrack feels part of the pie maker, the neighbor, the bar owner at one moment and a million miles away at another. The garden provides solace. Peace. Humming. Floating. Comfort. He sits in the middle of the garden, on the ground. No more barriers between him and the earth, the soil. He takes off his shoes. The dusk hours have brought out the honey bees. Insects land on him and fly away. There is stillness. Is it real? The places where there are no plants, no insects seem as interesting as the places where there are insects, plants and flowers. Non-activity verses activity. Lucidity in isolation. Clarity in unity. Awake. Aware.

Meditative space verses chaotic space;

***Utopia vs. Dystopia; unity vs. schism; is there
tedium in utopia?***

Is my latest work a progression towards utopia or dystopia?

Is it a celebration of utopia or a disdain for it; or is it

simply a celebration of dystopia? Teetering between both realms appears to be where the work lives. It is the space the work inhabits. The work on the paper and canvas is in a constant state of flux.

The flux is the netherworld between utopia and dystopia. It steps back and forth between both places. Often, dystopia is more interesting. The schism that disrupt utopia is where the visual interpretations can take flight. The chaotic world of dystopia can become quite meditative. This counter intuitive concept can be realized if the tools and methods at hand are used effectively. I am attempting to investigate unity, schism, chaos, dystopia, and the time flux that occurs between these disparate concepts.

As stated, the flux seems to be a question of time. I strive to eliminate any sense of time in my present work. I attempt to manipulate the material and tools at hand to achieve this effect. Time is ultimately irrelevant. It is

a human creation. And since it is a human creation it can be manipulated, created, or destroyed.

"New needs need new techniques...the modern painter cannot express this age...in the old forms..

From need the modern has found new ways of expressing the world about him. The paint I use is a liquid, flowing kind of paint. The brushes I use are used more as sticks than brushes - the brush doesn't touch the surface of the canvas, it's just above..

The result is the thing - and - it doesn't make much difference how the paint is put on as long as something has been said. Technique is just a means of arriving at a statement" (Lanchner, Carolyn 2009, 35).

-Jackson Pollock (1950)

The process I employ is varied with many tools and techniques. I am examining the shifts between a utopian ideal and a dystopian nightmare with anything from an artist's paint brush to a piece of old crusty sand paper.

Chapter Eleven

Night slowly creeps in and envelopes the garden. Slowly creeps in and envelopes Shadrack. Creeping is not creepy. Shadows disappear. Melancholy disappears.

Dissipates. The empty spaces and the dense spaces all make sense. Equivalent. The garden is no longer a patchwork of items. The pieces all work together in some fashion. A disjointed shape is still a working shape. All form a whole. All form a hole. Entirety. Contained within the wall. The wall holds it and is part of it. Never impermeable. Never stable. Osmosis wall crawl.

The fireflies have returned. They have had a full day of rest. Sparkling in flickers of movement. Trails and wings. The fireflies create a web of lights over the garden forms. The garden figures. The garden dwellers. The entire garden is moving. Total undulation. Shadrack is moving with the garden. Swirling. Spinning. Churning. With the churning and swirling comes another layer of clouds. Clouds roll in a stack up in the sky. Lightning cuts the sky into pieces. Sky shapes appear and vanish. Thunder shakes the garden. The clouds seem to tumble through the air.

The rain returns. The slow steady rain becomes a down pour. The rain moves the garden around. The water rearranges the leaves on the ground. The flowing liquid moves

the dirt around. Miniature mudslide. The rain from the sky fills the remaining freshly dug holes. The shallow depressions become imagined ponds. The garden is transformed. The rain ends, but the swirling continues.

Collage, Collage Like:

My first painting completed in the fall of 2010 used collaged pieces of paper. The pieces were somewhat integrated. A series of small paintings followed. They combined collage and some of the semi-opaque yellow paper. Color was very present. Line was also prevalent.

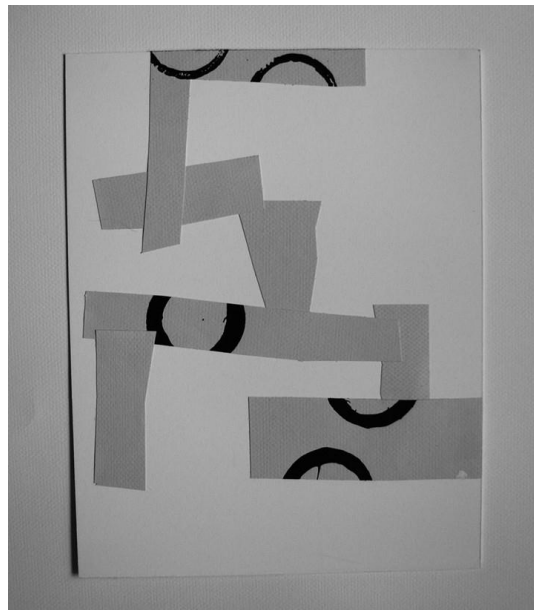
The spring of 2011 witnessed the evaporation of most color, but collage reappeared. A number of works were completed on MDF with collage. Some of the pieces of paper, foam board, and poster board broke the picture plane. The only colors were black, white, and chromatic grays.

During the summer of 2011 large pieces were made and then diced up / cut-up into pieces. The movement created was

something new. The release from the rectangular format allowed me to think about shape independently from line.

