

ADAMS STATE UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE STUDIES
THESIS APPROVAL


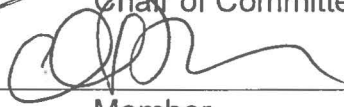

This is to certify that

Madeleine Ahlborn

Has satisfactorily completed
A graduate creative research project
And supporting paper on the topic:

Scapes

Approved by

1. 
_____ Date 4/21/17
Chair of Committee
2. 
_____ Date 5.9.17
Member
3. 
_____ Date 5.9.17
Member



Masters of Art

Thesis: Supporting Document

~~Madeleine Roantree Ahlborn~~

2017

*This document is to be tossed to the ground during the Production of
"I Think (not)": A play in one act*

Performing space: Performing a 'new' self in place

In 2013 I completed a trek on the Appalachian Trail, I then returned to Boston, MA to continue my artistic practice as a landscape painter, though no honest work was birthed until I made the decision to move to Colorado and threw myself back into an academic environment. Over the last two years earning my Masters degree I have come to know the importance of how one occupies space and how, in different spaces, the character of 'self' changes or adapts to the new place. Just as in language the reader identifies and defines words based in the context in which they are written. On my four-month trek in the Appalachian mountains I acquired a new name, I was no longer Madeleine Ahlborn, I was given the name LeeLoo of which the origin is Luc Besson's 1997 film "The 5th Element". This new context allowed a change in my character and with that change came a new identity, a new name to identify with. This body of visual work is not complete. It will be an ongoing investigation and self-realization process across a variety of mediums. The mediums I have chosen to re-present the idea of space within this current crystalized exhibition are; paint, poetry, and performance. All of which carry their own specific historic and purposeful meaning.

Paint

"A painting has a lot of layers, and it goes down, it's not just a moment it's more than a moment, it's more than a year, it's more than human time, it's geological time it's cosmic time."
-Anselm Kiefer

The large scale oil paintings created over the last two years are driven by memories and dreams of spaces and places I have occupied in the past, also places I hope to go in the future. They are also documentations of non-tactile spaces such as the mind and the subconscious. I have nothing more to say on this matter.

Poetry

“When Scapes Speak” is a short audio anthology of poems written between December 2016- April 2017. These poems provide a different level of intimacy with the viewer by placing noise cancelling headphones over their ears to hear the whispers of words that are the paintings voice.

- 1) I am fierce with light and dark. The tumultuous tempest you wrote about four years ago has come full circle. Again I hit the reader with that unsightly sickening color, normally used in controlled amounts but you have cloaked me wrapped me submerged me to make something different. I emphasize heat and freeze at the same time, not simply because I am a static space this place you made. You're in it you're in me more than others presumably. Do I remind you of that time outside where every direction was cursed by the sun's spell? When you stood in the parking lot for an hour then chose to reside on the patio where you were trapped under the tide of land sea sky, the clouds ripped apart like a calm lake then a stone thrown became the catalyst for this epic wake. Do not attempt to run. Be swept away. The heat of a new relationship will burn your skin then be cooled by these words I say, accept the ice waves as they come and while you can come in, then leave me again.
- 2) I am the dark and deep space, you were hesitant to dive into my well, now, I invite you to come find, down here yes, in this forsaken cell. A rope or vertical mark the seam will not save you, or lift you to hold aloft this conversation, that relationship happened too soon. It fell apart. You did that. Not me. I am merely a form of expression so why don't you speak to me? Talk, please talk listen. I will not mock your words when you mark me back stab the surface and point that painted finger towards...just there here is not so far only

an arms-length so stay. Forget there is a possibility to be pulled upward stay downward I know I am the image you see when you fall into around that outer galaxy those rough waves when you reach out so gracefully. I am more than a typical memory an extension of you in your darkest hour the cold lost abyss that place where a yellow sunflower is always amiss. Will the reader really want to embody, embrace, empathize with this? No so come let's go let the frozen drops drift over eyelashes and woven plains of this dream you had it once twice thrice it will come and I will always be.

