

BA Graduation Show 2010
Academy of Fine Art/ Oslo National Academy of the Arts

Avgangsutstillingen 2010
Kunstakademiet
KHiO

Marthe Andersen | Øyvind Aspen | Andreas Bennin | Marianne Bredeesen | Mikael D. Brkic | Mohamed Ali Fadlabi | Tito Frey |
Ida Følling | Kaya Gaarder | Anders Holen | Mona Sjo Leirkjær | Ida Lennartsson | Linda Lerseth | Chanda Mwenya | Mercedes Mühleisen |
Daniela Müller | Kate Naluyele | Christian Tony Norum | Eirik Senje | Gelawesh Waledkhani | Ragnhild Aamås

The Art Hall at Tullinløkka
The National Museum of Art, Architecture and Design
May 21–June 13, 2010

Kunsthallen på Tullinløkka
Nasjonalmuseet for kunst, arkitektur og design
21. mai–13. juni 2010

BA Graduation Show 2010
Academy of Fine Art, Oslo

BA avgangsutstillingen 2010
Kunstakademiet, Oslo

Curator/ Kurator
Adnan Yildiz

Director of BA studies/ Studieleder BA
Elisabeth Byre

Catalog Group/ Kataloggruppe
Mona Sjo Leirkjær
Linda Lerseth

Proofreading/ Korrektur
Torill Weigaard
Ragnhild Aamås

Design
Jon Benjamin Tallerås
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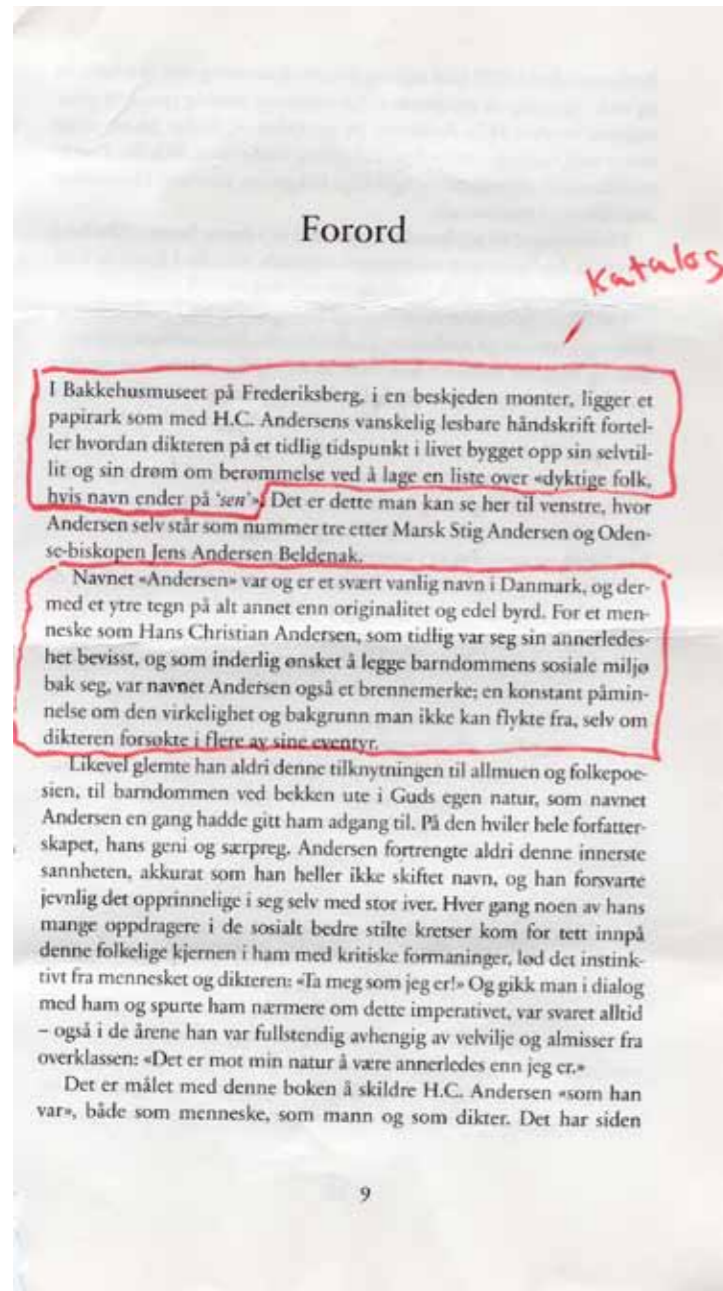
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Marthe Andersen



1. Side fra: "H.C. Andersen, en biografi" av Jens Andersen, 2004

2. Still from imaginary movie 1
olje på foto
13 x 17 cm

3. Still from imaginary movie 2
olje på papir
42 x 29,7 cm

4. Still from imaginary movie 3
olje på papir
42 x 29,7 cm

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

OPEN on a white screen SUPERIMPOSE in dark red letters:
VERSAILLES et LES TRIANONS
A SCARY MOVIE

FADE INTO:



2

She makes a GUTTURAL sound deep in her throat as the shape closes tightly around her eyeballs



3

The door CREAKS open. Behind the door, we see the outline of the SHAPES FLOATING IN THE AIR. M.A turns towards the slightly open door



4

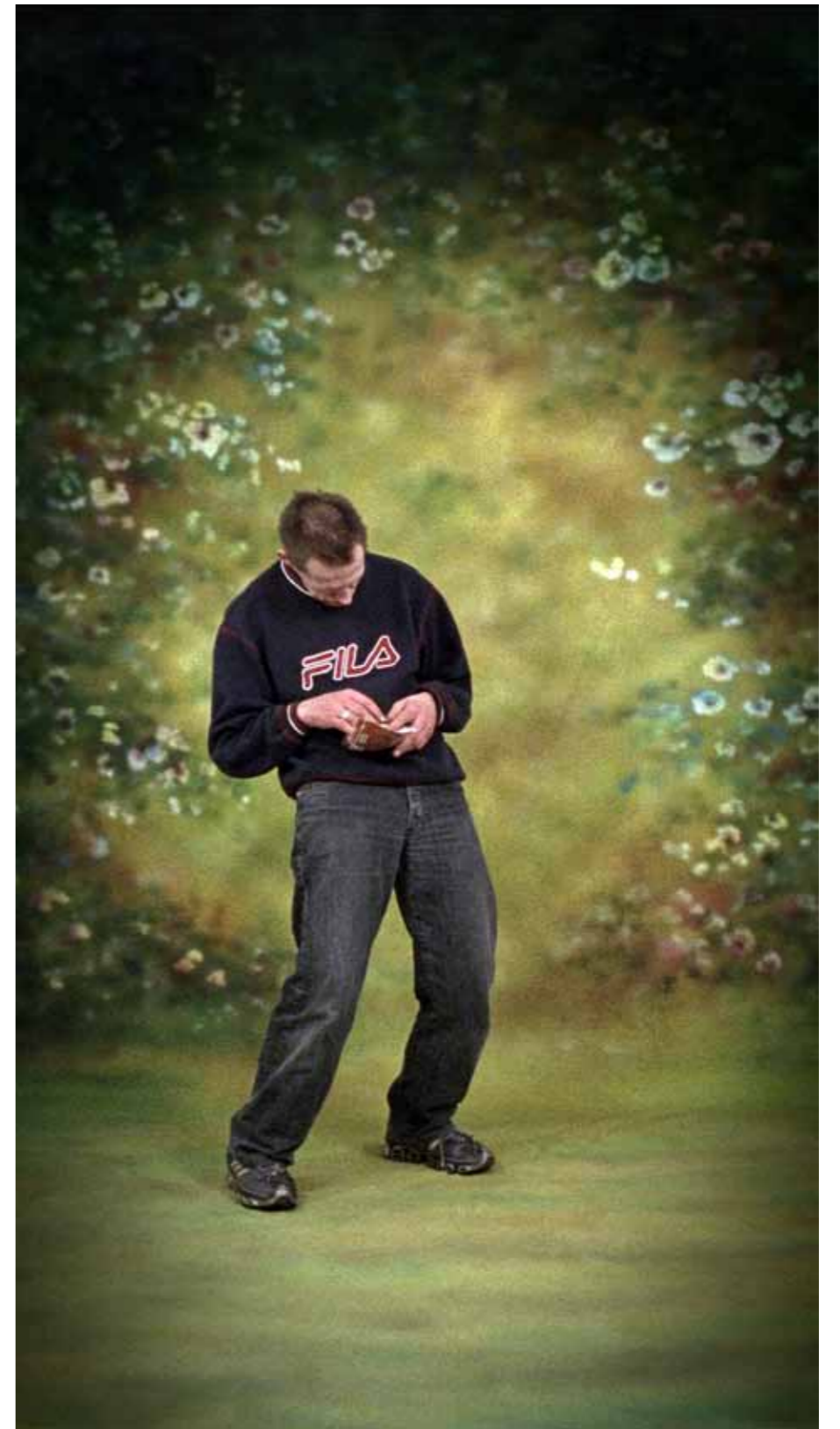


1

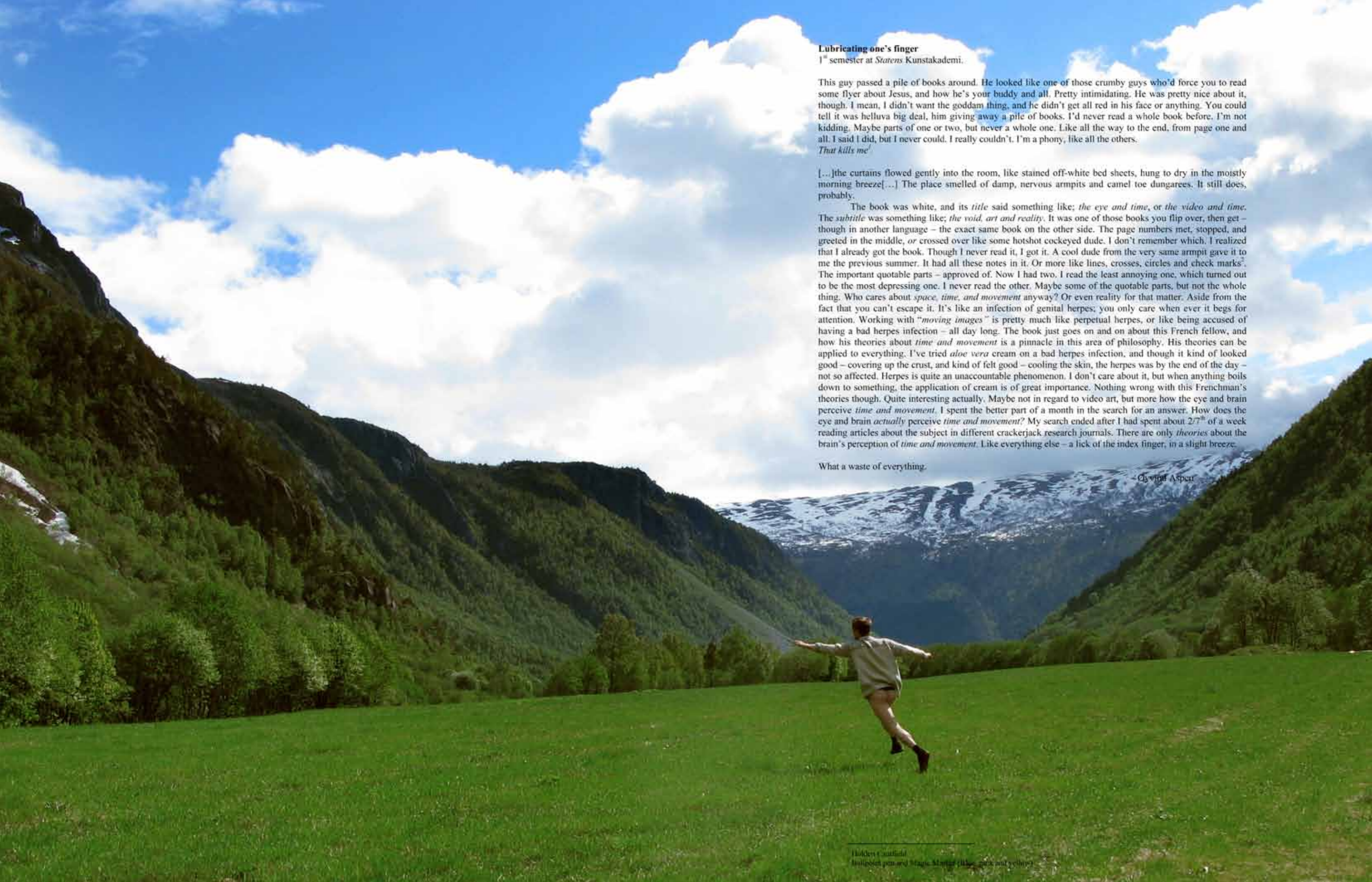
1. *Black Car*
2009
8m 25s
Super 16mm film transferred to HD Video,
16:9, Mono
(still photo from video)

2. *Untitled (Methadone Acting)*
2009
5m 57s
Super 16mm film transferred to HD Video,
9:16, Mute
(still photo from video)

Page 12+13. *Jeg er så fri*



2



Lubricating one's finger

1st semester at Statens Kunstakademi.

This guy passed a pile of books around. He looked like one of those crumby guys who'd force you to read some flyer about Jesus, and how he's your buddy and all. Pretty intimidating. He was pretty nice about it, though. I mean, I didn't want the goddam thing, and he didn't get all red in his face or anything. You could tell it was helluva big deal, him giving away a pile of books. I'd never read a whole book before. I'm not kidding. Maybe parts of one or two, but never a whole one. Like all the way to the end, from page one and all. I said I did, but I never could. I really couldn't. I'm a phony, like all the others.

That kills me

[...]the curtains flowed gently into the room, like stained off-white bed sheets, hung to dry in the moistly morning breeze[...] The place smelled of damp, nervous armpits and camel toe dungarees. It still does, probably.

