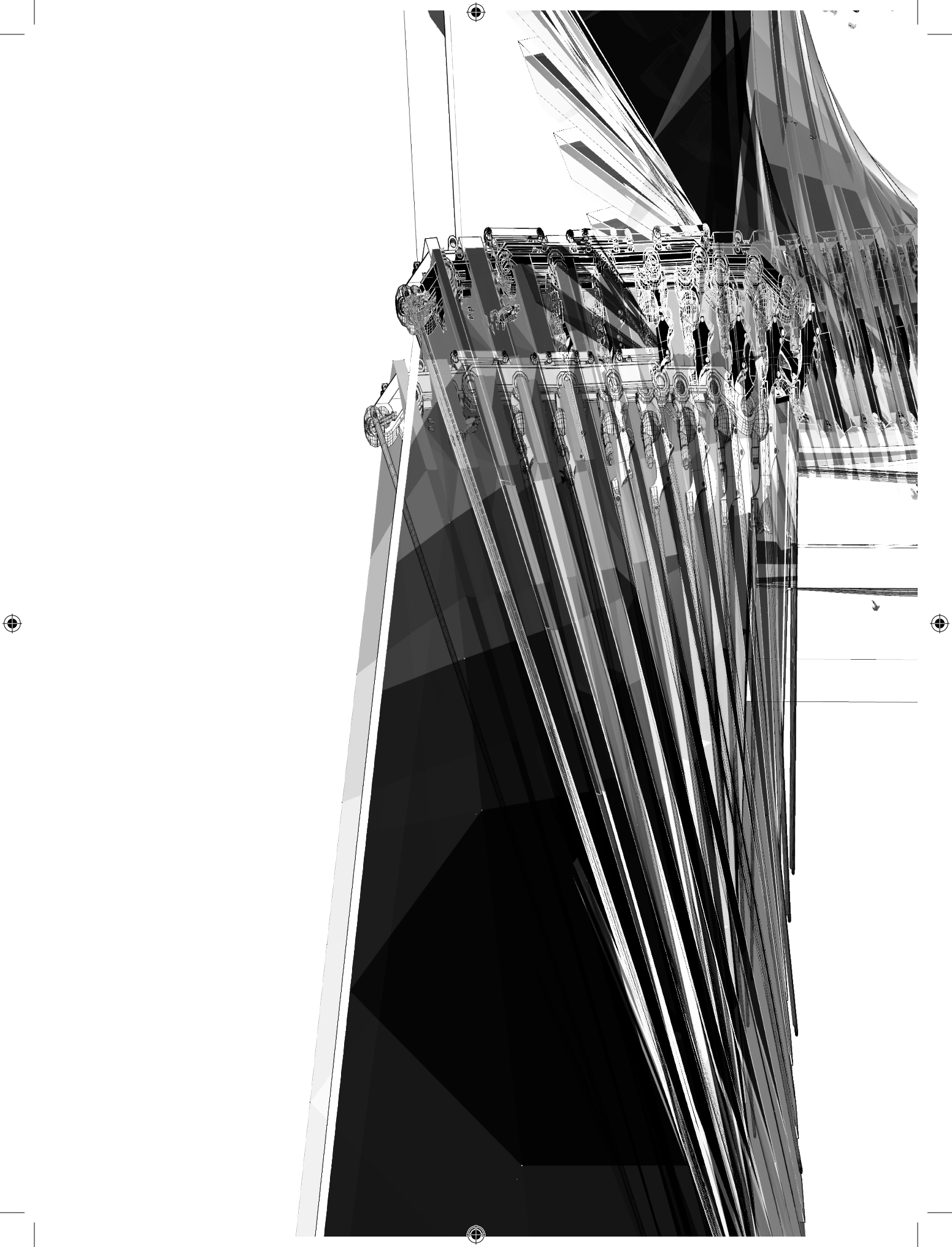
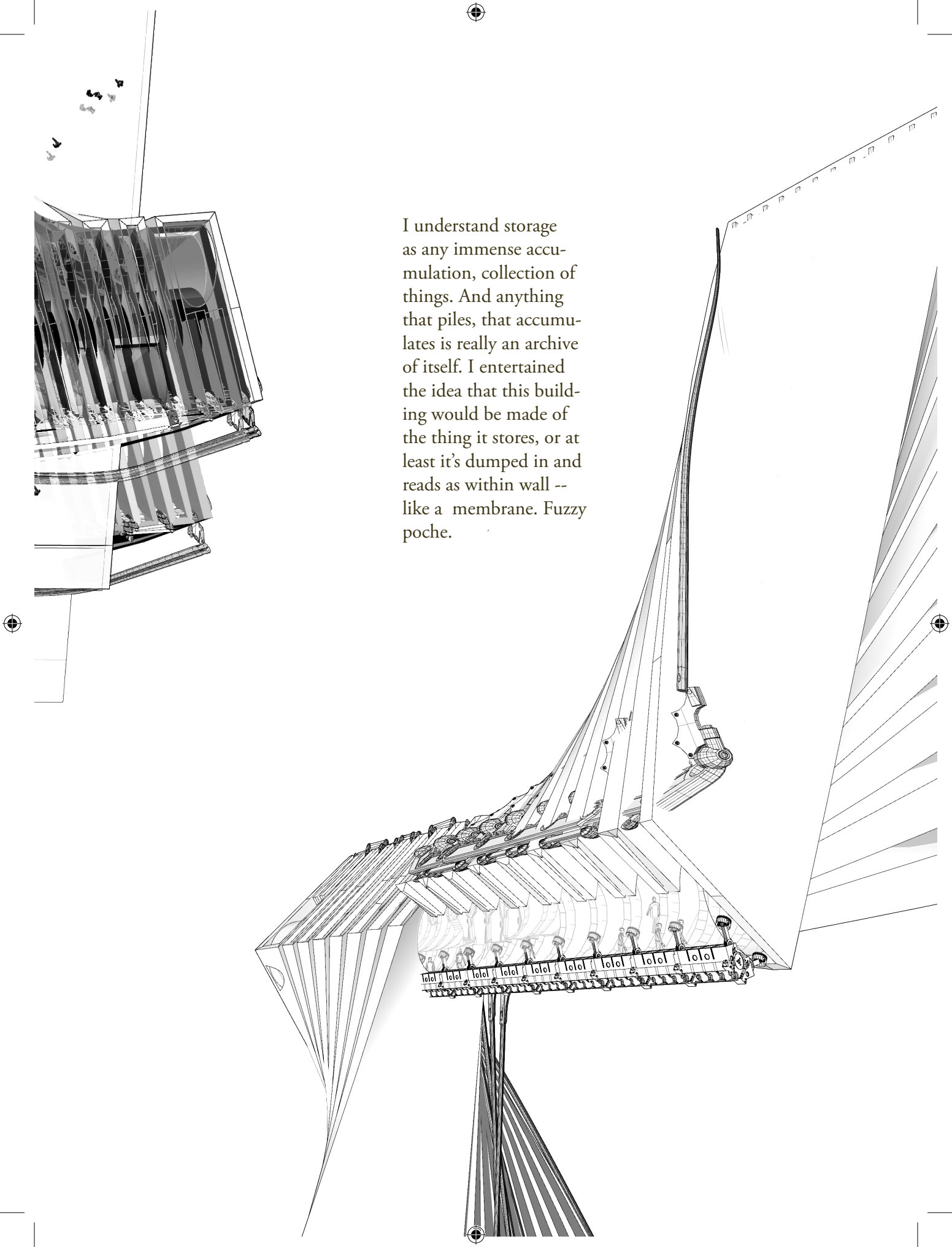


UN-
TAMED
FORMS
CRUTCH
REPOS-
ITORY
RELI-
QUARY
END-
LESS
CLIMB-
ING
MAKING
MANIA





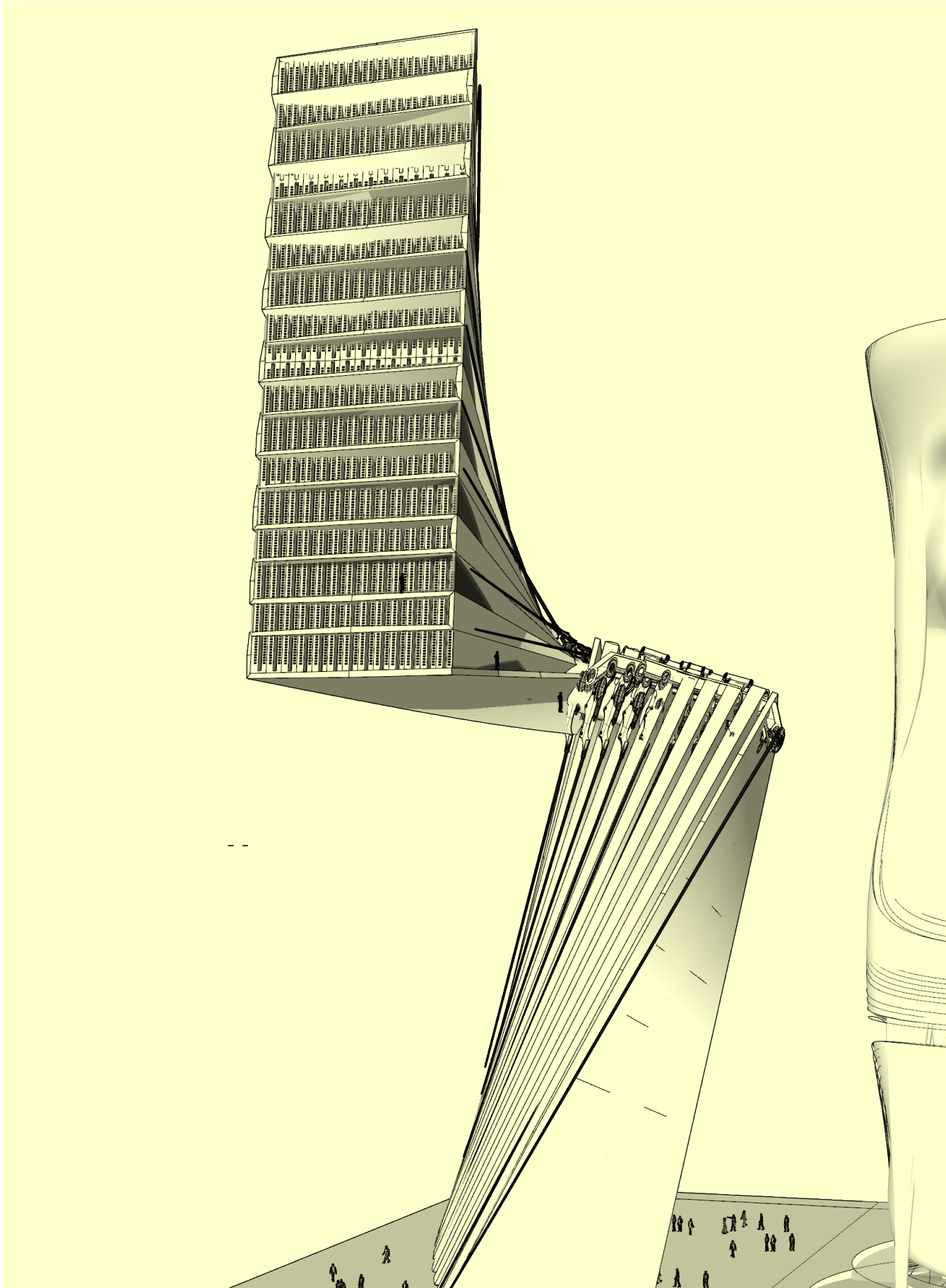
I understand storage as any immense accumulation, collection of things. And anything that piles, that accumulates is really an archive of itself. I entertained the idea that this building would be made of the thing it stores, or at least it's dumped in and reads as within wall -- like a membrane. Fuzzy poche.

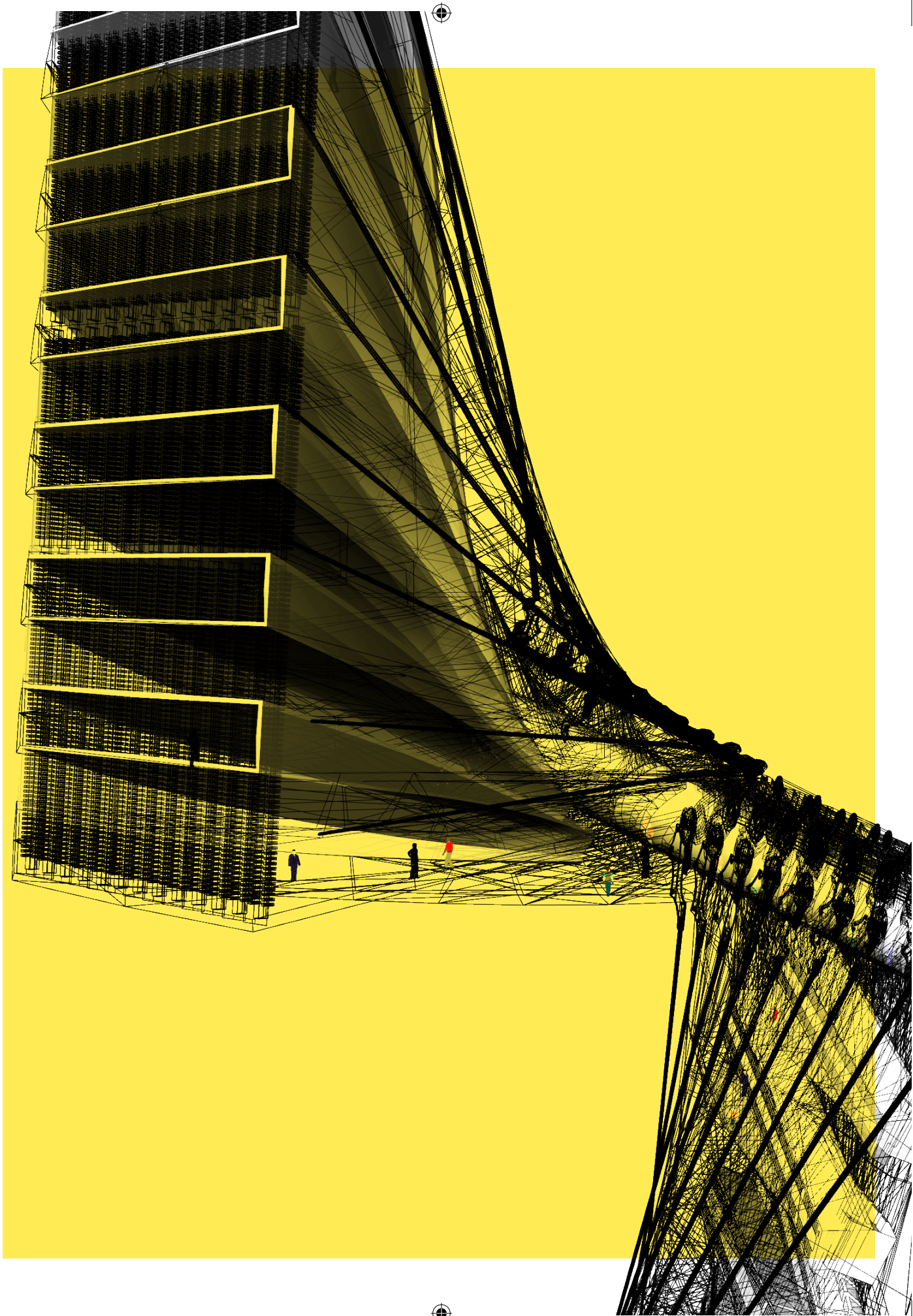


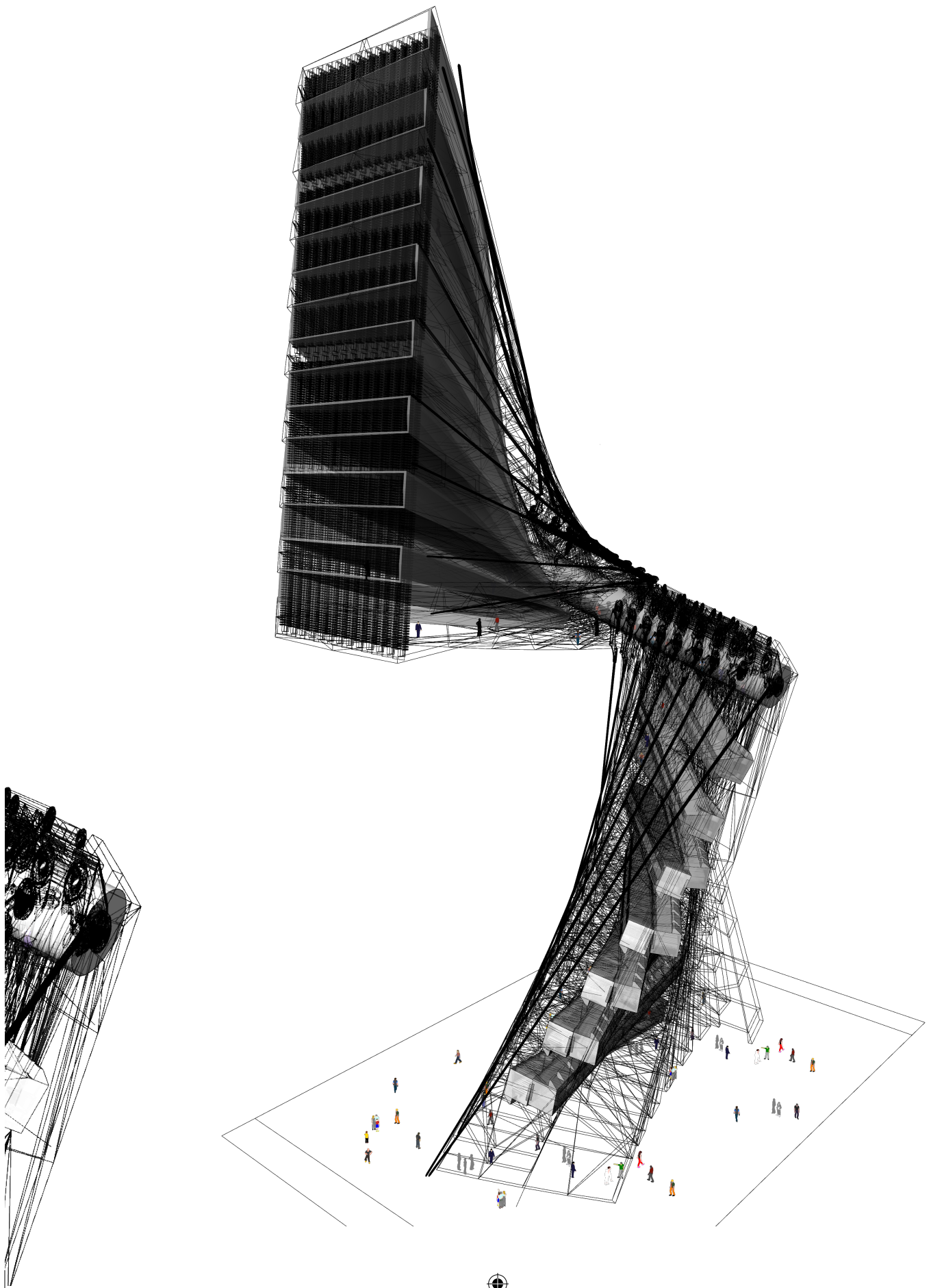
The project is a repository of crutches, canes, from people who have been healed next door. On display, stuffed and hung within the porosity of the building's shell: the walls are covered with thousands of crutches from those who came to the get custom-fitted prosthetics via the Polyp Mechs down the street and were purportedly healed.

The building also functions as a reliquary -- a container for relics -- as these objects are a surviving memorial of something past as well as a symbol of both trauma and recovery.

