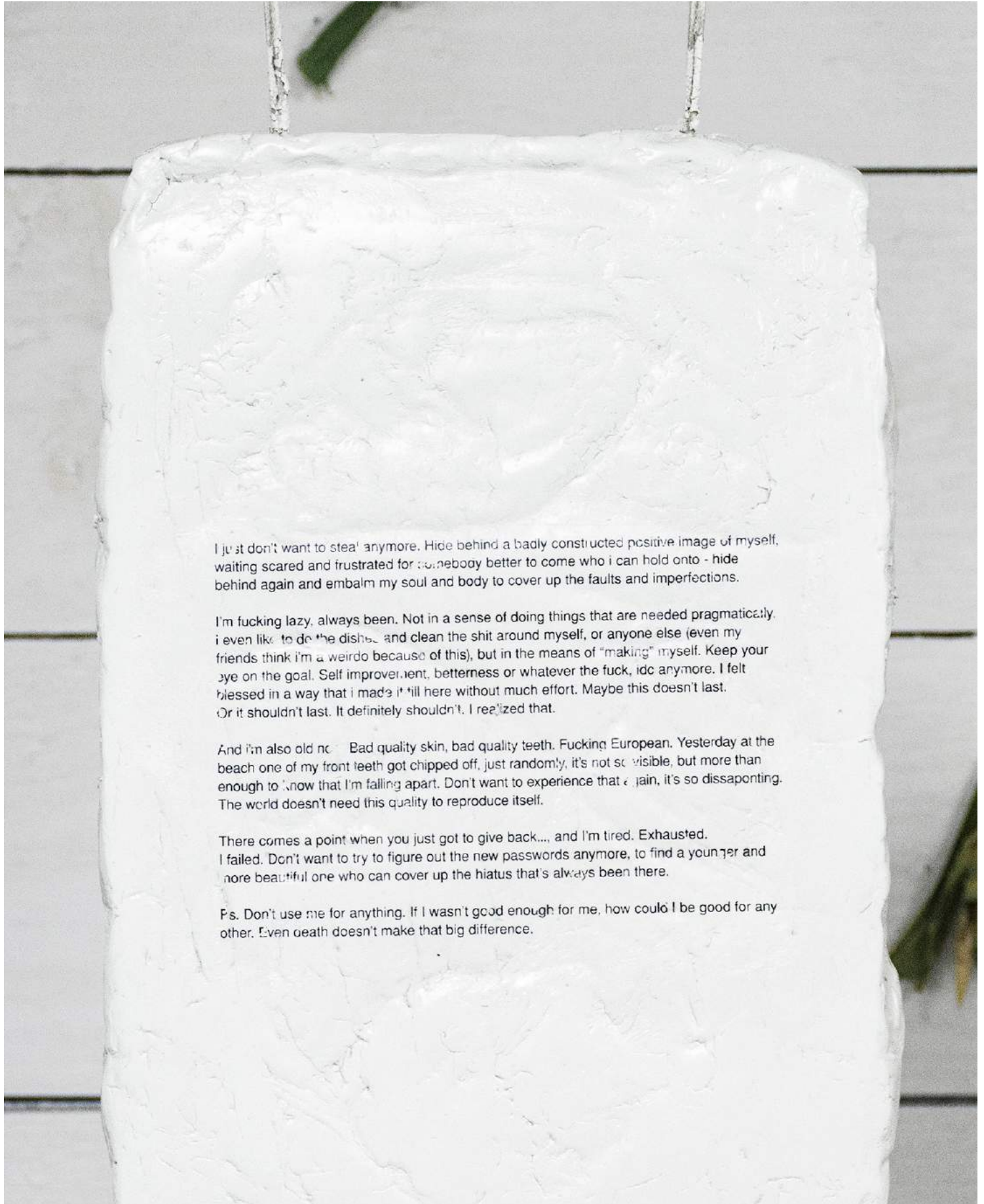




'AND AFTER THE FIRE CAME A GENTLE WHISPER: SHOW ME YOUR FETISH!' by Another Name at Another gallery, New York



