

Poor and Needy

Poor and Needy. An exhibition on art, migration, and debt

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1897

Intro

When, about two years ago, we were invited by Brad Killam and Michelle Grabner to “do something “ for the 2016 Great Poor Farm Experiment VIII in Manawa in rural Wisconsin, we eagerly accepted because we recognized the Poor Farm’s importance in the cultural landscape of the American Midwest. In 2017, at the invitation of Kurt Finsten, we brought the exhibition to Krabbesholm Højskole, another refuge for aspiring artists, writers, and thinkers, situated in the heart of what the Danes know as “The Dark Jutland.”

Mirroring the journey we had made ourselves in a symmetrical motion across the Atlantic – Yvette emigrated from the USA to Denmark in 1996, while Lise left Denmark in 1992 to arrive in America via the Netherlands in 2008 – we took our cue from the poem *The New Colossus*, in which the Statue of Liberty is hailed as the “the Mother of Exile,” to instigate a conversation about art, migration, and debt. We brought together a group of artists from Copenhagen and Chicago, who each in their own way had expanded their practice to contribute to maintaining an ecosystem of cultural production which we felt were under threat.

Little did we know that in the two years between the first invitation to do this show and the publication of the book you now hold in your hand, these already precarious systems would be increasingly threatened and artists further marginalized. Affluent economies in the Global North point to the recent economic crisis to explain why they can no longer “afford” to subsidize artists, whom they readily paint as “poor and needy” individuals, who are “addicted” to social security, and who are “afraid” to work. This trend has gone hand in hand with an increased xenophobia in both countries, where the same rhetoric is leveraged against immigrants by governments eager to build walls and close borders. Gradually and suddenly the Utopias of “the American Dream” as well as the “Scandinavian Welfare State” have come to look like gated communities.

The artists' colony, because that is what both The Poor Farm and Krabbesholm are, is located somewhere between Utopia and the gated community; questions of exclusivity and inclusivity repeatedly come into play here. But at least these are open-ended conversations, not the law; the texts and works in this book are contributions from artists and writers toward the continued open-mindedness of our local and global communities.

Come one, come all: it doesn't say RSVP on the Statue of Liberty. It does not say so on the gates of the art world either!

Chicago/Copenhagen 2017

Yvette Brackman & Lise Haller Baggesen





Poor & Needy at The Poor Farm

Lise Haller Baggesen

Well we know where we're going
But we don't know where we've been
And we know what we're knowing
But we can't say what we've seen
And we're not little children
And we know what we want
And the future is certain
Give us time to work it out¹

For those of you who just tuned in, perhaps a short introduction is in order. If you have never been to the Poor Farm, how to best describe it? One way would be “8000 square feet of exhibition space in Waupaca County, Wisconsin.”²

Another way could be “in the middle of nowhere, deep in the heart of Trump’s darkest America, shines a beacon of hope and resistance, a utopia built on progressive intellectual thought and humble dedication to craft, united in a belief in art for art’s sake.”

The former is factual—the latter is by my own definition. But that does not make it entirely fictional.

The *Great Poor Farm Experiment* floats on the corky idea that time and space are the only two prerequisites for making an art show, both of which The Poor Farm has in abundance.

But, aside from this abundance, just what is it that makes The Poor Farm so different, so appealing?

The Poor Farm, by positioning itself squarely *inside* “the establishment” and its discourse, challenges the very notion, by which an institution cannot operate within that paradigm while remaining critical thereof.

1 Talking Heads “Road to Nowhere,” *Little Creatures* (Sire, 1985).

2 <http://poorfarmexperiment.org/about/>

However, The Poor Farm doesn't exist solely as an example of institutional critique; it exists equally as a rebuttal to the trend where "institutional critique was overtaken by a neoliberal Right that went ahead and simply abolished art institutions."³

So perhaps the question instead should be: just what is it about the white (ice-) cube of the proverbial art institution that has conditioned us to agree that art is a dish best served chilled?

If we accept the claim that the prerequisite for making (an) art (show) is simply time and space, it will therefore be nestled inside a nation state and a political moment. In contrast, Utopia is set inside our head: a Mandala crumbling as it is being imagined, a mirage reflecting the life, time, and space, in which it is conceived.

Luce Irigaray writes in her essay, *The Return*, about the origins of western culture:

In the era of globalization that is ours, we can observe two trends: that of the stay-at-homes who try to preserve at all costs their home, country and culture as they are, and that of the nomadic people who denigrate any home. Both of them disregard the relation with the other, which requires an ability to dwell with the possibility of opening up oneself to the other, of leaving home to meet with the other while remaining able to return home, to oneself, within oneself in order to keep the two, the one and the other.⁴

The immigrant/emigrant sits between these positions, between coming/staying/going, building a home away from home. Their position can be likened to that of the artist; if home is where the art is, we may as well build our home-away-from home at that place and time in between reality and Utopia that is the Poor Farm.

When Yvette Brackman and I were invited to "do something" within the framework of *The Great Poor Farm Experiment IIX* in the summer of 2016, we took our cue from the Poor Farm as site, to host an exhibition on debt, migration, and radical hospitality.

3 Hito Steyerl: "If You Don't Have Bread, Eat Art!: Contemporary Art And Derivative Fascism," *e-flux journal* #76, October 2016. <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/76/69732/if-you-don-t-have-bread-eat-art-contemporary-art-and-derivative-fascisms/> (accessed 16 October 2016)

4 Luce Irigaray: "The Return," *In The beginning, She Was* (London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2012.)

Poor & Needy explores various economies of creative compassion. The title is inspired by Emma Lazarus' poem *The New Colossus* – engraved on the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York — and in particular the stanza “give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.”⁵

Back in the day when the Statue of Liberty and the Waupaca County Poor Farm were built (construction started in 1875 and 1876 respectively) — around the time also, of a great influx of immigrants from Scandinavia to Wisconsin — a simple, unadorned, coffin was a signifier of poverty and social isolation; hence the nearby burial grounds for those who died in the debtor's farm, without friends or family willing, or able, to pay for their funeral costs.

If museums are “where art goes to die” perhaps this “potter's field” would be the ideal setting to unearth some truths about the conditions under which we practice our practice at this point in space/time?

As artists we rely on each other to forge bonds and collaborations. But what does it mean to be in debt? To whom are we indebted, and who will hold us accountable —society, community, the Canon, a legally binding contract, or merely our own moral code?

To probe these questions we invited a group of artists from Scandinavia and the American Midwest, who we found to have extended their practice to serve other artists in some way or shape: by organizing exhibitions, by writing about other artists' work, by advocating, by nurturing the biotope of the arts community.

One of the (few) pieces of advice Yvette and I were given by Brad Killam, while undertaking the task of curating twenty artists from Denmark and the US in twelve spaces in a former debtor's farm in rural Wisconsin, was to “temper expectations.”

By which he meant to say that artists have certain expectations when invited to partake in international exchange? Perhaps some kind of institutional support, some kind of accommodation (monetary and otherwise), some kind of white cube? Definitely not a dank basement covered in black mold, a bat in the kitchen, or a dormitory sadly lacking in air conditioning in the overheated Midwest. What exactly were we trying to

5 Emma Lazarus: “The New Colossus” (1883) was a sonnet composed to raise money for the construction of the pedestal of the statue of liberty. It was installed on the inner wall of the pedestal in 1903, after Lazarus' death, and has been published numerous times, amongst other in Emma Lazarus: *Selected Poems and Other writings* (Broadview Press 2002.)
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/46550/the-new-colossus> (accessed 15 August, 2017.)

achieve, by transplanting art and artists out of the safety of the city and into the countryside, where they are at best out of their element, and at worst an invasive species?

The Great Poor Farm Experience is about (literally) getting out of your comfort zone and finding some comfort in that.

There is a lot of parallel play on the farm: a soup kitchen for poor and needy artists serving communal dinners cooked with locally farmed vegetables by our expert volunteers, Jonas and Miriam. Lining up for ice cream, served by our scooper troopers Eleanor and Ceal. Summer-school readings and bonfire conversation. A lazy river float in the company of beautiful strangers.

Some come for the art and stay for the float race, some come for the float race and stay for the summer school, some come for the summer school and stay for the ice cream, some come for the ice cream and stay for the art; the show is just one of the components that make up the Great Poor Farm Experiment, but it is the part that remains and that we can talk about.

Like everything else in this current time and space, our show at the Poor Farm in the summer of 2016 must also be viewed through the lens of the 2016 presidential campaign —perhaps the ugliest in recent memory?

Arriving at the farm on a chilly October evening — two months after the August weekend we shared with *The Great Poor Farm Experience IIX* — our little party of three drove back up, past election season's Trump/Pence yard-and-lawn signs in addition to the usual pro-life billboards, to revisit the show and to document it in image and text. I hope that by the time you read this we can laugh about it all, but at this point in space and time it is terrible. The America The Poor Farm represents seems more under threat than ever; that, and world peace!

Not to compare the curator's chore to world peace, but diplomatic skills are prerequisite for both: what territory is trespassed upon, who is heard and seen, and who is written in and out of history?

In the following, I will try to give some answers to those questions. But be warned: the curatorial essay, by nature, is the talk on the cereal box — it is not the thing itself.

The farm, the thing itself, looms large with its symmetrical façade visible behind old trees on the side of county road BB. Our safe-haven. The lights are on upstairs, and the front door is open, spooky and inviting. The air is cold and crisp outside and in. Luckily, we stocked up on local beer in a local shop for local people on our way up; now we have arrived in the middle of nowhere we will toast to our little utopia.

We're on a road to nowhere
Come on inside
Taking that ride to nowhere
We'll take that ride
I'm feeling okay this morning
And you know
We're on the road to paradise
Here we go, here we go⁶

Poor & Needy occupies two levels of the Poor Farm's exhibition space—the 2nd floor galleries and the basement.

While planning the layout of the exhibition, Yvette and I came to talk about how different positions of migration, debt, and empowerment were inhabited not only as theoretical positions, with our minds, but also practically and physically, with our bodies. We divided the show into two “zones:” the “bibliothèque” (upstairs) and the “discothèque” (downstairs), to underscore how these issues must be actuated both in the archive and in the club — to capture our hearts as well our minds.

But that was in theory, expressing intention before fact. In practice, not only did that move greatly improve the flow of the show, but also turned out to be a surprisingly seductive selling point, in terms of allocating space to the artists involved.

Q: “Do you want to show in the basement?”

A: “I thought not!”

vs.

Q: “Do you want to join the club?”

A: “Sign me up!”

As a result the show is constructed like an ‘80s mullet —business in the front, party in the back—which looks way better than it sounds.

Here we go, here we go!

We will start our tour upstairs in the *Bibliothèque*:

Coming up the front stairs we are greeted by Ulla Hvejsel's XL reproduction of Breughel the Elder's *The Ass in the School* from 1556. Printed on

6 Talking Heads “Road to Nowhere,” *Little Creatures* (Sire, 1985).

a very contemporary heavy duty vinyl tarp — the kind used to advertise liquidation sales, pumpkin patches, and political rallies — Breughel's crisp line is rendered in a rudimentary low-res digital print; its 4-colour CYMK imitation of the original sepia tones transitions seamlessly into the dusty brown of the worn floorboards underneath. It served as the backdrop for Ulla's comedy quiz show *The Ass in the School — A Quiz About the Stupidity We Live By*, performed twice, outside in the courtyard. Seated behind the backdrop, Ulla's ass peaked out of a circular cutout, strategically placed where the disobedient pupil in Breughel's drawing is about to receive a disciplinary lesson. The inquisitive ass would quiz innocent audience members on "the stupidity we live by" and also grant points to the competitors: us vs. ass.

Opposite this cheeky school example of barefaced ignorance and its consequences is laid bare a covert cunningness.

Joshua Mittelman's b/w prints *Camp Lemmonier* and *Two Male Figures in Repose* show us a US drone airbases in the Republic of Djibuti in the Horn of Africa, and prisoner abuse in Afghanistan; the former is a rudimentary map rendered in abstract Suprematist shorthand, the latter a grainy video still, in which two hooded figures are barely discernible. In its atmospheric, almost romantic, obscurity, this image bears resemblance to Gerhard Richter's photographic index ATLAS, and in particular his suite of paintings on the RAF/Baader-Meinhof Group October 18, 1977.

In combination, the works relate our current (internet) moment, with a larger (art) historical timeframe — these three Instagrammable Google-searches represent a timeline of sorts, a history of painting in three easy steps: from the Middle Ages (Breughel) to Modernity (Malevich) to the post-modern (Richter).

Furthermore, Josh and Ulla's work underscore the inconvenient truth that although there are stupid facts of life we would rather ignore — in particular as it pertains to how information is obscured or withheld — abuse of power should come as no surprise, and it is better to know than to not know.

Adhering to this guiding principle, the upstairs hallway bears a resemblance to that of a public school, in which announcement are made on notice boards, next to craft projects, fundraising goals, recent changes in the syllabus, and today's lessons. It also functions as the public market square for the exhibition, where competing views bid against each other. Boo or vote?

In compliance with Barack Obama's advice on these matters, Tony Lewis' rule #53 from *Life's Little Instruction Book* simply states: "Vote!" The monosyllabic command is rendered in a serif font, outlined in black plas-

ter screws drilled into the gypsum board wall, and connected by graphite-covered rubber bands. This repetitive manual task puts the imperative quite literally under tension, and the smudges of fingerprints on the wall around it suggests there is no way to wash your hands of this duty; we all need to roll up our sleeves and get our hands dirty in the shared labor that is democracy.

The Third Rail's *Issue 8* seems to reject this notion and boo the current political state of affairs and its toxic fallout. The 23 participating artists were invited to each make a protest poster that spoke to a topic they felt strongly about this election cycle. No censorship was executed by the editorial board of Third Rail, so that in effect each artist speaks strictly on their own behalf and sometime in contradiction with each other — but overall the verdict is scathing and invokes the right of refusal, both of the electable candidates, but also of participation overall: “What do we want? No Jobs! When do we want them? Never!”⁷

Next to The Third Rail's protest posters Michelle Eistrup's rudimentary tape-and-text collages evoke the spectre of the slave trade, and resurrect its descendants in majestic photographs of young South African's wrapped in their country's flag. They remind us that voting is a right not to be squandered, and that before reconciliation can happen, we must speak truth to power. The body of work was made during Eistrup's recent residency in Johannesburg — a city populated exclusively by white South Africans until the abolition of Apartheid in 1995 — and focuses on questions regarding nationality, spirituality, and the city. Another work, *This Particular Masquerade 1, Unmasked*, also in the hallway, shows an expansive horizon behind a group of Johannesburg youth with hula-hoops, into which pictures are inserted of cultural artifacts—a playful reclamation of both space and (art-) history: we are here now. The accompanying audio bears the title *Amnesia*, and speaks to the uncanny habit of former colonialists to hyphenate forgiving-and-forgetting.

In Kirsten Leenaars' video *New, and Definitively Improved*, the new kids on the block get to sell us their version of the American dream-home, in the appraisal of the cardboard models they have made in its image. This work, together with the penciled mural *(Re)Constitution #12yearolds*, and a series of drawings titled *A House is a House is a House (homes for the working class)*, constitute a sampler of the exhibition *Re-housing the American Dream*, which Leenaars recently produced for the Haggarty Museum of

7 Sam Gould: “No Jobs Never” *The Third Rail Issue 8: The Protest Issue*, ed. Jonathan Thomas and Cameron Gainer (Third Rail Quarterly: Minneapolis, 2016.)

Art in Milwaukee. Her young collaborators were students from Milwaukee's Highland Community School and the International Newcomer Center in the Milwaukee Academy of Chinese Language, who had signed up for her summer camp.

On the opposite wall from their (re-)juvenated constitution hangs Rashayla Marie Brown's own legal contract from her performance *Rage to Master*.

Visitors to the *Great Poor Farm Experience IIX* saw Rashayla invoke the collective genies of our shared art-historical ancestors, spitting bottled spirits out onto the ground as a toast to her friends left behind outside "the museum," while demonizing the singular genius hailed within: Picasso, Braque, Matisse, van Gogh. This gesture was no hail to the thief, but a reclamation of his loot, before reading the contract stating her rights, as an artist, to her own work and intellectual property as it is re-sold, reproduced and re-purposed, changing hands and hands. The performance ended with a funeral pyre of her body of photographic work made before the execution of said contract: a ritual purification, healing and rebirth. The remnants of that sacrifice are arranged as an offering on the floor. Now all that remains are the ashes – but what ashes!

Individually, Michelle, Kirsten, and Rashayla insert themselves into a larger economy of colonization and oppression, by reversing the current/currency of micro-accumulation and cultural appropriation. Together, they raise questions about identity politics and dignity in the 21st century, but also pose a question as simple as it is metaphysical: what is the resale value of your soul?

