

*A day without walking is a day without weaving*¹

A year ago I moved to West Marin in Northern California. I live on the edge of a tremendous expanse of state and national conservation land that includes Muir Woods and Mt. Tamalpais. This is my current routine: wake up at 4:15, leave the house at 4:45. Walk two miles down the hill and along the creek to the zendo (meditation hall) at Green Gulch Zen Center. I'm there until 7, and then I walk through the valley to the pump house, where the neighborhood water supply comes from, and I do the daily checks of the system. Then I zigzag up a steep slope back towards where I live and work, arriving there around 9. I pay attention to quail, pelicans, raccoons, skunks, egrets, bobcats, moles and voles. I pay attention to bay, eucalyptus, cypress, spruce and cherry trees. I pay attention to the weather. I'm weaving with linen on a small tapestry loom, currently in consideration of fog and clouds in particular. The resulting works do not seem to be weavings per se, nor paintings, nor sculptures, though they are related to all three classifications. I take daylong walks when possible, and I go to the mountains for longer periods of walking when I have the opportunity. I plan to continue like this.

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An intimate and public conversation began two years ago with another artist, Allyson Strafella. We share distilled methodologies, and have been in close contemplation of each other's practice. We began by spending time with particular works of one another's from 15-20 years ago, and making work in relation – I made small weavings in consideration of her early typewriter drawings, and she made drawings on a typewriter in consideration of an early large sculpture of mine. We continued by working separately and simultaneously on bodies of work in consideration of specific subjects. Resulting from these endeavors, in 2016 together we made exhibitions at Galerie Nordenhake and Meyer Riegger Galerie in Berlin, at Large Glass in London, and Raffaella Cortese in Milan. We plan to continue our conversation, as we work together in time and on opposite coasts.

¹ *A day without work is a day without food* - Baizhang Huaihai (720-814)

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Additional to the long distance solo walking that I regard as my essential occupation, and that which my studio practice relies on, intermittently I've been making a succession of scheduled city walks that anyone is invited to join, under the name *Half-smiler* – a term for the cultivation of equanimity, adopted from Vietnamese Zen Buddhist teacher Thich Nhat Hanh. These walks are considered as vernacular activity, albeit self-conscious, rather than as performance, and they attend to the interrelation of the everyday, somatics, and friendliness. I have had the opportunity to produce iterations of the project with the support of both The High Line and Artadia in NYC, the Aspen Art Museum in Colorado, and the Havana Biennial in Cuba. I consider the project to be as 'political' as it is non-material, while only explicitly/emphatically the latter. It follows a lineage with Mierle Laderman Ukeles², Douglas Huebler³, and Max Neuhaus⁴, and moves from there. I plan to expand the contexts for the project.

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With support from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston, prompted by a residency there in 2013, I organized a project entitled *Standard Incomparable*, which is a collection of weavings made by an international and intergenerational group of people. It manifests between individual and collective authorship, and enacts both similitude and variation. Participants responded to an open call to make two weavings, each with these specific parameters: the finished piece is more or less a square – the approximate measurement of the weaver's arm, and the weft is undyed yarn from local plant and/or animal fiber, in seven alternating stripes, each the width of the weaver's hand, in two shades, materials, or weights. Of the two pieces contributed by each person, one was circulated to another participant somewhere else in the world, and the other became part of a collection. The collection now consists of seventy pieces, from sixteen countries, from weavers born in the years 1946-2009, and has been exhibited in Pasadena California (Armory Center for the Arts, 2016) and in Northern Italy (Kunst Meran/Merano Arte, 2017). I plan to show the collection further, and I am committed to finding an appropriate home for it, and to making a publication regarding the project.

² *Touch Sanitation* (1969-1970) The premise of the work was to shake hands and thank all of New York City's sanitation workers.

³ *Variable Piece #70* (1970 – unfinished) The premise of the work was to photograph everyone alive.

⁴ *Listen* (1966) The piece was first framed as a concert, with the meeting point a street corner on the lower east side of New York. The premise was to walk, and "pay attention aurally". It was a 'lecture demonstration' – the 'lecture' was the rubber-stamping of the word 'LISTEN' on each person's hand, and the 'demonstration' was the walk.