Suicide letters, exhibition view



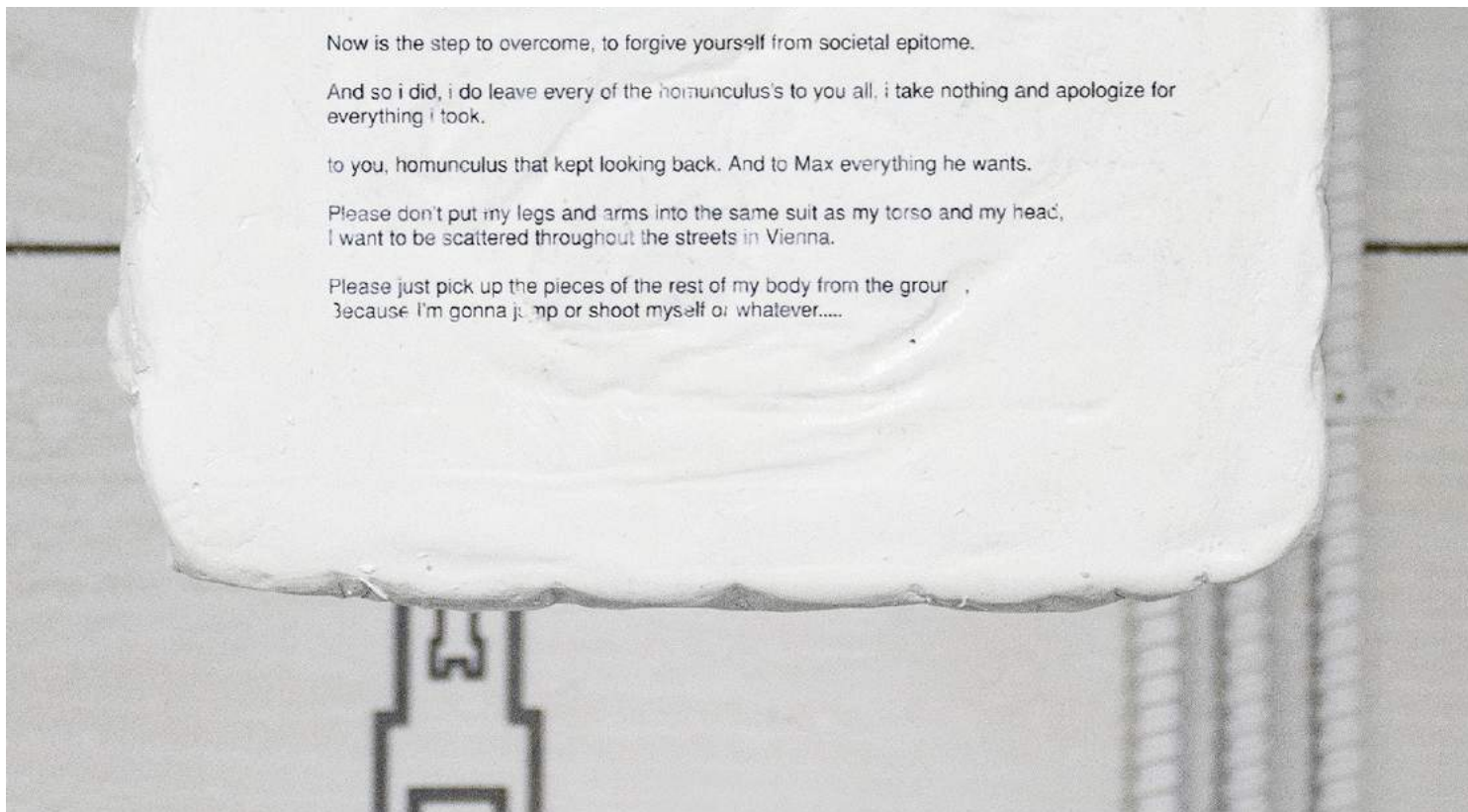
I just don't want to steal anymore. Hide behind a badly constructed positive image of myself, waiting scared and frustrated for somebody better to come who i can hold onto - hide behind again and embalm my soul and body to cover up the faults and imperfections.

I'm fucking lazy, always been. Not in a sense of doing things that are needed pragmatically, i even like to do the dishes and clean the shit around myself, or anyone else (even my friends think i'm a weirdo because of this), but in the means of "making" myself. Keep your eye on the goal. Self improvement, betterness or whatever the fuck, idc anymore. I felt blessed in a way that i made it till here without much effort. Maybe this doesn't last. Or it shouldn't last. It definitely shouldn't. I realized that.

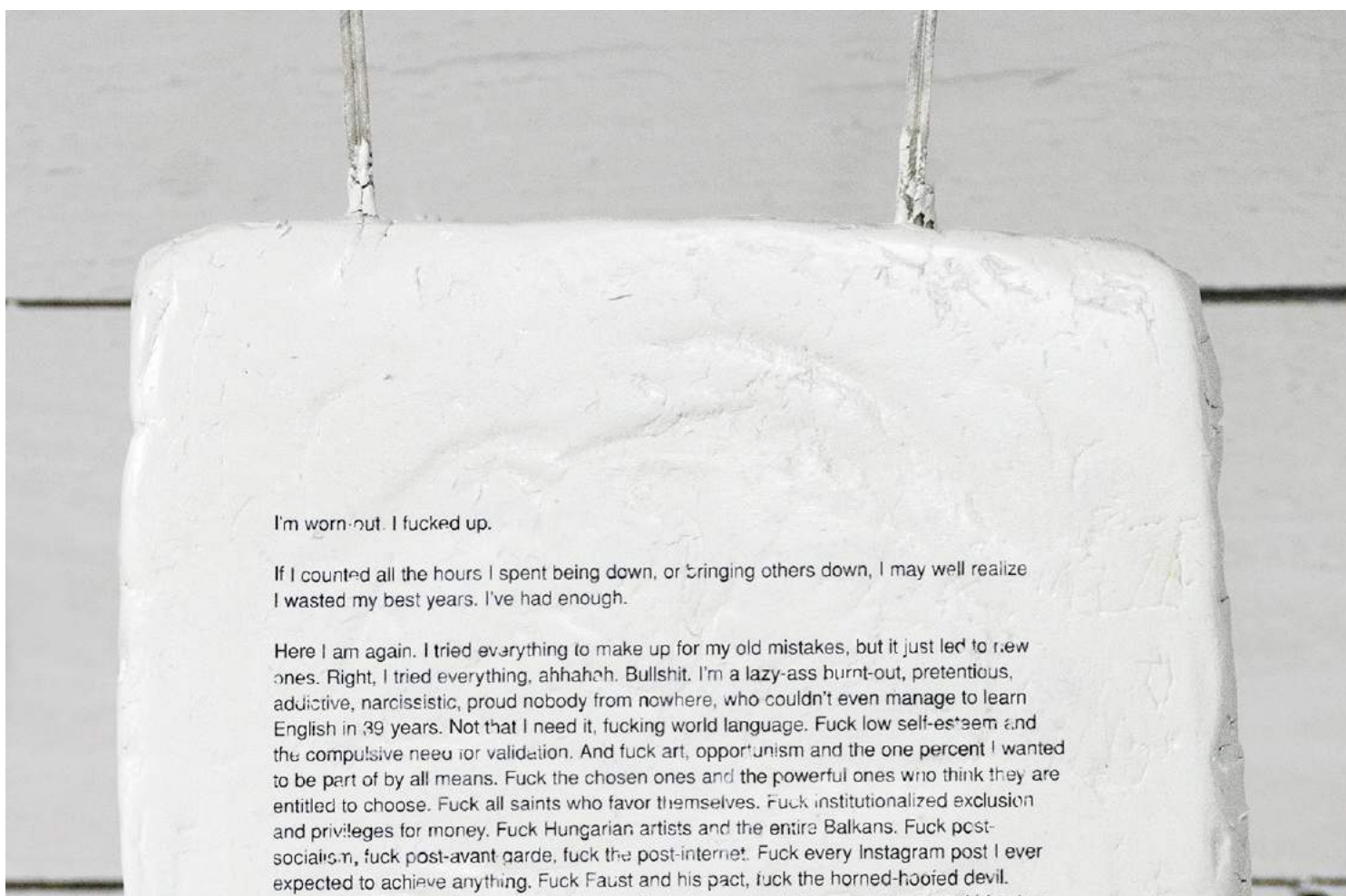
And i'm also old now. Bad quality skin, bad quality teeth. Fucking European. Yesterday at the beach one of my front teeth got chipped off, just randomly, it's not so visible, but more than enough to know that i'm falling apart. Don't want to experience that again, it's so dissaponting. The world doesn't need this quality to reproduce itself.

