

The following is an inventory list of all the objects which appear throughout the work in this portfolio, in no particular order.

Styrofoam spindle from twine	Silica packet
Orange ear plugs	Ball chainCrimini Mushroom stalks
Effigy mounds quarter	Purple iridescent pins
My Little Pony play-doh mold	Clothespin with museum putty
Tennis ball container	Ehcannacia flower
Stingray egg	T shirt Security tag
Ball of found rubber bands with magnet core (2)	Ziploc bag
Wooden egg	Oyster shell
Obsidian egg	Straw bundle tied with twine
Play script	Orange juice freshness seal
Eggcrate foam piece	Sardine can opener tab
Yellow pin	Babybel cheese wax eggs
Styrofoam beads	"Daisy Bell" composed by Harry Dacre, sung by IBM 7094
Yogi tea tag	Plywood filing cabinet
Reproduction of licorice pipe cw key by OH6DC on Youtube	Broom handle
Swimsuit breast pad	Tennis ball cut in half (2)
Small roll of masking tape	Wisteria trunk
White button	Flat broom
Yellow plastic ring	Broomcorn from various brooms
black 32 gigabyte flash drive	Cardboard box
purple-brown button with turquoise string tied in the buttonholes	Stepper motor
Spray bottle cap	Arduino
Replica rock made of black wax	Melted gobstopper
Two contact lenses used by friend	Suction cup soap holder (2)
Dead fly	connecta cube pieces (4)
Pacifitrimming.com plastic bag	Keychain of felted hair, collected from brush
Devils chestnuts	Found formica shelf
Frisson espresso coffee cup	Found full length mirror bureau
small rectangular bundle of tin foil	Ribbon, printed with "CREATIVITY" and "POSITIVITY"
paper star made of folded graph paper	Low power FM radio broadcaster
"Brand New Key" by Melanie	Persimmon stem from tree in my family home's front yard
Uncut Hannah Montana novelty key from Ace Hardware	Small piece of dalmation jasper
Purple star keychain from Ace Hardware	



Image taken after opening the box containing all of the items from my installation in the Cooper End of the Year Show, assembled and packaged by the technicians who work in the school's painting office.

Cast List (in no particular order):

Small piece of dalmation jasper

Two-holed button on which a heart is printed, and the text 'handmade for you with love!'

Yogi Tea tea-tag, on which is printed 'Spread the light; be the lighthouse.'

White plastic My Little Pony Play-Doh stamp

Pill container containing a small amount of dirt

"Daisy Bell" Composed by Harry Dacre, sung by IBM 7094

--ACT 1--

The lights come into focus on a semi-domestic space, seemingly between public and private. It looks a little like an air-b&b.

Alexa the mouse slowly, cautiously, moves around the room, collecting small shards off the floor and fitting them into hir shabby and incomplete armor. It's beginning to seem like a well landscaped urban public park. A couple walks by arm in arm, conversing casually-

Person 1: "last night, as I was trying to fall asleep, I heard some sharp, piercing sounds that tore through the membrane of what I thought. New ideas began unfolding out of these holes, unbound by the membrane I thought to be my situation. These trickling ideas changed the composition and let in things I didn't know or understand. It was in this new space that I started to drift off to sleep."

The person makes eye contact with Alexa As they pass, trailing off, and smiling as they look away. They were in love for that moment, or there was the possibility.

Alexa gently puts a piece of the overheard conversation into a lack of hir armor.

Ze starts to hum a tune- the lyrics hazy, coming into being and disappearing between hir ears. ..."I kiss your lips and close my eyes take you away to paradise- make everybody see that I love you and you love me-"

Ze thinks about all the people ze has been meaning to text back.

"I wish I knew how to write" ze thought.

"It sure would be hard to write a play" Alexa thought.

--END OF ACT 1--

--ACT 2--

Alexa lay awake in bed, staring at the open closet door in the dark. Ze both could and couldn't tell what was in the doorway, both knew and didn't know.

--END OF ACT 2--

--ACT 3--

Alexa searches the room for a Macbook charger, finding one under a half-finished quilt collecting dust in an ikea bag. Ze magnets it into place, and is lit up by the boot sequence on the retina display, a square of full light. Opening a new google document in the opera browser, ze begins to type:

"We all are born, cresting from the deep into the air, spitting water, blinking out sunlight, flailing. We become conscious of our bodies, our ability to move, the water around us, its pain in our lungs. We learn the fear of drowning, the sting in our eyes, the energy needed to struggle against the current. We try and try to swim, become so fixated on the action and it's difficulty, thrashing and struggling. As we try, the struggle becomes coupled with staying alive, life becomes struggle, forgetting, not realizing, that we float."

