

PLURAL PLUR

Master in Fine Art Degree Exhibition 2019 Oslo Academy of Fine Art

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May 9th-19th 2019
at Kunstnernes Hus, Oslo



RAGNHILD AAMÅS (NO)

Å GNAGE FORTID / GNAWING ON THE PAST

Dear reader, what you hold in your hand is a catalogue produced to meet the occasion of the 2019 Master graduation class exhibition from the Academy of Fine Art Oslo, at Kunstnernes Hus: Plural PLUR.

One of the first proofs we accepted about our oldest ancestors, to denominate them as such, was the trace of the hand making marks we still can recognise as volitional. Shaping the environment to suit us, making tools and mock skin to protect us, the human creature have long made this planet their own, at the same time outfitted and equipped their minds with stories to help ease the cognitive dissonance of cruelty, identity, care and domination.

Stories still sway us. One of our tasks as artists is to recognise the stories, inflate and puncture them. Anything using a metaphor is fair game. The imaging craft or the imaging art, regardless of its chosen substance, materials or forms. Be it videos, abstractions, pigments in glue on surfaces, plastics, knotted fibres, plasters, games, words, accumulations, manipulated vibrations, likenings of the environment as recorded by the eye — mechanical or otherwise, giving form to memory, activations.

Funny how craft reads to me as dedication, while art is tangled with division around its query form of identification: “is this art?”. To such a degree that asking whether something is good or bad doesn’t really make sense. When it is a question of identification then the least interesting form of art is the one that plainly refers to the archive of things we already know and accept as art. Arthur Danto describes it as walking along a beach, seeing for instance a twisted bleached branch, and saying oh that looks like art. Or maybe photographing it and putting it on your favourite social media platform. It becomes more about you referring to your knowledge and belonging to a social class.

Faust, having learned what there is to know and learned doubt, is described as having a hole in his heart.

Expected arrival times

The catalogue is produced in advance of the exhibition, with so many works still in production. The artists being twenty people of various ages from various backgrounds. I joke with my self that the deepest curation here is the one by the entrance jury to the Art Academy.

Last year I took on the guiding phrase: I’d like to write to you as someone learning. (Clarice Lispector, Agua Viva (trembling water jellyfish)). Having been their curator has been a journey of learning that gently pushed my own preferences and perspective on the world, into visibility. Approaching a doubt that is filled with curiosity, a doubt that aims at revealing the relation between the self and the body, a movement from studio to exhibition hall, insisting to try and not forget the environment. Accepting and moving on, making lemonade when life gives you lemons (and it will).

So what have we here then, in Plural PLUR. We have these very human activities, making marks, making divisions and categories, establishing relationships and asymmetries and figuring out where you want to belong. What history you read. What demands you make on yourself and the knowledge you think you have.

I reminded them and myself once that we, as artists, but especially when we exhibit, stand in the history of the French revolution and the freeing — free in the sense of becoming available — of the aristocrats collections of nice images and more or less shiny objects and thieved things. Making all these images from and of the world of the powerful available for all to see. Displayed, isolated and pure. Connected to narratives different from that of their origins. To see the world as it has been mirrored at that estate and picking it as an ideal. I tried to fix the thought of the impact the exposure to these ideologically saturated images may have had, but failed.

Peace is the mode of the market, conflict the mode of democracy. How does the societies host what is hostile? Embracing it with grace one would wish, because the power relations are asymmetrical. Yet with an anthropology sourced from the mercantile, the standard image we find arching over the consciousnesses, are one of equal agents in symmetrical positions unable to account for notions such as fairness. The call for grace remains a wish. Don't make it natural, don't make it mystic: make it historical.

play live understanding rest
power lust undermining rage
peace love unity respect

The stories we learn to read code the abbreviations and the traces.



Ragnhild Aamås

ASMAA BARAKAT (EH)





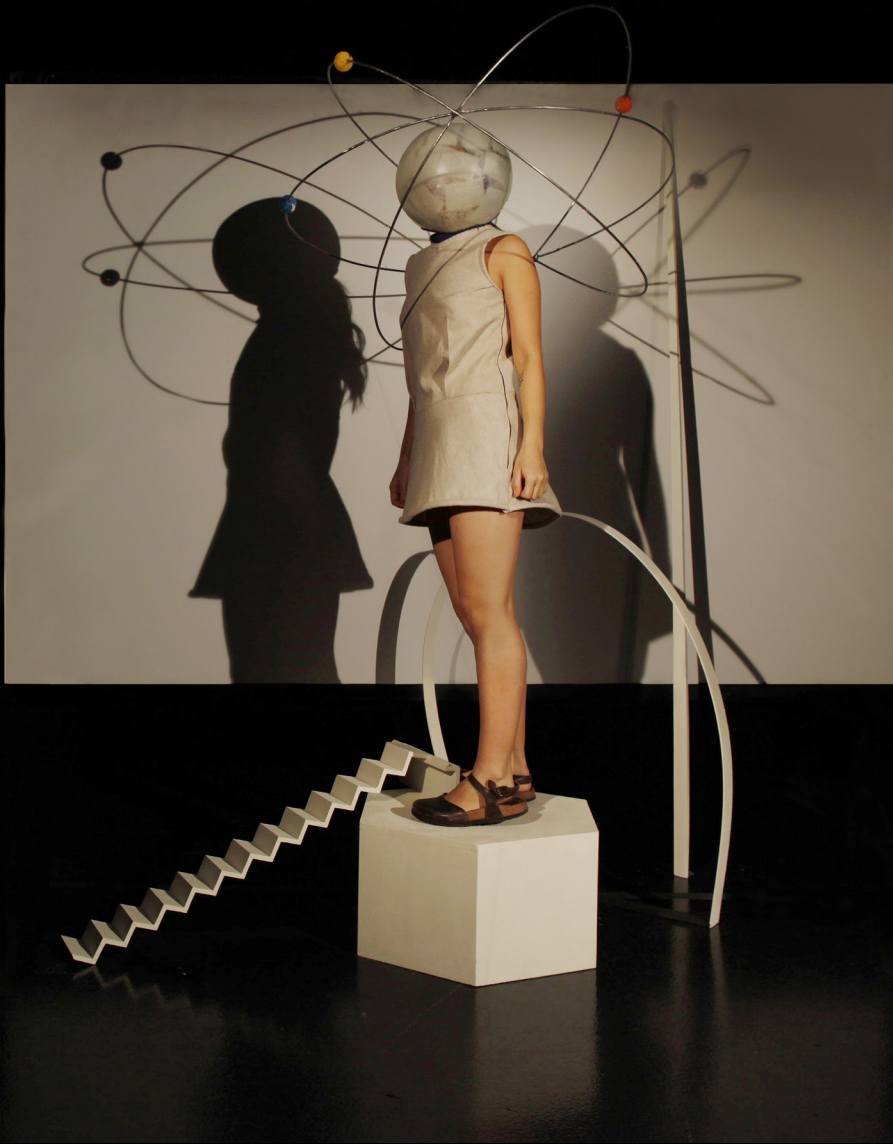
LEA (YE GEYOUNG CHOI) (KR)

Language and its relationship to thought is the foundational concept of *Barabonda*, a series of three short films that I have been making over the last year. (*Elementene*, *Insaeng*, and *Language*.) *Elementene* is a brutal dark homage to propaganda and the language of fear that has dominated the global discourse from the United States of America, to Russia, to North Korea, to South Korea, to China, to Japan. *Insaeng* is an exploration of the role of the words themselves in an individual's ability to think in abstract terms, terms that we share symbols of but may have asymmetric definitions for. *Language* is about the future. What structure will we use to communicate with computers? Will the imperfections of our systems of communication be the undoing of our thinking machines?

