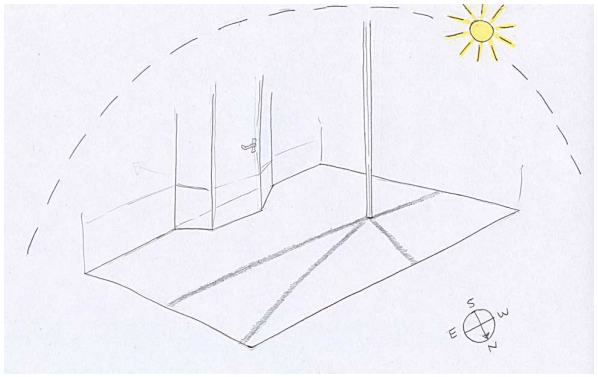
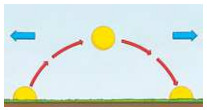
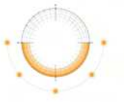


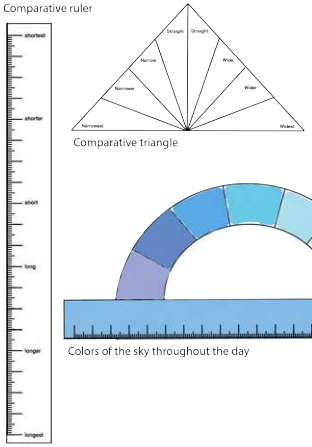


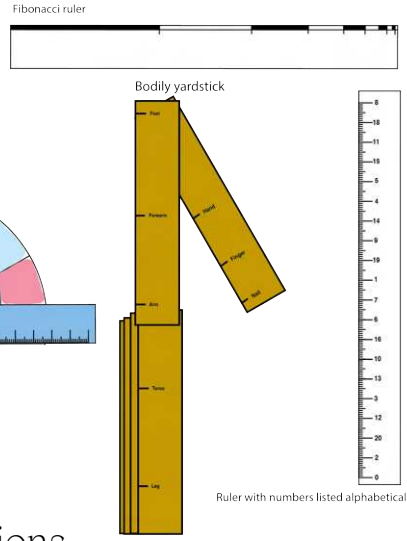




Med udgangspunkt i rummets transparente vægge vil vi installere **en simpel pæl, som kaster en skygge, når solen rammer den**. Vi vil kortlægge solens bevægelse og på den måde **forvandle hele rummet til et solur**. Således registrerer vi solens bane gennem udstillingsperioden (og dermed tidens gang, samt bestemte vejrforhold) og gør denne synlig for de besøgende.

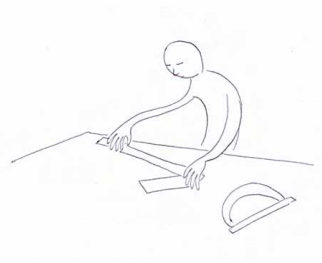






sketch of tools

På et bord vil vi installere **skulpturelle objekter inspireret af måleredskaber**. Objekterne lægger op til at de besøgende kan spekulere over, hvad de kan bruges til, samt forsøge at anvende dem.



The Office of Obsolete Observations

Billeder af tidligere relevante værker (Myrto)