The book was white, and its title said something like; *the eye and time, or the video and time*. The subtitle was something like; *the void, art and reality*. It was one of those books you flip over, then get – though in another language – the exact same book on the other side. The page numbers met, stopped, and greeted in the middle, or crossed over like some hotshot cockeyed dude. I don't remember which. I realized that I already got the book. Though I never read it, I got it. A cool dude from the very same armpit gave it to me the previous summer. It had all these notes in it. Or more like lines, crosses, circles and check marks². The important quotable parts – approved of. Now I had two. I read the least annoying one, which turned out to be the most depressing one. I never read the other. Maybe some of the quotable parts, but not the whole thing. Who cares about *space, time, and movement* anyway? Or even reality for that matter. Aside from the fact that you can't escape it. It's like an infection of genital herpes; you only care when ever it begs for attention. Working with "*moving images*" is pretty much like perpetual herpes, or like being accused of having a bad herpes infection – all day long. The book just goes on and on about this French fellow, and how his theories about *time and movement* is a pinnacle in this area of philosophy. His theories can be applied to everything. I've tried *aloe vera* cream on a bad herpes infection, and though it kind of looked good – covering up the crust, and kind of felt good – cooling the skin, the herpes was by the end of the day – not so affected. Herpes is quite an unaccountable phenomenon. I don't care about it, but when anything boils down to something, the application of cream is of great importance. Nothing wrong with this Frenchman's theories though. Quite interesting actually. Maybe not in regard to video art, but more how the eye and brain perceive *time and movement*. I spent the better part of a month in the search for an answer. How does the eye and brain *actually* perceive *time and movement*? My search ended after I had spent about 2/7th of a week reading articles about the subject in different crackerjack research journals. There are only *theories* about the brain's perception of *time and movement*. Like everything else – a lick of the index finger, in a slight breeze.

What a waste of everything.

- Cayvind Asper

ANDREAS BENNIN



1

Film and television present an imitation of life, and is structured by still-images put together in a sequence. I am interested in using the position these medias have as narrators and common pool of references in our society to both comment contemporary life as well as our ideas of reality. Many of my works focus on the fact that we all construct our own reality, and why and how we strive to preserve these ideas. Adapting structures and techniques used by film and television enables me to comment on how we construct and deconstruct our different conceptions of reality.



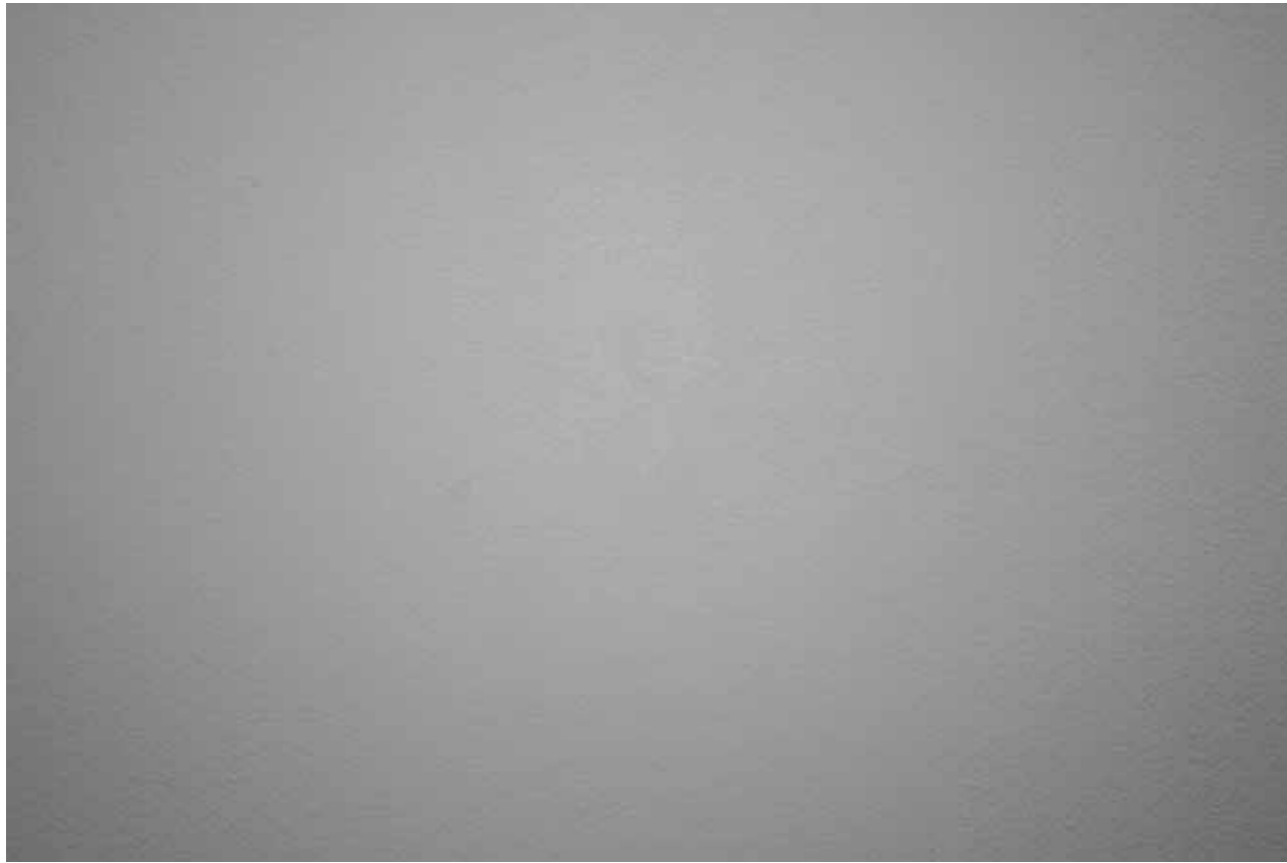
2

1. *The Big Dipper*
2009
C-Print
135 x 105 cm
Edition 1:10

2. *Untitled*
2010
Collaboration with Linda Lerseth
Documentation by Øyvind Aspen



MARIANNE BREDESEN



1



2

“Reality usually includes everything that is tangible and true, or that which exists in the world around us, as opposed to fantasy, abstract ideas and what is false and untrue. Reality is a relative term to be considered and discussed in the history of ideas and philosophy, especially in the ontologies, i.e. the study of how reality actually looks. Our everyday perception and experience of reality as a system of things that surround us or anything that affects us in life, is, according to philosophy strictly subjective, but by using scientific methods we can achieve a metaphysical world view.”
-Marianne Bredeesen's thesis.



3



4

Obligatorisk etableringsseminar for 3 BA og 2 MA /
Mandatory establishing seminar for 3 BA and 2 MA

POSSIBLE PRACTICE

You'll make it anywhere: How to establish yourself as an artist
 Content is the glimpse of something, an encounter like a flash. It's very tiny—very tiny, content.” -William de Kooning The North Atlantic Light, 1960-1983, Museum of Modern Art, Stockholm, 1983.

Onsdag 7 og torsdag 8 april 2010 i auditoriet. Åpent for alle.

In writing a text on ones' own artistic practice, there is an inevitable self-reflexive aspect involved questioning the actual possibility of describing or living on the basis of artistic content. This goes also for Thursday from 13.30

Program Onsdag 7 april

12.30-13.15 **How to write applications and to approach galleries, critics and media.**

13.15-15.45 **How to document your own work**

13.45-14.15 **UKS (Unge Kunstneres Samfunn) presentation by**

14.15-14.45 **Office for Contemporary Art presentation by**

14.45 – 15.15 **FFF (Forbundet Frie Fotografer) presentation by**

15.15 –15. 45 Questions and discussion

My artistic practice is most adequately explained as that of a sculptor. Sculptural practice, in the sense of a manipulation or better yet a modulation of materials and volumes, as well as the assemblage, juxtaposition, combination and shaping of them. It carries a two-fold movement,

12.30-14.00 **How to be a part of an international circuit – and stay there!**

14.00-15.00 **Questions and discussion**

13.30-14.15 **Everything you need to know about artist economy. Tax report, establish of your own enterprise etc.**

14.15 – 14.45 Questions

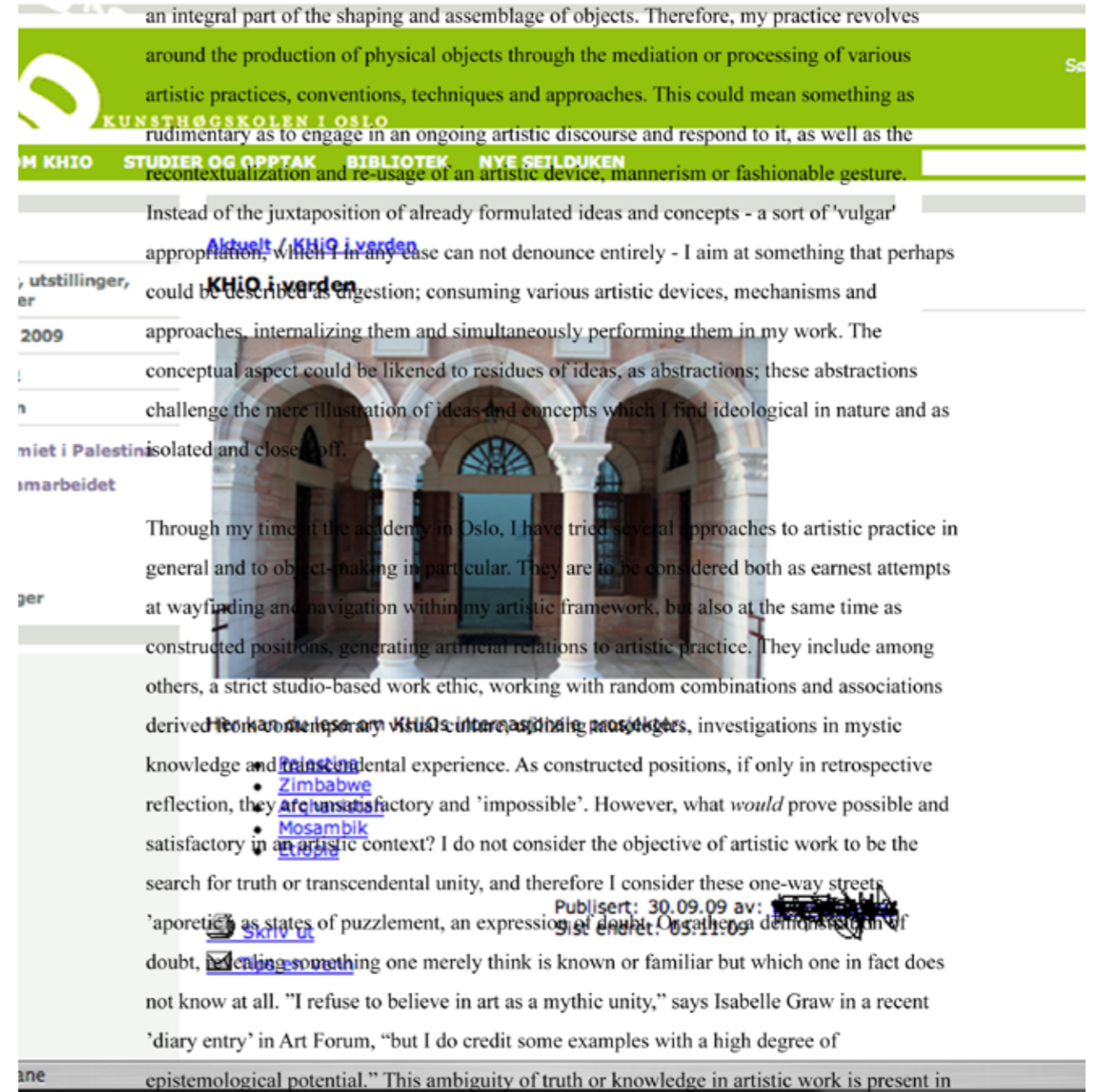
material shaping in its own right, i.e. as formalism. I prefer to consider sculptural practice as carrying both of these aspects in one dialectical movement, where the conceptual is seen to be an integral part of the shaping and assemblage of objects. Therefore, my practice revolves around the production of physical objects through the mediation or processing of various artistic practices, conventions, techniques and approaches. This could mean something as rudimentary as to engage in an ongoing artistic discourse and respond to it, as well as the recontextualization and re-usage of an artistic device, mannerism or fashionable gesture.

Instead of the juxtaposition of already formulated ideas and concepts - a sort of 'vulgar' appropriation, which I in any case can not denounce entirely - I aim at something that perhaps could be described as digestion; consuming various artistic devices, mechanisms and approaches, internalizing them and simultaneously performing them in my work. The conceptual aspect could be likened to residues of ideas, as abstractions; these abstractions challenge the mere illustration of ideas and concepts which I find ideological in nature and as isolated and close off.

Through my time at the academy in Oslo, I have tried several approaches to artistic practice in general and to object-making in particular. They are to be considered both as earnest attempts at wayfinding and navigation within my artistic framework, but also at the same time as constructed positions, generating artificial relations to artistic practice. They include among others, a strict studio-based work ethic, working with random combinations and associations derived from contemporary visual culture, investigations in mystic

knowledge and transcendental experience. As constructed positions, if only in retrospective reflection, they are unsatisfactory and 'impossible'. However, what would prove possible and satisfactory in an artistic context? I do not consider the objective of artistic work to be the search for truth or transcendental unity, and therefore I consider these one-way streets 'aporetic' as states of puzzlement, an expression of doubt. Or rather a demonstration of doubt, revealing something one merely think is known or familiar but which one in fact does not know at all. "I refuse to believe in art as a mythic unity," says Isabelle Graw in a recent 'diary entry' in Art Forum, "but I do credit some examples with a high degree of epistemological potential." This ambiguity of truth or knowledge in artistic work is present in

my practice, for instance in the way that the lack of truth or of transcendental unity, is compensated for through artificial means, poses and gestures. It is also present in different



attempts at constructed originality and a sense of 'newness'. The latter attempts take their cue from various currencies in contemporary art, as well as from pop cultural references and information. There is a wish to dissolve the classical dichotomy of form and content in my practice, which is to say, a wish to reconcile this contradiction through merging the two to the point where content follows production. By this I mean that the production process itself generates an epistemological potential; it generates discourse, and a set of values and tones. So rather than saying that there is a wholly autonomous art with its own immanent value system, I tend to view it more in the line of this ambiguous epistemological potential'.