Handling the issue of resale value rather more pragmatically, artist collective Mobil Kultur Byrå advocates for a group of Russian women, peddling their goods at the Russian Market Place in the village of Kirkenes on the northern tip of Norway. Since 2006 MKB has been involved with the work of sorting out the bureaucratic obstacles of trading across the border of the former iron curtain. Through their *Russian Market Project* arts grants were utilized to literally provide shelter for the women (in the form of market stall tents serving double duty as the canvas for an international art show, exhibited on the city square during the harsh winter months above the Polar Circle), or to opening up local art centers to cultural exchange in the form of commerce.

The longstanding collaboration between the two groups was not always simple, as the Russian women's time under the Soviet regime had made them wary of going forward as a group without unambiguous consent from each member. Perhaps the process is best illustrated in the Russian fairy tale *The Swan, the Crayfish and the Pike* in which the three

animals try to pull a crate together, with each member of the group pulling in their own direction, leaving the troika stuck on the beach.

Yet Crawfish scrambled backwards,
Swan strained up skywards, Pike pulled toward the sea.
Who's guilty here and who is right is not for us to say –
But anyway the cart's still there today.⁸

Whereas in Russia this fable has become a cautionary tale of gridlock and failure, the project did not only book progress and results in terms of improved conditions for the Russian Market – but perhaps more than anything in a genuine cultural exchange, in which both groups developed new perspectives on their own positions within the field of collaboration. The observation: “then you are like us!” came after one of the merchants had listened to MKB’s explanation what their precarious, yet adventurous, working conditions as independent artist group was like. The negotiations and process of the push/pull between MKB and the Russian Market were documented in a library of exhibition ephemeral, including the publications *Russian Market Intervention and Improvement of Market Facilities*, and in six videos on view in the video space.

In here we also find Nanna Lysholt Hansen’s video documentation of *Dear Daughter / Motherboard Theories of Evolution (w/ Braidotti, Plant et aliae) #9*, which she performed live during The Great Poor Farm Experiment. In her performance Lysholt Hansen, in Babybjörn bondage, offers up an oracle in the form of an Apple computer reading a letter from the woman-machine to her unborn daughter; sharing from her tree of knowledge her manifest is passionate and poetic, personal and political, all at once, and peppered with quotes from the great foremothers of her feminist and academic heritage:

We are not reverent; we do not re-member the cosmos. We are wary of holism, but needy for connection. We have a natural feel for united front politics, but without the vanguard party.⁹

8 Ivan Krylov “Swan, Pike and Crawfish” *Russian Universe*: <https://russianuniverse.org/2014/04/06/ivan-krylovs-fable-swan-pike-and-crawfish/> (accessed 15 August 2017.)

9 Donna Haraway “A Cyborg Manifesto” (1984) quoted in Nanna Lysholt Hansen: “Dear Daughter/Organic Cyborg Stories (After Donna Haraway), Script for Live Performance 2013” Transcript from *SCRIPTED!! 12 Performances on paper* ed. Trine Mee Sook Gleerup, Maria Bordorff and Mathias Kryger, (Copenhagen: Eller med a, 2016)

Her script is now offered to the visitor at a reading desk outside in the hallway, where you can contemplate the dialectics of word and vision.

If the hallway is where the personal becomes political, the chambers are thus where the polemic becomes poetic.

In a quiet space overlooking the Breeze — the barn that houses the Poor Farm Summer School sessions — the deconstructed volume of Kurt Finsten’s *Marriage* exist equally well as wall-mounted Risographs as bound in a book.

Finsten’s abstract compositions are juxtaposed by enigmatic text fragments by Rasmus Halling Nielsen, sprinkled with casual reference to the giants of Danish literature, automatic writing, and cozy cut-ups. What to make, for example, of the sentence “fire in the chair marriage soft,” scribbled on a note next to a poster reading

YOU
FAIL
ME

The production of the limited edition took place at Krabbesholm Højskole, where Finsten has worked as principal for half a lifetime; most striking about seeing this little piece of Danish “Højskole” here is how snugly it fits into the setting of the Poor Farm. Both align themselves with a vision of radical pedagogy, as expressed in for example the German “Freie Schule” and the American Black Mountain College. These ideas are also practiced in the Poor Farm’s recurring Summer School program, during which Yvette Brackman and Anni Holm gave an American audience a first hand account of what a Højskole is, from the perspective of teacher and student.¹⁰

Another popular syllabus from this year’s Summer School curriculum was Sofia Leiby’s handwriting analysis sessions, part of her ongoing investigation into mark making, scribbling, and doodling.

Her black and white mural *Perche Guardo Quelli Che Guardano*, which occupies the smallest of the upstairs chambers, draws from the same re-

10 This quintessentially Danish phenomenon is most commonly translated in American as “folk-high school” although that phrase doesn’t quite describe the essence of what højskole is. Now that we know what it isn’t, I will refer to Yvette Brackman’s essay else where in this publication to explain the phenomenon of højskole, in general, and Krabbesholm in particular.

search. Her composite images are built from psychological and creativity tests, from Winnicott to the present, which Sofia mines online. At face value, the samplers look like unfinished shorthand, obscure pictograms, and Victorian riddles a la “what’s on a man’s mind?”

Since she started working with her growing archive, Sofia has come in contact with makers and users of the tests, who — though wary of her making this material widely available, lest it loses its credibility as test material — are also drawn to the layered possibilities of meaning her compositions open up. Seeing Sophia’s mural evolve and come together reminds me again of the possibility of play as being the only arena in which we can be truly serious.

Taken together, the elegant black lines of the composite drawing resemble both a cartoonish mid-century parody of “modern art” and a coloring book for the extremely gifted. Duckrabbit peeks out from a corner. A large double profile moon face occupies the center.

In ancient Roman myth, Janus, the god of time, transitions, and doorways, had two faces, so as to be able to look into the past and the future simultaneously, but perhaps risks overlooking the possibilities of the present? In contrast, Sofia’s two-faced figures run the risk of playfully being stuck in the revolving doors of perception — having too much fun in the present ambiguity. Her initial motive for replacing her own hand and visual language with this found material tethers between self-reflection and navel-gazing: “what does it say about me that this is not about me?”

A more sincere/sinister interest in clinical psychiatry is touched upon in Jim Duignan’s teenage boy-scout adventure *The Dunning Boys*. In this work he recalls his Eagle Scout project, which culminated in organizing an event with a group of pre-adolescent boys from the “insane asylum” known to the local youth simply as “Dunning.” In Duignan’s memory, this was “a place that was synonymous with terror, seeded in the chilling stories we spread of confinement, torture, and human experimentation.” The place has a haunted quality, in turn haunting the mind of its young visitor: “I was drawn to the site. I broke in, always slipping through the same opening, and continued wandering around at night years after my good scouting deeds.”

In the central hallway windowsill Duignan has displayed his autographed letters of congratulations from dignitaries such as Gerald R. Ford, Illinois Senator Robert J. Egan, and Michael Bilandic (then mayor of Chicago). From the window, you overlook the front lawn where he placed a simple wooden crate, tagged with the initials BSA. The planter is filled with mint, a scent Duignan still associates with his visits to the Dunning facility “haunted by the sounds of screams in the weak, mint-scented

breeze slightly covering the thousands and thousands of corpses of the sick, poor and needy buried on the former Cook County Poor Farm.”¹¹

From one asylum to another, over time and space, the minty breeze carries.

From Jim’s vantage point on the landing, a doorway leads into the large corner space where Anja Franke pitched a tent, crafted in burlap and silk-screen printed with indigo blue ornaments. On the wall next to it hangs the “Porcelain Rules for Wasting Time.”

The tent serves as the “basecamp” for Franke’s nomadic porcelain painting workshop *Waste Time Service — Settle Down* with which she has traveled the world to expand her ever-expanding tableware collection. The rules are compellingly simple; what ties the project together across continents is the timeless formula of white porcelain and indigo blue paint. In each location, participants are asked to create their own variation on the well-known theme. At the Poor Farm, people drifted in and out of this breezy Summer School Master Class, or spent an afternoon in quiet contemplation of this classic combination; dabbed in doodles or meandering in lyrical lines, it works every time.

Next to the tent stands a solitary chair, of the kind you would find in a fin-de-siècle French café. It is equipped with an audio player, where you may listen to Hannah Heilman’s *Monet’s One Hand Is Very Warm And The Other Is So Cold*. Ode, or fan-mail, to Monet, surrendering hands down to “paintings too big to fit inside your face,” the piece both laments the tourist mecca Monet’s garden has become, while also celebrating the idea of “being romantically engaged with art, and travelling to get close to it.”

Her meditation on the artists’ refuge, utopia, or “perfect place” is equally befitting for the Poor Farm as site, although this place is not as frequented by holidaymakers in the market for tea towels, plush throws, and coasters.

As Heilman points out: “Nothing can compare to how long Monet looked at these water lilies because he was so rich!”

“Monet. Say it in English: Money, Money, Money.”

Together, Heilman’s and Franke’s work celebrate wasting time as both luxury and refusal.

This sentiment is shared by Edra Soto and Matt Morris in the opposite corner space. When I visit in early October a becoming decay has already set in.

Edra’s curlicue *GRAFT* ornaments have let loose from the windowpanes and now adorn windowsill and floorboards to equally decorative effect. In Matt’s work spider web and tulle, faux and real, culture and nature, mesh

11 Jim Duignan: *The Dunning Boys* exhibition ephemeral.

seamlessly and *buried boy* becomes the resting place for summer's buzz.

In his corresponding statement, Matt recalls the origin of this piece, which he embroidered at his paternal grandmother's deathbed:

I would stitch while she slept, and set it down when she would occasionally wake — in pain, or with a thought she wanted to chat about. I titled it after a conversation I had with the sculptor Petah Coyne, who told me that this is the risk of being fully in the world, inundated with the world, is that one might be buried alive.¹²

With its picturesque peeling paint and view of the autumn leaves outside, this minimalist boudoir tête-à-tête sits somewhere between Martha Stewart, Florine Stettheimer, and Colette, in its matchy-matchy fragility-as-indulgence. Fragilité is not a French delicacy for nothing. Or maybe exactly therefore? Sweet nothing.

Now that there is nothing left to enlighten us in the higher realms, we descend into the depth of the basement. There is a party going on down here, or several, to be precise. Let's start in the boiler room:

A giant sheet of Mylar reflects rippling light onto the surface of the boiler, which morphs into a submarine, an intergalactic starship enterprise, or a chrysalis. On the floor white marble chippings, of the kind you can find in any garden center, are arranged like islands in the stream or distant galaxies, mapping an internal universe. The soundtrack merges radiator noise with recordings from the Voyager Space Probes.

With these simple interventions Christa Donner and Andrew Yang's *Spacetimeshipcapsule 20016* transforms the space to dramatic effect; you feel gigantically tall and infinitely small in here, where scale is relative, relational, and durational.

A small, backlit, paper-cut casts a giant shadow on the brick wall, of a toddler in a jungle-gym spider-web. In Hiroshima the shadows of victims were etched into pavements and walls, so blinding was the blast. In Pompeii figures were cast in molten lava and solidified in hard rock, as bodies burned away like hot wax. In that sense it does not matter if disaster is man-made or natural, as our culture is our nature too. But this is not an argument for ignoring climate change since the sun is going to swallow the earth whole in about 4 billion years anyway — as argued by one presi-

12 Matt Morris: "Pretty Soldier." This text was written as Matt's contribution the *Poor and Needy Symposium* for participating artists, on Thursday August 4th 2016, to be read by a proxy in his absence.

dential hopeful (!) — instead this is a meditation on what we leave behind, and a warning not to turn the flesh of this world into dead meat.

In her book *Staying with the Trouble*, Donna Haraway advises her readers not to avert their gaze from the ecological meltdown we are facing, to not assume the cynical nor the defeatist position, but to work, intellectually, spiritually, and practically, to make this current sliver of time — named the Anthropocene, the Capitalocene, or (as Haraway puts it) the Chthulucene — as thin and insignificant as possible in the timeline of the cosmos. I see a similar intentionality behind Christa and Andrew's shadow theatre: the cavernous basement becomes a Plato's Cave to the society of spectacle we are currently in. (Like a U2 song on repeat, we're stuck in a moment and we can't get out of it.)

As Andrew pointed out during our symposium/walkthrough "You can be poor without being needy, and you can be needy without being poor." Do we need to buy more time, or do we need to invest ourselves in it differently?

Where Haraway calls on us to make the sliver of time of the anthropocene as thin and insignificant as possible, the art experience calls on us to be fully alive and present within this particular moment in time — another interpretation of the phrase "deep time."

In the next room, works battle each other as in a dance-off, a groovy rock/paper/scissors. Tony Lewis' *Untitled 2* vs. Anni Holm's *Glamorous and Worthy* vs. Henrik Plenge Jacobsen's *Deep Space Ornamentation*, hit the club with some Underground Resistance, in which cultural appropriation and cultural appreciation swirl and twirl in and around each other, like low- and high-pressure systems, creating the eye of a perfect storm.

Stepping onto the leaden dance-floor of Tony's wall-to-wall drawing, surrounded by Henrik's silk screen prints with their ballsy remix of iconic of 90's techno record labels, rekindles the curatorial bliss of an Early Bird Rave; against the backdrop of Anni's curtain of shimmery trash, pulled aside in the corner to reveal the black mold on the cheap plaster wall underneath, sun rays filtered through the plastic covered basement windows and bounced off the dust, dancing in the dank subterranean air to the beat of Henrik's playlist blasting from a portable sound system fit for an after party in a suburban teen bedroom.

Down here we dig our own hole. Dig it! Dig it!

Past Henrik's shiny chrome rims, fresh from the Detroit assembly line of hyper-masculine sculpture, and across the hallway, Edra Soto's comfy plastic chairs, *Sillas Pair*, are arranged invitingly, as for a garden party in a fallout shelter.

Covering the windows, her pebble-prints are executed in a grey monochrome—a natural extension of the surrounding stonewalls. The prints

are double sided — from the outside it looks like the windows have been boarded up. At first glance, it is hard to tell if the room has been altered at all, so seamlessly does Soto's discreetly baroque gestures interfere with the architectural space. Honoring her Puerto Rican middle class upbringing, and mining the bungalows of her neighborhood on Chicago's Westside for inspiration, Edra celebrates her love of mainstream ornamentation; faux finishes, marbling, cobblestone patterns, and floral arabesques.

Skovsnogens funky collage banner sure would have brightened the room, but, alas, the postal services are not to be trusted here on the edge of civilization; the package arrived too late.

Next to Edra's garden party, a funeral party is about to commence. Josh Mittleman's *Faraday Box* presents as a simple wooden coffin, lined in copper. This highly conductive material makes the interior of the box a space of total isolation, in which no (radio) contact with the outside world is possible. The paint peeling of the cinderblock walls of the confined, oblong, space is the same saturated verdigris green as the oxidized and weather beaten skin of Lady Liberty—another inspiration for the piece.

In this techno-savvy day and age, being cut off from the grid constitutes a social death of sorts. *Faraday Box* draws parallels between the physical isolation of a Faraday Cage and the social isolation of debt and bankruptcy. As Josh explains:

As being 'wired' becomes more integrated into people's lives, an individual's identity can be difficult to separate from their online activity. Cutting that off results in a form of identity erasure. Severing ties to the world of information works as a tool to further marginalize those convicts who were previously marginalized by debt.

As an antidote to this claustrophobic erasure and FOMO, we end our tour with Matt Morris' rapture: a totem sacred and profane, erect as a stairway to heaven, wedged between the concrete floor and the low ceiling. The frilly burlesque pole is clad in ruffled satin, custom printed with a pattern of skirts sampled from the anime "Sailor Moon" — from which the piece also lends its title *Pretty Soldier*.

The delicate rainbow palette of the piece has several connotations, most predominantly in secular culture as the heraldry of the LGBTQIAP+ community's armies of lovers. In Matt Morris' childhood home, however, the "sullied" rainbow motif was sought reclaimed by his devout father who instead wanted to reinstate it into the symbolic order of Christianity.

In our curatorial walkthrough this piece provoked the question “but is it functional?” to which I answered, deadpan, “yes, you can eyeball it!” At face value, this is what you do with (retinal) art. But at some deeper level Matt’s stripper pole also deliver us the key to what we can allow art to do with us in return – to strip us emotionally naked and lift us to a higher ground.

We’re on a ride to nowhere
Come on inside
Taking that ride to nowhere
We’ll take that ride
Maybe you wonder where you are
I don’t care
Here is where time is on our side
Take you there, take you there¹³

After the *Great Poor Farm Experiment IIX* concluded, Yvette and I stayed behind at the farm together with her mom, Rita, and my daughter, Eleanor. That last night we went for a walk up to the Potter’s Field, as we now know to call the place where you go if you have no family, no friend, nor foe to cover your funeral costs. As the sun set we listened to Rita’s recap of Gogol’s story *Dead Souls*. I cannot tell you the plot, however, because we never exactly got to the end of it; as is often the case with these walk-ie-talkies, our conversation meandered on and off the beaten track. We were dilly-dallying in other words. Wasting time.

