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Now is here and leaning

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## Now is here and leaning

In my studio I have painted a dot on the wall. It is right in front of me if I look up from my desk. When seen, this dot works as a reminder. When it catches my eye I fix my gaze on it and sense my breathing when doing so. For a few minutes max. I don't wish to be too disciplined about it. Having rested in the dot for some time I go back to my practice. A few hours later I go for a slow walk, a walk I intend to take every day. Coming back from the walk I take the big elevator back up to my studio space. If I'm alone in the elevator I move intensely. I stretch limbs and bend joints, surprise the self with as big gestures as I can. I've noticed that this is both charging the body energetically and works as a similar wakeup call check point as the dot in my studio, and the daily walks. They shake the dream of being awake. The dot on the wall and the walks and the elevator movement, they are like post-it notes for reminding me to do these particular things as a basis for finding out why any particular things happen

These are two key moments in my time as a bachelor art student

1: At KHiO late 2017, in a discussion in my group critique group I was rambling on about speech, and that we cannot know that anything that is being said actually means anything. A peer student in the group challenged me and pointed out that I had made a mistake and contradicted myself. He said that just I moment ago I had said basically the opposite, and he was perfectly right. At first moment I felt a bit ashamed, having been carried away by my own ideas, and not keeping track of what I said, but shortly, after some silence I realized that this contradiction, saying opposite things about matters, this is ok. Fundamentally and perfectly alright and ok

2: The other time was during my exchange semester in Den Haag, late 2018, in a discussion about a presentation I had made to a group of students and teachers. Some time into the conversation I said that "I think in some way, I want to create confusion, or a confusing environment". And up til that point this was the way I was thinking, that some ultimate was to confuse people in a profound way. Then one teacher said "I think you are completely mistaken, and that you in fact don't want to confuse at all, I think you're trying to communicate". This turned out to be quite an important shift in the way I was approaching my work, the difference in seeing the dumb, empty, off, abstract compositional installations as rather an attempt to communicate than to disrupt or confuse brought a warmer energy to the work, and not long after it got clear to me that not only is it about communication or connection but more specifically that getting-type receiving one gets from hearing a beat that instantly makes the head start to nod, dig

And this is why I think the silly-ness has a more communicative asset than logic, clarity as it better highlight the fact that there isn't anything to communicate. The particular unclarity, vagueness, error of this text is its shape. How suspected errors occur, this is what it is



*maintenance and output in artistic practice. And also in **this** sentence I am saying what my work is about*

Now is here and landing

The dot in my studio. Seeing it I imagine that it is looking back at me and knows what I can only believe, that there is no one sitting on the chair that I know that I am sitting on. I lower my gaze from the dot and think about my recent trip to Poland with my friend. We talked about inspiration and I asked, - "is a change of scenery important or is nothing important, which one is it, and we both agreed for a yes to both

The dot on the wall and the walks and the elevator movement, they are like post-it notes for reminding me to do these particular things as a basis for finding out why any particular things happen. How do things happen seemingly PAR-Tic-ularly? Hello

Walking around in KHiO and Oslo, for instance on the sidewalk or in the hallway to the canteen from my studio, sometimes I have the realization that I can stop, freeze on the spot and stay still. If no one is around I do this and go to the feeling of heightened sensitivity to what is there. Most prominent at first is the stress from the risk of being seen. Then my body, breathing.

This is now (I realize) performing used as sculpting of shapes. Even though I don't move I see it as sculpting, in the way that time sculpt the environment where I after some time is still standing. The conceptual idea of what is happening has a form-feel to it. I was walking and am now standing still in the hallway. It can be imagined (as with reading this). The actual form of what is happening also has a form-feel to it. A still body in a place for movement. Sculpting or eroding, grinding the iuewfiuweifuhwe of that space

Being in this freeze position I imagine a possible extension to this form, so what thoughts come up? I think of a pile of cardboard drawings in my studio. If I like the thought that arises I will attach it to the current shape (standing still in the hallway).

