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## Picking up (...) where we left off (art, escape, conversation)

**A**rt historians, particularly left-leaning art historians, have accustomed us to thinking of art in terms of *eventhood*.

Art, by this token, is at once comprised of events – exhibitions, vernissages, launches, openings, crits, performances, publications, even graduations –, *informed by events* – paradigm shifts, *tabulae rasae*, epistemic breaks and so forth – and indeed is *itself* the very structural epitome of event. Almost all art-critical discourse takes art's event-tethered ontology pretty much for granted, to such an extent that it has become difficult to think of art – at least good art, as opposed to the boring, garden variety – in any other terms. Yet it is a strangely modernist-centric view of art, and a decidedly masculinist one at that, to see art as a rupture with an otherwise smooth surface, foisted triumphantly into the present. Though the fireworks of contemporary art may be paltry, they are inevitably construed as at odds with the usual.

But this event-oriented understanding of art sidesteps the issue of where art comes from “in the first place,” how it comes to be at all; what goes on, day in day out, beneath the surface, before it is channeled into visibility.

Concomitantly, it also ignores where art goes afterwards, what we might call its post-event capillary action, as it courses through the social bloodstream... Still, all too often, art is framed as an event, both a culmination and a principle. But does it not have more to do with more subterranean, long-term energies and competencies, picking up each day where we left off the day before? In premodern times, art was never understood in terms of event, mostly because it was never imagined to be a specific sphere of activity. It was thought of and practised as a way-of-doing that was compatible with other, indeed almost *all* other, endeavours. Of course, in modern times, art sought to conquer an autonomous space for itself, a sphere specific to it, where it could test-drive its most audacious impulses and allow its internal logic to unfold, unhindered by political and theological oversight. This came to be art's ontology, but has subsequently become

its golden prison: a comfortably autonomous sphere where art is art, to be sure, but *just* art. The stream of events goes on and on...

In a way, it seems we need to pick up art where it left off prior to this torpefying ontological capture; somewhere beyond, or rather just short of, the event horizon. And to once again understand art as an activity-compatible energy, a competence, a mode of commoning, that is, an expanded conversation. To be sure, artists will go on and on making art – there's really no stopping them, and anyway who'd want to? – but increasingly they are electing not to, or at least not to perform and thereby ontologize what they do as art, *just* art. That may seem to be a rather counterintuitive observation after almost a century of art production premised on radical deskilling, all against a background of art's autonomization as a self-regulating system. But much artistic practice has escaped that performative capture, and if its escape routes are little known, that is because they are not escape routes *from* capture. This is an important feature of this kind of escape: it is not an event. A Houdini-style escape *from* a predicament may be akin to an event; but in fact it is only from the vantage point of power that escape is seen as a response to regulation, enclosure or what we may more broadly call capture. It is not escape which reacts to capture; but rather mechanisms of control which find themselves obliged to respond to those new situations created by escape. People use their feet, their tools, their connections, their cunning, their craft and all their diverse competencies and incompetencies to shake off the immediacy of their conditions of existence; and it is only *after* the imposition of control that some of these actions come to be seen (anachronistically) as responses to regulatory injunction. Only after control tries to recapture escape routes is it possible to speak of “escaping from.” Prior to its regulation, escape is essentially imperceptible and entirely unpredictable. Yet it is these moments, in the shadows cast by the attention economy, where people subvert their existing situations without performing or even

naming their practice (or seeing it named) as subversion, that are crucial to understanding social transformation.

To understand why some actions and uses are socially transformative and others not requires reconsidering what goes on, day in day out, in the ecology of shadows. Again: avoiding capture is not an event. It is radically imperformative, and thus invisible to power. If escape were to be performed, it would obviously fail, for it would then appear possible. Indeed, from the perspective of power, escape must appear impossible. And yet escape is always already underway. To escape requires little or no faith in the “event” to come, but only in the plasticity of the shadows. And as it happens, its imperceptible moments trigger socially transformative shifts which are utterly unpredictable from the vantage point of the status quo. One can never really know exactly when people will engage in acts of escape; but one can be sure that they already are. The art of escape appears magical; but it is the mundane, tiresome, sometimes painful everyday practices that enable people to craft situations that seem unimaginable when viewed through the lens of the constraints of the present. Transformative processes change the conditions of social existence by working the loopholes, diverting flows, expanding play in the gears of social machinery in order to make way for new transformations (rather than by creating fixed identities or identifiable things), without ever seeking to generate an event. Any system of power must try to control and reappropriate acts of escape. Thus, the measure of escape is not whether it avoids capture; virtually all trajectories of escape will, at some point, be redirected towards control. “Common sense” has taught us to see the goal of political struggle as a transformative event: a revolt, a strike, a successfully built up organisation, a revolution. However, this perspective overlooks the primordial question as to how social transformation ever begins in the first place. Addressing this question demands that we cultivate the sensibility to perceive moments when things do not yet have a name, indeed are as yet unnameable and invisible.

Contemporary escapological scholars Dimitris Papadopoulos, Niamh Stephenson and Vassilis Tsianos put it nicely when they write: “*There is nothing heroic about escape. It usually begins*

*with an initial refusal to subscribe to some aspects of the social order that seem to be inescapable and indispensable for governing the practicalities of life. In other words, the very first moment of subversion is the detachment from what may seem essential for holding a situation together and for making sense of that situation. Escape is a mode of social change that is simultaneously elusive and forceful enough to challenge the present configuration of control.”* Elusive and forceful: such are the dynamics of escape.

Bearing this in mind, let us come back to art – though in a way, we never left it, for everything said about “escape” could also be said of “art.” Five centuries ago, Leonardo famously said that “art is never finished, only abandoned.” That nicely dramatizes the situation without recourse to any event horizon, underscoring how an artwork is never an end-in-itself, but just another move in an unending game, which we play until we don’t. But abandonment is perhaps never definitive either; it too ends up abandoned as soon as the art that had been set aside is repurposed, recombined, reconfigured. Picked up where it was left for abandoned.

Our experience of art making actually offers us unparalleled insight into art as a very usual practice. And this may be art’s most “political” moment – ironically, since its supposed eventhood is constantly touted as its political dimension. Surely one of the political challenges of the historical present is to muster the energy to start over in the face of the exhaustion of modernity’s projects. As we take in the ruins of a situation, we inevitably ask ourselves if we have what it takes to “fail again, fail better,” as Samuel Beckett put it with characteristically bleak vitality. What does it mean to start again? Philosophy has devoted considerable speculative resources over the centuries to the question of first beginnings – the domain of principal causes and events – but virtually none at all to the far more usual but apparently less romantic experience of starting again, of picking up where we left off. Clearly starting again is not the same as starting off; yet nor is it the same as continuing. It is to somehow muster already available resources; it is to accept them, though with a view to repurposing them. To put this in philosophical terms, we might repurpose the framework Kant reserved for his guiding –

questions: What are the conditions of possibility of starting again? What might be the conditions, limits, and pitfalls specific to this type of renewed action?

The task, it seems, is to conceive of the juncture between two segments which joins their contradictory properties: what follows must not be indebted to what precedes it (or else it cannot claim to be any sort of start at all); yet it must also define itself with respect to this previous experience which it intends to revive, accomplish or surpass. This is the enigmatic ambiguity of an expression like “once again”: a unique identity (once) caught up in a loop of chronological succession (again)... In an era like ours with a vital need to start again, this leads to a whole host of frustrations and pathologies. And anyone who has ever needed to count on a second chance knows how existentially difficult this is: far from some abstract contradiction, the paradoxes of the “once again” penetrate the very fibre of our lives and practices.

Artists are abundantly aware of this paradox of difference in repetition. Performance poet David Antin addressed it again and again in his work, with particular vim and vigour in “what happened to walter?”

*(...) herekleitos observed that you can never step into the same river twice this made a lot of sense to me because seemed to confirm a conclusion id come to long ago that experience prepares you for what will never happen again but how does this square with kratylos' subsequent wisecrack you cant step into the same river once its always good to have a smart student wholl push you further which is what the kratylos' crack seems to do the river changes so fast that by the time you step into it its already a different river but when you think about it the kratylos pushes the herakeitos further than that in fact it pushes it over a cliff because it implies that you cant experience anything once because to experience it once you have to experience it twice which kicks the question from an argument about repetition into an argument about experience*

Rarely is anything ever accomplished in one fell swoop. That has a logical enough ring to it; yet it goes very much against the grain of what we are taught to think about the advent of the singular artwork. A viewer once asked a well-known artist – it could have been Jasper Johns, or someone else from his generation – how he knew when a work was finished. He replied that when he started a work, his studio was replete with people – onlookers, critics, friends, enemies... As he progressed, those people would slowly leave the studio, one at a time, or in groups. Sometimes, some of them would return. When the last one had gone and he was alone in the space with his work, he knew it was finished. It's a wonderfully concrete comment on the anxieties of influence, on what psychoanalysis refers to as the censure of the superego. On the face of it, seems to exemplify the way in which the successful artist must triumph over a kind of invisible “art police,” whose business it is to enforce a certain distribution of sensibility, wresting his work from their clutches, chasing them from the work's symbolic space. In short, it sounds like an allegory of the artwork as an exultant event. But perhaps another, at least parallel reading is possible too: was the artist not in fact using a metaphor to emphasize that even the most determined act of authorship is always a concealed collective enunciation? A conversation of sorts?

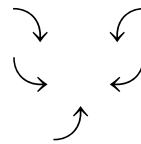
We pick up stories, conversations, tasks, plans, materials, friendships, love affairs, where they were left off. It's doubtful the same can be said for revolutions, for instance: they can apparently be left off, but not picked up, let alone picked up again. This says something about revolutions: because structurally speaking they are events – that is breaks in a causality, ruptures in series, a *clinamen* that allows atoms to collide, split and join – they are principal causes, the beginnings of new sequence. A revolution, left off, recedes from its event status, as it in turn is captured by an established causality, enjoying all the predictability that hindsight provides but which it had hitherto eluded; which is why revolutions tend to exist enduringly in the mode of the as-yet-to-come (often just around the corner) or in the past (as objects of contemplation, for those with the leisure to ponder them at arm's length). All of this begs the question as to how anything as unusual as revolutions ever happen “in the first place.” Because in order that they

can both mark the end of a sequence and the beginning of a new one, they must necessarily emerge from the middle – from within time, from within experience.

However, what we are forever picking up where we left off are conversations. We have to, because conversations are forever being interrupted. Sometimes prematurely, sometimes rudely, but sometimes, too, felicitously – “saved by the bell,” as we all said as schoolkids. At some point, we must all leave off the conversation once and for all, just as at some point we picked it up. For this is really how conversation works: we pick it up. At that point in our lives where all language is a foreign language, we pick up conversations in which we are still unable to engage; it takes a while, but each time, we pick it up where we left off, meaning that conversation is both what individuates us (the engine and the fuel of ego formation) and what socializes us (the collective configuration of which we are one part). That we cannot but pick up conversations where we left off says something about the structure of conversations, above all that they are not events. Is there any such thing as “conversational capture,” the way we might speak of institutional capture, epistemic capture, ontological capture or performative capture? Surely not, and *why not* is revealed in their availability to being picked up where they were left off. Conversations may certainly be exciting, stimulating, memorable, even purported to be unforgettable, they are not events, though like revolutions they are collectively – and to that degree unpredictably – aligned. They are instantiations of *the usual* – as for instance when we say with a complicitous glance, “the usual” –, of what takes place upstream from and deep beneath the event, but which will remain unassimilated by it, its abiding remainder.

Though most commonly applied to conversation, it seems likely that the expression “to pick up where one left off” derives from knitting, where one picks up the stitch just exactly where one left off when one set down needles and wool. One might say (perhaps unfairly) that knitting is a somewhat monologic business; but what is indisputable is that it is by no means revolutionary or otherwise characterized by its eventhood. Finishing a tuque is no event, but literally another stitch in time.

Art as conversation as art as conversation may be liable to capture, and though more interesting than other exhausted artistic event-forms, see itself peddled back to us as a commodity. But this should not be the object of too much worry, for the conversation itself is ongoing, a site of aesthetic permaculture, where ideas can be seeded and sensibility to things that do not yet have a name – indeed are as yet unnamable and inaudible – can find articulation. None of this precludes objects or installations or what have you, but it does shift the centre of artistic gravity elsewhere, to the continuity of otherwise intermittent conversations, and the shared narratorship they imply. Jochen Gerz once summed up the dialectics of presence and absence at play in his public practice – which of course relies on all of us to pick up the conversation where we left off, or he left off, in order to reconstitute the work and the issues we must embody in the presence of its absence – by saying that no object could ever contain art, but that art was in here, tapping his finger on the side of his head. A very compelling approach, to be sure, but the gesture might be improved upon ever so slightly, yet decisively. It’s here, all round,



in the usual space of conversation, just waiting to be picked up, where we left off.

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# Mot og muligheter

**D**enne vinteren har norsk kunstliv blitt rystet i sine grunnvoller. Alvorlige historier om overgrep, trakassering og maktmisbruk er bragt inn i offentligheten gjennom ulike kampanjer, samlet under betegnelsen #metoo. Jeg har som de fleste lest historiene med vantro, bestyrtelse og sorg. Står det så elendig til i kunstlivet og på kunstutdanningene?

Disse historiene handler om kvinnesyn, og om hvordan moral og regler for alminnelig god oppførsel glipper. Men de handler også om makt, om maktmisbruk og om taushet. Maktmisbruk tar ulike former i ulike sektorer av samfunnet. I kunstlivet henter maktmisbruket næring fra hierarkiske strukturer særegne for kunstfeltet. Og ikke minst fra myten om det ensomme kunstnergeni.

Utdanningsinstitusjonene har et særlig ansvar for å reflektere over hvordan kunstsyn, verdisyn og maktmekanismer reproduseres og bringes videre til nye generasjoner. På Kunsthøgskolen er vi ansvarlige for å holde liv i kritiske samtaler om kunstlivets verdier og betydningen av etablerte hierarkier. Vi må, som frigjøringspedagogen Paulo Freire tar til orde for, sette studentene i stand til å forstå og analysere de betingelser kunstnere lever med, og til å finne et språk for egne erfaringer. Studentene må lære å lese de sosiale og kulturelle strukturene som omgir dem og skaffe seg innsikt i de økonomiske betingelsene som vil forme deres liv med kunsten. Slike innsikter kan gi det nødvendige motet til å stå opp mot ulike former for maktmisbruk og til å bli bevisst sine muligheter.

Til tross for dysterheten i metoo-historiene er det grunn til optimisme. Å bringe erfaringer fram i lyset og holde fast ved de utfordrende diskusjonene gir håp om lysere tider. Det gir håp om at nye generasjoner kunstnere setter gode standarder for hva som skal være kunstlivets verdier. Å holde oppe en levende diskusjon om kunst forutsetter et levende og lyttende sosialt kunstmiljø. Det forutsetter viljen til å se den andre, og å innlemme den andre i egen kunstnerisk utvikling. Det er denne tankegangen som ligger bak at vi i

undervisningen på masterprogrammene i avdeling Kunst og håndverk legger vekt på den kritiske samtalen. Begge våre masterprogram er bygget opp omkring en tanke om at det å øve seg til kritisk refleksjon i fellesskap er en helt nødvendig del av kunstutdannelsen.

Derfor er årets kull av masterstudenter eksemplariske. De har tatt på alvor at fellesskapet er viktig. De har vært bevisste på at samarbeidet dem imellom er en styrke for utviklingen av egen kunstnerisk praksis. De har vist gjennom de valgene de har tatt at de setter myten om det ensomme kunstnergeniet under debatt.

Jeg er overbevist om at det å være en del av et sterkt og ambisiøst faglig fellesskap er den beste motgift mot den form for maktmisbruk metoo-kampanjen har avdekket. Å stå alene som kunstner i situasjoner med sterke og skjeve maktrelasjoner gjør en sårbar for utnyttelse, enten utnyttelsen er av seksuell, sosial eller økonomisk karakter. Det ensomme geniet – mann eller kvinne – er en skjør og utsatt figur, prisgitt kunstfeltets portvoktere.

Den samarbeidende kunstneren som bygger sitt eget nettverk av studentkolleger eller andre i feltet, tar kontroll og definisjonsmakt over eget kunstnerskap. Hun sitter ikke og venter på å bli oppdaget av mektige aktører, som gjennom sine valg og strategier skal løfte henne opp i lyset.

Så kjære studenter, ta vare på samarbeidet, ta vare på hverandre, vær stadig nysgjerrig søkende, spørrende og kritiske til kunstnerlivets betingelser. På denne måten kan dere sette premissene både for utviklingen av eget kunstnerskap og for utviklingen av fremtidens kunstliv.

Ellen K. Aslaksen  
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# Power and Prospects

**T**his winter, the art community in Norway has been shaken to its very foundations. Serious reports of assault, bullying and abuse of power have become public knowledge through various campaigns under the umbrella title of #MeToo. Like most people, I have read the stories with incredulity, dismay and sorrow. Are the art world and our institutions really in such a terrible state of affairs?

