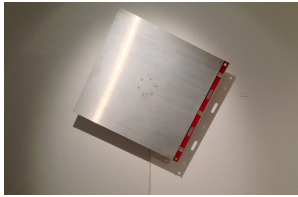


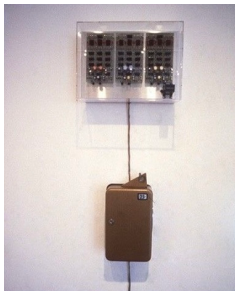
Art Descriptions



The Square That Rotates

One of the earliest and most important works in the development of my artwork is “The Square That Rotates,” created while I was working on my M.F.A. At the time, I was deeply influenced by the Theatre of the Absurd, particularly the plays of Eugène Ionesco and Samuel Beckett. The work is deceptively simple: a square piece of aluminum with a spirit level attached to one side, rotating once each hour. Its function is both clear and ridiculous. A spirit level is designed to measure balance, but here it is attached to an object whose movement guarantees perpetual imbalance. The piece performs purpose while defeating it.

This work introduced a condition that would recur throughout my practice: motion without meaningful progress. Something happens, but nothing develops. A square turns; a level registers; time passes. Yet the system arrives nowhere. I later came to think of this condition as the “development of non-development,” a state in which action is continuous but transformation is illusory.



Untitled (Digital Slot Machine)*

My fascination with the absurd has remained a constant thread throughout my artistic practice. The next piece I’d like to highlight is a digital work titled “Untitled,” a conceptual slot machine that playfully questions ideas of value, ownership, and chance.

In this piece, ownership is determined entirely by randomness: if a participant lands nine consecutive zeros, they “win” the artwork. But there’s a catch, should the new owner ever wish to sell it, the piece must be transferred in exactly the same way it was acquired: through the slot machine mechanism. Its monetary worth, therefore, is never fixed. It could just as easily be valued at 25 cents as \$25,000.

This work isn’t just about luck, it’s about the instability of meaning and worth in both art and commerce. Like much of my work, it invites viewers to reconsider what it means to “own” a piece of art, and whether value is something we assign or discover by chance.



Sisyphus

As I continue revisiting my past works, I’m drawn again to those rooted in the spirit of the Theatre of the Absurd. One such piece is “Sisyphus,” a kinetic sculpture named after the doomed figure

in Greek mythology, condemned to repeat a futile task for eternity. After World War I, playwrights like Eugene Ionesco and Samuel Beckett expressed deep disillusionment with the human condition. Their work, particularly “Rhinoceros” and “Waiting for Godot,” rejected conventional narrative and meaning, favoring absurdity to reflect the chaos and pointlessness they saw in modern life. These ideas directly inspired “Sisyphus.”

The piece consists of an aluminum box housing a small motor that tightly winds a spring, only to release it with a loud snap. Then it begins again. And again. A relentless, pointless cycle. The mechanism performs its task mechanically and without purpose, echoing Camus’ metaphor of absurd labor, and offering viewers a sonic and visual loop that borders on the maddening.

While absurdism often veers into nihilism and despair, my intention has always been to approach it with a sense of dark humor rather than hopelessness. If life is absurd, why not laugh at its futility?



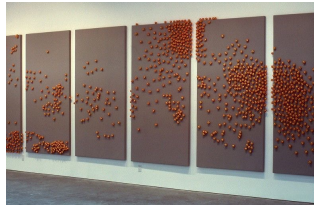
30 Ball Moved 30 Times*

“30 Balls Moved 30 Times” represents a continuation of my early engagement with the aesthetics of the absurd, though it departs in significant ways from the structure and intent of earlier works such as “Sisyphus.” Whereas “Sisyphus” functioned as a closed system, autonomous and indifferent to viewer interaction, 30 Balls...introduces an external variable: the artist’s own subjugation to the artwork’s procedural demands.

During the exhibition, I enacted a daily ritual: clocking in with a time card, arbitrarily relocating the 30 balls within the gallery space, and then clocking out. Neither the timing nor the duration of this task followed any fixed logic. This performative aspect shifted the work from static installation to a repetitive durational act, one in which the illusion of progress belies its essential futility. The piece assumed authority, imposing meaningless labor upon its maker.

This work, alongside “The Square That Rotates” and “Sisyphus,” engages with what I term the “development of non-development”, a condition in which action is performed, but no substantive transformation occurs. Apparent change masks an underlying stasis. It is a conceptual gesture toward motion without meaning, production without purpose.

Importantly, my engagement with the absurd is not rooted in nihilism. Rather, I aim to infuse these gestures with a sense of dark humor, a quietly subversive acknowledgment of the futility inherent in systems, rituals, and human striving.



Yellow Balls Red Tape*

When I returned to Art Center in 1986 to pursue my M.F.A., it was the first time I was doing something purely for myself. Up until then, every academic or career decision had been made to satisfy others, whether to meet my parents' expectations or to follow what seemed like the practical path. At twenty-three, I felt out of place in academia, and I found the constraints of commercial art stifling, especially the prescriptive nature of being told what to create. This time was different. I came back to explore what truly mattered to me: art.

I entered the program with a sense of uninhibited freedom. While I took each project seriously, I approached them all with a spirit of play. Art, for me, had to be engaging, it had to be fun. That ethos continues to guide my work to this day.

"Yellow Balls, Red Tape" emerged from this mindset. As with "Thirty Balls Moved Thirty Times," the piece relied on my active participation and explored the intersection of minimalist aesthetics with elements of popular culture.

The installation consisted of six 4-by-8-foot panels stretched with gray headliner fabric. Each day of the exhibition, I randomly attached 300 red and yellow toy ping pong balls to the panels using Velcro. The configuration changed daily, yet the piece remained visually restrained, different, but always the same. It played with the idea of change within stasis, control within chaos.

To complement the work, I had a custom suit tailored from the same gray fabric. I wore it to the opening, complete with a single Velcro-covered ping pong ball as a boutonniere, an ironic nod to the work's materials and its performative nature.



Safe Sex (aka The Sex That Peterbilt)*

My ongoing fascination with popular culture led to the creation of a kinetic sculpture titled Safe Sex (aka The Sex That Peterbilt). In the 1980s, we were living in an artist's garrison deep in the industrial heart of downtown Los Angeles, just across from the Three Star Smoked Fish Company and nestled between the flower and produce districts. Our converted warehouse studio sat right on the edge of a constant parade of tractor trailers, rumbling past day and night.

It didn't take long to notice a peculiar obsession among truckers: the fetishization of their rigs, particularly the mud flaps. These often featured stylized chrome silhouettes, usually idealized male or female forms, fixed like tiny deities onto the back ends of eighteen-wheelers. I began to see them not just as decorative flourishes, but as bizarre symbols of desire, fantasy, and containment.

In a moment of absurdist inspiration, I interpreted these mud flaps as a kind of prophylactic, a shield of projected sexuality that both displays and denies. At the height of the AIDS epidemic, this reading felt darkly appropriate. Out of this grew *Safe Sex*—a work that embodied both humor and unease in equal measure.

The sculpture consisted of two truck mud flaps, each adorned with a chrome figure, one male, one female, mounted on a welded steel frame. Behind each flap, a hidden hose pumped water, animating them in wild, erratic motion. They flailed, danced, convulsed, but never touched. The piece was kinetic, theatrical, and entirely absurd, a mechanized metaphor for intimacy interrupted.

