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Short thesis: (Part 2)

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Short thesis

(Part 2)

I have a big problem with (art) performance. I think it's a problematic issue to have a double sort of piece, the reality and the representation of reality. Even though I have been dealing with performance for some years now, I have almost never understood anything. Almost.

The closed historical relationship with video-art intrigues me. Why documenting a performance by using video as a medium? Of course I understand perfectly that without video or photography, performance would never exist in the art history. But, is it any reason to perpetuate this tradition?

I won't represent reality, and that's all you need to know about my work.

[doubt]

To follow my thoughts while I am writing is a difficult exercise. What, why, what for, when.

All this is very vague when written, but in my head everything is very intelligible.

I have eradicate some elements of my practice, but not of my interrogations. For instance, when I say "I hate paintings", I almost want to start painting. Like if my flout, unconsciously influenced by a certain conception of art as a non- aesthetic activity, and a misplaced arrogance, and an unconcealed stupidity, made this practice interesting to me.

Painting is an exaggerated example, I would even say fictive, as I have never been painting. But let's not talk about art, and see if I functioned in the same way in other fields.

"For I found myself embarrassed with so many doubts and errors that it seemed to me that the effort to instruct myself had no effect other than the increasing discovery of my own ignorance"

René Descartes, *The Discourse of Method*

The real question, and let's forget about the definition of art and other meaningless issues, is: How to document my own work ? What about if I refuse all type of photography and videos as a medium of documentation, what do I have left? I have been working in that area. The left over. What to do when a certain type of documentation is forbidden.

Art or religion, a similar pattern of belief.

About refusing the usual documentation, I could add that the degree 0,1 of visibility is my layer. I am liquid, again.

In my attempt to infiltrate the Air Force, spoken words was the best medium.

Words to stay invisible in the tightest mental experience - learn from different rhetoric - their own language- re-invent mine.

« The language is more for him [the writer] as a line transgression which may designate a supernatural language: it is the area of action, the definition and expectation of a possible.» Roland Barthes, *The Degree Zero of Writing*.

My doubt about the historical content and contains became an obsession. What did I learn? What is an "art education"?

Two years ago, I started the project "Art Ante-Art/art before art. The proposition was abstracted in the following text:

"I suggest creating a new anthology of the art history, by going away from our references, to leave in search of other - except the art - by the principle that art does not have (or little) existed.

Before is in front of, but it is also the one who is « against » (due to the Greek etymology). Against, but also *lying* against, that we did not see or that we forgot. It is all the off-camera of history, a dark radius of action, of unknown (anti)models.

Some examples have already been sent to the anthology, for instance the existence of Saint Simeon, who could have been the first performer of the art history by staying 39 years on a column of 15 meters high.

This proposition evolves in a collective way, the filing is interactive:

lartavantlart@gmail.com”

I have always hated mathematics at school. At least, that's what I have always been saying - I still do - like if I could be proud of it. Like if in my ignorance, I was exemplifying a curious way of thinking, living, and that's what I was constantly repeating to myself.

One year I had a teacher as bratty as me, forcing me to work on these mathematics that I deeply disliked, checking my home works every day.

Finding myself in a reciprocal irritation, I have finally decided to work.

This work has the effect of a long and slow drop in a desert rock.

Sending people to cover territories is a possible way of working. In my project One Way To A Desert, I choose this solution: Because I can't cover everything, because seclusion gives more time to experience a space. Because I have experienced a desert before and because spreading lonely islands through our deserts for one way , gives the opportunity to rethink our way of crossing span. Spreading people.

This is another side of my activity, organizing concerts, lectures or "performative" evenings. Getting involved in the area of where I am studying and spending time in researches has always been a priority. I got visibility in a confusing way: Lighting people of my web. Artists, theorists, writers, scientists, travelers, anyone that I have found interesting in the last few years, between art processes, documentaries, meetings, lectures and migrations.

“Arriving at each new city, the traveler finds again the past that he has forgotten: the foreignness of what you no longer are or no longer

possess lies in wait for you in stranger and unpossessed places.”
Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*.

During my several travels, I have developed a film and sound documentary practice. There are on one hand a series of documentaries about traditional art and traditional societies called “Contemporaries”; in the other hand I am recording discussions about art education and market, which is a work in progress of several years.

“Because Time has never existed”, Goodiepal.

Not working, finding solutions.

After a while, I finally developed some sort of skills in mathematics - probably against my will - while processing strategies.

My simple and underdeveloped conclusion was that mathematics were pure logic. Since then, I had successful semesters (despite my invasive behavior and the extreme tendency of talking to much).

vi-rus [vahy-ruhs]
noun, plural -rus-es.

1.

an ultramicroscopic (20 to 300 nm in diameter),metabolically inert, infectious agent that replicates only within the cells of living hosts, mainly bacteria, plants, and animals: composed of an RNA or DNA core, a protein coat, and, in more complex types, a surrounding envelope.