There comes a point when you just got to give back..., and i'm tired. Exhausted. I failed. Don't want to try to figure out the new passwords anymore, to find a younger and more beautiful one who can cover up the hiatus that's always been there.

P.s. Don't use me for anything. If i wasn't good enough for me, how could i be good for any other. Even death doesn't make that big difference.



Suicide letter B, exhibition view



Fuck intimidation and terrorizing with hell. Fuck the concept of scapegoating and blaming others. And fuck the error that has always been here and will remain forever.

I rebuff everyone around me who reminds me of my mistakes. I don't ask for the daily mirrors of others and I don't compare myself to Jesus, either. In my weak moments – that keep accumulating – I notice that my role models are self-realizing motherfuckers, just barging forward like a tank without giving a flying fuck about anything else. They yammer on and on about equality from the seat of a Lamborghini, which they are renting for the music video shoot, but one day they will be able to buy for themselves. Fuck the capitalist I sometimes wish I was.

Fuck me that nothing's ever good enough for me. That I won't eat the garlic, that it's too warm in a coat but too cold in a T-shirt. Fuck me that I can't get myself to read, but I'm saving up for new sneakers again. Fuck me that I want everything, right away. Fuck me that if the people around don't satisfy me I'll punish them in turn. Fuck me that I expect to be loved, but in turn I couldn't care less about others. Fuck me for acting like royalty. The conceited dickhead who thinks he's entitled to goodness like social security. Fuck me that I push myself before others and appropriate others' help. Fuck me that I'm unable to appreciate small gestures and that I was actually wishing for a Bugatti Veyron. Fuck longing and fantasizing about never ending orgies. Fuck me that I'm capable of replacing my values with cheap crap to achieve momentary success.

I have no one else to blame, it was all me, me alone. I have nowhere else to run, nowhere to hide. I'm done. Let God may be all in all.

Don't believe me. I no longer do myself.

