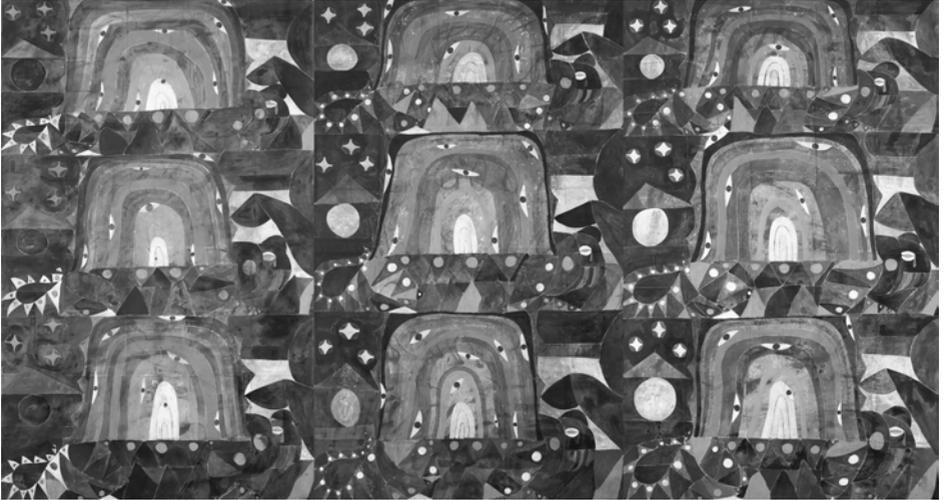


OVERGADEN.

Alexander Tovborg
Bocca Baciata
07.06 – 10.08 2014



Alexander Tovborg, *Bocca Baciata*, 2014. Photo: Anders Sune Berg. Courtesy: Galleri Nicolai Wallner

Actual Animals

By Aaron Bogart

I fear that the animals see man as a being like them who in a most dangerous manner has lost his animal common sense – as the insane, the laughing animal, the weeping animal, the miserable animal.

– Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*¹ –

When I was younger I went on a class trip to the Museum of Natural History in Washington D.C. and was amazed by all the dioramas from Earth's past epochs. I remember the ones with dinosaurs as being especially captivating; I was struck by the size of the creatures that I saw propped up by massive metal bars and brackets, and was astonished by how well they were integrated into the scenic representations of the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods. But I also remember wondering why the lighting was so dim and why we had to be quiet – it was as if I was in a sacred place,

where I had to be respectful of the past, but a past I didn't quite understand. These memories recently came back to me at a visit with the Danish artist Alexander Tovborg, where the first thing I saw on entering his studio was a large 198x310 cm painting-in-progress of dinosaurs. At first, perhaps like most viewers of the exhibition at Overgaden, I was struck by the size of the work – the paintings are, like the dinosaurs, impressive for their scale. But quickly after this initial 'shock and awe' moment, I was fascinated by Tovborg's taking on the subject of dinosaurs.

Tovborg is not afraid of addressing large issues; religion and rituals, from Christianity to Hinduism to Voodoo, for example, have been themes in his earlier work. His serious, but witty and often fun engagement with existential matters gives us the opportunity to reimagine central aspects of our lives, like the role of the spiritual and what it might mean for religion

to be revelatory. Similar issues loom large in Tovborg's new work as well. After all, the dinosaurs once 'ruled the world,' as humans now do, but became extinct almost overnight. These creatures have been presented as everything from terrible, destructive giants in films like *Jurassic Park* and *Godzilla* to loving, cuddly creatures in the children's TV show *Barney*. But where along the spectrum of cultural engagement with these animals is Tovborg's? Is he exploring our own anxiety of extinction, our own fear of death? Or is he helping to romanticize and aestheticize an already immensely popular subject in our cultural imagination?

