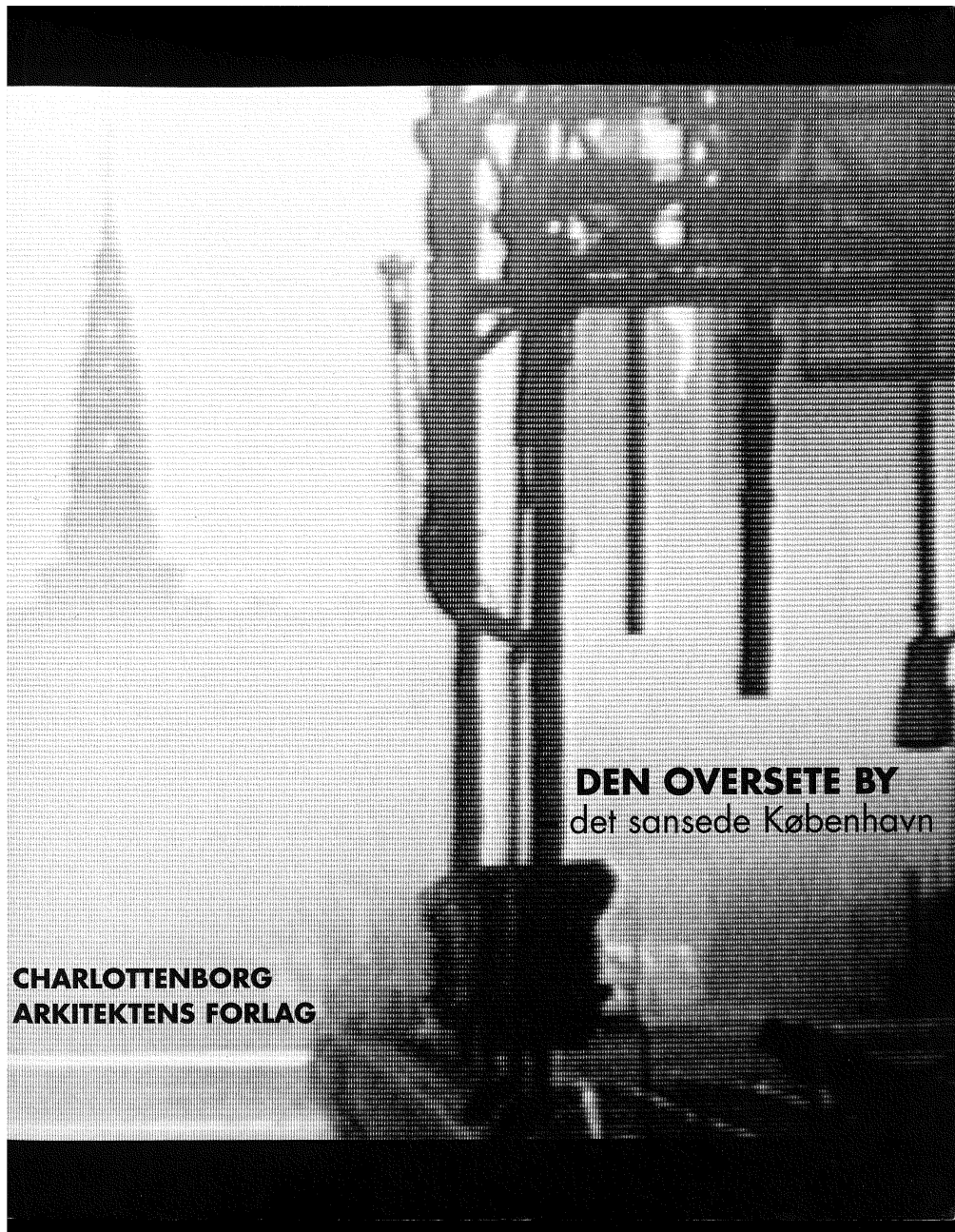
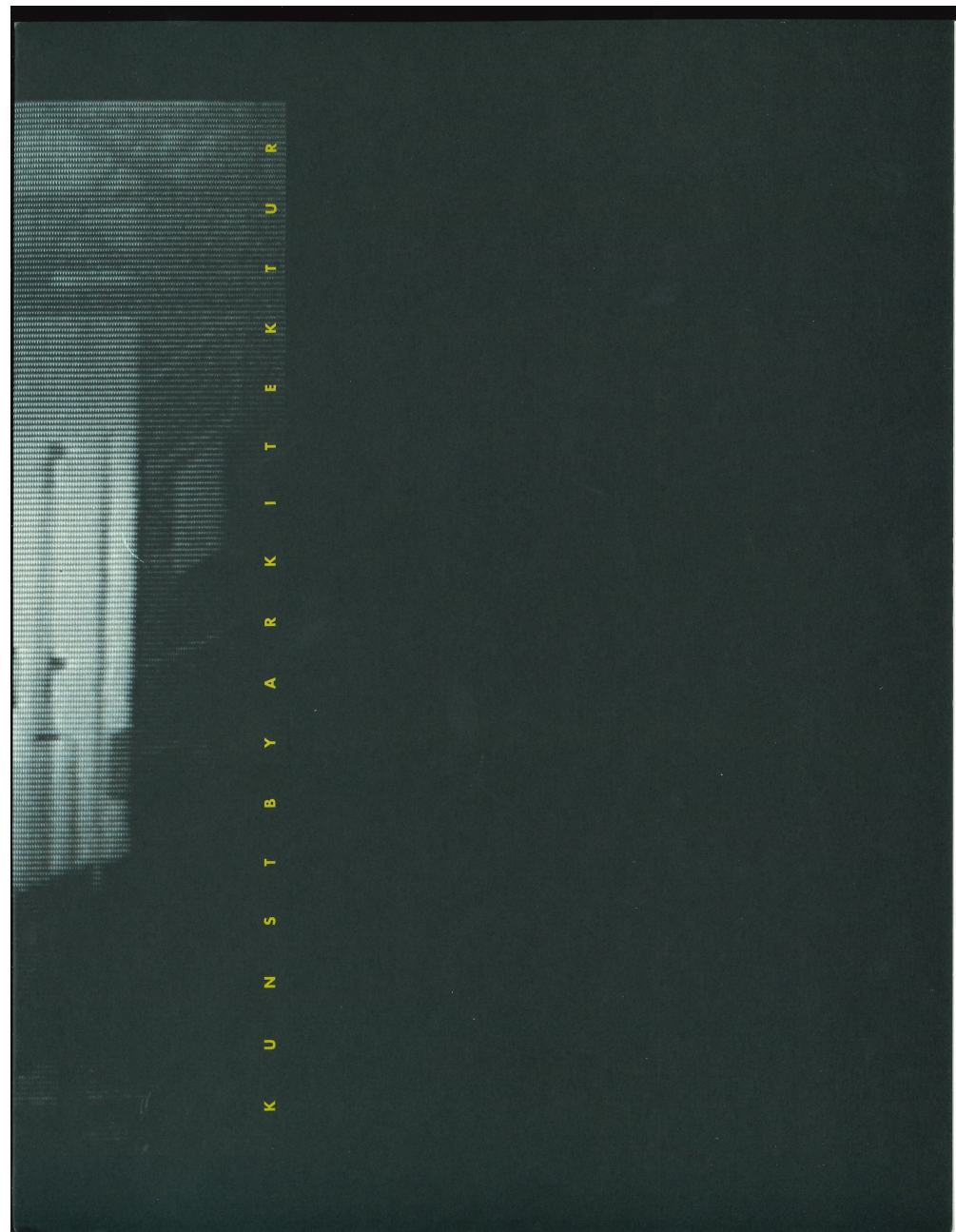




**CHARLOTTENBURG
ARKITEKTENS FORLAG**

DEN OVERSETE BY det sansede København



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DEN OVERSETE BY
- det sansede København



OVERLOOKING THE CITY
- Copenhagen, as it is perceived

CHARLOTTENBORG
Udstillingsbygning

ARKITEKTENS FORLAG

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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Denne bog er trykt i 400 nummererede eksemplarer, hvoraf dette er nummer

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Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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CHARLOTTENBURG
Udstillingsbygning

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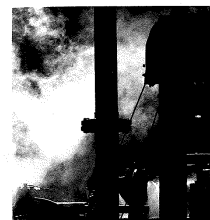
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Som alle gamle byer er København resultatet af mødet mellem planlægning og tilfældigheder, mellem skiftende perioders arkitektoniske spor, mellem byen som arv og byen som levende, uforudsigelig virkelighed. Og som alle byer er også København så meget andet og mere end byens krop af mursten og måden, hvorpå den er organiseret i byplanens hierarki mellem betydningsmættede knudepunkter og diffuse overgange, mellem center og periferi. Byen er på samme tid rammen om dens menneskers liv og genstand for deres fortsatte, uafsluttede bearbejdning. Byen er det hver dag gentagne og dog foranderlige mønstre, der dannes af indbyggernes krydsede, parallelle og modsatrettede bevægelser gennem den. Byen er en uophærlig udveksling mellem økonomi og sanselighed, nødvendighed og overskud, behov og begær. Byen er stedet, hvor den fælles historie og den personlige erindring løber sammen.

På de følgende sider udforskes de forskellige betydninger og associationer knyttet til begrebet *den oversete by*: Den overskuede by, set fra oven, i sin topografiske helhed; den overvågede by, hvor den foranderlige byplan afspejler de skiftende historiske magtforhold; den usete bys upåagtede lommer og pauser mellem de socialt betydningsfulde steder og den overiagttagne by, fordoblet af byrummets netværk af blikke og visuelle fiktioner.

- Bogens sidste del bærer undertitlen *Pausens Kartografi*. Her lægges der særligt vægt på den betydning af ordet *overset*, der refererer til byplanens overgange og mellemrum. Kun tilsyneladende er disse pauser i byrummet nemlig betydningsløse. Hvis man retter blikket mod dem, afslører de uventede hemmeligheder og byder sig til som alternative udgangspunkter for fortolkningen af begreberne *sted* og *rum*.

Undervejs i bogen mødes arkitekturens sprog med andre kunstarter i en eklektisk fremstilling af det sansede København. Bidragyderne omfatter arkitekter, forfattere, billedkunstnere og fotografer samt en filminstruktør, og resultatet er blevet en collage, der erstatter arkitekturens traditionelle ambition om køligt overblik og rationel sammenhæng med essayistiske refleksioner og subjektive fortolkninger. Bogens fragmentariske form afspejler således i sig selv den opfattelse af byen, der inddrager såvel det fysiske som det mentale rum, idet collagen ligesom byrummet er blevet et mødested for personlige indfaldsvinkler og fælles referencer.

Like all cities, Copenhagen is the result of a convergence between the planned and the accidental, between architectonic trails left behind by a procession of different periods, between the city as legacy and the city as vital, unpredictable reality. And, just like every other city, Copenhagen is also so much else and so much more than the city's body of brick and the way in which this same substance has been organized, upon the urban plan's hierarchy, around nodes - saturated with significance - and around diffuse transitions between center and periphery. At one and the same time, the city constitutes the frame around the life of its people and serves as object for their continuous and never-ending adaption. The city is a pattern constantly repeated and yet changeable, established by its own inhabitants' crossing, parallel and oppositely-directed movements. The city is an incessant exchange between economy and sensuality, between necessity and surplus, between need and desire. The city is the sum of the millions of glances which are grazing its surfaces and scanning and sweeping its territory. And the city is the place where common history and personal remembrance merge with one another.

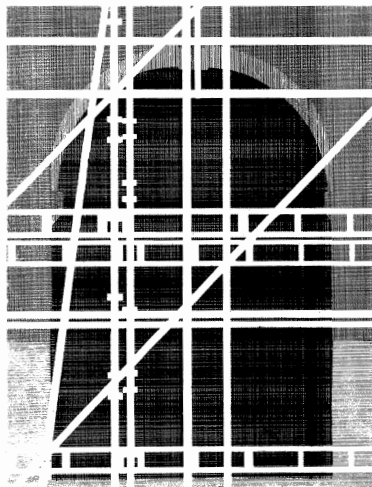
On the following pages, various meanings and associations connected with the notion of *overlooking the city* will be explored: the surveyed city, as seen from above in its topographic entirety; the supervised city, where the changeable urban plan reflects the shifting relations of power through the ongoing course of history; the unseen city's unnoticed pockets and pauses between the socially significant sites and the over-observed city, doubled in its presence by the urban space's network of glances and visual fictions.

The last part of the present book is subtitled *The Cartography of the Pause*. With this, we are calling special attention to one particular meaning of the word *overseen* which refers to the urban plan's transitions and intermediate spaces. It is only on the apparently obvious level that these pauses in the urban space are, so to speak, meaningless. Whenever we do turn to look at them, they unveil unexpected secrets and make themselves available as alternative starting points for interpreting the notions of *site* and *space*.

Throughout this book, the language of architecture comes face to face with other branches of the creative arts, in an eclectic rendering of Copenhagen as it is perceived. The contributors include architects, authors, visual artists and photographers as well as a film director, and the result has taken the form of a collage which supersedes architecture's customary penchant for cool overview and rational coherence with essay-like reflections and subjective interpretations. Inasmuch as the collage, in much the manner of the urban space itself, has become a trysting place for personal approach and common references, this book's fragmentary form thus mirrors in itself a conception of the city that calls the physical as well as the mental space into play.

FORORD

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



Rasmus Nørlund, 1981, Clausens Kunsthandel

I anledning af Kulturbry '96 har Udstillingsbygningen ønsket at etablere en udstilling om temaet: By og kultur. Det er synspunktet, at arkitekturen, især i den udartede funktionalisme, er sunket ned i rene abstrakte, sociologiske, teknokratiske og bureaukratiske spekulationer. Faget er reduceret og koncentrerer sig kun om det, som kan ses, måles og vejles.

Kunsten er demobiliseret og sendt ud i mørket. Byrummet som stemningskabende og sanselig scene for de skiftende generationers menneskelige drama er tilsidesat til fordel for det, Poul Henningsen kaldte *timelige fornødheder* - hygiejnen, det praktiske og børnenes opvækst. Den moderne arkitekturs nøjsomme bidrag til verdensarkitekturen er tæt knyttet til kloakker og spildevand. Det er især i afløb og installationer i køkkenet og på toilettet, man finder en nævneværdig udvikling. Byplan på æstetiske betingelser hører fortiden til. Nutidens byudvikling er fanget i et net af økonomiske og tekniske krav. Og bureaukratiet har bredt sig som hussvamp med benhårde juridiske spilleregler om fredning, energibesparelser, byggevedtægter og lokalplaner. Papirbunkernes vækst er sikret sammen med det enkelte menneskes stigende fornemmelse af fremmedgørelse.

Livets forudsætning, som er entusiasme, tillid og brændende iver, er nediset i byggeprocessens generelle mistillid og mistænkeliggørelse, hvor udgangspunktet åbent er, at alle snyder alle.

Bag byggeriets standardisering og postulerede systemer venter den store kedsommelighed. Industriens krav om effektivisering har militariseret vor bevidsthed, og i nyttemoralens hellige navn findes nutidsmennesket i rollen som den runde, anonyme ært i dåsen, projiceret op i den store beboelsessilo.

FOREWORD

In connection with Copenhagen's tenure as Cultural Capital in 1996, Charlottenborg's Exhibition Hall has instituted an exhibition on the theme - *City and Culture*.

It is our point of view that architecture, especially in the degenerated functionalism, has sunk down into a morass of purely abstract, sociological, technocratic and bureaucratic speculations. The profession has been reduced, merely concentrating on that which can be seen, measured and weighed.

Art has been demobilized and banished into the darkness. The urban space, as creator of atmosphere and as sensual scene for the human drama of shifting generations has been disregarded for the sake of that which Paul Henningsen called *temporal needs* ... hygiene, the practical, the raising of children. Modern architecture's frugal contribution to world architecture is closely connected with sewers and waste water. It is especially in the drainage and in kitchen and bathroom installations there has been any development worth mentioning. City planning, based on aesthetics belongs to the past. Today's urban development is ensnared in a net of economic and technological requirements. And the bureaucracy has propagated like dry rot, with ruthless judicial game regulations concerning preservation, energy conservation, building ordinances and local planning. The accretion of piles of paper is ensured, as they grow in direct proportion with the individual's growing sense of alienation.

The prerequisites of life - enthusiasm, confidence and burning zeal - have been covered over with ice, amidst the general distrust and denigration of the building process, the basis for this evidently being the assumption that everyone is cheating everybody else.

Behind the building's standardization and postulated systems dwells the great tediousness. Industry's demand for effectivity has militarized our consciousness, and in the sacred name of utilitarianism, the person of today can be found in the role of

the round, anonymous pea inside the can, projected up within the great residential silo. We have forgotten the significance of the directly spontaneous experience and also the very notion of the cultivation of the senses. Butter-fingered, and without any sense for the elementary vibrations of the nerves, we seek technological, rational solutions for problems, and within areas, that are fundamentally irrational and anchored in the deepest layers of human consciousness.

It is a rare thing for the best, narcissistic architects to perceive architecture to be a social art form. Many of them make their appearance as isolated soloists, with a contempt for the ensemble for contextual coherence and for the surroundings that would never be tolerated in any jazz orchestra and which would immediately entail being put on the bench on any soccer team.

The aesthetic potential of architecture remains pent-up. The urban spaces are filled with incoherent cacophony.

In the urban mass, our generation is leaving behind lead-grey tediousness, uninspiring and emptied of any unforeseen possibilities of experience. Here in Denmark we have not yet experienced the more extreme consequences of functionalism's philosophy, which fosters asocial criminality to such a degree that the final solution would be to blow up entire urban areas. But we certainly do know about the tediousness!

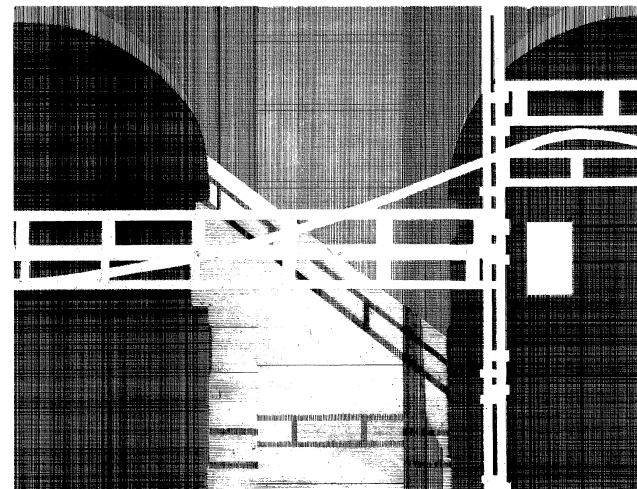
In general, the foregoing remarks are also pertinent to architecture exhibitions, which only very exceptionally arouse any wide public interest. And that's such a shame - because architecture does touch upon the lives of all people.

It is the board's hope that the present exhibition will, at the very least, raise the issue.

I heartily thank all of those involved.

Henning Damgård-Sørensen
Chairman of Charlottenborg's Exhibition Hall

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



Rasmus Nørlund, 1981, Clausens Kunsthandel

Vi har glemt den direkte, spontane oplevelses betydning og selve forestillingen om sansernes kultivering. Fummelfingrede og uden sans for elementære nervevibrationer søger vi tekniske, rationelle løsninger på områder og problemer, som er grundlæggende irrationelle og forankrede i de dybeste lag af den menneskelige bevidsthed.

Det hører til undtagelserne, at de bedste, narcissistiske arkitekter opfatter arkitekturen som social kunstart. Mange optræder som isolerede solister med en foragt for ensemble, sammenhænge og omgivelser, der aldrig ville blive accepteret i et jazzorkester, og som øjeblikkeligt fører til en plads på bænken på et fodboldhold.

Arkitektens æstetiske potentiale forbliver uforløst. Byrummene fyldes af usammenhængende kakofoni.

Vores generation efterlader i bymassen blygrå kedsommelighed, uinspirerende og tømt for uventede oplevelsesmuligheder. Endnu har vi ikke i Danmark oplevet de ekstreme resultater af funktionalismens filosofi, der i den grad fremmer asocial kriminalitet, at sidste udvej blev at sprænge hele bykvarterer i luften. Men kedsommeligheden kender vil

Det gælder også i almindelighed arkitekturudstillinger, som kun undtagelsesvis vækker bredere offentlig interesse. Og det er en skam, fordi arkitekturen vedrører alle mennesker.

Det er bestyrelsens håb, at denne udstilling i det mindste rejser problemstillingen.

Jeg takker hjerteligt alle implicerede.

Henning Damgård-Sørensen
Formand for Charlottenborg Udstillingsbygning

CITY SENSE

- Byen som sanset, erindret og forestillet
Ved: Juhani Pallasmaa

Hvordan vil maleren eller digteren udtrykke noget omhelst andet end sit møde med verden?

M. Merleau-Ponty¹

. . . [.] The house is one of the greatest powers of integration for the thoughts, memories and dreams of mankind² skriver Gaston Bachelard og tildeler arkitekturen et kolossalt hverv og, han konkluderer: Det er et redskab hvormed man kan konfrontere kosmos.³

Byen er dog, i højere grad end huset, et redskab for metafysisk funktion. Den er et sindrigt redskab til at strukturere handling og kraft, mobilitet og udveksling, samfundsmæssige organisationer og kulturelle strukturer, identitet og erindring med. Byen er uden tvivl det mest betydningsfulde og komplekse menneskelige artefakt. Den styrer og lokker, symboliserer og repræsenterer, udtrykker og skjuler. Byer er beboede udgravninger af kulturens arkæologi, der udstiller det tætte væv af liv.

10 Byen indeholder mere, end man kan beskrive. Den er en labyrint af klarhed og uigennemsigthed som tømmer menneskets evne for beskrivelse og forestillelse. Uorden spiller mod orden, tilfældighed mod regelmæssighed og overraskelse mod forventning. Aktiviteter og funktioner gennemtrænger hinanden og gnider sig mod hinanden, skaber modsætninger, paradokser samt en opstemthed af erotisk natur.

Vor tids by er øjets by. Hurtige mekaniske bevægelser løsriver os fra kropslig og intim kontakt med byen. Da blikkets by pacificerer kroppen og andre sanser, forstærker fremmedgørelsen af kroppen igen visualiseringen. Pacificeringen af kroppen skaber en tilstand der ligner fjernsynets drømmebevidsthed. Den Kartesianske perspektiviske by har gradvist udryddet det specifikke ved stedet og har adskilt vertikalt fra horisontalitet. I stedet for at tilføre landskabet plasticitet, er disse to dimensioner blevet adskilte projektioner, planen er blevet adskilt fra snittet. Den visuelle by efterlader os som outsiders, voyeuristiske tilskuere og forbigående besøgende ude af stand til at deltage, hvorimod den haptiske by byder os velkommen som beboere, fuldt berettigede til at deltage i dens daglige liv. Den vækker vor fornemmelse af indleven og inddrager vore følelser.

Den visuelle fremmedgørelse forstærkes med opfindelsen af fotografiet og det trykte billede, som har skabt det stadigt voksende Sargasso Hav af billeder. Kameraet er blevet hovedredskabet for turisme. Det allstedsnærværende fotografi har en uberegnelig effekt på vores etiske følsomhed⁴ skriver Susan Son-

CITY SENSE

- the city as perceived, remembered and imagined

How would the painter or poet express anything other than his encounter with the world? M. Merleau-Ponty¹

. . . [.] The house is one of the greatest powers of integration for the thoughts, memories and dreams of mankind², writes Gaston Bachelard assigning a monumental task to the art of architecture, and he concludes: It is an instrument with which to confront the cosmos.³

But, even more than the house, the city is an instrument of metaphysical function. It is an intricate instrument of structuring action and power, mobility and exchange, social organizations and cultural structures, identity and memory. The city is undoubtedly the most significant and complex of human artefacts; it controls and entices, symbolizes and represents, expresses and conceals. Cities are inhabited excavations of the archaeology of culture exposing the dense fabric of life. The city contains more than can be described. It is a maze of clarity and opacity that exhausts the capacity of human description and imagination; disorder plays against order, the accidental against the regular, and surprise against the anticipated.

Activities and functions interpenetrate and rub against each other creating contradictions, paradoxes, and an excitement of erotic nature. The contemporary city is the city of the eye. Fast mechanized movement detaches us from a bodily and intimate contact with the city. As the city of the gaze passivates the body and other senses, the alienation of the body again reinforces visibility. The passivation of the body creates a condition which is similar to the dream consciousness of television. The Cartesian perspectival city has gradually eliminated the specificity of place and detached verticality from horizontal-

ty. Instead of giving rise to plasticity of landscape, these two dimensions have become separate projections; the plan has been detached from the section. The visual city leaves us as outsiders, voyeurist spectators, and momentary visitors, incapable of participation, whereas the haptic city welcomes us as citizens, fully authorized to participate in its daily life. It evokes our sense of empathy and engages our emotions.

Visual alienation is reinforced by the inventions of photography and the printed image, which have created the ever expanding Sargasso Sea of images. Camera has become the prime instrument of tourism. The omnipresence of photographs has an incalculable effect on our ethical sensibility,⁴ writes Susan Sontag describing a mentality which looks at the world as a set of potential photographs⁵, and, as a consequence [...] reality has come to seem more and more like what we are shown by cameras⁶, she observes, and assumes that taking photographs has set up a chronic voyeurist relation to the world which levels the meaning of all events.⁷

Indeed, we can easily catch ourselves looking at a scene framed as a photographed image; the tourist's city is a collection of preselected visual images.

The increasing use of mirroring glass, that returns the gaze unaffected, contributes to the experience of surfaces, as opposed to depth and opacity. The city of transparency and reflection has lost its materiality, depth, and shadow. But we need secrecy and shadow as urgently as we desire to see and to know. The visible and the invisible, the known and what is beyond knowledge have to obtain a balance. Opacity and secrecy feed imagination and make one imagine life behind the walls. The obsessively functionalized city has turned too readily legible, too evident, and it leaves no scope for mystery and dream. As the city loses its haptic intimacy, secrecy and invitation, it becomes de-eroticized.

The image of the pleasurable city is not a visual experience, but an embodied percept based on a peculiar double fusion; we inhabit the city, and the city dwells in



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tag og beskriver en mentalitet som kigger på verden som et sæt af potentielle fotografier⁵, og som en konsekvens heraf [...]....synes virkeligheden mere og mere at være det, vi får vist af kameraer⁶ observerer hun og antager, at det at tage billeder har skabt et kronisk voyeuristisk forhold til verden, som udligner alle begivenheders betydning.⁷

Faktisk kan vi let fange os selv i at anskue et scenari indrammet som et fotografisk billede. Turistens by er en samling af forudvalgte visuelle billeder.

Den stigende brug af spejlglass som returnerer blikket upåvirket, bidrager til oplevelsen af flader som modstilling til dybde og uigennemsigthed. Transparensens og refleksionens by har mistet sin stoffighed, dybde og skygge, men vi behøver hemmelighedsfuldhed og skygge ligeså stærkt, som vi begærer at se og forstå. Det synlige og usynlige, det kendte, og hvad der er hinsides kendskab, er nødt til at opnå balance. Uigennemsigthed og hemmelighedsfuldhed ernærer fantasien og får en til at forestille sig livet bag væggene. Den gennemført funktionaliserede by er blevet alt for læselig, alt for indlysende, og lever intet spillerum for mystik og drøm. Efterhånden som byen mister sin haptiske intimitet, hemmelighedsfuldhed og indbydende, bliver den af-erotiseret.

Billedet af den indbydende by er ikke en visuel oplevelse, men snarere et legemliggjort opfattelsesindtryk



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baseret på en særlig dobbelt fusion. Vi bor i byen, og byen tager bolig i os. Når man kommer til en ny by, tilpasser man sig umiddelbart dens struktur og hulrum, og byen begynder at bebo os. De byer, vi har besøgt, er alle blevet en del af vor identitet og bevidsthed. Verden er genspejlet i kroppen, og kroppen er projiceret på verden. Kroppen er ikke blot en fysisk enhed, den er beriget af både erindring og drøm.

Den mentale erfaring med byen er mere en haptisk konstellation end en sekvens af visuelle billeder. Synsindtryk er indlejrede i et kontinuum af ubevidste haptiske oplevelser. Selv øjet rører, blikket kærtegner fjerne omrids og konturer, det mærker fladers hårdhed, tekstur, vægt og temperatur. Uden samarbejde med berøringen ville øjet ikke være i stand til at tyde rum og dybde, og vi ville ikke kunne forme denne mosaik af indtryk til et sammenhængende hele. Fornemmelsen af kontinuitet forener isolerede sansesfragmenter i selvopfattelsens tidsmæssige kontinuitet.

Jeg konfronterer byen med min krop, mine ben måler arkadens længde og pladsens bredde. Ubevidst projicerer blikket kroppen mod katedralens facade, hvor det flakker rundt på gesimserne og konturerne, famlende efter størrelsen på recesser og projektioner. Kropsvægten møder dørens masse, og hånden gri-

us. When entering a new city, we immediately start to accommodate ourselves in its structures and cavities, and the city begins to inhabit us. The cities that we have visited have all become part of our identity and consciousness. The world is reflected in the body, and the body is projected on the world. The body is not a mere physical entity; it is enriched by both memory and dream.

The mental experience of the city is more a haptic constellation than a sequence of visual images. Impressions of sight are embedded in the continuum of an unconscious haptic experience. Even the eye touches, the gaze strokes distant outlines and contours, it feels the hardness, texture, weight and temperature of surfaces. Without the collaboration of the touch, the eye would be unable to decipher space and depth, and we could not mould the mosaic of impressions into a coherent continuum. The sense of continuity unites isolated sensory fragments in the temporal continuity of the sense of self.

I confront the city with my body, the legs measure the length of the arcade and the width of the square; the gaze unconsciously projects the body on the facade of the cathedral where it roams on the cornices and contours groping for the size of recesses and projections, the body weight meets the mass of the door, and the hand grasps the door pull polished to a sheen by countless generations, as I enter the dark void behind.

The city and the body supplement each other; they mutually define each other.

My perception is therefore not a sum of visual, tactile, and audible givens: I perceive in a total way with my whole being; I grasp a unique structure of the thing, a unique way of being, which speaks to all my senses at once, as Merleau-Ponty writes emphatically.⁸

The final chapter of Steen Eiler Rasmussen's perceptive book *Experiencing Architecture* is significantly entitled *Hearing Architecture*.⁹ No doubt, every city has its specific echo, depending on the scale and pattern of streets as well as dominant architectural styles and materials. The most intimate encounter with any city is to

Foto/Photo: Keld Helmer-Petersen, Ravello 1988

hear the echo of one's footsteps returned back to the ears. The ears scan the boundaries of space, and determine its scale, shape and materiality; the ears touch the walls. Rasmussen recalls the architecture of the echo in the underground tunnels of Vienna in *The Third Man* by Orson Wells: *Your ear receives the impact of both the length and the cylindrical form of the tunnel*.¹⁰

The power of hearing in creating a sensation of space is unexpected; waking up to the sound of an ambulance in a nocturnal city, we instantly reconstruct our identity and location, and before falling back to solitary slumber, we become aware of the immensity of the sleeping city with countless inhabitants retiring in its cavities. Parks and squares silence the deafening rumble of the city allowing us to hear the ripple of water and the twitter of birds. Parks create an oasis in the urban desert enabling us to sense the fragrance of a flower, and the full smell of grass. They enable us to be surrounded by the city, and being outside of it, simultaneously. Parks are metaphors of the absence of the city, at the same time that they are miniaturized still lifes, and images of constructed nature and Paradise.

Cities that are located by water are fortunate, the encounter of stone and water is entirely metaphysical. In the words of Adrian Stokes, *The hesitancy of water reveals architectural immobility*. The cosmopolitanism of harbours, and the juxtaposition of images of permanence and motion, stability and journey, ignite imagination. The smell of sea weed makes one think of the depth of ocean, of distant lands and exotic customs, of the excitement of travel and the sweet longing for home.

The city is the art form of collage and cinematic montage par excellence. The city is experienced as an endless collage and montage of impressions. The obsession of our time with collage reflects a fascination for fragment and discontinuity, and a nostalgia for traces of time. The incredible acceleration of speed has collapsed time into the flat screen of the present upon which the simultaneity of the world is projected. As time loses its dura-



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ber det dørhåndtag der er poleret blankt af talløse generationer, idet jeg træder ind i det mørke tomrum bagved. Byen og kroppen supplerer hinanden, indbyrdes definerer de hinanden.

Min perception er derfor ikke en sum af visuelle, taktile og hørte forudsætninger: Jeg sanser fuldstændigt med mit hele væsen. Jeg opfatter tingens unikke struktur, dens unikke natur, der taler til alle mine sanser på een gang, som Merleau-Ponty skriver.

Sidste kapitel af Steen Eiler Rasmussens indsigtsfulde bog *Om at opleve arkitektur* er meget betegnende kaldt: *Om at høre arkitektur*.⁹ Der er ingen tvivl om, at enhver by har sit eget specifikke ekko, alt afhængig af størrelsen og mønstret af gader såvel som herskende arkitektoniske stilarter og materialer.

Det mest intime møde med en hvilken som helst by er at høre ekkoet af ens egne skridt. Ørerne scanner rummets grænser og afgør dets skala, form og stofflighed. Ørerne rører væggene. Steen Eiler Rasmussen tænker tilbage på ekkoets arkitektur i Wiens undergrundstunnel i Orson Welles *Den Tredie Mand*: *Her oplever man arkitekturen med øret, tunnelernes cylindriske tværsnit - deres længde*.¹⁰ Hørelsens evne til at skabe en fornemmelse af rum er uventet. At vågne til lyden af en ambulance i en natlig by får os til øjeblikkeligt at rekonstruere hvem og hvor vi er, og førend vi atter falder hen i vores ensomme slummer, bliver vi opmærksomme på den sovende bys uendelighed med talløse beboere tilbagetrukket i dens hul-

Foto/Photo: Keld Helmer-Petersen, Ravello 1988

rum. Parker og pladser dæmper den ærdøvende larm fra byen og tillader os at høre vandets rislen og fuglenes kvinden. Parker skaber en oase i den urbane ørken og sætter os i stand til at fornemme duften af en blomst og den intense duft af græs. De sætter os i stand til at være omgivet af byen og være uden for den samtidig. Parker er metaforer for fraværet af byen på samme tid, som de er et stilleben i miniatureformat og billeder af konstrueret natur og Paradis.

Byer, der er lokaliseret ved vand, er heldigt stillet. Mødet mellem sten og vand er udelukkende metafysisk. Med Adrian Stokes' ord: *Vandets tæven afslører arkitekturens immobilitet*¹¹. Havnenes kosmopolitisme, sammenstillingen af billeder af permanens og bevægelse, stabilitet og rejse tænder fantasien. Lugten af tang får en til at tænke på havets dybde, på fjerne lande og eksotiske sæder og skikke, på spændingen ved at rejse og den søde hjemve.

Byen er collagens og den cinematografiske montages kunstform par excellence. Byen opleves som en endeløs collage og montage af indtryk. Vor tids besættelse af collage genspejler en fascination af fragmentation og diskontinuitet og en længsel efter tidens spor. Den utrolige forøgelse af hastighed har brudt tiden ned til den flade skærm af nutid, hvorpå verdens samtidighed er projiceret. Efterhånden som tiden mister sin varighed og ekkoet af den oprindelige fortid, mister mennesket erkendelsen af selvet som et historisk væsen og er dermed truet af tidens skygger. *Lange romaner skrevet idag er måske en selvmodsigelse: Tidsdimensionen er blevet splintret, vi kan kun leve og tænke i fragmenter af tid, som hver for sig farer ud af sin egen tangent og forsvinder øjeblikkeligt. Vi kan kun genfinde tidens kontinuitet i romaner fra den periode, hvor tiden ikke så ud til at være standset og endnu ikke syntes at være eksploderet* [...skriver Italo Calvino].¹²

Byens strukturer indfanger og bevarer tid på samme måde som litterære og kunstneriske værker. Bygninger og pladser gør os i stand til at vende tilbage til fortiden og opleve dens langsomme og lægende tid. De største arkitektoniske værker standser tiden og stiller den i evig bero.

Vi har en medfødt evne til at huske og forestille os steder. Erkendelse, erindring og fantasi påvirker hinanden konstant. Det sted, vi faktisk opholder os, smelter sammen med billeder af erindring og fantasi. Vi konstruerer uafslutteligt en uendelig by af suggestion og erindring, og alle de byer, vi har besøgt, er bydele i dette hjernens metropolis.

Litteratur og filmkunst ville være blottet for deres fortyllelse uden vores evne til at indtræde i et erindret eller imaginært sted. Erindringen fører os tilbage til fjerne byer, og romaner bringer os gennem byer fremmanet af magien fra forfatterens ord. Og stuer, pladser og gader fra en stor forfatter er lige så livagtige, som nogle af de byer vi har besøgt. De usynlige byer af Italo Calvino har for evigt beriget verdens urbane geografi. Byen San Francisco udfolder sig i sin mangfoldighed gennem Hitchcocks montage

tion, and its echo of the primordial past, man loses his sense of self as a historical being and is threatened by the shadows of time. Long novels written today are perhaps a contradiction: the dimension of time has been shattered, we cannot live or think except in fragments of time each of which goes off along its own trajectory and immediately disappears. We can rediscover the continuity of time only in the novels of that period when time no longer seemed stopped and did not yet seem to have exploded [...], writes Italo Calvino.¹²

Structures of the city capture and preserve time in the same way as literary and artistic works. Buildings and squares enable us to return to the past and experience its slow healing time. The greatest of architectural monuments halt and suspend time for eternity.

We have an innate capacity of remembering and imagining places. Perception, memory and imagination are in constant interaction, the domain of presence becomes merged in images of memory and fantasy. We keep constructing an immense city of evocation and remembrance, and all the cities we have visited are precincts in this metropolis of the mind. Literature and cinema would be devoid of their enchantment without our capacity to enter a remembered or imagined place. Memory takes us back to distant cities, and novels transport us through cities invoked by the magic of the writer's word. And the rooms, squares and streets of a great writer are as vivid as any that we have visited. The invisible cities of Italo Calvino have forever enriched the urban geography of the world. The city of San Francisco unfolds in its multiplicity through the montage of Hitchcock's Vertigo; we enter the haunting edifices in the steps of the protagonist, and see them through his eyes. And we become citizens of St. Petersburg through the incantation of Dostoevskij. We are in the room of Raskolnikov's shocking double murder, we are one of the terrified spectators watching Mikolka and his drunken friends beat a horse to death, frustrated in our inability to prevent the insane and purposeless cruelty. There is, however, a difference

between cities as visited and as imagined; details of the intangible cities of the imagination cannot be remembered, they fade away immediately as dreams drift away, and they can be conjured back by the word of the writer alone. There are cities that remain mere distant visual images when remembered, and cities that are remembered in all their vivacity. The memory reevokes the delightful city with all its sounds and smells, interchange of light and shade. I can even choose whether to walk on the sunny side or the shadow side of the street in the pleasure city of my remembrance. The measure of the sense of the city is this: Can you hear the laughter of children, the flutter of pigeon wings, and the shouting of the peddler in the city of your memory? Can you recall the echo of your foot steps? Can you imagine yourself falling in love in the city of your mind?

Juhani Pallasmaa

Sources:

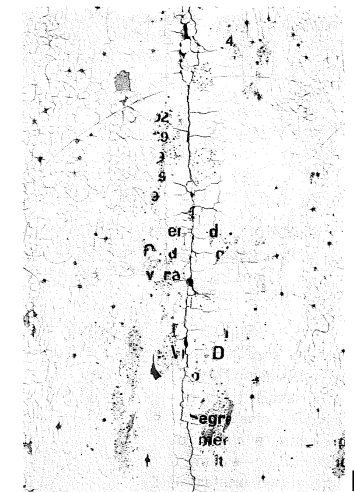
Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Signs quoted in Richard Kearney, *Maurice Merleau-Ponty Modern Movements in European Philosophy*, Manchester University Press, Manchester and New York, 1994, p. 82.

²Gaston Bachelard, *Poetics of Space*, Beacon Press, Boston, 1964, p. 6.

³Ibid., p. 46. ⁴Susan Sontag, *On Photography*, Penguin Books, New York, 1986, p. 24. ⁵Ibid., p. 7. ⁶Ibid., p. 16.

⁷Ibid., p. 11. ⁸Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Film and the New Psychology*, Sense and Nonsense, Northwestern University Press, Evanston, Illinois 1964, p. 50.

⁹Steen Eiler Rasmussen, *Experiencing Architecture*, The MIT Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1993, pp. 224. ¹⁰Ibid., p. 225. ¹¹Adrian Stokes, *Prologue: at Venice*, *The Critical Writings of Adrian Stokes*, vol. 11, Thames and Hudson, Plymouth, 1978, p. 88. ¹²Italo Calvino, *If on a winter's night a traveller*, New York, 1981, quoted in David Harvey, *The Condition of Postmodernity*, Blackwell Publishers, Cambridge, Mass., 1992, p. 291.



i filmen *Vertigo*. Vi indtræder i de hjemsøgte bygningsværker i hovedpersonens fodspor og ser dem gennem hans øjne. Og vi bliver Skt. Petersborgs indbyggere gennem Dostoevskij's besværgelser. Vi er tilstede i værelset med Raskolnikov's chokerende dobbeltmord, vi er en af de skræklagne tilskuere, der overvåger Mikolka og hans fortrukne venner tæve en hest til døde, frustrerede over vor manglende evne til at forhindre den forrykte og formålsløse ondskab.

Der er dog en forskel mellem byer, vi har besøgt, og byer vi har forestillet os, detaljer fra de abstrakte fantasibyer kan ikke huskes, de falmer øjeblikkeligt, som drømme blegner, og de kan kun kaldes tilbage af forfatterens ord.

