

Walking around spaces.  
Utopias by Mie Olise Kjærsgaard.

- To be read very slow.... maybe aloud.

## SKEJBY.

Outside of Århus at the northern part of the landscape, a giant lace was dropped. It was kind of funny 'cause it didnt follow any rules, not the landscapes curving, not the roads, not even the houses. The lace just fell down randomly, as it could never do the same way again. For some time it just layed there. But then it started to happen. By every road the lace crossed, a transformation started. In the beginning it was just some wood and stones in a pile getting slightly larger.

It might have happened during christmas, but for sure by the time the snow was gone, small buildings had appeared. In the beginning it didnt look like someone from outside would notice, but after some time, even strangers passing by, started to notice the small crowds of buildings. Though it seemed, that the growing was unstoppable, if you looked very carefully, none of them ever crossed the road alone.

As time passed by there was houses, gas stations, schools, highschoools, cinemas, sheds for bikes, and a sports arena. There were offices, factories that made toys for kids and cardboardboxes for shoes.

At a certain point eventually these small crowds from the crossings between the lace and the roads started to meet and merge. Into eachothers landscapes and societies. Around the school came a plantage for growing apples. The school and the plantage had different agendas, and you could worry about if they wanted to overlap eachother, and what circumstances that would give. Would the plantage go over the school on a kind of a bridge or would the school have to rise it self on pillars above the plantage, and then how would the apples get sun-light?

At one certain point 2 enclaves would meet a third, spreading like cromosomes across the landscape. And then would be the sign for slowing down. The constuctions would stop growing and start to need caretaking.

And people on the ground would start to look up against the sky, to see if they could see a new lace somewhere up there - falling.

## URBINO.

In Italy, there is a city, which is called Urbino. When you first arrive you see an old palace, with two towers stretching from ground to sky over a long long way. The city is almost like a wall on a mountain and the entrance is quite hard to find. If you go very close to the steep mountainwall, you can see that there is a secret path, through a horsetrail, where you can climb your way up up up into the wall. It is a possibility to walk around the whole city on the fortification wall, with small hearts on every corner. It is when you reach one one of those hearts, that you see the hole in the ground.

Down down down it goes. And eventually you feel ground underneath your feet again. This world is different. The city was built layer on layer inside this mountain. Arches and windowframes layered on the walls around you. The darkness on the ground is met by a light from east - high above. There is a staircase, which has a rythm hard to describe. It goes steep, it flattens out, it goes up, and then around a corner. Its difficult to climb, because every part of the stairs are different. Some in stone, another part is made of wood, and the very last part is made of iron or steel. Then you go on some floating layers, they have form after the inner side of the mountain, rising on top of eachother, without overlapping. You have to be a little brave to walk from layer to layer, but the light is becoming clearer, and you start to see towards the top of the layers, turning the last corner.

Outside on the outer side of the fortification wall, you can climb on layers made of glass. It´s quite different from flying, maybe more like standing still in air. The stones in your back are warm, in front of you there are stribes. One has blue triangles, another - that is nearer - is dark green and more blobby, then a lighter green band, crossed by a sharp grey line, and you know you know it, from under your feet - not that long ago.

**On a brick wall in East London hang 5 spaces forming a sort of building.**

Cactus Garden.

If you enter the space exact in the middle, you can go onto a raft of tree trunks. You can push a button and slowly it takes you up, through walls of books. The books are not placed in any order, you can take one, whichever you like, but you need to keep on to it for a while. There is very quiet inside these walls, as books are made of paper and leather, which absorb sounds very effectively. But the machinery powering the raft makes a sound, and you know that you are there, at the first stop. You go out into a room, that is both inside and outside the brick building, the balance is important, as it is hanging on the wall.

Thin pillars are lifting up a floor inside the floor, the in-between space. On the ground you discover that the pillars even go through the floor and further down. The space is very narrow and by the end you can look out towards a yard. The glass is leaning over, so the space by your feet is smaller than the space by your head, which means, that you can look down to the little pathway underneath on the ground.

