

PABLUM BABBLE

What does it feel like to be a Yellow Pole?

FOREWARD

I first met Nicholas Petrow, the author of this supporting paper, in a strip club at Sea World. I noticed him in the corner sketching with intent and purpose in one of his sketchbooks. I peeked over his shoulder and was impressed with his drawings using only a few crayons, a highlighter, and a sharpie. I said "You've got some skills young chap", he looked back at me and said, "Dude, that one penguin over there gives the best lap dances". I took his word for it, and he was right. This penguin was just flopping around up on my lap, they really can't do much else, but it was delightful.

I was able to work my magic and got the penguins number. I went back over to Nicholas, who was still drawing, and tossed the digits down on the table. I said, "Thanks for the heads up, her name is Betty". He looked back at me and said " You motherfucker, that's my bird!" I thought he was joking, but he was enraged and challenged me to fisticuffs'. We went out back and exchanged blows, I whooped his ass. We came back in and I bought him a beer. I've been mentoring him ever since.

I have 17 PhD's in various disciplines like, Middle Eastern Sandal Studies, Northwestern Duck Vernacular, and Historical French Revolution Mustache Fashion, but when I heard about Nicholas's pursuit of a MFA I thought, why the fuck do you want one of those? Regardless, I promised to guide him through the experience.

Over the last year and half we shared many a conversation on the latest topics in art and culture, his personal belief system, and how his work has been developing. Most of these discussions were recorded and resulted in an Audio/Visual component to this paper, along with other music, and video done over his time in Delaware. Please use headphones or a quality sound system when listening, and crank the volume, that's why it's there.

It is truly an honor to introduce this paper to you. I've awarded scholars in high praise the same duty, but find a special place in my heart for this one. Perhaps it was when I got a call from Nicholas last spring, and he said " I don't know Percy, this shit seems so selfish and pointless, I don't feel like I'm really helping anyone". I told him, "your sketches helped me get lucky with Betty (the penguin is now my wife),and stop being such a bitch, no one really knows what they are doing, some people just fool us better than others".

Dr. Percy Hornblower III

Section 1

P=16th letter in Alphabet

first word P in Merriam Webster Pocket Dictionary

Pabulum: (n) Simplistic or bland writing, ideas, etc.

Painting= Idiocy

Most recently my work has taken on a lot of forms both physically and artistically. I've been dabbling into other mediums like video, and sound, or music. I always have, but would always stubbornly tell people, "I'm a painter!". I still feel that way, but I've managed to lose any sense of what that means, and allow myself to create freely with just a bit more confidence.

Moving away from the canvas was a giant leap of freedom. Pieces like my jetpacks, and a small experiment into "video painting" helped me recognize a relationship with color, form, and material that really are the basis of what painting is to me, devoid of all the conceptual banter that had been fogging my mind.

I had been working with an older process that felt outdated, much like an old computer program that was awesome at first, but eventually time had caught up with. Basically what I'm saying is painting felt like playing Oregon Trail, and this whole analogy is subtly hinting to the digital influences I was reacting to.

I was still working with my coveted program sheets, titled Petrowpoint, they were the technical beginning to most paintings I had made in the last four years. On those sheets was an open invitation for people to fill in their own commands with their own ideas, and then I would compute/decode them into a painting. Now, in my mind this all equated to a digital painting process (it really was just a giant metaphor, there was nothing digital about them). One which denied me full control of what I wanted to do, and put me at the whim of other people. Yes, I wanted to paint like a computer, or no, I just didn't want to think about what to paint. Who the hell wants to do that? Regardless, it ended up being a tool to fuel creativity, and a physical record of paintings that must get done.

Petrowpoint= metaphor for program

Program Sheets= conversation without substance

File= Metaphor for Painting

Painting= Substance

Petrowpoint began when I was an eager BFA graduate. My education in painting was fruitful and inspiring, while also leaving me with a void once filled with a romantic optimism as a person who identifies with the practice as a "passion". Gerhard Richter once said, "one has to believe in what one is doing, one has to commit oneself inwardly, in order to do painting. Once obsessed, one ultimately carries it to the point of believing that one might change human beings through painting. But if one lacks passionate commitment, there is nothing left for one to do. Then it is best to leave it alone. For basically painting is total idiocy."¹ I'm not saying I'm an idiot, although I toe the line from time to time, I just really understood that quote. I felt dried up from painting, while still being able to grasp and smell the moments when it was the wettest, and actually did change a human being, that of course being a corny reference to myself.

When I was about sixteen or seventeen I was at my peak of not giving a complete shit about absolutely anything. Within a sixth month period I had gotten arrested, and then got suspended from school for two weeks while still on probation . I was on the verge of being expelled from my high school, and I was a prominent member of the drama club, but they kicked me out while being strongly chastised as a bad influence. I really was lost at this time of my life. Most of my problems stemmed from my newfound fascination with smoking marijuana. I'd be high anywhere and everywhere, and I never really cared if you knew that. That was my problem, until I picked up a paintbrush.

I would wait for my parents to go bed, usually around midnight, and light up in my garage.

(start playing Steve Miller Bands, The Joker for dramatic effect, or start smoking your own joint :NOW)

Then I would go to the loft and play loud volumes of hip hop music. Once the mood was set, there was nothing else to do but paint. I was obsessed , nothing else mattered in those moments, and I'll be damned if there wasn't some type of magic happening above my garage in those early mornings. I was out of my body, painting Pollock/Bob Ross hybrids, and painting up there was total performance. Anything I do in the studio today is trying to recapture a taste of those moments. I'm aware that I will never be able to get back there fully, but that is where the journey began. It was painting that took my energy from "total idiocy" and flipped it into a "passionate commitment".

Early Inspiration/ Creativity

I am a child of the nineties, it was this era when my brain was at peak absorption levels, and when I formed my first sense of reality. I consider my art to be sponsored by Nerf, with an early Andre Agassi aesthetic. A fellow studio mate once called my studio a "Lisa Frank Meth Lab", I was flattered. The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air is still a hero, and my early experimentation with the computer program Microsoft Paint was the root of my whole Petrowpoint idea. I still consider looking at the blank screen in that program to be my first experience with the idea of painting freely. I mean I went to kindergarten and used paint brushes, but we all did that. I chose to use that program on my own will, rather frequently , way before I started painting with any serious intentions.

My dad's video camera was probably the first inspiration for a conscious act of creativity. Along with my older sister, and cousins. We would make movies, or homemade variety shows for each other's birthdays. It became quite the family tradition, until they got older and got boyfriends. By that time I was 14, and my dad had just got a new video camera that basically became mine. In retrospect I made my first pieces of art with that camera.