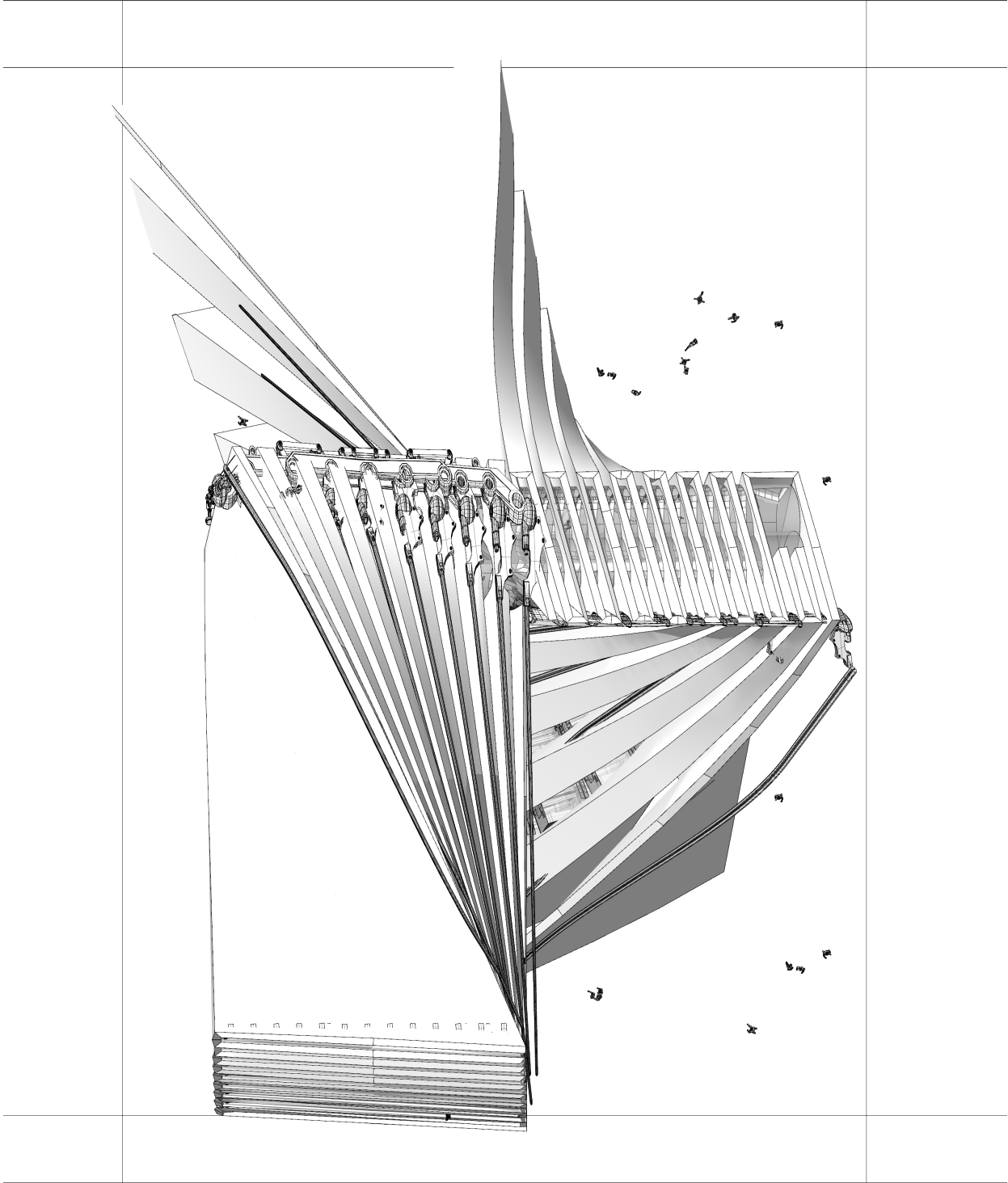
The building ascends from ground and is essentially one long ceremonial climb by and for the healed, in honor of ability, perseverance and triumph.

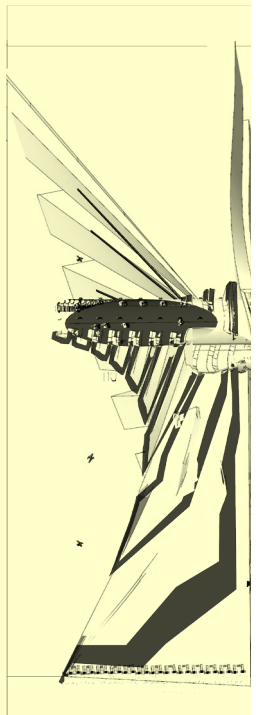
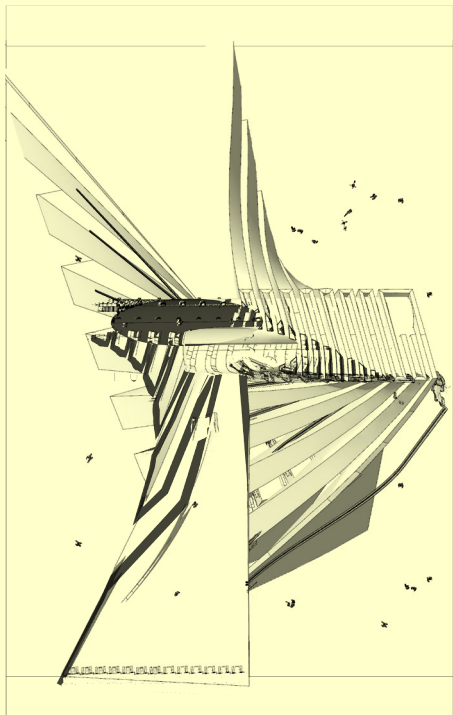
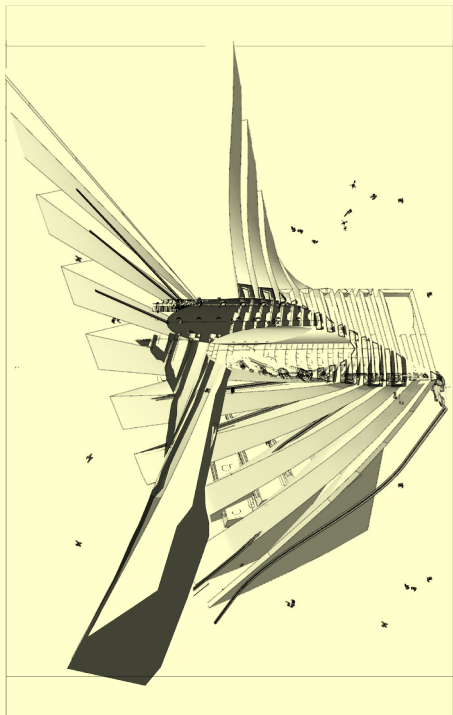
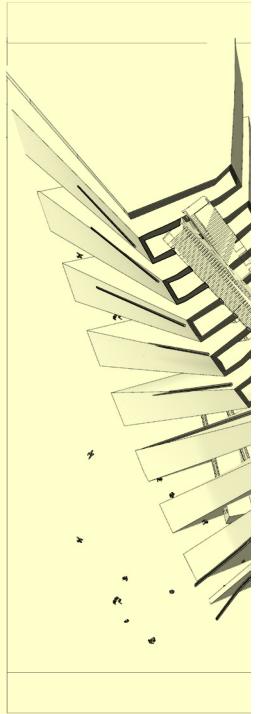
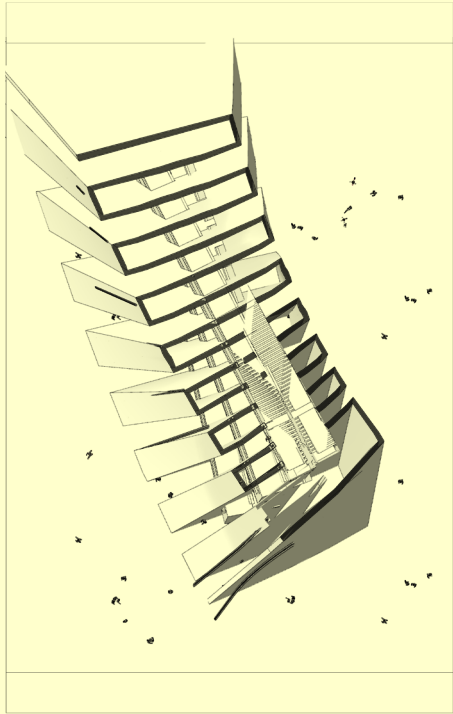
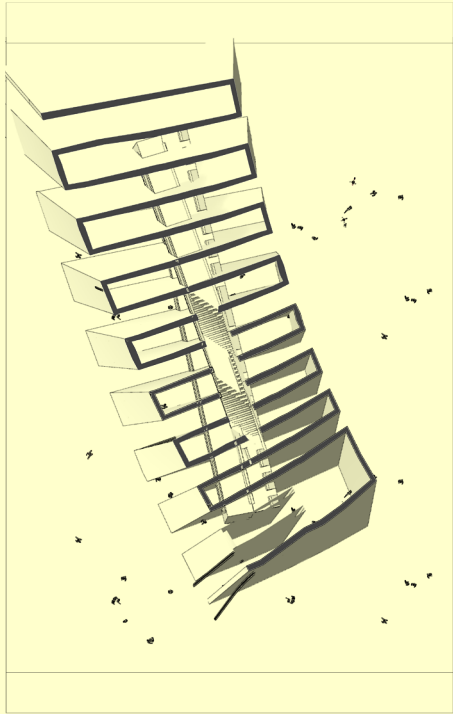


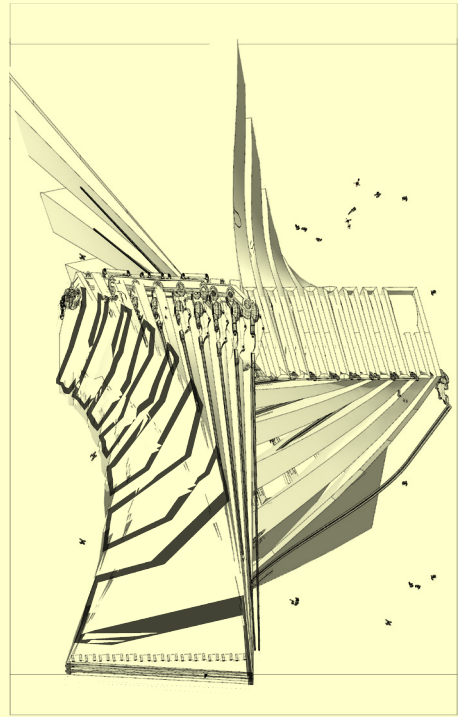
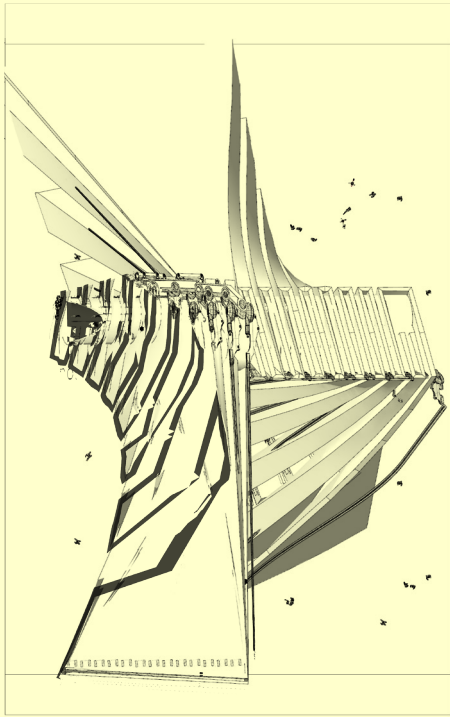
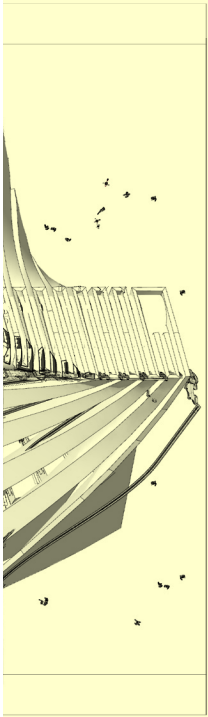
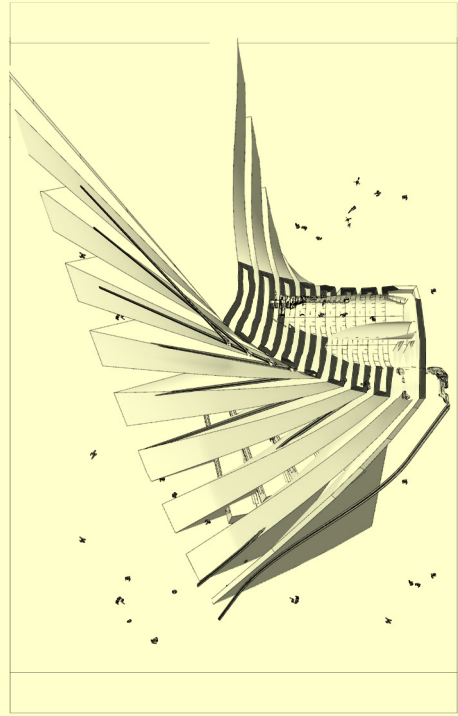
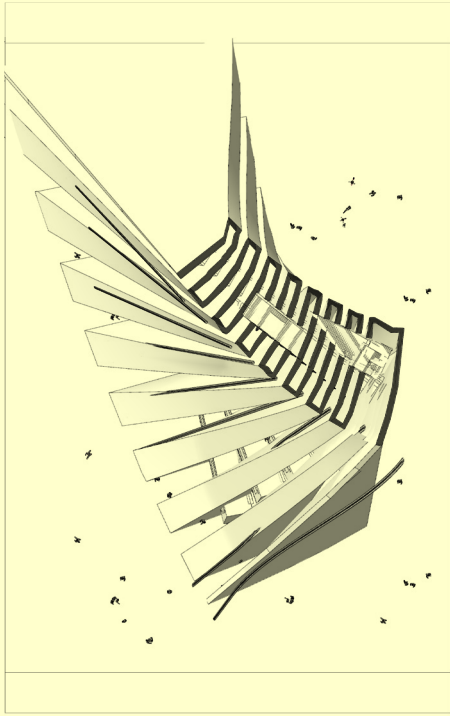


