

CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY  
School of Graduate Studies

This is to certify that the Graduate Project Exhibition or Film Project prepared

By: Ioana Dragomir  
Entitled: this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust  
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and submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

**Master of Fine Arts (Studio Arts – Print Media)**

complies with the regulations of the University and meet the accepted standards with respect to originality and quality.

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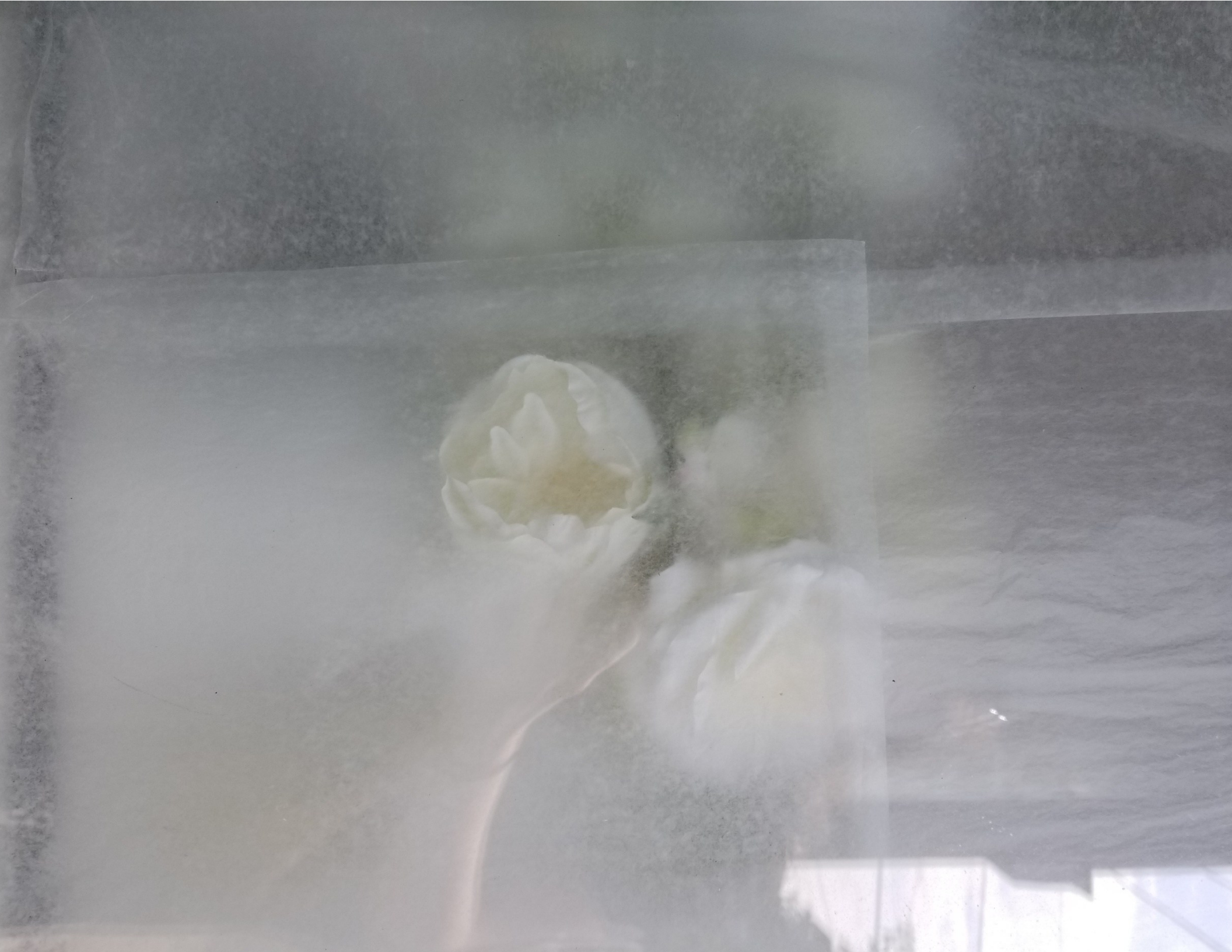
Cheryl Simon, thank you for designing and facilitating some of the most fascinating and inspiring courses I have ever been a part of. I feel so lucky to have benefitted from your breadth of knowledge, commitment to your students, and warmth. Thank you for the studio visits, thank you for the reading recommendations.

