

MA

DEGREE

SHOW

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## PREFACE

VANESSA LISA OHLRAUN

Dean

It was at Café 33 in Grünerløkka that I first met most of you. We were having a beer with your MA professor Henrik Plenge Jakobson and Jesper Alvær, your then interim dean and study leader, in the first week of school in August 2011. Of course, as it turned out, some of us had met before: Plenge and I had hung out together at Berlin's Münzsalon some ten years ago, Jesper and a group of Academy students had visited Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam where I was leading the MA programme, and a number of you had partied at the same artist-run centres in the summer weeks that I was in Oslo for a friend's wedding and a Norwegian class. Such is the condition in the art world: we always already know each other somehow. Or at least, someone who knows someone somehow related to you.

At the Academy, it is precisely those conditions that get constituted in the day-to-day interaction of artists, curators, critics, and other art practitioners with each other. As students, you have talked to many teachers and guests over the course of the last two years about your work, about their work, about many other related and non-related issues. More importantly, you have talked to each other, among the students,

about your work, and about a huge number of other things that matter to you, that you care about—like the Academy, perhaps.

You have not had the easiest start, given that there were so many elements in transition: the change of dean, of study leaders, a professor leaving, a new location... In the course of your studies, the entire study plan was questioned, put on its head, and reconfigured. Your involvement in this process was invaluable, your feedback on what you think good education should be was extremely relevant. Ultimately, the experience you had at the Academy in Oslo over the last two years was very much shaped by you, by what you chose to engage in, by what you decided to focus on, collectively and as individuals.

The bonds you have created during your studies are in the end what matters most, I believe. An Academy is a place where different individuals with varied backgrounds come together for a limited amount of time, brought together by coincidence but also shared sensibilities – there is a reason, after all, why you all chose to attend this school. I hope that in retrospect, you will recognize something particular about your choices, something that you share with the others in your class, and that in the long run, this will prove to have led to lasting relations of collegiality and friendship with each other.

Congratulations on your graduation from the Academy of Fine Art!

## *HERE, NOW!*

ANDREAS SCHLAEGEL

Curator

A degree show is many things at once. It marks the end of a process of art school education. It is also a rite of initiation, an admission to the world of artists, represented by the institution of Kunsternes Hus. But neither really fit. If education works, it becomes a lifelong pursuit, and finding success as an artist may not necessarily require institutional approval. But for the young artists whose work is on display here, this exhibition primarily marks a moment of passage, leaving the sheltering umbrella of the art school environment behind to continue negotiating on their own terms. It's about a shared uncertainty and the vagueness of this situation. It is an existential experience. It's about facing the weather, and bearing it. Even it's not really comfortable.

And there is a lingering sense of awareness, that this unease may be an underlying theme this exhibition revolves around. There is no other subject that could touch upon the haphazard context, that has brought this heterogenous group of people together here and now. Maybe not the right place and right time for everyone – but temporality and space is a common denominator. And certainly not the least one, as much as the artists like to insist on themselves not as reflecting a

“generation” or such, but rather a disparate aggregation of individuals, even having spent a significant amount of time at the academy together, and with an artistic practice informed by this academic exchange. There is not little resistance to any being lumped together, or other possible summation, than the apparent. However, what may appear to the artists themselves as disparate, probably appears to anyone further removed as a group, that is distinct by age, location, and academic context. But this is for the viewer to see and decide.

If there was something of a guiding spirit to be found in the preparation of the show, it may have been a rather particular piece of literature, that I stumbled on in more than a few conversations: Fernando Pessoa’s *Book of Disquiet*. This opus magnum by the Portuguese author was famously discovered after his death, left behind in several trunks, jotted down on thousands of pieces of odd bits of paper, an overwhelming assortment of fragments. Like most of his works it is fueled by a sense of urgent uncertainty, regarding the narrator’s emotional, political and religious identity. Writing with keen awareness of the outer circumstances that shaped and defined him as a cultural being, Pessoa’s ironic and often existential self-detachment allows to consider him, as a precursor to the stream-of-consciousness narration of the Beat poets or Henry Miller.

The difference lies in the way, Pessoa writes “I”. He used as many as 82 heteronyms (the current count), endowing each with elaborate biographies, distinct and often opposing religious and political views, and unique and diverse writing styles. “I’ve divided

all my humanness among the various authors whom I’ve served as literary executor,” explained Pessoa in a passage about the genesis and evolution of his fictional writer friends. “I subsist,” he explains, “as a kind of medium of myself, but I’m less real than the others, less substantial, less personal, and easily influenced by them all.”<sup>1</sup> Also the author’s last name translated from Portuguese is simply “person”. The same word in French, “personne”, is nobody.

The *Book of Disquiet* was written by one Alberto Soares, a clerk, who delivers his prosaic resignation about his inevitable existence as such, combined with pessimism, not only concerning the tediousness of his work, but also the city he lives in, not to mention the futility of his desires. Soares’ considerations are rendered in a disjointed, fractured prose that delves deeper, as if down to the author himself. For what reveals itself to the reader is, what could be described as a proto-post-modern ethos, that creates an unanticipated imaginative space, by training the reflection on the everyday. The “Livro do Desassossego” is neither a collection of commonplaces, and certainly no sketchbook or diary, but is a kaleidoscopic fusion of all of these, a haunting mosaic of psychological notations, of dreams, autobiographical vignettes and shards of philosophy. It has been described as a “manual of welcomed failure”<sup>2</sup>.

1 in “Three Letter to Adolfo Casais Monteiro”, in “The Selected Prose of Fernando Pessoa”, Grove Press, NY, p.262

2 George Steiner, in “A Man of Many Parts” in [www.guardian.co.uk/books/2001/jun/03/poetry.features1](http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2001/jun/03/poetry.features1)

Here, now, here, now... In repetition these two words sound almost like the consolation of a distraught child. But no one who requires solace in this show, quite the contrary. Maybe it is Pessoa's defiance of the myth of the author as a universally informed individual talent in the figure of Soares, that makes this book so attractive today. But it could also be the curious deconstructions of language and meaning that affect a contemporary reading of the book, like a reversal of that moment in Spike Jonze's film "Being John Malkovich", when the actor, having entered the inside of his own head, looks around to only see everyone else with his own face, limited to uttering his own name, and nothing else. In comparison Pessoa looks into the mirror and sees everyone—everyone different—but equal. The only individual invisible to himself is the author.

I am not saying the young artists here don't see themselves, nor do they aspire to follow in Pessoa's footsteps. Rather his considerations and doubts regarding artistic authority can be traced in many of their works. But then these works reveal not only artistic intellect, reflection, restraint and self-discipline, but something of a desire to draw a bottom line. This is not an issue of holding back, but a question of form following function. More precisely the form of the artwork following the artist's pattern of reflection, and not the other way around, however erratic this may be. In this we can observe a call back to the basics, of less is more, and standing up for idiosyncrasies. At the same time this exhibition marks a sober, clearly cut and unsentimental assessment of the potential of the individual artist today.