Sadly, *Safe Sex* no longer exists. After years of being shuffled from studio to studio, show to show, the sculpture was eventually dismantled and reduced to scrap. Like the era it emerged from, its vitality was fleeting, but its spirit remains welded to memory.



Voyager*

What Do You Call an Artwork That Records the Time It Has Been Seen? *Voyager*!

In considering the intersection of art and economics, I've often reflected on the many factors that shape a work's cultural value and market worth. Common criteria include the artist's reputation and provenance, the rarity or uniqueness of the piece, its physical condition and craftsmanship, its subject matter and aesthetic impact, and, of course, market timing and demand.

But one factor is almost never mentioned: how often, and for how long, a work is actually on view. Whether exhibited publicly or privately, visibility plays a critical role in how art is experienced, interpreted, and ultimately valued. After all, how can a work be truly appreciated if it remains hidden in storage?

Voyager was created in response to this question. Its sole purpose is to record the cumulative time it has been displayed.

The work itself is minimal and self-contained: a 2' x 2' square of black plexiglass, with a digital counter at the center and the word *Voyager* discreetly inscribed in the lower right-hand corner. Its aesthetic is quiet and conceptual, a meditation on presence, visibility, and the passage of time.

Voyager was completed more than three decades ago. Its last known location was Milan, where it was sent to be featured in an exhibition at Milli Gandini's Night Gallery. From there, it vanished, never returned, never seen again. An artwork designed to measure exposure now exists in complete absence.



Conflation

“Conflation” was conceived as a response to the growing commodification of art and the persistent collapse of boundaries between the artist and the artifact.

In contemporary culture, it has become increasingly difficult to disentangle the object from the author. The myth of the artist-genius lingers, frequently eclipsing the work itself. We project biography onto form, ethics onto aesthetics. The result is a kind of moral conflation: if the artist is flawed, so too must be the work.

“Conflation” interrogates this dynamic. It asserts the possibility that the work of art may operate independently of its maker, and that meaning need not collapse into identity.

The piece consists of two components: a tailored suit and a stretched panel of fabric, both constructed from the same pinstriped material. The stripes, traditionally vertical in business attire, are rendered horizontal. This slight dislocation is critical. The pinstripe, an emblem of corporate conformity and capitalist decorum, is reoriented, abstracted, and rendered ambiguous.

The suit nods to Joseph Beuys’s Felt Suit, recontextualizing his gesture through the lens of late capitalist aesthetics. The horizontal stripes reference the formal seriality of Agnes Martin and early Frank Stella, systems of visual logic that resist narrative and moral projection. Together, the components form a diptych of identity and anonymity, presence and performance.

Decades after its making, the suit no longer fits. The body has changed. But the gesture endures: a refusal to be reduced to surface, signature, or scandal. The work remains a site of negotiation between appearance and authorship, production and persona.

In short: “Conflation” is not about who I am. It’s about where I end—and the work begins.



Entropy

“Entropy” emerges from a fascination with the fragile threshold between structure and dissolution, a meditation on the slow unraveling of systems, meaning, and form. It is an object lesson in the absurd: how easily the pursuit of order collapses into futility.

At its core is a child’s thumb puzzle, a modest apparatus of logic and control. Traditionally, such puzzles rely on a missing piece, a sanctioned absence that allows

the image to be reassembled through calculated moves. The vacant space becomes a conduit for resolution, absence in service of coherence.

But “Entropy” withholds that resolution. Constructed from a single block of wood, the puzzle retains its formal unity even as it denies visual distinction. Each tile is painted black, uniform, mute, opaque. There is no picture to reconstruct, no image to guide the hand or mind. The puzzle becomes a field of sameness, a system that gestures toward meaning while systematically erasing its trace.

There is a secret logic embedded in the work: each piece is numbered on its underside. Yet this logic is inaccessible without disassembly. To know the structure, one must undo it. To restore it, one must first destroy it. It is a paradox, a closed system that hints at solution while actively resisting it.

In this way, “Entropy” stages a quiet drama of loss and recurrence, an echo of the universe itself: once whole, now scattered, always circling the idea of return. Whether the puzzle can ever be reassembled, whether it should be, is left unresolved. What remains is process, potential, and the enduring presence of unknowing.



Take-A-Number

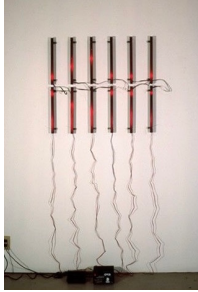
“Take-A-Number” is the logical (or illogical) outcome of a years-long inquiry into the ontological implications of absurdity, or more plainly, my ongoing fascination with the pointless. This particular installment in my graduate work draws its lineage not only from the bleak humor of Ionesco and Beckett, but also from the everyday theater of waiting rooms, deli counters, and bureaucratic purgatory. In short: absurdism with a ticket stub.

At the center of the installation is a Take-A-Number dispenser, encased in plexiglass, untouchable, unreachable, and utterly useless. It sits behind transparent walls like a relic of late capitalism, promising order but delivering nothing. A neat procession of stanchions leads dutifully up to it, inviting viewers to queue for a service that will never arrive. Overhead, the number 37 glows like a secular icon, its significance obscure to anyone but me: my age at the time of the exhibition, chosen not for symbolic meaning, but because, well... I had to pick something.

Compared to earlier works like “Sisyphus,” “30 Balls Moved 30 Times,” or “The Square That Rotates,” this piece introduces a new protagonist: the viewer. Where previous projects kept the loop internal, either mechanical, performative, or both, “Take-A-Number” outsources the experience of futility. This time, you get to wait in line. You’re welcome.

It’s hard not to think of Richard Serra’s Tilted Arc here, not because “Take-A-Number” shares its scale or controversy, but because it too manipulates the viewer’s movement,

only with less steel and more existential shoulder shrug. My aim wasn't to impose control, at least not consciously. I just wanted to recreate that strange modern ritual of standing in line, fully aware of its absurdity and yet complicit in it, just in case something might happen. And of course, nothing does. But maybe that's the point. In the enforced pause of a line that leads nowhere, there's time to think. About the absurdity of structure. About the comedy of compliance. Or about how, sometimes, not getting a number is the only number worth getting.



Competition Stripes*

I've always had a soft spot for cars, not for what's under the hood, mind you, but for their surface appeal. The gleam of lacquered paint jobs, the over-the-top chrome accents, the curves of a Porsche or Ferrari sculpted like they were meant to be stared at. It's a rolling aesthetic buffet. But the real fascination begins when these objects of desire start dressing themselves up with pop-cultural flair, spoilers, decals, racing stripes, and just enough kitsch to make you wonder whether you're admiring a vehicle or a rolling fan fiction.

Enter "Knight Rider," the 1980s television show that introduced us to KITT, a black Pontiac Trans Am with more personality than most of the show's human actors. KITT's signature feature was a red, oscillating scanner light mounted above the grille, a detail that screamed I am intelligent technology in the most literal way possible. It swept left to right, over and over, as if the car were deep in thought or just really into synth music. Naturally, the scanner became iconic. So iconic, in fact, that enterprising manufacturers began selling versions of it to the public, because what self-respecting car wouldn't want to look like it's brooding?

