

# Unfolding encounters

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The room is full of people. Movement surrounds me as bodies wander around the gallery. Whenever I can, I exchange gazes with them. Some visitors are puzzled and try to decipher my purpose in this setting. Though I lie bent over the floor, there is no chance that someone will accidentally stumble upon my edges. I rest as a lurking obstacle, signaled by a regular pattern made from bright paint and reflexive tape. The striking contrast works like a uniform and it looks like I just came out of a construction site, or an airport.

Seven others like me share this space and together we are eight. Each of us display visible hinges, which breaks our linearity down into modules according to simple divisions like halves, fourths and so on. Since we are partitioned like a ruler which abruptly changes its scale, an optic mismatch happens when we are folded. The effect looks like a chess board out of sync, or a phased grid—it's a polyrhythmic thing. The irrational precision of our arrangement invokes a technical dimension to our art, as if we were the instruments that a mad topographer would use in order to make a surreal survey. But what is our purpose?

Some photographs on the wall show us assembled in the landscape. We are framed while floating on ocean water, hanging off trees or balancing against volcanic cliffs. Although we were recently transported to this white-walled space, we still wear salt stains and exhibit scratches all over our squared surfaces. This brings an atmosphere of reality into the gallery: we are not untouchable models of an abstract idea, but actual artifacts indexed by the real world outside.

Our articulations suggest that we can be unfolded in different ways in order to be deployed. For now we are neatly closed, all piled up upon ourselves. However, as we lure humans into manipulating us, another layer of sculpture comes through. Some are bold and lift sections of us above their heads, while trying to balance off limbs that erratically touch the ground. Others are swift in helping them structure the hybrid anatomy before the lurking collapse. It's a strange kind of dance.



Although we are lighter than we seem, our elusive leverages nevertheless present some danger. Junctures have their own will and a section may give way unannounced into a head or fingers if it is handled without attention. This creates a sense of devotion in the people who interact with us. For those witnessing it, the unscripted negotiation feels like a performance.

Are we art? Though many hands have maneuvered us, our riddle cannot be grasped by a single resolution—for we have many. The degrees of freedom of our articulated construction offers possibilities beyond exhaustion, but we won't reveal all we can do immediately. Our most precious dispositions are situated and will only manifest under the calling of a particular occasion. In our twisted world, our fate is to unfold unforeseen encounters.

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