

malediction

*the floor, a field of linens, wine-stained
wrung
stepped, kicked, picked, on, over, through*

*the wall between in and out, the sound of a voice
the muted pace of remembering
an internal dialogue, the song of myself*

*inside, a horizon of bed linens
a refractory table, a wicker casket,
a figure, a bowl of bread dough, a gesture,
forming a mould of the mouth's hollow*

*filling and emptying
accumulating in the casket's hollow
attending the flesh of the voice*

“The entrance to the space was strewn with rags wine-stained and wrung from washing. Stepping through, around, on, and over the musty bed linens the more private interior of the gallery was entered by passing around a twenty-foot wall. Speakers buried in the wall projected the sound of a voice reading sections from Walt Whitman’s *Song of Myself* and *The Body Electric*. Containing the quality pace and tone of a lowly amplified internal dialogue, the sound was that of one reading softly to oneself and the text was perceived more as tone than as individual words. From December 7th, the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, to December 23rd, when the gallery closed for Christmas, the piece had a constant live presence. Seated at a table between a bowl of raw bread dough and a basket used at the turn of the century to deliver bodies to the morgue, I slowly stuffed a piece of dough into my mouth until it took the form and impression of the hollow space, then removed and placed the molds in the bottom of the casket. The activity, repeated slowly, half filled the basket over the course of the two weeks. Across the back of the space a horizon line was formed by piled and cascading bed linens.” - **Ann Hamilton**