

12 point, Helvetica, 1 page version, be saved from the 4 page annihilation.  
by Victor Boulet.

The sun shines on my pale bald head while dragging my feet alongside the grey river of Malmö. I enter the Moderna Museet, holy mother of christ, orange rapes my visual objectivity. The floor is orange, because an architect chose orange, I have to digest orange, I have become orange a great big orange disappointment. I can't accept architect's errors. This is an order to all incapable architects; keep it simple and feel obliged to NOT put upon us, the others, your pretentious dreams and wishes, they are only yours and not the collective us. please obey. i.e. obey us.

An Icelandic, so called, artist has used the tools of hypocrisy. Place your name next to, in this case, Edvard Munch's and you might score. He is not scoring. If Edvard Munch walked into this room of so called Scandinavian Pain his face would turn green, his anger would transform into violence, he would make his fists into two Norwegian vikings and go on a rampage. I'll try and recount these upsetting few minutes of my very nervous life. As already mentioned, I entered an orange museum of Swedish delight. I decided immediately not to pay the entrance fee, reason, my animosity towards the floor. I walked up two sets of stairs, and entered a room almost blacked out by blinds or was it architect film, the one you glue to the glass, pimp my car up.

I see young art, burnt flag, Dubuffet rip, Alex Israel's pink nonsense and finally a Klara Lidén. Thank you Klara, it was like surfacing for air. A did see a wonderful oil by an artist I won't name. Found my way out, descended. And that was when it happened. I entered a darkened room looking straight into a new built small sized barn. I saw to my horror Edvard Munch's oeuvre in a tasteless barn, in Malmö. Speechless I cross the room, I stop. I stopped forever. Behind my glasses I feel my eyes squint and I can hear air leaving my lungs to be released between my lips, this, just moments before I think. Do I actually like art? Do I need art? Do we need curators? Do we need museums? Do we need Malmö? Do we need Sweden? Do we need Iceland? Do I need to be here, no I don't! Edvard Munch's work was hung fashionably maladroit on a pine carcass, 2" x 4", yellowish pine planks, pine painted red on the outside, pine left untreated inside, the modern quintessential need to trendy art. NO, NOT, NEVER! Edvard the fragile man being raped in a shed in Malmö. Mr Munch is being used by the system, our painter is being taken for a sad and hollow Icelandic ride. This joy ride is part of our art power structure. This is an art festival. We need to be entertained by shallow curating, the art hierarchy points to us and declares world art domination and we obey.

In the name of God why has this man been allowed to fiddle with Edvard Munch. For christ sake who is responsible? Good God, how much hard cash did your institution make? And who carried out the bloody act of signing papers so the wonderful art of Munch could be hung in a two bit shed with neon lights screwed to the roof declaring nothing by an Icelandic guitar-playing trend victim? Please explain to me why! and please admit in a moment of despair that you have done wrong. Please, not for me, but for you!

A drawing, a delicate young women on her knees, ohh Munch, I feel good, until my eye balls drop into pine trend again. Sorrow has struck - I MUST LEAVE!

Abba you Icelandic cretin, Munch would've reached for the axe, yes, defend yourself, but he'll win. You only need time to realize that you are nothing, I'll say it again, nothing, without someone holding your hand and guiding you through the never. Ragnar Kjartansson you have committed the worst act of hypocritical adultery I have ever encountered. All people involved in this act are guilty of treason and will suffer when woken up from their poisoned academic correctness. At the opening you even turned to a friend of mine to ask what he thought. Never ask, you might get a response from two vikings wanting to plough through your garden of nil. From now you are know as Ragnar Hypocritson.

Paris.  
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