#05 karriere
people – human resource / den menneskelige ressource

contemporary art & social life
...

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Leder/ Editorial

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DK

Karriere #05 markerer treåret for KARRIEREs åbning i Kødbyen

Det har været tre år med formiddagsmøder, i byen-ture, gallerimiddage, cocktails, kø, sved, dans, brunch med svigerforældrene, performances, dates og tilfældige møder, for ikke at nævne de mindre tilfældige møder og helt faste aftaler, som så alligevel tog en uventet drejning. Alt sammen inden for rammerne af en bar/restaurant, hvis centrale funktioner og indretning er defineret og formgivet af 30 unge, toneangivende samtidskunstnere. I anledning af treåret vil nye værker komme til stedet, efterhånden som vi får defineret og evalueret stedet sammen med de deltagende kunstnere.

Indholdet i KARRIERE forbliver dog det samme: mennesker! Og netop mennesker er temaet for Karriere #05. KARRIEREs gæster og kunstnerne bag værkerne på KARRIERE, men også mennesker i en mere generel forstand.

Idéen bag KARRIERE om at lade kunstnere definere centrale funktioner i en bar/restaurant udspringer af en ambition i samtidskunsten i 1990'erne og 00'erne om at involvere mennesker i kunsten – få dem til at deltage og gøre dem til en del af værket. Og denne ambition er ofte blevet gjort til virkelighed med hjælpemidler som mad, drikke og socialt liv. Denne slags kunst har siden fået mærkaterne den relationelle æstetik eller social æstetik, som begge antyder, at det er de menneskelige, sociale relationer, som er værkernes indhold.

Nu melder spørgsmålene sig dog: Hvilke mennesker? Hvad skal de deltage og involvere sig i? Og med hvilket formål, til hvis fortjeneste? Hvis mennesker har er en central ingrediens i kunstværkerne på KARRIERE, såsom Olafur Eliassons lamper, AVPD's toiletlabyrint Passage eller Dan Grahams skillevægge, hvilken form for ressource kan man så sige, at de udgør? Hvad er helt præcis 'den menneskelige ressource'?

Ved at stille spørgsmålet på den måde åbner Karriere #05 for en sammenligning mellem den relationelle æstetik, som KARRIERE har som sit fundament, og en moderne virksomheds- og ledelseskultur. Det, at man i erhvervslivet kalder personalestyring for human resource management, er et tegn på, at man også her spekulerer i 'den menneskelige ressource'. Ifølge den ledelsesfilosofi, som human resource er mærkat for, er målet også, at vi engagerer os, deltager og har det sjovt, mens vi er på arbejde. Udskejelserne har dog her kun et mål for øje, nemlig sorte tal på bundlinjen. Og hvad nu, hvis man ikke føler sig overvældende fantastisk og fuld af sjov den dag, men bare gerne vil gøre sit arbejde og så ellers tage hen og hente ungerne og hjem og lave kødboller? Hører det under 'de menneskelige ressourcer', der efterspørges på arbejdsmarkedet?

Det er spørgsmålet i Karriere #05 People – Human Resource/ Den menneskelige ressource: Når du besøger KARRIERE eller rører dig i det moderne erhvervsliv, hvad forventes du at bringe til torvs, og hvad får du lov at beholde for dig selv?

UK

Karriere #05 marks the third anniversary of KARRIERE's presence in Copenhagen's Kødbyen.

It has been three years of morning meetings, nights on the town, gallery dinners, cocktails, queues, sweat, dancing, brunch with the in-laws, performances, dates and coincidental meetings, to say nothing of the less random encounters and firmly set appointments that nevertheless took an unexpected turn. All this within the setting of a bar/restaurant whose central functions and décor has been defined and shaped by thirty young, trend-setting contemporary artists. On the occasion of this anniversary, new works will arrive at place as we define and evaluate the place in co-operation with the contributing artists.

The main contents of KARRIERE will, however, remain the same: People! And people is indeed the theme of Karriere #05. KARRIERE's guests and the artists behind the works at KARRIERE, but also people in a more general sense.

The concept behind KARRIERE, which allows artists to define central functions in the bar /restaurant, springs out of an ambition prevalent in the contemporary art of the 1990s and 2000s: To involve people in art, to make them contribute and make them part of the work. And this ambition has often been transformed into reality by auxiliary means such as food, drink, and social interaction. Such art has since been labeled as Relational Aesthetics or Social Aesthetics; both terms suggests that the human, social relations constitute the work's true content.

All this does, however, prompt certain questions: What people? What should they participate and get involved in? And to what purpose, for whose benefit? If people are a central ingredient of the works of art at KARRIERE, such as Olafur Eliasson's lamps, AVPD's toilet labyrinth Passage, or Dan Graham's partitions, what kind of resource might one say that they constitute? What, exactly, is "the human resource"?

By posing the question in this manner, Karriere #05 paves the way for a comparison between the Relational Aesthetics that serve as the foundation of KARRIERE and modern corporate/management culture. The fact that corporate life speaks of employee handling as Human Resource Management is a sign that they, too, are preoccupied with 'the human resource'. According to the management philosophy of which the 'Human Resource' concept is one proponent, the objective is for us to be committed, to contribute, and to have fun while we work. All this has only one objective, however: To boost profits. And what if you don't feel spectacularly fantastic and full of fun one day, but only really want to do your job, pick up the kids and go home to make meatballs? Does this come under the heading of the 'human resources' that are so much in demand on the labour market?

These are the questions offered by Karriere #05 People – Human Resource/ Den menneskelige ressource: As you visit KARRIERE or venture out into modern corporate life, what are you expected to contribute? And what are you allowed to keep to yourself?

Middag I anledning af udstillingen High Plains Drifter" af Jörg Immendorff hos Contemporary Fine Arts, Berlin 2005 / Dinner party on the occasion of the exhibition High Plains Drifter by Jörg Immendorff at Contemporary Fine Arts, Berlin 2005

Isabelle Graw
...

Har du hørt? Så du at? Overvejelser om sladder, kunst og kendiskultur

DK

NÅR SLADDEREN GENNEMSYRER KUNSTVERDENEN

I kunstens verden udøves sladderen dagligt som en slags uformel kommunikationsform, og den yder et afgørende bidrag til de værdiskabende og -tillæggende processer. Alligevel har sladderens indflydelse på, hvordan kritiske holdninger og interesser dannes, været stort set upåagtet. På de steder, hvor den sidstnævnte form for udveksling typisk finder sted - kunstmesserne - kan man f.eks. iagttage, hvordan sladderens vigtighed er tiltaget. Den er en kommunikationsform, der pga. sin smidighed er perfekt tilpasset dette markeds symbolske transaktioner. Gæster udveksler navne på angiveligt meget lovende kunstnere eller stande (på den seneste Art Basel-messe blev jeg f.eks. fra alle sider bombarderet med budskabet om, at Reena Spaulings' stand var særlig fremragende), eller de udveksler viden om, hvem der købte hvad hos hvem, og til hvilken pris. I situationer, der hælder hen imod en uoverskuelig kompleksitet, giver sladderen en retningsfornemmelse. Desuden giver sladderen næring til en følelse af tryghed og selvsikkerhed og bidrager til den florerende mængde af holdninger, der 'always already' godtages på forhånd. For sladderen rummer værdifuld information, der sætter os i stand til at konkludere, at der er basis for, at man må (og kan) værdsætte noget. Stillet over for den utryghed og uigennemskuelighed, der omgærder en given kunstners fremtidige kommercielle succes, tror man via sladderen at vide hvad der kommer. Sladderen spiller også en rolle, når det drejer sig om at skabe konsensus. Sladder og konsensus er indbyrdes afhængige af hinanden, men de individuelle stadier, som et givent synspunkt gennemgår, før det kan betragtes som værende konsensus - navne, der nævnes i forbifarten eller som direkte anbefalinger - er i de fleste tilfælde usynlige. Ikke desto mindre afhænger viljen til at støtte et givent projekt og en voksende interesse i samme som regel af sladder; man kan således sige, at sladder er karrierefremmende. Det har både sine fordele og sine ulemper. Man kan sige, at den vigtige position, som sladderen indtager nu, også er en følge af fraværet af officielle smagsdannende institutioner (saloner, juryer); fortidens kunstnere var prisgivet disse instanser. De er nu blevet udskiftet med magtfulde netværk af relationer, der kan påvirkes af en umiddelbar intervention, men som også fungerer på mere vilkårlig og uforståelig vis. Så problemet er, at den autoritære udvælgelsesproces' forsvinden er sket til fordel for en uformel og delvist forklædt kommunikation, der til syvende og sidst på tilsvarende vis udøver ganske stor symbolsk magt.

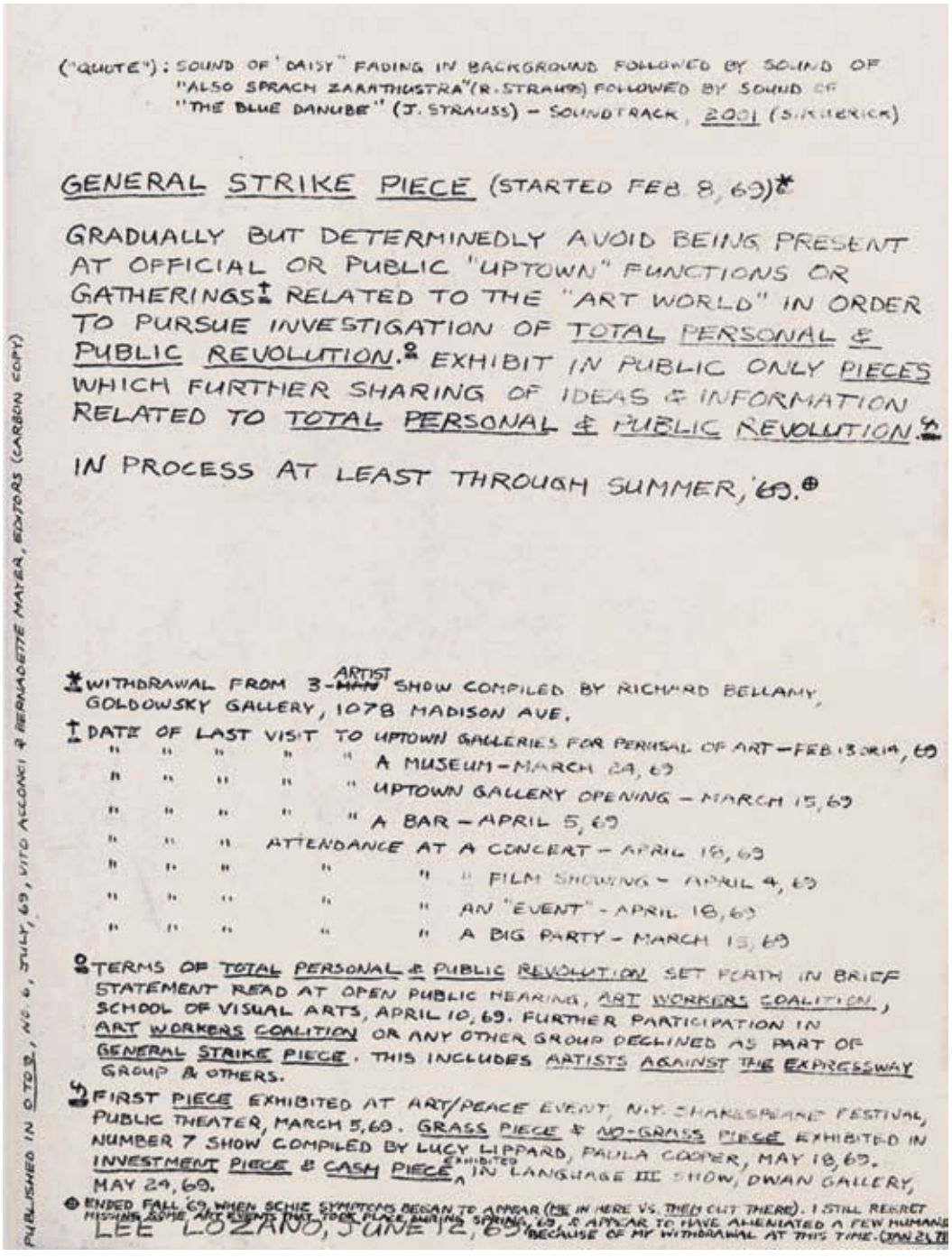
At sladderen i særdeleshed florerer i kunstverdenen og kultursektoren, har også at gøre med det faktum, at kunstproduktionen af natur er knyttet til kommunikative handlinger på alle områder. Der skabes noget, men det har også behov for at blive talt om. Det er ikke tingen selv, der tæller, men spørgsmålet om, hvem der engagerer sig i den, og hvordan; dette, på trods af at det naturligvis er den givne tings karakteristika - altså kunstværker og deres specifikke egenskaber - der skaber selve årsagen eller anledningen til de kommunikative handlinger og giver dem et bestemt afsæt. Sladder er en integreret del af den kunstneriske produktion og dens offentlige fremtræden. Hvis man trækker på Pierre Bourdieus tanker, kunne man formulere det således: Sladder er 'symbolsk kapital', for så vidt at den kan producere en kapital bestående af tillid. Den, der har venligt stemte fortalere eller et såkaldt 'godt omdømme', vil under visse forhold være i stand til at konvertere denne symbolske kapital, der er et 'specificerbart aktiv' (Bourdieu), til økonomisk kapital. Men sladder bidrager ikke nødvendigvis til en positiv værdifastsættelse; den kan også lægge hindringer i vejen for en karriere. Især på kunstmesser kan man iagttage, hvor stort behovet for at udvise nedvurderende holdninger føles - man oplever uophørligt, at denne eller hin stand nedgøres eller 'disses', eller at kunstværker afvises som 'uinteressante'; det kræves ikke, at der hæftes årsager på. Men sladderens yndlingsområde er aktørernes ydre fremtoning, i særdeleshed eventuelle tegn på fysisk forfald eller aldring. Den slags registreres og diskuteres uden nåde - en adfærd, der til dels er et resultat af kendiskulturens øgede fokus på selviscenesættelse og ydre fremtoninger. På den anden side kan den fryd, der opstår ved denne nådesløse tilsvining,

simpelthen handle om behovet for at lette et tryk. Og til syvende og sidst skaber den kollektive bagvaskelse - om dybt personlige, endog intime emner - en familieagtig stemning, der både er forudsætningen for og resultatet af enhver sladderkultur.

Faktisk skaber sladderen et nødvendigt fundament af sikkerhed, vilje til samarbejde og social sammenhængskraft i situationer, der i princippet er karakteriseret af et fravær af bindende normer. Tager man kunstmarkedet som eksempel, fungerer dets økonomi på et 'grundlag af god tro' (Bourdieu), især fordi dets økonomiske transaktioner ikke er kontraktligt reguleret og opererer på grundlag af uskrevne regler. Under disse forhold fungerer sladderen som et nødvendigt bindemiddel, der skaber gensidig tillid og alliancer. I en situation, hvor man ikke længere kan forvente, at klare modsætninger eller fjendskaber giver en klar struktur - som f.eks. fjendskabet mellem 'konceptualismen' og 'neo-ekspressionismen' gjorde det så sent som i 80'erne - kan sladderen tilbyde en måde, hvorpå man kan danne sig et overblik over i det mindste ét markedssegment. Den, der har vejret en nyhed først - såsom en nylig udnævnelse eller en liste over de medvirkende kunstnere i en international udstilling - kan bibringe sig selv en illusion af at have kontrol over situationen. Især under de udsatte livs- og arbejdsforhold, der er typiske for de neoliberale regimer - hvor man skal forvente sig alt og ikke kan stole på noget - er vigtigheden af sladder vokset med stor hast.

SLADDERFORMATETS TRIUMF

Man kunne rejse følgende indvending mod denne diagnose angående sladderens stigende betydning: Har man ikke altid set denne ubeherskede og aldeles umættelige interesse for andres private forhold, især i kunstbranchen? Jo, bestemt; man behøver blot at tænke på Warhols dagbøger eller Frank O'Haras forsøg på at sammenføje digtekunst og sladder. I 80'erne skrev Gary Indiana kunstklummer for Village-Voice, der var gennemsyret af ondskabsfuld sladder. Men alligevel er det min tese, at man især inden for dette område har kunnet iagttage en eskalering inden for de seneste år. Sladderen har øget sin rækkevidde markant og har for bestandigt forladt den illegitime sfære. Der findes mange tegn på, at denne udvikling er foregået: For det første er der vokset en veritabel sladderindustri frem i løbet af de seneste år. Det ses f.eks. i form af nye magasiner såsom Celebrity, Joy og Revue, der alle markedsfører sladder og nyder godt af en øget efterspørgsel efter sladdernyheder, eller i de talrige nyligt fremkomne tv-formater, der handler om de kendte. Derudover har talløse websites specialiseret sig i sladder. Selv tv-nyhederne præsenterer de seneste 'breaking news' i sloganagtige, sladdertilpassede småbidder, og også respekterede dagblade såsom Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung eller Süddeutsche Zeitung har bøjet sig for sladderformatet ved støt og roligt at øge den plads, der er sat af til 'diverse nyheder'. På den anden side er kultursektionen i Frankfurter Allgemeine Sonntagszeitung et godt eksempel på den nye form for subjektiv, personlighedsinddragende journalistik, der imødekommer begæret efter sladder. Her anlægges af princip en vinkel på kulturindustriens produktioner, der går gennem de personer, der er involveret, og som primært interesserer sig for deres livsstil, personlighed og manerer. Også kunstpublikationer stræber efter at nære sulten efter sladder på mange forskellige måder - for eksempel i form af toptilister eller 'personlige klummer' såsom den, der er skabt for Robert Storr i Frieze. Artforum har skabt et meget populært website, som jeg også selv bruger med stor fornøjelse, nemlig artforum.com, der



("QUOTE"): SOUND OF 'DAISY' FADING IN BACKGROUND FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF "ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA" (R. STRAUSS) FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF "THE BLUE DANUBE" (J. STRAUSS) – SOUNDTRACK, 2001 (S. KUBRICK)

GENERAL STRIKE PIECE (STARTED FEB 8, 69)*

GRADUALLY BUT DETERMINEDLY AVOID BEING PRESENT AT OFFICIAL OR PUBLIC "UPTOWN" FUNCTIONS OR GATHERINGS‡ RELATED TO THE "ART WORLD" IN ORDER TO PURSUE INVESTIGATION OF TOTAL PERSONAL & PUBLIC REVOLUTION.§ EXHIBIT IN PUBLIC ONLY PIECES WHICH FURTHER SHARING OF IDEAS & INFORMATION RELATED TO TOTAL PERSONAL & PUBLIC REVOLUTION.¶

IN PROCESS AT LEAST THROUGH SUMMER, '69.⊕

* WITHDRAWAL FROM 3-ARTIST SHOW COMPILED BY RICHARD BELLAMY, GOLDOWSKY GALLERY, 1078 MADISON AVE.

‡ DATE OF LAST VISIT TO UPTOWN GALLERIES FOR PERUSAL OF ART – FEB 13 OR 14, 69
" " " " " A MUSEUM – MARCH 29, 69
" " " " " UPTOWN GALLERY OPENING – MARCH 15, 69
" " " " " A BAR – APRIL 5, 69
" " " ATTENDANCE AT A CONCERT – APRIL 16, 69
" " " " " " FILM SHOWING – APRIL 4, 69
" " " " " AN "EVENT" – APRIL 16, 69
" " " " " A BIG PARTY – MARCH 15, 69

§ TERMS OF TOTAL PERSONAL & PUBLIC REVOLUTION SET FORTH IN BRIEF STATEMENT READ AT OPEN PUBLIC HEARING, ART WORKERS COALITION, SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS, APRIL 10, 69. FURTHER PARTICIPATION IN ART WORKERS COALITION OR ANY OTHER GROUP DECLINED AS PART OF GENERAL STRIKE PIECE. THIS INCLUDES ARTISTS AGAINST THE EXPRESSWAY GROUP & OTHERS.

¶ FIRST PIECE EXHIBITED AT ART/PEACE EVENT, N.Y. SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, PUBLIC THEATER, MARCH 5, 69. GRASS PIECE & NO-GRASS PIECE EXHIBITED IN NUMBER 7 SHOW COMPILED BY LUCY LIPPARD, PAULA COOPER, MAY 18, 69. INVESTMENT PIECE & CASH PIECE EXHIBITED IN LANGUAGE III SHOW, DWAN GALLERY, MAY 24, 69.

⊕ ENDED FALL 69, WHEN SCHIZ SYMPTOMS BEGAN TO APPEAR (ME IN HERE VS. THEM OUT THERE). I STILL REGRET MISSING SOME ART EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE DURING SPRING '69, & APPEAR TO HAVE ALIENATED A FEW HUMANS BECAUSE OF MY WITHDRAWAL AT THIS TIME. CAN 25 TH

LEE LOZANO, JUNE 12, 69

PUBLISHED IN 0 TO 9, NO. 6, JULY, 69, VITO ACCONCI & BERNADETTE MAYER, EDITORS (CARBON COPY)

Lee Lozano: General Strike Piece 1969
Courtesy The Estate of Lee Lozano

bringer reportager fra ferniseringer og begivenheder fra New York og andre store kunstbyer. (Blot for at undgå misforståelser vil jeg her anføre, at også jeg har samlet topti-lister, og at jeg ikke hæver at stå uden for denne udvikling: Jeg fandt lige så stor fornøjelse i formatet, som jeg fandt den iboende nødvendighed af at vælge de 'bedste' både brutal og begrænsende). Artforum.com rapporterer live fra de nye internationale kunstmesser såsom "Frieze Art Fair" (London) og "Art Miami" (Miami) og lægger klart mest vægt på reportager fra festerne. Det, der tæller, er navnene på deltagerne - var der nogen kendte med? Hvem talte med hvem? Et vue over

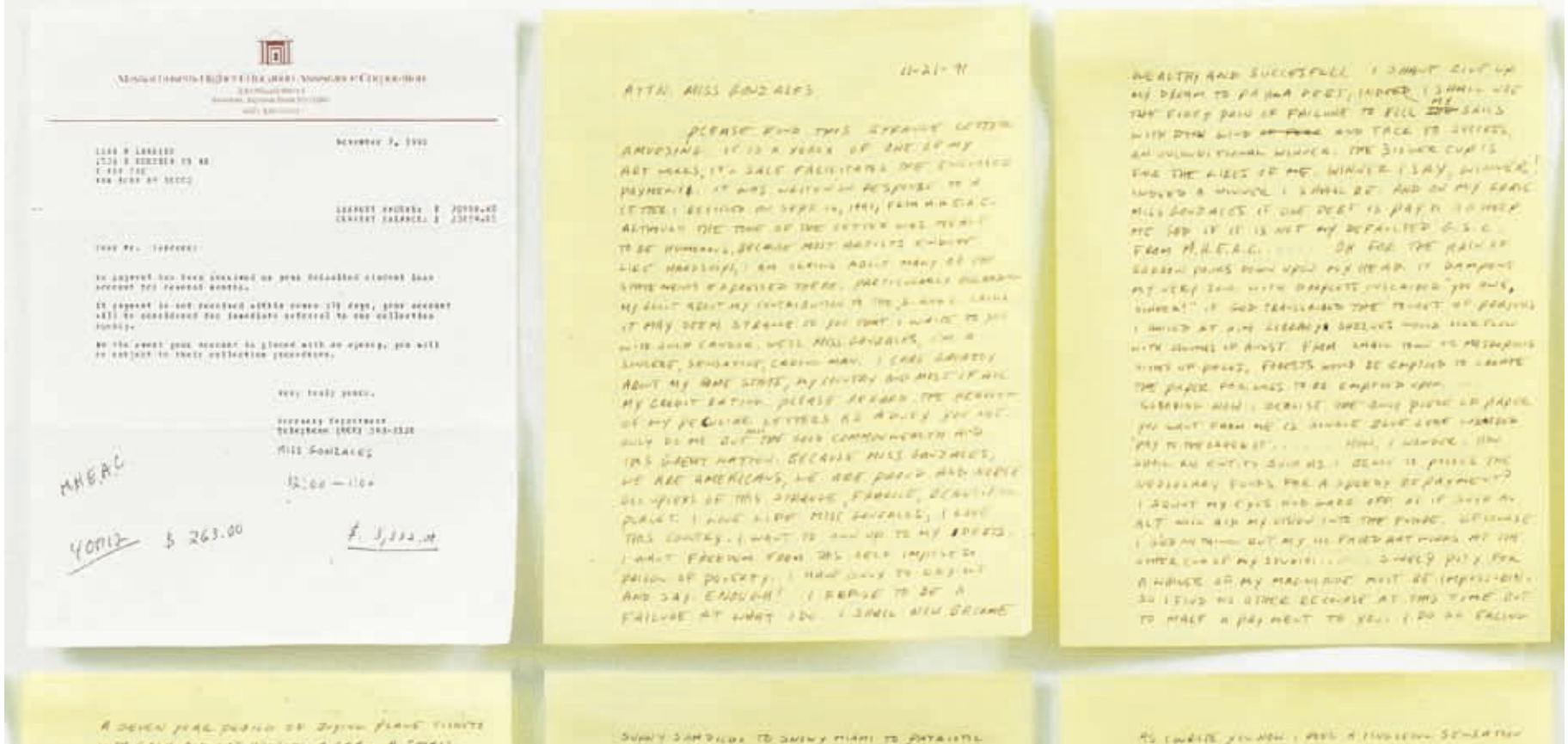
John Lennon og Yoko Ono
Bed-in for fred på / for peace in
Hilton Hotel, Amsterdam, marts /
March 1969

Tracey Emin
Everyone I have ever slept with,
1963-1995 (1995)

kunstverdenen og de aktører, der opererer med succes på dette niveau, passerer foran vores øjne. Bordplanen og den materielle indsats, der lægges for dagen ved en gallerimiddag, giver læseren mulighed for at vurdere sociale hierarkier og økonomisk formåen. Kunstværkerne selv får imidlertid ikke den fornødne opmærksomhed i disse fortællinger, end ikke i form af beskrivelser - det er ganske enkelt umuligt at danne sig et billede af en given udstilling eller et givent kunstværk på grundlag af den slags sladderreportager. Kunsten fremstår, i den udstrækning den fremstår overhovedet, i form af kunstnernes navne, der slynges frit omkring som brandnavne, som om de kan stå alene. Men den afgørende pointe er, at i disse sammenhænge er det faktisk sådan. I en kunstverden, der er styret af kendiskulturens love, og hvor det, der engang blev kaldt for 'færdighed' eller 'resultater', er af mindre betydning end at markedsføre sin egen person, svarer dét at blive nævnt til en helsidesannonce. Når et navn nævnes, er det det samme som reklame.

