

*Uninterrupted Snail Thoughts*  
Elvira Bättig and Jack Pryce

I'm awake  
That dream was intense!  
I appear from my shell  
And begin to figure out where in snails name I am  
A museum

And my friend is here too! Hello friend!  
Oh how pretty you are  
In your chanel lippy, enjoying a cig  
Smoke and glide you beauty  
I believe beauty lasts forever  
Out of the corner of my eye I see a sign that reads  
*Schnecke happy*, 2022, 50 × 50 cm, acrylic on canvas  
This is moi! Wish I had a mirror to check on my looks  
What I do see are small surfaces on white walls  
Half-and-half's in part high-res colours, part black  
And big ones too!  
Overly familiar earthy tones  
What I would give to muc-us around on them  
Those colourful dotted patterned surfaces! So shiny!

*What is it that separates silver and gold from the colours?  
Is gold, for instance, yellow? Is silver, for instance, grey?  
Is it because they are metals?  
Is it because of their lustre or their value? [...]  
Silver is useful. I can't think of a painting.  
It's far away from the spectrum.  
Silver leaf. Silver weddings.  
The silvery moon. Silver is for the night. Silvery seas,  
silver fishes flashing through seas, quicksilver, the  
goldfish ambles its way round the fountain. Silver fox,  
silver osprey, silver gilt, silver threepenny bits in  
the pudding. Silver brings luck.  
— Derek Jarman (Chroma, 1994, pp. 114–15)*

Hanging here is different to being in the garden at Prospect Cottage  
Time to connect the dots!  
This place is huge  
“Snail what’s on your back?  
Is that your private shed?  
Is it filled with luggage, are there any books?”  
Asks a member of staff at the front desk  
There’s a shop here, and a café too  
It’s crowded, guess it’s raining outside  
Bags and umbrellas packed in to lockers  
Wow what a view, the lake!  
“I know fuck all about snails and their anatomy!”  
Who said that?!  
Where’s David Attenborough when you need him  
Oops, forgot the Sir  
We are hermaphrodites with both female and male sexual organs  
The size of our shell reflects our age, we lack a backbone  
Some of us hibernate and when we move we leave a trail of mucus  
Not slime!

Hope they heard me  
Fresh air and all that!  
Picturesque place this town is  
Hope we’re going over that bridge  
The Kapellbrücke  
(Literally Chapel Bridge)  
The home of tourism photo shoots  
Avoiding selfie sticks (easy for me to say)  
“I’m a snail and I’m bold  
Crossing the bridge and ignoring the road”  
I sing to myself, tapping my lower tentacle to a made-up beat  
Through the back alleys of the old town  
Of streets I don’t live down  
Have never played dice down  
Or had a funny cig down  
Up we go and where am I now  
Tucked in a corner, a smaller space than the last one (a lot)  
Lower ceilings and a different atmosphere

More friends! Hello friends!  
Excuse you! Why the sad face?  
What a cracking pair of red shades you have  
Snails having a party  
And you! Love what you’ve done to your shell  
Stars and yin and yang and more stars and ...  
I catch a glimpse of my reflection as I’m hanged on a wall  
My mucus would go well with those *envelopes HD*  
High definition colours at it again!  
Please let me go and crawl around in those *Terra* works  
The human finger creates a perfect path  
My natural habitat

*The names of brown dyes are sweet and edible.  
You can buy a coat in caramel, toffee, almond,  
coffee, chocolate or curry. Brown is sweetness and  
nourishment. There was once a colour called toast.  
— Derek Jarman (Chroma, 1994, p.61)*

Mhhmm I love earthy tones!  
They remind me of home  
And I’m hungry

Well composed and uninterrupted snail thoughts