Der er byer, som blot forbliver fjerne visuelle billeder i erindringen, og byer som bliver husket i al deres livagtighed. Erindringen vækker den indtagende by med alle dens lyde og lugte, dens skiften mellem lys og skygge, til live. Jeg kan endda vælge, hvorvidt jeg skal gå på solsiden eller skyggesiden af gaden i min hukommelses forlystelsesby.

Fornemmelsen af byen kan derfor måles således: Kan du høre børnenes latter, duernes basken med vingerne, og gadesælgerens råben i din erindringsby? Kan du genkalde dig ekkoet af dine skridt? Kan du forestille dig at blive forelsket i din sjæls by?

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

1:14

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MANDEN: Lige på grænsen.

KVINDEN: Jeg havde ikke set dig endnu.

MANDEN: I overgangen mellem lys og skygge.

Instruktion: Lars Johansson. **Dialog:** Jens Christian Grøndahl.

Lyd: Steen K. Andersen. **Klip:** Per Dreyer. **Runner:** Anne Marie Gough.

Musik: Astor Piazzolla. **Redigering:** nonstop edit. **Medvirkende:** Vibeke Hastrup og Dick Kaysø

Dialogen **MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE** optræder i redigeret form i filmen af samme navn.

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

THE MAN: On the very borderline.
THE WOMAN: I had not seen you yet.
THE MAN: On the verge of light and shadow.

17

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

DEN SANSEDE BY

Ved: Henning Damgård-Sørensen

Engang i min tidlige drengetid oplevede jeg på en åben sporvogns forperron Nationalmuseets lange, lave og tunge kolonnade. Det var eftersommer, det støvregnede, asfalten var våd og spejlende, de palæpudsede facader nærmede sig en skifergrå farve. Lige før dunkelheden og den mekaniske monoton blev overvældende, nåede vi Holmens Kanal, og det store asymmetriske rum ved Gl. Strand åbnede sig i næsten tindrende lys.

I mit personlige univers, i min historie, blev oplevelsen en af de betydningsfulde. I og for sig er det banalt. Men i en tid, hvor rationalistiske og religiøse systemer bryder sammen, og lykkedrømmen forvandles til morbid intolerance, søger mange det enkle og entydige svar på alle spørgsmål. Intet er lettere end at dele verden op i skyldige og uskyldige, men ikke engang en politirapport kan leve op til dette synspunkt. Vi oplever ikke mekanisk, som en mikrofon eller et fotografiapparat, men i en stadig dialog mellem vores personlige indre rum og det ydre rum. I en kæde, hvor det umiddelbart oplevede og erindringer griber fortolkende ind i oplevelsen. Vi er underkastet skiftende stemningers tyranni, hvor virkeligheden formentlig befinder sig et sted imellem modsat rettede fænomener. Lysets forudsætning er mørket, det lette opleves på baggrund af det tunge. I denne dialektiske verden, uden facit, opfatter jeg storbyen med den hastige puls, med de ustyrlige, påtrængende oplevelser, som den store scene, hvor skiftende generationers dramaer udfolder sig i både fascinerende og frastødende billeder. *Verden er en skueplads, hvor hver mand har sin rolle* - fortolker Shakespeare. Det er byens funktion at optræde som klangbund for dette livs mangfoldighed. Og hver tid bidrager med større eller mindre held.

I byrummet ved Gl. Strand oplever vi, så at sige i et blik, byens historie, forudsætningen for vor fælles erindring. Den svungne kanal ved Nybrogade fortæller med den markante kurve ind i rummet om den geologiske dimension. Her var den strand, hvor fiskere bosatte sig. Og her solgte de legendariske skovsærker alt godt fra havet langt ind i vort århundrede. Om vinteren polstrede med gamle aviser, altid med munterhed og ramsalt sprog. Kanalen fyldt op med en mindre fiskerflåde og hyttefede, hvorfra levende fisk blev hentet op til salgsboderne.

Straks på Stormgadebroen ved Holmens Kanal ser jeg til højre, langt i baggrunden, højhushotellet på Amager udtrykke nutidens ånøghed og mangel på karakter. Der er anderledes krummer og poesi i den foranliggende Marmorbro med pavilloner, skabt af Eigved i inspireret rokokostil. Ridehusets impo-

Once, when I was a young boy, I remember seeing, from the front platform of an open trolley car, the long and low and heavy colonnade of the National Museum. It was late summer, it was drizzling and the asphalt was wet and reflective. The splendidly plastered facades called to mind a slate-grey hue. Just when the dimness and the mechanical monotony were becoming overwhelming, we reached Holmens Kanal, and the great asymmetrical space at Gammel Strand opened up, in an all but twinkling light. In my personal universe, in my own history, this experience became one of the most momentous. In and of itself, it's all so trite. But at a time when rationalistic and religious systems are collapsing and the dream about happiness is being transformed into morbid intolerance, many are searching for the simple and unequivocal answer to all questions. Nothing could be easier than splitting the world up into the guilty and the innocent, but even a police report cannot fulfill these expectations. We experience not mechanically, like a microphone or a camera, but rather in a steadily ongoing dialogue between our personal inner space and the external space. In a procession where the immediately perceived and memories intervene, interpretatively, into the experience. We are subjected to the tyranny of shifting atmospheres, where reality is presumably situated somewhere in between contradictory phenomena. The prerequisite of light is darkness, what is light is perceived against the background of what is heavy. In the world of dialectics, without any correct answer, I perceive the metropolis with the hurried pulse, with the uncontrollably invasive experiences as the great stage, where the dramas of shifting generations unfold themselves in both fascinating and repellent pictures. *All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players* - expounds Shakespeare. It is the city's function to officiate as a tonal base for the multiplicity of this life. And each epoch makes its contribution, more or less successfully. In the urban space around Gammel Strand we can experience, in a glance, you might say, the city's history, the basis of our common recollection. With its striking curvature into the space, the swerving canal running alongside Nybrogade offers an account about the geological dimension. Here was the very shore where the fishermen settled. And it was here

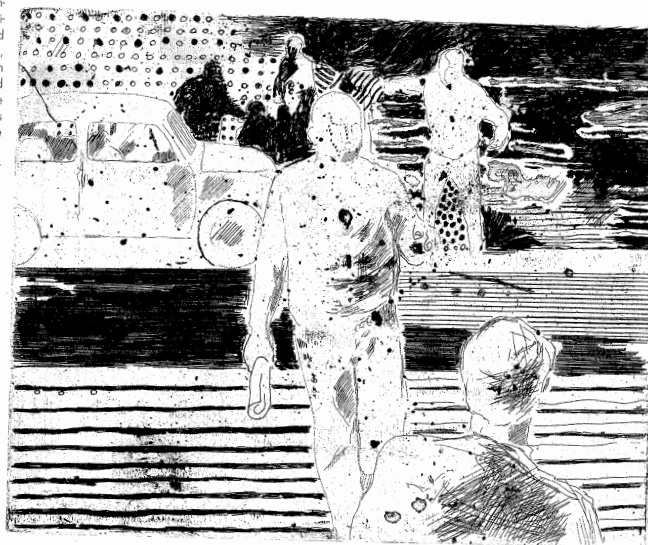
that the legendary women of Skovshoved peddled everything the sea had to offer, far up into the present century. In winter, their clothes lived with old newspapers, they would always offer great cheer and racy patter. The canal was filled with a small fishing fleet and well-boxes, from where the fish were fetched alive up to the stalls and sold.

Standing on the Stormgade bridge, by Holmens Kanal I look to the right, far into the background, and I can see the high-rise hotel, on the island of Amager, articulating the present-day's anonymity and lack of character. Immediately before me, however, there is power and poetry in the Marmorbro with its pavilions, created by Eigved in inspired rococo style. The very dimensions of the Riding School's imposing, arching facade bespeak the division of powers of absolute monarchy. This was one of the few places in Copenhagen which made an impression on the widely travelled Spaniard, Miranda, who visited the city at the end of the eighteenth century: *perhaps the best building of its kind in all of Europe*. The same Miranda saw, on the other side of the canal, the row of so-called firehouses which were put up after the great conflagration in 1728. And the Court Confectionery's small and daintily decorated house with the sandstone facade on the corner of Knabstræde. The present-day Cultural Ministry's building is a living example of an urban house that has had many incarnations: first as ceremonial residence for C.A. Berkentin; then as Assistenshus, the state-owned pawn-brokerage establishment in Copenhagen, leaving something of Uncle's was a last resort for the city's poor people - and today, a cultural ministry, which takes the sting from the air for a whole different class of beleaguered citizens.

Staring you right in the face is the Thorvaldsen's Museum, almost like a jewel case, with its sloping portals, its intense and singular power of color and an ultramarine that burns its way right into the soul. Here, a tale is told about a time when art was still appreciated, long before its general demobilization.

In the style of a news report, Sonne's frieze offers an account of the unparalleled welcome upon the hero's return to Copenhagen. And it was here that the young Bindesbøll was given the chance to prove his mettle in a markedly personal and audacious idiom which could hardly

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



Gadebillede II, 1969, Knud Hansen

Og hofkonditørens lille pyntelige hus med sandstensfacaden på hjørnet af Knabrostræde. Kulturministeriets hus er et levende eksempel på byhuse med mange anvendelsesmuligheder: Som repræsentativ bolig for grev C.A. Berkentin, som assistenshus, hvor pantelånerinstitutionen, Københavns Onkel, var en sidste udvej for byens fattige, og nu et kulturministerium, der mildner luften for andre betrængte medborgere. Lige for næsen ligger Thorvaldsens Museum næsten som et smykkeskrin med sine skrå portaler, sin stærke og egenartede farvekraft og en ultramarinblå, der brænder sig helt ind i sjælen. Her fortælles om en tid, hvor kunsten endnu var værdsat, inden kunstens almindelige demobilisering.

I rapporterende stil beskriver Sonnes frise kunstnerens enestående heltemodtagelse i København. Og her fik den unge Bindeball lov til at prøve kræfter i et personligt og dristigt sprog, som næppe ville slippe igennem nutidens puritanske nåleøje, præget af almindelighedens filosofi.

Bag Thorvaldsens Museum skimtes Slotskirken rundt kuppel, et Københavns Pantheon, som fører over til den særlige, stilfærdige københavnske klassicisme, der præger husene ved Højbro Plads. På den baggrund springer han frem i nationalromantisk, heroisk stil, Absalon til hest, Bispen, byens håndfaste grundlægger, støbt i bronze.

Dette byrum er vokset frem som en ældgammel organisk vækst, uden egentlig planlægning, med tilføjelser og forløb. I denne løse polytone orkestrering rejser sig i baggrunden Nicolajs middelalderlige stenmassiv som et markerende paukeslag. Et potent symbol på bispestaden. Men egentlig også på den del af den tidlige industrialisme, der endnu troede på den spontane, irrationelle oplevelses betydning og værdsatte det visuelle bymiljø. Brygger Jacobsen bekostede det grønne forside spir uden mindste krav om placering af firmaets logo på et synligt sted. Det var inden civilisationen blev fanget i et net af bytteforhold og bytteværdier. Spiret er helt uden nytteværdi. Som det tegner sig imod skiftende himmelslys, er det udelukkende en æstetisk oplevelse, en øjenfyld. Det fortæller om en tid, hvor teknokratiets ånd endnu var isoleret i flasken og ikke forvandlet til en altdominerende molok.

Tidsånden sætter sine spor i byen. Derfor er byudvikling og byplanlægning ikke kun en disciplin for specialister, men et bredt felt med moralske, politiske og økonomiske perspektiver. Bygherren er i princippet hele folket, og der er flere gode eksempler på den tese, at der findes et kvalitativt forinstinkt, en æstetisk sans bredt ud i hele folket. Dårlig smag er ikke en uomgængelig naturlov.

Selv om alle formelle forudsætninger er til stede for udviklingen af en nutidig fælles by, virker de fleste tiltag kaotiske og uden sammenhæng. Spørgsmålene stilles forkert, og svarene bliver derefter. I reglen er det begrænsede grupperinger med ensidige interesser, der dominerede diskussionen. Og byens liv bliver i reglen ensidigt iscenesat.

even stand a chance to slip through the eye of the present-day Puritan needle, stamped so firmly with the philosophy of the ordinary.

Behind Thorvaldsen's Museum, you can just catch a glimpse of the round cupola of the Slotskirken: a Copenhagen Pantheon which leads us around to the special unobtrusive Copenhagen classicism that characterizes the buildings at Højbro Plads. Against this background, he springs forth in national romantic, heroic style - Absalon, on horseback, the bishop, the city's heavy-handed founder, cast in bronze. This urban space has emerged as an age-old organic accretion, without any planning in the proper sense of the word, as a result of appendices and sequential lapse. In this loose polyphonic orchestration, Nikolaj's medieval stone massif rises up, as an accentuating downstroke on the kettle drum. A potent symbol of the episcopal city. But also, actually, of that segment of early industrialism that still maintained faith in the significance of the spontaneously irrational and still believed in the value of the city's visual environment. The brewer Jacobsen paid for the green-ornamented steeple without making any demand whatsoever about placing his firm's logo at any visible spot. That was before civilization became ensnared in a net of barter relations and bartered values. The steeple is entirely free from utility value. As it delineates itself into the shifting light of the skies, it is a solely aesthetic experience, a sight for sore eyes. It bespeaks of a time when the genie of technocracy was still sealed off inside the bottle and had not yet been transmuted into an all-dominating Moloch.

The spirit of the time leaves its tracks behind in the city. That's why urban development and urban planning are not merely disciplines for specialists, they also constitute a broad field - with moral, political and economic perspectives. In principle, it is the people taken as a whole who are the building client, and there are many good examples supporting the thesis that there is some kind of qualitative form instinct, an aesthetic sense, which is widely propagated throughout the entire population. Bad taste is not an unavoidable law of nature.

Even though all the formal prerequisites for the development of a contemporary common city are present, most of the

enterprises seem to be chaotic and lacking in coherence. The questions are posed in the wrong way and the answers are accordingly erroneous. As a rule, there are a limited number of groups, with one-sided interests, who dominate the discourse. And the life of the city becomes, as a rule, staged in a one-sided manner.

Once upon a time, Nyhavn was a lively quarter, where the crude, cackling and melancholic laughter rang out from the saloon, where there wasn't far from a kiss to a punch in the nose. Here, poets found inspiration aplenty and Katinka opened up the window to let in the Spring - and her lover. Now the place has become transformed into a blending of fashionableness and nostalgic, flaccid folkiness. An illusion, a newly-dressed prudish tidiness which calls to mind my own childhood's Sunday schoolboys. A feigned mirth which requires incessant smiling, as wide as a cow-catcher, as has been so well described by Benny Andersen. The humanifical urban space is transformed into the amusement park's pseudo-world. To the delight of the tourist industry and the Businessmen's Association. Here, in the words of Thomas Nielsen, the enterprising have triumphed to hell.

On Gasværksvej (Gasworks Road). The very name! On Gasværksvej I saw quite early one morning, a darkly skinned person from India turn the corner, riding an old and worn lady's bicycle. At a good speed, with turban and saffron-yellow veiled robe flowing behind. In this narrow street, which begins at Vesterbros Torv and the New Theater - where festively dressed Copenhageners dream themselves away in the illusory world of the opera - and ends up in the double meat market at Halmtorvet and in Kødbyen (meat town), life unfolds itself in the widest measure. Even though I am an outsider, I can sense here that compound multiplicity, that intractability and survival instinct which is also the metropolis. Here there are no formulating and organizing ideas on the local plane. But you are face to face with reality and the individual person's inner place of refuge. I am still wondering where the hell that Indian got that bike from.

The Titanesque results of technology are so prominent and so conspicuous that many can derive the foundations for a new religion in its procedures. The calam-

Engang var Nyhavn et levende kvarter, hvor den rå skrattende og melankolske latter klingede ud fra værtshuse, hvor der ikke var langt mellem kys og æretæver, digtere hentede inspiration i mangfoldigheden, og Katinka lukkede vinduet op for våren. Nu er stedet forvandlet til en blanding af mondænitet og nostalgisk, slatten folkelighed. En illusion, en nyfriseret pænhed, der minder om min barndoms søndags-skoledegn. En påtaget muntherhed, der kræver konstante smil, brede som kofangere, beskrevet så fint af Benny Andersen. Det menneskefyldte byrum forvandles til forlystelsesparkens pseudoverden. Til glæde for turistindustrien og Handelstandsforeningen. Her har de initiativrige med Thomas Nielsens ord *sejret ad halvde til*.

På Gasværksvej. Alene navnet! På Gasværksvej så jeg en tidlig morgen en mørklødet inder dreje om hjørnet på en gammel damecykel. I god fart, med turban og safrangule slørhalegevanter flagrende efter sig. I denne smalle gade, der starter ved Vesterbros Torv og Det Ny Teater, hvor festklædte københavnere drømmer sig væk i operettens illusionsverden, og som ender i det dobbelte kødmarked på Halmtorvet og i Kødbyen, udfolder livet sig i den bredeste målestok. Selv om jeg er en udenforstående betragter, fornemmer jeg her den sammensatte mangfoldighed, den ustyrlighed og overlevelsestrang, der også er storbyen. Her er ingen formulerede og organiserede ideer til lokalplan.

Men man er tæt på virkeligheden og de enkelte menneskers indre tilflugtsteder. Endnu spekulerer jeg på, hvor inderen mon fik den cykel fra.

Teknikkens himmelstormende resultater er så fremragende og iøjenspringende, at mange henter grundlaget for en ny religion i disse arbejdsmetoder. Ulykken er, at vi i stigende omfang også betragter mennesket som en maskine. I denne mekaniske og tingsforgudende verden forvandler vi os frivilligt til ting. Den subjektive spontane oplevelse og de altafgørende sansevibrationer, som for den enkelte udgør virkeligheden, tilsidesættes. En hel arkitektskole har som Faust solgt sjælen til Mefistofeles. Ikke mindst arkitekturens moderne teoretikere har leveret ammunition, der under varemærket funktionalisme passer som patroner i kamret. Og endnu lider vi under, at de var så satans velformulerede og passede så godt i tidsånden.

Arkitekturen er kunstens moder, proklamerede Gropius og sejlede Bauhausskolen direkte ind i teknokratiets minifelt, hvor kunsten blev sendt til bunds. Skolens næstsidste leder, Hannes Meyer, cementerede den arkitekturfilosofi, der udelukkende handler om *den virkelighed, der kan ses, måles og vejes. Tiden er ved at revne af virkelighed* - som Franz Werfel konstaterede. Det hører til ironiens overdrev, at den socialt engagerede Gropius konkretiserede sine ideer i *Gropius byen* i Berlin, der nu opfattes som en social katastrofe.

I tidens maskinbegejstring kom Le Corbusier med på vognen under parolen *Huset er en maskine til at bo i*. Skønt hans formsans er uomtvistelig, fik han f.eks. i Indien skabt bygninger, som beboerne ikke kan finde ud af at bo i.

Vores egen Poul Henningsen hører til funktionalismens selvsikre og talentfulde teoretikere, der hyldede ingeniørens genialitet og reducerede byplanlægningens opgaver til spørgsmål om *timelige fornødenheder, føden, hygiejnen, børnenes opvækst*. For hans eftermæle ligner det et svineheld, at han aldrig fik lejlighed til at realisere sine ideer i fuld målestok.

Steen Eiler Rasmussen var mindre heldig. Han opfattede byplanlægning som en social løftestang for velfærdssamfundet. Mange husker endnu hans blændende foredrag, og denne rationalist kunne skrive henført, forelsket og medrivende om juletræet. Tingbjergprojektet ved Husum lignede i sin begrænsede størrelse en ønskeopgave, og Steen Eiler Rasmussens smukke beskrivelse *Menneskesamfundet Tingbjerg* præges af skrivebordets utopi. Her er alle de gode hensigter om gode naboskaber, nærhed, lys og luft, sund livsudfoldelse, sunde rammer for børnenes opvækst.

Boligblokkene blev placeret på området i en rationel orden, som ligner en underkorporals lykkedrøm om den fuldendte militærparade. Monoton og så kedsommeligt, at ingen frivilligt lægger familiens spadseretur om ad Tingbjerg. At kommunen udnytter sine muligheder for at placere socialt belastede familier i bebyggelsen, stimulerer nu heller ikke den henrivende utopi om nærhed og den sunde livsudfoldelse.

22 I den moderne verden slipper vi ikke uden om planlægning. Slet ikke! Men spørgsmålene bestemmer svarene. Vi har søgt efter metoder og instrumenter, der kan belyse virkeligheden. Den kunstneriske holdning er trængt tilbage til fordel for en mekanisk, teknokratisk metode. Det centrale tema er, om vi beherskes af eller behersker de tekniske kræfter, vi selv har skabt. Som Franz Werfel påpeger, har vi dyrket *realisindlaget* så længe, at vi vanskeligt kan se forskel på illusion, utopiske drømme og virkeligheden. Han udtrykker det således *Realiteten aftager kvadratisk med den tekniske organisations fuldkommenhedsgrad*.

Vi har overvurderet vores evne til rationelt og med den videnskabelige teknologi at belyse udviklingen. På stadig flere områder beskriver vores planlægningsiver en krise. Situationen ligner den, hvor troldmandens lærling bedende erkender:

Herre, næden er stor,
de ånder jeg manede frem
kan jeg nu ikke slippe for.

Den eneste udvej og kursændring jeg kan finde, er at indgive kunsten noget af den energi, der hidtil så umådeholdent er tildelt teknikken.

ity is that, to an ever increasing degree, we are also coming to regard the human being as a machine. In this mechanical and thing-idolizing world, we voluntarily transform ourselves into things. The subjectively spontaneous experience and the all too crucial sensory vibrations that constitute reality for the individual person are disregarded. Just like Faust, one entire School of Architecture has sold its soul to Mephistopheles. Especially architecture's modern theorists have supplied ammunition which has, under the trademark of functionalism, functioned like bullets in the chamber. And we are still suffering from the fact that they were so damned well-formulated and that their notions fit so well into the tenor of the times.

Architecture is the mother of art proclaimed Walter Gropius, and proceeded to sail the Bauhaus School directly into the minefield of technocracy, where art was sunk to the bottom. The penultimate leader of the latter school, Hannes Meyer, cemented that philosophy of architecture which treats exclusively that reality which can be seen, measured and weighed. Time is bursting with reality - as Franz Werfel ascertained. One of the fringes of irony is that the socially committed Gropius concretized his ideas in the Gropius Village in Berlin, which is presently regarded as being a social catastrophe. In his day's enthusiasm for the machine, Le Corbusier happened on board the wagon under the slogan *The house is a machine in which to live*. Despite the fact that his sense of form is incontestable, he has created buildings, in India, for example, in which the residents just cannot figure out how to live.

Our very own Poul Henningsen was one of functionalism's cocksure and talented theoreticians who paid tribute to the genius of the engineers and reduced the task of urban planning to a question about temporal needs, birth, hygiene, the raising of children. With respect to his good reputation, it seems to be a stroke of luck that he never got the opportunity to realize his ideas in their full scale.

Steen Eiler Rasmussen was somewhat less fortunate. He perceived urban planning to be a social lever for the welfare society. There are many who still remember his dazzling lectures. This rationalist could write in an enraptured, lovestruck and gripping way about the Christmas tree. In its limited dimensions, the *Tingbjerg Pro-*

ject, in Husum, looked like the dream job, and Steen Eiler Rasmussen's beautiful description, *The Human Society - Tingbjerg*, is stamped with the utopia of the writing table. Here are all the good intentions regarding good neighborhoods, proximity, light and air, healthy self-expression, healthy frames for the raising of children.

The apartment houses were positioned at the site in a rational order which resembles that of a lance-corporal's happy dream about the consummate military parade. So monotonously and so tediously that nobody would voluntarily plot the course of the family's stroll around Tingbjerg. The fact that today the municipality can exploit its possibilities for placing economically strained families within the building complex does not further stimulate any endearing utopia about proximity and healthy self-expression.

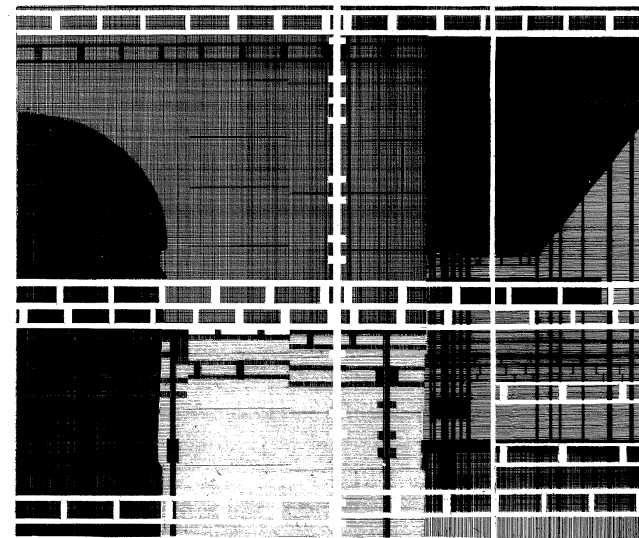
In the modern world, there is no way we can - or should - avoid planning. By no means! But the questions do determine the answers. We have been searching for methods and instruments that can illuminate reality. The artistic attitude has been driven back in favor of a mechanical, technocratic method. The central theme is whether we are controlled by, or whether it is we who master, the technological forces that we have created ourselves. As Franz Werfel has pointed out, we have been cultivating the "temperament of the real" for so long that it is difficult for us to see the difference between illusion, utopian dreams and reality. He expresses it in this way: *Reality diminishes quadratically with the degree of perfection of the technological organization*.

In still more areas, we have overestimated our capacity for rationality and with it, the capacity of scientific technology to illuminate reality. Our keen policymaking is pointing toward a crisis. The situation calls to mind that one wherein the sorcerer's apprentice imploringly acknowledges:

Master, the peril is great,
I cannot get away from
The spirits that I have conjured up.

The only means of escape and change of course that I can come up with is to administer to art some of the energy that has hitherto been so excessively bestowed upon technology.

By: Henning Damgård-Sørensen



2:14

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KVINDEN: Jeg havde lukket øjnene.

MANDEN: Lige der hvor skyggen af gavlen på bygningen overfor, hvor den ophørte langs en ulden diagonal tværs over søjlerne.

KVINDEN: Jeg stod sådan længe. Ligesom faldet i staver.

MANDEN: Mellem søjlerne, så skyggen skar dig midt over. Halveret, så kun din overkrop, dit ansigt ragede op i det lave lys.

KVINDEN: Jeg mærkede varmen mod mit ansigt, lyset gennem øjenlågene. Som et fremmed blik. Gult. Orange. Lyset gennem blodet.

MANDEN: Til at begynde med ville jeg bare se, hvor længe du kunne blive stående sådan. Ret op og ned, med lukkede øjne. Med ansigtet løftet mod solen. Som om du lyttede efter noget, prøvede at komme i tanke om noget.

KVINDEN: Som om jeg lyttede til lyset. Som en dyb tone, der trængte gennem øjenlågenes tynde hud. Ligesom trafikens dybe, vedvarende lyd.

MANDEN: Med let adskilte læber.

KVINDEN: Som et barn.

MANDEN: Jeg ville bare se, hvor længe det kunne lade sig gøre at blive stående, mens trafikken fortsatte forbi dig. Standset midt i eftermiddagen, i dens lave, hårde lys. Som ramt, hvad er det man siger?

KVINDEN: Af lyset.

MANDEN: Ja. Som om den skrå eftermiddagssol var et langt, standset lynnedslag. Som et fotografi. Glemte af tiden.

KVINDEN: Jeg har været lidt ved siden af mig selv i dag. Jeg ved ikke, hvad det var. Måske varmen, måden den klæbede til huden på, mellem tøjet og huden. For hvert skridt man tager, er det, som om man træder et skridt ved siden af sig selv, og så et til, og endnu et, indtil ...

MANDEN: Rykket ud, ubevægelig. Som om minutterne flød udenom, ligesom fodgængerne og bilerne. Som en strøm, der viger udenom og fortsætter.

KVINDEN: Den kan ikke andet. Kun fortsætte. Videre.

MANDEN: Som om du var en forhindring, som alting bare veg udenom for at fortsætte, hele tiden fortsætte. Umuligt at standse.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

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THE WOMAN: I had closed my eyes.

THE MAN: Right where the shadow cast by the gable of the building opposite, right where it ended along a woolly diagonal across the columns.

THE WOMAN: I stood like that for a long time. As if lost in my own thoughts.

THE MAN: Between the columns, so that the shadow cut you in half, with only the upper part of your body, your face sticking out in the low light.

THE WOMAN: I felt the heat against my face, the light through my eyelids. Like a strange gaze. Yellow. Orange. The light through my blood.

THE MAN: At first, I only wanted to see how long you could stand like that. Upright and with your eyes closed. Face turned towards the sun. As if you were listening for something, trying to remember something.

THE WOMAN: As if I was listening for the light. Like a deep tone, penetrating the delicate skin of my eyelids. Just like the low-pitched, continuous sound of the traffic.

THE MAN: With your lips slightly apart.

THE WOMAN: Like a child.

THE MAN: I only wanted to see how long you would be able to stand there while the traffic passed you by. Immobile, right in the middle of the afternoon, in its low, harsh light. As if struck, what is it you say?

THE WOMAN: By lightning.

THE MAN: Yes. As if the slanted afternoon sun was one prolonged, arrested stroke of lightning. Like a photograph. Forgotten by time.

THE WOMAN: I have been a bit distraught today. I don't know what it was. Perhaps the heat, the way it stuck to my skin, between my clothes and skin. It is as if every step you take is a step beside yourself, and then another one, and yet another, until...

THE MAN: Pulled out, immovable. As if the minutes swerved, like the pedestrians and the cars. Like a stream which deviates and then continues.

THE WOMAN: That's all it can do. Just continue. Onwards.

THE MAN: As if you were an obstacle which everything just avoided in order to continue, constantly continue. Impossible to stop.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

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SOM HUSE SER...

En fiktion af Michael Buchwald

AS HOUSES SEE...
a work of fiction

Expectant of a new day, the butcher whets his knife against the steel. Above the shop door, the sun sparkles in the gold bronzed skull of a bull's head. In the echo valley of the street, streetcar wheels shrill against burnished rail iron. A number 3 passes by.

Where the house fronts give way and the space opens, Blågård's Square is situated. Encircled by trees, solidly framed by stone. A depression guarded by stone chimera. Polished by climbing children. The streams of people in the streets take to the square on this day. The people pack themselves under flying flags and banners. Watchwords and slogans. Megaphone crackling and a brass band's courageous attempt at agitating. Votes are won in the heartland of the Movement. Headed by waving red colours, the mass procession turns out from the square. From the adjoining streets, tens of thousands will join them on their short way to the park. The final destination on this great day.

This is Friendly Country. The inhabitants feel attached to their houses. This is where the life is. But they have one thing in common. They do not like strangers. The regulars regard strangers with suspicion and localistic condescension. Born and raised in the street - then they will accept you. The oases of the stone desert are the Café Guldberg, the Café Hamlet, the Café Mosen, and the Café Århus. Accompanied by accordion and jukebox music, it is established that there is a different life. For the elderly as well as for the children in proms.

In the backyards there is noise from workshops. Squealing saws and hammer strokes blend in with shouts, arguments, and laughter.

From the northern suburbs, the cars follow beaten roads into the city. At the Sankt

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Forventningsfuld mod en ny dag hvæsser slagteren sin kniv mod strygstøtlet. Over butiksdøren spiller solen i et tyrehoveds guldbronzerede pandebrask. I gadens ekkodal skingrer sporgvognshjul mod blankslidt skinnestål. En linje 3 passerer.

Hvor hustacaderne viger og rummet åbner ligger Blågård's Plads. Træomkranset, solidt stenindrammet. En forsænkning vogtet af fabelfigurer i sten. Blankslidte af børnenes klatren. Gadernes menneskestrømme søger mod pladsen denne dag. Mennesker pakker sig under vajende faner og bannere. Paroler og slagord. Megafonskrat og et messingorkestres behjertede forsøg på at opildne. Her hentes stemmer i Bevægelsens hjerteland. Med vejende rødt i front drejer folketøget ud fra pladsen. Fra de nærmeste gader vil titusinder slutte sig til, på det korte stræk til Parken. Målet på denne festdag.

Det er Venneland. Beboerne hænger ved deres huse. Her leves livet. Men et er til fælles. Man bryder sig ikke om nogen udefra. De faste betragter fremmede med mistro og en hjemmestolt nedlædighed. Født og opvokset i gaden, så blir man godtaget.

Stenørkenens oaser er Café Guldberg, Café Hamlet, Café Mosen og Café Århus. Til musikken fra harmonika og jukeboks slås det fast, at der er et andet liv. For både gamle og børn i barnevogn.

I gårdene hører man larm fra værksteder. Savhvin og hammerslag blander sig med tilråb, skændierer og latter.

Fra forstæderne i Nord kører bilerne ad slagne veje mod centrum. I Sankt Hans Torvs knudepunkt når hovedfærdselsåren bykernens forgrenede gadenet. Mange strømme mødes. Frakørsel og tilkørsel må

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reguleres. En betjent deler rummet og tiden efter behov. En levende tegngiver i fremskridtets malstrøm. Med venlighed vinker han frem. Myndigt viser han tilbage. Øjenkontakt skaber forståelse, fører langt. Fra et nedrullet vindue gives en replik, gengældes et smil. Bevægelsesmønstrets stramhed forvandles fra eksercits til ballet. Bevægelserne spejler lyst. Et overskud i situationen. På sin sårbare forhøjning arbejder betjenten som en kunstner på sit felt. For de kørende i bilerne vokser de enkle tegn fra funktion til oplevelse. Måden hvordan ligeså meget som hvad, hvornår, hvorhen. Køkørlens sneglefart opfyldes af forventning. Om oplevelse. Om præstation. Han danser, betjenten. Hans armbevægelser føres igennem med en klargørende renhed. Tegn skæres ud i rummet. Entydigt. Uforveksleligt. Henvendt. Energiene strømmer. Et overskud gives videre. Modtages. Med munthed i de morgenstressede kabiner. Som en lettelse i eftermiddagens hovedpine. Her ses en kunstner i arbejde.

Det kørende publikum kvitterer og takker. Små personlige gaver ved højtid. Ud af et åbent vindue lægges på trafiksoklen et par cigarer, vin, snaps. Som offergaver ved et kludetræ. Strømmen af velstand danser forbi. Uniformen har et menneskeligt ansigt.

Rådhusets folk river gårdhusene ned. Beboerne bliver deporteret. Til Fjendeland eller til De Gamles By. En velmenende planlægger udtaler han vil skabe luft og lys. Den Sorte Firkant skal væk. Entreprenørmasinerne kører frem. Under en kalkgrå støvfanes slør knaser mørnet træ i nedrivningsmaskinernes grabber. En tomt ligger tom. Kvarterets hjerte er tømt for liv. Planlæggerens fantasi standser med nedrivningen. Tiden går.

Hans Square junction, the artery of traffic reaches the city core's widely ramified network of streets. Many streams meet. Access and exit must be regulated. A policeman divides time and space as required. A living signpost in the vortex of progress. He waves ahead with friendliness. He keeps back masterfully. From a rolled-down window, a remark is made, a smile answered. The rigid pattern of movement changes from drill to ballet. The movements reflect desire. A reserve of power in the situation. On his vulnerable platform, the policeman works as an artist in his field. To the passing cars, the various signs grow from function to experience. The manner in which as much as what, when, where to. The slowness of traffic jam driving is filled with expectation. Of experience. Of performance. He dances, the policeman. The movements of his arms are completed with clarifying cleanliness. Signs are cut into space. Unambiguously. Unmistakably. Addressed.

The energies flow. Reserve power is passed on. Received. With cheerfulness in the morning-bustled compartments. With relief in the afternoon headache. Here is an artist at work.

Received with thanks by the driving audience. Little personal gifts at the high feasts. Through an open window a couple of cigars, wine, and schnapps are placed on the traffic island. Like sacrifices to a magic oak. The stream of prosperity dances along. The uniform has a human face.

The people from the City Hall tear down back buildings. The inhabitants are deported. To Enemy Country or to the Old Age Pensioners' Town. A well-meaning planner says that he wants to bring in air and light. The Black Quadrangle must go. The bulldozers are moving in. Under the veil of a chalky grey plume of dust, decayed wood crunches in the grabs of demolition machines. A site is empty. The heart of the neighbourhood has been emptied of life. The city plan

ners' imagination stops at demolition. Time passes.

Time passes. The children reconquer the fallow. They use the demolition scrap to build entire little castles.

Guided by self-help and imagination, children and grown-ups whomp up Byggeren - their own building site adventure playground. A heart painted in red on a boarding. The City Hall send out a demolition squad.

The users of the place, children and their guides block the access streets. Building the first barricade is a mere child's play. The City Hall call out police for the protection of the construction workers. Large police cars full of helmets drive through the neighbourhood. The blue helmets form cordons and close the streets. The battle has begun. They are fighting for Byggeren. The people who live in the neighbourhood pick up workmen's wagons and road material. The people in the neighbourhood use whatever is available. Sofas, TV sets, cement tubes, bicycles. It is the self-determination of the neighbourhood against the planlessness of the City Hall, with the Police acting as stooges. From all over the big city, sympathizers flock to Byggeren. The clashes become more violent. The blue uniforms begin to use dogs and batons. Black Marias take the prisoners away. The neighbourhood struggle produces repercussions in the media coverage. At night, fires flare up. The siege continues for days and nights.

A massive assault by police in field uniforms breaks a hole in the defence chain. Barricades are bulldozed away. Garden lots, flower beds, and the children's fantasies are razed to the ground. Useful housing must be run up. Redbrick shells scantily covering the primitive shapes of the concrete imagination. And there will be something green to look at, too.

The central office at Blågård's is answering calls. An order for a trip is received. An angel packs his rucksack. Moonshine is riding his reserve bike today. He makes

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Tiden går. Børnene generobrer braklandet. Med nedrivningsmaterialer bygger de hele små slotte. Med selvhjælp og fantasi som rettesnor banker børn og voksne Byggeren op. Et påmalet hjerte i rødt på et plankeværk. Nyt liv pulserer. Rådhuset udsender en nedrivningskommando. Stedets brugere, børn og deres vejledere blokerer tilkørselsgaderne. Den første barrikade bygges som leg.

Rådhuset sender politi til beskyttelse af bygningsarbejderne. Skovvogne med hjelmlædte kører gennem kvarteret. De hjelmlædte blå danner kæde og spærre af. Slaget er i gang. De kæmper om Byggeren. Kvarterets beboere henter skurvogne og vejmateriel. Folk i kvarteret bruger alt forhåndenværende. Sofaer, fjernsyn, cementrør, cykler. Det er kvarterets selvbestemmelse op imod Rådhusets planløshed, med Politiet som håndlangere. Fra overalt i den store by strømmer sympathisører til Byggeren. Sammenstødene bliver hårdere. De blåklædte tager hunde og stave i brug. Salafadene kører anholdte væk. Byggerens brugere mobiliserer totalt. Beboerkampen gir genlyd i mediedækningen. Om natten flammer bålene. Belejringen trækker ud i dage og nætter.

Et massivt stormløb af felklædt politi bryder hul i forsvarskæden. Barrikader dozes tilside. Havestykker, blomsterbede og børnenes fantasibilleder jævnnes med jorden. Nyttige boliger skal op i en fart. Skaller i rødtregl nædtæftigt over betonfantasiens primitivformer. Der kommer skam også grønt for øjet.

Bestillingskontoret ved Blågård's besvarer opkald. En kørselsordre bliver modtaget. En engel pakker sin rygsæk. Moonshine kører sin reservecykel idag. Skyder genvej gennem baggårdene, hvor de danner passage. Sørger for øjenkontakt med de andre trafikanter. Han er stolt over at være den bedste. Det bud



der har ordnet flest forsendelser og dermed tjent flest penge. 68 ture på en dag - det er en tur hvert tiende minut.

Det er en pengeverden uden lige Moonshine får indblik i. Et brev afleveret på flyvebåden til Malmø og besked over radioen om at købe fire pakker Prince til et reklamebureau. Moonshine føler, han rider på en kæmpemæssig bølge af succes. Det er en stor tilfredsstillelse for ham at være den bedste. Der er ikke en måned, hvor han har tjent mindre end 20.000 kr. Selvfølgelig kører han en god cykel. For en engel med rygsæk som Moonshine er cyklen simpelthen et arbejdsredskab. Undertiden drømmer Moonshine et mareridt, hvor han flyver gennem luften og styrter ned. De fleste af hans styrt skyldes materialefejl: flækkede fælg og knækkede stel. Moonshine er aldrig blevet ramt af en bil. Det der med kantsten er virkelig ikke noget problem. Men det absolutte mareridt er en knækket for-gaffel eller et forhjul der hopper af. Det skete for Scarface, som den uheldige kollega blir kaldt efter sit styrt. Moonshine vover den påstand, at han kender hver eneste gade i byens centrum. Det hænder at Moonshine retter en ny på bestillingskontoret som tager fejl af en adresse. Moonshine føler sig som kunstner. I budenes verden, et naturligt. De andre viser ham respekt. For bilister en djævel på to hjul. For kunder en engel med rygsæk.

Fra deres vinduer ser unge og gamle beboere vantrø ned i gadens Ragnarok. Torvets brosten blir til kasteskyts for de hætteklædte. Kæder af politi i kampuniform med hjelmsvisir og skjolde rykker frem i gadebredden. Et kaosmønster af hætteklædte løber i spring med molotovcocktails og kasteskyts. Helvede

shortcuts through the backyards where they form passages. Maintains eye contact with the other roadusers. He takes pride in being the best. The messenger who has made the most deliveries and thus the most money. 68 deliveries in one day - that is one trip every ten minutes.