Suicide letter C, exhibition view

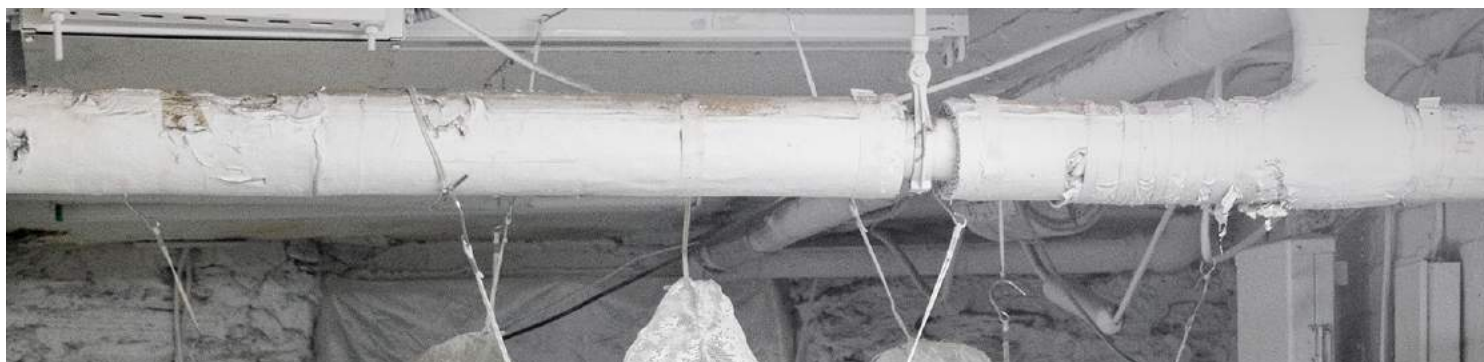


The Ghost, exhibition view





Bond, exhibition view

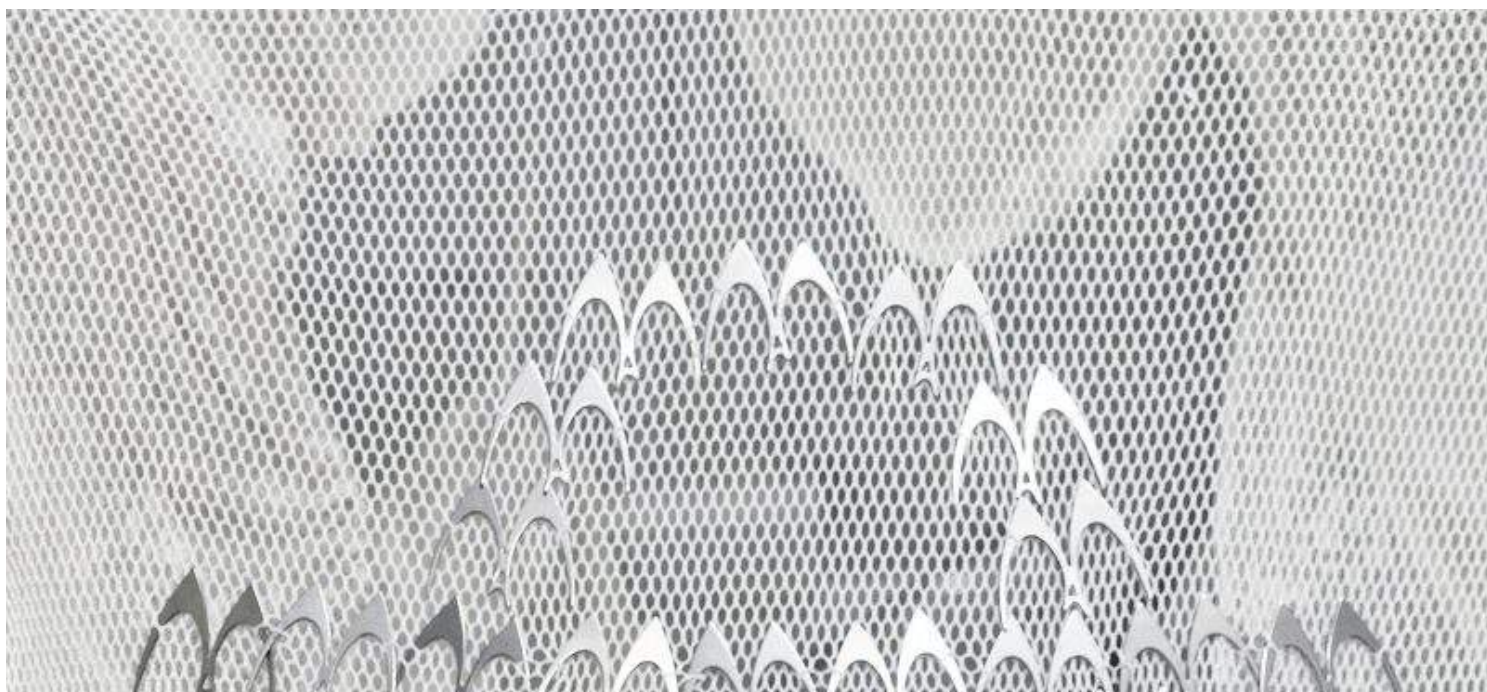




Bond, exhibition view

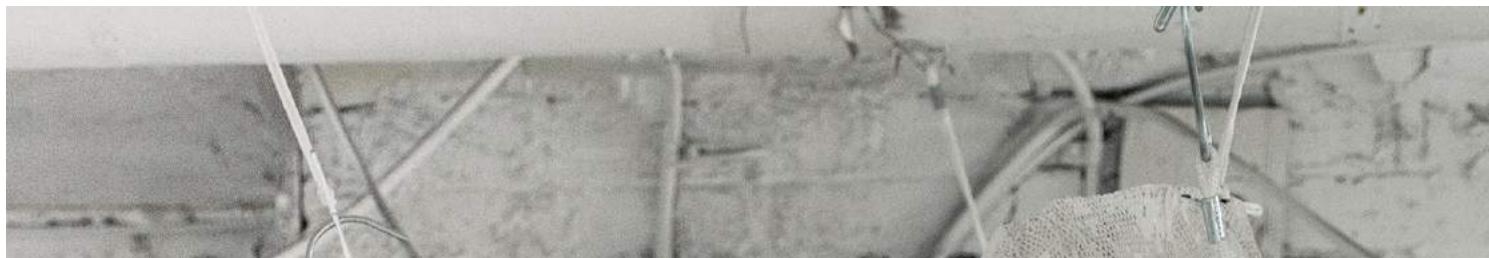


Bond – closeup, exhibition view





