
Senior Projects Spring 2020

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

Spring 2020

Little Piles Everywhere

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Bard College

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Recommended Citation

Turok, Sophie, "Little Piles Everywhere" (2020). *Senior Projects Spring 2020*. 261.
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Little Piles Everywhere

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of the Arts of Bard College

by
Sophie Turok

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May 2020



Dear Everyone,

Thank you for coming to this Zoom. I'm sorry you all had to cancel your Airbnbs. Actually today on the phone today my Mom told me that she never booked one. But it's good that we can celebrate here together. Yesterday, I got a text from my Grandma that said "Do you know where I should be?" I also got one from my other Grandma that said, "Missing the weekend that was supposed to be!" My Dad told me he got a notification for my show on his laptop, just a little dingy and he started to cry. Then when he told me that I started to cry.



I have been thinking about a lot of musicals and I just learned the word “continuity.” When I was younger I watched *Singin’ in the Rain* all the time. Recently I watched *An American in Paris* and I like when Gene Kelly does the really wide steps. But I wanted to have a show today to try and have continuity. I don’t think it’s tricking myself. I’m writing this speech the night before. It seems like a good way to up the stakes for a show only I will attend in real life. But I actually feel really nervous like I’m going to have a show tomorrow. Even though I am not. Having continuity is a way that we can accept what is happening right now and not accept it at the same time.

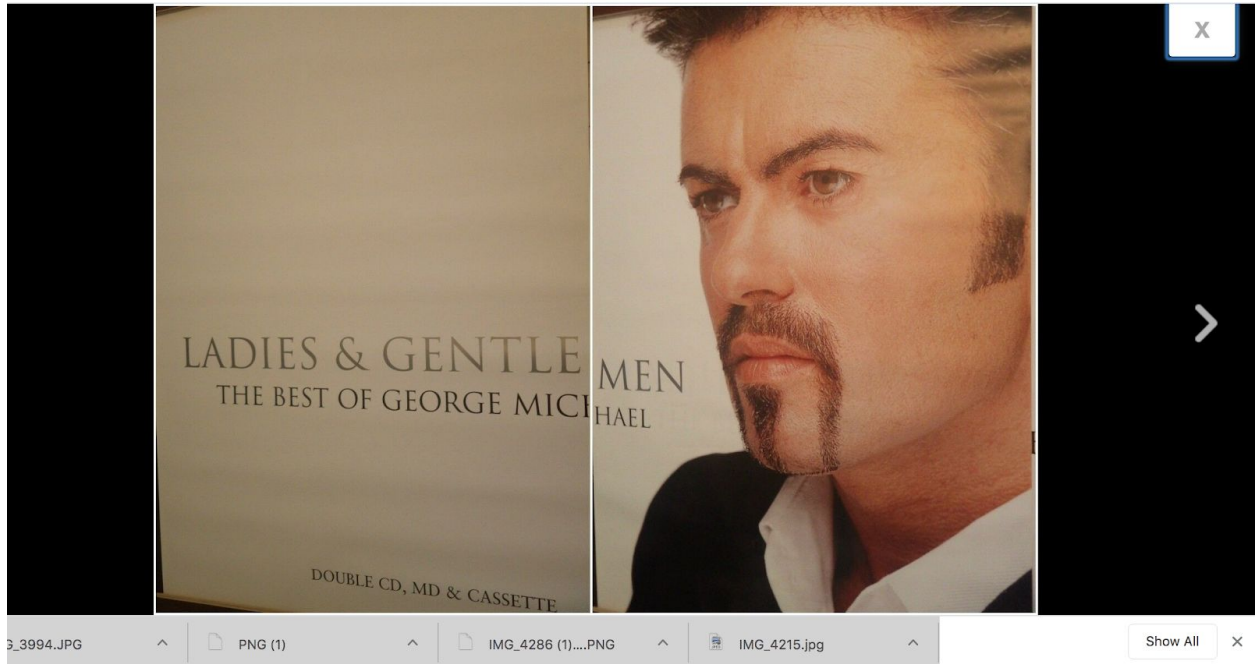


Brice Marden at his studio in Tivoli, N.Y., with one of his new calligraphic paintings-in-progress. "I'm trying to break my own rules," he says about his experiments using the color white. Brice Marden/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Lauren Lancaster for The New York Times

I am thinking about what Myra told Rob and Ken when they said they didn't like going to Hebrew school. She said that not liking it is a part of it. On Wednesday I went to two Passovers. At the end of the seder there's a part about helping others where they say, "If not me who, if not now when?" That was something I thought I could name my show. Last year I lived across from this church in the house where the nuns used to live and Brice Marden the painter just bought the church and also the parking lot across from it. I really wanted to have my show in the parking lot. Brice is going to turn the church into a community art center. I thought I could call my parking lot show Sophie Turok at the Brice Marden Community Art Center.