"The thing itself is not 'weird', but the process. A work of displacement. There should be more weirdness, more abstraction, more precision, independent of personal gain", writes Jutta Koether in "Weird" (Texte zur Kunst, 2007/66). In her brief text on 'weirdness', Koether situates the contemporary as a site where contradiction has become omni-present. The economy of 'weirdness' has its basis in contradiction. It is "daily mental roaming while simultaneously insisting on form", a procedural pattern that has close links to my own practice and to how i reflect on being an artist. The space of internet is perhaps the site par excellence for this daily mental roaming. The formulations that result from these daily surface-level excavations is not so much the consolidation of knowledge, but a 'ritualized unknowing', a term coined by Seth Price in "Teen Image" (May Revue, 2009/2). Price uses this concept much in the sense of a 'neo-illiteracy', and there is obvious negative connotations to it. However, what's interesting about this notion is the attention drawn to ritual and habitual procedures inherent in the formulation of thought. Price connects the notion of ritualized unknowing to the human relation to, and understanding of, technological change: "[ritualized unknowing] provokes a desire to remystify the frenzy of technological change through ritual, through a personal and allegorical rehearsal of what is perceived to be a manic and distorting increase in density, a compression exponentially telescoping in reach and magnitude". Within these technological relations of production, one finds paradigmatic mechanisms of wayfinding, navigation, excavation and retrieval. Habitual and ritual procedures and gestures that, when made into abstract models or patterns, presents themselves as indications of possible practices. There is no need to conceptualize internet or establish explicit content-based points of reference within its vast field of data, in my practice. But rather to formulate and explicate the abstract models of engagement with its medium, something that in my mind

The image shows a screenshot of the Outlook Web Access (OWA) interface. On the left, there is a navigation pane with icons for 'Inbox', 'Junk E-mail', 'Calendar', 'Contacts', 'Tasks', and 'Map'. The main content area displays a login form with fields for 'Domene \ brukernavn:' and 'Passord:'. A 'Logg på' button is visible. A large, semi-transparent security warning box is overlaid on the right side of the screen. The warning text reads: 'Sikkerhet Offentlig eller delt datamaskin. Velg dette alternativet hvis du bruke Outlook Web Access på en offentlig datamaskin. Personlig datamaskin. Velg dette alternativet hvis du er der eneste personen som bruker denne datamaskinen. Advarsel: Ved å velge dette alternativet, godtar du at datamaskinen overholder organisasjonens sikkerhetspolicyer.' Below the warning, there is a blue bar with white text: 'Mikael D. Brkić, 02/2010, Frankfurt am Main – Oslo. r å beskytte kontoen fra uautorisert tilgang, lukker Outlook Web Access tomatisk tilkoblingen til postboksen etter en periode uten aktivitet. Hvis

MOHAMED ALI FADLABI

NEGRO WITHOUT LIMITS

jumana: skal du på skolen igen idag

Sent at 4:32 PM on Monday

me: aldri igjen

working on uks

exhib with stian

and writing ba txt for fadlabi

Sent at 4:34 PM on Monday

jumana: oh yeah? thats cool

me: well

jumana: fadlab is the man

me: im only signing it

jumana: do something good for him

me: stian is writing it

its gonna be very racist

jumana: wtf

thehehe

Fadlabi is from Sudan. Sudan is in Africa. I google Sudan: «Sudan is the biggest country in Africa. Sudan is on the border of Kongo (The heart of darkness red.anm.). Sudan is a muslim country and has a dictator.» Exciting country. Did Fadlabi find it too exciting? Maybe, probably. I wouldn't know. He relocated to Norway. Fadlabi is running spaces, Fadlabi is throwing people out of spaces, Fadlabi is laughing and having fun. Fadlabi tells us how much he enjoys fucking. In a very good humoured way, only charmingly chauvinistic, like all ladies' men. Sometimes I wonder if he's the warmest man in art. He's not an uptight intellectual like the ones that seem to think that what they think is the right thing to think, but he's not a moron either. He's beyond labels. If you go out for a drink with Fadlabi you'll find yourself waking up the next morning with a big grin on your face. He's that sweet, honestly. Having discarded pride and all parametres for measuring success, he still googles himself every day, but just to have a laugh.

Some of Fadlabi's paintings have the ephemeral and naïve beauty of something Chagall could've fashioned. Other of Fadlabi's paintings are really, really ugly. So ugly in fact that they transcend the very notion of ugly (I'm thinking about the one featuring Erna Solberg). Sometimes he does political works that are not paintings but installations, performances and the like. Aside from that I have no clue what the fuck to say about his art. But then again, reading the interview-feature

on him in Norwegian hipster rag, Natt&Dag, he doesn't either. Which is a good thing.

I once did a piece in collaboration with Stian Gabrielsen, called the Jackson Five1, which was met with some reservations from a few black people and a couple of neurotic art professionals, who condemned it on the basis that it was racist and ignorant. I will refrain from going into a discussion on why a piece of art can not in itself be racist, because that should be fairly obvious to anyone who was born on this side of modernism. At least it was clear to Fadlabi, who came up to me on the opening, grabbed me by my balls, gave me a long sloppy kiss on the mouth, and said, with reference to said installation – still cussing my balls: “As if colonialism and slavery wasn't enough, now you're trying to fuck my people with art too!”

As far as I'm concerned he's still fondling my testicles, grinning all-knowingly, above-it-all, wearing a shirt that he printed himself that says: “Neger uten genser”. But the tingling sensation that radiates from my lower parts might quickly turn in to excruciating pain at Fadlabi's bidding. No matter where you come from, as long as you're a black man, you're an African, I should know 'cause I'm a nigger.

Kristian Skylstad



no names
2010
29.7 x 21 cm
photo

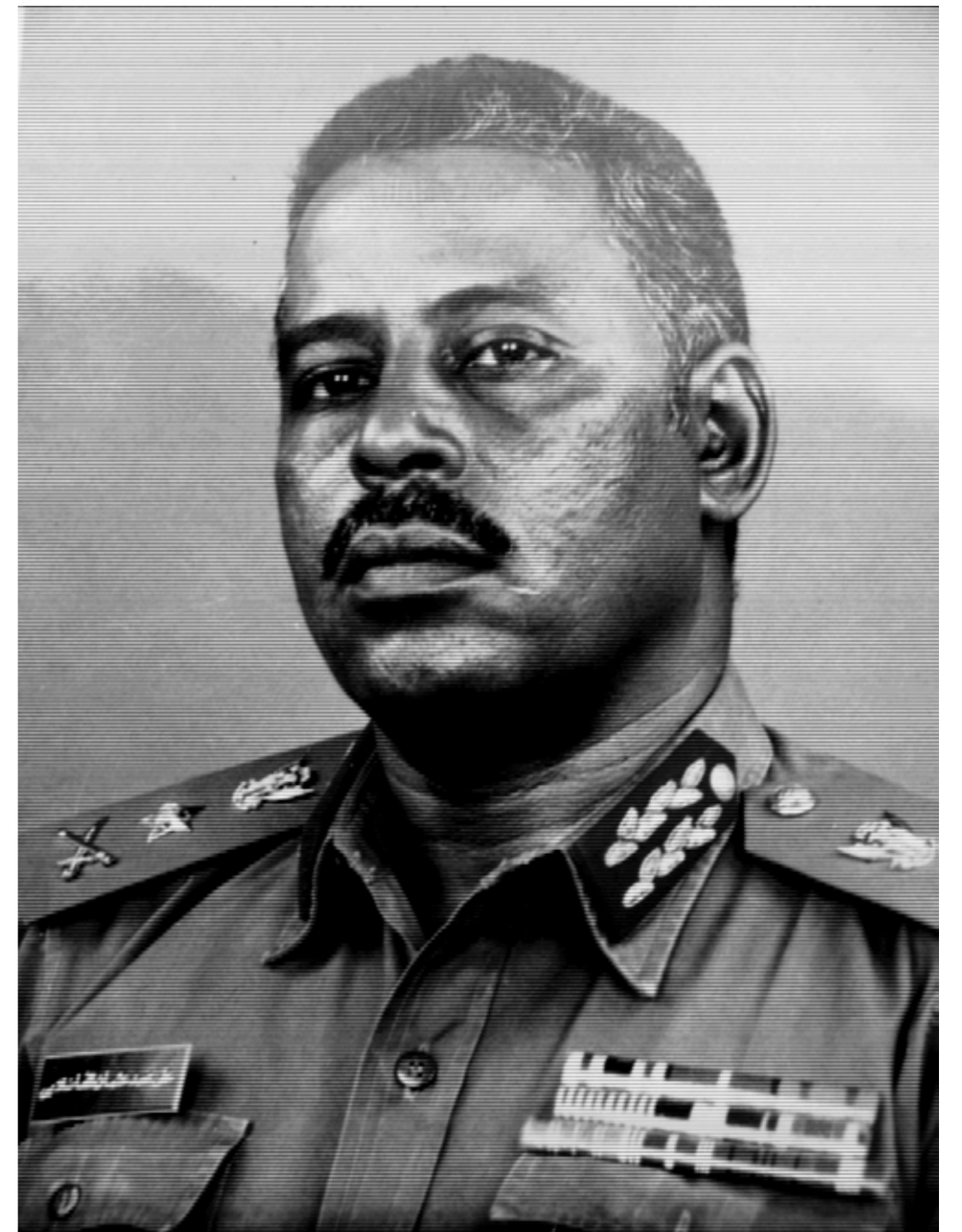
THIS IS MY NAME

The nation has reposed
in the honey of the pulpit and the rebec.
The creator has fortified it like a moat
and sealed it.
Nobody knows where the door is.
Nobody asks where the door is.
(A clandestine manifesto)
.....And they dumped 'Ali down a pit embers were his garment we blazed
we clung to his dismembered body I blazed good evening, O, Rose of
Ashes / 'Ali is a homeland whose name is known to no language he bleeds
negation affirms the grass and water 'Ali is an immigrant /
Where does the lord of sorrow sleep how does he carry his eyes? My sky
is throttled my shoulder wilts and the Earth is a helmet filled with sand
and straw I ran in panic a swallow covered me I rose up its breasts were
flames I rose up opening a window: green fields I the other conqueror
and the Earth is a game a horse entering the clouds /
Enamored trees emerge a bough shakes me water bursts out and the
ancient Time of people is over I commenced my face is orbits and in
the light a revolution lurks a village woke me up in its gusts / the silence
broke embrace me, O, creator of tiredness grant me your swings test me
I am the rock I am the quest and the question neither a festival nor a
hearth I am the ghost lurking in the crater of the city while people slumber
/ I entered the snare of light pure as violence light and shining like the
wilderness of loss my limbs are lightning my limbs are sculpted winds /
my bone is not the taste of thrones or silver I'm not a kingdom my blood
is the migration of the sky and my eyes are birds / it's said your skin is
thorns may you die and may my sky be yellowed by your skin it is said
your skin is an age reposing in the stillness of the dream /
And may the lances of eternal conflict be born.
Between us stretches a gorge of crumbling,
my voice is the hallucination of an invader
breaking the crutch of songs and uprooting the alphabet /

..... And the women repose in a chamber,
seeking refuge in the inspired Books,
turning the sky
into a guillotine or a toy.
And 'Ali opens his sorrows
to the fools of destitution,
to those who aspired to become eagles
and were broken...
And 'Ali is a magic flame
burning in every water,
sweeping - he left no earth, no books
he swept history, covered daylight with his wings,
delighted to see daylight go mad /
This is the time of death,
but every death in it is an Nubian death.
Days drop in its courtyards
like the trunk of an ageing cedar.
It is the last song of a bird
singing in a blazing forest /
My homeland chases me like a river of blood / the forehead of
civilization is a mouldy pit / I collected a throne was reincarnated as a
lantern/ Damascus became infatuated Baghdad grew tender / the sword
of history is broken in the face of my homeland / who is the fire who is

the flood? /
You were a desert when I arrested the snow in you I split like you into
sand and fog I cried you are a god in order to see his face to erase what
links me to him I said I fused my body with your body you are the trough
filled with my waves I am the night barefoot when I inserted you into my
navel you procreated as a path in my steps you entered my infant water/
Seek the light be rooted in my wilderness and wandering
A fruit-bearing numbness creeps round the head a dream under the pillow
my days are a hole in my pocket the world has decayed / Eve is pregnant
in my trousers /
I walk on the ice of my pleasures /
walk between the baffling and the inimitable walk in a rose /
the flowers of despair wither and sadness rusts / an army of crushed faces
crosses history an army like a thread an army that has succumbed and
surrendered, an army like a shadow / I run in the voices of victims alone
over the lip of death like a grave walking in a ball of light
We fused
the blood of the beloved ones protects like eyelashes I heard your pulse in
my skin (are you a forest?) The barrier has collapsed (were you a barrier?)
The sea gull asked a thread in the sea which a captain was spinning the
snow of a traveler sang a sun it couldn't see (are you my sun?) My sun is
a feather which drinks the space / the lost one heard a voice (are you my
voice?) / My voice is my time your voluptuous pulse and your breasts are
my blackness and every night my whiteness
A cloud crept, so I surrendered my face to the flood
and wandered aimlessly in my ruins.../
Thus, I loved a tent
and made the sand in its eyelashes
raining trees, and made the desert
a cloud. I said: This broken pitcher
is a shattered nation, this space
a sore on the eye, these eyes
are holes. I said: madness
is a planet hiding in a tree.
I'll see the face of the crow
in my country's countenance,
and name this book
a shroud, and name
this city carrion
and name the trees of Khartoum sorrowful birds,
(perhaps after the naming a flower or a song will be born),
and name the desert a palm tree,
(perhaps the Earth will wake
and return as a child or the dream of a child).
Nothing chants my songs anymore:
"The knights of rejection will come
and the light will come at its appointed time..."

ADONIS - TRANSLATED BY KAMAL ABU-DEEB



TITO FREY

Tito Frey's recent project "Station as Art" departs from his paper-cut works that he has generated for the last 30 years. Frey is very proud of talking about his background in the paper-cut technique, since he started it when he was just 7 years old. This kind of dedication to a specific kind of production provides a conceptual base for his artistic process as well as a ground for his image-production. "Station as Art" is an installation with some elements; a panorama of a train station made of plywood, and cut like his paper-cut works, and a screen that displays a web site, www.artasart.org, which is based on a database of English words that are associated with "Art". This web site is the second phrase of his research, and called "Art as Art". Linking the research behind the installation to its conceptual roots such as public, public space, audience, and interaction, Frey also uses one of the monitors at the Oslo Central Station, where passers by are invited to contribute to the development of the data on the web site by sending SMS to a number given. Adnan Yildiz

IN DIALOGUE: Tito Frey / Adnan Yildiz

ADNAN YILDIZ: How do you consider the process of producing the paper-cut works? What is the element of craftsmanship in the work? What is the relationship between what is depicted and how is depicted?