"This doesn't really feel like a play, and I feel like I've read this before." ze says, as ze deletes the document and closes the Laptop, getting up and moving towards an exit. Someone else sleeping in the space turns and ze notices a whisper of patchouli. There is a poster on the wall, for a film, in bold letters it reads GATTACA. Below, in softer letters, it says "there is no gene for the human spirit". Ze ruminates on these words for a while, then with a deep breath in for 6 seconds, out for 8, moves through the doorway.

--END OF ACT 3--

This text is a prose-play written in Fall 2018, used and reworked in multiple performances and installations. Originally used in a performance in which the performance class was asked to sit in a circle and silently read the script of the play. Once finished, a discussion of the script as a play was held, shifting the critique space of the performance to be a discussion of the play we had all read together. The cast, specific for this iteration, was hidden in my pocket.



Two brooms, one made from wysteria harvested in Doodletown, upstate New York, and one purchased in Chinatown, sit in the entryway to the nook containing my installation in the Cooper Union end of the year show.



Interior of the space of my installation in the Cooper Union end of the year Show. This corner space is an architectural artifact of the 1973 interior redesign of the Foundation Building; the corners used to be phone booths. They now function as semi-private nooks for study, without specific purpose and tend to be overlooked (a space in which no work was going to be displayed for the show.)



Thursday, May 23, 2019

The cast, in no particular order:

- Small piece of aluminum paper
- Two-hole button on which a heart is printed, and the text "handmade for you with love"
- Yogi Yoo tea bag, on which is printed "Spread the light, be the lighthouse"
- White plastic toy Little Pony Play-Doh stamp
- Pill container containing a small amount of dirt
- "They're Here" Composed by Harry Lauder, sung by IBM 704s

(Note: Ze/Her (zee-her), used below, are non-gendered pronouns.)

Closeup of plywood filing cabinet, with play script, and showcasing magnet-cored rubber band balls inside the propped open drawer.



Overhead view of the table top, and detail shot of fly, brownie, broccoli, contacts.



