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As a single parent making the most of my time and materials is paramount in balancing my daily responsibilities with my art practice. My work at UNCG became less dependent on personal documentation, aiming towards inclusive, experiential pieces and modes of production. My projects varied in scale, but were created through incremental, propulsive tasks that culminated in reconstructed paper forms. Sometimes compacted, often expansive, these forms exhausted the materials they were sourced from.

ENVIRONMENTAL PRODUCTION

by

Christopher Alexander

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Approved by

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Committee Chair

APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis, written by Christopher Alexander, has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of The Graduate School at The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Committee Chair \_\_\_\_\_  
Christopher Cassidy

Committee Members \_\_\_\_\_  
Dr. Elizabeth Perrill

\_\_\_\_\_  
Christopher Thomas

\_\_\_\_\_  
Patricia Wasserboehr

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date of Acceptance by Committee

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date of Final Oral Examination

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER	
I. ENVIRONMENTAL PRODUCTION .....	1
II. MATERIAL.....	3
III. SPLASH/SPILL LITHOGRAPHY .....	5
IV. REPETITION/LOOP.....	7
V. EUROPE/VENICE/INNUNDATION.....	8
VI. PAPER CATACOMB .....	10
VII. SHREDS/RAG MAG .....	13
VIII. YOU ARE HERE .....	15
IX. FORMER OCCUPANTS .....	17
X. THINKING OF YOU .....	19
XI. CONCLUDING.....	20
CATALOG OF IMAGES.....	21

## CHAPTER I

### ENVIRONMENTAL PRODUCTION

My work at UNCG was a culmination of both home and studio practices. While they often were extensions of each other they yielded widely different outputs, results and directions.

My home practice was often more fluid, open-ended projects that could be worked on in small increments of time in between chores or after my kids would go to bed. These projects were often solitary, quiet, repetitive tasks using domestic materials that were readily available at home and could be worked on at my coffee table. My home projects often worked tangentially and fed into projects that required studio space or printmaking equipment, however I never brought work from school back home. Moments of free time at home were filled with folding and binding junk mail, reassembling old magazines and repurposing my kid's schoolwork. Consistent, daily momentum maintaining tasks of accumulation and compression of my household's everyday paper trail.

Over the course of my two years at UNCG, my studio practice rotated through different rooms throughout the Gatewood building. Nearly all of my studio work from the first year was made in the printmaking studio, by the second year I moved more fluidly through whatever open rooms were available: the print studios, one of the empty unused grad studios, or the design studio during student breaks. These studio projects spread out

and adapted to their environmental parameters. Studio projects were often more temporally sporadic than work completed at home. Usually, 3-4 times a semester during breaks in school or when the kids would be out of town I would tackle a large project. My studio practice was not consistent on a daily basis, but rather irregular long bursts of continuous work. Since I had time in between these large works, I was able to plan ahead and come into the project with a clear plan of execution. They had a very clear starting and finishing point.

The output of both practices was influenced by their working environment, home was a place of small incremental paper works, whereas studio work had space to expand. Work completed at home dealt with compression of small incremental accumulated paper works, which allowed me to keep my tiny work space organized and efficient. Work done in the studio used some of the same materials but could grow outwards until the materials were exhausted. Both practices involved the compression and expansion of paper materials, often simultaneously.

## CHAPTER II

### MATERIAL

All of my work was made on or with paper, cotton printmaking papers, reams of copy machine paper, rosin paper rolls from Home Depot, craft paper, 500 pounds of discarded Scantron tests, junk mail, magazines, coffee table books. I even dropped a few hundred bucks on a pack of luxurious 300lb hot press cotton paper, but I never used it because it was too intimidating. I preferred quotidian paper sources, cheap and adaptable, meant to be handled, unassuming, forgiving. I came to hold a reverence for paper which had run its utilitarian course and could be renewed or rescued from obsolescence, repurposed.

