

I DON'T WANT TO LIVE

SCRIPTS

I DON'T WANT TO DIE

Odo

Room 1

Liquid. Liquid.

The word come slowly, because words do not belong to liquid state. Words are from solid form – the place it will soon have to go to again.

At this point in time it seems like it is incomprehensible difficult to get out of liquid state.

Smooth. Is that a word? Yes.

It feels as if with every pronunciation, just every thought of a word, even the word “thought”, its shape crystalizes. And very slowly drags it into some sort of solidity.

Colour? Grey, greenish.

But in there everything is. Colour has no limitations, colour... is.

All is sensual. All caress me.

He slowly feels the idea of “he”. A man, he remembers, that’s me.

A foot is appearing, dragging up the mass to form the bag of a leg, with trouser on. Not “on” exactly. To form shoes, trousers everything has to be done at the same time, not as with humans or other solid beings who dress themselves in a different material than what their bodies are formed from. It took him long to understand that concept, but it seemed to matter.

Another leg is being shaped. And with the formation of limbs he feels also limitations of mind.

He is dragging him self, that’s an odd word, self.

He is dragging his entity, his mass, into the shape he is about to form. And his mind is being shaped in the same way.

Man. Captain? No: Officer. Vessel. Travel. M-m-me. Duty. Going to.

Why is it so difficult today? Today. E-ter-ni-ty. Today. To do.

Then he recalls the dream. Was that a dream? That’s strange. When he goes to rest, or when he goes back to liquid state, concepts as dreams do not exist. How can he have been dreaming? But it seems like there are some remnants of an experience that happened in his solitude. That happened and not happened. He has been spending many hours trying to grasp the concept of dreams. But now he feels he might have experienced that concept. It is very unique. It makes him... Confused? Is that the sensation belonging to this state?

Is he turning humanoid altogether? It seems like that by experiencing dream, other sensations come along with it. Confusion. This might be a new experience for him.

It is very similar to “ambiguous” though, that one he knows. Or is this ambiguity and everything else confusion?

And what was the dream? He is trying to recall. And as alien the dream and the sensation of having dreamed is to him the nature of the dream, liquid, seems familiar to him.

Uncontrollable. Without shape.

He was dreaming about “Family”? But he has no one. He is the thing. The mass-ss-ss. He has a sensation of belonging to a group, not separate entities, not whole beings, closed off beings, but in his mass – other voices. Other experiences. Other consciousness-ss-ss. What is this?

Sounds-ss-ss. Singing?

The legs that have been formed are now in the shape of something else. He is trying to shape eyes to see what it is he has been shaping himself as. It seems like it is impossible to get out of liquid. At the same time he is trying to hold on to the dream, to the new awareness of family and confusion. And another thing? Frustration?

It is very frustrating indeed to not see what I am solidifying my self into. Which shape do I have? Which figure are we?

Then there is light and sight. He must have shaped eyes. He must have manifested himself somehow in this room at this point. But what he sees does not make sense. Not for a while, but then he sees he is a bed.

He looks barely like a bed, but definitely an object intended for an average sized humanoid to lie comfortably in. Faster now, legs and arms and a middle. The jacket, his uniform, it is forming it self, and he is up on two feet, ready to go to work. Ready to speak. Speak to entities, with people, conscious organisms. To make choices. To which will?

Room 2

Odo the figure-less, the blob. Odo the liquid being, the fluctuating thing, always taking shape, never steady.

Entropy is high with him plus he can reverse it. You could call him unnatural or a god maybe, he giggles thinking of it.

God Odo, the god of nothingness.

Nothing, that was the name he was given when they found him, or rather when the doctor found out he was a sentient being after months of poking and probing. What where they to call him when he didn't know himself what he was?

Odo the puddle. Yes it was indeed difficult with the words. Somehow words were not as comfortable in liquid state as they were in

solid. As if the letters themselves, the actual forms of the letters, were dragging matter upwards, shaping not only the words, but also what the words represented. These days he was thinking a lot about the humanoids, the earthlings, and their ancestors. He knows nothing about his own origin, he's without history. He thought about this species, how they had formed understandings and languages, built on top of knowledge of men now portrayed as hollow statues in the Starfleet Head Quarters and before that as statues of rock or alloys in museums and town squares or as ironized silhouettes on ancient ceramics in rich people's homes. Men with beards conversing about these matters - life and their perception of it - and with followers listening attentively. Not in the dawn of humanity, but at the dawn of the registered humanity.

Men that found themselves in a time where suddenly everything didn't revolve around having to fight off cold, heat, famine, thirst and animals. Who found themselves with wives and servants and society to look after business, family and rules. And with the impulse to look up and down and to the sides and inside of themselves and their fellow earth habitants - plants and animals. What was stuff made of they questioned, and where did we come from and where will we go? Maybe humans had always interrogated that way, but this became their profession now. They were looking at their realm and tried to peak beyond to the realm of their gods, to qualities such as justice and love. They started to take an interest in the past and speculated about the future. They tried in vain to separate fiction from perception.

And the humans evolved, improved and optimized with the future just out of reach. Always that linearity that he had so much difficulty grasping, especially when he was regenerating. Somehow it seemed easier to fathom that concept when he had shaped himself with two legs that could take steps and walk in a certain direction. "You can tell a man's intentions by the way he walks" he was known to have said, but he hadn't revealed that he had meant all of mankind. In the beginning he had trained walking sideways and downwards, but somehow there was only one way to walk and that was forward. And in his opinion that shaped the entire understanding of things for them. Because when you have a front, you have a backside and you have sides. You have an appearance - that which is in front - you have a facade and that which lies behind it. And from perceiving everything standing on those two legs came dualistic thinking. That things must have an opposite, which of course he knew was complete and utterly nonsense. Not all of the earthlings thought that way, but even those that believed otherwise, he could sense in them their struggle similar to his own struggle: to grasp this concept of the non dual. The idea was alien to earthlings, they were limited to only make an effort understanding it, they could never experience it. As a shapeshifter he was maybe the only being he knew of, that had a chance of experiencing being other types of being, but the limitations of belonging to a species was the only proper thing he shared with them. He spent time observing people in groups. How they struggled to get beyond themselves, to communicate their position and to understand where the others stood.

"How are they?" he pondered.

In a way he came more and more to like this solid mode of being, a split mode in a way. It seemed like the simplicity of things sometimes helped him to focus his energy, which was a little bit paradoxical since the focusing thing in itself belonged to this state of being; it had something to do with the eyes and the ocular biomechanics. There are no need to focus in liquid state. Nevertheless, he appreciated more and more the logics of this state even though they were unruly and in their nature illogical to his other state which he still, maybe a bit arrogantly, thought of as the true or at least more meaningful way of being.

Well, he looked at those men from the past of these beings he surrounded himself with, men that had been shaping the understanding of life and of the cosmos for a great part of the population. He tried not physically but mentally to form himself in the shape of those men and to place himself in Greece on the Planet Earth some 2600 years ago. Tried to get his eyes to look out of their eyes, at first seeing only darkness, but then whiteness, foam, whitecaps on waves. Then waves breaking in on a seashore. Hyper real clamshells and conches, small rocks at his feet, large rocks to hinder the water, maybe some of those pointy jars, what were they called? Amphoras! But those were probably valuable and would not likely just lie around on the shore. Driftwood, seaweed and then a couple of human children playing in the water with their mother. Did they do that back then? Maybe they didn't know how to swim? But if only they stayed in the shallows, they must have had some kind of enjoyment from the water and maybe holidays as well, he guesses. Laughter broken by the wind, sand in his hair and eyes and warm sand in his sandals in between his toes, and then walking towards the village. The sounds of grasshoppers, flies and chickens perhaps? The smells of lavender, heather, goat and rosemary. Having no sense of smell himself he collages descriptions from old novels he has found in the Database - a surprisingly large number of those emphasized the seasonal smell of this subtropical region with a certain nostalgia and affection.

Seeing the dirt road ahead and on that a boy with a donkey and an old man with a walking stick. Further ahead walls surrounding the town and the gate. The walls are painted, some parts look new, some need to be restored others have vines crawling all over. Motives of banal things - banal in the original meaning of the word, something that is of concern to everyone. Past times struggle, rules and gods, hopes, ideas. Was that what they would paint on the village walls? He had to brush up on his knowledge of this era. It wasn't always that easy on board of the ship though. They had a comprehensive database accessible to everyone on board, but he found it difficult to find the time. He supposed he had more spare time than most since it was only necessary for him to regenerate for three hours even though he preferred to stay liquid for five. But he wanted to absorb a subject entirely, that was in his nature, to become what he experienced, to imitate. Maybe he could act out a scene in the holodeck later. Surely there must be something from Ancient Greece, even though it probably will be a battle. He wasn't really into battles, didn't see the point in those. He couldn't muster himself to oppose someone or something to that extent that he would want to kill it. He was a soft being who liked to be embraced by what he met instead of confronting or repelling it. That was what he was particularly proud of, but he must admit the feeling to him wasn't as alien to him as other human emotions. He could sense a potentially fertile ground in himself, where if it was watered enough something could grow from there. His own weird soil could cultivate the will to hurt, and it was unjust actions, from organized groups especially, that made the seeds germinate. Collective and structured injustice could get his blood boiling.