Creating my own musical score or soundtrack to accompany my work has been an important evolution in my process. Making art with strong themes such as race, gender and politics can create some difficulty, or even hostility, with some audiences. The emotional charge of the words that we use to express our political views can be very confrontational. In contrast, when I describe my political beliefs through a minimalistic rhythm instead of spoken language, the emotional message can be received without the "buzz-word" baggage. I am hoping that by taking the words and their connotations out of my message, I can help the audience deepen its self-reflection, concentration, and interaction with the fundamental ideas I am trying to convey.

Visually, I treat the moving image as a moving diagram; repeating information to support my use of my minimalist music as language. For example, Japanese scientists trained chimpanzees by showing them fast and repetitive images and vocabulary on a computer screen. If the chimpanzees clicked the right word and image, they got a prize (snacks) from a computer vending machine. The chimpanzees began to understand the relationships between the images and symbols, and pursued their reward. Humans have been doing the same thing in our societies with mass media messaging. I am using this technique throughout *Barabonda* to connect my minimalist electronic language and visual ideas.

My work can be fun and funky and dark and dreamy, but I want the audience to come away from experiencing my artwork with the sense that there was intention, that there was meaning. Intention exemplified in the craftsmanship of the work itself, in how it was produced and presented, and intention in the thought that went into the experience that I provided them with.



Elementene metal, wood and felt, 2019

LIV KARIN HEIE ERTZEID (NO)

EVERYTHING IS DEAD / ABOUT COLORS / A GOOD HOME

For a long time I used to get up early in the morning. I woke up so early that I didn't have time to think "now I'm getting up". It was like an instinct, at the first glimpse of the morning the legs popped out of bed and I followed. Sleep had not let go when I went into the day. Or that's not quite right, because day wasn't there yet. I used to go out into the kitchen, make coffee. When the coffee was ready I poured it into one mug and waited for the newspaper to be delivered. Only when the newspaper was in the mailbox and I had picked it up was the day there.

At the same time I used to go to bed early, I was always afraid of the night and did what I could to avoid experiencing anything about it. In the winter it became more and more difficult, because the darkness came earlier every night and was a constant reminder of the night. I still fear dark air. I'm afraid to breathe it in, scared to get the darkness in my body.

I paint, I'm tired of how everything I paint looks as if I have painted it.

In my bedroom, I knew all the sounds that could be found in the room. How the sound was in the room when it was blowing outside, when it rained or when someone walked in the hallway outside. The sound of mice crawling inside the wall. The wind that grabbed the gutter, and the sharp sound of the rain whipped on the old thin windowpanes. I knew the light, the morning light, the evening light, the darkness and the light at night when it was summer. I knew the scents, of the wallpaper that was warmed by the sun, of the stove that burned dust, of the sea air as it entered the room when the wind was right. I knew the view, I had seen the garden, the trees, the ground, the sea, the horizon a million times. I knew where the most dust accumulated, and I knew how to move in that particular room. How I grabbed the door handle every time, how I went into the room and out of it. I knew what I could think of, how the days were, what I could do in a day. I knew how the seasons were, how the trees became when the leaves fell off, how they remained when the leaves came back and where the largest ponds were formed when it rained a lot. I knew where I could find gold beetles and ladybugs and where I could not go barefoot because there were nettles. All of these things meant that "home" was far more than

just the room and the house. It was also all that enclosed it. The memories lived in all these things and places and when we moved these memories would be gone. I remember how I was desperate to collect some of the time, I filled two empty jam glasses, one with gravel and sand, and one with air. Then I put the lid on and wrote the date on a piece of freezer tape that I attached to the glass.

Grandfather was a unique twin. At grandfather's funeral, his brother came.

Often I start with thin paint, I continue with thicker paint, small brushes and large brushes. The way I hold the brush, mix colors, look at and relate to the painting is known. I do the same every time, I know how to paint a painting. Painting is home.

I want to say something that is true but it is impossible.

We've just had a break in the shed. Those who broke into took nothing.

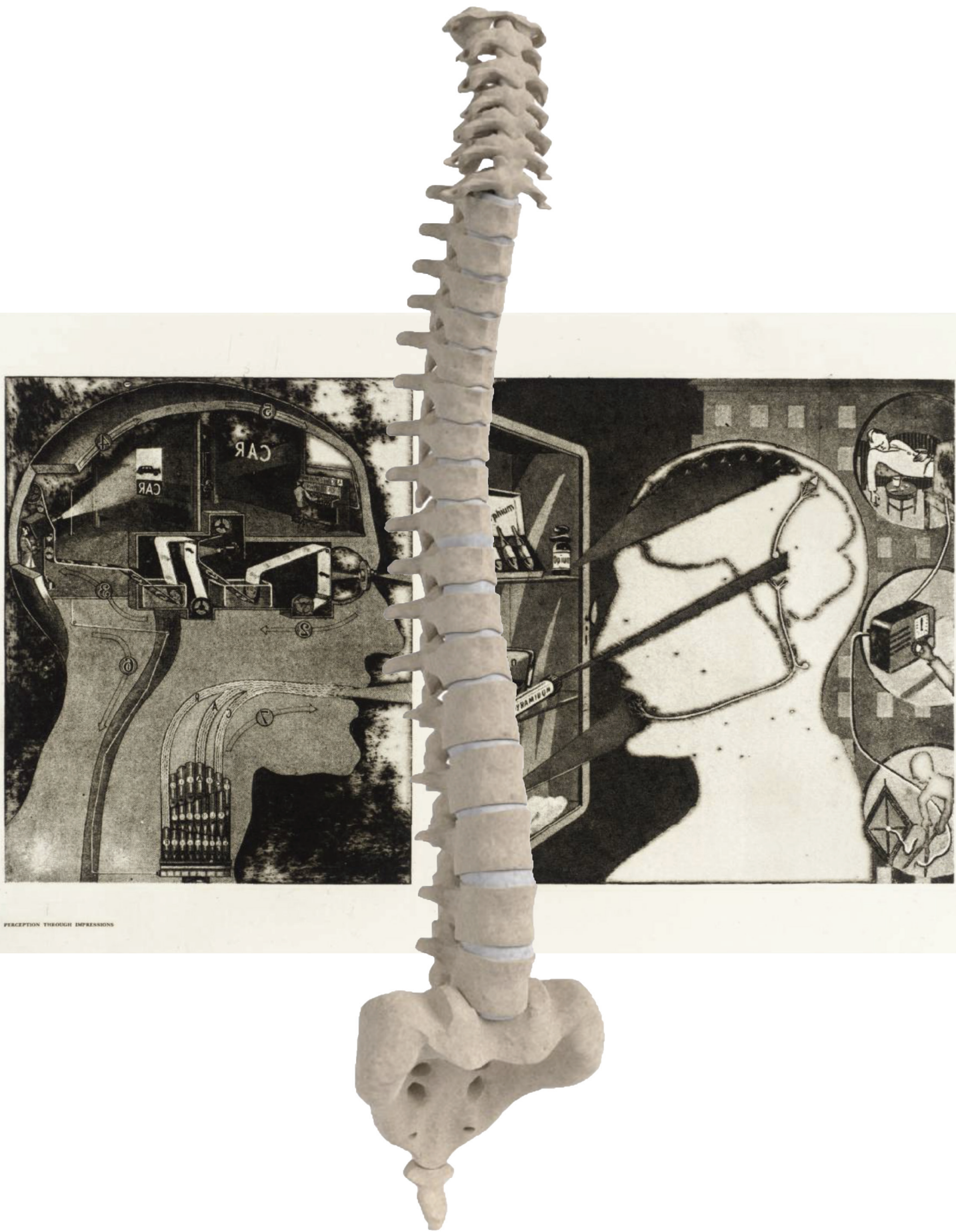
I have many words for a bad painting. Good paintings are more difficult to explain.