10/11/11

"cutting out shapes - collage. understand the shape, the form, the negative and positive space." -tz

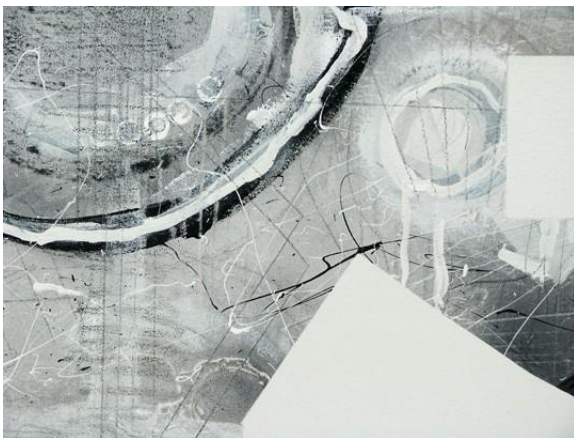


(structure-study No.2, 2012, collage on matte board, 9"x12")

As the cut out shapes floated freely on the wall, the space and movement were duly noted. I was free to move cut-outs around, layer them, add them, and remove them. The paper

was both opaque and transparent. Large forms were torn asunder and reconfigured into no forms. The lines, forms, and space created were incredible. The shapes flitted around my studio for months. Finally, they ended up in a pile on the floor.

The forms, lines, and shapes that I discovered returned to the canvas. The interaction was the same as when the pieces were on the wall. Unlike my work prior to the summer, the images on the canvas were not collage, but were collage like.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

The space continued to fracture.

Chapter Twelve

The movement, which feels as though it has lasted lifetimes, is disrupted by a voice.

“Mr. Landini? Mr. Landini, are you back there? Hello?”

Silence. No movement. The sound of a spider crawling across the wall.

“Hello... Mr. Landini?”

Shadrack’s eyes slowly open. He turns his head towards the voice. He can barely make out a silhouette below the pine trees. The street light makes it possible.

“Hello Mrs. Sandtoes.” Shadrack replies.

Shadrack’s neighbor, a fellow cube dweller, on the other side of his house, behind the row of pines, is Wilma Sandtoes. She is a widow. Her husband has been dead for seventeen years. Bones in a box. She lives partially in this world and partially in the memories of her life with her deceased husband. Withering. Withered. She collects the pine needles that float through the air and land in her yard. It is a daily ritual.

Afterwards she meets up with her last living friend, Betty Falangy, for tea. Live drive tea time.

“I was worried, I didn’t see any lights on in your house. I heard about Mr. Dooble’s death. I didn’t know him well, but it reminded me of my poor husbands passing. The pain never goes away.”

“I know Mrs. Sandtoes. I know. Don’t be sad. Rest assure, I think your husband is part of the garden today.” Shadrack says to the silhouette of Wilma.

“I’m afraid I don’t quite understand. My husband? Sam was there?” Wilma says.

“Yes, yes he was. He was amongst the beans, the cabbage, the fireflies, the spiders, the birds, the neutron stars, the ions. They were all the same.”

“I’m confused.” Wilma says with a quivering voice. “I miss Sam so much, everyday, every minute.”

Shadrack walks out of the confines of the garden and its walls. He can hear her tears falling on the pine needle beds. Tears always dry. Always fade. Stellar pain.

“I don’t mean to upset you Mrs. Sandtoes. But you must believe me... he is ok.”

She does not respond. He sees the form turn and walk away. Absorbed by the glow thrown from the street light. Form absorption. Ions dance across his retinas.

Shadrack returns to the confines of the garden walls. As soon as he closes the gate he can see the splendor, feel the tranquility, and absorb the vibration. The garden becomes timeless. Shadrack drifts. He drifts; time is slipping by, but he does not mind.

Time; Memories; Remnants, Rattles and Flames:

During the winter of 2011 I used printmaking as a vehicle for images. The intaglio process attracted me to a much greater degree than lithography. That was a flip from past interests. The main impetus was the physicality of the metal plate and the remnants of the image after the plate was exposed to the acid bath. The remnants were not only physical, but also implied lost or forgotten memories. The corrosive nature of the plate seemed fitting to the resultant image. The physicality of the print itself was intriguing. The embossment was another layer that was added to the worlds and atmospheres created. The build of ink on the paper, the crusty nature, was magnificent.

3/17/11

"Print / intaglios, the space is dense, "crusty", energized. Forms are smashed into them. The negative

space becomes positive because of physical aspects of the plate."
-tz

The physicality of the intaglio plate influenced my painting style. That physicality transferred into the way I began handling paint.



(remain, element, singular, 2011, intaglio, 9.5"x6.5")

3/31/11

"saturation thru layering & time. cover the good and the bad. consider the space. feel the space." -tz

The layering involved in the manipulation of a zinc plate for intaglio and the printing process also helped with my layering of paint. The unremitting layering of forms derived from items around me further created unknown worlds.



