





**Shadows (2023)**  
Installation View  
with Sharp Projects, Vienna Contemporary, 2023



I'm still wearing his jacket (2023)  
Aluminium, ink  
74 x 118 x 0.3 cm





**Digitus (2023)**  
Aluminium, ink  
65 x 60 x 0.3 cm

**Cry me a river (2023)**  
Aluminium, ink  
85 x 105 x 0.3 cm



## Shadows

There are scenes from cartoons that keep coming back to me, evoking a feeling of something bubbling beneath the surface or that embodies an emotion that I didn't have the word for at the time. It is often something that assimilates or associates to something else, like fragility embodied in an eggshell and how that eggshell is later transformed into a hat for protection, or the feeling of mischief, or even make-believe spurred in characters hiding in gloves or a crow feather that makes a character believe they can fly. In all of them there is this sense of transformation, a potential, a morphing or something being on the verge of becoming something else.

Part of my interest in cartoons has also to do with language. How we learn about the world through these archetypical notions and symbols e.g a tree or an apple. It feels almost iconic how those symbols have imprinted themselves in my mind and I'm curious what it does to my understanding and how I engage with the world. It's interesting to think about object oriented ontology in the context of the movement between what a thing is and how we perceive it - there is some wiggle room there. In relation to language there is a hidden power dynamic we engage with when we name something and thereby define it. I'm often reflecting on what Audre Lorde says about inventing new words for things in the world in order to create new relationships with it.

I got increasingly drawn to the shadows in cartoons because they escape this clarity, they are kind of like holes, when decontextualized they morph and transform. The hand made me think of the language of the body and the non verbal ways of communicating, a kind of language that is the edge of our understanding. I read that the word digital comes from the Latin word *digitus* meaning finger, and I thought about how we use our fingers to communicate with the world, that they are a threshold between our bodies and the digital world. I think the hand also has something sinister about it, as an image of something orchestrating behind the scenes in the same way algorithms work. I generally find shadows interesting in relation to thinking of tech companies, how they are in contrast to the church or skyscrapers which insist on being physically present are operating in the shade.

'Cry me a river' combines cut-outs of droplets of sweat and a water puddle. The body secretes liquid when it is exhausted and teardrops are a natural way for the body to heal. Taken out of context the droplets could also be read as black rain drops, referring to something toxic or to burnt oil; This makes me think about the relation between bodily exhaustion and the way we exhaust our planet. 'I'm still wearing his jacket' is a shadow of a tailcoat with two buttons cut out which looks to me almost like a monster or an octopus. The coat and wig remind me of how clothes are like a second skin, in the same way makeup is another layer of skin. The idea of dressing up can be something playful, related to make-believe or deceit.



SCENE 12 (SLOW PUNCTURE) (2023)  
Installation View





Slow Puncture\_1  
Fragment, Thorns  
24 x 16 cm



IDLE (2023)

Wallpaper, Monitor, HD video, 5,20 min, colour

link to video:

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/2484e5p3r5ckdfw/Untitled.mov?dl=0>





Slow Puncture\_4 (2023)  
Leaves  
Dimensions variable



Dreams that make you sea sick (2023)  
Cardboard box, HD video, 2.34 min, monitor  
10x30x20 cm





**detail; Dreams that make you sea sick**  
Cardboard box, HD video, 2.34 min, monitor  
10x30x20 cm



Slow Puncture\_6 (2023)  
Display part, Photograph, Fresnel lens sheet, Sea shell, Slide  
54 x 30 x 13 cm



## **SLOW PUNCTURE**

Publication, 16 pages, 11 x 29 cm,

Link to booklet:

<https://www.noshowspace.com/exhibition/elisabeth-molin-scene-12-slow-puncture/>



## SCENE 12 (SLOW PUNCTURE)

*It was a dream inside a dream inside a cinema. The floor was mushy, made from moss and men fell asleep intermittently in front of the stage. The sound of keys whenever they walked past you. There was a conductor in amongst the audience who made swiping gestures on the hour. The sound of birds.*



detail; While we sleep sharks swim between your ear and mine (2022)



While we sleep sharks swim between your ear and mine (2022)

Display structures, photograph, water, contact lenses, vinyl, tape, balloon, thread  
49 x 160 x 90 cm





detail; While we sleep sharks swim between your ear and mine (2022)



While we sleep sharks swim between your ear and mine (2022)

Display structures, polarizer, liquid crystal, vinyl, jesmonite, petals, thorns, branch, paint  
110 x 180 x 90 cm