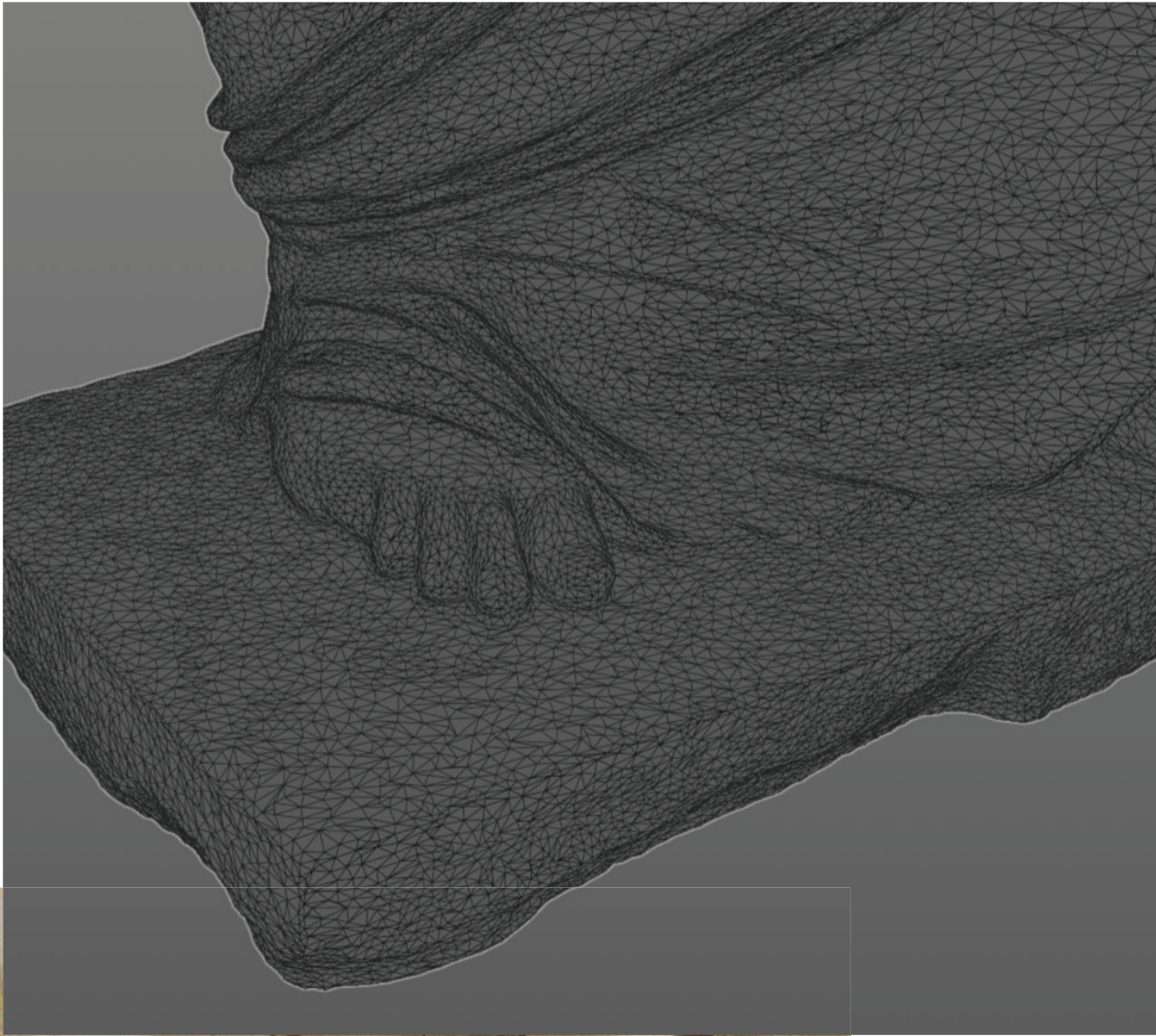
I wish I could say that I liked Samuel Beckett. But for me, his writing becomes simply letters. I can't keep up. I think of completely different things when I read him.

Is there a possibility that the painting is timeless? No, I don't think so. But I am convinced that time goes slower.

The air is lighter, the light is sharper, it smells differently, a little sweeter, there are more sounds and just as hot, but it feels different. It's spring. Completely independent of me, spring just comes. The same goes for the other seasons. It's cruel, I am the seasons. I grow older each spring, every week. It's too big, I can't relate to it. The seasons are overwhelming, I get nauseous when I notice that a season is becoming another. I'm anxious, it's unbearable. All seasons are death.

MAJA BANG HAUGSGJERD (NO)





JOSEPH HELLAND (NO)



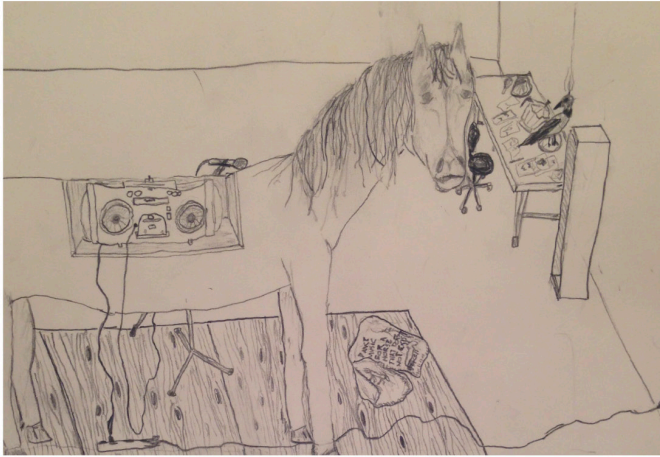
EVA ROSA HOLLUP (NO)





JO MIKKEL SJAASTAD HUSE (NO)

*dance music for a horse
that does not exist*



looking at the dishes i understand that things can make sense. looking at the hares out of the window i understand that language is soft. remembering the story about the penguin who returns every year to the person who saved it i confirm that real individual connections are natural across species. there is an ongoing open-ended conversation that very obviously transcends communication as we often describe it, and it challenges our perceptions on hierarchies of knowledge and understanding and categorisations. thinking about shaping a piece of wax in my hand, maybe to make a small representation of a horse, i know that things can change.



eohippus would run around in the dense rainforest below an active volcano, through bushes, over logs and rocks, feeding off the soft, leafy vegetation. it was about the size of a medium sized dog. could it imagine its own future? growing, expanding, moving, changing, becoming – at some point, 50 million years later – a modern horse.





if a horse runs through a dream it has to do with freedom, force, power, war, hard work and beauty.



cows are said to enjoy relaxing music, classical or slow singer-songwriter tunes increase their production of milk and reduce their stress levels. a common misconception begins here; that what goes for the cow also goes for others. science shows that horses get stomach ulcers from the noise. they do not feel relaxed, their stress levels increase - the horse is nervous, an evolutionary leftover perhaps, an imprecise experience of being alone and hopeless. can it remember its distant past, as a tiny doglike odd-toed ungulate, subject to violence, prone to escape.