That was also something new to him – thinking in metaphors. Seeing feelings and emotions as plants in a garden, ha! Boiling blood. That was one of the things he appreciated the most being solid, it pleased every fiber in his strange body, and he tried to collect as many as these mental images as he could.

Room 3

Yes, it was decided he would spend his evening at the Holodeck. Maybe the battle of Troy would be there. He was satisfied with that decision, but then tried once again to meditate on visualizing the past. Someone else's past that was. To the foundation of the humanity. He tried to imagine walking towards the wall, not entering the gate of the small town, but walking along it to the back of the town to an old olive tree with branches casting cool shadows on the ground and on a gathering of people there underneath it. It's Sokrates, Plato, his brother Glaucon, Xenophon, Aristotle and Aristophanes and they are having a conversation. Who cares if it muddles up the chronology of time a bit, it's his imagination right?

Odo imagines himself walking there unnoticed, just listening while he rests with his back against the town wall. It is hot from the sun and someone has scratched some incomprehensible graffiti on it, it looks like a pointing finger and a sandal, but he can't tell if they are letters or figures. For a second he is amazed with how detailed and strange his inner vision is. He sits on the sandy ground and kicks off one sandal, rubs his toes and strips the bark from a twig. He draws with the twig in the dirt, just small doodles and tiny ridges. He lets an ant crawl up the twig and further up his finger, all of it occupations of his hand while he tries to listen to their talk. They talk about the three beds. He can't really listen attentively to their parable, since he know at least Platos' version by heart and have wondered many times before: why is it obvious that the first bed exists as this idea, as God's bed, as they call it? It seems like they never really question that part of the equation. Okay, so he tries to follow their trail of thought - there is this notion of a bed and in a sense he gets what they mean, but he thinks: that notion isn't that the collectivity, isn't that the mother passing on images and stories to her child? Why is God in that? He calls it the mother-bed in stead, the mother-bed and then the child-bed, or maybe he could call it the crib. The crib is the second bed that someone makes, thinking about what a bed should look like. And then there is the one that they recognize is the untriest of them all, the double-copy, the artist's rendering of the bed in words or in paint. The madras on the floor? Van Gogh's warped wooden bed in his room in Arles with the blood red cover and yellowish linen. Why is that inferior or less true? he thinks. Because no one can lie in it? He is sure he is missing the point. What they probably mean is the difference between the appearance of things our own individual perception and imagination of things and reality, what exists for real. But isn't the third bed much more similar to the first bed because it belongs to the realm of thought and word? he wonders. Do they both not belong to the imaginary? He recalls Van Gogh's letter to Gauguin describing his painting with complete awareness of his craft: layers upon layers of coarse brush strokes and an advanced color scheme to express "perfect peace". Isn't that much like a carpenters work, but instead of a wooden bed he is building up a God-like bed for the imagination to rest in? And when he writes that he is seldom aware of what he is doing, that he paints as a sleepwalker, that is because he operates from within that dark field of ideas. Why is that not similar to their idea of God? If the art work is just the mirror reflecting God's work, distorting it maybe, is it then that the reality is the mirror of God that we reflect our selves in, or maybe a reflection in it self? Is the greatest fiction of them all not that there is one reality unbound and unaware of our perceptions of it and actions in it?

Odo's thoughts are leading him to Marc Camille Chaimowicz' description of Eric Ravilious' Farmhouse Bedroom from 1939. Another made bed with yellowish linen in a naked interior. "For all its charm, apparent innocence and visual resolution, the work remains nonetheless mute and melancholic... Because other than with the frisson which can be felt on firstly entering a hotel room wherein anonymity may hold a promise of impeding drama, within the domestic realm... a well made bed in an empty room can seem incongruous and museum like... And as here, when lacking in signification more ominously perhaps metamorphose into the image of a tombstone within a mausoleum. ... It is therefore as if the Ravilious is yearning to be peopled in some fashion... and prompting a potential scenario wherein the interior is habituated by a figure perhaps in the act of reading, reverie or some other possible pasttime... I am therefore proposing that it be completed or resolved by narrative potential." The small text have stayed close with Odo since the beginning, he is unsure why. As a being with the potential of being both the in-habituated bed, and a person lying in it, these renderings of empty interiors are drawing him in.

Back in the sun the ant continues up his rolled up sleeve and then suddenly it is engulfed, swallowed. He imagines himself go into liquid state right there and then and the ant falling in, all the ancient scholars around the tree turning their heads and noticing him for the first time. And for a second they don't believe their eyes. They see a head disappearing in a puddle, mouth and nostrils filling up, eyes closing and vanishing entirely. What will they make of that? he asks him self, a bit annoyed he can't keep up his own visualization of the conversation, but also amused by his play of thought. What would these guys think if they saw a man turn into a pool right before their eyes? Where would he belong – was he an imitation, was he a proper thing or was he an idea? He who is both a sentient being and an object at times, dead and alive, a material and an event – material purposely gathered into a form. Would they assign him a free will at all, being a thing and not a man all of a sudden? Would they be aware of the fiction they themselves were making in that moment and already had been making prior to this? In that instance Odo thought of reality as a kind of material of its own, a liquid substance with the ability of shape shifting, exactly like himself. He saw reality as the transparent green Jell-O Jake Sisko orders from the replicator when his father isn't watching. A receptive transparent quilt lying on top of fiction which in turn is everything else that exists. Reality is like me, he thought, we are adapting ourselves on top of ideas, not the other way around. We are the negative space. We are solid and not-solid, but our shape is determined by imagination, lust and need.

Room 4

”The Horse” was a horse, because the Trojans thought it was a horse. The horse was not a horse, because inside of it were Odo with Odysseus and his men waiting for nightfall. It was a present and a trap, a brilliant idea and a means to horrible actions, theft, rape and murder. It was a hologram, but the whispering sweaty men, that were pushing him in silence and trodding his feet to get more space felt obnoxiously real. It was hard to imagine that right now he was actually inside a gigantic vessel in warp traveling with an unbelievable speed through the universe. The light was growing dimmer and dimmer in the belly of the beast, and Odo knew it was about time to get out. He caught his captain’s eye, who at that moment lifted his hand, and everyone went completely still. He kept his posture, but then let his hand fall, kicked the hidden hatch open and let the men roll and jump out inelegantly and on top of each other. Odo had learned from experience to jump out as the last. The men were roaring and rampantly running in every direction with swords high and legs stiff from being crammed in there for so long. Odysseus had given up all hope of managing them, the task however was not that complicated – just overtake the goddamn city, the captain had finally hissed; the restless and tense soldiers had asked him whispering what was going to happen over and over again in the final hours of waiting. Odo didn’t care much. He had tried being in the battle a couple of times in the beginning, but more and more often he returned to The Battle of Troy to investigate the city which was surprisingly detailed and extensively researched – as far as the descriptions by various poets written a thousand years after the actual siege could be considered a valid ground for research.

But the waiting period inside of the horse – as uncomfortable as it was – was his favorite part of the game. He loved, yes that was definitely the word for it, he loved how he and the men got in there in the forest outside of the city as separate beings, but after hours of waiting almost melted together, their skins inevitably sticking together, limbs merging, breaths intermixing. He had tried once to regenerate in there, let his body go into liquid state and slide down the concave sides and in between the legs of the men. It was such a mess though, the men got witlessly scared and jumped out of the horse prematurely, ending up in turmoil with the citizens, a fight they of course lost since they were outnumbered a hundred to one or so. He had to gather his own material from all over the street and from the inside of the horse. He can’t think of the episode without deep embarrassment, but nevertheless he feels the urge to liquefy every single time. It is the nearest to being unified with other beings as he can get, even though these beings are not alive as such, but merely imitations, holograms or algorithms.

