

Fatamorgana Fylder 18

Fatamorganakunstens
Historie 1999-2007

Sprudlede

FATA TIDEN & ÅNDEN

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Morten Bo

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god tone

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www.fata.dk

Fatamorgana Danmarks fotografiske Billedkunstskole

Kunst er grænseløs Frihed

Kultur er en usynlig lov og kunsten en legeplads. Når der i samfundet er brug for visioner og drømme, for nye idéer, så bliver der hentet inspiration på legepladsen. I kunstens verden lever det utopiske, det imaginære, fablerne, her trives fantasien. Her finder du fornemmelser, følelser og stemninger, det usagte og usete. I samme øjeblik du definerer, hvad kunst er, finder du ud af, at det også er noget andet, for kunst er som det ydre rum, uendeligt og grænseløst, uden formål eller fornuft. Kunst er grænseløs frihed. Kunst er håbet om det umulige og at skabe kunst er at konkretisere dette håb, gøre det umulige synligt. Skabe ny virkelighed. Kunst kan af samfundet bruges som et spejl for at se sin tid, sine fejl, sin fremtid og den kan bruges af kunstneren til at finde sig selv. Erkende sine skjulte idealer og fortrenge frygt. For at kunne tro på sig selv er det en nødvendighed for mennesker at kende sig selv. Vide hvad man har lyst til, hvad man egner sig til og hvad man kan. Hvem man er. I kunsten, vi skaber, kan vi finde os selv. Kunsten er det spejl, der giver mennesker frihed. Mennesker har behov for at udtrykke sig. Sprogligt eller visuelt. Nogle egner sig til at forme sætninger, andre til at fortælle i billeder. Det er ikke ualmindeligt at folkeskolens nummer sjok bliver en stjerne på Fatamorgana, fordi det ikke længere handler om at være sprogligt begavet, men om at være visuelt kreativ. Sådanne personer har brug for Fatamorgana. Skolen er til for dem. Det er Fatamorganas opgave at frigøre elevernes undertrykte og uudnyttede energi og skabe rum til deres fantasi.

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Motivation og Eksperiment

Fatamorgana Danmarks fotografiske Billedkunstskele tilbyder undervisning til personer, der ønsker at uddanne sig til billedkunstnere eller dokumentarfotografer. Undervisningen bygger på motivation og det famlende eksperiment. Kun når man er motiveret kan man tage ved lære, kun gennem egne erfaringer bliver man klogere. Færdighed får man ved at øve sig igen og igen, selvværd opstår, når man indser, at man er blevet dygtig. Med respekt for individuelle særpræg og holdninger giver skolen eleverne lyst til at eksperimentere, styrker evnen til at vælge og tage ansvar. Et ophold på Fatamorgana uddyber den personlige erkendelse, gør eleverne bevidste og opsøgende, giver dem kendskab til fotografiets og kunstens verden og mod på at tage del i udviklingen. Skolen opfordrer eleverne til at gøre sig fri af egne fordomme og andres forventninger, vanetænkning og ensretning, det forudsigelige og indforståede og i deres værker skabe respekt om fotografi som kunst. Skolens værksteder er døgnnet rundt et levende miljø, hvor personer med samme interesse mødes og udveksler erfaring. Engagerede unge møder andre unge med samme interesse, samme drøm og samme sprog. Et ophold på Fatamorgana gør eleverne parate til en egentlig uddannelse på et kunstakademi eller universitet i udlandet, hvortil søgningen fra hele verden er stor. For nogle er Fatamorgana begyndelsen til en uddannelse, for andre er det starten på en professionel karriere. Som dokumentarfotograf eller billedkunstner.

Ansøgning om Optagelse

Ansøgning om optagelse skal ske inden 1. juni. Et optagelsesudvalg sammensætter det kommende efterårs- og forårshold samt optager studerende til den et-årige fotografi uddannelse. Send den udfyldte tilmeldingsblanket sammen med en motivering for at ville gå på skolen og 10 kopier i farve eller s/h, papirkopi, dias eller print. Supplerende materiale kan vedlægges.

Et-årig fotografi uddannelse

Fatamorgana Danmarks fotografiske Billedkunstskele er en privat heldagsskole med offentligt tilskud (Folkeoplysningsloven). Fatamorgana har siden 1989 uddannet unge dokumentarfotografer og billedkunstnere. Morten Bo har siden skolens start været skoleleder og hovedlærer. Skolen har plads til 30 elever hvoraf halvdelen er elever på fire måneders kurser, de øvrige studerende på den et-årige fotografi uddannelse. Uddannelsen koster kr. 46.800,- ex. materialer. (kr. 37.840,- for arbejdsledige, studerende og lærlinge med uddannelseskort). Uddannelsen er ikke SU-berettiget. Skolen har i 18 år uddannet dokumentarfotografer og billedkunstnere og har skabt sig et ry som den første og eneste hvor reportage og billedkunst er lige respekteret.

Debatskabende dokumentarfotografi og billedkunst med mening. Fatamorgana er skolen med det store engagement, det høje tempo og de høje krav til både elever og lærere.

Dokumentarfotografi

skildring og beskrivelse
holdning
personlighed
fortælling og rytme
afsløring eller accept
intensitet og nærhed
troværdighed

Billedkunst

emne og tema
hensigt og forventning
det personlige udtryk
iscenesættelse og installation
etik og fordomme
manipulation og forførelse
forståelighed

Uddannelsen består af to semestre fra september til juli:

Første semester
basisteknik
konfrontation og udfordring
stillede opgaver
gæstelærere
portefoliereview
udstilling
studierejse

Andet semester
specialisering og argumentation
selvalgte projekter
gæstelærere
projektlejleder
portefoliereview
udstilling
studievejledning

Generelt
ugentligt holdmøde
ugentlig gæst
ugentligt udstillingsbesøg
billedgennemgang
individuelle konsultationer
obligatorisk undervisning
teknikinstruktion

Du vil blive undervist i at udtrykke mening og skabe debat:

Metode
ide
strategi
researche og skitsering
medie og genre
optagelse og udstyr
kontaktkopi og udvælgelse
præsentation

Analyse
motiv
proportion
komposition
signalværdi
stemning
symbolik
p.o.v.

Kommunikation
konsekvens og kontinuitet
billedets nødvendighed
dramaturgi
deadline
overraskelse og effekt
spørgsmål og tilstand
attitude

Uddannelsen vil give dig basiseviden og et personligt billedsprog:

Kvalifikationer
fotografer og fremstille billeder
forhandle og kommunikere
vurdere og kommentere fotografi
redigere
webdesign
portefolie
netværk

Bevidsthed om fotografi
lysets betydning
smukt og grimt
klassisk reportage
snapshotestetik
kunstens vilkår
samtidsfotografi og fotografer
tidens trend

Personlig udvikling
tillid til egne evner
fotografisk selverkendelse
mod til det grænseoverskridende
stille krav og vise autoritet
personligt udtryk
arbejdsdisciplin
ansvarlighed

Uddannelsen kan du bruge i jobs og projekter der anvender billedsprog:

Jobsøgning
fotojournalist
fotograf og assistent
webdesigner
underviser
film- og video-fotograf
billedredaktør
kunstnerisk konsulent

Selvstændig
freelancefotograf
billedkunstner
webmaster
dokumentarfotograf
udstillings- og bogprojekter
illustrator
tilrettelægger

Videregående uddannelse
kunstakademi
journalisthøjskole
filmskole
universitet
fotoskole
designskole
grafisk højskole

Gæstelærere 1999-2007

Ada Bligaard Søby
Anders Kirkegaard
Anders Petersen
Anne Wivel
Anne-Li Engström
Antoine D'Agata
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Astrid Kruse Jensen
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Urslua Reuter Christiansen

Skolens reglement

- Motivation er den bærende kraft. Kun arbejde, der udspringer af lyst har værdi.

- Kreativ udfoldelse er en pligt. Engagement er en forpligtelse og udfoldelse et krav.

- Ros og kritik er selvfølgelig. Alle er åbenmundede og modtagelige.

- Ubetinget åbenhed hersker. Ualmende utilfredshed, skjult misundelse eller hemmelighedskræmmeri findes hverken hos elever eller hos lærere.

- Enhver har ret til personlig samtale. Fortrolighed og individuelle hensyn skal vurderes højt.

- Skolens drift bygger på elevforvaltning. Alle praktiske gøremål varetages af eleverne selv.

- Skolen har døgnåbent. Eleverne har krav på at kunne arbejde når som helst og har derfor også pligt til at holde skolen låst uden for undervisningstiden.

- Hvis Fatamorganas reglement trods gentagne advarsler ikke tages alvorligt kan en elev af lederen bortvises fra skolen.

Elever med billeder

Aia Thorup
Allan Birkegaard Hansted
Anders Birch
Anders Malmberg
Andreas Nilsson
Ann-Sophie Tranekær Fjellø-Jensen
Anna Strand
Betina Pleidrup
Bibi Berge
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Hilde Osen
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Katrine Dollerup
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Marie Louise Siim
Marie Lærke Sørensen
Marit Silsand
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Martin Zakora
Max Adolfsson
Mette Rask Pedersen
Michala Paludan Nautrup-Hansen
Nadim Carlsen
Nana Hvass
Olivia Frølich
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Peter Bengtson
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Trine Chrzan Olsen
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Elever nævnt iøvrigt

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Fantasiens Sprudlede

**Kreativiteten
var stor,
naboerne
irriterende
og beboer-
foreningen
fuld af
fordømmelse**



© Peter Bengtsen/Fatamorgana

Nej kedeligt var det ikke, fantasien sprudlede og billederne blomstrede, og overboen kom hver aften, når han var gået i seng, ned og klagede over, at der lugtede af fremkalder i hans soveværelse.

Peter Bengtsen smed tøjet i et billede, kravlede på alle fire hen mod en guddommeligt lysende svane og visualiserede længslen efter det enestående, det vidunderlige og uopnåelige.

Frederik Fennsbo gjorde det modsatte, tog hele familien med i Ikea, hvor han i et stuemiljø med prissedler på alt inventar og en stemning som i en bedemands butiksvindue visualiserede massernes kulturforladte fantasiløshed.

Massernes kulturforladte fantasiløshed



© Frederik Fennsbo/Fatamorgana

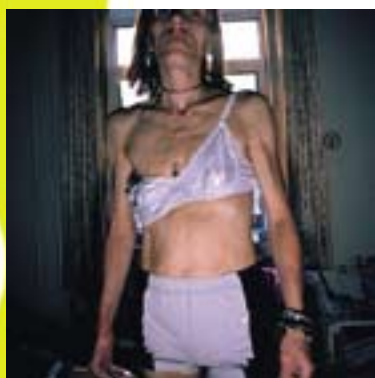
Det ene var lige så eventyrligt idealistisk, som det andet var realistisk pragmatisk, men begge billeder var enestående, personlige budskaber om at gøre noget ved livet, mens vi har det.

Nej det var ikke kedeligt, men det var det, da vi fik forbud mod at opholde os i haven, fordi der til en fest var en af gæsterne, der havde tisset i sandkassen. Kreativiteten var stor, naboerne irriterende og beboerforeningen fuld af fordømmelse. Vi skulle ud. Året var 1999 og skolens første computer til billedbehandling, en skanner og en printer fyldte op i biblioteket, det ene af de tre rum i vores lille lejlighed i Teglgårdsstrøede.

En computer mere var der ikke plads til, uden at mørkekammer og filmrum blev nedlagt, og det kunne jeg ikke, så længe de stadig blev brugt.

Vi var på vej ind i en teknologisk overgangsperiode, der krævede både mørkekammer og digitalt udstyr. Enten gik du i mørkekammeret og lavede sort-hvid kopier, eller du gik på minilab og fik en pose farvebilleder, som du bagefter kunne skanne og printe i biblioteket.

Vi måtte finde et nyt sted.



© Ditte Haarlev/Fatamorgana

**Som dyr på vej
til slagting,
umenneskeligt og
nedværdigende**

Tiden var til respektløse billeder. Grænser skulle prøves af.

**Ditte Haarlevs serie af
aids-narkomaner var
grænse-overskridende.**

Gennem en velvillig sagsbehandler havde hun fået kontakt til adskillige ulykkelige eksistenser, som havde mistet både håb og værdighed og i stedet for at fotografere respektfuldt og medfølelse, udstillede hun deres elendighed. Som dyr på vej til slagting, umenneskeligt og nedværdigende. Udfordrende anderledes, grænseoverskridende i en sådan grad, at billederne blev forlangt fjernet på udstillingens første dag af den sagsbehandler, der havde formidlet kontakten, selvom narkomanerne selv ikke havde noget imod dem.

Den grimme snapshotestetik, den mistede værdighed og tidens grænseløse respektløshed havde udfordret systemet. Og den klassiske dokumentaretik.

Man kunne tillade sig mere i et snapshot, og det gjorde man. Opsøgte det vilde og skildrede det vildt, slap hæmningerne løs og tog del i festlighederne,

**Martin Zakora
tog til dragparty
og fotograferede
med en nonchelant
selvfølgelighed,
hvad han så, ingen
professionel distance,
etiske eller estetiske
overvejelser, men tætte,
flabede udsnit som var
øjet optik og promillen
uforsvarlig.**

Der skulle ikke tages stilling, men slippes fri. Snapshotbølgen havde med teknologiens hjælp ført os ind i den turbulente periode, hvor regler blev brudt og tabu overskredet.

Tiden var til respektløse billeder Grænser skulle prøves af



**Der skulle
ikke tages
stilling,
men
slippes fri**

© Martin Zakora/Fatamorgana

**Impulsivt,
tankeløst,
anarkistisk og
visuelt genialt**



© Hony Biba Beckerly/Fatamorgana

**Det smukkeste, mest
estetiske og kærlige
portræt, der nogensinde
var lavet på skolen**

Hony Biba Beckerly blev optaget som elev, fordi hun blandt forførelselige lummer-erotiske billeder havde fotograferet en rød gummihandske og en banan. Det var impulsivt, tankeløst, anarkistisk og visuelt genialt, og på Fatamorgana fik hun det som en fisk i vandet. Hun svømmede.



© Hony Biba Beckerly/Fatamorgana

**Tog i sexclub og til
tatovør og boltrede sig
i hæmningsløs billed-
glæde.**



© Hony Biba Beckerly/Fatamorgana

De gode billeder var ikke det, hun så, eller det, hun gerne ville vise, men de snublende, tankeløse eksperimenter, som havde kameraet

fri til at gøre, som det havde lyst. Martin Zakora slog sig også løs, men da han var både fornuftig og almindelig, måtte han til dragparty for at komme i den rette stemning. Da han præsenterede billederne, var vi ikke i tvivl om, at han ikke kun havde været fotograf til den animerede fest, men også deltager. Det var snublende skæve, frække og hæmningsløse snapshots. Han blev rost for at have levet sig ind i miljøet og havde haft det pragtfuldt.

Nogle havde let ved at gøre sig fri, andre måtte kæmpe hårdt. Charlotte Hjorth-Rohde havde mand og børn og villa og kom fra et job som chefdesigner i et modefirma, så det at smide bukserne og dokumentere eget underliv var ikke så nemt, men hun gjorde det. Ikke som et snapshot med flash og stærke farver, men som et diffust sorthvid drømmesyn, hvor hun spillede rollen som lig.

**Og hun tog tøjet af sine
drenge og lavede det
smukkeste, mest esteti-
ske og kærlige portræt,
der nogensinde var
lavet på skolen.**

Aldrig havde nærhed været så intens. Det var grænseoverskridende men slet ikke i pagt med den herskende provokerende anarkisme. Frihed var for Charlotte ikke det snublende, tankeløse, men det inderligt oprigtige.



© Charlotte Hjorth-Rohde/Fatamorgana

**Men hun prøvede det,
frigørelsen, provokation-
en og respektløsheden,
hældte spaghetti i håret
og flirtede med frisindet
erotik og en sort han-
kat.**



© Charlotte Hjorth-Rohde/Fatamorgana

Det var første og eneste gang Charlotte lod sig lokke af tidens turbulente tornado. Siden har hun kun arbejdet i sorthvid, og kun lavet følsomme billeder. Anstændige og fulde af kærlighed. Nej, bekendelsesfotografi var ikke noget for Charlotte, men det var det for Katrine Dollerup.

Ikke vise men være



© Rasmus Rosenkjær/Fatamorgana

Bekendelsen var ikke rettet mod andre, men mod en selv



© Katrine Dollerup/Fatamorgana

Kameraet var med overalt, og alt blev dokumenteret, den solskoldede bagdel, de tabte æg, tamponens hvide snor mellem benene, billederne skulle ikke vise noget, men være noget.



© Katrine Dollerup/Fatamorgana

Bekendelsen var ikke rettet mod andre, men mod en selv. Snapshottet som huskeseddel blev en genre, uestetiske, private flashglimt, notater om det, der skete, det jeg skal huske. Bekendelse og erkendelse. Sådan ser jeg ud, det kan jeg være bekendt.

Jeg bekender mig selv og jeg kan være mig selv bekendt. Flere år senere bad Katrine mig dog fjerne de mest intime bekendelser fra skolens hjemmeside. Hun havde fået mand og barn, og kunsten havde flyttet sig.

Den sidste tid i Teglgårdsstræde var præget af oprud.

Pelle Rink stod i mørkekammeret med sort kant og humanistisk dokumentarisme, et svendestykke om samfundets udstødte, udviklingshæmmede på institution.

Mens Nina Nymann blandt 75 poser farvebilleder fra minilab skulle vælge de turistsnapshots fra Nepal, der dokumenterede hendes rejse, ungdom og tankeløse uvidenhed. Han ville vise, hvad han kunne, hun ville vise, hvem hun var. Han var den sidste klassiske reportagefotograf, hun den første snapshotdokumentarist.

Han dyrkede en genre, hun skabte en ny. Han havde baglandet i orden, hun havde fremtiden for sig.

På vores sidste udstilling i Pisserenden, henne om hjørnet i Galleri Krebsen bredte hun sig impulsivt, skævt, oplevet, energisk, uvidende og legende på den ene endevæg, og

fordi Politiken havde bragt en helside med hendes udstillede billeder af teenagere på diskotek Inn, der dansede på sodavand søndag formiddag, var der for en gang skyld fuldt af besøgende. TV-Lorry ville også være med, pressen lugtede den gode historie og fornemmede, at noget stort var på vej. Bølgen havde medietække, man kunne lide den nye halsbrækkende trend, den var ung, frisk og boblende.

Ugen efter flyttede vi. Siden oktober havde jeg med gamle elever holdt malerweekends i det nye lejemål, der var lagt tæpper på gulvene og bygget mørkekamre i kælderen, stort var det, storslået. En fodboldklub havde fundet andre klublokaler, og vi rykkede ind i et sandt klondyke kvarter, med autoværksteder, koncernhovedkvarter og privatpsykologisk rådgivning.

