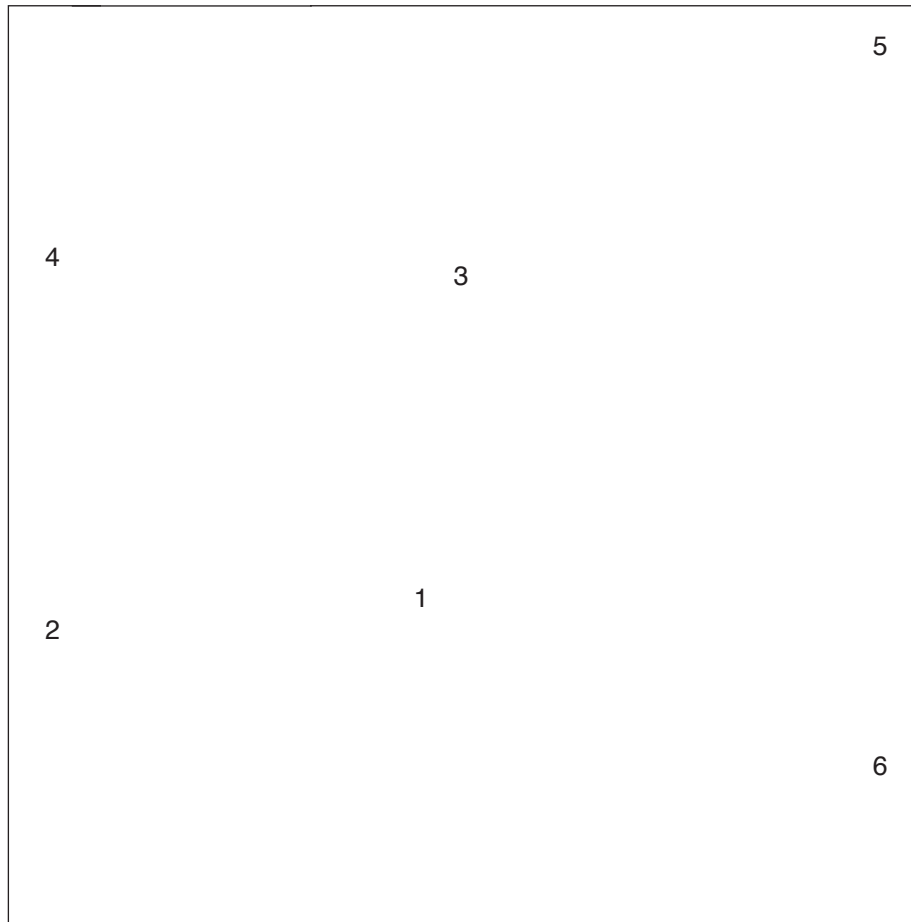


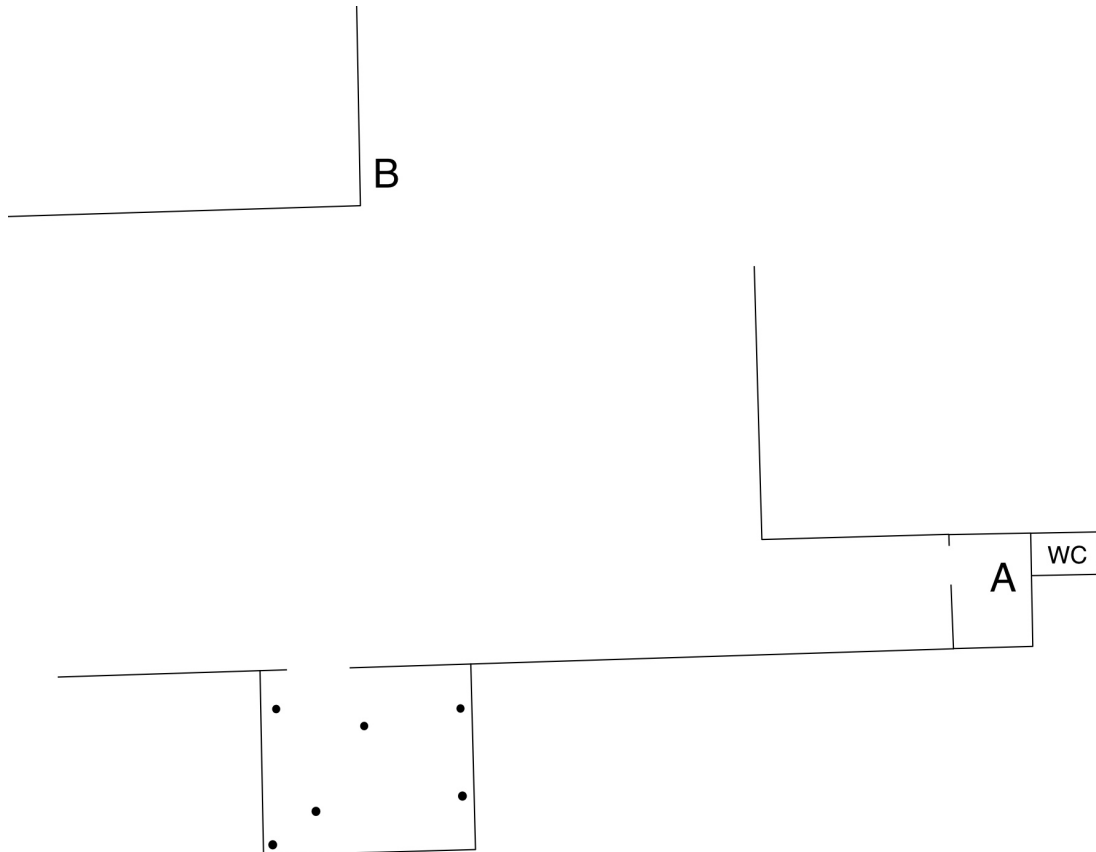
Peter Olsen
Walk, watch, whistle
April 26–May 16
Opening Friday April 25, 5 PM
Jennifee-See Alternate



