

365 x 185 x 93,4 cm Gold-plated metal, green and amber-coloured crystals, grease, cardboard, paper, cloths, spray paint, ink and crayon on paper and silk, orange beach chair, feathers.



92 x 36 x 104 cm Cloths, strings, cardboard, human and chimpanzee hair, pink trom-



12 x 34,9 cm. Paper, cloth, cardboard.

## <sup>1</sup>Dear Ms. Colah

Referring to the project and to our last phone call, it is a personal concern, so to speak, to me to describe the process again. Here, where we live, is nothing which illuminates you or supports and helps your imagination, just a little way along the Danube which is hopelessly obstructed and constantly being driven by cars, red cars, blue cars, white cars, grey cars, black cars, less often green or yellow or orange cars, pink no more at all. I have no explanation for that. There is no way to go otherwise than straight (mainly because of the road and the river), basically we are walking behind ourselves in a kind of repetitive monotony, all the time, a long line of people, I stomp in my footsteps and look up briefly and see me in front of me, I look behind me to see me, but the me behind me does it like me and whenever I look back, I see myself looking back.

This starting point is not difficult, it is non-existent. You can only follow the same path, the other day I got lost because I looked back, you constantly come across lost ones, they remind you of how important it is to go straight, it is awful, the lost ones speak, narrate, I do not understand them, some even laugh, they do things differently than we do, it is hideous.

After about half a year of cooperation with you and the artist which you had proposed, three sculptures were created on the basis of innumerable telephone calls, each a kind of cuboid with many different pieces of cardboard, metal, paper, white and colored fabrics and papers, originals of the artist which you had proposed, a kind of diary, written with fine ink, thousands of lines and sentences.

All three sculptures, one of which so large that it was walkable from the inside, result in a kind of Trojan Horse (only without wheels and not made of wood, not even in the shape of a horse). While working on the sculptures, we also realized a certain scale which we had exceeded.

The three sculptures made by us all with their more than a thousand different sentences written on paper and cardboard on the subject of "fear" and many other different materials, all of which we worked on, daily, even on Sundays, over half a year, were then carefully packed in days of painstaking work and temporarily stored and yes, unfortunately the next morning disposed of by our unwitting caretaker in complete ignorance. Of course we were very disappointed. Above all, the artist was devastated. He cried.

The work can now be seen as no longer existent, on the one hand, on the other hand, it is naturally in our heads. We were weighed down by tiredness and were no longer able to restart the creative process. The only thing left, Ms. Colah, is a piece of cloth (handkerchief) with burnt-in writing. My next-door forgot to pack it and thus it survived (sic). I am hereby sending it to you. All these thoughts and more precisely the realization have failed, but ultimately nobody is to blame. I find this consoling, though the artist had a slightly different opinion.

 $380 \times 7 + 26 \times 7 = 3960$  hours.

I have the dimensions and materials clearly in my head, basically all three works to the smallest detail in my head, the works that should once stand on perfectly white wooden pedestals, so the artist, I carry the sculptures like a memory.

The first was the largest sculpture, very difficult to produce, it needed innumerable screaming duels and despair, mostly welded raw metal, crystals, grease, cardboard and the documents, colorful compressed cloths, all in all gigantic, walkable inside, it reflects the horse or better formulated the cuboid, it symbolizes the beginning, as you have said so very aptly, the illusion of the ego, mirror stage AND fragmentation, the Greeks have killed everyone in Troy, men, women, children, even the cattle were slaughtered, this brutality, this intention, it lurks in the belly of the horse, we know how it ends. The second sculpture, only cloths, strings, cardboard, human and chimpanzee hair, and a pink trombone, colorful, melancholic, describes the "recognition" but basically a "lack", such as the French "reconnaissance" can mean "realize" and "recognize". The third sculpture was the simplest, a piece of paper, amateurishly, that was important to you (fragility!), glued together with scraps of cloth and cardboard, and yet the best, greatest sculpture, you spoke of the "Sophistication of the logic of the theory of alterity".

On behalf of all, the warmest regards and and please come visit us, you only have to go two hours from the train station along the Danube, it is loud, the cars I mentioned earlier are almost more numerous than the mosquitoes and then you come to a fence, through which... (Here the letter discontinues...)

2-voices within and without—
What does a circle point to?
Is a point a circle? is that the point?
should one say, "come to the circle"
or say, "come to the point"?
(diavolo! these dialects! pardon
my vulgar Latin ●)

Is the circle a visual colloquial of a point?

Is it a vernacular adaptation for those who

speak a visual language? Perhaps by that

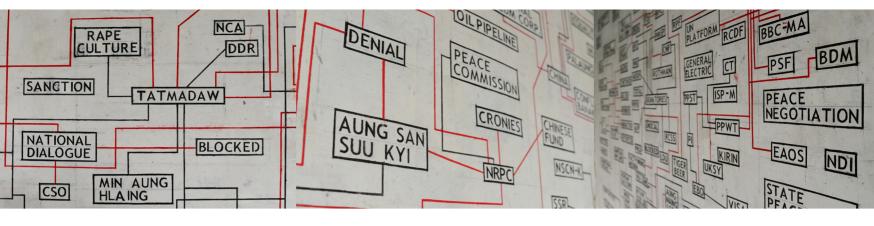
measure then, a square point might put an

end to whatever meaning that can emanate thereafter, pointing to the completeness of a sentence 
Is the end of such a sentence, thus sentenced to a full stop? Maybe, maybe not Maybe that's why a circular point is seemingly endless compared to a square point with its four corners ■ Then again, a square with four corners can afford to break in a few windows and doors for that matter, for more meanings to transgress; whereas a circle could be more confining, finite, in a sense rather like a trap 

