

TAYLOR KRETSCHMAR
February 13 - March 13

CARBON QUARTER TURN

"The fact would seem to be, if in my situation one may speak of facts, not only that I shall have to speak of things of which I cannot speak, but also, which is even more interesting, but also that I, which is if possible even more interesting, that I shall have to, I forget, no matter. And at the same time I am obliged to speak. I shall never be silent. Never."

The Unnamable p332

"I went on my way, that way of which I knew nothing, qua way, which was nothing more than a surface, bright or dark, smooth or rough, and always dear to me, in spite of all, and the dear sound of that which goes and is gone, with a brief dust, when the weather is dry." Molloy p25

I move in quarter turns.

From image to thing back into image back into thing. This turns into that turns into this, image turns into thing.

Thing quarter turns, from image to thing back into image back into thing back into image back into thing. Except not going straight, unable to qualify the turn, accept that it's necessary, just before name, it turns its back, but not back, into image back into thing back into image back into thing...

Photo turns into floor plan, floor plan to vector, vector to fold, fold to seam. Blanket to paintings, ok just this once, paintings to blankets. Seams turn into string, diagram to Kimono. Island to Liberty? That's funny...

An image turns in two. Liberty turns into an island turns into the world turns into an image turns into a thing, thing is Kimono. An image turns into Liberty turns into an island turns into the world into a thing into a Kimono into a diagram into a pair of jeans into piece of felt into a painting into an image connected by linen twine and tied in knots.

"For I did not know if it was the right road. All roads were right for me, a wrong road was an event, for me." Molloy p30

A truck carries a Kimono wrapped in a felt blanket that is a painting that becomes a soup can that becomes an icon that is a certificate that becomes a direction turns into a line turns into a fold turns into a seam...

A joke becomes an image, a mistake becomes a punch line, back up a mistake becomes a counter-joke {not opposite from}, a counter-joke a tale, a tale, an image, an image, a thing...

The truck door opens, the Étante donné exposed turned into dots, dots become smears, smears become punch lines, punch lines become certificates, certificates become paintings become certificates. The motion is not in and out, in and out, but quarter turn, quarter turn. Parallels and perpendiculars between subject, agent, truth, production, master, other. Possibility of intersection unless there's another quarter turn. The copy act is the quarter turn.

But, suddenly a woman rose up before me, a big fat woman dressed in black, or rather in mauve. I still wonder today if it wasn't the social worker. She was holding out to me on an odd saucer, a mug full of a grayish concoction which must have been green tea with saccharine and powdered milk. Nor was that all, for between mug and saucer a thick slab of dry bread was precariously lodged, so that I began to say in a kind of anguish, It's going to fall, it's going to fall, as if it mattered whether it fell or not. A moment later I myself was holding, in my trembling hands, this little pile of tottering disparates, in which the hard, the liquid and the soft were joined, without understanding how the transfer had been effected. Let me tell you this, when social workers offer you, free gratis and for nothing, something to hinder you from swooning, which with them is an obsession, it is useless to recoil, they will pursue you to the ends of the earth, the vomitory in their hands. The Salvation Army is no better. Against the charitable gesture there is no defence, that I know of. You sink your head, you put out your hand all trembling and twined together and you say, Thank you, thank you lady, thank you kind lady. To him who has nothing it is forbidden not to relish filth. The liquid overflowed, the mug rocked with a noise of chattering teeth, not mine, I had none, and the sodden bread sagged more and more. Until, panic-stricken, I flung it all far from me. I did not let it fall, no, but with a convulsive thrust of both of my hands I threw it to the ground, where it smashed to smithereens, or against the wall, far from me, with all my strength. I will not tell what followed, for I am weary of this place

Samuel Beckett, Molloy, p22