

Dear Amelia,

Do you remember, why you decided upon wool?

To spread in such a way. To blanket.

To try to caretake?

To be nurtured or rejected.

Somehow parasitical?

Or like bacteria?

Changing the ecosystem.

Being a fraud.

Being a trojan horse.

Fancy dress as a hillside.

somehow, it seems to be making the hill more appropriate.

Pleasant for someone like my grandma.

I think she could have been persuaded of the outdoors if she knew it would be carpeted.

It also reminds me of when scaffolders shroud a building in a cloak that looks like the dream of the building that will be there once work it's finished.

Here it hides transition. (?)

It lets us pretend that the world is only ever finished, perfected or not, but never revealing it's self as moving.

Best,

Ellie x

Dear Antonia,

What you made is beautiful.

It feels like family.

Also, it feels like a homage to the gaps in memory and communication.

*'I'm Happy if you're happy'*

In a way it feels sad.

Like you wish you could bridge the gap.

*'You look 20.'*

*'Very young, very young.'*

Maybe that's the house at the end of the garden.

Your smaller house, in reflection of hers.

To reflect her

To find yourselves equal.

This is just a reading.

But it was beautiful,

and it made me wish that I could sit with my gran.

To talk to her at my age.

She would have already have had 2, if not 3, kids by my age...

And lost a husband.

Possibly found another man to love her, my grandad.

you should play in the house in the garden!

Best,

Ellie x

Dear Kate,

My dog used to be scared of our chickens because he got confused when he decided to pee against their electric fence. From that day forward he thought it was the chickens that had caused him all that pain.

Poor thing.

I guess it does make sense that it wouldn't be the seemingly inanimate object that did the hurting.

Surely it must be the chickens.

That moment gave them huge power over him.

It may as well have increased their size, made them blood thirsty predators.

He would allow them his bone if they wanted it.

He would just sit there and watch as such vulnerable animals demanded what they wanted.

I wonder if others could be tricked into seeing us as electric?

Not that we are vulnerable, and we are electric!

But the world doesn't afford us a guarded safe place. Instead I'm sure the electric is working the other way.

persuaded of something unreal.

switch it up!

The territory itself will hurt you, and you will think it was us.

Don't try to claim us as your territory.

Best,

Ellie x

Dear Arlette

How have you been sleeping?

I can't help thinking that 'not so well' must be the answer. But I suppose it's surprising the places that sleep can actually be easy.

Does it stress you, not knowing where you will sleep each night?

It got to me in the end.

I would get heart flutters and my blood would run cold just as I knew we were about to arrive in the next place and scout for a bed.

We would start in the center, a square, and work our way out. Skipping the first places.

Its interesting moving like that. Using only your intuition.

And never pre-empting.

But then you seem to be moving as you find a new friend.

I can see how that would take away some of the stress!

how long before a stranger becomes a friend?

How many friends do you think you have made along the way?

All of them lined up, queuing for you.

Could they keep their photo?

I wonder how many you keep in contact with.

Surely only a phew?

It must be exhausting.

Do you ever crave being alone?

You must sleep well.

Night,

Ellie

Dear Finn,

I am sorry I ranted at you about walking.

You looked shook.

I swear that 8 hours on camera is far too long to be expected to stay sane.

I can't remember anymore what it was that felt so much like it needed to be said.

..... maybe I should have just found a good background image instead?

Do you think you spend more time walking or drawing it?

Which is more satisfying?

Are they drawings of the walk, or drawings of the world?

Or drawings of something like the walk?

What dictates the trajectory of the drawing?

Or the walk?

do you leave it all the something in the moment?

Intuition?

Rhythm?

I am sorry that this is all just questions, but I don't want to tell you again about your own walk.

Best,

Ellie x

Dear George,

A shrine is usually alive

*How does it feel to know you're being watched?*

Made that way through you.

Parasitical maybe?

Whom is doing the scrounging is out for debate.

I read – [or maybe watched](#) - somewhere, that when a statue dies it becomes art. Because the alive things that have valued it, for what it can *do*, are no longer alive.

So neither is it.

In this way the art that it becomes is a kind of fetishizing? As the new alive things, the onlookers of this dead statue, have found value in a dream of something separate. The statue no longer seen as looking back. Idealized? flipped. Churned. Mixed up. An alive thing, *objectified*.

when the statue dies, the alive things have moved on.