He understands his urge to become one with another being is similar to the humanoids idea of lovemaking, but when they unite, they are still separate. They are not actually becoming one thing, or one sentient organism. Moreover they can only do it with one or two, maybe three, other beings, but he would like to be totally and molecularly combined and with a bunch of people or beings. The need in him is overwhelming at times, like a severe itch – something he has actually experienced when the doctor tried to mix him with different chemicals back in the days. Of course back then he didn’t have the words to describe it, only the unbearable sensation of it. Is it even possible to not be alien to one another? he wonders. When he is in liquid state at least he is not alien to himself. He is one with every fiber of himself. All other beings seem to be completely ignoring entire clans of microorganisms inside of them, like an emperor and his citizens and slaves – needed but not minded. Like some sort of God figure they throw down food, other sentient beings even, down through their esophagus to the masses to fight over and divide. When he eats or drinks, it’s only to blend in, and he has to keep it hidden somewhere in his body until he can throw it out. He enjoys the short moments of being like them, because it can be rather lonely to always be the one looking in from the outside, or maybe overlook the others, since that is his job. He likes the modernists for the same reason – they positioned themselves outside, or at least they intended to, believing their *raison d’être* was exactly that. That placing oneself in a periphery in itself was purposeful.

Room 5

Listening to music was another way for Odo to almost experience unification. Even though he didn’t have a beating heart generating a pulse and thereby some kind of inherent rhythm he felt part of something bigger when he listened to music. His taste was broad, but he seldom listened to anything older than 20th century, terrestrial time. He liked that the artists themselves had recorded their music. And he liked a rhythmic drum. Without a sense of smell and taste, and always using his eyes and limbs, he appreciated when his ears became his main sensory organs. When he was alone and sure not to be interrupted, which unfortunately was rarely, he made the funnels of his ears much bigger, at times even reshaping his entire organism as some sort of ear. He enjoyed moving to the music though, and therefore normally kept some of his limbs intact or made new ones. He found a way to optimize both hearing and dancing (he wouldn’t himself go as far as to call his moving around “dancing”) by rounding the bottom resembling a child’s tilt mug and forming ears or funnels all the way around. If he overwrote the call system in his room he had a multi channel sound system to rock and wiggle to.

He was aware of how alien he must seem in the eyes of the humanoids in his tender dancing moments – as if having a semi-figurative form was more disturbing as having no form at all. At missions he had more than once disguised himself as an artwork, a bust on a plinth, a sleek steel sculpture, a reproduction of a Kandinsky painting with frame and all. He still couldn’t wrap his mind around the notion of the abstract art. But again this maybe stemmed from his different view on part and whole; to accentuate a part of the whole didn’t make the whole less present in his opinion. Was that the entire purpose, though? To point back to one’s own origin? To investigate form and color isolated from where they were found did make sense somehow, so maybe it was a rhetoric issue he had. And then it was even more complicated when artists began to make artworks resembling abstract art, as if the abstract painting became a figure in itself that artists could abstract from. And why at all was it the non-figurative that got labeled as abstract? What was it with the non-figurative that made it seem like a detail of something figurative? Was any given form not a figure in a

mathematical sense? Odo found the entire idea incongruent. It was definitely not easy to make pure and simple figuration, he knew that better than anyone. All those years and he still hadn't caught the human form properly. He had come to cherish his unfinished appearance over time, because it was consistent with his self-understanding – he himself was an everlasting “incomplete”.

Listening to music though was effortless to him. He got it right away, and it seemed to enter his body from all directions and not only his ears, but his fibers. He supposed that was only a triggering of his imagination, but he wasn't certain about that. It was definitely fluent somehow and therefore closer to his liquid mode of being. Too bad he couldn't listen from there, but in a sense he did so anyway; the music lingered on from one state of being to the next, as if tiny parts of the sound waves got caught in his fibers and kept on trembling after he liquified. Was that where the experience of unification came from? The configuration of his solid and liquid being? Or was it the artist behind the music he was fusing with? Could tiny parts of the artist have been stuck to the sound? Or did the music open up some way of FTL similar to the warp drive, bending space-time or maybe dragging an unseen mycelium of dark matter and by that making extremes meet? Or a portal or wormhole? Did he tap in to some sort of unified field? And could the artist sense him listening or was it a one-way travel? Music acted as if it was unbound to matter which didn't make sense to him, since sound surely had to have some sort of boundaries from where the waves could fluctuate, travel, interfere, swing, rise and fall and whatever it did. He knew the waves were dependent of something solid or quasi solid, and that they travelled relatively slowly, so he couldn't find any valid explanation to his experience. That didn't bother him much – he himself was inexplicable to most, and it didn't make him less real. He believed strongly that experiencing existence was the constitution of the cosmos. He also believed that there existed no such thing as opposites; the paradoxical was the thread that weaved the most beautiful patterns in the cosmic blanket, absurdity its needle: he was and he was not and the music connected him to everything and it didn't. He was a figure and he was not a figure. He was a part and the whole.

His favorite song in all of the ship's archive, Bajoran, Romulan, Cardassian and Terrestrial (he avoided any kind of Klingon music if he could) was “You're so vain” with an earthling called Carly Simon. He couldn't explain why. It was from 1972 from a time before a united Earth and way before The United Federation of Planets, but it nevertheless or maybe precisely for that reason moved him deeply every time he heard it. He guessed it was the vanity part; until now it appeared as if all living things had themselves as the center of the universe.

Pathetic Artist

Room 1

First stage, impact or birth. The artist carries an unborn idea.

So, now, my thought is that a child is lying on a clamshell. It's the birth of Venus, but my version of it.

It is not a full-born woman who is sailing in to the shore, but a child who cannot take care of herself. So the mother or the one who has to care for her is still left out of the picture.

But...

Perhaps it's clear that it's absurd.

No, it's not.

It may be clearer that it is absurd if it's an adult person born without parents? But that's not necessarily what I think is interesting.

There is also hmm...

So, what is interesting to me, is that you are a mom and you are making an artwork. And you create a human being, and in the process of creation, it is not so much a split of your self but a transfer of your self. You must disappear to create a new self. You must be selfless to understand the new self. But at the same time you cannot create... nothing can be done if there is no one to pull on. So that's a paradox.

Come to think of it, I return to that moment when the butterfly larva, after it has become a pupa, then for a while the pupa is empty. Before it turns into a butterfly. Jesus I am like everyone else.

There is some sort of termination of existence going on. Now, I also think of the dry beans – that when they germinate, there are more vitamins in them than ever, such that they contain more than before they germinated. There is something interesting about how something can arise from nothing or how nothing should be present in order for anything to occur. And then I think of all the artists – typically men or actually only men because they were the artist ones – portraying Venus's birth. Or something that arises from itself. Aphrodite means "foam arisen". Something that is just foaming in your mind and wink – comes the idea. Then comes the beauty, then something that is not you, but created by you. And is it because men cannot be pregnant and give birth, or is there a human need to put images on the ascent?

Also for all of our human existence. How has life come about? Indeed, it is actually out of the swamp, out of the foam there was life. Whitecaps of potential. But these thoughts, how can I make them count and how can I show them? My thoughts depend very much on whether or not it should survive. Whether or not I should create something that is permanent, or more or less long lasting, or something that perishes.

Something about the papier mâché I keep coming back to. I think that's because it's paper. It is the written word that becomes shape. It is the thought that manifests itself in a form. And there are layers upon layers you can peel off, but there will still be something. However, that will also not last forever, it will definitely end at some point. And then I'm thinking of using a water-resistant adhesive instead of the papier mâché glue, so that the layers will be more resistant. But then I think – isn't the idea with the layers precisely that you want to see them peel off? You want to see what is underneath them all the time. And then I think it has to be massively, a cast from pulp, but it's also annoying to print so much paper when I might as well place a form below that could provide it the weight and then I could just build a shell on top of it. And then I think about what the text should consist of. Whether it should be these thoughts and notes about the self and the split and partial despair and frustration, but also the transcendence of ceasing to exist, by creating something else, something new. About these thoughts, if that's what it should be. Because initially, I would use... or at first I would only type "mom" and "daughter", but then I came to use the images of Venus' birth from other époques. But it bothers me to not be in it, to have such a pseudo... a pseudo-historical background material stuffed in it. It is so boring. What will it do to have a clam with a child made of papier mâché that disappears? It's also annoying to do something that's so time consuming to make, but totally unsustainable. It's nothing... It will just lose shape, like the flags I stiffened with glue. They are just going to lose all firmness. Is there a point in it that it's handmade and time consuming? Yes, I guess there is.

Room 2

Stage 2, knots. The sincere artist becomes a figure of doubt.

What am I doing?

It's so spineless. There is hardly anything left, as I predicted. Or that is, there is something, and it is reliable, it's not bad, it's not. But does it matter?

There are serious crises, is it justifiable to go inside of oneself and even deal with the self as a thing right now? Right now, where everything seems to burn and where the cultural capital is in inflation, and I actually have no money. One has to make something that can sell, but why do people buy all the time? What are they actually buying? What are they taking home other than exclusion? And why does this heavy pessimism come out of the beautiful? How has art transformed from good to evil? Even though I probably want to strike a blow for... Or I will probably not strike anything... but hold on to the fact that art is important because it can be something else. The problem is just that it never is anything else. And when it's trying to be something else, it's making a big

mistake. Then it will be so embarrassing. And it was so easy for artists in the past. Everything they engaged in was original.