"Competition Stripes" grew out of this cultural moment. I took a series of these KITT-inspired lights and repurposed them into a vertical light sculpture, channeling (or perhaps parodying) the refined aesthetic of Dan Flavin. The lights pulse up and down in patterns that shift between chaotic misalignment and brief moments of synchronized serenity, much like the process of installing them. They evoke the "go-faster" stripes of hot rods, but here they move, they shimmer, they try to mean something.

The result is a work that oscillates, literally and conceptually, between homage and parody. It borrows Flavin's minimalist gravitas and then undercuts it with a dose of glowing pop absurdity. It's as if the sculpture can't decide whether it belongs in a Chelsea gallery or at a car show next to a brushed aluminum DeLorean. That tension, that delightful indecision, is precisely the point. "Competition Stripes" is both sincere and ridiculous, a celebration of light, motion, and our collective willingness to take ourselves just a little too seriously.



The End Of Education*

Sometimes an artwork begins as a reaction, a response to the quietly absurd conditions that shape our daily environment. Today, I routinely delete hundreds of spam emails from my inbox without a second thought, my fingers performing a kind of digital exorcism. But before the advent of email and the internet, such noise arrived in a more tangible form: the daily mail.

At the college where I taught, my physical mailbox became an analog prototype of today's inbox, crammed, day after day, with memos, newsletters, flyers, circulars, and other ephemera of institutional life. Most were unread, many were unnecessary, and all of them seemed to constitute a ritual of bureaucratic self-importance. One couldn't help but wonder: how many trees had perished for the sake of these unread announcements and discarded initiatives?

Rather than throw it all away, I decided to collect it. Over the course of a year, I saved every piece of mail I received. The result was an installation titled "The End of Education," a visual elegy to wasted communication and administrative inertia.

The work took the form of a gridded field of receipt spindles, each one piercing a stack of mail like a bureaucratic shish kebab. Neatly arranged yet vaguely menacing, the piece oscillated between the decorative and the threatening. It invited viewers to contemplate not only the absurd volume of institutional noise, but also the darker implications of being symbolically impaled by one's own participation in the system.

In the end, it wasn't about education per se, but about the slow entropy of meaning in environments that confuse information with insight.



Hollywood Square

"Hollywood Square" extends my ongoing investigation into systems of order and control, specifically through the lens of the square as both a pictorial format and a conceptual device in the history of painting.

The work consists of a 2' x 2' Cibachrome print in which ten canonical square paintings from art history are each dissected into ten equal sections. These fragments are then reassembled into a composite image, with the first tenth drawn from the earliest painting, the second from the next, and so on, culminating in a layered chronology where each work contributes a fragment to the whole.

What emerges is a fragmented yet unified surface, a visual tapestry whose sole common denominator is the square. The result is neither a homage nor a parody but a

quiet subversion of both art historical continuity and the geometric neutrality long ascribed to the square.

Traditionally, vertical formats invoke the human figure, while horizontal canvases evoke the landscape. The square, by contrast, is seen as neutral, free of metaphorical burden, an empty container awaiting content. Yet in “Hollywood Square,” that neutrality is exposed as illusion. Each slice of painting, stripped from its original context, resists and interrupts any seamless narrative.

The chronological ordering of fragments appears systematic, but like much of art history, it is both arbitrary and authoritative. It imposes structure without necessarily delivering meaning. Instead, it offers a sequence, a forced comparison from one era to the next, that mimics the methodologies of art historical discourse.

By foregrounding these mechanisms of classification and juxtaposition, “Hollywood Square” calls attention to the constructed nature of art historical interpretation. It serves as a reminder that the frameworks we use to understand visual culture are themselves shaped by assumptions, exclusions, and the quiet imposition of order masquerading as insight.



The Book: An Exhibition

“The Book: An Exhibition” marks a significant transitional moment in my artistic practice, one shaped not solely by aesthetic concerns but also by practical necessity. Having previously relied on traditional materials and a dedicated studio space, a series of personal disruptions necessitated a reconfiguration of both method and medium. With the loss of my downtown studio, the computer emerged not only as a pragmatic tool but also as a generative site for conceptual exploration.

The project draws conceptual lineage from Marcel Duchamp’s *Boîte-en-valise*, in which the artist reproduced miniature versions of his major works and housed them within a portable suitcase. Duchamp’s gesture collapsed the boundaries between archive, object, and exhibition, offering a subversive model for mobility, reproducibility, and authorship. “The Book: An Exhibition” takes up this lineage through a similarly portable and enigmatic format: a hollowed-out book clad in synthetic alligator skin, an emblem historically associated with chaos and artifice, containing fifty-four laminated, oversized playing cards.

Each card functions as both a discrete art object and a unit within a larger system. One side features a reproduction of my past work; the other retains the iconic design of Bicycle playing cards. In this way, the work operates within a dual register: it is both an archive and a game, an exhibition and a device of concealment. The cards are marked, yet the logic of the marking system is not immediately legible. The underlying order is

intentionally obscured, accessible only through the recognition of the deck as a ciphered structure. This obfuscation reflects my enduring interest in systems of classification, legibility, and control, particularly as they intersect with strategies of misdirection and play.

Notably, many of the works represented in *The Book* no longer exist; they have been lost, destroyed, or, in some instances, stolen. The project thus also serves as an elegiac archive, a proxy for a materially dispersed oeuvre. In a telling incident during a 2015 exhibition of the work, one of the cards was itself stolen, an event that underscored, with ironic precision, the fragile illusion of containment and control.



Plagarius

The art world, as anyone who has been in it long enough knows, is a place where you can be anointed a “visionary” one day and quietly discarded the next, usually without so much as a thank-you note. “Plagarius” is what happens when you try to make peace with that.

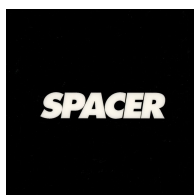


The project was born out of a debacle involving *Take Over*, an exhibition curated by Millie Gandini at Milan’s Night Gallery, a show meant to probe the uneasy marriage of art and economics, which in retrospect feels a little too on the nose. My participation was arranged through Krieger/Landau Gallery and to be shown in Los Angeles, New York, and Milan. The works were carefully crated, dutifully shipped across the Atlantic, and, from all reports, beautifully displayed. The exhibition was apparently a success.

Then came the phone call: a “falling out” between the Milan gallery and Krieger/Landau had resulted in my artworks being held hostage over some unpaid debt. My travel plans were canceled, my art effectively vanished, and my introduction to the Milan art scene was reduced to hearsay and rumors.

So I did what artists do when they’re backed into a corner: I made it into a piece. “Plagarius” became my way of processing the absurdity, a conceptual memorial to my disappeared works. The installation featured posters styled after missing persons notices (those you used to see on milk cartons), paired with life-size silhouettes of the kidnapped pieces. If you can’t get your art back, at least you can give it a proper wake.

In the end, the irony was impossible to ignore: a show about the commodification of art literally commodified, and then disappeared, my own in a “Take Over.”



Spacer

Claude Debussy once remarked that “music is the space between the

notes,” recognizing that silence, those seemingly empty intervals, gives music its shape and emotional power. Miles Davis, with his characteristic cool, put it another way: “It’s not the notes you play, it’s the notes you don’t.” Both understood that absence isn’t nothingness; it’s a presence in its own right, creating tension, anticipation, and meaning.

John Cage, in his radical composition 4’33”, pushed this even further: “There’s no such thing as silence.” For Cage, even the absence of deliberate sound reveals its own music: breathing, shuffling, distant hums, transforming so-called emptiness into a field of unintended composition.