Moonshine gets acquainted with the real world of big business. A letter delivered at the hydrofoil to Malmø and a radio message to buy four packs of Prince for an advertising agency.

Moonshine feels that he is riding an enormous wave of success. It gives him great satisfaction to be the best. There has not been a single month when he has made less than 20.000 kroner. Naturally he rides a good bike. For a rucksack angel like Moonshine, the bicycle is simply a tool.

Moonshine sometimes has a nightmare in which he is flying through the air and then crashing. Most of his crashes are caused by defects: split rims and broken frames. Moonshine has never been hit by a car. The part about the kerbs is really no problem. But the ultimate nightmare is a front-fork fracture or a front wheel that comes off. That was what happened to Scarface, as they have called their unlucky colleague since his accident.

Moonshine claims to know every single street in the inner city. Sometimes Moonshine corrects new people at the central office who are wrong about an address. Moonshine feels like an artist. In the world of messengers, a natural talent. The others show him respect. A devil on two wheels to the motorists. A rucksack angel to the customers.

From their windows, young and old inhabitants look incredulously down at the Armageddon of the street.

The square's paving stones turn into missiles in the hands of the hoods. Chains of police in combat uniforms with visors and shields, move forward street-wide. Forming a pattern of chaos, the hoods run and rush with Molotov cocktails and missiles. All hell breaks out. The fiery glow from burning roadblocks engage the sha-

dows of the warriors in a skyscraping battle above the facades. The heaps of stones and bricks for the decoration of the square form a convenient stock of missiles and barricade material. The hoods govern themselves. Each man runs on his own impulse. The aggregate number of pinpricks inflicts injury. The glow from burning gasoline dances across the policemen's sweating faces. A granite rock hits fatally. A policeman collapses. A colleague pulls out a pistol. Shots are fired. Orders are shouted. More shots are fired. Warning shots and aimed shots alternate. In the crowd of bystanders, inhabitants, and hoods, some people suddenly feel hit. Coincidence strikes. Bodies collapse on the pavement. A panelled door ripped out of a roadblock serves as a stretcher for a victim. Every limit has been broken now.

The new inhabitants decorate the old apartments with junk finds and second-hand furniture. Being students, they introduce new habits and new traditions. The days are quiet. In the evening and until late in the night, the neighbourhood comes to life. The bars get new names. The students have been around. Eurorailers. Names of favourite cities or Shangri-las are used. Barcelona, The Banana Republic, Sebastopol. The young inspect their neighbourhood. At the old square, Blågård's, the compressed stone bodies in the sculpture park produce astonishment. The solitude of the simple everyday businesses between the strong adult bodies and the dependent child figures is hardly fathomable. The Granite Stack at the rearranged Sankt Hans Square speaks a far more lucid language. A stone ship in frame. A pagan place of sacrifice with a stone pyre? From the café corner the young locals let their minds wander. This is a favourable environment for the imagination. Around the café tables they are all on their way to something exciting. Many want to be artists. Some are musicians. New music is filling the streets.

By: Michael Buchwald



bryder løs. Flammeskæret fra brændende vejspæringer får de kæmpendes skygger til at krige højt over facaderne. Bunkerne med materialer til torvets stenudsmykning udgår et belejligt lager af kasteskyts og barrikademateriale. De hætteklædte styrer sig selv. Hver løber på sin egen impuls. Mængden af nålestik sårer. Flammeskær fra brændende benzin danser over betjentenes svedstrømmende ansigter. En granitblok rammer fatalt. En betjent synker sammen. En kollega trækker pistol. Skud lyder. Kommandoer lyder. Flere skud lyder. Skrammeskud veksler med sigtede skud. I folkemængden af tilskuere, beboere og hætteklædte føler nogle sig pludseligt ramt. Tilfældet slår ned. Kroppen synker sammen på fortovet. En fyldningsdør hevet ud af en vejspærring danner leje for en såret. Nu er alle grænser brudt.

De nye beboere indretter de gamle lejligheder med containerfund og genbrugsmøbler. Som studerende bringer de nye vaner og nye skikke med sig. Om dagen blir der stille. Hen på aftenen og til langt ud på natten får kvarteret liv. Værtshusene får nye navne. De studerende har været rundt. Interrailere. Yndlingsbyerne eller drømmestederne lægger navn til. Barcelona, Bananrepublikken, Sebastopol. De unge tager deres kvarter i øjesyn. På den gamle plads, Blågård, vækker skulpturparkens sammenpressede stenroppe forundring. Omsorgsfuldheden i de simple hverdagsgøremål mellem de stærke voksenkropper og de afhængige børneskikkelser fattes knapt nok. Så taler Granitstabelen på det omlagte Skt. Hans Torv et anderledes klart sprog. Et spanterejst stenskab. En hedensk offerplads med bålstabel i sten? Fra caféhjørnet lader kvarterets unge tanker flyve. Fantasien har gode kår. Omkring cafébordene er alle på vej mod noget interessant. Mange vil være kunstnere. En del er musikere. En ny musik fylder gaderne.

3:14

KVINDEN: Jeg havde gået og gået. Jeg skulle ikke noget. Og for hvert skridt jeg tog, var det, som om gaderne førte mig, den ene eller den anden. Jeg ved ikke hvordan, jeg vidste heller ikke hvorhen.

MANDEN: Man slentrer på må og få. Man får øje på et skilt, et ansigt. Skygger på en mur. Lyset i et træes urolige blade. Og det er nok. Man har allerede skiftet retning.

KVINDEN: Ja, det var sådan, det var. Som om jeg bare fulgte et mønster, der allerede var bestemt.

MANDEN: Og man ser på folk og tænker på, at de allesammen er på vej et sted fra, et sted hen. Hvis man så det oppe fra. Det ville ikke være som man siger, som *myrer i en myretue*. Ikke sådan. Mere som ... et net.

KVINDEN: Som alle planer over alle undergrundsbaner i verden, lagt sammen, oven i hinanden. Man ser ikke byerne, ikke deres gader og pladser, boulevarderne og motorvejssløjferne. Kun ruterne gennem byernes usynlige kroppe.

MANDEN: Et bevægeligt net af ruter, ustandselig forvandlet. Og for hver rute er byen en anden. En anden by. Med andre pludselige glimt langs gader, over pladser, ind gennem vinduer, smøger, i spejle eller porte på klem. Andre mønstre af lys og skygge på bestemte tidspunkter af dagen. På vej til og fra. Fra den ene dør til den anden.

KVINDEN: Det er sådan, byen forsvinder. Den forsvinder hele tiden, og der er ingen, der ser det ske. Der findes ikke det sted, hvor man ville kunne blive længe nok til at se den forsvinde.

MANDEN: Man kunne forsvinde. Man kunne blive væk i byen. Gå forkert. Ad en ukendt smøge, gennem en port på klem. Som gennem et spejl.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE WOMAN: I had been walking and walking. I wasn't going anywhere. And for every step I took it was as if the streets led me on, one after the other. I don't know how and I didn't know where to.

THE MAN: One just wanders about. Spotting a sign, a face. Shadows on a wall. The light in the restless leaves of a tree. And that's enough. One has already changed one's direction.

THE WOMAN: Yes, that's the way it was. As if I was simply following a pattern which had already been laid down.

THE MAN: And one looks at people thinking that they are all coming from somewhere, going somewhere. If one saw it all from above. It would not be like "ants in an ant-hill," as it were. Not like that. More like ... a network.

THE WOMAN: Like all maps of all subways in the world, put together, in a pile. They do not show the cities, not their streets or squares, not their boulevards or motorway junctions. Just the routes through the cities' invisible bodies.

THE MAN: A mobile network of routes, constantly transformed. And for every route the city is different. A different city. With different, sudden glimpses down streets, across squares, through windows, alleys, into mirrors or gates left ajar. Different patterns of light and shadow at certain hours of the day. Going to and from. From one door to the other.

THE WOMAN: That's how the city disappears. It keeps on disappearing and no one sees it happening. There is no place where one can stay long enough to see it disappear.

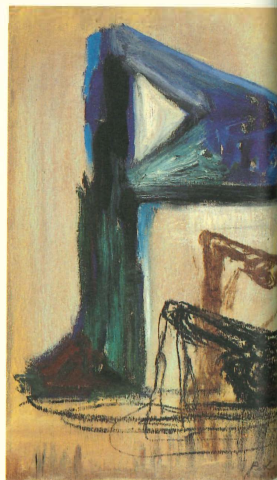
THE MAN: One could disappear. One could get lost in the city. Take a wrong turn. Into an unknown alley, through a gate left ajar. As through a mirror.



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MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE



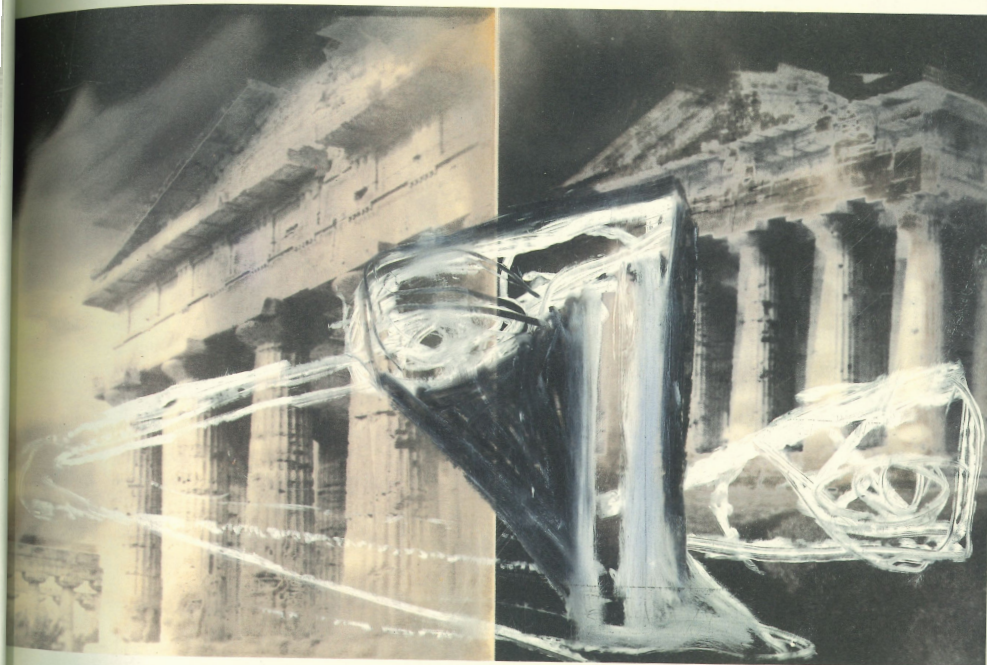
PETER BRANDES



PETER BRANDES



PETER BRANDES



PETER BRANDES

4:14

KVINDEN: Jeg skulle ingen steder hen. Jeg gik bare. Byen vendte og drejede sig for mine øjne, for hvert af mine skridt. Jeg fulgte med strømmen, jeg ville ikke andet. Bare flyde med, fortabt i dens hvirvler. Som et blad, der drejer om sig selv på vandets fortsatte bevægelse. Glemsomt. Sådan drejede byen omkring mig.

MANDEN: Indtil du standsede.

KVINDEN: Lige pludselig. Jeg ved ikke ... Lige pludselig kunne jeg ikke holde det ud. Denne bevægelse. Endeløs, svimmel. Som om det ikke var mig, men gaderne, der bevægede sig. Alle disse retninger. Som om byen passerede igennem mig. En pludselig kvalme.

MANDEN: Så standsede du.

KVINDEN: Ja.

MANDEN: Du blev stående mellem søjlerne, med ansigtet mod solen. Standset ligesom på et fotografi.

KVINDEN: Noget i den retning, ja. Nogle minutter før stod jeg der, hvor du må have stået, da du fik øje på mig. I skyggen. Ligesom indhyllet i dens kølighed. Jeg stod og så over mod rækken af søjler, som om deres orden, afstanden og halvmørket mellem dem ... Som om der var tale om en slags gåde, jeg ville kunne gætte, hvis jeg koncentrerede mig længe nok. Som om de bevogtede en hemmelighed, der ville vise sig, hvis bare jeg ventede længe nok. Sådan er det med en bygning, hvor der er søjler foran. Den er lukket, men ikke uigennemtrængelig.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE WOMAN: I wasn't going anywhere. I just walked. The city tossed and turned before my eyes, for every step I took. I followed the stream, that was all I wanted to do. Just float along, lost in its whirls. Like a leaf turning around on the constant movement of the water. Forgetfully. That was the way the city turned round me.

THE MAN: Until you stopped.

THE WOMAN: Suddenly, I don't know... Suddenly I couldn't stand it. This movement. Endless, giddy. As if it wasn't me but the streets moving. All these directions. As if the city passed through me. A sudden feeling of nausea.

THE MAN: Then you stopped.

THE WOMAN: Yes.

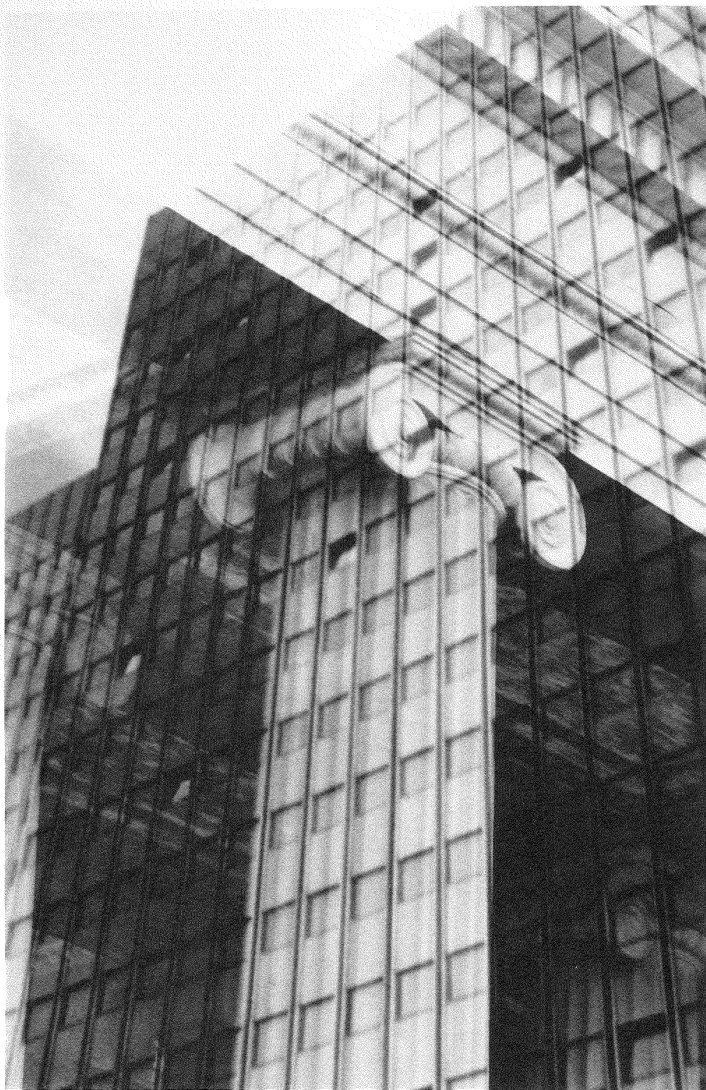
THE MAN: You remained standing between the columns, facing the sun. Arrested as in a photograph.

THE WOMAN: Something like that, yes. A few minutes before, I was standing where you must have been standing when you saw me. In the shadow. As if enveloped in its cool. I was watching the row of columns, as if their order, the distance and half-darkness between them... As if it was some kind of riddle which I would be able to solve if only I concentrated long enough. As if they were guarding a secret which would reveal itself if only I waited long enough. That's the way it is with a building with columns in front of it. It is closed, but not impenetrable.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

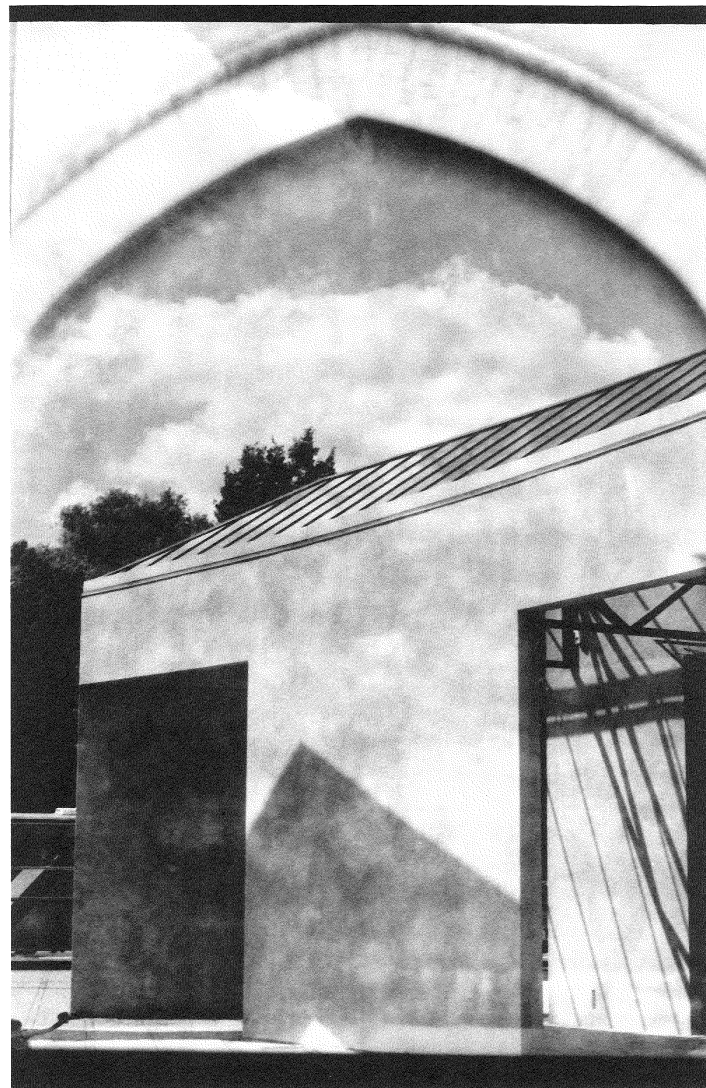
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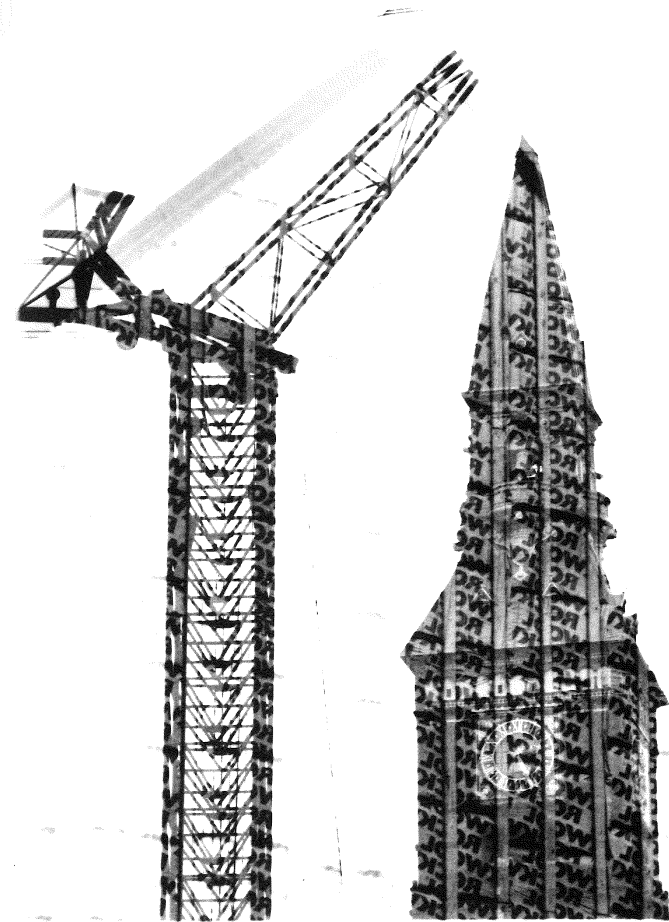
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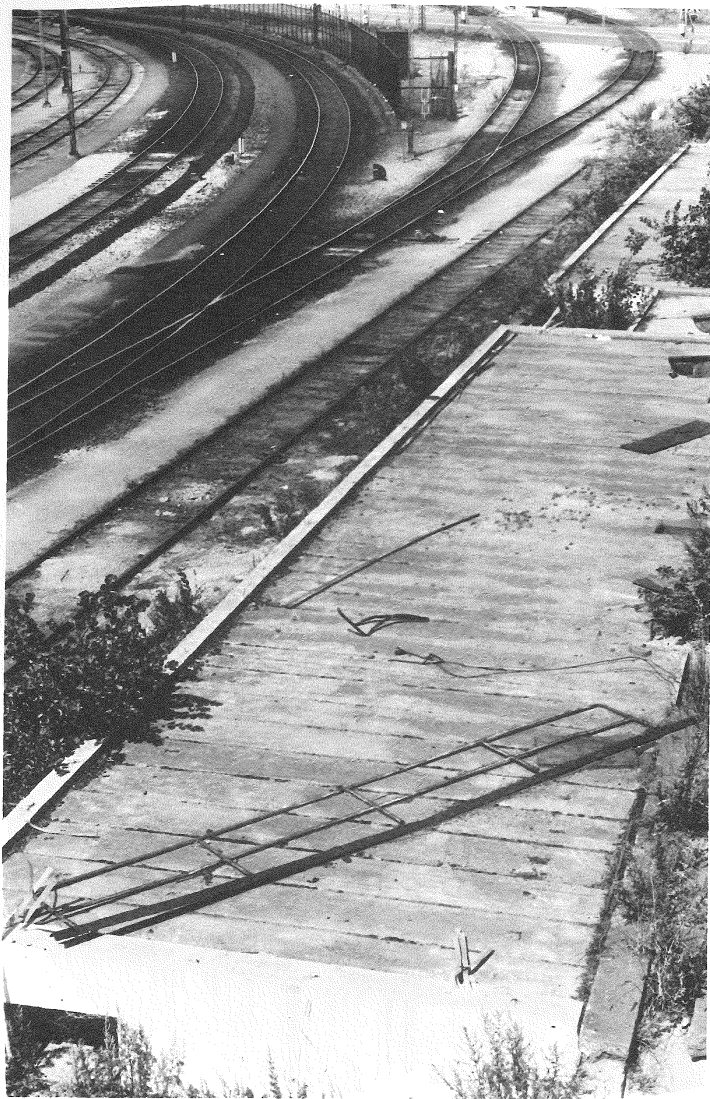
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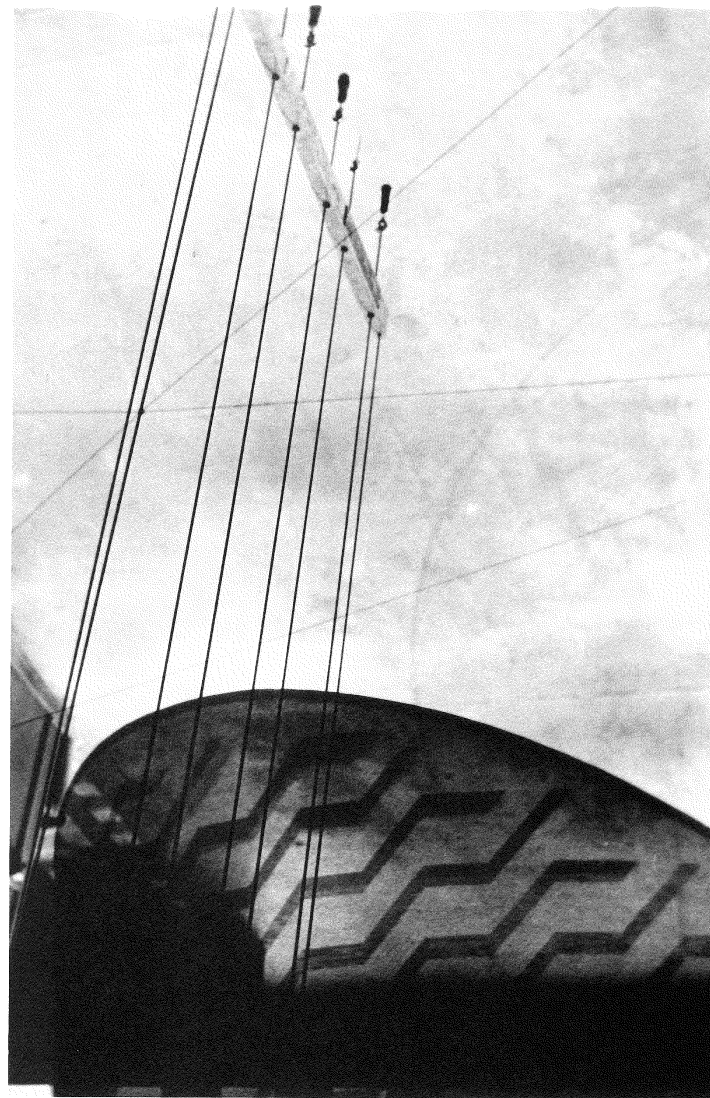


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5:14

MANDEN: Du stod halvt skjult bag en søjle, ubevægelig, med lukkede øjne. Jeg måtte tage endnu et par skridt for at få dig til at komme helt til syne. Du havde ikke opdaget mig endnu. Jeg kunne betragte dit ansigt i fred. Jeg havde det for mig selv, dit ansigt.

KVINDEN: Du stod der, hvor jeg havde stået. Jeg så dig ikke. Jeg vidste det ikke endnu. At du var der.

MANDEN: Uforstyrret af dit blik.

KVINDEN: Jeg var gået over mellem søjlerne, i solen. Jeg lukkede øjnene.

MANDEN: Som om du var en del af dette sted. Som en person på et billede. Når man ikke kan forestille sig, at han eller hun kunne høre til andre steder.

KVINDEN: Det var det. Jeg havde stået på den anden side. Der, hvor du lidt efter stod. Jeg betragtede de riflede søjler og facadens puds, dens farve. Som Pudder. Som Pudder på hud, der er helt spændt, helt uden rynker. På en gang hermetisk og porøs.

MANDEN: Jeg tænkte ikke noget ved at se på dig. Jeg vidste jo ikke, at det var dig, jeg så.

KVINDEN: Jeg så den i en bog for nylig. En gammel tegning, sirlig, upersonlig. Tynde linier trukket op med tusch og laveret. Set lige forfra, så den virkede flad. Uden skygger. Flad som en maske med blinde åbninger, der ikke fører nogen steder hen.

MANDEN: Jeg lod, som om jeg stod og betragtede facaden.

Jeg så på dit ansigt som man betragter et sted. Din krop. Dit hår mod ansigtets hud. Dit lukkede ansigt. Din krop, der svajede umærkeligt, ligesom duvede ganske let frem og tilbage mellem søjlernes urokelighed. Dine læber, let adskilte, som en sprække ind til mørket bag dit ansigt.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE MAN: You stood half-hidden behind a column, immovable, with closed eyes. I had to take another few steps to make you entirely visible. You had not noticed me yet. I was able to contemplate your face in peace. I had it to myself, your face.

THE WOMAN: You stood where I had been standing. I didn't see you. I didn't know yet. That you were there.

THE MAN: Undisturbed by your gaze.

THE WOMAN: I had walked over between the columns, in the sun. I closed my eyes.

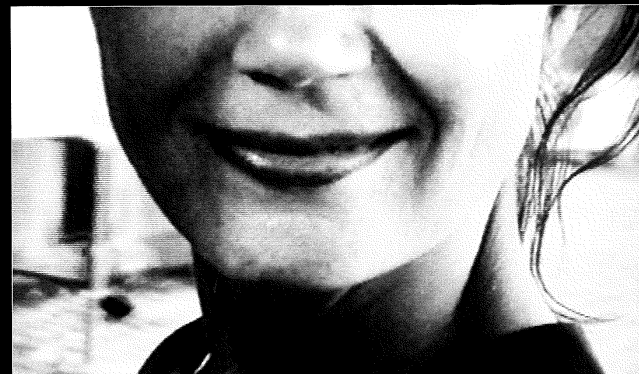
THE MAN: As if you were a part of this place. Like a person in a picture. When you can't imagine that he or she could belong anywhere else.

THE WOMAN: That was it. I had been standing on the other side. Right where you stood a little later. The fluted columns and the plaster of the facade, its colour. Like powder, like powder on skin which is completely tight, with no wrinkles at all. Hermetic and porous at the same time.

THE MAN: Seeing you didn't make me think anything. I didn't know it was you that I saw, you see.

THE WOMAN: I saw it in a book recently. An old drawing, meticulous, impersonal. Thin lines inked in and washed. A front view of it which made it seem flat. Without shadows. Flat as a mask with blind apertures leading nowhere.

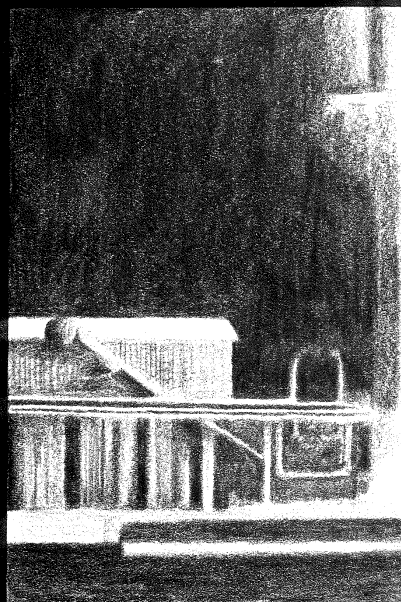
THE MAN: I pretended to be contemplating the facade. I looked at your face as one views a place. Your body. Your hair against the skin of your face. Your closed face. Your body swaying imperceptibly, waving quite softly back and forth between the firmness of the columns. Your lips, slightly apart, like a crevice into the darkness behind your face.



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MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE



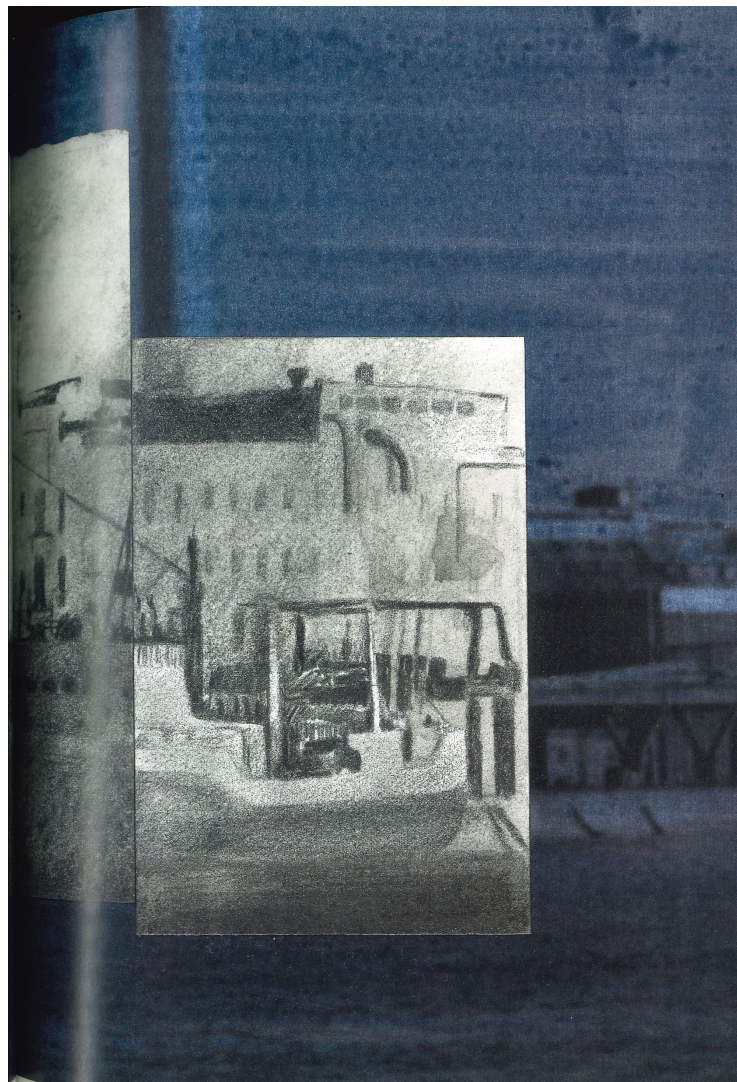
NINA STEN-KNUDSEN



NINA STEN-KNUDSEN



NINA STEN-KNUDSEN



NINA STEN-KNUDSEN

KVINDEN: Jeg havde stået og i tankerne sammenlignet den tegnede facade med facaden foran mig. Den samme bygning, de samme linier og proportioner. Som om det ikke gjorde nogen forskel, hvad for et århundrede jeg befandt mig i. Uforanderlig, upåvirket af trafikens urolige strøm, af skyggernes vandring, af regnen, der trækker lange, tungeformede spor ned over dens ubevægelige ansigt. Ekkoet af nætternes pludselige skrig og sirener. Ikke uden fortiden, men på en måde større end den. Så tiden uhindret kan passere gennem den, næsten sporløst. Som et ansigt på et fotografi, et øjeblik ud af alle øjeblikkene, standset op, mens resten passerer og forsvinder. Dødt. Mens resten fortsætter, forvandles.

MANDEN: Sådan en bygning ... Den er ligesom et øjeblik, der har fundet sin endelige form.

KVINDEN: Sin fulde udstrækning. Ikke længere et punkt, men en åbning. Et tomt, åbent rum. Sådan må det være. Tingene kan ikke finde sted, hvis de ikke finder et sted.

MANDEN: Et øjeblik, der ikke forsvinder. Udstrakt, med lys og skygger. Standset, så man kan passere igennem det eller slå sig ned. Bo i det, alle dagene og nætterne. Det samme øjeblik, hvor det hele finder sted. Hvor alt kan ske. Ligesom man kan forestille sig alt om et ukendt ansigt ... Det er som en maske. Den kan gemme på alt. Derfor er den så udtryksløs, så ubevægelig. Alt kan ske bag den maske, alt kan gennemstrømme dens åbninger. Alt.

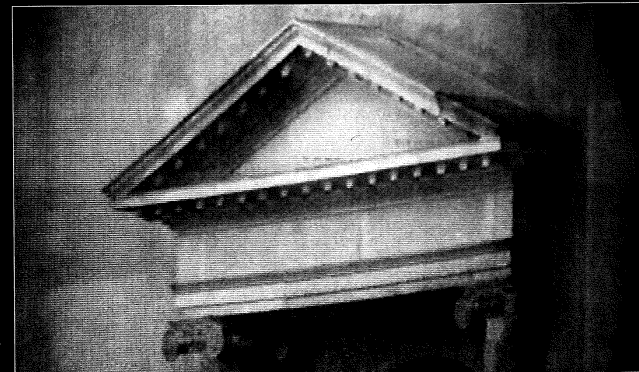
MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE WOMAN: As I was standing there I compared, in my mind, the drawn facade with the facade in front of me. The same building, the same lines and proportions. As if it didn't matter which century I was in. Unchanging, unaffected by the restless flow of traffic, by the shifting of the shadows, by the rain which leaves long, tongue-shaped traces across its immovable face. The echo of the sudden screams and sirens of the nights. Not beyond time but somehow larger than it. Allowing time to pass freely through it, almost without a trace. Like a face in a photograph, one moment out of all the moments, arrested, while the rest passes and disappears. Dead. While the rest continues and is transformed.

THE MAN: A building like that... Is like a moment which has taken its definitive form.

THE WOMAN: Its full extent. No longer a point, but an opening. An empty, open space. It must be like that. Things cannot take place if they do not take a place.

THE MAN: A moment that doesn't go away. Outstretched, with light and shadows. Arrested, allowing one to pass through it or settle there. Live in it, every day and every night. The very moment when everything takes place. When anything can happen. Just like it's possible to imagine anything about a strange face...It's like a mask. It may conceal anything. That's why it's so impassive, so immovable. Anything can happen behind that mask, anything can flow through its openings. Anything.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

SANSEBYEN

Ved: Bent Fausing

By- og drømmelandskab

Den storby, der skal beskrives her, eksisterer og eksisterer ikke. Den eksisterer i den forstand, at den forholder sig nogle almene bystrukturer og sansninger, der gør sig gældende i storbyer. Derved eksisterer byen heller ikke præcist som København, men som storbyen med det navn. Fundamentet er evident - samtidig søger min fremstilling de almene storbykarakteristika dengang og nu, der kan minde om den altid, der kendetegner Christian Ellings En hemmelig by. I det følgende skal storbyen aflukkes nogle hemmeligheder for derved at opdage andre rum og suggestioner, der fører det konkrete bylandskab ind i et drømmelandskab og tilbage igen i en vedvarende pendling.

At have øjnene med sig

Koncentrationen af mennesker og trafik i storbyen kræver, at man har øjnene med sig for at få overblik og for at overleve. Bymiljøets store krav om opmærksomhed mod det ydre i form af varer, udseende og seksualitet indebærer også en intensiv og anderledes involvering af synssansen end tidligere. Begæret møder over alt stimuli og er aktør i sit eget skuespil af tiltrækning og flygtighed.

En af de første til uddybende at beskrive forholdet mellem det moderne byliv, individualisme og det at se og blive set var Georg Simmel. Idet mænd og kvinder begynder at bevæge sig i nye sociale konstellationer, udvikler de en anderledes og mere finfølelse opmærksomhed over for deres egen personlighed. Individet er i en konstant kontakt med påvirkninger fra omgivelser og mennesker, og dette frembringer en langt mere intens følsomhed over for ens egen fremtoning end i gamle dages ensartede og uforander-

THE SENSUOUS CITY

Cityscape and Dreamscape

The city described here exists and doesn't exist. It exists in the sense that it facilitates certain general urban structures and sensations that manifest themselves in big cities. Thus, this city doesn't actually exist precisely as Copenhagen, but as the big city bearing that name. The foundation is obvious - at the same time my description seeks out the common characteristics of the big city then and now, those characteristics that remind us of the always that characterises Christian Elling's *A Secret City*. In the following a number of secrets will be elicited from the city in order to discover other spaces and associations leading the concrete cityscape into a dreamscape and back again in a continuous cyclic oscillation.

Keeping your eyes open

The concentration of people and traffic in the big city requires that you keep your eyes open in order to survey the situation, and in order to survive. The giant demand of the urban environment for attention to the outer world in the form of goods, appearances and sexuality also implies a more intensive and different involvement of the sense of sight than was previously the case. Everywhere desire is confronted with stimuli and is the actor in its own play of attraction and elusiveness. One of the first people to describe in detail the relationship between modern city life, individualism and the act of seeing and being seen was Georg Simmel. When men and women begin to move about in new social constellations they develop a different and more sensitive attention to their own personalities. The individual is in constant contact with influences from his surroundings and the people around him, and this in turn elicits a far more intense sensitivity to one's own appearance than was the case in the uniform and invariable rhythm of the rural environment of days gone by. In the big city, as pointed out by Simmel, the indivi-

Foto/Photo: Aenne Biermann
Museum Folkwang, Photographische Sammlung, Essen.



lige rytme i det landlige miljø. I storbyen omgås individet, fremhæver Simmel, bestandig med andre fremmede, og det overlever ved konstant at eksponere sit jeg.

Udseende og mode er en essentiel del af denne formning og selvfremskilling. Omgivelserne forandrer sig med ligegyldig hast og brutalitet - og individet svarer igen ved at gøre sig selv foranderlig og seksuel. Det sidste er dog mindre tydeligt i Simmels karakteristika af storbyens kalejdoskop af mentalitet og indtryk, derimod bliver det markeret hos andre, der arbejder videre med Simmels ideer.

I storbyen dominerer synet over hørelsen. Det er det tavse blik, der kendetegner storbyen. Den, som ser uden at høre, er meget mere urolig end den som hører uden at se. I dette ligger der noget karakteristisk for storbyens sociologi. Menneskenes indbyrdes forhold i storbyerne udmærker sig ved synets dominans over høresansen. Hovedårsagen til dette er de offentlige transportmidler. Før udviklingen af omnibusser, 58 jernbaner, sporvogne i det 19. århundrede kom folk ikke i den situation, at de måtte kigge på hinanden i lang tid uden at tale sammen, forklarede Simmel.

Storbyens dæmoni

Nok dominerer synet, der er imidlertid også sket noget med det - og dermed med individets selvopfattelse og viden. Synet i storbyen er relativt og fragmentarisk set i forhold til renæssancens centrale perspektiv. Subjektet spejler heller ikke sig selv som helt individ, fordi jeg'et ligesom perspektivet er i opløsning. Viden er endvidere ikke en fast størrelse, derimod flygtig som alt andet, og er heller ikke blot knyttet til bogen, men indbefatter også at kunne begå sig som udtryk i storbyens mylder af indtryk. Her er der hele tiden nye mennesker, bevægelser, linjer, flader og dybder at forholde sig til.

Opfindelsen af det levende billedmedium, filmen, fulgte på mange måder urbaniseringens udvikling og ændrede oplevelse. Ligesom den genfindes i en lang række andre medier i samtiden, der skabte nye bevægelige panoramer og relative syn: togets vinduer, bilens ruder, turismens sightseeing. Forbindelsen mellem seksualisering og storby kommer umiddelbart til udtryk i varearrangementet, der er

dual is constantly in contact with other strangers, and one survives by continuously exposing oneself. Appearances and fashion are an essential part of this shaping and self-presentation. The surroundings alter themselves with indifferent haste and brutality - and the individual answers back by making himself variable and sexual. The latter is less evident in Simmel's characteristic of the city's kaleidoscope of mentality and impressions, however, but it has been noted by others who have continued to work with Simmel's ideas.

