

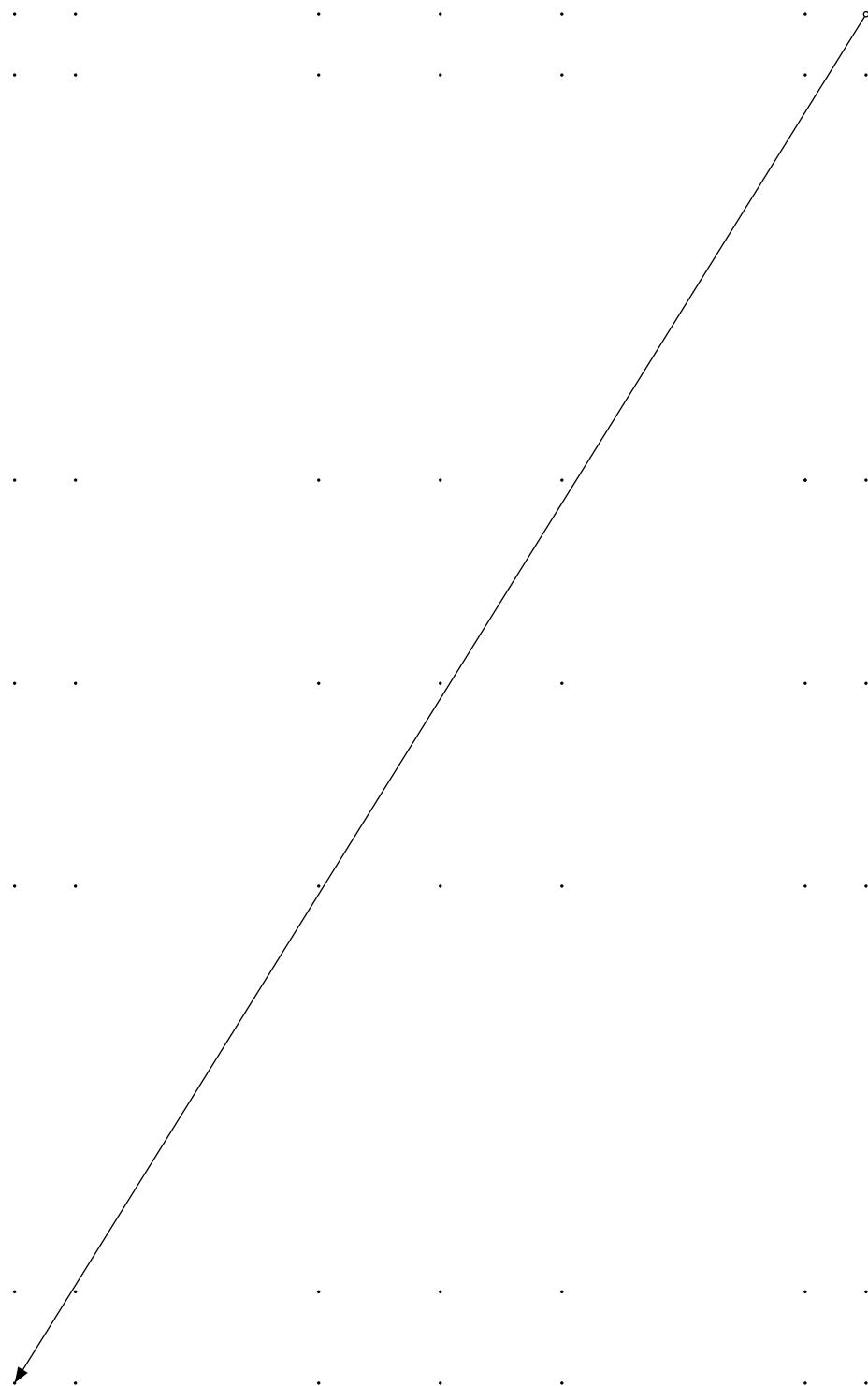
onestar press honza zamojski how to make a monument



5'7"
Honza Zamojski

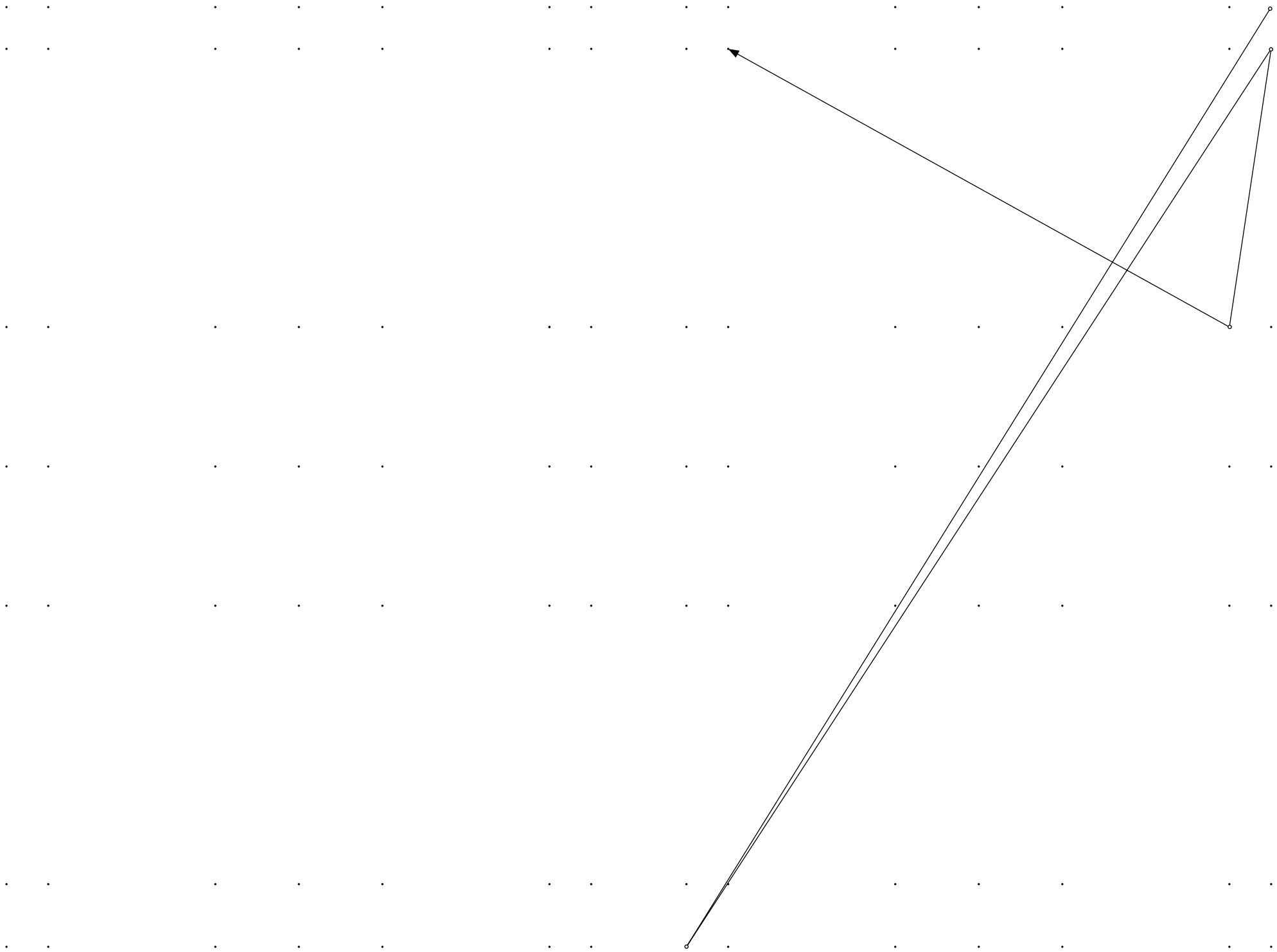
How
to
make
a
monument

with the text by
5'9"
Daniel Muzyczuk

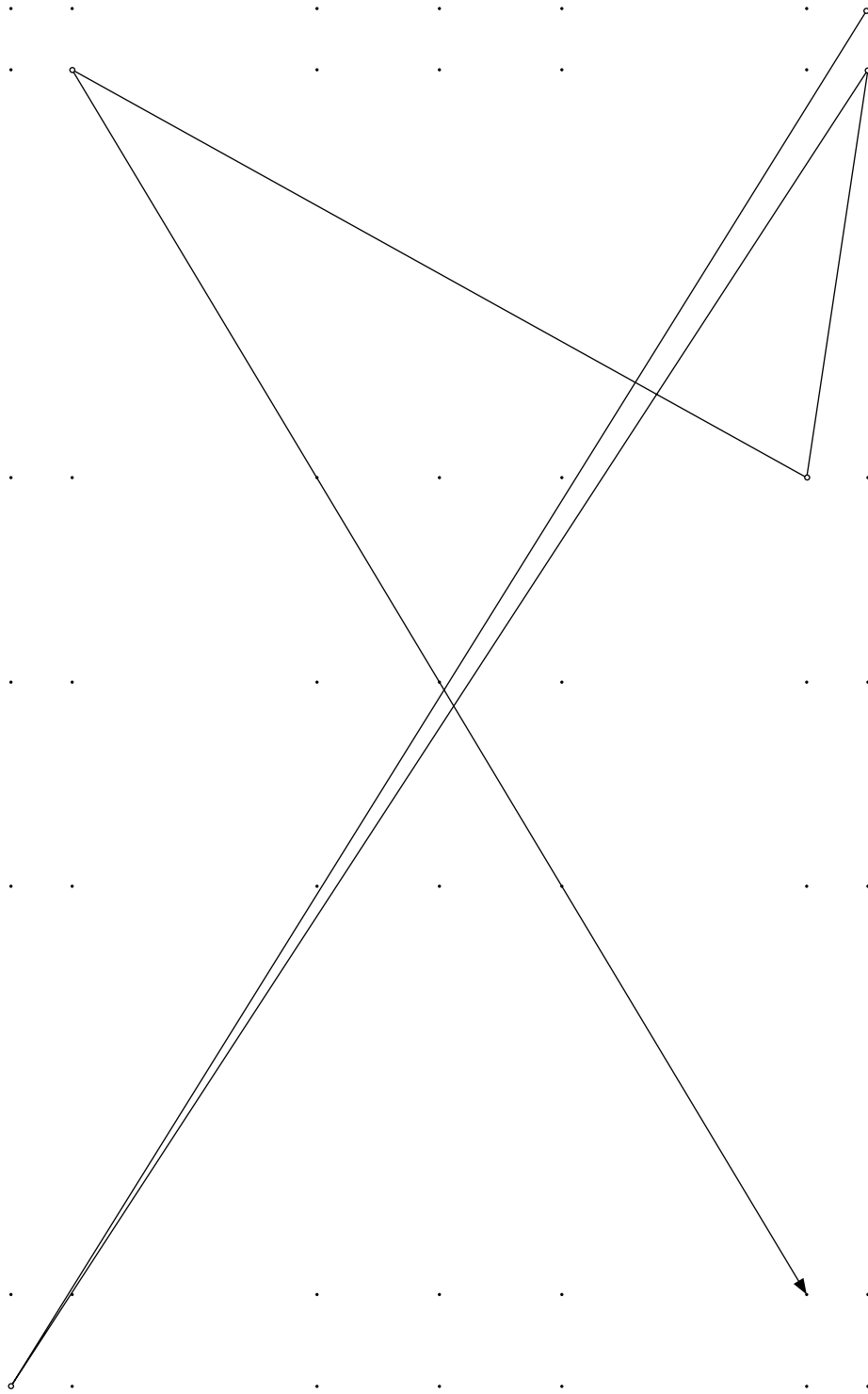






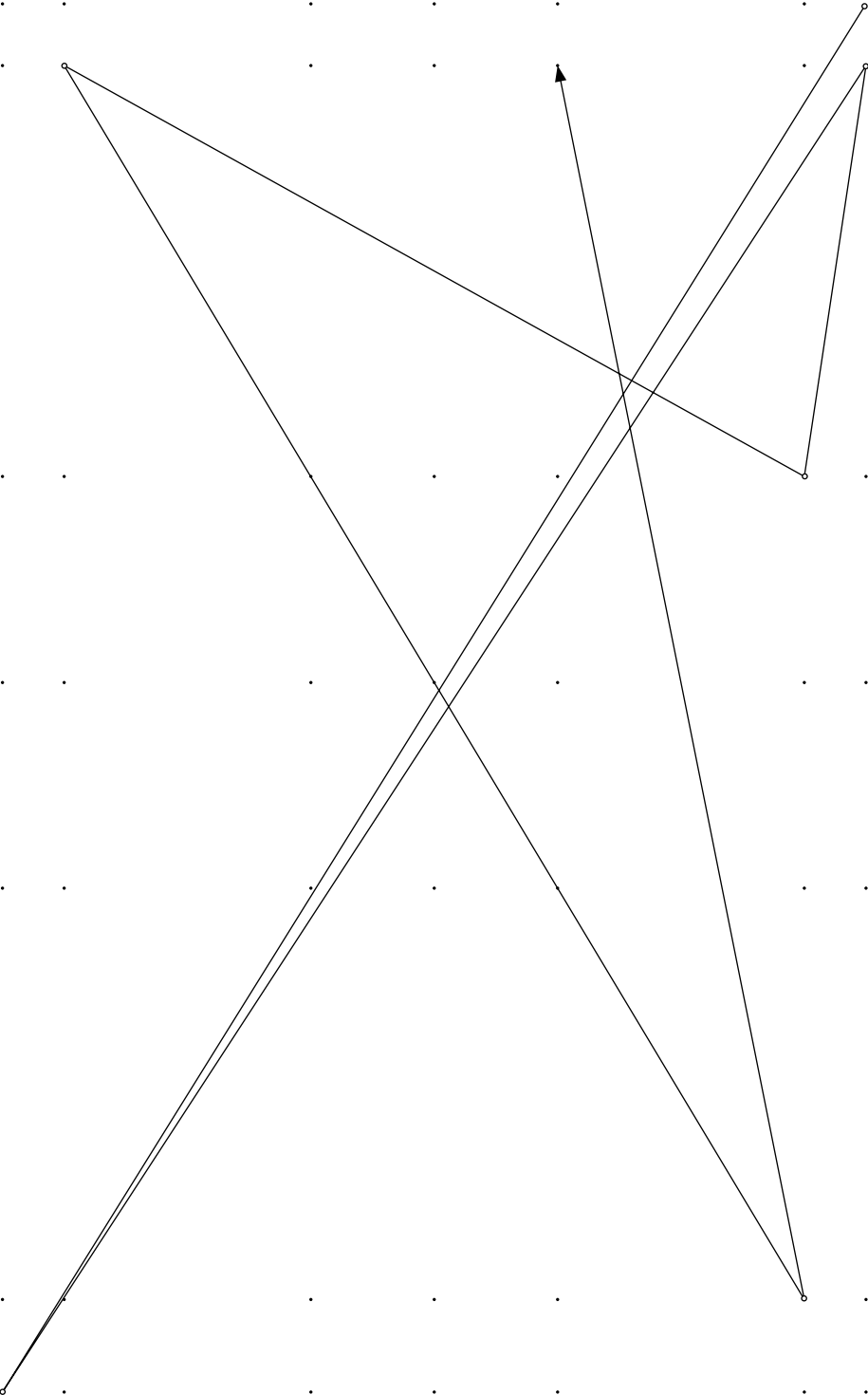


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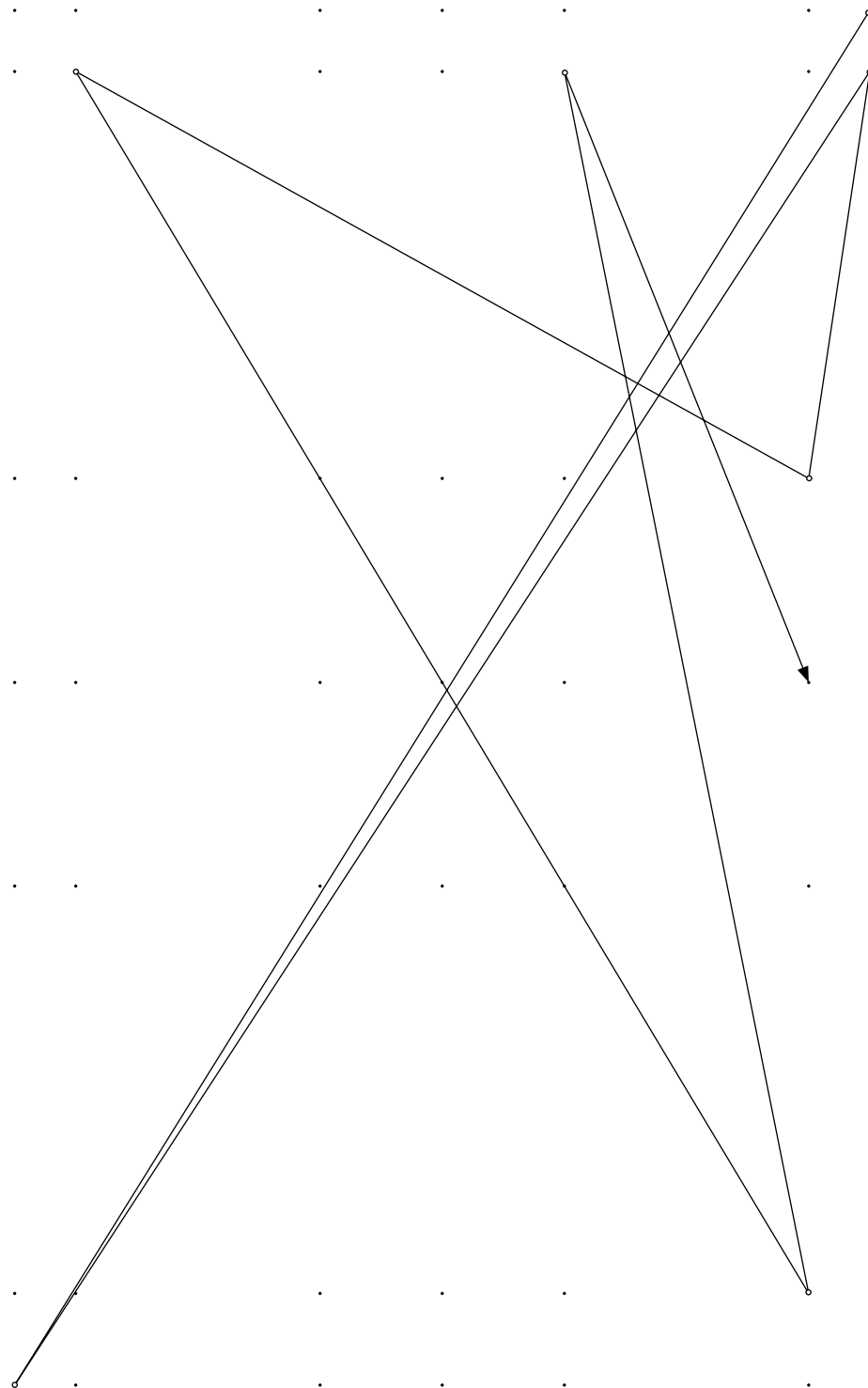
THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

**bury it under a pile
of manure and blow it up
its side and lay it on
the transform it into
beautiful most
in France public urinal**



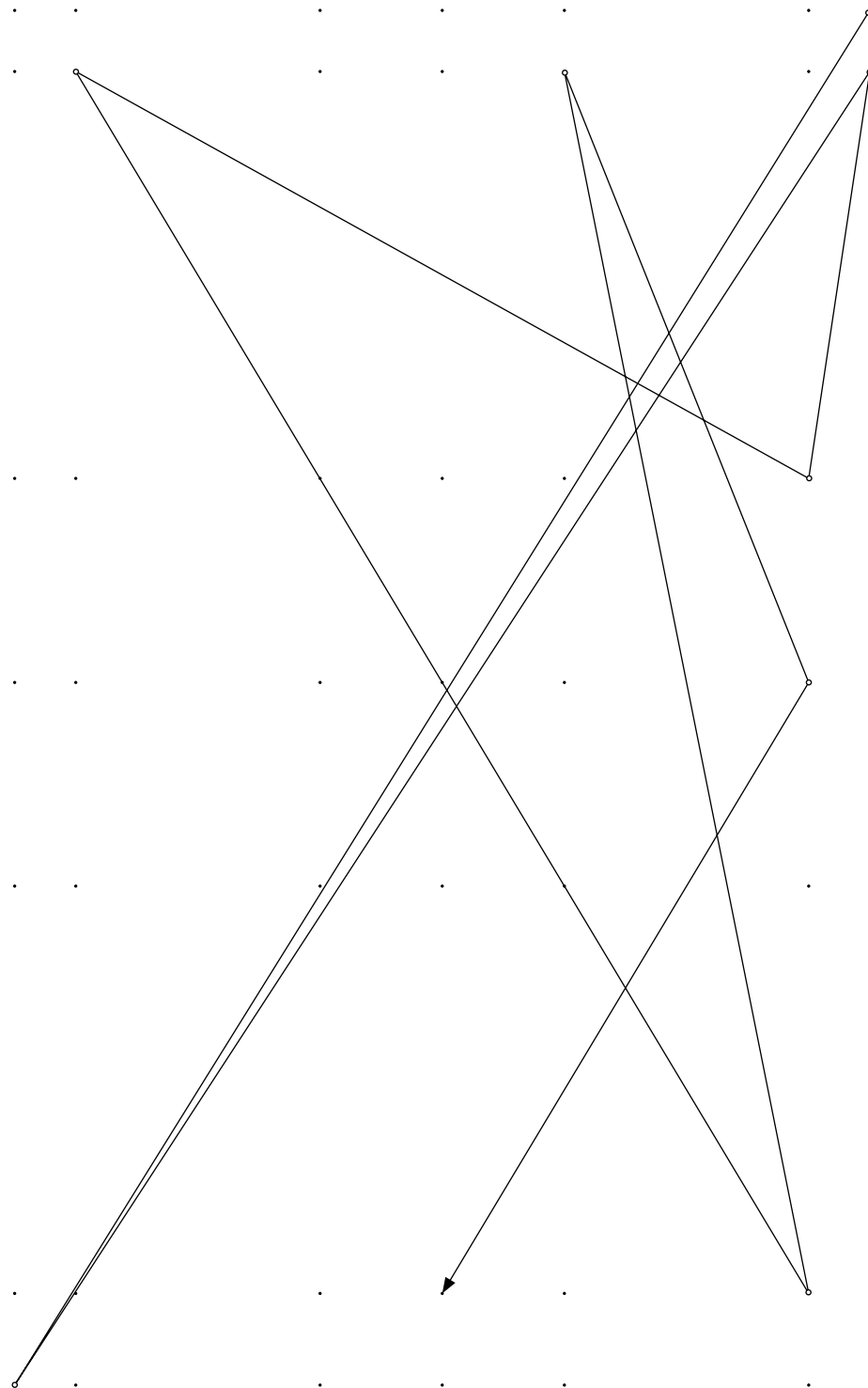
THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE

into
transform it
to
magnificent
be viewed
from
an airplane
install
a swimming pool
on the site
graffiti complex



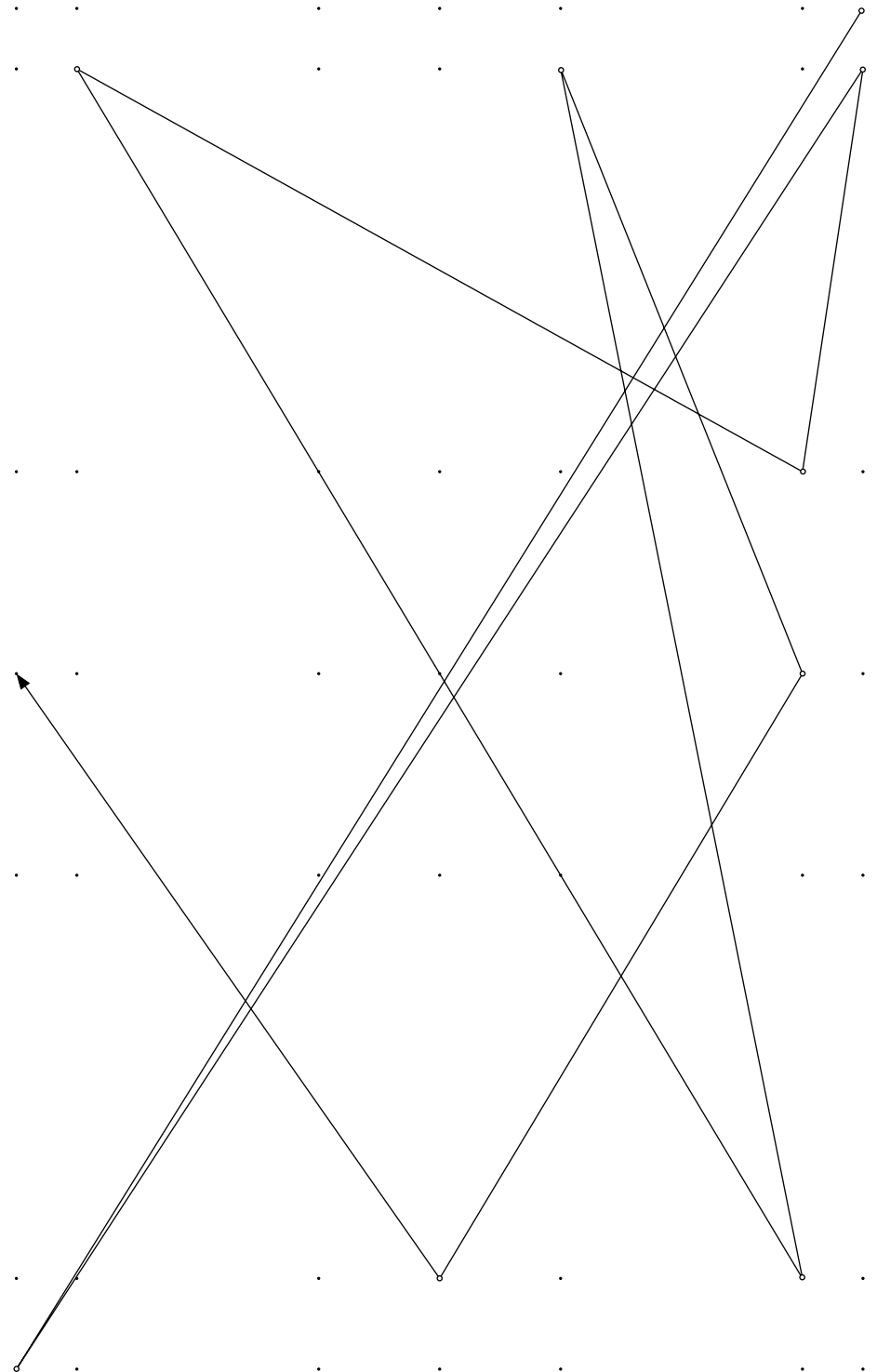
STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC

sell it
at auction
replace with **the horse** **a pig**
have the horse **trample**
the figure **underfoot**
place **a** **gilded-bronze turd**
on her head **and**
a **crudely sculpted phallus**
in her mouth



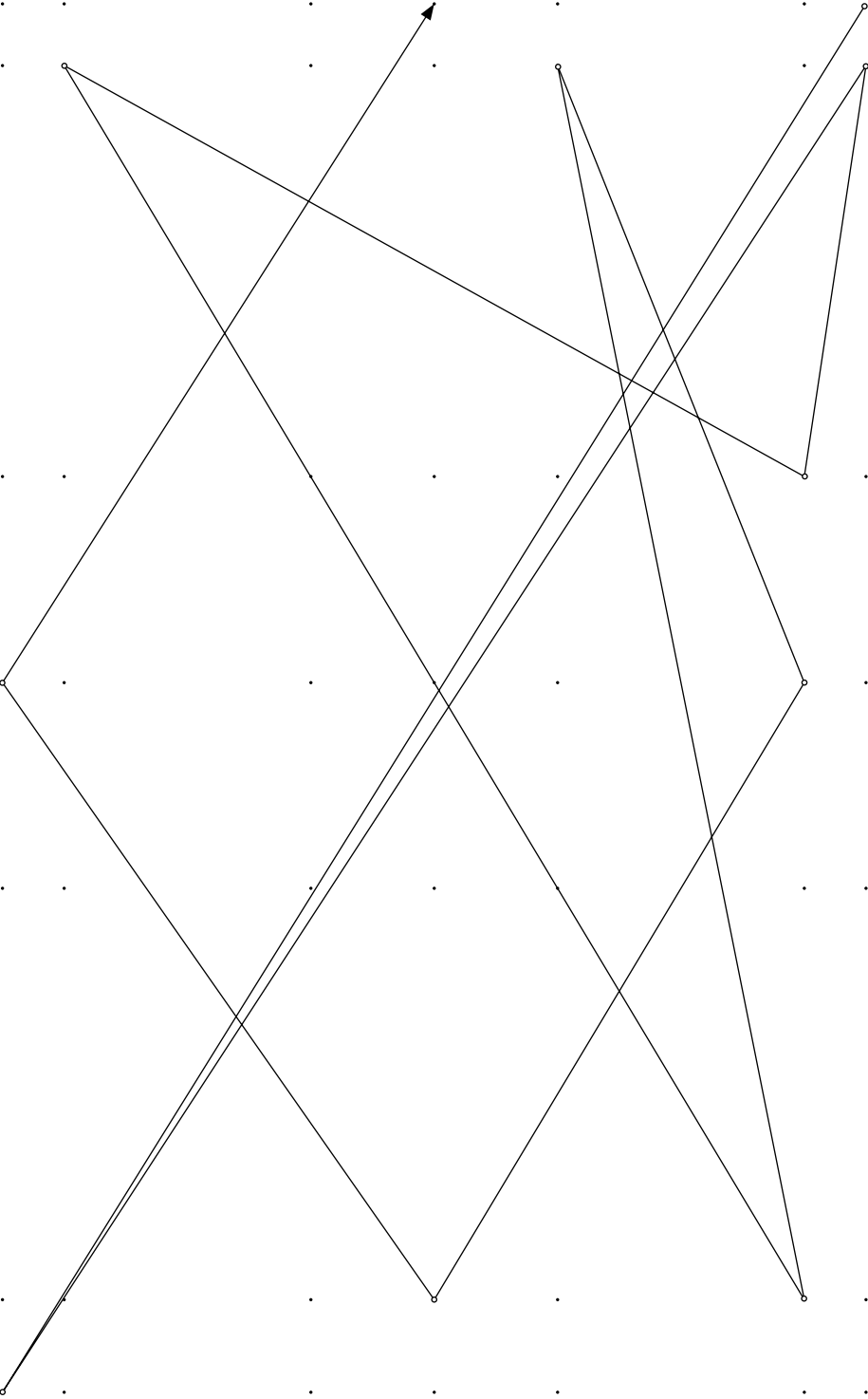
STATUE OF GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU

toss the whole thing
into
the rubbish bin
camouflage it
to look like a canon
replace it with of
a set golden public urinals
surround it
with thousands of bronze sheep
one made of and camembert



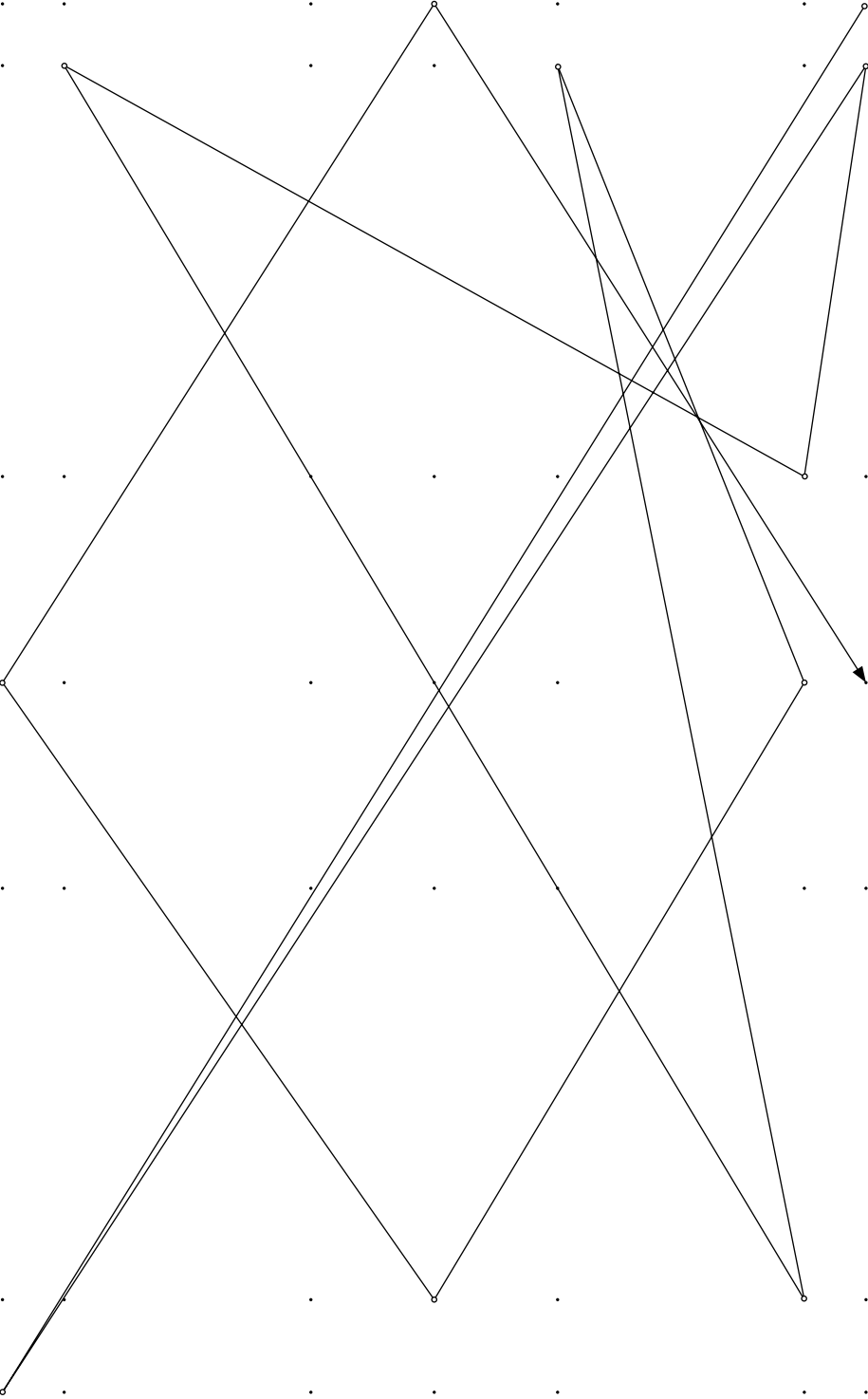
THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN OBELISK FROM LUXOR
IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

transfer
the obelisk
to the entrance of
the the La Villette abattoir
where
it would be
held by
the oversized gloved hand
of
a woman