As when Mads Andreas Andreassen paints singular figures in oil on canvas. In this his creatures are pure inventions of color, the flow of paint from the brush and the associative movement of the hand determine their shape and form. As inventions they represent aspects of an idiosyncratic narrative, together they form a celebration of the absurd heroism of painterly storytelling on the brink of figuration, and the gestural autonomy of the brush mark. In comparison it would be difficult to grant the elements that Goutam Ghosh composes his paintings from, any such authority. Executed with panache and lightness they appear as painterly renditions of entities that could be symbols in a map or diagram, static in their earthen shades, as if to specify the characteristics of a terrain otherwise vague and uncertain, a topography of reference points, of speculative realities conditioned with conflicting signatures. The duality of the animate and inanimate is explored even further, when the artist casts his painting less as backdrop but as a level zero of a film projected alongside the painting, the relation of what is static and in motion creating a new space and site for and of imagination.

Another dangerseeker in the field of painting is Siri Leira, whose recent work has been based on exploring ways to expand preexistent notions of the painterly and the painting. For her series of works entitled *Stretching Crusty Slabs (Struck by Subduction)*, 2012, she treated fabric, loosely fixed to stretchers, with concrete and chalk, until these developed rock-like surfaces and assumed sheer sculptural weight. By applying gestural marks on sheets of glass for her series *Slipstreams (You*

*and Me Climbing a Hole in the Sky*), 2012, with sprayed polyurethane foam colored with generously applied spray paint, her reflections concern the importance of supporting materials and the creation of painterly texture and composition. Her endeavor in this exhibition now takes her ideas to a new level, grappling with concepts of scale, relating to the human body as well as to the architecture of Kunsternes Hus. Architecture in the paintings of Martin Bech-Ravn is the backdrop, but also often takes center stage, as real protagonists are scarce. Oscillating precariously between abstraction, albeit with a nod towards ironic concepts (such as adopting the color scheme from popular Norwegian chocolate bar Kvikk Lunsj) and a figuration that draws its inspiration from *pittura metafisica* as much as from eighties *bad painting* of the Cologne school of Martin Kippenberger, for example. With a focus on bizarre architectural elements, Bech-Ravn creates impossible settings, mainly as a structuring system for his own virtuoso application of paints, by attributing every field its own distinct treatment. Together these form something of a Meta-landscape, one third exterior, one third interior, one third nowhere, fragmented and kaleidoscopic, but potentially endless, hazardously spilling from one canvas to the next.

Ottar Karlsen is active in a slightly different medium: drawing with a pencil on paper. His tightly controlled approach to the medium is heightened by his most recent series, that show the artist introducing delicately abstract linear compositions in water color to elaborate landscapes. Ostensibly focussed in means of

color and scale, both techniques, pencil and aquarelle, share a natural sense of transparency, where there can be no such genre as *bad drawing*. Both rely on paper not only as material, but also as visible surface, and while a pencil line can be erased, water color will always leave a stain. The purity of the surface of the paper in his drawings reflect on that of the act of drawing, exemplified in a different way by a performative action of drawing with charcoaled trees. It's not only what is drawn, but who draws, from what—and how. How to draw today?

A completely different and disarmingly autobiographic answer is suggested by Gelawesh Waledkhani. Her elaborate and often large scale pen drawings on paper are informed by a political reality, she experienced herself, and the complex ways in which the ongoing struggle of the Kurdish people for freedom from oppression has affected individual lives. Drawing an oversized portrait of the imprisoned leader of the Kurdistan Workers Party (PKK) Abdullah Öcalan from interlooping doodles, it is as if his presence was inevitable to her, always on her mind. Another group of works present paragraphs from Öcalan's writing, emphasizing the need for a peaceful end of the conflict. By stitching the text into paper with her own hair, she gives these words a sense of personal urgency, immediacy and intimacy, giving the viewer a physical understanding of how the unresolved situation of the Kurdish people affects her every fibre. As the rest of the world is oblivious to this plight, the image of Öcalan deals also with an economy of attention, and the capacity of a society to withdraw from making decisions. Also



working in pencil and paper Ida Fölling has chosen her very own way of dealing with this motif, in her monumental drawing, *Birds of field and forrest: Ostrich*. Taking her visual cues from 19th century etching, the artist produces meticulously executed drawings in an obsessive production process often spanning several months, if not more. She draws every single, clearly defined line with a specifically chosen pencil, feather by feather of the world's biggest bird. Ostriches are powerful creatures with surprisingly beautiful eyes and a curious beak, irreverently probing their surroundings. Here the bird is shown as a pastiche, its head literally *buried* in the sand, already reduced to a skull, as a volcano erupts behind it. The paradox is one of time itself: foreseeing the outbreak the bird would have had every chance to flee, before its head had decomposed. Where exactly does this leave the artist in the time consuming process of production?

Maybe on the stairs? After all "the artist's painful way to the top" was depicted by Per Krogh in the monumental mural over it at Kunsternes Hus. This is the space Snorre Hvamen will activate in this exhibition, reflecting on its potential not only as worn-out metaphor, but also on the way the stairs were and could possibly still be used as an informal meeting place during the openings. His work still under development as this text is written could consist of turning the stairs into a space of informal meetings and of fleeting unexpected sensations, maybe involving lights, wind, smell. Maybe a space where visitors, after having seen the exhibition, would meet and sit down, rather than

obstruct each other in the gallery spaces. Hvamen wants to create a new site for the production of knowledge by activating the social potential of the passageway.

Regarding social interaction based on an idea of the theatrical and real time experiences, Liv Kristin Holmberg chooses direct and immediate contact with her audiences. She has chosen a room usually reserved for meetings at Kunsternes Hus, directing her project not only to the audience, but also making it inherently site-specific. Reinterpreting this particular space, with its large windows, crisp light and the view on the trees in the park, where negotiations on the presentation of art take place, as a space of repose has potential, that goes beyond what is usually considered along the realms of institutional critique. Even more so when the artist employs herself as practitioner, creating a performative and ritualistic one to one scenarios, that take cues from liturgical procedures, creating complex amalgamations of religion, art and therapy. Less existentialist, but, apart from painting and drawing, also invested into the theatrical, Petter Napstads contribution to this exhibition will consist of video material the artist compiled while co-directing a theatre piece in Bergen. Its realization is based on an artistic strategy the artist tested in an earlier piece entitled "The Field of Fine Arts" (2011). Even if mainly off-camera in conversations with a number of interviewees the artist manages to essentially make his own doubts and ramifications about his work process the instrument that generates the video material. Edited in a way, so what develops for the viewer is a documentation of a

process, the work could be regarded as a self-fulfilling prophecy, while also reflecting on the impossibility of any finite or absolute statement.

Playfully skipping from one discipline to another Andrea Bakketun has been active curating, she has been working on a book of texts and paintings, and an armada of kinetic sound objects. The undertow of animism in much of her work reflects the artist's sensitivity to finding and creating moments and gestures of magic in everyday life materials and situations, pointing at the possibility of an alternative reality, where things take on a life of their own. Recent forages into large scale video projection act this out, using the suggestive potential of filmic language, in particular camera movement. Her video in the show consists of one shot, slowly and creepily panning the upper corners of the rooms of an apartment, slowly revealing more details, as if building up towards some revelation, but remaining obscure. However then the joke may be that this exploration of or meditation on corners is projected in a space at Kunsternes Hus, where the ceiling veritably blends into the walls—by concave molding. No cutting corners here.