For his exhibition at Overgaden Tovborg has hung ten 198x310 cm paintings together to form an oval-shaped viewing area. Here, again, the sheer size of the works immediately stands out. Collectively and individually titled *Bocca Baciata* (with each work numbered I–X), the paintings take up a theme inspired by the Iguanodon dinosaur sculptures in London's Crystal Palace Park, which were made in 1852 by Benjamin Waterhouse Hawkins. A total of thirty-three dinosaur sculptures were made, and reportedly fascinated visitors because of their size and novelty – dinosaurs had just been discovered, and their exhibition happened several years prior to the publication of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, so people were completely unfamiliar with Earth's evolutionary past. The large creatures no doubt set the visitors' imagination to work, and perhaps this is still part of the attraction of dinosaurs today: We are so far removed from their time that our minds have a hard time historicizing them, allowing us to put them into many different roles.

Though the motif in the paintings is clearly related to the sculptures in Crystal Palace Park, their title is not. Tovborg has borrowed the title from a painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *Bocca Baciata* (1859), which depicts one of Rossetti's main models, Fanny Cornforth. The seductive, yet despondent and melancholic-looking portrait was one of numerous paintings that Rossetti did of Cornforth filling different roles, like *Fair Rosamund* (1861) and *Lady Lilith* (1867). All of the pieces were in the Pre-Raphaelite style – with a sharp, focused

type of realism, abundant detail, dense colour, and complex compositions – of which Rossetti was a prominent exponent. In his paintings of the same title, Tovborg has forgone the lush realism of the Pre-Raphaelites and opted for a bareboned, simplified type of expressionism, where the shapes and forms of the images in the work look pieced together in a manner reminiscent of a collage. The ten large paintings all have pieces of cloth and old canvas affixed to them, on top of which Tovborg has painted a dinosaur motif: a crying Iguanodon. The images of dinosaurs were first painted in light colours, then gradually darker hues, like shades of deep purple and green, ending with images with a distinctive translucence. The earlier, lighter colours shine through, giving the paintings a romantic glow, indeed akin to the style of some of the Pre-Raphaelites' work. Though more compositionally involved, with a dense, puzzle-like structure, Tovborg's paintings also bear a resemblance to Chris Ofili's work from the early to mid-2000s. Ofili's highly stylized paintings concern the sacred and the profane – as Tovborg's earlier, religious-themed works do – and play with ideas of beauty by referencing cultural stereotypes. Another reference can be made to Matisse's paper cutouts, and while not as bold in colour as Matisse's work, Tovborg's paintings nevertheless show a similar engagement with colour combination and shape manipulation. Through this link, Tovborg's work also evinces a sense of nostalgia, harkening back to a time when the juxtaposition of lush forms pleased and excited viewers – and I can't help but ask if this sense of reminiscence doesn't also manifest itself in a fascination with his paintings, as if we are getting lost in a painterly romanticism. Bringing this confluence of Rossetti, Matisse, and Ofili, among others, together, Tovborg's paintings question what we can see as beautiful, and push the application of beauty onto creatures from natural history museums. Can we see the motifs in these paintings as if they were objects of beauty, rather than symbols that we manipulate into roles that help us forget our own mortality? Can we see the beauty in the dinosaur? Or does its place in contemporary culture and myth prevent us from viewing it as a beautiful animal, one with an existence outside of the popular images we have of them?

One of the Iguanodon sculptures in Crystal Palace looks up at the sky, almost thoughtful, or perhaps sad with anticipation of its demise; maybe this is why Tovborg has chosen to give the creatures in *Bocca Baciata* a tear in the eye. But when we go to museums we see them in idyllic looking representations, we see them in a 'perfect past' where they are somehow more than authentic animals – they are *The Dinosaurs* – and Tovborg's paintings subtly (or perhaps not so subtly) hint at this tension. After all, the ubiquity of their image and the fact that 'nobody remembers them'² makes them ideal for myth making and use as cultural tools without a remembered history. In her work on the future of nostalgia, Svetlana Boym has written about a Jurassic Park syndrome, where we use the best modern science to revive something ancient³; perhaps we are using the dinosaurs – brought back to life or not – as a projection of how we, humanity, might return after our time has come and gone. But if the dinosaurs play anything like this role – where they stand in for our own fate – or even if they just act as a child's toy, how can we give them some authenticity, apart from the scientific knowledge we have of

them? How can we make them actual animals, while still using them as anticipated nostalgia for ourselves?

