

# Villiam Miklos Andersen



*Caffè Crema*



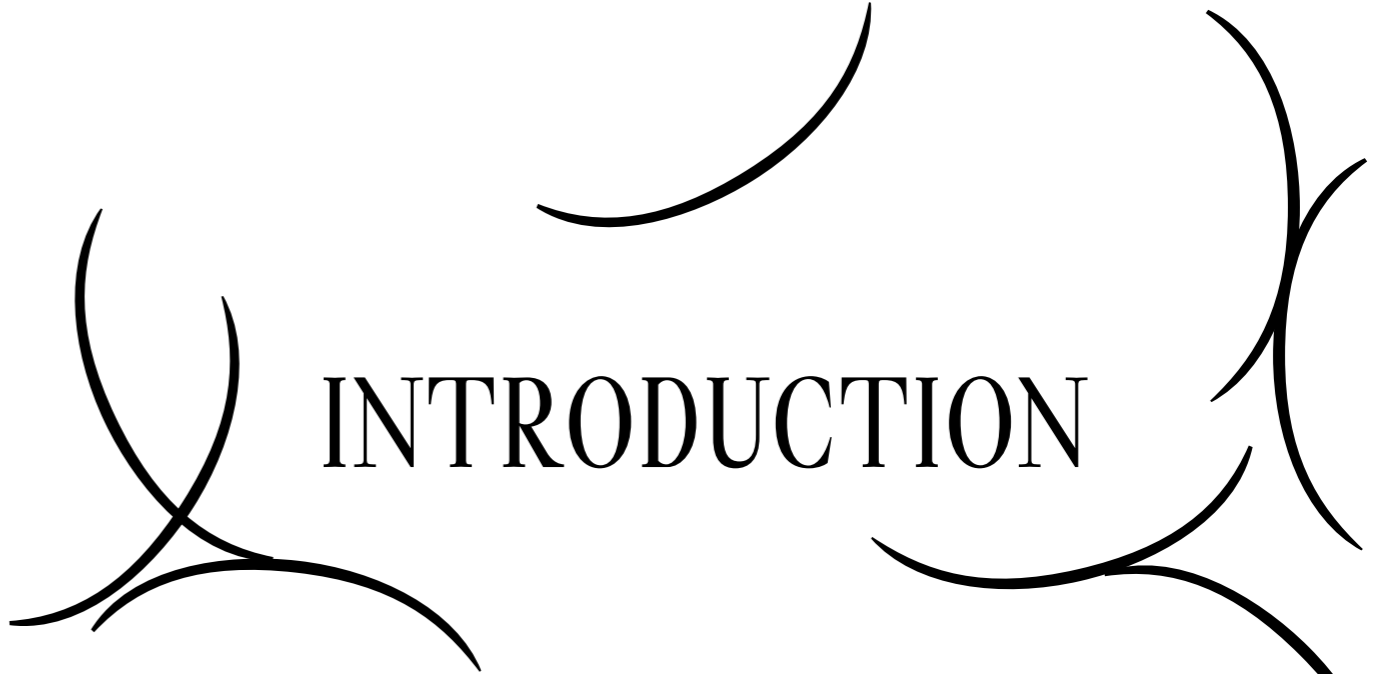


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William Miklos Andersen  
*Caffè Crema*  
Exhibition period: 23.11.2024 - 26.01.2025

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# INTRODUCTION

It is a great pleasure to introduce this publication, published on the occasion of William Miklos Andersen's solo exhibition, *Caffè Crema*, at O—Overgaden. The exhibition is the culmination of our INTRO program, a one-year postgraduate program offered annually to two artists. With the generous support of Aage and Johanne Louis-Hansen's Foundation, INTRO creates a unique opportunity to develop and expand our collaboration with the newest voices in the Danish art scene through a major exhibition and ambitious publication, through which we aim to extend the conversations around the artistic practice and open up space for new material to emerge.

In this particular case, American artist and designer Brecht Wright Gander has contributed with the text "Never Finished, Never Abandoned" about Miklos Andersen's practice, while German curator Vivien Kämpf wrote the essay "High Maintenance", and finally, Danish poet Oskar Fehlauer has contributed with the text "Cruise Control". A warm thank you to all contributors. I also wish to thank our publications editor Nanna Friis and the whole 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, William Miklos Andersen, for generously sharing conceptualizations and co-thinking with all of us, through both the exhibition and the making of this very publication.

Core to visual artist William Miklos Andersen's sculptural and relational work is queering familiar logistics and well-known tokens of (toxic) masculinity—whether transport industries, public toilets, or casinos.

For O—Overgaden, Miklos Andersen mounts the project *Caffè Crema*, a culmination of his recent years' production. Trailing Miklos Andersen's own experiences as, amongst other things, a truck driver, the exhibition borrows its title from the cheap coffee

available at almost any freeway stop in central Europe, presenting, along with a multitude of objects, a real or readymade coffee machine. Investigating the desire found in the undertows of contemporary culture—from gambling to global wholesale, pissing to parking—Miklos Andersen's objects span stylized locker rooms, hand-carved, almost sensually curved oak urinals, 3,000 cut flowers in a walk-in freezer, intarsia wood mosaics showing hands at work, and life-sized slot machines made from cedarwood, giving off an aphrodisiac scent used in high-end perfumes. The cluster of sculptural objects constitutes a colorful, grand-scale installation on a candy-striped floor mimicking the green and yellow dividers in food markets or free trade zones.

Playing with the absurdities of late capitalism's global trade—in fact a substantial amount of the works are collaborative productions, made in countries from India to Italy—the exhibition points to the industrial and structural urge to optimize, box in, streamline, and control plural, worldwide organic materials from tulips to strawberries, carrots, or even bananas (also functioning as metaphors of gendered identity)—in fact, it's *bananas*.

Altering and queering normative visual standards of commodities, Miklos Andersen's sculptural gestures tamper with the uniformity of our powerful infrastructures, exposing the violent systemic regulation of mundane actions, purchases, and movement patterns often hidden in plain sight.

Rhea Dall,  
Director and Chief Curator, O—Overgaden  
December 2024

William Miklos Andersen (b. 1995, DK) is a graduate of the Städelschule in Frankfurt (2021) and the Jutland Art Academy (2020), living and working between Frankfurt and Copenhagen. Miklos Andersen has recently exhibited at venues including IShanthiroad, Bengaluru (2023), Simulacra, Beijing (2023), Documenta 15, Kassel (2022), Frankfurter Kunstverein (2022), and Kunsthall Aarhus (2020).



# NEVER FINISHED, NEVER ABANDONED

Brecht Wright Gander

The writer Paul Valéry claimed that a poem is “never finished, only abandoned.”<sup>1</sup> Villiam Miklos Andersen follows another artistic model, more like “never finish, never abandon.” The artist cannibalizes and synthesizes his outputs in recursive creative loops, gathering past work and braiding it into new. In *Caffè Crema*, the artist’s first institutional solo show, ersatz artifacts from his international travels, pictorial representations of commercial interchange, and enigmatic sculptures are hybridized, tumbled and streamed together in a regurgitative medley of remembrance.

What does all that look like? A few of the primary elements include an epoxy floor coating in the museum’s main exhibition hall and gallery space. This is striped gray, yellow, and green, visually evoking the installation’s central reference: Rungis Market, Europe’s largest international food emporium. In the center of the gallery will be a large walk-in freezer filled with flowers. On the periphery: a series of wooden wall-mounted urinals, a series of intarsia inlay wall sculptures mounted to the exterior of the walk-in freezer. A back corner of the gallery will be filled with pallets of art materials gathered from around Miklos Andersen’s studio, as though waiting to be installed in the show.

1. Paul Valéry, “*Au Sujet du Cimetière Marin*”, 1953.

Miklos Andersen asked me to contribute to this catalogue early in *Caffè Crema*’s planning. However, a month before the exhibition was to open, much was still uncertain. Promotional posters had already been generated, one showing a bare-chested Miklos Andersen hugging a clutch of carrots, his expression one of beatific detachment. Meanwhile, his studio was in the full sprint of final production—a quivering web of shipping logistics, meetings with fabricators, and the inevitable litany of problems that arise during complex material construction. I, too, am supposed to be in the final stages of my essay. However, I find my writing is complicated by the fact that there is almost no finished artwork for me to see. Instead, Miklos Andersen has sent me an assortment of reference materials, image-rich PDFs populated by cloudbursts of language. I call him up for clarification. “Carrots? What’s going on with the carrots?” I ask. “That I’m still not so sure about,” he replies. “They’re in your main promotional photo!” “Yes, well, the photo with the carrots—in a sense it is me being overwhelmed by my own working method... Also, it comes from this childhood memory of all these piles of carrots lying around, but I’m not sure if they will really be in the show.” I jot down on my notepad: “Carrots uncertain.”