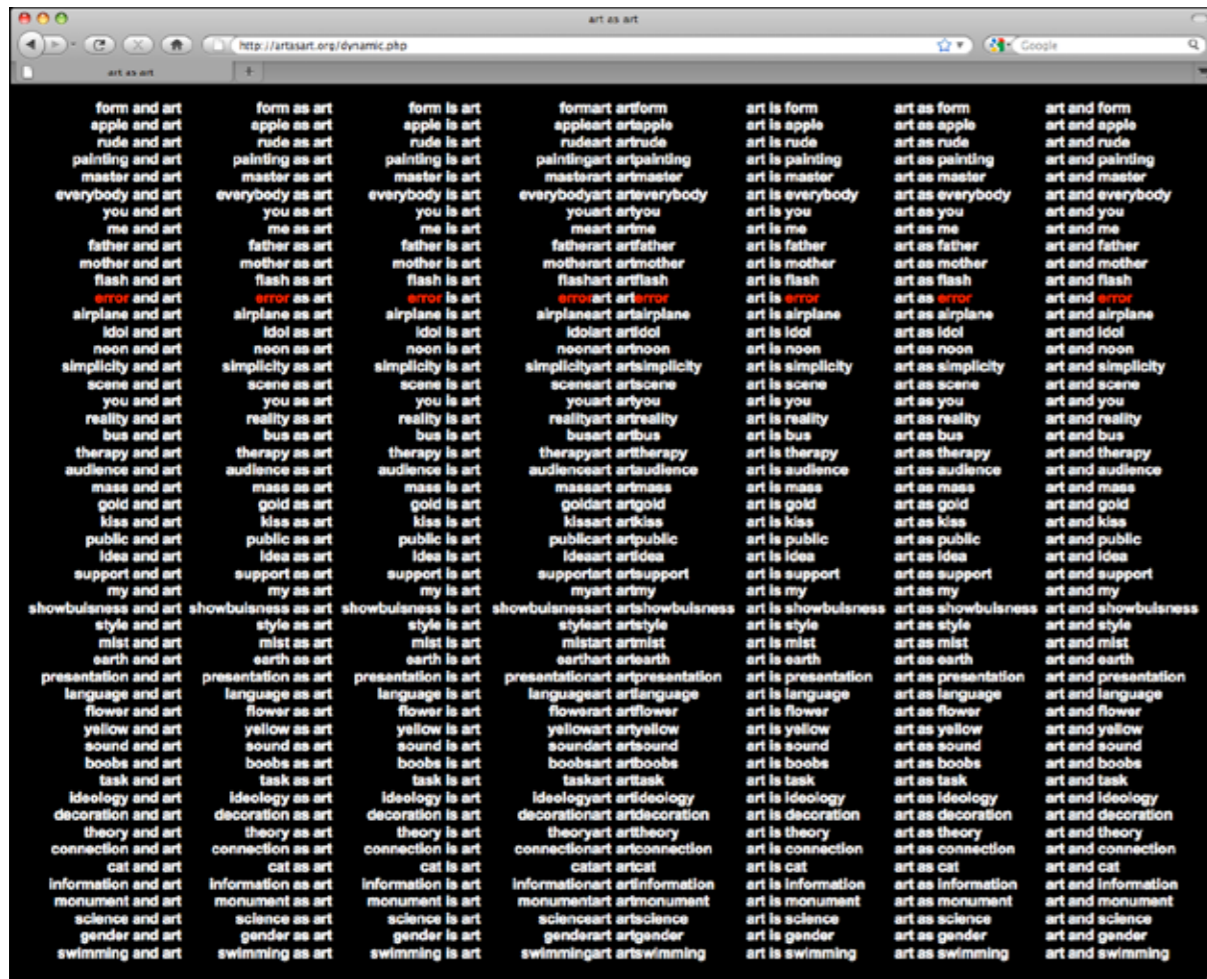
TITO FREY: My paper-cuts are always cut in folded paper, and results in a symmetric composition. During the process, I look for a motif with an immanent symmetry (house, road, mirroring lake, human being, face, etc) that I want to depict. Then I start with free association and make drawings on site. Already in the drawings, I am aware of the limitation in the material (mostly paper). These limitations are; firstly the fact that a paper-cut is one connected to a piece of paper, the impossibility of producing colour tones (like relief printing in graphic) and the impossibility of thin lines. These limitations are decisive for how things are depicted in the paper-cuts. After doing some sketches I get a drawing that I use for the cutting. In this drawing I decide where I want to break the symmetry. This break turns the work into a sort of visual riddle. I usually copy the drawing on the material to cut in, but I do not follow the track of the drawing -blindly- during the crafting process. The cutting is pleasure-oriented, meditative and very focused; one failure can ruin the whole work.

ADNAN YILDIZ: Is there any institutional critique behind the piece, "Art as Art"?

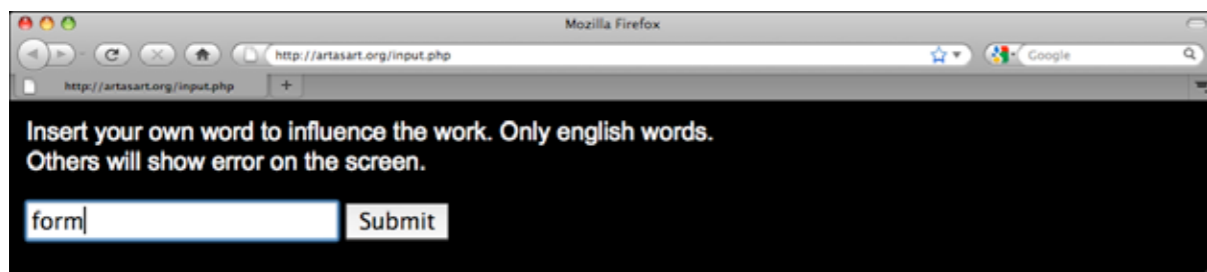
TITO FREY: I think, this work is not meant to be an institutional critique. I am more concerned about giving to the audience a possibility to think about a critical question: «Is this art?» At the same time, I want to give them the possibility to influence and interact with the work.



Station as Art
2010
Cut-out of plywood, colored black by
printing on paper
171 x 244 cm



1



2



3

IDA FØLLING

"There are so many myths to shatter! The most preposterous anthropomorphism reigns in this field: everything has been created by Man and in the image of Man and can only be explained in the terms of Man, otherwise, what's the use?"

(Jean Painlevé)

I see my drawings as a part of an expanding archive; my own collection of curiosities collected in the age of information. My main source of aesthetic inspiration is the natural sciences etchings and drawings of the 17th and 18th century. I am highly fascinated by the Renaissance man's practice of collecting, organizing and archiving the world that expanded around him. As an inheritance from religious tradition, the printed word and also the illustration, gave the object a place in reality. The illustrations dating from the Age of Enlightenment have since long lost their authority as scientific evidence. For us they appear to have more in common with Surrealism, with their strange gathering of insects, flowers and animals, and the obvious fact that the illustrator in many cases drew from imagination or based his drawings on some adventurer's description, not on his own visual experience.

For anyone who chooses nature as her visual object, the question of human impact on the environment will be imperative. I am not only fascinated by the aesthetics of the Age of Enlightenment, but also its key role in forming western society's approach to nature and consumption, and setting the order of things. I am also inspired by Jean Painlevé, who started as early as the 1920's making documentaries combining revolutionary underwater filming with poetic and anthropomorphic descriptions of animals, seemingly not trying to impose human qualities on them but rather approach them from a respectful, empathic understanding that life in nature is far more than what human science tells us.

1. *Science is Fiction* (detail)
2009-2010
Pencil and watercolor on paper
150 x 185 cm

2. *Untitled*
2010
Pencil and watercolor on paper
25 x 27 cm

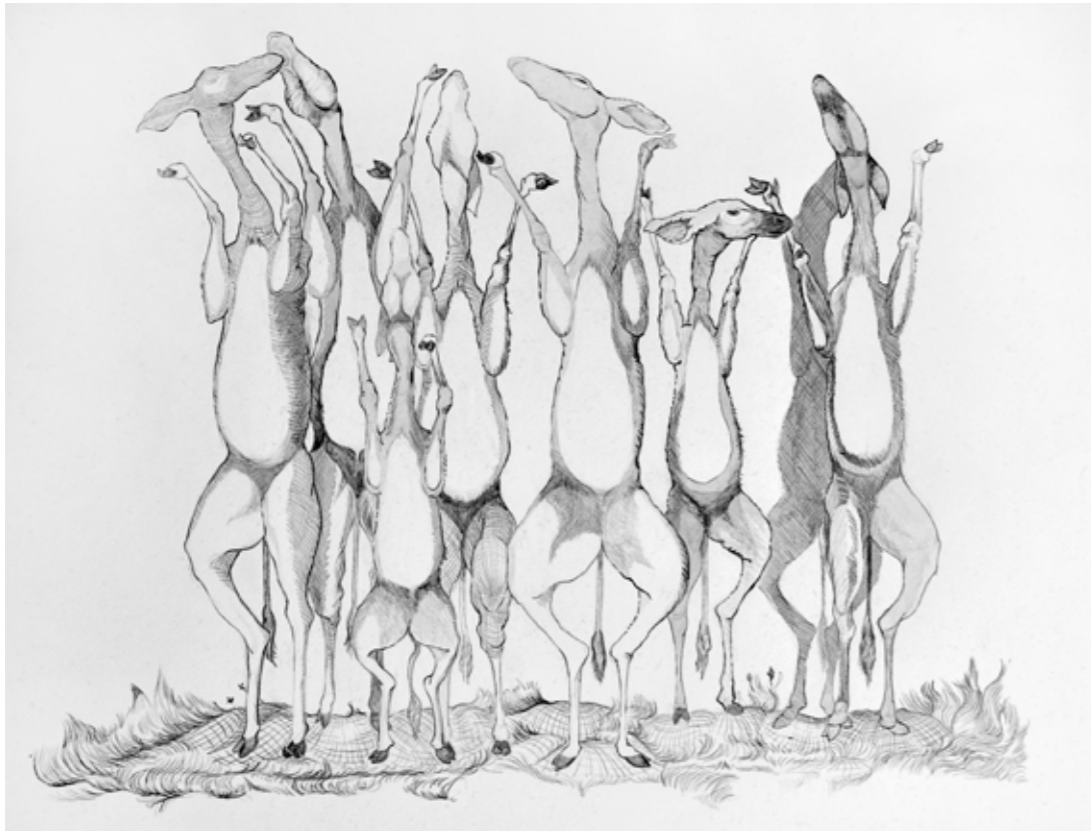
3. *Untitled*
2010
Pencil and watercolor on paper
25 x 34 cm