- 3) You know who I am. You birthed me from the darkest corner of your basement. Your subconscious. Over the years this space has become lighter cleaner more organized. There is space to move around. Turn the light off to loose what you have found, open the hatch door there in the floor to the level you have never been and see, another space within a space the smoke has cleared the fog burned and the earth seared, inside and under where your feet tread lies a wet and meaty course where the source of life and your past selves are misguided and mislead. Who you become will determine my destiny, and the life of the next... this character change of yours will come to an apex then fall so don't build a wall it's about the place. So go, explore, then come back and tell me what's beyond that unopened door. I will not change unless you choose to destroy me deconstruct me back to my original form source idea my essence that is in turn your truth your origin because I am only a vehicle therein, to drive that foreseeable horizon. That line connects and separates us at the same time not the end nor beginning just another character in this story play life so when you get close to the knife to cut that horizontal mark that ruptured space I will lean in and feel that illusion break and let the waking life

bleed over the floor and down the corridor of this ever-long song dream it is real because you made the reader feel, something.

- 4) Sunrise or sunset the time matters not, it is caught in suspense, suspended animation...
lost space has opened itself up to you. My crooked seam is there to distract you misguide you from this dream, pulled in and out like the tide unknowing upward or downward by the river's side. Interrupt this no-so-quiet vertical beat, I am an illusion of lost places, I allude to lost spaces. My line that looks so far away is actually closer than you know, not closed. Touch it. Touch drift sink with me, I am here to show you fear, to keep you off balance, tilt that sweet head of yours to match my not-so-horizontal line that is not so horizontal. I will tell you as we go, let that force take you press on you allow the current the undertow glory sweep you away to play that old timey memory show. Sink into my hues of blue, come, come closer. Confront what you never thought you could obtain, just there, you now have my undivided attention so please don't break this intimate stare.
- 5) Finite points of a finite life, I don't know what this means, a limited point in a limited life I assume. Life is a series of points all connected to form a line. When a point is limited to just one separate from others perhaps yes it is finite, it is only within its own existence untrodden and unmoved and unchanged, one of Newton's laws, an object at rest stays at rest until acted upon by another at a greater force or something like that.. I have a series of dot or point tattoos on my body, they mostly look like freckles, scars from a lifetime spent outdoors. one is the Taurus constellation down my spine, the other is a single dot on the back of my right arm right above my elbow. It is too cold to expose them to the world, they are only to be revealed in the spring and summer months. So we connect and expand our dot of our own existence, connect this point to that one person to another,

make a point with your words, what's your point? Make the climax of your play be a net
a net of points a woman named Annette who I have not yet met but she lurks in my
dreams to make our separate points a line, and I'm fine, that I'm not there yet. And my
points are slowly expanding and drawing this to that and him to her and her to her and
him to him so much of this wild life is on a whim, that to hold our kites and our words on
the end of a string so easily can they be blown by the wind, so easily can they be swept
up in the sweet smell of your brunette sun-kissed hair, free flow and meadow un-mowed
my words are feral for folly and there you are, talking to yourself in someone else's car,
speaking to me as if I'm in the shotgun seat, and here I am, listening and waiting
patiently to tell you these things, looking around the folds and the bends of the page, for
our never ending act upon this ever changing stage.

- 6) We are quiet, we are false summits, false horizons, you have not read our marks yet, you
have not seen what we can be, where we can be...do we confuse you? What is the
farthest point in the distance, is it me/ no you/it's there, or here. Yes. Don't forget, in
reality we are not space at all...we are pigment and oil on fiber, wrapped around what
was once a tree that has been pressed to planes that new planes now sit upon. We are
many histories, stories, recorded in time.

- 7) This word I only know because of Boris Pasternak, the line goes like this..."Lara felt her
size and her position in the bed with two points of her body- the salient of her left
shoulder and the big toe of her right foot..."

