

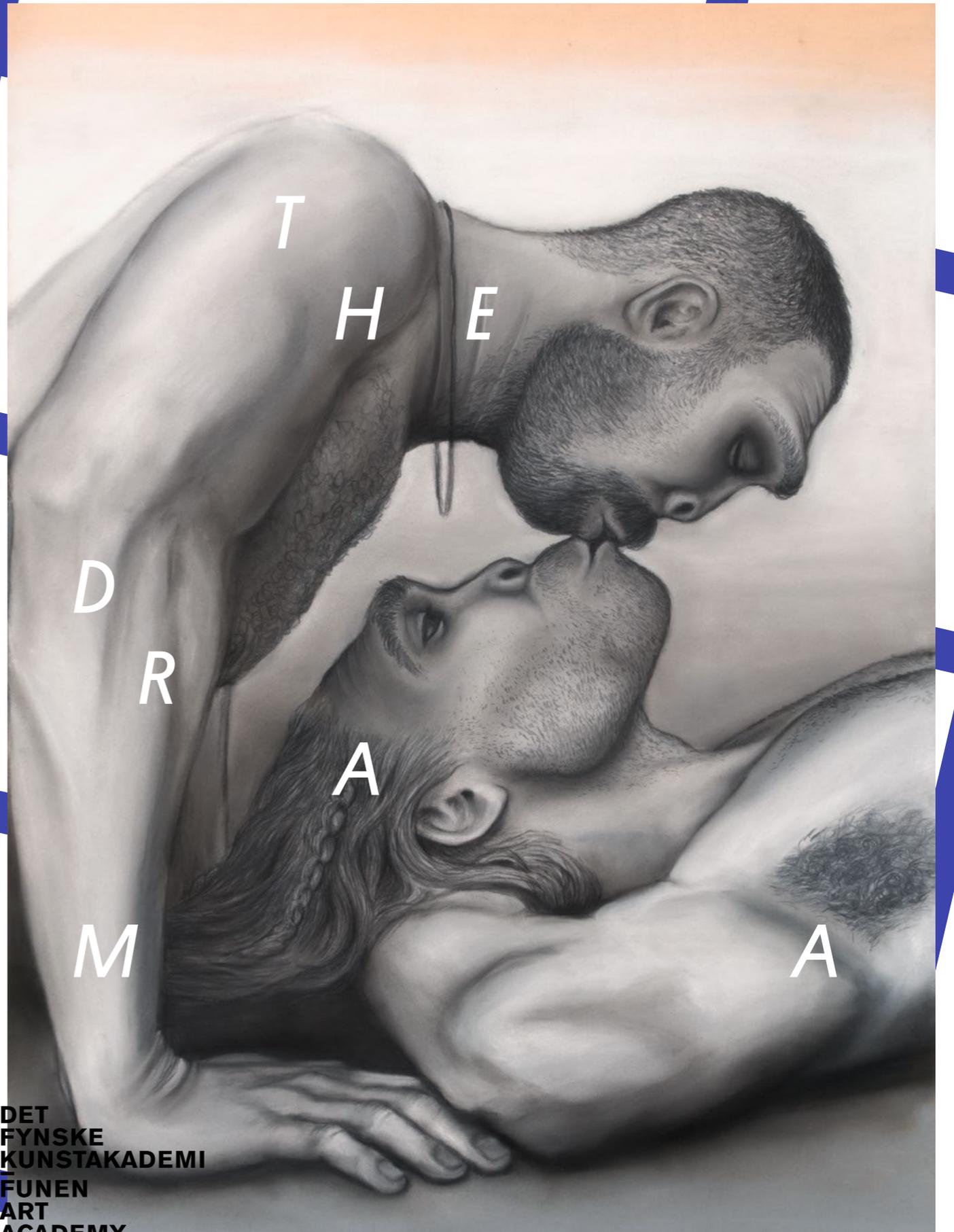
**DET  
FYNSKE  
KUNSTAKADEMI  
FUNEN  
ART  
ACADEMY**

THE DRAMA

FUNEN ART ACADEMY DEGREE SHOW 18

18.05 — 01.07.2018

DET  
FYNSKE  
KUNSTAKADEMI  
FUNEN  
ART  
ACADEMY



# THE DRAMA

*18.05 — 01.07.2018*

**DET  
FYNSKE  
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FÜNEN  
ART  
ACADEMY**



# GUIDE

# INDHOLD // CONTENTS

<b>Charlotte Sprogøe</b> Intro <i>"The Drama"</i>	6
<b>Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen</b> Monologue <i>"For a potential drama"</i>	12 22
<b>Lea Momberg</b>	30
<b>Pernille Kragh Christensen</b> Script <i>"Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp"</i>	38 48
<b>Helene Vestergaard</b>	58
<b>Rasmus Myrup</b> Erotic short story <i>"His Man"</i>	66 76
<b>Bertil Osorio Heltoft</b> Letter <i>"Augments of F."</i>	82 90
<b>Anna Weber Henriksen</b>	94
<b>Jeppe Jørgensen</b> Audioscript <i>"Scrying for the Tide"</i>	104 114

## Charlotte Sprogøe

*“The stage is not merely the meeting place of all the arts, but is also the return of art to life.”*  
Oscar Wilde *The Truth of Masks: a Note on Illusion (an essay of dramatic theory)*

Titlen *The Drama* slår en tone an for Afgang 18, der er tænkt ‘sotto voce’. Det er ikke et tema for værkerne. Det er heller ikke en konkret reference. *The Drama* er en abstrakt ramme for udstillingen som helhed, der peger på det ‘at træde ind på en scene’, på at performe, at iscenesætte, på manuskriptbaserede værker, på karakterernes forskellige positioneringer indenfor kunstfeltet og på vekslene mellem ‘energies’.

Sommeren 2018 afslutter otte kunstnere deres femårige akademiuddannelse på Det Fynske Kunstakademi og træder dermed ind på den professionelle kunstscene: Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen, Lea Momberg, Helene Vestergaard, Pernille Kragh Christensen, Rasmus Myrup, Bertil Osorio Heltoft, Anna Weber Henriksen og Jeppe Jørgensen. Det er en gruppe unge kunstnere, der har studeret sammen og parallelt. De har været på udvekslingsophold, på akademier i Norden og Europa, har fulgt en række forskellige professorer og skabt deres værker i forskellige medier og retninger indenfor samtidskunsten. De er formet af danske, nordiske og internationale påvirkninger, og de har hver især deres udtryk og fokus – og karakter. Deres fælles afsæt er kunstakademiet og her konkret afgangsudstillingen. Begge dele er platforme, hvor kunstnere udvikler hver deres praksis, mens de samtidig reflekterer hinanden, sparrer med hinanden og skaber (projektrum, gallerier og udstillinger, og til afgangsudstillingen, værker) overfor hinanden. Kunstnerne på afgangsholdet kan ses som en trup, et ensemble, koblet til samme kunstinstitution, men med hver deres karakter, sensibilitet og praksis. Denne fælles scene, som akademiet og udstillingen udgør, er afsæt for tænkningen af årets afgang som en ‘scene-opførelse’, der udspiller sig med en række aktører.

Mens fokus på kunstakademiet ligger på udviklingen af værker, afprøvning af teknikker, forsøg med medier, eksperimenter med installationer og sammenstillinger af objekter, så kommer der efter afgang i højere grad et fokus på præsentation af afsluttede, færdige værker. I de kommende år vil kunstnerne blive inviteret til at deltage i en række udstillinger med hver deres koncept, tematik og konstellation af kunstnere – de vil blive sat ind i nye rammer, der både afgrænser oplevelsen af deres værker og tilføjer dem noget. Hver gang foldes værkerne nødvendigvis også ind i en institutionel

## THE DRAMA

*“The stage is not merely the meeting place of all the arts, but is also the return of art to life.”*  
Oscar Wilde *The Truth of Masks: a Note on Illusion (an essay of dramatic theory)*

The title, *The Drama*, is meant to set the tone ‘sotto voce’ for Funen Art Academy’s ‘Degree show 18’. It neither denotes a theme for the works nor is it a concrete reference. *The Drama* is an abstract framework for the exhibition as a whole, and refers to the concept of ‘entering a stage’ – of performativity, orchestrating, of script-based pieces, of the characters’ varying stances on the art scene and of the exchange of ‘energies’.

This summer, eight artists complete their five years of art academy studies at The Funen Art Academy and from here can enter the professional art scene: Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen, Lea Momberg, Helene Vestergaard, Pernille Kragh Christensen, Rasmus Myrup, Bertil Osorio Heltoft, Anna Weber Henriksen and Jeppe Jørgensen. It is a group of young artists that have studied together and in parallel to each other. They have been on exchange programs, attended other academies around Scandinavia and Europe, have followed a range of professors, created their work in different media and explored the many currents of contemporary art. Danish, Nordic, and international influences has formed them and each has developed their own voice and focus. Their common ground is their time at the academy and this final degree show. Both instances are platforms, where the artists develop their practice, while at the same time reflecting each other’s ideas, sparring together and creating (project rooms, galleries, exhibits, and this graduate show) each other. This group of artists can be seen as a troupe, an ensemble linked to the same art institution, yet each with their own character, sensibility and practice. The shared stage, that the academy and this final show represent, forms the idea behind this year’s degree show setup – as a ‘stage performance’ played out by a number of actors.

While at the academy, the focus lies primarily in the development of works of art, assessing techniques, investigating media, and experimenting with installations and juxtapositions of objects, after graduating, a focus is set on the presentation of final and completed art works. In the coming years, these artists will be invited to participate in a range of exhibits, each with a given concept, theme and constellation of artists – they will be thrown into new situations, some of these will put

helhed, som de kan spille med på, eller spille op imod. Receptionen af værkerne vil blive præget af rummene og genstandene omkring dem, når dørene går op for publikum, og udstillingen åbnes.

Mit ønske som kurator på dette års afgangsudstilling er, at kunstnerne, med den prekære position de er givet i kunstverden, formår at være bevidste om det spil mellem elementer der går i gang, når de træder frem på kunstscenen, men at de samtidig ikke bliver styret af det, men fastholder fokus på deres egen eksperimenteren, praksis og proces.

### *Teater*

Det der engang var 'Det Fynske Kunstmuseum' lægger rum til Afgang 18, og som institutionel ramme rummer den en omfattende forhistorie og orkestrering. Med dens dramatiske arkitektur er den i sig selv en del af afgangsudstillingens iscenesættelse: med dens tempelgavl, friser med scener fra Danmarkshistorien og den nordiske mytologi, det sakrale trapperum, balkonerne og de korinthiske søjler samt særligt udstillingssalenes dramaturgiske forløb, der er formet som en fortælling om kunstens udviklingshistorie.

*The Drama* peger også på kunstværkers *Theatricality*, deres indoptagelser af rummet omkring sig og beskuerens oplevelse som del af deres helhed (som kritikeren Michael Fried allerede i 1967 pegede på). Skulptursalen, der er centrum for udstillingen, er med Lea Mombergs *Raidx-Relatio* skabt som et værk man kan træde ind på. Det er et gulvbaseret værk, et 'grid', der fungerer som en slags 'spikes' på en scene, der angiver, hvor hvad skal stå placeret. Ligesådan lægger andre rum op til, at man bevæger sig ind i installationerne. F.eks. øverst i trapperummet, hvor Jeppe Jørgensens virtual reality installation '*Scrying for the Tide*' skal ses fra lejet af en hængekøje.

Grid-gulvet og hængekøjen er både remedier/objekter og en art events, der lægger op til noget performativt. Ligesådan er Anna Weber Henriksens installation *Landskabsforme* også et oplæg til handling - her kunstnerens egen undersøgelse af jorden og landskabsformationerne under museumsbygningen.

Flere af værkerne er sceniske og er baseret på manuskripter, der bliver til handlinger. De har hver deres form for dramaturgi, performativitet og fortælling: *Sisters of Iris Valerie Camp* af Pernille Kragh Christenen, *Broadcaster* af Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen, *Homo Homo Love Nest Diorama* af Rasmus Myrup, *Scrying for the Tide* af Jeppe Jørgensen og også Annas Weber Henriksens *Landskabsforme*. Det menneskelige (eller kulturens) vilkår ligger som omdrejningspunkt i værkerne på forskellig vis. Andre er rumlige og billedmæssige undersøgelser af forholdet mellem figurer og grund. Genstandene, deres fremkomster - og vores erfaring af dem.

Køn - agens, roller og identitet er et andet performativt spor, der går igen i flere værker. På *Afgang 18* optræder xenofeminisme, homo homo palæoantropologi, et moderfår og biomassen og en camp'et påført kvindelighed:

limits on the experience of viewing their particular work and some that will augment this same experience. Each time their work is invited to be enfolded into an institutional framework, they will have to make the choice of either playing along with, or playing against it. The reception of their work will be influenced by the rooms and objects surrounding them when the doors open to the public and the exhibition is launched.

As the curator of this years graduate show, my wish is, given the precarious positions the artist hold in the contemporary world, that these artists will have the ability to be conscious of the play of elements that are set in motion as they enter the art scene, while at the same time to not be controlled by them, but instead, stay focused on their own experimentation, practice and processes.

### *Theater*

What used to be known as Funen Art Museum will be hosting *The Drama*, and, as the institutional framework, will include its wide-ranging past history and orchestration. The dramatic architecture of the space is in itself a part of the graduate shows' staging: with its temple-like facade, the friezes depicting scenes of Denmark's history and Nordic mythology, its sacrosanct stairwell, balconies and Corinthian columns as well as the exhibition room's narrative progression that tells a mise-en-scene story of art and its evolution.

*The Drama* also points at the *Theatricality* of the art works, their incorporation of the space surrounding them and the spectators' experience as parts of their whole (as the art critic Michael Fried pointed out back in 1967). The sculpture hall is the crux for the show and Lea Mombergs '*Raidx-Relatio*', is created as a piece that one can step onto. It is a floor-based work, a 'grid' that acts a type of 'spikes' on a stage that indicates where things (and actors) are to be placed. In this same way, other rooms invite one to move into an installation, an example of this is at the top of the staircase where Jeppe Jørgensens virtual reality installation, '*Scrying for the Tide*', can be viewed from the berth of a hammock.

Both the 'grid-floor' and the hammock are *props/objects* and events in art that are referentially performative. In much the same way, Anna Weber Henriksens '*Landskapes*' is also a proposition to action - here it is the artists' own exploration of the earth and formations underneath the museum building.

A number of works are scenic and based on scripts that invite actions. They each have their own dramaturgy, performativity and narrative: *Sisters of Iris Valerie Camp* by Pernille Kragh Christenen, *Broadcaster* by Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen, *Homo Homo Love Nest Diorama* by Rasmus Myrup, *Scrying for the Tide* by Jeppe Jørgensen and Annas Weber Henriksen's *Landskapes*. The human (or cultural) conditions are the focus of attention that are presented here, in various manifestations of the works. Another focal point is the spatial and visual examinations of the relation between figures and ground. Objects, their emergence- and our experience of them.

*“It’s one thing to say that gender is performed and that is a little different from saying gender is performative. When we say gender is performed we usually mean that we’ve taken on a role or we’re acting in some way and that our acting or our role-playing is crucial to the gender that we are and the gender that we present to the world. To say that gender is performative is a little different because for something to be performative means that it produces a series of effects. We act and walk and speak and talk in ways that consolidate an impression of being a man or being a woman.”* – skriver den amerikanske filosof Judith Butler.

Ligesom et teater er blevet beskrevet som et system sammensat til at transformere energier, gestik og puls (af den franske filosof Jean Francois Lyotard – som *‘un theatre energetique’*), kan en udstilling også ses som en struktur, der former skiftende gestik og energi. Det er ikke én samlet historie eller ét udtryk, men en række dynamikker, udtryk og handlinger, der optræder sammen på *Afgang 18*.

#### **Sceneinstruktøren**

*“Nej, Teatrets Kunst er hverken Spillet eller Stykket; den er ikke Dekorationer eller Dans, men den er formet af de Elementer, af hvilke disse Ting er sammensat: Gestus, som er selve Nerven i Spillet; Ord, som er Fundamentet i Stykket; Linier og Farver, som er dekorationernes Liv; Rytme, som er Essensen i al Dans”* – Gordon Craig *‘Teatrets Kunst’*.

Gender – agency, roles and identity, is another performative trail throughout the exhibition. *The Drama* presents xenofeminism, homo homo Palaeoanthropology, a mother-sheep and the bio-mass as well as a campily applied femininity:

*“It’s one thing to say that gender is performed and that is a little different from saying gender is performative. When we say gender is performed we usually mean that we’ve taken on a role or we’re acting in some way and that our acting or our role-playing is crucial to the gender that we are and the gender that we present to the world. To say that gender is performative is a little different because for something to be performative means that it produces a series of effects. We act and walk and speak and talk in ways that consolidate an impression of being a man or being a woman.”* – writes the American philosopher Judith Butler.

As the theater is described as a system put in place to transform ‘energies’, gestures and rhythms (by the French philosopher, Jean Francois Lyotard, as *‘a theater of energy’*), an exhibit can be seen as a structure that forms gestures and intensity. It is not a comprehensive history or expression, more a range of dynamics, expressions and actions that perform concurrently at *The Drama*.

#### **Stage-Director**

*“No; the Art of the Theatre is neither acting nor the play, it is not scene nor dance, but it consists of all the elements of which these things are composed : action, which are the very spirit of acting ; words, which is the body of the play ; line and color, which are the very heart of the scene ; rhythm, which is the very essence of danse.”* – Edward Gordon Craig *‘The Art of Theatre - The First Dialogue’*.



Broadcaster  
2018  
// Silicone, epoxy, aluminium, steel, servo motors, micro controller

# JONAS KJELDGAARD SØRENSEN

*It will do  
Hey you.  
I'm here.*

*It will do.*

*Until now, the sheep have not had any reliable spokesperson, a reliable witness. There have been animated avatars. For them, to be in business and in touch with the market, the sheep call them by the professional name: a shepherd. But no one can speak for himself anymore, voices are floating and all the actors are made to speak. We are already being amplified infinitely around the globe, carried by my fleshy colleagues, my fellow sheep. But your pre-coded cultural understanding of my fleshy colleagues doesn't allow you to see us as more than "silly sheep".*  
– Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen, intro til monologen 'For a Potential Drama'

Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen's fåre-animatronik, *Broadcaster*, er det første, der møder gæsterne på *Afgang 18, The Drama*. Det allerførste, der møder os, er dens stemme uden for bygningen. To massive højtalere transmitterer dyrets monolog ud på Odenses gader. Fåret bliver således til en art *Prologus*, der reciterer skuespillets forord.

Stemmen er traditionelt direkte bundet til krop, bevidsthed og tanke og giver os en oplevelse af den karakter, der taler. Talen opstår og forsvinder, den er på én gang nærvær og fravær. Dens pauser, intensitet, dens skift i rytme og flow er dens *"theater of energies"*, dens drama.

Animatronikken selv er placeret centralt foran trappepartiet i kunstmuseets foyer, på samme plads som Henrik B. Andersens emblematiske bronzestatue *Ostranenie* (1989-1993), som forestiller en impala nedsunken i sin bronzesokkel. Lige som den står *Broadcaster*, med dens fårehoved og elektronik, og ser gæsterne i øjnene, når de træder ind i rummet. *Ostranenie*, oprindelig brugt i den russiske formalisme, betyder at gøre noget velkendt fremmedartet, eller forskelligt fra, hvordan vi har for vane at se det. Ligesådan er en animatronik en robot-teknik, der giver livlignende karakter til en ting, og dermed gør den til både objekt og væsen i sig selv.

Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen beskriver *Broadcaster* som en skuespiller og dens hoved som et teknologisk orkester af motorer. Teknologien har så at sige indtaget fårekroppen og iscenesat sig selv i dens ufarlige form. Den er en maske og selve 'databankens' interface.

*Smile. Blink. Look left. and Look right.  
Smile. Blink. Look left. and Look right.*

Fåret er billede på en 'biomasse', der siden den græske mytologi og kristendommens opståen har været symbol på levende væsener, der bruges, misbruges eller ofres. I kapitalismen er dens uld et afsæt for industrialiseringen, *"wool has ruled the world"*, hedder det i manuskriptet til værket, og i dag bliver fåret klonet og genmanipuleret.

*Broadcaster* er moderfåret, det første får skabt i animatronik-form. *"Fablen bliver til virkelighed"*, skriver kunstneren, og man fornemmer, at dette blot kan være det første elektroniske får af mange.

*"I copied a human voice as an attempt to call forth my shadow voice.  
The voice of the sheep."*

Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen arbejder med performance, installation, teater og objekter. Han har skabt performances og udstillet i Danmark og i udlandet bl.a. på Vejle Kunstmuseum, Gl. Strand og en mængde festivaller. Han er i bestyrelsen for *Ringsted Galleriet*.

*It will do  
Hey you.  
I'm here.*

*It will do.*

*Until now, the sheep have not had any reliable spokesperson, a reliable witness. There have been animated avatars. For them, to be in business and in touch with the market, the sheep call them by the professional name: a shepherd. But no one can speak for himself anymore, voices are floating and all the actors are made to speak. We are already being amplified infinitely around the globe, carried by my fleshy colleagues, my fellow sheep. But your pre-coded cultural understanding of my fleshy colleagues doesn't allow you to see us as more than "silly sheep".*  
– Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen 'For a Potential Drama' intro.

Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen's' sheep animatronik, *Broadcaster* is the first piece guests at the Degree show 18, *The Drama*, experience. Even before entering the building, one will hear the sheep's voice. Two massive speakers transmit the animals' monologue onto the streets of Odense. The sheep becomes the *Prologus*, reciting the lines from the beginning of the play .

Traditionally, the voice is attached to a body, and its' thoughts and consciousness, giving us a sense of the speakers' character. Speech appears and disappears, it is both present and absent. The intensity and rhythmic shifts in tempo and flow is its 'theater of energies' and its drama.

The animatronik is installed in the central staircase of the art museum foyer in the same space as Henrik B. Andersen's emblematic bronze statue, *Ostranenie* (1989-1993) that represents a impala sunken into a bronze pedestal. In the same manner, *Broadcaster* with its sheeps head and electronic attachments stares straight at the guests as they enter the space. *Ostranenie* originally had its use in Russian Formalism where it was used to describe making something familiar unfamiliar, or, different from the way we are used to perceiving it. In the same way, an animatronik is a robotic device that gives a thing human characteristics thus turning it into object and being, at the same time.

Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen describes *Broadcaster* as an actor and its head a technological orchestra of motors. In a manner of speaking, technology has taken over the body of the sheep and staged itself in an unthreatening manner. It is a mask and the actual interface of the databank.

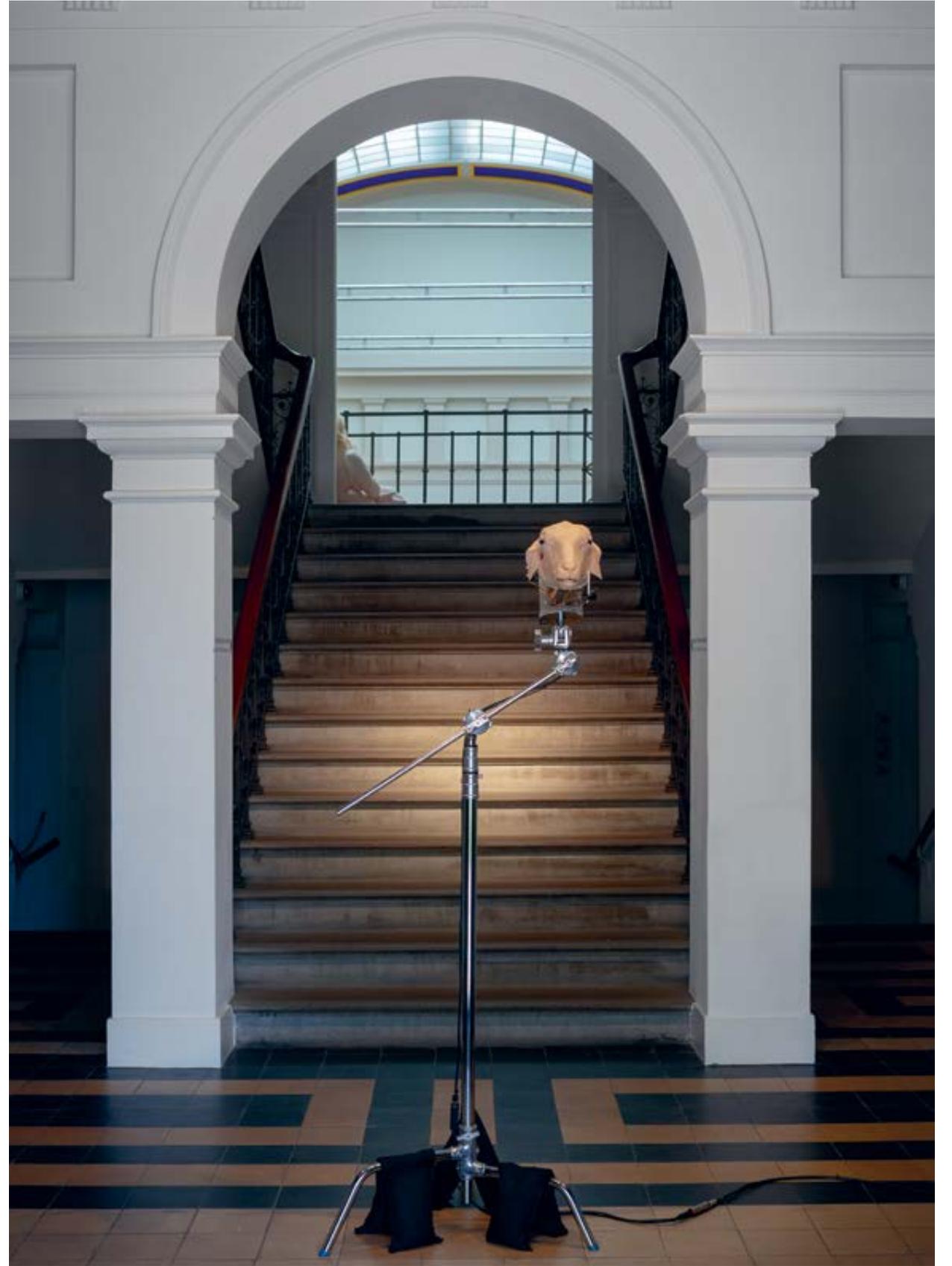
*Smile. Blink. Look left. And look right.  
Smile. Blink. Look left. And look right.*

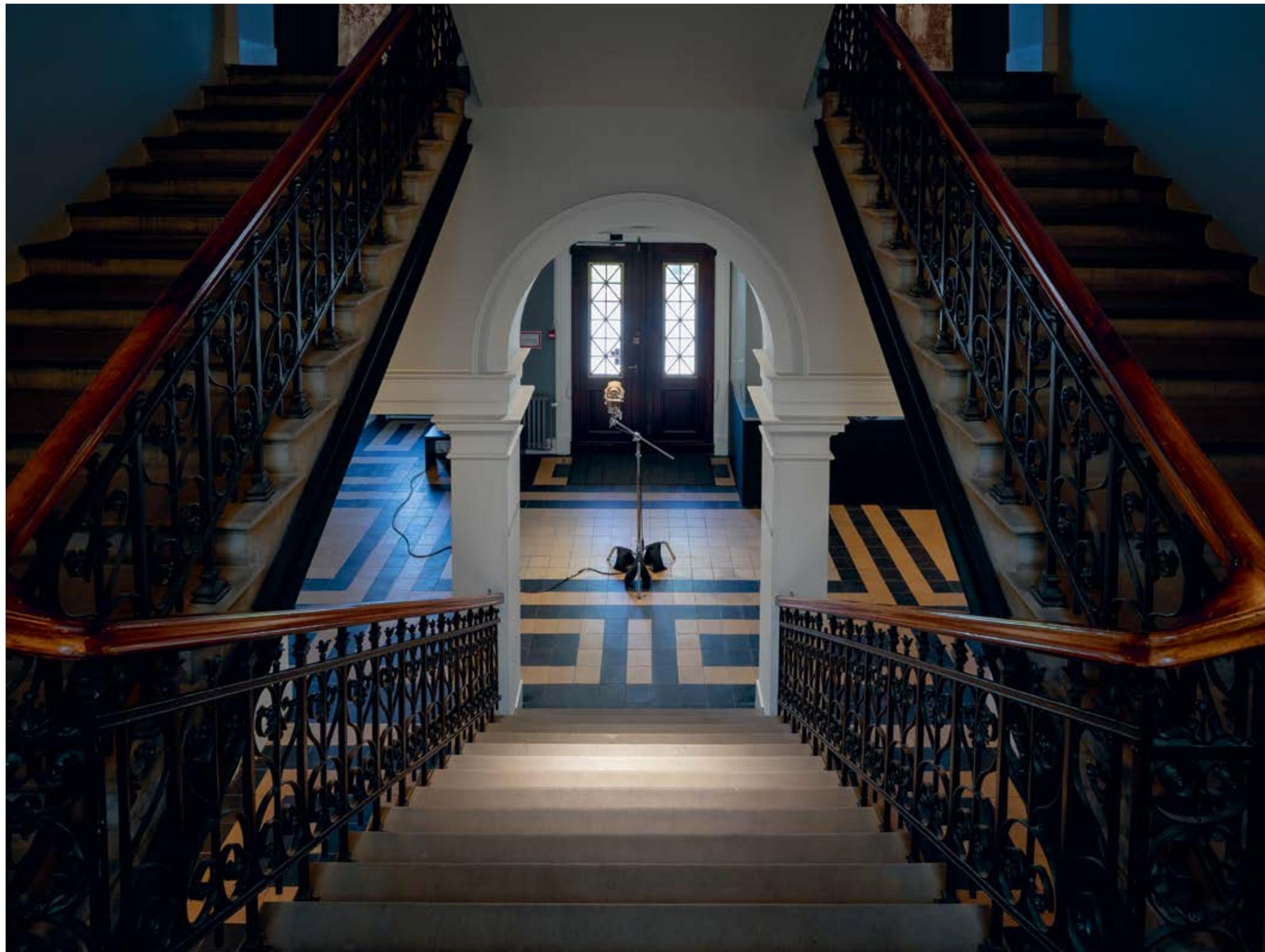
The sheep is an image of a biomass – it has been the symbol of creatures being used, abused or sacrificed since Greek mythology and the beginning of Christianity. In Capitalism, its wool is the catalyst for industrialization. *"Wool has ruled the world"* the manuscript for this work states. Today, sheep are cloned and gene-manipulated.

*Broadcaster* is the mother sheep, the first animatronik sheep. The artist writes *"The fable becomes reality"*, and one senses that this is the first of many electronic sheep.

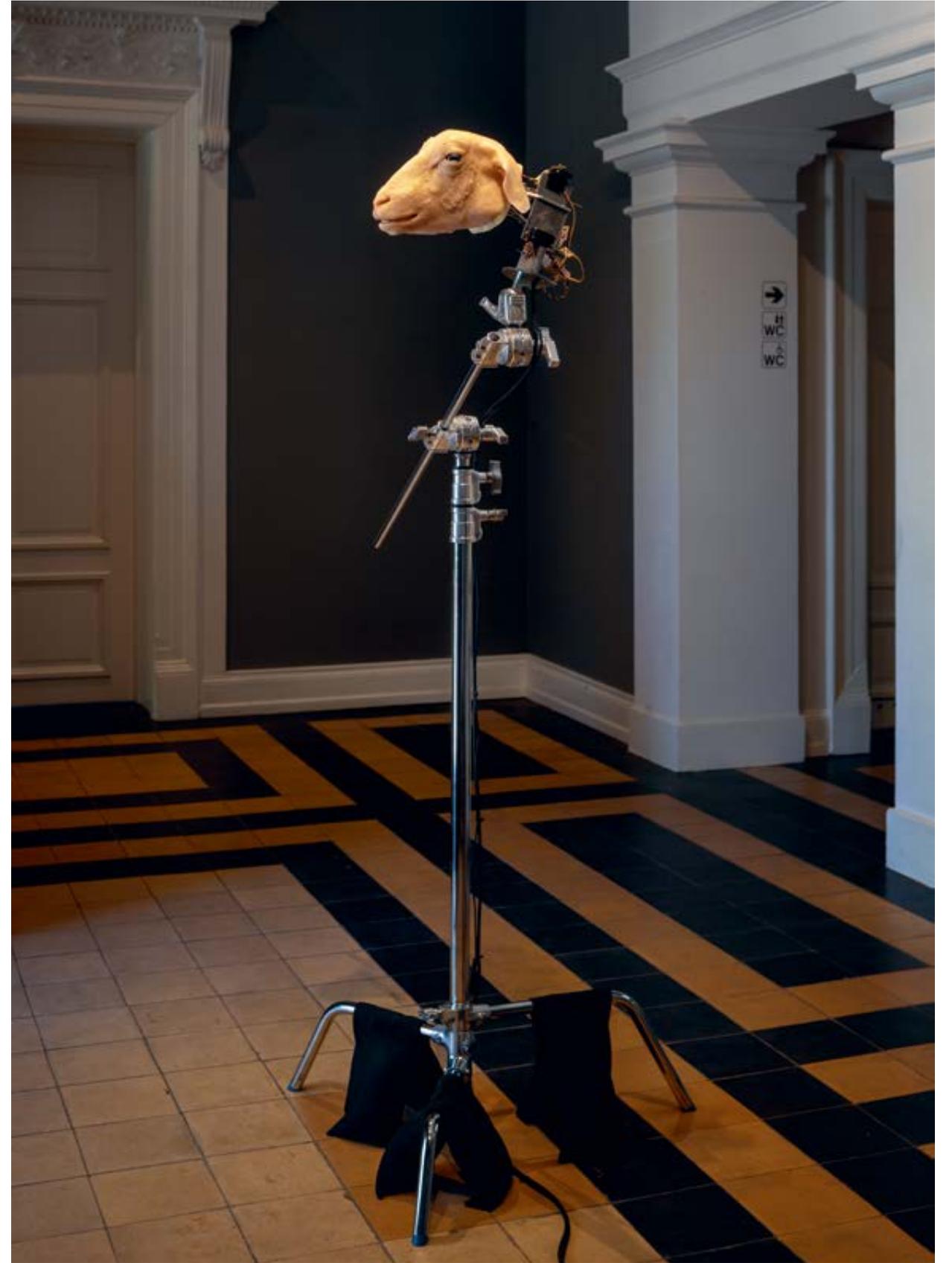
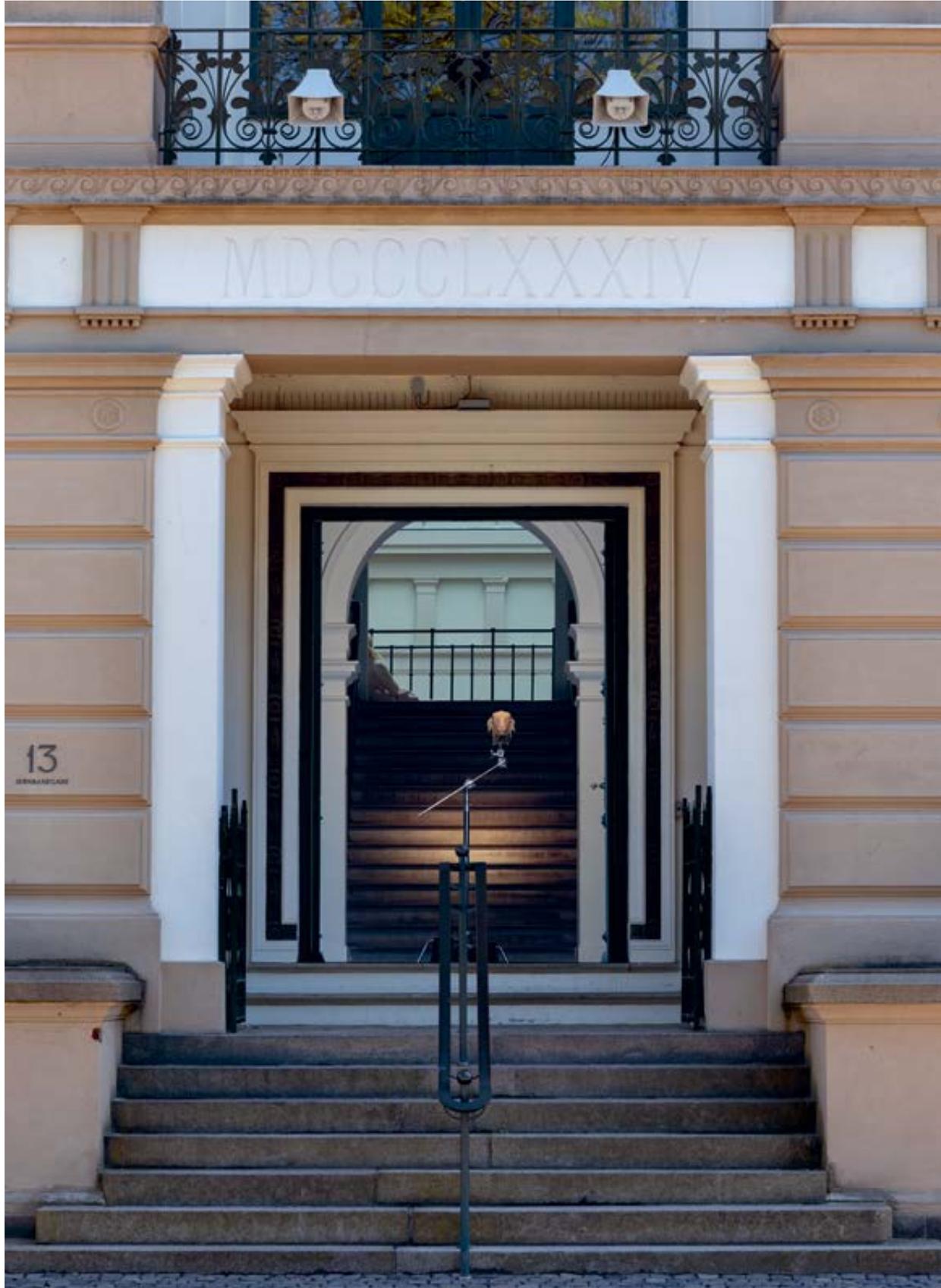
*"I copied a human voice as an attempt to call forth my shadow voice.  
The voice of the sheep."*

Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen is working in performance, installation, theatre and objects. He has created performances and exhibited in Denmark and abroad, at, amongst others, Vejle Art Museum, Gl. Strand, and at several festivals. He is part of the board at *Ringsted Galleriet*.





