



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 trombone.



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

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...)

<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.



<sup>2</sup>—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?