The magic in the latest video of Anni Tiainen *World under the water* (2013) stems from an approach to video with a strong affinity to a painterly process of development to create an image-based or musical composition. Her video projection is an intrinsic assemblage of multiple interlacing layers, that consist of video footage containing documentation of projecting video images on buildings, combined with hand drawn animated sequences. Interwoven with one another

these create a rich visual texture with a dreamlike atmosphere of constant transition, of emerging and submerging, moving in between realms of projection, narrative and the everyday.

While Jenny Patino also finds her inspiration in everyday occurrences, she renders these much more sharply as autobiographical notations and observations of media effects, and as such as experiences of patriarchal structures. In her latest video installation, based on a vicious cycle, feeding on the media images it generates, she aspires to make the physical experience of temporary recess accessible, using narrative as much as tricks of video technology to create a circuitual flow of information, revolving around the notion of the inevitability of oppressing structures. Endre Tveitan's new video installation frames the entrance of one of the exhibition spaces. In it's centre piece the image is shot by a camera mounted on a roller coaster cab. The rigid central perspective of the footage reflects the character of the medium itself, thereby presenting a departure from the artist's earlier work, which featured compositions from several video images from several cameras and with slightly differing perspectives of the same object in one frame. Both however reflect aspects of the 19th century construct of cinematic central perspective, that establishes exactly one very specific sense of structural order, based on one authoritative focal point, where of the eye of the beholder and that of the artist overlap and become one, and the structural order takes on ideological proportions. The roots of this singular perspective definitely lie in religious ideas,

that also inform the work of Aksel Høgenhaug. A wall separating the viewer from a voice chanting hardly comprehensible texts with presumably religious contents. The wall acts like a theatrical manifestation of the distance between a sinner and the promise of paradise in the afterlife. This idea of an overwhelming absence towering over a profane presence reflects not only the artist's research in the acoustics of temples and prayers, but also a concern with notions of the monumental.

Also monumental in scale, the recent sculptures of Pernille Meidell only present a small part of her activities. Meidell also excels as a musician, composer and poet, and has combined these facets in her works in the past. For her current piece, she uses a standard tool in carpentry, a lathe, to create serial forms, that are composed to precariously tall structures. Reminiscent of totem poles, and inspired by the primstav", wooden calendar sticks from Norse mythology with a winter and a summer side and symbols burnt into the wood, these also conjure up the image of a sculptural icon of modernity, Constantin Brancusi's *Infinite Column*, as if offering a different sense of infinity. A similarly subtle sense of humor is traceable in the sculptures of Lene Baadsvig Ørmen, even if these establish a strong sense of presence, bearing the traces of the artist's hands. Far from giving her work an existentialist edge, this intense manual treatment reveals an idea of sculpture as a physically probing process of gestural articulation and, in the true sense of the word, manifestation of form in space, as if inventing a parallel language of her own. Her current sculptures in plaster emphasize cor-

poreal qualities, also by expanse, reflecting the human body, without explicitly rendering it, while resorting to what may appear as deceptively simple forms. Yet her sculptures are complex and remain oddly resistant against interpretation, as much as to assuming authority. It's rather as if they insist on their autonomy and the strength of their sculptural qualities.

The sculptural installations and paperworks by Martin Sæther pit formal conventions of the representation of artworks against a set of standardized visual aesthetics, as if in an attempt of liberating them from any original functionality. A group of recent works not only involves one of the lesser regarded instruments of the craft, the passe-partout cutter, but apparently turns the hierarchy of importance (and the chronological order of the production) of an artwork and its presentation on its head. As when mats are cut first, and then are printed and drawn on. It's like a trick that insists on formal rigor by its own playful subversion, as if presenting the question of what comes first, the artwork or its presentation and the politics behind these. Tor Sølve Thidesen constructs often precarious, sometimes non-sensical structures out of what appears to be haphazard materials and found objects or materials of everyday life. He also places them in space in an improvised manner. As if suggesting the existence of a will of their own, the individual work play with the contrast of their improvised looks, and the absurdist but nevertheless existentialist symbolism that they may evoke. Here we see concepts of morality and purity questioned, by overtly simplistic but inherently complex poetic strat-

egies, surrounding and questioning artistic strategies of (dis)composition, (im)balance, (des)illusion and (dis) functionality. The humor and absurdity in these works is a means toward a poetic realism, that may portray life as absurd, thereby hitting closer to home. An absurdist version of home is also what Dima Hourani creates, by setting up a proposal for the military checkpoint of Qalandia, en route between Jerusalem and Ramallah, and infamous for clashes between Israeli security forces and Palestinian protesters. Her *Qalandia Lounge* reinterprets the site as a drive-thru restaurant. It could be regarded not only as a sarcastic statement on the seemingly unending volatility in the middle east, but also as a piece of visual memory projected into the future, into an era of upcoming and inevitable future of consumerism. In this sense the themed drive-thru could be seen as a piece of a critical visual archeology of our time, or is it already a part of an inventory of western civilization? The carnivalesque strategy of metamorphosis not as much twists the site into the fictional, but makes reality present itself. It resists political pathos, instead creating a distance, that leaves the viewer in an ambiguous if not paradoxical situation. Like the work of Anders Bang, who in his sculptural installations weaves together strands from diverse cultural and historical narratives of the manipulation of nature and market relations, this is not a cool kind of post-Duchampian approach, that portrays every reality as a mixed bag of pretexts for a moralizing context-art discourse. As Bang said, it's about "the transformation of matter, and the hybrid realities, that are possible in that meeting." His

recent research on cultural mobility has been as fluid, moving from early Jeff Koons *Equilibrium* pieces in water tanks, to the *dogwhelk*, a northern Atlantic relative of the *murex* sea snails, that were used to produce the extremely expensive *tyrian purple* dye for the ancient roman emperors' robes, and to the growing and migrating population of King Crabs along Norways coast lines, once introduced to the Barents sea on Soviet dictator Josef Stalin's orders. What the work will look like I don't know, and I doubt the artist does, but, in his own words: "Intuition appeals to me." Here and now this may not be a battle cry—or even a call to the arms. But it is a vote of confidence. And the beginning of a story. It may not turn into a novel, but it could be interesting.





*Lester C. Smooth, 2013, oil on canvas, 170 × 200 cm*



*Cocktailjob, 2013, oil on canvas, 80 × 90 cm*



*The river Styx and Stones*, 2012, oil on canvas, 40 × 60 cm



*Det spøker i postkassa*, 2013, oil on canvas, 30 × 45 cm



*Satellites are as likely to appear as stars, 2012, still from video*

*IRREGULAR CIRCLES IN THE AIR*

Shrubs are waving from side to side as if they would lift off the ground.

Thin twigs at the edges move irregularly, hysterically and intense, then slow.

It is the plants behaviour.

Their movement has a similar nature when growing.

If you look at a growing sprout in fast forward, you see the same, searching, restless power of life. It aims out of the ground, up towards the light.

Groping, from side to side, drawing small, irregular circles in the air.