4. *Untitled*
2009
Pencil on paper
50 x 70 cm

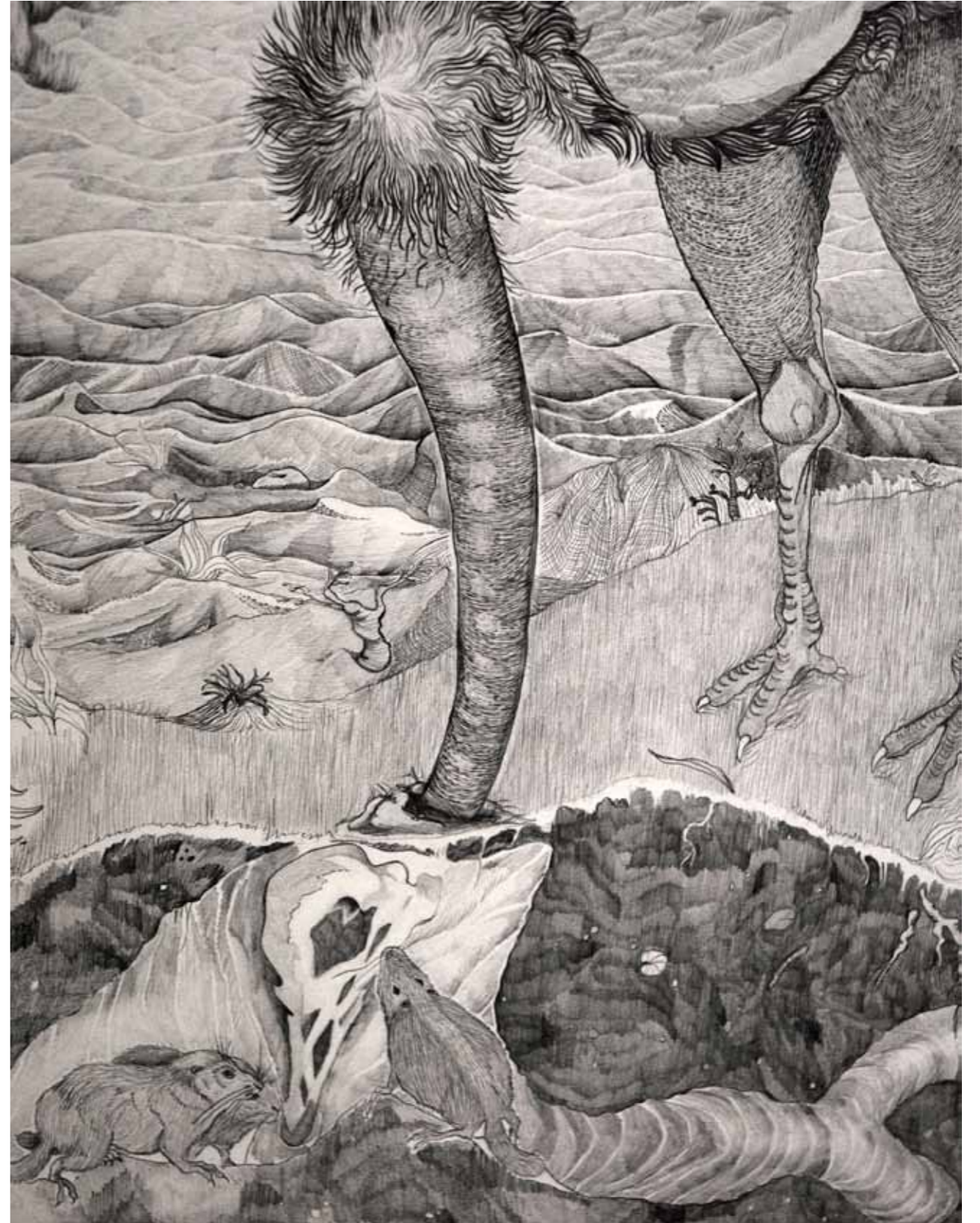




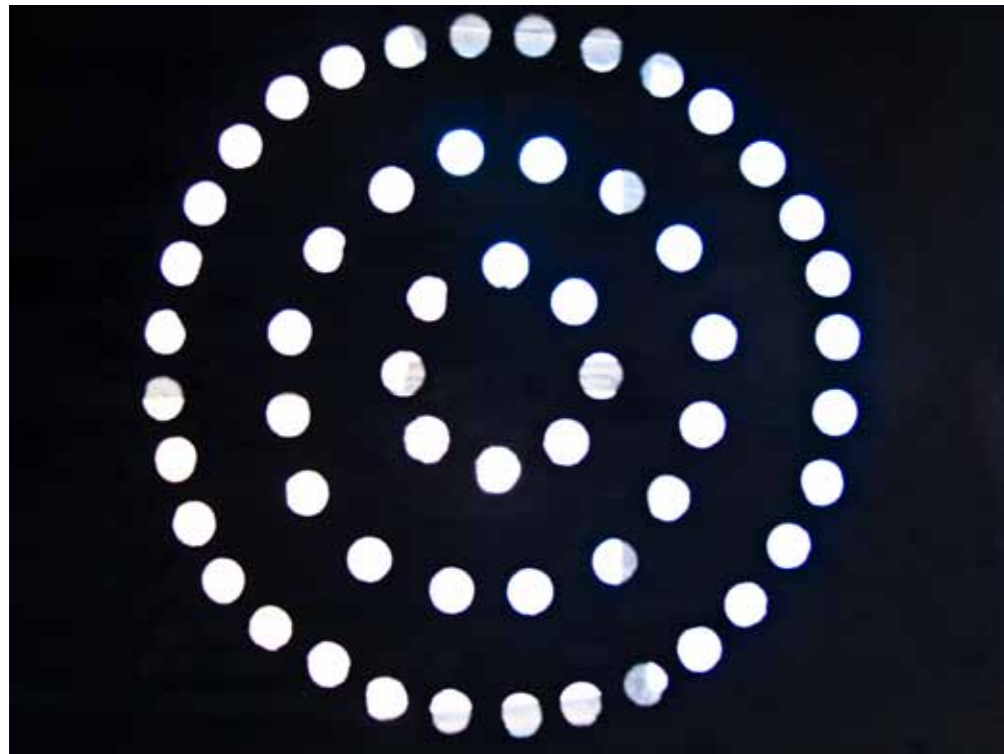
2



3



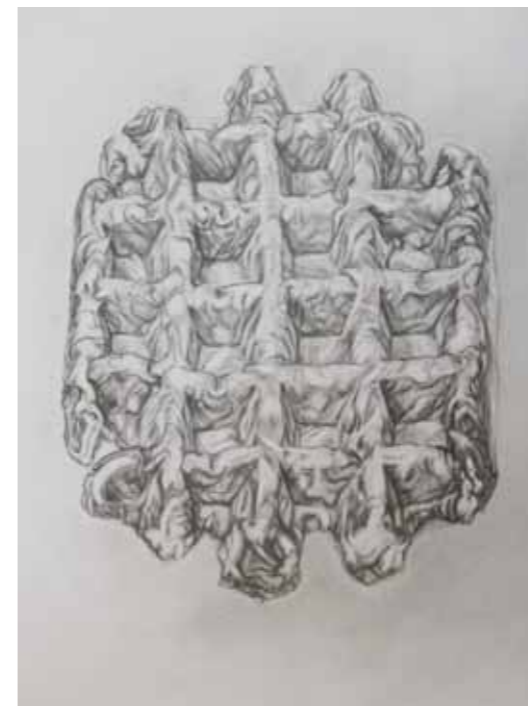
4



1



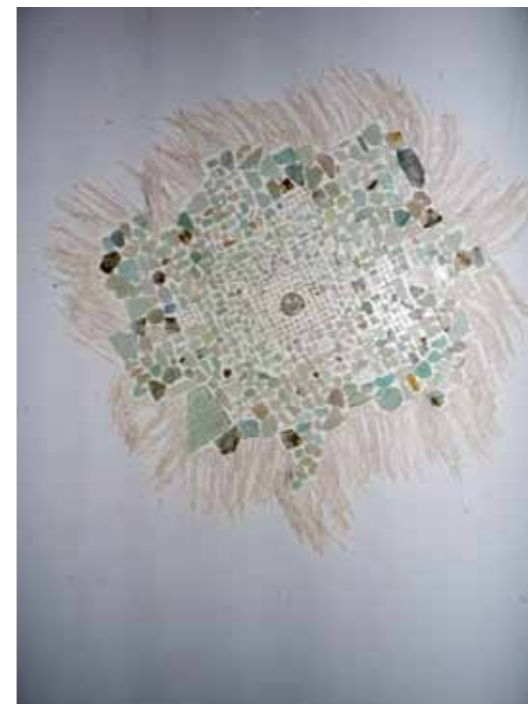
2



3



4



5



6

1. *Untitled (Drain)*
2010
Sculpture
20 x 20 x 0,2 cm

2. *Untitled (Jeans)*
2010
Pencil on paper
29,7x42 cm

3. *Untitled (Bonestructure)*
2009
Pencil on paper
42 x 29,7 cm

4. *Untitled (Disposable gloves)*
2008
Pencil on paper
42 x 29,7 cm

5. *Untitled (I Jumped in and then I Drowned)*
2009
Sculpture
Various dimensions

6. *Untitled (Skeleton)*
2009
Sculpture
approx 160x 300 cm



DETTE ER UENDELIG DETTE ER UENDELIG DETTE ER ØDE det åpnes, det slippes fri det fylte og lukkede. Lagret, fraktet, laget for uendeligheten for det øde (landskap). en palme står i stormen i sand i jord i vinden i vinduet og jeg vet hva det glasset betyr det betyr et trekk over ansiktet hennes, noe skled over eller trakk seg vekk, et drag og en tid av ett trekk luft inn. tiden av lungenes indre overflater var lik tiden av alle hennes ansikters luftlinjer, alle disse lagene forflyttet denne tiden det tar for luft å dekke. kanskje var det på utpust da, og i en av delene ble dette linjerte rommet over ansiktet hennes tomt for så umiddelbart fylt av det jeg så. helt likt et øyeblikk. og alle overhengende streker, en klase og en rull lengde rykket i og landet i form av denne haugen foran ansiktet hennes, som om hun ligger konstant, alle nervetrådene kanskje, i en spiss sky klemt flat. INN I DET DET FORSVANT



ANDERS HOLEN

Legend has it that Mr. Frank Zappa left behind a piece of paper on which the concept for the song "Bobby Brown" was written. The paper read something like; here I am, knee-deep in a motel tub, trying to figure out what to do next – when the concept of a song hits me like a ton of bricks. The concept is simple, I am going to incorporate as many foul and disgusting words as possible in one song, and still make the lyrics sound like it could be in any other popsong. I will use underground terms and youthful, popcultural sayings and in this way the explicit meaning will be abstracted. (I mean, the number of words for poo are only increasing.) Lyrics and melody will come together as one, and the result will sound pretty conventional. The goal of this project is to get the song inducted into some kind of official billboard chart. You will see me go down as Bobby Brown, and get wet in the golden-shower. It will be hilarious.

I first heard this story from my father, whom I think is one of the biggest Zappa fans out there. I think it is important to consider the surroundings before you conclude the realness of any given situation. Sometimes it doesn't really matter. I still get a kick out of this story.





1



2



3

1+2. Flat, brown and green
(with bee on flower)
2009
Gesmonite, fake grass, fake flower,
wasp, paint
75 x 270 cm

3. Bit of a square ring
2009
Mixed media



Geir
2009
Pencil on paper
220 x 150 cm



Kjell
2009
Pencil on paper
220 x 150 cm



Cato
2009
Pencil on paper
220 x 150 cm



Inge
2009
Pencil on paper
220 x 150 cm



1

1. *eagle*
2010
Hair, various media
40 x 130 cm

2. *Vulka*
2009
Lacquer on plastic bag
90 x 70 cm



2



1

1. *Dear unheimlich helmet*
 2010
 Sculptures: various media
 Hamburg

2. *Desert dungeon*
 2010
 Collage
 27 x 43 cm

3. *Demon diamond*
 2009
 Watercolor on paper
 40 x 75 cm



2



3

LINDA LERSETH

IN DIALOG WITH ADNAN YILIDS

L: On 23 February 2010 19:53, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: Hello Adnan, I managed to delete the mail I got from you with the individual questions. Can you please send them to me once more? linda lerseth

A: On 10 Mar 2010 23:20 +0100 public imagination (futureaudience@googlemail.com): here they are. best

1. What are the links between universal and existential quantification? Why do you feel the urgency for turning that linguistic experience into an installation?
2. What do you think about the new romanticism and your work?
3. How do you contextualize your interest in the shaman culture, ritualistic representation and mirroring?

L: On 11 mars 2010 10:36, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: hi adnan, I got the questions from elisabeth. I managed to delete your first mail because I thought it was spam (from public imagination <subject> QUESTION THE FILE), but anyway, I've read the questions and been thinking quite a bit on how to modify them.

I don't see the point in using the first question. I think its a good idea to keep the questions more open and not directly referring to specific works. Maybe the two other questions can be worked on, but we can talk more about them in our next conversation. In the second question, do you mean what I think about the new romanticism **and** my work, or, **in** my work? And In the third question, and not sure about what you mean by mirroring?

That was only a couple of things, but it's easier to talk about it in a dialog the next time we meet. We can then also try to make new questions. best linda

16. mars 11:00 skype tutorial

A: On 16 Mar 2010 09:01 +0100 public imagination (futureaudience@googlemail.com): add flamingoandtheboy

L: On 16 March 2010 11:10, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: I get this message that there's something wrong with the wifi connection, some error code and stuff. Its strange because it worked before I downloaded the new version. but I don't know what to do with it... There's nothing wrong with the connection, I'll try to fix it and get back to you.

A: On 16 Mar 2010 10:16 +0100 public imagination (futureaudience@googlemail.com): no stress w me. Waiting here.

L: On 16 March 2010 11:31, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: Ok, I'm not able to find out what's wrong and I'm at mølleparken so there's nobody here at this time that can help me out.

But maybe we can write instead then? maybe starting with the mail I sent you? and I don't know if I really understand the last question (How do you contextualize your interest...), do you mean how I let it become visible in my work, or what's my reason for bringing it into my work is (in that single case)? Or?

A: On 10 Mar 2010 10:36 +0100 public imagination (futureaudience@googlemail.com): for the last questions:

contextualize: To place (a word or idea, for example) in a particular context.

so i am interested in your interest in shaman culture? when i ask you in your studio, you agreeded w me that you are interested in it.

L: On 16 March 2010 11:38, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: yes I know what contextualize means. And in the first mail I asked you: "In the second question, do you mean what I think about the new romanticism **and** my work, or, **in** my work (both, or the new romanticism related to my work)? And In the third question, and not sure about what you mean by mirroring?" linda

A: On 10 Mar 2010 10:41 +0100 public imagination (futureaudience@googlemail.com): In the second question, I mean relationship between (what you understand from the term) the new romanticism **and** your work.

By mirroring, I mean reflecting on, a psychoanalytic term, can be explained as simulating!

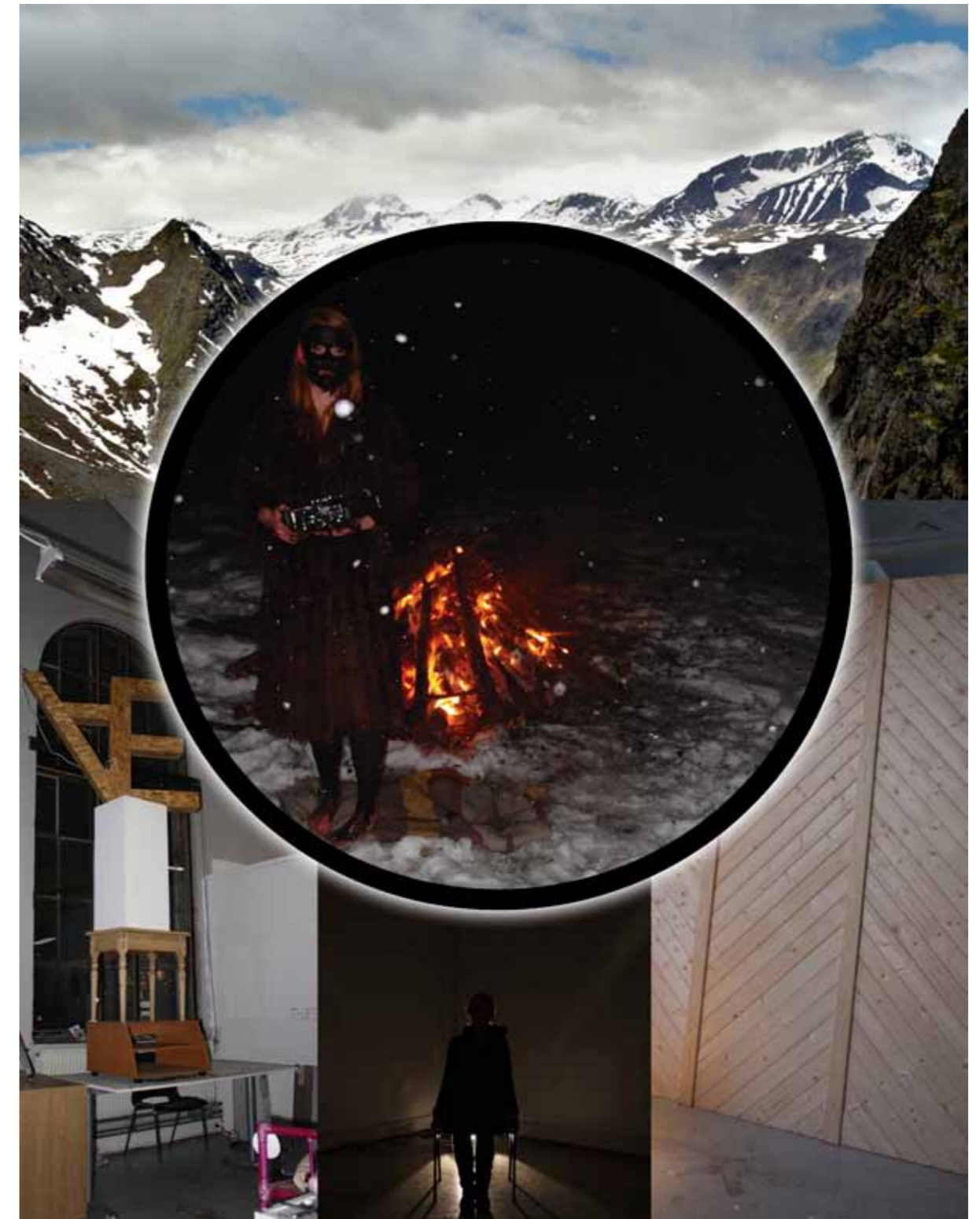
L: On 16 March 2010 10:43, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: hm, ok, then ill try to answer them in time for our next talk, and maybe come up with new questions as well. See you