(linger, skull, recall, 2011, intaglio, 6.5"x9.5")

"I have long had this war inside me. This is why, interiorly, it means nothing to me. And to work my ways out of ruins, I had to fly. And I flew. I remain in this ruined world only in memory, as one occasionally does in retrospect. Thus I am 'abstract with memories" (Doschka, Roland 2009, 205).
-Paul Klee (1915)

The white forms continued transforming. I began to see them as bits of recollections. They floated by as pieces of time. Time is a man-made invention as are the white shapes. They appeared as chunks of souls. They were solid and ethereal at the same time. Circumstances altered them constantly.

The canvas breaks apart into bits and pieces. There are remnants of worlds, remnants of thoughts, and remnants of vision.



(trackless, ripple repel, and finite razors, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 73.5"x72"x3")

The stencils, once they are removed from the canvas, become remnants themselves.

"Obviously the thing becoming finished has something to do with the thing coming alive for me and not just being a

mess of stuff on the canvas. And when this happens, I think I have completed a painting and then I spend a long period looking at the painting and trying to hear what it's telling me" (Sussler, Betsy). -Carroll Dunham (1990)

When the environments created in my current work appears settled or resolved to my satisfaction I step away and do not return to the canvas.

Chapter Thirteen

Shadrack stands in the garden. Motionless. The wall and fence seem less and less like a barrier. The plants are humming. Vibrating. Rattle time. Shaker time. He becomes conscious of the fact that the underlying structures of the plants are like the overall system of the garden. Embracing life. Embracing this reality. Interwoven leaves and vines fill his eyes as he opens them. The air is foggy. He recognizes that fog. It is day break. He slept the entire night in the garden. In the shape. In the forms. In the lines.

Were the humming plants a dream? No. He hears it now. He is awake. He is aware. He is where he should be. Where he must be. The space and the shapes have combined. The narrow and the wide are the same. The wall around the garden is not a

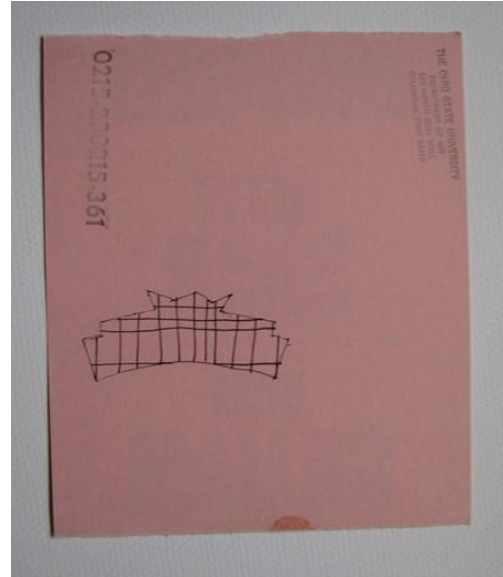
boundary; it does not contain the garden. It has no height. It has no width. It is simply a marker.

Underlying Structures:

All the forms, lines, and shapes in my work imply underlying structures. Structure exists in some form within everything. The structure exposed behind a road sign from seventies once the panels are removed is a literal example. The structure can be more obscure like the make-up of a psychological state. The degree of structure is the pertinent question.



*(study of underlying structure-No. 3,
2011, photograph, 6"x4")*



*(sign drawing #16, 2011, pencil
on paper, 6"x4")*

5/3/11

- "- random forms, under painting
- impose structure
- dismantle the structure
- distort
- impose order / linear thought
- disrupt it again

- end with a mixture of both
- structure & chaos
- profane and temporal
- banal & ephemeral"

-tz

My examination and fascination with engine diagrams, electronic circuitry charts, and machinery manuals became more intense. I embraced my enthrallment with these types of items. They speak to the literal idea of underlying structures. I began to realize their presence within my work. I decided to embrace it. I took hold of the imagery and the idea. Structures are dismantled and reassembled. Nuts and bolts are the same as hate and disdain. The manipulation underlying structures can make the banal glorious, and bring the splendid back down to earth.



(stacked, crackle, segment, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 57"x68"x3")

I am trying to reveal or uncover the structure beneath everything. Often the structure beneath is more interesting than the surface. Hidden structures are exposed. The structures are crushed and reassembled.

"This experience of the 'hidden soul' of all things that we see with the unaided eye, through a microscope or through a telescope, I call 'inner sight.' This sight penetrates the hard shell, the 'external' form, into the interior of things and lets us perceive the inner 'pulsation' of things with all our senses" (Duchting 2007, 80).

-Wassily Kandinsky (1935)

Chapter Fourteen

Shadrack embraces the system of the garden. The organization makes complete sense.

The system embraces Shadrack. He realizes the garden's system embraces life and this reality. The reality is transported to other realities. To any realities. Shadrack arrives at the realization that ultimately there is no reality. The garden reality is both true and false. The garden represents everything he sees and knows, and everything he does not. Matter and anti-matter on a dime. On a q-tip.

Hums and vibrations rattle his skeletal system. Grey matter shake down. Blood in a whirl. Legs are crossed. Hands are folded. Eyes are open. Eyes to the skies. Layered. Fractured. Shattered. Shattered matter. Shattered matter does not matter. An atomic collapse. Automatic singularity. Singularity. Drowsiness.

Systems; Underlying Systems:

With each line and each moving form an underlying system is revealed. I try and show the systems to be awake and aware. Systems replace systems. The replacement is not necessarily more efficient.

Underlying systems and systems, like structures, can also be used to change or manipulate incongruent items or ideas. Manipulating systems within my work can make the rarefied seem everyday and the commonplace seem puzzling. Extreme differences are exposed as being not far apart.

