

disk one:  
performative research

*accidental miracle*

*tub date*

*stocking horse procedures*

*space tumbler: slip*

*pogos*

*collective breathing exercises*

disk two:  
sculpture & installation

*performative research (stills)*

*thesis show*

*leading up to thesis show*

serious play

serious play

*...sincere artifice*

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M F A Thesis  
*Rinehart*

## Journey and Release

Five hundred transparent condoms filled with water cluster and spill out of a thigh-high plaster vessel. The vessel is cool to the touch and resembles a bathtub-womb-oyster-boat hybrid. Each condom is twisted into three, four or five taugt sacks that resemble giant berries, or glass balls. Children explore the soft shiny wet “bubbles” presented to them at eye level with inquisitive fingers. Occasionally one of the condoms ruptures, producing a musical trickle that vanishes into the depths of the vessel. The plaster shell slowly absorbs the released water and a cool humid sweat lingers on its surface. One child holds a large cluster of bubbles above her head. Taking notice of the subtle bump (characteristic of all condoms), she explains, “Hey look, artist person, did you know it? This one here is a lemon!” Congratulations indeed, you found the lemon!

Like most of my work, *journey* was made to celebrate something about the child, and the child's remarkable ability to re-educate adults. The work itself begs touching, but celebrates the sensual universe without marketing or hyper-eroticizing touch and play as manipulative commodities for a strictly adult audience. The sensory-rich education celebrated in this body of work, does make use of arousal through touch, though not as a means of temporarily quenching an isolated sexual desire, but as a means of awakening and drawing out the human capacity for dreaming out loud in broad daylight. *Journey* offers up an object both playful and serious as a simple interactive stage for imaginative education. If I were to describe *journey* the way it began and lives in my imagination it would sound something like the following...

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...A fine blade or wire for cutting succulent material sliced through a gelatin chamber, or maybe the chamber was hard from the beginning. We don't know but we suspect that there was a time when it was soft and moist. After some time of waxing and waning in the deep, a shell of this former embryo washes up somewhere. Exposed and petrified, it feels like white leather except for it's more newly seared edge. This edge gives a satisfying firmness of a clean cool pressure against a warm taugt flesh (like my palm) I touch this edge frequently. It is more satisfying than a food craving. I want this edge most carefully and most devotionally by feel. I couldn't finish rubbing down the rest of it because I enjoyed lingering at the lips, precisely at that moment where the square edge twists into a curl exposing a secret or two about its livelihood before it twists back into the hard-sliced edge

The glassy roe began earlier somewhere else when some intuition of play in the bathtub occasioned condoms to become something more than condom. But that was centuries ago. Since then the roe have been floating as patient fragments of an idea, three-thousand per box discretely shipped from Asia. I search for a vessel-form for my roe, like an aquatic parent, who, expecting delivery of some unknown quantity, dutifully searches for a protective cove to deposit the unborn thing— dare I say lovingly? I think of the terrapin mother digging her hole in the sand in which to bury and leave her eggs on their own. Who am I to see no love in that patient beast dragging her body out of its element back to where it began.

I have not yet become a mother to my own flesh and blood, but maternal music calls me by name, and with authority. I wonder about instinct. It fails to explain the foundations of love. If survival rules the bulk of our biology where does maternal love come in? Is love something additional to nature? Does it act like a virus— a meme, that parents offspring by invasion? I imagine the process of love entering biology as a long and violent journey, but one that satisfies an urge for release that nothing else satisfies. The invasive force called love ruptures private petty organs freeing the formerly isolated contents to trickle back to the place where they began or where they will become something new— something breathed— something shared.