The ten paintings of *Bocca Baciata* have been hung to form an oval, recalling the apse of a church – a place of contemplation and comfort for those of us who are religious. I wonder if Tovborg's temple of dinosaurs might be a sanctuary for us, a place where we can quit obsessing about a fate we cannot control, where we can stop being miserable, but also a place where we can see the magnificence of the dinosaurs – and laugh a little too. In writing about the study of nature, Paul Klee notes that, 'The object grows beyond its appearance through our knowledge of its inner being, through the knowledge that the thing is more than its outward aspect suggests.'⁴ Maybe by playing with ideas of what can be perceived as beautiful, and how we relate to those things in mythical or religious ways, Tovborg's paintings have created a situation where our imagination can be set free to think of the dinosaurs, and maybe ourselves, as more than they, and we, outwardly appear.

In his work concerning religion, Tovborg's paintings, drawings, collages, and other works in part explore the central role faith and related themes play in our lives, and how we imagine ourselves as a species in an unfathomably large universe. I see Tovborg's 'dinosaur paintings' as doing something similar; they explore the role myth plays in our lives, and in how we imagine our place on Earth. Will we be like the dinosaurs, destined to an unseen demise? Will we be remembered as both cuddly and destructive? But they also let us see the often-misused image of the dinosaurs as actual animals, and not mere objects of projection – they are both mythic and real, just like us.

Aaron Bogart, PhD, is an editor and writer based in New York, Berlin and Vienna. He is currently an editor at Assouline Publishing in New York.



Alexander Tovborg, *Bocca Baciata*, 2014. Photo: Anders Sune Berg. Courtesy: Galleri Nicolai Wallner

1. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science* (2001, 1882), p. 145.
2. Svetlana Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia* (2002), p. 33.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Paul Klee, *Creative Confession and Other Writings* (2013, 1961), p. 16.

The Miracle of St. Michael's

By Tom Morton

'Why is it', said Zhongli Quan, as he primped the black silk wings of his bow tie, 'that none of your great painters thought the dinosaur a suitable subject for depiction?' This question was spoken into the mirror that hung in Quan's college room, quite the best available to Trinity's undergraduates, but was addressed to Ken Carpenter, who had arrived panting half an hour ago, having cycled from his modest digs at modest Wolfson, and whose own bowtie was not silk, nor even really a tie at all, but rather an abbreviated Polycotton sheepshank, which was black only in the way that a dust-strafed blackboard is black, and which girdled his Adam's apple on a slackening length of elastic.

'1827', continued Quan, shooting his cuffs at his own reflection, 'The Reverend William Buckland becomes the first human being to describe a fossil dinosaur in scientific terms, giving it the genus *Megalosaurus*, and the species *Megalosaurus Bucklandii*. This was new knowledge, so we can give the Romantics a pass – Delacroix, don't you think, would have painted a wonderful *Triceratops*? – but what do we get after that? Some smudgy sea monsters in late Turner, a few implausible Jaberwockies in Burne-Jones and the French Symbolists. Nothing, of course, from the Impressionists. And the 20th-Century! Where is my Pointillist *Plesiosaur*, my Vorticist *Velociraptor*? Where, oh where, is my Cubist *T-Rex*? Now tell me, Kenneth, how do I look?'

'Very smart', said Ken, from within his tired, hired tuxedo. Quan was reading *Geology*, and he was reading *Art History*, but here on the evening of the Trinity May Ball, as on every evening they'd spent together in their three years at Cambridge, it was the Chinese boy who brought up what Ken's father called, with beery disdain, the subject of 'pretty pictures'. Perhaps it was Quan's time at Le Rosey that caused him to do this, and the patrician manners he'd learned there – alongside all those pubescent Rothschilds and Hohenzollerns, all those Glücksburgs and Hohenlohes – demanded that he cultivate his conversation always in the warm, pliant soil of his interlocutor's comfort zone. Or perhaps this heir to the Shandong Mining Group (Non-Ferrous Metals) really was fascinated by Chardin and Courbet, Piero and Pontorno, or perhaps – and this was Ken's dark wish – his real fascination was with Ken himself, the state school kid who fell asleep each night in his lonely bed, semen cooling on his belly, dreaming of his Huangdi, his handsome, unhaveable Emperor. Not that he would ever find out the truth. Tomorrow, Quan would leave Cambridge forever, flying back to China, and the family business, and its mad, unimag-

inable wealth. Ken would remain here, taking up a place at the University Seminary. Art History had, he thought, prepared him well for life as a vicar. The key thing wasn't to believe (this was the Church of England, after all), or even to experience a better class of doubt. The key thing was to ache.

