

DEATH DRIVES A DRAGSTER

MARK SNYDER

INSTALLATION

2014





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WWW.MARKSNYDERART.COM



ARTIST STATEMENT

Violence begets calm

There are those in society who actively chase death. When pushing down the accelerator, the engine quickens, and an excitement flows through me. Advancing the throttle, sensing the tire's contact with the tarmac, I wonder how much more there is before the rubber loses grip with the road throwing me headlong into a wall or a grassy field. As the mechanicals whirl, I strain to hear if some hand-tweaked part of mine - or others - has reached its breaking point and will come hurtling through the firewall. As the risks grow my sensitivity becomes heightened, my touch becomes lighter and more in harmony with the machine, and the rest of the world recedes. It is in this place that the clamor of life is mollified, and a peacefulness steps in to fill the void.

I often say my works are designed from a sadist's point of view and executed from a masochist's state of mind. The sadist wants to destroy what is "known" and the masochist wants their known world shattered. By accepting violence as a tool in my service, I am at play in fields of pain. This destructive instrument offers me the opportunity to obliterate language and thus obfuscate preconceived knowledge. Injuries, carnage, and residue come to identify the places of trauma, presenting an opportunity for unfamiliar associations and new understanding. My work actively toils in pastures of pain, traumas, dangers and fears, while tinkering with the mechanics behind them. The works provide a surrogate for our dreams and failures, recognizing a need to escape a damaging psychological space into a temporary utopic or distopic other.