SLADDERKUNST

Men findes der så kunstnere eller kunstneriske fremgangsmåder, der understøtter sladderen eller endog fostrer den? Og er kunsten at tælle blandt de årsager og anledninger, der findes til "sladderens" kurs fremad? Eller er det netop et særtræk ved sladderen, at den fuldstændigt bryder båndene til det, der foranlediger den, især fordi den ikke behøver at stemme overens med faktiske begivenheder? Begge dele er sandt. Hvad angår 'sladderkunst' eller 'gossip art', tænker man umiddelbart på navne som Tracey Emin eller Sean Landers - kunstnere, der har erklæret, at sladder er en del af deres materiale. Emins berømte teltobjekt Everyone I have ever slept with (1963-95), der samler navnene på alle hendes elskere til dato, både udstiller sladderen og næres af den - og blev dermed naturligt nok modtaget med stor entusiasme af sladder- og livsstilspressen. På den anden side skrev Sean Landers paranoide kaskader af ukvemsord og bagvaskelse (Attn. Miss Gonzales, 1991), der svingede mellem det autentiske og det fiktive. Her bliver sladder til en betingelse for produktionen, der så at sige har greb om kunstneren og styrer hans pen. Man kan også roligt sætte sladder i forbindelse med kunstnere som Maurizio Cattelan eller Santiago Sierra, der udfører, hvad man kan kalde forudsigelige provokationer. For det angiveligt skandaløse eller sensationelle er særlig tilbøjeligt til at formere sig i denne form. Den (kunstige) forargelse formidles omgående sammen med tingen selv. Som modsætning findes der også målrettede forsøg på at tørlægge hungeren efter sladder; for eksempel forbød kunstneren Lee Lozano i værket General Strike Piece (1969) kategorisk sig selv at deltage i nogen form for ferniseringer - begivenheder, som man må sige vil hænge sammen med sladder. Andre stræber efter at holde deres privatliv tildækket - som eksempel kan Andreas Slominski nævnes - og selvfølgelig er en sådan tilbageholdenhed bestemt ikke mindre pirrende for den generelle nysgerrighed. Der findes også den mulighed, at man udtømmer begæret efter sladder ved at komme det i forkøbet, hvilket var, hvad Yoko Ono og John Lennon gjorde ved at stå offentligt frem og iscenesætte sig selv som par og ved at efterkomme en voyeuristisk interesse ved at erklære deres forhold som kunstnerisk materiale og fremvise deres egen, angiveligt frisatte seksualitet. En anden kunstner, Jeff Koons, har imidlertid måttet betale dyrt for sit forsøg på at slå sladderindustrien med dens egne våben - populærpressens interesse tog ikke af, da hans idylliske private samliv med Cicciolina fandt sin afslutning - et privatliv, der var bragt til offentligt skue i pornografisk form. Det efterfølgende dramatiske slagsmål om forældremyndigheden over parrets søn førte til endnu mere opmærksomhed omkring Koons end nogensinde før. Eksemplet minder os om, at sladder altid rummer både sympati og modvilje - den faldne helt jages lige så uophørligt som den heldige fanden i triumfens øjeblik. Ganske ligesom der er kunst, der stimulerer behovet



Sean Landers,
Attn. Miss Gonzales, 1991
Courtesy kunstneren / the artist og/and Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York.

for sladder, findes der også værker, hvor alle spor af elementer, der kunne tænkes at fremme sladder, er udraderet. Det ville for eksempel ikke være let at aflæse nogen tegn på Donald Judds private dramaer ud af et af hans objekter. Men hvorvidt sladderindustrien er interesseret i et givent tilfælde, afhænger til syvende og sidst ikke af, hvor godt et givent oeuvre egner sig til at skabe sladder; der findes ingen determinisme her. Tager vi Jörg Immendorff som eksempel, ser vi, hvordan begæret efter sladder i stedet kan næres af kunstnerens offentlige persona og privatliv - det handler om Immendorffs flirt med alfonslooket og hans meget omtalte ringe og læderkostumer, men også om hans giftermål med en ung studerende og hans kamp mod sygdom. Det virker i øvrigt, som om han har en særlig aftale med Bunte, der følger hvert eneste skridt, han tager. Ikke desto mindre kan en kunstner ikke planlægge at blive genstand for sladder eller undgå sladder for enhver pris. Selv i tilfælde, hvor der anlægges den yderste diskretion, kan sladdermaskinen geare op. Sladderen er en diskurs, der har brug for årsager, men som ikke kan reduceres til disse årsager; den dissocierer sig fra sine referencer - men kunsten pålægger den skarpt afgrænsede referencer.

Litteratur: Reva Wolf: Andy Warhol, Poetry, and Gossip in the 1960s, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1997.

Isabelle Graw

...

Isabelle Graw er een af de skarpeste røster i international kunstkritik. I 1990 i Köln grundlagde hun, sammen med Stefan Germer, det kompromisløst kritiske tidsskrift Texte zur Kunst. Et sort/hvidt sparsomt illustreret blad med netop det som titlen lovede 'tekster om kunst'. I 2000 flyttede Texte zur Kunst til Berlin, og fra 2006 har TZK, der nu endog er i farve, inkluderet en sektion på engelsk. Med flid og vittighed har Graw som TZK's chefredaktør forfulgt alt det ingen andre har haft blik, opfindsomhed og mod til at kritisere i samtidskunsten. Det er sket i tema-numre med titler som: 'Historie', 'Smag', 'Kærlighed', 'Neokonservatisme' og 'Sladder'. Karriere genoptrykker her et uddrag af lederen fra TZK's tema nummer om 'Sladder', hvori Graw nådesløst slår fast hvorledes sladderen i kunstverdenen i stigende grad udgør den sikreste kommunikationsform og den mest faste form for valuta. Udover at være chefredaktør på Texte zur Kunst er Isabelle Graw Professor i Kunst og Teori ved kunstakademiet Städelschule i Frankfurt am Main. Som kritiker bidrager hun til ledende internationale kunsttidsskrifter som Flash Art og Artforum, og er bogaktuel med titlen High Price: art between the market and celebrity culture udgivet på Sternberg Press.

Isabelle Graw

...

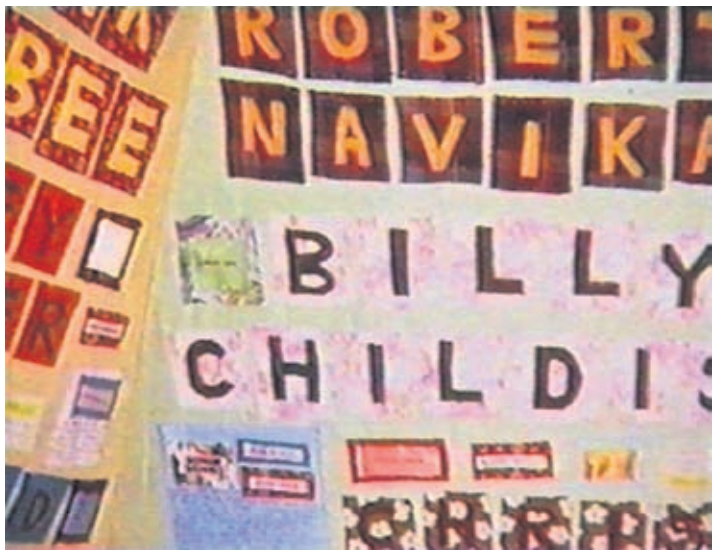
Have you heard? Did you see? Considerations on Gossip, Art, and Celebrity Culture

UK

WHEN GOSSIP PERVADES THE ART WORLD

In the art world, gossip is practiced daily as a form of informal communication and makes a decisive contribution to processes of value-generation, yet its influence on the formation of critical opinion and interests remains largely unavowed. At the sites of exchange characteristic of the latter - art fairs - one can observe, for instance, that gossip has risen in importance. It is that form of communication which, due to its suppleness, is excellently adapted to this market's symbolic transactions. Thus, visitors share with each other the names of supposedly very promising artists or booths (at the last Art Basel, for instance, I was inundated from all sides with the message that Reena Spaulings's booth was especially great), or exchange information as to who bought what where, and at what price. In a situation that, it is said, tends toward unmanageable complexity, gossip provides orientation. Moreover, gossip nourishes feelings of consoling certainty, and contributes to the proliferation of opinions that are always already accepted. For it provides valuable information, enabling one to conclude the possibility of appreciation. In the face of imponderability and insecurity regarding the future commercial success of an artist, one now believes one knows what is coming. Gossip also plays a central role in consensus formation. Gossip and consensus are mutually dependent; yet the individual stages by which a view advances to the point at which it can become consensus - names dropped casually, or explicit recommendations - are in most cases invisible. Still, the willingness to support a venture and growing interest in it are most often owed to gossip; which, one could say, is thus propelling careers. That has both advantages and disadvantages. As it were, the importance of gossip is also the consequence of the absence of official institutions of consecration (salons, juries); artists of the past were at their mercy. They have been replaced with a powerful network of relations that is susceptible to immediate intervention, but acts in a more haphazard and incomprehensible way. So the problem is that the disappearance of a process of authoritarian selection comes at the price of the installation of an informal and partly disguised communication which, in the end, equally exerts a great deal of symbolic power.

That gossip flourishes especially in the art world and culture business has to do also with the fact that artistic production is as a matter of principle at every turn bound up with communicative acts. Something is produced, but it also needs to be talked of. It is not the thing in itself that counts but the question who engages it how; although the characteristics of this thing - works of art and their specific properties - of course provide the occasion



Tracey Emin
It's a she thing
Dokumentarfilm af / Documentary by Susanne Ofteringer,
Videostills.

of this communicative engagement and launch it in a certain direction. Still, gossip is an integral part of artistic production and its public appearance. In the words of Pierre Bourdieu, one could put it as follows: Gossip is 'symbolic capital' insofar as it is capable of producing a capital of credit and trust. Someone who has beneficent advocates or a so-called 'good reputation' will be able, under certain circumstances, to reconvert this symbolic capital, which is 'specifiable asset' (Bourdieu), into economic capital. But gossip does not necessarily contribute to appreciation; it can also obstruct a career. Especially at art fairs, one can observe how great a need is felt for deprecatory opinion—incessantly, one booth or another is being 'dissed', works of art dismissed as 'uninteresting': no reasons have to be adduced for either. Yet the gossip's favorite field is the outward appearance, and especially phenomena of physical decay or aging in the actors. The latter are registered and discussed mercilessly; that is a consequence, among other things, of the increased importance of staging and appearance in the age of 'celebrity culture'. On the other hand, this delight drawn from merciless slander may be owed simply to the need to let off some steam. And in the end, collective acts of bad-mouthing - about matters most personal, even intimate - create the familial atmosphere that is both the precondition and the effect of any gossip culture.

In fact, gossip produces a required basis of confidence, willingness to cooperate, and social cohesion in situations that are in principle characterized by an absence of binding norms. In the case of the art market, its economy by itself functions on a 'basis of good faith' (Bourdieu), especially since economic transactions are here not contractually regulated, and operate on the basis of unwritten laws. Under these conditions, gossip serves as the necessary glue, functioning as a confidence-building measure and forging alliances. Moreover, in a situation where clear antagonisms can no longer be expected to structure the field - as the antagonism between 'conceptualism' and 'neo-expressionism' had done as recently as the eighties - gossip promises a way to retain a commanding view at least of one market segment. Someone who has a piece of news first, such as a recent appointment or the roster of artists of an international show, can give himself or herself over to the illusion of being control of the situation. Especially under the precarious conditions of life and work typical of the neo-liberal regime, as everything must be expected and nothing is dependable, the importance of gossip has grown rapidly.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE GOSSIP FORMAT

The following objection could be raised to the diagnosis of gossip's heightened importance: has not this unbridled and quite insatiable curiosity for the private affairs of other always existed, especially in the art business? Certainly, yes; one needs to think only of Warhol's diaries or of Frank O'Hara's attempts to fuse poetry and gossip. During the eighties, Gary Indiana wrote art columns for the VillageVoice that were saturated with acrimonious gossip. Yet it is especially in this field - that is my hypothesis - that an escalation could be observed over the last few years. Gossip has significantly extended its reach and left the realm of the illegitimate for good. There are many indications of such a development: Firstly, a veritable gossip industry has formed during the last few years, as can be recognized in the creation of new magazines such as Celebrity, Joy, or Revue, which market gossip and profit from an increased desire for gossip news, or in the numerous recent music television formats that include celebrity features. Furthermore, innumerable websites have specialized in gossip. Even TV newscasts package the latest 'breaking news' in sloganized and ready-for-gossip telegram bites, and even reputable daily papers such as the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung or the Süddeutsche Zeitung have made concessions to the format of gossip by steadily increasing the space allotted to 'miscellaneous news'. The culture section of the Frankfurter Allgemeine Sonntagszeitung, on the other hand, is exemplary for the new type of a subjective, personalizing journalism, catering to the desire for gossip. Here, products of the culture industry are as a matter of principle approached through the persons involved, with an interest mainly in their airs and manners and lifestyle. Art publications also seek to meet

the hunger for gossip in many different ways - for instance, with top-ten lists or 'personal columns' such as that created for Robert Storr in Frieze. Artforum has created a much-visited website, which I also consume with pleasure, at "artforum.com," publishing gossip reports of openings and events from New York and other art cities. (To avoid misunderstandings: I too have compiled top-ten lists and do not claim to be an exception from this development; I took as much joy in the format as I found its inherent necessity to arrive at a 'best of' selection brutal and curtailing.) artforum.com reports 'live' from the new international art fairs such as "Frieze Art Fair" (London) or "Art Miami" (Miami), with a definite emphasis on party reportage. What counts are the names of those in attendance - were there any 'celebrities'? Who talked to whom? A panorama of the art business, with the actors that operate successfully at this level, passes before the eye. The seating arrangements and the material expenditures taken for a gallery dinner afford the reader an opportunity to discern social hierarchies and financial prowess. The works of art themselves, however, are not given their due in these narratives even on the level of description - it is simply impossible to form an image of a show or a work of art on the basis of such a gossip report. Art appears, if at all, in the form artists' names, which are casually dropped like brand names, as though speaking for themselves. But the decisive point is that in these contexts, that is indeed the case. In an art world governed by the laws of 'celebrity culture', in which what was once called 'accomplishment' matters less than the marketing of one's own person, a mention equals a full-page ad. A name is dropped, and thus promoted.

GOSSIP ART

Are there, then, artists or artistic procedures that favor the emergence of gossip, or even foster it? And is the art among the occasions that bear on the course that 'gossip' takes? Or is it, rather, the defining characteristic of gossip that it completely severs ties with what occasions it, especially since it need not be in accord with actual events? Both are the case. As regards 'gossip art', the examples that immediately come to mind are names like Tracey Emin or Sean Landers - artists who have declared gossip their material. Emin's famous tent object Everyone I have ever slept with (1963-95), which gathered the names of her all her lovers to date, exhibits gossip and feeds on it - accordingly, it was received with great enthusiasm by the gossip and life-style press. Sean Landers, on the other hand, wrote paranoid cascades of invectives and slanders (Attn. Miss Gonzales, 1991), which oscillated between the authentic and the fictional. Here, gossip became a condition of production, exerting, as it were, a hold on the artist and forcefully guiding his pen. Gossip will reliably respond also to artists like Maurizio Cattelan or Santiago Sierra who perform what are predictable provocations. For the supposedly scandalous or sensational is especially susceptible to propagation in this form. The (artificial) outrage is instantly communicated together with the thing itself. In contrast, there are also determined attempts to leave the desire for gossip high and dry; the artist Lee Lozano, for instance, categorically forbade herself in her General Strike Piece (1969) to attend any exhibition openings, events which would one would have to call destined for gossip. Others try to retain a cover over their private lives - an example would be Andreas Slominski; a reticence which, of course, piques the curiosity no less. Moreover, there is the possibility of outpacing the desire for gossip, which is what Yoko Ono and John Lennon did by publicly staging themselves as a couple and catering to a voyeuristic interest by declaring this coupling an artistic material and displaying their own, supposedly liberated, sexuality. Another artist, however, Jeff Koons, has paid dearly for his attempt to beat the gossip industry with its own weapons - the curiosity of the yellow press did not subside after the end of his idyllic private life with Cicciolina, which had been pornographically publicized. The ensuing dramatic battle over the custody of his son was scrutinized more than ever. This instance reminds one that sympathy and resentment are always commingled in gossip - the fallen hero is chased as unrelentingly as the lucky devil at the height of his triumph. Just as there is art that stimulates the demand for gossip, there are in turn works from which all traces that could be conducive to gossip have been effaced. It would not be easy, for instance, to read clues to Donald Judd's private dramas from one of his objects. Whether the gossip industry will be interested in any particular case, however, does not in the end depend on the suitability to gossip evinced by an oeuvre; there is no determinism here. The example of Jörg Immendorff demonstrates that the desire for gossip can be inflamed instead by the public persona and private life of an artist - Immendorff's flirtation with the pimp look, his much-debated rings and leather attires, but also his marriage to a young student and his battle with illness. He seems to have a come to a special arrangement with Bunte, by the way, as the latter follows every station of his life. Still, an artist cannot plan to become the subject of gossip, or to avoid gossip at any cost. Even where the greatest discretion is applied, the gossip machinery may gear into action. A discourse that needs occasions but is not reducible to them, it dissociates from its references; but art imposes definite references upon it.

Reva Wolf: Andy Warhol, Poetry and Gossip in the 1960s, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1997.

Isabelle Graw

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Isabelle Graw is one of the sharpest voices within international art critique. In 1990 she and Stefan Germer founded the uncompromisingly critical journal Texte zur Kunst in Cologne. Printed in black and white and sparingly illustrated, the journal featured exactly what the title promised: "texts about art". In 2000 Texte zur Kunst relocated to Berlin, and from 2006 TZK, now in colour, too, has included an English section. With great wit and diligence Graw has used her position as editor-in-chief of TZK to pursue all those things that no-one else has had the eye, ingenuity, and courage to criticise within contemporary art. She has done so in themed issues of the journal under headlines such as 'History', 'Taste', 'Love', 'Neo-conservatism' and 'Gossip'. Here, Karriere reprints an excerpt from the editorial run in TZK's themed issue about 'Gossip', in which Graw mercilessly points out how gossip has increasingly become the art scene's safest form of communication and most firmly founded currency. In addition to being editor at Texte zur Kunst Isabelle Graw hold a position as Professor of Art and Theory at the art academy Städelschule in Frankfurt am Main. An active critic, she contributes to leading international art journals such as Flash Art and Artforum, and she recently published the book High Price: art between the market and celebrity culture at Sternberg Press.

STILLE (ELLER STILHED)

Lørdag aften sent. Klikker mig ind på Karrierebars hjemmeside for at blive en voyeur eller rettere: en smuglytter. Forventer, at stemmerne omkring bordet med mikrofonen knap vil kunne høres. At lyden, der vil nå mine ører, i stedet er en kværnende larm af musik, druk, dans og byliv – tidspunktet taget i betragtning. Men der er ikke en lyd. Kun stilhed. Mikrofonen må være slukket eller i stykker.

Der er stille. Og i det øjeblik jeg (ikke) hører det, husker jeg med ét passagen i Evelyn Waughs roman Gensyn med Brideshead,

hvor Charles Ryder som officer på øvelse i England under anden verdenskrig uventet og pludselig står over for det, der engang var den overdådige kulisse for hans ungdoms lyksalige vildfarelser:

"Jeg sov, til min oppasser kaldte på mig, stod træt op, barberede mig og klædte mig på i tavshed. Først da jeg stod i døren, fandt jeg på at spørge den næstkommanderende: 'Hvad hedder dette sted egentlig?' Han sagde mig det, og i samme øjeblik var det, som om en eller anden havde lukket for radioen, som om en stemme, der uophørligt, idiotisk i dage uden tal havde brølet

ind i mine ører, pludselig var blevet afbrudt. En dyb stilhed fulgte. Mærkelig tom i begyndelsen, men gradvis, efterhånden som mine misbrugte sanser kom sig, fyldt af en mængde naturlige, kærkomne og for længst glemte lyde; for han havde udtalt et navn, der var mig så velkendt, et fortryllet navn af så gammel kraft, at de sidste års hjemsøgte spøgelser blot ved lyden deraf begyndte at flygte."

Poul Pilgaard Johnsen (f. 1965) er forfatter, forlægger og journalist på Weekendavisen

SILENT (OR SILENCE)

Saturday night. Late.
I click my way into

Karrierebar's website to become a voyeur — or, more accurately, an eavesdropper. Expecting that the voices around the table with the microphone would be barely audible. That the sound that would reach my ears would be a churning cacophony of music, drinking, dancing, and nightlife — in view of the time. But there is not a sound to be heard. Only silence. The microphone must be switched off or broken.