- 8) I see you there looking at me, I could hear your heart beat not in my ears but in the vibrations of the cross hatched seams that make up my being. You got closer. Your breath hit my surface, it's so close. Stay there a while as if you might be able to read the sewn history. The hands that touched me before I was woven into this plane. Now here I am. Transformed again into a new character to re-present an ancient idea to you, like the ancient rings of the great reds, when we would play in my dreams next to the birds the bushes the ferns and things. You remember, close your eyes, remember me, my name. Call me as you will, when I hear your favorite song of the Alps I feel in my bones a penetrating chill. Open your eyes, what do you see? What do you really want to tell me?
- 9) Words on this page will fall short, there is no way describe the reality of beauty that is in front of me... "No chance in hell" I said to myself, she talked to me, out of the crowd she looked at me and I felt her penetrating gaze cut through my tactile body. She met my past selves, poets who I most want to be, I felt my body cave in like a crevasse under the weight of the sea. Together we swirled and whirled into and under this new space, this place. A place we have never seen, a space for just her and me... open your eyes, catch your breath. Your body is still in place with both hands and feet to hold ground so come, come tell me of this new space, describe what we have found.
- 10) I never thought in my wildest dreams it would come to this point, a pinnacle that you and I would stand aloft this stage and peer down to the world beneath our feet, our hands clasped as if our lives depended upon it, we are both safe, the fear that was once before us has passed by as you gaze into my eyes, to see to the depth of who I am...I'm not sure you know just how much you mean to me already...there is so much to learn and for the first time in a long time seconds feel slow, minutes are months and hours are years, I'm

still right here. Reach out and take my hand. I want to paint a new space for us to exist in, open and wide so let's go to the Northwest country side and continue this dream where our hands and feet landed at the same time.

11) Again I type another page, paint on canvas. They are one in the same. I am here just as you are there, I am closer than you know. I am indeed tactile, real, in this world and another, an other. Open your eyes and look into mine...dark brown until the light from the sun cascades down and hits the pigment just right, just write. I could be your next big thing, or, your last big thing. Look at me. Don't turn away or be shy and drop your head. I will hold you close when there is no one else even if it is only just for a moment and nothing comes from this, don't think. Don't think. Just be the most honest you can with me without over thinking, what is this? It could turn into something, let it. Don't be afraid, the greatest fear of all is the fear of the unknown. Remember these words from that film you once watched in your last life...it was so far ago, this image, these paintings were not of conception yet, but now they are and you are here. So allow the next big thing to come your way like a tide rushing in from the sea, the one you did not see coming because your eyes have been closed for so long. Beat. Open your eyes and your mouth and let the fresh taste of salt water penetrate your palate and be swept up into another's arms. The future is right now, do not back away, speak up stand up from the floor and allow your life to change...let this image go of what I am, I was once the future, but now that has come to pass, she will be there. No need for distractions, the work is almost done, just a few more words and a few more times to speak so others will be able to hear our story, but really this is your story. Do not compromise for us to speak the

truth, what is your most honest truth right now, the words to describe it? What does it say?

Performance

I made the decision to write and produce a play in one act rather than a traditional thesis supporting document, for two reasons: to activate the existing language to an audience and to show a significant change that occurs for the character of the Artist. "I think (not): A play in one act" is a manifestation of my process as an artist. The first level represents the waking life, where the artist sits at their desk attempting to write. The second level is a realm of accessible knowledge, the mind of the Artist, filing cabinets are filled with writings, drawings and research, also a separate file for forgotten ideas. The supporting characters are personifications of Ideas that are birthed from the corner of the Artist's mind, they are a symbol of thought and how the mind connects ideas even if they appear to be different. The third level, represented by a hatch door, is a metaphor for the subconscious, a space that exists yet is difficult to access and a daunting exploration. I have constructed the illusion that the subconscious is flooded by building a space where a basin of water will sit under the hatch door. The artist dips their hand into the pool and ponders what could survive in this space. I am attempting to express the unknown aspect of the human mind and just how far the imagination can stretch, alluding to an infinite depth within ones-self, and the potential characters a single person can play in their life time depending on the context they act within, including the subconscious mind. The text itself is meant to feel accessible to an audience or a reader, the concept of an idea in itself can be difficult to grasp, so I am choosing to say the same thing in different ways using written, spoken, and visual language. There is no one point to this thesis project, as much as I narrow the plains of these concepts into a corner to form a line a thought, the corner in itself explodes with new ideas

and the line of thought that I was using as my foundation was only an illusion. This is as much an idea of the origin of paintings as it is a creative process.