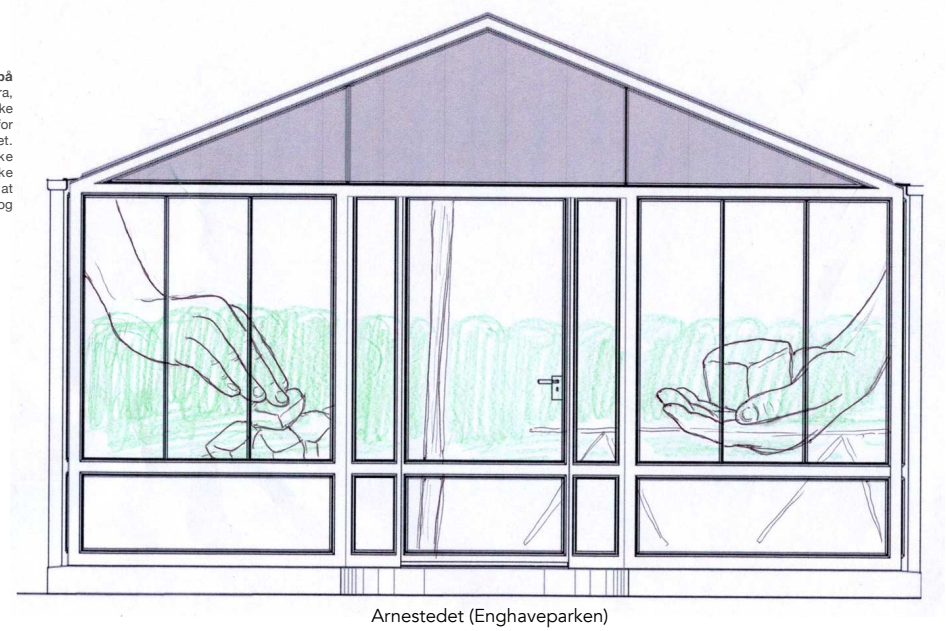
hand-embossed copper sheet, 2025, 30x19 cm.



Lineære tegninger på plastikfolie på vinduerne: Linjerne vil være synlige udefra, men subtile og tynde således at de ikke blokerer for udsigten eller muligheden for at kigge ind og igennem Arnestedet. Tegningerne vil forestille gigantiske hænder, der arrangerer arkitektoniske strukturer, som er en refleksion over det at bygge som en form for historiefortælling og historieskrivning.

Eos (sun-dial), 2023





Arnestedet (Enghaveparken)

Billeder af tidligere relevante værker (Rebecca)



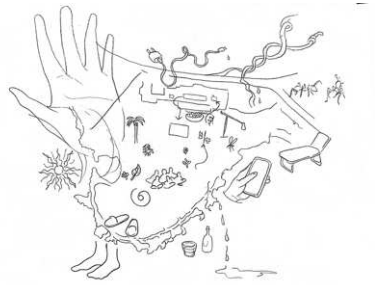
3 A.M. (Eternal), 2023 & *All Talk*, 2024



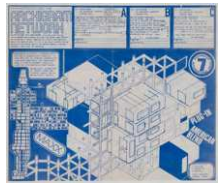
Slurry matters, 2026, charcoal mural, 4.5 x 6 meters

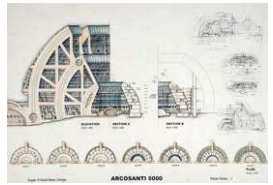


memory map sketch, 2025



Inspiration images: Archigram group sketch / Arcosanti (unrealised utopian architectural project by Paolo Soleri) / Isolario (island map), 1486









Bench for Surbrunnsparken, 2025,
Cast-iron bench, steel, wood, paint, bolts, screws
Permanently installed in Surbrunnsparken, Karlshman. Public comission for Region Blekinge

Rebecca Rothenborg





Light Thief, 2026
1:1 sketch (proposition) for a permanent work in the public space
paper, tape, steel, bolts, wires, ground screws, wood, public bench
Exhibition view: *A Day in Lövholmen*, Of Public Interest, Royal Institute of Art, Stockholm







Rebecca Rothenborg

3 A.M. (Eternal), 2023
spruce, steamed maple wood, steamed lime wood
exhibition view: *Graduation show,* Sculpture Studios Akademie der bildende Künste



It Is Just a House Not a Home, 2023
steamed maple, bedframe, chairs, birch wood, textile, cardboard, pencil on paper
exhibition view: Palermo Galerie









