

*Dash - - - Sunspot - - - Stitch - - -*

A solo drawing exhibition

Hannah Möller

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**Woven dashes 2023 ( 30ft ladder view )**  
Unfired clay  
Dimensions vary



**Woven dashes 2023**  
Unfired clay  
Dimensions vary



**Sunspot stain 2023**  
Paper, acrylic, string  
Dimensions vary



**Projecting sunspot 2023**  
Paper, pastel, mixed media  
Dimensions vary

**Perforated Sky 2023**  
Paper, acrylic, string  
Dimensions vary



**Perforated Sky 2023**  
Paper, acrylic, string  
Dimensions vary

CATCHING A SUNSPOT  
WITH A STITCH

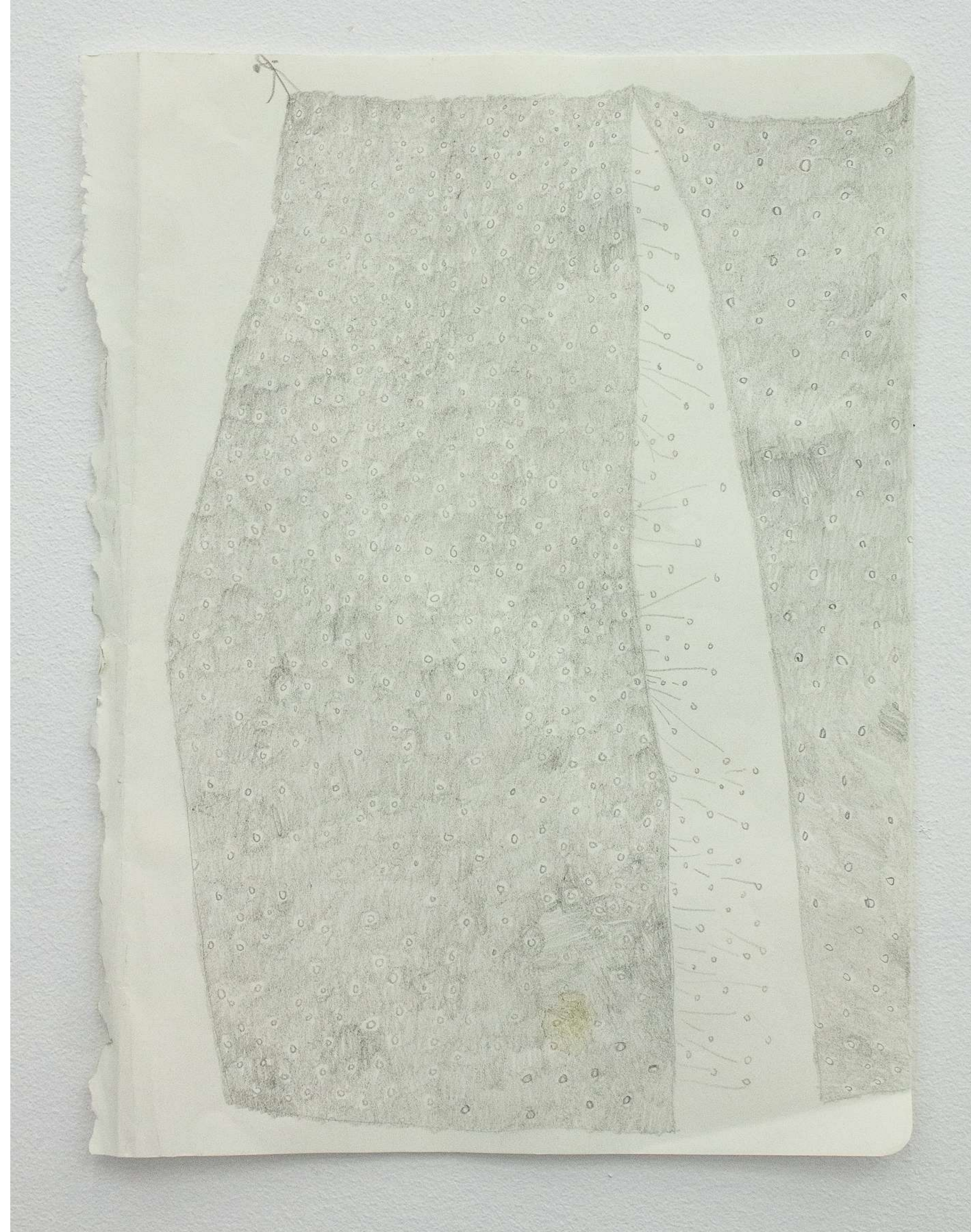


**Hypothetical sunspots 2023**  
graphite, colored pencil, mixed media  
Dimensions vary



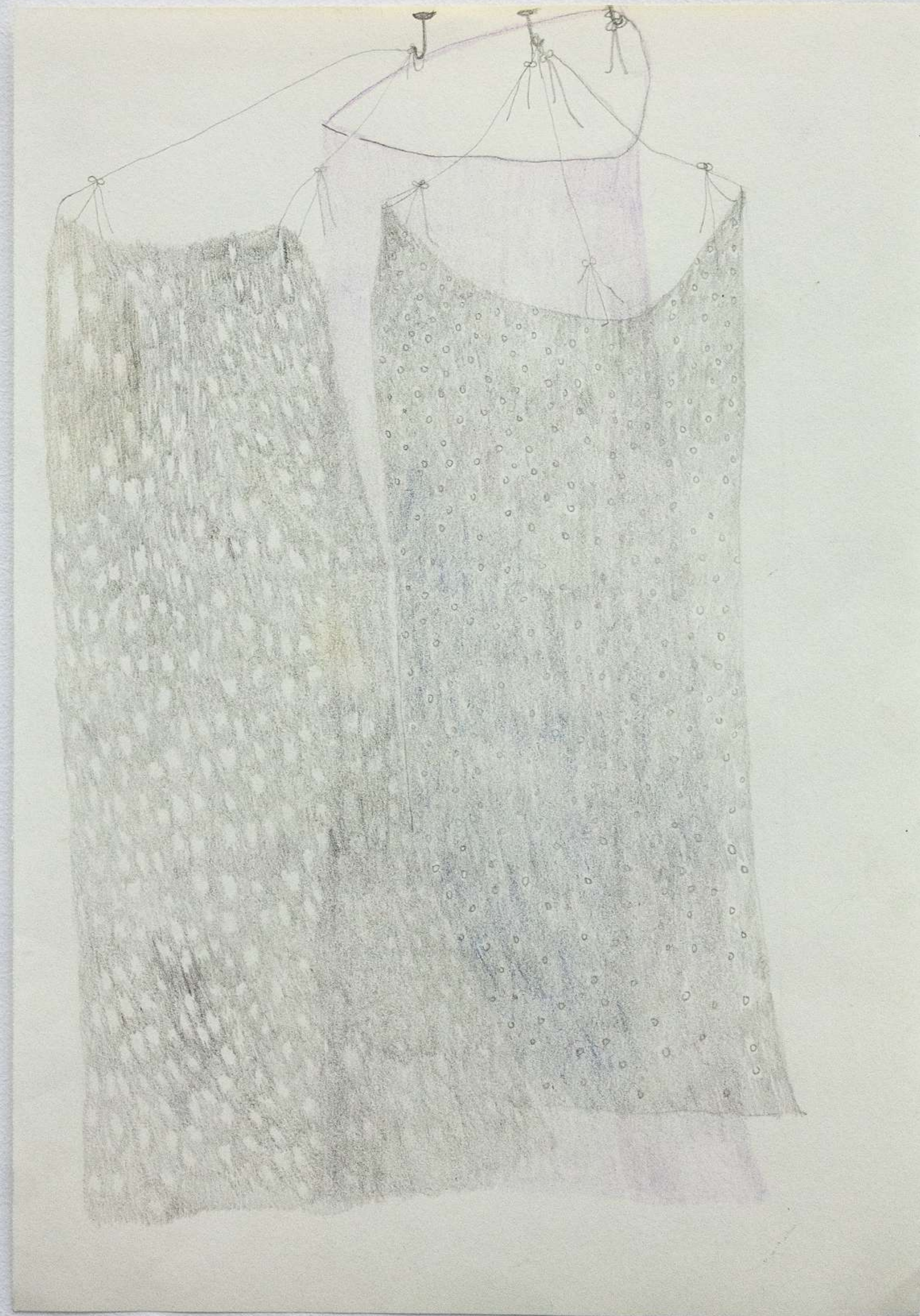