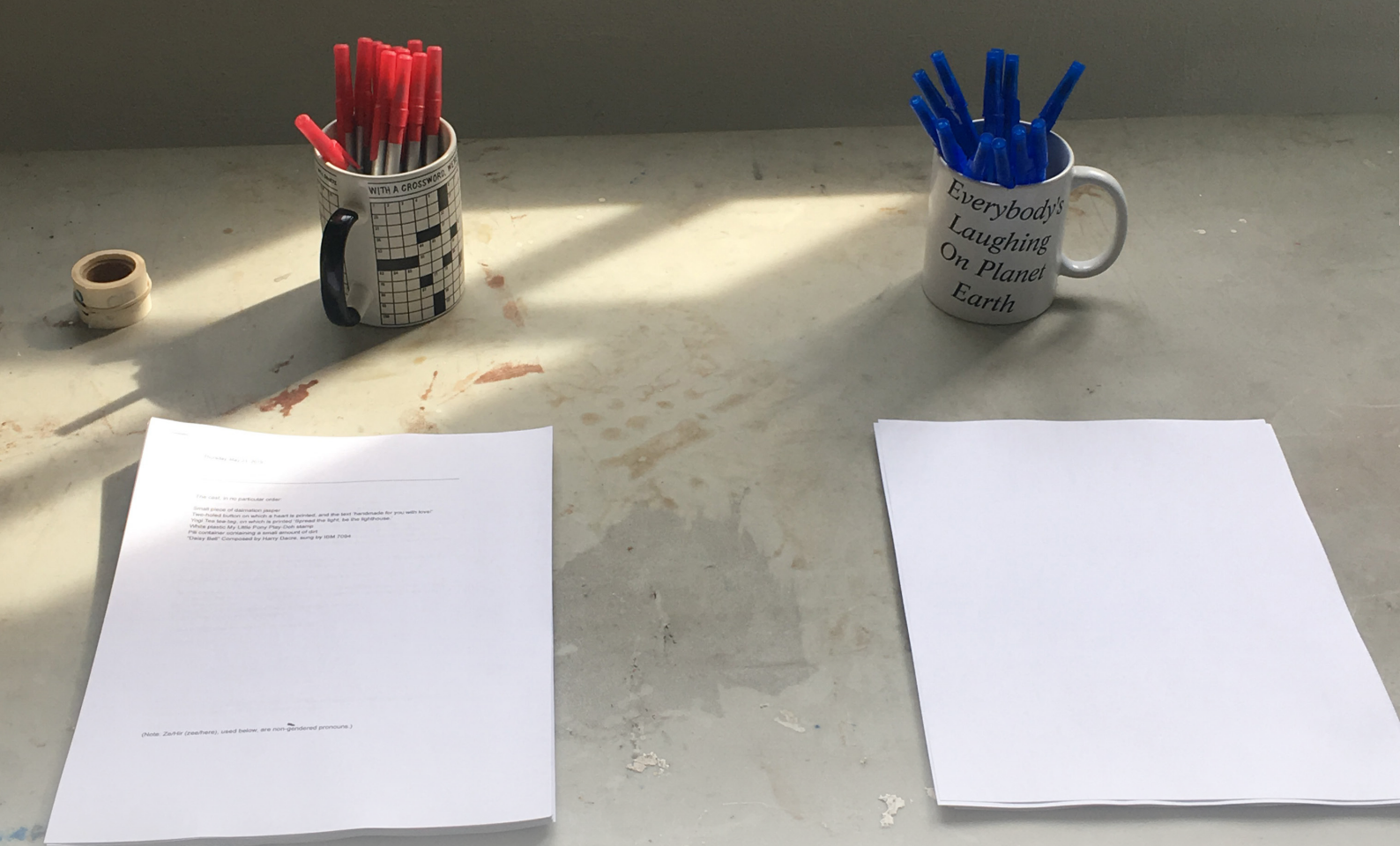
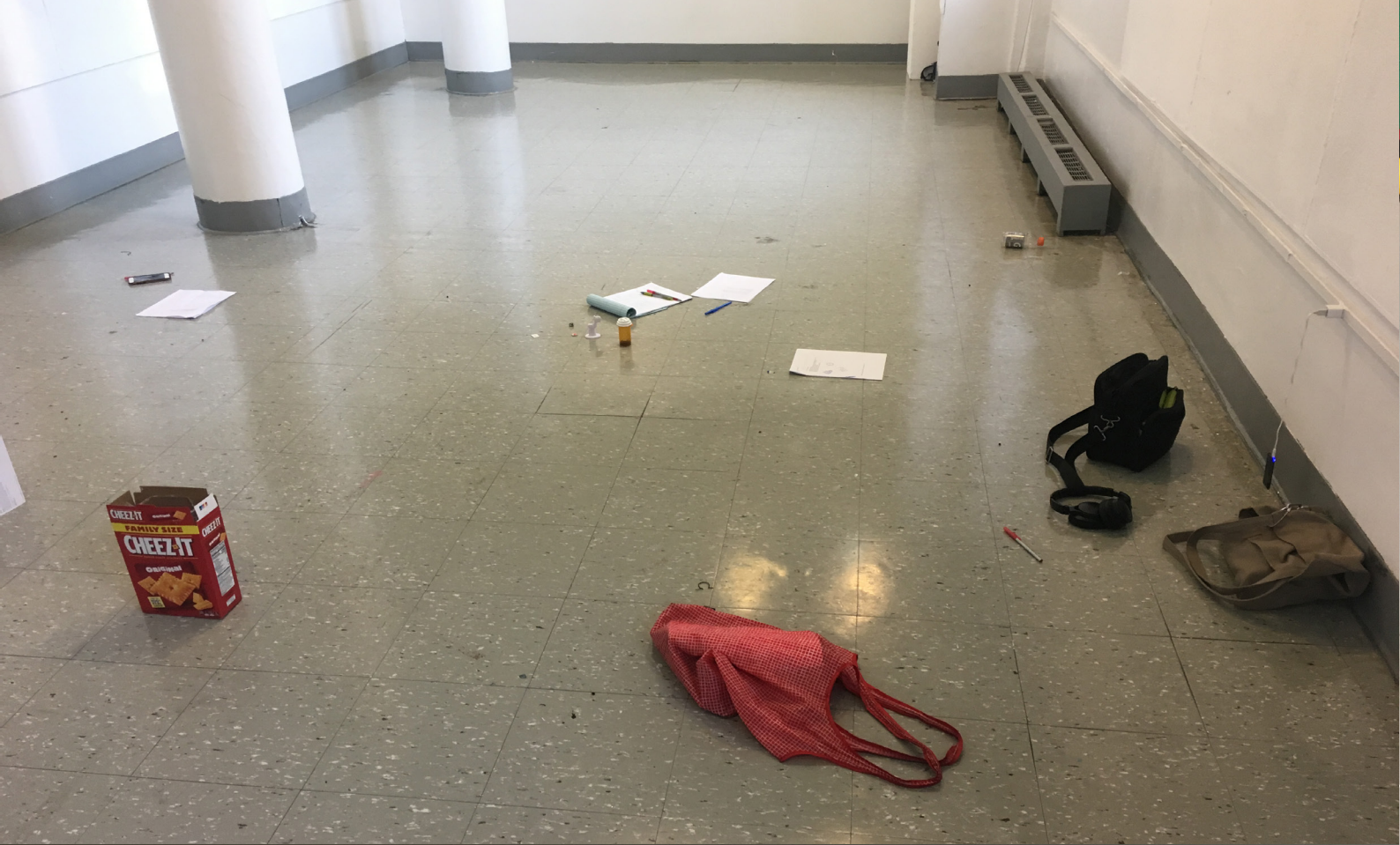
closeup shots of various items placed on the table.



