

Asta Lynge

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STAGECAPTAIN

Every day I walk past the neighbouring shop window. It is a music shop and Hubert, the owner, decorates his window with whatever instruments and music miscellanea he is currently brokering. For a few months, there has been a green Fender, a teac-a-3340s open reel tape recorder, some satellite shakers, and a lot of guitar effect pedals. Always hovering in the back stands a true to life sized figure of Jimi Hendrix, an ad for The Jimi Hendrix experience. As a cabinet-of-curiosities looking shop window, which speaks only to the music aficionado, I could never perceive any specificities in Hubert's displays. It was always just a totality of impressions. But today Hubert had a new thing on display: a slender, rectangular box with the word "Stagecaptain" written on the side in big letters. It shimmered the glam moment of pure energy and spontaneity, all in this one modest cartonnage, with an extra strong wind machine inside. Most of us stick to performing on the everyday stage, but suddenly I knew of the endless moment of performative intuition affecting via the body on stage towards the crowd of eyes. Past Hubert and his music, I walk in the shades of ghosts.

In the medieval iconography of Hortus Conclusus, the garden serves as both prison and Eden for the Virgin Mary and all her purity. To stabilise the stair rails and prevent anybody from slipping through from high to low, there is a whole language that belongs to balustrades and their verticality, their ornamentation as function. Some time in the early '90s, Martin Kippenberger began a work-complex around the Schrebergarten phenomena, the allotment gardens one sees scattered around the edges of German cities. It came out of the perpetual question of how to unshackle art and its embeddedness in all histories at once - all while the fenced-off allotment gardens turned out to be the perfect images of regulated life and bourgeois sentiments. I assume this peculiar simultaneity of the idyllic and the aggressive so characteristic of allotment gardening can be transferred to any social structure. It also turns out that the movement of Schrebergardens is also about a father son conflict: the desire for recognition on the one hand, and a necessary demarcation on the other. (Moritz Schreber, the founder of the allotment gardens movement, and had a son named Paul, who was admitted to a mental institution a hundred years ago because he claimed that nature spoke to him in his book *Denkwürdigkeiten eines Nervenkranken*. In his youth Paul Schreber had to suppress his homosexual inclinations for fear of his authoritarian discovering them.)

There are people who insist that linear history is a true movement of unfolding causes and effects. This linearity, however, is doesn't play a role in our understanding or reacting to said causes and effects. We see them all at once. Like Paul Klee's Angel with its back to the future, gasping with fear and wonder back at us. Like an image that could show us its front and back at the same time. Like a basic plot that is made of one singular spontaneous choice.

Line Ebert, 2021

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