INTRODUCTION

At 15, I got my first job, at 16, I got my license, at 17, I bought my first car... it was a dragster...

The car was a 1965 Plymouth Satellite, American Muscle, with a 383-Commando motor modified for drag racing by nitrous lines, racing slicks, magnesium rims, traction bars, lift kits and a hood-scoop that could block out the sun. The motor had been pulled out and sold off but many of the racing components remained. The interior was in a rough and rusted state. However, peering through the muscular stance and competition gear I saw my opportunities, my pride and my escape. My father saw a worthless wreck and wanted it gone. I spent months restoring it back to its black leather and chrome interior origins. The body was repainted midnight black – the only color that seemed proper — and the vinyl Landau roof was recovered in a cream color that took it's cues from an October moon. To finalize the transformation, I bought my father's car (a Plymouth Fury III), ripped out his motor and transplanted it into mine, cannibalizing the remainder of his car's carcass to friends and others.

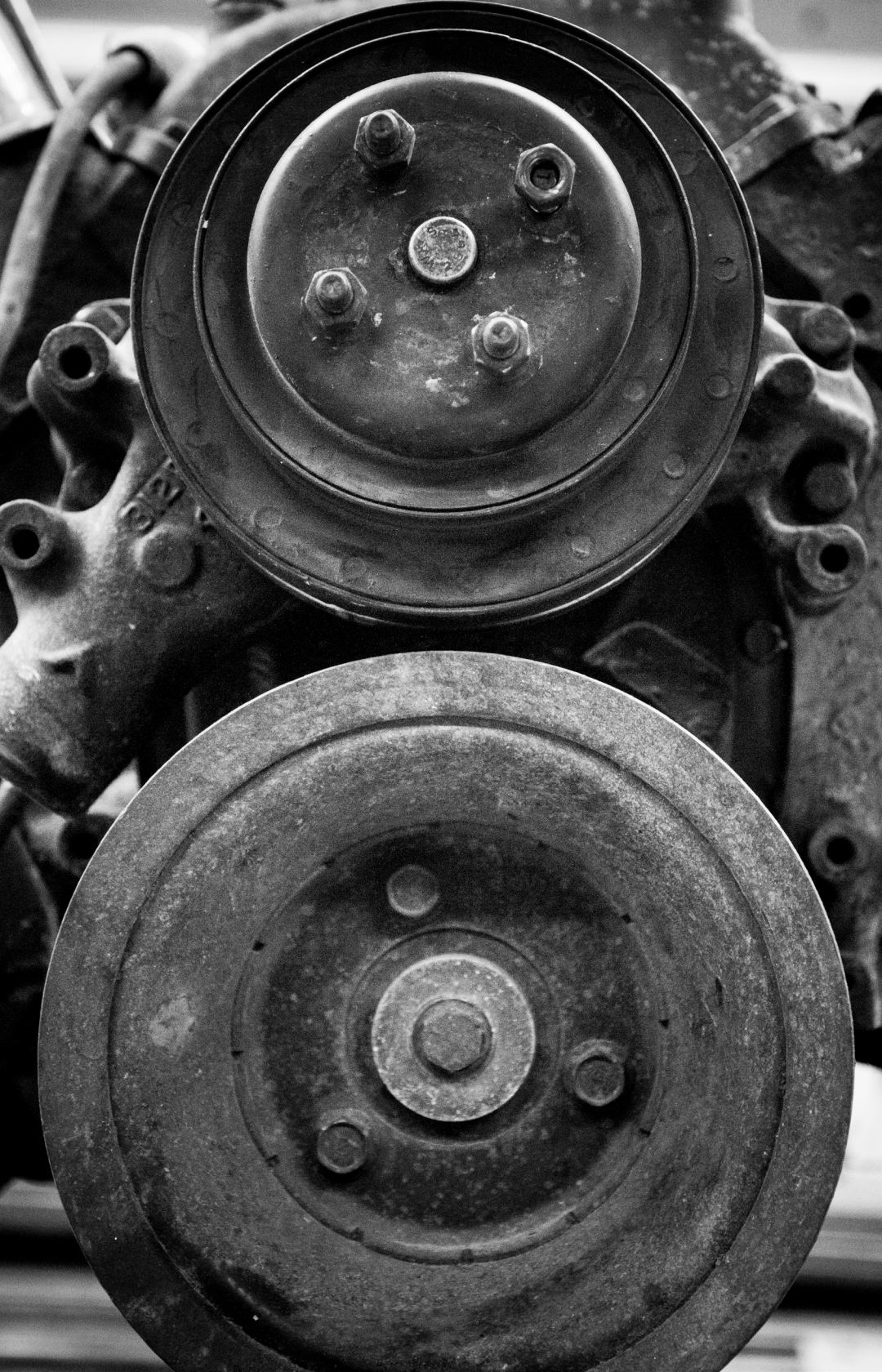
Relatedly, as I have rebuilt and fixed the many cars I've owned over the course of my life there is a sense that I am trying to achieve some measure of the excellence that I believed my father expected of me. They are a reflection of the troubles, failures and successes in my life. The automobile has become totemic, the dragster a fiery beast at the zenith. The dragster embodies the purity of form in dominating straight-line psychic drive, a constant and endless search