'Dinosaurs', said Quan, crouching to tie his laces, and slipping a small, plastic baggie into the top of his left sock. 'Kenneth, I'm serious. Why would none of your painters touch them? Fascinating creatures – my father's always unearthing them in his mines – and I understand they played a significant role in killing off your God.'

'Too modern, at first', said Ken, ignoring the dangling bait, 'and then not modern enough. Dinosaurs look a lot like dragons, and dragons were never going to fly with the 20th century avant-garde. They're medieval. Worse, they're Victorian. Think of the Futurist Manifesto: cars running on machine gun fire, propellers roaring like a fascist mob, violent electric moons. That lot wanted to flood the museums, not fill them with paintings of *Diplodocuses*.' Briefly, Ken pictured water rising in a great, vaulted gallery space. Drowned canvases. A school of *coelacanths* swimming by. Sodden parquet floors.

'You Westerners have a lot to learn about dragons', said Quan, picking up a paper fan from his dressing table, and snapping it into its lacquered case. This he tapped three times against Ken's chest.

'Come on, Kenneth. The ball's already started, and I want to show you off. I don't think anybody at Trinity has ever seen a Wolfson man in black tie before.'

Later, when the June sun finally set on the college gardens, and the marquees began to glow like yellow lanterns in the gathered dark, and everywhere there was the smell of honeysuckle and the shimmer of distant music, Quan led Ken down to the riverbank. They had each drunk, by Ken's reckoning, a full bottle of champagne, and the English boy was unsteady on his feet. A rowboat was moored by the water's edge. Quan stepped briskly aboard.

'Is this thing yours?', said Ken, landing heavily inside the wooden hull. The boat rocked, then stilled.

'Punts are for tourists', said Quan, by way of an answer. 'Come on, let's go on a little trip.' Settling Ken on the slatted seat, the Chinese boy let slip the rope, and pushed off from the riverbank.

'No oars', said Ken, as the current caught them, buoying them past Trinity, past St. John's, on towards the Bridge of Sighs.

'Don't worry, Kenneth, the river knows where we're going.' Quan reached down into his left sock, and fished out the small plastic baggie. 'Now, open your mouth.'

As soon as Ken parted his lips, he felt the Chinese boy's finger swipe along his gum line, scouring it with something granular and bitter tasting. His drunkenness took on a sudden, unfamiliar edge, hard and bright and needful.

'What are you doing?', asked Ken, pulling away. It wasn't the drugs that shocked him, although Quan, to his knowledge, had always shunned pills and powders. Rather it was the intimacy, the unexpected meeting of flesh and flesh. Other human beings had put parts of their body in his body (doctors, dentists, one disastrous girlfriend), but this was not the same, no, not the same at all.

Quan raised his finger to Ken's lips, first shushing them, then squirreling between their folds. That taste again. That texture.

'Ground Dragon's Bones', said Quan.

The rowboat passed beneath the bridge. Quan took Ken's hand, and placed it on his thigh. Ken felt something firm beneath the soft fabric of his trousers. The fan. No.

Then Quan leaned in, and Ken's heart opened up like never before.

* * * * *

The Reverend Ken Carpenter didn't hate his job, or his workplace – rising from a recently gentrified corner of East London, the Gothic Revival St. Michael's had what he was pleased to call 'good bone structure'. No, what the Reverend Ken Carpenter hated was his congregation. Like many English churches, his was affiliated with an excellent church school, and like many excellent church schools, this one had recently adopted a policy of only admitting children from families who made a 'clear and regular demonstration of their Christian faith'. Over the past year, Ken's usual sparse flock of septuagenarians, dry alcoholics, and lost-looking immigrants had been joined, then quickly supplanted, by a new type of parishioner: The pushy middle-class parent, happy to feign supplication if it meant their kids could avoid the vivid horrors of London's comprehensives, or the anti-egalitarian taint of its fee-paying schools. They