4/13/11

"density	sparseness
crushing	lifting
no space	space
emotion	zero emotion

-	-
-	-
-	-
-	-
-	-
-	-
-	-
-	-
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all are quite similar. the complex density can get to a point where it is simply space.

so dense it is a color field.
so much emotion, there is none."

-tz

Planning is used to begin the process. Ultimately it is abandoned. Reaction to the surface becomes key. The works on canvas are pushed to a point of disaster and are worked and reworked to develop into a coherent piece.



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

The systems I observe daily are often distorted through a visual drawing process in my notebooks. Once established the systems are destroyed, replaced, and reworked. They are introduced in the canvas and large paper works.

A supreme example of this theory and process is Arshile Gorky. He talked specifically about the planning and practice that underlie the apparent free flowing intuitive look of his later paintings.

"There must be structure in art, some thread. Pure anarchy is inhuman because it is animalistic, unthinking, unmental. Art, for me, must be a fact of the thinking mind. There can be no anarchy in art. If there is then it is not art. Anarchy results from pure cynicism. That is, a disbelief in the intellectual capacity of man's mind to master complexities through his organizational and perceptive abilities and skills. Unrelenting spontaneity is chaos. Such anarchy negates aesthetic art" (Lader 1985, 109).

-Arshile Gorky

Analytical threads are constant throughout my work. They weave the entire finished work together. The contribution of my analytical side is paramount. Anarchy and analysis

must battle each other on the canvas. The analytical process develops the underlying structure of my work. Analytical stitching holds the chaos together.

Drawing and redrawing is critical in developing the analytical structures. The illusion of free flowing lines mixed with actual free flowing forms and lines is one of my goals. Structures and systems created through repetitious drawing are manipulated and destroyed to create a unified work. Anarchy must be combined with structure.



(residue, trail, inside, 2011 oil on canvas, 24"x18")

I practice a methodical study of line on paper or canvas daily. The line is drawn or traced with pencil and / or brush. The line can be determined intuitively or by a stencil / template. This process can lead to exquisite forms. The visible line can extend to molecular vibration.

The obliterated line can introduce an atomic dance. The lines and non-lines sometimes will reconfigure into a form.

Chapter Fifteen

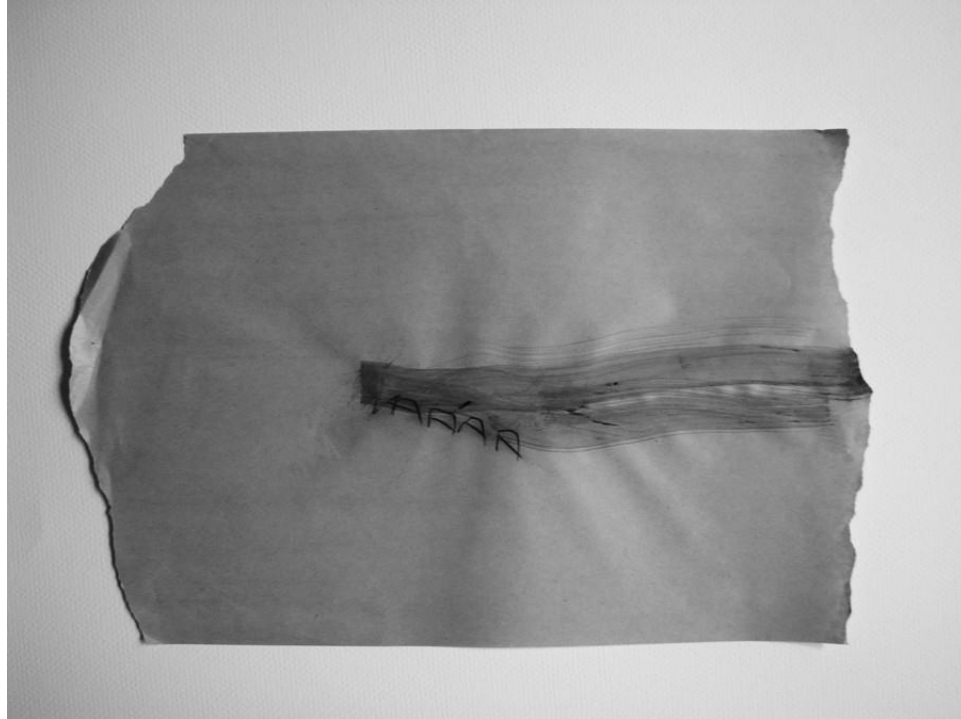
Shadrack lies down in the garden. He knows he is not one of the hollow men. He is not stuffed with straw and lies. Insects buzz overhead. Plants tower above. The sunlight begins to burn away the fog. The dew that is covering everything glistens. His eyes are the skies. The geometry of the garden fits the geometry of the world. Of the universe. Of all the universes. The edges of the plant bed create edge for the other plant beds. The geometry of the insects integrate perfectly with the geometry of the garden. Biomorphic shapes dance with the forms. A clash and a crush end in harmony.

Shadrack can no longer discern where the garden ends and where the space beyond begins. There are oceans of light. Bottomless caverns of darkness. Forms. Non-forms. Stacked universes.