Der var plads, masser af plads. Til computere, biler, fester og duftende kemikalier. Jeg forudså alvorlige problemer med kommunikationen i så stort et hus i to etager, så jeg anskaffede et internt kaldeanlæg, så man altid kunne kalde mig og jeg, eleverne, men ingen lærte at bruge det, og efter et år pillede jeg det ned igen. Min forestilling om at alt skulle være, som det plejede, blot ville der være bedre plads, viste sig at være helt forkert. Det var noget andet. 30 elever på 400 kvadratmeter i to etager var noget helt andet end 20 elever i en toværelses. Fatamorgana var vokset ud af kravlegården og blevet en institution.

Nye rutiner opstod, nye behov, nye problemer, seriositeten bredte sig, disciplinen blev skærpet, ansvarligheden flyttede sig, og kravene steg, men kunsten var upåvirket. Kunsten og Ånden. Forholdene ændrede sig, men ikke eleverne eller deres billeder. Sproget var det samme, bekendelsesbølgen fortsatte, som om intet var hændt.

Rasmus Rosenkjær tog billeder af sine oplevelser under et hospitalsophold, og Anna Strand tog kameraet med til fest med vennerne.

Personlige, nærgående billeder med intensitet og nerve. Ikke fest og højt humør som da Martin slap gækken løs til dragparty, men tungsindige nærmest apatiske tilstande af tom eksistens, sør, kold, kulørt depression. Afmagt og ungdom blev en ny konstellation.



© Rasmus Rosenkjær/Fatamorgana

Begge søgte de optagelse på den eftertragtede Högskolan för Fotograf och Film, Göteborg Universitet og kom ind.



© Pelle Rink/Fatamorgana



© Pelle Rink/Fatamorgana

Han var den sidste klassiske reportagefotograf, hun den første snapshotdokumentarist.



© Anna Strand/Fatamorgana

Afmagt og ungdom blev en ny konstellation



© Anna Strand/Fatamorgana





Det gav fotografen magt og selvsikkerhed at få sine modeller til at vakle



© Titika Røtkjær/Fatamorgana

Men ikke alle var lige så åbne om egne forhold som Rasmus eller lige så åbenhjertige som Anna, da Dagmar Atladóttir afleverede sit bekendelsesprojekt til gennemgang, en personlig dagbog, var adskillige sider limet sammen, fordi indholdet var så privat, at det ikke kunne vises frem. Hemmelighedskræmmeri og bekendelsesstrategi går dårligt i spand, og snapshotgenren skiftede umærkeligt fra at være selvudleverende til at være modeludleverende. Personerne afslørede sig selv, når man rettede kameraet mod dem og ventede så længe med at trykke på udløseren, at det blev pinligt.

Kameraet blev et våben og personerne klædt af. Ikke bogstaveligt, de frække påfund og dristige afklædninger var nu barnagtige provokationer, men de pinlige sekunder hvor fotosmilet falmede, og usikkerheden afslørede den store sandhed.

Den inderlige oprigtighed kom frem, når masken faldt, og ansigtet overgav sig.

Pinlighedsportrættet tålte ikke indblanding fra konkurrerende baggrunde, helst skulle det være en hvid væg, en tom, hvid neutral flade så det hjælpelest stirrende blik kunne få plads.

Hilde Osen fandt på Fisketorvet et toilet med hvide fliser og en pige med hjerte på brystet.

De opstillede portrætter havde en magisk udstråling af beklethed, den manglende selvsikkerhed, som

de fleste af eleverne havde, blev genskabt i modellernes ansigter. Det gav fotografen magt og selvsikkerhed at få sine modeller til at vakle.

Annas deprimerede venner blev afløst af utallige usikkerhedsattituder, de hurtige dokumentarister stoppede folk på gaden og fik dem til at stå stille lidt for længe, og iscenesetterne trak pinen ud med lamper og stativ, alle skulle give deres bud på, hvordan man fik mest muligt ud af et pinlighedsportræt.

En dag fik jeg forevist et kontaktark med lutter kedelige halvdeprimerede portrætter og spurgte, hvad jeg syntes. Skuffelsen, da jeg ikke kunne finde andet end søvrig ligegyldighed, var lige så stor, som anstrengelserne havde været under optagelsen. Hver eksponering var nemlig lavet efter, at fotograf og model havde kigget hinanden stift i øjnene i 20 minutter. Meningen var, at denne pinagtige, anspændte fortrolighed skulle åbne for en dybere liggende erkendelse. Det meditative portræt.

Jeg kunne forstå på det, jeg fik fortalt, at både fotograf og model havde haft en stor oplevelse, og kunne da billedet var blevet printet i stor størrelse, også godt se, at der i de blanke stirrende øjne for den opmærksomme gemte sig en kim af anderledeshed.

Mulighederne for variationer i det afslørende portræt var snart udtømt, men selv længe efter at bølgen havde toppet, var der elever, der med akademisk kløgt og kreativ opfindsomhed tog det inderlige portræt op i en fornyet udgave.

Titika Røtkjær fik Kirstine, Rebekka og Thora til at gnide øjnene med løg for at få den ønskede virkning af selvutilstrækkelig tragedie.

Der gik iscenesættelse i depressionen, oprigtigheden blev tabt, inderligheden blev postuleret, og efterhånden syntes alle også, at det var meget sjovere at finde på. Bedst var Therese Boisen Haas.



© Hilde Osen/Fatamorgana

De pinlige sekunder hvor fotosmilet falmede og usikkerheden afslørede den store sandhed



© Therese Boisen Haas/Fatamorgana



Hun kunne finde på, hun kunne iscenesætte og hun kunne lide det

Hun kunne finde på, hun kunne iscenesætte, og hun kunne lide det.

Hendes varme latter rungede gennem de opfindsomme selvportrætter, hvor hun enten havde en optøet kylling på skulderen, en sild hængende ned fra loftet eller en kunstig arm på skulderen.



© Therese Boisen Haas/Fatamorgana

Hvid væg, diffust lys, og kvindeligt overlæg. Hun forførte os, vi følte os underholdt og vi morede os. Hun flirtede og spillede og fandt på, altid var

Manipulation var igen blevet god tone



© Therese Boisen Haas/Fatamorgana

der i hendes billeder den særlige twist, at vi godt vidste, hun lokkede med sine former og fantasi, men vi lod os gerne lokke. Manipulation var igen blevet god tone. Det var tilladt at være underholdende. Og opfindsomheden var stor.



© Gry Friis Jørgensen/Fatamorgana

Gry Friis Jørgensen stillede sig i midterrabatten på en motorvej, satte kameraet på stativ og trykkede på selvudløserens gummibold.

Det er en del af underholdningen, at hun stiller sig an, er alene og selv bestemmer. Man skal ikke lede efter dybere motiver, der er ingen bekendelse eller symbolik eller mystik, kun opmærksomhedskrævende underholdning. Vi skal undres og reagere. Vækkes og animeres.

Meningen var at det var meningsløst



© Pernille Paungreen/Fatamorgana

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Finde-på billederne var som kanonslag, der blev antændt, ingen vidste hvor stort et brag, det ville give, og ingen vidste, om det ville få nogen virkning. Man stoppede krudtet i, tændte luntten og løb

Og så var
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At finde
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© Kirstine Lundø Gyldholm/Fatamorgana

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Kirstine Lundø Gyldholm satte ild til mosen. Tørre, visne sivplanter og en gammel havestol lyste op i natten, og billedet skabte opmærksomhed.

Det var anderledes, opsigtsvækkende og underholdende. Og så var det sjovt. At finde på og at se på.

Pernille Paungreen fotograferede sin mor med bananer på skulderen, ikke fordi det havde nogen mening, kun fordi det kunne sætte gang i fantasien. Børnebørn på væggen og bananer på skulderen, hvorfor ikke?

Enhver tolkning var legal, og fik man bare en sund latter, var det også fint. Men helt umuligt var det, hvis man troede, kunstneren havde en skjult dagsorden og i billedet gemte en hemmelig meddelelse til de indforståede. Meningen var, at det var meningsløst.

Iscenesætterne blomstrede, kreativiteten foldede sig ud, og opfindsomheden kappedes om at tiltrække sig opmærksomhed. Det var sjovt at finde på, men kedeligt at fotografere.

Da finde-på billederne var blevet til spekulation og performance, blev det opfindsomme billede afløst af den opfindsomme handling. Som man så dokumenterede med lommekameraet. Man holdt fast i det opsigtsvækkende og underholdende, men kunstværket var ikke længere det billede, man havde fotograferet, men den forestilling, det dokumenterede.

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Nan Na Hvass gik altid rundt med et smil på læben, som pønsede hun på en hemmelig overraskelse. Og hun var fuld af overraskelser, hun kunne finde på, forføre og gennemføre.

Som da hun gik i seng med en dinosaur. En grøn, grim plastikfigur forsøgte sig ved sengetid som grådig elsker, men endte med at falde i søvn på hovedpuden ved siden af Nan Na selv, der tilsyneladende var upåvirket.

Scenancen dokumenterede hun med kameraet i strakt arm, mens hun spillede rollen som sovende uskyldighed.

Det var også Nan Na, der forsøgte sig med hovedspring hjemme i lejligheden.

Den ene væg var tapetseret med en storslået udsigt over havet og typisk for Nan Na fandt hun på at bruge den i en forestilling.

En satirisk, erotisk happening med bid og charme. Vi morer os og bliver forført.

Til opgaven "Du må ikke misbruge Herren din Guds Navn" lavede hun et underfundigt terningsspil med kristelige billeder og ord i stedet for prikker.

Når man slog med terningerne, kunne man få ordene til at danne sætninger som "Ih du Milde!" eller "Vorherre Bevar Os".



© Nan Na Hvass/Fatamorgana

Det var indlysende, at tilfældigheden skabte sætningerne, at man ikke skulle lægge større betydning i dem og alligevel en overraskelse, at sætningerne var meningsfulde, som om tilfældigheden var intelligent og talte til os på guddommeligt vis.

Ideen var fremragende, udformningen gennemført og værket blev optaget på Charlottenborgs Forårsudstilling. I en fornem håndlavet seske blev terningerne vist frem i en montre, overraskelsen over tilfældighedernes spil trængte ikke gennem glasset, men at der gemte sig noget betydningsfuldt i de magiske kuber, var tydeligt for enhver.

Fotografiet havde mistet sit monopol, idealet var at skabe kunst ikke at lave fotografi.

Til en afslutningsudstilling på Cafe Krasnapolski havde Jacob Vinemata Jessen lavet projekt Flyselskab. Han mødte op i pilotuniform og var del af sit eget kunstværk, som ellers bestod af inventar fra det fiktive flyselskabs kontor. Der var merchandise med selskabets logo, flyvemaskineplakater på væggen, kalender og fartplan.

Installationen overflødiggjorde fotografiet. Når det var muligt at vise selve forestillingen, var der ingen grund til at dokumentere den fotografisk og i stedet udstille fotografierne.



© Nan Na Hvass/Fatamorgana

Kunstværket var ikke længere det billede, man havde fotograferet, men den forestilling det dokumenterede



© Nan Na Hvass/Fatamorgana

Idealet var at skabe kunst ikke at lave fotografi

At være fotograf var intet ideal og at fotografere var ingen sag



© Joen Vedel Pedersen/Fatamorgana

Så da Espen Gleditsch skabte et kunstværk, der i otte trin demonstrerede en burgers udvikling gennem et par uger i stuetemperatur, ville det ikke have haft den optimale effekt, hvis kunstværket blot var blevet visuelt dokumenteret. Duften var del af værket. Mugpletterne kunne man fotografere, men stanken klæbede til originalerne.

Men da han skabte værket Venstresokker, som var en tørresnor spændt ud i den ene stue med enlige sokker stjålet på forskellige møntvaskerier, fulgte der et katalog med, hvor hver enkelt sok var gengivet. Og der kunne fotografiet bruges.

At være fotograf var intet ideal og at fotografere var ingen sag.

Det provokerede mig at Espen åbentlyst neglicherede fotografiets betydning og fotografens rolle. Han arbejdede på projekt "sorte huller" og i irritation over hans videnskabsteoretiske attitude og manglende fotografiske vision kom jeg til at sige:

- Du er altså ikke videnskabsmand, hvortil han vrissede:
- Hvorfor tror du ikke det?

Billedet som et fladt rektangulært stykke papir var gammeldags og utilstrækkeligt, nu skulle billedet være virkeligt, en handling, et objekt eller installation.



© Joen Vedel Pedersen/Fatamorgana



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Joen Vedel Pedersen besøgte en spiritist, gik til logikerkongres og var lige så meget videnskabsmand som kunstner. Han tænkte sine projekter og dokumenterede, hvad der foregik. Han kunne ikke fotografere, men han var suveræn til at tænke.



© Joen Vedel Pedersen/Fatamorgana

Som da han løb gennem en eng med en mandshøj parabol, eller satte en af vennerne til under en blå himmel at stirre ind i ensfarvet blå billede. Han fotograferede nørderne, mens de grublede i en rundkreds og sig selv, mens han mediterede i solopgangen.

Vi måtte forestille os, hvad de tænkte på, men at det var stort og betydningsfuldt, var man ikke i tvivl om.



© Joen Vedel Pedersen/Fatamorgana

Joen kom på Kunstakademiet det år, og året efter også Thomas Bo Østergaard.

Til en af hans første gennemgange tordnede jeg over hans sløse, elendige billeder. Han havde til en opgave om det nedrivningstruede Ungdomshuset på Jagtvej været i Faderhuset ved siden af og over været en gudstjeneste. Frimenigheden havde købt Ungdomshuset og ventede kun på, at de unge skulle blive smidt ud. Men istedet for at se, hvad der foregik, så man ind i nakken på de personer, der stod foran.

- Du skal tættere på. Hvad laver du dernede allerbagest?
- Jeg lavede lyd.

Han havde med sin mobiltelefon lavet lydoptagelser af gudstjenesten. Fantastisk stemningsmættet lyd af menigheden der i kor messede bønner om frelse. En skrattende skraben som fra en støjsender gjorde det hele autentisk og spændende som en spionoptagelse fra underverdenen. Så fik han igen skæld ud, men nu for at have afleveret de elendige billeder og ikke den fantastiske lyd.
- Når det en dag går op for dig,

hvor dygtig du er, så bliver du god, messede jeg, rigtig god! Da han søgte optagelse på Kunstakademiet var det dels med tændstikmodeller af større installationer, et par af de flade, rektangulære og så to båndoptagere med hvert deres lydbillede, det ene med Faderhusets skrattende Gudspåkaldelse.

Hvor Thomas var famlende og intuitiv, var Per Juul Poulsen selvsikker og uovervindelig. Måttet og metodisk arbejdede han på stiftelsen og driften af et fiktivt telegrambureau. Første aflevering var et bestyrelsesmøde i telegrambureauet. Den ene af stuerne var indrettet som mødelokale, hvor alt var gjort klar til det fiktive

møde. Der var kartotekskort og brochurer for utopiske opfindelser i 30'erne. Der var vand og kaffe og så firmaets nyeste produkt, det skudsikre telegram.

Med spænding fulgte vi de kommende måneder firmaets udvikling, og Pers ihærdighed og hjernegymnastik førte os gennem alle faser af kommunikationens snirklede labyrint, og hans visuelle bestræbelser på absurde løsninger var både underholdende og humoristiske.

Og det smittede. Perioden var fuld af kreative opfindelser, hvor performance var det bærende element og fotografiet et redskab til dokumentation.



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Oftentimes it was the photographer himself, who figured in the performance as Camilla Josefine Stephan took a self-portrait, sitting in front of a portrait of her mother, who sat in front of a picture, an oil painting from the Greenlandic fjeld.



© Camilla Josefine Stephan/Fatamorgana

Felipe was a Chilean flight attendant who grew up in Sweden and now temporarily lives in Denmark to go to a photography school. What the pill contained, or why he took it, he did not know, but it was something both important and dangerous. He took the pill to become Danish faster? Or did he take it to be able to hold out and stay in Denmark?

How Camilla's performance was enlightening and serious was Jonathan's amusing and humorous. We were urged to fantasize, to create our own performance. Funny was Joachim Adrian Mikkelsen too. Overdramatic,



© Joachim Adrian Mikkelsen/Fatamorgana

selfironic, grotesque on the border of the vulgar. It started in Laura Eriksen's week as a guest performer, where he let a girl throw herself on the bed with a bloody sild in blondetresses. The picture has since been on the front page of his

homepage and given the name to the domain www.fotosild.dk. The picture was of the boys, who were taking a bath in cornflakes and ham, and on all four sides were licking red Bavarian sausages on their loverboys' bare stomachs.



© Joachim Adrian Mikkelsen/Fatamorgana

Men mesterværket var en dekadent satirisk, grotesk forestilling, hvor unge, der med bajere i hånden og brystholderen halvt nede, tog pis på 11. september, terroristforskrækkelsen og pressens oppiskede krigsrumlen.

Det var i foråret 2003, jeg havde stillet opgaven: »Kommentar til Krig. I anledning af den kommende krig i Irak har Louisiana besluttet at invitere et bredt udsnit af danske billedkunstnere til at ytre sig med et eller flere aktuelle værker. (...) En visuel kommentar der sammen med de øvrige værker kan skabe en alsidig, levende, seværdig udstilling, der fremfor alt dokumenterer at danske billedkunstnere har noget på hjerte.«

Det havde Joachim. Han havde ikke blot noget på hjerte, han havde også modet til at give udtryk for det. Det var ikke god tone på det tidspunkt at parodiere de unges apolitiske egoisme, deres pseudo-dekadente begærighed og hjerne-nedøde træthed. At gøre grin med tvillingetårnernes kollaps et halvt år tidligere var uhørt. Og uset.

WE're at WAR stoppet ned i en A-skål var ikke til at tage fejl af. Det var underholdende satire, en forestilling med mening.

En visuel slægtshistorie der i tre generationer udtyndede mormoderens karakteristiske eskimoiske ansigtstræk. En forestilling, skabt af fantasi og Photoshop.

Men Jonathan Grevsens en-akter hvor en nøgen, mørklødet ung mand med Dannebrog som bagtæppe tager sin pille, var rigtigt nok. Dokumenteret iscenesættelse.



© Camilla Josefine Stephan/Fatamorgana

Performance var det bærende element



© Jonathan Grevsens/Fatamorgana

Vi blev tvunget til at fantasere, skabe hver vores forestilling



© Jonathan Grevsens/Fatamorgana



WE REAT
WAR

CRISIS

SPECIAL
REPORT
New

Judging
Powell's
Evidence
The New
High-Tech
Tools of
War



Irakere
trænes i
Ungarn

Dansk
PILSNER

ACTS OF WAR

People

Du skulle ikke underholdes men bringes i forlegenhed

Det blev mere og mere almindeligt at lade forestillingerne optage på video istedet for at dokumentere dem i fotografi.

Mie Riis Christiansen løste opgaven »Døden i Dig« med sin mobiltelefon. En enkelt, poetisk fortælling med vasketøj i vinden, flæser og mormors rynkede fingre, en pære, der slukkes og en dør, der lukkes.

