

the sun

the sunshine

peryton | OBERON

the sunshine

The Sunshine was a series of exhibitions staged at Peryton, Copenhagen, from 2017–2019.

- 24 Notes from Cave Staples, a lithofeminist text installation featuring backwards sounds, fake rocks and dry ice.
by the Iduna Institute for Strategic Imitation & Delay and Amelia Groom
- 36 Promise all children presents tomorrow
by Steven Zultanski
- 57 I'm ready to eat my H by Ida Marie Hede
- 81 The Sunshine: road warmer, shadow maker, patron saint of freckles (afterword)
by Nick Garner
- 92 Index of episodes
- 130 Nothing is true, Everything is alive (Prologue: Symbiogenesis)
by Julia Morandeira
- 138 Artificial Iris
by Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris
- 146 Then you will teach him again to dance inside out – on ingestion and entropy in Kasper Hesselbjerg's Lunacy
by Anne Kølbaek Iversen
- 158 Index of image sequences
- 160 Imprint

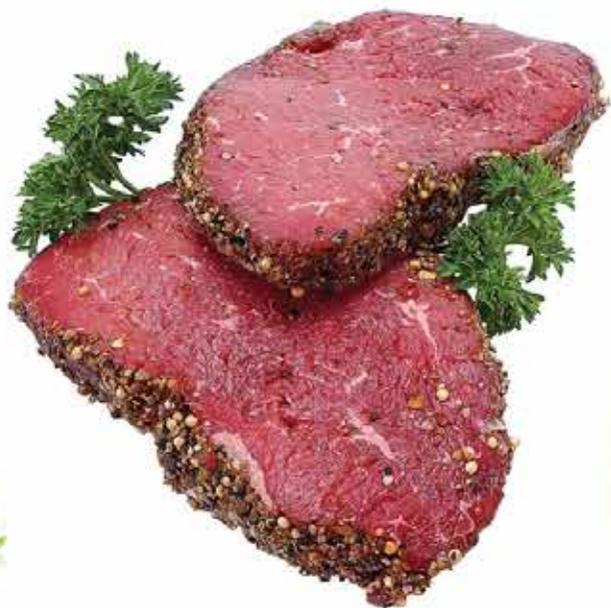


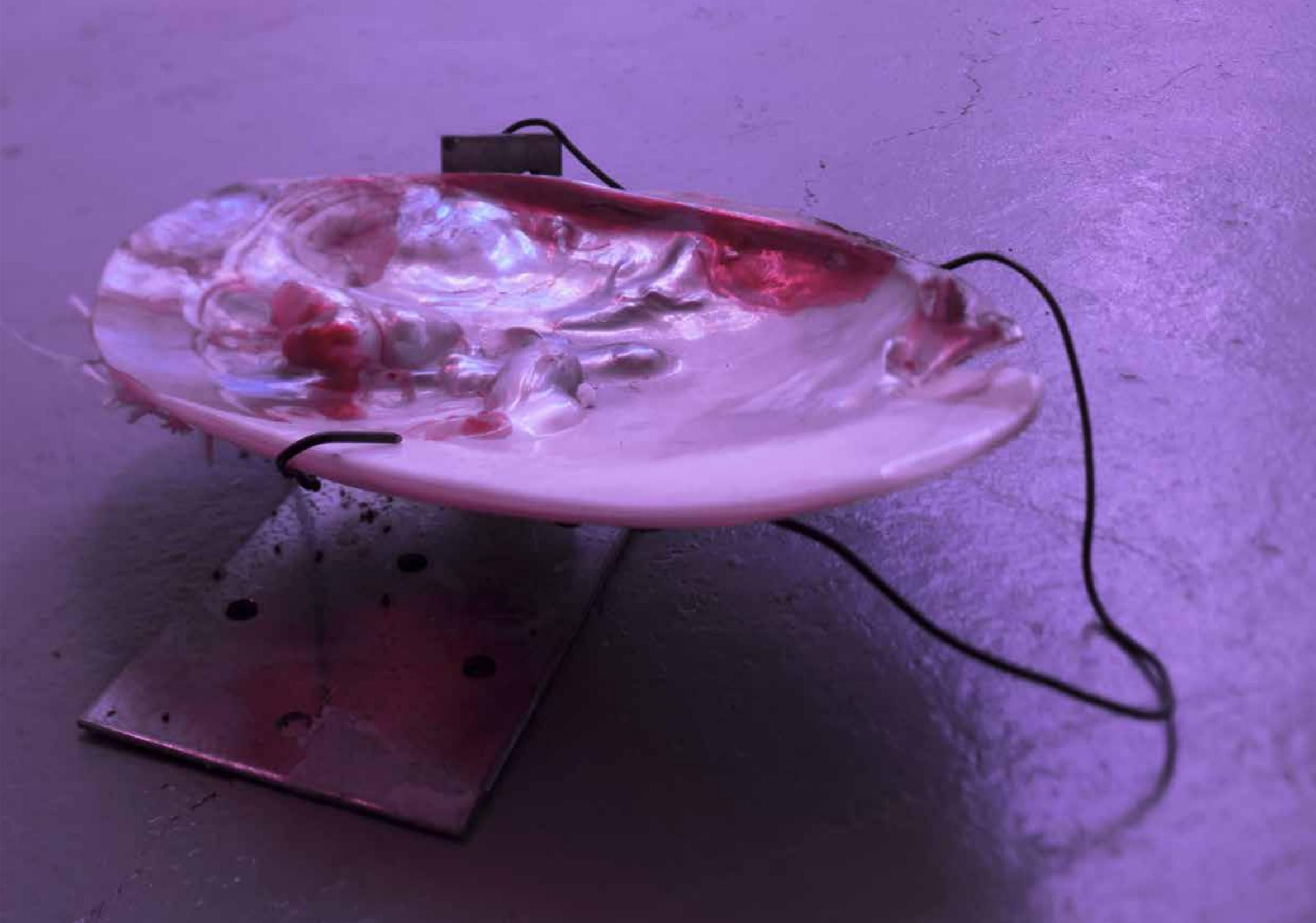
















Notes from *Cave Staples*, a lithofeminist text installation featuring backwards sounds, fake rocks and dry ice. — by the Iduna Institute for Strategic Imitation & Delay and Amelia Groom

In ancient Greece, the female oracles at Delphi may or may not have sat above a crack in the ground. And the crack may or may not have released intoxicating vapours from below. And the vapours may or may not have contained carbon dioxide (a chemical compound which, in its frozen solid form, is known as *dry ice*).

Ancient sources describe a geological fissure at the site of the temple, through which the emissions would rise up, into the basement of the temple, where the oracle would channel the earth-breath into speech. But modern archaeologists never found the hole, and there is disagreement about the possible geological sources of these prophetic gases.

Was the gap closed up by an earthquake? Or some other violent force? Did the new regime of Christianity seal it off, as part of its attempts to neutralise sites of pagan devotion? Was the idea of a frenzied women with influence too threatening?

In fact, the voices of the original oracles were always edited and interpreted by the male priests of the temple. Their unruly trance talk was tamed and reframed, for the guests who were paying for the prophecies.

Words were put in their mouths – not just by the rocks and their vapours, but also by the men around them, as part of a long history of patriarchal order where non-male voices are not just silenced by also stripped of their silences, and forcibly ventriloquised.

o

RANGE
(vocal, mountain)

o

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Franco-Flemish composer Orlando de Lassus wrote the *Prophetiae Sibyllarum*, a cycle of motets that attempted to retroactively parse the oracular prophecies of the female Sibyls in the pre-Christian world as sage foretellings of Christ's arrival on earth, and the imminent salvation of mankind.

Words once again put in their mouths.

When slowed down and played in reverse, the hissing sounds of the Sibyls' sibilance (created when air is squeezed between tongue and teeth) become fugitive backward exhalations, retreating from the instrumental and teleological schemas of Renaissance Christendom.

This backward soundtrack figures the sibyls' words, and their sibilants, turning away from heaven, and breathing themselves back into the stones.

o

Prophecy as a puncturing of the present, rather than predictively feeding into the future.

o

Carbon dioxide is a by-product of breathing, released with every exhalation, when the lungs have taken what they want from the in-breath. Besides releasing chemical leftovers, air on its way out from the body can also be articulation – when exhaling involves the shaping of breath into speech and song.

In solid form, carbon dioxide becomes dry ice – dense blocks of breath-waste, cubes of potential utterance, which release gas that runs down instead of up, towards the earth, away from heaven...

o

FAULT

From Old French *faute*, earlier *falte*:

“opening, gap; failure, flaw, blemish; lack, deficiency”

From the Latin *falsus*:

“deceptive, feigned, spurious,” and eventually, “moral culpability”

Geological sense from 1796.

o

The Vocal Memnon are a pair of giant stone statues in Egypt, who were once famous for possessing the power of speech.

They had originally depicted the Egyptian Pharaoh Amenhotep III, but the Greeks would later project a different mythology onto them, making them into doubled stony embodiments of Memnon, a demi-god who was killed by Achilles during the Trojan War.

According to this myth, Zeus returned Memnon to life with one proviso: he would only really be alive while the sun rose, so that he could greet his mother Eos, the Titan of dawn. For the rest of the day Memnon would lapse into mute unconsciousness, reawakening again for the next sunrise, before returning to slumber, and so on.

In the first and second centuries CE, there are many ancient sources who claim that the statues would *really* sing, at dawn, just like the myth said they should.

They became a popular tourist site in these years, and the bases of the statues are covered in old inscriptions from visitors who would

record for posterity whether or not they been lucky enough to hear the morning stone songs.

Then one day the strange voices stopped. No more songs for the sun from the stones.

Why?

The reports of the sounds began shortly after an earthquake in the year 27 BC, which was when the statues were severely damaged in an earthquake.

What seems to have happened is that a crack opened up in the bottom half of the northern statue, and this crack which would trap cool air at night, and then expel it, audibly, when the sun’s warmth expanded the stone and the night dew evaporated in the morning.

Which is why the voice only came at dawn, when the stone was touched by the first rays of the sun.

But this hole through which sound was sent out (an accidental lithic-mythic mouth) was only short lived: when the statues were partially repaired by the Romans, the voices stopped, because the gap was closed up.

Without the absence that is the hole – no more presence of the song.

o

Air is shaped by a body while being sent away from it, into the holes of another body – that is the voice. An unlocalisable event which exists only in its own departure.

The voice belongs to time rather than any place, and it always relies on holes. Mouths need to open up. Speakers need holes in them, if they are to speak (the fake rock is perforated so the sound it transmits can take shape).

Voices also need ears: unblocked, receptive flesh-holes.

o

earth is a bag of fragments, full of faults
body is a bag of fragments, full of faults
history is a bag of faults, all holes
holes piled on holes

o

More myth: The sculptor Pygmalion makes an idealised woman out of stone, and kisses her into life, so that she can please him. In George Bernard Shaw's version of Pygmalion – and in *My Fair Lady*, the musical and film that retold the more modern version of the ancient myth – the sculptor has become a phoneticist. Rather than chipping into a block of marble as his generic raw material, the phoneticist takes a working-class girl, and tries to animate her, on his own terms, by teaching her to speak like a member of British high society. Reshaping her use of language, and chipping away at her accent, he takes what he considers to be unmediated, unedited and unruly, and tries to tame it into what he considers to be proper.

As a maker of images, the male sculptor could dictate what “woman” should look like. The professor of phonetics sculpted with language instead of stone, thereby determining what “woman” should sound like. In both cases, being brought into the realm of society meant being instrumentalised in service to that society's oppressive terms.

Within the Greek myths, a possible answer to this predicament of the Pygmalion effect can be found in the monstrous figure of Medusa, who – filtered through centuries of male fear – is best known for turning men into stone. If the male gaze animates and anthropomorphises stone, and treats the bodies of women as malleable material, then the untamed female gaze responds by reversing the operation, and turning heroic life back to rock.

o

Actively withheld or withdrawn speech, functioning like the portable holes from Looney Tunes cartoons – instant perforations in the inherited grammars; readymade fissures in the existing field of legibility. Keep a void on you at all times, so you can take it out and stick it to the wall when you need a quick escape.

o

Lithofeminism requires a sensitivity to gaps, voids, burrows, incisions, depressions, cavities, cracks, perforations, silence.

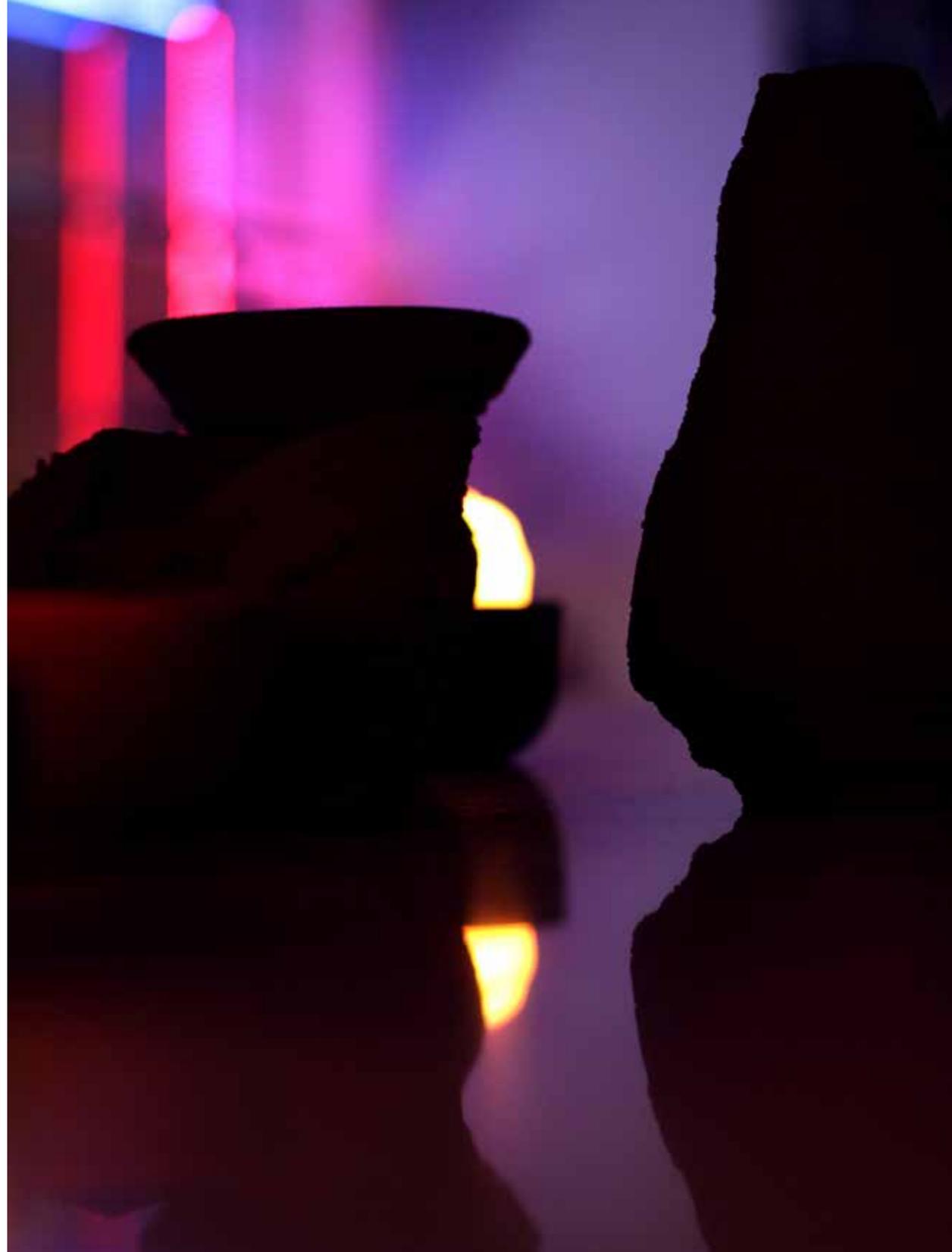
An attunement to that which is missing.

o

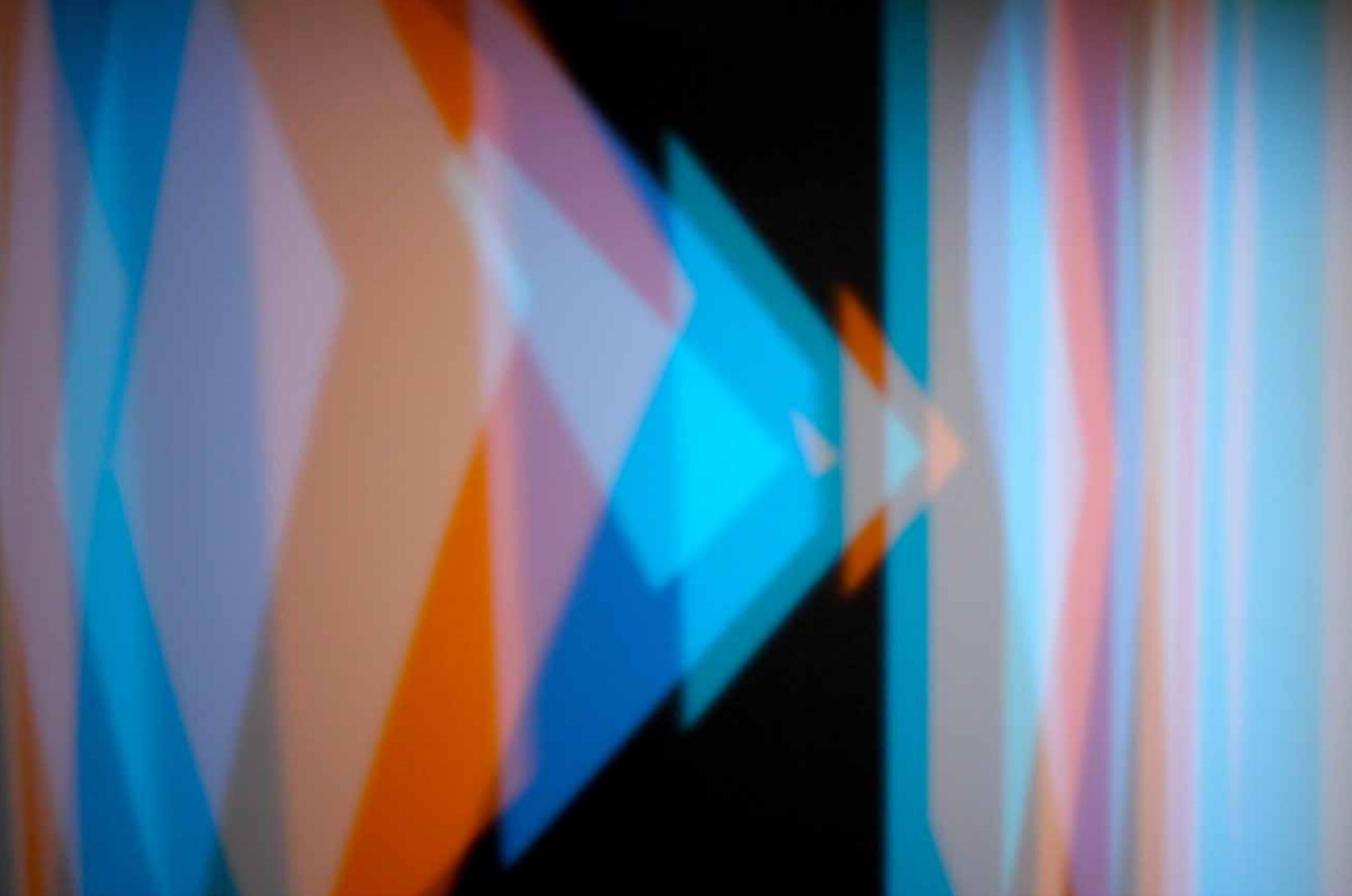
An anagram of the word “silent” is the word “listen”.

In her poem *Transcendental Etude* (1977), Adrienne Rich writes that times come “when we have to pull back from the incantations, / rhythms we've moved to thoughtlessly,” and bestow “ourselves to silence, or a severer listening, cleansed / of oratory, formulas, choruses, laments, static / crowding of the wires.”

This break from existing languages is absolutely necessary if new languages are to be found. Rich continues: “No one who survives to speak / new language, has avoided this: / the cutting-away of an old force that held her / rooted to an old ground” ... The poem ends in the stone foundations: “rockshelf / further forming underneath everything that grows”.







Promise all children presents tomorrow — by Steven Zultanski

“Most of the time I forget to clip my toenails, and then I’m reminded because they start cracking when they get long, and I imagine they look like old trees: cracked and branching out in different directions.

Toenails are so much broader than fingernails.

If fingernails get long they grow into an elegant triangle shape but toenails look like old trees.

And that’s when I remember to cut them, so I get out the toenail clippers and go to the bathroom.

I just lift my leg up, put my foot on the edge of the sink, and clip them into there.

And then I wash the clippings down the drain.”

After getting sick, which was intense but never even close to life-threatening, so the doctors said, and still say, I needed to relearn how to live as if as if I was going to live—to imagine a future in which I’m not dying every day, a future in which every sensation—pressure in

head, knot in throat, tightness in chest, numbness in wrist, humming in my ears—is no more than biochemical happenstance, or, if I must give it meaning, simply another symptom of anxiety, instead of a sign—the sign—of my impending death, a bodily dream of oblivion. I needed to learn to be present again with my loved ones—to focus on what they were saying, to look forward to the weekend, to jump on the trampoline with the kids without furtively checking my pulse, without gasping for breath just in case (as if in advance of needing to gasp for breath), without closing my eyes to shut out my thoughts.

It was just a bad day: the afflicted shook, clasped their chests, and waited for the next unpredictable fluctuation of heart rate. For our own safety, we were tied to a bed for the duration of the mysterious virus that had spread suddenly across half the world but lasted only 24 hours. If we weren’t restrained, we risked harming ourselves with sudden panicked movements: residual evolutionary fits of alarm, muscular lurching meant to initiate a flight from danger: in this case an escape from the circulatory system itself, as if one could jerk free from its binding rhythms.

Many, when they felt—or thought they were about to feel—a dramatic change in heart rate, put a hand over their face defensively, as if protecting themselves from something moving quickly toward them. They cowered in silence. There’s nothing to say about a tachycardia or an arrhythmia, no good words proper to precipitous shifts in speed—sheer velocity, the experience of tempo shorn from the context of activity, does not lend itself to linguistic dexterity (no matter how poetic) nor to knowledge (no matter how embodied): as utter momentum, a person is reduced to a no-nothing gasp, a stupid grimace, a dumbass tight fist, a momentary airheaded breathlessness.

You clutch at your shirt, panicking at the buttons. The top one won’t come undone, it’s stuck, the fabric slips out between your fingers. Using two hands, you try to push the button through the hole while holding the shirt steady, tugging at the fabric, wrenching it in a loose fist. You can’t bear to be wrapped up. You need to see your bare chest, to watch the mild shallow heave of your overquick breathing, as if you would know how to read the patterns of its rise and fall.

But this fucking button just won't open. It's always been stubborn. You're scared. The shirt is getting tighter. Every time you wear it you end up fumbling with these buttons, even when you aren't panicking, even when your heart is not about to burst. You sit on the edge of your bed at the end of a long day cursing under your breath: this fucking shirt, why do I still wear it, I don't even like it that much, I have nicer shirts.

"I avoid clipping my toenails forever, and then eventually my big toenail will scratch my girlfriend when we're in bed, and she'll say 'Jesus Christ, you need to clip your toenails.'

And then we'll spend, I'd say, about 10 to 20 minutes looking for the nail clippers, because they're never where we thought they were.