Bond — closeup, exhibition view





Bond – closeup, exhibition view



Tail, Painting – midi, Painting – smol, Fuckit, Bond, exhibition view



Tail, exhibition view





Painting — medium, exhibition view



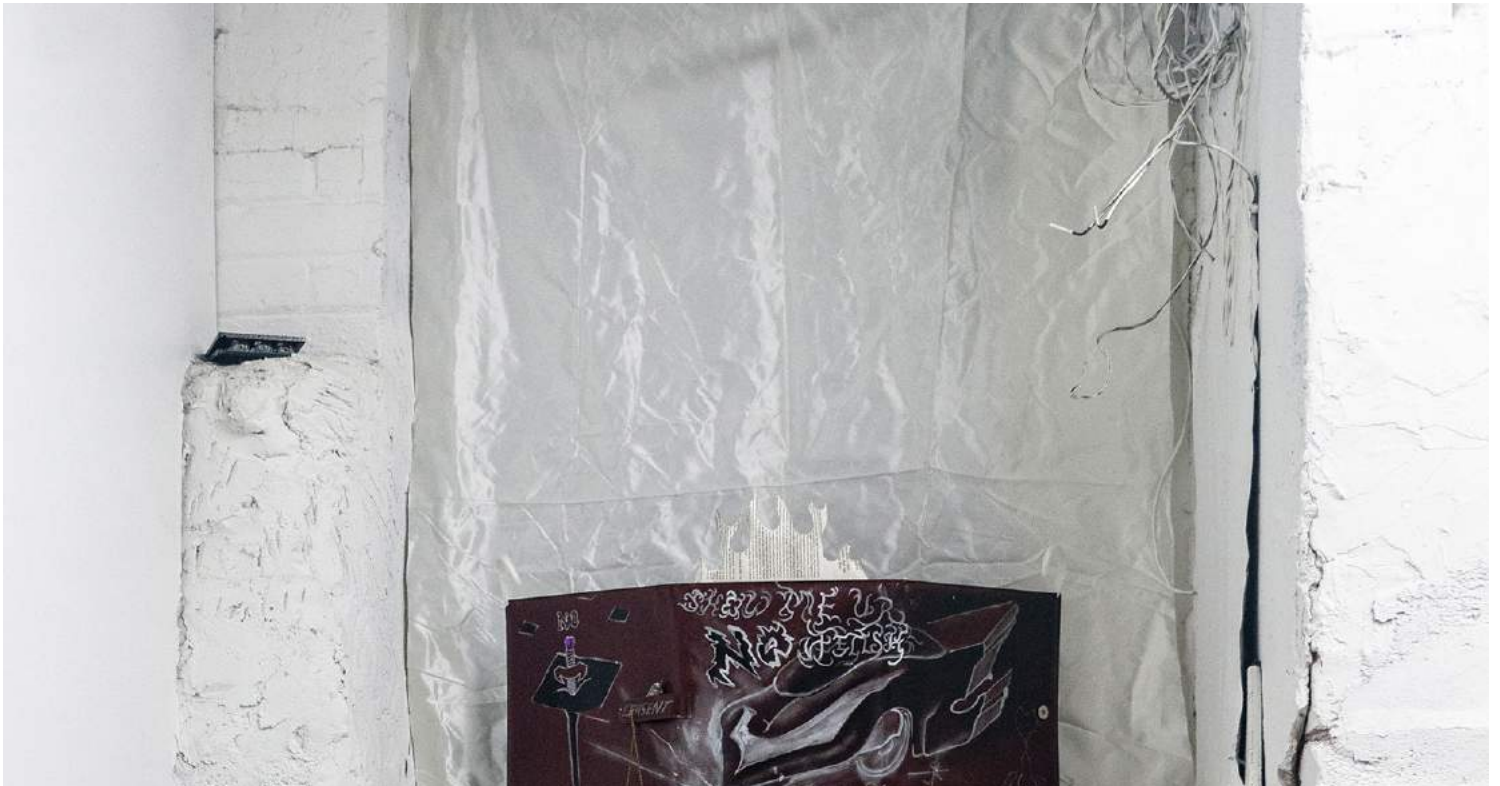
Painting — midi, Painting — smol, exhibition view