Perhaps the Greatest Poor Farm Experience is that of wasting time? There is richness to that. Here in the Capitalocene, where time is money and money makes the world go round, can we luxuriate in idleness?

By way of conclusion I have tried to outline some Poor Farm Rules for Wasting Time:

- We may be in poor spirit, or in poor condition when we arrive, but time is on our side.
- There is no lack of time at the Poor Farm.
- Years are short, but time is deep.
- Life is short but art is deep.
- Utopia wasn’t built in a day.
- All roads lead to Utopia.

13 Talking Heads “Road to Nowhere,” *Little Creatures* (Sire, 1985).

- You Are Here Now
- You Are NowHere.

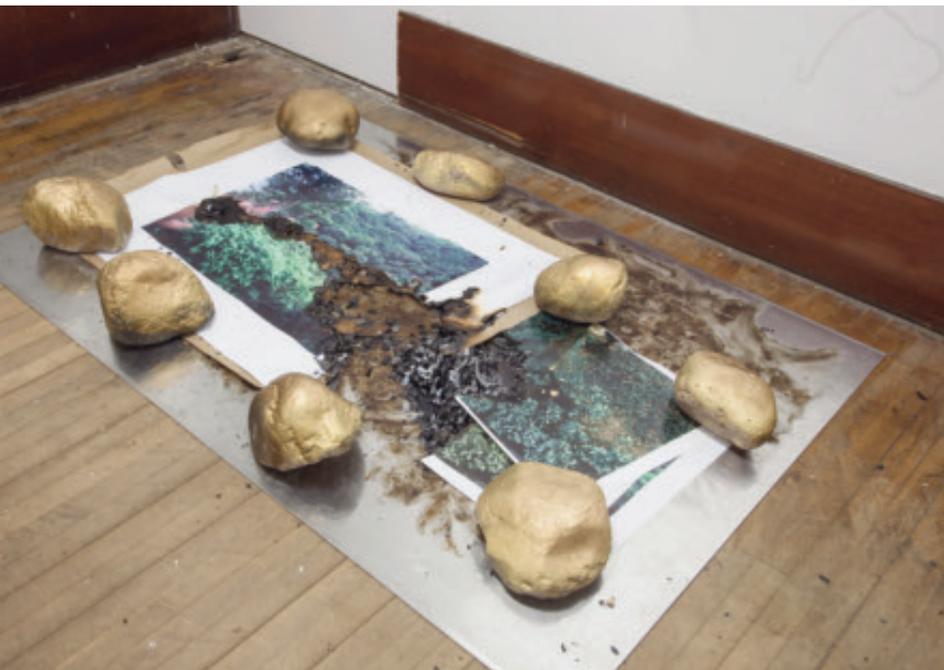
There's a city in my mind
Come along and take that ride
And it's alright, baby, it's all right
And it's very far away
But it's growing day by day and it's all right
Baby, it's all right
Would you like to come along
You can help me sing the song
And it's all right, baby, it's all right
They can tell you what to do
But they'll make a fool of you
And it's all right, baby, it's all right

We're on a road to nowhere.¹⁴

14 Talking Heads "Road to Nowhere," *Little Creatures* (Sire, 1985).











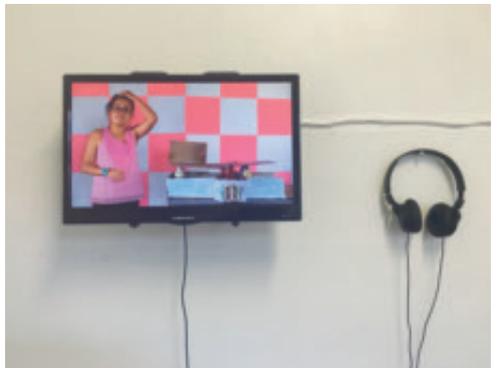
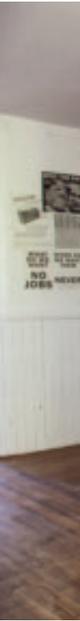










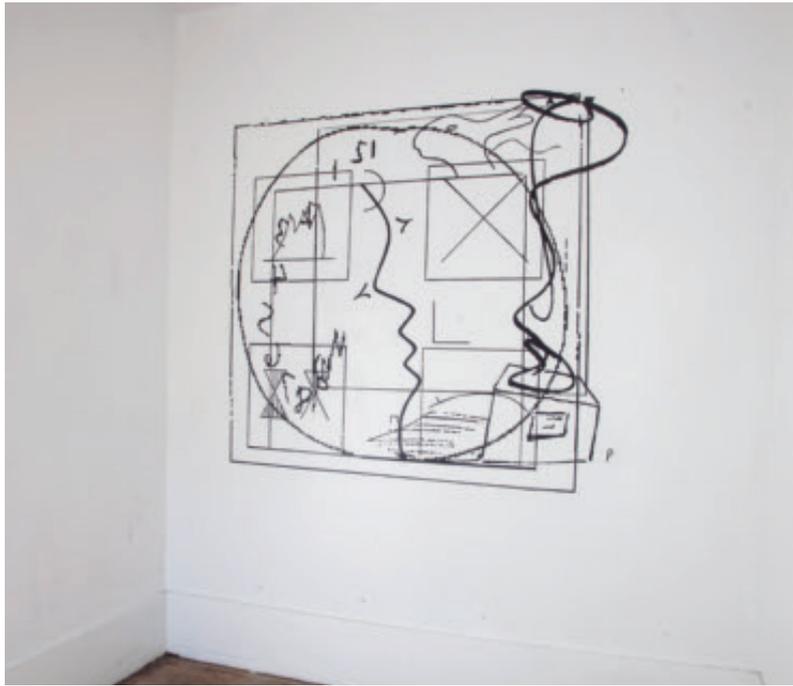














Sales Contract: User Agreement of Original Transfer of Work of Art

Agreement made as of the ___ day of ___, 2016 ____, between _Rashayla Marie Brown____ (herein after referred to as "the Artist"), and _ _____ (herein after referred to as "the User"), with respect to the sale of an artwork (herein after referred to as "the Work").

WHEREAS, the Artist has created the Work and has full rights, title, and interest therein; and WHEREAS, the Artist wishes to sell the Work; and

WHEREAS, the User has viewed the Work and wishes to either purchase, reprint, or create likeness of it;

NOW THEREFORE, in condition of the foregoing premises and the mutual obligations, covenants, and conditions hereinafter set forth, and other valuable considerations, the parties hereto agree as follows:

1. The Artist will repair the Work for the User upon request due to non-archival quality of work. The Artist will not repair the Work if damaged by the User due to neglect or negligence. The Artist will provide the User with a certificate of authenticity upon request.
2. The User agrees not to resell the Work for more than the original sale value without the consent of the Artist, whether the Work was purchased through a gallery representative, auction, or directly through the Artist. All resales must be negotiated between the User and the Artist. ***In the event a resale is negotiated, the Artist will request 50% of the final sale value that exceeds the price of the original sale.***
3. **Retransfer.** If the User in any way whatsoever sells, gives, or trades the Work, if it is inherited from the User, or if a third party pays compensation for its destruction, the User (or the representative of his estate) must notify the artist within thirty (30) days.
4. **Transferees Bound.** If anyone becomes the new owner of the Work, with notice of this contract, that person shall be bound to all its terms.
5. Any User that resells the work by the Artist at a profit without consent of the Artist will be prohibited from purchasing future work and will be subject to remedies for breach of contract, including damages. ***This agreement is the Artist's commitment to ethical business practices and noncompliance with commodity fetishism and neoliberalism in the art market.***
6. **Copyright and Reproduction.** The Artist reserves all reproduction rights, including the right to claim statutory copyright, in the Work. The Work may not be reproduced in any manner without the express, written consent of the Artist.
7. Any entity that reproduces the Work by the Artist must credit the artist as "Rashayla Marie Brown" and reprint the entire title of the work that is being reproduced. In the event the entire title cannot be reproduced, the Artist will provide an abbreviated title that can be used in publication. ***This agreement guarantees that the Work is not taken out of context or results in co-optation by non-profit or for-profit entities. This agreement reflects the commitment to the mother of the Artist, who transferred ownership of the object that the Artist preserves in perpetuity.***
8. **Miscellany.** This Agreement constitutes the entire understanding between the parties. Its terms can be modified only by an instrument in writing signed by both parties. A waiver of any breach of any of the provisions of the Agreement shall not be construed as a continuing waiver of other breaches of the same or other provisions hereof. This Agreement shall be governed by the laws of the State of Illinois.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have signed this Agreement as of the date set forth above.

USER'S SIGNATURE _____ DATE: _____

ARTIST'S SIGNATURE _____ DATE: _____

There is a history of performance. It started in the street. It went to the stage. It went to the screen. It is now trapped behind closed doors, exclusive spaces that you can't access. You have to pay to see performance. Freedom ain't never been free. And it sure as hell ain't 50 cents on the lemonade stand.

This is not an emergency, it's only a test. BOOOOOP
I got you here because I'm testing you. I don't like this.
See I'm the kind that wants everything now. But God says no, I'm a test you.
In a way that every day you get up YOU KNOW WHO YOUR MASTER IS.

If I can't shout in here. Tell me where I can shout. If you think I'm loud now, what till you see I can do. What kind of power I got.

I been waiting on you to call out to me. I hear you when you get in the car. I hear you when you in shower. I hear you when you by yourself. I hear you when you're in a crowd. I need you to OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND CALL ON ME.

When will you call on me, your Lord?!!!

Buddham saranam gacchami. Dhammam saranam gacchami. Sangham saranam gacchami

Nam Myoho Renge Kyo

You know, some people think the Buddha was black. Why you think he has nappy hair on all them statues? Black women have always been God. Fixing your problems for you.

I'm articulating this argument, not for the sake of articulating an art, just for the sake of being a contrarian. I think it's important for you to understand that the people that I look up to are not the people known for just falling in line with the status quo. And they are not just known for being rabble-rousers, but for being intelligent, capable human beings who have great intellect and have showed us something, that perhaps we would have had no idea of otherwise until they pointed it out.

They were understood to be actually enlightening, and loving, and their work coming from a place of love.

People like Angela Davis, Adrian Piper, Ntozake Shange, Coco Fusco, bell hooks, and Kimberle Crenshaw. They were not given a reputation of being agreeable or for being easy to deal with. I was told both my personal inner circle in the art world and academia, but also just generally in publicly told they were unabashedly unafraid. I was told by Angela Davis that I don't have to talk about Beyonce, because everybody's already doing it. And bell hooks called her a terrorist. She also named the white supremacist capitalist patriarchy. And she thus has had a very difficult time at some places such as Yale, where I went to school and also experienced the same type of silencing. And Adrian Piper refuses to interviews. She's written extensively about her work, if you're so interested to know what she is doing, then maybe you should read it. Coco Fusco has attacked the people in her community, but not for the purpose of being mean, but for articulating where their work must go next or to critique the frameworks by which their work is lauded and produced. I don't care if we're friends, if you shuck and jive to make money, I will say I love that shucking and jiving friend of mine. Those things have been called

unfriendly or old fashioned. She certainly wasn't friendly to me anyway, but I can't blame her.

But anyway, I think a lot about that, how in the world can a person actually be able to SAY the things that NEED to be said and be a woman or queer or a person of color. Someone who doesn't fall into your respectability politics. Someone who isn't a man. A person who doesn't possess a phallus between their legs. And have that person be able to challenge and subvert your dominant discourse.

How is that possible? Is it possible?

Most of you don't even know who Dr. Margaret Burroughs is, and she dedicated her entire life to black art in Chicago. You should be ashamed of yourself. If you don't know who Dr. Margaret Burroughs, then you should never know who I am. And I'm not sure if anyone who has dedicated her life to your work, as a difficult person, or someone who is not binary, who is not participating in your system in the way that you recognize it, that it is legible to you, that you understand it in your elitist notion of history.

Then I'm really not sure what you have invited me here. To respond? To make a statement? To do something for you? To give myself to you...again? Only to have you call me on the phone and tell me...I didn't get the opportunity because YOU were the person who stood in the way. Not because I didn't deserve it and my work wasn't good enough, and not because you still don't need me to prop up your empty mess. You stood in the way.

And I gave you a chance to explain yourself. To defend yourself. To greet me as an equal. But you have refused to do so. And as such, this conversation isn't about our conversation anymore. But it's about the global conversation.

You know there are so many philosophy departments that actually call themselves Departments of Philosophy, but they only teach classes European and American Philosophy? They don't call themselves the Dept of European and American Philosophy, they call themselves the department of philosophy. Therefore, I am calling what you've termed a "revisionist intervention in the Canon" as the actual art history. This is the masters of Art history.

I am your master. And you will learn everything you need to know from me.

Anything that I omit from the canon, I don't care if it's Picasso. He does not reflect my artist legacy. But I do know that those abstract West African Grebo masks, that he ripped his aesthetic from and promoted as European modernism, something that had already been happening on the continent by thousands of nameless African sculptors, that is the master of history we are going to study. We're going to study the Grebo masks that Picasso stole from. We are definitely not going to be studying Vincent Van Gogh, and though we like to romanticize his mental illness, which is crippling to artists, the conflation of genius with madness instead of PRACTICE, TRAINING, AND THE RAGE TO MASTER. We will be studying the notion of the mad artist. The crazy person who will do anything for his work. We won't be studying him though, we will however, study the Japanese woodblock prints that inspired his shift in anti-perspectival representation. We will be going to Japan to study this mass media form. We will study the oldest forms of the mass produced word from China, Japan, and the technologies they used far before the Europeans discovered movable type. They were not revered as art, as

such. But we will be studying that. So this is your masters of art history. Your supposed master of fine arts.

We will also be studying the countless number of religious and theological traditions that have absolutely nothing to do with Christianity, but everything to do with Christianity. Modern day Christianity was formed in relationship to pagan rituals. Did you know that Christmas was actually a conversion of a pagan ritual. That's why we celebrate it in December. We don't know when Jesus was born! Why do you think we have Christmas trees, easter bunnies! Those things are pagan rituals!

So we will be studying African inspired religions, Santeria, Candomble, and Vodun, all of the religions that were described as evil. So will understand what that evil potential is. You will be channeling spirits, and you will be ridden by them, and if you die, that is your own fault. You will be signing a contract that states that I will not be held liable for your understanding of that part of our history.

You must embody the things you want to study. Otherwise you will not succeed in this program. You will not be a superman. You will not pass. You will proceed. You will not be the master of anything.

And you definitely won't break us despite your desire to make the man the center of the universe.

"Now, onto our regularly scheduled program. This performance is not an act. Now presenting NIC KAY."

NIC KAY INTERLUDE

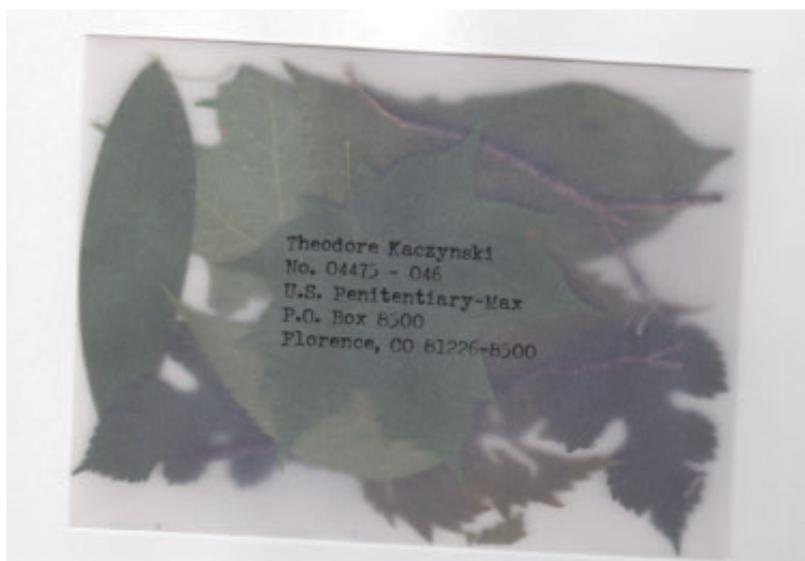
Oprah slide

John Baldessari burned an entire body of work. To mark the end of an era.

