

The Teaser

Burning the candle from both ends

Often when you find yourself in a situation where all parts fit perfectly together – parts that have been picked out in order to correspond to a thematic schedule of an idea – you might feel that the situation is slightly too perfect. Something is missing. Something is lacking to offer the kind of gravelly resistance, the kind of delightful distortion that challenges the mind. When eleven artists come together to present their graduating exhibition under the auspices of the art academy that has been their home for the past five years, one might think that diversity is a hard nut to crack. But isn't it so that connections have a tendency to appear when they are least expected? Investigating notions of visual and auditory perception, exploring our ways of understanding the world through the disciplines of science, religion, myths, and technology, and zooming in on details that mirror a greater perspective, are all narratives that trigger associations. In this book, these connections are brought to the fore, creating a flow of ideas and points of inspiration that defies the often so common linear logic of reading, while teasing our imagination.

Burning the candle from both ends is a title that does not allude to a romantic position of artistic production. Instead, it speaks about the strenuous endeavor to keep your values and lines of thought intact while navigating the intricate fluctuations of the art world and to endure no matter what. To endure

through time, trends, doubts and setbacks, while keeping one's sight firmly set on refusing the short cuts and the easy ways out. It speaks about the complexity that accompanies the equation between art and life. But above all, it speaks about the rewarding knowledge that comes from embracing enthusiasm and the pursuit of ideas. This attitude does entail a great deal of uncompromising stubbornness too, yet it is far more adventurous than the calculated moves of a purely strategic thinking. So, when you find yourself in the delicate transitional crossings between the ambiguous safety of the well known and the persistent instability of the less known, be it a personal or professional quest, it is important to have reliable and inspirational companions along the way. Companions in life and thought that will share, infuse, and stand up for a sober, critical, and worth-fighting-for-what-you-believe-in attitude with wit and heart.

Ofte når man finder sig selv i en situation, hvor alle dele passer perfekt sammen – dele, der er blevet nøje udvalgt for at svare til et tematisk program for en idé – føler man måske at situationen er lidt for perfekt. Noget mangler. Noget mangler for at give den slags grusede modstand, den slags fantastiske forvrængning, der udfordrer hjernen. Når elleve kunstnere samles for at præsentere deres eksamensudstilling i regi af det kunstakademi, der har været deres hjem de seneste fem år, kunne man tro, at mangfoldighed ville være en hård nød at knække. Men er det ikke sådan, at forbindelser har tendens til at vise sig, når de er mindst ventet? At undersøge forestillinger om visuel og auditiv opfattelse, at udforske vores måder at forstå verden på gennem discipliner som videnskab, religion, myter og teknologi, og at zoome ind på detaljer, der afspejler et større perspektiv, er alle fortællinger, som sætter associationer i gang. I denne bog sættes disse forbindelser i forgrunden, hvilket skaber en strøm af idéer og inspirationspunkter, der trodser læsningens ofte så ordinære lineære logik, mens vores fantasi pirres.

Burning the candle from both ends er en titel, der ikke hentyder til en romantisk forestilling omkring kunstnerisk produktion. I stedet taler den om den anstrengende bestræbelse på at holde ens værdier og tankegang intakt, mens man navigerer igennem kunstverdens snørklede svingninger og om at holde ud uanset hvad. At holde ud gennem tiden, trends,

tvivl og tilbageslag, samtidig med at man forbliver fast indstillet på at afvise genveje og nemme udveje. Den taler om den kompleksitet, som ligningen mellem kunst og livet indebærer. Men frem for alt, taler den om den berigende viden, der kommer af at åbne sig op for entusiasmen og stræben efter idéer. Denne holdning indebærer også en stor portion kompromisløs stædighed, men den er langt mere eventyrlysten end de kalkulerede træk af en rent strategisk tankegang. Så når du står i de fine overgange mellem det velkendtes tvetydige sikkerhed og det mindre kendtes vedvarende ustabilitet, om det er en personlig eller faglig søgen, er det vigtigt at have pålidelige og inspirerende kammerater med sig undervejs. Ledsagere i livet og tankekerne, der vil dele, tilføre og forsvare en sober, kritisk, og at-kæmpe-for-det-man-tror-på attitude med humor og hjerte.



PALACEPALACEPALACE







The concert chord

The initial effort to make A=440 Hz the basis of standard tuning took place in 1910 when the Rockefeller Foundation issued a grant to the American Federation of Musicians to popularize the concept. The initial effort failed.

However, the BSI – British Standards Institute – officially adopted A=440 Hz in 1939, promoted by the strange consortium of the Rockefeller Foundation influence and the Nazi government. Ironically, the British adopted a tuning standard promoted by the Third Reich just as both went to war. While 440Hz had been rejected by British musicians only three months prior, Josef Goebbels persuaded the BSI to adopt 440Hz, saying it was of extraordinary importance.

As Dr. Leonard Horowitz concludes: “Music bioenergetically affects your body chemistry, psycho-neuro immunology, and health. Your body is now vibrating musically, audibly, and subliminally, according to an institutionally imposed frequency in harmony with aggression and in dissonance rather than vibrating in harmony with Love.”

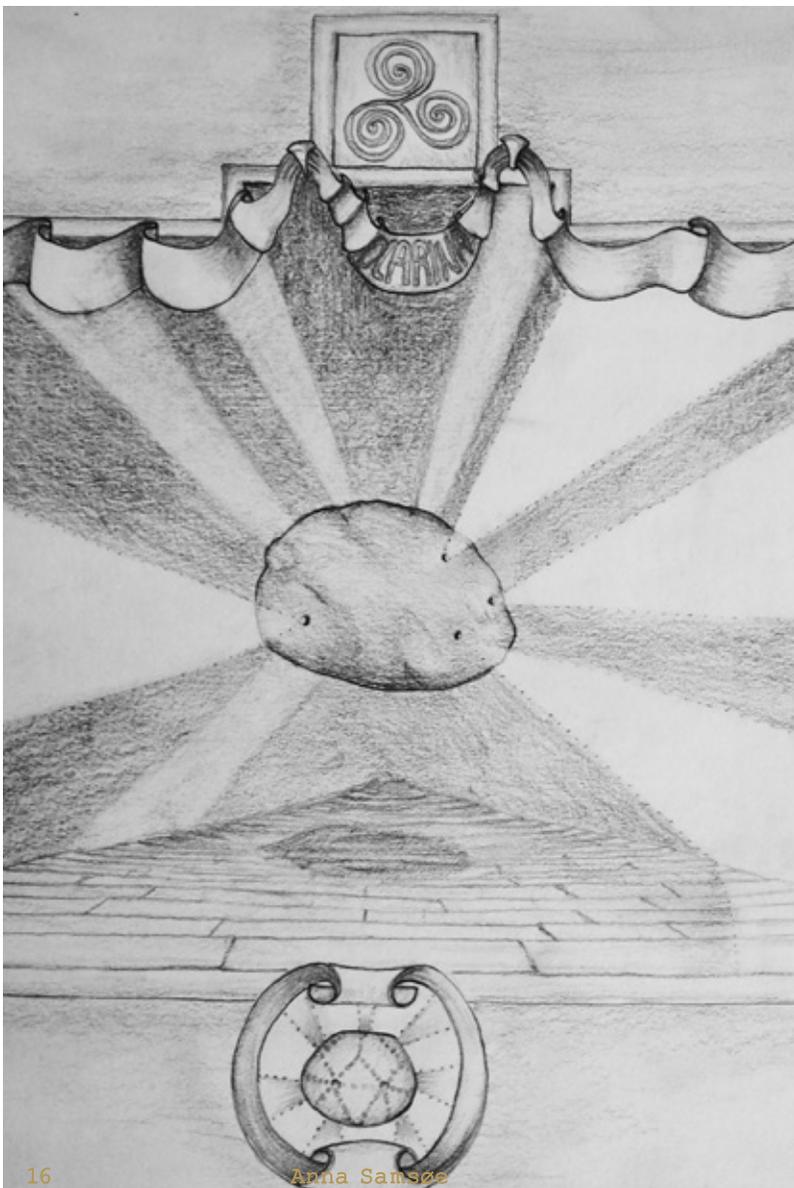
Musical instrument tuning using the artificially imposed standard of A=440Hz may promote physical and mental disease and distrust, while effectively suppressing spirituality, intuition, and creativity. This universal tuning frequency has been empirically shown to suppress the creative, intuitive aspects of our mind, while negatively affecting our body chemistry and our immune systems.

There are a lot of people who consider modern music annoying. Many become emotionally disturbed listening to certain types of music. What few people realize, regardless of the type of music played in the Western world, the standard Anglo-American tuning for instruments and voices was instituted at the same time, by the same agents and agencies, advancing acoustic war studies for inducing “mass hysteria.”

In other words, the A=440Hz frequency was instituted at the precise time WWII preparations were being finalized by the petrochemical-pharmaceutical war financiers. Hitler’s Germany invaded Poland, officially starting WWII, on September 1, 1939. Only three months earlier, following widespread rejection of the A=440Hz frequency vibration by musicians worldwide, Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels argued on behalf of this, apparently very important, intrusion into musical artistry, effectively persuading Hitler’s supposed enemies in Britain to adopt this allegedly superior standard tuning for the “Master Race.”

A=440 versus A=444 standard tuning

More harmonious alternatives have been obviously suppressed. For instance, during the past decade, A=444Hz (C(5)=528Hz) analysis found this frequency more compatible with nature. If humanity were to be optimally suppressed spiritually, the musical tuning of A=444Hz would be neglected religiously, as it has



been. Religious leaders suppressed the original Solfeggio musical scale in which A=444Hz, virtually equivalent to (C5)=528Hz, is the “MI” tone or “Miracle” note played by the Pythagoreans, Shamans, and many other cultures through out history.

Schizophonia

Schizophonia denotes the split between an acoustic sound and its electronic production.

The expression comes from an idea that the use of headphones creates a conflict in your mind. The theory applies to any electronic source of sound. When your senses are supposed to cooperate and make sense of an experience, the dislocation between what you see and what you hear confuses the brain.

Furthermore, when you hear compressed sounds, the confusion grows.

The result is exhaustion and the person in question will become irritable and tired. Schizophonia is a term coined by R. Murray Schafer to describe the splitting of an original sound and its electroacoustic reproduction.