Fuckit, exhibition view



Fuckit — closeup, exhibition view





Each One, Consent, Entipede, exhibition view



Each One, exhibition view



Consent, exhibition view





Entipede, exhibition view





Eneme, exhibition view



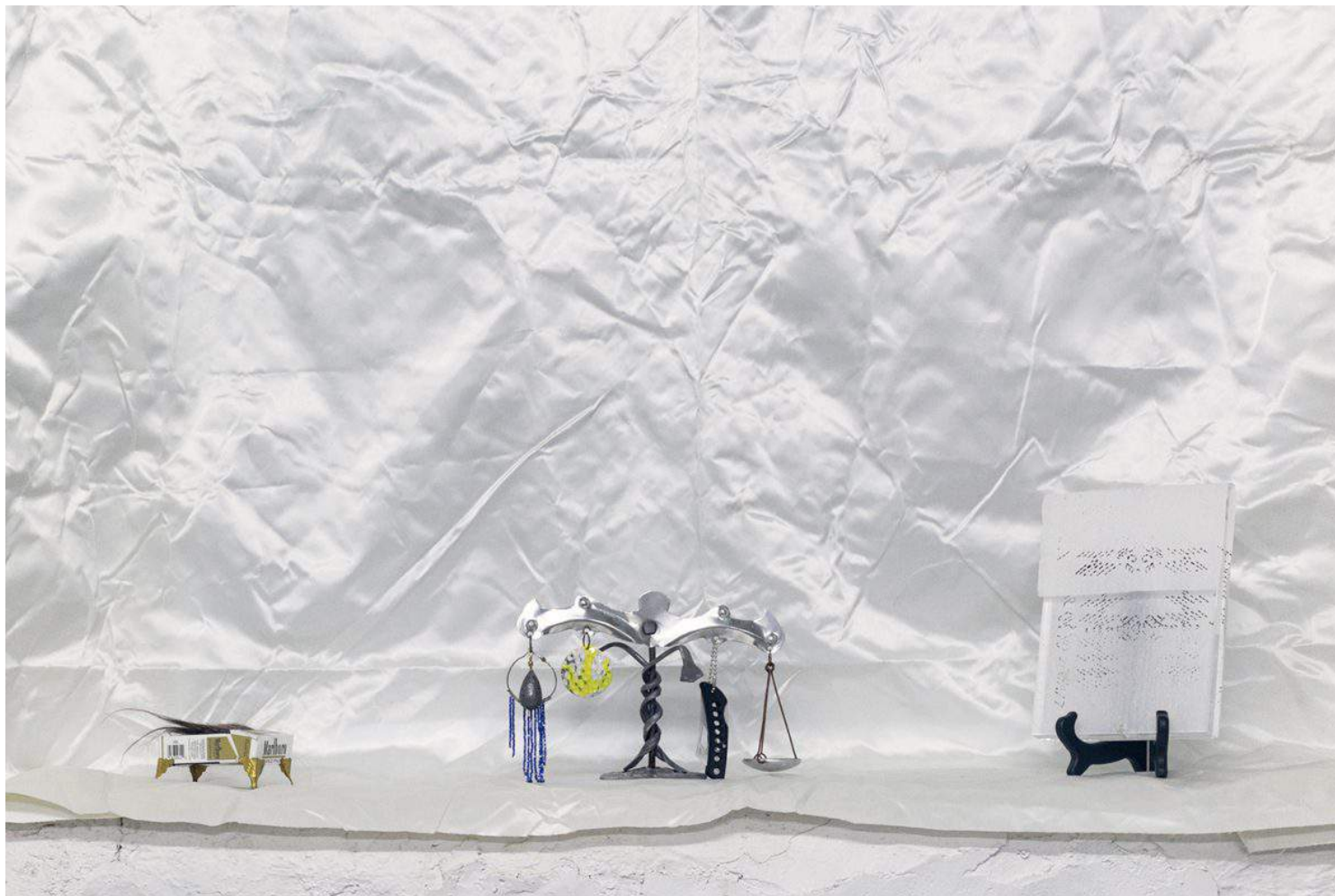


CentaGraph, exhibition view





Painting — big, exhibition view



Altar (from left to right: DeHex, ImBalance, Gentle Whisper), exhibition view



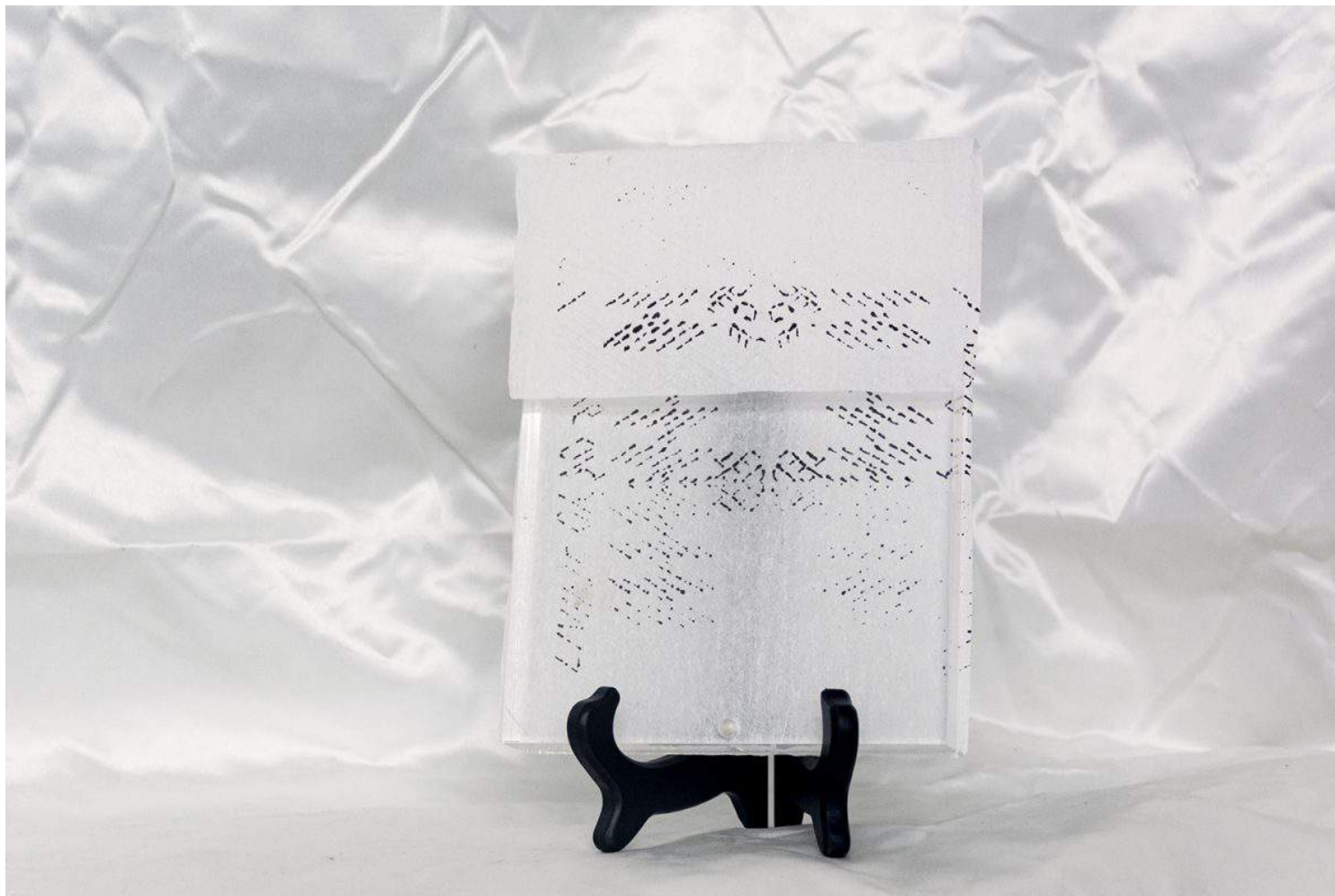
Altar, DeHex, exhibition view



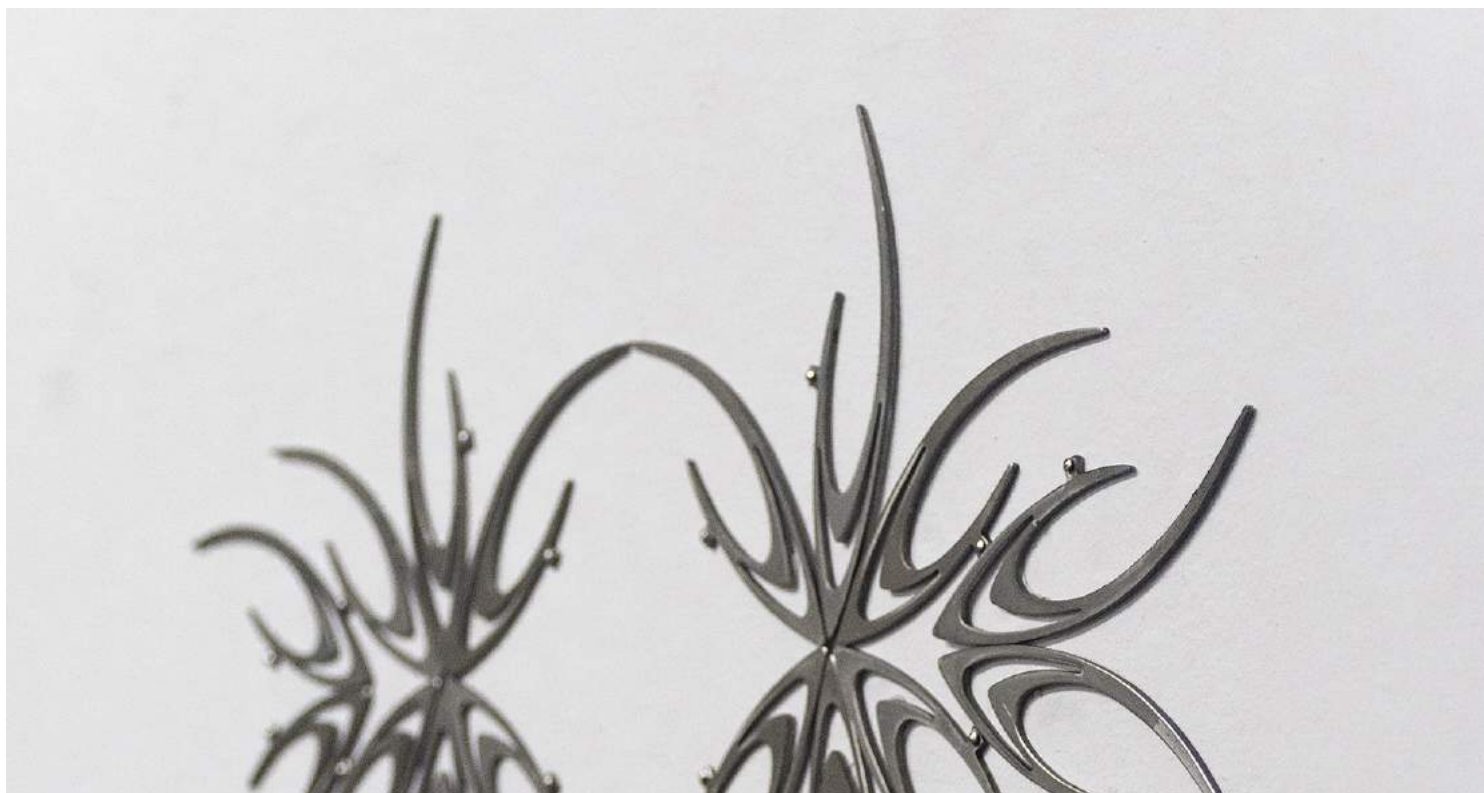
Altar, ImBalance, exhibition view

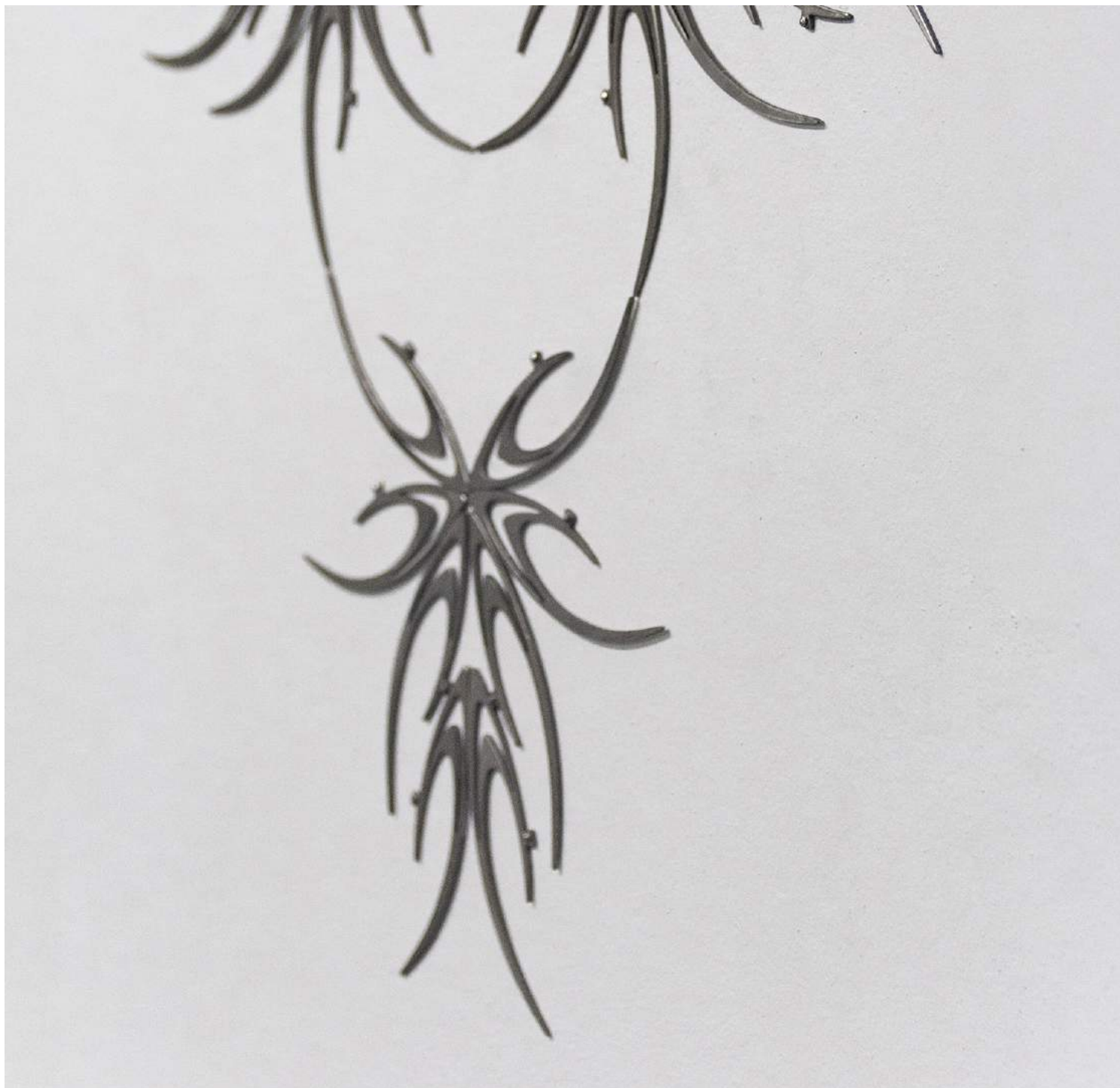


Altar, ImBalance — closeup, exhibition view



Altar, Gentle Whisper, exhibition view





Another Name, exhibition view

Invoking Hermes is a piece of Luck. When in distress let him challenge you to wander with him, but never forget that he also uses his hat