Prince slide



P. 44-49: Rage to Master. Text and images courtesy of Rashayla Marie Brown



collectively

regarded as shy, hard working student.

various

attempting to locate a piece of wilderness land upon which could live, isolated from society.

solitude and ready access to wilderness area.

made an effort to live off the land

developed increased sophistication with identification of edible plants, gardening, food preservation,

developed some necessary skills in the area of tool making and sewing.

maintained a bicycle for transportation or walked access to public transportation.

periods where traveled

looking for a piece of wilderness land continued to look for wilderness land

Poor and Needy asks us to engage with radical generosity—and who are we as a society less willing to be generous to than a terrorist? Ted Kaczynski, also known as the Unabomber, sent homemade letter bombs which killed three and injured 23 others. Targeting these people for their involvement with modern technology, he aimed to disrupt the normative 'business' of extractive industrial capitalism, which he feared would otherwise destroy the Earth. In the natural world, Kaczynski found the solace he could not find in the human one—and though it is little known, his bombs sometimes contained twigs and leaves. Radical generosity asks us to make space for complex identities. It asks us to take the time to try to understand. It asks us to to recognize the other in ourselves. If we are to work towards radical generosity, then read this passage written by Kaczynski in that spirit, as I did:

"The best place, to me, was the largest remnant of this plateau that dates from the tertiary age. It's kind of rolling country, not flat, and when you get to the edge of it you find these ravines that cut very steeply in to cliff-like drop-offs and there was even a waterfall there. It was about a two days hike from my cabin. That was the best spot until the summer of 1983. That summer there were too many people around my cabin so I decided I needed some peace. I went back to the plateau and when I got there I found they had put a road right through the middle of it... You just can't imagine how upset I was. It was from that point on I decided that, rather than trying to acquire further wilderness skills, I would work on getting back at the system. Revenge."

My responses to the above were twofold: Twelve scanned pages of Ted Kaczynski's psychiatric evaluation can be found online. I read this report, faithfully preserving each sentence or phrase which might equally have been used to describe myself, in the order in which it appeared. The remainder of the text has been elided, creating a 'chance poem' which asks us to focus not on Kaczynski's madness, but perhaps on our society's own.

Kaczynski will live out the rest of his days in a federal prison in Colorado, forever cut off from the natural world which he believes he gave his freedom to defend. But like most prisoners, he is able to receive mail. After reading the above passage, I tried for almost three years to write to him, but was never able to articulate what I wanted to say in words.

My final letter, which will be mailed to Kaczynski at the conclusion of the exhibition in Denmark, contains only twigs and leaves.



Hello Poor and Needy, hello many blessings

Hannah Heilman

Hello?

... Hi Michelle this is Hannah.

Hi how are you?

I'm good; it's a night of technical complicity. How are you?

I'm good too, its just that there are a LOT of bugs outside, so I'm literally sitting in my van, also to get a little bit of air conditioning ...

Michelle tells me on the phone that she's sort of ready with her own work and helping out installing other people's stuff.

I'm telling her that it's nice to hear her voice, and that I feel like I'm really missing out, and I can tell that I am perhaps being a bit too mushy, because we don't know each other at all, and never before spoke to each other.

She's at the Poor Farm, and I'm not, because I'm at home busy being pregnant. Which is a weird thing, because it means conducting business as usual, but in a manner where all parts of business-as-usual have turned way existential.

Though business as usual, up until right then, for me, also meant being a forever-flexible workaholic. It meant being super mobile, to a point where I would say it was probably one of my main capitals in life. And I would have always thought of myself as someone who was rock-n-roll about being pregnant. But the Poor Farm being far off in the countryside on the other side of the planet, and my travel insurance being forever complicated because of a chronic condition, and perhaps too the imagined consequences of an Iranian stamp in my passport when flying to the

USA – I was way too pregnant for all that risk, and obviously business as usual was pretty changed.

I ask Michelle what is your most serious capital in life?

I guess speaking about it in a Marxists sense, I have a lot of social capital, and its probably the one that allows me to do a lot of things that I do, not having as much direct capital or value otherwise. So I try to treat people with respect. Pause. I tend to be a very impatient person, so its something I work really hard on.

Michelle talks about being kind and understanding towards people's personal situations, and also about how as an artist and maker she needs people's appreciation of her work, an appreciation that sometimes comes in the guise of their labour. I really want to talk more about that, but right then I don't know how to, so I vox pop her the question if debt were an animal which kind would it be? Michelle is laughing. She says she thinks it would have to be a sneaky animal, a garden snake, some creature that could be totally benign or it could be dangerous. I also ask are you scared of poverty? I'm not pronouncing the word poverty properly, so at first Michelle thinks I am asking her about some sophisticated concept she never heard of.

Am I afraid of poverty? Yeah I think I am. I construct a lot of things in my life based on not having to be poor - I mean I work a full time day job beside being an artist full time. I live alone, and I think that's becoming important to me – affording a certain lifestyle. Maybe because when I was growing up we didn't have a lot, but we were generally comfortable, so I've never been feeling super impoverished. It's an unknown that I don't want to experience. It's my upbringing. My parents were both very hardworking, and also my mother likes a certain kind of luxury. There are times when I have to extricate myself from that. Because I don't care about Louis Vuitton handbags and Lexus cars. There was a opportune certain point where we didn't have a lot, and the things my mother had would have probably seemed tacky to a wealthy person, or kitsch. But when she started to afford a few things she changed her surroundings, the clothes and things she had. By then I was almost an adult, so I grew up in two very extremely different mind-sets about money.

But I've always been a person who doesn't like people playing taking risks with my money, or paying late, or having to ask for money. Sometimes being in poverty puts you be in a position where you have to ask for things, and I really don't like that – even if I just said social capital is my most serious capital. It's just,,,,,,,,,,,,, social capital is not a thing one needs to survive. Or maybe it is?

What do I remember? I remember distinctly that I could smell summer through the phone line. That the people at the farm sounded happy and exhausted, macerated from all-the-being-social.

Later I was also on the phone speaking to a group of people at the symposium. I remember trying to imagine the room they were in, or that I had imagined a room, then realizing they were outside, or did I dream this?

I remember talking too much and that it all felt a bit impossible. I had so much on my mind that I felt strongly about, and I was trying to transport my being through the phone, but the thing is also that now I cannot find my notes and I don't know what it was I was saying. There were all these questions of mobility and economical insecurity, about our precarious status as artists, but I remember thinking we are so lucky.

Just relax for one moment and let your worries overflow. Or relax for one moment and forget worrying entirely. Let go for 2 seconds and let your worries tower up. And then don't.

I have never been able to understand why migration because of poverty, is any less valid than, say, migration because of war.

Hi Hannah

Hi Andy! And Christa!

Their child is sleeping in the car. Everybody is inside cars. They're chirpy and speak like a two-headed creature. I ask them also *what's your most serious capital in life?*

I don't know if I have one she says, and he says I think perhaps time?

Then if debt were an animal what would it be?

Andy says *a porcupine! It has the right size, you don't want to touch it, and it can change itself.*

I say *I think it's interesting that you chose an animal that's sort of cute. You're so clear of debt that you could afford a cute imagery.*

Christa says *I think we're very lucky that we've managed to stay clear of debt.*

I ask them if they're scared of poverty. They say: *I mean I think so, perhaps it sounds ironic, but the fact that we've stayed clear of debt is probably because we fear poverty. I don't think it's particularly American, but Americans do obsess a lot about debt because there are very few social safety nets for you if you become poor. What our government will offer you if you become poor is less and less. Our daughter is really afraid of poverty, I don't know why. She's almost 5, and she worries about being homeless and how she's going to have a job to get her the things she needs when she grows up. And we try to comfort her, but the thing is --- I think some pretty big changes might happen as she grows older, and I have no idea how the world she will live in is going to look like. I think of poverty in terms of caring for her and her future and future generations.*

Also Andy says: *Poverty depends so much about the time and place, but I feel right now we discriminate so much against the poor – I don't know if it has to be so.*

I ask if they have suggestions for more questions, and Andy says: *Do you need art or does art need you? The question of need comes up a lot here at the farm, according to the title. One doesn't need to be poor to be needy – there are people that are poor but need nothing.*

Christa says *I think more about sustainability – I have enough to buy my groceries and pay the rent, but I don't know if that makes me sustainable as an artist, often my life style feels so out of control. The work I do, and the amount of work I do, just emailing for instance, is not recognized by the people who administrates me, who are paid to do those emails on their end.*

While I am writing this, a dear friend is lying in a bathtub on the third floor in another city. Isn't it wonderful how she is in the water but up in the air?

It has been a year of so many blessings. A child in good health arriving, my family of many, and the dad who is still the same yet new, and who says I am still the same. A loved job, a maternity leave. Friends visiting my house from all places in the world. Friends in town faithfully waiting for me to resurface from professoring the laundry. Friends that I have only come to know because they too just had babies and we do baby stuff and they often save my life.

Hello this is Jim,

Hi Jim.

How do you feel?

Jim has a very pleasant voice which can make you feel like a youngling, and so I blurt *I feel good – you know I literally just finished the little sound piece I did for the exhibition, or it still felt like it could use some work, but I was like Okokokk I'm going to SEND IT, and it was just too big for an email, so I opened a tab to go on WeTransfer, and the computer blacked out, it's all very cartoonish! The computer has been half dead half psychedelic all night, and I have ruffled feathers, the way you do when your computer dies.*

I know. Have can we assist in your project?

We talk some about radio. He also tries to teach me how to pronounce his last name. I ask about install, and he says just a few days ago it was VERY hot and muggy and people moved so slow, but now it's better. Though he expects most work will probably not be ready till last second he says.

Are you needy?

I'm not needy no.

What is your most serious capital in life?

After some pause Jim says: *My mobility certainly is a capital of mine. I don't think in pingable terms about what I need or what I don't have, I am very self reliant and fortunate and intrepid. I think about those things I can remember: a large network of friends. I have resistance towards a capitalist structure, but I live within it and at time I rely on it and take advantage of it. Oh that question is going to linger with me for the rest of the day!*

I feel flattered. If debt were an animal what would it be?

A wolverine! I remember being young and watching nature programs. The wolverine can smell through solid ice 12 feet down to find food, it is the strongest animal on the planet, but of course it doesn't look like that, it looks rather helpless, it's a perfect disguise.

I ask Jim to suggest another question, and after more pause he goes *I don't know! It's so calm and quiet here, everybody is sort of in a state, and I don't know if it is their real state. A hyper relaxed state. And in a way I don't want to impose upon them by having them kind of throw back to their living state – I think people are hiding here in the best possible way. I would be curious to ask them where else they go to find a psychic retreat. We all have different personas here, if it isn't our true selves. For me – maybe I am the oldest person here – and this summer camp is something I wanted to have my whole life – it's being in the midst of it. I live in the middle of Chicago, and have for 50 years, but I need a retreat place. Sorry I am just wandering.*

I explain to Jonas and Miriam how I couldn't come to the farm, and how Yvette and Lise thought the network part of the project was important, and therefore thought I could simply talk with the other participants on the phone.

Are you needy?

No.

What is a retreat?

I think we are having one right now. We are outside in the outdoor kitchen, having a cold beer and a cigarette and waiting for Brad to arrive with the bratwursts.

If debt was an animal which one would it be?

Death?

No debt.

Perhaps a snake. No wait! A tick! If it gets you it gets you forever.

Is the most nasty nasty nasty nasty ... ,

We have the most intense anti insect spray on us. Anti death spray.

What is your most serious capital in life?

When you ask this question is capital a negative thing? Jonas says.

She says like a resource?

Not per se, but I don't mean it in any kind of cutesy way.

Jonas says my intuition tells me to say 'friendship'.

Anni is just depositing her child.

Anni tells me not everybody will be staying for the entire weekend and I realize I am talking for too long to each person.

What is your greatest capital? What do you have to barter with in life?

What I own which probably has the greatest monetary value is my apartment and my house.

Are you scared of poverty?

No I would say that I am, because I live in a constant flux of being right on the line, I feel sort of prepared.

If debt were an animal what would it be?

My immediate response is a wolf, but I am not sure that's my final response.

Email me if you come up with another one? Are you needy?

Yes I would say I am. I need certain things in my life from others though I am also quite self-sufficient. Right now I am because I was injured right when I arrived here.

You give very straight-faced answers!

Yes, well but I'm Danish you know! My feet are straightforward, it is how I operate. Maybe debt is a whale. It can be totally humongous, it's in the ocean, maybe you don't think about it, and I know very little about how to interact with it, and you must feed it more than a werewolf.

Creative compassion, cooperation, migration and debt. Being poor and being rich and having cultural capital enough to choose the precarious. You have to be very rich to choose to be poor.

I think about this a lot since I began teaching at the academy. I often think I should tell the students to get jobs to pay the rent and be free and make art. Will art exist in the future I am educating them for?

A friend reminds me that if not artists can offer resistance to the overpowering ideas about how to live life, then who can?

The good life. Moving to Skagen or Warsaw to be able to afford drinking Champagne, a boho-geoisie.

The question of being paid also is a question of being wanted, and here is another question, do we even want that much to be wanted? I am not saying we should just eat humble pie and shut our beaks, but I am saying that when it comes to art and the artist's work, it can sometimes be useful to think that art is not work, but however of course a working artist should be paid like any other working person. Meaning that I don't think art cares about money. We are the needy ones. Did I think this myself or did a friend say it to me once? I think about how this therapist / economic

counsellor once was teasing me about being from a posh suburb, yet not having any wealthy friends to buy art from me. I think about how I once sat in a Laundromat, picking up a book lying there about how to start your own business. On the first page it asked the reader what they thought was their most important asset. Was it having back up money? Being inventive? Being good at selling? Being original? Being hard working? No! The first thing a business needs is customers.

Hi Nanna. What is your most serious capital in life?

Nanna is a bit burned out, the question doesn't quite compute at first. Then she says *I think 'social relations'?*

If debt is an animal?

A pig!

Are you needy?

Yes.

What is a retreat?

Retreat can be anywhere where you can have your own time.

I'm trying to come up with something sharp to write. I'm thinking about how we will not have another child because we cannot afford it, and don't have the time because we want to work in the art business. I think about dropping the mic, just stop making art and stop worrying about whether what I do is good enough. I worry about the fact that I'm nearly 40 and don't have any education that can lead to a job anywhere outside the art world. I think about how another child will pollute so much, and that one child and his older brother should be enough. I think about the pollution every time I change this one child's diapers. I think about whether it pollutes more to make disposable diapers or to wash all those fabric diapers. I think about what people did about this whole diaper situation in other times, say the Vikings? I think about how I am spoiled and don't know how people manage the diaper situation if they don't have any money and are on the run. I think about being on the run, and whether I in the future will be on the run. I think about whether the little I saved up for my pension will still exist once I need it. I think about how much I like nature, and that I like art just as much. Not in a one-could-substitute-the-other kind of way, just that I like it a lot.



With Love from Wisconsin and Back

Jacob Lillemose

It was summer and I was getting ready for the upcoming season. The NFL season that is. My side job as a writer on American football – really, just a disguise for expanded fandom – demanded that I spend hours daily reading and watching online. In the midst of this exciting work process, I received a text message from an artist friend of mine, “Hey Jacob, I’m sitting here in Chicago watching the Packers with Brad and Michelle from The Suburban and Poor Farm. Go Pack Go!” My friend is not exactly a football fan, let alone a Packer fan, so I was surprised to hear him quote the classic Packers chant. But then again, I knew all too well how contagious being among die-hard Packer fans could be.

Back in the early 1990s I spent a year in Kimberly, Wisconsin as a high school exchange student. Like 99% of families in the state of cheeseheads, the family I stayed with were huge Packer fans. Every Sunday was dedicated to hosting a tailgate party in the backyard to watch the Packers, even though it wasn’t the most successful years for the team. I immediately got Packer Fever. Knowledge of American football notwithstanding, what really got me hooked was seeing the Packers at Home at Lambeau Field two days prior to Christmas. The Packers lost and the temperature was around zero, turning the beer in my hand into slush beer, yet there some rows in front of me was a couple of shirtless guys with a foam cheese triangle on their heads cheering for four quarters straight like nothing else mattered. The sold-out stadium was one big green and

gold party of intense dedication, a kind of Midwestern Mardi Gras of curious characters, crazy outfits, liberated expressions and of course plenty of beer.

Driving home from the game I knew that I had been deeply connected with more than just team and a fan culture. What this “more” was I did not realize back then, in fact I still do not know exactly. The closest I can get to describing the connection is in action: it brought me back to Wisconsin, to the Poor Farm, less than an hour away from Lambeau Field in Green Bay. Moreover, chance would have it that the Poor Farm opening weekend coincided with the Packers training camp, so I got accreditation through the Danish magazine I write for. I would sleep at Poor Farm and then get into the car early in the morning and drive the 30 miles to Green Bay to be up close with the players and coaches on the practice field. Packers Training Camp is like a five week community festival. Thousands of people from all over – and even outside – the state attend the camp and take part in the multiple activities it involves. Of all the free merchandise handed out to fans everyday, I grabbed a paper Aaron Rodgers head on a stick. I gifted this token of my attendance to Michelle, who in turn taped it to the cabin door as a good luck charm. The experience of combining Packers love with self-organised art culture was like a dream come true.