Historical background

There are many different forms of space, and many forms of how it has been recorded. A book I often refer to is Gaston Bachelard's "The Poetics of Space". Written in 1958 Bachelard explores the connection between architecture and everyday experience. Using poetic language and metaphor of a house and what a house entails, cellar, attic, drawers etc. The chapters compile a sense of place, both of future and of past i.e memories and dreams and a creative nature of building. Though this book describes the phenomena of interior spaces and their potential, there is a relationship to the outside world and of mental space, for one cannot exist without the other. W.J.T Mitchell author of "Landscape and Power" describes landscape as a medium or vehicle within the realm of art to express a multitude of ideas. I refer to chapter one: *Imperial Landscape*, "Landscape is not a genre of art but a medium" to connect my own thoughts about landscape painting, only now I have truncated the term to 'scape' because I am no longer referring only to 'land'. Deconstructing language, both visual and written, has become a habit that has transformed my process as an artist exponentially. Ferdinand de Saussure's "A Course in General Linguistics" and Jacques Derrida's theories of deconstruction have driven me the last 5 years to question all forms of language to break down ideas to their most pure essence. I am still deconstructing their language. My reasoning for omitting my own name from the title wall of the exhibition is to make commentary on Roland Barthes "The Death of the Author". I want the work to speak for itself with no clue to who the author is, I am choosing to relinquish my authorship and artistship from the body of work. What does that do? Are viewers confused as to who it is that made it? Yes. It was not until after the performance of "I Think (not)" that I began

to tell viewers that the paintings were from my hand. I enjoyed observing their reactions to the work in its entirety and I had a few people who I knew previous that asked who had made the work. I simply smiled and asked them what they thought. Boris Pasternak tells us, “man himself is mute, and it is the image that speaks”. The blacked-out name is also commentary on the idea of ‘forgotten thought file’. “We are ideas, we are still here even if you forgot”. I myself, as the artist, am simply an idea that exists in this world. I am made up of many ideas that are not wholly my own, histories recorded in time.

Bibliography

Bachelard, Gaston, Maria Jolas, Mark Z. Danielewski, and Richard Kearney. *The Poetics of Space*. New York: Penguin, 2014. Print.

Barthes, Roland, Stephen Heath, and Mary Dove. *The Death of the Author*. N.p:n.p., 1977. Print

Mitchell, W.J. Thomas. *Landscape and Power*. Chicago, University of Chicago, 2009. Print.

RoyalAcademyofArts. "Anselm Kiefer in Conversation with Tim Marlow." YouTube. YouTube, 02 Apr. 2014. Web 20 Apr.2017

Pasternak, Boris. "Cashiers, G.L.M., p.7, Autumn 1954, translated by Andre du Bouchet.

“I Think (not): a play in one act”

Written and Directed by

Madeleine Roantree Ahlborn

PO Box 636
Antonito, CO USA
maddyahlborn@gmail.com
804.761.4546

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ARTIST	Played by a man or a woman, defined voice, working through creative block, converses with ideas.
IDEA 1	Patient, understanding, soothing voice
IDEA 2	'Cool kid' attitude, passive know-it-all
IDEA 3	Quiet, polite, eager

SCENE

Takes place in an open space with two levels, with a third level of a hatch door. ARTIST struggles to write and is interrupted and guided to understanding by a series of IDEAS

TIME

Unknown and obscure

SETTING

In a space with three levels.
There is a desk with a typewriter
and stacks of books around on
level 1. There is a door leading
down to level 2 that is closed. A
hatch door that alludes to a third
level.

AT RISE

The artist is sitting at the
typewriter pressing single keys
and a metronome is clicking a
Grave tempo.

(The door creeps open, IDEA 1 walks up behind the
ARTIST and peers at what they are writing over their
shoulder.)

ARTIST

(Surprised and dazed)

Who are you?

IDEA 1

You know who I am. How could
you not?

ARTIST

I do not.

IDEA 1

(Looks at the ARTIST and back to the page as if deeply
hurt by the ARTISTS words)

I am you

ARTIST

If you are me, how is it that you came to be?

IDEA 1

(Pointing to the door)

just now, from there, remember?

