

We are going to talk here of an artwork(s) that never happened. But maybe they did, just like silent fights, daydreams, and the Lewis Carroll 'Ocean Map' ¹. For Richard Long and Yoko Ono, and probably at this point any and all art that is on the internet ², this is not new terrain. Something that happened or didn't happen, but definitely happened in one's mind eye--so maybe it always happened/will happen. I was interested in this before the COVID-19 pandemic. I feel confined in this because of the COVID-19 pandemic. Before, I saw it as an expansion, deeply compelling, and worth intentionally pursuing both in concept and in form: the not there and the there, the seen and unseen, the present and past and the imagined future ³. Now I see it as the only path on a map I didn't put myself on and am walking blindly through. Time and space and action all feel uncharted and unknown for me here. It is hard to imagine in a space you can't imagine. Yet, I keep bumping (obviously, socially distant-ly) into others on this map. This space is filled with a lot of shoulders and hands held out in protection--looking and hoping to find the way. Thank you for the gift of your time and for wandering with me. Rachel Lindsay-Snow's MFA Thesis Artwork(s) April 2020:

TITLE: paralipomena

¹ Which was a map of something (the ocean), or maybe nothing (a blank square on paper): (if there is such a thing as nothing). This map was part of Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark* and can be attributed to Carroll or to Henry Holiday.

² (maybe all internet art is conceptual art)

³ (but actually these should read: imagined present, imagined past, and the imagined future)

SUBTITLE: *Dissonance, a palimpsest to be spoken in the round*

MEDIUM: sound, installation, collaboration, poetry

MATERIAL: sound, wood, pinnails, paint, power/cords, ipads

YEAR: 2020

READERS: Mauriah Kraker, Leah Wilks, Em Pike, Olly Greer, Elliot Emadian, Kaitlin Fox

NOTES:

While walking through the lobby on your way to the museum--something catches your ear. *What was... was that... did I hear something...* you mutter as a fragment thought to yourself. *There it is... yes I did hear... did I hear?* now the sound is coming to you again, having caught your ear on the other side. *It is coming from... wait, no over there... or maybe it is that way... what is that...?* Like a rustling in the forest there are wisps of purrs and snake sounds all around. As you shift closer, to what you think might be the origin, you hear *balloon and button stretch* but before it can further develop it is repeated and folded on top of itself: *balloon balloon balloon and button balloon and button stretch button stretch* One voice, two voices, there is a third...maybe there is a fourth? *and the grandfather clock* you hear it say now. Again again again: *clock ...clock...clock* Now, you're backing up, feeling slightly disoriented and unsettled. And from the back of your neck you hear voices again. *throw big rocks high*, and then you hear that one singular voice say: *most interested in the ripples* The voice finishes, there is a pause. It begins again. After a few words, a new voice layers on top, but at the start, so rather than being in-synch there is a stuttering, or an echo of lines. The two begin again, still at a stagger, now a third voice joins in. As they reach the end of their lines you hear: *most interested in the most interested in the ripples the ripples rip* all fragments and jumbles, layer upon layer that come in and out of clarity. As you shift proximity you hear another set of voices and another and still another. Are there three? four? five? How many voices in each? It is too difficult to count as the sounds swirl in the peripheral of your ears. But as you move on there are remnants still looping *do I hear it again? ...maybe there is another... no... maybe now it is just stuck in my head...?*

SUBTITLE: *Dust Text*

MEDIUM: installation, performance action

MATERIAL: vacuum bag dust, glass, plate, cinder blocks, paper stencil, chair, silicone non-slip pads

YEAR: 2020

NOTES:

They're sitting, with their back to you, in a brown wooden chair with curved lines. They seem to be sitting at some sort of table: cinder blocks for legs, a wide but shallow, thin, glass pane for the table's top. They're focused on what is in front of them on the glass's surface. To their right is a round gold plate with what appears to be a pile of some sort of textured dust. Their hands place a grey rectangle in front of them. Right hand reaches to and into the dust pile, coming out with a pinch. They rub their thumb, index and middle finger together with the pinch directly over the grey rectangle. Then they return some remnant dust to the plate. Now, with both hands, they carefully lift the left and right edges of the grey square off the surface of the table. As the light floods through you realize it is a stencil, which seems to be some sort of text, but you can't make it out. They turn the stencil over the plate and tap the excess dust into it. You think you see something written now, in the dust on the glass table top. You lean forward to make it out. But they also lean forward, purse their lips and blow. It's gone. They pause. You pause. They keep pausing. Then they pick up the stencil again and repeat the action. Lean forward, purse their lips... this time you've taken a step forward to try to make out the text. ...and blow. Again, it's gone. This time, with your increased proximity, you see its left a trace. In fact there seem to be many traces left. Like ghosts. Ghost text. You start to take a step back and see on the ground where you'd been standing a thin dust layer, and now a partial of your shoe print. They are still pausing. Then they pick up the stencil again. Repeat.

SUBTITLE: *Exhale Jars*

MEDIUM: [inter]action, installation

MATERIAL: jars with lids, exhales

YEAR: 2020

NOTES:

A collection of jars were dispersed. The new caretakers of these jars were asked the following:

STEP ONE:

to allow room for displacement--hold the jar in one hand, with a fraction of space, away from your face. with your other hand hold the lid, so you can seal it quickly. now take a big breath in, and exhale directly into the jar and immediately fasten the lid

STEP TWO:

at any point, between 5:00pm April 18th-5:00pm April 30th, please bring the sealed jar to Krannert Art Museum West Gallery. add them to the collection of jars already in the space

As a cluster of jars, a mass, you don't really know the contents. What is inside? Whose breath is inside? What are they now, that they are together? How many more will come? Is their exhale the shape of a jar? Is that jar the shape of their exhale?

SUBTITLE: *Melt, Drip, Evaporate*

MEDIUM: installation

MATERIAL: bee's wax, candle wax, eggshell, frozen sphere/melted sphere: water, plastic cloche, gold thread

YEAR: 2020

NOTES:

On the ground you see a brick-like object. It is a milky white cream color: looking like lard, or soap, or wax. Sitting, perfectly balanced in the center of this brick, is a small, stark-white eggshell. The top of the eggshell has been cracked off: you can see inside it and it is empty. High above the egg, at about your eye-level, is a clear vase hanging by thin, shimmering thread from the ceiling. The vase comes to a dome at the bottom, and resting inside this curve is a frozen sphere. The ice is frosty and prisms, with a few air bubbles trapped inside. As you watch the ice, it begins to melt and a ring of water forms at its base. You look down at the eggshell below it and back up at the ice in the hanging vase. You notice a small hole in the vase that water is beginning to come out of. It hangs at the hole: pulsing further and further out. The formed droplet begins to glisten and quake. You can see it droop and hang, but suddenly it vanishes and you hear only a *tink* sound. Gravity has taken it more quickly than your eyes can see it fall ⁴, and whisked it directly into the empty eggshell. This melting, droplet forming, dripping, and *tink* sound continues: slowly filling the empty shell more and more. Soon, beads begin to splatter outside of the shell to form dew on the milky wax. The eggshell continues to fill, the ice gets smaller, and the dripping slows. A sheet of mirrored tension forms at the shell's cracked surface.

⁴ Sophie Calle, speaking of the last moments with their mother before her death states, "I realized that the death...cannot...I have not seen the last breaths...".