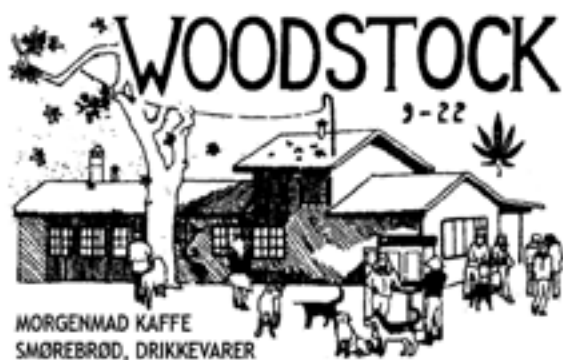


CROOKED MIRROR



BABYMASSAGE



**God vegetarmad
i røgfri miljø
Åben 12-21
Lukket mandag.**

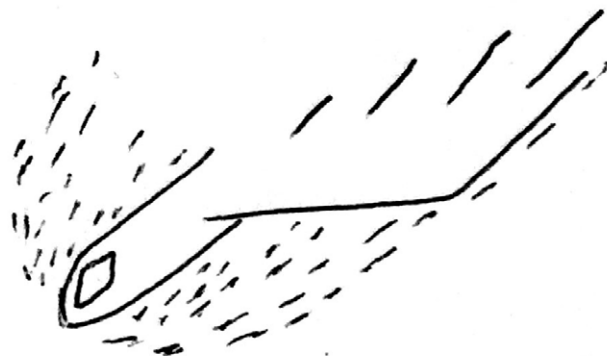


Illustration: Asia Plum

U can get oxygen on your way down. It could lack, no smoking, no hard drinking, only a small bottle of wine, one canned beer. If you're too ugly or dirty, too drunk, you get out. We are in heaven. I went to church one Sunday morning to find out it's like sitting in an airplane, our times church. Sitting in rows like a little boat, silent transition. The airport as the big model "Welcome onboard, please fasten your seatbelts" I feel the most beautiful moments reading and drinking coffee while looking out the window, it's the earth of The Now. The moment so urgent, The exit doors sealed, Nobody gonna survive if the engines break, it's all a little performance for the Father. Who's left inside after the spiritual flights, jet lagged with the hand luggage stumbling down the stairs. A monster leaving her bags home in a mess, who go out in the city to trash and feel alive down the dollhouse. Nobody cares. The shadows will follow me some days later.

I'm still here, the seats in the row. I'm in a seminar on site-sensitivity at the National Gallery, how to exhibit and making archives with the arts outside of the existing behavior. The museum as a factory consisting of wheels trying to make up with the role it suggest to be. Exhibition halls and library archives. I like museums, I find them sexy. Wandering around the living rooms of the art history, heritage the eyes of the past. We will see how future will make a collection out of us, Happy Birthday! Kiss Mira

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