

Dear Viewer,

I feel your eyes skim through my face and with a brief glance  
you try to decipher me, quickly.

*(your eyes glide like ice skates  
through these lines)*

Your wrist rubs against my back and the perfume you're  
wearing seeps into my very core (woody and spicy, could it be  
Santal 33?). There's an aura of impatience around you; it's in  
your eyes, that slip between these words and the works around  
you; and it's in your restless fingers, that leave a damp  
engraving on my smooth surface.

*(a gush of sudden perspiration;  
you awkwardly wipe your palm  
against your trousers)*

Viewer, what do you expect of me? Should I be a link between  
these artworks and your eyes? A stop you could get off at?  
What if I told you I offer no explanation, no justification?

I travel in the same box with these artworks; contained and  
cushioned. I act as void filler, as packing peanuts. I'm light and  
airy, I expand in space, and I'm devoid of meaning. You'll stuff  
me in your bag and I'll transform into a different shape, my  
corners will multiply and creases will scar me forever. The  
friction of your bag will erase some of these words: I'll forget.

*(a brief moment of puzzled  
silence?)*

But what if I delivered; what if I did comply and act as a press  
release?

I would be a small, secret doorway

between you and the artworks

Maybe you could see the mystical transition

of the concept, through artists' hands into the material

shaped by the hands of diverse experiences, distinct cultures,

by the giant fingers of history, probing the objects

and calcified into the work of art, boxed into this space.

Viewer, how do I define these varied concepts using just one  
language, one font, one colour, one page?

*(you walk through the door,  
scrunching the page in your  
hand. It's quiet.*

So I leave you here.

*Artworks pull you in; you  
gravitate towards them.)*