

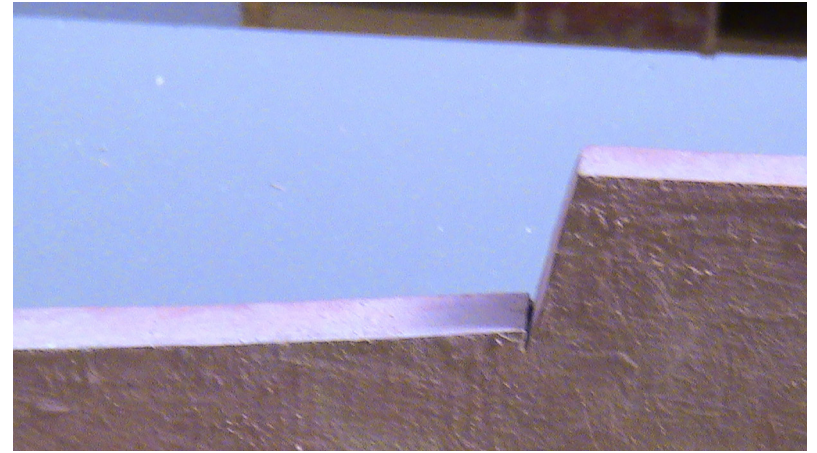
VAMPIR

VAMPIR

VAMPYR
Jakob Ohrt

Filmögon











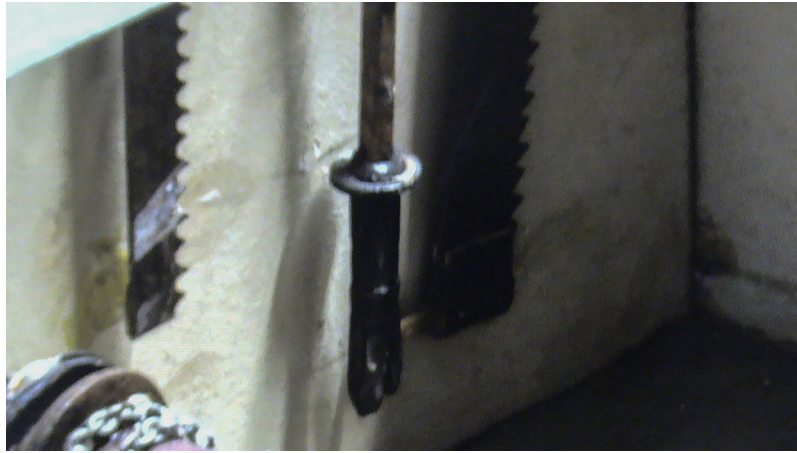








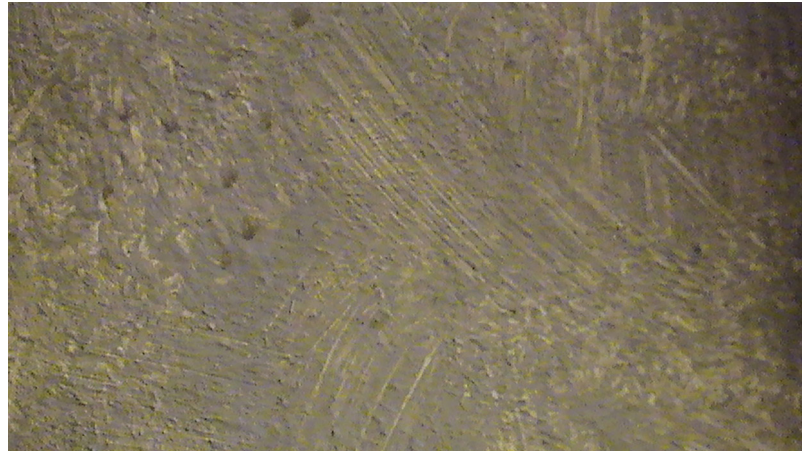


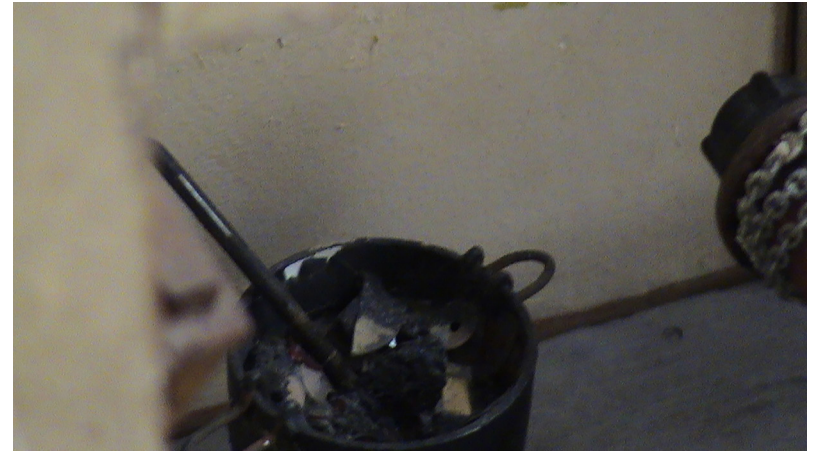














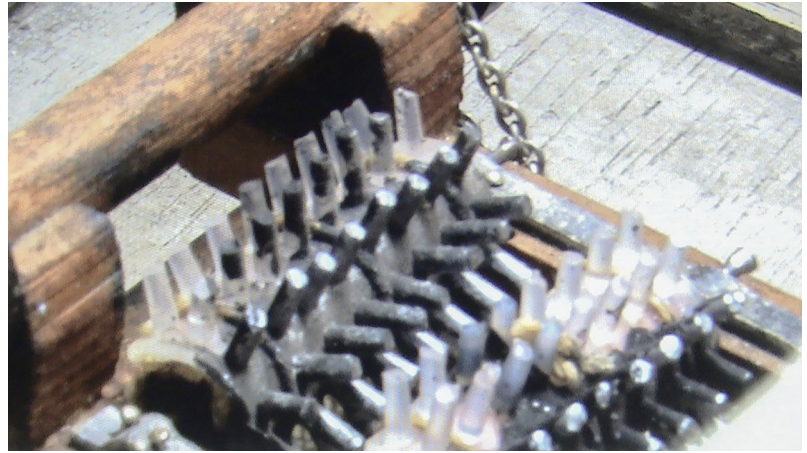


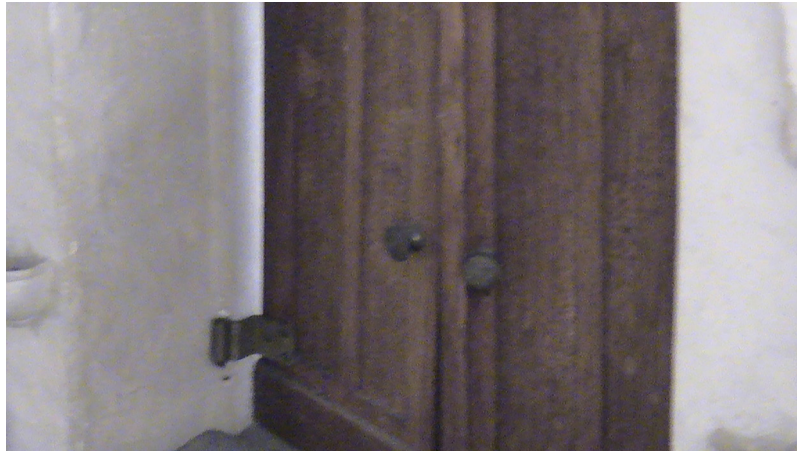


FRED WISEMAN
617-742-6680

jeg grüner dit kommer -
des inen t























#1056

Date: 1998.10.11

Headline: "Dissolved"

Signed: L.L.

We rarely notice our own time, as it sort of flows by while we're living in it, before the beginning and past the end and...

I've just found out from my doctor that my brain is atrophying, the cells are dying. What does all of this mean? The initial manifestations appear in the hippocampus (the central memory structure of the brain), before spreading to other areas. Memories, voices, and faces will disappear.

A window frames the external reality. The courtyard: bikes are packed in a tight row next to the recycling bin. Black and green mould has started to grow on some white plastic chairs. On the other side, someone is standing in their kitchen, stirring a pot. A light is turned on in the room next door and someone walks up to the window. Then the blinders fall. A television screen illuminates an entire living room, the purplish colours vibrate on walls and ceiling. The person sitting on the sofa has leaned back in a dreamlike manner. A police team is standing in the stairwell, waiting for someone to open. They pick the lock. The door gets jammed in a pile of letters and junk mail lying on the floor before slowly being pushed open. A radio is turned on somewhere. Another door, on the right, has been left ajar and the opening reveals a small bathroom. The police proceed with flashlights in hand, no light is coming in, all windows are covered with blankets. Towards the end of a corridor, they arrive at one of the bedrooms. The bed lacks bedding and a large yellowish, almost grey, stain covers the entire mattress.