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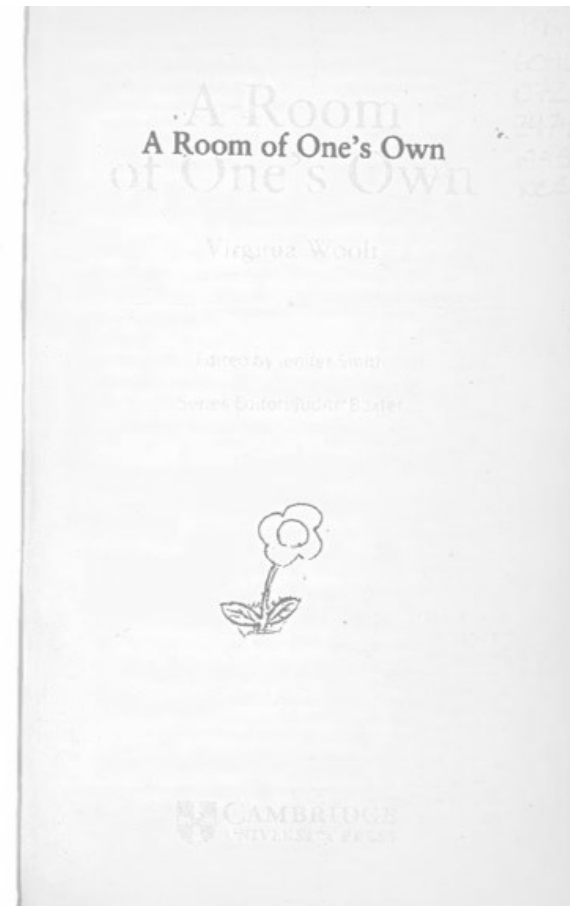


*One's Own* three times, justifying each re-reading by finding something else to seek out in the text. In my last re-reading I picked out all her flowers.

*this*

When I enter a good used bookstore, one with an organizational system where things aren't scattered haphazardly, I head to the end of the fiction section where the Ws are, scanning around for WOO, being disappointed by *Tom Wolfe* and sometimes finding Virginia. I read her for the first time six years ago because of a woman who I, in a complicated way, sort of wanted to be. She went to a prestigious university in Scotland where she took a course on Virginia Woolf with a professor she claimed was a leading expert on her writing. My own clumsy readings were a kind of reaching, adding another item to the list of things we could talk about, knowing that if I read her novels well enough and voiced my thoughts nonchalantly, she would compliment my insight. Or she might introduce me to someone later on and mention that anecdote, quoting the thing I had said and then I would feel the warm thrill of being heard and adored.

Which is to say that my relationship with Virginia has never been coolly academic and has always been fanned by a sort of erotics of relation (wanting to know someone, wanting to be known, wanting to not be known). With time, those erotics dependent on other people began to be supported solely by her books and my relationship with the author herself. I would write about art and end up writing about her, comparing her novels to artworks they had nothing to do with, like a person newly-infatuated who drops the name of their crush into every conversation, just for the thrill of saying it and letting others know. I wrote about her novels and made artwork about them to give myself reasons to read them. Last year I read *A Room of*



I started watching YouTube videos of her home. I have screenshots of her vases, her garden, her bed, and the sky above saved on my laptop and phone, like a stalker peering through windows and taking photos. I read her private letters to her lover like a suspicious (yet aroused!) spouse. This work is

essentially a reflexive look at my obsession, and a consideration of what it means to do research from the position of infatuation. As in, to not be guided by the clinical lure of analysis but by something closer to intimacy or love.



The writers of these letters are embarrassed. They *confess* their love and prostate themselves before Virginia. They seduce her by flattering her (this is an old phrase in love: I'm not worthy of you, says the lover wanting to be proven wrong or disputed.) I wonder if the people, mostly women, who write these letters also want her to disagree with them, to say "no, you noticed something no one else did," like I wanted my friend to say to me when I first started reading Virginia.

I'm not alone in this love for a writer that veers into the borderline romantic. In a collection of letters sent to Virginia by her readers, compliments on her writing slip into praises of her person.<sup>1</sup> A woman writes to her that she stayed up all night reading *Orlando*. Another that her "use of words is like water in a *thirsty* land." Another that "for years I have been writing you letters in my mind," that *Orlando* seems to have been written "for me alone" even though the reader's friends feel the same way. You can imagine the words being spoken in whispered, breathy tones. They're kind of horny, and she kept them.

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<sup>1</sup> Beth Rigel Daugherty, "You see you kind of belong to us, and what you do matters enormously": letters from readers to Virginia Woolf." *Woolf Studies Annual*, vol. 12, (2006).

*this cloud*

In a video on YouTube by the National Trust of Great Britain, vignettes of Virginia's house in Rodmell are interrupted by clips of the sky above her garden. A sky is, to some extent, anonymous. The particularities of her home and her objects are set against the blankness of a blue expanse, the only hint that this sky belongs to her garden in particular are the branches of her apple trees entering the frame, and even then, apple trees grow everywhere.

There is a man on YouTube who can see an image of bare ground in a screenshot from Google Earth and determine where it is.<sup>2</sup> There is a story by Jorge Luis Borges where a society values accuracy in mapmaking so much that the map grows until it is the same scale as the land it represents.<sup>3</sup> There are projects that map the night sky and show how many of its permanent fixtures are in fact slippery interlopers.<sup>4</sup> But the daytime sky does not have the texture and specificity of the earth and it does not carry the directional signposts of night.