These stories concern disturbing attitudes towards women and show how morality and generally accepted norms of good behaviour are sometimes forgotten. However, they also concern power, abuse of power and silence. Abuse of power comes in different guises in different sectors of society. In art, abuse of power is fuelled by hierarchical structures peculiar to the field, as well as by the myth of the lonely artistic genius working in solitude.

Educational institutions have a particular responsibility to reflect on how artistic vision, ethical principles and mechanisms of power are reproduced and transferred to new generations. At Oslo National Academy of the Arts, we are responsible for an ongoing critical dialogue about the values of art and the significance of the established hierarchy. As Paulo Freire, the acclaimed critical pedagogue, expressed, we must enable students to understand and analyse the conditions with which artists live, and equip them with the language to express their own experiences. Our students must learn to read the social and cultural structures of their surroundings and to acquire insight into the financial constraints that will shape their lives as artists. Such insight may result in the necessary courage to resist different forms of abuse of power and to become conscious of their opportunities.

Despite the gloom of the #MeToo reports, there is cause for some optimism. Directing a light on experiences and sticking to the challenging discussion gives hope that lighter times will come. It gives hope that new generations of artists are creating good standards for what will be the values of artistic life. Maintaining a vibrant discussion about art requires a vibrant and attentive social art community. It requires

a will to see the other, and to incorporate the other in one's own artistic development. This is why we value critical conversation so highly in our teaching on the MA programmes in Arts and Craft. Both our MA programmes are based on the idea that practicing critical reflection together with others is an essential part of the training of an artist.

This is why this year's cohort of M.A. students are exemplary. They have fully embraced the notion that a community is important. They have been conscious that their cooperation with each other is a strength in the development of their own artistic future. Through the choices they have made, they have shown that the myth of the lonely genius is an idea that should be debated.

I am convinced that being part of a strong, ambitious community of peers is the best antidote to the abuse of power that has been revealed by the #MeToo campaign. Standing alone as an artist in situations with strong and skewed relations of power makes a person vulnerable to exploitation, whether it be of sexual, social or financial character. The lonely genius – male or female – is a fragile and exposed figure, at the mercy of the gatekeepers in the field of art.

The collaborative artist who builds her own network of student colleagues or others in the field, has the power to control and define her life as an artist. She does not passively wait to be discovered by powerful players, who through their choices and strategies can place her centre stage.

So, dear students, embrace and nurture collaboration, look after each other, continue to be inquisitive, curious and critical of the conditions of artistic life. In this way, you will be able to define the conditions for the development of your own art and for the development of an artist's life in the future.

Ellen K. Aslaksen  
Dean of the Art and Craft department, Oslo  
National Academy of the Arts

TRAUST sounds like a  
breaking tree for me.  
I visualize the morning  
quiet forest fog, and  
suddenly,

TTTTRRRRRRRAAA  
AAAAAUUUUUST

the tree falls and the  
frightened birds  
scatter in different  
directions.



“Staten er en  
traust mesén  
som sørger for  
en traust kunst.”  
(Kronikk,  
Adresseavisen,  
25.3.1986.)

# Aleksander

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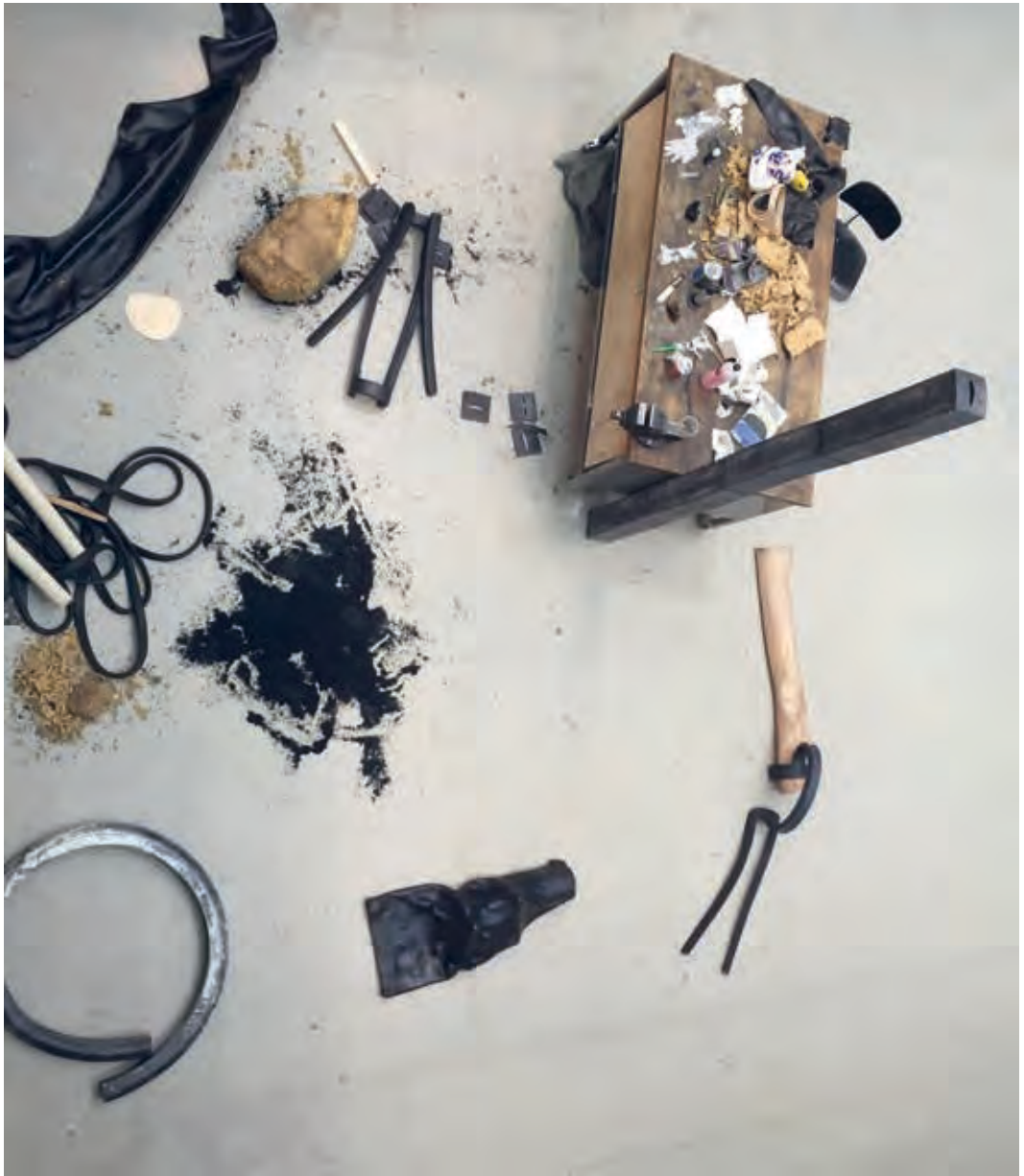


# Jæger

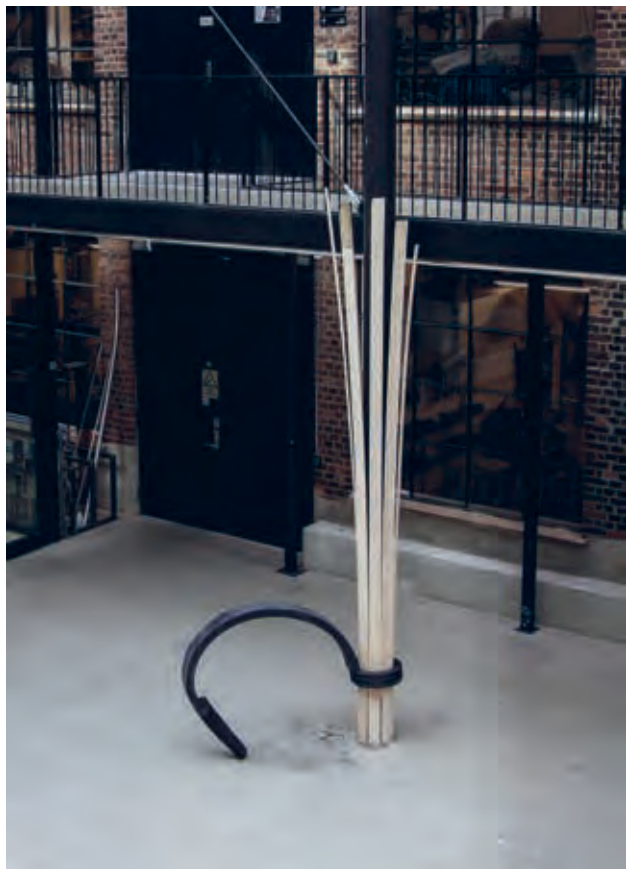
**A**leksander Jæger jobber med skulpturelle installasjoner. Skulpturene har blitt til ved at Jæger bearbeider overskuddsmaterialer fra gummiindustrien til elastiske gummiformer satt sammen med treverk. Sammen utgjør materialene en slags symbiose. Gummien er avhengig av treet og treet av gummien. Det samme avhengighetsforholdet oppstår der arbeidene hans er i direkte relasjon til arkitekturen i rommet. Materialene er ofte pragmatisk sammenføyd, ved at gummien er tredd på treverket som et midlertidig møte mellom materialene. Denne arbeidsmetoden antyder noe temporært i spenningspunktet der materialene møtes, og åpner for undersøkelser av både bevegelse og spenn. Det gir også skulpturene et potensielt etterliv, ved at Jæger endrer arbeidenes karakter gjennom å ta gummien og treet fra hverandre og gjenbruke delene til nye verk, og dermed skaper en kontinuitet i sin kunstneriske prosess. I senere tid har arbeidene hans beveget seg over i et mer statisk landskap som kan minne om organisk utglidning. Ved å utforske nye tilstander av gummi som lar seg påvirke av tyngdekraft, temperatur og berøring, åpner han dermed opp for tilfeldigheter som ikke lar seg fullt ut kontrollere i arbeidet med skulpturene.



Aleksander Jægers arbeider har mye til felles med den minimalistiske kunsten slik den videreutviklet seg på det amerikanske kontinentet hos kunstnere som Robert Morris og Eva Hesse. I tillegg til minimalismens bruk av industrielle materialer, var disse kunstnerne også influert av kropp, persepsjon og arkitektur. Gummis opprinnelse er fra treet og på den måte er materialene nært sammenknyttet. Det syntetiske materialet står samtidig i en kontrast til treverket, som igjen kan betraktes som en kontrast mellom natur og kultur. Arbeidene oppleves både som rent abstrakte former i tillegg til at de har en direkte referanse til natur og kropp. Assosiasjonene til kropper gjør at skulpturene hans kan betraktes som subjekter som opptar rommet, i likhet med betrakterens kropp.



Aleksander Jæger





Aleksander Jæger







# Wood

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# Allyce

use digital and handmade processes to make installations, works on paper, and textiles with a focus on digital Jacquard tapestries. The loom acts as a mediator between traditional and computerized technologies, offering a unique way to combine my online and offline experiences into images in cotton and wool.

By selecting iconography I find in painting traditions, conversations, and web searches, I aim to describe the quiet strangeness of the everyday through familiar symbols and compositions. Experiences of scrolling through websites, walking a familiar route, or listening to a ticking clock can be peaceful until habitual over-examination leads to thoughts of purpose, mortality, and control. To address this contradiction between calm and unease, images of the absurd (a clipart eyeball looking back at you) are combined with the picturesque (a symmetrically arranged bunch of flowers) into layered visuals. This process of collecting/altering creates a codified language of old and new symbols; familiar expressions are reconfigured to create new messages. My work is an investigation of shared experiences of media consumption, authorship, and how we participate in web-culture.

When so much of life is spent connected to the screen, taking in pre-made content through various blogs and social media feeds, it is easy to feel as though I am conditioned to be a receiver, a listener, a sponge. By downloading sourced material, and pressing 'control+p' I have a way to hold the content in my hand. In taking steps to transform these experiences, I reclaim my position as speaker, as translator.





Allyce Wood





Allyce Wood



traust

(norrønt traustr;  
samanheng med  
i tru)

1 som står fast;

in art we traust

2 tru er

ikkje fast.

# Atli

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# Graff



# Pétursson



**C**ured Clay  
Clay  
Water

Plastic bags for vacuum sealing  
A place for consuming

It is important that the clay is cured, so that it contains the essential elements from all its stages.

The cured clay and clay is arranged within the the place of consumption. The clay is sectioned into appropriate pieces, and composed inside the bags. A selection of the clay has been treated with water. The individual bags are filled with the cured clay according to the artist's preference. The process is repeated until the artwork is ready for consumption.

It takes time. Accept this.

Place of consumption  
Mdf Wood  
High polished tiles  
Tiles





Atli Graff Pétursson

# Hege

# Pålsrud





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**D**ette mastergradsarbeidet har sitt utspring i scenekunsten hvor jeg tar i bruk kunnskap fra mitt arbeid som scenograf, fra interdisiplinære kunstprosjekter og med prosjektledelse. Jeg setter igang prosjekter hvor det kunstneriske og organisatoriske, det virkelige og det imaginære går over i hverandre i kollektive hendelser.

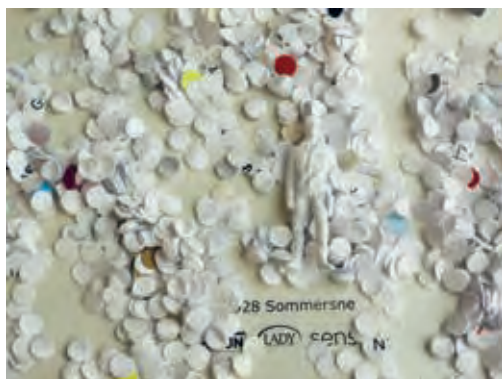
Jeg tar utgangspunkt i en gruppe mennesker som har en spesiell tilknytning til et sted og tingene der. I alle de tre prosjektene Suvenir på Romedal ungdomsskole, Dagsverk i administrasjonen for Kunst og håndverk på KHIO og Kontroll med staben på Kulturhistorisk museum i Oslo, har jeg workshops og øvelser omkring et tema. Vi samler ting, gjør estetiske sorteringer etter farger, materialer og skalærer omgivelsene med modellfigurer i skala 1:50. Dette blir til bildeserier, installasjoner,

performanser og timelapsefilm. Dette er en forlengelse av det kollektive arbeidet. Dialogen mellom det jeg setter i gang, det tingene setter i gang og det deltakerne setter i gang er en relasjonell utveksling som fungerer som en feedback loop mellom det som adresserer og de som adresseres. Tingenes uartikulerte vesen åpner for uforutsette relasjoner. På Romedal Ungdomsskole dukket det opp et rustent gammelt verktøy som ingen visste hva hadde blitt brukt til, hvor det kom fra eller hvor det skulle tilbake, men den minnet om læreren. De nye relasjonene trigger en etisk spenning mellom personer og ting. Hva gjør tingene med oss?

Denne måten å stille spørsmål omkring det kollektive rommet og tingene der, knytter jeg til antropologen Mary Douglas og tematikken i hennes bok *Purity and Danger* (1966). Der hevder hun at alle kulturer definerer seg i sorteringssystemer. Alt utenfor et system er tabu eller urent - eller bare ute av moten - matter out of place. De tingene og reglene en gruppe mennesker er

enige om er innenfor deres kultur, er matter in place. Douglas snakker om sorteringen og kategorisering innenfor og utenfor, som menneskelig og universell for alle kulturer. Du kan ikke gå ut av ett system uten å inngå i et annet. Dette er en beroligende tanke for meg som er svært glad i å sortere og lage systemer.

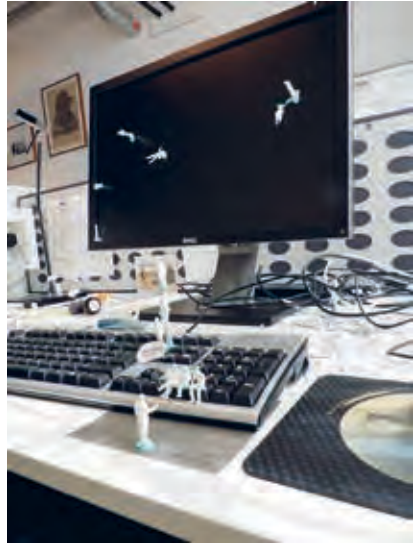
I et fellesskap vil det alltid være friksjon mellom de som definerer hva som ligger innenfor normen og de uten denne definisjonsmakten. Men





systemer endrer seg. I alle fellesskap kommer nye mennesker og hendelser til. Friksjonen fører til forhandling mellom variablene (Douglas 1992). Hvor tolerant et fellesskap er, avhenger av hvordan fellesskapet inkluderer og ekskluderer ulikheter. Det handler om romslighet. Kunstnere har alltid tatt ansvar for å tøye og utfordre grensene, men hvordan gjør vi det?