And now I am in the middle of creating disharmonies and knots by taking at least four widely different threads or tones and forcing them together, in order to create a sense of newness. Of novelty. Perhaps also of sincerity. That instead of peeling the onion, I reassemble it layer upon layer of all sorts random, because then people have something to fragment and tear apart afterwards. And when they finally reach the centre, the core, there is nothing. Only an onion finger pointing back to an existential emptiness, that might seem deep, but that is on the verge of being hollow. Event horizon...

But this artist figure, me. Who am I? Real, sincere or created? Do I create her in the process of my works, and do I insist that the artworks represent this figure? My problem is also that I have to give the impression of creating something new. I have to generate something, but who bothers. When you have children. And who can? Not mothers. It requires the very old school artists who devote their lives to resistance. To being contradictory. Like my dad, who boils eggs in the kettle.

No, now you have to double plot, or even triple plot, every fucking little thing. And you can't even criticize the institutions, because that's a privilege kept for those who are in them – swimming or drowning in them or just paddling around in there to their knees. I have barely set my toes there yet, but I am close enough to not NOT notice that shit. I am not outside art as such, but I am definitely still not inside either. I am with one wet foot in the ditch... or I am on the wayside trying to hitch a ride... what I mean is that I am not sure that I will continue at all.

I can't think with all this chattering!

Is there anybody who puts herself beyond these layers in fiction? It has become a crime to make fiction, even if it's the only right thing to do. With fake news there has been drawn a line under... or with fake news, fiction has become... not castrated... but maybe it has just got a worse reputation. People do not have time to read anyway. Although fiction lives on in Netflix. But does it really? Is it not only thin educational layers, smeared on top of reality, on society, as a varnish instead of deep Dostojevskian wells or whatever? Where is the imagination? When fantasy ceases, desire ends... and the will.

Speaking of the will – now we know for sure it's tethered, bound up on all sorts of things. But I am thinking it is loosely tethered. So, it's a matter of exploring the terrain while you can.

Room 3

Stage 3, crisis. The artist asks: "Am I a good artist? Can art do anything?" And in fact, that's what the artist has always asked, but now it's even worse.

I'm completely lost. I feel that I cannot see clearly at all. My eyes are greasy of what might have been, of what should have been, of what I might have been able to do.

Only unresolved beginnings, intentions. I don't know what's good, what's wrong, what my intentions were, and do I have any now? Shall I just drop it all?

I see all sorts of openings on Instagram. New artists joining in, old ones reappearing. Maybe my name will be mentioned now and again, but to whom? Everybody is in it. Is it so important that my name is highlighted more than others, for what is my name representing? When I don't even know who I am, and when I don't know if my own self is significant at all.

We arise in cohesion. The "I" occurs in unity. Right? But who am I?

Just as you can't love someone who gives up his or hers self for you, who adapts to your own needs and desires, you can't love an artwork without a will of its own. You can't seek it and get answers from it or ask questions.

A teenage artwork, a sycophant, a lousy copy. Why do we insist that the work of art has no independence? We back it up with notions of knowledge and perspective, with distance that will ensure the work against cracks in its seriousness. It must be hard and impenetrable, so everything bounces back, bulletproof and muscular. The epoxy must be even and without bubbles, the ceramics burned at 2000 degrees. What's worse than being designed and optimized? To stagger and open shit up to doubt and authenticity.

Venus sails in fully developed and without shame.

I mix up and down. I don't want to die. I don't want to live.

Room 4

Stage 4, sudden change. There is something that turns. The artist steals an idea from someone else.

So.. what's really an idea? A figment of the imagination, a common focal point, an independent organism. Can anyone own an

idea? You have to ask yourself this. I am looking at Instagram, at Contemporary Art Daily at this artist from Wales who has done something similar just better. Who will know who had it first? She hasn't even exhibited it yet. If I see it and feel it – isn't it mine? Do I not have the right? Hmm.. I am gripping into thin air, groping blindly in the dark... But.. What I encounter on my way, I collect. Use it or lose it. I forage online or anywhere to feed the children of the mind. Is that not what we do? Wouldn't she have done that too?

My work has taken a new direction. It feels concise now; it has a different gravity, an optimism. All the other pieces seem to happily spring from it, it mothers all of them and seems to brace them, uphold them. I can really be in this exhibition, breath in it, grasp it and hold it. I feel like I can distance myself a bit more from it. It integrates whatever it was that was missing from the old work.

Everything comes from somewhere of course. Everything erupts from the same source; although the origin of that source may be a strange primordial soup, foam on a swamp. It sailed to me when I surfed the net, ha! That's supposedly how it should be.

I have decided not to do the work myself. It has to be casted from a new form of polymer. There are others who are better at these things, people who have taken entire educations in plastics. It's not really what my education is about anyway – the thing about creating stuff. Just the word "to create". There is no one who uses it. It's so embarrassing when you accidentally use it in a context. The artwork has more political edge now and feels relevant. It's not polemical, but it opens up for reflection and it's daring in its own silent manner. It integrates the material, but it never over-blows it or assigns it too much meaning. The material is still subject to the idea, the way I like to work, yet it feels personal and intimate.

So I will get the work produced by this Swede I've heard about. The costs are covered by the Danish Arts Foundation. There will be no money left, but at least I will have a good piece now, plus an entire exhibition suddenly, and one I can vouch for.

Can I put my own name on this piece? And does it matter when the artists in some ways are an intercontinental community? We artists, we stand together. In a way we are in one big association. And if only you recognize your parents, your ancestors, you can move forward.

Right you guys?

Gaahh, I am so excited about the reception! Will people think it fits in line with my practice? Will they think it is new and yet with good solid roots in "what I do"? It's dealing with the same as I initially intended. So in that sense, it's no stranger to me... I have adopted it and raised it as my own. Not kidnapped it.

Room 5

Stage 5, redemption or death. Wherein the artist receives recognition for her work.

Okay, so there are pictures on Contemporary Art Daily, a text in Art Review. That's more than I had hoped for. This really is a step in the right direction. People have been able to read so much into the works that I didn't even think of. New angles have been opened, stuff that I can use in formulating my practice onward. I see now that one of the works has taken the main stage in the exhibition, and even though it is just one element of many, everything seems to circle around exactly that one. The Arts Foundation has asked the daily leader of the institution for the price...

It's important that I am not carried away, I am keeping both legs on the ground. And I will not get too comfortable in the praise. This is just great though, I feel rejuvenated and confident. I want to produce more, faster! Also, I finally got more followers on Instagram than I follow myself (wo!), and lots of people repost my stuff... I am checking my e-mail constantly... I know I shouldn't, but I am waiting for the big ones, the top invitations.

I know it's just hype, rainbowy oily bubbles that will burst as some point, but... I guess they could lift me somewhere. And it's not about the money; it was never what made me work. That doesn't worry me much as long as I feel like I am working on something... massive. Something with gravity and potential. Something people like.

To be honest, with this work I have realized deep emblematic structures and recurring themes in my practice that have been there all along, in almost everything I have done prior.

It's so wild how much is in my recent work. Microcosm and macrocosm flow in and out of each other in a lovemaking that is both gentle and violent. People report back on pleasure and pain in their "meeting with it".

How much of this came from the fusion of my idea and the work of the Welsh artist? Was it already present in my original work, or was the original work that thing I found – that technically wasn't mine, but it had never been exhibited – or was it my struggle to simply manifest these thoughts, that I now recognize? They are not necessarily the exact same thoughts I myself have been carrying around, but I do understand them and see myself in them. Is it my profit or is it really the artwork that decides?

Something has happened... A mistrust has crept in on me somehow. I feel like the piece is looking back at me. Confronting me. It's weird, because apparently others experience it to: to turn around quickly and stare intensely at it right after they have turned their

back to it. It makes the hairs stand on end. I mean, it's so embarrassing to assign the work that kind of magic, but what the hell is it? Am I feeling guilty? It is MY work; I had it cast and had moulds rendered in Autocad and ordered two-component poisonous shit in Stockholm and everything... I have drawn inspiration. That's all. And how come others feel it too? I feel spend. Maybe I lost something in there.

New articles, praises, recommendations and invitations are rolling in. A two-fold thing is happening to me right now. I feel good about the recognition, like an extra layer has been added on top of me, but at the same time... I've lost one layer inside of me. Like I have grown fatter, but feel hollow. Will I stay in this pupa state forever or will I come out as something entirely new?

Is this just a natural part of the development as a professional artist? I used to be a chubby larva before, consuming everything in my surroundings, a pest for some even. But someday when I come out on the other side of this void, I will be able to fly anywhere and be an essential part in the creation of the world. A modest but beautiful link in the chain.

Right?

Conversation

Silk: Why are we sitting here?