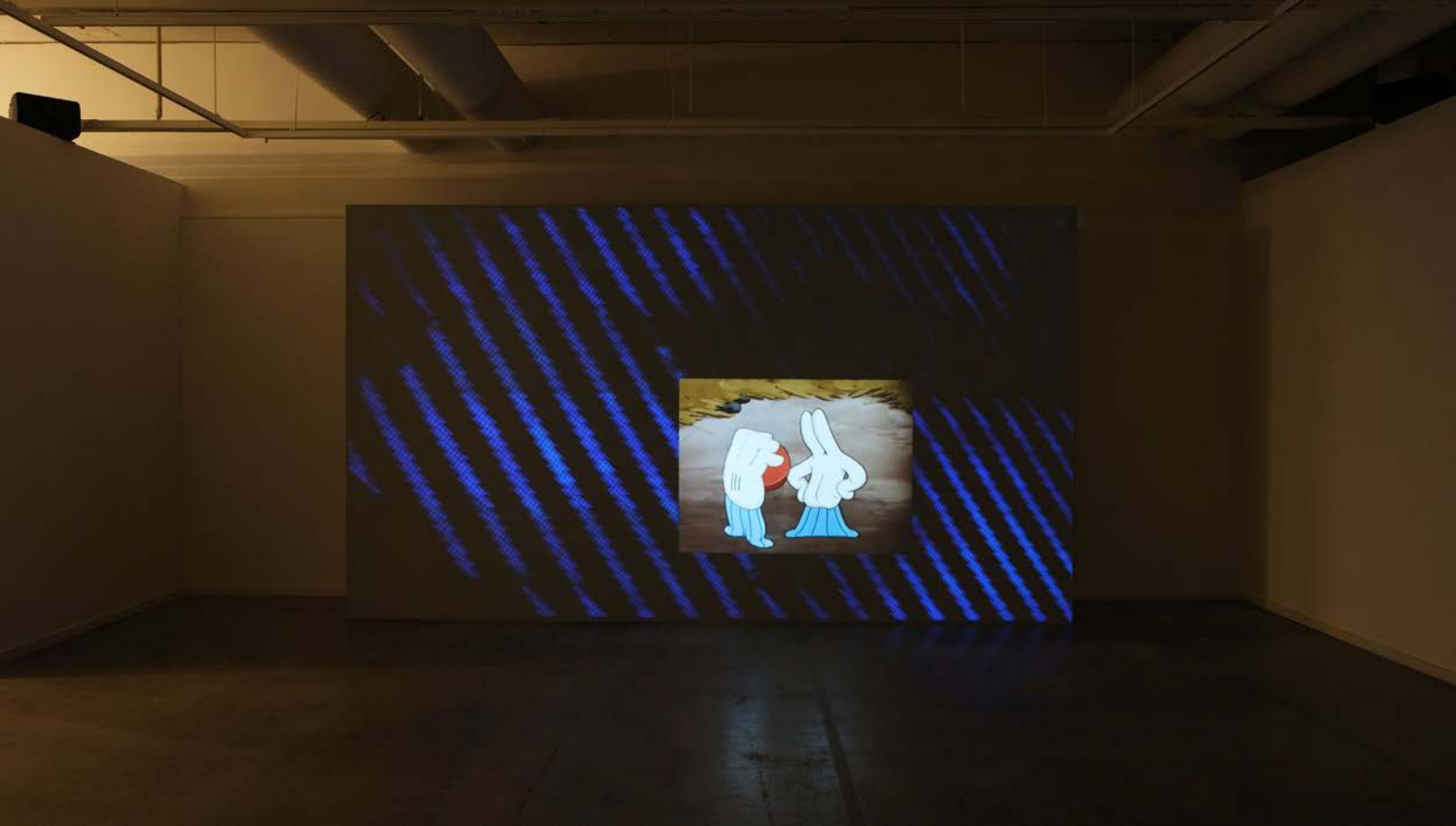


While we sleep sharks swim between your ear and mine

The projects started from observing the omnipresent circulation of LCD screens; how they have developed, evolved and entered some of our most intimate spaces. Their life span is often quick due to new technologies, deregulation and planned obsolescence and in the mean time I have been collecting the discarded and broken screens.

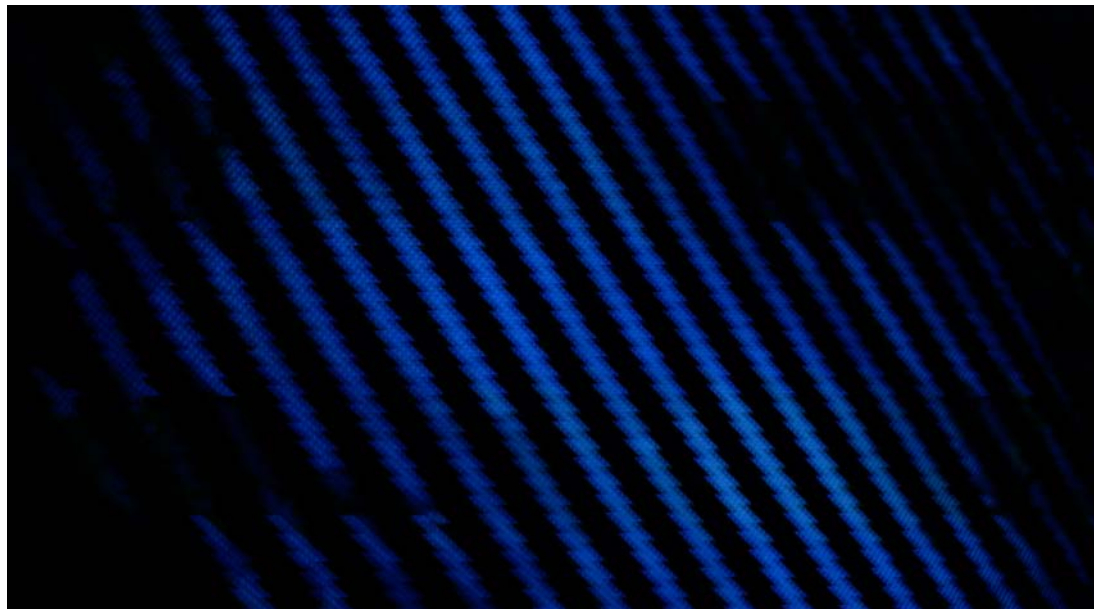
The screen is on one hand a reference to light, to bonfire, a sense of collective gathering and everyday worship, but what is the screen when it is broken or dead? There is something about it's dark monolithic presence that reminds me about how we project our fears and our desires into the unknown.

As part of the project I've started to dismember the screens and excavate materials out of them; e.g. fresnel lenses, liquid crystal, glass, polarizers and metal. I assemble the materials in sculptural constellations and use them as surfaces and containers for everyday offerings like pigments, thorns, lenses, liquids and petals. These materials brings a sense of tactility, smell and proximity to the industrially cut materials and are suggestive of the rituals that the screens may or may not having been a part of.



