

## LEGS

I like to think that holding things in place comes at a constant effort. That load-bearing structures are continuous exertions of force, as if a beam is constantly and always pushing up the roof. A frame then is constantly cutting apart space, stating this-is-that and that-is-not. Holding things in place is also ruling out what they can be and can do, whereas a boneless appendage would have total freedom of movement. It could take on any shape, curl up into a ball and then flatten out straight again. It's more exciting when material has memory, when it bends without cracking, when it holds a gesture long enough for you to get what it's asking. I like for objects to remain where I placed them, for them to trace contours of where I move.

In the light of day things can be considered, looked at and understood, but not negotiated. It seems to me that the sharp scandi sunlight has a way of fixing things in their place, remembering what they are and who they're for. At night things are misunderstood, I twist my limbs to fit into places I don't belong. As I'm walking home some spring afternoon, I find the street flooded by middleschoolers headed in the opposite direction. They're shoving bicycles and people aside to push past, and manage to put me back facing backwards. I haven't been able to find my way around since.

- *Fritjof Krabbe Nørretranders*