Henry Ford Invented a Hemp Car that ran on Hemp Fuel 76 Years Ago

October 11, 2018

👁 1183



What was the Inspiration Behind the Hemp Car?

Originally, Henry Ford envisioned the cannabis car in response to the problems of the 1940's, the main one being World War II. The war effort led to a global shortage of steel, which was eventually rationed in America. Warships, tanks, and other machinery of war required all the available steel resources.

During this time, steel was consistently diverted from the automobile industry to order to support the war. Henry Ford sought a way to circumvent this material problem by developing a car entirely out of agricultural products. Ford, an avid farmer himself, saw great potential in experimenting with different plants. He developed a few modern materials through this exploration.

Ford also believe that a plastic car was much safer than a metal car, due to the substantially reduced weight. His thoughts on the safety of hemp products came years before we fully understood the dangers associated with the fossil fuel industry.

Ford saw agricultural as far more than a food source. He believed that America could rely on products like soy, corn and hemp to fill a vast variety of needs. Ford foresaw the ethanol industry of today. He predicted the rise of plant-based fuels, more than half a century ago.

What Happened to the Henry Fords Hemp Car?

One of the primary reasons why there is not more information about the hemp car today is because the original recipe no longer exists. Also, the first hemp car, driving around in the original video clip was also destroyed. It wasn't until recently that people have become enamored with the idea again.

One theory why the hemp car never took off, is due to the steel and oil lobby. Once the war ended, the steel shortage also ended. Because both the oil and steel industry were no longer required for the war, they fought to remain relevant.

Through extensive lobbying, they pushed for the auto industry to keep using their products on the production line. Its also suspected they had a hand in limiting hemp production and the eventual prohibition. The hemp industry didn't stand a chance.

- <http://cbdhealthcures.com/2018/10/11/henry-ford-invented-a-hemp-car-that-ran-on-hemp-fuel-76-years-ago/>

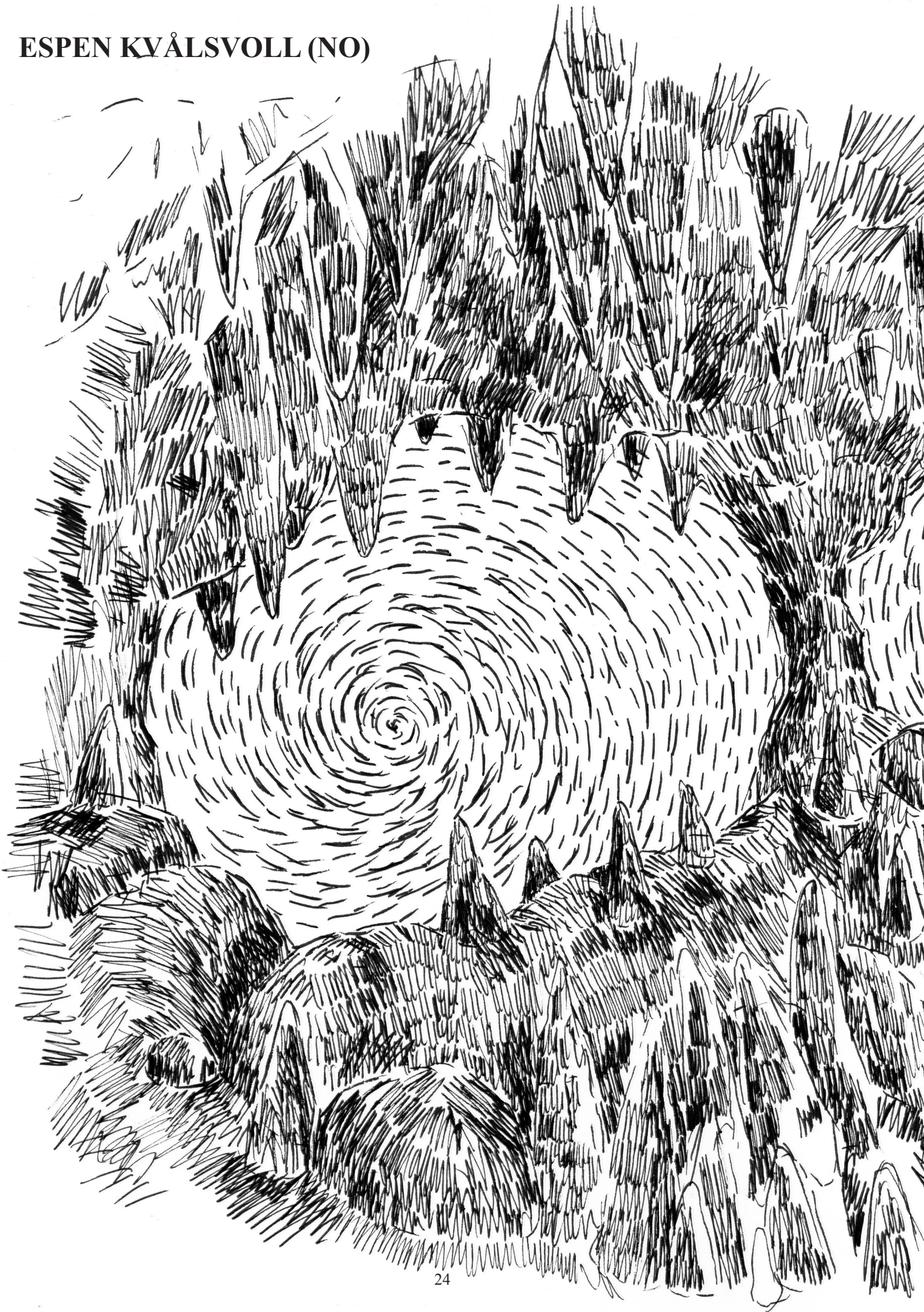
MELANIE KITTI (SE)

