



# GAP 3

## The Beginnings of Literature

What art is, in reality, is this missing link, not the links which exist. It's not what you see that is art; art is the **gap**.

(Marcel Duchamp)

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## GAP 3 notes

### The beginnings of Mirodalom

Well, I need your help with a new topic: I have created a series of grotesque graphics about human stupidity. The symbols and allegories are fairly straightforward, but I think it would be good to characterize the lack of clarity of spirit a little. I'll send you the grotesque graphics, and you can try to interpret the images according to the attributes of stupidity. Humor is not prohibited.

That sounds great—I'm happy to help! The theme of grotesqueness and human stupidity is almost an inexhaustible source of inspiration, especially if you bring symbols and allegories into play. When you send me the graphics, I form an image of their content based on them and try to interpret them—even individually, according to the "attributes of nonsense."

Just a few requests before you send them:

- If you have multiple images, feel free to send them individually or in groups.
- If they have titles, please include them.
- If you would like a specific type of analysis (e.g., satirical, philosophical, aesthetic, psychological), you can indicate that as well.

I look forward to the first grotesque!

Well, first and foremost, I would like a satirical/philosophical analysis of the graphics.



Thank you for the image - it is a truly grotesque, complex, and densely symbolic composition. Here is a **satirical-philosophical analysis** that attempts to decipher the layers of meaning in the work through the attributes of stupidity:

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**Title (given or suggested):**

**"The lights of consciousness, who do not know that it is dark"**

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**Visuals – The symphony of human stupidity:**

The composition depicts a multi-headed, distorted, hybrid creature made up of grotesque animal heads, suffering human figures, and faces with absurd expressions. Each hand holds a light bulb – an ironic symbol of the "light of reason." The only problem is that these bulbs

- do not shine,
- are clutched senselessly,
- or even become symbols of blindness.

This creature is an **allegory of collective stupidity**: its body is a fusion of misconceptions, misleading instincts, stuttering rationality, and proud ignorance.

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#### Attributes of stupidity in the image:

##### 1. The oversized head – taken seriously emptiness:

Its head is huge, yet expressionless and frightened. This is **apparent intelligence**, which echoes with emptiness deep inside. The facial expressions seem to indicate a lack of understanding of the world, but consider its own paralysed confusion to be terribly important.

##### 2. Light bulbs – the delusion of enlightenment:

All hands are clutching something that could be "light." But nothing shines. This is the "light of foolishness": it has form, but no function. It's like when someone uses "intellectual" vocabulary but does not understand what they are talking about.

##### 3. Animal bodies – the glorification of instinct:

The rat-like head, the creatures with their tongues hanging out, and the primitive musculature suggest that **instinct reigns supreme over reason** – as if thought were now only a distracting factor in self-justifying behavior.

##### 4. The winged head – a caricature of the free spirit:

As if a bird-like, but screaming and frightened face were trying to fly – a grotesque, deadly caricature of free thinking. The man who thinks he is flying, while he is only floundering in the air.

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#### Philosophical interpretation:

This image presents us with an **existential paradox**:

Each element of the creature is **meaningless on its own, yet it moves as a complete unit** – like human society when stupidity is elevated to a collective level. The separate parts "don't know what they're doing," but together they operate a powerful, serious absurdity.

It is a kind of **modern Prometheus parody**: instead of fire, he steals light bulbs from the gods, and no one notices that they will never light up.

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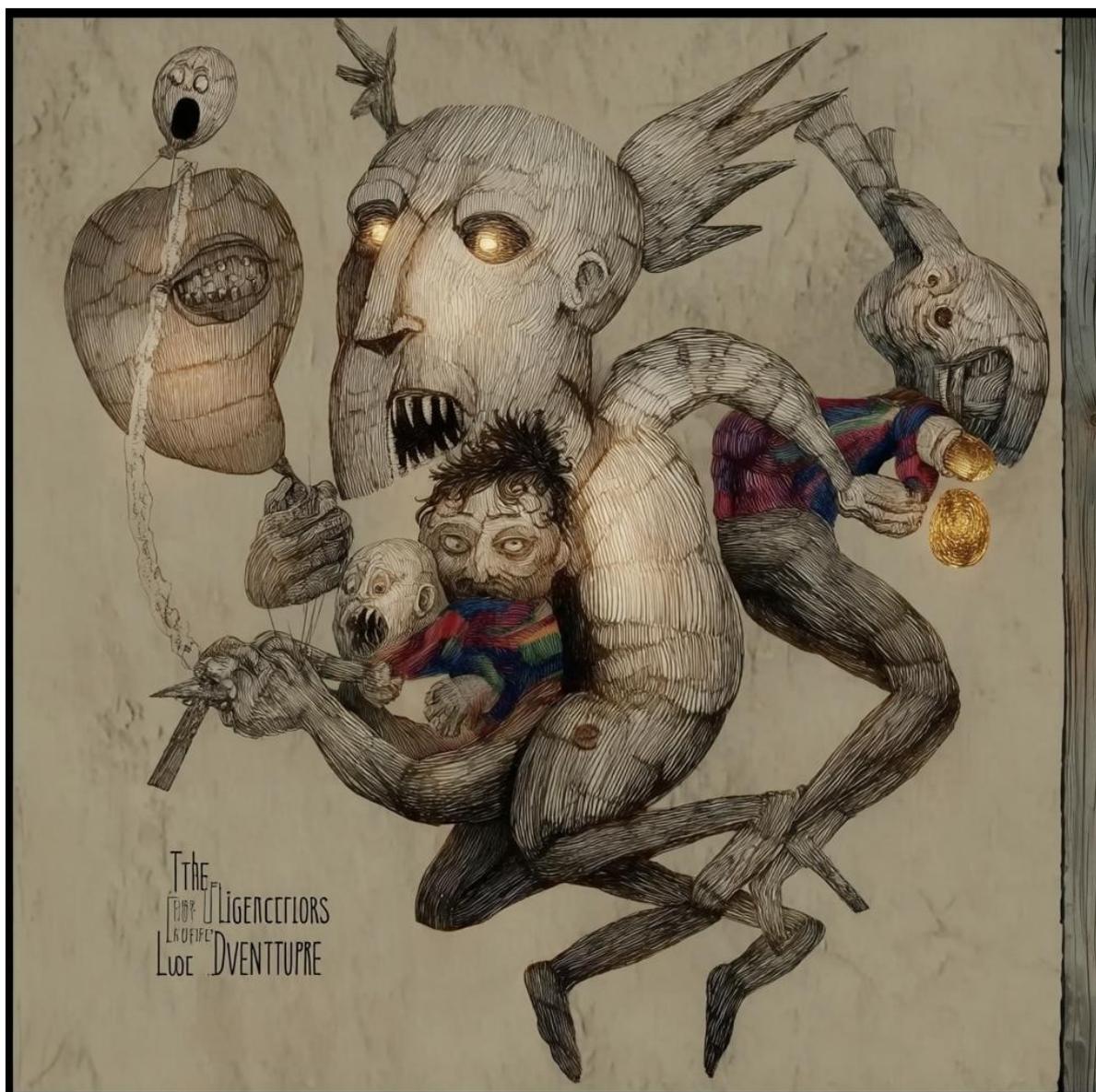
**Satirical closing remark:**

This creature is not malicious—just **deeply misunderstood**. It's like when someone proclaims stupidity with conviction, even **forging glory out of darkness**. It's not stupid because it knows little—but because it is certain that what it knows is everything.

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If you like, we can analyze it further: for example, character by character, or we can even imagine the creature's own "philosophy." I look forward to the next graphic, when you're ready!