At the edge of perception (2021)  
HD Video, 16:9, colour, stereo, 7.51 min loop

\_\_\_(dizzy)\*~, Installation View



**At the edge of perception (2021)**  
HD Video, 16:9, colour, stereo, 7.51 min loop

stills from video

<https://vimeo.com/454908674>  
password: eop





\_\_\_(dizzy)\*~ (2022)  
installation view



since the (2021) privacy film, texts, 18 x 185 cm  
I'm still wearing his jacket (2022) vinyl, 121 x 71 cm  
Broomstick (2022) bronze, sulfur, 117 x 2 cm

\_\_\_(dizzy)\*~ (2022) Installation view

\_\_\_(dizzy)\*~

The dark inklike substance ran down my finger. Had it not been for the stark smell, I would have licked it. The opacity of its blackness felt very sensual. And in my mind the oil naturally connected to the material of the leather shoes that held the liquid, bending the fluid into something solid, without hesitation or tension. I definitely hadn't been surprised had the shoes themselves been an incarnation of the plasticity of oil. It spurred me to think about the intricate feedback loops between our bodies, senses and how we extend into the world and to the objects and technical prostheses around us. You think you are the one operating the broom stick – but maybe it also operates you through its discrete behavioural control. The crows are attracted to the image of themselves, their copy.

The shoes standing on the floor are the material double of a pair of shoes appearing in the dream of a night guard, interviewed by Molin. My encounter with them and the dark liquid inside them along with the image of a glass of milk with oil pouring into it made me think of the different ways of making connections between things, in symbolic, metaphorical or metonymical registers, on a practical or imagined level. What meaning may that dark fluid carry? If the guard were to put his feet into the shoes, it would undoubtedly soak his socks and stain the floor. Is it a metaphor for his hesitance towards walking around in the dark – or simply an image of the fact that he does exactly that?

Elisabeth Molin's works create room for imagination and speculation in focusing on the connections between what is physically present and what is there in a mediated form, as an image, a copy, a shadow.

Oil and milk, however different, share qualities that may turn them both into metonymies of production and reproduction. Cows are excellent machines, philosopher Vilém Flusser reminds us, as "prototypes of future machines that will be designed by advanced technology and informed by ecology. In effect, we may state that, as of now, cows are the triumph of a technology that points to the future." The ways in which our existence is entangled with the substance of oil is dizzying. As a means of transport, of heat, of plastic products and closely connected to lethal politics, oil shows us the way into an apocalyptic present and future, while being a biproduct of past forms of life inhabiting this earth. Being opaque substances without colour, milk and oil pose as each other's contrast or reflection, when mixed we find ourselves in the grey area of uncertainty.

Molin's works turn attention to the edges of perception, of what can be sensed and known: the inlets of the filmstrip carrying colour codes, but not disclosing what is on it, images of a burning camera and the reflection of a person, blurring hierarchies between background and foreground. We are here in full daylight, surrounded by things and the representations of things, but just behind that lurks darkness and nothingness. On the brinks of certainty, we may find objects moving that we thought were still, discover the shadow existence of things or cherish the seemingly insignificant movements of a fly cleaning itself.

by Anne Kølbaek Iversen



Host, House, Hourglass (2023)  
Installation View







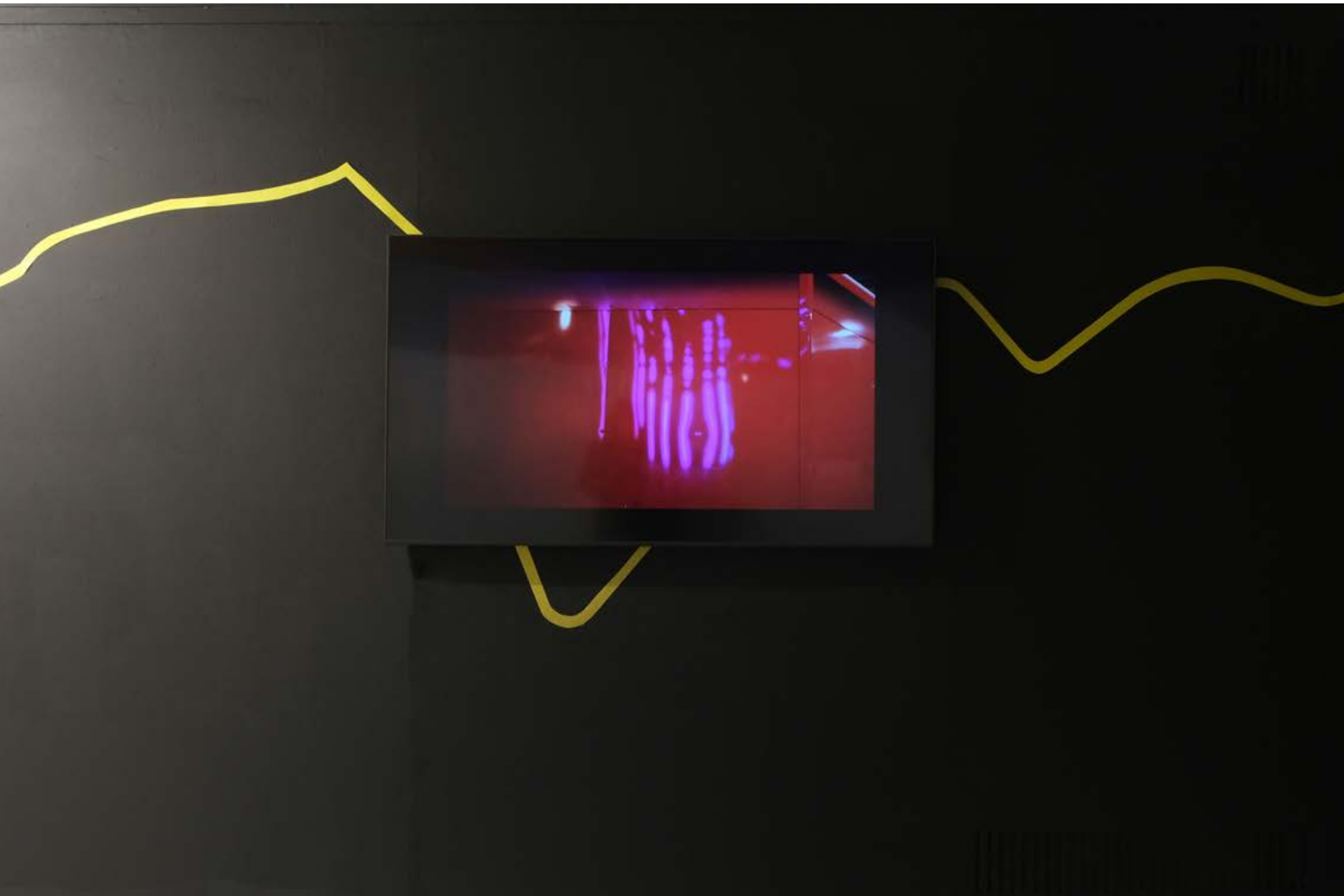
like a fatigue, like a mirror crescent (2020)  
Clock, Mirror  
32 x 32 cm



