

Svend Bager

Sara Kirstine Grønbor

Nilas Dumstrei

Maj Bjørnholdt Kjær

Louise Uth Pedersen

Levin Gjernals

Katrine Skovsgaard

Kamilla Askholm Jørgensen

Emily Gernild

Emilie Simon Hansen

Emil Linnet

Anders Christian Eriksen

Alaya Riefenthal

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Han standsede.

- Skal vi holde pause?
- Er der langt endnu?
- Nej.

Jeg kiggede mig omkring og så det, der var at se, og som jeg ikke havde lyst til at se, fordi jeg havde set det så mange gange: fyrretræer og hegn, grantræer og huse, ukrudt og græs, en grøft, stier og jordlodder, marker og en skorsten ... luft ... og det glitrede i sollyset, men sort, de sorte træer, den grå jord, de grønne planter nede på jorden, det var alt sammen temmelig sort. En hund gøede, Fuks drejede ind i et buskads.

- Der er køligere her.
- Lad os gå videre.
- Om lidt. Lad os lige sidde ned et øjeblik.

Han gik lidt længere ind i buskads, hvor der var nogle små åbninger, dunkle huler under et tag af sammenfiltrede hasselgrene og tykke grangrene, jeg lod blikket vandre i mylderet af blade, grene, lyspletter, fortætninger, lysninger, fremspring, skråninger, afbøjninger, krumninger, guderne må vide hvad, i et plettet rum, der for frem og undveg, stilnede af, tog til, hvad ved jeg, kolliderede, spaltedes ... forvildet og dryppende af sved kunne jeg fornemme den sorte og bare jord, nedefra. Der mellem grenene var der noget, der skilte sig ud - noget isoleret og fremmed, omend utydeligt ... og det havde min kammerat også fået øje på.

- En gråspurv.
- Hmm.

Det var en gråspurv. En gråspurv, der hang i et stykke ståltråd. En hængt gråspurv. Med hovedet på skrå og åbent

næb. Den hang i et tyndt stykke ståltråd, der var viklet rundt om en gren.

Ejendommeligt. En hængt fugl. En hængt gråspurv. Det skreg af excentriskhed og ledte tankerne hen på den menneskehånd, der var trængt herind i krattet - men hvem var det? Hvem havde hængt den, hvorfor, hvad kunne grunden være? ... Jeg tænkte forvirret, i dette vildnis, der rummede en million kombinationer, og den bumlende togrejse, den larmende nat i toget, den manglende søvn, luften, solen, gåturen hertil sammen med denne Fuks, og Jasia, min mor, balladen om brevet, min "udfrysning" af min far, Roman, og i øvrigt Fuks' problemer med chefen på kontoret (som han fortalte om), hjulspor, jordknolde, skosåler, bukseben, småsten, blade, alting rettede sig pludselig mod denne gråspurv, som en knælende forsamlings, og den hang og troned, den excentriker ... den troned her i denne afkrog.

- Hvem kan have hængt den?
- Er eller andet barn.
- Nej. Det er for højt oppe.
- Lad os gå.

Men han rørte sig ikke. Gråspurven hang der. Jorden var bar, men nogle steder dukkede der noget lavt, tyndt græs op, det flød med alle mulige ting her, et stykke bøjet blik, en pind, en pind mere, noget flosset pap, en mindre pind, og der var også en skarnbasse, en myre, endnu en myre, et insekt af en eller anden slags, en stump træ og så videre og videre, helt hen til de lave vækster ved foden af buskene - han kiggede på det ligesom mig. - Lad os gå. Men han blev stående og kiggede, gråspurven hang der, og jeg stod

inside it, with no diminution in size. Each thing (the glass surface of a mirror, let us say) was infinite things, because I could clearly see it from every point in the cosmos. I saw the populous sea, saw dawn and dusk, saw the multitudes of the Americas, saw a silvery spider-web at the center of a black pyramid, saw a broken labyrinth (it was London), saw endless eyes, all very close, studying themselves in me as though in a mirror, saw all the mirrors on the planet (and none of them reflecting me), saw in a rear courtyard on Calle Soler the same tiles I'd seen twenty years before in the entryway of a house in Fray Bentos, saw clusters of grapes, snow, tobacco, veins of metal, water vapor, saw convex equatorial deserts and their every grain of sand, saw a woman in Inverness whom I shall never forget, saw her violent hair, her haughty body, saw a cancer in her breast, saw a circle of dry soil within a sidewalk where there had once been a tree, saw a country house in Adrogué, saw a copy of the first English translation of Pliny (Philemon Holland's), saw every letter of every page at once (as a boy, I would be astounded that the letters in a closed book didn't get all scrambled up together overnight), saw simultaneous night and day, saw a sunset in Querétaro that seemed to reflect the color of a rose in Bengal, saw my bedroom (with no one in it), saw in a study in Alkmaar a globe of the terraqueous world placed between two mirrors that multiplied it endlessly, saw horses with wind-whipped manes on a beach in the Caspian Sea at dawn, saw the delicate bones of a hand, saw the survivors of a battle sending postcards, saw a Tarot card in a shopwindow in Mirzapur, saw the oblique shadows of ferns on the floor of a greenhouse, saw tigers, pistons, bisons, tides, and armies, saw all the ants on earth, saw a Persian astrolabe, saw in a desk drawer (and the handwriting made me tremble) obscene, incredible, detailed letters that Beatriz had sent Carlos Argentino, saw a beloved monument in Chacarita,* saw the horrendous remains of what had once, deliciously, been Beatriz Viterbo, saw the circulation of my dark blood, saw the coils and springs of love and the alterations of death, saw the

Aleph from everywhere at once, saw the earth in the Aleph, and the Aleph once more in the earth and the earth in the Aleph, saw my face and my viscera, saw your face, and I felt dizzy, and I wept, because my eyes had seen that secret, hypothetical object whose name has been usurped by men but which no man has ever truly looked upon: the inconceivable universe.