Miklos Andersen is an artist of absorption. There is simply so much feeding into his process that it is difficult for him to be definitive about what will bond to what. *Caffè Crema* is like the backend of a black hole—a plume of disaggregated and reconfigured inputs. Among other matter, it has absorbed the artist’s previous shows. It includes, for instance, *Water Sports* (2024), which I first saw in Venice—a work that reproduces a quartet of German urinals, a form typical of European highway rest stops, in wood. In place of the creamy coolness of porcelain, we get the warmth and individuated character of oak. At the top of each urinal, where an advertisement would typically be placed, Miklos Andersen has affixed intaglio prints of a cargo ship waiting to be filled up with ore from an iron mine in Kiruna, Sweden. This, in turn, is the residue of one of the artist’s previous projects related to shipping logistics. Miklos Andersen sees in the cargo ships, which line up behind each other to load and unload, an analog for men queuing in restrooms. This points towards another function of public urinals—as a site for cruising. If public bathroom design typically attempts to suppress sensuality, then Miklos Andersen’s material substitutions represent a subtly countervailing force. The inscrutable intaglio prints, meanwhile, might be read as a kind of Oscar Wildean carnation, a message meant to convey something only to those alert to such signals. Miklos Andersen’s audience is placed in the position of the initiated cruiser or the naif.

*Water Sports* captures the coded imbrication of meanings that typifies Miklos Andersen’s method. It reflects an interest in subverting normative design; it mimics source material which is both recognizable and meaningfully altered; and it brings together disparate sites of experience (Norwegian ports and German bathrooms).

Critically, all these interests are bound together through the artist’s own biography: he has personally observed the cargo ships in Norway and has used rest stops around Europe; he is licensed as a commercial truck driver and has worked as an attendant in a gay sex sauna.

Another past work Miklos Andersen has reprised is *Rock Hard Milk* (2024), a sculptural grouping first staged in Tuscany. The work recreates in cypress and cedar the prototypical slot machines and stools of Italian bars. Once again, the substitution is quiet but significant. The source material is connected to the machismo of drinking and gambling; dens of blue-collar after-work leisure. Miklos Andersen sensualizes this subject matter, infusing it with the crisp cedar aroma often associated with cologne, with masculine allure and desire.

As a peripatetic serial art residency attendee, Miklos Andersen is continually navigating a cultural space that is at once global and placeless. The international art community shares a language of aesthetics that is disconnected from traditional borders. By painting the floors to resemble Rungis Market, Miklos Andersen is making explicit a conception of the museum as a tacitly commercial institution. The artist, for his part, is an exoticized purveyor of aesthetic difference, laying out the wares of his travels with a kind of deranged negligence towards the presentational conventions of retail. But a museum is also a site where strangeness is, in a sense, made at home, and so not truly strange. In a similar way, the international goods brought together at Rungis are there because they are alien, but their alienness has been adopted and domesticated by a globally inclusive system of commerce.

One of the interesting frictions that continues to draw me to Miklos Andersen’s work is between two species of specificity. First, consider the shapes and colors of organic apples: the incredible range of incident and contingency, the asymmetric bulges and pockmarks from burrowing insects, and the tawny ombres of bruises. These are the specificities of things forged by contingency. Against it, another kind of specificity can be set: the archetype. Consider genetically engineered apples. Their forms are repeated with a minimum of variation. Coloration is even. Modulations of surface have been eradicated so that nothing blemishes their platonic perfection. Theirs is an ideal that homogenizes the real. We can, in our mental supermarket aisles, contain these two opposing concept groups: the normative, standardized, and regular, and the heterodox, individuated, and heterogeneous. Miklos Andersen’s work takes these conceptual groupings and interpenetrates them, drawing forward the way that standardization regimes can host a secret, illicit unconformity. Slot machines, looked at crossways, are tinged with latently libidinal desire. Miklos Andersen’s looking is always crossways and this draws him towards bewilderingly unpromising aesthetic zones—the international food market, the rest stop, the shipping port—places where we least of all seek out art.

When talking about the show while still in the thick of production, I sometimes found Miklos Andersen alarmed to hear his own rangy expansiveness, the ecstatic multi-directionality of his descriptions (the aluminum enclosure will be simultaneously “cargo hold boxes, public toilet cabins and gay sauna rooms”). He was speaking to installers, fabricators, curators—people desiring certainty, navigable clarity. “You have to really fight for the ability to mess up,” he sighed. The institution, he explained, was eager, like me, to know just what they were dealing with. But Miklos Andersen was not so prescriptive. His decisions had to emerge through contingency and incident—through the forcing pressure of material constraints, sudden discoveries, and impending deadlines—and through collaborative input. This was his method of keeping things lively and unbalanced, keeping the poem from being finished or abandoned.

If international exchange is the subject, it is also the method. Miklos Andersen met the intarsia artisans with whom he collaborated on several works for *Caffè Crema* while doing a residency in India. He enjoined them to create panels referencing photos he took of workers’ hands at the Rungis Market. Mundane tasks like scanning barcodes, sorting bananas, and tallying up inventory were thus rendered in a craft vernacular commonly associated with religious iconography and precious objects. It is interesting to consider hands set to work memorializing hands that labor elsewhere. An additional conceptual stanza is added when postal workers handle the artworks on their journey from India to Denmark: the artworks depict the very tasks they are performing. The artist, for his part, is not an artisanal hand, but a connective mediator between other workers. What results is something that eschews the intimacy of the craft object in favor of a more socially interconnected and networked quality. It is as though Miklos Andersen’s use of outside fabricators is a Brechtian mechanism of distancing himself from the intimate interiority that is his starting place.

When I arrive in Copenhagen, I go straight to Miklos Andersen’s studio. Through a grant from the National Workshops for the Arts he has established himself in an immense, airy space with a private garden. Built in 1740, it was once the studio of Danish sculptor Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen. Now, Miklos Andersen tells me, it is part of the complex where the King’s lawnkeepers store their equipment. “You have a king?” I ask. “Yes, but now they just send him out to make business deals,” says Miklos Andersen, expanding my knowledge of Danish government significantly. As I look around, I am drawn to a series of transparent neon acrylic panels laying on the ground. Each panel is composed of a laminated stack of acrylic sheets, with a rectangle cut out of the center. These cutouts are of diminishing dimensions, so that looking into the stack one has a sense of telescopic distance. The terminating layer is mirrored acrylic, at the center of which is an etched image not much bigger than a T-shirt tag.

All the layers above this serve as a frame that zooms towards the reflective center. One of the central images is of a strawberry.

As I walk around unopened crates of work, Miklos Andersen is engaged in a rapid series of phone calls as he attempts to arrange the shipment of intarsia panels from India. His contact there seems to be unfamiliar with the necessary export documentation. As this comes to a head, Miklos Andersen begins to make plans to fly to India and bring the works back on a plane with him. It seems to be the only sure way to cut through the bureaucratic blockade. Over the course of two days, I watch him wrestle with this situation, attempting to use different shippers, tinkering with the paperwork, looking up customs codes. It is about as apt a studio visit for this show as I could hope for. The artist who has taken on logistical and international interchange as one of his main subjects—and who likes to invert and layer meanings—is being devoured by the very systems that compose his subject.

\*

Still, in the end, Miklos Andersen *does* secure the shipment. And I gather the impression that if he had needed to swim to India to get the work, he would have. Dispersion but also concentration are the defining energies in *Caffè Crema*. The series of acrylic frames radiate inward and outward from a small, oddly unimposing representation. It is ludicrous—and it also required a lot of precise calibration to create. It is one of the series of works he undertook without outside fabrication, and yet it was produced with machines and in materials which are pronouncedly inorganic. At the center of this neon digital aurora is a generic-looking strawberry. The strawberry as a kind of emoji-cum-techno-religious-icon. A platonic strawberry. The kind of strawberry that looks dazzlingly perfect but tastes more like flavored water than real fruit. The real fruit of Villiam Miklos Andersen's market.