En kort, smuk video, der havde det ene problem, at den var taget på højkant. Vi måtte lægge computeren ned på siden, da vi til gennemgang afspillede hendes hjertesuk.

En anden video var resultatet af fem elevers fælles frustration over en umulig opgave.

De havde fået hvert deres læserbrev fra lokalavisen og skulle så fabulere over eller bore i eller bare forholde sig til emnet. I desperation over opgaven valgte de i stedet i levende billeder at vise, hvad de foretog sig, når de plaget af præstationsangst skulle få tiden til at gå.

Mette Kaj blev husmoderaktiv, strøg sokker, skurede køkken og rensede komfur, mens Benjamin Kürstein drev den af på divanen

med høj musik, tændt fjernsyn og en smøg i flaben.

Jesper Brantefors filmede, hvad han så, når han sad på wc, Eva Marie Rødbro dansede rundt i mørket og Alette Schei Rørvik talte i telefon med sin mor uden for billedet, mens vi i fugleperspektiv stirrede på hendes forladte kabale på køkkenbordet.

Et tidstypisk dokument med selvransagelse og humor og langt mere end bare en kommentar til et læserbrev.

At lave video, når man var vant til stills, var som at skabe et nyt sprog, det skulle ikke læres, men opfindes.

Nan Na Hvass havde længe haft et billede i hovedet, som hun gerne ville lave, en erindring fra barndommen, som hun ikke kunne slippe. Det var billedet af hendes far, når han med sin lommekniv sirligt skrællede en appelsin og skar frugt ud før sengetid til Nan Na og hendes mor.

Hun fik den efterhånden grånende far til at gentage kunststykket foran et tændt kamera og opfandt oneshot-videoen.

En laaa-a-ng indstilling med det

samme kedsommelige motiv, som taget af et overvågningskamera efter lukketid. Intet drama, ingen handling, ingen bomber, ingenting. Og en far, der skærer frugt.

Så var hovedpersonen i Michala Paludan Nautrup-Hansens oneshot-video lidt mere interessant, eller i hvert fald opsigtsvækkende. Hun havde i en uges tid kørt rundt med et grisehoved på bagagebæreren for at tage dramatiske, groteske, opfindsomme billeder af Charleys amputerede hovede placeret strategiske steder, hvor det kunne være underholdende eller lattervækkende eller provokerende.

Hovedet, hun havde fået udleveret i forbindelse med sin individuelle opgave, kom som dagene gik til at lugte mere og mere, men ikke noget af det hun fandt på, brød hun sig om, da hun så billederne. Det var ene var mere dumfjøllet end det andet.

Så besluttede hun at lave en video.

En video hvor der ikke sker noget-somhelst, hun og Charley sidder begge i en lille sofa og tiden går.

En laaa-a-ng indstilling af hende

og grisehovedet ved siden af hinanden.

De to videoer, Michalas med Charley og Nan Nas med farmand åbnede døren til en ny periode, hvor billedet ikke bød sig til, men var en autoritet. Du skulle ikke underholdes, men bringes i forlegenhed. Billedet forsøgte ikke at få dig til at forstå, men til at adlyde. Du kunne godt stille spørgsmål, men du fik intet svar.

Hvorfor findes det, hvorfor finder det sted? Fordi det gør. Hvorfor skal jeg sidde og kigge på det, når der ikke sker noget? Fordi du skal.

Det slog mig hen mod slutningen af Michalas grisehovedvideo, at det netop var det, Michala havde forsøgt længe i alt sit fotografi, at lave det åbentlyst indiskutable, billeder af at adlyde, en personificering af tankeløs accept.

Det var det, hun gjorde, da hun i en af sine første opgaver i 24 timer flyttede ind i en forladt kontorbygning alene med sin sovepose og en madpakke. Hun adlød.

Det var et eksperiment, hun ville

mærke, hvad der skete med hende, når hun var længe alene et fremmed sted. Og så ville hun fotografere tiden.

Det var så tydeligt, da de sad i sofaen, hun og Charley, at de ikke anede hvorfor. De var placeret, de havde accepteret, men så ikke mere. Nu skulle tiden bare gå.

Sådan er det jo, at være menneske. Vi er placeret, vi har accepteret og så skal tiden bare gå.

Selvfølgelig, det var derfor jeg havde været så indædt irriteret på Nan Nas far, fordi han accepterede, og derfor jeg mod slutningen af Michalas video utålmodigt råbte til skærmen, at det altså var et grisehoved, hun sad ved siden af:

- Du skal ikke finde dig i det, så gør dog noget!

Hun tænkte ikke på noget tidspunkt på at forstå, men kun holde ud.

Det indlysende tåbelige var uomgængeligt.

Kunsten var ikke forestillingen eller videoen, men reaktionen. Ikke det jeg så, men det jeg råbte. Jeg reagerede instinktivt følelsesmæssigt ved at se mig selv i kunstens spejl.



© Michala Paludan Nautrup-Hansen/Fatamorgana



© Lotte Fløe Christensen/Fatamorgana



© Julie Ulvestad Salvesen/Fatamorgana

Billedet forsøgte ikke at få dig til at forstå, men til at adlyde



© Kirstine Autzen/Fatamorgana



© Michala Paludan Neutrup-Hansen/Fatamorgana

En personificering af tankeløs accept

Men også i stillfotografiet flirtede man med evigheden, billedet, der upåvirket fortsatte i det uendelige. Accepten af det evindeligt meningsløse, det indlysende tåbelige til evig tid. Billeder, der udstråler ultimativ autoritet. Du skal ikke forføres, underholdes eller aktiveres, der skal ikke forhandles eller diskuteres eller forstås. Billederne var som ukrænkelige ikoner, de bragte budskab om ydmygt at adlyde. Være troende eller gå.

Lotte Fløe Christensen tog til Råbjerg Mile for at finde evighed. Sand så langt øjet rækker og så Lotte, der vender op og ned på verden.

Kirstine Autzen havde tidligere hos Søren Lose på Krabbesholm Højskole lavet en serie udstoppede fugle.

Nu gav hun en kvinde en af dem i hænderne og placerede hende alene i et værelse med et udtryk i ansigtet, som om hun ikke aner, hvad hun laver der.



© Julie Ulvestad Salvesen/Fatamorgana

Det virker meningsløst, og det er det også. Kvinden adlyder og accepterer. Og jeg reagerer. Jeg råber til hende som for at befri hende fra de sekteriske og frelste, der har hjernevasket hende. - Så gør dog noget! Men hun bliver stående som fanget af usynlige kræfter.

Julie Ulvestad Salvesen fandt gamle billeder af sin mor, der på en vandretur har sat sig for at nyde udsigten i de norske fjelde.



© Julie Ulvestad Salvesen/Fatamorgana

Evigheden er der, og for at gøre den større havde Julie filmet det dårlige billede på video og affotograferet det igen fra en tv-skærm. Der var ikke meget mening tilbage, information eller fornøjelse. Men autoritet. Billedet var indiskutabelt, du skulle tro på det, ikke forstå det.

Fatamorgana Fylder 18

Fatamorganakunstens Historie 1999-2007

Men Kristina Bengtsson var anderledes, hendes evighed var en fastfrysning af tiden.

En liter sødmælk i luften var uforståeligt, tåbeligt, og troede man ikke på det, var det også ligegyldigt. Men det gjorde man, for billedet udstrålede autoritet.

Det var indlysende, at det ikke kunne være anderledes. Selvom ingen nogensinde med deres øjne havde set det guddommelige syn, så vidste man, at det fandtes. Det var selve sandheden.

Markus Öhrn var nok den, der startede ikonbølgen, men dengang anede jeg ikke, hvad det skulle føre med sig. Markus var nøjsom, dybsindig, grundig og stædig.

De første fire måneder var hans motiv altid det samme enlige træ på en vindblæst mark. En enlig forpjusket vækst midt i ødemarken overladt til vind og vejr og tilfældighedernes spil. Ingen regnede det for noget, og ingen tog notits af det, men det var der.

Det kunne ikke bruges til noget, det havde ingen værdi, det var uforståeligt og ligegyldigt, men det var der.

Lige så langsomt tog han andre

elementer ind i sit fotografi, men udtrykket var altid det samme, aldrig lod han sig lokke til hverken diskussion eller fornøjelse. Hans ambition var at udtrykke karakter og personlighed.

Efter fire måneder med enlige træer fotograferede han sin mor på et hotelværelse. En enlig forpjusket kvinde i underkjole på en fremmed seng i et fremmed land, uden værdi og uden mening, ingen regnede hende for noget. Men hun var der.

Et fantastisk stærkt, personligt billede.

Min antagelse, at de enlige træer havde været en slags selvportrætter, viste sig at være fejlagtig. Markus var ikke selvoptaget, træerne var hans mor.

Efter endnu en periode på Fatamorgana søgte han optagelse på Kunstfäch i Stockholm med en serie gennemtænkte, iscenesatte hverdagsituationer.

Forpjuskede skæbner udsat for tilfældighedernes spil midt i ingenting. Det de gør kan ikke bruges til noget, det er uforståeligt og ligegyldigt, det har ingen værdi. Ingen regner dem for noget, ingen tager notits af dem. Men de er der.



© Kristina Bengtsson/Fatamorgana



© Markus Öhrn/Fatamorgana



© Markus Öhrn/Fatamorgana

Sådan er det jo, at være menneske. Vi er placeret, vi har accepteret og så skal tiden bare gå

Fatamorgana Fylder 18

Fatamorganakunstens Historie 1999-2007

Billederne udstrålede autoritet, dette var sandheden. Den ukvæmkelige sandhed om at være menneske, vi var ikke i tvivl, det var de heller ikke på Kunstfåch i Stockholm.
Eller på Charlottenborg, da de valgte billederne til årets forårsudstilling.

Lotte Fløe Christensen arbejdede videre med projekt verden på hovedet, fik vennerne til at gemme sig i træerne, falde i et med hækken eller flygte fra det hele som den fjerne kvinde med den hvide kuffert.



© Lotte Fløe Christensen/Fatamorgana



© Lotte Fløe Christensen/Fatamorgana

Dokumentarfotograferne som hastede fra den ene begivenhed til den anden og fotograferede snublende og impulsivt fik lidt mere ro på motorikken. De duftede til evigheden og holdt igen på lokkemaden. Gav sig tid til det langstrakte billede.

Som da Anders Birch fotograferede hjemme hos en familie i Søllerød. I uger gik han frem og tilbage mellem søgte tæpper og swimmingpool for at fange de afgørende øjeblikke, der levede op til de gyldne regler for god reportage.
Men evigheden smittede og i hans til sidst meget smukke bog om familien, var hovedbilledet et tåbelighedsbillede.

På gulvet i gangen lige foran den åbne havedør ligger han på ryggen, familiens unge mand. Verden på hovedet.

Det var længe siden en ny elev den første dag på Journalisthøjskolen blev rost som Anders blev det for sin Søllerød bog.
Troskabsperioden havde givet billederne autoritet og bogen format.

Du skal tro ikke forstå



© Anders Birch/Fatamorgana

Man havde et usvigeligt mod, en naiv selvsikkerhed og evnen til altid at finde en genvej

Ulla Maria Aude var ung, hurtig og glad. Hun havde svært ved det langsomme billede, var alt for rastløs til det tænksomme og kedelige, men elskede når hun var omgivet af tåbeligheder.

Når hun kunne få sig en god latter, så sprudede hendes billeder, og det kunne hun i vandlandet Lalandia. Bedre end nogen anden kunne hun finde og fange forlorenheden, hun kostede rundt med mandfolkene og lod som om, hun var imponeret.

Og hun tog til dyrlæge, og lod som om hun syntes, det var synd for både de stakkels kæledyr, der havde fået noget i øjet og deres ulykkelige teenagemødre.

Det var befriende at grine med Ulla, hun var gavmild, lattermild, ukompliceret og indbydende, og så kunne hun se.

Stak hovedet i en kumrefryser og så, at her var der guf for lattermusklerne.

Det expressive, umiddelbart forståelige billede med enkelhed og kraft bredte sig, man fandt udtrykfulde motiver, eller man skabte dem, skellet mellem dokumentarfoto og iscenesættelse blev udvisket, man skiftede fra det ene til det andet, uden at nogen opdagede det, det var ikke noget problem at blande det, man havde fundet, med det, man havde arrangeret, når bare det var sjovt at gøre. Og de havde det sjovt, de expressive, altid på farten efter udtryk.

Trine Chrzan Olsen gik kold, da hun fik til opgave at lave en serie anderledes postkort om København. En fiktiv opgave, der opfordrede hende til at forene det professionelle med det expressive, men det blev ingen succes. Hun havde svært ved at forestille sig postkort som andet end kedsommeligt seværdighedsfoto.

Men så snart hun igen følte sig fri, strøede hun om sig med expressive postkort. Og den fik ikke for lidt, turisterne ville have elsket dem.



© Ulla Maria Aude/Fatamorgana



© Ulla Maria Aude/Fatamorgana



© Trine Chrzan Olsen/Fatamorgana

Hun dokumenterede og iscenesatte og gav den hele armen, han er ikke bare nøgen, den parykkledte dragqueen, han blæser også bobblegum og eliminerer diskret sit mandlige kendetegn, mens han danser for Trine i sin garderobe.

Jo, det var sjovt at være expressiv. Man havde et usvigeligt mod, en naiv selvsikkerhed og evnen til altid at finde en genvej.

Som da Julie Breuning ville fortælle, hvordan hun havde det. Andre var nok gået til i tænkning, hvis de havde haft det som Julie, men hun var resolut og visuelt begavet, gik hen i den nærmeste dyrehandel, købte en håndfuld maddiker, og så var det bare at stikke tungen frem.

Følebilledet havde fået en renaissance. I seriens andre billeder kravler kakkelakker ud ad navlen, melorme rundt om brystvorten og en regnorm snor sig kølent i kønsbehåringen, intet kunne tæmme Julie, når hun havde noget på hjerte.

Jeg var gerne skeptisk, når hun tog fat på for vanskelige følelser, men hver gang måtte jeg overgive mig, hun visualiserede bare bedre end andre de mest usigelige fornemmelser og følelser.



© Julie Breuning/Fatamorgana

© Julie Breuning/Fatamorgana

Som følelsen af at blive indlagt på psykiatrisk afdeling. Indlysende enkelt og umiddelbart forståeligt. Det er som ikke at kunne synke.

Aldrig er magtesløshed blev visualiseret så expressivt. Julies mål var at komme på Glasgow School of Art og efter tre ophold på Fatamorgana tog hun til Glasgow til interview og blev faktisk lidt skuffet over, at de allerede efter at have bladret de første billeder igennem havde besluttet sig for, at hun var optaget. Interview blev der ikke noget af, billederne sagde, hvad der skulle siges.

Aldrig er magtesløsheden blevet visualiseret så expressivt.



© Julie Breuning/Fatamorgana

Politisk feministisk kunst som vi ikke før havde set



© Mette Rask Pedersen/Fatamorgana

Tonen var rå, der blev ikke holdt igen på afmagt eller afsky



© Marit Silsand/Fatamorgana



© Julie Breuning/Fatamorgana

De bestemte, de satte i scene og de afslørede

Tonen var rå, der blev ikke holdt igen på afmagt eller afsky, billederne var udleverende og pågående og aggressive.

En nyfeministisk linje, hvor kvinderne dominerede med selvbevidst, maskulin tone, politisk feministisk kunst som vi ikke før havde set.

Som da Marie Lærke Sørensen poserede nøgen med sin festklædte mor i hånden. Et råt generationsportræt med et næsten trodsigt krav om, at få det frem i lyset, som har ligget gemt i bunden af skabet.

De kostede rundt, kvinderne, med deres mødre, med hinanden og med deres kærestes. De bestemte, de satte i scene og de afslørede.

Da Mette Rask Pedersen fik til opgave at lave en parafrase på et still-life værk af kubisten Braque: Grapes and Clarinet, beholdt hun druerne, men erstattede klarinetten med sine bryster dypet i flødeskum.

Fed satire på en lækkerbidsken.

Marit Silsand gav sin kæreste en sildehaj om halsen, kold, våd og slatten. Følelserne nærmest løb ned over hans behårede bryst.

Ekspressivt og effektivt.



© Marie Lærke Sørensen/Fatamorgana

Ekspressivt og effektivt



© Helga Cathrine Theilgaard/Fatamorgana

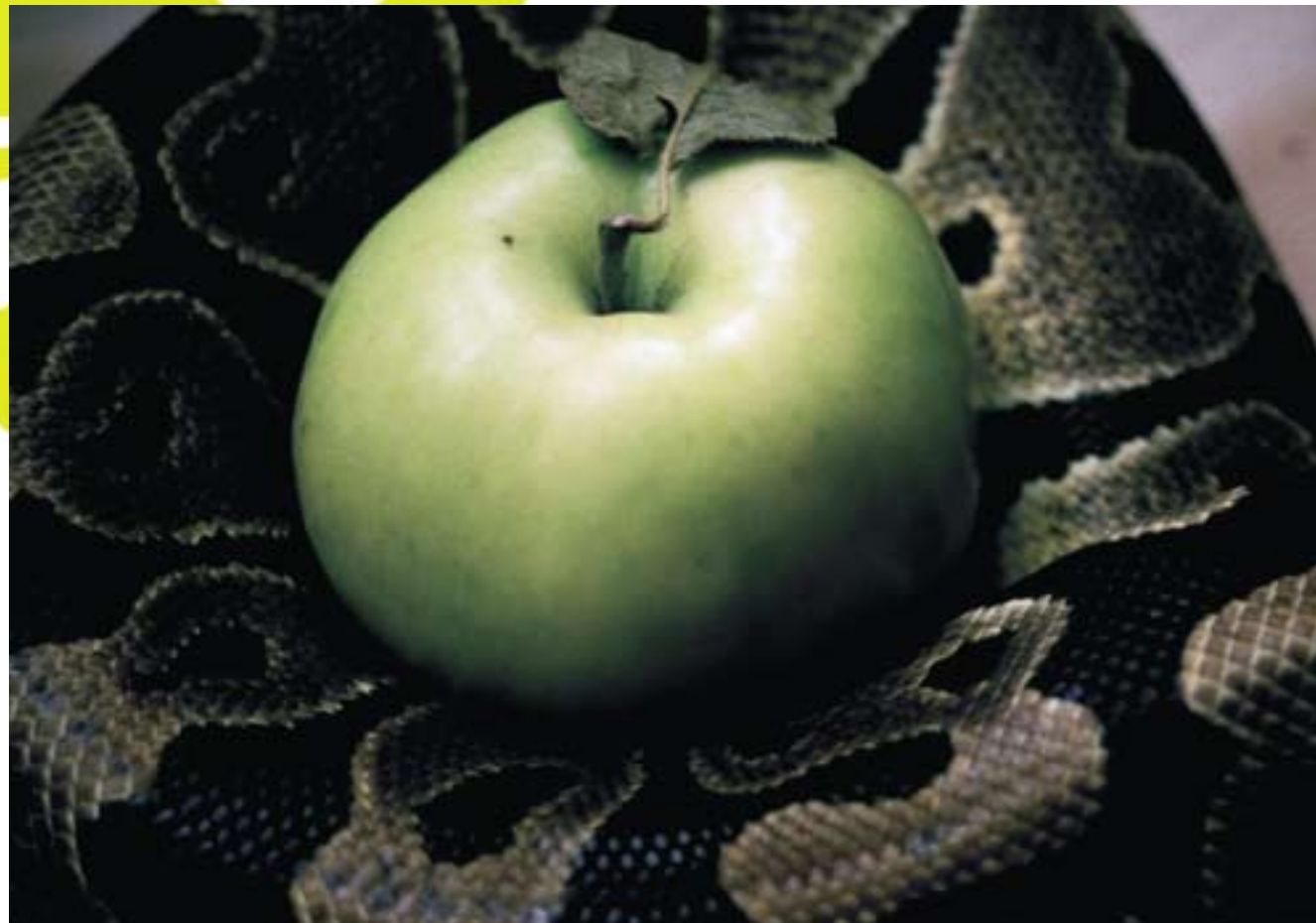


© Helga Cathrine Theilgaard/Fatamorgana

Personligheden kom ikke til udtryk i det, du kunne, turde eller fandt på, men i den du var

Andreas Nilsson var også expressiv, og selvom opgaven ikke var at vise følelser, men at skabe billeder for de troende, kirkeudsmykning, så var æblets bløde runde form i høj grad udtryk for noget han følte.

