

Log from
Kunsthøjskolen i
Holbæk

19 sept sunday

the day before

Arrived late to this beautiful school at sunset. Me and Untamed in the workspace which had transformed into a multitude of the students' tableaux. We sat outside smoking, talking about how to do this. Then sitting quietly looking at the stars. She said: I am afraid of the dark. Even looking at the woods makes me creep. Then we walked into the darkness.

20 sept monday

first day



Finally back.

*Walking here in the afternoon sun, so good to be in nature,
so calm suddenly. Realize that my sorrows have somehow
disappeared, this strange panic-like cramp that had dominated
the past few weeks.*

*Last night the lines from a Pink Floyd song hit me in the
chest:*

The sun's the same in a relative way
but you're older

I have been thinking a lot about the position of the sun lately. It is as though I can almost feel the constellation of the earth and the sun in my body, a kind of exhaustion of having gone another round, a relative sameness. A few days before I had realized that it was exactly one year ago that Link contacted me and I ran back to Inkonst to find out how much farther I could go.

In a way I felt as lost as back then, except the feeling that I shouldn't be, that I should be able to get to where I want to be on my own considering all I've done, right?



I'm lying blindfolded in the middle of the room while Untamed takes them in one by one. She says: This is my mentee, and he needs your help." When she asks them to look at me, they all touch my body. They ask what is the matter, and I tell them I'm lost.

"What can we do?"

"I'm not quite sure, what *can* you do?" And immediately they all lift me up and carry me to a soft bed. I find myself being stroked on the forehead, and a soothing voice appears.

"My name is Mother, and this is a space where all worries are left outside. When you are in here, you will feel calm and safe, and I will be here to listen to all of your concerns."

I say that it feels very nice to be there, but that I don't think comfort is what I need. Then someone says "Dueling, you give it a try!", and a loud and dominant male voice commands the group to lift me on my feet. He guides me around the room and tells me to react to sounds with movements and to textures with sounds, and forces me to be spontaneous through quickly changing the scenarios and situations. Afterwards he asks me how I felt.

"Better!"

"What else can we do?"

"I want to be challenged!"

Then someone comes up and pushes me in the chest, and I push back, and soon I'm being pushed around by the whole group. I realize that a purely physical challenge doesn't do anything for me, but I refrain from saying it to see where it might lead (nowhere).

Following is a series of collective improvisations of sounds and touch which makes me wish for a clear intention. Then someone says something really clever:

"Take him out of his comfort zone. He is in the middle of the room with everyones attention on him. Let's let him show what he can do to us instead!"

And then the roles swap, and they stand in the middle of the room with eyes shut, and I lead them, letting them become a big loud breathing lump of people which then separates into individuals. I let them show each other the most ridiculous and ugly sides of themselves.

And then to walk and move like the person they really want to be, and to feel it in their whole body,

and I feel life coming back to me. Moving like I really want to move, spine straight, head high, sensual, playful.

At the end we put the blindfold in the middle of the room, and the students are asked if someone else wants to show their vulnerability.

A guy with no name yet (No-Name) that can't sit still enters the circle. He starts babbling so much and fast that someone puts a hand over his mouth to shut him up.

Then he asks half of the group to tickle the other, and the other half to try to soothe the first. It makes no sense at all until he stops and says

"That's what it's like to be inside my head."

After a while we suggest to give the space to any calmers of the group while the rest of us observe.

Untamed and me finish the class by a talking about finding our abilities through showing what we can do.

After lunch - listen to the students, guide them together with my dear mentor, let them create their own classes. The Firechild shows her ritual of exploring happy and sad childhood memories while painting on the face of another person.

It takes so long that we don't have time to give her feedback. Other students are waiting.

Wandering in the nature, and then evening, listening to the students again. A girl comes up and says she wants to abandon her name as Asteroid because now it feels too safe and familiar. She wants to do a class where people can explore their own ugliness.

Dueling also comes in and says he wants to conduct a class where the students can experiment with different personalities, and he wants to prepare different stations of outfits and music and projecting lights. We encourage him but I ask him also to try to imagine conducting a class with no props, just him, his voice and people. How would it look?

After dinner we gather the group again and decide who are doing classes the next day. We also announce that me and Untamed will hold night classes on tuesday and wednesday.

First day back as the Translator. I've missed that guy.

21 sept tuesday

second day

Second day, not as easy. Waking up with a heaviness once again, the feeling of fighting but being able to fight, that I'm going somewhere, that I can carry myself.





Fleur starts the class with bringing in the whole group one by one, including us. She opens our eyes and gives us a new perspective. I get the perspective of a bird. Some get glasses of different colours.