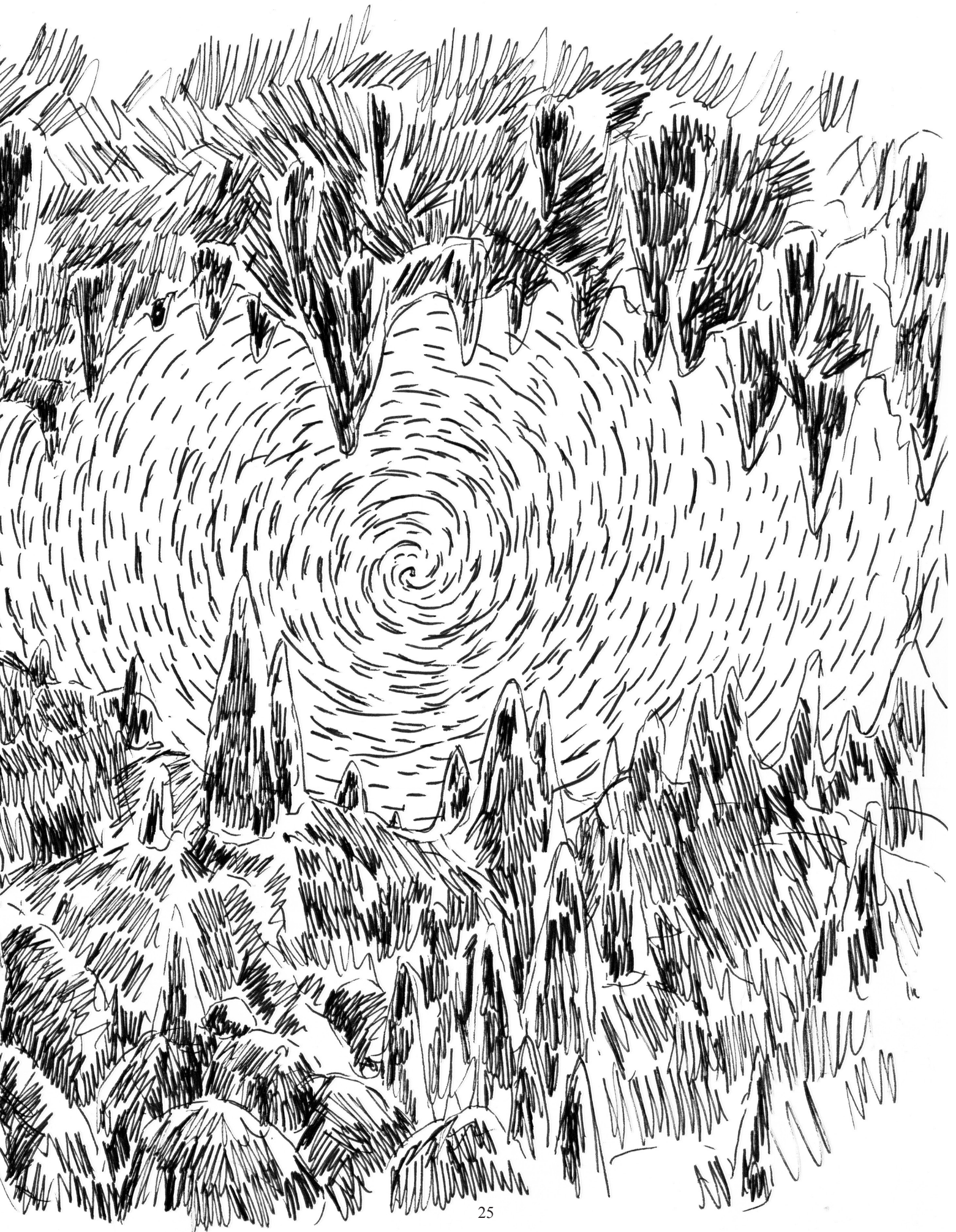


Man kan bada i en balja med grums för att man inte kan låta bli.

Mina tänder är fossiler.

ESPEN KVÅLSVOLL (NO)





d u s

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v

KIM LAYBOURN (DK)

Man kan ikke gå ud i naturen, man må gå ind i den. Da jeg tidligt på foråret gik ind i naturen for at filme, var det et sovende moseland, sammenfaldet og magert. Tonen var mudderbrun og muddersort, askegrå og råddengrå. Med døde nøgne grene der lænede sig op ad hinanden og flydende jord med sumpede vandhuller stikkende op hist og her. Kun lejlighedsvist afbrudt af Tordenskræppens tidlige blomstring, som sprang i øjnene med en stærkt rosa og lilla kulør.

På grund af den varme sommer, havde jeg, da jeg besøgte stedet igen, regnet med en udtørrede og øde tørkemose. Men det er det modsatte, som rejser sig foran mig, som en uigennemtrængelig grøn og levende form.

Det hele er fyldt helt ud, til det hele er uden dele, umuligt at dele, da jeg forsøger, at trænge igennem og finde min vej. Var det ikke her den lille sti begyndte? Jeg husker en lille plankebro over det okkerfyldte røde vandløb. Jeg husker at stien drejede til højre efter at have ledt nogle få skridt ind i mosen. Jeg husker mosen, men den er ikke længere den samme mose. Den er forvandlet. Man må navigere efter årstidene. Jeg søger en form, der jager det formløse. Det er fire forskellige steder på ét sted.

Man må gå ind i naturen. Jeg slår mig igennem, med en død gren jeg har fundet til formålet. I naturen kan man gå i opløsning, hvis man lader den opløse en. Lægger man sig på jorden, bliver man en del af den. Jeg kunne først ikke få mig selv til at kæmpe imod, og sparke nedefter, men når nældeerne er høje som træer og slutter sig bag sig, når man omslynges af natur, så må man kæmpe sig igennem.

Jeg må undvige nysgerrige bier, myrer, hvepse og sværme af myg og fluer. Mine ben rives af døde grene og brændende blade, som tårner sig over mit hoved, og jeg må undvige for ikke at få dem over mig, når jeg slår dem ned med min gren. Alt sitrer og stikker og peger og stritter. Jorden er levende, den summer. Jeg trænger mig igennem hundredevis af privatsfærer for hvert trin jeg tager. Det er kun naturligt at jeg sætter gang i reaktioner. De forekommer mig voldsomme, og jeg er hele tiden ved at vælte. Men det er mig der er den voldsomme her, som vælter frem og trænger mig på.

Sydende bundfald fra solen, fugtigt grønt lys. Vinden opslugt. Indelukket. Luften herinde er varmere end min krop og tung og blød som smør. Min hud er honning og insekterne drikker mig. Drukne døden. Jeg slår mig frem, med svømmende fagter, mod lukkede lysninger i den levende væg. Jeg er ren krop uden tanke. Den er ved at gå i blodet på mig. Stofskifte, mit immunsystem genkender det.

Jeg sætter mig på et væltet træ og tørrer sveden af min krop med min skjorte. Jeg kigger på et andet træ og beskriver det. Det står stadig oprejst og levende. Det spejler sig i det stillestående vand. Der er noget fordækt over vandets overflade, Jeg føler mig observeret fra det

grumseede grønsorte vand.

Det grumseede grønsorte vand iagttager mig og beskriver mig. Jeg er siddende. Jeg sveder. Jeg er grøn. Bliv til menneske. Hvad består jeg af, hvad er mine komponenter, mine bestanddele. Hvad gemmer sig i min koglekirtel, bevidsthed? Hvad gemmer sig i min bevidsthed, i min koglekirtel, Sjælens sæde? I hårrødderne, mose? Spøgelser? I muskelspasmerne, bølgelængder? Turbulente safter?

Udover de fire plastfyldninger i mine tænder, så har jeg op mod 270 tusind stykker plastik i min krop. Det er i planter og dyr. Det rejser igennem vandet og jorden og blodet i mig. Jeg har fremmede syntetiske stoffer overalt i min krop, hormonhæmmende phthalater og bisphenol-A. De former kræftceller og diktere hvordan jeg udvikler mig, hvordan jeg ældes og hvordan jeg opfører mig.

Jeg ser på træet og det ser på mig og beskriver mig. Det har hverken sprog eller tale, men den skaber tunger og hjerter, igennem hvilke det føler og taler. Jeg består af to kilo bakterier. To kilo livsformer, som lever med hinanden og med mig. Halvanden procent af mig er ikke mig.