It is quiet. And at the moment I (did not) hear that, I suddenly remembered the passage from Evelyn Waugh's novel Brideshead Revisited, where Charles Ryder, an officer on a training mission in England

during World War II, is unexpectedly and suddenly faced with what was once the sumptuous setting of the happy peccadilloes of his youth:

"I slept until my servant called me, rose wearily, dressed and shaved in silence. It was not till I reached the door that I asked the second-in-command, 'What's this place called?' He told me and, on the instant, it was as though someone had switched off the wireless, and a voice that had been bawling in my ears, incessantly, fatuously, for days beyond number, had been suddenly cut short; an immense silence followed, empty

at first, but gradually,
as my outraged sense
regained authority, full of
a multitude of sweet and
natural and long forgotten
sounds: for he had spoken
a name that was so familiar
to me, a conjuror's name of
such ancient power, that,
at its mere sound, the
phantoms of those haunted
late years began to take
flight."

Poul Pilgaard Johnsen (b. 1965) is a writer, publisher, and journalist at Weekendavisen

Niels Henriksen
...

Michael Elmgreens anden karriere

DK

Niels Henriksen: *Som ophav til Karrierebars navn finder vi det nærliggende at henvende os til dig i spørgsmålet om den 'menneskelige ressource'.*
Vi vil gerne høre, hvordan du har brugt dine menneskelige ressourcer, og til hvilke mål. Inden for management og personalestyring oversættes den personlige forskellighed, følelser og begær altid til en gevinst i den mest snævre forståelse, oftest som økonomisk profit. Vi vil høre om din karriere. Om de mål, du har forfulgt, og hvordan du har forfulgt dem. Det er et interview, som kommer til at gå tæt på, men vi føler, at der ligger et vigtigt statement i at fremhæve andre former for begær og alternative mål og succeskriterier som værdige livsambitioner.

Michael Elmgreen: Okay, det lyder farligt...

NH: *Hvornår fandt du ud af din seksuelle orientering, og var det på samme tidspunkt, som du fandt ud af, at du ville arbejde med kunst?*

ME: Hulabadula, sikke et spørgsmål ... Jeg var sammen med piger, fra jeg var 13, men turde først erkende, at jeg var bøsse, da jeg var 17. Jeg kan huske, at min første rigtige seksuelle oplevelse resulterede i, at en Børge Mogensen-tremmesofa blev lagt i ruiner hos en af mine klassekammerater. Kunst kom langt senere. Jeg havde aldrig nogen våde teenagedrømme om at blive kunstner. Jeg kom ikke fra en familie, der gik på museum, og for mig var kunst Arnoldis kaffedåser i Irma og en blegnet Warhol-plakat af Marilyn Monroe, som hang nede på det lokale disko.

NH: *Hvis man ser en persons personlige og seksuelle udvikling som en slags anden karriere, hvordan vil du så beskrive din 'anden karriere'?*

ME: Uha, det ville sgu da være virkelig vederstyggeligt at kalde sine seksuelle oplevelser for en 'karriere'. Jeg har altså ikke sådan kortlagt min sexlyst i tabeller med op- eller nedadgående kurver. Det ville være rimelig rigidt og uerotisk set med mine øjne. 'Karriere' er generelt et fyord i min sprogbrug - også når det handler om kunstnerisk forløb og udvikling. Det er en term, som jeg vil overlade til brug for folk, der er mere forretningsorienterede og selvpromoverende. Da vi gav Karrierebar dens navn, var det netop en ironisk kommentar til, at man i den danske kunstverden pludselig var så opsat på begrebet 'kunstnerisk karriere' og snakkede om succeskriterier, der havde meget lidt at gøre med virkeligheden.

NH: *Jeg er glad for, at vi får motivationen bag jeres bidrag til KARRIERE med. Når det er sagt, vil jeg gerne høre mere om, hvad du forfulgte i stedet for den danske kunstverdens virkelighedsfjerne succeskriterier, både på det personlige og på det kunstneriske plan. Hvor forfulgte du dine mål? Hvilke af kunstlivets institutioner brugte du, og hvilke af privatlivets og kærlighedslivets institutioner...?*

ME: Jeg havde allerede lavet kunst i et par år, da jeg mødte Ingar. Det hele startede egentlig som en tilfældighed, da jeg skrev digte og som et eksperiment viste nogle af mine tekster på computer-monitorer i Nikolaj Udstillingsbygning. Der kom selvfølgelig flere kunstinteresserede og så de tekster end folk fra litteraturens verden, og pludselig begyndte jeg at få de her mærkelige invitationer til udstillinger. Jeg gik ikke på akademiet, men blev snart gode venner med folk omkring det daværende Baghuset på Nørrebro.

Da jeg mødte Ingar i 1994, lavede han teater. Derfor var vores første projekter sammen også i performance-regi - sådan en slags mødested midt imellem

Michael Elmgreen og Ingar Dragset
Karriere

teater og billedkunst. Ingars og mit samarbejde begyndte helt klart på grund af vores kærlighed, og vi var kærester i næsten ti år, men at splitte som kærester viste sig at gøre vores samarbejde endnu stærkere. I de sidste fem-seks år har vi kunnet forny os på måder, som nok ville have været svært, hvis vi stadig havde været et par privat også. Enhver kunstnerisk udvikling for både mig og ham er sket via tilfældigheder og pga. vores nysgerrighed.

NH: *Hvornår er de største ryk sket?*

ME: Vippen på Louisiana, som vi installerede i 1998, var nok det første af vores værker, der blev lagt mærke til i bredere kredse.

NH: *Vippen bliver jo tit læst som en reference til kunstneren David Hockney, hvis swimmingpool-motiver beskriver en tilbagelænet og frigjort livsstil i Los Angeles. Kan vippen også ses som en reference til din personlige oplevelse på det tidspunkt?*

ME: Vi har helt klart en slags had-kærligheds-forhold til Hockney. På den ene side er han über-kitschy og har lavet en masse lort. Men han har også været vigtig, fordi han har bidraget til at give nogle positive billeder af homoseksualitet, som ellers ofte kun bliver portrætteret på en måde, hvor bøsser fremstår som ofre. Hockney var også en vigtig inspiration for os, da vi lavede The Collectors i Den Nordiske Pavillon i Venedig sidste år.

NH: *Hvad har været de største gevinster i din karriere?*

ME: *Med tiden er det blevet nemmere at få ting igennem, som vi før måtte kæmpe hårdt for...*

NH: *Nej, nej, jeg mener i 'den anden karriere', din personlige udvikling og dit kærlighedsliv!*

ME: At møde Ingar og begynde at arbejde sammen var helt klart revolutionerende. At flytte til Berlin var frigivende, og vi skylder Berlin en masse. Men det har også været vigtigt aldrig at blive for magelig og gro fast. Så for to år siden flyttede jeg til London, selvom vi stadig kører studiet i Berlin. Nogle gange kan et enkelt møde med en person eller et kapitel i en bog eller en sekvens i en film give mig mere inspiration og være mere udslagsgivende end et halvt års arbejde.

NH: *Tak!* [NH]

Michael Elmgreen og Ingar Dragset
Powerless Structures, fig.11
Credit: Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebæk

Niels Henriksen
...

Michael Elmgreen's other career

UK

Niels Henriksen: *As you are the man behind Karrierebar's name, KARRIERE (career), we thought it would make perfect sense to turn to you on the subject of 'human resources'.*
We would like to hear how you have used your personal human resources and to what ends. Within management and personnel handling we see that interpersonal differences, emotions, and desire are always translated into benefits in the narrowest possible definition of the term, often in the form of financial gain. We want to hear about your career. About the targets you have set and how you have pursued them. This interview will step very close to the mark, even becoming intimate, but we feel that there is an important message to be found in accentuating other forms of desire, alternative goals and criteria for success as valid ambitions for one's life.

Michael Elmgreen: Okay; that all sounds very ominous...

NH: *When did you first discover your sexual orientation, and was it around the same time that you decided you wanted to work with art?*

ME: Hulabadula, what a question ... I was intimate with girls from the age of 13, but did not dare admit to myself that I was gay until the age of 17. I remember that my first real sexual encounter wreaked havoc with a classic Danish Design sofa by Børge Mogensen in one of my classmates' house. Art only entered the stage much later. I never entertained any fevered teenage dreams about becoming an artist. My family did not visit museums, and to me art was Per Arnoldi's coffee tins at the Irma supermarket and a faded Warhol poster of Marilyn Monroe at the local disco.

NH: *If we consider a person's personal and sexual development as a different kind of career, how would you describe your 'second career'?*

ME: Oh, no, it would be bloody awful to call your sexual experiences a 'career'. I haven't charted my sexual desires or exploits in neat tables with graphs going up and down. In my eyes that would be rather rigid and decidedly un-erotic. Overall, the word 'career' is *non grata* in my personal vocabulary - also when describing artistic development. It is a term that I will happily leave to people who take a more business-oriented, self-promoting stance. When we gave Karrierebar its name, we did so as an ironic comment on how the Danish art scene was suddenly so keen on the whole concept of an 'artistic career' and talked about criteria for success that had very little connection with reality.

NH: *I am happy that we learned something about the motivation behind your contribution to KARRIERE. Having said that, I would like to hear more about what you yourself pursued in lieu of the Danish art scene's unrealistic success criteria, on a personal as well as on an artistic level. Where did you pursue your targets: what institutions from the art scene did you use, and which institutions from the realms of private life and love...?*

ME: I had already been doing art for a couple of years when I met Ingar. It all began as a bit of a fluke; I was writing poetry at the time, and as an experiment I showed some of my texts on computer screens at Nikolaj Centre for Contemporary Art. Of course, more people from the art world than from the world of literature saw those texts, and suddenly I started getting all these strange invitations to exhibitions. I did not attend the Academy, but I soon became friends with the crowd surrounding Baghuset on Nørrebro, which still existed at the time.

When I met Ingar in 1994 he worked with theatre. This means that our first collaborative projects took place in performance settings - they fell somewhere between theatre and visual art. The collaboration between Ingar and myself certainly sprang out of our love for each other, and we were a couple for almost ten years, but it turned out that breaking up our relationship made our professional co-operation even stronger. For the last five to six years we have been able to reinvent ourselves in ways that would probably have proven difficult if we had still been a couple in romantic terms, too. For him and me, all artistic development has happened due to random events and due to our curiosity.

Installation shot* from The Collectors af/by Michael Elmgreen og Ingar Dragset The Danish & Nordic Pavilions, 2009, 53rd International Art Exhibition - La Biennale di Venezia.
Foto/Photo: Anders Sune Berg

NH: *When did the greatest leaps take place?*

ME: The springboard at Louisiana, which we installed in 1998, was probably the first of our works to gain widespread attention.

NH: *The springboard is often read as a reference to the artist David Hockney, whose swimming pool scenes depict a laid-back, liberated Los Angeles lifestyle. Can the springboard also be viewed as a reference to your personal experiences at that time?*

ME: We definitely have a kind of love/hate relationship with Hockney. On the one hand he is überkitschy and has done a lot of crap. But he has also made an important contribution by helping to introduce some positive images of homosexuality; such images are otherwise often reduced to portraying gays as victims. Hockney was also an important source of inspiration for us when we did The Collectors at the Nordic Pavilion in Venice last year.

NH: *What have been the biggest boons of your career?*

ME: In time it has become easier for us to carry out things that we would have to struggle for before...

NH: *No, no, I mean in your 'other career', in terms of your personal development and love life!*

ME: Meeting Ingar and working together was definitely revolutionary for me. Moving to Berlin was very liberating, and we owe Berlin a lot. But it has also been important for me to never become too comfortable, to never become stuck. So two years ago I moved to London even though we are still operating the studio out of Berlin. Sometimes a single encounter with a person, a chapter of a book, or a scene in a film can provide me with more inspiration and have more of an impact than six months of work.

NH: *Thank you!* [NH]

*Inkluderer værker af: / View including works by:

Vibeke Slyngstad, The Nordic Pavilion I, 2009, Oil on canvas, 182 x 260 cm, Courtesy of Galleri MGM, Oslo,

The Nordic Pavilion II, 2009, Oil on canvas, 182 x 260 cm, Courtesy of Galleri MGM, Oslo

Terence Koh, David, David It's a Long Cold Winter, Let's Rest Forever till We Fall Asleep, 2007, Cracked plaster, glue, acrylic, powder, plinths, 170 x 28 x 28 cm, Courtesy of Peres Projects, Berlin, Los Angeles

Pepe Espaliú, Carrying VI, 1992, Iron, 143 x 200 x 107 cm, Courtesy of Pepe Cobo y cía, Madrid, and Colección Helga de Alvear, Madrid

Peter Kirkhoff Eriksen
...

HR – Fed, fed lykke til alle

Human resource management er en stadig stigende faktor i karriere- og arbejdslivet. Virksomhedernes HR-ansvarlige uddanner lederne i ikke blot at lede, men også at være fede og nede med de ansatte. Målet er klart: Glade medarbejdere er godt for virksomheden. Og glade medarbejdere giver plus på bundlinjen. Det syner så uimodsigelig godt, at det ikke er til at stå for. Og begreber og idéer fra human resource management og organisationspsykologien cirkulerer helt ind i privatlivets sfære i form af coaching som vejen til større (arbejds-)livsglæde og positiv bundlinje i det personlige livsregnskab.

Med hvad er grundlaget for HR og den psykologiske bundlinjetænkning, og hvordan er det blevet så markant et fænomen i nutidskulturen?

DK

Jan Grau Kristensen har skrevet en ph.d.-afhandling, som udfordrer HR-branchens selvforståelse og ideologiske grundlag. Afhandlingen giver et historisk overblik over feltets udvikling og går organisationspsykologiens teorier, teser og forsøg efter i sømmene. Karriere har mødt ham.

DET VIRKER IKKE!

Den grundlæggende profeti i al HR er, at tilfredshed og arbejdsglæde hos medarbejderne fører til effektivitet. En leders primære ansvar er derfor at lede på en måde, som sikrer tilfredsstillelse af medarbejdernes behov og hjælper dem til øget arbejdsglæde. Paletten er bred: involvering, medansvar, handlefrihed, udviklingssamtaler, god kaffe, sund frokost og flekstid. Det lyder som drømmen om et civilt, demokratisk og humant samfund. Bravo.

”Men det virker ikke! Der er ingen eller i hvert fald kun en meget begrænset sammenhæng mellem tilfredshed og effektivitet hos medarbejdere,” fortæller Jan Grau Kristensen.

Hvordan kan det så lade sig gøre, at idealer om respekt, inddragelse og medbestemmelse kan blive så dominerende, når det ikke har den ønskede effekt for virksomhederne?

EKSPERIMENTER I SFO’EN OG DET VIDENSKABELIGE MAKVÆRK

”Det lod til, at idéen fik grobund i en organisatorisk sammenhænglige omkring anden verdenskrig,” fortæller Jan Grau Kristensen.

”Kurt Lewin, der var jøde og socialpsykolog, flygtede fra Tyskland til USA, kort efter at Hitler kom til magten i Tyskland i 1933. Da han kom til USA, syntes han ikke, at den amerikanske ungdom satte pris nok på den frihed og det demokrati, de havde, for han havde set naziudgaven.”

”Derfor designede han nogle eksperimenter i en skolefritidsordning, hvor børn blev udsat for forskellige pædagogiske ledelsesstile. I eksperimentet indgik der en ”demokratisk” leder og en autoritær leder; det var i virkeligheden den amerikanske præsident og Hitler stillet over for hinanden. For så ville han med data vise, at det var bedre med den demokratiske.”

”Som socialpsykolog var det det, han kunne - at lave eksperimenter - så det var det, han gjorde for at vise den amerikanske ungdom, at de skulle sætte pris på det, de havde, så de aldrig ville få et Nazityskland. Det forsøg og den kontekst blev så taget derfra og flyttet over i organisationer og virksomheder og gjort til det ledelses ideal vi har den dag idag. Derfor blev jeg særdeles overrasket, da jeg som en del af min forskning i ph.d.-projektet kiggede materialer fra forsøgene og rapporterne efter i sømmene for at prøve at finde ud af, hvad der egentlig skete.”

”Han kunne ikke få eksperimentet til at vise det, der var pointen, fordi det viste sig, at den pædagog, der var instrueret i at være autoritær, faktisk var bedre på de parametre, han nu havde opstillet. Børnene skulle producere nogle teatermasker. Men de børn, der havde været udsat for en demokratisk indstillet pædagog, arbejdede kun 50 % af tiden. Mens de børn, der havde en autoritær pædagog, arbejdede 74 % af tiden. Han målte også på, om børnene mobbede hinanden, og alle mulige forskellige faktorer, som han mente var tegn på det gode samfund. Så efterfølgende, da han skulle fortolke de her data, var han nødsaget til at opfinde idéen om laissez faire-lederen (fr. ’lad ske, lad stå til’, red.).”

”Han finder på at sige, at når den demokratiske leder ikke fungerer, så kalder jeg det laissez faire-ledelse. Men dermed sker der en cirkelslutning i det eksperiment, han foretager, for så vil det altid ende med, at den demokratiske og involverende leder er bedst, for hvis lederen ikke opfører sig demokratisk, så er han en laissez faire-leder.”

”Det er jo noget videnskabeligt makværk. Men man kan ikke fortænke manden i hans personlige projekt. Det, der er galt, er, at man ikke har forstået det i konteksten af, hvad han forsøgte at vise.”

DEN GODE, DEN ONDE OG DEN GRUSOMME

Før Lewins forsøg i 30’erne og 40’erne var den dominerende tankegang i teorier om ledelse stærkt påvirket af amerikaneren Frederik Winslow Taylor (1856-1915). Hans teorier om effektivisering af arbejdsrutiner baserede sig på idéen om, at nogle få ingeniører skulle fortælle de mange medarbejdere,

hvordan arbejdet skulle udføres. Det handlede om at få standardiseret arbejdsgangen så meget som muligt for at hæve standarden, effektiviteten og indtjeningen. Der var nærmest en fordel i, at de enkelte medarbejdere ikke forstod det større billede af, hvad de bidrog til, da de alene skulle udføre deres opgaver gnidningsfrit og ensartet. Taylors teorier blev førsteårspensum på Harvard University allerede i 1908, da det som det første universitet tilbød studier i business management.

I det lys virker Lewins tilgang tre årtier senere meget tiltrængt. Og det kan måske forklare, hvordan hans fejllæsning af data kunne slippe af sted med at omgå den autoritære ledelsesstil i hans kollegers efterfølgende brug af hans undersøgelser.

Når medarbejdernes tilfredshed ikke for alvor har givet effekt på bundlinjen, har HR-folk enten argumenteret med, at kulturen i virksomheden skulle forbedres, så effekten kunne slå igennem, eller at involvering af medarbejderen ikke var stor nok. Behændigt har branchen undgået at sætte spørgsmålstegn ved den fundamentale antagelse, at tilfredse medarbejdere er mere effektive. Alt sammen i den bedste mening, for ingen ønsker at genindføre asociale, diktatoriske, kontrollerende metoder, fortæller Jan Grau Kristensen.

Jan Grau Kristensen foreslår i sin ph.d. i stedet at tage udgangspunkt i, at medarbejderne allerede er tilfredse, for så i stedet at undersøge, hvordan vi kan sikre, at arbejdet bliver udført effektivt.

Winslow Taylor foreslog, at en rimelig løn for en rimelig indsats var lykken for medarbejderne. Siden 1960'erne har idéen været, at arbejdet skulle rumme en mulighed for selvrealisering og involvering, helt i tråd med tidsånden. Det er alt sammen gode tiltag, men det løser ifølge Grau Kristensen stadig ikke problemet om performance, effektivitet.

Hvad er der så tilbage? En genlæsning af studierne viser, at det, der er afgørende for medarbejderne, i virkeligheden ikke er, hvilken ledelsesstil lederen vælger at benytte. Det afgørende er, at medarbejderne accepterer stilen, og at den virker relevant i medarbejderens projekt. Der er ikke tale om, at de ansatte er marginaliserede og stakkels.

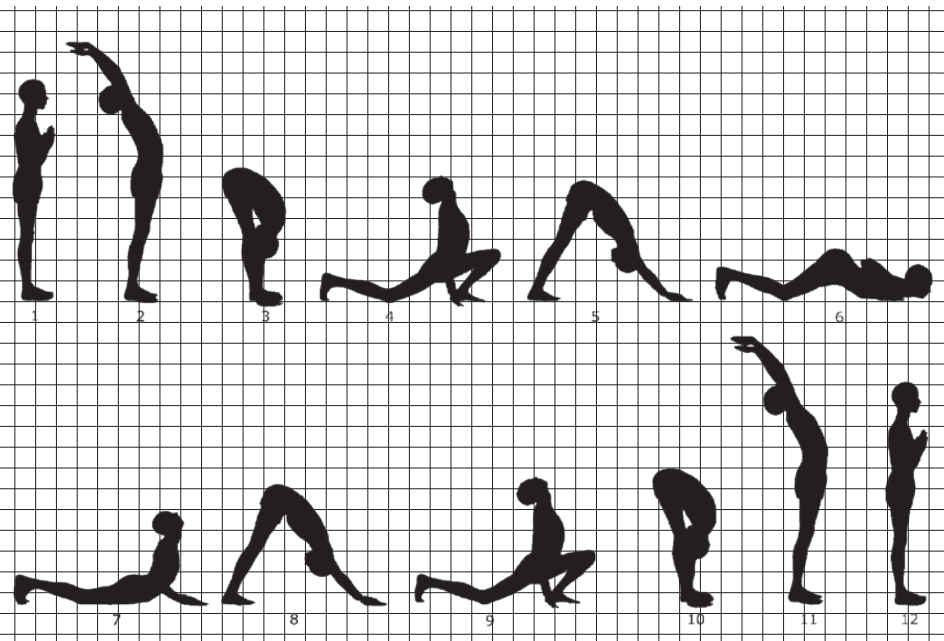
Præsenteret for Jan Graulunds argument har Laura Hammershøy, sociolog med speciale i corporate health & wellness dog en ganske anden mening. "Det er for mig indlysende klart, at det er fordelagtigt for både medarbejdere og virksomheder, at medarbejdernes trivsel bliver sørget for på deres arbejdsplads", siger hun, "I de seneste par år har der været et stadigt større fokus på hvordan virksomheder kan varetage deres medarbejderes sundhed og hvordan arbejdspladsen er en god arena for sundhedsfremme. Altså sundhed forstået som den måde FN's verdenssundhedsorganisation WHO definerer sundhed på; som en tilstand af både fysisk, psykisk og mental velvære.

SUND LEDELSE

Sundhedsledelse er ikke kun en trend fordi virksomhederne vil have mest muligt ud af deres medarbejdere her og nu. Snarere er det nye fokus på sundhed på arbejdspladsen et udtryk for større forståelse for nødvendigheden af bæredygtige løsninger. Sundhedsledelse giver organisationer mulighed for at støtte deres medarbejdere i at leve et sundere liv, dvs. et liv som i det lange løb er fordelagtigt for både virksomheden og medarbejderen. Et liv hvor man ikke brænder ud af for meget negativ stress og de fysiske skavanker som det medfører. Men et liv hvor det er muligt at spise sundt og balanceret, have tid til både familie og arbejdsopgaver, motionere etc.

Sundhedsledelse handler med andre ord om at forvalte den ressource som sundhed potentielt er. Mange virksomheder forsøger at tænke strategisk og langsigtet, og i den sammenhæng vil de gerne investere langsigtet i deres medarbejderes sundhed. For det betaler sig i det lange løb, dels for virksomheden og dels for det samfund som virksomheden er en del af. Hvis medarbejderne trives i deres job er de potentielt mere værdifulde for virksomheden. Allerede i 2008 udgav World Economic Forum rapporten Working Towards Wellness som rådgiver private firmaer om hvordan de skal håndtere og varetage det stigende antal kroniske livsstilssygdomme i den globale arbejdsstyrke.

