Dear S

Writing this as I hope to make you change your mind and come back for further conversation. What I said about your work should not be taken too seriously. I was sitting on my hands, trying to stop them from cutting down the branch I inhabit. Afraid of falling without grace. Thinking I could make stumbling into a feature of walking. If anyone will fall hard, it will be me.

I still think birch tree coated with white polyester is suitable for the vitrines, even though you said it makes me carry my own retrospective. New work made to look forgotten and found. I can already hear your accusations of longing for something that never existed. I think our obstacle can partially be found in your fondness of the exhibition as an anachronism. (Refused Are Fucking Dead, remember?)

After our last encounter, I went to Stockholm to visit the Avicii Experience located on the other side of the house of culture. Four floors inspired by Tatlin's tower. Pontus Hultén was part of the group organizing the failed program for the house. Information, interaction, interface and memory. The architect stated in the 60's he was building for a new human to come. I don't think a suicidal DJ was the one on his mind.

In the basement they constructed a diorama of Avicii's childhood room, mixing real belongings with fake scenery. A window with closed blinds and LED daylight pushing in. TV and computer without mouse showing the same looping gameplay simulating the network he belonged to. I walked into another room with screens and shattered mirrors aiming to create the pressure of fame. I took some pictures. A bug between algorithm and execution kept reminding me of your sense in this formal landscape.

Sending a postcard I got at Walther König. It is a picture from Villa Tugendhat taken by Günther Förg. The bookshop marked it with an X, as of not for sale. When I told the cashier that someone had drawn on it, I got it for free. How great is that?

I thought it could cheer you up.

Simon Persson
F1

Bonner Kunstverein
April 18 – May 24, 2026