After a while, the place is filled not only with police but with men and women dressed in full-cover protection wear. Only a few at a time are allowed inside the apartment. Piled-up newspapers form pillars reaching almost all the way up to the ceiling. Cartons, clothes, leftover food, briefcases, folders, coffee cups, plants, rolls of film, maps, bags

filled with trash or books, more books filled with newspaper clippings, notes and longer texts written by hand or machine.

Those who are in the apartment soon begin to carry things out. On a kitchen table are pots filled with dried-out soil. A sound reminiscent of crackling fire emits as the brown plants are being lifted and their leaves break in half.

The sun is on its way up. A noise is coming from the apartment next door, behind the wall. Only a few look out and see the world.

#264

Date: 1979.03.02

Headline: "Mirror-effect"

Signed: L.L.

Asia 960-1279: Fantastical figures mounted on sticks, led by arms behind an illuminated sheet of fabric. Someone is playing an instrument, another is imitating voices. Tales and famous conquests are performed in front of the curious masses.

Europe 1600: A type of lantern is casting a light and enlarges hand-painted landscapes, animals, and gods onto a nailed-up white screen.

Europe 1700: A woman and an aristocratic gentleman take turns looking into a box. Through a one-centimetre-wide hole, they discover "the wheel of life" turning round and round. A large sailing ship moves up and down the swells.

Europe 1790: A group of people is led into an old and abandoned house by a young man with flowing dark hair. He begins to tell a story of the family who previously owned the house. "The son, only seven years old, shared a room with his four-year-old sister. In the middle of the night, both asleep, they suddenly awoke from a sound and only had time to open their eyes and catch their breaths before the death

blow. The father got up early the next morning and found his wife sleeping peacefully next to the stiff bodies of the children, all of them together in one bed. It's said that one can still hear the murder weapon echoing here." The audience is huddled up, walking closely together through dark corridors and down a staircase. Only the man with the flowing dark hair knows that it is in this room that the finale awaits. His coworkers stand ready and wait for the right moment to ignite. The light hits the glass surface with the hand painted motif and then travels on towards the mirror where it bounces and is finally caught by a lens. A woman dressed in a long-sleeved dress appears above the smoke which by now fills up most of the room. Levitating above ground with her hair tied up in a knot, her eyes are replaced with two black holes. The audience jumps.

America 1878-79: California, a man on horseback gallops along a line traced on the ground. Only one more metre before the first of the rigged cameras. The front of the horse tears the rope. A shot is fired. Smoke is pushed out of the camera body - The rider lifts himself up and stretches his knees - One second later, the second camera is fired off - The horse pulls its legs in and folds its ears backwards - Three seconds - The hooves lift off - Four seconds - The horse is flying - Five seconds - Sand is spraying as the front hooves touch the ground - Six seconds - The rider prepares to tackle the landing - Seven - Horse and man push air out - Eight - Bang! - Nine - Muscles are caught by the light - Ten - The rider is rising - Eleven - The horse pulls its legs in and - Twelve - Hooves lift off the ground.

Europe 1895: Paris, 14 Boulevard des Capucines, Grand Café. This morning, the owner Monsieur Volpini arrives at his restaurant feeling nervous, yet full

of anticipation. The night of the opening is finally here. He's been working hard preparing for this night, everyone's hoping for a large crowd. The basement has been transformed into something completely new. Before, there were a couple of old pool tables and chairs that no one was using. The old sign that said "Saloon India" has been removed. Now, there's instead a hand-painted poster depicting, in the foreground, a row of red chairs packed with people laughing at what is being performed in front of them and raising their arms in celebration. Later that evening, the winding queue of people is running all the way into the street. "Saloon India" is slowly filling up with well-dressed visitors. Monsieur Volpini rushes his staff and looks towards the front door, it seems to never end. 120 people are finally sitting down in the red chairs, just as in the poster, and a sense of calm has taken over the saloon. From out of nowhere, two brothers appear. They introduce themselves, briefly and nervously. They leave the stage and sit down in the front row. The lamps that light up the room are turned off. It's very quiet. Everything else disappears, apart from the smell of the former pool hall and the ache from the hard chairs. Someone in the back row coughs and another whispers 'schhh'. The curtains finally pull to the side, unveiling something that resembles an apartment wall, obscured in the dark. Suddenly, a flash is seen in the back of the room and a strong light projects a beam which stretches over the entire audience. A glowing window, a few meters wide, opens. It's beginning.

