

POTHEADS, FRUITS AND NUTS

A THOUGHT SANDWICH FROM SAN FRANCISCO

BY SARAH J. CURTISS

My first pothead was accidentally born as I was creating the figure of a nude woman out of clay. As I was attaching her head the thought occurred to me: what in the world am I going to do with this? So I lopped off the top of her head, scooped it out and turned her into a salsa bowl. And so the potheads came to be. My potheads are all sketches that will, one day, adorn a dinner table.

The art in this book is composed of photographic images, ink, charcoal and graphite sketches, oil pastels, oil paintings and watercolors. I photograph all of my own work and often color my ink, charcoal and graphite sketches digitally. Many people don't approve of digitally manipulated artwork; however, some people push paint, some people push clay, some people push light pixels. They are all different positions on the perspective horizon, a world unto themselves, surrounded by infinities and interacting with other infinities.

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If there is no smallest or largest something, no brick at the bottom, no ceiling at the top, and everything is connected to everything else, would that mean that everything exists? Every possible combination of anything would exist somewhere. As scientists look longingly into the subatomic world and wish for a certain type of particle which would prove their latest theory and work well with their math, are they simply adjusting their vision to see the connections that they need to see to solve a specific problem? If everything exists, is our reality created not by what we learn, but by what we choose to exclude from our reality? Are we the species or creature that we are because of the realities we filter out or remove from our consciousness?

