My work was often minimalist in concept, aiming for simplicity of structure, materials and process. The nature of production was often methodical, adhering to a set of predetermined amounts of paper, be it a year subscription of magazines, a whole ream of printing paper, an entire book, reconstructed through folding, weaving, or binding. The whole of the material had to be used. The constraints of my house naturally led to smaller works, while the studio provided space to spread out larger ideas. As a single parent, my projects had to adapt to routine, resourcefulness and economics. Continually filling time and space with work tailored to each environment.

Prior to my time in Greensboro my practice was grounded in traditional printmaking, conducive to work in incremental pockets of time throughout the day. My

etchings and woodcuts depicted direct observations and sketches from life at home with my kids and scenes from my night job at a sushi bar. After printing my etchings I would burnish the copper plate smooth to work on a new image, often a ghost of the former image would show up in later prints. Working this way was economical and the ghost images connected each edition as an extended family. My etchings and woodcuts from this time are a visual diary of home, parenting and work life, fuzzy, offset, shifting scenes printed in black ink. Moving provided an opportunity for a new set of work, while still working with sustainable and economic art practices. Freed from profession and home observation, my work immediately became focused on material and internal dialogue. Washes, words and spills became the subjects of my new printed work.



## CHAPTER III

### SPLASH/SPILL LITHOGRAPHY

Wanting to expand my print studio practice and teaching techniques, I concentrated on lithography to bring a new aesthetic beyond social documentation to my printed work as well as continue a sustainable printmaking practice. I've always been drawn to the resourcefulness found in printmaking: a medium that embraces economy, production, inventiveness and innovation. Printmaking naturally lends itself to a one foot in front of the other way of working, a kind of conveyor belt of production, the rate of production is open to personal temperament. Ideas arise in one print series that become more prevalent in the next, creating momentum through the process. It is sustained on repetition.

I focused on the Lithography stones because they could be endlessly resurfaced and re-printed, eliminating a large chunk of material expenses. Visually, I wanted to make work that was not central to observation, but an expression of an internal dialogue, repeated thoughts and ideas, printed moments within a looped process. The imagery was derived from the process and materials, and the paper was fit to the size of the stone; filling the paper to the edge. The prints were culminations of layers of splashes, washes and chemical reactions on the stone, prints that resembled painted chemistry experiments. Much of this process was repetitive labor, images repeating themselves, dozens of prints on each piece of paper grouped on a dozen sheets, making a singular cluster.

Visually the work resembled a mixture of Julie Mehretu and Christopher Wool. These spills were a way of removing myself from the imagery, going the opposite direction of my previous work from observation, exploring an internal dialogue and pushing the boundaries of what I knew lithography to be (Fig.1). The editions of prints were displayed as a group, or a cluster, a singular piece made of dozens of other prints on a wall (Fig.2). Connected through process but could be viewed as a whole of the series or individual prints of the same family. I felt like I could go on making litho prints forever, but I didn't come to UNCG to become a master printer. If repetition leads to mastery, I should have an honorary certificate from Tamarind. I printed thousands of times over the course of the year. Working in the print shop was my day job, work made at home was the night shift.

Thinking of how my practice would continue outside of academia, I started questioning the viability of a studio printmaking practice after the next year. I would love to own and operate my own print studio, but as a single parent, it's not likely to happen soon. Though the litho stones are endlessly re-usable, copper plates are efficiently re-printable; the cost of the stones, presses, inks, paper, and studio space is a daunting economical endeavor,

## CHAPTER IV

### REPETITION/LOOP

Outside of the Litho studio, I was practicing site specific works within the Gatewood stairwells. I Xerox copied stills from ink washes I was making during evenings at home. I was doing a lot of reverse writing on the stones and documented the process in sets of stills, an analog film of sorts. When projected from behind, each frame would read legibly. From the Xeroxes I made DIY filmstrips to install around the stairwells around the art building (Fig. 4&5). The material was abundant, and very cheap or free as opposed to the expensive paper I was using in the print shop. The absence of paper costs opened up avenues for experimentation in paper forms. Paper is a medium constantly passed through hands and putting it behind glass feels like it is in a mausoleum, it loses its physicality. The Xerox experiments removed the preciousness of the paper and helped me discover the means and materials that would wind up encompassing my work during the second year.