The plant in the windowsill is slowly making its decisions, producing oxygen.

Today the plant has decided to make the second branch to the left grow. One leave is pale and dead, others full of life. What is the reason for that specific one to be zeroed? Is the plant making conscious decisions, or is its body and unconsciousness acting in the same secretive way as with humans?





*Breath and wind*, 2013, documentation of installation,  
kite blather attached to flag, Papay Gyro Nights, Orkney Islands

MARTIN BECH-RAVN



*Lamp enjoying the view*, 2013, oil and pastel on canvas, 166 × 160 cm

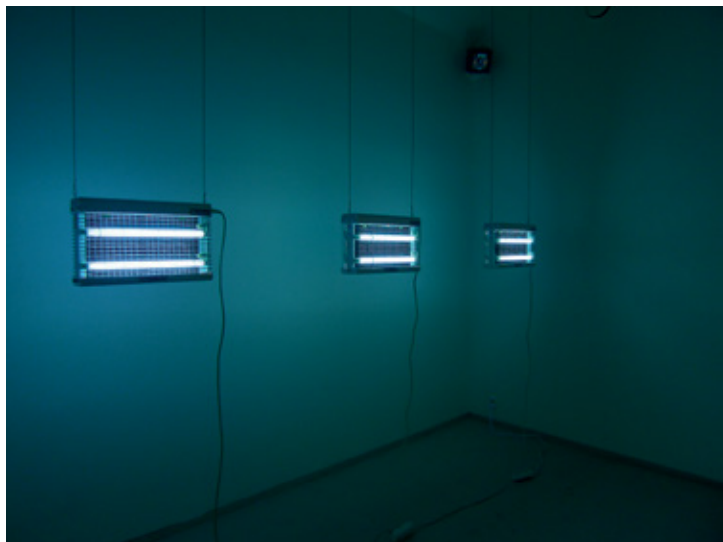


*MOAT*, 2012, oil and pastel on canvas, 190 × 190 cm

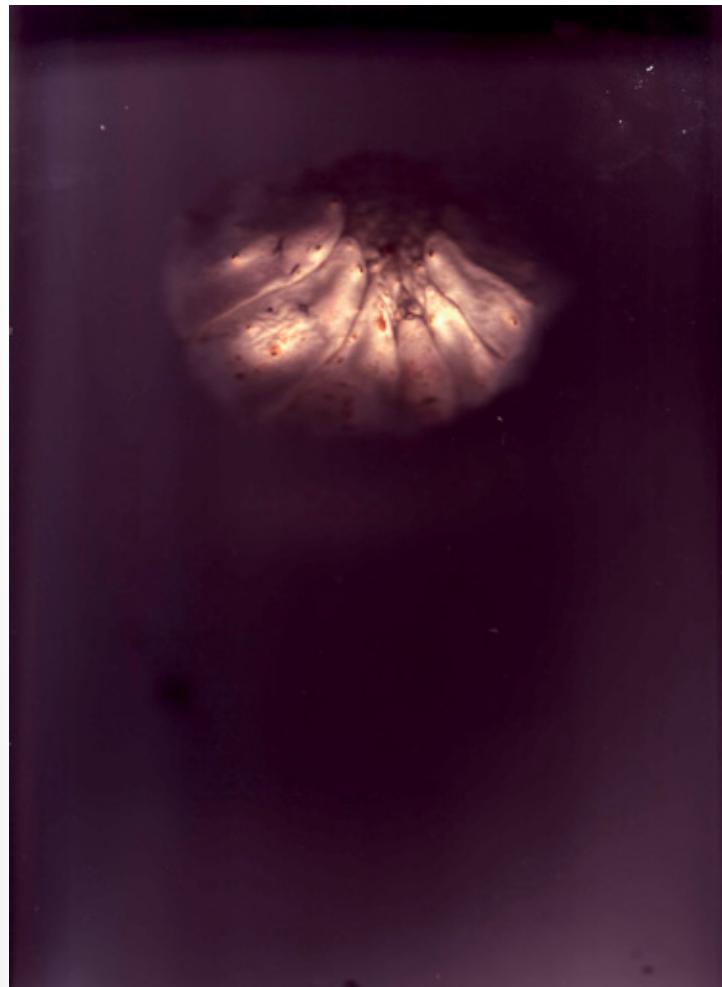


*Empty threats*, 2012–13, oil and pastel on canvas, 190 × 150 cm

ANDERS BANG



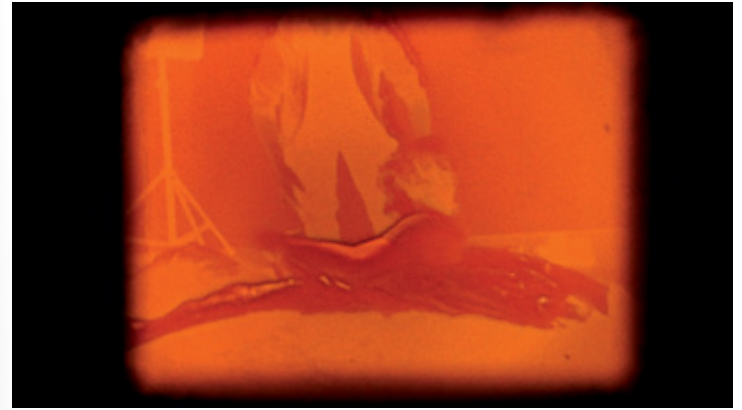
*Calling All Angels*, 2012, installation view, 3 UV fly traps, sound, scent of; Alpine Lavender, Carnation, Pink Grapefruit, Bulgarian Red Rose, Alaskan Flower, Chalice Well, Angelica, Chiming Bells and Kunzite