Not like the dude from *American Beauty* video pieces, but more like what I was calling a "summer documentary" .I spent an entire summer with that camera in my hand. Sometimes filming day-to-day activities, other times making up scenes and characters. There was an introduction scene numbering everyday that got more and more absurd as the summer went on. I recognize this now, as a performance or video piece, but when making them I was just trying to not be bored.

Jim Carey movies dominated my childhood VCR like many kids my age I'm sure, but I remember seeing Ace Ventura when I was 7 and being blown away, like I had a real appreciation for it beyond my years. Through Carey I learned about Andy Kauffman, and I think from there I decided to pursue performance and acting. The Mr. MHS Pageant was an annual talent show that I put a lot of creative energy into. This too produced early performance pieces, like putting my head completely into a uncooked 27 pound turkey and explaining my favorite recipe for stuffing, jumping off a ladder onto a Dixie cup (I broke my wrist on stage in doing so), a choreographed dance to Rod Stewart's *Do You Think I'm Sexy*, and turning a dogs neuter cone into the Pope's Miterⁱ as I prayed for the audience. Making people laugh has always been a source for inspiration. Comedy to me is the ultimate truth finder.

I always took art classes in High School because I could render things as a drawer, but my idea of art was very pedestrian. When I was in my Advanced Drawing class junior year that all changed. There was a student in that class named Ryan, he was beyond eccentric. I had known him for a few years, and every year he was a different person. I first met him in middle school, and he was sort of the class clown type. As a freshman he was a hardcore punk rocker, wore Doc Martens with white shoelaces, and I remember him once calling me out as an art fag. Now two years later, he was in my art class with his hair grown out, all chilled out, making crazy art. What had happened? He did a complete 180, and his drastic character shifts were always the most intense version of themselves, while still being completely genuine.

He was usually high on some type of substance in class doing whatever art he wanted. If the teacher said do a self-portrait, he would just scribble in pastels, and or just start painting. This fascinated me, most people in the class just thought he was nuts, our teacher always gave in because his art was better than anyone else's. It was talking to him in that class where my ideas about art started to grow. He introduced me to Jackson Pollock, and the ideas behind it. He also introduced me to good hip-hop music like Del the Funky Homosapien, Deltron 3030, and El-P. It was right here where the seeds to my magical garage days where being planted.

Hip- Hop Music

I don't know if I paint because I like hip-hop music, or if I like hip-hop music because I paint. Whatever it is, when that music was first introduced to me it always went hand and hand with the activity. The artists I mentioned above had a profound impact on my art. The sounds I heard in their music where new to my ears, and it was listening to them I learned to love the genre. Before this time I had a preconceived idea of what rap music was and who it was intended for, and upon learning that these stereotypes were not true it was like breaking down a barrier in my mind, and it opened me up. I felt connected to a new consciousness , which overlapped into my painting. The color choices became brighter, and the execution started to match the tempo of the music I was listening too. The repetitive

ⁱ noun(**Christianity**) the liturgical headdress of a bishop or abbot, in mostwestern churches consisting of a tall pointed cleft cap with two bandshanging down at the back

nature of the beats forced me into a certain zone. I would listen to songs on repeat for hours as if the painting only existed in the duration of particular songs.

One album that I want to talk about is *Madvilliany*. It's a 2004 release from producer Madlib, and emcee MF Doom. This album from the moment I bought it did nothing but promote creativity within myself. I liked it so much that I used to dismiss myself from school just to listen to it. I would drive to big shopping plazas and sit in my car and draw in my sketchbook while it played. The beats were masterfully collaged samples, and Doom was rapping with a compassionate flow that wasn't ego based, it was sculptural wordsmithing. I see sculptures when I hear his raps. All the songs are short, taking away the hook, and keeping simply to beats and rhyme, which was the opposite of the commercialized hip-hop music at the time. Ten years later this album is considered a classic by all hip hop heads, and it will be talked about 100 years from now. The song below is the second track on the album, a simple accordion looped between 3 chords with Dooms bars coming at you sideways. I had no idea what he was talking about, and I remember thinking, what is this? This album gave me creative fuel for a few years, and took that initial mind stretch the music gave me and pushed it further, so much so I started writing my own songs not long after.

Madvilliany-Accordian

Livin' off borrowed time, the clock tick faster
That'd be the hour they knock the slick blaster
Dick Dastardly and Muttley with sick laughter
A gun fight and they come to cut the mixmaster
I-C-E cold, nice to be old
Y2G steed twice to threefold
He sold scrolls, lo and behold
Know who's the illest ever like the greatest story told
Keep your glory, gold and glitter
For have half of his niggaz'll take him out the picture
The other half is rich and don't mean shit-ta
Villain a mixture between both with a twist of liquor
Chase it with more beer, taste it like truth or dare
When he have the mic it's like the place get like: 'Ah yeah!'
It's like they know what's 'bout to happen
Just keep ya eye out, like 'aye, aye captain'
Is he still a fly guy clappin' if nobody ain't hear it
And can they testify from inner spirit
In living, the true gods
Givin' y'all nothing but the lick like two broads
Got more lyrics than the church got 'Ooh Lords'
And he hold the mic and your attention like two swords
Or even one with two blades on it
Hey you, don't touch the mic like it's AIDS on it
It's like the end to the means
Fucked type of message that sends to the fiends
That's why he brings his own needles
And get more cheese than Doritos, Cheetos or Fritos..Slip like Freudian
Your first and last step to playin' yourself like accordion.

Historical Influences

It was an art history class that actually turned me into an independently thinking person. I had a professor who was able to teach us everything but art through art. He could lasso all the pieces to the puzzle and prove how connected we are.

That in mind it seemed daunting to look back on history and find a context. Where to start? The cave paintings in Altamira seem logical, but maybe I'll jump to Courbet's goatee instead. Both huge influences, but I always start with Pollock and work backwards.

When I first saw *One: Number 31* at MOMA I wasn't underwhelmed, but I felt like I knew it already. I actually enjoyed his earlier less all over paintings like *Easter and The Totem*, or *She Wolf* much more. It was always the energy and performance behind his paintings that I loved, and tried to imitate.

But still this was before I got to my art history class. I connected with Pollock before my brain was really turned on. I was operating all out of gut then. My relationship with paint is based out of Romanticism. I didn't pick up on this till recently. The seeds were always there though.

1/27/1847-There must always be an element of improvisation in the execution of a painter, therein lies its fundamental difference from that of the actor. A painter's execution will be beautiful only if he reserves the right to be carried away by his inspiration, to a certain extent, and to make new discoveries as his work proceeds.²

4/12/2008 -It's all good now, because I'm sitting in the Louvre. So it all worked out, just some bumpy travel. Without a doubt the best I've seen in this museum was the Delacroix's. Seeing the *Women of Algiers* sparked something deep within me because of the prints I made based of Picasso's remake.