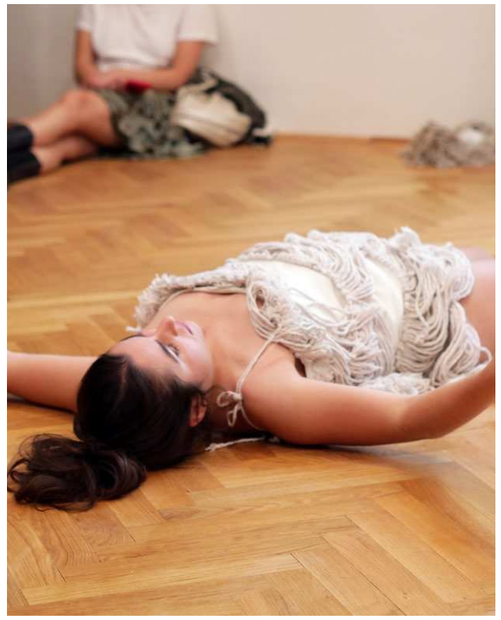
All Talk, 2024 **Rebecca Rothenborg**
Mylar foil, helium, rubber coating spray, ink, weights, curling ribbon
exhibtion view: *Wo ist der Morgen, den wir gestern sahen?* at Bauhaus University Gallery – nova space











The word *Entry* is defined as "The act or an instance of entering; entrance," but also as "An item recorded, as in a diary, dictionary, or account."

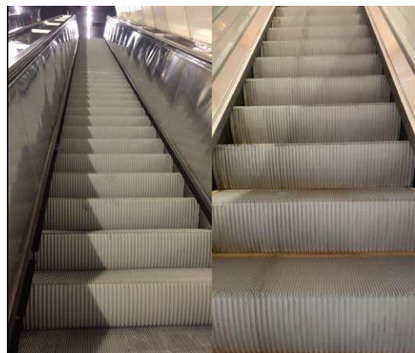
Entries (2026) is a type of video diary consisting of phone recordings made over the course of several years – a collection of ordinary and extraordinary moments of life from different countries, both in cities and in nature. The work consists of two synchronized videos playing in a loop on separate screens inserted into a book.

The clips are presented not chronologically or even logically, but through an intuitive system of associations and personal logic: furniture is thrown out of a window on one screen, which seemingly startles a deer on the second screen, causing it to run away in fright. On a dark night, the moon lights up one screen, while on the other, another dark night is illuminated by the colored lights of an amusement park.

Link to excert: https://youtu.be/hwGO9ba9u-A







The Clean Up Act, 2022 **Rebecca Rothenborg**

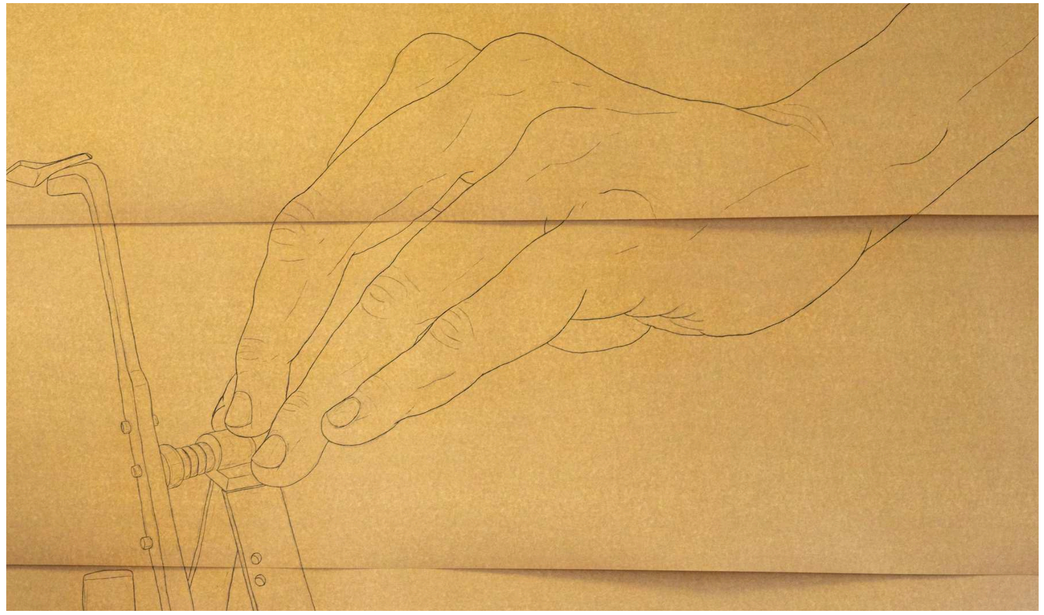
Documentation of performance at the exhibition *How Thick Is the Layer of Butter on Your Bread?,* Exhibit Studio. With: Aurelia Van Kempen, Kenneth Constance Loe & Maitane Midby