I had a sense of infinite veneration, infinite pity.

"Serves you right, having your mind boggled, for sticking your nose in where you weren't wanted," said a jovial, bored voice.

"And you may rack your brains, but you'll never repay me for this revelation—not in a hundred years. What a magnificent observatory, eh, Borges!"

Carlos Argentino's shoes occupied the highest step. In the sudden half-light, I managed to get to my feet.

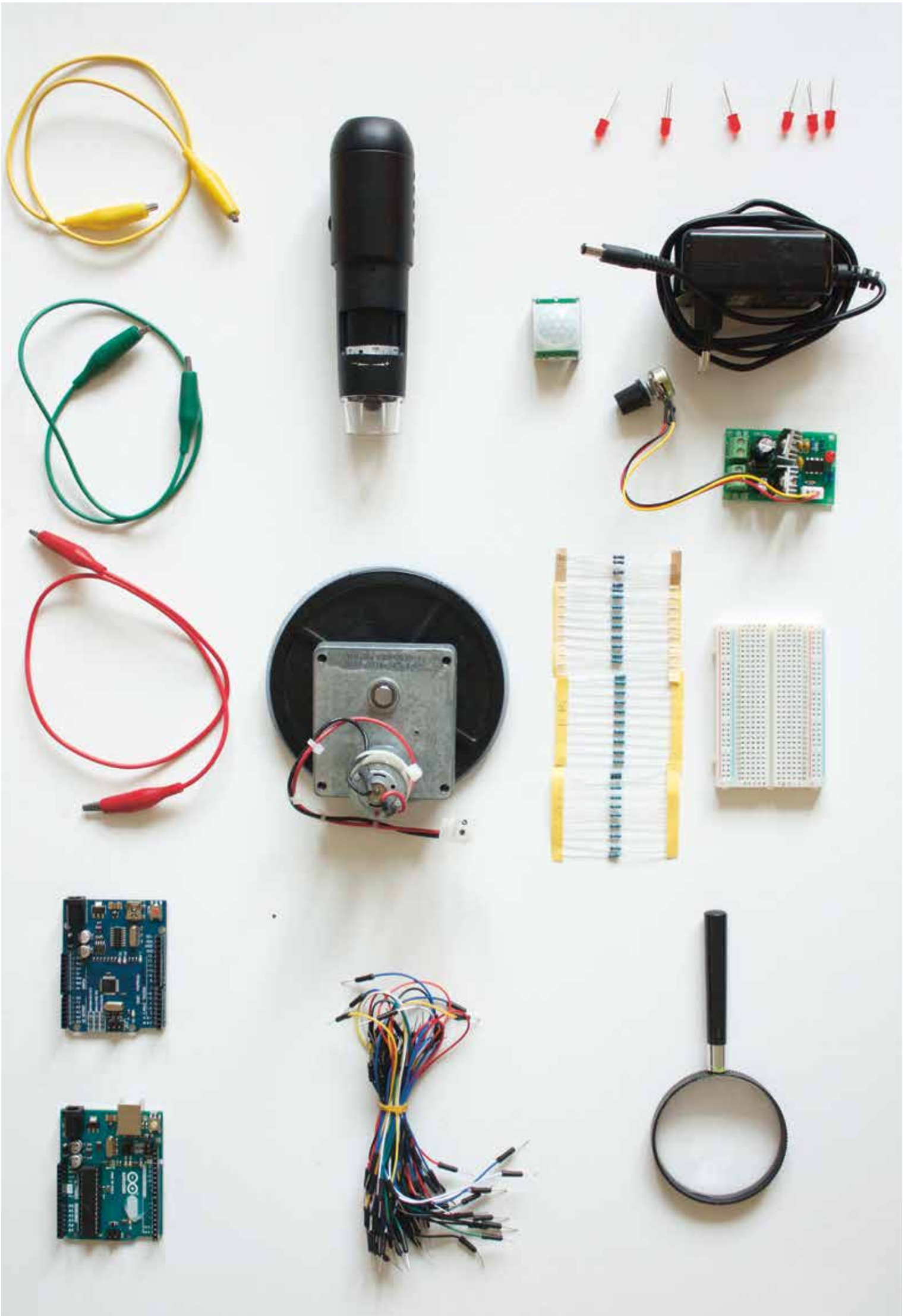
"Magnificent . . . Yes, quite . . . magnificent," I stammered.

The indifference in my voice surprised me.

"You did see it?" Carlos Argentino insisted anxiously. "See it clearly? In color and everything?"

Instantly, I conceived my revenge. In the most kindly sort of way—manifestly pitying, nervous, evasive—I thanked Carlos Argentino Daneri for the hospitality of his cellar and urged him to take advantage of the demolition of his house to remove himself from the pernicious influences of the metropolis, which no one—believe me, no one!—can be immune to. I refused, with gentle firmness, to discuss the Aleph; I clasped him by both shoulders as I took my leave and told him again that the country—peace and quiet, you know—was the very best medicine one could take.

Out in the street, on the steps of the Constitución Station, in the subway, all the faces seemed familiar. I feared there was nothing that had the power to surprise or astonish me anymore. I feared that I would never again be without a sense of *déjà vu*. Fortunately, after a few unsleeping nights, forgetfulness began to work in me again.