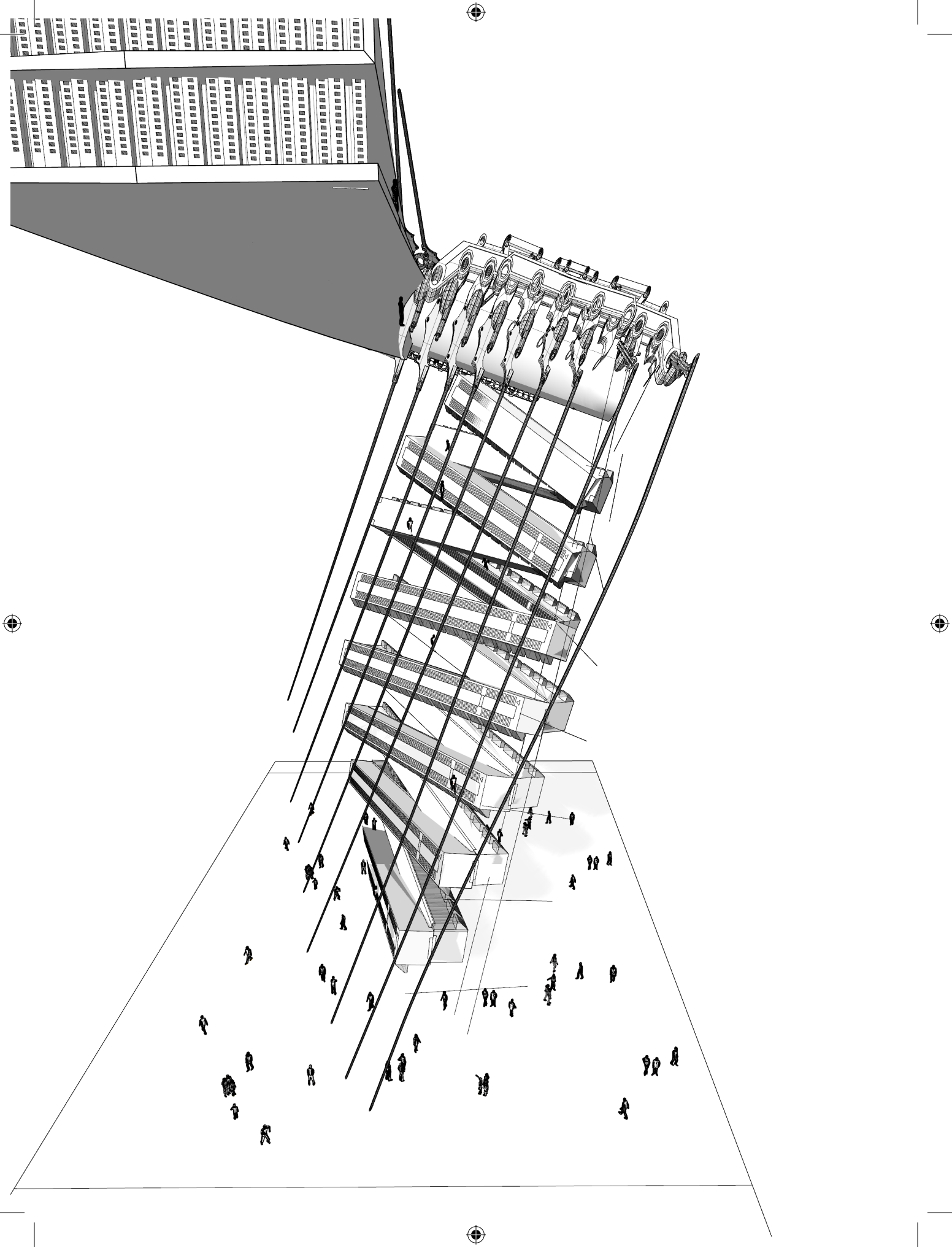


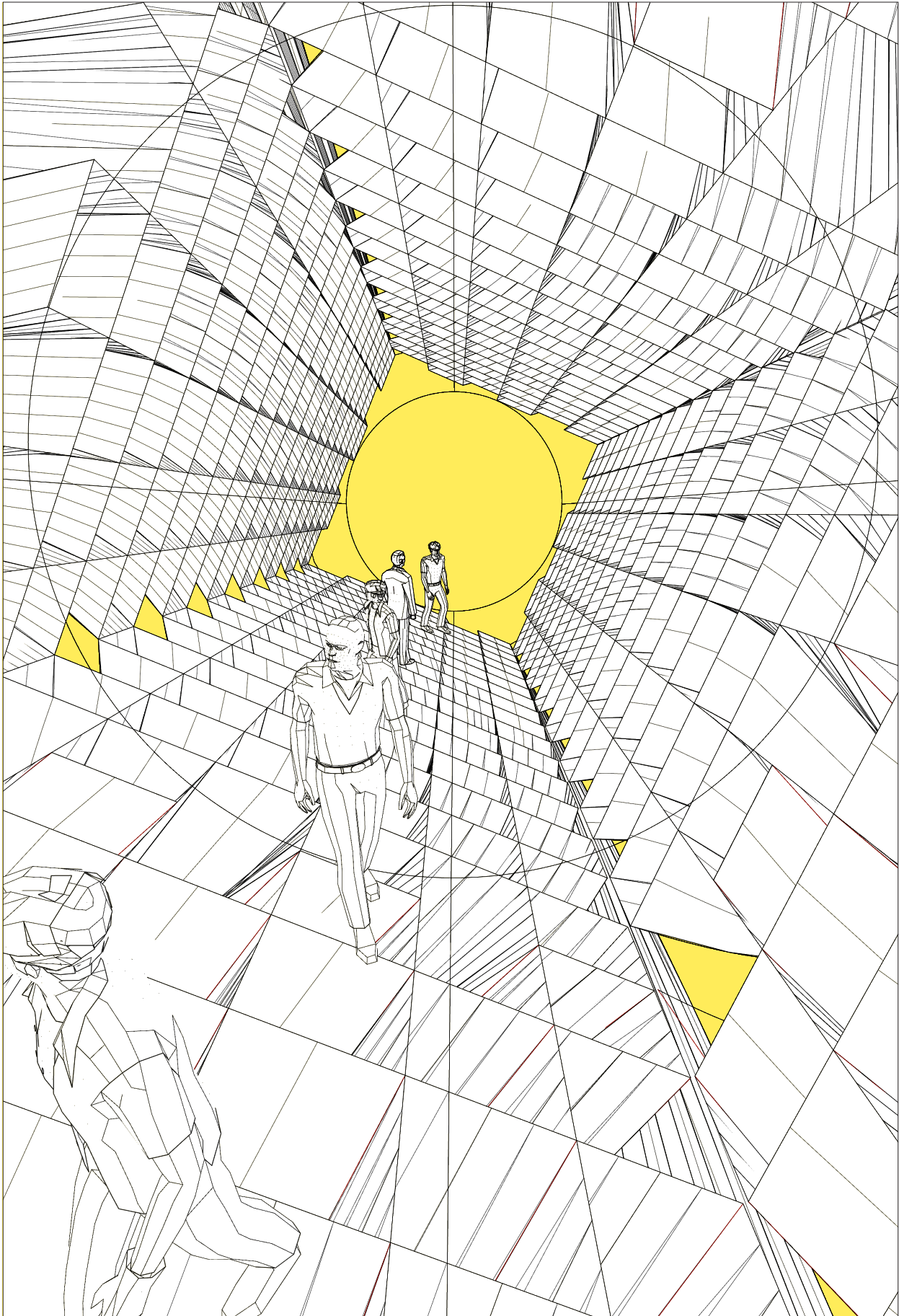


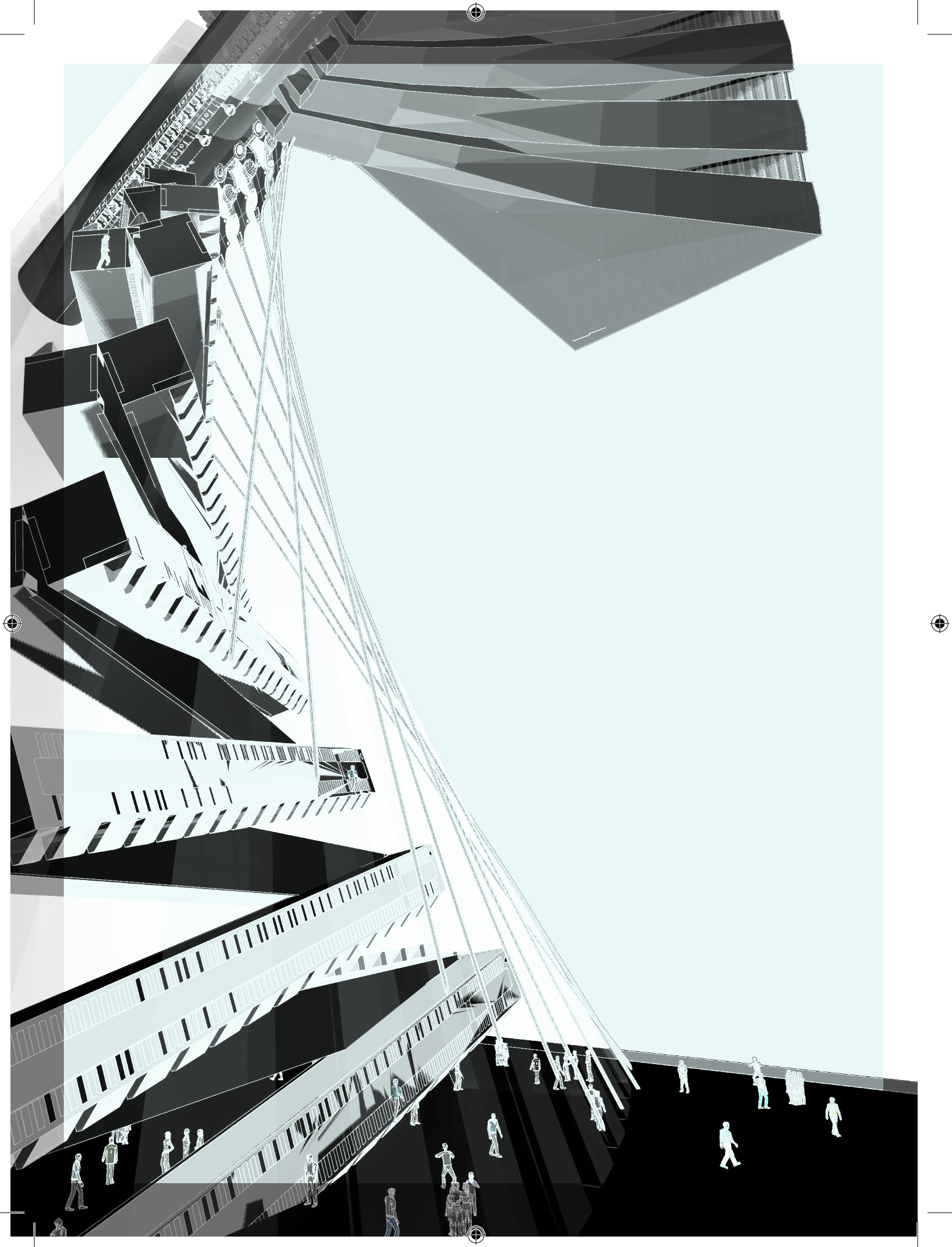


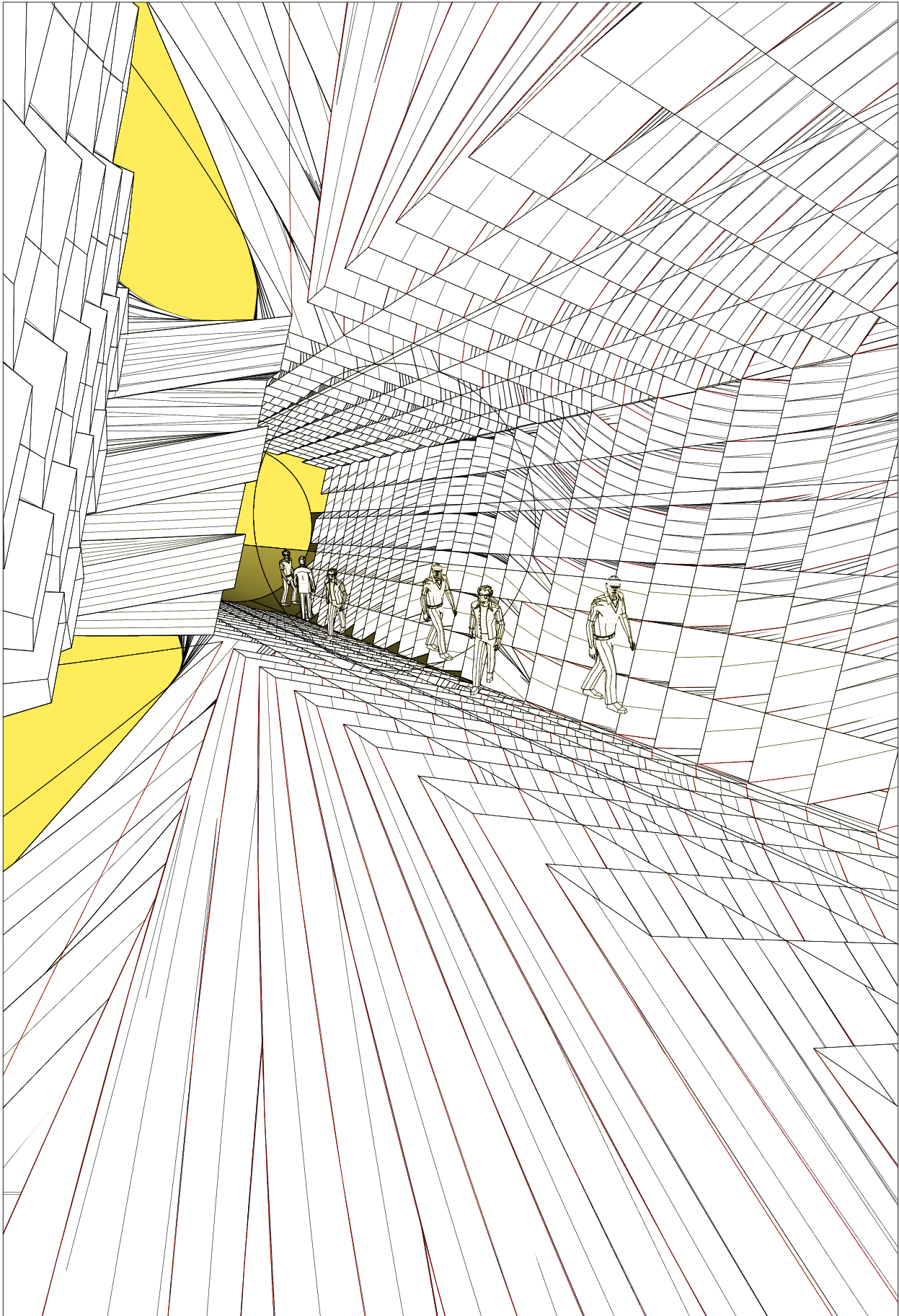


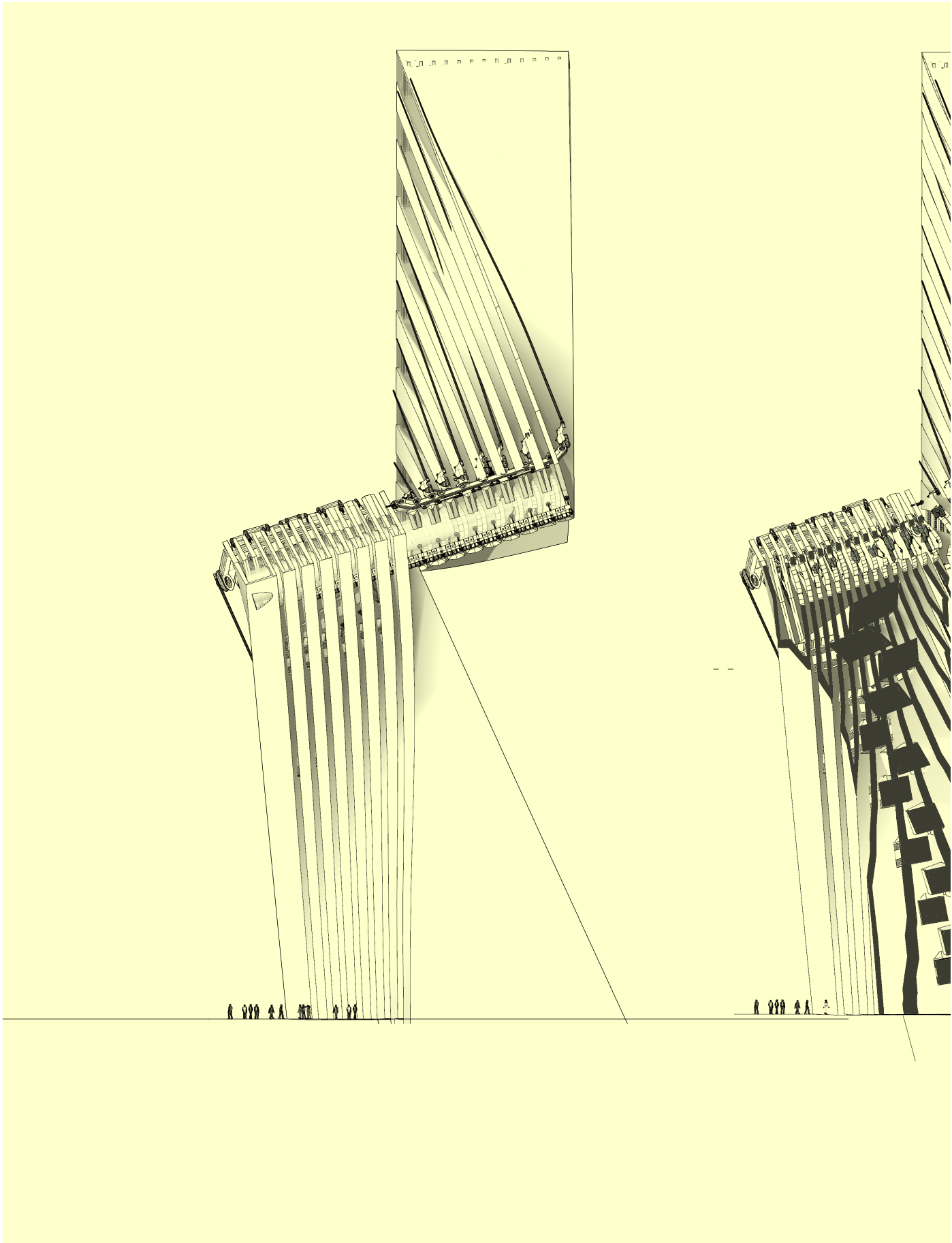


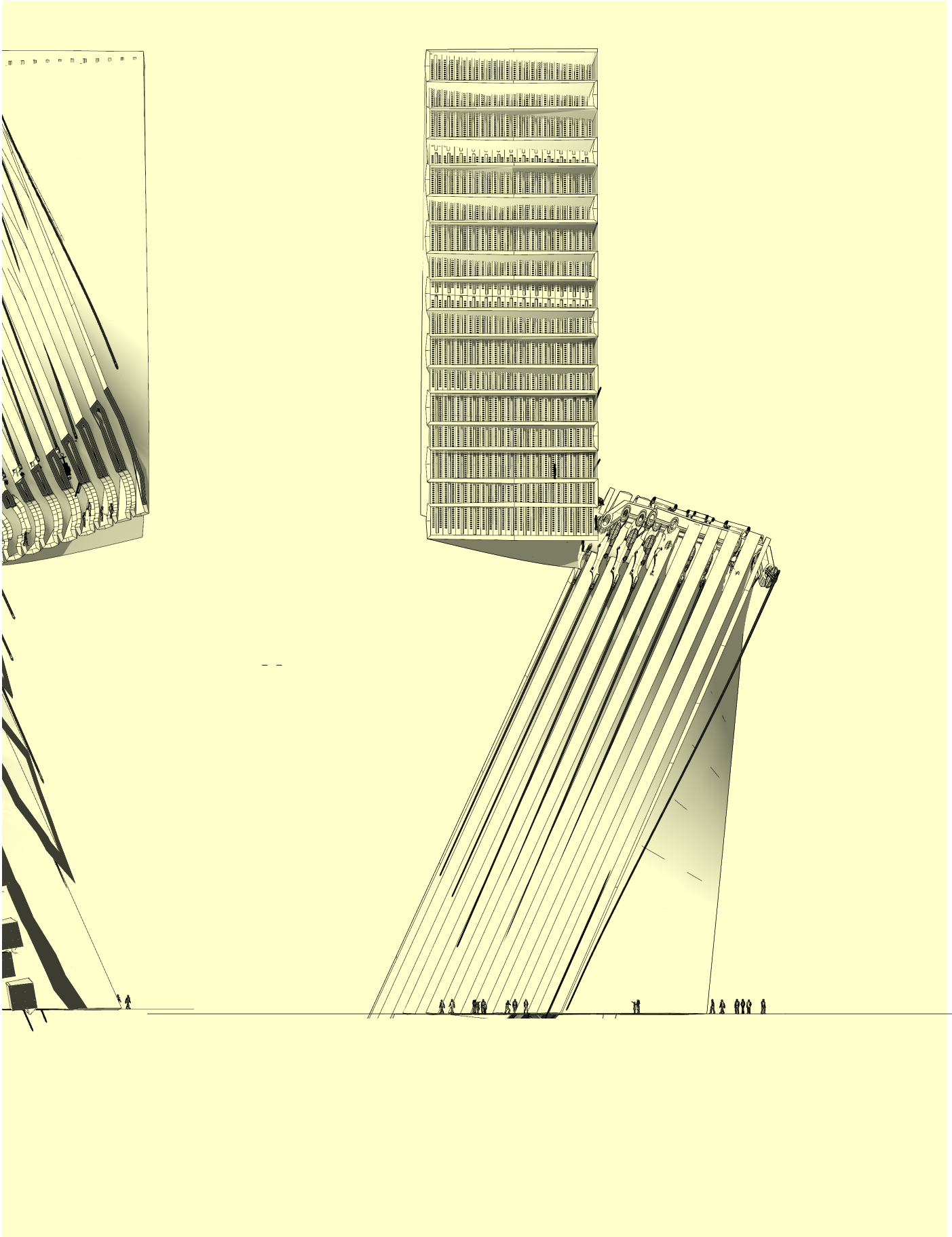


