



Also,
BFA Thesis Research

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2022

Gestures:

impression of my studio walls with exact dimensions ; To be aware to recreate a space is to invest in a separation from the original.

to watch a leaf fall from its tree ; Keeping only the ones that touch or land on me. Ones that cross my path. Something that has touched the sky and fallen.

Collected leaves taped to the wall with the written moment of their documented fall

I am left with the taste of dust in my mouth ;

Insulation fire bricks from a stack the weight and height of my first lover, written documentation of the date and time of when I kiss the bricks (a thought when present)

measure through association ; Looking to find a footprint that looks like your own.

Bronze cast of my footprint

metamorphosis of the heart

Broken glass from a jar casted into a peach pit given to me by my first lover

breaths ; a source of the internal and external. Coming from inside the body, the lungs, the heart. An embodiment of everything, of life, of knowledge. Breaths that bring life -- wanting to have a piece of loved ones living energy. Keep it in a bag. Even if it deflates, the moment still happened, it is still contained.

Collected exhaled breaths in bags

if only for a moment

A mold of a lover's hand cast into ice is placed into my palms to melt. To be aware of the nature of a fleeting temporality. To grasp something that slips from your hands at the same moment. Things sometimes evolve the states of matter.

Empty Spaces

To recreate a space is to know that it can be only that -- an impression. Something only from the imagination devised into tangibility. Always separate from the place it is trying to pursue through imitation.

This reinvention leaves us with *empty spaces*.

To the place in between.

With the studio as a space of raw creation, it holds a value of vulnerability and secrecy, like the innards of the heart thrown into a room. The rawness implies a state of flux. The potentiality of life and death of an idea all within the same space.

To allow one into a space of such is to allow them into your mind. To share your deepest concerns like the writings on the page of a journal. The love you put into the things that are separate from yourself (but connected). Like a lover, or a child.

The way things collect and organize within the studio occurs through a natural order of association. The work reflects this in the manners of shared spaces. The places in between become the places to meet. Teetering on to the vulnerability of an edge.

“Look, now at the variety of stones. Viewed from the bank these gravel bars seem uniformly gray, but bend close and you can see this is not true. It’s almost as though at first glance nothing were given away. You could regard this as the stone’s effort to guard against the intrusion by the insincere.... It’s reassuring to hear the names, but it’s not so important to remember them. It’s more important to see that these are pieces of the earth, reduced, grounded down to an essential statement, that in our lifetime they are not irreducible. This is one of the differences between, say, stones and flowers.” (Barry Lopez Desert Notes / River Notes)

This optical phenomenon is much like that experienced by shipwrecked Dutch explorer Willem Barents and his crew in their anxious awaiting for the return of the sun in a wretched Arctic storm off the northern tip of Novaya Zemlya in 1597. *An arctic sailor fears darkness more than the cold.* When the sun finally did appear, it came twelve days earlier than they expected. A divine intervention.

What these sailors saw that January day was not in fact the sun, but, as we know now, only a *solar mirage* -- the sun was still 5° below the horizon, its rays bent toward them by a refractive condition in the atmosphere. These common happenings in the arctic serve as a caution against precise description and expectation, a reminder that the universe is oddly hinged.

So, as with a bed of stone to the uninhabited viewer and the reflective quality of light to desperate eyes,

As with gestures. One should allow gestures to hold the same amount of preservation of the delicate, leaving the desire for the archaeology of their secrets.

To leave a space to be filled. Only for those willing to truly look. To question what they are really seeing.

To follow blindly.

Peach Pit

The beholden of a broken heart, one given to a lover now metamorphosized.
Finding the necessity of change. Of life within the fallen.
Find the melt given from the beloved and grant it the power to mend. One of our greatest powers lies in malleability. In the ability to shapeshift through an absence.

When a peach falls to the ground and begins its slow process of decay, it is often easy to forget that it is a seed being planted.

We are attached to so many things outside of ourselves.
Our minds beholden to puddles. The love of exteriority that we attach ourselves to fills us with knowledge unknown before.
What can an edge teach you?
Find that love for the beloved in the other -- in strangers,
In rocks,
In the curve of the road,
In the sound of water hitting the roof.
Now you know how to love.
Learning to love without loving.
Just being.

Let the fruit fall. Let sugars rot into black earth. Let the seed dig down.
Watch.
Something will grow.
It looks familiar,
but is new.
A new life grows from the
peach pit.

