





# Smith

Jacob Broms Engblom, Gunvor Nelson,  
Tove Kjellmark, Lydia Ericsson Wörn

curated by coyote

Arcway  
7th November - 28th November, 2020  
Saturday 12:00-15:00 or by appointment

Front cover: Eulenspiegel Autopotrait, 1969,  
Hinrich Sachs



## There's no dog in daughter

She's seven, jamming her nails into a huge candle by the altar at her sister's christening. The sermon is endless, the guests are restless and sweaty. The baby's gown is beaded and beautiful. Sunlight is flowing in through the stained glass windows of the church, bathing the rows in blue, red, orange. Ants are creeping up towards the edge of the baptismal font where she emptied her can of soda before the ceremony. The smoke of the incense is tickling her nose, she sneezes loudly and puts out the flame. She's impatient, biting her lip with her only front tooth. The shrieks from the kids at the playground outside are piercing through the stone walls, they aren't nearly heavy enough to block them out. She should be there. She deserves to be there.

The crowd starts flipping through the hymn books to find number 44.

...Your hands are full of flowers  
Your eyes are full of life  
Your lips are filled with songs  
Your days are filled with time...

It's the perfect time to sneak out, the guests are singing with their heads bent down in their books. Her father's eyes are blissfully closed as he's chanting off-key. She puts down the candle and crawls towards the exit, pressing her body against the wall. The wind has gotten hold of the church door, shaking it violently, its loosened metal ornaments hammering against it like a baby's rattle. Once outside she reaches the kids who stare at her as if they'd seen a tiny girl ghost, in pigtails, and lacquered shoes. She heads straight to the climbing frame and reaches the top. Her secret mission has left her panting for breath, but she's finally where she wants to be. She looks out over her promised land and smiles, just as she feels his cold, dry hand clutching her ankle and pulling her down.

No umbilical cord, nothing.

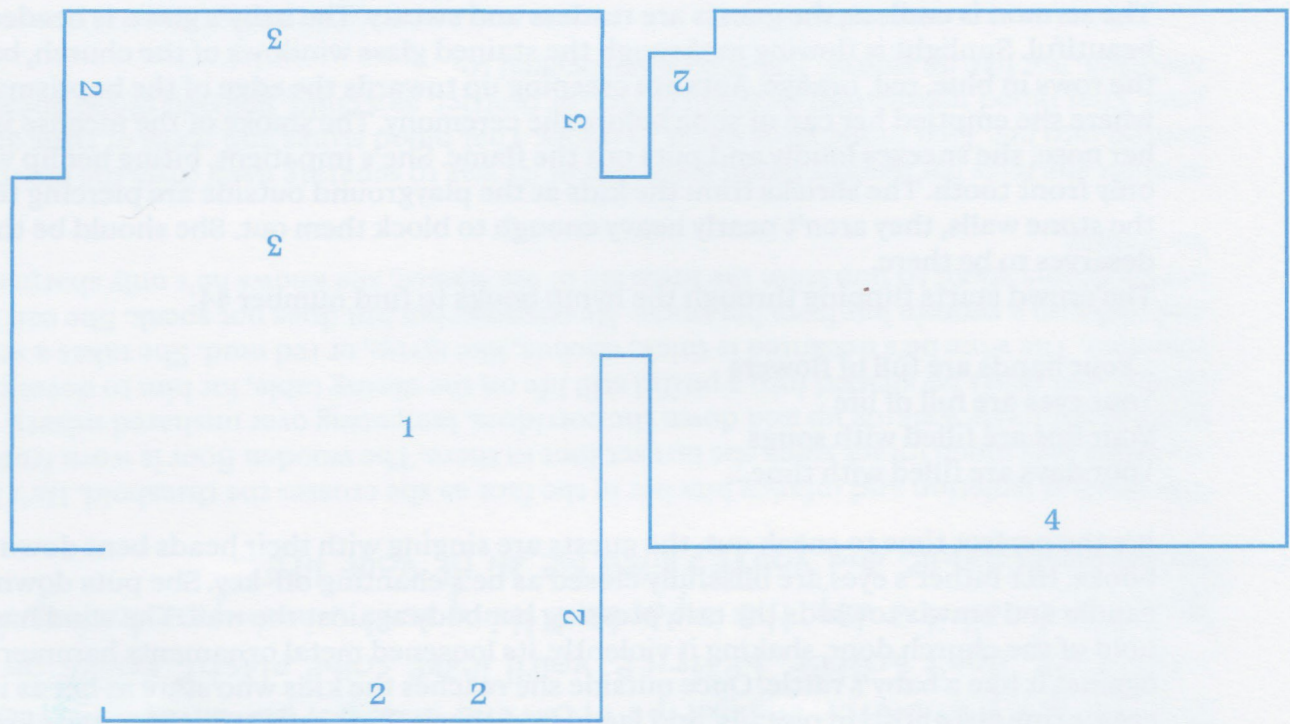
Her father's been sitting in complete silence, she's been waiting for the burst of gunfire. Only a few crumbs of mature cheddar are left on the plate, his forehead is red and glossy. She squirms in her chair. Why isn't he giving her the usual scolding? She should be guilt-stricken and agonized by now. She's just about to leave when he opens his mouth to say something, but can't. He tries, but only manages to stammer out whispered fragments in between coughs.

