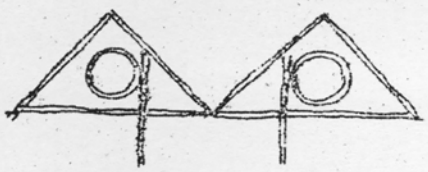
Mephistopheles (springt hervor):



Da du, o Herr, dich einmal wieder nahst,
Und fragst, wie alles sich bei uns befinde,
Und du mich sonst gewöhnlich gerne sahst,
So siehst du mich auch
(auf das Publikum zeigend)
unter dem Gesinde.
Von Stern' und Welten weiss ich nichts zu sagen,
Ich sehe nur, wie sich die Menschen plagen.
Und ist die ganze Theorie auch Mist,
Du bist doch immer wieder in Extase,
Besehwigtigst, wo nichts mehr zu retten ist;
In jeden Quark begräbst du deine Nase.

Der Herr:



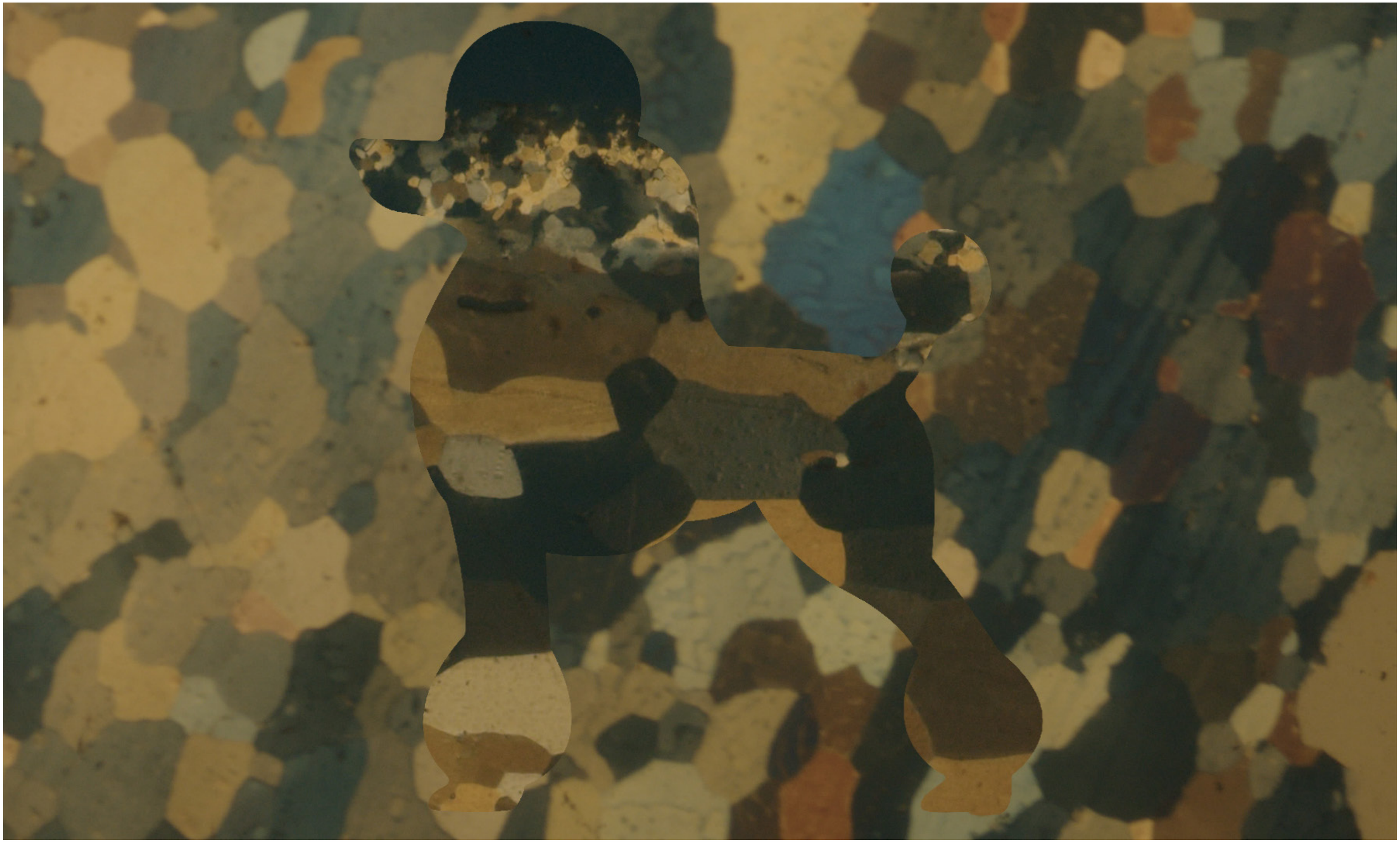




Photo: Adam Jandrup

HOLECORE
Francesca Astesani

What is an ice core? Is it a mean core, this frozen core that cannot move? Are there magical qualities locked up inside, waiting to be freed by unforeseen events as in the fated turn of an old parable? Whatever it is, this core is hard. Made of hard and cold stuff, this core is also a hole. A hole left in the ice caps of the polar north, and one at the centre of this exhibition, holding back the pressure of this concrete space, as if its hole-ness was maintaining the show-ness through a form of centripetal force. I wonder what pure mathematical formula would distil in a beautiful string of symbols this feeling of space held up by a hole. And if, were we to mess around with that crystalline logic, would the margins of this architecture, and the objects it contains, melt and merge like ice caps in the Arctic.

At a recent point in time, a freezer malfunction in a Canadian lab caused the destruction of millennia-old ice cores retrieved from the region's frozen depths. The machine failure resulted in the loss of about twelve per cent of the total ice collected in the laboratory, roughly the same percentage the Arctic Sea ice has been declining per decade since monitoring began at the end of the Seventies. A gentle percentage, against other much grimmer data on the oldest, thickest ice. In that laboratory, a model for knowledge became a model for loss, a scaled-down representation of the gargantuan mass of solidified time that drips away from the extreme ends of the globe while we go about our day.