Min metode er å være en igangsetter, den første beveger, en som setter relasjonene i rommet i bevegelse. Man kan kanskje kalle prosjektene for samtidsspel. De historiske spelene iscenesetter stedet og historien man har et forhold til. Jeg anerkjenner at det er en kraft i å se en historie utspille seg på et sted man har tilhørighet, på en annen måte enn å se det i et teaterrom eller på et galleri. I mine prosjekter er det ikke én historie, men flerstemmige fortellinger og bilder som utspiller seg i lek med figurer og forflytning og sortering av ting. Det er en fysisk og sanselig erfaring som utspilles der du er, parallelt med din egen hverdag.



Bilder fra Dagsverk (2017) i administrasjonen til Kunst og Håndverk på KHIO. Danser: Ida Uvaas  
Foto: Hege Pålssrud



Feedback loops:  
ting – sted – mennesker – tid

Hege Pålssrud



- Hey you white guy,  
where are you going?



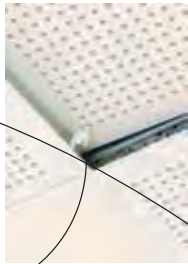
# Feedback loops

*Heart & Soul*

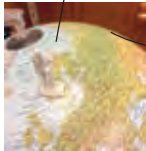
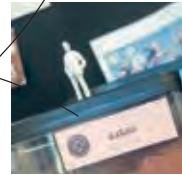


*Dicks & Tits*





First sari on the moon



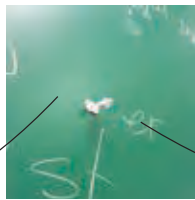
### Gymnastic hall

- The kids made themselves cacao and lay about on our couch - it was great!

- How was your day during the workshop?

- I have never been knitting so much during a day at work...

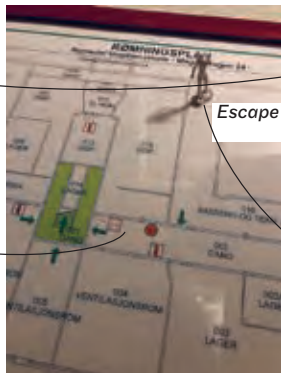
### Teachers room



### Ordinary Classrooms



### Basement storage



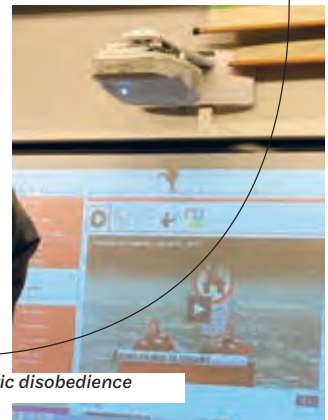
Escape plan



- But why did he get to bring a tire?  
- He didn't, he just did  
- But I wanted to bring the toilet from the basement.  
- Why?  
- Because school is shit!



Soria Moria



Practice civic disobedience

Definition of  
Traust:  
gamaldags,  
grá, treg.

Being that my mother tongue is English, my own meaning of *Traust* is of it being the origin of the word *Trust*, derived from the Old Norse *Traust*; meaning of both faith and trust.

Though faith and trust seem to previously mean the same thing, the words have become separated. One can no longer have faith without trust or vice versa.

This is especially true in our trying times of fake news,

uncertain internet security and an unstable future of unsustainability.

But one must have faith as what is evident is both the trust and faith between all artists shown in this publication. A trust for (and in) each other's practice, and faith in each other's future.

Ég hef alltaf synt þér traust. – I have always shown faith in you.

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# Helene





# Duckert

**S**neaks was the first work in my project; Subject To Change, where I consciously worked with embroidery. I had a pair of old worn out Nike sneakers, that I had bought on a trip to Barcelona.

They were my first pair of “practical” sneakers as a young adult, at least the first pair that I wore to the point of exhaustion. I had bought them because they were turquoise, just like my hair at the time. I loved the shoes and wore them on a weekly basis, until the holes and gashes became too gaping. My partner had tried to throw them out on several occasions but I could not let them go. I secretly fished them out of the trash each time. I felt ownership of them. I found that the new imperfections made them gain character. I had worked and invested time in creating my own impression on the mass-produced product, turning it into a one of a kind piece.

I had seen photos online and instructions in original 1950's women's magazines on mending broken clothes and I gave it a try. I started out embroidering the dirty, synthetic shoes with handmade woven patches of silk, hair, cotton and wool thread in different thicknesses and colours.

To me, the act of hand stitching is intimate. It is something done with care and with great attention to details and materiality. The act of caring for something, or someone for that matter, is also laced with a sort of power or authority. It requires skill, attentiveness and a capability to transcend, problem solve and mend.

With the work Baggie I am tending to a broken and deteriorating woven plastic bag. It's one of those bags that you store clothes in, duvets or things like that. Almost like a sort of suitcase for some – Commonly seen in situations connected with migration over the past 30 years or more. This bag is particularly colourful – almost garish with it's primary colours in striped formation. I found it and took it from my neighbours basement booth that had been broken into. All of their stuff was thrown into the small booth, but the bag was left empty in a corner outside. The bag was falling apart,







Helene Duckert

zipper broken and missing a handle. It had lost its primary functions; to hold, contain and to carry. I intervened by repairing the holes and tears with white woollen thread. Stitching and weaving with the thread, making warm and soft patches like you would repair the sweater or socks your grandmother made.

Repair becomes an antiauthoritarian act in today's consumer society. Earlier it was an almost exclusively female task that was done with inherited technique and care. It was something everyone knew how to do and something everyone did. Now it's disappearing and fading into history – not just as skill, but as culture. Repairing has become low status – a sign of being unable to afford something new.

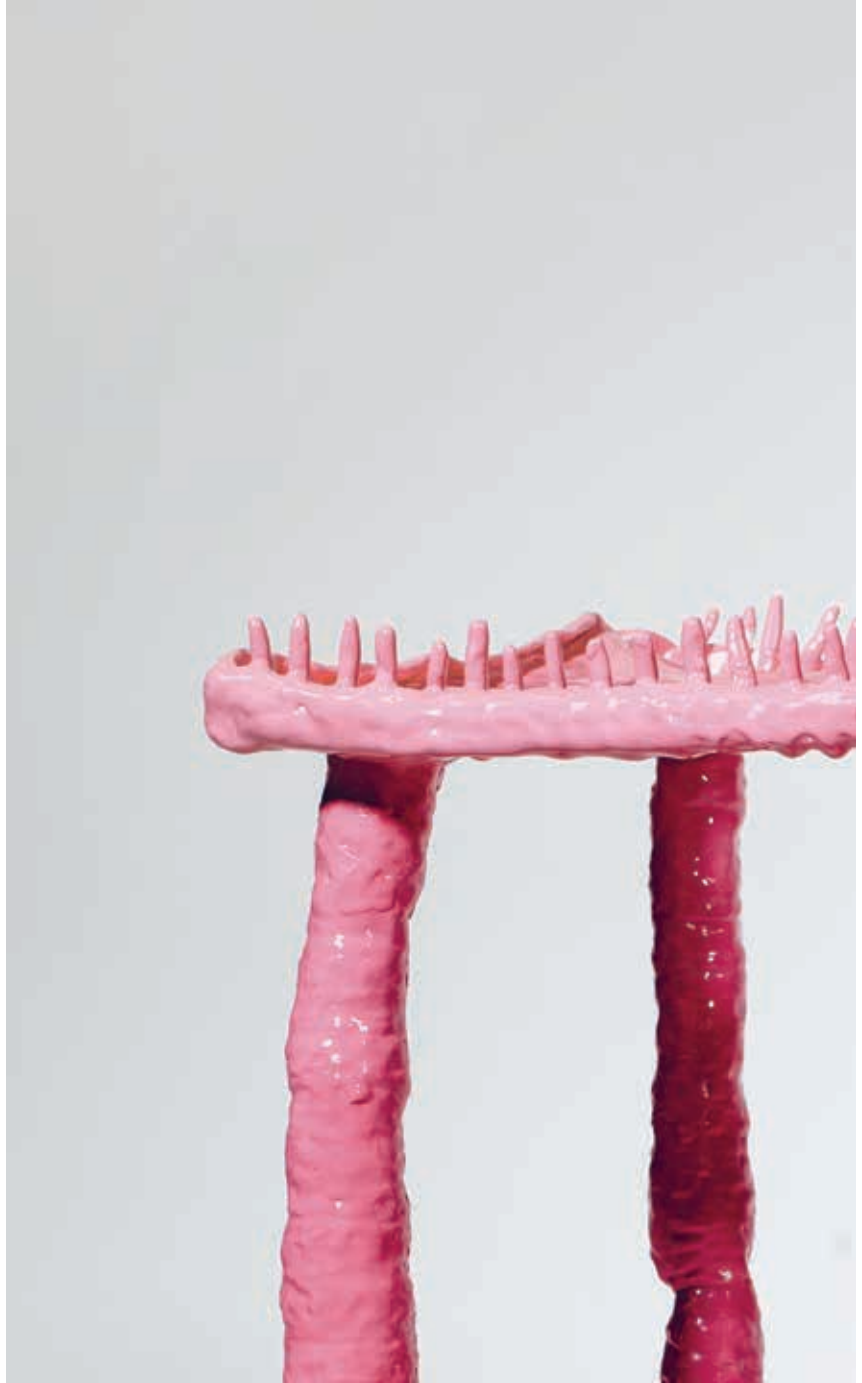




Helene Duckert

# Ida Olesdatter

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# Barland





## Til Bordet

**J**eg har valgt å dekke et langbord.  
Jeg velger meg tallet 12.

12 er ikke en hverdag  
eller en invitasjon til middag  
12 er en fest

12 inkluderer mange  
men ekskluderer enda fler

Ikke alle er invitert. Ikke alle forstår kutyme.  
Ikke alle bruker bord. Ikke alle koser seg med mat.

Et bord er et samlingspunkt. For noe. For hva?  
Hva er det å invitere?

12 er et komplett servise  
med tallerkener, glass og bestikk  
og små kaffekopper med skåler under  
som tar imot kaffedråpene som renner ned fra kanten

12 krever en ekstra lem til bordet

12 er en gjeng, en gruppe, en flokk  
stor nok til å gjemme seg i

12 er et partall  
Jeg legger til meg selv

Så blir vi 13.







Ida Olesdatter Barland

Noko som virker, noko som er bra, noko som er velprøvd.

Det finnes noen fordeler ved å ikkje kjenne eit ord fra før i sitt tredje språk.

Eg har lært at traust i utgangspunktet er eit positivt lada ord, men kan likevel indirekte bli knytta til kjedelig. Dualiteten i ordet gjør det saftigare, og opnar for nye tolkingar og debattar.

Det har blitt ei traust tid etter moan.

Det er ein vanleg oppfatning/ misoppfatning at traust berre omhandlar personar. Ein kan spørja seg om personar kan påverke (slik) at dyr og ting kan kallast traust.

Høvisk  
Venesæl  
Rettskaffen  
Balansert  
Fåmælt  
Skikkelig  
Omstendelig  
Såleis er den vanlege oppfatning av ordet traust positivt.

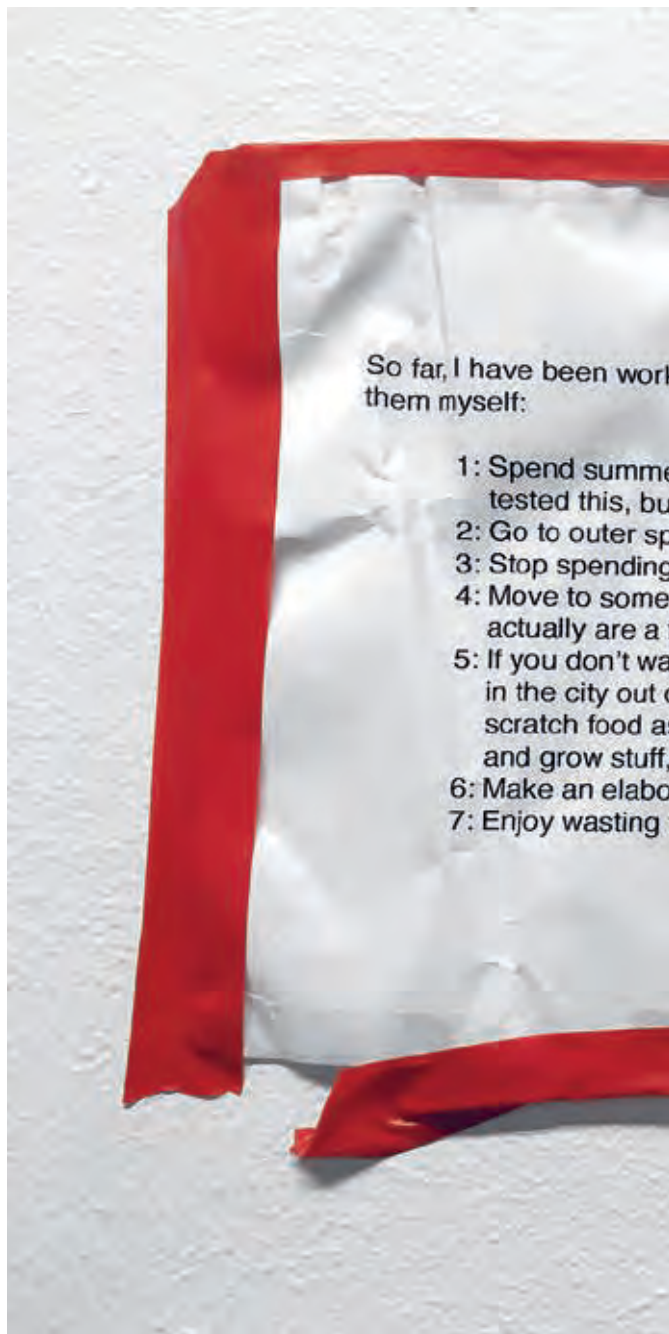
Kva eg legg i ordet traust:

Trufast  
Ekte  
Solid  
Påliteleg  
Stødig  
Kraftfull  
Sterk  
Stabil

# Uvaas

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# Ida



working on 7 exercises in cultivating time. I have only been able to test five of

summers north of the polar circle, and winters south of the polar circle (I haven't  
but imagine!)

space, be weightless and look back onto the earth

ding time on the internet.

me far-away, long-forgotten outskirts, where nobody lives, and where the days

a few hours longer. If you don't want to move there, visit for a few days.

Want to do the whole self-sustainable farm living thing, make a huge project

out of researching, buying and making as eco-friendly and from

as possible. Cut out the wholesalers. Go fishing and berry-picking. Ferment

tuff, and eat it.

aborate dance out of every mundane daily chore.

ng time on unproductive activities that don't lead to anything.



STED/PLACE:

Rosteds Gate 16b, 0178 Oslo

13min walk from KHiO

Please see MAPS map for location

DATO/DATE:

Søndag 3.juni kl.19.00

Mandag 4.juni kl.19.00

Tirsdag 5.juni kl.19.00

Onsdag 6.juni kl.19.00

ADGANG: GRATIS

OBS: Forestillingen har et svært begrenset antall billetter. Reserver billett på forhånd for å sikre plass på <http://event.khio.no/kunst-og-handverk/>

ADMISSION: FREE

PLEASE NOTE: The performance has very limited seating capacity.

Please reserve your tickets in advance at <http://event.khio.no/kunst-og-handverk/>

Hvis jeg kunne 'gro' tid,  
som om det var en plante.

**H**vis jeg kunne 'gro' tid, som om det var en plante er en forestilling åpen for alle i mitt eget hjem. Jeg tar i bruk temporære materialer: muntlig fremført tekst, kroppslig bevegelse, lyd og musikk. Hjemme hos meg er det leker, teknisk utstyr som ligger igjen fra gamle prosjekter, redskaper og møbler å forholde seg til. Det er lavteknologi og lavbudsjett. Jeg inviterer deg til stua mi, til min hverdag, mitt rot, mine ting, mitt hjem, min praksis. Velkommen, len deg tilbake. Du kan se og lytte, mens jeg beveger meg.

Prosjektet utforsker grensene mellom kunstnerskap og levd liv, og mellom det offentlige og det private, ved å bruke hjemmet som et spesifikt sted for utforskende, skapende og utøvende kunst. Hvordan kan vi finne alternative

måter å forholde oss til tiden i et sted på?