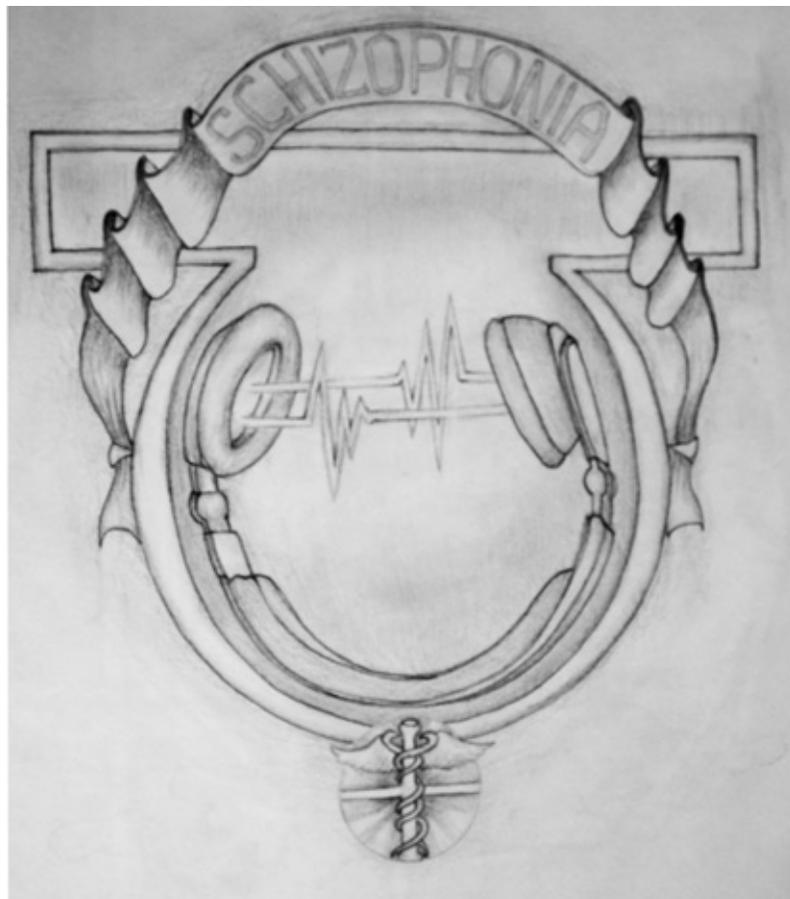
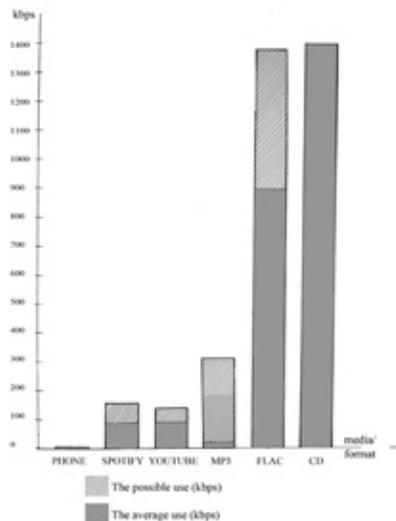
Digitized sounds are compressed sounds

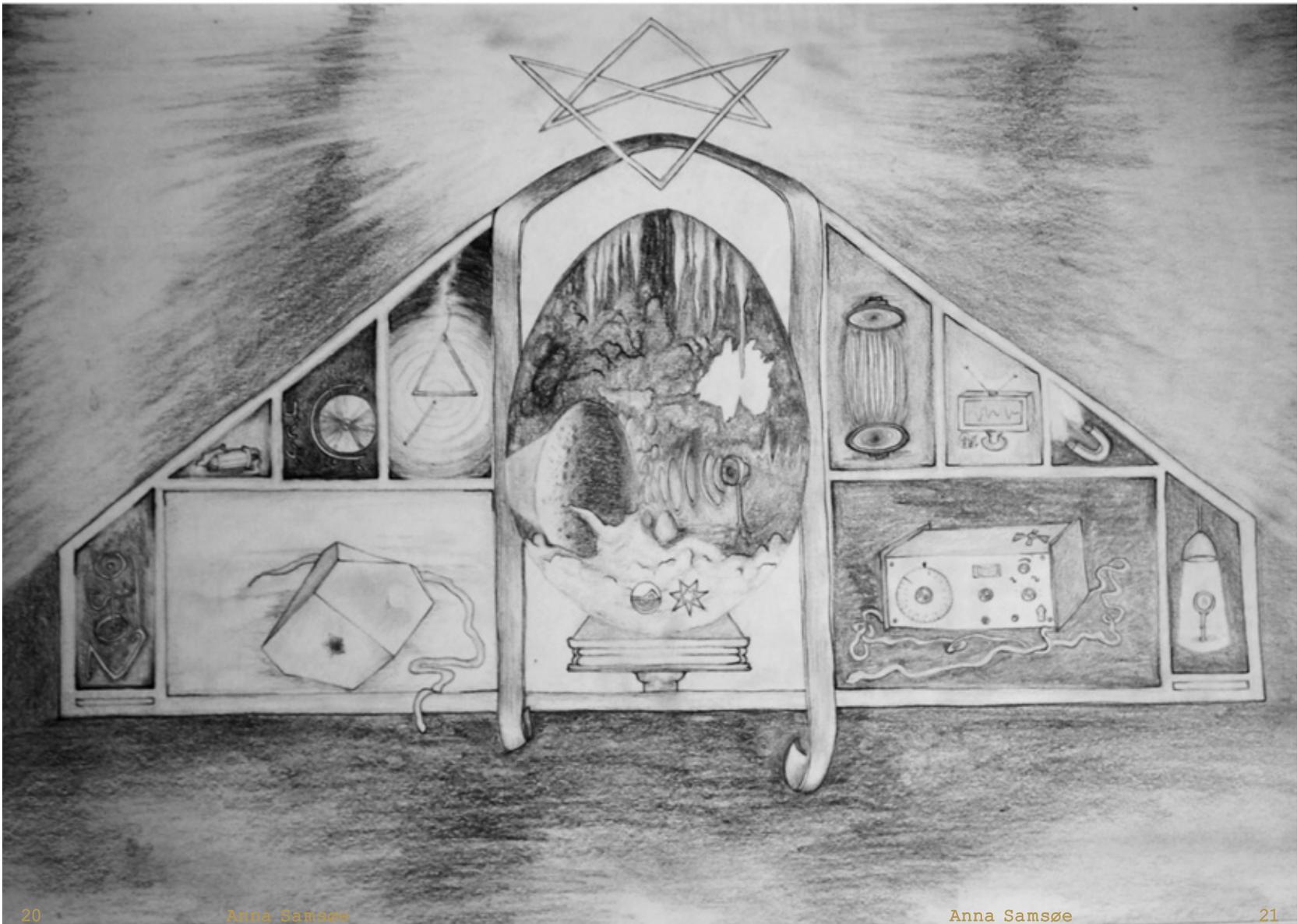
The graph shows an overview of data sizes. As you can see, there is a vast difference in content according to media. Jasper Van De Flemming, a well-known Dutch scientist, explains how the digital sound environment is perceived by our bodies.

“Imagine never eating an orange, only tasting the extract. Imagine viewing an old painting through a digital

low resolution image. That is what we are exposed to when we listen to songs on YouTube [or] play sound from an electronic device such as a phone. The compression from the raw audio material is comprehensive.

The science behind our auditory processing in the brain is a territory yet to be decoded. In a world with a far more visual environment we need to be taught to listen.”





Industrial mass psychosis

Humans are a product of nature, and could thus be considered part of nature – except that humans have long considered themselves to be separate and in conflict with nature. For that reason, a special category of the soundscape has been set aside for humans alone, called anthrophony. It includes all of the sounds that humans produce, whether structured (i. e. music, theater, film etc.) or entropic, as in the electromechanical, chaotic, and uncontrolled signals we generate by whatever means. Anthrophony has a profound effect on the natural soundscape and the featured organisms who play seminal roles in those habitats.

An example is the beluga whale, which – after exposure to shipping – started assimilating the sound of an engine running.

The theory of Industrial mass psychosis takes its starting point with industrialization.

Machines were introduced not only to the visual environment, but also to the acoustic soundscape. The machines altered the soundscape with mechanically produced acoustics. We are constantly in the presence of sound today; all around us, the digital and mechanical sounds are increasing and their presence is becoming more and more apparent.

While the visual regions of the brain have been intensively mapped, many important regions for auditory processing remain unknown. Researchers have only recently identified the region responsible for a key auditory process – perceiving “sound space,” the location of sounds. The findings

reveal a controversy. When the brain is exposed to electronic sounds, a scan will show an intense increase in impulses. The brain is, so to speak, working overtime to interpret these signals. We get tired and confused. Failing the assignment of interpreting these signals the brain sends out impulses that raise the flag. This action results in apathy.

Apathy is the condition where humans are most susceptible to influence.

Industrial mass psychosis is the theory that our basic human system is being compromised and becomes subject to other interests. In today's society, sound takes great part in convincing our minds to ignore our original purpose.

The notion of Nature is, however, up for discussion. Skeptics will challenge this theory by questioning the idea of nature, seeing that “Nature,” the word derived from Latin, can be defined as “essential qualities.” Nature, or essential qualities, is viewed by some as an ever-changing value; that which was natural 200 years ago no longer applies today.

Humans are adapting to new ways of communication and some will argue that we, as humans, automatically regulate our system to reconcile with the new conditions.

Listen

Hearing is a physiological phenomenon. Listening is a psychological act. When you hear, you rely on the physiology of the ear to register sound. Listening is the interpretation of sounds. Listening is making sense of the data

you are given. When you listen, you reflect and translate the sounds.

Roland Barthes talks of three basic listening methods used by all living creatures. The first is an alert, the second is a deciphering, and the third is developing.

Trumpets of the apocalypse

From as far back as 2008, video recordings of strange and disturbing noises that seem to come from the sky have been appearing on the Internet. In the past twelve months, many more of these “strange noise” videos have been recorded and uploaded by people from many different parts of the globe.

In geophysics, they are called acoustic-gravity waves; they are formed in the upper atmosphere, at the atmosphere-ionosphere boundary in particular. There can be quite a lot of causes for why these waves are generated: earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, hurricanes, storms, tsunamis, etc. However, the scale of the observed humming sound, in terms of both the area covered and its power, far exceeds those that can be generated by the above-mentioned phenomena.

The precise origin and meaning of this phenomenon is, as yet, unknown. Are we dealing with a cosmic version of the “bell tolling” for life on planet Earth, or is there a more mundane explanation? It might be telling us something about major changes to Earth, or about changes in our solar system that reverberate on our planet.

DNA

528Hz is the sound frequency that has the ability to affect your body in a powerful way. According to Dr. Len Horowitz and Dr. Puleo, some genetic biochemists suggest frequency 528Hz is the repair frequency for damaged DNA. Many scientists have come to the conclusion that this precise level of sound causes a significant reaction in your cells. The frequency seems to influence the water molecules surrounding the DNA helix. The third note, frequency 528, relates to the note MI on the scale and derives from the phrase “MI-ra gestorum,” in Latin meaning “miracle.” Stunningly, this is the exact frequency used by genetic biochemists to repair broken DNA – the genetic blueprint upon which life is based.

MI – 528Hz – relates to crown chakra. In Hindu metaphysical tradition and other belief systems, chakras are points in the human body, i.e. major plexuses of arteries, veins, and nerves, that are centers of life force and vital energy.



Whale sound

Sound is the energy form that is transmitted most efficiently in water. Audio signals are therefore a very important source of gaining knowledge about the environment, both for the majority of animals in the ocean and marine scientists. Animals use underwater sounds for communication and orientation. In the case of humpback whales, sound is used to find partners.

During migration and in breeding areas, males sing long, complex songs, familiar to most and probably the most complex vocalizations in the animal kingdom. With regard to birds, different groups of the same species are often separated by their singing, but what is significant for humpback whales is that the song changes all the time. In this change, parts of the song are often exchanged with parts of songs from neighboring stocks. Humpback whale song is still a mystery – a language not yet decoded. Nevertheless, there are many theories about what the humpback whale is trying to communicate and what effect the sound of the song can have on the human psyche. The song is used as an alternative treatment in holistic therapy. Research has shown that it could have a soothing, sometimes healing, effect on humans.

