

## Classic Objects

Jenny Hval

There was a painter in my first studio space that I remember  
She used to attach her own hair onto her paintings  
They were stacked in the hallway  
Depicting faces desperate, but hopeful

A row of death masks fusing life and death together  
I mean, life and art, or is it death?  
Or maybe it's just me?

At times, I have been obsessed with connecting to materials and  
textures  
And I dreamt of having a face made of marble  
A face made of marble  
A face made of marble

How do you kiss, how do you kiss a piece of marble or a piece of  
gold?  
I've always tried, I've always tried to prove that I'm the living  
Connecting dead parts, dead parts, dead parts

Once I tried acting  
I was the virgin in the cast, like I wasn't quite human  
Performing alabaster, an empty canvas  
The shape around the others  
In a silent pageant away from emotion  
Now I rearrange objects that my friend made for my show  
I'm not sure if these are art or just stuff she made for me  
But I rearrange them on the countertop like I'm examining a stage plot  
Working on my performance  
Examining the borders, the borders  
Living my text  
Two dead parts (Two dead parts)  
Two still-lives (Two still-lives)