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ENG

FIGHT TO THE DEATH WITH CLUBS

By Sara Duborg Døssing

The screams fill my ears. Screams of exhaustion. Five people dressed in black suits press in, and I feel trapped in a claustrophobic space. Caught, as if I were one of them; sunken into the mud they sow. I can't break free. Understandably frustrated, they groan. Cry. Laugh. And fight. Against something I cannot see and don't fully understand. Maybe they're fighting me? Maybe each other? Or themselves?

Wearing shirts and ties, they stand as a picture of the stereotypical capitalist body. Four men and one woman. A reflection of the typical gender distribution at the top of the power hierarchy. They are all white, which is also representative of the image of power most often seen today.

Despite their implied importance, I do not know them. They are not individualized people, but pieces in a larger system. As a physical representation of capitalism's destructive and violent nature, the people of power stand and swing large wooden clubs.

Let us ask the question again: what are they fighting? If they are fighting themselves, why are they doing it? Are they fighting to stay in or to escape capitalism's clenched fist? Perhaps they, too, have become trapped in the so-called hamster wheel, where more always demands more? The looped video highlights repetition, the circular movement that underlies life itself. You wake up, go to work, come home, eat, and go to bed. You wake up and do it all again, until you can't anymore. Maybe from exhaustion, maybe from boredom, maybe from stress. Maybe you're dead. Life is a fight to the death, like in Francisco Goya's painting *Duelo a garrotazos* (1820–23), a club-fight where both men have been swallowed by the earth, by the mud, by "the mess we're in."

The suits of the five people make them the same, uniform—like warriors who, though perhaps positioned above others, are just as trapped in the system as anyone else. Like the system in

which they are caught, they become destructive and violent. They don’t see that they are quietly but steadily sinking deeper and deeper into the ground. They direct their anger outward —at each other—at the world—at me. Their sounds, screams, and rage drown out the far more important debate about the changing state of the Earth and the world, caused by their drive for growth, their need for more. While we argue about the conditions of the state's financial crises, our shared world is already beginning to sink beneath the sea.

Fight to the death with clubs draws attention to the steadily growing need for us to recognize that we are bound to the Earth and inevitably entangled in its being. It makes it clear that we must take political responsibility and act on it. That we must acknowledge the holistic nature of the world and begin to imagine a future freed from the modern Western obsession with power. A new understanding of the world is needed—one that opens the possibility to change the ongoing colonization, the social, racial, and regional inequality created by the warriors in suits.

DA

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Skrigene fylder mine ører. Udmattelsens skrig. Fem personer klædt i sorte jakkesæt presser sig på, og jeg føler mig klemt i et klaustrofobisk rum. Fanget, som var jeg selv som dem; sunket ned i det mudder, de sår i. Jeg kan ikke komme fri. Forståeligt frustrerede stønner de. Græder. Griner. Og slås. Mod noget jeg ikke kan se, og ikke helt ved, hvad er. Måske de slås mod mig? Måske mod hinanden? Eller mod sig selv? I skjorte og slips står de som et billede på den stereotype kapitalistiske krop. Fire mænd og en kvinde. Et billede på den typiske kønsfordeling på magtens tinder. De er alle hvide, hvilket også er repræsentativt for det magtbillede oftest set i dag.

På trods af deres antydede vigtighed, kender jeg dem ikke. De er ikke individualiserede personer, men brikker i et større system. Som en fysisk repræsentation af den destruktive og voldelige natur kapitalismen har, står magtmenneskerne og slår om sig med store køller af træ.

Lad os igen stille spørgsmålet; hvad slås de mod? Hvis de slås mod sig selv, hvorfor gør de så det? Kæmper de for at blive eller for at slippe ud af kapitalismens knyttede næve? Er de mon selv blevet fanget i det såkaldte hamsterhjul, hvor mere vil have mere? Den loopede video fremhæver gentagelsen, den cirkulære bevægelse der ligger til grund for selve livet. Du står op, går på job, kommer hjem, spiser, går i seng. Du står op og gør det hele igen, til du ikke kan mere. Måske af udmattelse, måske af kedsomhed, måske af stress. Måske er du død. Livet er en kamp til døden, som i Francisco Goyas maleri *Duelo a garrotazos* fra 1820-23, en køllekamp, hvor både den ene og den anden mand er blevet opslugt af jorden, af mudderet, af "the mess we're in".

De fem personers jakkesæt gør dem ens, uniforme, som krigere, der måske i position er hævet over andre, men de er lige så fastlåste af systemet som alle andre. Som det system, de er fangede i, bliver de destruktive og voldelige. De ser ikke selv, at de stille men sikkert synker længere og længere ned i jorden. De retter vreden udad – mod hinanden – mod verden – mod mig. Deres lyde, skrig og vrede overdøver den langt vigtigere debat om selve jordens og verdens forandring, skabt af deres iver efter vækst, deres behov for mere. Mens vi diskuterer vilkårene for statens finansielle kriser, er vores fælles verden allerede begyndt at synke under havet.

Fight to the death with clubs gør os opmærksomme på det støt voksende behov for, at vi erkender, at vi er bundet til Jorden og uundgåeligt viklet ind i dens væsen. Den tydeliggør, at der er behov for, at vi tager et politisk ansvar og handler på det. At vi erkender verdens holistiske væsen og begynder at forestille os en fremtid frigjort af den moderne vestlige besættelse af magt. Der er brug for en ny forståelse af verden, der skaber mulighed for at ændre på den vedvarende kolonisering, sociale, racemæssige og regionale ulighed skabt af de jakkesætsklædte krigere.