

One stands alone exhibiting a phallic look, a stump protruding vertically from the ground. The trunk may be a tree's central superstructure, but it's the branches and roots that labor ceaselessly. These sprawling members simultaneously lurch towards radiant celestial heat and push the watery depth of our terrestrial bowels. With girth dependent on their productivity, severed members leave one at quite a loss. Yet, even after being cut down to size, one is steadfast. Some would call it overcompensating, full of individual hubris, assertiveness and pride. Adding injury to insult, along struts the metaphorical, nibbling through the cambium sheath. Bearing a toothy grin, beaver satisfies herself by stripping away the surface and exposing one's vulnerabilities.

Two pairs of oversized front teeth cannot be contained by her furry trap, as beaver's upper and lower jaw, working in concert, fell a tree in less than ten minutes—comparable to a chainsaw working lumberjack. Ripping the cord of a 45cc chainsaw releases an explosive sound. Trees blunted. Logs yielded. After they are delivered, steamed and debarked they are placed on an industrial scale lathe. Spinning against the pressure of a sharp blade, the log unravels into a single lengthy sheet of veneer, to be trimmed and composited into regimentally formed 4 by 8 foot sheets of ply. Constructed in the space between these two—human and animal actions—an inverted post and lintel intersects a circle cut into the base of an open-top box. Glancing down at the knee-high object, it appears like an explicit diagram of penetrative relations. A conjoined binary, the vertical walls act more like a perimeter for the lonesome stump than a container, the crest of its head peering out over the top of the fence.

Three dimensions are the supposed limit of human perception. Clunky animals that we are, it's through movement that one's understanding of space is affirmed. As one moves, past and around, the boxy form reveals its baroque underpinnings. The figure of the veneer may come from a single sheet but it appears otherwise. Identity built through multiplicity, the arrangement of surfaces assembles itself like a three-dimensional quilt. Stitching together a patchwork of radically different grain, arranged to upend any perception of consistency. As the voyeur's body navigates, the surfaces shift symmetrically between continuity, difference and different continuity. In this *ouvéage à trois* a hidden actor lurks—the turntable, perpetrator of revolutions, initiates the counter movement.

Four seasons mark the passing of time, depending on your position of course. Here in the north, turn east for waxing illumination, turn south for an evening, and turn west for the hot pink waning. Any way you slice the pie, quadrants are assembled from right angles. Edges meet and corners form. Enclosing four to be exact. Dependable, productive, punctual and obedient, four—the same number of letters as its value. For all its practical leanings, different shaped rectangles emerge from an equal area measurement. One atop the other, two surfaces distinctly out of sync are anchored in a pivotal union. Placing a record on the spindle, a tone sets the hands on a clock. Manually, when one is least expecting it, a turn occurs, they cross but never meet and things remain askew.



12.3.4, 2008, mossy cup oak log chewed by a beaver, plywood and steel turntable, 14 x 32 x 30 inches
Collection of Anne R. and Greg M. Aris