*It all started when I received the box.
Now, in hindsight, I should've let it be,
I should've never moved into that apartment.*

2004.09.22

I had just moved away from home. This was my very first own apartment. I arrived at the house in the afternoon with the baggage I had been able to carry with me on the bus. Two floors and a basement. Two apartments on each floor and two front doors - that adds up to eight apartments with storage space. I was on the ground floor, furthest out on the right wing. It was a furnished, one-bedroom apartment. The wallpaper had a yellowish white tone, except for the living room where it was light peach. You could hardly breathe in the air, which tasted sweet. For some reason there were two single beds, a bedside table, an armchair next to a floor light and a bookshelf in bamboo. It felt as if the furniture did not belong to anyone, they were just there in the apartment, laid out.

2004.10.07

The summer stayed a while longer. I was shivering with homesickness and excitement. The first days were odd and lonely, I remember shuffling steps in the stairwell. A middle-aged man often chapped on my neighbour's door but was rarely let in. Above me lived an artist. She had a broken accent and was always friendly. I was slowly getting to know the area as well as a few classmates in the course I'd just started.

One day in the laundry room, I was waiting for the last washing machine with my head buried in a book I had borrowed from school. *Experimental Animation: "Walter Ruttmann was born in Frankfurt 1887, studied painting as a young man, and served as a lieutenant in the German army from 1914 to 1918. He is quoted as saying, after the war, that it made no sense to paint anymore, unless the painting could be set in motion."*

I heard someone else step into the laundry room. It was the woman from upstairs. She asked, in a friendly manner, if it would be alright for her to start using the washing machines slightly earlier.

I said, "Sure." and noticed her eyes were still looking at me, but I focused on reading or rather pretending to read.

I'm not sure how we got there but after a few comments about the book and about some other bits and bobs, she asked, "Have you met the new neighbour?"

I looked at her and said, "No?"

After a brief laugh she revealed that the apartment next to hers was in fact empty, that there was no new neighbour, apart from me that is. She continued, "I wouldn't want to move in there, if I knew what had happened." Her eyes narrowed and her voice got quieter and more serious, "He who stayed there before was once married, they seemed to live a pretty normal life. That was how it was until the divorce. Why they separated? Well, they seemed happy, but who knows. The few times he went out, he always wore headphones and would sometimes hum along to some melody in the stairwell. The years went by, no new partner, no visitors. Life is usually tough after a separation, but he wasn't noticeably affected by the absence of his ex-wife."

At this point, she was leaning against the wall and I'd closed my book to instead listen, with great interest to her story.

"No one really thought about it at first. It wasn't abnormal for weeks and months to pass without anyone seeing him. But then came the smell. It started and was the strongest on the second floor, opposite my apartment, then the whole stairwell. My first thought was old bins, but then one early morning when I was on my way to work and had to hold my breath all the way down to the street, I knew that it was something else. I looked up towards the neighbour's window. Something wasn't right. I couldn't see through it, some curtains or blinders had maybe been pulled down. When I got home later that afternoon, it was still light out and my gaze moved up towards the window. That's when I noticed that something had changed, and I realised that whatever was covering up the window on the inside was moving."

She stopped, as if catching herself. The lightbulb hanging from the ceiling was flickering in response to the silence. Then she continued, "After that, it didn't take long before cars arrived outside the house. Police and people dressed in protective wear entered the front door and went up the stairs. I heard them banging on his door. They must

have brought a locksmith or something like that with them as well, the place was full of people. Me and the rest of the neighbours were of course curious. Anyway, soon they were in his apartment, god knows what they found in there.”

She pointed to something behind her, and I looked. The washing machine had finished its programme. I excused myself and immediately began to load the tumble drier. It started with the push of a button and the clothes began to rotate in the artificial heat.

Together, we took a few steps back. She lit a cigarette and seemed almost relieved but sad, “I haven’t been able to let it go, that day, that man.”