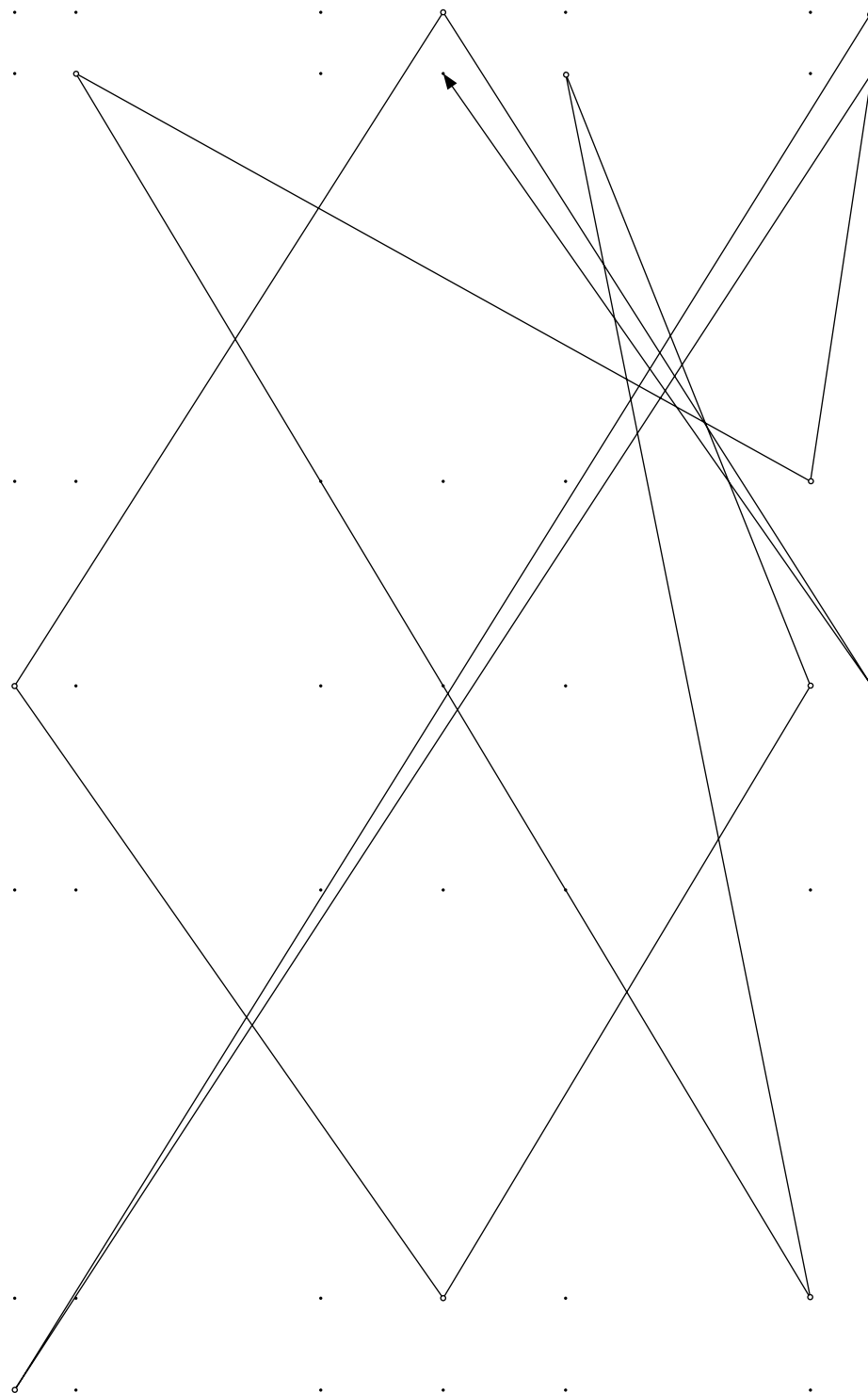
THE VENDÔME COLUMN

transform it into
factory a chimney,
climbed upon
by nude woman



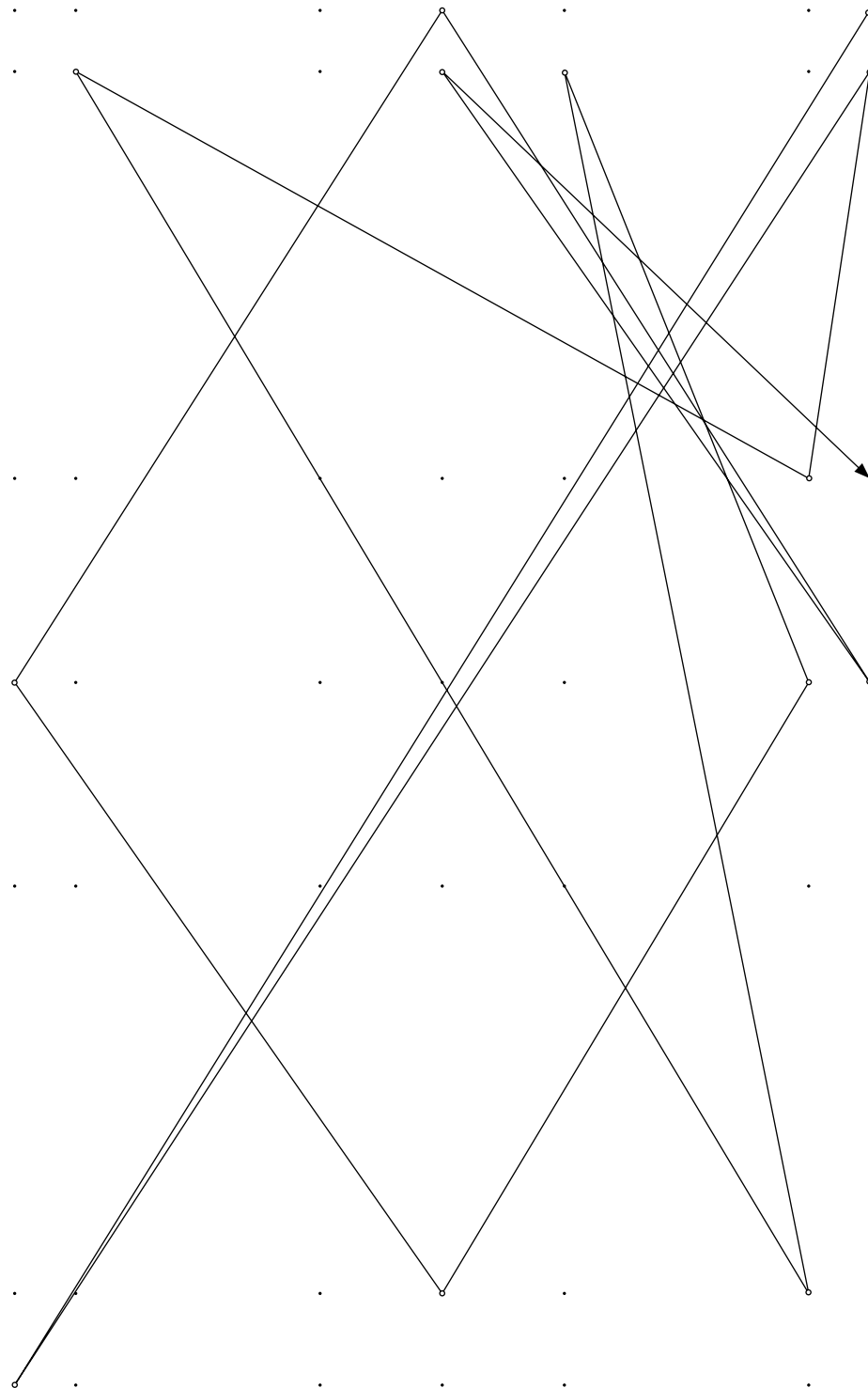
AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI'S DEFENSE OF PARIS IN 1870

transform
the monument
into
an enormous
set of
the balloon
one
and
the phallus
a tall
fence
the image
with perhaps
a twin
slightly flattening
the first,
and fur
genitals,
forming
horizontally,
surrounded by
grill
of
copulating genitals,
the addition
of
balloon



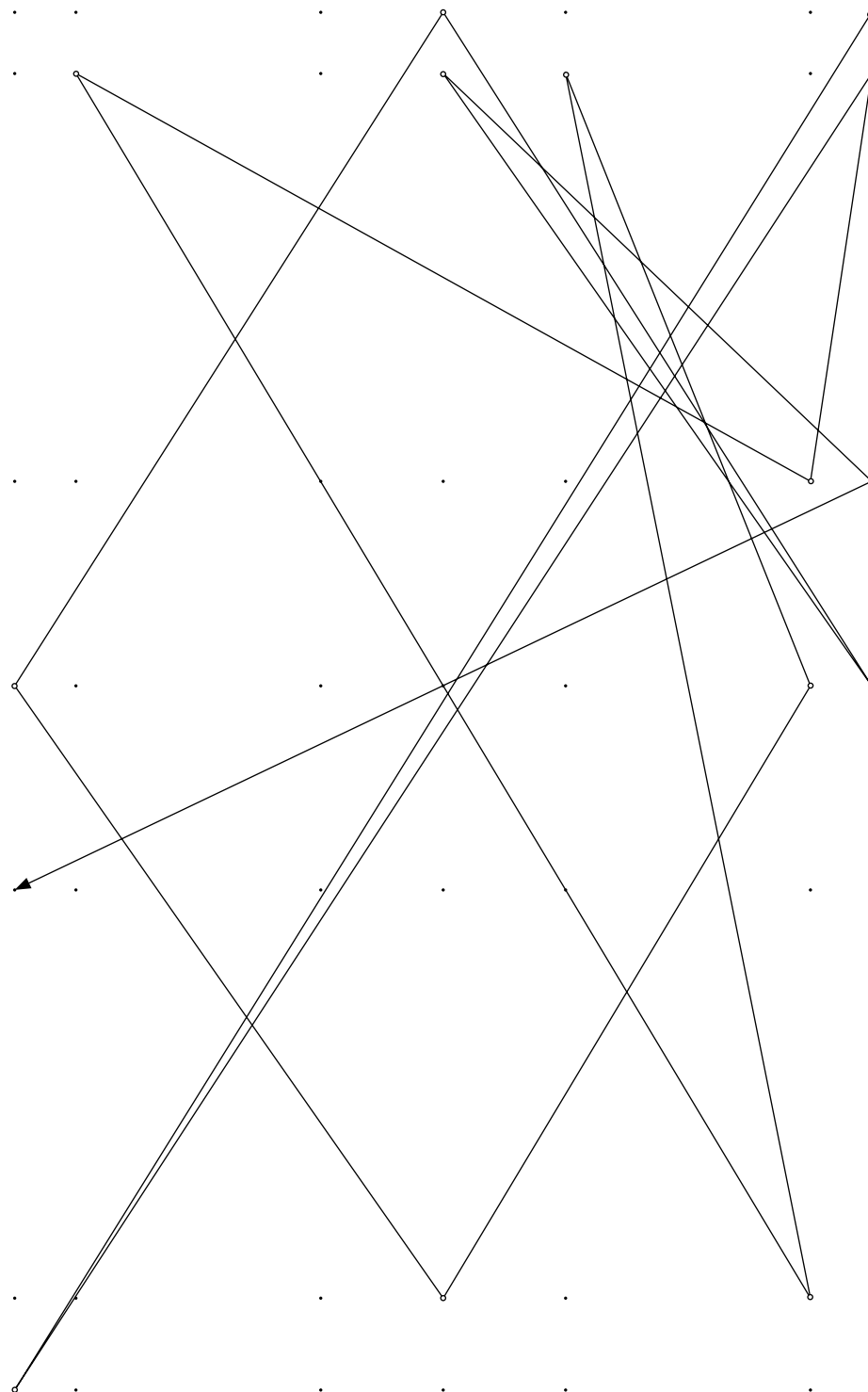
SAINTE-CHAPELLE

**replace it
with
a rainbow
cocktail
as
the original building**



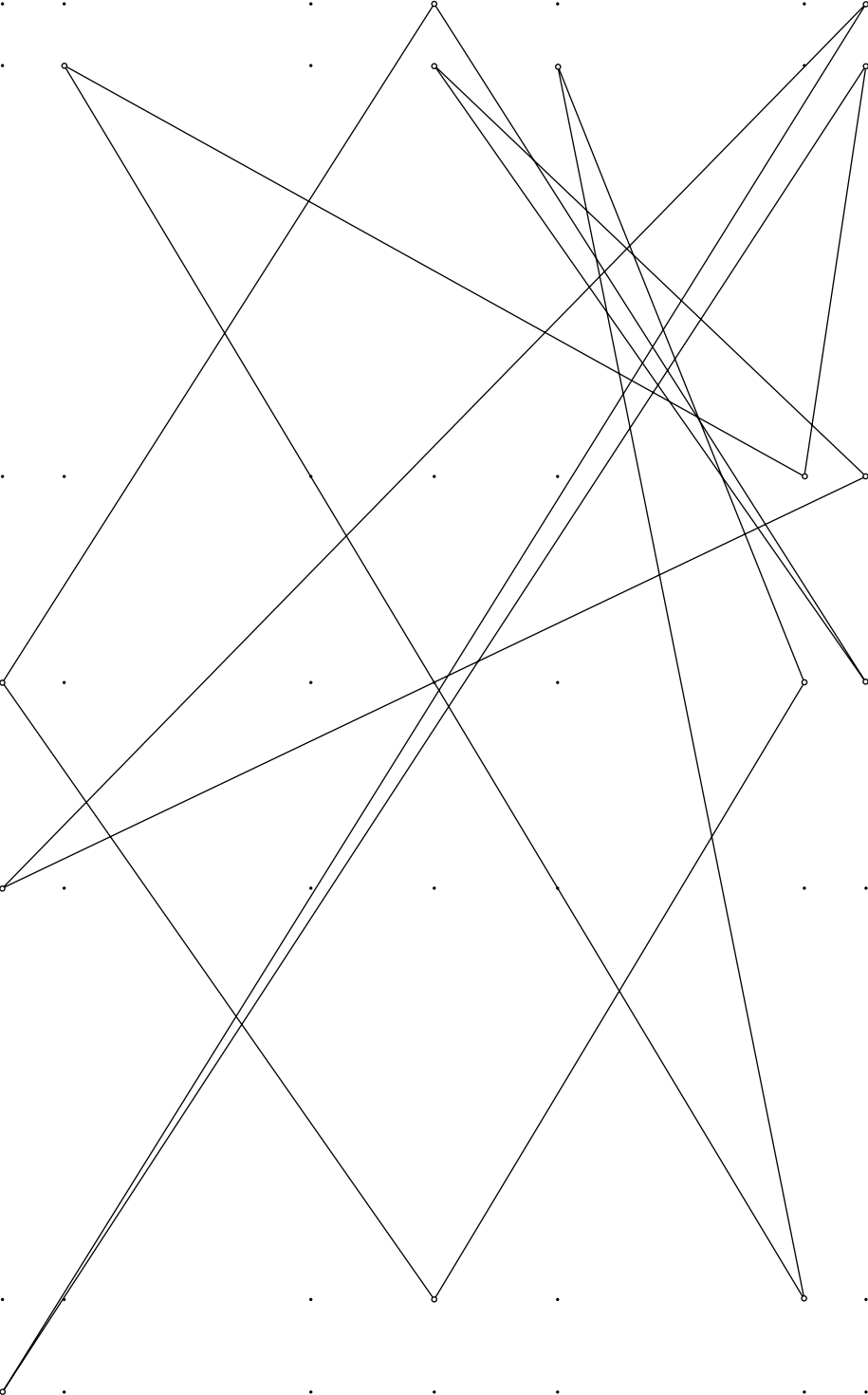
THE TOUR SAINT-JACQUES

transport it to
the centre of Paris,
where beautiful female guards
dressed in
tunics would watch over it
substitute it with
the obelisk
in
the Place de la Concorde
demolish the surrounding houses
and prohibit all access
under penalty of death for a century
cover it in rubber make
the tower bend



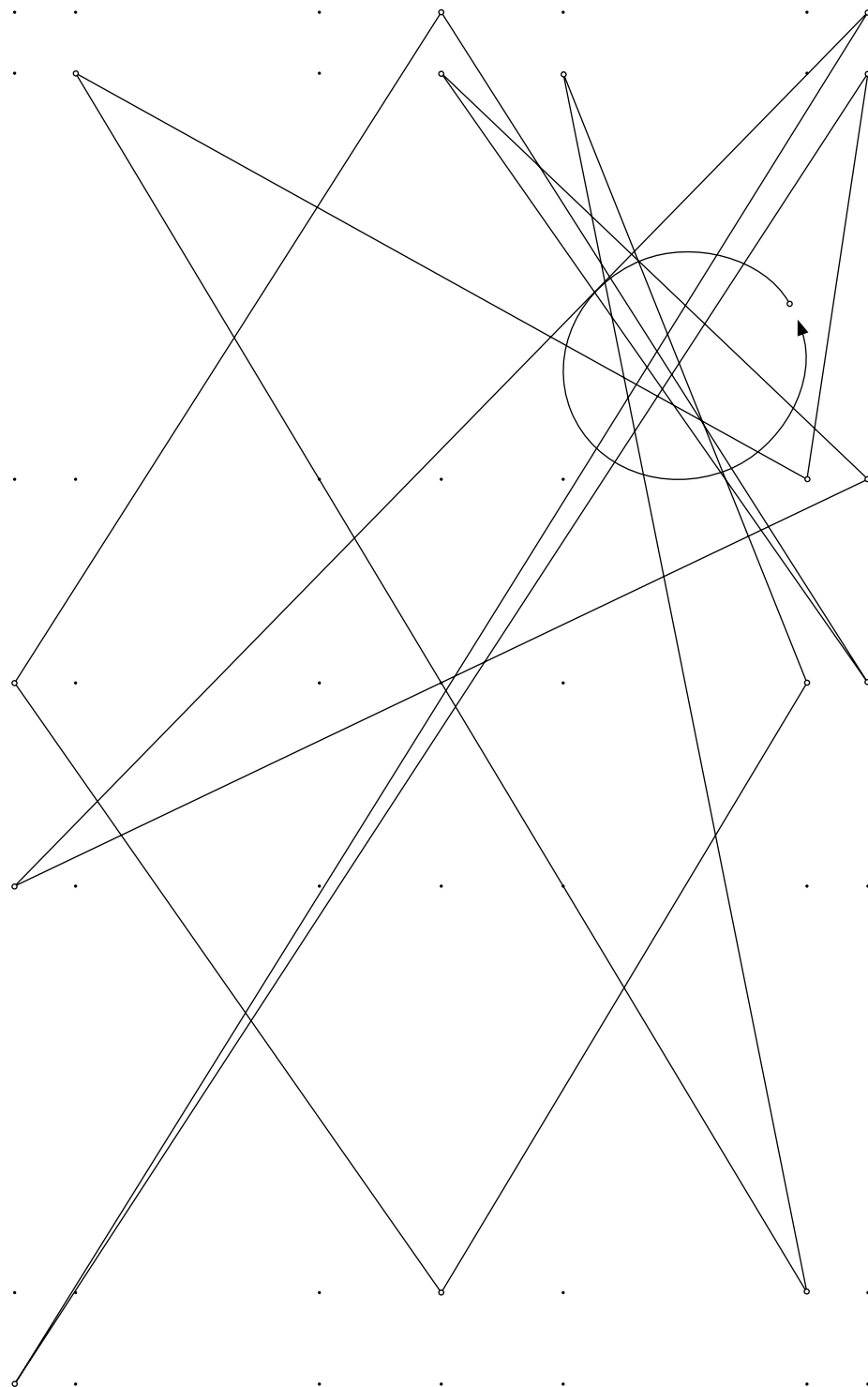
**STATUE OF CLAUDE CHAPPE
ON THE BOULEVARD SAINT-GERMAIN**

enhance
its realism
by painting it
in natural colours,
making it
a scaffold for
the display of
ham and
sausages

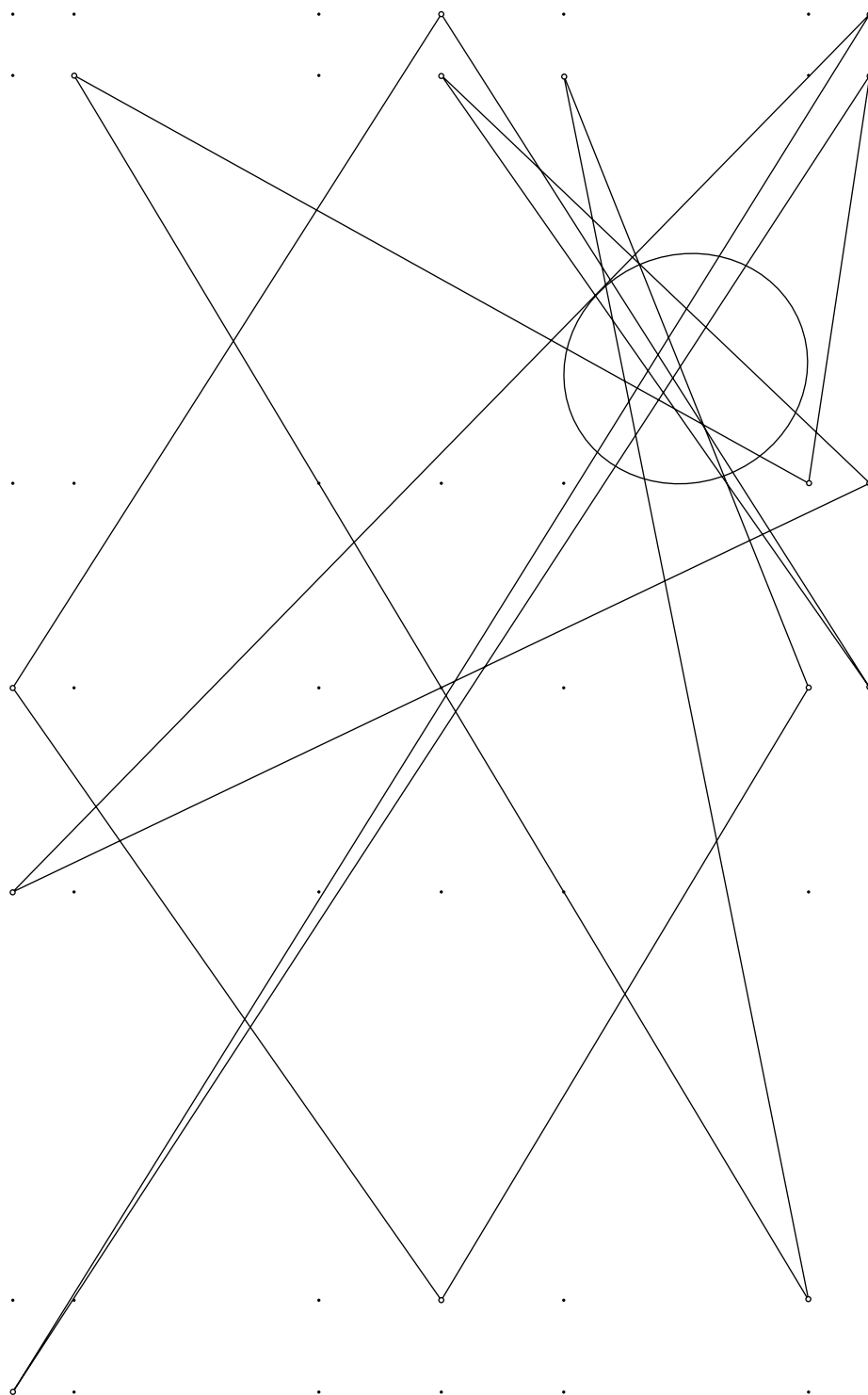


**STATUE OF CAMILLE DESMOULINS
IN THE PALAIS ROYAL**

install
as **the statue**
a métro station **a ticket machine** **in**
place **one foot**
in **a jar of blackcurrant** **jam**
and **put**
a can **of sardines**
in **his hand**
transport **the statue**
to **the Place de l'Opéra,**
where **Desmoulins**
would **polish** **his shoes**
on **a rickety footstool**
surround **the statue**
with bedroom furniture
placed **on another,**
larger pedestal
display **the statue set**
in **the** **act** **of**
performing **his morning ablutions,**
holding
a tooth-glass **in one hand**



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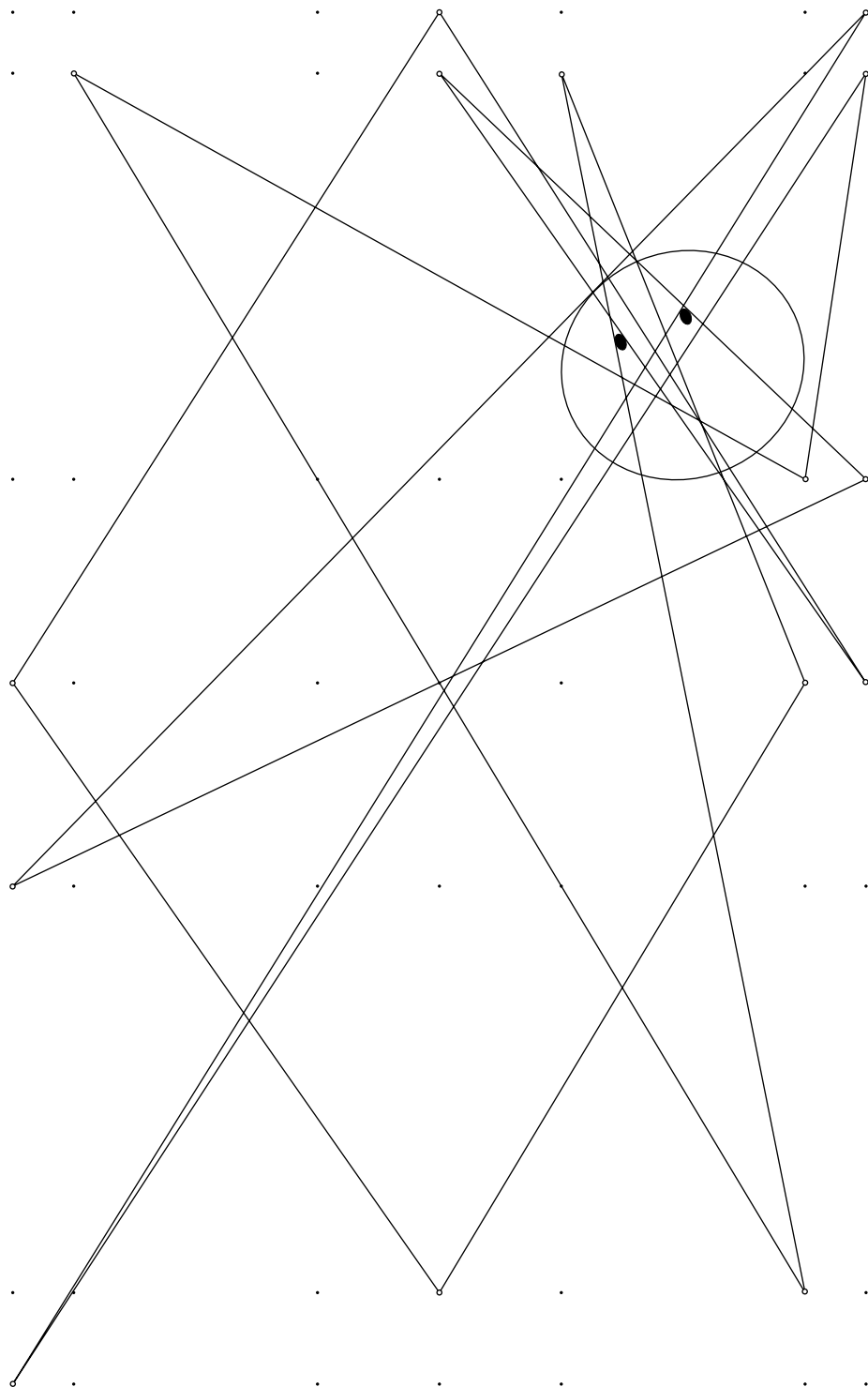
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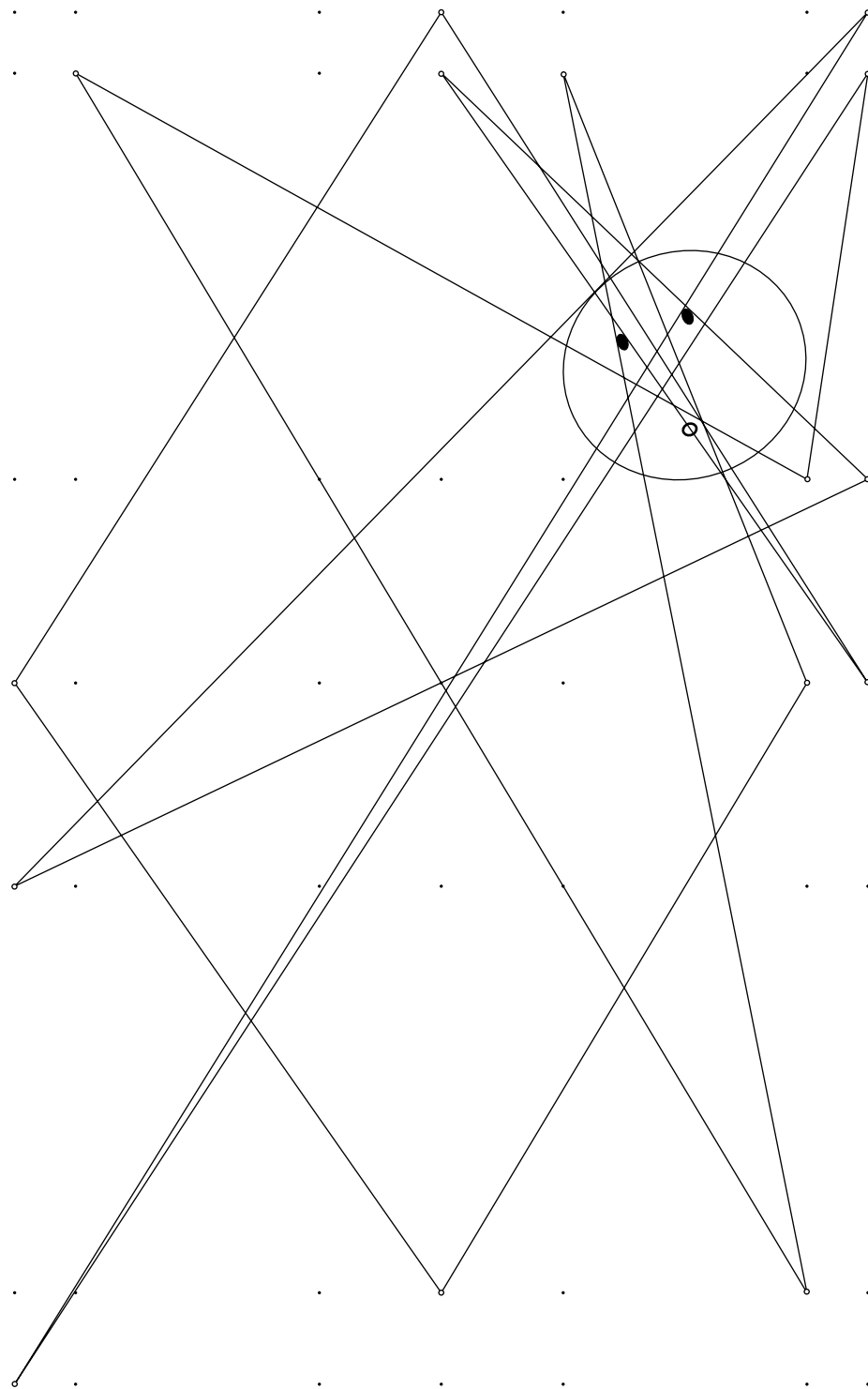
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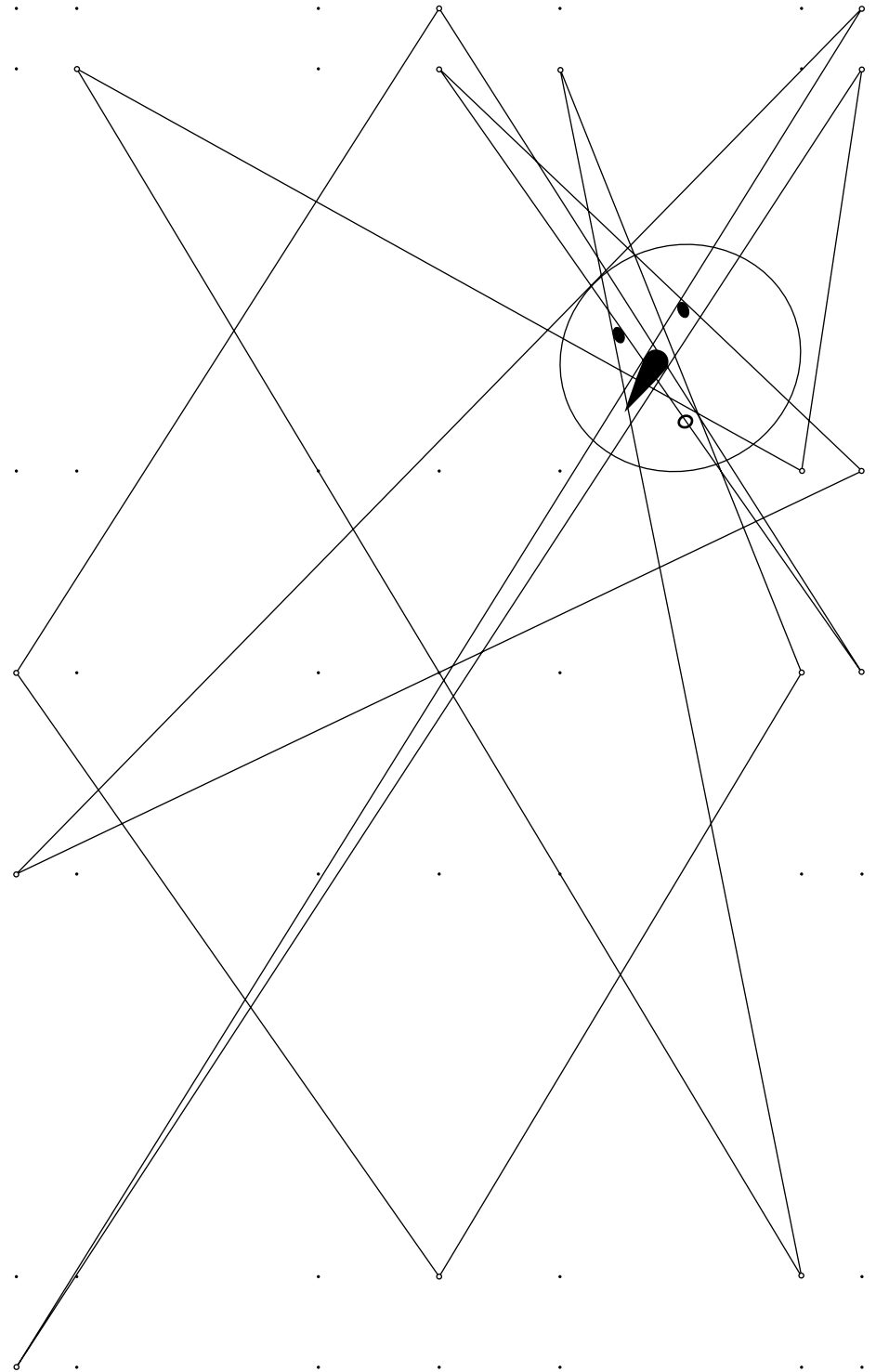
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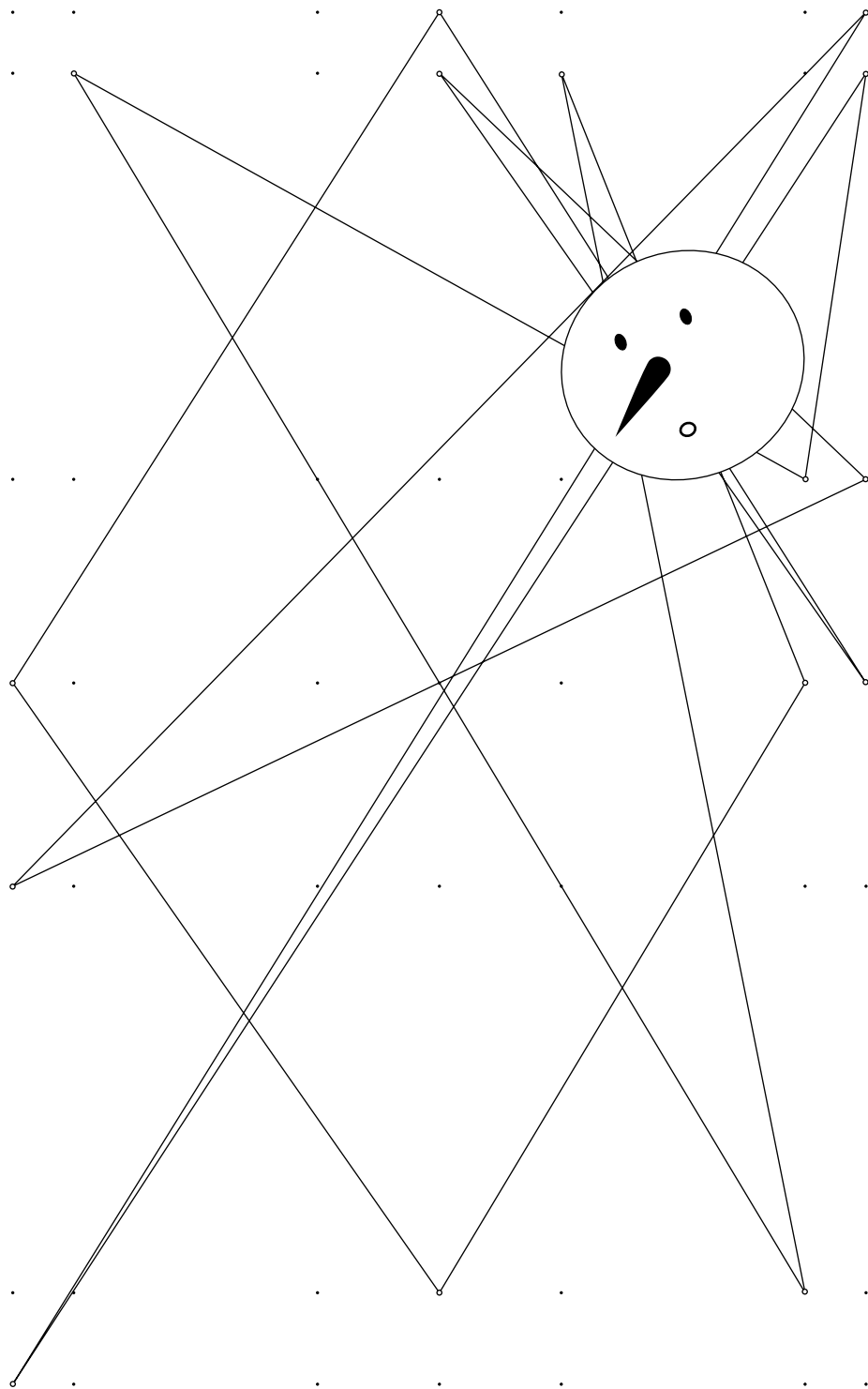
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The impressions appear random, yet the feeling of artificiality prevails throughout. I can sense the hands of men upon every inch of the land. Even the bushes that might be considered wild nestle stories within their branches. The logic of geological processes reveals a particular narrative that is parallel to folk stories. Perhaps life in this kind of environment pushes one to believe in transcendence because the sublime is the predominant element of my reading of the landscape. But there is a constant struggle and the idea that all of it is artificial is the only escape, even if the stories of industry and scientific explanations blend in with the myths. If this is a lesson, then it is a lesson on how a monument or a statue can realistically be read and misread, outside of its aesthetic value or formal aspects, but rather through a narration that forms a social fossil or a deposit around it. Introducing a temporal element leads also to disconnecting the narrative from its initiator. This notion is distributed in each and every participant in the process, member of society or force of nature. Rather than attempt to patch up any confusion, I'll reach instead for an anecdote.