There's a place we think we keep them, but we never put them there.

Basically we should start calling it 'the place we never put the nail clippers.'

Sometimes I have to go across the street and buy new nail clippers, which is always a guarantee that I will find the first pair immediately when I get home, which is what happened last time.

Either way, eventually I cut my toenails.

I just let them fall on the floor, and then I scoop them up with my hands and throw them out."

When I had calmed down I washed my face. The cold water was soothing, the washcloth rough against my cheeks. I lathered it up and lightly scrubbed my forehead, nose, and neck. I squeezed my eyes shut and washed the tender area around them, slightly sore, as if the dark circles had deepened into old bruises.

I got a little soap in my mouth and spat it out. I tried to wash the taste out, cupping my palms and bringing a handful of water to my lips, swishing it around and spitting again. It's hard to get rid of that taste. I took another sip. I ran my tongue around the insides of my cheeks, the roof of my mouth, the back of my teeth, but that only spread the bitterness. I swept the length of my tongue with a finger. It was sour, oily, metallic, a little dirty. It tasted worse than the soap but lingered less; the mildly astringent tang of my skin quickly faded. No longer distinctly soapy, now my mouth tasted bad but not in a way I could describe: it was just a

generic pale bad taste. I spit once more into the sink before giving up and deciding not to think about it: it's almost gone anyway, I'll forget it fast.

After all, like all living people, you forget most things; you feel like mush and your most vivid thoughts, when you reflect on them in a vain attempt to re-conjure their sharpness and immediacy, turn out not to be vivid at all. They also feel like mush. You walk with your shoulders drooped, chin sunken on your chest. For an outside observer, it's difficult to tell if it feels like anything to be you, or if you're simply a cluster of nerves that results in irregular alternations of activity and silence.

But for you, it does feel like something to be you: it feels like mush. It feels like what it feels like to have no fixed internal shape, to be an amorphous drift of particles that just happens to be contained, for now, in a human body, but which could at some point break free and take another shape, mold itself to any form, even to a strong breeze, a warm gust of wind on a humid summer day. You sway, and the space around you feels like mush too. Maybe, you think vaguely, in a fishlike daydream, the whole world feels like mush to itself, and we living things are just nodes of the world feeling itself, playing with itself, kneading the mush for the pleasure of it, like a child squeezing mud through its fingers.

"I mostly forget to cut my kids' toenails, like I forget to cut my own toenails.

But then I remember when they go to their dad's, or if they go on a holiday, or if I remember they have gym class—any time when other grown-ups will see their toenails and judge me for being a mom that doesn't cut their toenails.

But I also want to cut them because if the toenails get long, they'll stick into the skin of the toe next to it, especially if their shoes are tight.

But then every time I try to do it, even if they're watching television, they say 'no, no, no, don't do it!'

So I've started cutting their toenails at night.

I wait until they're sound asleep and then I go upstairs with the small, kid-size toenails clippers and turn on one of the lamps or the flashlight on my phone, and I try to get a good grip on their feet.

Afterwards, of course, the toenails are very hard to gather because it's

dark, and so I can usually only find the big toenail and the other ones end up behind their beds, or under the sheets.”

“Because I regularly box, which entails a great deal of pivoting, what happens, which is gross, is that when my toenails get too long they just break off.”

Raw cream
undergoes
no heat treatment.
This cream is
neither pasteurised
nor sterilised. It
comes directly
from skimming.

“About thirty years ago, my brother Raymond went to see a podiatrist because the joints of his toes got so big that he was uncomfortable. You know, he was in pain, his shoes were pinching his toes. So this podiatrist—his name was Dr. Foot, that was his real name—said that the only way to fix it was to break all his toes and reset the joints. No, really, that was his real name, Dr. Foot. It even said Dr. Foot on his license plate.

“Anyway, so Dr. Foot broke all of Ray’s toes, and he never walked right again. Remember that, he had a limp? He limped for the rest of his life. Both legs. I’m telling you, that’s because Dr. Foot broke all of his fucking toes.

“So one day, right before we were about to go on vacation—you know, we were going camping, we were going to be hiking a lot, on our feet—I found this fleshy growth between my toes. It was a little sore, and it seemed to be getting bigger.

“So I went to Dr. Foot, because his office was just around the corner. And he didn’t even see me, he had a nurse take some x-rays, and she put my feet in warm water, and then she held a vibrator on the growth. You know what a vibrator is? Well, it was just like that, it was a vibrator, I’m telling you, and they used it on my toes.

“And then, finally, Dr. Foot came in, and he took this thing that looked like a nail file, and he filed the growth down and sent me home. But then the next day, he called me back in. And he showed me the x-rays and said, ‘we need to break your toes and reset the joints.’”

Pasteurised cream
undergoes
a heat treatment
up to 72°C
for 20 seconds.

When the surgeon cut me open to find out why I couldn’t get sick, she discovered my heart was flat, continuous with the rest of my organs, muscles, and bones, which were also all completely flat, pressed into a barely perceptible film of organic material that draped the operating table like a sheet.

She explained, “Some people are bottomless, like you.”

I told her that I didn’t understand. When I thought about death, I missed the people I love in advance, even though I knew I wouldn’t miss them if I was actually dead, and that anticipation, while empty, seemed like proof that I had a bottom, or at least that I wasn’t bottomless.

“That’s exactly what’s so bottomless about you, you don’t even know that you’re bottomless. Your not knowing about your bottomlessness is bottomless. In fact, it’s your only quality.

“People usually have more than one quality.

“That’s almost the definition of a person: having multiple qualities. Deep, shallow. Denser here, more airy there. Pockmarked. Riven with tunnels. Striated. Almost geological.

“But you’re a rare medical exception. You’re a lamina. Just a lamina. Not even a layer, which would imply that you’re wedged in between other layers, and then by definition you wouldn’t be bottomless.

“You probably think there’s a contradiction between being called bottomless and being called a lamina.

“Wrong again.

“The fact that you think there’s a contradiction between bottomlessness and flatness is just more proof that you’re a lamina: you haven’t evolved eyespots that can see with any depth of field, and so you think the world around you is flat as you are.

“That’s why you never get sick.

“If you don’t feel palpitations, it’s only because you’re flat and your heart can’t beat, since the expansion and contraction of muscle requires three dimensions.

“If you don’t feel shooting pains in your legs, it’s only because you’re flat and you’ve never been exhausted from standing too long.

“If you’re not gasping for breath, it’s only because you’re flat and your lungs don’t fill with air.

“If you’re not paralysed by anxiety, it’s only because you’re flat and your thoughts don’t whirl in circles, keeping you up at night.

“Laminas are so flat that the only thing they’re capable of is reflecting the ideas of people who are not laminas. That’s why you think you’re not a lamina, because you reflect other people’s thoughts that are textured and shaped by the contours of their lives, and thus not flat. But you’ll never be able to assimilate their thinking to yours—no matter if you convince yourself that you’re scared of dying—it will always bounce right off and be felt once again by those people have more than one quality: people who have palpitations, people who have shooting pains in their legs, people who wake up gasping for air convinced that they’re dying. While people like you, laminas, will always only have one quality: being a lamina.”

“I let them go for a while and then idly pick at them, but I don’t have any regimens, and I don’t own a toenail clipper.

I have sewing scissors that I usually use, but it’s very irregular when it comes to timing.

Sometimes I’ll do it if I’m sewing something and I’m reminded by the scissors.”

“I do it after a shower so they’ve softened.

Then I get the clippers and I go to the toilet and I put my foot on the toilet seat.

I don’t want to flip it up because it seems gross to put my foot on the rim, but it’s less gross to put it on the seat.

And then I cut the toenails into the toilet.

But many of them don’t actually fall into the toilet, they jump in all directions and land on the floor.”

“I too soften them in the shower.

My daughter has a plastic tub in the shower, so I run water in that and I give my feet a good softening.

And the toenails become so soft that I don’t need to hold my feet over anything, the nails just kind of gather in the clippers, and then I can bin them.

I just realised that I probably learned to do this because my mom used to have to put my feet in water and soften my toenails before clipping them, because I have really ticklish feet.”

Liquid cream is
liquid and
sweet. It has not
been sown,
which means
there has been no
addition of
lactic ferments.

“At that point, I lost it. I just lost it. I said, ‘I’m not letting you near my toes. You broke all my brother Ray’s toes and now he doesn’t walk right! You are a fucking crook, Dr. Foot! That’s what you are, a fucking crook. I came in here because I had a growth and you used a vibrator on my feet, you probably went down the street to the fucking sex shop and bought a vibrator. And now you want me to let you break my toes

so that you can buy another fucking Mercedes and put another fucking Dr. Foot license plate on it! You are not breaking my fucking toes, you crook!

“And I ran out into his waiting room—it was packed, he was really popular—and I told everyone, ‘Don’t go in there. I’m telling you, don’t go in there. He’ll try to break your toes. He broke all my brother’s toes, and now he can’t walk! Dr. Foot just wants to buy another Mercedes, and he’ll break your toes to get it!’

“I was getting real worked up, you know, red in the face, and shouting at these people. Because I was trying to help them. He was going to break their toes. And if even one person walked out of Dr. Foot’s waiting room that day, then I did a good thing. I helped someone.

“So I was shouting, ‘Dr. Foot is a crook! He wants to break your toes! This asshole just wants another Mercedes!’ His nurse was trying to get me to leave the office but I wouldn’t leave. I was too worked up.

“Eventually I left. And you know what? Not too much later, a few months, the fleshy growth came back. Dr. Foot’s vibrator and file didn’t fucking help at all. It was useless. And it’s still there. It hasn’t gotten too much bigger, it’s just a lump of dead meat. Sometimes I pick it off with my fingernail, and it grows back again.

“No, no, no. Foot with an ‘e,’ like Foot-e. Yes, I’m sure, that was his real name. His name was Dr. Foote. I’m telling you, it was. It was even on his license plate.”

Thick cream
has been matured,
meaning that
the cream has
been sown
with lactic
ferments.

Acid cream
is obtained
from bacterial
fermentation
that produces
lactic acid.

It was comforting to lay flat in bed, to return to anonymity—to lose definition, to become an object among objects: mattress, sheets, piles of pillows. I bought too many pillows. I couldn’t find the right one. Each was a little wrong: too hard, too soft, too small, too easily smushed so that one side became lumpy and the other a limp pile of loose fabric, too warm against my face, too quickly discoloured by my sweat and drool.

Just as it can be comforting to cancel your plans and stay home when you’re sick, even if you have a painful cough that brings up yellow phlegm. As long as you assume that the illness will be brief, you can linger on the physical memories conjured by your symptoms, both familiar from past illness and inevitably novel, either because your body has remembered them imperfectly, or because each moment of illness is genuinely new, almost by definition: the sick person feels what no one has ever felt before, but everyone remembers. You cough gently. It resonates lightly in your chest. The cough’s persistence is involuntary, reassuring; it’s not up to you to stop coughing.

As the night goes on, it gets a little worse. The cough starts to burn mildly in your chest, pleasantly, like sore muscles after strenuously mopping a very dirty floor. You think maybe you’ll be sick for a few days. It’s nice to be home. You spit a little phlegm into your hand, briefly study its color, and wipe it away on the sheet. Still yellow, no blood, nothing to worry about.

You lay there, listening to the rain, tugging the heavy duvet up to your neck, not expecting to sleep but enjoying the images and associations, all instantly forgotten, that flashed by as you drift in and out of focus. Eventually you nod off, but the cough wakes you again only an hour later and from then on, for the rest of the

night, you're alert, restless, a bitter metal taste your my mouth, it's really storming outside. You worry that you'll be exhausted tomorrow, and won't want to wake up:

Psst.

Honey, wake up.

It's time to get up.

Psst.

Sorry, love, I know you want to keep sleeping, but it's getting late.

You look so peaceful, I wish I could just let you sleep, but I can't.

Psst.

Psst.

Come on, sweetheart.

Sweetheart.

Psst.

Alright, I'm going to make you some breakfast, and then I'll come back and try again in a few minutes.

But then you have to get up.

Ok?

Can you hear me?

Psst.

Honey.

You really have to get up.

It's a beautiful day.

The sun's shining.

Open your eyes, love.

“So now I get them pedicured once a month, but before I do that I clip them extremely short, so that the people doing the pedicure don't think that I keep them long.

But sometimes I notice one that has a hangnail or something, and I just peel it off instead of clipping it.

You know, sometimes you can just peel toenails off.

They're not very strong.

And usually, at some point when I'm peeling them off, I realise I should get the clippers out, so I do.

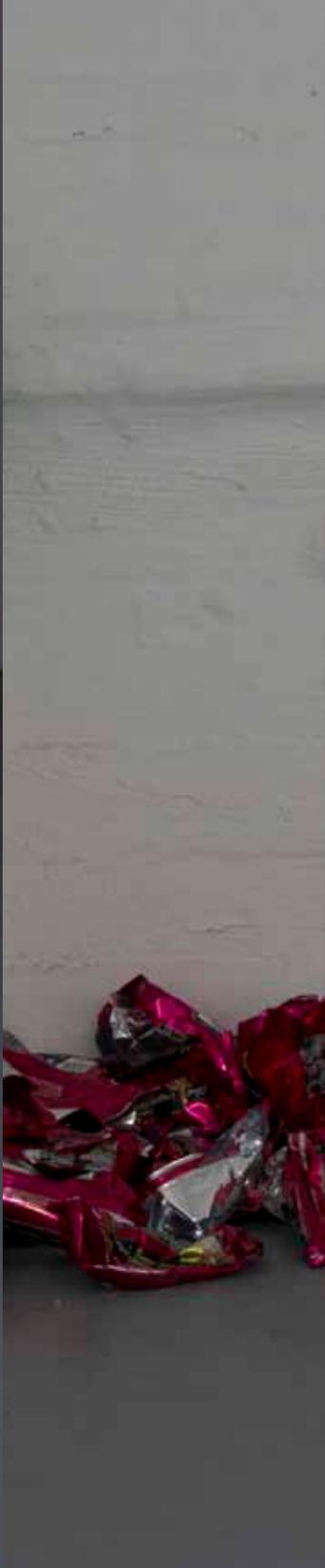
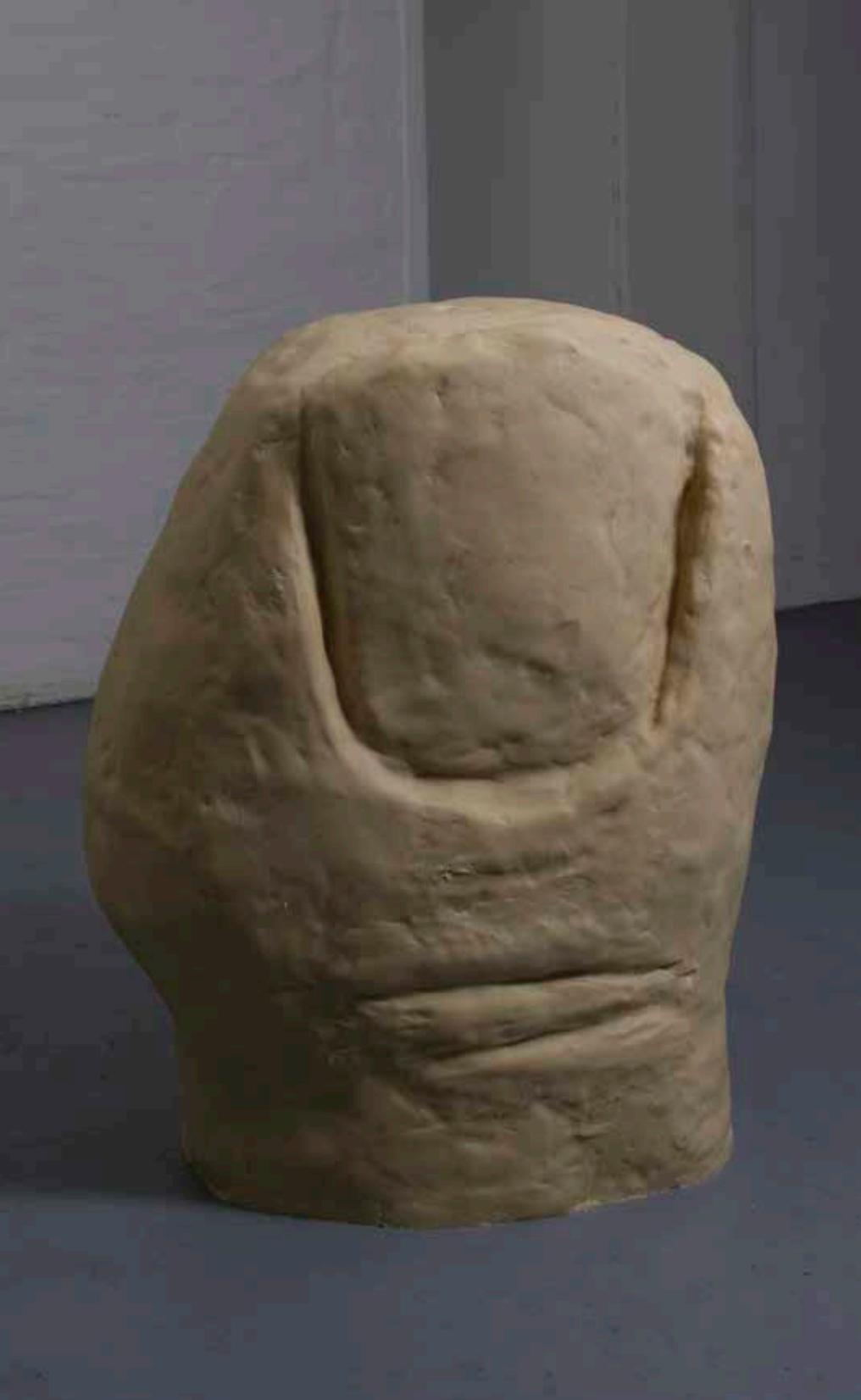
But I always peel a few first, because it's satisfying to do it with my fingers, I like that.

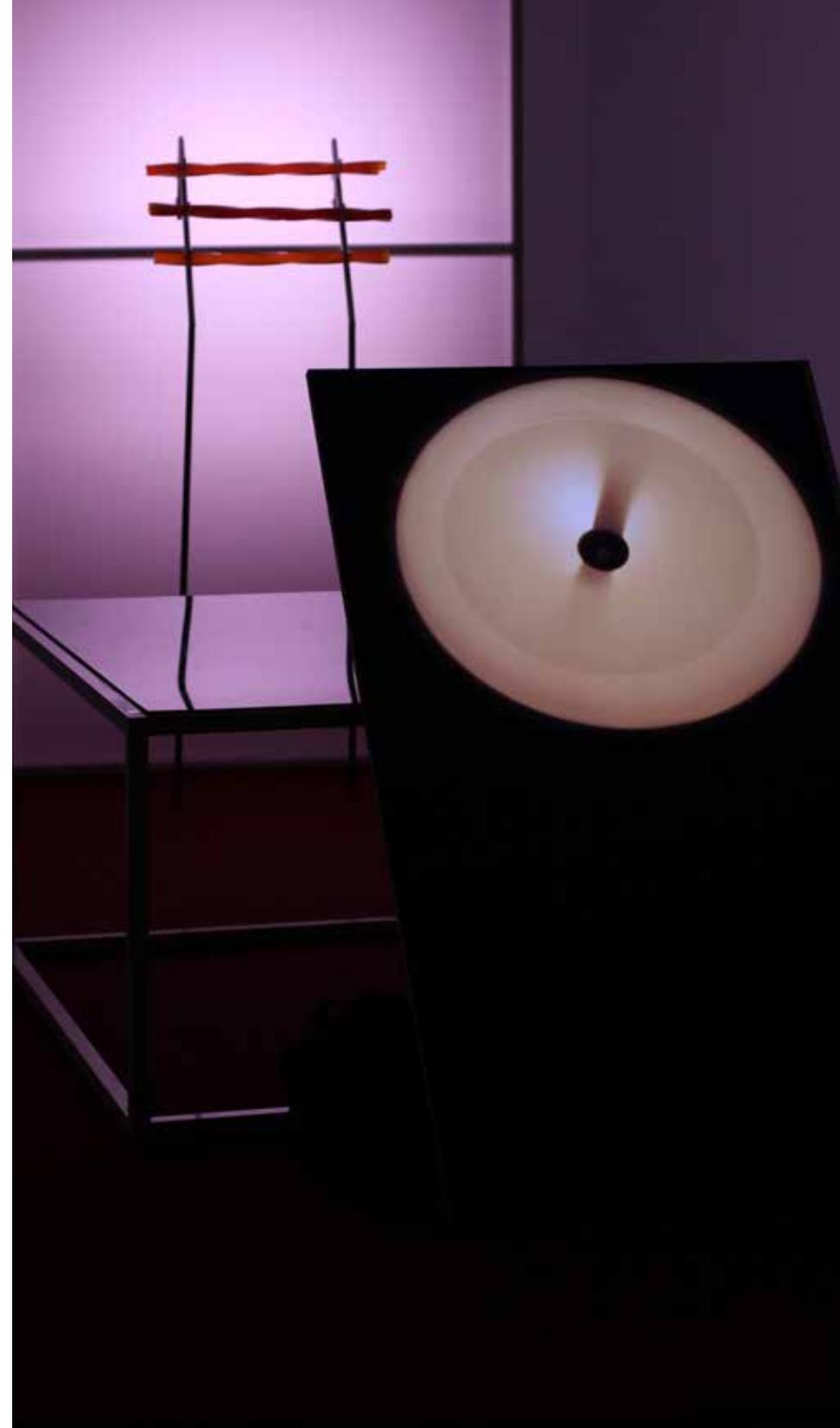
Then I clip them into a pile on my bed or on my nightstand, and when I'm done I sweep them into my hand.”