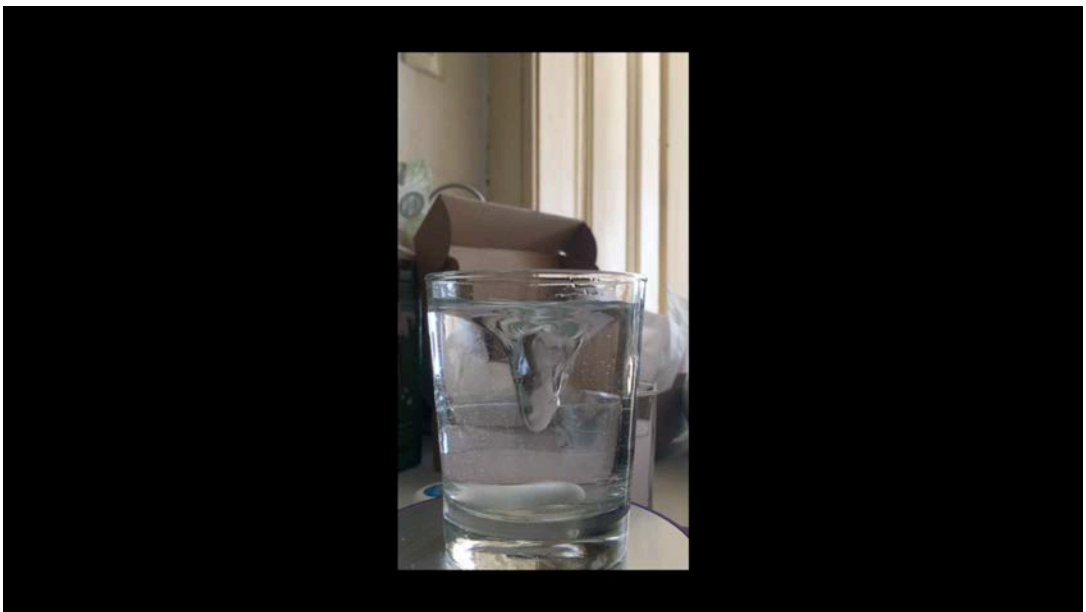
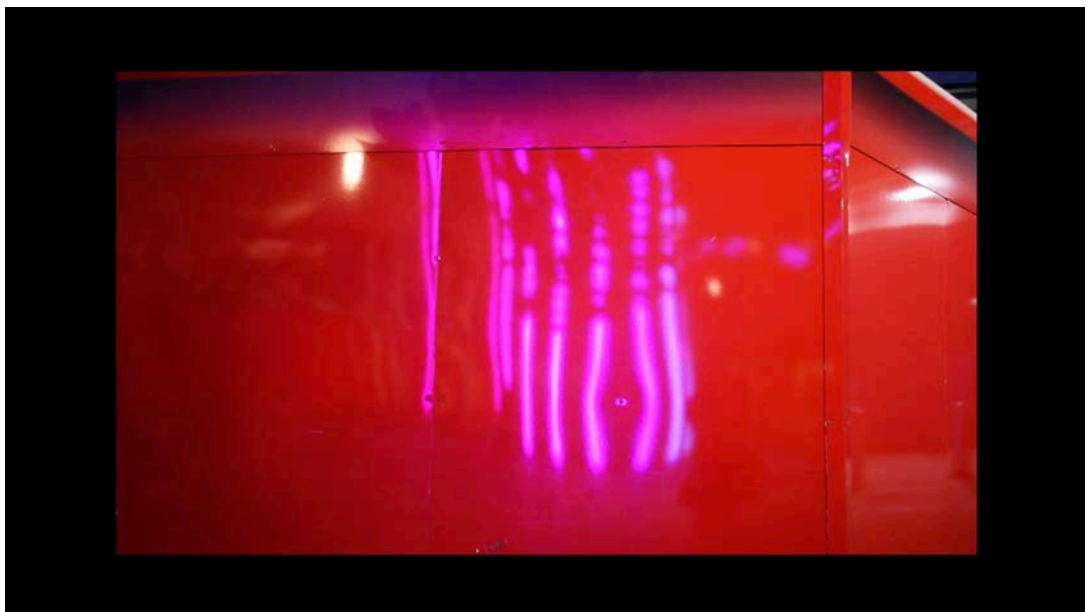
Untitled (2023)  
candelabra lamp, DHL shirt



Host, House, Hourglass (2023), Installation View







set of ends (2021)  
HD Video, 16:9, farve, stereo, 2.21 min

Stills from video

<https://vimeo.com/638431181>  
password: 200



shallow swallow waters, sticky time between my teeth (C's Crocodile) (2022)  
jesmonite, foam ball  
17 x 51 x 30 cm

## Host, House, Hourglass

It's kind of like being at home, and at the same time not, when I visit Elisabeth Molin's haunting exhibition *Host, House, Hourglass* at Kunsthal Galleri Image. At first glance, the objects on view seem familiar; a mirror, an armchair in the entrance, and a wall with an unfinished paint job. Next to it there is an island of herringbone floorboards, in the back room a candelabra. There is something alienating about the rooms and the way the objects have been positioned within them. The armchair has been crossed out with yellow barrier tape like in a crime scene, and the mirror is also a ticking clock. There are cartoon-ish bones attached to the wooden floorboards, while the candelabra is tilted slightly with some yellow rags dangling from it. In this exhibition, that circles around notions of home and belonging, the rooms are inhabited by the traces of someone, perhaps a stranger who has moved things around, or is something about to happen?