My “SPACER” pieces borrow from this lineage of thought, translating it into the visual realm. They are not meant to compete with the surrounding works for attention but to reframe them, to act as quiet mediators within the gallery space. Installed between other artworks, “SPACER” pieces invite viewers to slow down, to notice the intervals and the silences between objects, to recognize that these in-between spaces are neither void nor neutral, they hum with their own presence.

In this way, they function like rests in a musical score, pauses that give rhythm to the experience. They make a simple but challenging proposition: sometimes the most significant part of an exhibition isn’t the art itself, but the breathing room between the works.



Wrecks, Accidents, & Collisions

The 1980s marked a period of seismic shifts in the art world, driven by two particularly notable ruptures. First, the commodification of art became a dominant topic of debate, provoking both critical discourse and artistic response. Artists such as Jeff Koons, Richard Prince, and Damien Hirst, among others, rose to prominence by confronting (and often exploiting) art’s increasingly entangled relationship with market forces.

Simultaneously, the very notion of originality came under attack. Appropriation emerged as a critical strategy, dismantling the myth of the autonomous, “authentic” artist. Sherrie Levine’s rephotographed Walker Evans prints, Cindy Sherman’s staged personas, and Louise Lawler’s sly documentation of art-in-situ exemplified this profound rethinking of authorship and meaning.

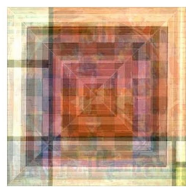
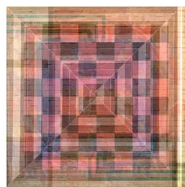
It was in this context, and following my own disastrous experience with a Milan exhibition, which left me without a gallery and bereft of several significant works, that I recalibrated my practice. Having recently adopted the computer as a primary tool for production in the early 90s, I turned to Photoshop as a means of both catharsis and retaliation. Thus emerged my series “Wrecks, Accidents, & Collisions”: a project born

out of loss, irony, and a desire to confront the very system that had so casually discarded me.

If I no longer had a gallery, I reasoned, I would appropriate one. More than that, I would insert myself directly into the historical record. In one example, I commandeered an advertisement for the Mary Boone Gallery, erasing the original artwork and replacing it with my own. In another, I rewrote the narrative of modernism itself by altering documentation from the 1913 Armory Exhibition, a particularly appealing target, given its proximity to Duchamp's infamous urinal and the shockwaves it set in motion.

These interventions were not confined to the studio. They were materialized as invitation postcards, printed, mailed, and distributed. Most recipients assumed they were receiving conventional exhibition announcements, unaware that the postcards themselves were the work: both the invitation and the exhibition simultaneously.

I believed the project to be conceptually sharp, a pointed and ironic commentary on the mechanisms of art circulation and its gatekeeping institutions. But as with most collisions, not everyone walked away unscathed. Some recipients were neither amused nor charmed by the gesture; they failed, or refused, to see the humor, the critique, or the absurdity embedded within the act.



Square #0123456789 & #9876543210

When I first began working with digital media, specifically Adobe Photoshop, I was struck by how different it felt compared to traditional studio tools. Suddenly, images weren't fixed; they could be layered, reordered, and made partially transparent, opening up entirely new ways of thinking about visual relationships. This shift inspired me to revisit my earlier piece "Hollywood Square," but with a different question in mind: What happens when the meaning of an image isn't just about its content, but the order in which it's experienced?

Square "#0123456789" began with a simple premise: that sequence changes perception. If Hollywood Square explored how placing works side by side creates meaning through comparison, this project examines how the order of presentation, what comes first, what comes last, affects the way we read and interpret images.

Photoshop's layering tools were essential to this process. Unlike the photographic darkroom, which locks an image into place, the digital workspace allows for fluid experimentation, images can be stacked like translucent sheets, each one visible through the others, and their opacity fine-tuned until new relationships emerge. Using the ten square images from Hollywood Square, I layered them digitally, each at 10% opacity. A custom program then generated multiple permutations by randomizing their stacking order.

The first two iterations—Square “#0123456789” (in chronological order) and Square “#9876543210” (its reverse) each 4”x 4” - became reference points, showing how dramatically a simple shift in order can change the visual and conceptual experience. Several other versions were created, revealing an almost endless series of possibilities.

This work ultimately reaffirmed a belief I’ve carried into much of my practice: that meaning isn’t static. It doesn’t sit inside an image waiting to be found. It emerges, sometimes unexpectedly, from the structures, systems, and sequences through which we encounter it.



monalisa.jpg (C++)

Over time, computers became more than just tools for work or communication, they became an essential part of my creative practice. As I spent more time working digitally, I began to wonder about the invisible systems that make images legible on a screen: the languages, protocols, and compression methods that allow us to see, share, and store visual information.

“monaLisa.jpg (C++)” grew out of that curiosity. In the early years of personal computing, image formats like .jpg (.jpeg) and .gif, and later .png, were revolutionary. They allowed images to be transmitted and displayed quickly, which was essential when internet speeds were painfully slow. Yet these efficiencies came with a trade-off: compression is “lossy,” meaning some information disappears with every save and transfer. Hence the old saying, “you never .jpg a .jpg.” This technical fact became, for me, a conceptual question: what is lost, and what remains, when an image exists only as compressed code?

To explore this, I turned to one of the most iconic and reproduced images in art history: Leonardo da Vinci’s “Mona Lisa.” Rather than replicate the painting as pixels, I reimagined it as lines of C++ code—the very language used to interpret and display images digitally. The piece is scaled to match the dimensions of Leonardo’s original and framed in a way that nods to the Renaissance artifact, collapsing the distance between classical painting and its digital reinterpretation.



What's In A Name

By the time I created “What’s In A Name,” the computer was no longer merely a tool for production, it had become an extension of my studio, my archive, and, increasingly, myself. The internet arrived soon after, carrying with it the seductive promise of infinite access: information, images, and identities all flattened into searchable data.

The World Wide Web, introduced by Tim Berners-Lee in 1990, rapidly evolved into a space navigable by browsers like AOL Explorer, Netscape, and Internet Explorer, while search engines, AltaVista, Yahoo, and Ask Jeeves, offered the illusion of mastery over this vast digital expanse. Yet beneath the promise of omniscience lurked a subtler revelation: that the internet, for all its reach, could collapse the uniqueness of self into a database query.

As a test subject, I used myself. Typing “Kirk Miller” into these engines, I was met with hundreds of images, faces and fragments of lives that shared my name but not my story. I collected them all, imported them into Photoshop in their algorithmic order, and assembled them into a grid printed on canvas. Rejecting the static solemnity of a traditional frame, I mounted the work on a window blind mechanism, allowing it to contract or unfurl as new iterations of “Kirk Miller” inevitably appeared.

Over time, I’ve continued to search my name, only to watch my digital doubles multiply, proof perhaps that identity in the internet age is less an essence than an aggregation, a loose amalgamation of names, images, and search results. Ironically, in trying to locate myself online, I discovered that I am both singular and countless, a “Kirk Miller” among Kirk Millers.

If Shakespeare once asked, “What’s in a name?” the internet offers its own sardonic reply: everything, nothing, and far more than you bargained for.



Fur Torus

My investigation into the absurd eventually led me into a dialogue with emptiness, more precisely, with the paradox of representing nothingness. In search of a form that might embody this conceptual void, I arrived at the torus: a shape whose very topology invites questions about presence, absence,

and continuity.