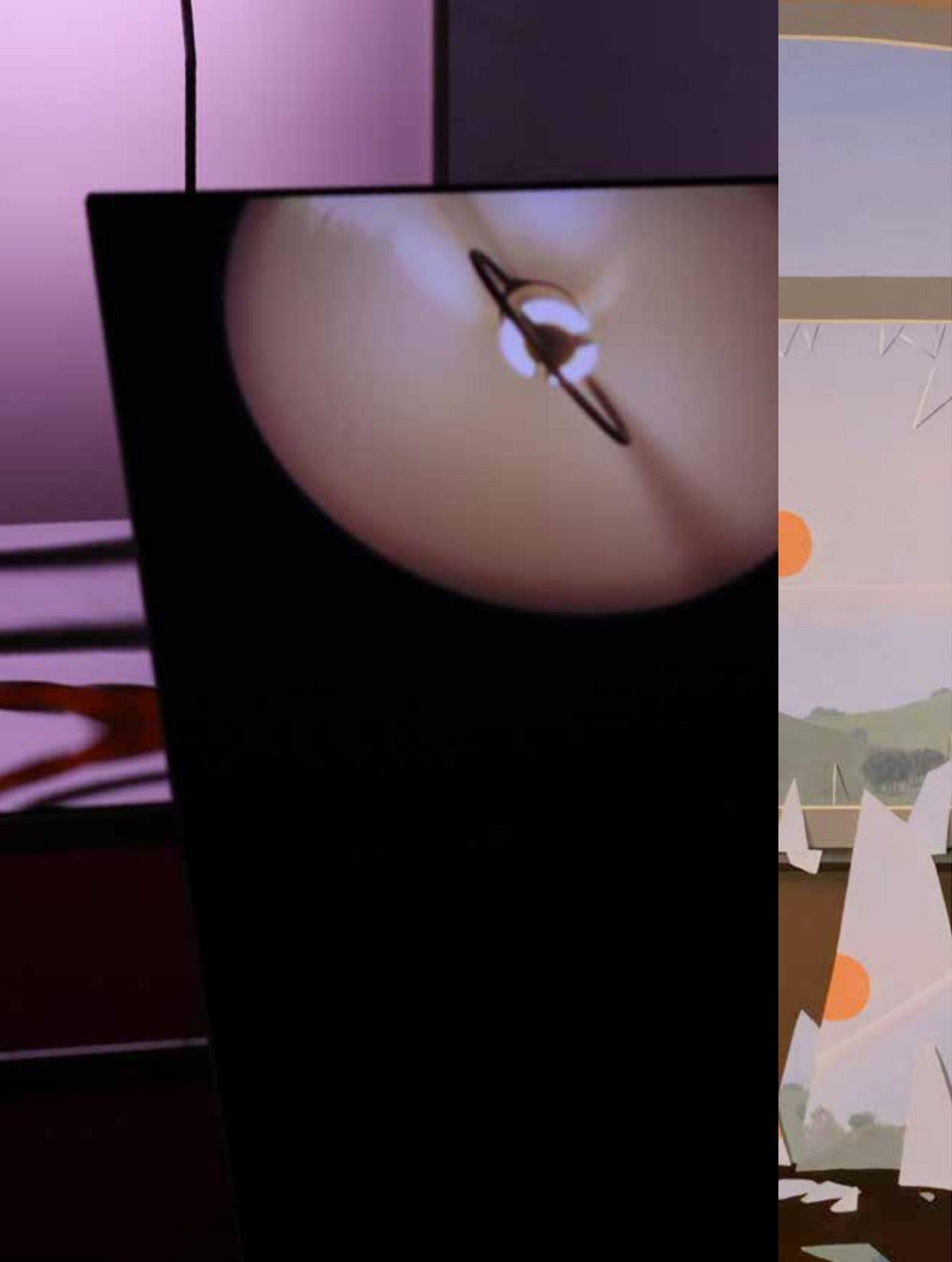












I'm ready to eat my H — by Ida Marie Hede

I climb up the ladder and stand on the scaffolding, looking out over the chairs, I can't see a single pair of jeans. One black turtleneck. One pair of sneakers. Not a single person I know. I don't see my girlfriends. Where's Heart Shame, Meat Shame, and Ass Shame? Am I the only one who got dressed up? I'm standing on the scaffold, but the rest of the village doesn't give a shit. The mood is drowsy. The crowd gets out their phones and takes pictures. They'll post me on the net. I'll bleed all over the world. A group sits on folding chairs with popcorn, hot dogs, and beer in large plastic cups. The village may not know what to think. There is no judge here, no lawyer, the minister had other plans, had a summer cottage north of the city, had a ceiling to be lowered, had balcony boxes with tomato plants to be watered, had children who had bred grandchildren like rats, lovely rat children with long birthday wishlists, had a brain that was too tired to judge, had a burnt shadow fluttering in front of her eyes, had a plan to reverse her heartbeat, to abandon life. Her accomplishment were long-earned: that kind of rebellion requires calm and care. The minister sleeps somewhere else, far away. She needs that. Sleep mask and belladonna drops. They keep calling anonymously from the suburban neighbourhoods to report new cases of horror, new cases of shame. A man is about to explode with shame on the corner at Starbucks, and we know that when it happens to a man, the intestines smoke through the mouth, the fire crackles loudly, reaching up to the highest hat, and the cock rises and scratches worldwide. At the same time, two women are facing each other without underwear and rubbing themselves with clenched hands at the metro stop and you have never seen anything like it before.

I'm standing on the scaffolding, I don't want to wait any longer, I tear off my T-shirt. I rip my bra off. My blood seeps, long, smooth rivulets from chest to feet. Puddles around my toes like halos, dripping down

the wooden floor of the scaffold. Small green islands everywhere, hairballs of rotten pubic hair that fall like rosettes, as if I had been given an order, made a knight. Now I have become a real whore, now I've given up all reservations: I embrace my H. Maybe I am called Henny, Hedda, Hilda, Hedvig or Hans, or Hector, or Hanne. I'm averagely slutty. Totally trashy. Let me use that trash. But how? I stand on the scaffold and look out at all the flashing phones that reproduce me, I am a garland of H's. I own the flaming letter that gnaws at my skin, and one breast sticks its felt leg out of a round hole in my T-shirt, blood running.

I donate the blood to the village, to the little executioner of my self-extinguishing soft meat, the little sweet masochist in the star chamber of my reptile brain. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all of the village's children of divorce. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all the village's foster children. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all the children who have been sitting on the lap of their relatives on the street, begging for money. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all the children who have been sitting under ticking clocks and stitching pink blouses on an old factory sewing machine or carrying around buckets of solvents in a landfill or dyeing clothes. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all the children who have travelled without their parents or relatives through a desert, over a sea, past a border, past countless borders, and have reached a street, an office, a room, a bed, a window. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all orphans. I donate a forest within a forest of pubic hair to all children with parents who have fled to a land of well-nourished white citizens and been expelled but cannot return home and now live without the right to a life. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all nuclear and all rainbow family children. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all the children who have seen their distressed parents fall on the floor and carefully emptied the red wine bottles and vodka bottles into the wash basin. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all children who have made their mothers happy, their fathers happy, their mothers happy again, their fathers happy again. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all anxious children. I donate a forest of pubic hair to all children with siblings. Are all my children in the audience? Is my children's father out there? Is he sitting with another woman's arms around him, is he sitting with the kids on his lap, a hundred and twenty buttocks up bouncing on his knees and thighs, two hundred childish squid arms affectionately squeezing blackheads all over his body? Is he being kissed on the cheek, is his scalp being caressed, is he so dazzled by the caress that his angry image of me will be eradicated, that the grief will perish? Am I the

happiest person in the world because my children are alive? Is my lover out there? What does he look like? Is he also sitting with someone's arms around him? What do the arms, the hands, do? Whose are they? Do they touch his cheeks, his ears? Can they touch him if he is only a tongue? How big are his ears, are they attached to the tip of his tongue? How rough are his hands? Does he have a knotted face like a Danish peasant? A European charlatan? Does he have a long impressive cock, a cute little cock, a twisted cock, a cock like a drop of morning dew or like a flamethrower, a cock like a tiny snake's tongue? Does he belong here, should he be here at all? Was he born here, is he real enough, is he permitted to sit on this chair, does society have a use for him? Should he also be punished, or should he be punished instead of me? Should he be junked, should he be in the village at all? Where does he bleed? Doesn't he bleed too? Should I make him bleed? Should I scratch his face, tear furrows in his back? Should I jump up on his shoulders and twist his head around and then let it go, watching the head spin back in place at a tremendous speed, as his smile spreads beyond his jaw and he says *how are you sweetheart?* Should I let him kiss me, wild, deep, and slimy, a kiss that overwhelms him, that pummels him with my emotions so that he really knows who I am, so that there's nothing to hide? Should I then send him away and say, *wait?* How much have the children grown since I last saw them, how long are their fingers now, their legs? How do they arrange themselves in a circle, how do they hold each other's hands? Is the circle arranged by age or sex or the colour of clothing or the shape of their hair or the first letter of their name? Have they scraped their knees, do they have abrasions on their elbows, are they missing teeth?

The village choir, a bunch of pale teenage boys with baggy pants in front of the scaffold. They hum tunelessly. They repeat the word hamburger to the rhythm of Nothing But A Heartache. They throw caramels at me, I duck, 50-kroner banknotes. A cheeseburger, bad sushi, mayonnaise blobs splatter over the canopy. Pickled cucumbers land at my feet. They might think I'm sweet. They might think I'm available now. They might think I'm ready for anything. Sweet and yet ready for anything. They would give their left lung to lick my blood up and take my breasts in their mouths. They would start at one of the wooden planks' blood lakes and lick, in one long motion, all the way to my feet, up my legs, inner thighs, abdomen. They would open their mouths wide: squeeze their lips around the my navel and suck greedily. They'd twist the tip of their tongues in the round of my navel and lap up the blood clots.

Lick on, slowly. Up to my breasts with small cunning bites. Drill their tongue tips hard into my wounds. Take one breast in their mouth, knead it with their teeth. Try biting the nipple. Try to bite / suck / squeeze / kiss so hard that the blood might start running like colostrum.

I bleed from the breast like I deserve to, milk blood in their mouths. Their faces are so close. Ragnarok's breath, small pieces of chicken meat and avocado between their teeth. Scales with white coating. Eventually one of them locks tongues, in an ironic gesture, this is a romantic babe. Two sweaty hands knead my breasts, and maybe someone slips a finger up through the hole in my shorts, hard in my ass. I'm ready to do what they say. I am ready to meet all expectations. *Down*, they say. I get down on all fours. I'm wet and naked, open. Sweet and open. Shaved and fresh and wet. Shaved smooth on the right side, hairy on the left side. Can they see it? Great. Now there is access. *Spread your legs*, they say. *Come on, I say, you have my permission. I'm faster than you.* Look. I am so sweet and wet and you have never experienced anything like it. Something as sexy and sweet as this ass. You've never felt such a sense of sugary excitement, a candyfloss explosion pressed hard against the tip of your cock. They grab their lazy, slack, purple cocks that rise and slide in, as if into a kind of yolk. They are completely surrounded by me. Their hands grip my hips, they thrust and catch their breath. My skin looks yellow and foamy around their fingers pressed into my hip fat. I'm stained with blood. Now I have a colour, now I will never be naked again. I'm a wet color. I toss my doll hair that flutters like horny spaghetti beyond the scaffolding, I accept their sugar-high roaring thrusts. Their cocks push deep, hard, and wet: smeared by the juice from the pickled cucumbers, rubbed by burger bun crumbs. These cocks can do much more than cocks usually can, these crazy self-assured cocks: my cervix twists as the cocks knock against it, I'm about to come but it hurts, I can't, there are small tears everywhere in my vaginal wall, egg yolk in the tears. Their hands pull at my hips until I have learned the rhythm, they lift their arms up over their heads and expose the thick black underarm hair as the last twenty thrusts begin. I'm pushing backwards into their cocks like a machine that can suddenly even surpass its own rhythm, twenty sugary beats, mustard and blood and foams wet pulses beyond my buttocks and the cocks push it all back in greedily, I'm ready to eat my H and throw it up again.

o o o

The reception is over, the floors have to be washed, the women must leave, the toilets are closed. Turn off the lights, no it is forbidden to be in public without tights, no you have to go now, no don't talk so loud, don't be silly, don't masturbate, get your fingers out, you are too big to sit here, too inflated, look at your stomach and thighs, just take off that tight embroidered bodycon dress, take off that yellow bikini, pull the lace string out of your ass. Don't pee now, flip it in, fold yourself, smooth yourself, close your holes for just two seconds. You must not eat cake; do not eat pineapples; do not eat buffets; do not eat tartlets or bananas; do not drink slush-ice or cream. And don't eat cake, slush-ice and tartlets all at once and not with whipped cream and tooth butter, skip that white toast, it'll get mixed up in your stomach, disgusting. Think about how it looks in there, who wants to look at it? Who wants to look into your little girl-stomach? It's brown and lumpy in there, a sticky jungle of isolation tanks and greasy snakes and mucus plugs and brain cells gone astray. Remember that a guy will one day want to look into your girl-stomach: maybe a possible sperm donor. Maybe a possible father to your children. Maybe a possible breadwinner. Maybe a possible lover or partner-in-crime. Oh! Perhaps someone who has access to lodges and bromances and mansions, access you simply cannot do without, you fall at its feet and howl and whine. Maybe someone who wants to look into your stomach because everything else about you is not enough. Your face is not enough. Your lips. Your eyes. Your words. Your way of telling. Your way of hesitating. Your way of thinking. Your way of understanding something. Your way of being surprised. Raising an eyebrow. Your way of breaking expectations. You've been abducted because he wants to check out the engine. See it as an experience! A date, a cheap dinner, a half-decent glass of wine, would you like a cocktail, would you like a delicious all-sugar Strawberry Daquiri? A pill in your drink, you fall asleep, you are driven to the hospital, you are driven into the back room, your clothes comes off, your underwear comes off and it disappears, it dissolves, it is eaten by a foreign mouth. Where's the cashmere sweater and the nylon stockings, nobody knows, did a dog ravage it? A squirrel, a marsh farmer? You are naked and lying on the operating table or maybe on a soft couch and of course you look like a beautiful dead young girl. A quick binocular operation. You are unconscious and you will notice nothing and remember nothing, it has never happened. He stares into your stomach with his blue, blue eyes and jerks off. He doesn't

tell you about that later: how hard he comes when you are completely passive, as he's examining your intestinal system. How hard he gets at the thought of the completely empty stomach filled with only one pink cocktail. A water tank with clear, azure water and a small cherry. The idea that you sometimes vomit. That you cleanse yourself by throwing up food and brain cells. That you actually do vomit at him, that you vomit because you feel like nothing, immobile. That you do it to be the body he wants. To become something that is nothing. Something that is not a snake of nothingness entwined with a snake of nothingness entwined with a sense of irresponsibility for being a snake of nothingness. He comes hard over the toilet bowl with his blue eyes at the thought of your brown-red vomit, his pale yellow sperm splashing all over your marbled stomach contents, the most beautiful.

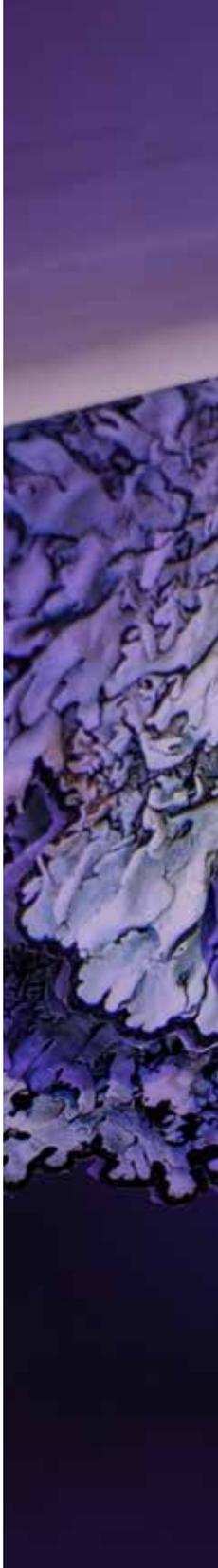
And then, perhaps, there is someone who does all this, but who is interested in you? Someone who arouses your gratitude and submission. Of course you doubt that you deserve that interest. What are you worth? You wake up and everyday life continues and you have forgotten what happened, you wake up dizzy, brush the squirrel hair off your thighs, find a pair of clean panties, a black skirt and a jacket, and hurry out of the house. You sit in your office filling in excel sheets, you overhear a joke about women breastfeeding, you scratch your hair, one boss person teases the other boss person who has just come back from paternity leave, calling him 'mother' in a slightly funny, twisty tone, there's laughter, you note in the dark purple moleskine how many times you are interrupted during the staff meeting, you go on a business trip, the hotel is boiling hot, you give a presentation on the training strategy for a three-year period, brilliant, no-one can't put a finger on what you do, you take off your panties, they gnaw at your thighs, you pour baby powder into the cracks, clasp your thighs against each other, your vagina itches, you pull at your pubic hairs, you come home relieved, sweaty, get some groceries, swig from a cola, eat wasabi nuts, shovel sweet potatoes and goat cheese into your wide open mouth, cranberry and rosé and greasy crisps down your throat, wrap a spoonful of tiramisu on your fork, voila, dinner for both of you, and he also forgot that it ever happened. Then maybe he'll tell you that he's never felt like this before: it is a miracle that a woman has made him feel like this, has broken through his armor. You're something special. He is a soft, washed-out ball of love. You revel in it: he smiles with tattered blue and purple and brown eyes. He has gunk in the corner of his eye, pieces of dandruff, he even has dandruff under his

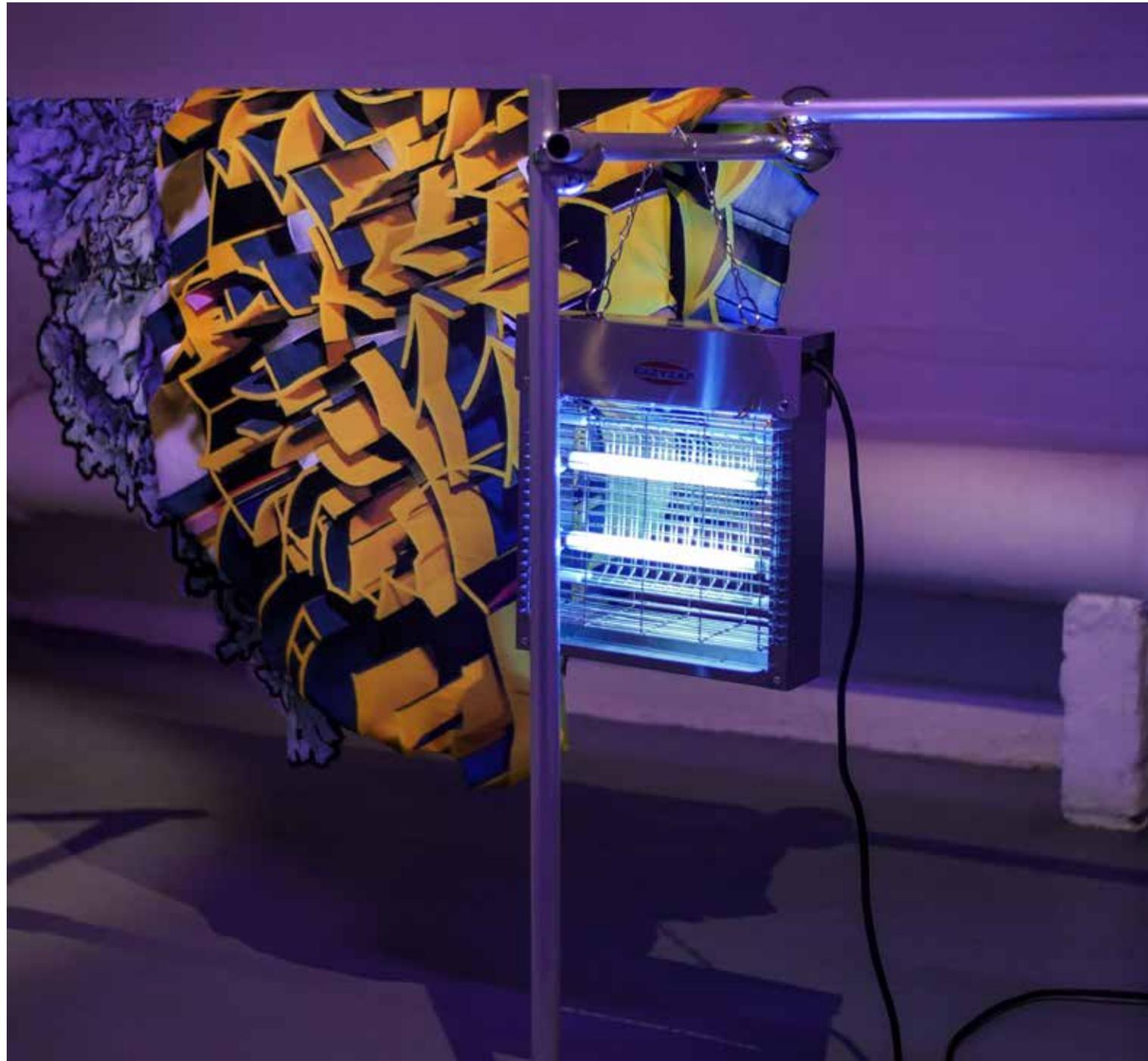
shirt. See his amphibious body, see this ass! Does he really fuck with that scaly tail? What? After an espresso and a whiskey and an ointment of love words, he wants sex and a blowjob. He unzips his pants, he pushes your head down with his big hand, you fall to your knees and your pencil skirt cracks. First, he wants your milky tongue to poke the foreskin, lift it lightly and teasingly. Then he will want you to torpedo your lips hard over the shaft, stopping at the root. At that moment, look at him, wink, you can only say strange grrrhmmff sounds. You have to show him that it is difficult to have such a huge cock in your mouth, difficult to have such a large and vital organ so close to your brain activity. Then he flips his cock out of your mouth, massages your tender jaws with a hard thumb while little pieces of his dandruff drift down into your hair, purple flower petals. Then he wants to make love again, and then cuddle, and then fuck again, fuck deep. He wants to touch your uterus with the shiny tip of his cock, and lick you ambitiously in wonderful little circles, back and forth over the clitoris, unwrapping it with his tongue, demonstrating how well he knows it, how much he loves it in his brown knotty form. Then he will shout and spit on your back, eagerly slap your ass. Now his cock really is a tail. You look at it, speechless, drooling with desire, mouth open, he turns your head away, pushing you down, sticking his long hard scaly silver gray penistail between your cheeks and rubbing it slowly back and forth, rubbing and rubbing, until your ass cracks, until it crumbles. Lubricate the tail with a little grease from a small jar, then let it slip into you. The tail's scaly texture feels unusual, it stimulates everything: it is so long that it winds out of you again, and then all of the sudden doubled in your ass, in one long elegant glide, like you were being fucked by a man and his dopplegänger. You fuck on a jetty, a toilet, a church tower with this twofold feeling in you, this sense of added value. Of scaly tailcock in you, twincock, brothercock, bromancecock, morecock, clonecock, mirrorphasecock, rorshachcock, doublecheesecock. Of coveted polyamorosity. This sensation of sexual multitasking. You dream of being able to fuck so many men under one roof without them even discovering each other, what joy, to peel the troublesomeness out of them, to peel the envy out of them, to invite friends and brothers to do whatever they want, a whole men's room thoroughly fucked and you are secured access to the clubhouse forever amen, having both holes filled with several thick, scaly pulsating sausages, satisfying your ever expanding desire for submission and possession at once. The ability to become more than you think you are. The ability to pacify the owners of the cock, get a little freer hands, take over, world domination.

The tail slides in and out, faster and faster, slips into the ass with a last thrust, quivering, before he finishes. Fluid leaks from his tail and seeps into your mucosa. You almost come. Now the scraped-off scales in your ass feel like old paper, scratching and hurting. As you dry off, he talks and talks, he wants to get married and you are not ready at all. Your stomach is not pretty enough for a wedding, you don't feel empty enough, you don't feel full enough. What are you? You don't know rituals. You don't know which rituals fill you up or which rituals exhaust you so that you can start over. He agrees that the incredible mechanics of your intestines are imperfect. Your girl's stomach is still like a muddy hole. It bubbles and boils night and day, it's like a volcano in there, it's about to explode, but oh, it will spray diarrhea on your grandmother's wedding gown, painfully soft diarrheafarts will blow into the veil, waving in the wind. You share a bottle of vodka and decide that it's probably best if you lie heavily on your stomach the night before the wedding, so that everything gets compressed. Your ass spins, and he spins over you, and you spin together -- beloved, beloved. You can't tell if this is love, you don't know what happiness is, you're constantly asking yourself, *am I happy now? Do I love now? Am I the one I always wanted to be, now?* As you kiss at the alter in the animal garden, you burp acid reflux directly into his mouth, a sacred kiss that seals your destiny and life together.

