

***Ecclesiastes 3.22***

***'So I saw that there is nothing better for a person than to enjoy their work, because that is their lot. For who can bring them to see what will happen after them?'***

I understood, many have told me, many times that I have never existed or that since the seventies I produce only bread steam, at the most. Because since long I have not been part of the national canon – what is it, anyway? – we might as well say that I am not even alive. I even have documents to prove it.

Hence, I am free! At last, I can do as I please, pursue what I am interested in, and I am not interested in whether I am followable. Whether they even want to follow me. I say my part, if they understand, then great. If not – then they don't. I became haughty in my late years.

I am interested in how things that are not signs become signs, and what I can do with my religiousness without religion, can one be a 'cultural Jew' or do we have to schuckle in a white mantle and pray melodically?

What if the Text is image and the image is text? If I see it without understanding, if I don't understand it but am able to grasp it? If the Name, the unsayable becomes an image?

Are the lessons we have scraped out for ourselves from the movement of New Objectivity – Neue Sachlichkeit – still relevant? Did we understand something from the lesson of the Bauhaus or the Russian avant-garde, or did we only seem to understand it? Does photography have something to learn from neo-constructivism? Can photos – and here I mean photos, photos, photos, not the illegitimate child of photography and fine arts – surpass the situation that was brought along by the pressure of curator-dominated art, digital marketing and the general focus on accidental photography instead of constructed images?

The squad files out. The sergeant commands: Sing! A soldier fiddles in a creaking voice. The sergeant screams at him: What are you doing? I report, I am singing thirds. And why? Because it is beautiful. Really? Then I command the whole squad to sing in thirds!

I am tone-deaf. I cannot and will not sing thirds on command.

***Ecclesiastes 4:4***

***'Then I saw that all toil and all skill in work come from a man's envy of his neighbour. This also is vanity and a striving after wind.'***

Tamás Féner

The exhibition is open September 28, 2018