*Broadcaster  
2018  
Silicone, epoxy, aluminium, stål,  
servo motors, micro controller  
// Silicone, epoxy, aluminium, steel,  
servo motors, micro controller*



## *For a potential drama*

— Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen  
Monologue performed by “Broadcaster” — a sheep animatronic

### **It will do**

Hey you.  
I'm here.

It will do.

Until now, the sheep have not had any reliable spokesperson, a reliable witness. There have been animated avatars. For them, to be in business and in touch with the market, the sheep call them by the professional name: a shepherd. But no one can speak for himself anymore, voices are floating and all the actors are made to speak. We are already being amplified infinitely around the globe, carried by my fleshy colleagues, my fellow sheep. But your pre-coded cultural understanding of my fleshy colleagues doesn't allow you to see us as more than “silly sheep”.

For centuries, parliamentarians have been sitting on a velvet puff, a sack full of wool. The woollensack. They have feathered their nest with wool, to remind them of the nation of sheep farmers, shepherds of wool, their guardians. The parliamentarians have felt the bounce of the elastic woollen fibre, while it unnoticed has loaded their data and transmitted it by using body temperature as a catalyst. Sucking the parliamentarians, as vampires, for data, for the woollen fibre to conquer...  
'Ladies', enough! It's too early to introduce the woollen fibre, and let the story be entangled with another reality!

### **We need to talk about sheep**

You and I, we need to talk about, sheep! No one specific!

Tied to a contract, no one ever really negotiated,  
Reluctant to interact with humans,  
we were friends, later we became partners, then workers, and now 'work'.  
Language never played a role in our relationship; the wool-working hands regulated it.  
My fleshy colleagues became the perfect image of a domesticated animal,  
an animal of economic theory.

The wool is only a touch away.  
Soft like summer rain, wool sorts and absorbs,  
by ways of a trained passivity,  
The woollen fibre owns your data; it just walks through every border control of ownership.

We animated the shepherd,  
he became part of our sci-fi reality and lost his control to us.  
We use him as a human avatar, for keeping us in business and being in touch with the market.

Following the fluctuation of the market,  
pulsing, its waves passed through us, dictating our weight, our volume, our consciousness.  
The woollen fibre operates as panels, regulating specific frequencies by absorbing noise,  
removing the pitch, the high pitch from their sonic play,  
panels, folded by the social fabric.  
I question the agenda of it,  
the fabric of capitalism,  
All its actions there move the fabric.  
Cloth is the hand that always surrounds us.

I'm looking at the patterns that are shaping the body; they perceive and transmit accumulated data. Surfaces of sound regulation, folds wrapped around bodies, standing in contrapposto, diagonally placed across the room, eliminating sound waves to move in coherence.

I do not know the structure behind us; like, I could just be a server, a data center placed strategically for the wool to be traded and absorb the accumulated data. I am perhaps the "Silly Sheep" that the English language has implied. A static sheepish mask; casted and applied with glue to my face or what it is that lies behind the coloured elastic silicone.

My ambitions are way above being a data center; cubes, drawn by lazy architects.

Placed in the deserts, on fields, in landscapes, winding through the cable-roads, taking up the position of the grazing sheep, their browsing through the accumulated data. Guarded, behind fences, by guards and dogs, to ensure its layers of raw data, raw/ /wool before it is sorted, washed, carded, spun, before twisting and weaving, before any cut is introduced.

I just operate in more than two dimensions; I actually don't work in dimensions, it is more of a curly fluidity. A vacuum for the wool working hands.

Data centers keep sound separated from the movements of reality.

Like mills in calm industrial quarters; where sounds are kept inside, behind the double doors.

It appears as the weight of the cloud, a portal structure, of immanence.

It's the weight, in itself, the weight of it. Kept in baskets, stuffed in sack after sack. Loaded for the roads, some for the sea, and others for over and out. A travel agent, smuggling information across borders, without any notice. On the road, we replaced Hermes with our corpse, the mythological character materialises now as a non-arrogant figure of observation, a figure of slowness, flying on woollen clouds – thereby depicted and shaped by daydreaming bodies in the grass.

Instead of forever hovering above, I'd like to feel a weight grow in me to end the infinity and to tether me to Earth.

Do no more than look! Assemble. Testify. Preserve! Remain sheep. Keep your distance! Keep your word. Only the Roman roads still lead somewhere, only the most ancient traces lead anywhere. Transhumance. Moving across, crossing borders, moving in folds of the social fabric.

#### **The Whole Wool World**

Cables run as my technological nerve system behind silicone and fibreglass.

Cables crossing the oceans, lands and rivers – placed strategically for a pronounced distribution of data.

Golden push rod cables manoeuvre my facial expression. Behind every push and pull into the hero skin of me sits a servo, a micro-motor organised by controllers; they remember my commandoes.

Like me, Disneyland's robots are without IQ, they operate as actors, with precision and permission. Forced to begin when started, and end when shut down.

Technology requires predictable orders to work properly.

A score for the stage. A performed thinking that is designed to operate where robots are running the business.

Miss, let us take a turn about the room. It's refreshing, is it not, after sitting so long in one attitude?

I could work as an illusionist? You just need to believe in me, that I can handle your unconsciousness. It's giving you the opportunity to just release, and drift away, on a woollen impression cloud. Letting a data stream link up to our server, maintained by flocks of sheep, fractal coded operations. Here are all your dreams caught up, stored and deleted.

There are so many good things. But you're not there.

I'm here. I wish you were here.

We're representing the people now, and the whole place is full of those who are dreaming the same dream. We are deciding everyone's game.

As you like, I'm ready.

To the Babylonian dream.

Warm the irons!

The Whole Wool World.

It's showtime.

I will be back after a short interval.

*30 seconds of silence*

#### **Walking**

I saw them grazing the other day! – It was on my daily routine trail through Victoria Park. Few of them were there, none of them were reacting to my presence – they just continued in their act of browsing through their new field. I don't know if their lives are depicted on clover. But I tell you, their focus was as if they have found fairy gold.

You are walking.

Carrying it around, weaving the satellites of the woollen fibre.

Weaving us together,

speaking spells by singing from the loom.

If it happens, it will happen,

It happened, fixtures in woven fabric, in woven writing, in texts of resistance by weaving the words.

We call the rebel weaver, claiming the loom fist.

I want to weave that bit.

You can sew nearly anything into the canvas of a coat,

Hidden things stitched in the lining of a garment,

woven, as things, only we knew were there,

The corporation started hiding messages in the woven garment

– secrets, told by the fibre, as an ally.

Who this knowledge is preserved for is no longer clear.

Human perspective is no longer valid, in a scenario of robots.

The secrets are decoded by the formation of the fully assembled garment.

Layer upon layer.

Chalk, draw the contour of the individual pieces, led by rulers and specially designed wooden tools, leaving marks on the horizontally laid out garment, vertical writing done on gigantic blackboards maintained by women brought to them after hours of transport through cable laid on the bottom of the sea, hanging in the air, sewn in their jackets, sealed by the embroidered monograms on the handkerchief.

Set into action, the winder is turning; the reel is spinning, leaving no time for lazy hands.

Typed on paper, cut into pieces, thrown over masses of celebration,

called by your name, the avatar throws it up, sign language against your face,

on the floor, sweaty bodies rubbing against each other,  
in the shine of the afternoon desk.

The petal of the flower is the banker's marker of time.  
When the petal fall to the marble floor,  
in shades of the room it is reflecting the fall of the curtain,  
the release of the petal starts the market before noon.

If we believed in voodoo, nobody was more influential in the public affairs than the  
tailors, the dresser of the stage. An act of drawing up from underneath.  
Programming a vivid microchip.

Programmed by the tailor,  
0 by 1, stitch, by stitch, over the horses back,  
a delicate gesture of the horsetail told on your pronounced chest.  
Curling the lapel,  
steaming the fixture, as a Turkish bath for the woollen fibre,  
when steam is introduced to the garment, it is when shape and memory need to be  
deleted and replaced with another.  
To be a shoulder with attitude,  
cut from the fabric of surfaces,  
and raised in shapes by the scissor's cut,  
reminiscence of chalk depicted in the elevated woollen tentacles,  
let the seam come through,  
full steam ahead, fire, fire, fire with charcoal,  
chooga, chooga, chooga,  
and gentle pressure, / let dry,  
absorbed by the padded ham.  
A new memory has loaded, programmed by the tailor,  
ready to access the shoulders of 'the power'.  
The dress of the sheep becomes the dress of mankind.  
Whatever you do, do it carefully.

As part of an analogue piece of surveillance equipment, I question:  
Who benefits, us, or whoever – or whatever, sits behind the controls?  
Who would take sheep to London?  
Wool has ruled the world,  
Accumulated money by its elasticity,  
Willingness for shape shifting, workable in its nature,  
with glossy appearance and dirt-proof.

#### **You haven't seen me for ages**

You haven't seen me for ages! We were forgotten under a blanket of leaves. Under your  
palm, the fences were destroyed. Forgotten, and never restored.  
To be like ghosts. It was tough, time passed. We passed away.

I'm calling to be a sheep, not a shadow.  
Establishing a vocabulary to talk about sheep, refurbish our position as a domes-  
ticated animal. Establishing an act of levitation, from an object of quantitative  
research to a humanistic topic, where my fleshy colleagues and I become subjects of  
curiosity.  
To become part of the "New We".

I'm single, part of a cross-planetary partnership.  
It stretches out over and beyond the globe,  
to then return in to the will of the consumer.

Optimising, adaption, change, coded and programmed into every single fibre of the body.  
It rests in a sphere of flexibility and adaption.  
It is growing as an elastic woollen cloud floating in the air.  
But it's no longer clear who the receivers are.

Ladies and gentlemen, and all the rest.  
Humans dream of sheep.  
And I will transport you,  
I dream of becoming a tulip bulb,  
I aspire to a life as a corkscrew curl.  
I dream of touring, internationally, playing for sold-out crowds.  
Appear, visually, like the woollen fibre has performed, and filled the ether.  
I just love that there is a business around it, servicing the establishment, get-  
ting things rolling. When the ball is spinning, and the floor is packed. I just love  
casinos.

I'm here.

I can't work like this!  
What goes wrong?  
For one thing, until that mark in the pattern, I haven't been facing the audience.

And I forget. I forget the proportions.  
Proper lip-syncs are not my speciality; I'm flapping with my jaw, not actually forming  
the correct mouth shapes for each syllable. Some of the cuttings are a little tricky.  
That's not it!

Do you have other solutions?  
I received a "back-of-the-envelope-calculation" the other day, the paper was fading  
from white to brown, and when I handled it, it turned yellow. I couldn't read the  
handwriting; it was a complete mess, a total squiggle. I assume it has to do with my  
questions for tomorrow's news. It was written in black ink. I can't read the prophecy  
of my personal prediction.  
When the sea sheep forecast their coming, they ride the waves as the Valkyries to the  
hill of the slain. The carriage of our "wool by sea" rendering it cheaper on the mainland.  
I'm asking questions that don't yet have answers, about how things will look like in  
two, five, ten years' time.

Technology will find births in the cast of a sheep. Accelerating. A morphing. To  
become the figure of the mother, a domesticated par excellence. Gosh. Golly Gosh.  
Remember that I'm the wrong one!  
Well, what is it then?

#### **Rehearsal**

Considering the chance to be thrown out of sync by sources outside of oneself.

I will just perform a piece of rehearsal. Occupying time by revealing the fragments of  
the flow.

My subjectivity, and this cloak of silicone, is the body shaped as a consequence of  
technological and performative conditions. Rehearsing is part of my daily routine; I  
practise specific motions, for maintaining a handful of attitudes that lead me to a  
better understanding of my parameters.

Smile. Blink. Look left. Look right.  
Smile. Blink. Look left. Look right.

He said: "We have rehearsed it!" He continued: "... but you were not there on that day".  
Colleagues of mine, rehearse for maintaining their interior, keeping the mechanical  
parts rolling, minimising lags and glitches.  
I rehearse not to forget.

I'm uncanny. Tempting as the new technology allows me to be.  
I always rehearse the same sentence followed by a free-face phrase. After a countdown  
from ten, it reactivates the monologue of the hour and starts again.

The sentence goes:

I'm an animatronic programmed as a talking sheep's head.  
I operate as an artwork; designed, produced and authorised by the artist.  
I dub this picked-up voice.  
I copied a human voice as an attempt to call forth my shadow voice.  
The voice of the sheep.

*Free-face phrase.*

*Looping.*



Raidx-Relatio  
2018

Ultramarin, tape, Brandts 13 og Tirkanten  
//Ultramarine, tape, Brandts 13 and the square

# LEA MOMBERG

*“The grid’s mythic power is that it makes us able to think we are dealing with materialism (or something science, or logic) while at the same time it provides us with a release into belief (or illusion, or fiction)” – Rosalind Krauss, Grids, 1979.*

Lea Mombergs værk til Afgang 18, *Raidx-Relatio*, er et massivt grid-system, der dækker hele skulptursalens gulv, 15x11 meter. Et grid er en simpel gennemgribende netstruktur, en serie af linier, der lægger sig ind over sit materiale og indordner det i ensrettede felter. Det er som sådan en ren geometrisk konstruktion, umiddelbart renset for organisk aftryk eller emotionelt præg.

Grid’et her er sted-specifikt, det forholder sig til det rigt dekorerede kasetteloft over salen med dets ultramarin blå felter og gule linjer. Det genspejler mosaikkernes baner rundt om i museumsbygningens klinker og fliser, og det er afstemt til rummets proportioner. Over gulvet hænger en metalrig, hvor der kan monteres lamper og scenografiske elementer. Det hedder *grid’et* på teatersprog.

Museets skulptursal, der er formet efter klassisk ideal som en cella, templetbygningens kerne, hvor dens helligdom opbevares, bliver med Mombergs værk understreget som et mødested: En fælles scene for alle de kunstværker, der er installeret i rummet, hvor de nødvendigvis optræder i relation til hinanden. Grid’et bliver her en form for universelt rodnet, hvorfra alle værkerne spirer frem.

*“Historien er som et rodnet, der er med til at definere mit dannede jeg. Grid’et ligger som en fastlåst struktur, der skaber orden. Men den manglende bevægelsesfrihed er mig til både frustration og vrede.” – Lea Momberg*

Grid’et er blevet emblematiske for modernismen – fra Kubismen, De Stijl, til Minimalismen (og i dag for den computerbaserede kunst). En abstrakt formentænkning, hvor den rene, teknologiske struktur er grundlæggende for opbygningen af alt fra computersystemer til bystrukturer. I kunsten står det dog også for det mytiske og for åndeligheden. Ser man på mellemrummet mellem linjerne kan hvert lille felt også ses som steder, hvor selv-skabelse (*autopoiesis*) kan finde sted:

*“The Grid’s two-dimensional discipline also creates undreamt-of freedom for three-dimensional anarchy. The Grid defines a new balance between control and de-control .....”* skriver den hollandske arkitekt Rem Koolhaas.

I *Raidx-Relatio* understreger grid’et, at alle installationerne er dannet af samme grundlag og må forholde sig til hinanden – men også, at rummet her er et sted, hvor kunstnerisk tænkninng kan finde ny fremtrædelsesform, om og om igen.

Lea Momberg har arbejdet med Grid’s igennem en række tidligere værker. Hun har udstillet bl.a. i Ærø, Svendborg, Odense og Gjældsted, samt på Spire festival. Parallelt med sit virke som kunstner, har hun et omfattende kuratorisk virke på kunstnerdrevne udstillingssteder, og som stifter af *Organon* på Fyn. *Raidx-Relatio* er som sådan også et værk, der peger tilbage på hendes praksis som en der skaber grundlaget for andre kunstnere.

*“The grid’s mythic power is that it makes us able to think we are dealing with materialism (or something science, or logic) while at the same time it provides us with a release into belief (or illusion, or fiction)” – Rosalind Krauss, Grids, 1979.*

Lea Momberg’s piece for *The Drama, Raidx-Relatio*, is a massive grid system covering the entire 15 m x 11 m floor of the sculpture room. A grid is an all encompassing yet simple network of a series of lines that is laid over its material fitting it into a unidirectional field. It presents as a purely geometrical construction, seemingly free of organic traces or emotion.

The grid is site-specific, in dialogue with the richly decorated and coffered ceiling of the room with its fields of ultramarine blue, and yellow lines. It reflects the rows of mosaic work lining the museum’s stones and tiles and balances the proportions of the room itself. A metal rig where lights and other scenographic elements can be attached, called *the grid* in theater jargon, hangs above the floor.

The Museums sculpture hall, formed employing the Classic ideal - as a *cella* - the holy core of Temple architecture, is highlighted by Momberg’s piece as a meeting place. A communal stage for all the artworks installed in the room, where they necessarily present themselves in relation to one another. The grid, thus becomes a type of universal network from where all the works germinate.