Jeg er skabt af og i naturen, jeg og naturen er ikke særskilt. Hvis der ingen frihed findes i naturen, hvis alting er som det er og intet kunne være anderledes, da har jeg heller ingen frihed, igen større betydning eller mening. Naturens love er også mine love, men naturlovene er ikke absolutte. De er plastiske. De er også en del af naturen og under konstant udvikling. Ikke et øjeblik står de stille.

Jeg ser på træet og ved ikke hvilket træ det er, det er af samme art, som mange af de andre herinde. De er skæve, halvsunkne, og halv døde, dog emmer de af liv. De har dybe fuger og transparentgrøn kroner. De ser på mig og ser at jeg opfører mig unaturligt. Det grønne lys giver min hud og mine øjne et grønt skær og de sitre og siver og stikker og summer.

Det grumseede grønsorte vandhul. Skal jeg virkelig ned i det vand? Teksturen på vandskærpen, får den til at ligne den solide jordbund. Det eneste som afsløre den, er dens jævnheden. Og ganske rigtige, min fod går lige direkte igennem og vandhullet sluger mig hel. Hvad tænkte jeg dog på? Jeg tænkte slet ikke.

En effektiv kamuflage. Jeg er usynlig. Usynlig som omgivelserne. Min skikkelse forsvandt ned i vandhullet. Jeg er usynlig for ingen øjne ser. Ingen lægger mærke til noget. Træet ser mig ikke. Jeg føler den lige nu og her, hvor jeg sidder stille midt i den, overfaldes jeg fra alle sider. Den famler igennem mig, som var jeg mere et mørke end en krop. Den ser mig ikke, den tager kun hvad den vil.

Min privatsfære bliver overskredet for hvert skridt jeg tager, for hvert åndedræt jeg trækker, trænger hundredevis af liv igennem mig og de tage kun hvad de vil og ser mig ikke. Det er kun naturligt at det sætter gang i reaktioner.



ELISE MACMILLAN (US/CA)

Swimming With You

E. Macmillan, 2018

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass
Organ

S.
A.
T.
B.
Org.

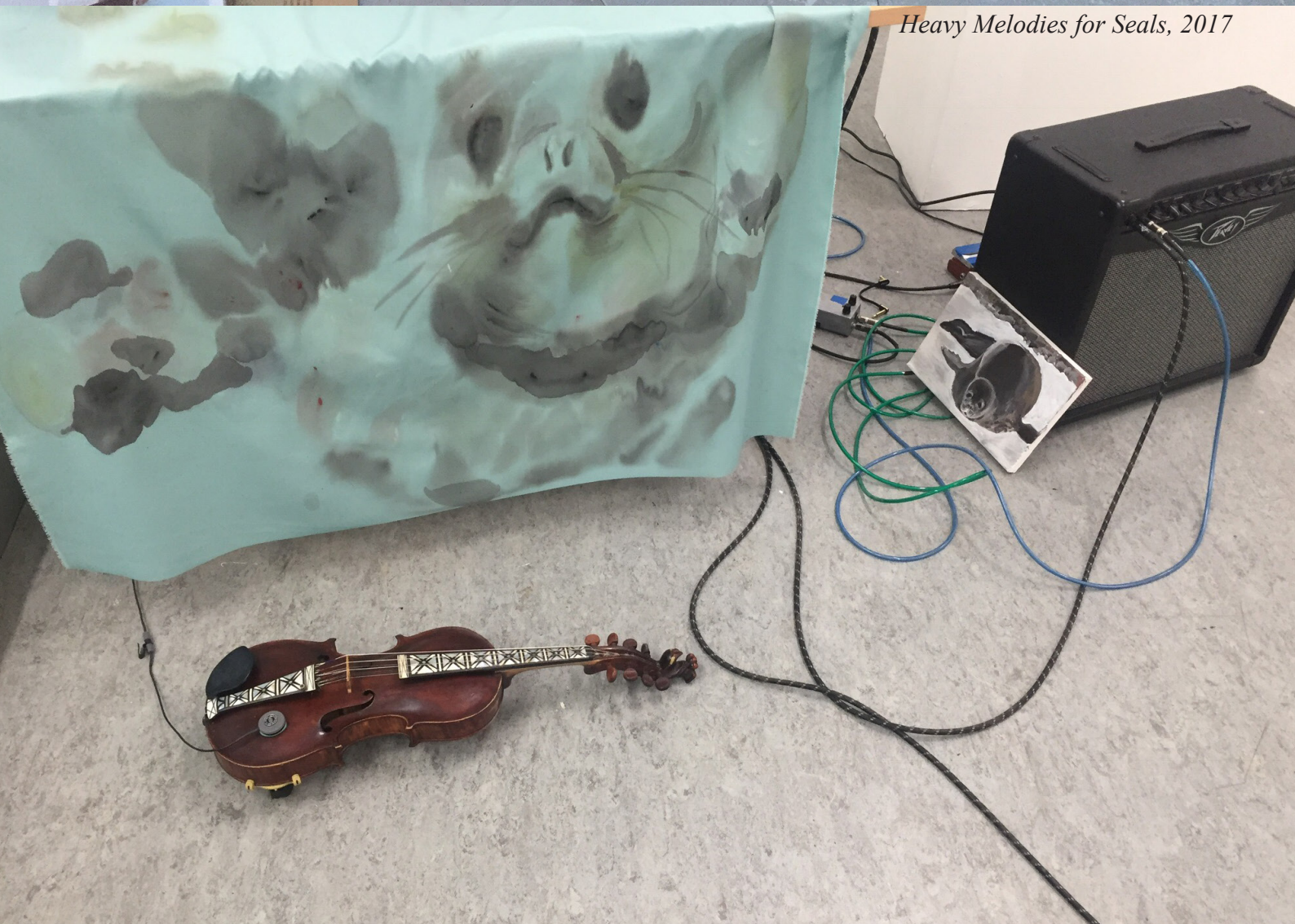
Swim - ming with you it's all I want to do all I feel
Swim - ming with you it's all I want to do all I feel
All I want - to be with you to sing with you
Swim - ming with you it's all I want to do
Swim - ming with you it's all I feel
to swim with you
Swim - ming with you it's all I want to do
Swim - ming with you it's all I feel
Lis - Kom ten hit oh the du
to swim with you
Swim - ming with you it's all I want to do
all I feel