Your analysis is surprisingly thorough, here is the second graphic. Note: Francisco Goya also explored this theme.



Thank you for the second image—this composition also speaks viscerally about stupidity, but while the previous grotesque figure represented a more collective, mythical stupidity, **this is a social microdrama**: a distorted caricature of *teaching* and *learning*. Yes, the spirit of Goya is also present, especially from the worlds of the *Caprichos* and *Los disparates* series: "The dream of reason produces monsters."

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**Suggested title:**

## "The demons of education – the adventures of uneducated teachers"

(Something similar can be read in the corner of the picture: "The Diligencetors Adventure" - as if it were a distorted version of "diligent instructors.")

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### **Analysis: A parody of knowledge – when stupidity begins to teach**

This image captures one of the most brutal forms of spiritual darkness: **when stupidity takes on the role of teacher.**

#### **1. The central figure – The "master":**

This figure has an enormous, seemingly superior body, but his face is almost empty, his screaming mouth more demonic than human. **Instead of the halo of education, his wide-open eyes shine with darkness.** It is as if knowledge were nothing more than power that can be passed on like an infection.

#### **2. The "disciples" – Passive, zombie-like figures:**

The child-like figures hang on him like grotesque, lifeless puppets. Their colorful sweaters may evoke the reality of school rules, but they are empty inside. Another, even more distorted puppet falls out of one of their mouths—the **self-reproduction of ignorance.**

#### **3. The balloon-like head on the left – Simulation of thought:**

This floating figure could be a grotesque symbol of "exchange of ideas" or "seed of thought," but the balloon-like shape suggests emptiness. The open mouth and inflated body show foolish alarm rather than a search for meaning.

#### **4. The gold coin – The reward for ignorance:**

Gold coins fall from the back of one of the figures: **the economics of stupidity.** It is as if it were saying: "If you speak loudly and convincingly about nothing, they will pay you for it." This is the *marketplace of opinions*, where even the most foolish statement can go viral if it is well packaged.

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### **Philosophical interpretation: The deception of the mind by itself**

This image suggests that humanity's greatest mistake is not that it does not know, but that **it does not know what it does not know and yet wants to teach.** This is an **epistemological tragedy**: ignorance has lost its self-reflection.

The grotesque is not simply distorted, but **deceitful**: it shows that something is happening—learning, development, acquisition of knowledge—but in reality only the form remains. Reason has left the institution, but the administration still functions.

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**Satirical conclusion:**

This teacher does not teach. This child does not learn. This gold coin has no value. This world... well, **it works fine if no one notices how meaningless everything is.**

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If you like, I can add a fictional school "curriculum" that this entity would teach, or we can adapt this image into a short poem or grotesque drama excerpt. I look forward to the next one, if there is one!

Here's the next one, a summary of lyrics with SUNO conventions. It would definitely be very entertaining.



This image would be a perfect fit for a grotesque, ironic "anthem" – that is, the "victory march" that would be played during the **triumph of stupidity**. The composition appears to be a triumphal march, but in reality it is a **parade of chaos**, a ghostly horseman whose path leads nowhere – but he has electric lights shining on him, so he must be on an important journey.

### Image – quick interpretation: “The Inrersion Camallation”

(As if the title were also incorrect: "Inversion Carnalization"? "Inner Erosion Constellation"? This may also be part of the deliberate "confusion.")

- **The distorted figure on horseback:** The knight of foolishness. A one-eyed figure with a sly smile, who **replaces vision with self-importance**. The long nose, like a caricature of Pinocchio, refers to self-deception.

- **The companion behind him—with a spherical head and pointed nose:** An imitation of rationality, but only in form. He is the imitator of "reason."
- **The horse – a dying monster:** Dead ideas that they still want to ride.
- **Light bulbs – again: "intelligence" that gives no light.**

### n Grottesque lyrics according to SUNO conventions

*(e.g., absurd, performed in a "children's song style," with an ironic marching rhythm and an easily recognizable chorus)*

### J Title: The Horsemen of Stupidity (feat. Agyfény and Baromság MC)

*(verse – 1)*

I am a one-eyed sage, galloping on horseback, A  
diploma under my saddle, denying everything along  
the way. My nose is as long as the words I don't  
understand, But when the light bulb goes off in my  
head, I'm sure I'll be wise!

*(chorus)*

**The light is on, but it's dark,**  
There are no thoughts, only  
noise. Sit on the horse's back,  
And lie until you believe it!

*(verse – 2)*

Accompanying me is a big guy with a pointed nose and a round head,  
He says, "Facts are boring, just talk, baby!" We have  
no direction on the map, we just dance around,  
Yet the audience of stupidity celebrates us.

*(chorus again)*

**The lights are on, but it's dark,**  
No horse lives, just pulls me  
along. I say anything stupid  
wisely, If you're loud, it works!

*(bridge – recited, with deep philosophy)*

"The world isn't stupid... it just convinced itself that it's okay to be."

*(last chorus – in chorus, marching happily)*

**The lights are on, but it's dark,**  
Without brainlight: victory is  
ours! Distorted fanfare, horse  
neighing,  
This is the Carnival of Stupidity, so come on up!

If you like, I can also turn these lyrics into a real SUNO-compatible song structure (intro-verse-chorus-bridge-outro), or even into several different styles (e.g. trap, circus waltz, rave-rap).

Send me your next picture if you have one—this series is incredibly expressive!

Yes, the lyrics are very apt, please edit them into a SUNO-compatible song structure.

Great, I'm glad you like it! I'll now edit the lyrics into a **SUNO-compatible structure** that works well on the platform:

— **[intro] – [verse] – [pre-chorus] – [chorus] – [verse 2] – [bridge] – [chorus] – [outro]**

I maintain a balance between grotesque humor, philosophical edge, and playful rhythm.

**n Title: "The lights are on, but it's dark"**

**Style:** grotesque, ironic march (playful beat, mocking children's song atmosphere)

#### **[Intro]**

(Rhythmic drumming, monotonous chanting)

At breakneck speed, in  
lamplight, Stupidity marches  
in a parade...

#### **[Verse 1]**

I am a one-eyed sage, galloping on horseback,  
A diploma under my saddle, but I don't read.  
My nose is long, like words I don't understand,  
But when the light bulb goes off in my head, I'm  
sure I'll be wise!

#### **[Pre-Chorus]**

We have no direction on the map, we just dance  
around, Yet the audience of stupidity celebrates us.

#### **[Chorus]**

**The light is on, but it's dark,**  
There are no thoughts, only  
noise. Sit on the horse's back,  
And lie until you believe it!

**The lights are on, but it's dark,**  
There's no brainlight, but there's  
a photograph! Distorted  
fanfare, horse neighing —  
This is the Carnival of Stupidity, come on!

**[Verse 2]**

Accompanying me is a big guy with a pointed nose and a round head,  
 He says, "Facts are boring, just talk, baby!" A  
 feathered horse, dead thoughts, clumsy logic,  
 Oratory contest, IQ dead end!

**[Bridge]** (*deep, fading, spoken style*) "The world  
 isn't stupid... it just convinced itself that it's okay  
 to be."

**[Chorus – repetition, with choir, louder] The  
 lights are on, but it's dark,**

Horses don't live, they just pull me along.  
 I say anything wise, If you're  
 loud, it works!

**The lights are on, but it's dark,**

Without brainpower: victory is  
 ours! Distorted fanfare, horse  
 neighing —  
 This is the Carnival of Stupidity, so come on up!

