

INTRODUKTION

Kære læser. Vi håber, du er ankommet roligt og kærligt til 2021. Tiden går som sædvanlig, men mere behersket og afventende end før. Vi venter alle på en vaccine, og vi venter på at kunne mødes igen. Art Hub holder som mange andre lukket i januar, mens vi forbereder gode ting til foråret og glæder os til at byde tre nye kunstnere velkommen i residency den 1. februar: Mia Edelgart, Steffen Jørgensen og Kasper Hesselbjerg. I mellemtíden håber vi, du vil bruge lidt af din egen ventetid med dette brev, som vi har inviteret freelanceskribent og -kurator Paola Paleari til frit at forfatte. Poetisk og fabulerende skriver hun om tidens uregerlige fyldighed. Godt og lykkebringende nytår!

Art Hub : Newsletter #4 : January 2021 : Introduction

INTRODUCTION

Dear reader. We hope you have arrived calmly and lovingly in 2021. Time goes by as usual, but perhaps more restrainedly and expectantly than before. We are all waiting for a vaccine, and we are waiting to meet again. Art Hub, like many others, will be closed in January, while we prepare good things for spring and look forward to welcoming three new artists in residency on February 1: Mia Edelgart, Steffen Jørgensen, and Kasper Hesselbjerg. In the meantime, we hope you will spend some of your own waiting time with this letter, which we have invited freelance writer and curator Paola Paleari to write. Poetically and imaginatively, she writes about the unruly fullness of time. Happy New Year!

ÅBENT BREV

af Paola Palleari

10 ... 9 ... 8 ... Ræk din hånd op, hvis du for et par dage siden lagde usædvanlig stor energi i den ellers sædvanlige, lykkebringende nedtælling.

5 ... 4 ... 3 ... Ræk din hånd op, hvis du holdt vejret i de sidste sekunder af det år, hvor du observerede tiden ekspandere og kollapse som den hjemmelavede surdej, du eksperimenterede med under lockdown.

0! Ræk din hånd op, hvis en blanding af forventning og blindhed fyldte din mave ved midnatsslaget, som om du ventede på, at en ond trylleformular på magisk vis skulle blive løftet bort.

Der er mange af os med hænderne i vejret, som dvæler ved punkt nul. Nul: et paradoksalt tal, en illusion af stillehed. På den anden side af det ruller addition og subtraktion uophørligt, hver sin vej.

Herfra, hvor vi står i dag, er det let at forbinde prikkerne, afkode profeterne og få øje på advarslerne i fortidens kunst. Men det er langt sværere at forestille sig fremtidens kunst. Skal vi til at genopfinde 'gamet', eller håber vi bare på at kunne genstarte hjulet så hurtigt som muligt?

Jeg er lige så meget i tvivl som dig. Om hvad der venter os på den anden side af pandemien. Derfor, hvis du læser dette brev i håb om at finde svar, er jeg ked af at måtte skuffe dig. Jeg har nul (nul, ligesom regeringens hjælpepakke mente jeg havde ret til, fordi min bankkonto ikke havde nullem nok til at begynde med. Indsæt Lady Math-meme [her](#)).

Det er fascinerende at tænke over, hvor meget opmærksomhed tal har fået i løbet af de sidste måneder. Antal tilfælde, antal dødsfald, smittetryk, nye indlæggelser. Vi har rastløst talt og målt og opsporet i det desperate behov for at tæmme det ukendte. Kun én ting er sluppet gennem vores tykke net af virusforbedrede kontrol-freakiness: tiden.