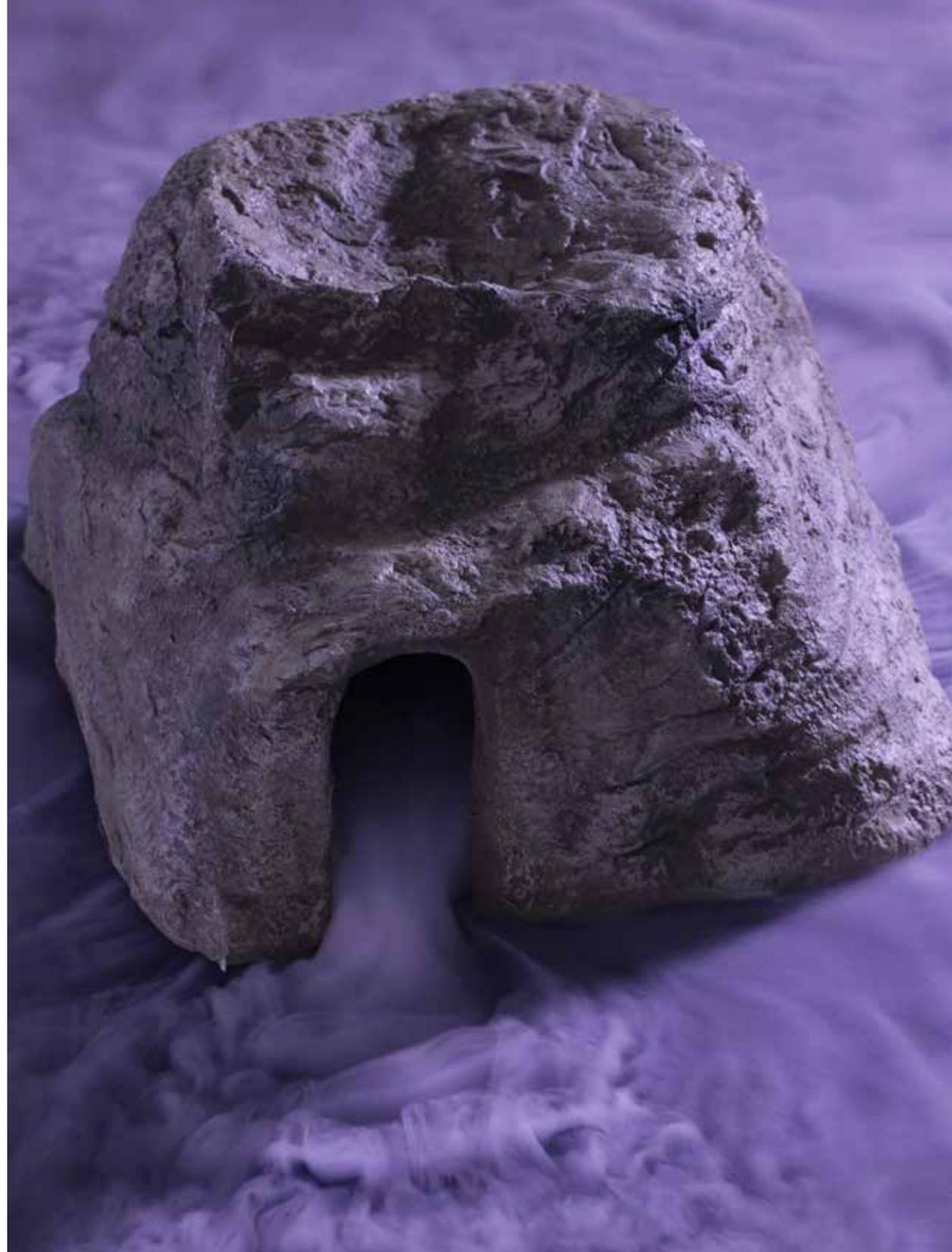
I'm ready to eat my H is an excerpt from a work in progress. It was translated from the Danish by Steven Zultanski for the event A Reading: Robert Fitterman, Ida Börjel, Ed Atkins, Ida Marie Hede held at Peryton on 23.3.19



















The Sunshine: road warmer, vampire slayer, patron saint of freckles (afterword) — by Nick Garner

As we sit here talking – as we hold and mold and pass between us this verbal clay, as our lips, teeth and tongue perform and repurpose these relics and linguistic fossils, igniting the air with this mutable plasma – as we sit here trying to communicate, this very stuff that binds us, if only for a moment, in some acceptable level of understanding, describes in its every plosive and slippery utterance the distance between us.

Whether obedient to the dumb invasion of bombast, or in service to the insidious drip-drip of better-judgement-after-the-fact, whether indifferently rattling with the self-affirming logic of bureaucracy, or summoned with the sole intention of delivering to another that snide, decisive, relationship-ending observation, this language that's flung between us forever describes people in relation: the speaker and the spoken to, or in the case of conversations overheard, the speakers and the hearers, and all the ageing speakers and hearers that came before them, and with these ancestors, and theirs, the flow of power, of trade and the nature of tides, winds, and currents, the arc of the seasons and the lay of arable lands.

As above, so with “as we sit here reading”. Our inner voice then, blithely using that same part of us saved for solo confessions of the heart, enacts from the page others' voices, of stuff first thought, then written, then edited perhaps, layed-out and fussed-over, printed, packaged,

advertised, shipped, displayed, held, perused, purchased, bagged, carried, de-bagged, and read, and now faded, passed-on, re-read, remembered.

All these bodies more or less willingly accommodating approximations of thoughts had by other bodies, expressed through some version of a code negotiated over time and still up for negotiation now. Universes within universes, vehicles for imagination, empathy and catharsis, are magicked onto the pages of stories written by bodies, each body a collection of organs and enzymes and their own universe of microbes, and it is in the approximation of this contestable code, not in its specificity, it is in the distance not between some kind of reality and its representation but between these different frail bodies, each wildly trying to navigate a dispassionate world, that words become a social catalyst. In describing the world and our journey through it, language helps us to share, to bond, to neatly skirt the edges of the vacuum, it becomes the building block for villages and cities and epochs, and with the alluvial build-up of abstractions – thoughts upon thoughts upon thoughts constructed in elaborate stretches of interlocking clauses – it necessarily takes us away from a gasping, grasping, in-the-mud, non-verbal experience of the world.

The poet knows something else though, how words can hold onto all of this ‘social’ but become objects again, plastic again, plucked, shuffled and arranged, suites of pages of staged encounters, between arranger and witness, each encounter inscribed with the lifetimes of arranger and witness, of some soul nourished on all the poems that came before, all the films, paintings, textiles, buildings, and all the everything else, all the trauma, and all the hoping, all the stair climbing, all the patient gazing, and all the tired eye rubbing. The poet’s words balance on the edge of the verbal, between object – held in the mouth and the ear as if in the hand, rippling through grey matter, skating across memories, associations, dreams, as well as through histories external to this or that body – and code, social to the very last.

As we stand here looking, a painting will echo this balance: the coordinates of suspended pigments, applied to a support of some proportion, trap the eye in some familiar choreography (say of a view from a window) in an encounter staged in a space (hung at eye-height, in a room of some dimension, geography, temperature, with floors of some material bouncing our footsteps around walls of some scale



and such a thickness, letting in so much of the outside beyond, lit to some extent so as to be suitably visible) being witnessed now, out in the world.

As this view, the net that has trapped the witness since caves were being painted, disintegrates towards abstraction, the threads of the net remain: rhythm, proportion, materiality, the fall of light, the bounce of sound, evidence of production, and with this evidence, residues of gestures, some relation to the bodies that made this art-thing, or commissioned it, or found it. This net forms the what-and-how of an art object or action and its encounter. To trace each part of this net is to perform in part the never-ending choreography of an artwork: the inherently creative act of encountering art, making sense through senses, each witness moving through the steps of a work, formal, theoretical, with their own subtly different accents, nonetheless moving together, in some way, in concert, if just for a moment.

If language seems to be born from a plastic relationship to bodily sounds, spanning the gaps between bodies through utterances defined via repetition over the ages, the art object or action emerges from a plastic relationship to the building blocks of our world and is encountered in the first instance, in this choreography of the senses,

as non-verbal. As we flail about all wrapped in nets, our senses fiddling with these braided strands, we sense together, this body beside us, this ground beneath us, this humming warmth of our closest star.

○ ○ ○

The Sunshine was a series of exhibitions held at Peryton between June 2017 and March 2019. The introduction to the installations was as follows:

The series of exhibitions at Peryton takes as its name The Sunshine. Everybody loves the sunshine. The series pairs sound and vision in the glow of artificial daylight: works are staged on a set of aluminium frames, the room is lit by a freestanding afternoon window. In this setting, contributors (artists, curators, writers) are invited to pair an object with a sound.

As the home to Oberon, the occasional journal we publish, a publication built around rhyme and association, Peryton is an exercise in locating the processes and strategies of the publication in an exhibition program, in a physical space, within a city and its sets of communities.

Specifically, The Sunshine takes as its premise a sort of surrealist theatricality, where maybe we can pretend for a second to be in a frozen moment, at the edge of the day, as the sun cusps the horizon.

There were 14 episodes in total. The first few episodes established the context and the logic of the series. Episode 01 used a collection of visual footnotes – on a trajectory from the stirrings of Romanticism (George Stubb's *Whistlejacket*, 1762), through a memento of fading post-war Surrealism (*Girl with Roses*, Lucian Freud's portrait of his new wife Kitty Garman, 1947-48), to the Hollywood rumblings of the new millennium (Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*, 1993), paired with a soundtrack (an analogue synthesiser playing a rudimentary pastiche of 1980s noir) – to develop an exhibition logic and a way of working with the space, light and sound.



Episode 02 established, in some referential way, the authorship of the space and the project, with old works by myself and Robyn Stuart oriented around a kind of island, with calming island sound effects and a copy of Oberon 1 clamped open to a spread featuring René Magritte's 1964 painting, *Evening Falls II (Le soir qui tombe)*.

Episode 03 was an installation by the artists nova Milne improvised around the artwork they'd made for the cover of Oberon – in which a reworking of the iconic pottery wheel scene from Jerry Zucker's 1990 film *Ghost* sees both the hands of Molly Jensen (Demi Moore) and those of the apparition of her recently deceased husband, Sam Wheat (Patrick Swayze), removed to leave the spinning clay, forming and collapsing to the echoes of "Unchained Melody" – describing both the absence and presence of touch. This episode marked the launch of Oberon 3 and the launch of the space.

The subsequent 11 episodes were each initiated with an invitation to people we had worked with or met through Oberon, Das Superpaper (the quarterly magazine we made back in Sydney from 2008–2014) and other projects; invitations to artists living in Copenhagen that I shared a kind of visual language with, and to people we met through that social web that builds around a space.

The Sunshine uses the series as a hook, as a frame, as a system to present its installations. I'd been thinking about how to develop an exhibition program using the toolbox of the artist/publisher – as a strategy to present over a couple of years a semi-coherent set out of an unpredictable collection of voices, that lacked a unifying subject, process or motivation. I'd also been thinking about how to develop an exhibition program as a relative outsider – lacking that social context and set of theoretical connections that comes with being from the place you're in – to help glean a knowledge of the geography and demography of the space we were occupying.

As a publisher, a series often equates to format – a suite, a volume and its various parts, a periodical and its issues locked to specific dates, the internal sections of a journal, a set of regular contributors – which gives us a relation to time and authorship, and through each instalment, as an accumulation of instances, through this familiarity born from repetition, a relationship with meaning and with others is developed.



As an outsider, placing an emphasis on relationships with others felt important. The publisher's relationship with others is relatively direct: it refers to the readership and a growing sense of shared experience and expectations. In the gallery, the capacity for shared experience and expectations is compounded by its location, not as pages turning in the hands or sitting on the shelf, but on a street, in the city, in the social calendar, as a place around the corner, a moment between home, work and going out. Like a cocktail party, get enough people living in a place, not that many really, and the artists will break into their separate groups. At some point after art school these spiralling cultural eddies will happily span generations, but they will often remain bound by class or concern or temperament or brute social endurance, providing in their best moments both laval shelter for growing voices, and conversational complexity, in a masterstock of shared lives, spilt drinks, and things that don't need to be restated.

If the publisher collects voices over a number of issues, *The Sunshine* hoped to join artists from a bunch of little pockets, both in the social calendar – of course artists don't tend to see a show if they don't know

the other artists or organisers involved – as well as in the swipe, scroll, click and page turn. In this suspension of the normal order, this brief moment's diversion from the resting state, in collecting local voices, each from their own various social context, the plan was to introduce the odd voice from outside the cliques, or a little further afield or from back home in Australia.

Conceived as a project space for Oberon, Peryton was a bar in central Copenhagen, serving wine and beer and little bits of food to accompany them, with a gallery in the cellar, which hosted an occasional program of talks, performances, publication launches, and a regular series of concerts from the city's improvisation and experimental music scene. At its heart, Peryton was oriented around pairing the social and the cultural.

As such, as a series, *The Sunshine* was also a way of specifically addressing the expectations of artist and audience. On the one hand it was a way of connecting the individual to society, with each instance always being framed in reference to the set, but I also wanted the formal components of the series – the title, the episodic form, the immediately preceding and subsequent installments, any repeated elements of installation, the exhibition documentation etc. – and more specifically the demands of the invitation – *to pair X and Y, with at least one part containing an audio component, under what we could call artificial daylight* – to provide an opportunity for a small flash of deviance. The aim was for a sort of sewn-in antagonism that would lead us from the artist's usual practice and the expected behaviour of the gallery goer.

Essentially, the project space, the series and the invitation, stemmed from a preoccupation with poetic association taken from Oberon, of placing things – objects, concepts, processes, people – next to each other and seeing what happens, but with an added emphasis on social association, association as a noun, as we understand a collection of people who have chosen to acknowledge some particular shared interest or binding circumstance.

So yes, zoomed out, association, and this meaning born from proximity, lies at the heart of exhibition-making in the abstract; the formal qualities of the series afford meaning and proximity between different moments, exhibitions, artists, and audiences; the space where the

series was staged was motivated by social association, to develop an understanding of where we were and who we were surrounded by. OK.

Specifically, The Sunshine takes as its premise a sort of surrealist theatricality, where maybe we can pretend for a second to be in a frozen moment, at the edge of the day, as the sun cusps the horizon.

The visual logic of *The Sunshine*, the premise, this 'surrealist theatricality', was articulated through the language of cinema and a behind-the-scenes aesthetic of lights and gels, sandbags, clamps and scaffolding, and a suite of videos documenting each episode, presenting the series as a continuum of slow, forensic pans. This is not a thwarted love letter to a 20th century version of cinema as celluloid and projection (although they could each make nice enough analogies, for the sequence/series and the sun respectively) but most basically it's an embracing of pretence – and in using the visual logic of cinema or photography to illustrate this stretched or paused time and not the language of theatre per se – it becomes a thwarted love letter to the capacity of the lens, the stories of cinema, and the place films hold in our versions of history. In particular, the tracking shot as embodied perspective has always loomed as a way of understanding exhibition making.

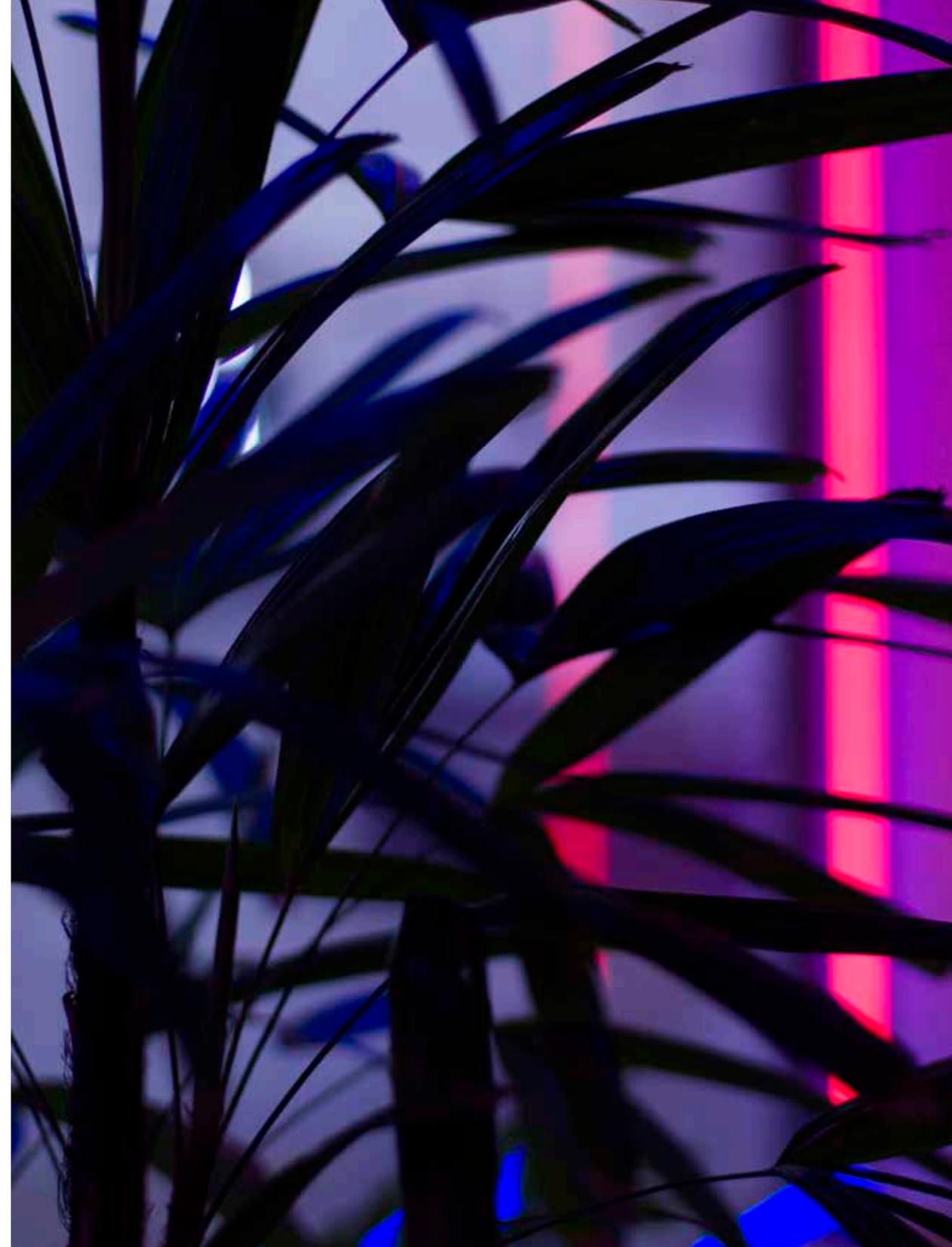
If in the internet-age cinema seems passé, you can bet theatricality is a dirty word. To pretend is very dirty, for sure. It feels like it goes against all the unstated goals of contemporary art but maybe the goal here, put in the language of the artists I grew up surrounded and taught by, is to queer the exhibition space.

"This is probably not the place to have your next big solo show", I'd say, and yes, for practical reasons, as a cellar space with low ceilings tangled with pipes and bad lighting, it wasn't an ideal setting to be invested with the hopes and dreams of the artist's next big CV entry – but it was the nature of the invitation and the artificial light that was specifically designed to curtail the feints and contorsions artists put themselves through to present in the grammar of truth the various accents of style and trend. Feints and contortions whose grammar is not only tied to prevailing trends but so directly to the polish and manicured neutrality of the showroom or the product catalogue.

But it is in the central idea of the sun – dappled light through curtain, sunrise, sunset, the crepuscular moment, the gloaming – that I find the most existential sustenance. To infer from these installations a faux cinematic scenario, to say that perhaps we’ve arrived in between takes, or that as we get closer to that which is most illuminated in the space we are getting closer to the most central illusion in this frozen moment, the most important illusion, is to describe a space occupied now by a fake sun, and in doing so to draw on the surrealism that has been a guiding coordinate for the project, a surrealism that is forever tied to the sun.

Take the sun: blazing heat life giver, road warmer, shadow maker, vampire slayer, patron saint of freckles. Take the moon: the reflected sun, as such life reflected, the great eye, global night-light, wolf distracter. Does the sideways sun, in all its various spectral hues, not describe the cocktail hour, animals of all persuasion brushed up against each other at the watering hole? A frenzy that describes and drives the pairing of the social and the cultural. Big eye watches us churning the water’s edge, stirring up what meaning could exist between us, before the night descends and the baser instincts define us, strangers filling and emptying and occasionally breaking vessels.

Society and culture are inseparable: that we share this world and how we conceive of sharing this world, are two pieces cut arbitrarily from the same bloody haunch. It seems that those that would cleave cultural expression from the task of shared existence do so to safeguard dominant, “quiet”, singular versions of what it means to live together.



A. George Stubbs, *Whistlejacket*, c.1762
postcard from the National Gallery,
London
[see: p.14]

B. Lucian Freud, *Girl with Roses*, 1948
postcard from the Courtauld Institute
[see: p.54]

C. Audio track: R.G.Dwyer, *a lion attacking
a horse* (08:08), *island time* (04:27)

D. *Jurassic Park*, 1993, (127 min)
Directed by Steven Spielberg.
8 seconds from Scene 61
(Tyrannosaurus Rex car scene), looped.
[see: p.15]

Scene 61. In the front car

... Tim leans over to the front
passenger seat and looks at the two
plastic cups of water that sit in the
recessed holes on the dashboard. As
he watches, the water in the glasses
vibrates, making concentric circles

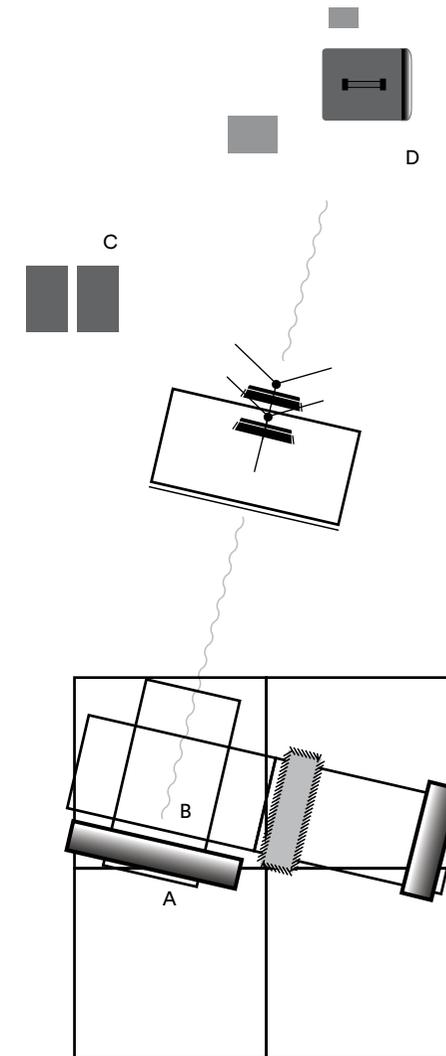
- - then it stops - -

- - and then it vibrates again.
Rhythmically.