The first journal entry is from Eugene Delacroix. I chose that entry because it seems very much how I work today. It stems from the budding ideas of the Romantic period, where the imagination and passions of the artist, musicians, writers and poets where the focal point of their creations. There are passages where Delacroix writes about going to see Beethoven and Mozart and it's a glimpse into being the first generation of people to hear that music. There seemed to be something in the air that was awakening the human element, or at least that's the feeling I get from reading his journal.

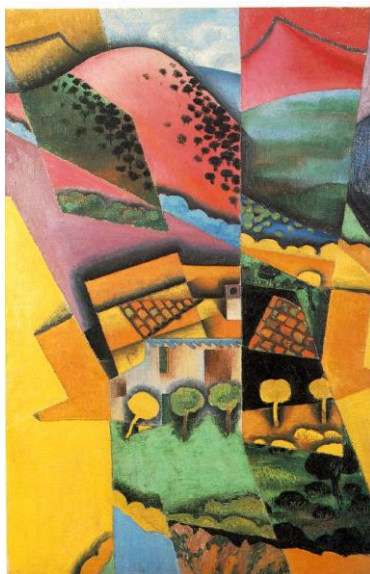
I chose my own entry because after a day in one of the world's most prestigious museums it was the Delacroix's that stuck with me. I wasn't expecting that type of connection either, they found me, and it was in my gut again.

As I said in my journal entry I made a series of prints based of Picasso's remake of *The Woman of Algiers*. This was a project I worked quite obsessively on, and I did it before I saw the original in flesh. Once I did see the original I felt extremely validated and revisited the idea. I liked this connection between the two artists and the one painting. I 'd make little post it sized compositions from fragments of each painting, breaking it down, and then turn them into expressive prints. I see them as third generation molecules, binding the romantic qualities of Delacroix and the intellectual analyzing of Cubism.



Woman of Algiers (after Picasso after Delacroix) 2009

Cubism was huge for me. Understanding the philosophies behind it was like my way of understanding the world. It put time and space completely in perspective. I didn't understand $E=MC^2$ or any of Nietzsche until I learned about Cubism. It was the key that turned my brain on; I started thinking about painting intellectually. Big Up's to Juan Gris, I recognize him now as my favorite cubist. His palette and compositions I really appreciate today more than ever.



Juan Gris, Landscape at Ceret, 1913

Intellectual Romanticism has the gravitational pull of a black hole, like a Rothko painting does, but they manage to make pink, orange, or blue holes too. My point being, if you take Delacroix's color and passions, mix them with Cubist philosophy and analysis, top it off with Pollock's ego you'll get Mark Rothko, the intellectual romantic.

When I first made that trip to MOMA to see Pollock, I left more impressed by Rothko. It was the opposite of seeing a Pollock. When that happened I was able to get over Pollock, but it took seeing a Rothko to get on board. Rothko to me is the ultimate Abstract Expressionist, although he'd probably deny that after reading his answer to this question asking him to define the movement.

"I never read a definition and to this day I don't know what it means. In a recent article I was called an action painter. I don't get it and I don't think my work has anything to do with Expressionism, abstract or any other. I am an anitexpressionist."³

I'd really beg to differ, and that's why I call him the Intellectual Romantic. His brain is trumping his expressions, but that doesn't mean it's not there. That's just my opinion. And if you don't think he was romantic here's his ingredients for a work of art:

1. There must be a clear occupation with death- intimation of morality...Tragic Art, romantic art, deal with death
2. Sensuality. Our basis of being concrete about the world. It is a lustful relationship to things that exist
3. Tension. Either conflict or curbed desire.
4. Irony. This is a modern ingredient- the self-effacement and examination by which a man for an instant can go on to something else
5. With and play ...for the human element
6. The ephemeral and chance...for the human element
7. Hope. 10% to make the tragic concept more endurable.⁴

I agree with that list, but personally I would flip tragedy to comedy, and change number 7 to:

Hope 10% to make the comedic concept more than just funny

For a while I told myself I wanted to paint like "Mark Rothko as a standup comedian". Early layers of Petrowpoint paintings used to go through the Rothko phase, which is when I would just blend colors and into each other in a Rothkoesque fashion. I thought the idea of having a list of colors that other people gave me was counterintuitive to Rothko ideals, and it was also a way to get those influences out without calling them done. In conclusion Rothko was huge me.

The Rauschenberg Bridge and Contemporary Hiking

To me Rauschenberg's combine is the utmost brilliant invention. It's like Duchamp's ready-made only on acid. I consider him to be my first contemporary influence. I choose to navigate on his bridge between art and life. The gap in which he's been quoted to make art from. Let's go on a journey to more contemporary influences, here is the directions.

Once you've passed through to the ART end of The Rauschenberg Bridge, a few miles down the road you'll find a minimalistic diner called Stella's. Grab something to eat there, perhaps an Oldenburg milkshake or some Campbell soup. It doesn't matter if you like it or not, just eat it and use it as fuel for the hike. After the diner continue down the road till you see the street sign for INFLUENCES. Make sure

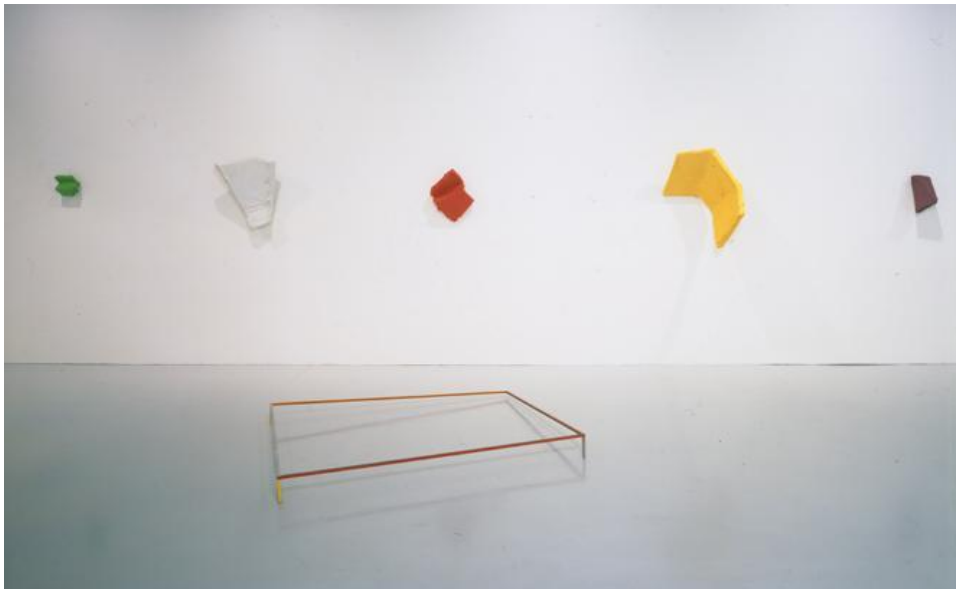
you merge onto the contemporary lane and turn left, you can't miss the mountain about twenty years down the road.