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Two slogans on long strips of paper.

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**Both are stretched between two trees,
the latter a year younger than the former.**

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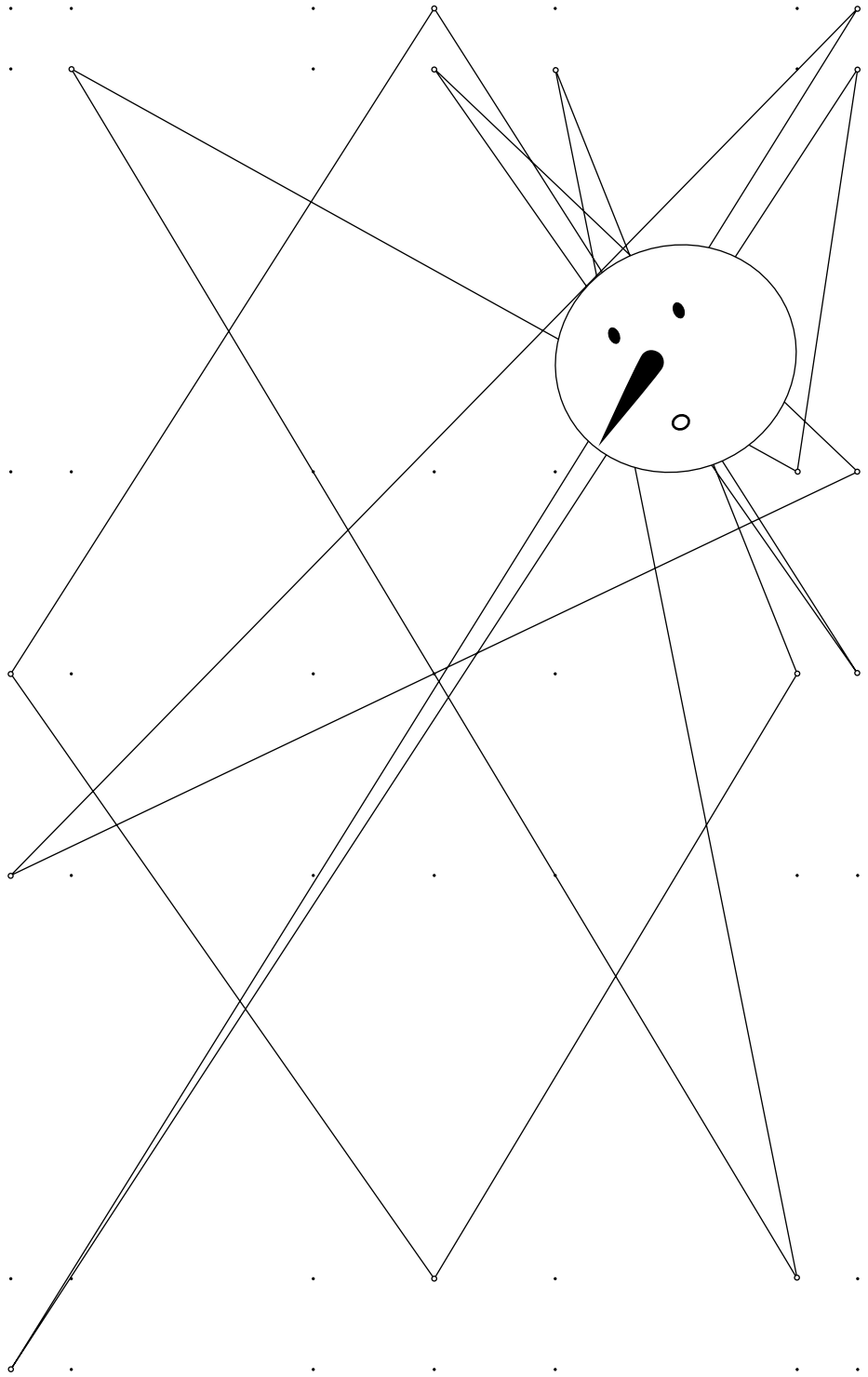
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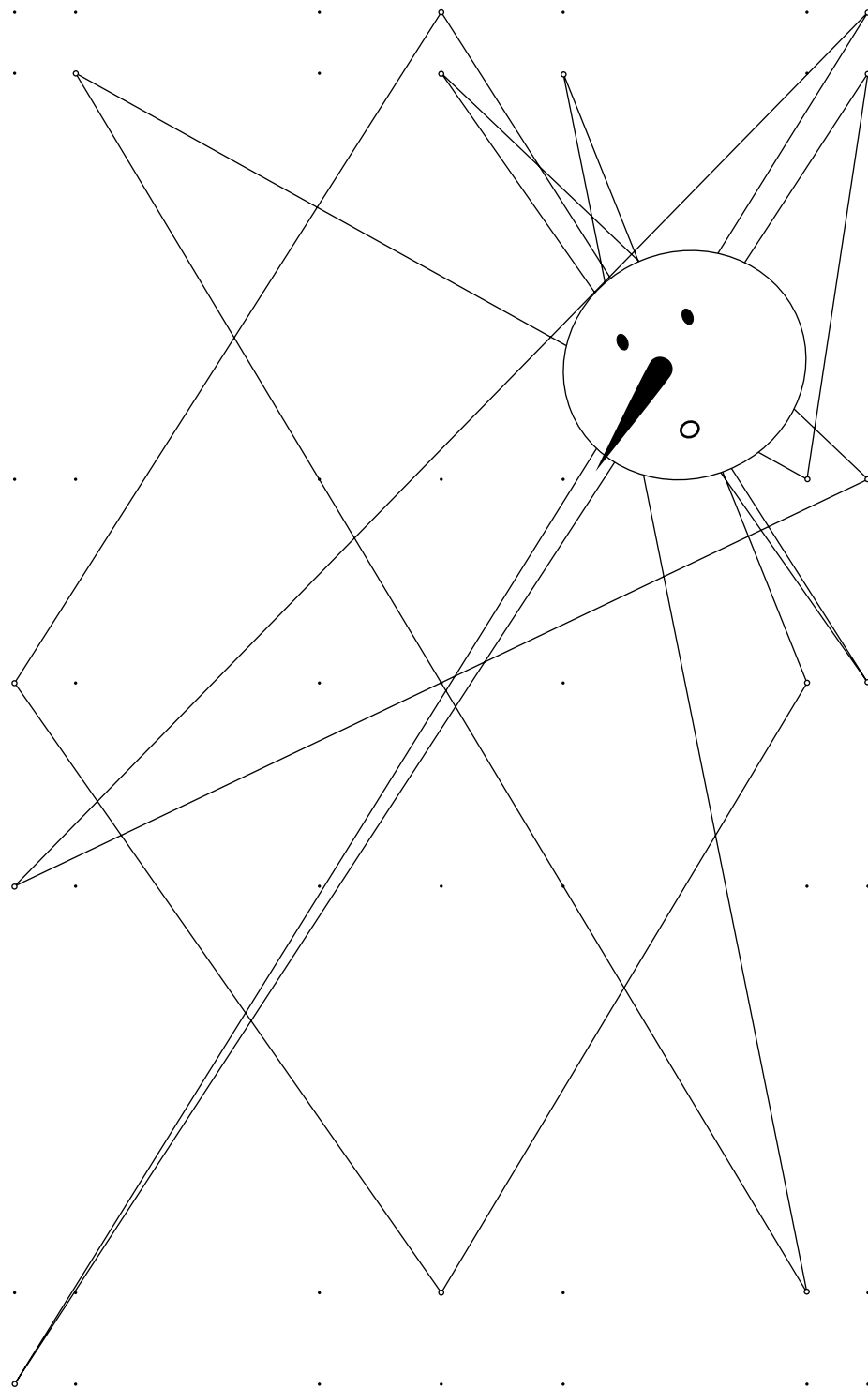
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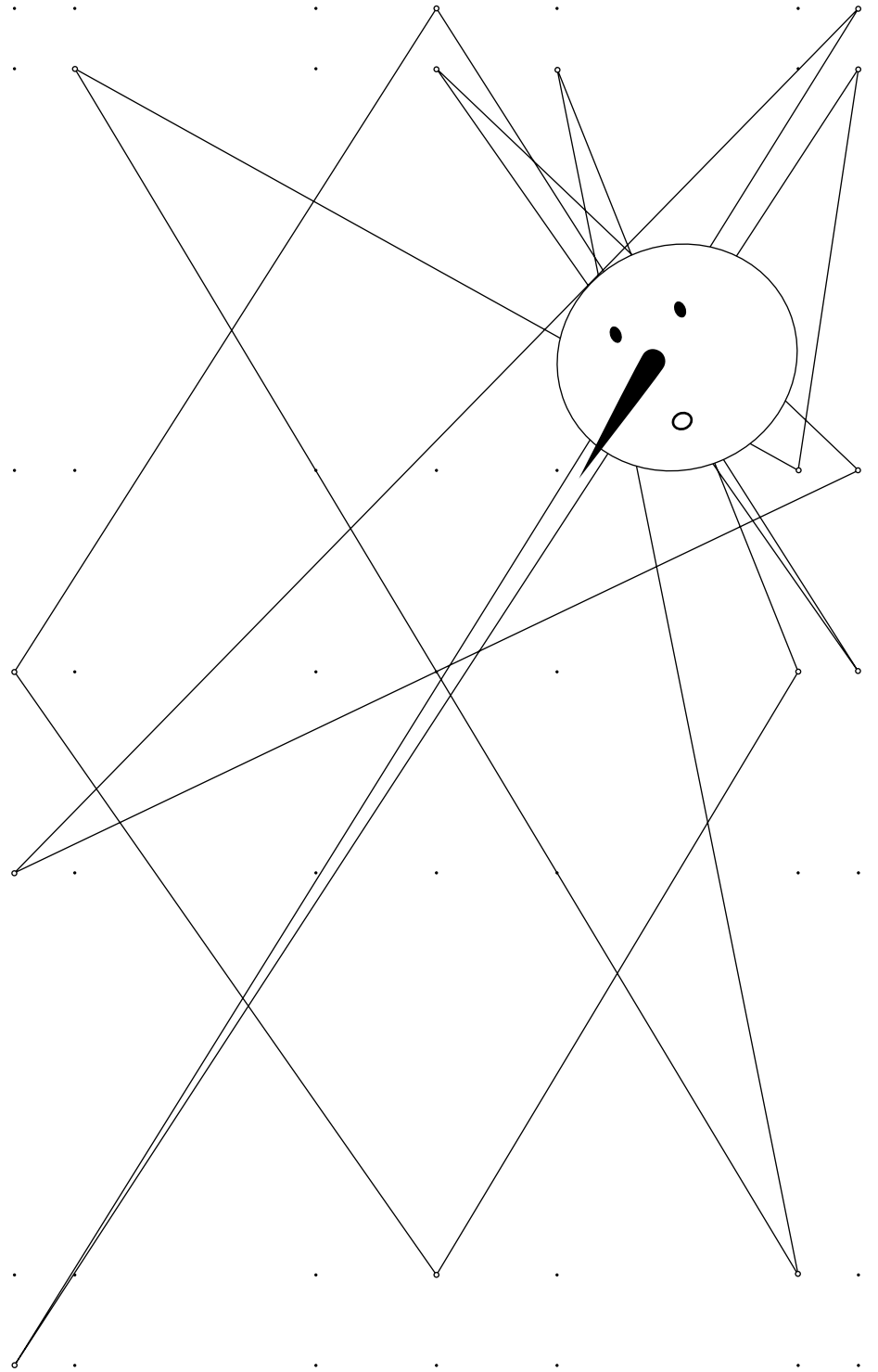
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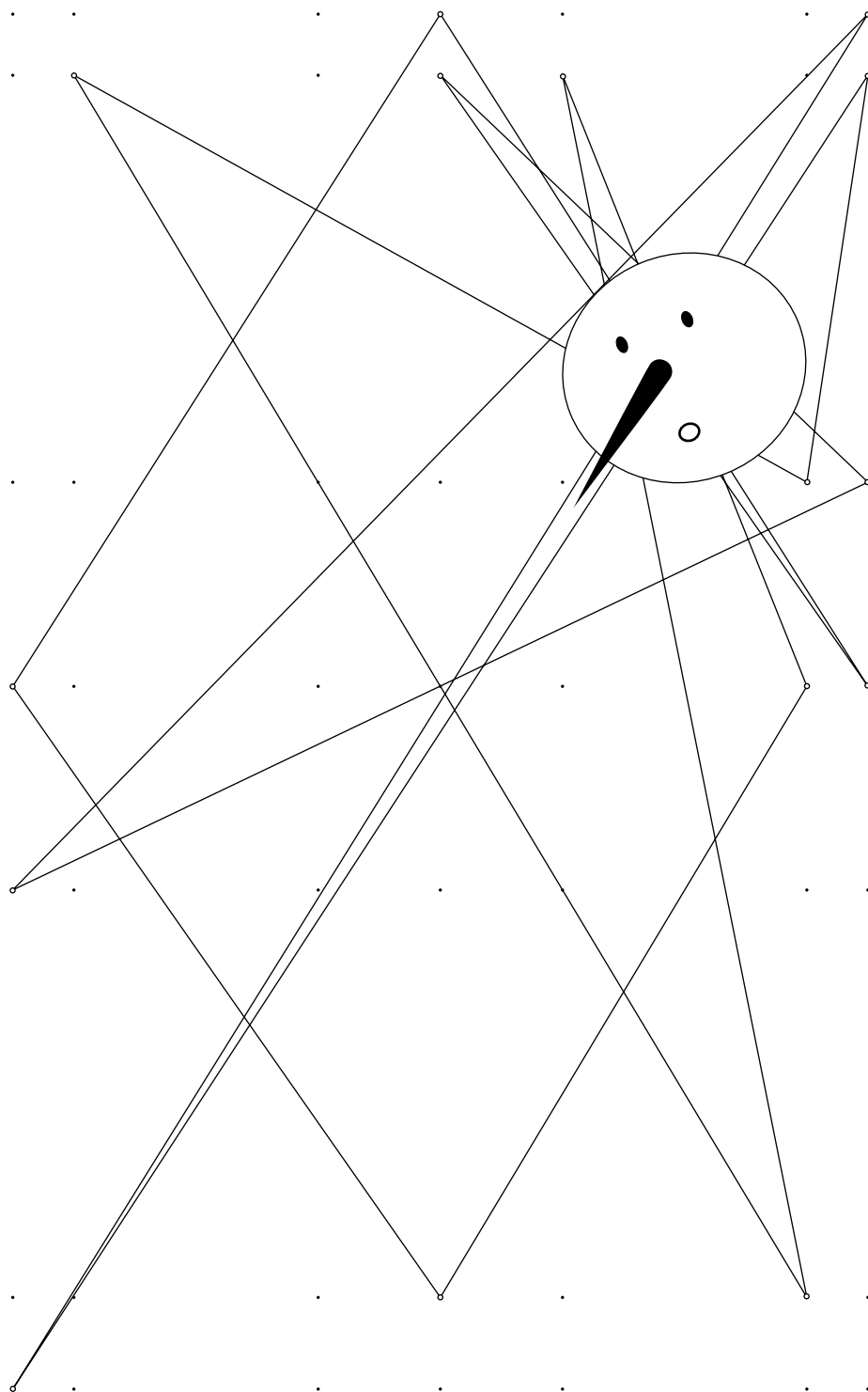
I
"I DO NOT COMPLAIN ABOUT ANYTHING AND I ALMOST LIKE IT
HERE, ALTHOUGH I HAVE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE AND KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE".



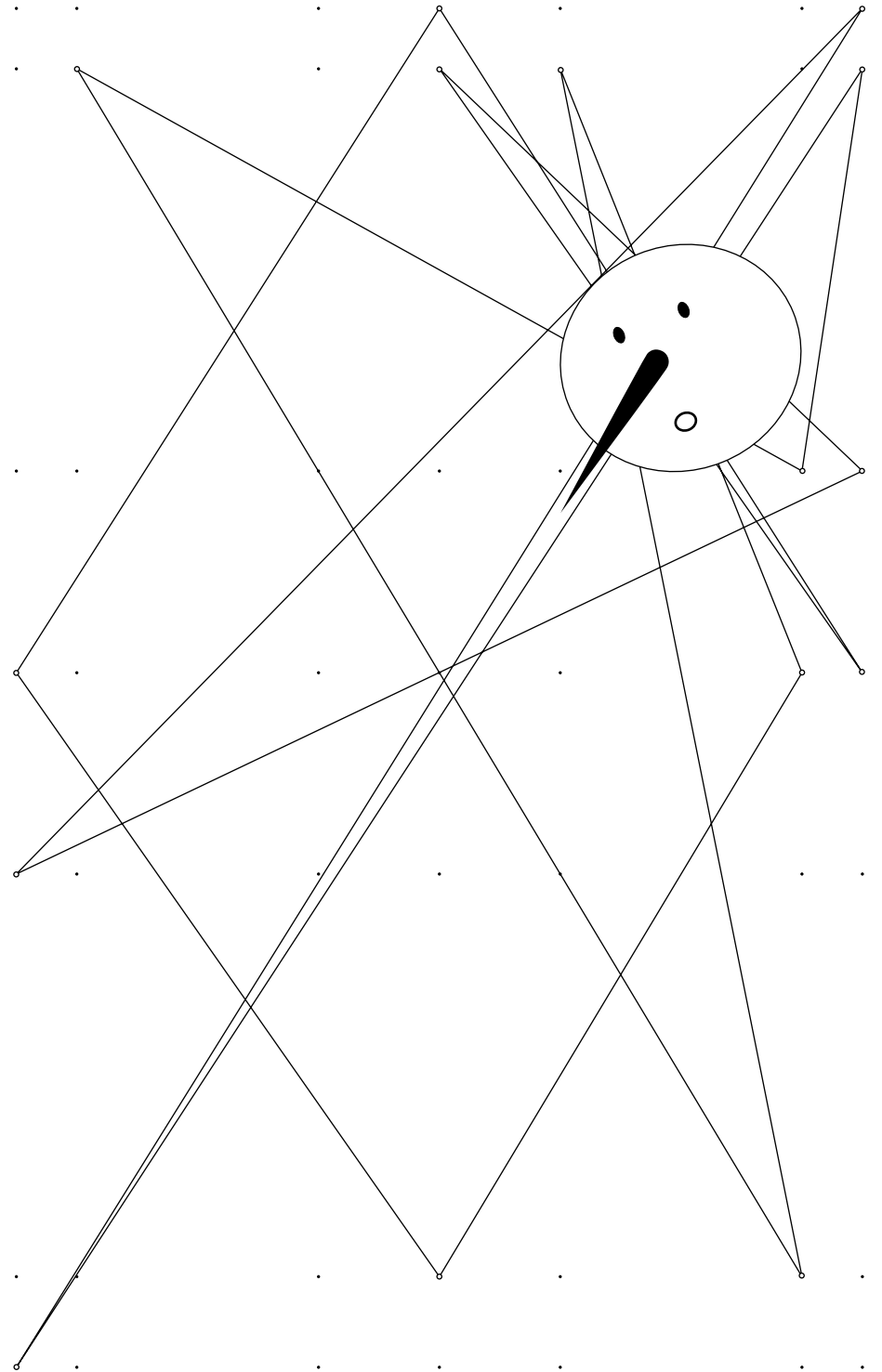
II
“I WONDER WHY I LIED TO MYSELF THAT I HAD NEVER BEEN HERE.
AND WAS TOTALLY IGNORANT OF THIS PLACE—IN FACT, IT’S JUST
LIKE ANYWHERE ELSE HERE, ONLY THE FEELING IS STRONGER
AND INCOMPREHENSION DEEPER”.



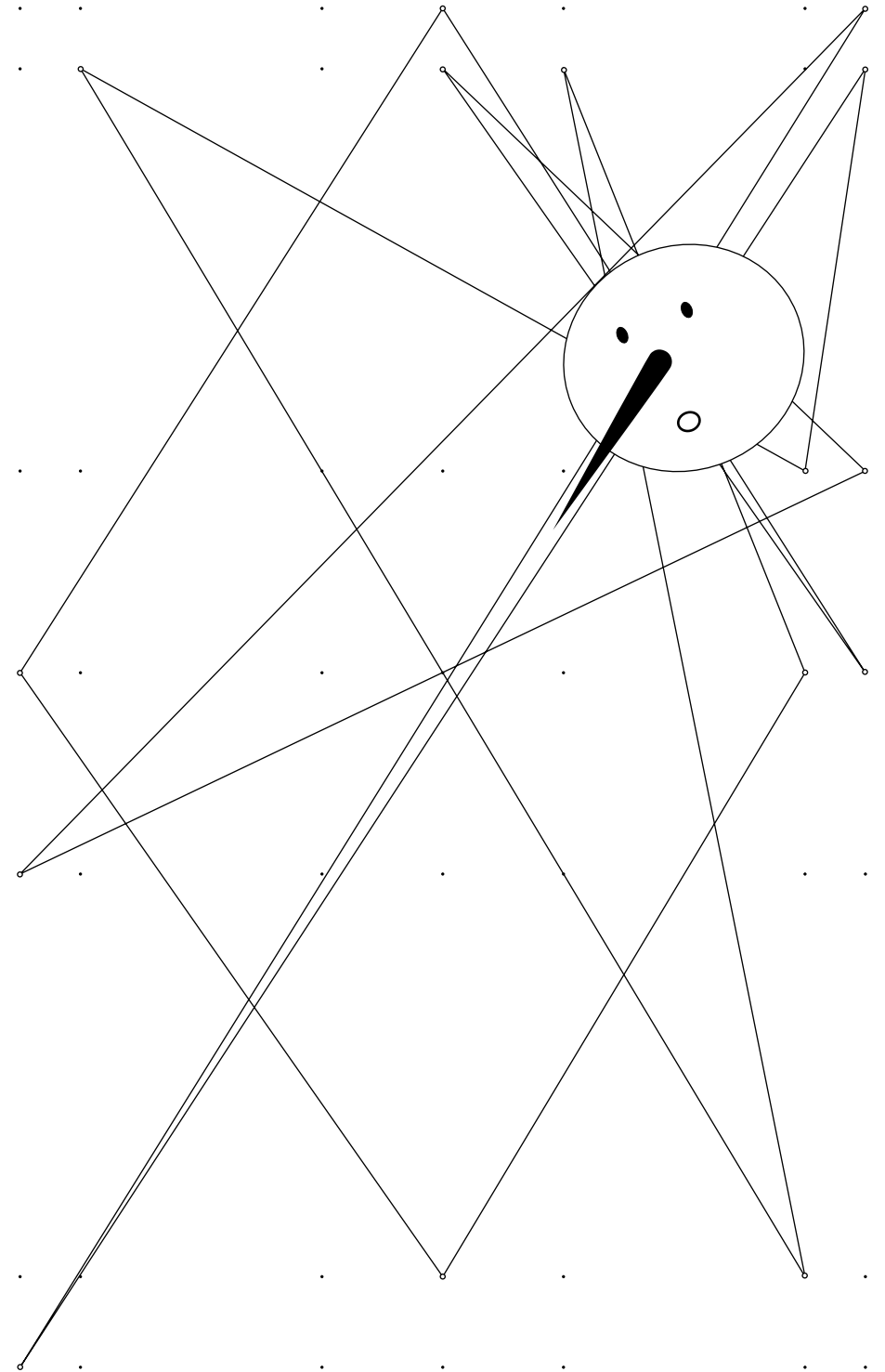
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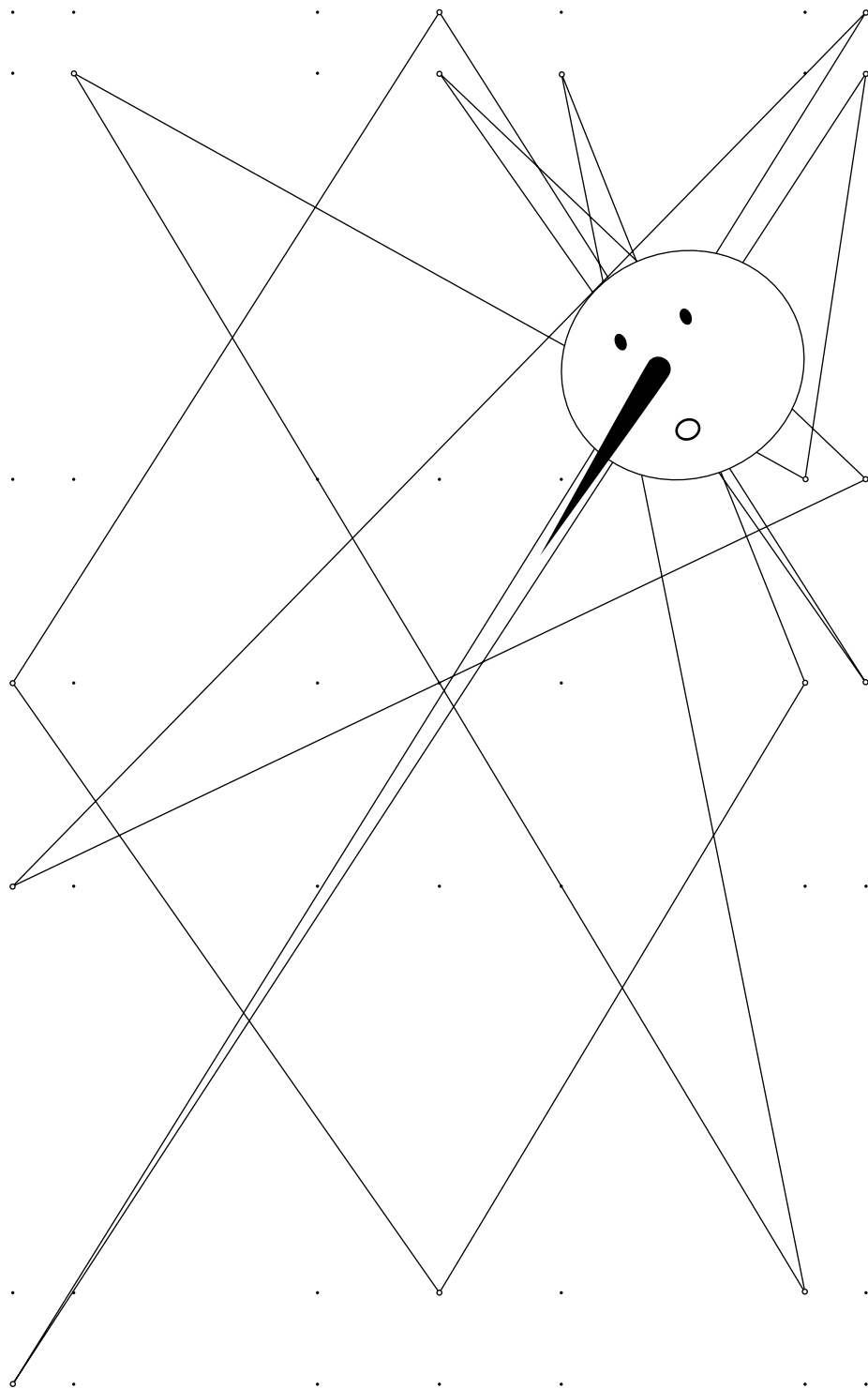


A surface of water covers a junkyard. The pond is circular with four cranes that appear to be disused, but are in fact still functional. This is a deserted place out of the reach of cars and bikes because of the hills surrounding the water's edge. Who would want to build a road here anyway? Everybody comes here on foot, bringing their newborns in the first weeks of their lives. The pond is filled with statues brought here from different places around the globe. There are quite a lot of monuments to Stalin, along with a few of Hitler and Mussolini, even Saddam Hussein. Among the most recent are three of Albert Einstein, five of Charles Darwin and a lot of Newton, thinkers whose theories were all proven wrong. There are many abstract monuments as well, which ended up in the dump because the public

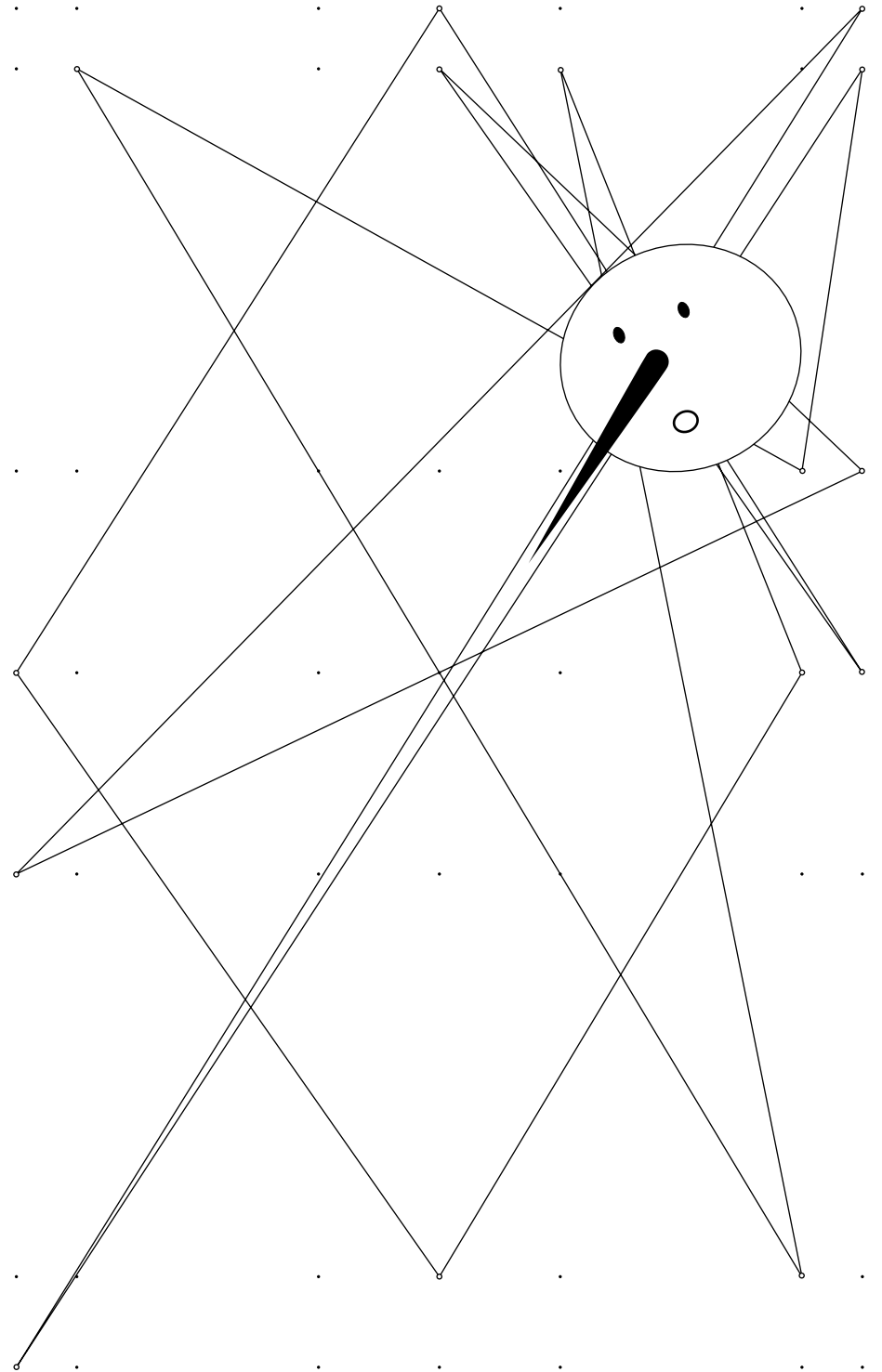


was displeased with their shape, colour or their location. One might say that it is ironic that stones and forged metal that formed symbols of competing ideologies, theories and practices have been gathered in one gigantic pool. Yet, on the other hand, this place exists thanks to the wealth of assemblage, which provides a comprehensive representation of the world—a useful point. Parents come here with workers who are able to operate the cranes. These cranes are used to cast a net that fishes out one of the pieces which are slowly decaying and overgrown with algae. This chance procedure helps determine the fate of successors. The monuments thus regain their power—this time through a single individual.