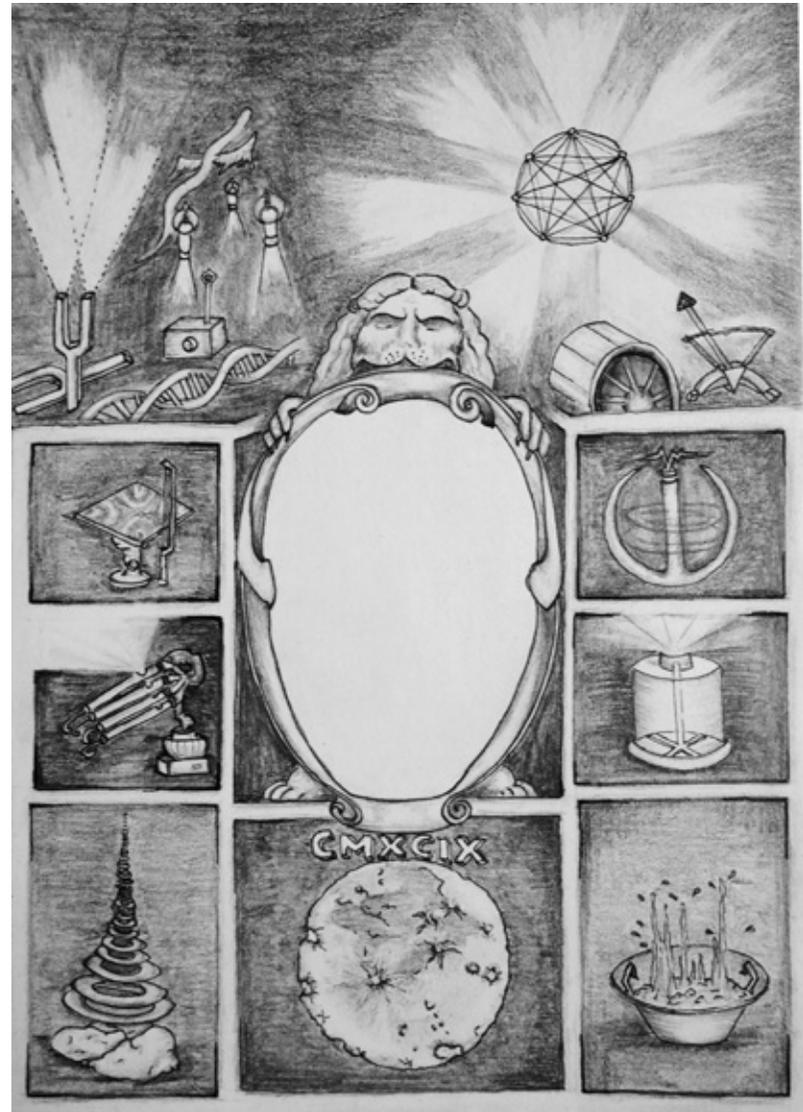
Aural illusion

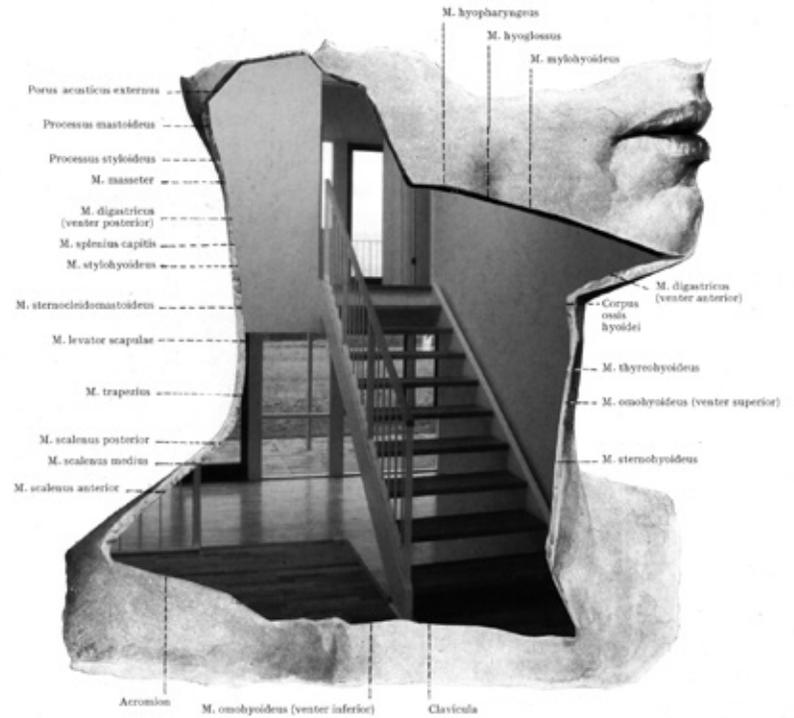
An auditory illusion is an illusion of hearing, the aural equivalent of an optical illusion: The listener hears either sounds which are not present or “impossible” sounds. In short, au-

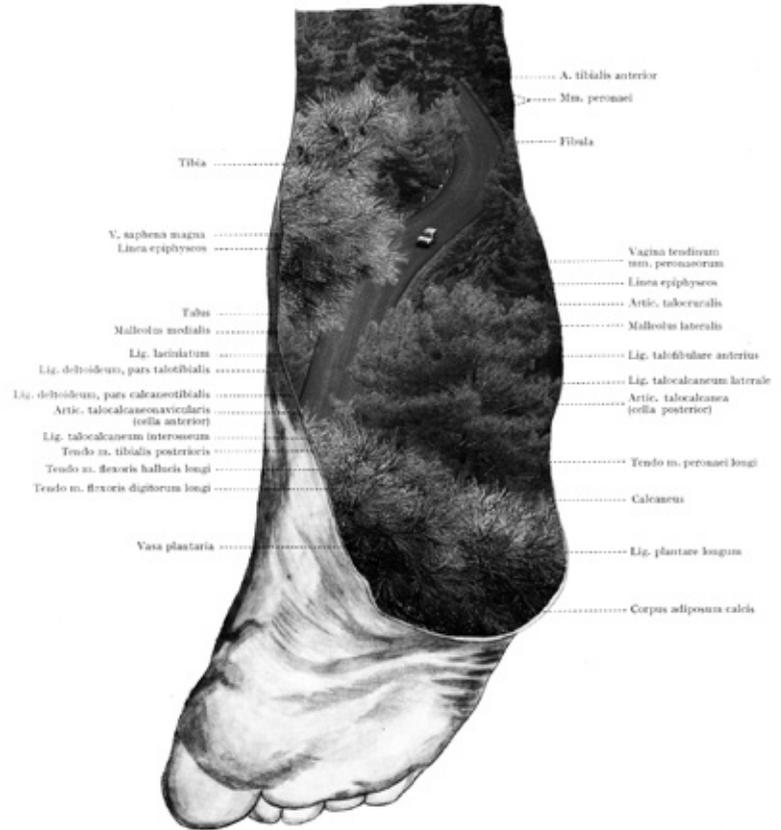
ditory illusions highlight areas where the human ear and brain as organic, makeshift tools, differ from perfect audio receptors (for better or for worse).

The tritone paradox is an auditory illusion in which a sequentially played pair of Shepard tones separated by an interval of a half octave is heard as ascending by some people and as descending by others. Different populations tend to favor one of a limited set of different spots around the chromatic circle as central to the set of “higher” tones. The tritone paradox was first reported by music psychology researcher Diana Deutch in 1986.

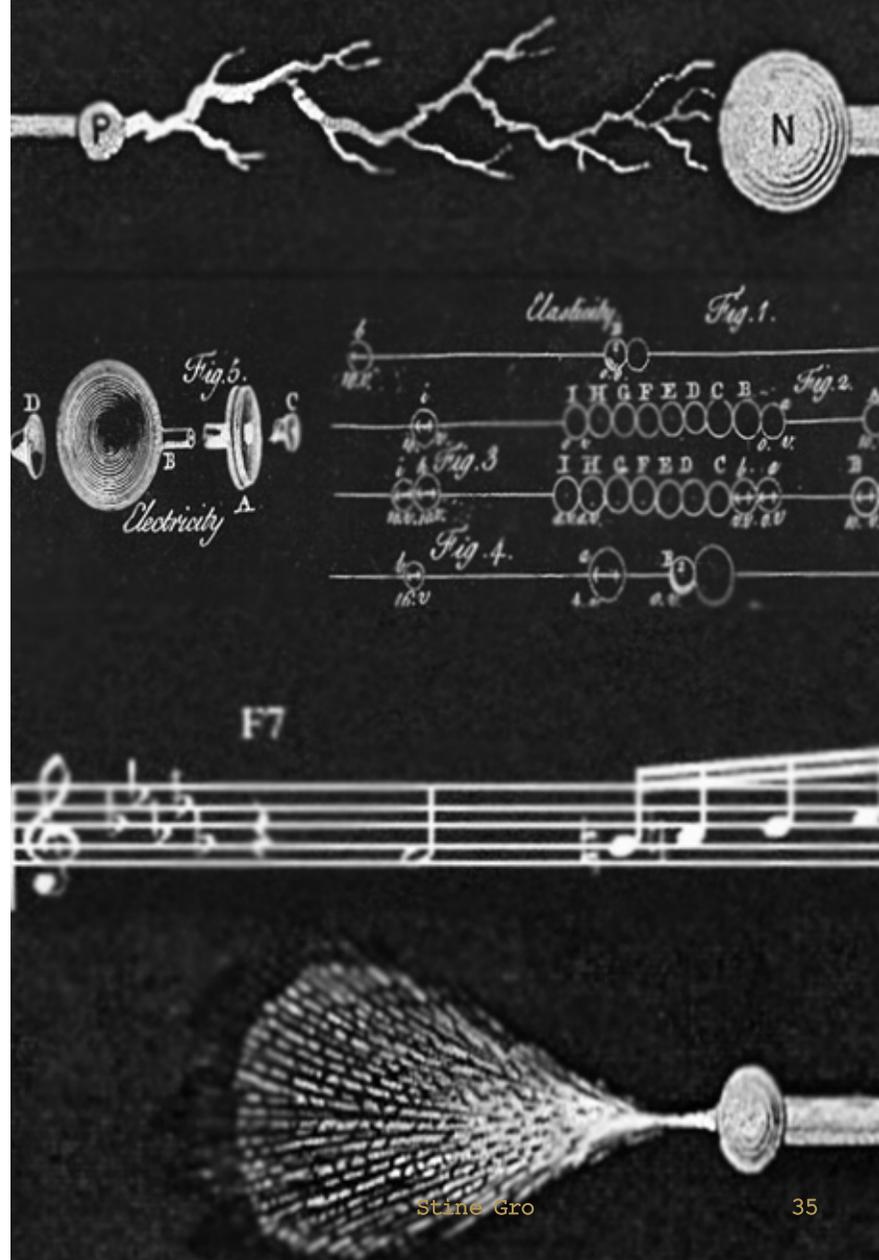
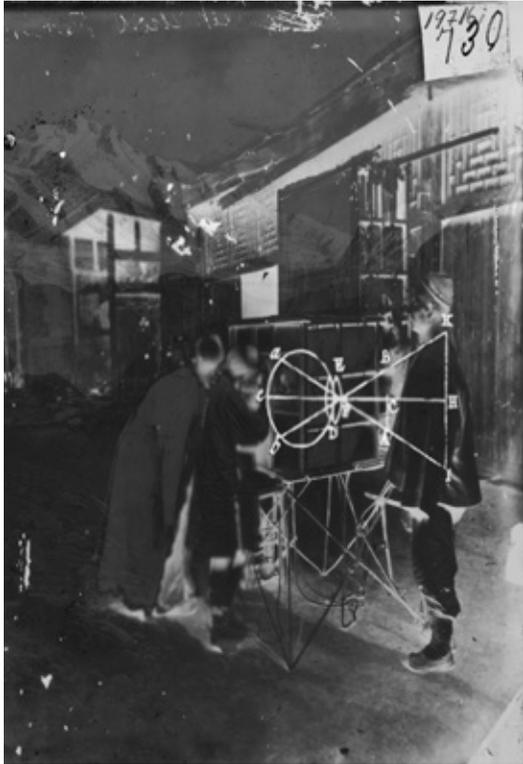
The basic pattern that produces this illusion consists of two computer-produced tones that are related by a half-octave (this interval is called a tritone). When one tone of a pair is played followed by the second, some people hear an ascending pattern. But other people, on listening to the identical pair of tones, hear a descending pattern instead. This experience can be particularly astonishing to a group of musicians who are all quite certain of their judgments, and yet disagree completely as to whether such a pair of tones is moving up or down in pitch.