MT. RUSHMORE OF CONTEMPORARY INFLUENCE

The James Hyde Conceptual Trail is where I started following a lot of ideas. I was always into his breakdown of paint. A lot of it started with a list of questions he asked on painting, which I will get to later, but he was the person who put the idea that paint is basically pigment+ binder, an idea that turns tape into paint, and also made me realize it's just a material.

While Hyde's ideas keep me stimulated they wouldn't mean that much if I didn't really enjoy looking at his work. They are fun to look at and don't take themselves too seriously, even though they stem from an entomological breakdown of paint, and it's history. His body of work is holistic, it's subjective and objective at the same time, and his grasp of material as paint is something I'm just starting to appreciate.

SCENIC VIEW



Fundamentally, I enjoy making things and looking at things; that's what studio practice is about. If you're not enjoying the materials—how they come together, the play in the work—it doesn't really matter what ideas you have because they're left for dead. They should feel animate. This may sound corny, but art is something that affirms being alive and having pleasure.- James Hyde. 1999⁵

I like that quote because it's perfect to put a fork in the trail and move to The Jessica Stockholder Backwoods. It's just as playful as Hyde's, but it might be a little more wide open, and definitely easier to get lost in.

I was always into Stockholder, way before my paintings started to creep off the canvas. I consider her to be that early seed of getting to that point, or even turning me onto the bucket. It's hard to not think of her whenever I see anything plastic today, she's kind of stamped that as hers, and I find that to be a remarkable accomplishment.

But I think where I line up the most with Stockholder is her debt to playfulness, and the unknown.

“my work is most valuable when I continue to put myself on unknown ground. In some large way, I don't know what I'm doing. That's what's exciting....some elements are wonderful and some are not, but I don't know why”⁶

Learning to be okay with not knowing, or even as far as finding closure in nonsensical situations is what I get from her work. Here ideas on form are also very profound for me. I could try to paraphrase but better just to sit in these woods and listen to trees [STOCKHOLDER ON FORM](#).⁷

If you see my paintings/objects today it's easy to see how Hyde and Stockholder are locked up in them, but it was more like rock climbing in getting to this point. The Mark Bradford Collage Rocks had to be topped before I could jump off canvas.

In 2011 I was rather burnt out on painting. I was working in my neighbors shed in exchange for mowing her lawn. There was no energy left in that space, and painting felt stale. On a rainy Tuesday I randomly decided to take a trip to the ICA in Boston, I had no idea what was up at the time, but it was a full Mark Bradford show. I never even heard of him, but it was a great way to get to know him.

There I saw some of the best paintings I've ever seen, and the best part was I didn't even see that much paint on them. Bradford basically works in collage and decoupage, but ultimately makes paintings. He uses found paper for his pigments, and layers them with adhesives. The surfaces he builds are incredible. I still have the visuals in my head of sanded down layers of comic books, that come together beautifully in one painting.

This was a eureka moment times ten. I remember leaving energized and enthused. I started painting that night, and instead of paintbrushes I had plugged in my dad's sander, and went to town on those sorry paintings I had been working on. It was a shove in the right direction away from traditional painting, and his application of paper and adhesive strengthened Hyde's idea of paint being just pigment and adhesives.

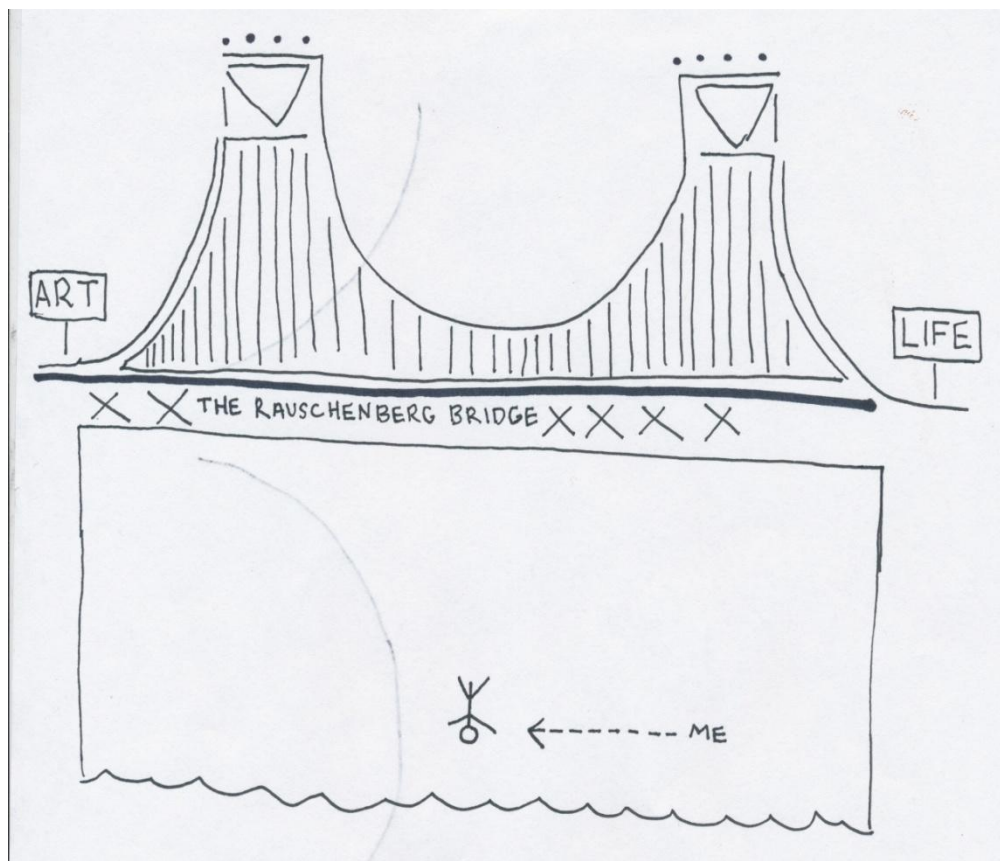
Trails yet to climb

James Turrell Lightning Canyon
Katrina Grosse Spray Gun Stroll
Tyree Guyton Heidelberg Project Park
Yayoi Kusama Dotted Path

Franz West Loop Form Trail
Rachel Harrison Recreational Passage

I'm above the tree line and the view below is where those earlier influences can now start to be seen. The trails above I've yet to be climb. I'm really into what those artist are doing. Turrell completely distorts space with light, and Grosse devours it with color. They make me want to never make an object again, and think strictly about finding a way to associate freely with color in space. Then there is the forms of West and Harrison that connect with me on a very fundamental level, and make me want to explore object making forever. The Heidelberg Project and Kusamas dotted environments kind of blend both ideas. Freely associating with color on top of objects in a space or environment, taking over a space like an abstract graffiti.