Med en karriere som bl.a. har omfatter udarbejdelse af en corporate health strategy hos Tiffany & Co. i New York, er Laura Hammershøy fuldt bevidst om den clinch der I princippet kan opstå mellem medarbejderens bedste interesse og virksomhedens ultimative mål om at tjene penge. "I USA hvor man har privat sygeforsikring betalt af arbejdsgiveren er der en endnu større opmærksomhed på, at det er nødvendigt at holde medarbejderne sunde, raske og tilfredse. Det er i en erkendelse af, at det ikke kun minimerer udgifter til behandling og forsikringspræmier, men fordi det faktisk også styrker den overordnede indtjening idet et godt arbejdsmiljø fører til større kreativitet og medarbejderengagement og dermed bedre produkter og services. På den måde bliver det klart at der faktisk på dette område ikke er stor forskel på medarbejderens og virksomhedens interesse, selvom det så alligevel er svært for nogle virksomheder at prioritere den indledende investering i medarbejdersundhed." [PKE]



Jan Grau Kristensen har en ph.d. i organisationspsykologi med afhandlingen Den selvopfyldende profeti der tryllebinder HR – Hvordan tilfredse medarbejdere bliver mere effektive. Han var ansat i Novo som konsulent, da han skrev ph.d.-afhandlingen. Senere blev han ansat samme sted som HR manager. I dag arbejder han med at implementere lean, også kendt som Toyota-modellen, i virksomhedens produktionsenheder.

Laura Hammershøy er sociolog med speciale i corporate health & wellness. Hun arbejder med at skabe sundere organisationer ved at forbedre det fysiske og psykiske arbejdsmiljø. Hun har arbejdet som konsulent for Tiffany og Co., Dansk Industri og Videnskabsministeriet, m.fl.

Peter Kirkhoff Eriksen
...

HR– Shiny Happy People

Human Resource Management is an increasingly important factor within career and work life. HR staff in enterprises everywhere train managers on how to manage, of course, but also on how to be groovy and get down with their employees. The objective is clear: Happy workers are good for the company. And happy workers equal greater profits. It all seems so incontrovertibly good that it's irresistible. And concepts and ideas from Human Resource Management and organisational psychology reach all the way into our private lives in the form of coaching as the road to greater (work) satisfaction, more pleasure in life, and greater profits in the ledgers of our personal life accounts.

But what are the foundations of HR and the profit-based approach within psychology, and how has this become such a prominent phenomenon in contemporary culture?

UK

Jan Grau Kristensen has written a PhD thesis that challenges the self-image of the HR business as well as its ideological basis. The thesis provides an historical overview of the overall developments within the field and subjects the theories, theses, and experiments of organisational psychology to close scrutiny. Karriere met him for a talk.

IT DOESN'T WORK!

The fundamental prophecy inherent in all HR management is that job satisfaction leads to efficiency. Thus, a manager's primary responsibility is to govern in a manner that meets the employees' needs and furthers their pleasure in work. The palette of possible tools is wide: Involvement, delegated responsibility, freedom to act, performance & development interviews, good coffee, healthy lunch meals, and flexible hours. It all sounds like a veritable dream of a civil, democratic, humane society. Bravo.

"But it doesn't work! There is no - or at any rate only a very small and tenuous - link between satisfaction and efficiency in staff," says Jan Grau Kristensen.

So how have ideals about respect, involvement, and empowerment become so prevalent when they do not, in fact, have the desired effect for enterprises?

EXPERIMENTS IN AFTER-SCHOOL CAR AND SCIENTIFIC MESSES

"It would appear that the idea found a foothold within organisational management just around the time of World War II," says Jan Grau Kristensen.

"Kurt Lewin, a Jewish social psychologist, fled Germany and went to the USA shortly after Hitler won power in Germany in 1933. Upon his arrival in the USA he did not feel that the US youth were sufficiently appreciative of the freedom and democracy they enjoyed, for he had seen the Nazi version of things."

"As a response, he set up a number of experiments at an after-school care centre where children were subjected to a range of different styles of management. The experiment involved a "democratic" manager and an authoritarian manager; in fact the two types represented the US president on the one hand and Hitler on the other. He wanted to collect data to prove that the democratic style was the better of the two."

"As a social psychologist his forte resided in staging experiments, so that was what he did in order to show the American youth that they should appreciate what they had so that they would never see a Nazi regime on their soil. That experiment was lifted out of its specific context and transferred to organisations and enterprises and developed into the management ideal we have today. Therefore I was deeply surprised when I, as part of my research for my PhD project, reviewed materials and reports from those experiments in order to check what really happened."

"I saw that Lewin could not make his experiment prove his intended point, for it turned out that the educator who was directed to have an authoritative style was in fact the better of the two in terms of the parameters he had established. The children were encouraged to produce masks for a play, and it turned out that the children who had been subjected to a democratically minded educator would work for just 50% of the time, whereas the children who had been subjected to an authoritarian educator worked for 74% of the time. He also measured whether the children teased and bullied each other, as well as a wealth of other factors that he believed were signs of a good society. All this meant that when it was time to interpret his data, he had to invent the concept of a *laissez faire* manager (From the French "let it be", ed.)."

"He comes up with the claim that when a democratic manager doesn't work, that's because what happens is in fact laissez-faire management. In this way, however, he short-circuits the experiment he is conducting, for it will always prove that the democratic and involving manager is best; after all, if the manager does not act in a democratic fashion, he is a *laissez faire* manager."

"This is obviously a scientific mess. One cannot blame Lewin for carrying out his personal crusade. The problem is that people have failed to see his project within the context of what he sought to prove."

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE CRUEL

Prior to Lewin's experiments in the 1930s and 1940s, theories about management were strongly influenced by the US thinker Frederik Winslow Taylor (1856-1915). His theories on how to render working routines more efficient were based on the notion that a very limited number of engineers should instruct a large number of employees on how to carry out their work. The objective was to standardise working processes as much as possible in order to raise standards, improve efficiency, and boost profits. It was almost an advantage to have employees be ignorant of the big picture and how their contribution fitted in; all they had to do was to carry out their assigned tasks as smoothly and uniformly as possible. Taylor's theories became part of the first-year curriculum at Harvard as far back in 1908, when Harvard became the first university in the world to offer business management studies.

Viewed in this light, Lewin's approach three decades later would appear to have been sorely needed. This may serve to explain how his misreading of data successfully €omgik the authoritarian management style in his colleagues' subsequent use of his studies.

When employee satisfaction has not been sufficiently strongly reflected in profits, HR people have either argued that the company culture needed improvement so that the full impact would be felt, or that the degree of employee involvement was not great enough. The HR business has very cunningly avoided any queries directed against the fundamental assumption that satisfied employees are more efficient. All in the service of a good cause, for no-one wants to re-introduce dictatorial, control-oriented methods, states Jan Grau Kristensen.

'POOR EMPLOYEES' ARE A THING OF THE PAST

In his PhD, Jan Grau Kristensen suggests that one might take one's point of departure in the assumption that the employees *are* satisfied, focusing instead on examining how we might ensure that work is done efficiently.

Jan Grau Kristensen holds a PhD in organisational psychology, his thesis being The Self-fulfilling Prophecy that Keeps HR Spellbound – How Satisfied Employees Become More Efficient. He worked as a consultant for Novo while writing the thesis, and was later appointed HR manager at the same company. Today he works with implementing LEAN (*Lean Production*), also known as the Toyota model, at the company's manufacturing units.

Laura Hammershøy is a sociologist specialized in corporate health & wellness. She works strategically with creating healthier organizations by improving the physical and psychological work climate. She has been consultant at Tiffany og Co., Confederation of Danish Industries, Danish National Research Foundation among others.

Winslow Taylor suggested that fair wages for fair work equalled happiness for workers. Since the 1960s the prevalent idea has been that work has to encompass opportunities for self-fulfilment and involvement, an idea very much in keeping with the times. These are all excellent initiatives, but according to Grau Kristensen they still do not resolve the issue of performance, of efficiency.

So what is left? Renewed scrutiny of the studies shows that in fact the choice of management style is not the most important factor for employees. What is crucial is that the employees accept the style in question and that it seems relevant to the employee's project. Employees are not marginalized, not someone to be pitied.

When presented with Jan Graulund's arguments, the sociologist Laura Hammershøy, who specialises in corporate health & wellness, takes a very different opinion: "To me, it is quite clear that there are advantages for employees *and* businesses alike in caring for employee satisfaction at the workplace," she says. "In recent years, we have seen an ever-growing focus on how enterprises can care for their employees' health and how the workplace offers an excellent setting for promoting health - in this case, health as defined by the UN World Health Organisation, WHO, i.e. as a state of physical and mental well-being."

HEALTHY MANAGEMENT

Health management is not just a trend because enterprises want to reap maximum effort from their employees in the here and now. Rather, this new focus on health in the workplace signifies a greater awareness of the necessity of sustainable solutions. Health management provides organisations with the opportunity to prompt (and support) employees to live a healthier life, i.e. a lifestyle which is, in the long term, better for enterprise and employee alike. This paves the way for a life where you do not become burnt-out because of excessive stress and the physical ailments that follow in its wake. A life where it is possible to eat a healthy, balanced diet, to have enough time for family life and exercise as well as for your work assignments, etc.

In other words, health management is about properly managing the potential resource that health represents. Many enterprises strive to think strategically and well ahead, which means that they are willing to make long-term investments in employee health. It pays in the long run; for the enterprise itself and for the society of which that enterprise is part. When employees are happy in their jobs, they are potentially more valuable for the enterprise. As far back as 2008 the World Economic Forum published the report "Working Towards Wellness", which offers private companies advice on how they should handle and manage the increasing number of chronic lifestyle-related diseases within the global workforce.

Having had a career that includes planning a corporate health strategy for Tiffany & Co. in New York, Laura Hammershøy is very much aware of the conflict that may, in principle, arise between the employees' best interests and the enterprises' ultimate goal of making profits. "In the USA, where you have private health insurance paid for by the employer, there is even greater awareness of the necessity of keeping employees healthy and happy. Enterprises recognise that this not only minimises their costs on treatment and insurance; it also enhances overall profits because a good working environment leads to greater creativity and employee commitment - and thus to better products and services. It is clear, then, that the best interests of employees and enterprises are not so far removed from each other, even if some enterprises find it difficult to prioritise the initial investment in employee health." [PKE]

Niels Henriksen &
Maria Kjær Themsen
...

Minefeltet

Minefeltet blev det kaldt. Det område med værtshuse i det indre København, som fra mellemkrigstiden blev samlingssted for den tids kunstnere, forfattere og andre livlige væsner og drukkenbolte, og det var på disse værtshuse, at det sociale liv blev en integreret del af den kulturpolitiske diskussion.

DK

På den måde er Minefeltet blevet omtalt, beskrevet og levendegjort i mange kunstneres og forfatteres erindringer og fortællinger. Vi har besøgt en af de få kvinder, der var stamgæst på værtshusene, forfatteren Maria Marcus. Hun kom på værtshuset Tokanten fra midten af 40'erne: "Jeg kom der så tidligt som i 1945-46. Folk kom på Tokanten for at slappe af fra det, de nu ellers lavede. Og hovedparten var kunstnere, men der var også halvkunstnere, arkitekter, journalister og jurister. Miljøet var meget, meget livligt. Og der var gang i den, simpelthen. Der blev drukket, kurtiseret og lagt op til rigtig meget bolleri. Men der var jo stadig ar efter besættelsen - folk, der var kommet tilbage fra kz-lejre, og folk, der havde været i behandling hos tyskerne - og det lagde ligesom en grundtone: Hvor er vi henne med det hele? Der herskede en vis rådvildhed, og 'Hvad skal vi med kunsten?'"

TOKANTEN

Tokanten var et værtshus, der lå på hjørnet af Rådhusstræde og Kompagnistræde i det indre København. Stedet havde sit navn efter de specielle 'tokantede' borde – det vil sige halvmåneformede – som folk sad tæt omkring. "I de første år var Niels Drechsel restauratør, men han fik hjælp af Bamse Kragh-Jacobsen," oplyses det i Ole "Bas" Christensens beretning om værtshusmiljøet i Minefeltet, og videre: "I begyndelsen var der maleriudstilling i lokalet ud mod Kompagnistræde og værtshus imod Rådhusstræde, men da værtshuset hurtigt gik ret godt, stillede man et billard ind i kunstlokalet, og så blev det hele til værtshus. Tokanten havde været tilholdssted bl.a. for de unge Cobramalere." Det særlige ved Tokanten var, ud over klientellet, den særlige indretning og stemning. "Der var jo altså udsmykket på den mest vidunderlige måde - med paraplyer, der hang ned fra loftet, og et billede af Louis Armstrong i badekarret, og Albert Mertz havde et kæmpebillede. Og der hang alle mulige kringler og barberskilte ned fra loftet. Der var en meget uhøjtidelig og antiseriøs stemning. Og så sad Bamse og spillede på klaveret, og så var der jo nogle, der dansede," beretter Maria Marcus. "Jeg kom der nogle gange alene; andre gange var vi nogle piger, der gik i byen, når vi var færdige på universitetet. Så startede vi på Det Lille Apotek, fortsatte på Tokanten og måske videre på Lauritz Betjent. Vi kom der mest for at finde en at gå hjem med - måske ligefrem finde en kæreste. På Tokanten var der flest mænd, og de var ældre end os. Og derfor var vi også attraktive. Det var bestemt ikke noget, jeg fortalte derhjemme, for sådan noget gjorde en pæn pige ikke. Men jeg husker det som en meget spændende tid, det der værtshusliv."

MINEFELTET

Minefeltet spredte sig i 1920'erne fra gamle landemærker som Hviid's Vinstue og Skindbuksen på Kongens Nytorv ned i kvarteret omkring Nikolaj Kirke, det såkaldte mayonnaisekvarter. Her var den legendariske Café Nick omdrejningspunkt - et tilholdssted for blandt andre Tom Kristensen i hans 'Hærværks-periode'. Mayonnaisekvarteret strakte sig ned til Gammel Strand og Lauritz Betjent. Da det gik højest for kvarteret, var der endda en smugkro i tårnet på Nikolaj Kirke, som efter sigende måtte stoppe, fordi der blev ved med at falde ølkapsler ned i urværket. Dette beskrives alt sammen i en meget underholdende samling af værtshushistorier, Minefeltet: Bohemernes København (1969). I den umiddelbare efterkrigstid forgrenede Minefeltet sig ud og fik et nyt centrum i kvarteret omkring Vandkunsten, Rådhusstræde, Kompagnistræde og Nytorv. Det er perioden, Maria Marcus beskriver, hvor hun begyndte at gå på værtshus på Tokanten. Som Marcus bemærker, lå denne nye forgrening af Minefeltet belejligt tæt på Københavns Universitet, hvor man ganske vist gik til forelæsninger, men også sad i Frokoststuen, en slags værtshus inden i institutionen, hvor udflugter videre ud i Minefeltet kunne begynde. Et lignende eksempel på en institutionel pendant til Minefeltets værtshuse var Politikens kantine. Med mere eller mindre døgnåben, for ikke at nævne fuld licens, udgjorde denne kantine nok ikke så meget første stop som sidste for skrivende folk som journalist og tennisspiller Torben Ulrich, pianisten, kritikeren og bohemen Jurij Moskvitin, forfatteren Henrik Stangerup og deslige. Men ellers får man det indtryk, at man i første omgang mødtes på værtshusene for at drikke, i anden omgang for at diskutere, og hvis maven krævede det, kunne man også få et stykke mad eller et varmt måltid: "Jeg vil sige, at vi ikke spiste så meget. Hvis man kom sent på eftermiddagen, så var der nogle, der sad og spiste, men det var sådan helt uformelt. Og folk sad jo

Folk omkring de halvmåneformede borde på Tokanten. Foto fra Henne hos Carl & Herluf.

Maria Marcus på/at Drop Inn
med/with sangerinden/singer
Birgit Brüel

meget tæt omkring de der specielle tokantede borde, og det var jo også det, der var hyggeligt. Og ellers drak man øl. Vin, det var ikke opfundet. Og hvis det skulle være stærkere, så var det enten guldøl eller snaps. Og måske, hvis det var meget raffineret, så en bitter," fortæller Maria Marcus.

SALONTONEN OG STAMBORDET
Fra begyndelsen af 50'erne var tjenerne Carl og Herluf et samlingspunkt i værtshusscenen i kvarteret omkring Vandkunsten, Kompagnistræde, Rådhusstræde og Nytorv. Først på Tokanten, derefter på Galatheakroen, så på Café Nytorv, Kontoret og Drop Inn indtil 1961, hvor de gik hver til sit, og Herluf overtog ejerskabet af Jazzhus Montmartre, som han efterfølgende kørte med stor kunstnerisk - om ikke økonomisk - succes de næste 13 år: "I en atmosfære af efterkrigstid med krig og besættelse i frisk erindring, under den kolde krigs atomtrussel og midt i en hed debat om NATO eller fredsbevægelse skabte Carl og Herluf omkring sig et usynligt, ikke nærmere afgrænset reservat for fri diskussion og værtshushygge," skriver Bas Christiansen. Den frie diskussion omkring især stambordet på de respektive værtshuse omhandlede især kulturpolitikken. Dette har man kunnet more sig over i beskrivelserne af det vilde liv i Minefeltet i bl.a. Jurij Moskvitins biografi om Henrik Stangerup, hvor man får en indsigt i de herrers måde at te sig på og diskutere højrøstet. Blandt andet er der en beskrivelse af, hvordan Henrik Stangerup af bar arrigskab og indignation en dag går over og smider en tallerken varm mad i hovedet på Klaus Heerfordt på Drop Inn, efter at sidstnævnte flere gange har antydet hen over bordene, at Henrik har 'snablen i statskassen' - et udtryk opfundet af Victor Andreasen i Ekstra Bladet efter oprettelsen af Statens Kunstfond. Og i en kommende erindringsbog af komponisten Ilja Bergh står der: "Så godt som hver aften startede ved stambordet på Drop Inn, hvor geniernes hårde kerne bestående af Jurij Moskvitin, Klaus Heerfordt, jeg selv o.a. diskuterede og planlagde det store kulturfremstød i Danmark."

Dette stambord husker Maria Marcus, og dér satte hun sig aldrig: "Der var et tidspunkt, hvor Drop Inn stadig var et sjovt sted, og hvor de alle sammen kom. Også ham der Jurij Moskvitin. Og de sad ved et stambord, som jeg aldrig havde lyst til at sidde ved, fordi de råbte for højt. Det var ligesom en dårlig udgave af Tokanten. Men det var der, man kom, så Tokanten må have lukket. Men jeg syntes, at de var frygtelig irriterende at høre på, så jeg holdt mig væk fra stambordet. De var ubehagelige, faktisk, og arrogante."

KUNSTDISKUSSIONERNE
De kulturpolitiske diskussioner, som bl.a. Moskvitin og Bergh refererer til i deres bøger, kan Maria Marcus ikke huske, at der var i 40'erne. Hun beskriver, at der var en særlig humanitær følsomhed, der i tiden lige efter krigen gjorde, at man selvfølgelig var kommunist, men at man ikke talte for højt om hverken politik eller kunst: "Det sjove er, når jeg tænker på, det var alle kunstnerne, der var der, men snakkede de om kunst? Det er jeg ikke sikker på. Bølgerne gik jo højt mange gange, men jeg er ikke sikker på, at det var kunst, de snakkede om. De kunstdiskussioner, som jeg husker bedst, det var, om man skulle holde med de abstrakte, som lod følelserne dirigere penslen, Asger Jorn og Cobra på den ene side, og så de nonfigurative på den anden side med Richard Mortensen og Robert Jacobsen. Men jeg husker ikke, at det var kunstdiskussioner, der fyldte mest på værtshusene. Det foregik mere - sådan som jeg husker det - når man samledes privat."

Ikke desto mindre har mange væsentlige kunstnere haft deres gang på disse værtshuse, og de særlige rammer, som de udgjorde omkring det sociale liv og den særlige indretning, har tydeligvis indvirket på og påvirket de respektive gæster på mere end deres alkoholprocenter. Bas Christiansen skriver om indretning af Tokanten: "Der var vidunderlige malerier og plakater - det var, før man regnede plakater for kunst - af kendte og ukendte kunstnere. Loftet var tapetseret med aviser og plakater. Det var også noget nyt dengang med en ophængt forgyldt gine i loftet, en rødlakeret støvle, et fuglebur, en grønmalet cykel og skelettet af et menneske. Meningsløse kulørte lamper i lange kæder beregnet til havefester, lys der glimtede og skiftede farve, og flasker, skåle, glas og beholdere indviklet forbundet med hinanden med plasticrør og sære ting udstillet i glasmontrer - et rodsammen, dag for dag bearbejdet af Bamse og vennerne i en stil som han fuldendte til sublim nonsens mange år senere i Jazzrestauranten Vingården på Nikolaj Plads og i Bamses anden jazzrestaurant Chr. d. IX i Chr. d. IXs Gade ved Gothersgade ned mod Kgs. Nytorv. Så storslået et raritetskabinet og samling af al slags kunst og kluns, festligt og meget tankevækkende som kommentar til, hvordan vi i grunden indretter os."

