

Asta Lynge



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ISBN: 978-87-94311-20-5
EAN: 9788794311205

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Udstillingsperiode: 08.06.2024 - 04.08.2024

O - OVERGADEN
Overgaden nedden Våndet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

INTRODUKTION

Det er en stor fornøjelse at introducere denne publikation, der udkommer i forbindelse med Asta Lynges soloudstilling 22 på O - Overgaden. Siden 2021 har O - Overgaden med generøs støtte fra Augustinus Fonden produceret en publikationsrække, der udgives i forbindelse med kunsthallens større soloudstillinger. Målsætningen med denne serie er at mangfoldiggøre samtalerne under og efter udstillingerne og åbne op for, at nyt materiale kan udspringe heraf.

Til denne publikation har den anerkendte amerikanske forfatter og forsvarsadvokat Vanessa Place bidraget med en tekst, og det samme har O - Overgadens egen redaktør samt freelance kunstsribent og -kritiker, Nanna Friis. En varm tak til begge bidragsydere. Derudover vil jeg gerne takke hele O - Overgadens team for den store indsats i forbindelse med udstillingen og naturligvis også fanfare, vores grafiske designere, for deres dedikerede arbejde på denne publikation. Sidst, men ikke mindst, en særlig tak til Asta for at dele sit materiale - fra koncept til udvidede samtaler - med os alle sammen, både gennem udstillingen og denne publikation.

I sit arbejde undersøger den danske kunstner Asta Lynges (f. 1988) samtidens underliggende magt- og infrastrukturer. Til Lynges første store soloudstilling i Danmark har hun udviklet en række nye værker under titlen 22, der helt konkret er det nøjagtige antal knogler, som udgør vores kranie - og dermed den legemlige struktur, der omgiver ethvert tænkende eller drømmende hoved.

Ligesom titlen peger Lynges udstilling på skelettet, rammen eller rammesætningerne, som ligger bag letgenkendelige popkulturelle objekter. I to skulpturserier kigger hun bag facaden på 'instrumenter' eller 'værktøjer' for komfort og underholdning: sofaen og guitaren. Skeletter af krydsfinérsudskeer udgør værkserien *Audience*, som blotlægger strukturen bag Storbritanniens måske mest ikoniske slængemøbel: Chesterfieldsofaen. Blandt andet vises en abnorm eller surreel 17-sæders version af blindstellet -

som et billede på det gamle imperiums kolonialistiske komfort og, ikke mindst, dets ustyrlige vokseværk. I en anden værkserie afskræller Lynges såkaldte 'double-neck guitarer' som en dissektion af det klassiske emblem for den maksimerede stadionrocks performance. Ved helt konkret at fjerne alle strenge og elektriske dele fra guitaren samt afhugge ikke blot den ene men de hele to fallosagtige guitarhalse kastrerer Lynges det multistrengede symbol på opblæst ydeevne og fordoblet potens. Som en slags økologi af 'anti-produktion', der ikke tilføjer, men fjerner staffage, spørger Lynges til, hvad der ligger bag læderpolstringen eller det accelererede rockmusikalske instrument - hvad enten det gælder sofaens magtfulde magelighed eller den svedende guitarists sceneshow.

Som del af udstillingen har Lynges omlagt vejen til O - Overgadens overetage fra husets indre trappe til den mere majestætiske hovedtrappe og flyttet en af kunsthallens gipsvægge. Således afklæder og modificerer Lynges ikke bare kendte kulturobjekter, men hun hijacker også selve kunstinstitutionens konstruktion eller koreografi. Bag den ommøblerede 'ready made'-gipsvæg hænger en beskrivelse af en drøm, kunstneren har haft. I drømmen spiser hun halvanden elektrisk tandbørste. Ikke ulig hvordan Lynges gennemtygger den elektriske guitar eller Chesterfieldsofaen, hvilket udpeger den usynlige vold eller de underbevidste magtrelationer, som et popkulturelt møbel eller musikinstrument potentielt kan bære på.

Rhea Dall
Leder, juni 2024

Asta Lynges (f. 1988, DK) er billedkunstner bosat i København. Hun er uddannet fra Central Saint Martins i 2012 og var en del af CSMS Associate Studio Programme fra 2013-16. Lynges har senest udstillet på bl.a. Giorno Poetry Systems, New York (2023); Kunsthall Charlottenborg, København (2023); Fuglsang Kunstmuseum, Toreby (2023); 3236RLS/Le Bourgeois, London (2020) og *dépendance*, Bruxelles (2021). Hun modtog i 2022 Carl Nielsen og Anne Marie Carl-Nielsens Legats talentpris for billedhuggere.

HYPERAKTIV HYPOAKTIV

Vanessa Place

Fedme er et udbredt helbredsproblem af epidemiiske proportioner. En stor del af befolkningen lider af overvægt eller fedme.

Problemet er, at hvad, der er for meget, altid peger på, hvad der ikke er nok.

Der findes adskillige fedmerelaterede sygdomme såsom type 2-diabetes og forhøjet blodtryk; derudover er erhvervet begravet penis en tilstand, der også kan udvikle sig hos overvægtige mænd.

Problemet er 'spis hvad du kan'-buffeten, 'ubegrænset adgang'-fitness-abonnementet eller 'fri bar'. Charmen ved frihed, ligesom charmen ved magt, ligesom charmen ved al indtagelse, bevarer sin charme på grund af den umiddelbare beherskesimpuls. Umiddelbar beherskelse skjuler problemets egentlige kamp.

En fallos forstås bedre på baggrund af dens funktion; for fallossen er betydningsbærende, en betydningsbærer hvis funktion, i analysens intersubjektive økonomi, er i stand til at løfte sløret for netop den funktion den på mystisk vis tjente. Det er betydningsbæreren, som er skæbnebestemt til at afmærke betydningsbærende i det hele taget, for så vidt som betydningsbæreren betinger dem ved sin tilstedeværelse som betydningsbærer.

Buffeten er billig, og jeg kommer til at spise for meget og ikke nok i forhold til hvad den koster, fitnessabonnementet er nemt nok, jeg kommer ikke derhen særlig tit, men jeg betaler trods alt for forpligtelsen. Jeg sagde, at fri bar var den mest bydende opfordring, og det har jeg ret i, kortene på bordet som man siger, gratis drinks, et fejringshumor, og det eneste, der står mellem mig og forglemmelsen, er en indre sans for anstændighed. Eller ikke.

'Begravet' penis er navnet på en diagnose, hvor enten hud og/eller fedt omkring den forreste del af kønsbenet omslutter en penis af normal størrelse; i klinisk forstand er penissen usynlig eller fremstår kort og begravet i væv, når patienten undersøges.

Uanset hvad er der baren og barren. 'Barren', det vil sige min, din, vores alles indre blokade, den skrøbelige rækkevidde, det, vi refererer til som os selv, befinder sig indenfor. Afstanden mellem det vi ved og ikke ved, du ved, indeni, de ting der ikke rigtig flugter. Imperativet om at være fuldendt, hel, som om det afstivede og eroderede indeni resonerer med en vis harmoni, som om min største lykke ikke er spækket med noget blod sørgmodighed, som om denne bløde sørgmodighed ikke var noget, jeg brutalt tog mig af, som om hverken baren eller barren var der og ikke var så ubarmhjertigt åbne, som om der ikke fandtes, indrøm det, en vis kedsomhed i vores dødsopvisninger.

Hvorom alting er: Mennesket kan ikke sigte efter at blive hel ('totalpersonligheden') er endnu en af de afvigende præmisser for moderne psykoterapi) så længe forskydningens og kondenseringens spil – til hvilket han er dømt, når han udøver sin funktion – udstikker hans relation til betydningsbæreren som subjekt. Fallossen er den privilegerede betydningsbærer i den udstikning hvori Logos' rolle forenes med begærets indtog.

Så hvad er problemet?

Begravet penis kan være medfødt eller senere erhvervet; den opstår hos børn og voksne, der enten har et normalt eller et forhøjet BMI. Der kan være adskillige årsager til begravet penis, men overvægt er den mest almindelige ætiologi hos voksne mænd.