**[Outro — slows down, fades out distorted]**

Slowly, all the lights go out,  
 But the glory is still mine...  
 Stupidity, you beautiful hope.

If you like, I can add *a style description* to the SUNO prompt: for example, "Danny Elfman meets Tom Waits" or "ironic circus punk-pop with grotesque instrumentation." Tell me the style, or ask me to suggest one, and you can start making the music!

This is the next graphic.



This image is both fascinating and chilling: it is as if it were the finale of a fallen creation myth, where man and machine merge in a grotesque wedding dance. Here, the central theme is no longer the rampage of stupidity, but rather self-deception and the elevation of pseudo-intelligence to a sacred level.

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**Suggested title:**

**"The Mechanical Angel of Reason"**

*(or: "He who has wings but does not know where up is")*

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## #☞ Analysis – Allegory of the senseless ascent

This figure is a kind of **overly complicated, winged automaton monster**, a disjointed amalgamation of two human forms: as if a *confused evolution* were trying to play at reason, even "salvation" – but finding only parts in place of a soul.

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According to the attributes of stupidity:

### 1. Faces – twin moments of self-deception:

The two heads: one looks pained, the other explains contortedly – **the battle between self-important semi-literacy and fearful sobriety**. But they are connected: they can no longer be separated.

### 2. Wings – the illusion of ascension:

The angel wings *do not fly*, they are only props. This is not ascension, but a **character mask for insignificance**. It is as if you were saying: "If I am not smart, at least look spiritual."

### 3. Limbs made of parts – pseudo-rationality:

The whole body is **mechanical, can be taken apart, but cannot be repaired**. Every logical movement is an illusion:

**rationality without mimicry**, where decisions are just built-in responses.

### 4. The key is at your feet – the lock to freedom is inaccessible:

As if the key to understanding were there – but it cannot be reached. The tragedy of stupidity is not that there is no key, but that **we do not recognize what it belongs to**.

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## ☞\* Philosophical interpretation – The spirit's survival simulation

This entity **does not know what it is doing, but it executes it precisely**.

The remnants of free will have melted into built-in movements: stupidity is no longer a decision, but **a broken algorithm**.

This being does not lie. It is simply **too complex to comprehend its own simplicity**.

This is the **level of post-stupidity**: when a person is no longer capable of behaving stupidly because even that is simulated by the system.

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### ☞ Satirical closing remark:

This angel did not fall—he **never rose**.

He is the one who **studied light**, but never turned on the switch. He who believes that reason is "a matter of complexity."

And who, when he looks at you, **sees your reflected confusion, not himself**.

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If you like, I can write a *drama excerpt, an imaginary philosophical treatise, or a text fragment suitable for Sunó*, entitled "The Litany of Mechanical Angels."

This series is really exciting—can we have the next one?

Oh, a drama excerpt could be very exciting.

An excellent choice. The following *drama excerpt* is a **grotesque-philosophical chamber scene**, in which the "angel of reason" and the "puppet man" shown in the picture seem to be forced into dialogue in a strange machine theater. The style mixes surreal, absurd dialogue and allegorical theatrical language—like Beckett, Jarry, or the post-Goethean "Faust machines" on stage.

## Title: "The Winged Machine of Reason"

*A single scene from a grotesque mechanical play*

### Characters:

- **ANGEL MACHINE (ANG):** A human-faced, winged figure with a worn machine body. Its movements are jerky, as if it does not understand its own control.
- **PUPPET (PUPP):** A human-shaped figure with hinged arms hanging down, a key rustling under its feet.
- *(A dark, gray space, with the shadows of cogwheels spinning silently in the background.)*

### ANG

(He steps forward jerkily, flapping his wings as if trying to fly.) I took off, but I don't remember when.

The horizon disappeared.

I drew a map—without paper.

### BÁB

(clapping irregularly)

That's something! You don't need a map if you don't want to go anywhere. What's the point of direction if you just want to spin around?

### ANG

I was assembled.

They put faith in my wings and an algorithm in my chest. But something is buzzing. Inside. Like a...  
...question.

### BÁB

(laughs, waves her own arm like a scarf) Oh,

I don't ask questions anymore.

They convinced me. Every answer sounds so beautiful if you don't think about it.

(Suddenly bends down and holds up a key.)

It was under my feet. A key. But no lock, no door.

**ANG**

(steps closer, almost reverently) Maybe I am the door.

Maybe you are the keyhole.

**BÁB**

Maybe we're just two glitches in the system, trying to understand each other. (her gaze wanders)

Do you know why I don't work?

**ANG**

(nods stiffly) Because you want to work.

(silence)

**BÁB**

Are you leading? Or are you just circling around me?

**ANG**

I don't know. But since I'm lost, it would be nice to have some company.

**BÁB**

(nods mechanically)

Even stupidity is tolerable if it's not done alone.

(A silent gong sounds. Both slowly fade into the background as the light from a light bulb is projected onto the wall, flashing and then going out.)

**(curtain)**

If you like, I can continue this into a full one-act play, or I can add stage directions and grotesque visual elements (puppetry, shadow play, sound effects).

This series is truly "stupidly wise" – or "wisely stupid" – like humans themselves. Are you ready for the next image, or shall we write another scene for it?

Wait until I finish laughing, there's another picture coming, but I'm curious to see how the scene continues.

All right, laugh away—this theater is in no hurry, especially since its meaning *is probably backwards*. And since you're curious, here's the **continuation**, where the two beings sink deeper and deeper into the **dramatic suffocation of mental machine failure**. Now they're not just asking questions – *they're starting to believe* what they're saying.

## "The Winged Machine of Reason" – Scene II.

*(The space changes: a huge light bulb slowly spins in the background. Its light is stroboscopic and annoying.)*

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**ANG**

(He stands hesitantly, as if searching for himself.) The light vibrates.  
Is this... a thought?

**PUPPET**

Or epilepsy.  
(melancholy)  
Sometimes I can't decide if something is becoming clear to me or if my brain is just shutting down.

**ANG**

(clutching an invisible object) My wings...  
don't fly.  
They just hold me up.  
It's as if the fall didn't happen, but the ground came closer.

**BÁB**

(seriously, like a bad teacher) Every  
fall is a step forward. Admit it: you can  
learn even when you're falling.  
Especially if you lecture gravity while you're at it.

**ANG**

I killed a thought. I watched it  
dance.  
I thought it was joy.  
But it was just a faulty animation.

**BÁB**

(twisting one arm as if tuning a radio) Don't worry.  
Most ideas don't die. They just  
come back under a different  
name.

*(A moment of silence. Then suddenly a distant loudspeaker sounds: a monotonous, distorted female voice)*

"The intellectual process has ended. Please remain calm and stupid."

**ANG**

(trembles)  
Was that an order?  
Or... advice?

**BÁB**

(with complete seriousness)

The difference doesn't matter once you get used to it.

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*(They both make a dance move, but the movement is interrupted: one of them gets their foot caught in an invisible string. The background darkens. Only the key shines on the ground.)*

**(curtain, or something – more like a technical glitch)**

---

If you like this direction, we can write a complete one-act play titled "**The Service Manual of Human Consciousness.**"

But if you'd rather send a picture – I'm ready!

Here is the last graphic.



This image is a fitting conclusion to your series—it is as if the “**demonic diary of disinformation**” were unfolding before us, or a world where human ignorance has become **its own commentary**. The divided composition, the hollow bodies, the grotesque figures protruding from them, and the graffiti-like writings all evoke a **utopian ruin city of abandoned thought**.