She leads us out into the garden and asks us to find something that we haven't seen before, and to exchange perspective with someone else. She talks about the different lenses one can see nature through.

When Fleur gives us is her own perspective and her relation to nature.

Through sharing her appreciation for the beauty in nature and the lust for seeing it with new eyes she introduces us to her world.



I ask them to anchor the current experience, the feeling of the grass, the smells, the sounds, the sensation of the body.





We are lead in by former Asteroid. She blindfolds us, blasts pop music and ask us to dance as wild as we can.

She is brave and nervous.

We're put in a circle where we're pushed into showing our ugliest faces while she watches.

But I want to be seen by the others too.

She asks us finally to whisper into her ear everything we are proud of. She's lying blindfolded while we watch her receive it.

I have the desire to hear what the others say in order to be brave enough myself.

For the final hour, the four girls that ended up soothing No-Name takes over. We find another person with our eyes closed, and gently explore each other's faces with our hands.

We're seated opposite of one another while Firechild does a mini-version of her childhood memory ritual. It was calmer this time, and with a perspective on the importance of this memory, why we chose it, and how it lives in our present lives.

Then we're lead to Ocean, who sits in front this big tank of water. She shows us her element, and how it reacts to light.

She talkes about light, how it travels from the sun, the way water breaks it up. We are given a piece of reflecting glass that we observe for a while and then let sink into the water.

It's so nice when nothing has to be learned or remembered, to just be given a moment where beauty can be appreciated for what it is.

Our feet are being washed by The Hunter.

It is so simple and powerful to have someone touch my feet
dirty from the walk in the garden, and tell me she is
washing the shame from our body.

Finally, led to Mother's bed, where we all lie in a heap of bodies while she guides us with her voice. She asks us to imagine going up on an attic where our good and bad thoughts are gathered up like a pile of christmas lights. We are asked to slowly and carefully untangle the good from the bad.

We imagine sitting by a small lake. She places a small stone on each of our foreheads, and asks us to imagine all the negative thoughts being gathered up as concrete as that stone. Then, when we're ready, we're asked to throw it into the water.



Afterwards I feel so light, so beautiful and peaceful, and I sense it's shared by the whole class.

Want to be here much longer, go deeper. Feeling so full of method. But it is beautiful here, so calm and peaceful. The afternoon sun, the gardens, the yellow beautiful buildings, the forest around. To have all the time in the world while the days slowly disappear.



A girl that has left almost every class so far comes up to us and says that she had missed the first days, that she feels outside the group, that she is not sure what this is about and so don't really feel comfortable doing something but...

I ask her what she would do if she would do something. She says: I am afraid of the dark. Even looking at those woods makes me afraid.

Untamed says: You get the evening class on wednesday, and it will be a secret.

Evening class by me and Untamed. After a brief warm-up we split the group into two and do an exercise of seduction á la (W)hole, of finding the moment of attraction and then letting it go. My group is very shy at first, but then warms up into something beautiful and intimate. No-Name is suddenly so calm and steady. Everyone is so beautiful.

21 sept wednesday

third day





Dueling starts the class walking towards us as a beautiful silhouette through a spotted projector. He has a great, truthful and playful voice when he leads us. He let us try out different roles.

Total mayem prevails. Some are willing to be more wild than others, and it's completely up to us to decide how far we want to go, and what roles we want to explore.

I have a hard time letting go.



We're put on the floor and Luna asks us to close our eyes and find our own space, and are guided into considering the things we may tell ourselves before going to bed. To be aware of the voice that tells us everything we have done wrong, and we're asked to write down something it may tell us.

Paired up with another person, we share what we have written, but we say it straight to them.

"Would you ever say something like that to someone you care about, or even to a stranger? How did it feel?"

Now think about what you're proud of. Is that easier or more difficult to tell yourself? Now say it to the other person, say it out loud!"

It was a truly simple but beautiful exercise.



Spider? is lying on the floor and asking for help. First the whole group caress her, and then smells her, and asks her questions to figure out what we can do for her.

Finally she asks to be excluded from the group, which the group follows through until she can't bear it any longer. The group makes her realize the boundaries of what she could bear.

But we could have gone further.

Finally we are blindfolded again, guided the voice of Sand. Slowly he lead us into his desert, a small space previously unexplored. We're crammed up together and are asked to find the wet sand in the corners and spread it like a storm across the room.

Everyone is yelling and wrestling with wetness spreading over our bodies.



Afterwards, the feeling of pure joy. We're lying in the sunshine grass, simply happy on this last day together. Time goes by slowly.