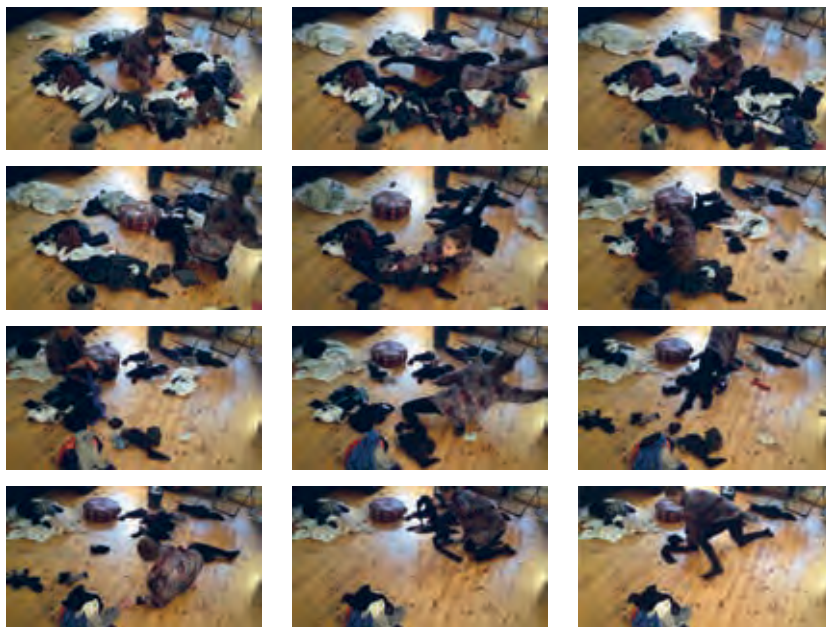
Å sløse tid er å 'gro' tid, og å spare tid er å 'gro' tid. Jeg er interessert i hvordan vi bruker begrepet tid i dagligtale; hvordan den er knyttet til forventninger og krav, til eierskap og pengeverdi. Vi skulle gjerne hatt tid, fått tid, vi vinner, mister og taper tid, men går det egentlig an å ta eller få eller eie tid? Og finnes det tid som ikke har pengeverdi eller et bestemt formål? I søken etter en formålsløs tid, har jeg gjort en rekke eksperimenter med å 'gro' tid i hjemmet, som har ledet fram til denne forestillingen.

I improvisasjon har man mulighet til å leke med tiden, mestre tiden, få tiden til å virke lengre, kortere, eller til og med irrelevant. Bevegelse av kropp og lyd i tid kan



loopes i sykluser, i orbiter, aldri jevn, aldri lik, men igjen og igjen. Hver ny repetisjon sees i sammenheng med de foregående, sees fra et annet ståsted og på et annet tidspunkt. Soloppgangen, tannpussen og frokosten gjentas hver eneste dag, men oppleves ikke likt hver gang. Disse repetisjonene, gjentakelsene, vanene og rutinene reflekterer likhetene, men også forskjellighetene i våre hverdagsliv.

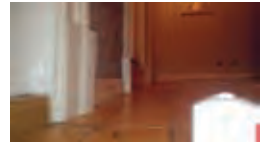
Forestillingen varer 40min.  
Prosjektet er støttet av Oslo Kommune.



Ida Uvaas







Ida Uvaas

# Ida Warholm

## Bjørken

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**H**vordan usynliggjør man et helt organ?  
Hvor lenge må en norm eksistere før den blir en naturgitt sannhet?

Halvparten av jordas befolkning; Hvor mange av dem kan svare når jeg spør hva det er jeg holder frem, denne versjonen jeg holder i hånda?

Hvis alle disse menneskene visste hva de bar på, hva de har direkte tilgang til, hvordan det hele egentlig ser ut, ville det kunnet endre kunstens fremtoning?

For noen år siden satt jeg musestille, lenge, på en kjempestor stein på Hærøy i Nord-Norge. Vi observerte en rådyrbukk spise blader av en busk. Vindretningen var på vår side, bukken registrerte ikke at det satt to mennesker og betraktet den i sideblikket. Gleden i rådyrbukkers kropp, over å være til, var så sterk at den nådde helt fram til min. Et felles kroppsspråk, smertelig gjenkjennelig. Den fribente versjonen av å ha det genuint godt, bare ved å være fysisk tilstede i seg selv, trygg og glad.

Å bære noe økonomisk  
med egen tid



Ida Warholm Bjørken





Ida Warholm Bjørken

traust (norrønt  
traustr; beslektet  
med trøst)  
pålitelig, stø,  
solid.

Synonymt med:

autentisk  
bestemt  
energisk  
fast  
god  
hard  
jernhard  
konsekvent  
myndig  
målbevisst

plausibel  
pålitelig  
resolutt  
rimelig  
robust  
sann  
solid  
standhaftig  
sterk  
stålsatt  
tilforlatelig  
tillitvekkende  
ubønnhørlig  
urokkelig  
varig  
viljefast  
ærlig



traust

Traust

# Jessica

# Brouder





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**T**he Earth is in the objects we use every day, and they will return to the Earth<sup>1</sup>. I

look for discarded, mostly mass-produced objects and images. In the process of re-calibrating the t-shirts, yoga mats and magazine pages I find, I cut them into building blocks. They pass through traditional textile techniques (such as tapestry weaving), they are collaged, layered by the photocopier and some are digitally printed onto. Coming from a place of broken-world thinking, where “modernity... [is] in the process of coming apart”<sup>2</sup> I am working towards a hopeful, layered and neutral<sup>3</sup> re-distribution of the fragments.

1. Parikka, Jussi. *The anthrobscene*. University of Minnesota Press, 2014. 5.

2. Jackson, Steven J. “Rethinking Repair.” Edited by Gillespie, Tarleton, Pablo J. Boczkowski, and Kirsten A. Foot. *Media technologies: Essays on communication, materiality, and society*. MIT Press, 2014. 221-39.

3. What Barthes described as the ardent, burning activity of outplay[ing] the paradigm. See Barthes, Roland. *The neutral: lecture course at the Collège de France (1977-1978)*. Columbia University Press, 2005. pp. 6-7.



Jessica Brouder





Jessica Brouder



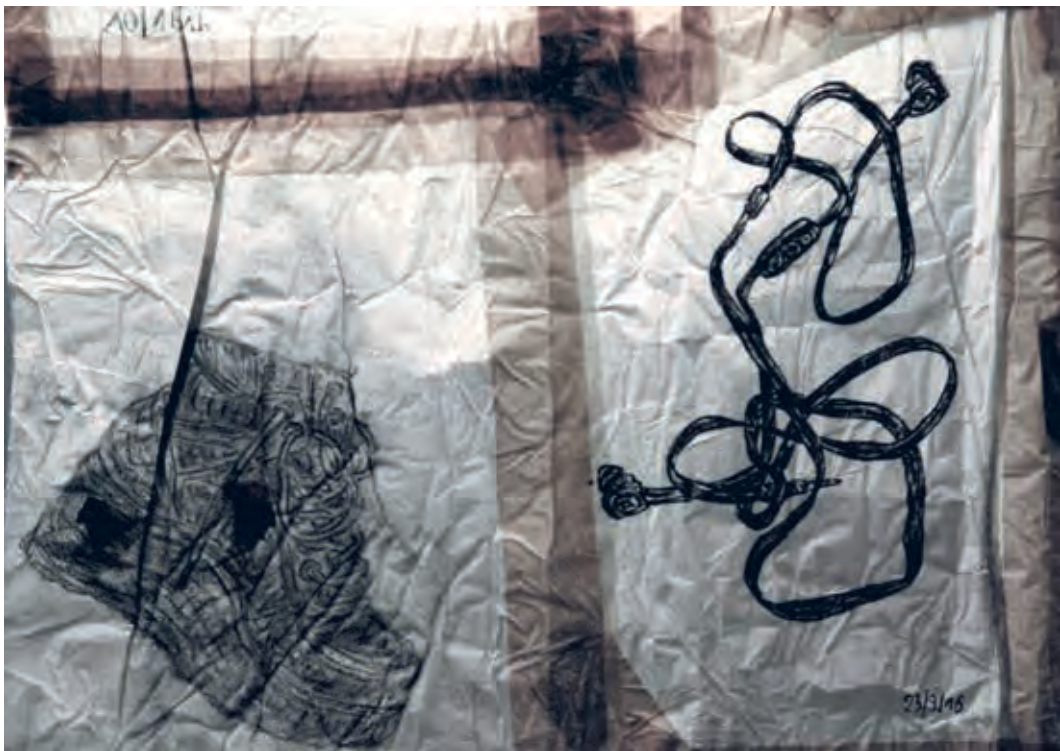
# Joanna





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# Knight



Every day drawing the everyday. *Multi-medium installation (view):*  
*Drawing, Edition, Sculpture, Animation, Video, Web design. Paper,*  
*Charcoal, Ink, Adhesive tape, Dead leaves, Ropes, Mattress...Divers*  
*dimensions. April 2018.*

[14/2/18] \_Jazz Music Festival (“Kulturhuset” Oslo). Scratches. Black ink. Microphone. Wires. Paper from a friend. Nothing related to “Valentine’s day”.

[15/2/18] \_Blue Whale. Monumental Sculpture. Air. Yard. Threads. Saxophone.

[16/2/17] \_Mistake on the date

[17/2/17]. Microphone detail. “Fender” brand’s logo. Double Bass.

[17/2/18] \_ Mistake on the date

[17/2/17]. Bunch of grapes’ skeleton. Leftovers. Food. Sculpture.

[18/2/18] \_Oriental persimmon (aka Japanese kaki). Fruit. 6 Blossoms. (Stigma, petal, style, bract, ovary, ovule, nectary). Cider bottle’s cap.

[19/2/18] \_Dry ivy branch; from Provence (France).

[20/2/18] \_Assemblage of small fir branches; found on a snowy sidewalk.

(The end of Christmas trees?).

[21/2/18] \_Scribbles. The date.

[22/2/18] \_Knot of grapes’ stems. Doodles.

[23/2/18] \_ “Velkommen om bord\_og til bords...Mat og drikke...Kalde småretter...Påsmurt...Pizza fra Tolga...Wrap...Nattmeny...Spis godt, sov godt! ... Håndverksøl...Rødvin...På reisen...Middagsretter...” Norwegian words & special letters (å,ø,æ).

Listings. Menu on the train.

[24/2/18] \_The date. A line.

[25/2/18] \_Wrinkled/Crumpled piece of paper wipe.

[26/2/18] \_Mobile phone’s screen. Background picture: brambles & nettles. English form of writing the date: “Monday, Feb 26”. Oslo. Temperature: -16 °C. “Waxing Gibbus” Moon; illumination 83%. Sky partly cloudy. Sunset 7:42. Sunrise 17:10.

-----  
12 days of daily drawings.  
End of February.

Turn the page. Drawing books, Film-video Super8 (screen capture). 2017.



Joanna Knight





Daily Drawing Canvases. Charcoal, Ink, chalk Drawings, various types of paper, adhesive tape... diverse dimensions. 2018. Photo: Lena Walton Herfindal

Joanna Knight

Traust – det  
vibrerer på  
tungta og smelter  
i ganen.

**TRAUST:**  
sindig, rolig,  
enkel, solid,  
varig, fast,  
stødig, sterk, til  
å stole på, trøst.

# Kjetil Detroit

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# Kristensen



amongst others. Detroit Kunsthallo recently got upgraded to a more exclusive spot in the same building, and is currently supported by Kulturetaten (Thanks!). This move of studio space has given Detroit Kunsthallo un-granted access to approximately 8000 m2 of empty space for testing of big ideas. The photography taken by Alessandro Massi, shows me sporting an art-culture created in collaboration with designer Tone Bjerkaas for Detroit Kunsthallo.

(1) Lokomotivverkstedet in Middelalderparken – Detroit Kunsthallo, Oslo. Lokomotivverkstedet Middelalderparken in Oslo is the oldbrick building at Lower-Barcode, opposite to Barcode. Here we started the shared studio-space (with the delicious and inspiring name) VORTA. VORTA has exhibited artist through events and exhibitions initiated by a diverse gang of cultural producers such as UKS (Young Artist Society) and EUFORISK (art-collective for experimental club culture).

...cold water,  
always cold  
water.

Too cold.

But it feels  
so good.

That's how it's  
always been here.

Pale toes in  
freezing water.

Bare legs,  
sock-marks  
on ankles,  
in freezing  
water.

Sinking,

slowly,  
into  
the fine-grained sand.

Freezing feet,  
in descending  
sand,

surrounded  
by salty  
water.

Scent of shore,  
blends  
with  
dried seaweed  
and the smell  
of vegetation.

Big  
old

trees  
are swaying,  
along with thin,  
fragile,  
dancing sand straws,  
beautiful and calm.

Elegance  
captured by  
the westcoast wind, while  
the train passes.

On its way,  
somewhere.

Massive sound,  
but not  
unknown.

It also belongs.



*(2). Stranna – Detroit Kunsthalle, Jæren. Ten meters from my dear grandparents, where I also partly grew up and hung out almost every week until moving away for studies. The plot is about approximately 80 m<sup>2</sup> including ocean, and works as the entrance of a 200 meter long, and 6 meters wide unused green belt of rocks, trees, beach and land waiting to be temporary occupied, and explored, in name of public art.*

The  
gusty  
wind,  
traveling  
with  
the train,  
meets the  
gentle  
wind  
from  
the fjord  
and greets  
for a moment  
before  
dancing  
on,  
up  
and  
away  
through  
the trees.

I'm back where I started. Where my grandmother held me while I watched my grandfather swim. Among the concrete from the factory, the still, huge, rocks, the big pipes, old pump tower, everything I'd later learn to climb. And love. The broken branches from the wind's ravages, scattered together with the plastic that has driven onshore. Patterns and grids. Blue, red, yellow, bottles and bags, driftwood. Large logs, small white shells. Old rope. This is how it's become, at this eight-meter squared sea-plot. My childhood kingdom, my realm. And I spot my grandmother's neighbour's old cat. She has become a grandmother too. *White Whiskers*. And I can see fishes. Birds. A crab. And so it has always been here.



(3). *Stranna* – Detroit Kunsthalle, Jæren. The focus area seen from above. Follow the project online at [www.detroitkunsthalle.no](http://www.detroitkunsthalle.no)

Kjetil Detroit Kristensen

**T**hrough practice-based research and a critical spatial practice (1), I wish to investigate the possibilities for my laboratory, the artwork *Detroit Kunsthalle*. I produce temporary site- and situation-specific projects in the public space. I examine my opportunities as they come along, as they happen, the "object" – *Detroit Kunsthalle* – while it's becoming; or even more correctly, while creating it.

I focus on exploring new alternatives to the gallery space, while developing diverse conceptual strategies for the valuation of contemporary art. Previously, I have tested temporary spaces and formats such as: at the arena for the Norwegian Championship of Skateboarding; at the biggest construction site in Norway; in an emptied flat, thus making the private public; Historical sites, town squares, the world wide web, et cetera. Now I use a rocky slope, a plot by the fjord, as a point of departure for making art (2).

I work with a variety of media focusing on questions, paradoxes and problems rather than technique and craft; I am working with a special emphasis on performative strategies exploiting site- and project-specific constraints and affordances. I create installations, films and performances on issues such as hyper-masculinity and male vulnerability; the position of the artist (and the art-making process in itself); and exploring and blurring the boundaries between art and life. I work with forms of resistance and democracy, based on a belief that public art and democracy are somewhat the same, since the one cannot function without the other.

(The idea, the plan, the vision)

*Detroit Kunsthalle*: a concept for an artist-initiated and run laboratory for art and public space. The laboratory will be physically anchored to an eight-meter-long and three-meter-wide inherited plot of shoreline in Lurahammeren. Located along the Norwegian west coast, where my grandparents used to live. The plot – named Stranna – has been donated to *Detroit Kunsthalle* for the purpose of artistic exploration within the field of art and public space.

The vision for *Detroit Kunsthalle* is to create art with Stranna, while also using the headquarters at Lokomotivverkstedet in Middelalderparken in Oslo (3) and the mental landscapes (4), for temporary and nomadic productions. The concept of *Detroit Kunsthalle* is used as form, format, source and material, both alone and in collaboration with invited artists. The long-term goal is to have the government invest in a tiny building to shelter the project and its ideas. A contemporary, but traditional Naust by the shoreline plot Stranna. This can be seen as a part of the on-going work, titled: *Plunging In – An Artistic Attempt of the Creation of a (Self-) Sustainable Practice*.

(4). Rendell, Jane, 'A Place Between Art, Architecture and Critical Theory', *Proceedings to Place and Location (Tallinn, Estonia, 2003)*, pp. 221-33



*(5). Mental Landscapes – Detroit Kunsthalle, Nomad. Photography shows the post-studio practice studio, at Rogaland Kunstsenter during the inaugural edition of the Independent Study Program. Similar formats, basecamps and pavilions, will occur throughout the project's evolution.*

**Detroit Kunsthalle  
by Detroit Kristensen**

**Kjetil Detroit Kristensen**



# Lena



2.