for perfection. It also possesses the monstrous power to destroy either my challengers or me. A friend once told me all motorcycles want to be either race-bikes or choppers, almost all are not. I think the same could be said of cars, they want to be racecars or dragsters, however, they often end up as conveyors of the family groceries, children to school recitals, or adults to dead-end jobs.

The loud voices of self-doubt inside my head can sometimes only be drowned out by the brash screaming sound of a motor on the edge of destruction. Speeds nearing annihilation push away the world so that there is only me. And as I repeatedly tempt and creep upon death, destroying all those things that would have at me, I achieve a calm that lasts at least for a short time.

- Mark Snyder, 2014



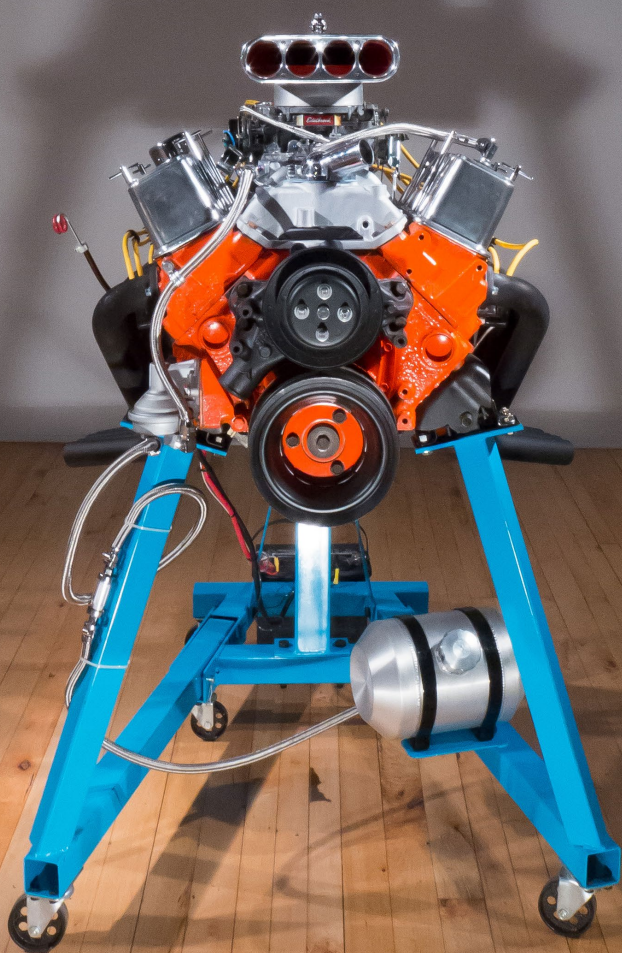


SBC350