In the city sight dominates over hearing. It is the silent gaze that characterizes the big city. A person who sees without hearing is much more restless than one who hears without seeing. This tells us something which is characteristic of the sociology of the city. The mutual relationships between people in the big cities is characterized by the dominance of the sense of sight over the sense of hearing. The main reason for this is the public transportation system. Before the advent of omnibuses, railroads, and trolley cars in the 19th century, people were not placed in the situation of having to look at each other for a long time without speaking to each other, Simmel explained.

The Demonic Power of the City
The sense of sight dominates, to be sure, but something else has also happened to it - and at the same time to the individual's self-conception and knowledge. Sight in the city is relative and fragmentary, seen in relation to the linear perspective of the renaissance. Nor does the subject mirror itself as a whole individual, because the self, just like the perspective, is undergoing a process of disintegration. In addition, knowledge is not a fixed entity, but fleeting just like everything else. Nor is it merely attached to books any longer. Now it also includes the ability to act as an expression in the big city's myriad of impressions. Here there are constantly new people, movements, lines, surfaces and depths to be dealt with.

The discovery of moving images, the film, followed in many ways the development and altered experience of urbanization. Just as we find in a great many other con-

temporary media where new moving panoramas and relative sights were created: the windows of the train, the windshields of the car, the sightseeing of tourism.

The connection between sexualization and the city is expressed directly in the assortment of goods associated with shops and department stores which arose along with the growth of the metropolis. The city is also sexualized in a different and more drastic way.

The big city becomes a home for everything that is unspeakable, strange, mysterious and forbidden. It is in the city's teeming throngs of changing impressions that all kinds of perversions and fetichisms become accessible for a brief moment. In the swarming crowds exhibitionism, voyeurism, the forbidden touch and the flirt become hastily and non-committingly legalized. Erotic communication is conducted with a stranger, not with a friend. People are constantly close to one another, and new and unfamiliar moments are always there to stimulate the imagination. You are close to other people, but you know nothing more than their appearance. Our eyes are able to look at other people in a way in which we would rarely look, even at someone we knew well, and the impersonal nature of the closeness in the crowds protects us from having to account for our fantasies and pleasures.

Sight both caresses and penetrates the city's many surfaces. Just as the photographer's camera, yet another media with a direct affinity to the origin of the big city, it is that which most directly mixes sight, subjectivity, sexuality and urbanization together. Susan Sontag explains how the photograph becomes an intensification of the gaze of the philanderer: *The photographer is an armed version of the solitary walker reconnoitering, stalking, cruising the urban inferno, the voyeuristic stroller who discovers the city as a landscape of voluptuous extremes. With the portrait, the photograph acquired an even greater significance closely related to appearance and the city. To have a portrait made was the way a social group on its way up could make its status-dreams visible. The portrait was a private confirmation aimed at the public. The*

knyttet til butikker og stormagasiner, som opstod med metropolens vækst. Også på anden og mere gennemgribende vis seksualiseres storbyen.

Storbyen bliver hjemsted for alt, der er usigeligt, mærkeligt, mystisk og forbudt. Det er i storbyens mylder af skiftende indtryk, at alle slags perversions og feticheringer bliver tilgængelige for en kort stund. I menneskemængden nyder ekshibitionismen, voyeurismen, den forbudte berøring og flirten den uforpligtende og hastige legalisering. En erotisk kommunikation føres med en fremmed, ikke med en bekendt. Hele tiden er man nær ved andre mennesker og bestandig gives ubekendte øjeblikke til at fantasere over nye stimuli. Man er tæt på andre personer, men man kender ikke andet end deres udseende. Øjnene kan se på andre mennesker på en måde, man sjældent ville gøre over for en, man endog kender godt, og det upersonlige i nærværet i menneskemylderet sikrer en mod at blive draget til ansvar for fantasier og nydelser.

Synet både kærtegner byens mange overflader og penetrerer dem. Ligesom fotografens kamera gør det, endnu et medie med direkte affinitet til storbyens opståen og det, der mest direkte blander syn, subjektivitet, seksualitet og urbanisering sammen. Fotografiet bliver en intensivering af flanerens blik, forklarer Susan Sontag: *Fotografen er en bevæbnet udgave af den ensomme vandrer, søndrende, spankulerende, krydsende det urbane inferno, den voyeuristiske strejfer der opdager byen som et landskab af vellystige yderpunkter.* Fotografiet fik med portrætafbildningen endnu en betydning med tæt relation til fremtoning og storby. At få taget et portræt var måden en social gruppe, der var på vej op, kunne gøre status-drømme synlige. Portrættet var en privat bekræftelse rettet mod offentligheden. Portrætfotografiet demokratiserede muligheden for at få selvforståelsen synliggjort. Men kun synliggjort for så vidt de portrætterede blev inden for de rette kulturelle koder for status og fremtoning. Samtidig med at portrætfotografiet begyndte at blive anvendt til at markere sociale ambitioner med, blev det også brugt til at affotografere lovovertrædere til politiets kataloger. Disse forbyrderportrætter var godt nok ikke bestemt for offentliggørelse, indirekte var de dog med til at bekræfte forskriften ved at vise det forbudte og derved pege på de rigtige iscenesættelser.

Mens de private billeder forsøger at vise vore officielle idealbilleder, griber mange offentlige billeder i byrummet - reklamer og vareæstetik - fat i vore private, indre følelser. Det private fotografi får en offentlig karakter; derimod knytter de offentlige an til private følelser. Byen adskiller ikke det ydre og det indre - som bysociologen Richard Sennett betoner - men forbinder dem på sin egen flydende måde. Fordi de offentlige steder mere og mere retter sig mod private ønsker, og det private liv alligevel ikke har nogle offentlige steder at være.

Storbyens krop

Storbyen samler med sine bygninger og mennesker mange aldre, rytmer, overflader og fornemmelser. Nuet er også sansninger fra dengang fortættet i kroppe, physiognomier og bygninger. En arkaisk habitus erstattes efterhånden med en kapitalistisk krop, den lever imidlertid videre som en del af et kropsligt og mentalt register på et dybtliggende og før-bevidst plan i modernitetens verden. - Det er i dette spændingsfelt mellem en gammel krop og en anden, ny verden, Pierre Bourdieus habitus-begreb hører til. Udtrykket vane er for Bourdieu en for slidt frase til at præcisere den lidelsesfulde forbindelse mellem vor krop, der ikke glemmer, og fortiden, der ikke kan glemmes. Erindringer lever videre i og på kroppen på trods af ændringerne i de ydre omgivelser. Sammenhold her tillige med Erving Goffmans begreb stigma, som han selv oversætter til *synlighed*, og som både refererer til de sociologiske tegn, der bliver mærker på kroppen - og til spor af individuel og genstridig identitet.

Hvor Bourdieus begreb habitus er registrerende, fænomenologisk, er Goffmans kritisk karakteriserende. Walter Benjamin ser moderniteten som en vision og sammenfatter sin opfattelse i begrebet aura, sans-indtrykket der fastholder en impuls *nu* med *dengang* og ser spor fremad tillige. Benjamins begreb er nok knyttet til sansning, men det har ikke samme kropslige fundament som hverken Bourdieus eller Goffmans bestemmelser. Det kropslige hos Benjamin kommer frem i de negative bestemmelser af den moderne sansestrøm, såsom i *chokberedskab* og desuden i udtrykkene *chokvirkninger* og *perceptionsapparatets dybtgående forandringer*.

portrait photograph caused the possibility of making self-understanding visible to become democratic. But only visible to the extent that those portrayed remained within the proper cultural codes stipulating status and appearance. At the same time that the portrait photograph began to be used as an indication of social ambition, it was also used to capture criminals photographically for the police records. These mug shots were, of course, not meant to be aired in public. Indirectly, however, they helped to confirm the existing precepts by showing the forbidden, thereby pointing out the correct stagings.

While the private pictures attempt to show an official picture of our ideals, many public pictures within the space of the city - advertisements and commodity aesthetics - take hold of our private, inner feelings. The private photograph is bestowed with a public character; on the other hand the public photographs lie in with private feelings. The city does not separate the outer and the inner - as stressed by the urban sociologist Richard Sennett - but connects them in its own buoyant manner. Because the public places are increasingly directed towards private desires, and private life doesn't have any official places to be anyway.

The Body of the Big City

The big city, with all its buildings and people, draws many ages, rhythms, surfaces and impressions together. The present is also made up of sensations from times gone by, concentrated in bodies, physiognomies and buildings.

An archaic habitat is gradually replaced with a capitalistic body, but it still lives on as a part of a physical and mental register lying deep down on a preconscious level in the world of modernity. - Here, in this tension-filled realm between an old body and a new and different world, is where we find Pierre Bourdieu's notion of habitus. For Bourdieu the expression habit is a phrase which is too worn out to be useful in pinpointing the painful connection between our body, which does not forget, and the past that cannot be forgotten. Memories live on both inside and on the body, in spite of the changes that have taken place in the external sur-

roundings. Here we can also draw a comparison to Erving Goffman's notion of stigma, which he himself translates as 'visibility', and which refers both to the sociological sign, which becomes marks on the body and to traces of individual and rebellious identity.

While Bourdieu's notion of habitus is recording, phenomenological, Goffman's is critically characterizing.

Walter Benjamin sees modernity as a vision and sums up his views in the notion of aura, the sense impression that holds on to an impulse now with back then and also sees traces forward. Benjamin's notion is certainly connected with sensing; but it does not have the same bodily foundation as Bourdieu's and Goffman's definitions. The bodily aspect with Benjamin comes out in the negative definitions of the modern stream of senses, as in shock readiness and also in the expressions shock effects and the fundamental changes in the perceptual apparatus.

What they have in common, however, is the notion that something old lives on as archaic patterns in perceptions, actions and desires. The country village lives on in the big city as a concrete body or as the regressive picture of longing that can be glimpsed in Simmel's writings on the city. Bourdieu speaks of city-dwellers without a city, thus referring to the very large group of people who moved to the city from the country and came to make up its proletariat and which retained the stigma of the archaic society. Not all of them became flâneurs. Not all of them exhibited themselves sexually. Not all of them had their portraits taken. In this way Bourdieu combines Simmel's two place characteristics - the country town and the big city - together by stressing that one does not exclude the other. Both are present as intact and deep-seated forms of perception in the inhabitants of the city and in the meanings of the city. The archaic body and sensing lives on in modern life and in its symbols. We never live completely in the present.

The Transitions

In an incomplete project Walter Benjamin dealt with the so-called 'passages' in Paris. These passages were new archite-

Fælles er dog opfattelsen af, at noget gammelt lever videre som arkaiske mønstre i perceptioner, handlinger og ønsker. Landsbyen lever videre i storbyen som konkret krop eller som det regressive længselsbillede, der skimtes i Simmels tekster om storbyen. Bourdieu taler om byboer uden storby og hentyder dermed til den meget store gruppe af mennesker, der rejste til storbyen fra landet og kom til at udgøre dens proletariat og som bevarede det arkaiske samfunds stigma. Ikke alle blev flâneur. Ikke alle udstillede sig seksuelt. Ikke alle fik deres portræt taget. Bourdieu slår derved Simmels to steds karakteristika - landsby og storby - sammen ved at betone, at de ikke udelukker hinanden, begge er nærværende som intakte og dybtliggende perceptionsformer hos storbyens beboere og i storbyens betydninger. Den arkaiske krop og sansning lever videre i det moderne liv og dets symboler. Vi lever aldrig helt i nuet.

Overgangene

I et ufuldstændigt projekt behandlede Walter Benjamin de såkaldte passager i Paris. Passagerne var nye arkitektoniske fænomener i forrige århundrede, der forbandt gader med hinanden ved hjælp af overdækkede gyder med forretninger. Passage har ligeledes en rummeligere betydning hos Benjamin, der peger på den måde, han aflæser storbyens æstetik. Passage betyder også tærskel eller overgang, nemlig mellem natur og historie, jeg og ting, vågen og drøm.

Overgang som analytisk holdning er en måde at fange modernitetens forhistorie, efterse mangfoldigheden af udtryk i nutidens liv og fange visioner. Passagerne udstiller både det skin, borgerskabet lever af, og den sanselighed, det værner sig imod. Borgeren bliver i varerne og vareæstetikken konfronteret med sit eget dyb af drømme og fantasmer. Overalt bliver det historiske fastholdt hos Benjamin - og samtidig ser Benjamin mediernes i deres tidlige tvetydighed: de er på en gang udtryk for varegørelse og vareæstetik dengang - og derigennem en foregribelse, et drømmebillede, af noget der endnu ikke er indfriet. Grænser ophæves og næsten alle tegn bliver tilgængelige, forhold som skaber helt nye udtryksmuligheder for tidens tvetydighed.

Det er essentielt, at Benjamin ikke ser moderniteten som en afmystificering eller rationalisering, sådan som det var og er gængs opfattelse. Tværtimod anskuer Benjamin industrialiseringen og ændringen i

produktionen som en måde at fortrylle det moderne liv og genaktivere mytiske kræfter. Den teknologiske reproduktion kan nemlig give det tilbage, som produktionen tager fra individet: evne til intuition, fornemmelse for mytisk kraft og indsigt i skjulte sociale sammenhænge. Og heri ligger også årsagen til Benjamins forherligelse af de moderne reproduktionsmedier, hans happy new technophilia. Heri lå Benjamins modernitetskritik.

Det centrale for Benjamin er perceptionen og dens ændrede status i forhold til den voldsomme vareproduktion, der sætter ind i midten af forrige århundrede. Passagernes forretninger og varer er et udtryk herfor; men vareproduktionen sender strømme af tegn og ting igennem hele storbyen. I fragmentet beskæftiger Benjamin sig derfor ikke kun med varen, han inddrager også arkitekturens, boulevardernes, interiørets og modens udtryk - altså alle de stofflige rammer, som skaber storbyens bevidsthed og perception. Det er den nye tidsalders og produktions paradoks, at den på den ene side retter sig imod de private behov og subjektive drømme. På den anden side danner den i kraft heraf de helt nye fælles rum i metropol.

Walter Benjamins analyse er samlet omkring varegørelsen, som gennemtrænger alle de nye betydninger og udtrykker en ændret sensibilitet. Produktionen af varer sætter en særlig perception i gang, ligesom cirkulationen af varer gør det. Perceptionen bliver mødet mellem det fysiske og det mentale, mellem produktion og cirkulation.

Der var dog særlig én type, som Benjamin beskrev, og som vi har stødt på før i omtalen af syn og storby: flâneuren. Det var den nye mennesketype, der fulgte med varens skuespil. For flâneuren er synet den væsentligste kontakt til livsmylderet i storbyen, og evnen til fleksibel og kontrolleret fokusering - som ved mediernes skiftende billeder - er nødvendig.

Sansningen i storbyen er en blanding af distraktion og overrumpling, et stadigt mylder af indtryk og overraskelser, uro og stød, mylder og stop, der fordrer et vedvarende kropsligt og mentalt tilstedeværelse i et nu og et dengang og i noget vagt fremover. Pludselige syn, erindringer og associationer tager bestandig form. Betydninger fra det eksisterende og det ikke-mere levende bevæger sig i huse og gader og lader også det hypotetiske, det, der måske kan komme, synliggøres.

cultural phenomena in the previous century, connecting streets with each other by means of covered alleyways with shops. Passage also has a more spacious meaning for Benjamin, one that points to the way he reads the aesthetics of the city. Passage also means threshold or transition, namely between nature and history, self and thing, vigil and dream. Transition as an analytical stance is a way to capture the prehistory of modernity, a way to look into the multitude of expressions in modern life and to capture visions.

The passages exhibit both the pretexts the citizens live on and the sensuality that they guard themselves against. The individual citizen is confronted in the goods and the commodity aesthetics with his own depth of dreams and phantasms.

The historical is maintained everywhere in Benjamin - and at the same time Benjamin sees the media in their chronological ambiguity: they are at one and the same time an expression of the materialization and commodity aesthetics of back then - and through this an anticipation, a vision of something that has not yet been realized. Barriers are lifted and nearly every sign become accessible, situations which create entirely new possibilities for expression for the ambiguity of the age.

It is essential that Benjamin doesn't see modernity as a demystification or a rationalization as was and still is the common view. On the contrary, Benjamin views industrialization and the changes in production as a way of enchanting modern life and reactivating mythical forces. Technological reproduction can in fact give back that which production takes away from the individual: the ability for intuition, the sense for mythical force and insight into hidden social connections. And it is here that we find the reason behind Benjamin's glorification of the modern reproduction media, his *happy new technophilia*. This is where we found Benjamin's critique of modernity.

Perception is what is central to Benjamin, as well as its altered status in relation to the tremendous production of goods which began in the middle of the previous century. The shops in the passages and

their goods are expressions of this; but the production of goods sends streams of signs and objects throughout the entire city.

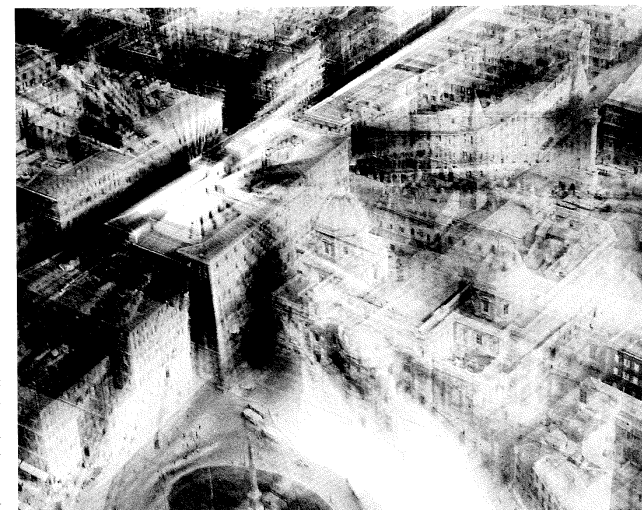
For this reason Benjamin is concerned in the fragment not only with the commodity. He also includes the expressions of the architecture, the boulevards, the interiors and the fashion fads - in fact all the tangible frames that create the consciousness and perception of the big city. This is the paradox of the new age and of production, the fact that it appeals to private needs and subjective dreams on the one hand, while, on the other hand, and on the basis of this, it forms the completely new common space in the metropolis.

Walter Benjamin's analysis centers around this materialization, which saturates all the new meanings and expresses an altered sensibility. The production of goods sets a peculiar perception in motion, just like the circulation of goods does. Perception becomes the meeting between the physical and the mental, between production and circulation.

But it was one type in particular that Benjamin described, and the one that we have encountered before in talking about vision and the big city: the flâneur. This was the new type of person who came along with the play of goods. For the flâneur, vision is the most important contact with the myriad of life in the big city, and the ability to focus flexibly and with control - as in the shifting pictures of the media - is a necessity.

Sensing in the big city is a mixture of distraction and being taken aback, a constant milling around of expressions and surprises, agitation and thrusts, rushing and stopping that demands constant physical and mental presence in a now and a then and in something vague in the future. Sudden sights, recollections and associations continue to take shape. Meanings from the existing and the no longer living move around in houses and streets and also allow the hypothetical, that which might possibly come, to become visible.

By: Bent Fausing



Filippa Masoero, Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore, 1930. Photographie aérienne, Museo aeronautico, Caproni-Trento, Rome.

Henvisninger: Georg Simmel *Storbyen og åndslivet* i: Kultur & Klasse nr. 71, København 1992 (1903)

Walter Benjamin findes på dansk i udvalget *Kulturindustri*, København 1973. Desuden findes hans passageprojekt udgivet på svensk med titlen *Paris, 18-tallets hovedstad*, Stockholm 1990. En noget lignende tilgang i stil og ånd findes i Christian Ellings *En hemmelig By*, København 1970. Richard Sennetts teorier findes bl.a. i *Flesh and Stone*, New York 1994. En god introduktion til Pierre Bourdieus habitus-begreb findes i Staf Callewert *Kultur, videnskab og pædagogik*, København 1992. Af Pierre Bourdieus egne værker er der her især grund til at henvise til samlingen om fotografi *Un Art Moyen*, Paris 1965. Erving Goffmann har behandlet det kropslige element i byen i *Stigma*, København 1975 (1963). Susan Sontags refleksioner over fotografi og storby findes i *Om fotografi*, København 1985 (1977). Desuden henviser jeg til Bent Fausing *Drømmebilleder*, København 1993 (2. rev. udg.) og Bent Fausing *Synet som sans*, København 1995.

7:14

KVINDEN: Eftermiddagens lave lys. Det vandrette lys mellem husene, mellem de alt for lange skygger af huse og mennesker. Som en sidste dæmning mod et sort og grænseløst hav.

MANDEN: Det siver op gennem sprækkerne mellem fliserne, mørket, det stiger som en kælighed om anklerne og breder sig i bunden af gaderne. Det er skyggerne, der går over deres bredder. De stiger mellem murene og slukker rudernes blændende skær, indtil mørket har oversvømmet byen under den tomme himmel.

KVINDEN: Jeg kunne mærke det. Skyggen, der steg omkring mine lægge, mine lår, mine hofter. Endnu med solen i ansigtet som et glødende stempel. Med lukkede øjne. Endnu uden at røre mig.

MANDEN: Som et øjeblik, der blev stående og svajede ganske let på stedet, mens resten forsvandt. Et ansigt med let adskilte læber, hvor mørket piblede frem. Mørket indeni.

KVINDEN: Som om der alligevel er grænser for, hvor meget mørke et ansigt, kan rumme. Som om det til sidst må flyde over.

MANDEN: Som om mørket bag dit ansigt ville forene sig med den begyndende aften.

KVINDEN: Som om ansigtet må tømme sig for sit mørke, så det kan blive let og gennemsigtigt.

MANDEN: Som noget man aldrig glemmer.

KVINDEN: Så bliver lygterne tændt. Men det bliver aldrig det samme. Byens eget, døde lys.

Dybt nede under mørket. Byen lyser på sig selv med alle sine lygter, men alligevel farer den vild i mørket.

MANDEN: Som beboerne i en landsby, der er gået ud i skoven med lommelygter for at lede efter et barn, der er forsvundet.

KVINDEN: Barnets navn løber som et ekko mellem stammerne, der dukker op og forsvinder i mørket.

MANDEN: Og de, der råber, blænder hinanden med deres lygter.

KVINDEN: Hvis man så dem oppefra, ville de ligne en by. En by man flyver henover om natten. Et flyvende spindelvæv af flakkende lys, der svæver vægtløst gennem mørket.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE WOMAN: The low light of afternoon. The horizontal light between the houses, between the all too long shadows of houses and people. As a final sea wall in front of a black and boundless sea.

THE MAN: It filters up through the cracks between the flagstones, the darkness, it rises like a coolness around the ankles and spreads through the bottom of the streets. It's the shadows overflowing their banks. They rise between the walls and put out the blinding glare of the panes until the darkness has flooded the city beneath the empty sky.

THE WOMAN: I could feel it. The shadow rising around my calves, my thighs, my hips. The sun still in my face like a glowing brand. My eyes closed. Still without moving.

THE MAN: As a moment which remained standing and swayed just a little right there, while the rest disappeared. A face with lips slightly apart from where the darkness trickled out. The darkness inside.

THE WOMAN: As if there are, after all, limits to how much darkness a face can hold. As if it finally has to overflow.

THE MAN: As if the darkness behind your face wanted to unite with the deepening evening.

THE WOMAN: As if the face has to empty itself of its darkness to become light and transparent.

THE MAN: As something one never forgets.

THE WOMAN: Then the lamps are switched on. But it's never the same. The city's own dead light. Deep down under the darkness. The city sheds light on itself with all its lamps, but still it gets lost in the dark.

THE MAN: As the inhabitants of a village who have gone into the wood with torches, looking for a disappeared child.

THE WOMAN: The child's name runs like an echo between the trunks which appear and disappear in the dark.

THE MAN: And those shouting blind each other with their torches.

THE WOMAN: If one saw them from above they would look like a city. A city you fly over at night. A flying cobweb of flickering light drifting weightlessly through the darkness.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE



Næste side/Next page:
Arkitektonisk Rapsodi/Architectonic Rhapsody
1995 - *it's not a home, its a House*
akryl, kridt, blyant på prepareret træ
240x460 cm

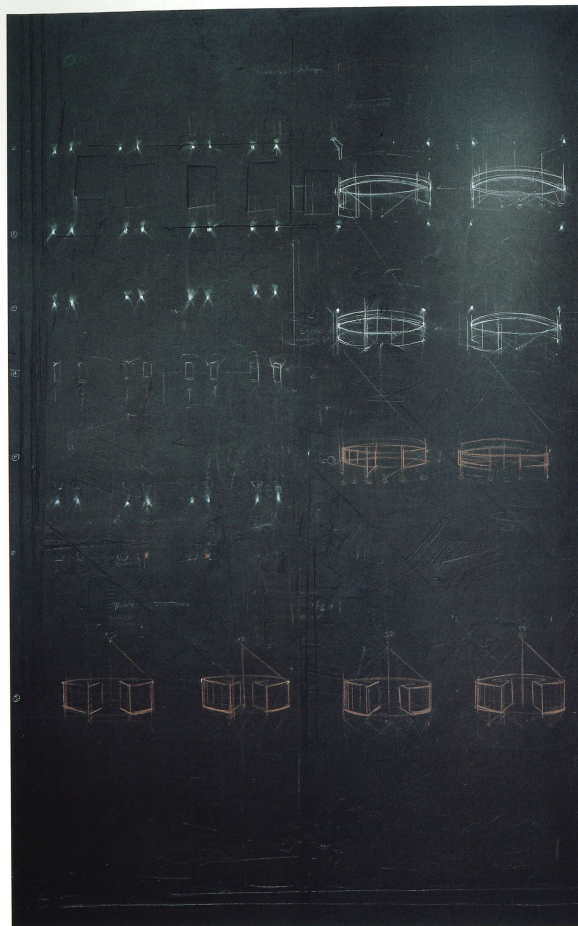
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



Skitse til Rapsodi/Sketch for Rhapsody
blyant på papir med kridt
186x234 mm

JES FOMSGAARD

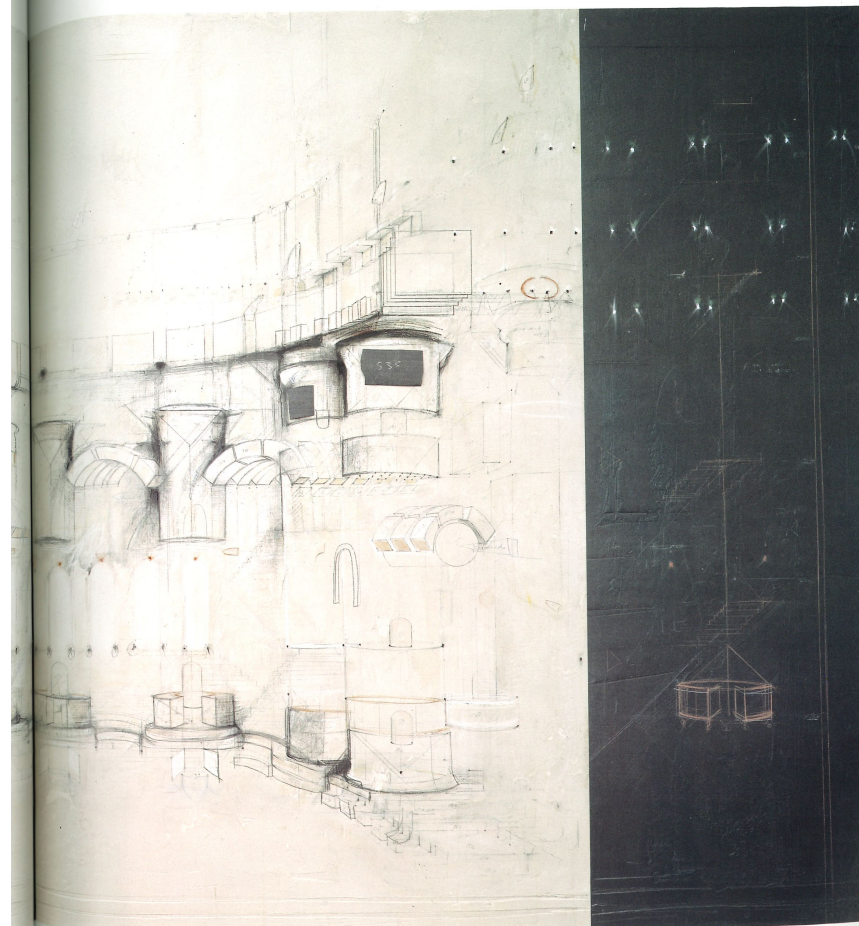
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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JES FOMSGAARD

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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JES FOMSGAARD

Foto/Photo: Lone Møgel

8:14

MANDEN: Byen lyser, mens den sover, men alt, hvad den ser, er de uvirkelige og falmende erindringer om dens egne steder.

KVINDEN: Der er mennesker i byen, mens den sover, men de er uydellige og flygtige som ånder. Som noget de sovende drømmer.

MANDEN: Men de sovende ved ikke, at de drømmer. Mens de drømmer, tror de, at de er vågne. Og samtidig går de vågne rastløst omkring og råber, som om de vil vække de sovende for at for-
tælle dem, at det alt sammen bare er en drøm.

KVINDEN: De drømmende vil aldrig blive forenet med deres drømme.

MANDEN: Drømmene leder efter dem på de tomme gader, i de mørke smøger, på diskotekerne og skadestuerne, langs kajernes blæksorte, slubrende vand, i banegårdenes og de store hotellers ørkener.

Drømmene farer vild og støder ind i hinanden i mørket, hvor lygterne ikke når ind. I de mørke sprækker og hulrum, mellem usynlige knive og ukendte læber.

KVINDEN: Drømmene blander sig med hinanden, farer vild og forveksles i mørket. De flakker som nat-sværmere omkring et hvilket som helst lys i et hvilket som helst vindue. De lader sig føre som blinde op ad fremmede grå trapper til fremmede hvide senge.

MANDEN: De hvisker de samme ord til hinanden, og ordene er som glas, nøjagtig lige så ligeglade med, hvem der ser ind til hvem. Sådan flakker byens drømme gennem natten på jagt efter det ukendte ansigt, der vil åbne øjnene og se dem, så de vågner.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE MAN: The city is luminous while it sleeps, but all it sees is the unreal and faded memories of its own places.

THE WOMAN: There are people in the city while it sleeps, but they are indistinct and elusive like spirits. Like something the sleeping dream about.

THE MAN: But the sleeping are unaware that they are dreaming. While they dream they think that they're awake. And at the same time those awake wander restlessly about shouting, as if to wake the sleeping to tell them that it is all just a dream.

THE WOMAN: The dreamers will never be united with their dreams.

THE MAN: The dreams are searching for them in the empty streets, in the dark alleys, at the discos and in the emergency rooms, along the ink black, sucking water of the quays, in the deserts of the railway stations and the large hotels.

The dreams get lost and collide in the darkness, where the light of the lamps can't make its way. In the dark chinks and cavities, between invisible knives and unknown lips.

THE WOMAN: The dreams mingle, get lost and are confused in the darkness. They flutter like nocturnal moths round any light in any window.

They let themselves be led, like the blind, up strange grey staircases to strange white beds.

THE MAN: They whisper the same words to one another and the words are like glass, not caring for a second about who is peeping at whom.

That's how the city's dreams flutter through the night, hunting for the unknown face which will open its eyes and see them so they wake up.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

KØBENHAVNS EXCENTRISKE RUM

Ved: Gregers Algreen-Ussing

Det dobbelte pladsrum

Man kan fordrive tiden på Amagertorv. For opholdet på torvet afgøres ikke længere af den hastige opstilling og nedtagning af handelsboderne. Ikke længere af den zaplignende overvågning af udbud og pris, der ledsages af fragmentariske ordvekslinger.

I dag er tilstedeværelsen betinget af cafébordets stilstand og samtalens punktering af den endeløse effektivitet, der til stadighed retter sig mod den kommende time. Det sker ikke blot i det intime møde. Også i den hektiske strøm af mennesker, der i dagtimerne trafikerer byens ældste strøg, opstår en løven, som fremkaldes af pladsens fordeling i torvet og Højbro Plads. For samtidig med at Amagertorv danner et rum, der skridt for skridt udbreder sin flade og muliggør en anden og langsommere gangrytme, skaber Højbro Plads et momentant kraftfelt, der åbner sig mod Slotsholmen og dens monumentale arkitektur,

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som fordrer en positionens overvejelse. Længe efter solskyggernes stille passage, i lyset fra de lukkede butikker og til lyden af springvandets sirlige plasken, indfinder legen sig på rullende skøjter. De afprøver rummets grænser i graciøse arabesker og ved ihærdige forsøg på at hoppe højest op i torvets lufttrum, for straks at falde ned igen på belægningens omhyggeligt planslebne flade. Og det er netop grunden - den smukke belægning - der gør pladsen til et sted for legens udfoldelse. Lyden fra hvert enkelt hjul binder de fine fuger sammen i et *basso continuo*, der snart viger, snart nærmer sig i takt med solistens afsøgning af pladsrummets grænser. Hvilket ikke er nogen let opgave.

På den ene side fremkaldes Højbro Plads en sammensat åbning til broen over havnen, der fra gammel tid definerer torvet som et centralt tilholdssted for Amagers befolkning. På den anden side gør udsynet til Slotsholmens historiske monumenter det klart, at det dobbelte pladsrum selv er en del af den moderne periferi, der omgiver hovedstadens unikke midte.

Arkitekturens tilstedeværelse

Et godt stykke før man når Højbro Plads fra Købmagergade, fornemmer man to perspektiver i rumforløbet. Det ene erfarer man gennem gadens gradvise fald mod den gamle strandlinie, der uvilkårligt får en til at se efter, hvordan denne grænse er formuleret for bevægelsens peripeti. Den træder da frem som en kraftfuld kombination af kanal og bro i tunge, granitsatte flader. De groft huggede sten udtrykker den

THE ECCENTRIC SPACE OF COPENHAGEN

The Double Open-Square Space

You can while away the time at Amagertorv. Because the time spent at the square is no longer determined by the speedy building up and taking down of the trading stalls. No longer by the zap-like monitoring of offers and prices, accompanied by fragmentary verbal exchanges.

Today, the life is determined by the lull of the café table and the conversation's punctuation of that endless efficiency which incessantly points toward the hour to come. This happens not only in the intimate encounter. Even in the hectic stream of people who, during daytime hours, are trafficking the oldest shopping street in the city, there is a hesitation that arises, one which is evoked by the square's reduplication in the square and Højbro Plads.

Because, at the same time that Amagertorv establishes a space which is expanding its surface, step by step, and potentializing another, and slower, walking rhythm, Højbro Plads is creating a momentary powerfield that opens up toward Slotsholmen and its monumental architecture, which insists upon a consideration of the position.

Long after the quiet passage of the sun's shadows, in the light from the closed shops and the sound of the fountain's pernickety splashing, the play makes its appearance, on the rolling skates. They test out the borders of the space in gracious arabesques and through persistent attempts in jumping the highest into the air space of the square, only to fall down again on the pavement's meticulously plane-smoothed surface. And it is precisely the ground - the beautiful pavement - that renders the square a place for the unfolding of play. The sound from every single wheel ties the fine binding points together in a *basso continuo* which alternately yields and approaches, by turns, keeping in rhythm with the soloist's investigation of the limits of the open-square's space. Which is no easy task.

On the one hand, Højbro Plads evokes a conjoined opening to the bridge over the harbour, which has defined the square

since olden times as a central hangout for the people of Amager. On the other hand, the view to Slotsholmen's historical monuments makes it clear that the doubly open-square space itself is a part of the modern periphery surrounding the capital's unique mid-point.

Architecture's Presence

Long before you get to Højbro Plads from Købmagergade, you sense two perspectives in the spatial sequence. The first is perceived through the gradual decline of the street as it approaches the old shoreline.



Foto/Photo: Niels Resdahl Jensen, Amagertorv 1995

This spontaneously causes you to notice just how that border has been formulated with respect to the movement's peripety. The plaza then emerges as a powerful combination of canal and bridge, in heavy granitese planes. The roughly hewn stones articulate the power that it takes to sustain a distance from Slotsholmen, and yet they do establish a link between the vast city-body and its center of gravity. This dissociation also manifests itself in the architectonic form of the building mass, which establishes a peripheral building pattern, from Vesteniceinten's firm earth ramparts to Gammel Strand's cast-iron gratings, around Slotsholmen's huge monuments.

But at the same time, attention is drawn by the equestrian statue of Bishop Absalon toward a second perspective. In its

kraft, der skal til for at opretholde en distance til Slotsholmen og dog forbinde det store udstrakte bylegeme til sit tyngdepunkt. Denne adskillelse udtrykker sig også i bygningsmassens arkitektoniske form, der fra Vestenceintens jordfaste volde til Gammel Strands jernstøtte gitre danner et perifer bebyggelsesmønster om Slotsholmens store monumenter.

Men samtidig fanges opmærksomheden af et andet perspektiv, i Absalon rytterstatuen, der i hele sin komposition retter blikket op mod Christiansborgs vældige tårn, der ultimativt viser det aktuelle forsvindingspunkt for den perifere position. En af byens mange radiale tilgange, som samtidig er en af de ældste i byen, afsluttes således med et dobbeltkomponeret perspektiv, som fra det øjeblik, man træder ind på pladsen, lader sig overskue i en betydningsmættet arkitektonisk komposition.

74 Ankomsten til Amagertorv har et andet forløb i Vimmelskaflet. Den løber koncentrisk om Slotsholmen. Bevægelsen fra Gammel Torv til Gammel Strand følger bygningernes bølgende facader, som langsomt nærmer sig Højbro og det gamle færgested til Amager. Her mødes man af en tværgående frontal facade, der indfører en intern pause i Strøglets serielle rum. Bag torvets faldende flade ser man pludseligt det massive tårn ved Nikolaj Kirke. Det samler pladens vigende begrænsning op i et arkitektonisk greb, der forankrer torvet til byens historiske luftrum. Den nye belægning understreger denne stedfæstelse af torvet ved yderligere at trække et cirkelslag om pladsen og således afslutte strøggadens tragtførmede udvidelse. Cirkelslaget går ind under enkelte bygninger og symboliserer dermed, at lokaliteten var tilstede som en arkitektonisk formuleret plads, før denne bebyggelse fandt sted. I dette krydsningspunkt mellem byens radiale tilgang og dens koncentriske omløb, som genfindes i hele dens periferi, kan man opleve arkitekturen som en enkel og konkret korrektion af den *placeless-ness*, som fremføres som en uafvendelig fremtid for det byarkitektoniske rum. En fremtidsvision som overser, at en arkitektonisk tolkning af det foreliggende, materielle rum kan være en af socialitetens elementære forudsætninger.

Københavns tøvende medgørlighed

Der er en speciel sendrægtighed over danske byer. Ikke mindst København. Den besidder en langsommelighed, som synes at sætte sin egen kvartersbestemte tidsfølge, hvad enten man befinder sig på Nørrebro eller vest for Valby bakke. Selv helt derinde, hvor den første bølgeinie i byvåbnet understreger

entire composition, the statue directs the glance up toward *Christiansborg's* mighty tower, which ultimately reveals the actual vanishing point for the peripheral position. One of the city's many radial accesses, which at the same time is one of the oldest in the city, is thus brought to a closing with a doubly composed perspective that permits a survey, from the moment you enter the square, in an architectonic composition, saturated with significance.

The way of arrival at Amagertorv has another course - through *Vimmelskaflet*. It runs concentrically around Slotsholmen. The movement from Gammel Torv to Gammel Strand follows the waving facades of the buildings which slowly approach Højbro and the old ferry dock to Amager. Here you come face to face with a transverse frontal facade that introduces an internal pause in the serial space of the Strøget. Behind the square's falling surface, you suddenly see the massive tower of Nikolaj Church. It gathers the square's yielding limitation into an architectonic grasp that anchors the square to the city's historical air space. The new pavement underscores this localization of the square by, on top of everything else, drawing a circular stroke around it and thus bringing to a close the shopping street's tunnel-shaped extension. The circular stroke enters beneath some of the buildings and thereby symbolizes that the locality was present as an architectonically formulated square even before this construction took place.

In this crossingpoint between the city's radial access and its concentric detour, which is rediscovered in all of its periphery, you can experience the architecture as a simple and concrete correction of the *placeless-ness* that is brought forward as an inevitable future for the city's architectonic space. A prospective vision which foresees that an architectonic interpretation of the already-existing material space just may be one of the elementary preconditions of sociality.

Copenhagen's Hesitating Amenability
There is a special dilatoriness about Danish towns. Especially Copenhagen. It possesses a slowness which seems to set its own borough-determined chronological sequence, whether or not one finds oneself to be in Nørrebro or to the west

of Valby Hill. Even right there in the middle, where the first waving line in the city's coat of arms underscores Slotsholmen's history, Gammel Strand and the square establish their very own chronology. What a really blessed whole and tranquil touch there is about this city! writes Steen Eiler Rasmussen.

In some way or another it must be possible to give the special sense of time that arises at this spot another, and more critical, content than the mere historical fact that the Square and the Shore were here before the Castle. Out from the past, of course, you can draw one curiosity after the other and continually update new editions of the Guide Bleu. Here, such curiosities are registered in the annual abstracts, which dissolve the place's own chronology in the one that adjusts all events which have occurred into a common occidental chronology. But the interest in city guides, which built up, first and foremost, around the dates of monuments and the chronology of the urban architectonic space is, paradoxically enough, absent in those who actually live within the city's everyday existence.