Det æble duftede af begær. Hans nytolkning af skabelsesberetningen fra at være en slange, der lokker kvinden, til at være en slange, der beskytter sin kvinde, var visuel unik. Den gamle beretning fik et moderne indhold. Du skal ikke lade en slange lokke din kvinde, men du skal begære hende, selvom hun ligger midt i slangereden. Mændene kunne også være effektive.



© Andreas Nilsson/Fatamorgana

Kine Ravn fik eleverne til at turde, Anders Petersen fik dem til at føle og JH Engstöm fik dem til at underdrive og være ærlige



© Jacob Hoeck/Fatamorgana

Jacob Hoeck, som havde afbrudt en læreplads i Herning for at gå på Fatamorgana, arrangerede aldrig sine billeder. Han fandt dem, stødte ind i dem, blev tiltrukket af dem og tog dem til sig.

Med udtryksfuld enkelhed tog han fotografiske notater, hvor han gik og alt, hvad han fotograferede og valgte var visualiseringer af, hvad han følte, aldrig hvad han så. Udsnit, afstand, framing og skarphe

hed beskrev i hans billeder altid, hvordan han var, og hvordan han havde det. Det han skulle fotografere, for at vise hvordan det så ud, interesse

Folk på gaden blev fjerne skikkelser og kvinden i hans liv en varm krop.

rede ham ikke, og det var ham helt umuligt at skjule i et billede, hvordan han havde det med motivet.

For sådan var Jacob, sky overfor fremmede og kærlig over for sine nærmeste. Efter tre perioder på Fatamorgana fik han ansættelse som lærer på Teknisk Skole men kunne ikke fastansættes, fordi han var sprunget fra sin læreplads som reklamefotograf og istedet blevet følsom dokumentarist.

Han har siden fortsat sin følsomme stil og for nylig udgivet bogen »Detour«.

To drenge har han fået med sin kæreste, min ældste datter Amalie.

Kodeordet var ærlig

Dokumentarfotografiet havde flyttet sig.

Fra at være iøjnefaldende og velformuleret, argument og udlevering blev det nu et redskab for intuition og tilbøjelighed. Billederne skulle ikke vise følelser, men være skabt af følelser. Personligheden kom ikke til udtryk i det, du kunne, turde eller fandt på, men i den du var.

Julia Ekström var sådan en intuitiv, følsom hjemmedokumentarist. Hun fik som 19-årig afslag på optagelse, men da hun insisterede og gjorde en indsats, kom hun ind året efter og startede fuld af ambitioner og energi uden at ane, hvor det ville bære hen. Det eneste hun var helt sikker på var, at hun ville være berømt. Hendes far havde gået på Christer Strömholm Skolen med Anders Petersen næsten 40 år tidligere, og nu skulle farmand imponeres.

Hun var god, men ikke så god, som far gerne så hende. Der var for mange uskarpe og for stærke farver. Så var hendes mor mere begejstret. Hun stillede sig til rådighed for Julias kamera og intuition og inden længe, var Julia godt igang med et portræt af Morsan.

Det ene fantastiske billede fulgte efter det andet, mors brystopererede overkrop, hendes festmaling af læberne, sovende under dynen, i armene på sin mand og på tur med hunden, det trivielle næsten gabende nærliggende blev hyperinteressant i Julias billeder.

Hun blandede polaroid, farvesnapshot med sort-hvid elegance, medicinsk registrering og familiealbumskæverter med følelses skarpe drømme. Som en leg. Hun opfandt en ny dokumentarisk stil. En teknisk rodebutik der emmede af kærlighed, fortællelyst og spænding.

Kodeordet var ærlig. Dokumentarfotografiet havde fået nyt look, men sigtet var det samme, ærligheden en dyd.

Kine Ravn fik eleverne til at turde, Anders Petersen fik dem til at føle og JH Engström, til at underdrive og være ærlige.

Kun når Julia ville pynte på billederne, sagde jeg fra. Når hun ville designe eller bare tilrettelægge, så satte jeg en stopper for det, ellers fik hun frit spil og skabte en fantastisk serie, som gav hende adgang til Kunstakademiet i København.

Og farmand tøede op. Han kan stadig ikke se den store kvalitet i det, hun laver, men respekterer at det kan andre.



© Julia Ekström/Fatamorgana



© Julia Ekström/Fatamorgana



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**Billederne
skulle
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men være
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Der har altid i Fatamorganakunsten været nogle grundliggende fælles regler, som ingen havde bestemt, men som altid blev overholdt

Der har altid i Fatamorganakunsten været nogle grundliggende fælles regler, som ingen havde bestemt, men som altid blev overholdt. En slags billedernes forudsætning. Der var noget, man bare ikke gjorde. Det forbudte billede.

Billedet, der var lavet på bestilling for at sælge et produkt var underlødigt. Det kommercielle billede og det kunstneriske var i elevernes øjne som prostitution og kærlighed. At give sig i kast med bestillingsbilledet var altid en risikofyldt affære, så når eleverne for at tjene penge lavede kommercielle opgaver, skete det i smug, og hvis det blev opdaget, blev billederne syltet ind i undskyldninger og forbehold. Ingen måtte tage fejl og tro, at det her var noget, de mente.

Det kommercielle billede var forbudt, men det var det kommercielle look også. Ingen turde nærme sig bestillingsbilledets estetik i frygt for at blive stemplet som uærlig og underlødig. Men netop som dokumentarfotoet midt i den turbulente periode var ved at genfinde sine oprindelige idealer og finde mening og form, dukkede billeder op, som hidtil havde været forbudte. Vanna Envall poserede.

Med en fotomodels selvsikre attitude tog hun opstilling på udvalgte fotogene steder iklædt smart tøj.

Det var ikke karrikatur, satire eller forsøjt billeder, det var mode. Moderne mode. Mode med stil.



© Rebecka Möller/Fatamorgana

Billederne var ingen protest, ikke for at sige imod eller gøre noget farligt og provokerende, de var et resultat af tidens rummelighed.

Det var begyndelsen på hvorfor-ikke? perioden.

Hvor skellet før havde været mellem virkeligt og arrangeret, kom det til at gå mellem ærlig og hvorfor-ikke?

Vanna i marehalmen blev udstillingsplakat det år, eleverne vurderede, diskuterede og valgte det, man anså for at være det bedst egnede billede.

Og helt ærlig, hvorfor ikke?

Rebecka Möllers sofistikerede modebilleder var ikke helt så forbudte. Der lå en god portion selvironi og humor i de stylede opstillinger af supersmarte kvinder og mænd, som var de taget til det franske modeblad Vogue i starten af 50'erne.

Rebecka havde gjort meget ud af scenografi, casting, make-up og rekvisitter og gjorde billederne autentiske ved at fotografere i den gammeldags studiestive stil.

Hvorfor-ikke? perioden havde givet hende mod til at realisere en drøm om at visualisere fortidens kvindeideal.

Forbudstiden var forbi



© Rune Bjørk Mandshjerg/Fatamorgana

Og det var ikke kun det forbudte modefotografi man legaliserede, der var flere andre lige så forbudte genrer, illustrationen, den grafiske illustration var et minefelt. Vores billeder skulle altid selv bære budskabet, aldrig bringe andres budskab videre. Ordet smart var negativt og indikerede falsk lokkende overflade uden særlighed.

Rune Bjørk Mandshjerg var genre-ekvilibrant. Han kunne hoppe fra den ene stil til den anden, og han gjorde det. Mangfoldighed var en kvalitet, og hans visuelle talent og ihærdighed gav ham mange succeser i lige så mange genrer. Hans ambition var ikke at være mere og mere personlig, men mere og mere alsidig. Ikke at tilnærme sig en enkelt genre, men at kunne vælge den, der passede bedst.

Illustrationen var lige noget for Rune, og hans bestræbelser i den grafiske verden resulterede i en serie fantastiske ornamenter med en blomsterkrone som grundmotiv og Photo-shop som værktøj.

Havde de været dårligt udført, ville jeg have vrænget tapetprøver efter dem, men de så faktisk rigtig godt ud. Dagen efter var Rune sprunget til en ny genre og kom aldrig i ornamenterbutikken igen.

Da et tysk erotisk magasin viste interesse for Olivia Frølichs afklædte veninder i dobbeltsengen og spurgte, om hun ikke ville sende, hvad hun havde af erotiske billeder, sagde hun ikke nej.

Hun vurderede forespørgslen seriøst, kiggede på sine billeder af veninderne, fandt ud af, hvad magasinet ville betale og sagde så:

- Hvorfor ikke?

Hun flirtede med erotik og mode og havde ingen skruber ved at sælge sine billeder. Tværtimod blussede hun af stolthed over udsigten til professionalisme og anerkendelse. Pigebilledet som genre var blevet legaliseret, den nøgne eller halvafklædte kvinde måtte godt tilfredsstille erotiske fantasier. Grænsen for det tilladelige smuldrede, forbudstiden var forbi.

Pompt og pragt var ikke længere amoralsk

Men også det flotte billede, det imponerende og præsentable, som altid var blevet forhånet og nedgjort for sit indholdsløse øjenbedrag, blev revurderet og accepteret.

Pompt og pragt var ikke længere amoralsk, bare fordi det var kommercielt. Eller havde et kommercielt look.

Thomas Nørdam Andersen havde været freelancefotograf og var en erfaren rotte, når det gjaldt kommercielle glansbilleder. Han kunne kringle den, så det kom til at se dødgodt ud, han var en mester i flotte billeder.

Men også indholdsløse og kedelige. På Fatamorgana ville han gerne udvikle sin flottenheimer billedstil, men endte med at slå en ordentlig kolbøtte og arbejdede i stedet med personlig, impulsiv, skitsepræget snapshot.

Men han forlod aldrig beundringen for det flotte billede. Selvom han kastede det ene vidunderlige intense, oplevede lynskud på bordet efter det andet og fik masser af ros, så kunne han ikke ændre sin opfattelse af, hvordan et rigtigt billede så ud, snapshottet var for nemt. Det var uforståeligt for menigmand og kommercielt uanvendeligt.

Men billedet af Mærsk Mc.Kinney Møllers nye pragtværk, der spejlet sig i den blanke vandoverflade, det var svært, det var imponerende, og det kunne enhver forstå.



© Thomas Nørdam Andersen/Fatamorgana

Han skulle som opgave lave et billede til Menneskerettighedserklæringens artikel: "Enhver har ret til frit at deltage i samfundets kulturelle liv" og kunne ikke stå for fristelsen til at lave et kommercielt pragtbillede af det nye operahus. Bagefter solgte han det til skibredderen. Hvorfor ikke?

Men den kommercielle bølge havde mistet sin kraft og hvorfor-ikke? perioden døde snart hen.



© Olivia Frølich/Fatamorgana

Nysgerrighed og personlighed var på banen igen

Lysten til at hente selvsikkerhed i det eksisterende marked ændrede sig til lysten til hente selvsikkerhed i det originale. Det man ikke havde set før. Verden skulle ikke have, hvad den bad om, men hvad den havde godt af. Det den ikke vidste, den havde brug for.

Dokumentaristerne opsøgte, som de altid havde gjort, de nødstedte, hjemløse og fortabte, tog ophold på herberg og asylcenter og strejfede omkring om natten for at få et glimt af en lovløs graffitimaler, men billederne havde mere karakter af personlig oplevelse end information. Pressefotoet var en død sild, den subjektive strejfen i fremmede miljøer tog over: Vi skulle ikke have noget at vide, men vi skulle have det, vi godt vidste, at vide på en ny måde. Personlighed og karakter skulle bære de dokumentariske billeder og ikke motivets sjældenhed.

Hvem er jeg, der ser, hvem er jeg, der skaber, hvem er jeg, der sætter i scene?

Motivet var en forudsætning, men oplevelsen det vigtige. Dokumentarfotoet havde flyttet sig, nysgerrighed og personlighed var på banen igen. Det skulle være oplevet, og det skulle være rigtigt.

Men trængte virkeligheden til en hjælpende hånd, så var der ikke noget i vejen for at give den det.



© Ann-Sophie Tranekær Fjellø-Jensen/Fatamorgana



© Ann-Sophie Tranekær Fjellø-Jensen/Fatamorgana

Ann-Sophie Tranekær Fjellø-Jensen ville efter at have været hos en hjemløs og på et dyrehospital lave en dokumentarisk serie om sin mors bil, en rød fiat 600.

At fotografere hvordan den så ud var ingen sag, så Ann-Sofie valgte at sætte sig ind i bilen et par timer for at lære den godt og grundigt at kende. Og imens fotograferede hun.

Ved aftenstide følte hun sig så hjemmevant, at hun smed fødderne ud ad sideruden, mens hun tog sig en lur. Sådan! Det er en dokumentarfoto, der arbejder seriøst.

Men det er iscenesetteren, der arrangerer kameraet på stativ for at bringe oplevelsen videre. Vi skal mærke, hvordan det er, hvordan hun har det. Oplevelsen er det egentlige, den personlige oplevelse. Find et sted, slå dig ned og vær tilstede.

I oplevet dokumentarisme var det aldrig til at vide, hvad der var sket, og hvad der var skabt, men det var også ligemeget, for det hele var sandhed. Ofte var det informativt registrerende billede en stor løgn, mens sandheden gemte sig i det iscenesatte.

Vi skulle ikke have noget at vide, men vi skulle have det, vi godt vidste, at vide på en ny måde

10



© Ellinor Forsberg/Fatamorgana

Ofte var det
informativt
registrende
billede en stor
løgn, mens
sandheden
gemte
sig i det
iscenesatte



© Ellinor Forsberg/Fatamorgana

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© Trille Skelborg/Fatamorgana

Som Ellinor Forsbergs Lolitaserie. Havde hun fotografere, hvad der skete, var solidariteten med den villige erstatningskvinde sikkert druknet i foragt og fordømmelse.

Men i Ellinors skabte billeder, romantiske hverdagsglimt af en oppustelig substitut, får Lolita sit eget liv og altså også i dobbeltsengen.

Det er for nemt at forkaste det som værende fantasi, det er et dybdybende psykologisk portræt af en bruger. Originalt, anderledes og iøjnefaldende. Du er ikke i tvivl, når du ser det, om Lolitas skæbne og Ellinors mening.

Så er det sværere med Trille Skelborgs arrangement i en 2.klasse Nordenfjords.

Hun skulle lave en parafrase over Salvador Dalis billede af ure, der smelter, og hun tog udfordringen op ved at placere sin farmor og hendes veninder i en skolestue iført brudekjoler.

Tiden var smeltet, der var kommet uorden i tiden. Men den dybere mening blev det overladt til os at finde på.

Det var oplevelse, det var originalt, billederne endte på Charlottenborgs Forårsudstilling, og det gjorde et andet af hendes fantastifulde eventyr også.

Mor Hulda fra en fabel af Brødrene Grimm blev visualiseret på samme opfindsomme og underholdende måde.

Der var både rørende nærhed og lattervekkende distance, og Trille nød at finde på og arrangere. Rejsen til det nye land.

Aia Thorup tog også på langfart til oplevelsernes land.

Originalt, anderledes og iøjnefaldende

Rørende nærhed og lattervekkende distance



© Trille Skelborg/Fatamorgana



© Trille Skelborg/Fatamorgana

Bevæbnet med en gibsafstøbning af en pistol og et videokamera tog hun med sin mor ud på faderens gravsted og forsøgte at få sin mor til ceremonielt at aflive faderen endnu en gang, men forgæves.

Kirsten Thorup var nok taget med på kirkegården, men ikke til oplevelsernes land, hun ville hverken filmes eller skyde, selvom det var en atrappistol.

Så Aia måtte selv gribe til våben, og det hele blev ikke den succes, hun havde håbet.



© Aia Thorup/Fatamorgana

Verden skulle ikke have hvad den bad om, men hvad den havde godt af



© Esben Olesen/Fatamorgana

**Hans
visuelle
gåder
skal ikke
forstås,
men
opleves**



© Esben Olesen/Fatamorgana

De håndjern kan i fantasien blive til hvad som helst

Men det gjorde det for Esben Olesen. Udgangspunktet for hans projekt var på lang eksponerings-tid at lade den eksisterende trafik blive udvasket, mens modeller der fik tildelt specifikke roller skulle stå helt stille.

I en serie dramatiske gadespil kredsede han om døden. På nogle billeder ligger den døde under et hvidt lagen, på andre er han bare faldet om.

Kranie, blodig slagterkniv og en galge sætter gang i fantasien. Hans visuelle gåder skal ikke forstås, men opleves.

Det var som at dumpe ned midt i en krimi og forlade den uden at vide, hvad der var foregået. Nogle sekunders dødelig stilhed i en verden, der suser forbi.

Virkelighed og arrangement gik hånd i hånd, dokumentarfotografi og iscenesættelse flød sammen.

Da Fryd Frydendahl fik til opgave at lave et kalenderblad til den kommende AIDS-kalender tog hun en solskinseftermiddag hjem til et kærestepar med to par håndjern.

Billedet, hun tager, er dokumentarisk. Næsten. Solen, sofaen og billederne på væggen, håret på brystet og fotografens skygge, den åbne dør og de triste miner alt er virkeligt og hverdagsagtigt, lige bortset fra håndjernene. Med underspillet lune har Fryd lænket de to til hver sin ende af sofaen og visualiseret det usynlige problem. Genialt.

Jeg brugte i lang tid billedet på skolens frontpage, fordi det sagtens kunne klare sig alene uden den uheldige, seksuelt overførte sygdom. De håndjern kan i fantasien blive til hvad som helst, der lænker to unge til det etablerede, holder dem fra hinanden og holder dem på plads.