~

The peach pit originates in its moment shared with my first lover. The stone of the fruit placed into the palm of my hand as a token. Something cherishable not in the moment of exchange but in later remembrance. We often end up with things that do not make sense to us in the present moment.
Drinking from cups rimmed with rust. A past lover of mine would drink out of elegant mason jars. The rims of the jars would collect rust in the encounter with the metal lid and the lid's encounter with the water over a period of time. I've been holding onto this jar that was my favorite of theirs, another token of remembering.
The night my heart was broken by my most recent lover, I was carrying this jar amongst several other oddly shaped objects, making things quite uncomfortable to carry. Holding this jar close to my heart, something in my mind became separated from the moment and I feel the glass jar slip from my hands and witness its crash onto the ground. My heart falls and breaks right before my eyes.
I wonder, do I pick this up? Do I throw this away?

My mind tells me I must make something anew of this.
I sweep up the broken glass and decide
I will melt it into the *peach pit*.

Collections

“Things are means of bringing something to mind; we need things which have no value in themselves to remind ourselves of those whom we love the most. Things then take on a real power. Prisoners who possess nothing of this kind write the names of loved ones on the walls of their cells, lovers on the trunks of trees. One tries to create things which will be closely associated with one’s own name in order to perpetuate one’s own memory. It is matter and not mind which faithfully preserves memory.” (Simone Weil Lectures on Philosophy)

I have come to find myself to look for you in everything.

I spent years after our last moments together trying to fulfill them again in other people.

In other places.

In the smell of you.

The shape of your nose.

The sensations of the present meant nothing without their significance to the past.

Until I could begin to learn to fill the gap that created this void of you in me. By allowing myself to be overtaken by the presence of you through your absence, emplaced therefore onto another object or entity, I could begin to suffice myself of this loss.

The you, that was not you, and could never be you, would remind me that there is only the one you. So, that in the nature of looking for you in other things became seemingly impossible, it became more about the recollection of self of something that appeared to be missing, separate, or lost.

I needed to *feel* you without *feeling* you.

Transpiration of your weight into stone,
into bricks.

Your height.

Kissing the bricks.

The distance from my house to yours.

To walk it. To touch it, every inch of it.

Collecting your favorite flower.

Standing in the same place we once stood together.

Looking for your name in the library.

A substance for me to fill the piece of myself that goes out to you.

The nature of collecting becomes an act of finding without looking. A collection should arise not out of a desire to forsaken a moment, to transgress its delicacy. The moment one's mind becomes more oriented to the collection than the experience, the collection is gone. There can be no knowledge of what is to come until it is already gone. So, the nature of collecting reflects a natural synchronicity to the experience of life's temporal fleetingness. To be unaware of the full value of the ephemeral until it has completely passed -- as one does not recognize they have seen a shooting star until there is no longer the shooting star.

As too with the stars that are in our sky's night whose ever glow seems to make us appreciate what can be there while still being distant. But are all stars really there?

Some of them have burned out millions of years ago, and their light is still traveling through space and time to meet us at this moment. *How lucky. Us too.*

What we see is memories.

"Let's see someone touch a star and not get burned. He'll hold up his finger, Just a memory burn! he'll say" (Anne Carson Autobiography of Red)

A memory burn.

The burn of something once there. An impression which still remains.

"Now, the problem with starting a collection is realizing you've started one... You've started so you must continue, and with most collections, there is no end...there can never be the definitive collection. For what is more inert than a finished collection?" (Tacita Dean Selected Writings)

"When I first showed my collection in 1995, for the first time in my collector's life, I became paralyzed by an inability to find any more four leaf clovers. It was as if I had turned the accidental action of finding a clover into something altogether too self-conscious. I had played an uncomfortable game with Fortune and She had shunned me for my ostentation. I suddenly searched too hard and could no longer find." (Tacita Dean Selected Writings)

All collectors fear the inability to find what they so long to desire, to what is distant to them only makes the desire stronger. However, a collection should not be something bestowed upon, but rather found through the recognition of self by *not looking*. To be found by something, which in turn you think you have found, giving an origin to the innocent experience of finding.

Allowing the gesture of collection to then become a form of documentation, one of the most innocent in its kind. An experience in which holds itself into the form of an object or sensation then only transcends through its relativity to the past, in which its matter only becomes present once the moment is past, gone from the here of which is now.

So it becomes a way of remembering, a way of holding onto emptiness, to silence and to stillness.

