



## **words happen like clouds**

Jiajia Zhang, Marco Rigoni, and a text by Janice Lee

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The first lie you were told: You have to *earn* it. All of it.

The first lie you remember telling: No one sees me.

Grateful reverberations. Eggs. Silos being split open at the seams. Flowering fruit trees. Lips puckering from sour. Sleep as actual rest. The sound of the bell still washing over me, still reverberating in all the cells of my body. Walk the dog. Walk yourself. Let's go home.

Lemon was the word he remembered as he woke up that morning — lemon scent, lemon air freshener, lemon candle, lemon cookies, fresh squeezed lemonade — but it wasn't any of those tastes or smells that lingered in his thoughts, just the word: *lemon*, the way it felt as he tossed it around his mind like a juggling ball, just one word thrown around acrobatically — lemon, lemon, lemon, lemon, lemon, lemon, lemon — until he realized that the other people on the bus were all staring at him and he suddenly became aware of his body as separate from the feeling of *lemon*, still kneeling there in the aisle, one hand raised above him, one hand palm down on the cold, grimy, and slightly damp floor, bent over as if beginning a race, but with nowhere to go; he couldn't even remember where home was, where he had come from, where his current destination was, just the word "lemon", this 5-letter word haunting him like an overgrown chuckling toddler, and he couldn't lessen the grip, no not yet, not until he had completed something he had yet to complete, but he didn't know what that was either, so he slowly got up, collected himself, brought himself over to a seat before seeing fall on the floor in front of him, an apricot.

Sometimes a fruit, like a lump of earth, stops still in its tracks while on its way home. Understand that a lump of earth might get stuck in your throat, and then all of the language you hold in your body will be blocked before it leaves the mouth. The word for that feeling rising in your belly on the tip of your — and you mouth the word, remembering how it feels to move the lips, the feeling of the word in the throat, the mouth, the release — the throat expands and the lump expands and you feel the urge to repeat certain movements over and over again that come out in varied forms of u-u-u-utterances, but not the *right* utterances, certain words, entire inheritances and genealogies in the form of gasps and farewells. All gestures of parting begin this way, with an open mouth and a lump in the throat, with the performance of affection and then the complete disintegration of self into another self. The quietly occurring performance isn't a performance but a memory, isn't a memory but a prophesy, isn't a prophesy but has occurred already, hasn't occurred yet but is about to be uttered. The utterance is a lie. The lie is genuine. The lie is the reverberation of hope. The lie is that you're sitting down at home alone. Where in the body can you locate the lie?

*Janice Lee*

**Jiajia Zhang** lives and works in Zürich. She studied architecture at ETH, Zürich, photography at the International Center of Photography, NY, and completed her Master of Fine Arts at ZHdK, Zürich. In her work, she rearranges partly self-produced and partly found visual material in an exact process by relating the fragments to each other in unexpected ways, opening up a tension-filled borderland that blends the personal and the generic, challenging our entrenched definitions and notions of private and public. Her work has been part of exhibitions, including Fluentum, Berlin; Swiss Art Awards, Basel; Werkstipendium Zürich; FriArt, Fribourg; Coalmine Gallery, Winterthur; Kunsthaus Glarus; Fondation d'entreprise Pernod Ricard, Paris; Haus Wien; Kunsthalle Zürich; Kunsthalle St. Gallen.

**Marco Rigoni** (b. 1993) lives and works between Lausanne and Treviso. He completed his Bachelor of Visual Arts at IUAV, Venice, and obtained a Master Degree in Fine Arts at ECAL, Lausanne. His work has been exhibited at Grand Palais, Berne; Café des Glaces, Tonnerre; Forde, Geneva; Galerie Crevecoeur, Paris; Magasins Généraux, Paris; Galerie PCP, Paris; NEST, Zürich; Doc!, Paris; The Shed, Treviso.

**Janice Lee** is a Korean American writer, teacher, spiritual scholar, and shamanic healer. She is the author of 7 books of fiction, creative nonfiction, & poetry, most recently *Imagine a Death* (Texas Review Press, 2021) and *Separation Anxiety* (CLASH Books, 2022).

Jiajia Zhang

*Performance (KB), 2022*

C-print on aluminium

Marco Rigoni

*Moon beams pierce a night mist (Self-sacrifice doctrine), 2022*

Tinted wood and burned wood

Jiajia Zhang

*Performance (Border), 2022*

C-print on aluminium

*Performance (Police), 2022*

C-print on aluminium

*Performance (Citi Bank), 2022*

C-print on aluminium

Marco Rigoni

*Untitled-A3, 2022*

Tinted wood and burned wood

*Dead leaves, weary fields of autumn (Thy fleeing time), 2022*

Tinted wood and wine