2.

Informal . a viral disease.

3.

a corrupting influence on morals or the intellect; poison.

4.

a segment of self-replicating code planted illegally in a computer program, often to damage or shut down a system or network.

While taking some distance with any ideological meaning, I followed the principals of a virus. Infiltrating a system, a physical or metaphorical space, public or private.

"The Furtive Library: I remove a religious, mystic or spiritual book in libraries, deprived of people whom I am next.

Every book returns to another private library: I proceed to a secret and informal exchange. Before replacing these books, I record it fragments."

Probably something that I will be doing all my life.

I won't make the genealogy of my education. The year after I had another teacher, I was mediocre again, my life came back to a quiet happiness.

Without any transition, I went to an art school.

Because I considered sciences as an activity for four eyes boys still wet under their ears, old fashion interests and so on, therefore I was more and more intrigued by sciences. The principle of order - or its reflective stereotype, the reasonable sense of logic. Formal rigorous and systematic processes. All these ideas in opposition with my spirit becoming vagabond, my destructured life.

During your education, you always have this sort of duty or opportunity to *show* your work. As an art student meant to be an artist (or whatever you call it) (I consider myself as a student. I also truly believe that being wrong and failing is the best option), *showing* your work as much as possible is a very important exercise.

NEW.COUNTRY.NEW.CITY.NEW.SCHOOL: I have been constantly asked to show my work.

"Documentation is an objectified representation of the action. The choice of rumor was inescapable."

Balancing myself between spreading chaos into order and making order in my own chaos. Infiltrations. Like in the exhibition Void (Pompidou Center) where I performed in the "empty" room of Maria Eichhorn, followed by a letter at her attention. The Air Force.

Screeching violin, noises, classical music abandoned. Travels, always more longer, more far away. Lonely walks, deserts, meetings points in impossible landscapes. Measured taken risks. to move in constraint spaces.

Here started a series of performative talks.

The piece was about talking about my other pieces. There is no name, because it does not need to be named, but it is called in an intuitive way. You can just ask me.

Without showing anything, a very playful position, sitting in front of my computer, and talking.

The biggest difficulty was to not corrupt myself, which could have been the case during my infiltration in the Air Force. Walking on a line, pre-texting post-modern dance. Better to get a job in the army, even though this is a difficult association when you believe yourself as an anti-militarist.

To be convincing, I had to use several tools, like rhetorical détournement.

I have been talking so much, that after a while I had nothing to say anymore. Between presentations, tutorials and hazardous discussions, I had this year around 170 speeches.

Constantly re-thinking, re-viewing, switching the angle, evolving with my words, withdraw or supplement some elements, with the substance of the same questions:

“Did you make it for real?”

“Is it art?”

I applied for the position of Operator of Information. You basically have to collect all the documentation about of the different interceptors (satellites, phone conversation, Morse code, etc.) and from your own researches (local and international newspapers, TV, radio, etc.).

During the meeting (after two days of physical and psychological tests) I have explained to my interlocutor my passion for researches, interception of information and infiltration. Exactly the same way I could explain it at the school of Fine Arts, simple sliding of context.

"There are quantities of human faces, but there are many more faces, for each person has several."

Reiner Maria Rilke, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*.

At the end of the meeting, passionate discussion, my interlocutor tells me I have the perfect profile for the job, specially because of my multiple stories about my travels that I like to share so much.

I am liquid.

I would have love to use these amazing machines and sound softwares, and learn Morse. But is the curiosity was enough for a five years engagement?

The fear of corrupting yourself was strong. When does start and finish the "performance"? After few hours, I felt that they were already infiltrating my thoughts.

It's like going in a sect just to have a look, naïvely. A sect, a religion. A group of people with other believes, conceptually and politically radically different, which after time wash out on your brain, slowly, sinuously.

Fine manipulations of nice and altruist people. Terrible danger. From a mental point of view, it is difficult to go backwards. To think in a constraint space ? Here is the domain of risk. Obviously to explore..

For all risks an insurance. I applied for a job at RSA (Royal and Sun Alliance, English insurance company based in several countries). So I worked several weeks in this company, learning civil and industrial risks. Terrorism, natural catastrophes, collect everything, nothing to the hazard.

RSA is also an aviation association using the same initials (Réseau du Sport de l'Air).

Association of ideas, funny loops.

Documentation is an objectified representation of the action.

The choice of rumor was inescapable.

[mute]

NB: I would simply refer to this quote:

"More artists, less art. *The History of Fictional Artists.*"

That will be my angle of confused visibility for the master degree show.

This text is a premise of different branches of my practice. 8 pages being limited, I would like to develop it later for a future Phd.

Hanan Benammar.