In archaeology, this everyday life appears as the local correlation of the cultural layers. They, in turn, reflect the place's own chronology, which is thus called *relative chronology*. But the moment that the cultural layer is withdrawn from this and put into the universal annals of civilization, archaeology speaks of *absolute chronology*. This is the one that avails itself of abbreviations like *B.C.*, and *A.D.*. It is this double-stop in time which is rediscovered in the city's space. One look up at Nikolaj Church immediately evokes this ambiguity. For, ever since the conference in 1884, when the civilized nations fixed the exact length of the day and the division of the earth into 24 time zones, and then selected *Eiffel's Tower* for the transmission of time signals for the future standardization of civilization, the hands on the face of the clock on top of Nikolaj's tower have not been following the movements of the sun's shadows across the open-square's space. And yet, the tower was reconstructed, following a long period of reconsiderations, in 1908, as a reminiscence about a time when relative chronology was trend-setting in the historical space, which was, in turn, filled everyday with the tower bells'

Slotsholmens historie, sætter Gammel Strand og torvet sin egen tidsregning. *Hvor er der dog et velsignet helt og roligt drag over denne by!* skriver Steen Eiler Rasmussen.

I en eller anden forstand må denne særlige tidsformelse, der opstår på dette sted, kunne bibringes et andet og mere kritisk indhold end blot det historiske faktum, at Torvet og Stranden var der før Slottet. Ud af fortiden kan der jo trækkes den ene kuriositet efter den anden som til stadighed kan opdateres i nye udgivelser af Guide Bleu. Her indsættes de i årstallenes abstraktion, som opløser stedets egen tidsfølge i den, der jævnfører alle stedfundne begivenheder til en fælles vesterlandsk tidsregning. Men interessen for bygguider, som først og fremmest er bygget op om monumenternes årstal og tidsrækken i det byarkitektoniske rum, er paradoksalt nok fraværende for den, der lever i byens dagligdag.

75 I arkæologien viser denne dagligdag sig som kulturlagens lokale sammenhæng. De afspejler stedets egen tidsfølge, som derfor kaldes for den relative kronologi. Men i det øjeblik kulturlaget trækkes ud af denne og sættes ind i civilisationens universelle annaler, taler arkæologien om den absolutte kronologi.

Det er den, der betjener sig af forkortelser som før vor tidsregning og efter.

Det er dette dobbeltgreb i tiden, som genfindes i byens rum. Et blik op på Nikolaj frembringer straks denne tvetydighed. For siden konferencen i 1884, hvor de civiliserede nationer fastlagde dagens nøjagtige længde, jordens opdeling i 24 tidszoner og valgte Eiffels tårn til at sende tids signaler for civilisationens fremtidige standardisering, har urskrivens visere på Nikolaj tårn ikke fulgt solskyggens bevægelser i pladsrummet. Og dog genopføres tårnet efter langvarige overvejelser i 1908, som en erindring om en tid, hvor den relative kronologi var toneangivende i det historiske rum, der daglig blev fyldt af tårnklokkernes angivelse af solens gang på stedet. Det er stadig den der bestemmer, hvilke caféborde der indkredser samtaltens informationer, og hvilke sider på Amagertorv der frembringer den langsommelige passage. Et både smukt og dunkelt begreb har vi fra V.Wanscher, som skriver at *vor menneskelige opfattelse af tid og rum beror paa forskellige spaltninger af tiderummet i vor daglige indstilling til omverdenen, hvorved enten det tidelige forhold af os til tingene i berøring eller betragtning, eller af disse indbyrdes klangligt, arkitektonisk, dramatisk bliver betonet*.

Højbro plads er et sådant tiderum og er i sig selv et udtryk for den tøvende medgørlighed, der er karakteristisk for det bylegeme den indgår i. Et drivværk for en byudvikling, som gang på gang har formået

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marking of the sun's path around the place. It is still this very movement which determines just which café tables will encircle the conversation's morsels of information, and just which sides of Amagerørn will engender the slow and protracted passing.

A both beautiful and obscure concept has been introduced by V. Wanscher, who writes that *our human perception of time and space is based upon different fissions of the timespace in our daily adjustment to the surrounding world, whereby either the temporal relations that we have to*



things, in touching or in regarding, or that the things have reciprocally in respect to the sonic, architectonic and dramatic, become accentuated.

Højbro Plads is such a time-space and is, in itself, an expression of the hesitating amenability that is characteristic of the city-body, of which it is a part. A floating anchor for an urban development which, time after time, has unusually succeeded in overlooking an opportunity for construction. A genial withdrawal, and an eye for the opening that occurred after the conflagration in 1795. The two narrow streets that ran along either side of the present open square, Færgestraede and

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Højbrostraede, were, so to speak, updated in the space, which specified both the view to the royal power's epochal order of succession and to Knippelsbro, which had long since replaced the ferry as the basic condition of the daily rhythm of the square's commerce. One hundred and sixty-seven years later, this decision has been superseded by an injunction that this revelation in the city-body must be experienced on standing foot. The world's first pedestrian street thereby became a radical innovation within the absolute chronology. But first and foremost, it became an



architectonic guideline which only added yet another dilatory element to the relative chronology that is specific to the place. In the midst of a period when European automobile traffic is stepping up the speed in creating thruways and bypass-highways and idealizing speed as the crucial factor in the fleeting space, the continuing history of this place is running in just the opposite direction.

It is within such a critical conception combining time and space that we can speak about a time-space which obtains its concrete significance by pointing toward quality in the successive addition of urban architectonic elements for a given place,

Foto/Photo: Niels Resdahl Jensen
Højbro Plads og Amager Torv, november 1995, 360° panorama

det usædvanlige at se bort fra en byggemulighed. En genial tilbageholdenhed og blik for den åbning, der var opstået efter branden i 1795. De to stræder der løb på hver sin side af den nuværende plads, Færgestræde og Højbrostræde, blev så at sige ajourført i det rum, der både præciserede udsynet til kongemagtens epokale arvefølge og til Knippelsbro, der forlængst havde afløst færgen som forudsætning for torvehandelens daglige rytme. 167 år senere bliver denne beslutning fulgt op af et påbud om, at denne åbenbaring i bylegemet skal opleves på stående fod. Verdens første gågade blev dermed en radikal nydannelse i den absolutte kronologi. Men først og fremmest blev det en arkitektonisk vejledning, der blot føjede endnu et sendrægtigt element til den relative kronologi, der er særegen for stedet. Midt i en periode, hvor den europæiske biltrafik sætter fart i gadegennembrud og gennemfartsveje og idealiserer hastigheden som den afgørende faktor i det flygtige rum, gør denne historie det modsatte.

78 Det er i en sådan kritisk sammentænkning af tid og rum, man kan tale om et tiderum, som får sin konkrete betydning ved at pege på kvaliteten i den successive tilføjelse af byarkitektoniske elementer til et givent sted, der viderefører *det tidelige forhold af os til tingene*. Det vil sige tilføjelser, der gradvist reformulerer den relative kronologi i de lokale kulturlag og fastholder deres selvstændighed i den absolutte. Denne reformulering må nødvendigvis blive diakron, fordi man på den ene side tvinges ind i den universelle tid, på den anden side kun kan opleve stedet i dets lokale forløb. I København giver dette forløb sig tilkende som byrummets graciøse langsommelighed.

Hovedstadens excentricitet

Overskueligheden i dette tiderum har også en anden dobbeltkarakter. Den udtrykker sig i de to cafeer som gensidigt afspejler den andens betragtninger - Café Norden og Café Europa. Her fastholdes i bogstaveligste forstand den perifere kvalitet som Enzensberger udnævnte som et særkende for Norden; at kunne distancere sig fra magtens centrum og fastholde excentricitetens styrke. Den består først og fremmest i at kunne definere centrum et andet sted end der, hvor man befinder sig. Men dernæst i en intention om at udvikle denne excentriske position til et blivende sted. Der findes næppe nogen byplan, som udtrykker denne intention mere selvfølgeligt end Hovedstadens. Den genfindes i det ene byrum efter det andet. På Amagertorv formulerer det byarkitektoniske hierarki således ikke blot sin betydning ved Ama-

which carries even further the temporal relations that we have to things. This means to say, additions that gradually reformulate the relative chronology in the local cultural layers and maintain their independence in the absolute. This reformulation must necessarily become diachronic because, on the one hand, you are forced into the universal time while on the other, you can experience the place only in its local course. In Copenhagen, this course makes itself known as the gracious dilatoriness of the urban space.

The Eccentricity of the Capital
The clarity of the layout of this timespace even possesses a different kind of double character. This manifests itself in the two cafes - Café Norden and Café Europa - which mutually reflect one another in their reciprocal considerations. Here the peripheral quality, in its literal sense, is maintained, one that Enzensberger cited as being peculiar to the Nordic lands, being able to distance oneself from the center of power and to maintain the strength of eccentricity. It consists, primarily, in being able to define the center someplace else than where one is situated. But after that, in an intention toward developing this eccentric position into a permanent place. There is hardly any urban plan that articulates this intention in a more obvious fashion than that of the Capital City. It is reapprehended in one urban space after the other. At Amagertorv, the urban architectonic hierarchy thus formulates its significance not only by virtue of Amagertorv's central position as the ultimate destination of Amagerbrogade's peripheral approach, but through Højbro Plads it relates itself, at the same time, peripherally distanced from that monument which time after time has been rebuilt as the expression of the central power. With very few exceptions, you can find this eccentric relation between center and periphery everywhere - and Steen Eiler Rasmussen has thrown this into relief as a predominant feature in the construction of the city. A relation that is displaced and diluted in its historical juxtaposition the further away you get from the middle of the city's body. Frederiksstaden's self-contained center is one of the few exceptions that has been subjected to continuous efforts toward moderation through numerous reformulations

ons of Kongens Nytorv, which was laid down precisely in order to amend this error in the development of the urban structure. Høje Tåstrup is the latest example of such a fragmentary constructional pattern which could be placed anywhere whatsoever. The fragmentation of the urban structure is possibly an authentic expression of our times, but this does not necessarily turn this expression into architecture that is able to relate critically to this. Perhaps this way of presenting the problem - which entails a meticulous balancing of the city's peripheral space with its eccentric middle - is one of the most crucial of all for the future of Copenhagen and for its architectonic formulation.

It is a pressing future, insofar as the plans for Ørestaden entirely lack the necessary dialectics, which could prevent this urban section from becoming a fragment within an urbanity, defining the Ørestaden as a servile stopping place within the European traffic structure.

The latter actually seems to be the intention, inasmuch as the primary wish is not to accommodate a local need, but to increase the region's aggregate competitive capacity within a Europe where the economic gravitational center is presently moving south, writes a lecturer at the city's commercial institute.

It could hardly be formulated more clearly - the program for the competition of Ørestaden does so equally well, however, taking Frederiksstaden as its model. It's a shame, because in this way, Amagertorv never becomes integrated into the Ørestaden despite the fact that the open square, as it were, must bear a time-honoured, prescriptive right as the representative of this periphery in the city's center. And in this way, the assertion of the other café is also taken away.

With its reference to Europe, it symbolizes that the capital's relation to the surrounding world is not a matter of any kind of capricious urban section, but that it emanates from the eccentric middle. For if each one of the neighbourhoods in Copenhagen were to relinquish its own peripheral quality, the city would forfeit its eccentric center. In such a way, the qualities that make this unique city into something other than a uniform urbanity would be lost.

By: Gregers Algreen-Using

gertorvs centrale position som det endelige mål for Amagerbrogades perifere tilløb, men gennem Højbro Plads forholder det sig samtidigt perifert distancerende til det monument, der gang på gang er genopbygget som udtryk for den centrale magt. Med ganske få undtagelser genfinder man overalt denne excentriske relation mellem centrum og periferi, som Steen Eiler Rasmussen har fremhævet som et dominerende træk i byens opbygning. En relation som forskydes og fortyndes i sin historiske sammensætning, jo længere man kommer fra bylegemets midte.

Frederiksstadens selvcentrering er en af de få undtagelser, som man til stadighed har søgt at moderere ved talrige reformuleringer af det Kgs. Nytorv, der netop blev anlagt for at råde bod på dette fejlgreb i bystrukturens udvikling. Høje Tåstrup er det seneste eksempel på et sådant fragmentarisk bebyggelsesmønster, som kan ligge hvorsomhelst. Bystrukturens fragmentation er muligvis et sandt udtryk for vor tid, men det gør ikke nødvendigvis dette udtryk til arkitektur, der kan forholde sig kritisk hertil. Måske er denne problemstilling, som indebærer en omhyggelig afvejning af byens perifere rum med dens excentriske midte, en af de mest afgørende for Københavns fremtid og arkitektoniske formulering.

Det er en pågående fremtid, fordi planerne for Ørestaden helt overser denne nødvendige dialektik, der kunne forhindre, at denne bydel blev et fragment i en urbanitet, der definerer den som et servilt stoppested i en europæisk trafikstruktur. Det sidste synes faktisk at være intentionen, for *det primære ønske er ikke at imødekomme et lokalt behov, men at øge regionens samlede konkurrenceevne i et Europa, hvor det økonomiske tyngdepunkt i disse år bevæger sig sydpå* skriver en lektor ved byens handelshøjskole. Klarere kan det næppe udtrykkes - det skulle da lige være konkurrenceprogrammet for Ørestaden, som netop tager Frederiksstaden som model.

Det er en skam, for derved bliver Amagertorv aldrig integreret i Ørestaden på trods af at pladsen må siges at have en hævdvunden ret til at repræsentere denne periferi i stadens centrum. Og dermed fratages også den anden café sit udsagn, der med sin reference til Europa symboliserer, at hovedstadens relation til omverdenen ikke er et anliggende for en tilfældig bydel, men udgår fra den excentriske midte. For hvis hver bydel i København frasiger sig deres perifere kvalitet, så mister byen også sit excentriske centrum. Dermed går de kvaliteter tabt, der gør denne enestående by til noget andet end en forskelsløs urbanitet.

9:14

KVINDEN: Jeg havde endnu ikke set dig.

MANDEN: Og så ...

KVINDEN: Måske var det en lyd. Det pludselige skrig fra en bremse. Et bilhorn. En, der råbte.

MANDEN: Så åbnede du øjnene.

KVINDEN: Men til at begynde med kunne jeg stadig ikke se dig.

MANDEN: Jeg stod i skyggen, på den anden side af trafikken. Svæbt i det kølige halvmørke.

KVINDEN: Først lidt efter lidt fornemmede jeg din silhouet i modlyset, i den massive skygge af bygningen overfor. Jeg kunne ikke skelne dit ansigt, ikke møde dit blik. Men jeg vidste alligevel, at du så på mig.

MANDEN: Du lukkede øjnene igen.

KVINDEN: Jeg ventede. For enden af dit blik.

MANDEN: Bag dine øjenlåg.

KVINDEN: Jeg åbnede øjnene og mødte dit blik. Du blev ved med at se på mig, og jeg mærkede, hvordan dine øjne gik til bunds i mørket under alt det, der strømmer og flygter. Videre, hele tiden videre.

MANDEN: Jeg turde ikke give slip. Jeg turde ikke slippe dig med øjnene. Jeg tænkte, at hvis jeg lukkede øjnene eller bare så væk et øjeblik, ville du forsvinde, ligesom noget man tænker.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE WOMAN: I hadn't seen you yet.

THE MAN: And then...

THE WOMAN: Perhaps it was a sound. The sudden shriek of a brake. A horn. Somebody shouting.

THE MAN: Then you opened your eyes.

THE WOMAN: But at first I still couldn't see you.

THE MAN: I was standing in the shadow, on the other side of the traffic. Wrapped in the cool half-darkness.

THE WOMAN: Only a little after did I sense your silhouette in the solid shadow from the building opposite. I couldn't distinguish your face, not meet your eye. But, still, I knew you were watching me.

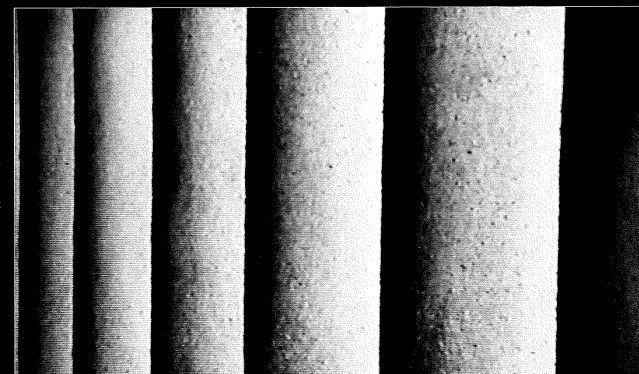
THE MAN: You closed your eyes again.

THE WOMAN: I waited. At the end of your gaze.

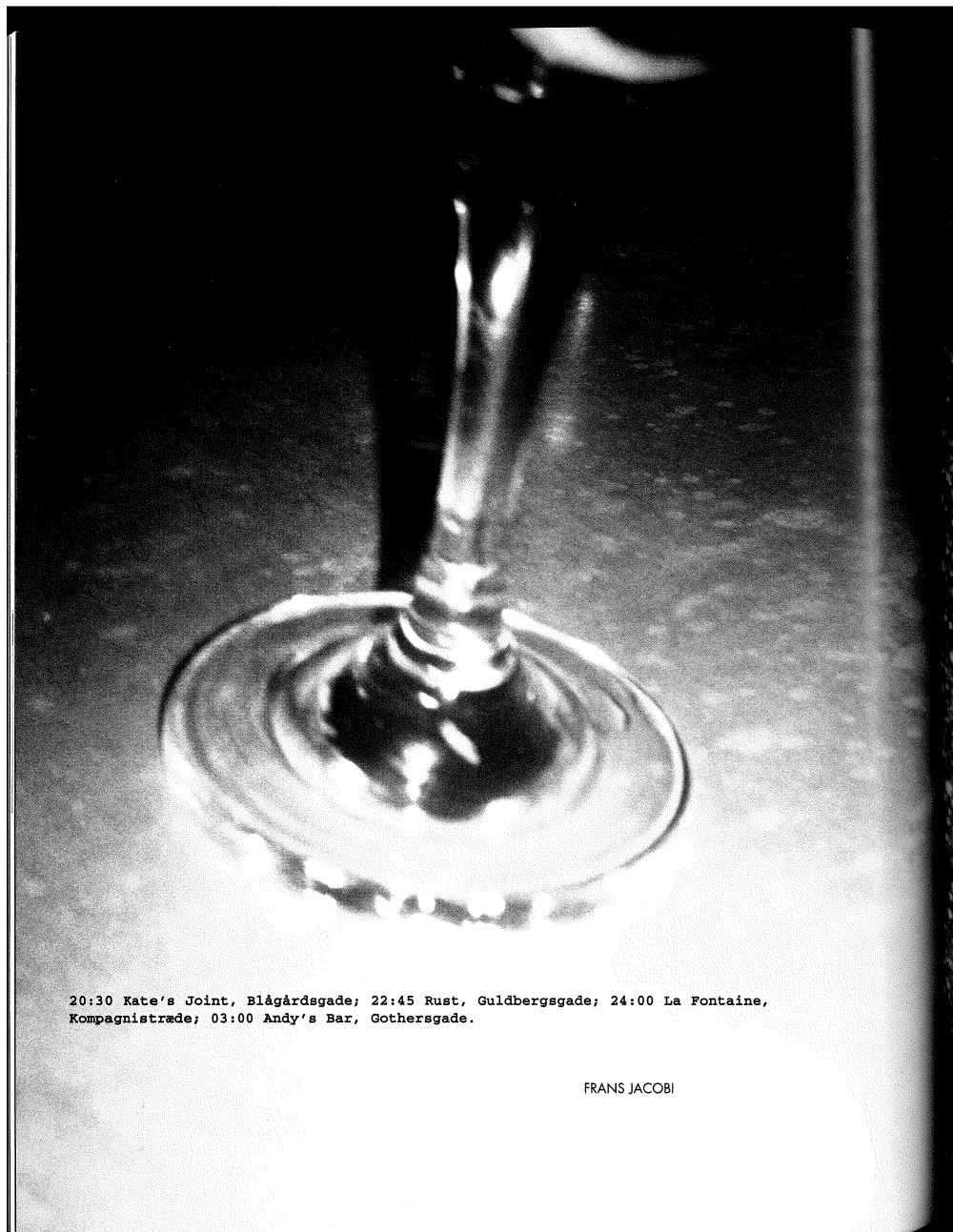
THE MAN: Behind your eyelids.

THE WOMAN: I opened my eyes and met yours. You kept looking at me, and I could feel how your eyes went to the bottom of the darkness beneath all that which flows and flees. Onwards, constantly onwards.

THE MAN: I didn't dare to let go. I didn't dare to let my eyes let go of you. I thought that if I closed my eyes or looked away for a minute, you would disappear, like a thought.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE



20:30 Kate's Joint, Blågårdsgade; 22:45 Rust, Guldbergsgade; 24:00 La Fontaine, Kompagnistrade; 03:00 Andy's Bar, Gothersgade.

FRANS JACOBI



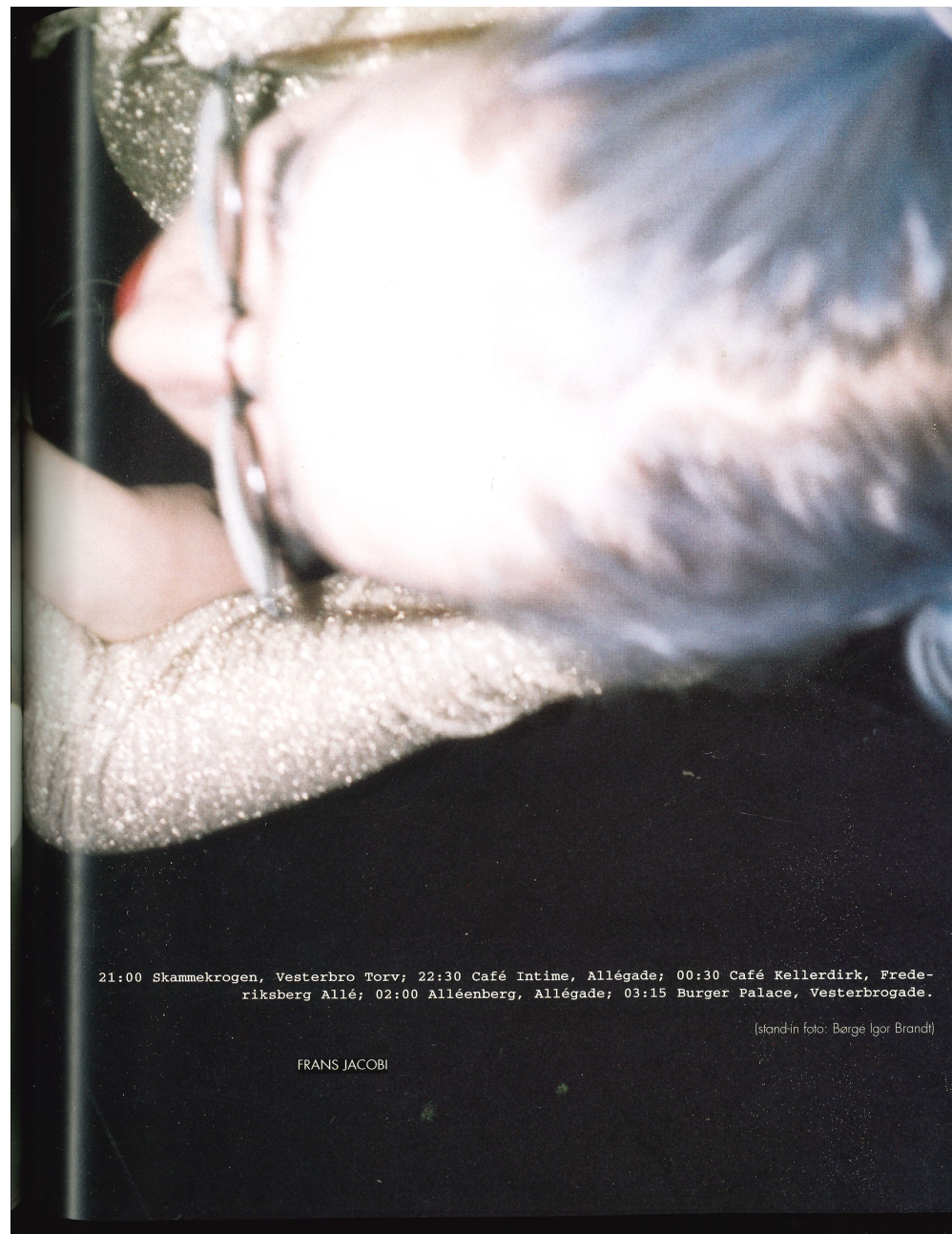
17:00 Måne & Bieren, Christiania; 18:30 Café Wilder, Wildersgade; 21:00 Eiffel Bar, Wildersgade; 23:15 Café Sommerhøje, Kronprinsensgade; 00:00 Pølsevognen, Købmagergade; 00:30 Jazzhouse, Niels Hemmingsensgade; 05:00 Hong Kong, Nyhavn.

FRANS JACOBI



18:00 Galleri Nicolai Wallner, Store Kongensgade; 20:30 Café Sebastian, Hyskenstræde; 22:45 Krasnapolsky, Vestergade; 00:00 Geomarlix, Rådhusstræde; 03:15 After Dark, Studiestræde; 04:30 Cosy Bar, Studiestræde; 08:00 Kaffesalonen, Peblinge Dosseringen.

FRANS JACOBI



21:00 Skammekrogen, Vesterbro Torv; 22:30 Café Intime, Allégade; 00:30 Café Kellerridk, Frederiksberg Allé; 02:00 Alléenberg, Allégade; 03:15 Burger Palace, Vesterbrogade.

(stand-in foto: Børge Igor Brandt)

FRANS JACOBI

10:14

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

KVINDEN: Dit blik, det var ligesom et skib, der ville kunne sejle mig gennem natten. Og jeg stod ved rælingen, sådan som man gør på skibe, om natten, med ryggen til skibets lanterner, med ansigtet vendt mod mørket. Det er, som om den sorte vind tærer ansigtet bort. Man kan ikke længere se, hvad der er himmel og bølger. Måske er der stjerner, men de er for svage, og viften af skum på vandet spredes alt for hurtigt. Man glemmer den by, man har forladt, og man kan ikke længere forestille sig den by, man er på vej til. Man ved ikke mere, hvor man er, og det betyder ikke noget. Man læner sig frem, ud over rælingen, bøjer sig over det kolde, bundløse mørke og tænker, at her, her kunne man forsvinde. Og et øjeblik ved man ikke, om det er en trussel eller en fristelse.

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MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

THE WOMAN: Your gaze, it was like a ship which could sail me through the night. And I stood by the rail, as one does on ships, with my back to the ship's lights, facing the darkness. It is as if the dark wind eats one's face away. You can no longer distinguish the sky from the waves. Perhaps there are stars, but they are too pale, and the froth on the water is spread all too quickly. You forget the city you have left behind, and you can no longer imagine the city you are on your way to. You no longer know where you are, and it doesn't matter. You lean forward over the rail, bending over the cold, unfathomable darkness thinking that here, here you could disappear. And for a moment you are unable to determine whether that is a threat or a temptation.



ud over
se mørke og tænke
et øjeblik véd m
en fristelse.

87

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

DEN STORE FLOD

Ved et særligt møde fik jeg ved et tilfælde kendskab til, at der under byen København skulle sno sig en skjult underjordisk flod. Selvom det kom som en stor overraskelse for mig, at der under en storby som København virkelig skulle kunne findes et sådant fænomen, der åbenbart kun var kendt af en mindre kreds af mennesker, følte jeg mig draget af tanken, og jeg besluttede mig efter længere tids overvejelser til at opsøge og møde denne store flod.

Jeg troede først, at det skulle være muligt ved hjælp af andres allerede eksisterende viden at erhverve en slags kort, hvorved man kunne finde frem til floden. Det viste sig imidlertid ikke at være muligt. Hver gang jeg prøvede at kontakte personer, der efter min opfattelse kunne have indsigt, viste det sig, at de ikke anså det for sandsynligt, at der kunne være grundlag for en sådan ikke alment kendt flods eksistens. Jeg fik i det hele taget en fornemmelse af, at de mennesker, jeg opsøgte, ikke helt troede på min oprigtighed i min søgen og derfor - eller måske af andre grunde, jeg ikke kendte til - skjulte deres viden om flodens eventuelle eksistens for mig.

Da det i det hele taget viste sig at være svært at skaffe oplysninger om denne tilsyneladende hemmelige underjordiske flod, blev jeg nødt til selv at finde frem. Jeg opsøgte derfor steder, hvis væsen ved tidligere tilfælde havde hjulpet mig, når jeg havde brug for støtte. Det føltes godt og beroligende at krydse gamle spor, men det førte mig ikke videre i min søgen. Tilsidst begyndte jeg i min desperation at foretage direkte nedgravninger på forskellige udvalgte steder i København. Jeg fandt mange tegn og efterladenskaber, der tydede på flodens eksistens, men jeg fandt aldrig selve floden.

PER BAK JENSEN



PER BAK JENSEN

THE BIG RIVER

At a particular meeting, I learned by chance that under the city of Copenhagen there twists and turns a hidden subterranean river. Even though it came as quite a surprise to me, that under a large city like Copenhagen, there really could be such a phenomenon, which apparently was only known to a small group of people, I felt myself allured by the notion, and following prolonged deliberation I decided to seek out and find this great river.

I believed at first, that it would be possible, through the help of other people's previously existing knowledge, to obtain some sort of map with which one could find the river. However, this proved to be impossible. Every time I tried to contact people, who I thought might have insight, it seemed to me that they did not consider it very likely, that there could be any basis for such a scarcely known river's existence.

On the whole I got the impression that the people I contacted did not entirely believe in the sincerity of my search and therefore - or maybe for other reasons, I was unaware of - concealed their knowledge of the river's possible existence from me.

As it turned out to be altogether difficult to obtain information concerning this seemingly secret subterranean river, it became necessary for me to dig it up myself. I therefore sought out sites, *the nature of which* in previous cases had helped me, when I was in need of support. It felt good and reassuring to cross old tracks, but it did not further my search. Finally in desperation, I began to perform direct excavations at various selected sites in Copenhagen.

I found many indications and remains that suggested the river's existence, but I never found the river itself.

PER BAK JENSEN



PER BAK JENSEN

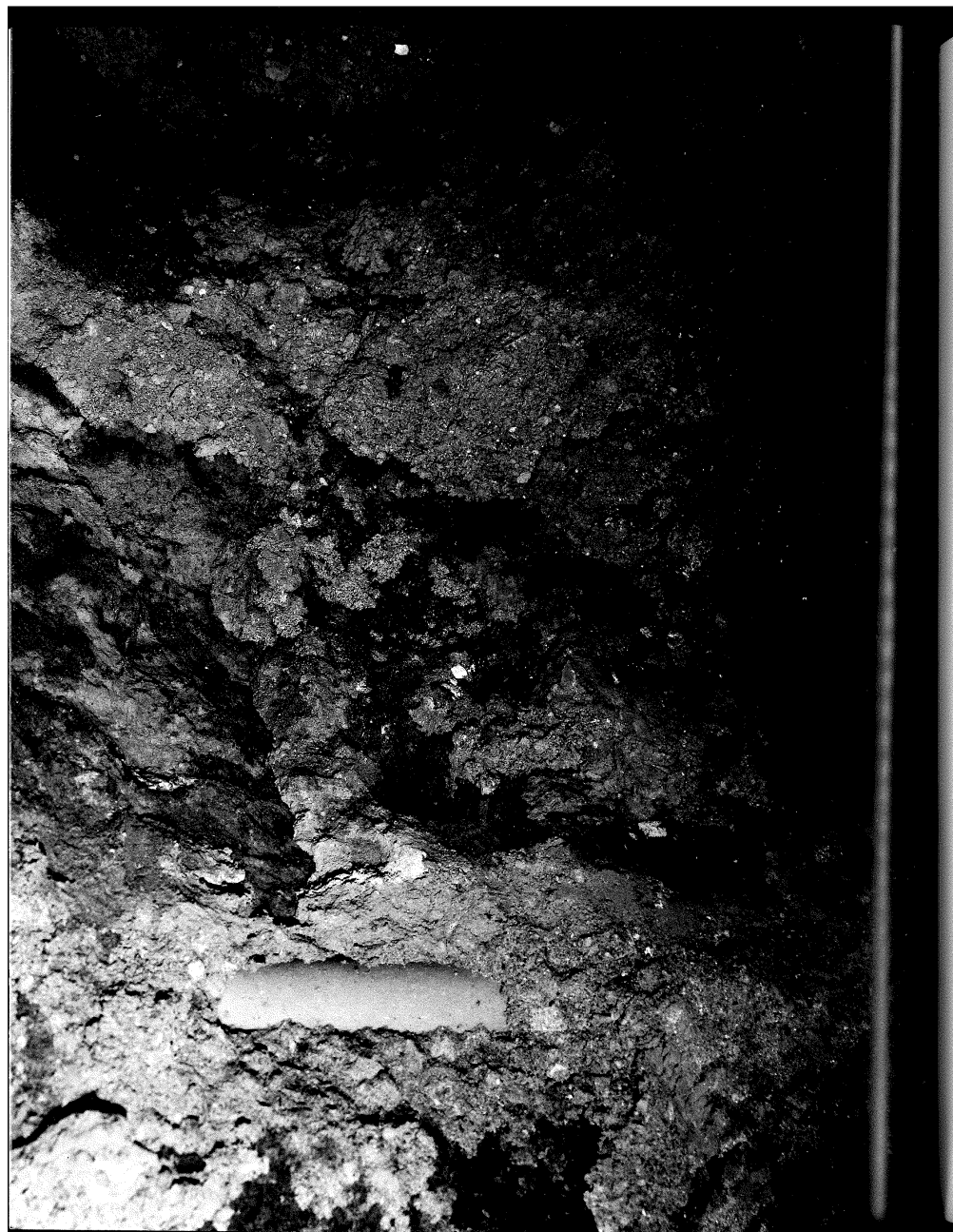


Den oversele by - det sansede københavn



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PER BAK JENSEN



Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

11:14

MANDEN: Jeg var blevet tidligere færdig. Jeg gik en omvej gennem byen, jeg vidste ikke rigtig, hvad jeg skulle stille op med mig selv. Måske var det kedsomhed, måske vejret, varmen. Noget tillokkende ved lyset over byen, måden lyset faldt på gennem dens åbninger og sprækker. En pludselig lethed, som et løfte.

KVINDEN: Dit blik. Det omsluttede mig helt. Jeg kunne være inden i det. Ligesom en sommermorgen, når man er barn. Lyset, der går til bunds i en som en svimmelhed. Når man vågner og får lyst til at løbe og løbe gennem gaderne, ind i dagen. Som om man kunne blive ved. Som om det aldrig kunne blive aften.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



THE MAN: I had finished early. I took a detour through the city. I didn't quite know what to do with myself. Maybe it was boredom, maybe the weather, the heat. The light over the city was alluring, the way the light fell through its openings and cracks. A sudden lightness, like a promise.

THE WOMAN: Your gaze. It enveloped me completely. I could stay inside it. Like a summer morning, when you are a child. The light that sinks into you like a sense of giddiness. When you wake up and feel like running and running through the streets, into the day. As if one could just go on. As though the evening would never come.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

TRÆNGENDE

Ved: Peter Seeborg

At slendre stille gennem byen en formiddag i fuld ledighed eller på vej hjem om aftenen i tæt eftertænk-somhed er den bevægelsesform, man helst tilstår det voksne byliv, gerne med afbrydelser: forundring på et gadehjørne, lytten til et åbent vindue på tredje sal, hvorfra et ansigt hastigt betragter en, og derpå lyder latter, naturligvis om dig. Sådan vil man gerne huske aftener, nætter, formiddage.

Men at skulle skynde sig, til kontoret, til skolen, til lægen, til et sensibelt møde, ja endnu værre, at være trængende og i panik skulle passere gadestreg på gadestreg uden at kunne finde hjælp, ikke at ville røbe sin elendige stilling i banker, i forretninger, i barer og restauranter, af flovhed, jamen også alvorlig tvivl om igennem forespørgselsens tidskrævende karakter at miste forspringet, ikke at kunne nå det, at være for sent på det, ja det er en side af bylivet, som næppe interesserer os, før vi er ubønhørligt midt i det og stort set er henvist til lettelser, DSB og Københavns kommune har været så venlige at stille os til vor rådighed i form af et net af tilbud om aftrædelse på civiliserede steder.

Der fandtes i den ungdom, hvor jeg studerede og boede i Fredericiagade, ikke altid et privattoilet hos hybelens værtsfolk, som de ville stille til rådighed efter og før bestemte tidspunkter; fru Jensen låste gerne døren og satte kæden på kl. 20.00. Det skabte ikke panik, det kunne man vænne sig til, især da der var tilbud at nyde godt af, ikke så langt borte. Ved Esplanaden var der et grønmalet, indvendigt tjæret pis-soir, på Østerport var der DSB faciliteter til klokken treogtyve, det var i højt humør, eventuelt under fløj-ten, man gik hjem derfra og iagttog Gerhard Henningsens liggende dame i parken, som kunne bibringe een mærkelige tanker, og i Nyhavn var der et fuldt udbygget kommunalt toilet, der lukkede sent. Måske man havde mere lyst til at gå herved.

Mennesket er stort set et regelmæssigt væsen. De begrænsninger, der prægede den sanitære komfort, førte til daglig ikke til umulige kapløb med tiden, der svandt så forfærdeligt hurtigt, når man var ude af

WHEN YOU HAVE GOT TO GO

To stroll through the city in the morning in complete idleness or walk home in the evening in deep thought is the form of movement you prefer to vouchsafe the adult city-life, preferably with interrup-tions: wonderment at a street corner, list-ening to the sounds from an open window on the third floor whence a face hurriedly glances at you, whereupon you hear the sound of laughter, about you of course. That is the way you want to remember the evenings, nights, mornings.

But to have to hurry to the office, to school, to the doctor, to a difficult meet-ing, well even worse, to be in need of relief and in a state of panic, having to pass street upon street without finding suc-cour, not willing to admit your miserable state in banks, in shops, in bars and restaurants, out of shame, but also due to serious fear that, through the timecon-suming nature of the inquiry, one might lose the margin of safety not being able to make it, to be too late, well that is a side of city life, which we are hardly interested in before we are inexorably in the middle of it, and by and large are required to relieve ourselves in places which the Danish Railway System or the municipali-ty of Copenhagen have been so kind as

to place at our disposal in the form of a network of offers of facilities in civilized places.

In my youth, when I studied and lived in Fredericiagade, a private toilet was not always to be found in the den of my host and hostess which they cared to place at my disposal after and before certain hours of the day. Mrs. Jensen would usu-ally lock and chain the door at eight o'clock. This did not create a state of panic, one could get used to it, particu-larly since there were offers to benefit from not far away.

At the Esplanade there was a green-pain-ted urinal which was tarred on the inside, at Østerport Station there were Danish Railway System facilities until 11 p.m., and it was in high spirits, possibly even whistling, that one walked home observ-ing the Gerhard Henningsen's lying women in the park, which could stimulate strange thoughts, and in Nyhavn there was a fully built-up council toilet which closed late. Perhaps one would more like going down there.

On the whole, Man is a regular creature. The limitations which characterized one's sanitary well-being did not ordinarily re-sult in impossible races against time,

Færdselsstriber og sporvogn, juli 67
Vera Myhre, Clausens Kunsthandel



sit eget revir og kom i trang. Sammenhængen mellem tid og rum gik her op for een med samme skarp-
hed, som det skete noget før for Albert Einstein. Tiden blev kortere, men man kunne også sige, at den
rumlige afstand blev uendeligt længere. Sådan noget kan ikke opleves på landet; der er der buske,
træer, skove, græfter, halmstakke og meget andet at skjule sig bag. Det gør landboerne tryggere end
byboerne, der hele tiden må overveje, hvornår de skal eller modsat må vide, hvor de bevæger sig hen
for at undgå at blive ramt af trangen, inden de er i nærheden.

Blot en bemærkning: trængende folk skal man ikke spørge om vej, de ser på een med et flakkende blik,
selv de venligste af dem siger tomt nej, og de skynder sig videre med en ensidighed og egensindighed,
som sjældent forstås af de spørgende. Ingen fatter, at det venlige menneske der ikke ville svare, blot var
trængende, et trængende menneske. Det er, som om denne formodning har svært ved at komme frem,
og kom den frem, ville den opfattes som en slags nederdrægtighed. Man formoder ikke sådan noget om
et andet menneske.

100 Det system af sanitære nødtærftindretninger, der tilbyder sig den trængende i København, er stort set
det samme i dag som for det meste af et hundrede år siden. Det må dengang have skyldes en samlet
vilje til at løse den trængendes problemer een gang og for alle. I systemet optræder dels de grønne,
franske pissoirer, der i dag nyder en status som kulturhistoriske mindesmærker, de hører hjemme i tiden
før kvinderne fik valget, da de jo repræsenterer en fordeling af den kvindelige trængen, som det er
svært at komme udenom, men hvor samfundet tilsyneladende i sit såkaldte stille sind har resigneret
måske på grund af omkostninger, dels de kommunale toiletter, hvor der indenfor min færdselshorisont til
fods og på cykel var følgende, der alle eksisterer endnu (stort set moderniserede og Gud ske lov for
det). Jeg nævner: Nyhavn, Triangeln, Gothersgade, Amagertorv, Grønttorvet, Langelinie, Rådhusplad-
sen. Man kan lige så godt tage DSB med med det samme: her var det Hovedbanegården, Nørreport og
Østerport, de var knap så storslåede som de kommunale.

For der var jo det ved det: et trængende menneske var noget storslået i Kommunens, i DSBs og i arkitek-

which disappeared so frightfully quickly
when you were out of your own environs
and in need of relief. The relation between
time and space dawned on you here
with the same clarity as it occurred some
time before to Albert Einstein.