*King Crab*, 2013, print on paper, 21 × 30 cm



*Edited2*, 2012, oil on canvas, 150 × 180 cm



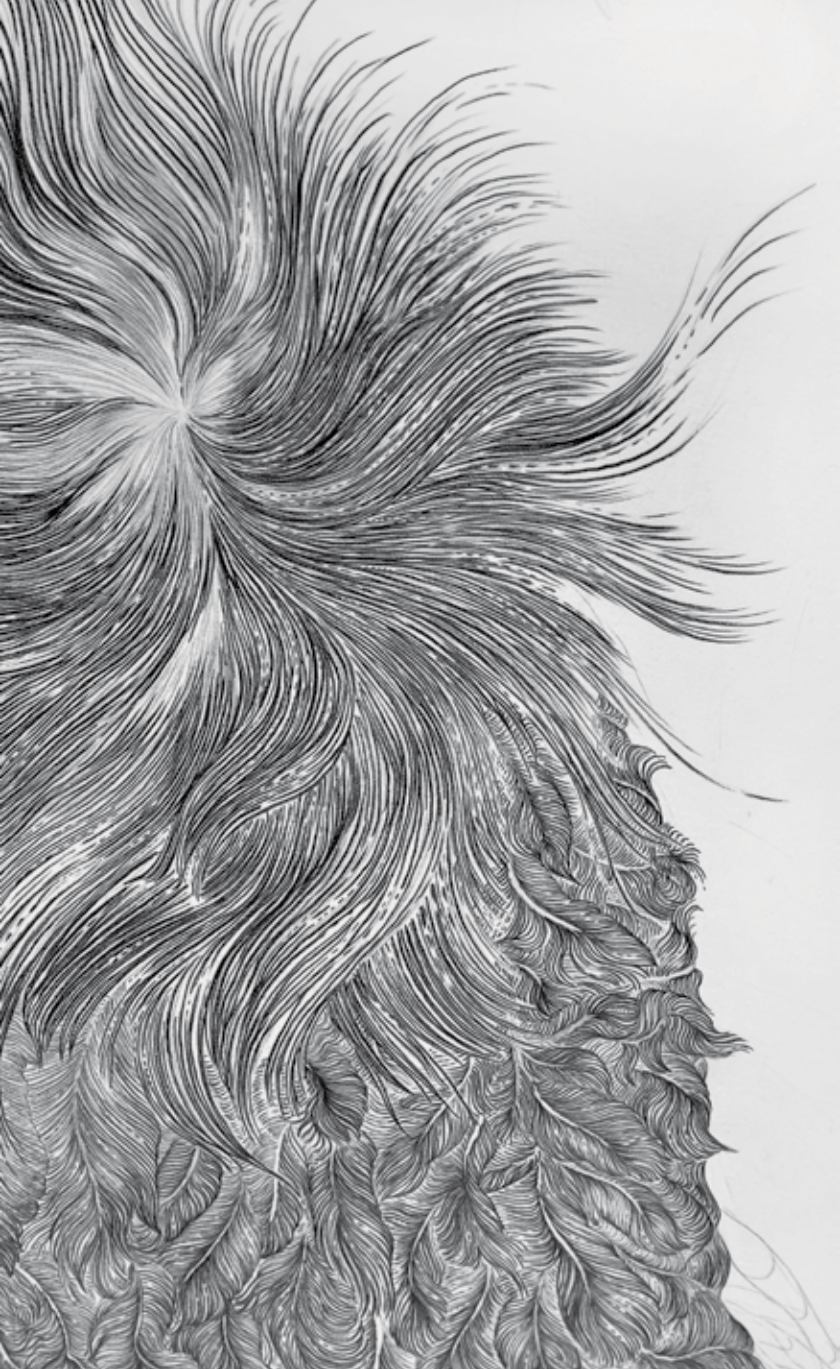
*Buried Breath*, 2012, performance,  
still from 8mm movie documentation



*Swan*, 2012, 50 × 70 cm (Detail)



*Ostrich*, 2013, 240 × 130 cm (Detail)



*Ostrich*, 2013, 240 × 130 cm (Detail)



*Molaijama*, still image from 16 mm film



*Molaijama*, still image from 16 mm film



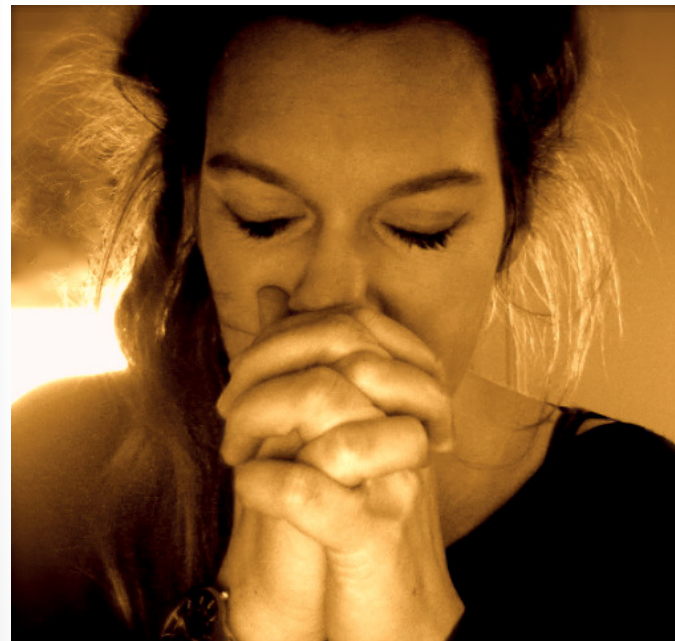


*Stiengized*, oil on canvas

Live owls sales for 500 pil (local currency) and dead owls for 4500 pil. Dead owl body parts are sold as a medicine for responsible factors mentioned below.

Eye: To know about earlier life. Tongue: To see inside the earth, to induce a divorce. Heart: Prevent teeth grinding in children. Kidney: To know about the future. Liver: To be invisible. Lung: End of the fever. Skull bone: To find hidden wealth. Right leg: To get enemy vacate his house. Nail: Get extra energy for walking 100 of miles. Owl fat: Success in sea journey. Breast feather: unwanted abortion. Owl tear: Become invisible.

\*courtesy World Wildlife Foundation





*From The Resurrection Ritual, 2012,  
still from performance, Kulturkirken Jakob*

LORD, make me to know mine  
end, and the measure of my  
days, what it *is*; *that* I may know  
how frail I *am*.