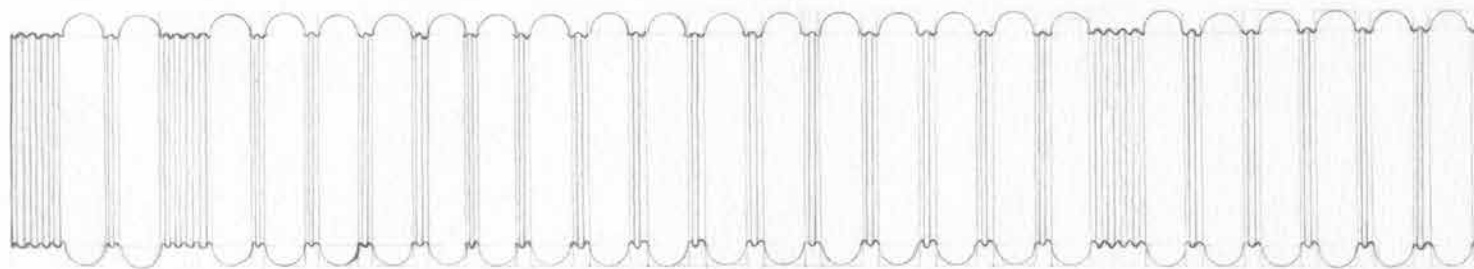


FEAR



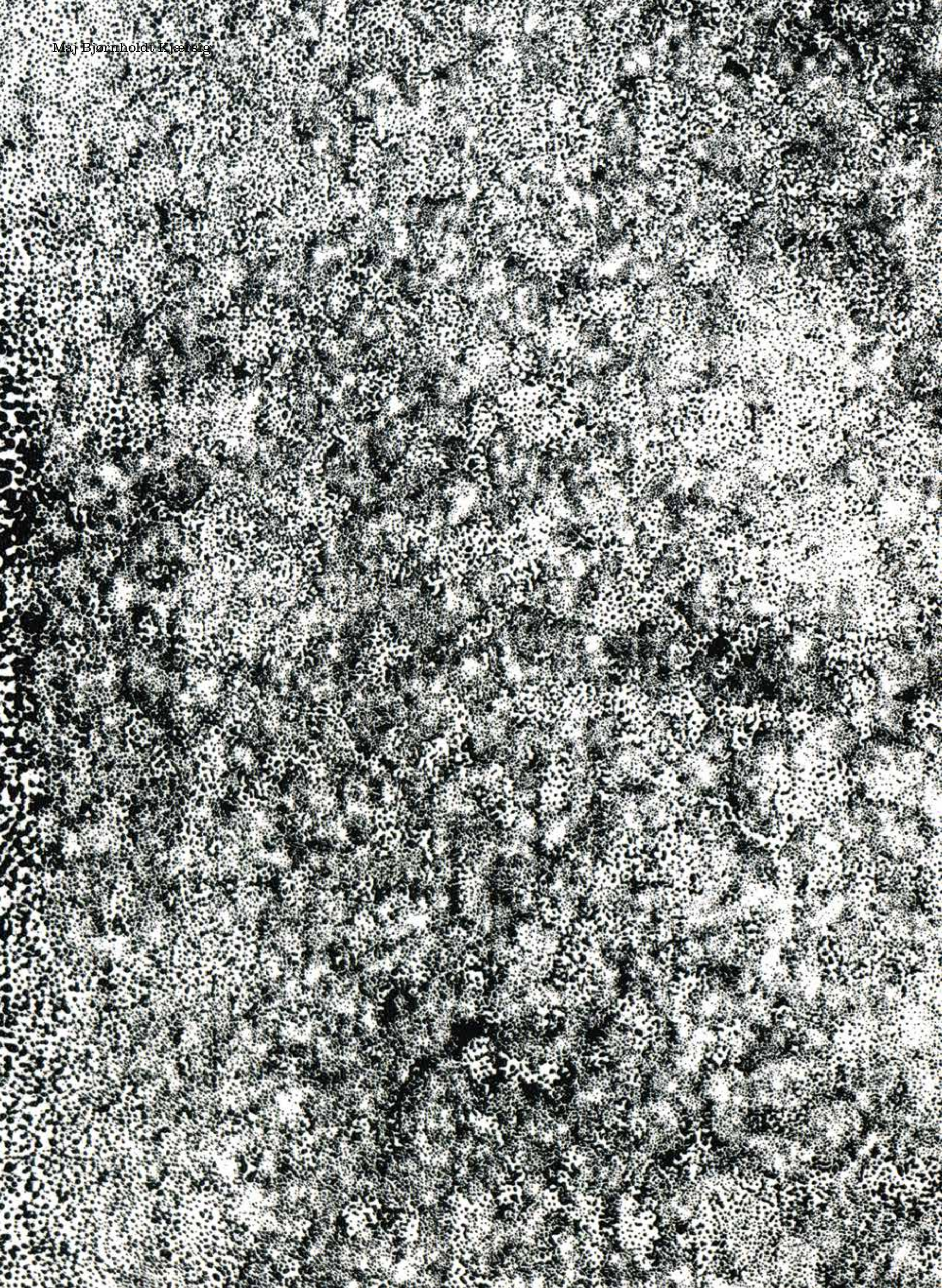






Der har ikke været noget siden ligeså pågående i sving og farve.









Vi er lige ved at være der. Malingen er stadig fugtig inden i, det er næsten noget: skulptur, maleri, frostsprængt mur forsøgt genoprettet. Størrelsen vokser mens vi syr de identiske stykker sammen. Skrøbeligheden indtræder først rigtigt, når injiceringen har fundet sted. Når det tørre, tynde, absorberende materiale møder det våde tunge. At ligge på det, kravle, gå med strømper, løfte, rulle, hive, strække, miste grebet og så et sted sprækker den. Lapper, vender, klipper huller og indfører insimineringsprøjtens maling. Indholdet kunne være guligt fedt, som fuglene hakker ud i de kolde vintre. Billedstøbningen kunne være emballagen til et nyt medicinsk produkt. Det har noget at gøre med opbygning og tid. Når man ødelægger noget og reparerer det igen, for at destruere det endnu engang og styrke det en sidste gang. Formerne kunne indeholde billioner af æg, som venter i den beskyttede atmosfære på at blive befrugtet. Det er tilstanden inde i lommerne som er speciel, et klinisk vakuum. Det er en anden form for hvid, der er farver i det hvide og nogle steder er det gennemsigtigt. Imellem lagene af papir, kunne der være dioder, som opfanger lysets energi og omdanner det til elektrisk energi. Det er syningerne der holder det flydende på plads. Den kunne være en radiator, med de indre gange fyldt med varmt vand, som afgiver varme til rummet og til kroppene. Den kunne blive en dyne for os. Papir er okay og bærer nemt sin egen vægt og mere endnu.