The exhibition space was thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed in costumes made of: *kitchen towels, wash cloths, dishwashing tabs, mop strings, rubber gloves, drains & brushes.*

After the cleaning the clothes was hung to dry in the exhibition on stands made from: *mops, broom, bucket, sweeper, bathroom shelves, squeegee & dish brushes*



Slurry matters. 2026, Hybrida AiR.
Charcoal mural on pre-installed cardboard, 4,50 x 6 meters.

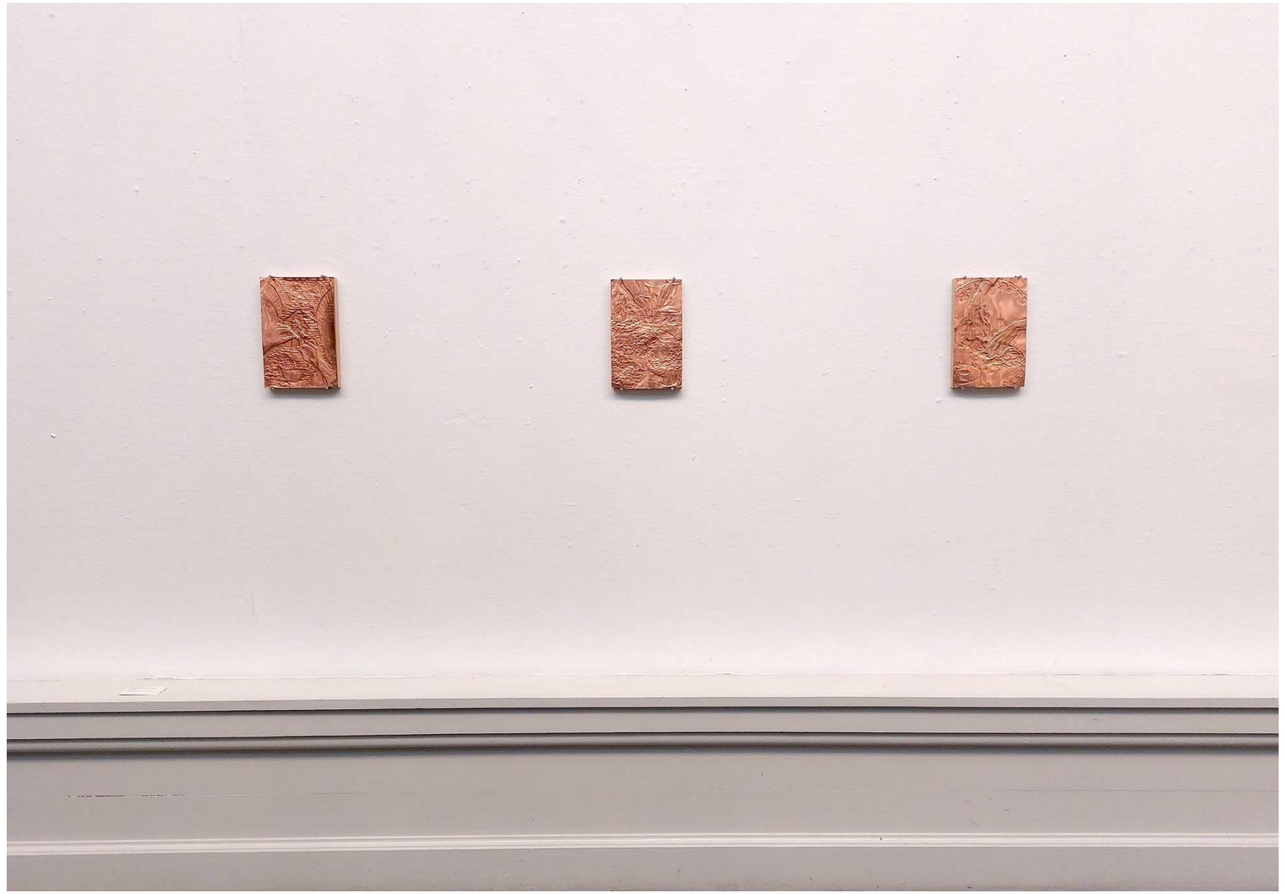








Isolario (installation details)
Myrto Vratsanou
2026, Anargyros Art Residency Spetses.
Hand-embossed copper sheets, pencil on paper, steel mesh, concrete, iron, copper wire, wood.