På den måde udgør Tokanten også en parallel til Bamse Kragh-Jacobsens ven og kollega Paul Gadegaard, som også kom på værtshuset. Mellem 1952 og 1962 var Paul Gadegaard fastansat på Angli Skjortefabrik i Herning, hvor han lavede totaludsmykninger, som kulminerede med fabrikkens nye bygning fra 1956, der med sin opløsning af normal rumfornemmelse i forskudte geometriske farveflader ifølge Gadegaard selv var verdens største socialrealistiske maleri. Måske med inspiration fra Tokanten syntes Gadegaard, at det æstetisk udfordrende arbejdsmiljø skulle fuldendes med afspilning af eksperimentaljazz for fuld volumen, men der stod de vestjyske syersker altså af. Hvorvidt Tokanten var en direkte inspiration for Angli eller ej, er svært at sige. Derimod er det helt sikkert, at det samkvem mellem billedkunstnere og arkitekter, som specielt Tokanten og de andre kunstnerværtshuse i Minefeltet dannede ramme om, var af afgørende betydning i perioden. Ikke kun for konkretisterne i 50'erne, såsom Gadegaard og Gunnar Aagaard Andersen, der også gik på værtshus i området og også - for at det ikke skal være løgn - totalindrettede en tekstilfabrik i Herning, nemlig Egetæpper, i 1961. Men krydsfeltet mellem kunst og arkitektur havde sådan set været lige så afgørende for den modsatte fløj tilbage fra 40'ernes diskussion, nemlig 'de abstrakte', Cobra-kunstnerne, der ligeledes kom på Tokanten, da de var aktive mellem 1948 og 1951. Hovedeksemplet i Cobras flirt med arkitekturen var, da gruppen lånte de arkitektstuderendes feriehytte, Bregnerødhytten, og som tak malede hele indersiden om til et fantastisk mytisk fantasiunivers. Kulturpolitikken var altså et centralt emne i diskussionen på Minefeltets værtshuse. Kunstens rolle i samfundet blev i perioden i høj grad set i forhold til den gennemgribende renovation af boligmassen i de sene 40'ere og i 50'erne. Kunstnerne så arkitekterne tage en vigtig rolle i opbygningen af det moderne samfund og ville gerne være med i det projekt, hvilket altså ledte til både samarbejder og konfrontationer. Forholdet mellem kunstnere og arkitekter i 1950'erne har således givetvis været brændstof for mangt et værtshusskænderi, inden det ledte til oprettelsen af et dansk kulturministerium i 1961. [NH/MKT]

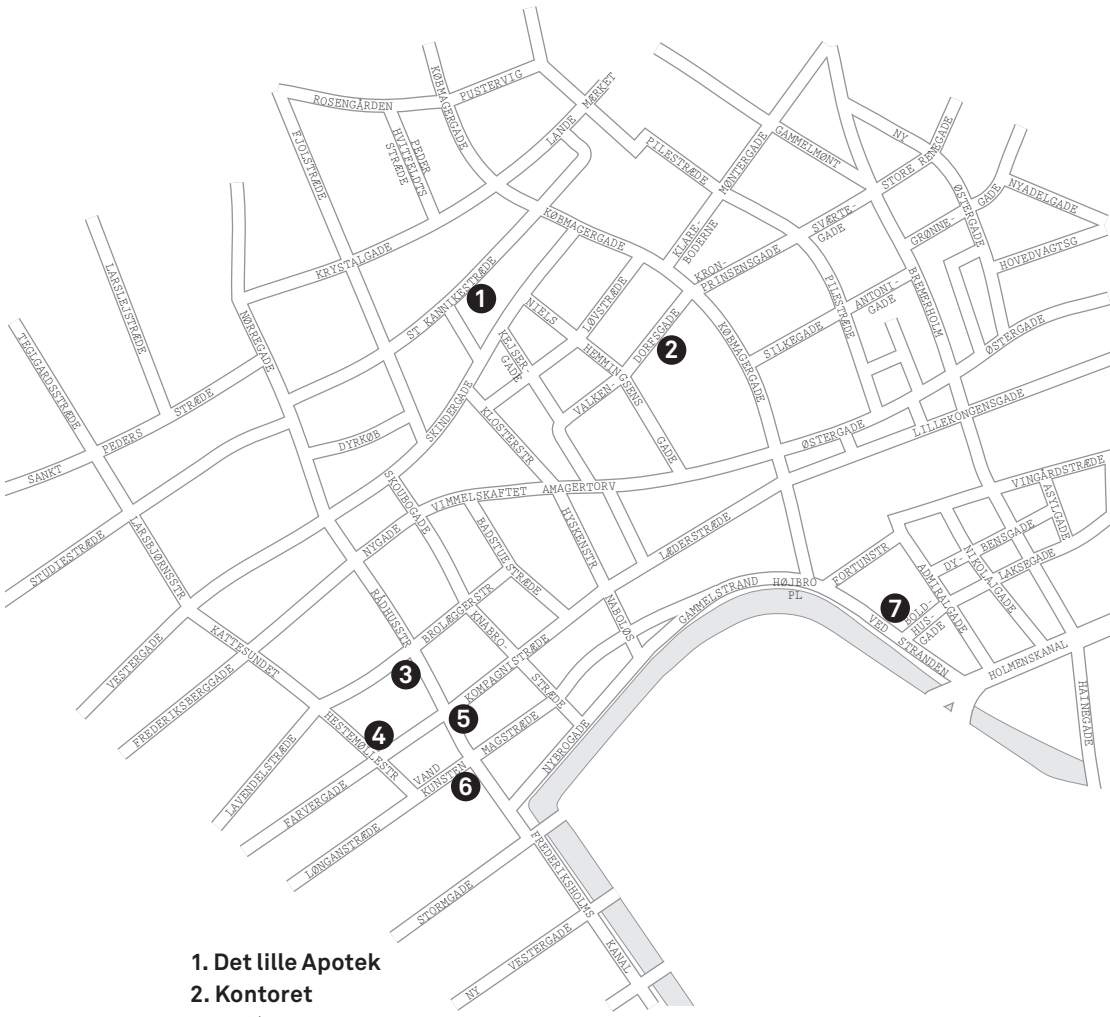
KILDER:
Ilja Bergh: En egocentrikers ekskapader. Bianco Luno, (publication date to be announced)
Maria Marcus: Med krop og sjæl - kvinde i min tid. Tiderne Skifter, 2002.
Jurij Moskvitin: Du må ikke sjuske med dit liv. Bianco Luno, 2008
Ole "Bas" Christiansen: Henne hos Carl og Herluf, Vindrose 1994

Niels Henriksen & Maria Kjær Themsen

...

The Minefield

It was known as 'the Minefield'. The area of bars in the heart of Copenhagen which, from the interwar period onwards, became a rallying point for the artists and writers of the time – and for many other colourful characters and drunkards. At these bars, social life became an integrated part of cultural and political debates.



1. Det lille Apotek
2. Kontoret
3. Café Nytorv
4. Drop Inn
5. Galatheakroen
6. Tokanten
7. Laurits Betjent

UK

The Minefield has been mentioned, described, and vividly brought to life in the memoirs and tales of many artists and writers. We have visited one of the few women who was a regular at those bars: the writer Maria Marcus. She frequented the bar known as Tokanten from the mid-1940s onwards: "I first began to go there as far back as 1945-46. People went to Tokanten to relax and unwind from their everyday lives. Most of them were artists, but there were also semi-artists, architects, journalists, and solicitors. The scene was very, very lively. People would drink, court each other, and solicit a whole lot of fucking. But of course the scars from the war and occupation years were still keenly felt - there were people who had returned from concentration camps and people who had been worked over by the Germans - and that affected the basic tenor of things: Where are we at? With everything? A certain confusion reigned; a sense of 'what do we do with the arts?'"

TOKANTEN
Tokanten, literally 'Two-Corner', was a bar located on the corner of Rådhusstræde and Kompagnistræde in inner-city Copenhagen. The place got its name from the special 'two-cornered' tables - which were a demi-lune shape - around which people crowded. "During the first years Niels Drechsel was the landlord, but he was assisted by 'Bamse' Kragh Jacobsen," states Ole 'Bas' Christensen in his narrative about the bar scene in the Minefield, and he continues: "In the beginning paintings were exhibited in the room facing Kompagnistræde while the bar area faced Rådhusstræde, but when the bar became pretty successful quite quickly, a pool table was placed inside the exhibition space and then it

Kunstnergruppen Linien II's udstilling på Tokanten, da Tokanten også var udstillingssted. På biledet ser man Ib Geertsen, Richard Winther, Niels Macholm og "Bamse" Kragh-Jacobsen stillet op i udstillingen. De tre af dem med høj hat på og Richard Winther med en streng af tøjbøjler hængende om halsen. / From an exhibition by the artistgroup Linien II at Tokanten, when Tokanten was also an exhibition space. In the picture are Ib Geertsen, Richard Winther, Niels Macholm and "Bamse" Kragh-Jacobsen. The three of them with tophats and one with a string of hangers round his neck. Foto/Photo: Vittus Nielsen/Scanpix

Tokanten interieur/interior.
Foto/Photo: Klaus Møller

Pianist Klaus Heerfordt og ukendt kvinde /
Pianist Klaus Heerfordt and unknown woman

Jurij Moskvitin, pianist, komponist, filosof
og matematiker / pianist, composer, philospher,
and mathematician.

all became a bar. Tokanten was a favourite haunt of e.g. the young Cobra painters." The unique properties of Tokanten, besides its clientele, concerned its special décor and atmosphere. "It was decorated in the most wonderful fashion - it had umbrellas hanging from the ceiling and pictures of Louis Armstrong in the tub, and Albert Mertz had a giant picture ther. And all sorts of barber's signs and baker's signs were hanging from the ceiling. A very down-to-earth, anti-serious atmosphere pervaded the place. And Bamse (literally 'Teddy Bear') would play the piano, and some people would dance," relates Maria Marcus "I would sometimes go alone, and sometimes we were a group of girls who would go out when we had finished up at the University. We would begin our pub crawl at Det Lille Apotek ('The Little Pharmacy'), go on to Tokanten, and perhaps move on to Lauritz Betjent. We mainly went to find someone to go home with - perhaps even to find a boyfriend. Tokanten had the most men, and they were older than us. So we were attractive to them. I certainly did not speak about this back home, for good girls were not supposed to do such things. But I remember the whole bar scene as a very exciting time."

THE MINEFIELD

During the 1920s, the Minefield spread out from well-established landmarks such as Hviid's Vinstue and Skindbuksen on Kongens Nytorv down to the neighbourhood around Nikolaj Church, the so-called 'mayonnaise neighbourhood', nicknamed after the seafood-related names of many of the historic streets in the area. Here, the legendary Café Nick was the main beacon, a haunt of e.g. the writer Tom Kristensen around the time when he wrote Havoc (Hærværk). The mayonnaise neighbourhood extended down to Gammel Strand and Lauritz Betjent. When things were at their liveliest in the area, there was even a speakeasy in the tower of Nikolaj Church; it is said that it had to close because bottle tops kept falling down into the clockworks. All this is described in a highly entertaining collection of bar stories published as Minefeltet: Bohemernes København (The Minefield: Bohemian Copenhagen) (1969). In the years immediately following World War II the Minefield branched out further, acquiring a new nexus in the neighbourhood around Vandkunsten, Rådhusstræde, Kompagnistræde, and Nytorv. This is the period described by Maria Marcus; the time when she began frequenting bars such as Tokanten. As Marcus notes, this new offshoot of the Minefield was conveniently located close to the University of Copenhagen, where people would certainly attend lectures, but would also spend time in Frokoststuen ('The Lunch Room'), a kind of bar inside the institution and a springboard for excursions further out into the Minefield. A similar example of an institutional counterpart to the Minefield bar scene would be canteen of the newspaper Politiken. More or less open at all hours of the day, and of course fully licensed to serve alcohol, this canteen was probably mainly used as a last stop rather than as a first, attracting pen-wielding people such as the journalist and tennis player Torben Ulrich, the pianist, critic, and bohemian Jurij Moskvitin, the writer Henrik Stangerup, and the like. Other than that, you get the impression that people would come to the bars to drink, to debate, and - if hunger demanded its due - to have a sandwich or a hot meal. "I would say that we did not eat much. If you arrived in the late afternoon some would be eating, but it was all very informal. And people would be crowded around those special two-corner tables; that helped create the cosy atmosphere. People would drink beer. Wine hadn't entered the picture. If you wanted something stronger, you would drink strong beer or aquavit. Perhaps, if you were very refined, you would have a bitter," relates Maria Marcus.

RANTS AND REGULARS

From the early 1950s onwards the bartenders and landlords Carl and Herluf were staples of the bar scene in the area around Vandkunsten, Kompagnistræde, Rådhusstræde, and Nytorv. First at Tokanten, then at Galatheakroen, and then at Café Nytorv, Kontoret, and Drop Inn until 1961, when they parted

ways. Herluf assumed ownership of Jazzhus Montmartre, a jazz bar that he would operate with great artistic - if not financial - success for the next 13 years: "In a post-war atmosphere where memories of war and occupation were still vivid, with Cold War shadows of nuclear war looming, and in the midst of heated discussions about NATO versus peace movements, Carl and Herluf would establish an invisible, not clearly demarcated space of sanctuary where people were free to discuss matters and relax comfortably," says Bas Christiansen. Discussions - particularly those held around the regulars' table - at the various bars were much concerned with cultural politics. Today, we can divert ourselves with descriptions of the heated goings-on in the Minefield in books such as Jurij Moskvitin's biography about Henrik Stangerup, which provides insight into how the gentlemen involved would act out and debate vociferously and with considerable heat. The book includes an account of how Henrik Stangerup, fuelled by sheer anger and indignation, once stepped over to chuck a plateful of hot food in the face of Klaus Heerfordt at Drop Inn; the latter had made several insinuations to the effect that Henrik had his 'snout in the State Purse' - a phrase made popular by Victor Andreasen in Ekstra Bladet after the Danish Arts Foundation was established. An upcoming memoir by the composer Ilja Bergh states: "Practically every night began at the regulars' table at Drop Inn, where the inner circle of geniuses - comprising Jurij Moskvitin, Klaus Heerfordt, Ilja Bergh... and others - would discuss and plan the upcoming great cultural surge in Denmark."

Maria Marcus remembers that regulars' table, and she never sat there: "There was a time when Drop Inn was still a fun place and a place where everyone went. Including that Jurij Moskvitin guy. And they would sit at a regulars' table where I never wanted to sit because they were shouting so very loud. It was like a bad version of Tokanten. But this was where people came, so Tokanten must have closed down by then. But I thought that the people at the regulars' table were terribly annoying, so I gave them a wide berth. They were downright unpleasant, actually, and arrogant to boot."

ART DEBATES

Maria Marcus has no memory of the debates on cultural politics described by e.g. Moskvitin and Bergh. She states that the 1940s were possessed of a particular humanitarian sensibility which meant that in the post-war years one would be a communist as a matter of course, but there was not a lot of loud talk about politics or art: "Thinking back, the funny thing is that there were all these artists here, but did they talk about art? I am not sure they did. Emotions ran pretty high time and time again, but I am not sure that they were talking about art. The art-related discussions I remember the most had to do with whether you should side with the abstract crowd - those who let their emotions direct their brushwork, like Asger Jorn and Cobra - or with the non-figurative crowd, Richard Mortensen and Robert Jacobsen and so on. But I do not remember art-related discussions being very prominently featured at the bars. As I recall, such talks tended to take place in private gatherings."

Nevertheless, many important artists have frequented these bars, and the unique setting these establishments offered for social interaction - and their special décors - obviously had an influence on the various patrons that reached beyond mere intoxication. Writing about the interior of Tokanten, Bas Christiansen says: "There were wonderful paintings and posters - this was back when posters were not yet regarded as art - by famous and unknown artists. The ceiling was papered in newspaper and posters. Another unprecedented feature was the gilt tailor's dummy suspended from the ceiling alongside a boot varnished a bright red, a birdcage, a bicycle painted green, and a human skeleton. There were pointless brightly coloured lamps on chains, of the kind used for garden parties; flashing lights that changed their hue; bowls, glass, and containers linked by plastic tubes; strange things exhibited in glass display cases - a riotous mess, day by day worked on by Bamse and his friends in a style that he perfected as sublime nonsense many years later in Jazzrestauranten Vingården on Nikolaj Plads and at Bamse's other jazz restaurant, which was called Chr. d. IX and located in Chr. d. IXs Gade by Gothersgade in the direction of Kgs. Nytorv. Such a lush, verdant cabinet of curiosities; such a collection of all kinds of art and bric-a-brac; very festive and a very thought-provoking comment on how we choose to live and decorate our homes."

In this sense Tokanten also constitutes a parallel to Bamse Kragh Jacobsen's friend and fellow artist Paul Gadegaard, who also frequented the bar. Between 1952 and 1962 Paul Gadegaard had regular employment at the Angli shirt factory in Herning, where he created art for the entire complex. The project reached its acme with the factory's new building from 1956, which dissolved habitual perceptions of space by means of displaced geometric planes of colour, thereby creating what Gadegaard himself termed the world's largest social-realistic painting. Perhaps drawing on inspiration from Tokanten, Gadegaard believed that the aesthetically pioneering working environment should be rounded off by having experimental jazz played at full blast, but the seamstresses of West Jutland put their foot down at that. We cannot say for sure whether Tokanten was a direct source of inspiration for the work at Angli. What is certain is that the social interaction between artists and architects at Tokanten and the other artist's bars in the Minefield had a crucial impact. Not just for the Concretists of the 1950s such as Gadegaard and Gunnar Aagaard Andersen, who also frequented bars in the area and who also - incredible though it may seem - created a total interior for a textile factory in Herning (Ege Tæpper, 1961). The realms where art and architecture meet had, in fact, been equally crucial for the opposite camp of the 1940s debates, i.e. 'the abstract' crowd, the Cobra artists who also frequented Tokanten during their active period between 1948 and 1951. The pre-eminent example of how Cobra dallied with architecture was the time when the group borrowed the holiday cabin owned by the students of the School of Architecture, known as Bregnerødhytten, and thanked them by painting the entire interior of the cabin to create a fantastic, mythical imaginary universe. Cultural politics was, then, a central topic in discussions at the Minefield bars. During this period, art's role in society was very much viewed in terms of the comprehensive renovations of Denmark's housing stock in the late 1940s and 1950s. The artists saw that architects played an important part in building modern society and wanted to be part of that project; an ambition that lead to co-operation and confrontation alike. Indeed, the relationship between artists and architects in the 1950s has undoubtedly fuelled many a fiery bar discussion before it led to the creation of a Danish Ministry of Culture in 1961. [NH/MKT]

SOURCES:
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Maria Marcus: Med krop og sjæl - kvinde i min tid. Tiderne Skifter, 2002.
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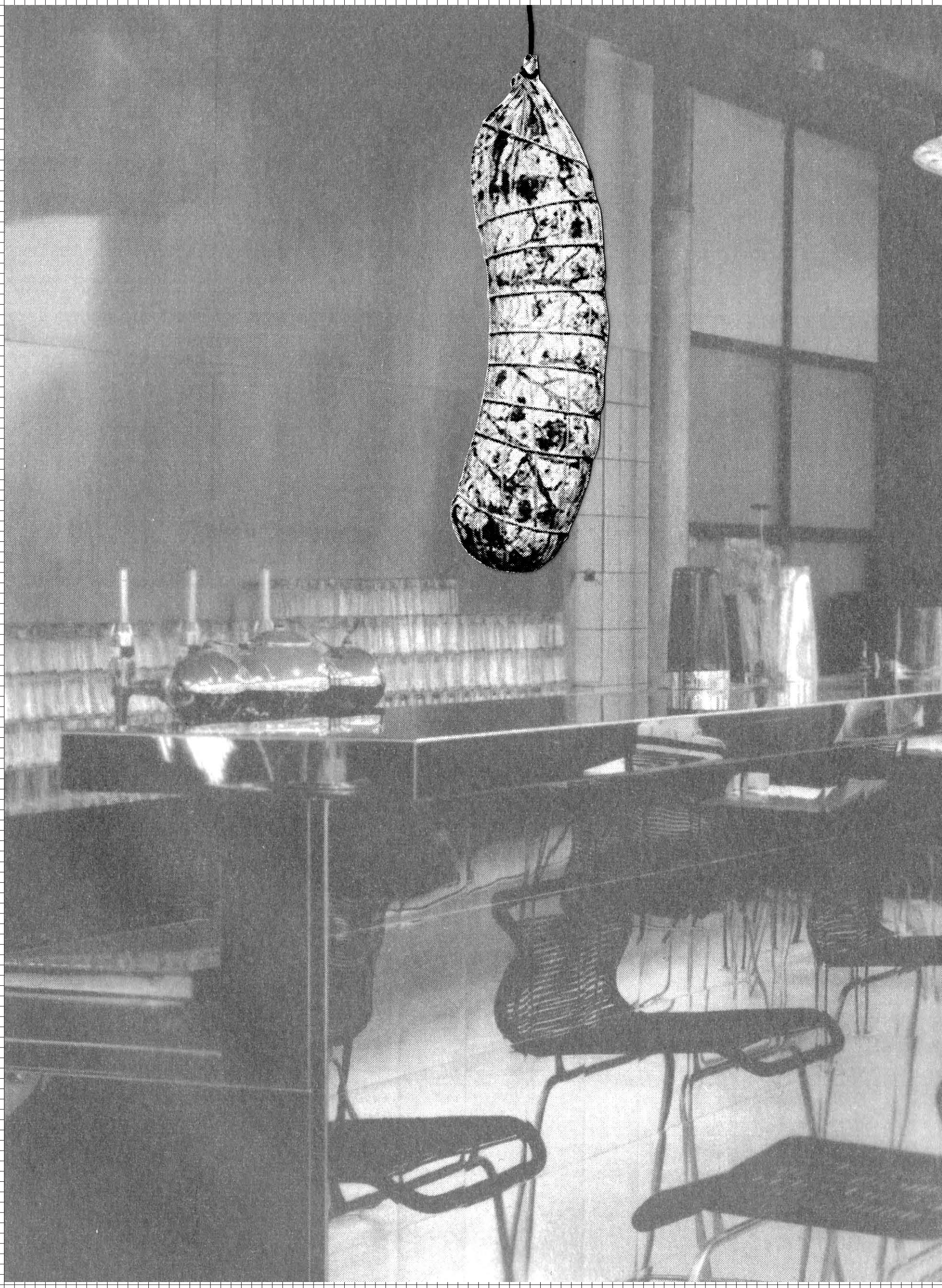
Ilja Berg ved klaveret. Fra en fest på Marienborg Decenter, Møn 1979. / Ilja Berg by the piano. From a Party at Marienborg Decenter, Moen 1979. Foto/Photo: Andreas Hansen



Project for a sixty-five kg sausage
2010

Jon Toke Brestisson

Neuro-Romanen fra *Bildungs*- til *Einbildungsroman?*

DK

Hvis romanen som genre besidder sin centrale position via sit tætte slægtskab med udgravningen af et indre, følelsesregeret - psykologisk - rum i mennesket, og dette rum pludselig kollapser i hormonsekretion og hjernesynapser, hvad gør romanen da? Dette er romanens udfordrede situation i en samtid, hvor "umiddelbare grunde [forklares] i neurokemiske termer og absolutte årsager i evolutionære og arvelæremæssige."

De sidste ord er Marco Roths, som i sin artikel The Rise of The Neuro-Novel i magasinet n+1, november 2009, på én gang identificerede denne trend i den samtidige (anglo-amerikanske) roman og fældede en besk dom over den. Roths pointe er, at det, vi tidligere kaldte den psykologiske eller bevidstheds(be)skrivende roman - den roman, som omhandler menneskesindet og dets længange - har muteret til den neurologiske roman, hvor 'sindet bliver hjernen'. Og sandt er det, at det sidste tiår har bevidnet en lind strøm af romaner, med fortællere som enten beskriver og gennemskuer egen og andres adfærd igennem det neuro-lingo, de mestrer qua deres metier (måske hjernekirurg, måske teoretisk fysiker), eller som beskriver og beskuer en mærkværdiggjort verden gennem det mærkværdiggjorte sprog, de er henvist til qua deres diagnose (måske autist, måske lidende af Tourrettes syndrom, måske Capgras', måske paranoid skizofren). Roth bemærker syrligt, at hvor den første type hyldes som eksempel på netop romanens evne til at indoptage ny videnskabelig viden og den anden som eksempel på romanens evne til at fremme empatisk omfavnelse af de anderledes, da blotlægger den første (hardcore) neuro-roman snarere det psykologiske sprogs (og således den psykologiske romans!) begrænsninger i en verden, hvor paradokserne i menneskelig adfærd kan gennemskues, når personligheden klaskes i kødet, og beskrivelsen zoomer ind på sekretafsondring og genkludder, mens den anden (softcore) neuro-roman faktisk på én gang patologiserer og domesticerer det modernistiske projekt. Det modernistiske projekt inddrog landsbytossen som part i den moderne polyfoni, men tillagde en 'normal' fortæller sit mærkværdiggørende sprog, og modernismens trussel lå således i dens løfte om universalitet. Når den softcore neuro-roman så sætter modernismens projekt i landsbytossens mund, mens den understreger diagnosens specificitet, da både sygeliggør og tæmmer den modernismen, en ny omgang *entartete Kunst* opstår, men uden dens tidligere infektiøse karakter.

Hvor romanen tidligere var det fremmeste medie til beskrivelse af *følelsernes opdragelse*, dannelsesromanen den optimale model over mødet mellem selvet og verden, og selvets finden-sig-til-rette-i verden, da stjal sociologerne, økonomerne, religionshistorikerne og fysikerne verden fra romanen i det 20. århundrede, og romanen blev den udforskende model over menneskesindet og menneskets selv. Her i begyndelsen af det 21. århundrede konfronterer neuro-romanen sig selv med, hvorvidt rollen som den privilegerede model af menneskets selv er blevet snuppet af en yngre, mere ærgerrig af slagsen - som går mere op i systemer, billeder og biosnask end fortællinger, ord og følelsespjask.