Hun var god, Fryd, til at finde på og til at skære igennem. Arbejdede impulsivt i ryk. Brugte sig selv og sine nærmeste, var direkte og insisterende. Og altid ekstem i sit udtryk.

Både hendes og Esbens forestillinger blev efterhånden mere og mere kryptiske.



© Fryd Frydendahl/Fatamorgana

Fryds aldrende skolepige med tasken fuld af grønlandske rejer var noget af det sidste, hun lavede inden hvordan-jeg-har-det bølgen ramte som en tsonami.



© Fryd Frydendahl/Fatamorgana

I oplevet dokumentarisme var det aldrig til at vide, hvad der var sket, og hvad der var skabt



© Fryd Frydendahl/Fatamorgana



© Fryd Frydendahl/Fatamorgana





Længe havde det handlet om hvordan man kan have det nu blev det eneste vigtige hvordan jeg har det



© Betina Pleidrup/Fatamorgana



Da Betina Pleidrup, Line Kallmayer og Jacob Emdal startede i foråret 2005 var de elendige til at fotografere, havde ingen arbejdsmetode, fungerede socialt dårligt, kunne ikke tale om fotografi og gik deres egne veje. De var enspændere, særlinge, originaler uden tillid til verden eller tro på sig selv. Men de havde det i sig, et gudsbedåret talent. Billedsyn og ambition.

Længe havde det handlet om, hvordan man kan have det, nu blev det eneste vigtige, hvordan jeg har det. Jacob gjorde alt, hvad jeg sagde, Line gjorde det modsatte og Betina elskede at få at vide, hvad hun skulle gøre, men glemte det hele, inden hun var kommet ud ad døren.

Jacob kunne ikke vælge, Line kunne ikke lytte og Betina kunne ikke bestemme sig. Hun lagde før hver konsultation alle sine billeder, alt, hun havde lavet siden første dag ud på bordene, hver gang var det som at starte forfra. Projektets tema var: Det tomme rum.

Rummet kunne være noget hun så, et sted hun befandt sig, eller det øjnene så, mens hun tænkte på noget andet. Lige så langsomt blev rummet fyldt med mærkelige ting eller almindelige ting, der så mærkelige ud.

Hun var i perioder hyperaktiv, billederne føg omkring hende som blade i en efterårsstorm, andre gange gik hun helt i sort og mistede fuldstændig modet.

Line famlede sig vej gennem personlige stemningsbilleder og bad først om råd, når hun havde besluttet sig.

Var jeg ikke enig, forsvarede hun sig med næb og klør og rokkede sig ikke en tomme.

Jacob betragtede mig som en partner, vi fandt hurtigt ud af en arbejdsdeling, så at han fotograferede, og jeg valgte ud. Det gav ham ro under optagelsen, at han kunne koncentrere sig om at se og trykke af. Resten klarede jeg.

Det var i H.C.Andersen-året og jeg havde stillet opgaven: "Hvad en flue kan fortælle..." og opfordrede eleverne til at være mobile, insisterende, nysgerrige og se verden med andre øjne.

"I en personlig beretning, en historie eller eventyr skal du åbne vores øjne for det, vi ellers ikke får at se."

Jacob blev af de andre elever kåret til Fatamorganas H.C.Andersen ambassadør for sin syrede, visuelle fabel.

Mod slutningen af første semester blev Line optaget på Glasgow School of Art, Betina ville søge på Kunstakademiet og Jacob tænkte slet ikke så langt som, hvad der skulle foregå efter sommerferien.

Men så var det, at Line fortrød Glasgow og dannede en studiegruppe med Betina og Jacob med det formål, at finde og blive optaget på verdens bedste kunstakademi.

Resultatet blev at Jacob blev elev hos Wolfgang Tillmans i Frankfurt, Line valgte Goldsmiths i England men blev også optaget på Gerrit Rietveld Academie i Amsterdam, og Betina kom ind på Kunstakademiet i København.



© Betina Pleidrup/Fatamorgana

De havde
det i sig,
et guds-
benådet
talent.
Billedsyn
og
ambition



© Line Kallmayer/Fatamorgana



© Line Kallmayer/Fatamorgana

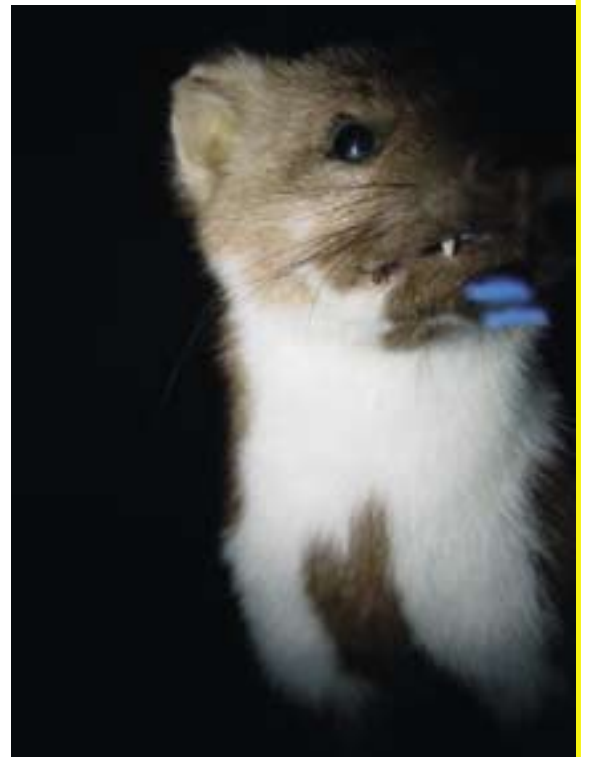


© Line Kallmayer/Fatamorgana



© Jacob Emdal/Fatamorgana

Hans
syrede,
visuelle
fabel



© Jacob Emdal/Fatamorgana



© Jacob Emdal/Fatamorgana

Jo værre Jo bedre



© Sofie Holten/Fatamorgana

Hvordan-jeg-har-det perioden blomstrede, jo værre jo bedre. At have mistet sin mor ved en ulykke, at være gravid i femte måned, at være ottendels jøde eller lesbisk adoptivbarn, grænsepsykotisk eller sadomasochist gjorde det lidt mere interessant, end hvis man bare var glad. Eller værre endnu, hvis man også var almindelig.

Så var der ikke andet at gøre end at gå ud i verden og finde noget interessant at fortælle, og det gjorde de så, de almindelige.

Tog i frimurerloge og fitnesscenter, på krematorie og kaserne, fandt hjemløse på gaden og gik hjem med en nazist. Valdemar Jørgensen blev sendt på dagsopgaver for at stimulere jagtinstinktet og skydefærdigheden, han ville som alle de andre almindelige på Journalisthøjskolen for at blive fotojournalist.

Da billederne til første prøve for at komme til Århus var vurderet, var alle elever fra Fatamorgana gået videre også Valdemar. Men ikke Sofie.

Sofie Holten var almindelig, men ikke almindelig nok.



© Sofie Holten/Fatamorgana

Hun havde ellers både lavet reportage om Politiskolen og fulgt en gruppe Cheerleaders, men hjertet bankede for hvordan-jeg-har-det billeder.

Nederlaget ikke at skulle med de andre til Århus vendte hun til en sejr, da hun søgte og blev optaget på International Center of Photography i New York. Utroligt hvad man kan overtale forældre til, når man fortæller dem, at man er udvalgt til at studere på verdens bedste fotoskole. Friværdien blev lidt mindre og afdragene lidt større, men intet måtte stå i vejen for datterens karriere, så Sofie endte med at indtage Manhattan og kunne maile hjem til de ni i Århus, der sled med grammatikken og endnu ikke havde fået lov at fotografere, hvor pragtfuldt der var i Guds Eget Land. Året efter blev hun med to 90 sekunders videoer, lavet på ICP optaget på Kunstakademiet i København. Nej, Sofie var langt fra almindelig.

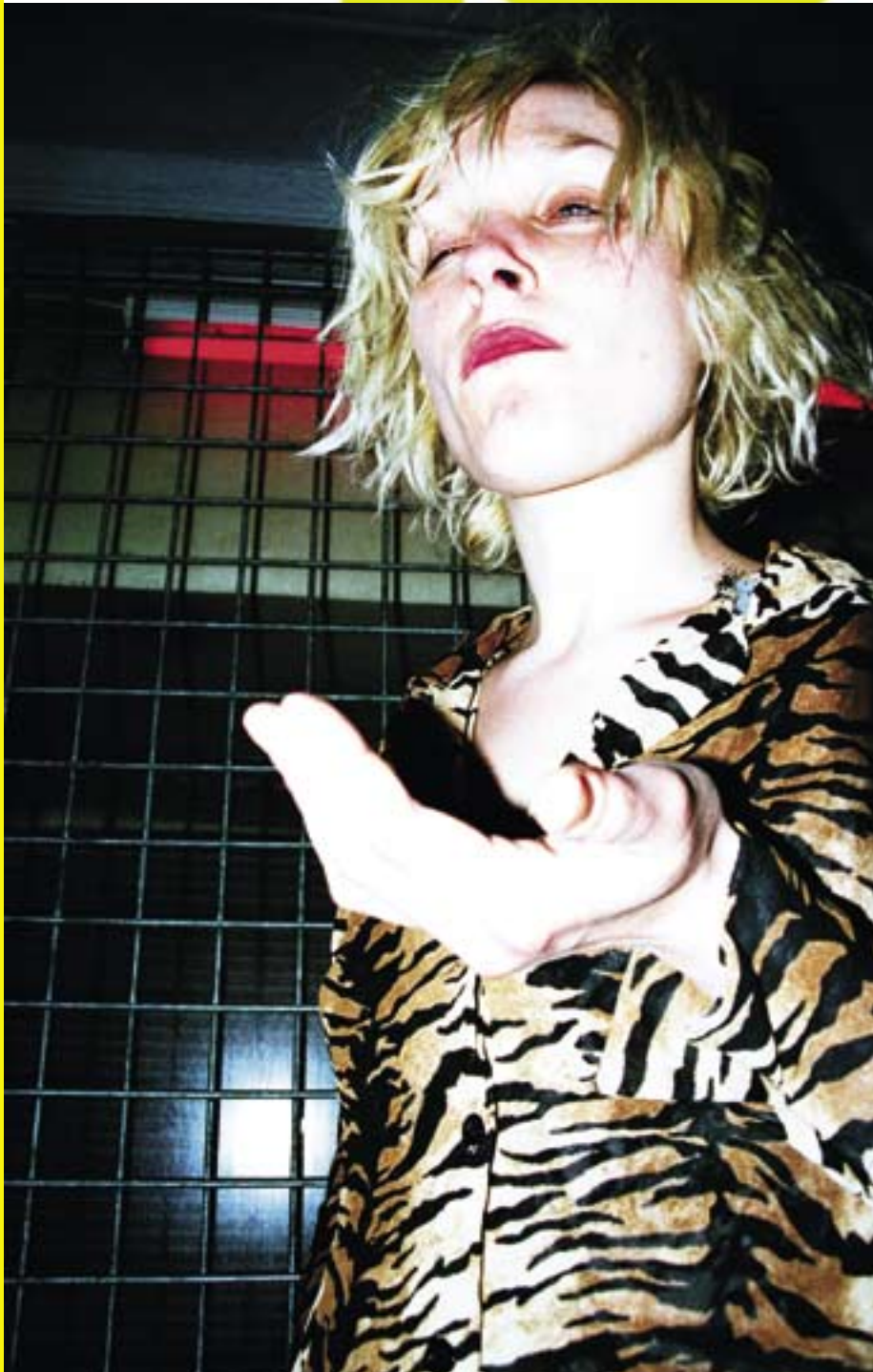


© Sofie Holten/Fatamorgana



© Sofie Holten/Fatamorgana

Flammende elskov og syret symbolik



© Ingvild Haugen Heimstad/Fatamorgana



© Ingvild Haugen Heimstad/Fatamorgana

Ingvild Haugen Heimstad var ikke skør, havde ingen traumer. Hun var sød, nem og almindelig, men havde et utroligt drive, hun elskede at lave billeder. Altid smilede hun, nynnede, og altid var hun igang med noget vigtigt. Og så havde hun den store fordel, at hun ikke vidste, hvad hun gjorde.

Hun eksperimenterede, fabulerede, fotograferede, og så kunne hun se. Hun havde billedsyn og var aldrig i tvivl, når hun så det gode billede. Hun anede ikke, hvad hun lavede, hvorfor hun gjorde det, eller om billedet sagde andre noget.

Hendes skoleophold blev et langt frikvarter med stærke farver, mystiske masker, sære attituder, frække vinkler, flabet flash, flammende elskov og syret symbolik.

Billederne var originale, rå og brutale. Og alle osede de af lyst.

**Billederne var
originale, rå og
brutale.
Og alle osede de
af lyst**



© Ingvild Haugen Heimstad/Fatamorgana



© Ingvild Haugen Heimstad/Fatamorgana

Sådan forholder det sig, hvad vil du gøre ved det?



© Kasper Oppen Samuelson/Fatamorgana

Kasper Oppen Samuelson, der var stringent, konstruerende beregner havde en forfærdelig måned med opsøgende dokumentarisme, før han fandt sin helt specielle fotografiske niche, den kreative collage. Så var det som en leg, ideerne summede, og der blev flyttet rundt på brikkerne, til de faldt på plads i et statement: Sådan forholder det sig, hvad vil du gøre ved det?

Strategisk har han placeret brikkerne i sit farvestrålende fantasispil og opfordrer os til at tager det næste træk.

Marie Louise Siim gjorde det

samme, præsenterede os for brikkerne i sit spil: Sådan forholder det sig, hvad vil du gøre ved det? Og ventede så på, at vi skulle foretage det næste træk, udpege synderen.

Hun havde på den lokale politistation fået lov at rekonstruere med mandlige medstuderende en line-up. Hvem er den skyldige, sig et nummer!

Det debatskabende fotografi havde fart på fra starten. Respektløst, provokerende og larmende trampede det hen over de sidste rester

af følsomhed og varslede en ny kontant æra.

"Du er lige landet, du er til fods, og du har ikke været her før", skrev jeg i en opgave, der skulle vises på Københavns Rådhus som debatoplæg til emnet CPH som Metropol.

Allan Birkegaard Hansted tog opgaven alvorligt og viste, hvad en enlig forretningsmand, der netop var ankommet til Hovedstaden havde lyst til. En narkoprostitueret.

Hans ludderbillede var lige så rå, udleverende, grelt og debatskabende som Ditte Haarlevs af aids narkomaner otte år tidligere, sådan ser det ud, når værdigheden er til salg.

Jeg brugte billedet som blikfang for udstillingen, fordi det satte fokus på en side ved det at være Metropol som burde debatteres, hvad gør vi med værdigheden, når de fremmede får lyst?

Billedet vakte fordømmelse, ikke fordi det skildrede et ømtåleligt emne, men fordi fotografen havde levet sig ind i rollen og kom til at fremstå som den, der fratog den prostituerede hendes værdighed. Allan blev rystet, da jeg til

gennemgang roste ham for at være sensationsfotograf. Hans selvopfattelse fik et knæk.

Men det var en sensation, det første billede i den ny æra, hvor mobiltelefonen er kamera og enhver er fotograf.

Døren blev åbnet til sensationernes paradys, hvor tortur bliver afsløret og terror foreviget, hvor ingen fartbilist kan føle sig sikker og hvor happy-slapping er hverdagsbilleder.

Allan havde bare været professionel, kvinden var købt og billedet arrangeret.



© Marie Louise Slim/Fatamorgana

Døren blev åbnet til sensationernes paradis



© Allan Birkegaard Hansted/Fatamorgana



Det debatskabende fotografi havde fart på fra starten. Respektløst, provokerende og larmende

Ingen virkemidler er for stærke, alle kneb gælder



© Christina Glob/Fatamorgana



© Tobias Zehntner/Fatamorgana

Ingen virkemidler er for stærke, alle kneb gælder, her er det Max Adolfsson, der har været hos tandlægen for at skabe debat om kvindens sande natur, er hun smuk og forførende eller bare en anatomisk indretning?

Sun Hee Engelstoft er ikke helt så kompromisløs i sit militaristisk opstillede nøgenbillede af to kvinder i et tomt lokale.

Men det er det samme, hun sætter til debat: Hvad er kvinden? Et væsen eller en indretning? Krop eller sjæl?

Kvinderollen var til debat og en af de skarpeste var Elizabeth Hignson, der lavede en video, hvor en ambitiøs og smuk kvinde forfører sin prins for at dolke ham til døde i dynerne, da hun har fået, hvad hun ville have.

Da Bibi Berge lokker Elizabeth med i Metroen er det for at lade hende illudere ensom og frustreret.



© Anders Malmberg/Fatamorgana

Men manderollen blev også debatteret, pigerne lavede mændende bløde og følsomme og drengene fandt de værste sider frem i sig selv, slagsbroderen, fartbøllen og voldsmanden.

Anders Malmberg gav sin mandlige model en visuel kæberyster så blodet sprang, for sådan er mænd.

Tobias Zehntner lavede også video, fantastiske videoer om sine oplevelser med rollespil og indendørs skiløb.

Portrættet af den malplacerede autonome, der ikke kan komme af med sin brosten, blev taget til en plakatsopgave i anledning af rydningen af Ungdomshuset på Jagtvej.

“Foreningen Ungerens Venner har besluttet at bede ni unge, kreative fotografer komme med forslag til plakater, der agiterer for et nyt Ungdomshus i stedet for det, der blev solgt og revet ned.” Teksten på plakaten var: Hvor skal vi nu være?



© Sun Hee Engelstoft/Fatamorgana



© Bibi Berge/Fatamorgana

Billeder og budskaber

Ja, hvor skal vi hen? Debatbølgen med dens tendentiøse blikfang vil klinge ud og en ny periode kommer brusende, kommende elever vil skabe nye veje, og det gør ikke noget, en periode kommer igen, at den har været der før. Den har måske kun haft godt af at samle kræfter til igen at holde kunsten på Fatamorgana levende. Nadim Carlsen er netop startet på Filmskolens fotografilinje, men inden han forlod Fatamorgana, nåede han med et af sine billeder, at vise vej for en mulig retning for det dokumentariske fotografi, en ny periode i Fatamorganakunsten.

Billedet af en den unge indvandrer på bowlingbanen er fremragende, fordi det er så enkelt, koncentreret og modsætningsfyldt.

Et groft, oplyst, uskarp hovede og en fin, skarp, stritten med fingrene på samme individ. Sådan er han lige nu, indvandrerens, og sådan er mennesket altid.