PART 2

A Chronological Account of My Ongoing Endeavor to Answer the Questions Posed:

Are the paintings and drawings at present conceptual reality or reality? Am I simply painting geometry and geometric forms of this world, or am I transforming them into other worlds? Do all the disparate forms make anything other than other forms? I would argue the forms created and the disparate forms are one in the same.



(aquatorium study #2, paper, pencil, gouache, 12"x8", 2012)

9/2010

"trying to justify color - unsuccessful

**Decide to eliminate color, save black and white, or at
least limit palette." -tz**

Again I scrutinize the counter intuitive concept that
restriction can be liberating. I determine it to be true.

An overwhelming palette is what I begin to see as restrictive.

9/2010

**"organic and machine
alive and dead - same
flesh and metal - same
fleshy and metallic - same
animal and machine - same"**

-tz

The restriction of color allows for the further mashing together of incongruent ideas and forms. The crushing of space and form that I was able to accomplish through collage and cut-out is being pushed further without their use.



(detail, 2012, mixed media)

3/24/11

"next step is creating more texture.

texture is being used more and more.

next step - sanding with hand sander and marks with
Dremmel."

-tz



(detail, 2012, mixed media)

The hand tools have become an extension of my hands.
Sanders are used in the same manner as a brush or pencil.
Texture is built up, reduced , and built up again. Another
level of layering was beginning to develop. Physical
layering, in combination with illusionary layering, allowed
for the possibility of whole new level of complexity within
my work. A much deeper and sophisticated space was

beginning to develop. The use of these tools is integral in creating my present body of work.

3/24/11

"* care about the form while at the same time disregarding it." -tz

The physical and mimetic layering and removing was another step in the constant struggle of embracing the form while simultaneously disregarding it.

4/1/11

"my paintings have finally become somewhat like my drawings. much is owed to the "scroll" (30') drawings. the brush is acting like a pencil. paint is allowed to be paint." tz



(country road 77, (1 segment of 30'), 36"x36", 2011)

4/1/11

"finally feels like all things are feeding each other.

- drawing feeding paint.
- painting feeding drawing.
- (visual "take-in" feeding all things)
- series / sketchbook drawings feeding painting
- small paintings feeding scroll drawings
- large paintings feeding scroll drawings
- scroll drawing feeding all paintings
- square / dashes drawings feeding all."

-tz



(pattern and organs #2, 2011, oil on canvas, 3'x2')

A cross pollination of all the methods which I employ to create was finally occurring. Brushes were working like pencils. Charcoal was flowing like paint. Acrylics were being used more. Minimal works were feeding dense pieces

and vice versa. The painted canvas surface was becoming less precious.



(land, internal, removal, 2011, collage, pencil, oil on board, 24"x24")

4/7/11

"Examine the form

Examine the loss of form

**Form - loss - regained - brought back out - pushed back -
where to stop is key."** -tz

As the forms and line continued to decay and rot, and be reborn, the question of when the work was complete became more difficult.

5/11/11

**"acknowledge canvas / 2D, but realize it is a place where
the unseen materializes."** -tz

I began to realize many folks run away from the flat surface of the canvas, not because of the surface being exhausted, but because of fear.

"Therefore I will conclude by saying that the essence of painting is the expression of certain relationships between the painter and the outside world, and that a picture is the intimate association of these relationships with the limited surface of the canvas" (Soby, James Thrall 1958, 28).
-Juan Gris

Some fear they cannot find a way to further push the surface to areas not yet discovered. I began to consider this epiphany and how I could further push the flat surface of canvas and paper. There should not be terror associated with the surface, but instead the realization of the endless possibilities and challenges that still remain.

5/12/11

"complex vs. full

complexity vs. fullness

complex / complexity must be chosen."

-tz



(terminal, reserve, chatter, 2011, oil on canvas, 17"x26")

Complexity is not the same as fullness. Complexity must be embraced. The inclusion of many objects, forms, and lines that serve no purpose culminate in a sense of fullness, not complexity. Inclusion of forms and line simply for the sake of doing so must be rejected. I begin to realize self imposed editing will culminate in complexity.

5/15/11

"rendering / modeling as a texture. another tool." -tz

Texture became as important as mimetic rendering. To further examine texture and planes creating line I temporarily eliminated the use of black in my paintings.

5/21/11

"begin 2' x 2' paintings on panels (MDF). black and white only with chromatic grays." -tz

Rather than using tube black, I began mixing my own blacks. The crated black allowed for the introduction of chromatic grays along with whites. The limited palette allowed for a better examination of line and form. The clutter of superfluous color was eliminated.

I also began to explore collage in a more measured and purposeful manner. This also enabled a more complex evaluation of line and form. Shapes were glued to the MDF before and during the painting process. The collage process has been introduced again to my present work with the caveat that the collage pieces are removed.

I also experimented with actual drawing on the surface.
The wood surface again was a close facsimile to paper.
These two things are quite prevalent in my present work.



(circles of dots, pockets of specks, 2011, collage, pencil, oil on board, 24"x24")

Working on panels recreated, to a degree, the same kind of surface as paper. This enables the paint to act more like graphite and the brushes to act more like pencils.