Her voice got mixed up with the sound from the tumble drier as my thoughts began to wander... *A human being moves forward all the time, even when sitting or lying down. A muscle responds to a signal in charge of a pulse which is rhythmically pushing liquids forward. Multiple times every millisecond, there’s a flash furthest up in the brain. Music, memories, encounters, and books you’ve read are transformed into an endless stream of images. In the same instance as the human body stops and falls lifeless to the ground, the heat from the body disappears. The blood accumulates in one spot, creating a dark blue stain whilst the rest becomes white and completely still. After only a few minutes, the fly is there, laying its first eggs, millions of them. Preferably in openings, such as the eyes, nose, or mouth. Within twenty-four hours, the larvae are born and begin to feed off the dead tissue. With each day that goes by, the liquids disappear, the material becomes fragile, dry, and timeless.*

“A few days later, I read the obituary and was shocked.” She paused again and looked down, still holding her cigarette which had burnt all the way down to the filter, “After all those years, none of us here knew him or knew who he really was.” She shook her head, “Can you imagine being that lonely and then being buried with your name misspelt.”

I just stood there silent, I couldn’t come up with anything to say.

#749

Date: 1986.12.11

Headline: “Dolly”

Signed: L.L.

Every day, a young couple gets on the bus at the same stop. Their quiet but energetic conversations begin as soon as they sit down, a few seats in front of mine. I’ve no idea what they are discussing, but I still observe with fascination their beautiful hand gestures. It’s 07:25. I find an old receipt in my pocket and write something on the back of it with a pencil. The bus stops. Walking at a slow pace. Not far from the parking garage, crossing the field and the cemetery. Then, rows of small houses in pastel colours, left abandoned. Some of the windows are boarded up and the rest lack window panes. Wild birds and other animals have found their way in and built new homes. After a narrow street, where the asphalt had fissured in numerous places, a space that was once famous for its activity opens. Men and women would go here, spending hours upon hours each day doing the same thing. Year after year, generation after generation. They arrived at a particular time and left at another. Now, decades later, everything has stopped. Left is dirt, sections of house walls, broken doors, sheets of glass and wires over which you can trip. I pace up a broken staircase. A desk has been left in what might once have been an office. There is a light rectangular stain in one of the corners of the tabletop. Perhaps there used to be a telephone and next to it a pile of folders. In the desk drawer (which is not locked), I find a roll of film and decide to put it in the pocket of my jacket. One wall is sprayed with colour, parts of it depict a howling dog and two laughing skulls. On the way back home, I read on the back of the receipt, in my own handwriting: “S”. Back in the apartment, I look at the clock hanging on the wall in the hallway, above the shelf. It shows 12:38.

#303

Date: 1980.03.29

Title: "Close-up"

Signed: L.L.

Unnatural light creates deep shadows and grotesque lines. The camera sweeps and glides over those who judge, hate and spit. We no longer need to know who she is; the face staring back into the camera is enough. Thanks to "panchromatic film", the pores, tears and sweat on her forehead are accentuated. She moves her dry lips, then a caption.

... **det er ikke sandt**...

2004.11.02

Yesterday's lentil soup had just come to the boil in the pot. I turned off the stove when the door rang.

She had a cigarette in her mouth and a box in her arms, "There were no family or other relatives to take care of all the stuff in his apartment, so I offered to take some of it. It's been lying in my storage space ever since."

She handed over the box which I grabbed, surprised. Before I had the time to say anything, she was already on her way up the stairs to her apartment, I could hear her steps as I locked my door.

I put the box on one of the chairs in the living room. It was clearly old and had begun to give off that smell of things that have been left in a dark storage space for a longer period. Once I began to think about where it came from and to whom the things inside of it had belonged, I immediately felt uncomfortable and pushed the box into a cupboard. It could stay there.

Later that evening, I pulled it out. I had to use a knife to get through all the layers of tape wrapped around it. Eventually, I could fold down the sides of the box that had been hiding its contents. At the top was a wrapped-up parcel containing numerous letters and postcards. In a

plastic folder, I found a sketchbook. In handwritten letters, the cover read: "Donald Duck". It seemed as though they had been traced from an original, using a blue ballpoint pen. One detail was missing, either on purpose or due to lack of time. The speech bubbles had been left empty. The characters felt like ghosts, caught in the made-up town of Duckburg.