# CRUISE CONTROL

Oskar Fehlauer

A sequence of stage images: a seemingly infinite highway, occasional tailbacks; the driver's cab in a truck driving along the main road through a pale night wood, what it transports is uncertain (sometimes the forms are filled with confiture, other times fruit and vegetables); a port, crisscross cranes in front of a blood-colored sunset sky and a horizon filled to the brim with rows of luminous ships; an older German lay-by seen from the outside (sleeping trucks, table-and-bench sets, a claw machine in which a large insect crawls across a cute teddy) and from the inside (a long counter, a glass of steam keeping thick sausages warm, a sparkling selection of vapes and cigarettes, humming fridges, cups with names on them, candy and biscuits, flavored condoms, beer and energy drinks, the entrance to a pay-per-visit toilet only accepting coins); the parking lot of a sleazy motel outside Hanover with a gently flashing sign above the entrance; a shrill, white-glowing men's room, a row of urinals, locked toilet stalls, two pairs of sturdy trucker legs visible below one of the stalls, a strong scent of piss and sweet-ish blue soap (this smell seeps into the rest of the images, merges with the smell of diesel, of sweat in the tiny driver's cab, in the motel bed at night, the smell of cigarette smoke, cum, slurry, braised potatoes, men's perfume), a wall-hung automat with lube, condoms, and a travel-size pocket-pussy; a motel room of which not much can be said except a bed, a sink, a large mirror; a gambling arcade. Some particularly important props: money, burning between the fingers, steaming coffee machines, a yellow handkerchief, a flower bouquet from someone you love, a car radio.

What plays out through these scenarios is somehow very simple. Small movements, short exchanges, gesticulation suggesting the vast and intricate system of transport in multiple directions and links. All of the labor being done in the periphery or the nights, making it possible, for instance, to pick up an apple in the morning. The sequence could be as follows: an object (possibly the apple),

moving from hand to hand, items delivered at the right time to the right place in a chain of cranes and dark cargo holds.

There are a few characters. Each is, in their own way, placed within, or in close proximity to, the road network. A guy behind the counter, three noisy friends on a road trip, an old lady in the gambling arcade filmed from all angles on the surveillance cameras. Stuff like that. A young truck driver is mainly seen in close-ups showing how fatigue crosses over his face, and he almost falls asleep. Or he stops at the lay-by to refuel, to buy salty nuts.

In the gambling arcade, the woman only gambles at the same machine. Occasionally she wins. Her movements are slow. Around her, the other machines are gleaming, people come and go, all faces are blurred on the surveillance images.

The motel room, dimly lit by a sign somewhere above the window, the outside sky is indefinitely dark-ish. The truck driver lies in his bed, but gets up to roll down the blackout curtains. The sound of the bed, squeaking a bit as he turns around, his quiet breathing and then, in the distance, the sound of the woman in the gambling arcade getting a jackpot, coins clattering.

A phone glows in the dark. A grainy parking lot, a car pulling over, a man stepping out and walking towards the toilets at the edge of the lot. In there, a dim, muddy light. He walks over to the urinal, unzips his pants just as the door opens and another man enters, steps over to the urinal next to him. The sound of a rattling belt buckle, urine against metal. Their gazes, intersecting at first, one of them looks at the other, then looks away, then the other's gaze hovering a bit to the side, the back and ahead. But then one of them plucks up a rehearsed courage, looks at the other, locks his eyes (still the sound of the two jets of piss) before he looks down. Their eyes meet again. A small nod. And the courageous one kneels down, grabs around the other's dick that starts bulging in his hands, he puts it in his mouth. He looks up but the other one is leaned back against the wall, his eyes closed. Small grunts, gulping sounds. Two strong hands grab firmly around his head and push him all the way in. The door opens and another man enters, he sees the two and, without hesitation, opens his pants and drops them. The kneeling man puts the newcomer's dick in his mouth, sucks and licks before he gets up and bends over one of the urinals. The newcomer spits on his fingers, slides them between the other man's buttocks before penetrating him while the third man watches. Another man comes in; in the mirror you see him open his pants before he, too, starts masturbating.

The highway seen from inside the truck, the headlight rays on the dark asphalt. Cities and woods flowing by in the periphery on both sides. The white road markings, when they glow and soar at high speed. It's mostly like this.

Wide roads in the dark, tailbacks beneath a colorless sky, occasionally interrupted by a shining compartment: the pissoir or the gambling arcade, the sunset almost exploding above the ports, tiny blinking crane lights, cruise lights.

An apple in a cargo hold, hands counting euro bills, a cigarette hand in a rolled down truck window.

The young truck driver in his cab or on the bench outside the lay-by shop. You see him so close-up that you notice it: the vague flicker around his eyes. It looks like a tear. It looks like he briefly falls into a dream while awake, before it leaves him again; a roar from a highway in the sky. Two dead trees in the rear mirror, full speed ahead. It feels as though the truck accelerates before it actually does. It feels as though the rain starts falling. It is as though his childhood's heavy interior pours out from the road in front of him.



# HIGH MAINTENANCE

Vivien Kämpf

From the half-timbered houses of the historic city center, to the soaring skyline and the increasingly gentrified train station district, to the museum embankment along the river Main, which separates north from south, Frankfurt/Main is a city of contrasts. While it may be smaller in size compared to global metropolises like Paris, New York, or Tokyo, with a population of 770,166 (as of December 31, 2023), it ranks among the most populous cities in Germany. According to current forecasts, this number is expected to increase significantly in the coming years. After all, Frankfurt/Main is an attractive location for banks, law firms, and a wide range of other companies. The infrastructure and connections to the city are excellent by any means of transport. As a result, there are ongoing efforts to create more housing and office space, both in the city center and in the outer districts. The changes to the cityscape are increasingly evident. Construction sites are multiplying and public spaces are becoming smaller, tighter, and more crowded.

Certain social groups are being pushed to the outskirts or into so-called “problem zones” like the train station district. Only a select, high-performing part of the population is able to remain in the upgraded city center, dominated by high-profile development projects. Skyscrapers, such as the almost completed Four Frankfurt project or the Millennium Tower, still in the planning stage, heighten the sense that this is a place in constant transformation, ever improving, ever growing. Yet efficiency and the urge to stand out from the crowd are not only evident in the cityscape, but also in the dominating work mentality. Whether in finance, medicine, the arts, or culture, the pressure to perform is omnipresent if you want to get to the top. While the everyday stage shows all the highs and lows of life, certain actions and activities remain behind closed doors.

Villiam Miklos Andersen got to know the city during his time at Städelschule, the Academy of Fine Arts. The Academy is located in an old building on the southern side of the city, in Sachsenhausen, a quieter, almost idyllic neighborhood, with stately villas, lots of greenery, and a perfect view of the Frankfurt skyline. The latter is one of the most distinctive features of the city, which has therefore earned itself the nickname “Mainhattan.” Since 1998, the so-called high-rise framework plan has governed the construction of skyscrapers, which continue to rise year after year. Yet the city has been using framework plans to control the construction and location of such buildings since the immediate post-war period. As early as 1926, the 33-meter-high Mousonturm, Frankfurt’s first high-rise, was built.

But it was the Zürich House, erected between 1958 and 1960, that marked the beginning of a new architectural era in Frankfurt/Main. Designed in the so-called International Style, it featured “curtain walls”—façades attached to the structure—and materials such as concrete, steel, and glass. Over the next few decades, iconic buildings of a quite similar architectural style, including the Messeturm (Fair Trade Tower) and the Commerzbank Tower, significantly shaped the development of the city’s skyline. This also includes the 155-meter Deutsche Bank high-rise. The mirrored surfaces of the slender twin towers reflect the city back upon itself, deflecting the view from the outside. What happens behind the reflective glass is, quite deliberately, hidden from the public eye.

With the increasingly smooth, hard, and cold façades of these skyscrapers, a chill began to spread through Frankfurt’s tightly packed streets. The fact that high-rises often convey a strongly masculine, almost phallic aura is well known. Moreover, they serve as symbols of prestige, designed to attract as much attention as possible, dominate and affirm themselves through their height. It is no surprise, then, that the majority of these buildings in Frankfurt/Main were largely designed and realized by male architects.