"In fact, we perceive the resemblances before the individual things which resemble each other, and, in an aggregate of continuous parts, the whole before the parts. It is association which comes first; it is through dissociation that we begin." (Simone Weil Lectures on Philosophy)

So, it is through the loss of you that I am able to find you through the other.

If I had you,

there would be no reason to look for you anywhere outside of the self which I contained for you.

We compare the image of desire to the imagination (the positive) to that of which could never be a reality, that of which is (the negative).

“Whenever a lover is in a state which is like that he is in when he is near what he loves, everything seems to him to emanate from what is loved.” (Simone Weil Lectures on Philosophy)

Crystallization.

Stendhal experienced the phenomenon which he termed crystallization in the salt mines of Salzburg in the summer of 1818. The smallest of twigs would be dropped down into the mines on strings and return in a crystalline form unrecognizable to its original state.

We allow ourselves to become embedded into the other through acts of imagination.

A mental metamorphosis of the inner self in its deprivation to the desires of the outer.

The lover imbues the beloved not as how they are but as best suits them, to where the beloved takes the imaginary form of the lover's desires. This intentionality of beauty becomes harmful through tactics of self infliction, disguising love as something only attainable through the imaginary realm, through a space that we conceive to be the inbetween.

The lover feels the urge to grasp something not there to grasp before. Melt the image into another.

What is the anthropology of your own myth?

For the delight in reaching?

What is such an edge? For the words I love you separate the me from you. As if the absence of you from the syntax of my life could be changed through the power of language.

Then it is the positive the lover longs to imprint -- the phantom to the most unimaginable memory.

And so we overcome through the languages of finding,

through something not looking to be found,

which in return, finds you.

The synchronicity to the fleetingness of a moment to something like soul mates comes only to go.

An object or moment has no desire to be anything more than just is its nature. We impose the things we long for in relation to the inertness of what an object *could be*.

The mind's trepidation of the inert is baffling in its ability to transcend whatever we can make of it. It is as subtle in its expression as the turns of the mind. Larger than a grasp.

Yet still knowable.

The mind, full of curiosity and analysis, dissolves and reassembles the pieces ;

the wind through swift grass,

the color that comprises night,

the sound of your voice in the morning

rising against a fallen sun ;

In attempt to fathom such geographies. Meanwhile, searching for oneself within them. To discover a way to dispel one's own sense of estrangement. All of it, all that is and could be, is actual meaning as well as it's metaphorical reverberation, was and is understood differently.

What we want it to be is more than the fact of what it simply is. As is with any unsatisfied desire.

The past clings itself to the present in an attempt to fill a space that must have been left empty.

How can the absence of something in the present moment make palpable something we never had in the past? We long for what *could have been*, rather than what *was*.

This is not to say that these feelings are unnatural and should be turned away. Rather, nostalgia and longing should be recognized within the other as an essential part of the human condition. The

imposition of the past onto a present object or scenario is essential to its understanding to the self. Without this, things would hold no value.

Without recollection we are without memory.

We need memory to make sense of the world around us. Otherwise, there is no difference between yesterday and today, between the distance of tomorrow.

“One is actual, one is possible. To know both, keeping the difference visible, is the subterfuge called eros.” (Anne Carson Eros the Bittersweet)

All of these expressions of time obtain a velocity through their use in language.

It is language which gives the potential to everything -- to what is here, what has gone and what is yet to be. What is imagined, the celestial sphere, an atom, all through the infiltration of the impossibility to do so mimicked through their nature of not wanting to be understood.

Language gives us the power to possess that which cannot be obtained, but only through the separation of knowing that its attempt is only that. That in language's attempt to dissolve the space in between, it creates yet another boundary of the intangible -- the boundaries of words that can only be heard or seen but still never *felt* in terms of physical touch.

Language can then be said to provide a method. It is so different from what is real. There is no substance to the word kilo as in its physical weight -- we become separated through the loss of what is real and what we wish to understand.

This nature of collection as documentation is then much like the *invention of art* itself.

The ancient Roman writer Pliny the Elder tells of how it began with the outlining of a shadow.

Pliny recounts the story in Corinth, Greece where the daughter of a potter traced the outline of her beloved's shadow before his distant departure. A manner of remembering through absence.

The young lover's father reproduced her portrait by pressing clay into the outline of the beloved's silhouette, preserving the transient of that which we remember (that which exists only in the mind) into a physical form.

Once again we are presented with the contradictions between the negative and the positive -- for what we can hold, what is real, versus what we inquire in the perceptual realm of imagination.