1 Historical Introduction to Plant Electrophysiology

RAINER STAHLBERG

The birth of the larger field of experimental electrophysiology, however, is inseparably intertwined with the discovery of useable forms of electricity itself. The well-known common starting point was Luigi Galvani's discovery of "animal electricity" or his observing the contraction of isolated frog legs suspended between copper hooks and the iron grit of his balcony (Galvani 1791). Aside from stimulating dubious medical treatments such as "galvanism" and "mesmerism", this momentous event established electrophysiology as a major discipline of biology (Galvani's work was continued by the studies of A. Matteucci, E. Du Bois-Reymond and many others, see below) and stimulated A. Volta to develop the first practical batteries (the existence of batteries in ancient Egypt has been suggested, but cannot be reliably confirmed). These portable sources of electricity were called galvanic elements. Based on the different redox potentials of metals and non-metals, they provided reliable sources of various fixed voltages. This invention not only laid the foundations of electricity as a novel discipline of the physical sciences but also turned electricity into useable reality that would later serve as the basis for at least two industrial revolutions. Electrical currents, voltages, resistances and fields could now be experimentally studied and applied to wires and wire networks as well as to animals and plants. The physical understanding of batteries itself also served well as a model to explain some fundamental phenomena of electrophysiology such as the stunning of prey by electrically hunting fishes from the new world (Du Bois-Reymond 1848). As reflected in this book, electrophysiology became to encompass not only the development of methods and instruments for the actual measurement of electrical signals but also the study of physiological effects deriving from electric and electromagnetic currents and fields.

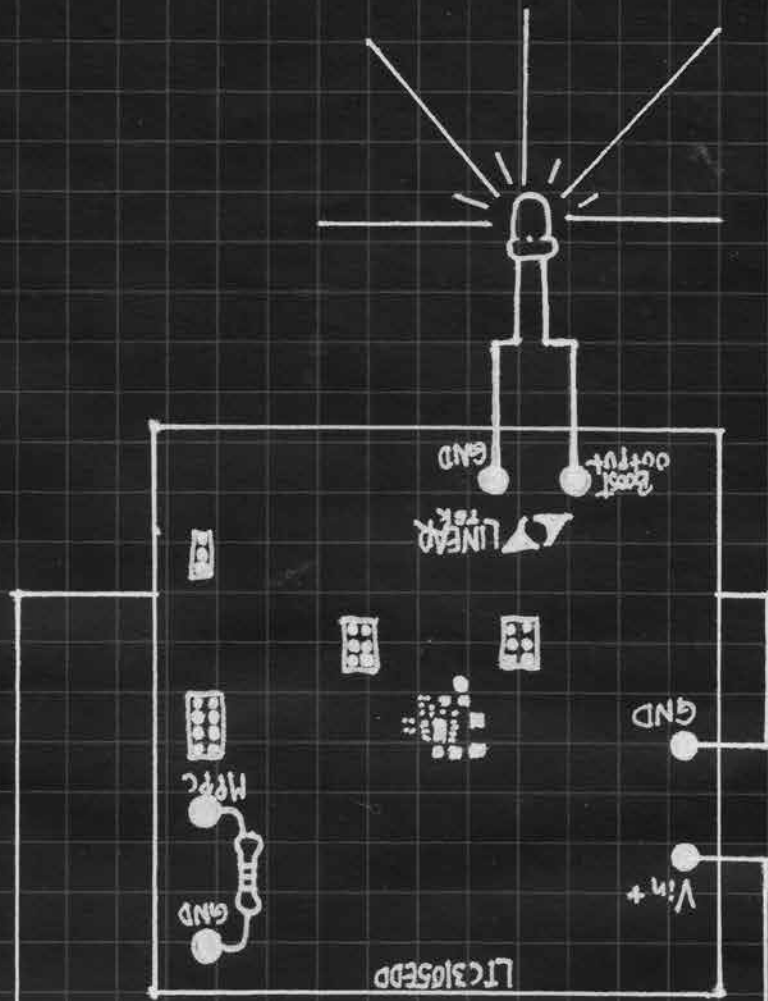
It soon became clear that the role of the electric current in the contraction of frog legs was not to provide the energy for the movement, but to simulate a stimulus that existed naturally in the form of directionally transmitted electrical potentials. Frog legs had just been first and serendipitous current-recording devices to indicate the flow of electrical current in the moment they touched the iron grit of the balcony and their violent jerks were supposedly visible enough to scare Mrs. Galvani, the observant wife of the great scientist.