The genuine excitement and relentless dedication of the fans in Green Bay, was reflected in the social and aesthetic mind-set at Poor Farm and that is something I find all too often is missing in contemporary art. Everyone was just relaxing under the summer sun, hanging out, talking art. Some of the stuff is sort of hazy in my memory, more like a feeling or an atmosphere than actual happening, but the three-hour river run in rubber rings was definitely a memorable event. People would randomly bump into each other and float together for some time. I can easily see this format transferred to an actual art conference. But maybe the river run was in fact just that. Not billed as anything else than a river run, it nevertheless provided the kind of open social and intellectual structure that so often is idealised in the art world but also often gets compromised by institutional politics as usual. It did not matter who you were and where you came from, the structure was flat and informal and facilitated a mix of impulsive remarks, visionary suggestions and of course personal histories. Just like I brought my Packers love with me to the event so it seemed that everyone brought something from outside the realm of art. As such, the river run and Poor Farm in general for me stands as a reminder of the importance of feeding the professional with the personal, the formal with the vernacular, the serious with the fun. Literally far away from the established art institutions it represents a hands-on, down-to-earth approach

to art, a practice that is not afraid of getting dirty and sweaty in its process of experimental production. In an all too predictable art world, it is institutionally serendipitous, just like every new NFL season, full of novel and wonderful surprises. Go Pack Go!



My great Poor Farm Experience

Lise Haller Baggesen

Picture yourself on a float on a river ...

There are about 30 or so of you out there on that lazy river, drifting along under the summer skies, a little chilly but not really—just enough to give you goose bumps. It's laid-back and a little weird: you, here, now, so close with all these people you barely know, lazily racing along to pass the time. Somebody starts to sing and before you know it you are joining the chorus, gloriously failing an attempt at a *Bohemian Rhapsody* in unison:

Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide
No escape from reality
Open your eyes
Look up to the skies and see ...¹

Much like self-curating is taboo, within the contemporary art-world you are not supposed to review your own show. As such this is not a review, but an account of my first experience with the *Great Poor Farm Experiment*—but of course that cannot come about without relating it to the surrounding (art) world, and as such re-viewing it from there or vice versa.

In the original meaning of reviewing, namely: *giving a critical appraisal of*, I will sing the Poor Farm's critical appraisals in the following; much like my musical motif throughout, this particular *Bohemian Rhapsody* "has no chorus, instead consisting of several sections: a ballad segment ending with a guitar solo, an operatic passage, and a hard rock section."²

(Or something to a similar affect.)

1 Queen: "Bohemian Rhapsody" from *A Night at the Opera* (EMI, 1975)

2 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bohemian_Rhapsody

Because, just like Queen's masterpiece, The Great Poor Farm Experience is not one experience, it is many.

So, what is this place called the Poor Farm?

Actually, I will not describe the physical space to you in much detail. It is what it says: a big old poor farm out in rural Wisconsin. It is surrounded by undulating hills and cornfields and whatever supplies you may need you will find up the road. Ten miles in one direction will bring you to *Festival Foods* in New London, where they sell local beer *24/7* and ten miles up the other way will bring you to local super store *Fleet Farm*, which will outfit you with everything from house paint to hardware to western saddles to ladies underwear to fishing rods to wholesale candy to aerosol spray-paint cans to ammo to hand weapons to that t-shirt we saw with a picture of one. It read: "Keep Calm and Carry One." Another one had a picture of the state of Wisconsin and, beneath it, the state of Illinois. It read: "Illinois is beneath us!" So there.

The Poor Farm is not a local place for local people. In fact the local people call it "The Art Farm". So we don't mingle. What this means is not that this place is not open to the public — any public — it means that this is not a place that seeks to "socially engage the community" or anything associated with what has been dubbed "the social turn" in the nineties, but more about that later.

It also means that it is remote from what is normally perceived as the glamour of the contemporary art world.

(As my grandmother used to say: "What do farmers know about cucumber salad?" meaning that refinement and finesse is an a required taste, and I guess she was right. What the locals seem to say here is that "we don't need your education!" My educated guess is that they are right too.)

It takes a while to get here, from anywhere loosely associated with said art world, so when you get to this little oasis you want to stay for a while. This is key.

It makes for a different kind of viewing experience — now you've come so far, you want to make sure to see everything; you might as well. For the artist it makes for a different kind of showing experience.

This explains, perhaps, why time is somehow perceived different at the Poor Farm. It is not real time, nor hyper real time, but rather real real time, where pockets of boredom suddenly pours full of the most meaningful contemplation. The usual gallery small talk is abandoned in favor of a conversation with a beautiful stranger who just spent the last hour in your installation (in your installation!) listening to the audio you recorded





– meaning that he has already been listening to your ramblings for over an hour now — but he still wants to hear about your connections, to pop music, to feminism, to childhood, to the mythical potential of childhood experience; the least you can do is to pick it up, there on the spot, and ramble on.

It is intense, so perhaps you need a break?

Perhaps you need to go and listen to Lucio Pozzi's ramblings on a guided tour, in a fictive language he invented together with his autistic brother?

It sounds like Italian and yet it doesn't, and it doesn't make sense and yet it does; it unravels the semiotics of "art speak" in a way that is not clever or ironic (not even post-) and least of all cynical. It just reveals that even when we are speaking in tongues (as we have since we began to speak) we speak to each other.

Or perhaps you need to go visit the subterranean homesick blues of Abigail DeVille's tomb? A mudroom more basic than the basement you are in, as if by descending a half flight of stairs into the basement level you have descended yet another level into the excavation of some ancient burial site... what's with all the broken windows and the uniforms?

Mama, just killed a man,
Put a gun against his head,
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead.
Mama, life had just begun,
But now I've gone and thrown it all away.³

She's so heavy! Yes, she is heavy and that is a good thing because it grounds you and even if it can get you down, that is where you want to go, into the earthy interior of the basement. So you turn left this time, surpassing the *Motherism* Mothership, as it is occupied.⁴

Instead you turn left to the sensory overload of the lightshow in the jail cell, because that's what the brain wants in the sensory deprivation of jail and *that's* why Jonathan Bruce Williams put this strobe-lit spider-web

3 Queen: "Bohemian Rhapsody" from *A Night at the Opera* (EMI, 1975)

4 I am most happy when the Mothership is occupied, and I fear to go near because I don't want to spoil my presence in the room with my presence in the room. As a mother I run a very sloppy ship, but I peek around the corner and expect to find it empty and – oh joy! There are people in there and they are chilling and listening and goofing around and eating marshmallows and I feel this weird maternal pride and gratefulness to all of them, that they actually eat up what I provided, and hopefully it will be plentiful and nourishing so that they will spit out something much more powerful and whip-smart.





of a brain there, as a response to an unspoken request of the cells previous inhabitants.

I see a little silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning,
Very, very frightening me.
(Galileo) Galileo.
Galileo) Galileo,
Galileo Figaro
Magnifico.⁵

Go up the stairs to the minimalist theatre of the (post)modern in Lars Wolter's and Lucio Pozzi's airy galleries. It's not a lot, it is pared down and stripped bare and in fact it is just enough to connect the past to the present and the organic gesture to the geometric stringency with a gutsiness that was last seen in the Memphis '80s. That doesn't make it retro, not in the least—it gives you a breather, a break, from the ever-present glamorous contemporaneity of contemporary art.⁶

As Lars Bang Larsen writes in his essay *The Long Nineties*:

Unlike the slippery '90s, which haven't yet found their closure, there is some ertainty to be found in the '80s. The art of that decade took distinct forms – such as appropriation or neo-expressionism – whereas '90s positions were summed up in a single term: 'contemporary art'.⁷

But, if this '90s obsession with "the contemporary" implies that art can only exist "in the present" it would also imply that art ceases to be when you exit the room: like a solipsistic game of peek-a-boo: Now you see me/ now you don't.

(Or, as babies are allegedly experiencing this first existentialist lesson: Orphan/Not Orphan/Orphan/Not Orphan/Orphan/Not Orphan...).

5 Queen: "Bohemian Rhapsody" from *A Night at the Opera* (EMI, 1975)

6 I went here with my daughter Eleanor and she exclaimed: "I like this!" and I said "Yeah, it's kind of minimal, isn't it?" and she looked me straight in the eye and said: "Mom! A mini mall is like two stores, or one if it is really big!" So there.

7 Lars Bang Larsen: *The Long Nineties*, *Frieze* # 144 Jan-Feb 2012: <http://www.frieze.com/issue/article/the-long-nineties/>



I guess Tino Seghal was spot on when he nailed this perpetual contemporaneity in his piece for the German pavilion at the 2005 Venice Biennial, in which he hired operatic custodians to follow the visitors around mocking them(selves) with a melodic chant of “//This is so contemporary, contemporary, contemporary/ This is so contemporary, contemporary, contemporary// (rep ad libitum).”

There is no escaping here ...

As the social persists as a theme in artistic practice and art history, as well as in the ‘social practice’ programmes of art schools, it seems urgent to articulate the limit of art’s integration into society. [...] The present cannot only be changed from its inside. To regain its futurity it must be reconfigured from afar, too.⁸

Like that moment of bliss out in a field, as the summer night falls, watching a silent movie, accompanied by a live string score, of farmers out in the field, of their crops being traded on the stock exchange, of the stocks plummeting, of the stockbrokers going down, of the farmers going down with them, going hungry because they can’t afford the bread that’s being baked from their own crops... This eternal return is alarming and reassuring at the same time: it’s the same old, same old, it’s a 100 years old brand new retro and yet this connection of the past with the future makes the poor farm experience so poignantly present, but least at all “so contemporary.”

(So, now that we’ve escaped the “Contemporary Art” of the “Long Nineties” does that mean that we have become post-contemporary and that we are now, briefly, remotely, living in the future? I think so. And I think perhaps this is our moment to rethink the present from afar.)

Because I’m easy come, easy go,
Little high, little low,
Any way the wind blows doesn’t really matter to me.⁹

As you continue up the stairs to the upper level, the exhibition becomes more curated, more cerebral, and less connected to the physical space and that’s o.k.

8 Ibid

9 Queen: “Bohemian Rhapsody” from A Night at the Opera (EMI, 1975)



There is a reading room up here with a collection from the Indie Architecture archives, a room with some hand colored lithographs and another one with some more paintings.

There is a collection of video works curated by Margot Samel, who gives you a guided tour. One work is very beautiful and you lose interest in the rest of the tour as you are mesmerized by this:

A monitor lies on its side on the gallery floor. On the screen is a black and white still image of what appears to be a motorcycle crash, but the driver, who is lying half next to and half still mounting the wreck looking out of the picture at you, looks like a cross between a pre-Raphaelite socialite and a cross dressing glam rock drag queen from the 1970s (what you are about to learn is that she is the world's first female stunt woman and hails from the silent movie era). Superimposed on this still, silent, image is the blinding light from the motorbike's front light. Its beam moves slowly, almost imperceptibly so, anticlockwise across the screen as if filtered through a prism and burns itself onto your retina like an afterimage of a sunset you can faintly remember. It is retinal and it is beautiful.

My daughter who is sitting next to me as I write, asks: "mom, sometimes I have this yellow or purple spot in front of my eyes and I can't see what I am looking at" I tell her: "that is the afterimage. Sometimes when you are looking at something bright it burns a little scar in you inner eye, and it takes a little while for the eye to recover" She asks: "did you ever have that as a child?" and I reply: "I still do."

This after image of the '90s is what we are still staring blankly at, the blind spot of the art world, because: what comes after contemporaneity?

Infinity?

Let's stare into the abyss of infinity for a moment...

This is the moment where, shrouded in the invisibility cloak of the pitch-dark Wisconsin night you may want to go to the Julius Caesar confessional booth and confess:

I am 44 years old and when I was your age I just thought I can't hang another painting on another gallery wall and I was this close to just leaving the whole damned art world behind, you know, after being told that painting was dead, after being told that the gallery system was dead, after being told that the institution was dead, after being thrown out of the gallery system and finding out that the misogyny of the institution was alive and well, when I was pregnant again, after being told by my (now ex-) gallerist that that didn't have



anything to do with anything, whereas in my view it had everything to do with everything and that just made me so damned bitter, after being told in so many words the old truism that The Most Somber Enemy of Good Art is the Pram in the Hallway¹⁰, although not exactly in so many words, because who would dare to speak those words, literally, after being told that I was a whore for making commercial work, after being told that I was living off handouts for receiving grants, after being told that I was just a part of the system for assessing other people's grants applications and deciding which were worthy of hand-outs, after seeing the whole handout system being dismantled and hearing my friends report back from the frontlines that nowadays Good Art is singled out as the Most Somber Enemy of the State, and that they, the leaches, the lefties, are being reeducated (for the state's money) to be ready for the advertising business, after the frontlines of the avant-garde had been stretched and washed out and pushed so far back into the 'real world' that you and me and everyone we knew had had our stint at community art service as socially engaged neighborhood artists, with no real social engagement emerging from it, because Q: how many artists do you need to make a social change? A: an infinite number as long as there is no political backing or will to put their money where your mouth is, down there where it counts, after swallowing your pride along with so many museum-sponsored, gallery-sponsored, sponsor-sponsored, Grolsch beers, Absolute Vodka shots, Bloody Mary's, Edible Arrangements, Thai Curries, Empanadas, and so many Social Soups from so many social soup kitchens that you swear you are gonna get sick... So I was like, ok just get me outta here while you still have the brains I still have the looks to be a total footballer's wife and we can go to Hong Kong and I can go twisting by the pool and drink corporate-sponsored gin and tonics and lead the glamorous life...

10 According to Cyril Connolly.

(Let me go) Will not let you go.
(Let me go) Will not let you go.
(Never, never, never let me go) Ah.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.
(Oh, mama mia, mama mia) Mama mia, let me go.¹¹

Ok, so that's all behind us now, and we are still here, but let's sidestep for a moment and contemplate the idea of the glamorous life, shall we?

In his essay *Bang the Whole Gang* Neil Mulholland writes:

In the twenty-first century, the bitter glitter of 1970s trashy glam has been usurped by an older, much more conservative, idea of glamour. Glamour has no past and no future. It has no cracks to paper over; it offers a hermetically sealed surface. Today everybody runs their own PR campaign of virtual preening, broadcasting narcissistic accounts of mundane events as if they signified a life of sovereign aestheticism. In contrast to glam, glamour is consumed with the pursuit of virtuosity, with the creation of airlessly immaculate effigies for the self.¹²

In my experience, the *Great Poor Farm Experiment* offers a retrograde (if not in the least reactionary) movement away from glamour toward glam. It offers a makeshift aesthetic as an alternative to "sovereign aestheticism," in which the cracks are not there to be papered over but to be examined and excavated – or even mined for nuggets of insights that are easily overlooked. This movement both facilitates and necessitates stepping outside of the comfort zone of contemporaneity.

(It is not ironic, not even post-.)

Neil Mulholland notes:

11 Queen: "Bohemian Rhapsody" from *A Night at the Opera* (EMI, 1975)

12 Mulholland, Neil: "Bang the Whole Gang" in *GLAM: The Performance of Style* (London: Tate Publishing, 2013).

While typing out this passage I am reminded of Lucio's Summer School lecture, where he recollected some of his early "actions" ("we didn't have the word Performance back then") in Italy in the early 1970s. One action led to his arrest, after which he was interrogated at the local police station. "The police officer asked me if I was a communist and I replied that I was an artist and that I was making an aesthetic action. The police officer then asked me: 'How do you spell aesthetic?'"

Such is the hold of the art of the 1990s, we can only imagine the art of the 1970s through the prism of a feedback loop that continues to be generated by contemporary art [...]. While, on the face of it, glam would seem to emerge from a very different decade to the one we think we know, it shares, in theory at last, egalitarian countercultural roots with the social turn.¹³

Whereas Lars Bang Larsen finds that:

The social sculpture of the '90s was never really a discussion about freedom. Emancipatory thinking figured as modestly on the agenda as it had in the post-Structuralist theory that informed so much '80s art¹⁴

I will argue that the “egalitarian countercultural roots” of “the social turn” of the '90's is reliant on a logical fallacy. Its inclusiveness went only as far as to the boundaries of the gated community of an art world in which “we are all equal, but some are more equal than others”. As institutional critique goes, the demolition of “the institution” was more of a refurbishing job, adding a little patio to the Museum, where we could all hang out.

The Great Poor Farm Experiment is not egalitarian in the sense of the “relational aesthetics” of the 90's, it does not reach out to “the community” but rather offers a community, a counter culture of its own—a counter culture still rooted in the otherness of the artwork as a made thing, in which it is not the interaction that is the artwork, but in which the interaction with the artwork is more limitless and fluid, glamorously so, both in time and space. A kind of object based spacing out, if you like. The egalitarian message being: if you can spare the time and the space, for this time of aesthetic contemplation and education you are in!