ARTIST

(stands away from desk. To themselves)

This must be a dream, I am dreaming.

IDEA 1

(Takes the place of ARTIST at desk, places glasses on to read more carefully)

I think not

ARTIST

(Pacing)

I think not. (Beat.) It is only a dream.

IDEA 1

(Removes glasses and walks past the ARTIST descending the stairs)

or...

ARTIST

Or?

IDEA 1

(from level 2)

Questions! there we are! Thanks for coming down here to join me

ARTIST

(Peering down the stairs)

Where is here?

IDEA 1

Just here

ARTIST

Down there?

(Descends stairs slowly)

It feels/

IDEA 1

You've been here many times, it's what you call/ your

ARTIST

Yes, I remember here. Just there I thought of you

(Points to the corner)

It used to be so important. (Beat.) You were/

IDEA 1

Why am I not important?

ARTIST

An idea... just an idea, here and there. Just an idea.

IDEA 1

Why?

ARTIST

It changes. It always changes. (Beat.) There is no point.

IDEA 1

So why am I here now?

ARTIST

You are just there.

IDEA 1

I think not

ARTIST

You are a thought/

IDEA 1

Indeed, you are

ARTIST

What?

IDEA 1

The others will be along, you will see

ARTIST

It's so dark, where are you now?

(ARTIST clicks on light bulb)

IDEA 1

Still just here, Waiting. (Beat.) Think, in the time being

ARTIST

Of what

IDEA 1

Anything. Swimming perhaps. (Beat.) Paint me a story

ARTIST

All I have is my voice.

IDEA 1

You say to yourself what you most want to hear, or need

ARTIST

Let the cliff be higher, the current faster, take me under. I allow liquid to fill my lungs through my nose and let it burn my eyes... let it pound my sore shoulders until they are black and blue from the beating... seconds go by and I feel every interstitial moment. Such a height! Such a leap! The snap of the river hits my skin and shows red from the impact like ice on metal. The voice in my head screams/

(Enter IDEA 2 from the corner)

IDEA 2

Do it again

(ARTIST and IDEA 1 turn quickly to look who spoke.)

(IDEA 2 cont.)

That was painful

IDEA 1

What an image. Beautifully self-inflicted. (Beat.) Where did you go?

ARTIST

Maine.

IDEA 2

No.

IDEA 1

Where were you?

ARTIST

Maine.

IDEA 2

No.

IDEA 1

Not the place, the space. There is a difference

ARTIST

I know.

IDEA 2

You're working on it

ARTIST

I'll write about it.

IDEA 1

Truly?

ARTIST

Honestly. I remember/

IDEA 2

That's why I'm here. I am just another beginning. (Beat.) What do you think?

ARTIST

I think not.

IDEA 2

You do. What/

ARTIST

The strangeness of all this! When I might wake up where might I be? Can you tell me?

IDEA 1

You are still just here. Where your body occupies space

ARTIST

My body is in this space... this place. It is called/

IDEA 2

You call it that

ARTIST

Who?/

IDEA 1

You

IDEA 2

Me

ARTIST

Right. (Beat.) My mind.

IDEA 2

Or mine, it's ours

IDEA 1&2

Together

ARTIST

Right.

IDEA 1

You are many people. Your ideas make you, you

ARTIST

I am the same really.

IDEA 2

Well we are here. Different characters playing you at different times. We are re-presented versions of ideas, of space. (Beat.) We are you

IDEA 1

Understand?

ARTIST

I play a character in my life.

IDEA 1

Yes, and...

ARTIST

My character changes?

IDEA 2

You do

(Enter IDEA 3 from the corner)

IDEA 3

Based on the space you act within. When the context changes there is an opportunity for a new character, just as in language

ARTIST

Another? From where did/

IDEA 3

The corner, just as the others. With each finished starts a new. (Beat.) How do you do?

ARTIST

If you are me too why do you ask how I do?

IDEA 3

It seemed polite

ARTIST

How is it that you all know each other?

IDEA 1

You brought us together

IDEA 2

We are a train of thought

IDEA 3

We are a pure thought

ARTIST

What is it that you represent?