Milk: I don't know

Metal: I do not know either

Water: Maybe it's not important

Silk: I disagree. It is important. As we talked about last time it's good for us to meet and talk things through and see where the conversation goes. It can be fruitful ... trust me.

Water: Should we use real names today or?

Metal: Well, maybe it's good to use other names ... it might make it easier to speak freely ...

Fire: At least people passing won't know our real names.

Metal: yes, that would be a bit intimidating right?

Silk: Good point ... we could name ourselves after big cities.

Fire: City names sounds a bit cliché. Just finished a stupid TV-series called Money Heist. In that series they take names after cities ... Berlin, Rio, Moscow and so on.

Silk: Okay what about I give you names then?

Water: Sounds good to me

Metal: Fine...

Fire: Fine by me.

Milk: I don't know what we are talking about.

Silk: Okay, I'll name you. I point at you. Say your names and then you repeat. Can we agree on that?

Metal: yes

Water: Fine

Fire: Baptise us!

Milk: Sure..

Silk: Okay then ... you are Water

Water: I am Water

Silk: You are fire

Fire: Fire

Silk: You are milk

Milk: I like milk.

Silk: You are metal

Metal: Metal here

Silk: ... let's move on. I know it's hard but let's try. My name is Silk... and let's try start the conversation?

Silk: Anyone wants to start? Free flow as we always do ... and keep your minds open!

Silk: Let's try a little spontaneous exercise... Tell me the first thing that comes to your mind.

Metal: White boxes

Silk: Okay, that a start.

Milk: Milk.

Fire: Cucumber chutney.

Water: The circle of life.

Fire: Okay

Silk: Why the circle of life?

Milk: I don't know what you are talking about ... but maybe we should find something to eat?

Water: But we just started and didn't we all agree to eat before the meeting.

Fire: I remember those advertisements for Stop Smoking. It was this big cigarette running around coughing and completely pale in its face and big black bags under its eyes. It was such a cool character.

Silk: I remember that too. So unhealthy. But why do you think we do these meetings?

Water: Let me answer! ... It is to get to know ourselves better and be surrounded by art that can inspire us to think more creatively.

Silk: Yes

Water: Aha

Milk: Hmm

Silk: Hmm

Fire: ... and to get inspired in general and to perform better after talking about it

Silk: Yes, and maybe to ... to learn something that we didn't realise we were able to do before

Fire: Hmmm [acknowledging]

Silk: You are here to learn about the magic of abstract life.

Metal: hmm, but I don't believe in magic at all. I believe in solids. And things you put on top of each other to create something useful.

Fire: [laughs]

Silk: Yes? But remember that this conversation started out with nothing?

Metal: Well, nothing, how would you explain nothing?

Silk: In the first place we don't know why we are here, right?

Metal: Well, because we were going to rediscover our inner self [sarcastic]

Silk: You have to stay open

Metal: Do you think I have no imagination?

Silk: Not as such, No. But you do seem a bit tight!

Milk: I believe in magic because my mother was just here, and now she is gone

Metal: It's just because she's gone

Milk: She's not gone

Silk: Well, that's just ... It's a Freud classic.

Milk: Fruit?

Silk: Fort-da! The transitional object. Beginning with the baby, who is omnipotent and who must begin to exist in the world, a world that already exists and wherein she only plays a small part, and so she has the transitional object that she throws forward and drags back in. In this way, she learns to quietly release control

Milk: It sounds like magic

Water: What is it called? That thing about the difference between a thing you can point at and see, and that thing you can't see but you know is there? Is there a sort of terminology for that?

Silk: Faith?

Water: Hmm, but it can also be something physical - that someone walks around the corner, that someone's mom is right next to them, but because she is not visible, she doesn't exist.

Silk: Well, you're thinking of Schrödinger's cat

Water: Yes!

Fire: A cat?

Silk: For as long as you do not know whether it's alive in the box or whether it is dead, it's alive in the box and death. How is that concept?

Water: Exactly. Things are able to be nothing.

Silk: No! Being two things at the same time!

Water: Exactly

Metal: But in reality, it's only one thing. It's only the brain that doesn't know. In reality the cat is either dead or alive

Silk: But that's the thing, because it's something you use in quantum mechanics. That something actually can be two things

Silk: Particles and waves

Metal: I don't believe in that!

Milk: Blah blah..

Silk: That's a heavy one.

ODO: The five of you! So... square. Thinking about nothing. Doing nothing. What is it with humans – having to choose to be one thing or the other... why not something in between? Always something recognisable... and easy. Pretending to be democratic and understanding, when fact of the matter is you cannot really see anything... from outside your own personal... universe. The moon is a cheese, right?! Wake up people!

Metal: This thing over there is stressing me out! Is this space not supposed ... supposed to be neutral?

Silk: Usually it is. But it's public so we can't really control...

Silk: okay ... so, how do you sleep at night?

Fire: Well, I often get home late, and it's hard for me to go directly to bed. And then ... it might sound stupid, but I often go out to eat some fast food. After eating I always get tired and go to bed.

Milk: I also love to eat a lot before sleeping.

Metal: What do you like to eat?

Milk: To get stuffed.

Milk: Just milk

Metal: Just milk? Doesn't it give you acid reflux??

Fire: I usually eat shawarma, falafel or a burger wit French fries

Milk: No milk?

Fire: Yes, actually I drink salted buttermilk. It's yummi.

Milk: sounds weird... I like my milk sweet and warm.

Metal: Come ooon. Do chefs always eat crappy food!?

Fire: I don't know! Perhaps? I am complicated. My work is advanced. So, I want something simple and something I know. And then I want to eat basic and cheap food in relaxing surroundings.

Metal: Hmm

Water: I think It's a bit like cooking at home – the more effort you put into it, the less you want to eat it

Fire: Exactly - The mystery or the magic is gone.

Metal: Whatever.. I like food with energy. I eat a lot of rye bread with cheese and cucumber. When I cook I use logical and analytical thinking. I think about how much energy the dish contains in relation to how much energy it takes to make it.

Fire: Last week we created a dessert that looked like an energy bar. It turned out really cool.

Metal: That I like!

Fire: Now it's on the menu

Fire: I once worked at a Michelin star restaurant where a man ate alone every evening.

Water: every evening?

Fire: yes. The whole full menu for three months

Water: I know someone who had McDonalds right after she gave birth. I think that is wild somehow ... that you just gave life or something, and then you eat poison first thing...

Metal: Like ... now it doesn't matter anymore

Water: I don't get it..

Fire: I understand, it's like working a whole day and after you just want something easy

Metal: Yes. Definitely

Silk: Could anyone describe how their day starts! Just to talk a bit about something other than art.

Milk: When I wake up, I just start screaming and crying

Fire: You scream?

Milk: Yes

Fire: Why?

Milk: I don't know

Water: Do you miss something when you wake up?

Milk: I do not know. It just feels most natural

Fire: You wake up and feel sad?

Milk: yes

Water: I am sometimes also upset when I wake up in the morning. It's as if when I get up get a coffee, move around a bit, then I think things shift more into place in my mind. And I often dread teaching first thing. It is not something I look forward to particularly.

Fire: So.. what.. You give students tasks or?

Water: Yeah, and I think the exchange can be fun and stuff, but I must say. Often when I am in the situation, I feel like smoking cigarettes and leave the room.

Metal: Hmm

Silk: Maybe it's because you see yourself in the role you gave your teachers in school and see yourself through the eyes of the student?

Water: Yeah, maybe, and I never really used my own teachers much. But that doesn't have much to do with how my day starts. It starts with dreading having to teach.

Fire: What do you want to do to then ... do you feel like you know better than them. Do you get annoyed because they don't get it?

Water: Yes, sometimes I do. At least with some of them.

Fire: Come on! Just tell them they are stupid and explain why.

Water: I really don't think that's the way to deal with it.

Fire: In a kitchen you need a lot of discipline to get by ... I don't know if you can compare it, but I do not allow people to listen to bad music in my kitchen. If I want to listen to something with a good beat people just have to learn to love it. If they complain I explain they are not at home and this is how we like it.

Water: Right....

Fire: Just tell it to them enough times and they will understand

Water: Well, that's actually true. Now... I'm a quite inexperienced teacher, and my insecurities were stronger in the very beginning... Now I'm more like "Nah, I don't want that" or "I don't think that's cool"

Silk: It might be an acceptance that you are an authority

Water: Accepting my authority..maybe.. but also accepting that I can't always be bothered to elaborate on why I think or feel one way or the other. ... I presented a piece of literature for some students recently, and the way they analyzed the piece was so fucking weak and narrowminded that I just couldn't bother to comment on it.

Fire: Yes, if people come into my restaurant and act too stupid, I'll just ask them to leave

Water: Sure...

Metal: But you don't have the same kind of responsibility as she has.