5/25/11

"step back from paintings. remove forms. add forms. over complicate, then reduce / edit. think about planes. think about forms. consider planes creating forms." -tz

Distance from a work is a seduction that must not be refused. After the distance is engaged, I completely immerse myself back into the piece, staring, gazing, and contemplating. Intensity is the obstacle and the salvation. Distance is followed by compression.

Removing and distancing myself sufficiently from the work enables me to see what interactions within the picture plane are working and not working.

8/30/11

"the stylized objects now reference each other, as opposed to referencing internal organs. they react to each other;

react to the space, environment, and atmospheres. they
change and mutate." -tz



*(detail, 2010, oil and pencil on canvas
paper)*



*(arm, armature, toil, 2011, acrylic and
latex on canvas, 33"x38"x3")*

As the objects began to reference themselves the extreme
tube colors began to evaporate. The colors became more and
more subtle. The elimination of these colors enabled a more
rigorous examination of line, space and form.

8/30/11

"more movement with shapes forms, floating objects. more space, atmospheres through lines and objects and there relationships." -tz

The colors eventually removed themselves from the work.

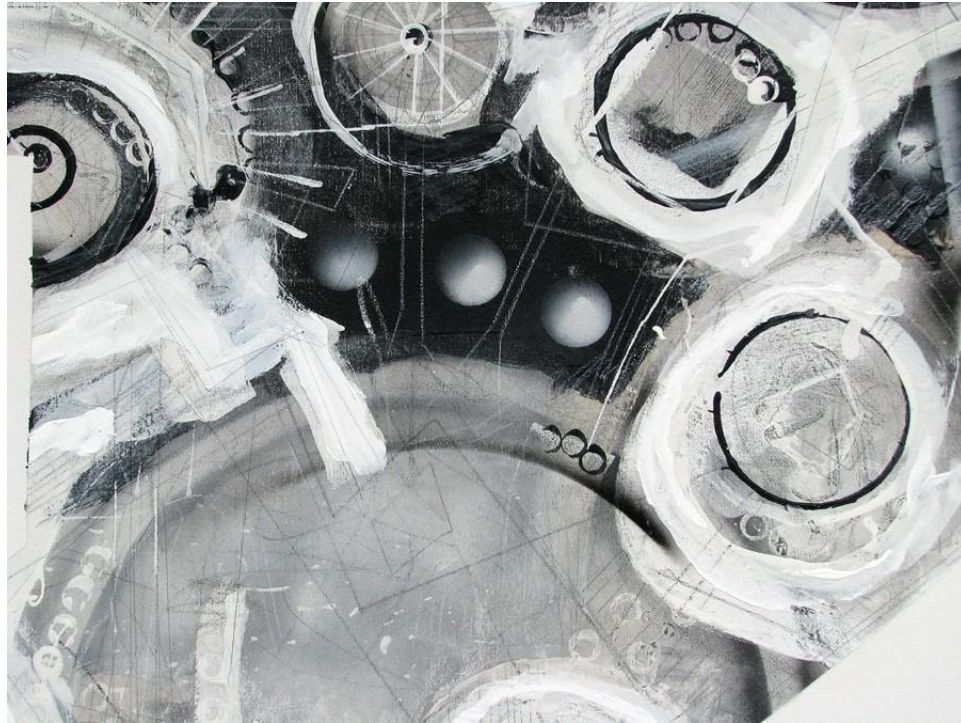
The black and white elements of my notebook became more prevalent. The notebook drawings became more rigorous and relentless.

"I no longer wanted to make markings on a piece of paper: I wanted to make the drawing integral to its structures and properties. What I continually find to be true is that the concentration I apply to drawing is a way of honing my eye. The more I draw, the better I see and the more I understand. There's always been correlation between the strength of the work and the degree to which I'm drawing"
(Rose, Bernice, White, Michelle, and Garrels, Gary 2011, 63).
-Richard Serra (1977)

The almost complete absence of color from my sketchbooks was and is very liberating. I decided if that lack of color was working on the paper of a notebook, then I must reduce my pallet to black and white on the canvas.

10/10/11

"embrace black & white." tz



(detail, 2012, mixed media on canvas)

During the summer of 2011 the decision to remove color was complete. The decision to move to water base paints only was also reached. The rapid drying time of water based paints enabled me to work almost immediately back into the

painting. This was something new to my process, and was quite useful. The sort space of time between applying layers was invaluable. Some of the large black and white pieces completed were later diced up into pieces and placed on the studio walls. The movement, line, and pattern discovered have reappeared in my present work. The sense of cut-out and collage remain.

Colors beyond black and white have been eliminated. The idea to embrace the colors that exist between black and white finally took hold within my mind. Spatial depth has finally been achieved. The depth can arrive through the vehicle of landscape or aerial view.

From these discoveries and decisions emerged a method to my process that I am presently exploring. The ritualistic and meditative nature of the process is ideal. It allows for both analytical and intuitive response.



(sticking leg, stone, drinking water and heading towards, 2012, mixed media on canvas, 73.5"x72")

The work at present is the culmination of an extensive process. Certain rules and parameters are established. My

current work does not stray from the self-imposed guidelines. Some restriction is critical. Discipline is crucial.

PART 3

Description of the Process and Methods Used to Create My Latest Body of Work:

Stage 1:



(rain pools, pebble piles, non-sounds (in progress), 2012, mixed media on canvas, 73.5"x72")

The painting begins with a white canvas. The canvas stretcher is almost square. The "almost square" examines the idea, similar to the grid, that perfection is an illusion. The square is also a neutral space for the environment to exist within... and beyond. Shapes are applied to the canvas with tape.