In follow-up studies both Matteucci and Du Bois-Reymond then recognized that wounding of nerve strands generated the appearance of a large voltage difference (called wound potential) between the wounded (internal) and intact (external) site of nerves. This wound potential was the first, crude measurement of what later became known and understood as membrane or resting potential of nerve and other cells. Importantly, this potential could be measured and it was soon found that electrical or mechanical stimulation of the nerve reduced its size (in today's terms: these stimuli caused a depolarization). To describe the phenomenon, novel terms such as action potential (AP) and action current were created (Du Bois-Reymond 1848). After plasmolysis experiments in plant cells suggested that all living cells are surrounded by semi-permeable membranes (Pfeffer 1873, 1906, 1921), it did not take long until W. Nernst (1889) and J. Bernstein (1912) proposed an updated understanding of existing potentials and AP-mediated excitations on the basis of the existence and collapse of K^+ ion gradients across the plasma membrane. It was also recognized that nerves propagate such excitations instantly or with very high speed. In 1850, H. von Helmholtz succeeded in actually measuring this speed in the *Nervus ischiadicus* of frogs and Hermann (1868) developed the "Strömchen" theory to explain the speed and efficiency of AP propagation in nerves in analogy with a leaky wire cable. Until about 1930, this seemed to be all that was to know about nervous signals. However, clever experiments showed surprisingly that signaling between nerve cells through their dendritic connections does not occur by way of a continuation of the electrical action current but by the release of chemical signals diffusing through an intercellular cleft. Following the anatomical work of S. Ramon y Cajal, the biochemical studies of O. Loewi and the terminology of Sir Charles Sherrington, the phenomenon of synaptic transmission was recognized and this meant a gigantic step towards the understanding of nervous integration (Eccles 1964). With these events, the full range of modern electrophysiology was established and the following examples are added to remind us that this progress was not confined to the academic field but inspired many practical improvements in medical and psychological diagnosis. In 1895, electrocardiography (EEC) was tested and introduced by W. Einthoven and in 1934 H. Berger developed a related method for brain responses in the form of electro-encephalography (EEG; Grey Walter 1954; Brazier 1962). The discovery of piezo-electricity in bones led the way to novel electro-therapeutic treatments for accelerated healing of fractures (Basset 1965).

University of Washington, POB 355325, Seattle, WA 98195, USA (e-mail: raista@u.washington.edu)

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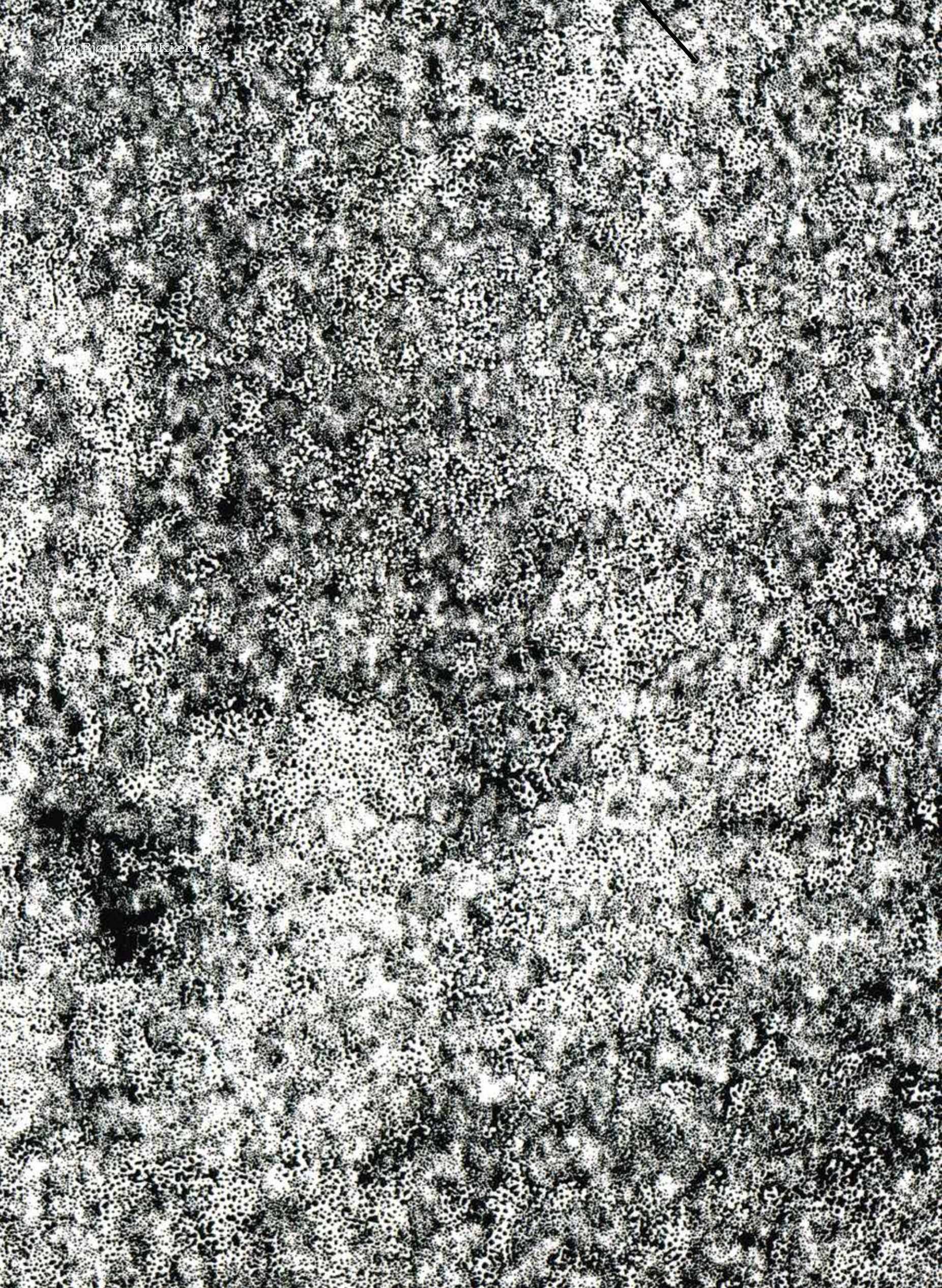