## CHAPTER V

### EUROPE/VENICE/INNUNDATION

Returning from our trip to the Venice Biennale, I was ready to shift my work once again. I felt satisfied with my progress in the litho studio but unsure of my future work within the field outside of academia. Roaming the streets of Berlin and Prague I was drawn to the printed posters and flyers that engulfed the advertising columns, telephone poles and alley walls. These sites were embedded with a history of public engagement, the paper serving as the conduit of information and substrate, mobilized and spreading exponentially over time. Accumulated layers of posters plastered over for decades, a quotidian act of environmental production, passed through hand and bound, transformed into expanding weathered paper forms. These adaptive, temporal paper columns inspired a new body of work once I returned home.

The paper ephemera I collected in Venice consisted of stacks of postcards and artist catalogues from each exhibit I visited. The paper was glossy, the images were professionally photographed, it was the other end of the handheld paper spectrum. I saved all of the pamphlets, catalogues, and postcards throughout my time at the Biennale, thinking of what form these would become at home, removed from their original context. Eventually I transformed my European paper trail into work that resembled the telephone poles in Berlin, my own repurposed advertisement columns (Fig.6). Cheap copies of my accumulated paper ephemera, bound to each other, a capsule of collected material

gathered during long walks throughout Europe, massed together, momentary information, legible but not total. I set two of the columns outside to weather and collapse upon themselves, evolving the forms once again while retaining their material essence (Fig.7&8). They existed in their own ecosystem, a congealed mass of information, interaction, one piece at a time, a collected weight.

## CHAPTER VI

### PAPER CATACOMB

In order to expand my work beyond the print studio, I dedicated my third semester to responding to my own studio space. I wanted to continue working with printed paper, but set rules for myself forbidding the use of the printmaking studio and presses, as well as setting a rule that I would not spend any money on art supplies for the semester and only use free, found or repurposed paper. I became more interested in the relationship between print, paper and how we handle it, printed paper as information and object, altered, expanded. Reanimating obsolete papers, making new forms from what had already fulfilled its intended purpose.

The overstimulation of the Biennale inspired me to think of how to use sensory overload to create a quiet space. The Biennale is an overwhelming experience, it is totally immersive all the time which can be exhausting. I was drawn to the exhibits that were immersive, but allowed moments of reflection, overwhelming but not bombarded. I was thinking of a combination of the German and Icelandic pavilions in Venice. Both installations encapsulated their pavilions, the work by Natascha Süder Happelmann in the German pavilion was austere, harrowing, and monumental. *Chromo Sapiens* by Hrafnhildur Arnardóttir in the Icelandic pavilion was transformed into an immersive cave-like space completely filled with brightly colored synthetic hair. While they were both immersive, one exemplified industrial austerity whereas the Icelandic pavilion was

total immersion into colorful material. Both provided a space you could just sit in and let your mind drift. While each of these pavilions engulfed the senses they also offered reprieve from the loud, crowded and skittish pavilions surrounding them.

Returning home, I amassed all of my failed paper experiments from the past year, and began piecing them together in my studio, cocooning one side of the room in paper shreds, cutouts and shrapnel. Growing from the center of the wall it soon overwhelmed my space and created a cave of dark white noise (Fig.9). The chaos of trying to maintain a working space while the project engulfed my studio made it impossible to get anything else done so I started a second attempt in an empty studio.

Knowing that this would be an ephemeral structure I doubled down on my rule of zero cost and used repurposed paper from my studio as well as materials found around the building. Once installed the room evolved with each person who entered the space, their impressions left behind and altered by the next visitor. The floor was covered in 500lbs of shredded Scantron tests which could be stepped on or fashioned into a sitting space. The ceiling was made by draping a roll of punctured rosin paper from a failed site-specific project, the walls were blanketed in scraps of discarded craft paper found in the recycling room. It was serene but overwhelming. A cocoon, a place of stillness, a place of rest, a catacomb of discarded paper, bound for obsolescence (Fig. 10). The room was activated by the response of those who stepped inside. It could be experienced through all senses, activated by whomever was inside, their impression remaining until the next person entered the space.