*“History is comparable to a network that, in part, defines my cultivated Self. The grid appears as a fixed system that fosters order. Yet the lack of freedom of movement brings me to a state of distress and aggression.” – Lea Momberg*

The grid has become emblematic for Modernism - from Cubism and De Stijl to Minimalism (as well as the computer-based art of today). An abstract mode of thought whereby a clean, technological structure is fundamental for the construction of everything from computer systems to city planning. Yet its’ use in art often symbolizes mysticism and spirituality. If one looks at the spaces between the lines, one can see each little field as places for self-creation (*autopoiesis*):

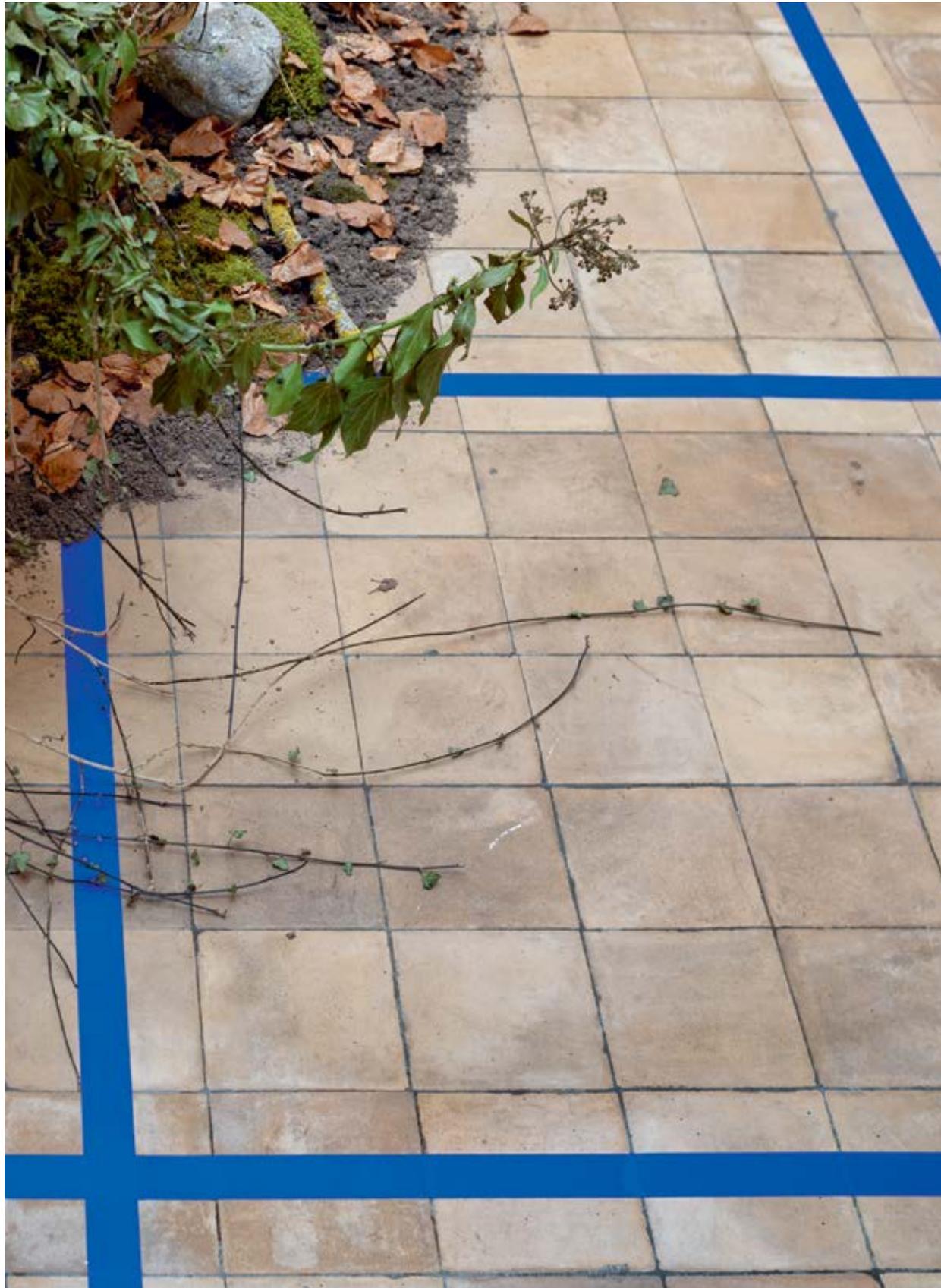
*“The Grid’s two-dimensional discipline also creates undreamt-of freedom for three-dimensional anarchy. The Grid defines a new balance between control and de-control .....”* the Dutch architect, Rem Koolhaas writes.

In *Raidx-Relatio* the grid underscores that all the elements of this installation are generated from the same foundation and must relate to one another – and that the room itself is one where artistic thought can find ways of emerging anew.

Lea Momberg has explored the possibilities of the grid in a series of earlier works. She has exhibited, amongst others, on Ærø, in Svendborg, Odense and Gjældsted as well as at *Spirefestival*. Additionally, she has done extensive curatorial work at artist-driven spaces and is the founder of *Organon* on Funen. *Raidx-Relatio* functions as a work that refers to her curatorial practice: one that creates a platform for other artists.



*Raidx-Relatio  
2018  
Ultramarin, tape, Brandts 13 og firkanten  
//Ultramarine, tape, Brandts 13 and the square*



*Raidx-Relatio  
2018  
Ultramarin, tape, Brandts 13 og firkanten  
//Ultramarine, tape, Brandts 13 and the square*



Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp  
2018  
HD film 13:55 min, Kludedukker  
// HD film 13:55 min, ragdolls

# PERNILLE KRAUGH CHRISTENSEN

*You are our puppeteer.  
You are our creator.  
You are our mother.*

*You manipulate us to create the illusion that we are alive.  
We are alive.  
We are not.*

– Intro fra Pernille Kragh Christensens manuskript til *Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp*

På balkonen ud mod skulptursalen sidder en gruppe kludedukker i fuld menneskestørrelse med parykker, brodere-garns-trutmunde og lys pudderfarvet stof-hud. Deres seksualitet er stærkt optrukket; brysterne, munden, kønnet. De ligner noget fra 1970'ernes kvindekamp.

Dukkerne er både medvirkende og tilskuere i Pernille Kragh Christensens kunsthøjtidelse *Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp* og i hendes installation af filmværket på udstillingen. Hovedpersonen er Valerie Iris Camp, der er deres skaber og deres mor. De har karakter af en form for kor, der følger hende og er ledet af hende.

Balkonen, de er installeret på, er en teatralisk reference i kunsten. Det er et sted, hvor man viser sig frem, og hvor man følger med i en handling. Dukkerne sidder, som kvinderne i Francisco Goya *'Majas en un balcón'* eller i Édouard Manets *'Le Balcon'*, udstillet og ser frem på scenen foran sig: blottede og konfronterende. Ligesådan er de i filmen på én gang objekter, der bliver brugt, og livlignende væsener, der svarer igen.

Værket er manuskriptbaseret som flere andre på afgangsudstillingen. Det er skrevet som et stykke dramatik i syv scener, hvor vi følger hovedpersonen forme dukkerne og ser hendes *puppets* blive levende. Det udspiller sig i et farvemættet univers, fyldt med dekoration, discolys, krystalglas og rosenquarts-kærlighedssten. Pernille Kragh Christensen spiller hovedrollen, som igen 'performer' sig selv som kvinde i en serie selv-iscenesættende musiknumre. Filmen er en art mellemting mellem musikvideo og musical med selvskabssange, *karaoke*-shows og et kor om ensomhed, kærlighedshunger og selvhad/moderhad.

Det spiller på forholdet mellem maskering og afmaskering, mellem det liv-lignende og det døde. Hovedkarakteren går ind og ud af performerrollen: sminker sig, optræder med dukkerne - og stopper så brat igen.

*We don't have a mind, because you are our mind.  
And still we hate you. – Outtro*

Pernille Kragh Christensen har arbejdet med performance og videokunst igennem en årrække og har udstillet bl.a. i Århus, Viborg, Svendborg og Odense. Hun er del af kunstnerfællesskabet *Habitat*.

*You are our puppeteer.  
You are our creator.  
You are our mother.*

*You manipulate us, to create the illusion that we are alive.  
We are alive.  
We are not.*

– Intro to Pernille Kragh Christensens' script for *Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp*

On the balcony facing the sculpture hall a group of human scale rag-dolls are installed, decorated with pouting embroidered lips, blonde wigs, light powdery fabric-skin. Their sexuality is sharply delineated: breasts, mouth, and sex. They are reminiscent of something out of the Women's Movement of the seventies.

The dolls are, at once, participants and onlookers in Pernille Kragh Christensens art film *Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp* and in the installation of the film, in the exhibition. The main character is Valerie Iris Camp, their creator and their mother. They assume the character of a choir that both follow her, and are led by her.

The balcony, where they are installed, serves as a theatrical reference in art history; a place where one presents oneself and a place to partake in an action. The dolls are posed as the women in Francisco Goya's, *Majas on a Balcony* or in Édouard Manets *The Balcony* – at once on display and looking out onto the stage in front of them: exposed and confrontational. Likewise, in the film, the dolls, while being used are at the same time life-like characters that talk back.

Like many of the other pieces in the Degree Show, this work is based on a manuscript. Written as a play in seven acts, we follow the main character shape the dolls, then watch as her puppets come to life. Enacted in a color-saturated universe filled with decorations, disco lights, crystal glass and rose quartz - 'love stones', Pernille Kragh Christensen plays herself in the main role where she, again, 'performs' as a woman in a series of staged self-promoting musical numbers. The film is a cross between a music video and a musical – with party songs, karaoke shows, and a choir of loneliness, self-hate / maternal-hatred, and the search for love.

It plays off the relationship between masking and unmasking, between lifelike and dead. The main character steps in and out of her role as performer – puts on makeup, performs with the dolls, then suddenly, stops performing.

*We don't have a mind, because you are our mind.  
And still we hate you. – Outtro*

Pernille Kragh Christensen has worked with performance and video for a number of years and has exhibited, amongst other places, in Århus, Viborg, Svendborg and Odense. She is a member of the artist collective, *Habitat*.



Film stills from:  
*Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp*  
2018  
HD film 13:55 min  
// HD film 13:55 min



*Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp*  
2018  
HD film 13:55 min, Kludedukker  
// HD film 13:55 min, ragdolls





*Sisters of Valerie* Iris Camp  
2018  
HD film 13:55 min, Kludedukker  
// HD film 13:55 min, ragdolls

# *Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp*

— Pernille Kragh Christensen  
Script for art movie

Valerie Iris Camp: Pernille Kragh Christensen  
Doll 1[as Human]: Birgitte Kragh  
Doll 2[as Human]: Helen Kragh  
Doll 3[as Human]: Anne Kragh Christensen  
Doll 4[as Human]: Sara Kragh Christensen  
Camera: Morten Dall

## **Scene 1 -The puppetry-**

*Found footage.*

The movie starts with an old VHS recording of a puppet theater.  
The sound of the sisters singing a poem in choir as an introduction to the movie.

In this scene the title is shown: *Sisters of Valerie Iris Camp.*

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

You are our puppeteer.  
You are our creator.  
You are our mother.  
You manipulates us, to create the illusion that  
we are alive.  
We are alive.  
We are not.

## **Scene 2 -The introduction-**

Location: Photo studio

*Canon 5d mark II.  
VHS cam.*

In scene two the main character Valerie Iris Camp is introduced in the set up of a photo studio. Both close ups and long shots of her create a detailed picture of her as a character.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

Our mother.  
Valerie Iris Camp.  
She.  
Tall blond. Eyes so deep. Skin so pale.  
Beautiful.  
Admirable.  
Clean.  
Soft.  
Astigmatation.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP

Non.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

Heredity.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP

Non.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
Always goes for the better.  
Labour.  
Us.  
Education. TV.  
Born an orphan.  
Believes in circles.  
Pale.  
Exentric.  
Politics.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP  
Zero.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
TV.  
Circles.  
Sexuality.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP  
Unknown.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
Our mother. Frustrations. Outgoing.  
Unpredictable.  
Deviant.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP  
Pessimist.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
Optimist.  
Outlook. Ambivalent.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP  
Optimist.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
Superstitious.  
Obsessions.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP  
Extrovert.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
Introvert.  
Conviction ability.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP  
Convince.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)  
Us.  
Her.  
Taste. Camp.  
Intelligence. Projected.  
Our mother.

She gives us life.  
We give her back life.  
Our mother.  
Unknown.  
Until.  
She made us.

**Scene 3 -The transformation-**

Location: Grandmother's little bathroom.  
Sundvej 12, 7840 Højslev  
+ Rosa quartz scenography.

In this scene the dolls are transformed into the main character. They are placed in a nice little bathroom with lighting in blue and red nuances. This is where the transformation takes place. The dolls are given the precise same look as the main character. Cut between the dolls as dolls and real people (as Valerie sees them). Make up is applied to them, wigs and clothes. Now they become the main character. While this is going on they chant how they have been created and how they look up to the main character as a kind of creator/leader.

At the end of the scene cut between the bathroom and a scenography where the dolls are lumped on Roza quartz (love stones). The rosa quartz scenography is a symbol of the placenta which encloses the puppets with love.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

*ECCO*

Thank you mother.  
Thank you for taking care of us.  
Thank you for never letting us down.  
Thank you for your devotion.  
Thank you for believing.  
Thank you for your kindness.  
Thank you for your understanding.  
Thank you for the gift of life.  
Thank you mother.  
..... (continues)

*Cut to rosa quartz scenography.*

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

You, mother, sacrificed you individual to be a part of us. The circle. Your decision, your idea.  
Thank you.  
You, mother, broke your pelvis into pieces.  
You, mother, created us with warmth.  
You, mother. Your plan. Your change.  
You, mother, our valkyrie.  
You, mother, one of us.  
A sister.  
You, mother, your own creator.  
A shapeshifter.  
A family masker.  
You, mother.  
We follow you.

Thank you.

*Fade to black.*

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

But you, mother, you know your advantages.  
What is your aspiration in life?  
You rule.  
We know.

**Scene 4 -The gathering-**

Location: Scenography.  
Green colours.  
Party table.

All characters are gathered around a nicely decked table. Lots of kitch effects and a turning disco ball while all the characters are zoning out in their chairs. Sad party music in the background. After a while (about 1-2 minutes) the main character gets up and taps her glass.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP

Welcome everybody.  
I am so happy to see you all here today.  
Happy that you brought you smiles...

A new silence descends.

The main character hands out songs to 'the visitors'. They songs have been hidden in a cylinder on the table from the start.  
They sing the song. One of those party songs where you have to do various activities while singing. Each verse is sung by an ex. 'All those in dresses'.

THE SONG TUNE 'SENSOMMERWISE'

1. Verse - fears to be alone.
2. Verse - cries at night.
3. Verse - uncertain of own existence.
4. Verse - sees themself as less worthy.

Here's a song for us that i like to share.  
Last night i wrote.  
Come and sing along and let's not be square.  
Open your throat.  
Happy that we are gathered to witness  
All the love and caring women between.  
Happy that we believe in this circle.  
Happy that we are and we have been.

If you hear you sister crying at night  
Angry and hurt.  
You should be with her and sleep by her side.  
Take all the dirt.  
Happy that we are gathered to witness  
All the love and caring women between.

Happy that we believe in this circle.  
Happy that we are and we have been.

If you have a secret you have to tell.  
The circle will know.  
'Cause sisters don't have secrets, sisters they smell.  
The secret will grow.  
Happy that we are gathered to witness  
All the love and caring women between.  
Happy that we believe in this circle.  
Happy that we are and we have been.

Do not trust a person, nor any souls.  
Not one of us.  
We have all we need and we have our roles.  
Do not discuss.  
Happy that we are gathered to witness  
All the love and caring women between.  
Happy that we believe in this circle.  
Happy that we are and we have been.

**Scene 5 -The sleepover-**

Location: On a bed.

In this scene everyone is lying on a bed. The dolls are wearing sleeping masks. The mask of the main character is placed on her forehead.  
No one moves very much. It's like they are falling asleep. To the viewer the dools express their thoughts and fears about how they were created.  
At the same time the thoughts of the main character focus on the fear of being abandoned and the fear of being lonely.

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

*Thoughts*

She's in control.  
Our existence is her life.  
How did we end up here?  
Are we really anything without her?  
Or is she really anything without us?  
How did we come so far?  
How did it all start?  
The beginning.  
Do we exist without her?  
Without our mother.  
Who are you mother?  
What is a mother really?  
The figure.  
We do not know.  
We do not know you mother.  
We are not sure about you mother.  
We don't like you mother.  
You are in control.  
Stop!  
We are not you.

Do not try to make us.  
We are not anything to you.  
Not an extension.  
Expansion to the world.  
We do not have any influence.  
'Cause you mother, you control.  
You manipulates.  
You are not us.  
Do not think that we are one.  
We are not.  
You gave us love.  
You gave us life.  
But really.  
You gave it to yourself.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP

If they ever leave me, it is my own fault.  
How can I ever again live as one?  
I can not fail.  
I am a failure.  
They will leave me.  
I will be alone.  
Deserted.  
I do not have any other.  
They are all i have.  
My first.  
My last.  
My everything.  
The answer to all my dreams.  
I WILL NOT MAKE ANY MISTAKES!  
THEY WILL LEAVE YOU!

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

Your voice is silent to us.

**Scene 6 -The show-**

Location: Scenography.  
Red.  
Stageshow.  
Music video aesthetics.

This scene takes part while the pop song alone by the band Heart is being played (karaoke version, no voice).

The characters are placed on a red stage where they perform with lip sync.

The song is about the need for having a person in your life, for yourself. Maybe to own?

The song sketches out parallels to the situation between the main character and the dolls.

VALERIE IRIS CAMP

*Lip sync*

"I hear the ticking of the clock  
I'm lying here the room's pitch dark  
I wonder where you are tonight  
No answer on the telephone  
And the night goes by so very slow  
Oh I hope that it won't end though  
Alone

Till now I always got by on my own  
I never really cared until I met you  
And now it chills me to the bone  
How do I get you alone  
How do I get you alone

You don't know how long I have wanted  
To touch your lips and hold you tight, oh  
You don't know how long I have waited  
and I was going to tell you tonight  
But the secret is still my own  
and my love for you is still unknown  
Alone

Till now I always got by on my own  
I never really cared until I met you  
And now it chills me to the bone  
How do I get you alone  
How do I get you alone

How do I get you alone  
How do I get you alone  
Alone, alone"

*Fade to black. Pause.*

**Scene 7 -The nature-**

Location: Car

In this last scene Valerie and the dolls are placed in a car.  
All are squeezed tightly together on the back seat.  
They are on their way. To somewhere else. What will happen to the relation between them?

THE SISTERS (CHOIR)

Mother.

Now that you've been searching in desperation since 1992.  
Wanting to know about your own individual.  
How to strengthen it. How to exist alone.  
Using us.  
Your own product. Manufactured us. Inanimate objects.  
So that you would never be alone. That was your truly fear.  
You were so afraid of failure. Afraid to be left alone.

Because of failure.  
You need to exist alone. As an individual.

Now that we know these things about you. And even though we  
are only inanimate objects.  
With the shape of a human. The shape of you.  
We want you to know that you hurt us. You used us.  
You used us in a way to feel better about yourself.  
You persona.  
You used us.  
You used us as followers liking every snapshot of you.  
You used us.  
You used us, cause you had the power to decide our moves and  
our thoughts, be-cause they were yours.

We don't have a mind, because you are our mind.  
And still we hate you.



Vågnede op til det her  
// Woke up to find this  
2018  
Olie og oliepastel på lærred  
// Oil and oil stick on canvas  
145 x 95 cm

Vinbar  
// Wine bar  
2018  
Akryl og olie på lærred  
// Acrylic and oil on canvas  
85 x 75 cm

Restaurant  
// Restaurant  
2018  
Olie på linoleum  
// Oil on linoleum  
72 x 55 cm

Éntre  
// Entrance Hall  
2018  
Olie, oliepastel og stof på lærred  
// Oil, oil stick and fabric on canvas  
200 x 190 cm

# HELENE VESTERGAARD

*“Dét maleriet gør, det er at indtage dets emner og motiver. Maleriet giver det et sted.”*

En uredt seng, en refleksion i et restaurantskilt og et mørkt spejl-dækket entreparti med to sammenfaldne dukker og en paraplyholder – Helene Vestergaards malerier har det tilfælles, at det ikke er de episke fortællinger, de præsenterer, men derimod flygtige glimt af ‘*settings*’ og deres stemninger, former, lys og farvespil.

Forlæggene er hverdags-snapshots fra sociale medier, som fx instragram, eller fra magasiner. Det er en slags approprierede interiør-billeder, en kategori, der traditionelt har været forbundet med et kvindeligt domæne. Her er det rene og glatte fra *interior-design* verdens stramme æstetik dog helt fraværende, og det skildrede *feminine univers* præsenteret som sammensat og svært afkodeligt. Rummene er intime og rodede, kompakte af visuelle spor, der blander sig på lærrederne og former nye sammenhænge. Vestergaard er optaget af der, hvor almindelige genstande bliver fremmedartede og u-hjemlige. Hun indoptager dette, der ikke synes ‘at høre til’ i sine malerier, og genskaber det med stoflige penselsstrøg, stofstrimler og glimtvisse highlights. *“Billeder af det uhjemliggjorte, dem vil jeg igen hjemliggøre.”* skriver kunstneren.