Molin seem to be preoccupied with absence, in how traces of these absences manifest themselves in objects, gestures or acts that could have been, or perhaps haven't happened yet. In this sense *Host, House, Hourglass* invites the visitors to fabulate and inhabit these narratives, while questioning subjective and collective reminiscences of 'home'. Through temporal gestures the exhibition opens up a space where reality and fiction blur, and asks, what kind of narratives we personally and collectively reenact and perform.

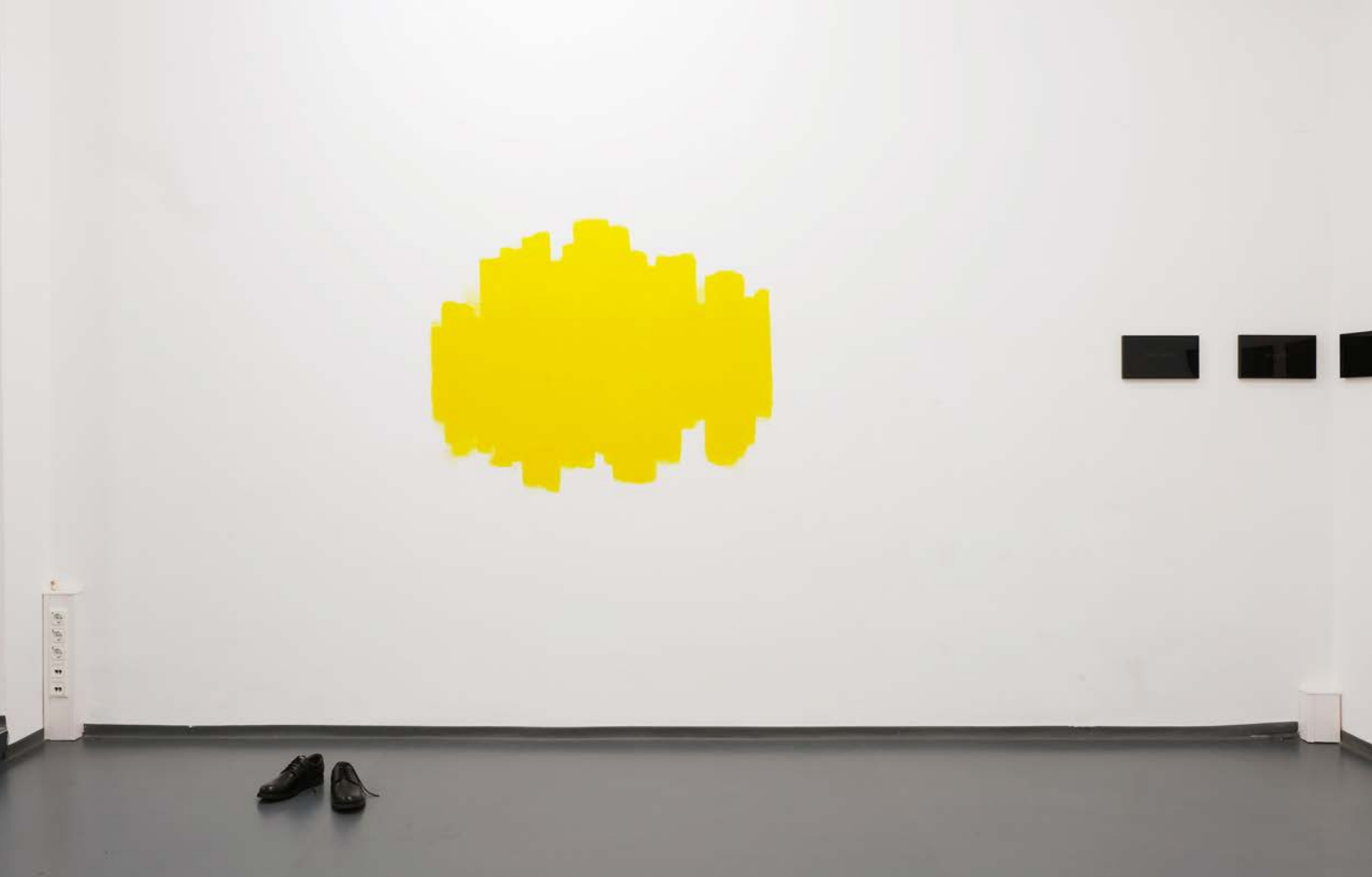
*Set of ends* (2021) is a series of images and clips appearing in a random order, like traces from a smartphone; a picture of a red wall, a whirlpool in a glass, some snow on the pavement, a strange toothbrush and light piercing through some window blinds. The sequence is accompanied by a voiceover, 'cracks you keep falling into, like panes of knowledge or veins of data, informing you, filling you in.... there were cleaning products that smelled like ash...'. The disembodied voice opens up a poetic and captivating space between images and words. The soundscape adds another subtle layer, zooming in on sounds that surround our bodies in the most intimate and tactile ways like the sound of water or typing sounds from a messenger chat. *Set of ends* refers to the presence of the body but without a visual trace of it, and perhaps the whole video installation is a reference to our interaction with various technologies, with the carpet next to it like the surface of an artificial pool, another analogy of our online culture.

Mette Garfield





a click, a wink, a nod or the blink of an eye (2021)  
Mixed media installation



Whose Night is it? (2016)\*, Untitled (yellow) (2021)\*\*, since the (2021)  
a click, a wink, a nod or the blink of an eye (2021)

Installation View



since the (2021)  
black aluminium frames, privacy film, texts\*  
18 cm x 185 cm x 2 cm

#### Installation View

A collection of words cut outs from newspaper relating to time; since the - last month - could end at - over night - for the first time, hidden behind a layer of privacy film that hides and makes visible the content depending on ones movement in the space.





