

Dear Grandma,

I can hear myself talking as I am writing, I hope you can hear me too. On my way here, right outside your house two mushrooms, next to the road on a line of grass. Similar to champignons.

With me I bring a tendency to look for similarities between things, some call it a sickness, some call it a safety, a net pulled out and hold tight as someone falls, we trust each other. Suddenly I fall as I thought I had the net in my hands. You catch me and I am happy to be here. In the train a voice from the ceiling - from the perspective of someone sitting - tall people with a firm grip, fingers some with rings on em, holding onto steel, railings welded and attached to the skeleton of the train with screws. Names, places, minutes and seconds like a cloud captured, impossible. As a kid looking up over the table ledge, the wooden sea as long as the eye reach.

Yesterday dad told me that champignons doesn't grow this time of year, so these must be poisonous and can't be champignons. Tell people not to eat them.



“Mousepoo and Oranges”

Cardboard boxes from the canteen, string, wallpaint, glass, hash & graphite.  
2022-2023






I sit here in a chair next to you, you are awake, you take a few sips of water and smile at me as we are looking at each other. In the train, on the way here I was texting with my girlfriend she is in Lithuania, im thinking you probably won't ever get to meet her and it makes me sad. I imagine she is with someone else, for a moment I forget im here in the train with all the tall people, I am jealous and contagious. The name of my station through the speaker, my body reacts with sudden movements, people look - spores of a mushroom caught on a day with no wind. Think about the impossible cloud.



“I’d hate to deny you the pleasure of your company”  
Monoblock chair, graphite pencil, stack of furnitures and other items from the academy.  
(Rietveld graduation show 2023) 2023.





scratching your head is one of the few movements you still are able to do and which I still can recognize you by. A CD was playing in a music store on a trip with my friends to brussels. The CD-player has a laser, locked in and reads information - from above it draws out a spiral playing from beginning to end. Behind the counter a line of yarn turns into a sweater, with space for two arms, a neck and a pair of legs. As each of us roam the shop and shuffle through cds and vinyls, labels with genres and categories, an unforgettable choreography between us all, I miss you and ask if I can buy the CD.

All while letters to loved ones in post offices gets sorted, non stop, a million minds in a tiny room, running through a drug and smuggling detection apparatus. Operated solely and with