- You...they have... nno eyes... nno one's... sleep... bbeneath so mmany... eyelids...your mmother... ppale, anaemic... nnightgown... bbony ass...spineless bbitch...

His throat is clogging up with pinkish froth, he's wheezing and spitting. The breathing is fast and shallow like a dumb dog. Has the cat got your tongue, daddy? If so, there's no discussion. Her breathing is strangely calm and deep, those being unfamiliar movements of the chest. And as she inhales, she can hear the squeaking from the tables turning. As she inhales, she can feel the desperation of a daddy who knows he's being dethroned. As she inhales, her blood thickens and buries the hatchet. She chuckles and walks towards the front door, one last time. Parents stink!

Emma Hatt





1 Tove Kjellmark  
Do You Mind?  
2007  
Naked animal toys

2 Jacob Broms Engblom  
Djur och natur från vår hembygd  
2020  
Inkjet print  
(Image series synthesized via a neural network trained on children's drawings. Thanks to Eskilstuna Barnbildsarkiv)

3 Lydia Ericsson Wärn  
Twin thoughts  
2020  
Live playback  
Video cameras, displays,  
microphones, speakers, steel

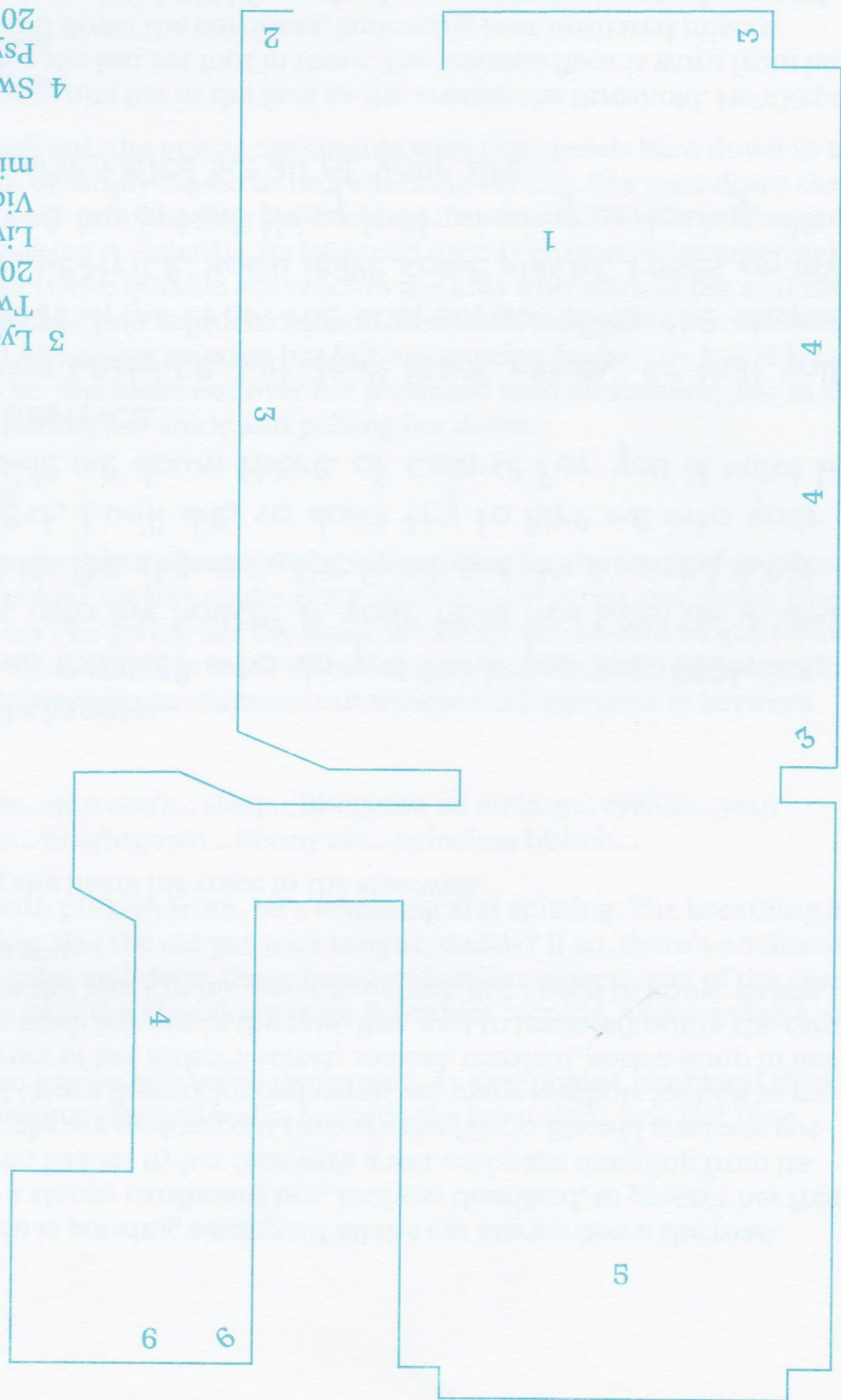
4 Gunvor Nelson  
MY NAME IS OONA  
1969  
10'00" black/white  
16 mm to HD-Video  
Distribution: Filmform - The Art Film & Video Archive