# Walton

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# Herfindal

**L**ena Walton Herfindal arbeider med organisk, intuitiv og abstrakt tegning på materialer som papir, plast, porselen og metall. Arbeidene er prosessbasert slik at materialenes ulike egenskaper og naturens egne sammenføyninger trer fram. Hun skaper romlige strukturer gjennom å koble arbeidene opp mot hverandre og jobber med kontraster både i størrelse og form. Arbeidene består av mange ulike deler som med tiden utvikler seg til å bli større skulpturelle verker. Gjentakende i hennes arbeid er den organiske tegnstreken som manifesterer seg i de ulike materialene.

Herfindal er opptatt av det drømmende bildet av hvordan kroppen ser ut og henger sammen. Hun skaper utifra en fantasi om indre organer, hud og vekst – kroppens farger, former og strukturer utforskes bortenfor en realistisk anatomisk fremtoning. Materialene hjelper og inspirerer henne til å beskrive følelser som forgjengelighet og kroppslig forfall. Hun leter etter et møte mellom mennesker, dyr og vekster og har et ønske om at de skal forenes. Dette er tema som går igjen i kunsten hennes.

#### *Erindring.<sup>1</sup>*

I dette arbeidet har Herfindal dyppet oppskåret lerret i flytende porselensmasse. I keramikkovnen forbrennes stoffet og etterlater et tynt skall av porselen. Bruken av både reduserende og oksiderende brenning samt forskjellige temperaturer gir en variasjon i fargetonene på det hvite porselenet. De skjøre delene knekker lett slik at arbeidet gradvis går i oppløsning og blir til noe annet, lik noe dødt.

Arbeidet ble opprinnelig montert hengende i en dynamisk formasjon men hun har siden utforsket andre måter å synliggjøre arbeidets skjørhet på.

#### *En vandring i ukjente årer.<sup>2</sup>*

Arbeidene består av blekktegning på lagvis montert gjennomsiktig plast. Herfindal har valgt å jobbe på plast hvor blekket ikke absorberes som på papir. Ved å blande sammen farger og dra blekket ut med en tynn blekkpenn fra den flytende fargepaletten, oppnår hun årelignende streker.



Hun tar inspirasjon fra kroppen og sammenføyninger i naturen og ser på det i et drømmende bilde.

*Another Layer II.*<sup>3</sup>

Dette er et håndsaget metallarbeid i kobber og messing. Overflaten er malt og patinert, og de enkelte delene er bundet sammen til en kroppslig formasjon. Arbeidet tar for seg forgjengeligheten i menneskets kropp.

De ornamentale linjene i materialet skaper et lett og skjørt uttrykk, samtidig som metallet gir arbeidet styrke.





2.



3.



1.

Lena Walton Herfindal

... “Traust” sounds to me like someone who’s a little drunk, eventually burping, and who would say: “I propose a t-rrrr-oast to celebrate...” (our degree, for instance).  
Ya.

traust, trust, trace,  
treasure, trick, tree  
transform, tropical,  
trouble, transient,  
tradition, trash,  
translate, travel,  
trade, true



# Lissette



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# Escobar

**T**aking as a starting point the Pre-Columbian aesthetics of Peru, I make figurative hybrids in ceramic which explore the convergence of cultures and notions of belonging. Ceramic artifacts and archeological findings inform my work. Cultures like Moche (100–700 CE) and Chancay (1000–1470 CE) didn't have a written language but instead developed a rich, material-based vocabulary. By building and modeling in clay, they recorded everything from how they lived to their worldview: a complex and abstract cosmovision (an early-Mesoamerican understanding of the universe).

My work is eclectic in the sense that I borrow from many sources. A story, a technique, a material, a pattern or an idea could trigger the urge to make a new work. Dolls, skulls, plates, animals and everything in between are some of the objects I make. I enjoy the confusion and ambiguity that result in combining the sweet and the macabre into a single piece of work. The playfulness of the in-between give my objects the space they need to become humorous, uncanny or grotesque.

No larger than a small child, my recent pieces are made to be portable. In needing to carry them around, these objects demand a relation to our (human) bodies. I have chosen to concentrate on creating small, powerful objects that influence their surroundings and create a sense of connection with the viewer.





Lisette Escobar



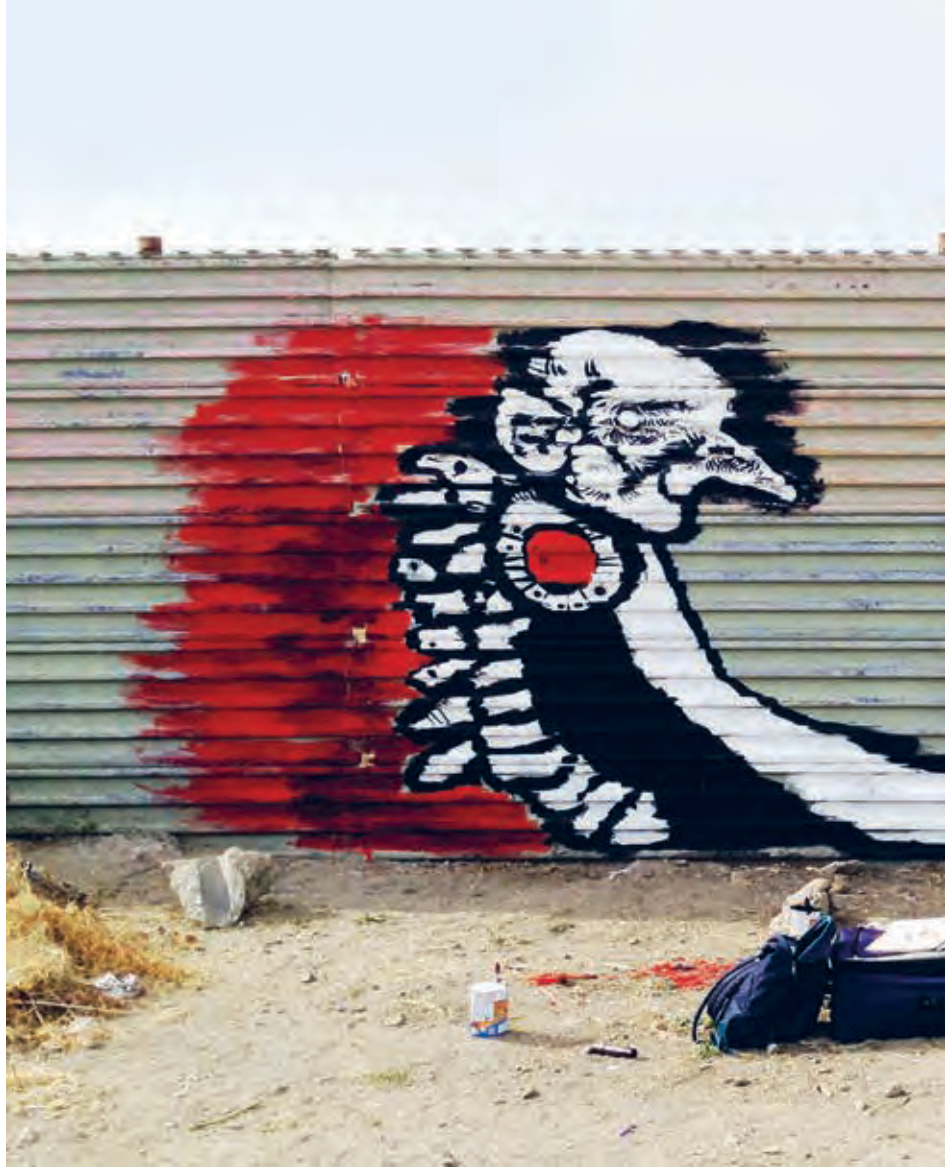


Lisette Escobar

# Cristerna

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# Lucía



# Aragón



**T**hrough my hand drawn motifs I question socio-political aspects, as well as cultural beliefs and their mythologies, together with the narration of my own life experiences. In particular, I'm interested in the beliefs that reflect the contrasts of life and death, the tangible and the intangible, light and darkness, figuration and abstraction. My practice aims to emphasize the states of transitions between them. These interpretations can only be hypothetical, which gives me a freedom that I enjoy to edit,

add or remove. I use the different symbolism involved, appropriating them and making my own mixture.

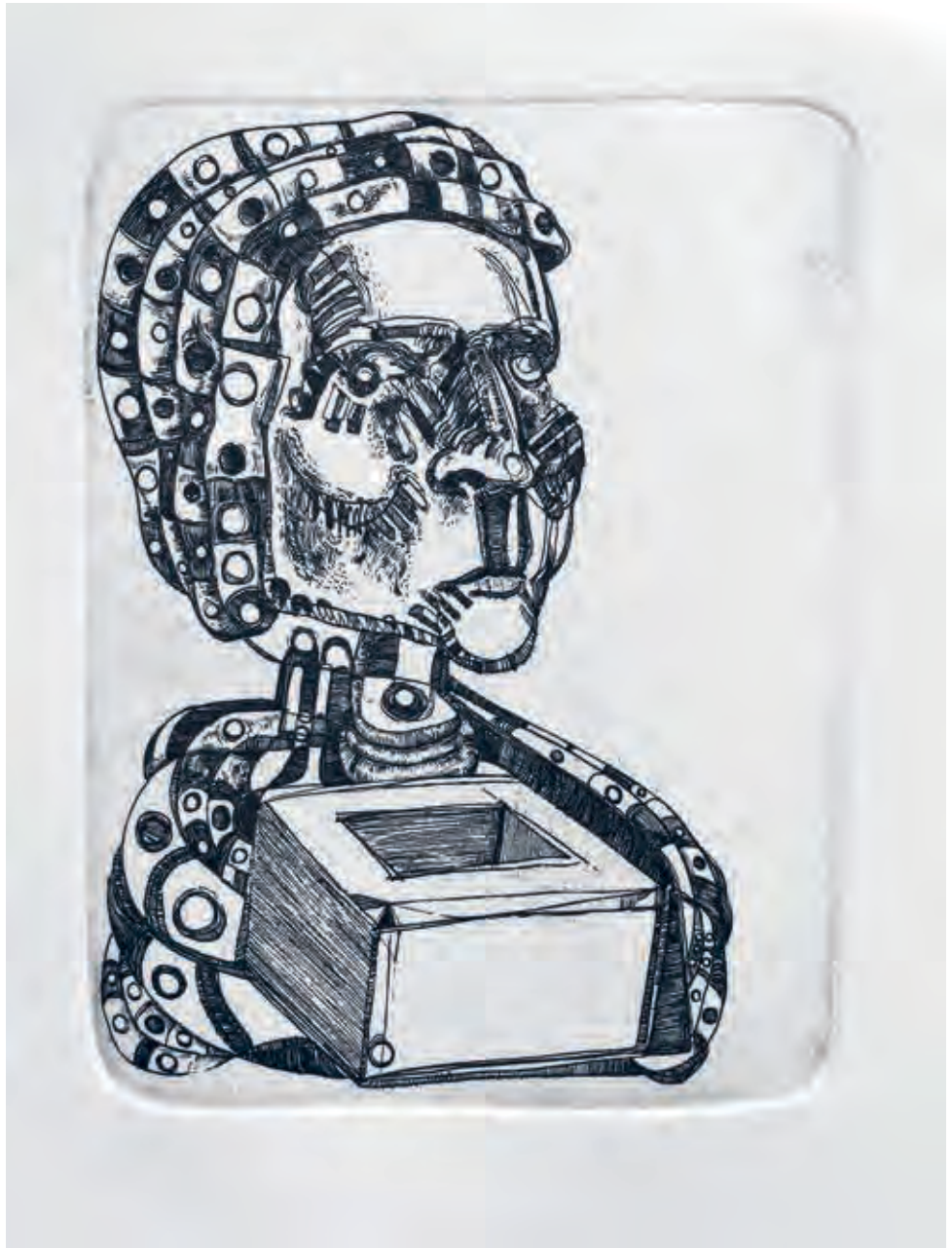
I'm working primarily with drawing, printmaking, wall painting and video projection. I'm experimenting in the development of my own visual expression. My artwork ranges from intimate etchings as visual poetry, to large-scale wall paintings in public spaces.



Lucía Cristerna Aragón







Lucía Cristerna Aragón

Traust =  
Trust + Trout.  
Trucha is the  
Spanish word  
for trout.  
Trust the  
truchas.

Traust kan beskrive en type intetsigende sinnstilstand av ting utenfor kroppen.

Du er ute og går en tidlig vårdag. All snøen er skitten og full av grus, det regner kanskje og alle fargene på bakken, husene og himmelen, er grå, og sommeren er uendelig langt unna.





# Marthe

# Minde

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Trappene heime, 2017. 8-lagsvev.  
Ull, lin, tre, stål. 100 x 40 x 40 cm. Modell i str. 1: 4.  
Foto: Marvín Pope / Tonje Plur

Page 108:  
Varp, 2017. Strekking av 16 000 meter handspunne garn – varp til ein  
vevnad. Ull, skifer og hesjestaur frå Langedalen, 240 x 240 x 200 cm.  
Foto: Marthe Minde / Brynhild Seim



Vevutrekningar for trapp.  
Foto: Lena Walton Herfindal / Aron Li

Marthe Minde

**M**ed tråden som reiskap forsøker eg å føra i penn ei tekstil heimstaddikting. På leit etter urørte råvarer søkjer eg meg mot minnerik nærnatur. Der røskar eg røter frå rotvelter, fiskar opp tare frå havet og gjev det bruksrett som tråd. Vidare spinn eg ull frå naboen sine sauver og sankar plantefargar på gamle familiegardar. Materiala tek eg med meg inn i den manuelle vevgogna, som vert smeltedigel og årestad. Vevkunnskapen er handlingsboren arv, og gjennom lerretsbinding i fleirlagsvev rekonstruerer eg kvardagskulisser frå min eigen barndomsheim. Ut frå egne talsystem for utrekning og konstruksjon formar eg todimensjonale skisser, før eg vev fram dørstokken og trappene heime. Med geometriske trefjølær og eit vandrande varplag pressar eg veven forbi si inste grind, forbi mengda mogelege skaft og forbi fastsett form. Inspirert av Frida Hansen sin transparente teknikk isolerer eg ein romleg konstruksjon blant lause varptrådar, og lét det vovne objektet henga i sitt eige opphav. Med lyriske tekstar ankrar eg arbeidet i geografiske festepunkt og livsrøynsler frå opptrakka terreng. Gjennom det heile renn raude trådar frå Chiharu Shiota, Olav H. Hauge og Hildur Bjarnadóttir. Att står mørkklagde kvardagskvede grunnfesta i tankar om tilhøyrse, tapserfaringar og verde.

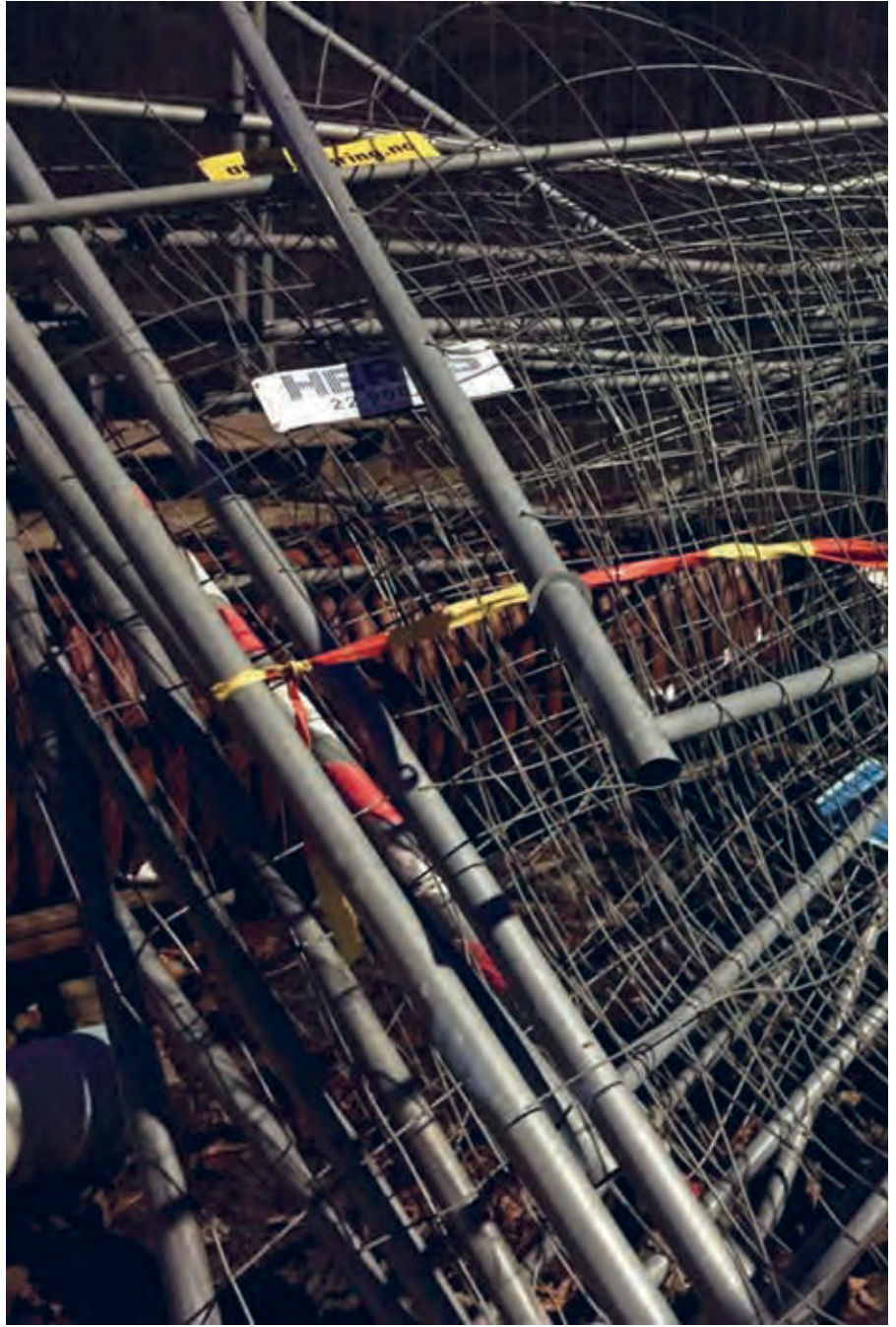




*Mitt eige Jølster, mellom bedehuset og svingen med  
Halland. Forbi gamleskulen, over  
Kaiabakken, ned i elva. Gjennom skogen, opp i  
postkassen, bortom Leitet. Fast i beitemyra,  
rundt oppkomma, ut av glaset. Opp på  
støypekanten, inn i ripsbuskene, bortover Borgo.  
Gjennom Mølsbekken, rundt portsøyla, ut i furene.  
Ned i siloen, oppå terrassen, rett i  
kjellaren. Rundt snuplassen, opp i bjørka, ut av  
kjøkkenskapet. Mellom hellene, forbi  
Synneva, over Tungelandsvatnet. Ned trappa, inn i  
stråtapetet, rundt tørkehuset. Bortover  
singelen, ned Solnipa, inni matbua. Over grinda,  
fast i nattbussen, nedover Haugamarka.  
Her fyller eg lommene, nøstar trådane og vev verda.*