I still got a long way before reaching any kind of peak, or panoramic view of what my art will look like moving forward. I remember once saying that I live in a curiously ambiguous space. Kind of like anxiously pacing back and forth on that Rauschenberg Bridge. Whenever I get too close to one side I have an urge , sometimes obnoxiously, to turn back around, I always do. But that isn't creating, or procreating, that's when you go to the middle and jump off.



THE FREE FALL

9/9/2014

Today I put a chrome microphone stand with a flat black base in a orange bucket with cement residue on the sides. The round base was almost the exact circumference of the bottom of the bucket, this gave me a nudge of satisfaction. Then I filled the bucket around the base with spray foam that had a tint of spaghetti yellow forming as it exited the can, and accumulated around the stand. I then took driveway sealer, which when wet is like fudge brownie batter, and squirted it into the top of the hollow pole of the mic stand until it came overflowing dripping down the metal. I sat and pondered for a short minute, wiped away most of the driveway sealer, it looked like shit. A little desperate at this point I took a neon green Playboy beer cousy that I found in Cape Cop, and put it around the chrome pole upside down through the hole it had in its bottom. I spray painted the cousy a cousin of cerulean blue. At this point I haven't even taken off my backpack, and it had only been about 10 minutes. I left and got a coffee, came back and sprayed the chrome pole a stock orange. It was a good day.

September/October 2013

I was strictly painting on canvas, trying to finish the last of the Petrowpoint paintings. My palette was predetermined by the person who had filled out the sheet. Typically used oil, and spray paint. When I started doing these I was really obsessed with idea of being a computer, or machine. Every step had a defined action, and the execution of that action meant something very specific. Yet, as time passed I started to view each command as a possibility as opposed to a restriction. It was obvious that the sheets were losing steam as a concept, and evolving deeper into a practice. Painting started to switch from disciplined marks of color becoming forms, to finding new ways to achieve color as form. I was still using the sheets, but now, when someone told me to paint orange, instead of using a brush, the idea of adhering a 2x4, T-shirt, or a bucket was a valid completion of a step, as long as it was orange.

9/11/2014

Today I went back to the mic stand piece. I really don't know what to think when I see it, definitely didn't surprise me into liking it, which sometimes these newer pieces do. I took a Styrofoam Dunkin Donuts cup and poked it through the bottom onto the pole. Now the cup is resting on the upside down beer cousy atop the pole. I proceed to put fluorescent orange tape at varying widths around the circumference of the top of the bucket. At this point I'm uninterested, whatever was exciting about this piece is lost at the moment.

So I moved on to another piece. Two buckets completely covered in driveway sealer. The sealer dries a leathery black, which is sexy, but it doesn't look asphalt, which I was hoping for. Instead of stacking them one on top of the other, I decided to put one into the other. I then recoat them heavily with driveway sealer. I spotted an oil pan in the corner of my studio, and grabbed it. The flat black plastic looks appealing in contrast to the sealer, but I really don't know how to incorporate the pan to bucket. I try nearly every combination and situation I could, nothing worked. So I put a hefty amount of sealer, enough to cover the whole bottom of the oil pan and placed it in front of the two buckets inside of each other on the floor. Then I took a red oil funnel and put it into the Dunkins cups on the other piece.

Today wasn't working, I left confused, and also kind of annoyed that next time I go to change my oil I'll have to buy a new funnel and oil pan.



November/ December 2013

I've taken a break from canvas, started working on some video pieces I have dubbed, "video paintings". I was making videos around 4-7 minutes of colorful compositions that would change with lighting. I was taking any material or object like markers, coffee mugs, plastic bags, books, plates, sponges, literally anything, and turning them into paint. I was flattening three dimensional objects into a two dimensional plane with the frame of the camera. I was controlling the forms by filming very close up, and controlling color with light. Recording= Painting . They were fun for a few weeks, and helped push the idea of material as paint, or vice versa. Anyhow, I realized that making them was always the fun part, and decided to let that approach of grabbing materials at random seep into my studio practice.

The first piece I made not from a flat surface was the Jetpack. It was still made for the wall, but consisted of two Home Depot Buckets screwed to a panel. Then I adhered 8 Dunkin Donuts cups , 4 for each bucket, to the bottom of the buckets with a lids on them. My only adhesive agent was grey enamel paint, which I also painted over the surface of the buckets. The paint was the color and the adhesive that turned the material into the Jetpack. Although this piece no longer exists, it's impact was the furthest departure point since arriving to Delaware, and I've been stretching it continually.

9/12/2014

Today when I got to the studio the work I did the day before wasn't clicking for me. Something wasn't working with both of them. I had absolutely no idea why I put so much driveway sealer into the oil pan,

and the Home Depot Bucket was frustrating, too much cement dust made it hard to stick tape to the surface. First move was orange spray paint to the still wet drive way sealer in the oil pan. I then I wiggled the mic stand out of the Home Depot bucket . Result was much more interesting. Making these moves at this point feels like playing chess. The photo below is on to something, I call check.



At this point it was obvious that the real energy I was feeling from these objects was calling for me to combine them. Once I pulled out the mic stand from the bucket, the color was calling me to put the mic stand into the oil pan. And once that happened , there was really only one other thing to do. The confusion of the past day all of a sudden came together with one simple final move. It's not finished, but it has finally found it's form.

Checkmate

Spring 2014

By March most of the objects I' have been making have been finally fully removed from the wall. I'm now fully obsessed with the bucket, and continue to push the objects further. I begin wrapping them with duct tape, as I find the round surface of the bucket fits with applying the tape from the round roll it comes from. You can never put too much tape on buckets. Also I start incorporating spray foam into the bucket pieces, one of my new favorite materials. It has a life of its own, and is basically spray form not foam. Painting the foam allows me to use color freely, with a little more excitement that the flatness of a canvas.

October 7 2014

It had been almost a month since I touched the piece I'm now calling *Checkmate*. I added black and purple tape to the Dunkins cup. Then I flipped the cup and put funnel into the bottom of the cup. I put more spray foam in to the funnel and the oil pan. And also covered the pole of the mic stand with Macaroni and Cheese duck tape. A brilliant invention of the 21st century.



Summer 2014

The summer I devoted to making washing machines. The form of the washing machine came from the bucket. The inside of the washing machines where 20 gallon buckets, surrounded by cardboard for the exterior. It became a collaborative piece working in conjunction with Dusty Beert. We broke up the work

load as Dusty is in charge of form, and I'd be in charge of color. I was interested in the idea of bringing out the trapped energy that is inside this mundane everyday form, using color as the vehicle to do this.