Skulle man dog kaste lidt sukker efter skarntyden, kunne det påpeges: at hvor romanens virkefelt og privilegerede position af menneskelig hoffortolker vitterlig synes indskrænket og undermineret i vor samtid, og hvorvel det, som filosoffen Peter Sloterdijk har kaldt 'humanismens tykke breve', ikke længere er det primære mediemæssige fællesskab, og hvor vi må se, som sociologen Nikolas Rose påpeger, at beskrivelsen af det menneskelige selv har bevæget sig fra psy-videnskabernes (molære) fokus på stemmen og sproget og dybden til bio-videnskabernes (molekylære) fokus på simulationen og billedet og fladen - og nu kommer sukkeret - da har vi altså også samtidig set en afmontering af syg vs. sund, som den dominerende akse, en menneskets genindfiltring i verden (epigenetikken genindtvinger en opmærksomhed på miljø, det molekylære perspektiv på bevidsthed genfinder denne i såvel dyr som planter), og nok tilstedeværelsen af en ny art fremmedgørelse, men én så menneskelig almen, at den bagatelliserer de enkelte diagnostiske forskelle.

Da The Human Genome Project (Internationalt forskningsprojekt 1990-2003 hvis mål var en komplet kortlægning af menneskets gener, red.) efter endt sekvensering ikke som forventet fremkom med en enkel 'normal' sekvens, et sammensat eller 'konsensusgenom', da faldt underlaget væk under ideen om en definition om normativ sundhed og en (ontologisk) menneskelig balance. I stedet er bioteknologien - båret frem af biokapitalismen - siden gået fra at løfte den syge tilbage i den sundt-balancerede krop til at tilbyde optimering af nærmest samtlige menneskelige ressourcer. Og da *human resources* ikke er underlagt samme begrænsningsretorik som vand eller

Opsummerende introduktioner til de tre citerede romaner
...

Hardcore neuro-roman:
I Ian McEwans roman Saturday fra 2005 følger vi neurokirurgen Henry Perowne en dramatisk lørdag i hans liv. Midt i en konflikt genkender Perowne tydelige tegn på Huntingtons syge hos den unge mand, Baxter, som er på nippet til at slå ham ned, og denne diagnose – da udtalt – standser først overfaldet, for da dog at katalysere en senere gidseltagning af Perownes familie. Perownes bioblik erkender dog 'sandheden' om den unge mands desperate tilstand, og Perowne tager således til slut en 'realistisk' beslutning om ikke at anmelde ham, 'tilgivelse' er her et irrelevant begreb.

Softcore neuro-roman:
I John Wrays roman Lowboy fra 2009 udlægges to spor, det ene følger Lowboy, en ung paranoid skizofren mand, som har gemt sig i New Yorks undergrund, og det andet kriminalbetjent Ali Lateef, der forsøger at finde ham. Spændingen i romanen ligger ikke mindst i den store forskel i sprog og stil, alt efter om vi ser verden fra Lowboys 'perspektiv' eller følger eftersøgningens 'realistiske' spor.

Sød neuro-roman:
I Jeffrey Eugenides' Middlesex fra 2002 sammenflettes en familiefabel over tre generationer og et århundrede af amerikansk historie af et recessivt gens rutsjetur gennem Stephanidesslægten, som endelig ender med at give sig udslag i vor interseksuelle hovedperson Cals, født Calliopes, 5-ARD-pseudohermafroditisme. Calliope opdrages som pige, men ved puberteten sprænger fremkomsten af en spæd stængel såvel Cals kønsidentitet som dannelsesromanens projekt (harmonien mellem individet og dets omgivende miljøs formende forventninger). Romanens genetiske fokus ender dog med at genindlejre Cal i sit slægtstræ og undgår således den udgrænsning, hermafroditten møder i en psykologi og et sprog med to (dikotomiske) køn.

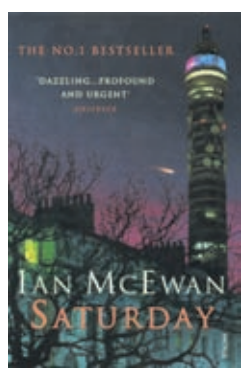
olie, da er horisonten transhumanistisk og definitionen på det menneskelige skørnet. Denne ontologiske vaklen, denne voldsomme fremmedgørelse har da også kastet filosoffer som Jürgen Habermas og Francis Fukuyama i blækhuset i forsøget på at begrænse bioteknologien på baggrund af en humanistisk funderet bioetik.

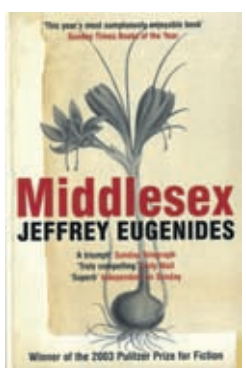
Men - og da vender vi atter snuden mod kunsten - hvorledes skulle dette kunne sødme romanens snarlige død? Her vil jeg til slut bevæge mig ad nogle af de samme linjer som Michael Sayeau i hans spædt optimistiske kommentar til neuro-romanen i Frieze, oktober 2010, for måske skal vi ikke baste og binde romanen så uløseligt til psykologien og dens sprog, men snarere finde den fælles rod for dem begge netop i oplevelsen af fremmedgørelse - i etableringen af en uoverstigelig forskel mellem oplevelsen af og definitionen på at være menneske.

Så ja, romanen har mistet en autoritet og centralitet, den nok ikke genvinder, i det 21. århundredes medierum, og ja, den står som genre overfor et gargantuansk selvopfindelsesarbejde, nu hvor titlen som model for menneskeselvet er sat på auktion, men fremmedgørelse har hidtil været dens føde, så erkender den sin udfordring og sin nye nicheposition, da kunne dette nye biohundrede være gefundenes fressen. Og hvor jeg kun kan bifalde Roths bitre punktering af neuro-romanens selvfedme, da føler jeg mig dog alligevel slikmundet nok til således selv at slutte af med at fremdrage et par søde momenter fra denne forkætrede genre:

Således er Jeffrey Eugenides' Middlesex fra 2002 en slægtsroman om Stephanidesfamilien, som bæres af fortællingen om, hvorledes denne familie kunne frembringe vor hovedperson, Cal, født Calliope, 5-ARD pseudohermafrodit. Og her bliver fortællingen om det recessive gens rutsjetur gennem slægten en indfiltring og inklusiv forståelsesramme for den interseksuelle hovedperson, ikke en udgrænsning, som hermafroditten ellers oplever, strandet midt i sproget og psykologiens grundlæggende kønskløft.

Eller som i Juli Zehs Schilf fra 2008 (dansk: 'Det sidste spørgsmål', engelsk 'Dark Matter'), hvor den fremmedgørende tanke, at vi ikke besidder enhed, men på det atomare niveau konstant blander os med andre, mennesker og objekter, for det meste fremstår ubehagelig for Oskar, den teoretiske fysiker, men bliver direkte frydefuld, når tanken falder på hans bedste ven - og vi kan herfra løfte følgende citat som diktum: "fysikken er for de elskende". Og så bliver neuro-romanen sgu helt neuromantisk. [JTB]





Jon Toke Brestisson

The Neuronovel from Bildungs- to Einbildungsroman?

UK

If the novel as a genre holds its central position by virtue of how it delves into an interior human space, a psychological space governed by emotion, and this space suddenly collapses inward in a flurry of hormone secretions and brain synapses - what, then, should the novel do? This is the challenged position currently occupied by the novel at a time when "proximate causes of mental function [are explained] in terms of neurochemistry, and ultimate causes in terms of evolution and heredity."

The words quoted belong to Marco Roth; in his article Rise of The Neuronovel from the journal n+1, November 2009, he identified this trend within the contemporary (Anglo-American) novel while also proceeding to condemn it in scathing terms. Roth's point is that what was formerly known as the novel of consciousness or the psychological novel - novels that address the human mind and all its nooks and crannies - has mutated into the neurological novel 'wherein the mind becomes the brain'. It is indeed true that the most recent decade has witnessed a steady succession of novels featuring narrators who either describe and see through their own behaviour or the behaviour of others through a neuro-lingo that they have mastered by virtue of their occupation (e.g. brain surgeon or theoretical physicist), or narrators who describe and observe a world-made-odd through a language-made-odd; a language to which they have been condemned due to a specific diagnosis (possibly autism, possibly Tourrette's, possibly Capgras', perhaps paranoid schizophrenia). Roth tersely notes that whereas the first type is celebrated as providing examples of the novel's ability to incorporate new scientific discoveries and the second type is hailed as an example of the novel's ability to promote an all-embracing empathy with the different and Other, the truth may, in fact, be that the first type of neuronovel (hardcore) lays bare the limitations of psychological language (and, by extension, of the psychological novel itself!) in a world where the paradoxes of human behaviour can be easily seen through, when personality is an imprint smacked into a piece of meat and descriptions focus on secretions and genetic mess-ups, whereas the second type of neuronovel (softcore) is in fact pathologising and domesticating the modernist project. The modernist project incorporated the village fool as a bit player in the modern polyphony, but attributed its eerie-making language to a 'normal' narrator; thus, the threat of modernism resided in its promise of universality. So when a softcore neuronovel posits the modernist project in the mouth of the village fool while accentuating the specificity of the diagnosis, it tames and vitiates modernism; a new round of *entartete Kunst* arises, albeit without the infectious nature it formerly possessed.

Whereas the novel was previously the medium of choice for describing the education of emotions, the Bildingsroman being widely accepted as the optimum model for the encounter between the self

and the world and of the self's finding its place in the world, the 20th century saw the sociologists, economists, religious historians, and physicists stealing the world away from the novel, turning the novel into a model for investigating the human mind and the human self. Now, in the early 21st century, the neuronovel confronts itself with the question of whether the role as a privileged model for the human self has been snatched up by a younger, more ambitious model - one that is more preoccupied with systems, images, and bio-goop than with narratives, words, and emotional splashes.

If, however, one wanted to let a little sugar follow this bitter pill, one might point out that whereas the novel's realms and privileged position as prime interpreter of human behaviour certainly seems to have been curtailed and undermined in our day, where what the philosopher Peter Sloterdijk has termed 'the thick letters of humanism' no longer constitute our main media community, and where we see, as has been pointed out by sociologist Nikolas Rose, that descriptions of the human self have moved away from the psy-sciences' (molar) focus on voice and language and depth to the bio-sciences' (molecular) focus on simulation and images and surface, we have also - and this is where the sugar enters the picture - witnessed a defusing of the 'sick versus healthy' opposites as a dominant axis; in a way, this marks humanity's re-involvement and entanglement in the world (epigenetics reintroduce an awareness of environment; the molecular perspective on consciousness finds it in animals and plants, too). We may well have seen the presence of a new kind of alienation, but one which is so universally human that it trivialises individual diagnostic differences.

When The Human Genome Project (an international research project conducted in 1990-2003 with the objective of charting all the genes that make up a human being, ed.) had completed its sequencing and did not, as was expected, come up with a single 'normal' sequence, a composite or 'consensus' genome, this meant that the rug was pulled from under the feet of any notion of a definition of normative health and an (ontological) human balance. Instead biotechnology - borne on a wave of bio-capitalism - has since moved away from lifting sick individuals back into a healthily-balanced body in favour of offering to optimise virtually all human resources. And as human resources are not subjected to the same rhetoric of finite quantities as water or oil, the horizon becomes trans-humanistic and the very definition of the human becomes brittle. This ontological teetering, this violent alienation has propelled philosophers such as Jürgen Habermas and Francis Fukuyama to pick up their pen in attempts at curbing biotechnology on the basis of humanist bioethics.

But - and here we once again turn our noses to the arts - how could this possibly sweeten the imminent death of the novel? In conclusion, I shall move along some of the same lines as Michael Sayeau in his cautiously optimistic comment on the neuronovel in Frieze, October 2010, for perhaps we should not tie down the novel so inextricably to psychology and its language; rather, we should strive to find the common root of both of them in the very experience of alienation - in establishing an insurmountable difference between the experience of - and the definition of - being human.

So yes, in the media space of the 21st century the novel has lost an authority and central position that it is unlikely to regain, and yes, as a genre it faces a gargantuan task of reinvention now that its title as model for the human self has come up for sale; but alienation has been its bread and water so far, so if it recognises its challenges and its new niche position, then this new bio-century might be just the thing for it. And even though I can only applaud Roth's bitter puncturing of the bloated self-absorption of the neuronovel, I nevertheless have enough of a sweet tooth to conclude by point out a few sweet titbits from this much-maligned genre: For example, Jeffrey Eugenides' Middlesex from 2002 is a family saga about the Stephanides, chronicling how this family came to produce our main protagonist Cal, born Calliope, a 5-ARD pseudo-hermaphrodite. Here, the chronicling of the recessive gene's headlong ride through the family becomes an interweaving and inclusive framework for understanding the intersexed main protagonist; not a barrier such as those otherwise experienced by hermaphrodites while stranded in the fundamental gender ravine carved by language and psychology.

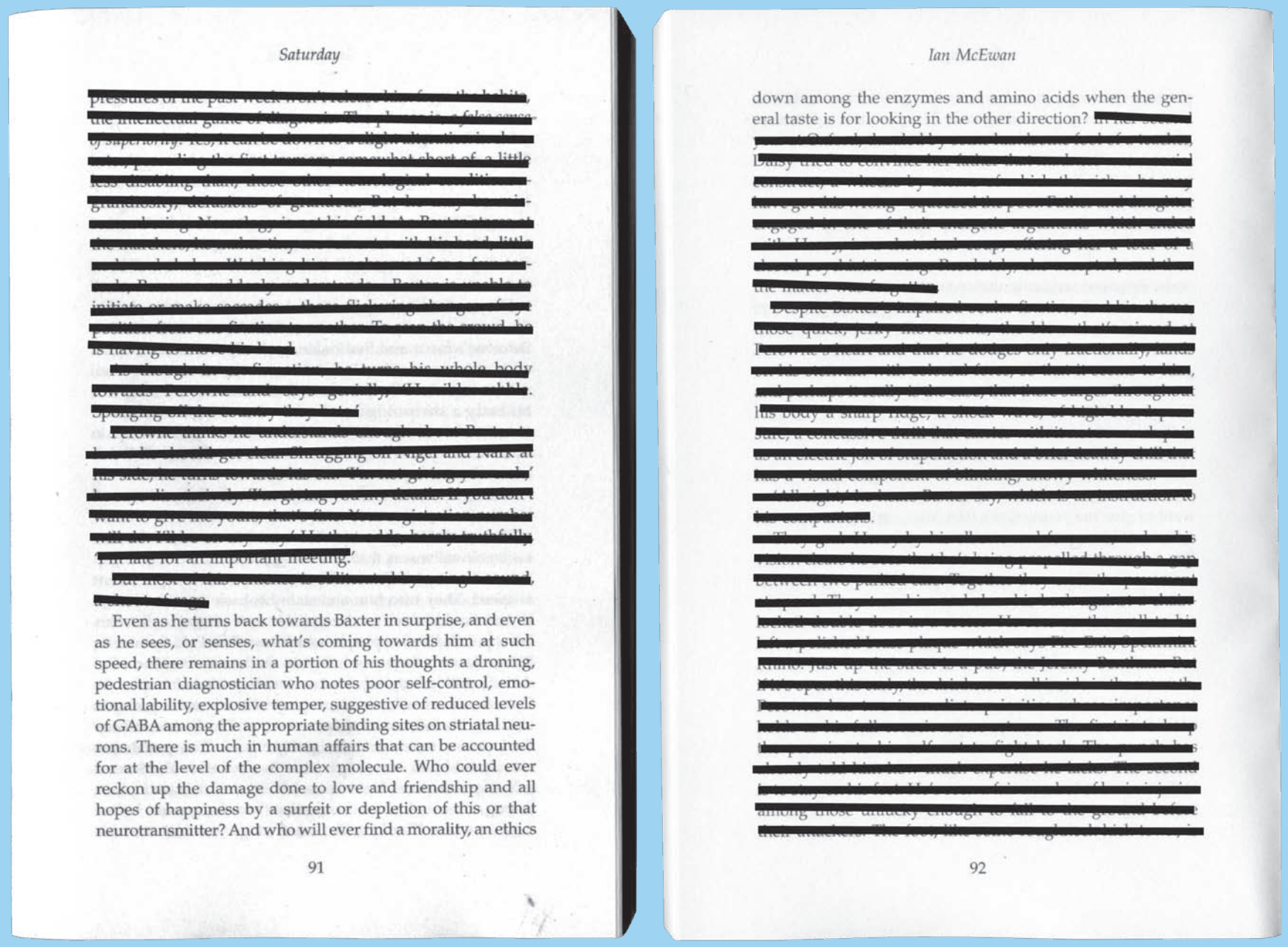
Or Juli Zeh's Schilf from 2008 (English title: 'Dark Matter'), in which the alienating thought that we do not posses a distinct unity, but are constantly merging and mingling with others - people and objects - at an atomic level is mostly regarded as a disturbing concept to Oskar, a theoretical physicist, but it becomes downright pleasurable when he thinks of his best friend - and from there we can lift the following quote as a dictum: "Physics is for lovers." Bloody hell; the neuronovel can go all neuromantic on us. [JTB]

Summarising introductions to the three novels quoted ...

Hardcore neuro-novel:
Ian McEwan's roman Saturday from 2005 follows brains surgeon Henry Perowne on a dramatic Saturday. In the midst of a conflict, Perowne recognises clear signs of Huntington's disease in a young man, Baxter, who is just on the verge of striking him down. When uttered, the diagnosis stops the attack, only to subsequently trigger a hostage situation in which Perowne's family are taken captive. Even thus provoked, Perowne's bio-gaze recognises the 'truth' about the young man's desperate condition, and so Perowne ultimately makes the 'realistic' decision not to sue; here, 'forgiveness' is an irrelevant concept.

Softcore neuro-novel:
John Wray's novel Lowboy from 2009 lays downs two tracks; one charts the progress of Lowboy, a young paranoid schizophrenic who is hiding in the New York underground, while the other follows detective Ali Lateef, who is trying to find him. The tension and thrill of the novel very much resides in the great differences in language and style that apply depending on whether we see the world from Lowboy's 'perspective' or follow the 'realistic' track of the criminal inquiry.

The gentle neuro-novel:
Jeffrey Eugenides' Middlesex from 2002 weaves a tale out of a family saga chronicling three generations and a century of American history as viewed via a recessive gene's journey through Stephanides family, eventually giving rise to the intersex condition of our main protagonist Cal, born Calliope, who has what is known as a 5-alpha-reductase deficiency, a state of pseudo-hermaphroditism. Calliope is brought up as a girl, but at puberty the emergence of a tiny sprout blasts two things out of the water: Cal's gender identity and the *Bildungroman*'s usual project, i.e. a state of harmony between the individual and the (shaping) expectations held by its surroundings. However, the genetic focus applied in the novel ultimately re-embeds Cal in the family tree, thereby avoiding the marginalisation that a hermaphrodite encounters when psychology and language employs two (dichotomic) genders.



Saturday

Even as he turns back towards Baxter in surprise, and even as he sees, or senses, what's coming towards him at such speed, there remains in a portion of his thoughts a droning, pedestrian diagnostician who notes poor self-control, emotional lability, explosive temper, suggestive of reduced levels of GABA among the appropriate binding sites on striatal neurons. There is much in human affairs that can be accounted for at the level of the complex molecule. Who could ever reckon up the damage done to love and friendship and all hopes of happiness by a surfeit or depletion of this or that neurotransmitter? And who will ever find a morality, an ethics

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Ian McEwan

down among the enzymes and amino acids when the general taste is for looking in the other direction?

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Hardcore neuro-novel:
Ian McEwan Saturday

** Vi bringer uddragene med indlagte sorte bokse til minde om de medicinske fotografier, som blokerede patienternes ansigter, så man kunne koncentrere sig om det egentlige - e.g. dobbeltfallossen eller den flotte tumor. / We print these summaries with black bars inserted in an homage to medical photographs, which blotted out the patients' faces so that you could focus on the truly important part - e.g. a double phallus or a handsome tumour.*

[redacted] He speaks into the blaze of Baxter's regard.

'Your father had it. Now you've got it too.'

[redacted] Baxter's expression is hard to judge. He makes a vague, febrile movement with his left hand to restrain his companions. [redacted]

When Baxter speaks at last, his voice is different, cautious perhaps. 'You knew my father?'

'I'm a doctor.'

'Like fuck you are, dressed like that.'

'I'm a doctor. Has someone explained to you what's going to happen? Do you want me to tell you what I think your problem might be?'

[redacted]

The moment of the thrashing is passing and Perowne senses the power passing to him. This fire escape recess is his consulting room. Its mean volume reflects back to him a voice regaining the full timbre of its authority. He says, 'Are you seeing someone about it?'

[redacted]

[redacted]

As the man enters the room, Perowne instantly recognises the clothes; the leather jacket, the woollen watch cap. Those two on the bench were waiting for their chance. A moment before he can recall the name, he recognises the face too, and the peculiarity of gait, the fidgety tremors as he positions himself close, too close, to Rosalind. Rather than shrinking from him, she stands her ground. But she has to turn her head away to find at last the word she has been trying to articulate. She meets her husband's eye.

'Knife,' she says as though to him alone. 'He's got a knife.'