(You are, in fact, already in knee-deep!)

... And as you gaze up into the high clouds of summer skies or into the iron rich waters of your lazy river which ripples round your finger tips and shimmers like the negligee of some long lost siren, you realize: this is no fantasy, this is the real world. It is also deeply glam.

¹³ Ibid.

¹⁴ Lars Bang Larsen: *The Long Nineties*

[...]

Author's note: this text was written upon return from my first stay at the Poor Farm, where my *Motherism* installation was part of *The Great Poor Farm Experiment V* on August 2-4 2013.



In Search of the Village

1996. Yvette Brackman

A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing.

Oscar Wilde

The route to community is through joint ownership of private property by an exclusive group living by its own rules.

Urban Land Institute

Utopia is at the next intersection. At the entrance, there is a sign that reads 'NO OUTLET.' Beyond, there is a guard house and gate blocking the road. The guard asks who I am here to see and if they are expecting me. 'I just want to look around at the community. Is that all right?' 'No. This is a private community, no uninvited guests.' The guard slides the house window shut. I stand there thinking, would Robert Owen, William Morris, Saint-Simon, Ebenezer Howard, Charles Fourier, Proudhon or Ann Lee have invited me in? I look over at the guard, disgusted. He stares back. 'Move on. This is private property.' Utopia isn't private, or shouldn't be. The guard moves to open the door, 'If you don't move on right now, You will be forced to leave.'

Lost in thought, instead of the fortress before me, I imagine an open society, where everyone is a member, realizing their potential and talents while maintaining the aspirations of community--unalienated existence. In a Utopia, people make authentic experience possible through group participation in which everyone values each other equally. Everything is

solar and recycled. There is no waste; all products are useful. People no longer work in factories. Manual labor is no longer necessary. There is total technological efficiency. Everyone has a skill that they contribute to the community. The community has agreed to do away with race, gender and ethnicity. Everyone is neuter, only taking on a gender in order to procreate. Private property, poverty, overpopulation, pollution and crime no longer exist--Utopia, a society where people have been able to unleash desire, offering an authentic escape from the inequities of the real world.

My reverie collapses the divergent Utopian aspirations for society that many European immigrants had when they came to the U.S. during the 19th century to establish Utopian communities across the country. Ann Lee, Ebenezer Howard, and Robert Owen are three Utopians who contributed greatly to the shaping of this country's conception of community. In the beginning of the 1800's, the United States was in the throes of a social and political revolution later described as the age of the common man. In Indiana, Robert Owen realized his vision for a new industrial society in the community of New Harmony, founding what he promised to be a worker's paradise. Following the egalitarian and communistic implications of the Christian church, over 100,000 people arrived in America from Europe, creating over 100 model communities. Ann Lee led the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing (better known as the Shakers) to the States to found the first Shaker Community that grew into 19 communities across the country with over six thousand members. Ebenezer Howard envisioned a Utopian transformation of human society that would come painlessly through urban planning alone--without revolution or authoritarian national government. His vision incorporated socialist and capitalist elements to form small cooperative interconnected communities that were contained by surrounding farms and woodlands. He realized his dream in England with the planned communities of Welwyn and Letchworth, which he called 'new towns' or 'garden cities.' His book, *Garden Cities of Tomorrow* profoundly influenced the growth of planned communities both in England and the United States.

Today's Utopias--extensions of the suburban dream--are Common-Interest-Developments (also known as C.I.D.s), gated, private and locked communities. Ebenezer Howard's ideas were cleverly absorbed by private developers and businessmen who have gradually become the dominant forces in American urban planning. Bypassing governmental controls and adjusting Howard's ideas, housing developers created the modern C.I.D.

1 McKenzie, Evan, *Privatopia: Homeowner Associations and the Rise of Residential Private Government*, (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1994) pg. 11

Founded on property ownership and wealth, C.I.D.s offer exclusive security to those who can afford the freedom and agree to conform to the rules. In the US, these private towns have grown by more than 10% a year since 1960. Today, 12% of Americans live in them.¹ The roots of the gated communities date back to early 19th century England. In New York, Gramercy Park was established as a common-interest community in 1831.

Turning away from the gate and the guard, the immediately visible landscape is composed of strip malls and shopping centers. Off the main street, formerly a post road, one can see planned common-interest communities. Having sprung up across the country in the last 30 years, 'locked' communities are as common as the utopias of the late 19th century. These ex-xurban communities are replete with private police, trash collection, gun control, recycling programs, private government, shopping plazas, day care centers and their own taxation programs. Many of them lobby for the right to waive state and federal taxes in exchange for relinquishing the community services that they do not require. Based primarily on income bracket and proximity to corporate complexes, they attract a clientele that has similar interests. Of central importance to people who settle there is that everyone has similar values and tastes.

Donald Trump wants to build a village for the rich on Governor's Island, just off Manhattan, where the US Coast Guard is in the process of decamping. He has described the island as "great visually, great artistically, and great for security."² An urban Utopia for the wealthy protected from the unwanted by water on all sides. This is the ideal homogenous neighborhood, where Trump can realize his vision of a city where the rich protect themselves from the poor, inhabiting a paradise of tennis courts, golfing links, swimming pools, acres of landscaped parks and security systems. On Trump's Island, he wants to realize the ultimate gated community by creating an escape, seconds from corporate Manhattan.

Gerard Blitz founded Club Med just after World War II, as a place of retreat for a war-weary populace offering friendship, sports, rest and relaxation free from the rigors of daily life. Today, Club Med is a worldwide organization offering vacationers unique, all-inclusive escapes from the stresses of daily life in some of the world's most exotic and scenic locations. The Club has grown to 113 villages in 35 countries on six continents featuring every ingredient for the perfect escape, right at your doorstep in a village designed for your enjoyment and delight. And, something extra

2 James Traub, "Talk of the Town: And the Real Estate" *The New Yorker*, October 23, 1995, pg. 37

3 Taken from Club Med Press Packet

you won't find anywhere else: "A warm feeling of community."³ Within the resort's highly controlled environment, your every need is surveyed and fulfilled. 'The 'Gentils Organisateurs' (service staff), are on hand to make certain that the 'Gentils Membres' (vacationers) are comfortably and constantly accommodated. Every fancy is satisfied. The vision of the Club is to create a perfect environment completely isolated from the rest of the world. You can participate in a community anywhere from Bora Bora to New Caledonia. Transported out of the alienation of your everyday working life into a completely integrated village lifestyle where people live in huts and eat communally at tables for eight. Club Med offers the simplicity of the rustic village doing away with money as the form of exchange, instead, people use colored beads.

Spinning with all these variations, the guard shoves me on the shoulder. "You have to leave now."

The number of private security guards in the United States now exceeds the number of public police officers.

Robert Reich, US Secretary of Labor



Come Together

Yvette Brackman

About twenty years ago, I received an unexpected email from Denmark inviting me to Krabbesholm. I recall that moment clearly: I was sitting in the back office of a New York gallery where I was living at the time because I had rented my own apartment out to two Parisian executives. Unbeknownst to them, their rent money was financing the production of my first solo exhibition. It was a very hot summer day.

The email I received was from Kurt Finsten, the rector of the Krabbesholm folk high school – a school focusing on architecture, art and design. He stated that he had heard about my work and would like to invite me to make an artwork for a curatorial project at the school called *The Idea of a Chair*.

It was one of those emails that you read again and again. I wrote back and we agreed to meet in a café in lower Manhattan. When I got there, Kurt Finsten was welcoming, relaxed and smoking a pipe. During the meeting, Kurt explained that the school was located in a baroque castle in the north of Denmark and that it was part of the Danish folk high school system, an educational tradition dating back almost 150 years.

Kurt continued to say that what distinguishes this tradition from other forms of education is its anti-authoritarian style. Students never study subjects for their own sake or for career purposes. Instead, class studies are oriented towards human existence and community. He told me that the school would cover all my expenses, provide an honorarium, and keep one version of my work while I would keep the other. Without knowing it at the time, that meeting was the catalyst that shifted my views about art and utopia and led to my staying in Denmark to this day.

Now, as I sit in the Royal Danish Library overlooking a garden with a statue of Søren Kirkegaard, almost 20 years after getting Kurt's email, I often think back on that moment. I remember asking colleagues at the

time to cover my teaching responsibilities in New York for a week so that I could come back to Krabbesholm and start work on *The Idea of a Chair*, which would eventually become a project called *Camp*.

I arrived at Krabbesholm on a dark November day in 1998. I remember the forty-five minute drive from Karup Airport through a sparsely populated rolling landscape filled with heath and occasional churches. As the taxi drove up a long alley lined with large trees, the baroque brick castle that Kurt had described came into view.

As I exited the taxi, I saw students pouring out of the dining hall laughing, talking and rushing off to their workshops and dormitory rooms. I felt as though I was entering into some sort of a social utopia of youth, building a dream of a better, more creative future. The first association I had was what I imagined a Charles Fourier phalanstère (or phalanstery) could have been like: a self-contained utopian community working together for mutual benefit. Krabbesholm felt that way to me since Fourier's term "phalanstère" is, appropriately, a combination of the word "phalange" (French for "phalanx" – the basic military unit in ancient Greece) and the word "monastère" (monastery)¹.

At Krabbesholm teachers live on the school's grounds, within short walking distance of the student residences, canteen and classrooms. Kurt came out, embraced me, took my luggage and led me up to meet his family on the second floor of the castle where the rector of the school and his family officially reside. The apartment was so large that it took up half of the second floor of the castle. It was conveniently located in the centre the school's activity. Kurt and his family could hear the student parties and were always there for the students. At Krabbesholm there exists a delicate balance between private and school life.

Upon arrival at the school I immediately felt welcomed. I had the opportunity to experience how the students lived, the rooks (crow-like birds), the Limfjord and the hospitality of my hosts, Kurt Finsten and Charlotte Jensen. I also met Nanna Vestergaard, head of the Industrial Design section. Nanna opened her home to me. She lived on the other side of what was probably the castle moat hundreds of years ago. She was my host as well as a crucial guide, helping me locate materials as well as providing technical assistance. I would come over to her house, which was full of beautiful design objects. We would drink coffee in the kitchen and plan where we needed to drive in Jutland to find the materials I needed. Nanna

1 Hayden, Delores, *The Grand Domestic Revolution: A History of Feminist Designs for American Homes, Neighborhoods, and Cities* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1982), p. 35





assembled a group of students to help me with my project. They were interested in following the development of the work and helping out. Together, we would often work through the night.

Looking back, the first visit to Krabbesholm was a full-immersion experience, as it always is when one visits that school. Breakfast was at 8am, prepared by the kitchen staff with the help of a rotating group of students. As the sun was rising I was on my way to the canteen. Everyone would still be waking up, focused on getting their morning coffee and cereal before the morning assembly at 8:30. I went to the assembly every morning. Everyone would pour into the baroque great hall, known in Denmark as a “knight’s hall”, for communal singing of songs from the Danish folk high school songbook and to listen to the presentations prepared for that day along with announcements addressing practical matters and class scheduling.

Understandably, I did not speak a word of Danish at that time. Typically, I would sit to the side, across from the rows of chairs filled with students and marvel at how equally engaged everyone – from the gardeners and students to the general staff — were. Intense discussions would take place in that room — covered in baroque paintings from wall to wall as well as on the ceiling — and then, as soon as the assembly ended, everyone would stream out of the hall and off to their classes and workshops.

It struck me that that natural surroundings of Krabbesholm, cloistered between the Limfjord, a shallow part of the North Sea and the Kattegat in Northern Jutland, and a primordial forest, was key to its magic. This forest is where rooks, with their bluish shining black feathers, nest. They live in colonies in the treetops and sing in strange clicks, croons and human-like notes. As far as the students of Krabbesholm are concerned, there is no official age limits for attending the school; however, today the students’ ages range between 18 to 28 years old.

Upon further study, I discovered that Danish folk high schools developed out of pivotal historical events during the 19th century. Actually, Denmark’s decisive transformation into a progressive social democracy evolved after its loss of Schleswig in 1864, when it surrendered a large part of its territory to Prussia and Germany. Prior to that loss, two systems of government co-existed within the same state: democracy in Denmark and absolutism in Schleswig and Holstein. After that defeat, Denmark’s National Romantic credo: “*what is outwardly lost must be inwardly gained,*” was put into action by ploughing up more land for agriculture and embarking on new social welfare programmes that included folk high schools and the cooperative movement.





The country lost two-fifths of its territory and thus became too small for the landed gentry or National Liberal civil servants to maintain their hold on power. The war became a catalyst for a new Danish identity, of which the folk high school movement was an integral part.

Part of the basis of this new Danish identity was the teachings and philosophy of one of the most influential people in Danish history – Nikolaj Frederik Severin Grundtvig, known as N.F.S. Grundtvig. He envisioned the folk high school as a “school for life” whereas the university would teach the sciences and elementary school would teach practical skills. According to his approach folk high schools were not to teach Christianity directly. Instead, they would teach what it means to be Danish in Denmark. The essential element is education for life at the schools. Learning happens across social positions and differences – the teacher learns from the student and vice versa in a vibrant exchange of mutual teaching.

For Grundtvig, dialogue across differences was essential – his objective was to motivate people to learn to accept each other’s differences. His idea was to educate the peasantry and other people from the lower echelons of society through personal development. Grundtvig’s folk high school vision was part of a Danish “Awakening”. He called this “the living word”: the Danish language and the history of Denmark, its constitution and all the main industries, farming, and even folk songs – all these things became the guiding principles of education based on his interpretation of the Christian framework.

The chief characteristic of his theology was the substitution of the authority of the “living word” for the apostolic commentaries. He wanted each congregation to act as an independent community. As a result, modern folk high schools vary significantly. Some still have a religious focus while most are secular. Rather than educating learned scholars, Grundtvig believed each school should educate its students for active participation in society and in life. His pedagogical focus was on promoting a spirit of freedom, poetry and disciplined creativity within all branches of educational life.

He opposed all forms of compulsion, including exams, as deadening to the human soul. He promoted values such as wisdom, compassion, identification and equality. Since no degree or diploma is awarded, teaching is freer and more informal than at ordinary educational institutions. Most Scandinavian folk high schools are boarding schools where the students live for 2–6 months. It is also possible to stay for up to one year.

Today, some Danes distance themselves from Grundtvig’s ideas, viewing them as nationalistic, anti-intellectual, or kitsch populism, as associated with the right wing of the Danish People’s Party, which has claimed his ideas as part of their platform.

The shadier side of Grundtvig surfaces in his 1849 debate with the author M. A. Goldschmidt. Grundtvig denied Goldschmidt the right to speak publicly as a Dane because he was born Jewish – even though Goldschmidt’s family had lived in Denmark for generations. In so doing, Grundtvig essentially demanded Nordic ethnic purity of those who would have any say over Denmark’s future.

He also had some pretty dodgy opinions about Islam and people from other cultures with darker skin colour. His thinking was not the scientific racism of the 19th century; rather, it was based on the Old Testament. According to Grundtvig, God created the various peoples of the Earth through the Tower of Babel. Each people have their specific role in world history, and according to Grundtvig the Nordic people have a leading role to play in modern times. For him, before 1848 the Nordic people’s task was simply to live up to the ideal inherent in their divine role. After 1848 Grundtvig joins the nationalists and now considers the people of Schleswig-Holstein to be enemies who are aggressive and antagonistic by nature. He believed that nations separated after the Tower of Babel should not be reunited until after the resurrection.

Nationalism, his view of women and his idea of what ‘true Danishness’ means are just some of Grundtvig’s ideas that have been questioned recently. While some of Grundtvig’s ideas may best be relegated to the dustbin of history, on the more constructive side he regarded education as the foundation of social awareness and solidarity. Over the past two decades, Danes have been compelled to confront their own nationalism and xenophobia as their self-perception has been challenged by the high influx of people of different cultural backgrounds, with different values and beliefs, arriving in Denmark due to war and economic strife in their native countries.

As the immigrant population in Denmark has grown, it has also made an impact on Danish folk high school traditions. The folk high school system’s Danish National Romantic roots traditionally include singing from the folk high school songbook. These songs are in the official Danish Folk High School songbook. They are about nature, religion and Danish history. When I first visited the morning assembly in Krabbesholm, the group would sing two or three songs from the songbook – with piano accompaniment by the school’s teacher of Danish and Religion. Today, singing is no longer part of the morning assembly. I feel a certain melancholy about the omission of song from the morning gatherings. I associate it with my first encounter and the dazzling images that I had yet to unpack. Back then, I remember the soothing and mesmerizing feeling of cultural continuity. I sensed the self-esteem and harmony in the occasion. Listening

to the voices resounding through the great hall early in the morning was exotic and captivating. It made me think of American utopian movements like the Shakers and Quakers, though Krabbesholm was only a folk high school, not separationist religious sect.