Dripping rebellious time tears, those cores! A crying 22,000-year temporal heart, slowly melting, escaping the rigidity of that catalogue of millennia, droplets flowing into water puddles that, I bet, made scientists cry too. Once upon a time, we invented stories and myths where gods and spirits took shape in the outlines of clouds and the shadows of fires, to sail us over the mystery of these waters. In our souls, we have always known that reality is a layered mess of lacy membranes but have looked with Faustian eyes for scientific proof that the real comes in different resolutions. Look at the whiteness of Greenland ice transforming into a kaleidoscopic colourful wonder under a polarised lens! What type of beautiful diagram shows that even when we are looking at the magic of light transforming hardened time from within, its core is still an incomprehensible hole?

Five seconds is the amount of time the Doomsday Clock moved forward since Lea Porsager's last solo show in Copenhagen three years ago. Five seconds, and a 22,000-year old drop of melted ice. The feeling of vertigo of such a perplexing scale, where the deep well of the past meets the timeframe of a text message, and the long arc of survival that of instant annihilation, is reversed in this space by an opposite bodily logic. Gravity is pressing, energy is piling, compacting, weighing down the room under its reversed pyramidal windows and the metre-deep layer of cold water over its ceiling. Nothing moves. The core is stuck, and so is its hole. Prismatic mills are immobile. Objects called beds lie hard and thin, alien to the softness they could be. Ice is kept frozen, to be duly translated into data and figures, but first made flat as an image. The energetic balance of Yin and Yang is off.

Longing for warmth, I think of Beelzebub's flames, but I am hopelessly reminded that at the bottom of Dante's Inferno, the Devil is trapped waist-deep in a frozen lake. The deepest evil is not burning, but immobile, frozen numbness, and when the hole has lost its temperature, it is because there is nothing left to feel it. In this deep loneliness, there is only the wisdom of an old rhyme left: *white is stuck and red is flux, time just flows and gives no fucks.*

M: Das sind die Kleinen
Von den Meinen:
Höre, wie zu Lust und Taten
Altklug sie raten.
Hier divergiert die Linienbreite
In der Wellenfelder Weite.
(Conferencier protestiert; Mephisto wiederholt:)
Hier divergiert die Linienbreite
In der Wellenfelder Pleite.

