

“It’s dawn and it’s cold outside. The sound from a tower blends with waves and wind and seeps into the kitchen. Barely awake and naked, I pick up a fruit that is drooping into itself, ripples cascading and a hover of small flies. My only chair, a chair for smoking, a chair for looking and a chair for fruit, droops similarly but without the same charisma. Out the window there is a plane of flat sand and wellplaced Poverty Grass, which is the foreground to an endlessly receding and foggy ocean. The dividing line is a cliff edge that cuts through space sharper than my old, sharpened to a sliver, carving knife that is sitting on my Cedar Swamp Kauri cutting board. The grass functions as a Gargoyle, an erudite ornamentation, attempting to hold together a crumbling amalgamation of mass.

I remember my dream of it all falling off and becoming part of the scree, where timber frames and flashing found new arrangements, starting out with trickling sand through the ceiling.”

For at least a year Rochelle Goldberg’s steel structure will be submerged in the water of Buzzard’s Bay.

*(This document was automatically generated by Contemporary Art Library.)*