





Being an artist is to wrestle with ghosts, to summon light through the cracks in a crumbling world, and to claim some mysterious truth as your own—even while doubting it exists. It's the alchemy of the discarded, a sacred chaos that pretends to matter, yet might dissolve into nothingness. Art is a spell, an enchantment that risks being little more than an echo in the void—a scream that could just as easily vanish in silence. To create is to insist you're offering something vital while suspecting it's all self-indulgent folly.

It's the defiance of meaning in a world drunk on its own illusions, yet the artist joins the intoxication, weaving beauty from fragments of irrelevance. It's about turning invisible emotions into something tangible, while knowing full well that the tangible crumbles too. Being an artist is a loop of hope and futility, a journey to make something eternal, though you suspect eternity is indifferent. It's both rebellion and vanity, raw honesty and quiet fraud, creation and destruction—a contradiction that is the only true thing it offers. And maybe that contradiction is enough. Or maybe it isn't.



Collecting rejection slips, souvenirs of
 manipulated ideas, formed shaped by biases of others
 stuffed in a drawer with old hopes.
Not afraid of wasting ideas.
 Looking forward to the unknown—essential, isn't it?
 In the process, in the doing?
 Can't draw a straight line
 Drawing Fluids
 Seeking, listing, losing—lost.
 What felt strong now feels hollow.
 Experiment. Computer. Application. Rejection. Acceptance. Declined.
 Not enough. Never enough.
 Big ego. No self-esteem.
 Therapy. Small ego. A little more self-esteem.
 Shit industry. Shit ideology. Shit me.
 Staring into my own asshole. Staring into yours.
 Licking wounds—or maybe just assholes.
 Finding a practice, losing it.
 Lost in the computer.
 Research. Then free—for a moment.
 E-mail rejection. E-mail acceptance.
 Moments of presence. But never really honest.
 Pretending to be here. Pretending to know each other.
 Problems piling up, too big to solve in this one small piece of movement.
 ChatGPT, write my application.
 Make it generic, so it fits the mold.
 Maybe I'll get accepted.
 Maybe I'll lose my words.

★ Why?
 ★ Why dance?
 ★ Why not?
 ★ Why ask?
 Why move?
 Why think?
 Why care, why not care?
 Why rise when falling feels inevitable?
 Why leap when the ground wants to catch you?
 Why feel when numbness offers quiet?
 Why search for meaning in the meaningless?
 Why stretch toward something that retreats?
 Why hold on, why let go?
 Why breathe life into shadows?
 Why hope when despair is easier to wear?
 Why question, why answer?
 Why give what may not be received?
 Why break what could stay whole?
 Why stitch together what falls apart?
 Why choose vulnerability when armor glitters brighter?
 Why make noise when silence is the baseline?
 Why chase the ephemeral when it leaves no trace?
 Why stay when leaving tempts at every turn?
 Why continue?
 Why stop?
 Why?



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