Jeg sagde, problemet var, at for meget aldrig er nok, eller at ikke nok altid er for meget, det er enkelt, når det opfattes enkelt, ligesom det overvældende i at finde ud af, hvad man skal se, eller hvem man skal knalde, eller hvordan man skal gøre noget som helst, når man er vildt sulten. Det er sværere, når det er immaterielt og inaktivt, hvilket det er, men det er sådan, samlinger og familier og krige starter. Her vender vi os mod det håndgribelige, det konkrete, vi uddyber og eksploderer, gør dette tynde væv til tekstil, dette tekstil, et vægtæppe, dette vægtæppe, en historie, denne historie, vores historie. Gøre noget hvor der intet er.

Det kan siges, at denne betydningsbærer er udvalgt, fordi den er det mest håndgribelige element indenfor den reelle, seksuelle kopulering og også den mest symbolske i ordets bogstavelige (typografiske) forstand, eftersom det er ækvivalenten til (det logiske) copula. Det kan også siges, at den i kraft af sin opsvulmethed bliver selve billedet på vitalt flow, som det transmitteres i slægtled.

Fordi baren og barren, der før blev hentydet til, er noget som er og ikke er.

Begravet penis hos voksne er et udbredt problem, der i stigende grad opdages af plastikkirurger. 87 % af de mænd der gennemgik operationer for begravet penis var netop overvægtige. Ikke desto mindre lader der til at være en mangel på litteratur om begravet penis i forhold til den øgede forekomst af fedme.

For fallossen er betydningsbærende, en betydningsbærer hvis funktion i analysens intersubjektive økonomi løfter sløret for den funktion, den på mystisk vis tjente. Det er betydningsbæreren, der er tænkt til at skulle udpege effekterne ved det betydningsbærende, idet betydningsbæreren betinger disse i kraft af sin tilstedeværelse som betydningsbærer.

Jeg sagde, at barren var et tomrum, og som i ethvert andet intet er der noget derinde. Man kan påpege det, kærtegne det, bruge det til at bygge noget op omkring, hæve og sænke taget, som man har lyst til, ligesom den plads dit hus indeholder, eller luften mellem dit hoved og din hat eller en gammel skuffelses indskrumpne ballon.

Tausch m.fl. introducerede i 2016 et klassifikationssystem for den erhvervede begravede penis. Patienter af første grad havde fungerende penishud, hvorimod andengradspatienter havde beskadiget penishud og tredjegradspatienter havde genitale opsvulmninger. Behandlingen omfattede penisoperation med eller uden skrotum-hudflap for førstegradspatienter, hudtransplantation for andengradspatienter og bortskæring af det pågældende væv samt eventuelle tillægsoperationer, der måtte være påkrævet efter denne type hudtransplantation.

Pointen er, at vi skjuler vores tomrum, vores barrierer, fra venner og familie, besværligt, bestemt, men nødvendigt, eftersom de skjuler deres for os, i bedste fald lægger ingen mærke til – eller i værste fald lader de, som om de ikke lægger mærke til – hvordan vores interesser siver ud indefra. Endnu bedre, og nu er vi ved at have fat i noget, skjuler vi det for os selv.

Alle disse antagelser har udelukkende til formål at skjule det faktum, at den kun kan spille sin rolle, når den er skjult, det vil sige, i sig selv er det et tegn på den latens, der rammer enhver betydningsbærer, når den bliver hævet ('aufgehoben') til sin betydningsbærende funktion.

Når det kommer til stykket, er huset noget vi fylder og tømmer, vi mister hatten eller gør den religiøs, vi lader fortid være fortid, ingen fortrydelser, hvis jeg skulle gøre det hele igen, ville jeg gøre præcis det samme, stort set, nogle få ting har været for meget, og en del bare urimeligt trivielle, jeg er ikke perfekt, når det kommer til stykket, men hvem er det, når alt kommer til alt.

Efterfølgende, i 2018, blev yderligere tre klassificeringssystemer fremsat. Mirastschijski's nye klassificeringssystem vedrørende erhvervet begravet penis omfatter type 1 (pseudobegravet penis hvor store mængder væv ved kønsbenet dækker penis, men ikke resulterer i invagination), type 2 (mellemsvær begravet penis hvor delvis invagination af penisskafte med overskydende væv omkring kønsbenet forefindes, men manuel udpresning af penis er mulig) og type 3 (klassisk begravet penis hvor fuldkommen invagination af penisskafte med massiv fedtpude omkring kønsbenet forefindes og en manuel udpresning af penis ikke er mulig). Type 1 krævede fedmeoperation og løft af kønsbenet, type 2 og 3 krævede begge fedmeoperationer og penisforankrende sting – type 3 krævede imidlertid også hudtransplantationer til rekonstruktion af penisskafte.

Ligesom monumenter bygges vi netop op for at blive revet ned. Romerne var gode til det, deres kejserstatuer havde udskiftelige hoveder. Ud med en, ind med en ny, kroppen forbliver den samme, så man vidste, at riget var ok, selvom lederen var blevet kvalt i badet, stukket ned i en gyde eller bare uden videre parteret på andre måder. Hvor grækerne var ambitiøse, snurrede idealer om sig, som var det candyfloss, var romerne mere praktiske, fødderne solidt plantet på jorden. Hic, nunc. Her, nu.

Hvorfor må han antage dette kons egenskaber udelukkende gennem en trussel – slet og ret truslen om afsavn? Det er Freuds opdagelser, der til fulde afdækker implikationerne ved modsætningsforholdet mellem betydningsbærer og betydningsbærende: med andre ord at betydningsbæreren har en aktiv funktion i determineringen af visse effekter, hvor betydningsbærende fremstår som noget, der underordner sig sin afgræsning for igennem passionen at blive det betydningsbærende.

Jeg bliver distraheret.

Det hyppigst præsenterede onde blandt patienter med erhvervet begravet penis er urinvejsinfektionssymptomer. Disse inkluderer hovedsageligt forskellige former for tømningbesvær såsom manglende evne til at kontrollere vandladning (næst efter besværet uriner og dårlig gennemstrømning) og post-tømningproblemer såsom drypning og inkontinens. Derudover omfatter andre symptomer svampe- og bakterieinfektioner i det bløde væv og urinrøret, forhudsfor snævring, psykiske mén (såsom depression og lavt selvværd) og seksuelle funktionsproblemer (såsom dysfunktionel erektion og smertefuld eller umulig seksuel aktivitet grundet den begravede penis).

Det jeg prøver at sige er, at der, praktisk talt, udspiller sig en pantomime.

Efterspørgsel i sig selv medfører noget andet end den tilfredsstillelse, der efterspørges. Det er kravet om en tilstedeværelse eller et fravær – hvilket er det, der manifesteres i urrelationen til moderen, svanger med denne Anden som skal situeres indenfor rammerne af de behov, den kan tilfredsstille. Efterspørgslen konstituerer Den Anden, som en der allerede besidder det 'privilegie', det er at tilfredsstille behov, det vil sige, magten til at fratage dem netop det, der gør, at de kan tilfredsstilles. Den Andens privilegie skitserer således radikaliteten i den gave, Den Anden ikke har, nemlig dennes kærlighed.

Pantomimen i den hårfine grænse og det efterfølgende rum mellem kejserens marmorkrop og hans granithoved, grænsen, der viser, hvor snittet skal ligge, og hvor det skal skjule, pantomimen ved en obduktion, når ansigtet ruller fri fra kraniet og får kroppen til at se udskiftelig ud, på den måde alle skeletter til en vis grad er udskiftelige, men, mere præcist, er analoge. For de rædsler der udskilles i dagligdagskraniet, dets indholdsløshed og tilsyneladende smil.

Undersøgelsen af en mand med erhvervet begravet penis bør inkludere en detaljeret historik med fokus på sygdommens varighed, og hvorvidt forekomsten af den forsvindende penis kan kobles til vægtøgning eller -tab. Der bør spørges til ikke alene symptomer associeret med tømningproblemer eller seksuel dysfunktion, men også til tilstedeværelsen eller fraværet af godartede prostata-hypertrofier, om der er foretaget injektioner til forstørrelse af kønsorganet,

om forudgående operationer (såsom omskæring, lymfeknudedissektion eller penisforstørrelse) og urinrørsforsnævring. Derudover bør der foretages undersøgelser af potentielle følgesygdomme såsom type 2-diabetes, hudlidelsen hidradenitis suppurativa, forhøjet blodtryk, lungeproblemer (fedmerelateret) og urinvejsproblemer.