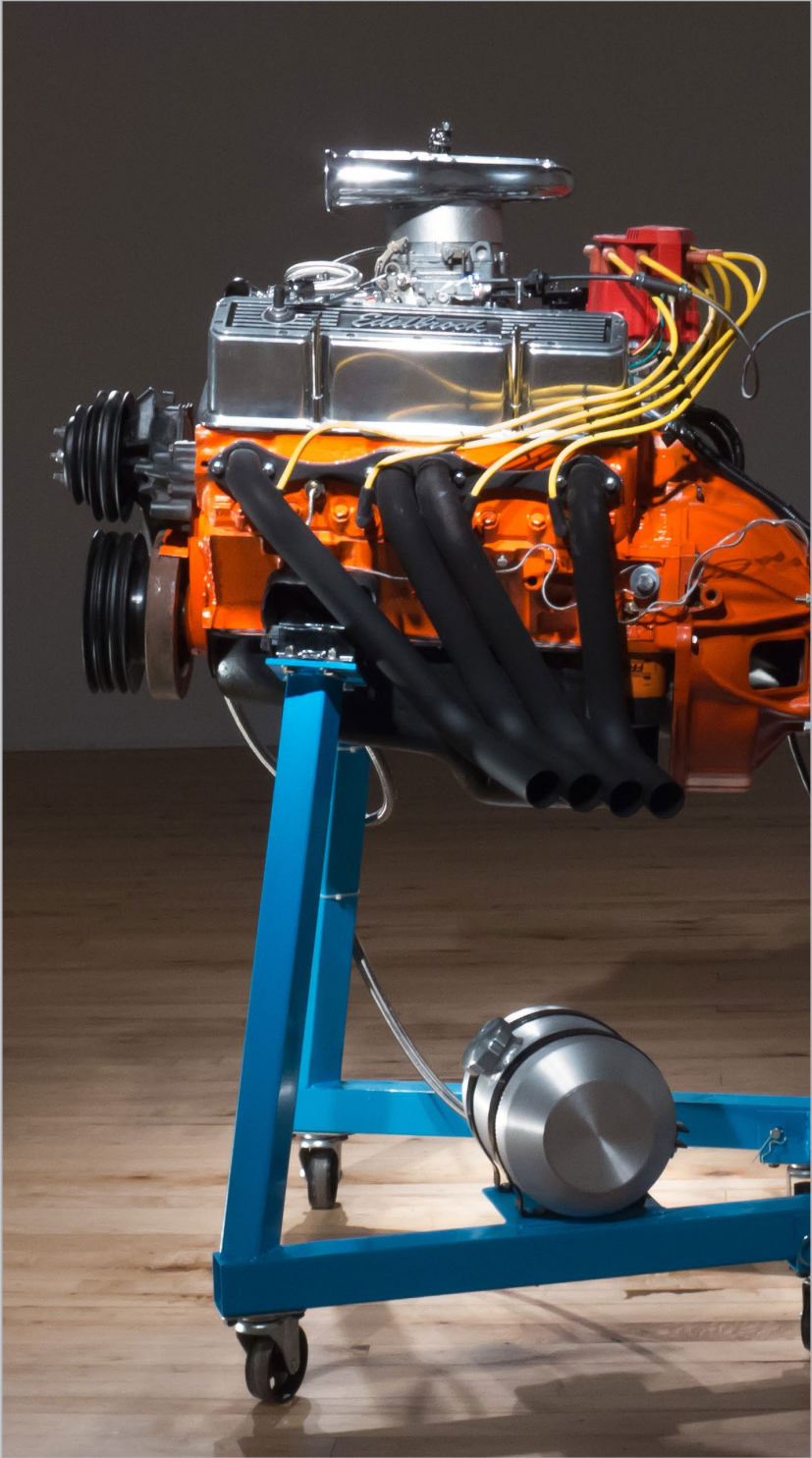
2014

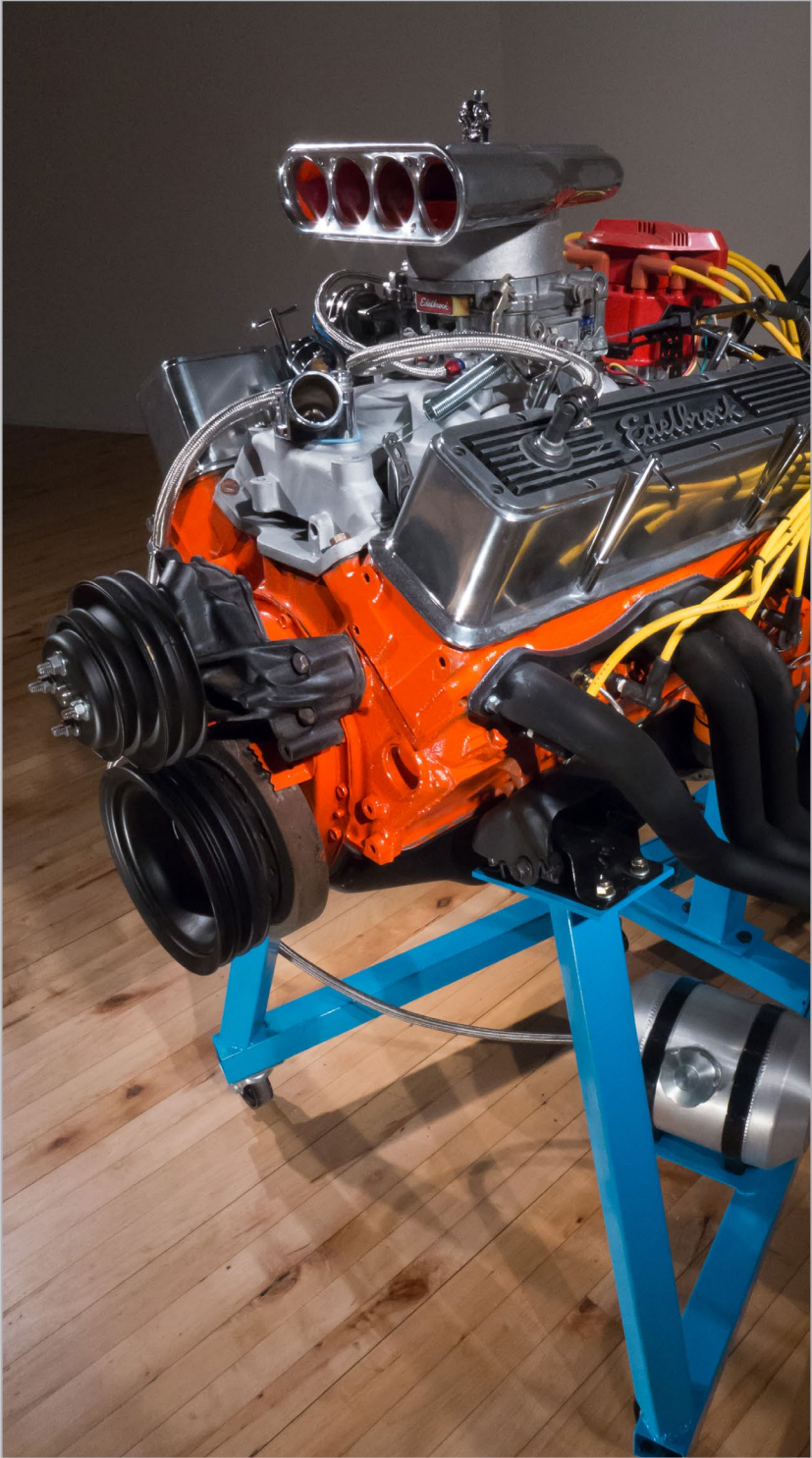
42"w x 60"h x 60"l

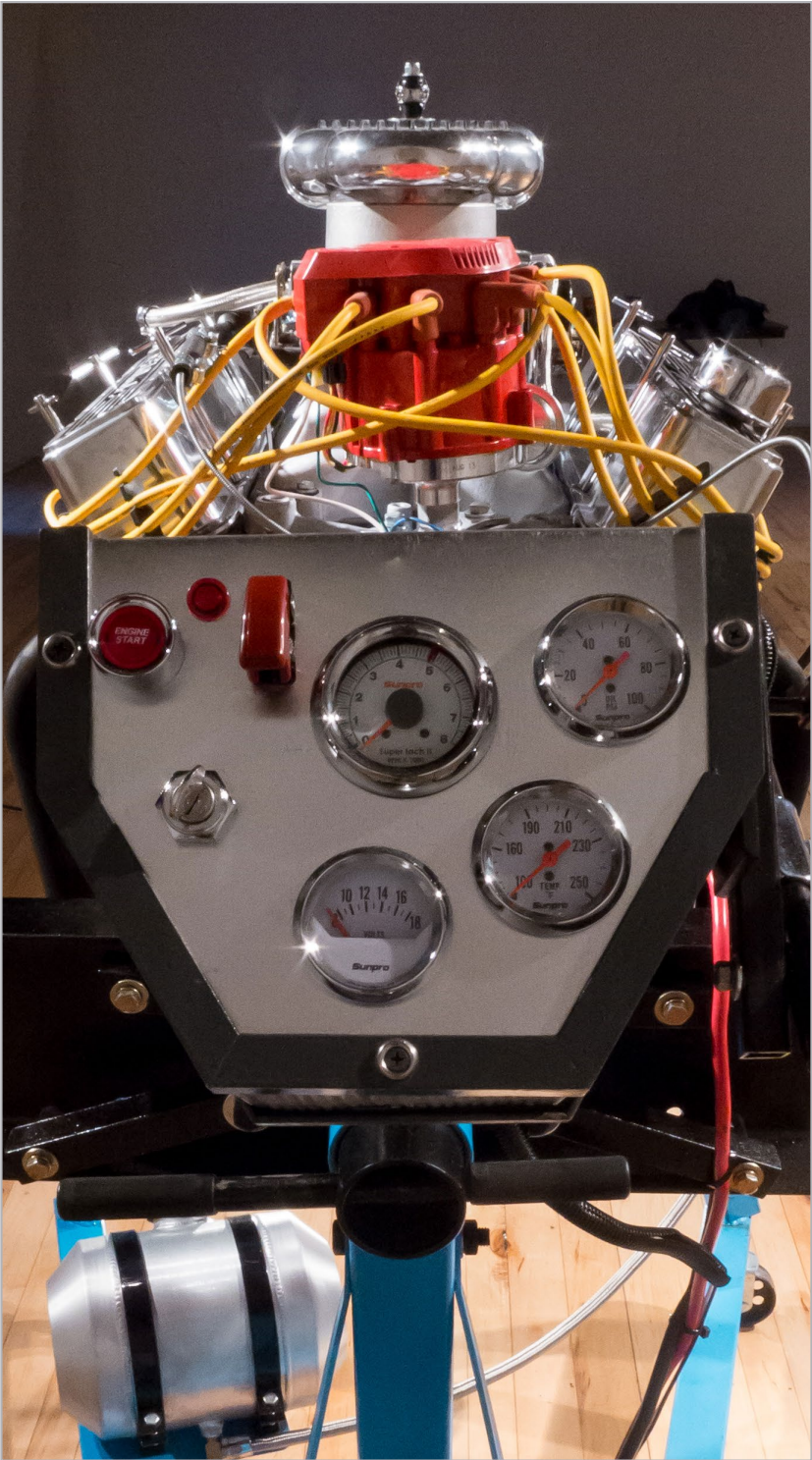
Fully Functional High-Performance 5.7L Chevrolet Motor



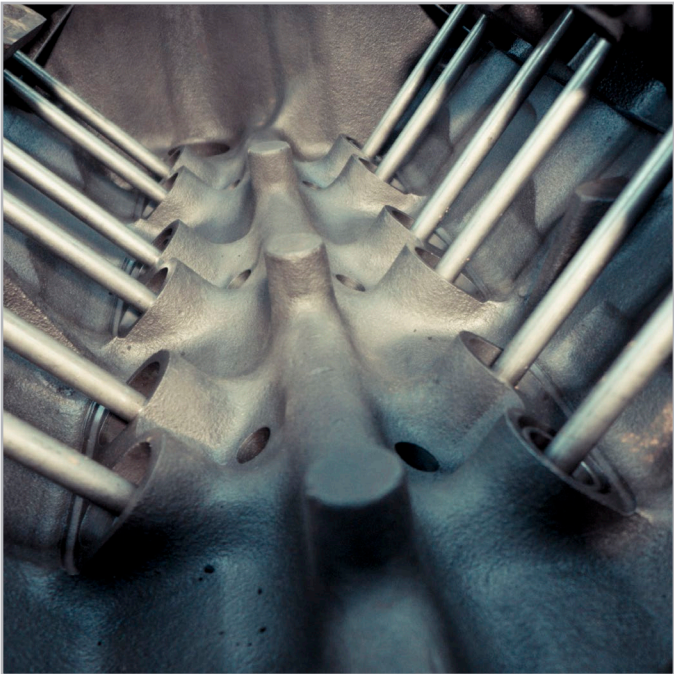
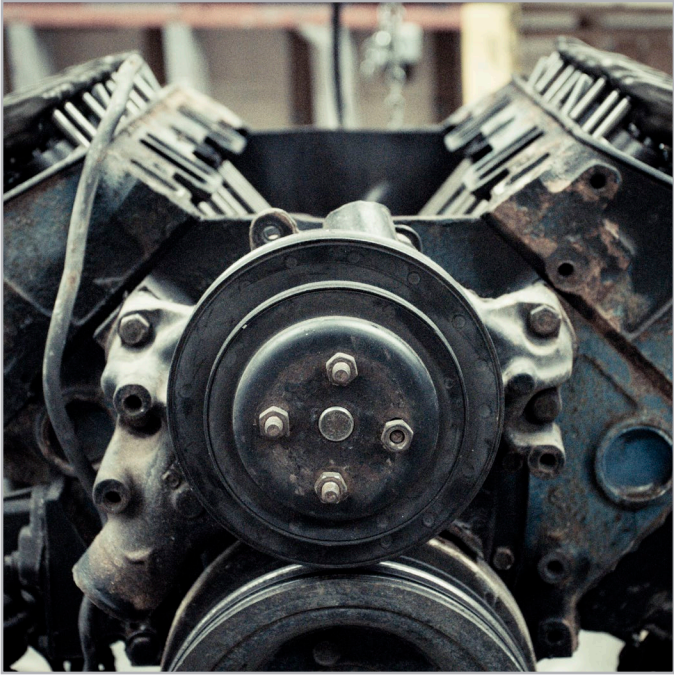