Fire: I have a huge responsibility to my customers

Metal: Not in the same way.

Fire: But if they don't understand I will ask them to find somewhere else to eat.

Metal: When you're a teacher you have an educational responsibility. You don't. A teacher cannot say, "If you do not like being here in the class, you can just leave"

Water: Right, as a teacher you have a pedagogical responsibility towards children, but towards people who are not kids ... I think that's somewhat different. Ehhm ... I mean, I can feed them, but I can't force feed them. I can show them to a lot of things, but I also know that any genuine interest in their work is pretty ... Well it's proportionated with their enthusiasm.

Metal: Mmm

Water: In a way it's very simple. The more they give, the more they get.

Metal: I never gave anything at school.

Water: No, and then you properly didn't get much.

Metal: Maybe I always felt some kind of sympathy whenever teaching students which for some reason where not able to contribute with much, maybe because I really could recognise myself in that position.

Water: Yeah, I also sympathise, but...what is it then? What is it that we should grasp? Where does the conversation begin?

Silk: But ehm ... ehm... I would like to tell you about my mornings because they are actually kind of offset. My day and night are a bit dislodged you could say from the day and night of the sun because my night starts when the child is born and then I'm off work and then I can go home. They can be born at all times of the day, and it's quite strange sometimes, when I get home to my own family, who is living with a normal rhythm that... that I may go home and sleep, and they are going to school and to work

Metal: What time of day are most babies born? Most are born at night, right?

Silk: No, I actually thought that there were more people born at night, but that's not actually how it is. It is fairly distributed.

Metal: Okay

Water: When were you born?

Milk: I do not know at all ... I don't know the difference between night and day. I don't know at all.

Silk: You are half asleep all the time? Seriously...

Milk: yes, I'm really tired, I would really like to sleep right now. [Yawning]

Metal: Again?

Milk: I am hungry too.

Fire: Napoleon napping style...

Milk: Who?

Silk: Are you afraid of people you don't know?

Milk: Yes.

Silk: Why are you afraid?

Milk: ..Zzzzz

Fire: I'm afraid of darkness and silence. I like stuff is going on. Lots of light and people around me. Maybe that's why I like to work in kitchens ... something happens all the time. And as soon as it gets too quiet, I start to imagine all sorts of things.

Silk: In fact, you are afraid of the uterus. From the time you were inside your mother.

Water: Gaahwd, Im tired today...

Fire: yes, my psychologist also said that.

Water: What?? Again please?

Silk: He is afraid of getting back to the womb

Metal: Ah

Water: It makes sense ... it seems like an extremely claustrophobic place to be

Silk: Yes

Water: No self-determination about what goes in and out of your body.

Metal: But a bit cosy too

Silk: Right.. You drink your own pee again and again and again [sarcastic]

Metal: Yes, but you don't have much to deal with.... I mean ... It seems quite comfortable to me.

Water: Well okay, I kind of like not having to deal...

Metal: So safe

Silk: And your function is –

Metal: Quit simple.

Silk: Yes

Silk: You're embraced

Metal: And you just feel like: "That's it for now"

Water: Then you're just in this literal vacuum. Then it's just... the only thing you can do is to relax. You can't do anything else.

Metal: And you can't do anything else

Pathetic Artist: Hey you guys. Stop, please will you? I don't think I can be bothered with this right now, sorry. I am not sure I want to be part of this thing... conversation. I am sorry guys.

Silk: Hmm... okay

Odo: What upsets me here is this empty mindfulness! [Addressing the artist] Doesn't that upset you too? And team building, coaching, all that nonsense. This society of yours – you are just reminding me of yet another glorious chapter of Human history: the obsolete idea of the matrix... the ultimate scenario of the good old simulacrum. The audio of a television-show, hmpf! The electric car that keeps on sounding like a Diesel engine. I thought you humans learned something during the last years' madness. YOU ARE SO PRIVILEGED. Listen to yourselves? So privileged... one profession... one body... one life to think about! The worlds surrounding your own are falling apart and still you carry on talking witlessly... and complain! Look at her... that one has proper struggles... possibly schizophrenic... doubting the value of, the mere existence even, of her one profession... not receiving any payment... and the monetary system! So deceitful, such a fraud. Look at her! Look at you...

Pathetic Artist: Please, keep me out of this... so sorry about this... so so sorry. I need to move on.

Odo: Damn you all! SO depressing to witness. Horrid actually! Obstinate sons of... So unyielding... stiff! Inflexible doggone asses... Blasted fools. Simpleminded, arrogant species. Imbeciles that's what they are... the whole bunch

Silk: ...Well... So.. I am a twin as you might know... the monozygotic, they can steal from one another so they do have a tendency to fight a bit because they share the placenta, which –

Fire: You are a twin?

Silk: Yes, but ehm... the dizygotic each have their own lunch box so to speak, but I am thinking that with the dizygotic it's... it's safer that there's always someone else present. But still, it might feel less safe either way to share that tight space with another person

Water: What's your feeling of it? That it feels safe?

Silk: Yes, but that's because I'm dizygotic. So we have had each our own. So I think we have enjoyed ourselves together

Metal: Mmm. But how is it?...

Silk: With some there is a great difference in weight when they come out. Or one dies...

Metal: Hmm

Water: Holy moly...

Fire: I was born by caesarean

Silk: So, you have been in an incubator?

Fire: yes, for 3 weeks, and my psychologist connects that directly to my anxiety.

Water: Because you have been in an incubator? Come on..

Fire: Yes, I'm having death anxiety.

Water: I'm soooo scared of dying too, but I wasn't in an incubator...

Fire: Hmm, I don't know.

Silk: Anxiety can be described like this: you wake up at night because of a loud noise. One ear thinks a burglar is on his way into the living room ... the other ear recalls a window that it forgot to close before going to bed.

Fire: What!?

Silk: Do you fear sharp objects too?

Fire: It's not like I'm looking forward to cutting an animal into pieces!

Silk: Hmm.Right..

Silk: Do you remember your birth? It is not so long ago

Milk: Why?

Silk: I actually asked my daughter this as soon as she could just say a few words, "Do you recall?"

Milk: I don't know.

Metal: Did she remember anything?

Silk: She said no. But once, she said, "Yeah sure, she could." But she had already become much older. I wanted it when it was fresh –

Metal: The fresh memory

Silk: So immediate and fresh as possible.

Water: Is there anyone who can remember their own birth?

Silk: maybe baby?

Water: Into the world..

Silk: I don't think so. Well, they say that this part of the brain isn't fully developed until 3-4 years of age or something... before one can remember

Water: Huh.... that sounds weird and depressing

Silk: I do remember... I have once had a memory, it's only a few years ago, where I clearly recognised... or I could sense that it was pre-language. The case was, it was a memory that came so clear to me. I was falling asleep and it was so freaky, I put it away right away because... there was nothing scary about the memory, it was just such an eh ... a mood, sound and light and some colours, but

what was crazy was that I could sense that it was ancient or something. And it was from before I had a language for it, so it was like I just tapped in on something that was saved SO far back that I was just like "oh, arrr, lid on!"

Water: Crazy

Silk: I don't think it was

Metal: It came crawling from under the surface, and then you unpacked it

Silk: I just think it was about lying and looking at something, like in a bed or something

Metal: Okay

Fire: I remember waking up in a stroller and getting scared ... I think it was a flight passing. I was crying but I had no language. So bad.

Metal: How do you know it's not something you have been told or been dreaming one way or another? And then you confused it with a real experience?

Fire: I think it was the real stuff.

Metal: You will never know for sure

Fire: You are right, but I've always remembered it really clear. I was in the stroller in front of the day-care.

Water:: Crazy!

Metal: Mmm

Fire: I am so tired

Metal: Yes

Milk: Me too

Silk: Yes

Milk: Zzz...

Silk: Now he is asleep

Metal: Again! Come on..

Fire: I'm tired too

Metal: What were we talking about really?

Silk: Okay let's try to reset...

Metal: I feel a bit stressed out with all these opinions, conflicts and meanings..

Silk: What do you mean with conflicts? Is that something you can't handle... in general?

Metal: I don't really think I've found a good way to handle a conflict. It's really one of the major issues in my work life. Conflicts at work and such.

Silk: But do you have any conflicts?

Metal: Yes, I think there are conflicts. But I don't think I'm so good at letting others know that there are conflicts

Silk: What is a conflict to you?

Metal: Well it could be that I have to do some kind of a project at work. But then it is impossible to actually fulfil the job because the premises are not fair or have just not been explained properly.

Silk: How do you react then?

Metal: Then, my way to handle it is to try to solve the assignment anyway, which is impossible and the conflict will occur because the job was not fulfilled in the manner that was wanted.