3 Lydia Ericsson Wärn  
Twin thoughts  
2020  
Live playback  
Video cameras, displays,  
microphones, speakers, steel

4 Swan Lee  
Psychicpic  
2019  
Oil on canvas

5 David Skoog & Richard Vogel  
KORTHUS  
1995  
39'40" color  
VHS to HD-Video

6 Sara Sjölin  
Rika djur  
2018-2020  
33'46" color  
MiniDV to HD-Video  
ceramic, marmelade, silk



1 Eugene Sundelius von Rosen  
Konstantin gathering of 7  
2020  
Montessori carpet, books

2 Magnus Andersen  
On conduct and manners of  
children within the union of  
supranational transfer Vol.4  
2017  
01'45"  
Audio



## Daddies

She's running very late. The rain is pouring, setting off all the car alarms down the road. From the ground she picks up a sloppy cardboard box, halfway dissolved, to protect her fresh balayage from the water. A raven flashes by her face with a wet croissant dangling from its beak. She's dressed in silk, her abs are peeking out through the fabric. Should she have gotten him a bouquet on the way? Or are flowers loaded with too many symbols for him to misinterpret. She reaches the corner of her father's street; soaked, terrified, with a lump in her throat. Remember that you are trash left out in the rain, Bea, and to trash left out in the rain you shall return. She puts down the box. I'm his worst daughter. But I need to know, daddy, how my wounds would look on you.

Just as she enters the building she hears his voice in the stairwell.

- Is that you, my Beatrice?  
- Yes, father.

She closes her eyes and grips the banister...

....Half an hour late and no excuse? who do you think you are, Beatrice, dragging those fishnets into my house? If your head had been on a lamb its meat would be inedible. The shame is the fruit and it's bruised, Beatrice, and where thou diest, I will die, so don't try to lure me into your hell, I have no one to guide me down there. of course for you it must be convenient that I burn, Beatrice.

I know I don't deserve you Beatrice, but don't leave. remember that you are the greyish water that drips from the scarecrow after the storm. when I die, don't bother, Beatrice. you'll leave some plastic roses on my grave and call it a day. the important thing isn't winning or losing, it's to be impeccable, and you've failed me all of your life....

The smell of isolation and infancy hits her in the face as she crosses the threshold. He's kept the place very much intact since she last set foot in there. The wooden floor is worn from his years of aimlessly walking up and down the corridors, lamenting over unshared misery. Cheese and pears lay shaped into a pitiful still life on the dining table, for him to devour ad vomitum. The wine he's decanted is thick, viscous, like syrup, or red mud. She takes a seat and picks up a protein bar from her purse. He observes her but does not speak. She can feel her eardrums about to pop from the pressure of his silence, she knows he's only sharpening his tongue.

At night she feels her healthy blood going out of its way to separate itself from the blood he's poured into her. That blood adds insult to injury. That blood stings and reeks of virus and grief. That blood regrets that it wasn't better, or prettier, as a child. But that blood doesn't abandon, not like its source. Not even when begged to.

Emma Hart



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Hinrich Sachs

Bonamatic  
7th - 28th November, 2020  
Thursday-Friday 15:00-17:30, Saturday  
12:00-15:00

curated by coyote

Magnus Andersen, Swan Lee, Eugene Sun-  
delius von Rosen, Sara Sjölin, Lydia Eric-  
son Wärn, David Skoog & Richard Vogel

# Janey