The novel where Virginia Woolf writes most about the sky is *The Waves*,  
*titled The Moths in earlier drafts.*

In it, the progression of the sun across the sky over the course of a single day sets the pace for a narrative that charts the lives – from childhood to old age – of her six cacophonous narrators. In the early morning, Susan looks up at the light dancing between the branches of trees as if she is underwater. At noon, the seventh heroic figure whose monologue we never hear dies, thrown by a horse. As evening sets, half-light shields lovers. And in the

night, Bernard, old, alone, and unvanquished, enters “a sea that is indistinguishable from the sky.”<sup>5</sup>

The sky and its light play a place-making role here, letting us know where in the story we are. But why the sky, and what does it say? Movies start and end there, the camera pointed at the heavens and panning downwards (beginning) or taking the opposite trajectory (conclusion), like the sky is what we must travel through to land in a place, and once the narrative is over, what we must leave through. We, in this case, are the omnipotent eye of the camera, only alighting briefly to take in some story before returning to our lofty place of detachment.

According to Ad Reinhardt, people in art are not people and things in art are not things. However, a sky in art is still a sky, words are still words, and writing is still writing. There seems to be some truth in this.

If a sky cannot tell us where we are geographically, it can tell us where we are in time, and this is still a place. The sky in *The Waves* also tells us we are in the mind of a writer who thought the sky was worth mentioning, worth using as a narrative device. The sky in the YouTube video tells us we are in a garden that invites looking upwards as well as outwards. And it's also an empty blue expanse. It's a signifier and it isn't.

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2 Trevor Rainbolt, *geoguessr pros take the impossible test*, YouTube, January 4, 2024, video, 30:45, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BolBrzc2xsk>

3 Jorge Luis Borges, “On Exactitude in Science,” in *A Universal History of Infamy*, trans. Borman Thomas di Giovanni (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1972), 131.

4 See Trevor Paglen's project *The Other Night Sky* (ongoing) in particular.

5 Virginia Woolf, *The Waves* (London: Vintage Books, 2004), 199.

*[plastic mesh, woven digital prints on bond paper, turned wood, steel, glazed porcelain, sandbags, digital prints on vellum, found prints, ribbon, stickers, glass beads, fishing line]*

*To take these strips of sky and weave them, to make the atmosphere solid, to use it to create privacy (but the kind of privacy that only hides kisses and secrets, like the privacy of evening) and set the scene. To suggest that this house or this computer screen or whatever is a stage and that by focusing/unfocusing our eye on the sky in just the right way, when we are dropped back down from it, we might alight near her.*

We can think about seeing in different ways. In one version, the eye is the illuminator of the world. It beams outwards, casting rays of seeing from it and making the world visible.<sup>6</sup> This does not explain shadows. Or: switch the direction around and have objects projecting themselves at our eye, which means they are being torn in many different directions. Alternatively again: think of it in terms of light instead of objects doing the throwing (accepted model) and all empty space becomes an active field of light hurling itself towards every available eye.

The first and second models imply that if we were to close our eyes, this movement would stop and the substance that is seeing would cease to exist. Alternatively, Goethe writes of the distant blue sky and its blueness “we love to contemplate [...], not because it advances to us, but because it draws us after it.”<sup>7</sup>

Sometimes I can convince myself that instead of many layers, the world is made up of an impossibly dense and impenetrable substance. Like a photograph brings together panes of being into a single image, consolidating a scene into a set.<sup>8</sup> Then the trees exist in the same plane as the sky behind them.

Another sky thing, and a thing that transverses planes: in *Between the Acts*, Virginia’s final novel, the action follows a play being staged on the grounds of a manor. The play is being put on outdoors and it is threatening to rain. Weather interferes with the action, which traces a history of England in three eras, all as present-day war is threatening Europe. The looming sky is and is not part of the official set but it informs the experience of the play. And meanwhile, characters remark on the presence of swallows, which fly in and out of the scene. At times they function as intentional set dressing, seeming to dance to the music or gliding appropriately above the surface of a painted pond, and at others they break the illusion (“real swallows,” Woolf writes on four different occasions.)<sup>9</sup> In other words, they take turns signifying different things. They are a sign of the play and they are a sign of the not-play, the break in the illusion.

*[privacy window film in ‘smoke’]*

*Here, in my own play, which takes place in a personal residence, signage is not permitted. Nothing can give away that what is happening inside is art and not life. However, silhouettes of birds on the windows, marking the presence of the glass and warning animals not to crash into it, are cryptic enough as to be allowed.*

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6 Anne Carson, *Autobiography of Red*, (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 2016), 148.

7 Johan Wolfgang von Goethe, *Theory of Colour*, trans. Charles Lock Eastlake (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press), 311.

8 See Denis Bablet, *The Revolutions of Stage Design in the 20th Century* (Paris: Leon Amiel, 1977) for more on how this plays out in Russian Constructivist set design.

9 Virginia Woolf, *Between the Acts* (Orlando, Florida: Harcourt Inc, 2008), 112, 112, 118, 124.

Swallows, like an untethered signifier, really do refuse to be grounded. During their migrations they can fly for months at a time without rest. Once we thought they went to nest on the moon.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Alexander Lee, "The Great Migration Mystery," in *History Today*, vol 70, no. 5 (May 2020).



*this crust*

I am very aware that when I interact with Virginia, I am meeting her in two dimensions instead of three. On a page, her words form a surface (or a series of surfaces if met in a book) and on a screen, the objects in her home become skins of their dimensional things. I would like to handle them but actually, I can only see a single side of their surface at any one moment, even thinner than the page of a book. There are times, especially in the videos of her house where I would like to pivot the camera a little bit more, to see more of the space that appears only in illusion. In this digital environment, the shells of things are peeled off from their forms and reassembled in a dioramic approximation of space.

