

Camilla Rasborg

Perhaps innocence is a misleading word to use about art. Artists are simply too cunning, you might say. Nevertheless, innocence is a notion that springs to my mind when contemplating the work of certain artists.

It is not the kind of innocence that implies naivety or ignorance, nor is it the innocence that comes from shutting yourself away in a nice little ivory tower. It is the innocence that comes from being totally absorbed in your work, from being deeply committed to what you are doing, from being terrified that you have got this, that or some other detail, invisible to others, just right. Maybe this very fear is inextricably linked with the innocence that I am talking about, and which I see in Camilla's work. Innocence is probably just a silly word to use to try to describe it, so...

With the mad zest of a particularly discerning philatelist, Camilla Rasborg has collected chosen pieces of rubbish, objects that have fallen from the world and landed in her lap. We must imagine her slightly lost, gazing at these objects in a way which has brought them to life for the rest of us. There is something trance-like about the works, which makes me wonder just now whether the objects we see in the frames, which allegedly were found in the street, ... whether they did, in fact, come into being right there in front of Camilla's eyes. It is worth considering whether they were part of the world before her intervention. It is just possible that their worthiness does, in fact, not come from the arrogance of age, but from the pure ignorance of youth.

That is, in any case, often the way with art: what we see was not there before, it is there now, and this is how it is, even though we can clearly see where it must have come from. Be it an umbrella handle or a dead man's door frame. And perhaps the idea of the stamp collector as a kindred spirit of Camilla's is not too far off the mark. The stamps do not exist until the collector gets hold of them. Before that they are part of a logistics system. When collected, they become part of something else, the connection between before and after being as good as non-existent. But still, that tiny little thread between the stamps and the world away from the magnifying glass and the stamp album and the smell of sweet sherry, is enough for us to recognise them. But we are puzzled by their new feathers.

This umbrella handle, now how did it become so distinguished? These black-out curtains bearing the brutal impression of the sun, they whisper of some disaster, but what? And from which harbour are we drawn into the greyness of the landscape photographs, and why are they so... grey? To these questions I have no answer; we must rely on Camilla and let ourselves be led by her trembling hand.

Christian Schmidt-Rasmussen
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