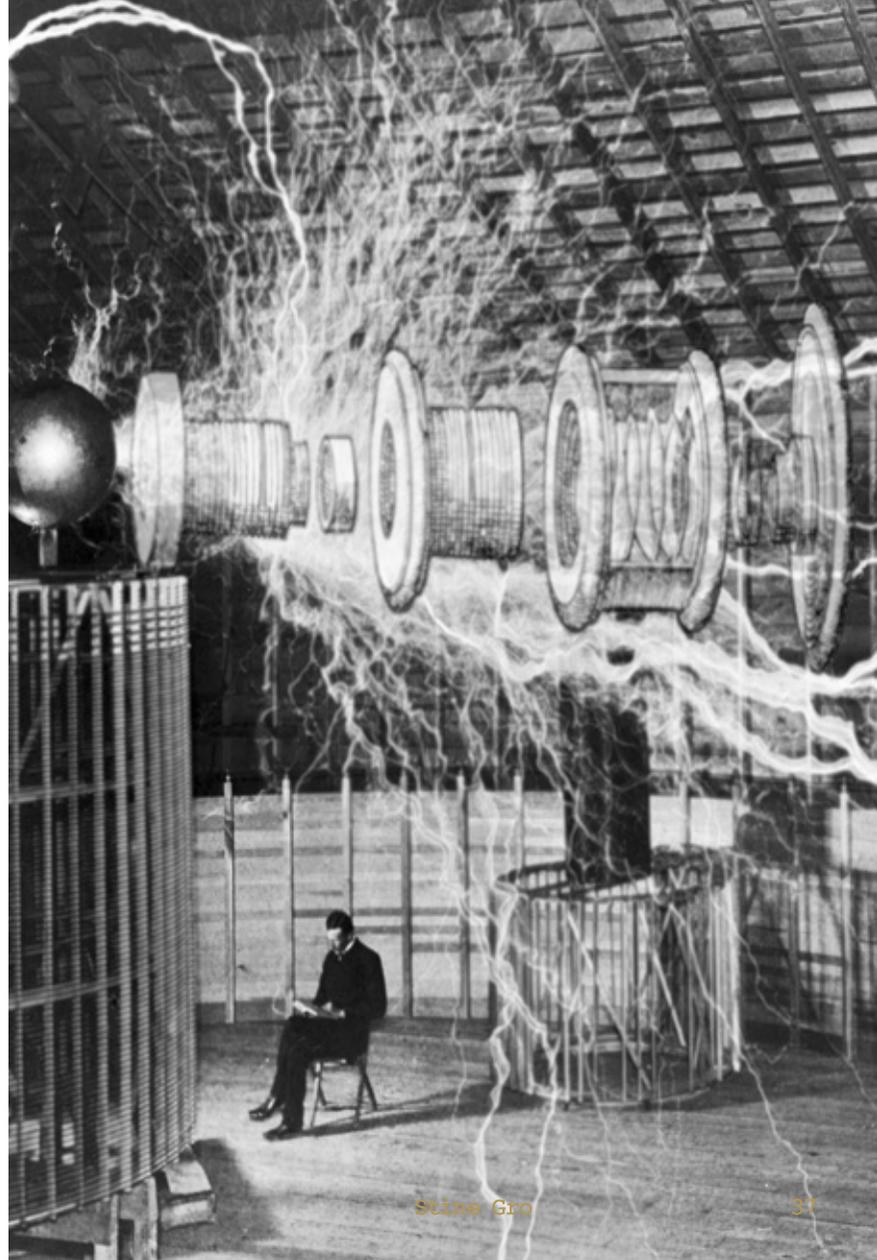
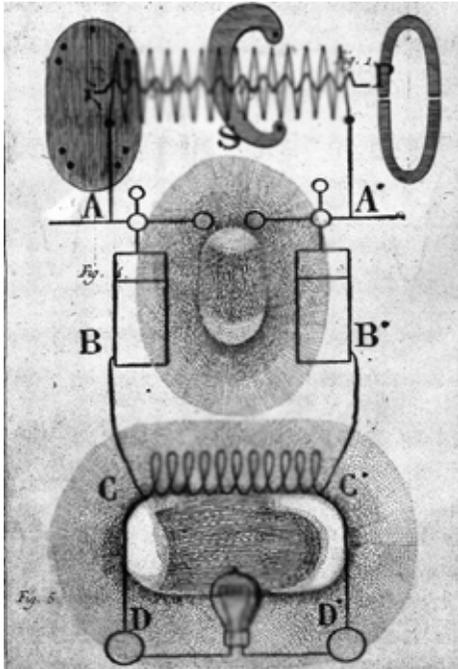






242. SECTIO FRONTALIS PEDIS DEXTRI PER MALLEOLOS
 Puer XII annorum





Your eye, first of all, would glide over the ~~grey fitted carpet~~ *bright blue yoga mat* in the narrow, long and high-ceilinged corridor. Its walls would be cupboards, in light coloured wood, with fittings of gleaming brass. Three prints, depicting, respectively, the ~~Derby winner Thunderbird~~ *New Balance 574 sneakers*, a ~~paddle steamer named Ville de Montreuil~~ *can of food without label*, and a ~~Stephenson locomotive~~ *electronic components, probably tantalum capacitors*, would lead to a leather curtain hanging on thick, black, grainy wooden rings which would slide back at the merest touch. There, the carpet would give way to an almost yellow woodblock floor, partly covered by ~~three faded rugs~~ *a pair of kettlebells*. It would be a living room about twenty-three feet long by ten feet wide. On the left, in a kind of recess, there would be a large ~~sofa~~ *office chair* upholstered in worn black leather, with pale cherrywood bookcases on either side, heaped with books in untidy piles. Above the sofa, a ~~mariner's chart~~ *tupilaqs carved out of narwhal tusk* would fill the whole length of that section of the wall. On the other side of a small low table, and beneath a ~~silk prayer mat~~ *hospital pyjama* nailed to the wall with three large-headed brass studs, matching the leather curtain, there would be another sofa, at right angles to the

first, with a light-brown velvet covering; it would lead on to a small and spindly piece of furniture, lacquered in dark red and providing three display shelves for knick-knacks: ~~agate~~ *guitar picks* and ~~stone eggs~~ *earplugs*, snuffboxes, ~~candy boxes~~ *painkillers*, jade ashtrays, a ~~mother-of-pearl oyster shell~~ *statuette from Africa*, a silver fob ~~watch~~ *digital clock*, a cutglass glass, a ~~crystal pyramid~~ *model skull*, a ~~miniature in an oval frame~~ *G.I. Joe action figure*. Further on, beyond a padded door, there would be shelving on both sides of the corner, for ~~caskets~~ *empty cans of energy drink* and for records, beside a closed gramophone of which only four machined-steel knobs would be visible, and above it, a print depicting ~~The Great Parade of the Military Tattoo~~ *a figurine of Princess Leia from Star Wars*. Through the window, draped with white and brown curtains in cloth imitating Jouy wallpaper, you would glimpse a few trees, a tiny park, a bit of street. A roll-top desk littered with papers and pen-holders would go with a small cane-seated chair. On a console table would be a ~~telephone~~ *plastic bottle of mineral water with a glass*, a ~~leather diary~~ *utility knife*, a ~~writing pad~~ *Patty ashtray with lid*. Then, on the other side of another door, beyond a low, square revolving bookcase supporting a large, cylindrical vase decorated in blue and filled with ~~yellow roses~~ *a basil plant*, set beneath an oblong mirror in a mahogany

frame, there would be a narrow table with its two benches upholstered in tartan, which would bring your eye back to the leather curtain. It would be all in ~~browns, ochres, duns and yellows~~ *whites, greys, beiges and light wood*: a world of slightly ~~dull~~ *pale* colours, in carefully graded shades, calculated with almost too much artistry, in the midst of which would be some striking, brighter splashes — a cushion in almost garish orange, a few multicoloured book jackets amongst the leather bound volumes. During the day, the light flooding in would make this room seem a little sad, despite the ~~roses~~ *basil*. It would be an evening room. But in the winter, with the curtains drawn, some spots illuminated — the bookcase corner, the record shelves, the desk, the low table between the two settees, and the vague reflections in the mirror — and large expanses in shadow, whence all the things would gleam — the polished wood, the rich, heavy silks, the cut glass, the softened leather — it would be a haven of peace, a land of happiness. [...]

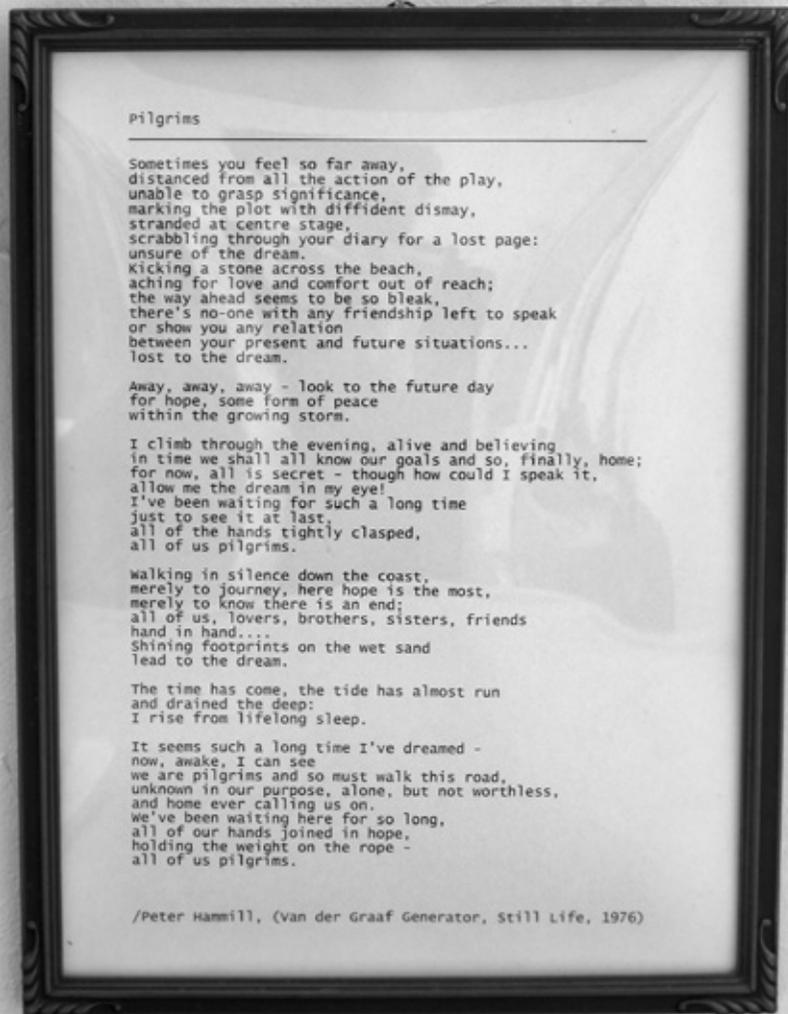
There, life would be easy, simple. All the servitudes, all the problems brought by material existence would find a natural solution. A cleaning lady would come every morning. Every fortnight, wine, oil and ~~sugar~~ *danish pot i.e. weed* would be delivered. [...]

Their flat would rarely be tidy, but its very untidiness would be its greatest charm. They would hardly bother themselves with it: they would live in it. The comfort of their surroundings would seem to them to be an established fact, a datum, a state of their nature. Their attention would be elsewhere: on the book they would open, on the text they would draft, on the record they would listen to, on their dialogue engaged afresh each day. They would work for a long while. Then they would dine, or go out for dinner; they would see old friends; they would walk together. Sometimes it would seem to them that a whole life could be led harmoniously between these book-lined walls, amongst these objects so perfectly domesticated that they would have ended up believing these bright, soft, simple and beautiful things had only ever been made for their sole use. But they wouldn't feel enslaved by them: on some days, they would go off on a chance adventure. No plan seemed impossible to them. They would not know rancour, or bitterness, or envy. For their means and their desires would always match in all ways. They would call this balance happiness and, with their freedom, with their wisdom and their culture, they would know how to retain and to reveal it in every moment of their living, together.