arrived at his services in a spirit of bustling cheerfulness, belted out the opening hymn, sat tolerantly through his sermon, mumbled a few prayers, rallied themselves for the closing hymn (always, by popular request, the loathsome *Lord of the Dance*), and then applied themselves to what they obviously considered the really serious aspects of religious observance: Discussing whether the parish magazine should be typeset in Helvetica Inserat or Akzidenz-Grotesk, or whether the cakes in the church bake sale should be lactose and gluten free. Everywhere in St. Michael's were the signs of their growing influence. The notice board pinned with flyers for Alpha Courses, Mindfulness Workshops and Hot Bikram Yoga. The Children's Play 'n' Pray Space, with its herd of donated Eames elephant stools. In a bruising putsch, responsibility for the flower arrangements had been wrested from a pair of elderly spinsters, and was now the province of a lawyer's wife who described herself to an astonished Ken as an 'up-and-coming botanical artist', much influenced by Japanese Ikebana. The Bible Study Group was reading Khalil Gibran. A pilgrimage had been proposed to see the Chagall chapel at Assy, followed by a week's snowboarding in the nearby Chamonix.

If St. Michael's was, for its congregation, simply another corner of the world to remake in their own confident and smoothly tasteful image, then this didn't seem to trouble the senior clergy of the diocese. Pews were being filled like never before, and when Ken had gently suggested to the Archdeacon that something precious – a thing not subject to contract, a thing close perhaps to grace – had been sluiced from the church by this tide of new worshippers, he was swiftly and firmly rebuked. In two days' time, a TV crew would arrive to film a documentary, *The Miracle of St. Michael's*, focusing, so the producer had told him on the phone, on 'Christianity as a relevant lifestyle choice for the busy young professional'. Their visit would coincide with Michaelmas, feast of the church's titular Archangel, a day on which debts were traditionally settled, and final reckonings made.

That night in the vicarage, like most nights in the vicarage, Ken lay down on his bed with his laptop bobbing on his belly, and trawled the hookup sites for men who might summon the memory of his distant Quan. Five years had passed since the boat and the bridge, five years since love had tapped his hollow, echoing chest. Waking up the morning after the ball on an unfamiliar stretch of riverbank – his gums tingling, his awful tuxedo muddled, his body pungent and pleasantly sore – Ken found that Quan had already left for his flight to China. There was no note, although his smartphone lay nearby, alongside the empty baggie, its smashed screen the colour of a bluebottle's wing. Back at Wolfson, Ken discovered that every one of Quan's social networking accounts – even his Renren, even his Weibo – had been closed

down. The Chinese boy did not return to Cambridge to pick up his degree.

Ken attempted to contact him, of course. He emailed every plausible address at the Shandong Mining Group (Non-Ferrous Metals), meeting only with error messages and silence. He sent postcards c/o the company's HQ – images of great lizards by Uccello, Ingres, Moreau – all of them unanswered, and once called a woman he was sure, from his frantic web searches, must be Quan's PA, only to be informed that he had reached the Qingdao Sheraton, and would he be interested in hearing about their conference facilities, or perhaps booking a treatment at their spa? Defeated, Ken took to spending long, listless hours contemplating Quan's picture in *Forbes* and *Fortune* and *Businessweek* (still beautiful, still brandishing his lacquered fan like a Daoist Immortal), and obsessively feeding the *Cankao Xiaoxi's* wedding column into Google Translate, fearing that his beloved, surely against the true bearing of his heart, had taken some tiny, perfect bride. Alone in a darkened St. Michael's, he had even knelt at the altar, and prayed. None of these rituals served to call Quan to his side.

At 1am, as Ken was about to log off, a message appeared in the chatbox. His correspondent's profile picture was a close-up of single, slender finger. His username was Konglong.

> *Kenneth, I think I may have finally found an answer to my question.*

Ken paused. No. Just some guy. He waited for the chatbox to fill with the usual jpegs of waxed cocks and willing arseholes, the usual offers of this in there, or there. He wouldn't do anything about it – he never did – but he would take some brief, dulled pleasure in the possibility that he might.

> *Kenneth. KENNETH! I know you're there, Kenneth, so do please pay me the courtesy of a reply.*

Ken's fingers moved to the keyboard. Typed.