Then I picked up a notepad filled with notes and geometric shapes. My guess was that it could've been some sort of blueprint. Two vertical lines and two horizontals, together they formed a three-dimensional rectangle - maybe a box or a room? To the left was a small round circle, sketched with short, linear strokes. Something coming in and filling the room? Arrows and numbers, drawn in pencil, filled up the rest of the page. Taped to one of the upper corners was also a photograph, depicting a tree, a bin, and a lawn. In the background, you could see a man dressed in a shirt and trousers, posing in front of a house.

Further, the box was filled with more notebooks, newspaper clippings, and empty envelopes covered in doodles and symbols - another language, or a code of some kind? There was so much of it and so many layers on top of layers that you could barely see the white paper at all. It was impossible to make out full sentences, or whether it depicted something else.

There were also a few different types of video cassettes (Hi8, Mini DV, VHS) that didn't have anything written on them apart from a number. I'd received a video camera from my brother the previous year and was therefore able to insert one of the tapes and press play.

Video tape #22

>PLAY< Black frame (disruptions, flickering).

>FF<

>STOP<

>PLAY< Exterior, Night: crossing a street, parked cars, streetlights illuminating pavements, house facades, green bushes, and garage doors.

>FF<

>STOP<

>PLAY< Crossing a lawn, lit with a flashlight. The beam is reflected in the eyes of a cat that disappears into a bush.

>FF<

>STOP<

>PLAY< A hand holding the handle to a door. Opens and walks in. The camera moves over and up the stairs.

>CUT<

Interior: the hallway is pitch black, only the circular beam from the flashlight is illuminating the parquet floor. A framed photograph of a blue car hangs on the wall. A bit further ahead, a turn to the left. The kitchen. A set dinner table with an oilcloth decorated with flowers.

>CUT<

Close-up: a half-eaten meat pie and a glass of milk. Half-full.

>CUT<

Interior: the living room. The light finds its way towards the right. Over the wall. Textured white wallpaper. Two windows. Then a bookshelf with folders. A drawing pad and a few pens lie spread out across the floor. A y-

>STOP<

>RW<

>STOP<

>PLAY< Textured white wallpaper. Two windows. Then a bookshelf with folders. A drawing pad and a few pens lie spread out across the floor. A yellow vase with red and green tulips.

Christmas was arriving but I'd already decided not to go back home to see my family. It was the first time this had happened. I made up an excuse, which was relatively close to the truth, about how I still had a lot of coursework left to do and that I was the only one staying to catch up on work. My parents understood but were, of course, disappointed and hoped that I wasn't going to be working too hard. The notes and the images from the box had begun to take up more and more of my time. I had started to decipher the drawing that I initially assumed was a blueprint, and as it turned out, I'd not been entirely wrong. Many weeks had gone towards collating and preparing the material. My neighbours must've wondered what I was up to, after having bumped into me on several occasions carrying timber, blankets, black bin bags, and sheets of wood. I tried to get as much work done as possible during the day, so that the noise from the hammer and drill would not cause any irritation and, in turn, formal complaints. This led me to avoid my neighbours even more, in particular my landlord.

The last class of the semester would soon be over and there was only one thing on my mind, which was noticeable, I'm sure.

A guest speaker tried to catch the attention of the whole class during her lecture.

"The notion of space was adumbrated as a product of and experienced through bodily movement and psychological and optical projection. Space was interior enveloping, enclosing, ritually sanctioned, and structured by the body's motion through it. As such, it tended to break down the rigid stylistic categories of architectural history." She looked at us students, waiting in frustration for someone to raise their hand and ask a question. I fixed my gaze at a set point further away, *"Time is compressed or stopped inside the movie house... to spend time in a movie house is to make a hole in one's life."*