But if the same concession were to be allowed—would a broken circle be anymore a circle? Would it fare any better or worse than the breached square? Can such a point

then, be repeated and reiterated without loss? Is there more gain in repeating? If we grant it that, what is the fidelity of such utterances or ucchar? However much one tries to mimic a voice wouldn't there be some minuscule difference? Can the same thing be said in the exact same manner each time? Whose necessity would it be then: that it be so? Would a person not have variance in modulation however minor, each time in their lifetime when they've uttered a word? The text remains the same-but speech? Does a person really lend a fingerprint to pronunciation, reverb, as they drive a verb into action? If that were the case, with what force or speed can anybody drive it? Is there a speed limit? Can it get dangerous—could anybody get hurt? Are there intersections in the pathways that one needs to watch out for? Can they trade off its votary power, wean it off mark a touch, decelerate its acumen or rigour? Can something get in the eye and throw you off the point or is the peril more from beneath the tracks? Underneath ie, which is easy to be missed and worse still, might puncture its rhetoric • When claws r out, is the tiger still suffragette? Or we just forget about it and bother about what lions can get? And if all the trees of this world were to be brought to this one point or a circle rather, what would they communicate with each other? would each be heard, given space? Will there be cross connections? Because all these intersections go through one point, maybe it begins to look more like such a circle, but lest we forget all that, which should not be

forgotten, still, how long before we belong?



## A few words of a kind (after Dylan Thomas)

To the Brash antiseptic 42 tooths smilingly ardent young interns of forcify human rights with macbook pro, poison pills, pin and label. To the dire international donors of small seedy funds stalking the Nawaday Road with legs and checkbook cocked. Or to the infernal androgynous literary journalist with three names who produce a kind of verbal ectoplasm to order as the waiter dishes up a bowl of Mohingka.

Across the globe from America to Japan, from London to Australia and back, for many months of the year, there streams and sings for its heady supper, a dazed and prejudiced procession of American and European researchers and experts. Scholars, humanitarians, engineers, UN officers, political actors, writers, economists, authority of this and that, and even in theory on the non state ethnic armed groups, and breathlessly between addresses and briefings, in planes and taxis, and balmy hotel rooftops, two thousand dollars apartment with cockroaches, and pigeon shit, many of them attempt to keep journals and diaries.

At first confused and shocked by shameless profusions and almost shamed by generosity, unaccustomed to such importance as they are assumed by their hosts to possess and up against the barrier of a common language, they write in their macbook like demons, generalizing away on charecters and conflicts and the Burmese political clouds of unknown but toward the middle of their middle age, whisk through the gentlemen clubs and embassies, the fury of their crafts flagged. Their spirits are lowered by the spirit with which they are everywhere strongly greeted, and which in ever increasing dose they themselves lowered. And they begin to mistrust themselves and their apparent popularity for they have found too often that an audience will receive a lantern lecture on, say—The problem of State-Society Dysfunction—with the same uninhabited enthusiasm that was recorded the week before on a burmese temple cats video on Facebook.

And in their diaries, more and more do such entries appear as 'no way of escape' or 'foxes' or 'I am beaten' until at last they can not write a word. And twittering all over, old before their time with eyes like seashells in the sand, they are held up the gangway of the homebound airline ticket counters by kind bossom friends of all kinds of bossoms who bolster them on the back, picked them up again, thrust bottles, peace process reports, cheroots, email addresses

into their pockets, have a farewell party in the cabin, pick them up again when the snickering and yelping are gone, to wait at the airport for another plane from Europe and another batch of crisp green researchers.

There they go every business work visa with multiple entries from America and Australia from bankers, journalists, aid workers, publicists, theological rhetoricians, historical Hoddy-doddy, Human righters, students of humanities, developers, ulterior decorators, resource extractors, max factor actors, windbags and big wigs and humbugs. Men in love with Pya, men in love with watches, men after millioniare's widow, women after money, men with elephantires of reputations, huge trunks and tiny minds. Authority on the Rohingyas or as the self-identifying bama rather say Bengali, militias, war on drugs, actors, writers, best sellers, news bellers, editors looking for writers, writers looking for publishers, publishers looking for dollars, neo liberalists, serious scientist with nuclear visions from Mandalay, ex military men from the army who speak as though they had peanuts in their mouths, hot boiling PHDs, professional American, perpetual grants writers and I am afraid fat cronies with slim volumns.

And see to that relinquish a stream, tall coked up men smelling of Union Bar and dirty martinees, their breath a nice blending of whiskey and fox's blood with big protruding upper class tusks and short cropped beard, presumably invented in America, and sent abroad to to develop Myanmar's resource industries.

Sea of quasi investigative journalists also, gabbing and garlanded from one nest of ethnic aids to another, people selling the Bama way of life, and condemning the ethnic arm groups as they swigged and guzzled through it, people resurrecting the theory of the Pang Long Agreement of 1947 to the benefit of remote parochial female audiences who did not know it was dead, not having known it had ever been alive. People talking about Nampan pots and pans to a bunch of dead pans and wealthy pots.

And there too, in the sticky thick of it, moving across the continent, go the foreign experts, agents of neo colonialist's economic exploitation of third world countries, International artists, a lyrical one night stander, dollar mad nightingales, exiles, remittent bards from abroad, myself among them, booming at the worst.