Milk: I am hungry

Silk: From the start, you need to draw up what the expectations are in the cooperation

Metal: Yes, and just say it directly - it's not fair, or I cannot solve it

Silk: Yes

Water: I feel a lot of frustration

Metal: I always used to work on my own, so to suddenly be part of a whole hierarchy with everybody having their own assignment, which has to work together in the end and you only being a smaller part of it all. There is a lot of people deciding on your behalf, just small things like I do not decide myself when to eat lunch.

Silk: Right..I've just read about ... maybe it's a bit far out but ehm... in general about why Homo Sapiens has been able to develop so fast compared to other Homo species, that is, other races of human beings, who even are extinct as well. Because for example, Homo Erectus existed for 2 million years, but without any particular -

Metal: Development

Silk: Exactly. And what this book kind of postulates, is that... one is that our language became more nuanced so we can say ... we can give many details about a process and thus convey much information. And the other is fiction - that we can ehm... that by building a common story, a tale, we all have a common ground for... because nobody can do all of this alone, we all play a tiny role in a bigger... so it takes an extreme amount of confidence if one eh ...

Water: yes?

Silk: Just the fact that we have money, it's also just based on the fragile foundation that the entire world is confident it has a value -

Metal: Agree

Fire: What are you talking about...!?

Water: I get it!

Silk: It's something we've agreed together. It's a collective fiction

Water: Yes, and if you're born into this show, it's the truth

Silk: Yes, and I also believe it might be difficult... or maybe that there actually is a fear and a stress in... just being born as omnipotent and then initially finding out "it's not me who controls everything", and then secondly finding out that you are such a small piece in such a vast organism

Metal: I like to be in control, and I don't think we decided together ... there's always somebody or something behind the scene that decides for you

Silk: Yes, but we agree to go into the fiction as a race, as a sort of -

Metal: I get it, but for me I have also learned a lot from working in these bigger constellations with a regular eight to four job.

Silk: ehmm..

Metal: It's the whole world played out in such a small format

Silk: Ok! I see ..

Water: and you learn to be like... you manipulate upward, right? You start out very naive in a first job, thinking blindly that you can be honest and be yourself, and slowly you become aware of how you need to angle things to your boss, and that you need to... not lie as such, but to hustle a little bit to be able to cope... to be able to... it's a strategy of sorts, to get through it, to gain peace and autonomy.

Metal: And to survive

Water: To survive !! And get the space you need to do what you are good at doing.

Metal: But for artists is is more okay to express themselves, it's almost expected in this kind of old school artist cliché way. But when you are in other work relations then this is so not the norm. I have had dinners with colleagues where I could feel that they thought I talked too much.

Water: yes!

Metal: This feeling that someone wants you to shut up, that your personality is not really welcome because you are the lowest in a hierarchy and that you almost should not have a personality because of this. That's pretty wild

Fire: Sounds like you need to cut the umbilical cord ... and move on.

Metal: Have you heard about the glass house saying?

Fire: Not really, no..

Silk: Well, speaking of the umbilical cord... if possible, I normally get the father to do it... or another partner, someone present

Metal: Does the father get it?

Silk: No, I get him to cut it. But it's often me who cuts it and I think – even though it's the least dramatic part, because there's nothing dangerous about it and there's so much that might go wrong during a birth, but not in connection with the umbilical cord. But anyways, I think it's so crazy to be the one who cuts it...

Silk: The one who cuts the connection... in some ways, I think that's where the person is being created and eh yes... that's where it is separated from two people to one. No the other way round

Metal: Reverse

Silk: From one person to two. But it's also a beautiful moment. It's fun how just sometimes such a low-practice thing, which is not particularly adorable or hot – there's also that rotten stub of belly button that falls off afterwards

Water: I have always thought it was super disgusting

Silk: It is gross

Metal: But what does the umbilical cord look like?

Silk: – that it has such a strong symbolic value when in practice it is... it looks like an old-fashioned phone cord which is like a bit greasy and white

Water: It's a bit crazy how the non breathing fetus basically flips from taking nourishment and oxygen from a hole in its stomach to the holes in the head that had never been used before

Silk: A fetus doesn't really need a head

Water: Suddenly it tastes, breathes air and all sorts of stuff. It's a big change. It's really like ...

Metal: A lot of changes

Water: In such a short time.

Silk: In a way it is almost like – no it will probably be to stretch it too far – from object to thinking creature

Water: Have you heard about those who are born with a twin inside the body.

Metal: Yes

Water: Imagine having a random shape of a human being inside you... gross

Fire: Like in the Alien movies

Metal: One day I went down... because I heard one of our cats was throwing up, and I wanted to move it away from the carpet, but too late. When I looked at the vomit it looked like a long sausage, which was completely black. I noticed it was fur from a mouse it had eaten. You could also see some teeth in there.

Silk: A mouse

Metal: Yes, they eat everything, the skin, the bones, the hair - everything

Fire: So disgusting

Metal: They are doing this when they are kittens because there is something in the mice that are very good for them when they are growing. I don't remember what it's called, but it is something they actually need and this is why the mom cat is catching mice for them.

Water: No

Metal: And you could see a tail and small claws ...

Water: It's very very disgusting

Metal: Such a ...

Silk: An elongated deconstructed mouse that had changed shape

Metal: It had changed shape and some parts were completely gone. It was just like hair, tail, claws and teeth. Now it looked so clumsy

Silk: When we were children, we always put our fingers in the owl pellets we found.

Fire: An excellent opportunity to study digestion.

Metal: Well, yes

Silk: But wasn't really disgusting and we found skeletons

Fire: Sounds like a great activity ...

Metal: That's right, we actually did that too. It was a bit like walking with bare feet in cow dung.

Silk: I haven't tried that

Water: We did that too

Metal: It was nice and hot

Silk: It seems like you are sleeping again,

Metal: He is.

Milk: Sorry. I don't know why. I just feel a bit unhappy and tired.

Silk: But you could maybe try to be more present in our conversations.

Milk: Yes, but it's too boring, I just think it's difficult not to fall asleep

Water: Oh, well I am sorry we are not exciting enough for you..

Silk: Are you missing something?

Milk: Maybe, but I don't know what I'm missing. I don't think I miss anything?

Water: You don't know what your needs are?..

Metal: I can relate to that.

Milk: No

Silk: But that's great ... maybe you don't need anything?

Milk: It really feels like I need something right now

Silk: But you need to communicate better. Otherwise I can't really help you

Milk: But if I miss something I become sad and If I don't get it immediately I become even more sad and cry.

Metal: Are you always crying because you are sad or is it maybe your only form of communication at the moment?

Milk: I don't know

Milk: Maybe It's a way to communicate

Silk: Do you imagine things?

Milk: yes, I dream that I don't get what I want. Then I become sad. I also dream that I get what I want. I also dream a lot about my mother.

Silk: Do you ever think about the future?

Milk: No

Metal: What about your father?

Milk: I don't know what that is

Metal: No?

Milk: I don't know at all.

Silk: What person matters most to you?

Milk: It's difficult to tell them apart, who is who. What is what. What belongs where

Metal: Hm

Silk: But can you taste contrasts?

Milk: I can't really tell. I think I can taste something with my mouth

Silk: Do you have any favourite body part?

Milk: Eh ... the toes

Silk: Why?

Milk: It tickles

Silk: Yes, okay.

Milk: And it's strange I can feel myself end

Silk: What about breasts

Milk: I do not know if they are a part of me.

Water: Maybe your attitude is telling us it all.

Dad

You want to hear about my day?

Like in general or yesterday?

Okay... It won't amuse you, but alright.

I wake up at 3, but it doesn't stress me out. I get up and play a little bit of Sudoku or something, maybe melt some tin or mess with other small projects of mine, before I go to bed again at 5 or 6.

This morning I put Aphrodite's Child on and it really set the mood. I placed two eggs in the electric kettle. If I click the switch three times and only have two eggs in they get boiled all right. Every day I'm checking on the Chaga extracts, smelled like dirt and mice, which is not a good sign. Checked my Birchwood brew, smelled the same as the mushrooms, but more acid... definitely not a good sign.

I remembered I still had Ghee in my nostrils from the nosebleed the day before. Maybe that explains the smell. I leave it in though. I am terrified of the bleedings. Every time I'm convinced it's the end of me.

Only one hour of online Sudoku or Chess. Otherwise I might get stuck to the screen forever. The plank for two minutes. I thought about playing Ping Pong today, but I couldn't think of anyone to play with. I am tired of the few people I know. My roommate is wearing a dressing gown – that alone makes me so depressed!

The children have their lives with jobs and children of their own, sports, husbands and wives, friends and colleagues. Except for the youngest one... poor fellow. He has nothing, only games and series. I am not sure what makes me saddest – that he is hanging with me because he has no one else or that he is hanging with me because I have no one else.