Sara Kirstine Grønberg

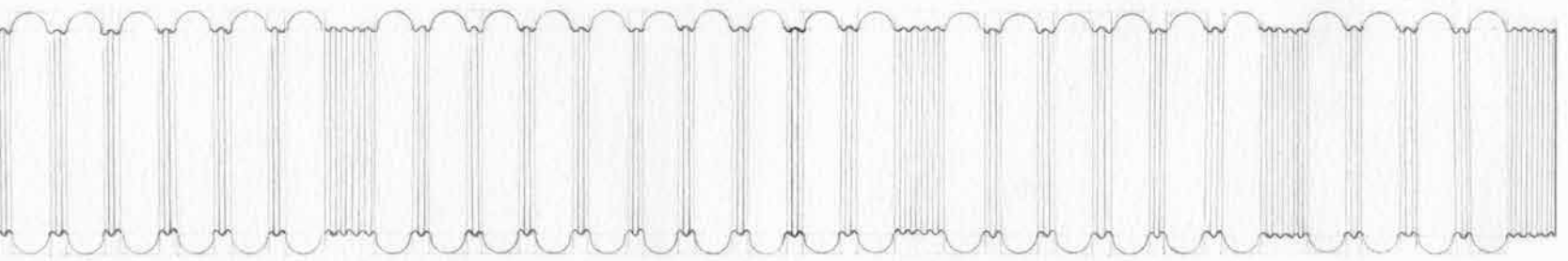


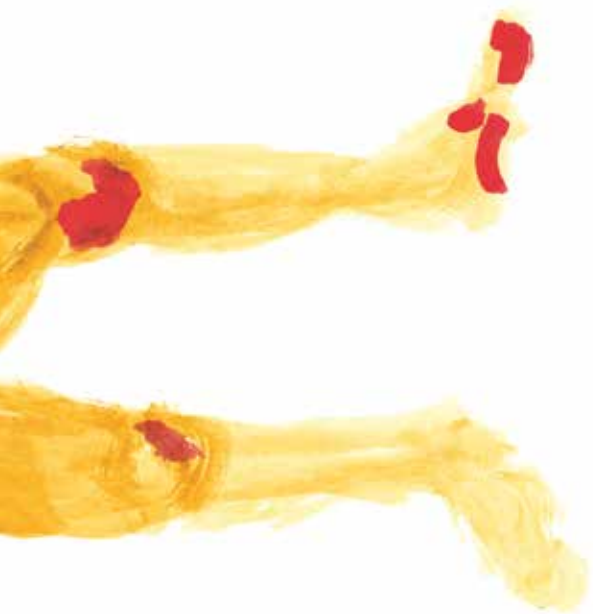












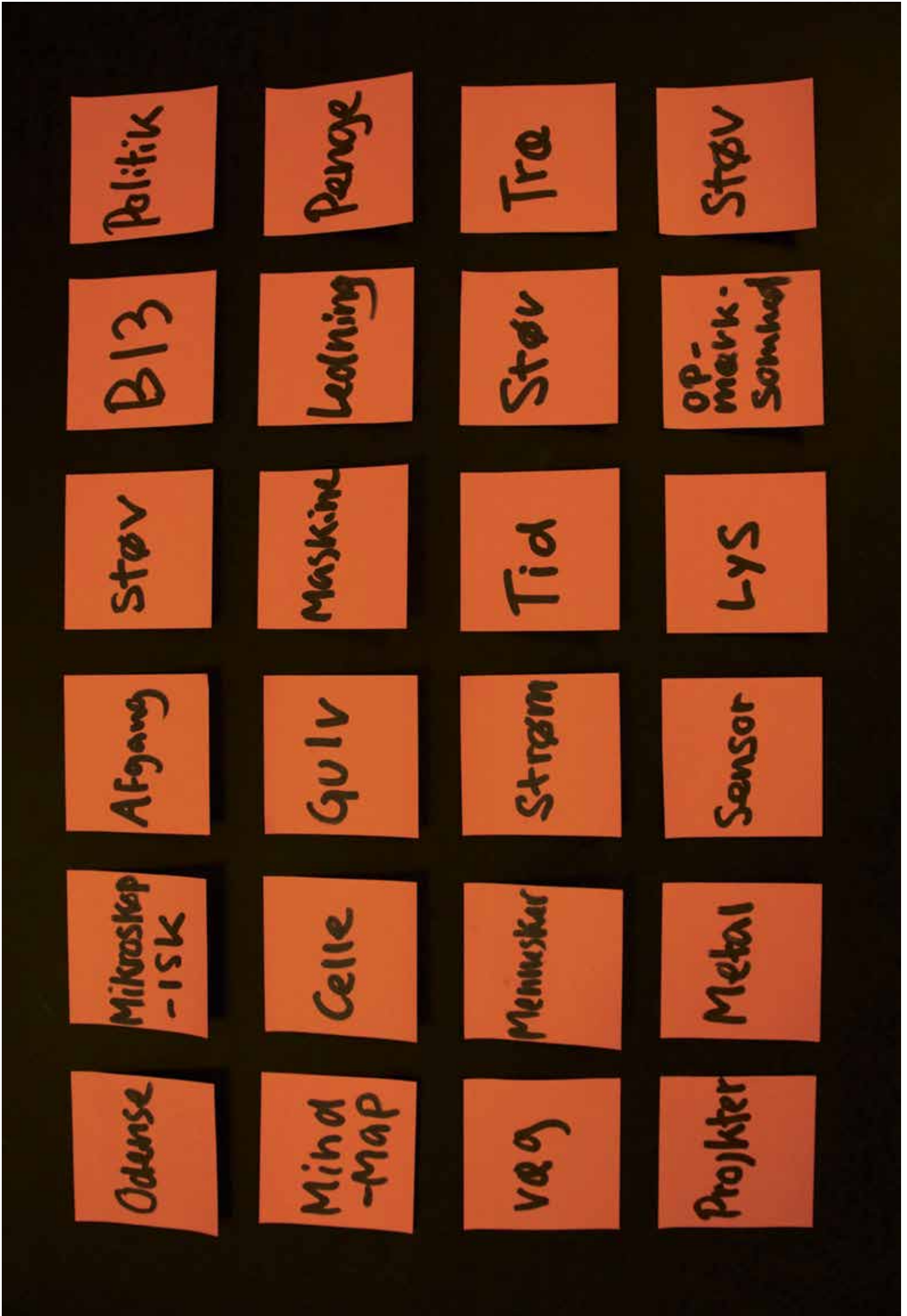


BORDERS









The Aleph

danger I was in; I had allowed myself to be locked underground by a madman, after first drinking down a snifter of poison. Carlos' boasting clearly masked the deep-seated fear that I wouldn't see his "miracle"; in order to protect his delirium, in order to hide his madness from himself, he had to kill me. I felt a vague discomfort, which I tried to attribute to my rigidity, not to the operation of a narcotic. I closed my eyes, then opened them. It was then that I saw the Aleph.

I come now to the ineffable center of my tale; it is here that a writer's hopelessness begins. Every language is an alphabet of symbols the employment of which assumes a past shared by its interlocutors. How can one transmit to others the infinite Aleph, which my timorous memory can scarcely contain? In a similar situation, mystics have employed a wealth of emblems: to signify the deity, a Persian mystic speaks of a bird that somehow is all birds; Alain de Lille speaks of a sphere whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere; Ezekiel, of an angel with four faces, facing east and west, north and south at once. (It is not for nothing that I call to mind these inconceivable analogies; they bear a relation to the Aleph.) Perhaps the gods would not deny me the discovery of an equivalent image, but then this report would be polluted with literature, with falseness. And besides, the central problem—the enumeration, even partial enumeration, of infinity—is irresolvable. In that unbounded moment, I saw millions of delightful and horrible acts; none amazed me so much as the fact that all occupied the same point, without superposition and without transparency. What my eyes saw was *simultaneous*; what I shall write is *successive*, because language is successive. Something of it, though, I will capture.

Under the step, toward the right, I saw a small iridescent sphere of almost unbearable brightness. At first I thought it was spinning; then I realized that the movement was an illusion produced by the dizzying spectacles inside it. The Aleph was probably two or three centimeters in diameter, but universal space was contained

"...Det var faktisk i sin tid, hvor jeg tilbragte en uge i en Ecuadoriansk landsby lang polder i vold, ude i junglen, hvor det faktisk gik op for mig at jeg fattede ikke en skid af hvad der foregik her. Ikke noget af festen, ikke noget af maden, ikke noget som helst altså. Det var en grundlæggende, skelsættende oplevelse for mig. Jeg ku ikke nærme mig det her, altså. Det første der møder mig da jeg står ud af flyveren er en dame der står og er igang med at sløgte en tapir med en machette på nogle bananblade og så har hun en t-shirt på med en hund der sidder på lokum og skider og ser sådan fuldstændig vanvittig ud i hovedet og så med teksten: "Im so happy I could shit"..."

Citat: Christian Schmidt Rasmussen.

- Radio 24/7
- Forfra med Jeppesen.

• 50 min. 40 sek.
06/01-2012

→ Podcast:
Jeppesens Top 182.

In Journey into the Self, what Leo Steil implicitly defines as "stupid language" is his characterization of his sister the writer, is Jan-

-guage that threatens the limits of the self by challenging its ability to respond—temporarily immobilizing the addressee, as in situations of extreme shock or boredom. In the case of Homer's muddy and twisting torrent of words, the subject no longer seems to be the agent producing or controlling his speech; rather, language "leaps out" with its own force and stupefies the listener. Yet as West's scene of interpretation demonstrates, Homer's emotional speech becomes intelligible once Tod recognizes that it constitutes its own system of sense-making and that it requires the addressee to readjust his sense of linguistic "balance." Like the affectively charged, insistent language that Gertrude Stein uses in *The Making of Americans* to "unbalance" conventional syntax and create a vast combinatory of "bottom natures," Homer's "thick" and "muddy" speech invites a critical journey not into the self, but into the more complex problem of the self's relationship to a particular kind of linguistic difference that does not yet have a concept assigned to it.

"The words went behind each other instead of after. What he had taken for long strings were really one thick word and not a sentence. In the same way sentences were simultaneous and not a paragraph" (West, *DL*, 144). Deviating from conventional syntax and its standard way of organizing signs, Homer's gush, like Stein's prose, produces a simultaneousness or thickness that recalls the cause of the cryptanalyst Legrand's stupefaction in Poe's tale "The Gold-Bug" (1843). Trying to analyze the image of a scarabaeus he has sketched on a piece of parchment, Legrand is surprised to discover a skull on the reverse side, superimposed immediately beneath his drawing: "I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from the stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence."³⁴ In the scenes of analytical stupor staged by both West and Poe, the obstacle posed to the inter-

preter involves a superimposition of forms. Homer's words are placed "behind each other instead of after," and so are Legrand's glyphs, creating a layered simultaneity of signs. In West's narrative, the thickening of Homer's language is explicitly figured as an effect of this behindness—that of discursive flow "[running] back behind the dam again" (*DL*, 144). The backward slippage dramatized in Tod's description of Homer's language is likewise a feature of Stein's prose in *The Making of Americans*, where narration is repeatedly forced to "begin again," and it is an aspect of the style that dominates Beckett's later prose and poetry. In "Stirrings Still" (1988), a prose poem that deals specifically with a subject's experience of stupefying loss, the overlapping accretion of phrases and clauses within the boundaries of a severely limited diction results in a language that is paradoxically both ascetic and congested, "thickening" even as it progresses into a narrative of not-progressing:³⁵