I had never attempted anything quite like this before, the space felt alive, the paper reanimated. An ode to the experiential Biennale pavilions I felt most connected to, and also an ode to paper as a collection of histories brought together like the advertising columns I loved in Germany. Beyond its reverence for stillness and quiet, it was also an absurdly playful space, my kids have been underwhelmed by everything I have made since.



## CHAPTER VII

### SHREDS/RAG MAG

The shreds of paper I used to fill the floor of the catacomb served as test strips for my next set of projects. In keeping with my themes of accumulation, reuse, and material sustainability I experimented with methods to restructure the paper shreds previously used as a floor covering.

I did not want the paper to lose its identity as shredded documents, so I began gluing and weaving the shreds back together. While each individual piece was practically void of meaning and context, they could be bound or woven together, hung from the walls or suspended from a line (Fig. 11&12). Gridded webs suspended in air like drying laundry; two-sided, flat, adaptable, and amorphous. Paper chameleons that could be layered, hung from the ceiling, and depending on the openness of the weave, lit to cast shadows. They appear delicate but are quite durable, these exercises in flattened form were also faceless, shredded drawings became woven fields of black and white static.

After devising methods to successfully rebind the strips of paper, I began thinking more of obsolescence, illegible strips woven back together. I was gifted a 1996 issue of Playboy magazine on my birthday. This 24- year old relic became the perfect material for my next project. Instead of discarded Scantrons and mashups of shredded Xerox copies, this paper artifact was loaded with cultural innuendo, widely distributed for decades but now a barely relevant and defunct publication nearing termination (Playboy no longer

prints magazines as of March 2020). I applied the same constructs as my other shredded paper experiments to this magazine, weaving the strips outward until the magazine pages were exhausted, the entire magazine visible at once, cover to cover, front and back (Fig.13).

It resembles a wrinkled sheet or an old woven blanket, strands of spliced nudes, bright colored pixelated strips of cigarette ads, and a surprising amount of fragmented text. The content became an aesthetic map, a snapshot observation of society circa 1996. The original content is only recognizable upon close inspection, like bad reception on a scrambled TV station; desensitized but empowered by its content; and a reanimation of a defunct paper relic.

After 18 months of removing content and context from my work, its reappearance opened up a whole new set of avenues, what would a whole subscription of magazines look like, other magazines? How would they differ over the decades, regions they originate from? What about books, other types of paper and inherent content? These questions formed a sort of archeological construct that the previous experiments lacked, an observation of society and industrial assembly. I was thrilled with the simplicity and durability of the forms constructed from just paper and glue.

## CHAPTER VIII

### YOU ARE HERE

For the next project, I wanted to expand the largest book I owned; an Illustrated Atlas of the Universe coffee table book consisting of 304 pages of heavyweight paper, full color pages, illustrations of the cosmos and star maps. It's a beautiful book on its own, my son was upset with me when I destroyed it, but what could be more expansive than outer space? The material was perfect for an exercise of exponential growth, its own finite big bang.

I started with the spine and cover of the book in the middle and weaved each strip outwards until the material was exhausted. The pages and pieces spiral outwards from the center with the ring of blue on the outside containing the last 100 pages of astral maps (Fig.14). This piece is 12'x12' so to be sure it could hang from the center of the room, I worked thin cotton twine throughout the weaving to give it extra binding and hanging support. The rectangle in the middle is the size of the cover and spine from the book representing where the mass started from, but also as a window to the other side of the piece and all the spaces in between. Once installed it becomes interactive with its surroundings, and those who are on either side, your interconnected place in the cosmos. I was after a synthesis of form and content, weaving of the stars, equations, production assembly systems, and reconstructed forms.

“Some cosmologists speculate that the accelerating expansion of the universe will eventually overwhelm gravity and the universe will end in a “Big Rip,” as galaxies, stars and eventually all matter is torn apart.” I felt like this project could have been derived from this quote found on page 134.