The torus, a “donut shape,” in colloquial terms, offered itself as a particularly rich metaphor. It is simultaneously familiar and alien, banal and profound. In popular culture, it evokes breakfast pastries and pool floats; in science, it appears in plasma containment for nuclear fusion, the study of fluid dynamics, string theory, electromagnetism, topology, and even cosmological models of the universe. In digital artmaking, it occupies a humbler role: the torus is one of the default “primitives” offered in 3D modeling software, a basic building block from which more complex forms are made.

In other words, the torus inhabits an intriguing conceptual space: at once a cultural cliché and a mathematically rich object, a visual placeholder that can just as easily stand for the cosmos as for nothing at all. This duality made it an ideal vessel for my exploration.

“Fur Torus,” perhaps the most effective of the series, amplifies this tension. Generated digitally, it exploits the torus’s plasticity as a form while cloaking it in an unexpected material: fur. This deliberate gesture invites comparison to Meret Oppenheim’s Object (Le Déjeuner en fourrure) (1936), the now-iconic fur-lined teacup, saucer, and spoon. Where Oppenheim’s work destabilized domesticity and utility, my fur-covered torus dislocates the “pure form” of the digital primitive, rendering it simultaneously absurd, tactile, and void-like.

Here, the torus functions as both symbol and stand-in for nothingness: a zero you can touch, a loop with no beginning or end. Cloaked in fur, it becomes almost animate, an object both comforting and uncanny, an embodiment of the absurd that stares back into the void it represents.



Are you pouring, or am I drinking? (Half)

My earlier explorations of emptiness and nothingness, informed by the existential absurdity of Ionesco and Beckett, at times felt weighted by their inherent cynicism. In response, I turned toward a more contemplative path, one shaped by my practice of Zazen meditation, where emptiness is not void but presence, and nothingness opens into possibility.

“Half” emerges from this shift. Are you pouring, or am I drinking? The wine glass, poised in quiet suspension, is neither half-empty nor half-full. It is a meditation on relationality: meaning does not reside in the object itself but in the invisible, ever-shifting exchange between two presences.

This liminality extends to its making. Unlike my previous works rooted in photography or traditional drawing and painting, Half was created entirely through a 3D modeling program. It inhabits a digital threshold — a space that is at once constructed and contemplative.

The question at its heart, Are you pouring, or am I drinking?, offers no resolution. Instead, it invites the viewer to dwell in that unsteady interval where agency blurs, roles dissolve, and the simple act of sharing becomes an existential dialogue. The glass becomes more than a vessel for wine; it becomes a vessel for encounter, for presence, for the transient unfolding of being.

We are accustomed to binaries: optimistic or pessimistic, half-empty or half-full. Yet life rarely offers such clean poles. To see clearly is to resist this polemic, to allow things to be as they are. The glass of wine is neither full nor empty. It is simply half, a state of becoming.

Somewhere between your pour and my drink, between your generosity and my desire, we meet. And in that meeting, the glass is not a measure of lack or abundance, but a meditation on the infinite possibilities contained within the in-between.



Light & Air

“Light & Air” marks a significant departure from my earlier works, which approached nothingness as negation, an echo of mortality, an emptied vessel of meaning, a kind of exquisite corpse. In those pieces, nothingness carried the weight of absence, of the void as an endpoint.

In my more recent practice, this conception has shifted. Nothingness has become, for me, not an erasure but an opening, a zero point of boundless possibility. This transformation stems largely from my dedication to Zazen meditation, which reframed my understanding of presence and space.

Through this practice, I became drawn to the idea of the “sacred space.” Traditionally, such a space is tethered to cathedrals, temples, or mosques, formal architectures of the divine. But Zen revealed to me that sacredness is not confined to the monumental; it emerges in the ordinary, in the immediacy of lived experience.

“Light & Air” arose from that recognition. The quiet, overlooked corner of a room, bare, unremarkable, unadorned, became the ideal locus. It is in such spaces, unburdened by ornament or expectation, that the sacred quietly discloses itself.

Practicing Zen taught me that a sacred space is not where you go, but where you are. It is the still point in the turning world, present in every breath, every moment, every corner illuminated by nothing more than light and air.



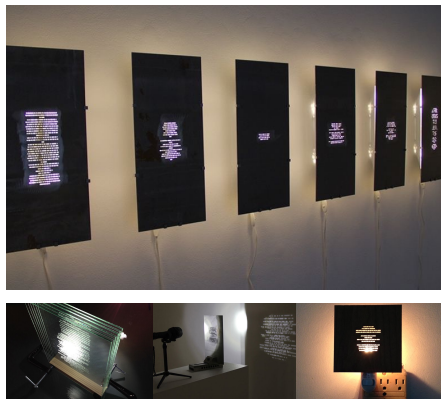
Untitled (Home)

“Untitled” (Home) began with what I initially considered a frivolous prompt: to design a “unique birdhouse” for an exhibition. My first instinct was to decline; it seemed a project better suited to craft fairs than conceptual practice. But after some reflection, I recognized the latent challenge: could I transform this humble, utilitarian form into a site for meaningful inquiry?

Reframing the problem, I began to think of the birdhouse not as an object but as a metaphorical construct, a “home.” And what, after all, is home? This question has occupied philosophers, poets, and everyday people for centuries. Seeking a chorus of perspectives, I scoured the internet for quotations on home, gathering words from celebrated voices and anonymous ones alike. Each quote articulated a different facet of belonging: nostalgia, refuge, exile, identity.

These collected reflections were then laser-etched across every surface of the birdhouse, both inside and out, transforming the object into an archive, a dwelling for words, stories, and memory. What began as a simple exhibition piece became a meditation on how language, place, and form intersect to shape our understanding of home.

In hindsight, what I nearly dismissed as trivial became one of my more conceptually resonant and well-received works. The lesson was clear: sometimes the most unassuming invitations are the ones that push our practice into new and unexpected terrain.



SacredTextSacredSpace

At the crossroads of spirituality and quantum physics, in the space between emptiness and form; there lies a commonality, a connection, a moment of boundless possibility outside the realm of time and space as we know it. The concepts of nothingness (no-thing-ness) and emptiness have comprised an enduring area of interest to me for the past twenty-five years. Rather than a negation, I see this "stripping away" as an opening, a potentiality.

These versions of "SacredTextSacredSpace" consist of a series of steel panels, glass, and wood on which sacred text from six major religions- Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, Taoism-has been erased, stripped away with a plasma-cutter, leaving a space, a hole, through which light radiates. The notion of nil, of "no-thing" is represented by the deletion of all words from these sacred texts. Language takes a back seat, and we are given the opportunity to shift our vision, to see that which is underlying and ever-present, to view the interplay of form and energy, so that we may momentarily glimpse the eye of the universe and behold the beauty of being.



Fragile

My eclectic practice is a blend of Minimalism and Conceptualism laced with a droll sense of humor and a tendency towards tongue-in-cheek visual puns that still manage to service a desire to investigate existential and

ontological concerns.

As a conceptual artist, the notions of nothingness (no-thing-ness) and emptiness have comprised a constant area of interest for me. Originally inspired by the absurdist

theater of Ionesco and Beckett, in which human existence is shown to have no real meaning or purpose, my early works focused on nothingness as a negation, specifically the negation of death after all meaning has been emptied from life, a simulacrum, an 'exquisite corpse.'

