

MINDOMETRY / STACKS

Fold

Fold • 2025

A volume from the field. Take it with you.

A short work on creases, hinges, and the interiors a page can hide.

Before there is a sculpture there is a fold. Paper remembers the bone of a hand. The crease is a permanent present tense: it will not go back to being a field, and it will never fully become a wall.

I think in folds more than in volumes. A volume claims space. A fold makes space -- a thin interior where none was budgeted. You can hide a sentence in a fold. You can hide a year.

Origami treats the fold as instruction. I treat it as weather. Some creases I force; some I accept from the sheet's own fatigue. The honest objects have both.

Writing has this too. A paragraph that turns on itself, not as cleverness but as structure: the thought has to live on both sides of a hinge. If it only lives on one, it is a poster.

I keep failed folds in a tray. They look like a small topography of almos. Nothing in the tray is wasted. Almost is a material.

Carry this if you are in the middle of a turn.