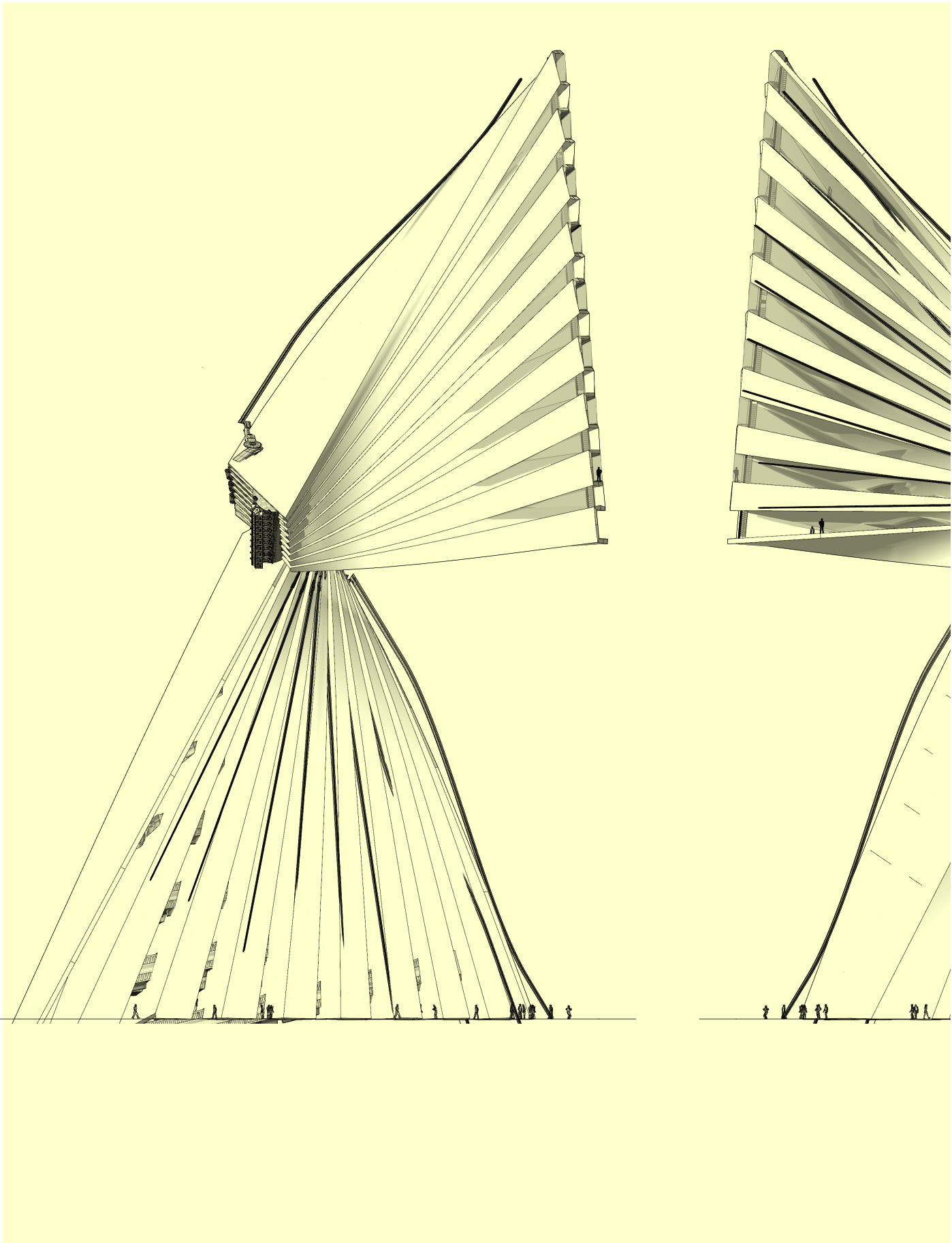


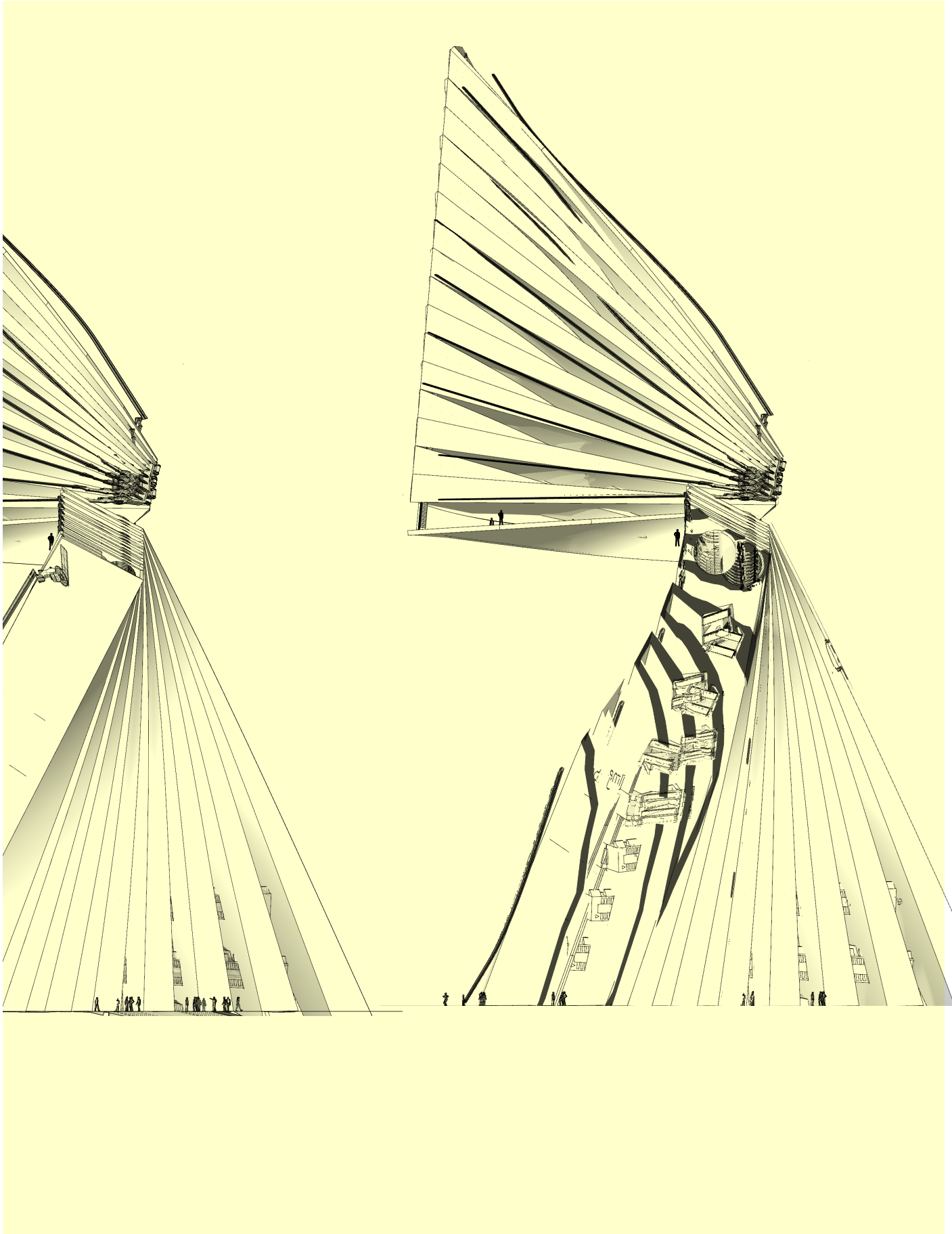


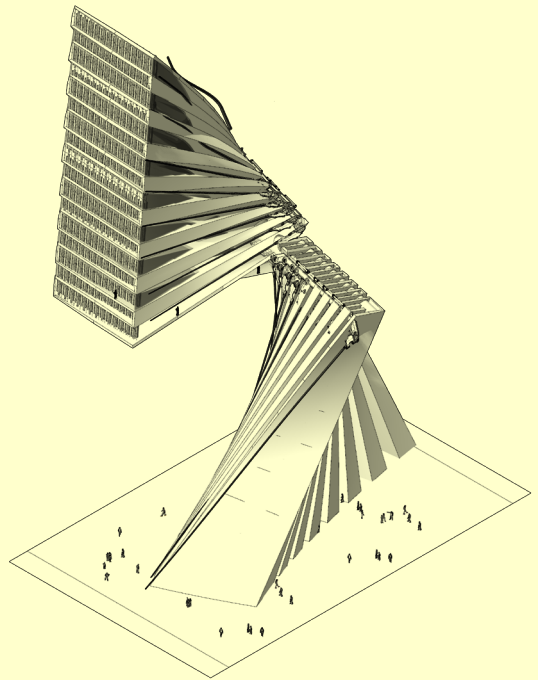
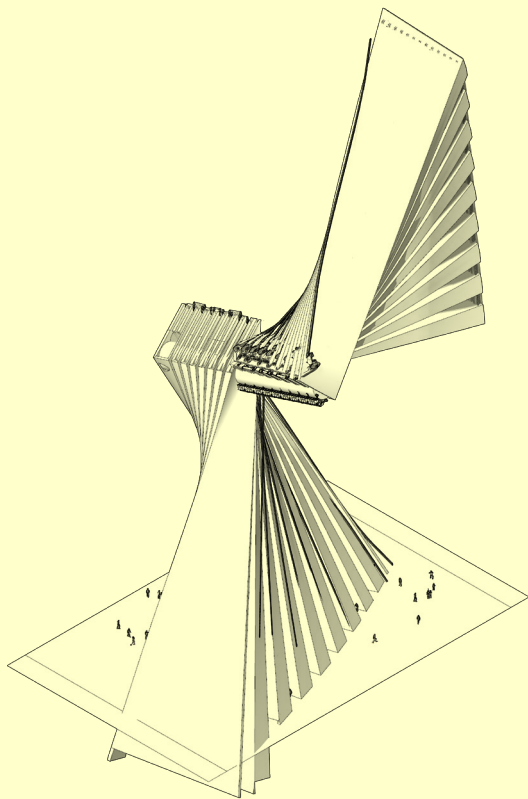
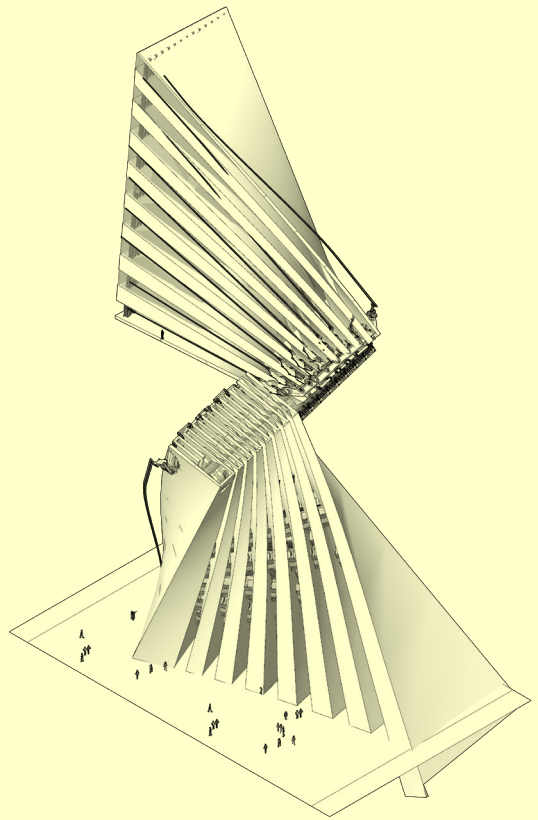
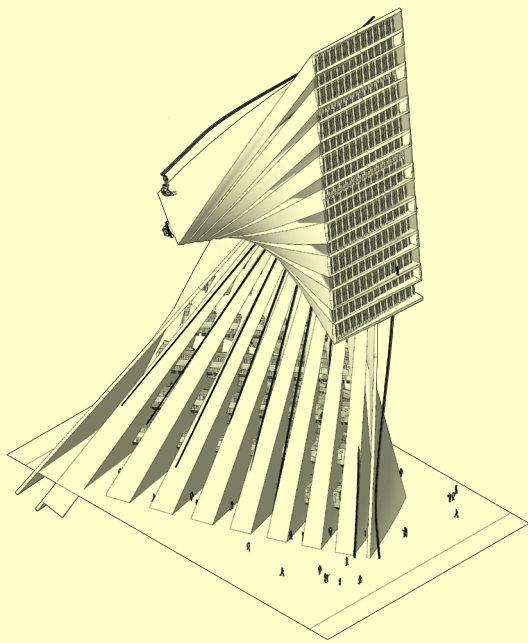