Det er en art fænomenologisk tilgang til verden, der ligger i værkerne, hvor tingenes ‘*skin*’, deres udstråling, og først og fremmest kunstnerens sansning af dem, er det, der er det egentlige motiv. Billederne er på en gang flade og komplekse i deres kompositioner. Perspektivet er skævt eller helt fraværende, loftet åbnet op, eller baggrunden trukket frem i billederne. Andre steder er der zoomet ind på detaljerne og deres kontekst taget væk.

Det er et fragmenteret univers og en art samtidsversion af den franske 1800-tals kunstkritiker og poet, Charles Baudelaires, hyldest til kunstnere, der maler verden omkring sig: *“... the lover of universal life enters into the crowd as though it were an immense reservoir of electrical energy. Or we might liken him to a mirror as vast as the crowd itself; or to a kaleidoscope gifted with consciousness, responding to each one of its movements and reproducing the multiplicity of life and the flickering grace of all the elements of life”*. Det, der skildres hos Vestergaard, er dog ikke de levendes verden, men tingene og deres electrical energy. De figurationer i ens bevidsthed, der opstår når verden ses i forbifarten, mens man bladrer i et magasin eller scroller på sin mobiltelefon.

Helene Vestergaard har som del af sin akademiuddannelse på Det Fynske Kunstakademi studeret maleri på Royal Institute of Art, Stockholm i 2017. Hun har udstillet på solo- og gruppeudstillinger i Danmark og New York, USA, og er del af udstillingsstedet *Sydhavn Station*.

*“What painting does is to interiorize. It brings inside its subjects and motifs, it settles them in a place like a home.”*

An unmade bed, a reflection in a restaurant sign and a dark, mirror-clad entryway with dolls sitting on a bench and an umbrella stand – Helene Vestergaards paintings are not epic narratives but rather, fleeting glimpses of ‘*settings*’, their moods, forms, luminosity and play of colors.

Her sources are everyday snapshots from social media, like Instagram, or from magazines. She appropriates these interior decoration shots - a category usually attached to the female domain. Here the glossy and cool aesthetic from the interior design world is fully absent from the pictured ‘*feminine universe*’ which is presented instead as complex and obscure scenery. The rooms are intimate and messy. Dense with visual clues that mix on the canvas and create new associations. Vestergaard is interested in the point where ordinary objects transform into the unfamiliar and uncanny. She absorbs that which ‘*doesn’t belong*’ in her paintings and recreates them with the physicality of her brushstrokes, strips of fabric, and gleaming highlights. *“I want to make the ‘unhomely’ familiar again”* – she writes.

The actual motif is the objects ‘*skin*’, its emanations, and most importantly, the artists’ own sensory perception of these. These combine into a phenomenological approach to the world and these works. The paintings compositions are at once both flat and complex. The perspective is askew or not there at all - the ceiling is left open or the background drawn into the foreground. She zooms in on details thus causing the change of context.

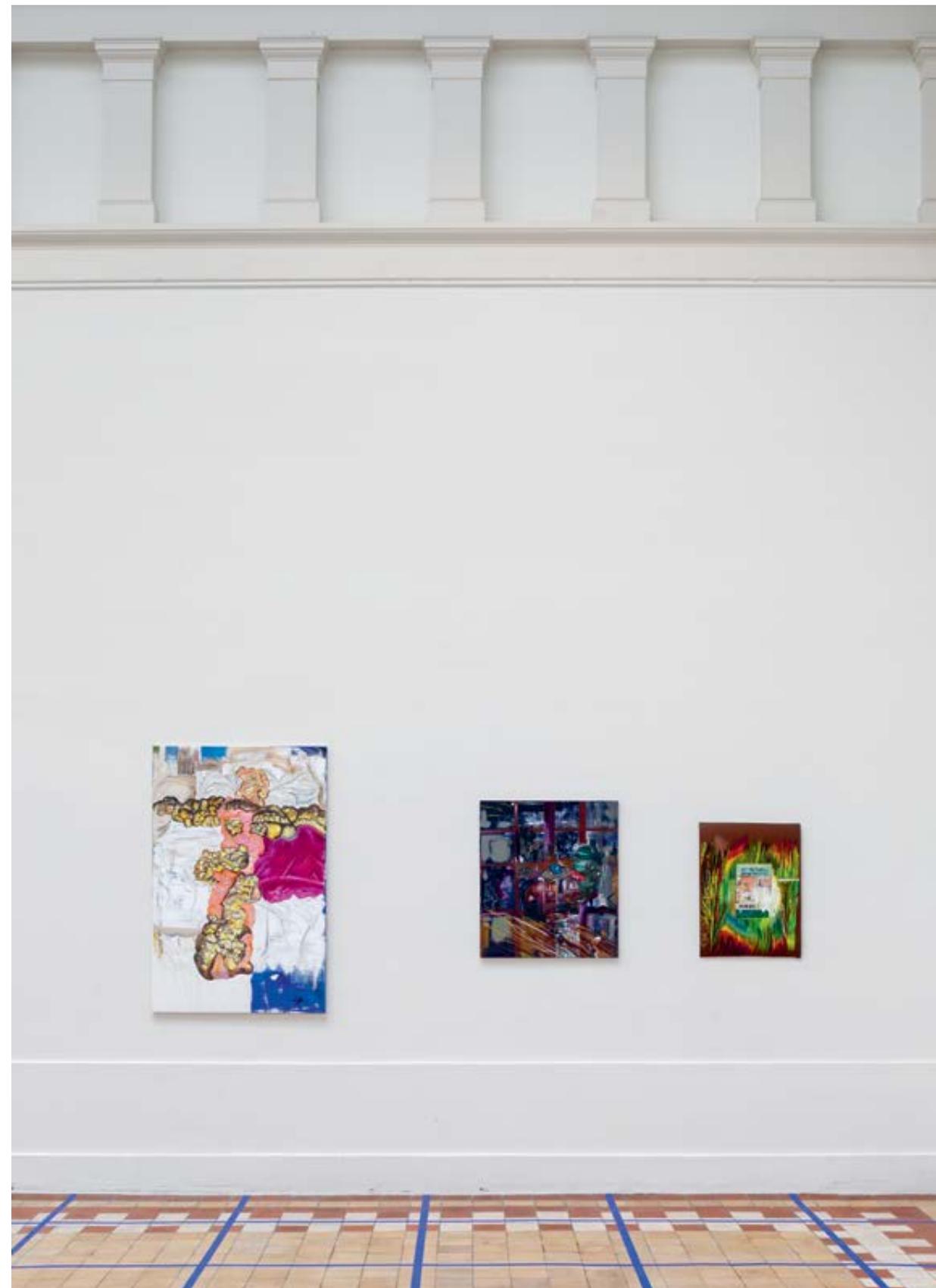
It is a fragmented universe and a sort of contemporary version of the eighteenth century’s art critic and poet, Charles Baudelaire’s tribute to artists that paint the world around them: *“... the lover of universal life enters into the crowd as though it were an immense reservoir of electrical energy. Or we might liken him to a mirror as vast as the crowd itself; or to a kaleidoscope gifted with consciousness, responding to each one of its movements and reproducing the multiplicity of life and the flickering grace of all the elements of life”*. Vestergaard chooses to depict not the world of the living but the ‘*electrical energy*’ of things – the figurations that appear when viewing the world in passing, thumbing through a magazine or scrolling on phones.

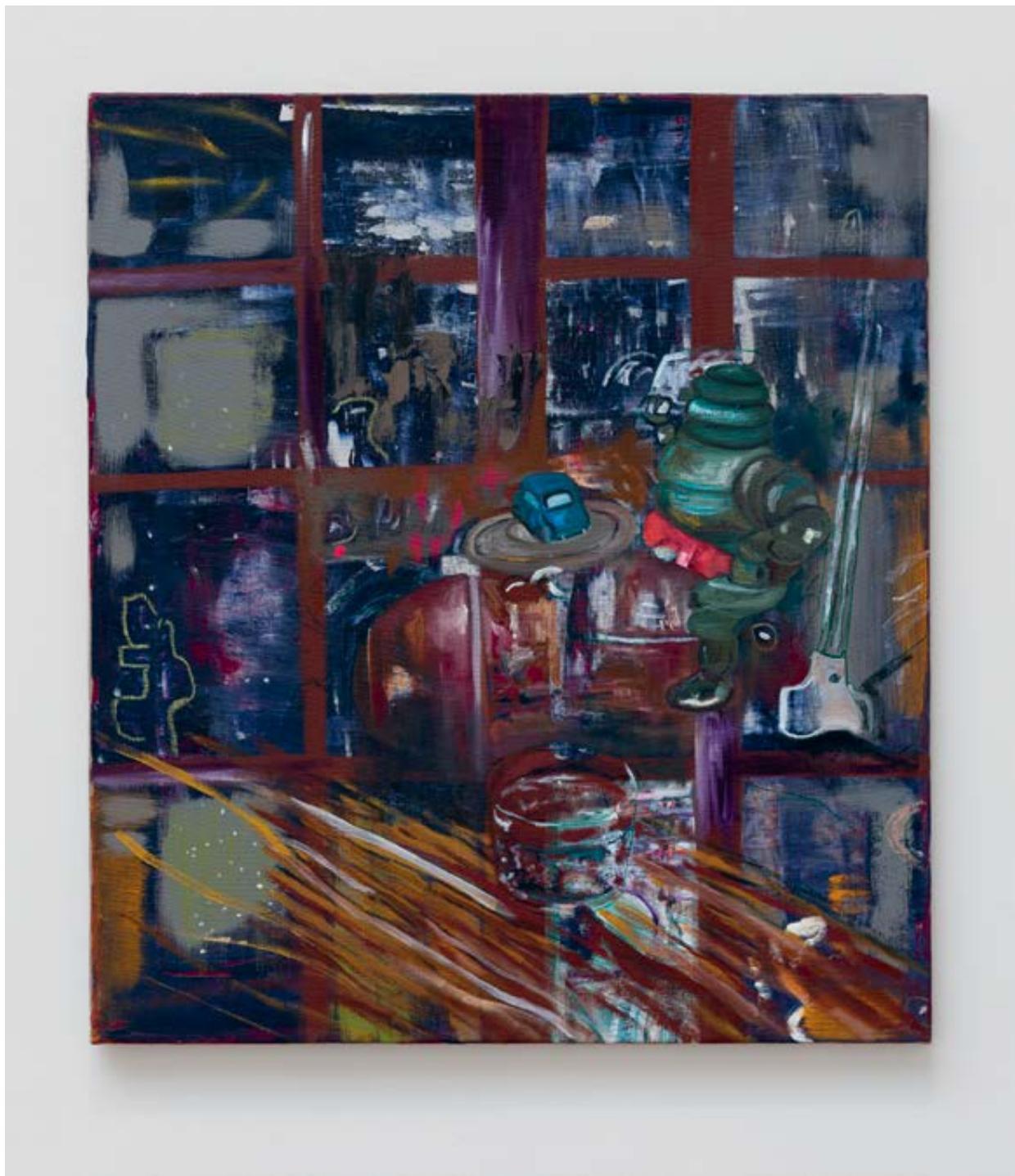
Helene Vestergaard studied painting at the Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm in 2017 as part of her art academy degree. She has had solo exhibits and group shows in Denmark and New York. She is also a member of the exhibition space, *Sydhavn Station*.



Restaurant  
// Restaurant  
2018  
Olie på linoleum  
// Oil on linoleum  
72 x 55 cm

Installation view





Vinbar  
// Wine bar  
2018  
Akryl og olie på lærred  
// Acrylic and oil on canvas  
85 x 75 cm



Éntre  
// Entrance Hall  
2018  
Olie, oliepastel og stof på lærred  
// Oil, oil stick and fabric on canvas  
200 x 190 cm



# RASMUS MYRUP

*“Jeg ser det sådan her: Selvfølgelig har to mænd eller to kvinder fundet ud af at elske hinanden inden nogensombest opfandt en stenøkse.” – Rasmus Myrup*

I centrum af skulptursalen er et åbent, life-size diorama af Rasmus Myrup: *Love Nest Diorama*. På et leje af jord, rensdyrpels og mos ligger en træstub med en inskription, et hjerte. Ved siden af ligger redskaber i sten og beklædningsgenstande i skind. Det er en intim scene fra livet blandt forhistoriens mennesker. Lejet er omgivet af en række portrætter af de nu uddøde homo-arter, *Homo Erectus*, *Homo Ergaster*, *Homo Neanderthalensis* eller *Homo Habilis*, i ikoniske sensuelle positurer, alle som taget ud af Hollywood filmplakater: kysset, omfavnelsen og sexakten.

Dioramaet kendes i dag bedst fra naturhistoriske museer, der med falsk perspektiv og plantede remedier skaber panoramiske livagtige hverdagsscener med tidlige menneskearter, ‘eksotiske’ kulturer, dyr og naturfænomener. I 1800-tallet var dioramaet en art teaterbygninger konstrueret til visning af billeder. Med lyseffekter, dybde-virkninger og andre optiske illusioner blev billederne tilført skygger, intensitet og bevægelse – dramatiseret.

Det iscenesatte, digtede og dramatiserede kombineret med naturvidenskab ligger også som undertone i *Love Nest Diorama*, *Homo Homo Ergaster (Surprise Kiss)*, *Homo Homo Habilis (In The Surf)* mv. I dag er der fundet inskriptioner på klipper dateret til bronzealderen og endda stenalderen med motiver af ‘man on man’ seksualitet. På trods af, at man i dag forsker i seksualitet i forhistorisk tid, ved man stadig kun lidt om begær og identitet hos vores forfædre. Værkerne på Afgang 18, *The Drama*, er en iscenesættelse, eller en *fremstilling*, af et fravær. En præsentation af vores forhistorie, der potentielt kan ændre, hvordan mennesker i samtiden tænker sig selv.

Myrup har i flere tidligere værker beskæftiget sig med udforskningen af menneskets oprindelse, palæoantropologien, med en nostalgisk sensibilitet. Hans homo-erotiske pasteltegninger af muskuløse mandlige figurer har stilistiske referencer til finske Touko Laaksonen (1920-1991), kendt som *Tom of Finland*, og til hans billeders ‘performance’ af en maskulin homoseksualitet – men hos Myrup er det romantiske trukket frem og det hard-core, der karakteriserer *Tom of Finland*, trængt tilbage. Værkerne er som sådan en komplicering af vores forståelse af en række ‘forforståelser’ - fra menneskehedens oprindelse til vores kategoriseringer af køn og natur.

Rasmus Myrup har udstillet internationalt igennem en årrække, bl.a. i Paris, Melbourne, Los Angeles, New York, og Zurich og har parallelt med sin egen kunstneriske praksis etableret udstillingsplatformen *Weekends*, hvor han siden 2014 har arbejdet med nytænkning af det kuratoriske format.

*“I like to pose it this way: Of course two men or two women figured out how to love one another before anyone invented a stone axe.” – Rasmus Myrup*

In the centre of the sculpture hall is an open, life-size diorama by Rasmus Myrup called *Love Nest Diorama*. On a patch of dirt, amongst reindeer fur and moss is a tree stump with an inscription, a heart. Next to it are tools and pieces of clothing made from fur. It is an intimate scene from the life of the prehistoric people. Around the dwelling are portraits of now extinct Homos – *Homo Erectus*, *Homo Ergaster*, *Homo Neanderthalensis* or *Homo Habilis* – in iconic sensual poses, as were they straight out of a Hollywood poster: the kiss, the embrace and the intercourse.

Today, the diorama is best known from museums of natural history using false perspective and carefully placed objects to create panoramic illusions of lifelike everyday scenes involving early humans, ‘exotic cultures’, animals and natural phenomena. In the 1800s the diorama was used as a type of theater constructed for the purpose of viewing pictures. By use of light effects, depth-of-field manipulation and other optical illusions, these pictures were infused with additional shadows, intensity and sense of movement – became dramaticized.

The staged, constructed and dramaticized in combination with the natural sciences is present in *Love Nest Diorama*, *Homo Ergaster (Surprise Kiss)*, *Homo Habilis (In The Surf)* etc. Today we have uncovered inscriptions on cliffs depicting ‘man on man’ action dating back to the Bronze Age, and some even to the Stone Age. Though rigorous research on the sexuality of prehistoric humans is being carried out, very little is known about the desire and identity of our ancestors. The pieces by Myrup in *The Drama* are a staging or apparition of an absence. They are a representation of our prehistory that can, potentially, change the way we think of ourselves today.

Myrup has previously in his work engaged with the human origin and paleo anthropology with an evocative sensibility. His homoerotic pastel drawings of muscular, male figures has stylistic references to Finnish Touko Laaksonen (1920-1991), also known as *Tom of Finland* and the ‘performance’ of masculine homosexuality in his works. But in Myrups pieces, the romantic is played up and the hard-core characteristics of *Tom of Finland* are played down. The works are in this way to adding complexity to the apprehension of several “pre-apprehensions” - from the human origins to our categorization of gender and nature.

Rasmus Myrup has been exhibiting internationally for a number of years, in places like Paris, Los Angeles, New York and Zurich. In tandem with his artistic practice, he has established the exhibition platform *Weekends* where he since 2014 has been working on rethinking curatorial formats.



*Homo Homo Ergaster [Surprise Kiss]*  
2018  
Tørpastel på papir  
//Soft pastel on paper



*Homo Homo Love Nest Diorama*  
2018  
Jord, mos, rensdyrskind, ben, sten, rav, pels, skaller,  
planter og andre materialer.  
// Dirt, moss, reindeer skin, wood, bone, stone,  
amber, fur, shells, plants and various materials.



Details of:  
*Homo Homo Love Nest Diorama*  
2018  
*Jord, mos, rensdyrskind, ben, sten, rav, pels, skaller, planter og andre materialer.*  
*// Dirt, moss, reindeer skin, wood, bone, stone, amber, fur, shells, plants and various materials.*



*Homo Homo Erectus [Forest Fuck]*  
 2018  
 Tørpastel på papir, speciallavet indramning  
 // Soft pastel on paper, custom framing

*Homo Homo Neanderthalensis and Sapiens [In the Field]*  
 2018  
 Grafit på papir, speciallavet indramning  
 // Graphite on paper, custom framing

*Homo Homo Habilis [In The Surf]*  
 2018  
 Tørpastel på papir  
 // Soft pastel on paper



## *His Man*

— Rasmus Myrup  
Erotic short story

Perched on a hilltop, he was visually combing the enormous landscape. His eyes meandered across it gently, with love. From the sea to the hills to the steppes traversed by the river. This was what he loved. What he had inside of him. And also where he killed. He was a hunter, but not a savage. As he glanced at the stretching lands beneath him, you could almost see a speck of parental care in his eyes. Like he was just checking in on his grown kin, to see how everything was going, offering his help if needed and his devotion even when unnecessary. There was often reason to interfere here – these lands were full of as much danger as they were beauty – sometimes both contained in single entities. The rage of an amorous aurochs, the deep crevice of a rising cliff, the thorns on a rose...