Bindingar, 2016. Dobbeltvev, plantefarging. Ull, steinlav  
frå Borgo, kopartråd. 420 x 150 x 200 cm.  
Foto: Marvin Pope / Tonje Plur

# Martin





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# Kolsrud

**N**år jeg går igjennom byen er jeg konstant på leting etter potensielle materialer. Noen ganger er det min egen forvrengte refleksjon i en bilrute eller lyttingen til en skurrete radio som trigger interessen min til å utvikle en ide videre. I løpet av en dag blir jeg utsatt for mange inntrykk. Jeg leser aviser og bøker, ser på TV og har internett med meg så å si overalt, men de sterkeste inntrykkene får jeg idet jeg går ut døra hjemme.

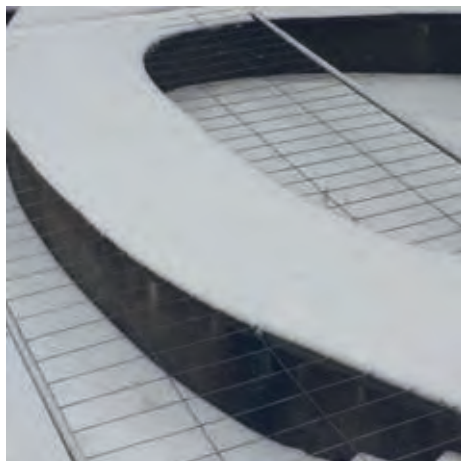
I fem år har jeg gått fra der jeg bor på St. Hanshaugen og ned til Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo på Grünerløkka. Det tar meg ca. et kvarter å gå til KHiO og det har blitt en rutine. Til vanlig går jeg nedover Collets gate til Evald Ryghs plass og ned Ilatrappa. Eller Ulvetrappa som den også kalles. På hver side av nedre trappeløp, der trappa munner ut i Uelands gate møter jeg bronseskulpturene av Dyre Vaa, Ulvemor og Ulvefar, reist med kommunale midler og

avduket i 1930. Skulpturene og trappen er noe av det som kanskje gjør Ilakomplekset til en av de vakreste bygningene i Oslo. Muligens er det fordi jeg går forbi der hver dag eller fordi det står i kontrast til det mer trauste Alexander Kiellands Hus som også er på vei til KHiO. Det gjør i hvert fall inntrykk på meg. Det er den korteste veien mellom A og B.

En gang for rundt et år siden var Ulvetrappa stengt. En del av gelenderet i betong var rast sammen og trappen var sperret med konstruksjonsgjerder, slike som finnes på byggeplasser etc. Det tok meg fem minutter ekstra å gå rundt. Irriterende.

Etter en stund må det ha vært flere som opplevde det som plagsomt at snarveien var blokkert, for sperringen var åpnet selv om gelenderet ikke var reparert. Gjerdene var spredt rundt omkring overalt i trappeområdet. Noen var plassert inntil hverandre, mens andre hadde fått hard medfart. Er det en sakte uttøying av grenser eller følelsen av frihetsberøvelse som leder til en storming av gjerdet? Hva er det som får folk til å ta et slikt grep?

Det er i denne situasjonen jeg ser mitt snitt til å skaffe meg et materiale som jeg kan oppdrive mengder av – ruinerte og forlatte gjerder.



Over en periode i 2014 startet jeg å bevege meg igjennom byen på en mer utradisjonell og fri måte. Jeg startet med å hoppe over gjerder og balansere på murer, klatre over porter og igjennom busker. En gang klatret jeg opp på muren mot St. Hanshaugen og ble stoppet av politiet i Collets gate. Jeg hadde fulgt med på noen markjordbær som vokste i skråningen der i et par uker og endelig var de modne. Da jeg hoppet ned til fortauet stoppet en sivilbil i motsatt kjøretretning litt lengre

fremme. En politimann i sivile klær kom ut. Jeg registrerte ikke hva som skjedde før han stod foran meg. Jeg oppdaget at hans kollega kom bak meg og jeg var omringet. Jeg visste at jeg ikke hadde gjort noe ulovlig, men likevel syntes jeg det var ubehagelig. Politimennene begynte å spørre om hva jeg holdt på med og om jeg hadde kjennskap til politiet fra før av. Hele hendelsen skremte meg, men det var ikke før i ettertid at jeg skjønnte at politiet må ha trodd jeg hadde gjemt narkotika i parken.



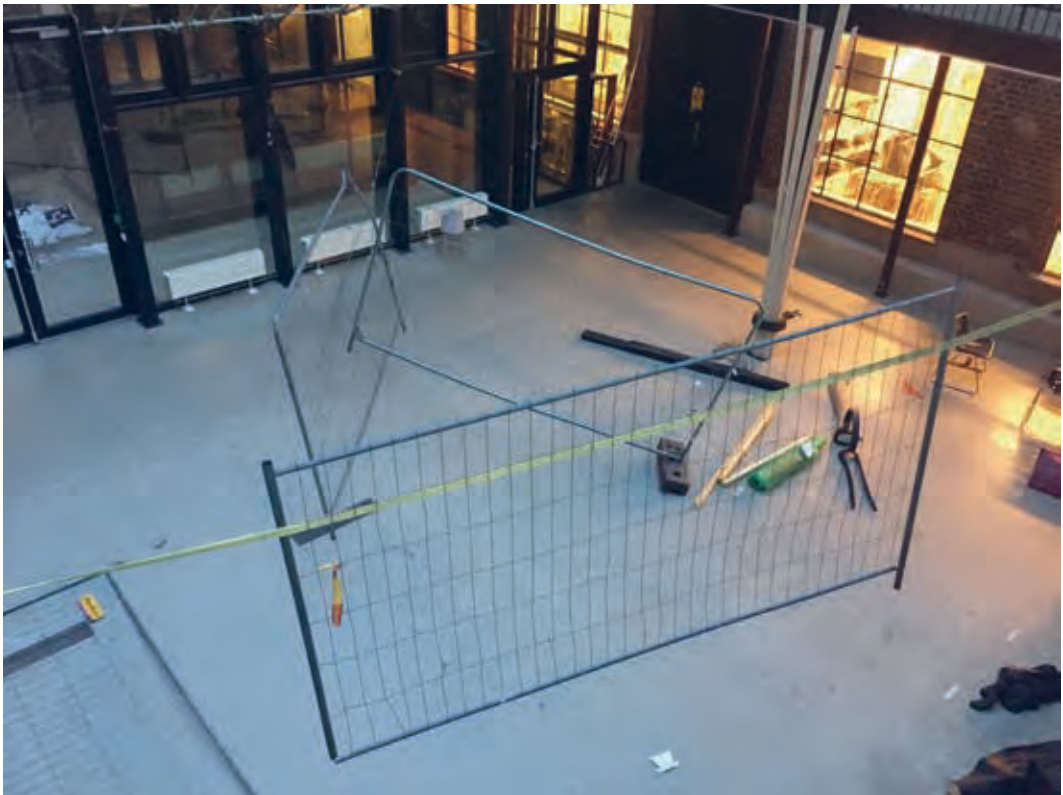
Martin Kolsrud

Et gjerde har en klar betydning i seg selv. I det urbane miljøet forhindrer de framkommelighet og skaper avgrensinger som bestemmer hvordan vi beveger oss. I samfunnet har vi godt implementerte normer om hvordan vi forholder oss til avgrensede områder – vi går rundt. Du går for eksempel ikke inn på et bygningsområde eller over gjerdet til naboen, selv om det er den korteste ruten dit du skal.

Vi lukker porten, låser døra, anlegger hekk og skjerner privatlivet. Vernet om privatlivet og ikke minst personvern er en oppdrevet enighet som står høyt i samfunnet vårt, men som det finnes en tvetydighet ved. Vi trekker for gardinene når naboen står på kjøkkenet sitt, mens vi samtidig legger ut tusenvis av bilder og andre personopplysninger på internett.

Byene vi lever i, med gater, parker, hus og annen infrastruktur baserer seg på rutenett. Strukturen til rutenettet forholder vi oss til på en slik måte at vi ikke legger merke til det lenger. Gjerdene er også rutenett. Gjerdene jeg bruker er ødelagte og deformerte: De er gjenkjennelige som gjerdene men selve funksjonen har blitt svekket selv om symbolfunksjonen fortsatt er like sterk. Kan barrieren jeg har konstruert oppmuntre til sivil ulydighet? Vil publikum sette spørsmålstegn ved konvensjoner om konformitet ved neste møte med en hindring i rutenettet?





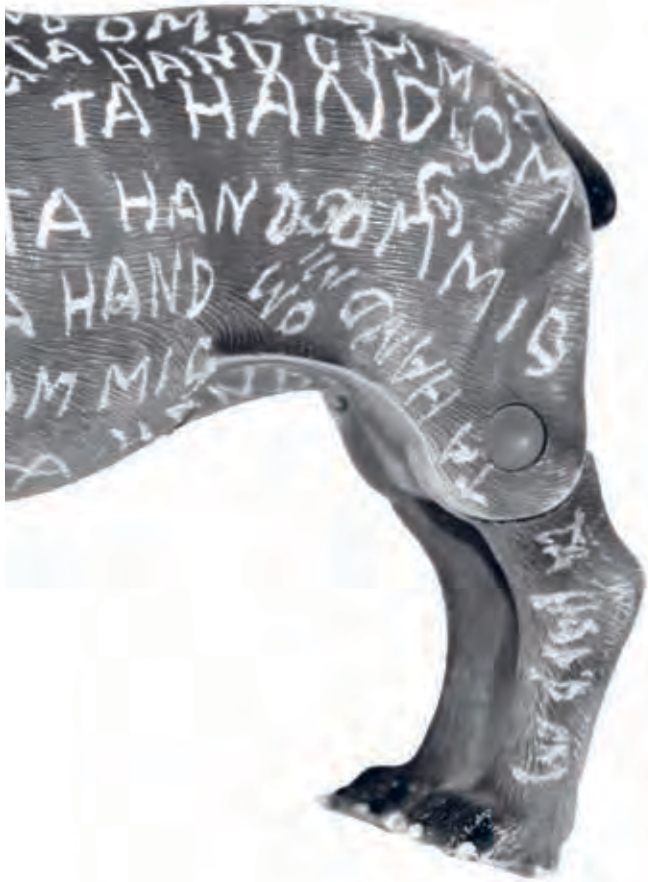
Martin Kolsrud

traust: Sounds  
“fishy”, better  
check out (.\_.)



Traust reminds me of the Swedish word for thrush. The thrushes are a family of passerine birds with a worldwide distribution. A passerine is any bird of the order Passeriformes, which includes more than half of all bird species. The evolutionary history of the passerine families and the relationships among them remained rather mysterious until the late 20th century. In many cases, passerine families were grouped together on the basis of morphological similarities that, it is now believed, are the result of convergent evolution, not a close genetic relationship.





# Ekeholt

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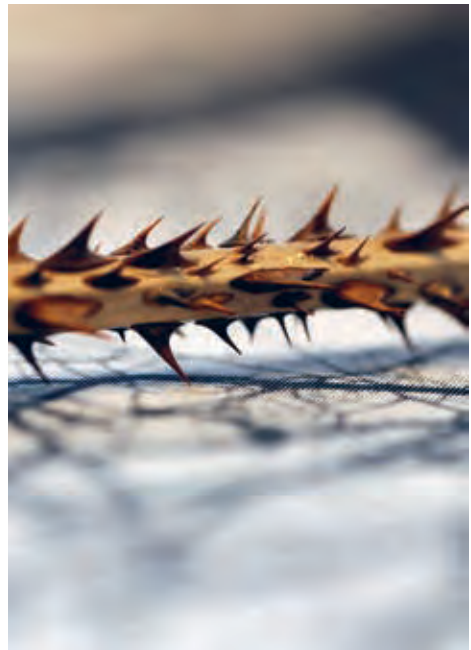
play with the vulnerability in things that are scary. Thorny tools and humor in sadness. The comfort in ambivalence, and the strangeness of what we know for sure.

I have a collection of skulls. I collect photographs of strangers I relate to, or of situations that I don't understand. Strange toys, body parts from animals, sticks and seed pods with a variety of shapes. A braid of hair from a distant relative. Things that are associated with where I come from and what I know.

I find them in flea markets and on the internet. Driving through the countryside, raiding abandoned houses or small village boot sales in places I visit.

I rearrange these objects. I make small talismans out of black clay, magpie beaks, bird feet and beads. I photograph them and I search for how they are connected. I tell stories with them through text and printmaking. Experimenting with where the dividing line of the different mediums is drawn. Objects as prints and printmaking as object.

I swear we all grew up in  
the same house





Miriam Colombine Ekeholt





Miriam Colombine Ekeholt

# William Nicolas

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# Hughes



In Oslo's Sofienbergparken Park there lives a tree unlike any other to be found in the city. This large oak tree has something that no other tree has: ownership over itself. The tree is no longer the human possession that it used to be; instead, it has become akin to a tree growing naturally in the wild. Standing in the same location that it has for many years, it seems that the tree has no perception of its own change in stature. However, a human audience can witness that this tree differs from the others, due to a headstone which bears a plaque describing this individual tree as free from possession — this tree owns itself. A freedom that has previously only been the right to (and acknowledged by) human beings has now been awarded to this tree. But what does it mean that this tree is free? Why this tree and not another? What constitutes freedom when we link it to another living entity that is not human?

*Et Tre Som Eier Seg Selv* (A Tree that Owns Itself) is a project that sets out to question and query social norms, constructs and philosophical notions surrounding both our understanding of specific aspects of nature, whilst also envisioning a new perspective in the protective legislation of it. The realized project will be launched 2019, to coincide with Oslo becoming the European Green Capital for that year.

In the exhibition at KHIO is a documentation work of *Et Tre Som Eier Seg Selv* (A Tree that Owns Itself), the final facet of my research project. The tree in question has been 3D scanned. The audience is invited to witness the tree in digital form in Virtual Reality. In addition to the VR installation, there is a prototype of the plaque that will accompany the tree in situ. The plaque can be seen both physically in the gallery and in virtual reality.

The work is the final facet in my undertaking of the MFA in

Art and Public Space. This is an homage to the humble tree, and the final work in a larger, two-year umbrella project using trees both as a specific and metaphoric example with which to explore our contemporary relationship to nature.