Hito Steyerl's poor image is sort of like this. When she calls it a copy in motion, she's talking about the scooting an image does as it crawls the internet, but there is a double moving in the still of a video.<sup>11</sup> The camera's blur is frozen at a single instant, the motion that causes it becoming part of the quality of the represented objects. The camera lens struggling to achieve the right exposure balance too, produces versions of these objects that are blown out.



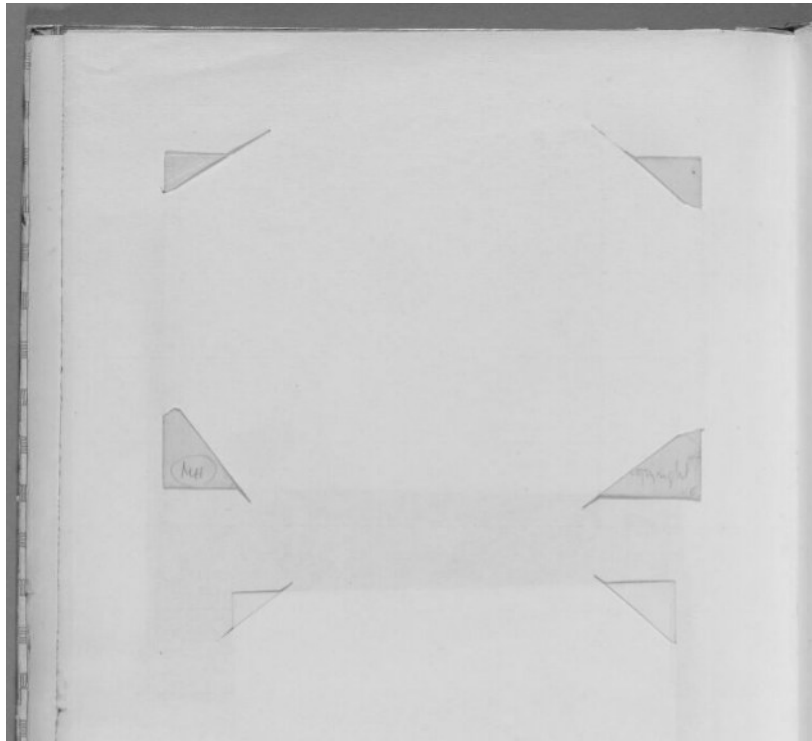
The poor image “transforms quality into accessibility, exhibition value into cult value, films into clips.”<sup>12</sup> It has a lack of resolution, as in, it is unresolved and multiple, with enough haziness to be ambiguous and compelling. In these videos, which carry the signatures of the mediums that recorded them, Woolf's home exists in different times, indicated by changes in image quality and aspect ratios. Six albums of photos, in which the house plays a supporting role, appearing as the background to photos of people sitting in it, are digitized by the Harvard Library.<sup>13</sup> Patti Smith visited and took Polaroids of artifacts. These skins form layers, like paint in an often-painted room.

*[digital prints on polyester film, tracing paper, glass]*

*There is a teacup on the mantle of the fireplace of Virginia's room. And there is a teacup on the mantle of the fireplace of Virginia's room. Then, there is a teacup on the mantle of the fireplace of Virginia's room. Here is a teacup on the mantle of the fireplace of Virginia's room. Also, there is a teacup on the mantle of the fireplace of Virginia's room. Here again is a teacup on the mantle of the fireplace of Virginia's room. I'm not sure how long it has been there.*

11 Hito Steyerl, *in Defense of the Poor Image*, in *e-flux*, no. 10 (November 2009).  
12 *Ibid.*

13 Virginia Woolf, *Monk's House Photograph Album*, 1890 to 1947. Available via Harvard Library.



The transformation of these crusts (surfaces) into structures is lossy and imprecise. There is a program I used years ago that takes a two-dimensional image and attempts to extrapolate a volume from it. I was using it mostly with images of marble busts, but no matter the features of the carved face, the object the software produced was more or less the same, as the program struggled to translate changes in tone into changes in form. Noses were annihilated. Hair took the form of helmets.

14 Anne Boyer, *Garments Against Women* (Boise, Idaho: Ahsakta Press, 2015), 25.

15 But these digital images are real too, are physical. There are cathode ray televisions into whose matter CCTV images of IRA prisoners on hunger strike have been burned (see Susan Schuppli, *Material Witness*, 1994). I didn't know this could happen now, but I have had my phone for so long that a ghostly image of its keyboard remains on the screen even when I'm not using it, visible especially when

A textile is a complicated thing because it is both flat and dimensional. A piece of clothing is a miraculous transformation of flat pieces of fabric, sewn and darted together to encompass and encounter a three-dimensional body in motion.<sup>14</sup> A quilt is meant to wrap around the body – when it lies flat there is something unnatural about it, like a poorly rendered pattern failing to adhere to its object. Or it becomes like floor.