Since quarantine started, my Mom's childhood babysitter, Kate Bernhard, keeps sending me these old photos of me when I was younger and my parents and their wedding and there's one of Carrie and Annie running through a field at a wedding in the sun with so many people behind them that I also cried looking at that because I feel bad about all these wedding cancellations. Brenda says that the worst thing you can do is to get into a funk. She said that you have to do one good thing every day. It's best to talk to old people now because they have the best things to say. They are the funniest.



I love posters. I ordered this big poster of George Michael and kept it in my studio all year. It's a subway poster and so it's 60 inches long and 40 inches wide. Also it's made of two pieces so it's 80 inches wide in total. Recently I tore it up to make one of these drywall signs that says microphone and somehow it is the most pornographic looking thing I've ever made. Before, when I started to love posters and look at them to buy online I thought they were cool because it just seems like not as much happens now as when these posters were from but now I feel like the standard name, photo, venue date format is the most insane thing because literally nothing happens. It's not even an option. To make a poster now would be very radical. I tried to make a poster for my show but it was too much pressure. Part of the problem was that I never firmed up a name for the show. Originally after I read the book *Little Fires Everywhere* I thought the show should be called *Little Piles Everywhere* because I'm really messy.

Some other titles I was thinking of were:

All I know is that we saw each other in the park and we didn't say hi

Due to too many coats on the coat hanger and poor lighting, my show will be outside.

Vaseline is a good material nobody expects too much from it

A nice day for a prelim

Sift

Table chair window

If i had a printer

If I had a

Down by the

My little snowflake

I don't name I just list

Her project after

My mom says it should be called art for all

Again, imagine this parking lot is a place you would go and then get on a plane

Again, remember that you are always learning

Someone is gonna see me eating a rotisserie chicken in my car and say she's the one

Puzzle shelf

Yard Sale

July 21st is my 23rd birthday

Glitter order

Continuity in musicals

Don't come to my show

Why is no one wearing a mask

More people should start wearing masks

If not me who if not now when

Don't worry we're live

Live walkthrough

Shift sideways

Watch out! There's a squirrel on the roof

I love my friends

Do you know where I am supposed to be?

Imagine that the art is people instead

The real kicker is when you go from 10 to 11

No its when you go from 11 to 12

Omg i have so much energy i can't control

As a kid why would someone tell me to be the bigger person

A lot of popcorn with a little bit of grape juice



A lot of contemporary artists name their shows one sentence titles like *"Mugs and Mutts: Chicken Little was Right! The Sky is Falling!"* the cool thing about these titles is that it seems like someone might have just said that sentence a few days before their show and then it just clicked for them suddenly. Still hasn't happened exactly like that for me.



I guess those titles are found, but finding is much more complicated than just college students in the Hudson Valley going to the dump for materials. Don't forget how we all get our materials we copied, bought, traded for, wanted, used to want, were embarrassed by, are looking forward to, have always had, made from something we already had or recycled. Or the way things happen, there are many words for that like

1. It came up
2. It came to pass
3. Then I realized
4. Pretending to not know someone's name and delaying before pretending to remember and then saying, "*Oh Right!*"
5. I looked up
6. I don't really believe in things being completely random. Things percolate. If I could make one more sign it would say percolate.



I think it should be known that at one point I thought my show would be a garage sale. I wrote a paper this year on Martha Rosler's garage sale which is a piece that she does at museums by request. She did it at the MoMA and she convinced me that this was my calling too. One of my plans for my show at one point was to cut a hole between the wall of my studio and the exhibition space outside and have the garage sale be in my studio through the window. I found out that all you need to do to cut a hole in the wall is to get a boxcutter and just go over the shape you want over and over and it will just loosen up. Can you believe that? Anyway, I'm just mentioning this to highlight that things change, they can and do.



Life is about materials of the every day and so is art. Words are materials of the everyday, too. When I imagine “Little Piles Everywhere” I imagine that the work I make is made out of the stuff that sits in the piles and sifts to the bottom over time. Time rules the little piles, creating the conditions for their existence. The piles form sedimentary layers and solidify over time. I think this is a lot like recycling but can’t say exactly how.



As you know I am not having a show that you are at. I'm also not having a public show because the mayor of Tivoli (where I live) just sent around an email saying that the fine for not properly social distancing or holding a gathering of more than six has been increased from 500 dollars to 1,000 and it would be weird to have to explain to the police that the reason you are violating social distancing is to promote your own art. I am not sad about not having a show. I don't even know if I'm sad that you guys can't see the show because I don't even know if I get the work but mostly I'm just sad that I don't get to see any of you.

Anyway, the moral of the story is if not me who if not now when. I'm glad I learned the word continuity and I'm thinking of everyone often.