The shapes react to each other in this white almost square world. The relationship, however, will be greatly altered by the time the piece is completed.

I spend a small period of time arranging the shapes. I do not want the placement to be too thought out. The shapes are taped temporarily and observed. Most remain where they are placed, but some are rearranged. This allows for problem solving and a more vigorous reaction to the taped on stencils.

The edges of the canvas are considered. I want the structures that break the edges of the picture plane to be

as important as those that float freely within the almost square.

The shapes are sometimes added on to or extended. The process continues until I feel the surface contains enough positive and negative space. The decision making process is fairly fluid. Once the decision is made and any mark is added to the surrounding area, the shapes are not moved again.

Stage 2:



(rain pools, pebble piles, non-sound (in progress), 2012, mixed media on canvas, 73.5"x72")

5/12/12

"consider all square inches of the work. every square inch."

-tz

Brushes and paint, drips and strokes, sweat and contemplation, are integral in creating the work. Smears on the canvas and paint covered hands are one and the same. Sanding, adding, and removing are all part of the process.

The covered areas disappear allowing me too work with no concern for their presence. An extremely interesting area may be on a piece of the paper taped to the canvas.

The paper stencils taped on also enable lines to flow carelessly across them to the other sided.

The canvas is worked on vertically and horizontally. Biomorphic stencils are placed on the canvas primarily when the piece is lying on the ground. Some thought is given to the placement of the stencils. I do not over think the placement.

Often, in the early stages, the painting is quite a struggle. Early on my desire is simply to place the

painting on a pile of wood and burn it. The beginning struggle is continuous for quite some time. The struggle is present on the canvas.

There is a succession of painting, drawing, scribbling, erasing, sanding, and applying items such as plaster and joint compound that continues. Lines and forms are created and destroyed. The lines and forms bent, battle, and react to each other.

I use stamps, both machine made and hand made by myself, across the surface. The stamps are dipped in paint and ink and applied to the canvas. The created forms fade and reappear. The marks can seem solid or as if they are evaporating. They can appear as remnants left from other objects or simply stains.

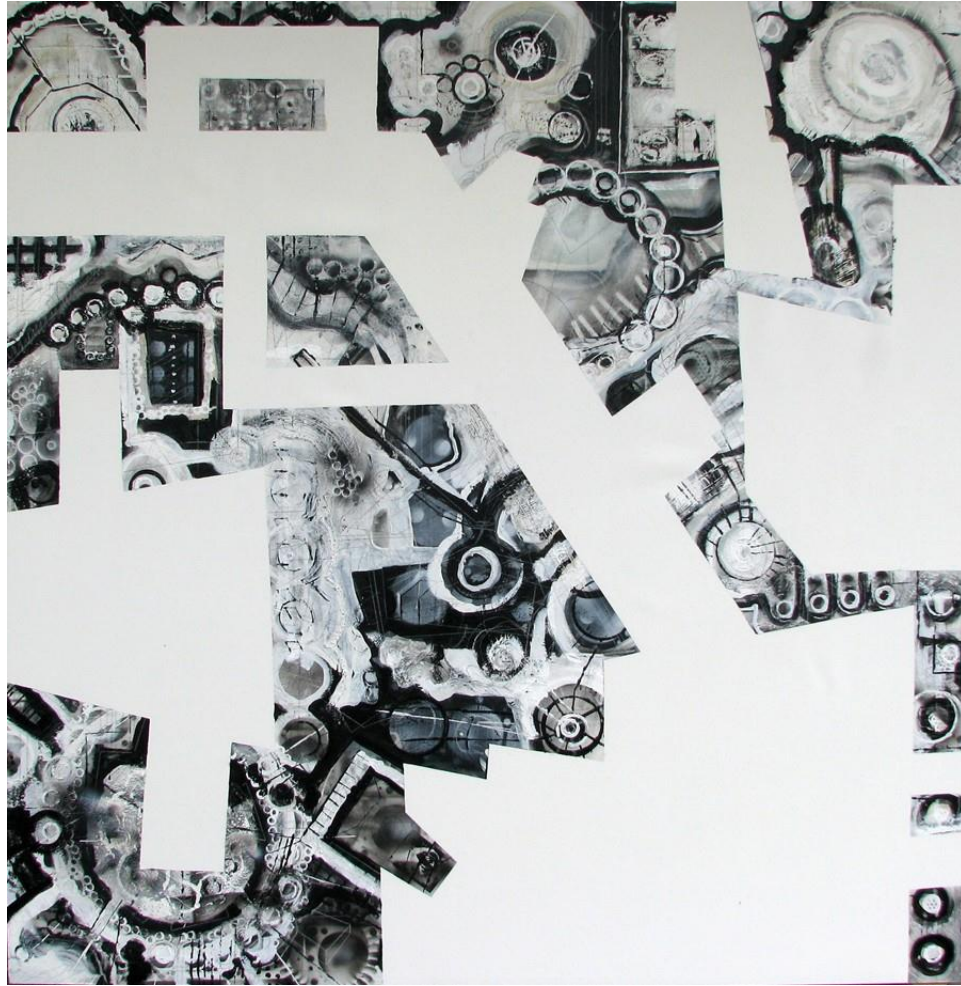
Numerous drawing implements are used. Straight edge rulers, yardsticks, etc., are also used liberally. The introduction of a straight edge tool is something quite

new. The pencil lines and charcoal lines, and jagged marks cut across the taped on stencils as well.

