

I myself really didn't want to get wet, but when I saw myself moving towards me, I had no choice but to react. I picked up a loose stone from the wall and threw it at my face. I hit myself but I'm such a weak thrower that it didn't do much damage. I just bought myself a split second of time.

I decided to run. I turned and climbed back over the sea wall. The last pang of loss for my coffee mug left my body as I made my way back toward the house.

The tropical colored, fabric sandals I had worn for my morning stroll were not the right shoes to be running in. In fact, they were not the right shoes for many things. I felt a cold wet hand reach past my neck and pull me down to the ground by my hair. My knees buckled and I twisted my body to see myself above me.

I noticed that my chin is more on the left side of my face than on the right and that my nose is slightly crooked.

I also noticed that I have a knife!

I raised my hand to stop myself from stabbing me in the face. It was hard because we were equally strong.

I think about all the coffee I just drank and it gives me the boost I need to rip the knife out of my hand...and now it's in my hand!

Text: Excerpt from Not Yet Titled (Cambodia) by Heather Guertin

The text in this exhibition is fiction. It's a made-up memory. The essential premise of the speaker having been there is not true. The paintings here are indexical, but they also create illusions that rearrange the perceived order in which they were built. Other paintings depict figures with no ability to tell you what they know. These lines are bending and becoming human but they are not there yet. There are documents in this exhibition, but they have been mostly erased. We don't know the thoughts of the documenters and these photographs provide few clues.

They are something else now.

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