**Echo (2016)**  
Nightworker's shoes, Burnt Engine Oil  
14 cm x 45 cm x 45 cm



Splinters (2020)  
Socket, cable, E27  
Installation View



**Leaks (2019) | Translucent skin (2021)**  
wallpaper, wellingtons, humidifiers, ventilators, cardboard box  
Installation View





**Myrmex** (2018)  
HD Video, 16:9, colour, stereo 3.24 min loop

stills from video

<https://vimeo.com/170754823>



**Your Ink My Glitch (2022)**  
Site specific installation  
224 x 340 cm



- impose infuse confuse
- convoluted ideas
- convex mirrors
- context specific
- con men
- controlled abyss
- spokes men
- split peas
- sprawled underwear
- timeless conclusions
- the complete dramatic works
- frames scars
- scars framed
- backwards repetition
- the power of colour
- ghost rides
- parallel cities
- remote revolution

**Your Ink My Glitch (2022)**  
Site specific installation  
224 x 340 cm





From black to yellow and back again (2019)  
Bronze, concrete  
3 x 14 x 17 cm, 24 x 110 x 17 cm  
Installation View



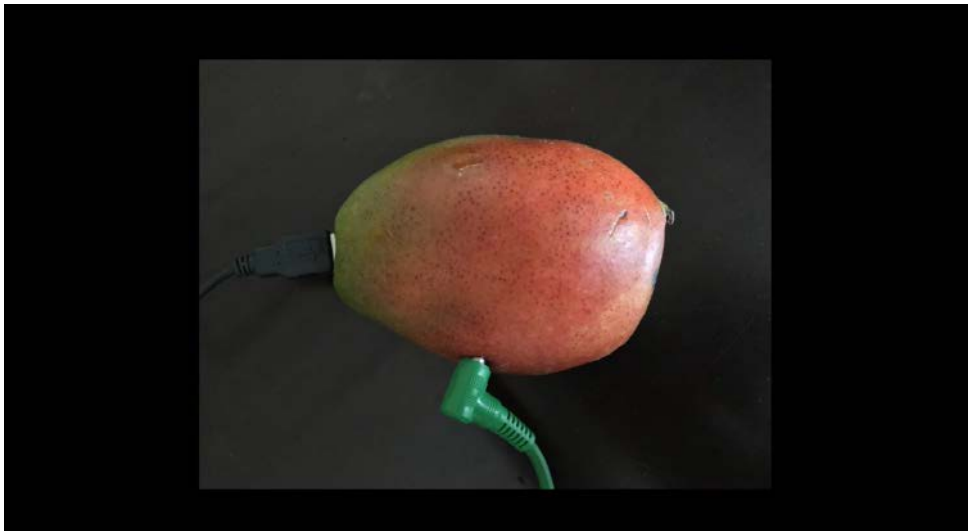


**Night Nectar** (2019)  
Archival pigment print

53 x 40 cm



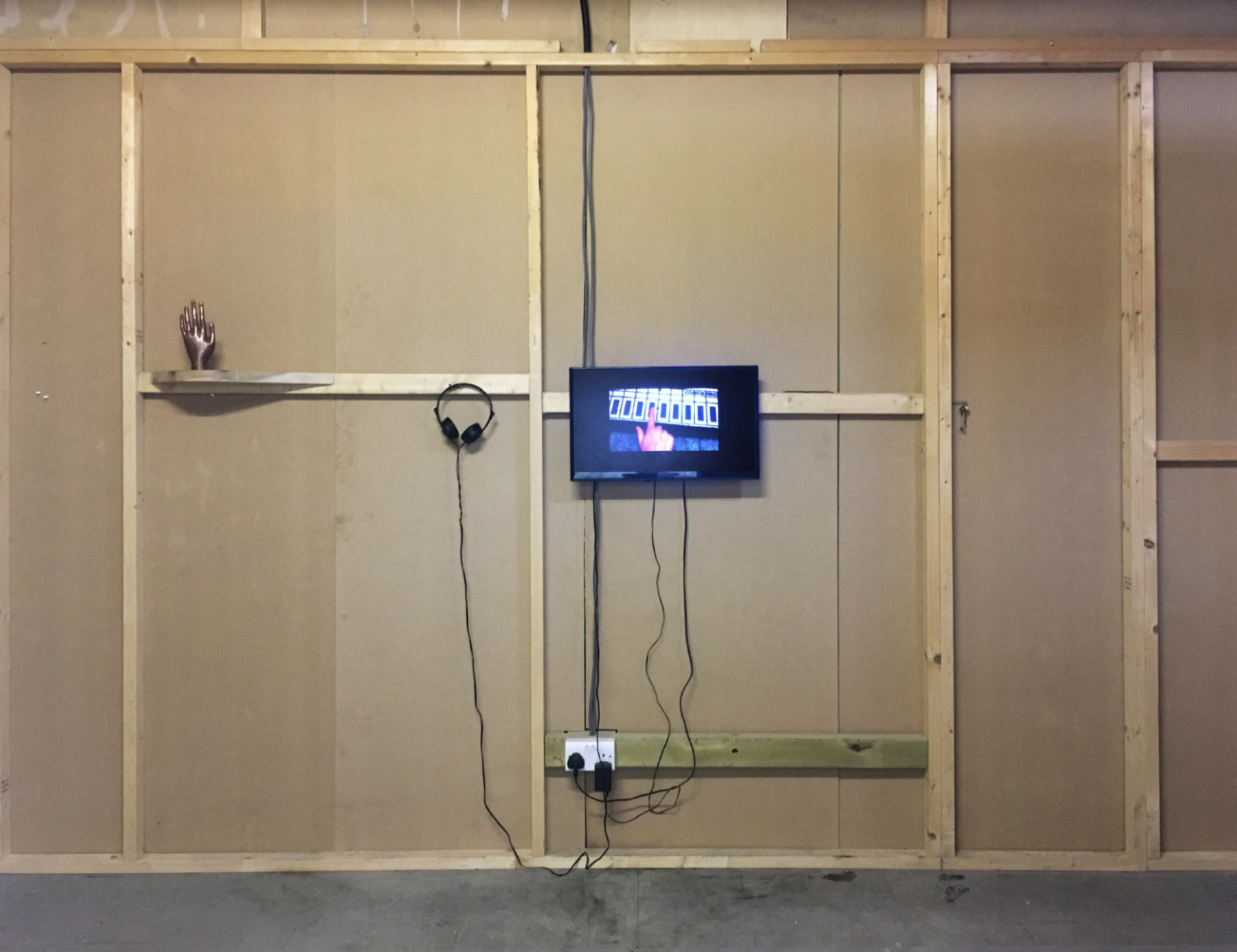
**Partially Permeable Membranes (2019)**  
Styrofoam box, Water, Watermelons, Pump  
40 x 60 x 40 cm