L: On 25 March 2010 21:55, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote, ✓ 1 vedlegg: here is the photo from the collaboration I did with Andreas, that you wanted me to mail you. (it's a smaller copy and it's not edited yet, just so you know it) linda



tre.jpg

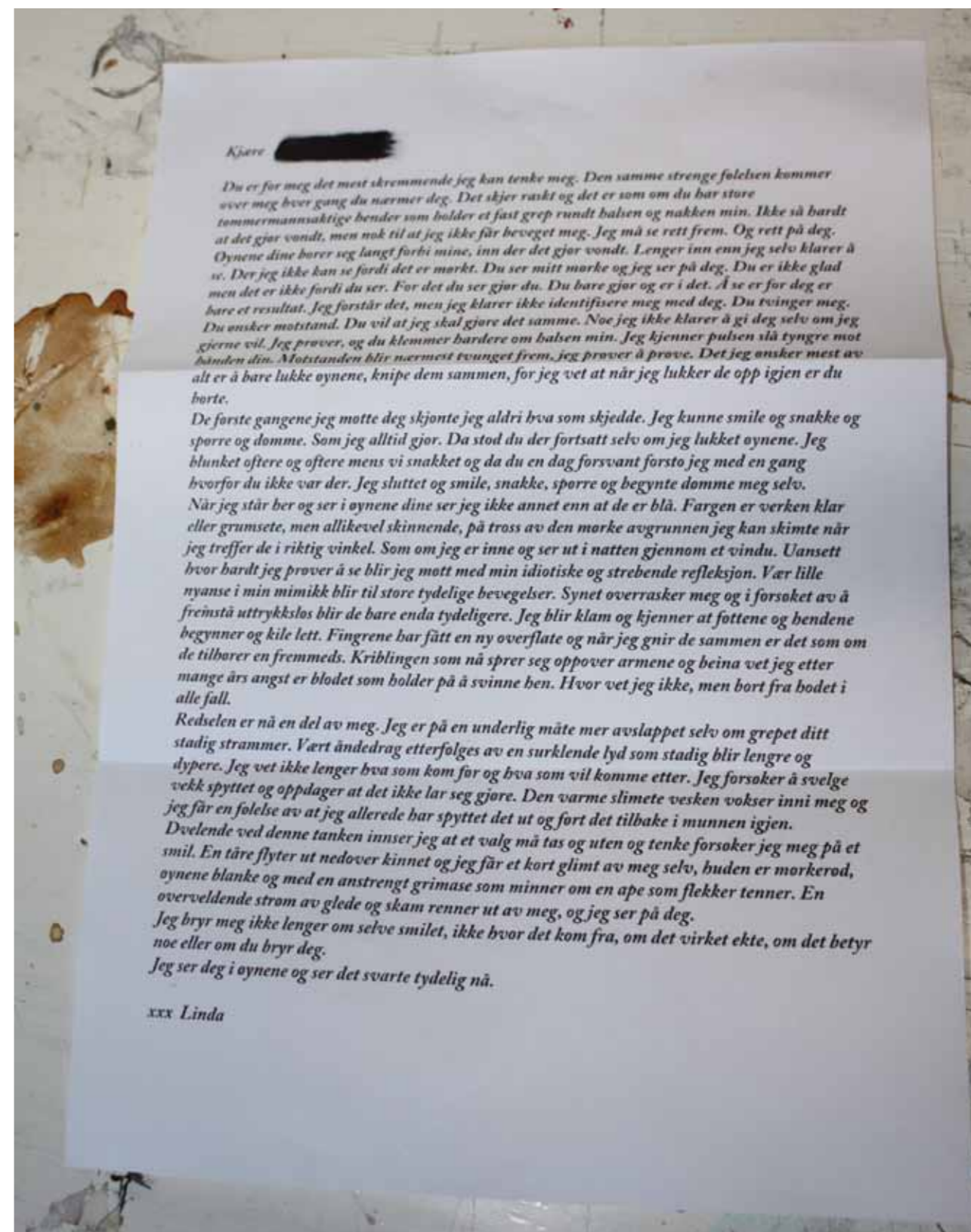
L: On 16 March 2010 11:25, linda lerseth <lindalerseth@gmail.com> wrote: hi adnan, how's it going with the new questions you where going to send me? I know we talked about not using them in the catalog (which has deadline for the contributions as you know in two days). Anyway, it would be nice to have them some days before your next visit. Linda





1. Documentation of Process
2010
Photo: Mercedes Mühleisen

2. Første Melding
2010
Photo
29,7 x 21 cm



Kjære [redacted]

Du er for meg det mest skremmende jeg kan tenke meg. Den samme strenge følelsen kommer over meg hver gang du nærmer deg. Det skjer raskt og det er som om du har store tommermannsaktige bender som holder et fast grep rundt halsen og nakken min. Ikke så hardt at det gjør vondt, men nok til at jeg ikke får beveget meg. Jeg må se rett frem. Og rett på deg. Øynene dine borer seg langt forbi mine, inn der det gjør vondt. Lenger inn enn jeg selv klarer å se. Der jeg ikke kan se fordi det er mørkt. Du ser mitt mørke og jeg ser på deg. Du er ikke glad men det er ikke fordi du ser. For det du ser gjør du. Du bare gjør og er i det. Å se er for deg er bare et resultat. Jeg forstår det, men jeg klarer ikke identifisere meg med deg. Du tvinger meg. Du ønsker motstand. Du vil at jeg skal gjøre det samme. Noe jeg ikke klarer å gi deg selv om jeg gjerne vil. Jeg prøver, og du klemmer hardere om halsen min. Jeg kjenner pulsen slå tyngre mot halsen din. Motstanden blir nærmest tvunget frem, jeg prøver å prøve. Det jeg ønsker mest av alt er å bare lukke øynene, knipe dem sammen, for jeg vet at når jeg lukker de opp igjen er du borte.

De første gangene jeg møtte deg skjønte jeg aldri hva som skjedde. Jeg kunne smile og snakke og spørre og domme. Som jeg alltid gjør. Da stod du der fortsatt selv om jeg lukket øynene. Jeg blunket oftere og oftere mens vi snakket og da du en dag forsvant forsto jeg med en gang hvorfor du ikke var der. Jeg sluttet å smile, snakke, spørre og begynte domme meg selv. Når jeg står her og ser i øynene dine ser jeg ikke annet enn at de er blå. Fargen er verken klar eller grumsete, men allikevel skinnende, på tross av den mørke avgrunnen jeg kan skimte når jeg treffer de i riktig vinkel. Som om jeg er inne og ser ut i natten gjennom et vindu. Uansett hvor hardt jeg prøver å se blir jeg mott med min idiotiske og strebende refleksjon. Vær lille nyanse i min mimikk blir til store tydelige bevegelser. Synet overrasker meg og i forsøket av å fremstå uttrykksløs blir de bare enda tydeligere. Jeg blir klam og kjenner at fottene og hendene begynner og kile lett. Fingrene har fått en ny overflate og når jeg gnir de sammen er det som om de tilhører en fremmeds. Kriblingen som nå sprer seg oppover armene og beina vet jeg etter mange års angst er blodet som holder på å svinne hen. Hvor vet jeg ikke, men bort fra bodet i alle fall.

Redselen er nå en del av meg. Jeg er på en underlig måte mer avslappet selv om grepet ditt stadig strammer. Vært åndedrag etterfølges av en surklende lyd som stadig blir lengre og dypere. Jeg vet ikke lenger hva som kom før og hva som vil komme etter. Jeg forsøker å svelge vekk spyttet og oppåger at det ikke lar seg gjøre. Den varme slimete vesken vokser inni meg og jeg får en følelse av at jeg allerede har spyttet det ut og fort det tilbake i munnen igjen. Dvelende ved denne tanken innser jeg at et valg må tas og uten og tenke forsøker jeg meg på et smil. En tåre flyter ut nedover kinnene og jeg får et kort glimt av meg selv, huden er mørkerød, øynene blanke og med en anstrengt grimase som minner om en ape som flekker tenner. En overveldende strøm av glede og skam renner ut av meg, og jeg ser på deg. Jeg bryr meg ikke lenger om selve smilet, ikke hvor det kom fra, om det virket ekte, om det betyr noe eller om du bryr deg. Jeg ser deg i øynene og ser det svarte tydelig nå.

xxx Linda

CHANDA MWENYA

IN DIALOGUE: Chanda Mwenya / Adnan Yildiz

ADNAN YILDIZ: In your work, there is a diversity of media such as painting, drawing, installation, and sculpture. How do you approach form?

CHANDA MWENYA: My departure point in art has been painting and sculpture. However, as I conceived more diverse thoughts, I started to find my ideals suffocating the canvas and impregnating my sculptures. That is the time I allowed myself a more diverse use of other forms such as installation and video to accommodate my budding thoughts.

ADNAN YILDIZ: So, then how do you decide on the form of an art work?

CHANDA MWENYA: My mental sketching and shaping of the concept help me in deciding which form is ideal for the work.

ADNAN YILDIZ: What is the relationship between your artistic idea and your final product?

CHANDA MWENYA: Generally the relationship of my ideas and my work is quite mutual, although I usually find it quite challenging to express an entire idea in a single art piece, somewhat, leaving most of my works as metaphors of my artistic thoughts and creation.

ADNAN YILDIZ: There is plenty of photographic work –also available on web-from you. What do you think about the digitalisation of the image, its global circulation today and your photographic practice?

CHANDA MWENYA: For me the Internet is a kind of platform that allows me to share my experience and observation of life with other people, we are living in a technology age, digital representation of images is becoming almost close to reality. I think digitalisation of images helps us to share some insights into certain situations that can otherwise be impossible for some people to experience in person. Most of my photographic images on the internet are a documentation of 'Ghetto life' a Zambian subculture that I find intriguing.

ADNAN YILDIZ: What is the impact of experiencing another art context (the Oslo experience) on your work?

CHANDA MWENYA: Within the boundaries of the Academy I have experienced some thoughtful as well as some thought provoking pieces and performances; both experiences have been a vital process in broadening my own artistic horizon.



DIGITALLY NORWEGIAN

It is a short film about a young Zambian man called Kunta Chile; he gets a scholarship to study medicine in Norway. He is obliged to study Norwegian for a year in order to pursue his medical studies. Eight months into learning the language, his Norwegian is not getting better, and it begins to overshadow his chances of living his childhood dream of becoming a medical doctor.

If he succeeds Kunta would become a source of hope for many residents of Mumbwa, his native village. The people of Mumbwa, eagerly look forward to having a Doctor of their own; a pride of their ancestral land.

However, threatened with the language barrier to achieve his dream, Kunta finds an effortless but expensive way to learn Norwegian. He volunteers as a "guinea pig" for the Digitally Modified Language Micro Chip-LMC, invented by an elite team of neuron and brain surgeons in Oslo. The LMC has been programmed with Norwegian Bokmål and Nynorsk in what could be seen as a Bio-Dictionary.

If fitted with the chip, Kunta would become digitally Norwegian and is assured to speak the language like a native. The fate however, overwrites his language memory, and he has to learn to speak his native Bemba including the other three languages that he spoke before.





VILJEN TIL Å TVILE: BEGREPENES FORFLYTTNING - MØRKET SOM OMGIR OSS

Et lakenspøkelse og en ståukukk, eller nei, et kneippbrød, går innover i en skog. Skogen er ikke veldig stor, men trærne er høye og står tett sammen. På skogsbunnen er det konstant skumring. De møter ingen, som vanlig. Det sies at vi som bor her i Norge har et nært forhold til naturen. Men man møter sjelden noen når man er ute i den. Heldigvis kanskje.

Det begynner å blåse opp, og de høye trærne vaier frem og tilbake. En nervøs stemning spres mellom de to gående.

- Jeg liker ikke at trærne beveger seg så mye. Det gjør meg urolig, sier kneippen. - Tenk om trærne med sine lange røtter er det eneste som holder oss fast her, det eneste som forhindrer at alt løsner og forsvinner ut i universet.

Lakenspøkelset rister uforstående på hodet.

- Trærne er jo det som beskytter oss mot presset ovenifra ved at de holder himmelen oppe. De er vår garanti for at hele himmelmassen ikke skal falle ned og presse oss flate. Når trærne vaier i vinden ser jeg for meg hvordan de ubønnhørlig vil gi etter for trykket og knekkes av, en etter en.

- Det er dette jeg tenker mye på, sier lakenspøkelset lavt, - at begrepene forflytter seg, at de liksom ikke er til å stole på. Vi sitter igjen, omgitt av mørket. Som å fiske noe opp av et stort mørkt jævla hav. Du vet aldri hva du får på kroken av rusk og rask, men om du venter lenge nok kommer du til å få napp. Det er jammen ikke lett å holde ut seg selv oppi alt dette. Skyggesidene, tvilen, dualismen. All engstelsen, svetten og de flakkende blikkene. Det er ikke et pent syn.

- Om man har flaks, kan angsten også være til nytte, innvender kneippbrødet. - Uten angsten tror jeg ikke at jeg hadde fått gjort noe særlig. Det er altfor lett å gjøre andre, tilsynelatende mer behagelige ting, som å spise tre middager om dagen eller lese historisk verdensatlas mens man snuser og drikker kaffe.

Vinden øker i styrke. Trærne knirker faretruende høyt. De to skikkelsene begynner å bevege seg fortere. Spøkelset titter bort på kneippbrødet og hvisker:

- Unnslippelse kan være en annen drivkraft til å gjøre noe. I den prosessen det er å lage kunst slipper man ofte unna å tenke på ubehageligheter som den generelle kvalmen over det eksistensen rommer, eller dødens insisterende ufravikelighet, rett og slett fordi man ikke har tid. Dermed må den plagsomme kvasifilosofien vike plass.

- Men om man *virkelig* har flaks, fortsetter kneippbrødet, kan også det man lager i seg selv fungere som en form for utvei. Et alternativ til denne virkeligheten. Et hull inn i noe annet. Dette kan høres ut som eskapisme, en ren flukt, og muligens er det nettopp det. Eller kanskje man heller kan kalle det en vei ut av alt det middelmådige. Et alternativ til alkoholen.

Det blir stille en stund mellom de to. Vinden har lagt seg, og skogen har tetnet enda mer til. De tar seg gjennom en trang dal. Etter en stund blir stillheten for påtrengende. Som for å holde maktene der ute i mørket på avstand, bryter kneippen ut:

- Apropos fising. Det å lage kunst fungerer ofte på en liknende måte. Man fisker og fisker, plasserer ting rundt omkring i en slags koreografi. Setter ting opp mot hverandre, blander noe sammen, flytter de hit og

dit og lager visse regler for seg selv for hva som er lov og hva som ikke er lov. Det starter ofte med selve stedet. Stedet blir scenen der noe skal hende, et eget lukket system i liten skala der man kan isolere hendelser eller handlinger for så å kunne se nøyer på dem. Aller helst er det et sted man kan gå inn i der selvpoppfattelsen sakker akterut. Her finnes håpet. Det handler om tankens og fantasiens umulige streben.