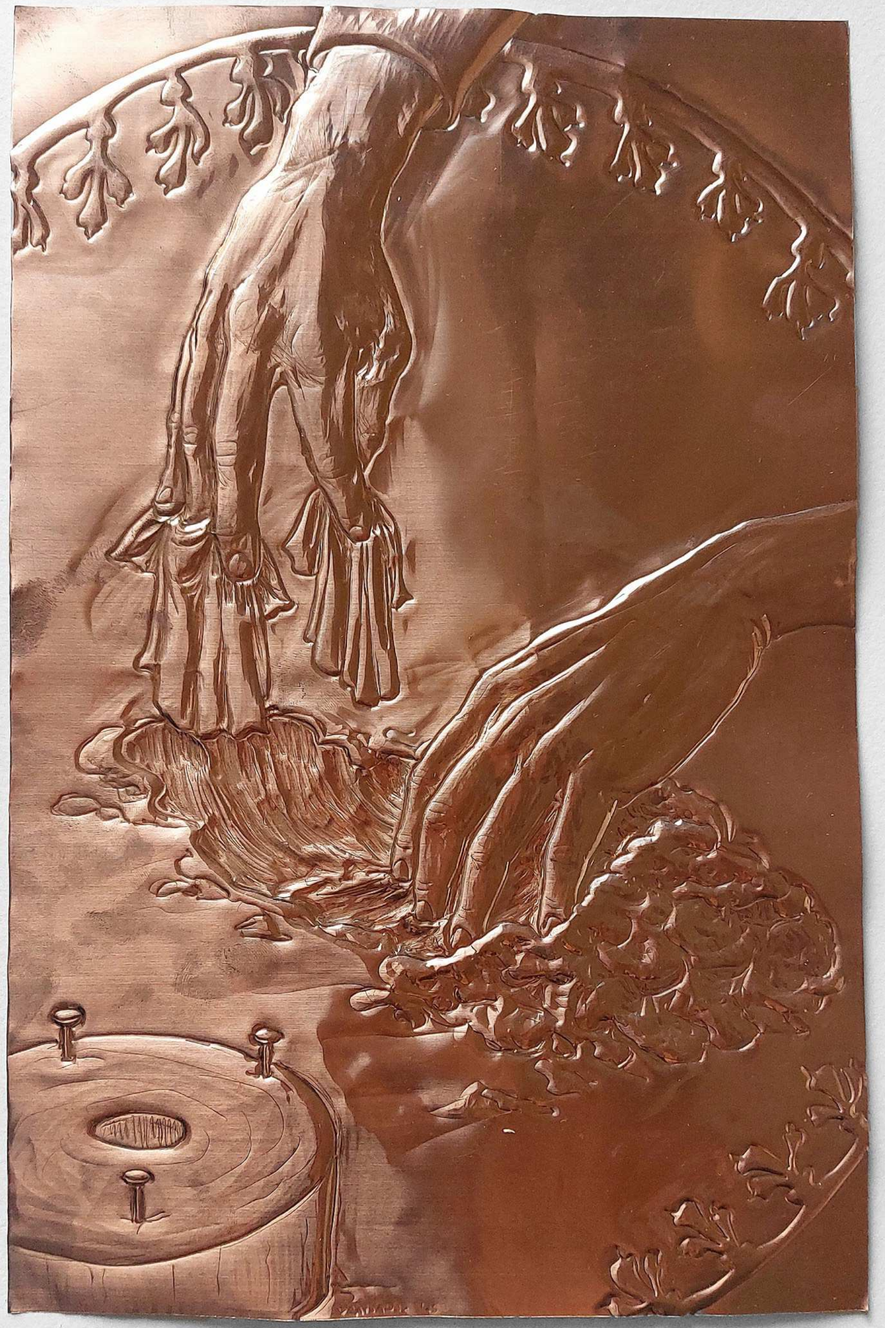
Myrto Vratsanou

All day long we built it, at night it would fall
Hand-embossed copper sheets, pine wood, nails, 30 x 19 x 3 cm
2025
Exhibition view from Den Frie, Copenhagen.

The three works depict scenes from legends about revenants. Drawing from myths of the Odsherred area, Greek folk tales and feminist perspectives on ghost stories, the project reflects on "haunting" as a carrier of knowledge, filling in the gaps left in the historical canon by silenced voices who became mythical, ghostly or monstrous.

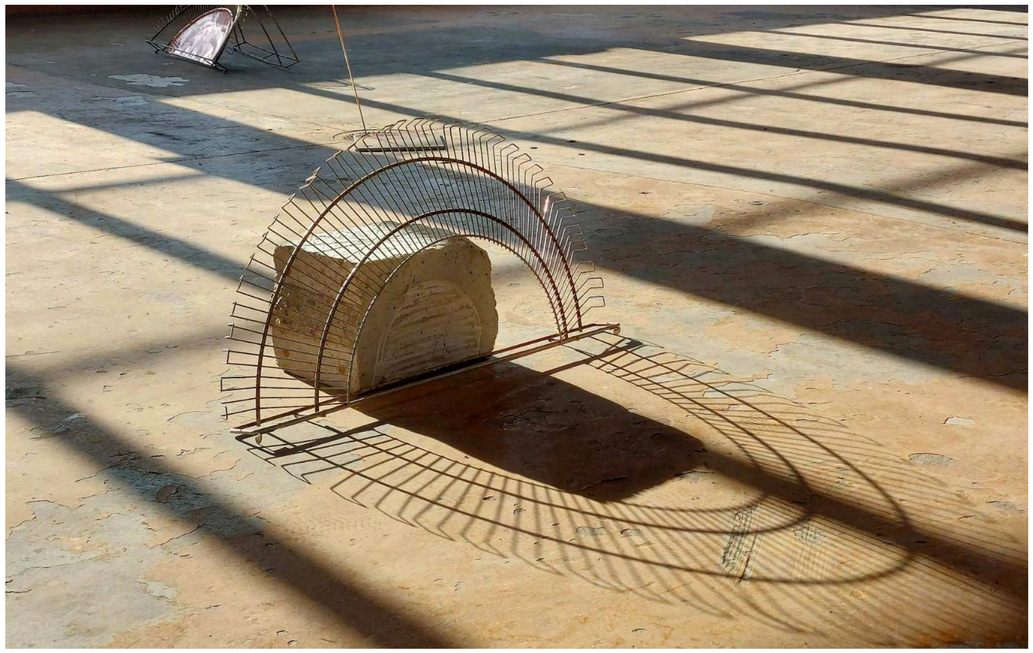
The pieces focus on the architectural ruins that materialized out of legends, as traces of the period's necropolitics. The motif of hands in the pictures highlights the act of building as a physical manifestation of supernatural beliefs. It also reflects on stories as structures which are continuously pieced together over centuries, through oral traditions, misrememberings and faded traces. Their fragments and details are weaved together and rearranged again and again.
Hands set the stage like a model-house, moving around symbols, characters and narrative pieces.