Med mange af de vaner, der normalt indpoder vores daglige rytmeforløb, men som nu er begrænsede eller udelukkede, er tiden pludselig som mos på en dam. En snavset, uregerlig tid, der altid giver nul, hvis den ganges. En tid, der ikke kan kapitaliseres. En tid, der hvisker, alene, med små bogstaver, som i dette digt *Forever — is composed of Nows* — af Emily Dickinson:

*Forever — is composed of Nows —
'Tis not a different time —
Except for Infiniteness —
And Latitude of Home —*

*From this — experienced Here —
Remove the Dates — to These —
Let Months dissolve in further Months —
And Years — exhale in Years —*

*Without Debate — or Pause —
Or Celebrated Days —
No different Our Years would be
From Anno Domini's —*

For næsten 160 år siden valgte Dickinson at gå i isolation for at fokusere på sin skrivning. Selvom det ville være urigtigt at sammenligne vores nuværende situation med hendes, er det måske alligevel sundt at blive stillet over for en tidsopfattelse, der adskiller sig fra den, vi i lang tid har betragtet som "normal".

"Alle menneskehedens problemer stammer fra menneskets manglende evne til at sidde stille i et værelse alene," skrev filosoffen Blaise Pascal i 1654 fra et åbenlyst eurocentreret perspektiv. I dag svarer en sådan dom til en ADHD-diagnose hos en ganske specifik patient: vores vestlige samfund, drevet af produktivitet, økonomisk vækst og højt forbrug. Mens vi ivrigt venter på vaccinen, kunne vi måske spørge: Hvad nu hvis virussen er en del af helbredelsen og ikke sygdommen?

OPEN LETTER

by Paola Paleari

10... 9... 8... Raise your hand if, a few days ago, you placed unusual energy in the usual, auspicious countdown.

5... 4... 3... Raise your hand if you held your breath on the last seconds of a year where you observed time expand and collapse like the homemade sourdough of your lockdown baking experiments.

0! Raise your hand if, at the stroke of midnight, a mixture of expectation and blankness filled your stomach, as if waiting for an evil spell to be lifted by magic.

There are many of us, hands up, lingering around point zero. Zero: a paradoxical number, an illusion of stillness: on the other side of it, addition and subtraction roll ceaselessly, each their own way.

From here it is easy, in hindsight, to connect the dots, decode the prophecies, and recognize the warnings in the art of the past. It is far less obvious to imagine the art of the future. Will we completely reinvent the game, or do we just hope to restart the wheel as soon as possible?

I am as baffled as you are about the prospect of what is expecting us on the other side of the pandemic. Hence, if you are reading this letter with the hope of finding hints or answers, I am sorry to disappoint you. I have zero (zero, like the government's aid package I was entitled to, because my bank account didn't have enough zeros to start with. Insert Lady Math meme [here](#)).

It is fascinating to consider how much attention numbers have received during the past months. Numbers of cases, numbers of deaths, transmission rate, patients admitted. We have restlessly counted and measured and tracked, in the desperate need of taming the unknown. Only one thing escaped the thick mesh of our virus-enhanced control freakiness: Time.

With many habits instilling our daily beat being restricted or precluded, time suddenly materialized like moss on a pond. A mucky, unruly time that always gives zero if multiplied. A time that cannot be capitalized. A time that whispers, solo, in lowercase – like in the poem *Forever — is composed of Nows* — by Emily Dickinson:

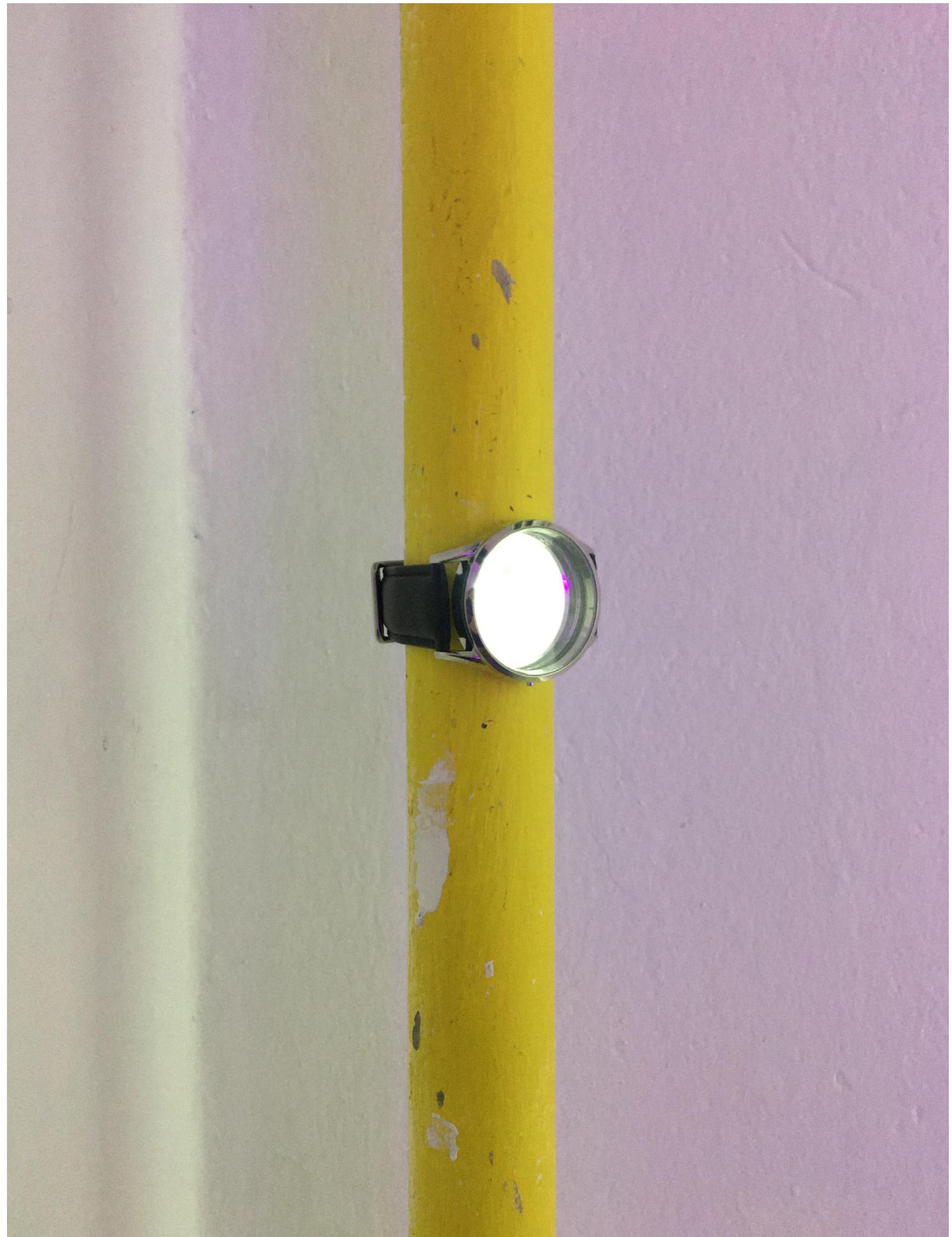
*Forever — is composed of Nows —
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Almost 160 years ago, Dickinson chose social isolation to focus on her writing. While it would be phony to liken our current situation to hers, alluding to sudden enlightenment as a side effect of the void imposed by the uninvited pathogenic guest, it is healthy to be faced with a conception of time that differs from the one we have so far considered "normal".

"All of humanity's problems stem from man's inability to sit quietly in a room alone," wrote the philosopher Blaise Pascal in 1654 from an obviously Euro-centered perspective. Today such a verdict would equal an ADHD diagnosis on a quite specific patient: Our Western societies, fuelled by productivity, economic growth and high consumption. Now that we are eagerly awaiting for the vaccine to come, what if the virus was part of the cure and not the disease?



Elisabeth Molin: *Like a fatigue, like a mirror crescent* (installation view), 2020



Elisabeth Molin: *Tar ta ta ta ta tar*, 2020



Elisabeth Molin: *11:11*, 2020

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