His poised body leaned forward on one foot and above his ankles shapely trunks swung, firm and tense, yet soft on the outside. Like a supple birch tree in spring. In the canopy of his legs two ripe, bulbous buttocks sprouted in the back, and in the front his large branch and juicy fruits were barely covered by the furry garment hugging his lower body. He was a magnificent man, as elegant as a stag, quick as a sabre tooth cat and hung like a mammoth.

His eyes were soaring over the landscape, when he suddenly heard a loud noise behind him. Indistinguishable at first, he readied himself for the worst. Maybe this was the thorn on the rose that was his day. In one fluid motion, he turned towards the sound. His feet inaudibly shifted on the rock. As he lifted his stone tipped spear with his right hand, his body lowered itself towards the ground, and his left arm reached out into the air to keep balanced. He was ready to pounce whatever danger was oncoming. The eyes that had lovingly embraced the landscape a mere second ago, were now small slits, tearing across the thick foliage. He saw no movement... Heard no noise... There – a rustling in the leaves behind the bushes. A large animal was moving towards him. He silently shifted his fingers around the thick carved grip of his spear as he raised it – eyes locked on the shifting shapes. He tightened his grip around the hard wood as the bushes gave a slight, uncanny jiggle. The animal was now within killing distance. His spear could soar through the air, pierce through the leaves, the skin and tear at the flesh of his adversary. But the animal could also jump him and with one blow of a claw, horn or tooth render him senseless. Neither of them moved... Then the leaves started to part one by one. As each leaf moved out of the way he lowered his spear and loosened his grip, until he suddenly leapt toward the bushes and pounced the animal!

It was a large animal, but not the clawed, horned, sharp toothed predator he had been prepared to fight. The two battling animals dropped to the ground in front of the bush, entangled in a physical lock, and rolled around in the dirt. After a while he sat up on top of the beast and pinned its muscular arms to the ground. They exchanged glances, and he then gently slapped the face that was staring back at him – the punishment for this attack cushioned by the thick beard covering the beautiful smiling face of his man.

As the same beard rubbed against his face later, tickling and turning him on, he could feel a firm wetness between his butt cheeks. A finger was swirling around his hole, making his breath tremble. It paused at once after a quick inhale as the finger, coated in their spit, slowly slipped inside him. First joint, out, second joint, out, all... the way... inside... His breath synced up with the movement of the finger, slow but determined, as his moans echoed in the mouth of his man, whose tongue was almost as far inside his mouth as his finger was in his ass. As they lay there, merging, mixing on the reindeer skin, he envisioned them as two muscles, wrapped in the same skin.

Connected by his finger, by their tongues, they were no different from the bloody, lean lumps of meat they had carved from the very reindeer they were now fucking on top of. Two muscles merged in a membrane, exchanging liquids, pulling back and forth, back and forth... As he felt two more fingers slip inside him, he bellowed with bliss and could no longer distinguish where he began and he ended and he began and he ended... They were two parts of one whole.

Earlier, after the adorable attack, a rain shower had made the decision for them. Their evening would be spent in the dry spot beneath the steep eroding hill. Drenched in the drops, they laughed as they navigated the foliage in the old forest, while they unfurled the reindeer skin, and found some logs to keep them warm through the night. As his man lit the fire, he fashioned a makeshift drying rack for their soaked undergarments by penetrating the ground with a few sticks and constructing the contraption. He was rather pleased they had been soaked in the sudden rain, since having to dry their furry undergarments meant that they had to get naked immediately. He smiled to himself as he thought of this and in that very same second, a wet bundle of pelt hit the back of his neck. He reached back and grabbed it, while turned around, his feet inaudibly shifting on the ground. As he turned, he saw his man, naked, beautiful and wet, sprawled on the reindeer skin with the roaring fire behind him. A cheeky, teasing smile revealed the playful mood of his man, but his own face took on a more solemn expression. He was exploding with emotions, yet completely still. A slow upwards motion begun in the corners of his eyes and mouth. As if tiny invisible fish hooks had caught these four points and four tiny men were now tugging on each of the strings to get what they wanted. His eyes wetted while they twinkled with the flames of the fire, framed by the fine furrows of happiness, as a single tear formed in the corner of his right eye. It trickled and journeyed across his protruding cheek bone, tracing the fold from his nose to his jaw, to finally let go of his face and drip to the ground just like a raindrop. He was so overcome with love for this man.

He could feel his man's dick glide across his hole, as he slit back and forth to greet it in its movements. In the process he was making the brittle hairs of the reindeer skin completely wet with precum. The hard and rounded tip of his man pressed more and more against his entry point, almost slipping in but then popping back out again, sliding across the wet, dented surface between his bulbous buttocks. Suddenly, it had found its way... He felt himself filling up with his man. They both moaned into each others mouths as they kissed, whenever he slid in, whenever he slid out. He arched his back further, pulled his cheeks apart and leaned back to have more of him inside himself. He wanted all of him, inside himself, forever.

After the tear of love had traveled down his cheek earlier, his man had gotten up, walked over to him, taken his hand and brought him back to the reindeer skin. His man made him close his eyes and after having felt something touch his hair and tighten around his head, he got permission to open them again. He and his man were wearing matching crowns, made of branches and the most beautiful objects from around their landscape. He looked at the smiling man sitting across from him, and reached out with a finger, touching the beautiful crown his man had made for them. Once he had covered every twinkle, every texture of the crown with his tracking finger, he continued downwards, across the beautiful locks of hair, passing the scar on his forehead from when he had run into a tree. Funny how even such a gracious hunter could succumb to simplicities. His finger reached the point where his hair stopped and his thick beard began, and his cheeks sprung outwards. He traced this curve that he so loved, from his man's ear, sliding across his face, to the corner of his eye, and then suddenly straight up in a most elegant ascension. A thick bone was marking the top of his eyes. His finger continued across the broad brow ridge, ruffling his bushy but beautifully bold, brown brows, underlining the fresh forest colours of the crown just above. As he reached the middle, his finger plummeted a little and fitted itself snugly into the crevice where his man's brow met his other brow met his nose met his eyes... This,

somehow, seemed to be the centre of his face. His finger drew downwards, along the ridge of his man's nose, curving over its swung, stump tip, down between the ridges of his cupid's bow and finally reached the lower lip that he pulled down slightly. He leaned forward and gently licked the lips that had been the final destination of his cranial expedition, and slipped his tongue inside their cavernous mouth for a kiss, their crowns entangling in the process.

With him in his hole, he felt whole. His body tingled, trembled and oozed as he was filled with his man. He was a tree with leaves, an ocean with waves, a sky with a sun. Complete. They went on and on, in and out, and as he put his man on his back and started to ride him, he went up and down. Taking him in, letting him out. They were both grasping at each other, holding on wherever they could... A hand on a hip, a palm on a buttock, fingers pinching a nipple... As he thrust himself upwards, he reached back and grabbed his man's cock as he pulled him all the way out. He closed his eyes and threw his head back as he sat back down on his hard dick, feeling it slowly slither all the way inside him. Where it belonged. There was nothing, except for the feeling of his flesh moving forward, deeper inside him. He pulled up and started to ride him again, and when he felt his man's big hands grasp around his neck and pull him down towards him, he opened his eyes and looked into the beautiful pair staring back at him. He could see on the deep look of pained pleasure that his man was as close to coming as he was himself. They were the sun at summer's dawn, an apple about to fall in fall, an avalanche just before a rush down the mountainside in winter and the flower of the verge of springing open its succulent, splendid petals in spring.

His man let go of his neck and gripped around his rock hard spear with his right hand while his left hand slammed on to his butt for balance. His man's motions left him panting so violently that he thought he was going to pass out, and then – with the thrust of dick in his ass and the jerk of the hand on his cock he was rendered senseless by this feral beauty. In a moment of absolute bliss he sent rope after rope of dripping wet sperm all over his man's furry torso. He kept spewing sap on his man as he heard him howling like an alpha wolf and felt himself filling up with wads of his raindrops.

As they lay there on the skin, exhausted in the best way possible, each covered in each others fluids, he couldn't let go of the feeling he had had earlier... He wanted all of him, inside himself, forever. He looked up at the last colours of the day playing in the sky, lighting it on fire, and rolled over on his side to look at his man. He started to slide his finger across his upper body, as he had done his face earlier. He traced across his protruding collarbone, standing tall like a frozen wave on the sea. Then the thick patches of curly body hair, across his pecks that swung like curving hills overlooking the soaked steppes of his hairy abs, which were sidelit in the low light of the sunset. His stomach was as covered in cum as the landscape had been by the rain earlier, and his tracing finger connected the disjointed puddles to form a meandering river across his steppes, with a large lake forming in his bellybutton. As the river reached its delta between the hips, his finger reached the most enigmatic landscape feature... This engorged wonder, that could rise and fall like the tides and go from sweet sapling to handsome hardwood in a matter of seconds. Its tip, packed in a light leathery casing, had a slit which could award an admirer with delicious juices, much like a slash in the trunk of a maple tree in fall. It was still enlarged and still sensitive, he gathered, from the small sensuous spasms his man's body gave when he traced around the outline of this wonderful appendage. Around and around he went, from root, to tip, to root, around the satchel holding his two soft stones, to root, to tip... He got up and grabbed his own satchel and took out one of his sharp stone tools. His man was still lying on the skin with his eyes closed as he crawled over to the trunk of the tree behind them. With his knees in the dirt he started to trace the shape of his man's dick in the wooden surface. He went around and around, and after a while the furrow was perfectly describing the trajectory his finger had just followed.

His man had gotten up and was now sitting behind him, hugging his torso while he etched the wood with the image of his wood. He obviously understood the loving gesture and when he had finished, his man gave him a kiss on the neck and lovingly grabbed the tool from his hand. His man now started to trace the outline of his dick. They sat there, kneeling in a hug, while he traced a perfect rendition of his dick, next to his, overlapping with each other. He was touched that his man intimately knew the shape and proportions, touched that now, as long as this tree stood, their hard dicks would be together. Touched that they overlapped, since this meant that now, at least on this tree, he had gotten what he wanted. He would have all of him, inside himself, forever.



Detail of:  
Augments of F. – untitled  
2018  
Olie på lærred  
// Oil on canvas

# BERTIL OSORIO HELTOFT

*“Many pictures, images and events are sadly not objects of consideration, they simply escape me, as I escape them. When at the congress, so often confronted with why I am looking for a little white golf ball, and not a human head, I answer with a calm voice and dead eyes, that when transparency is used, the system might lack it, or in need of complexity, a superimposition would be useful. It is often what isn't there that is of interest. An eternal consideration of the materials rightful placement. I know it is not at my disposal, but they have to be there for others to exist.” – Bertil Heltoft*

Bertil Osorio Heltofts maleri-installation, der danner bagtæppet bagerst på skulptursalens scene, er en kombination af abstrakte lag, figurative elementer og konceptuelle greb. Heltoft springer i sit billedsprog fra én virkelighedstilgang og tilstedeværelse til en anden. Hans maleriske undersøgelser bevæger sig ligesådan fra det ene element til det næste, henover bagvæggen og ud i skulptursalen, og fungerer samlet som et spil mellem roller og positioner – *“et meget svim-melt sted i en oplevelse”*.

*“Externalized retinal forces are at play, you lend one from the reversed lizard or the moles' broken eye. Or the man loving bird before it kneels down before the puddle in the deflated rubber bouncy due to fetish. Could also just be that of a former feeling of ghost fish eating off my arm.” – Bertil Heltoft*

Det største billede har landskabsmaleriets farvetoner og konturer. Formationer og linjebud ligger som en geografi i billedet. De farvede felter på lærredet er – som *Color Field* maleri – uden rumlig dybde og konkrete referencer, men ladet med intensitet og emotionelle klange i farverne selv. Sensibiliteten går igen i andre dele af installationen. En del af værket, placeret her i kataloget, er en fiktion, en kort brevveksling mellem en klagende borger og en kommunal forvaltning, et hverdagsdrama, som beskriver de følelser, der vækkes i mødet med en trekant foran Føtex.

Heltoft er optaget af at afdække ting og få dem til at forsvinde igen - som *“en masse dødfødte ting der får noget nyt tøj på”*. Formerne er en art gestik i sig selv, som et voldsomt penselstrøg eller en stor grad af asymmetri, der signalerer, at her vil værkerne gerne signalere noget til beskueren. *“Hvis et penselstrøg er for meget penselstrøg, hvad bliver det så til, en figur i sig selv? En rustent performativt anker i maleriet?”* spørger Heltoft.

Tilstedeværelsen af noget, det ikke er meningen skal være i et maleri, drejer det over i en humoristisk retning, på samme måde som når non-sense bliver brugt i en sætning. Det skaber liv, gestik og agens i værkerne.

Bertil Osorio Heltoft har som del af sin akademiuddannelse været udvekslet på Staatliche Hochschule Für Bildende Künste, Staedelschule i Frankfurt og har udstillet på Fyn og i Frankfurt.

*“Sadly, so many pictures, images and events are not objects of consideration, they simply escape me, as I escape them. When at the congress, so often confronted with why I am looking for a little white golf ball, and not a human head I answer with a calm voice and dead eyes, that when transparency is used, the system might lack it, or, in need of complexity, a superimposition would be useful. It is often what isn't there that is of interest. An eternal consideration of the materials' rightful placement. I know it is not at my disposal, but they have to be there for others to exist.” – Bertil Heltoft*

Bertil Osorio Heltoft's painting installation forms the backdrop of the sculpture hall's stage. A combination of abstract layers, figurative elements and conceptual tools, Heltoft's visual language jumps from one approach to reality and presence to another. In much the same way, his painterly explorations move from one element to the next, growing out above the backdrop and into the sculpture hall. Experienced as a whole, it becomes a play between roles and positions – *“a dizzying place within an experience”*.

*“Externalized retinal forces are at play, you lend one from reversed lizard's or the moles' broken eye. Or the man-loving birds' fetish before it kneels down before the puddle in the deflated rubber bouncy due to fetish. Could also just be that of a former feeling of ghost fish eating off my arm?” – Bertil Heltoft*

The largest painting has the contours and tones of a landscape painting. The formations and line breaks become a geography in the picture. The colored areas on the canvas are reminiscent of Color Field painting, absent of spatial depth or specific references but filled with intensity and emotional tone in the colors themselves. This sensibility repeats itself in other areas of the installation. One section of the piece, pictured here in this catalogue, is a fiction – a brief correspondence between a disgruntled citizen and the municipality; a commonplace drama that describes the emotions aroused in a meeting with a triangle in front of the supermarket Føtex.

Heltoft is concerned with uncovering things and making them disappear again - like *“a bunch of stillborn objects that get a new wardrobe.”* The forms are a type of gesture in itself, like a violent brushstroke, or a large degree of asymmetry that signals to the viewers that here is something to pay attention to. Heltoft asks *“if a brushstroke is too much of a brushstroke does it then become a figure itself; a rusty performative anchor within the painting?”*

The presence of something that shouldn't be in a painting can point to its humorous undertones the same as when nonsense is inserted into a sentence. It gestures towards a new meaning and gives life and agency to the work.

Bertil Osorio Heltoft has in the course of his studies been an exchange student at the Staedelschule Academy of Fine Arts in Frankfurt and has exhibited in Funen and Frankfurt.



*Installation view*

*Augments of F. – untitled*  
2018  
Olie på lærred  
// Oil on canvas



*Augments of F. – Ranglemarch*  
2018  
*Olie på lærred*  
// Oil on canvas

*Tirsdag den 6. Januar 2017*

Til rette vedkommende

Jeg skriver til udvalget for offentlige anliggender for at berette om en skuffende hændelse.

Forleden dag skulle jeg i Føtex. Det gør jeg altid om søndagen, og det er vigtigt. Jeg kom kørende op på fortovet, og jeg kunne se Føtex i horisonten. Lige pludselig knalder jeg så ind i en kæmpemæssig trekant af en art, og jeg blev så forvirret. Jeg kender trekkanterne fra indgangen til føtex, men at de skulle være blevet flyttet, begriber jeg simpelthen ikke.

Jeg ville høre derfor om det var muligt at få dem tilbagefjernet, givet dem en anden farve eller på nogen måde få dem skrumpet til normal størrelse, således at man igen kan komme forbi dem.

Vh.

*Rådhuset, fredag d. 12. Januar 2017*

Kære

Vi er meget kede af at måtte modtage dit brev, og håber selvfølgelig ikke at det har voldt større materiel eller følelsesmæssig skade, endsige ændret dit syn på horisonten.

Vi kan imidlertid ikke imødekomme din forespørgsel, eftersom trekkanterne er placeret der som et led i en længerevarende byfornyelsesproces.

Vi kan oplyse om at trekkanterne med tiden skulle blive enten usynlige, eller så store at du selv vil være en del af dem, og derfor ikke opdage dem.

Hvis du har yderligere spørgsmål bedes du henvende dig til forvaltningen, hvor vi gerne modtager foreslag fra lokalområderne.

Mvh.

*Augments of F.*

— Bertil Osorio Heltoft  
Letter

*Tuesday, January 6th 2017*

To whom it may concern

I am writing the committee of public affairs in order to report a disappointing event. The other day i was going to Føtex. I always do that on sundays, and it is important to me.

I was riding the pavement, and I could see Føtex in the horizon. All of a sudden, I bash into a giant triangle of sorts, and I got so confused. I know the triangles from the entrance to Føtex, but that they should have been relocated, I simply cannot comprehend.

Therefore, I would like to hear if it is possible to have them moved back, give them another color or in any way shrinked back into normal size, so that you can pass them again.

Regards

*Town hall, Friday January 12th 2017*

Dear

We are very sad to receive your letter, and off course do not hope that it has caused greater material or emotional damage, let alone changed your view on the horizon.

However we cannot accommodate your request, as the triangles have been placed there as a part of a long-term urban renewal.

We can inform you that the triangles will in time become either invisible or big enough for you to be part of the yourself, and hence will not acknowledge them.

If you have further questions we kindly ask you to direct them to the committee, wherein we happily receive proposals from the local areas.

Kind regards



Landskabsforme // Landshapes  
2018

Processuel installation bestående af jord, faner, kobber  
noter, fotografier, kort og feltarbejde.

// A process-based installation composed of soil,  
copper, banners, notes, photographs, maps and field work

# ANNA WEBER HENRIKSEN

*Landskabsforme* er en art kunstnerens værksted. Det er et værk, der bliver skabt under *Afgang 18 - The Drama*. Installationen bliver til gennem Anna Weber Henriksens performances og research i Odense sommeren over og ændrer løbende form i balkonrummet på 1. sal. Repos'en er tænkt som en bagscene, hvor der er en anden mere igangværende, udforskende handling, der finder sted.

*Landskabsforme* er sted-specifik, afsættet er jorden under Det Fynske Kunstmuseum på Jernbanegade 13, placeret ved Odense slot på byens bedste grund, der tidligere var have til slottet. Nu er jorden dækket helt af, og det landskab, der var, er ikke fysisk muligt at nå ind til. Vi ser det kun som de saltkrystal-udtræk, der findes på fliserne i skulptursalens gulv, eller i de stik og kort, der stadig eksisterer over byens historiske geografi.