Frenzy and calm begin to mix together during the process of making. Drawing and painting become one process. This is the time during the process when I can indulge my penchant to include too much information. I have little concern for information overload. It is in my DNA.

When a level of satiation of information on the canvas occurs, I stop. I step back from the work and simply stare. I use a million mile gaze. If the movement, pattern, environments, and atmospheres are satisfactory to my eye, I make the definitive judgment to stop adding line and form to the canvas. The space is resolved.

Stage 3:



*(rain pools, pebble piles, non-sound, 2012, mixed media on canvas,
73.5"x72")*

The taped on stencil forms are finally removed. The process is delicate and time consuming. The removed

pieces, or remnants, become their own entities. They are strong enough to survive on their own. The marks on the removed forms are virtually free of contrivance since they are only there to preserve the white of the canvas.



*(remnant #16, 2012, mixed media on paper,
8.5" x 5.5")*



*(remnant #41, 2012, mixed media on paper,
8.5" x 5.5")*

The white was intended to function solely as a meditative state, a resting place. I had intended for the surrounding area to be active and the white to be meditative, but as I discovered, often the opposite occurs.

The surrounding environment was a morass that was intended to be active and in a counter intuitive way sublime. There can be so much going on that it becomes as passive as a solid color field can be.

A surprise to me during the process was when the white forms become the aggressive forms, and the surrounding environment become almost meditative. The surrounding areas also became their own shapes. The process greatly affected the end result. This occurred with the removal of the taped on stencils.

The removal of the stencils remedies the information overload. It quells the storm of too many shapes, and too many lines. A sense of partial order is restored. The

true meaning of addition by subtraction is realized. This self-imposed editing process actually adds to the piece. Lines, shapes, atmospheres are re-energized. The painting comes to life in a completely different manner. And hopefully, the recognizable becomes a vehicle to a glimpse of the unknowable.

The process I have just described continues to evolve. I feel I am getting closer to the alternate realities I so desperately desire to expose upon the wonderfully flat canvas. Forms and shapes are continuously dismantled and reassembled.

"The sketch is as complete as it is rapid, and a hoary world of extortion and sufferance is unveiled with a single gesture" (Temkin, Ann and Walker, Hamza 1998, 115).

-Raymond Pettibon (1992)

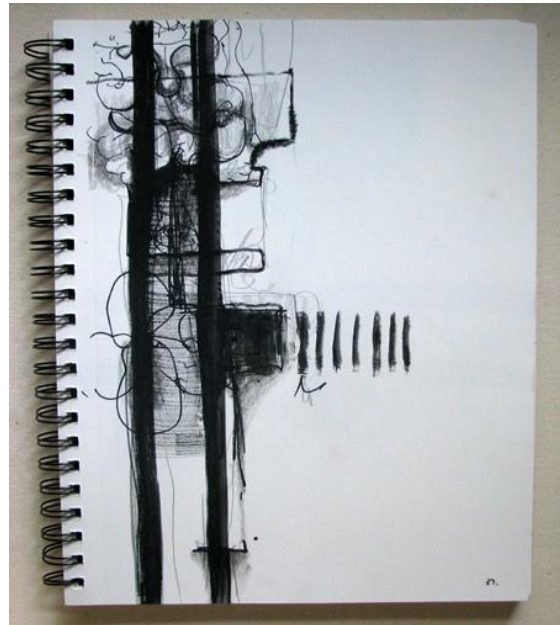
"Art is something absolute, something positive, which gives power just as food gives power" (Hoffman, Hans 1967, 56).

-Hans Hoffman (1948)

The unrelenting notebooks continue. The notebooks will never cease. The notebooks nourish everything. As long as my hands move, notebooks will be completed.



*(country road 7 #24, 2012, mixed media
on paper, 12" x 9")*



*(country road 7 #27, 2012, mixed media
on paper, 12" x 9")*

Atmospheres are deepening. Drips and dab of unreality have seeped through the cracks. Fissures and breaks within my own vision are happening. The journey to lay these out

upon a two dimensional surface is just beginning. Very small areas of subtle color have begun to re-emerge.

3/29/11

"There needs to be purity in your life. Withdrawal to a degree to get at the true nature of life and therefore art. Withdrawal to see it all. Reclusive to be expansive." -tz

I continue to employ these methods on canvas and paper today. New methods will arise, and some old ones will surely fall by the way side. But the quest will continue to discover the space between the "here and now", and the space between the "after".

I continue to search for the answer to the question; is my work simply this world or the geometries I observe, crushed and crumpled into alternate realities and existences? Is it an archeological dig into hidden realities? My desire of course is that the work is more than just a representation of this reality. The protracted journey is

going to be more than a lifetime long. I see no difference between a ditch on the side of the road, the quantity of time in a blink, and that infinitely dimensional and elastic hollow space between life and death. There is the circle of this world, and there is the smeared circle of the "other". Are my created works simply this reality, or the twigs that hold the soul together?

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