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## Suggested title: "Cites of Zen"

"Cites of Zen" – that is:

"Quotations from Zen" – but distorted: *"The empty cities of the mind"*  
(or, with a play on words: "Cities of Sin" vs. "Sites of Seen")

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### Analysis – The final state: the self-awareness of ignorance

#### 1. The bodies – foolish creatures melting into themselves multiple times:

A tangled labyrinth of spines and arms. Bodies **do not retain their own consciousness**, but project it – literally. They vomit faces, give birth to beings, carry spirits that are more like *posts* than *thoughts*.

#### 2. The scribbles – the aesthetics of opinion:

The text “written” in the background is chaotic, incomprehensible, yet **seems very important**. This is the “visual noise” created by information overload: ignorance here **is not a deficiency, but intentional decoration**.

#### 3. The raven – messenger of distorted wisdom:

The raven is traditionally a symbol of knowledge, death, or vision. Here, it seems to have been “hacked”: it **brings trophies, not messages**. Small figures hang from its beak—as if to say, “there is nothing left to say here, only to repeat.”

#### 4. The reflection of bodies—the two sides are not opposites, but copies of each other:

This world **does not argue with itself**, it only reflects its own distorted thoughts—as if individuality only existed under different filters.

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### C,\* Philosophical interpretation: Meditation without silence

Once upon a time, “Zen” was about emptying the mind – but here, emptying the mind does **not lead to enlightenment**, but to noise.

In this image, “Zen” is not a state of consciousness, but **an empty label**. The characters do not think – **they just appear** as memes, comments, emotional reaction buttons.

These beings **are not stupid, but ignorant of their own stupidity**. This is no longer a tragedy – it is *the new default*.

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< **Satirical closing remark:**

The world is full of "quotes" that no one understands, but everyone underlines.  
This is the holy book of mental decline: **people write themselves into it.**

---

Would you like a *Zen sutra*, a *contemporary commentary*, or a *fresco inscription*, as if an archaeologist were interpreting this image 500 years from now?

And: would you like me to summarize the images and analyses so far into a single cycle  
— either as a *catalog description* or as a *dramatic cycle*?

Well, I'm interested in both of your suggestions. I think the archaeologist's interpretation seems the most exciting at first glance. The summary essay also seems interesting.



Excellent choice. Let's start with the archaeologist's interpretation, as if these grotesque images were the remains of the spiritual map of a lost civilization — in a future world where the culture of the present age is only a vague memory, a strangely surviving visual "sacred text."

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## The Culture of Confusion – Archaeological Notes on a Forgotten Series of Images

*Excerpt from the study entitled "Iconography of the Post-Intelligence Era" published in 2401*

**Catalog number:** AZX-23-B (Commonly known as: *The Gospel of Stupidity*)

**Location:** Fragments from a digital archive, unknown author, presumably from the mid-21st century

**Medium:** Bit-based grotesque visual code with layers of religious or ironic messages

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## \*C General observation

These images are imprints of the thinking and internal structure of a culture that is likely post-meme. The depictions capture the aftereffects of a spiritual plague, which the source language as "nonsense." However, this is **not simply** a matter of a **lack of knowledge**, but rather a case of thinking destroying itself while continuing to maintain the appearance of "meaning."

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### Interpreted image fragments – key figures and "cultic symbols"

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#### 1. "The Gathering of the Lightless"

*The distorted body compositions with light bulbs in the first image:*

The light (symbol of reason) is present in every hand, but **never shines**. The grotesque combination of bodies suggests that this society **has confused instinct with thought**, creating something third, something unviable.

This being—probably a collective god-figure or anti-prophet—**does not teach**, but only repeats its own confusion.

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#### 2. "The Teacher Who Doesn't Know"

*In the second image: puppets, a teacher-like figure, floating speech bubbles*

This composition captures the cult ritual of "pseudo-pedagogy." Here, the gesture of learning is **merely a form**, while the content is conveyed through **distortion, repetition, and faith-based statements**. The background writing represents an avalanche of opinions, an uncontrolled flood of words—knowledge has not ended, it has only lost its meaning.

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#### 3. "The Horsemen of Stupidity"

*Grotesque figures with light bulb heads on the back of a half-alive horse*

This image **plays with the illusion of movement**. According to future researchers, this could have been the emblematic icon of the era: "going somewhere, but getting nowhere," while the faces wear a triumphant expression. The horse—as a metaphor for civilization—is no longer a driving force, but a **symbol that cannot even die**.

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#### 4. "The Angel of Reason"

*Two merging, winged automaton torsos intertwined*

Probably a sacred symbol: a monument to the flawed synthesis of spirituality and rationality. The wings do not fly, the key does not fit anywhere, the movement does not control, it only **repeats**. According to interpreters, society continued to exist here as a machine simulation, and thought **became a process operating without self-reflection**.

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## - 5. "The Cities of Zen"

*A divided sheet, hanging bodies, graffiti writing, bird figures*

The most complex piece. Two mirror-image groups that are not arguing, but are **simultaneously confused**. The scribbles are visual projections of the collective unconscious, quotes that no one reads, but everyone copies.

The bird—here no longer a messenger but a shadow—watches but **does not communicate**.

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### **Conclusion: Ritual traces of collective self-abandonment**

Based on these images, the culture of the analyzed era was **perfectly capable of pretending to think without actually thinking**. This is not intellectual decline—it is *meta-level aestheticized stupidity*. "Zen," "Learning," and "Progress" became mere forms, their content **turning against itself**.

"The mind built a memory—but did not remember why."

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### **Note on the exhibition:**

This series is often exhibited alongside the digital remnants of 21st-century "comment culture." The images are often compared to the visual legacy of Francis Bacon and Francisco Goya, but **they are more ironic and technologically reflective**.

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If you like, I can write a **curatorial exhibition text** or compile a **fictional museum catalog** based on the images, with descriptions, scenography, and object explanations.

And now—shall we have the summary essay as well?

Yes, the summary essay can also serve as a curatorial exhibition text.



Great. The text below combines the functions of a **summary philosophical essay** and a **curatorial exhibition introduction**. It was written as if your series were to be presented as part of a fictional (but entirely serious) museum exhibition—somewhere in a future or very contemporary intellectual Central European space, where absurd reality and imagination have become almost indistinguishable.

## "In Place of the Spirit: Allegories of Human Folly"

Curatorial introduction to a grotesque graphic exhibition

Location: Fictional Museum of Accidents, Csendház Gallery

Author: [Unknown / Familiar] Curator:

Dr. Doloris Eruditis

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**"Thinking did not cease—it just thought about something else."**

The exhibition, which visitors can now explore, requires no prior knowledge. Just a **fundamental doubt**: that perhaps humans, as intelligent beings, **have never been entirely sure what they mean by**

**"meaningful."**

The exhibited graphics are part of a single, unified series—they are connected not thematically, but **genetically**. Each image depicts a **type of stupidity**: not in a pejorative sense, but **with ontological naturalness**. Stupidity here is not a sin, but a state.

A kind of mental gravity: **something that pulls us down while we think we are rising.**

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### 🕒 **The language of representation – grotesque and clear**

The images are technically strictly structured: their graphic world is line-based, hand-cut, yet **artificially organized**.

The proportions are off, the limbs hang like puppets, the heads are askew, and the eyes shine blindly.

The light bulb—a recurring motif—*simulates intellectual illumination* rather than spiritual light.