## CHAPTER IX

### FORMER OCCUPANTS

While thinking about the larger expanded woven pieces, I was working on smaller works at home that also dealt with exponential growth and accumulation. These were constructed from brochures and magazines mailed to former occupants of my house. These free quotidian materials provided maximum economy for my nightly folding exercises and experiments. I folded each page of the magazines into themselves until they could no longer fold again, or folded the pages and bound them into self-contained bundles. These experiments of exponential growth were inspired by the 8-fold paper challenge. A piece of standard paper can only be folded in half 8 times until the paper can physically not fold on top of itself again. If you had a piece of paper large enough to fold it 50 times, the paper stack would reach the moon, 100 folds would reach beyond the visible universe. While growing exponentially, each folded piece was also being reduced and compacted to its most condensed form, simultaneously being compressed and expanded (Fig.15). Each fold obscured half of the page, but left a half visible, partial, the original magazine could feasibly still be recovered since it hadn't been destroyed. Like my large woven pieces, these works were centered on reconstituting disregarded paper material.

The bundles have an organic, amorphous quality, they are self-contained and limited to the length of folded magazine pages and envelopes. Each piece of paper

thoroughly folded and bound together. (Fig.16) Bundles of easily forgettable debris and detritus from my mailbox, once bound for the recycling bin filling a renewed purpose and space. Accumulated as a group they become a collection of former occupants residing together.

CHAPTER X  
THINKING OF YOU

This project has been the most difficult to document than any of my other works. It is 14"x42". *A Day in the life of America* is a 280 page coffee table book made of photographs from 200 photographers on one day in 1986. The intro refers to the day as being frozen in time by the photographers, so I imagined this piece suspended in space, either from a ceiling, draping onto the floor or suspended horizontally between walls so both sides could be seen (fig.17). I rebound this book exponentially horizontally from the spine. Keeping with the 14" height, it stretches horizontally, all of the strips of paper bound together as a whole. I wove cotton twine throughout to help bind the pieces together and reinforce it's integrity once suspended. This piece expands outward in one direction with an aspect ratio of 28:1. It can only be seen in entirety from a distance but has to be inspected to understand its content. If viewed vertically it is like scrolling your phone so fast you can't make out the details.

This piece was also a response to work encountered the past summer at the Biennale. Christian Marclay's '48 War Movies' played simultaneously framed strips of movies layered on top of each other, creating a cacophony of stills in motion, everything at all times. My work resembles this pixelated mash of information, nothing readily recognizable but upon inspection is the whole of the pieces it was made from.

## CHAPTER XI

### CONCLUDING

While my practices evolved over two years at UNCG, accumulation, reuse, and environmental production were constant themes throughout. My practice shifted from traditional printmaking methods to a more inclusive practice of expanded print media and environmental paper works. Home and studio practices sprouted tangential and divergent ideas and projects which overlapped and synchronized, each adapting to the space it was created. These adaptive practices and forms aim to provide a sustainable avenue of continued work both at home and studio spaces.



## CATALOG OF IMAGES

Figure 1. *Splash Litho 1 & 2*, stone lithographs printed on paper, 11 x 15 in each, 2019

Figure 2. *Writ in Water*, 12 lithographs printed on paper, 30 x 68 in, 2020

Figure 3. *Stairwell Filmstrip*, 200 stapled Xerox prints, 8.5 in x 458 ft, 2020

Figure 4. *Morris Columns*, Xeroxed European flyers, glue, 10 x 2 x 2 ft, 2020

Figure 5. *Compressed Columns*, Xeroxed European flyers, glue, 24 x 24 x 8 in, 2020

Figure 6. *Paper Catacomb*, 500 lbs of shredded scantron tests, rosin paper, craft paper,  
12 x 15 x 25 ft, 2020

Figure 7. *Paper Reassemblage*, shredded Scantron tests, glue. 36 x 24 in, 2020

Figure 8. *Rag Mag*, reconstructed 1996 Playboy magazine, 60 x 84 in, 2020

Figure 9. *You Are Here*, reconstructed *Atlas of the Universe* book, 12 x 12 ft, 2020

