

These are productive hands that indent surfaces – scratching at them, or whittling away material over the course of time. Lessening or gaining surface are both temporal alterations, various forms of contact.

The appeal of the object is not its ‘speaking’ to the consciousness of personhood, instead a love for the materiality of stone and its coldness. Its distance from us indicates the uncertainty we have with things. Ritual becomes a habituated interaction with matter and persons. Aimed at an attuned organization of chaos. The ritual is not attached to a specific cosmological entity. It is the repetition through productive action on small scales, interactions with others that catalyze the surface, they leave their imprint with words on the surface of the objects *like an oily patina*.

Clay manipulated in the company of others is not collaborative in the defined sense. Still, witnesses are present to the molding. This witnessing makes the object *different* somehow, inscription of various energies rather than one. Act to outcome, there is no definitive solitary moment in the history of an object. All the forms that ever existed, keep touching one another, keep being touched by hands and seas, though large objects appear to move more slowly because they *sit there silently*.

Producing for the sake of productivity seems to deaden the things, yet having a prescribed *outcome* also seems to negate chance, chaos at bay when reason is the dominant answer. The things become mere supports.

Slow build / slow wear. Small components accumulate like salt on flat planes, salt that makes rocks and disintegrates in liquid, a stone and a component. Paper mimics rock in its attempt to prove solidity.

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Desert to ocean. Those labeled unfortunate travel through the debris, live the debris, the debris left by progress that moves blindly to its outcomes on the periphery. The debris itself has another story. Those deemed ‘unfortunate’ grow accustomed to the heaps, use the heaps for their own means – and continually disappoint the goals the hierarchy has for them. Things and others never seem to behave as the dominant want them to. They harken back the chaos that reason keeps trying to negotiate, to keep at bay. Dissolution, denigration, disbandment. Tactics of the soul/body thing/entity against the myth of success. In the few expanses, we can see what it means to disregard dust, to disregard detritus. Evidence accumulates as ritual changes.

stone mud skin wood

Raw and manufactured are both insufficient monikers. The materials encountered labor at some point, or were used by another set of productive hands.