

The Rubik's cube catches your eye. Solid, standing out against all of that softness, all of that accumulation. A structure of 43,252,003,274,489,856,000 permutations bound within one form, forever mid-configuration, its complexity seemingly irreconcilable with its simplicity. Gridded with charts, graphs, fades, algorithms for perception, each side appears as a code to be broken up, dispersed, but always discrete. Later, you remember it as a cipher for all that you saw here.

You begin to sort the information, and this proves to be a confounding and pleasurable task. What is central, peripheral, genuine, forged, meaningful, or indifferent. Memory and place seep into material facts; walls are topsoil.

One image keeps rushing to your mind: peas, carrots, and corn spilling out of an image of peas, carrots, and corn. The vegetables are like spongy crystals, fuzzy with cold, their likeness is wrinkled, warm. Yet, they intend to be the same thing, or, they reveal how all things are really compilations. You try to focus, but the surface is hard to hold in place; there is something pushing through it, exhausting it: a haziness, a thickness, transposition. You think: all objects are wrapped in images of themselves.

There enters your mind a notion of *compositional force*: at once physical, perceptual, and psychological. The coming together of materials, how they fit, layer, slip across; the optical reflex to classify and arrange; the affect of material: comfort, absurdity, repulsion, strangeness. A force seen always at work, in every picture, arrangement, recollection, and glance.



Corin Hewitt, working image from *Seed Stage*, 2008–9. Courtesy of the artist.



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