

SWISS INSTITUTE / CONTEMPORARY ART  
495 BROADWAY / 3RD FLOOR  
NEW YORK / NY 10012  
TEL (212) 925.2035  
WWW.SWISSINSTITUTE.NET



**JORDAN WOLFSON**  
**untitled false document**  
**Transcription**

My impression of the situation is difficult to recount because I was recording it in my mind like one listens to a song. Each moment is attached to the next moment and the following moment is erased as a trace of the past moment. Even this description I am giving you now becomes inaccurate and purely a stylistic circle recount of recounting. But at the same time style can become content and vice versa depending on how you approach it.

Yesterday I was going through some CDs at home and found one that was labeled Hip- Hop Winter 23/95 in what looked like my handwriting. The name on the disc read like an abstract date that might have represented something that happened the day it was burned. I considered playing it but stopped myself for the reason that if I played it I would be confronted with an action I might not remember or then forced to remember the action which made me name the disc. And that action may bring me to another action which I may not have the choice to forget.

Even this voice, which is my voice, but in its nature of creation it is the voice standing in for us. The voice to command us to follow or alert us of absence. The voice of the void, the voice of our hands. When gender goes into flux by just changing the pitch it can become either male or female, boy or girl, it or that. Just a robot faking it, really. But not they or them unless we hear this voice in unison, which is most unlikely. I often try to figure out the way I remember, for example, see her with the images. I told her to simply let each go. We had no way of expecting the wind would blow them all into the water.

And, I wanted to have a woman without really having a woman. A stand in for my opposite sex. Someone who is the ideal form without having the form of identity. The two dimensional subject. She is another one of these images in this structure of images, just as this voice of mine is an image.

And the object illuminating the wall makes the ticky tick tick tack rhythm. The cheap trick of the celluloid soul gives a shadowy life. And together technology meets nostalgia in a marriage of tension, building a house of generational spooning, inverting, fucking and mutating. Desperate to fill our attention span and probe us with questions. Questions without answers and answers for contrived questions. Especially when questioning the job becomes the job. Here we are with all of this arranged before us, a job well done and a job well finished.

And finally all of this language, its patterns being circular and meanings

make more meanings. All of this rolling together to support a system of the unmistakable unrecognizable. Like a good truth in the form of a lie. The lie being something original because it is existing on our inside and the truth being something unoriginal because we accept to hear it again and again and again.