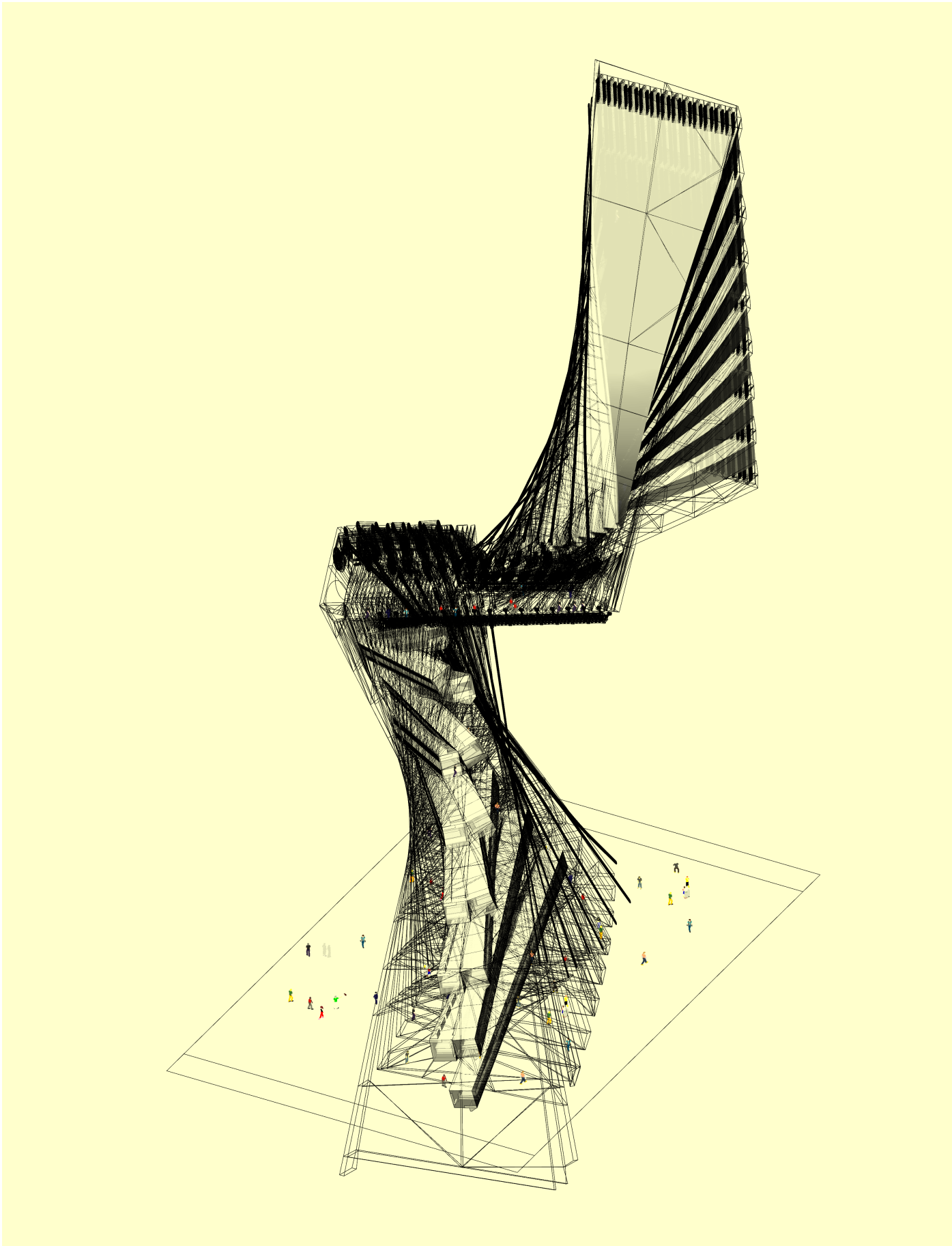


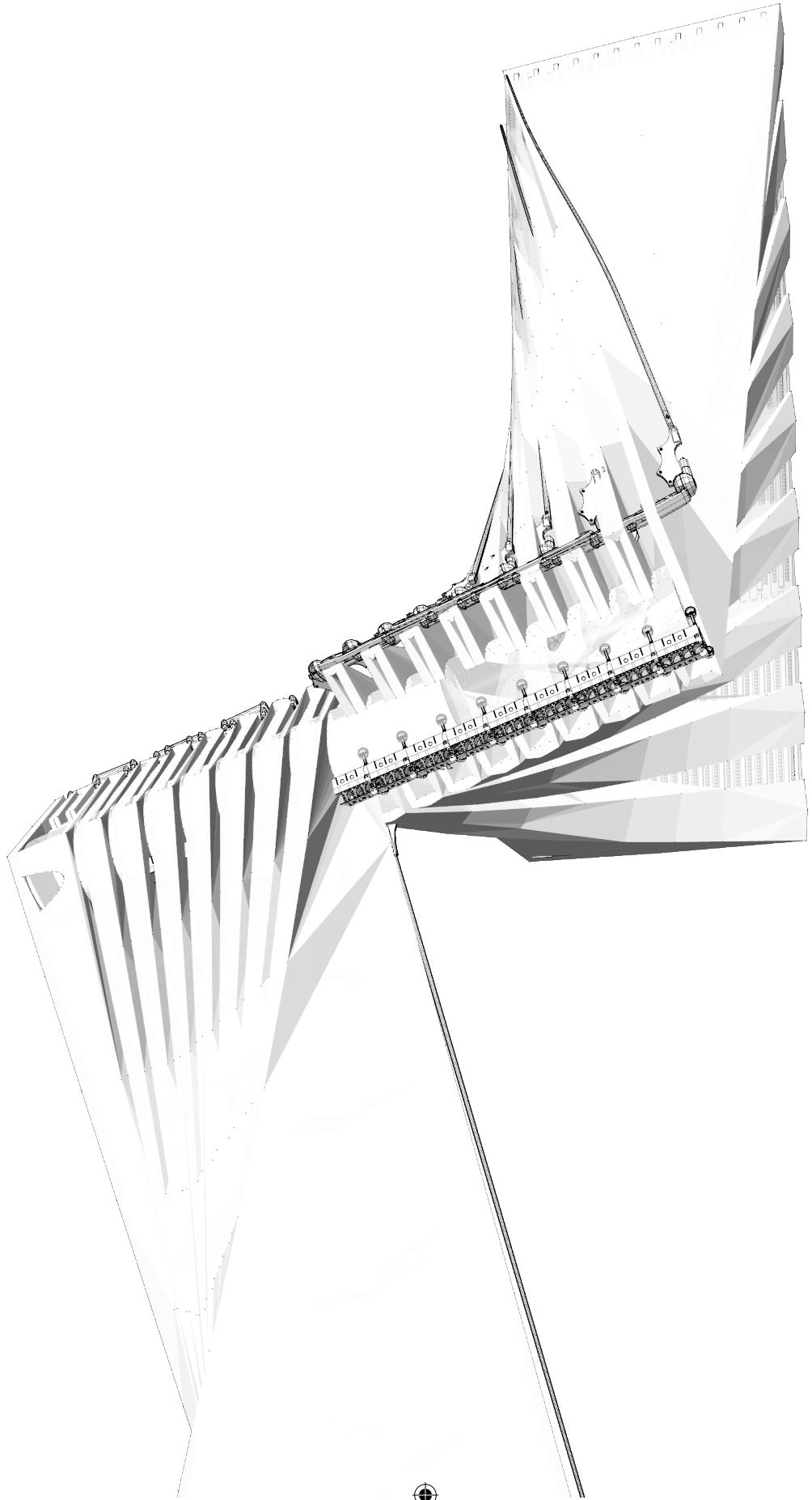


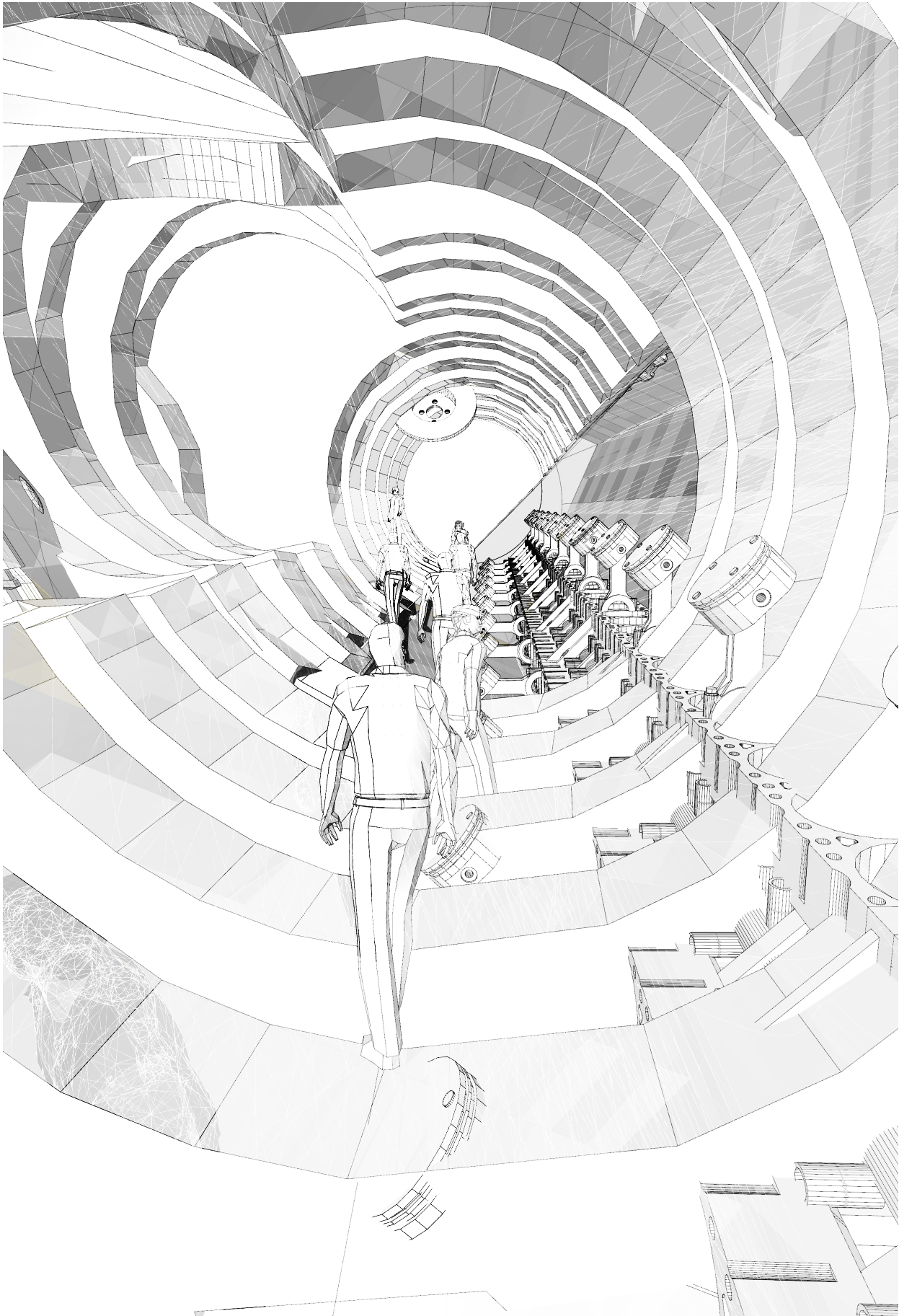




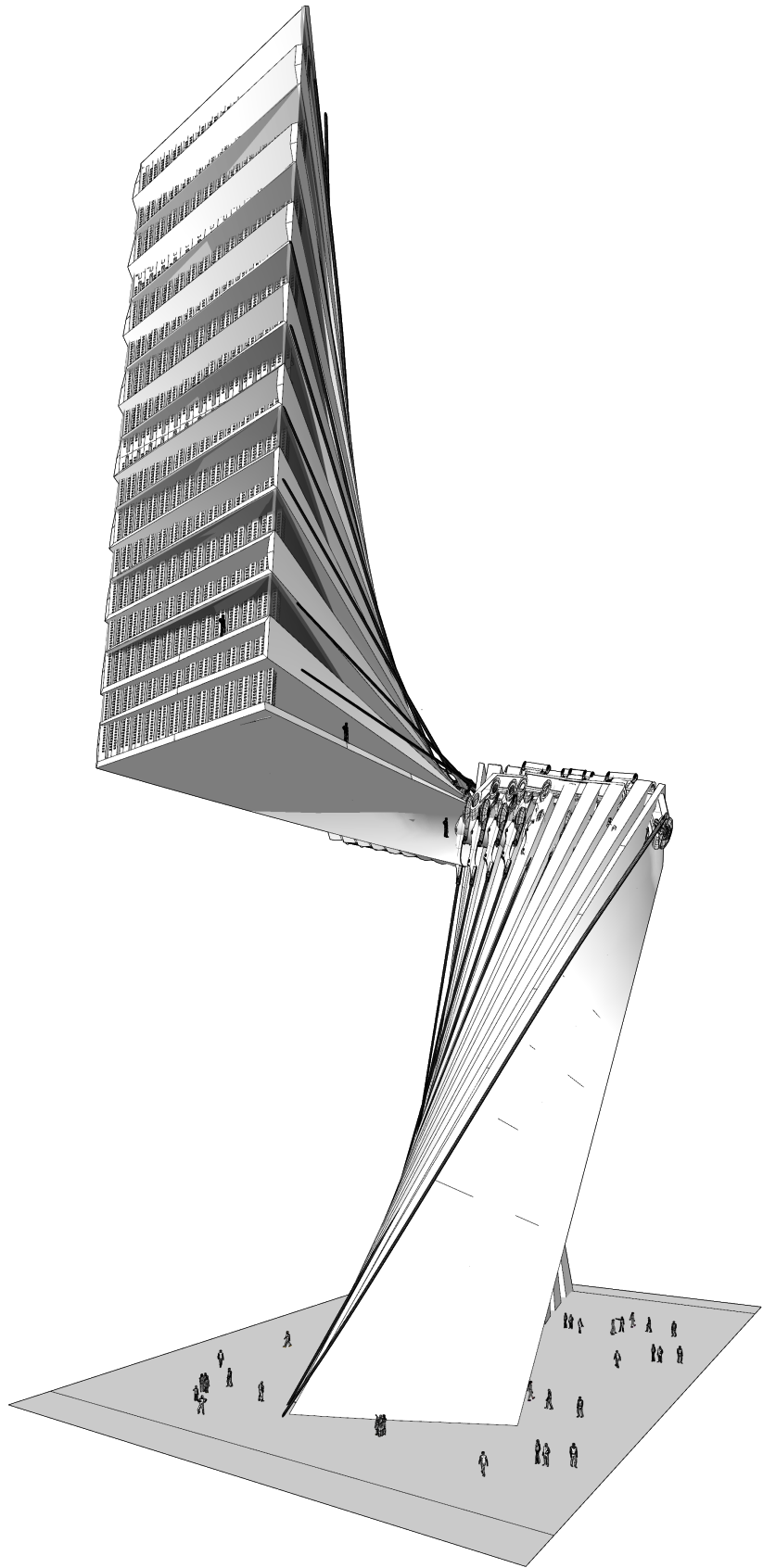


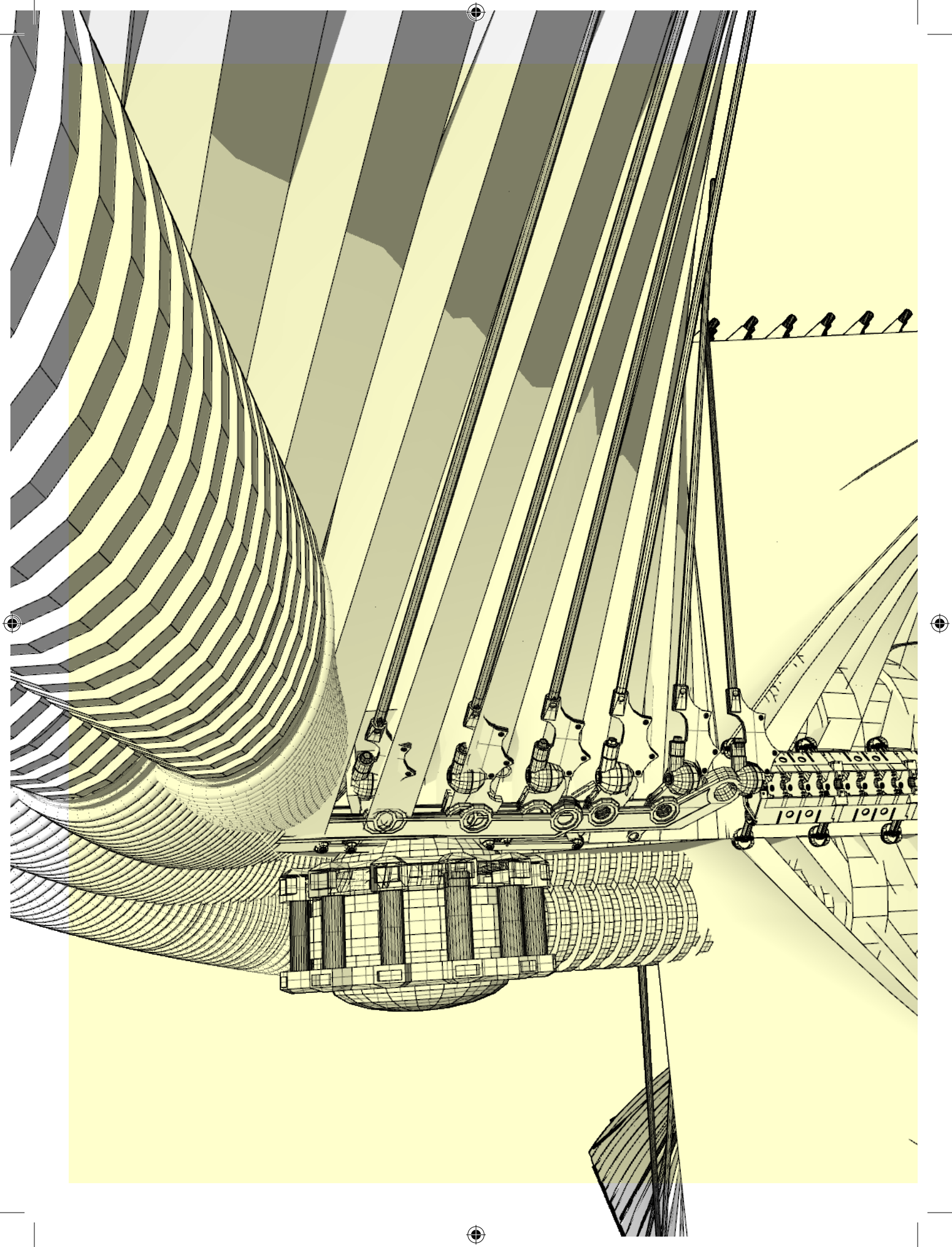


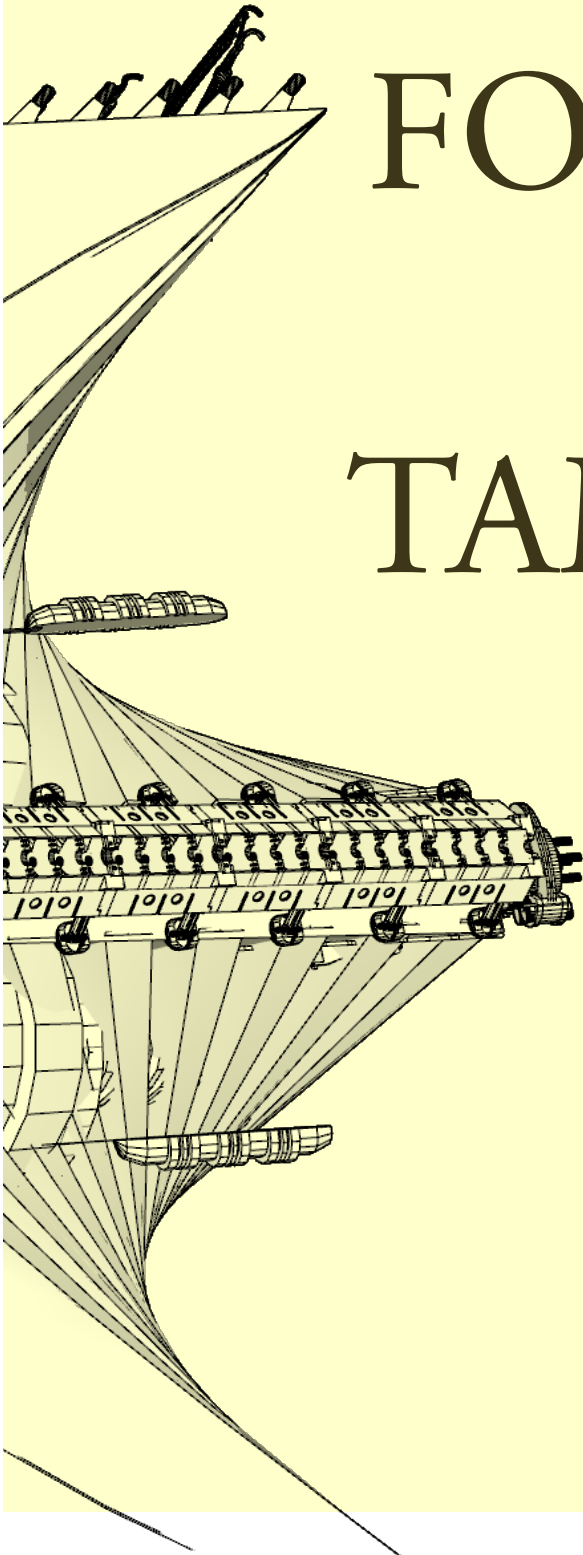












FORMS UN- TAMED

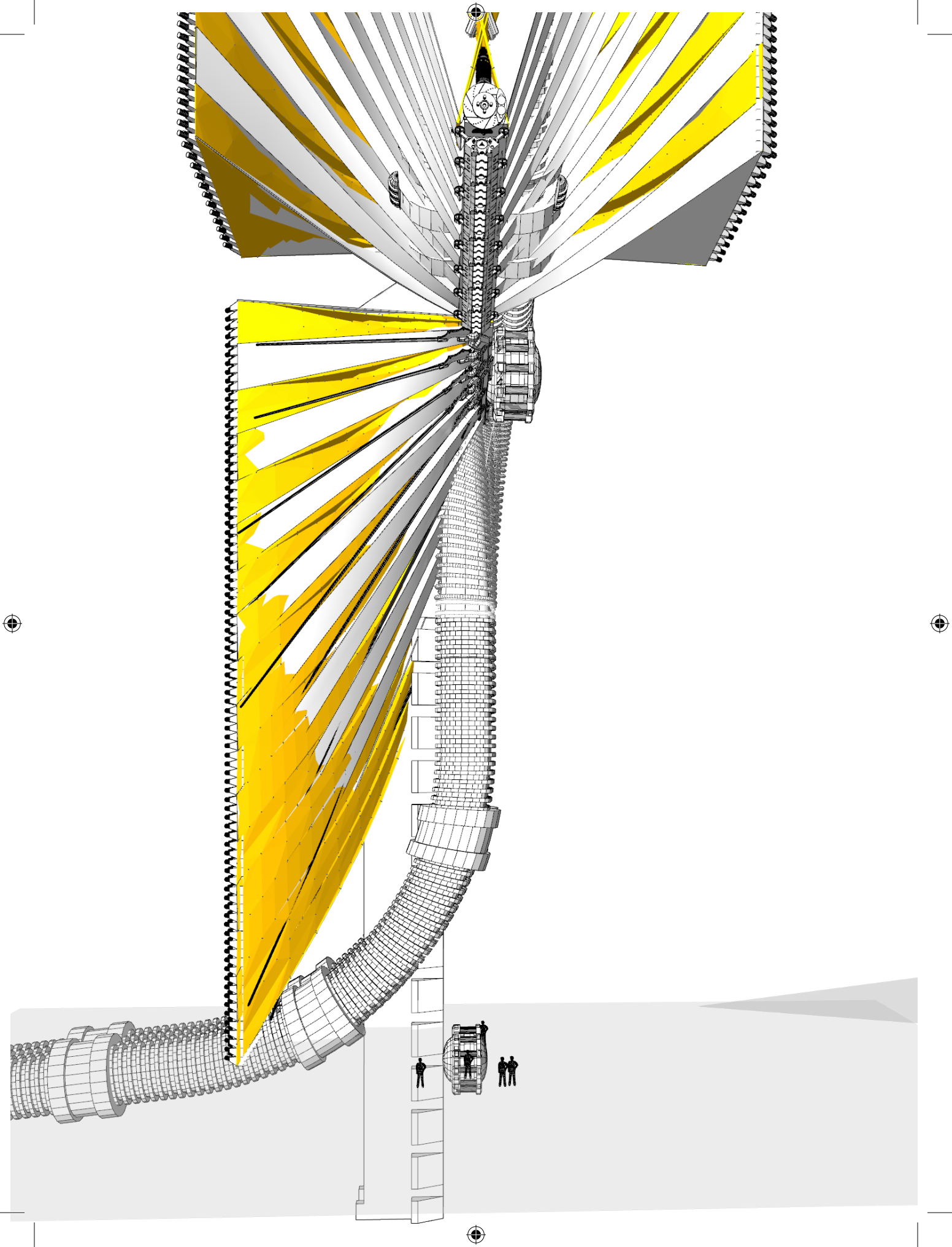
This is what storage looked like to me but I usually land with something that looks like this. The body-object, anatomical composite finds me again. It has been three weeks since this fixation confronted *me*. And after obsessing over an excess of obsessions, today I present the obsession that was as latent as it is overt.

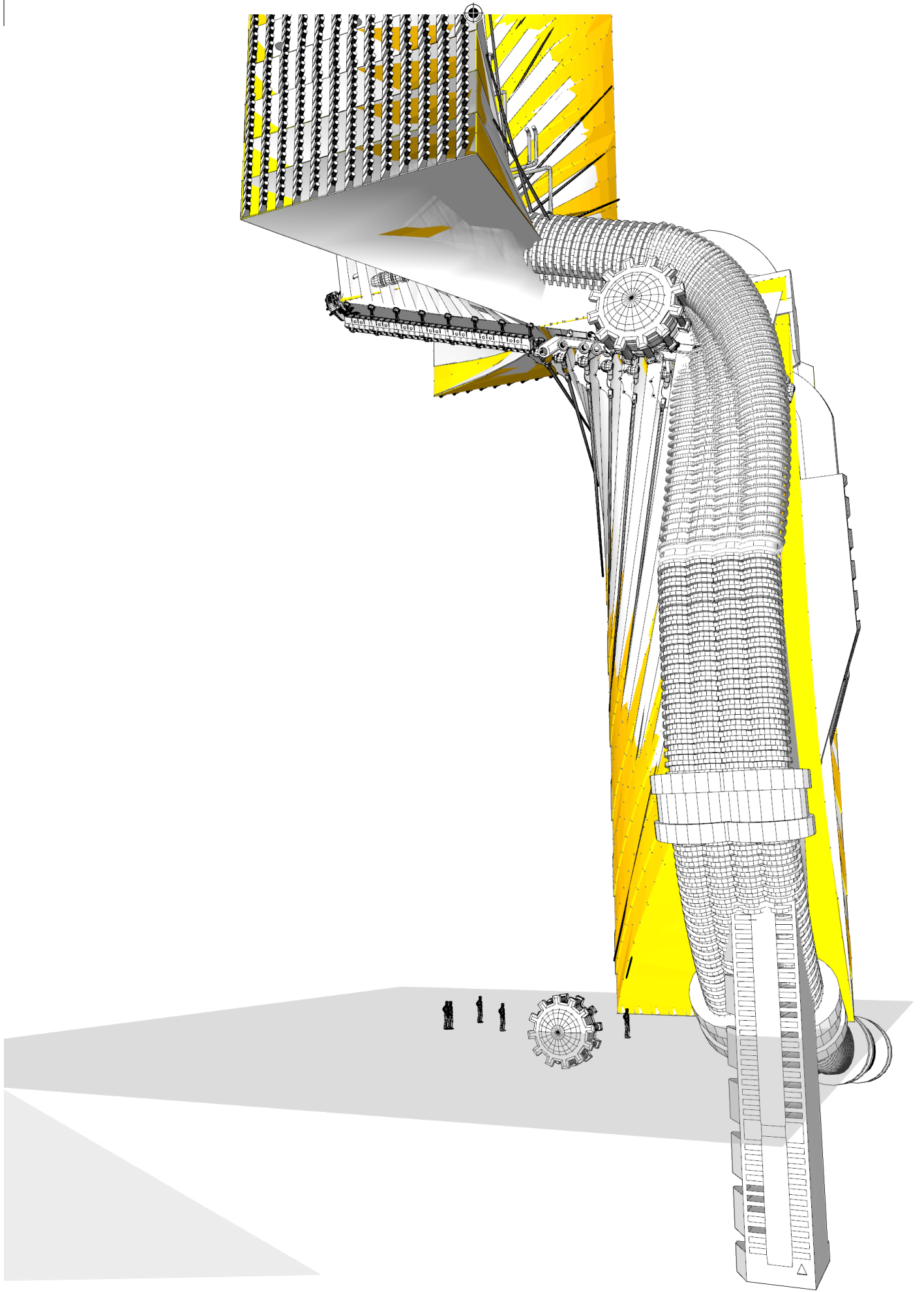
I fixate on the object - the imagined possibility of the excessively unfamiliar, the bizarrely familiar object morphing into musical forests, dissipating into atmospherics, taking flight. The object at it wildest form: untamed. Before architecture.

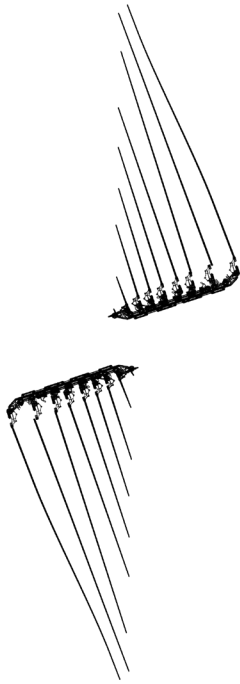
This is the mother of my preoccupations, I realize. Every habit, fixation, obsession I have illustrated here is a derivative of my object-making object-based mania - the bug - of making made mad, made manic.

Here is the third chapter of my preoccupations as of the eighth of February, twenty sixteen.

