

Fossil Memories

an MFA graduation exhibiton by Christian Bang Jensen

Sulforous tar pits, and a sky lit up by a dusty apocalyptic yellow light. Heaven torn apart by a burning meteor, lighting up our ancestral night and hurling towards earth.

By moving forward, traces and sediments constantly form. Our time is fueled by aeons of sediments, organic time compressed and lit on fire. We are the hive, according to psychology our reptile ancestral memories influence our innermost basic actions. Debris scattered across the floor of the anthropocene. In art history, layers upon layers of material are compiled, one atop the other, each of the layers in continuous exchange. A stage of wonder and illogical connections, props without a play.

In the wake of this movement into time we imagine the past, its image caught between the past and our imagination of the past. Both fiction and science; a history that ritually enacts the slaying of the dragon- but in the outskirts of imagination shadows of prehistoric monsters still roam.