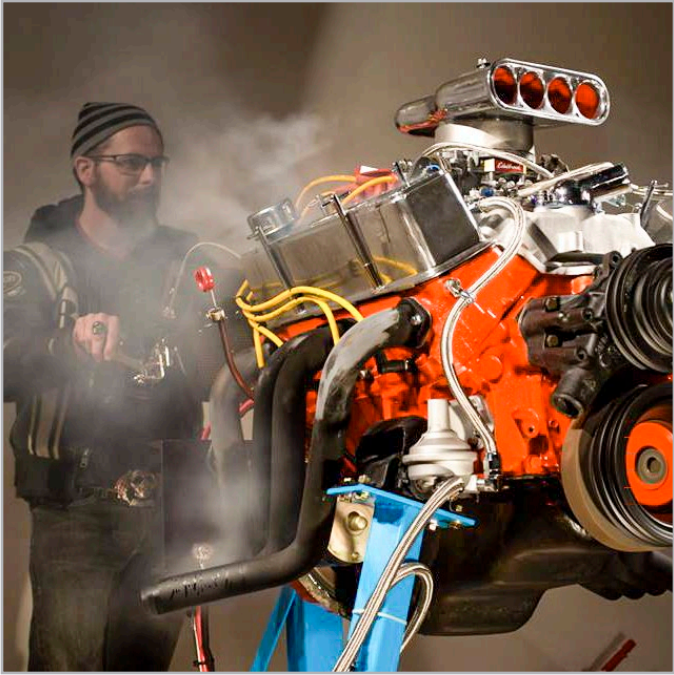














#13

WHEELCHAIR DRAGSTER
2014

30"w x30"h x144"l

mixed media











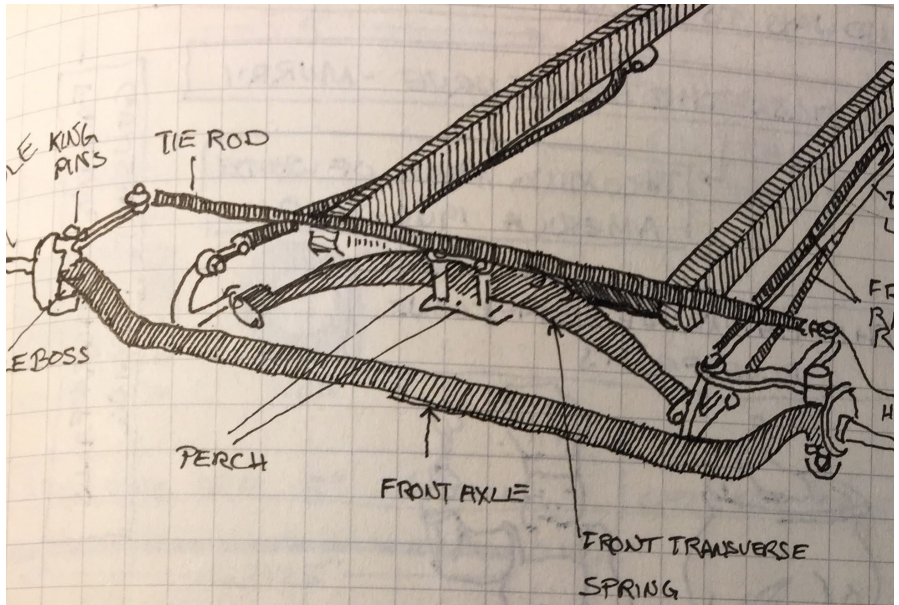
DESK & DRAWINGS

2014

various sizes

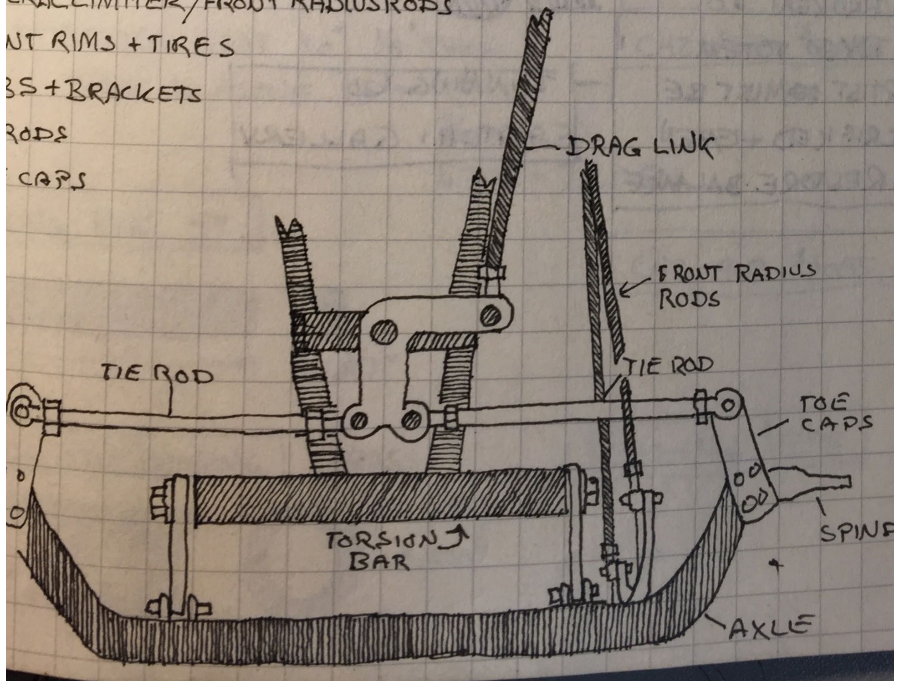
Drawings, blueprints & sketches found on the drafting table

