

Adam Christensen

2 late 2 talk part two

11 June 2016, 6pm

The lights went out in the giant hall. One by one fluorescent lamps were being switched on. Coloured gels. Large prints of collages. A black pattern on yellow. Naked woman with sculptures. A French flower garden. Draped from the ceiling. Illuminated. Forming a stage. Women neurotically rushing around to loud beats. Trapped in a trance. A horde of black and white costumes moving concurrently amongst the women. I sat alone in a far corner next to chairs stacked high. Piles of coats. Suitcases. A tingling feeling entered the tip of my index finger. The tingling ran into my hand. Up my arm. I felt the muscles pulling. Contracting tighter. Short breaths. Rapid. My mind expanded beyond the skull. Detached from the motionless flesh. Curled into a sphere. The wall behind me was no longer there. I floated backwards. A grand darkness. An poignant nothing. The lit stage drew into a distant spark. The music became a faint mutter. It stopped. The lights came back on in the giant hall. Salty tears ran down my cheeks into my open mouth. An exhausted dirge. Someone grabbed my hand. Put me in a car. Drove me through Glasgow to a soft sofa. A deep sleep. I woke to two new faces. A blond girl with giant tits and a short fringe. A Brummy boy with a short dark mullet. Crack Stasia and Gonorrhious R.E.E.S.E. We shook hands with a kiss. R.E.E.S.E pulled me in a firm grip. Kissing my cheekbone by the edge of my ear. Crack Stasia lit a long thin doobie. R.E.E.S.E pulled out a deck of cards. He sat next to me. Strip poker. We got naked. R.E.E.S.E kissed me with an erection before getting into bed next to Crack Stasia. Triple spooning. Gonorrhious R.E.E.S.E texted me a few days later. A square in Brixton. Midnight. He kissed me. Gave me a beer. Walked me back to his. Started watching Alien: Resurrection. Fucked for the duration of it. Heard Sigourney Weaver say something about taking it in the chest. I moved into the empty horse box. I built a DVD bench. Filled it with Sci/Fi and Horror. Gonorrhious R.E.E.S.E made me a long black cape. A face-hugger on the arm. On the back the heroic woman spelled Sirgourney Weaver. I wore it playing accordion bathed in pink lights. Smoke. We danced until the sun rose. Gonorrhious R.E.E.S.E laid in bed with eyes closed. Mouth open. I stroked his freckles. He muttered in his sleep. I love you. Rape me.

Adam Christensen, (1979, Aylesbury, UK) is a London based artist who works primarily in video and performance, also writing, music, collaboration, installation and painting. Christensen also performs with the music project Ectopia. He studied at Goldsmiths college in London and The European Film College in Denmark. Recent performances include: *If he's innocent, he's really fucked*, The Queen Adelaide 2016; *Mega hammer* at Marvin Gaye Chetwynd & Jędrzej Cichosz, Glasgow International, 2016; *Sonica*, DIG, London, LTPO7, Silwex House, London, 2012; *Toddlers and Tiaras Beauty Pageant*, Glue Factory, Glasgow; *The Lion Tamer*, Performa 11, New Museum, NYC, Ectopia in collaboration with Spartacus Chetwynd, 2011; *Normal Love*, Jack Smith, ICA, London screening with a live soundtrack composed and performed by Ectopia. Recent exhibitions include: *It's raining btw x*, Southard Reid, London 2014; *Feeling Queezy*, EKKM, Tallinn, 2014; *Terminos*, LimaZulu, London, *One Day the Day Will Come When the Day Will Not Come.*, curated by Milovan Farronato, Centre for Contemporary Art Futura, Prague; *Lutz Kinoy's Loose Bodies*, Elain, MGK, Basel; *Soundworks*, ICA, London 2012.

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