

# Forget Me Not

## Anat Betzer - Paintings

### Some Things Cannot be Forgotten

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"The interrogation is over," said the chief to his lieutenant, "Take his fingerprints and let him go". The lieutenant asked for more time. The suspect would start talking by the time the sun is 12 degrees below the horizon. "Now I'm really going to talk to him".

The chief said it was all just a game. Good cop, bad cop - eventually, no one wants to give himself away.

The lieutenant suggested the suspect refused to speak because he was being played.

"You're naive," hissed the chief.

"Naivety is a trump card".

"Joker is a trump card".

"Not in my case. I play fair".

"I'm tired," said the chief.

"It's time for you to leave," said the lieutenant.

The chief put on his coat, turned away and said, "If you want to have a go at him, go for it." He threw his cigarette butt on the floor, stepped on it and smashed it. "Me leaving will help nothing but your ambitions".

"Wrong," said the lieutenant.

"Not wrong," replied the chief and left.

Behind the door, in the interrogation room, was the suspect - waiting in cuffs. His wrists were aching. The lieutenant came in with a strange device. He plugged it in. The suspect noticed the visible wires. "If it isn't plugged in, it doesn't work," said the lieutenant and winked at him, "It's time to pull the plug. I'm not going to chase you around".

The suspect talked. He had no choice. The lieutenant lit a cigarette and leaned on him. He didn't scream or cry, nor did he confess - because confession osculates transparency, and the transparent chats, and the chatty is fake, and the fake is dead. Still alive, but dead.

When he was a boy he played soccer, the suspect began, and there was one girl who ran funny, kicked the ball and her legs went in different directions, so everyone said she had power in her ass and called her Electricity. Her real name was Baby, short for Margaret. The lieutenant asked if he was messing with him. "No no," said the suspect quickly, "and when dad was dying he asked me to hold his hand so I would stream him with power to strengthen him".

"Our imagination makes up stories to take shortcuts, to cut corners, to make us laugh," he continued, "the power of imagination collects the pieces of the puzzle and puts them together upon their common ground, locating a melodic connection between colors, until loneliness evaporates and the internal image jumps upon the canvas and reflects in our eyes. This is the way, the route".

"The look, imagination, clean hands, or in one word - intuition, which is the sympathy penetrating the immanence of the material, connecting one thing with another and traps the mechanic in the living and the living in the mechanic. A naked woman, coldness flows from her toes to the roots of her black hair, and spills on the warm floor. Puzzle pieces sizzle towards one another, creeping endlessly towards a silent discovery of the big picture, bestowing their experience. An albino peacock spreads its tail and puffed out its body. This memory is showing off, trembling, dozen of eyes gaze seductively in order to procreate. Seduction is nudity or a trick. The albino rides the mutation, gaining an advantage against a colorful peacock with its tail folded. Gravity subdues it. Naked palms reach forward, their owner is left outside the canvas. Inner tension throbs over and over, swinging from *not yet* to *not anymore*. A foreign eye observes; can it read the fingerprints, the blood type, the facial features? Blood type is anonymous and divided into groups, fingerprints are random, facial features are temporary. What else is left to break the flesh barrier? Where is the way out, the emergency exit?

"Is an effoliated tree naked, or is a blossoming tree revealing its nudity? This question does not matter to the plastic bags floating up from the ground by the wind, hanging on to the branches of both trees, replacing the peacock. No one was dealt a winning hand.

"Is a colorful blossom a honey trap? Naturally, it depends on the insect. A woman in her underwear is reading a book. Nudity is revelation, concealment and depression. Our eyes read silently the written word and the back *speaks* to us, filling gaps, moving upon the abyss. The single sentence on the canvas - is it a part of the colorful puzzle cruising upon the surface, or a protruding lighthouse closing an electric circuit between the glance and the revelation, between the present I and the observing THEY, and who cares about the THEY anyway?"

"You tell me," said the lieutenant and lit another cigarette, blew out the smoke and added with a devious smile, "keep spinning, we'll see where it gets you".

"In our case, the single sentence is cut off the timeline, but it is not a painting of hidden expression. It is a text overcoming time's fragmentary one-way flow, and at the same time the nemesis of a cliché flattening a lifetime experience or a historic saying. No more chattering, no more reciting, I want to speak. The single sentence of the present will never become the past; it transcends time, myth; it will never die. Once again, the warm intuitive gaze will move it, and the material on the canvas will work - this is what I call happiness. The single sentence revokes the tyranny of the column of words, the rhetoric of the talkers. It nests between the painted space - a dimension of a recreated world - and the linguistic space of the subject. The single sentence is the kiss between the worn out body and the soul, the brush and the canvas, the I and the action, the attempt and the failure, always failure. The single sentence is I.

"The spread of the peacock's tail is a temporary setting. Within one season its feathers fall out, gathered and buried in a tank shell as a living room decoration. The blossom of a tree is seasonal, the flower would wither, the woman's black, luscious hair would be trimmed or fall out. The single sentence will remain. The strange link translating vertical motion into circular one. We must go forward in order to meet the sun at twelve degrees below the horizon. You want to be the chief's successor, don't you?"

"I do," admitted the lieutenant and added sadly, "I'm sick of being bossed around all day. My wife despises me".

The suspect noticed the lieutenant hadn't realized the questions were the closure, the painful discovery, and continued, "The answers are forced, always off-sided, always compromising, full of expectation and body. Questions are sharp. Like hound dogs. Agents of a manmade arch left behind, frustrated. The innocent flower - *The Flower In My Garden*, whatever are its form or color, spreads the toxic scent wonderfully. And we can all trill a melody and hop in a Yemenite Step - and why not? And if you don't know the words, just hum. Endless singing and square marches would do no good; it all fell apart. The revolution is silent, personal, intimate, simultaneous. Those

who burnt their bras, were left in their panties. On the one hand there's no use in acting up - humans, animals or plants, all captives of the agreeable couple action-reaction; on the other hand, everyone is sick of couples. Two are always one too many if you don't take god into account".

"Sould I go?" asked the lieutenant, smiling.

"No, I should go," said the suspect, "eventually we all die, peg out, perish. Each in their own way. Although even the dead seek the end and there is no end. They are imprisoned in a familiar object as an air bubble in a level, waiting for a saving glance, for a line, for the rain. Just the plastic bags on the trees' branches remain forever. They have no internal drive, they are moved externally, a few color painted strokes - and here is your drive, and here is your motion. And the glance? That is the witness".

The lieutenant was not convinced and gave the suspect an electric shock, awaikening the paindogs and releasing the cry: "These palms are mine".

The lieutenant asked, "Why do you tell me what I already know, tell me something I don't".

The suspect mumbled.

"Speak up so I can understand," said the lieutenant and wired him again to electricity, flowing from the turbines, crossing fields, streaming down the streets and stopped, gasping, impatient, at the wall outlet.

A scream burst out of the suspect's throat: "In the gap between one round second to another, in the pure, never ending, far-from-logic continuity, a metamorphosis occurs and action is accumulated into one system. Sense is charges and gains weight trying to say the unsayable, suggesting a lead, winking at us, luring us to focus, to look beyond the drops at the sequence redeeming us from despair, from the flesh, from the world. There," roared the suspect at the lieutenant, "You got your lead, what else do you want?!"