

Dear Gwena and Nigel,  
in the last months I have been preparing  
this exhibition from pure disaffection.  
I swear. I tried by all means not to get  
involved more than necessary. I chose  
working as in an assembly line, making shifts  
and planning tasks with coldness and distance.  
I have been strategic and I was seeking the  
effect. I copied as much as I could and,  
in general, I let others do most of the work. ~~to~~

So please, when you type my name in the  
press release, remember it means nothing.  
That my emotions are not mine. That I don't  
deserve any credit for the exhibition. That I won't  
celebrate when they greet me neither they will be  
talking about me when they criticize me. That we  
are not made of clay. That the 'Self' is a fraud.  
Mine, ours. It is nothing more than a delusion,  
a virtual machine, a network, a mere  
proof of concept.

Kincerely yours,  
Robin.