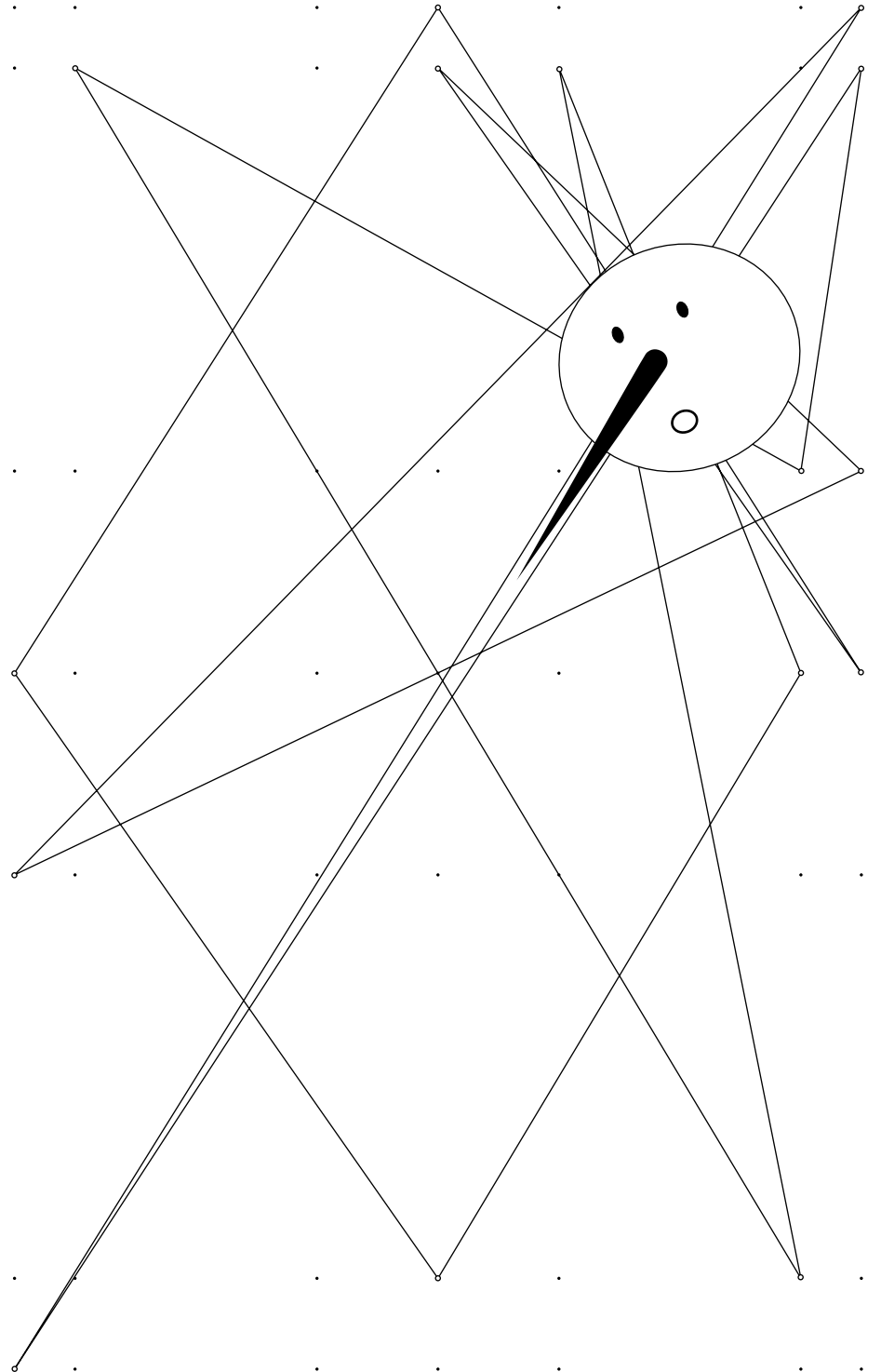




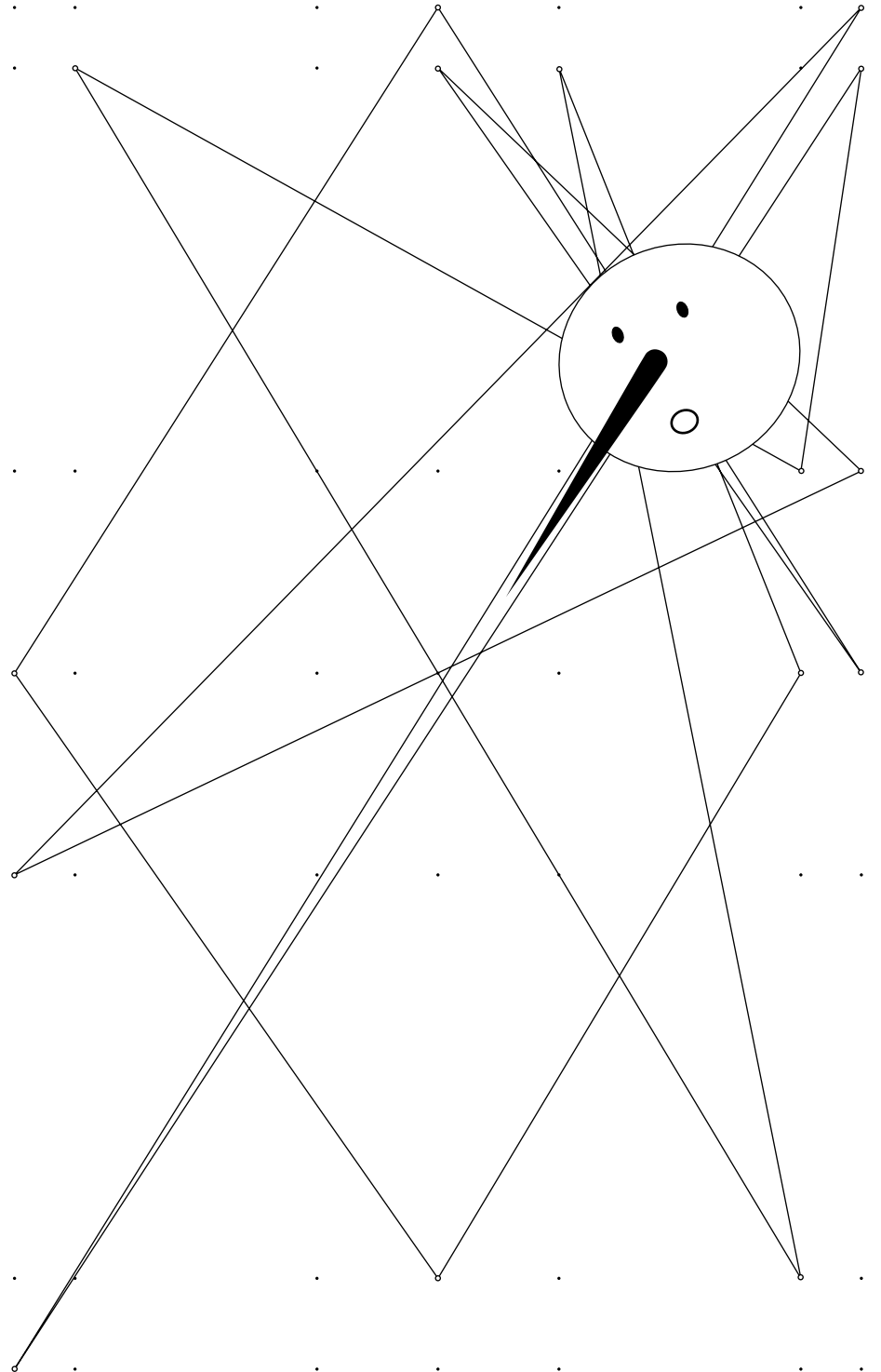
Examples of the titles of the monumental statue projects:



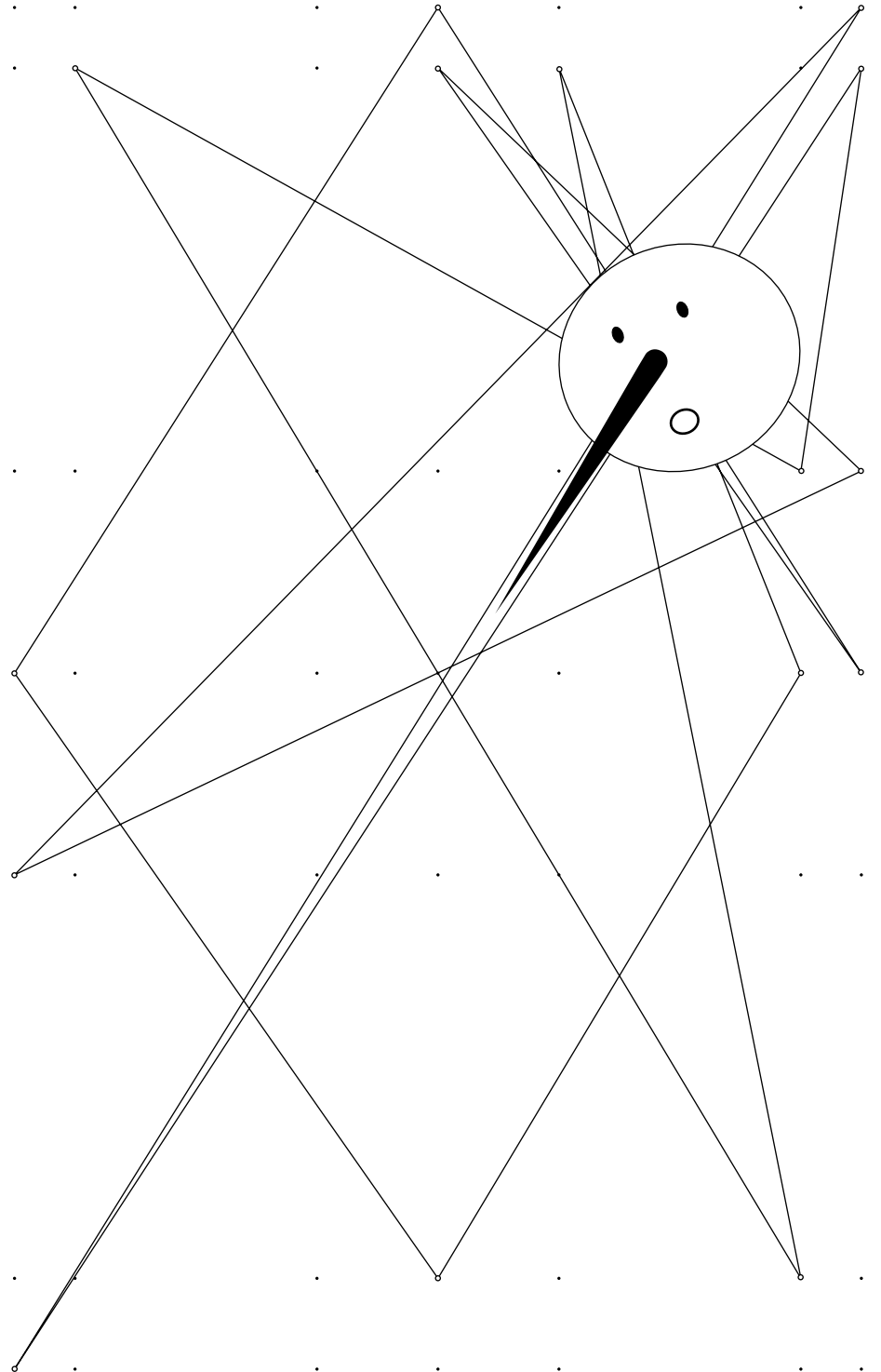
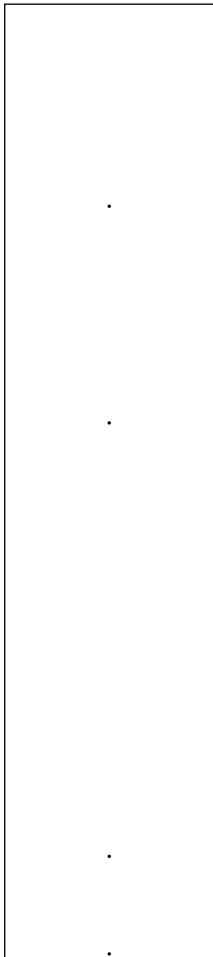
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
piss**



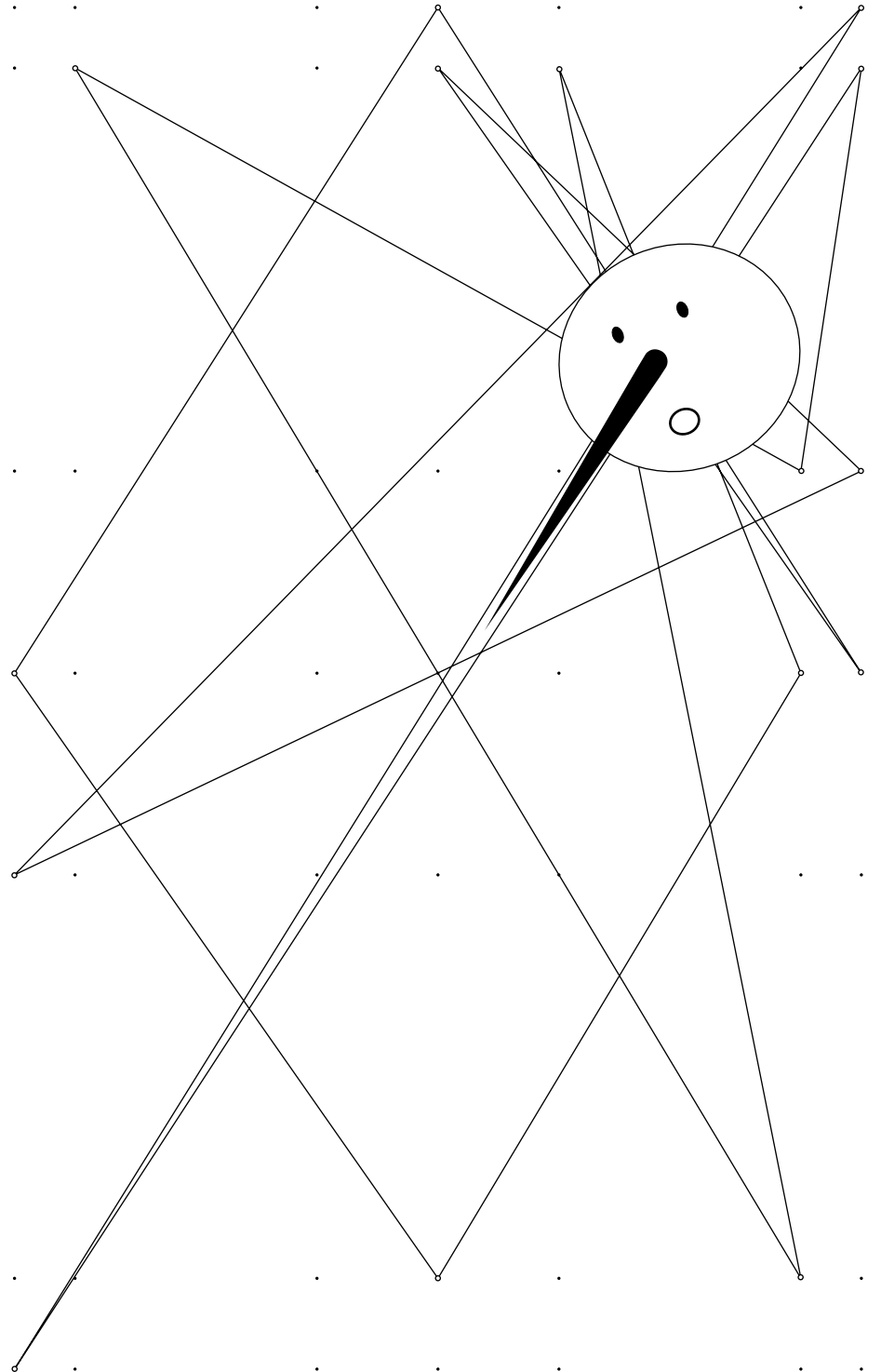
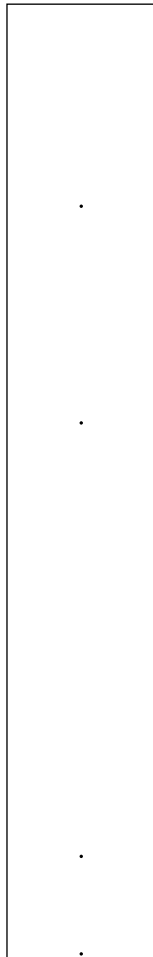
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
the
shadows**



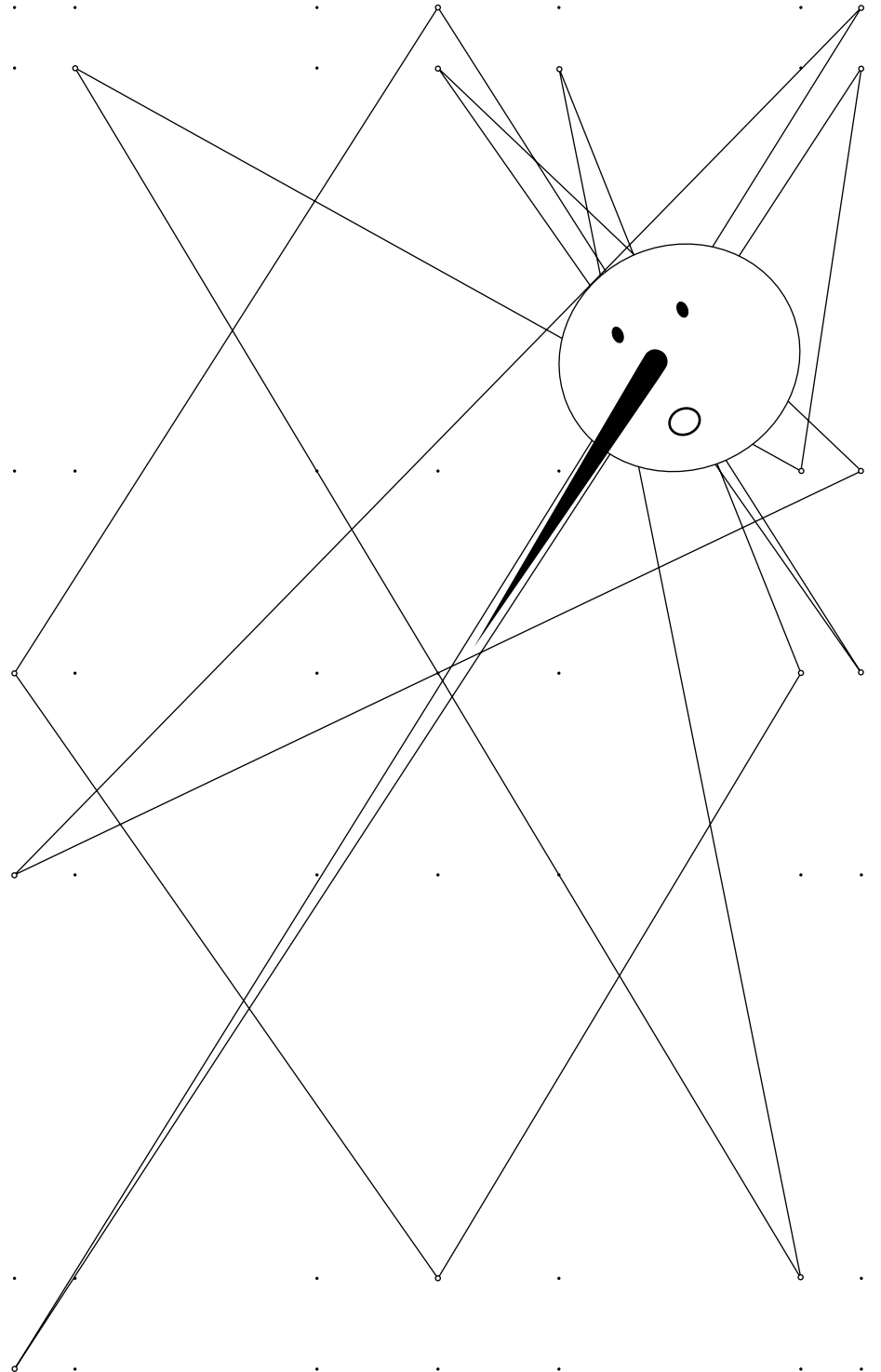
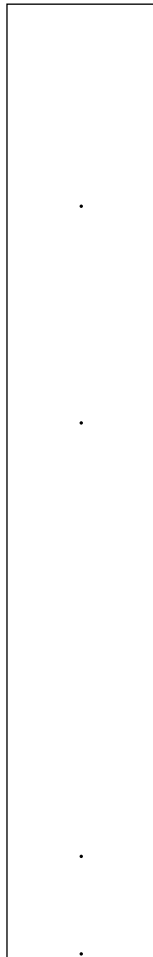
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
mathematics**



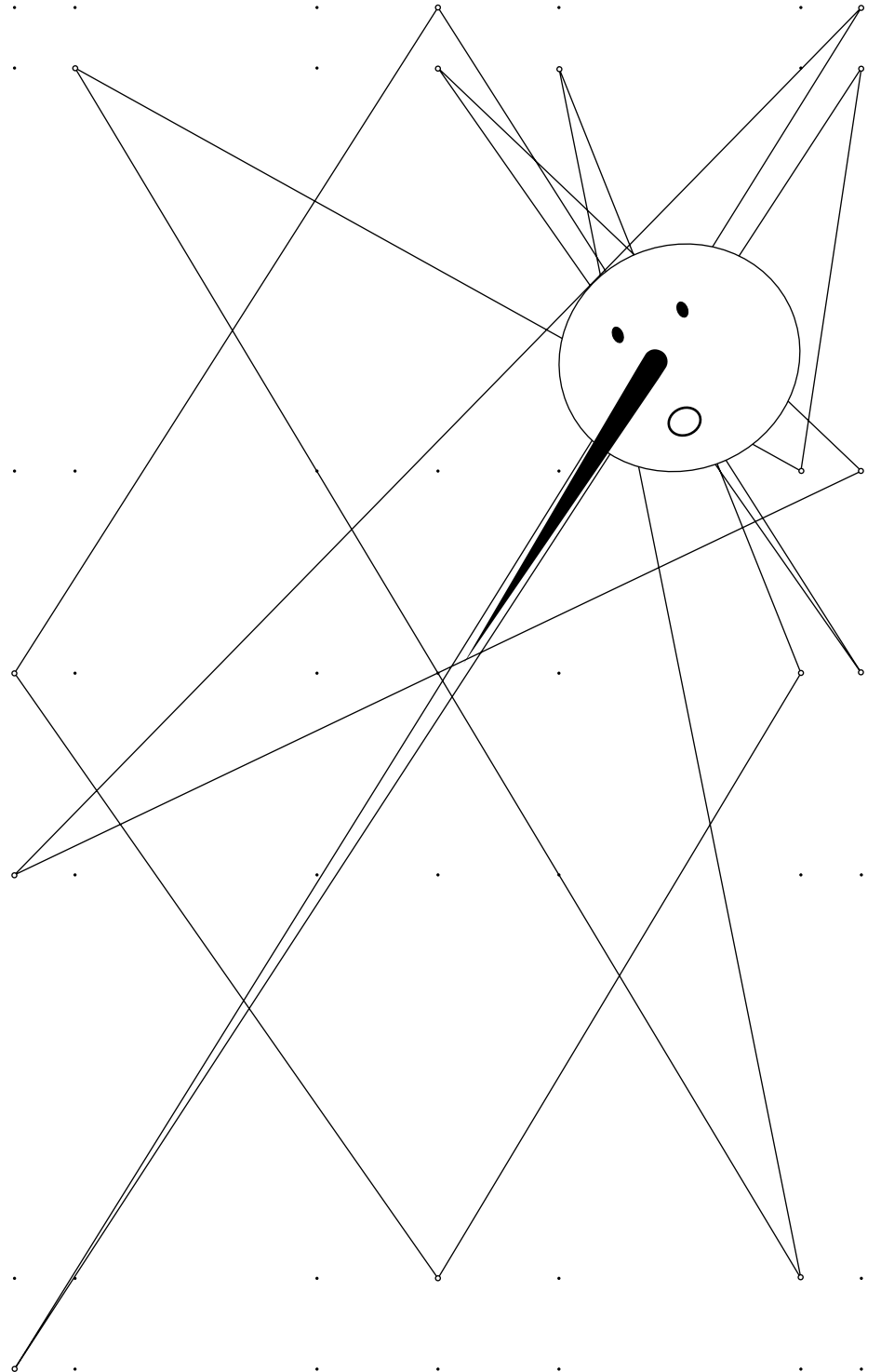
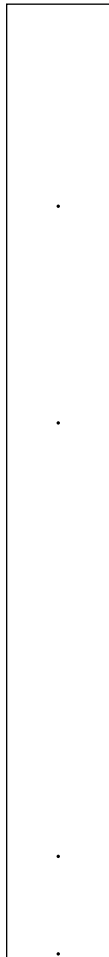
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
leftovers**



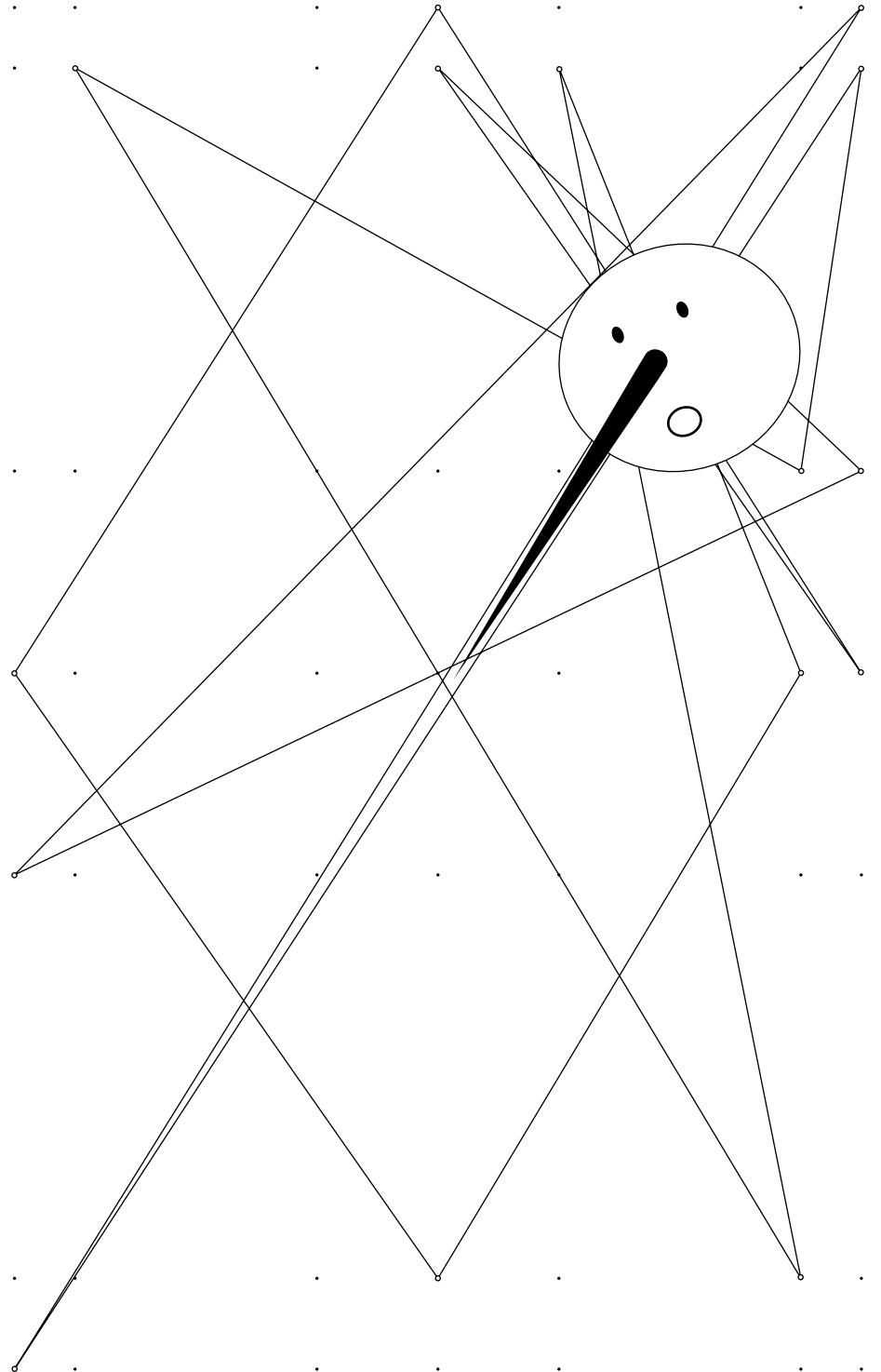
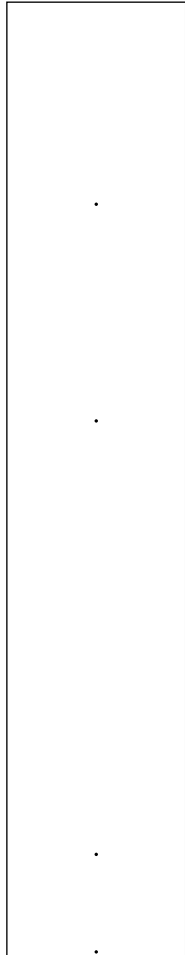
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
camping**



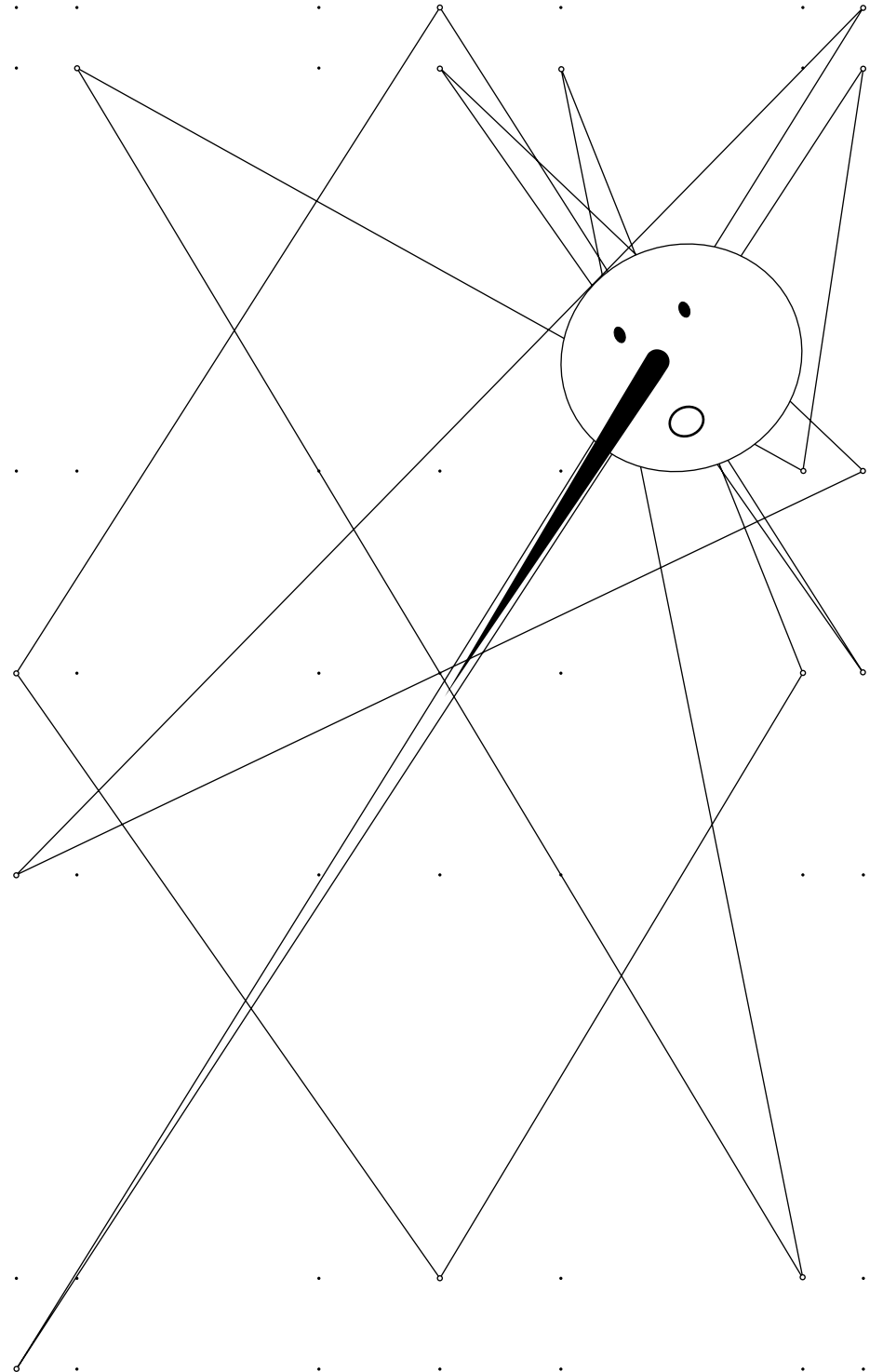
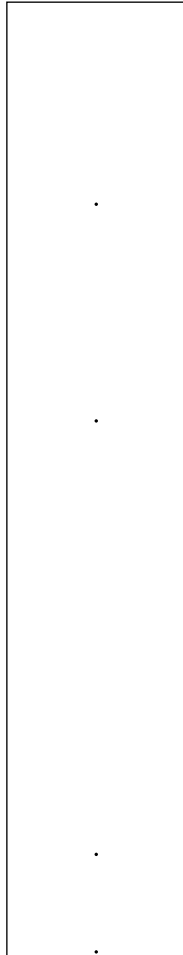
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
stairs**



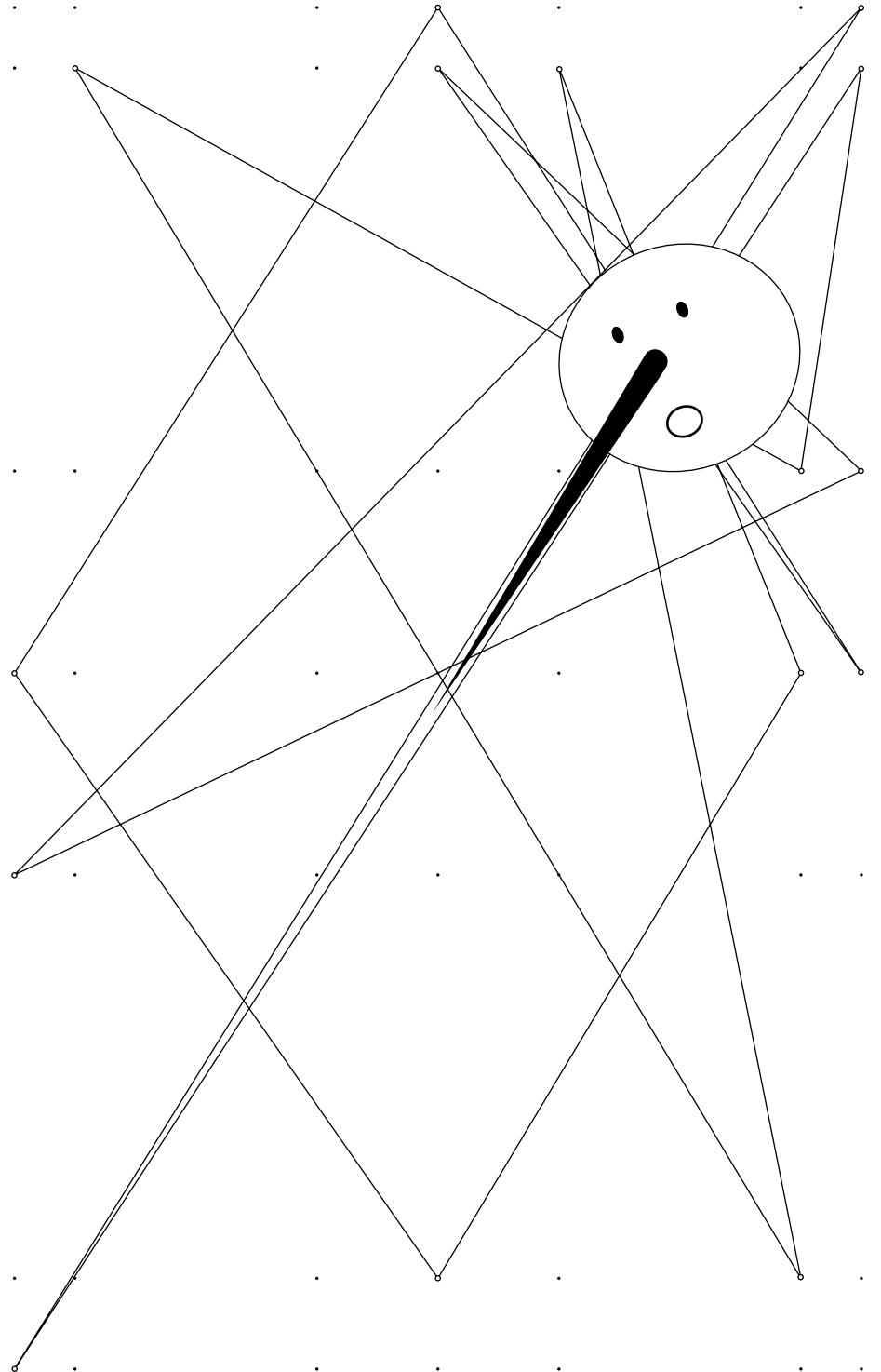
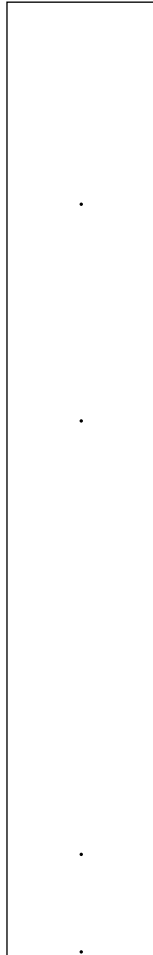
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
depression**



