

Wildly disturbing – Jesus lives!

Where does the boundary go between faith and madness? And what do we use our belief for – to regulate the world, to legitimise our wars, to explain the world, to soothe the pain of existence? One moves round this strange religious motley* on many floors with increasing amazement, possibly losing orientation where people have possibly lost their faith.

One fills one's senses with installations and conceptual artefacts, sees performance artists do jigsaw puzzles with fragments of words and explanations, gets snow in one's hair in an armchair and is shaken by one's own reflected image. And while still wondering how Kirsten

Dehlholm and her collaborators have managed to prise open the door to thoughts in which one believed one had no interest, a subdued voice is suddenly heard asking: "Well, what's your opinion of the new minister of culture, then?"

Yet another installation? No, an old friend. He, too, though has Jesus written all over him. Here, half-way between the Last Supper and Michael Due's discreet organ feast, he is transformed into a divine miracle in all his universally human deformity. Life itself is on exhibition, considering and considered at one swoop. And it is long-life, even without vacuum-packing.

BY ME LUND