Over the course of the past two years, I have created a variety of works in varying mediums that frequently use absurdity as an artistic tool in an attempt to form new ways that we as humans can connect to trees and/or other plants. I aimed to create situations in which I could envision what it is like to be a tree. This process has seen me attempt to converse with trees, as in the video/performance *I Would Rather*

Video stills from *If a Tree Makes a Sound*, two channel hd video installation, 2017





*Video stills from I Would Rather Speak to the  
Trees. Video/performance, 2017*

*Page 128:  
Installation view of I Would Rather Speak to the Trees.  
Installation/video/performance, 2018*

Nicolas William Hughes

*Speak to the Trees*. In it, I play a character who has become prevalent in my performative work. This character is all at once a mirror, a projection and a depiction of certain aspects of myself. I take a slightly comedic approach (a counterpoint to the seriousness of the research). As well as a visualization of specific questions that arise as a result. Often, this character attempts seemingly frivolous or unproductive tasks in pursuit of this research. This character tries very hard but usually fails, and undeterred he searches for another

method to carry out his inquiry. In the work *If a Tree Make a Sound*, this character was also seen attempting to mimic the sounds of various mammals and tree species found in the Norwegian wild. Another facet to my research-based practice has been in the creation of interactive installations, through which an audience can connect with

plants through touch and sound.

Plants are attached to a self-made capacitive interface, and when a plant is touched an electrical reaction occurs and triggers a sound. The type of sound depends on how the plant is touched; a grasp will give a different sound to a fleeting touch.

With my works I am posing questions surrounding contemporary ecology and society's relationship with nature, exploring what that potential relationship could be in the future.

Nicolas William Hughes is a conceptual artist from South Wales. Hughes holds a BA(hons) degree in Photographic Art (USW Newport), and a Master's degree in Contemporary Dialogues (Swansea Metropolitan University). Nicolas has lived and worked in Norway since 2013.



*Prototype 3d scan of tree 2017/18*



*Photograph of the tree that would own itself  
Spring 2018*

Nicolas William Hughes

Traust;  
nei, nei – du  
tenker på ordet  
traurig.

Traust means nothing to me, since I never heard that word before in my life. Although, Google says: Guinness beer, confianza, trust and sturdy. I'll keep the latter; well-built, strong, solid, robust and vigorous enough to challenge the status quo with a stout beer in our hand.

# Olia

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# Gorohova



**O**lia Gorohova is a visual artist working mainly with the handcraft traditions of figurative porcelain, making sculptures that reflect different psychological aspects of an individual and society. She observes and explores the complexity and beauty inherent in the collisions of contrasting phenomena and concepts. Taking inspiration from deviations in what is predictable human behavior and appearance, she makes figurative compositions that illustrate the clash of internal conflict; of contradictory psychological mechanisms, the interaction of ordered structures against something chaotic. Gorohova treats working with ceramics as a need for labor and materiality, and as a means of escaping our hyper-technological and fast-paced digital world.

In the latest project – “Metanoia”, – Gorohova turns to the subject of migration, to notions of otherness and foreignness, and the obstacles to being fully understood in an adopted place. Based on her own experience as an immigrant, Gorohova illustrates the complex process of adaptating to a new environment and changing habits, while revealing the challenges that an unfamiliar society imposes on an individual.

Metanoia is an Ancient Greek word (μετάνοια) meaning “changing one’s mind”, in psychology it is the process of experiencing a psychotic “breakdown” and subsequent positive psychological re-building or “healing”.





Olia Gorohova





Olia Gorohova

# Rodrigo





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MFA Art and Public Space

# Ghattas

**T** *racing yellow* is a series of three experimental, small-scale and participatory art projects developed in the city of Oslo. The projects attempt to chase and explore a color, 'yellow' as a symbolic sphere of togetherness from a perspective of cultural-specificity. I am especially interested in how we use our bodies to interact with strangers across cultures. I am seeking new strategies to challenge the automatic choreography of our everyday life. With social baits –small gestures– I introduce unexpected situations and temporary experiments in public spaces which revolve around issues of cultural identity, urban myths, city rituals and social behaviors. My artistic practice aims to bring art closer to people and people closer together, by intervening in the day-to-day activities of individuals. A goal in my praxis is to make art that is approachable, which touches playfully at the pattern of our social fabric, partly blurring the boundaries between life and art. Rodrigo Ghattas Pérez (Lima, 1989) is a Peruvian-Palestinian artist and cultural producer based in Oslo, Norway. [www.artandpublicspace.net](http://www.artandpublicspace.net) /rodrigo-ghattas

\* You are welcome to join the one-to-one meetings at swing-bench, an intervention at KHiO along the Akerselva, on 1st June 2018 (18:00 – 21:00). The artists and the participants of *Tracing Yellow* series will be sharing their experience surrounding the projects and will engage in new conversations with the audience.

IN CONVERSATION WITH CAMILLA EEG-TVERBAKK

These words are transcribed from a 49 minute recorded conversation with Camilla Eeg-Tvebakk, in a coffee shop in the city of Oslo on Friday the 2nd of February, 2018. This conversation has been edited for use in this catalogue.

[...]

(Starting with Stephen Wright's notion of "usership")

**C.E-T:** Is that concept talking to you somehow?

**R.G:** Spectatorship –as opposed to "usership" – is something that does really make a distance between myself, my work and the other that is engaging with my practice. I see participants and myself as "care-holders." It's very much about bonding and trying to build some level of trust. To care about the other.

**C.E-T:** I think of the Italian philosopher Silvia Benso, who has developed this concept of tenderness which relates to patience, humility, and a sort of waiting for the other to make a move. My impression is that you also try to open a space for exchange, relation, conversation.

**R.G:** Also, confrontation.

**C.E-T:** Relation is not always nice. I think you mentioned, somewhere in your thesis, about stepping a little back from the ego.

**R.G:** It's really about these open spaces that can be seen also as a rupture sometimes. Or a break...a pause...and I'm not particularly interested in controlling what's going on in that space, "babysitting the rupture." Taking care of the process in which we are more mindful in how we approach each other. I become a facilitator in the way that I try to connect people's stories by giving them a platform to share. It's their own version of the story, not mine.

**C.E-T:** I think what you do is say, "hey wait a minute," and in doing that there is an opening in time and space. Since you are familiar with meditation practice, it's that moment (Camilla claps her hands), the gap, [the moment] in between, you know. [...] I understand those kinds of moments as almost getting out of the constructed idea of time.

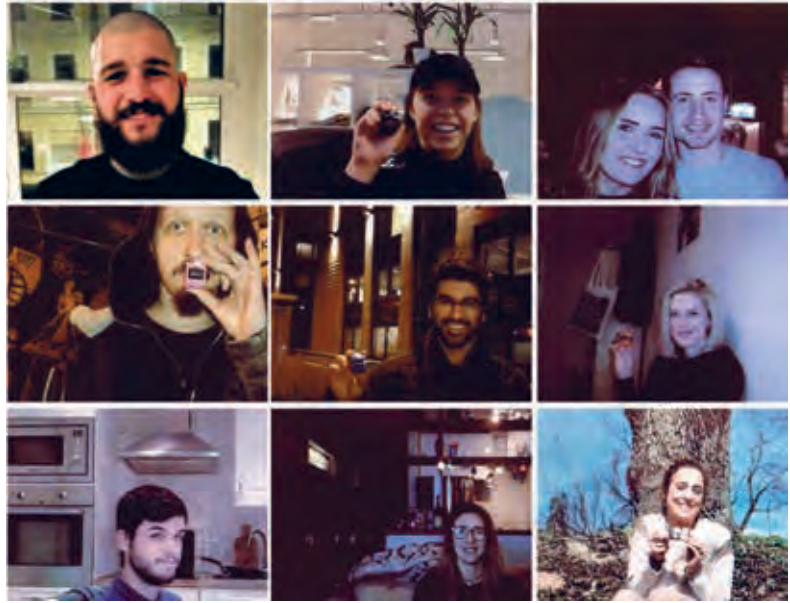
**R.G:** Chronological time, let's say.

**C.E-T:** I believe this became political in our time, because everything goes fast. It connects to money and production, so to slow down, I think it's a political action. This is not going to produce anything that we can buy or sell, but it produces maybe something on a different level, and I think that's interesting.

**R.G:** [...] that moment is ephemeral. It's a pause that has an expiration date. I'm not imposing a time frame around these moments, I'm leaving them to live organically. Could be two minutes or an hour. Leaving time to show us...



2016-2017, Daily Performativity  
Dimensions: Anytime, anywhere.  
Tracing Yellow series #1  
Photo Credits: Rodrigo Ghattas



2017, Performative Walk in Oslo  
From the artist residency "Curating the  
Social: meet me at the empty centre".  
PRAKSIS  
Photo Credits: Charlotte Teyler



Page 142:  
2017 Daily Performativity  
Dimensions: Anytime, anywhere.  
Tracing Yellow series #3  
Photo Credits: Javier Auris

**C.E-T:** But, you're also as an artist depending on your collaborators. This is also interesting in the world of art, especially visual arts— to let go of control. Then you also let go of the idea of quality and perfection.

**R.G:** Which is what I experienced before, as a sculptor. I was so obsessed with the material, with every single detail of those sculptural forms. I did that for 8 years, and at some point I thought, "no, no, no. I need a pause."

**C.E-T:** I'm very curious if you could talk about how this experience plays into your present work. You talked about volume and void, and how you use that knowledge into what you are doing now.

**R.G:** I always have been an experimental individual. I've never wanted to focus on a single way of doing things. I know what my limitations with the material are, but still...I always try to do things that I don't know how to do. What is more complex than the material that I've been working with? I started to think about the human body as a sculpture in motion. The empty space, the void. How to actually draw the silhouette or draw the borders of objects and bodies. I can translate that to our human interaction as well. Our body talks even if we don't want our body to talk. Our body language, gestures, the distance between each other. That's the composition of bodies.

**C.E-T:** As a sculptor you freeze the moment.

**R.G:** Exactly. But this —the moment— is constantly shaping and transforming. I'm just fascinated about that. [I refer to the artist Theaster Gates and his shift from clay to the social sphere]

**C.E-T:** Could we say what you are sculpting also public space through how bodies move and relate? That you frame the space in different ways?

**R.G:** (The table bounces) Definitely. These gestures are real of course, but it has a small touch of fiction too. Fiction in the sense that I'm changing what is predictable, what is usual and common. I'm just putting it in a different setting. The theatricality of everyday life somehow.

**C.E-T:** You propose something which I don't know if it's fiction, but it's introducing something else into our everyday reality. A thought: by proposing a flower...the flower isn't fiction, the flower is real, very real; it's your thought of what that flower might do.

**R.G:** I think that is somehow constructing a reality within another reality. It's an alternative way.

**C.E-T:** Reorganizing by very small gestures, I like that. How do you manage with documentation? That's really difficult in relation with those kinds of works. As I've seen, for instance, with Eleonora Fabião's work as well. She has someone mingling in the outskirts of the actions taking pictures. There is for me a point about sharing or spreading these ideas. Even if you can't be there and experience them, ideas are very beautiful. I see a very close parallel with your work.

**R.G:** I think the nature of these projects was to bridge the distance between people in general, through creative

gestures. I believe a lot in the face-to-face, in putting yourself on the side for a minute, apart from any other distraction. I also believe you can document by oral tradition, by retelling the story; but of course memory is tricky and fragile. It's always transforming, that kind of not accurate retelling of the story in itself is very interesting for my practice.

**C.E-T:** So, the document becomes another artwork in many ways.

**R.G:** Yes. For example, the swing-bench is a way of bringing people together in a closer, one-to-one talk. An intimate way of transferring not only thoughts, but experiences and feelings as well. And by doing that, new conversations may arise as well, based on the previous experience of the participants.

**C.E-T:** And that is documented again?

**R.G:** I don't like this notion of archive storing. I don't want to bring more material, materia, to this world that is already full of things. I think these thoughts can be the matter somehow. That's also something that interests me: how to make your practice sustainable. Sustainable but not in the way of how you make a living.

[...]

\*To keep reading please visit the artist's website:  
[www.artandpublicspace.net/rodrigo-ghattas](http://www.artandpublicspace.net/rodrigo-ghattas)

2017  
Photo Credits: Screenshot of an Instagram pic, "danfle96" and two of his friends found one of the sunflowers in a bus near Nationaltheatret.



2017-2018, Daily Performativity  
Dimensions: Anytime, anywhere.  
Tracing Yellow series #2  
Photo Credits: Rodrigo Ghattas



Rodrigo Ghattas

- lindring for bekymring,  
sorg, ængstelse eller en  
anden form for ulykkelig  
eller ubehagelig tilstand  
- fænomen, forhold,  
genstand eller person  
der er i stand til at lindre  
nogens bekymring, sorg,  
ængstelse el. lign.  
trøst substantiv,  
fælleskøn BØJNING -en  
UDTALE ['t'æsd]  
OPRINDELSE norrønt  
traust, gotisk trausti  
Kilde: ordnet.dk

Traust; et ord å  
krangle om.

# Sisse

# Lee

born: Danmark (1987)

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MFA Medium and Material Based Art

## Hund

\*

**D**isse tvetydigheder, unødvendigheder og dunkelheder minder om dem, som doktor Franz Kuhn tillægger en vis kinesisk encyklopædi med titlen De velgørende kundskabers himmelske emporium. På dens usandsynlige sider kan man læse, at dyrene opdeles i

- (a) dem der tilhører kejseren
- (b) de balsamerede
- (c) de dresserede
- (d) pattegrise
- (e) havfruer
- (f) fabeldyr
- (g) løse hunde
- (h) dem som er inkluderet i denne klassifikation
- (i) dem der skælver, som om de var gale
- (j) dem som findes i store mængder
- (k) dem som er malet med en ganske fin kamelhårspensel
- (l) etcetera
- (m) dem som lige har slået vasen itu
- (n) dem som på afstand ligner fluer

\*Jorge Luis Borges: John Wilkins' analytiske sprog (1952)







I. 95 håndgjorte objekter i porcelæn.  
*Variierende i størrelse, transparent glasur.*



II. Lysegrå PVC-skummåtter.  
*30x30 cm, modulære.*



III. IFCO-kasse. Polypropylen,  
varierende størrelse.



IV. Serigrafiramme. Aluminium,  
polyester, fotoemulsion, 100x120 cm.

Sisse Lee



# Victoria

# Duffee

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MFA Medium and Material Based Art

**M**y works are assembled wall hangings that exist between sculpture and painting. I like to see the delicate materials blow in the wind. Silk scarves are painted with the motif of landscapes. The places I choose are connected to past experiences, mythology, a family vacation to Havasu Falls, Arizona or where a fantasy plays out in my mind. I propose that landscape painting is a way of mapping a memory or a vivid flight of imagination. The methodical headspace

that the challenge of painting onto silk creates, lulls me into meditating on the poetic or mythic qualities of a piece of the Earth's surface.

"Mysteries abound. This continent, this country, our earthly origins are all laden with them, underlying our existence, pre-dating all our childish notions of *history*."

– The Secret History of Twin Peaks: A Novel by Mark Frost

The dawn of the internet is a part of my childhood, so communication with machines and with friends through digital media feels familiar. In an effort to produce a democratic

sculpture, I began searching for ways to create a downloadable physical artwork. This led to creating a series of digitally generated images printed directly onto textiles, together with mass-produced synthetic fabrics. I am now reaching back in time as I extend my research into generating imagery using digital weaving.

It is possible to track the migration of people by studying the initial appearances of specific weaving techniques and patterns. The Jacquard loom is technically the first computer, and all along it carried the echo of mapping and transferring information between people. The history of objects and imagery is an interest that drives my work. The question of what it takes for an object to have an aura has led me to make small talismans and jewelry cast in various metals. I do this using the lost wax technique, which is over 5,700 years old and doesn't vary much now from how it was first used. Finally, after collecting all these varying components I assemble them or set them alone to create a finished work.





Victoria Duffee







Victoria Duffee

Traust: with a  
pointed finger, a  
circle is traced in  
a shadowy dust.  
a heavy stone  
on one side, pink  
acrylic yarn on  
the other, a  
notification  
beeping

På min dialekt:  
stødig,  
slitesterkt.  
Som kunstner  
er det viktig å  
tillate seg å  
være traust.  
Det er  
elementært å  
stå stødig når  
du har tatt en  
utdanning som  
garanterer en  
usikker  
framtid.  
Å være  
slitesterk til  
sinns når du  
ikke vet

hvordan  
økonomien din  
blir; å stå  
bredbeint i  
ensomheten  
når du tar  
avgjørelser på  
atelieret.  
Å ha is i  
magen, være  
traust.

# Yichun

If The Square is a sanctuary of trust and caring, then what is within The Circle?

Born in: Shanghai, China  
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MFA Medium and Material Based Art

# Tang

**Y**ichun Tang is a visual and conceptual artist who works in a diverse range of media such as printmaking, video, textile and site-specific installations. Throughout his works, he utilises minimalist language to address the themes of hope and depression, as a means of his own self-therapy. He explores a multiverse via the visual traits of the post-digital printing. In doing so, the artist raises the questions regarding the original and the copy while also blurring the boundaries between the imperfections and differences. Reflecting upon how to understand and accommodate to different perceptions is central to his practice. Viewers are often invited to engage in building up meaning in his works.

In Tang's latest work, he becomes a spectacular illusionist who creates paintings in three-dimensional places, intentionally asking the viewer to shift their passive act of seeing into an active, empathetic experience. The circle motif is only seen from a certain angle.

