

Quarantine BookClub

Book #9 Wittgenstein's Mistress by David Markson

The Dress I Made but Had No Occasion to Wear

Toned gelatin silver prints

7" x 7"

January 2021

Branches are equidistant and the snow has fallen in symmetrical piles. All of it is still.
Still enough to be able to be read from any orientation.

THE WORLD IS EVERYTHING THAT IS THE CASE.

Unlike music notes on the staff. Unlike the voices produced in my head from the constant
reading, interpreting, decoding. Unlike the steady tumble over misplaced rocks that of the water
running from the madness of the cold.

Always looking out and looking in. Always searching. Anxiety is removed from the dictionary
and paper cuts are put in its place.

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If these are inconsequential perplexities *then* the photographs are facts *therefore* speaking for
themselves.