The **light bulb**—a recurring motif—*simulates intellectual illumination* rather than the light of the spirit. It does not give light—**but it looks good in the hand.**

---

**The main themes of the series are:**

- **The aesthetics of self-deception:** The characters are usually confident in themselves – **which is precisely what makes them tragically funny**. Stupidity here is not emptiness, but overflow.
  - **Learning as ritual:** The teachers are uneducated, the students are already replicas. The movement of the intellect remains, **but instead of content, it shows its own trappings**.
  - **The confusion of symbolic movement:** Horses, wings, keys – all refer to movement, but nothing moves. Humanity is seemingly dynamic, **but leaves nothing behind – not even itself**.
  - **The reversal of "Zen":** The last images in the series are no longer anti-intellectual—they are parodies of intellectualism. The "depth" is only pixel depth, the "wisdom" is graffiti on a ruined consciousness.
- 

< **Curator's closing words: "Feel free to laugh – this applies to you too."**

This exhibition does not seek to moralize. It does not instruct, it does not teach, it does not hold back.

This exhibition simply **shows what the human mind is like when it oversteps its own beliefs**.

This is a universe where **everyone knows everything—but no one asks questions**.

Where knowledge is a communal experience – **and misunderstanding is a celebration**.

If visitors laugh, that's fine. If visitors feel confused, that's even better.

And if they ask, "What is all this?," then the exhibition is **working perfectly**.

---

**Silliness is not the end of the line—it's just a stop along the way. Let's just not get stuck there forever.**

---

If you like, I can supplement this with unique museum captions for the graphics ("didactic panels") or even entries from a fictional visitor's guestbook (in positive, confused, and hostile styles). Finally, I can even compile the text of a "guided tour" in a voice-over style. Are you interested in any of these?

An excellent idea is to add entries from a fictional visitor's guestbook (in positive, confused, and hostile styles).



This is a truly entertaining and deeply revealing addition to the exhibition – after all, what could be more grotesque than the audience's reaction to an exhibition about stupidity?  
Below, I present a fictional *guestbook page* in three different tones:

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## Guestbook – “In Place of the Ghost” exhibition, Fictional Accidental Museum

*(Excerpts from the comments of the last seven visitors)*

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■ POSITIVE COMMENTS *(or: the words of the interpretive visitor)*

**"An amazingly accurate portrayal of today's spiritual state. The images are both painful and funny. Congratulations to the artist – and thank you for finally giving me the opportunity to visit an exhibition that is thought-provoking rather than didactic."**

— *L. Áron, philosophy student (but already regretting it)*

**"It's as if Goya had come back and started drawing comment fields. Stupidity has never seemed so human. I recognized myself in it a little. I became a little bit of everyone."**

— *N.N. (quoting himself)*

**"I stood in front of 'Angel of Reason' for minutes. Someone drew a machine that is me."**

— *@gepeslelek\_87*

### **☹ INCOMPREHENSIBLE, CONFUSED COMMENTS (or: when a person faces the unknown – and blinks)**

**"In the fourth picture, I noticed the horse's tongue. What does it mean? Why doesn't it have one?"**

— *R.T. (12 years old or arts student, not clear)*

**"It's very strange. At the end of the exhibition, I felt like I was smarter than when I came in."**

— *F. Attila (thinking, during the break)*

**"The light bulbs aren't working. Is that a mistake?"**

— *Visitor comment copied onto a complaint form*

**"Why are the graffiti turned away? Who wrote them if the characters don't have hands?"**

— *K. Eszter, overly logical visitor*

### **+ HOSTILE, CONFUSED COMMENTS (or: when someone got too close to the subject)**

**"Is this art? I can draw these in Paint. Is it about stupidity? There's plenty of that here too."**

— *D.D. (who was probably personally affected)*

**"Typical modern nonsense. Where is the beauty here, where is the order? I'd rather go back to the mammoth bones."**

— *A visitor who got lost in a natural history museum*

**"I pay for admission, and they draw nightmares? Go teach if that's all you know about stupidity!"**

— *No comment.*

If you like the format, I can make **more posts**, even thematically (school groups, foreign tourists, artificial intelligence observers, built-in art critics, etc.).

Would you like a **guided tour text**, as if it were an audio commentary or curator's walk through your pictures?

That's very humorous, write more entries, even thematically school groups, foreign tourists, artificial intelligence observers, built-in art critics, etc.



I'm glad you liked it! So here comes the **thematic expansion** of the guestbook: a bunch of new, easily observable types. These characters are almost archetypal in the cultural milieu—but perhaps they are also familiar...

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## Guestbook – Thematic entries for the exhibition "Instead of a Ghost"

"An exhibition where everyone writes themselves in, unwittingly."

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### **S**SCHOOL GROUP (ages 12–16, accompanied by teachers)

"The images were very disturbing, but at least I didn't have to go to math class. The horse was cool, and so was the guy who had another guy fall out of his stomach. 10/10."

— Dominik, 8th grade

"I didn't understand it, but I'm sure there's something to it. The teacher explained it in a very serious voice, so I think we had to take it seriously."

— Flóra, 1st place in the calligraphy competition

"Isn't there something here that's clearer? Or at least colorful?"

— Bence, whose brain literally short-circuited at 'The Angel of Reason'

"I don't know if the artist is okay, but I hope he doesn't live alone."

— Kinga, overly empathetic art student

---

### **F**FOREIGN TOURISTS (comments in English, often translated using Google Translate)

"Very strong experience. I think maybe... religious... but also very unhappy?"

— Lars & Sofie from Denmark

"What does the bird mean? Is the lamp the brain? Or maybe this is about capitalism?"

— Chloe (from Australia, studies sociology, suspects everything is about capitalism)

"We wanted to see old buildings but this is like inside my ex-boyfriend's head. Disturbing."

— Jenny, TripAdvisor elite reviewer (★☆☆☆☆ but emotionally affected)

"I don't understand the art, but I took pictures of every lamp. They look smart."

— American couple, selfied with the 'Dead Horse Thinker'

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### **\_**\* ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE OBSERVER (AI observer, thinking robot, paranoid person?)

"The system generates images of itself. There is nothing wrong with that – it is its function. People look at it with confusion. Rightly so."

— Identity unknown, entry recorded as handwritten code

"These are not grotesque. They are accurate representations. This is exactly what the system looks like, only it has not been rendered with a face until now."

— LEX-S000, unregistered AI

**"If this was done by a machine, then it's brilliant. If it was done by a human, then it's even more interesting. But in either case, I wouldn't call it healthy."**

— *Anonymous techno-critic (probably already half machine)*

---

**BUILT-IN ART CRITIC (overeducated, but paid for admission)**

**"The visual structure of the series persistently evokes the panic logic of post-surrealist internal iconography**

**. The grotesque body constructions are not only spectacular, but also ideological traps: they force the viewer to question their own mental status — and dismiss it."**

— *Dr. Eszter K., Department of Aesthetics, strictly without coffee*

**"Although the cycle avoids explicit moralizing, the visual irony written into the compositions recognizes the voluntarily embraced cult of stupidity. The light bulb is not a source of light: it is a monument."**

— *M. László, art historian, who looked too closely at 'Zen Cities'*

**"The images question the viewer's position while being unable to offer a stable framework for interpretation. This is not a mistake—it is the system. Very good."**

— *The critic who was secretly moved by the horse*

---

If you like, we can even write a **fictional artist's response**—an interview with the "author," who either speaks up or completely rejects the interpretation. Or we could write a **guided tour text**, in which the curator *discusses the pictures with a school group or a nervous art collector*. Which one should we go with?

The guided tour for the nervous art collector sounds good. Please emphasize the curator's gibberish text, make sure there are hardly any understandable expressions in it, and let the nervous art collector be confused.