Time grew shorter, but one might also say
that the spatial distance grew infinitely
longer. Something like this can not be ex-
perienced in the country: here are bus-
hes, trees, woods, ditches, haystacks
and many other things to hide behind.
This makes the countryman feel safer than
the townsman, who all the time must con-
sider, when he has to go, or alternatively
where he is going in order to avoid being
struck by the need before he is in the vic-
inity.

Just a remark; do not ask people in need
of relief about the way, they will look at
you with flickering eyes and even the
nicest of them reply with an empty no,
and they hurry on with a single-minded-
ness and a pig-headedness which is rare-
ly understood by the interrogator.

No one understands that this kind person
who would not answer was just in need,
a person in need. It is as though this as-
sumption has difficulty in emerging, and if
it did emerge, it would be perceived as
a sort of insult. One does not assume that
kind of thing about another person.

The system of sanitary arrangements
which offer themselves to those in need in

Copenhagen is on the whole the same
today as it was about a century ago. At
that time, this must have been the result of
a collective will to solve, once and for all,
the problems of the person in need. In this
system are featured the green French-style
urinals, which today enjoy the status of
being cultural-historical monuments belong-
ing to the time before women got the
vote, as they do represent an unfair treat-
ment of the female need which is hard to
ignore, but where society apparently in
its so-called secret heart has resigned it-
self, perhaps because of expense. There
are also the council toilets which, within
my horizon of transportation both on foot
and by bicycle were the following, which
all exist today (on the whole unmodern-
ized and thank God for that).

I mention by name: Nyhavn, Triangeln,
Gothersgade, Amagertorv, Grøntorvet,
the Vegetable Market, Langelinie, the
Town Hall Square. I might as well menti-
on the Danish Railway System at the
same time: the main station, Nørreport,
and Østerport, they were not as grand as
the council toilets.

Because, you know, a person in need
was somebody grand in the conception
of the Municipality, the Danish Railway

Færdselsstriber og brosten, maj 67
Vera Myhre, Clausens Kunsthandel



ternes forestilling. Et trængende menneske skulle have plads og installationerne, som kummer og håndvaske, var rigelige af dimensioner, døre og vægge var vel ikke af mahogni, men det lignede meget. Det drejede sig om at give det moderne storbymenneske anno cirka 1910 gode fornemmelser, blive renlig og være tilfreds med samfundet.

Placeringen af toiletbygningerne var gerne underjordisk, så til ethvert besøg hørte en dyb nedstigning, på Hovedbanegården nød man godt af at kunne gå lige ind, ligesom Triangel og Grøntorvet havde interessant arkitektur som ramme om institutionen.

Det storslåede og fyrstelige ved den ovennævnte række af offentlige toiletter var jo blandt andet, at de var bygget eller inspireret af tidens store arkitekter. Der var to gode forbilleder i det mindste: selveste Rådhuset (Nyrop) og Glyptoteket (Dahlerup), her var hverken sparet på fliser eller messingfittings.

Nationalmuseets toiletter, fra 30'erne vistnok og ved Mogens Clemmensen, havde også et strøg af storslåedhed. Det er svært at holde det niveau, når også et toilet koster noget usigeligt pr. kvadratmeter.

102 Placeringen af toiletterne er der ikke meget at sige til, de lå vist rimeligt centralt, men kunne man nå det? Når trangen meldte sig. Det er det og det var det, det drejede sig om. Kvinderne er nævnte som forfordelte, men hvad med børnene, kan de holde sig indenfor nettets muligheder? Og hvad med cyklister? Det er en hel anden ting: jeg har aldrig hørt om en cyklist, der er kommet i panik overfor en pludseligt opstået trang, det har jeg til gode, måske et par stamp i pedalerne, så er man fremme et venligsindet sted.

Eller cykling suspenderer symptomerne for en tid, et punkt mere til at støtte cyklisme på.

Jeg ved ikke, hvad der er tænkt på af forbedringer til gavn for især udlændinge på dette område under Kulturby-året. Får de besked om, hvad de skal gøre, eller skal de stå i panik på et gadehjørne? Det er naturligvis kun et lille problem. Men alligevel. Kultur er jo ikke det samme i hvert fald ikke på ethvert tidspunkt.

System, and the architects. A needy person required space, and the installations such as lavatory pans and wash basins were of ample dimensions, the doors and walls were not made of mahogany but they did resemble mahogany. This was about endowing the city dweller in the year 1910 with a good feeling, encouraging clean habits and satisfaction with society.

The placing of the toilet buildings was typically underground, so that every visit involved a descent. At the main station, one enjoyed being able to go right in, and Triangel and the Vegetable Market had an interesting architecture as a framework for the institution.

The opulent and aristocratic aspects of the above-mentioned series of public toilets were due to, among other things, their being built or inspired by the great architects of the time. There were at least two ideals: The Town Hall itself (Nyrop) and the Glyptothek (Dahlerup), where there was no pinching and scraping on either the tiles or the brass-fittings.

The toilets at the National Museum by Mogens Clemmensen from the thirties, I believe, also had a touch of grandeur. It is hard to keep up that standard when even a toilet costs some unspeakable amount per square metre. There is not so much to say about the placing of the toilets, they were, in fact, situ-

ated quite centrally, but could one make it there? When the need asserted itself, that is, and that was what it was about. As mentioned, women are treated unfairly, but what about the children, are they able to contain themselves within the scope of the network? And what about cyclists? And that is another thing; I have never yet heard of a cyclist who has panicked due to a suddenly occurring need, perhaps because just a couple of stamps on the pedal is enough to arrive at the blessed place. Or perhaps cycling suspends the symptoms for a while, which is another reason to support cycling.

I am not aware of what kind of improvements in this area there have been thought of, particularly for foreigners during the Cultural Year. Are they told where to go, or are they supposed to stand in a panic at every street corner?

Of course, this is only a small problem. But still. Culture is not something static.

At least not at all times.

By: Peter Seeberg

Færdselsstriber, marts 67
Vera Myhre, Clausens Kunsthandel



12:14

MANDEN: Det var længe siden, jeg havde gået gennem byen på det tidspunkt, om eftermiddagen. Jeg kom til at tænke på alle de år, jeg har gået der, mellem de samme huse. Ikke helt den samme, men endnu heller ikke en anden. Hele tiden på vej. Som om der bag husene ... som om de var en slags forhindringer. Facaderne, murene, der spærrer for blikket. Som om der gemte sig noget helt andet bag dem, hvis bare man kunne nå frem. Ind. Og ens øjne afsøger murene for sprækker og åbninger, flugtveje, døre ind til dette andet, helt anderledes, som man ikke ved, hvad er. Og hver dag gennem årene er det, som om man krænger byen af sig, mens man bevæger sig gennem den. Som man krænger tøjet af sig om natten, kaster det fra sig. Som om man en gang for alle kunne lægge det altsammen bag sig. Stederne, man kender, og den, man har været på de steder. Husene i gaderne, der spidser til i perspektivet bag ens ryg. Så små efterhånden, de huse, at man ikke vil kunne gå ind i dem igen.

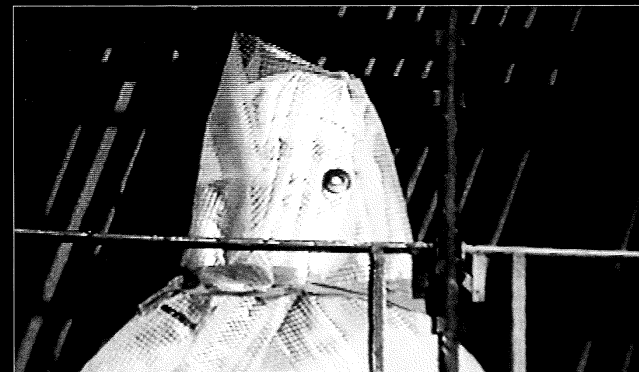
KVINDEN: Og byen forandrer sig, men ikke i samme takt. Den dækkes, overtegnes af spor og mærker. Lag på lag af forvandlingens tilbagelagte stadier. Man færdes mellem tidens efterladenskaber. Tiden selv krænger byen af sig som en slangeham. Igen og igen. Og hver gang tror den, at det er sidste gang. At den har fundet sin endelige form, sin orden. Som om tiden længes efter at bytte plads med rummet. Jaloux på stedernes ubevægelighed. Plaget af en håbløs hjemve.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

THE MAN: It's a long time since I've walked through the city at this time of day, in the afternoon. I thought of all the years I've walked there, between the same houses. Not quite the same, but not yet quite different either. Always on my way. As if behind the houses...as if they were obstacles. The facades, the walls that block my gaze. As if something completely different was hidden behind them, if only you could get to it. Inside. And your eyes search the walls for chinks and openings, escape routes, doors to this otherness, completely different, which you don't know the nature of. And every day through the years it is as if you strip off the city, while you move through it. As you strip off your clothes at night, throwing them into a corner. As if you once and for all could put it all behind you.

The places you know, and the person you've been in these places. The houses in the streets taper off in the perspective behind your back. So small by now, the houses, that you will not be able to enter them again.

THE WOMAN: And the city changes, but not at the same pace. It is covered up, drawn over with traces and marks. Layer upon layer of accomplished stages of transformation. Time itself strips off the city as a slough. Again and again. And each time it believes that this is the last time. That it has found its definite form, its order. As if time longs to trade places with space. Jealous of the immovability of the places. Tortured by a hopeless homesickness.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE



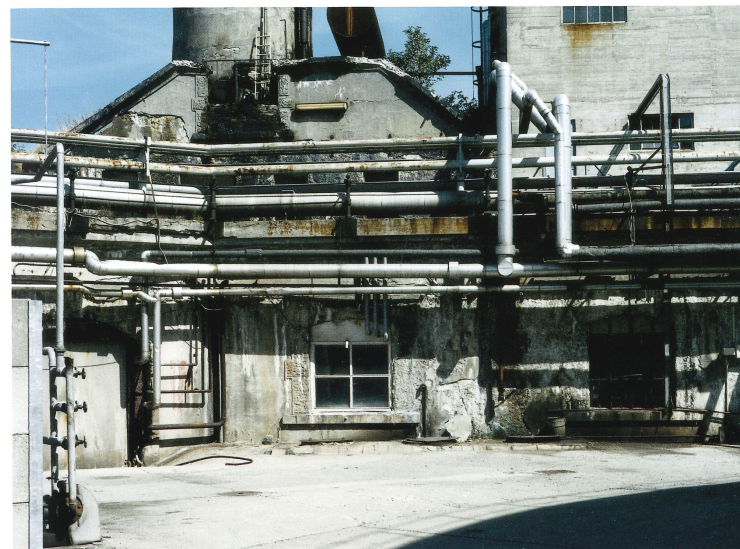
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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KELD HELMER-PETERSEN

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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KELD HELMER-PETERSEN

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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KELD HELMER-PETERSEN

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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KELD HELMER-PETERSEN

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



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KELD HELMER-PETERSEN

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



113

KELD HELMER-PETERSEN

13:14

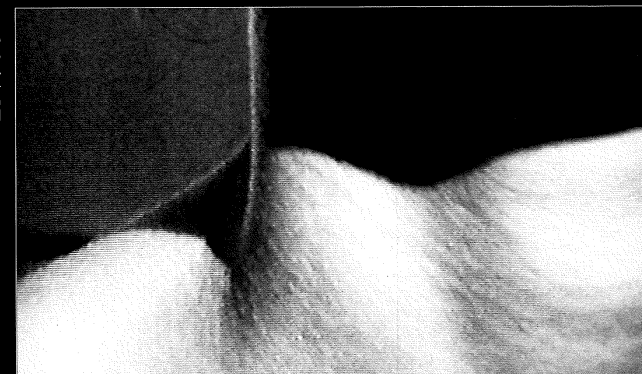
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

MANDEN: En dag opdager man, at det er lige meget hvilken by. At man kan rejse så langt, det skal være, gennem alle verdens byer. At det altid vil være det samme. At der altid vil være de samme mure og porte, der standser blikket. Hvor det bliver kastet tilbage, hvor man må give op. Og alligevel tror man hele tiden, at man kunne være gået i en anden retning, ad en anden gade, ind gennem en anden dør. At der ville være forskel. Og så sker det, at man pludselig standser, på vej fra det ene til det andet. At noget får en til at standse. En pludselig åbning. En tilfældig time en eftermiddag. Et vildt fremmed ansigt en eftermiddag når skyggerne bliver lange og mørket pibler frem.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

THE MAN: One day you discover that it doesn't matter what city it is. That you can travel as far as you want through all the cities of the world. Everything will always be the same. Always the same walls and gates that stop one's gaze. Where it is thrown back, where you must give up. And still you think that you could have taken another direction, down another street, through another door. That it would make a difference. And then it happens that you suddenly stop, on your way from one place to another. That something makes you stop. A sudden opening. A random hour one afternoon. A perfectly strange face one afternoon when the shadows grow long and darkness trickles out.



MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

HUN HOLDER SÅ FORSIGTIGT OM SIT GLAS

Ved: Merete Pryds Helle

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Det er vandet. Under jorden. Under byen. Det risler. Det pibler. Det siver. Grundspejl. Underjordiske vandledninger. Broncerør. Ler. Træ. Beton. Det er et mylder af rør og vandledninger, fra sted til sted i byen, mellem husene, under husene, under gaderne, broerne, himlen. En ustandselig bevægelse. Som mylderet på gaden. Kvinden bøjer sig ned og ryster sin paraply, før hun går ind gennem døren. Kloakdækslet er dækket af et tykt lag regnvand. Det regner. Det bobler. Det siver.

Vandløftningsværket ligger for enden af gaden, hvor etageejendommene tårner sig op med deres pumper, vandhaner, brusere, badekar og cisterner, der drypper, afløbsrør og tagrender. Dagrytmens tidevandsstrøm. Det strømmer. Det løber. Det siler.

Husene flyder ovenpå jorden. De er gennemskåret af vand i lodrette og vandrette og skrånende rør, husmurene er en tynd skal omkring den strømmende væske, der truer med at fordampe og løfte husene op over jorden, hvor de vil flyde rundt på tætte dampformationer. En sky af huse. En byge af murdråber, regndråber, regnbuer, der kan skimtes over tårnene og de hældende tage, hvor dråberne let glider ned, en efter en.

Husene er store porøse lerbeholdere, og om foråret, efter vandløbenes forårsafstrømning, kan man se vandet dryppe ud af sprækkerne mellem murstenene, dryppe ned fra vandbeholderen på taget der er løbet over, dryppe ned fra kvindens armhule, når hun maser med at skrubbe badekarret helt rent og skinnende.

SHE HOLDS HER GLASS SO CAREFULLY

It is the water. Beneath the ground. Beneath the city. It is murmuring. It is trickling. It is seeping. Water table.

Underground water conduits. Bronze pipes. Clay. Wood. Concrete. It is a tangle of pipes and water conduits from place to place in the city, between houses, under houses, beneath the streets, the bridges, the sky. An ceaseless movement. As the crowd in the street. The woman bends down to shake her umbrella before she enters the door. The manhole cover is thickly layered with rainwater. It is raining. It is bubbling. It is seeping. The pumping station lies at the end of the street where the multi-storey buildings tower with their pumps, taps, showers, bath tubs, and cisterns that are dripping, waste pipes, and gutters. The daily rhythm of the tidal stream. It is flowing. It is running. It is pouring.

The houses float on the ground. They are intersected by water inside vertical and horizontal and sloping pipes, the brick walls of the houses are a thin shell surrounding the flowing liquid, which threatens to vaporize and lift them up above the ground, where they will float around on dense steam formations. A cloud of houses. A shower of brick drops, raindrops, rainbows, which can be seen faintly above the towers and the sloping roofs where the drops slide down easily, one after another.

The houses are large porous clay containers, and in the spring after the streams' runoff you can see the water dripping from the cracks between the bricks, dripping from the water container which has run over, dripping from the woman's arm pit as she toils at scrubbing the tub clean and shiny.

Round the city are the water works, they are pumping stations or fountain basins depending on the underground structure, depending on the occurrence of water-bearing layers, depending on pebble and gravel layers, on the cracks in the lime subsoil. It is trickling. It is seeping. It is bubbling. It is running. It is freezing. The woman is standing in front of the lake



Foto/Photo: Keld Helmer-Petersen, København/Copenhagen 1977

Rundt omkring byen står vandværkerne, det er pumpeværker eller springvandværker, alt efter undergrundens beskaffenhed, alt efter forekomsten af de vandførende lag, af ral og gruslag, af sprækkerne i kalkundergrunden. Det pibler. Det siver.

Det bobler. Det løber. Det fryser. Kvinden står foran søen i parken, den er frosset helt til. Børnene står på skøjter, sneen driver i flager hen over himlen, og hun husker, hvordan hun som barn lagde sig ovenpå isen, i sin tykke blå frakke, og forsøgte at se ned igennem den sprækkede, gnistrede, mælkeagtige flade, og hun forsøgte at få øje på fiskene, der stod indefrosne på bunden af søen, stille som karper og ventende på foråret. Hvor det drypper og risler og vandet søger udad og nedad igen, ned mod grundvandet, ned gennem den porøse jord, hvor vandet let finder vej rundt om rødder, småsten, skaller og rådnende plantestængler, gennem lufthuller og sand.

118 Det risler. Det drypper. I vandvindingsområderne. I kalkundergrundens spaltede og kløftede lag, hvor grundvandsstrømmen baner sig vej, den kan ikke lade være, den må fremad, nedad, henad, den må fordampe, forgrene sig, suges op af rødderne fra egetræet i kvindens have, skylle videre og videre langs Jordens horisontale forløb, et løb gennem istidsaflejringerens spredte grus og sandlag.

Det siver. Det strømmer. Det fosser. Fra kildepladserne ind i vandværkerne. Op i de store centrifugalpumper, hvis roterende blade forøger vandets hastighed, for derefter at slynge det ud mod pumpehusets periferi, så vandet ikke kan lade være at trække sig selv op gennem rørene, videre opad, gennem rørene ind i vandværkets store sale. Det er vandets vej. Gennem grus og spaltet granit. Opad, videre opad.

Det løber. Det hældes. Det sprøjter. Ud i de firkantede svømmebassiner, hvor børn og voksne plasker og skriger og rutscher, mens den lave sol står ind gennem vinduerne, og kvinden hælder en spand vand på de glødende kul i saunaen, og hun læner sig tilbage og lukker øjnene, mens dampen fylder hendes lunger, fylder og åbner hendes porer, og bagefter under den iskolde bruser, ser hun et skib for sig, et skib, der kommer lige imod hende, sejler lige ind i hende, og hun åbner hurtigt øjnene, og skibet er væk, bruserummet er fyldt af nøgne, våde kvinder, af duften af sæbe og af håndklæder, der hvirvles rundt, af vandet, der strømmer ned i afløbsristene, ned i kloakken, ned i de store betonrør, der løber under byen,

in the park, it is completely frozen over. The children are ice-skating, the snow is drifting in flakes across the sky, and she remembers how, as a child, she lay down on the ice, in her thick blue coat, and tried to look down through the cracked, sparkling, milky surface, and she tried to spot the fish which were icebound at the bottom of the lake, still as carps waiting for spring to come. How it is dripping and trickling, and the water seeks outwards and downwards again, down towards the ground-water, down through the porous soil where it easily finds its way round roots, pebbles, shells, and rotting plant stems, through air pockets and sand.

It is trickling. It is dripping. In the catchment areas. In the fissured and clefted layers of the lime subsoil where the ground-water stream forces its way, it can't help it, it must flow forward, downward, onward, it must flow forward, bifurcate, be sucked up by the roots from the oaktree in the woman's garden, rush on and on along the horizontal course of the Earth, a course through the scattered layers of gravel and sand from the Ice Age deposits.

It is seeping. It is flowing. It is gushing. From the springs into the water works. Up into the large centrifugal pumps whose rotating vanes increase the water's speed, and thereafter fling it out against the periphery of the pump case, so that the water can't help heaving itself up through the pipes, and further upwards, through the pipes into the large halls of the water works. That is the route of the water. Through gravel and split granite. Upwards, further upwards.

It is running. It is splashing. It is being poured. Out into the square swimming pools where children and grown-ups are splashing and screaming and sliding, while the low sun is shining through the windows, and the woman pours a bucket of water on the glowing coals in the sauna, and she leans back and closes her eyes while the steam fills her lungs, fills and opens her pores, and afterwards in

the ice-cold shower she imagines a ship, a ship sailing directly at her, sailing right into her, and she quickly opens her eyes, and the ship is gone, the shower room is full of naked, wet women, the smell of soap and towels being whirled around, the water pouring into the outlet gratings, down into the sewer, down into the large concrete pipes that run beneath the city, under the streets, beneath the houses, from outflow to outflow it rushes, full of water and shit and soap, never still, from outflow after outflow it runs down into the drain pipes, headed for the sea, headed for the waves and the current and the salt and the fish which stand completely still in the runoff and sniff the water of the city, the smells of the city, which are slowly dissolved in the ocean.

It is raining. The sun is shining and the water in the lakes evaporates. It is so seldom foggy in the city and that is one of the things which the woman misses from her childhood. The foggy evenings where you can see nothing but the dark gravity of the trees. The woman thinks of the water which is running beneath her, no matter where she is, in the country or on a pavement in the city. The water which runs in a chain of mountains or in a marine layer, in the subsoil, saturated with water, until the water table has stretched as far up towards the woman as it can and is lying like the surface of a gigantic invisible lake.

- No wonder you always dream that you are sailing, the woman's mother said to her when the woman was still a child, the mother said it in the morning when the girl told her of the same dream again. She is sailing on a lake whose surface is a colour which she can't recognize. Impervious.

The woman's mother is digging a little in the soil on top of the hill behind their house. She shows the child where you can see the granite shooting up above the stratum. - Here the mountain surface of the earth comes forth, the mother says. The girl imagines that the days and nights lie rolled up inside the stone. She licks the

under gaderne, under husene, fra afløb til afløb, det bruser, fuld af vand og lort og sæbe, det står aldrig stille, fra afløb efter afløb strømmer det ned i kloakrørene, på vej ud mod havet, på vej ud mod bølgerne og strømmen og saltet og fiskene, der står helt stille i afstrømningen og snuser til byens vand, til byens lugte, der langsomt opløses i havet.

Det regner. Solen skinner, og vandet i søerne fordampes. Det er så sjældent tåge inde i byen, og det er en af de ting fra sin barndom, kvinden savner. Tåge om aftenen, så man ikke kan se andet af træerne end deres mørke tyngde. Kvinden tænker på vandet, der løber under hende, lige meget hvor hun er, på landet eller på et fortov inde i byen. Vandet der løber i en bjergmasse eller i et morænelag, i undergrunden, der ligger mættet af vand, indtil grundvandet har rakt så langt op efter kvinden, som det er det muligt, og står med sit grundvandsspejl som overfladen af en gigantisk usynlig sø.

- Der er ikke noget at sige til, at du altid drømmer, at du sejler, sagde kvindens mor til hende, da kvinden endnu var barn, moderen sagde det om morgenen, når pigen fortalte om den samme drøm igen.

Hun sejler på en sø, hvis overflade er en farve hun ikke kan genkende. Uigennemtrængelig.

Kvindens mor graver lidt i jorden på toppen af bakken, der ligger bag deres hus. Hun viser barnet, hvor man kan se granitten skyde op over jordlaget.

- Her går Jordens bjergoverflade i dag, siger moderen.

Pigen forestiller sig, at dagene og nætterne ligger sammenrullede i stenen. Hun slikker fugten af stenen tidligt om morgenen. Det pibler. Det syder. Det siler.

Stenen er lys og krystallinsk med skinnende hornformede korn. Den er sprød, med dybe, tværgående revner.

En rigdom af revner til vandet, der søger ud af stenens nat, ud til sollyset.

Det hæves. Det pumpes. Det filtreres. Når vandet er pumpet op af centrifugalpumpen i byens vandværk, føres det videre til de store luftningstrapper, hugget ud i granit, hvor vandet kastes nedad igen, fra trin til trin for på vejen at opsuge ilt, og vandet falder gennem luften, falder på vandet, slår ned på vandoverfladen i et bassin, hvor det igen føres videre, gennem grus, gennem flint sand, hvor alt det løv og humus,

vinden har blæst hen over vandet, dengang det udgjorde noget af en sø, renses væk. Og så videre og videre gennem rørsystemer og samlemuffer og nye pumpesystemer.

Der tændes for vandhanen. Vandet løber igen, ned i glasset, ned i gryden, ned i badet. Det har en smag, som kvinden kender, forskellig fra hvor hun er, fra hvilken sø eller kilde vandet er pumpet op fra, men hun kender den helt præcis, en smag næsten som af ingenting, blød, lidt salt, lidt ingenting, jern nogle steder, en smag af ilt. Kvinden koger suppe. Hun måler vandet op i et bæger og vender det op mod lyset for at aflæse, hvor mange deciliter der er, og solen stryger igennem vandet, rammer, farves og stryger videre ind i hendes øje som en skarp rød smerte, og kvinden lukker øjnene, mens hun hældter vandet op i gryden, der allerede er varm, og vandet begynder at løfte sig, at boble og fordampe, så ruderne i køkkenet driver af fugt, det driver ned i trærammerne, sætter sig i de porøse vægge, indtil kvinden slår vinduet op, og dampen som en flok hundehvalpe løber ud i den vandfyldte luft, ud til et træ, hvor det lægger sig på bladene for natten.

120 Det er nat. Kvinden har elsket med sin mand. Nøgne, vandfyldte kroppe. De var egentlig faldet i søvn, men så vågnede de, som om de havde glemt noget.

- Hvem vågnede egentlig først, spørger de hinanden?

- Hvem begyndte?

Han er en akse, hun drejer rundt om, trækker ind i sig, og som om han inde i hende omslutter hende helt, skriger hun, da hun kommer, og gisper efter vejret. Og da de har ligget med hinanden i hånden lidt og kigget på vinduet, som regnen slår ind imod, rejser han sig uden at sige noget til hende, for han kender hende jo så godt, og han kan lide at vise hende, at han kender hende, og han henter et glas koldt vand i køkkenet.

Kvinden er ved at falde i søvn igen, da han kommer ind, men hun sætter sig op og drikker vandet og falder tilbage i sengen igen. Og straks.

Det pibler. Det siver. Hun begynder at svede, og vandet fra hendes krop fordampes, bliver en lille usynlig tåge i soveværelset, der venter på, at det vil blive morgen, og manden vil åbne vinduet, mens han reder sengen, og tågen kan blande sig med dampen fra suppen og luften og solskinet og stige op til en kolossal gråsort regnsky.

moisture off the stone early in the morning. It is trickling. It is seething. It is pouring.

The stone is bright and crystalline with shiny horn-shaped grains. It is friable, with deep traversing crevices. A richness of crevices for the water to seek out of the stone's night, out into the sunshine.

It is lifted. It is pumped. It is filtered. When the water is pumped out of the centrifugal pump into the water works of the city, it is carried on to the large aeration steps, cut out of granite, where the water is thrown down again from step to step to absorb oxygen on the way, and the water falls through the air, falls onto water, beats down on the water surface in a basin where it is, once more, carried on through gravel, through fine sand, where all the foliage and humus which the wind has blown across the water, at the time when it constituted part of a lake, is filtered away. And then on and on through pipe systems and connections and new pump systems.

The water is turned on. The water is running again, into the glass, into the pot, into the tub. It has a taste which the woman knows, different depending on where she is, depending on which lake or spring the water has been pumped from, but she recognizes it precisely, a taste of almost nothing, soft, a bit salty, a little nothing, ferrous some places, a taste of oxygen. The woman is making soup. She measures the water in a cup, and holds it up in the light to see how many deciliters are in it, and the sun dashes through the water, hits, is coloured and dashes on into her eyes as a sharp, red pain, and the woman closes her eyes while she pours the water into the pot which is already

hot, and the water starts to rise, to bubble and evaporate, so the panes in the kitchen are running, it runs down into the wooden frames, settles in the porous walls, until the woman opens the window, and the steam flows out into the water-filled air like little puppies, out to a tree where it settles on the leaves for the night.

It's night. The woman has made love with her husband. Naked bodies filled with water. They had actually fallen asleep, but then they woke up, as if they had forgotten something.

- Who woke up first? they ask each other.

- Who started?

He is on axis which she turns around, pulls into herself, and as if he inside her surrounds her completely, she screams as she comes and gasps for air. And when they have lain there holding hands for a while looking at the window which the rain beats at, he gets up without saying anything to her, because he knows her so well, and he likes to show her that he knows her, and he fetches a glass of cold water from the kitchen.

The woman is about to fall asleep again when he comes in. But she sits up and drinks the water and falls back on the bed again. And right away.

It is trickling. It is filtering. She starts to perspire, and the water from her body evaporates, turning into a small invisible fog in the bedroom, waiting for the morning to come, and the man will have the window open while he is making the bed, and the fog will mingle with the steam from the soup and the air and the sunshine and rise up to a gigantic greyish-black rain cloud.

By: Merete Pryds Helle

Foto/Photo: Keld Helmer-Petersen, København / Copenhagen 1977



14:14

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

KVINDEN: Hvis man bliver stående længe nok, er det til sidst ikke længere øjnene, der ser. Ikke længere blikket, der berører murenes overflader, de riflede søjler. Ikke længere øjnene, der flakker som natsværmere omkring murenes genskær på jagt efter en sprække, en åbning. Det er ikke længere blikket, der forsøger at rumme stedet i sig, blot for at se det falde fra hinanden i usammenhængende stykker. Der er ikke længere noget bagved, som blikket ville kunne trænge ind til. Det er stedet selv, der langsomt, umærkeligt kommer blikket i møde og trænger gennem det. Vinduerne ser på en. Stedet betragter sig selv med ens øjne, indtil der ikke længere er nogen overgang, nogen grænse mellem kroppen og luften og murene og lyset, skyggerne.

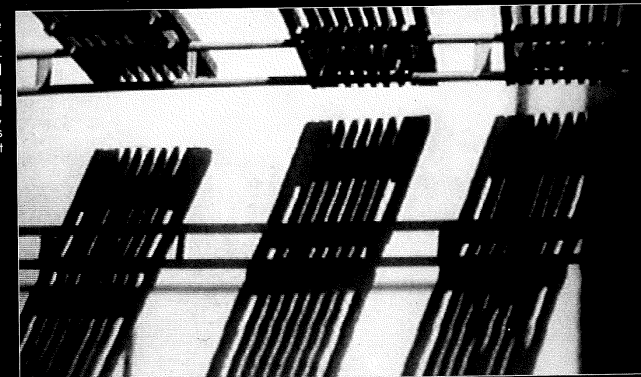
Mellem øjnene og det, de ser. Og man glemmer sig selv. Befriet.

MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



THE WOMAN: If you stand here long enough, it is no longer the eyes that see. No longer the gaze touching the surfaces of the walls, the fluted columns. No longer the eyes fluttering like nocturnal moths around the faint reflection searching for a chink, an opening. No longer the gaze trying to contain the place, only to see it falling apart into disconnected pieces. There is no longer anything back there for the gaze to penetrate. It's the place itself, which slowly, imperceptibly approaches the gaze and penetrates it. The windows look at you. The place contemplates itself with your eyes, until there is no longer any boundary, any limits between the body and the air and the walls and the light, the shadows. Between the eyes and what they see. And you forget yourself. Delivered.



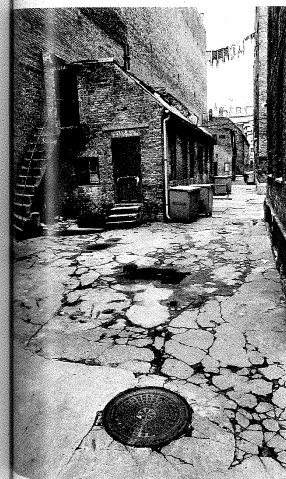
MELLEM LYS OG SKYGGE

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VIGGO RIVAD

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



VIGGO RIVAD



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Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

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VIGGO RIVAD



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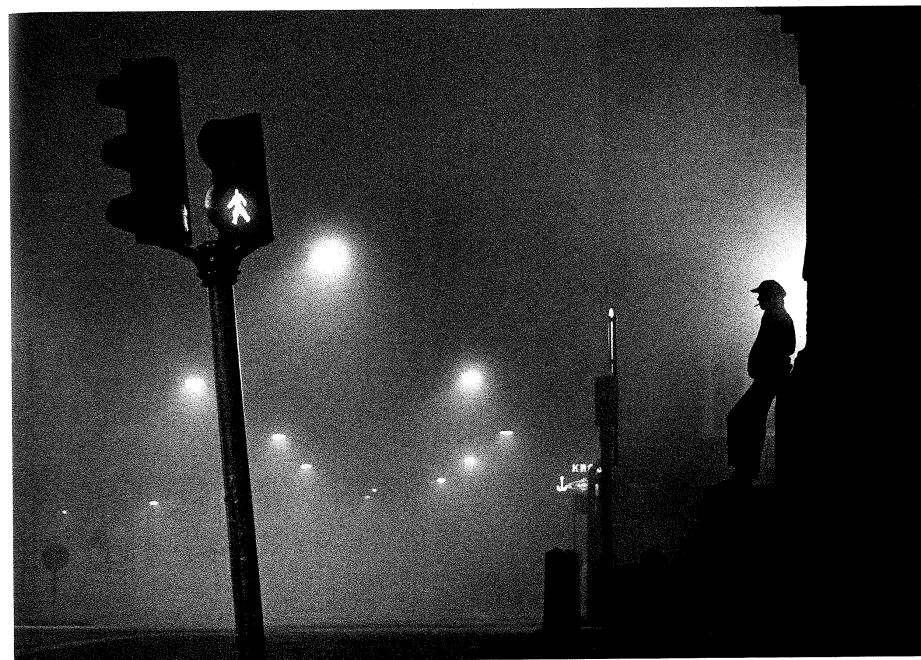
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VIGGO RIVAD

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



VIGGO RIVAD

Pausens Kartografi

Byrum søges som oftest organiseret efter en intention. En eller flere planlæggeres vilje. Ofte som en vilje der følger efter, at flere bygherrer har opført bygninger uden at tage særlig stilling til det omkringliggende rum.

Uanset om byrummet har været den oprindelige hensigt eller et forsøg på en efterfølgende orden, repræsenterer det et forsøg på et fokus: at fastholde en lokalitet i ét blik, at sammensætte adskilte størrelser til én forståelse.

Denne vilje til fokus vil altid fremkalde det usete eller oversete. De steder der fremkaldes som fysiske realiteter mellem forståelsernes begivenheder.

Man kan kalde disse steder for forståelsens pauser. En position af venten og tøven der er karakteristisk for situationer, hvor vi endnu ikke har dannet os forestillinger om, sammenfattet eller givet en sansning form.

Sådanne pauser findes overalt i enhver by. Ingen har tænkt eller villet dem. De er opstået af sig selv ved sammenstød, som huller eller glømsler. De findes altid ved tankens grænse.

Pausens Kartografi udvikles som en alternativ måde at aflæse Københavns oversete steder. Pausens Kartografi omhandler de upåagtede overgange og mellemrum mellem byens kulturelt og socialt betydningsmættede steder. Kun tilsyneladende er disse pauser i byrummet nemlig betydningsløse. Retter man blikket mod dem, afslører de uventede hemmeligheder og giver en ganske anderledes indfaldsvinkel til tolkningen af begreberne sted og rum.

Pausens Kartografi er et Kulturbypjekt, der udover udgangspunktet vil omfatte bidrag fra internationale og danske arkitekter. Projektet fortsætter igennem 1996.

På baggrund af en historisk kartække sammenholdes 2 geometriske stedsbestemmelssystemer: Københavns Roderplan med det globale UTM net.

Roderplanen er en kartografisk analyse af København udført af arkitekt Nis Nissen i 1989. I Roderplanen stedfæstes Københavns historiske monumentaltværker i et internt målesystem. UTM-nettet er derimod et eksempel på et moderne teknisk og globalt kartografisk redskab. Hvor Roderplanen afsætter steder af betydning, afsætter UTM nettet vilkårlige punkter i byens kontekst.

Vi har valgt at lade invitationen omfatte UTM-nettets markering af 16 nedslag i København, der netop ligger inden for den del af byen, som Roderplanen beskriver. Hvert af stederne er behandlet på separate ark - den inviterede arkitekt forholder sig til ét eller flere af de 16 udvalgte punkter. Pausens Kartografi omhandler denne forskydning af betydning.

Kunstbyarkitektur
Eric Andersen, Helle Juul & Flemming Frost

PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI

THE CARTOGRAPHY OF THE PAUSE

Most often there is an attempt to organize urban space according to an intention, following the volition of one or more planners. Frequently as a volition that is the result of the fact that several builders have erected buildings without particularly paying heed to the surrounding space.

Regardless of whether the urban space has been the original aim or a succeeding order, it represents an attempt at focusing, at securing a locality in a glance, in aggregating a number of dimensions into one single apprehension.

This volition to focus will always evoke the unseen and the overseen. The places that are brought about as physical realities in between the incidents of understanding.

You might call these places the pauses of the understanding. A position of waiting and procrastination, so characteristic of situations about which we have yet to shape our own conceptions, situations which we have not yet been able to summarize or imbue form to the concomitant sensations.

Such pauses are found everywhere in every city. Nobody has conceived them or willed them into being. They have turned up by themselves, through collisions, like holes or sites of oblivion. They are always found at the boundaries of thinking.

The Cartography of the Pause evolves as an alternative way of reading Copenhagen's overlooked sites. The Cartography of the Pause deals with the obscure transitions and pauses in between places in the city which are culturally and socially saturated with meaning. But these pauses in the urban space are only seemingly empty. If one focuses in on them, they reveal unexpected secrets and thus provide a completely different way of interpreting the concepts of site and space.

The Cartography of the Pause is a cultural city project, which except from the basic elaborated material will comprise contributions from Danish and international architects. The project continues throughout 96.

In the light of a series of historical maps we compare 2 geometrical systems of identification: The Copenhagen Roderplan - a local identification system with the Universal Transverse Mercator Grid - a global identification system.

The Roder plan is a cartographic analysis of Copenhagen, carried out by architect Nis Nissen in 1989. In the Roder plan, the historical monuments of the city are located.

The UTM grid on the contrary is an example of a modern technical and global cartographical tool.

Where the Roderplan locates places of meaning the UTM net locates arbitrary places in the city-context.

We have chosen to let the UTM grid point out 16 locations in Copenhagen, corresponding to the area covered by the Roder plan. Each location has been dealt with on a separate sheet of paper - each architect is asked to relate to one or more of these 16 chosen locations.

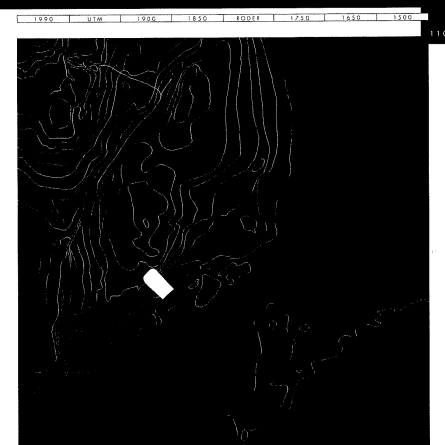
The Cartography of the Pause deals with this displacement of meaning.

Cityartarkitektur
Eric Andersen, Helle Juul
& Flemming Frost



1

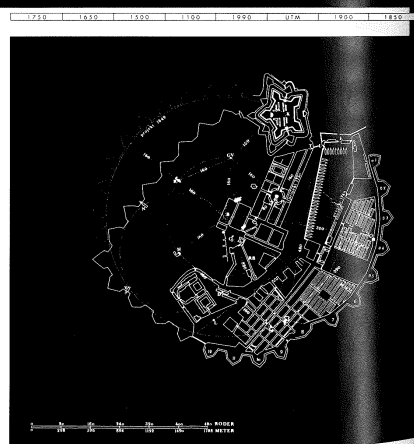
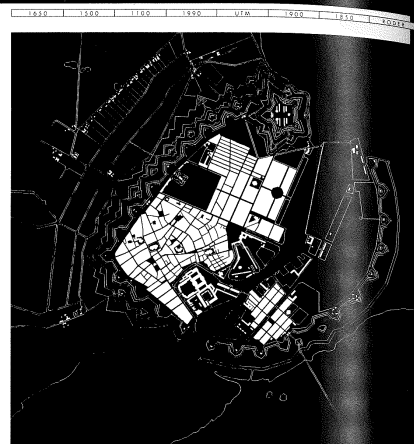
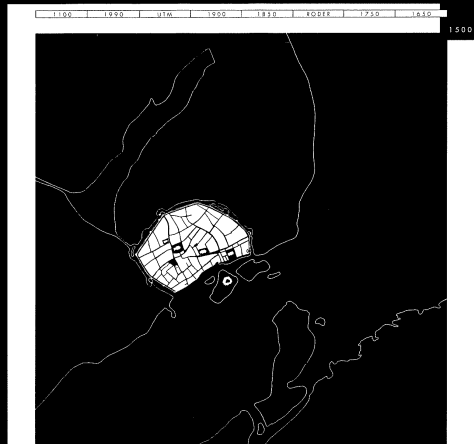
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PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI

1 Luftfoto af det centrale København, 1990/Aerial view of central Copenhagen, 1990.
2 Koter i det oprindelige landskab og placeringen af færgetestedet Havn, 1100/Topography of the original landscape and location of the ferryplace Havn, 1100.