What do you believe in when you give life to these things?

How are you trying to transform?

You, and them, and happen chance.

All compressed, located.

More than just memory.

*A repositioning?*

They are liminal places, an active shrine.

To briefly dwell in between.

You, and them, and happen chance.

You, and them, and happen chance.

How are you trying to transform?

Dobre Podróże

Ellie x

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Ellie x

Dear Shu Xuan,

I wish I knew more about dreams to be able to talk to you about them.

I don't ever really remember my dreams.

The two in my life, that have really stuck with me, are mainly to do with colour.

One when I was around 10.

I found myself dropped into a strange landscape.

Flat and plastic, baby pink from my feet to a baby purple horizon.

Stretching back over my head.

And dotted about this scene where toylike elevators in matching colours.

And between these elevators flew or walked pink and purple elephants.

Gliding in straight, even, slow paced journeys.

I saw this

and screamed.

Then woke up sweating.

The other dream was about a flat with glowing yellow walls.

That held secret compartments,

and evening sunlight.

Again, this dream was stressful.

I woke up anxious.

The yellow dream however, I remember in awe of the walls.

I suppose in a way its like you seeing stressful things and not feeling too worried. Just flipped.

I wonder what the separation is?

Best,

Ellie x



Dear Tom,

How long before you no longer have space for more doors?

Eventually you will have a house that feels like many openings, filled by closed doors.

One big hallway.

An overly covid safe queuing.

I hope your friend was okay after what happened at your front door during the call.

You seemed to be pretty chill about it.

I realized why I should bother locking the door. . .

Also, do you ever wonder if the doors were only left there for a second, whilst their owners went on a coffee break, only to come back and find it gone?

And you have completed some strangely passive door heist.

Or if the door was left out because it doesn't work.

Maybe it doesn't lock?

What would be the point?

A door too good at opening.

Not good enough at closing.

May as well not be a door at all.

May as well be in a room of abandoned *doors*.

May as well not be a door at all.

Best,

Ellie x

Dear Vicki,

Vicki Jacob.

Hope you are happy and well!

I'm sorry that the walking stopped. Life started. I would like to carry it on, in a slow way, if you would?

I have been thinking about your *I'm okay* work since the presentations, and have come to the conclusion that it is somehow magic!

A method of communication that can communicate beyond intension.

And with more than those who intended it.

Each *I'm Okay* is where the worlds touch.

A collision.

A message to the past, made in the absolute present.

A jolt of a hand,  
that only knew about its self in the happening.  
And produced, in this, your '*I'm Okay*.'

a seance ?

*There is someone in the room with us.*

*What will you say now you can?*

Best,

Ellie x

Dear Vicky,

Have you heard of Oliver Laric?

For some reason I think that you would like him.

I also think you should (if you like) do the performance (that you did for us) again and send it out to peoples emails like spam mail.... Or just take from the recording... !

It's funny, I feel like you have made an advertising campaign for peoples personal space.

A rehoming/rescue center/information video for sofas that can no longer be cared for.

That are searching for a kind adoption.

And you have given people the chance to imagine that they could be just as loved as the last family.

That they could make it their own.

Make their mark, less opaque than the photoshopped images, but just as impactful.

*do you think the people from before ever wonder how their past lives are now being treated?*

Best,

Ellie x

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Vicky Jacob.

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*There is someone in the room with us.*

*What will you say now you can?*

Best,

Ellie x

Dear Victoria,

Was there something meaningful in the objects that you decided to hide yourself with?

And why was it your torso in hiding?

I wondered if I could read it as something like a dumping ground? For which all these statements have been left to fester. Fallen from that table, where they have been upheld?

Not that they are dead statements, but more that they have been cleared for the next meal. For it to be announced again.

And again.

Each time piling higher, then falling to fester.

And your torso?

Could it be the place that all this keeps its potency?

In the bodies of those people who will one day produce more bodies, who will have the same table and dustbin to carry.

Also

I know that there are/will be multiplicities to the words you said, and the stories that can be read from them. I would like to be able to consider these things with the proper understanding they deserve. but I would have to first admit that it scares me to try to know someone that well. I would be trying to know you too well. Far too well, I am certain of that.

Seeing as I don't know you at all.

Best,

Ellie x