

The Scripts Found in a Bottle, Found in a Can, Found in a Discourse  
(Les Scripts Trouvés dans une Bouteille, Trouvés dan une Canette, Trouvés dans un Discours)

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A discourse of artworks organized by Matt Morris,  
a curator's statement in the form of a bespoke perfume,  
a saison beer in response to the perfume response to the group exhibition.

The Green Gallery  
19 May 2022 – \_\_\_\_\_ 2022

Opening reception: Friday, 6 May 2022

"This memory does not strictly belong to me."<sup>1</sup>

"Where am I? She repeated, looking at the pink jug, for it all looked strange."<sup>2</sup>

"Rosé Rush edp, 1.5ml. This came with the Edwige Fenech perfume I got a while back, so I got two starlettes for the price of one. Very giggly, the scent of a champagne gelatin mould taped to a paint shaker. 'Candy bento boxes.' Salad bars."<sup>3</sup>

"I can't remember  
School, lavender, butter, wood, etc... and  
violent love, brutal more like, behind closed doors.  
But having learned to kill, I learned to write. First my name...  
Yes madam. I  
am here to respond to the signals. I am a signal.  
Object Metal Spirit            Object Metal

Image            Telephone  
                    covered in words object  
                    Metal"<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Marcel Broodthaers. "Where Does This Begin, ca. 1961." *Collected Writings*. Barcelona: Ediciones Polygrafia, 2012. Print, p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> Virginia Woolf. *The Years*. Boston: Mariner Books, 1961. Originally published 1937. Print, p.p. 49–50.

<sup>3</sup> Kashina. "Paris Hilton – Rosé Rush." *illicium.verum.nova*. Instagram. 27 March 2021.

<sup>4</sup> Marcel Broodthaers. "The Telephone, 1966." *Collected Writings*. Barcelona: Ediciones Polygrafia, 2012. Print, p. 161.

“The terror of return and renewal are ours to join and to enjoy, as an irresistible violence to narration.”<sup>5</sup>

“...who is handsome, who would have complete confidence in me and be the accomplice of my loves, my thefts, my criminal desires; though this does not enlighten me about such friendship, about the odor, in both friends, of its secret intimacy, because I make of myself, for the occasion, a male who knows that he really isn't one.”<sup>6</sup>

“II. *A Hostess Gown*. Gray Russian satin. Its tight-fitting vest in the same shade ornamented with the new steel sequins.

III. *A Frock for Paying Calls*. Plum-colored faille skirt, panels of the same fabric, with diagonal velvet stripes of the same shade, continued on the matelassé tunic; bias-cut strips of velvet extend into the iridescent feathers at the hem.”<sup>7</sup>

“Maybe wearing me then becomes an act of love, like ‘I will carry my sister's body with me.’”<sup>8</sup>

“Name us.. You, so much of whose raspberry laughter...

Name us.. So that Love winged with a fan

Might paint me there, the flute held in my fingers, lulling the fold,

Princess, name us the shepherd of your smiles.

[Nommez-nous.. Toi de qui tant de ris framboisés...

Nommez-nous.. Pour qu'Amour ailé d'un éventail

M'y peigne flûte aux doigts endormant ce bercail,

Princesse, nommez-nous berger de vos sourires.]”<sup>9</sup>

“The lesson offered by their example is vexed and contradictory, because return and remaking, or restoration and transformation, can't be separated into tidy opposing categories. Sometimes *going back to* and *moving forward* coincide.”<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Fred Moten. “Erotics of Fugitivity.” *Stolen Life: Consent Not to be a Single Being*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2018. Print, p. 266.

<sup>6</sup> Jean Genet. *Our Lady of the Flowers*. Paris: Olympia Press, 2004. Originally published 1943. Print, p. 26.

<sup>7</sup> Stéphane Mallarmé (under the name Marguerite de Ponty). “New Toilettes.” *Mallarmé in Prose*. Ed. Mary Ann Caws. New York: New Directions, 2001. Print, p. 86.

<sup>8</sup> die ok. “An interview with E. Jane.” *AQNB*. 16 February 2016. <<https://www.aqnb.com/2016/02/16/an-interview-with-e-jane/>> Accessed 2 April 2022.

<sup>9</sup> Stéphane Mallarmé. “Futile Petition [Placet futile].” *The Poems in Verse*. Translation by Peter Manson. Oxford: Miami University Press, 2021. Print, pp. 20-21.

<sup>10</sup> Saidiya Hartman. *Lose Your Mother*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2007. P. 96.

“Where am I?’ she repeated.”<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Woolf, p. 45.