One night or day then as he sat at his table head on hands he saw himself rise and go. First rise and stand clinging to the table. Then sit again. Then rise again and stand clinging to the table again. Then go. Start to go. On unseen feet start to go. So slow that only change of place to show he went. As when he disappeared only to reappear later at another place. Then disappeared again only to reappear again later at another place again. So again and again disappeared again only to reappear again later at another place again. Another place in the place where he sat at his table head on hands.³⁶

The theme of survival and endurance in the wake of a traumatic loss is conveyed here through a drastic slowdown of language, a rhetorical enactment of its fatigue—in which the duration of relatively simple actions is uncomfortably prolonged through a proliferation of precise inexactitudes. This process occurs not only through repetition but through a series of constative exhaustions staged through the corrective dynamics of retraction and restatement, of statements partially undoing the completion of preceding



»Det er mørket, der tænder lyset, stjernerne. Altså hvis vi ikke havde mørket, så ville vi ikke have mulighed for at se stjernerne og planeterne. Der skal mørke til at tænde stjerne.«

– Forstkandidat og naturhistoriker, Peter Friis Møller





Det er ikke ligegyldigt om man underskriver sine e-mails med en hilsen eller udelader den. Udelades den, så er det fordi travlheden har fået tag i os, og bukker man først under for den, har man tabt.

»Xoxo«, »Gode hilsner«, »Alle gode hilsner«, »Mange gode hilsner«, »Varme hilsner«, »Bedste hilsner«, »Med venlig hilsen«. Alt for få kærlige hilsner. Det er ikke alle man kan sende kys til. Sådan er det.

En redaktør på det dagblad jeg anmelder kunst for, afsluttede en dag sin e-mail med ordene »Hammer og Segl«. Det er den bedst tænkelige vej ud af en samtale. Måske kun overgået af »Dadler og Rødvin«. Og emojis: det kan være en strategi, at komme ud af en samtale, ridende på en bølge af emojis.



For det meste ved man jo godt, at samtalen fortsætter alligevel. At én e-mail bliver til to, tre og så videre og efterhånden efterlader man oftest et tomt rum som stedfortræder for den kærlige hilsen. På samme måde som man heller ikke giver kram med samme intensitet til én man ved, man ser om to timer, som til den man ved, man først ser om to måneder. Kindkysset er kroppens emoji.

At slutte uddannelsen som kunstner uden en afgangsudstilling er i dag uhørt. Det forventes, at man som kunstner forlader skolen med den gestus det er, at vise sin kunst til alverden. Det er en generøs måde at komme ud af den samtale om kunst, der i fem år har gået forud for nu. Og vi ved jo godt, at den samtale ikke stopper efter endt uddannelse. Og ligesom der er mange måder at praktisere et liv som kunstner, er der mange måder hvorpå den fortsatte samtale kan lyde. Det er for mig at se en af de fineste egenskaber ved kunsten – at der i udgangspunktet ingen regler er.

Til gengæld er der relationer. Mellem mennesker og mellem ting, mellem institutioner og ideologier, nu mellem læseren og denne tekst, mellem udstillingen og de, som besøger den. Det er relationerne der gør, at vi har noget at tale med hinanden om overhovedet, så vi sammen kan ride af sted på en bølge af rødvin siddende på en daddel. Inden vi skilles.

Vi ved jo godt, at det ikke slutter her alligevel. På den måde er afgangsudstillingen kunstens kindkys.

Hammer og Segl/Dadler og Rødvin
Mathias Kryger



It matters whether you sign your e-mails with a greeting or whether you leave it out. Leaving out the greeting is a symptom that busyness has taken its hold of you, and once you succumb to that, all is lost.

“Xoxo”, “Good greetings”, “All good wishes”, “Best regards”, “Warm greetings”, “Best wishes”, “Yours sincerely”. Way too few with love. You cannot send kisses to everybody. That is how it is.

An editor at the newspaper I work for as an art critic one day ended his e-mail with the words: “Hammer and Sickle”. It is the best possible way to exit a conversation. Perhaps second only to “Dates and Red Wine”. And emojis: it can be a strategy to exit a conversation, riding a wave of emojis.



For the most part, we are quite aware that the conversation continues anyway. That one e-mail becomes two, three and so on and gradually we leave an empty space as a substitute for the loving greeting. Just as you do not hug the one who you know you will reunite with after two hours with the same intensity as the one, whom you know you will not see for another two months. Kisses on the cheek are the emojis of the body.

Today, finishing an art education without a degree show is unheard of. It is expected that the artists leave school with the gesture of showing their works to the world. It is a generous way to exit the conversation about art, which over five years has preceded this moment. And after all, we are aware that the conversation will not end after graduation. And just as there are many ways to practice a life as an artist, there are many ways for the ongoing conversation to continue. That is, in my opinion, one of the finest attributes of art—that essentially no rules apply.

However, there are relations. Between people and things, between institutions and ideologies, now between the reader and this text, and between the exhibition and those who visit it. It is due to these relations that we in fact have stuff to discuss with each other, so that, afterwards, together we can ride a wave of red wine while sitting on a date. Before we part. We all know very well that it does not end here anyway.

In that sense the graduation show is a way for art to kiss you on the cheeks.

Hammer and Sickle/Dates and Red Wine
Mathias Kryger

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Det Fynske Kunstakademi/Funen Art Academy 2016

Artists:	Exhibition curator:
Alaya Riefenthal	Mathias Kryger
Anders Christian Eriksen	
Emil Linnet	Foreword:
Emilie Simon Hansen	Mathias Kryger
Emily Gernild	
Kamilla Askholm Jørgensen	Edited and designed by:
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