However, in my more recent works, like "SacredTextSacredSpace" and "Fragile," my interest in nothingness has evolved to become the nothing of pure zero and of 'boundless possibility!' Rather than a negation, I now see this 'stripping away' as an opening, a potentiality.

The nested crates of "Fragile," existing somewhere between a Pandora's box and a wooden coffin, playfully blur the lines between art and frame, a physical manifestation of Derrida's 'parergon.'

Contained within both the enclosed and the cascading variations of the boxes sit a core cube with laser-cut redacted religious text fragments, two six-sided dice with completely arbitrary I-Ching charts, suggesting that both change and chance are effectively synonymous.



Versions of Fragile

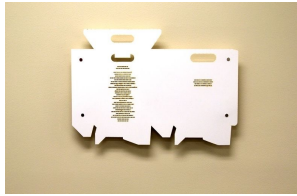
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These versions of "Fragile" consist of a series of wood boxes on which sacred text from six major religions- Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, Taoism-has been erased, stripped away with a laser-cutter, leaving a space, a hole. The notion of nil, of "no-thing" is represented by the deletion of all words from these sacred texts. Language takes a back seat, and we are given the opportunity to shift our vision, to see that which is underlying and ever-present, to view the interplay of form and energy,

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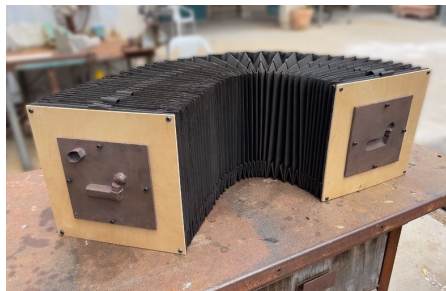
Present (The Gift) & SacredTextSacredSpace IV

At the intersection of spirituality and quantum physics, between emptiness and form, there exists a shared terrain: a moment of boundless possibility,

suspended beyond time and space as we ordinarily perceive them. For the past twenty-five years, I have been drawn to this liminal zone, exploring the concepts of nothingness (no-thing-ness) and emptiness not as negations, but as openings—acts of stripping away that reveal a deeper potentiality.

In “Present” (The Gift) and “SacredTextSacredSpace IV”, I translate this inquiry into material form through two works: one on paper and one in bronze. Each begins with sacred texts from two major traditions, Judaism and Taoism, only to have those texts meticulously erased, excised with a laser cutter. What remains is absence: a void, a hole. In this deletion, language recedes, allowing us to look past the words themselves and toward what underlies them: the silent, ever-present interplay of form and energy.

These works invite a shift in perception. By stripping away the familiar, they open a space where we may momentarily glimpse the unutterable, the eye of the universe, and encounter, however briefly, the quiet beauty of being.



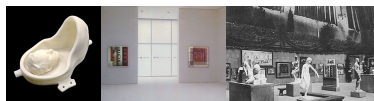
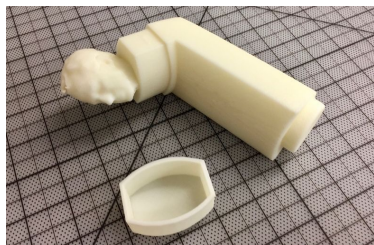
Part I – Stitched Into Histories We Never Lived

Memory is no longer confined to what we have directly experienced. In the age of film, media, and now digital culture, we inherit and internalize memories from places we have never been and events we never witnessed. Alison Landsberg calls these “prosthetic memories,” experiences acquired through cultural artifacts that become part of our personal narrative. Like Rachel in *Blade Runner*, who cannot tell whether her memories of piano lessons are her own or someone else’s, we live inside borrowed



histories. What matters is not their authenticity but their effect: how they shape who we are, what we value, and how we understand our place in the world.

It was this realization that began to reshape my artistic practice, leading me to question the boundaries between lived memory and constructed history, and to explore how art could become a space for stitching those disparate fragments together.



Part II – Ghosting the Canon

In the early 1990s, I began experimenting with these ideas through “Wrecks, Accidents, & Collisions,” a series of postcards for exhibitions that never existed beyond the postcard itself. In one, I appropriated an Artforum advertisement for Mary Boone Gallery, erasing and inserting my own work into that hallowed space, exposing how context and pedigree define value. In another, I altered the iconic image of the 1913 Armory Exhibition, placing my work inside the very moment where Duchamp would soon

unveil his urinal.

By reworking these images, I was not merely commenting on art history, I was inserting myself into it, ghosting the canon. These interventions blurred the line between fact and fiction, making my presence in those moments feel both impossible and, somehow, entirely real. In this way, I began creating prosthetic memories not just for myself, but for the viewer: altered histories that suggest alternative narratives, where personal memory and cultural mythology intersect.



Part III – Fragments in the Flood

By 2016, this process of layering memory had taken on a new urgency. The internet and social media had become our primary sources of information and experience, blurring the boundaries between the true, the false, and the imagined. But even before the digital age, memory was never fixed. It has always been a work in progress, an act of continual stitching, unpicking, and restitching.

My 3D-printed figurines (3D Selfies) became a way to embody this condition. There is no single, stable “self” in them, only an assemblage of histories, cultural echoes, and personal fragments. They are composite beings, stitching together the past and present while projecting possible futures. In this way, they collapse time into a single form, embodying the self not as a fixed entity but as an ongoing construction.



Part IV – The Zuni Pot and Other Inheritances

This process of stitching memory is perhaps best embodied by a single object: the Zuni Frog Pot I inherited from my grandmother. She emigrated from Ireland to Gallup, New Mexico, and filled my childhood with stories of Navajo and Zuni life in the early 1900s. This pot is her, and it is me, and it

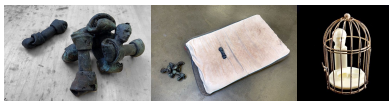


is a culture I never directly knew, a vessel for multiple, layered memories.

As Alison Landsberg writes, such memories, even borrowed ones, are central to our identity. I no longer distinguish between real and prosthetic memories; I use them as material. They flow into works like “Wrecks, Accidents, & Collisions,” “Ubuntu,” and “Stitching Prosthetic Memories.” In doing so, I attempt to create spaces where memory, lived, borrowed, and imagined, coexists, shaping how we construct ourselves in relation to history and the world around us.



Closing — Memory as Art, Art as Memory: Memory & Art As Self



My practice is non-linear because memory is non-linear. Each work becomes a site where the past is rewritten, the present reframed, and the future imagined. The act of making, of erasing, inserting, reconstructing, mirrors the way we build ourselves out of fragments. Whether these fragments are “real” or prosthetic is beside the point.

What matters is that they allow us to play beautifully with the memories we inherit, reshape, and claim as our own.



The Enigma Machine

After decades of teaching and too many hours at a computer, I found myself craving something physical, something with weight, heat, and the intensity of molten metal. Learning to cast in bronze became the perfect antidote.

Few places still teach this demanding craft, but our local community college happens to be one of them, complete with a skilled instructor and a foundry assistant who clearly love what they do. As a lifelong learner, and a dutiful student, I immersed myself in the assignments, honoring their parameters while also pursuing the conceptual language I’ve developed over years of art-making.

From one such assignment emerged “The Enigma Machine.” I began with the geometric simplicity of the cube but wanted to subvert its predictability. I kept thinking about the “black box” of computing, where inputs go in, and outputs emerge transformed, often in ways we don’t fully understand. This led to the image of a bronze rope threading mysteriously in and out of the cube, its path hidden. Inevitably, Alan Turing’s wartime Enigma Machine also surfaced in my thoughts, a device of cryptic logic and encoded outcomes.