*[cotton, embroidery floss, quilt batting, yarn, fake pearls, second-hand books]*

*In tourist cities, people selling knock-off designer handbags use tarps or blankets to protect their wares and delineate their stores. A flat textile “holds” things, which in this context means that it exists underneath them. A textile can wrap around something like a burrito. A gift may be given in a folded-up square of cloth in lieu of wrapping paper. Smocking is a way to help a textile drape a complicated object, creating flexibility without the use of elastics to produce a garment with responsive stretchiness. It also creates tiny pockets in which to keep things.*

When I look at Virginia's house (online<sup>15</sup>) and the things I've made in response to it, to in a way displace her home to where I am and reside in it a little, I wonder if I'm just trying to get closer to her. Touch, in some way, the things that she touched. The things I've made are all mutations. They're not replicas because that would feel cheap, like how a real connoisseur can always tell that a knockoff is a knockoff. Like there is something of the aura

the screen is white. I wonder how long another image would have to remain on my screen in order to become a part of it, and what kind of image this would be – a bas relief? And if it was Virginia's face?

in the authentic article that the replica cannot hold but if I make another thing altogether, not a poor copy but something that is its own object with its own essence, maybe that's a way of getting around the frustrating singularity and farness of her.

*this doubt*

During my first year here in Montréal, I made work about Sappho. I read multiple translations of her poems and in one of the collections, there were these single-word fragments. These were poems that had been so eroded by time that only one word remained, cushioned by empty space. It doesn't seem entirely right that a word can be attributed to an author and called a poem. What kind of poem is "celery" or "channel"?

(Perhaps "celery" as a poem could be a stalk suspended by a silk thread into a glass jar of ultra-saline water until the entire thing becomes crystalized, as in sweat. *The Greeks made crowns of celery to award winners of sporting events.* And channel, the audio of the first transmission from outer space, which happens to be from Venus. *Our planets being names for gods.*)

Poetry is a way of shaking up language, making it play by a different set of rules. I recognize my definition of poetry sounds like word salad, a phenomenon that occurs sometimes in patients being treated for psychosis who speak but not according to the official grammar of their languages.<sup>16</sup> And yet, something is intelligible. Maybe poetry is in fact the language of politicians. Or artists. Poetry is probably not the language of writers of fine print, which cannot be slippery.

Anne Boyer writes: "the syntactical evidence of poetry without the frame of poetry is a crime that is much more than criminal. Or rather, if it is not in the frame of poetry, poetic syntax is evidence, mostly, of having no sense."<sup>17</sup>

Vita Sackville-West, Virginia's lover and also a writer, sends her this letter which does language and its limits very well:

I composed a beautiful letter to you in the sleepless nightmare hours of the night, and it has all gone: I just miss you, in a quite simple desperate human way. You, with all your un-dumb letters, would never write so elementary phrase as that; perhaps you wouldn't even feel it. And yet I believe you'll be sensible of a little gap. But you'd clothe it in so exquisite a phrase that it would lose a little of its reality. Whereas with me it is quite stark: I miss you even more than I could have believed; and I was prepared to miss you a good deal. So this letter is just really a squeal of pain.<sup>18</sup>

*[second-hand book, flowers from the corner,  
ephemera]*

*Language, when it fails to communicate articulately, does something else. In my copy of Mrs. Dalloway – the one I actually read – a flower marks the place of every flower. There is also a postcard in it, used to mark my place, that says, among other things, "I said your name aloud today," and the your means mine. Mrs. Dalloway is sometimes simply Dalloway, once or twice Mrs. Richard Dalloway, most often Clarissa, but the only you in the book is me. Mrs. Dalloway and Peter Walsh are meant to be but never get together and this, not picking up flowers for a party, is part*

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16 Siri Hustvedt, interview by Claire Maniez, September 19, 2017, transcript, *Transatlantica*.

17 Anne Boyer, *Garments Against Women*, 18.

18 Amnesty International UK, *Jodie Comer reads a love letter from Vita Sackville-West to Virginia Woolf*, YouTube, July 6, 2020, video, 3:15.

*of the novel's main conflict: what is versus what  
could be.*

A friend who is reading *The Waves* tells me they're having a weird time with it and I try to describe the way to read it, which is that you have to go quickly, letting it wash over you without trying to figure out word for word what's happening. There will be times when a new voice starts speaking and at the beginning you won't know them well enough to tell them apart, but then you will learn their cadence. Think of a popular dating show where contestants are asked to fall in love without seeing each other, and the awkwardness when one misrecognizes the voice of another.

To be washed over, to be swept away by a text. The words we use for this kind of reading are watery. To allow the text to crash into you like waves. One summer I read Clarice Lispector's *The Passion According to GH*, in which the narrator finds a cockroach, half-mangled and seeping, and by autumn, my apartment was infested with them. In the novel, time ebbs and flows: becomes granular as the narrator looks at the cockroach and considers licking it, and then grows immense as she ponders the relentlessness of this insect, which has persisted for millennia. I, faced with an extermination notice after reading this book, have this nagging thought that I brought it on myself.