I realize that there are no ordinary people, just ordinary circumstances. I am so much in love with life.

thanks for
creating these strings for pearls to
rise and shine
spaces to be minded and reminded
this uncovering and discovering
of what we can really be
love you sister
a strong heartbeat
like a clock
striking like a gong resounding
from your faithful
(f you insist on this metaphor)
brother-in-war

Me and Untamed decide that we want to have a last Sister's Academy dinner. We run around and carry the food from the kitchen, and plates, and a plank to serve from but everything takes too long, and time suddenly rushes on.

She washes the hands of each of the students and It takes

such

a long

time

We sing and hum waiting and eat from our hands on this improvised plank table we have made in our workspace, but the student's soon have to run to prepare their open house installation.

Me and Untamed share a cigarette.

“Well, that didn't exactly feel like a success.”

The open house is so beautiful. We all wait outside together with students and teachers from the outside, enter slowly and blindfolded. We lie on the floor, and are taken to different stations.

In between are all the sounds of voices and movements from the other stations, and it is not disrupting at all. It makes me curious to know what it is like to be there... The transitions are great, but after each station we are carried out again, and have to wait for our turn again.

But why? Why can't we be inside? Why can't we wait and listen to the space, still be there?

But to be forced outside, and not want to let go of the feeling means we have to embody it outside.

I don't think I am the only one who remains blindfolded and playful in the waiting room, careful not to lose it, while the far-away (and so familiar) music is playing from somewhere.

I want to get in again.

And every time I get inside I am so thankful to be shown the worlds of each of these beautiful creatures. This is the opposite of loneliness.

Afterwards, the extatic feeling of liberation.

It's getting late, nearing eleven. Me and Untamed consult: Should we still have that secret evening class tonight? If it were our class we would have cancelled it.

But Hilma prepared so much.

We decide to ask the students if they still want to continue.

They all yell YES! Sand adds: "You can sleep when you're dead!"

I have to help Mother to her room as she had a concussion in the blindfolded dance of joy after their performance. After medical consultation she is put to bed, and I return to the workspace which is now empty.

I try to find my way into the forest. I don't know where she planned to take them.

When I start hearing voices I decide to try to find them blindfolded but end up walking into a lake.

With slushing feet I get closer to the voices, and the feeling of something unreal is taking over me. I don't know what they have been told to do, but I immediately get the feeling that they have stopped doing it, that something new has taken on, that no rules apply anymore.

In the middle of a hollow there is a lantern burning enclosed in a circle.

Some play the game of sneaking up near, of experiencing being a shadow of the night, of being invisible. Dressed in black, I love it. I am so quiet, and someone walks just behind without noticing me. I get shivers.

A girl is crying not far away from me. Someone comforts her, and I sit quietly and observe. I will not intervene. No one knows I'm here.

There are voices humming an enchantingly beautiful song, and I can't help but wander towards them.

I stand close enough that I might be noticed but realize that nobody cares anymore. I stand quite close and listen to this beautiful music.

I could stay forever but the sound of a bell intervenes.

Slowly the people start appearing from the darkness, creeping out from the woods.

I am the last one inside the circle of fire, and the humming tunes spread across the group.

We're all humming this wonderful song for a long time, until a voice appears.

"We can choose what to do with our fears. Be paralysed by them or turn them into fascination.

Now you're free to do whatever you please to do. Any sounds, movements or ideas that may come into your minds."

People start to make animals sounds, howl and yell and dance, wrestle. Some keep singing, some remain where they are, some return to the darkness.

I stand quietly in the shadows and observe.

When we return to the circle, we stand and wait together.
The song comes back, and disappears.

It has been so long now.

Suddenly I realize that she has abandoned us. I ask Untamed
what she thinks.

"Yes, she's gone. Let's take the light and start walking
back."

After a minute she blows out the flame, and we walk back in darkness.

When everyone has returned to the workspace there is a shared feeling of silence and knowing that there's nothing to say.

Me and Untamed pack our bags and leave without a word.

22 sept thursday

last day

Almost no sleep. Yesterday I felt so reluctant to leave but now it feels so much like it's time. We have prepared it through and through.

Untamed warms them up, makes initiates eye-contact, ask them to consider how they have all changed.

I ask them to go through the weeks slowly, the way they might have felt throughout the time. The day before everything started. The second week. Scepticism, liberation, expression.

On the typewriter:

Exit ritual. Plan to end hard.

One by one they are asked to come up to our table and express what they have discovered within themselves these past weeks. What they want to develop further, and what they might need help with from the group to make this happen.

I knock on the typewriter while listening closely, and ask them to specify exactly what they mean, to make a manifestation to be saved.

When they are done, we sign the scroll and put it into a suitcase.

Then give them blindfolds, a last gaze and then darkness.

We let them listen as we pack our bags and leave them behind.