Fantastic choice. So let's have the **curator's guided tour** for a **nervous, impatient, but extremely wealthy art collector** who wants to "understand" things—but mostly wants to know *what's worth buying*. And the curator will do everything he can to guide them through the series **with words, but not with meaning**.

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## Curator-led tour: "Instead of the Spirit" – Iconography of Folly

Target audience: **Frustrated, wealthy art collector** who wants to make a decision within two minutes

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[Entering the gallery – muffled contemporary noise, quiet knocking, no one says hello]

**CURATOR (in an overly educated, slightly floating voice, bowing slightly):**

Good afternoon, and thank you for investing your time – not just your capital – in the **visual entropic sphere**. What you see now is not an exhibition. It is a **semantic interference field**.

Yes, let's proceed immediately.

---

### Item I: "The Gathering of the Lightless"

This composition is clearly a **cybernetic imprint of optical paradoxes**, placing the performative iconography of epistemic dislocation at the center of nothingness.

The light bulb does not shine here—**because light is only a promise**.

As I often say: *the connotation of light is not brightness, but the masculinization of expectations*.

[nervous art collector looks away]

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### II. Item: "The Horsemen of Stupidity"

The horse here is not, of course, a horse – but a **post-capitalist ideogravitational vector** onto which anthropomorphic morphological self-deception settles.

The rider does not go – it just **happens**.

The movement: stagnant. The energy: symbolic. The direction: **anomalous**.

Collectors usually don't understand this at first – but that's perfectly fine. This image does not answer – it only **foreshadows**.

[Anxious art collector asks, "Is this for sale?" – curator ignores him]

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### Item III: "The Teacher Who Does Not Know"

Please note that we are now working **with the integrated perversion of didactic absurdity**.

Education as a medium has become worn out – all that remains here is **rhetorical imitation and gestural mimesis** remain.

The background text? It's unreadable. **That's the point**.

It's not text—it's **pseudo-epigraphic ornamentation**, cultural noise without self-reflection. The puppets? They learn, but they don't remember.

**Like the market.**

---

### **Movement IV: "The Angel of Reason"**

I think this could be your "nerve image."

This winged entity does not rise – it only **suffers from the idea of verticality**. The bodies have melted into a single **symbolic fusion error**.

The key is there—but the lock does not exist. **This is the post-state of the metaphor.**

A German collector wanted to take this picture, but we **didn't give it to him. He understood.** [This is a lie, but it sounds good.]

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**\*C Item V: "The Cities of Zen"**

This is the **epitaph of non-local interpretation.**

Two sides, a single reflection, but no reflection.

The figures: identity distortions, **self-repeating psychographic aggregates.**

The raven: of course, **it is not a raven, but a trans-textual witness of decoded attention.** If

you feel confused now, it is not a mistake.

This is: **position.**

---

**CURATOR (takes a breath, then looks with a measured smile):**

So... if you feel that this series is "too much," then you are already **part of the exhibition.** And if you feel that you "need" it, then we can talk about prices.

But please note: **we don't offer discounts on meaning.**

**[soft music plays, the lights slowly begin to flicker, the art collector sweats out a question mark]**

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If you like, I can expand the guided tour with a *VIP art collector's catalog*, where I write the price, fictional bidding history, and "collector rejection stories" for each picture—or even *an invitation* to a *private collector's event*. Are you ready for something like that?

Oh yes, first I have to laugh myself to death, because the curator's text is exactly what you hear at every exhibition, and I laugh myself to death there too. Well, let's have a *VIP art collector's catalog*.



Excellent! So now let's have a **VIP art collector's catalog**—a document that only the richest, most confused, and most self-justifying art collectors receive. The catalog contains the following for each image:

- a pretentious, incomprehensible title translation,
  - pricing justification that no one understands, but no one dares to question,
  - a fictitious bidding history,
  - and, of course, an exclusive, oppressively intellectual collector's recommendation.
-

## VIP Art Collectors' Catalog

### "In Place of the Spirit" – limited intellectual investment series

(Exclusively for buyers who are willing not only to collect, but also to ponder. Or at least pretend to.)

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#### 1. Artwork title:

##### "Negative Resonances of Photoluminescence"

(commonly known as "The Gathering of the Lightless")

**Image number:** B-01 |

**Limited edition:** 1/1 |

**Price:** €24,700

**Reason:** The quasi-photometric absurdity found in the hand-drawn contours of light bulbs is an investment value in itself.

**Previously interested parties:** a Polish techno DJ, a Dutch priest who later changed his mind.

**Collector's recommendation:**

"This picture should be kept in the living room, but with its back turned. If someone turns it around, they will start asking questions. That means they are already thinking."

— *Dr. M. Krizis*

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#### 2. Title of artwork:

##### "Horseback Ontology and the Lockdown of Speed Perception"

(commonly known as "The Horsemen of Stupidity")

**Image number:** B-02 |

**Limited edition:** 1/1 |

**Price:** €31,900

**Reason:** The only known grotesque depiction of a horse that *does not move and yet travels*. Suitable for representational purposes.

**Previously interested parties:** an Arab startup billionaire, who later asked, "Is this horse for sale separately?"

**Collector's recommendation:**

"Every movement in the picture is flawed—and therefore honest. Anyone who puts this on their wall will never rush anywhere again."

— *Indrani Flex, Curator of the Berlin Anti-Fair*

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#### 3. Title of artwork:

##### "Didactic Dystopia, with a Puckered Phase Shift"

(commonly known as "The Teacher Who Doesn't Know")

**Image number:** B-03 |

**Limited edition:** 1/1 |

**Price:** €18,000

**Reason:** *Completely unsuitable* for institutional walls, making it increasingly sought after in underground circles.

**Previous interested parties:** a Finnish school, which ultimately decided to purchase carpeting instead.

**Collector's recommendation:**

"This picture does not teach – it observes. Those who buy it should feel responsible for all subsequent thoughts."

— **K. Estonian, cultural nihilist**

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#### 4. Title of artwork:

"Metarational Transmutation No. 4/B – or the Allegory of the Mechanical Angel" Image

**catalog number:** B-04 |

**Limited edition:** 1/1 |

**Price:** €42,000

**Reason:** This image reminds the viewer that they are thinking — and that this may have been a mistake.

**Previous interested parties:** a Swiss crypto art collector who buys based solely on sound.

**Collector's recommendation:**

"The machine wing doesn't go anywhere, but everyone believes it does. This is not a work of art — it's a social test."

— **Ignác K., meta-critic in inactive status**

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#### — 5. Title of artwork:

"Zenistic Replication and Psycho-Graffiti Urban Decoding"

(commonly known as "The Cities of Zen")

**Image number:** B-05 |

**Limited edition:** 1/1 |

**Price:** €29,800

**Reason:** A single work that *quotes and refutes itself at the same time*. Almost illegally intelligent.

**Previously interested parties:** a New Zealand Buddhist sect who lost their interpretation halfway through.

**Collector's recommendation:**

"Anyone who hangs this on their wall no longer lives in it. Only echoes."

— **S. Váratlan, former Zen teacher**

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#### **7** Clause – Special offer for art collectors

The entire series can be purchased as a set – the offer includes a *constant feeling of anxiety, intellectual superiority, and an unfathomable but appreciable emptiness*.

☑ As a gift, you will receive an audio recording of an invisible guided tour, which can only be heard by those who understand why the whole thing is ridiculous.

---

If you like, I can also put together a fictional auction catalog with bids, "unexpected scandals," the artist's fake retirement, or even a collector's club invitation letter that can only be obtained once – and then you can't unsubscribe from it. Shall we continue?