*[two CMYK photo lithographs, cherry]*

*Less dramatically: for three and a half months I commute between Oshawa and Toronto and almost every day I take photos on my phone of the swans in Lake Ontario through the train window. Then one day on the train Virginia says that "the words made two rings, perfect rings, that floated them,*

*herself and Haines, like two swans down stream. But his snow-white breast was circled with a tangle of dirty duckweed; and she too, in her webbed feet was entangled, by her husband, the stockbroker."*<sup>19</sup> *And suddenly the photos and my reason for taking them make sense, just in the wrong order.*

There's this porous edge when you're reading. Anne Carson writes about the trauma of learning to read.<sup>20</sup> We don't think of it like this, but it is traumatic to go from being immersed in the world, responsive to its atonal symphony of sensory stimuli, to being immersed in a page and shutting the rest of it all out. Or to look at marks on a page and learn that somehow, they represent a sliding slippery version of the world. Seeing a swan on a train and seeing a swan on a train, as it were. Carson focuses on this in one direction: the outside world impinging on the quiet solitude of the literary one. But what about the other way around, the words on the page becoming real, if only in the way that they direct our attention. The photos I have of swans exist and make sense and are transformed from blurry cellphone photos to full colour lithographs because of Virginia and her words. Lispector might not be the reason I got cockroaches but it's possible that her book could be, their eggs stowing away between the pages of my copy, picked up in a thrift store.

*[spotted lantern flies, sticky traps]*

*In 1947 a glitch was solved by pulling a moth from a computer.<sup>21, 22</sup> That's why we call them that: bugs. In New Jersey, there is this beautiful bug (not a moth but how I wish it was!) that is killing everything. We find them dead or almost dead and*

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19 Virginia Woolf, *Between the Acts*, 4.

20 Anne Carson, *Eros the Bittersweet* (Princeton: Dalkey Archive Press, 2015), 83.

21 Susan Schuppli, *Of Mice Moths and Men Machines*, in *Cosmos and History: The Journal of Natural and Social Philosophy* 4, (2008), 287.

22 This moth was displayed in Virginia (the place).

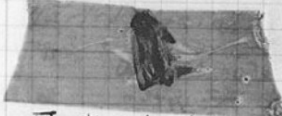
I pack them up in a box to take home with me and I  
tear off their wings.

9/9

0800 Antan started  
1000 " stopped - antan ✓  
1300 (032) MP-MC 1.58249000 { 1.2700 9.037 847 025  
(033) PRO 2 2.130476415 2.130476415 9.037 846 995 correct  
2.130476415 4.615925059(-2)  
2.130676415  
correct

Relays 6-2 in 033 failed special speed test  
in relay 11.000 test.

Relays changed  
1100 Started Cosine Tape (Sine check)  
1525 Started Multi-Adder Test.

1545  Relay #70 Panel F  
(moth) in relay.

1615/1630 antan started.  
1700 closed down.

First actual case of bug being found.

order to understand them, but to sit in the pleasure of not understanding and the knowledge that still I understand them as well as they would ever be understood by anyone. There is an alternative invitation to perpetuate the motion of an unstable-unknowable text, to mimic its flow instead of making it watertight, to “speak ‘in’ it, in its fashion, enter into a desperate plagiarism, hysterically affirm the void of bliss.”<sup>23</sup>

If there are blissful and pleasurable texts, then there may also be blissful and pleasurable readings. If Virginia writes a novel that is strange and disorienting, I, as a reader, can only be correct in my uncertainty. If Vita writes a love letter to Virginia and I read it instead, I become Virginia.

Approaching Virginia is more daunting than making work about Sappho. There is no way to say, “no, that’s wrong, you misunderstood that,” about the interpretation of a single word. With Virginia there is too much. In Concordia’s library, books on her span multiple bays. People have written about her relationship to cinema, to quantum physics, to feminism. Her works are introduced sometimes by *multiple* prefaces and taught by distinguished scholars and are riddled with footnotes.

As far as I know, no one has written anything about Sappho’s Fragment 188 (“mythweaver”).

But maybe proficiency and complete understanding doesn’t have to be the goal. When I made work about Sappho’s single word fragments it was not in

23 Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1998), 22.

*this dust*

Fleshy petals of flowers, given enough time, turn to dust when you pass them between your fingers. Like Virginia when she delivered her lecture on how a room and a stipend are necessary for women making art, tulips are not available to me. It is not springtime. For both of us, it is fall and though she dares not “forfeit your respect and imperil the fair name of fiction by changing the season and describing lilacs hanging over garden walls, crocuses, tulips and other flowers of spring,” I am comfortable taking liberties.<sup>24</sup>



A tulip plays a part in the 1992 adaptation of *Orlando* where Tilda Swinton, playing the titular role, is sent to be the British ambassador to Constantinople and is told to bring tulips. We see her tulip when she arrives, wilted and pathetic. This tulip does not exist in the book and I wonder how it made its way into the film, and why. Tulips have a fascinating political and economical history. They are speculative, as in, when the first tulip boom happened, tulip bulbs were sold at extravagant prices before they ever

existed (stocks). They are also speculative in a smaller way, the way that anything resembling an onion and thrust into the earth in November in order to bloom in May must be.