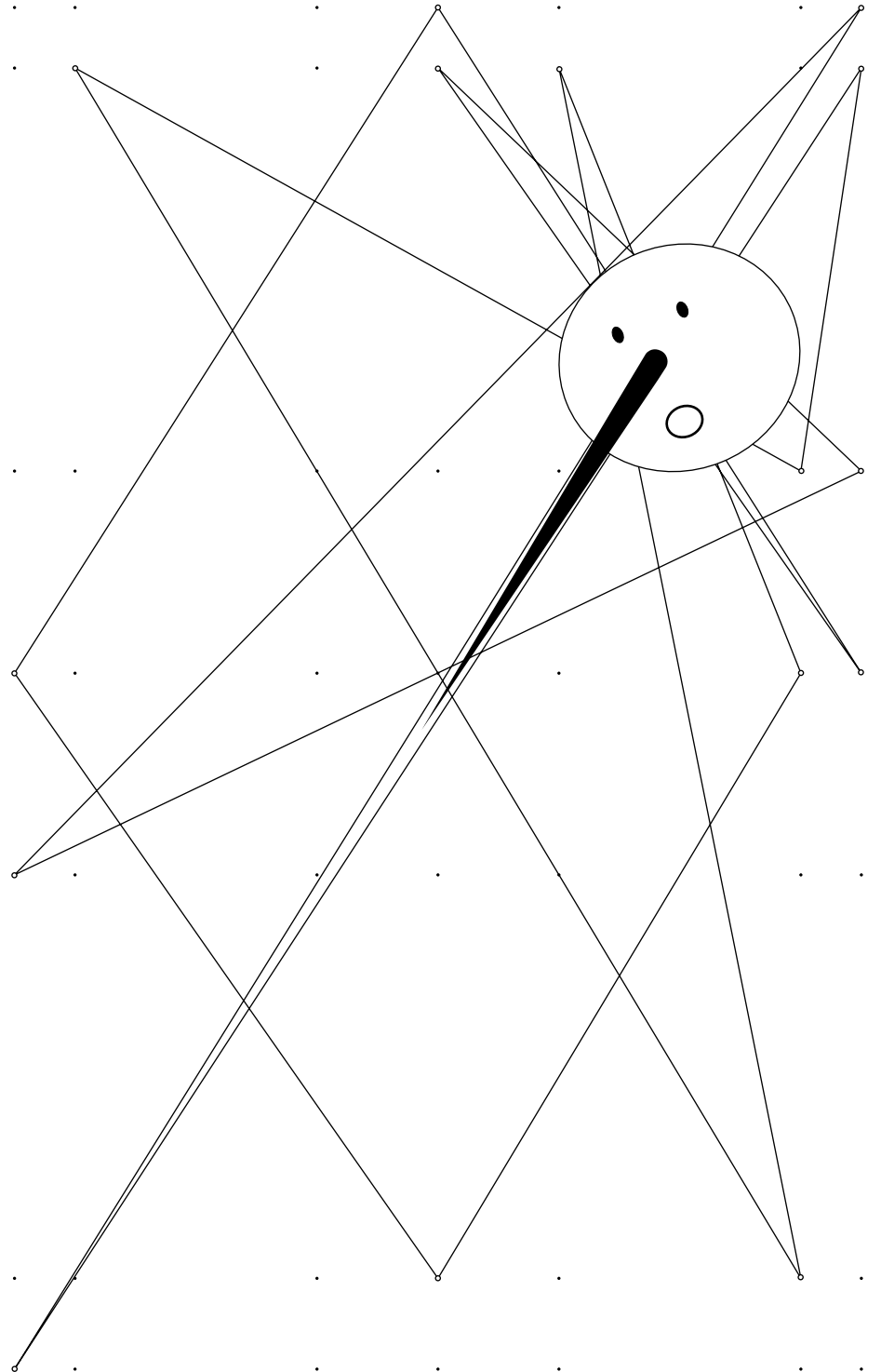
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
excitement**



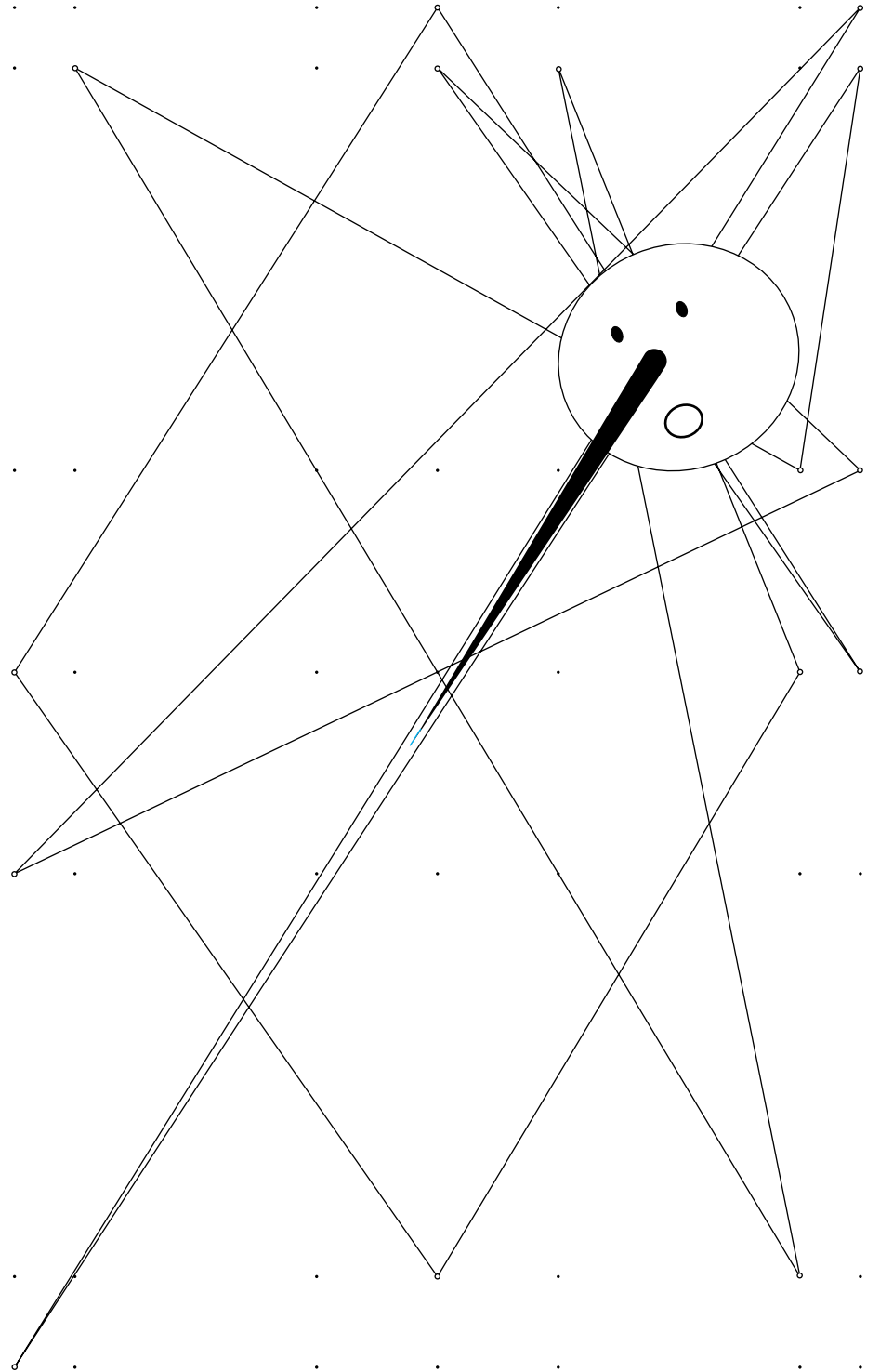
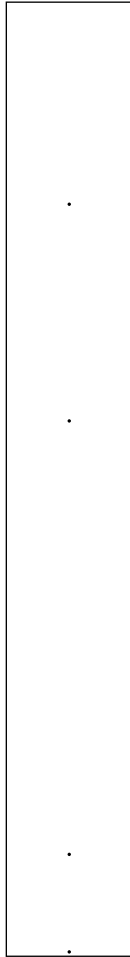
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
erection**



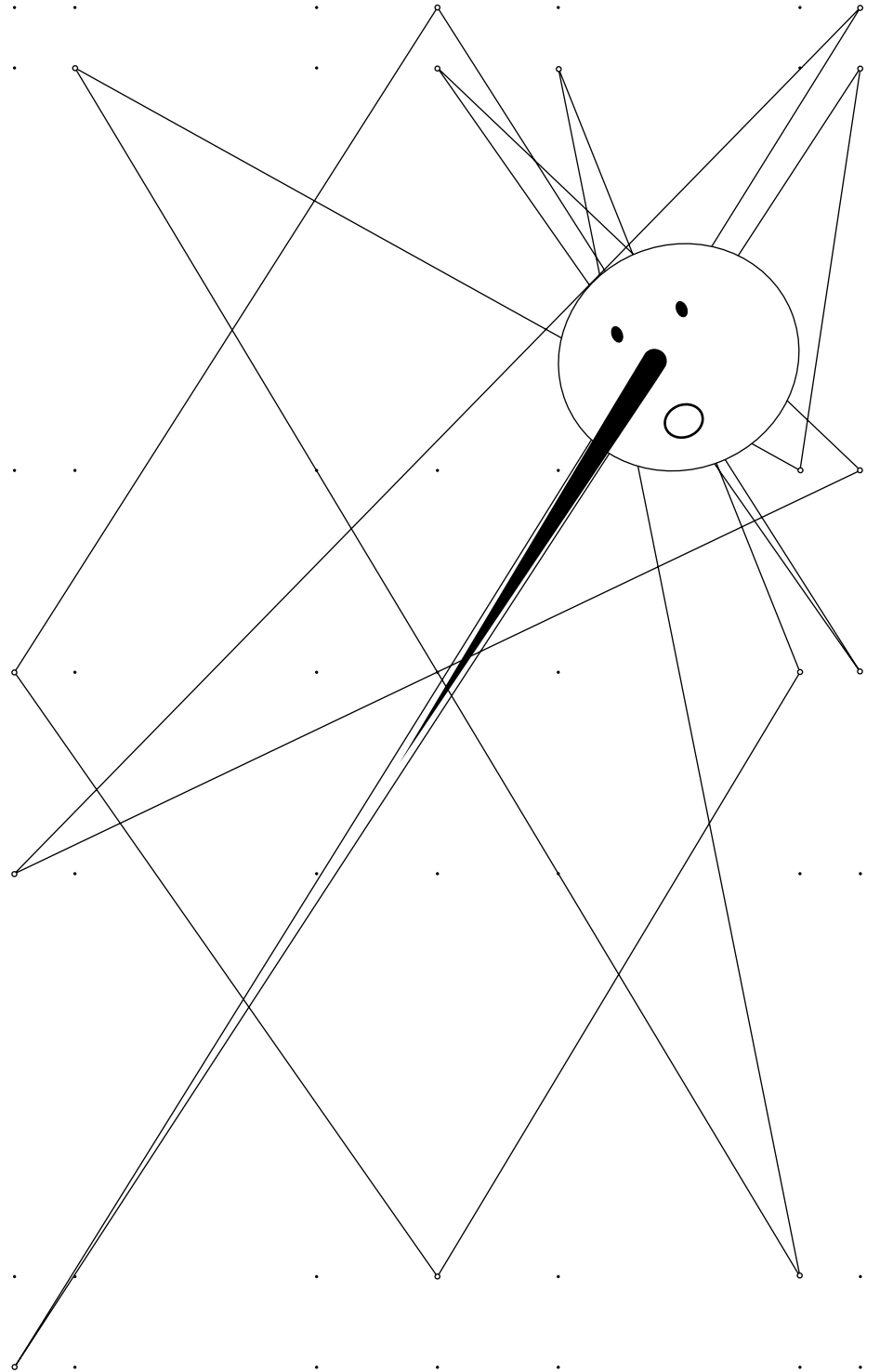
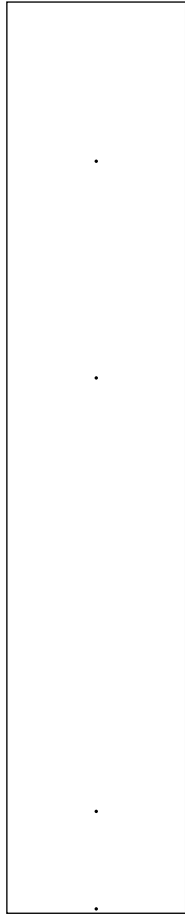
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
post
office**



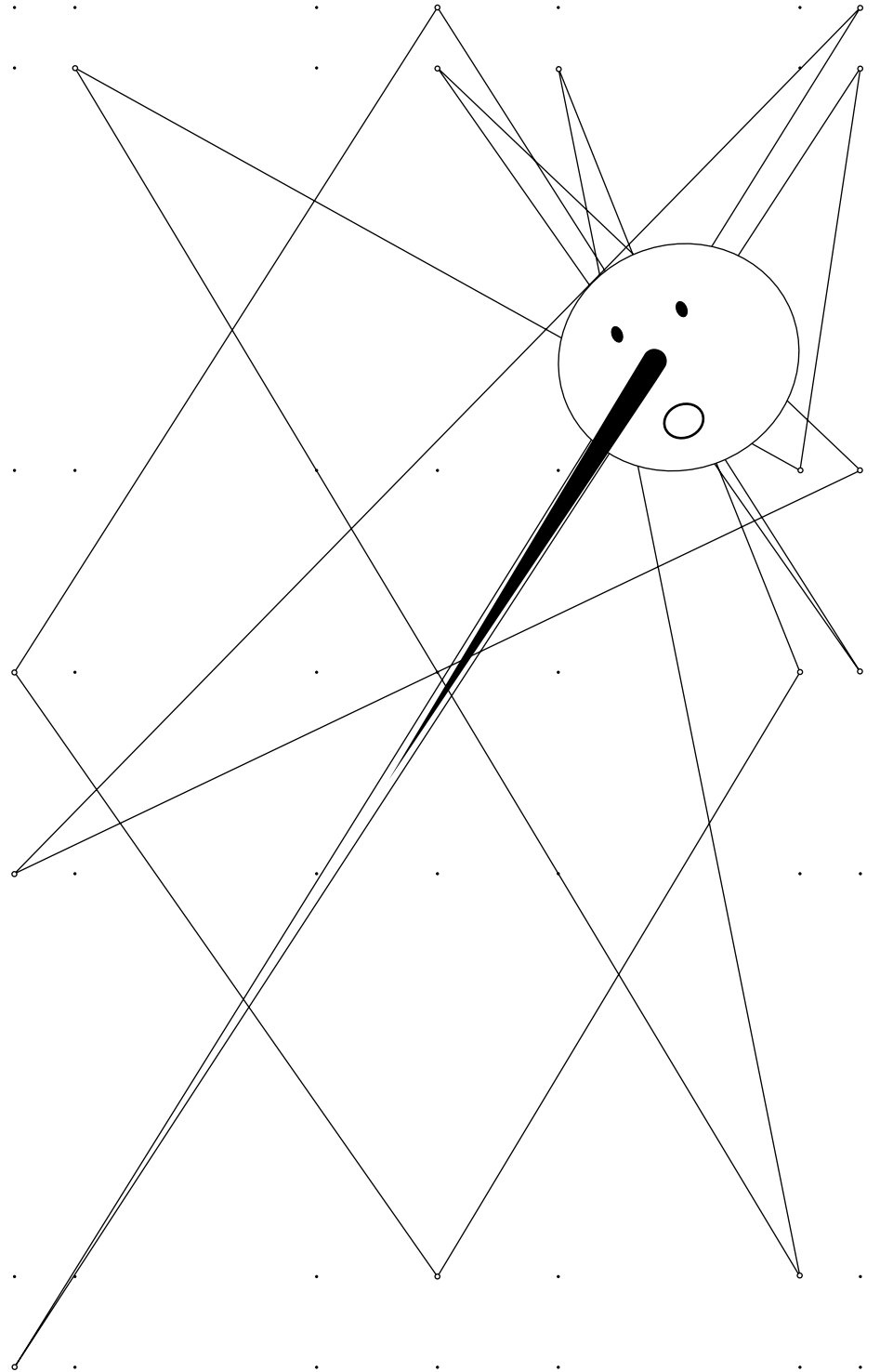
**Project
of
the
monumental
statue
of
shame**



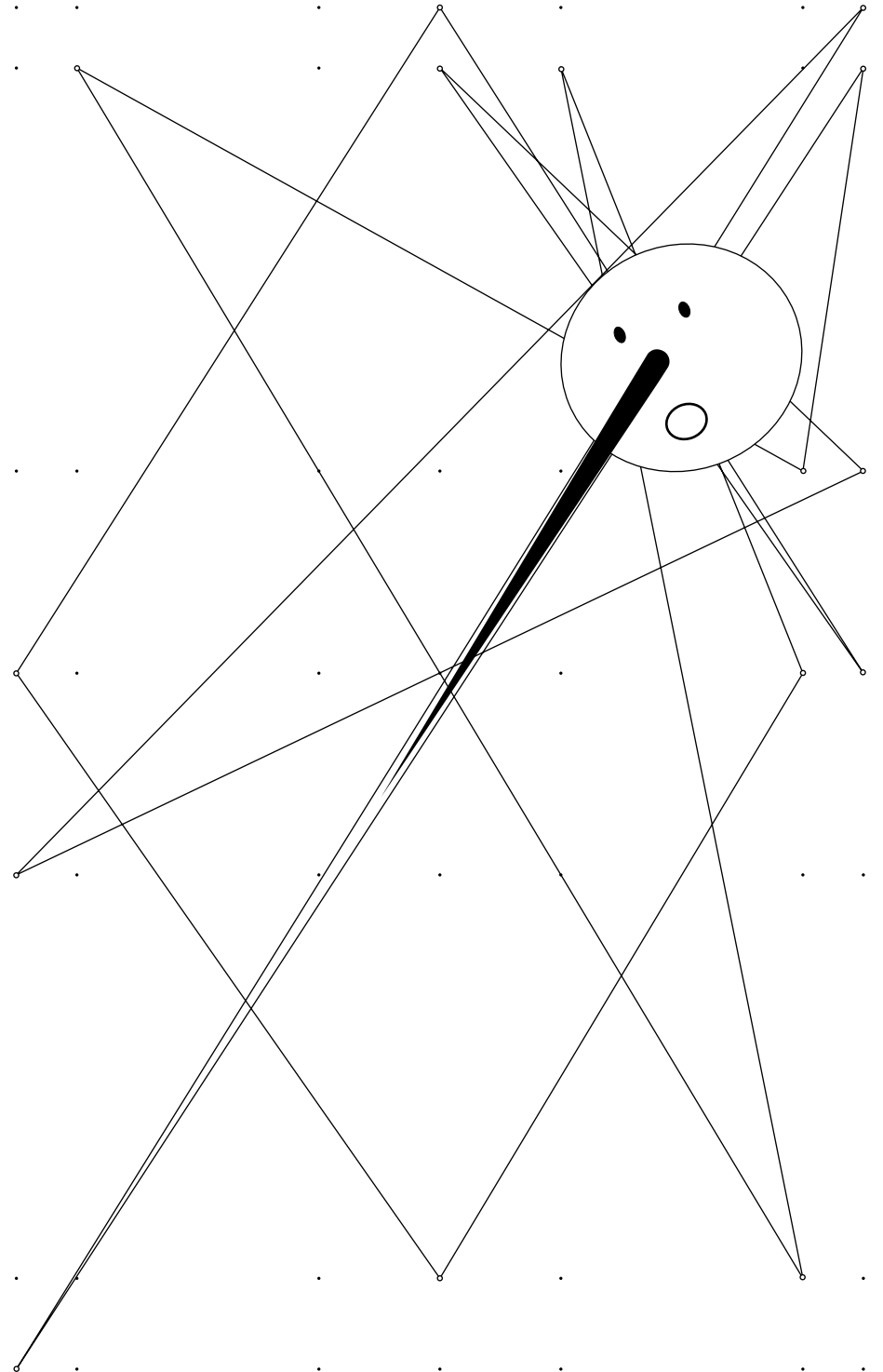
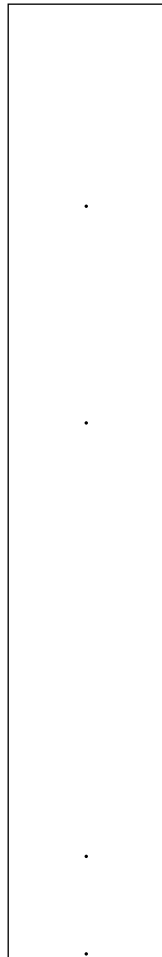
**Project
of
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statue
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the
generation**



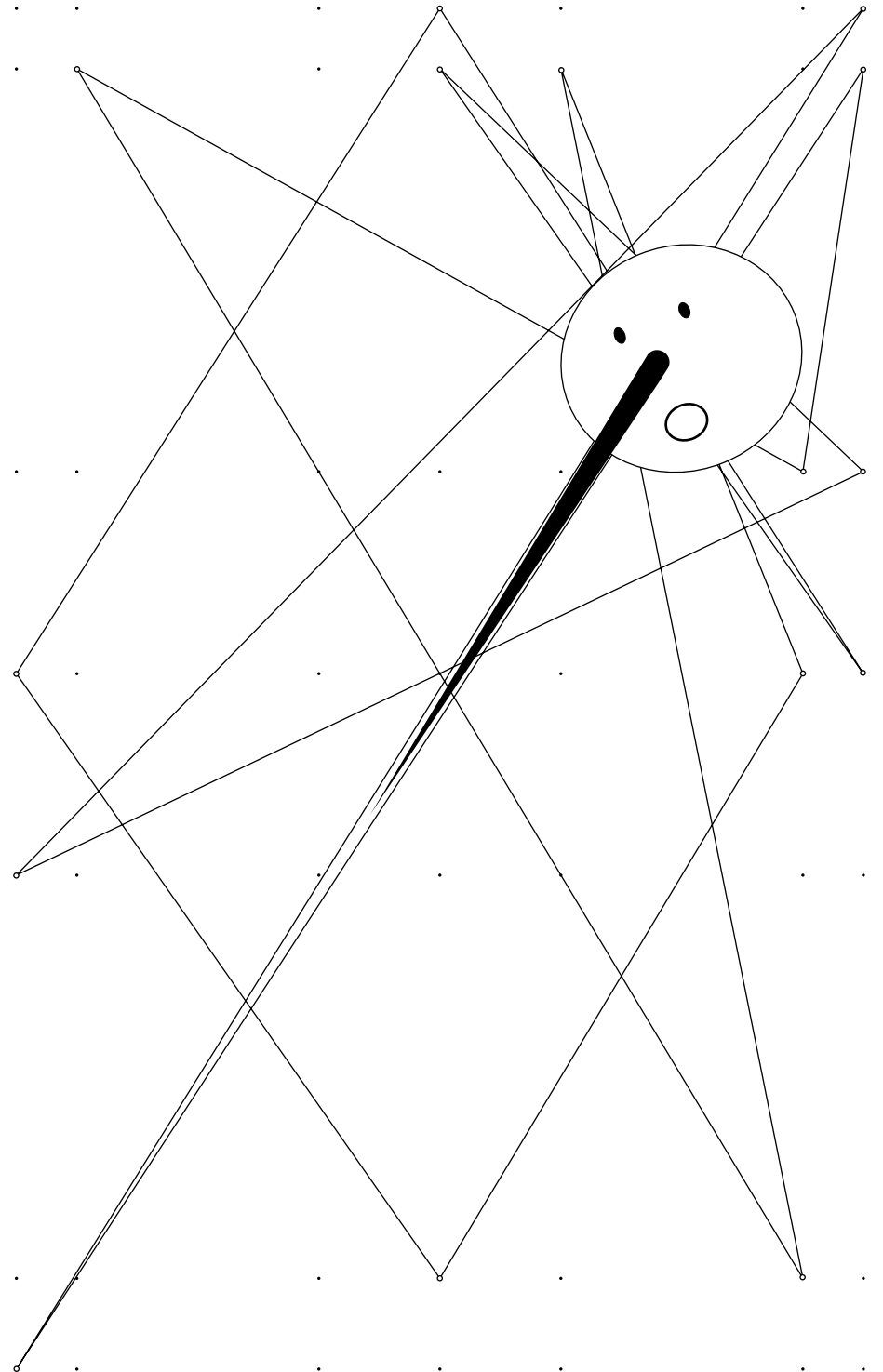
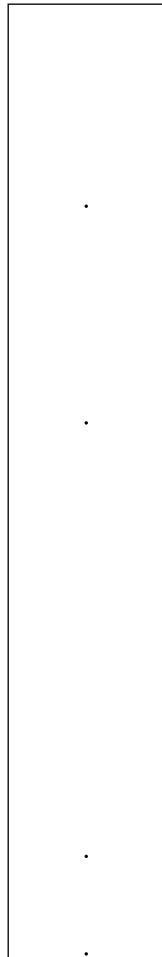
**Project
of
the
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of
the
clan**



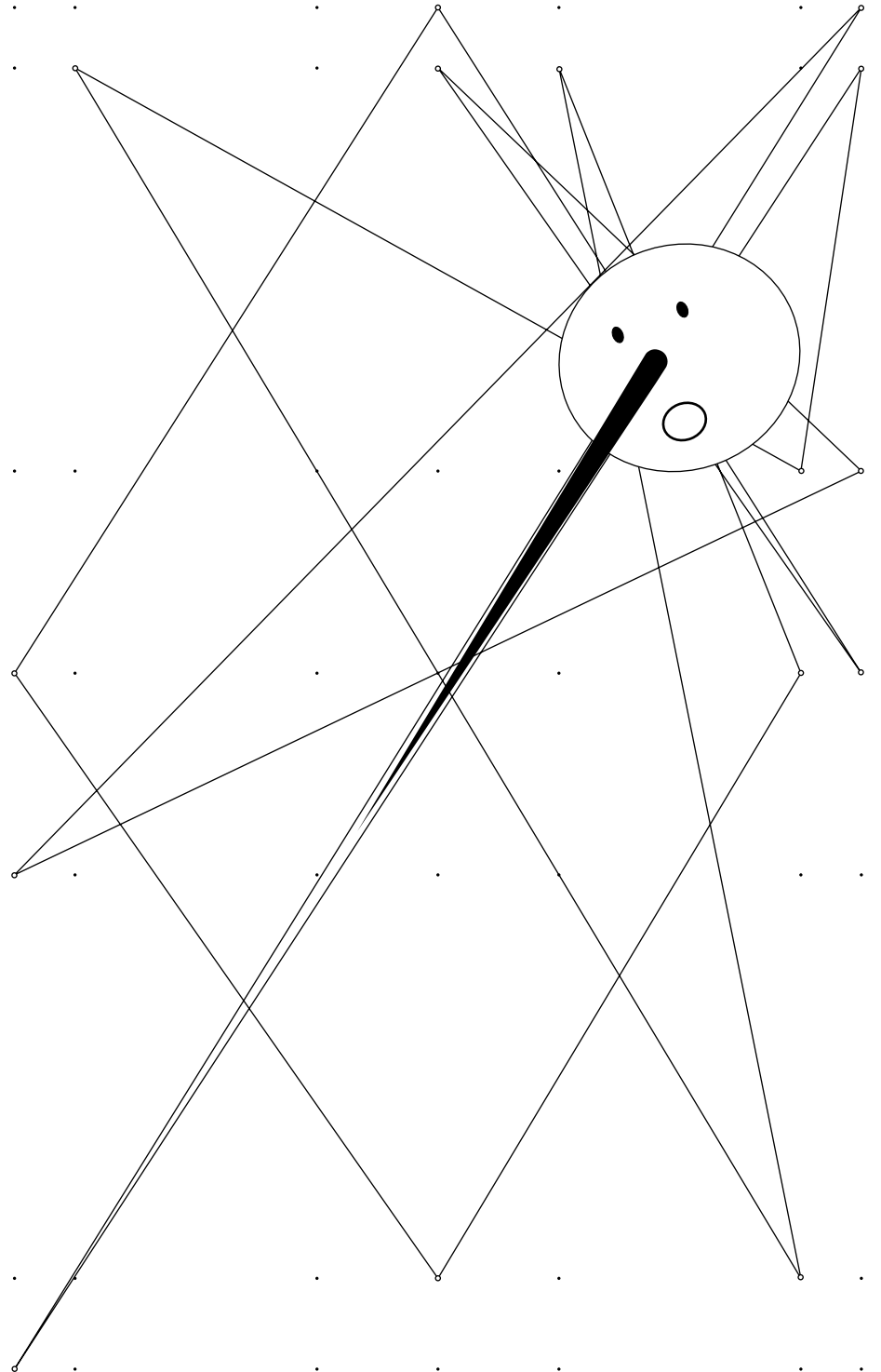
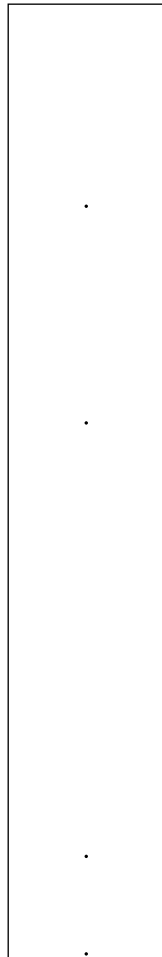
**Project
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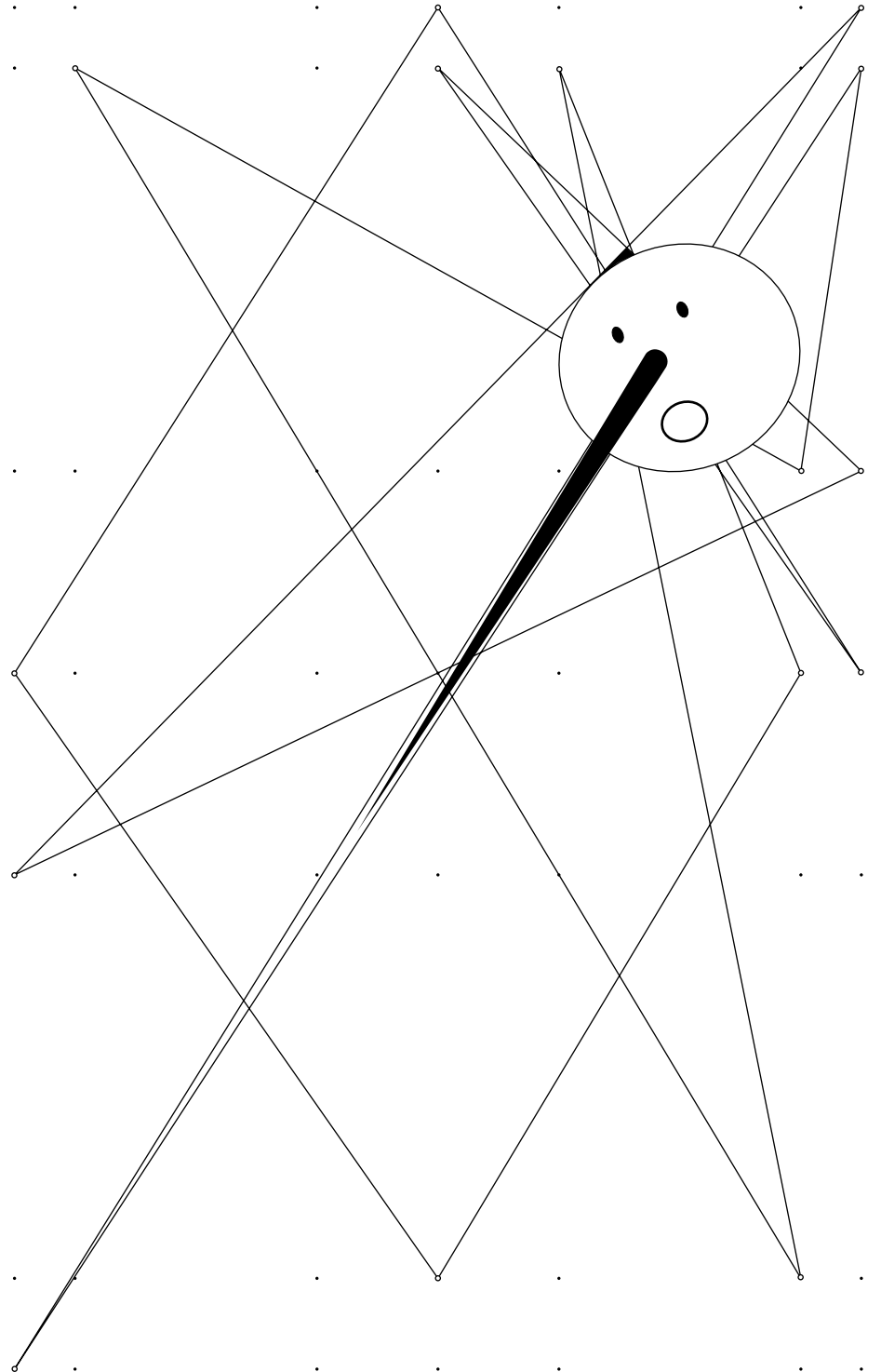
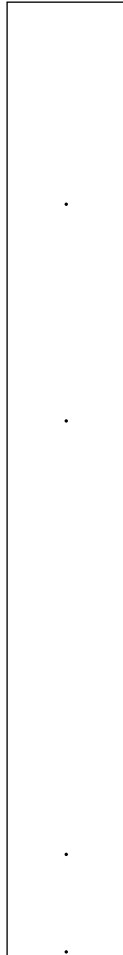
**Project
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statue
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elements**