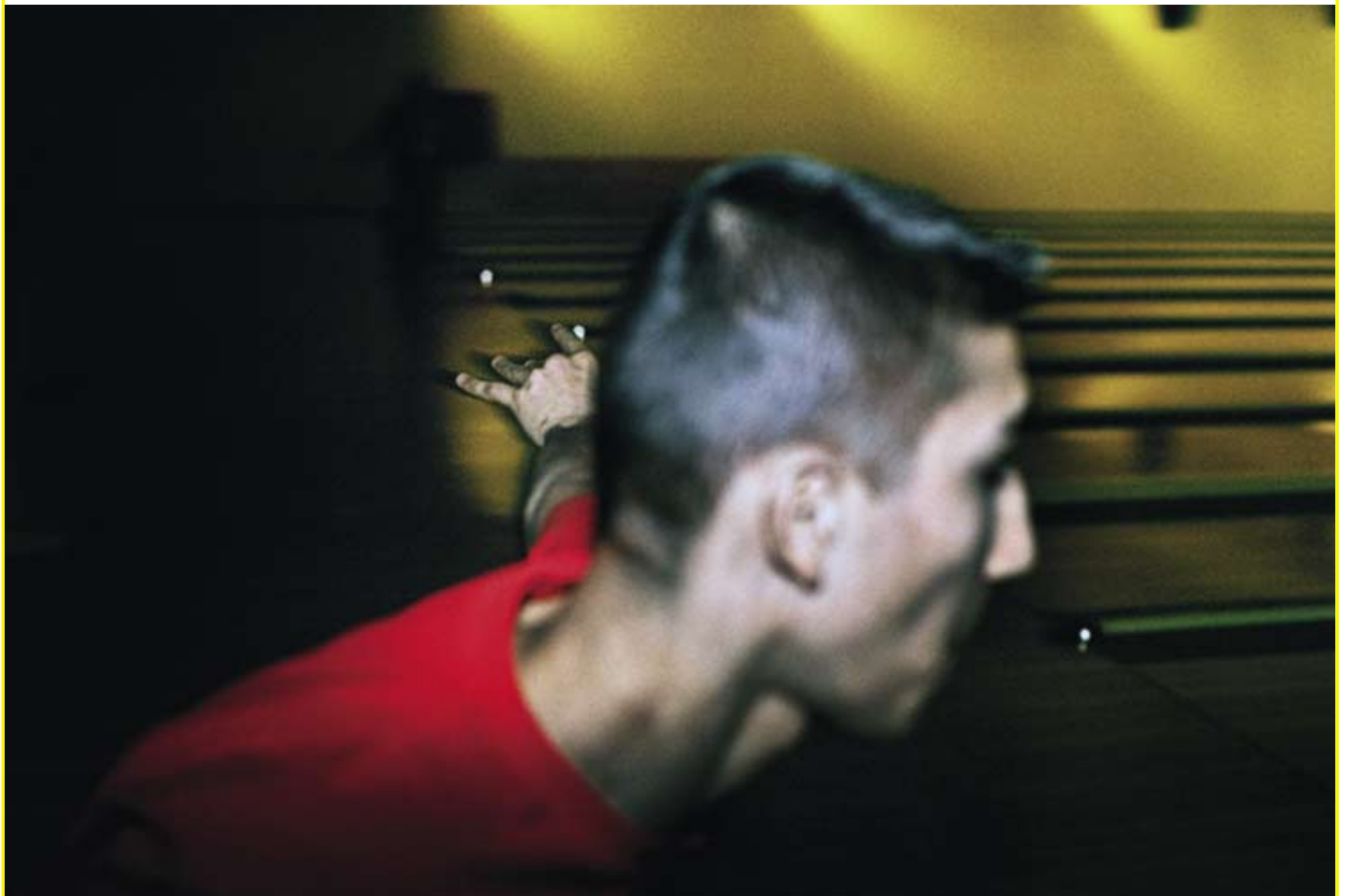
© Christina Glob/Fatamorgana

Et på samme tid enkelt og avanceret billede, aktuelt og tidløst. Humanistisk og politisk i tråd med traditionen.

Og for iscenesætterne er der også en vej, for i Christina Glob's fantastiske salut, enden på forestillingen, den topløse kvinde på vej ud af manegen er der så meget saft og kraft, at jeg tror, det vil føre til en strøm af satiriske, politiske, hæmningsløse statements.

Sløjfer i lyserødt og græsgrønt tæppe, sådan er scenen lige nu, og sådan er livet altid.

Endnu en kretiv periode på Fatamorgana med billeder og budskaber. Fortællingen om at vi er mennesker, der kan noget og at livet skal leves, mens vi har det.



© Nadim Carlsen/Fatamorgana

Translation

Fatamorgana turns 18

The History of the Art of Fatamorgana 1999-2007
By Morten Bo translated by Anna L.Boysen

Page 3
Bubbling with imagination.

No, it was not a boring time. The student's imaginations bubbled and images flowered, and the upstairs neighbor came down every night when he had gone to bed to complain that his bedroom reeked of developer.

Peter Bengtssen de-robed in an image, and crawled on all fours towards a glowing godly sun, visualizing the yearning for the unique, the wonderful, and unattainable.

Frederik Fensbo did the opposite. He brought his whole family to Ikea, where he in a living room setting, with price tags on all the inventory and a tone of an undertaker storefront window, visualized the culture deprived masses' lack of fantasy.

One was just as enchanted idealistic, as the other was pragmatically realistic, but both images were unique, personal messages about doing something with life, as long as we have it.

No, it was not a boring time. Although it was when we were not allowed to hang out in the garden anymore, because a guest at a party had urinated in the sandbox.

The creative juices were flowing, the neighbors were annoying, and the residents' association was full of prejudice. We had to go.

The year was 1999, and the schools first computer, a scanner and printer took up space in the schools small library, one of the three rooms we had in our small apartment in Teglgårdsstræde. There was not enough room for another computer, unless we closed down the darkroom and film development room, and I could not do that as long as they were still being used.

We were entering a technological transition period that demanded both a conventional, as well as a digital dark-room. You either did the darkroom, making black and white images, or you went to the mini lab with your film and got a bag of color negatives, which you could scan and print out in the library afterwards.

We had to find a new place.

It was a time of outrageous images. Boundaries were being challenged.

Ditte Haarlev's series of AIDS-infected drug addicts crossed boundaries.

Through an obliging caseworker she had gotten in touch with several unhappy existences, who had lost both hope and dignity and instead of photographing with respect and empathy, she exhibited their misery: Like animals on their way to being butchered, in-humanizing and debasing. The series was challengingly different, boundary-crossing to such a degree, that the caseworker who had facilitated the contact, demanded the images be removed on the shows first day, even though the drug addicts themselves had nothing against them.

The ugly snapshot aesthetic, the lost dignity, and the boundary-crossing disrespect of the times had challenged the system and the classical documentary ethic. One was allowed to do more in a snapshot, and one did. Seeking out the sensational and portraying it sensationally, letting go of one's inhibitions and taking part in the festivities.

Martin Zakora went to drag parties and photographed, with a nonchalant matter of course, what he saw. There was no professional distance, no ethical or aesthetic considerations. He created tight cheeky fragments as though the eye was a lens and the blood alcohol content a little high.

It was not about taking a particular stand, but about letting go. The snapshot wave had with the help of technology lead us into a turbulent time, where rules were broken and taboos transgressed. Honey Biba Beckerly was admitted as a student because she among a bunch of bad sultry erotic images had photographed a red rubber glove and a banana. It was an impulsive image, thoughtless, anarchistic, and visually brilliant. At Fatamorgana she became like a fish in water.

She swam.

She went to sex clubs and tattoo parlors and romped in uninhibited image bliss.

It wasn't the good images she was looking for, or that she wanted to show, but rather the one's you stumble over; thoughtless exposures, as if the camera had been free to do whatever it wanted to.

Martin Zakora also gave himself free reign, but when he was feeling both sensible and ordinary, he had to go to a drag party to get in the right mood. When he presented the images, we were not in doubt about the fact that he could not have been just a photographer at these parties, but also a participant. The images were stumbingly slanted, cheekily uninhibited snapshots. He was commended for having completely engaged in the environment he was depicting and he had had a blast doing it.

It was easy for some people to let loose, others had to fight hard. Charlotte Hjorth-Rhode had a husband and kids and a villa and came from a job as head designer in a fashion company, so, throwing off her panties and documenting her own crotch was not easy, but she did it. Not as a snapshot with a flash and strong colors, but as a diffuse and dreamy black and white image, in which she played the role of a corpse.

And she took the clothes off her boys, and made the most beautiful, most aesthetic and loving portrait, that was ever made at the school.

Never had intimacy been so intense. It was boundary breaking, but not in the same way as the provoking anarchism that dominated. Freedom for Charlotte was not about stumbling and thoughtlessness, but rather about intense honesty.

But she did try it, the liberation, the provocation and disrespect. She poured spaghetti over her head and flirted liberal eroticism with a black male cat.

That was the first and only time that Charlotte was wooed by the times turbulent tornado. Since then, she has worked solely in black and white and only made sensitive images: Decent images filled with love.

No, the photographic confession was not for Charlotte, but it was something for Katrine Døllerup.

Page 6
Not to show, but to be.

The confessions were not directed towards anyone, but rather towards herself. The snapshot as a "to-do list" became a genre: Unaesthetic, private flash glimpses, notes on what happened, and needs to be remembered. Confessions and recognitions: This is what I look like, I recognize myself. I recognize who I am and I accept it. Several years later Katrine asked me to remove the most intimate of these confessions from the schools website. She had a husband and a child, and the art had moved. The end of our time in Teglgårdsstræde was characterized by the coming change.

Pelle Rink stood in the black and white darkroom making black-bordered humanitarian documentary images. It was his thesis on societies outcasts, on mentally handicapped living in an institution.

In the meantime, Nina Nymann was trying to edit down from 75 bags of color film developed at a mini lab. The images were tourist snapshots that documented her journey to Nepal, her youth and her thoughtless ignorance.

He wanted to show what he was capable of, she wanted to show, who she was. He was the last of the classic photojournalists, she was the first snapshot documentarist. He cultivated a genre, she created a new one, he had the hinterland in order, and her future lay ahead.

In our last exhibit in "Pisserenden", just around the corner at Galleri Krøbsten, she spread her impulsive, skewed, experienced, energetic, expansive and playful images on one of the end walls. And because Per Friis had brought a two-page spread with the images she was exhibiting to teenagers at the disco Inn, dancing "high" on soda on a Sunday morning, there was, for once, a whole lot of visitors. TV-Lorry also wanted to be a part of the scene, the press had smelled the good story, and understood that

something big was on the way. The new wave had media pull power, they liked the new breakneck paced trend, it was young and fresh and bubbly. A week later we moved.

Since October I had been holding painting weekends with old students at the new space. Carpeting had been laid down upstairs, and darkrooms had been built in the basement. The space was big, and impressive. A football club had moved on to new quarters, and we moved into a real klondyke of an area, along with car mechanic shops, company headquarters, and private psychiatric counselors.

There was room, lots of room: Room for computers, and cars, for parties, and the fragrance of chemicals. I foresaw serious communication problems in such a big space, with two floors, so I installed an internal communication system. That way I could always reach the students and vice versa, but no one learned to use it so I took it down after a year of non-use.

My notion that everything would continue on as it had been, and that the only difference was that now there was more room, proved itself to be wrong. 30 students in 400 square meters on two floors, was something completely different than 20 students in a two-room apartment. Fatamorgana had grown out of its playpen, and become an institution.

New routines happened, as well as new needs, and new problems. Seriousness spread, discipline was toughened, responsibility moved, and the demands rose, but the art was unaffected. The art and the spirit remained the same. The physical conditions had changed, but the students and their images did not. The language was the same, the confessional wave continued as if nothing had happened.

Rasmus Rosenkjer took pictures of his experiences under a hospital stay and Anna Strand took her camera with her to a party with her friends.

These were personal, intimate images in possessing intimacy and spirit. Not high party spirits as when Martin went all out to a drag party, but rather images revealing heavy and moody, almost apathetic conditions of empty existences: Strange, cold, colored depression. Powerlessness and youth became a new constellation. They both applied to the desirable Høghskolen for Fotografi och Film, at Gothenburg University and were accepted.

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It gave the photographer power and self-confidence to get one's models to falter.

But not everyone was as open about their own condition as Rasmus, or as openhearted as Anna. When Dagmar Atladóttir presented her confessional project for a crit, a personal diary, there were several pages that were glued together because the content was so private she did not want to show it.

Secrecy and confessional strategies don't go well hand in hand and the snapshot genre shifted imperceptibly from being self-exposing to being about exposing one's subjects. People revealed themselves when the camera was aimed at them for such an extended period of time, before pressing the shutter button, that it became embarrassing.

The camera became a weapon and the subjects were de-robed. Not literally though. The bold ideas and daring acts of de-robing had become childlike provocations. Now, the embarrassing moment, where the smile for the camera faltered and bared insecurities, revealed the truth itself. An internal sincerity emerged when the mask fell and the face surrendered itself. The discomfiting portrait could not compete with a busy background, so the preference was a white wall. An empty, white, neutral surface so there was plenty of room for the helpless staring gaze.

Hilde Osen found a toilet with white tiles and a girl with her heart on her breast at Fisketorget.

The staged portraits had a magical radiance of uneasiness. The missing self-confidence, which most of the students possessed, was recreated in the subject's faces. It gave the photographer power and confidence to get one's models to falter.

Anna's dejected friends were superseded by countless manifestations of insecure attitudes. The swift documentarists stopped people on the street, made them stand still just a little too long, while the directors prolonged the truth itself. An internal sincerity emerged when the mask fell and the face surrendered itself. The discomfiting portrait could not compete with a busy background, so the preference was a white wall. An empty, white, neutral surface so there was plenty of room for the helpless staring gaze.

One day I was shown a contact sheet with nothing but boring, semi-depressing portraits and asked what I thought. My disappointment at being confronted with nothing more than sleepy indifference, was just as great, as the effort of taking the images must have been. Each exposure had been taken after the photographer and the model had stared steadily into each other's eyes for twenty minutes. The idea was that this torturous, tense intimacy would open up for a deeper lying acknowledgement. The meditative portrait.

I could understand, from what I was told, that both the photographer and the sitter had had a moving experience, and I could see, when the images were printed up in a large format, that there, in those blank eyes, lay a seed of something different. The possibilities for variation in these revealing portraits were soon depleted, but long after that wave had reached its crest, there were students who with academic cunning and creative invention created new versions of the intense portrait.

Titika Rotkjer coaxed Kirstine, Rebekka, and Thora to rub their eyes with onion to create the effect of insufficient self-tragedy.

Staging took over the depression, sincerity was lost, intimacy was postulated, and after a while, everyone also thought it was much more fun to make things up. Best at it was Therese Boisen Haas. She could come up with things, she could stage, and she loved to do it.

Her warm laughter reverberated through her inventive self-portraits, where she either placed a defrosted chicken on her shoulder, had a herring hanging down from the ceiling, or a prosthetic arm on her shoulder.

White wall, diffuse light, and female deliberation. She seduced us, we felt entertained and we had fun. She flirted and acted and made things up, and there was always a unique twist in her images. We knew she was enticing us with her forms and her fantasy, but we let her do it. Manipulation had once again re-found a positive tone. It was allowed to be entertaining, and the inventiveness was elaborate.

Gry Friis Jørgensen placed herself in the middle of the dividing island on the motorway, and having placed the camera on a tripod, she pressed the self-release shutter ball.

It is a part of the entertainment value that she is alone, positions herself, and that she is the one that decides the moment.

One should not look for deeper motives, there is no confession, or symbolism, or mystique at play, only attention demanding entertainment. We are to wonder and react, to awaken and to become inspired.

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The point of it was, that it was pointless.

The "make it up" images were like powerful fireworks that were sparked without anyone quite knowing how big of a bang they would make, and no one knew what kind of effect it would have. The gunpowder was packed in, the fuse lit, and then one would just run for cover.

Kirstine Lundøe Gyldholm made a fire in a marsh. Dry, withered rushes, and an old garden chair light up in the night, and the image demanded our attention. It was different, spectacular, and entertaining. And it was an amusing idea, both to come up with and to behold.

Pernille Paungreen photographed her grandmother with bananas on her shoulder, not because it had some deeper meaning, but because it got one's fantasy going. Her grandchildren's snapshots hung on the wall behind, and she had bananas on her shoulder. Why not?

Anybody's interpretation was legit, and as if one only experienced a healthy chuckle, that was ok too.

But it was completely impossible if you thought that the artist had a hidden agenda, or that the image had a secret message for the initiated. The point of it was, that it was pointless.

The Directors flowered, creativity unfolded, and inventiveness competed to attract the most attention. It was fun to fabricate, but boring to photograph.

When the "make it up" image had turned into speculation and performance, the inventive image was followed by the inventive act. And the inventive act was documented with a point and shoot camera. The attention grabbing aspect and the entertainment value were still integral to the image, but the work of art was no longer the image one had photographed, but rather, the performance it documented.

Nan Na Hvass always walked around with a smile on her lips, as though she was contemplating a secret surprise. And she was filled with surprises, and she could come up with ideas, and she could seduce, and she could carry them out.

Like the time she went to bed with a dinosaur. An ugly green plastic figure, who attempted seduction, like a greedy lover at bedtime. He ended up falling asleep on the pillow beside Nan Na herself, who seemed completely unfazed by the occurrence.

The language was the same herself, with the camera at arms length, as she played the role of the sleeping innocent.

It was also Nan Na who attempted a dive at home in her apartment. One wall was wallpapered with a grand view out over the sea, and typical for her, Nan Na came up with the idea of using it in a performance.

A satirical and erotic happening with charm and bite. We are amused and seduced.

For her individual assignment, "You must not use the Lord's name in vain", she created a clever dice game with Christian words and images instead of pips.

When you rolled the dice, you could end up with words that together would form sentences like "Oh my goodness", or "Oh lord, protect us".

It was obvious that randomness created the sentences and that one should not give it greater meaning, yet it was still a surprise that the sentences were meaningful, as though chance in this instance was intelligent and spoke to us in a divine manner.

It was an outstanding idea, the design was consistent, and the piece was accepted for Charlottenborg's Spring Exhibition. In a well-fashioned handmade box, the dice were presented in a display case. The surprise of the game's randomness did not translate through the glass, but that something meaningful was hidden in the magical cubes, was obvious to everyone.

Photography had lost its monopoly at the school: The ideal became to create art, not to create photography. For an end of semester exhibition at Cafe Krasnapolsky, Jacob Vinamata Jensen had created the project Airline. He showed up in a pilot's uniform and was a part of his project, in which otherwise consisted of inventory of the fictive airline company's office. There was merchandise with the company's logo, airplane posters on the wall, a calendar and a timetable.

The installation rendered the photograph unnecessary. When the possibility for showing the actual performance was available, there was no reason to document it photographically and exhibit the images. So when Espen Gleditsch created an artwork that in eight steps demonstrated a hamburgers development through a couple of weeks at room temperature, it would not have had the same effect as if the piece was merely photographed. The scent was a part of the piece. The developing mould could be photographed, but the stench only stuck to the original.

But when he created the piece, The Left Sock, which was comprised of a drying line strung up in one of the classrooms, with lonely socks stolen from different laundromats around town, he also had an accompanying catalogue, in which each sock was depicted. In that instance, the photograph could be used.

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The ideal was to make art, not photography.

