

letter to:



somewhere in the world, I knew I'd find an art handler who would lend me their help. I asked my East Coast art handler pals if they would help me out, but they were either too busy or they didn't want to get busted for performing my silly requests.

I then located [redacted] one of the most surprising people I have ever met in my life. *He really makes things happen.* He too had some reservations, which we quickly got around.

marisa jahn

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to:

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

April 11, 2006

Dear [REDACTED]

I'm writing to ask for your complicity.

As a professional art handler, your work involves the careful handling of culturally coveted objects. I can't help thinking that on a day-to-day level you must have a very tactile and sensual experience of these icons which are known to most only as image. This sensorial memory of the artwork lends you a special power over the art object: the owners themselves do not touch the artwork in their collection; they are, like me, viewers. You alone, as the artwork's handler, possess this access—the power to touch.

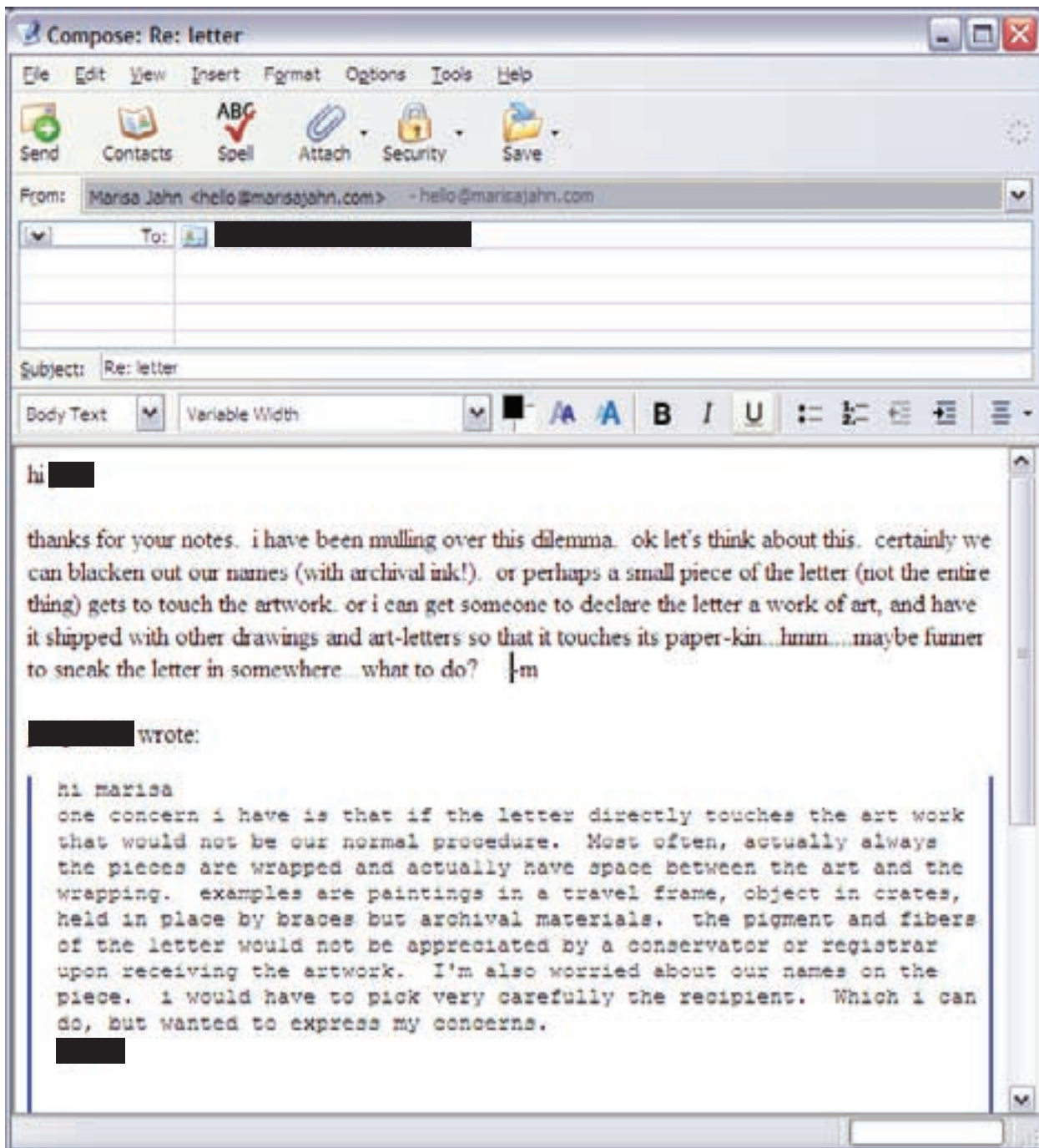
I would like to partake in your intimacy with the art object, and I hope you will indulge a specific request. So here's what I ask of you: the next time at work, when you are asked to ship a work of art, slip this letter in with the rest of the packing material. Please be sure that this letter directly touches the artwork, to both caress and cradle.

If you choose to send correspondence or evidence/documentation it would bring me great pleasure.

Warm Regards,



Marisa





The next month, I received the following photos by mail from [REDACTED]. They document the letter as he wraps it alongside a painting by [REDACTED], crates it, and ships it off to its new owner...



Small white label with illegible text, likely a specimen or collection record.