Den obscenitet der hemmeligholdes og udskilles [“the obscenity secreted”, red.], jeg ved ikke hvordan det her tager sig ud i oversættelsen, denne homofon som næsten er et pendulord, at gemme (*secret*) [= hemmeligholde, red.] og at producere (*secrete*) [= udskille, red.] fordi pointen er, at rædslen og obsceniteten både er skjult og siver ud, når vi insisterer på, at vi er de samme og forskellige. At “jeg er” betyder noget andet end “du er”, og det gør det, og det gør det ikke, dette er kærlighedens smerte, smerten ved at ville være de samme i vores forskellighed. Fantasien om, at vi ikke behøver at skjule noget af os selv for vores elskede (den vi fantasierer om, at vores elsker skal være), fantasien om, at vi er nødt til at skjule dele af os selv for vores elsker (den vi fantasierer om, at vores elskede er), og det er ikke så enkelt, som blot at bytte om på positionerne, for der er også en forskel mellem dem, den elskede er ikke nødvendigvis elsker, for den elskede er den, vi fantasierer om, og elsker er den, den anden opfatter sig selv som.

Det er i det tilfælde nødvendigt, at den således ophævede særegenhed skal komme til syne igen på den anden side af efterspørgslen. Den kommer faktisk til syne, men bevarer strukturen, der er indeholdt i det betingelsesløse element ved kravet om kærlighed. Ved en ombytning, der ikke udelukkende er en negation af negationen, vil energien ved det rene tab opstå af udslættelsens efterladenskaber. Hvad angår kravets betingelsesløse element afløser begæret den 'absolutte' tilstand: Denne tilstand løser elementets knude som bevis for en kærlighed, der er resistent overfor tilfredsstillelsen af behov. Således er begær hverken en appetit efter tilfredsstillelse eller kravet om kærlighed, men derimod den forskel, der bliver et resultat af subtraktionen af det første fra det andet, det fænomen, der kaldes deres splittelse ('Spaltung').

Det her lyder luftigt. Det er det. Vi polstrer os selv med vores fantasier og vores argumenter, forestiller os, at vi kan tilfredsstille vores behov, vi bygger op omkring skelettet, slås med vores grådighed, gør pungen tykkere, taljen også, det hele er det samme, vi tager en ny elsker, får måske et kæledyr, mennesker kan godt lide kæledyr, vi beskytter os selv fra vores tomhed og vores ro og den nøgne tavshed indeni. Ligesom det intet, der findes mellem vores hjerteslag, bedst at det er ubemærket, ligesom en onsdag morgens intet, bedst ikke at græde.

Overvægt er den hyppigste årsag til erhvervet begravet penis. En begravet penis er en normalstørrelse penis, der enten fremstår kort eller er helt usynlig grundet fedt og hud omkring underlivet. Tre ældre mænd med erhvervet begravet penis beskrives således: Deres begravede penis var en tilfældig opdagelse under en helkropsundersøgelse af deres hud. Forud for hudundersøgelserne vidste mændene ikke, at indgreb til behandling af deres begravede penis var en mulighed. Grundet deres alder eller deres diagnosers kroniske karakter – eller begge dele – var der dog ingen af patienterne, der ønskede at få deres begravede penis yderligere undersøgt eller behandlet.

Problemet er, når der

Subjektet betegner udelukkende sin eksistens ved at blokere for al den betydning, han bærer, eftersom det ser ud til, at han rent faktisk ønsker at blive elsket for den, han er.

intet problem er

KILDER

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Place, Vanessa.

VERS

Nanna Friis

Der er ikke langt mellem soloen og geniet, eller i hvert fald en vis virtuositet. Der er heller ikke langt mellem soloen og egoet, eller i i hvert fald en vis selvsikkerhed. Viljen til at gøre noget alene og dygtigst, det kunne være at spille helt vild guitar. Led Zeppelin udgav i 1971 *Stairway to Heaven*, og siden har det været Jimmy Pages skæbne at improvisationsexcellere nummerets legendariske guitarsolo ved utallige koncerter. På Youtube falder der i svime: *legends expressing their love thru solo / This solo IS DEMEROLIC!! / this guitar solo is a gift from god / Once in a lifetime solo / The solo is the solo of all solos*, sådan er det bare. Rockhår under flammevarme scenelamper hængende ind over grebet – i *Stairway to Heaven*-tilfældet to greb, Jimmy spiller simpelthen på en såkaldt double-neck guitar – hurtige fingre, der nærmest kribler eller gnubber sig hen over strengene, læder, sved, noget sexet og noget narkotisk. Guitarsolosituationen er så mættet, så svulmende et billede, at den nærmest er blevet et symbol eller et encyklopædiopslag. Men lige så nemt det er at fremmane guitaren for sit blik, og derpå straks få øje på potent soloenergi og årtiernes marginalt skiftende guitarist-løse, – versioner af langhåret person, der tit er en mand med henkastede/bedøvede forførelsesøjne – lige så fjollet er det at genne instrumentet ind i den uelastiske fold, som ren rock'n'roll nu engang er, og så ligesom lukke lågen. I stedet kunne man splitte den ad. Det handler ikke om at reclaime guitaren, det handler om at kigge på den.

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Visse mennesker, traditionelt set velhavende og britiske, har i et par århundreder placeret deres salonorienterede legemer, deres victorianske sprøde outfits og eksklusive loungehumører i chesterfieldsofaer. Sådan et udsøgt møbel: lædernuancer der passer til mørk sprut og cigar, et kompetent polstringsarbejde, tidskrævende, nøjagtigt, selvfølgelig kostbart. Som om selve hullerne betyder velstand, som om mønsteret, de trækker henover den opfedede læderkrop, er broderi eller smykke. En trind og tavs hertuginde i hvis skød de luksuriøse gentlemen m/k og de vidtåbne psykoanalyserbare kan slå sig ned. Selvfølgelig var psykoanalyse lig med chesterfieldsofa, terapi er og bliver vel luksus, og selvfølgelig blev denne særskilt prægtige brikerstatning for en tid nærmest synonym med den horisontale bekendelsesparathed, som er psykoanalysens vartegn. Her sidder de rige og chiller og forklarer tings rette sammenhæng, her ligger de rige og køber uafbrudt taletid og selvindsigt, selvfølgelig bare fordi de kan.

*

Guitaren er især sine show-off-indbydende strenge, chesterfieldsofaen er især sin fornemme lædertykthed, og Asta Lynges har så at sige afklædt begge dele. Det er en konsekvent afklædning, bestemt er den inde på demonterings og ødelæggelsens territorie. Elguitarer halshugges på omhyggelig kirurgisk vis, og alle sammen er de den dobbelthalsede udgave: To halse pr. guitar skæres bort, tilbage er en skamferet eller dekoreret krop. En stribe rockvåbenskjold blottet for rock. Dertil en anden stribe interiørekstravagance blottet for alt det ekstra. Så godt som fattigt ser det ud, når disse skeletter af krydsfiner mangler deres skumkød og borgerskabs-flashy overflade. Og de amputerede guitarhoveder ligner virkelig guitar, men også noget helt andet – for eksempel en misdannelse eller en rockstar som skulpturjoke. Det er vel altid sådan, at når noget afklædes eller skilles ad, ses det tydeligere, hvad det egentlig består af. En krop, et møbel, en maskine. Mon ikke det er bestemte skulpturpraksissers særligste evne: at skrælle betydnings- og funktionshylstre af genkendelige objekter, simpelthen på en måde som fra kilovis af specifik kulturel bagage og gøre dem til mere umiddelbare genstande. Et sommetider flammeformet stykke blankt træ, en taljeret torso, et akustisk udråbstegn. Et tredimensionelt grid, der både tydeligt og knapt nok ligner noget man kan sidde på, ethvert spor af herregård næsten visket helt ud. Asta Lynges fremgangsmåde, der til en vis grad ligner ødelæggelse, og til en vis grad jo også er det, glider helt behersket over i fremhævelse af tingene selv.