to cover his lies and his winged shoes are meant for flying. The same as luck goes, Hermes does while he whispers as he disappears:

another day; another dollar.

Another Letter that nobody's gonna read because we didn't do it, in flesh: killing ourselves. But the 3 chapters read as a policy that set the terms and conditions of given adoration. Our collective (un)willingness is what we use to transform the Liminoid into a crust with 6 arms instead of 3 hoods.

All under one hood, welcome to the transpersonal crib were we say: death to fear.

17.11.18 – 24.11.18

Another Name (Lőrinc Borsos, Daniel Hüttler)

Photo by Daniel Hüttler

Another gallery

NEW YORK

US

2018

LŐRINC BORSOS

ANOTHER GALLERY

DANIEL HÜTTLER

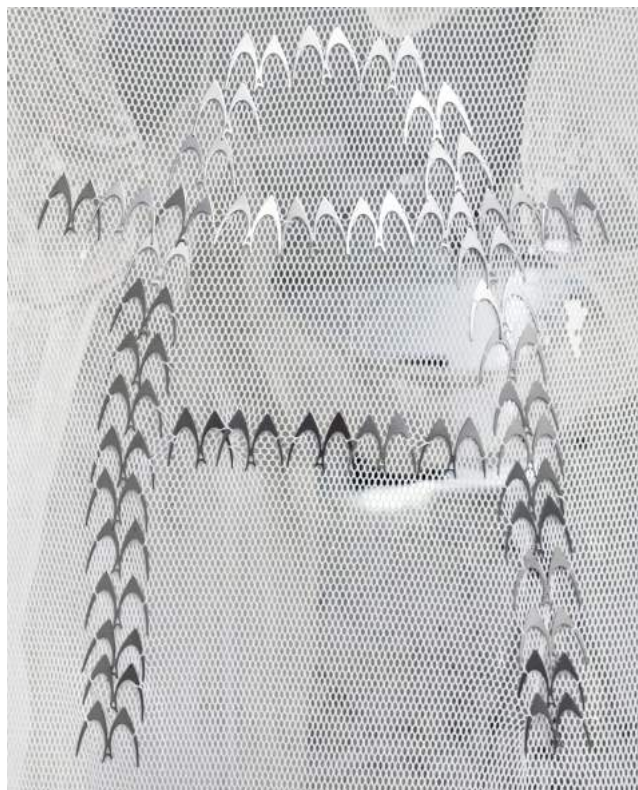




'The Enemy Knows The System' by Colleen Billing at Motel, New York



'The Global Scroll' by Gilles Jacot at Paddle Court Gallery, Westport



**'AND AFTER THE FIRE
CAME A GENTLE WHISPER:
SHOW ME YOUR FETISH!'
by Another Name at
Another gallery, New York**



**'Ghostdriver In A Drive-
Thru', a Group Show Invited
by Nicol Barbro at
Schaltzentrale, Hamburg**



'We Build Buildings Outside', a Group Show at Galerie Kunstbuero, Vienna



'Infrared Roses' by Mario Miron, Willie Young, Mac Katter at Sleepy Hollow Fine Art, Portland



**'Paradise Circus' by
Nschotschi Haslinger at
Limbo, Berlin**



**'FLIP A COIN' by Sasha
Kurmaz at oxyd
Kunsträume, Winterthur**



**'Jane Fonda', a Group Show
at Pina, Vienna**



**'Interesting Things About
Humans' by Adriana Ramić
at OŠ Đura Jakšić,
Vojvodina, Serbia**



'Contra' by Mirko Canesi at David Dale Gallery, Glasgow



'Extinction', a Group Show at Artemis Fontana, Paris

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