The final piece surprised me. It carried the conceptual ambiguity I wanted while standing solidly as a bronze object, an unlikely achievement for someone still finding his footing in the foundry.



War Of The Roses

“War of the Roses” began, for me, as a quiet experiment—two roses placed under identical glass domes, as if I were staging a small, private duel in a museum vitrine.

One is a flawless white rose, conjured from code and polymer through 3D printing, its geometry perfect, its surface immune to time. The other is a living red rose, freshly cut, carrying its scent and fragility into the space, already beginning to change the moment it was sealed away.

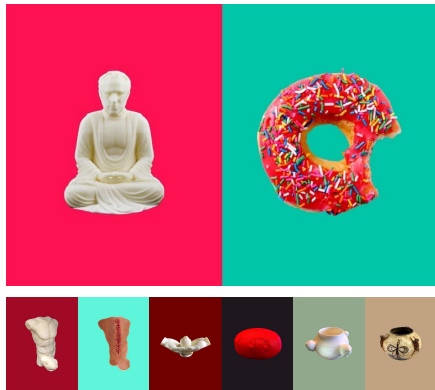
I wanted the confrontation to be understated but charged. The white rose will never wilt or bruise. The red rose, despite its vitality, is already losing water and air, inching toward its inevitable collapse. Between them sits the question: in an age of perfect replication, what survives longer—the living or its simulacrum? And in our attempts to preserve, do we protect, or do we smother?

The color contrast felt unavoidable. Red—passion, love, revolt, facing white—purity, surrender, peace. The title War of the Roses inevitably nods to the historical conflict between Lancaster and York, but here, the “war” is symbolic and aesthetic, fought between ideas as much as between objects: nature against artifice, mortality against permanence, the warmth of life against the cold perfection of the machine.

The glass dome plays its own role. In the tradition of the bell jar, it elevates the objects, declaring them rare and precious. But it is also a cage, an object of control. It decides the terms of survival, granting visibility at the cost of breath. The dome is both protector and executioner.

And yet, the red rose, though doomed, retains something the white one can’t touch—its scent, its cellular intricacy, the record of its own slow transformation. The white rose has the advantage of endurance but lives without change, without history. In that way, the “war” is not simply between two flowers but between competing notions of beauty, truth, and permanence in our century of seamless simulations. A splendid metaphor for AI as it emerges in our culture and inevitably becomes ubiquitous in our society and the world at large.

This work isn’t just about flowers. It’s about what happens when nature and technology stand face to face, when the authentic and the artificial compete for our attention. It’s about preservation as an act of love and an act of violence. And it leaves me wondering: in a future where imitation can outlast the original, is authenticity still the thing we’re really after, or has it become just another style?

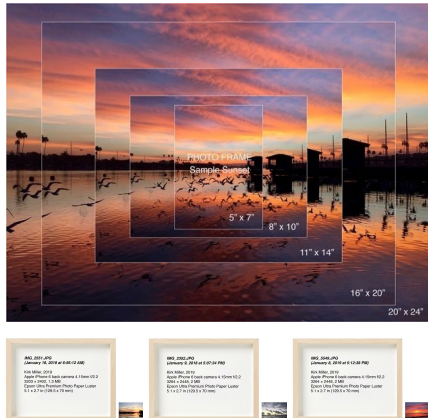


Ancillary Images

This series of digital compositions was conceived as a companion to my 3D-Modeled Selfies not as part of the primary work, but as a parallel body intended to mediate its reception. I suspected that the stark, white, plastic-like forms of the selfies might strike many viewers as too esoteric, too self-contained, perhaps even hermetic. These ancillary images became a way to open that closed circuit.

Drawing on the visual strategies of Sarah Charlesworth and her contemporaries, each composition operates as a distilled, didactic pairing. On one side, the 3D-Modeled Selfie: abstracted, monochrome, hovering in a field of color. On the other, an image either directly related to its source or indirectly clarifying its conceptual terrain.

The juxtapositions are at once explanatory and destabilizing, intended not to reduce the work to a single “meaning,” but to provide an alternate point of entry. They invite viewers to oscillate between the object and its referent, the abstract and the literal, the enigmatic and the obvious—finding their own position in the space between.



Sunrises / Sunsets

Some spectacles in nature never dull, brilliant, explosive sunrises and sunsets among them.

For nearly a decade at the beach, I made a practice of walking at sunset and scanning the morning sky for those rare, incandescent sunrises. The ideal was simple: be fully present, let the light and color pass through me unfiltered.

But the phone always wins. I reach for it reflexively, frame the shot, and compress the infinite into a digital file no larger than a postcard. Awe becomes data. The sublime becomes an archive entry.

Over the years, I have collected hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these images. Thirteen make the cut each year for a wall calendar; two hundred were assembled into a book. Eventually, the absurdity of hoarding the sky in pixels demanded a different approach: an artwork that reverses the usual hierarchy.

Here, the metadata, the cold record of date, file type, and print parameters, takes center stage. The sunset itself is demoted to a postcard-sized afterthought, its former

radiance reduced to the periphery. The romantic spectacle reframed as an index, the ineffable rendered as information.

In another iteration, “Five Standard Sizes,” the vast, unbounded sky is cropped, indexed, and arranged on a grid, scaled for consumption, made manageable, domesticated.

Meanwhile, the real sky persists, unbothered. I still have the files.



Six Of One, A Half Dozen Of The Other: No-Thing-Ness

I retired from teaching nearly three years ago, and with that transition came a gift: time, an abundance of it. This newfound freedom has allowed me to fully embrace my passions, reading, writing, and making art. More meaningfully, it has given me the chance to spend quality time with family and travel with them to explore museums and galleries, which continue to fuel my creative spirit.

As a lifelong learner, I’ve found particular joy in taking foundry classes at the local community college. Working with bronze has opened up an entirely new medium for me, one that’s allowed me to return to projects I started years ago but never brought to full fruition. This process of re-engagement has been deeply rewarding. Much of my work continues to reflect my long-standing interest in exploring the nature of the self. The pieces I’ve created in these classes tend to be introspective, and overwhelmingly, they lean toward the positive—expressions of reflection, growth, and quiet optimism.

This brings me to my final project for the semester: “Six of One. A Half Dozen of the Other.” As a conceptual artist, I’ve always been drawn to the ideas of nothingness, no-thing-ness, and emptiness. These themes have been recurring elements in my work, originally sparked by the existential absurdity found in the plays of Ionesco and Beckett, where human existence is portrayed as lacking inherent meaning or direction.

Over time, however, my relationship with the concept of nothingness has evolved. In more recent works like “sacredTextSacredSpace” and “Fragile,” nothingness has transformed into something more expansive, closer to the idea of “pure zero,” a space of infinite potential. While I remain profoundly grateful for the life I’ve lived and the work I’ve done, I sometimes sense the pull of a more skeptical, even cynical, lens creeping back into my art, echoes of an earlier chapter in my creative journey.

In “Six of One. A Half Dozen of the Other,” I chose the torus, the donut shape, as a central metaphor. It’s a form that perfectly captures the idea of emptiness: a literal and symbolic zero. Donuts, after all, are indulgent, sugary treats packed with empty

calories, designed to spark desire in that part of the brain that can never be fully satisfied. I'm reminded of Kara Walker's reflections on sugar in *The Marvelous Sugar Baby*, as quoted in *The Work of Art – How Something Comes from Nothing* by Adam Moss. Walker notes, "Sugar has been about desire, since it was refined." That line has stayed with me.