*

Menneskeøjet kigger ikke på noget som helst med et regelmæssigt, uafbrudt blik. Såkaldte sakkader, småbitte konstante bevægelser øjnene laver, når de kortlægger deres omgivelser, er nogle af kroppens hurtigste; et fundament for øjets evne til at se, det vil sige hjernens evne til at forstå eller forsøge at forstå. Når viden sættes i system, indføres den tit i lineære systemer: alfabet og noder, ord og partiturer. Øjne bevæger sig i læseretninger. Der er rigeligt med linjer og grids i Asta Lynges værker. De spiller og tæller sådan set, men man kan intet høre. Et chesterfieldmodul fordobles og fordobles, pløjer sig igennem et langt rum som et tredimensionelt partitur uden toner. Seks, tolv, atten strenge kan man spænde op på to guitarhalse, alle mulige toner kan man lave – hvis ellers halsene og strengene var der. At spille, at tælle, at læse, alle tre ting er vel fremadrettede bevægelser, man begynder et sted og slutter et andet sted, længere fremme. Mellem møblernes fordoblinger og de halsløse guitarer er der ikke indlysende læseretninger, fordi der ikke er indlysende læsninger. Retningen er opløst, fordi betydning ikke skal fremtvinges på ensrettede måder. Konturen af et armlæn deler form med en node, visse huller og linjer i guitar og stoleryg kan se beslægtede ud. En rockmund skråler og ligner virkelig lyden af spade og dominans. Sådan er det, men det er ikke kun sådan, det er.

*

Der er træ overalt. Et neutralt materiale som mange ting bygges af. Skur, palæ, kunst. Træheden er noget, Asta Lynges værker deles om, men variationerne af træ er ikke unisone. Nogle lægter er nærmest ubearbejdede, mange er slebne, rundede, der er lakerede overflader, malede overflader, et stykke papir. Forskellige slags træskeletter – ikke helt til at sige, om de mest afsløres eller mest skjules; ikke helt til at sige, om der mest er tale om produktion eller reduktion. Møblerne bygges, polstres lidt, nedbrydningen af en sofa, opbygningen af en sofa. Dekonstruktionen af en guitar, opbygningen af noget andet end en guitar. Nogle lydløse billeder af en bestemt slags lyd og en bestemt slags stil. Nogle relieffer af omkvæd. Og træet, selve materialet, som en kontinuerlig, behersket bas gennem rummene. De har en duft, rummene, af rå træ og siden savværk, værksted, vinkelsliber, skruemaskine og sandpapir, til sidst skulpturerne.

Instrument og værktøj er det samme ord.

*

Sigmund Freud satte sig for at kortlægge den menneskelige psyke, dette er en forsimpning, men næppe decideret usandt, han ønskede at skille menneskesindet ad og forstå (noget af) det. I hvert fald forstå de psykologiske mønstre, der opretholdt roller og dynamikker i den gentleman-verden, han beboede. I bedste fald få sindene til at forstå sig selv bedre. Psyken er vel også indmad. Ligefrem dissekerende gik han ikke til værks, han var ikke et stykke værktøj, men et menneske. Hvor instrumentel psykoanalysen end kan forekomme, er der også følelser involveret. Blandt meget andet hævdede Freud en for et nutidigt blik indlysende sammenhæng mellem horisontal krop og skærpet kontakt til indre liv. Det liggende menneske slapper mere af, det liggende menneske har lettere ved at åbne munden og hjertet, det liggende menneske hviler og drømmer, det liggende menneske møder sin underbevidsthed, når resterne af en dag samler sig i potentielt spektakulære scenarier, der udspiller sig gennem natten som gåder eller åbenbaringer. Hvad vil det for eksempel sige at fortære halvanden elektrisk tandbørste med stor appetit i det skotske højland. Hvad vil det sige at spise lithium.

*

Det må være en af de mest grundlæggende, mest tidløse menneskelige erkendelsesimpulser at splitte verdens inventar ad. Omhyggeligt skære kroppe i stykker, pille maskiner fra hinanden, bygninger også, samle dem igen. Først kommer selvfølgelig konstruktionen, den her indlysende fremdrift, men for at viden om tingene kan bundfælde sig, må en vis dekonstruktion finde sted. Skeletterne og tandhjulene må blotlægges, hullerne vises frem. Men det er ikke ligefrem konsekvensløst at afsløre anatomierne: jo bedre man begriber, hvad en genstand består af,

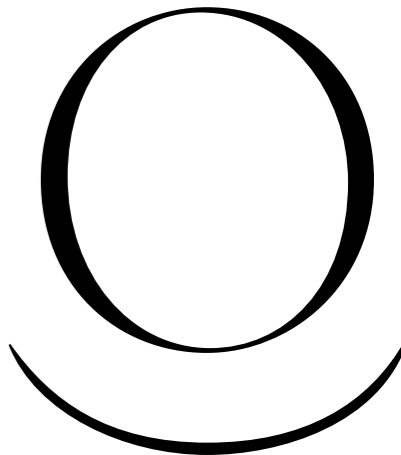
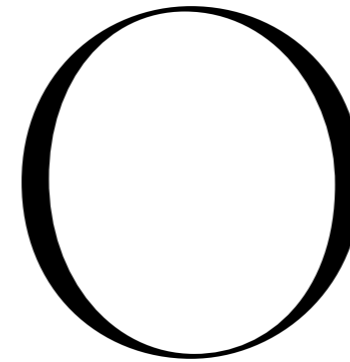
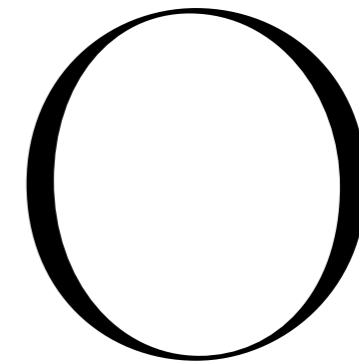
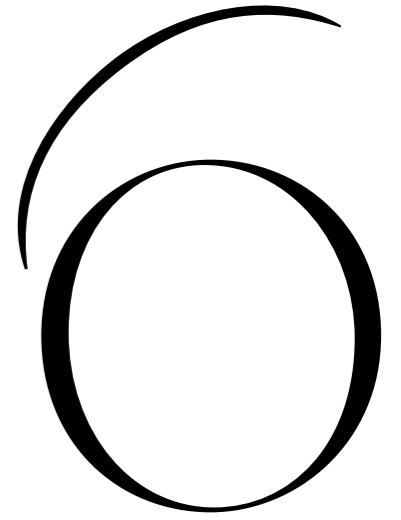
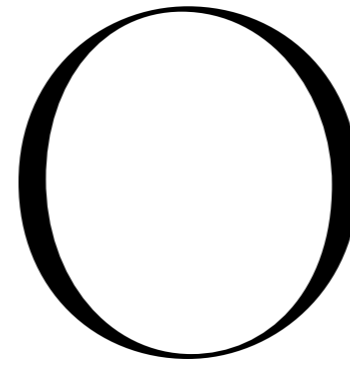
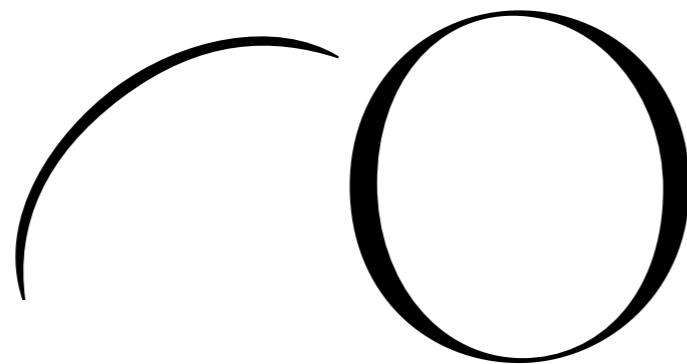
desto tydeligere kan den komme til syne som kulturelt emblem, og jo mere kan dette emblem også gå i opløsning. Når en guitar er skrællet helt ned til at være det smaltaljede ottetal, den blandt andet ser ud som, når der ikke er skyggen af rockblær at høre, bliver den på en måde solomand i en ny potens, men den bliver også sat fri. Mere eller mindre neutrale stykker træ, som ekstra mange strenge og særlig dygtighed og menneskets hang til ikondyrkelse har gjort synonyme med en ganske specifik skive af populærkultur. Asta Lynges guitarer ligner showmanship galore eller relieffer fra en helt anden tænkning. En tænkning af grids og optælling, en logik der har med opmåling snarere end Led Zeppelin at gøre. Laserskårne linjer arbejder sig fra instrumenternes pseudo-fornemme overflader videre ind i møblernes pseudo-fornemme skabelonkonstruktioner. I ét væk fordobler sofaen sig selv, den er billig krydsfiner og den er rimelig dårlig til at blive siddet i. Her kunne et langt publikum ellers tage plads, hvis det ikke var, fordi luksuskomforten manglede, her kunne de lytte til rock, hvis det ikke var, fordi guitarerne var uspillelige.