October 8th, 2014

I cracked off the oil pan, by this point I really hated it, and forgot why I even put it on there. I had to slither the spray foam form away from the bottom. I flipped the buckets upside down and put the spray foamed stand on top of the buckets. I then peeled off the black gorilla tape from the Dunkins donut cup and put the pulled off piece of tape, adhesive side out, onto the buckets. I added a vertical light blue line of tape down the side of the buckets, and then sprayed the red funnel and spray foam coming out of the funnel a heavy saturated forest green. It dripped down onto the spray foam on the mic stand. I think it's finally finished.

October 13, 2014

I spray some light blue lightly around where spray foamed mic stand and upside down buckets meet. Its finally done.

"Objects of this kind also come in frozen-custard pink, hepatitis yellow, and baby-soap blue."-Alan Watts⁸

Section 2

B= 2nd letter in Alphabet

First word B in Merriam Webster Pocket Dictionary

BABBLE: to talk in a foolish or jumbled way: gibberish

Brain Stains

my art is a punch line with no premise.

The space between a black hole and gravity is now. Now eat the space a peanut butter and jelly occupy's, eat it, and be full of yummy space.

My personal motto is "anything is possible, if you don't know what you are doing." Therefore, I have to go make a sandwich.

Make every sandwich like it's a Rueben and you'll always make good sandwiches.

8 years ago is everyday

Always waste time in the moment

Take your time and stuff it in a box, take that box and light it on fire. Call it timeboxfire.

The amount of coffee you drink in one day should equal the amount of dancing you do in that day

The song *Red Wine* by UB40 would of been a miserable failure if it was about white wine

Blue ball red chest white lie black

Life is better as cereal, with bananas

Life is better inside a contradiction, no its not



I won't blow smoke up your ass, because blow is up my nose

go to **Dunkin Donuts**, buy two donuts that suit your fancy, eat one, and hide the other in a obscure place that you will surely forget about. Stumble upon that donut a few days later and experience the true essence of joy (amendment: don't be an asshole, get a Boston Cream)

Jerk your brain off, see what comes out. Just watch out for your eyes.

I sometimes write thoughts as equations because I'm awful at mathematics.

Expression= Unrealized Situation+ articulate being

Judgment <Execution+ Ideas

-Mystical Beauty + living action = Objectification

Volumetric Swelling(Mental expansion)= Density\Concept

Consciousness+ Unconsciousness= Pancakes

postmodernism= -human condition(capitalism)+alternate realities

horny plants + tree sex= Itchy eyes (Sneezes)

Mind+ World= Mirrors

Artist= Businessman(Human Spirit)

Conceptual Art= (Smart+ Dumb) \ Blue Tape

Paintings= Visual Gummy Bears

Physicality\ Paradox= Materials

the world will almost definitely makes sense

in a parked car outside a liquor store.

There you can eat a bag of potato chips,

and listen to the radio.

Try and make eye contact with people as they exit.

People We know

Glaciers of ice remind of marijuana brownies

Not to be blunt, but if we smoked one in a Jet Stream Garden.

Erosion changes landscapes like a lumberjack in a mirror.

Thank you Wu-Tang---

88 Toyota Camry hatchback stick shift

My life as a grey radio button,

Where my dad told me about Pink Floyd.

Dan was 17 when I was 8, but we liked the same Disney movies.

Thanks for the baseball glove, all oiled up and shit.

James Hyde ?'s

James Hyde's "Some More Questions" published in the anthology "Ready Made Color". It's a list of 19 questions Hyde proposes on painting. When I first read them in 2007, I was aware that I found the questions intriguing, but at that point I by no means understood them. I pleasantly stumbled upon them 7 years later in my research and found that my work was subconsciously trying to answer these

questions on some level. My grasp of them felt much more involved. Below is the full list of questions, followed by some attempts at answers.

1. Is a tube of paint used for a painting more or less a ready-made than a bottle rack used to make an art object?
2. Is concrete more or less raw than oil paint?
3. What constitutes found color? If one matches the exact shade of a poppy in a field, is that color any more or less found than Forest Green paint bought at the hardware store?
4. Is it ever possible to use color in a painting so that it is impersonal or unevocative? If a painter intended it to be unevocative, would it be?
5. If paint is color and adhesive, does that make decals and tape paint?
6. What makes a painting a painting? Is it to be defined materially; i.e., is it a somewhat flat object made with paint? If so, should we admit car doors to the category and exclude frescos, which are made without the binding agent of a paint?
7. Conceptually and critically is it more interesting to be able to call a real dog a painting, or a painting a real dog?
8. Is it color that identifies the object as a painting or is it painting that allows us to develop the mechanics and poetics of color?
9. How many colors or shades of color are necessary to produce the image of a picture?
10. Is a picture ever material?
11. What would it mean to have a fake painting, not a fake of a particular painting, but an object imitating a painting? If painting is a mimetic art, wouldn't this object pull itself up by its bootstraps to painting-hood?
12. What is the difference between wall furnishings and paintings?
13. Is it possible to understand photography and its history without considering the history and effects of painting? Is it possible to understand painting without photography? Is it possible to see a painting without already imagining its photographic reproduction?
14. When we see a view and find it picturesque, aren't we acknowledging that the real imitates art?
15. Is color the same in a painting as it is outside painting? How is this question different from asking; is color the same in a picture as it is outside a picture?
16. Does color heighten or deny materiality within a painting?
17. "A color 'shines' in its surroundings (just as eyes only smile in a face.) A "blackish" color – e.g. grey – doesn't shine." (Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on Color*.) Often in paintings, grays shine and blacks glow (witness works by Reinhardt, Velasquez, and Duccio.) Is that because of their relational surroundings or because paintings are faces made of many eyes?
18. Albers expresses that there is a fictive dimension to his painting when he says "Color deceives continually." (Joseph Albers, *The Interaction of Color*.) Why doesn't this deception occur in nature? (Animals and plants camouflage themselves, but this is as much a function of scale, pattern, and location as of color.) Albers makes a compelling case that color deception is fundamental to human perception. Does fiction imitate perception or does perception imitate art?

19. Has our social condition reached a point of saturation of objects (you could also call this a "new pictorial space") where we can say material deceives continually?

5. If paint is color and adhesive, does that make decals or tape paint?

This was probably the only question I understood back in 2007, and soon after I started using duct tape as physical brushstrokes. On canvas it's hard to use tape and have it not feel guilty, because of the edges always lining up in a grid. But the truly beautiful thing about tape is the ability to pull off pieces and experience marks otherwise impossible to come by. Whenever that happens I would recognize paint's adhesive qualities almost being more important than the color. Artist like Mark Bradford come to mind, when he uses found pieces of paper, which he then paints on using just adhesives, layer after layer. It starts to blur the line between painting and collage. Is a collage a painting? or is a painting a collage of brushstrokes?