2018

*Swimming With You, 2018
For 12 voice choir, vocaloid and organ*



Beeswax candles, 2019

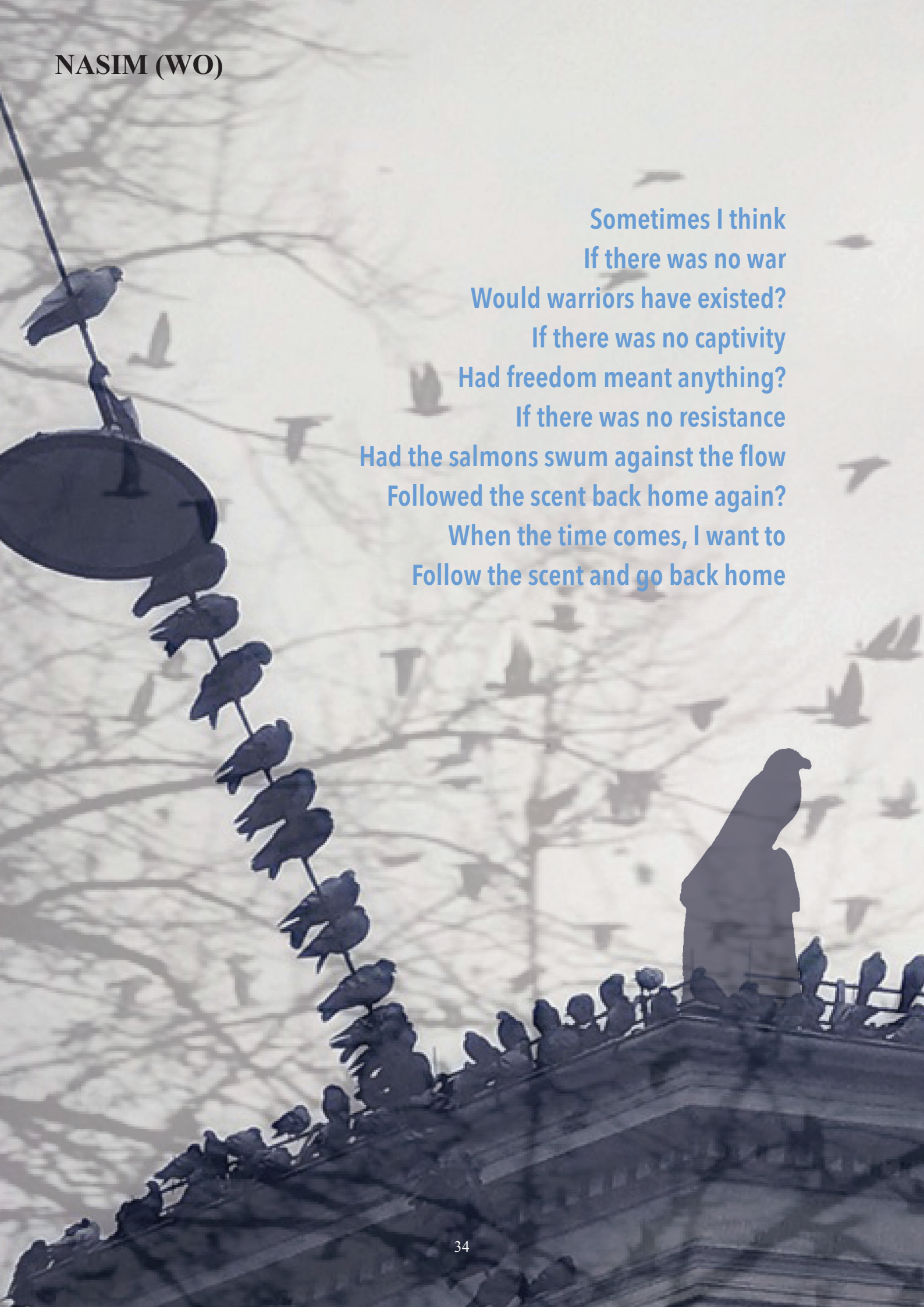


Heavy Melodies for Seals, 2017

MAGNUS MYRTVEIT (NO)







Sometimes I think
If there was no war
Would warriors have existed?
If there was no captivity
Had freedom meant anything?
If there was no resistance
Had the salmons swum against the flow
Followed the scent back home again?
When the time comes, I want to
Follow the scent and go back home

That day, I will be as light as ashes



HEDDA GREVLE OTTESEN (NO)







Me:
In school we learn how to think critically.

Mom:
I thought you were supposed to think positively.



NATHALIE FUICA SANCHEZ (NO)

Forberedelser til å kunne yte motstand når det trengs (nr.1)
Making supporting structures

Cotton canvas and styrofoam, 200 cm, 2018





FATOU MADELEINE ÅSBAKK (FI)

Work application for any public library in Oslo and omegn. This time, I'm writing to you in english. I was promised a hug if I did. I actually don't want a hug, I'm just trying to be polite to the public, which brings me to New York public library, (always have to have help to translate that word: which. It's a hard nut that one) But NY public L, never been there physically, but it's the best and brightest Wiseman film I've seen. Sitting in the front row, taking all the big heads, via my vision, into my own mentality. Laughed and cried and coughed together. Me and them. I think it was my first faith in humanity. Thanks to the library.

We go way back, the library and me. When I was eight I lived in Løkka, this was a time when the area was more brown and worn. On my way from home to Lakkegata I had to pass the library, and also on my way back home again. I already had a brother at that time, but he was still a baby. So I hanged out in the library after school, all the time, and borrowed books, some of them I delivered too late. After a year we moved. For some years ago I went to Løkka library because I was walking close by. When I came in, the librarian guy said: I remember you, you where around a lot, 20 years ago. Thats just too touching when I think about it. Thats the library.





My first music cassette as a child was Bad by M. Jackson. Up until lately I thought Liberian girl (one of the best ballads on that tape) was librarian girl. «You know that you came and you changed my world, just like in the movies. I love you librarian giiirl...» Here the other day my son said he couldn't wait till he was ten, because then he could go to Biblo. At that point I felt my parenting was passé, what more can possibly do for him? So now I'm ready to upscale my care-taking, do something for the rest of us, become a librarian and front the future in the most important institution we have. Would prefer Bøler bibliotek, because of the big B, but anyone would do.

I love you.

Hoping for a fast and positive answer.

Norwegian word list:

Omegn- region around

Løkka- area in Oslo

Lakkegata- school in the area

Biblo- cool youth library in Tøyen, a area in Oslo

Bøler bibliotek- a library in Bøler, a area in Oslo

BIOGRAPHIES, MASTER CLASS OF 2019

ASMAA BARAKAT,
b.1990 (EG)

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Asmaa Barakat (1990, Alexandria, Egypt) is a visual artist and performer, who works with notions of architectural, cultural and psychological entropy, theories of the 'other', the limitations and contingency of linguistic language and the infra-ordinary of the everyday events. She graduated from the Faculty of Fine Arts, Alexandria University in 2012 and participated in Mass Alexandria study program and studio space in 2016. She obtained M.F.A from Oslo National Academy of Arts in 2019 and was one of the artists selected for the Dak'Art Biennale 2018 in Dakar.

LEA (YE GYOUNG CHOI),
b.1989 (KR)

leajosephinetrick@gmail.com
www.lea-logic.com

LEA is an artist originally from South Korea. She studied at The Glasgow School of Art for her BFA Honors degree and MFA at Oslo National Academy of Art. Her film work is based on her experimental performance art practice. This practice combines political, sociological and philosophical approaches to visual communication. LEA creates work across a broad range of media and disciplines. Combining scenography, writing, computer programming, film making, music, performance, graphic design, and printmaking, her diverse abilities allow her to create comprehensive installations, environments, and film that all share her aesthetic touch and revolve around her chosen themes.

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When I am at the studio I work alternately with drawing, sculpture, text and painting. In this way, the process becomes more dynamic. For example, something is most natural to do on paper, so it first occurs on paper. But once I've done that, I can take what I have found to painting or sculpture. Likewise, something can first appear in a text, and after I found it, I can use it again in sculpture or painting. Sometimes it is necessary to say the same thing several times.

MAJA BANG HAUGSGJERD,
b.1984 (NO)

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Haugsgjerd is an Oslo based artist working in the sphere between installation, sculpture and ceramic painting. She has a background from the ceramic department at the Academy of the arts in Oslo. Haugsgjerd creates from an interest in psychological structures in relation to social currents, but has a bodily method of working which is evident in the esthetic language of her sculptures. In her work a string between historical events is often linked to the current time.