Titel: Jung's house dream, 1909

"I was in a house I did not know, which had two storeys. It was 'my house'. I found myself in the upper storey, where there was a kind of salon furnished with fine old pieces in Rococo style. On the walls hung a number of precious old paintings. I wondered if this could be my house and I thought 'not bad'. But then it occurred to me that I did not know what the lower floor looked like. Descending the stairs, I reached the ground floor. There everything was much older. I realised that this part of the house must date from about the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The furnishings were medieval, the floors were made of red brick. Everywhere it was rather dark. I went from one room to another thinking 'now I really must explore the whole house.' I came upon a heavy door and opened it. Beyond it, I discovered a stone stairway that led down into a cellar. Descending again, I found myself in a beautiful vaulted room, which looked exceedingly ancient. Examining the walls, I discovered layers of brick among the ordinary stone blocks, and chips of brick in the mortar. As soon as I saw this, I knew that the walls dated from Roman times. My interest by now was intense. I looked more closely at the floor. It was of stone slabs and in one of these I discovered a ring. When I pulled it, the stone slab lifted and again I saw a stairway of narrow stone steps leading down to the depths. These, I also descended and entered a low cave cut into rock. Thick dust laid on the floor and in the dust were scattered bones and broken pottery, like remains of an ancient culture. I discovered two human skulls, obviously very old, and half disintegrated. Then I woke up."

2005.01.28

The cursor landed on a file, two rapid left-clicks with the index finger started the software. I jumped straight to the last paragraph where I'd left the text last time and began to read.

"...the staircase is used as a mechanism for tension, suspense and transition. It creates interesting angles, psychological structures, and power imbalances. Staircases, just like dinner tables, have a dramatic function. The characters gather around the dinner table. Regardless of whether it is science fiction or any other genre, humans eat at the dinner table. The characters have a reason to assemble. Dinners include accustomed social codes and rituals (the drama is performed under the table). If dialogue occurs, it is mostly to hide what is really being said in-between the lines. The dinner scene often ends badly, fractures in relationships are unveiled and we, as observers, identify."

The walls surrounding me had disappeared, there I sat alone on a desert island, with the light from the computer screen in place of a campfire. I couldn't concentrate. A dream from the night before stayed in my consciousness.

In the dream I was in my apartment and as the air was sucked out of the room I tried to open a window - but it was stuck. I bashed, banged, and pushed, using all of my power. After numerous attempts, it gave in. But when I tried to take a deep breath, nothing came in, only the taste of my own saliva. The world outside was a gigantic, smeared-out postcard.

I woke up in panic, for a few seconds my entire body was immobile. Eventually I could lift my arm and move my hand to my throat, shortly thereafter, a breath. I sat up on the side of the bed and felt my way to the lighter, which I knew was lying on the bedside table. With help from the small flame, I went into the kitchen. I turned on the tap and the glass filled up to the brim. The cold liquid accumulated in my mouth, poured down my throat, then on towards the chest and stomach.

My neighbour was pacing back and forth, I heard her steps through the ceiling. *Like a bat registering vibrations. They give off a sound that starts in the voice box and travels out through the mouth or nostrils. The sound can reach a level of 110 decibels. An average human being can reach 50-60 decibels when talking. The sound varies between different bats*

and between different species, it bounces and measures the distance to the surroundings with millimetre-precision.

With stiff legs, I shuffled back to the living room where I sat down in one of the armchairs and tried to remember where the bookshelf was placed in the room. But I continued to move into the dark and, with a kind of insecurity, I moved my hand in front of my face, to remind myself that it existed. *We humans can never experience or create those exact images of a room that bats are able to. For the eye to be able to perceive its shape, an object needs light. Just like when the spotlights hit the face of an actor in some old German film, where light and shadows are like the rhythm in music. The closest thing that comes to mind is Helen Keller (b. 1880) who at the age of one-and-a-half years suffered an illness which eventually meant that she lost both hearing and sight. A life in total darkness and in total silence. She herself described it as wandering "in the valley of twofold solitude." Keller could register the outside world using odours, tastes, and touch but couldn't keep a dialogue without a language. She later got to know a woman named Ann Sullivan. With black paint, Sullivan wrote down all the letters of the alphabet on a white glove. Keller could now communicate with the rest of the world by memorising the location of "A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z." But, above all, the rest of the world could now communicate with Keller by pressing down on her hand when it was inside the glove. One letter at a time, in one word, in one sentence.*

#991

Date: 1995.07.14

Title: "xxxxxx"

Signed: L.L.