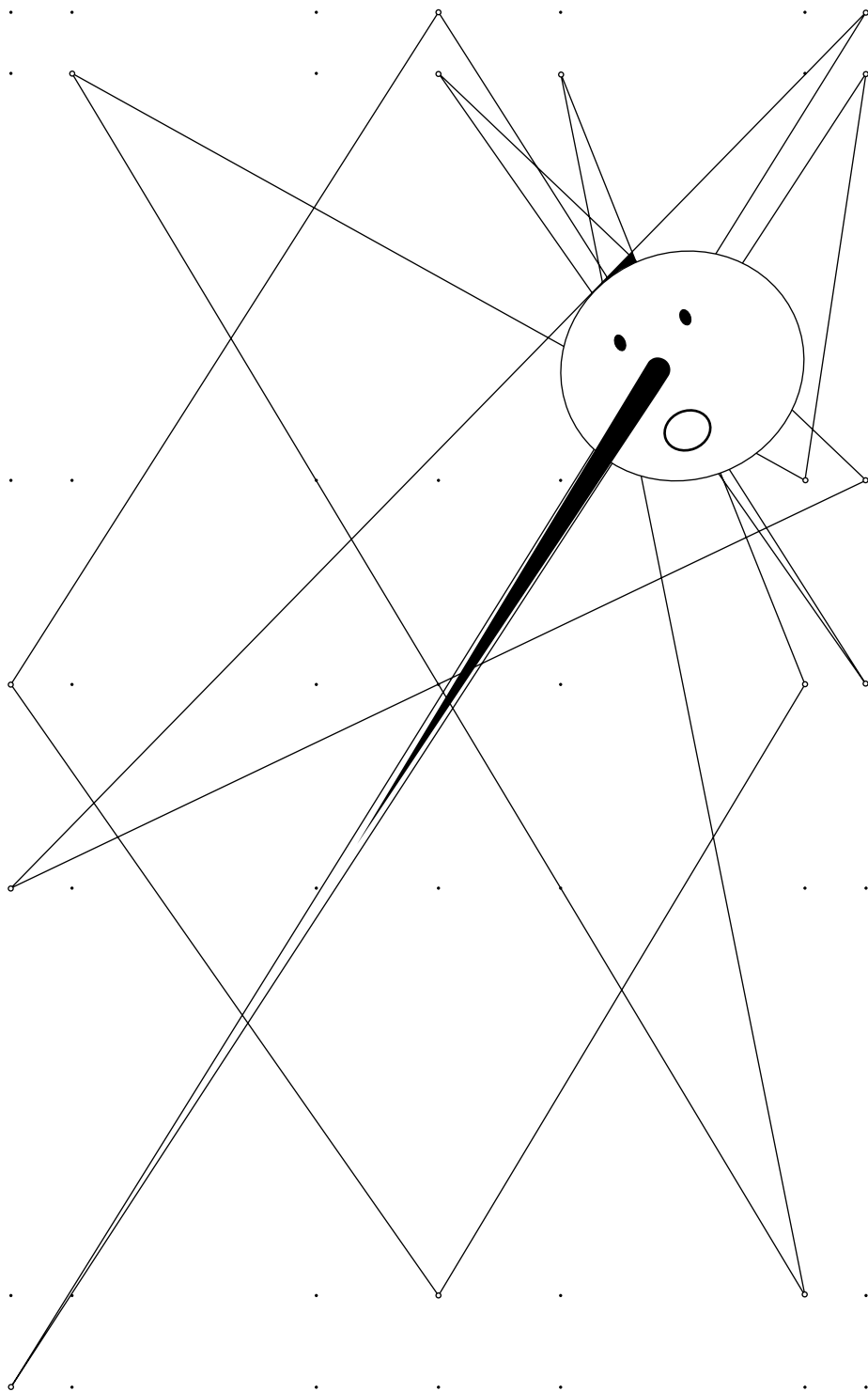
**Project
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language**



**Project
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statue
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sugar**

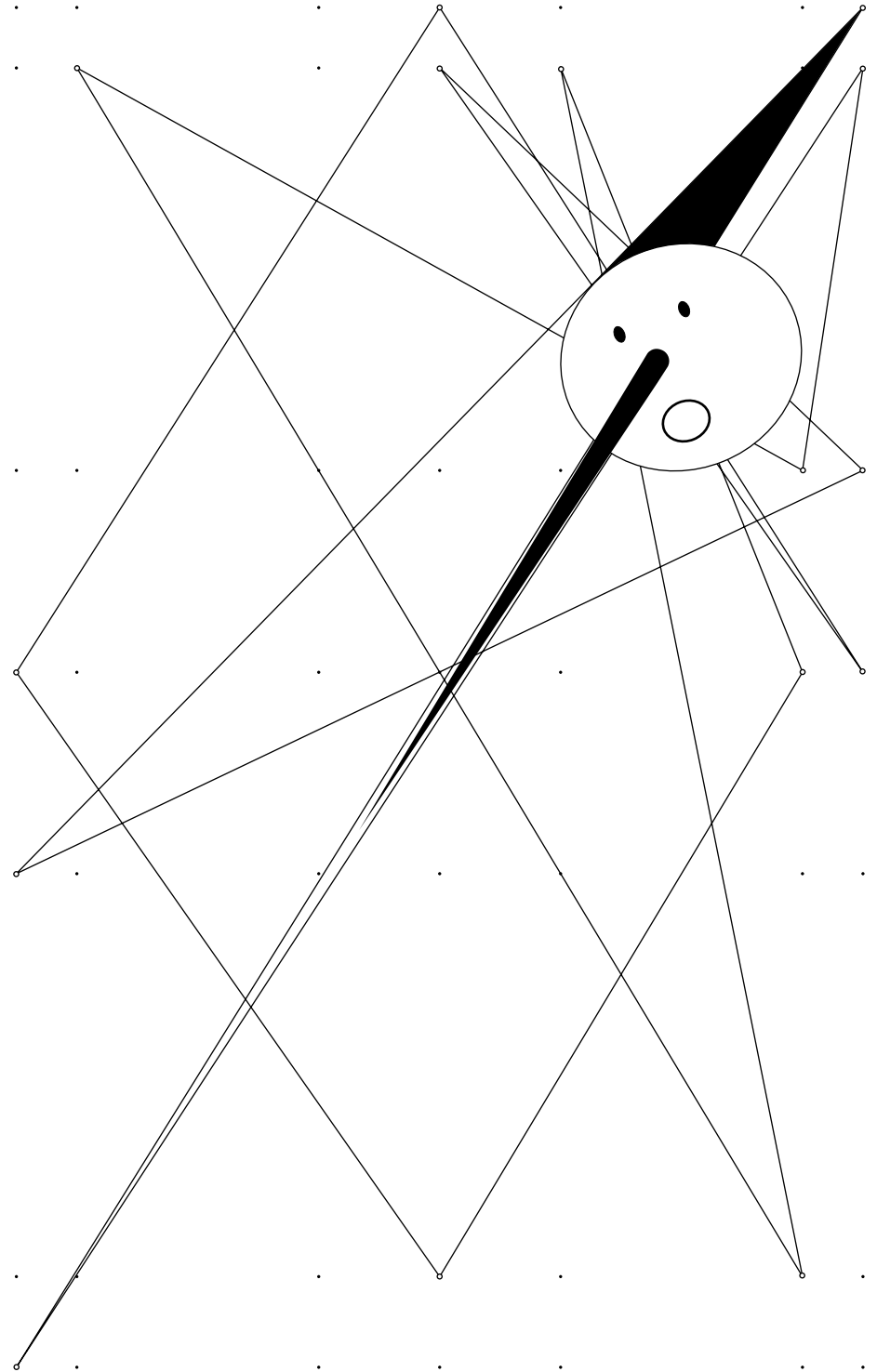


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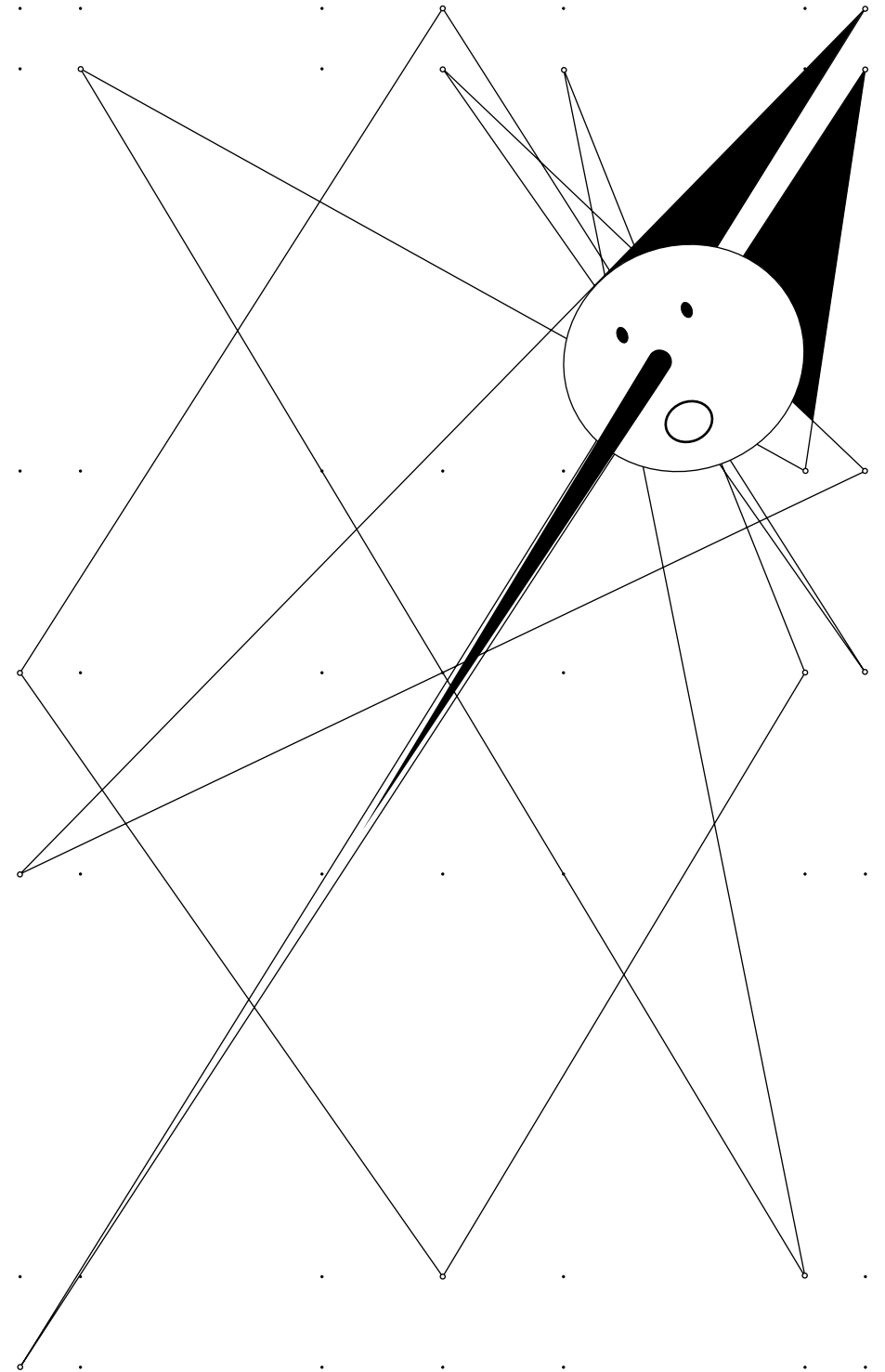


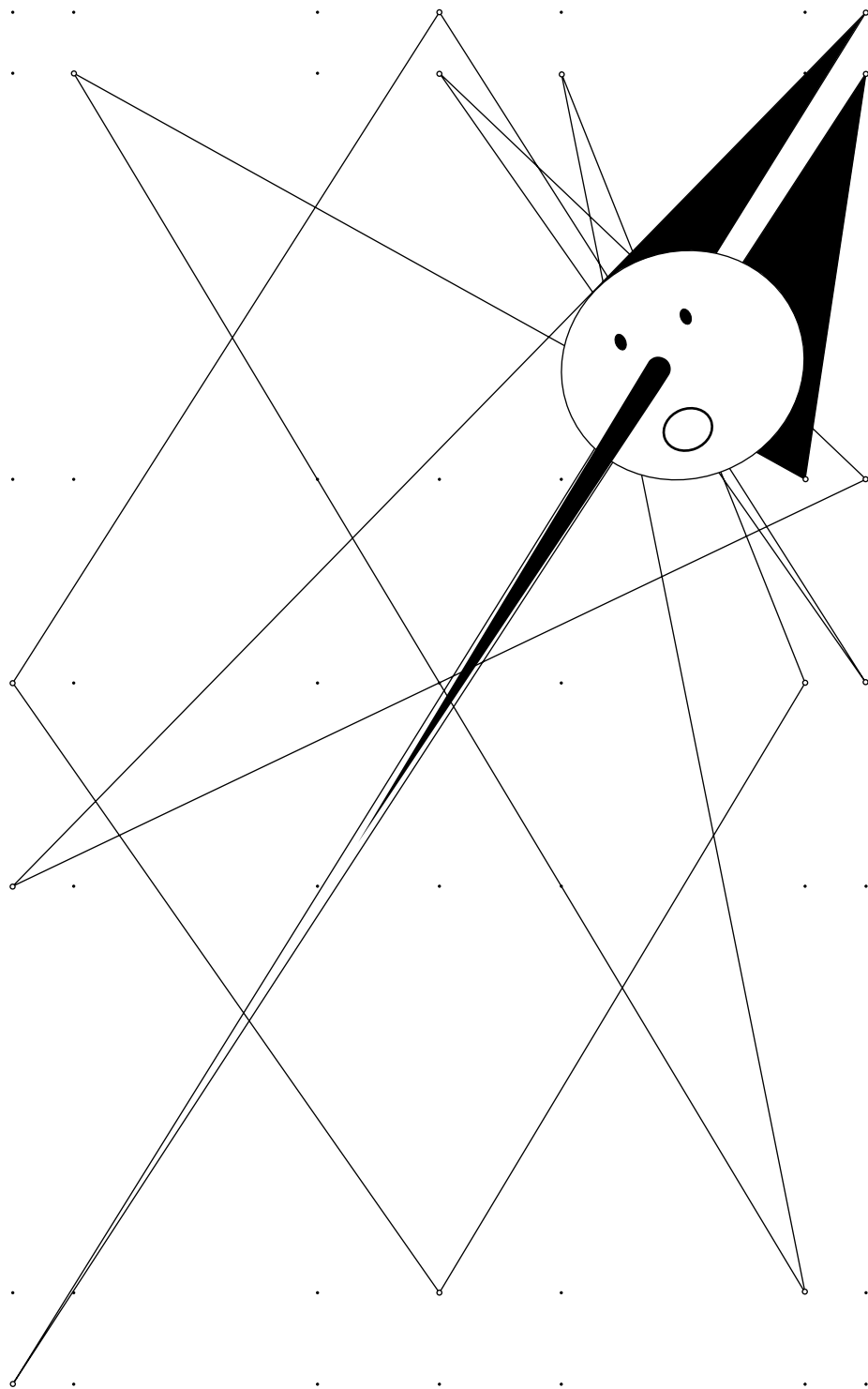
Henryk Morel designed the statue for Elblag in 1968. 7 meters tall, it was placed on hill named after the first king of Poland—Boleslaw the Brave. The artist came to this spot several times before he got to work. It is a high summit with a wide panorama on a city that had been dealt a heavy blow during WWII shelling. It's clear that the title and the form of the sculpture were the fruit of long hours spent at this summit. A thousand years of Polish history culminated in this city of ruins.

What kind of inertia and defeatism forced the sculptor to execute such a perverse project?

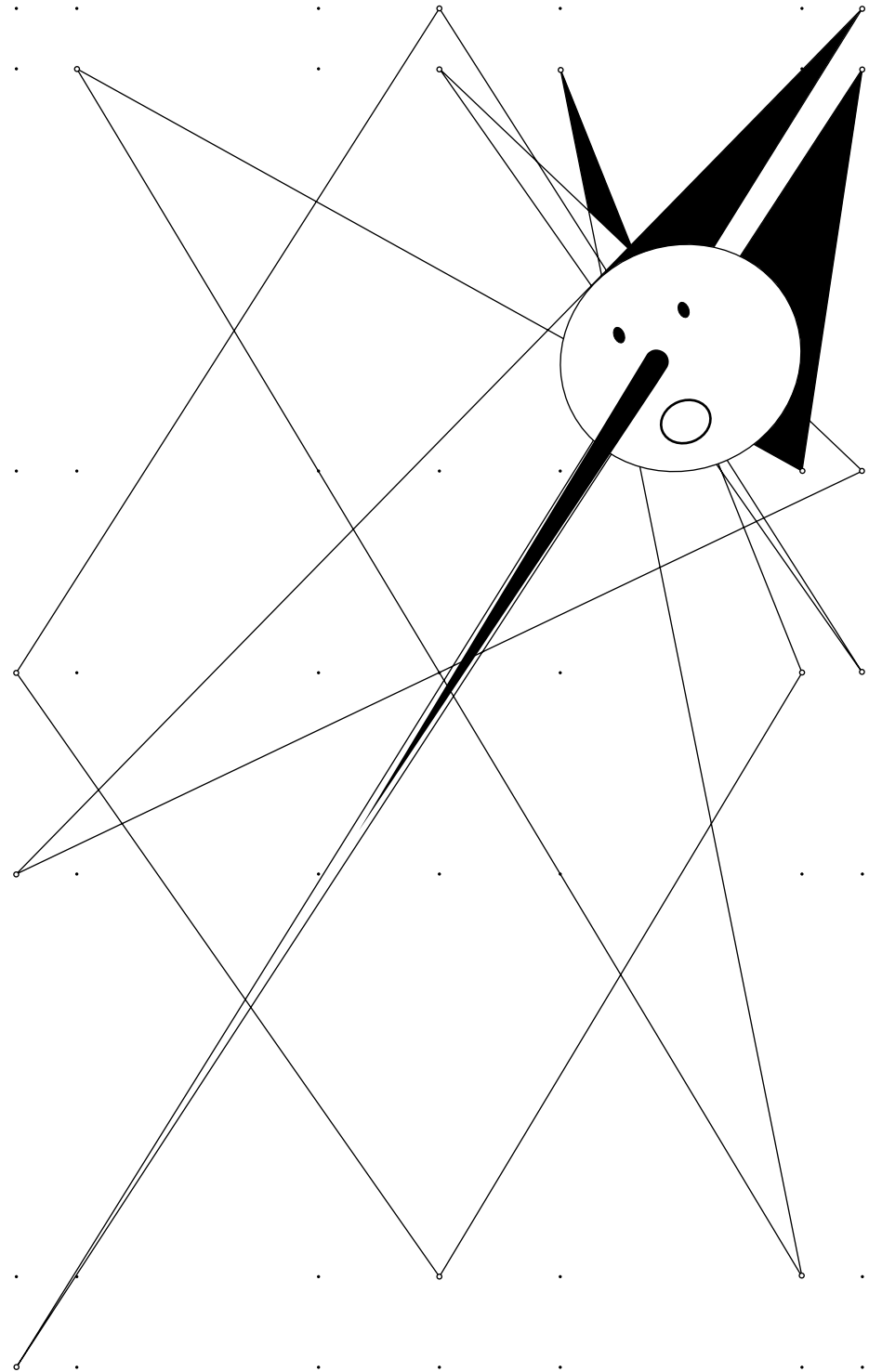


The first impulse came as he walked through the Zamech factory waste dump. The field was scattered with unused and unwanted material that was slowly turning from a metallic colour into red. The rust excluded various parts that were intended to ultimately become parts of military vehicles from the closed factory circuit, symbolised by the transmission belt. The idea was simple—to solder a gigantic, vertical structure out of pieces of rotting metal and leave it for a decades or even centuries, subject to the impact of vagaries of weather and men. The title “Destruction” completed the putrid project. Morel never got to see the installation of his work, he died a year before the sculpture was erected and given over to the gradual process of turning culture into nature. This final work of the artist has become his testament. However, the scenario inscribed in the title and the material itself was fulfilled much earlier than planned. 31 years after the erection it was dismantled with the use of welding blowpipes by scavengers and sold for pennies to junkyards.

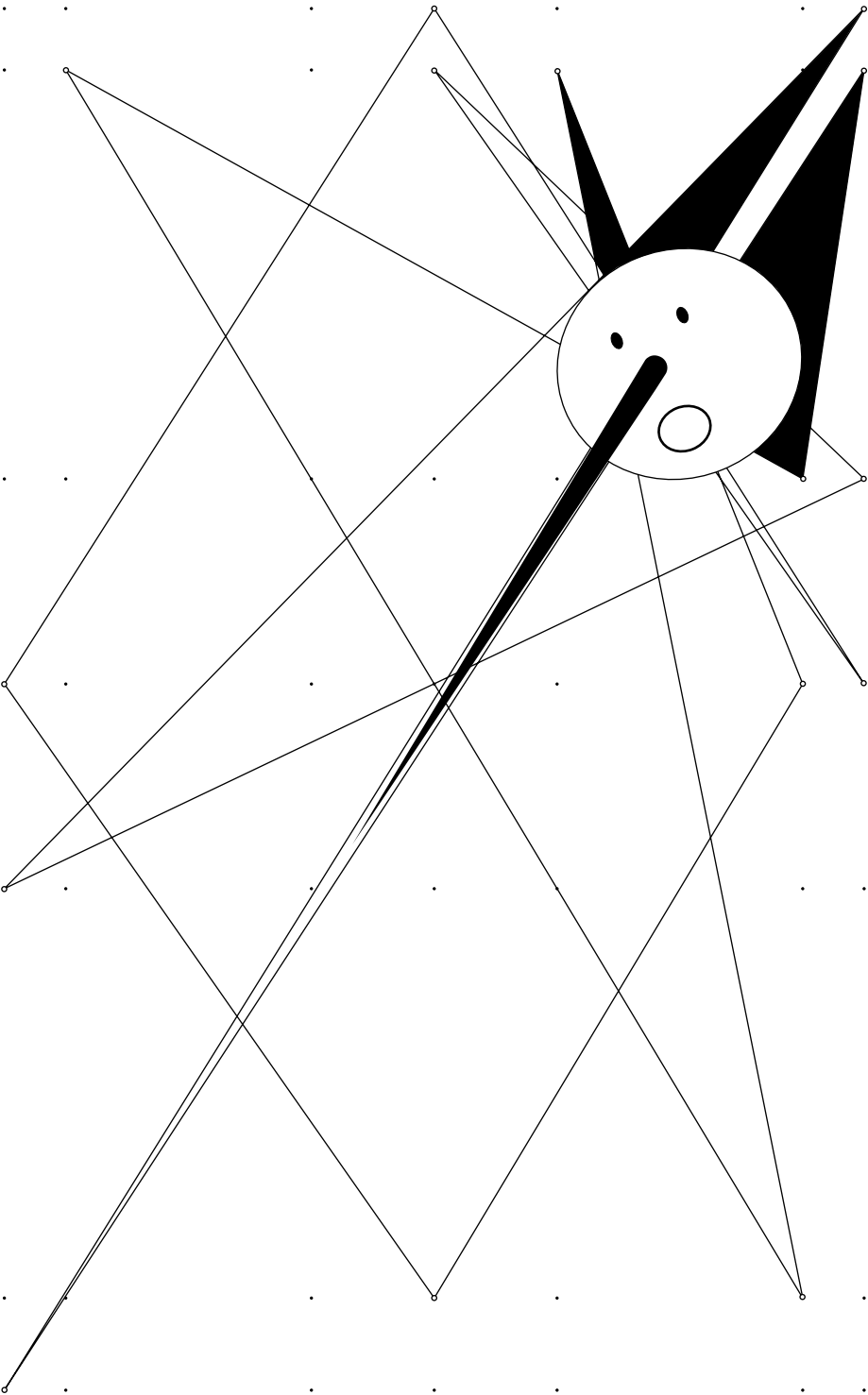




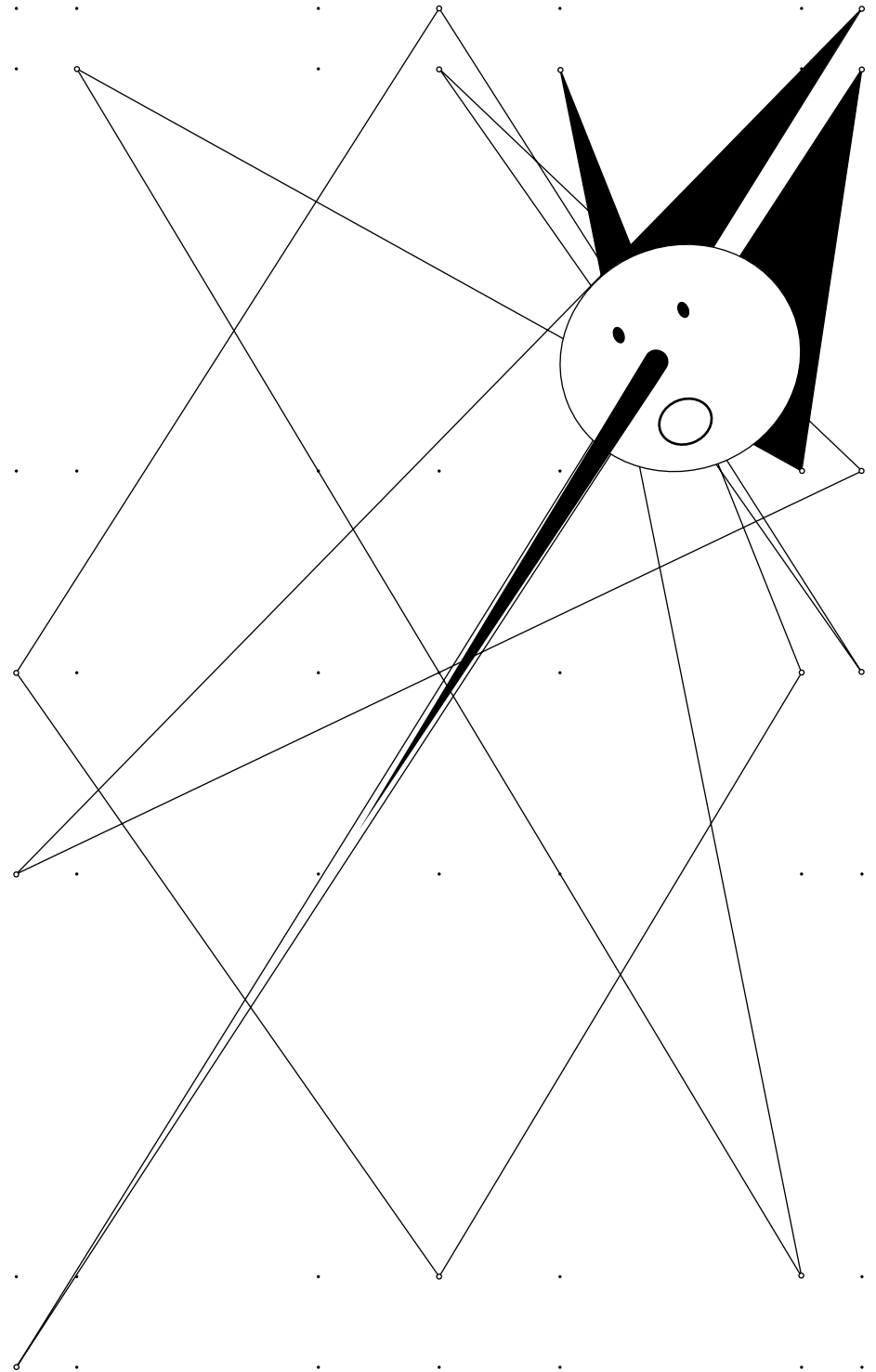
Modernist sculpture in areas of high population density was a test in social engineering. It was a plan that was modest in its aspirations, but on the other hand it fulfilled the universal desires of artists to become engaged in social issues. The project appeared as a late realisation of the most radical ideas that haunted Europe some years before. It seemed, moreover, to comprise a specifically British version of revolutionary artistic efforts. Every housing estate was granted a Henry Moore sculpture. Each one was meant to teach its residents by the means of the form itself (nobody reads titles these days) that the difference between the inside and the outside is vague, which in the age of the multicultural metropolis was a significant lesson aimed at preventing conflicts between neighbours. This was an awkward concept that broke with ideas of autonomy in art during the age of high modernism. Despised by residents, the sculptures became rather a symbol of the fortune of the sculptor, who managed to establish a real factory of forms instead of a symbol of residential bliss.



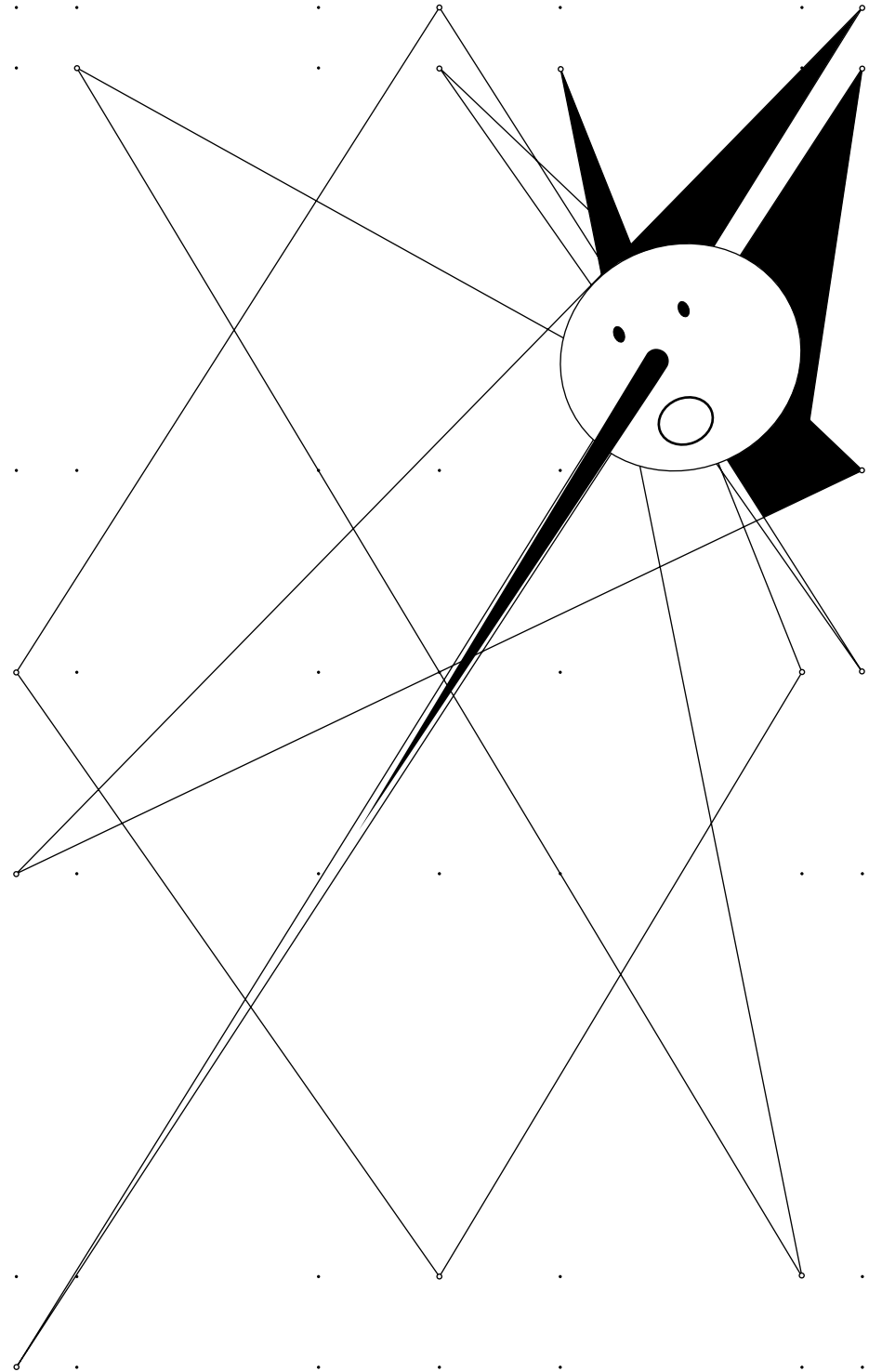
The project reveals its hidden structure when the focus shifts to another sculpture by the artist—the “Nuclear Energy” monument located at the University of Chicago campus. First let us read the artist’s own notes on the project:

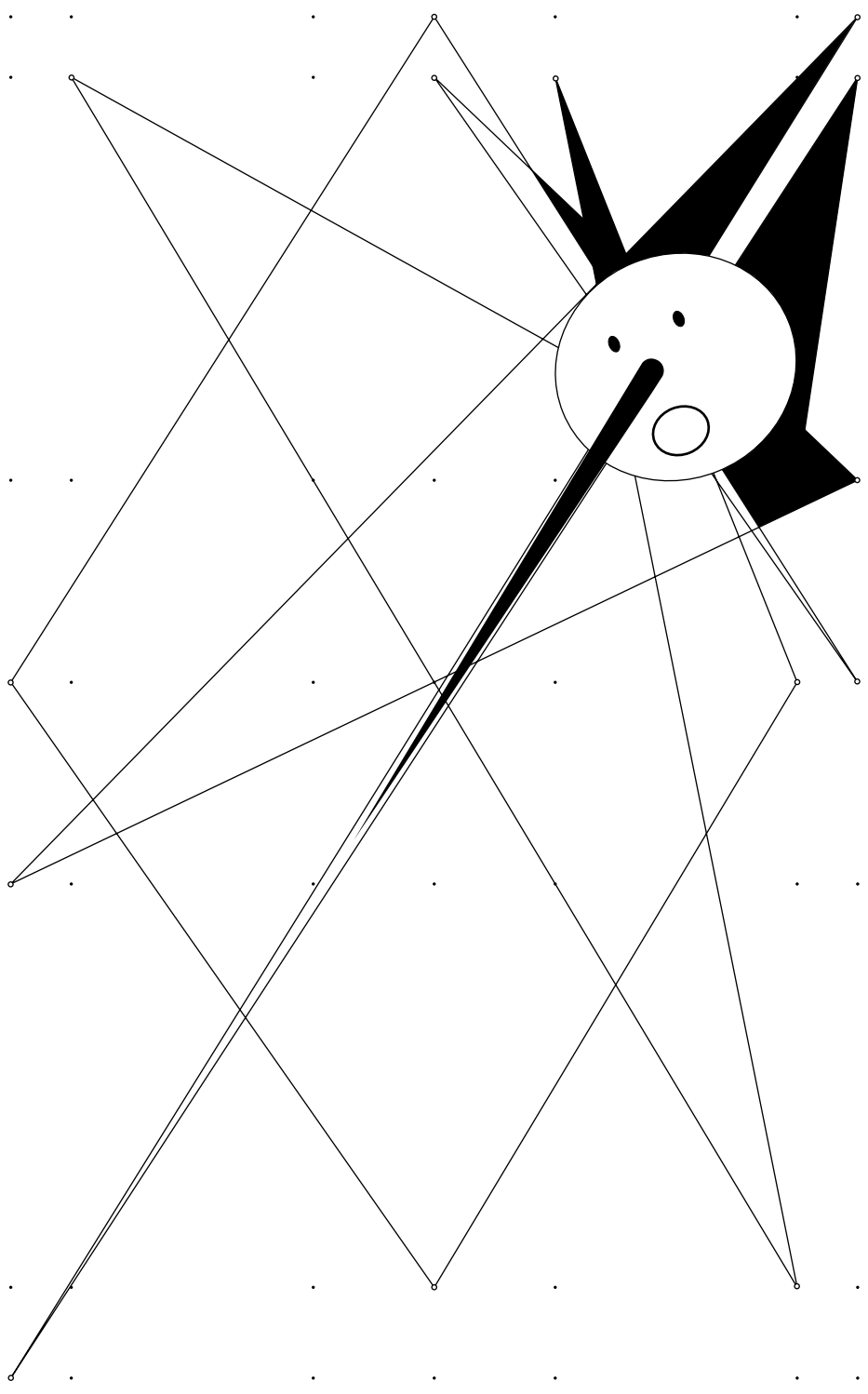


It's a rather strange thing really but I'd already worked out the idea for this sculpture before Professor McNeill and his colleagues from the University of Chicago came to see me on Sunday morning to tell me about the whole proposal. They told me (which I'd only vaguely been aware of) that Fermi, the Italian nuclear physicist, had started or actually created the first successful controlled nuclear fission in a temporary building. I think it was a squash court—a wooden building—which from the outside looked entirely unlike a place where such an important event might take place. But this experiment was carried on in secret and its success would mean that Man was able to control this huge force for peaceful purposes as well as for destruction. They came to me to tell me that they thought the location of such an important event in history ought to be marked and they wondered whether I would create a sculpture for this spot.