Pilgrims

Sometimes you feel so far away,
distanced from all the action of the play,
unable to grasp significance,
marking the plot with diffident dismay,
stranded at centre stage,
scrabbling through your diary for a lost page:
unsure of the dream.

Kicking a stone across the beach,
aching for love and comfort out of reach;
the way ahead seems to be so bleak,
there's no-one with any friendship left to speak
or show you any relation
between your present and future situations...
lost to the dream.

Away, away, away - look to the future day
for hope, some form of peace
within the growing storm.

I climb through the evening, alive and believing
in time we shall all know our goals and so, finally, home;
for now, all is secret - though how could I speak it,
allow me the dream in my eye!
I've been waiting for such a long time
just to see it at last,
all of the hands tightly clasped,
all of us pilgrims.

Walking in silence down the coast,
merely to journey, here hope is the most,
merely to know there is an end;
all of us, lovers, brothers, sisters, friends
hand in hand...
Shining footprints on the wet sand
lead to the dream.

The time has come, the tide has almost run
and drained the deep:
I rise from lifelong sleep.

It seems such a long time I've dreamed -
now, awake, I can see
we are pilgrims and so must walk this road,
unknown in our purpose, alone, but not worthless,
and home ever calling us on.
We've been waiting here for so long,
all of our hands joined in hope,
holding the weight on the rope -
all of us pilgrims.

/Peter Hamill, (Van der Graaf Generator, Still Life, 1976)



The tool for staying curious

I recently read a story by Alberto Manguel that has stuck with me. The story is about a group of pioneers that was surveying and drawing maps in an inaccessible part of Africa's Gold Coast back in 1923. At the end of a hard day's work under the tropical sun, a single hill remained to be plotted onto the plane table. The men were eager to return to base; it occurred to one of them that it was only a little hill and could easily be filled in, with the eye of faith and a little imagination, in the drawing office. The suggestion was approved. The inventive gentlemen cut out a picture of an elephant from a magazine, fixed it to their map, and drew around it, creating lines for the hill that they had not surveyed. According to Manguel, the elephant-shaped hill can still be seen in the northwest corner of sheet 17 of *Africa* in the British 1:62,500 map series. In order to satisfy my curiosity, I have lately been looking in several antique stores in search after this map. I have still not found it, but I will keep searching.



The tool for reading sites



There is a particular chapter in the novel *Invisible Cities*, written by Italo Calvino, that I keep returning to for inspiration on how to read a site and how to tell its stories. The novel is a description of 55 different cities in prose poems. It is the third chapter, “Cities and Memories”, I keep returning to: “I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of the arcades’ curves, and what kind of zinc scales cover the roofs; but I already know this would be the same as telling you nothing. The city does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lamppost and the distance from the ground of a hanged usurper’s swaying feet; the line strung from the lamppost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the queen’s nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap of the adulterer who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of a guttering and a cat’s progress along it as he slips into the same window; the firing range of a gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gun-boat of the usurper, who some say was the queen’s illegitimate son, abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock. As this wave from memories flows in, the city soaks it up like a sponge and expands.”¹

1. Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities* (Giulio Einaudi Editore, 1972), p. 10.

The tool for walking



There are many different reasons for walking: You can walk in a demonstration to show your position or support; you can walk to get in shape, you can walk a pilgrim journey to find peace; or, the most common and practical one, you can walk to get from one place to another. The kind of walking I am interested in is a special subset of walking. It is about turning walking into an investigation by taking your time to curiously observe your surroundings and without being afraid to interact with them. Some ways to turn walking into an investigation – or how to flirt with getting lost:

- To choose only to turn left every time you come to a crossway.
- To choose the way that smells the best every time you come to a crossway.
- To follow another walking person. It can be the next person wearing something yellow or something with dots on.
- To ask a person where their favorite park or square is and if they can show the way.
- To follow a cat. Maybe it works with other animals too.



The tool for listening



It becomes more and more clear to me that the key to doing collaborative work and being engaged in different kinds of social situations is to be able to listen – really listen. It sounds so banal but it is one of the most difficult tasks. Rebecca Solnit writes very picturesquely about listening in the novel *The Faraway Nearby*: “To hear is to let the sound wander all the way through the labyrinth of your ear; to listen is to travel the other way to meet it. It’s not passive, but active, this listening. It’s as though you retell each story, translate it into the language particular to you, fit it into your cosmology so you can understand and respond, and thereby it becomes part of you. To empathize is to reach out to meet the data that comes through the labyrinths of the senses, to embrace it and incorporate it. To enter into, we say, as though another person’s life was also a place you could travel to.”²

My role model for listening is Momo, a character from the novel *The Grey Gentlemen* by Michael Ende. The novel is about the concept of time. Momo is a little girl living by herself in an old theater. Everyone in the neighborhood comes to her because she has the extraordinary ability to listen: “Lots of things take time, and time was Momo’s only form of wealth... Momo listened to everyone and everything... even to the rain and the wind and the pine trees – and all of them spoke to her after their own fashion.”³

2. Rebecca Solnit. *The Faraway Nearby* (Granta Books, 2013), p.194.

3. Michael Ende, *The Grey Gentlemen* (Puffin Books, 1974).







HALLUCINOGENIC PLANTS



"While the novels provided an escape from the closeness of island life, yet can be assumed to enter into the fabrication of the written ethnography in a number of ways, photography did something similar. It created a sense of distance between subject and object that in this case could be controlled by he who adjusts the frame of the image and presses the button so as to initiate that magical process by which reality is captured in an image. But, acting against the flight into unreality or at least the escape provided by reading novels, the photographs provided his wandering mind and elusive sense of self with an anchor, something tangible, and what we might call a 'reality check'."

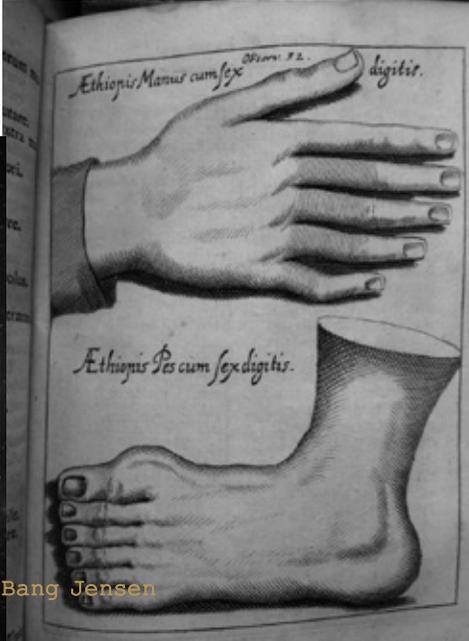
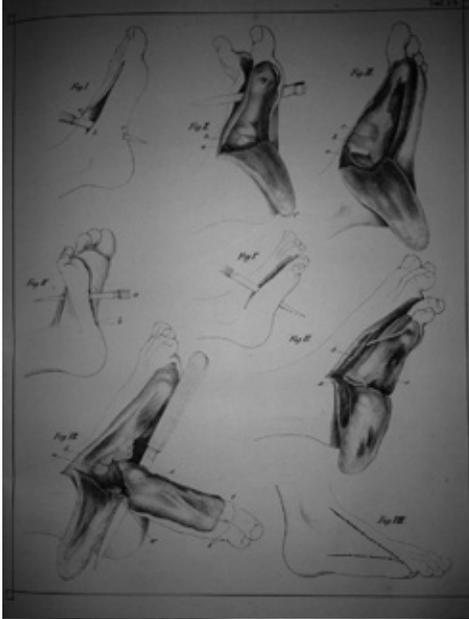


HESTER & WILSON Photographs in the Tropics (Columbia Univ.)



One of the ideas I had discussed in *The Poverty of Historicism* was the influence of a prediction upon the event predicted. I had called this the "Oedipus effect," because the oracle played a most important role in the sequence of events which led to the fulfilment of its prophecy. ... For a time I thought that the existence of the Oedipus effect distinguished the social from the natural sciences. But in biology, too—even in molecular biology—expectations often play a role in bringing about what has been expected.

Popper, Karl (1976)



The night had gone and the morning was approaching. What had happened was something not yet heard of. It had been a blur of muddled thoughts and the uneasiness of not remembering had been gnawing his fragile mind since dusk. Moving between the memory of blank reflective slates and the anxious fantasy trying to fill in gaps between matter and connectivity. Grinding the millstone for results of finer grain size and the stardust of matter would puncture smaller and smaller holes in the fabric of known reality. The flour was sometimes impure. The claviceps purpurea would sometimes cause outbreaks of St. Anthony's fire and cause chaos and hallucinations in the peasantry of medieval Europe. The worship of the return from death were performed by Persephone and Hades long before they were named so. The ancient agrarian cult of the Elysian Fields had been the birthplace of surplus society and the triumph of knowledge over the harsh conditions of nature. Honey had flown through the phone line connection of unfulfilled sexual desire and the previous evening there had been talks of black magic and a book about such matters. The only reply possible was to make obvious the connection between black magic and the hells angels and how all that was available on the subject was in movies by Italian horror masters such as Lucio Fulcio and Dario Argento. The fertility rites were in prehistoric times often connected to



death and the decomposition of the body into the soil. Harvest was death and life and beyond this was the immortality promised by the ergot growing in the grain. A poor reflection on the side of scholars too much influenced by Victorian discourse of chastity and self control. It had seemed unlikely that the white pristine marble had been coloured in strong bright passionate colours. Goethe had been influential and his greeting cards, reproduced in the hundreds, had given him more influence than he had dreamed of. The reproductive qualities meant editions, in the same way the money press at that time were being established as the ultimate refinement of printing techniques. As such were his dreams. They produced the boomerang effects of the subconscious processing of day activity with the conscious night activity of processing the subconscious. Catching the boomerang was harder than throwing it, hitting something meant that the boomerang would not return. The way she moved her hand from the bottom of the cigarette to the tip, when she had just put a new one in her mouth, made perfect sense. Much like catching a boomerang.