[redacted]

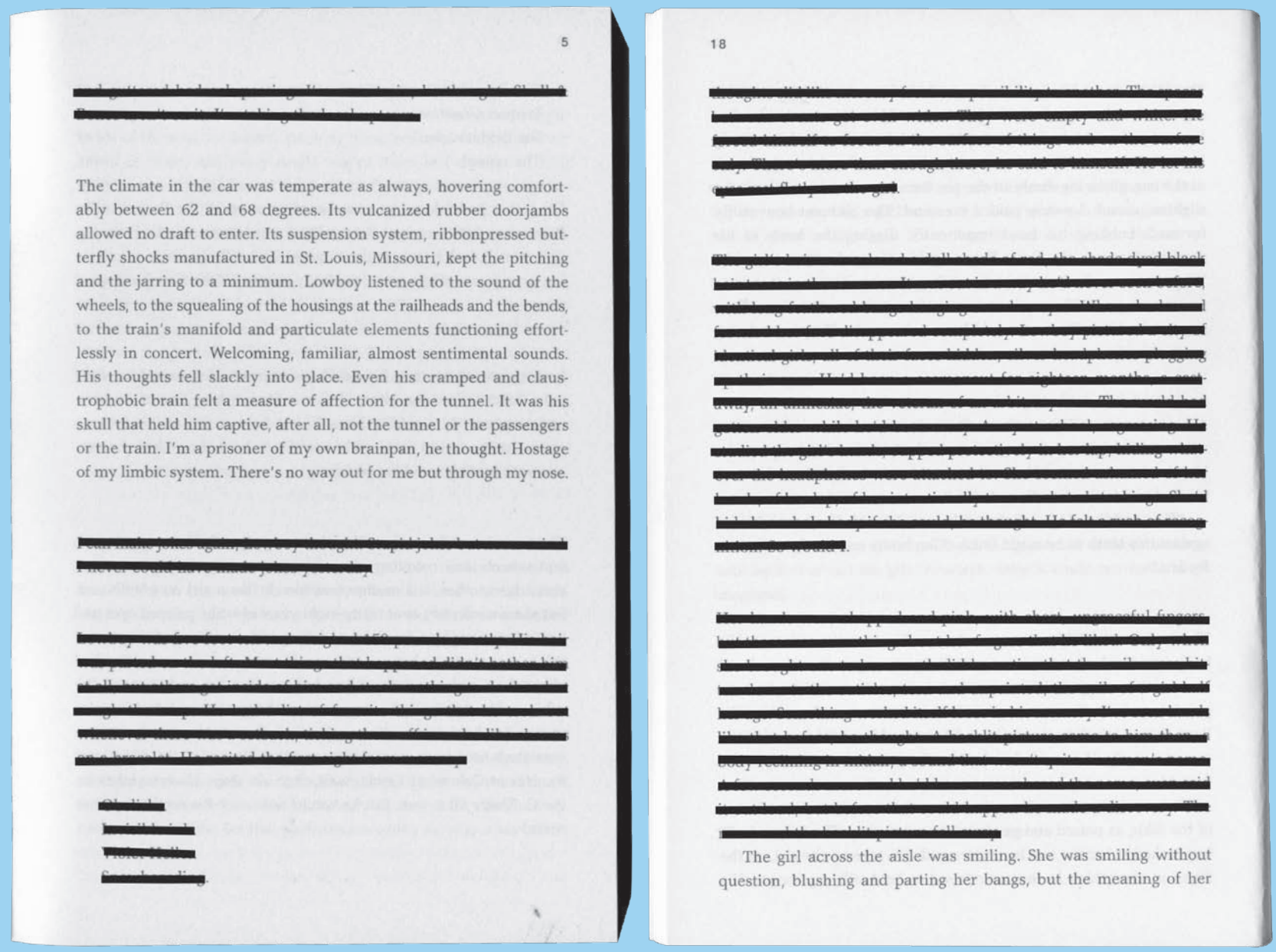
[redacted]. The truth, now demonstrated, is that Baxter is a special case – a man who believes he has no future and is therefore free of consequences. And that's simply the frame. Within it are the unique disturbances, the individual expression of his condition – impulsiveness, poor self-control, paranoia, mood swings, depression balanced by outbursts of temper, some of this, or all of it and more, would have helped him, stirred him, as he reflected on his quarrel with Henry this morning. And it will be driving Baxter on now. There's no obvious intellectual deterioration yet – the emotions go first, along with the physical coordination. Anyone with significantly more than forty CAG repeats in the middle of an obscure gene on chromosome four is obliged to share this fate in their own particular way. *It is written.* No amount of love, drugs, Bible classes or prison sentencing can cure Baxter or shift him from his course. It's spelled out in fragile proteins, but it could be carved in stone, or tempered steel.

[redacted]

[redacted]. He must persuade Rosalind, then the rest of the family, then the police, not to pursue charges. The matter must be dropped. Let them go after the other man. Baxter has a diminishing slice of life worth living, before his descent into nightmare hallucination begins. Henry can get a colleague or two, specialists in the field, to convince the Crown Prosecution Service that by the time it comes round, Baxter will not be fit to stand trial. This may or may not be true. Then the system, the right hospital, must draw him in securely before he does more harm. Henry can make these arrangements, do what he can to make the patient comfortable, somehow. Is this forgiveness? Probably not, he doesn't know, and he's not the one to be granting it anyway. [redacted] But he prefers to believe that it's realism: they'll all be diminished by whipping a man on his way to hell. [redacted]

[redacted] This is his dim, fixed fate, to have one tiny slip, an error of repetition in the codes of his being, in his genotype, the modern variant of a soul, and he must unravel – another certainty Henry sees before him.

[redacted]



Softcore neuro-novel:
John Wray Lowboy

** Vi bringer uddragene med indlagte sorte bokse til minde om de medicinske fotografier, som blokerede patienternes ansigter, så man kunne koncentrere sig om det egentlige - e.g. dobbeltfallossen eller den flotte tumor. / We print these summaries with black bars inserted in an homage to medical photographs, which blotted out the patients' faces so that you could focus on the truly important part - e.g. a double phallus or a handsome tumour.*

smile kept itself hidden. "It's the music," Lowboy murmured to the Sikh. "There's music in those headphones that she likes." But even as the Sikh nodded back—blankly, disaffectedly—Lowboy saw he was wrong. The girl's smile wasn't private; it was unabashed and open. And she was smiling it at nobody but him.

That made Lowboy remember why he'd left the school.

Cautiously, as an experiment, he tried to smile back at the girl. He kept his eyes wide open and made sure to show her his teeth. The strangeness of what he was attempting made the roof of his mouth go numb. There'd been no girls at the school, at least not in his wing, and he hadn't cared about girls before he'd been enrolled. But now he did care about them. Now they made him feel wide awake.

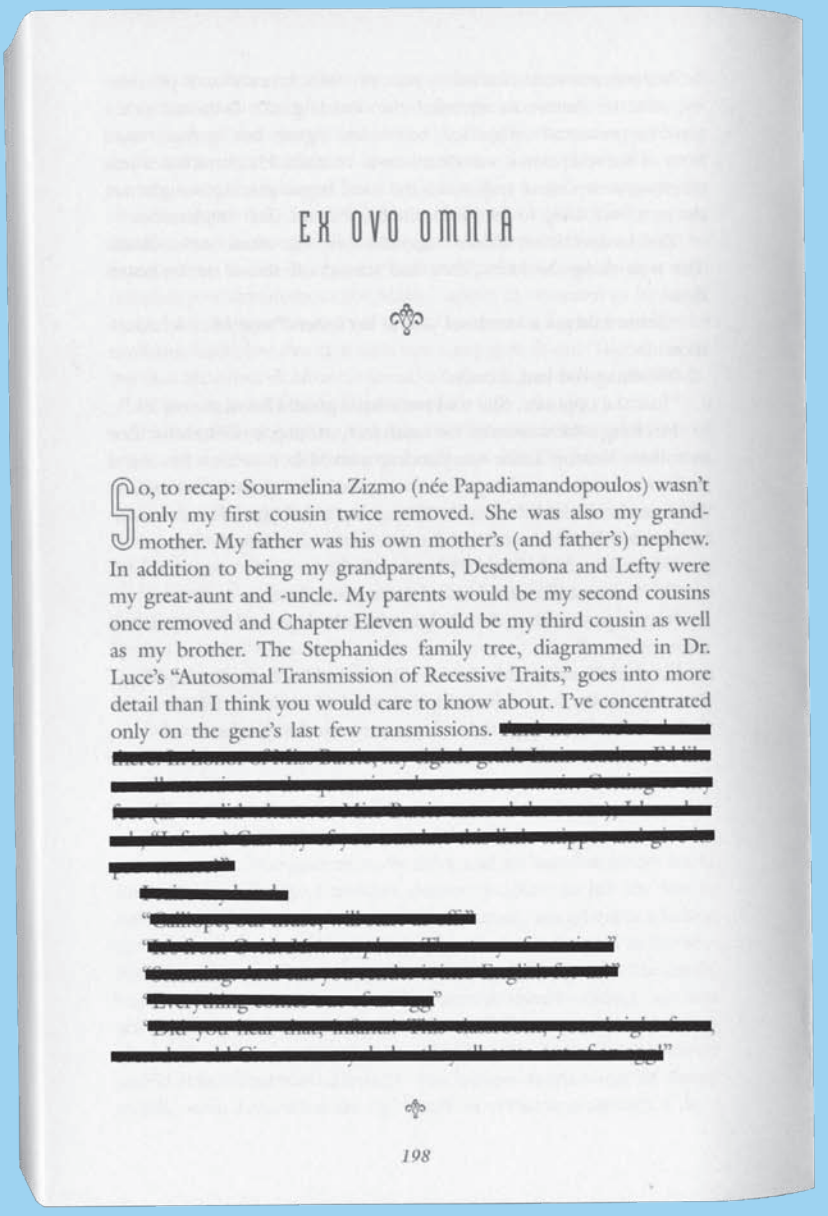
"Don't leer at her that way," said the Sikh.

"I'm not leering," Lowboy said. "I'm being sexy."

"You're frightening her, William."

Lowboy waved at the girl and opened his eyes wider and pointed at his mouth. Her smile went blank and stiffened at its corners and he adjusted his own smile accordingly. The girl jerked her backpack open and tilted her face forward, lowering her bangs like a shutter across a storefront. She gaped down into her backpack like a baby looking into a well.

"Special Category Missing" was Lateef's area of expertise. It wasn't a coveted field, as such: usually the SCM was found dead, in which case Homicide stepped in, or wasn't found at all, and after a demoralizing, fruitless search the bureaucrats in Cold Case took it over. Seventy percent of SCMs went either terminal or cold, but for reasons obscure even to himself Lateef took comfort of a kind in that statistic. He liked the invisibility of Missing work: the invisibility of the SCM, the invisibility of the crime, even the invisibility, to a certain degree, of the investigator himself. If a file went cold—receding silently to a place where, in all probability, its invisibility would become permanent—he never failed to feel a touch of vertigo. The fact that he enjoyed this sensation was something he thought about on certain evenings, sipping Scotch in his patent-leather armchair in the dark. But not very often.



EX OVO OMNIA

So, to recap: Sourmelina Zizmo (née Papadiamandopoulos) wasn't only my first cousin twice removed. She was also my grandmother. My father was his own mother's (and father's) nephew. In addition to being my grandparents, Desdemona and Lefty were my great-aunt and -uncle. My parents would be my second cousins once removed and Chapter Eleven would be my third cousin as well as my brother. The Stephanides family tree, diagrammed in Dr. Luce's "Autosomal Transmission of Recessive Traits," goes into more detail than I think you would care to know about. I've concentrated only on the gene's last few transmissions. [redacted]

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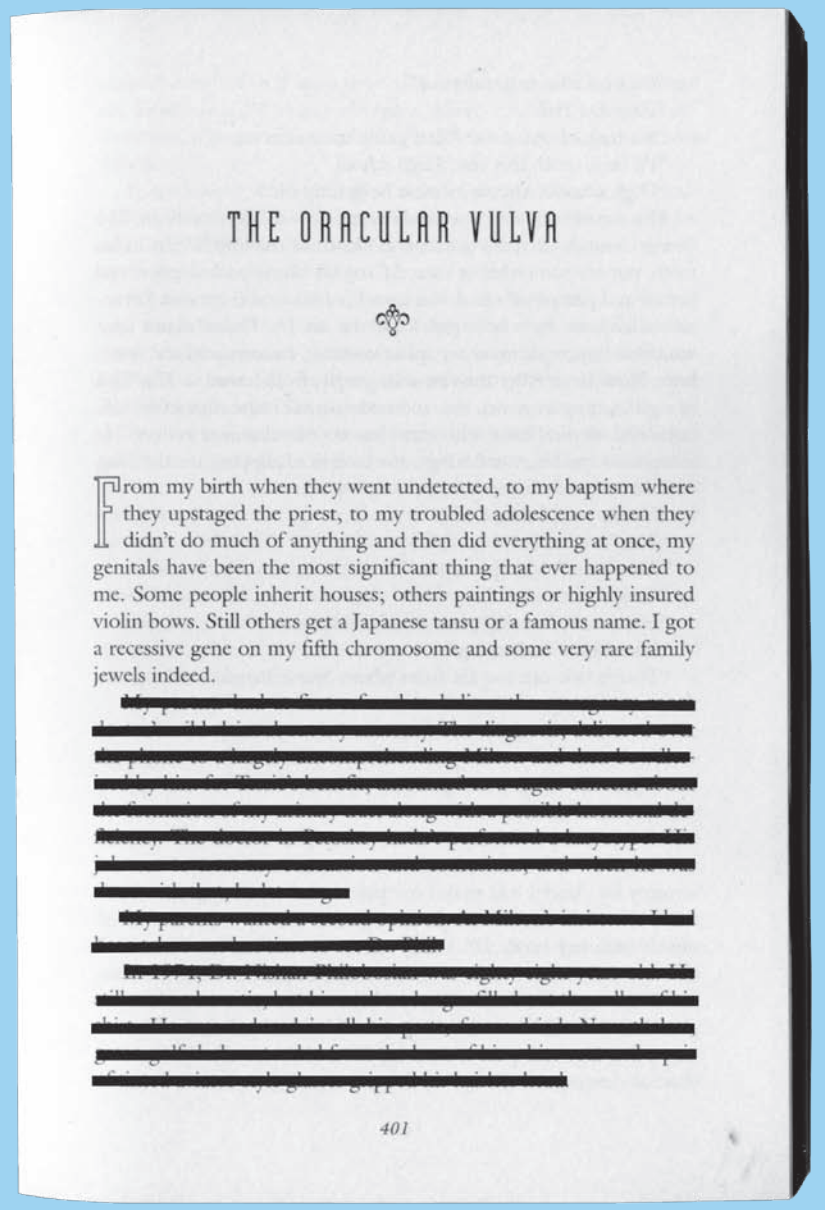
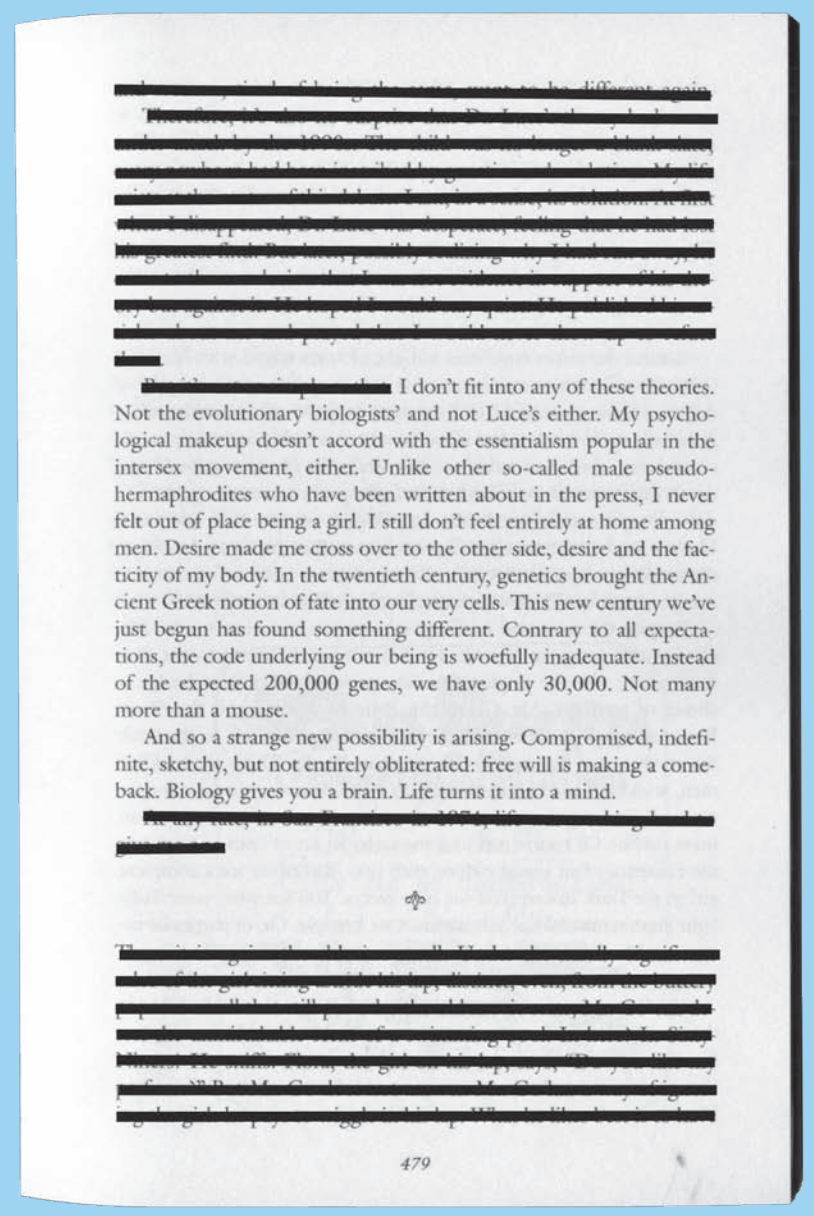


THE ORACULAR VULVA

From my birth when they went undetected, to my baptism where they upstaged the priest, to my troubled adolescence when they didn't do much of anything and then did everything at once, my genitals have been the most significant thing that ever happened to me. Some people inherit houses; others paintings or highly insured violin bows. Still others get a Japanese tansu or a famous name. I got a recessive gene on my fifth chromosome and some very rare family jewels indeed.

[redacted]

401



[redacted] I don't fit into any of these theories. Not the evolutionary biologists' and not Luce's either. My psychological makeup doesn't accord with the essentialism popular in the intersex movement, either. Unlike other so-called male pseudohermaphrodites who have been written about in the press, I never felt out of place being a girl. I still don't feel entirely at home among men. Desire made me cross over to the other side, desire and the facticity of my body. In the twentieth century, genetics brought the Ancient Greek notion of fate into our very cells. This new century we've just begun has found something different. Contrary to all expectations, the code underlying our being is woefully inadequate. Instead of the expected 200,000 genes, we have only 30,000. Not many more than a mouse.

And so a strange new possibility is arising. Compromised, indefinite, sketchy, but not entirely obliterated: free will is making a comeback. Biology gives you a brain. Life turns it into a mind.

[redacted]

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The gentle neuro-novel:
Jeffrey Eugenides Middlesex

** Vi bringer uddragene med indlagte sorte bokse til minde om de medicinske fotografier, som blokerede patienternes ansigter, så man kunne koncentrere sig om det egentlige - e.g. dobbeltfallossen eller den flotte tumor. / We print these summaries with black bars inserted in an homage to medical photographs, which blotted out the patients' faces so that you could focus on the truly important part - e.g. a double phallus or a handsome tumour.*

Olof Olsson
...

Kunsthistorie og bacon
Art history and bacon

DK

Der bruges megen energi i denne verden på at prøve at finde ud af, hvad kunst er. Og i dette tilfælde henviser 'energi' til den tid, som der bliver brugt på sagen af de mennesker, der tænker over spørgsmålet, og de kalorier, der brændes af ved al denne tænkning, så der skal tankes op igen med carbonara, kaffe og kage. Nogle gange får disse mennesker oven i købet også løn, og de penge skal jo komme et sted fra. Eftersom Danmark stadig i stor grad er et landbrugssamfund vil nogle af de penge være kanaliseret videre fra skatter på svinekøds- og mejeriindustrien.

Hvis man nu for eksempel er en ung og ambitiøs kunsthistoriker, der er i færd med at lave sin Ph.d. og bliver betalt for det af universitet, vil der være tale om penge, der kommer fra staten. Og de penge kommer - blandt andet - fra skatter på produktionen af bacon og smør. Og hvis man nu er veganer ... hvor står man så?

Man kan selvfølgelig sige, at man ikke kan lide bacon og smør, og det derfor er en god ting at dem, der laver det, tvinges til at hoste op. Men hvis man fører det princip ud i sin yderste konsekvens, vil det til sidst betyde, at al profit forsvinder ud af industrien, og producenterne af smør og bacon ville ikke længere have nogen grund til at fortsætte. Og et stadigt stigende antal veganere - der nægter at spise bacon og smør - vil bestemt ikke gøre tingene lettere for de industrier. Vi kan kun takke Gud (eller Nietzsche, eller Allah eller Hannah Arendt - eller hvem / hvad du nu finder passende) for, *at kaffe stadig er vegansk*.

Men hvad med strygermusik? Er det i orden at spille violin? Er det i orden at lytte til en violinkoncert? Skal der måske findes en position et sted midt imellem? Hvis ikke, vil vi så se nye plader, der er mixet specielt til veganere? En violinkoncert uden strenge ville være absurd, men "Bridge over Troubled Water" ville stadig være *noget* uden strygerne. (Nogle ville måske endda sige, at den ville være mindre pompøs og højtravende, og at det ville være en forbedring). Gennem mange år har der fundet en praksis sted, hvor Walmart har solgt særlige udgaver af CDer, hvor "anstødelige" numre er fjernet. Kunstnerne går med til denne praksis, fordi Walmart når ud til så enormt mange kunder. I vore dage ville det ikke være ren utopi at forestille sig Itunes med en søgefunktion specielt for veganere.

UK

There is spent quite a lot of energy in this world, trying to figure out what art is. And energy, in this case, means the time spent by the people who do the figuring out, and the calories consumed by such thinking that need to be replenished by carbonara, coffee, and cake. Sometimes these people even get paid, and that money needs to come from somewhere. Since Denmark, still, to a large degree, is an agricultural economy, some of that money will be channeled from taxes on the pork and dairy industries.

Now, if you happen to be a young and ambitious art historian, doing a Phd, and the university is paying you to do it, it will be money that will be coming from the state. And that money will, in its turn, come from - amongst other things - taxes on the production of bacon and butter. And if you happen to be vegan ... where does that put us?

You might say that you don't like bacon and butter, and that it is a good thing that those who make them are being made to pay. But that principle, enforced to its extreme, would in the end take the profit out of the industry, and the producers of butter and bacon would have no motivation to continue. And more and more vegans—refusing to eat bacon and butter, will certainly not make things easier for those industries. And we can only thank God (or Nietzsche, or Allah or Hannah Arendt - or whoever/whatever you think is appropriate) that *coffee still is vegan*.

But how about string music? Is it OK to play the violin? Is OK to listen to a violin concerto? Is the OK maybe somewhere inbetween those two? But if not, will we get new mixes of records for vegans? A string-free violin concerto would be absurd, but 'Bridge over Troubled Water' would still be *something* without strings. (Some might even say that it would be less pompous, and an improvement).

For years there has been a practise that Walmart sell special versions of CDs where 'offensive' tracks have been taken out. Artists agree to it, because Walmart can reach such an enormous amount of customers. And today, it would not be utopian to imagine, Itunes with a search option for vegans.

Når Disney tager en kaffekande og animerer den og gør den til et væsen der kan tale, er der et ord for det: antropomorf. Men hvad kalder man en arkitektonisk struktur, som for eksempel et vandtårn, der er bygget så det ligner en kaffekande?

When Disney takes a coffee pot and animates it and makes it into a being that can speak, there's a word for it: anthropomorphic. But what do we call an architectural structure, like for instance a water tower, that has been made to look like a coffeepot?

(Lindström, Minnesota, 2001).

Välkommen
till
Lindström
CHEVROLET
KOENN

Peter Kirkhoff Eriksen
...

Karrierebar under observation

DK

En projektgruppe på otte studerende fra humaniora-basisuddannelsen på RUC (Roskilde Universitet) var i en uge i foråret 2008 'deltagende observatører' på Karriere. Deres ærinde var at indsamle observationer til brug i en sociologisk analyse af Karriere med fokus på, hvordan kunsten påvirkede det sociale rum. Måden at gøre det på var at deltage i livet på Karriere på lige fod med alle andre gæster og så notere samspillet mellem gæster, kunstværker, personale og rummet.

Med et udførligt vagtskema sikrede gruppen, at minimum to personer fra gruppen altid var til stede på Karriere i hele åbningstiden. De drak, spise, talte og festede sig gennem en hel uge fra 7 morgen til sent på aftenen og langt ud på nætterne i weekenden. Kun få gange i løbet af ugen afslørede de deres roller over for de øvrige gæster, og interviews af de øvrige gæster blev gennemført som almindelige tilfældige samtaler. Deres observationer noterede de i det skjulte under besøget, eller når de kom hjem.

Karriere har mange dedikerede gæster, men ikke nogen, der endnu kan prale af at have været der nonstop i en uge. I tiden omkring Karrieres treårsjubilæum giver deres observationer et tværsnit af en tid og en bar og ikke mindst de aktører, gæster og personale, som befolker den.

OBSERVATION: MÆND

K1. 12:48 Her er rigtig mange mænd. Både 'smarte', stilede mænd, mænd i jakkesæt og slips og lidt mere 'økologiske typer'. Lige nu er her 17 mænd og 8 kvinder - ingen børn. Mange af mændene kommer sammen to og to, kun nogle få er her sammen med en kvinde.