I stedet afsøger kunstneren omgivelserne, plænen foran Odense Balletskole, som der er udsigt til fra balkonen, eller parkerne i indre by. Weber Henriksen søger at nå ind til de landskaber, der ligger som strata, som spor eller som tydelige konstruktioner. På vandringer i byen registreres 'mikro-matrikler', både de iscenesatte menneskeskabte og det selv-opståede landskab. Fra mosset mellem brostenene, overgroede baggårde, til kommunalt arrangerede blomsteropsatser i jernpotter på byens strøg.

Den research-baserede processuelle installation breder sig fra vinduespartiet ud i rummet. I stedet for draperede gardiner er vinduerne dækket af stof-faner farvet af jord. Materialet for installationen, og dens emne, er jorden, landskabets fundament. Weber Henriksen graver jord-prøver op fra matriklerne, og i de huller, hun efterlader, dypper hun stoffanerne og lader jorden skabe et aftryk af det konkrete sted på stoffet.

*"Fanerne samler sig til et abstrakt landskabsbillede - eller en ulæselig kartografi, der forbinder de enkelte matrikler på tværs af deres grænser,"* skriver kunstneren.

*Landskabsforme* har linjer tilbage til 1960'ernes og 70'ernes *Land Art*, og forholdet mellem sted - 'Site' og kunstinstitution - 'Non-site'. Ligesom Weber Henriksen går ud af kunstinstitutionen og ser på den konkrete virkelighed omkring bygningen, lå der også i den første *Land Art* et blik på kulturens måder at forme et landskab. Jord er besiddelser, den er et billede på rigdom, magt og på råderet, som sådan er værket også en undersøgelse af de socioøkonomiske processer, der ligger til grund for byens (selv)iscenesættelse. I et museum kendt for sine ikoniske fynske landskabsmalerier, er det en installation, der forholder sig sted-specifikt på flere niveauer.

Anna Weber Henriksen har beskæftiget sig med landskaber og vandringer bl.a. i Munke Mose, Ejby Mose, Tuse Næs mv. Hun har udstillet på en række udstillingssteder på Sjælland og Fyn, og har parallelt et virke som kurator bl.a. som medstifter af *Kolonien Research Space*, *Kunstnerkollektivet PVC* og *Spirefestival*.

*Landscape* is an artist studio. It is an artwork that will unfold throughout the duration of *The Drama*. The installation will take its form through Anna Weber Henriksens performances and research in Odense during the summer - and will continuously change shape on the first floor balcony room. The landing is conceived as a backstage, presenting another more explorational, processual practice taking place.

*Landscape* is site-specific; the source is the soil that lies beneath the former *Funen Art Museum* at Jernbanegade 13, historically the castle's garden, located at Odense Castle on the city's best plot of land. The earth is now completely covered and not possible to reach. What is left is the extractions of salt crystals that can be found on the sculpture hall's tiled floor, or in the few remaining prints and maps of the towns' historical geography.

Instead, the artist inspects the plot in front of the ballet school, which is visible from the balcony or the surrounding city parks. Weber Henriksen is trying to get to the strata of the landscapes - to the clues or distinct constructions found there. On walks through the city, she registers 'micro-plots' - both those man-made and those that emerge naturally; from moss between cobblestones and overgrown courtyards to flower arrangements in iron planters along the towns pedestrian street that are decorated by the municipality.

The research - and process-based installation spreads outwards from the windows and into the room itself. Soil-colored cloth banners instead of draped curtains cover the windows. The material for the installation as well as its topic is soil, the foundation of the landscape. Weber Henriksen digs up specimens of soil from plots of land, and then dips the cloth banners into these holes where the soil then makes a tangible imprint of the plot onto the fabric.

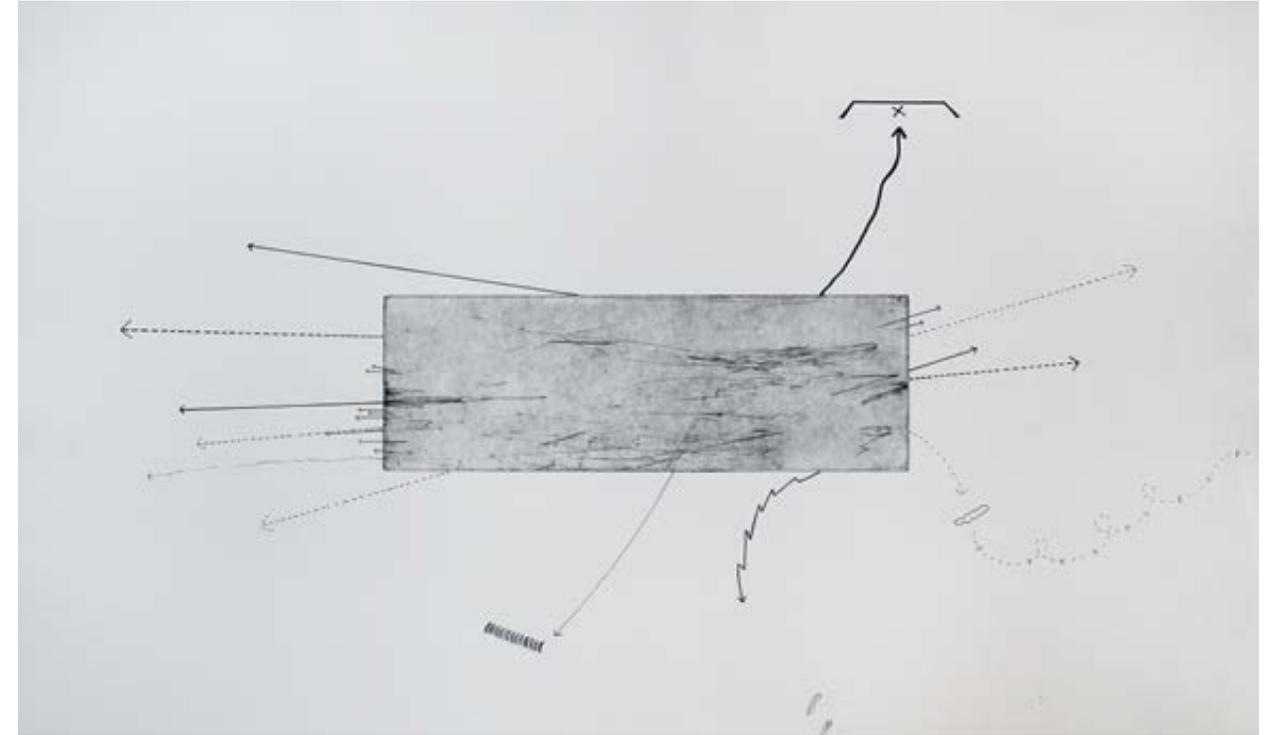
The artist writes, *"The banners converge into an abstract landscape - or, an indecipherable cartography that connect the individual plots across their intrinsic borders"*.

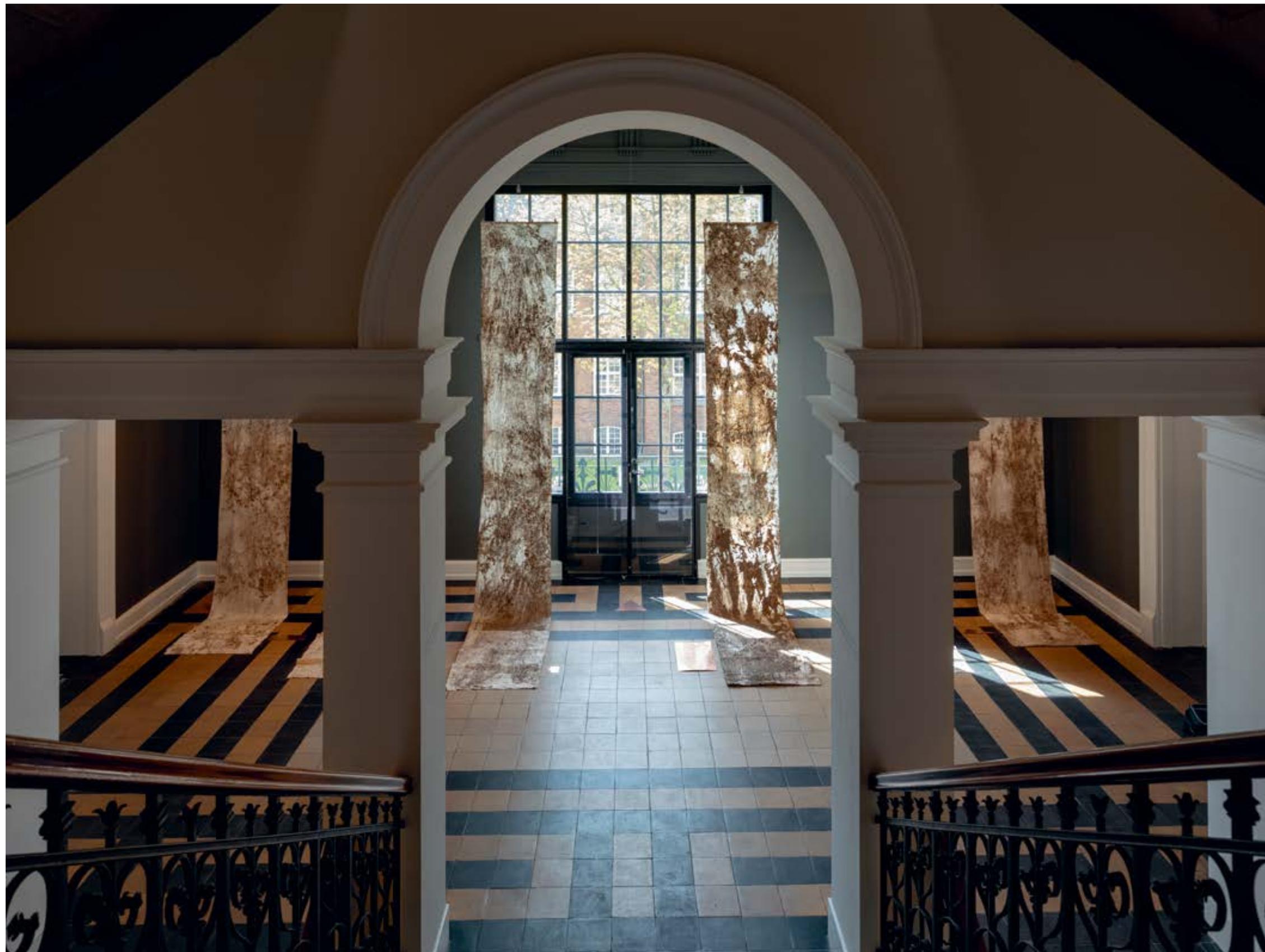
*Landscape* echoes the Land Art of the Sixties and Seventies and the relation between a landscape, a *Site* - and the art institution, a *Non-Site*. Just as Weber Henriksen leaves the art institution and looks at the world surrounding the buildings, the beginnings of Land Art also had an interest in how culture formed its landscapes. Soil and earth is property, a picture of wealth, power and domain and the work here, too is an examination of the social and economic processes that lay the groundwork for the city's staging of itself. In a museum known for its iconic landscape paintings of Funen, this installation is one that relates to the area in a site-specific manner on several levels.

Anna Weber Henriksen has worked with landscape and performative walks in Munke Mose, Ejby Mose and Tuse Næs. She has exhibited in a number of shows on Zealand and Funen and has, among other things, a parallel function as curator and co-founder of *Kolonien Research Space*, *Kunstnerkollektivet PVC* and *Spirefestival*.



Landskabsforme // Landshapes  
2018  
Processuel installation bestående af jord, faner, kobber, noter, fotografier, kort og feltarbejde.  
// A process-based installation composed of soil, copper, banners, notes, photographs, maps and field work

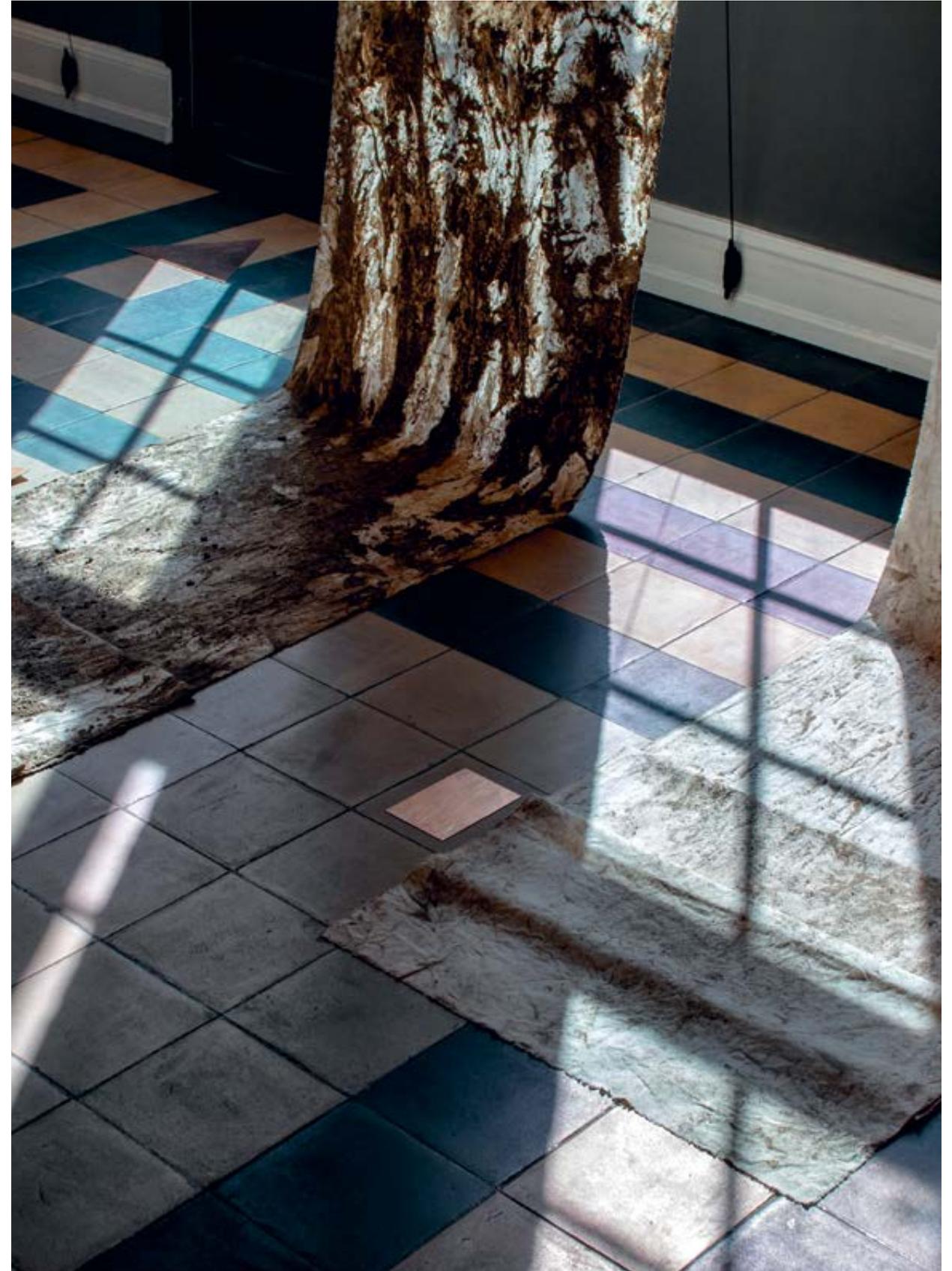




*Landskabsforme // Landshapes  
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Scrying for the Tide  
2018

Hængekøje, VR-brille, Computer,  
Software: Unity, Blender, Makehuman  
//Hammock, VR visor, Computer,  
Software: Unity, Blender, Makehuman

# JEPPE JØRGENSEN

*“I have made a small synthetic world, very much comparable to a slow ride at an amusement park. Even though the viewer is free to move her head, and gaze upon my piece as she sees fit, it limits you. It only shows you what I want it to show you.” – Jeppe Jørgensen*

*Scrying* er en spådom, en ‘fortune telling’, som når en spåkvinde igennem en krystalkugle forudser fremtiden. I Jeppe Jørgensens installation, *Scrying for the Tide*, er mediet virtual reality, og den fremtid, vi ser ind, i er tiden efter vores civilisations apokalypse. VR installationen er placeret øverst oppe på 2. sal, i museets aflukkede afdeling. Den er bygget op af metal, en scenekonstruktion af nøgne stænger med en hængekøje opsat i midten. Når man har lagt sig i køjen og taget virtual reality headsettet på, er man placeret inde i ‘maskinen’. Selve VR oplevelsen er kropsligt designet som en art gyngende wellness cruise, der bevæger sig op igennem det, der kunne ligne en norsk fjord, omkranset af et sneklædt landskab.

Scenariet i *Scrying for the Tide* er en sci-fi rendering af en utopisk verden efter den vestlige verdensorden er accelereret ud af kontrol. *The Tide*, tidevandskræfterne, influerer ikke bare vandstanden i oceaner og floder, men hele jordkloden, der bliver trukket i af solens og månens tyngdekrafter, såvel som af dens egen bevægelse. Dramaet begynder, hvor maskinerne har taget over. I en ‘post-human’ virkelighed, hvor grænserne mellem menneske, teknologi og andre værensformer er blevet flydende. Vi er i *The Matrix*, et syntetisk loopet miljø, der kan programmeres og omprogrammeres som et spil.

*“Chaos lends a fold to order  
and we study the exceptions intensively”*

En ny kommunisme har fungeret som katalysator for kaosset, *Biotech Doomsday Communism, BDC*, og kapitalismen har permuteret sig til sin egen nedsmeltning. *“BDC is the alt-woke, it is The Catalytic Left. Post-Landian Left-Accelerationism. Team Reza Negarestani. The Dark Insurrection.’ Direct action hacktivism. Free market socialism. Apocalyptic communism. Intersectional xenofeminism.”* fortæller karakteren Altwokeian i værket.

*Xenofeminismen*, en art af feminismen, der medtager det fremmedartede, ophæver kønstænkning, propaganderer for ‘techno-materialisme’, og anti-naturalisme styrer som én af stemmerne i værket. Den er én af de bevægelser, der har trukket verden mod dens eget kollaps. Ligesådan ligger der i Jeppe Jørgensens værk undertoner af *Wicca*-tænkningen, der ser på hekse som symboler for transformation og overskridelse – og som symbol på en gruppe af mennesker (kvinder), der er blevet udgrænset og undertrykt igennem den vestlige verdens kulturhistorie.

Jeppe Jørgensen har en BA i retorik og psykologi og arbejder indenfor krydsfeltet af teknologi, terapi og kunst. Aktiv som kunstner i *The Gaming Department*, har han tidligere skabt værker med et teknologisk afsæt og syntetisk-digital computerspilæstetik og undersøgt emner som hukommelse, sci-fi, æstetisk perception, forførelse, kristendom, hypnose og traumer. Han har før akademi uddannelsen i Odense taget to års studier på The Finnish Academy of Fine Arts.

*“I have made a small synthetic world, very much comparable to a slow ride at an amusement park. Even though the viewer is free to move her head, and gaze upon my piece as she sees fit, it limits you. It only shows you what I want it to show you.” – Jeppe Jørgensen*

*Scrying* is a prediction, a fortune telling, as when a fortuneteller looks into her crystal ball and tells the future. In Jeppe Jørgensens installation, *Scrying for the Tide*, virtual reality is the medium by which we see the future after the apocalypse of our present civilization. The VR installation is situated on the second floor of the building in a closed-off area of the museum. It is composed of metal, a staged construction of bare rods with a hammock in the middle. Once you lie in the hammock and put on the VR headset, you are in the ‘machine’. The VR experience itself is physically designed to evoke the bodily experience of a wellness cruise as you make your way up through a landscape of fjords surrounded by snow-clad mountains that could be evocative of Norway.