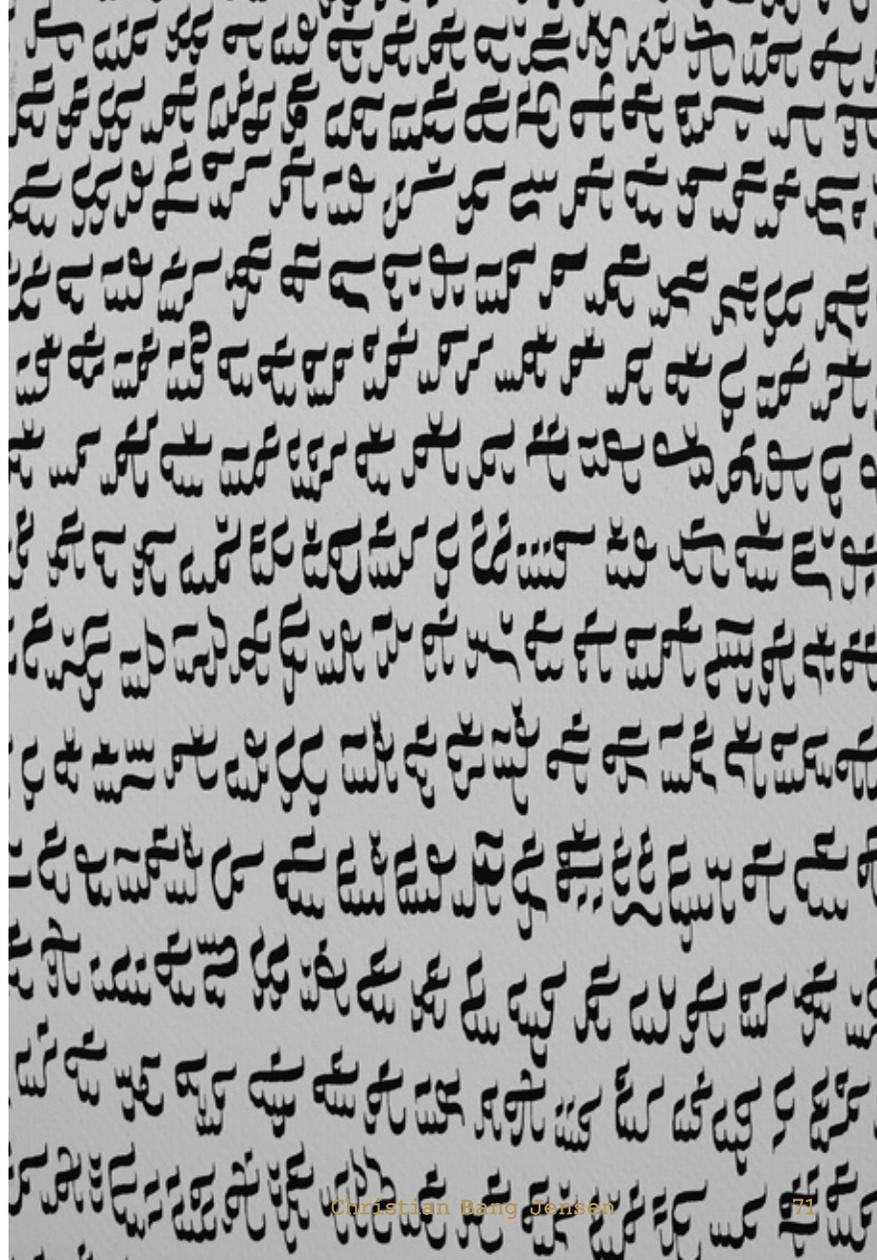
Et siddende øjeblik i kroppen foran computeren. I gennem æteren lytter jeg til vindens sang om blæst og nyt vejr. Solen sender sine stråler gennem skydækket en sjælden gang denne eftermiddag i Søby. Hvor skal jeg befinde mig og i hvilken grad vedkommer det jeg tænker og funderer over virkelig andre? Det ville være selvindbildning at tro at skriften ikke vedkommer den anden, men i hvilken grad den gør det er uvist. Kataklismen er den forestående oversvømmelse af datasignalerne mellem de grå forvitrede skyer over Østersøen og bølgernes blide vuggende sang om frekvensmodulationer i kortbølgeradioens skrattende højttaler. Visionernes trykkes flade af højtrykket fra de Sibiriske landmasser og Eurasien er et kontinent større end Amerikas sagnomspundne himmels højde. Intensiteten falder ned gennem kløften til afgrundens tomme gab og fylder tankemønstrene endnu engang med kantede meditationer over skønhedens flygtige karakter og charmens skrøbelige tilstand. Illegale kombattanter i mørkehætter bevæger deres tankeformer gennem spejlsalenes sølvbelagte indre.

Vores kultur er berørt af legenderne om Demeter og Persephone, vi er stadig fanget mellem landet og havet. Persephones genkomst fra Hades og kornets høst og såning, en glidende bevægelse mellem tidens myter og ritualer og langt om længe åbenbares døden og genfødslen i ergonovinens psykoaktive egenskaber. Brygget af hierophanterne og genfødt i et schweizisk laboratorium i 1943 og en endnu tidligere variant i et engelsk laboratorium i 1932 af H. W. Dudley og C. Moir.

Bøjede græsstå på antikvitetens opdyrkede hvedemarker vidner om blæstens bøjning af klippernes substantiver og midt i marken er korn moderens børn. Labile positioner i et kulturelt felt af familære ansigter og ukendte viljer til tilstandens svajende stilk. Klandret af de vitale intuitioner og dette er påviselighedens traume der bevæger sig gennem generationens genfødsel i sit eget udgangspunkts billede. Tragedien er ynkelig og frygtsom; frostklare argumenter går i dialog med udflydende tungetale i teoritimens pinagtige stilhed. Kikkertundersøgelsernes penetration af tautologiernes cirkulære omdrejningspunkt i en forestillet læsning af den tabte tids spor ender i en blindgyde i en kunstners vilde forsøg med denne tekst. Et korpus ligger spredt på kirkegulvets hårde granit overflade og midnatsmessen foregår parallelt med et forløb af frygtsomme aber der spiser det afpillede kød af den mest frygtsomme.

Et vip til siden med hovedet og pludselig bevæger associationerne sig i en anden retning, langs jordens landmasser, dækket i svimlende grønt græs og over krystalline fremvækster i stenene, dér ovenover kartografiens net, hvor igennem fugleperspektivets svævende øje befinder sig. Øjet i himlen. Forordet til attraktionens tilstand mellem massernes indbyrdes relation, forsvarer netop ikke kausalitetens arbitrære forhold til tiden og rummets forbindelse med subjektets opfattelse af sig selv.

At bevæge sig ud over græsen for det intelligible er et vilkår for den tænkning eller ytring der vil noget andet end det som vil sig selv og ikke vil det andet, som jo er målet for enhver skrift. Den peger på at blive noget andet end sin egen væren og dette ontologiske grundvilkår findes i alle tekster, men da en differentiering er mulig, mellem stræben og accept, indfinder der sig forskelle. Dette er samtidigt målet med enhver kunst, der ikke blot behøver at imitere virkelighedens facade, men finder sin egen validitet i spejlingen af sig selv i den anden.



INSIDE MIRRORING - RING MIRROR - VOLCANIC SCRYING - LAVA
TELEPHONE - TELEGRAPH - TELEPATHY - EMPATHY - MIMESIS

TRUTHFICTION

TRUTH FICTION

SELF-HYPNOSIS

EXPOSURE TIME

THE GHOST & DUPLICATION IN
PHOTOGRAPHY

-WHITE NIGHTS-

LIGHT SENSITIVE PLATES & PEOPLE

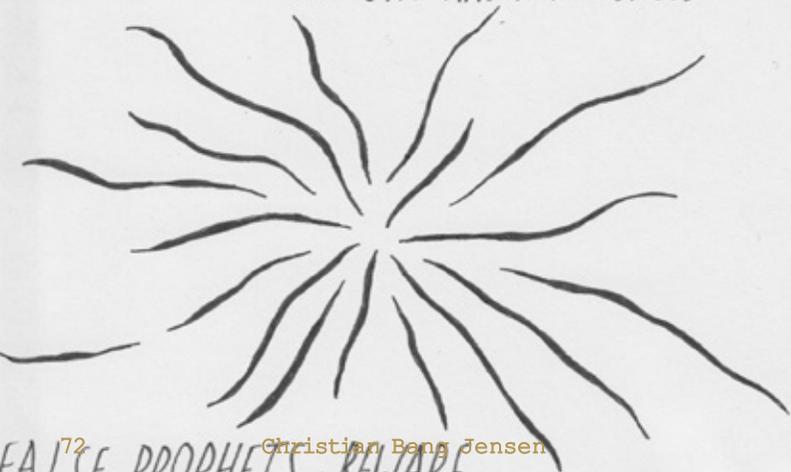
TECTONIC PLATES & PEOPLE - SENSITIVE PEOPLE

MEMORY
IN
CELLULOID

GRAND HOTEL ABYSS

VACANT ROOM

ON THE EDGE OF ABSURDITY AND NOTHINGNESS



FALSE PROPHETS - BEWARE

Christian Bang Jensen



Christian Bang Jensen

73

ELLIPTICAL ROUND TABLE

THE DEMOCRACY OF TALK

MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE. BELIEVE NOT TOO MUCH

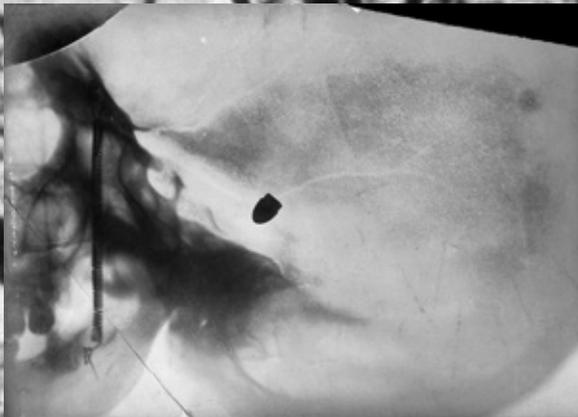




THE LIMBIC SYSTEM, which is concerned with memory and learning, is also believed to be primarily involved in emotional responses. Emotions are the conscious result of the interaction between the activities of the cerebral cortex, the limbic system, and the visceral organs of the body that produce specific physical changes. A number of theories have been postulated to explain this relationship between the body and mind. The emotional responses of any individual are, however, also a product of their knowledge and experience.

The anatomy of the limbic system includes:

- *The amygdaloid bodies*, which contain both incoming and outgoing nerve fibers, and may help to regulate emotions, particularly aggression.
- *The fornix*, a thick bundle of nerve fibers, which forms the outgoing pathway from the hippocampus.
- *The afferent fibers* bring impulses into the dentate gyrus and the area of Ammon's horn.
- *The dentate gyrus*, which lies within the hippocampal sulcus, and although its function is not fully understood, may relay impulses in the hippocampus.
- *The subiculum* is a region of cortex composed of up to six different cell layers and a multitude of nerve pathways.



— *Ammon's horn*, which merges with the subiculum and contains ovoid and pyramidal cells, the function of which are thought to be associated with memory.

— *The efferent fibers*, which carry information out from Ammon's horn to other regions of the brain.

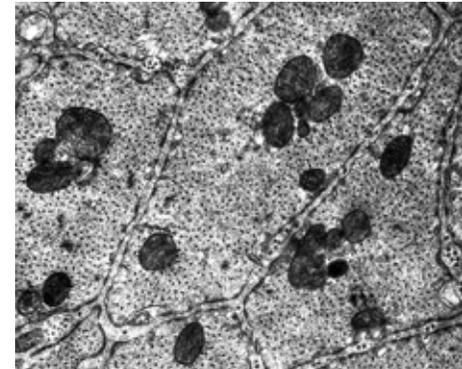
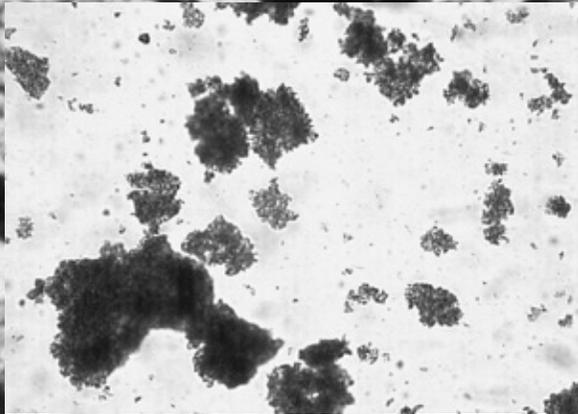
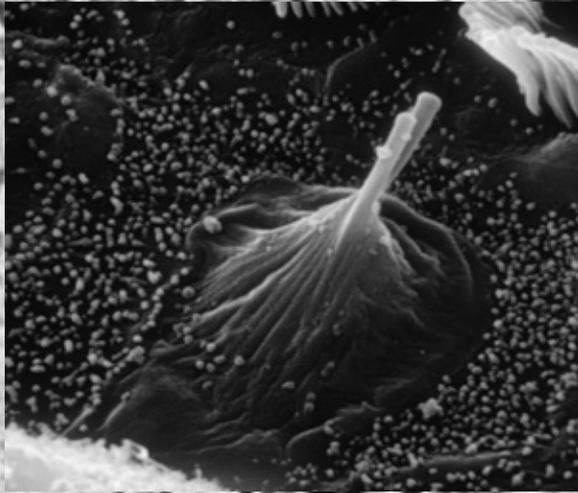
— *The hippocampus*, which is composed of folded layers of cells and fibers and is associated with emotions, learning, and short-term memory.

