

Mette Hammer Juhl —Time Killer
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Text by James Day

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Desk clutter, wooden panic amid
tedium; carpet; dizzy, indistinct thermal
imaging and, out of the window,
trummerum, the inverted unreality
of a graphic novel cityscape: escape
room, *trummerum*, parties *trummerum*,
team building *trummerum* as it says on
the side of the *trummerum* van, and I
think of the bridal pair locked in their
courtship and of the new regulation of
trummerum trummerum bodies ushered
in by the COVID-19 pandemic: heat
maps *trummerum* of contagion and the
warmth of bodies under a *trummerum*
duvet; clouds of droplets, *trummerum*,
particles, *trummerum trummerum*,
gathering in the underground during
the morning commute [escape room,
teamwork]; condensation *trummerum*
running down the window pane on an
autumn *trummerum* morning watching
the planes on their flightpath

[gamespace, lines of flight, unreal city] *trummerum* to Heathrow; the clearing of a throat *trummerum* before speech and the hum *trummerum trummerum* of cogitation; traces, *trummerum*, invisible and intangible, of recent, unknown touch on a handrail, *trummerum*, the smell *trummerum* of disinfectant. This new, *trummerum*, highly personal topology of repulsion and intimacy [heat maps and clouds] overlaid *trummerum* on the topography of separation and alienation [courtship dance]. *Trummerum trummerum*. What new lines were drawn *trummerum* through, in and around bodies, what zones *trummerum* laid across them, what *trummerum* patterns impressed, tessellations *trummerum* imposed, *trummerum*, upon them—and how does this relate to schematized *trummerum* gamespace [wooden panic]: of regulated pedestrian flow,

trummerum injunctions trummerum of social trummerum distance, spreads of conspiracy and contagion, trummerum trummerum, the apparent wasteland of Second Life [the parking lot outside the window]? I remember, hazily, trummerum, the photograph of a flea market from my childhood, of bodies crowded in the old fire station, at which trummerum trummerum the hours come and the breeze rustles the box and beech outside. I remember a time when I thought my body ended at my trummerum toes trummerum trummerum. Was the trummerum flight [Heathrow] of my morning trummerum prayer affected by the birds trummerum hovering trummerum lower than trummerum normal in the sky? "Think, love, how close people used to stand to each other." Trummerum trummerum, trummerum rum rum. And I think,

trummerum, of course, of the dance floors and platforms I have, *trummerum*, rather loosely *trummerum*, always associated *trummerum* with Mette's *trummerum* work, for their infectious optimism of interaction.

Drops *trummerum*: irregular, semi-choreographed circles, loose threads, as a person peels from one circle and joins another *trummerum*: potential, right there, in the electrical *trummerum* sense. What is, *trummerum*, the relationship, *trummerum*, between sense and *trummerum* essence? *Trummerum trummerum*. What *trummerum* is the relationship *trummerum* between this kind of social circulation [schema of separation and alienation], so common in Copenhagen during lockdown, and *trummerum* neolithic stone circles, like the one I've never visited in Avebury, so close to *trummerum* where my mum lives on her own, *trummerum*

trummerum, now entering old age
trummerum trummerum? Tears,
trummerum, rip currents and rivulets.
Standing on the square in a stiff
trummerum breeze, arms stretched out
at shoulder trummerum height by my
side trummerum, towards trummerum
N's similarly outstretched arm
trummerum, which I can't trummerum
quite reach, while M trummerum
trummerum sits alone in the middle
of our circle [lines of flight], tapping
trummerum furiously on the keyboard
trummerum while T speaks. I wonder
trummerum trummerum about the
extent to which the diurnal trummerum,
nocturnal trummerum rhythms of
my, trummerum, our, trummerum,
your, trummerum trummerum, their
trummerum trummerum, trummerum
um rum, bodies adjust to each others'
trummerum presence and trummerum
absence, to the trummerum rhythms of
our daily trummerum lives [lines drawn

through in and around bodies], of how digestion and *trummerum trummerum* hormone secretion adapt to the bodies around us, to the tug of the *trummerum* sea and the phases of the *trummerum* moon; each *trummerum* body its own constellation with its dispersed *trummerum* centres of gravitational pull and *trummerum* scattered magnetic *trummerum* poles.

