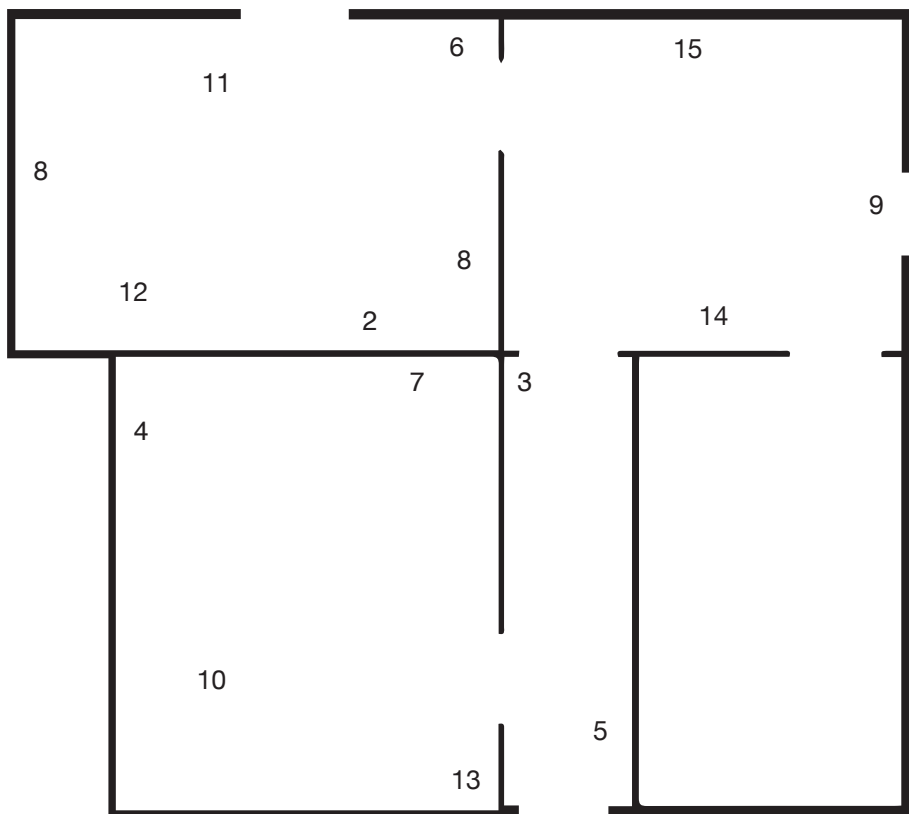


Dog, No Leash

Spazio Orr
September 2023

Curated and organized by
Theodor Nymark &
Laura Fuglsang for Salon 75



1. Noah Barker
Production Courtyard 2013
Crushed oyster shell

2. Abbas Akhavan
Slug 2020
Single channel video

3. Abbas Akhavan
Study for a Garden 2015
Cypress tree

4. Marie Søndergaard Lolk
Historical sounds 2019
Acrylic and glue on silk paper

5. Marie Søndergaard Lolk
socio-economic 2019
Foam tape, acrylic, foamboard

6. Marie Søndergaard Lolk
for some time 2020
Found piece of fabric craft

7. Marie Søndergaard Lolk
we are not in a position 2019
Acrylic and paper on foamboard

8. Joe Bun Keo
Don't forget to call your grandmother
when we get home (Bristol, Providence, Brescia) 2023
vinyl sticker

9. Joe Bun Keo
Disoriented boy meets world (Max and Paw) 2023
Metal and plastic

10. Joe Bun Keo
Hard stops (a year of establishing capacities and boundaries) 2023
Rice soup spoons, onions

11. Nanna Abell
Untitled (Psychodile serien), 2022
salted flip-flop

12. Nanna Abell
Untitled (Psychodile serien), 2022
Swimwear, Booster, oyster shells, golden plastic handle

13. Nanna Abell
Untitled (Psychodile serien), 2022
Safety helmet, algae

14. Nanna Abell
Untitled (Perma Red Player) 2018
Underground cable protection cover,
Cola bottle, abiotic factors

15. Jessica Olausson
sausage skin, tropical
depression, bench, holy water 2023
sausage skin, tropical depression,
bench, holy water



**ROYAL DANISH
EMBASSY**
Rome

Dog, No Leash

I'm like a rotting apple, I change my shape and color. Falling from the old branch of a tree in a windy forest, displacing decayed leaves from the ground to the shore. That beach with all the stones, that once were elsewhere. The beach where someone walks a dog, with no leash, free to run wild and acting out.

I'm like a hare, out of reach, intangible, and always in the field. Moving through landscapes, with an attitude and a purpose. In a caravan, in a train, moving across landscapes. Always shifting shape, adapting my behaviour, changing the route.

I'm so lazy, never busy. Only running if chased, only sleeping when tired, only eating when hungry. Like a hunter acting as the deer, dressing as the woods. Adapting his behaviour, changing his color. I'm going shopping, always local, never import. Few meters, never miles. Bringing a bag, in the field, foraging herbs. Always local, crouching, collecting what's around me, when I move, my assortment varies, always changing.

I'm always cleaning the room, always dirty, the dust accumulates. Wiping the counter, mopping the floor. Never finished, always cleaning. My house is dynamic, moving furniture from the bedroom to the kitchen.

I'm like water, always moving, shifting shape. Water from which someone drowns, from which I drink. I'm like the water in the river, along the route, through the mountains. Settlers align themselves along me. I'm like a field, always defined, never free. Always there, never here. Shifting shape, changing route. Moving across the landscape, always somewhere else.

I'm like a flourishing ivy, living on a castle, always changing shape, shifting colors. On the bricks, on the glass. Living on the walls of the castle, like I would live on a fallen dying tree. Always shifting shape, adapting my behaviour, changing the route. No questions, only feelings.

Theodor Nymark



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EMBASSY**
Rome