The shape combined is now a pile of cardboard drawings and a thin (suggested, imagined) geographical line from that pile of cardboards to where I stand still at this moment. The still event is the form, somewhere in between the conceptual idea of the act and the actual form of my non-moving body. This somewhere in between (and hard to shake illusion that thoughts are separate from objects) makes me think I'm not yet prepared to be presenting this type of piece. I can only sense the full image, and wouldn't know how to present it. But I would talk about it. I am telling you now. I stand still and imagine it to be a form in larger forms. If a singular gesture can be seen as a note played on a piano: standing still in the hallway feels to be to vibrate in one frequency. One note, then standing still in the hallway combined with a pile of cardboard drawings in my studio vibrates in different frequencies at once, forming a chord. If this then is one chord, there are other chords to play (suggest) which will become melody and rhythm (dowwwwn the line)

This is about acknowledging forms, I think of AAAA in combination with BBBB. From here on and forward there is so much endless complexity. Where things are, what things are, if

things are. Their neighboring time and space. I realize that this complexity attracts me, not only are there endless possible combinations, why I trust the approach is because I sense that the rhythm it "produces" is fundamentally inevitable. This is rhythm. That's the business I feel involved in, rhythm and canceling inclination

Rhythm

Canceling inclination

C A N C E L I N G

The environment in which things are placed, framed as objects that rhythms (used as verb). To Rhythm. I feel an attraction to work in many rooms and over long time. The frame that marks the space for a composition is only conceptual. Where is the art? To place objects in a vast space (city) so that rhythm louds (verb for being recognized)

Boy was it hot outside today. I went out to buy a California Pizza Kitchen Signature Pepperoni Frozen Flatbread and by the time I got home it was perfectly cooked and entirely eaten. 100% true

Techno

Above is

Above is says " Boy was it hot outside today. I went out to buy a California Pizza Kitchen Signature Pepperoni Frozen Flatbread and by the time I got home it was perfectly cooked and entirely eaten. 100% true. Techno. Above is" but separated

I can feel all sorts of inclinations to write

Above it says "I can feel all sorts of inclinations to write"

One project I'm working with: Proposing for amusement park ride manufacturers a poetic approach in movement, throwing the body here and there, with precision and to research this precision

The work is the email conversations, to see their response to the possibility of fine tuned experience in radical throwing of the body. Overwhelming and precise, poetic, it is in film, music, but not in hitting the body, compressing it with G-forces, to and fro, with ever-moving expectation

Anythinging-timing<sup>1</sup>

On a paper I wrote down two modes of approaching these anythinging-timings:

example (chair)

1: The ok-ness to be what they seem, the concept that contracts a real experience and clouds it with stories, thoughts that grip your attention and drag you along. That this is alright is the approach, for it will certainly happen. It's all good that a chair is experienced as the concept chair. That the chair ends and the ass of the chair-sitter begins

2: Their being what they can also be, and that they don't have to be. Cutting time in smaller and smaller parts and molecules to atoms, atoms to nothing. You can see the emptiness of things. It's all good both if there's no chair and that there is no chair

**A deafening balance, a possibility to be less blind, the disruption of mind logic is the first movement, timing, the pace of the slow enough blade swing**

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<sup>1</sup> With this mesh of words, I want to point to the concept of "anything", meaning any thing. And more specifically to the notion that any thing will be in intimate relation with other anythings, seemingly separated by time and/or space. Isolated in a white cube it is easy to sense the composition of different things. A big solid blue cube in one corner and a stack of A4 printer papers in another corner. This The functioning of rational mind, in which thoughts "make sense" seems to not see the complexity, and lies in constant distraction as some sort of survival strategy. The infinite complexity and depth of the world would put logic and rationality to sleep. There is rather absolute only poetry and mystery

Large things, loud things. On the threshold of the mass of to whatever extent the point of reference is identifying. and quite many yet still not enough for my mind to accept their overwhelmingness, not enough for it to demand a spatial more bodily than my own (I'm here, and this is what I feel) reading. This was more "They are here"

And thinking about this threshold that might work as some distinguisher. Work that say "I'm here" and work that say "You're here". I'm interested in the field were both are present as possibility and the movement between. I'm in a room with objects. Are the objects here or am I here? When this problem is breathed through I find some eroding of logic and some arising of poetry. When any experienced is breathed through

This would be sensing that as well as narrative, system maintenance, pointers, working for logic, entertaining the constant build and rebuild (of defeated) rationality and order. (there is no order)

The boss of systems, communication and social interaction, very contracting, distracting  
It is all about showing logic what it is made of. For whom?

And in the universe there is no real logic or rationality. That anything exists can't be logical. But it's also difficult to say that nothing whatsoever is more logical, as logical thinking needs something more than absolute nothingness. So let's say that these things: logic, rationality, meaning and also the sensation of free will arise in the mind but aren't any real things. And as well as carrying what we will have them carry they are also empty. Language, as well as bearing meaning, is empty

The ultimate tilt-assessing of anything, to cancel stuff piece by piece, this is not it, this is not it either, til nothing is left