Frankfurt’s financial district and its skyscrapers are connected to the slowly transforming train station district via the Taunusanlage, a green belt. Here, daily life is defined by stark contrasts. While drug users and homeless people find refuge in the park, hiding behind or within its monuments, memorials, and sculptures, the city’s highest-paid employees spend their lunch break nearby. It is a highly ambivalent place, which is precisely why it served as the starting point for artist Cyprien Gailliard’s *Frankfurter Schacht*, a site-specific sculpture. Installed in 2021, the gray ventilation shaft in the park initially appears unremarkable and is not immediately recognizable as a work of art. Only upon entering does its true nature reveal itself. Inside, the walls are lined with pink onyx, and the round shaft opens upwards, towards the sky. The sculpture is open to all, day and night, offering a moment of calm amidst the constant rush of the city. It is an intimate space, a refuge, which can also function as a toilet or a quiet retreat. This idea resonates with an article published in *Süddeutsche Zeitung* in 2016, featuring an image from the men’s restroom on the 49th floor of the Commerzbank Tower. It shows four urinals mounted on a low wall in front of a window, offering a direct view of the city while urinating. This architectural gesture cannot help but feel intentional, even patronizing: a symbol of the deeply ingrained, masculine drive for power and dominance that is embedded in the DNA and architecture of an economically driven city like Frankfurt/Main.

In his own artistic practice, Villiam Miklos Andersen often draws on (infra)structures—trade zones, economic zones, moral zones, non-spaces—and objects—urinals, slot machines, trucks—that can be found in public spaces, reflecting his longing for the big city and his own experiences in Frankfurt/Main.

These can take on multi-layered references to places of isolation or encounter, of anonymity or intimacy. Although the big city allows no emotion to penetrate its cold façades, Miklos Andersen seeks to evoke such feelings by deliberately altering material or texture. In this way, he softens and tenderizes zones with stereotypically masculine connotations.

From public toilets to wholesale stores and sex saunas, everyday experiences clash with exceptional moments, familiar routines intertwine with discomfort. The architecture of these completely different spaces is functional in every case. In daily life, it serves the respective purpose, be it consumption, pleasure, or the fulfilment of basic needs. However, Miklos Andersen’s sculptures and installations refuse to be used. They offer a new perspective on the everyday and expose the hidden logistics of ordinary actions and movements.

As the subtle scent of cedarwood emanates from a row of slot machines in the back of the exhibition space, a sharp, icy cold radiates from the room-sized freezer at its center, transferring to the hard, smooth surfaces of the aluminum cabins at the entrance. In *Caffè Crema*, the influence of Frankfurt/Main on the works of Villiam Miklos Andersen is evident, though subtle. The cold, imposing façades of the life-sized cubicles are reminiscent not only of the surfaces of many high-rise buildings, but also of the public toilets found across the city. The hand-carved oak urinals tie into this theme, yet their delicate texture contrasts sharply with the sterile, utilitarian nature of such places. These surprising disruptions and unexpected retreats within the exhibition transform everyday experiences into moments of exceptional introspection, prompting the viewer to rethink their own perceptions.

With *Caffè Crema*, Miklos Andersen bridges the gap between Frankfurt/Main and Copenhagen, exploring themes of intimacy, connection, and exchange in the cold, capitalistic reality of modern cities.

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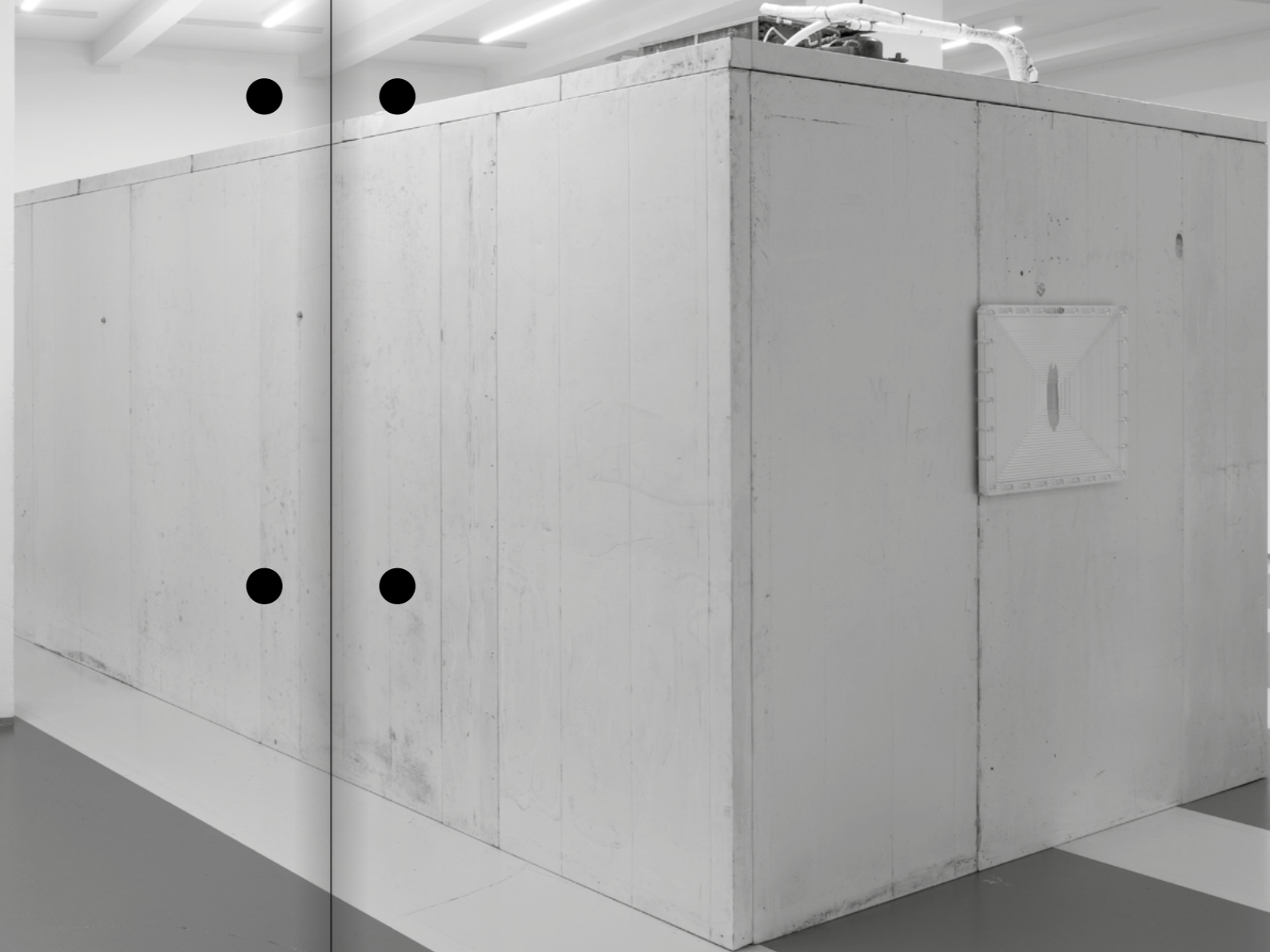














# HIGH MAINTENANCE

Vivien Kämpf

Fra de bindingsværkrlignende huse i det historiske centrum til den himmelstræbende skyline, det stadigt mere gentrificerede område omkring hovedbanen og videre til Musseumsufer langs floden Main – der adskiller nord fra syd – er Frankfurt am Main en kontrasterens by. Selvom byen er mindre end andre globale metropoler som Paris, New York eller Tokyo, er den med sine 770.166 indbyggere (pr. 31. december 2023) en af de mest befolkede i Tyskland, og prognoserne tyder på, at indbyggertallet vil stige betydeligt i de kommende år. Frankfurt am Main er og bliver et attraktivt centrum for finansverdenen, for advokatfirmaer og en bred vifte af andre virksomheder – ikke mindst fordi byens infrastruktur er så velfungerende. Også derfor er det hele tiden gang i indsatsen for at skabe flere kvadrater, til kontorer såvel som boliger, og såvel i centrum som i yderområderne. Andrtingerne er synlige i bybilledet: Byggepladserne bliver flere, mens de offentlige rum bliver mindre og tættere.

Samtidig presses visse sociale grupper ud af byen, til såkaldte 'problemzoner' som for eksempel området omkring hovedbanegården. Kun en lille, ressourcerstærk del af befolkningen har råd til at leve i det stadig mere luksuriøse centrum. Skystrabere som Four Frankfurt og Millennium Tower forstærker følelsen af, at dette er en by i rivende udvikling og ekspllosiv vækst. Og effektiviteten, ønsket om at gøre sig bemærket, gennemsyrer ikke kun arkitekturen, men også arbejdskulturen. Uanset om det er inden for finans, medicin, kunst eller kultur, er der altid hverdagsliv er altså som i enhver anden storby præget af opture og nedture, men visse aktiviteter foregår bag lukkede døre.