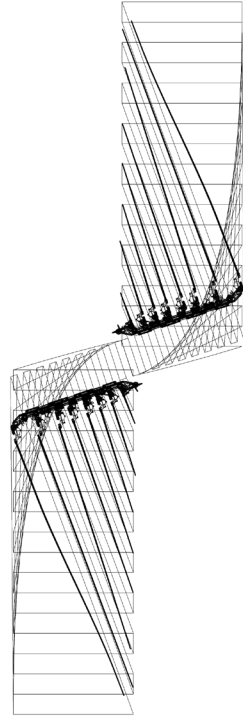
Joem Elias Sañez



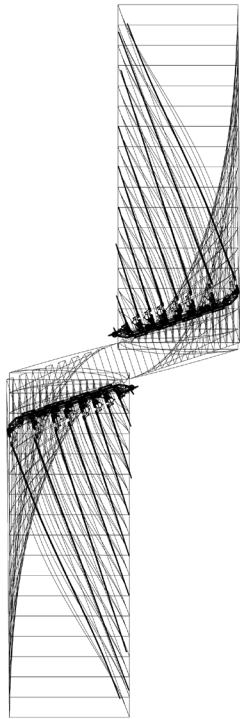




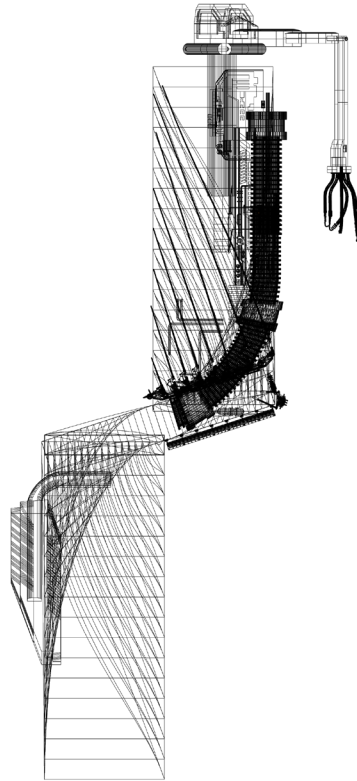
170. 3P



170. 3P

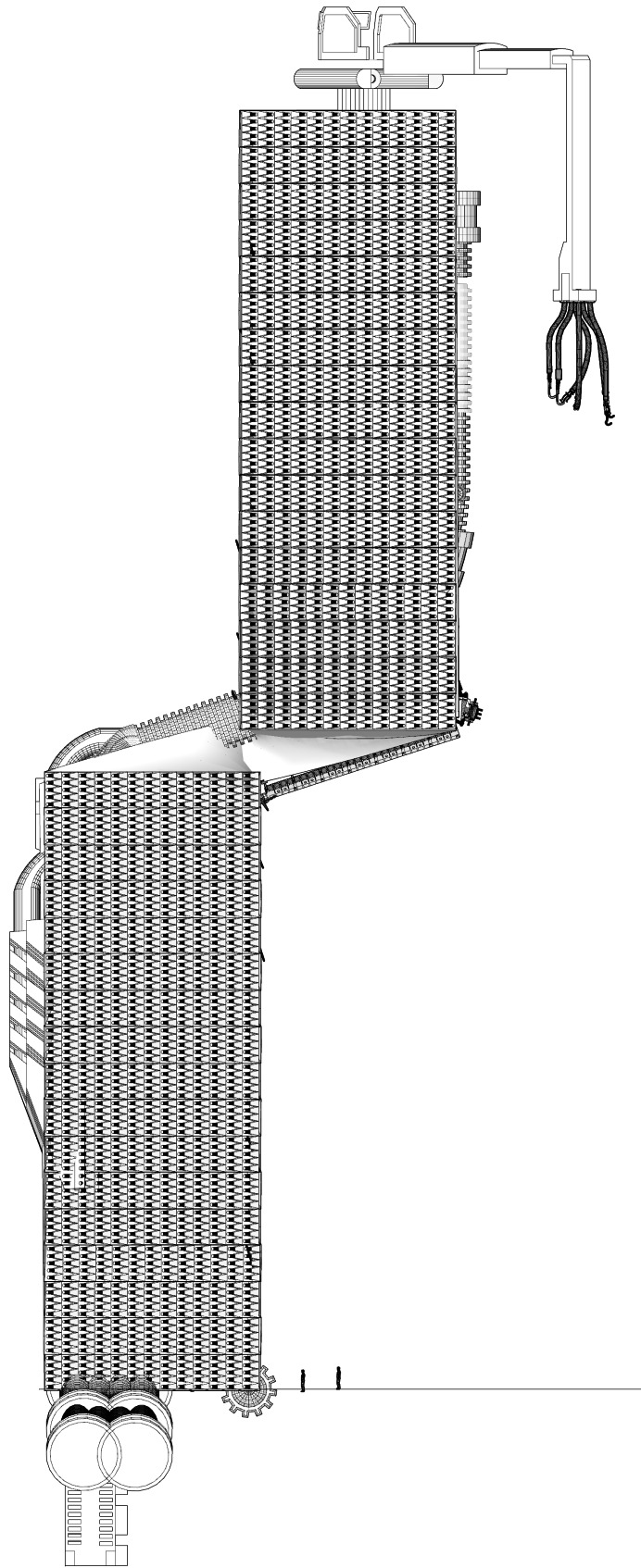


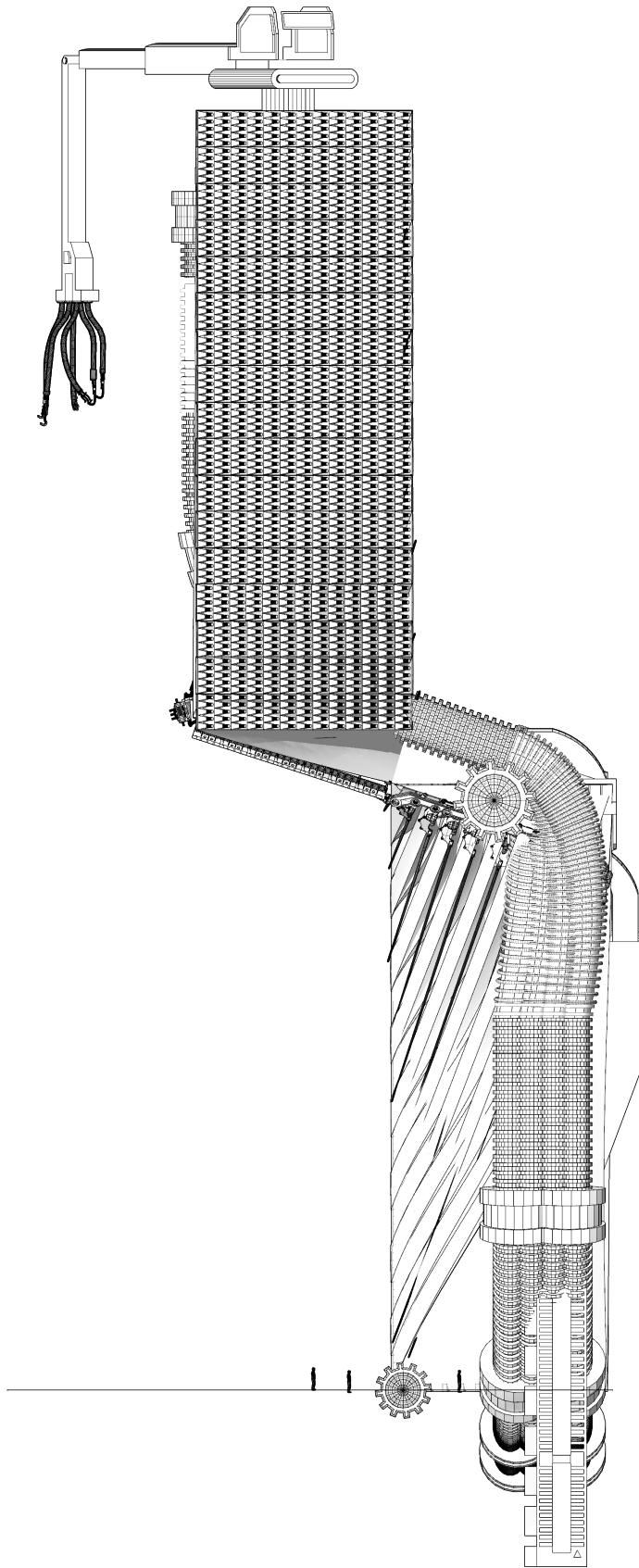
170. 3P

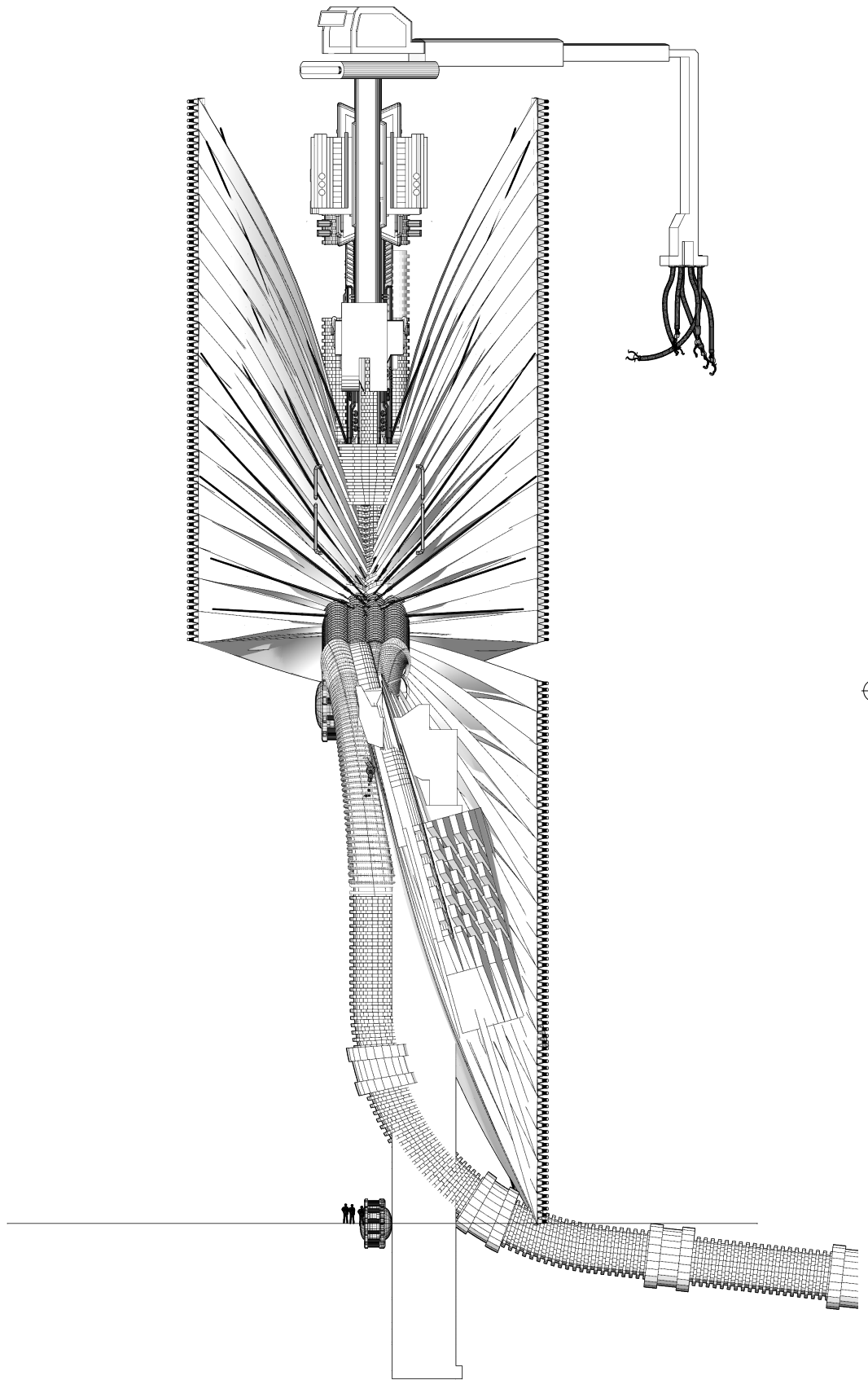


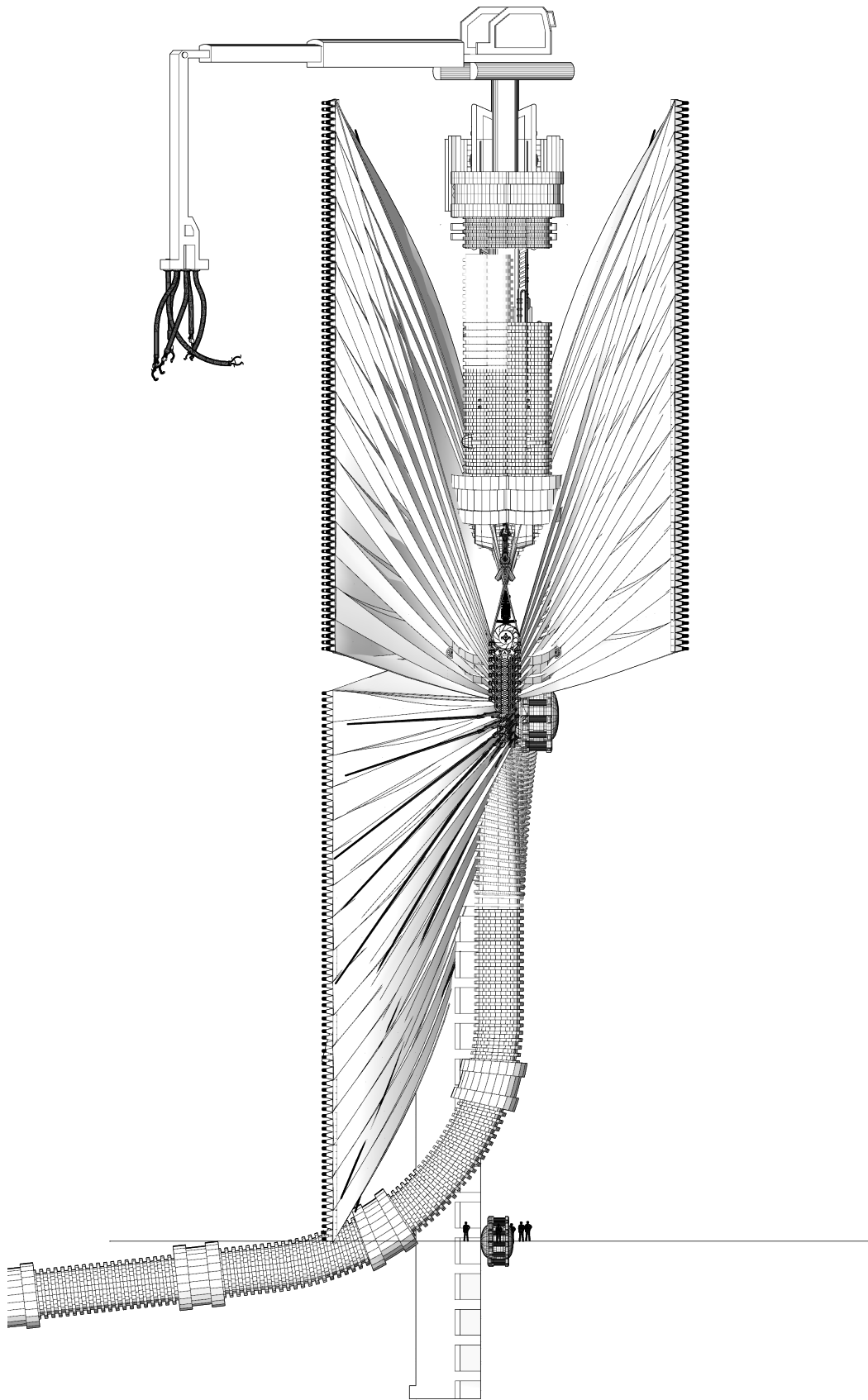
170. 3P

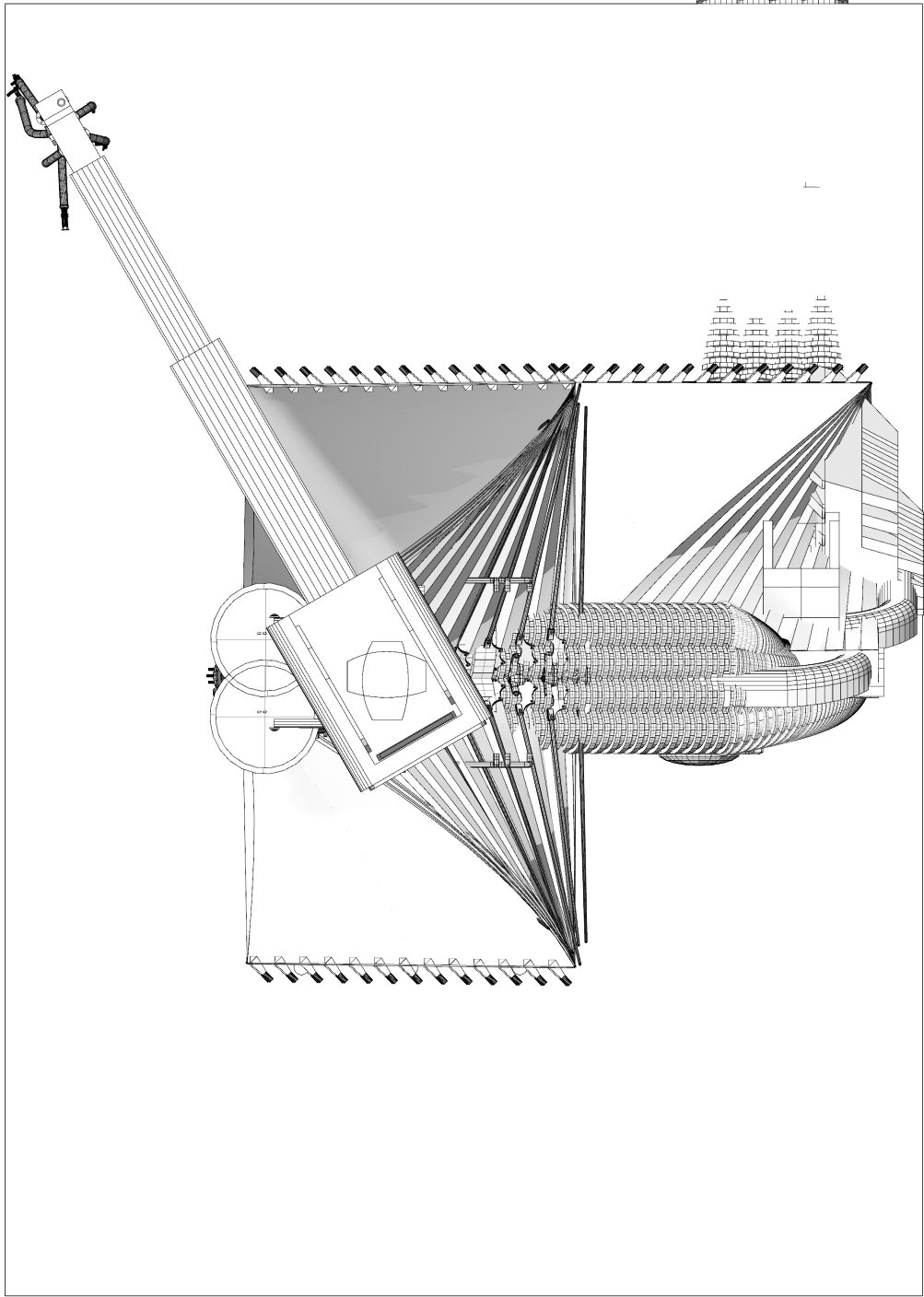


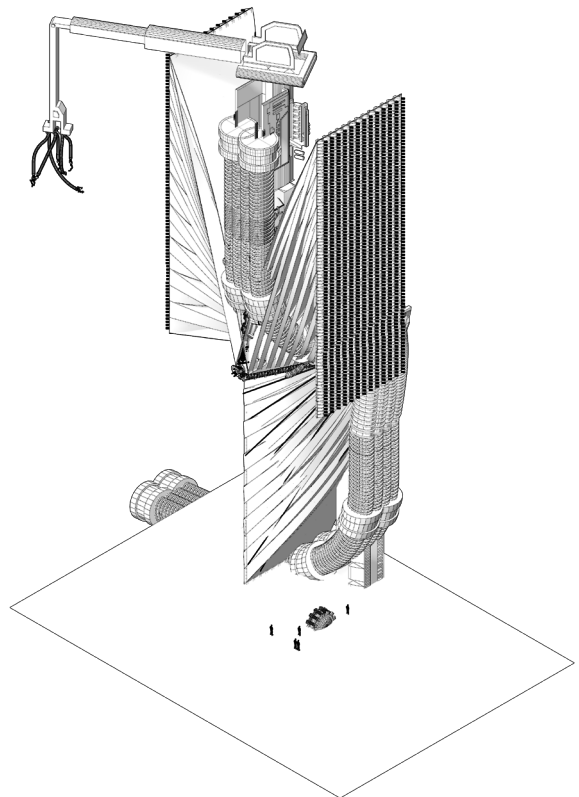
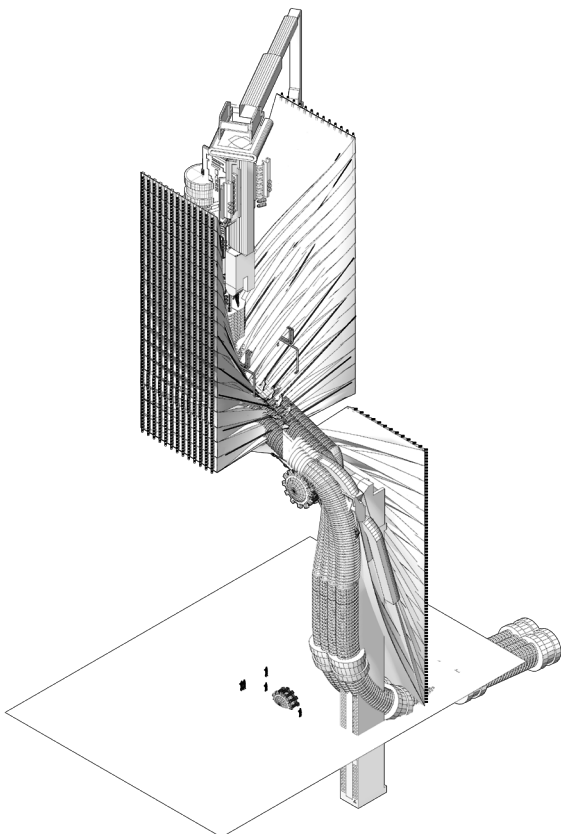
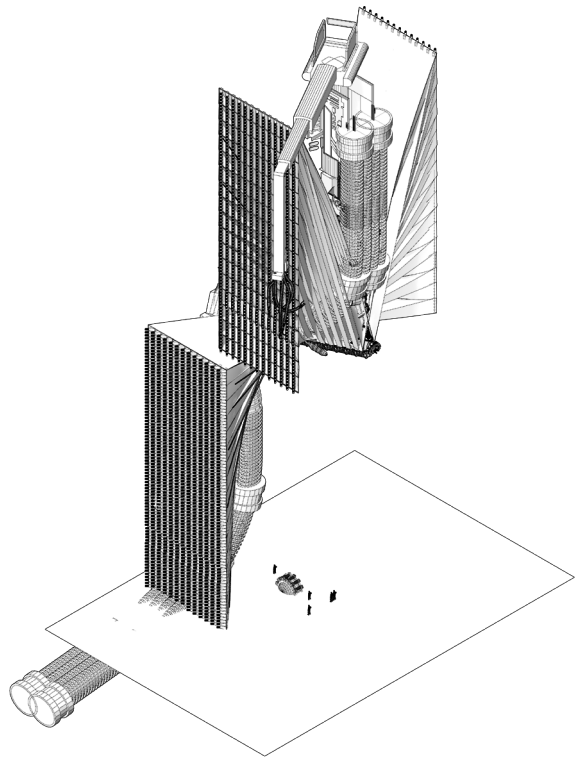
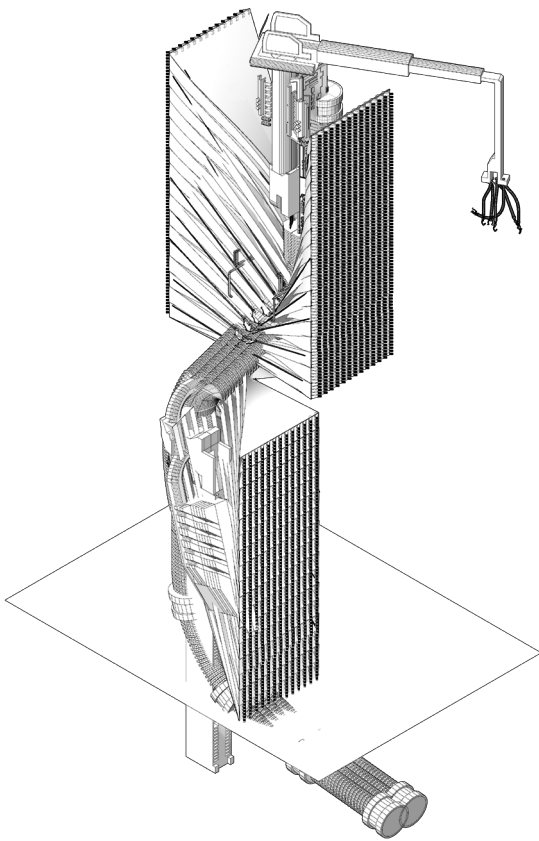