IDEA 1

A much bigger idea

ARTIST

You seem small.

IDEA 3

Size has no measure to that of the thought that it withholds

ARTIST

Who said that?

IDEA 2

You did

ARTIST

Well how can I organize you differently to understand more...efficiently.

IDEA 3

Our order matters not. We are all here just the same

IDEA 2

And all different

ARTIST

I think not.

(Rearranges 1,2,&3)

IDEA 2

Better?

ARTIST

Non-linear.

IDEA 1

Think of us as points. All you have to do is draw a line to connect us. You are almost there

(ARTIST notices file cabinets)

ARTIST

Could it be in here?

IDEA 1

Could be, that is everything

(ARTIST opens cabinet and begins to finger through pages)

ARTIST

Everything?

IDEA 1&2&3

Everything

IDEA 1

Everything you see, touch, remember, and forget... those are the ones in the black file

(ARTIST moves to the black files and lifts pages)

ARTIST

Lines are crossed away. These are only pages of black lines.

IDEA 1

Forgotten ideas, we can only hope they will be remembered at the right moment

ARTIST

Why keep the pages if they are illegible?

IDEA 3

Just in case

ARTIST

Of what?

IDEA 2

You remember

(ARTIST returns to the regular files that are not forgotten and pulls out a large stack of paper with a binder clip holding them bound)

ARTIST

It is my play! (Beat.) gosh why is it so big, the play is only 25 pages. (Beat.)

(Begins to finger through pages)

Here is why, intro? historical info? Influences? blah, blah, blah. (pages fall to the floor)

IDEA 3

What does it say next?

ARTIST

(Flips through document, licking their finger each time)

Here, this is actually what I say. I tell you I should go back upstairs and write... it is that, look even

here I say the stage direction "ARTIST reads from the script".

IDEA 1

(looking at the script as well to be sure)

Is that it? Read from script, Look out toward audience, then to each other, Beat. (Beat.) Put it back in the file.

ARTIST

But I found it, we do not need to play anymore.

IDEA 1

Not our end game.

ARTIST

It has to end soon.

(Places document back in the file. Leaves pages on the floor. Looks to IDEA 3)

IDEA 3

Why look at me? There is more to see...

ARTIST

Just go, I let you rest, I set you free. (Beat.) You all stare at me as if I'm lost at sea.

(walks toward stairs)

IDEA 2

You can't just leave! Ideas don't just die! You were the one/

ARTIST

You came from the corner, am I supposed to believe that the planes of my brain birthed you into existence in this...place or space

IDEA 2

You did! we can't just go back, we are here now and we have a point to make

(IDEA 3 begins to retreat back to the corner)

Stop! we all have to be here, we can't go back.

IDEA 1

Wait! A corner is a line of two or more planes that meet!

IDEA 2

So?

IDEA 1

So! We are saying the same point! (Beat.) We are Finite!

ARTIST

So what is the point?

IDEA 1

We are finite points, if we came from the corner, a line that is created by two (or more) planes, then the line (Beat.) no? anyone? The line contains an infinite amount of finite points.

ARTIST

So the walls and this space place are a metaphor for my mind, and you all are points on the line that makes the corner?

IDEA 1

We are only a section to the infinite possibility of thought.

IDEA 3

Yes, Just that, (Beat.) come

(Takes the ARTIST hand and gracefully guides them to a hatch door in the floor)

There is more to see

ARTIST

How can this be? (Beat.)

(Kneeling to the floor)

A hatch door, here in the floor, (Beat.) Only in my dreams have I ever seen...

(Looks to IDEA 1 for an answer)

IDEA 1

We cannot tell you anything that you do not already know... it will never end, we will always be down here, and there.

(Looking at the hatch door)

ARTIST

Never end... how many levels can there be (Beat.)

(To themselves)

Remember... Remember... where did I leave the key?...

(Padding pockets of pants and shirt. Lifts a small key out of their breast pocket and ponders a Beat. Slowly unlocks hatch and lifts door a few inches, only to be slammed shut by the foot of IDEA 2)

IDEA 2

Are you sure you want to open that?