Lakenspøkelset rister på hodet i undring over denne plutselige optimismen, og legger til - Men etterpå, etter man har lagd noe, kommer man på at det er noe man har glemt - referansene. Og her dukker problemene opp. Noen ganger får jeg en snikende følelse av at referansene og teoriene ikke er til å stole på, at de ikke riktig vil meg vel, som om de er noe man klister på i etterkant fordi man synes kunsten sin er naken og foreldreløs uten. Ikke at det er noe galt med referanser i seg selv, men de blir ofte en form for unnskyldning. Og man kan ikke gå rundt og unnskyld seg selv dagen lang. Det blir for flaut.

-Minst like avgjørende som referansene, er det at man har en form for indre fortelling, sier kneippbrødet bestemt. P.O. Enquist skriver i flere av bøkene sine om viktigheten av det å lage seg en egen forståelse av sammenhengene. Det er ikke så mye man kan gjøre med alt dette; det forferdelige og det hyggelige, alle hendelsene og alle minnene, annet enn å forsøke å få ting til å henge sammen. -Man måtte få det att hänga i hop, annars blir man ju tokig- skriver han ett sted. Kanskje kan man tenke på en lignende måte om det å lage kunst.

Skogen begynner å åpne seg og slipper inn mer lys på underskogen. De

skal snart ut herfra. Lysningen er rett på andre siden av åsen de har foran seg.

-Alt gikk så fort, sier spøkelset andpusten. - Hva skjedde og hvordan kom vi hit?

-På dette punktet skulle ting være klart, svarer kneippen. -Klart som krystallin, som Herr Frigstad formulerte det den gangen. Jeg ser for meg et krystallklart, nesten gjennomsiktig pulver, der bestanddelene er så harmonisk blandet sammen at de fremstår som en perfekt enhet. Innbydende for hjernen og for nesene.

-Krystallklart er det ikke, insisterer spøkelset. -Nesten ingenting er det. Grumsete er heller ordet. Et grått, diffust lag man ikke riktig klarer å se gjennom.

-Men det er jo nå dannelsen skal vises frem. Kneippbrødet hever stemmen. Tre år i denne skogen og endelig skal gardinene dras opp! Ingen lidelsesromantikk å gjemme seg bak lenger.

De blir avbrutt av et sterkt lys som for et øyeblikk blander dem begge fullstendig. Når de åpner øynene igjen ser de at de står foran lysningen som markerer slutten på skogen. De går mot lyset med usikre skritt. Kneippbrødet kremter, og ser på lakenspøkelset med fornyet alvor.

- Hvordan verden egentlig ser ut, kan ingen vite.



2



3



4

1. Ghost statement
2009
Video installation, mixed media
2. Finsterlinge
(detail)
3. Finsterlinge
2009
Video installation, mixed media
4. Skodden letner
2009
HD video (5:10; loop)



VILJEN TIL Å TRO: THE MIDNITE SERVICE

Marie Askeland Gundersen, Camilla Fagerli, Stine Midtsæter og jeg dannet et hellig broderskap i desember 2008. Vi lager show under konseptet *Midnite Service*.

Broderskapet ble til av ren nødvendighet og overlevelsestrang. Vi følte alle fire at tilværelsen var ubehagelig, en seig materie som klistret seg fast til oss og gjorde alle bevegelser til en kraftanstrengelse. Men plutselig, en stormfull kveld etter en lang samtale preget av undergangsstemning, så vi lyset, og forsto at det eneste som kunne døye smerten og hatet var å samles i det. Vi samlet oss derfor i hatet, og der, midt inni det, fant vi kjærligheten.

Dannelsen av broderskapet er, i tillegg til å være et forsøk på å bote på vår egen følelse av nederlag i livet, et svar på tidens krav; nemlig vår kulturs tilsynelatende hemningsløse lengten etter den totale og totalitære opplevelsen. Vi ser på dette som en søken etter noe patosfylt og overdimensjonert sublimt - det religiøse. Denne tendensen er ikke noe vi forholder oss kritiske til, eller noe vi ser på med ironisk distanse. Tvert imot. Vi ser også på oss selv som søkende og kjenner et enormt begjær for å tro. Ut av dette begjæret ble broderskapet født. Vi er dermed svaret på vårt eget spørsmål, og fyller på den måten et behov, både i oss selv, og i kulturen.

Hovedtyngden i *midnattsmessen* er ordet og ordets makt. Tekstene vi skriver til messene har ofte et dystert bakteppe der tvil, hat, skam og mørke er viktige bestanddeler. Dette underliggende ubehaget kan sees på som et slags oppkom av det man ikke vil vite om, men som allikevel ubønnhørlig presser seg opp. Et ubehagelig oppkom som ligger og ulmer i kulturen- og i oss. Vi ser på dette mørket som et slags nullpunkt, et kaos som på samme tid inneholder alt og ingenting. Dette

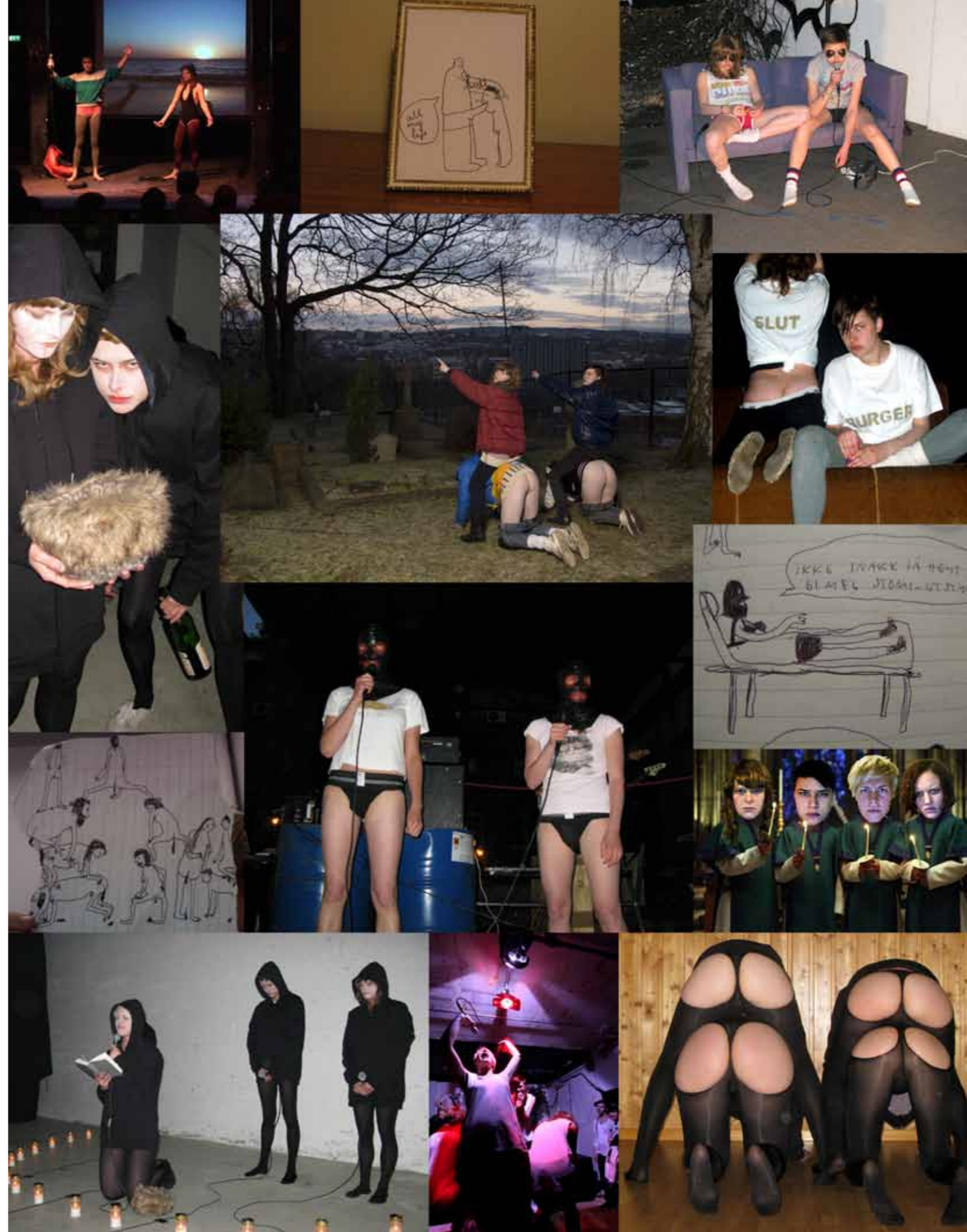
kaoset fungerer som en katalysator for handlingene våre.

I tillegg til tekstene, strukturerer vi messen rundt handlinger eller gester, hvorav noen er adoptert fra religiøse ritualer og sekterisk kodeks, mens andre er hentet fra mer personlige mytologier og symbolske drømme-verdener. For å komme i den rette opphøyede stemningen trenger vi diverse props. Dette kan være hellige bøker, alkoholholdig væske, et alter, eller visse kroppsdeler som opphøyes til hellige bærere av den endelige mening og løsning. Effektene, eller propsene kan ses på som sakramenter. Opptredene blir derfor en form for sakral koreografi.

Når vi står foran publikum er vi autoriteter, en blanding av eksorsister, prester og kastrater av en hellig orden som skal holde en preken for en fullsatt menighet. Vi er der for å tale til folket om den rette vei. Målet er å få de framfotte til å forstå vårt underliggende budskap om at det som er viktig for oss, også er viktig for dem. Vi vil ha forståelse, en slags total forståelse, en skinnende klarhet og en sitring i hjernen. Dette handler om å skape et rom for overgivelse. En overgivelse fra publikum til oss, og fra oss videre opp til kosmos og de store mysteriene. Det er dette som er kjernen i forkynnelsen.

Men ofte når man er som sterkest i troen, kan tvilen komme snikende. Det er nå det blir pinlig og stemmene våre begynner å dirre. Vi søker kjærlighet, forståelse og aller helst tilbedelse fra publikum, men publikum er ofte lumskt og skeptisk. Noen stirrer, mens andre rister på hodet og ser ned i gulvet. Men, i denne pinligheten finner vi oss selv, og vi gjør som Herr Jesus, vi vender det andre kinnet til. Tvilen og smerten er også en viktig del av budskapet, og vi ser oss selv, og virkeligheten, gjennom den.

Vi har ved en rekke anledninger fått høre av publikum at broderskapet gjennom sitt språk og generelle fremtoning har vekket både forvirring og ubehag. Videre har andre fortalt om en sterk opplevelse av håp, varme og lyst under messene. Dette tar vi imot med glede og takk, og som et tegn på at vi har fått til det storartede; å bygge noe opp og å ta det fra hverandre på en og samme tid. I kunstsammenheng blir dette gjerne kalt noe så alvorlig som å skape en mellomting mellom destruksjon og konstruksjon. Resultatet blir, som begrepene, svett og patetisk, gjerne i et limbo mellom en dårlig slapstick spøk og noe inderlig episk. Men, man må omfavne det patetiske, for det patetiske er også oss.



1. *The heart is a lonely hunter*
2009
Installation, mixed media

Page 65. Misc. Performances with Slutburger
(Stine Midtsæter and Mercedes Mühleisen) and
The Midnite Service
(Camilla Fagerli, Marie Askeland,
Stine Midtsæter and Mercedes Mühleisen)
2007-2010

DANIELA MÜLLER





KATE NALUYELE

IN DIALOGUE: Kate Naluyele / Adnan Yildiz

ADNAN YILDIZ: How can we “catch (y)our future”? Tell me more about the idea behind the piece and please respond to its location on the Open Studio Day, you installed it on a wall that separates two artist studios?

KATE: The idea of the installation titled, Catch Your Future, is a performance of mockery on the illusionary nature of people, regarding futuristic assumptions. A mockery of the restlessness in human beings, which is caused by endless desires, to reveal what the future holds. It's an interactive installation that sprouted from the idea of, ordinary vending machines. Except, to be able to catch your future, instead of inserting coins, one has to insert an arm. Inside a hole, cutting, completely, across - through a wall that separates two art studios. And a pipe is fixed into the hole. Of which the diameter is meant to accommodate the average size of a human arm. And the length of it, only enough to restrict elbow movement. The end result is to stimulate an attempt to catch the future, but futile.

ADNAN YILDIZ: How can we take a break from life without dying? Tell me more about your experience with it's interactive design and the response from the audience?

KATE: how to take a break from life without dying is a thought, originally, conceived from my personal anguish. The anguish that was arrived at, due to the constraints of having to work between two worlds of, extreme differences in all aspects. And an individual pressure to manage time, wisely. Somewhat, an attempt to stop the clock without losing time. As a means to have a chance to unwind, adjust and adapt. An attempt on a survey to find other people that could, also, identify with this need. By becoming part of the sole authors of the book.

THE BOOK:

The physical manifestation of this thought, is a book that has been given the above title. And, initially, exhibited as a blank with a pen and pencil on the side. It's an attempt to, randomly, collect any views or, personal, methods applied in helping different people, to take a break from life without dying. And life, in this case, being redefined as the active part of our existence as opposed to dormant. The objective of this collective book project, has been to unlock the, usually condemned as socially immoral, but, effective solutions. Solutions by ways of numbing our senses or emotions. etc. So that we can undergo sublimation, and, somehow, float over life and reengage, after recollecting our energy and drive. Unconsciously or consciously.

THE STRATEGY:

The strategy was to place the book in a very private and enclosed space. In the complete absence of the concept owner. So that any contributor feels secure to give a piece of their mind, without being watched or traced. That way it was made possible for people, to relax, write and share whatever worked for them in this book. Without being judged or ridiculed. And most importantly, to feel in charge of the book, temporarily.

THE FINDING:

The finding was an overwhelming contribution of decent and indecent methods. Ranging from sexual gratification, insolence, drug and alcohol use, expressions of anger, frustration and aggression, to eating food and creating enough time to sleep, and producing offspring. And holiday making.