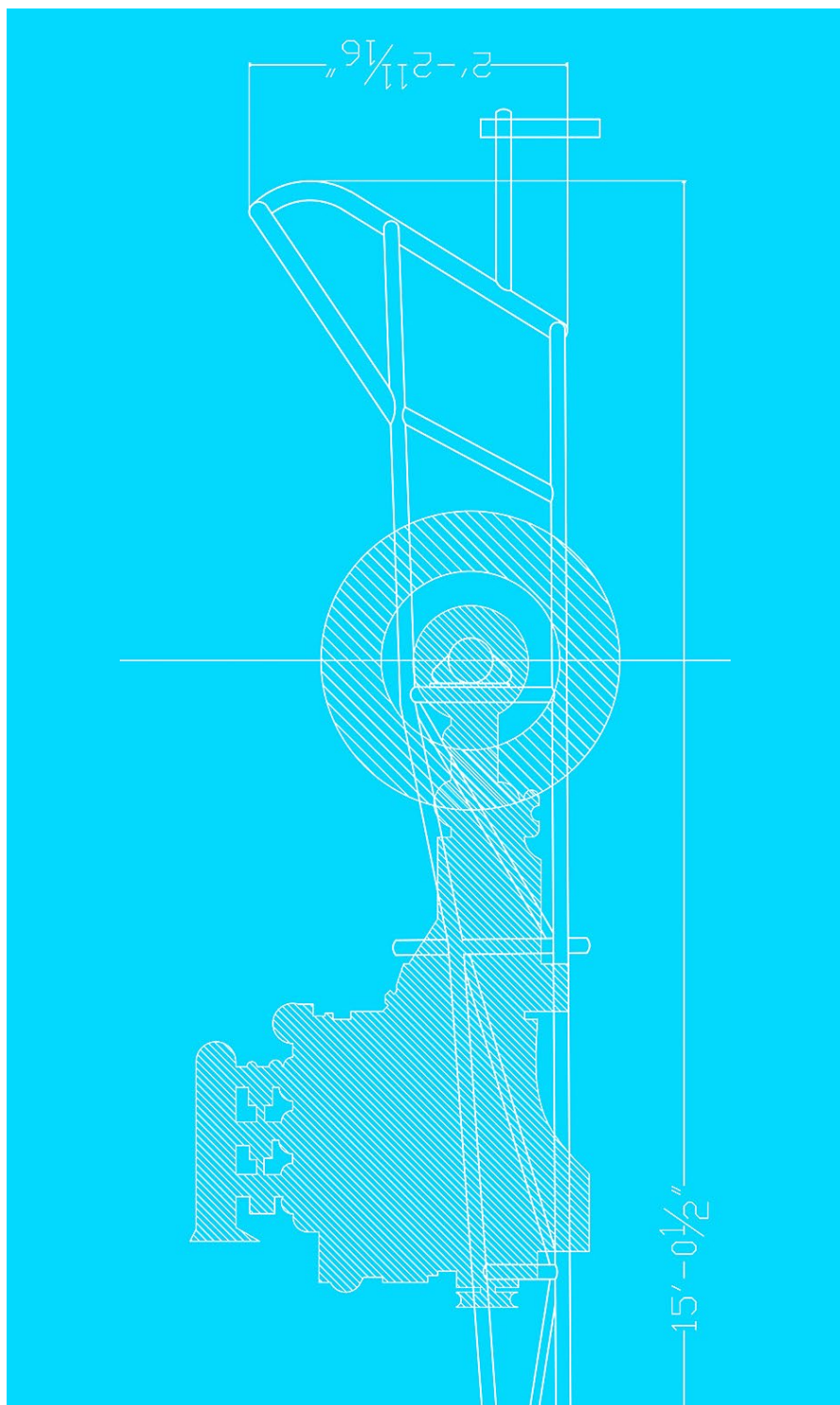




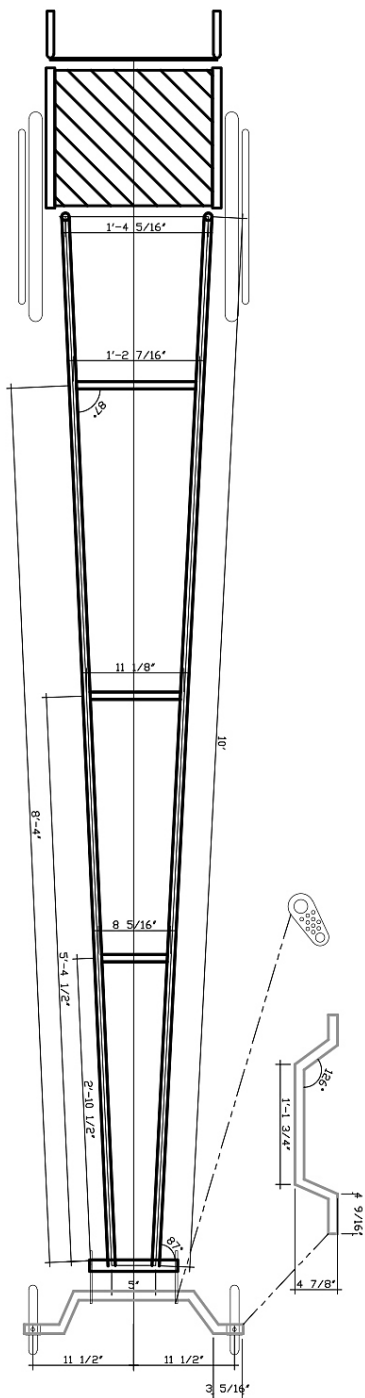
FRONT END PARTS

- LE
- WHEEL SET
- STEERING BAR
- OVERALL LIMITER / FRONT RADIUS RODS
- FRONT RIMS + TIRES
- BOSS + BRACKETS
- RODS
- TOE CAPS









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DEATH DRIVES A DRAGSTER

NEW WORK BY MARK SNYDER

BIGORBIT
A CEPA GALLERY PROJECT SPACE

APRIL 18 - MAY 4, 2014
OPENING RECEPTION, APRIL 25TH, 8-11PM

30D ESSEX STREET, BUFFALO, NY 14213 / WEDS- SUN, 12 - 5PM

Mark Snyder Art Studio
225 Louisiana St
Buffalo, NY 14204
www.MarkSnyderArt.com
info@MarkSnyderArt.com

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