William Miklos Andersen lærte byen at kende, da han studerede på Städelschule, kunstakademiet i Frankfurt. Akademiet ligger i en gammel bygning i Sachsenhausen, et stille og roligt, nærmest idyllisk villakvarter med grønne områder og den perfekte skyline-udsigt. Frankfurts skyline er nærmest byens vartegn for byen, der da også har fået kælenavnet 'Mainhattan'. Siden 1998 har en rammeaftale haft nogenlunde kontrol med nybyggeriet, som bare skylder i vejret at efter at – og faktisk har sådanne aftaler siden efterkrigsiden kontrolleret både Frankfurt sit første højhus, Mouson-tårnet på 35 meter, og i årtierne, der fulgte, kom mange nye til, hver gang mere imponerende end de forrige.

Det var dog først med Zürich-tårnet (1958-1960), at en ny arkitektonisk æra for alvor meldte sin ankomst i Frankfurt am Main. Tårnet repræsenterer den såkaldte 'International Style', hvor en form for 'gardinægg' ('facader fastgjort til bygningskonstruktionen) og brugen af materialer som beton, stål og glas begyndte at vinde indpas. Flere ikoniske bygninger i samme stil kom til, eksempelvis Messeturm og Commerzbank, der begge har haft bemærkelsesværdig indflydelse på byens skyline. Det samme kan man sige om den 155 meter høje Deutsche Bank-bygning, hvis spejloverflade helt bogstaveligt reflekterer byen og samtidig skærmer for udefrakommende blikke. Hvad der sker bag glasset, er – med fuld overlæg – skjult for offentligheden. Som en konsekvens af skyskrabernes stadig glattere, hårdere og køligere facader begyndte en kuldde at sprede sig i Frankfurts rætpakke gader. Det siger sig selv, at skyskraberen som regel har noget intenst maskulint over sig, en næsten fallisk aura. Den er et prestigesymbol, designet til at tiltække sig mest mulig opmærksomhed, at dominere byrummet i kraft af sin højde. Ikke overraskende er langt de fleste skyskrabere i Frankfurt am Main tegnet af mandlige arkitekter.

Frankfurts finansdistrikt (og skyskraberne) er forbundet med det mere hårdekokte banegårdsområde via Taunusanlage: en smal grøn park, hvor byens sociale kontraster tegnes skarpt op. Parken huser mange markomaner og hjemløse, der søger tilflugt blandt monumenter og skulpturer, samtidig med at nogle af de formentligt højeste lønmede Frankfurt-borgere holder frokostpauze i det grønne. Netop denne dobbeltsidige var vigtig for Cyprien Galliard, da han skabte værket *Frankfurter Schacht* (2021) i netop Taunusanlage. Umiddelbart ligner skulpturen en grå ventilationssskakt og er så godt som umulig at aflæse som værende kunst, men hvis man går ind i cyhinderstrukturen, viser den sig at være et intimt, næsten sakralt rum med vægge beklædt med rosa onyx, der åbner sig opad mod himlen. Skulpturen er åben for alle døgnr rundt, den fungerer som offentligt toilet, men er også et sted for ro og refleksion. Kontrasterne i værkets funktionalitet giver associationer til et foto i *Süddeutsche Zeitung* fra 2016 af pissotter på 49. etage i Commerzbank – hvorfra udsigten naturligtvis er spektakulær. Der er noget bevidst patoniserende over denne arkitektoniske gestus, et billede på den indgroede maskuline magtledrlighed og dominans, der er så kendtegnende for (arkitekturen i) en by som Frankfurt am Main.

I sin kunstneriske praksis er William Miklos Andersen også opåget af (intra)strukturen – handelszoner, økonomiske zoner, moralske zoner, ikke-zoner – og forskellige slags interier fra det offentlige rum såsom pissotter, spillemaskiner, lastbiler, Blicenter, der afspjler en ganske almen storbylængsel såvel som kunstnerens eget liv i Frankfurt am Main. Hans værker rummer flertydige referencer til penduleringen mellem isolation og tilfældige møder.

Med *Caffe Crema* bygger William Miklos Andersen bro mellem Frankfurt am Main og København og udforsker samtidig intimitet, menneskelige forbindelser og handelsmæssige udvekslinger i den moderne storbys kølige kapitalistiske virkelighed.

Fra offentlige toiletter til engrosmarkeder og sexsuanær: Et gennemgående element i Miklos Andersens værker er sammenstød mellem det hverdagslige og det exceptionelle, mellem velkendte rutiner og noget ubehageligt. Den arkitektur, der kendtegnr disse forskellige slags rum, har funktionaliteten til fælles, en funktionalitet, der er af både forbrugsmæssig og nydelsesfuld karakter. Men som al anden kunst afviser William Miklos Andersens skulpturer og installationer den funktion, de mere end antyder: de nægter at blive brugt. Til gengæld bidrager de med nye perspektiver på det velkendte og blotlægger samtidig skjulte logikker i hverdagens adfærd og veje. En diskret duft af cederræ siver fra spillemaskinerne bagerst i udstillingsrummet, mens en skarp kulde strømmer ud af den store fryser i midten og overføres til aluminiumskabinetterne med deres hårde, glatte overflader. *Caffe Crema* viser med al tydelighed, hvordan Frankfurt am Main har en bogstavelig, men subtil indflydelse på William Miklos Andersens værker. Det køligt imponante ved eksempelvis aluminiumskabinetterne minder om byens skyskrabere, men også om dens mange offentlige toiletter. Træpissotterne peges på samme tema, selvom deres fine, håndskårne overflader står i skarp kontrast til den sterile funktionalitet, der normalt kendtegnr et pissotter. Det er netop disse overraskende forstyrrelser midt i genkendeligheden, der transformerer noget hverdagsligt til noget særligt, en appel om selvrefleksion og gentænkning af egne blikke og forudindtagethed.

mellem anonymitet og intimitet. Selvom storbyen kan virke følelsesforladt bag sine kolde facader, forsøger William Miklos Andersen netop at fremkalde følelsesmæssige reaktioner, når han med fuld overlæg vender materialer og teksturer på hovedet. Han blødgør så at sige nogle af de zoner, som ellers er rige på stereotyp, maskuline konnotationer.