*

Den såkaldte catch-22, det vældigt specifikke navn til uløselige dilemmaer eller paradokser, er et bare 63 år gammelt begreb, som forfatteren Joseph Heller opfandt, da han kaldte sin roman om umuligt selvmodsiggende militærbureaukrati under Anden Verdenskrig for *Catch-22*. Urproblemet, den originale catch-22 om man vil, beskrives af karakteren Doc Daneeka, en psykiater i hæren, som erklærer, at hvis en pilot beder om en mentalundersøgelse, der eventuelt ville kunne påvise hans psykiske uegnethed til videre missioner, er det netop et bevis på sundt mentalt helbred. "Anyone who wants to get out of combat duty isn't really crazy". Knoglerne er forstadiet til mennesket, og det er menneskets efterladenskaber, et skelet er prototype og ruin. Er rockstjernen en rockstjerne, når hans guitar er slukket, og hans ansigt er usynligt, og der ud af hans skrigende mund ikke kommer en eneste lyd. Mennesker griber deres værktøj, de griber deres instrumenter og skaber og ødelægger og genskaber og splitter ad og i deres drømmende hoveder vågner måske en sammenhæng. Måske slet ingen.

*

Der er 22 knogler i et menneskes kranium.



O – OVERGADEN
Overgaden neden Vandet 17, 1414 København K,
overgaden.org

Asta Lynges
22
Udstillingsperiode: 08.06.2024 – 04.08.2024

ISBN: 978-87-94311-20-5
EAN: 9788794311205

Redaktør: Nanna Friis
Tekst: Rhea Dall, Vanessa Place, Nanna Friis
Oversættelse: Nanna Friis
Korrektur: Anne Kolbæk Iversen
Foto: David Stjernholm

O – Overgadens publikationer er støttet af
Augustinus Fonden.

Lynges udstilling har modtaget støtte fra
Statens Kunstfond, Statens Værksteder for Kunst,
Grosserer L.F. Foghts Fond, Beckett-Fonden,
Billedhuggeren, professor Gottfred Eickhoff og hustrus,
maleren Gerda Eickhoffs fond,
Lemvig-Müller Fonden og Københavns Kommune:
Rådet for Visuel Kunst.

Grafisk design: fanfare
Typography: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions
Trykt hos: Raddraaier, Amsterdam

Trykt i 150 eksemplarer





I was in Scotland with my friend. She was taking me to her favourite Chinese restaurant nested at the top of a mountain with great views. I was feeling excited about the food, but was wondering if maybe she liked this place more for its unspoiled decor than for the food. We sat at the bar and ordered plaice curry. The waiter went to heat something pre-made in a microwave and came back with a disappointing plate. Looking out through the windows you could see hills, valleys and the city below. They had been dealing with power cuts for a longer period and lights kept going on and off. The supply of electricity in the restaurant seemed stable. My friend went to the end of the bar to get a magnum sized Bollinger for herself. She was not gonna share it. I remembered that I had two new electrical toothbrushes in my bag and I discreetly slid one out and started eating it from the bottom up. The texture was surprising, it crumbled like a cold Toblerone in my mouth. It was delicious. I couldn't hide it from Jakob who sat next to me — he looked at me and shook his head "Asta..". He wasn't surprised at all, instead he just seemed disappointed. The electrical toothbrush was so good — I couldn't stop eating it even though I knew it was a bad idea. Halfway through the second one I stopped myself. My friend wanted to take me to her friends' house on the other side of the mountain. There were somehow no roads here, we had also hiked our way up to the restaurant. We continued around and found it, a solid ruin-like granite structure that felt ancient. Water from a nearby lake came right up to the windows. We talked about going swimming. The water was clear and cold, I could see every pebble at the bottom walking out. Then I remember thinking that maybe it wasn't such a good idea anyway with the lithium batteries in my stomach.



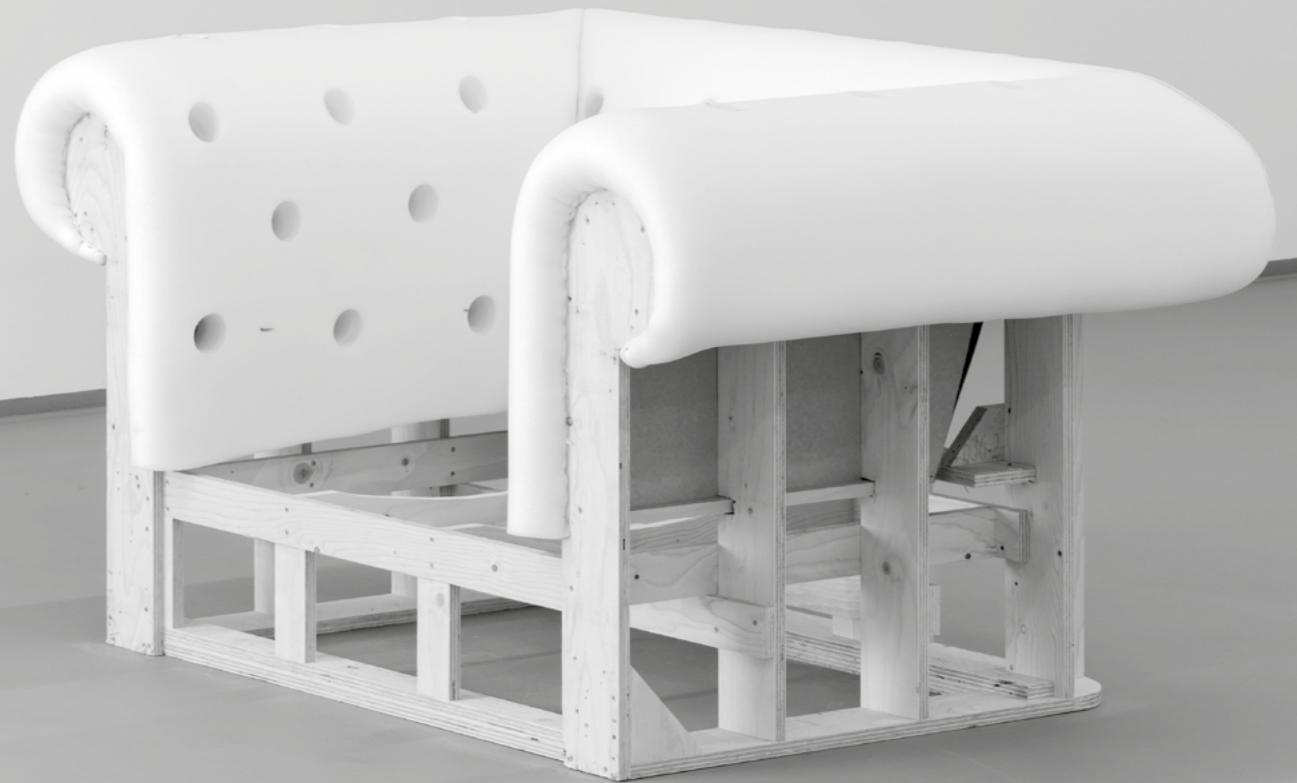












There is wood everywhere. A neutral material from which plenty of things are made. Shed, mansion, art. Woodiness is something Asta Lynge's works share, but the variations of wood are not in unison. Some laths are almost unprocessed, some have been planed, rounded, there are varnished surfaces, painted surfaces, a piece of paper. Different kinds of wooden skeletons—not quite clear whether they are mainly disclosed or hidden; not quite clear whether they are mainly production or reduction. The furniture is built, upholstered a bit, a couch is disintegrated, a couch is constructed. Some silent images of a particular sound and a particular style. Some chorus reliefs. And the wood, the material itself, as a continuous, temperate bass through the spaces. They have a smell, the spaces, of raw wood and eventually the sawmill, of workshop, angle grinder, screwdriver, sandpaper, finally the sculptures.

Instrument and tool are the same word.

*

When a guitar is stripped all the way down to the narrow-waisted number eight, which it also looks like, when no shred of braggling rock is audible, it somehow becomes solo male squared, but it is also unleashed. More or less neutral pieces of wood made synonymous with a very specific slice of popular culture due to its many strings and distinct skill and the human penchant for idolization. Asta Lynge's guitars look like showmanship galore or reliefs from a very different thinking: a thinking of grids and numeration, a logic that has do to with measurement rather than Led Zeppelin. Laser-cut lines make their way through the instruments' pseudo-noble surfaces, continuing into the furniture's pseudo-noble template constructions. On and on, the couch doubles itself: it is cheap plywood and it is quite poor as a seat. An elongated audience could be seated here if the luxury comfort wasn't missing; they could listen to rock here, if the guitars weren't unplayable.