If you would like to go to the space in-between, it's not so easy, but when you are there, you feel safe and protected. Normally you stay there for a while. Hours, maybe even a day, until you get hungry. And you discover that even though, there was no easy way in, there is an easy way out, not going down again, but straight out into the brick building, through a small way with walls of books, and a floor of timber. Inside this space, inside the brick building, there is a round skylight, which is the only light. At nighttime it can be pretty dark, but if the moon is shining or it is summer time, then it is better and you can see your shadow on the floor. It's a good space to sleep in, and when you look carefully and it is not too late at night, you will easily discover, that there is a small bed hanging, towards the light - on the inner side of the brick wall.

In London it always gets light in the morning. If one day, that doesn't happen, one might consider not to get up at all. If getting up, which would be OK to do, at one point of the day, you once again will find an easy way out. From the bed, you can open a little door, which takes you through the wall out into the air. A little cactus garden with desert sand reminds of Lucky Luke, and through a window you are able to spot the great Truman Chimney. It doesn't smoke anymore, but that is not a suggestion - just an image.

The real bed space, is also very dark. Though it has glass towards the yard, somebody has stuck pieces of wood outside, and even at daytime just small piles of light get inside.

I know you like to watch Arsenal play on the television.

**On my way towards a brick wall in East London with 5 spaces hanging forming some sort of building.**

Walking around the city my shoes only follow people of the colour of green. A woman, there at the corner behind the street sign, is carrying a green plastic bag. She crosses the road. My shoes are following.

She is in no hurry, looking at windows at the bakery. One cake is green and round and has eyes on top of it. It is the cake of the frog, from TV in the 70s, who always used to be together with a parrot with a blue striped tummy, and indeed she did love sunseeds.

I never finished that quilt, but when I came back after having a littlesister, it was still there, I didn't have to start all over again - wind in my back.

At the end of the steet another road is running, and that is where the other woman with a green sweather os crossing,,,, step step she walks like she is kind of irritated, moving forward in an insisting rythm, making my shoes need to speed up and my eyes not look so much inside windows, and especially not on myself in the window.

If you lean forward, your feet need to follow in order nor to fall.

I wonder who she is meeting, and I am thinking of Jonathans heavy boots, and for the first time in a long time I try to feel it, the weight of my green shoes, they are not especially heavy, and the best thing is that they don't burn underneath the front of the foot as some high heels often do.

There as she meets her, my sight is being catched by an old man in a dark green coat. Wandering slowly across the street toward a bench, with a newspaper under his arm. It's a mild day late summer, you start to really enjoy these days, because you never know which one will be the last, and one day, you will be met by a blue clean cold wind, on a very clear day, with sunshine. But it is the sunshine of autumn and burnt colours. You suddenly remember all autums ever, the first day in school after summerbreak, and the new shiny bike, with only two wheels.

And thats how I enter the hanging space, with holes in the wall for my green shoes, and a special place behind the staircase for my beloved green wheels.

**Somewhere by a brick building in east london is parked a brown little car, it's a pathway.**

There are mosaics. Not everywhere. Only when you enter. At first, when you arrive, you might get a little surprised, because mosaics are in a way very exotic. Made of old plates and cups and stuck together in a random way, suddenly forming new patterns. And there are so much green, colours and real plants. Red, yellow and purple. It is like a jungle chok. Because just before you were walking in London on a grey day. The space is filled with items, many of them decorated with colourful paint, flowers and leaves everywhere.

The items are placed on shelves from ground to ceiling.

And there are cats.

One could get a little scared, like these plants and colours, would suck you into their jungle.

In the middle of the room there is a round staircase, that takes you upstairs. It's an outside space, everything is made of wood, plateaus in different levels. Like one big piece of furniture covering the ground. This space is very open, and you can do almost everything, sit, lie down, eat dinners or sleep.

And then you walk inside the room by the large furniture, there is only a very small latter going up again. Climbing up, it's not easy to know what to expect. It turns up, as you enter through the floor, that the loft room is white, light and completely empty. The room is formed as an angle, an L-shape, but even behind the corner there is nothing stored.

You see the construction work in the roof, wooden pillars from the wall to the top. Light being broken by differents whites. An by the end of the wall there is a square of light and you can hear the sound of water - it's like a shower.

Standing cleansed by white light and water you don't have to go through the mosaic jungle again, because the neighbour space is actually open and you can easily go in and push the button. That is, of course, if you are carrying a book in your bag. You have to put it in the shelf of books, and the sound will appear, as you are slowly taken down.