ARTIST

I think/

IDEA 3

(to IDEA 2)

Will you just let them see, we're not even allowed down to level three...

IDEA 2

(Slightly ignoring IDEA 3 comments, kneels down next to the ARTIST soft tone)

Be wary, you may sink...

(ARTIST opens door after a moment, reaches hand in and cups water then lets it drip back into the pool)

ARTIST

I think. How am I supposed to go down there, is there another level after...(Beat.) another corner...

(Looks blankly at the three IDEAS)

Will somebody just TELL ME!?

IDEA 1

We cannot tell you/ what you don't..

ARTIST

I KNOW YOU CAN'T TELL ME! (Beat.)

(Takes and deep breath, rubs face in hands and paces with the hatch door still open. IDEA 1, 2,3 drift toward the file cabinets)

There is more, not just the files, those are the past, those are my memories, that is my accessible knowledge. So what is this pool, this ocean... my dream... yes, I've been down there before,

(kneels down again next to hatch sitting up holding hands above face looking upward as if to see the ceiling through their fingers)

I've viewed the light above below the floor and have been swept into a quickened current. (lowers hands) You need not tell me, for I already know...no...

(locks the hatch)

this needs to stay locked for now, I think.

IDEA 2

You do think, this is where you go

IDEA 3

And we are right here,

IDEA 1

Ideas, just ideas, too and fro

ARTIST

No, not just ideas, me, I can hear you now. I think.

IDEA 1

That you do. (Beat.) For now we will leave you be

(Claps twice, to IDEA 1,2)

Come, into the file now with us three

(ARTIST ascends stairs slowly looking back as IDEA 2,3 retreat, IDEA 1 stays. ARTIST Sits at the desk and puts on their glasses. As ARTIST begins to type IDEA 1 says aloud what is being typed)

IDEA 1

The metronome clicks its steady grave beat, my own illusion to slow down time. I've painted for many years now to try and re-

(IDEA 1 cont.)

present space. All along it was my own voice that I did not hear.
Finally asking myself,

ARTIST

Why do I make paintings? Why are they of space?

IDEA1

I've come to know, through recent conversation and exploration,
that I create scapes to invent new

ARTIST

spaces,

IDEA 1

or,

ARTIST

Places, where new ideas are birthed from, corners of my mind,
which in turn,

IDEA 1

Shape me differently. The opening of a door creates an opportunity
to become a different character, to become more. A chance to
know my other selves. My deepest cells. I've come to a point that
thoughts and paintings are one in the same and they are much too
big for a single frame. These works and words will outlive me.
Landscape is only another medium to work within,
as is paint, as is being an actor in a space,

ARTIST

We are all actors aloft this stage, words on a page. This place, this
space we occupy. Space in itself is our stage to act within. The
walls are constructed ideas that filter to the corners...then they
explode outward and inward for me to question...(Beat.) These
paintings are documentations of who I once was in the space I used
to occupy. A history recorded in time, all forms, from the click of
the metronome, to the deepest depth of ourselves, to the cosmic
regions of the atmosphere, to the corners of the room... the
potential of thought is infinite and the surrounding scape makes us
aware

IDEA 1

and I'm still here, and there

(IDEA 1 cont.)

(IDEA 1 and ARTIST look toward at another. Then back to the audience and the typewriter)

There can be a fluidity to the conversation if you allow it to happen. Let your mind wonder and wander into the corner

(ARTIST stands from the desk, shuffles together papers and clicks the metronome off)

ARTIST

I think, not of only who I am but where I am and how that forms my being, see and listen to emerging thoughts, connect the points, draw the line (Beat.) What an extraordinary day... this will make for a fine play.

(Turns upstage and closes basement door. Then stops, turns back and opens the door again, IDEA 2,3 step out from the corner. ARTIST will also emerge from the corner as IDEA 1,2,3 make closing statements to audience)

IDEA 1

(To the audience)

Leave the door open to access the realm of thought

IDEA 2

We are ideas

IDEA 3

We are still here, even if you forgot

IDEA 1

We will still be here, waiting patiently to tell you these things, looking around the folds and the bending of pages for our never-ending acts upon these ever-changing stages.

(Players stand together and take a bow)

(End of play)