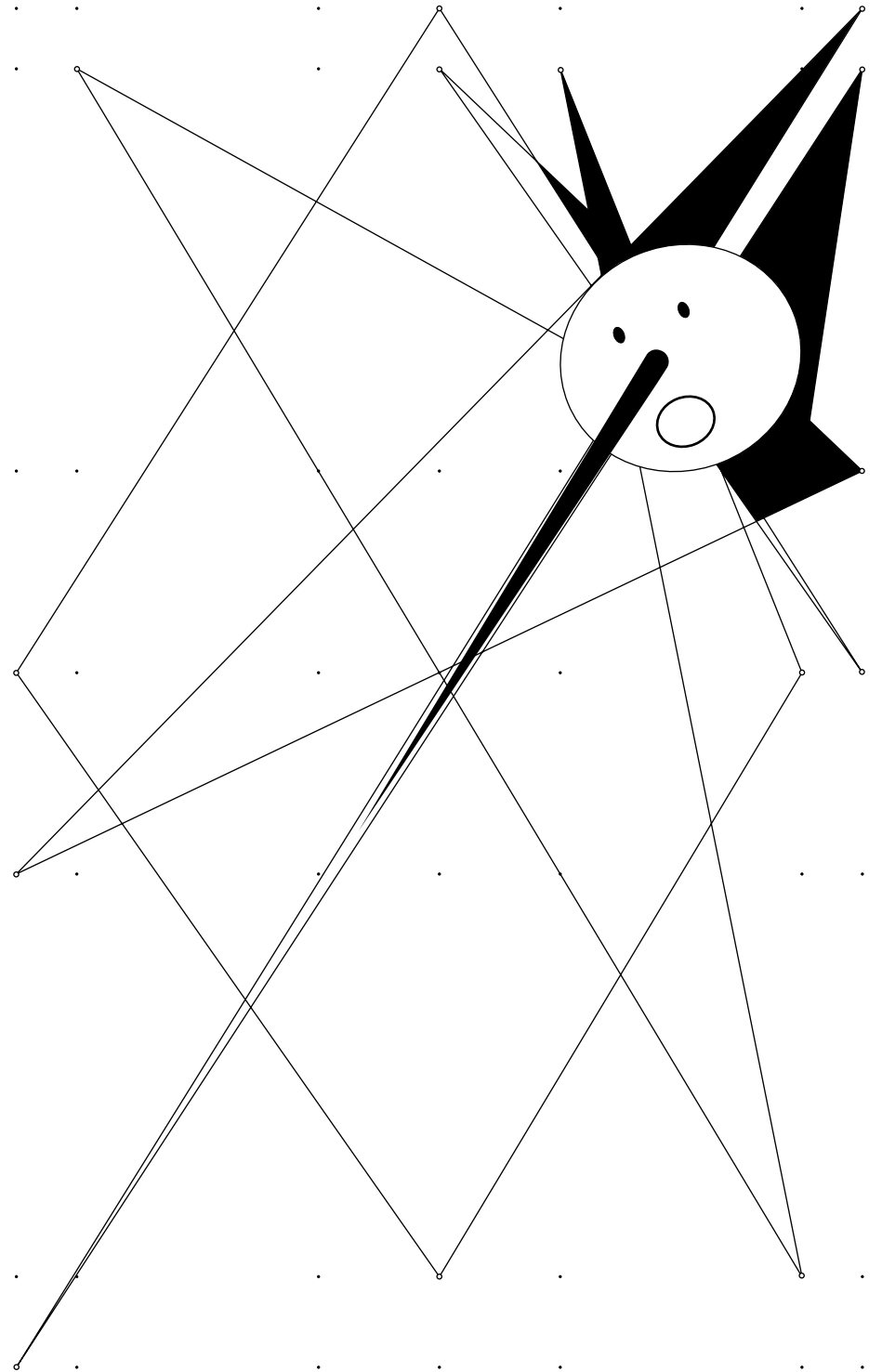


We shouldn't quite expect a monument that would praise creative forces, but what came out of the hands of the sculptor is a form full of anxiety, reminiscent in part of the human skull, while it reminds others of an atomic mushroom cloud. "Destruction" would be the proper title if it wasn't a memorial. The atomic order of the world allows us to take a look inside the nuclear cloud, which again is a form that toys with the notions of outside and inside, internal and external. The nuclear, radioactive ash is everywhere! Beware, nations of the world! Neighbours in our common housing estate! An official commission to create a sculpture for the devastating forces of human beings is erected a year before the visionary Henryk Morel monument, and the irony of the juxtaposition of events lies in the fact that both the British sculptor and his art work outlived their Polish counterparts.

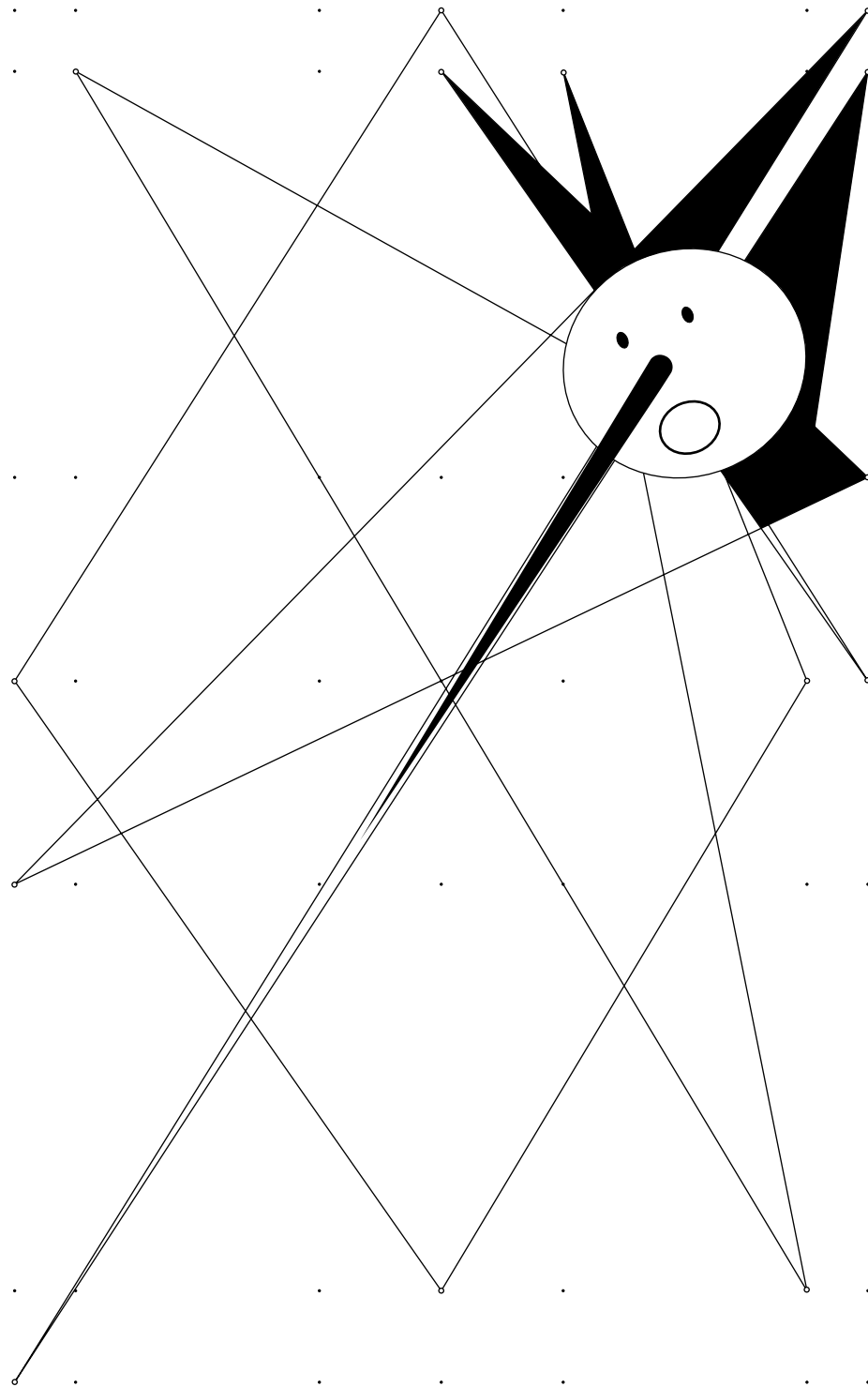


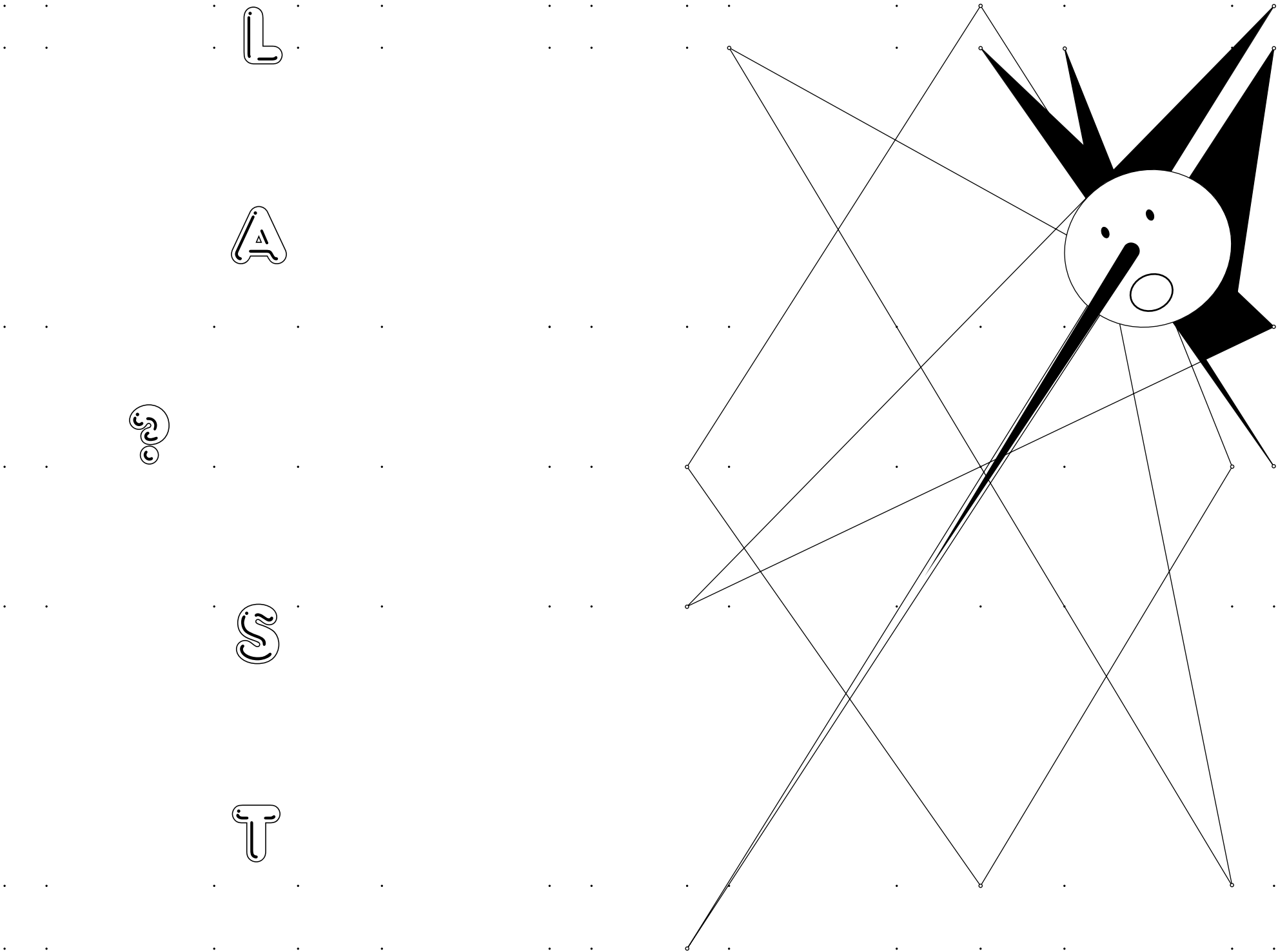


The recorded material doesn't seem consistent. Quite the contrary, its dispersal brings me to think about Lenin's leg. In the hopes of touching upon different reasons for destroying monuments, reasons that were not incited by politics, I should make a catalogue of the characteristics of sculptures. The camera would slide upon the surface, recording even minute changes in texture. The broad plane would display them in their full glory—the sublime. Instead, I have shared two stories of different HMs—one not humorous enough, the other even less so. And now, if you are still here, I can at last reveal the last chapter, entitled:

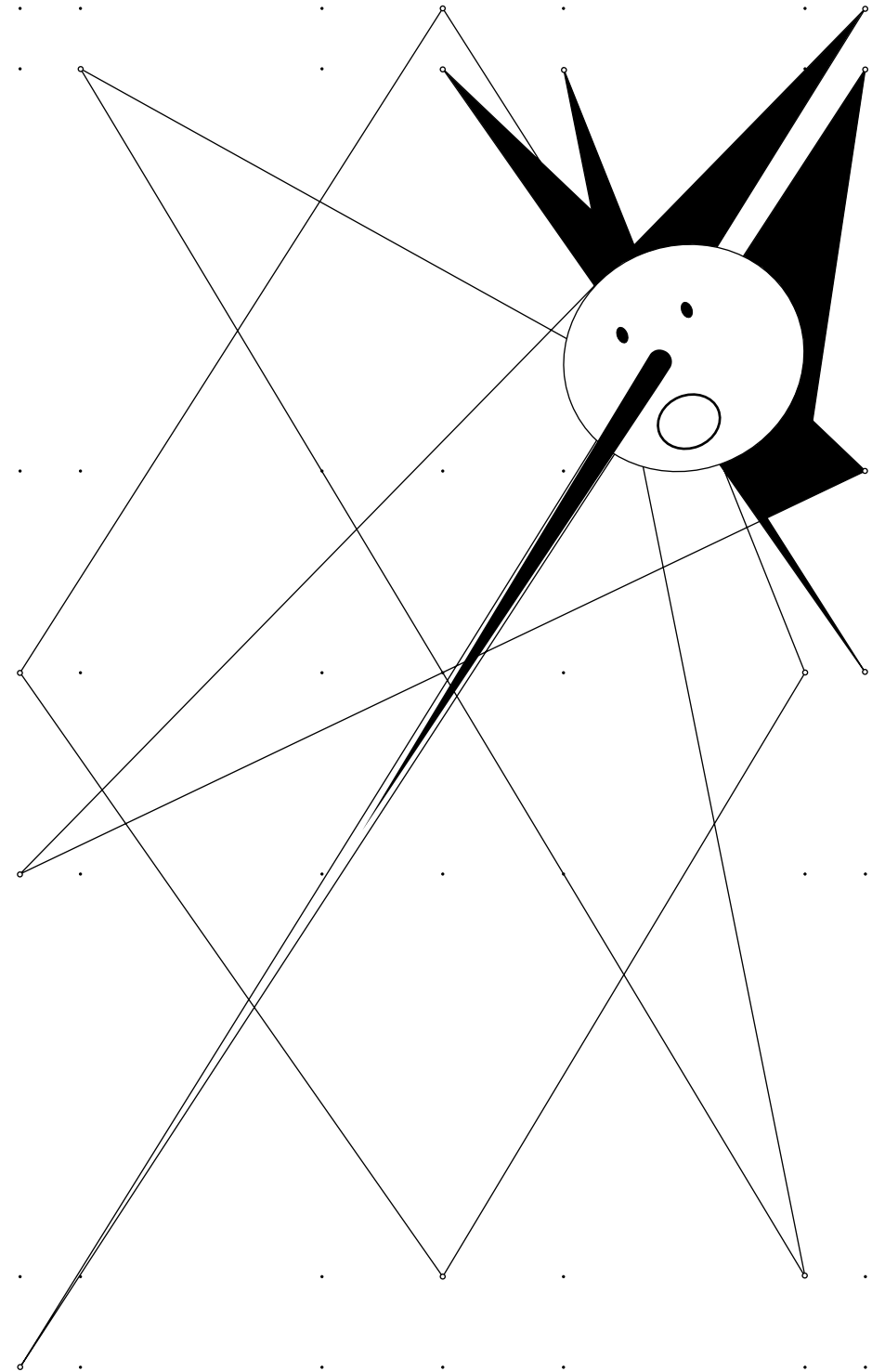


“
**How
to
make
a
monument.**
”

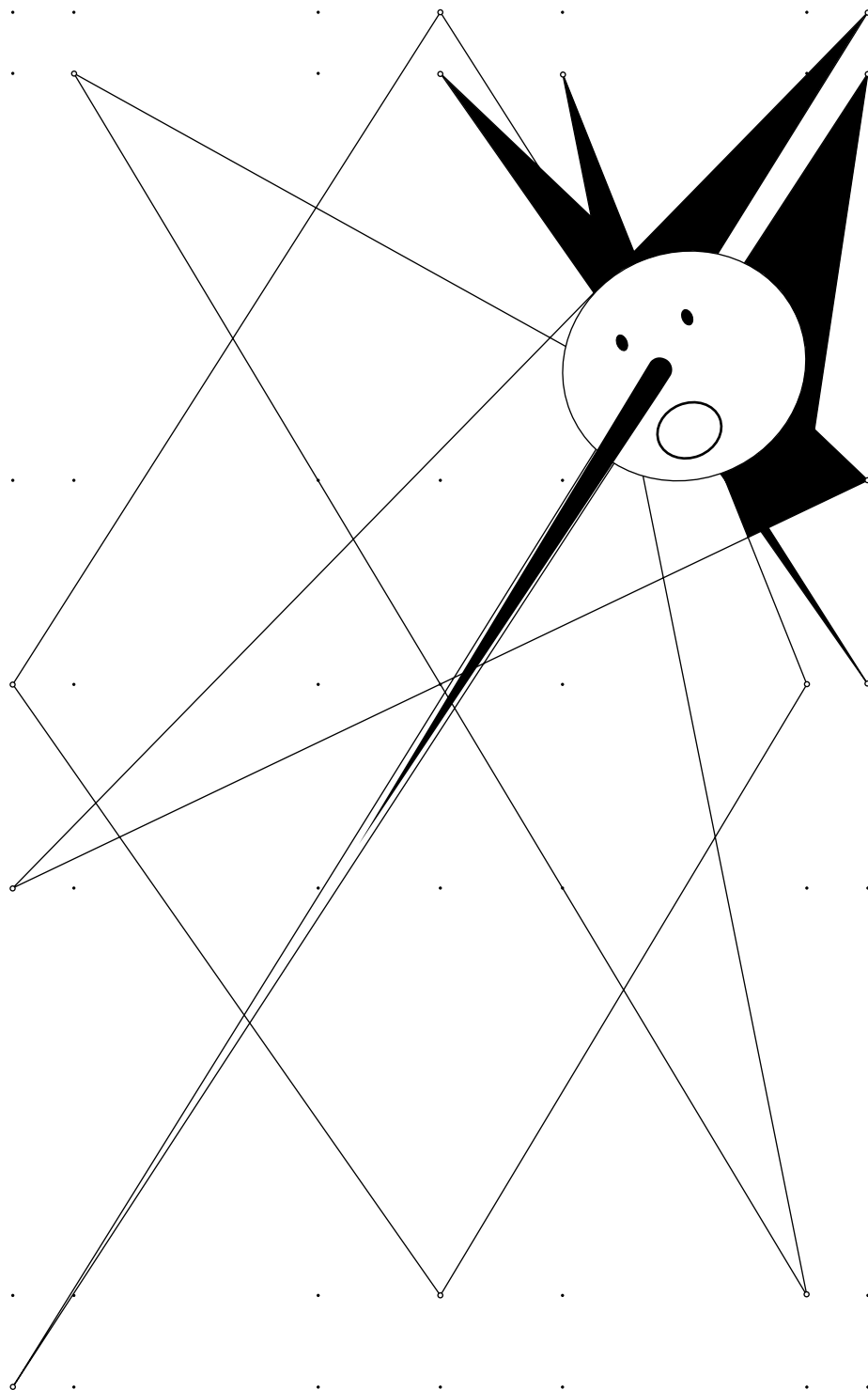




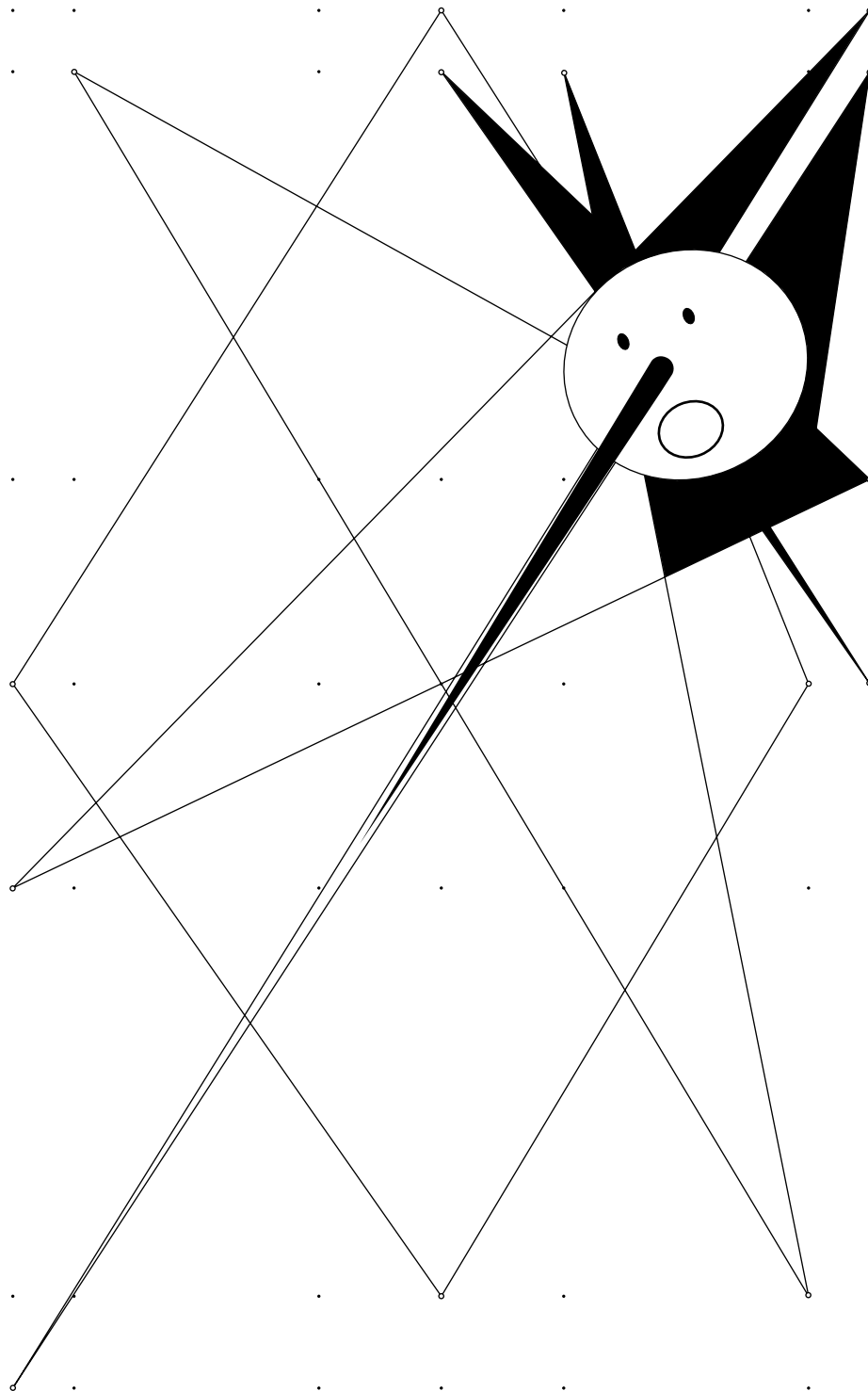
He ventured deeper into the bushes where recesses and hollows were opening up, darkened from above by a canopy of intertwining hazel branches and boughs of spruce. I ventured with my gaze into the disarray of leaves, twigs, blotches of light, thickets, recesses, thrusts, slants, bends, curves, devil knows what, into a mottled space that was charging and receding, first growing quiet, then, I don't know, swelling, displacing everything, opening wide . . . lost and drenched in sweat, I felt the ground below, black and bare. There was something stuck between the trees—something was protruding that was different and strange, though indistinct . . . and this is what my companion was also watching.



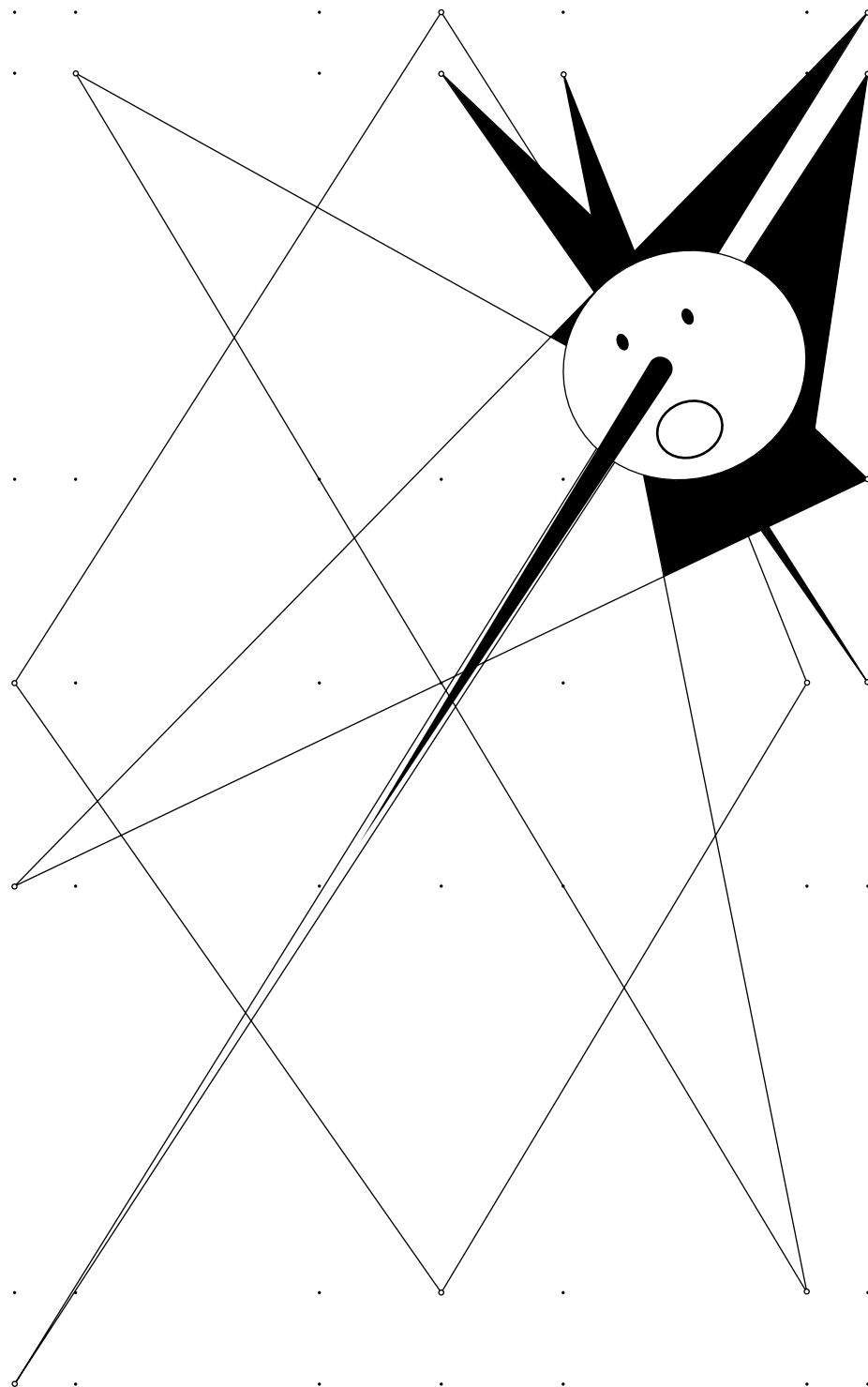
“A sparrow.”



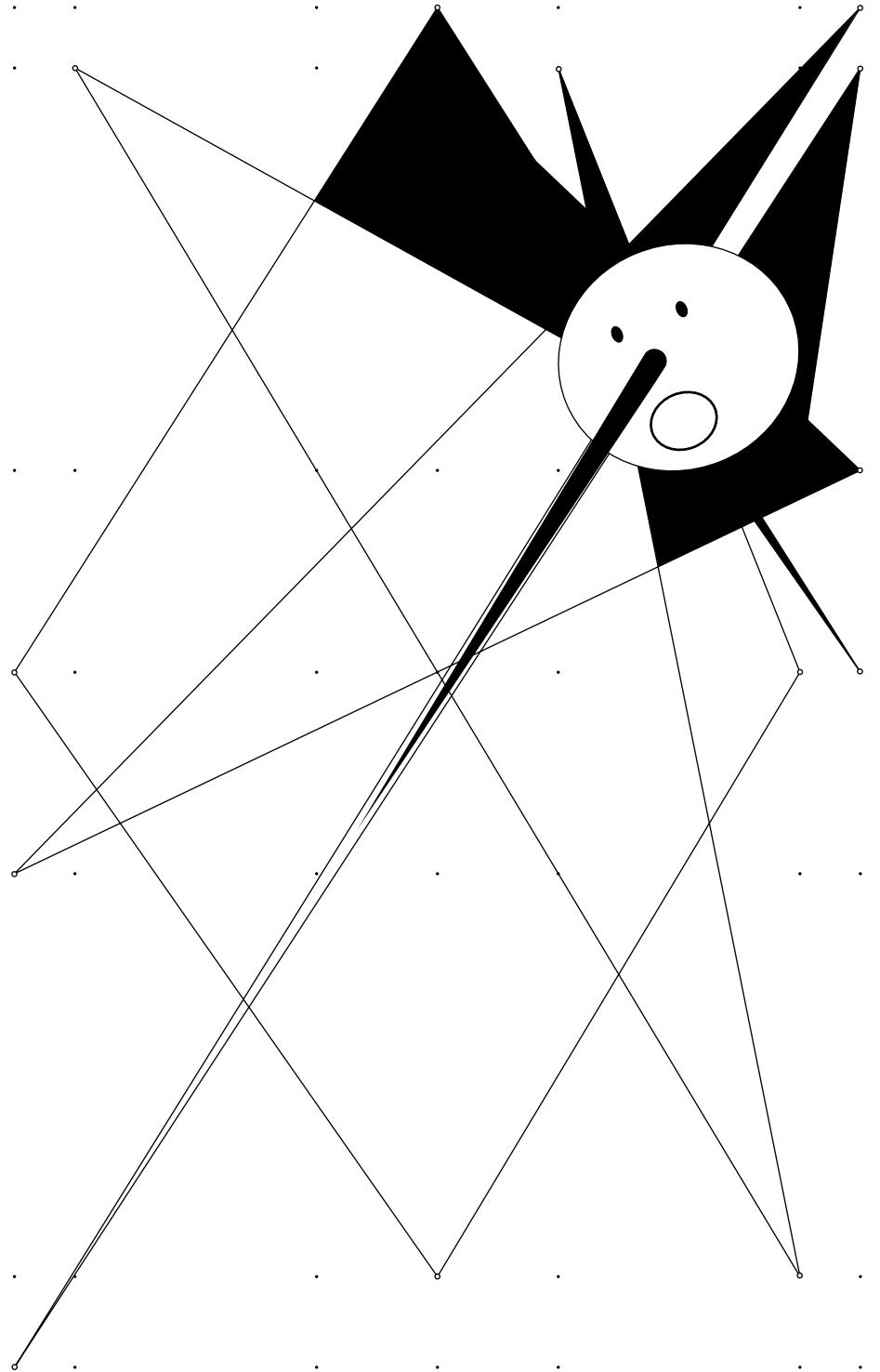
“Ah.”



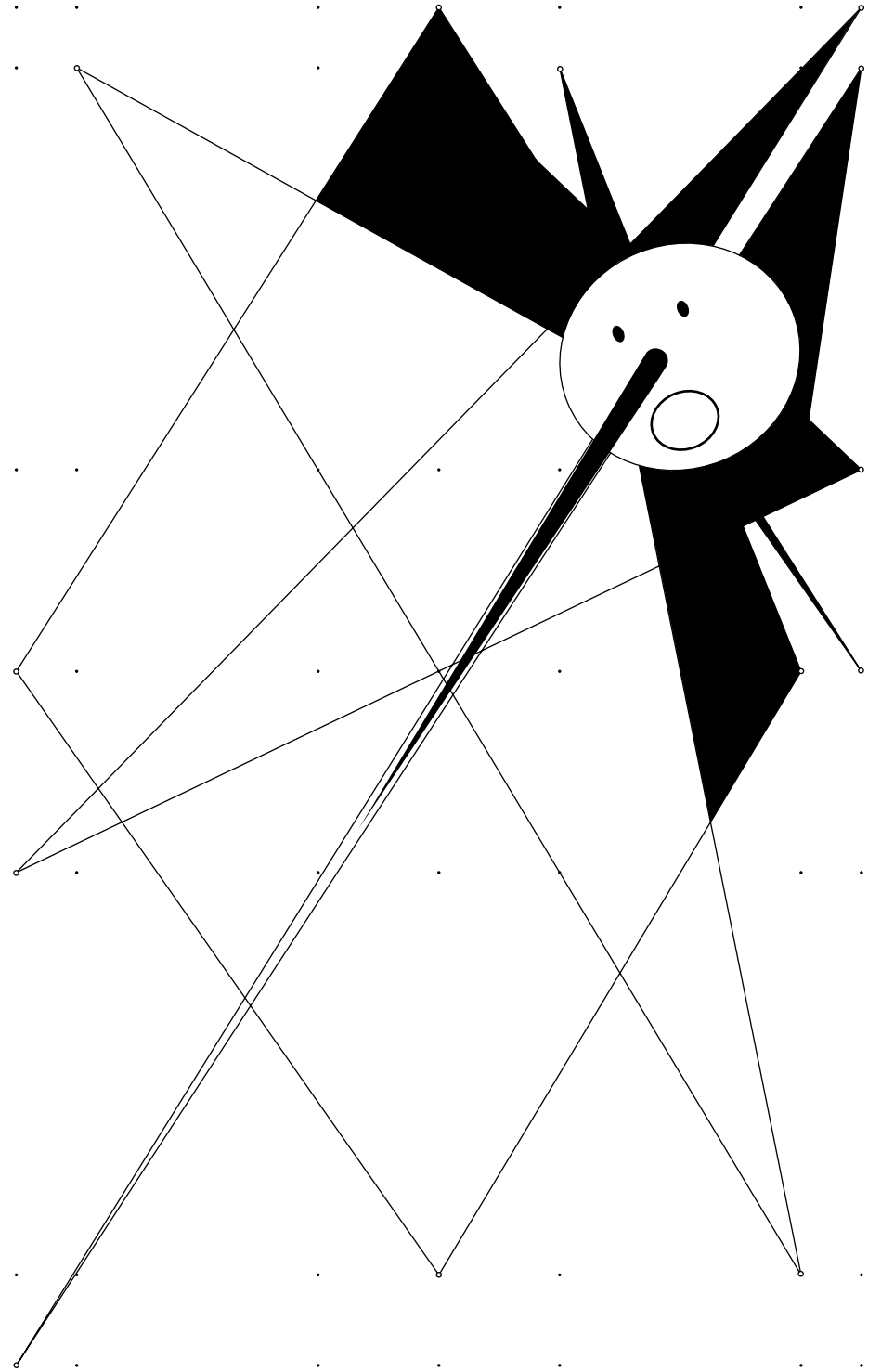
**It was a sparrow. A sparrow hanging on a piece of wire.
Hanged. Its little head to one side, its beak wide open. It
was hanging on a thin wire hooked over a branch.
Remarkable. A hanged bird. A hanged sparrow. The eccen-
tricity of it clamored with a loud voice and pointed to a hu-
man hand that had torn into the thicket—but who?**



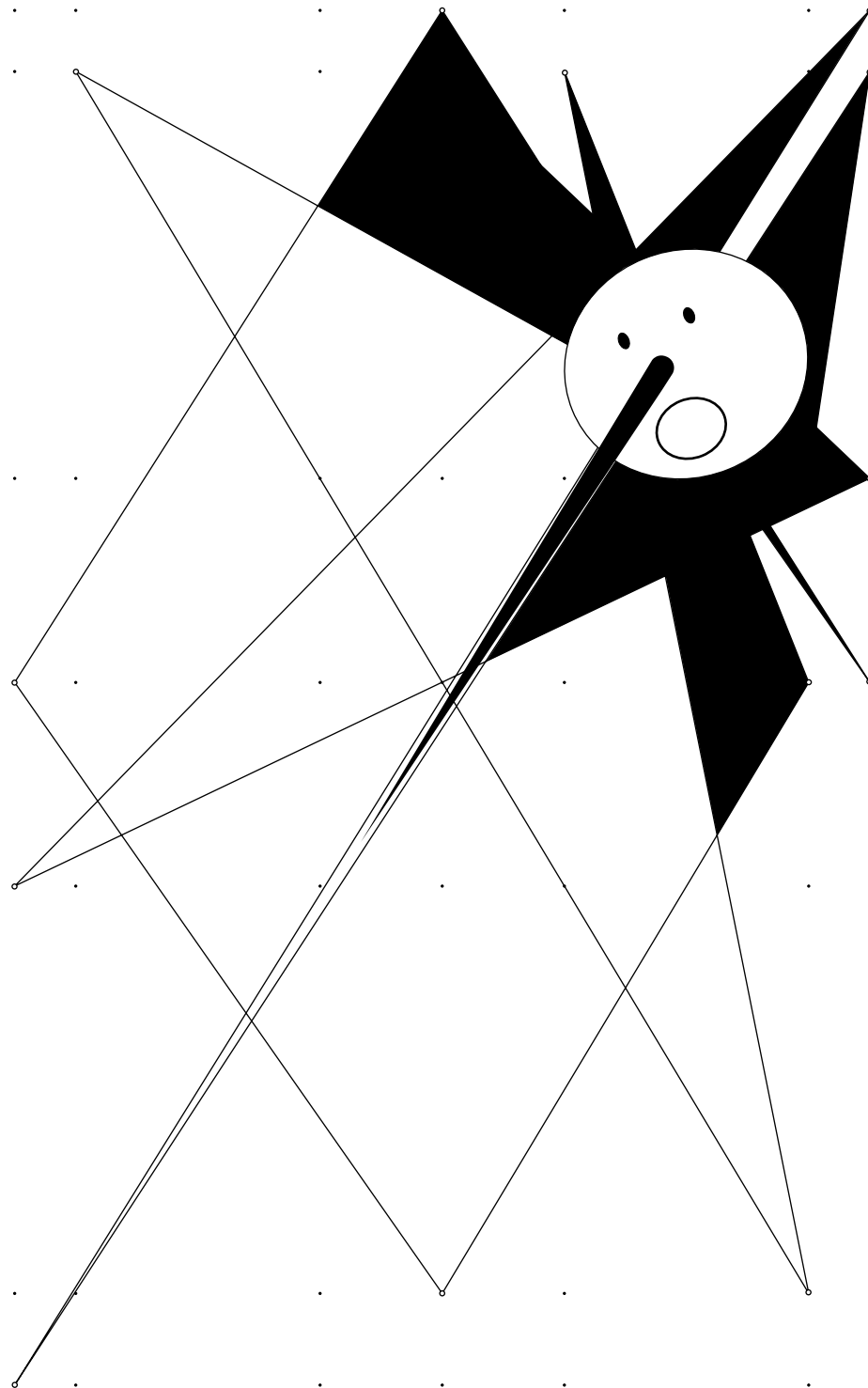
Who had hanged it, why, for what reason?