In my piece, *Yellow Jetpack with enough fuel to get to the moon in 72 hours*, I was using paint strictly to adhere coffee cups to buckets, the color just fell into the scheme. I even consider the screws I used to be the adhesive equivalent to the gasoline tanks color. That marriage of adhesive and color turns the gas tank into a physical brushstroke in my eyes.

3. What constitutes found color? If one matches the exact shade of poppy in a field, is that color any more or less found than Forrest Green paint bought at the hardware store?

If you look at any of my paintings on canvas, or objects, it's obvious that I really like industrial and contemporary colors. I had a professor who used to say "Don't ever use paint straight from the tube, that's like letting the paint company paint for you". I was always ok with that, and never really got into mixing paints like a lot of painters I know. I used to link that to painting with Microsoft Paint as a kid, they had the color selection box with bright and heavily concentrated colors. Those were some of the first moments I had creatively using color, besides playing with crayons, which is kind of like the analog version of that anyway.

I always loved the orange of the Home Depot Bucket, but whenever I tried to mix up that color with paint, and apply with a paint brush, I never liked it as much as the actual orange on the bucket. So to me, found color is very much dependant on the vehicle that is delivering the color to your eye. When I first saw Barnett Newman's *Sir Heroic us Sublimis*, at MOMA, to say I was floored by the power of that red is an understatement, but what if I saw that red on a box car of an 18 Wheeler? How would that feel? I don't think there is a definitive answer, but I really hope I find one of those.

8. Is it color that identifies the object as painting or is it painting that allows us to develop the mechanics and poetics of color?

I think that is a beautiful question. In a lot ways I agree with both parts of it. The work I'm making now with the buckets, or the washer and dryer are 3 dimensional objects that exist in space, but when I'm making them they feel like paintings. The decisions I'm making all stem from the placement of color, like

breaking up a composition, only now in space. That's the point I'm at, I'm just painting in space, playing with the poetics of color, they just happen to be on objects.

11. Is a picture ever material?

All material talk used to bore the shit out of me. Learning about minimalism, and reading about material used to drive me crazy. At that point I still just wanted to fling paint around, still not grasping the idea that paint itself is material. For some reason I always attached paint to color, but now all I see is material.

I had a breakthrough moment on a painting I did first semester called *Peter Kutcher\ I kind of like this one Bob*, or otherwise known as the painting with a T-shirt in it. Still working with Petrowpoint, the code was (P orange) or simply Paint Orange. The orange paint wasn't looking right that night, I tried putting some orange tape down, didn't like it. I was frustrated, didn't feel like painting orange at all anymore, but that was the challenge of working with the sheets.

I was going to give up for the night, but out of the corner of my eye saw a bright orange T-shirt that I had bought for no reason. In intuitive fury I stapled the shirt to the canvas, and dumped resin all over it. That moment is kind of answering all four questions at once, by using this logic;

The T-Shirt was an object made of found color, that became a physical brushstroke once adhered to the canvas. It achieved a more poetic color relationship within the painting based off the material being fabric, and not paint.

7. Conceptually and critically is it more interesting to be able to call a real dog a painting, or a painting a real dog?

I have called my real dog a painting to his face, many times, to no reaction, not even if I scream it at him. And just last night I called one of my paintings a real dog. Nothing happened, I was talking to myself, and I imagine if there were someone in the room with me I wouldn't of seemed less crazy. Either way what the fuck does that mean?

The Yellow Pole

There is a yellow pole that is beautifully tucked underneath a pine tree at a park in Newark, DE. I found this pole while walking my dog. It immediately demanded my attention. It's placement made it feel like it had no function other than being yellow. Upon inspection you can see how many layers of yellow paint have been caked on over the years. It's obviously someone's job to paint this pole, but why?



When I think about painting the pole I am reminded of cephalopods. In Jaron Lanier's manifesto *You Are Not A Gadget* he talks about them, even declaring that they should be the dominant species on the Earth. The only problem is that they can't pass information down from generation to generation like us humans. Everything a cephalopod will learn in their life will be an independent journey. This means the ability to shape shift, or the ability to master the chromo tropes that exist in their skin, which allow them to change colors, can never really evolve. That's like every human developing their own way to control the noises they can make with their mouth, or in other words no languages. If adult cephalopods could teach their young the tricks of the trade, than cephalopods could potentially evolve into a powerfully intelligent creature. Since I like equations, here's a good one from Lanier:

Cephalopods+Childhood=Humans+Virtual Reality

So why does painting the yellow pole remind me of cephalopods? It goes back to simply color and form, were painting is the vehicle to develop the mechanics and poetry of color. Painting is kind of our way of being closer to cephalopods, because they know way more about color and form than we do, they live and breathe it. We do too in a way, we are living and breathing colors and forms, but my skin can't suck up the green from the wall behind me turning me turn into a scrawny Hulk or broccoli. But imagine if it could?

Then I walk up on this pole, a bright yellow just standing there with some trees. It really took me off guard, and I couldn't help but think, is this type of sensory persuasion perhaps similar to when the squid feels the urge to form itself as a coral and take on its color? Wouldn't it be nice if I could arrange the

pigment in my skin to arrange to that yellow, and then merge my arms and legs and extend into an awkward human pole? What would that feel like?

But as a human I just started to cover it with duck tape, lots and lots of duck tape, in all types of color and patterns. This was my way of getting to know this color and form. I realized that painting this pole was not easy, everything I did to it wasn't working. It's painting in space. The color of the trees and dirt, and sky are now part of this painting experience, and for some reason that yellow really was the best color for this pole to be. I didn't realize this till probably after two weeks of painting on it, someone came and ripped off all my tape, and then applied a fresh coat of yellow. I covered it with yellow duck tape and felt victorious.

To push this idea even further I have put together what I call a chromo trope kit. It's just a cooler filled with tape, and paint but I like to think these are my chromo tropic materials used to figure out forms in space.

I started on a bench along a trail here in Delaware. I've been covering it with paint and tape for a few weeks. I add little bits day by day, and in a basic sense it's graffiti. I'm trying to accentuate the form by bringing out it's trapped energy with color. This could give people a visual experience otherwise gone unnoticed. I'm not tagging anything or even damaging it based on the temporal nature of my materials, nothing is permanent, it's a morphing experience, not vandalism. The color I applied to the bench lasted a solid 3 to 4 weeks, until someone tagged it with the letters ACTV. I went the next day to cover up the tag, but all the tape and paint had already been removed. I wonder if it would still be there if not for the tag.