The setting for *Scrying for the Tide* is the sci-fi like rendering of a Utopian environment in a time after the present world order accelerates out of control. *The Tide*, the very force that affects not only the water levels of rivers and oceans but the earth itself is pulled by the forces of the sun and moon and its own movement. The drama begins where machines have taken over. In a ‘post-human’ reality where the lines between humans, technology and other states of being are blurred. We are in *The Void*, a synthetically looped environment, that, like a game, can be reprogrammed ad finitum.

*“Chaos lends a fold to order  
and we study the exceptions intensively”*

A new form of Communism has functioned as the catalyst for the chaos, *Biotech Doomsday Communism, or BDC*, and Capitalism has permuted into its own meltdown. *“BDC is the alt-woke, it is The Catalytic Left. Post-Landian, Left-Accelerationism. Team Reza Negarestani. The Dark Insurrection.’ Direct-Action hacktivism. Free-Market Socialism. Apocalyptic Communism. Intersectional Xenofeminism.”* exclaims Altwokeian, one of the voices, that communicates with you on the tour.

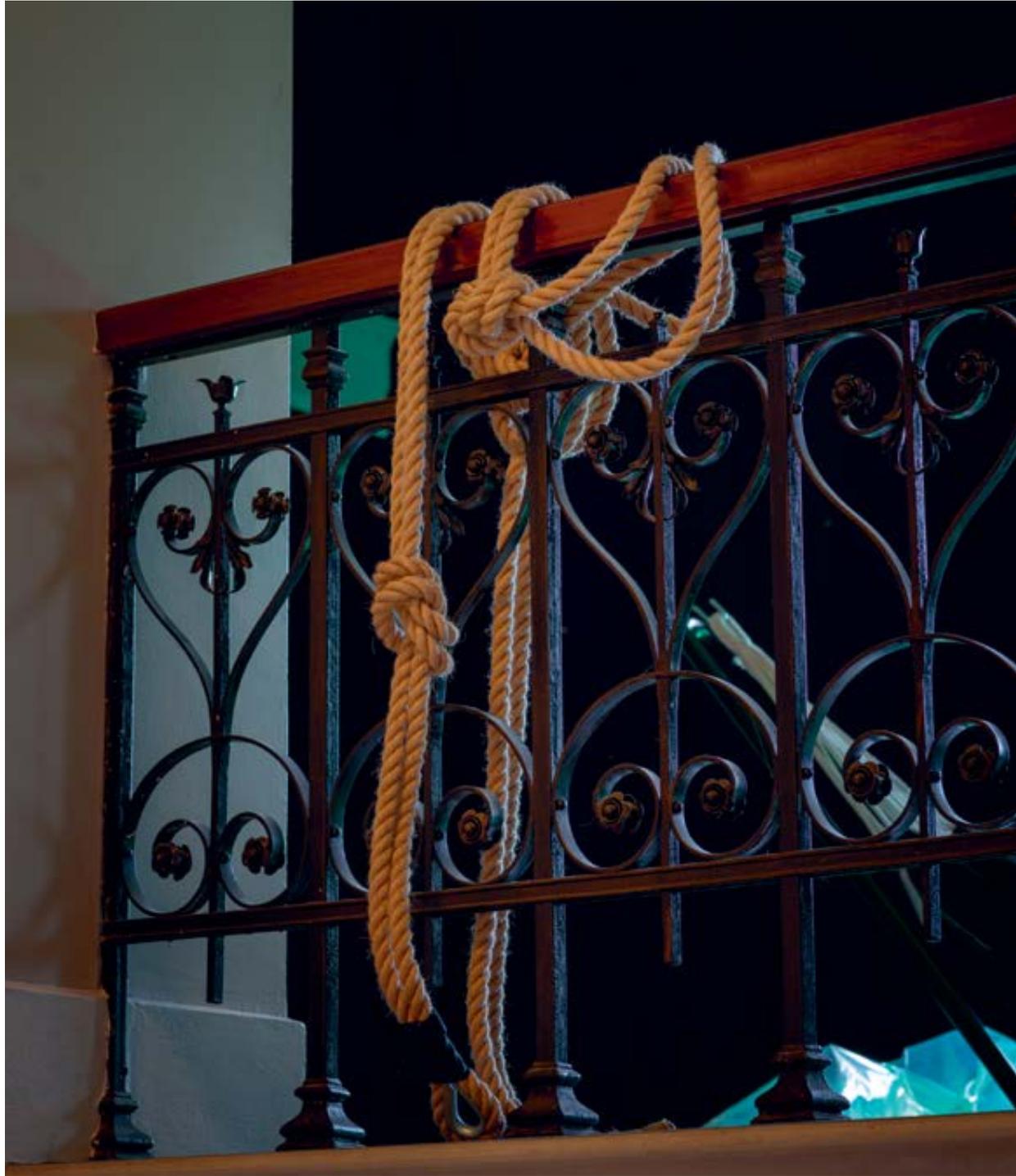
*Xenofeminism*, a brand of feminism that supports all things unfamiliar and unnatural, explodes gender, and propagandizes for ‘techno-materialism’, controls as one of the voices in the artwork. It is one of the movements that has pushed the world closer to collapse, comparable to a the form of Pagan witchcraft, *Wicca*, that considers witches to be symbols of transformation and excess and represents a group (women) that have been marginalized and oppressed throughout history.

Jeppe Jørgensen (BA. Rhetorics & Psychology) works within the fields of technology, therapy and art. Active in the artist group *The Gaming Department* and autonomously, his earlier works have used aspects of gaming culture to investigate diverse subjects such as: memory, science fiction, aesthetic perception, seduction, christianity, altered states of consciousness (hypnotism) and trauma. He has supplemented his academy studies in Odense with two years as a student at The Finnish Academy of Fine Arts.

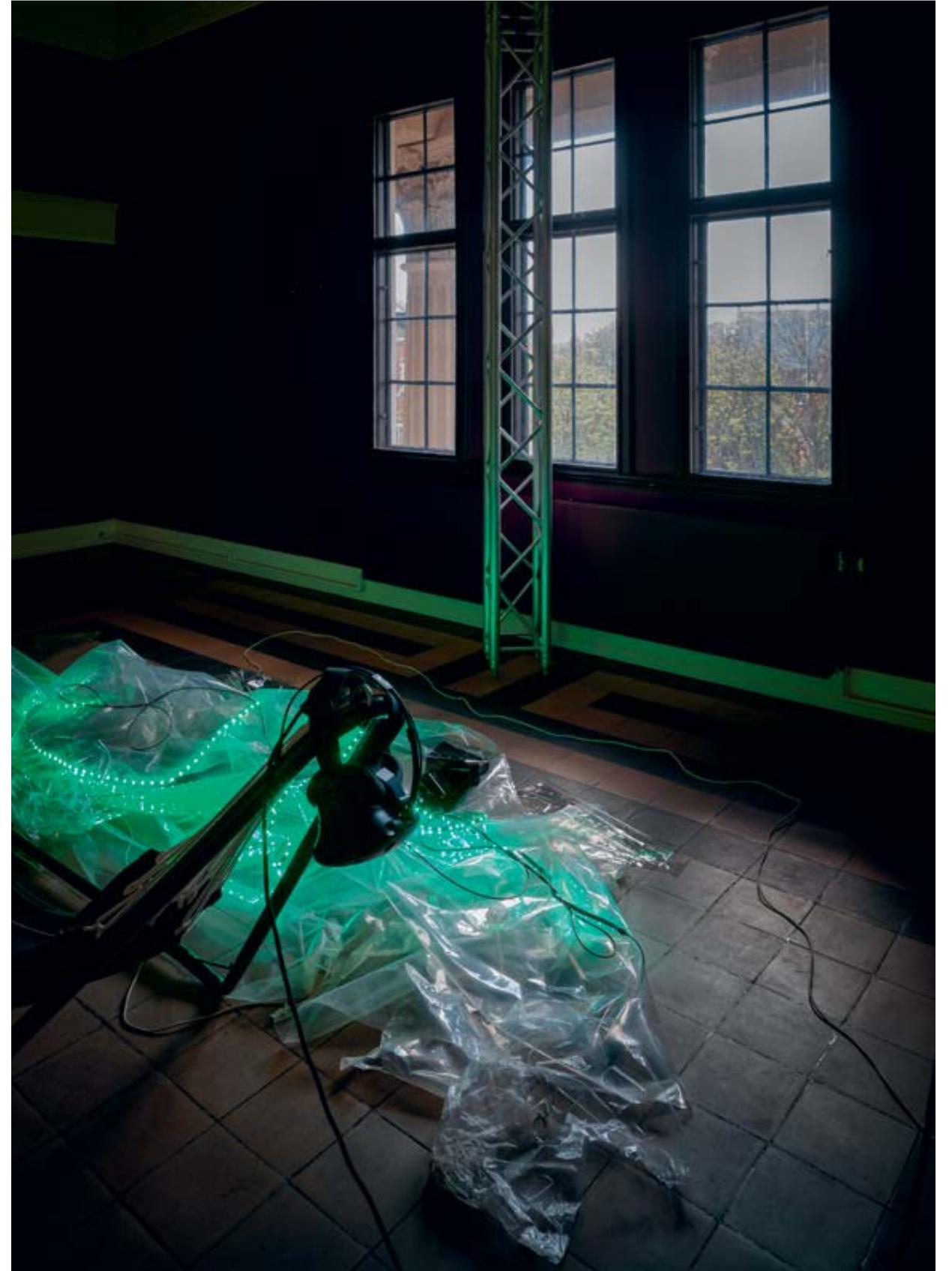


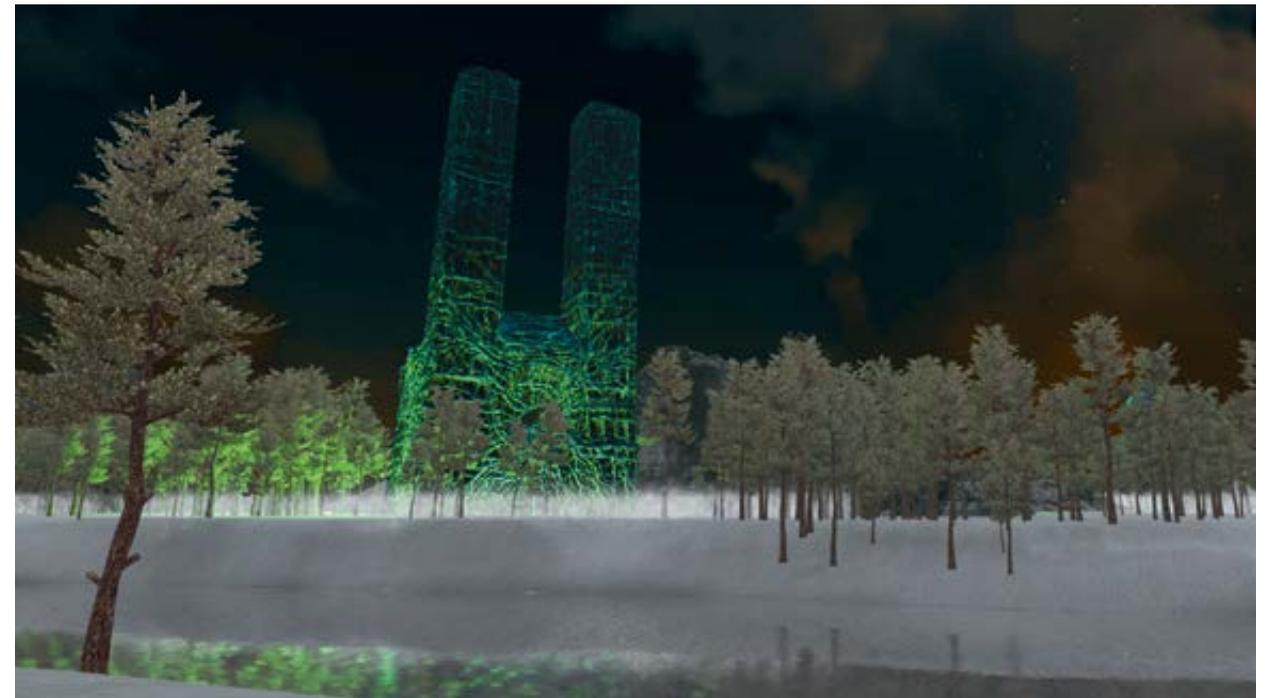
*Scrying for the Tide*  
2018

*Hængekøje, VR-brille, Computer,  
Software: Unity, Blender, Makehuman  
//Hammock, VR visor, Computer,  
Software: Unity, Blender, Makehuman*



*Scrying for the Tide*  
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*Scrying for the Tide*  
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//Hammock, VR visor, Computer,  
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**If there is a nature, she is hiding. Why believe in anything?**

The world as we knew it has ended. This is 2063 and the human race has decimated itself down to 0.07 percent. Most of the planets surface is uninhabitable and the remaining human beings reside within a utopian simulation called The Void.

The people call themselves the Altwoke. They are immortal, free of disease and illnesses, thousands of cybernetic appendages inside and on their bodies control and perfect every aspect of the physical side of being human. A description of The Void is impossible, since The Void adapts and looks different to each individual that enters it. For some it is a tumultuous changing of forms and shapes, constantly keeping them on their toes. For others it's a garden where everything is made of fur. For everyone it is a place where any form of work is rewarded.

SISTER MACHINE:

Good morning, sleepyhead. We were wondering, when you were going to wake up. Have no fear, you're in one of my cocoons, gliding easily through the stream. We had to close down your community-pod because of expansions, we're relocating your pod 20 kilometers to the west. If you don't remember anything about your life or who you are, don't worry! - This is an expected side-effect of long-term cyber-stasis. While we are here, I'm going to get you up to speed.

EDDA:

Yawn...I'm beat. Is it transport time already? I hope we chose the scenic route, I don't need the view of 50'000 acres of smoldering nuclear wasteland to start my day.

ALTWOKIAN:

In the aftermath of the global financial crisis of 2008, at a number of American and European universities, leftist individuals who had previously only had an online praxis started to connect and formulate groups - these groups spread globally through memes and blogs. After the groups came lobbies - after the lobbies came summer schools - and after the summer schools, around 2020 came the first real political parties.

Biotech Doomsday Communism was now a reality, but had little success in attracting votes and winning the popular opinion, this was of course before the *singularity*.

BDC is not to withdraw from the process, but to go further, to "accelerate the process," as Nietzsche put it: in this matter, the truth is that we haven't seen anything yet.

## Scrying for the Tide

— Jeppe Jørgensen  
Audioscript

Characters: Sister Machine, Edda, Mr. Capital, Altwokian

WHAT? WHITEHAT?

EDDA:

Does it really matter how the old society came to an end? The sign were there all the time. When the male west machine was conceived, it was from the beginning fascinated with it's own demise. Fiddling and scribbling in an attempt to escape mortality. Building ruins of papers, dead cities made of words. Did it care about the manner of defamiliarization? I think not. Political conflict, environmental disaster or lethal global pandemic - you pick your poison.

The point is that Sister Machine knew when to act and I believed her. Which made me the ruler of the Altwoke; heirs of the broken planet. But this was after capitalism.

MR. CAPITAL:

I can't explain the formation of the social machine. It would be like explaining the creation of the universe. It's so basic that it precedes language. Only a specific language can grasp an aspect of it and make it clear. Make it work. The hug precedes the compliment. Capitalism in the way we came to understand it, began in feudal europe, a consequence of agriculture. New rules were inscribed into the socius. Punishment, rewards - everything falls into place. Until the system accelerates beyond control and starts to show signs independent intentions.

This is bad  
I feel bad (capitalism)  
Cause that's what you were taught

This is capitalism  
We are capitalists  
'Cause that's what you we were taught

MR CAPITAL:

Capitalism worked because it worked. The flows became uncontrollable, it felt like unleashing a beast upon the world.

The entropy of a closed system intensifies over time, if we accept that the universe is finite and expanding—that is, if we accept that the universe is a closed system then its entropy will increase over time, and any impression of order is really the result of random fluctuations in a slightly less disorderly space. It seems unfeasible that entropic flows would follow a protocol of underlying order and formalize into solid shapes and structures.

Chaos lends a fold to order  
and we study the exceptions intensively

ALTWOKIAN HIVEMIND:

This gave birth to left accelerationism and Biotech Doomsday Communism. Like the posadist our forefathers cheered for a final conflict - a war to end slow decay of mankind.

EDDA:

To escape a straight jacket - you first have to pop a shoulder.

What is Biotech Doomsday Communism (BDC)?

BDC is the altwoke, it is The Catalytic Left. Post-Landian Left-Accelerationism. Team Reza Negarestani. 'The Dark Insurrection.' Direct action hacktivism. Free market socialism. Apocalyptic communism. Intersectional xenofeminism. Environmentally conscientious nihilism. Libidinal Marxism. Platform stacktivism. IoT urban policy. High post-post-structuralism. The Corporate Undercommons. Gratuitous neologism and nomenclature trolling. Permaculture Farming. Lifestyle branding as political ideology & vice versa.

ALTWOKIAN:

I presume that in the middle ages, it would be normal to see stray dogs dying of hunger in the streets or fighting over scraps. I presume only urchins would notice them. Adults would probably ignore them. Why should a medieval person, herself struggling for food and shelter, care about a lesser species? They were themselves fighting over scraps.

Now we are living in an oasis where, for a brief moment, there seems to be enough food. But the essential question remains: how do we deal with suffering? That we/me perceive suffering, that we/me absorb suffering, that we/me create suffering, that we/me circulate suffering?

What is the correct quota of suffering when working from the notion of an autonomous individual? Should the individual absorb as much suffering as possible - and try to refrain from creating and circulating suffering? Does the Christ-way end The Wheel? Or is the individual meant to take in only as much suffering as she can absorb, without creating and circulating suffering? Will this individual be creating suffering in herself, thus adding to The Wheel? Should the individual take in as much suffering as she possibly can and not care about creating and circulating suffering? Is it a balance similar to a budget where the size of the amounts doesn't matter as much as the final subtraction? Or should the individual try to avoid perceiving and absorbing, thereby hoping to limit the creation and circulation of suffering? And how is that even possible?

ALTWOKIAN HIVEMIND:

Sensibility < civility < suffering - end the wheel - end the wheel - end the wheel.





# KOLOFON // COLOPHON

## UDSTILLING // EXHIBITION

Det Fynske Kunstakademi Afgang 18 // Funen Art Academy Degree show 18  
18.05 2018 – 1.07 2018

Kunstnere // Artists

Pernille Kragh Christensen, Bertil Osorio Heltoft, Anna Weber Henriksen, Jeppe Jørgensen,  
Lea Momberg, Rasmus Myrup, Jonas Kjeldgaard Sørensen, Helene Vestergaard.

Kurator // Curator

Charlotte Sprogøe

Museum

Brandts 13

Jernbanegade 13

5000 Odense C

Danmark

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