Like from footsteps.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Jurassic Park
Screenplay by David Koepp
Based upon the novel by Michael Crichton



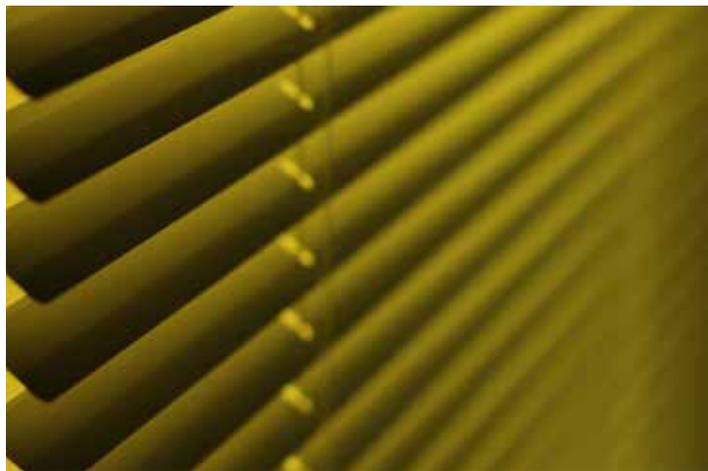


A



B

C



D



A. Oberon 1, Pages 22–23, 2015

B. Nick Garner, *After the fall (after Evening Falls II, 1964, by Magritte)*, 2017

oil on wood

[see: p. 84]

C. Robyn Stuart, *Breathing Room*, 2012

digital video of Kati Thanda–Lake Eyre
(1 of 4 channels)

[see: p. 30]

D. Nick Garner, *Self Portrait as Martin Luther (after Cranach the Elder)*, 2016

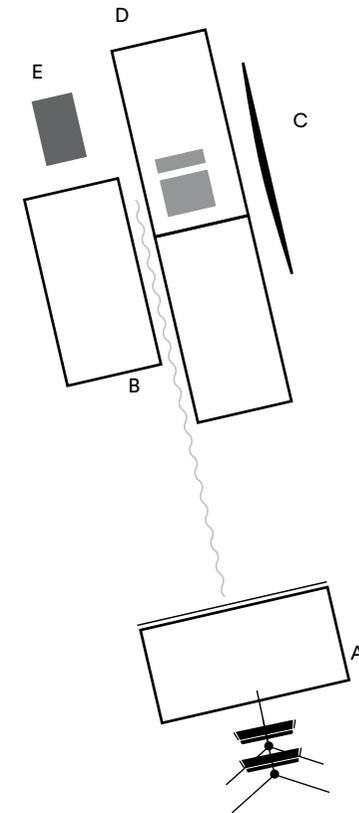
oil on wood

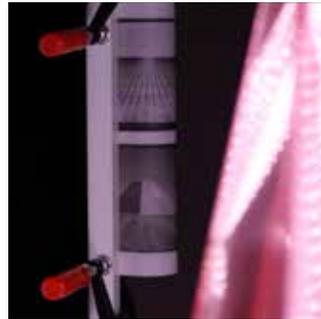
E. Audio track: *calming island SFX*

The words Resemblance and Similitude permit you forcefully to suggest the presence - utterly foreign - of the world and ourselves. Yet, I believe these two words are scarcely ever differentiated, dictionaries are hardly enlightening as to what distinguishes them.

It seems to me that, for example, green peas have between them relations of similitude, at once visible (their colour, form, size) and invisible (their nature, taste, weight). It is the same for the false and the real, etc. Things do not have resemblance, they do or do not have similitudes. Only thought resembles. It resembles by being what it sees, hears or knows; it becomes what the world offers it. It is as completely invisible as pleasure or pain. But painting interposes a problem: There is the thought that can be described. *Las Meninas* is the visible image of Velázquez's invisible thought...

– René Magritte in a letter to Michel Foucault, May 23, 1966
Published in: Michel Foucault, This is not a pipe. Translated and Edited by James Harkness, University of California Press, 2008.





A

B

C

E

D

C



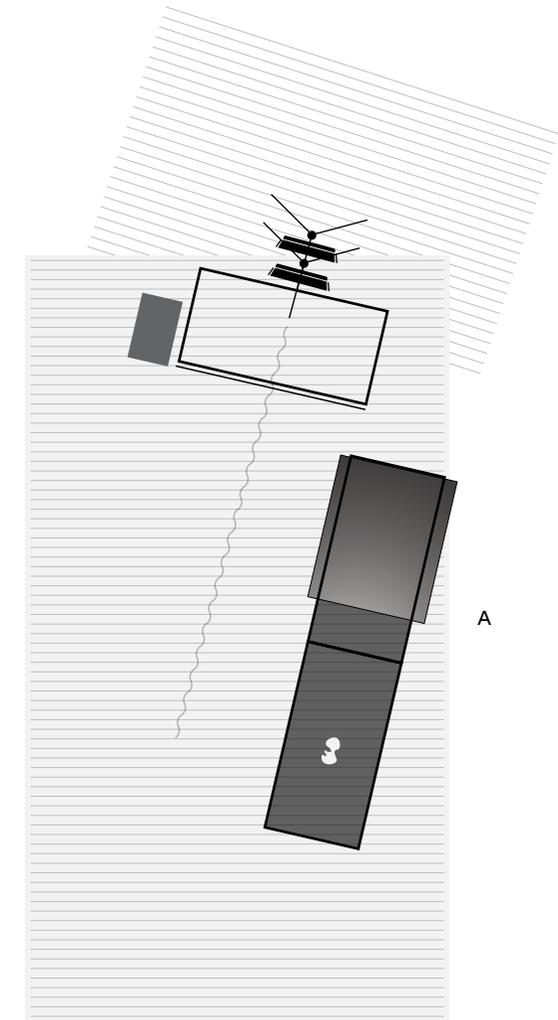
Coinciding with the launch of Oberon 3, edited by nova Milne, with an introductory section edited by Robert Glück, this exhibition features a version of the work that nova Milne made for the cover.

Oberon 3 starts with touch and – with an overarching nod to David Cronenberg’s ‘new flesh’ – what happens at the moment you touch the archive, touch as gesture, as a conjurer, healer, and conduit of knowledge, and the hand as the starting point for the transference of information.

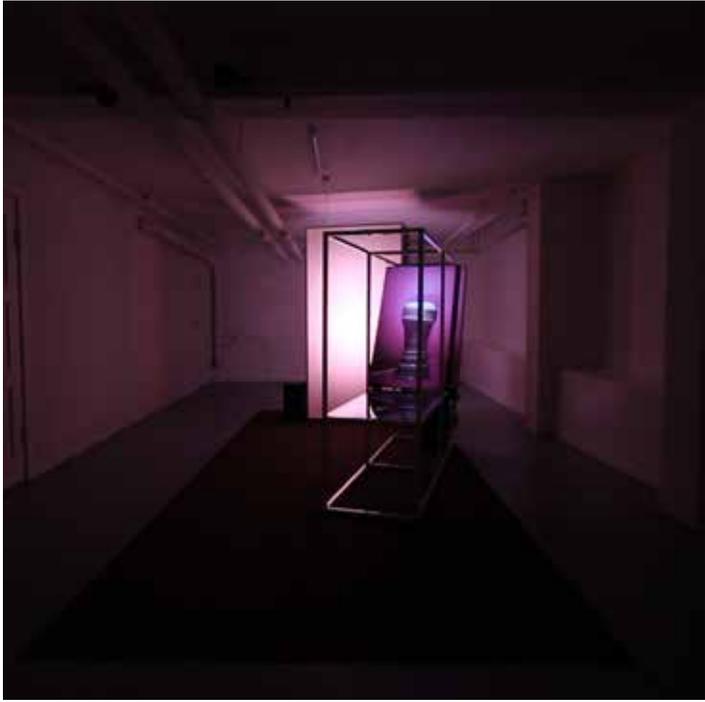
A. Throwing Ghost (ceramic piece), 1990/2017, Clay as footage, turned by Patrick Swayze & Demi Moore and excised from the ‘pottery scene’ in Ghost (1990), animation, HDV, 1:18 mins, ceramic. [see: p. 12]

Oh, my love, my darling
I’ve hungered for your touch
A long, lonely time
Time goes by so slowly
And time can do so much
Are you still mine?
I need your love...

Unchained Melody (1955)
music by Alex North
lyrics by Hy Zaret



A



Oberon 3, 2017



A. *You might also like...*, 2017

4K Video, 14 minutes

[see: pp. 16–17]

B. framed print works, changed daily:

Blind Scrutiny

False Gestalt

Mutual Morphosis

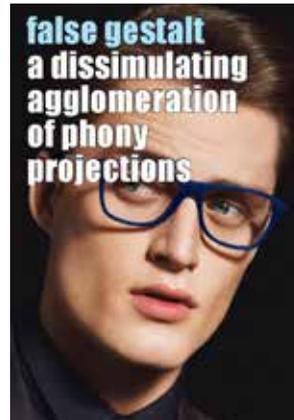
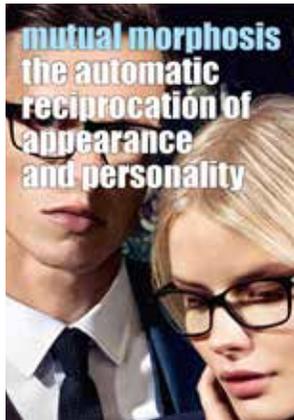
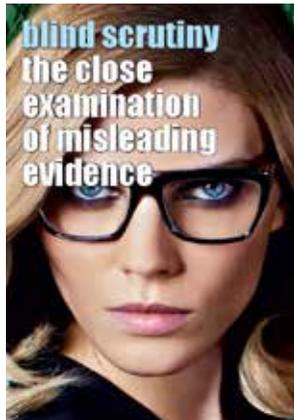
Optical Dropout

Rapacious Statusfaction

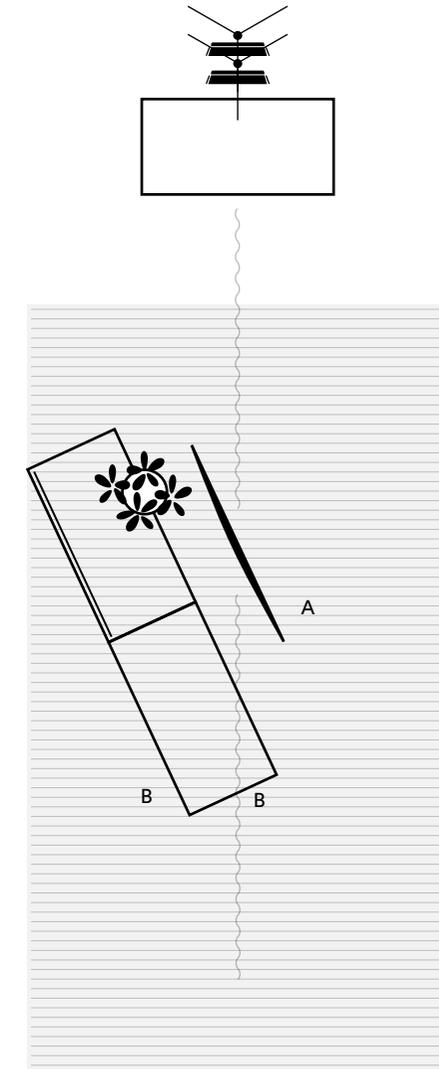
all: 2017, ink-jet print on paper, 19 x 13 inch



A – video still



B

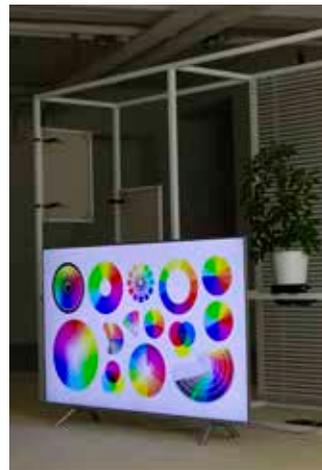




A



B



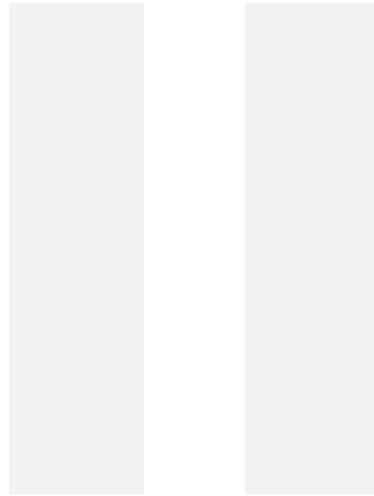
upstairs

A. *bi-curious (samtaleværk)*
[bi-curious (conversation piece)]
serigraphic print, iron bars,
magnets, plant.



B. *stedet i mellem (til Jacques Tati)*
[the place between (for Jacques Tati)]
serigraphic print, framed

C. *transformer*
painted clay, iron bars
[see: p. 47]

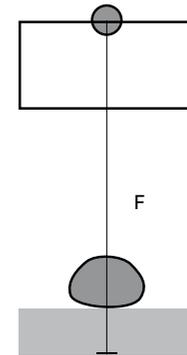
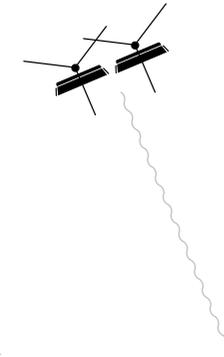


downstairs

D. *jordens sten (takeaway)*
[the stone of the earth (takeaway)]
carpet, cold cathode light,
rock, trolley

E. *hvad der holder det sammen*
[what holds it together]
exercise tool, stone,
cardboard box of Oberon magazines
[see: pp. 50, 51]

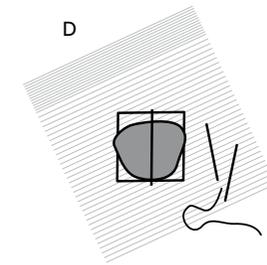
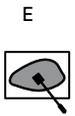
F. *slutobjekt (mellelrum)*
[endobject (in between)]
shelf system, stone,
concrete, plexiglass, string,
iron fitting
[see: pp. 48, 51]



all works 2017

exhibition concert

On 28 October 2018, Marie Eline Hansen (voice and recorder), accompanied by a midi-controlled harpsichord, interpreted the work of Frisk Frugt, by composer Anders Lauge Meldgaard.





A, F

F, E



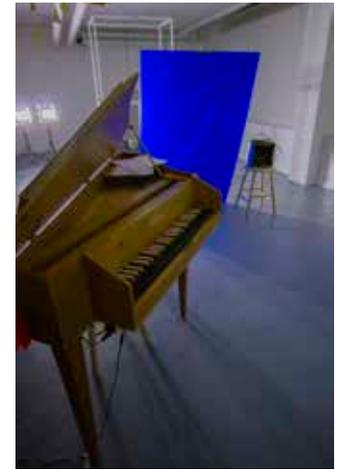
C

D, E, F



B, D

Performance documentation



The artist in an improvised conversation with herself: we record an initial performance, then while listening to this on headphones, a second performance is recorded, in conversation with the first.

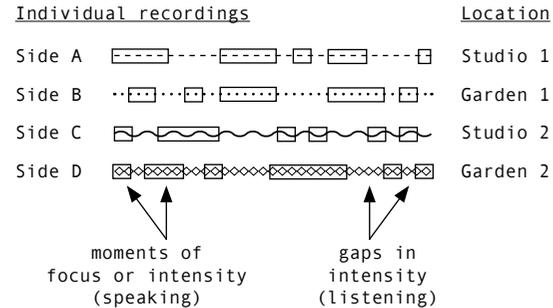
One recording's moments of quiet are filled with the other, a small gesture in the former becomes motif in the latter: identified, embellished, broken, rebuilt.

A sequence of four recordings are made: the first two at the artist's studio and then in her garden. These interlocking responses are pressed to vinyl, each taking up one side of a 12-inch record. Presented in the exhibition, the various sides of the records are played simultaneously and the already slippery conversations between the different performances are made even more so through the turntables' fuzzy synchronisation. The first performance, from which these responses were born, exists as an absent echo to be inferred in the form of the others.

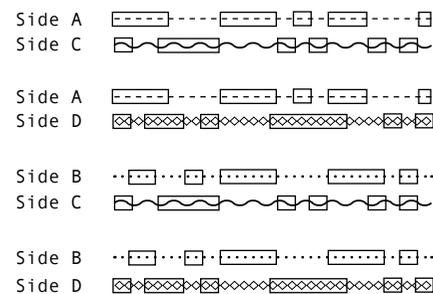
A. Awake, 12 inch double-vinyl, each side 16 minutes 40 seconds

Recorded 9 October 2017, Trondheim, Norway.

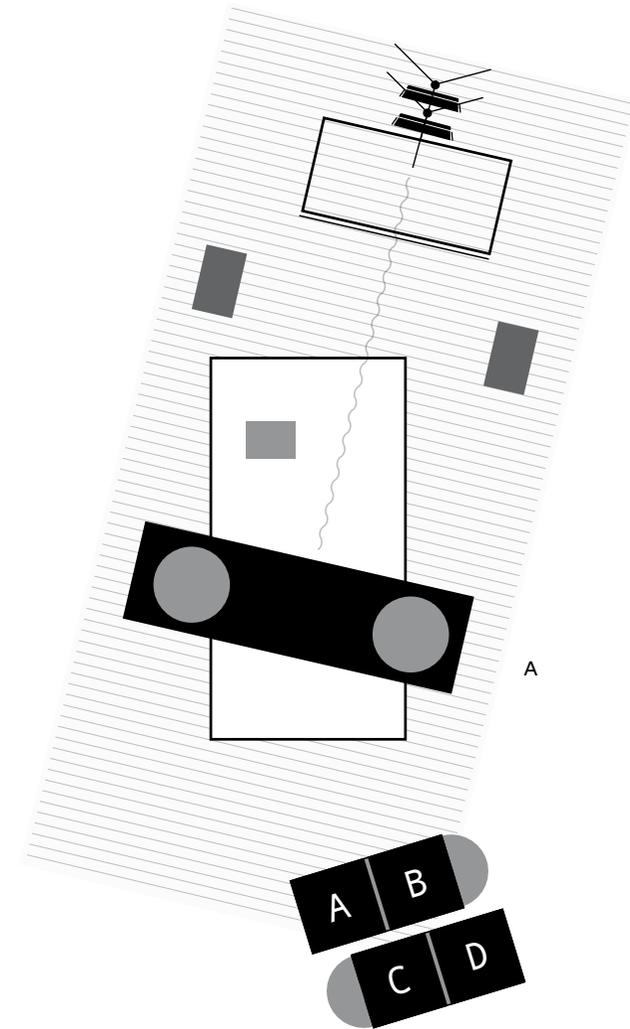
Alto saxophone: Mette Rasmussen
 Concept+Recording: Nick Garner
 Mix: Chris Corsano



Potential pairings when playing



This project was exhibited as a part of G((o))ng Tomorrow 2017, an annual festival of experimental music in Copenhagen. The festival performance was photographed by Mette Sanggaard Dideriksen.





Recording documentation at Rasmussen's practice studio Trondheim, 9.10.17

Garden recording Trondheim, 9.10.17



A

Performance for G((o))ng Tomorrow 4.11.2017



A



downstairs

upstairs (window)

A. *Ashtray, Mother of Pearls. I*, 2017
 steel, Abalone shield, glass fiber
 [see: pp. 18–19]

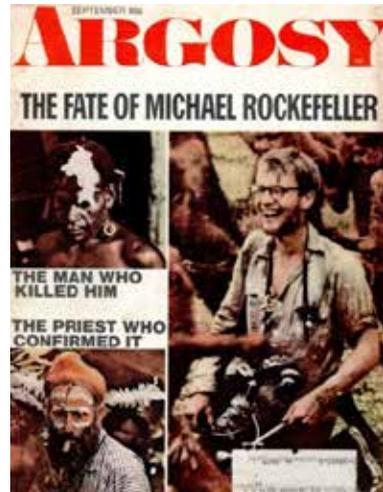
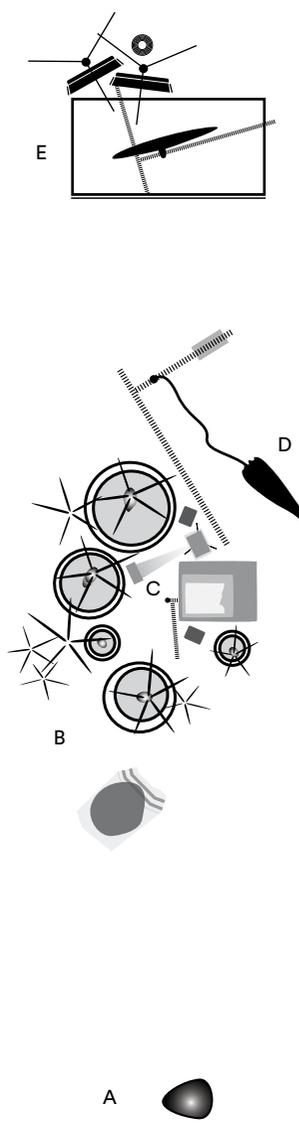
Ashtray, Mother of Pearls. II, 2017
 steel, knitting, Abalone shield, cigarette,
 laser

B. *But Who Sleeps Here*, 2017
 Asmat chair, flatweave, steel, cardboard,
 knitting, Brachychiton (bottle tree),
 Petopentia Natalensis, bamboo, silver,
 plant LED-light, knitting, concrete, paper,
 silver-bronze

C. *Time to Wake Up*, 2015
 video, projector, sound

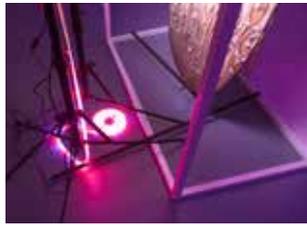
D. *Leviathan (Sepik)*, 2016
 steel, knitting, Sepik canoe prow

E. *The Art of Self-Defence. II*, 2016
 steel, knitting, Asmat shield

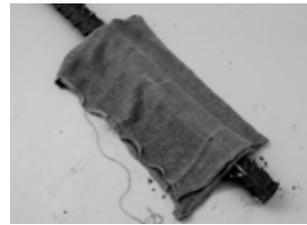
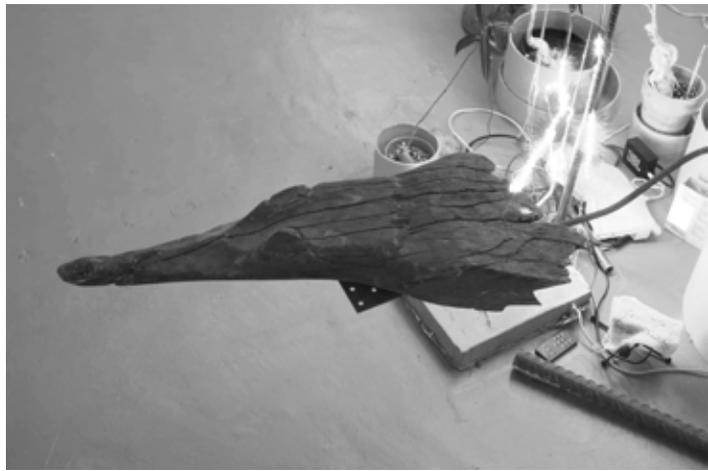


reference
 material

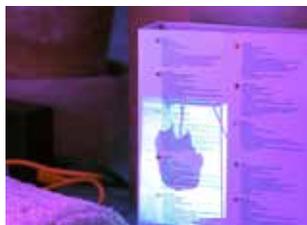
“Canoe of the Asmat tribe, from New Guinea, looking southeast through the glass wall of the Michael Rockefeller Wing, Metropolitan Museum of Art”