Unit of Measure

Creating one's own personal *unit of measure*.

To define a *magnitude*, a *quantity*, which can be represented in a qualitative form of physicality.

To endow an essence to time, a distance, a weight or height -- the intangible aspects of life which we often feel the most disparate from, especially when given systematic tools for attempting to imitate these within a scale of measurement.

We often risk trying to make the things we cannot see but feel physical.

Upon the creation of the need for a written form of language also came the need for more definite way of echoing the indefinite -- *time, distance, weight or height*, but also the wind, the way the air sounds escaping from a crashing wave, love and death all became formalized into a written, documentable form. When we begin to think of the differences between oral based cultures and literate cultures, the foundational element of these intangible aspects of life play a significant role in the ways things are expressed and felt by the Other. The shift between understanding through the textures of sound to visual conveyors brought along with it '*a reorientation of perceptual abilities.*'

"With that different sensual deployment comes a different way of conceiving his own relations with his environment, a different conception of his body and a different conception of his self... Self-control is minimally stressed in an oral milieu where most of the data important for survival and understanding are channeled into the individual through the open conduits of his senses..." (Anne Carson Eros the Bittersweet)

Orally based language cultures experience the ethereal on a much different level -- they must *feel it*. There are no words to describe such a thing. One shares through the exchange of energy, a hidden knowledge that exists within the shared space in between.

"Literacy desensorializes words and reader. A reader must disconnect himself from the influx of sense impression transmitted by nose, ear, tongue and skin if he is to concentrate upon his reading. A written text separates words from one another, separates words from the environment, separates words from the reader (or writer) and separates the reader (or writer) from his environment. Separation is painful." (Anne Carson Eros the Bittersweet)

And so thus, with words unable to fill the spaces in between, one is left to define his own *unit of measure*. Using systemized metrics to determine a value in which holds its own significance, then translated into various forms, each with their own physical properties. One's own, of like a standard made from the nonstandardable. Physical qualities that must be defined in order to have value. A personal magnitude of which allows for a tactile understanding of the ephemeral outside the confines of linguistic experiences. It becomes a way to measure the way things change through time, the way things can change form but still maintain the same mass, occupying its own space and form.

The earliest forms of measurements were oriented towards an intimate relationship to the body. Things such as the length of a foot from heel to toe, a stride, the length of the hand, (a handful). The intangible

becomes submissive to the need for understanding through a personal determinant of the body, ways in which distances and mass become understood through the relational. However, with this came an irregularity of measurements from region to region, one's hand here was not the same size as one's hand there. And thus came the desire to standardize a measurement.

The standardized metric system came through a measuremental relationship to the origin of the body in a more cosmic correspondence -- a meter became 1/10,000,000 of the distance from the equator to the north pole, a system with the intent for universality, one equal for all inhabitants of earth (Though, it is important to note that this system was more intended for purposes of taxation of the lower class to benefit the colonizing rich. But nonetheless, its function was to be universal). The creation of the meter allowed for an exchange of information of that which could not be seen, though this use of language carried with it its own forces of separation.

There is an ambiguity to trying to understand that which does not desire to be understood.

This uncertainty is mimicked in the work and the language around it. To allow an embodiment of mystery to permeate the work -- to hardly ever clearly provide answers.

Whose weight?

Height?

An attempt to configure the unfathomable into a compressible understanding.

Anything can become a means to measure through association, as we often do with all things we can not see but desire to understand. This is why emotions are so closely linked to color.

To give the ungraspable a means of understanding outside the inner relationship of its inability to contain matter allows one to feel *closer* to it.

Also,

A good friend once told me: 'Logan, you are not just one thing -- you are *al de mas, also.*'

I find the relationship with my work sustains a common flux that is entwined with the living life of an artist. One is constantly reconstituting their own identity and vision through a relation to external forces.

As lovers,
two points meeting at a seemingly unintentional moment,
shooting stars,
something found that was never really lost.

We should allow things to pass through like wind in the sails of a ship. The power to change a direction of course, but only if the sailor has faith in which way it can take him.

People pass through us like wind. To find yourself pulled into the orbit of another, only to have the faith in the places it will take us. Or to be left stranded.

A rediscovery of self through the other.

A piece of yourself hidden, activated by another.