THE AIM:

The aim is not to censor this book and not to take it personal, but, to have an honest presentation of what's done in the dark or in secret. As a significant part of who we are as humans. As key to the Chinese philosophy; *yin* and *yang*, life balance. Also key to survival. Exhaust pipe is to car, as these methods provided in the book are to human beings. An outlet of uptightness. Life is like a straight line of rules. And any form of derail from this straight line can provide relief from following things, intently or intently and meticulously. Thus can be a break from life without dying.



how to take a break from life without dying



1



2



3

I hold the drive for my work in the highest esteem and it's the most constant element of my work. The medium is of secondary consideration. I am mostly inspired by my sensitivity to my surrounding and I enjoy the freedom to use any material that is workable, in any given moment. And time is the greatest influence I have.

1-3. CATCH YOUR FUTURE
2009
Mixed media
1:1

4. THE MEMOIRS OF THE LITTLE BOX HOUSE
2010
17 x 8 cm
Recycled wood, cardboard
and grass



4

Once upon now, the hut has unveiled as The Little Box House. This is the origin of most village houses - commonly known as huts. They are one of the oldest forms of architecture. And they are still a very common phenomenon in the rural and country sides. The walls are originally made out of mud and sticks. And the roofs are thatched with grass. The windows are deliberately made small and triangular, just like the little huts themselves. But, once you enter one of them, the memories of the hut lingers on after, as much as the smell of the raw earth in this small enclosure. And the contents are the delights and gifts of nature.

CHRISTIAN TONY NORUM

Do your best

I never touch my art cause I find art disgusting. Christian Tony is all about touching. Maybe what he's making is art and I'm merely a designer, no content, just organizing elements in order for effect. Nabokov is a great writer but it's never about the content, it's about how the words look like on paper. That's kinda nerdy. Whenever I destroy something it looks fake. We should never forget that art is more than anything dealing with strength. There is a modernist tendency out there with people gathering trash and making constellations. Somehow I think it has to do with a wish for authenticity. Looking for the aesthetics of the old woman painting in secret or an autistic gatherer of trash, organizing it in baskets in his studio. That's kind of sweet but is it lasting? And what happens when everybody starts doing it? Nothing. Only dirty colors. But still there is a need for just doing something, for some reason, at a certain time. And we have to respect that. Cause that's authentic and that's what everybody should be doing. Christian Tony Norum likes making it, shaking it and breaking it. The seventh wave maybe? It's kinda lovely doing stuff for no particular reason and in facing that I embrace a certain envy. By doing it his way he sets new rules and reorganized something so substantial. Beauty. I remember I fell in love with a girl when I was seventeen but I never accepted her forehead. It was too big for me. Then Angelina Jolie turned up on cinema and big foreheads were fashion. I lost her in the meantime. The most fascinating thing about Angkor Wat is that it's fading and falling apart. Degrading. That's also the amazing part of it cause suddenly you see sculpture and architecture marrying nature. Whatever is out there is in here and my hand can't do the job. So I sit around like another hipster, with girly hands that are only dirty from cigarettes. So busy thinking about noplac. When I meet Christian Tony his hands always feel rough, strong and dirty. I respect that. I think it can lead to anything as long as he keeps his patience. The question is never integrity but a sensation of doing. Experience before polishing surface. Maybe it's difficult getting it into a whitecube and even more difficult for his work surviving that space. But that's only because we are cowards. Christian Tony Norum will keep on doing while I'll continue sitting around being tired from doing nothing. You touch your work because you love it. That's not professional but everybody knows what floor we're really on. The limits of our lazyness and how we organize the fruits of it. Maybe I should become a gardener. Plants have no expectations but they look disappointed if you ignore them.

Kristian Skylstad, Oslo 2010



1



2

1-3. Festival of Ideas (Rocket science). Take me to the next level.
2009
PVC pipes, abstrakte markisemalerier, gold spraycans
and light inside a room.
Gallery 21:24



3



4

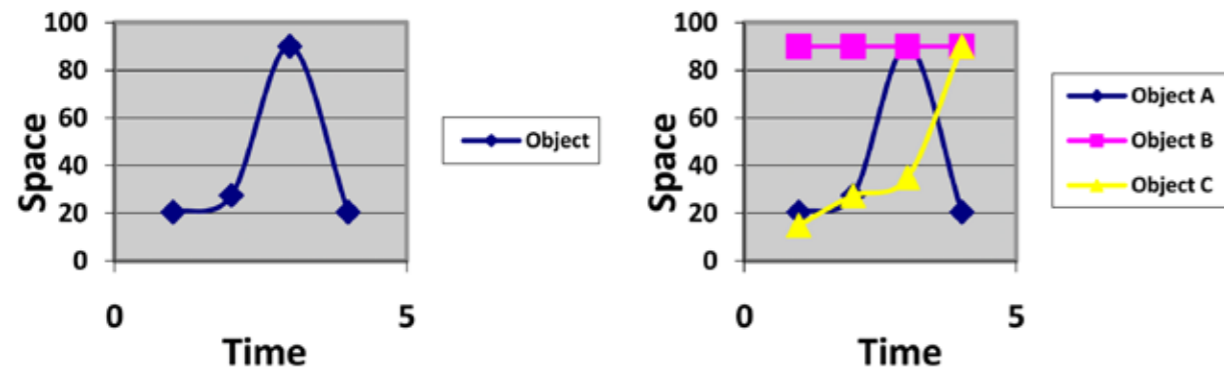
4. Kidnapping Joseph Beuys stone and exhibiting it at your own exhibition. Heavy duty, 2009
Photo of performance.

EIRIK SENJE

EIRIK SENJE ANSWERING SOME QUESTIONS (APRIL 9 – APRIL 14, 2010, OSLO)

EIRIK SENJE: Well, I think my work has always been centered around gravity, this is something I've come to realize lately. We all know that gravity is the mysterious third force in the universe, acting on both time and space in strange and undefinable ways. This very slow moving force seems quite definite to how everything else is behaving, even though it is not a very strong force by some comparisons. It forms around centers of mass, causing things to gravitate as it were. This can even happen with centers of mass whose presence can be neither seen nor felt, which is probably what I find most interesting of all. I know I read somewhere that Duchamp used to toy with the idea of a fourth dimension, but modern science is now fortunately turning this fiction into fact, which makes things much more interesting. These dark matters are causing objects to be drawn towards them even before and without them being really definable within the confines of the laws of the existing universe as we know it. The same thing can of course happen with virtual realities like words and ideas, which seems to imply that metaphor is another driving force in the universe. Incidentally, this is also the concept behind this fictional interview. You see, by answering questions that don't exist, I am in fact creating an existence for them by implication, while at the same time allowing them to exist outside the conventional logical framework one would otherwise have to make use of when asking questions.

EIRIK SENJE: Space, as any object moves through it, gets distorted by its presence. The effect and magnitude of this distortion can vary from object to object. For example; a carpenter will cause houses to appear and a thief will cause objects to change owner, while a fork will merely cause food to get eaten. The distortion of space caused by an artist can be a bit more difficult to describe, as it is in some cases more erratic (this is probably not a given, but possibly an end). For example, some painters will create reflections of reality (reflections are by definition distorted, so this needs not be specified any further) while some sculptors will try simply to change their surroundings (perhaps try is not the word as the process can in many cases be more or less unconscious), creating not representations of space, but attempting to shape space as an end in itself. For objects to distort each other, they usually have to occupy space in proximity to one another, but space and time also has to intersect; one can only be in one place at the same time. While these things can seem very complicated to think about, they can in fact be explained easily with a simple diagram:



On the left is seen an object existing in different spaces at different points in time, while on the right can be seen two rogue objects intersecting each other in time and space and also intersecting with a relatively stationary object such as a mountain, all at different points in time. So you see, the trick is to create visual representations, or maybe to divide the problem between different devices. To include gravity, in this instance, one just has to fold the paper a little bit.

EIRIK SENJE: No, I wouldn't call it that exactly. Though I can see why one would ask this question. For me it is much more interesting to suggest for example that this is merely the logical conclusion of some recent developments. Since the exploration of cyberspace is showing us that the logical conclusion of capitalism must be that, in the end, nobody should have to own anything. This in turn implies that it will become easier to avoid getting drawn in by any particular center of mass, as one will not have to fill ones personal space with so many useless objects anymore. I guess I am jumping the gun a bit, so to speak. It seems only prudent to start adapting to changes once one becomes aware of their occurrence. It is a limited-time luxury that one has after all. But I have to finish this: in the future, time will replace space as the prevailing form of currency, but as we know, gravity causes time to stretch and bend. It will get really complicated for people who don't understand relativity.





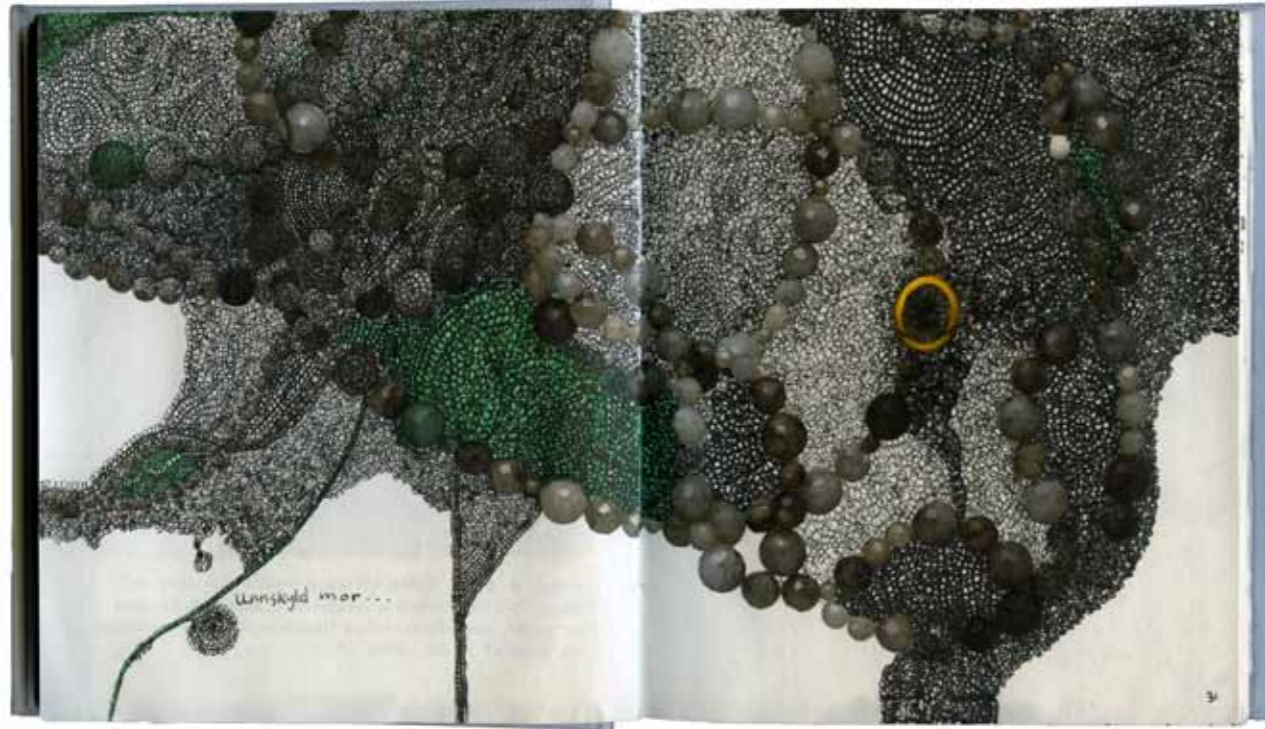
1



2

1. *Selected Musings on the Relative Lack of Space Between Your Ears*
2009
Installation, various materials
800 x 1100 cm

2. *Return to Sender*
2008
Sculpture, cardboard, packaging tape,
black marker
60 x 80 x 300 cm



1

Fra den dagen jeg ble meg selv. Jeg var på vei, på veien som jeg så, og ikke så enden på. Og jeg mistet veien, jeg var som et lik i havet, jeg traff de skarpeste steinene og dybden i havet, og de grådige spisende fiskene. Min tynne ryggrad pirket mot følelsen av død, og fremdeles er jeg på vei...



2



3

1. Unnskylt mor
2009
Ink drawing, mixed media, collage
15 x 26 cm
2. Tørst i vann
2009
(1 out of 2 drawings)
Ink on Paper
15 x 21 cm
3. Tørst i vann
2009
(2 out of 2 drawings)
Ink on Paper
15 x 21 cm



4



5

له نیردا هه رچن چشته پاک و نویرانیه، وه لن من چوی سه رله لن شیویاگنیک مینییه م که وه شوون مانای زنده گی گه ردیه م.

Her er alt rent og lyst, men jeg er en forvirret person som ser etter meningen med livet.

اینجا همه چیز پاک و نورانی است، اما من به سرگشتهای می مانم که به دنبال معنای زندگی می باشم.

“With all due respect (...) I prefer art with a rangy field of activity, that holds on to contradictory desires and thoughts, that acts like a complicated analysand on the couch, trying to work out something formally shaggy, with uncertainty, negation, conceptual switchbacks, something almost irreconcilable and strange. I like art that struggles like Mickey Rourke in “The Wrestler.” Ugly. Vulgar. Hopeful. Intense. Demonstrative. Trying for something it can’t quite get, that maps out an apophatic constellation of frustrations, failures, and silences, rather than a pragmatically-functioning model of productivity.”

(Amy Silman)



CONTACT INFORMATION

Marthe Andersen
lavendel@gmail.com

Øyvind Aspen
www.oyvindaspen.com

Andreas Bennin
andreasbennin@gmail.com
www.andreasbennin.com

Marianne Bredesen
www.mariannebredesn.com

Mikael D. Brkic

Mohamed Ali Fadlabi
www.fadlabi.com

Tito Frey
tito@artasart.org
www.titofrey.com

Ida Følling
idafoelling@gmail.com

Kaya Gaarder
kayagaarder@gmail.com

Anders Holen
holenanders@gmail.com
www.andersholen.com

Mona Sjo Leirkjær
mona.sjo.leirkjaer@gmail.com

Ida Lennartsson
www.idalennartsson.com
mail@idalennartsson.com

Linda Lerseth
lindalerseth@gmail.com
www.lindalerseth.com

Chanda Mwenya
chandamwenya@gmail.com

Mercedes Mühleisen
mercedesmy@gmail.com

Daniela Müller
daniela.mueller@zhdk.ch

Kate Naluyele
katenaluyele@yahoo.com

Christian Tony Norum
chrisnorum@gmail.com

Eirik Senje
herr.senje@gmail.com
www.eiriksenje.no

Gelawesh Waledkhani
gelawesh@hotmail.com

Ragnhild Aamås
rag.aamaas@gmail.com

