

Nature produces monuments and landscapes humanity can only ever dream to replicate. In essence this work accelerates and embellishes natural forms of accumulation and erosion. While it could be said that they are emulating nature, specific methods and materials are used to disrupt the relationship between our earth-bound perception and evoke the true synthetic characteristics within each piece. Jarring color changes and manic tooling are employed to convey alien topography and disrupt the immediate association to scenery that we collectively understand. Many of the pieces denote a trace of kinetic energy. Whether it be from the tracks of a hyper aggressive machine or the arrangement of randomized pieces placed in wet substrate, they are meant to epitomize the chaotic order found in our reality. Once completed, the works are covered over with resins or sealants that further exaggerate the tiny strategies and decisions and reward deep three-dimensional study.

My work conjures up mass in a real and implied way. The works are all very heavy and the arrangements within are all tightly stacked and economic in composition. Their texture produces an overwhelming craving to be touched. When the density and surface are combined they draw the viewer into a desire to handle the works in a way not typical to the inspection of art. They want to be held up, or viewed flat on a table, or flipped upside down to stare into the punctures and splits that mar their surface. The most consistent element is the craquelure that marks the evacuation of water from deep within their structure. This transformation takes place in all of them and marks an end to malleability and an evolution into a raw product waiting to be shifted to another form. This is the cycle.

*This is the cycle. The ship opens at the aft end of the ship revealing the landscape at the southwest longitudinal border of our work area. I adjust the focal range to take a closer look as the cutting head first brushes against the edge of the glacier. Searing steam expels violently everywhere it contacts the liquid hot rock underneath. The face of the glacier closest to the point of contact is shimmering wet from the heat.*

*“Only just glance up against it. We’ll come back for another pass in a few hours and open it up a bit more. There’s still a few teams at the lake-mouth of the canyon.”*

*“Get me a schedule for them so I know when to turn it back around.”*

*I relax the machines back from the ice face and glide northward to open up the canyon to the full width of the glacier. The head sputters the last bit of debris into the air as it leans upward out of the ice. It slows steadily when it has nothing to feed its devouring maw. The temperature warnings relax into a cooler color and a lower frequency sound as the head goes from red hot to the ash-black color of burnt steel manganese and titanium.*

*“You said this unit has almost 3,200 hours on it?”*

*“Yeah it’s been here for more than six cycles. I can’t believe it’s still outputting these times. The second to last pilot before you really ran this thing ragged.”*

*The unit hovers patiently over the glacier and rolls leeward to swing back over dry earth. The heat and pressure outside have combined with the rush of water vapor we introduced and created cumulus clouds.*

*“I think that’s going south you should probably check if there’s anyone in its path.”*

*I hear the quiet sounds from her comms as she hails a group of engineers south of the equatorial line. Atmospheric monitors should pick up the storm in plenty of time but I can see the lightning already.*

*After I start the engines, I close my eyes so I can listen to the resonance to make sure it is producing the proper frequency. The head dips below the surface and meets torque resistance and I make sure that I can’t detect any changes committed to reason.*

**Our visions of the future are inextricable to our concentration on the present. We can’t help but look to a plausible next step for the technology and cultural development we already understand as a glimpse into a future that is difficult to foresee. These small incremental aspirations bring with them the pettiness and redundancy that exists today. Imagining a departure from our time and ourselves is impossible. We can only imagine the edges of what we already perceive. These works represent visualizations of that edge. They serve as a presentation of the limits of my perception when I attempt to fully disconnect from everything I recognize and present a fiction of my own. A cosmic mulcher producing randomized results from unknowable variables. I am forced to stay within the boundaries of our collective understanding and my personal capability. This is what comes naturally.**