## **A Line is crossing a Yellow Brick Wall in East London.**

It can be difficult to come to a new city, you never know where to begin or where to start. Often you start in the middle, and without any decided system you end up doing the same as in the last city you visited. The museums, the squares, the cafés, the shops and the parks, if it is summertime.

The austrian girl did it differently. She would draw a line, through the whole city on a map. It went through blocks of buildings, roads, bridges and fields, connecting random points A and B, in the most direct way of all.

Every time the line crossed a place you could eat, she went in. It didn't matter wheather it was a kebab place or a french restatrant, she decided to taste it, tasting the city, that she was to become a part of.

That line went through the yellow brick wall where a building is hanging. And I think it is therefore that, what looks very much like a kitchen, is situated in the big glass entrance just where the line is going through.

Once a month the construction of a dinner in the kitchen is formed. A dinner between 5 known and 5 strangers. Sitting around a big table together, sharing wonderful food. Like a family gathering around the table. I think she met the strangers on her way through the city.

Other times she even has a little hole in the wall, where she can serve some small bakery to passers-by. But most of the time, if you go through the wall, and pass the little letter box, and go up towards the light, there is a bed by the grass, and there is where she will be, if you didn't meet her before.

## Along railroadtracks.

It's said that once in ancient times two giants was having a great battle here. They were throwing huge round stones at each other and pulling eachothers hair. Being very rough with their giant powers. One pulled a tree up with all its roots and swung it towards the other giants head. And that should have been the point of the battle, where the other finally reached for the sharp stone in his pocket, and threw it in a under-hand-way, the hardest he had ever done...- and it missed.

Far away it flew, and when it finally touched the ground it plowed a more than 3 kilometre wedge into the ground, before it dissapeared down into the inner side.

This should, in that perspective, not so long ago, become a stretch for a railroad track. The one that used to go south of Århus towards the city of Odder. Through the woods and lakes made from old trown stones.

If you go down the tracks you will see, that it's a long time since any train has been running here.

Once in a while you will discover some left overs as bottles and paper, that remind you of that you are in Denmark, where no ground ever will be left untouched for long - ever.

And if you pull your eyes slightly together and try to focus on a point 5 metres away from the railroadtracks, you can catch a glimpse of the pulling bridges. If they are up, nobody will be there, and you can't enter across the deep cut. But if the bridge is down, or you have one of those keys for making it come down, you can go directly into the small shelters.

The shelters are basically 2 walls with a life inbetween. The walls barely touches the ground and would never make a mark like the sharp stone, they could be easily removed and gone for ever, with not tracks left behind.

## Folding thing in the sea.

At the harbourfront you can go into a building. It shows a lot of images and you can drink a coffee. Every evening at a certain point of time there will come a lot of people, they will be waiting around for the ones they know, and when they get a sight of each other, they will nod and smile and make their way through the crowd in order to meet. They will be kissing on cheeks, laughing and talking while looking down into small leaflets.

A bell will ring and the crowd will start walking towards the big hole in the wall out towards the sea.

When the bell ring the second time, the tunnel will reach the hole, and make a pathway for all the people to cross the sea and enter the thing.

The thing can easiest be described as a huge folded piece of folded cardboard.

It used to be a plain piece of cardboard, but then it was sliced on the long way, one third on one side, and two thirds on the other. The two pieces was then folded in different rythms. Forming floors, walls, ceiling, walls, and floors again.

The one third makes the space that people now go into from the tunnel. After everybody has entered, the tunnel dissapears again, and it's not possible anymore to come to -, or leave - the thing. But the people for the most part, doesn't think of that, because they walk around the floors and look out to the sea, and towards the city with all it's lights, the city allways looks pretty from the sea.

They go to toilets to look into mirrors, they drink a glass of wine and they meet new people that haven't met in years.

The bell rings again and now it's time to enter the two thirds, with millions of plateaus. The people find a place that suits them, small plateaus for small crowds, bigger plateaus for bigger crowds. Some of the Plateaus are lower. Nobody sits there, because you can't see anything from there, but from all the other plateaus, you can see the lower plateaus.

And there is where all the people is looking, lights are going down and it suddenly gets very silent.