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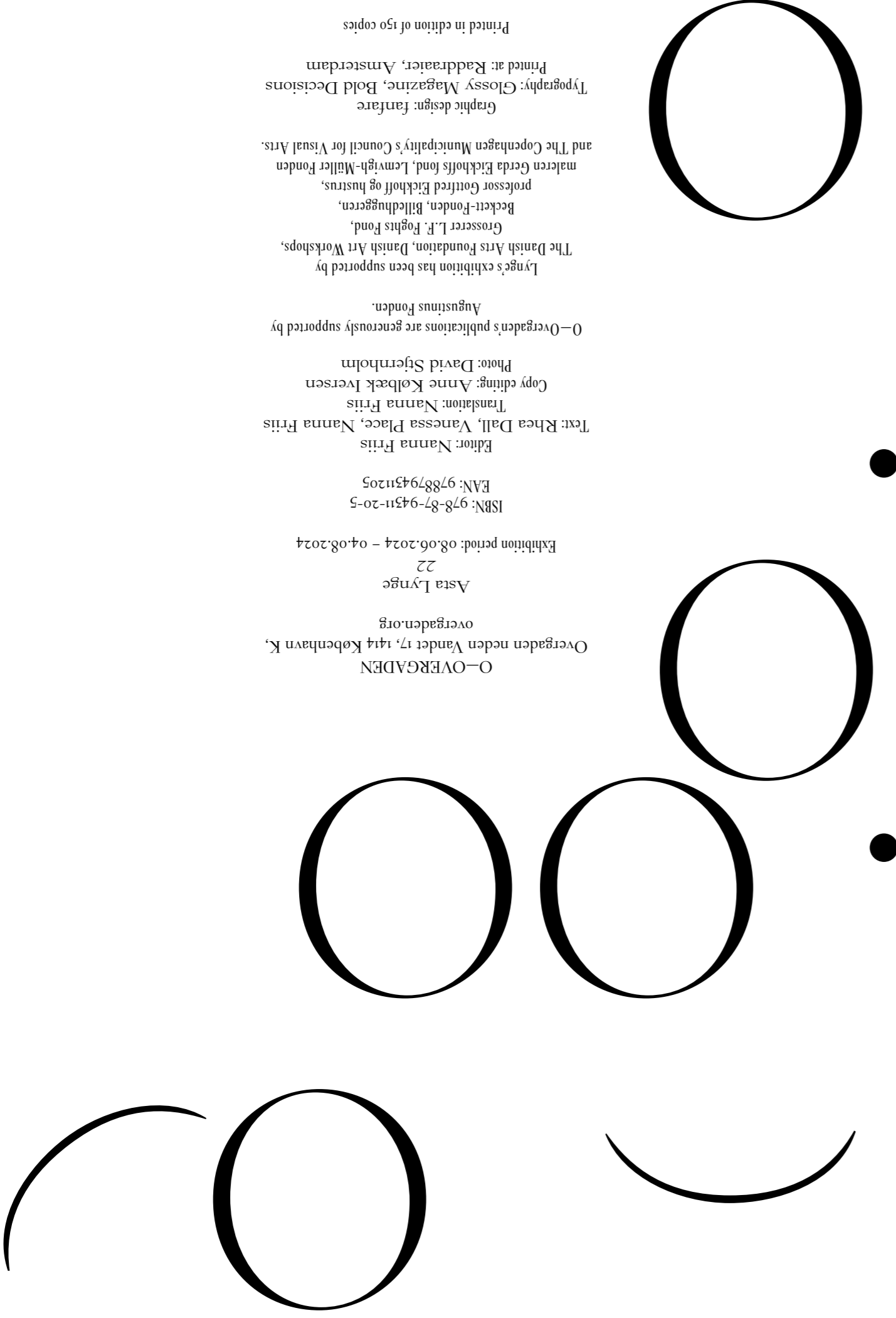
The so-called "catch-22," the very specific name for unsolvable dilemmas or paradoxes, is a merely 63-year-old term coined by author Joseph Heller when his novel, about impossible self-contradictory military bureaucracy during the Second World War, was titled *Catch-22*. The primordial problem, the character Doc Danecka, an army psychiatrist, declaring that if a pilot asks about a mental health examination that could potentially prove him unfit for further military missions, it is exactly proof of sound mental health. "Anyone who wants to get out of combat duty isn't really crazy." Bones are a precursor of a human and a human's remains; a skeleton is prototype and ruin. Is the rockstar a rockstar when his guitar is switched off and his face is indistinct and not a single sound comes out from his screaming mouth. Humans seize their tools, they seize their instruments and create and destroy and create and tear apart and in their dreaming heads a coherence might awake. Maybe none at all.

*

There are 22 bones in a human skull.

*

It must be one of the most fundamental, most timeless human cognitive impulses to tear apart the world's interior: to meticulously cut up bodies, disassemble machines, buildings too, put them back together. Obviously, construction comes first, this evident progress, but in order for actual knowledge about the objects to seep through, a certain deconstruction must take place too. Skeletons and cogs which must be exposed, holes must be revealed. But disclosing the anatomies isn't exactly without consequences: the more one comprehends what an object actually consists of, the more clearly it can appear as a cultural emblem, and the more this emblem is able to dissolve.



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ISBN: 978-87-94311-20-5

EAN: 9788794311205

Editor: Nanna Friis

Text: Rhea Dall, Vanessa Place, Nanna Friis

Translation: Nanna Friis

Copy editing: Anne Kølbeek Iversen

Photo: David Styermholm

O—Overgaden's publications are generously supported by

Augustinus Fonden.

Lynge's exhibition has been supported by
The Danish Arts Foundation, Danish Art Workshops,
Grosserer L.F. Foghts Fond,

Beckett-Fonden, Billedhuggeren,

professor Gottfred Eickhoff og hustrus,

maleren Gerda Eickhoffs fond, Lemvig-Müller Fonden

and The Copenhagen Municipality's Council for Visual Arts.

Graphic design: Fanfare

Typography: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions

Printed at: Raddraater, Amsterdam

Printed in edition of 150 copies

Philip R. Cohen, "Adult Acquired Buried Penis: A Hidden Problem in Obese Men," *Cureus*, vol. 13, no. 2, Feb 2021, National Library of Medicine, <https://pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC7932830/>

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Place, Vanessa

The fantasy that we do not need to hide any part of ourselves from our beloved, who we imagine is our lover, the fantasy that we must hide some part of ourselves from our lover, who we imagine is our beloved, and this is not so easy as just reversing the positions, because there is also a difference between them, the one who is beloved is not necessarily the same as the one who is the lover, because the beloved is the one we imagine and the lover is the one the other imagines themselves to be.

It is necessary, then, that the particularity thus abolished should reappear beyond demand. It does, in fact, reappear here, but preserving the structure contained in the unconditional element of the demand for love. By a reversal that is not simply a negation of the negation, the power of pure loss emerges from the residue of an obliteration. For the unconditional element of demand, desire substitutes the "absolute" condition: this condition unites the knot of that element in the proof of love that is resistant to the satisfaction of a need. Thus, desire is neither the appetite for satisfaction, nor the demand for love, but the difference that results from the subtraction of the first from the second, the phenomenon of their splitting (Spaltung).

"This sounds airy. It is. So, we stuff ourselves with our fantasies and our arguments, thinking we can satisfy our needs, we build around the skeleton, wrestle with our greed, thicken the walls, the waistline, it's all the same, take another lover, maybe get a pet, people like pets, we protect ourselves from our emptiness and our stillness and our stripped silence within. Like the nothing between heartbeats, it's better not noticed, like the nothing of a Wednesday morning, it's best not to weep.

Obesity is the major cause for adult-acquired buried penis. A buried penis is a normal-sized penis that either appears short or is hidden from view by abdominal or suprapubic skin or fat. Three older men who had adult-acquired buried penis are described; their buried penis was an incidental finding during a total body skin examination. Prior to their cutaneous evaluation, the men did not realize that there were surgical interventions that might be useful to remedy their buried penis; however, perhaps because of their age or the chronicity of their problem or both, none of the patients desired to have their buried penis further evaluated or treated.