Flipside  
*relief print , 420mmX297mm, 2017*

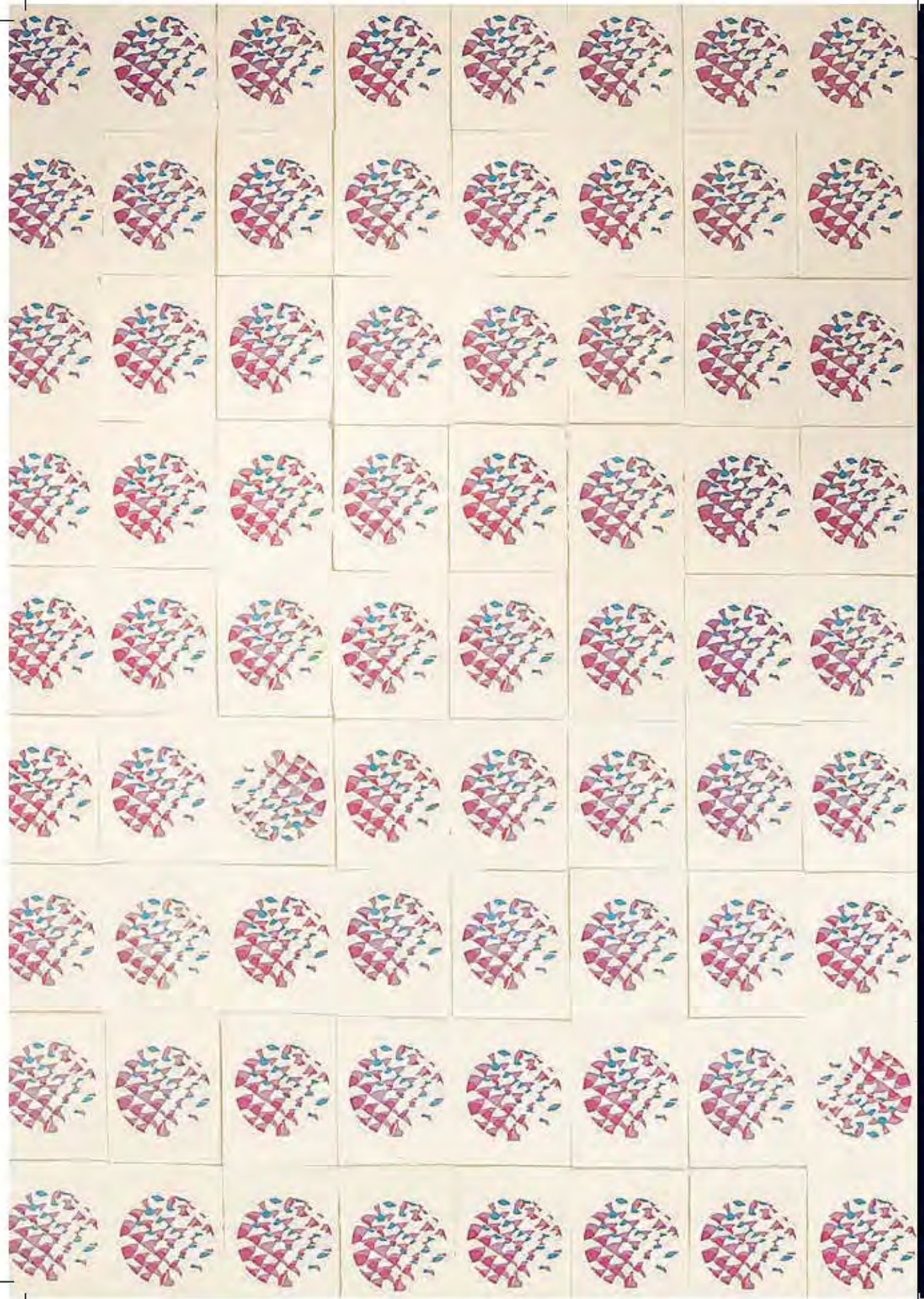
Broken Dreams Club  
*relief prints, dimensions variable, 2017*

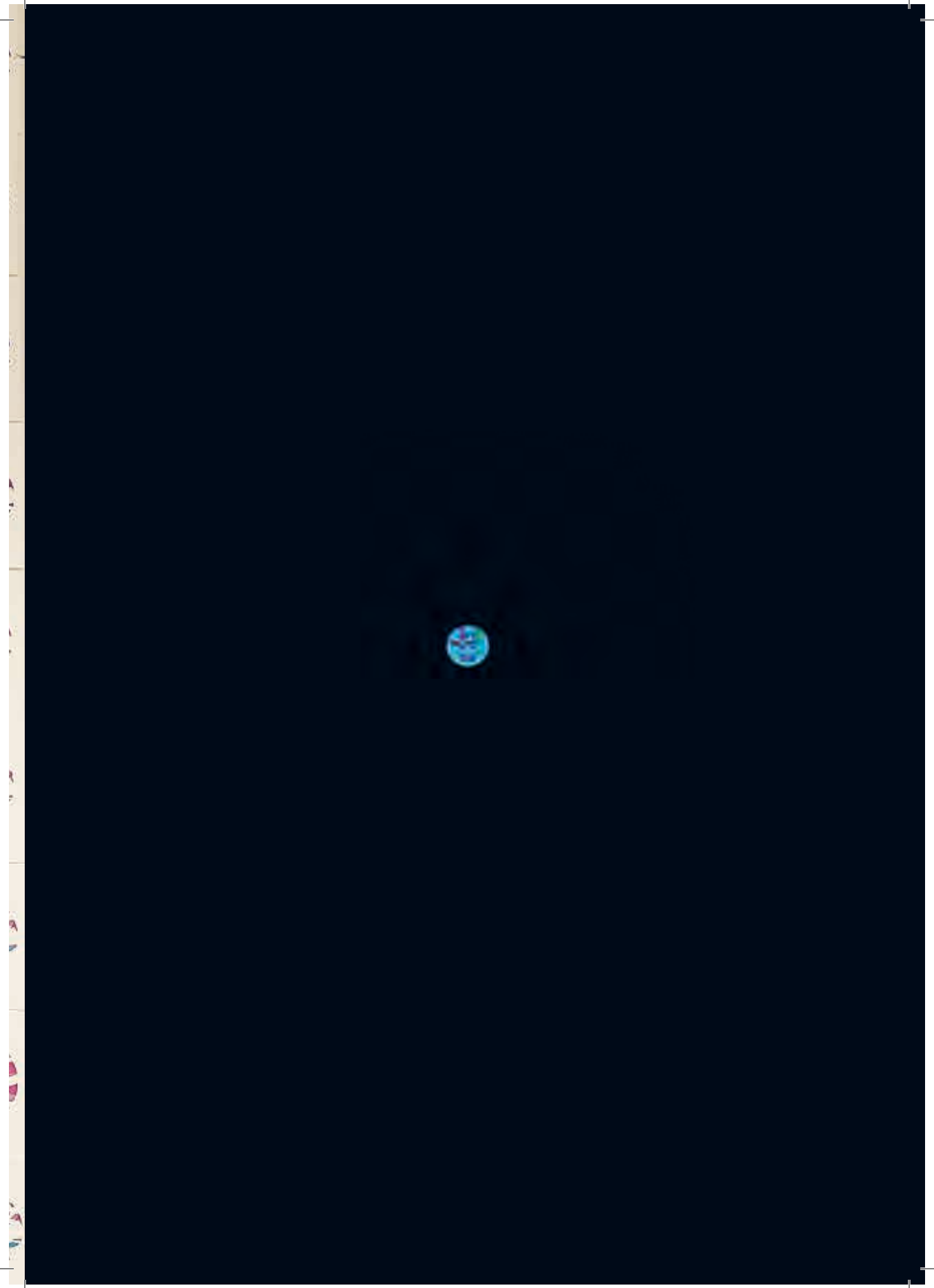
Fragile Inside  
*led light, lens, pc, wood, dimensions variable, 2017*  
*photo by Øystein Thorvaldsen*

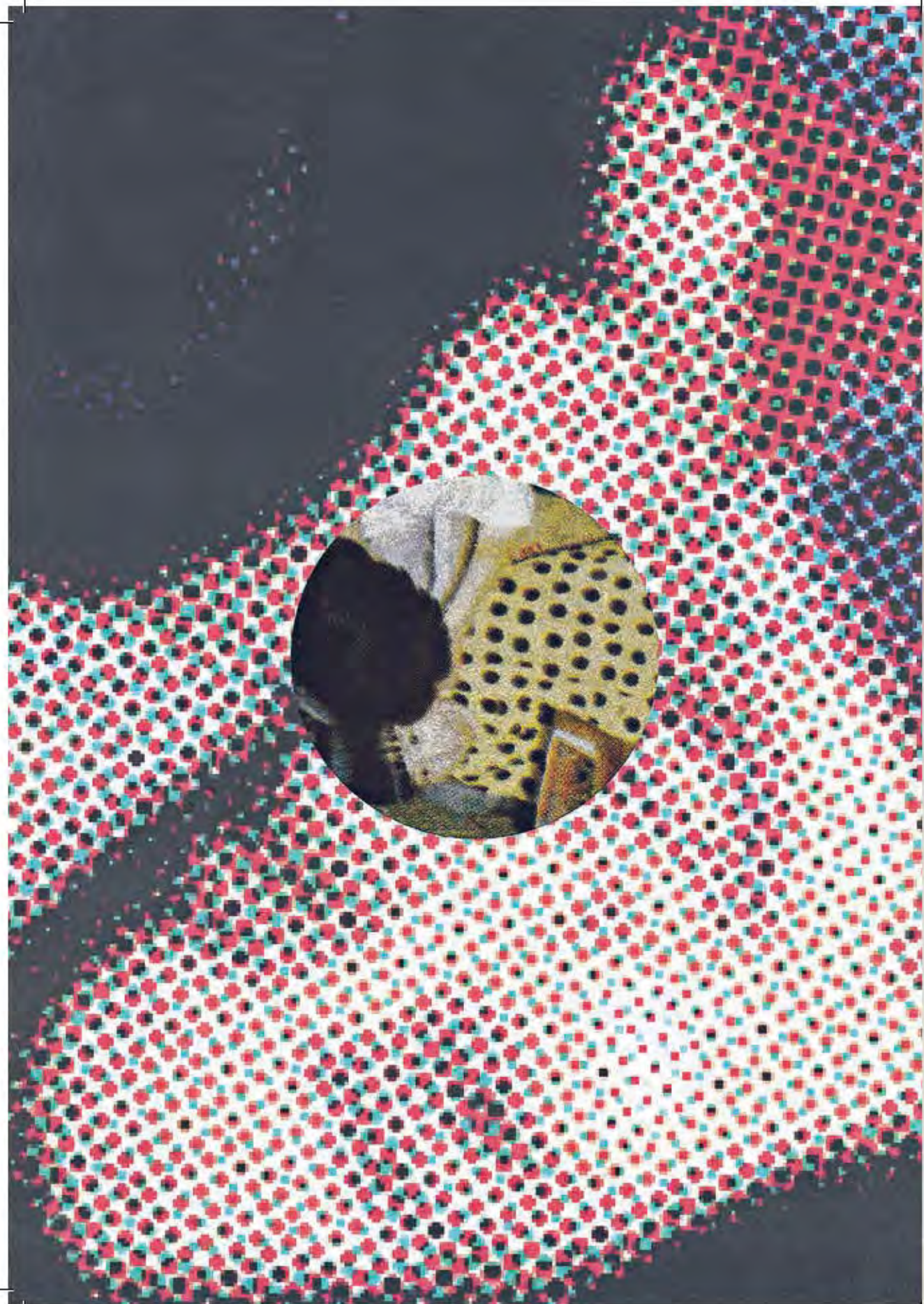
It's Not Your Fault  
*risography, inkjet printing, die cutting , dimensions variable, 2018*

Fly Me to the Moon  
*wall painting, dimensions variable, 2018*













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MFA Medium and Material Based Art

# Annie

# Zehui



# Chen



## “Chaos?”

It is all  
Start from life  
Life as a ripple that has never ended  
It starts from a ripple  
It goes back to circle  
If it's just looping

No

Actually, spiral  
Count in time  
Look from another angle

Try

Square/Sqrt  
Multiply/divide  
We are small  
like a speck of dust  
like a centre of universe  
We are enormous  
The “point” is  
We exist  
When  
Where

Everything is connected  
First divide, then spiral  
Grow

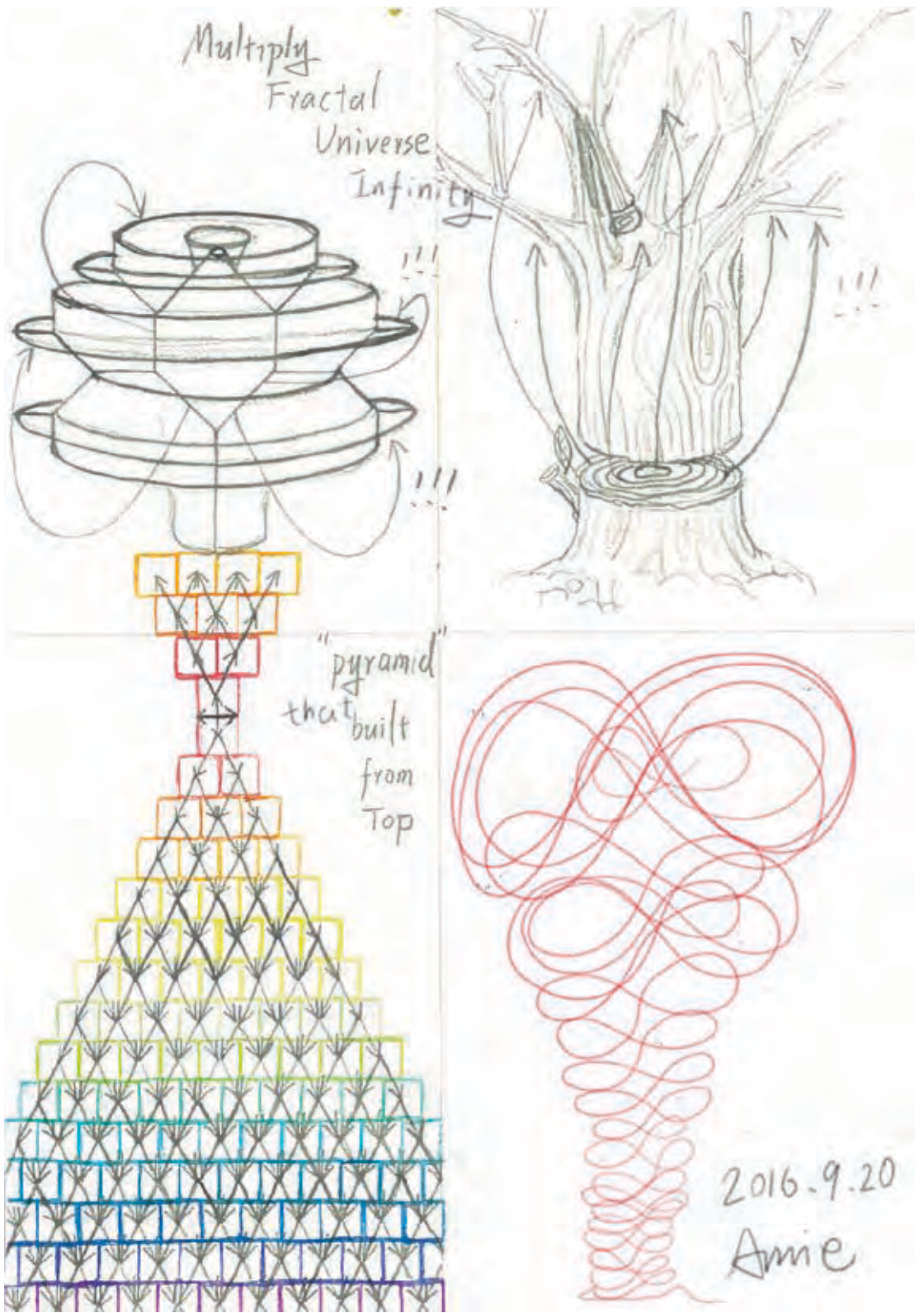
I know

As long as it's spinning  
It won't fall  
Like the gyro  
Is the direction itself  
“I am spinning”  
I don't worry at all  
Like the earth  
Like the galaxy  
Like the universe

I do

Whether you look at it  
There are stars  
That what you see  
It is milk  
Chaos is grass  
I am just a cow

Please also try read this text  
from the end to beginning.



Annie Chen Zehui

"It" means as much to me as them to you  
It's not important whom or when

When it happens  
Be at the moment

Name it what you want  
Have it as you wish  
Take it where you like

If you want to share  
[#bringustogether](#)

Hope you enjoy .)





To be CONTINUED

Annie Chen Zehui

traust  
traust  
traust  
traust  
traust