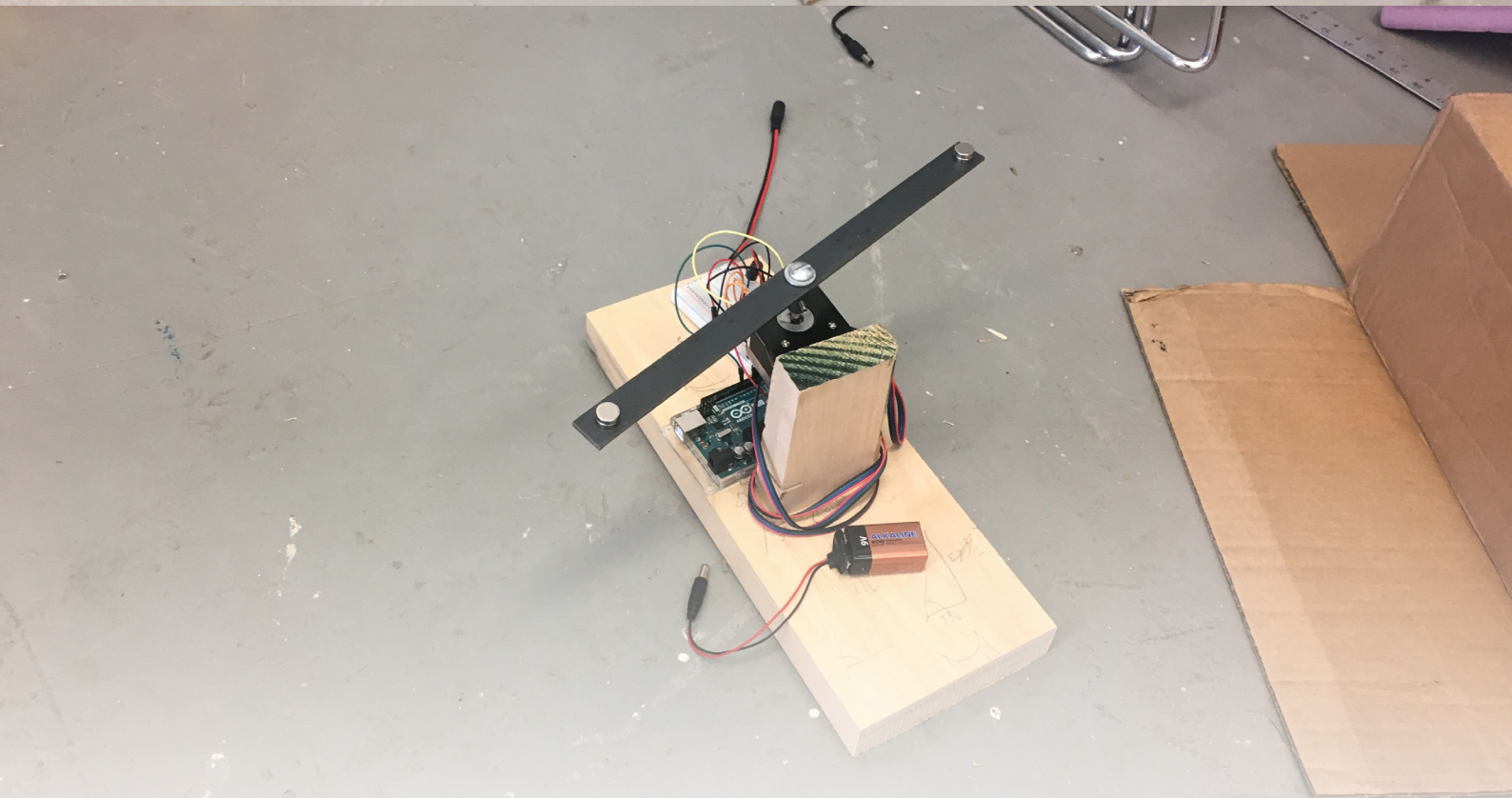
Closeup of key sculpture, hanging below the table top.