Visited a friend in a neighbouring country. As always, her stories entertained me and as it had been a few years since we last met, we had a lot to talk about. The sun shone on the houses and her hat. Later, we walked to a library. She recommended a few books for me to read. She loved to talk about literature. To her, reading was better than travelling or meeting other people. It was not meant as an insult, she

assured me. Everyone needs company or at least most of us, she said with a smile. The large building was surprising, and even more so on the inside. We stood in the middle of the large and open hall. Wall after wall, floor after floor, covered with books, ending in a green cupola. My friend went one way and I another. The silence was palpable and increased in volume as the time passed. I had been wandering around the geography section, then onto linguistics and stopped at South American history. Minutes maybe hours had passed when I closed a large heavy book and in the same instance everything was gone, not in front of me but inside of me. I looked down at two young people, sitting down with dictionaries and taking notes, when I felt a tingling sensation in my toes and fingertips. The corners began to blur before it got dark. I managed to sit down in a chair before the panic took over. I was looking for clues that would help me understand where I was or what these people were doing here. That was when I noticed an etching mounted on a wall further away. From far away, it seemed to depict a tunnel, but the closer I got, the more spread out the etched lines appeared. It showed - through classical single-point perspective - a room full of books. On the right-hand side of the room was a man holding up his right hand over a globe. On one of the shelves, it said "Bibliotheca", and under the frame: "Duke Augustus in his library (1650)."

We met again under the green cupola. I didn't say what had just happened, as I was almost fully recovered. Many of the books that she and I were looking for had either been lost or were unavailable, except from a copy of "Maldoror", written by Comte de Lautréamont, which she handed over to me. On the way out we passed a girl dressed in loosely fitted clothes. She was playing with her friend and at one point she fell over, making a face, while trying to

ease the pain by placing her hands around her knee. Me and my friend continued to walk in silence until we arrived at the subway stop. There, she told me that the very same thing as what we'd just witnessed, the girl hurting her knee as we left the library, had happened to her as a child. Played and fallen over, in exactly the same spot. We both laughed but didn't stay on the subject, although I could see that her eyes were still in that moment. Instead, she wished me a safe trip back home and asked me to get back to her with comments on the book.

2005.03.19

A loud noise was suddenly heard from the hallway as the letterbox closed. The only source of light in the apartment was a small hole I'd drilled through the sheets of plywood that I'd mounted on the inside of all the windows. I found a rectangular envelope on the floor, from the landlord. A notice about the rent. My neighbour had also tried to get a hold of me, many times, as had friends and family. My mobile was broken I think, or maybe I hadn't bothered to charge it, and the house phone that mother had sent was lying in a kitchen drawer.

Having grabbed the envelope, I stood up and was just about to turn around when the light coming in from the drilled hole hit me straight in the face. I took a small step to the side so that the beam travelled onwards, hitting the mirror in the hallway behind me. *I've had it explained to me in retrospect. Too little sunlight, a bad diet, and sleep deprivation can make the brain confuse what is real with earlier experiences.* What appeared in front of me was foreign yet as familiar as the garden outside. The nude trees moved slowly and silently over the coat hanger. The clouds were disappearing slowly only to come back to cast a shadow without beginning nor end. I moved my hand over the wallpaper and touched the grass.

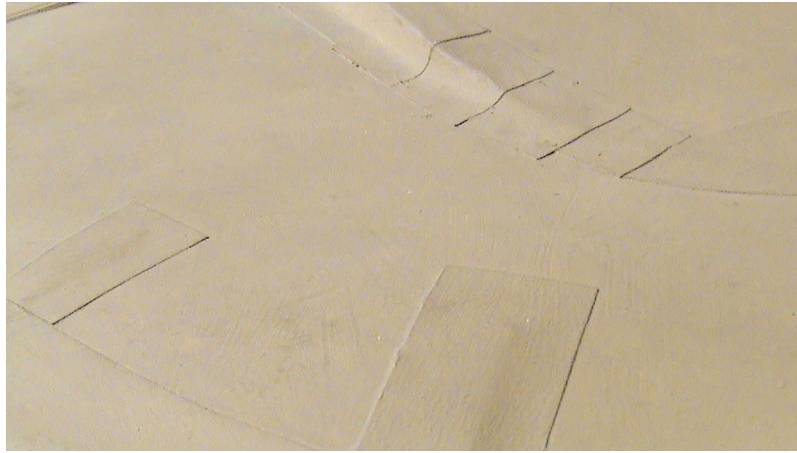
#????

Date: 2000.01.27

Title: "Mirror-effect" cont.

Signed: L.L.

384-322 B.C: Aristotle speaks about the sluggishness
of the eye.





These images were taken in and around the original set models used for the scenography of Carl Th. Dreyer's 1929 film *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*. The models were made by the art director Hermann Warm and are stored in the archives of The Danish Film Institute.

VAMPYR
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