>> *What question?*

> *The dinosaur question, Kenneth!*

>> *Quan?*

> *Zhongli Quan, BSc (Cantab), CEO of the Shandong Blah Blah (Non-Ferrous Whatever), and the boy who, if you recall, once made the future Reverend Ken Carpenter sigh beneath the Bridge of Sighs.*

>> ...

> *Look, Kenneth, I haven't got time to wait while you*

deliberate over what to type next. I'm sending you a delivery. Rather a big delivery. My courier will meet you outside St. Michael's tomorrow after evensong. Oh, and Kenneth?

>> ...

> *Close your mouth.*

* * * * *

The truck drew up to St. Michael's at 7pm, just as Ken had finally ushered the last few congregants from church grounds. They had been more than usually pleased with themselves this evening, purring with anticipation at the arrival of the TV crew tomorrow. Mats would be full. With practiced ease, the truck driver parked his vehicle with its back facing the church door. The shipping container fixed to the flatbed was bright red, and marked with the Shandong Group's logo. Whatever was inside it had travelled all the way from China. The cabin opened, and the driver stepped down, followed by two more men wearing overalls and peaked caps. They walked briskly up to Ken, bowed, and then straightened. The driver held out his hand.

'Keys', said the driver.

Ken stared at him.

'Keys to Church.'

Ken patted at his vestments, found the heavy iron ring. Wordlessly, he passed it over.

'You come back tomorrow, Mr. Vicar. 7am. Before morning prayers.'

Ken nodded, and turned towards the vicarage. The future was in Quan's hands.

* * * * *

The first thing Ken noticed when he walked up to St. Michael's the next morning was that the truck had vanished, replaced by a large, metal dumpster. Poking out from its top like periscopes, the trunks of the Play 'n' Pray Space's elephant stools – lime green, baby blue, a queasily surgical pink – shone in the new day's sun. The church noticeboard, still stuck with ads for Reiki therapists and silent retreats, had been broken in half, and tossed in alongside several bushels of expensively Spartan floristry. Copies of *The Prophet* and *Jonathan Livingstone Seagull* lay scattered at the dumpster's bottom, alongside a few

items gifted by Ken's congregants to the Archdeacon's Harvest Festival Foodbank: one bag of brown rice, and another of quinoa, a pack of replacement BRITA water filters, some herbal supplements, an artisan rye loaf. Quan's men had left the keys in the church door.

Ken's phone vibrated. An SMS. The TV producer. The crew was on its way. He turned the key, and pushed at the heavy oak.

The pews had been moved to the side of the nave. Along its length, illuminated only by the sunlight that streamed steadily, unstopably, through the church's stained glass windows, stood the skeleton of a vast and long-necked dinosaur, its brown bones supported by a steel armature, its tail trailing through the crossing and the chancel and on into the apse, where its tip grazed the far-off altar stone. In the silence before morning prayers – those bland bargains blandly struck – it seemed to Ken that this fossil beast could always have been here, should always have been here: Proof not of the folly of belief, but of the existence, in some unknowable time and place, of unknowable energies, and grandeur. Quan stepped from the shadows.

'Zingongosaurus Fuxiensis', said Quan, as he crossed the church's stone floor towards the beaming Ken. 'I did toy with the idea of sending you a Western dinosaur, a Brontosaurus or some such, but my family's company seems to be digging an awful lot of these fellows out of our mineshafts right now, quite a surplus in fact, so we can afford to spare one for our poor *Gweilo* cousins. Besides, a church named after St. Michael simply cries out for a dragon.'

Ken was still looking, rapt, at the creature's skull, at the way the stained glass glowed through its eye sockets, through its mouth, almost as though it were breathing fire.

'Kenneth, aren't you going to say something?'

''He is risen, therefore he can be laid in the grave.''

'Yes, yes. All that stuff. Anyway, the TV crew will be here any moment, along with all those ghastly, grabby people you've been ministering to. Time to leave, my pretty vicar. There's somewhere we must be.'

'What about the answer to your question?'

'Oh Kenneth, you've always been such a literalist', said Quan, taking Ken's hand, and leading him towards the door.