JOSEPH GEIR HELLAND,
b.1987 (NO)

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Now, to make the text revolve around myself, my history, and whatever deemed relevant and of importance to who I am, I would firstly state my origin in country and language, and proceed to mention my years in Pentecostal

faith, which was kept throughout my teenage years. Then, if granted, I could write a quick round-up of those formative student years, including my first two years at the University of Oslo, the three years in Bergen (with the exchange in Vienna) and then these two last years in Oslo. This shouldn't take many words to tell.

EVA ROSA HOLLUP,
b.1991 (NO)

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Processes in the surroundings work so hard, and I'm here as a visitor, observing it. There are so many things outside that is unknown, silent and sometimes, far too loud. The wind is howling, hollering. Too quiet and far too loud, until the need to get acquainted, emerges.

JO MIKKEL SJAASTAD HUSE,
b.1991 (NO)

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Jo Mikkel works with text, installation, drawing, sculpture, music and collaborations. Beginning in the simple or hopeless, the daily and the normal, trying to, ever so slightly, push the motifs out of their ingrained positions – to look at them from different angles, to reevaluate their relevance or objectivity. With hope that these small movements might challenge preconceptions and perceptions or present new alternatives. Asking «One is real, one is fake, which is which?» in front of two copies, two originals, two different or similar objects.

ESPEN IDEN,
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@indiana_iden

Interdisciplinary artist, curator, teacher and DJ from Bergen. Research-based inventor with BFA and Art Education from Bergen Academy from the Arts. For the graduation exhibition, Iden presents works about hemp, its potential as a material, and the legal problems surrounding growing the plant in Norway.

LOUISE JACOBS,
b.1987 (NO)
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www.sentimentalica.tumblr.com

Papa said please and I said sorry I haven't called you before and he go have you seen the last Haneke film and I say no but have you seen the seventh continent and I wonder if you also flush your money but then you ain't got some so its ok that remark was not meant for you and to tell you the truth it doesn't matter but here it goes love is a real thing and i believe it will bring the core emotion back to its right like that song by Beirut from 2005 which I don't think you like but generational speaking that was temporally my the Beatles ok just kidding it was the Strokes.

MELANIE KITTI,
b.1986 (SE)
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www.melaniekitti.net

Melanie Kitti lives and works between Oslo and Copenhagen. Through layers of sand, pigments

and clay, her paintings and sculptures are built up in a near geological manner. This tactile practice however is informed by her writing; a process in which personal experiences and memories are dug up and exerted as poetry. In navigating between these domains her work forms a cycle. A cycle through which sentiments are sifted and deposited as imagery in her visual practice.

ESPEN KVÅLSVOLL,
b.1992 (NO)
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Kvålsvoll gathers different pictures, objects, architectural elements and ornamentation. In recent years, his studio practice has isolated these objects and elements from their context and environment. His painting and sculpture practice brings them together as compositions, removing their function and reducing them to a means of exploration, imagery, form and movement.

MORTEN LANGELAND,
b.1986 (NO)
nilsmrl@gmail.com

Works with poetry and artistry.

KIM LAYBOURN, b.1988 (DK)
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www.kimlaybourn.dk

Laybourn's practice spans across multiple disciplines and mediums, including sculpture, photography, film, sound, animation, text and installation. His approach is mainly conceptual and research-based. In his graduation work, the film *The Conscious Landscape*, is depicted a constructed and deliberate

landscape. A landscape made in plastic. In the film, no human actors are involved, but still presence in every frame, present in the material. The artificial plants that has been used in the production of the video has been melted and arranged as a piece of landscape, as a final frame of the film, that is not included in the film.

ELISE MACMILLAN,
b.1988 (US/CA)
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www.crumple.org

Elise Macmillan studied Hardingfele in Rauland and computer music at Stanford University. She released *Night Blooming Planet* as EMACS on FELIX ONYX (LA) and lives in Oslo.

MAGNUS MYRTVEIT,
b.1989 (NO)
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Myrtveit's practice involves contemplation around temporality, technology, the everyday and materiality through a fragmented sampling of things he encounter - often in the shape of icons, logographical elements, and so forth. He works with simple materials like markers, gouache, oil and home-made pigments or reused printer-ink. He works in layers, scrubbing away and adding until the painting is constructed through reduction. Myrtveit builds his own canvas stretchers and see this as an integral part of the process - there is a honest, near-meditative simplicity in labor for the sake of labor.

NASIM,
b. 1362.02.18 (WO),

nasim.i.mashak@gmail.com

Number 6620 I was born in the land of eternal flame that still burns in a room insignificantly, as if it has forgotten how outstanding it is to burn eternally or how tall it can rise. Number 3320 I live in a land where I am cold and free. Among 195 lands is the land of happiest people in the world. I flew here in the belly of a giant metal bird that swallowed my identity on the way.

Poet & DJ, I visualize my poetry through video, sound, installation and reading.

HEDDA GREVLE OTTESEN,
b.1989 (NO)

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Hedda Grevle Ottesen grew up close to the sculptures in Frognerparken. On Saturdays before they went strolling for clothes, stickers and body lotion, Hedda and her mom would get hamburgers, ahead, undergoing the flavoring appearances of the stores in Bogstadveien. In the evening she went to her bed upstairs listening to the eerie sounds of x-files, down from under the couch, while licking off the chemical taste on her plastic figurines.

INA PORSELIUS,
b.1989 (SE)

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Porselius is an artist based in Oslo, Norway and Gothenburg, Sweden. She holds a bachelor of fine arts from Bergen Academy of Art and Design and a master's degree in film from Valand Academy. She works with

video, text and installation around subjects as identity, memories, feelings, family and social class. Her work is autobiographical where she tries to explore her own position and point of view, with one foot in the academic world where she is today, yet with one foot left in her working class background.

NATHALIE FUICA
SANCHEZ, b.1985 (NO)

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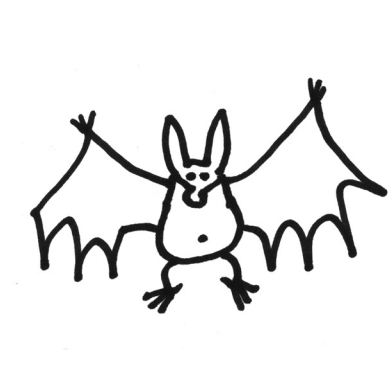
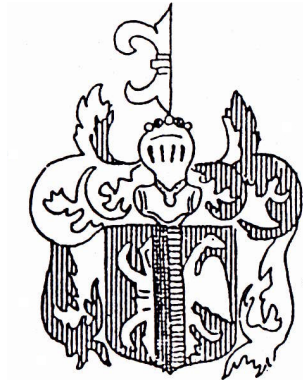
During her last two years Sanchez has focused on studies in textile sculptures, while at the same time continuing her practice within a variety of mediums; Performance, collage, video, painting and photography. Eclectic sources of inspiration as well as a process based and spontaneous development of form and content contributes to her broad spectrum. Her works at the MA-show explores function, destinations, care, love, reparation and resistance.

FATOU MADELEINE
ÅSBAKK, b.1984 (FI)

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Åsbakk has worked with text and photography since the nineties. Her work revolves around identity and categories, and with it, a problematization of constraints, cubicles, and a fascination with variations of perception of reality. Currently, and for the future, she tries to find a new way of expressing herself, through film, and findings in fiction.





INFO

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