

< Notes

3 April 2017, 7:05 am

Deep time/productive confusion
Not sure

Double Helix

< Notes

11 April 2017, 3:38 pm

All Living Organisms (parts of them die but continue to live on in my (he)art

*Modus Operandi (modes of operating or working)
Pro rata (proportionally, sort of)*

Some times used to treat open wounds is a body of work that was made for *Double Helix*, a collaboration of sorts with Kimberley Pace, exhibited at BLINDSIDE Gallery from 21 June - 8 July 2017.

Ideals

The analogy of two legs (a pair) walking comes to mind. One after the other, swinging in motion, one not without the other. I guess it was an unconventional way of walking, or like two legs cut and pasted together in a collage. Where was the walk to?

The legs can exist without each other, like they did when they were made in separate time zones, they can slip in and out of being a Double Helix. Detaching like a pair of zip off ¾ pants. The strands that form a double helix of DNA can be separated by helicases. A class of enzymes like helicases could be zip ons/offers too, (metaphorically).

< Notes

14 April 2017, 6:14 pm

Being surprised and confused

< Notes

27 June 2017, 3:07 pm

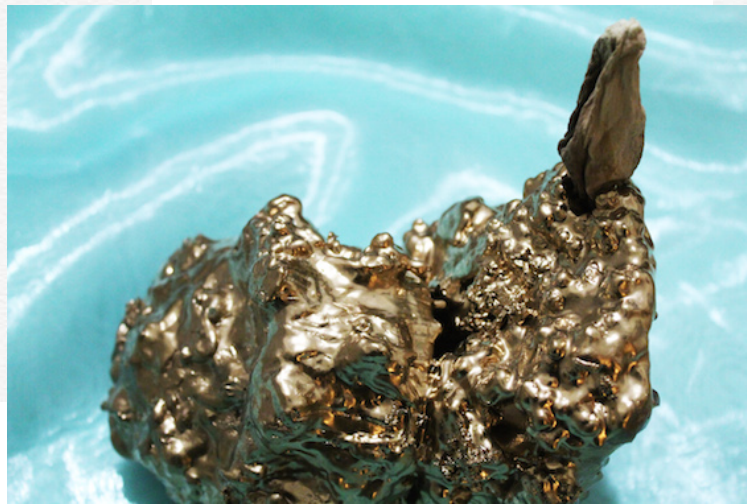
Durational work
Authorship
Extensions
About phone notes

< Notes

10:44 am 61%

16 May 2017, 8:31 am

Double helix





I was thinking about bodies of water and also containers for things, materials associated with and used for bodies (and the human body) such as synthetic hair, my hair, my sisters hair, horse hair, sand, waterproof ear plugs (for swimming), silicon stickers, soil, weeds, secret tears preserved in jelly with vodka and self-felted tumbleweeds I collected on the shore of a desolate beach during winter in Perth three years ago. I was levitating around the ideas of the materials specificity to the body, the actions they ask from us, how they become marked with time and supposed value through this time, and then the eventual dissipation of these things which asks what value is itself if it is a product of time but is durational in its participation with time (ongoing) (my solace)





The green curtain I installed in the doorway at BLINDSIDE makes the space a container, an all-encompassing swamp of propositional (not necessarily true or false) symbiosis.

I felt like a pea (small, dizzy, swollen yet dehydrated)

Our exhibition reminds me of being in the bathroom at my parent's house, stuck in a time loop of staring at (or maybe hallucinating) a micro-environment of bacteria pulsating on the painted but stained baby blue walls (my parents bathroom is actually quite clean, no disrespect intended). This was like a macroscopic version of that. I wish the ceiling of the gallery were lower so it was more den-like.

The smell of vicks, aloe vera gel, fluoro discount hair gel, toothpaste, floor cleaner, grape lollies and predominantly coles brand lime hand soap colliding set my nostrils into a state of paranoia –I had a restless sleep, haunted in part by the artificial-floral-but-mainly-chemical smell commonly associated with cleanliness.





Sometimes used to treat open wounds (the title) originates from the use of Laurel Leaf aromatherapy oil to scent puddles made from Agar Agar jelly. These would weep water slowly over the duration of the exhibition, so I don't know why I thought 1L of hand soap wouldn't dry out. This is my favourite colour atm.

My soap puddle expanded within 24 hours of the first pour. The direction it edged in revealed the sloping floor



BLINDSIDE

Jun 22 (6 days ago)

to Kimberley, me

Kimberley, it appears that one of your jelly blobs has melted and leaked - see pic - will you come and fix it?

Regards [redacted]

Sent from my iPhone



The soap puddles presence was made visible by the white overhead lights reflecting off the semi-transparent green liquid. During the opening night of the exhibition I saw a person walk right through the soap puddle, soon to almost-slip, slipping but not slipping over - a split second of fear.

(Like when u step on a damp leaf and it slides with ur next step under ur shoe and it feels like you've stepped in dog poo)

Then a horrified look on your face (I couldn't tell if it was disgust, I think so, I tend to misread lots of things though)



There was toothpaste in the grooves of her shoe

Cookie Cutter Shoe

Dried footprint

Red wine stain on the curtain

Giant brown footprint on a piece of Kim's latex that was washed of dust and hair numerous times during install



*I liked it as evidence of people interacting with the space and work
For fear of something (maybe control?) I returned the next day to clean up*



I revisited our exhibition three times from 22 June – now (the exhibition is running for another 8 days) after business hours to top up my soap puddle, wet on dry on dry. (Reapplying makeup to an unwashed face)

Day 1

- On my visit I thought I would be undisturbed so I half-heartedly mopped by spot-spray and wiping (spot-sweep version) stains off the floor.
- There was an education program scheduled in and students came in to the gallery to see me frantically scrubbing toothpaste off the floor.
- A student picked up the rubber band that was part of my work and sling shot it at another student.

Day 2

- I noticed visible rushed (desperate) wiping gestures in patches where I had spot spray and wiped.
- I was scrubbing a stain that I didn't recall being there, to later realise that it was a squiggle of aloe vera gel, which had dried into a clump of clear glue.
- Hair gel mound balancing on top of terracotta pot had shrunk to about half size (!) I wish I took a photo.
- I told three people who tried to enter the space (the gallery was closed today) that I was mopping.
- On the train home I daydreamed about me being a cleaner, in a thread of thought about the possibilities of me and waged-work existing together.

Day 3

- The third time hasn't happened yet.
- The CBD gives me anxiety.

Thanks for reading 😊

Jess Tan, 2017.





Image Credits

Jess Tan and Kimberley Pace, *Double Helix* (installation view), 2017.
BLINDSIDE. All Installation images pictured in this document courtesy of Nick James Archer.

iPhone photos sent through email: BLINDSIDE Staff.
iPhone screen shots from my phone.

Rabbit from Clip Art.

Sniffy, 2002. Image courtesy of Audrey Tan.

Documentation of *some times used to treat open wounds* can be found here:
<http://www.jessicatan.net/sometimes-used-to-treat-open-wounds/>

Further Documentation of *Double Helix* and Kimberley Pace's work for the exhibition can be found here: <https://www.kimberleypace.com/doublehelix>