Then I decided to paint a trash bin right outside my studio on campus. The UD police came by and asked me what I was doing. I said I'm painting this trashcan to make it more beautiful. I even cleaned the dried up gum off of it; in my eyes this is community service. Officer Brown, (yes his name is actually Gary Brown) said, "well if you were painting this blue and gold I wouldn't even of stopped you, but you're going to have to stop because no one authorized this". I thought that was funny, blue and gold are ok, but green and pink are offensive? I had to restore the trashcan to it's original state, which meant painting it black, fully authorized this time of course. I still used mostly black duck tape, just to feel victorious.

This is what I mean when I say cephalopods know more about color and form than humans do. Do we ever experience color in a truly free way? Without symbols or meaning attached to it? A world run by cephalopods would have colorful trashcans, and washing machines. But what color would their poles be?

"we do not want to establish a theory of color(neither a physiological one nor psychological one)but rather the logic of color concepts. And this accomplishes what people have often unjustly expected of a theory"- Wittgenstein⁹

Post Human Pre Singularity Painting in the Post Michael Jackson Era

I was drawing a picture of my pet tree frog Jarmo when I got a text from my friend which read:

MJ DIED : (6/25/2009

I knew she meant Michael Jackson because this girl doesn't give a shit about Michael Jordan. I went to my dad's records and pulled out *Off The Wall*. I started drawing Michael Jackson from the cover of the album, right next to Jarmo.

Now would be an appropriate time to start listening to *Stranger in Moscow*, a very much underrated track from his 1995 *History* album. I requested that song at my sister's wedding, she got mad and said "this is not a wedding song", she was right. Also, according to quantum physicists Michio Kaku, we are a stage 0 civilization.¹⁰

A stage 1 civilization gets all of its energy in cooperation with its planet -Planetary

A stage 2 civilization get all of its energy from the sun and stars - Stellar

A stage 3 civilization gets all of it energy from the entirety of the galaxy-Galactic

We kill our planet to get our energy, and kill it's atmosphere when burning it, so we get a 0. A stage 1 can harness the energy of strong storm systems, hurricanes, tornadoes, volcanoes, and control it's climate. We still paint with animal hairs attached to sticks, not that we shouldn't be, but at the end of the day we have Stone Age brains¹¹ operating our smartest phones, so I imagine there is painting on a stage 1 civilization. What would they look like? How are they made?

When I say Stone Age brain, I don't mean it to be degrading, because obviously it's a fascinating force which is enabling me to write this, but I believe it to be wired to a different tempo than the current beat of our increasingly Post Human existence. I contribute this overstimulation or tempo change to be a factor in an expansion towards what seems like nothing . But progression in an expanding universe is undeniable, so what are we expanding towards? That's really what I care about, painting is just one prism to look at it through.

Post Human= new modes of subjectivity +Homo sapiens¹²
talking to a machine when calling your insurance company

One day Facebook will literally be a Face book, automatically live streaming our statuses or as we would call them today, our thoughts. This will probably happen post Singularity. Ray Kurzweil, author of *Singularity is Near* has predicted the moment to happen around 2045. He thinks consciousness will be able to be downloaded , and backed up forever. And at that point our post human selves will then become *transhuman*, or beyond our own biology. That might seem crazy, but think about how important backing up your information today already is, and the anxiety it can cause. Using the calculations of exponential growth and Moore's Law the line between information and material being blurred seems inevitable.

Post Human Pre Singularity, or right now, seems to be a confused grey area. In art it is seems like we go around in circles, and show our work to each other in the corner. I'm sure it's always been that way, but the current system seems so stage 0, and it's not just art, its across the board. We still prefer war over space travel, and dollar signs over the environment. We care more about imaginary lines of nations

than recognize our planet and place in the universe. We give drugs to children who can't sit still in a class room, rather than find a new way to teach them. And we still can't seem to get over the fact that we come in different colors, at least not until we fuck each other into one. That's some stage 0 shit considering we need to be shifting to a stage 1 to prolong the survival of our species on this planet. Which if we do, it will then be up to the artist to preserve the human element, and unleash the potential of a new paradigm that was ushered in by science and technology.

"It's up to artist to guard the visionary aspects of technology. Art lifts a mirror to show the power and peril of nascent technologies" -Michael Heim *The Design of Virtual Reality*¹³

What would making art be like in a world where information and material are basically the same thing? Would I be able to take the green from the grass and put it on my shoes, and then take those shoes and stretch them over a bus? Would we all be creating and collaborating instantaneously with no idea of artistic or intellectual property? Would we be at full cephalopodan range, where existence is essentially an ocean of possibilities? The idea I'm getting at is what Jaron Lanier refers to as Post Symbolic Communication, and can be described as the following:

"In the domain of symbols, you might be able to express a quality like "redness". In Post Symbolic communication, you might come across a red bucket. Pull it over your head, and you discover that it is a cavernous on the inside. Floating in there is every red thing: The umbrella, apples, rubies, and droplets of blood. The red within the bucket is not Plato's eternal red. It is concrete. You can see for yourself what objects have in common. It's a new kind of concreteness that is as expressive as an abstract category"¹⁴

Now even he admits he doesn't fully understand this concept of fluid concreteness, so you can understand that I really have no idea what to make of it. But it does ignite my brain on fire, especially because he's talking about red buckets! Perhaps this feeling of empty expansion is just a farce, and what we really are expanding towards is something so incredible our Stone Age brains don't have the capacity to register it completely. Whether you find this uplifting or depressing it's given my practice of making art a push in the right direction, in the sense that making art may be the only post symbolic task we can do today.

Conclusion

POINT BREAK

by
James Cameron

&

Kathryn Bigelow

Buddha looks out the doorway. Gauging distance, airspeed, the geography below. He looks at Utah, aiming the Casual at him.

Johnny stares back at him like a pit viper.

BODHI

I know it's hard for you Johnny.
You want me so bad it's like acid in
your mouth. But not this time.
(he braces Roach at
the door)
Let's go.

Buddha signals the pilot and Utah feels the plane drop as the engines are cut back to an idle. Buddha slaps Roach on the shoulder and Roach slumps backward out of the plane. Buddha braces to jump, looking at Johnny for a last split-second.

BODHI

Adios amigo!

He chucks the Casual onto the seat beside the door and bails.

Buddha tumbles out into space. It's over.

Utah's knuckles are white, gripping the seat. There's a dynamo, spinning out of control in his head. He leaps up in an explosion of rage and drives his fists into a bulkhead. Looks around like a rabid animal. TWO SECONDS. THREE SECONDS. Then...

UTAH

FUCK IT!

Peculiar Brand
Political Bosses
Passing Bottles
Pushed Back
Playing Ball
Period before
Play Between
Pleasure! Boys,
Psychology Bureau
Pulsed Below
Perennially Blue
Planted Blind
Plump, Blonde
Place Between
Poor Bernard
Producing Bright Bottomless Past
Precipitous Banks
Pile of Bones
Painted Bodies
Pale Blue

-Aldus Huxley
Brave New World 1932

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