To be a photographer was not an ideal, and to photograph was no big deal.

I was provoked by Espen's undisguised negligence of the meaning of photography and it's role. He worked on a project he titled Black Holes, and being provoked by his scientific theoretical attitude, and his missing photographic vision, I blurted out: - No! You are not a scientist, not at all!!! To which he snapped back: - What makes you think that I am not?

The image as a flat rectangular piece of paper was old-fashioned and inadequate, now the image had to be real, an action, an object, or an installation. Joen Vedel Pedersen visited a spiritualist, went to a logic conference, and was just as much a scientist, as he was an artist. He thought out his projects and documented what happened. He was not a good photographer, but he was a supreme thinker.

Like when he ran through a field with a satellite dish as tall as a person, or placed one of his friends under a blue sky to ponder a blue image. He photographed the nerds as they pondered in a circle, and himself meditating at sunrise.

We had to imagine what they were thinking about when taking these images, but there was no doubt in our minds, that their thoughts were grand and meaningful.

Joen got into the The Royal Danish Academy of Art that year, as did Thomas Bo Østergaard the year after.

During one of Thomas's first critiques I thundered on about his wasteful and awful images. He had been given the assignment on the demolish threatened The Youth House on Jagtvej. He had been to Faderhuset next door and attended mass. The independent religious community, Faderhuset, had bought The Youth House and were just waiting for the youth to be thrown out of their house. But instead of seeing what was going on, we looked directly into the necks of the people that stood in front of him. - You need to go closer, what were you doing back there? - I was recording.

He had made sound recordings of the ceremony with his mobile phone. Fantastic, mood infused sounds of the parishioners praying in chorus about salvation. A rattling scraping noise as if from a radio station made the whole thing as authentic and exciting as spy recordings from the underworld. He then received another scolding for having shown the lousy photos and not having played the fantastic sound. - When you one day realize how talented you are, you will be good, I preached, really good! When he applied to The Royal Danish Academy of Art, it was partly with toothpick models of larger installations, a couple of the flat rectangulars, and two tape recorders with each their soundscape, one of them with Faderhuset's scraping invocation of God.

Where Thomas was bumbling and intuitive, Per Juul Poulsen was confident and invincible. Goal oriented and methodical, he worked on founding and running a fictive telegram agency. The first crit was a company board of directors meeting.

One of the classrooms was set up as a meeting room, where everything was readied for the fictive meeting. There were filodex cards and brochures for utopian inventions from the 1930's. There was water and coffee and the company's newest product, the bulletproof telegram.

The following months we all followed the company's development with anticipation, and Per's perseverance and mental gymnastics lead us through the many phases of the winding labyrinth of the world of communications.

His visual efforts at absurd solutions were entertaining and humorous.

And it was infectious. That period of time was full of creative inventions, where performance was the defining element and photography a tool for documentation. Often the photographer starred in the performance, like the time Camilla Josefina Stephan took a self-portrait sitting in front of a portrait of her mother, who is sitting in front of a portrait of her mother, who is sitting in front of a painting, a watercolor of a Greenlandic landscape.

A visual family history, that in the course of three generations, had wiped out her grandmothers characteristic Eskimo features. A performance created through the help of fantasy and photoshop.

Jonathan Grevsen's one act, where a young naked latino man with the Danish flag as a backdrop takes his pill, was real. Documented staging.

Felipe was a Chilean refugee who grew up in Sweden, but who was temporarily in Denmark to attend photo school. What the contents of his pill were, or why he took it, we never found out, but it was obvious that there was something both important and dangerous going on. Was he taking the pill to become Danish more quickly? Or was he taking it to endure his time among danes?

Camilla's performance was educational and solemn, whilst Jonathan's was inspiring and humorous. We were forced to imagine around each of their performances.

Joachim Adrian Mikkelsen was also amusing in his exuberant, self-ironic, grotesque, bordering on the vulgar tableaux. It started during the week Laura Eriksen was the guest teacher. He had a girl basking on white sheets with a bloody herring in her lace panties. The image has since been the opening image on his website and defined its name: www.fotosild.dk After that came the image of the boys taking a bath in a tub of cornflakes, and the guy on all fours eating red Bavarian hotdogs off his loverboy's bare belly. But the masterpiece of them all was the decadently satirical and grotesque performance where the young people, with beers in hand and bras half off, slam the events surrounding September 11th, the terror scare, and how the press was agitating the war atmosphere.

It was in the spring of 2003 and I had given the assignment "Commentary on the War": "On the occasion of the coming war in Iraq, Louisiana Museum has decided to invite a group of Danish artists to respond to the war with one or more pieces(-...) A visual commentary that collaboratively will create a broad, dynamic, exhibition worth seeing, that above all documents that Danish artists have something on their hearts."

Joachim did not only have something on his heart, he also had the courage to express it. It was not good tone at that time to parody the youths apolitical egoism, their pseudo-decadent greed and brain dead weariness. To make jokes about the twin towers collapse six months earlier was unheard of. And unprecedented. There was no mistaking the message of "WE're AT WAR". Stuffed into an A-cup, it was entertaining satire, a performance with a distinct point of view.

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You were not to be entertained, but to feel embarrassed.

At this time it became more and more customary to use video as a tool to record these performances instead of documenting them with photography.

Mie Riis Christiansen solved the assignment "The Death in You" with her mobile phone. A simple, poetic tale, with washing blowing in the wind, flounce, and her grandmother's wrinkled hands, a light bulb being switched on and off, and a door being closed.

A short and beautiful video, that had but one problem, it was taken in portrait format, so to view this heartfelt sigh, we had to lay the computer on it's side.

Another noteworthy video was the result of five students frustration with an impossible assignment. They had each been given different letters to the editor from the local newspaper and were to delve into, give their imagination free reign, or just plain relate to the subject matter of the letter. In their desperation in regards to what they perceived of as an impossible assignment, they chose instead to record, with the moving image, what they were doing to pass the time whilst plagued by their performance anxiety. Mette Kaj prearranged by doing housewifely chores, such as ironing socks and cleaning the kitchen until the stove gleamed. Benjamin Kørstein passed the time on the divan with the stereo turned up, the tv on, and a lit cigarette in his mouth. Jesper Brantefors recorded what he saw whilst sitting on the toilet. Eva Marie Rødbro danced around in the dark, and Alette Schei Rørvik talked to her mom on the phone off camera, while we from a birds-eye view looked down on an abandoned game of solitaire on her kitchen table.

The video was a document of the times, filled with self-reflection and humor and much more than just a commentary on a letter to the editor. To make video, when one is used to working with still images, is like creating a new language. This language was not something the students were learning, but creating.

Nan Na Hvass had for a long time had an image in her head that she wanted to create. A memory from childhood, that she could not let go of. It was an image of her father, who at bedtime used to meticulously peel an orange for her and her mother. She managed to convince her now graying father to repeat the feat for the camera, and thus the one-shot video was invented. A loooooong shot, of the same uneventful motif, as if taken from a surveillance camera after closing hours. There was no drama, no story line, no bombs, nothing, just her father cutting fruit. The protagonist in Michala Paludan Nautrup-Hansen's one shot video was definitely more attention-grabbing. She had been riding around with a pig head on her bicycle's luggage rack to take dramatic, grotesque, and inventive images of Charley's amputated head placed in strategic places where it created situations that either were entertaining, ludicrous, or provoking.

She had been given the pig's head in connection with an individual assignment, and as the days went by, it began to smell stronger and stronger, and she was satisfied with just any of the pictures she was taking. They were all just plain silly. Then she decided to make a video.

A video where nothing happens. Just a loooooong shot of her and the pig's head beside each other on a small couch as time ticks away.

Those two videos, Michala's with Charley, and Nan Na's with her dad opened the door to a new period, where the image did not offer itself up for interpretation, but it became an authority. It's purpose was not to entertain, but to embarrass the viewer. The image was not trying to help you understand, but rather to obey. Of course you could ask questions, but you would not receive answers.

Why does it exist, why is it taking place? Because it just does, and is. Why should I have to sit here and watch it when nothing is happening? Because you must.

It hit me towards the end of her pig's head video, that this was exactly what Michala had been trying to do in her photography for a long time: To make obviously indisputable images of the act of obeying a personification of thoughtless acceptance.

That is what she was doing when she for one of her first assignments moved into an abandoned office building all alone with her sleeping bag and packed lunch. She obeyed.

It was an experiment. She wanted to experience what would happen to her, when she was alone for a long time in a foreign place. And then she wanted to photograph time.

It was so obvious as they both sat on the couch, her and Charley, that they had no idea why they were there. They had been positioned in that place, they had accepted the situation, and that was it. Now it was just about letting the pass by.

That is how it is to be human. We are placed, we accept our situation, and then it's just about passing the time. Of course that was why I had been so vehemently annoyed at Nan Na's father. Because he accepted the situation, and also why, towards the end of Michala's video, I impatiently yelled at the screen that this was actually the

head of a pig she was sitting beside: - You should not take this lying down, do something!

She did not at any time try to understand, only to endure. What seemed obviously foolish, was unavoidable.

The art was not in the performance or the video, but in the viewer's reaction.

Not in what I was seeing, but in what I yelled. I reacted instinctually and emotionally, because I was seeing myself in art's mirror. Also the still image: flirtation with eternity was taking place. Images were being created that un-phased, continued endlessly. They portrayed an acceptance of eternal meaninglessness, and of eternal foolishness. These were images that exuded a definitive authority.

It was not about seduction, entertainment, or being activated, there was no negotiation, they were not to be discussed or understood. The images obtained the status of sacred icons, that brought the message to humbly obey. They demanded of you to either be a believer, or to leave.

Lotte Fløe Christensen went to Råbjerg Mile to find eternity. There was sand as far as the eye could see, and there was Lotte turning the world upside down.

Kirstine Autzen had earlier, on a course with Søren Lose at Krabbesholm Højskole made a series with stuffed birds.

Now she gave one of them to a woman to hold in her hands, and she placed her alone in a room with a look on her face as if she had no clue as to what she was actually doing there.

It seems insignificant, and it is insignificant. The woman obeys and accepts, and I react. I yell to her as if I might be able to free her from the sectarians and the saved that have managed to brainwash her. - Do something! But she remains frozen, as if caught by unseen forces.

Julie Salvesen had found and old photo of her mother where she is sitting enjoying a glorious view on a hiking trip in the Norwegian mountains.

The image resonated with eternity, and to accentuate the feeling, she filmed the fading image, and then re-photographed it on a television screen. There was not much meaning left, not much information or enjoyment that came through in the final image. What it communicated was authority. The image was indisputable, you were to believe in it, not understand it.

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To believe, not to understand.

But Kristina Bengtsson was different, her eternity was about freezing time.

A liter of milk flying in midair was inconceivable, and absurd, and if one did not believe it had happened, it was inconsequential. But one did believe because the image emanated authority.

It was obvious that it could not be any other way. Even if no one had ever before seen such a godly vision, one knew, that it did exist. It was truth itself.

Markus Öhrn was probably the one who started the icon wave, but at that time I had no idea of where it would lead. Markus was thrifty, thoughtful, and stubborn.

The first four months his motif was the same lonely tree in a windblown field. A lonely disheveled growth in the middle of the wilderness, left alone to fend against the wind and weather, and the game of coincidence. Nobody gave it any value, or even noticed it, but it was there.

Slowly he allowed other elements to enter his photographs, but the expression was always the same. He was never coaxed into discussion or pleasure. His ambition was to express his character and personality.

After four months of lonely trees he photographed his mother in a hotel room. A lonely tousled woman in a slip on a strange bed, in strange country. Nobody counted her for anything, she was without value, and without meaning, but she was there. It was a fantastic, strong, and personal image.

My assumption that the lonely tress had been a kind of self-portrait was wrong. Markus was not self-absorbed, the trees were his mother. After another semester at Fatamorgana he applied to Kunstfachs in Stockholm with a series of well thought through everyday situations that he had staged.

Disheveled destinies, shaped by coincidences game, placed in the middle of nowhere. What they are doing has no consequence, it is incomprehensible and indifferent, it holds no value. Even though no one deemed them of any value, they were there.

The images emanated authority, they spoke the truth. The sacred truth about being human, we were not in doubt about the fact that his images communicated, nor were they at Kunstfachs. Nor were they at Charlottenborg when they chose his images for Forårsudstillingen, their juried spring exhibition.

Lotte Fløe Christensen kept on working with the project "the world upside down". She convinced her friends to hide in the trees, to blend into the hedge, or to run off from it all as in the image of the woman in the distance with the white suitcase.

The documentarians that hurried from one event to another and photographed stumbingly and impulsively gained a little more calmness in motor functions. They breathed in the emanating aroma of eternity, and held back on the bait. They surrendered to the prolonged image.

Like when Anders Birch photographed in a families home in Søllerød. For weeks he walked back and forth between the authentic carpets and the swimming pool to capture decisive moments that lived up to the golden rules of good reportage. But eternity rubbed off and in his beautifully completed book about the family, the main image absurd.

An image of the families youngest son lying on the floor in the hallway right in front of the garden door, his reclined position turning the world upside down.

It had been a long time since a student was praised on the first day at Journalisthøjskolen as he was for his Søllerød book. His faithfulness had paid off by giving the images authority and the book stature. Ulla Marie Aude was young, quick and positive. She had a hard time with the slow image, was way too restless for the thoughtful and unexciting, but loved when she was surrounded by foolishness.

Translation

tourists would have loved it. She documented and staged and gave it her all. He was not only nude, the drag queen dressed solely in a wig, he was blowing bubble gum and discreetly eliminating his manhood, whilst dancing for Trine in his wardrobe.

Yes, it sure was fun to be expressive. One needed unflinching courage, a naive self-assurance, and the ability to always find a shortcut.

As with Julie Breuning when she wanted to tell how she was feeling. Others may have come to a standstill if they were trying to express her experiences, but she was determined and visually gifted. She walked into the nearest pet shop, bought a bunch of maggots, and then she just had to stick her tongue out.

The emotional image was having a renaissance. In the series other images, there are cockroaches crawling out of a navel, meal worms curling around a nipple, and an earthworm coiling itself in pubic hair. Nothing could tame Julie when she had something on her heart. I was skeptical at times when she wanted to express complex emotions, but each time I had to give it to her, she was better than anyone at visualizing the most unmentionable feelings and emotions.

Like the feeling of being hospitalized in a psychiatric unit. Obviously simple and immediately understandable. As though one cannot swallow.

Never has powerlessness been so expressively depicted.

Julie's goal was to be accepted at Glasgow School of Art, and after three semesters at Fatamorgana, she went up to Glasgow for an interview. She was actually kind of disappointed because they already, after having looked through the first few images, decided that she was accepted. There was no interview, the images said all there needed to be said.

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Political feminist art like we had never seen before.

The tone was raw, and there was no holding back on expressing powerlessness or hate. The images were revealing, aggressive, and hostile.

A new feminist approach, where the women dominated with a self-aware, masculine tone: Political feminist art like we had never seen before.

Like when Marie Lærke Sørensen posed naked holding her mother, all dressed up, by the hand. A raw generation portrait with an almost defiant demand of bringing to light what for a long time had been hidden in the bottom of the closet.

They busted around, these women, with their mothers, with each other, and with their boyfriends. They decided, they staged, and they revealed.

When Mette Rask Pedersen received the assignment to make an interpretation of the cubist still life by Braque, "Grapes and Clarinet", she kept the grapes, but replaced the clarinet with her breasts dipped in whipped cream.

Yummy cool satire.

Marit Silsand placed a cold, wet, and limp porbeagle around her boyfriend's neck. The emotions almost ran down his hairy chest.

Expressive and effective.

Andreas Nilsson was also expressive. Although the assignment was not about showing feelings, but about creating an image for the faithful, the church decoration he created, the apple's round form, was all about articulating something he felt. The apple smelled of desire. His contemporary interpretation of the creation story: From being a snake that entices the woman, to being a snake, that protects his woman, was visually unique. The age-old story got a modern twist. You should not allow a snake to entice your woman, but you should desire her even if she is lying in the middle of a snakepit. The men could also be effective.

Jacob Hoeck, who had interrupted an apprenticeship with a photographer in Herning to attend Fatamorgana, never staged his images. He either found them, bumped into them, was attracted by them, and hung on to them. With simple expression he made photographic notes, wherever he went, and everything he chose to record, were visualizations of how he felt, never of what he saw.

Except, distance, framing and sharpness always described who he was and how he was feeling. What he had to photograph to describe how it looked, held no interest to him, and it was completely impossible for him to hide how he felt about what he was depicting. People on the street became distant figures, and the woman in his life, a warm body.

That is how Jacob was, shy with strangers, and loving to those closest to him. After three semesters at Fatamorgana he was employed as a teacher at the Technical School, but they could not employ him on a permanent basis because he had left his apprenticeship with a commercial photographer and instead became a sensitive documentarian. He has since then continued his sensitive style, and recently published the book "Detour". He has fathered two boys with his girlfriend, my oldest daughter Amalie.

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The code word was honesty.

Documentary photography had moved. From being eye catching and well formulated, argumentative and revealing, it now became a tool for intuition and inclination. The images were not to show emotions, but rather to be created by them. Your personality was not expressed in what you were capable of, what you dared to do, or what you could come up with, but rather in who you were.

Julia Ekström was such a intuitive and sensitive documentarist. At the age of 19 she had been declined a place at Fatamorgana, but she insisted and worked hard and was admitted the following year. She started full of ambition and energy, without any idea of where it might lead. The one thing she knew was that she wanted to be famous. Her father had gone to Christer Strömholm's school together with Anders Pedersen almost 40 years earlier, and now she wanted to impress daddy.

She was good, but not as good as daddy would have liked. There were too many un-sharp and overly saturated images. Her mother was more enthusiastic. She offered herself up for Julia's camera and intuition and soon Julia was in the midst of a portrait of her Mom.

One fantastic image followed the other. Her mother's torso marked by a breast operation, her party painted lips asleep under the duvet, in the arms of her husband, and on a walk with the dog. The trivial and daily became hyper interesting in Julia's images.

She mixed Polaroid, and color snapshots with black and white elegance, medical recordings, and askew family album shots, with emotional un-sharp dreamy images. It was like a game. She invented a new documentary style: A technical mess that oozed of love, suspense, and the desire to communicate.

The code word was honesty. Documentary photography had a new look, but the goal remained the same; the virtue of honesty.

Kine Ravn got the students to dare, Anders Pedersen got them to feel, and JH Engström got them to understate and be honest.

Only when Julia wanted to decorate her images did I say no. When she wanted to design or arrange them, I stopped her.

Otherwise she had free reigns and created a fantastic series that won her a place at The Royal Danish Academy of Art in Copenhagen.

And daddy thawed. He still cannot see the quality in what she creates, but he respects that others do.

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The time of prohibition was over.

At Fatamorgana, there had always existed certain underlying common rules, that nobody had decided, but that were always complied with in terms of what was art. It was a kind of prerequisite for the image. There were some things you just did not do: The forbidden image.

