

What actually happened?

-As the daily day grows thin, we villains begin.

As the performance begins the audience are left confused. An electronic beat starts in an endless rhythm and there is only the **WORLDHATER** to be seen through the triangular shaped holes in the front of the diamond shaped stage. He is not doing anything in particular, sporadically looking at the audience, and when bored he reads some up-to-date magazines.

The rest is dark and motionless, until after a few minutes when the performer, (who calls himself **CHRISTFUCKER**) starts cutting similar triangular holes, in the height of a person on the backside of the stage. As beams of sunlight shoots through the holes forming sources of light that reveals the situation inside on the stage.

It's a rather disorganized site with 35 broken electric guitar dummies scattered around in a broken pattern on the floor. Some other items are: black and white clown make-up, two building lights (not in use), two cans of golden spray paint, a bottle of Coca-Cola, some beers, a few grocery bags, a digital video camera and a tripod, a 15 litre bucket of tar, some extension cables (not in use), a CD-Walkman, an Active loudspeaker and some magazines.

The action starts rather hushed with **CHRISTFUCKER** dipping parts of the electric guitar dummies in the bucket of tar and tries to repair or glue the broken dummies together.

The audience have now understood that the best way to view the performance is through the holes cut in the back. As this goes on it gets more and more chaotic. The dummies that are made in bone white plaster become partly dyed in the pitch black tar. Since **CHRISTFUCKER** can't see anything because of his long-hair-image he intends to break more guitars than he fixes. In between viewing the situation and fixing the dummies in a clumsy manner he also sprays desperate teenager-like phrases and tags whit the golden spray paint on the inside walls of the stage, drinks beer and Coca-Cola, and at some point he fiddles with the electronic beat. All very tongue-tied and desperate as the dummies get more and more broken/fixed dirty, the triangular holes increase in numbers and the tags on the wall get ever more ridiculous. There is no communication between the **WORLDHATER** and **CHRISTFUCKER** during the performance.

At a certain moment **CHRISTFUCKER** stops trying and the end of the performance becomes an installation.

DURATION: 45 Minutes

PLACE AND TIME: Kunsthalle Berlin Pankow, 2 July 2005

Bo Christian Larsson as **CHRISTFUCKER**

THANKS TO:

Johannes Buss as **WORLDHATER**

Christine Vahl, stage and construction

Pan Sonic, electronic beats

Martin Hast, Photo, Video

Rosa Merk, Photo

Tina Kohler, guitar making space

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