

# letter to:



One day in February, I met this guy named [REDACTED] through a friend in common. Now I don't know [REDACTED] that all well, but I do know that he is obsessed with the internet. The three of us were sitting around my office sipping this funny tea that smelled like swamp foot. When my visitors left, I found that [REDACTED] had accidentally left his gloves in my office...

marisa jahn

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to:

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

May 1, 2006

Dear [REDACTED]

I'm writing to ask for your complicity.

I enclose in this package the gloves you left in my studio when you were visiting back in February. I want to account for their tardiness—your hands in the middle of winter must have been quite freezing, and for this I sincerely apologize. Actually, your gloves remained in my outbox, enveloped and stamped the day after you left. For reasons I could not place until just now, the gloves were evocative, and I found myself delaying their return.

Gloves interface between body and world, mediating between inner and outer. This train of thoughts led me to think about our respective practices and their curious relationship to material form. Now to me you are known as a net theorist and artist. My own artwork takes form in letters and correspondence such as this. As I see it, net and text are generally perceived as disembodied media. As I derive considerable pleasure from the sensory nature of the written word, I imagine you in turn must think about the way that the surfaces you touch mediate between skin and the net.

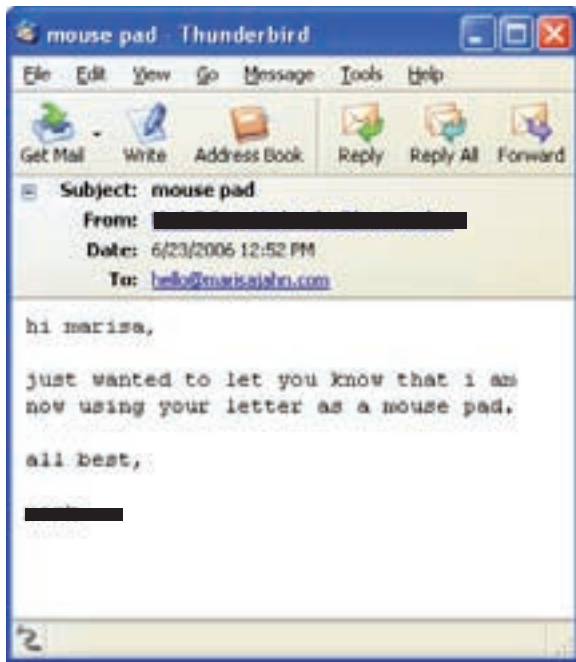
A certain connecting logic between these processes has become apparent to me, which compel me to write and solicit your participation. So here's what I ask you to do: use this letter as a mousepad. Place it face up so that with wear, your work efface my words.

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

Warm Regards,



Marisa





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**to:**

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

May 1, 2007

Dear [REDACTED]

Hi there; hope you are well.

It's been a while but I thought I'd inquire how the letter fared as your mousepad? Like a phantom limb, the life of a letter (such as this) possesses me. When it goes away from me, I still feel it--a specter sidling other surfaces. As your mousepad, the trace of your skin must have worn holes in its middle, smearing text into sound.

Do you think it went something like this? I look forward to your response.

Warm Regards,



Marisa