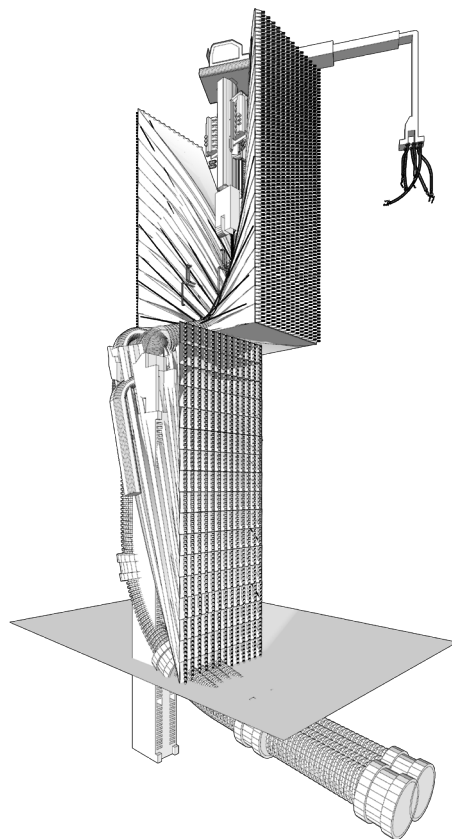
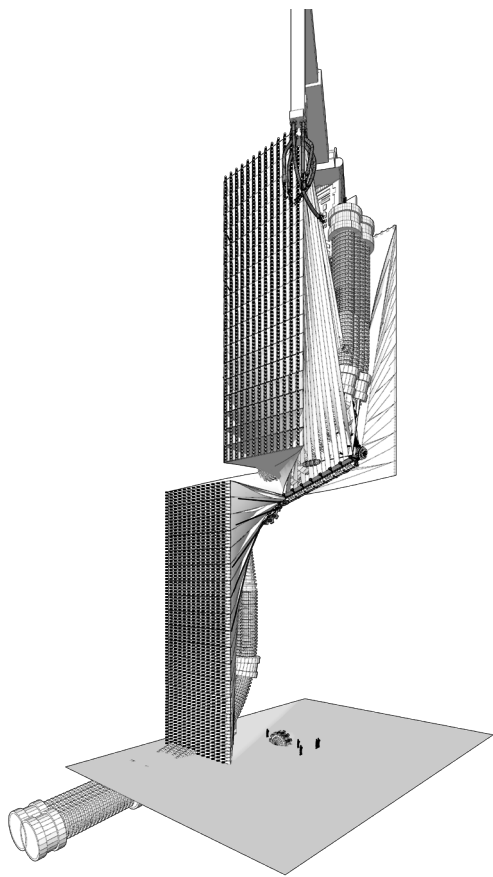
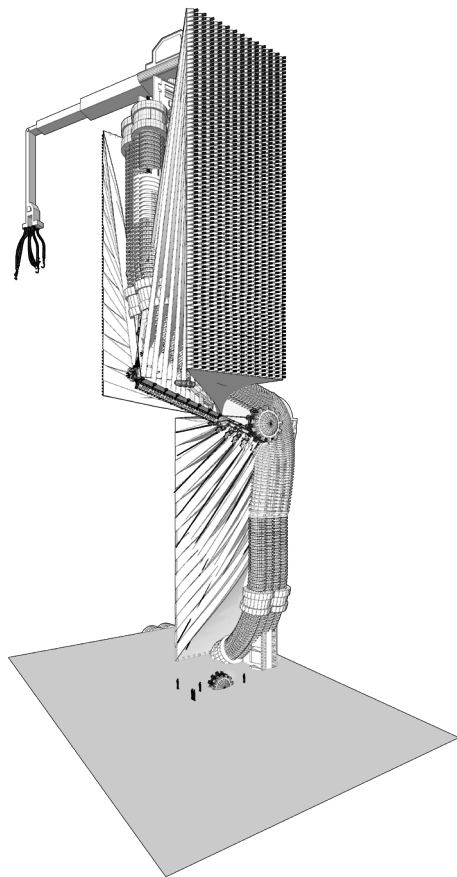
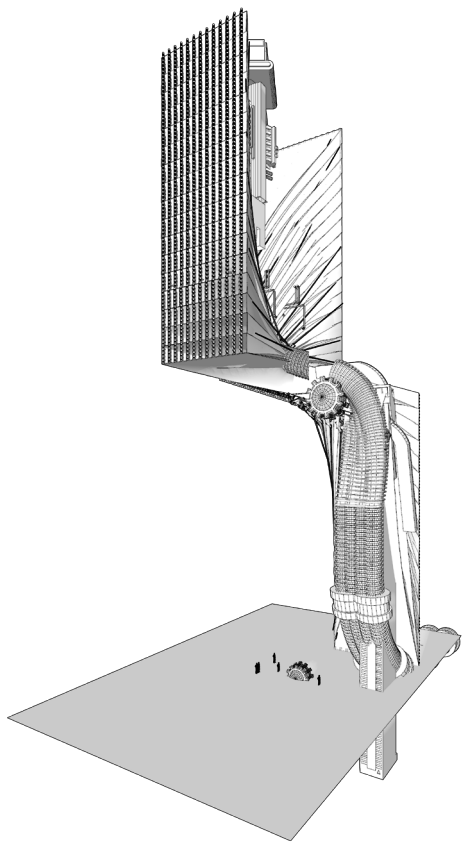


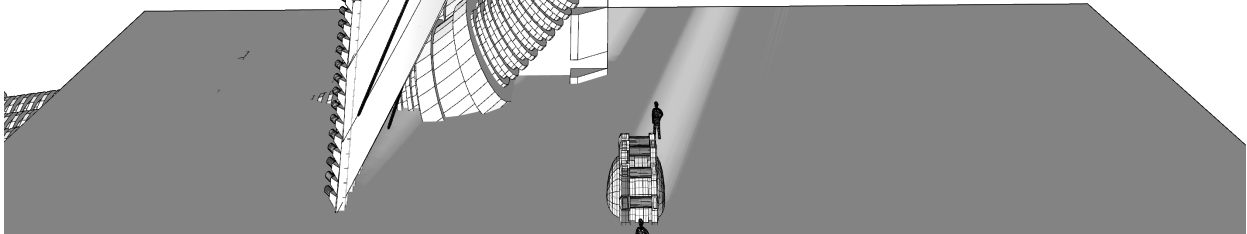
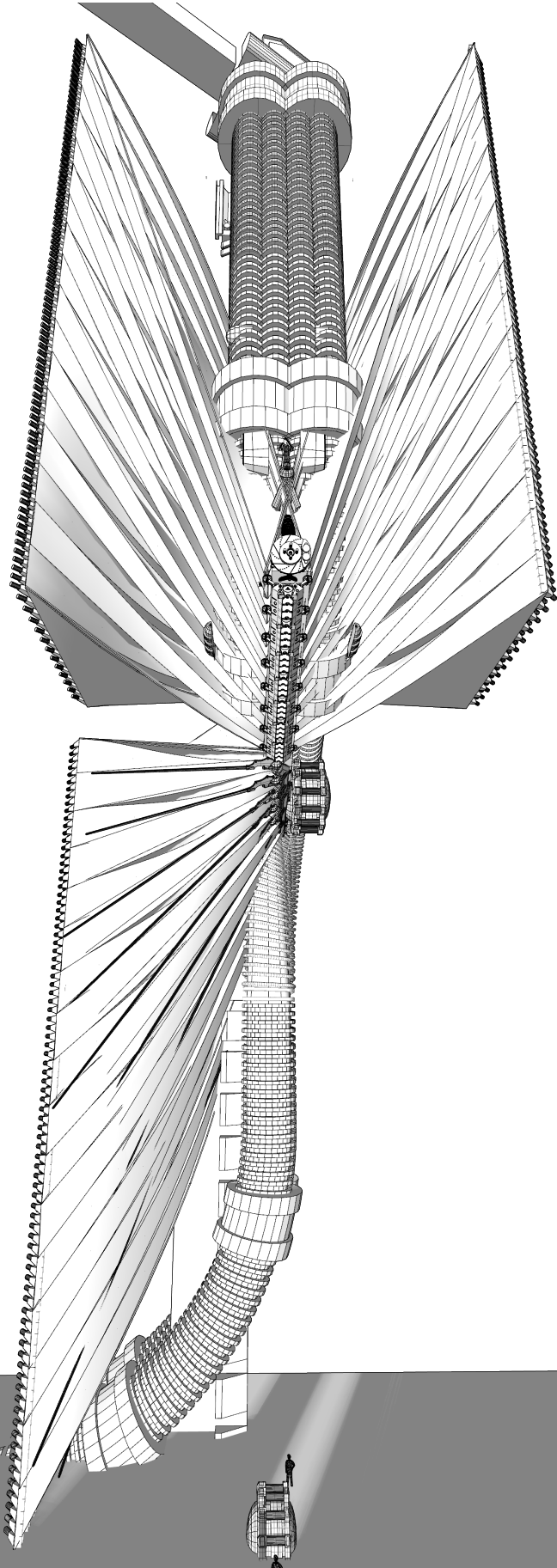