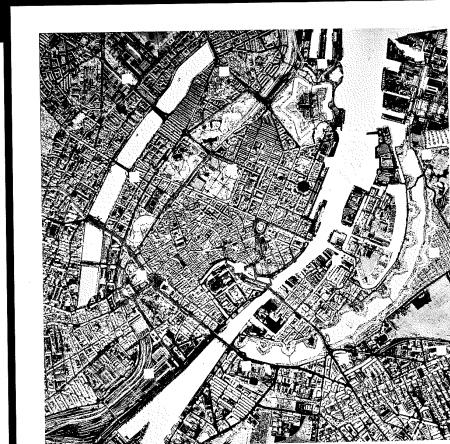
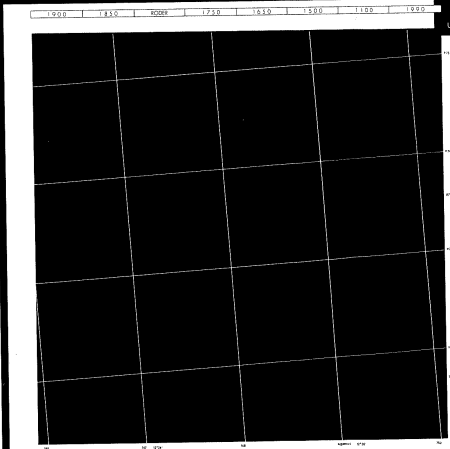
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3. Biskop Absalons Voldby København, 1500/The fortified Copenhagen of bishop Absalon, 1500. 4. Ny-København, den første store udbygning, 1650/New-Copenhagen, the first substantial enlargement, 1650. 5. Kong Chr. d. IV's fuldt udbyggede by, 1750/The fully built-up city of king Christian IV, 1750. 6. Roderplanen - lokal stedsbestemmelse/The Roder plan - local identification system.

PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI

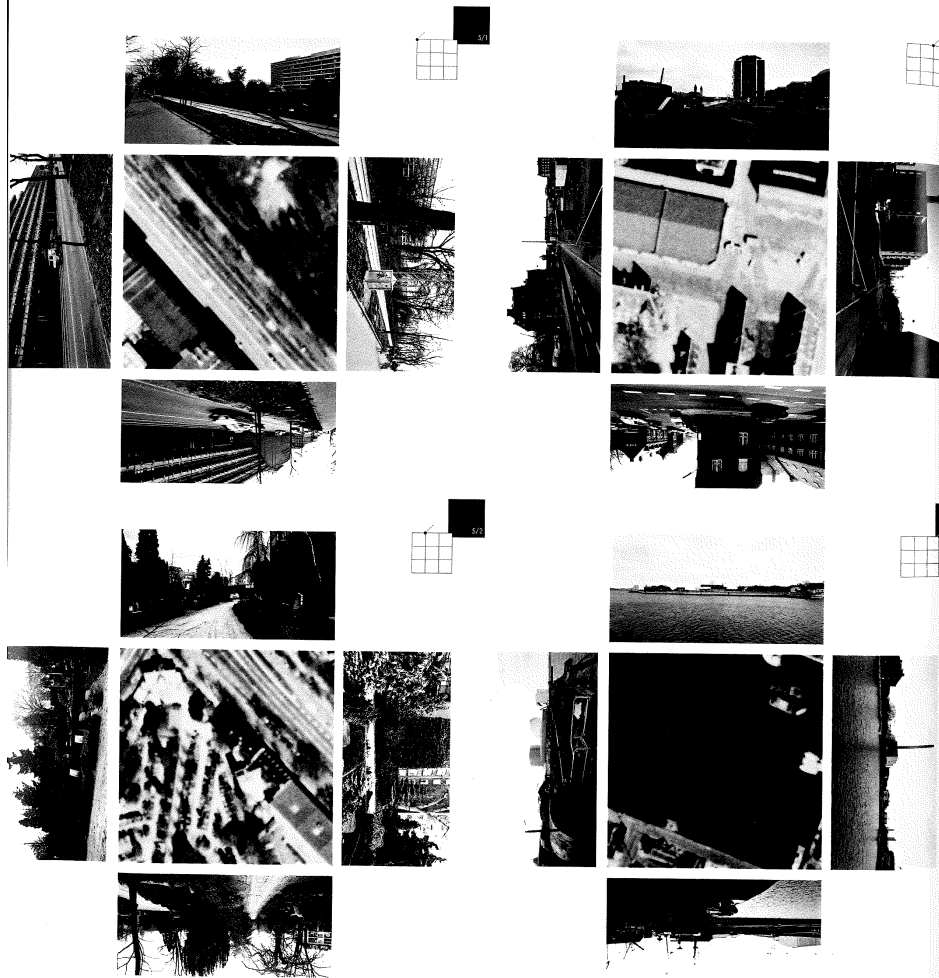
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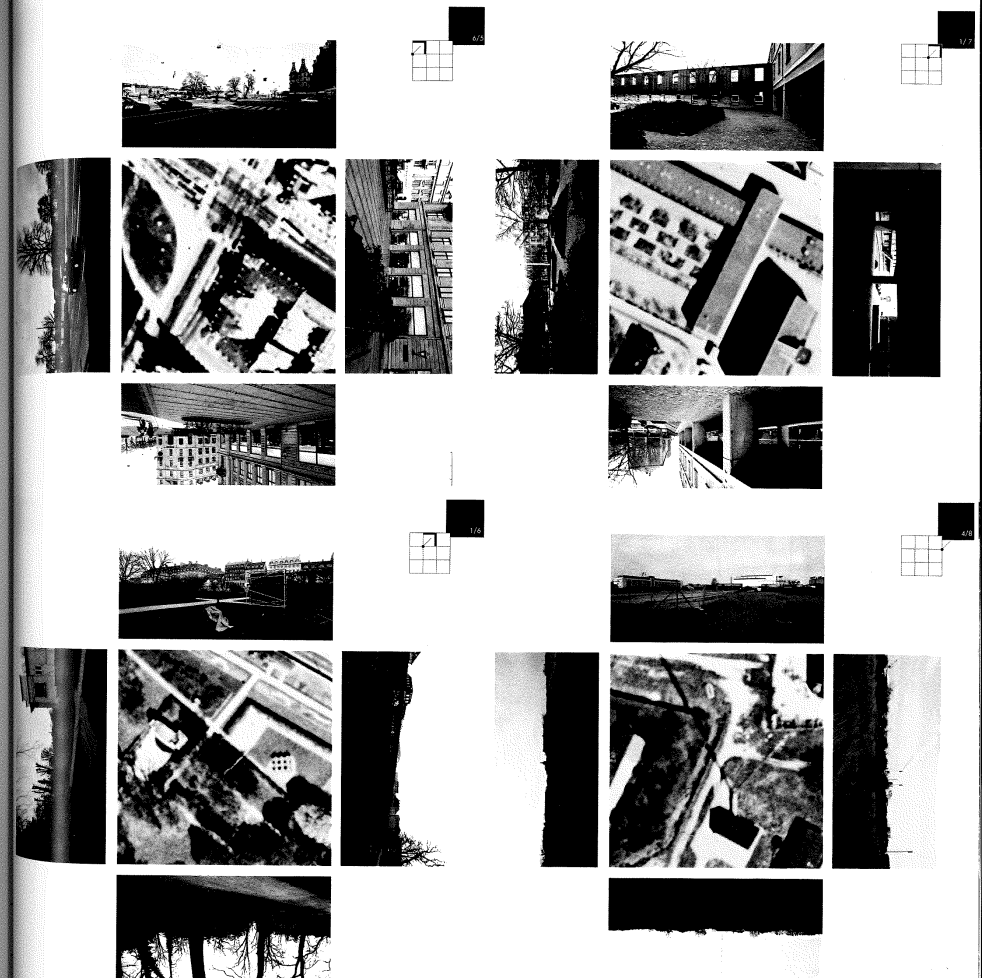
7. Byen efter voldenes fald, 1900/The city after the fall of the ramparts, 1900. 8. København i dag, 1990/Copenhagen today, 1990. 9. UTM Universal Transverse Mercator Grid - global stedsbestemmelse/ UTM Universal Transverse Mercator Grid - global identification system. 10. Luftfoto af det centrale København, udpegende 16 lokaliteter, 1990/Aerial view of central Copenhagen, pointing out 16 locations, 1990.

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI

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PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



PAUSENS KARTOGRAFI



CONTEMPLATIONER FOR KØBENHAVN

Byer forekommer os ofte, når de bliver sanset og oplevet som spatio-materielle artefakter udviklet over tid, at være akkumulationer af effekter. Effekter hvis årsager for det meste er uforståelige. Årsager, der selv for deres beboere ofte er ukendte eller gået tabt. For en by som København kan den synlige fremtræden ikke forklares tilfredstillende som blot værende spatio-materielle udtryk for urbane kausaliteter som sådan. I sin opfattelse kan en by som bygget artefakt ikke forklares som blot værende den historiske akkumulation af rationelle løsninger på de materielle problematikker ved det at bo. I sin fremtræden og opfattelse synes byen København læst og fremmest, som andre byer, at opbevare sine beboeres immaterielle håb og frygt. Når man tænker på det at opleve og forstå en by, går det op for en, at byens fremtræden i forhold til dens opfattelse og forståelse sker den anden vej rundt i en form for omvendt kausalitet. En omvendt kausalitet hvori, fra et individuelt synspunkt, de eksisterende og sansede effekter aflæses og bliver årsagen til en forestilling, forestillingen om nye effekter, en ny fremtræden som i Calvino's uynlige byer. Eller, fra et mere samlet synspunkt, bliver de eksisterende effekter læst aflæst og siden omvendt lagt over med det samlede koncept og en plausibel drøgt, som så bliver årsagen til nye effekter, et koncept for byens fremtidige fremtræden.

Man kunne sige, at det er en slags genfortolkning af en eksisterende situation, som: Sammensætter adskillige størrelser til én forståelse, således som en Augur i antikken vil le gøre ved indvielsesritualer - fremmane det usete og det oversete.

Eller at have læst programmet og det interessante materiale, jeg modtog for at deltage i Pausens Kartografi, arkitektoniske visioner for København, kunne jeg ikke slippe den tanke, at de deltagende arkitekter blev bedt om at deltage som netop Augurer og indvie de seksen lokaliteter, de havde fået stillet til rådighed. Seksen meget specifikke lokaliteter, udpeget af UTM nettet, der på samme tid var ikke-lokaliteter. D.v.s. lokaliteter, der på den ene side var specifikke på den måde, at de er skæringspunkter i det Universelle Transversale Mercatorgrid i det globale identifikationssystem, og på den anden side var ikke-lokaliteter på den måde, at Københavns bymæssige struktur og dens indbyggere ikke opfatter dem som sådan. Med andre ord, de er ikke overkendt som værende specifikke lokaliteter, de har ingen identitet [endnu]. Men for at blive overkendt og opnå bymæssig identitet, ville disse steder være nødt til at blive indviet, de ville være nødt til at blive ceremonielt indsat og indskrevet i Københavns urbane struktur af dens indbyggere. En indvielse hvori de inviterede arkitekter og kunstnere ville være som Augurerne, læsere og oversættelse af de tegn der fremkommer indenfor hver af disse lokaliteters templum. I oldtiden var indvielsen grundlæggende for enhver organisation af rum. Transformationen af ikke-lokaliteter til specifikke og universelle lokaliteter, som ved grundlæggelsen af en ny by, skete ved at komplekst ritual kaldet Contemplatio, som indeholdt en navngivning af tegn, en beskrivelse af Augurerens synstelt Templum, og en læsning og tolkning af tegnenes betydning. De specifikke terminologier for de kulminerende handlinger i dette Contemplatio var, ifølge Joseph Rykwert i bogen *The Idea of a town*, *conregio*, *conspicio* og *cortumio*. Med hensyn til *conregio* skal det lige noteres, at Auguren tegnede et diagram af det på jorden med sin stav, at han delte templum og fastsatte de fire retninger, Øst, Syd, Vest og Nord og navngav de landmærker, der afgrænsede dem. Mit bidrag til udstillingen DEN OVERSETE BY - det sansede københavn, består af en række af såkaldte Contemplationer, hvori hvert Contemplatio består af følgende trin: *Conspicio*, som er læsningen af tegnene indenfor synsteltet, det såkaldte templum repræsenteret af de fire billeder samt luftfotoet af hver af de specifikke lokaliteter. *Conregio* er projektionen af et rundt eller kvadratisk labyrintdiagram på stedet og bestemmelsen af dets eksakte placering og retning ifølge UTM gridpunktet, således at der skabes en forbindelse mellem skabelonen og templum. *Cortumio* er vurderingen af tegnene og oversættelsen af det tredimensionelle labyrintdiagram indenfor templum, som resulterer i en forestilling om et tredimensionelt projekt for den specifikke lokalitet.

CONTEMPLATIO 1/ 14

CONSPICIO: En Boulevard: en bred bygade, ofte træbeplantet og anlagt. Bastion: en mur eller murglignende struktur opført som forsvarsværk, en fæstningsvold. En boulevard der mangler sin bastion. Et mark eller et landskab, der ikke er anlagt. En plattform med spor af tidligere bygninger og søjler, et kårn der ikke er et kårn.

CONREGIO: UTM gridpunktet projiceres ud til at være centrum for et kvadrat lagt i UTM græds retninger, dette kvadrat er markeret af fire punkter på en sådan måde, at disse punkter danner et kvadrat på 4,80 x 4,80 m. Indenfor dette kvadrat er disse hjørnepunkter anvendt som centrum for fire kvartcirkler med en radius på 2,40 m, og fire kvartcirkler med en radius på 1,20 m. Derefter er labyrintens indgang bestemt ved at udvælge et punkt på kvadratet mellem to af kvartcirklerne, dette definerer også endepunktet, da dette vil være placeret på den linie der fører fra indgangspunktet via UTM grid punkt på kvadratet. Indgangen vil have front mod den gamle bydel i retning af boulevarden og broen. Slutpunktet vil være det centrum, hvor konstruktionen af labyrintdiagrammet tager sit udgangspunkt.

CON-TEMPLATIONS FOR COPENHAGEN

Cities, when perceived and experienced as spatio-material artefacts that developed over time, often appear to us as accumulations of effects. Effects of which the causes are mostly imperceptible. Causes that even for its citizens are often unknown or lost. The perceptible appearance of a city like Copenhagen cannot be explained satisfactorily as just being the spatio-material expression of urbanistic causality as such. In its perception, a city as a built artefact does not explain itself by simply being the historical accumulation of rational solutions to the material problems of dwelling, in its appearance and perception the city of Copenhagen first and foremost, like other cities, seems to enshrine the immaterial hopes and fears of its citizens. Thinking about perceiving and apprehending a city one then realizes that the appearance of a city in relation to its perception and apprehension develops the other way around, so by means of a sort of reversed causality. A reversed causality in which, from an individual's point of view the existing and perceived effects are read and become the cause for an imagination, the imagination of new effects, a new appearance like in Calvino's *Invisible Cities*. Or, from a more collective point of view, the existing effects are first read and then in reverse overlaid with the unifying concept of a plausible cause, which then becomes the cause for the new effect, a concept for the city's future appearance. This, one could say, is like a reinterpretation of an existing situation to aggregate a number of dimensions into one single apprehension thus - like an Augur in antiquity would do in the rite of inauguration - evoking the unseen and the overseen.

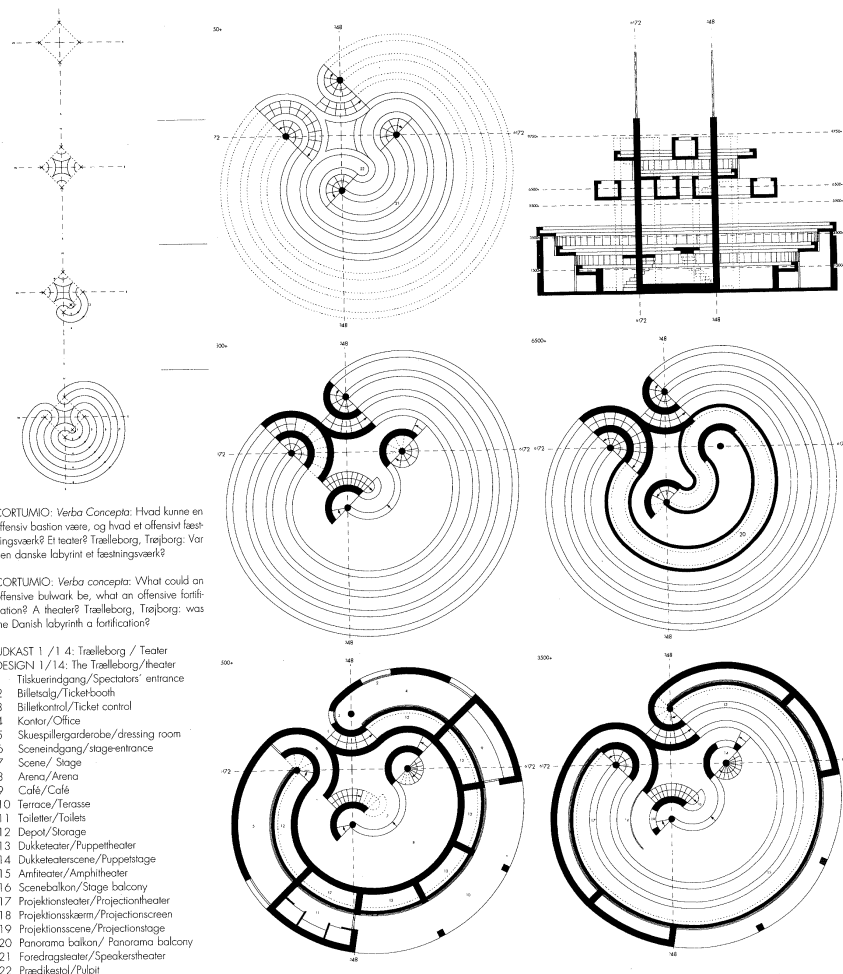
Reading the brief and looking at the intriguing material I received to participate in *The Cartography of the Pause, Architectural Visions for Copenhagen* I couldn't escape the idea that what was asked from the participating architects was actually to act as Augurs and to inaugurate the sixteen locations they were given. Sixteen very specific locations pointed out by the UTM Grid that at the same moment were non-locations. That is, locations that on the one hand are very specific in the way that they are crossing points in the Universal Transverse Mercator Grid of the global identification system, and on the other hand are non-locations in the way that the urban fabric of Copenhagen and its citizens don't recognize them as such. In other words they are not recognized as being specific locations, they don't have an identity [yet]. But to be recognized and gain an urban identity these locations would have to be inaugurated, they would have to be ceremoniously installed and inscribed into the urban fabric of Copenhagen by its citizens. An inauguration in which the roll of the invited architects and artists would be that of an Augur, the reader and interpreter of the signs that appear within the *templum* of each of the locations. In ancient times an *inauguratio* lay at the basis of every organization of space. The transformation of non-locations into specific and universal locations, like the founding of a new city, happened by means of a complex rite called *Contemplatio*, which consisted of a naming of signs, a description of the Augur's field and vision, the *templum*, and a reading and determination of the significance of the signs. The specific terms for the culminating acts of this *Contemplatio*, according to Joseph Rykwert in his book *The Idea of a Town*, were *conregio*, *conspicio* and *cortumio*. Concerning the *conregio* it can be noted that the Augur drew a diagram for it on the ground with his staff, that he divided the *templum* and fixed the four regions East, South, West and North, and named the landmarks that bounded them. My contribution for the exhibition *Overlooking the City - Copenhagen* as it is perceived consists of a number of so called *Contemplations*. In which each *Contemplatio* consists of the following steps: The *conspicio*, which is the reading of the signs within the field of vision, the so called *templum*, represented by the four views and the aerial photograph of each of the specific locations. The *conregio*, this is the projection of a round or square labyrint diagram onto the location and the determination of its exact placement and directions according to the UTM Grid point, thus creating a relation between the template and the *templum*. The *cortumio*, this is the assessing of the signs and the interpretation of the two-dimensional labyrint-diagram within the *templum*, which results in the imagination of a three-dimensional design for that specific location.

CONTEMPLATIO 1/14

CONSPICIO: A Boulevard: a broad city street, often tree-lined and landscaped. Bulwark: a wall or wall-like structure raised as a defensive fortification, a rampart. A boulevard that misses its bulwark: A field, or a landscape that is not landscaped? A platform with traces of former buildings and columns, a tower that isn't a tower.

CONREGIO: The UTM Grid point is projected to be the center of a square laid out in the directions of the UTM Grid, this cross is marked by four points in such a way that these points form a square of 4.80 x 4.80 m. Within this square, the corner-points are then used as the centers of four quartercircles with a radius of 2.40 m, and four quartercircles with a radius of 1.20 m. After that the entrance of the labyrint is determined by choosing a point on the square between two of the quartercircles, this then also defines the end-point since this will be situated on the line that leads from the entrance point via UTM Grid point on the square. The entrance will be facing the old city in the direction of the boulevard and the bridge. The end-point will be the center from which the construction of the labyrint diagram is started.

WIM VAN DEN BERGH



CORTUMIO: Verba Concepta: Hvad kunne en offensiv bastion være, og hvad et offensivt fæstningsværk? Et teater? Trælleborg, Trøjborg. Var den danske labyrint et fæstningsværk?

CORTUMIO: Verba concepta: What could an offensive bulwark be, what an offensive fortification? A theater? Trælleborg, Trøjborg: was the Danish labyrint a fortification?

- UDKAST 1 / 14: Trælleborg / Theater
 DESIGN 1 / 14: The Trælleborg / theater
 1 Tilskuereingang/Spectators' entrance
 2 Billetsalg/Ticketbooth
 3 Billetkontrol/Ticket control
 4 Kontor/Office
 5 Skuespillergarderobe/dressing room
 6 Scenearbejdsgang/stage-entrance
 7 Scene/Stage
 8 Arena/Arena
 9 Cafe/Cafe
 10 Terrasse/Terrace
 11 Toiletter/Toilets
 12 Depot/Storage
 13 Dukketeater/Puppettheater
 14 Dukketeaterenscener/Puppetstage
 15 Amfiteater/Amphitheater
 16 Scenebalkon/Stage balcony
 17 Projektionsteater/Projectiontheater
 18 Projektionsskærm/Projectionscreen
 19 Projektionsscene/Projectionstage
 20 Panorama balkon / Panorama balcony
 21 Foredragsteater/Speakers theater
 22 Prædikestol/Pulpit

WIM VAN DEN BERGH

OM AT ORDNE BYEN

Hensigt
Vores projekt fokuserer på en dialog mellem det at observere byen og formulere visioner. Da vi nærer mistillid til helhedsvisioner, ønsker vi at finde en orden i byen uden at fastlægge formale figurer. Vi accepterer, at de store byudviklingsprojekter, fordi de involverer så store kommercielle interesser, ikke længere kan anvendes til at udvikle byens struktur eller kultur. Pr. definition kræver disse store projekter en vilje, der udelukker kritik. Disse store indgreb i byen udnyttes til udvikling og investeringer, ikke til at formulere ønskværdige definitioner af det urbane liv.

Observationer
Hvorfor føler vi os mon bedre tilpas i de oversete områder af byen. Hvorfor virker den byfornyede og renoverede by så fuldkommen uoverbevisende i sit forsøg på at overbevise, så fremmedgørende i al sin tilpasethed. Vi har stadig mindre grund til at kritisere byen for at være grim, kvædetmod isolerer dens overfladiske harmoni og tilpassede hensyntagen os i en syntetisk, uilfredstillende ny verden.

Byens tekstur og overflader afviser vore aftryk. Den nydeligt tilpassede granitbeklædning og den samordnede æstetik kræver ikke studier af detaljen, vore øjne glider henover de glatte overflader og de forudsigelige billeder. Intet er afstikkende i billedet af denne by af koncerner og detalhandel. Det er forvirrende, at mens vi synes at blive mindre i stand til at få indflydelse på udviklingen eller på byen, bliver byens nye former gentagne og gammeltkendte.

Som et særlt paradoks har den varierede by altid søgt sin forening. Den by, der var sammensat af kaotiske, individuelle bestræbelser, opnåede en særlig skønhed i sine forsøg på at samordne og rationalisere.

Den tilpassede, ensartede forbrugerby søger i sin uniformitet desperat at udtrykke individualitet, men skaber blot banaliteter og klischeer. Kun gennem en konceptuel proces kan vi bibeholde kompleksiteten i byen, samtidig med at vi skaber orden.

Forslag
Vi foreslår en række projekter, der skaber orden - ikke gennem geometrisk planlægning, men gennem en tolkning af konteksten, idet vi lægger særlig vægt på form, rum, materialitet og aktivitet. Vi har udvalgt 3 lokaliteter (1.10, 5.1 og 2.16) der omfatter en typisk 1800-tals bystruktur, planlægningsindgreb fra det 20. århundrede og et industrielt affaldsområde. Gennem en registrering af disse områder og en opmærksomhed overfor deres placering i byen, har vi udviklet en serie indgreb. Disse projekter kan ses som fysiske og rumlige, idet de dog idémæssigt er inspireret af vores egen registrerings- og undersøgelsesmetode.

Denne metode har til formål at undgå udelukkende at formulere forslag gennem en to-dimensionel, planorienteret metode. Vore forslag er fremsat ved hjælp af collage og model og gennem selve registreringsprocessen, og vi håber, at dette eksperiment gør os i stand til at formulere 3 konkrete forslag, der er knyttet sammen af arbejdsmetoden, ikke af forudfattede opfattelser.



DAVID CHIPPERFIELD

ORDERING THE CITY

Aims
Our project concerns a dialogue between observing the city and formulating visions. Suspicious of total visions we wish to find order within the city without determining formal figures. We accept that the big moves, by involving such large commercial power, no longer offer a way to develop the structure or culture of our cities. By definition these moves require a will that contradicts critical action. These major refigurations of the city are exploited as development and investment operations, not as desired definitions of urban life.

Observations
Why is it that we feel more comfortable in the neglected spaces of the city? Why is it that the redeveloped restored city is totally unconvincing in its conviction and alienating in its coherence. We have less and less cause to criticise the city as ugly, indeed its superficial harmony and its co-ordinated considerations isolate us in a synthetic dissatisfying new world. The textures and surfaces of the city refuse our marks. The co-ordinated granite cladding and the corporate aesthetic require no investigation of detail, our eyes glide over the shiny surfaces and the expected images.

Our research concerns the relationship between activity and form using the simplistic caricature of Tokyo as a city without form yet dynamic with life and Siena seemingly frozen by the completeness of its form.

Nothing contradicts in the vision of the corporate, retail environment of the city. Confusing while we seem to be less capable of influencing the development or the city, its new forms become repeated and familiar.

In a strange paradox the disparate city always sought consolidation. The city made of chaotic individual efforts attained a special beauty in its attempts at co-ordination and rationalisation. The co-ordinated corporate consumer city in its uniformity desperately seeks to express individual character, and produces banality and cliché. It can only be through a conceptual process that we can maintain the complexity of the city while giving order.

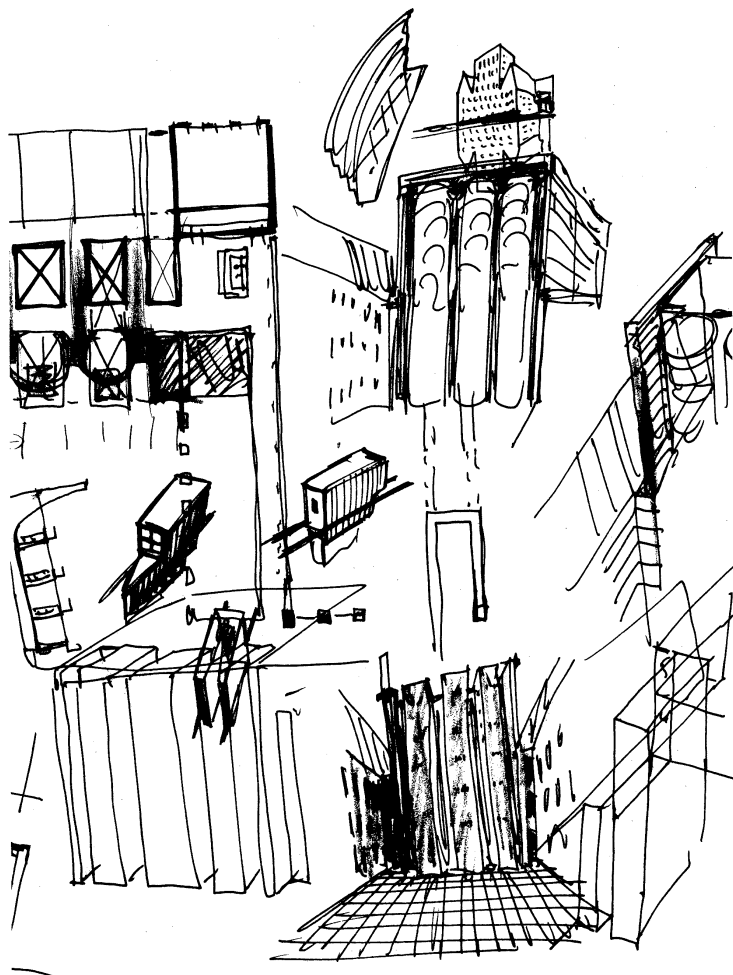
Proposals
We propose a series of projects establishing an order not through geometric planning but through an interpretation of context engaging the concerns of form, space, material and activity. We have taken three locations (1.10, 5.1 and 2.16) these include typical 18th Century city fabric, 20th Century planning interventions and industrial wasteland. Through the documentation of these places and an awareness of their location in the city, we have generated a series of interventions. These projects are seen as physical and spatial while conceptually inspired by our own documentation and investigative method.

This process set out to avoid the formulation of proposals through two dimensional, planimetric method. Our proposals are generated by collage and model and by the very experience of recording, we hope that this experiment will enable us to formulate 3 physical proposals unified by a method of approach not by a formal preconception.



DAVID CHIPPERFIELD

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



POUL INGEMANN

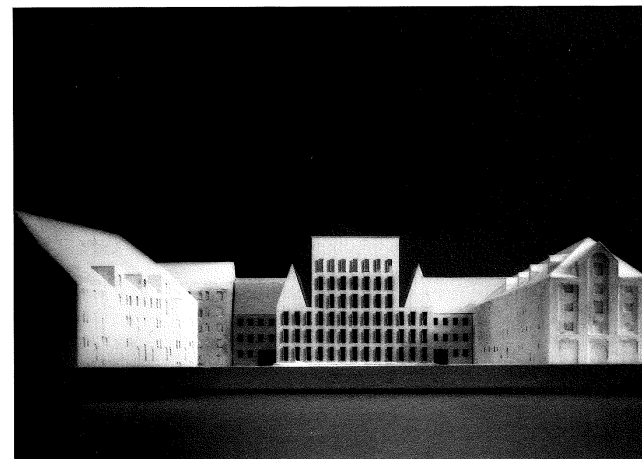
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

Som det sker så ofte, når jeg arbejder på eet projekt, kommer der per automatik andre ting frem til overfladen. Der tegnes faktisk på mange projekter samtidig.

Eller man kan over en årrække konstatere, at det kun drejer sig om eet projekt.

Jeg gemmer alle mine skitser. Fordi jeg ved, at der her er lagret en viden, at min hukommelse er knyttet til disse streger.

Jeg vil gerne desuden, hvor der ikke er nogen forskel i aktualitet, om det er en gammel eller helt frisk skitse, der bliver trukket frem til realisation. På et skitseark fra tegningen af Arkitekternes Hus på Christianshavn, figurerer pludselig en lille skitse til noget stole-, transport- eller gondolagtigt.



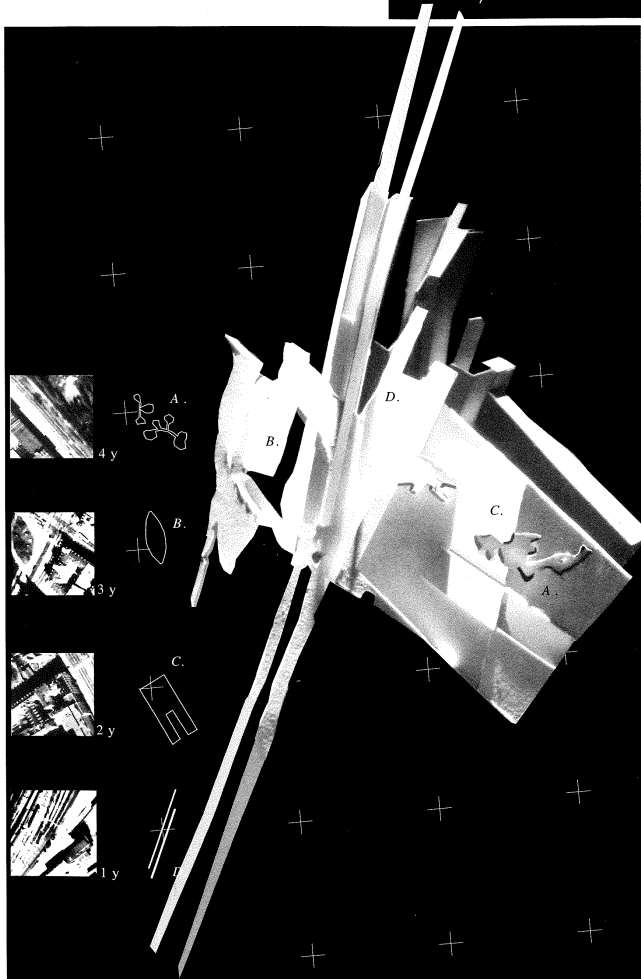
As is so often the case whenever I am working on one project, other things automatically come to the surface. Actually, many projects are being sketched at one and the same time. Or one can find that over the years, one's work merely revolves around one project.

I save all of my rough sketches. Because I know all too well that knowledge is stored up in them, and that my memory is linked up with all these lines.

I want to reach that point where there's no difference in the topicality whether it's an old or a completely new sketch which is called forth into realization. On a sheet of paper containing the rough outline for the Architects' House in Christianshavn, a tiny sketch for something like a chair, or a vehicle, or a gondola, suddenly appears...

POUL INGEMANN

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



Stillman så ikke op mens han gik. Hans blik var permanent rettet mod fortovet som om han søgte efter noget. Faktisk bøjede han sig nu og da ned, samlede en eller anden genstand op fra fortovet og vendte og drejede den i sin hånd mens han grundigt undersøgte den. Det fik Quinn til at tænke på en arkæolog der undersøgte et pottekrat ved en forhistorisk ruin. Some tider smed Stillmann, efter på denne måde at have gransket en genstand, den tilbage på fortovet. Men for det meste åbnede han sin vadsæk og lagde genstanden varsomt derned. Derpå stak han hånden i en af sine frakkelommer, tog en rød notesblok frem - noget til Quinn, men mindre - og skrev dybt koncentreret i den i et minut eller to. Når han havde fuldført dette, stak han notesblokken tilbage i lommen, tog vadsækken op og gik videre. Bortset fra at samle ting op fra gaden lod Stillman ikke til at foretage sig noget. Nu og da gik han ind et sted for at få et midt. Indimellem stødte han ind i nogen og mumlede en undskyldning. En gang var han lige ved at blive kørt over af en bil da han gik over gaden. Stillman talte ikke med nogen, gik ikke ind i nogen butikker, smilede ikke. Han virkede hverken glad eller bedrøvet. To gange, da udbøt af hans kluseri havde været usædvanligt stort vendte han tilbage til hotellet midt på dagen, for så at komme ud nogle minutter efter med en tom vadsæk. De fleste dage tilbage havde han adskillige timer i Riverside Park, hvor han metodisk travlede ad de asfalterede gangstier eller med en stok kæmpede sig gennem buskadsset. Hans søgen efter genstande ophørte ikke midt i det grønne. Sten, blade og kviste havnede alt sammen i hans vadsæk. En gang, så Quinn, bukkede han sig endda ned efter en tømt hundelort, snuste forsigtigt til den og beholdt den.

Paul Auster, New York Trilogy, "City of glass"

Udover rutinen, forståelsens pauser. Ser (gen-ser) jeg byens fysiske realitet - nogle tilfældige, på en måde målbevidste, men mest fuldstændigt vilkårlige. Det samme sted er aldrig det samme sted, men altid fragmenteret til nye aggregater, konsekvensen af andre steders sammenstød, både interiore og eksteriore... før eller siden provisoriske. Vor forståelse for tidligere tider livs flyden sammen med nutidens, omfatter netop disse specifikke steder og oplevelser... Alligevel undergraver samtidigheden af fortid og nutid vore sanser. Disse kubiske opfattelser er synliggjort tid som overlejer virkelighed og fantasi. Den kronologiske tid bliver opløst - en opløsning som understreger vore egne erindrings og synspunkters subjektivitet, som udvikler en embryonisk formgrammatik.

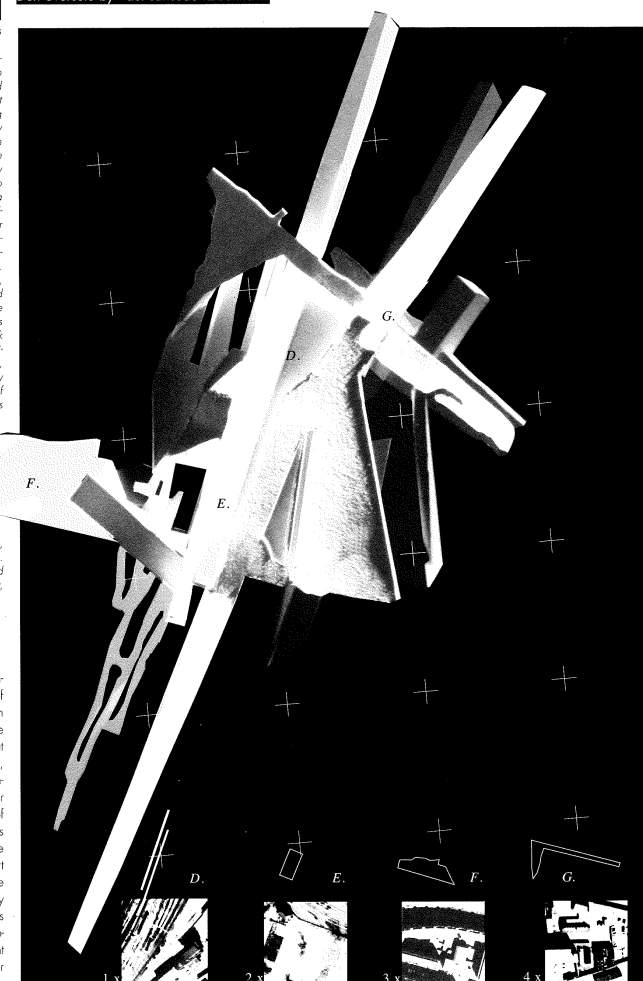
MORPHOSIS ARCHITECTS

Den oversete by - det sansede københavn

As he walked, Stillman did not look up. His eyes were permanently fixed on the pavement, as though he were searching for something. Indeed, every now and then he would stoop down, pick some objects off the ground, and examine it closely, turning it over in his hand. It made Quinn think of an archeologist inspecting a shard of some prehistoric ruin. Occasionally after poring over an object in this way, Stillman would toss it back onto the sidewalk. But more often than not he would open his bag and lay the object gently inside it. Then, reaching into one of his coat pockets, he would remove a small red notebook - similar to Quinn's but smaller - and write in it with great concentration for a minute or two. Having completed this operation, he would return the notebook to his pocket, pick up his bag, and continue on his way. Other than picking up objects from the street, Stillman seemed to do nothing. Every now and then he would bump into someone and mumble an apology. Once a car nearly ran him over as he was crossing the street. Stillman did not talk to anyone, did not go into stores, did not smile. He seemed neither happy nor sad. Twice, when his scavenging haul had been unusually large, he returned to the hotel in the middle of the day and then reemerged a few minutes later with an empty bag. On most days he spent at least several hours in Riverside Park, walking methodically along the macadam footpaths or else thrashing through the bushes with a stick. His quest for objects did not abate among the greenery. Stones, leaves, and twigs all found their way into his bag. Once, Quinn observed, he even stooped down for a dried dog turd, sniffed it carefully, and kept it.

Paul Auster, New York Trilogy, City of Glass

Beyond the routine, pauses of understanding. I see (Re-see) the physical reality of the city - some intentional, purposeful in some way, most totally random. The same place is never the same place but fragmented into always new aggregates, the consequence of collisions of other places, both interior and exterior... sooner or later provisional. Our understanding of the flow of past life into present includes these specific places and events... Yet the simultaneity of past and present subvert our senses. These cubic perceptions are time made apparent, juxtaposing reality and imagination. Chronological time is disrupted - a disruption asserting the subjectivity of our own memories and point of view, evolving an embryonic grammar of form.



THOM MAYNE

NOTER TIL ET FREMTIDIGT PROJEKT

1. At ændre det givne materiale til en præcis retning ved at inddrage fysiske data. a. At relatere de abstrakte givne bypunkter (fra invitationskassen) til et fysisk net: vejkyds, bygninger etc. (KORT 1) b. At fortægne den givne geometri indtil den får form af den eksisterende by. (KORT 2)

2. Denne kortlægning af byens fysiske notationer skubber undersøgelsen ind i domænet af *derive*¹, *plaque tournant*, eller atmosfærens enhed, i det øjeblik vi begynder at registrere *Rehningens* spontane drejninger taget ud fra et subjekt, som bevæger sig gennem disse omgivelser uden hensyn til de brugbare forbindelser, der almindeligvis styrer dets adfærd²

3. Omdannelsen af UTM-nettet i retningen af disse brudte enheder (disse her er resultatet af et indgreb i det eksisterende bymønster) byder på den mulighed at arbejde langs med disse brudlinier, som ikke bør være de samme som byens historiske grænser.

4. Dette kunne være et kritisk instrument til at indtræde i det selviske patchwork som nu danner mønstret af de forskellige naboer til København....

