

Dear Menno and Michiel,

Today we are exactly halfway the period we gave ourselves.

The point of no return.

Today we are working separately.

Michiel is making a large letter.

Menno is building a bridge over the fence separating us from the railway (so that the commuters could easily reach us when the train should stop).

And I am writing this letter to you.

It has been two weeks now since we're in a project of which we don't always know how it will turn out or what we want out of it.

In the newspapers we read that we want to make the train stop. Apparently that seems to be a very clear-cut goal. A lot of people pass us by asking whether the train has stopped already. We say to them it hasn't, they get back on their bikes and move on, smiling.

But is that what we really want? Make the train stop? It somehow seems too simple. We want so much more, I guess. On the one hand we want to talk about everything and at the same time we want to have a quiet little chat.

Are we doing things the way we should?

It's fantastic if a train driver, who passed by our place several times while driving the train, actually came over to have a look. It's heart-warming when a little boy called Max is standing on our tower saying that the cows he sees are probably waving their tails because of the smell of their own shit. Today there was this pair of lovers who had a picnic in our red chairs for three hours long.

But sometimes I get the feeling that our society already had a place made for our project. I sometimes think that what we do is somehow made harmless. We seem a little naive.

Then should we make different images? Should we leave Beauty (which we like to show to people as much as we can) behind and make images that are more shocking?

Menno, Michiel, I have to say I really don't know. What I do know is that like being here. It's great to work with you guys and it feels so peacefully in between two trains.

There is so much to tell. So many things that are tragic, amazing.

Today the newspaper said that eskimo's no longer know how to build an igloo!

Three generations ago all of us were farmers. By God, we wouldn't know when to seize the hay or what advantages summer wheat has comparing to winter wheat.

I want to talk about so many things and I would to be silent doing it.

Another two weeks. Afterwards we'll see.

Yours sincerely,

Jozef