Peter Olsen's artistic practice spanned from 2003 to 2022. This retrospective presents selected works from his oeuvre and unpublished footage. Curated and installed by Julia T. Laszczka and Peter Højlund Palluth.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Untitled, 2019
Tiles, wet room boards, melamine
MDF boards, silicone, mortar | 4 | Parallel Presents, 2020
Bathroom cabinet, melamine-
coated particle boards, screws,
clips, polypropylene carpet |
| 2 | Provisional Landscape*, 2019
Tabloid format, 49 g, 1000 copies,
4x4 colors, finished stapled, 12 spreads
*With Jan Danebod | 5 | Level, 2022
Architectural visualization from
Posthusgrunden, print vinyl on banner |
| 3 | Everyday, 2020
Laminated chipboard, stainless steel
sink, water glass, scale 1:33 streetlamp | 6 | Untitled, 2020
Bathroom cabinet, melamine chipboard,
stainless steel, 4 mm glass, clips,
polypropylene |

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- A Appendix #3: Technical drawing, Figure 1
Handmade replica, color pencil on paper

Illustrating the ore bodies at the Malmberget (SE) where the major orebodies shown in blue are all magnetite and plunging 40-50 kilometers towards south south west.

The scan of the original drawing was used in the academic article:
Modelling the Dynamic Relationship Between Human Induced Seismic Activity and Production Rates, Depth and Size: A Mine-Wide Hierarchical Model

The original drawing exists only as a scan in Luossavaara-Kiirunavaara AktieBolag's (LKAB) photo archive.

- B Unpublished handheld footage (Peter Olsen), Aarhus Ø, 2012
Edited by Peter Palluth

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A city is a structure, a pattern, a grid—a sequence of streets, of signs, of steps. An intervention within it disrupts, aligns, dislocates. Walk towards a figure, and the street bends. Walk past a trace, and it follows.

City, city, city—an equation with infinite variables. An intervention is a fixed point. The city's rhythm dictates its meaning: Tuesday morning, it is an anchor; Friday night, a question mark. A trace remains where someone paused. A figure emerges where paths cross. Move once, twice, thrice—each time, a different reading. Time moves, the streets bend, but something lingers, something holds. Peter Olsen's works sit between memory and movement, a pause in the city's endless breath.

New York, Hong Kong, Seoul, Turin, Tokyo, New Delhi, Copenhagen, Venice, Vienna, Paris, London, Berlin, Miami, Basel—the city changes, the figures remain. Or perhaps the traces change, and the city remains. The relationship is recursive, looping, shifting—a game without a final move, a sentence without a last word.

City, city, city—what to do in the city? Walk, watch, whistle. Touch the rough edges of buildings, trace the smooth curve of a bench. Misplaced objects, half-familiar, half-strange.

Yeah, you, you, you – yet not yours. The city belongs to no one, or maybe to everyone. You don't care? Or maybe you do, in the way you notice a shadow shifting, a surface gleaming. I love the city. I love cities.

Cities change, they betray their own pasts. A street turns unfamiliar overnight. A building disappears. One loves a city, but it no longer recognizes one. And yet, these objects remain. Perhaps they do not belong here. Perhaps they belong nowhere. Still, they persist.

city city city what to do in the city C casual Tthanks that
tuesday morning y yeah you you you
yet not yours i don't care or am i in the city just walking
around i want to walk through the streets whistling yes
i love the city ii love new yoork i love cph i love warsaw
i love paris you know city of love i love berlin but not as
much as i used to it changed but you know that i love
time it changes also the cities

It changed. I changed. But you know that.
I love time. Tick-tock.
Time loves change. Changes time. Cities change.
Cities citify. Citify cities. City city city.

City, city, city. What to do in the city? It all depends on the city, and the city depends on it all. Ccasual, concrete, cluttered. I Intimate, intricate, indifferent. T This Tuesday, this trip, this time, trip, trip, trip, thanks to the time. Y yeahhh, you, yet young, yellow lights flickering, yearning. I don't care, I care, I'm a citizen of the city, I circulate, I see, I step, I stay.

Walk, walk, walk, round and round, winding ways, wondering whys, why not, why now, why wow, city, city, city. Love the city, love NY, love CPH, love WWA, love Paris city of love, you know. Love Berlin, but not as I loved, time changed, changed time, changed city, changed citizen, I changed, city changed, change, change, change.

Time turns towers to thoughts, thoroughfares to thresholds, thresholds to theories. Cities shift, shuffle, shrug. Citizens settle, sway, swirl. City, city, city, what to do in the city? Do, undo, redo, overdo. Walk, walk, walk. Talk, talk, talk. Love, love, love. Time, time, time. City.

City calls. City claps. City collapses.
It twists, turns, tumbles—tick.
Time tugs. Time tics. Time trips—tock.
City lifts, city lists, city leans—light.
Night. Bright. Flight. Site. Cite.
City circles. Cinders. Cinders circle cities.
City streets, strict, stretched, stitched.
City speaks, spits, splits, spools.
Loops, loops, loops. Lops. Lapse. Lost.
City of clocks, city of clicks, city of close and closing doors.
Step, step, step. Stop.
City, city, city.