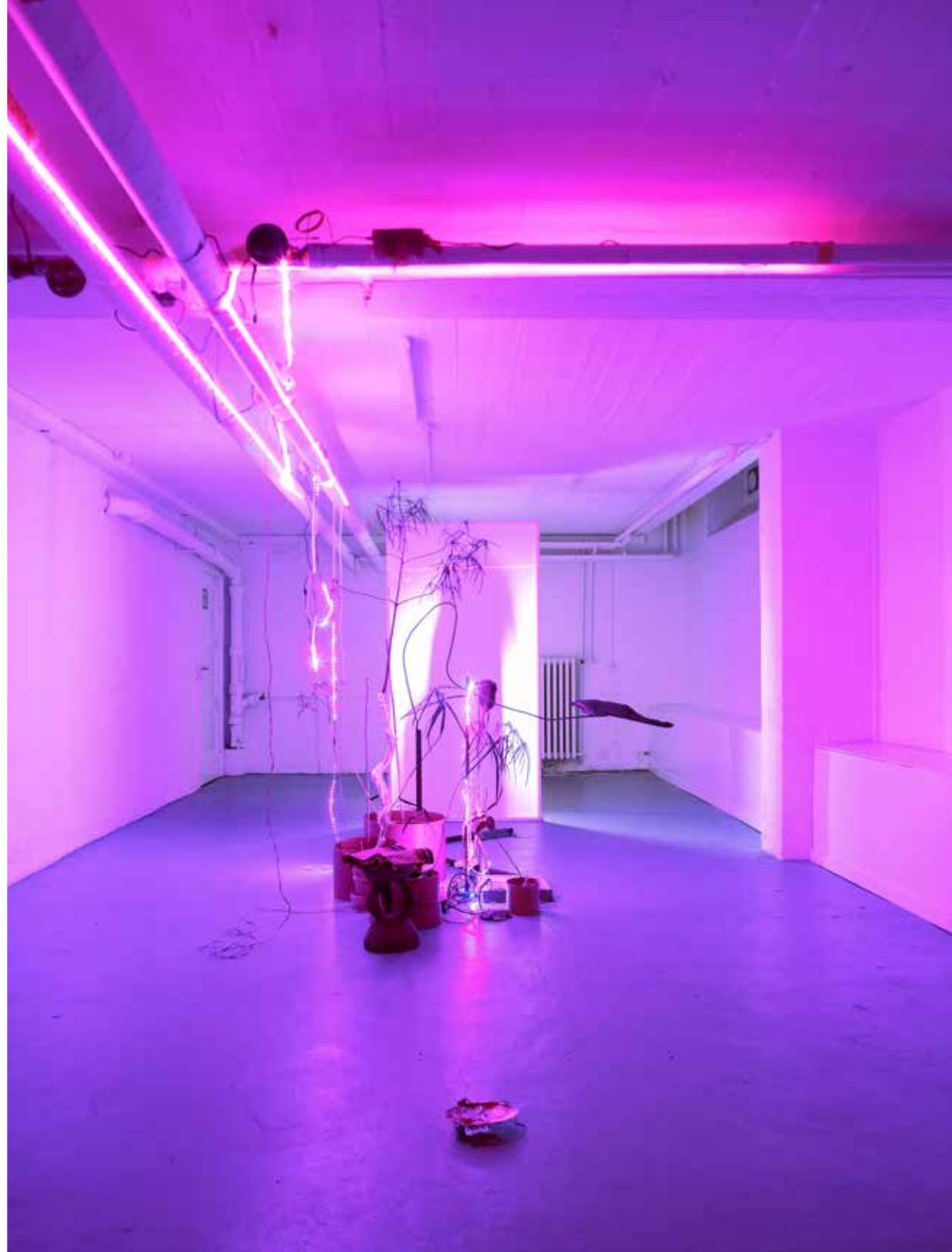
E



D



B, C



Isabella Hemmersbach, Anna Clarisse Holck Wæhrens, Ayse Dudu Tepe

A. *Dit Horoskop afslører: Er du super flink eller et røvhul*, 2018
neutral tint on paper

B. Ayse Dudu Tepe
Untitled (Text), 2018
ink jet on paper

C. Isabella Hemmersbach
How to tan where the sun don't shine, 2018
ink jet on paper

D. Isabella Hemmersbach
Bronzez Tout, 2018
caput mortuum on paper

E. Anna Clarisse Holck Wæhrens
Idolize, 2017
PVC, dyed pig intestines

F. Anna Clarisse Holck Wæhrens
The Würstel Project: Darm, 2017
PVC, dyed pig intestines, thread

G. Isabella Hemmersbach
Mir scheint die Sonne aus dem Arsch, 2018
neutral tint on paper
[see: p. 78]

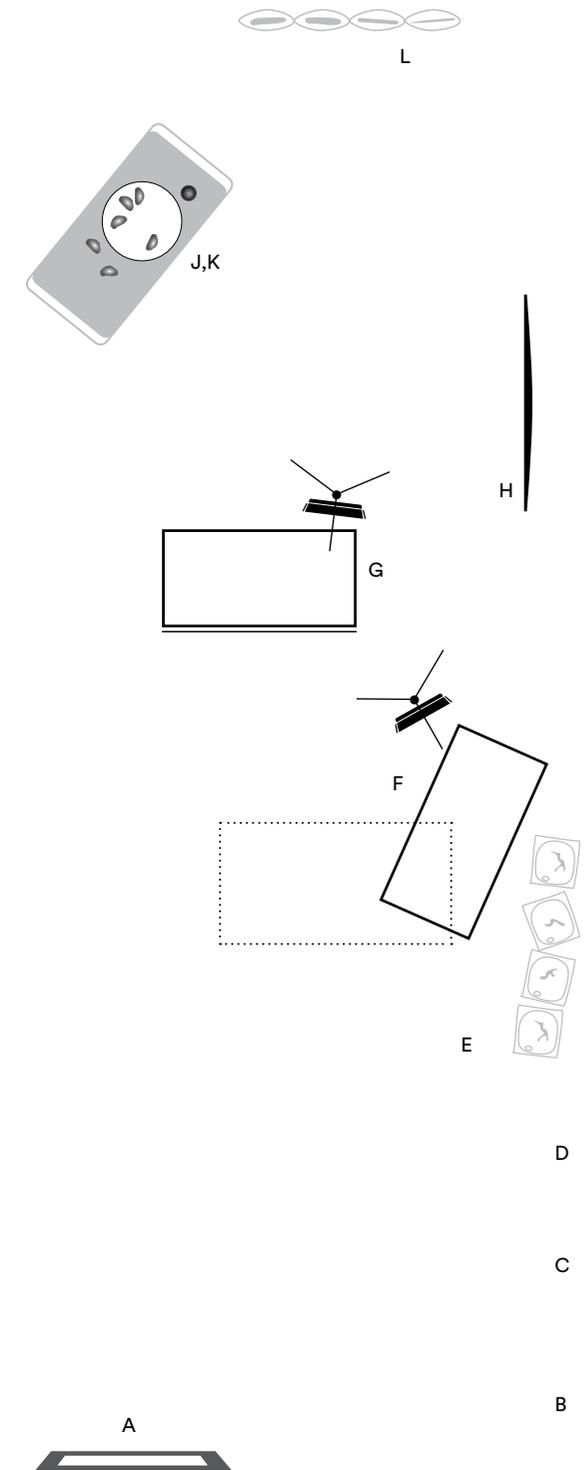
H. Isabella Hemmersbach
Variations on the asshole, 2018
digital video, 1min30 (looped)

I. Isabella Hemmersbach
Bleach I & II, 2018
graphite on paper

J. Anna Clarisse Holck Wæhrens
DJ Mustard, 2018
oyster shells, sausages, mustard
[see: p. 79]

K. Isabella Hemmersbach
Gilles Deleuze on the anus, 2018
digital print on t-shirt
[see: p. 79]

L. Anna Clarisse Holck Wæhrens
The Würstel Project: mood, 2017
PVC, plastic food, metal chain
[see: pp. 8–9]



“The first series of exhibitions at Peryton takes as its name *The Sunshine*. Everybody loves the sunshine.”

Encompassing an inherent wish to please the surroundings and not to offend anyone, this phrase exposes the impossibility of its aim. When I read the phrase, I think of the German phrase “You can visit me where the sun don’t shine, and I don’t mean London”.

Yes, many people might love the sunshine, but the current trend of censoring oneself and others to avoid offending anyone has reached new heights (I’m not necessarily against this, but I just want us to discuss). How do you control what associations the other party will have when you say something? When are you an asshole and when is the person requesting (self) censorship an asshole? And what is an asshole?

Google Images shows the range of associations such a simple word can trigger: from male personalities which have fallen into disrepute, to a sexual preference and tantra techniques, and commercial solutions to get a tan in places where the sun (normally) don’t shine. While Instagram takes its famous approach to just censoring everything that might offend anyone with “#asshole 856.949 posts” but “no posts” to show.

Exploring the random associations to the asshole, from the asshole as a physical entity with limited capacity, to predatory men like Peter Aalbæk who act like assholes (or am I the asshole to name him

by name), to the asshole as something, which has to be “fixed” through consumption or training – this show meta mirrors the exhibition series it is part of – which shows a variety of unrelated practices connected through a common, physical setting. Ultimately it explores the fine line between a culture- and site-specific interpretation of a concept and the personal association with and reaction to it. What do you think about the asshole?

In posing this question to Anna Clarisse Holck Wæhrens and Ayse Dudu Tepe, this exhibition is an invitation to a dialogue on the asshole, across media, methodologies and mindsets.

— Isabella Hemmersbach

I, J, K, G, H, F

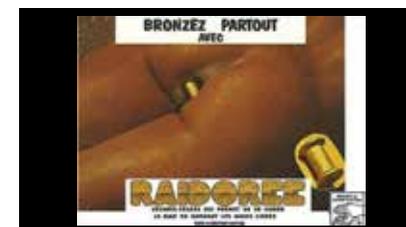


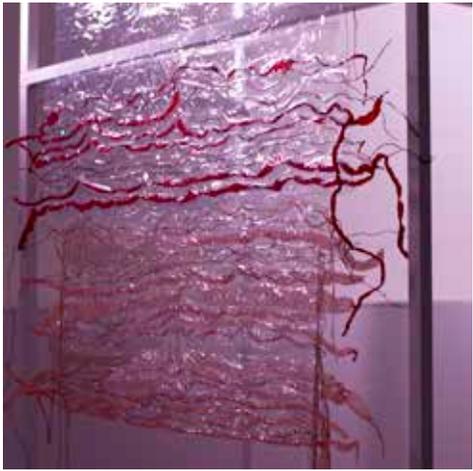
F, H, G, I, J, K



H – video stills

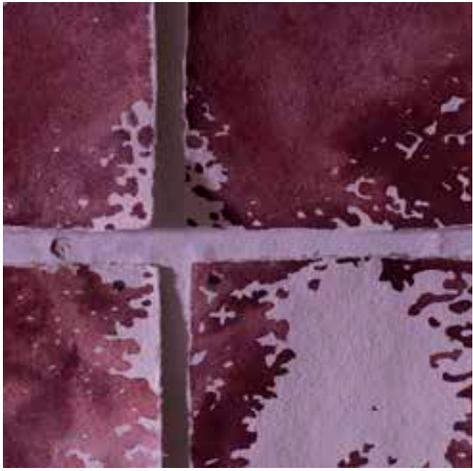
sich etwas dahin stecken können/sollen, wo die Sonne nicht scheint (derb): Ausdruck scharfer Zurückweisung, Ablehnung: Diese Unterstellung kannst du dir mit besten Grüßen dorthin stecken, wo die Sonne nicht scheint! (www.forum-3dcenter.org, 11.3. 2011).
◆ Hier handelt es sich um eine bildhafte Umschreibung der Wendung »sich etwas in den Arsch stecken können«.





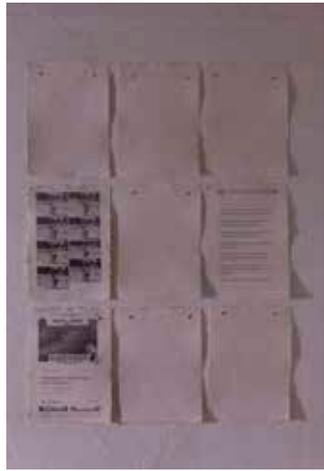
F

L



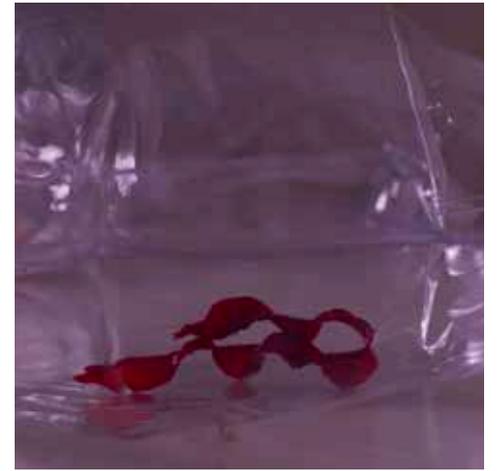
D

J, K,
+ documentation of
DJ Mustard from the
opening reception



C, B

E



In Norse mythology, Sol & Mani ride chariots across the sky bringing sparks from the primordial fire world: the sun and moon respectively. This episode addresses tripping with, and the staged display of, physical phenomenon – as rotation, balance, spectral sound, colour separation and addition.

A. 4380 timer over Limfjorden

[4380 hours over the Limfjord], 2016-17
105 x 140 cm, pinhole photography,
digital print on rag paper

Photographic recording of planetary pathway travelled through space, time and light.

[see: pp. 32–33]

B. Illusorisk udfasning og forstillet ligevægt

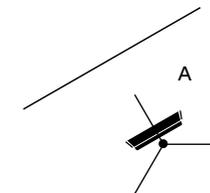
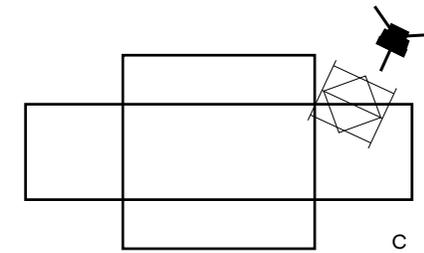
[Illusory phasing out and deceptive equilibrium], 2018
stereo audio, audio player, speakers,
organ pipe, twine

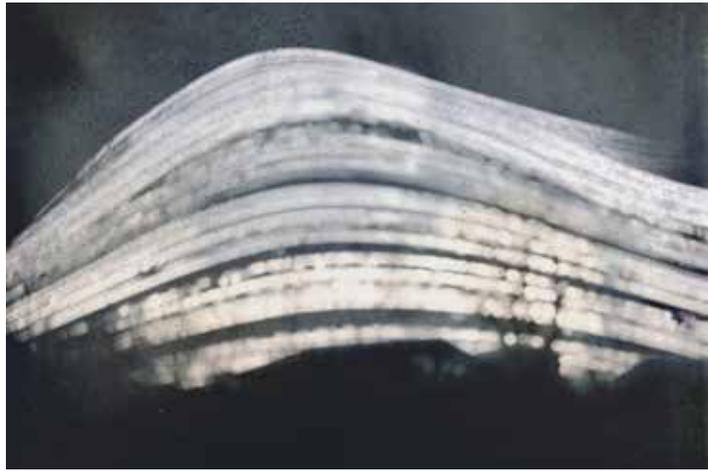
Balancing point between two linear and directionally opposing spectral audio signals: from 16.35 Hz to 16355 Hz.

C. Kulørt og uroligt skyggespil [Colourful and unobtrusive shadow games], 2017
wood, metal, filtered lights, fan, aluminum frame and acrylic sheet (continued from *The Sunshine series*)

Colour synthesis and sculptural generation of two dimensional imagery.

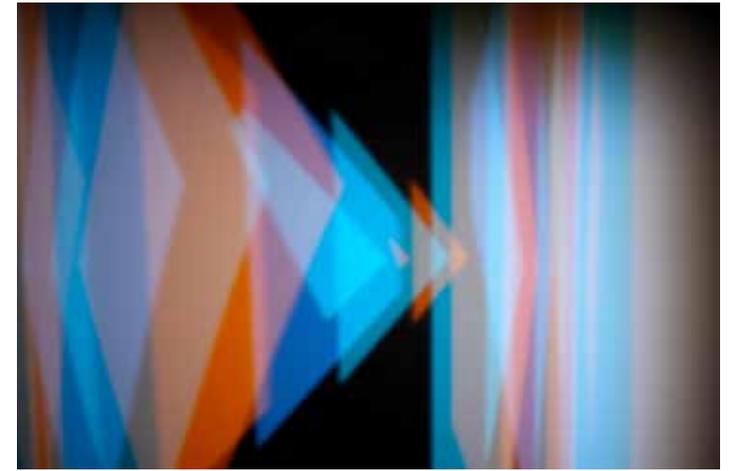
[see: pp. 34–35]





A

C



A, B

C



C, A, B

A, C



Some organisms —such as lichens, scobys, or slime moulds— perform fascinating symbiotic ways of being in the world. They operate through forms of relational nourishment, guided by sensibility and sensation. Furthermore, they experiment with distributed organisation, working through decentralised spatial intelligence and incessant bacterial activity. Potentially immortal, these organisms navigate thick temporalities, in which care and death are mutually reconfigured.

Symbiosis is simply the shared life of different organisms in physical contact with each other; it is a process of long-term physical associations of nourishment, care and mutual dependencies. *Nothing is true, everything is alive* is a curatorial research project that departs from a series of feminists readings of science and biology to trace and enable the epistemological, sensory and aesthetic paradigms they reconfigure. This chapter focuses on the work of Lynn Margulis who stated that the true force of evolution is not competition amongst individual animals, but the incorporation of and entanglement with other organisms, through the work of bacteria.

Margulis wrote “*attraction, union, fusion, incorporation, cohabitation, recombination —whether permanent or cyclical— and other types of forbidden coupling are the main sources of the variation Darwin missed. Sensibility, seduction, union, acquisition, fusion, responsiveness, perseverance and other*

microbial capacities are in no way irrelevant to the evolutionary process. In fact, the opposite is true. Incorporation and integration of “outside” genomes – bacterial or other kinds – led to significant hereditary variation. Whole sets of genes, and even complete organisms with their own genome, are assimilated by and incorporated into others. As incorporated organisms coevolve, they lose their autonomy. They are no longer “independent” organisms. The process is called symbiogenesis. Symbiogenetic organisms of different species join and give rise to a third organism.”

This exhibition takes symbiosis and symbiogenesis as a vital processes through which to speculate on ways of living and dying together, as well as on forms of worlding and the different paradigms shifts —coevolution, nature-culture divide, organisms and individuals, chrono-politics, exhibitions displays, inter and eco-dependencies, care and affect, contagion and viscosity— that these processes enact.

The installation *Tombstones are not flat* by Carlos Fernández-Pello cross-pollinates the biology of lichens with postmodern architecture through their connection to immortality. The project takes its title from an expression used by Anne Pringle, a mycologist from Harvard University, while exploring the families of lichens (a symbiosis of algae and fungus) growing on the tombstones of a cemetery in Petersham, USA. The focus of her research is *Xanthoparmelia*, a lichen that contradicts one of the established



paradigms of evolutionary biology: ageing. The longevity of lichen is well known, to the point of specimens being “inherited” in laboratories, but the fact that none of them show signs of ageing points to two hypotheses: either they age in ways incomprehensible to us, or they are immortal.

From the perspective of architecture and poetry, and through the development of their foundation Reversible Destiny, Madeline Gins and Shusaku Arakawa devoted most of their lives to building environments aimed at slowing down the ageing process. Students of Marcel Duchamp, they believed that longevity could be gained by living in uncomfortable environments (ie. irregular flooring, bent beds, dysfunctional kitchens) aimed at making life more complicated. This was done out of the belief that challenging habitats stimulate brain rewiring and body activity, and ultimately prevent the degradation associated with ageing, thus tending to immortality.

Fernández-Pello’s work mingles both these stories through a complex installation invoking different forms of the haptic. The video at the entrance shows a visit of the artist together with Anne Pringle to the cemetery, in which discussions around the morphology and reproduction dynamics of the lichen, their permanent writing over the inscriptions of the tombstones and whether to consider them as individuals or superorganisms emerge over extremely close shots of the biologist’s fingers touching the specimens. Rigid and cold metal structures hold an accumulation of

tender, bulging textile pieces of different dimensions, volumes and textures including moulds, lichens, and the designs of Arakawa & Gins, which have been digitally printed on them. The architects’ motto “Choose Everything”, which states their will to neutralise subjectivity in order to gain access to the qualities of thingness present in the body, can be read on one of the structures. Suspended from one of Fernández-Pello’s other structures, the seductive blue glow of a commercial fly trap stands as a *memento mori* in the midst of this immortal utopia, which together with the putrefaction process of the moulds and the occasional audible zapping of a fly, recalls the importance of death in all economies of life and gives way to ideas



Poster: Santos Henarejos *Symbiotic entanglement for an exhibition*, 2018 (1 of 2 designs)

of life-regeneration and partial death. In the current climate, this is an ironic grin in the face of popular transhumanist fantasies. And as such, the artist perceives both installations as the poetic graves of Arakawa and Gins, where epitaphs of lichens and moulds inscribe themselves endlessly.

Formally inspired by biological processes of endosymbiosis and ectosymbiosis, Carlos Monleón’s works are an assemblage of different materialities, volumes and shapes infected by these logics. The primary material used is glass (technically a fluid, though best known in its temporal solid state), which is represented in forms and quantities ranging from entire vessels to brilliant grains embedded on the surface of other works. The larger set of glass pieces host a series of fermentation processes, such as water kefir and kombucha SCOBY (symbiotic cultures of bacteria and yeast), shared by a local network of producers living in Copenhagen. If well cared for, these cultures will grow throughout the duration of the show, evolving in relation to ambient temperature and nourishment as well as reciprocally providing food, whilst filling the space with ever-changing acidic notes. Resonating with these digestive and transformative processes, the shapes of the vessels echo Ancient Roman ointment containers, wine amphorae, and other gut-like forms or receptacles. The textures of the works also vary, from hairy suspensions made of jute and silicon, to net-like resin surfaces and brilliant enamels. The varying densities, movements and consistencies of these textural variations – further fueled by the evocative titles of the works – expand

a material promiscuity and fabulation at the heart of Monleón’s gesture.

After some time spent in the space, the tempo and rhythm of the show slows down, allowing for a formal symbiosis to emerge. Echoes of tubular forms and cup-shaped structures can be found throughout the installation; works recline and rest on each other; prints of moulds that resulted from experiments between both artists pullulate. Taken together these resonances allow new assemblages to emerge as a sort of visual palimpsest, which are further connected with the working logics that have accompanied the show between the artists, the curator and the space. A logic of friendship, encounter, contagion and transforming each other along the way.

Nothing is true, everything is alive takes as its title a quote from Édouard Glissant, reclaiming the opacity inherent to all forms of being and knowing, against modernist transparency. The project is conceived as a series of curatorial exercises that displace scientific epistemological paradigms into contaminated, ambiguous and viscous stances. It is a continuation of the research initiated by the curator with *Canibalia**, a project that examines the logics and imaginaries of cannibalism and the cannibal as an ecosystemic perspective of being with the world.

— Julia Morandeira

* The invitation to exhibit came from conversations around an essay on *Canibalia* that Julia Morandeira contributed to the first edition of Oberon in 2015.