The compositions do not illustrate specific myths, but rather draw elements from different architectures and details. They are hand-embossed onto thin sheets of copper. The fragile metal surface records every gesture and pressure applied upon it, serving to both monumentalise the oral traditions and to mirror their malleable nature.



The fruitful women of Grevinge







Eos
Myrto Vratsanou
Drawings, installation, 2023
(copper, iron, rust, concrete, fire, chalk, sunlight)

The installation was made during a 2-month residency and consists of hand-embossed copper sheets, and sculptural objects composed and carved out of materials gleaned in Älvsbacka, Sweden, a now abandoned, former iron-producing parish.

The ancient Greek deity of the dawn, Eos, is used as a narrative device to map out the landscape of the area and to follow the traces and networks of light, energy and past industry infrastructure. Images and symbols relating to the sun and non-functional machines are weaved together in the map-like compositions, structured around the pace of a walk. The use of conductive materials and it activation by reflecting sunlight, gives the whole installation the properties of a sundial, with none of its quantitative precision nonetheless.







Free immersion notes, research project, installation, 2020-2022
Myrto Vratsanou

The project weaves together the free-diving traditions of the island of Symi, reflections on the Oceanic Feeling and and the vocabulary and metaphors of networked experience and immersive technologies.

At my family's home, I collected stories and artefacts of this now obsolete labour. The island's economy used to rely on sponge-diving, until the Ottoman Empire dissolved. Questions of how expendable the divers were arise through their diving-stones. The diver's economic means are reflected on the material (marble or debris from construction sites). "The bigger and heavier the stone, the bigger and heavier the body of the diver, and the deeper the body of water".

Installation details:

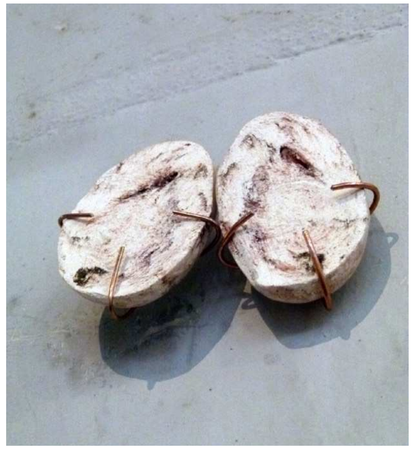
Plinth
Wood, unfired clay, wax

Eyes
plaster, sand

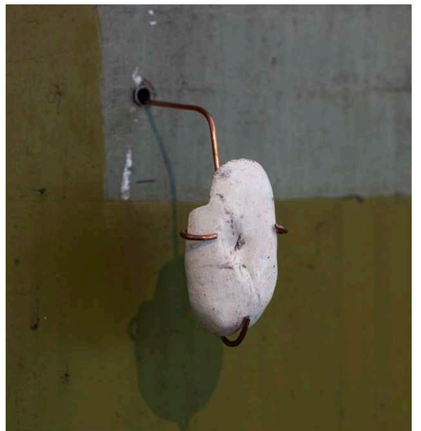
Lungs.
constricted glass, acrylic paint, glue, borealis acid, sand, water















The two lapses / The say you can't draw blood from a stone — Clay, natural mineral pigment, glaze, copper — Het Hem, 2020

The building of Het Hem, as a historical former munitions factory, is preserved as a monument and its walls cannot be drilled. The ceramic pebbles are inserted into existing holes and merge with the building's past corrosions. **Myrto Vratsanou**

The problem with history is, it keeps happening, which confuses everyone over time, as one thing becomes another again. (…) And they say you can't get blood from a stone! But they would be surprised. Sometimes you'll find instead when you open one up, you can't stop the bleeding. Stories don't float above landscapes like gusts, they're always down in it, and you can tell, because words as innocent as "till" end up meaning all sorts of unforeseen things (glacial sediment; to cultivate the earth; up to a point; cash register...) over time, as plates shift and crush.
— Text about the work by Angie Keefer —