

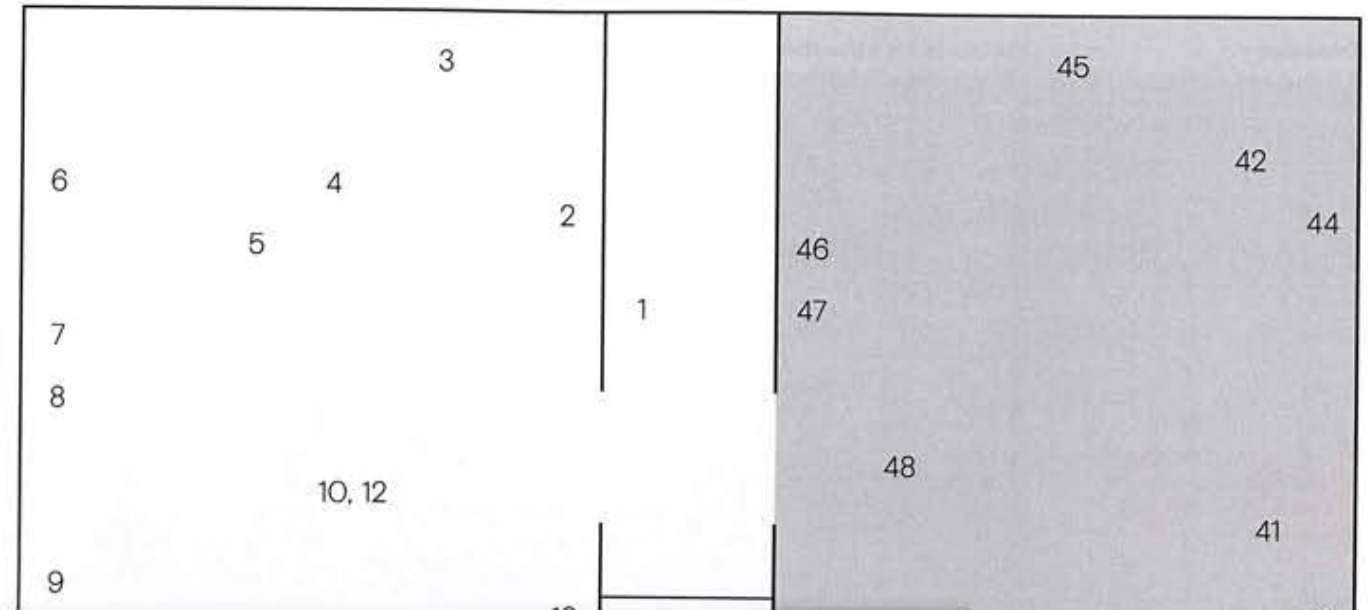
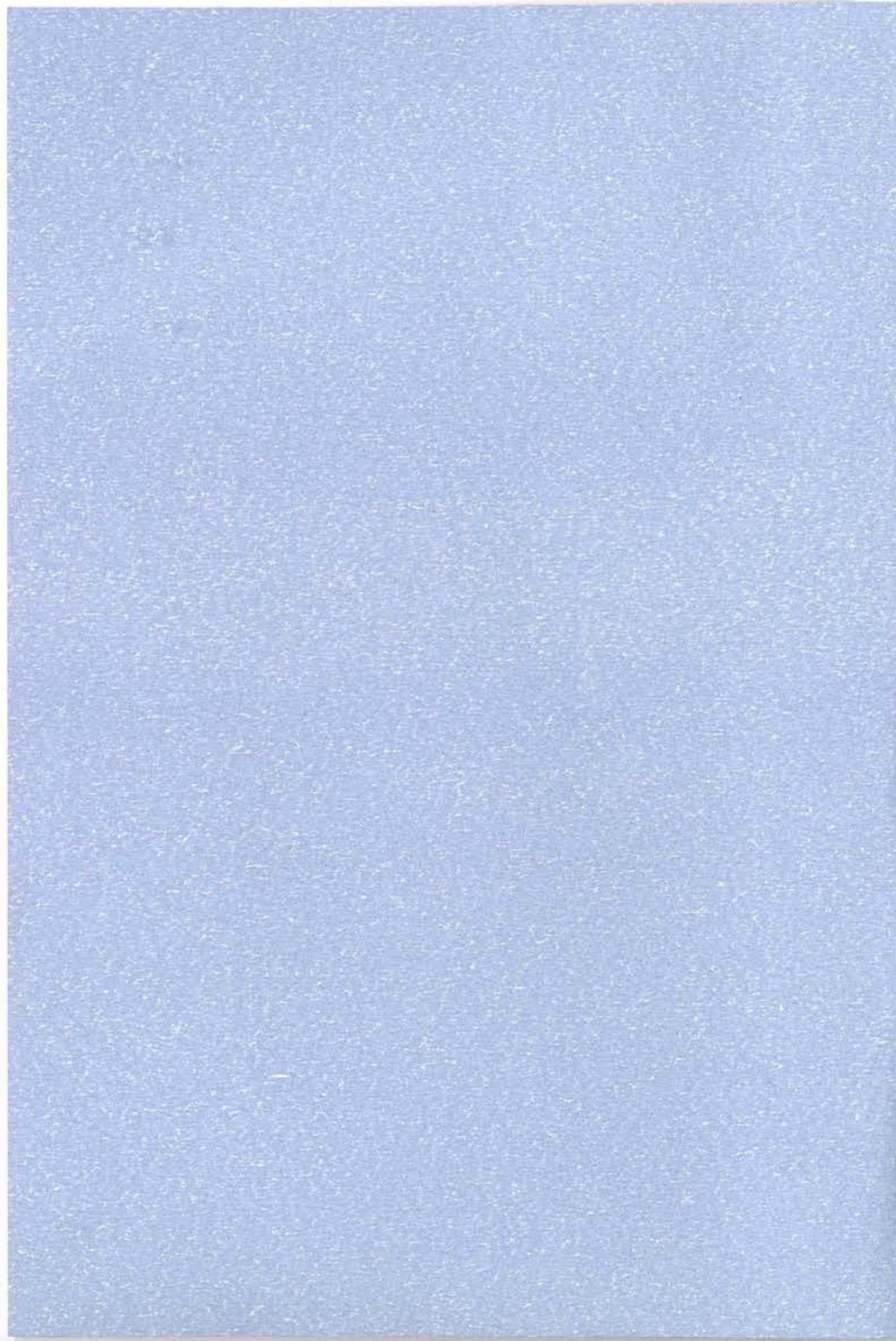
MFA GRADUATION SHOW  
OSLO NATIONAL ACADEMY OF THE ARTS