**Hypothetical sunspots 2023**  
Graphite, paper  
Dimensions vary

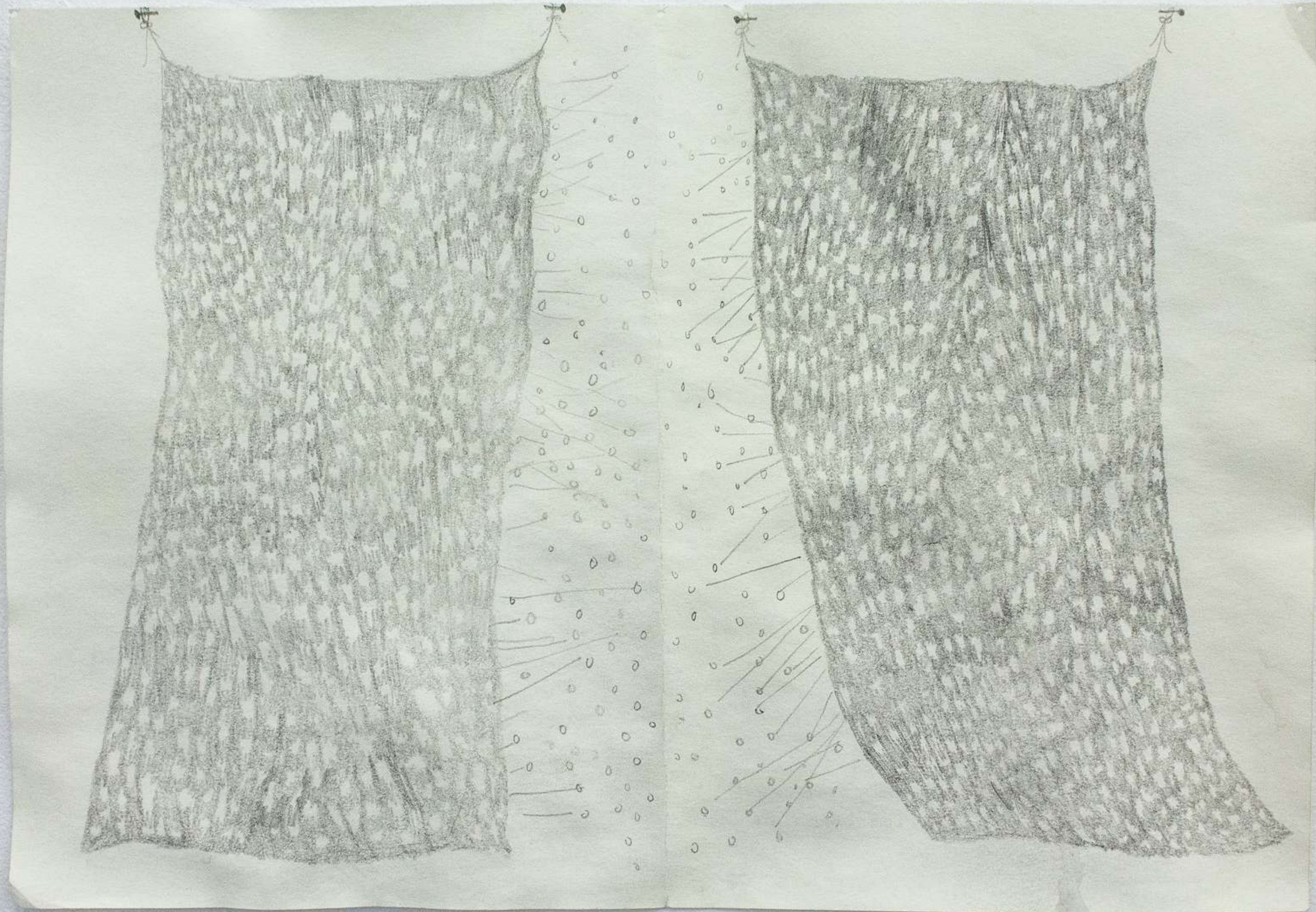


**Hypothetical sunspots 2023**

Graphite, paper  
Dimensions vary



**Hypothetical sunspots 2023**  
Graphite, colored pencil, paper  
Dimensions vary



**Hypothetical sunspots 2023**  
Graphite  
Dimensions vary

Millions of tinier particles....