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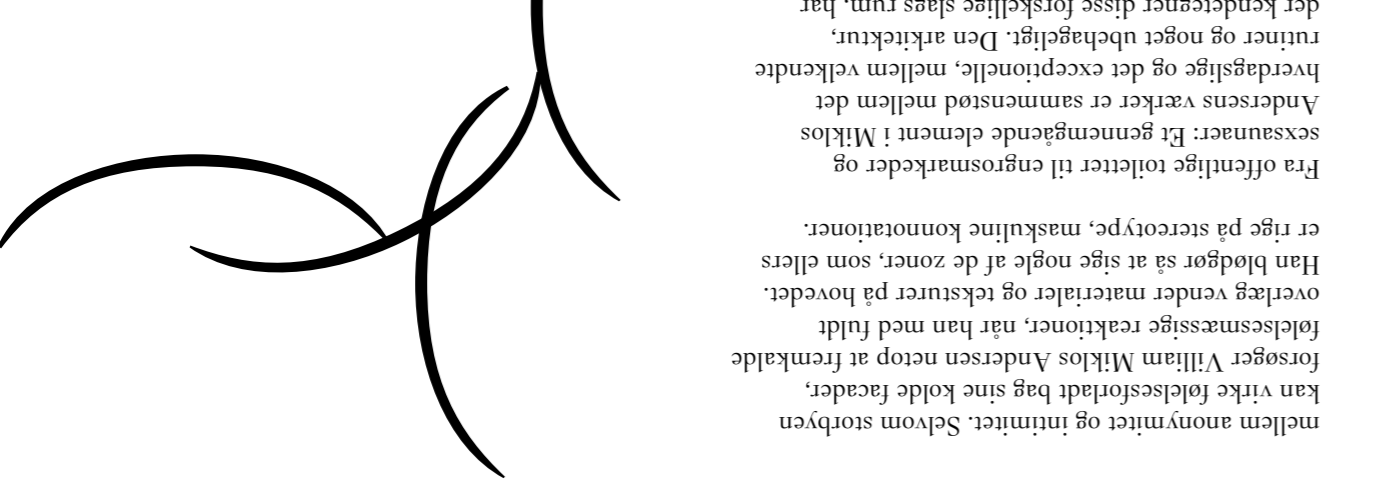
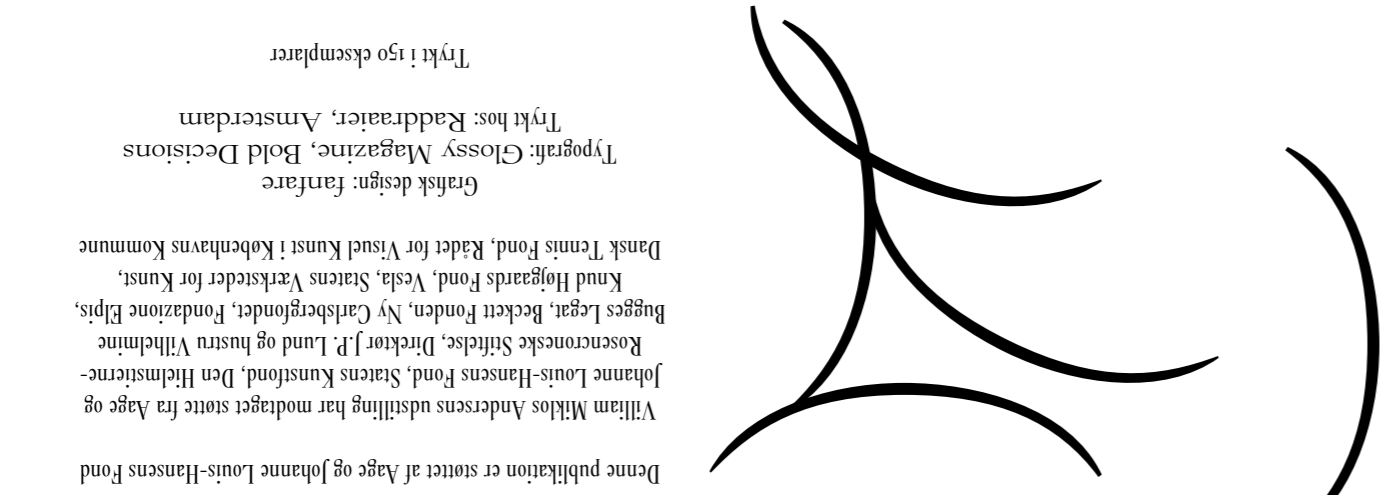
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Trykt i 150 eksemplarer

Typografi: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions  
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Trykt hos: Raddraaler, Amsterdam



De øvrige lag fungerer altså som en ramme, der zoomer ind mod et centrum. Et af motiverne i midten er et jordbær.

Mens jeg bevæger mig rundt mellem uåbnede transportkasser, er Miklos Andersen travlt optaget af at snakke i telefon. Han forsøger at få arrangeret transporten af intarsia-panelerne fra Indien, og hans lokale kontaktperson virker ikke særlig erfaren med at få de nødvendige dokumenter på plads. Efterhånden som situationen tilspidser, begynder Miklos Andersen nærmest at planlægge selv at rejse til Indien og tage værkerne med hjem i flyet – det lader til at være den eneste måde, bureaukarakteren kan omgås på. I løbet af de næste to dage ser jeg ham kæmpe med situationen, undersøge alternative transportmuligheder, rode med papirarbejde, tjekke op på toldregler. Jeg kan ikke forestille mig et mere passende atelierbesøg: En kunstner, der har gjort logistik og internationale transaktioner til nogle af sine hovedtemaer – og som i øvrigt elsker at vende betydning på vrangen – bliver fortæret af de samme systemer, som han beskæftiger sig med rent kunstnerisk.

I sidste ende lykkes det Miklos Andersen at fikse transporten. Og det er mit indtryk, at hvis han havde været nødt til at svømme til Indien for at hente værket, ville han have gjort det. Spredning og koncentration er sidespilte, definerende energier i *Caffe Crema*. Scenen af akrylbilleder stråler både indad og udad fra det lille, sært uanselige motiv i midten. De er på en måde latterlige – og krævende samtidig masser af precision. Det er værket, han har skabt uden ekstern assistent, men de er fremstillet med maskiner og af materialer, der er udpræget norganske. I midten af det her neondigitale aurora er der et generisk udseende jordbær. Jordbæret som en slags emoji-sperm-technoreligiøst ikon. Et platonisk jordbær. Den slags jordbær, der ser blændende perfekte ud, men smager mere af vand med smagsstoffer end af ægte frugt. De sande frugter på William Miklos Andersens marked.

# CRUISE CONTROL

Oskar Fehlauser



En række scenebilleder: en næsten uendelig motorvej,

under tiden bilkø; førerhuset i en lastbil, der kører ad landevejen gennem en bløg nattekskov; det er uavis, hvad den transportør (af og til udfyldes blanketterne med *confiture*, andre gange *fruit and vegetables*); en havn, kranser på kryds og tværs foran en blodrød solnedgangshimmel og en horisont fyldt til randen med rækker af lysende skibe; en tysk rasteplads af ældre model set udefra (sovende lastbiler, et bord-og-bænk-sæt, en klomaskine, hvori der kravler et stort insekt hen over en sød bams) og indefra (den lange disk, et glas med damp, der holder de tykke pølser lune, et glitrende udvalg af vapes og cigaretter, summen af køleskabe, navnekopper, slik og kiks, kondomer med smag, øl og energidrik. Indgangen til et betalings toilet, hvor man kun kan betale med mønter); parkeringspladsen ved et *slazy* motel uden for Hannover med et let blinkende skilt over indgangen; et skingeri, hvildlysende herretoilet, en række pissoirer, aflåste toiletbæse, to sæt kraftige trækkerben er synlige under den ene, en stærk lugt af pis og sødlig blå sæbe (den lugt siver videre ind i resten af billederne, blander sig med lugten af diesel, af sved i det lille førerhus, i sengen på moteller om natten, af cigarettrøg, sæd, gyll, brasede kartofler, herreperfrume), en væghængt automater med glidecreme, kondomter og en *travel size pocket pussy*; et motelværelse, der ikke er meget at sige om, udover en seng, en håndvask og et stort spejl; en spillehal. Nogle særligt vigtige rekvisitter: penge, der brænder mellem fingrene, dampende kaffemaskiner, et gult tørklæde, en buket blomster fra en, man elsker, en bilradio,

Det, der udspliller sig igennem scenarierne, er på en måde meget simpelt. Små bevægelser, korte udvekslinger, gestikulation, for at antyde det enorme og intrikate system af transport i flere retninger og led. Alt det, der arbejder i periferien eller om natten, så man for eksempel kan samle et æble op næste morgen. Det kunne være følgende sekvens: en genstand (måske æblet), der går fra hånd til hånd, tingene bragt til rette tid og sted i en kæde af kranser og mørke lastrum.

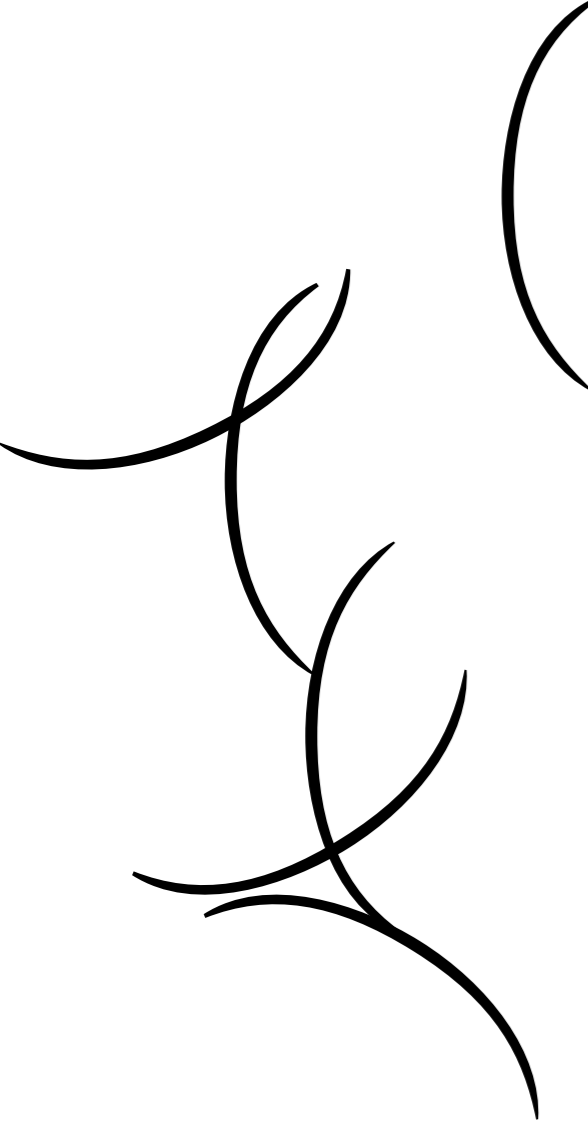
Der er nogle få karakterer, de befinder sig på hver sin måde i eller i nærheden af vejneter. En fyr bag disken, tre latmende venner på bilferie, en gammel dame i spillehallen fanget fra alle vinkler på overvågningskameraerne, den slags. En ung lastbilchauffør ses hovedsageligt i nærbilledet, så man kan se trætheden glide hen over hans ansigt; han falder næsten i søvn. Ellers han holder ind på rastepladsen for at tanke, for at købe salte nødder.