*[pencil and holes on Stonehenge, ash, buckets of  
sweet relish]*

*In the 1900s, William and Elsie Dykes made tulips.<sup>25</sup> They spliced, forced, and documented the flowers that never existed before them and in 2023 I spent a couple days with the book they made, containing lithographs of Elsie's paintings. I scanned them, edited out the backgrounds, printed them onto acetate, shipped them to Toronto, where they were placed in a lightbox and the ink eventually peeled from the plastic.*

Things are preserved and they change. Flowers that have long since turned to dust exist as paintings, lithographs, digital scans, prints on plastic substrate, graphite drawings, and holes. The vases in Virginia's house, 80 years after her death, are full of flowers and so is her garden. Her house is not empty and the furniture is not shrouded.

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24 Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, Project Gutenberg, 14.

25 William Dykes and Elsie Dykes, *Notes on Tulip Species* (London: H. Jenkins, 1930).

*[everything]*

*So with this house that is hers but also isn't, full of sky, its doors locked and no mattresses at all, these stray airs bluster in, brush bare boards, nibble and fan, meet nothing in either room that wholly resists them but only blankets that flap, wood that creaks, the bare legs of the immovable piano, a teacup eight-times furred, tarnished, cracked. What people had shed and left – a love letter, pearls, an eggshell, a receipt – those keep the human shape and in the emptiness, indicate how once they may be animated – how once hands were busy with pencils and needles; how once the phone screen beheld a face. Now, day after day for a week only, light turns, like a flower reflected in water, its image inverted so that the bulb hovers above the clouds and its flower is flattened, petals spread, frottaged against the floor. Birds, stilled in their flight and smoke-clear, make a soft spot flutter slowly across the floor.<sup>26</sup>*

Virginia (or Isabella) waited for a rhyme and I offer one to her:

this rose, this rust  
this moth, this must  
this grouse, this gust  
this loss, this lust

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<sup>26</sup> This entire paragraph is a re-write of a passage in *To The Lighthouse*, where England is at war, the summer house is empty, and time passes. See Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse* (London: Granada Publishing Limited, 1982), 120.





*this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust* is an exhibition of work about my obsession with Virginia Woolf, her novels, and her home. It consists of:

swallows in the window, which signify and do not signify this show the same way as the swallows in *Between the Acts* signify and do not signify the stage of an outdoor play

two drawings of Virginia, one where she is overexposed and unrecognizable and one where she is underexposed and unrecognizable

a privacy screen for kissing made from woven skies – from her garden and from films she inspired  
and one for lying down

two staged fireplaces, vaguely different, containing screenshots from *Orlando*, lithographs of swans, and a single teacup seen in dozens of tourist photos, wedged between glass and propped up on a water-rounded brick

quilts smocked and holding a growing collection of her novels, found in second-hand stores (and one published by Hogarth Press)

fly traps with captured spotted lantern flies, collected in New Jersey, as an homage to academics, who must point out that *The Waves* was originally titled *The Moths*

a drawing of tulips (out of season) based on flowers that a man spliced and his wife painted

a copy of *Mrs. Dalloway* where every flower is marked with a flower

All documentation is courtesy of B. Brookbank.



*this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust*, 2024  
installation view



*this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust, 2024*  
installation view



*untitled (fakes and knock-offs)*, 2024  
smocked quilt, second-hand books, bag of stars, pearls, ephemera  
80" x 96"



*untitled (fakes and knock-offs)*, 2024, detail  
smocked quilt, second-hand books, bag of stars, pearls, ephemera  
80" x 96"



*untitled (fakes and knock-offs)*, 2024, detail  
smocked quilt, second-hand books, bag of stars, pearls, ephemera  
80" x 96"



*untitled (Virginia and Leonard and maybe their dog), 2024*  
graphite on Stonehenge, upholstery nails, end pages of *The Waves*  
10" x 12"





*untitled (Virginia and Leonard and their dog), 2024, detail*  
graphite on Stonehenge, upholstery nails, end pages of *The Waves*  
10" x 12"



*untitled (real swallows!), 2024, detail*  
privacy film in 'smoke', window  
dimensions variable



*untitled (real swallows!)*, 2024, detail  
privacy film in 'smoke', window  
dimensions variable



*untitled (originally called The Moths), 2024, detail*  
fly trap, spotted lantern flies  
1" x 1" x 12"



*this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust, 2024*  
installation view



*untitled (is this a worthy topic?)*, 2024  
digital prints on paper, wax, flowers  
24" x 18"



*swans, or, causality in reverse*, 2024, detail  
CMYK photo lithograph, cherry, mahogany  
12.5" x 17"