Psalms 39:4



Qalandia Lounge

# Special Offer

New

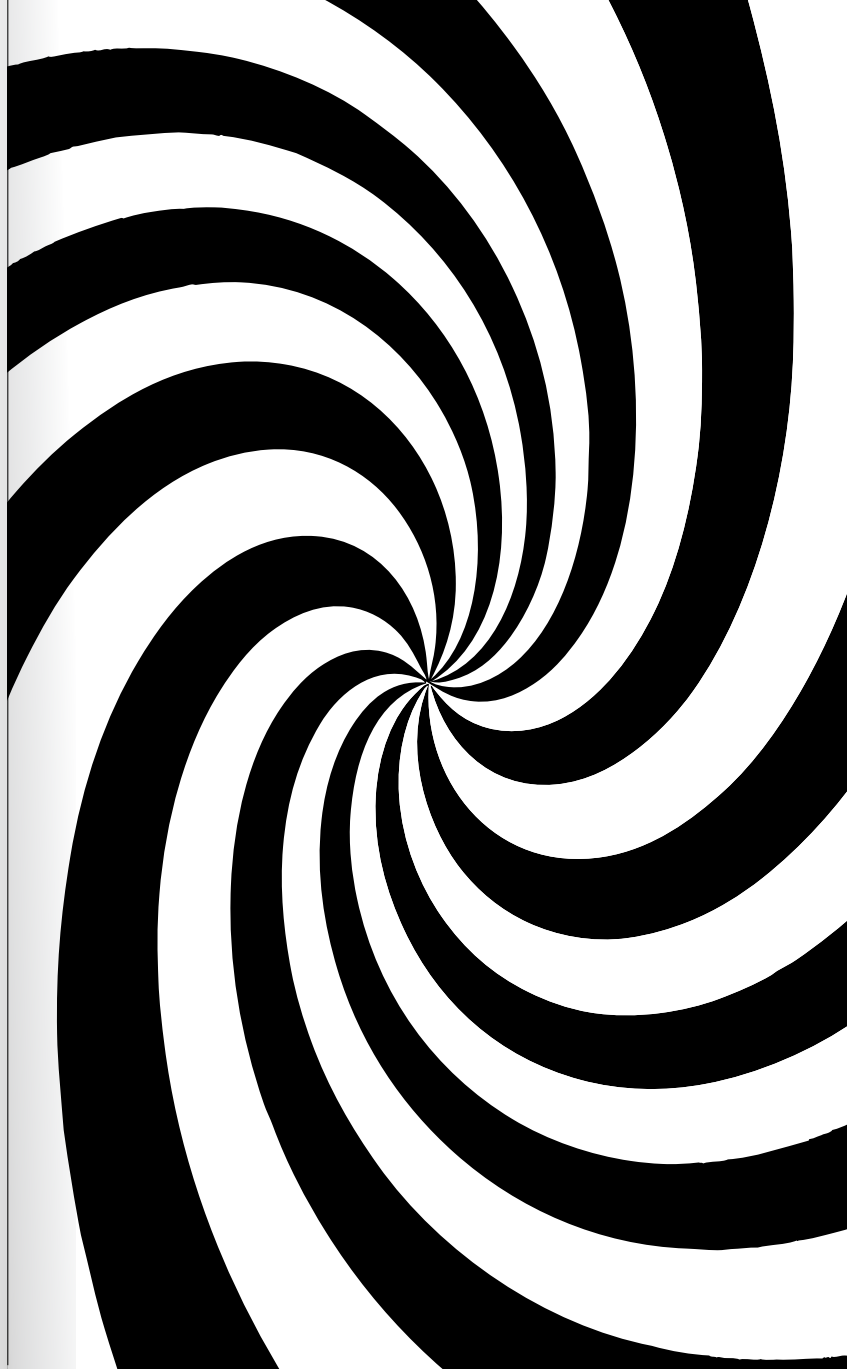


Qalandia<sub>Lounge</sub>



## SNORRE HVAMEN

danne seg. tvinge seg ut i det som ikke ennå finnes.  
denne kroppen skal plages til kunnskap.  
straffes til erkjennelse for så å dø av selvforakt.  
tanken overtales til svik.  
sansene lyver fra nå av.  
vi er små rom uten plass for besøk.  
dine ord mot mine ord.  
så stillhet. så straff. regimenter av kuet tanke.  
pisket og banket til det som allerede er tenkt.  
kunnskapen er en maske. tvunget. ansikt.







*object(3<sup>2</sup>+ 4<sup>2</sup>= 5<sup>2</sup>), 2012*



*event(bitumen and gravel), 2013*





*event (doorstop), 2012*

## SOME NOTES ON OBJECTS AND EVENTS

- 1 The greatest advantage of science is the possibility to test theories in the real world, as well as to dismiss obsolete theories as demanded by new evidence. Artistic philosophical querying may abandon the demand for rigor and verifiability which is found in science and philosophy proper, but examining the world visually, aurally, or with contradicting concepts may also be a love of wisdom.
- 2 Religion is a means of explaining the world. This branch of knowledge has similarities to art as it both dismisses verifiability, demands respect for the canons in its history, and must slowly change to adapt to the society it lives in. Adhering to religion may be difficult for the post-modern (wo)man, as it claims to be an eternal truth. Religion and mythology had the possibility to dismiss obsolete theories before the invention of writing. Today they are being torn apart between the ancient texts and the changes in society. To dismiss a theory, religion has to reinvent itself and be born again. It needs a new exegesis, a new name and/or new scriptures—perhaps old ones carefully edited and assembled in a new way in order to be relevant to a new generation.
- 3 Contemporary objects of desire hold an extra value that is hard to define. For instance, the way a book by Foucault gives a certain kind of cultural credibility; how a purse designed by Gucci contains not only a Chanel lipstick and a bag of cocaine, but also a decadent air of celebrity, models, and Paris; steel collars with a rings on which to fasten the masters chain give a certain whiff of a forbidden sexual world; a religious artifact contains the promise of some world beyond; or the art object containing hidden knowledge or cultural capital—it may be a sign of wealth, good taste, or contain a promise of an esoteric walk along the paths of the mad geniuses of a secret avant garde. All of these examples are connected to what Diedrich Diederichsen calls *mehrwert*, or surplus value, in a given work of art. This value is common to all fetishized objects; the expectations of what they do for you or how they may change you does not stem from the object itself, or the labour of producing the object, but from some loading of symbolic value. The original fetish-objects of western Africa had esoteric knowledge attributed to them, a knowledge gained only through stories of empowerment known by the initiated. These objects were super-powered by either the village magician or the users themselves. In some communities the charms were random objects, picked on the fly, to be worn in a special way for protection or luck. Thus they have contextualized an object to become a fetish. This is very similar to what an artist is able to do with a found object or a ready-made. Art is magic and artists are magicians. Contextualizing is the key.

OTTAR KARLSEN



*Untitled*, 2012, pencil on paper



*Untitled*, 2012, performance



*Untitled*, 2012, performance



*Stretching Crusty Slabs (Struck by Subduction)*, 2012,  
concrete and chalk on cotton fabric, 105 × 105 cm. (Series of five)



*Slipstreams (You and Me Climbing a Hole in the Sky)*, 2012,  
glass, polyurethane foam and acrylic spray paint  
100 × 100 cm. (Series of eight)

Jeg liker Carl Andre for hans enkelhet  
Jeg liker Giovanni Anselmo for hans presentasjon av letthet og tyngde  
Jeg liker Massimo Antonaci for hans stenflater  
Jeg liker Karel Appel for hans fargerike treskulpturer  
Jeg liker Archipenko for hans kubistiske skulpturer  
Jeg liker Arman for hans bruk av funnede objekter  
Jeg liker Carla Arocha for hennes bruk av plexiglass  
Jeg liker Åsmundur Sveinsson for hans monumentale stålkonstruksjoner  
Jeg liker Alice Aycock for hennes metallplate-arbeider  
Jeg liker Aramidis for hans strek i aktegninger  
Jeg liker Joachim Bandau for hans presentasjon av stålarbeider på gulv  
Jeg liker Thomas Bang for hans bruk av filt i tekstilarbeider  
Jeg liker Georg Baselitz for hans røffhet i arbeidet med treskulpturene  
Jeg liker Gunther Beckers totempeler i treverk  
Jeg liker Lynda Bengalis knutearbeider i tekstil  
Jeg liker Anna Eva Bergmans fargepalett  
Jeg liker Harry Bertolas jernport  
Jeg liker Josef Beus sine tegninger  
Jeg liker Bissier sine akvareller  
Jeg liker Per Inge Bjørlos bruk av rommet under installasjon  
Jeg liker Lee Bontecou sine detaljerte skulpturer  
Jeg liker Borowskis store tauarbeider  
Jeg liker Bustamente sin bruk av repetisjon i skulptur  
Jeg liker Barbro Beckstrøms metall-trådarbeider  
Jeg liker Jason Dodge sine lange poetiske titler  
Jeg liker Chris Drury sine pinnearbeider innsurret i tekstil  
Jeg liker Max Ernst for hans stenskulpturer  
Jeg liker Barry Flanagans bruk av farger på tekstilarbeidene  
Jeg liker Hrein Fridfinnssons magnetarbeider  
Jeg liker Leon Ferraris tynne stålkonstruksjoner  
Jeg liker Lucino Fabros bare fordi han er en av arte povera kunstnerene