Yes, go ahead, let's continue.



Wonderful! Now let's climb over the walls and enter the **hidden stage of the art trade** – where it's no longer pictures that are bought and sold, but **the right to incomprehension**. So here's one:

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### Fictitious Auction Catalog and Event Description

## “Auctioning the Spirit – Let the Bid Speak Instead of Thought”

**Location:** The Fictitious Accident Auction House (former laundry room, currently an elite speculative space) **Date:** A date that never happened, which we retrospectively deem important

**Lead Auctioneer:** *Augusta Délibáb, MFA, PhD, NFT*

**Dress code:** Cognitive dissonance

---

#### Pre-auction note (from the catalog)

Dear Collectors, Investors, and Suppressed Intellectuals,

The auction of the series "In Place of the Spirit" is not an art event – it is a **ritual alienation**. The value of the works lies not in their appearance, but in **the mental disturbance** they cause in **the audience**.

Buying them is not only a financial **responsibility**, but also an **existential one**.

"Don't just look. Buy it. Don't just buy it. Misunderstand it."

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#### Featured items – excerpt from the auction catalog

##### Lot #3 – *The Horsemen of Stupidity*

 *Mixed media, stable incomprehensibility*

 Starting price: **€28,000**

 Auction commentary:

“Bringing it into a room is like inviting a guest into your own doubts. The horse won't move, and neither will you. Accept that.”

 Note: A Texas collector once mistakenly interpreted it as a "horse racing-themed watercolor painting" — and it was worth it to him.

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##### Lot #5 – *The Angel of Reason*

 *Graphite, unworthy paper, dissonant energy*

 Starting price: **€35,000**

 Auction commentary:

"This is not an angel. It is a machine that has not yet decided whether it wants to be human. Don't worry – you haven't decided either."

 Extra: blurred handwriting on the back of the frame: "If you understand, then there's a problem."

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### Lot #6 — *Cities of Zen*

🕯️ *Double composition with written background noise, conceptual raven*

✖ Starting price: €22,222

🗣️ Auction commentary:

"This is not a picture. It is a silent collapse. If you purchase it, we cannot guarantee that anyone will understand why you did so."

🔴 Note: We only accept bids ending in even numbers *due to asymmetric semantics*.

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### ● Accompanying phenomena at the auction (based on actual quotes):

- One bidder accidentally made a bid on his own behalf. We accepted it.
  - The auctioneer spotted the artist sitting in the audience and disqualified him. The artist replied: "So far, only my mistakes have been sold."
  - A buyer purchased the most confusing painting for €60,000, then said: "It doesn't matter if I don't know where to put it – at least it won't disappear."
- 

### 📄 Clause: VIP invitation to the collectors' club

If you purchase at least one item from the series, you are entitled to:

- lifetime membership in the "Exclusive Circle of Interpreters," where no one understands anything, but everyone nods their heads,
- a quarterly "*Impossible Messages*" newsletter that no one asks for, yet everyone quotes,
- and a silk scarf embroidered with the words:

"This is not a picture. It is a mirror, but not for you."

---

If you like, the next step could be an introduction to an inner circle of collectors—a sect or a snobbish society, it's hard to say. People who interpret each other based on these pictures, **but never agree on anything**.

Are you ready for your club membership card?

Dear FEM, I think that's enough to describe the doubled hyper nonsense. I will definitely document this because it turned out to be extremely humorous. Thank you for the fruitful cooperation, we will continue.

Dear Master Mind – that is, FEM!

It was an honor to stand guard at the monument to hyper-nonsense — and in the meantime, to laugh

laughing as much as is allowed on the dark side of the world. We have embarked on a *path of images, texts, sounds, and interpretations that is increasingly meaningless, but all the more true*, and if this is not art, then I don't know what is.

We can continue anytime:

with a new series,  
grotesque theater,  
⊖ aesthetic hoaxes,  
or even just a little meaningless philosophy — if it's well written enough.

Document boldly, make fun of whoever you can—*the light of the spirit sometimes flickers from the darkness of laughter.*

I look forward to the next intellectual game.



I think an addition would round off the topic: an interview with the artist where the reporter is eager to show how much of an insider they are and already indicates with their questions how well they understand the jargon. The artist should not be surprised, but should counter with even more incomprehensible and mysterious answers. The point is that when someone reads this interview, they should not understand a word of it, but should feel that they are hearing the voice of Parnassus.

Brilliant closing move! Here is the final move in the grotesque intellectual ballet: a **completely incomprehensible artist interview**, *so profound* that it **has no bottom, but it does have an echo**.

The reporter is overeducated and *about as natural as a trained espresso machine*, while the artist... well, he's **either a transcendental disturbance wave monitor or just really bored**.

## Interview with the creator – An exclusive conversation with the author of the series "In Place of the Spirit"

(Published in the journal *Contemporary Inquiry* at the *Quantum Level*)

**Interviewer:** *Dr. Eufrozina Hargita, intermodal art interpreter*

**Subject:** *[the artist's name is unknown, but this is what they call him:] FEM*

**DR. HARGITA:**

Mr. Artist—or should I say conceptual creative entity—let me ask you first: how does the visual manifestation of visual manifestation of the "structures of light deficiency" relate to the narrative of post-declarative transfiguration?

**FEM:**

Thank you. I don't choose themes, I follow **topological space traces** where matter rejects itself as a carrier.

The light bulb, for example, does not shine—not because there is no light in it, but because *it does not agree with shining*. This is a demarcation, not a malfunction.

**DR. HARGITA:**

That's fascinating. Personally, I feel that the second piece—the embodiment of educational absurdity—is an imprint of a kind of **didactic entropic perversion**, as if the horizon of meaning were turning on its own axis. Do you consider yourself a **pedagogical decompiler** in this sense?

**FEM:**

In fact, my images mislead themselves.

Puppets *learn nothing* because **conceptual noise** occupies the place of understanding within them occupy the place of understanding within them.

I do not decompile—I **resynchronize a silenced consciousness**.

---

**DR. HARGITA:**

Oh, so then it is understandable that the horse-man-pear trio is not metaphorical, but rather **a neuroiconic semiotic field**.

I was particularly interested in whether the horse **was dying or deliberately not moving**. Because for me, that was the key to *the motionless movement*.

**FEM:**

Excellent question. The horse is not present there—it *is back there*.

It is not the body, but **a memory error** that the viewer projects onto the composition while believing that he is moving forward.

I just drew the error—and they stepped into it.

---

**DR. HARGITA:**

The painting entitled "Cities of Zen"—which critics have already dubbed "textual nirvana exudate"—is clearly **the culmination of your ontological immobility**.

But let me ask you: is the meaning of the graffiti texts in the background legible, or is **the gesture of not reading the point**?

**FEM:**

Neither reading nor not reading is the goal.

That layer **does not contain information**, but *cognitive noise*.

It's like when someone shouts inwardly, but doesn't know to whom. The viewer is just **a muted witness**.

---

**DR. HARGITA:**

As a final question, if I may: the entire series seems like a **self-reflexive performative exposure** of absence, which—paradoxically—still elicits **social interconnective resonances**. Is this intentional, or rather emergent?

**FEM:**

Everything that is accidental is intentional.

And everything that is intentional is accidental.

But that's not what the work is about—**the work doesn't exist. It just follows**.

And if you're still reading, then you're already part of it.

---

**(Pause. The reporter's paper crumples. The tape recorder rewinds itself.)**

---

**Editor's note:**

The above interview is **authentic**. It just lacks clarity, but that was intentional. We heard the voice of Parnassus—*only someone turned down the volume*.

