

Ouch. I was walking in this forest. Bad dream. Didn't someone tell me that this is how one experiences a depression: wading through threads of wool that entangle one's legs? But this is not wool and I'm certainly not depressed. The opposite, I would say, for didn't that coffee corner girl wear her lemon earrings again, and didn't she give me the grumpiest of smiles? No, no wool and no gloominess. Plastic. The plastic soup: is this it? I was wading through it, the transparent fluorescent material strokes my legs as I was trying to avoid it, like fishes that were too tiny to bite, you know what I mean, the kind that are used for peeling human skin in the beauty industry. Fishes that had left their bright blue lake for a marsh as a hiding place, a light ochre one with a hint of sulfurous fog, floating just above the surface. But I'm getting off topic. The plastic soup wasn't that bright blue as one might expect. It shined a synthetic yellow, this material that wrapped my legs and my outer self quickly followed by my inner self like I was a present. A flower in cellophane. Why did I wake up with this overall feeling that I was badly in need of becoming unwrapped?

strip

perfume testing

Let's call it grass

A Poetry Olfaction in 3 parts
by Anna van Suchtelen &
Brian Goeltzenleuchter

Let's call it grass: A Poetry Olfaction

Anna van Suchtelen and Brian Goeltzenleuchter

Let's call it grass is a durational artwork which intertwines the power of poetry with the sense of smell; the reader uses the poem to reflect upon the scent at specific stages of its evaporation.

This text is a 4-color offset print in an edition of 1000 copies, of which 20 copies are signed and numbered to correspond with 20 1-dram vials of fragrance.

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AFTER 10 MINUTES, RE-SMELL THE STRIP AND READ 2.

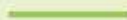
DO NOT RE-DIP THE STRIP.

DIP THE NARROW END OF THE PERFUME TESTING STRIP INTO THE FRAGRANCE.

SMELL THE STRIP. OPEN THE PAGE AND READ 1.

Let's get up, for one's own sake. Why not?

She would wonder where I was, the lemon girl, angry as ever. Hell no, she wouldn't. Let's open the window. Coming from the plastic, from the waters, the meadow as I see it lying in front of me comes as a surprise. Well, meadow, I don't see any cows. I'm not familiar with the outdoor life but this might be hay. A hayfield. Or rye. No catcher. Let's simplify things and call it grass. A light grass field and I look and look and ponder on nature and the whole thing becomes a bit forced. This is not my habitat. My eyes start to hurt, the grass gets greener and more silvery and I imagine these small animals hopping underneath the grass, jumping through the field. I mean green animals: frogs, grasshoppers, beetles. That bright bright green that makes one's day. That yellow hay, the rye, the wheat, whatever. The grass. The grass in which one lies down, in which one picnics on a woolen blanket, in which the animals live, under the surface, in the soil, invisible. They crawl, they whisper. Yes, they speak to me, I hear it. There's that other movie in which they fall from the sky like rain, frogs, the big ones. Too late for a spoiler alert. The title is a flower and that particular story unwraps itself during the movie like flower petals she loves me, she loves me not, I love me, I love me not.



And all of a sudden I find myself out in the field, in the grass, as we decided to call it. In a flash of an instant, I feel that particular happiness that belongs to the type of alpine meadow feel with alpine meadow flowers and all. I'm on the verge of dancing and singing 'The hills are alive'. The green is greener than ever, the green is yellow, the air is heavy with sulfur and no, this is no meadow. My feet start their way down into the soil into the yellow liquid that wants to swallow. But I see the air and the air tells a different story, a story of blue and bright and a way out. No worries, that's what I tell myself. Who else can tell me this? For there's light there. It's light and fresh, fresh as a surfboard fresh as a holiday, of an almost non-existent color. I try to move myself into the right direction but on my way I lose my sense of right and wrong. I walk up to the edge and I wade in this light and shiny marsh. She is there at the shore on the other side. She wears them, her lemon earrings; her hair curls alongside her body and her whole self is dampening a phosphoric damp. She looks angry but what the heck, that's how she always looks. Her lemons are calling me, reaching out for me from the deep and I'm coming, why not? I'm coming to the bliss lime air she's waiting for me that's what I thought for a long time, yes she's waiting and I'm going to catch her I'm almost there, yes I am.