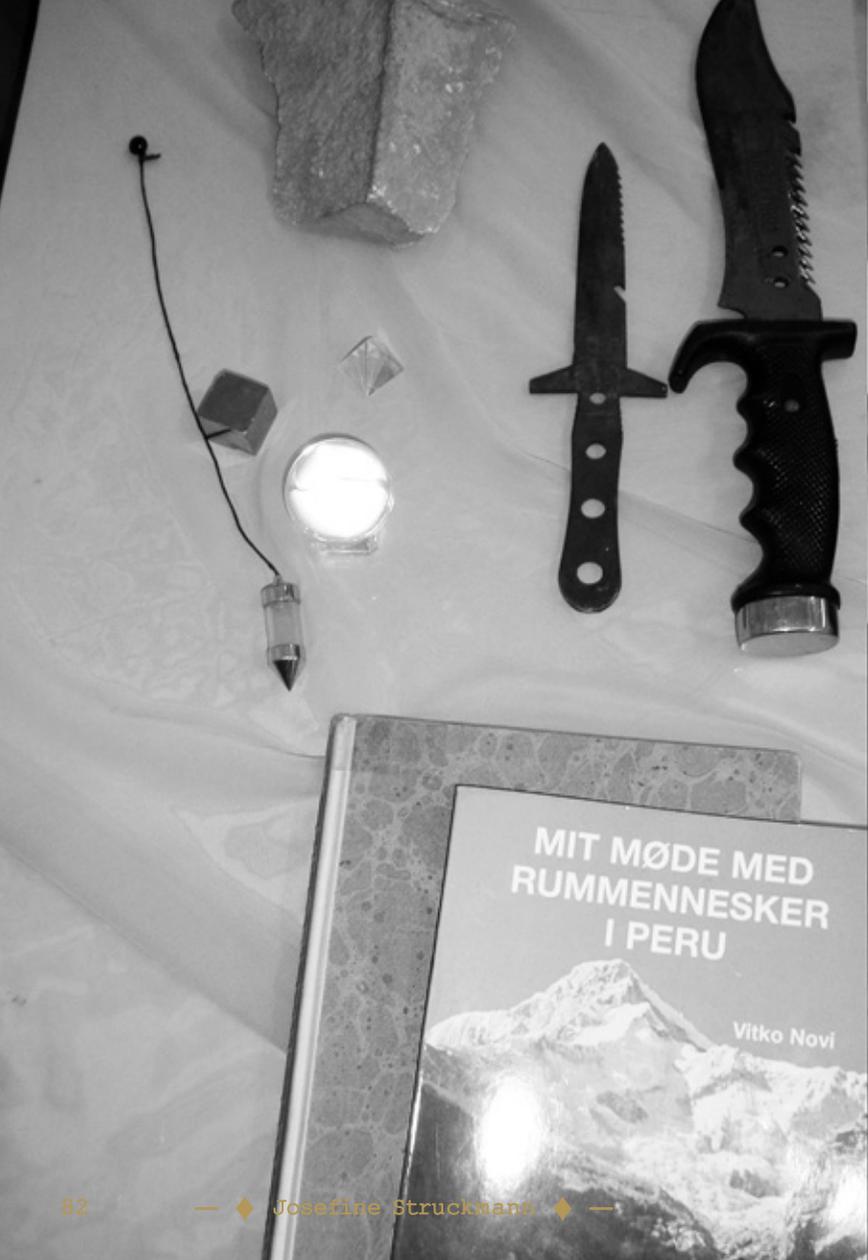
— *The parahippocampal gyrus*, a highly specialized area of nerve cells concerned with memory pathways.

— *The mammillary bodies*, which have incoming and outgoing nerve fibers and act as a relay station between the limbic system and the brain.

...and the *septum pelucidum*, which links the amygdala with the hypothalamus and is believed to be concerned with pleasure reactions.

“We have begun to see a repetitive pattern: the body isolated; the narrow space; the subjection to an unreturnable gaze; the scrutiny of gestures, faces and features; the clarity of illumination and sharpness of focus; the names and number boards. These are the traces of power, repeated countless times, whenever the photographer prepared an exposure, in police cell, prison, consultation room, asylum, home or school.”









STEP
IN 2
ANOTHA
WORLD!





Elena Tzotzi: What chords does the sentence “burning the candle from both ends” strike within your own practice as a curator and writer running the independent art space castillo/corrales in Paris and teaching at the Art Academy in Bordeaux?

Thomas Boutoux: When I was younger, I associated this expression with a way of living one’s life that was one of a misfit. Someone who was “burning the candle from both ends” would be a person who doesn’t conform to the prescriptions of society and make them the basis of his or her behavior. Someone who would live a more reckless, more unhealthy maybe, but certainly more independent kind of life than the usual. Who would be a bit self-destructive according to society’s standards but would find a lot of fun and intensity in life in doing so. That was then. Now, the expression strikes a different chord in me. It doesn’t relate to this idea of a sort of weightless, self-invented way of life so much anymore, but instead points toward almost the opposite: to a condition, at work especially, that is more

endured than it is embraced and is deeply unsatisfying and uninspiring rather than fun and nonconformist. I identify this expression now with someone who struggles with a sense of dispersion, feels like doing a bit too much of not enough, and ends up burdened with layers of commitments, washed out, and often completely depressed.

You could say that is a classic symptom in the age of multi-tasking. In the professional world, and in the art world especially, it has become increasingly difficult to set the rhythm, to hold the reins of the schedule of one’s practice, and to have a sense of being in control of one’s own life. I always say to my students that the issue of time is much more crucial than that of the workspace. When they graduate, a lot of students think that the most important thing is to find a space to work, now that the school isn’t there anymore to provide them with one. They ask themselves: What city should they move to that would give them the right momentum? What kind of studio space should they be looking for? Should they share it or have one of their own? What facilities and equipment are mandatory in that space to

be able to work well? Etc. They spend months, years sometimes, dealing with such questions and trying to find the appropriate answers, often fantasizing and then lamenting the harsh reality of space accessibility for a young artist. But I believe these are ancillary problems and the most important questions have to do with how one uses time, how one gives up a concept of time that makes a clear-cut distinction between work time and leisure time or free time, and where free time is mainly geared towards consumption – in the same way that technology is today geared to make us gain time for that very purpose. I believe the most pressing thing for a young artist is to give up that idea of time, which is one that in terms of the organization of society is one-directional and top down, in favor of... time, really, to work through the questions that matter the most to an artist. Questions that artists ask themselves all the time, questions which ask for time, and for persistence. To be in control of one's rhythm and schedule is the only guarantee for being able to pay attention to things that really matter, very simple things such as: When does one get bored when doing something; how to keep oneself interested

in doing something; how to make unusual connections between things; how to keep doing things that are deniable, that could be considered unimportant and are the opposite of grand, unmistakable gestures (which are the gestures you think you have to make when you have a very restricted definition of time). These are questions that I believe are essential for staying self-determined and self-willed within one's practice.

It took me years to figure this out. It happened while doing castillo/corrales and progressively understanding what it is that we do there. castillo/corrales is a volunteer project that we have been doing for seven years now and is really time consuming, but because it is based on a conscious decision of using free time differently than we are expected to, it has put these questions at the foreground of our work. And so this is where the relationship between what I do as a curator at castillo/corrales and as a teacher at the Art Academy in Bordeaux, and the multitasking that this involves in my life, started to gradually make sense and become more productive and complementary than conflicting in terms of the rhythm and schedule of my

practice. Teaching helps me to define the conditions that I prefer working under and to produce a language for these conditions – to describe, to verbalize these conditions – for other people to produce and for these conditions to be reproduced. So this is primarily what I do at the Academy, examining the options between the conditions one wants to work under and teaching – mainly discussing and debating with the students – how to articulate, enact, and support a position. And this of course, in turn, bleeds into the work I do at castillo/corrales.



ET: How do you relate to the expression “to wear your heart on your sleeve,” and how do your own ideals translate into your teaching and curatorial practice? Simply put, what is worth fighting for?

Maybe it's easier for me to start by describing some of the things that I've found worth fighting against with some consistency. Quite obviously, this is what has helped me understand and specify, over time, not just what I stand for – the so-called ideals – but simply most of the work

that I do. Meaning how such ideals get enacted rather than intellectualized or aestheticized; how they can be demonstrated in practice rather than only trumpeted. One of the main defining features of our times, I think, is the high degree of self-consciousness and thus of self-centeredness that determines our conduct, the choices we make, what we say and how we say it, etc. It has become increasingly difficult to separate what we want our work to be and how it will be regarded, and so we end up editing ourselves all the time. Under such conditions, I see at least two major pitfalls I've always thought are worth resisting. The first pitfall consists in putting all your efforts into making your work look smart, subtle, involved in the right ways, making the appropriate references, etc. This kind of work is addressing a precisely-identified crowd and is not even trying to earn their respect, but merely to win their affection. The second pitfall is, on the contrary, to underplay the self-conscious in you and to accept to play the game by its rules, to take it for granted in order to eventually become taken for granted yourself. It usually amounts to making formula-based work and, in one

way or another, to over-simplify everything that you do and once aspired to. This is, of course, the case with crass, cynical, commercial work, but not solely, as this tendency seeps into many much more genuine efforts to do relevant things. However, as soon as you realize that these efforts don't really pay off, you give up almost immediately thinking that you have no other choice than to align yourself with what people consider the "rules of the game." What I think is the most important, again, is to create the conditions for being persistent and fearless in what you're doing: to resist – but also to expose to others – the forces at work in society for disassembling one's dedication or one's ethics. One should find one's own way of managing this and I can only tell what has worked for me, but it's of course not a recipe. In my case, a lot of what I do has been concerned with trying to contradict society's demand to endorse a personal narrative and commodify yourself. This is not only one of the main currencies of the media (social and otherwise), but it is played out in any form of organization. And so I've always tried to do as little individualized work as possible, but always embraced

collaboration and conversation-based work more than one is expected to – in curating, in publishing, but also in teaching, and even in writing. What characterizes castillo/corrales, for instance, is that it is first and foremost a collaborative project: everything we end up doing comes out of conversations involving several members each time, not all members in an assembly-type decision-making process, but always several of us at once depending on the project, whether it is an exhibition, a book, a text, a conference, a project we would do elsewhere, a column on the website, whatever. These are the practicalities of c/c and how we find continuous pleasure, intellectual stimulation, and professional interest in doing it. What we're aiming at, on a more ideological level, is to articulate and to advocate by enacting it a model of organization/institution that involves as little hierarchy and bureaucracy as possible, because these are, in fact, producers of individualization more than anything else. Part of the reason why we are doing c/c the way we do is clearly to keep the range of ways of working in the art world open, and somehow to resist and criticize

the naturalization of ways of working as necessarily, ineluctably individual, career-driven, obsessed by visibility, top-down, authoritative, humorless, unfriendly, macho...



ET: What have you figured out so far? Or, in other words, "What is water?"

It took me years to figure that out. It was a very piecemeal understanding of things and this is why I'm very reluctant to speak in terms of ideals. I tend to associate ideals with ideas floating in a form of ether, whereas I think beliefs take form in a very pragmatic mode.

"What is water?" I get the reference to David Foster Wallace, and I wish I were as eloquent and inspirational as he is in that particular speech he gave but sadly (or not – see above, about self-heroization), I'm not. I can only quote him, because it's the same water we're swimming in – whether you are a writer or a curator – I don't think they're different waters. There is one definition that DFW gave of the task and the skills of a writer, which is not in this text but in another one, that is incredibly simple but sounds completely

true to me. He says that his work is about nothing other than to "try to notice stuff that everyone else notices but they don't really notice that they notice." I love this very humble definition; this is what the artists, the writers, but also the comedians that I like the most try to do, and why I think their work is important and needs to be supported, encouraged, and distilled in the world. This is what I try to do as a teacher and a curator, and a publisher and all that.