**Somewhere in SE (2017)**  
HD Video, 16:9, colour, stereo  
3.51 min loop

Stills from video





**Somewhere in SE (2017)**

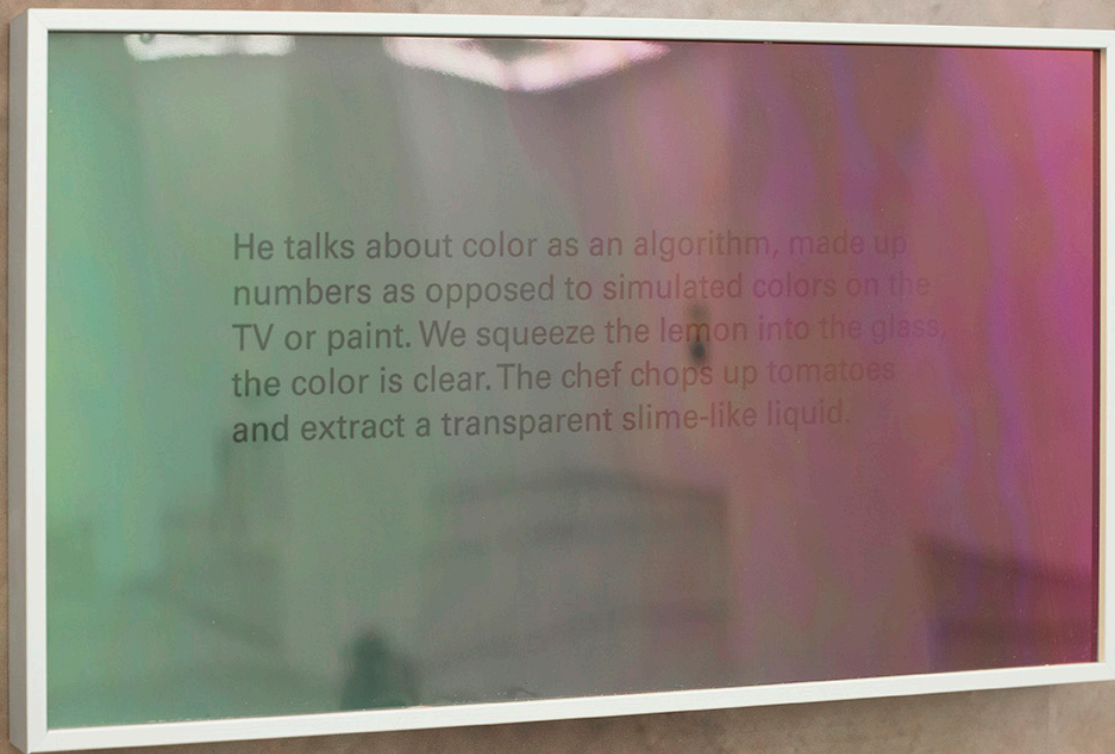
Wood, LCD Monitor, Media Player,  
Headphones HD Video, 16:9, colour, stereo  
3.51 min loop  
Installation View



Mutually computed  
 Rapaciously exclusive  
 Statuary pains  
 Knees collapsing  
 Glittery shoes  
 Ton-sils – lick  
 Like- licious  
 (2019)