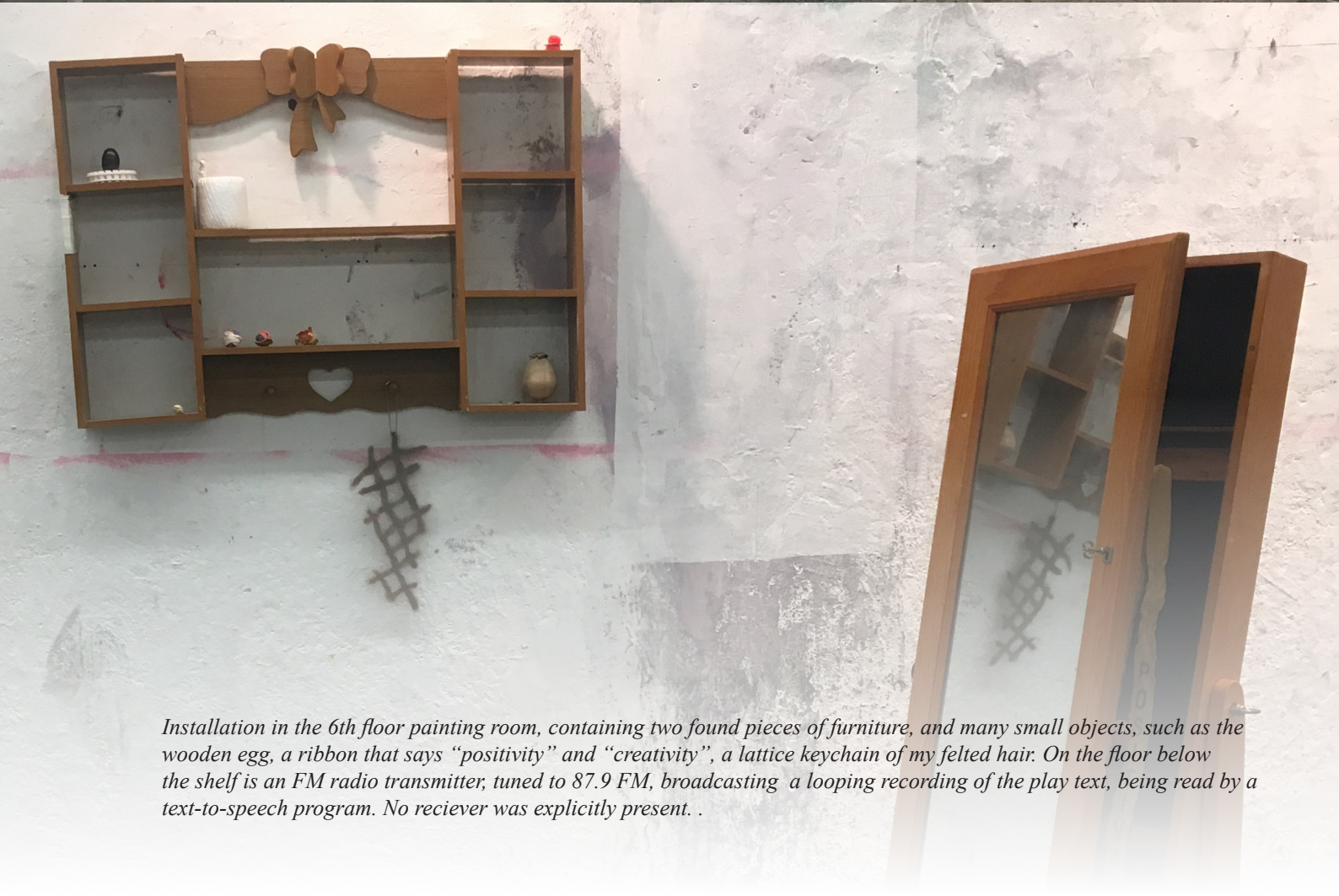
Documentation of a previous arrangement of the plywood filing cabinet, brooms, and wax and wooden eggs, this one in the sculpture room in the fourth floor of the Foundation Building.