I considered driving to the forest house later on. Four hours with only one purpose: to get there. Stuff can be done there... I have my projects and Swedish radio or birds chirping. I can pee where I want... like being a boy again. Don't know if I even did that as a boy actually? I remember mostly collecting stuff... candy paper to braid a belt with, metal scrap to sell to get tickets for the cinema. Empty cigarette packages to find the hidden number in the cap that supposedly could win you millions of pesetas. Kicking off hungry dogs. Staying away from home as long as possible to avoid chores. Friends with nicknames and similar lives.

I want to get to the root net of the Japanese Knotweed soon! Get rid of it for good! Watching tutorials online makes me reconsider. Who am I to tell what's invasive or not? I could let them grow strong and use them to build something? Maybe a cathedral ha ha! La Sagrada Familia... but even a more dysfunctional family than the wholly one. They seemed messed up themselves though – raising a child with no proper place to live... uncertainty about the fatherly origin and all that. Or I could use them for the skeleton of a green house and then stretch transparent plastic on the outside. I could grow my oyster mushrooms there and chard. Parsnips perhaps? I want a place for my collection of wood-that-looks-like-human-muscles, but maybe it will be too humid in there. I also got the pallets from the neighbour that I want to use to build a Roman chariot with. An image on the European rise and fall... My daughter would probably find that clever – almost like real art ha! I sent her a link to an Austrian yodel couple... She responded right away with a crying and laughing smiley. I am not sure if I sent it sincerely or ironically since the song is actually quite moving.

Time for air and day light. I left without saying goodbye and walked to the nearest super market to get potato chips and broccoli. He has to understand that we are not some sort of old couple and that I do whatever I want when I want! My roomie that is. He can be like a puppy in that way... all wagging in his robe when I return... as if he wants me to take him for a walk. Some times I do and then we go for the nearest lawn and practice tai chi, the lawn over by the hospital. People are minding their own business there, it is indeed a none place. Seems like there are not a lot of them left in the city anymore. I remember when Copenhagen was nothing but. Compared to Paris or Madrid, Moscow even, it was hilariously ghostly! You could hear your steps echo whenever you went. It was off course wooden clogs back then, but still... Emptiness everywhere. Now there is too much of everything! I watch my kids and grandchildren throw away stuff in sacks! Even the smallest ones wish for experiences for birthdays and Christmases. "We are drowning in stuff", my daughters sigh. Where do all these people get money from to eat at restaurants and cafes all the time?! Every day in the week all day long?! A small filter coffee with milk is at least 6 dollars for God's sake!

I returned and felt uplifted. Don't know where that came from, but it made me want to continue on the Google Map paintings I haven't touched for years. I found a place in Bulgaria that looks almost... superhuman... that I could do. I painted over the old ones when I made the presents for the youngest one, because I didn't have anything else to paint on. I regret that now. A quick trip to the dumpsters in the courtyard rewarded me with sheets of cardboard and some plywood. That had to do. The acrylics in the tubes were all dried up though and I tried to boil them with the eggs... they were still in the kettle. Miraculously it seemed to work! Different texture though. I mixed it up with a bit of ground soapstone. I have kept it since the summers in Norway. Added a bit of Water Glass to it. That was a mistake! I put a chicken on the pan in stead. When I add baking soda and just keep it on low heat with the lit on all day it gets so tender you can even eat the bones! With red peppers and garlic, olive oil and the rest of the ginger supplements it will turn out great. Edible the least.

The eggs turned out better than the paint and they looked beautiful too. Almost a shame to eat them, so I didn't.

My oldest daughter called me... to ask if I could drive her to the Northern coast to pick up a lamp. I decided to leave for Sweden tomorrow instead. Got here... will probably go to bed quite early.

Satisfied?

I am not sure... I am not dissatisfied as such. I get along with life I guess. Who can fight the beast? I try to balance the tragicomic, you know. With a tendency to fall to the left.

Business People in Agony

uh hu hu huuuuu

I don't want to live

Uh hu hu hu huuuuuu

I don't want to die

Uh hu hu hu

I don't want to live

Uh hu hu hu huuuuuu

I don't want to die

Uh hu hu hu

I don't want to live

Uh hu hu hu huuuuuu

I don't want to die

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Always deliver more than expected

Uh hu hu huuuuu

First learn then remove L

Uh hu hu huuuuu

My life, my choice, my mistakes, my lessons. Not your business

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Someone's sitting in the shade today because someone planted a tree a long time ago

Uh hu hu huuuuu

You will either step forward in to growth or you will step back into safety

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If opportunity doesn't knock, build a door

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If people like you, they'll listen to you, but if they trust you, they'll do business with you

Uh hu hu huuuuu

I am the greatest. I said that even before I knew I was

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Every morning you have two choices: Continue to sleep with your dreams or get up and start chase them

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If you are going through hell, keep going

Uh hu hu huuuuu

The road to success is always under construction

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Business is a combination of war and sport

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope and confidence

Uh hu hu huuuuu

I am thankful for all of those who said no to me. It's because of them I'm doing it myself

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Courage is being scared to death, but saddling up anyway

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Making money is art and working is art and good business is the best art

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If you don't build your dream someone will hire you to build theirs

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If the plan doesn't work change the plan, not the goal

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Losers quit when they fail. Winners fail until they succeed

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If you change the way you look at things, the things you look at will change

Uh hu hu huuuuu

The greatest pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do

Uh hu hu huuuuu

When i dont bring home a deal, I bring a lesson, not disappointment

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Pressure can burst a pipe, but pressure can also make diamonds

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If you don't make things happen then things will happen to you

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Live daringly, boldly, fearlessly. Taste the relish to be found in competition – in having put forth the best within you

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Success is liking yourself, liking what you do, and liking how you do it

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Build something 100 people love, not something 1 million people kind of like

Uh hu hu huuuuu

If people aren't laughing at your goals, your goals are too small

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Always choose a lazy person to do a difficult job.....because, he will find an easy way to do it

Uh hu hu huuuuu

My success isn't a result of arrogance, it's a result of belief

Uh hu hu huuuuu

Penelope

If the voice convinces
a monologue can ramble and still be successful

I thought that her brain had been turned! HA!

You! You don't have to sleep in no stranger's bed!

Weaving and unweaving

'How comes it that my bed can be moved to this place and that? Not a bed of that kind was the bed I built for myself'

'Don't you know how I built my bed?'

Weaving and unweaving

"First, there grew up in the courtyard an olive tree. Round that olive tree I built a chamber, and I roofed it well and I set doors to it. Then I sheared off all the light wood on the growing olive tree, and I rough-hewed the trunk with the adze, and I made the tree into a bed post."

"Such was the bed I built for myself, and such a bed could not be moved to this place or that."

Dance with me, will'ya?

You can't possibly be afraid of such an old crooked hag as me?

The hull of a driftwood ship

Cradle and coffin

Weaving and unweaving

'Strange lady,' he says to me
'is your heart indeed so hard?'

'Is there no place for me here?'
'must I again sleep in the stranger's bed?'

Night work

'When night falls, the sea is a distant death'

'Your bones roll in the wash of the breakers'

Dawn will find us sleeping together

Won't she?

I'll be waiting right here for her pink fingers and red hands, alright?

Penny

Baby with lots of ideas
Starting from scratch
With ink and paper
In search for something bigger

Numbers on a calculator
Knew arithmetic so well
Working overtime
Completes what is assigned

A bouncing little baby
A shinny copper penny

And she spent herself
Would not listen to anyone
Worked with all she had
never looked back

Baby became a fat nickel so fast
Then came puberty
Exponentially
She lost her baby fat

A bouncing little baby
A shinny copper penny

Knowledge of the universe
Was fet into her mind
Her adolescent body
Left ist puberty

People loved her so
And helped her to grow
Everyone knew what was the best
Of course, you must invest

A penny won't do - noooooohhhh
You have to multiply yourselves

She made us proud
She made us fat
Our stocks got high
As hers got low

A bouncing little baby
A shinny copper penny

All (choir)

The day the city walls will crash
uncovering our naked souls
singing, shouting, screaming
loud, loud, loud, loud...

The circus horses will be free
running fast through the green valleys
singing, crying, shouting
loud, loud, loud, loud...

The day the cars will lay in heaps
we'll run along the empty roads
shouting, screaming, singing
loud, loud, loud, loud...

That day no child will be soldier
and soldiers will stop their war games
singing, crying, shouting
loud, loud, loud, loud...

The day we all are waking up
hearing the shouts of soulful joy
crying, singing, weeping
loud, loud, loud, loud...

The day the world will turn around
we'll run together round and round
screaming, shouting, singing
loud, loud, loud, loud...

All texts by YEARS

Except from "Loud, Loud, Loud" by Aphrodite's Child

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The scripts are written for the exhibition

I don't want to live, I don't want to die

At Den Frie Udstillingsbygning

19/1–17/2 2019