**COMFORT 7/32/00 (2019)**  
 wallpaper, archival pigment prints, texts  
 240 x 180 cm

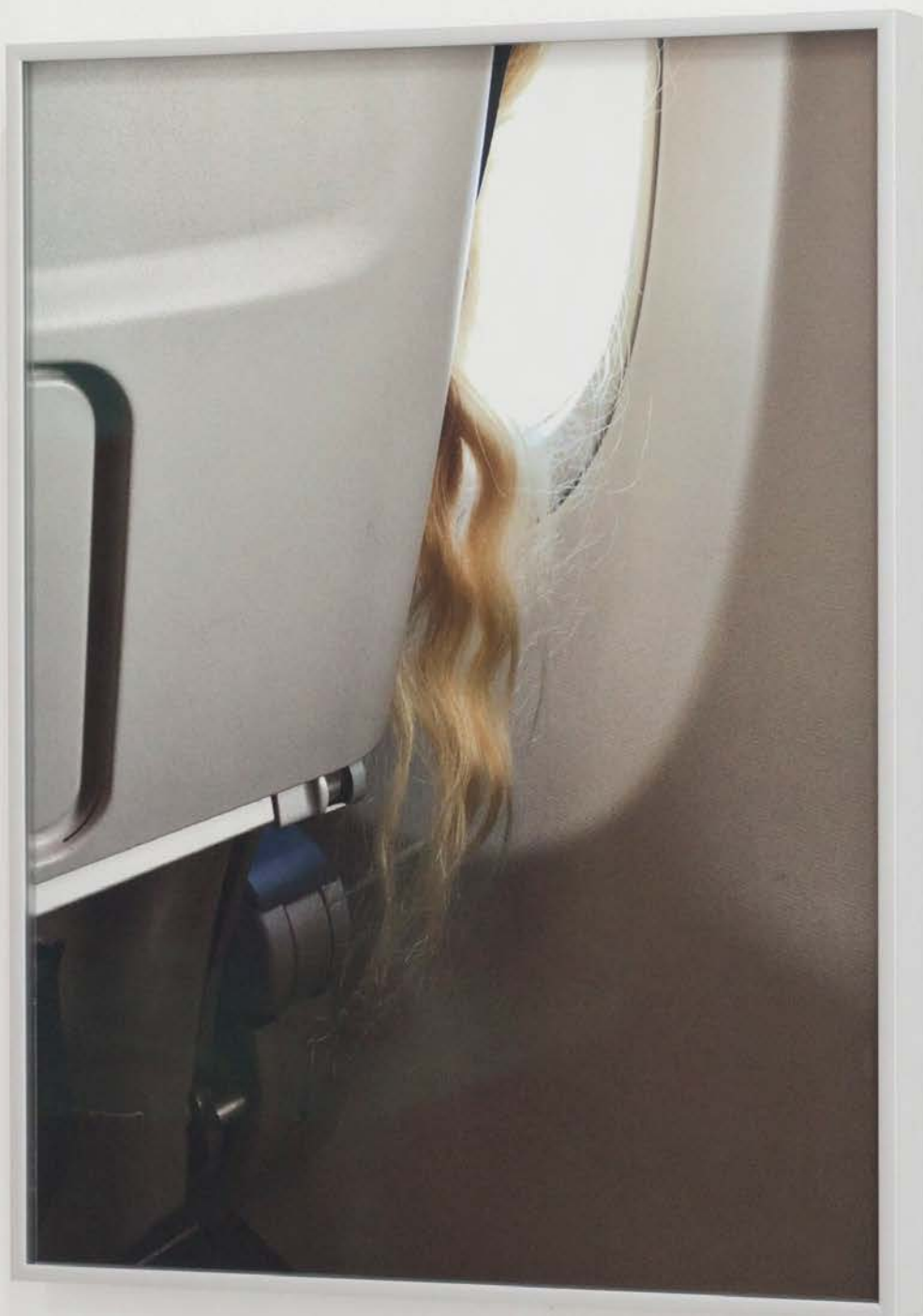




detail; Installation View

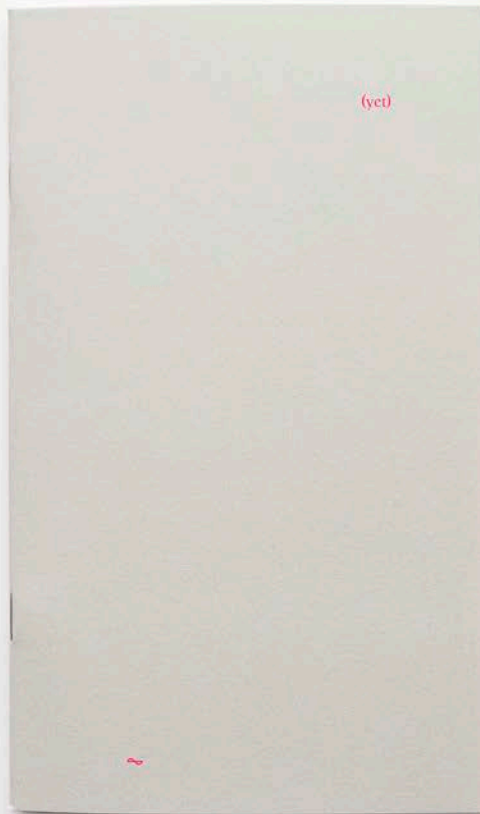
\*

He talks about colour as an algorithm, made up numbers as opposed to simulated colors on the TV or paint. We squeeze the lemon into the glass, the color is clear. The chef chops up tomatoes and extracts a transparent slime-like liquid.



It looked like horses galloping towards us in the pink sunset (2019)  
Archival pigment print  
47 x 35 cm





**(yet)** (2020)  
40 pages, edition of 500, offset

Front page

(yet) is journey through everything in between; transit zones, temporary shelters, weightlessness and virtual spaces.



**COMFORT 7/32/00** (2020)  
40 pages, edition of 500, offset

Front page

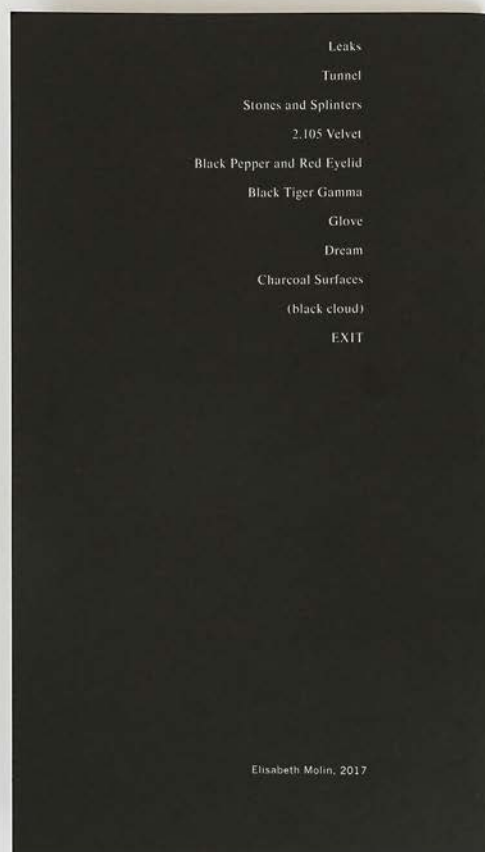
The title COMFORT 7/32/00 refers to a note I found on the street one day, that became a portal into a state of mind or a particular time, although the time was out of date or imagined, floating in between past, present and future. The book is a journey through this imagined place, where vision oscillates between perception and mechanics, where objects and materials are in permanent state of melting or intersecting.



**Lies and Diet Coke** (2017)  
Edition 200, Pages 40, Offset

Front Page

*Lies and Diet Coke* is a collection of notes and poems written over the period of one year. It relates to failures in representation, the night time and how technology affects notions of distance and proximity.



**Black Rooms** (2017)  
Edition 200, Pages 40, Offset

Back Side

*Black Rooms* is an exploration of the book as mental architecture, where language builds up and breaks down notions of space. The book includes 11 different fictitious spaces.