The problem is when there is

The subject designates his being only by barring everything he signifies, as it appears in the fact that he wants to be loved for himself.

no problem.

VERSES

Nanna Friis

There isn't far between the solo and the genius, or at least a certain virtuosity. Nor is there far between the solo and the ego, or at least a certain self-confidence; the will to do something alone and most skillfully—playing wicked guitar, for instance. In 1971, Led Zepplin released "Stairway to Heaven" and since then Jimmy Page has seemed destined to excel in improvising the track's legendary guitar solo at countless concerts. On YouTube, users swoon: *legends expressing their love thru solo / This solo IS DEMEROLIC!! / this guitar solo is a gift from god / Once in a lifetime solo / The solo is the solo of all solos—that's just how it is.* Rock hair under flaming-hot stage lights, drooping over the guitar neck—and in the case of "Stairway to Heaven" actually two necks: Jimmy plays the double-neck guitar—fast fingers that almost tingle or rub over the strings. Leather, sweat, something sexy and something narcotic. The guitar solo is so saturated, so bulging an image that it has almost become a symbol or an encyclopedia entry. But as easy as it is to conjure up the guitar in your mind's eye and then immediately notice a potent solo energy and decades of marginally changing guitarist lore—versions of long-haired person, usually a male with casual/doped seductive eyes—it is just as silly to direct the instrument into the inelastic paddock of pure rock n'roll and then, as it were, close the gate. Instead, you could tear it apart. It isn't about reclaiming the guitar; it's about looking at it.

Certain people—traditionally wealthy and British ones—have, for centuries, placed their salon-oriented bodies, their crisy Victorian outfits and exclusive lounge moods in Chesterfield sofas. Such an exquisite piece of furniture; shades of leather suitable for dark liquor and cigars, a competent piece of upholstery, time consuming, accurate, obviously expensive. As if the holes themselves mean affluence, as if the pattern they draw across the fattened leather body is embroidery or jewelry. A plump and mute duchess in whose lap the luxurious gentlemen m/f and the wide-open psycho-analyzables can settle. Naturally, psychoanalysis was equal to the Chesterfield; therapy is and will be a luxury, and naturally, this distinctly splendid couch variety became synonymous with the horizontal confession-readiness so emblematic of psychoanalysis. Here the rich sit and chill and explain the bigger picture; here the rich lie and buy uninterrupted speaking time and self-insight, naturally just because they can.

The guitar is, especially, its show-off-inventing strings; the Chesterfield sofa is, especially, its noble leather thickness

—and Asta Lyngé has stripped them both, so to speak. It is a consistent stripping, entirely in the territory of dismantling and destruction. Guitars are decapitated in a meticulous surgical manner and all are double-necked: two necks per guitar are cut off, and what remains is a scarred or decorated body. Rock coats-of-arms, depleted of rock. Interior extravagance depleted of everything extra. These plywood skeletons appear practically impoverished without their foam meat, their bourgeois flashy surfaces. And the amputated guitar heads really do resemble guitars, but also something very different: a deformity or the rock star as a sculptural joke. Presumably it is always the case that when something is stripped or disassembled, what it actually consists of becomes clearer. A body, a piece of furniture, a machine. This is probably the most extraordinary ability of certain sculptural practices: to peel off casings of meaning and function from recognizable objects, simply expose them, unite them from kilos of specific cultural significance and turn them into more straight-forward items: an occasionally flame-shaped piece of shiny wood, a waisted torso, an acoustic exclamation point; a three-dimensional grid that both clearly and barely look like something you can sit on, any trace of decadent minor house almost obliterated. Asta Lyngé's method—which to some degree looks like destruction, and to some extent is so—very cautiously slips into emphasizing the things themselves.

The human eye doesn't look at anything with a regular, uninterrupted gaze. So-called saccades, tiny and constant movements the eyes make when they map their surroundings, are some of the body's fastest—a foundation for the eye's ability to look, that is, the brain's ability to understand. When knowledge is systemized, it is usually implemented in linear systems: alphabet and musical notes, words and scores. Eyes move in reading directions. There are plenty of lines and grids in Asta Lyngé's pieces. They play and count, as it were, but there is nothing to hear. A Chesterfield module is doubled and doubled, ploughing its way through a long space as a three-dimensional score without notes. Six, twelve, eighteen strings can be stretched out on two guitar necks; all possible notes can be played, if only the necks and strings were there. Playing, counting, reading: all three things are a movement forward, you start in one place and end in another, further ahead. Between the doubling pieces of furniture and the neckless guitars, there are no evident reading directions because these are no evident readings. Direction is dissolved because meaning shouldn't be forced in standardized ways. The contour of an armrest shares its shape with a back; some holes and lines through guitars and chair backs can look congenial. A rock mouth bawls and really looks like the sound of axe and dominance. That's how it is, but it is not only how it is.

*
The guitar is, especially, its show-off-inventing strings; the Chesterfield sofa is, especially, its noble leather thickness

HYPERACTIVE

Vanessa Place

of desire.

In any case, man cannot aim at being whole (the "total personality" is another of the deviant premises of modern psychotherapy), while ever the play of displacement and condensation to which he is doomed in the exercise of his functions marks his relation as a subject to the signifier. The phallus is the privileged signifier of that mark in which the role of the Logos is joined with the advent

So, what's the problem again?

Buried penis can be a congenital condition or an acquired disorder; it occurs in children and adults who have either a normal or an elevated body mass index. There are multiple potential causes of acquired buried penis; however, obesity is the most common etiology in adult men.

The problem is what is too much, always pointing to what is too

much not enough.

Obesity is a prevalent health problem of epidemic proportion. Indeed, a large portion of the population is overweight or obese.

There are several obesity-associated medical conditions, such as diabetes mellitus and hypertension; in addition, adult-acquired buried penis is a comorbid problem that may develop in obese men.

The problem is the "all you can eat" buffet, the "unlimited access" gym subscription, or the "open bar." The allure of freedom, like the allure of power, like the allure of all indulgence, preserves its allure by an initial constraint. The initial constraint hides the real game of the problem.

The phallus can be better understood on the basis of its function here: for the phallus is a signifier, a signifier whose function, in the intrasubjective economy of analysts, may lift the veil from the function it served in the mysteres. It is the signifier that is destined to designate meaning effects as a whole, insofar as the signifier conditions them by its presence as signifier.

The buffet is cheap, and I'll eat too much, and not enough, for what it's worth, the gym subscription is easy enough, I won't go that often, but after all, I'm paying for the obligation. I said "open bar" was the most inclusive call, and I'm right about this, cards on the table, as they say, the drinks are free, the mood celebratory, and the only thing between me and oblivion is some internal sense of propriety. Or not.

"Buried penis" describes a condition in which either skin and/or fat in the prepubic area encompasses a penis of normal size; clinically, the penis is not visible or appears short and buried in the prepubic tissue when the patient is examined.

Either way, there's the bar. The "bar" that is, that is in me, you, each of us, really, that brittle grasp on what we point to as ourselves. The gap between what we know and don't know, you know,

inside, the stuff that doesn't quite align. The imperative to be fully, completely, as if the struts and fiers within resonate with some harmony, as if my greatest happiness is not interlarded with some soft sadness, as if this soft sadness was not brutally attended to by me, as if the bar was not there, and not laid so very callously open, as if there was not, admit it, a certain boredom in our mortal display.

It can be said that this signifier is chosen because it is the most tangible element in the real of sexual copulation, and also the most symbolic in the literal (typographical) sense of the term, since it is equivalent here to the (logical) copula. It might also be said that, by virtue of its rigidity, it is the image of the vital flow as it is transmitted in generation.

Because the bar previously alluded to is something that is and is not.

Buried penis in adults is a common problem that is increasingly being seen by reconstructive urologists. Indeed, 87% of the men who underwent surgical treatment for buried penis were obese. However, based on the increased prevalence of obesity, there seems to be a paucity of the literature on buried penis.

For the phallus is a signifier, a signifier whose function, in the intrasubjective economy of the analysts, lifts the veil perhaps from the function it performed in the mysteres. For it is the signifier intended to designate as a whole the effects of the signified, in that the signifier conditions them by its presence as a signifier.

I said the bar was a gap, and like every nothing, there's something there. You may point to it, caress it, use it to build around, raising and lowering the roof, as you like, like the space your house contains, or the air between your head and hat, or the shrunken balloon of some old disappointment.

