

# Chris Beards

about the work

## One Another One

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I've come to realize this: I don't understand anyone. In some ways, this has really simplified my life.

Multiples, repetitions, patterns - sometimes the repeated *each* is where my thoughts are, in other works the obsessive process is. There is plain human labor in the creation of most of this work, of spending hours on a self-imposed assembly line repeating a simple task over and over.

This body of work is an attempt at making sense through organizational methods. Structure, context, and meaning are created and explored through experiments with organized patterns and repetition in a variety of media. I organize a finite amount of similar items to create a unified concept. I gather a group and try to create one voice for it.

As members of a consumer society, we are awash in options, variety, and novelty. Niche markets call alluringly for our dollar – you are what you buy. Pointless, time-consuming choices reinforce our desire to be unique, thus creating markets for the illusion of specialness. A proliferation of sameness is disguised through changing the surface and then marketing it as something New. I feel like I can't keep up, and worse, sometimes I don't care. Yet, the human animal is a social animal and looks to others for validation. As a human animal I am immersed in this consumer culture so I am in the game too.

I find myself overwhelmed by too many choices and have deliberately made a decision to simplify my materials and processes in an ultimately futile action to remain in control and not become distracted by the trivial. The world can be mined for sculptural media - the possibilities are endless - I could easily become distracted and lost in this alone. By consciously limiting myself to repetition I am liberated to explore and experiment within the constraints of my self-imposed restrictions.

We are each **One**, yet meaning is reached through interaction with **Another**.

**One** is special. Singular, unique, worthy of attention.

**Another** splits the attention by half, yet reaffirms the singular nature of the **One**.

A hundred is a group where **One** is lost among the similar,

which calls attention to the basic nature of the **One**.

Multiples become the grouping, which focuses on the **One**.

**Another** added to the **One** to become **Another One**.

If **Another One** is added to **One** the result is **Another One**.

**One Another** identifies each, **Another One** adds to it.