I spillehallen spiller kvinden kun ved den samme maskine, hun vinder af og til, hendes bevægelseser er langsomme. Omkring hende blinker de andre maskiner, mennesker kommer og går, alle ansigter er slørede i overvågningskammerets genlivelse.

Motelværelset svagt oplyst af skiltet et sted over vinduet, himlen udenfor er ubestemmeligt halvmørk. Lastbilchaufføren liggger i sengen, men rejser sig for at rulle mørklægningsen ned. Lyden af sengen, der knager lidt, når han vender sig, hans stille vejrtrækning og så, på afstand, lyden, når kvinden i spillehallen får gevinst, mønter, der rasler.

En telefon lyser op i mørket: en grynet parkeringsplads, en bil holder ind, en mand træder ud og går hen til toilettet i udkanten af holdepladsen. Derinde, et dunkelt grumset lys. Han går hen til pissoirer, lynet bukserne ned, idet døren går op, og en anden mand kommer ind, stiller sig ved urinalen ved siden af den første. Lyden af et raslende bæltespænde, tis mod metal. Deres blikke, først krydses de hinanden, den ene ser på den anden, så væk, så svæver den andens blik lidt til siden, så tilbage frem for sig. Men så tager den ene et indøvet mod til sig, han ser hen på den anden, holder hans blik fast, stadig lyden af de to stråler, før han kigger ned. De får øjenkontakt igen. Et lille nik. Og den dristige går på knæ; tager fat om den andens pik, der begynder at vokse i hans hænder, han tager den i munden. Han kigger op, men den anden har lænet sig tilbage mod væggen med lukkede øjne. Små grynt, slubrende lyde. Den tilbagestående mand griber fat om den knælendes hoved med to stærke hænder og presser sig i bund. Døren går op igen, og en ny mand kommer ind, han får øje på de to andre, og uden at røre åbner han bukserne og lader dem glide ned. Manden på knæ tager nu den nyankomnes pik i munden, sutter og slikker, inden han rejser sig og placerer sig foroverbøjet over det ene urinal, den nyankomne spytter på et par fingre, lader dem glide ind mellem den andens baller, før han trænger op i ham,

Motorvejen set fra inde fra lastbilen, fortygelyset på den mørke asfalt. Byer og skov flyver forbi i periferien på begge sider. De hvide vejafmærkninger, når de lysrer og svæver i den høje fart. Det er mest sådan, brede veje i mørke, blikø under en farveløs himmel, af og til afbrudt af et lysende rum – pissoirer eller spillehallen, solnedgangen, der nærmest eksploderer over havnebys små, blinkende kranlys, toglys. Et æble i et lastrum, hænder, der tæller eurosedler, en cigarethånd i et nedrullet lastbilslivindue. Den unge lastbilchauffør i førerhuset eller på bænken ude foran rastepladskiosken, man ser ham så tæt på, at man kan se det: det svagt flimrende i hans øjne. Det ligner en tåre, det ligner, at han kort faldet ind i en vægen drøm, inden det går af ham igen: et drøn fra en motorvej i himlen. To døde træer i bakspjælet – spejderen i bund, det er, som om det accelererer, inden det gør, det er, som om regnen regner i gang. Det er, som om barndommens tunge interiør vælter frem fra vejen foran ham.





# ALDRIG ALDRIG ALDRIG FÆRDIGGJORT, DROPPET

Brecht Wright Gander

Miklos Andersen inviterede mig til at bidrage til denne publikation tidligt i udstillingsplanlægningen. Og nu, en måned før åbningen, er meget stadig uafklaret. PR-materialer er allerede i produktion, og på et af billederne står Miklos Andersen i bar overtop med en masse gultrødder i favnen og sæligt fraværende ansigtsudtryk, som var han hævet over jordiske bekymringer. På papiret er jeg også i de afsluttende faser af skrivningen, men mit arbejde kompliceres af det faktum, at der ikke rigtig er færdige værker at se. I stedet har Miklos Andersen sendt mig en bunke referencer, rigt illustrerede PDF'er fyldt med ord. Jeg ringer ham op for at få lidt mere at vide. "Gultrødder? Hvad sker der med gultrødderne?", spørger jeg. "Det er jeg stadig ikke helt sikker på," svarer han. "Men det er jo en slags hovedrolle i PR-billederne!" "Nå ja, gultrødder af min egen arbejdsmetode... Og så har det også at gøre med en barndomsopleveling om bunker af gultrødder, der lå rundt omkring. Men jeg er ikke helt sikker på, om de kommer med i udstillingen." Jeg skriver "Uafklarede gultrødder" i mine noter.

Miklos Andersen er en kunstner, der absorberer I løbet af hans proces samles der så meget indhold sammen, at det er svært at sige, hvad der kommer til at hænge sammen med hvad. På samme måde som bunden af et sort hul er *Caffe Crema* en sværm af indfald, der er blevet skilt ad og sat sammen igen. Også flere af kunstnerens tidligere udstillinger har fundet vej ind i projekter. Eksempelvis *Water Sports* (2024) – en serie træversioner af den slags tyske pissotter, som er så karakteristiske for europæiske rastepladser. I stedet for porcelænets cremede kølighed har de egetræets varme i sig, noget naturligt differentierende ved træ. Og oven på hvert pissotter, der hvor der typisk ville hænge en reklame, har Miklos Andersen i stedet installeret en serie raderinger, der forestiller et fragskib i færd med at blive læsset med jernmalm fra en mine i Kiruna i Sverige. Med andre ord: en rest fra et tidligere projekt, som også relaterer sig til shipping-logistik. Miklos Andersen ser en maskulininitetsanalogi i disse fragskibe, liner op bag hinanden for at laste og losse: De ligner mænd i en pissotter-kø. Samtidig antydes en anden funktion, som det offentlige pissotter er omgærdet af: cruising. Hvis udformningen af offentlige toiletter grundlæggende handler om afsensualisering, har Miklos Andersens materialer leveret den modsatte effekt. De tvedydige raderinger kan opfattes som en version af Oscar Wildes grønne nellike: en besked, der kun skal og kan forstås af de indviede. På den måde bliver beskuerne enten indviede cruisere eller naive udenforstående.

*Water Sports* er et eksempel på de kodede betydningsslag, der kendtegnar Miklos Andersens praksis. Værket afspejler en grundlæggende interesse i at omstyrte normative designs, der imiterer et objekt, vi kender, ændrer det på allsælige måder og bringer to slags erfaringer og rum, der ellers er ganske langt fra hinanden (norske havne og tyske toiletter).

1. *Au Sujet du Cimetière Martin*, 1933

Og hvordan ser alt dette så ud? Nogle af de vigtigste elementer er et stribet epoxygulv (samme slags som i det enorme Kungis-fødevaremarked, udstillingens centrale referencer), et fryserum fyldt med blomster, en serie af træpissotter, en serie inarisa-tryk, en serie skulpturer i neon-akryl. Baggrst i udstillingsrummet står europaller med materialer fra Miklos Andersens atelier – som begyndende værker, der venter på at blive installeret.

gylpende erindringsmedley.

Den franske digter Paul Valéry proklamerede, at et digt aldrig bliver gjort færdigt, det bliver bare droppet. William Miklos Andersen arbejder med en anden logik: Gør aldrig værket færdigt, og drop det heller aldrig. Han slager på en måde sit arbejde, kammbaliserer og syntetiserer det i kredsløb, hvor tidligere værker flottes sammen med nye. I *Caffe Crema* arbejder han med et hybridformat, hvor ersatz-artefakter (ofte indsamlet på rejser) blandes med billeder af kommercielle transaktioner og forskellige gadedulde skulpturer i en slags gylpende erindringsmedley.

tætere sammen. Og frem for alt har værket og dets motiver rod i kunstnerens eget liv: Han har selv monitoreret fragskibene i Norge, været en flittig bruger af rastepladstoletter på grund af en fortid som lastbilchauffør, og så har han arbejdet i en homo-sauna.