Dette arbejde vil følge den linie som jeg påbegyndte i mit projekt til Ørestadskonkurrencen...

Introduktionen i København af den lange dimension.... Bevidstheden om slutningen af en lang (uendelig) boulevard...

Denne nye dimension introduceres gennem en deformation (forlængelse) af den givne urbane virkelighed.

5. Jeg har valgt lokalitet 6 (i det givne net) i nærheden af en skjult biograf som det skjulte centrum for det fremtidige projekt. (KORT 3)

I biografen vil vi vise partier (billeder) af lange boulevarder, der aldrig har eksisteret i København.

Og i udstillingen vil vi præsentere ændringerne af lokalitet 6 til en slags gadebiograf til fremvisningen af de lange boulevarder.

På disse to sider præsenterer jeg nogle arbejdskort til at definere lokaliteten og nogle skitser om denne længsel efter kilden af fjerne boulevarder.

ENRIC MIRALLES

NOTES FOR A FUTURE PROJECT

1. To change the given material in some precise direction: engaging physical data. a. To relate the abstract given city points (wood box) to a physical grid: crossing streets, buildings etc... (MAP 1) b. To distort the given geometry until it gets the form of the existing city. (MAP 2)

2. This mapping of the physical notations of the city push the research into the domain of the *derive*¹, *plaque tournant*, or unity of atmosphere, at the moment we start to record the spontaneous turns of direction taken by a subject moving through these surroundings in disregard of the useful connections that ordinarily govern his conduct².

3. The modification of the UTM grid in the direction of these broken units (these islands are the results of a direct action on the existing city pattern) offer the possibility to work along these breaking lines, that should not be the same as the historical limits of the city.

4. This could be a critical instrument to enter the self-indulgent patchwork that now makes the pattern of the different neighbours of Copenhagen....

This work will follow the line started in my project for the Ørestad competition....

The introduction in the city of Copenhagen of the long dimension.... The perception of the end point of a long (infinite) avenue... This new dimension should be introduced through the deformation (elongation) of the given urban reality.

5. I have chosen site 6 (in the given grid) in the vicinity of a hidden cinema as the hidden center of the future project... (MAP 3)

In the cinema we are going to propose the views (images) of long avenues that have never existed in Copenhagen.

And in the exhibition we will present the modifications of site 6 into a kind of street cinema for the viewing of the long avenues.

In these two pages I'm presenting some working maps to define the site and some sketches about this longing for the distant avenue views.

ENRIC MIRALLES

KØBENHAVNS ARKITEKTUR

Texture mapping (texturkortlægning) er en proces, som i dag er gjort tilgængelig for os ved hjælp af computerbilledebehandling. Texturkortet, som grundlæggende består af et billede, en tekst eller et mønster, som er overlejret med eller på en anden computergenereret overflade, konstruktion eller afbildning, afslører en række mulige tolkninger eller fejltolkninger. Dette er slet ikke så forskelligt fra de traditionelle teknikker for fremstilling af collager eller filmmontager. Det er dog interessant, at denne metode er forskellig fra disse andre mekanismer ved at den integrerer på basis af spredning og forskelligheder, hvorimod collagens metodologi arbejder med at kombinere ved hjælp af ligheder og usynlige overgange. En overflade eller et objekt, der er blevet texture mapped (texturkortlagt) er grundlæggende sammensat af komponenter, der på samme tid er distinkte og morfologisk integrerede, og afslører som resultat af sine egne morfologisk integrerede komponenter - og som følge af sine egne processer - iboende strukturer og muligheder.

Procedurer:

1. Københavns grundplan gøres til genstand for en uvidlig kortlægningsproces, hvorved forskellige uventede lokaliteter isoleres til mulig behandling. Hvert af disse oversete territorier indeholder latente planer og arkitektur, som kan bringes frem i lyset gennem en række vilkårlige texture mapping operationer. **2.** Texturkort formuleres med henvisning til visse feltoperationer, som fremkommer ved at kombinere labyrintmatematiske strategier. Derpå integreres hver af de fremkomne konstruktioner med luftfotografierne af de forskellige lokaliteter ved hjælp af UTM-nettet. **3.** Disse kombinerede billeder afslører potentielle strategier for arkitektonisk indgreb inden for de forskellige områder. Kortene indeholder mulige lokaliteter, der kan tages i besiddelse inden for de tilbageblevne territorier, som synliggøres ved overvågning fra luften. **4.** Programmerne integreres gennem en ny serie vilkårlige operationer, som denne gang baseres på et turistmæssigt grundlag, idet det forudsættes at turister, uafvendte, altid lokaliserer de oversete steder, uden nødvendigvis at erkende deres tilstedeværelse. Disse lokaliteter besidder derfor en iboende arkitektur, som ved en mindre justering af ens opfattelse kan blive spektakulære steder, steder som åbenbarer en værdifuldhed (d.v.s. turistattraktioner).

ARCHITEXTURING COPENHAGEN -

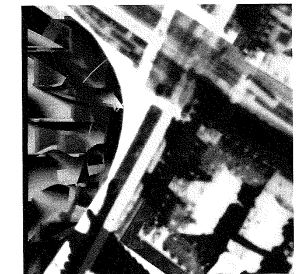
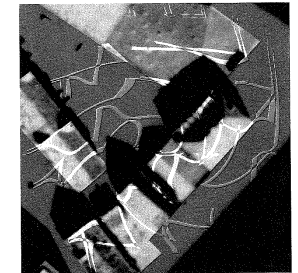
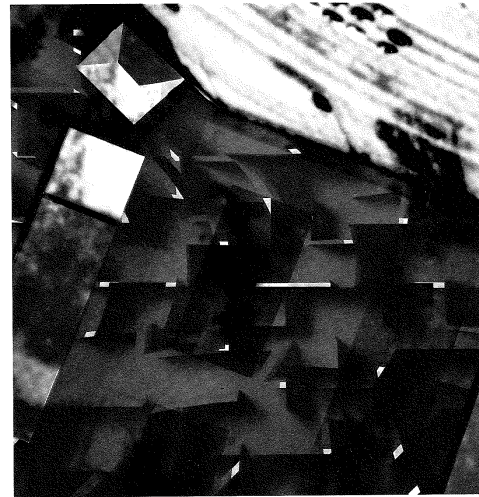
Texture mapping is a process available to us today with the aid of computer imaging. The texture map which is essentially the incorporation of an image, text or pattern overlaid or superimposed onto or within any other computer generated surface, construct or image, reveals an array of potential readings or misreadings. This is by no means entirely different to the traditions of collage or in the case of film montage. It is however interesting in it's distinction from these other mechanisms in so far as it integrates by means of dispersion and difference as opposed to the collagists methodology of combination by similitude and the erasure of the seam. A texture mapped surface or entity is essentially one made up of simultaneously distinct yet morphologically integrated components and reveals as a result of its own morphologically integrated components and reveals as a result of its own processes an immanence of structure and possibility.

Procedures:

1. Subject the city plan of Copenhagen to an external and impartial mapping device thereby isolating various unexpected sites for possible intervention. Each of these "overlooked" territories contain latent programs and architectures that may be brought to the front by means of a series of chance texture mapping operations. **2.** Texture maps are formulated according to certain "field operations" retrieved from the combining of maze and labyrinth mathematical strategies, then each resultant construct is integrated within the aerial photographs (surveillance) of the various sites determined by the use of the UTM grid. **3.** These combined images reveal potential strategies for architectural interventions within the various precincts. These maps contain within them potential sites of occupancy within the residual territories made apparent through aerial surveillance. **4.** Programs are integrated through another set of chance operations this time retrieved from a touristic derive assuming that tourists will, despite themselves, always locate the overlooked sites although may not necessarily acknowledge their presence. These sites therefore contain an immanent architecture that might through a slight adjustment of ones comprehension become actual sites of spectacle and revelatory sites of appreciation (i.e. tourist attractions).

10% of pastors are women. / The Knippelsbro (harbour bridge) has to be opened 8760 times a year. / Rail ferries. / Danish motorways do not have service centers. / Nine daily papers the German occupation as a fisherman. / Carl Dreyer's close ups of "Joan of Arc". / Kierkegaard's guilt, angst and melancholy. / Valdemar Poulsen's "singing arc". / Struensee's right to "Hovfrue". / "Skål for kunsten". / Christiania, the social experiment and a "breeding ground for crime". / Red, roe and sika deer room The Queen's hunting grounds. / Lake Vanem the 9: something" at Nyhavn. / Danish design approved by a selection committee so that a high standard of quality is guaranteed may be examined without any obligation to purchase. / Transitional steps at the Vor Frelsers Kirke. / Breeding Musk Oxen at the Zoologisk Have. / A taxi which is available for hire displays a green sign "fri".

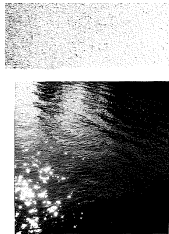
ASYMPTOTE ARCHITECTURE C. 1995



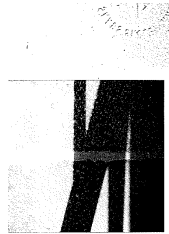
1913 / 1953 the rights of succession for women was restored. / Hans Christian Andersen was the son of a poor shoemaker in Odense. / Niels Bohr was smuggled out of Denmark during hard, head and quartered body. / May 4 1945. / The first pedestrian shopping street in Europe (Strøget). / The oldest amusement park in Europe. / The sawed off head of "Den lille guldskede" gefion's plough. / The eight bricklayers of the Grundtvig Church. / Modern art and the three Louise's. / Danish marble is cheaper than Norwegian. / No longer "experiencing" heavy astronomical apparatus, Peter the Great's six horse carriage and his wife 209m to the top of the round tower. / The fall to death of the builder of Laurids de Thura's 400 spiral steps at the Vor Frelsers Kirke. / Breeding Musk Oxen at the Zoologisk Have. / A taxi which is available for hire displays a green sign "fri".

HANI RASHID+LISE ANNE COUTURE

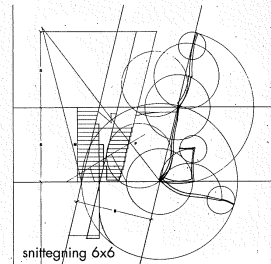
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



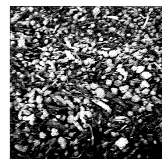
skaber former af lys



skyggene tegner skalaen



snittegning 6x6

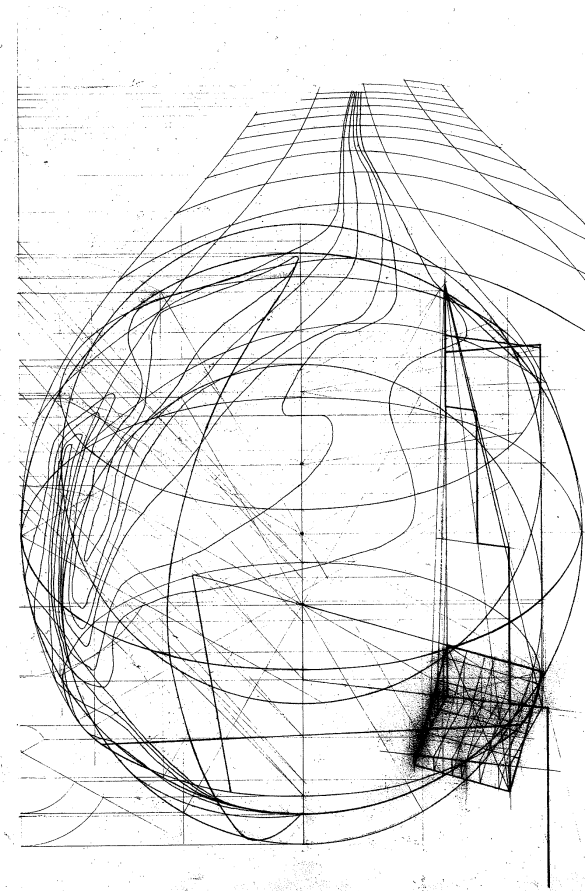


infrakst træer frem i skulpt

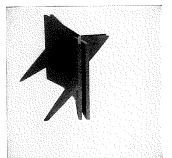
ZIGGURATEN "DE DANSENDE SKYGGER"

CORT ROSS DINESEN / BIRGIT SKOVFOGED ØSTERGAARD

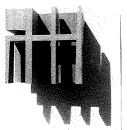
Den oversete by - det sansede københavn



rummets befæstelse 1/10



rummets pegen ud 2.58 61.73



konstruktionens aftryk 3.725

"SKYGGERNES MÅLELIGHED" HARPEDONAPTEREN

CORT ROSS DINESEN / BIRGIT SKOVFOGED ØSTERGAARD

DEN OVERSETE BY - det sansede København

Udstillingen

OVERLOOKING THE CITY
- Copenhagen, as it is perceived

Ide, Koncept og scenografi/Idea, Concept and scenography: Helle Juul & Flemming Frost, Arkitekter MAA

I samråd med/In consultation with:

Eric Andersen, Claus Bonderup, Lars Gemzøe, Lisbeth Balslev Jørgensen, Jens Kvorning, Henrik Reeh og Niels Winkel

Realisering/Implementation:

Bo Seedorf, Industriel Designer MDD

Følgende arkitekter, fotografer, billedkunstnere, filminstruktør og forfattere er inviterede til at give deres fortolkning af emnet/The following architects, photographers, visual artists, film director and authors are specifically invited to give their own interpretation of the theme:

Arkitekter/Architects:

Wim van den Bergh, David Chipperfield, Paul Ingemann, Thom Mayne, Enric Miralles, Hani Rashid & Lise Anne Couture, Cort Ross Dinesen & Birgit Skovfoged Østergaard.

Fotografer/Photographers:

Per Bak Jensen, Keld Helmer-Petersen, Tove Kurtzweil, Viggo Rivald.

Billedkunstnere/Visual Artists:

Peter Brandes, Jes Fomsgaard, Frans Jacobi, Peter Sedgley, Nina Sten-Knudsen, Flemming Brantbjerg.

Filmen/The Film:

Mellem lys og skygge/Between shadow and light
En filmisk blanding af dokumentarisme og fiktion af/A cinematic interpretation through a mix of documentary and fiction is carried out by:
Filminstruktør/Film Director: Lars Johansson, forfatter/Author: Jens Christian Grøndahl.

Forfattere/Authors:

Gregers Algreen-Ussing, Henning Damgård-Sørensen, Michael Buchwald, Bent Fausing, Jens Christian Grøndahl, Juhani Pallasmaa, Merete Pryds Helle, Peter Seeborg.

I udstillingen indgår endvidere udlån fra en række andre billedkunstnere, offentlige og private samlinger af kunst og arkitekturtegninger. Udstillingen omfatter arbejder af: / The exhibition also includes loans from a number of other artists, and from public and private collections of art and architecture drawings. The exhibition includes works by:

I. C. Dahl, Frederik Sødring, C.W. Eckersberg, Carl Georg Ensehn, Vilhelm Hammershøi, Jais Nielsen, Martinus Rørbye, Søren Hjørth Nielsen, Jens Sanderogaard, Preben Hornung, Nils Erik Gjerdevik, Bjarke Regn Svendsen, Erik Hagens, Søren Hagen, Pia Schuttmann, Søren Elgaard, Jacques-Francois Joseph Saly, C. J. F. Baumbach, Ejnar Utzon-Frank, Peter Ellfelt, Laurids Lauridsen de Thurah, Vera Myhre, Rasmus Nørlund, Nicolai Eigved, Arne Jacobsen, C.F. Hansen, Thorvald Dreyer, Ib Lunding, Hack Kampmann, Poul Baumann, Ivar Bentsen, Svenn Eske Kristensen, Svend B. Sørensen, Niels Lykke, Niels Resdahl Jensen, Jens Lindthe.

Juul & Frost medarbejdere/Co-workers:

Bolette Blædel, Solvejg Reigstad, Jonas Olsson, Elin Westrick, Torben Kjærgaard Høj, Bjarne Schlöger, Jan Svendsen og Annegitte Hjørth.

CHARLOTTENBORG Udstillingsbygning

Nyhavn 2, 1051 København K
28. december 1995 - 4. februar 1996

BIOGRAFIER/BIOGRAPHIES

Eric Andersen

Danmark. Født 1943. Intermedia-kunstner, der siden 1960 har arbejdet med billed, lyd, sprog, performance, publikumdeltagelse, film, video, computere, styringssystemer og satellitter. Har optrådt og udstillet i det meste af verden og er repræsenteret i alle betydende samlinger af vor århundredes avantgarde-kunst. Var i 1962 medstifter af det internationale FLUXUS-netværk.

Danmark. Born 1943. Intermedia-artist. Since 1960, working with pictures, sound, language, performance, audience participation, film, video, computers, control systems and satellites. Has appeared and exhibited most of the world over. His work is represented in all of the important collections of avant-garde art of this century. In 1962, Andersen was a co-founder of the international FLUXUS network.

Gregers Algreen-Ussing

Danmark. Født 1938. Restaureringsarkitekt/prof. Mogens Koch. Ecole Française d'Archéologie d'Athènes, 1963-67. Afdelingsarkitekt, Bornbusch, Briël og Selchau, 1968-71. Siden 1987 kon-torchef i Miljøministeriet. Udvikling af SAVE-systemet til kortlægning af bevaringsværdier i byer og bygninger.

Danmark. Born 1938. Restoration architect/Professor Mogens Koch. Ecole Française d'Archéologie d'Athènes, 1963-67. Chief Architect/ Bornbusch, Briël and Selchau, 1968-71. Since 1987, assistant secretary in the Ministry of the Environment. Development of the SAVE-system for the charting of preservation standards in cities and buildings.

Wim van den Bergh.

Holland. Født 1955. Har studeret arkitektur ved Det Tekniske Universitet, Eindhoven. Privat arkitektpraksis siden 1983 i Heerlen. Siden 1994 leder af Afd. for

Arkitektur ved Academie van Bouwkunst i Maastricht. Har undervist og forelæst på universiteter og akademier over hele verden. Har udgivet mange bøger om arkitektur og udstillet internationalt.

The Netherlands. Born 1955. Studied architecture and building engineering at the Technical University, Eindhoven. Architect in private practice since 1983 in Heerlen. Since 1994 Head of the Department of Architecture of the "Academie van Bouwkunst" in Maastricht. Has taught and lectured at universities and academies all over the world. Has published several books about architecture and exhibited internationally.

Peter Brandes

Danmark. Født 1944. Autodidakt. Bosat i Frankrig siden 1972. Arbejder med maleri, grafik, skulptur, glasmosaik, keramik og fotografi. Modtaget Statens Kunstfonds 3-årige arbejdslegat i 1982. Eckersberg Medalien 1994. Repræsenteret med flere værker på de fleste danske museer og museer i det øvrige Europa og USA.

Danmark. Born 1944. Autodidact. Has been living in France since 1972. Works with painting, graphics, sculpture, glass mosaic, ceramics and photography. In 1982, awarded the three-year stipend from the Danish National Art Foundation. Received the Eckersberg Medal in 1994. Work is represented in most Danish museums and in museums throughout Europe and the United States.

Flemming Brantbjerg

Danmark. Født 1947. Billedkunstner. Har siden 70'erne arbejdet med lys som bærende og skabende medie. Reflektion og bevægelse er de centrale begreber i formen, der udtrykkes som lyskompositioner for video, fotografi, diass, installationer og lys-skulpturer. Udstillinger og festival i ind- og udland.

Denmark. Born 1947. Artist (visual art). Since the 70's working with light as the principal and creative medium. Reflection and movement are the central aspects of form, expressed as compositions of light for video, photography, slides, installations and light sculptures. Exhibitions, festivals in Denmark and abroad.

Michael Buchwald

Danmark. Født 1943. Forfatter, billedkunstner og dramaturg. Flere fiktionsværker med storbytema, bl.a. *Bløkkend*, roman 1975, *Klaedi i Kaos*, *Storbyfortællinger* 1986 og udstillingsdrejebogen *Ruin i terrain vague* 1984. Udstiller computerbearbejdet video bl.a. med kunstnergruppen GYRR.

Denmark. Born 1943. Writer, visual artist, and dramatist. Has published several works of fiction which treat different aspects of urban life, including the novel "Bløkkend" 1975, the collection of city tales "Klaedi i kaos" 1986, and the exhibition script "Ruin i terrain vague" 1984. Exhibits computer-processed videos, for instance in joint projects with the artist group GYRR.

David Chipperfield

England. Født 1953. Arkitekt. Studier på Architectural Association School of Architecture i London. Har arbejdet for Richard Rogers og Norman Foster. En af hovedfigurerne omkring The 9H Gallery.

England. Born 1953. Architect. Studies at the Architectural Association School of Architecture in London. Has worked for Richard Rogers and Norman Foster. One of the central figures of The 9H Gallery.

Lise Anne Couture

Se/See: Hani Rashid & Lise Anne Couture.

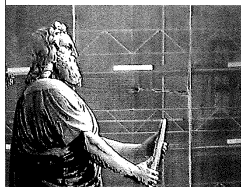
Henning Damgård-Sørensen

Danmark. Født 1928. Selvlært maler og billedhugger. Debut: KE 1950. Medlem af Grønningen 1966. Statens Kunstfonds 3-årige legat. Eckersbergmedaljen. Har udført talrige udsmykninger. Repræsenteret på flere danske kunstmuseer, bl.a. Statens Museum for Kunst.

Denmark. Born 1928. Self-taught painter



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and sculptor. Made his debut at Copenhagen's Autumn Exhibition in 1950. Member of the *Grænningen* [Artists' Association] since 1966. Was awarded the three-year stipend from the Danish National Art Foundation. Received the Eckersberg Medal. Has completed a great number of large-scale decorations. Work is represented at several Danish museums, among these, the Danish National Museum of Art.

Carl Ross Dinesen & Birgit Skovfoged Østergaard
 Denmark. Født hhv. 1945 & 1944. Arkitekter MAA. Undervisere på Det Kgl. danske Kunstakademis Arkitektskole. Deltog i ca. 30 arkitekturkonkurrencer, heraf præmieret i 14. 5 udstillinger. Udvalg af projekter vist i DK-ARKITEKTUR 8-1994. Statens Kunstfunds 3-årige arbejdslegat (CRD). Medarbejdere til udstillingen DEN OVER-SETE BY - det sansede København: Carsten Holgaard, Charlotte Szöts, Torben Vestergaard.

Denmark. Born, 1945 & 1944, respectively. Architects MAA. Teachers at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts' School of Architecture. Have participated in approximately thirty architectural competitions and have been awarded prizes in fourteen of these. Five exhibitions. Selection of projects has been published in DK-ARKITEKTUR 8-1994. (CRD) awarded the three-year stipend from the Danish National Art Foundation. Co-workers for the present exhibition OVERLOOKING THE CITY - Copenhagen, as it is perceived are: Carsten Holgaard, Charlotte Szöts, Torben Vestergaard.

Bent Fausling
 Denmark. Født 1947. Lektor, dr. Phil. i æstetik og visuel kommunikation ved Københavns Universitet. Har udgivet bøger og artikler om disse emner. Fascinationsformer, Danmarksbilleder. 1944-46, Drennebilleder, Kærlighed uden ord og Symet som sans.

Denmark. Born 1947. Associate Professor, Ph. D., in Aesthetics & Visual Communication, University of Copenhagen. Has published books and articles dealing with these subjects: "Forms of Fascinati-

ons", "Images of Denmark: 1944 - 46", "Images of Dream", "Love without words" and "Sight as Sense".

Jes Fomsgaard
 Denmark. Født 1948. Medlem af Akademiet for de skønne Kunster og Akademirådets Jury. Repræsenteret på Statens Museum for Kunst, Kobberstiksamlingen, Ny Carlsberg fondet og andre museer i ind- og udland. Udført udsmykninger for Kulturministeriet og Ny Carlsbergfondet. Repræsenteret dansk kunst på bl.a. Den danske Streg, Sao Paulo, Maison de Danemark, Paris.

Denmark. Born 1948. Member of the Academy for the Fine Arts and of the Academy Council's Jury. Work is represented at the Danish National Museum of Art's Collection of Prints and Drawings, in the collection of the Ny Carlsberg Foundation and at other museums in Denmark and abroad. Has completed decorations for the Ministry of Culture and for the Ny Carlsberg Foundation. Has Represented Danish art at The Danish Line, Sao Paulo, Maison de Danemark, Paris, among other manifestations.

Flemming Frost
 se/see: Helle Juul & Flemming Frost

Jens Christian Grøndahl
 Denmark. Født 1959. Forfatter. Udgivet diverse romaner og essays siden 1985. Har desuden skrevet filmanuskripter samt hørespil til DR. Tildelt Statens Kunstfunds 3-årige arbejdslegat i 1990.

Denmark. Born 1959. Author. Has published a wide variety of novels and essays since 1985. Has also written film screenplays as well as a radio-theater play for Denmark's National Radio. Was awarded the three-year stipend from the Danish National Art Foundation in 1990.

Merete Pryds Helle
 Denmark. Født 1965. Forfatter. Bachelor i litteraturovidenskab. Har udgivet novelle-samlingen *Imad en anden ro*, romanerne *Bogen* og *Vandpest*, samt børnebogen *Prinsessen der blev glemt*. *Vandpest* blev præmieret af Statens Kunstfond. Modtog Statens Kunstfunds 3-årige arbejdslegat i 1994.

Denmark. Born 1965. Author. Bachelor of Arts in Literature. Has published a collection of short stories, "Toward Another Peacefulness", the novels "The Book" and "Water Thyme" as well as the children's book "The Princess Who Was Forgotten". The Danish National Art Foundation honored "Water Thyme" with a prize. In 1994, MPH was awarded the three-year stipend from the Danish National Art Foundation.

Keld Helmer-Petersen
 Denmark. Født 1920. Fotograf. Tidl. lektor ved Det Kgl. danske Kunstakademis Arkitektskole. Deltog i 25 udstillinger i ind- og udland, heraf 12 separate. Solgt til Kunstindustrimuseet, Det Kgl. Bibliotek, Statens Kunstfond, Museet for Fotokunst, Museum of Modern Art, Museum Folkwang, Essen, Stiftung für die Fotografie, Zürich. Udgivet bøgerne: 112 farvefotografier 1948, / Fragments of a City 1960, Frameworks 1993. Instrueret / fotograferet 4 kortfilm. Kunsthåndværkeruddet Årspris 1981, Akademiets Bindebælmmedalje 1981, Ole Haslund's Kunstnerlegat 1991.

Denmark. Born 1920. Photographer. Has previously been a teacher at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts' School of Architecture. Participated in twenty-five exhibitions in Denmark and abroad. Twelve of these were solo exhibitions. Has sold work to the Museum of Applied Arts, the Royal Library, the Danish National Art Foundation, the Danish Museum of Photography, Museum of Modern Art, Museum Folkwang in Essen and the Stiftung für die Fotografie in Zürich. Has published the books "112 Color Photographs" (1948), "Fragments of a City" (1960) and "Frameworks" (1993). Has directed/photographed four short-subject movies. Received the Art Handicraftsmen's Annual Prize in 1981, the Academy's Bindebælm Medal in 1981 and Ole Haslund's Artist Grant in 1991.

Poul Ingemann
 Denmark. Født 1952. Arkitekt MAA. Tegnestue siden 1987, lektor på Det Kgl. danske Kunstakademis Arkitektskole. Har bygget boliger i Odense for Arkitekternes Pensionskasse, ny udstillingsbygning til Johannes Larsen Museet i Kerteminde,

samt været arkitekt på forskellige udstillinger, f.eks. Museum Europa på Nationalmuseet. Udstillinger, bl.a. *Inferno* på Statens Museum for Kunst.

Denmark. Born 1952. Architect MAA. Own architectural studio since 1987. Teacher at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts' School of Architecture. Has built residential housing in Odense on assignment from the Architects' Pension Fund as well as a new exhibition building for the Johannes Larsen Museum in Kerteminde. Has also been the design-architect for a number of exhibitions, among these the Museum Europa at Denmark's National Museum. Exhibitions include "Inferno" at the Danish National Museum of Art.

Frans Jacobi
 Denmark. Født 1960. Billedkunstner, bor og arbejder i København og Berlin. Uddannet ved Det Kgl. danske Kunstakademis Lektor i skulptur ved Det Kgl. danske Kunstakademis Billedkunstskoler siden 1994. Separat og gruppeudstillinger i Danmark og Europa siden 1983. Senest Stalke Kunsthandel, Kbh., *Disneyland after Dark*, Upsala Konstmuseum, Sverige og Galerie von der Tann, Berlin, Tyskland.

Denmark. Born 1960. Sculptor. Lives and works in Copenhagen and Berlin. Studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Art, 1982-88. Lecturer in Sculpture at the Royal Danish Academy of Art, since 1994. Solo and group exhibitions in Denmark and throughout Europe, since 1983. Recent exhibitions include: *Stalke Art Dealers*, Copenhagen, "Disneyland after Dark", Upsala Art Museum, Sweden and Galerie von der Tann, Berlin, Germany.

Per Bak Jensen
 Denmark. Født 1949. Fotograf. Uddannet på Det Kongelige danske Kunstakademii. Bor og arbejder i København. Udgivet bogen *Stedernes væsen* på forlaget Gyldendal, 1993.

Denmark. Born 1949. Photographer. Educated at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts'. Lives and works in Copenhagen. In 1993, *Gyldendal* published PBJ's book, "The Sites' Essence".

Niels Resdahl Jensen
 Denmark. Født 1944. Ingeniør og panoramafotograf.

Denmark. Born 1944. Engineer and panorama photographer.

Lars Johansson
 Denmark. Født 1949. Filminstruktør. Uddannelse: Fagfotograf Kulturhistorisk Museum, Randers. Filmfotograf Den Danske Filmskole, Kbh.. Film bl.a.: *Røgdykker*, dokumentar. *Anholt - stedet, rejsen*, dokumentar. *Travellers' Tale*, fiktion /dokumentar. En række udstillinger, fotografi og installation. Arbejder på spillefilmen *Force majeure*.

Denmark. Born 1949. Film director. Education: professional photographer, Cultural-historical Museum, Randers. Film photographer, the Danish Film School, Copenhagen. Films (among others): "Fireman", documentary. "Anholt - the place, the voyage", documentary. "Travellers Tale", fiction/documentary. A number of exhibitions, photography and installations. Presently working on the movie "Force majeure".

Helle Juul & Flemming Frost
 Denmark. Født 1954 & 1952. Arkitekter Ph.D./MAA- MAA. Fælles tegnestue Juul&Frost siden 1985. Primært beskæftiget med teoretiske og praktiske byprojekter med fokus på nye strategier for mellemlandet. Har udstillet på en række internationale arkitekturmuseer og gallerier, og modtaget en række priser og legater. Har henholdsvis ledet Arkitektgalleriet SKALA og været redaktør af Kunst og Arkitekturmagasinet SKAZI. Etablerede SKAZI arkitekturforum i 1990. Underviser på Kunstakademiet Arkitektskole i København.

Medarbejdere på DEN OVERSETE BY - det sansede København: Bolette Blædel, Solvejg Reigstad, Jonas Olsson, Elin Westrick, Torben Kjærgaard Høj, Jan Svendsen, Bjarne Schlager og Annetilde Hjort.

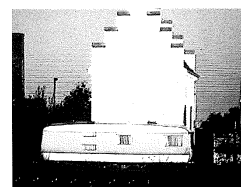
Denmark. Born 1954 & 1952. Architects Ph.D./MAA- MAA. They jointly run their studio Juul&Frost since 1985. Are primarily involved with theoretical and practical urban projects dealing with new strate-

gies for the intermediate landscape. Have exhibited at a series of international architecture museums and galleries and received a series of prizes and working grants. Have respectively run the Architecture gallery SKALA and edited the Art and Architecture Magazine SKAZI. Established SKAZI Arkitekturforum in 1990. Teachers at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts' School of Architecture. Co-workers for the exhibition OVERLOOKING THE CITY - Copenhagen, as it is perceived: Bolette Blædel, Solvejg Reigstad, Jonas Olsson, Elin Westrick, Torben Kjærgaard Høj, Jan Svendsen, Bjarne Schlager and Annetilde Hjort.

Tove Kurtzweil
 Denmark. Født 1938. Fotograf. Er bl.a. repræsenteret i Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, Musée de la Photographie, Charleroi/B, Museet for Fotokunst, Odense, Det Nationalhistoriske Museum, Hillerød, Det Kongelige Bibliotek og Nationalmuseet, Kbh. Har modtaget en række priser, bl.a. Kulturministeriets fotografiske Bøgespris, Statens Kunstfond og Danmarks Nationalbanks Jubilæumsfond af 1968. Har endvidere medvirket i en lang række separat- og gruppeudstillinger i Danmark og udlandet.

Denmark. Born 1938. Photographer. Work is represented, among other places, inside the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, at the Musée de la Photographie in Charleroi/B, at the Museum of Photography in Odense, at the National Historical Museum in Hillerød and at the Royal Library and the National Museum in Copenhagen. Has received a number of prizes, among these, Ministry of Cultural Affairs Photographic Book Prize and awards from both the Danish National Art Foundation and Denmark's National Bank's Anniversary Fund of 1968. Has also taken part in an extensive number of solo and group exhibitions.

Thom Mayne
 USA. Født 1944. Arkitekt. Har studeret på Harvard Universitet, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Syd Californien og Los Angeles. Bor i Santa Monica, Californien. Har tegnestuen *Morphosis*.



USA. Born 1944. Architect. Has studied at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Southern California and in Los Angeles. Lives in Santa Monica, California. Leads the architectural studio, "Morphosis".

Enric Miralles

Spanien. Født 1955. Arkitekt 1978. Tegnestuen arbejder især med offentlige bygninger: Huesca & Alicante Sportscenter, Bueskydningspavillon til de Olympiske Lege i 1992, Kirkegård i Igualada, Spanien, Takaka & Unazuki, Japan, Jernbanestation og meditationspavillon. Tegnestuen deltager også i mange konkurrencer, f.eks. i Danmark: Museum for Moderne Kunst, Musikhuset, Ørestaden, og arbejder med undervisning i Frankfurt, Stadel, Barcelona, Etjab samt, i øjeblikket, Boston (GSD).

Medarbejdere på DEN OVERSETE BY - del sansede København: Kathrin Pongratz, Marlu Müller-Orloff & Nina Streitz.

Spain. Born 1955. Architect 1978. The office works mainly in public buildings: Huesca & Alicante Sport halls, The archery pavilion for the Olympic Games 1992, Cemetery in Igualada, Spain, Takaka & Unazuki, Japan, Railway station & Meditation pavilion... also the studio enters many competitions, as the ones in Denmark: Museum for Modern Art, The Concert Hall, Ørestaden city development & develops a pedagogical task at Frankfurt, Stadel, Barcelona, Etjab, and at this moment at Boston (GSD).

Collaborators for the exhibition OVERLOOKING THE CITY - Copenhagen, as it is perceived: Kathrin Pongratz, Marlu Müller-Orloff & Nina Streitz.

Juhani Pallasmaa

Finland. Født 1936. Professor ved Helsingfors Tekniske Universitet - arkitektoniske produkter, udstillings- og grafisk design siden 1962. Forelæsninger og artikler om arkitektur- og kunstfilosofi i Finland og udlandet. Redaktør af adskillige bøger og udstillingskataloger.

Finland. Born 1936. Architect. Professor at the Helsinki University of Technology. Architectural product, exhibition and graphic design since 1962. Lectures and articles on philosophy of architecture and

art in Finland and abroad. Editor of numerous books and exhibition catalogues.

Hani Rashid & Lise Anne Couture

USA. Født 1958. Arkitekt. Studier på Carleton University i Ottawa, Canada, og Cranbrook Academy of Arts i Michigan, USA. Tegnestue Studio Asymptote, New York. Rashid & Couture siden 1987. Har undervist på Columbia, Harvard, Pratt Institute, Kunstakademiet m.v..

USA. Born 1958. Architect. Studies at Carleton University in Ottawa, Canada and at the Cranbrook Academy of Arts in Michigan, USA. Have been leading the architectural studio "Asymptote", in New York (Rashid&Couture) since 1987. Have taught, among other places, at Columbia, Harvard, the Pratt Institute and the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts.

Viggo Rivad

Danmark. Født 1922. Fotograf, autodidakt. Bronzemedalje ved Verdensudstillingen i New York, 1965. Statens Kunstfonds 3-årige arbejdslegat, 1974. Åresmedlem af Selskabet for Dansk Fotografi. Bøger: 8 Skildringer, Fra Venezia, Mexikansk Hverdag og SET. Henvisning til: Kraks Blå Bog, Dansk Biografisk Leksikon, Gyldendals Leksikon og Who's who in Europe.

Denmark. Born 1922. Photographer. Autodidact. Bronze Medal at the New York World Fair in 1965. Received the Danish National Art Foundation's three-year stipend, in 1974. Honorary member of the Society for Danish Photography. Books: "8 Portraits"; "From Venice"; "Mexican Weekday" and "SET". Further information can be found in Kraks Blue Book, the Danish Biographical Dictionary, Gyldendal's Dictionary and Who's Who in Europe.

Peter Sedgley

England. Født 1930. Studerede arkitektur og bygningskunst i 1944. Begyndte som maler i 1963. Siden 1964 udlagte udstillinger og udsmykningsopgaver i Europa, USA og Japan. Repræsenteret bl.a. på Tate Gallery, Bagasaki Museum i Japan, Gulbenkian Foundation i Lissabon og Kastrup Lufthavn. Bosat og arbejder i Berlin og Sydengland.

England. Born 1930. Studied architecture and construction in 1944. Began as a painter in 1963. Since 1964, a countless number of exhibitions and largescale decoration assignments in Europe, USA and Japan. Work is represented at, among other places, the Tate Gallery, the Bagasaki Museum in Japan, the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon and at Kastrup Airport in Copenhagen. Lives and works in Berlin and in Southern England.

Peter Seeberg

Danmark. Født 1925. Forfatter. Har skrevet noveller, romaner, filmmanuskripter, og teatertekster. Det danske Akademis pris i 1977. Nordisk Råds litteraturpris 1983.

Denmark. Born 1925. Author. Has written short stories, novels, screenplays and theater plays. Was awarded the Danish Academy's Prize in 1977 and the Nordic Council's Literature Prize in 1983.

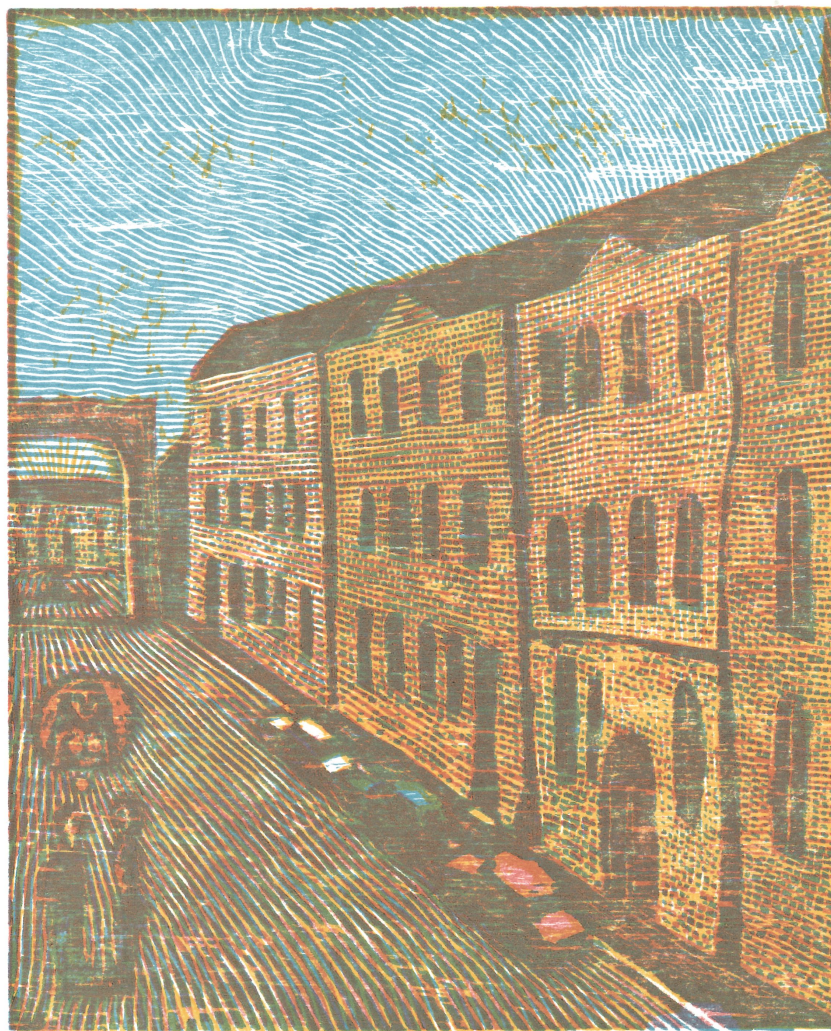
Nina Sten-Knudsen

Danmark. Født 1957. Billedkunstner. Det Kgl. Danske Kunstakademi 1977-82. Deltager i ca. 50 gruppeudstillinger, heraf 18 internationale. 12 separatudstillinger, bl.a. Kunstforeningen Gl. Strand og Horsens Kunstmuseum. Statens Kunstfonds 3-årige arbejdslegat.

Denmark. Born 1957. Visual artist. Studies at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts, 1977-82. Has taken part in approximately 50 group exhibitions, eighteen of these being international. Twelve solo exhibitions, including one at the Art Association, located in Copenhagen, and at Horsens Art Museum. Has been awarded the Danish National Art Foundation's three-year stipend.

Birgit Skovfoged Østergaard

Se/See: Cort Ross Dinesen & Birgit Skovfoged Østergaard



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Jarmo Mattinen 95.

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