

# THE ARCHIVE

NOAH RAIZMAN

*This is an idea on a white wall.*

Object: works in a space  
In which materials co-exist  
Rules of structure dictate  
Organization

*Three photographs are laid on a fourth, haphazard.*

Grasped and formed  
Temporality dictates  
Transpositions and with time  
The principles of organization change

*What is, is startling.*

The archive is open,  
Membranous and  
Of uncertain borders  
Object: the file cabinet, eviscerated.

*In the abstract, each word is an object; each association tenuous.*

Intention is the thickness of the rope  
Object: the sword of Damocles  
Possibilities are frozen in a certain object.  
Object: the fur hat

*Beyond curiosity, the arrangement, the justification.*

Object: a crown of thorns  
A visceral swirling in, funneling towards the floor,  
Insides swooning, hurling and tossing and suddenly it stops -  
You are upright again.

The feeling of juxtaposition:  
Object: two magnets held close, uneasy  
Then they slip by each other  
And clasp together at their sides.

## WHY FLATNESS INSPIRES DREAMS

The same question, repeated, like a moth  
gone straight towards a single vanishing

point as though there were one, or just one.  
A field of cloud broke it today, or a quell

of one-tone symphonies and the chairs  
stood plainly on one leg, casting angular shadows

on themselves, in the modern style. I would  
propose to the girl who told me not to leave

my baggage unattended if I could find her  
hand, her voice calling up a mild shiver

of discomfort which reminds me of home,  
the pea beneath my mattress. Everyone here

is concerned for my safety. I am concerned  
for the solid panes of plate glass which

must absorb something, some of this heat,  
some of my gaze, something has to change

by virtue of its being there. This flatness  
has its imperfections. This flatness is complicated

by echoes. The echoes are complicated  
by themselves. Nothing is perfectly clear.