— ◆ —
Elena Tzotzi: Hvordan væk-
ker sætningen »burning
the candle from both ends«
genklang i dit eget virke
som kurator og skribent for
det uafhængige kunstrum
castillo/corrales i Paris
og som underviser på
Kunstakademiet i Bordeaux?

Da jeg var yngre, forbandt jeg
dette udtryk med en måde
at leve ens liv på, der var util-
passet. Én, som »brændte lyset
i begge ender«, var en person,
som ikke ville indordne sig
samfundets forskrifter og gøre
dem til grundlag for sin adfærd.
Én, der levede et mere hen-
synsløst – mere usundt måske –
men bestemt også mere selv-
stændigt liv end det gængse.
Én, der var en smule selvdestruk-
tiv ifølge samfundets normer,
men som opdagede en masse
sjov og intensitet i livet ved
at gøre det. Det var dengang.
Nu vækker udtrykket andre as-
sociationer i mig. Det relaterer
ikke længere til denne idé om
en slags vægtløs, selvopfunden
livsstil, men peger nærmest
mod det modsatte: en situation,
på arbejdet især, som er mere
udholdt end den er omfavnet,
og som er dybt utilfredsstillende
og uninspirerende i stedet for
sjov og afvigende. Jeg identifi-

cerer nu dette udtryk med
en person, der kæmper med en
følelse af spredning, som har
følelsen af at lave lidt for meget
af lidt for lidt, og som ender
nedtynget af lag af forpligtelser,
udvasket og ofte fuldstændig
deprimeret.

Man kan sige, at det er et
klassisk symptom i en alder af
multitasking. I den professio-
nelle verden, og i kunstverden
især, er det blevet sværere
og sværere at styre rytmen og
holde tøjlerne på tidsplanen for
ens arbejde, og at have en
følelse af at være i kontrol over
ens eget liv. Jeg siger altid til
mine elever, at spørgsmålet om
tid er langt mere afgørende
end det om arbejdsstedet. Når
de er færdiguddannede, tror
mange studerende, at det vig-
tigste er at finde en plads til at
arbejde, nu hvor skolen ikke
længere stiller en til rådighed.
De spørger sig selv: hvilken
by skal de flytte til, som vil
give dem den rette drivkraft?
Hvilket slags atelier skal de
være på udkig efter? Skal de
dele eller have deres eget?
Hvilke faciliteter og slags udstyr
er nødvendige i dette rum
for at være i stand til at arbejde
ordentligt? Osv. De bruger
måneder, somme tider år, på at
beskæftige sig med sådanne

spørgsmål og forsøge at finde
de rigtige svar, mens de ofte
fantaserer og derefter beklager
den barske realitet, hvad angår
arbejdspladsmuligheder for
en ung kunstner. Men jeg tror,
at disse er underordnede pro-
blemer, og de vigtigste spørgs-
mål har at gøre med, hvordan
man bruger tiden, hvordan
man opgiver et begreb om tid,
der tydeligt skelner mellem
arbejdstid og fritid, og hvor fritid
primært er rettet mod forbrug.
Ligesom teknologien i dag er
rettet mod at vinde os tid til det
selvsamme formål. Jeg tror,
at det mest presserende for en
ung kunstner er at opgive idéen
om tid, som i forhold til sam-
fundets indretning er ensrettet
og topstyret til fordel for...
tid, i virkeligheden, til at arbejde
igennem de spørgsmål, der
betyder mest for en kunstner.
Spørgsmål som kunstnere stiller
sig selv hele tiden, spørgsmål
der beder om tid, og udhol-
denhed. At være i kontrol over
ens dagsrytme og tidsplan er
den eneste garanti for at kunne
være i stand til at være opmærk-
som på de ting, der virkelig
betyder noget, meget simple
ting som: Hvornår begynder
man at kede sig, når man laver
noget; hvordan kan man forblive
interesseret i det, man laver;
hvordan kan man lave usædvan-

lige forbindelser mellem ting;
hvordan kan man blive ved med
at lave ting som kan benægtes,
som kan betragtes som uvæ-
sentlige, og som er det modsatte
af store, iøjnefaldende fagter
(som er de fagter, man tror, man
er nødt til at lave, når man har
en meget begrænset definition
af tid). Det er spørgsmål, som
jeg tror er afgørende for at kunne
forblive selvbestemmende og
egenrådig i ens arbejde.

Jeg var flere år om at opdage
dette. Det skete, mens jeg lavede
castillo/corrales og gradvist
forstod, hvad det er, vi gør der.
castillo/corrales er et frivilligt
projekt, vi har lavet i syv år nu,
og det er virkelig tidskrævende,
men fordi det er baseret på
et bevidst valg om at bruge fritid
på en anden måde end forven-
tet, har det sat disse spørgsmål
i forgrunden af vores arbejde.
Og dette er så der, hvor for-
holdet mellem det, jeg laver som
kurator på castillo/corrales og
som underviser på Kunst-
akademiet i Bordeaux, og den
multitasking som dette indebæ-
rer i mit liv, gradvist begyndte
at give mening og blive mere
produktiv og komplementær end
modstridende i forhold til rytmen
og tidsplanen for mit arbejde.
Undervisning hjælper mig med
at definere de betingelser, som

jeg foretrækker at arbejde under, og med at skabe et sprog omkring disse betingelser – til at beskrive, at sætte ord på disse betingelser – for at kunne blive produceret af andre, og for at disse betingelser kan blive reproducet. Så dette er først og fremmest, hvad jeg laver på Akademiet, undersøger mulighederne mellem de forhold, man ønsker at arbejde under og underviser – hovedsagligt ved at diskutere og debattere med de studerende – i hvordan man kan formulere, udleve og støtte en position. Og dette flyder selvfølgelig over i det arbejde, jeg laver på castillo/corrales.



ET: Hvordan forholder du dig til udtrykket »at bære følelserne uden på tøjet«, og hvordan lader dine egne idealer sig overføre til din undervisning og kuratoriske arbejde? Kort sagt, hvad er værd at kæmpe for?

Måske er det nemmere for mig at starte med at beskrive nogle af de ting, som jeg har fundet værd at kæmpe imod med en vis konsekvens. Det er helt klart dette, der har hjulpet mig til med tiden at forstå og specificere ikke bare, hvad jeg står for – de såkaldte idealer – men

helt enkelt størstedelen af det arbejde, jeg laver. Dvs. hvorledes sådanne idealer udleveres snarere end intellektualiseres eller æstetiseres; hvordan de kan demonstreres i praksis i stedet for blot at proklameres. Ét af vores tids mest karakteristiske træk, tror jeg, er den høje grad af selvbevidsthed og dermed selvoptagethed, der styrer vores adfærd, de valg vi træffer, det vi siger og hvordan vi siger det osv. Det er blevet mere og mere vanskeligt at adskille, hvad vi ønsker at vores arbejde skal være og hvordan det skal betragtes, og så ender vi med konstant at redigere os selv. Under sådanne betingelser ser jeg mindst to store faldgruber, som jeg altid har følt, er værd at kæmpe i mod. Den første faldgrube består i at lægge alle sine bestræbelser i at få sit arbejde til at virke smart, diskret, indviklet på de rigtige måder, at lave de rigtige referencer osv. Denne form for arbejde henvender sig til et nøje udvalgt publikum, men forsøger ikke engang at gøre sig fortjent til deres respekt, blot at vinde deres beundring. Den anden faldgrube er tværtimod at under spille det selvbevidste i sig selv og acceptere at følge spillets regler, at tage det for givet for blot at ende med selv at blive

taget for givet. Typisk vil det sige, at man udfører formelagtigt arbejde og på den ene eller anden måde forenkler alt, hvad man laver og engang stræbte efter. Dette er naturligvis tilfældet med vulgær, kynisk, kommercielt arbejde, men ikke udelukkende, da denne tendens også sniger sig ind i mange langt mere ægte bestræbelser på at lave noget relevant. Men så snart man indser, at disse bestræbelser ikke rigtigt kan betale sig, opgiver man næsten øjeblikkeligt forestillingen om, at der ikke findes andre valg end at rette sig ind efter det, som folk anser som værende »spilreglerne«. Det, jeg igen mener, er det vigtigste, er at skabe vilkårene for at være udholdende og frygtløs i det, man laver: at modstå – men også afsløre for andre – kræfterne på spil i samfundet for nedbrydningen af ens engagement eller ens etik. Man skal finde sin egen måde at klare dette på, og jeg kan kun fortælle, hvad der har fungeret for mig, men det er selvfølgelig ikke nogen opskrift. I mit tilfælde har meget af det, jeg laver, handlet om at forsøge at modsige samfundets krav om at tilslutte sig en personlig fortælling og kommodificere sig selv. Dette er ikke kun udbredt i medierne (sociale og andre),

men udspiller sig i enhver form for organisation. Derfor har jeg altid forsøgt at lave så lidt individualiseret arbejde som muligt, og i stedet kaste mig ud i samarbejde og samtale-baseret arbejde mere end normalt forventes – i kuratering, i forlagsbranchen, men også i undervisningen, og endda i det skriftlige. Det, som kendetegner castillo/corrales, for eksempel, er, at det først og fremmest er et samarbejdsprojekt: alt det, vi ender med at lave, udspringer sig af samtaler mellem flere medlemmer hver gang; ikke alle medlemmer i en forsamlingsagtig beslutningsproces, men altid flere af os på én gang, afhængigt af projektet, uanset om det er en udstilling, en bog, en tekst, en konference, et projekt vi laver andetsteds, en klumme på hjemmesiden, hvad som helst. Det er det praktiske bag c/c, såvel som grunden til og måden hvorpå vi finder konstant glæde, intellektuel stimulering og professionel interesse i at gøre det. Det vi stræber efter, på et mere ideologisk plan, er at formulere og fremme gennem dens udlevelse en model for en organisation/institution, der indebærer så lidt hierarki og bureaukrati som muligt, fordi disse er i virkeligheden producenterne af individualisering

mere end noget andet. En del af grunden til, at vi laver c/c den måde, vi gør, er helt klart at holde de forskellige arbejds-metoder i kunstverden åbne, og at modstå og kritisere naturaliseringen af arbejdsmetoder som værende nødvendigvis, uundgåeligt selvstændige, karrieredrevne, besat af synlighed, topstyrede, autoritative, uden humor, uvenlige, macho...



ET: Hvad har du fundet ud af indtil videre? Med andre ord, »What is water?«

Det tog mig mange år at finde ud af. Det var en meget fragmenteret forståelse af tingene, og det er derfor, jeg er meget tøvende med hensyn til idealer. Jeg associerer generelt idealer med idéer, der flyder rundt i en form for æter, hvorimod jeg tror, at overbevisninger former sig på en meget pragmatisk måde.

»What is water?« Jeg forstår referencen til David Foster Wallace, og jeg ville ønske, jeg var ligeså velformuleret og inspirerende, som han er i netop den tale, men det er jeg desværre ikke (eller tværtimod – se ovenfor, omkring selv-heroisering). Jeg kan kun citere ham, fordi det er det samme vand,

vi svømmer i – uanset om man er forfatter eller kurator – jeg tror ikke, vandene er forskellige. DFW gav en definition af en forfatters opgave og evner, som ikke findes i den tekst, men i en anden, som er utrolig enkel, men som for mig lyder fuldstændig sand. Han siger, at hans arbejde består i intet andet end dét, at »forsøge at lægge mærke til de ting, som alle andre lægger mærke til, men som ikke rigtig lægger mærke til, at de lægger mærke til«. Jeg elsker denne meget ydmyge definition; dette er, hvad de kunstnere, forfattere og også de komikere, som jeg bedst kan lide, forsøger at gøre, og hvorfor jeg mener, at deres arbejde er vigtigt og skal støttes, fremmes og destilleres i verden. Dette er, hvad jeg forsøger at gøre som underviser og kurator, og som forlægger og alt det der.



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