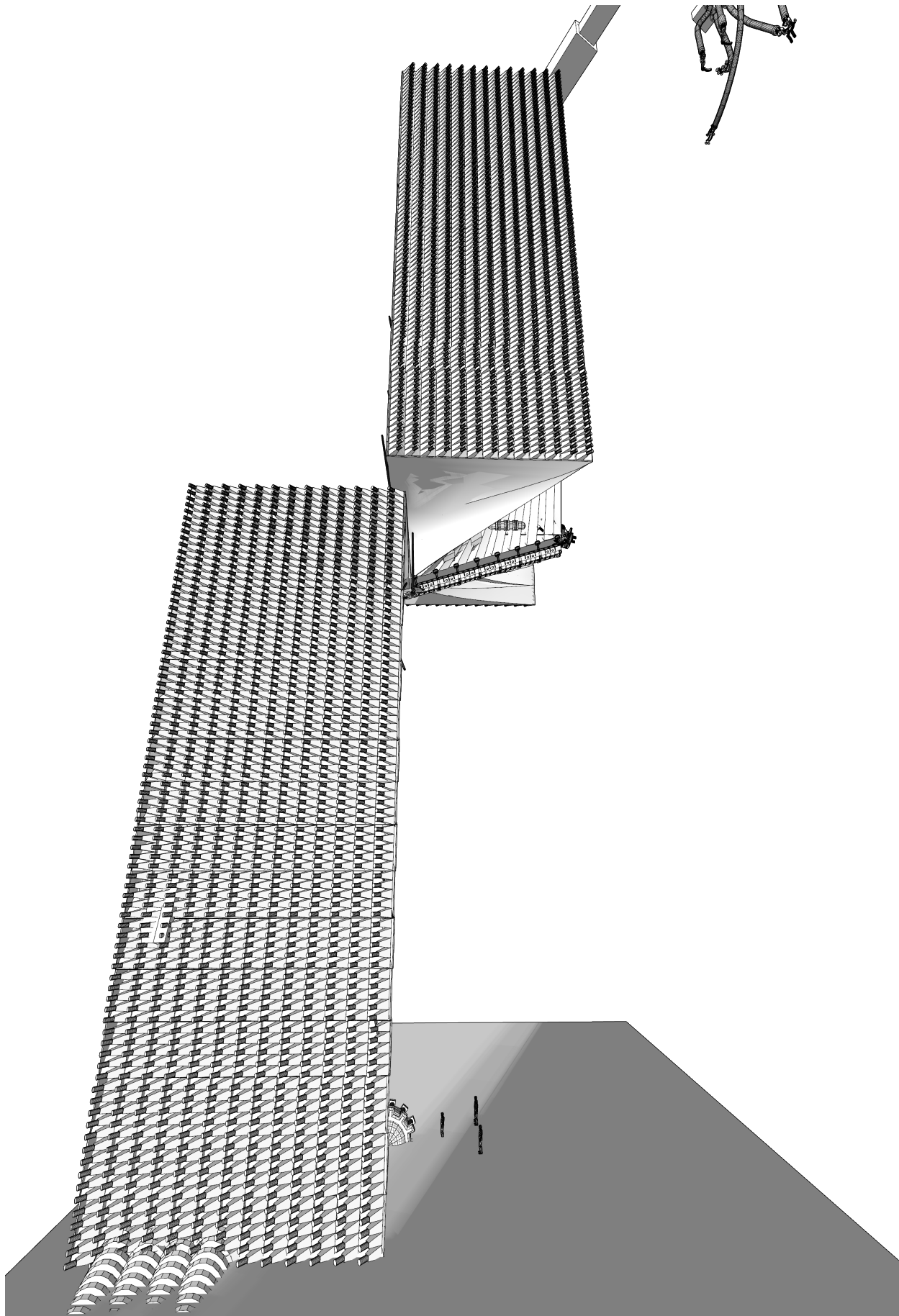


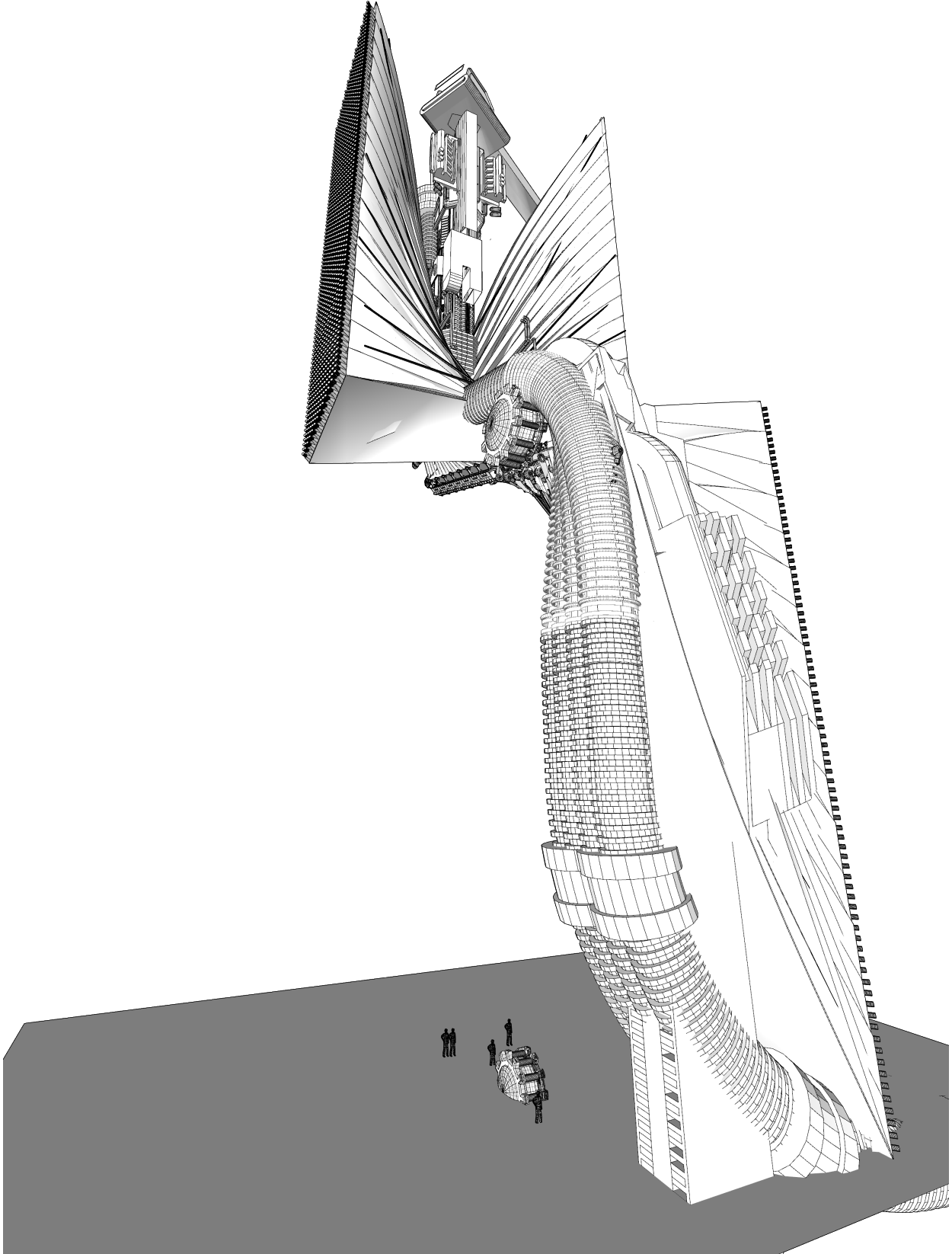


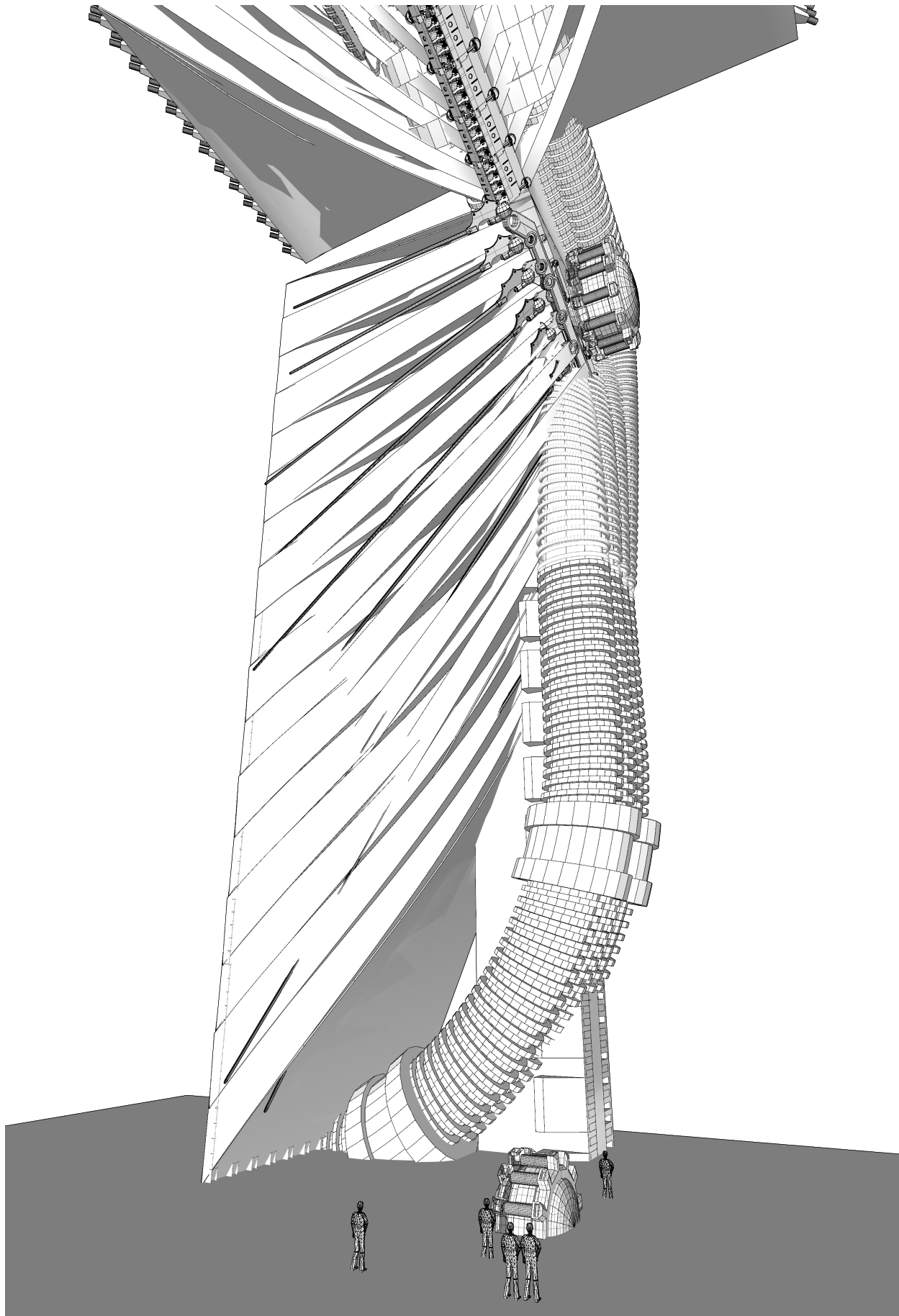


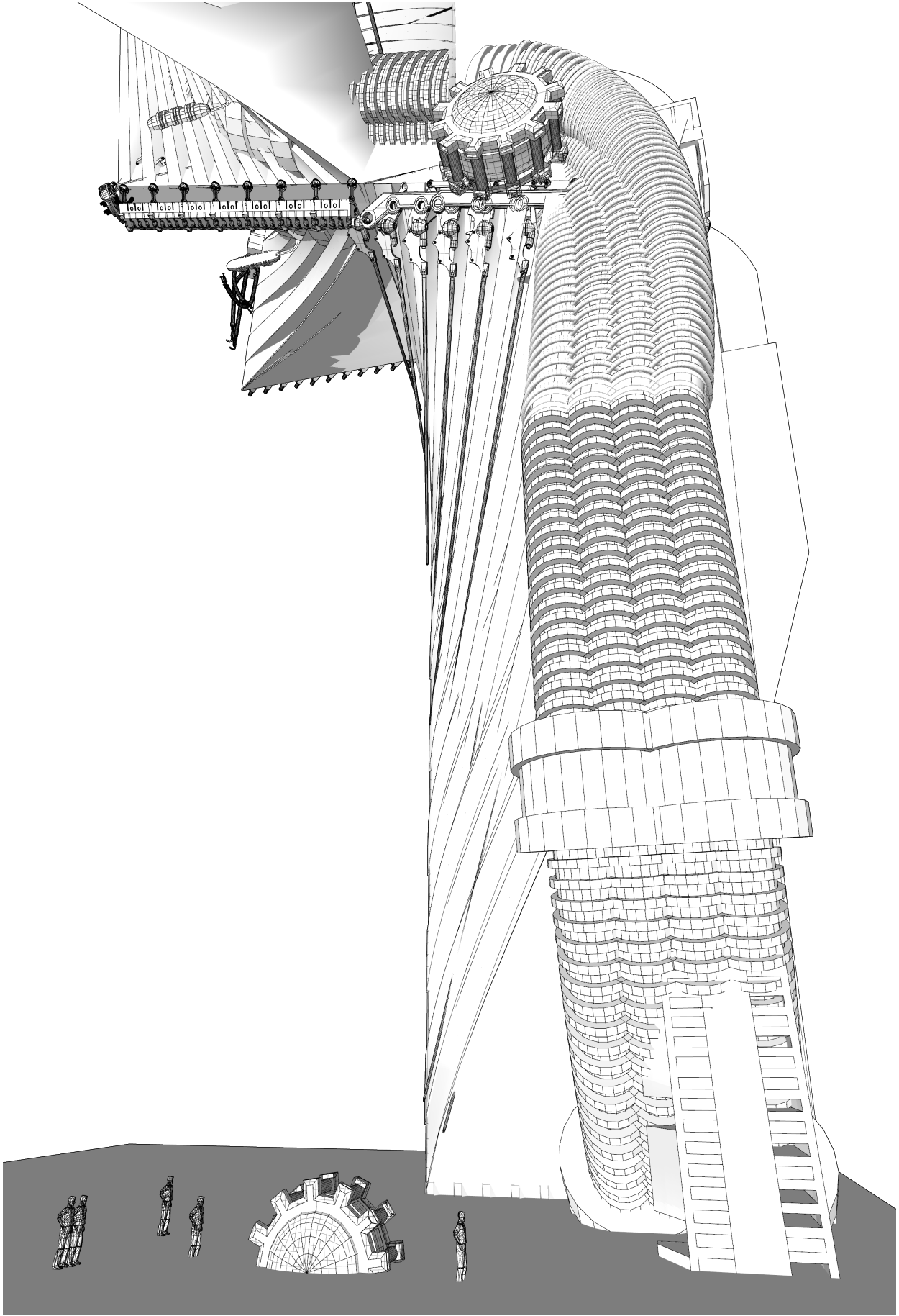


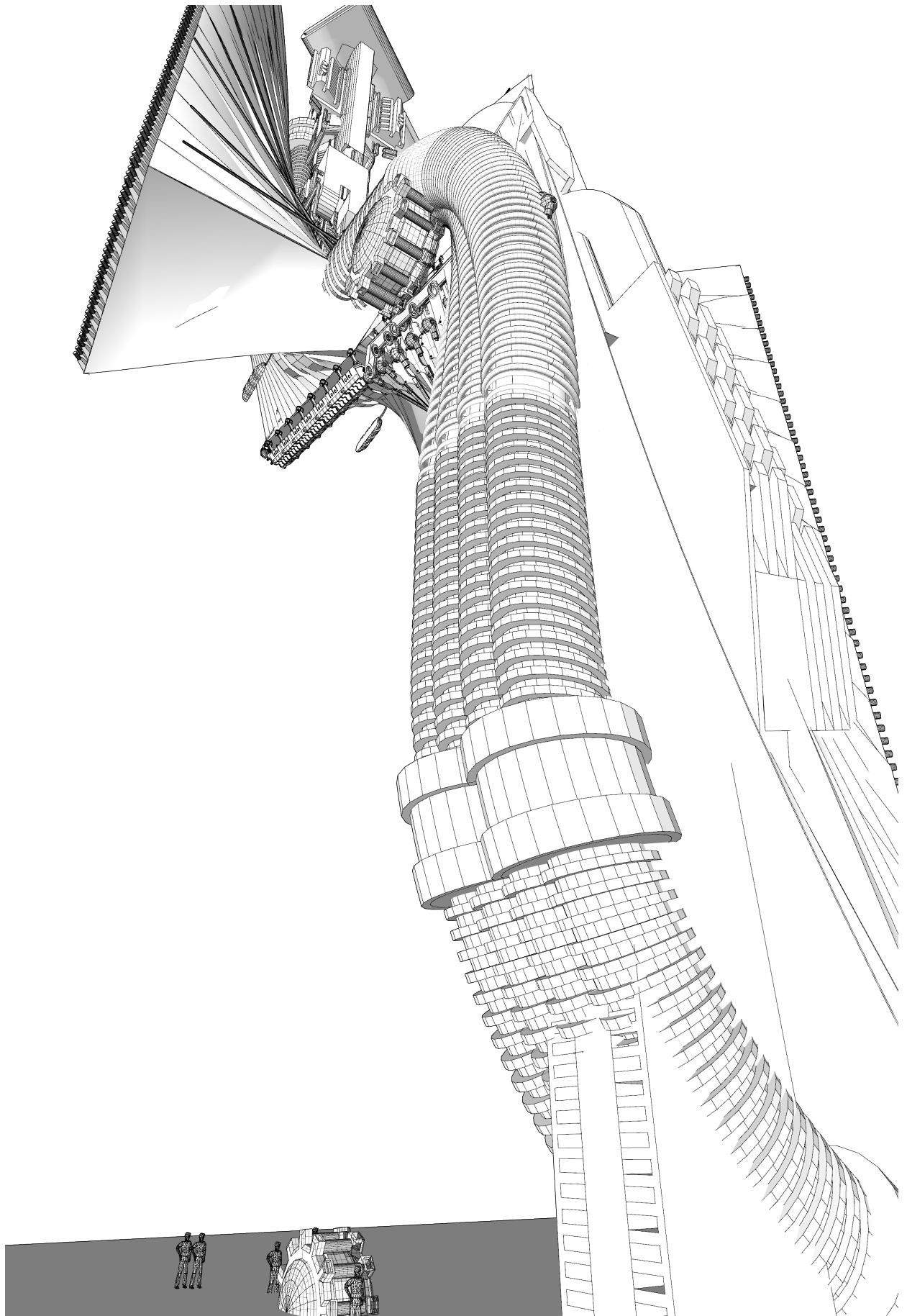


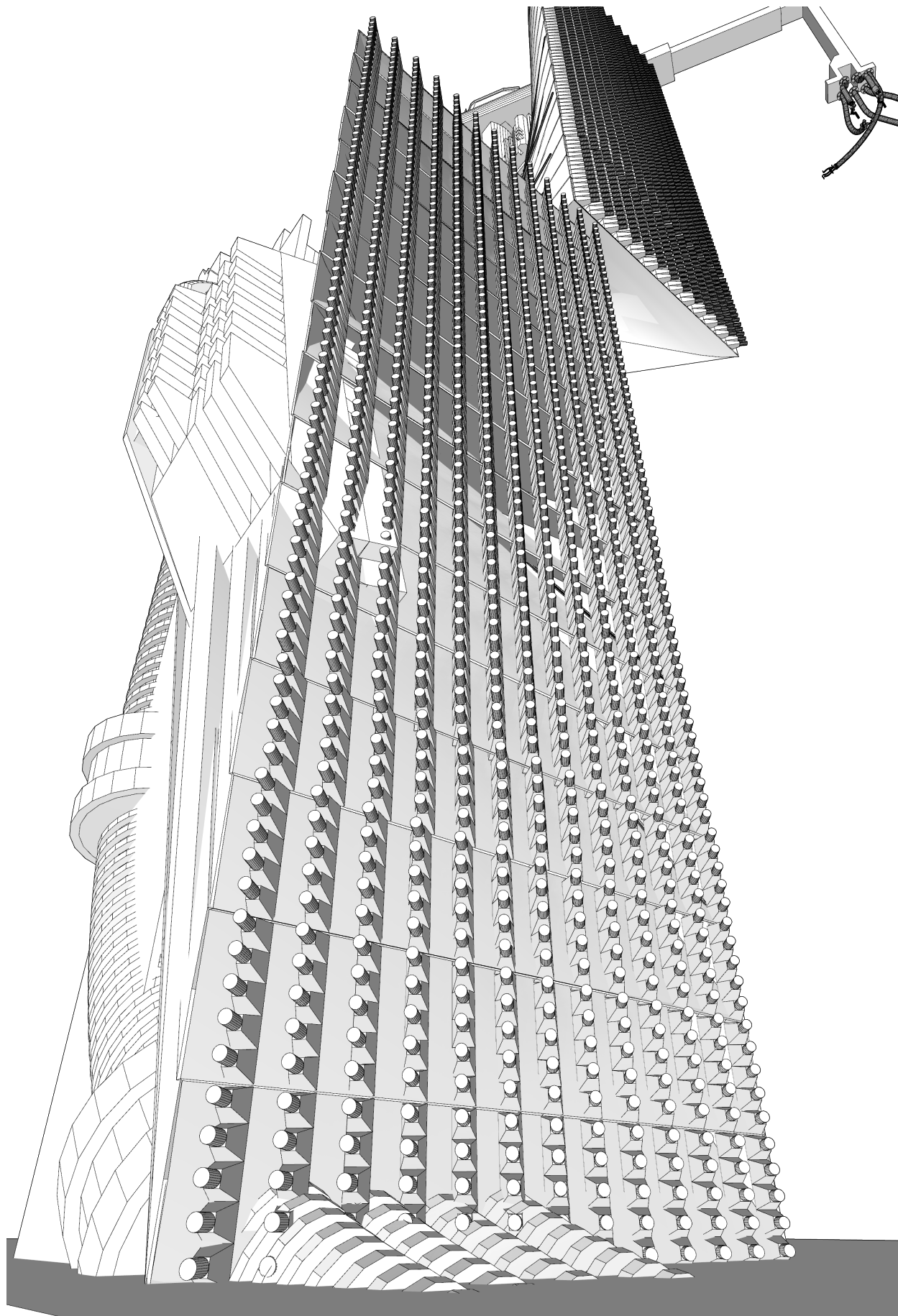


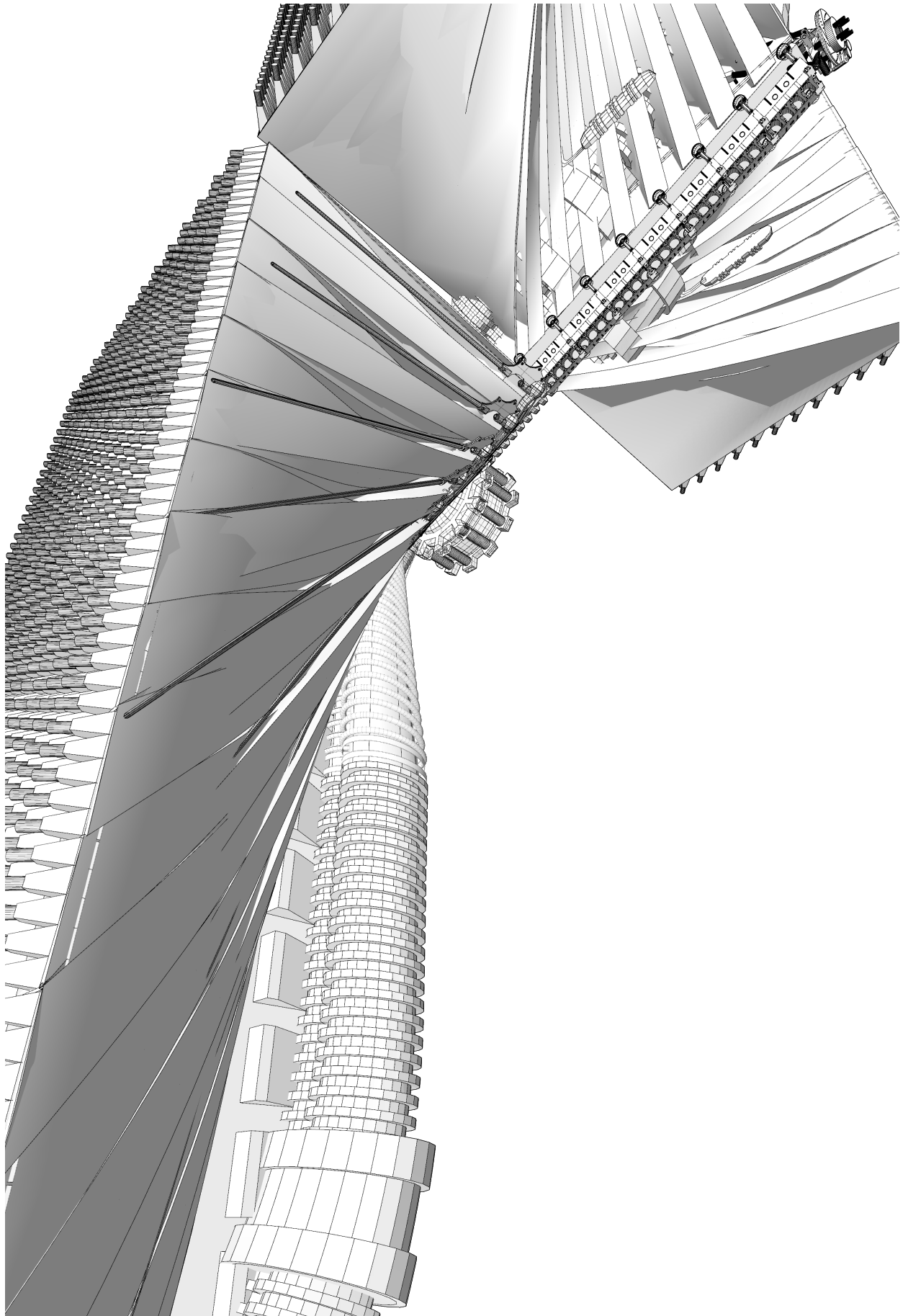


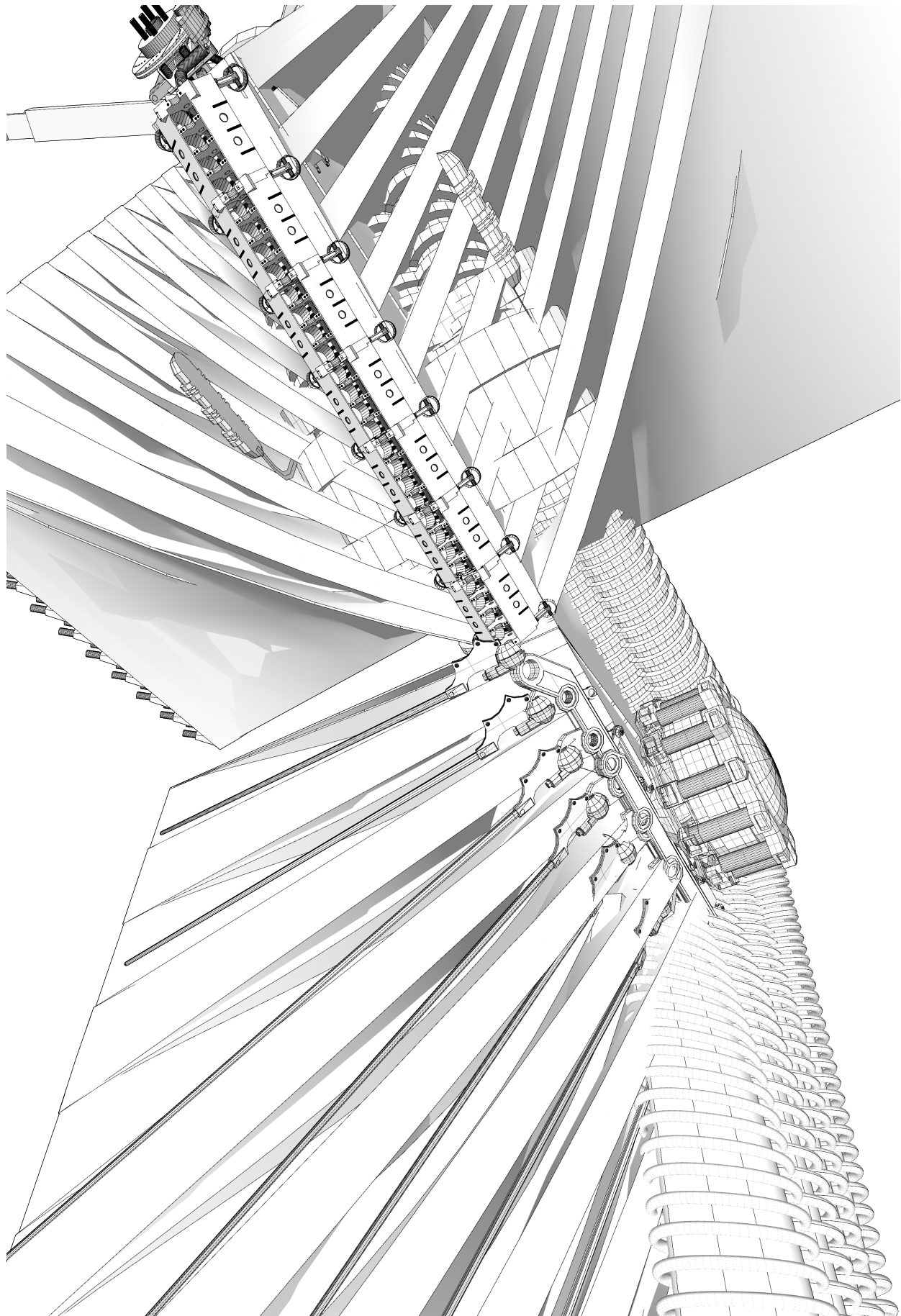


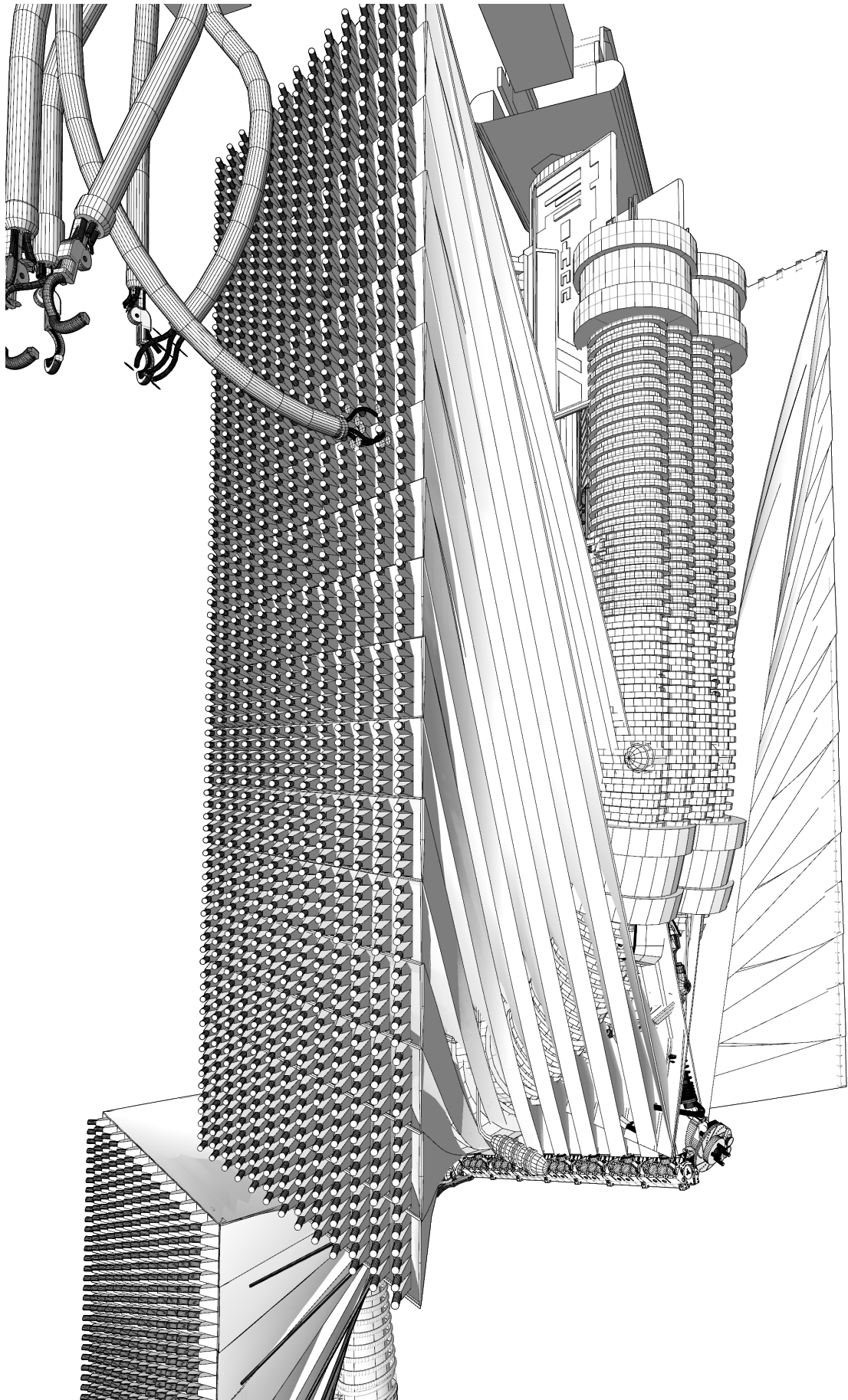












At wildest.

Here is the third
chapter of my preoc-
cupations as of the
eighth of February,
twenty sixteen.

Joem Elias Sañez

-UN TAMED FORMS