Before I had ever heard of Krabbesholm, while I was still studying in Chicago, I saw Dan Graham's video *Rock My Religion* (1984). It changed the direction of my work by making it possible for me to begin integrating historical narratives into my artwork.

In *Rock My Religion*, Graham compares the religious revivalism of the Shakers and their ecstatic dancing to the ecstasy of rock and roll music. His narrative weaves a parallel between the history of the Shaker Movement and the history of Rock and Roll, alternating between Graham's voice telling the story of Ann Lee, the founder of Shaker beliefs, who believed she was the second coming of Christ, and the music and voice of the musician Patti Smith, who has compared rock culture with religion. The video continues by exploring historic American religious practices, including Native American, Puritan and Shaker rituals, as well as the emergence of rock musicians like Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis, and The Doors. *Rock My Religion* is a subtle parody of religion itself for the Reagan era.

Years later, I visited the Hancock Shaker Village in Hancock, Massachusetts, to see the architecture that Dan Graham had filmed for the video and how it reflects the Shakers' belief system. Rock is interpreted as a religion with the potential for communal transcendental experience. An experience that inverts traditional pieties with sexualized religious dance. Most fundamentally, the video suggests that rock and roll is a continuation of the religious fervour found in the 18th and 19th century Shakers. They believed that demonstrative chanting of scripture and vigorous dancing would court and defeat the devil. Graham also emphasizes that the Shakers attempted to transcend gender roles and live as if in a new era of equality, sharing leadership between men and women, shunning traditional marriage and advocating the virtues of celibacy. Shakers lived communally, embracing pacifism, equality of the sexes, and anti-slavery views decades before these beliefs were anywhere near the cultural mainstream. For Shakers this was a way to live in the full reign of God and to prepare Christ's Second Coming. Nevertheless, as of January 2017 the Shaker movement has only two living members.²

The video seems to have influenced my decision to propose making the *Camp* (1999) sculptures and photographs for Krabbesholm's *Idea of a*

2 Blakemore, Erin, "There Are Only Two Shakers Left in the World". Smithsonian.com. January 6, 2017.





Chair commission. They are red polyurethane rocks with fossils of human bodies embedded in them. *Camp (many)* is a six-piece sculpture that has indexes of seven people enacting a sexual orgy. *Camp (one)* consists of three pieces with an inscription of lovers embracing. The rocks are like a constructed fiction, a way of making sense of past social relations to yield some understanding of social relations today. But both sculptural sets are fragments depicting cohesive events that have cracked into fragments. When pieced together they offer constructed scenarios that postulate some authentic past. I wanted *Camp (one)* and *(many)* to resemble the dioramas that you see in natural history museums representing prehistoric peoples. You look at them through the glass to get a picture of how people lived. Krabbesholm students helped me with *Camp* and posed as models for outlines that were subsequently carved out in the sculptures, showing the indexes of their bodies. The landscape around Krabbesholm is speckled by Stone Age burial mounds and traces of geologic history from the Limfjord to the hills around it. History permeates the place. The project title, *Camp*, was also a foreigner's tongue-in-cheek interpretation of Danish cultural history and the fact that Denmark was the first country in the world to legitimize written pornography in 1967, followed by pictorial pornography in 1969.

This objectification of life in the past has always fascinated me. I wanted to make the inverse – real people acting like mannequins in a real forest that looks like a diorama mural. I wanted to depict the space between being an object and a subject. I was interested in inter-subjectivity, the point where definitions become blurry and you may lose yourself, forgetting where you end and the other begins. There is also an aspect of voyeurism about these photos: they are shot from a distance so that you are peering into a scene that in some poses looks romantic and dreamlike, while in others it looks like a primal scene where something illicit is taking place. The sculptures are fragments of an image, referencing the way we create meaning out of fragments of the past and how these fragments become ciphers we use to justify our own beliefs.

Inter-subjectivity is central to the work of Dan Graham and to how a person perceives them while at the same time watching other people who are in turn watching them. In 2006 Krabbesholm invited Dan Graham and commissioned him to make a pavilion. The result was the two-way mirror *Chill Out Pavilion* (2007) situated in the school's grounds between the industrial harbour, a 19th century building that is now used as dormitory space, the Four Boxes Gallery designed by Atelier Bow Wow and the classic Nordic design of the school's photo house. Graham merges sculpture, installation and architecture dealing with the duality of transparency/re-





flection, and the work blurs the boundary between the observer and the observed.

Krabbesholm is a space that invites connections and contradictions, creating room for works like *Camp* and *Chill Out Pavilion* and many other exciting collaborations with artists that cohabit with the continuous flow of students, teachers and guests. It is a folk high school that is under continual transformation and reassessment. There is a constant stream of new projects and new partners joining the past with the future. It seems like a phantasmagoria of events and relations under continual renewal and reassessment.

Interestingly, twenty-one folk high schools had opened in Denmark by 1867. By 1918, that number had reached 68. In 1995 there were 107 folk high schools in Denmark, but today, that number has dropped to 68. Nevertheless, while the overall number of people attending folk high schools in Denmark is dwindling, Krabbesholm is flourishing with a long waiting list of students who want to enter. In constant state of renewal and development, the faculty, staff and students of Krabbesholm cherish the freedom to change as one of the founding principles of the Danish folk high school system. Krabbesholm has taken this value seriously, welcoming new ideas and people and thereby keeping the school robust. This enthusiasm for the new and unknown continues to be a key factor in the school's success.

Contributors in alphabetical order:

Lise Haller Baggesen (DK/USA)

Lise Haller Baggesen (1969) left her native Denmark in 1992 to study painting at the AKI in Enschede and the Rijksakademie in Amsterdam. She is a recipient of Prins Bernhard's Prize (2000) and the Royal Award for Modern Painting (2003). She completed her MA in Visual and Critical Studies at the School of the Art Institute in 2013, with a SAIC VCS Fellowship Award. In 2015 she was nominated for The Joan Mitchell Foundation's Emerging Artist Grant, and in 2017 was a resident at Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity in Alberta, Canada.

She is the author of *Motherism* (2014), and co-organizer of *The Mothernists*, in Rotterdam (2015). *The Mothernists 2: Who Cares for the 21st Century?*, will take place at ANA and at the Royal Academy for Fine Art in Copenhagen in fall 2017.

She has exhibited internationally, including Threewalls, Jane Addams Hull House Museum, Poetry Foundation, and MCA, Chicago (IL), Poor Farm (WI), The Contemporary Austin (TX), EFA and A.I.R. Gallery (NY) Overgaden (DK), Württembergischem Kunstverein (D), MoMu Antwerpen (B) and Théâtre de la Ville de Paris (F). 2017/2018 exhibitions will include *The Suburban*, Milwaukee (WI) ANA, Copenhagen (DK), *Le Confort Moderne*, Poitiers (F), and *SoEx* in San Francisco (CA).

Yvette Brackman (USA/DK)

Born 1967, New York City, now based in Copenhagen. Her complex and evocative work takes many forms such as installations, sculptures, performances, videos and text. She explores themes such as the relationship of the body to space and memory; the interaction between origin and trauma as a result of displacement and exile; cultural survival and adaptability and political systems and their consequences.

She is a graduate of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and the University of Illinois, Chicago. She was a professor at the Royal Danish

Academy of Fine Arts from 2000 to 2007, and is a member of the Academy Council as well as the artists' association Den Frie. In 2012 the monograph *Systems and Scenarios* was published by JRP Ringier.

Her most recent solo exhibition was at Vox Populi, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 2017 Overgaden Center for Contemporary Art in Copenhagen in 2015. Other recent exhibitions include North Coast Biennial, Denmark, 2016, The Moscow Biennial 2013 The Liverpool Biennial 2012, Liverpool, England, Freies Museum, Berlin, Germany, LAXART, Los Angeles, CA, and Museum of Contemporary Art, Roskilde, Denmark.

Rashayla Marie Brown (USA)

Lauded as a Breakout Artist in *New City* and *ARC Magazine*, artist/scholar Rashayla Marie Brown (RMB) manages a living studio practice across an extensive list of cultural production modes. Exploiting the role of the artist as both an agent and an object of desire, her work spans camera-based image-making; performance and social engagement/disruption; curation and installation; and theoretical writings infused with subjectivity and spirituality. A lifelong nomad who has moved 24 times, her journey as a professional artist began as a radio DJ and poet performing research in London, England and as founder of the family-owned design company, *Selah Vibe, Inc.*, in Atlanta, GA. RMB currently serves as the inaugural Director of Student Affairs for Diversity and Inclusion at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), fostering queer Afrofeminist narratives across institutions.

Jim Duignan (USA)

A Chicago artist and professor of visual art in the College of Education at DePaul University. He started the Stockyard Institute in 1995 as an artist project and a small community institute in the Back of the Yards neighborhood of south Chicago. From the start, the Stockyard Institute was a community center working to collectively design and organize visual and pedagogical projects alongside youth, artists, teachers, community members, and the public, which speculate on art, education, aesthetics, and the city. The Stockyard Institute was influenced by an awareness of neighbourhood histories and an under-recognized group of community artists, architects, radical teachers and local activists where a deep consideration of the social and civic forms of engagement were as critical to their practice as to their lives. The works of Jim Duignan and Stockyard Institute have been exhibited in the U.S. and Europe including Allgirls Gallery in Berlin, Germany, rum46, Aarhus, Denmark, Interference Archive, New York, Galeria de la Escuela de Artes Plasticas, Puerto Rico and pub-

lished in the *New Art Examiner*, *Chicago Social Practice History Series*, *Artforum*, *Chicago Reader*, *Whitewalls*, *Proximity Magazine*, *Palm Press*, *AREA Chicago*, *Green Lantern Press*, *Set Up Tolerance*, *University of Chicago Press* and *The New York Times*.

Christa Donner (USA)

Reimagines the architecture of the human organism through her ink and collage works on paper, small-press publications, and large-scale wall drawings. Her process often incorporates social engagement and collaborative exchange. In 2012 Donner founded Cultural ReProducers, a creative platform supporting cultural workers raising children. Donner's work is exhibited internationally, including projects for *The Worldly House* at *DOCUMENTA 13* (Kassel, Germany), *BankArt NYK* (Yokohama, Japan), *Chiaki Kamikawa Contemporary Art* (Paphos, Cyprus), the *Museum Bellevue* (Zurich, Switzerland), the *Centro Colombo Americano* (Medellin, Colombia), the *Max Planck Institute for the History of Science* (Berlin, Germany), and throughout the United States. For more information visit www.christadonner.com and www.culturalreproducers.org.

Michelle Eistrup (USA/DK)

Visual artist, arts producer and instigator of artistic collaboration who lives in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Eistrup has a Fine Arts Degree from The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, a B.A. Major in Socio-Anthropology and a Minor in Arts from Haverford College, Pennsylvania, US.

Michelle's art incorporates themes of identity, corporeality, faith, memory, and post-colonialism, where her transnational background, Danish, Jamaican, and American, is sometimes a point of departure.

She traverses varied artistic expressions that include photography, drawing, video, sound and performance, and yet all are integrated in a heart-centered practice that is led by spirit and a strong belief in the transformative potential of the collective.

Rooted in a vibrant global arts community, she has exhibited internationally, and organized events that facilitate in-depth dialogue and research between artists, writers and curators, for the overall purpose of encouraging a more integrated, sensitive and equitable creative exchange. From 2016-2019, she participates in *SPACE 3*, north by southeast, a recurring international program of context-responsive art presented by International Art Space (IAS) in Australia. She is also collaborating with producer Sasha Dees on a film project on Niombos figures and Bakongo cosmology for the *KALMAR art Museum* and *Ethnographic Museum* in Stockholm.

Kurt Finsten (DK)

Art historian, architect, graphic designer, and – since 2013 – visual artist. Works with painting, graphic design, and fashion. Exhibitions in Denmark and USA. Since 1991 director of Krabbesholm Højskole, a Danish art college specialised in art, architecture, design, literature and graphic design.

Anja Franke (DK)

Visual artist. She graduated from the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, Copenhagen in 1994. She was a professor at the Funen Academy of Fine Arts from 1997 to 2006. As a conceptual and visual artist, she creates contextual works based on identity, gender, culture / nature. She consciously circles feminist strategies that personal is politically aesthetic. And put up questions about the termination of public and private. Franke has for example created permanent decoration DAY & NAT in Skovlunde City Park, Ballerup. TEA WITH A WIEW II Nivaagaard Landscape Painting Collection. And exhibited at the National Museum of Art, Trapholt Art Museum, and internationally at the Museo de Arte y Diseño Contemporáneo, San José, Costa Rica, the Living Art Museum, Reykjavik, Iceland. M&A - materiel & application, architecture and landscape, Los Angeles. Casa Vecina, Mexico City, Anja Franke are also artistic director of InstantHER-LEV Institute, platform for international art exhibitions.

Nanna Lysholt Hansen (DK)

Received her MFA from the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Art in 2011. She is currently living and working in Copenhagen. Previous parts of the Dear Daughter Project has been shown at itinerant_sends_for_itinerant Studio, Kunsthal Charlottenborg and Nikolaj Kunsthal, Copenhagen (2013), NL-Hspace, Copenhagen and Saint Valentin Espace d'Art, Lausanne (2014), Kulstof15 performance art festival, Aalborg (2015), Piscine, Aarhus and Tranen, Copenhagen (2016).

Hannah Heilmann (DK)

Artist engaged in socio-technical and techno-social realities, and works in an interdisciplinary way, both alone and in collaboration. She engages with her material on a user-level, rather than from the position of the expert. Working both alone and in collaborative constellations, and within somewhat messy production schemes, she often ends up with mise-en-scenes of cultural production, open to fluid hierarchies between props, gestures and auteurs. Lately lectures, soap, clothing and radio have been her primary outputs, dealing with soul, sexuality and life in 2D in general.

Heilmann lives and works in Copenhagen. She received as MA in Art History from the University of Copenhagen and is the Co-director of TOVES. She runs the radio station GeneralBootyofWork.net with a growing circle of associates and is a member of collective Ingen Frygt 2001-10. She is currently working on a show for 221A, Vancouver, and four days of broadcasts with GBW/TOVES from the 1997 Venice Biennale. Heilmann has performed and exhibited at the National Gallery in Vilnius (for BCC); Kunstraum, London; Fylkingen, Stockholm; Galeria Vermelho, Sao Paulo, Astrup Fearnley Museum, Oslo (w. TOVES, representing 1857); Neter, Mexico City; and KØS, Denmark.

Anni Holm (DK/USA)

A conceptual artist working with photography, installation, performance and collaborative art. Born in Randers, Denmark, Holm attended Krabbesholm Højskole in Skive before she immigrated to the US in 1999. She graduated with a BFA in photography from Columbia College Chicago 2004.

Holm has participated in artist residencies at the Atlantic Center for the Arts in Florida (2005), GyB ByG in Mexico City, Mexico (2015) and Sigrids Stue in Aarhus, Denmark (2015), been a featured artist during the Chicago Artists Month (2006) and a break out artist in Newcity (2007). She has performed and exhibited her work at various locations nationally including Ohio University Gallery, Ohio; Waterloo Center for the Arts, Iowa; Minneapolis Institute of Art, Minnesota; Williamsburg Art and Historical Center, New York; Space 301, Alabama; Bridge Art Fair, Miami; Danish Immigrant Museum, IA; along with the Glass Curtain Gallery, Hyde Park Art Center, National Museum of Mexican Arts, Chicago Cultural Center, and the Museum of Contemporary Art, all in Chicago.

Ulla Hvejsel (DK)

Born in 1975, at the birth clinic "Fødselsanstalten" in Aarhus. That is now closed. I graduated with an MFA in art and art theory from the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen in 2006. That is still there. Since then, I have often worked with long-term projects where I work and research my way through different aspects of a topic or a concept in a variety of different medias and contexts, and a lot of my work employs a kind of dry and silly comedy, that I take very seriously.

I have, for instance, collected and staged jokes from war films in a series of cabaret shows, and gotten a white bear (that Fyodor Dostoyevsky claimed I couldn't stop thinking about) out of my head for three years. At the moment I am mostly talking out of my ass, in a kind of puppet theatre

where I put this significant and metaphorically interesting body part “on the line”.

Henrik Plenge Jakobsen (DK)

Artist who lives and works in Copenhagen, Denmark. Jakobsen uses a range of media, including performance, video and installation. His practice explores the capabilities and limitations of our spectacular culture. His works create fictional spaces where possible transgressions take on visible form, while acknowledging the impossibility for any real contravention to open up a gap beyond the system. His installations play with both entertainment and horror, at times physically engaging the viewer as with “Laughing Gas Chamber” (1996). Invested with angst and a spirit of civil disobedience, Jakobsen’s work questions the cliché of Nordic culture as an idyllic model of social harmony. For his project “Smashed parking ground” (1994), he positioned destroyed vehicles in a public square as a means of staging the remains of an imaginary riot. By blurring the distinction between the real and the fictional, Jakobsen’s works deliver an acerbic critique of society while making allowance for a highly enjoyable cathartic experience.

