Rust. Limewash. The iron tyres softened and pocky with orange whitened with powder, the oxide bleeding out through it, all the spokes, bolt-heads, cased tubes of the little horse-drawn sprayer calcined and pale in a Balkan meadow, its cylinder belly-tank slopping, a stiffening whitish puddle in the grass by its back end. Fetish. Fashioned engine, trundled in, hoary almost at once with its own white slime, but with corrosion, mark of temporary theft, quickly calling its forms back in. The air drives its long waves over beaches of discarded shipping, mile upon mile of vast factories of rust.

Duchamp and Man Ray playing at the chess; spotted in the café, in a corner of the circular coffee-grinder, flat wall painted into a screen of angles, deep in the peace of the fetish, of the portable engine.
Light reaches matter