Performance-workshop during the end of the year show in which six friends—Amelia, Jami, Vic, Madeline, Jackson, Win—are invited to a workshop guided by me. Snacks, pens, blank paper are provided. Play (in progress) is passed out, and participants are instructed to sit on the floor in a circle and read through the play silently, together, and afterwards to discuss the play. (The cast list has changed). Discussion is guided around the success or failure of this mode of presentation for this play, as well as bridging the discussion into possible configurations of play as something to be performed, with the intent of further executing or workshopping the suggestions. After the workshop is over (1.5 hours) the 'cast' revealed from their hiding in my pocket, then then placed, along with the scripts, into the installation downstairs.



Piece in which two rubber band balls shakily orbit the center of a cardboard box, remaining 180 degrees away from each other. Pictured is the box installed in the fourth floor sculpture room, and the mechanism that propels the work. Please see [this video documentation](#) for a better understanding of the work in time.



Installation in the 6th floor painting room, containing two found pieces of furniture, and many small objects, such as the wooden egg, a ribbon that says "positivity" and "creativity", a lattice keychain of my felted hair. On the floor below the shelf is an FM radio transmitter, tuned to 87.9 FM, broadcasting a looping recording of the play text, being read by a text-to-speech program. No receiver was explicitly present. .

I keep thinking about synchronicity- is it because of the way it points to the existence of feelings, of phenomena, of the world as one outside of oneself? No, the world is one in which you are entangled: not that I exist and manifest the world from within-out, nor the world constructing me from its multitude, but both and, not a two way flow but a consistent extant. Synchronicity points fate as it shows it's absence, the plan is coincidence, the structure is being in itself, pointing to itself, claiming, meaning, both to show and deny, the boundaries draw themselves to be pushed against and shown that they do not matter, do not hold back or contain, but matter when summoned (self summoned?), real and unreal, manifest from many one, manifest from one many. A knot has more physical matter, a place where everything touches, the air and the knot touches, the universe touching itself.

I have a memory of leaving a friends house, standing in the kitchen saying goodbye, thinking to myself whether or not it was an appropriate gesture to kiss their forehead during our embrace. As if in response, they 'replied' "oh, just kiss my forehead already." Does this interaction prove the possibility of telepathy, or the significance of non-verbal communication? It proves the very real possibility of possibility itself, of the infinite state of entangled not-knowing. This moment snaps me out of actuality and into awareness of the non-difference between the actual and non-actual, between my body and their body, my thoughts and their thoughts in that moment. The non-actuality of the situation points to the truth in not-knowing, that this moment forever functions and exists in yes-and, both as a transgression of our boundaries, of the rational limits and separations of the ordered universe, and as a phenomena explainable within them; both entanglement and separation, a knot, the air and the knot touching, the universe touching itself.

A lovers knot

The meaningful coincidence forms a transgression of the actual world, a folding in/through the virtual. The double belief of apophenia and coincidence in the synchronistic moment cuts through the actual world, allowing the actual, virtual, and possible to become indistinguishable, and blurred, knotted. The actual is rendered semi-material, and feeling through the ordered, striated, distinct and divisible plane of the actual, one feels the virtual, the possible, the imaginary, underneath, throughout, and within, smooth and continuous. Within the actual world, the apophenic drawing of connections and meaning from separate phenomena is not-possible, dismissible, un-real; the experience is a coincidence, a perceptual mistake. Despite the impossibility, the synchronicity persists, and out of necessity, reveals the dual possibility of both being not-real and real, showing the actual and possible at once, de-organizing truth to be un-known, unstable, inseparable, a knot. The actual cannot be untangled from its surrounding possible - the fabric of the real is allowed to be complicated, multiple, not in the sense of differentiation, but multiple-at-once.

"Here we are all, by day; by night we're hurled
By dreams, each one, into a several world."¹

All thinking leads me back to this place. This is another moment of synchronicity, larger in scope, a tying of the time and space of the actual into a knot. Perhaps this knot that ties seemingly unrelated thought back into itself, is the same knot, fraying into the actual world in different places throughout spacetime, subtly becoming aware of itself, and of me, and me of it. The knot pointing to the larger knot of which I am a part, and apart, the air touching the knot, the universe touching itself.

¹ Robert Herrick