"To be touched thinking what we feel is ours when, in the end, it was someone else, in longing, who finds us" (Ocean Vuong On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous)

How does this external exchange begin to take form within the mind? Do we accumulate puddles in which we draw from when things are dry? Things left over that imply something has come and gone, with a reservoir of thought for a later time. Further, I pursue how this now internal change of circumference influences the output of gestures and objects, which in their own life, provoke this exchange to begin again.

"Art and love are the same thing: It's the process of seeing yourself in things you are not" (Chuck Klosterman Killing Yourself to Live)

My art and my love are the same.

How closely can one give oneself to another without the loss of self?

I often ponder the impurity of soulmates. How we begin to seek so much out of the other that we more often lose ourselves in the process.

Artists should not provide answers. An Artist should ask the questions which potentially have no answer, which, in its own right, could be an answer within itself. The impossibility of the inexplicable becomes alive through an attempt to discern such qualities. The Answer poses a means to an end, and there can be no end within the infinite nature of *art as life / life as art*, because life is always moving, and so the work carries with it an energetic charge that resists an inertia of thought. As one self is in a state of constant flux, so is the independent body made at a specific moment, and your view of it when you become separated from that moment.

"And yet, if one takes the time to think about it, all the secrecy of a life gathers itself in this metaphor of closed eyes, all our power is in what we can follow, in what we can attain with eyes closed" (Jean Baudrillard Please follow me)

As Baudrillard continues to say, '*Everything is at the vanishing point,*' and so, it is not until we have reached a certain point that we realize the distance we have traveled, and the distance that is still to come. As one *comes*, one must also *go*.

The mind and its memory are as fleeting as the time implied by this distance and space. People too, like a moment, come and pass through us, again, like sails on a ship. One attempts to hold on to these reserves through the forms of documentation.

A Thought, Memory, an Object, Place, Sensation, found within the Other, where the absent presence comes alive.

And so we return to the thought of *Also*,

To allow oneself to be something of adaptability, malleable to experience. That in the highest recognition of self is to recognize the ever changing self in relation to the exterior world -- that the self becomes the outerself by bringing it back in and releasing it once more. And so once more I would like to add -- As in Orange street lamps,

Puddles outside the home of a lover,

Rain when it called for Sun,

Shadows at Noon,

A flock headed South,

A lightbulb astray from its source,

The time changing an hour,

The taste of Orange without eating it,

Wind through a trembling tree,

The imprint of a body when removed from the bed or pillow,

A footprint that looks like your own,

Silence in the space In Between,

Shadows at Night,

A broken gate post,

The light coming through your window at 5:12 pm on a Tuesday,

Watching a Rock shed its skin,

Giving a Hare a home,

Feeling someone's heartbeat through their chest,

Great Horned Owl feathers in a field,

Frankincense at the bottom of the Grand Canyon,

Eyes as cold as ice shattering,

Playing the piano without knowing how to play the piano,

A sand dune with a view of the ocean and a house with a chimney,

Cucumber-leaf flowers,

The distance to San Francisco,

Someone walking through the door that you haven't seen in a long time,

Splitting a leaf down its spine,

True North,

Airplanes that almost touch,

Cups with rust along the rims,

A hand which caresses the back of your neck,

Where light stretches the furthest,
Flipping a coin to make a tough decision,
The warmth of skin in a hug,
A heart where the heart should be,
Wisdom Line making a line across the horizon,
Yellow sticky notes,
He sits at a park and listens to leaves,
Love being the color of light catching the surface of water,
A rock for hand holding,
The thread that tethers above our sleeping heads,

~

As with Art. One should allow the constant state of influx to the self from the outermost self to be accepted within form and practice with the same adaptiveness and malleability. Dissemination of the documentation of an experience relies on what is truest to the sensational and ephemeral nature of memory itself, rather than concerns in the concurrence of aesthetics, practice and medium. It is like being lost and trying to draw a map of a territory you do not know yet -- maps are only valuable to those who know what the lines mean, to those who know which way the river is flowing. It is through the map that the territory begins to take shape, a space that reflects the instability of the unchanged. Thus, a practice must remain open to all sources of information that can be considered relevant to the clarifying of new paths within research. The mind's reflections of ideas and processes in a continuous state of growth that materialize and reorganize in different forms over time. A gesture of archiving unsystematically. More than a group of defined and definitive pieces, one should look for the unstable links between things. Diachronic objects open dialogues in a common space exchanging information beyond language.

Wind can sometimes open doors.
We must be willing to let them open.



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Photographs used sent personally by a lover in San Francisco.