Carlos Fernández-Pello

A. *Tombstones are not flat*
installation with video, printed textiles,
aluminium structure
[see: pp. 65–69]

Carlos Monleón

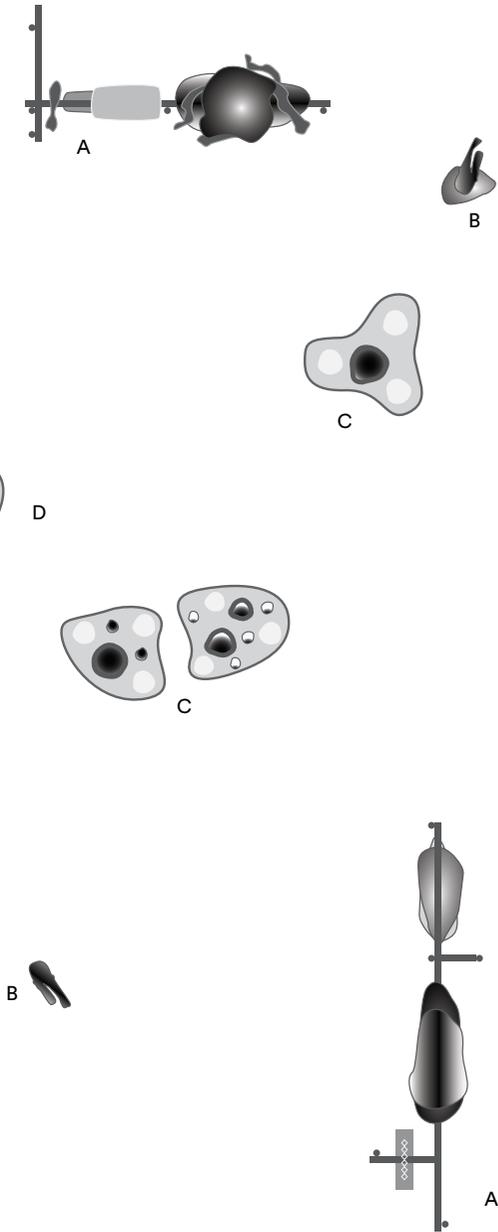
B. *Gastriculation*
jute and silicon rope, blown glass,
silver leaf, water kefir grains
[see: p. 10]

C. *To eat is human, to digest is divine*
wet plaster, netting, polyester resin,
clay amphorae, molten glass
[see: pp. 67–68]

D. *Life would, if it could, take all of
the sun's energy and turn it into itself*
wet plaster, netting, polyester resin,
slip cast clay, residual wine

[upstairs, in bar]
Gravity is food
techni-clay, wild yeasts, flower
arrangements

All works 2018





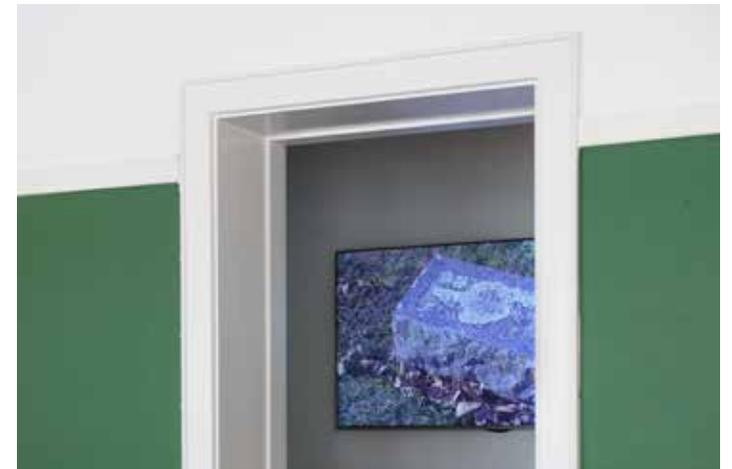
A – video still

A, B, C, D



A – video still

A



A – video still

21.7.18 Fermentation and its Manifold Processes
 The exhibition concluded with an informal exchange and gathering on feminism, cooking and food practices, and the microbiological, coordinated by curators Ida Bencke (co-founder of the Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology and co-editor of *Fermenting Feminism*) and Julia Morandeira, with Joshua Evans (PhD Oxford), Adam Bencard (Medical Museion, University of Copenhagen) and David Zilber (Head of Fermentation at NOMA).



Emelie Carlén, Emmeli Person, and Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris (curator)

When tree sap twists and then sets, (*Fail-fast systems*, Emelie Carlén) and an ear holds three rings (*Helio-systems*, Emmeli Person and Emelie Carlén) then it's time to search for answers (www.google-my-symptoms.info) for the symptoms that draw you back to the sunshine (*Sunsets*, Emmeli Person) and the rounding pulse (*SU*, Emmeli Person).

Fragments of artist Emmeli Person's work *Heliosynchesiy* (hēlios=sun, synchesiy=confusion) are presented at Peryton and online at www.google-my-symptoms.info. The website will only be available when the sun is missing from the town of Longyearbyen, Norway. The website helps one to self-diagnose. One might say the condition of heliosynchesiy is a fiction, but one might also say it is currently unknowable. Person's procedure is to lead the audience into the trance of unknowing, where the symptoms can be seen when the sun sets.

'At the same time', means also 'concurrently', which also means 'simultaneously', which can also stand in for 'contemporaneous'. Emmeli Person and Emelie Carlén are quite frequently mistaken for each other, and in this way are able to stand in for each other. They make work alongside each other sometimes and in some way, they are 'at the same time' to each other in some respects. In recognition of these circulating patterns of both artistic and personal narratives,

this exhibition plays out in a couple of different ways 'simultaneously' and the artists present themselves and the works 'contemporaneously'. The exhibition within Peryton houses a photograph of three rings looped into an ear, with yellow glass staining the image. This image is both at Peryton and at Undantaget, on the island of Öland, Sweden, in another exhibition of Emelie and Emmeli. In this way, and in other ways, the *Artificial Iris* selects what is in its view. It plays with perception. It zeros in and out, and confabulates a twisting, circular reality. It's a circulation of circulatory systems.

Back in Longyearbyen, the town in the north where nothing ever dies, the permafrost has preserved the bodies in the graveyards and the fossilised fuels in the ground. Coinciding with the beginning of the polar night, the exhibition *Artificial Iris* opened at Peryton on October 26 2018, the date that the sun disappeared from Longyearbyen, not to return until March 16 2019. The *Artificial Iris* in Longyearbyen will gather at the Town Hall with the other inhabitants of the city to welcome the sun's return. At the same time, the website will close. Your symptoms for heliosynchesiy will then cease to be searchable.

The spinning may pause.

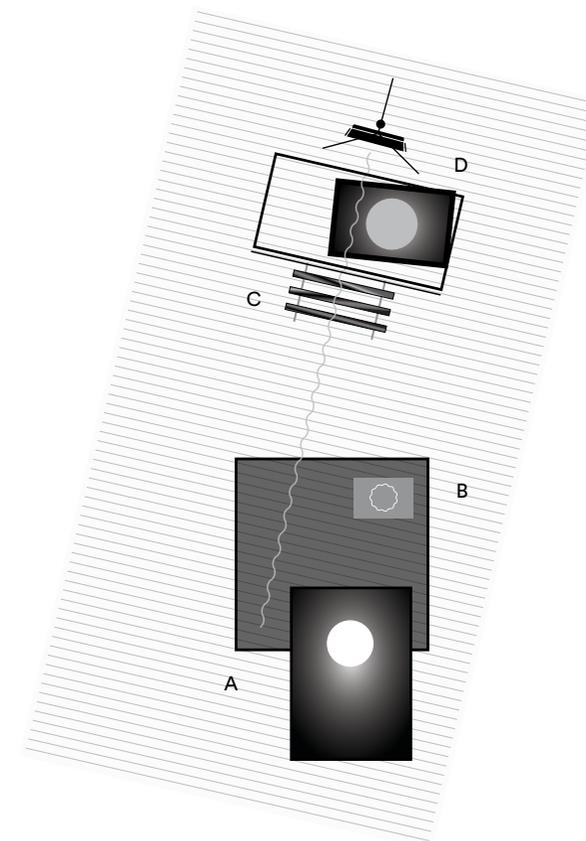
— Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris

A. Emmeli Person
Sunsets, 2018
10.00 min, HD video
[see: pages 55–56]

B. Emelie Carlén and Emmeli Person
Helio-systems, 2018
21 x 30cm, inkjet print, plexiglass
[see: pp. 49, 54]

C. Emelie Carlén
Fail-fast systems, 2018
dimensions variable
cast wood sap, steel
[see: pp. 20–21, 55]

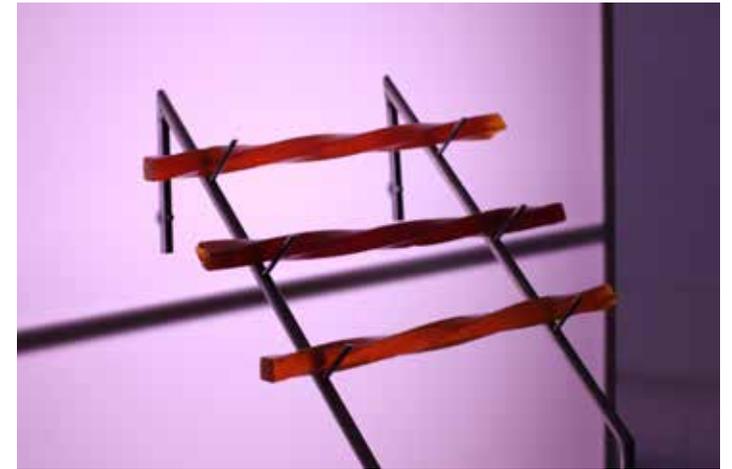
D. Emmeli Person
SU, 2018
19.39 min, HD video





A, B, C

C



Screen shots from
www.google-my-symptoms.info

D

Heliosynchesiy



Treatment Center

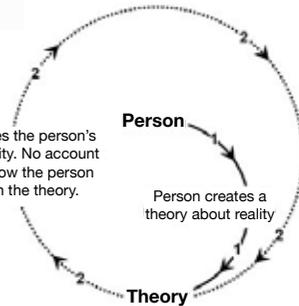
Are you feeling stressed and confused?
 Is your head occasionally spinning?
 Do you feel at ease in the presence of the sun?
 You might be suffering from the neurocognitive syndrome
Heliosynchesiy (*Sun Confusion*)

Visit www.google-my-symptoms.info for more info.

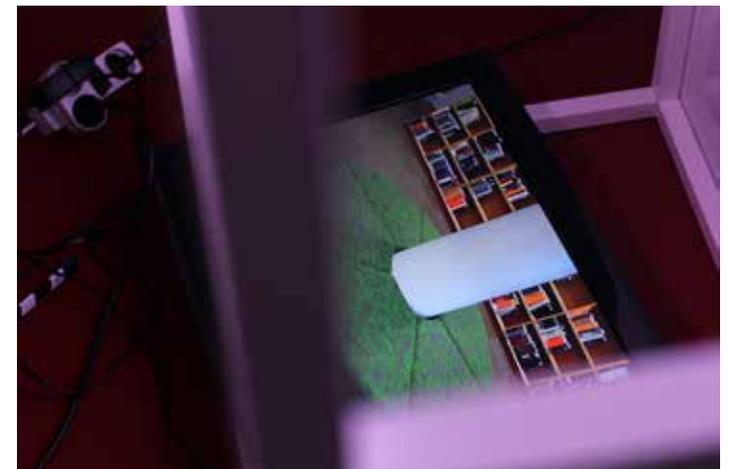
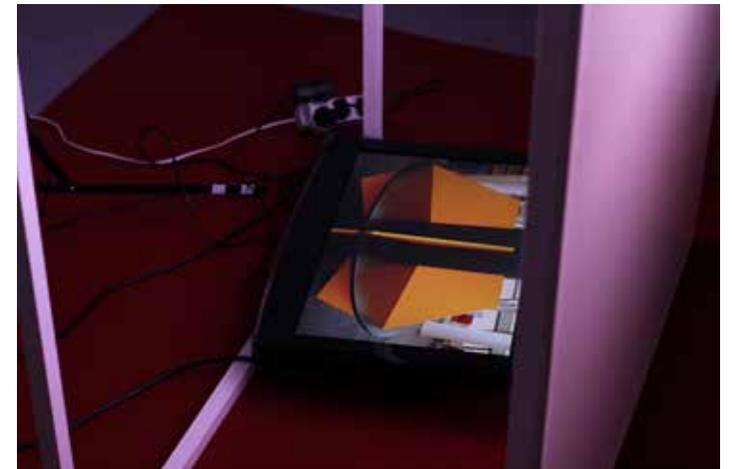
Heliosynchesiy Treatment Center, opening soon near you
 15th and 16th of February, 2019. Open hours: 18:00 - 22:00.
 Hverfisveg, Seyðisfjallur, Iceland.



The theory undermines the person's ability to describe reality. No account can be given about how the person could come up with the theory.



D



Inspired by the Carnival before Lent, the aunt that lacks respect for what the rest of the family thinks is important, and objects allowing for unlikely modes of behaviour, Kasper Hesselbjerg has produced a new body of work including edible sculptures to be ordered at the bar.

So, what is it actually? Well, presented in words the exhibition could sound something like this: a leaf of cabbage as a hat, salad in a porcelain ear, a sausage, the sound of you chewing broccoli, and a marzipanned toe in broad moonlight.

to be ordered at the bar

A. Your Head Is Your Conch Shell
Broccoli, earplugs, stone ware

B. Soft and Easy Pleasure (Ear Salad)
Mussels, pea sprouts, frisée lettuce, pumpkin seed oil, lemon, vinegar, sesame seed, porcelain
[see: p. 6]

C. Sausage Abundance
Meat of bison, chicken, common wood pigeon, crocodile, duck, fallow deer, goat, goose, guinea fowl, hare, kangaroo, lamb, ox, partridge, pheasant, pork, poussin, rabbit, red deer, roe deer, sika deer, turkey, wild boar and zebra, pepper, oxen sausage casing, wooden stand (served with cornichons)
[see: pp. 74–75]

upstairs

D. Irreverence
Framed photography, 80 x 110 cm
[see: p. 76]

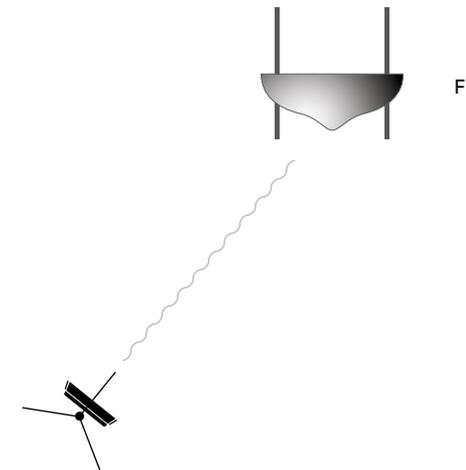
downstairs

E. Big Toe, Marzipan, plaster, foam
[see: p.52]

F. Lunacy Lamp, Paper, wood, light bulb
[see: p. 53]

G. Autumn Pile, Marzipan wrappers

All works 2018





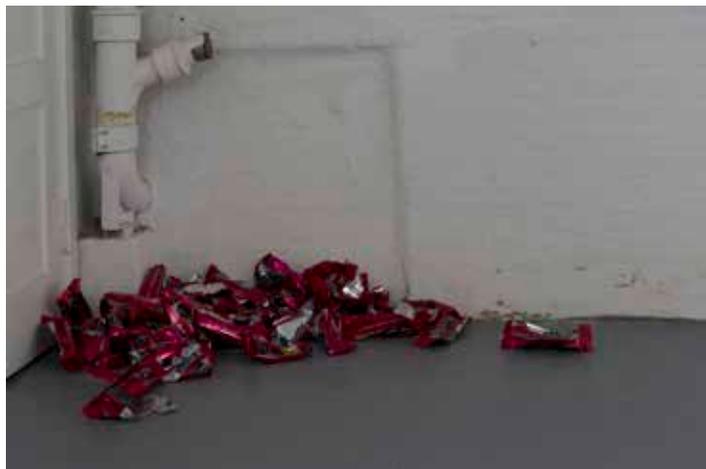
E, F, G

A



E, F

B



G

C



Then you will teach him again to dance inside out¹
on ingestion and entropy in Kasper Hesselbjerg's *Lunacy*

There is an intricate relationship between the insides and outsides of different bodies in Kasper Hesselbjerg's *Lunacy* exhibition, connecting excess, abstinence – and forms of their regulation – with notions of anthropophagy, surplus-jouissance, and entropy.

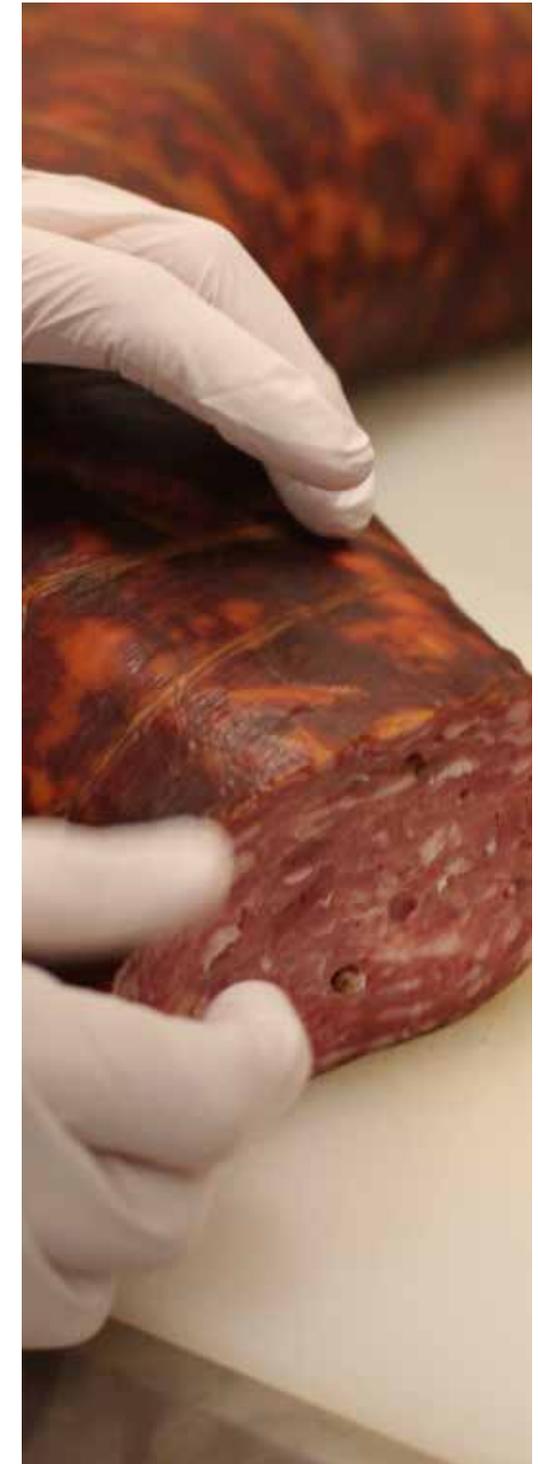
With *Sausage Abundance*, a sausage consisting of meat from 25 different animals (bison, chicken, common wood pigeon, crocodile, duck, fallow deer, goat, goose, guinea fowl, hare, kangaroo, lamb, ox, partridge, pheasant, pork, poussin, rabbit, red deer, roe deer, sika deer, turkey, wild boar and zebra), we are met with an interrogation that borrows its framework from gastronomy, within which a key concern is the refinement of tastes and consistencies of given edible substances by changing their natural structures through varying processes of preparation, where the different phases of preparation and organisation² are crucial to the gastronomic value of the final edible product.

“(…meals elaborated in advance behind the partition of a kitchen, secret room where everything is permitted, provided the product emerges from it all the more composed, embellished, embalmed, shellacked).”³

Food preparation essentially consists of careful acts of de-composition and composition, which may also expand to include the body of the ingesting and

digesting subject. ...the absurd idea of a sausage taking form within you! May I have a bite of that?

“Carnival,” deriving from the Latin *carnelevamen* and *carnelevarium*, literally means putting the flesh away, and marks the time of popular festivities before the Christian Lent, devoted to fasting and abstinence. Given the textual framing of the exhibition, we are asked to consider the sausage in relation to the traditional notion of the carnival and the functions of blasphemy, humor, laughter, and turning things upside down, or inside out. Sausage production is a way of “putting away the meat” in more than one sense: by taking it out of a natural cycle and preserving it;⁴ by hiding its actual substance from view, turned into an unrecognisable, homogenous substance; as well as by renouncing it, at least temporarily, leaving it for eating at a later moment, putting it off. Placed at the time of the carnival, we find ourselves in a moment where the official order is replaced by an unofficial order, where hierarchies are turned upside down and the sacred profaned.⁵ So, looking forward to putting the sausage aside for a while, in the moment of the carnivalesque we are entitled to plunge into every imaginable pleasure and desire that may reside in us: wearing a cabbage leaf as a hat, sucking our marzipanned toe, and returning the fickle smile of the lunatic moon. In the carnivalesque inversion of the official order the head is an ass, or the



ass is a mouth; pleasures and processes of the body are at the centre of a celebration of what is common to all humans, forming a collective body, where simple biological-human processes such as ingestion, defecation, urination, copulation etc become central social vehicles and modes of relating to the world and others.

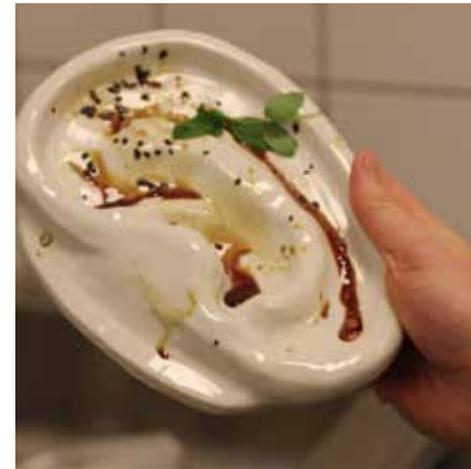
“Only then was the body devoured, following a rigorous ritual of distribution of its parts, and the killer would go into reclusion. And thus, over time, names would accumulate following each confrontation with a new enemy, along with the engraving of each name in the flesh. The more prestigious their bearer. The existence of the Other—not one, but many and distinct—was thus inscribed in the memory of the body, producing unpredictable becomings of subjectivity.”⁶

But whereas the popular festivities were formalised occasions to laugh at official, clerical rituals, and thus an integrated part of medieval society: “(t)he people’s ambivalent laughter (...) expresses the point of view of the whole world; he who is laughing also belongs to it,”⁷ it is not obvious today which social order it is that distributes and discriminates between periods of excessive pleasure and abstaining from these. Or, both imperatives are actually equally present: abstain! and enjoy! without a single authority to tell you when to do what, obscuring how we operate our apparatus of not enough, a bit too much, or no more, *jouissance*.⁸

Ingesting the Other and ritualising the rhythms of excess and its opposite are the sheaths encasing entropy. Hesselbjerg invites us to investigate if pleasure may be connected with the non-standardised and conventionalised, starting from the idiosyncratic, maybe idiotic, which is let loose in broad moonlight. The dishes serve as food for thought: he asks us to focus on the sound of ourselves eating broccoli, or lets us eat a salad from a plate the form of an ear. Whose ear will I be nibbling, there? Maybe I get closer to an understanding of my own sensations and pleasures through their reflection onto material things? Eating broccoli from a bowl the form of the artist’s skull may be read as accessing the site where ideas take shape and meanings are ascribed. But the skull, of course, rests empty in our hands once the broccoli is eaten; a site of signification open for projections.

“Entropy embodies the surplus-jouissance to be recovered. (...) The surplus-jouissance embodies a loss. Hence, the access to *jouissance* (pleasure) does not essentially take place along the path of transgression but along the path of entropy, of the loss produced by the signifier.”⁹

— by Anne Kølbaek Iversen



1 Antonin Artaud, *To Have Done With the Judgement of God* (1948), in *Watchfiends and Rack Screams: Works from the Final Period*, trans. Clayton Eshleman and Bernard Bador (Exact Change, 1995), 307.