Recent exhibitions include ‘Defaced’, Galerie Patricia Dorfmann, Paris (2014), “Divorce”, The Great Poor Farm Experiment IV, Manawa, Wisconsin (2014), “I Object” at Galerie Patricia Dorfmann, Paris (2009), “Kapital Melancholia” at Galleri ZK, Berlin (2009), “Organisation Faust” at The Suburban, Oak Park, Chicago (2009), “Nebelkammer, Autonomus Acts” at Glockengasse 22, Vienna (2008) and “Manhattan Engineering District” at FRAC Pays de la Loire, Carquefou (2007).

His work has been shown in numerous international exhibitions including Oslo Speculations, Academy of Fine Arts In Oslo, Norway (2010); “Interference” at Moderna Museet, Stockholm (2010), “The Freak Show” at Musee d’Art Contemporain, Lyon (2007), “Populism” at CAC, Vilnius, Stedjeliik Museum, Amsterdam and Frankfuter Kunstverien, Frankfurt (2006), “Post Notes” at ICA – Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, United Kingdom, (2005) and “Hardcore” at Palais de Tokyo, Paris (2003). Galerie Patricia Dorfmann, Paris, represents his work.

Jenny Kendler (USA)

An interdisciplinary artist, environmental activist, naturalist, social entrepreneur & wild forager who lives in Chicago and elsewhere. She is currently the first Artist-in-Residence with Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC).

Kendler holds a BFA from The Maryland Institute College of Art (2002, summa cum laude) and a MFA from The School of the Art Institute of Chi-

chicago (2006). She stewards two arts non-profits, as Vice President of artist residency ACRE and a member of Threewalls' Community Cabinet.

Kendler is co-founder of the artist website service OtherPeoplesPixels, and created The OPPfund, which gives grants to arts, environmental and social justice organizations. She is also the co-creator of The Endangered Species Print Project, which creates limited-edition art prints to raise funds for critically endangered species, has exhibited at spaces like the Notebaert Nature Museum, and has to date raised over \$13,000 for conservation of over 20 species.

Kirsten Leenaars (NL/USA)

Her practice is a hybrid of social practice, video and performance based work. In her practice Leenaars engages with specific people and communities. Her work oscillates between fiction and documentation, reinterprets personal stories and reimagines everyday realities through staging, improvisation and play.

She examines the very nature of our own constructed realities, the stories we tell ourselves and the ones we identify with and explores the way we relate to others. In her work she brings to light a shared humanity, often through humor and play.

Recent projects include producing a series of 3 performances Notes on Empty Chairs, about loss, community and empathy for the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago; creating the video #thisistomorrow with Washington DC based performers and musicians in response to the deaths of Michael Brown and Eric Garner; producing the science fiction film: The Invasion of the Hairy Blobs, currently edited at the Wexner Center for the Arts in Columbus, Ohio; and Not In Another Place, But This Place... (Happiness) - a video project exploring notions of happiness, responsibility and policy focusing on the Edgewater community in Chicago.

Sofia Leiby (USA)

Born 1989, St. Paul, MN now lives and works in Brooklyn, NYC.

In 2011 Leiby recieved her BFA from O11 School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL. Her recent solo exhibitions include 2016 'The Making of a Beyonder' Kimmerich, Berlin. 'Thinking Creatively with Pictures', Clifton Benevento, New York, NY, 2015, 'abcdefghijklmnop', Michael Jon Gallery, Miami, 'Arcades & Garlands', East Hampton Shed, East Hampton, NY, 'Freeze Tag', Levy Delval, Brussels 2014, 'The Drama of Leisure', Devening Projects + Editions, Chicago, IL.

Tony Lewis (USA)

Born 1986 lives in Chicago. In 2012 Lewis received a MFA from School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL, in 2010 Post-Baccalaureate, School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL and 2008 a BA from Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, PA.

Recent solo exhibitions include: 2016 Alms, Comity and Plunder, Marino Marini Museum, Florence, Italy. 2015 Pall, Shane Campbell Gallery, Chicago, IL. Tony Lewis: free movement power nomenclature pressure weight, MOCA, Cleveland, OH Massimo de Carlo, Milan, Italy. 2014 I Believe History Is a Force, Massimo de Carlo, London, UK . 2013 Bindery Projects, St. Paul, MN. 2012 Nine Drawings for Charles, Shane Campbell Gallery, Chicago, IL. 2011 Autumn Space Presents: Tony Lewis, Autumn Space Gallery, Chicago, IL

Jacob Lillemose (DK)

Cheesehead at heart – and Green Bay Packers owner – since the early 1990s when he lived in Wisconsin for a year attending Kimberly High School. Apart from his football association with The Poor Farm, he works as a curator and writer in numerous contexts, at the moment with a specific focus on horror, ecology, disasters, artificial intelligence and medical history. From 2015-2017 he ran the transdisciplinary exhibition space X AND BEYOND in downtown Copenhagen.

Mobile Kultur Byrå (Kirsten Dufour, DK, Hilde Methi, NO, and Ulrike Solbrig, DE)

Looks at the international 'trading climate' as exemplified by the monthly Russian Market held at Kirkenes town square Norway. Exhibitions include In the National Museum's Blindspot, The National Museum, touring in Norway 2014-16; Russian Market Turnover, Tromsø Kunstforening 2011; russianmarket.info – Taking Inventory, uqbar Berlin 2011, pöpp68, NGBK Berlin 2008; Market Interventions as Improvement of Market Facilities 2015; Russian Market Day for Peoples Understanding 2010.

Matt Morris (USA)

An artist, writer, and sometimes curator based in Chicago. He has presented artwork in Chicago, IL; Philadelphia, PA; Memphis, TN; Reims, France; Greencastle, IN; Lincoln, NE; Cincinnati, OH; and Baton Rouge, LA.

Morris is a contributor to Artforum.com, Art Papers, ARTnews, Flash Art, Newcity, and Sculpture; and his writing appears in numerous exhibition catalogues and artist monographs. He is a transplant from southern Louisiana who holds a BFA from the Art Academy of Cincinnati and earned an

MFA in Art Theory + Practice from Northwestern University, as well as a Certificate in Gender + Sexuality Studies.

Skovsnogen (DK)

Deep Forest Artland was started in 2009 by artists Søren Taaning and René Schmidt and has since grown into a place with many different projects. In addition to being an experience park for nature, outdoor life and contemporary art, the institution works with school and visiting service, volunteerism and local ownership, international collaborations, socially vulnerable and innovation in different contexts. Contemporary art is disseminated to new audiences, and the 80 participating artists have new opportunities to create and present their works.

Edra Soto (PRI/USA)

Edra Soto is a Chicago-based artist, educator, curator, and co-director of the artist-run outdoor project space THE FRANKLIN. She obtained her Master of Fine Arts degree at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2000, as well as attending Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Beta-Local in Puerto Rico and the Robert Rauschenberg Residency Program in Captiva, Florida through a 3Arts Foundation Fellowship.

Her work was recently featured at the 4th Poly/Graphic Triennial of San Juan and the Caribbean in Puerto Rico, Cuchifritos Gallery + Project Space and the Hunter East Harlem Gallery, in New York. She co-curated with artist Josue Pellot the exhibition Present Standard, at the Chicago Cultural Center with overwhelmingly positive reviews from the Chicago Tribune, Newcity and Artforum. She was recently featured in Newcity's annual Art 50 issue, Chicago's Artists' Artists and awarded the Efroymsen Contemporary Arts Fellowship.

The Third Rail (USA)

A free nonprofit periodical devoted to a discussion of modern and contemporary art, politics, philosophy, and culture, featuring critical essays and reviews, interviews, literary arts, and artist center spread projects. Based in Minneapolis, The Third Rail is an editorially independent affiliate of The Brooklyn Rail.

Andrew Yang, (USA)

Received his MFA in 2014 from Lesley University College of art and design, Cambridge. He works across the visual arts, the sciences, and natural history to explore the cosmological flux. Exhibiting from Oklahoma to Yokohama, his writing & research can be found in journals including

Biological Theory, International Studies in the Philosophy of Science, Current Biology, and Leonardo. He is currently an Associate Professor at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a Research Associate at the Field Museum of Natural History.

Captions

- 6 The Poor Farm by Night. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 9 The Poor Farm by Night. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 10 Handwriting analysis with Sofia Leiby, during The Great Poor Farm Experiment IIX Summer School. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 28-29 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Anja Franke: Waste Time Service—Settle Down (2016-08-05). Textile, silkscreen prints, porcelain, wood, book. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 2) Jim Duignan: The Dunning Boys (2016). Planter, mint, BSA stencil, found wood from Dunning. Photo: Jim Duignan.
 - 3) Hannah Heilmann: Monet's One Hand Is Very Warm And The Other Is So Cold (2016). Audio with headphones, inkjet print on A4 paper. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
 - 4) Ulla Hvejsel: The Ass in the School—A Quiz About the Stupidity We Live By (2016). Performance. Photo: Anni Holm.
- 30-31 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Michelle Eistrup: This Particular Masquerade 1, unmasked (2013). Digital print. Josh Mittelman: Two Male Figures in Repose (2016). Digital print. Photo Assaf Evron.
 - 2) Michelle Eistrup: Power to the People (2016). 3 collages (colored paper, newspaper and Duck Tape) and 2 Portraits, inkjet prints on paper. Photo Assaf Evron.
 - 3) Tony Lewis: Life's Little Instruction Book #53: Vote. (2016). Screws, rubber bands, and graphite powder on wall. Ulla Hvejsel: The Ass in the School, after Breughel (2016). Digital print on vinyl tarp. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 4) Rashayla Marie Brown: Rage to Master (2016). Burned photographs/performance props. Photo: Assaf Evron.
- 32-33 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Edra Soto: Sillas Pair (2016) acrylic paint on plastic chairs. GRAFT (2016). Stencil print on watercolor paper on window. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 2) Kurt Finsten: Marriage (2016). Risographs. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 3) The Third Rail: Issue 8 (2016). Offset print, 23 posters. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 4) Nanna Lysholt Hansen: Dear Daughter / Motherboard Theories of Evolution (w/ Braidotti, Plant et aliae) #9 (2014-2016). Performance. Photo: Nanna Lysholt Hansen.
- 34-35 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Matt Morris: Pretty Soldier (2016). Digitally printed and ruched satin on PVC pole. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 2) Henrik Plenge Jacobsen: Deep Space Ornamentation (2015). Silk screen on canvas. Anni Holm: Glamorous & Worthy (2016). Detectable tape cutoffs, string. Tony Lewis: Untitled 2 (2011-2016). Graphite powder, paint, and tape on paper. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 3) Poor & Needy artists gathered around Josh Mittelman's Faraday Box (2016) during the Poor & Needy Symposium. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 36-37 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Jim Duignan: The Dunning Boys (2016). Five framed letters, postcards, found wood from Dunning. Photo: Jim Duignan.
 - 2) Christa Donner and Andrew Yang: Spacetimeshipcapsule 20016 (2016). Sound, marble, cut paper, LED lights, electric fan, Mylar. Photo: Christa Donner and Andrew Yang.
 - 3) Mobil Kultur Byrå: Russian Market Project (2006-2016). Table with text and photo documentation. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 4) Mobil Kultur Byrå: Russian Market Project (2006-2016). Six videos on monitors with headphones. Photo: Assaf Evron.
- 38-39 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Edra Soto: GRAFT (2016). Acrylic paint on paper cutout on window. Photo: Edra Soto.
 - 2) The Third Rail: Issue 8 (2016). Offset print. Michelle Eistrup: This Particular Masquer

- ade 1, unmasked (2013) digital print. Amnesia (2013), audio w. headphones. Photo: Assaf Evron.
- 3) Matt Morris: spider boy (2012) hex boy (2015) buried boy (2016). "Embrahdory" on tulle. Photo: Assaf Evron.
- 4) Kirsten Leenaars: New, and Definitely Improved (2016). Video w. headphones. Photo: Kirsten Leenaars.
- 40-41 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Søren Taaning and Renee Schmidt: Skovsnogen (2016). Digital photo collage. Photo: Søren Taaning and Renee Schmidt.
 - 2) Jim Duignan talking about The Dunning Boys during the Poor & Needy Symposium. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
 - 3) Visitors wasting time in Waste Time Service—Settle Down during The Great Poor Farm Experiment IIX Summer School. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 42-43 Clockwise from the top:
- 1) Off to the Races with Michelle. Photo: Yvette Brackman.
 - 2) Sofia Leiby: Perche Guardo Quelli che Guar da no (2016-17). House paint on wall. Photo: Assaf Evron.
 - 3) Wasting time at the Poor Farm. Photo: Yvette Brackman.
 - 4) Youth Guidance Tour with Eleanor and Ceal. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 44 Rashayla Marie Brown: Rage to Master (2016) performance. Photo courtesy of the artist.
- 49 Rashayla Marie Brown: Rage to Master (2016). Performance. Photo courtesy of the artist.
- 50 Jenny Kendler: Letter to TK (2017). Leaves and twigs in vellum envelope, and psychiatric evaluation in Risograph edition. Photo courtesy of the artist.
- 52 Soup Kitchen for Poor & Needy Artists with Jonas and Miriam. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 60 Lazy River Show Us Your Floats! Photo: Patrick 'Q' Quilao.
- 64 The Poor Farm. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 67 Illinois Is Beneath Us! Fleet Farm T-shirt. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 68 Lise Haller Baggesen: Mothernism (2013) Photo: Jonathan Ross.
- 70 Lucio Pozzi: Artist's Talk (2013). Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 71 Lise Haller Baggesen: Mothernism (2013). Photo: Jonathan Ross.
- 73 Stroblights in the jail cell by Jonathan Bruce Williams (2013). Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 75 Film screening setup in the field, as part of Who Wants Flowers when You're Dead? curated by Jonathan Thomas (2013). Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.
- 77 Lise Haller Baggesen: Mothernism (2013). Photo: Jonathan Ross.
- 82 Anni Holm: Glamorous & Worthy (2016). Detectable tape cutoffs, string, black mould detail. Photo: Anni Holm.
- 88 Krabbesholm Højskole, The manor house. Photo: Kurt Finsten.
- 91 Students Krabbesholm Højskole. Photo: Kurt Finsten.
- 92 Lecture at Krabbesholm Højskole, The "knights' hall". Photo: Kurt Finsten.
- 94 Dormitory room at Krabbesholm Højskole. Photo: Per Andersen.
- 95 Class room at Krabbesholm Højskole. Photo: Per Andersen.
- 99 Dan Graham: Chill Out Pavilion. Photo: Per Andersen.
- 100 Camp (one), 1999. Polyurethane dimensions variable. Photo: artist.
- 102 Top: Camp (many), 1999. Polyurethane dimensions variable. Photo: artist.
- 103 Top: Camp (one) #1, 1999. Archival ink photo print, dimensions variable. Photo: artist.
Bottom: Camp (one) #4, 1999. Archival ink photo print, dimensions variable. Photo: artist.
- 104 Top: Camp (many) #4, 1999. Archival ink photo print, dimensions variable. Photo: artist
Bottom: Camp (many) #6, 1999. Archival ink photo print, dimensions variable. Photo: artist.
- 118 Nanna Lysholt Hansen preparing for her performance Dear Daughter / Motherboard Theories of Evolution (w/ Braidotti, Plant et aliae) #9 (2014-2016). Performance. Photo: Lise Haller Baggesen.



the \mathbb{R}^n is a linear space over \mathbb{R} with the usual addition and scalar multiplication. The inner product is defined by

$$\langle x, y \rangle = x_1 y_1 + x_2 y_2 + \dots + x_n y_n \quad (1)$$

where $x = (x_1, x_2, \dots, x_n)$ and $y = (y_1, y_2, \dots, y_n)$ are vectors in \mathbb{R}^n .

The norm of a vector x is defined by

$$\|x\| = \sqrt{\langle x, x \rangle} = \sqrt{x_1^2 + x_2^2 + \dots + x_n^2} \quad (2)$$

The distance between two vectors x and y is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \|x - y\| = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (3)$$

The distance between two points x and y in \mathbb{R}^n is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (4)$$

The distance between two points x and y in \mathbb{R}^n is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (5)$$

The distance between two points x and y in \mathbb{R}^n is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (6)$$

The distance between two points x and y in \mathbb{R}^n is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (7)$$

The distance between two points x and y in \mathbb{R}^n is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (8)$$

The distance between two points x and y in \mathbb{R}^n is defined by

$$d(x, y) = \sqrt{(x_1 - y_1)^2 + (x_2 - y_2)^2 + \dots + (x_n - y_n)^2} \quad (9)$$