My hope is that "Six of One. A Half Dozen of the Other" evokes in viewers a sense of visual pleasure, something akin to the momentary beauty of a flower. Something ephemeral, lovely, and full of suggestion. A sweetness that lingers, even as it fades.



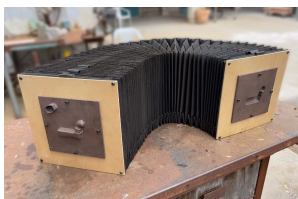
Absurd Teapot & Cup

When searching for sculptural forms, I often return to the objects of childhood memory. Teapots and teacups surface again and again.

As a child in the 1950s, I suffered from severe asthma, an ailment poorly understood at the time, with few effective treatments. During attacks, my mother and grandmother improvised what care they could. Their solution was simple: a hot pot of tea. It was hardly a cure, but the ritual itself, the steam, the warmth, the sweetened milk, offered a measure of comfort.

These bronze works are tributes to that memory: one teapot and one teacup. But memory, when filtered through an absurdist lens, rarely remains intact. The teacup sprouts spikes, rendering it unholdable. The teapot bristles with the detonator horns of a WWII naval mine, more menace than comfort.

Objects of solace can become objects of irony. Function dissolves into parody. What once soothed now confronts, asking whether memory can ever truly be served without a bitter aftertaste.



One Lung

If I had to point to one force that has shaped my personality and outlook more than any other, it would be asthma.

Even now, as an adult, my lungs remain my Achilles' heel. As a child, the condition sharply limited my ability to join in physical activities, setting me apart from my peers. As an adult, I still live with the consequences: greater vulnerability to respiratory infections and pneumonia that can grow out of something as ordinary as a common cold.

Asthma confined me, but it also directed me inward. The practical act of conserving breath translated into a deeper solitude, a tendency toward introspection, and eventually, a more introverted nature.

What once triggered attacks, smoke, pollen, freshly cut grass, later became subjects of my art. The inhaler, that iconic device of survival, has found its way repeatedly into my sculptures and 3D Selfies, becoming both a motif and, in many ways, a portrait of myself.

The works shown here, in both two and three dimensions, are part of that lifelong dialogue: objects I've returned to, obsessed over, and reimagined, an attempt toward a clearer understanding of who I am.



My Achilles Heal

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He Did The Best He Could With What He Had (Funerary Urn)

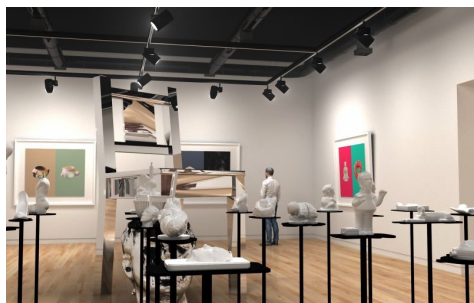
Since retiring a little over three years ago, I've filled my days

with art-making, time with family, reading for pleasure, and travel. Yet retirement, and the milestone of turning seventy-five, has also confronted me with something I'd long managed to avoid: contemplating my own mortality.

Last spring, determined to take responsibility for what happens to my remains, I decided to address the matter in the only way that felt true to me, through art, with a touch of absurdity. In my foundry class, I cast a bronze funerary urn. Like many of my sculptures, it takes the form of the iconic inhaler, now topped with my own head, reimagined as the vessel that will eventually hold me. A vessel for ashes, a 3D Selfie for the endgame.

Until its final purpose is required, the urn resides beneath the hearth in front of the fireplace. Perched on a Zafu and Zabuton, it sits in quiet meditation, awaiting its inevitable role, patient, absurd, and oddly at peace.

The joke, of course, is that the urn already contains me, long before it holds anything at all.



Welcome To My Virtual Virtual

In the final days before retirement, teaching remotely on Zoom during the pandemic, I faced the question of what form my last faculty exhibition should take.

Having taught 3D Computer Modeling & Animation for many years, it seemed fitting to create a virtual exhibition, a space where my artwork could exist without physical limits.



The images shown here are digital renderings of my actual pieces. Some have been reimagined, presented not as they were, but as I would ideally wish them to be displayed. The monumental wooden elephant selfies, for example, were conceived in dialogue with Paul McCarthy's subversive Disney sculptures, while the oversized chrome chair nods to Robert Therrien's monumental table and chairs.

Although the lockdown prevented me from experiencing a traditional final exhibition, the process of building a virtual one felt both liberating and appropriate. It was empowering to rely on my own skills, without the use of AI, to construct an exhibition that reflected my imagination, experience, and vision on my own terms.

<http://gallery-934.com>



Don't Look Directly Into the Sun

Twelve smartphones. Not functional, not operable. They do not text, they do not ring, they do not connect you to anyone. They exist only as forms, 3D shells, stand-ins for the devices that have already replaced memory, experience, and, perhaps, the sun itself.

Each phone has its screen covered in gold leaf, a material once reserved for saints, icons, and sacred manuscripts. Here, it sanctifies the glowing rectangle that most of us now look into daily, often more faithfully than the sky. The gold recalls the sun, that original, unmediated source of light, and also the warning not to look at it directly. A warning we ignore when the sun is safely reduced to pixels.

The brackets that hold the phones allow them to pivot and swivel. They behave like solar panels, like satellites, like relics forever adjusting themselves to catch the optimum light. They are choreographed reflections, fragments of illumination, nothing more.

As with Duchamp's urinal, bottle rack, or shovel, these objects are less invention than designation. They are ready-mades of ready-mades, multiplied and reframed. No longer tools of communication, they are empty vessels, monuments to their own obsolescence.

What remains is a gesture: technology turned into icon, function stripped into form, a series of blank faces reflecting light back to the viewer. Like all ready-mades, they perform their task perfectly. They do nothing.



A Head Without A Face

Where likeness once signified lineage, power, and presence, I present instead the opposite: absence. My hollow bronze "shell" offers no resemblance. However, there is one singular feature that identifies me. Can you find it? In this gesture, portraiture is not only inverted but displaced, turned inside out and, quite literally, "on its head."

Beside me lies the mask: a bronze face detached from my head, with ribbons extending like remnants of a discarded costume. To tie it on is to return to identity, but only through artifice. The mask performs the self as theater, echoing ancient Greece and the commedia dell'arte, where personhood was both role and disguise. Once separated, however, the mask exposes its fragility. Selfhood emerges as provisional, unstable, always slipping into fragmentation.

In this tension between head and mask, I suggest an inversion of portraiture's traditional function. No longer a repository of memory, my sculpture functions as a

meditation on erasure. Where bronze once promised permanence, here it preserves only the void, the negative space of identity. In that emptiness, we confront the possibility that the “true self” is not the accumulation of ego but the elimination of it.

Philosophically, the work resonates with Zen notions of no-self (anātman) and with Derrida’s insistence that meaning arises as much from absence as from presence. The head without a face is not merely an image but a critique of the very desire for likeness, authenticity, and permanence. What remains is not a portrait but a reminder: the face, that privileged surface of recognition, is never more than a mask.

* Artwork that is unavailable because it was either sold, lost, stolen, or destroyed.