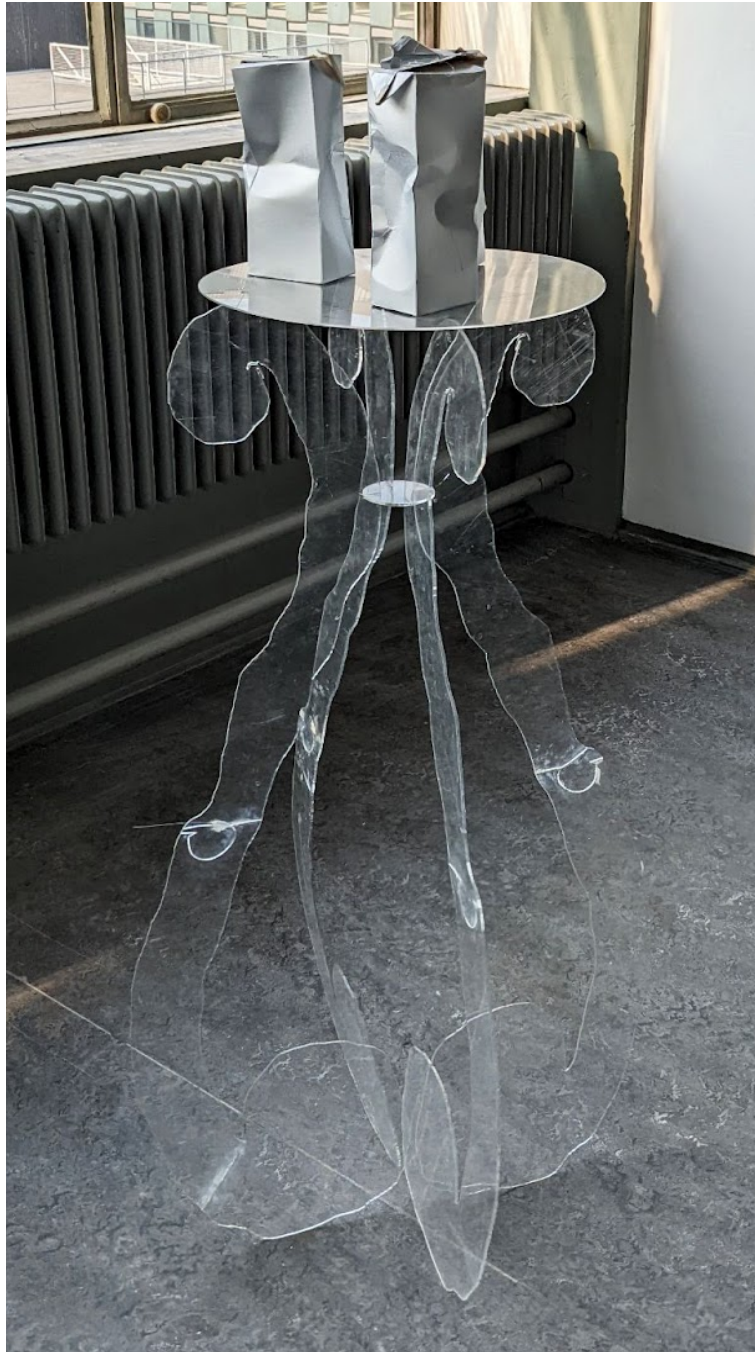
the help from a computer a machine and hand in hand, together, a love story next to the love letters. Sometimes letters won't make it, it just means someone took it. Handwritten names and addresses, letters and numbers in unimaginable combinations as they sit patiently, digitally as well as on paper, envelopes and mailboxes, trust goes both ways, is it true? Picked up and read, sent to its next stop, take good care of it. It all goes so fast. At the entrance a drinks vending machine standing firm not flinching at all, hovering and humming, selling icecubes in the desert. The age of the refrigerator, inside a note on a long strip of paper, "...how time flies by" or "your wildest dreams".



"Stand your ground with liris Riihimaki"  
Coca Cola can, plastic handle, superglue.  
2023

I just remember now that I already told you some of this in your birthday letter.

Mom and Uncle just left for a walk, I sit in the chair, you laying in bed. Apple trees grow and sway in the garden, we look at them through the window. The smell of baked apples, we meet though we all appear in separate rooms, as we sit there, the smell undeniable. Compot, jam, pies, biscuits, four different thees, your beautiful paintings that you made after you got fired from the bank. Of landscapes, animals and poppies, we grab the invitation and start dreaming, a tray a plate a table covered in chocolates...



"The waiter, persistent as the weather"  
Acrylic, Superglue, juiceboxes.



2023

Turning my head away from the page towards you, we look at each other and still do, i think. You look calm and I wonder, "what's on your mind?", the CD plays as you are sleeping. Track number 10, one of my favorites - I press repeat as soon as it finishes never letting it loop. Disappear into my head, birds find their way too and the smell of cake.



Mom walks through the garden door, she brought me a sandwich, she takes care of all the birds too. Hanging food in the trees out side her window so they keep circling back and forth, chasing each other around, grandma loves birds. The chirping birds and the sound from the CD, two trains on parallel tracks passing each other with the windows rolled down throwing compliments at each other. Something to look forward to, the sound bounces around the room, on walls furniture our bodies it all reflects what we hear and together forms a fortress, singing while seeking shelter. The song flies from here to the neighbors, where it came from, will be and gonna stay, for ever a mystery. Birds all over the place and I like to think that I wonder what they are thinking.





"Today's news"  
Newspaper, graphite pencil.  
2023.

Luca Mosbech f.  
2024.