Et andet tidligere værk, der genskabes, er *Rook Hard Milk* (2024): en serie skulpturer, som første gang blev vist i Toscana og forestiller prototypiske spillemaskiner og barstole, men lavet i cypres og cedertræ. Også her er udskiftlingsgrebet subtilt, men bemærkelsesværdigt. Interiøret er tæt forbundet med en machoagtig trikke- og gamblingkultur, arbejderens flytten, og også her skaber Miklos Andersen en sensualisering: Skulpturerne osrer bogsstavetligt ralt af sprøde cedertræsaromaer – den slags duft, der ofte associeres med cologne, med maskulin tiltrækning og maskulint begær.

Da vi talte om udstillingen, mens den stadig var i produktionsfasen, oplevede jeg af og til, at Miklos Andersen kunne virke lidt ængstelig over sin egen ekspansive metode, den ekstatiske flertydighed i hans værkbeskrivelser (aluminiumskabindretter er på én og samme tid "containere, offentlige toiletter, homo-sauna"). Han talte med udstillingssteknikere, producenter, kuratorer – mennesker, der som regel har behov for vished og overblik. "Man skal virkelig kæmpe for retten til at kludre rundt," sukkede han. Institutionen var ligesom jeg ivrig efter at vide, præcis hvad man havde med at gøre. Men Miklos Andersen er ikke ligefrem forudsigelig. Beslutningsstagnation skal helst foregå via tilfældigheder – materielle begrebningsinger, pludselige nye opdagelser, pressede deadlines og ikke mindst gennem samarbejdet. Denne åbenhed har været hans måde at holde tingene levende, ude af balance, hans måde at undgå, at digtet hverken gøres færdigt eller bliver droppet.

Globale transaktioner er hans emne, men også hans metode. En af udstillingens værksretter er lavet i samarbejde med inarisa-kunstner, som han mødte under et residency i Indien og hyrede til at lave træmosaikker med udgangspunkt i fotos af hænder – ansatte på Kungis-markedets hænder. Hverdagsopgaver som strejkode-scanning, banansortering og vareoprettelse illustreres altså via en kunsthåndværkstradition, der ellers associeres med religiøs ikonografi og kostbare objekter. Det er smukt at tænke på et par hænder, hvis arbejde er udført et helt andet sted. Og endnu et konceptuelt lag tilføjes i form af postarbejdedes håndtering af værkerne under transporten fra Indien til Danmark: Værkerne arbejder så at sige den opgave, de udfører. Kunstneren er derimod ikke håndværker, snarere en slags mellemmand, der forbinder forskellige arbejdede, og resultatet af hans arbejde nedtoner intimiteten i et stykke dygtigt kunsthåndværk til fordel for en mere social forbindelse. Man kan sige, at Miklos Andersen bliver en slags Brecht-mekanism, fordi han står uden for selve produktionen og distancerer sig selv fra den subjektivitet, der er hans udgangspunkt.

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Da jeg ankommer til Københav, tager jeg direkte hen til Miklos Andersens atelier. Han har fået mulighed for at arbejde i et stort og rummeligt lokale, endda med udgang til en have. Bygningen er fra 1740 og har engang været Anne Marie Carl-Nielsens atelier. Nu er det en del af et komples, hvor hoffets gartner har deres udstyr stående. "Har I en konger?", spørger jeg. "Ja, men han er mest sådan en, der tager ud for at sikre handelsaftaler," fortæller Miklos Andersen og udvider min indsigt i danske samfundsforhold betragteligt. Min opmærksomhed drages først mod en serie værker i transparenre nonfarver. Hvert panel består af en lamineret stak akrylplader med et mindre og mindre rektangel skåret ud i midten, så man, når man ser ind i stakken, får en følelse af teleskopisk dybde. Det inderste lag er spejlskryl, hvis centerede motiv ikke er meget større end prismærket i en t-shirt.



# RGADEN OOOOO

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William Miklos Andersen  
*Caffè Crema*  
Udstillingsperiode: 25.11.2024 – 26.01.2025

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

Det er en stor fornøjelse at introducere denne publikation, der udkommer i forbindelse med William Miklos Andersens soloudstilling, *Caffè Crema*, på O – Overgaden. Udstillingen er kulminationen på vores særlige INTRO-forløb – et årligt postgraduat-program, som O – Overgaden arligt tilbyder to kunstnere. Med generøs støtte fra Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond skaber INTRO en unik mulighed for at udvikle og udvide vores samarbejde med kunstscenens nyeste stemmer igennem både en stor udstilling og denne ambitiøse publikation, hvis målsætning det er at udvide samtalerne omkring den kunstneriske praksis og åbne op for, at nyt materiale kan udspringe heraf.

I dette tilfælde har den amerikanske kunstner og designer Brecht Wright Gander bidraget med teksten “Aldrig færdiggjort, aldrig droppet” om Miklos Andersens praksis, mens den tyske kurator Vivian Kampf har skrevet essayet “High Maintenance”, og endelig har den danske forfatter Oskar Fehlauer bidraget med teksten “Cruise Control”. Jeg vil gerne takke alle bidragsydere varm, samt takke publikationsredaktør Nanna Friis og 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. Sids, men ikke mindst, en særlig tak til kunstneren, William Miklos Andersen, for at dele sit materiale – fra koncept til udvalgte samtaler – med os alle sammen, både gennem udstillingen og denne publikation.

I billedkunsten William Miklos Andersens skulpturelle og relationelle værker ligger en queer tilgang til både velkendt hverdagslogistik og (toksisk) maskulinitet – hvad end det gælder transportindustri, offentlige toiletter eller spillehaller.

Til O – Overgaden har Miklos Andersen skabt projekteret *Caffè Crema*, som er kulminationen på hans seneste års produktion. Udstillingen trækker på Miklos Andersens egne erfaringer, bl.a. som lastbilchauffør, og læner sin titel fra den billige kaffe, der er tilgængelig på næsten enhver rasteplass i Centraluropa.

Blandt en bred vifte af objekter vises således også en virkelig eller *readymade* kaffemaskine.

I udstillingen undersøger Miklos Andersen det begær, der findes i samtidskulturens understrømme – fra gambling til globale engrosmarkeder, fra pising til parkering – i en række objekter, der spænder over stiliserede omklædningsrum, håndskarne, sensuelt kurvede egeræsurinaller, 3000 årskaarne blomster i en helrumfryser, intarsia træmosaikker, der forestiller hænder i arbejde, og spilleautomater lavet af cedertræ, der udsender en afrodisiakudft, som findes i eksklusiv parfumer. Samlingen af skulpturelle objekter skaber en farverig totalinstallation placeret på et silkestribet gulv, hvis grønne og gule felter minder de opdeltninger, som typisk findes i fødevaremarkeder eller frihandelszoner.

Udstillingen spiller således på absurditeterne i senkapitalismens globale handel – faktisk er flere af værkerne i sig selv samarbejdsproduktioner, lavet i lande fra Indien til Italien. Miklos Andersen peger her på den industrielle og strukturelle trang til at optimere, pure i boks, strømline og kontrolere mangecartede, verdensomspændende organiske materialer fra tulipaner til jordbær, guldrødder eller endda bananer (som også er metaforer for kønsidentiteter), hvilket faktisk er *bananas*.

Ved at ændre gængse, eller normative, visuelle standarder for forbrugsvarer leger Miklos Andersens skulpturelle arbejde med ensartetheden i vores magtfulde infrastruktur og afslører herved den voldsomme systemiske regulering af vores dagligdags handlinger, køb og bevægelsesmønstre, der ofte er skjult for det blotte øje.

Rhea Dall  
Leder og chefkurator på O – Overgaden,  
december 2024

William Miklos Andersen (f. 1995, DK) er uddannet fra Städelschule i Frankfurt (2021) og Det Jyske Kunstakademi (2020) og bor og arbejder mellem Frankfurt og København. Miklos Andersen har for nylig udstillet på steder som IShanthiroad, Bangalore (2023), Simulacra, Beijing (2023), documenta fifteen, Kassel (2022) og Frankfurter Kunstverein (2022).

# INTRODUKTION