Tausch *et al.* introduced a classification system for adult-acquired buried penis in 2016. Grade 1 patients had viable penile skin, whereas grade 2 patients had nonviable penile skin and grade 3 patients had genital lymphedema.

Treatment included phalloplasty with or without a scrotal flap for grade 1 patients, replacement of the denuded skin with a split-thickness skin graft for grade 2 patients, and excision of involved tissues and any appropriate adjunctive procedures followed by split-thickness skin grafting.

The point is we hide our gap, our bar, from friends and family, difficult, sure, but necessary, as they hide theirs from us, neither pointing at best, or pretending not to notice at worst, how our preoccupations seep from inside. Better still, and now we're getting somewhere, we hide it from ourselves.

All these propositions merely conceal the fact that it can play its role only when veiled, that is to say, as itself a sign of the latency with which any signifiable is struck, when it is raised (aufgehoben) to the function of signifier.

After all, we fill and empty the house, we lose the hat or make it religions, we let bygones be bygones, no regrets, if I had to do it all over again, I would do, exactly the same, mostly, there's a few things that were excessive, and many unfairly trivial, I'm not perfect, after all, but who is, when you get right down to it.

Subsequently, in 2018, three additional classification systems were proposed. Mirastschijski's novel classification system of adult-acquired buried penis included type 1 (pseudo-buried penis in which excessive prepubic soft tissue covers the penis without invagination), type 2 (intermediate type buried penis in which there is partial invagination of the penile shaft with excess prepubic soft tissue but manual extrusion of the penis is possible), and type 3 (classic buried penis in which there is complete invagination of the penile shaft with a massive prepubic fat cushion and no manual extrusion of the penis is possible).

Type 1 required aproneotomy and a prepubic lift; penile anchoring sutures – however, type 3 also needed skin grafts or local flaps for penile shaft reconstruction.

Like monuments, we are built up precisely to be torn down. The Romans were good here, as the statues of their emperors had removable heads. One out, one in, the body remains the same, so you knew the empire was alright, even if the head man had been gutted in the bath, knifed in an alley, or otherwise summarily dismembered. Whereas the Greeks were aspirational, spinning ideals like candy floss, the Romans were practical, boots on the ground.

Hic, nunc. Here, now.

Why must he assume the attributes of that sex only through a threat – the threat, indeed, of their privation? It is Freud's discovery that gives to the signifier/signified opposition the full extent of its implications: namely, that the signifier has an active function in determining certain effects in which the signifiable appears as submitting to its mark, by becoming through that passion the signified.

I'm getting distracted.

The most common presenting complaints of patients with adult-acquired buried penis are lower urinary tract symptoms. These are lower urinary tract symptoms. These predominant include both voiding difficulties such as inability to control urination (secondary to hesitancy and poor flow) and post-voiding problems such as dribbling and incontinence. In addition, other symptoms include bacterial and fungal infection of the soft tissues and urinary tract, phimosis, psychological issues (such as depression and low self-esteem) and sexual function issues (such as erectile dysfunction and painful or impossible sexual activity secondary to the buried phallus).

What I mean to say is that, practically speaking, there's a pantomime at play.

Demand in itself bears on something other than the satisfactions it calls for. It is demand of a presence or of an absence – which is manifested in the primordial relation to the mother, pregnant with that Other to be situated within the needs that it can satisfy. Demand constitutes the Other as already possessing the "privilege" of satisfying needs, that it is to say, the power of depriving them of that alone by which they are satisfied. This privilege of the Other thus outlines the radical form of the gift of that which the Other does not have, namely, its love.

The pantomime of the thin line and subsequent space between the emperor's marble body and his granite head, the line that shows where the cut lies and hides, the pantomime of an autopsy, when the face is rolled free from the skull, rendering the body fungible, as all skeletons are somewhat fungible, but more to the point, analogous. For the terror secreted is the quotidian skull, its blankness and seeming smile.

The evaluation of a man with adult-acquired buried penis should include a detailed history focused on the duration of time that the penis has been buried and whether the occurrence of the vanishing penis was associated with either gaining or losing weight. Inquiry should be made regarding not only symptoms associated with voiding problems or sexual dysfunction, but also the presence or absence of benign prostatic hypertrophy, injections for genital enlargement, prior surgeries (such as circumcision, lymph node dissection, and penis enlargement), and urethral stricture. In addition, evaluation for potentially associated conditions, such as diabetes mellitus, hidradenitis suppurativa, hypertension, obesity, pulmonary issues (related to obesity), and urologic problems, should be conducted.

The obscenity secreted, and I'm not sure how this will translate, this homophone that is almost a contronym, to hide (secret) and to produce, give off (secret), because the point is that the terror and obscenity is both hidden and seeps out, as we insist that we are the same and different, that "I am" means something other than "you are," and it does and does not, and this is the pain of love, the pain of wanting to be the same in our difference.

INTRODUCTION

ISBN: 978-87-94311-20-5
EAN: 9788794311205

It is a great pleasure to introduce this publication,

as a companion to Asta Lyngé's solo exhibition 22 at O—Overgaden. Since 2021, O—Overgaden has, with the generous support of the Augustinus Foundation, published a monographic series in conjunction with the large-scale in-house solo exhibitions, aiming at expanding the conversations around each show and producing new, offspring material.

In this particular case, the acknowledged American writer and criminal appellate attorney Vanessa Place has contributed a text as has O—Overgaden's in-house editor Nanna Friis who is also a freelance art writer and critic. A warm thank you to both contributors. Moreover, I wish to thank the team at O—Overgaden for their efforts in realizing the exhibition, as well as the graphic design team at fanfare for their always dedicated work, and of course not least the artist, Asta, for generously sharing conceptualizations and co-thinking with all of us, through both the exhibition and this publication.

In her practice, Danish artist Asta Lyngé (b. 1988) investigates the underlying power and infrastructures of contemporary society. For her first major solo exhibition in Denmark, Lyngé has developed a series of new works under the title 22, which refers to the exact number of bones that make up a human skull—and thus the bodily structure that surrounds a thinking or dreaming head.

Similarly to the title, Lyngé's exhibition reveals the skeleton, frame, or frameworks behind easily recognizable pop-cultural objects. Two sculptural series each peck behind the façade of well-known "instruments" or "tools" for comfort and entertainment: the sofa and the guitar. Skeletal plywood cut-outs comprise the series *Audience*, which exposes the structure behind what is perhaps Britain's most iconic piece of lounge furniture: the Chesterfield sofa.

Asta Lyngé (DK, 1988) is a Copenhagen-based artist, educated at Central Saint Martins (2012) and a graduate of CSM's Associate Studio Programme (2013–16). Lyngé has previously exhibited at institutions including Giorno Poetry Systems, New York (2023); Kunsthall Charlottenborg, Copenhagen (2023); Fuglsang Kunstmuseum, Torshøj (2023); 3236RLS/Lc Bourgeois, London (2020); and dépendance, Brussels (2021). In 2022, she received Carl Nielsen and Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen's Talent Award.

Rhea Dall,
Director, June 2024

furniture or musical instrument.

As part of the exhibition, Lyngé has redirected the path to O—Overgaden's upper floor from the building's internal staircase to the more majestic main stairs and relocated one of its drywalls. Thus, the artist not only strips and modifies well-known cultural objects, but also hijacks the very construction or choreography of the cultural institution. Behind the rearranged "ready-made" drywall hangs a description of a dream the artist had, in which she eats 1.5 electric toothbrushes. Not unlike how Lyngé chews through the electric guitar or the Chesterfield sofa, this points to the invisible violence or subconscious power relations that are potentially embedded in even a popular piece of

the sofa or the sweaty guitarist's stage performance.

whether this adheres to the powerful convenience of leather upholstery or the accelerated rock instrument—embellishment, Lyngé questions what is behind the production," which does not add, but rather removes doubled potency. Suggesting an ecology of "anti-stringed symbol of inflated performance and 1 but 2 phallic necks, Lyngé castrates the multi-parts from the guitar and decapitating its not only showmanship. By removing all strings and electric the classic emblem of maximized stadium rock's bare so-called "double-neck guitars," dissecting its boundless growth. In another series, Lyngé strips of the old empire's colonialist comfort and, not least, 17-seater version of the frame is displayed—an image Among other elements, an abnormal or surreal