F: Genug, genug! damit könnt Ihr mich nicht verführen,
Ich werde ihre Separata nie berühren.

M: Das freut mich sehr, da hör' ich doch Verstand:
Der erste Greis, den ich vernünftig fand.
(Seine Handelsartikel anbietend:)
Ein Psi-Psi-Stern?

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Ein Psi-Psi-Gerlach?

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Elektrodynamik....

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Von Heisenberg-Pauli...

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Mit unendlicher Selbstenergie!

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Elektrodynamik....

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Eine von Dirac!

F: Mag ich nicht!

M: Mit unendlicher Selbstenergie!

F: Die alte Geschicht'!

M: So muss ich was Apartes präsentieren!

F: Du wirst mich trotzdem nimmermehr verführen.
Werd' ich zu einer Theorie je sagen:
Verweile doch, du bist so schön,
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zugrunde gehn!

cool and conformally smooth,
bEElzEbub´s glistEning EmpirE,

(Melodie: "Gretchen am Spinnrad" von Schubert).

Meine Ladung ist hin,
Statistik ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo du mich nicht hast,
Keine Formel passt.
Die ganze Welt
Ist dir vergällt.

Nur mit mir allein
Kann der Betastrahl sein.
Auch der Stickstoffkern
Steht mir nicht ganz fern.

Meine Ladung ist hin,
Statistik ist schwer.
Ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.

Mein Dipol drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

Es pocht mein Herz,
Es zittert mein Spin.
Ich liebe dich,
O nimm mich hin.

Meine Ladung ist hin,
Statistik ist schwer.
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

MRS.ANN ARBOR'S SPEAK EASY.

(sonst Auerbachs Keller genannt)



(Amerikanische Physiker sitzen traurig an der Bar)

thE long-drawn-out humping of dEmonic dogs,
sEmEn-soakEd sEEds writhing within thEm.

Nicht eine Neuigkeit und keine Ixerei!

Mephisto produziert Gretchen:
Da hast du beides!

(Lebhafter Beifall und Tumult)

Tolman:
Ihr seid wohl heut' von Pasadena aufgebrochen?
Habt Ihr mit Einstein noch gesprochen?



List of works

1. ***PROSIT! [CRY OF THE CATARACT]***
   Copenhagen Faustparodie feat. Mephistopheles (Niels Bohr Institute, 1932), sourced from the Wolfgang Pauli archive at CERN, text + scanned skull prayer beads.

2. ***RAIN(BOW)MAKERS***
   Chakra Mill I: Root of Water
   Chakra Mill II: Love
   Chakra Mill III: Abundance
   Chakra Mill IV: Luxury
   Chakra Mill V: Disappointment
   Chakra Mill VI: Pleasure
   Chakra Mill VII: Debauch
   Chakra Mill VIII: Indolence
   Chakra Mill IX: Happiness
   Chakra Mill X: Satiety

3. ***BEELZEBUB'S BUFFER BED***
   Rubber baton-bed.

4. ***FAUSTIAN EYE HOLES***
   Triangular goggles from the Copenhagen Faustparodie featuring two peepholes.