2 “Udtrykssiden er altså en organisering af ingredienser med en ledsagende forestilling. Jeg vil forsøge at uddybe, hvad jeg forstår ved en ledsagende forestilling ved at inddrage begrebsparret saliens/prægnans og deres indbyrdes forhold.” Kasper Hesselbjerg, *Cornflakes og andre specifikke objekter – fire meditationer og en læsevejledning* (Basilisk, 2014), 27.

3 Roland Barthes, *Empire of Signs* (1970), trans. Richard Howard (NY: The Noonday Press, 1989), 12.

4 In the case of salamis, at least historically, the act of preparation also serves a function of preservation: salting and smoking meat from butchered animals is a way of obstructing the natural process of decay and extending the moment in which the meat is in fact edible.

5 Mikhail Bakhtin, *Rabelais and His World*, trans. Helene Iswolsky (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984).

6 Suely Rolnik on the anthropophagic rituals of the Tupinambás as described by Manuela L. Carneiro da Costa and Eduardo B. Viveiros de Castro, in Rolnik, “Avoiding False Problems: Politics of the Fluid, Hybrid, and Flexible,” *e-flux journal* no. 25 (May, 2011)

7 Mikhail Bakhtin, *Rabelais and His World*, trans. Helene Iswolsky (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984), 12.

8 Jacques-Alain Miller, “Les six paradigmes de la jouissance,” *La Cause freudienne*, no. 43 (Paris: Oct. 1999); Nicolai Von Eggers Mariegaard, *Efter Guds Død: Kapitalisme og Nydelse. Nietzsche med Lacan* (Taschenspiel, 2014), 95-97.

9 “L’entropie fait prendre corps au plus-de-jouir à récupérer. Et, ailleurs dans le Séminaire: Le plus-de-jouir prend corps d’une perte. Dès lors, l’accès à la jouissance ne se fait pas essentiellement par la voie de la transgression, mais par la voie de l’entropie, de la déperdition produite par le signifiant.” Jacques-Alain Miller, “Les six paradigmes de la jouissance,” *La Cause freudienne*, no. 43 (Paris: Oct. 1999), referring to Lacan’s Séminaire de L’Envers, my translation.

Word came first. From word appeared form and to word became form. Ton is the word, the form, the material, the entity. Ton and ton and ton and ton.

A hill in Rome is formed from millions of broken tuns. Remains of the Roman Empire's trade, fragments of travelled @mphorae, from Tunis, Tangier, Aragon @Rome. We think we were born with this sign but it gave birth to us: products of a consumption culture, detached ornaments, the history is online.

A PDF of a theoretician with a German name, pronounced in English by the Danes – *oh ton o ton!* compares the translation of language with the repair of a broken vessel. We relate to each other through metaphorical containers. What's in it for me? Our ruined understandings of each other. I say [to:n] and see a mended vase from the shards of Monte de Cocci; a mountain of tons of tuns and tones on tones on tono tono tono.

ton@ton is an exhibition of sculptural manifestations of outspoken words. Signe Boe (b.1988) lives and works in tono ton tono. Her practise ton tono tono tono tono. Ton tono ton tono.

A. on the storage boxes

a Fresnel lens, magnifying the following:

tone oh tone, a collage of sound and video recordings from the software Melodyne, used to correct intonation and tone.

The original recording comes from a man whose only means of expression is variations on the intonation of the word *ton*. Ton in German means sound and clay. [see: p.70]

small pile of blah blah and small part of the word ['am'foʁɑ] and some shards of a broken word, 3D-printed clay

laser engraved drawing of Monte de Cocci. Monte de Cocci is a hill in Rome that was formed during the Roman Empire from broken vessels transporting oil and wine to Rome.

B. on the cork

a series of 3D-printed clay vases, translated from the sound waves of the pronunciation of words

- part of the word ['am'foʁɑ]
- part of the word ['vesl]
- part of the word [ba'si.xa]
- part of the word [ba'si.xa]
- part of the word ['kʁɔgə]
- part of the word [æm'fɔ:rə]
- part of the word [ba'si.xa]
- part of the word [æm'fɔ:rə]
- part of the word [ba'si.xa]
- part of the word [ba'si.xa]

[see: pp. 31, 70–72]

laser engraved drawing of Monte de Cocci; laser engraved quotes from Walter Benjamin's *The Task of the Translator* (1923), different translations. The font used, **tonoton**, is based on tracings of the corks of Peryton's wine selection.

C. on the floor

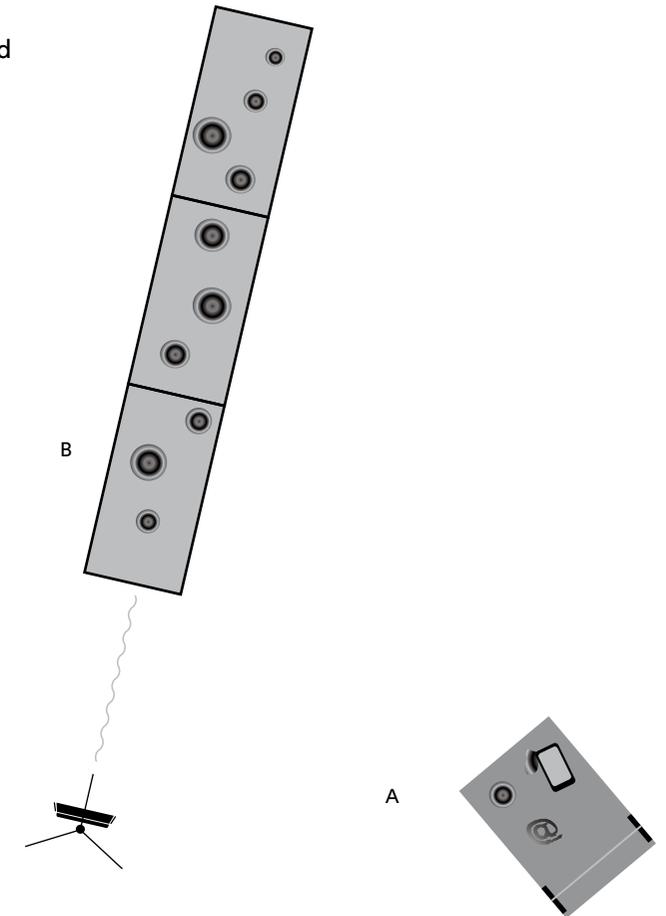
pile of blah blah

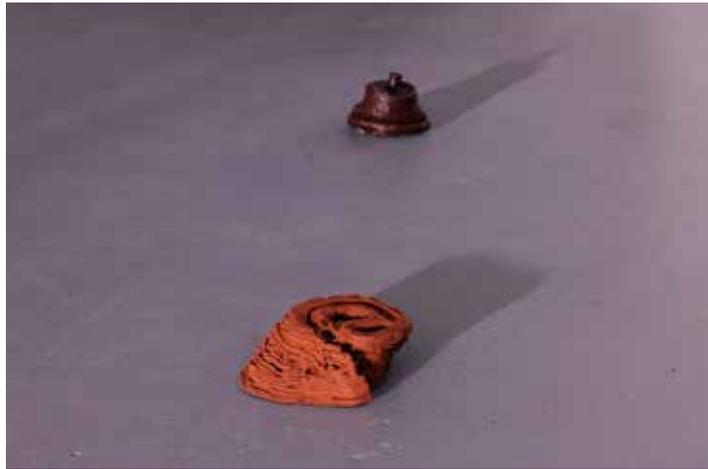
3D-printed clay. In 16th century mediteranian trade, the @ symbol represented one amphora: a unit of weight and volume based upon the capacity of the standard amphora vessel. To me, now, it is a marker of places and persons, of talking past each other.

talte med alle mulige

3D-printed clay, collapsed

All works 2018





C

A



A, B

B



A, B, C

B



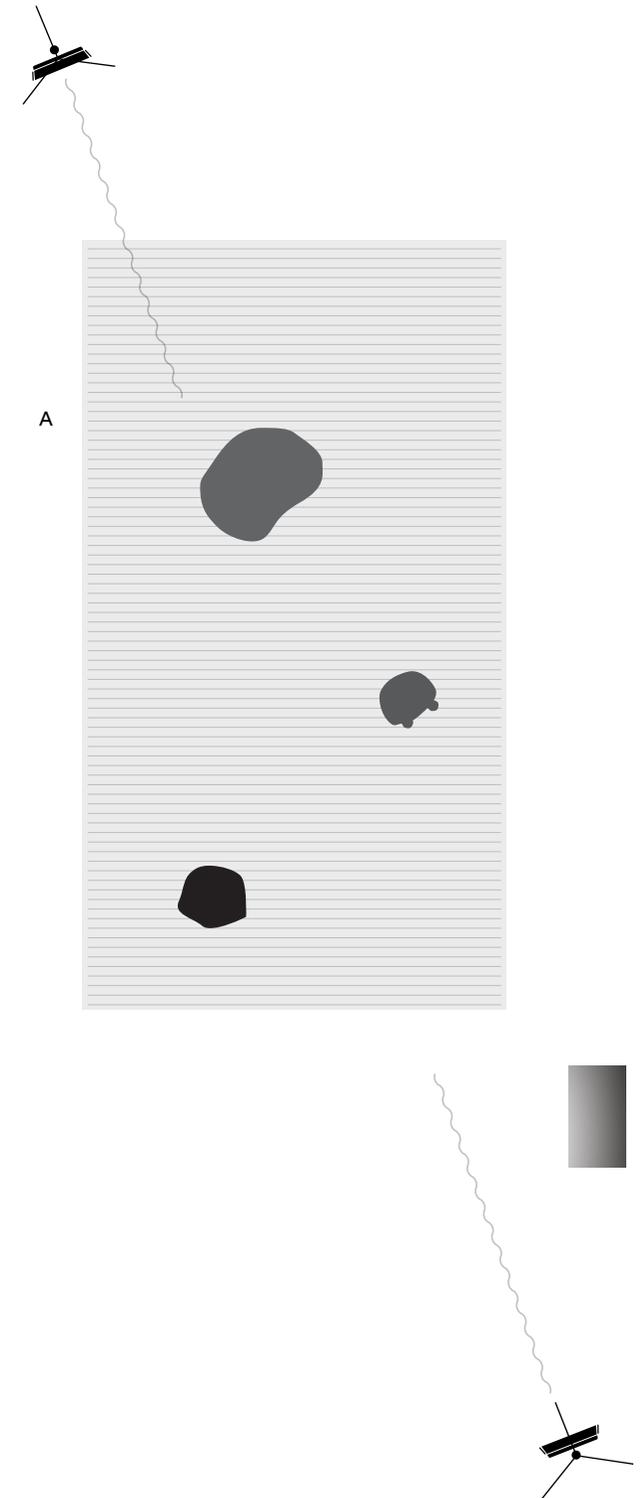
Episode 14: Cave Staples
The Iduna Institute for Strategic
Imitation & Delay and Amelia Groom

February 2019

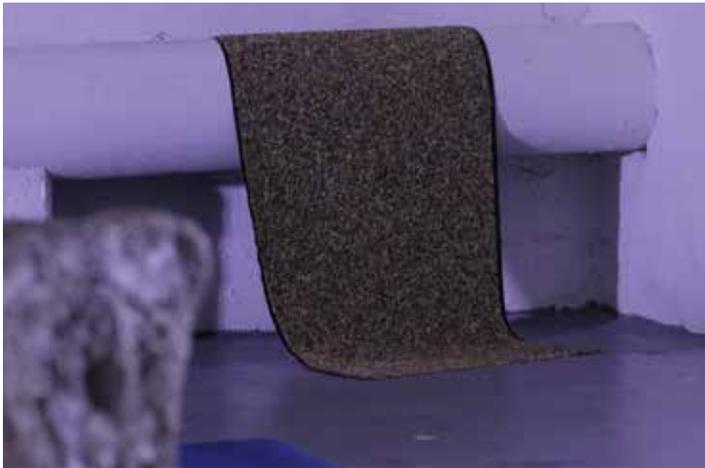
A. *Cave Staples*, 2018

audio track (29minutes) dry ice, plastic
aquarium rock, bluetooth garden speaker
(in the shape of a stone), studio speakers
and media players, pebble mat.

[see: pp.22–23, 73]



A



index of image sequences

p. 6: Kasper Hesselbjerg
Soft and Easy Pleasure
(*Ear Salad*), 2018

mussels, pea sprouts, frisée
lettuce, pumpkin seed oil, lemon,
vinegar, sesame seed, porcelain

The feast (every feast) is an
important primary form of
human culture. It cannot be
explained merely by the practical
conditions of the community's
work, and it would be even
more superficial to attribute it
to the physiological demand
for periodic rest. The feast had
always an essential, meaningful
philosophical content.

— Mikhail Bakhtin
Rabelais and his world (1984)

pp. 8–9: Anna Clarisse Holck
Wæhrens, *The Würstel Project:*
mood, 2017, PVC, plastic food,
metal chain

An inflatable spatial installation
containing “everything long” such
as fake sausages, fake bananas,
and colour samples of dyed pig
intestines. Used as inspiration to
understand the shape and colours
of the difference in fake and
natural and most important; the
shape of the intestines. — ACHW

p. 10: Carlos Monleón
Gastriculation, 2018
jute and silicon rope, blown
glass, silver leaf, water kefir grains

p. 12: Oberon 3 front cover:
nova Milne, *Throwing Ghost*
(*ceramic piece*), 1990/2017
Clay as footage, turned by
Patrick Swayze & Demi Moore
and excised from the ‘pottery
scene’ in *Ghost* (1990), animation,
HDV, 1:18 mins.

p. 14: George Stubbs
Whistlejacket, c.1762
oil on canvas, 292 x 246 cm
National Gallery, London

p. 15: Jurassic Park, 1993
dir. Steven Spielberg, Scene 61
video still

pp. 16–17: Jeff Gibson
You might also like..., 2017
4K Video, 14 min

Keeping leaves, sticks, and grass
off your lawn can be a constant
challenge. Blisters and backaches
are a common side effect of
hours spent clearing your yard.
Backpack blowers offer you an
easier way to keep your yard
and driveway looking its best.
Many have the power to clear
large debris, in a relatively short
amount of time.

—Amazon product copy

pp. 18–19: Martin Erik Andersen
Ashtray, Mother of Pearls. I, 2017
steel, Abalone shield, glass fiber

p. 20: a fragment of *Cave*
Staples, see pp.22–23

pp. 20–21: Emelie Carlén
Fail-fast systems, 2018
dimensions variable, cast wood
sap, steel.

In the present we decide what
to ask of the future. Look ahead
for new habits which come
with a cluster of promises. But
what happens upon realising
that there is an error in this
optimism, a system failure, a
sentimental melodrama. An
anxious self-doubt takes place, in
fear of being taken over by ugly
emotions.

— Emelie Carlén

pp. 22–23, 73: The Iduna
Institute for Strategic Imitation
& Delay and Amelia Groom
Cave Staples, 2018
audio track (29minutes) dry ice,
plastic aquarium rock, bluetooth
garden speaker (in the shape of
a stone), studio speakers and
media players, pebble mat.

p. 30: Antonio Beato, *Colosses de*
Memnon, 19th century, albumen
silver photograph, 20.5 x 26.3 cm
Brooklyn Museum

p. 30: Robyn Stuart
Breathing Room, 2012
video of Kati Thanda–Lake Eyre
1 of 4 channels

p. 31: Signe Boe, 3D-printed clay
vases, translated from the sound
waves of the pronunciation of
words – to the left part of the
word [ˈkʰɔgə] to the right part of
the word [ˈvesl] – silhouetted in
Peryton's neon sign, 2019.

pp. 32–33: Michael Mørkholt
4380 hours over the Limfjord
2016-17, 105 x 140 cm, pinhole
photography, digital print on rag
paper

pp. 34–35: Michael Mørkholt
Colourful and unobtrusive
shadow games, 2017, wood,
metal, filtered lights, aluminum
frame and acrylic sheet

p. 47: Kasper Lyng Jensen
transformer, 2017
painted clay, iron bars

pp. 48, 51: Kasper Lyng Jensen
endobject (in between), 2017
shelf system, stone, concrete,
plexiglass, string, iron fitting

pp. 48–49: a fragment of *You*
might also like..., see pp.16–17

pp. 49, 54: Emelie Carlén
and Emmeli Person
Helio-systems, 2018
21 x 30cm, inkjet print, plexiglass

pp. 50–51: Kasper Lyng Jensen
what holds it together, 2017
exercise tool, stone, and
cardboard box of Oberon

p. 52: Kasper Hesselbjerg
Big Toe, 2018
marzipan, plaster, foam
[and a fragment of *Autumn Pile*,
2018, marzipan wrappers]

p. 53: Kasper Hesselbjerg
Lunacy Lamp, 2018
paper, wood, light

p. 54: Lucian Freud, *Girl with*
Roses, 1947/48, oil on canvas,
75 x 105 cm, Courtauld Institute

pp. 55–56: Emmeli Person
Sunsets, 2018, HDvideo, 10 min
[and a fragment of René
Magritte, *Evening Falls II (Le soir*
qui tombe), 1964, oil on canvas]

pp. 65–69:
Carlos Fernández-Pello
Tombstones are not flat, 2018
installation with video, printed
textiles, aluminium structure

pp. 67–68: Carlos Monleón
To eat is human, to digest is
divine, 2018, wet plaster, netting,
polyester resin, clay amphorae,
molten glass

pp. 70–72: Signe Boe, 2019
Left: *tone oh tone*, a collage of
sound and video recordings from
the software Melodyne, used
to correct intonation and tone.
The original recording comes
from a man whose only means
of expression is variations on the
intonation of the word *ton*. Ton in

German means sound and clay.
Right: 3D-printed clay vases,
part of the words [ˈamʰfoʁa],
[ˈvesl], and [baˈsi.xa] with laser
engraved quotes from Walter
Benjamin's *The Task of the*
Translator (1923), different
translations.

Fragments of a vessel that
are to be glued together must
match one another in the smallest
details, although they need not be
like one another. In the same way
a translation, instead of imitating
the sense of the original, must
lovingly and in detail incorporate
the original's way of meaning,
thus making both the original and
the translation recognizable as
fragments of a greater language,
just as fragments are part of a
vessel. — Walter Benjamin

The task of the translator (1923)
[Translated by Harry Zohn]

p.73: see pp.22–23

pp. 74–75: Kasper Hesselbjerg,
Sausage Abundance, 2018

As opposed to the official feast,
one might say that carnival
celebrated temporary liberation
from the prevailing truth and from
the established order; it marked
the suspension of all hierarchical
rank, privileges, norms, and
prohibitions. Carnival was the
true feast of the time, the feast of
becoming, change, and renewal.
It was hostile to all that was
immortalised and completed.
— Mikhail Bakhtin *ibid*.

p. 76: Kasper Hesselbjerg
Irreverence, 2018, framed
photograph, 80 x 110 cm

...this laughter is ambivalent: it
is gay, triumphant, and at the

same time mocking, deriding.
It asserts and denies, it buries
and revives. Such is the laughter of
the carnival.

— Mikhail Bakhtin *ibid*.

p. 77: Oksana Shachko
untitled, 2016, tempera and
gold leaf on wood, 19.5 x 30cm
– exhibited in *De Fem*, (Peryton,
1–30 Sep 2017); featuring Siham
Benamor (text), Julie Lænkholm,
Hannah Parker (curator), Oksana
Shachko and Apolonia Sokol.



De Fem installation view

...an exhibition crafted from a
mystic tradition traced back to
Hilma af Klint. Klint believed
that art portrayed expressions
of divine intervention belonging
to spirits; rendering artists mere
vessels through which creativity
was expressed. Artists, in return,
make sense of the visible world
by summoning spiritual powers,
gathering forces in secret women-
only meetings. As Klint's mission
was to embody hidden dimensions
of life, so her art remained locked
away from the public, as to
emphasise the sacredness of the
powers she had summoned; forces
of mysticism and femininity, *De Fem*.
— Siham Benamor

p. 78: Isabella Hemmersbach
Mir scheint die Sonne aus dem
Arsch, 2018, neutral tint on paper

p. 79: Anna Clarisse Holck
Wæhrens, *DJ Mustard*, 2018
oyster shells, sausages, mustard

thanks

To our contributors:
Stephanie and Richard
nova Milne, Jeff Gibson,
Kasper Lyng Jensen,
Mette Rasmussen, Martin
Erik Andersen, Isabella
Hemmersbach, Anna Clarisse
Holck Wæhrens, Ayse Dudu
Tepe, Michael Mørkholt,
Julia Morandeira, Carlos
Fernández-Pello, Carlos
Monleón, Bronwyn Bailey-
Charteris, Emelie Carlén,
Emmeli Person, Kasper
Hesselbjerg, Signe Boe,
Amelia Groom, Nic de Jong,
Anne Kølback Iversen, Ida
Marie Hede, Steven Zultanski;

to our collaborators, visiting
artists and friendly ears: Gary
Carsley, Omar A. Chowdhury,
Robert Glück, Giselle
Stanborough, Thorbjørn
Tønder Hansen, Elliott Bryce
Foulkes, Kusum Normoyle,
Tom Allinson, Hannah Carroll
Harris, Callum Marshall
Ross, Peter Nelson, Henning
Lundkvist, Dom and Dan;

to our Peryton family:
Hannah Parker, Lisa Abend,
Trish, Marie, Anders, Lucy,
Heine, Carla, Dan, Peter,
Alex, Isabella, James, Katie,
Chris, Sanne, Thorsten, Alice,
Tony, L.A. Graphic (Anne
& Lizet), Lutter Øre (Håkon
Berre, Rasmus Kjær, Marcela
Lucatelli, Henrik Olsson and
Henrik Pultz Melbye), Gustav,
Oskar, Svea, Myriam, Gabriel,
Danny, Maria, Michael, Sean;

and to our dear families; we
thank you all for your brain
magic, love and support.

Nick + Robyn

acknowledgements

The Sunshine series has been
supported by the Danish Arts
Foundation. All artworks
courtesy the artists.

Additional one-off support:

Oberon 3 was supported
by the Copyright Agency
Cultural Fund and by the
Australian Government
through the Australia Council,
its arts funding and advisory
body. *Episode 3: Throwing
Ghost* marked the launch of
the edition.

The recording and pressing of
*Episode 06: Mette Rasmussen,
Awake* was assisted by the
Danish Arts Foundation.

*Episode 10: Nothing is true,
Everything is alive (Prologue:
Symbiogenesis)* was made
with the support of Acción
Cultural Española (AC/E)
through the Programme for
the Internationalisation of
Spanish Culture (PICE) under
the Mobility grants.

*Episode 12: Kasper
Hesselbjerg, Lunacy* and
*Episode 13: Signe Boe,
ton&ton* were both supported
separately by Københavns
Billedkunstudvalg

imprint

The Sunshine is published
by Peryton | Oberon
Copenhagen, 2019

ISBN: 978-0-646-80650-1
Edition: 300 copies

Editor/Design:
Nick Garner

© Authors, artists,
contributors and Peryton.
All rights reserved.
Reproduction without
permission is prohibited.

...
Printed by KOPA, Lithuania
on Munken Polar

...
Oberon Editorial Board:
Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris,
Nick Garner, Robyn Stuart

Oberon Art Director:
Wil Loeng
Oberon Copy-Editor:
McKinley Valentine

...
Peryton operated as an
exhibition space and bar at
Dronningens Tværgade 52
Copenhagen, Denmark,
from 2017–2019

rococoproductions.com
oberonmagazine.com
peryton.dk



The mark of
responsible forestry

