



What I'd like to say regarding Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen's artistic practice, is that he readily works with what one would call sculptural installation. In this he utilises a calculating, labyrinthine and symbolically saturated visual expression, putting the *full spectre* of techniques to use. Often, an element of the performative partakes, but the work always, almost, stands out as some form – or another – of sculpture, a sculpture that expands beyond its own boundaries, akin to a staged landscape, a scenario of props.

Oftentimes the objects in question turn on and off, spin, roll or engage in other kinds of exercise. There appears to be a point, for Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen, in this activity of objects, in these objective dynamics.

Additionally, Jensen more often than seldom could come up with some way of manipulating, restructuring, abstracting or in other ways be captious with regards to the inherent properties of already existing objects. Be this a chair, pot plants, paint buckets, cooling fans, lamps, newspapers, wall clocks, suitcases or road signs.

It could seem that Jensen carries an aggrieved mistrust towards the objects, a suspicion towards the surroundings and their actuality, their relevance. This is the kind of mistrust that verges on curiosity, like a child who fiddles and picks on that which it does not understand or is unable to control. It appears as a disruption of the object's preoccupation with simply being itself, in its objecthood, as we know it, as of now, in this moment of time. It is like asking the object, which in reality is innocent: What are you, what are you doing, and why?

If one were to ask Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen why and/or how this has come to be, he would probably say that it has to do with the natural delusion and turmoil of the mind, the maximal unrest, *disquietus maximus*. That it is about the sensation of wandering restlessly in a country that lies somewhere between two borders, boundaries that one can sense but do not know. Like a wanderer under the law of upheaval, in a landscape that shows signs of resistance. A constructed borderland inhabited by mind, things, surroundings and the relations between them. In this borderland the systemization of the state of things is a survival strategy – trying to undress the objects, interrogate them, see them naked in their abomination, or, possibly, beauty.

F. H. Jensen would probably also claim that his work sometimes attempts to express something about the fundamental unease of this borderland, its principal disharmony. About its uncertainty and ambiguity. Something about the flight and flightiness of the wind. About what the wind brings, what it leaves behind, what the wind takes away. Additionally, he would claim that chance is a central term, a key to understanding, and that the point of departure is incidental. Yeah, well, that's just, like, his opinion, man. I don't know. Maybe so. Whatever floats his boat. Different strokes for different folks.

The lost land is lost, discernible solely in yearning unbounded.
- J. Borgen (trans.)