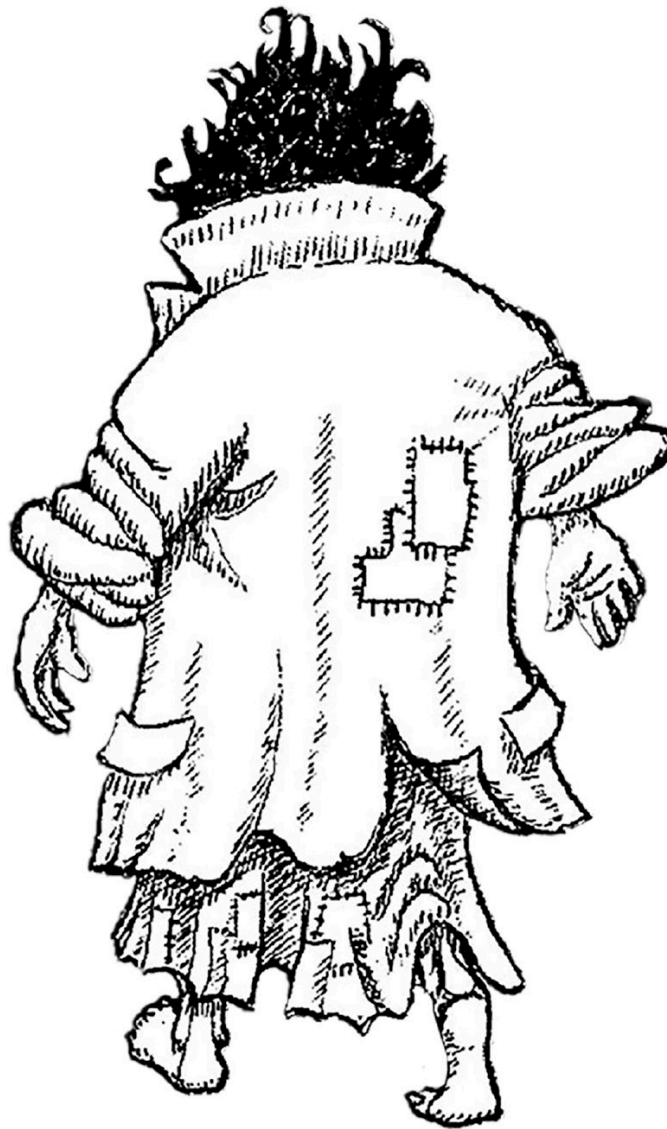


Simon Dybbroe Møller

ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD



Drawing by Michael Ende

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ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD

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There are these ashes to ashes. There is this dust to dust. There are dead skin cells, dust mites, dead insects, soil, pollen, tiny plastic particles, bacteria, hair and clothing fibers.

There are these watches that are no longer on display. The effects of time continue to play out even when time is not being measured. There are forms of life that become increasingly complex even as the arrow of time points towards entropy. There are these means of displaying and measuring that will survive us.

There is this graveyard in Barcelona, where the graves have been built into high walls. They mount up like so many studio apartments and each grave has a little vitrine – a windowsill that extends from the headstone, sometimes protected by glass, decorated with flowers, fake or real. There are crucifixes, family photographs, statues of the virgin mother et cetera. It's a city for the dead, a neighborhood.

There are many birds that swallow sharp pebbles and grit and hold these rocks in a muscular part of their stomachs called the gizzard. There is the gizzard. It contracts and grinds these gastroliths against each other and against the food that the bird has swallowed.

There are these videos of cake imitating other things; things revealed as cake by a knife that cuts through the illusion. A trash can that is actually a cake, a turtle that is cake, a bottle of pepsi is cake, a cuckoo clock is cake, a reliquary containing the big toe of a saint.

There are the sausage fingers writing this text. There is a thinking hand. The hand could tell the difference between meat and stone. It could grasp the difference right away. There are the eyes that cannot tell the difference. There is the glamour of being betrayed by an image.

Jaakko Pallasvuo