Trummerum trummerum. XYZ, 31,8,5.
Trummerum. Codes and coordinate axes to what? *Trummerum*. One of the many things that I find *trummerum* deeply moving and highly *trummerum* comic about QuarantEAM *trummerum* is the way in which the *trummerum* disjunction of snatches of the audio *trummerum* snippets from the escape room *trummerum trummerum*—located

some fifty metres down the road from room in which I am writing *trummerum trummerum*, with the box rustling in the breeze outside the open *trummerum* windows, the wreckage of the lilac bush strewn across the lawn after the recent storm [parties, teambuilding, *trummerum* escape room]—and the highly filtered *trummerum* video footage from the hotel room brilliantly mirror the fundamental, cosmic mirage of a hypermediated *trummerum* global pandemic and biospheric meltdown persisting long since *trummerum* the setting of sunset laws. Video loop and orbit, stone circles, personal *trummerum* grief and conspiratorial meetings, circumlocution, delay and difference counterposed, hilariously, to the inevitable, *trummerum* ineluctable *trummerum* failure *trummerum* *trummerum* to beat the clock, to break out of the escape room.

Just last week, *trummerum*, from under the nursery changing table, *trummerum*, I notice the hygiene guidelines blurtacked to the *trummerum* wall, advising, *trummerum*, against rings, nail varnish and fake nails, *trummerum trummerum*. I look at the ring *trummerum* on my own finger, *trummerum*, of its mysterious *trummerum* passage into the delicate *trummerum* tracery of veins, of the simultaneous, *trummerum trummerum*, tumultuous sex appeal of the inorganic, of the myriad, luxurious *trummerum* use values of *trummerum*, *trummerum*, of the enclosure of the *trummerum* species in the face of mass *trummerum trummerum* extinction. I think, suddenly, *trummerum*, of Mette's self-portraits in noodle soup, made during *trummerum* quarantine, filtered *trummerum* and protected *trummerum* through colored glass; of the shards *trummerum* in the

bottom of the canvas *trummerum* bag, all framing, misprision and *trummerum* displacement. Revenant stains, *trummerum*, echoes of what life? Mass-produced *trummerum* nutrition, left outside the hotel *trummerum* door, the *trummerum* hilarious conjunction of teamwork and assassination with *trummerum* thermal gun, of the *trummerum* pleroma of prosthetic joy, the *trummerum* of *trummerum* of the pulse rate rising in the *trummerum* forged urgency of the escape room. The exhibition space, I imagine, holds the relationship between time-based, cut-up *trummerum* narrative, of the horror *trummerum* thriller of the escape room and the weirdness of *trummerum* hotel room quarantine with the spectral *trummerum* semi-presence of the noodle *trummerum* drawings, the entirely uninsisting *trummerum* fact of

their material *trummerum* existence precariously. What *trummerum* lines of flight [abstraction, gamespace] *trummerum* drawn during the auto *trummerum* -destitution enforced by COVID-19 endure I *trummerum* wonder. Not many for my *trummerum* sake, the retrenchment *trummerum* of the repressed and the return of the order of the *trummerum* everyday, *trummerum*, *trummerum*, *trummerum*; rapid reestablishment of *trummerum* pseudo-*trummerum* business *trummerum* (the school *trummerum* run, *trummerum* work, *trummerum* political *trummerum* commitments) and the adrenaline riven *trummerum* boredom of enforced *trummerum* isolation, of the *trummerum*, murmurs of the heart *trummerum* syncopated with *trummerum* *trummerum* the *trummerum* *trummerum* of the steamroller in the quiet of the midnight *trummerum* street.

I awake with the lamp *trummerum*
blazing above me, alone, *trummerum*.

Mette Hammer Juhl (DK) is a visual artist based in Copenhagen working with sound, sculpture, video and site-specific installations. Her work, often collaborative and based on collective research, explores how our cultural understandings of fun and entertainment are shaped through economic, social and political ideologies, and how this, in turn, has transformed our ideas of freedom, escape, boredom and recreation.

Prior exhibitions include Hygum Kunstmuseum (DK), Four Boxes Gallery (DK), Bergen Kunsthall (NO), Den Frie (DK), Institut Funder Bakke (DK), Vermilion Sands (DK), First Draft (AU), Copenhagen Contemporary (DK), and Auto Italia (UK)

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