

# CROY NIELSEN

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MARIE LUND  
'Clickety Click'  
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*Handles, 2012*

Bronze, 69 cm long

Bronze, 89 cm long

Bronze, 61 cm long

*Openings, 2012*

Wooden door, amethyst-emerald coloured ink, 200x80x4 cm

*Clickety Click, 2012*

Aluminium suitcase, carved wooden figure, 55x40x20 cm

*Stills, 2012*

Found curtain, wooden stretchers, 110x210x4 cm

Found curtain, wooden stretchers, 100x200x4 cm

Found curtain, wooden stretchers, 90x200x4 cm

It's early morning on planet earth, so surely it must be early morning in the rest of the universe too... me, me, me and again me... well, we said it: it must be... early morning everywhere! Given that such concept, the concept of morning, of daybreak, of dawn, given that it could possibly bear no significance whatsoever in the cold, cold atomised space of perennial muffled darkness. A chilly morning to think about *nothing* as the starting point for *something* or as its endpoint, the other way around. Equal. Very much the same.

One thing is certain though: the rules are inverted out there, starting from the basics, from darkness and light, empty and full. All upside down and upset. Or actually... they simply don't make any sense as such. I mean, as rules. Maybe it's down here that it's all twisted and distorted and we never pay that much attention to it anyway. Possible. Why not? I mean... the rules for things to happen or not: people meet, shake hands, stay together for a while and then leave. Others just don't, and that's about it.

Well, whichever route we take, it's still early morning. So...Good Morning!

Maybe it's something one does... or something that happens. Suddenly. Maybe a line... imagine! A straight line from the orbital space coming down to the round belly of the earth. A line like a curve, though straight. Still a line. Still looking very much like a curve from where we stand. So let's go by order: exosphere, thermosphere, mesosphere, stratosphere and troposphere. Air pressure and density increasing as height decreases. Then BAMMMM! Hits the ground. Hits it hard. A dash crossing layers and layers of gasses until landing here, planet earth, United Kingdom, London town, a sidewalk just recently enlarged, few steps away from a train station. People drifting and crossing. Puddles still filled up with a murky mix of mud and cement. Or... something else, somewhere else: a man by himself or a woman. We know that by now! But what we don't know is how to make such *selfness* an *abstract entity*. Down here we do it one way: subtraction... until the bare flesh... stopping just when we reach the bones. Great material for a story! Forget days, places and faces. Forget here and forget there. Until there is little else to worry about... just simple and mechanical erasure, scrubbing the floor, down on our knees. Then again: to voluntarily subtract doesn't imply that you remember to voluntarily subtract? How do you remember to forget all that? And anyway, even if you succeed in doing so, how to wipe off this memory in the second place... or in the third, the fifth, the tenth?

Damn circularity! Damn it! The more you reduce, the more things come back to call you by your name, you as so and so etc. Going out of the door to come in from the window...

- Francesco Pedraglio