Figure 10. *Renewed Subscription*, 12 folded 'Artists Pastel' magazines, 11 x 34 in, 2020

Figure 11. *Former Occupants (2 of 12)*, folded and bound mail, sizes vary, 2020

Figure 12. *Thinking of You*, reconstructed '*A Day in the Life of America*' book,  
14 in x 42 ft, 2020



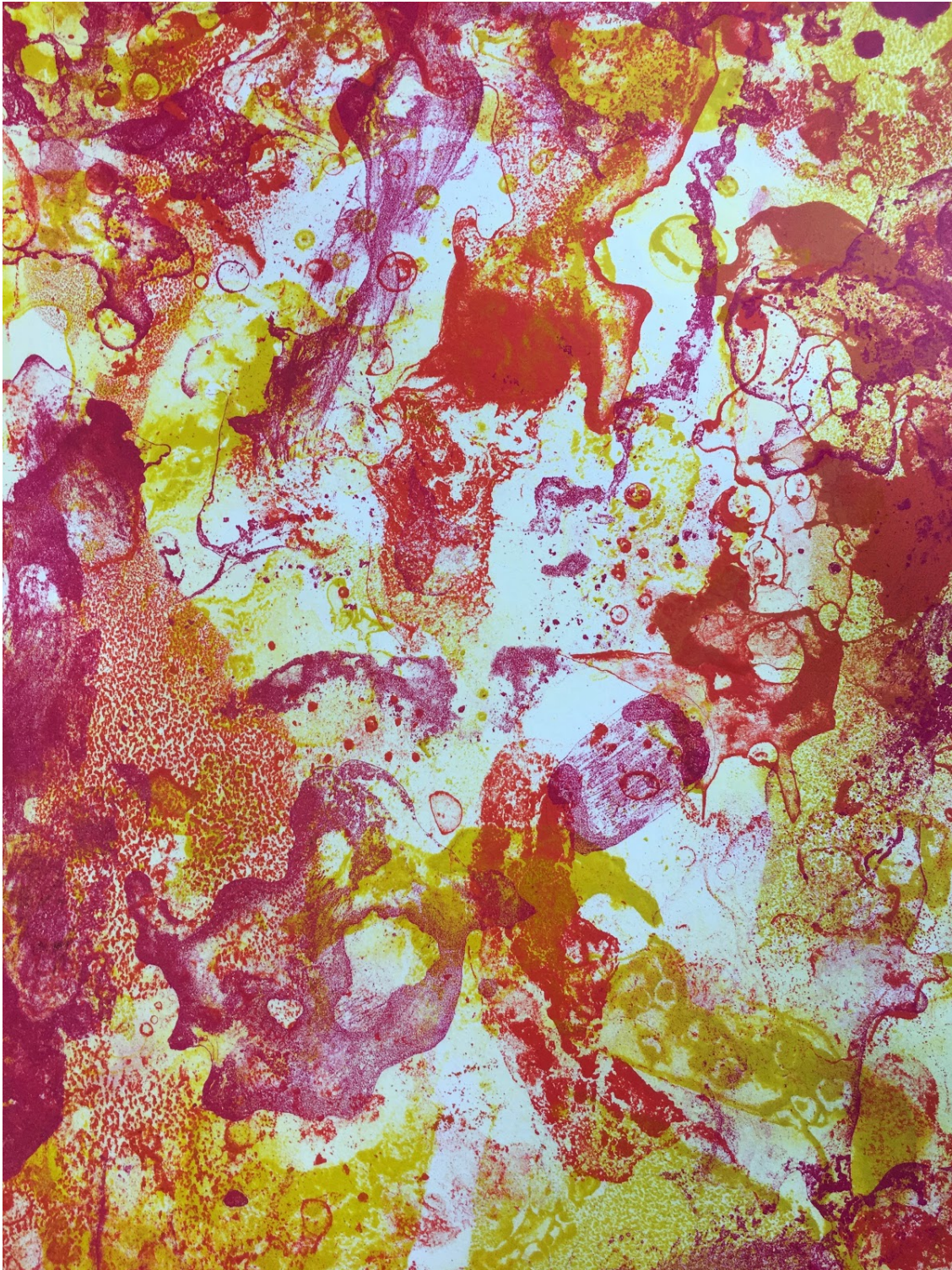


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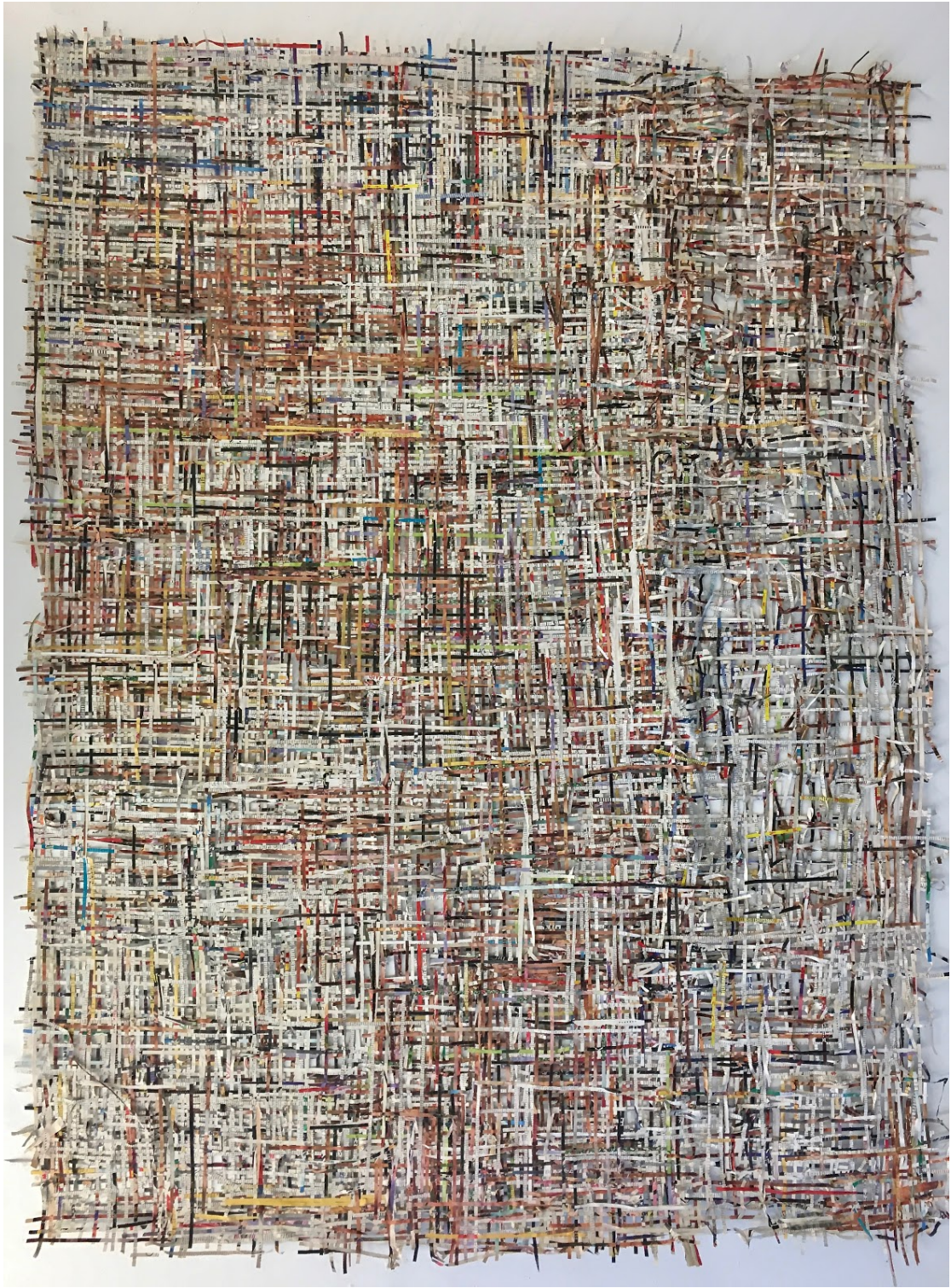