Jeg liker Grau Garrigas vasete vevde tepper  
Jeg liker Naum Gabos transparens, samt spennet mellom letthet og tyngde  
Jeg liker Arnold Haukelands monumentalitet  
Jeg liker Barbara Hepworths bruk av gips og skulpturenes størrelse  
Jeg liker Lone Høyer Hansens primitive skulptur former  
Jeg liker Sheila Hicks trådbuntarbeider  
Jeg liker Hans Hartungs lek og letthet i streken  
Jeg liker Robert Jackobsens metallkonstruksjoner  
Jeg liker Sergej Jensens bruk av tekstil på todimensjonale flater  
Jeg liker Horst Janssen sine tegninger blandet med akvarellmaling  
Jeg liker Rune Janssons oljemalerier der han maler med tynne streker  
Jeg liker Magdalena Jetelovas arbeider der landskapet blir gallerirommet  
Jeg liker Ray Johnsons collager  
Jeg liker Arne Jones sin rytme i hans kobber og messingskulptur  
Jeg liker Asger Jorn sine keramikkskulpturer  
Jeg liker Donald Judd sin maskinelle estetikk  
Jeg liker Isaac Julien sine videoinstallasjoner  
Jeg liker Louis I Kahn between silence and light  
Jeg liker Kandinsky sine lekne akvareller  
Jeg liker Maria Kanervo sine vindpølser i tekstil  
Jeg liker Dani Karavan sine monumentale trearbeid vist i Firenze  
Jeg liker Zoltan Kemeny sine skisser av metallskulpturene  
Jeg liker Toba Khedoori sine enkle tegninger på store ark  
Jeg liker Kiecol sine betongskulpturer  
Jeg liker Anselm Kiefer sine overflater  
Jeg liker Phillip King sine lekne objekter  
Jeg liker Martin Kippenberger sin allsidighet  
Jeg liker Ernst Ludwig Kirchner sin likhet med Munch sine papirarbeider  
Jeg liker Per Kirkeby sine tavlearbeider laget med kritt, samt hans fargepalett  
Jeg liker Theodor Kittelsens tegninger fordi de minner meg om barndommen  
Jeg liker Yves Klein sin blåfarge  
Jeg liker Hilma af Klint fordi hun er så mystisk  
Jeg liker Jiri Kolar fordi hans arbeider minner meg om darlingen



*Untitled*, 2011, acrylic on MDF, 42 × 32 cm



*Untitled*, 2011, acrylic on MDF, 48 × 44 cm





*Untitled*, 2011, acrylic on MDF, 68 × 52 cm



*Untitled*, 2011, acrylic on MDF, 102 × 65 cm



Definitions and drawing

On the third day of training, to know if I could be employed to work in a tailor shop, the person who was training me decided to turn on the TV. Oriental music filled the room. Looking at the screen: a belly dancer moved to the music. While I stitched, unstitched and stitched again, on the third day of training, to know if I could be employed to work in a tailor shop. The person who was training me decided to turn on the TV. Oriental music filled the room.

Looking at the screen: a belly dancer moved to the music. While I stitched, unstitched and stitched again, from time to time, on the third day of training, I glanced at the screen the person who was training me, on the third day of training, decided to turn on. Without many apparent changes, the belly dancer danced the belly dance. Many people visited the tailor shop during those hours, mostly men who didn't pay much attention to the video. But when a woman entered the tailor shop, while I stitched, unstitched and stitched again, I saw something in the way she looked at me, while oriental music filled the room, and a belly dancer moved to the music, on the third day of training, concern in her eyes.

I realized what the indifference of some looks like, compared to the concern of others. What I perceived in the lady's eyes—and this is a very important word—while I stitched, and a belly dancer moved to the music, what I perceived, in the lady's eyes, was a mediated reaction. All her social and cultural background, as a woman, men didn't pay much attention to the video, was telling her, this is what I perceived, while I unstitched and stitched again, that she should respond to what she was watching, men didn't pay much attention to the video, and that she should feel something about that video.

But at the same time what I perceived, on the third day of training, to know if I could be employed to work in a tailor shop, from time to time while I stitched again, was that the same cultural background was telling her that probably it was not a good idea to comment on the video in a tailor shop of immigrants, that many people visited, mostly men, who didn't pay much attention to the video.

On the third day, to know if I could be employed to work in a tailor shop, I asked for a copy of the DVD of the belly dancer, dancing the belly dance, and left the tailor shop knowing that the job was not going to be mine, on the third day of training



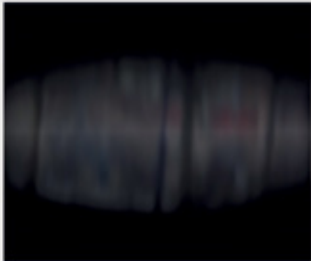
The belly dancer, the anecdote of the lady in the tailor shop, the Reality, 2012, stills and text from video installation



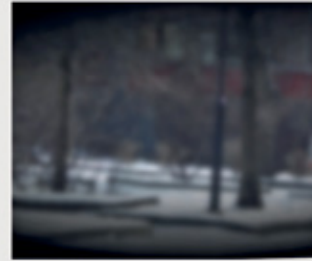
Recess... this happens a lot with my mother when she is eating.



One day we were having coffee and she, as usual, left the place.



Not physically, she was in front of me, but I was alone and so was she.



I called her twice: 'ma..., ma....'

Finally, after some time,

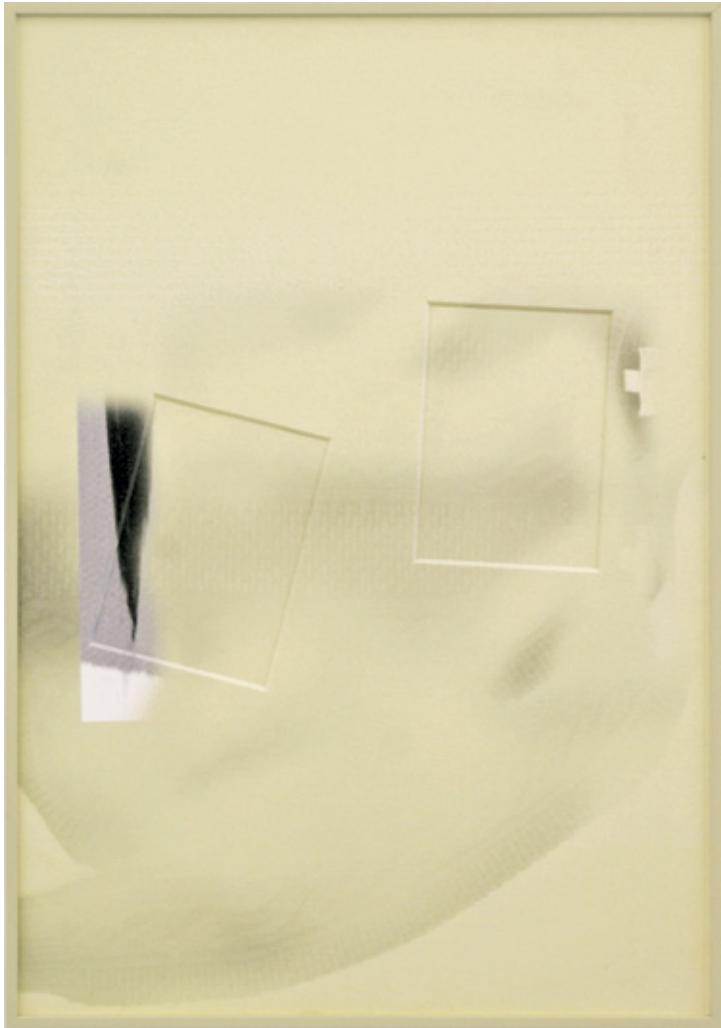


she came back saying, almost angry: 'why don't you let me rest.'

