

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 o
f gold?
I've always tried, I've always tried to prove that I'm the livi
ng
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 sta
ge plot
Working on my performance
Examining the borders, the borders
Living my text
Two dead parts (Two dead parts)
Two still-lifes (Two still-lifes)