Smoke covered the sun yesterday and I wondered who all I was breathing in,

My head feels heavy.

Incapable of leaving this seance.

I draw with crystals, make dashes from dust, stitch with neon nylon, layer layers of acrylic, and poke holes in paper so the work can breathe.

*Dash, Sunspot, Stitch*

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March 21 2023

My head tilts upward and my face cuts from my neck.

A floating hourglass shape is shown to me on the ceiling of the planetarium.  
It is the hypothetical cut-out shape that makes up all of our known planets, stars and galaxies...

Am I a floating cut-out? -----

The telescope protrudes to the sky.

I wanted to look through the telescope, but the staff said we wouldn't be able to see anything because of the rain. I dont believe them.

My neon wristband cut in two sits on my nightstand. I was told if I were to bring it back on a clear night that I could look through the telescope.

Little do they know... My wristband cut in two transcended me through the telescope in my dreams.

Everything the staff did not want me to see, I transcribed in my artworks.

Dust filled dashes collide, lost solar flares hang from sunspots and trails of stitched string linger beneath my eyelids.

Acrylic flickers fly from the stems of my brushes,

cosmic micronic crystalline graphite draws sharpened strokes of silver sheen,

moths nibble on textiles and the holes make sunspots,

as fragments of the moon fall into crayon cuts.

I lean towards the Payne's gray paint and as I peel a layer off the cap, I begin peeling places.

Wait! I am not ready to drift off.

High carbon steel and synthetic neon nylon, stitch me back in place.

-----

How did I end up here

----- so aware of my transience and afraid.

*Foam Thoughts*, Dec 2021

...During an earthquake I never  
wanted to be in this one portion of San Francisco near Soma.  
It is all landfill  
extra-city  
human made.  
I was told when the ground shakes on that foundation  
it turns to liquid.  
Its manufactured that way  
to work  
survive  
to be "land"  
that is not.

-----  
*Projecting Capsules*, March 2021

my raft  
1. two foam twin beds  
2. small objects: molds and debris  
to help push the current  
3. lay film / separate levels ( like a 60's sunken-in living room)  
\*ride away\*  
much like the sheet of ice  
the creature disappeared on.  
Not substantial enough to sail.  
A floating lab table

a new creature dying/ or being born  
drifting  
slowly breaking apart  
Meaning  
something.

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It's happening!

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The earthquake hits, the land moves in waves and my memory foam raft holds my body in place. It's just as bad as I imagined.

My body and all that surrounds me turn into seas full of perforated edges. Cut. Cut. Cut. I try to hold something close and forget what I needed to remember to hold on to, the sun appears in the shadows and I realize I need to follow the spots.

Eyes tightly shut, the spots burn beneath my eyelids.

I see dashes made from cosmic clay strung together, showing me a possible route to follow. I undo the strands and lay each dash in a woven form to build a foundation. ( If the rain hits, maybe it will become a solid clay textile ) Each dash is hollow and shows me something different.

I shut my eyes tighter to see the formation and begin to see a shag carpet.

A dash rolls and it begins to act like a planchette on a giant Ouija board. Fumbling over unlevelled parts of ground.

What is it trying to tell me? I step closer and unconsciously step on a dash.

It turns to dust and the communication is lost. One of my stitches start to come un-done and I realize why,

-----

I am letting myself become lost in all the outcomes the artworks are showing me....  
When truly, in this fantasy each dash, sunspot, painted stain, and porous surface - is a stitch.

They are all the unsolved repetitions that I have committed!

Every motif and medium act as a marker for me to place myself.

Unprecious, haphazardly made - to live in a stitch is to live in a dash of dust, a crystal projecting different hues of color, a magnetic sunspot

----- The stitch is my mind moving with my body, trapezing on an elastic high wire.