MARTIN SÆTHER



*Passepartout work #8*, 2013,  
UV-print on cardboard, framed, 40 × 29 cm



*Passepartout work #9, 2013*  
UV-print on cardboard, framed, 40 × 29 cm



*Untitled (He do the Police in Different Voices) (Association fallacy),*  
2013, flag pole, aluminum blinds, dimensions variable



(a) *Chronology*, 2012, floor fan, paddles, ca. 158 × 68 × 47 cm



*Pulp Fiction*, 2013, tape and cardboard, 72 × 53 × 92 cm



Still images from animation *World under the water*, 2013







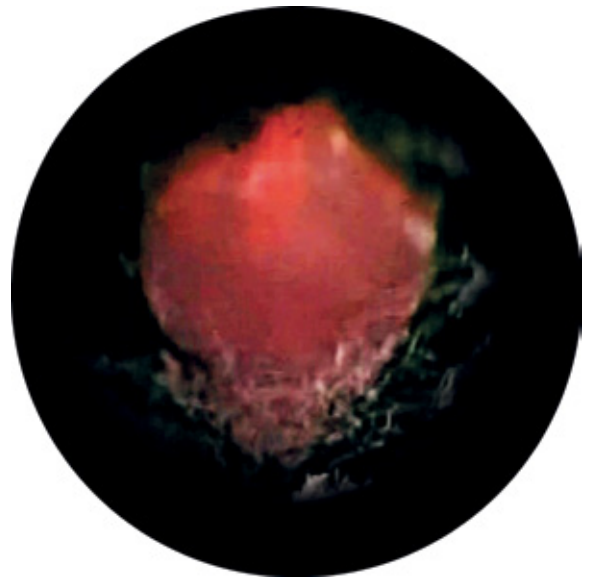
Still images from animation *World under the water*, 2013

ENDRE TVEITAN





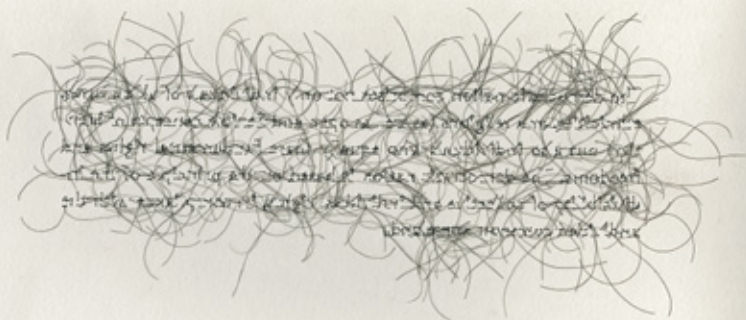
*Over bord*, 2012, 3-channel video installation





*I wish I could have hold your hand*, 2013,  
pencil, colored pencil on drawing paper, 100 × 73 cm

The democratic nation comprises not only individuals of all cultures, ethnicities, and religions (as well as open and flexible concepts of identity) but also individuals who equally share fundamental rights and freedoms. The democratic nation is based on the principle of the indivisibility of collective and individual rights, in compliance with the undivided common homeland.



*Democratic Nation*, 2013, hair on watercolor paper, 36 × 48 cm



*Henrettelsen i Paris*, 09. jan. 2013,  
2013, ink on watercolor paper, 56 × 77 cm

LENE BAADSVIG ØRMEN



*Visse ting lærer man bare å kjenne i en tilstand av ruiner; 2012,  
21 casts in bronze (all within the range of 5 cm × 15 cm)  
and charcoal on paper, (120 cm × 200 cm)*





*Visse ting lærer man bare å kjenne i en tilstand av ruiner; 2012,  
21 casts in bronze (all within the range of 5 cm × 15 cm)  
and charcoal on paper, (120 cm × 200 cm)*





*POOR STAY POOR.  
RICH STAY RICH.*

LEANDER DJØNNE

MA Study Leader

*What now? What are the  
responsibilities? Poor stay  
poor. Rich stay rich.*

*You are not.  
If you believe  
that men and  
women are cattle  
to be driven  
under the lash.*

*If you can bow  
before idols of stone  
and golden images  
of beasts.  
You are not.*

*Must I be a slave?  
My hands would be gnarled  
and broken  
from the brick pits.  
My back scarred from  
the taskmaster's whip.  
But in my heart  
would burn the spirit  
of the living.*

*Do they demand a scarred  
back  
and broken hands?  
This desert is the hope  
of the hopeless.  
Now you think your place is  
in the palace halls.  
You believe you have  
mounted  
to the sun on golden wings.*

*What change is there in me?*

*These are the same hands,  
the same arms,  
same face that were mine  
a moment ago.  
Just a moment ago.*

*To find the meaning  
of what I am.  
Why must any man  
be a slave?*

*I do not know what power  
shapes my way,  
but my feet  
are set upon a road  
that I must follow.*

*You should not muzzle the ox  
that treated out the corn.*

*Making straw*

*for the bricks,  
nor spare the arms  
that endlessly winnow  
the grain in the wind  
to separate the wheat  
from the chaff,  
wheat borne stolidly  
on the backs  
of countless slaves  
from the heavy-laden boats  
to the teeming shore.  
Endlessly they plod.  
Beneath the sheaves of  
wheat,  
and endlessly  
return for more.*

*A golden harvest  
to the threshers.  
The grain saved  
to feed the masters.*

*Bitterness  
to feed the slaves.  
And to feed  
the brick pits.*

*Straw carried on  
the bowed backs of women.  
Down into  
the never-ending valley  
of toil and agony.  
Stretching mile after mile.*

*An inferno  
of mud-soaked bodies,  
where the treaders' feet  
churn clay and straw  
into the mixture  
for the taskmaster's bricks,  
and everywhere the lash  
of watchful taskmasters,  
ready to sting  
the backs of the weary.*

*Blades chopping straw.  
Mattocks chopping clay.  
A ceaseless cycle  
of unending drudgery.*

*From the mixing feet  
of treaders  
to the pouring hands  
of brick molders  
moves the constant  
stream of mud,  
the lowly seed of tall cities.*

*Day after day.  
Year after year.  
Century after century.  
Bondage without rest.  
Toil without reward.*

*These are the children  
of misery,  
the afflicted,  
the hopeless, the oppressed.*

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