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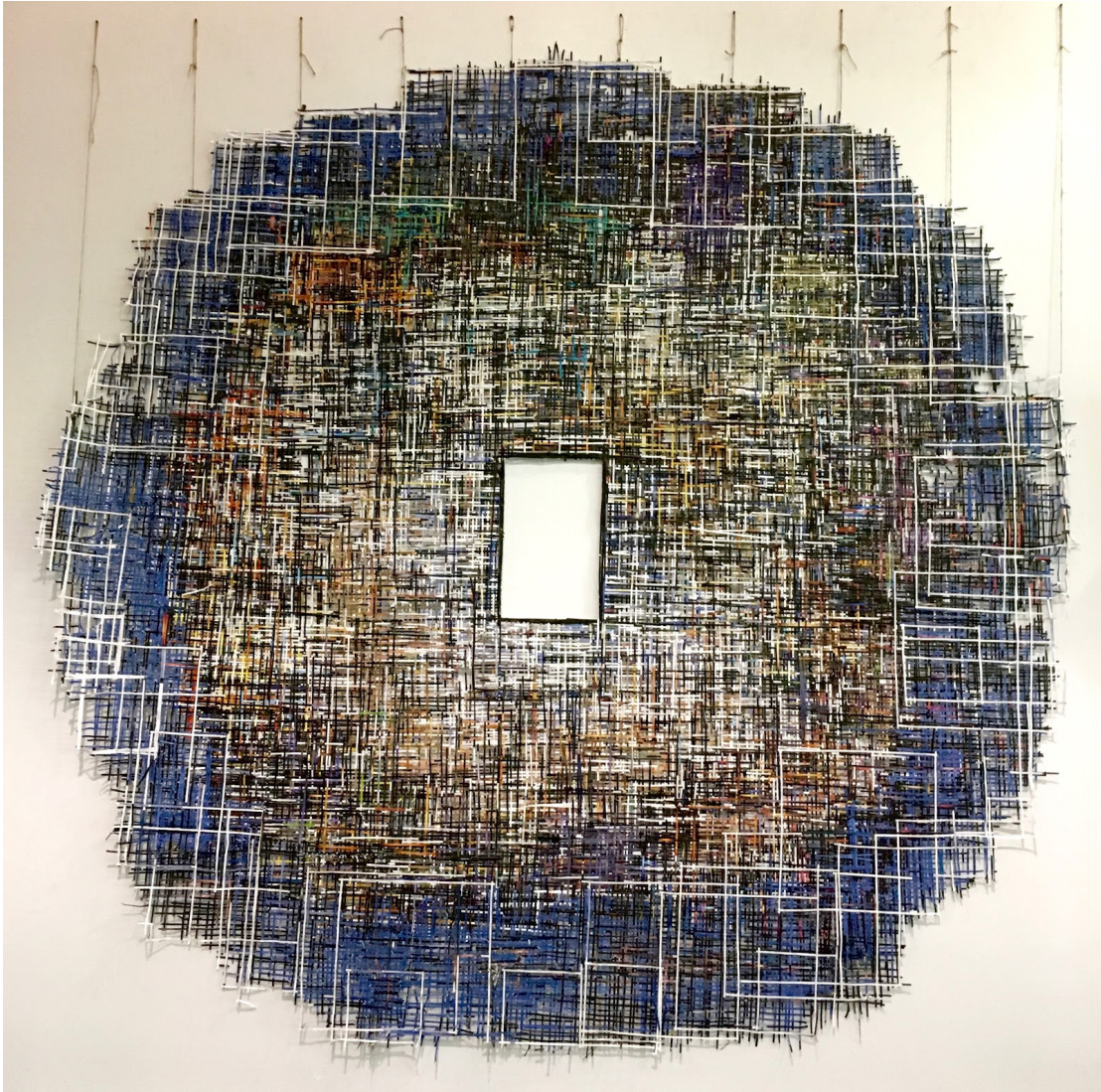


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