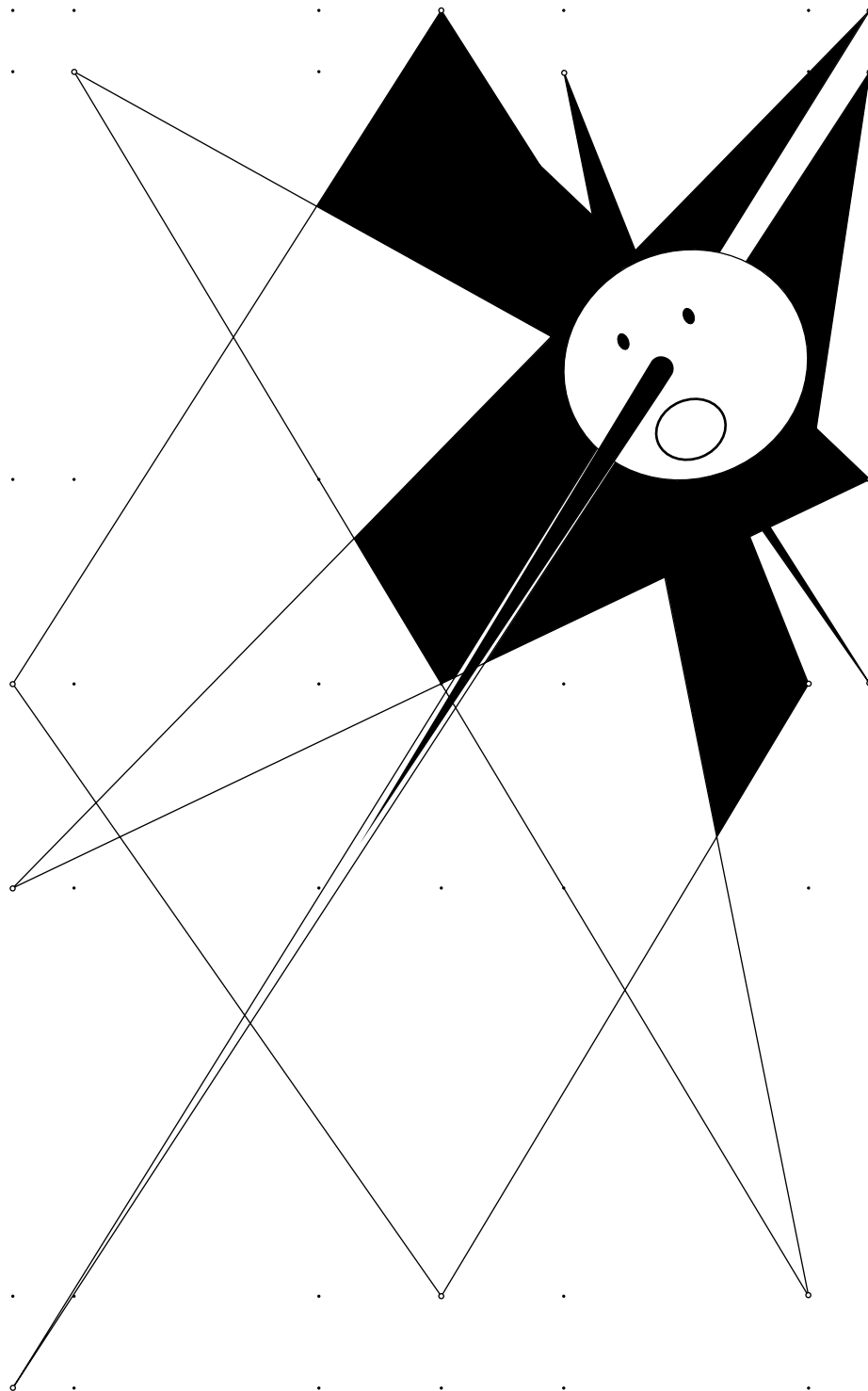
... my thoughts were entangled in this overgrowth
abounding in a million combinations, the jolting train
ride, the night filled with the rumble of the train, lack
of sleep, the air, the sun, the march here with this Fuks,
there was Jasia and my mother, the mess with the letter,
the way I had “cold-shouldered” my father, there was Roman,
and also Fuks’ problem with his boss in the office (that
he’s been telling me about), ruts, clods of dirt, heels, pant
legs, pebbles, leaves, all of it suddenly fell down before
the bird, like a crowd on its knees, and the bird, the eccen-
tric, seized the reign ... and reigned in this nook.



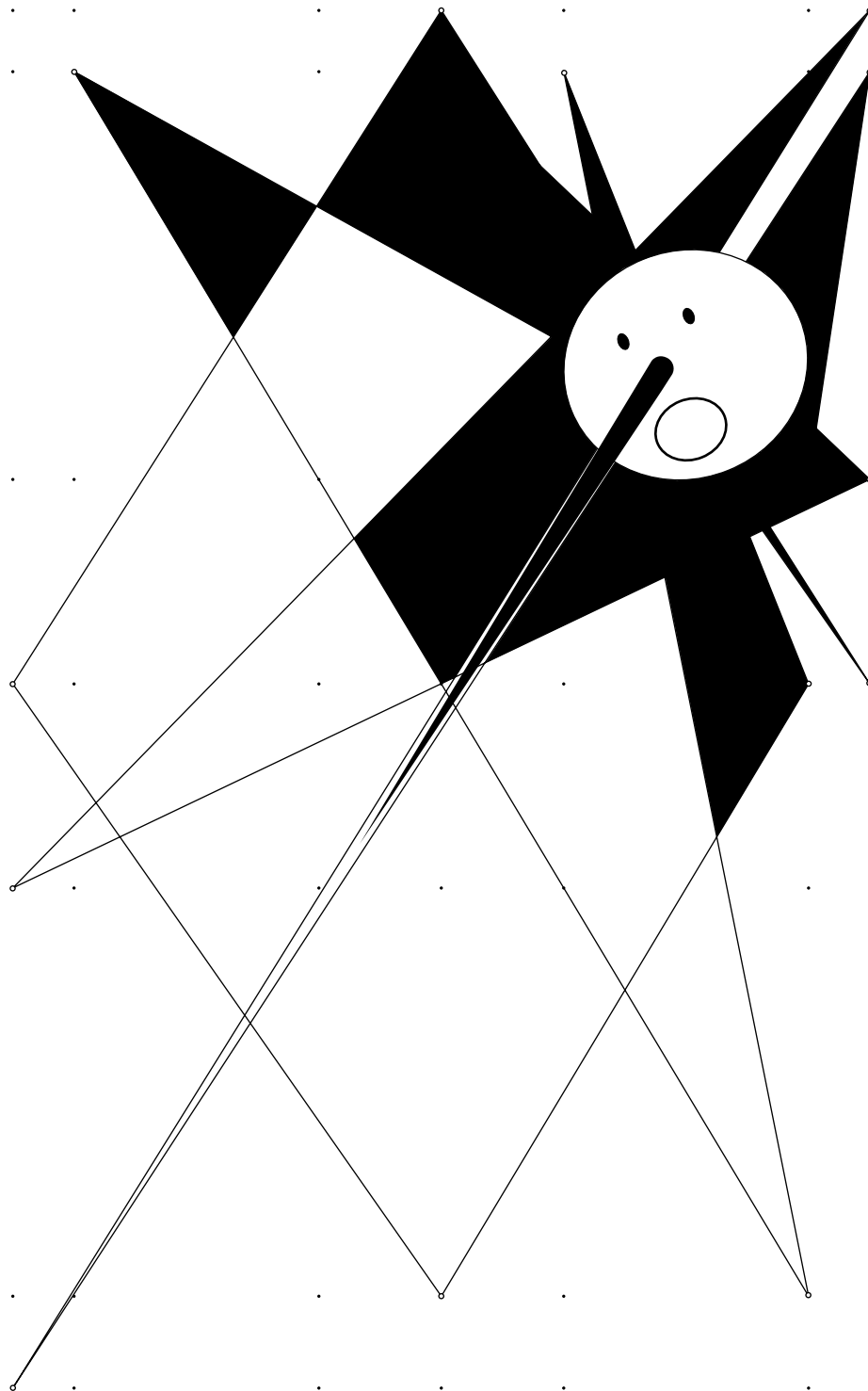
“Who could have hanged it?”



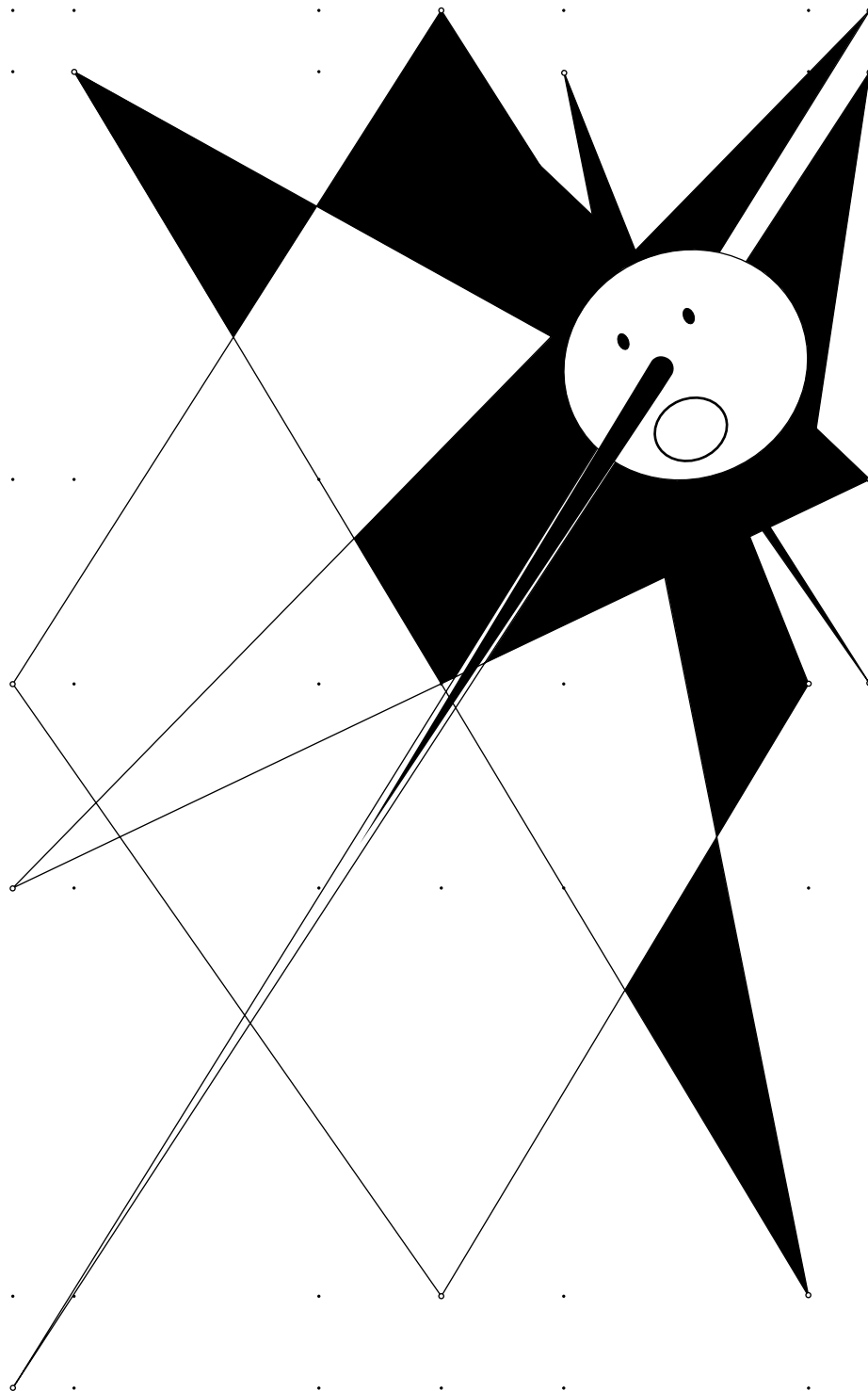
“Some kid.”



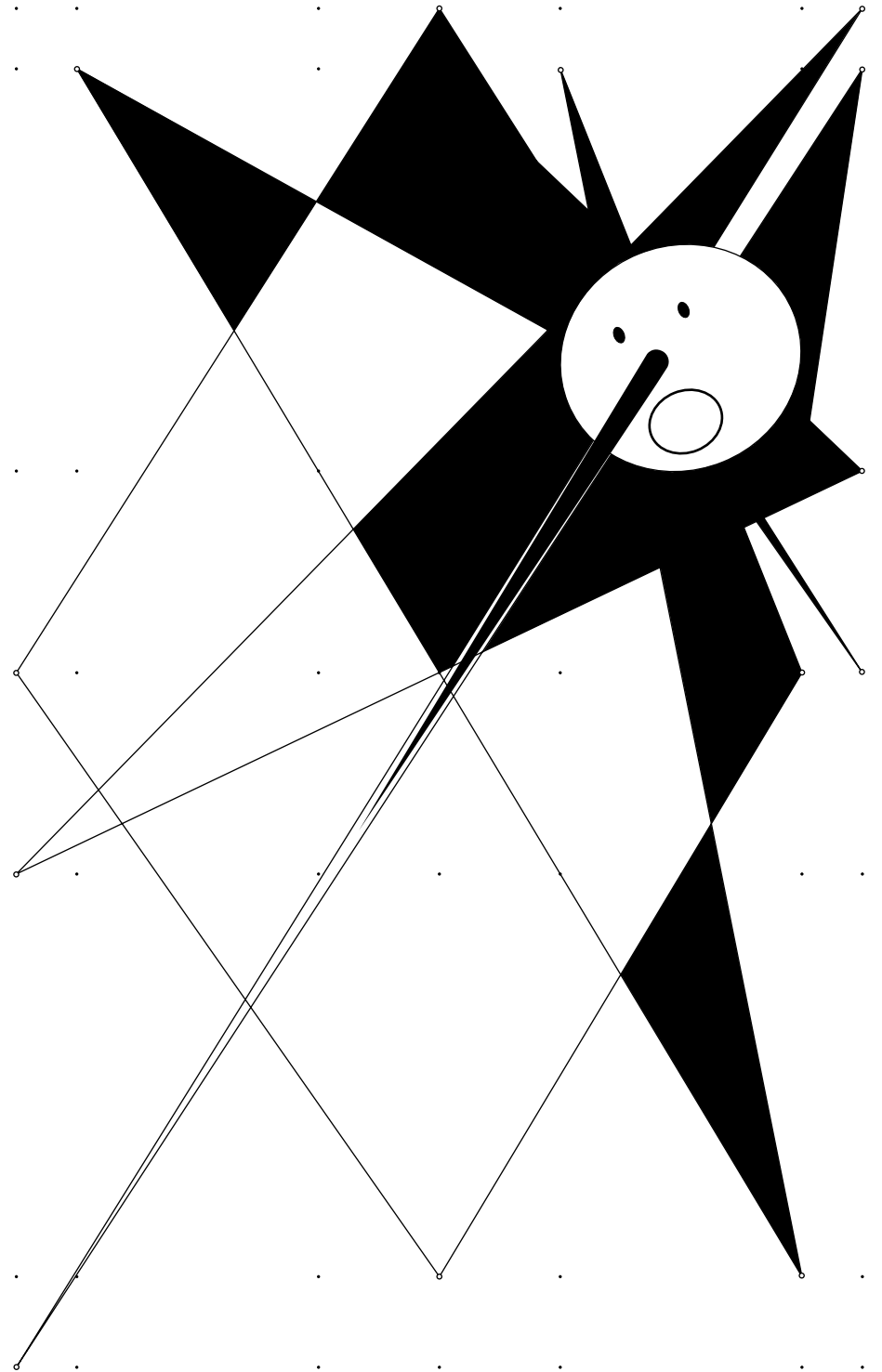
“No. It’s too high up.”



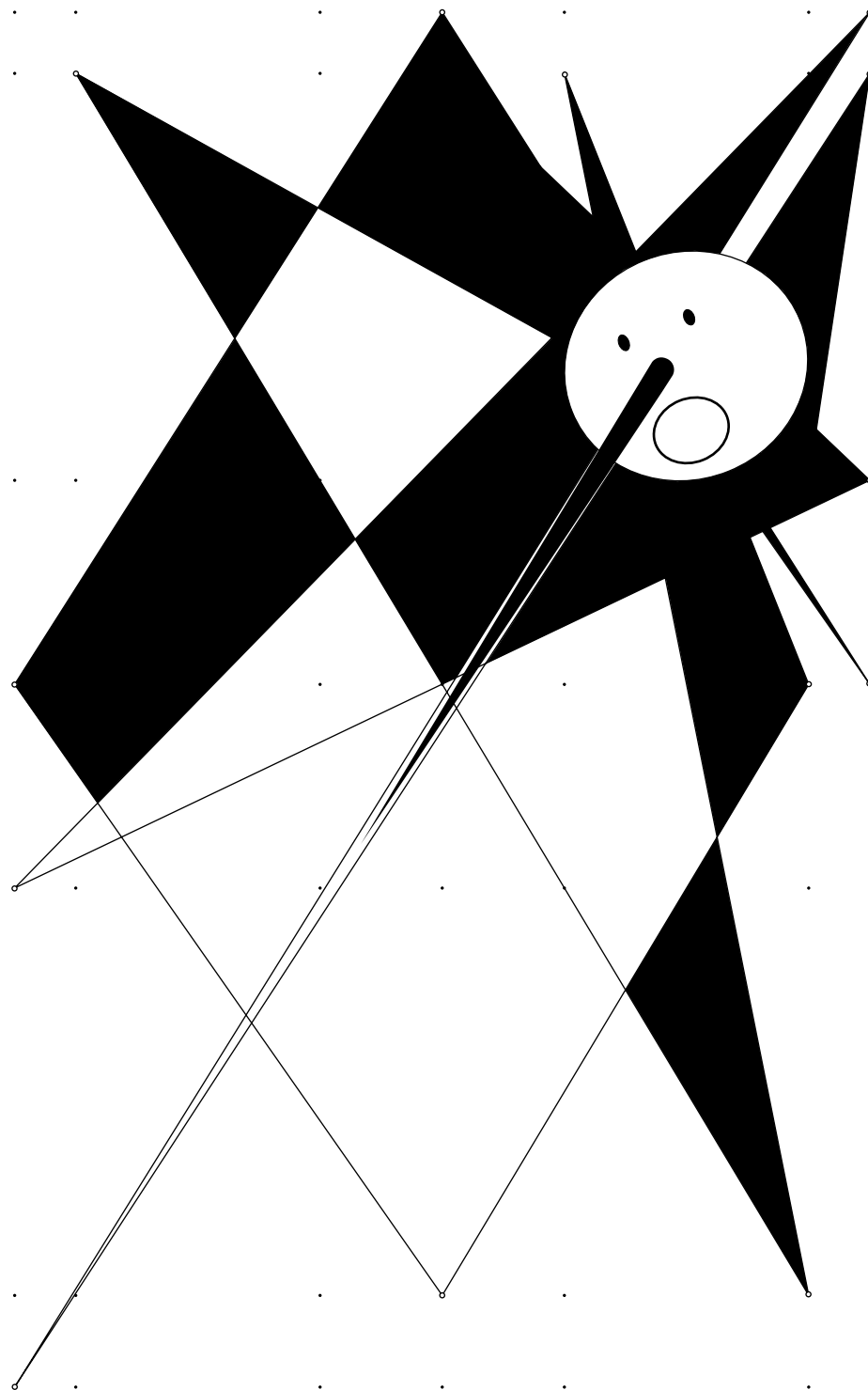
“Let’s go.”



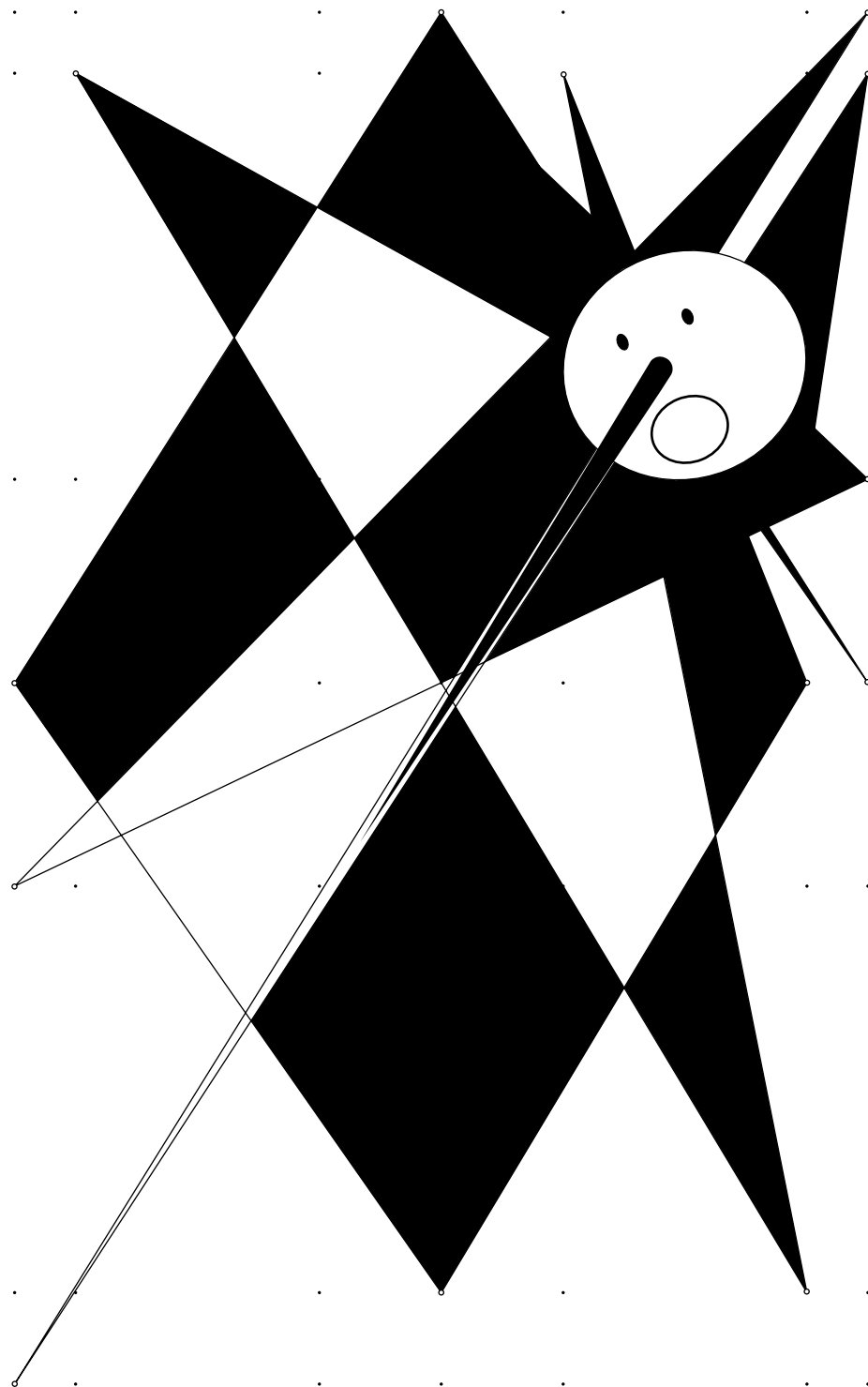
But he didn't stir. The sparrow was hanging. The ground was bare but in some places short, sparse grass was encroaching on it, many things lay about, a piece of bent sheet metal, a stick, another stick, some torn cardboard, a smaller stick, there was also a beetle, an ant, another ant, some unfamiliar bug, a wood chip, and so on and on, all the way to the scrub at the roots of the bushes—he watched as I did. "Let's go." But he went on standing, looking, the sparrow was hanging, I was standing, looking. "Let's go." "Let's go." But we didn't budge, perhaps because we had already been standing here too long and the right moment for departure had passed ... and now it was all becoming heavier, more awkward ... the two of us with the hanging sparrow in the bushes ... and something like a violation of balance, or tactlessness, an impropriety on our part loomed in my mind ... I was sleepy.

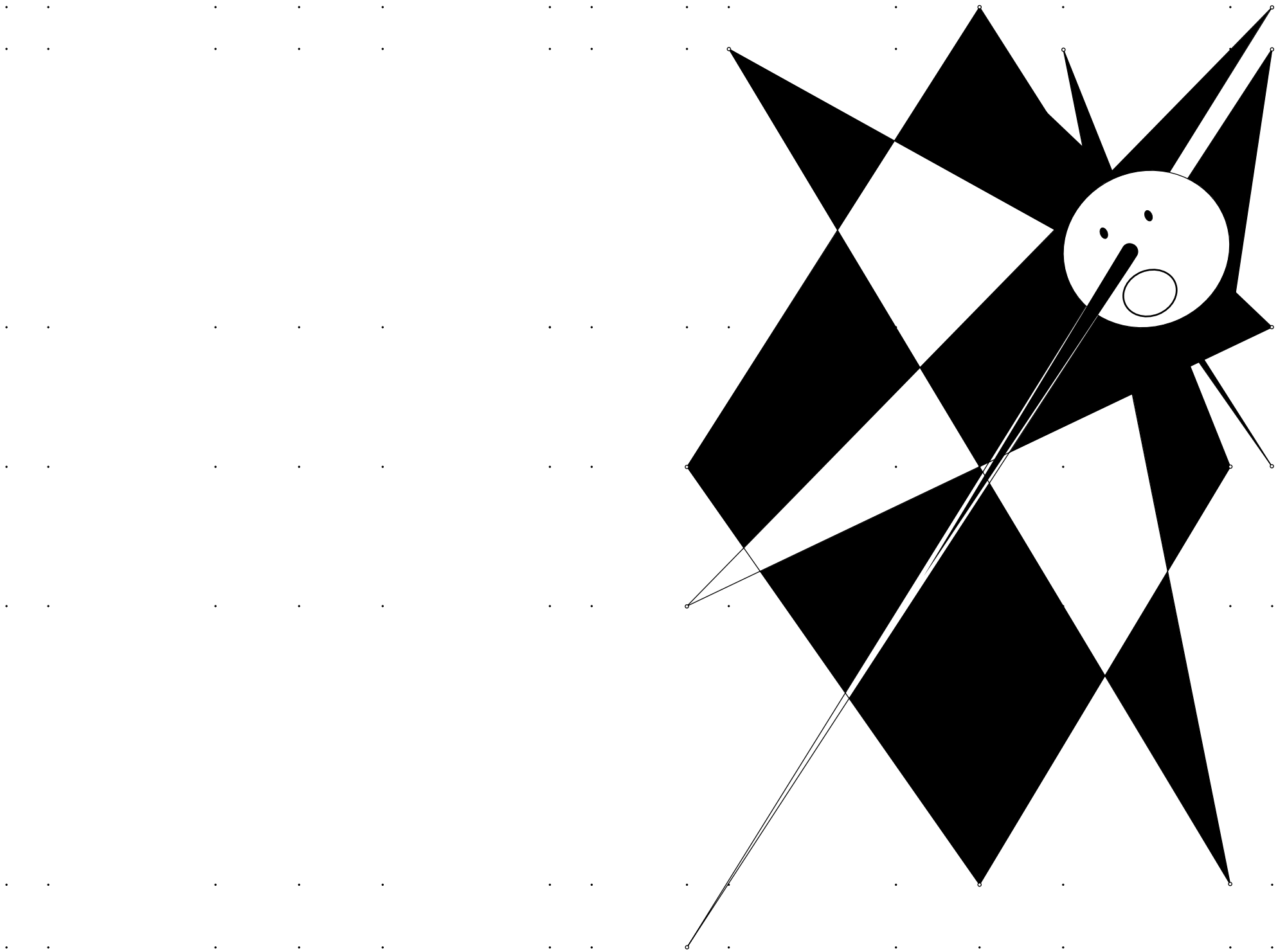


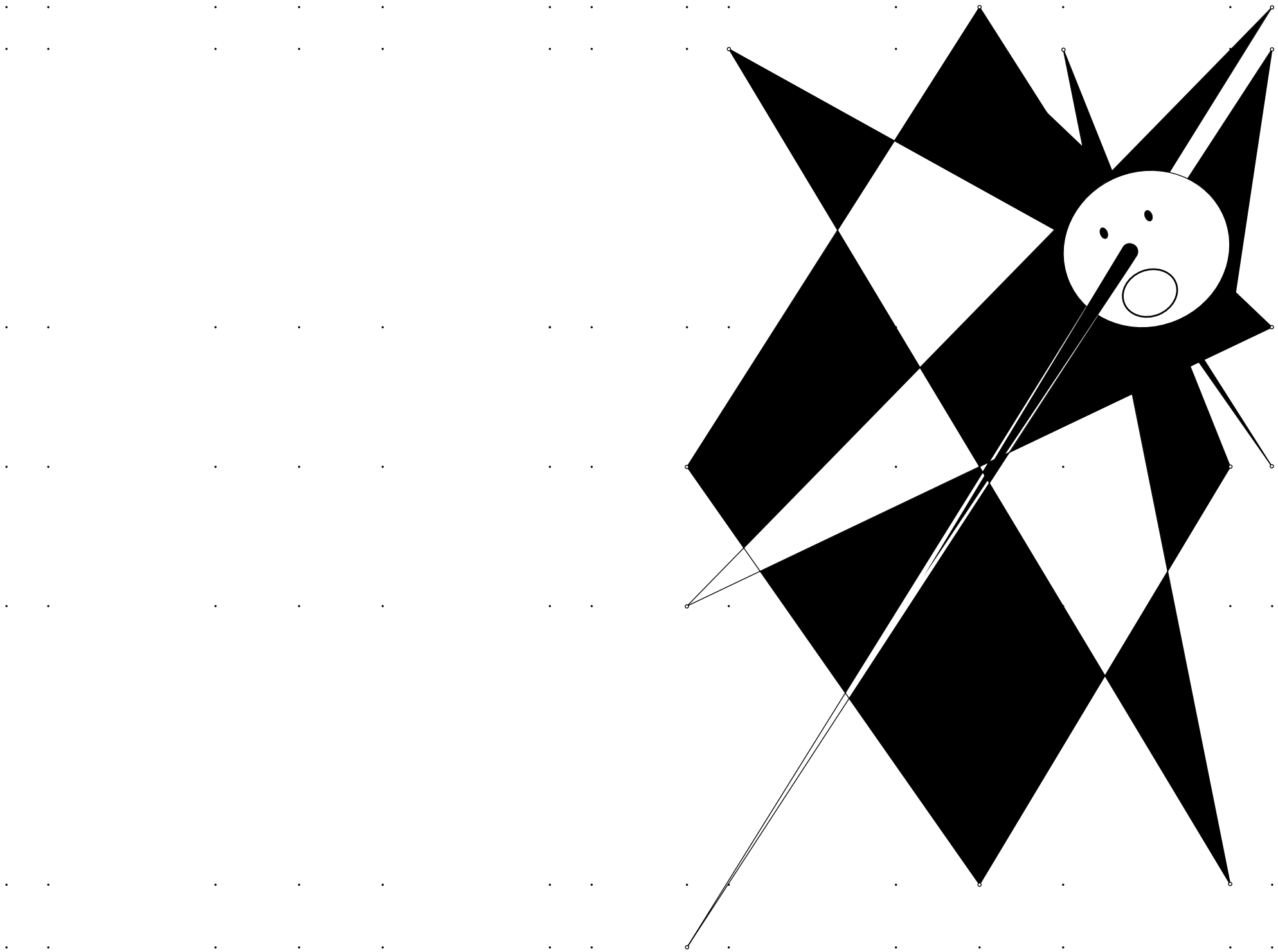
“Well, let’s get going!” I said, and we left ...



... leaving the sparrow in the bushes, all alone.







Honza Zamojski – How to make a monument

First edition limited to 250 numbered copies.

In addition to this book a limited edition multiple by the artist is available from onestar press.

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 2. Title of Vangelis record
 4. Based on two performances from Collective Actions group
 6. Honza Zamojski – Rymy jak dymy (Morava, 2011)
- Last. Witold Gombrowicz – Cosmos (Yale University Press, 2005)

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