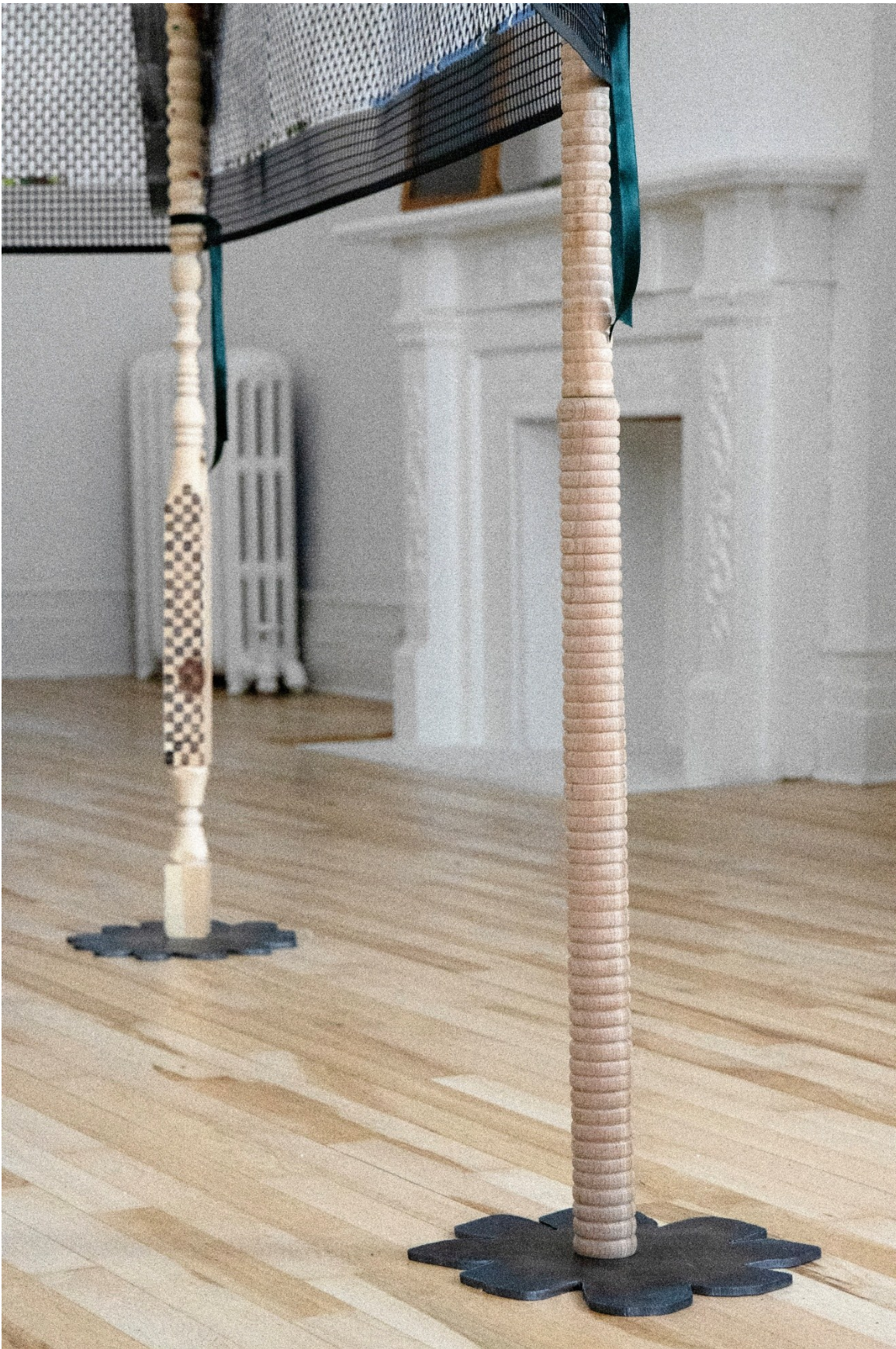


*privacy screen for kissing, 2024*

digital prints on bond paper of Virginia Woolf's skies (woven), plastic gardening mesh, turned pine, cedar, and cherry, steel, porcelain, ribbon, vellum, stickers, glass beads

180" x 74" x 12"





*privacy screen for kissing*, 2024, detail  
digital prints on bond paper of Virginia Woolf's skies (woven), plastic gardening mesh, turned pine, cedar, and cherry,  
steel, porcelain, ribbon, vellum, stickers, glass beads  
180" x 74" x 12"



*untitled (Virginia?)*, 2024  
graphite on Stonehenge, end pages from *The Waves*, found digital print, upholstery nails  
8" x 9"



*untitled (fakes and knock-offs II)*, 2024  
smocked quilt, second-hand books, yarn  
dimensions variable



*untitled (fakes and knock-offs II)*, 2024, detail  
smocked quilt, second-hand books, woven yarn  
dimensions variable



*this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust, 2024*  
installation view



*swans, or, causality in reverse II, 2024*  
CMYK lithograph, cherry, mahogany  
12.5" x 17"



*the same, over and over, 2024*  
digital prints on polyester film, glass, tracing paper, waterworn brick



*untitled (is this a worthy topic? II)*, 2024  
digital prints on paper  
8" x 18"





*this cloud, this crust, this doubt, this dust, 2024*  
installation view



*privacy screen for lying down, 2024, detail*  
digital prints on bond paper, plastic gardening mesh, turned cedar and pine, mdf, acrylic paint  
120" x 40" x 12"



*sweet relish*, 2024  
graphite and holes on Stonehenge, ash, buckets of sweet relish  
drawing is 48" x 40"



*sweet relish*, 2024, detail  
graphite and holes on Stonehenge, ash, buckets of sweet relish  
drawing is 48" x 40"



*sweet relish*, 2024  
graphite and holes on Stonehenge, ash, buckets of sweet relish  
drawing is 48" x 40"