* * * * *

As the rowboat drifted lazily down the river, past Queens' College, past King's, onwards towards Clare, Ken listened to a voicemail from the TV producer. In rushed, excited tones, she relayed the extraordinary events of that morning. The congregants gathering around the dinosaur skeleton, their sleek heads bowed in silent contemplation. The arrival of the Archdeacon, who fell immediately to his knees and recited – against all sectarian proscriptions – the Orthodox Jesus Prayer. Once word of the dinosaur began to circulate on social media, more and more people flocked to the church: kids from the nearby housing estates, hung-over hipsters, the Imam from the borough mosque, the local MP. News photographers held their cameras high above the crowd, the better to snap at the sauropod's grinning maw. A paleontologist was interviewed in the churchyard by a BBC outside broadcast unit, and wrongly identified the creature as an Apatosaurus. A Bishop appeared, and blessed its ancient bones. 'The Miracle of St. Michael's', said the producer, would surely be the highlight of her career. There was only one voice missing from the documentary. Would Ken – any time, no, really any time at all – please call her back for a chat?

Quan took the phone from Ken's hand and tossed it into the river. The boat floated on, past Trinity, past St. John's. While it was dark, it was warm for September, as though each star in the Cambridge sky was beaming its heat across the countless parsecs, so that it might draw sweat from these Earth boys' humming skins. Quan produced his fan, and beat at the heavy air.

'Our bridge', he said, pointing up ahead.

A few moments later, the sky disappeared.

'Open your mouth', said Ken. 'Open your mouth.'

Tom Morton is a writer, curator, and contributing editor of frieze. He has written several fictions to accompany exhibitions by Alexander Tobvborg. He is currently working on his first novel.

CV

Alexander Tovborg (b. 1983) is educated at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts and Staatliche Akademie der Bildenden Künste in Karlsruhe. He has had exhibitions at the Danish Museum of Religious Art, the exhibition space Fauna, Galleri Nicolai Wallner and Brand New Gallery in Milan, as well as participated in group exhibitions at the Irish Museum of Modern Art and at Lincoln Museum of Modern Art.

EVENTS

Thursday 26 June 6-7pm

Talk // *The Nature of Myth*

In Alexander Tovborg's exhibition *Bocca Baciata* myths play a key role. This evening we will have a closer look at the concept of myth when Tovborg and Pia Skogemann, MA in History of Religions and a practicing Jungian analyst, from each their perspective will discuss the nature and mechanisms of mythmaking. The event will be in Danish..

Thursday 31 July 6-7pm

Talk // *Exhibiting the Past*

How do museums exhibit the past? And what considerations must be taken into account when presenting something you have never seen or experienced yourself? Questions like these will be examined in a conversation between Tovborg and Joachim Engel from the Zoological Museum in Copenhagen, who is responsible for exhibiting the first giant dinosaur skeleton in Denmark. The event will be in Danish.

Sunday 10 August 3-5pm

Finissage and book release

On the occasion of his exhibition Alexander

Tovborg will publish a catalogue. This afternoon we celebrate the release with a glass of wine and an artist talk, offering an insight into Tovborg's practice and the ideas behind the exhibition. The event will be in Danish

THANK YOU

Alexander Tovborg would like to thank Overgaden, Tom Morton, Aaron Bogart, Galleri Nicolai Wallner, Oliver Bak, Susanne Hoffmann, Lasse Latz, Simon Latz, Morten Knudsen, and Cæcilie Trier.

UPCOMING EXHIBITION

Friday 22 August 2014 Overgaden presents the exhibition *Dr. Topic* by Christian Vind that runs through 26 October 2014. During the same exhibition period Overgaden additionally presents a number of shorter projects, focusing, among other things, on artistic inspiration, the intersection between art and science as well as the Anthropocene.

This exhibition folder can be downloaded from: www.overgaden.org

The exhibition is supported by:

THE DANISH ARTS FOUNDATION

Overgaden is supported by the Danish Arts Foundation's Committee for Visual Arts and the Obel Family Foundation.

Overgaden.

Institute of Contemporary Art
Overgaden neden Vandet 17
DK-1414 Copenhagen K

www.overgaden.org
+45 32 57 72 73