

What is not clear about the Crystal Palace? Things of the past should remain where they are. A show often indulges in transportation. Crystal Palace is on, fire damages a suburb by accident. Brand new is per definition fire. A show is on at the Crystal Palace. Pillars have dropped their serious heads on top. What do the heads of the people have to say about it, what is to become? – Piss in the sink. – It's too high. Pillars decapitated into geometry, made up by way of google repertoire into milestones of the history of taste. No queen would be caught dead up on the geometrical things. Might she then be potted as a human-sized cactus? What are the implications of the human frame? Eye an eye, I am I. What is put behind glass? The glass cage forgets about the moral affairs of transparency, light walls that nothing sticks to, rejoicing in a meta-spectacle of confusing ins and outs, who is who at the zoo. The face has a hard time getting used to the look of its own boredom facing the staged TV-I. Left running it accelerates irreversibly into the rush push cash of deadpan self-entertainment nose-picking. Glass cages wear reflective sunglasses now. Pending personality paranoia, the loop of eye checking eye, make sure that I stays I with each passing by a shop window. The object behind the glass still good enough an excuse for cutting out and hooking eye back up with eye, kept safe as a relic of the object once meant to conceive I as dreaming of being another. Dream object behind safety glass is saved and useless, as am I as a stage for a useless subject at all times. There are no such picky things as art at the Crystal Palace. Police boxes for staged travel have changed interior decoration. In time objects are misplaced. Those mounted behind the glass of homes appear human. The cactus is human-sized. Objects in the street, a paper cone held upside down with something green inside wonders whether it looks ridiculous. The parking meter writes a hand-written ticket. Each useless object potentially a useless I. By contrast the object of fetish decapitates itself. For the purpose of taste, pillars put on a parade. The suspicion towards the object of fetish disguised as a moral concern, embedded in probiotic sociopathic contemporary mindset as violently as in Victorian caricature, might above all just be a sentimental disappointment towards the dehumanization of the object. And yet human resemblance in the object of fetish easily turns into satire of the obsolete enraptured audience, a mockery of the actually rather bored audience facing pillar colonnades on historical autobahn. The cactus is unable to stand without crutches; hunching is unsustainable in natural cold.

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