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UNTITLED (HOW DOES IT FEEL), 2014, FULL HD VIDEO, COLOUR, SOUND, 8:20 MIN, LOOP

VOICE-OVER

We know it well. The relationship between aperture and shutter. Between the eye and the sitter. We have been there and understand that desire. We allow ourselves to think of pelvic floor exercises while choosing our f-stop.

We translate what we see into bodily experience with such speed that we can no longer distinguish between eye and muscle.

Imagine falling against concrete. The tearing up of the skin. *Ouch!!! Stop saying that!*

We are not like you. We are the natives now. We trust this object and other objects like it. We can let go, lean back and accept its genius. Enjoy its virtuosity. We are the enthusiasts. We use things. Throw stuff at stuff to see what happens, then eagerly await another generation.

We are the anglers, we spend all day at the river. What happens underneath the surface, what is lurking at the edge of the rushes we don't know. We discuss lures, based on experience. We are all about the tool, this is what we review. This is our clay condition.

We get excited about previously un-thought analogies, but also, we happily accept the ones already touched upon by many. *What else can we do?* Take this flower. Does anyone not like the moth orchid? A tree-dwelling jungle plant that lends grace to its surroundings: The hotel lobby or your kitchen countertop. Easy to care for and scent free. Mass cloning techniques and industrial-scale propagation. Pure and inconsequential beauty.

We can capture movement now. A human, stretching. How vulgar. Someone falling, clumsily, in public. The nervous grass-like movement of the nostril hairs. A hand fumbling about in the mouth of someone else, arms squeezing flesh in skin, jaws chewing. Drooling, gliding, pulling, pressing, pushing. Tightening or trembling muscles, hitting, screaming. The pulling out of hairs, flowers that open. Relaxed muscles.

Just lubricants, no desire. We are over it. We don't need sauce smears. We visit fancy restaurants to eat like cavemen. We deal with the whole beast. From Nose to Tail. No more swatches of swooshy softness. No velvet smoking jackets.

Here we are. Nothing but sunscreen between our unclothed bodies and the weather. Wind on orifice, aperture, gateway, portal. The tingling sensation of connectedness with the world.

Naked bodies. Holding hands. Hats on heads & watches on wrists. Necklaces, bags, sandals. Bodies and accessories.

GALERIE KAMM

Then there are moments where we realize that we..... *I and I the Roman Two... that we.....* are doing a split and that our legs are moving further and further away from each other and we feel the stretching of the ligaments, the trembling of the muscle and it starts hurting. *Ouch!*

We are on a cross Atlantic flight and we are thirsty. And then shortly after the drinks have been served, we eat. And then we all go to the toilet. Imagine how paper and urin and feces is now sliding through the tubing of this incredible machine. What a great experimental model this is. This is where weight is constant; This is where dieting won't save you.