An image that was created on order, to sell a product, was inferior. The commercial image vs. the artistic image was in the eyes of the students equated to prostitution vs. love. To take on an order was always a risky affair. So when the students did commercial assignments to make money, it happened on the sly, and if it was discovered, the images were packed in with excuses and reservations. Nobody was to think that it was something they actually meant.

The commercial image was prohibited, as was the commercial look. Nobody dared play with the image-order's aesthetic in fear of being stamped as dishonest and inferior. But just as documentary photography at that time was in the turbulent process of rediscovering its original ideals and finding meaning and form, all of a sudden images were popping up that until then had been forbidden.

Vanna Envall struck a pose. With a fashion model's self-assured attitude she arranged herself in certain selected photographic places wearing fashion conscious clothes.

These were not caricatures, nor was it satire, or for fun images, this was fashion. Contemporary fashion. Fashion with style.

The images were not a protest, they were not about saying anything against or about doing anything dangerous or to provoke anyone. The images were a result of that time's capacity to be large.

That was the beginning of the "why not?" period.

Where before the dividing line had been between reality and the arranged, the line was now drawn between honesty and "why not?"

Vanna posing in the lyme grass became the poster for that year's exhibition. The students had evaluated, discussed, and chosen the image they saw as being the most suitable image.

And honestly, why not?

Rebecka Möller's sophisticated fashion images were not fully so forbidden. They contained a fair amount of self-irony and humor in their styled arrangements of super stylish women and men, looking as though they had taken right out of a 1950's French Vogue.

Rebecka had put a lot of focus on the scenography, casting, make-up and props and made the pictures authentic looking by photographing in the old-fashioned posed studio style.

The "Why Not?" period had given her courage to realize a dream, a dream of visualizing the idealized women of the past.

It was not just the forbidden fashion photographs that gained legality, there were several other just as forbidden genres that came to light as well. Illustrations, the graphic illustration, had been a minefield.

Our images were always to convey their own message, never to pass on someone else's message. The word "stylized" was negative, and was an indication of a false alluring surface that lacked honesty.

Rune Bjørk Mandbjerg managed a genre balancing act. He could jump from one style to another, and he did. Multiplicity was a quality he possessed, and his visual talent and perseverance provided for success within many genres. His ambition was not to become more and more personal in his photography, but more and more versatile. It was not to close in on one specific genre, but to be able to choose the one that was best suited to what he wanted to express at the time.

The illustration was a tool he worked with, and his efforts in the graphic realm resulted in a series of fantastic ornaments with a crown of flowers as the underlying motif, and Photoshop as his tool.

If they had not been thorough in their execution, I would have thrown wallpaper samples at him, but they actually looked really good. The following day Rune had jumped to another genre and he never returned to ornament boutique again.

When a German erotica magazine showed interest in Olivia Frølich's image of her friends lying half-dressed in a bed, and asked her if she would be interested in sending them what she had of erotic images, she did not say no. She thought seriously about the inquiry, and after looking at her photos of her friends, and finding out what the magazine would pay, she said, "Why not?" She flirted with the erotic and with fashion and had no qualms about selling her images. On the contrary, she shone with pride with the possibility of recognition and a profession.

The girly picture had been legalized as a genre, the naked or half undressed woman was allowed to satiate our erotic fantasies. The border between what was allowed and what was not, smoldered. The times of prohibition were over. Also the glossy image, the impressive and commercially presentable image, which had always been treated with scorn and been belittled because of its substance-less visual deception, was now being re-evaluated and accepted.

Pomp and circumstance were no longer amoral, just because it was commercial, or had a commercial look.

Thomas Nørdam Andersen had been a freelance photographer and was an old hand, when it came to glossy commercial photographs. He could fix them so they came out as killer images. He was a master of glossy images. And therefore also a master in images that lacked content and were boring. At Fatamorgana he wanted to further develop his gorgeous pictorial style, but he did a complete summersault, and instead ended up working with a sketch-like snapshot style that was personal and impulsive. He never abandoned his admiration for the beautiful image. Even though he threw amazing and intensely experienced images on the table one after the other which he took at lightning pace. Even though he received lots of praise, he could not change his perception of what a real photograph looked like. The snapshot was too easy, too incomprehensible to the man in the street, and it was commercially inapplicable.

But his image of Mærsk Mc.Kinney Møller's new work of splendor mirrored in the shiny surface of the water everyone could understand in its grandeur and opulence.

He had been given the assignment to create an image for the human rights paragraph "Everybody has the right to participate in society's cultural life", and could not withstand the temptation of making a magnificent commercial depiction of the new opera house. Afterwards he sold it to the shipping magnate. Why not?

But the commercial wave lost it's power, and the "why not?" period soon breathed its last breath.

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Curiosity and personality were back on the track.

The desire to acquire self-confidence in the existing market changed to the desire to acquire self-confidence in being original. In what had not been seen before. The world should not be handed what it wanted, but rather, what it needed and did not know it was in need of.

The documentarians searched, as they always had, for those in need, for the homeless and forlorn. They stayed at halfway houses, or asylum centers, and wandered around at night looking to catch a glimpse of a lawless graffiti artist, but these images had more of an aura of personal experiences than of information being recorded. The press photo was a dead herring, and the non-objective drifting in environments foreign to the photographer took over. We were not to be informed of something new, we were to be informed of something we already knew in a new way.

Personality and character were to carry the documentary images, and not the rarity of the motif. Who am I that sees, who am I that creates, who am I that sets the stage?

The subject was a condition, but the experience what was important. Documentary photography's role had changed, curiosity and personality were on the agenda again.

It had to be experienced, and it needed to be real.

But if reality needed a helping hand, nothing stood in the way of that.

Ann-Sophie Tranekær Fjello-Jensen wanted to, after having photographed a homeless person and having hung out at a veterinary hospital, make a documentary series about her mother's car, a red Fiat 600.

To photograph what it looked like was no problem, so Sofie decided to get into the car and sit for several hours to get to know it inside and out, while she photographed. By the evening she felt so at home that she threw her legs out the window and took a nap. That's the spirit. Here is a documentary photographer working seriously.

But it is the Director who arranges the camera on a tripod to share the experience. We are to experience it, to feel how she feels. The experience is the truly personal experience. Find a place, inhabit it, and then, be present.

In the "experiencing" documentarism you never knew what had happened, and what had been created, but it did not matter, because all of it was the truth. Often the registering and informative image was a lie, and the truth was hidden in the staged image.

Like in Ellinor Forsberg's Lolita series. If she had photographed what was happening, our solidarity with the willing substitute for a woman would probably have drowned in contempt and condemnation.

But in the images Ellinor created, romantic everyday moments of a blow-up substitute, Lolita was given her own life, even in the double bed.

It is too easy to reject the series as mere fantasy. It is a psychological portrait of a user that goes deep.

Original, different, and eye-catching: There is no doubt of Lolita's fate and Ellinor's intention.

Then, it is a little more difficult with Trille Skelborg's arrangement in a second grade way out in the boon docks.

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Touching intimacy, and laughter-provoking distance.

She was supposed to make a paraphrase of Salvador Dalí's melting watches, and she took on the challenge by placing her grandmother and her girlfriends in a classroom decked out in wedding dresses.

Time had melted, time had become disarranged. But the deeper meaning we were left to ourselves to come up with.

It was an experience, it was original, the images ended up at Charlottenberg's Spring Exhibition, along with one of her other fantasy filled adventures.

Mother Hulda, from a tale by the Grimm Brothers had been visualized in the same inventive and entertaining way.

The images were both touchingly intimate and laughter provokingly distant, and Trille enjoyed inventing and arranging, enjoyed her self-created journey to this new land.

Aia Thorup also went off on a long journey to the land of experiences.

Armed with a plaster cast of a gun, and a video camera, she went with her mother to the grave of her father, where she tried to get her mother to ceremonially kill him again. She did not succeed.

Kirsten Thorup went along to the graveyard, but she would not come along to the land of experiences. She refused to be filmed or to shoot, even though it was a fake gun.

So Aia had to take the gun in her own hands, and the piece did not become the success she had hoped for.

But Esben Oleen had success. The starting point for his project was, to use a long exposure. This would allow for existing traffic to be erased, while his models, who were given specific roles, stood completely still.

In a series of dramatic street games he orbited around the theme of death. In some of the photographs the dead figure is lying under a white sheet, in others, he has just fallen over.

A cranium, a bloody butchers knife, and a noose, set our fantasy free. His visual riddles were not to be understood, but to be experienced. It was like crashing down in the middle of a thriller and to leave it again without knowing what had happened. A few seconds of deadly stillness in a world that was whizzing past.

Reality and staging went hand in hand, documentary photography and staging drifted together.

When Fryd Frydendahl was given the assignment to create a calendar image for the upcoming AIDS calendar, she went home to a couple with two pairs of handcuffs.

The picture she took is a document. Almost. The sun, the couch, the pictures on the wall, the hair on the guys chest, the photographer's shadow, the open door, and the sad expressions. All of these elements are real and everyday like, all, except of course, for the handcuffs. With underplayed humor Fryd had chained the couple to each their end of the couch, and visualized the invisible problem. Brilliant.

I used the image on the school website's front page for a long time because the image could stand alone, without the incurable, sexually transmitted disease. Those handcuffs could be a symbol of anything that might chain the two youth to the established, keep them from one another, or simply keep them locked in place.

She was good Fryd, good at making things up, and cutting through. She worked impulsively for intense periods. Used herself and her closest friends, was direct and insisting, and always extreme in her articulations.

Both her and Esben's performances became more and more cryptic with time.

Fryd's aging schoolgirl with a bag full of Greenlandic shrimp was one of the last things she made before the "how do I feel" wave hit down like a tsunami.

When Bettina Pleidrup, Line Kallmayer, and Jacob Emdal started at the school in the spring of 2005 they were horrible photographers. They had no work method, socially they functioned badly, they could not talk about photography, and went their own ways. They were loners, originals, who did not trust the world, or believe in themselves. But what they did have in them was a God given talent: An eye for images, and ambition.

For a long period the focus had been on how one might feel. Now what was important was how do I feel.

Jacob did everything I told him to, Line did the opposite, and Bettina loved to hear what she should do, but forgot it all the minute she walked out of the door.

Jacob could not make choices, Line could not listen, and Bettina could not decide. Every time Bettina had a tutorial, she laid out on the table all the images she had made since the first day. It was like starting over again every time. The projects theme was "The empty room"

The room could be something she saw, a place she found herself in, what the eyes saw while she was thinking about something else. Slowly but surely this room became filled with strange things, or ordinary things that looked strange.

She was periodically hyperactive, pictures flew around her like leaves in an autumn storm, other times her creativity blacked out and she lost her courage.

Line groped her way through images that were all about ambience, and asked for advice, only when she had already made up her mind.

If I did not agree, she defended herself with claws and beak, and did not budge an inch.

Jacob saw me as a partner, we quickly figured out how to

distribute the workload; he photographed, and I edited. This gave him peace whilst photographing, so he could focus on seeing and recording, and then I would take care of the rest.

It was the year of H.C. Andersen's, celebrating his 200th birthday, and I had given the students the assignment; "What a fly can tell us..." and I urged them to be mobile, insisting, curious and to see the world with new eyes. "...In a personal account, story, or fairy tale, open our eyes to something we otherwise do not see." Jacob was elected Fatamorgana's H.C. Andersen ambassador by the other students for the bizarre visual fable he created.

Towards the end of the threesome's first semester, Line was accepted at Glasgow School of Art, Bettina wanted to apply to The Royal Danish Academy of Art, and Jacob had not even considered what was going to happen beyond the summer.

But then Line decided against Glasgow and started a study group with Bettina and Jacob with the goal of locating and getting into the best art school in the world.

The result was that Jacob went to study with Wolfgang Tillmans in Frankfurt, Line chose Goldsmiths in London, also having been accepted at the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam, and Bettina was accepted at The Royal Danish Academy of Art in Copenhagen.

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The worse it is, the better

The "how do I feel" period flowered, the worse you had it, the better it was. To have lost one's mother in an accident, to be pregnant in the fifth month, to be one eighth Jewish, or a lesbian adoptee, borderline psychotic, or sadomasochistic: To have an issue made it all a little more interesting than if one was just plain satisfied or happy with the cards life had dealt you.

Or even worse, if one was just plain ordinary.

So there was nothing left for the ordinary ones to do than to go out in the world and find something interesting to photograph.

They went to the Masonic lodge, the fitness center, to the crematorium, to the army barracks, found homeless people in the street, and went home with a neo-Nazi. Valdemar Jørgensen was sent out on daily assignments to stimulate his hunting instinct and marksmanship. His wish, like all the other normal ones, was to get into the Journalisthøjskolen in Århus to become a photojournalist. When the photo's from the first admission test that year to get admitted to Århus had been evaluated all the students from Fatamorgana had passed, Valdemar too. But not Sofie.

Sofie Holten was ordinary, but not ordinary enough. She had made reportages about the Police Academy, followed a group of cheerleaders, but her heart actually beat for the "how do I feel" image. The disappointment of not going with all the others to Århus was soon turned into another kind of victory. She applied to and was accepted at the International Center for Photography in New York. It's amazing what you can convince your parents to do, when you tell them you have been accepted at the best photography school in the world.

Their equity was lowered, and their monthly payments were now more substantial, but nothing was to stand in the way of their daughter's career. With their support, Sofie ended up taking up residence in Manhattan, and e-mailing home to the nine who were in Århus, struggling with grammar, and who still were not allowed to photograph, how wonderful it was in God's very own Country.

The year after she was accepted to The Royal Danish Academy of Art in Copenhagen with two videos she had made while at ICP. No, Sofie was far from ordinary.

Ingvild Haugen Heimstad was not crazy, and had no traumas. She was a sweet, uncomplicated, and ordinary girl, but she had an amazing drive: She loved to make pictures. She was always smiling, and humming, and was always in the middle of something important. And then she had the great advantage of having no idea of what she was doing.

She experimented, gave her imagination free reign, photographed, and she had an eye for it. She had an eye for images, and was never in doubt when she saw a good image, but she had no idea what she was doing, why she did it, or if the image communicated something to others.

Her time at the school became a long recess with strong colors, mysterious masks, peculiar attitudes, cheeky angles, disrespectful flash, flaming lovemaking and bizarre symbolism.

Her images were original, brutal and raw. And they oozed of desire.

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This is how things are, what do you want to do about it?

Kasper Oppen Samuelsen, who was a rigorous and designing schemer, had a horrible month trying to do outreach documentarism. There he found his very own photographic niche, the creative collage.

Everything became like a game, he was abuzz with ideas, and he moved his pieces around until they fell into place to make his statement: These are the facts of the matter, what do you want to do about it?

He placed his pieces strategically in his colorful fantasy game and encouraged us to make the next move. Marie Louise Siim did the same thing. She presented us with the pieces in her game; This is how things are, what do you want to do about it? Then she waited for us to make the next move, to point out the sinner.

She had been allowed to reconstruct a police line-up of her male fellow students at the local police station. Who is the guilty one? Choose a number. The image arrived at high speed and cause a big debate. Disrespectful, provoking, and loud, it trampled over the remains of the sensitive period and alerted us of a new, more direct, period to come.

"You have just landed, you are on foot, you have never been here before" I wrote for an assignment that was to be shown at Copenhagen City Hall which was to function as a contribution to a debate around the subject CPH as a Metropolis.

Allan Birkegaard Hansted took the assignment seriously and knew exactly what a lonely businessman would want, having just arrived to the capital. A prostituted junky.

His image of a prostitute was just as raw and exposing, just as glaring and debate inciting as Ditte Haarlev's images of AIDS infected drug addicts eight years earlier. That is what it looks like when one's dignity is for sale.

I used the image as an eye catcher for the exhibition, because it placed focus on a side of being a Metropolis that should be debated, what do we do with dignity, when foreigners get horny? The image brought forth condemnation, not because it was showing a subject people could not tolerate, but because the photographer went into his role and came to appear as the one who took the woman's dignity away from her.

Allen was shaken, when I praised him as a photographer of sensations. His self-image cracked. But it was a sensation, it was the first image in a new era where the mobile phone is a camera, and everyone is a photographer.

The door was opened to the paradise of spectacles, a place where torture is revealed, and terror, perpetuated. Where no speeding driver can feel safe, and where happy-slapping is an everyday occurrence.

Allan had just been acting professional. The woman was paid, and the image was staged.

It is means were too strong, and all tricks were valid. Here it is Max Adalsteinsson who has been to the dentist to create debate around women's true nature. Is she beautiful and seductive, or just an anatomical configuration.

Sun Hee Engelstoft was not as uncompromising in her

militarily arranged nude of two women in an empty room. But she brings up the same issue: What is woman? A being or a configuration? Body or soul?

The role of the woman was up for debate, and one of the sharpest to tackle the subject was Elizabeth Higgs. She made a video, where an ambitious and beautiful woman seduces her prince, then stabs him to death in the duvet, when she has gotten what she wants.

When Bibi Berge coaxes Elizabeth down into the Metro, it is to have her act lonely and frustrated.

But the role of the man was also up for debate. The girls were depicting the men as soft and sensitive, and the boys, in return, brought out the worst sides in themselves: the fighter, the speeder, the assaulter.

Anders Malmberg gave his male model a visual jaw-breaker so the blood flew. Cause that's what men do.

Tobias Zehntner also made videos, fantastic videos about his experiences with role-play and indoor skiing competitions.

The portrait of the misplaced autonomous young man, who cannot get rid of his cobblestone, was taken for a poster assignment on the occasion of the clearing of The Youth House on Jagtvej.

It was an answer to the assignment "The association Friends of the Youth House has decided to ask nine young and creative photographers to come with suggestions for posters to campaign for a new youth house in place of the one being torn down."

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Images and statements.

The text on the poster was: Where shall we now be? Yes, where are we headed? The waves of debate with their biased eye catching images will drift out, and a new period will come surging in. Future students will make new inroads. It does not matter if a specific period returns, that it has already existed at the school. It will probably benefit from gathering strength to again emerge to help keep art alive at Fatamorgana.

Nadim Carlsen has just started at the Film School as a film-photographer, but before he left Fatamorgana, he may well, with one of his images, have shown the way for a new direction in documentary photography.

The image of the young second generation immigrant at the bowling alley is outstanding because it is so simple, concentrated, and yet, filled with contrasts.

A coarsely grained, un-sharp head, which is lit up, and fine, sharply focused, bristling fingers on the same individual. That is how things are at this moment, for immigrants, and such is the fate of the human always. An, at the same time simple yet complicated image, current and timeless, both humanistic and political, and in line with the documentary tradition.

And for the directors there is also a possible road ahead. There is so much juiciness and power in Christina Glob's fantastic salute: the topos woman on her way out of the ring at the end of the show. I believe the image will lead to a stream of satirical, political, and uninhibited statements.

Pink bows, and a grass green carpet; that is how the stage is set right now, and that is how life is, always. Another period at Fatamorgana filled with images and statements. A time filled with stories about being capable human beings, and a confirmation that life should be lived while we've got it.

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