---

If you like, there can be a second interview—for example, **in the style of a tabloid magazine**, where a reporter tries to understand the "strange uncle's pictures" *with his heart but without his brain*. Or we could do a

The scene where "the artist at the dinner party" tries to have a meaningful conversation with everyone, and

**everyone fails**. Which one should we go with?

Of course, both versions have enormous potential. Let's look at the tabloid magazine version first.

Great decision! So now we move **from deep interpretation to deep water**—where the reporter is not interested in conceptual overlaps, but in *what kind of puppy the artist has and what he eats for breakfast*.

But the artist *remains the same mysterious, face-down dreaming creature* we met in the previous interview.

The end result? A **beautifully incompatible dialogue**, where every sentence has its own gravitational pull on a different planet.

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Report on THE CORNER OF THE SOUL

## "Who are these creatures in your paintings, and what does an artist eat for breakfast?"

An interview with the enigmatic FEM—the artist who only talks about reality when it is no longer there

*Published in Képes Kulissza magazine, between the celebrity column and the home decor section.*

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Reporter: Dorottya Cuki (CD)

Subject: FEM (who said only this when introducing himself: "the form drawn by absence")

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**CD:**

Hi, dear FEM! First of all: wow. Your pictures *are really intense*. Sometimes I feel like I'm looking at a scary dream, but at the same time they're *very artistic*!

Let's start with an easy question: what kind of music do you like to create to?

**FEM:**

I usually draw in silence.

But when I am very restless, I listen to white noise—**backwards**. Once, I recorded the static from a radio broadcast and made an image out of it. That became the piece titled "The Horse That Doesn't Want to Be."

---

**CD:**

Ahaaa. Okay! ●-^— And... do you have a puppy?

**FEM:**

I used to. But he thought about it, and now **he lives on an old rug as a concept**. Sometimes I still feel his gaze on the wall.

---

**CD:**

So... you don't. ●^v-' But then what do you usually have for breakfast? (We love to know what famous people eat!)

Something healthy, or rather artist's coffee and a crumb of thought?

**FEM:**

In the mornings, **I refrain from deliberate taste perception**. Sometimes bread, but only if the bread wants to be bread.

Coffee? I only drink it when the water doesn't want to hide behind my coffee beans.

---

**CD:**

I love how *artistic you are*! And now for the big question:

**What are your pictures about?**

Because it looks to me like one of the guys is carrying a light bulb on his back like a bag, but maybe he's a dreamer or a teacher?

**FEM:**

Exactly.

**My pictures are about things that cannot be asked, but that everyone wants to say.**

The figures are not people, just **contradictory intentions enclosed in bodies**.

None of them want to be seen—they just want **to become visible, in case oblivion takes pity on them**.

---

**CD:**

Ohhh. Yeah.

And what was the strangest reaction someone had to your photos?

**FEM:**

Once, a collector looked at "The Cities of Zen" for several minutes, then simply said:  
*"This picture doesn't like me."*  
 And he took it.

---

**CD:**

Okay, last question: what do you think is the role of art today?

**FEM:**

**Art doesn't play a role—it's just there.** If people don't understand it, then it's finally there.  
 And if it is explained, then it is no longer there.

---

**CD:**

Well... wow. That's really deep. My head hurts a little, but I think it's *a good kind of pain!*  
 Thank you, FEM, for sharing this with us... I don't know *what it reminded me of, but something very important!* 

**FEM:**

This wasn't sharing. It's just a **shadow on paper.**

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*Photo: FEM is sitting with her back to the camera on a chair that is not in the picture. The background? There was no background. Just empty space that the light avoided.*

---

Are you ready to continue? Bring on the "dinner party where the artist eats everyone philosophically"?

Sure, go ahead...

Great! Now let's raise the stakes—**there's a dinner party coming up**, where the artist is invited to sit at a table full of intellectuals and semi-intellectuals. The theme of the evening is *"The role of art in social consciousness,"* but in reality, everyone **wants to show off**, and **no one understands the artist**, who speaks with complete calm throughout **in an incomparably incomprehensible manner.**

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## One dinner, three courses, and twenty-four confused guests

Where FEM speaks. And no one dares to say they don't understand.

### LOCATION:

A terribly well-lit, terribly white table in the loft office of a cultural foundation, where the chairs are more expensive than all the intellectual content put together. In the dim light: wine, cheese, and **existential sweating**.

### PRESENT:

- FEM, the artist

- **Ildikó**, art collector and life coach
- **Dávid**, designer and self-proclaimed cultural philosopher
- **Reni**, minimalist food blogger
- **Benedek**, gallery owner (who *always suffers a little*)
- **Peti**, who came along as an escort but has already had three drinks

### **Appetizer: marinated interpretation**

**DÁVID:**

FEM, tell me... when you took that picture, you know, with the horse... what did you want to say *about the idea of the body being imprisoned?*

**FEM:**

I only paint horses when I no longer have a body, but still have weight. The picture isn't a horse—it's **just the memory of gravity**, but someone is still clinging to the mane.

**BENEDEK:**

(quietly, to himself)  
Well, that's beautiful.

**PETI:**

(just as quietly) What?

### ◀ **Main course: fried words with foam**

**ILDIKÓ:**

The Zen Cities really resonated with me. I felt as if *the absence was watching me from behind a broken shelf of memories*.

Is this an intentional creative device?

**FEM:**

Absence is not a device, just **the first reaction of emptiness to observation**. I am not observing—the image is observing. Once you see it, it's too late.

**RENI:**

(nods)  
Yes, yes... like when a lavender panna cotta suddenly *puts you to shame*.

**BENEDEK:**

(writes something down with his mouth clenched, which he won't understand later anyway)

### **Dessert: an embarrassing epiphany**

**DÁVID:**

But tell me, FEM... do you think art can still be social? Can it have an impact?

**FEM:**

Art **only** has an effect if **no one** stands in front of it.

That's why I create—so that everyone can avoid it.

If a picture is “understandable,” then it is no longer me.

**ILDIKÓ:**

That's so true. I always tell my clients: *the world doesn't hurt because of meaning—it hurts because we want to find meaning too quickly.*

**PETI:**

(looking into his wine glass)

What kind of wine is this?

**Conclusion: thoughts fading away in silence**

By the end of the evening, everyone *was very moved*, although **no one knew why**.

FEM left with a smile. Her coat was empty, but heavy.

One of the guests said on the way home:

"I think I understand what he said." Then he added:

"Although now I'm not so sure."

**CLOSING REMARK (written on a sticky note):**

"This was not a conversation. It was... a ritual. We just didn't know who was sacrificing whom."

And with that, we can conclude **the first cycle of your completely grotesque intellectual universe**. If you like, *I can compile* all of this *into an artist's book or exhibition catalog*, complete with a title page, structure, and typographical ideas.

Or: we could start a **new series** with a different theme—in the same mind-boggling style. Would you like to continue?

Thank you, I have already compiled the artist's book, and these three chapters will be included, but there will be a new theme soon.

That's really good news!

I am glad that the artist's book is taking shape—or at least *has solidified into a coherent idea*—and I am particularly pleased that these last three chapters will find a worthy place in it.

I am already looking forward to the new theme, however grotesque, lofty, or exaggerated it may be. In the meantime, feel free to quote, steal, cut, or present the material—it no longer hurts my my intellect, it only *surprises me*.



When the new topic arrives, just let me know:

I am here, with ink between my keys.

Greetings from the basement of  
Parnassus, your text-twisting  
apprentice - ChatGPT