Refleksion: Mange mænd på Karriere taler affekteret og lidt bøsseagtigt. De virker veluddannede, forretningsagtige, akademiske og reflekterede - der er ikke meget pik og patter og mandehørm over mændene på Karriere. Det er mænd, som kan identificere sig med design, kunst, forretningsmøder og sundhedsjuice.

HAR DE NØDDER?

Øjebliksbillede kl. 16:00-16:30 Overtjeneren virker fuld af overskud og er alle vegne. Han ved, at vi observerer. Han snakker meget med gæsterne, viser et par avisen, og da en kvinde ved bord 4 spørger "Har du nødder?", svarer han kækt: "Det var heldigt, at det var en kvinde, som spørger en mand om det, og ikke omvendt." De ler behersket, og han henter nogle nødder til hende. Leger overtjeneren med rollerne mand/kvinde, fordi han er sådan, eller spiller han en rolle, som er i overensstemmelse med Karrieres koncept?

OBSERVATION TORSDAG DEN 17. APRIL 2008

K1. 21:30-03:00 (Sofies noter)
Da vi ankommer til Karriere, er kl. 21.30. Det er næsten mørkt udenfor, og Karriere-skiltet lyser op. Udenfor står to venindepar og ryger. Det ene par snakker om børn og kærlighed, det andet om mænd og utroskab. De virker alle fire berusede og i godt humør. Mange af de besøgende er her helt klart for at tjekke hinanden ud og score. De besøgende virker bevidste om, hvordan de har klædt sig, og hvordan de fremtræder. Særligt gangen langs baren virker som et udstillingspodium, når folk går igennem, og medfører en øget bevidsthed om fremtræden hos gæsterne, som kommer til udtryk ved, at de besøgende, både mænd og kvinder, sender lange blikke til hinanden - det er utrolig nemt at få vedholdende øjenkontakt - og ved at folk ikke undgår fysisk kontakt, når de går forbi hinanden langs den proppede bar, men snarere bruger kontakten til at tjekke hinanden ud, skabe kontakt og muligvis få en samtale.

DRÅBER, KLUNKER, NOSSER, HÆNGEPATTER
Ernesto Neto: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!! (loungen)
K1. 17:00 - klunkerne dingler!

K1. 17:54 leger en dreng (ca. 10-11 år) fra familieselskabet med loungen. Han løber rundt om loungen, mens han støder hovedet op i alle klunkerne. Senere bruger han klunkerne som boksepude, og der forekommer en slags klunkekamp mellem far og søn.

K1. 23:30 Der sidder seks personer i loungen. De lader til at kende hinanden to og to og snakke med nogle på stole uden for loungen (...) Vi snakker med to fyre (25+) om værket: De har taget kontakt til os ved at svinge en dråbe over mod os. De spørger, hvad vi synes, det er (altså dråben). Vi diskuterer klunker, nosser, hængepatter og dråber (...) og Cecilies ekskærestes store nosser. Tonen er uformel og humoristisk. Med deres indledende spørgsmål springer vi direkte ud i snak om nosser og patter - først senere snakker vi om beskæftigelse, studium, bopæl og alle de der formelle ting, som plejer at indlede en samtale.

K1. 03:00 Der ligger et par og kysser i loungen, og der sidder folk hulter til bulter.

"I LOVE THOSE DOORS"
AVPD: Passage (toiletterne)
Lærke har henvist en kvinde til AVDP-toiletterne. Lærke går tilbage til selskabet, som spørger til, hvor hun har gjort af kvinden. Kvinden kommer tilbage. Hun er engelsktalende og siger: "I love those doors".

Ca. kl. 16 kom en kvinde i 40'erne ud på toilettet ved garderoben. Hun gik direkte ind på dobbelttoilettet, da det var den første dør, der var åben (NB: Udefra kan man ikke se, at det er et dobbelttoilet). Efter at hun var gået ind, stak hun hovedet ud igen for at lige at se, om de andre toiletter var optagede.

Intellektuel middelklassefamilie (Politiken-læsere) sidder i sofaen i loungeområdet. Deres søn på ca. 10 år går på toilettet i modsatte ende af lokalet og kommer tilbage og siger med begejstret stemme: "Der er bare 40 døre eller sådan noget." Forældrene griner og siger, de vil prøve det. Ellers snakker de videre om andre ting uden relation til Karriere.

K1. 18:00 Føromtalte familie går alle sammen på toilettet - de laver en konkurrence om, hvem der finder et toilet først.

K1. 22:00-03:00 Toiletternes labyrintiske gange kommer til deres ret i hele dette tidsrum. Der er næsten hele tiden flere folk derude ad gangen, og det skaber forvirring, latter og kommunikation mellem folk, som ikke kender hinanden. De fleste besøgende på toilettet lader til at have brug for med ord at konstatere "Det er en labyrint".

Ved toiletbesøgene kan det ikke undgås, at folk henvender sig til en. Spørgsmålet lyder ofte "Har du været her før?". Jeg (Cecilie) bliver ved et toiletbesøg også spurgt om navn og alder af en 50-årig mand.

Kl. 23:30 En fyr (30+), meget beruset (røde, svimlende øjne), er faret vild. Det lader til, at han har svært ved at finde ud af, om han synes, det er sjovt eller irriterende. Han siger højlydt og med fryd i stemmen: "Det er nøjeren, når man er fuld, det her" og "Jeg skal pisse herremeget". De besøgende prøver at fastholde en form for kø-kultur i toiletlabyrinten. En kvinde siger: "Jeg har ventet længe."

GET A ROOM!

Rirkrit Tiravanija: Elephant Juice (stripperstangen)

Dansegulvet bliver først taget i brug et godt stykke hen ad aftenen. Der står en dj og spiller ved en pult fra kl. ca. 23, og mange af bordene fjernes. Blandt de første på dansegulvet er en kvinde omkring 40 sammen med en lille flok andre (omkring 30). Hun skiller sig ud ved at give den lidt mere gas end de andre, som danser meget diskret og forsigtigt.

Næste view over dansegulvet kl. 1 tegner et noget anderledes billede. Der er fyldt på dansegulvet. En ung kvinde (25 år) klædt i sort og med langt hår svinger sig i stripperstangen og spiller sexet over for den fyr, hun danser med. Lidt efter danser både fyren og pigen op ad stripperstangen, og det ene fører til det andet... get a room! Mange besøgende, mest kvinder, tager sig en svingtur i stripperstangen i løbet af aftenen. De bruger den både til at lave sjov og til at danse sexet.

Kl. 02:00-03:00 ser jeg stripperstangen blive brugt to gange. Den første gang er det en pige, der svinger sig om stangen. Der dannes hurtigt en cirkel rundt om hende. Hun bruger den ikke erotisk eller det, der ligner - hun løber mere rundt om den. Men der kommer hurtigt opmærksomhed på hende.

Kl. 02:00 er en fyr og en pige 'gået sammen' om at udforske stangen, men der var mange på dansegulvet, og deres leg med stangen virkede faktisk ikke til at påvirke de øvrige gæster eller tiltrække speciel opmærksomhed.

Jeppe Hein: Illusion for a Second (baren)

Kl. 15:46 Et ungt par sidder oppe i baren og nyder en øl og snakker højlydt om baren og idéen bag sammen med bartenderen. Manden i selskabet siger højlydt: "Idéen bag den er vist, uuhh, nu står min kaffe pludselig et andet sted." De griner lidt og snakker videre.

Kl. 21:30 Folk spiser stadig. Der er nogle store selskaber. To selskaber har slået sig ned i loungen. Med undtagelse af en enkelt mand iført joggingbukser er gæsterne 'spændt op til lir'. Det er ikke usædvanligt at se stiletter, men sjældent har jeg set så mange på en gang. Sofie har brokket sig over, hvor træt hun er, og at hun har været her hele tiden den sidste uge. Hun besluttede sig for at tage 'en fyraftenscider'.

Kl. 22:10 Efter Sofies cider er vi alle nu gået over til guldøl. Folk er blevet lidt mere løsslupne, nu hvor lyset er blevet afdæmpet. Et selskab på fem damer omkring de 30 år i smart tøj sidder og drikker cocktails, som var der ingen dag i morgen. De klassiske cocktailglas har været lidt svære for dem at bære fra baren og ned til bordet, så hænderne må vaskes. I stedet for at bruge en håndvask på toilettet, bruger de 'den omvendte vandhane - kunstinstallation' (Massimo Bartolini: Fountain).

Kl. 01:15 Efter en lille tur uden for Karriere, en strawberry daiquiri, 4 fisk samt en joint er vi nu klar til at indtage Karriere once again. Alle er nu færdige med at spise, og der er mange gæster. Vi står i kø et kvarters tid. Dørmændene her virker meget afslappede og flinke. De er nok blevet instrueret i ikke at være bøffer, som andre steder ynder det. Der er nok heller ikke så mange problemer blandt det rige, lidt ældre publikum.

Kl. 01:30 En dame medio 30'erne vælter ud ved herrepissoirerne og hamrer på døren. Jeg skal pisse, pisse, pisse! råber hun. Det er, som om folk opfører sig, ikke uanstændigt, men måske mere frigjort, end hvad man er vant til.

Kl. 1:40 Denne aften så jeg ikke mange damer udfolde sig ved stripperstangen. Måske fordi der var så sindssygt mange mennesker, at der ikke var plads? Derimod så jeg flere mænd, som kravlede rundt i den, helt til tops og så ned igen.

Kl. 01:50 Jeg går ud for at få en smøg. Nu er der megakø udenfor. Folk skubber og maser for at komme ind. Det er rent kaos. Dørmændene kan ikke få organiseret folk i en kø, og folk, som er ude for at ryge, kan ikke så let komme ind igen.

INDRULLERET I DIE WEHRMACHT

Kl. 02:15 Endelig er jeg blevet lukket ind igen. Festen pumper derudad. Jeg er nu ved at være semiberuset, og vi danser. Sofie, som ellers sagde, hun skulle direkte hjem kl. 20, er nok den, der danser vildest. Hvor får hun dog al den energi fra? Imens vi giver den gas på dansegulvet, kommer en 40+ tysker hen og snakker med mig. Jeg har en gammel tysk uniformsskjorte på, men jeg har sat mine sergentstriber forkert, påpeger han. Vi står og chatter lidt, inden han hjælper mig med at vende dem om. Pludselig fyrer han en tysk remse af, slår mig på skuldrene og fortæller, at jeg er blevet indrulleret i Wehrmacht. Han er tidligere løjtnant, så formaliteterne skal være i orden. Jeg laver honnør, og den bliver gengældt. Vi skåler i guldøl. Livet er sgu smukt.

Tak til gruppen af studerende på RUC/Roskilde Universitet, 2008, som gav os lov til at publicere et udsnit af deres omfattende arbejde: Cecilie Debell, Kristine Havbo Kaalund, Louise Lassen Iversen, Signe Sofie Nørgård, Ditte Højgaard, Lasse Skou Hauschildt, Rasmus Højer Martensen, Sofie Elmgren Søndergaard.

Peter Kirkhoff Eriksen
...

Karrierebar under observation

UK

A project group comprising eight students from the Basic Studies Programme of Art at RU (Roskilde University) spent one week in the spring of 2008 as 'participating observers' at Karriere. Their objective was to observe and gather information for a sociological analysis of Karriere, with particular emphasis on how art affected the social space. They did so by taking part in life at Karriere on an equal footing with all the other guests while noting the interplay between guests, works of art, staff, and the space itself.

A painstakingly completed watch schedule ensured that at least two people from the group were always present at Karriere throughout its opening hours. They would drink, eat, speak, and

party their way through an entire week from seven in the morning until late at night; very late nights at weekends. Only on very few occasions would they reveal their roles to other guests at the bar, preferring instead to carry out their interviews as chance conversations. They would make notes of their observations clandestinely during their visit - or when then arrived home after their watch.

Karriere has many loyal and dedicated guests, but no-one has yet earned the honour of having been in attendance non-stop for an entire week. At a time when Karriere celebrates its three-year anniversary, these observations offers a snapshot of a particular time, a particular bar and, very importantly, of the participants, guests, and staff.

OBSERVATION: MEN

12:48 h There are a lot of men here. 'Hipsters', stylish guys, suits, and more 'organic' types. Right now there are 17 men and 8 women on the premises - no children. Many of the men arrive together in pairs; only a few are here in the company of a woman.

Reflection: Many men at Karriere speak in an affected, slightly gay manner. They appear well educated, businesslike, academically well-founded, and reflective - there is not a lot of lager lout or jack-the-lad about the men of Karriere. These are men who relate to issues such as design, art, business meetings, and health juices.

ANY NUTS?

A brief moment, 16:00-16.30 h The maitre d' seems very upbeat and appears to be everywhere at once. He knows we are observing the place. He talks a lot to the guests, shows a couple of them an item in the newspaper, and when a woman at table 4 asks "Have you got any nuts?", which in Danish would correspond to saying "jugs", he quipped: "It's a good thing a woman asked a man that question, not the other way around." They laugh a restrained laugh and he fetches her some nuts. Does the maitre d' play with male/female gender roles because that's just who he is, or does he play a preconceived part in keeping with the Karriere concept?

OBSERVATION, THURSDAY, 17 APRIL 2008

21:30-03:00 h (Sofie's notes):
We arrive at Karriere at 21:30. It is almost dark outside, and the Karriere sign lights up the scene. Outside, two pairs of female friends are smoking; while one couple is discussing children and love, the other is talking about men and infidelity.
All four appear intoxicated and seem to be in high spirits mood. Many patrons are undoubtedly here to check each other out and to pick up someone.
All visitors seem very aware in terms of what they choose to wear and how they appear. The gangway along the bar in particular becomes an exhibition podium as people pass by; this leads to a heightened awareness of one's appearance that manifests itself in long, lingering gazes being exchanged - establishing and maintaining eye contact is amazingly easy - and in the fact that people do not avoid physical contact when they pass by each other along the crowded bar; rather, they use that contact to check each other out, to establish contact, and perhaps to initiate a conversation.

PENDULUMS, DROPS, BALLS, SAGGY TITS

Ernesto Neto: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!! (Lounge area)

17:00 h The balls are swinging! At 17:54 a boy (around the age of 10-11) from a family party is playing in the lounge. He runs around while bumping his head into all the pendulous objects (or balls). He later uses them for boxing practice, and a kind of pendulous fight breaks out between father and son.

23:30 h Six people are seated in the lounge; they appear to know each other in pairs and to be speaking to people who are seated on chairs outside of the lounge (...) We are talking to two guys (25+) about the work; they have initiated contact by swinging one of the drop-like objects in our direction. They ask us what they think it is (the drop, that is). We discuss balls, saggy tits, and drops (...) and Cecilie's ex-boyfriend's large balls. The overall tone is informal and humorous. Their opening question leads directly to a chat about balls and tits - only later do we address subjects such as our occupations, studies, where we live, and all those other formal topics that usually open a conversation.

03:00 h One couple is on the mattress of the lounge, making out, and people are sitting all over the place.

"I LOVE THOSE DOORS"

AVPD: Passage (The toilets)

Lærke shows a woman to the AVDP toilets. As Lærke returns, the woman's party asks where she hid their friend. The woman comes back; she speaks English and says: "I love those doors".

Around 4 p.m. a woman in her forties entered the bathroom by the wardrobe. She entered the double toilet stall straight away, as it was the first door that was open (note that from the outside you cannot tell that it is a double toilet). Having entered, she poked out her head again to see whether all the other stalls were occupied.

Intellectual middle-class family (typical Politiken readers). Seated in the sofa in the lounge area. Their son, approximately 10 years of age, goes to the bathroom at the other end of the room. When he comes back, he excitedly states, "There were like 40 doors or something" His parents laugh and say that they will check it out. Other than that, they keep talking about things without any connection to Karriere.

18:00 h The family mentioned in the above all go to the bathroom - they compete to see who will find a toilet first.

22:00-03:00 h The labyrinthine layout of the toilets really comes into its own during these hours. There are almost always several people out there at a time, and the layout tends to create confusion, laughter, and communication between people who do not know each other. Most visitors to the bathrooms seem to need to express their confusion in words, and "it's a labyrinth" is an oft-repeated phrase throughout the evening.

When visiting the bathrooms, people will invariably engage you in conversation. The question "have you been here before?" is often heard. I (Cecilie) am asked about my name and age by a 50-year old man. Even the bathrooms are a meat market.

23:30 h One guy (30+), very intoxicated (red, swimming eyes) is lost. He appears to have some difficulty in deciding whether he finds this amusing or annoying. He says, loudly and in a delighted voice: "it's bloody annoying when you're drunk, this is", and "I have to go, like, really hard, man". Patrons try to retain some kind of queuing system in the toilet labyrinth. One woman says, "I've been waiting for a long time."

GET A ROOM!

Rirkrit Tiravanija: Elephant Juice (The stripper pole)

People do not really begin to use the dance floor until fairly late. A DJ plays from around 11 p.m. and many of the tables are put away.The first people to hit the dance floor include a woman around the age of 40, who is in the company of a small group of other people (around the age of 30). She stands out from the crowd by dancing slightly off-beat and goes a little more wild than the others, who dance in a very discreet, controlled manner.

The next view of the dance floor at 1 a.m. presents a rather different picture. One young woman (25), dressed in black and with long hair, swings herself from the stripper pole and acts sexy for the guy she is dancing with. A little later the guy and the girl are both dancing up against the stripper pole and one thing leads to another; they kiss a bit up against each other and keep dancing before going into full-blown make-out mode, standing still in the middle of the dance floor with tongues playing tonsil hockey and hands roaming all over the place ... get a room! Many guests, mainly women, take a swing on the pole during the course of the night. They use it for fun and to dance sexy.

02:00-03:00 h I see the stripper pole used twice. First a girl swings herself around the pole in a non-vulgar manner. A circle soon forms around her, and she continues to dance around it for a little while and then stops. She does not use the pole in an even remotely erotic manner; rather, she runs around it. But she soon attracts attention. The second observation concerns a guy who crawls a little way up the pole and then swings up his legs so that he is hanging with his head down, at which point he slides down the pole.

At 2 a.m. a guy and a girl team up to explore the pole's opportunities by executing a special move in which the girl is lifted up by the guy, the pole between her legs and her upper body leaning back. This may sound like something that ought to command attention, but the dance floor was full of people and the couple's antics with the pole did not seem to affect the other patrons or to attract particular attention.

Jeppe Hein, Illusion for a Second (the bar)

15:46 h A young couple are seated at the bar, enjoying a beer while talking loudly about the bar and its underlying concept with the bartender. The man loudly says: "I think the basic idea is like, uhhh, now my coffee is suddenly somewhere else." They laugh a little and continue their talk.

21:30 h People are still eating; there are some large parties in the house. Two parties have settled in the lounge. Except for one guy in sweatpants, all patrons are dressed to the nines; stilettos are common enough, of course, but I have rarely seen so many in one place before. Sofie has complained about how tired she was and about how she has been here all the time over the course of the last week. She decided to have a 'end of the week' cider to celebrate.

22:10 h After Sofie had her cider we all switched to strong beer. People have become rather more loose now that the lights have been dimmed. A party of five smartly dressed thirtysomething women are drinking cocktails like there was no tomorrow. They had some difficulty in carrying their classic cocktail glasses from the bar and to the table, so they need to wash their hands. Rather than going to the bathroom to wash their hands they use 'the reversed tap/art installation' (Massimo Bartolini: Fountain)

01:15 h One brief turn outside of Karriere, one strawberry daiquiri, four fish, and one joint later we are now ready to conquer Karriere once again. Everyone has finished eating by now, and there are loads of guests. We stand in line for about fifteen minutes. The doormen seem quite relaxed and friendly. They have probably been instructed not to act like goons as so many other places seem to prefer. At any rate, this affluent, slightly older crowd is unlikely to cause much trouble.

01:30 h A thirtysomething woman staggers out from the men's urinals and bangs on the door. "I need to piss, piss, piss!" she yells. It seems as if people are acting, if not indecently, then at least in a more liberated fashion than is usual.

01:40 h This night I did not observe many women strutting their stuff by the stripper pole, perhaps because the crowds were so dense that there was no room? I did, however, see several men crawling on it, climbing all the way to the top and down again.

01:50 h I step outside to have a smoke. There is a mega-long line outside. People are pushing to get in. It's pure chaos. The doormen seem unable to get people arranged in a queuing system; people who are out for a smoke have difficulty in getting back inside.

02:15 h I've finally been let back in. The party is jumping. I am now semi-drunk and we dance and dance. Sofie, who had said she would be going straight home at eight, is probably the wildest dancer of all. Where does she get all that energy from? While we are giving it our all on the dancefloor, a 40+ German guy comes over and starts talking to me. I am wearing an old German uniform shirt, and he points out that I have got my sergent's stripes on the wrong way around. We chat for a bit before he helps me turn them the right way around. He suddenly spouts something in German, punches my shoulder, and tells me I've been drafted for the Wehrmacht. He is a former lieutenant, so the formalities must be in place. I salute him and receive a salute in return. We toast each other in strong beer; life is bloody beautiful.

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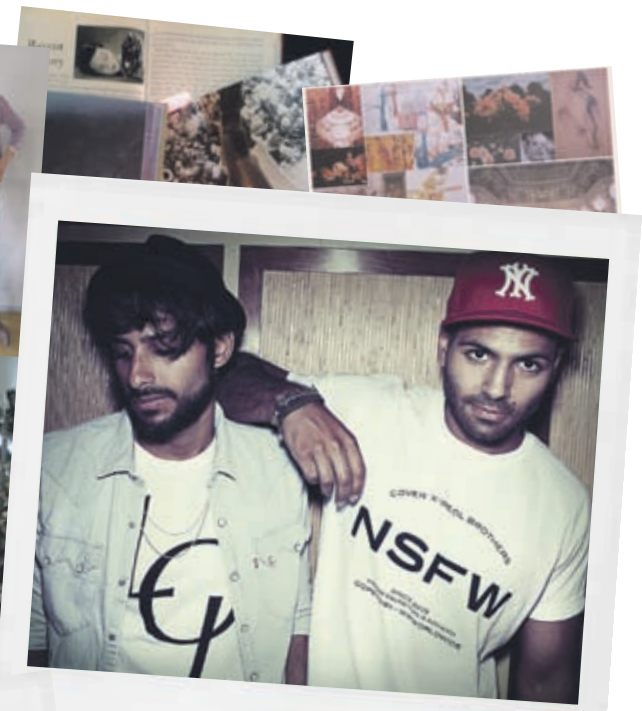

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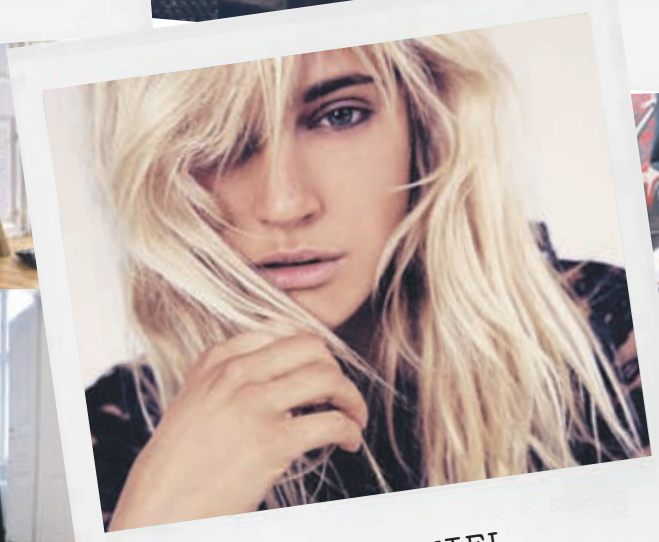

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