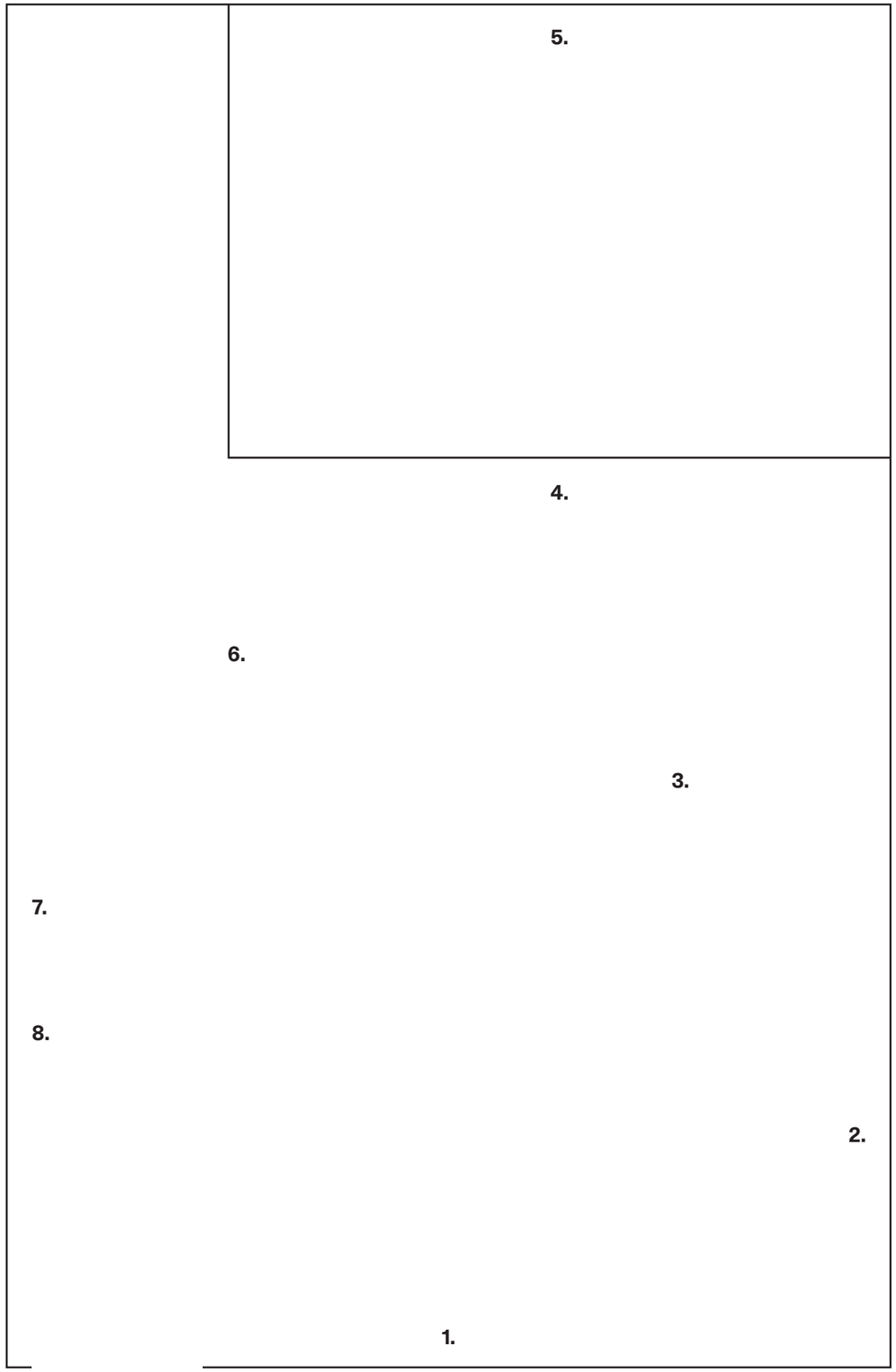
5. ***BRAIN FREEZE ARMY (DES PUDELS KERN)***
   Eighty-five seconds of polarized ice core at –32 °C.

6. ***FASHION, FAITH AND FANTASY***
   Glacial polystyrene bed.

7. ***SHINE BRIGHT LIKE A YANG***
   Flawed yin–yang prisms.

8. ***CLINGS TO NAUGHT***
   Hole, prisms.

Exhibition overview



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Professor J. P. Steffensen, at Physics of Ice, Climate and Earth, Niels Bohr Institute.
Irene Campolmi and Yonder, Art • Science, Niels Bohr Institute

Thanks to G and Z, and the cosmos!

Lea Porsager (b. 1981) probes the tension between quantum theory, tantric technologies, and feminist theory, in a practice that spans film, sculpture, text, and earthworks. She holds a PhD from Malmö Art Academy/ Lunds University (2021), followed by Mads Øvlisen Postdoc Fellowship (2023-25). Her exhibitions include Kunsthal Charlottenborg, Copenhagen, Moderna Museet, Stockholm, dOCUMENTA (13), Kassel and the 14th Istanbul Biennial. Awarded the Carl Nielsen and Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen Scholarship (2014). Honorary Mention from CERN's Collide International Award (2018). Her large-scale earthwork and memorial Gravitational Ripples were inaugurated in Stockholm in 2018.

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Opening hours during exhibitions:
Friday, Saturday, Sunday 12-17
or by appointment