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June 15, 2023

Davis Street Drawing Room

As I am looking at the white handkerchiefs on the black cardboard, I'm sniffy and pulling back my runny nose. Contemplating on the generational memories, fluids, that these cloths might have absorbed. What was captured among interwoven threads on these handkerchiefs?

It makes me question the selective memory of the architecture of these cloths. How does the landscape of a fabric mold and meld with different DNA's, weathered through different lifetimes?

Holding various ruptures, voids and crevices.

Maybe these crevices occur through the stress of the generational tensions of secrets?

Do cloths have capacity?

Maybe they eventually surrender for a sense of release. A chance to reincarnate to a new form, a rebirth, an opportunity for new memories, new desires, new traumas to be stored.

Holding on, continuously.

Allowing multiplicity of ways/forms of - being to coexist and be preserved.

What kind of cellular transformations have these handkerchiefs allowed, witnessed?

Breathing sculptural secrets.

Some secrets might have been wasted away; some might be tightly holding on the natural fibers.

Devolved and regenerated.

What is that?

How do I hear these secrets enveloped between the weft and the warp? Will they be ever excavated?

I, on the other hand, blew my nose to a toilet paper counterintuitively. Soon to be discarded.