IT'S NOT

TOO

FREE  
EDUCATION  
FOR ALL

LATE TO

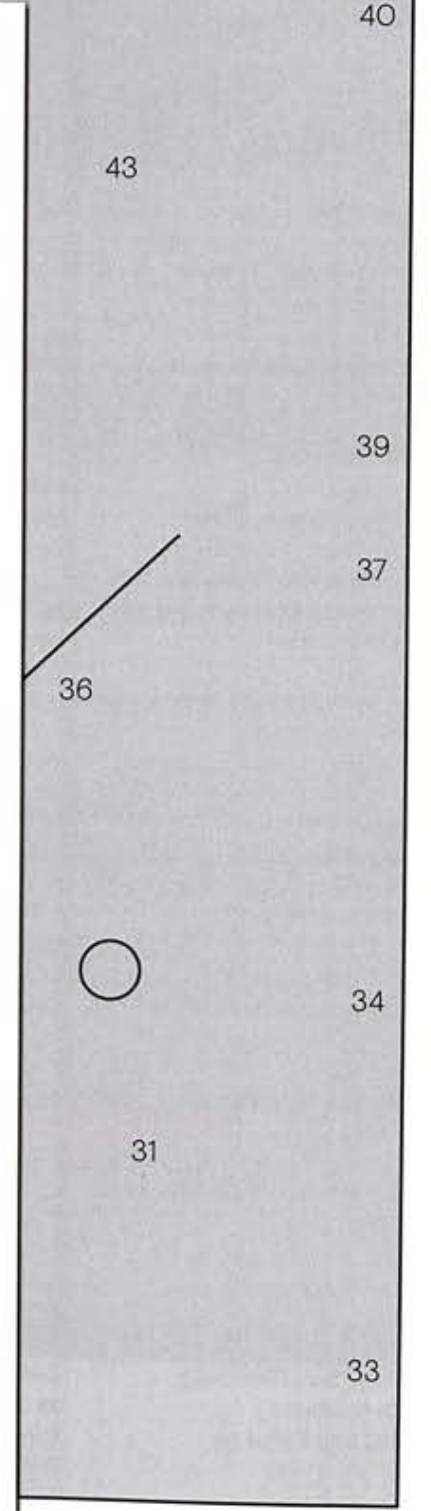


**Free Education for All; It's not too late to change your mind** is this year's graduation show from the Kunstakademiet's Master of Fine Arts program. It is a gathering of disparate artistic practices from a diverse group of students, many of whom are from countries outside the EU.

Our title is a response to the Norwegian government's introduction of tuition fees for non-EU/EEA students, with few exceptions. Contrary to the government's own Hurdals Platform, the change was passed in Stortinget on November 29th, 2022. For students at KHiO, the tuition fees are estimated to be 500,000–700,000 NOK per year. This isn't including the high cost of living in Norway, material costs, and the fees and proof of subsistence required for student residence permits. As witnessed in Denmark and Sweden, where these fees are far less, this will cut off Norway from a world of artists, especially from those of the racialized and geographic Other. Art thrives under plurality.

It has been stated that Norway is no exception to the current day's economic hardship and that schools need to find other sources of income. We beg to differ. We don't believe that we are in times of austerity, but rather that wealth and opportunity are being hoarded by the few at the expense of the many.

We are asking for an increase in scrutiny and pressure from the press, university administration and professors, artists, and especially Norwegian residents at large. We have seen in Germany and Slovenia that through constant extensive media coverage, debate, and protest, the removal of recently imposed tuition fees has been successful. The marketization of higher education wasn't able to catch on. It's not too late to return to the principle of free education for all. It's not too late to change your mind. It's never too late to change your mind.



**Dates for Exhibition**

4.-14. May 2023

**Dates for Publication Release**

Friday 12. May: 17.00-19.00

**Dates for Workshops / Public Program**

• Sunday 7. May: 14.00-16.00

Workshop with Ollie Hermansson:

*How to be a straight line (Transition Edition, vol. 2)*

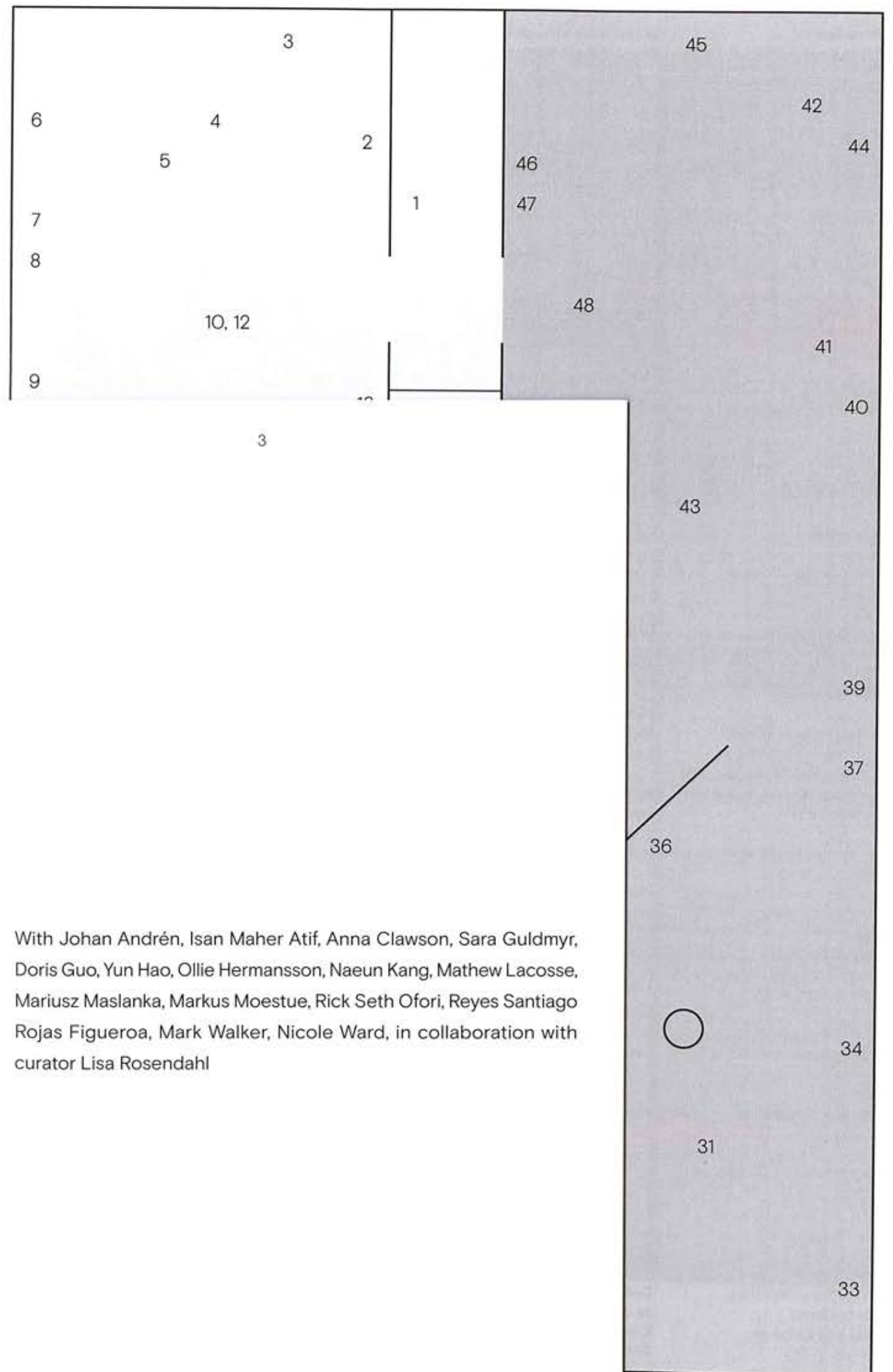
• Thursday 11. May: 16.00-19.00

Board game night (host Markus Moestue)

• Friday 12. May: 15.30-17.00

Panel Discussion:

*It's not too late to change your mind. Free education for all.*



With Johan Andrén, Isan Maher Atif, Anna Clawson, Sara Guldmyr, Doris Guo, Yun Hao, Ollie Hermansson, Naeun Kang, Mathew Lacosse, Mariusz Maslanka, Markus Moestue, Rick Seth Ofori, Reyes Santiago Rojas Figueroa, Mark Walker, Nicole Ward, in collaboration with curator Lisa Rosendahl

4  
**Johan Andrén**

A ray of light is sent from the Apache Point Observatory on Earth towards the Moon, on the face of the Moon the light hits a mirror and is then reflected back to the Earth. By measuring the time that the ray of lights needs to travel forth and back through dark space, it's possible to determine the distance between the two celestial bodies. With this information we can learn more about Earth's own movement, position and gravitational properties.

For the human child, being mirrored by a caregiver is crucial for their psychological development. In the face of their caregiver the child has the opportunity to see their own emotions reflected back, and through this gain an understanding of themselves, both as separated individuals and as parts of a relational whole.

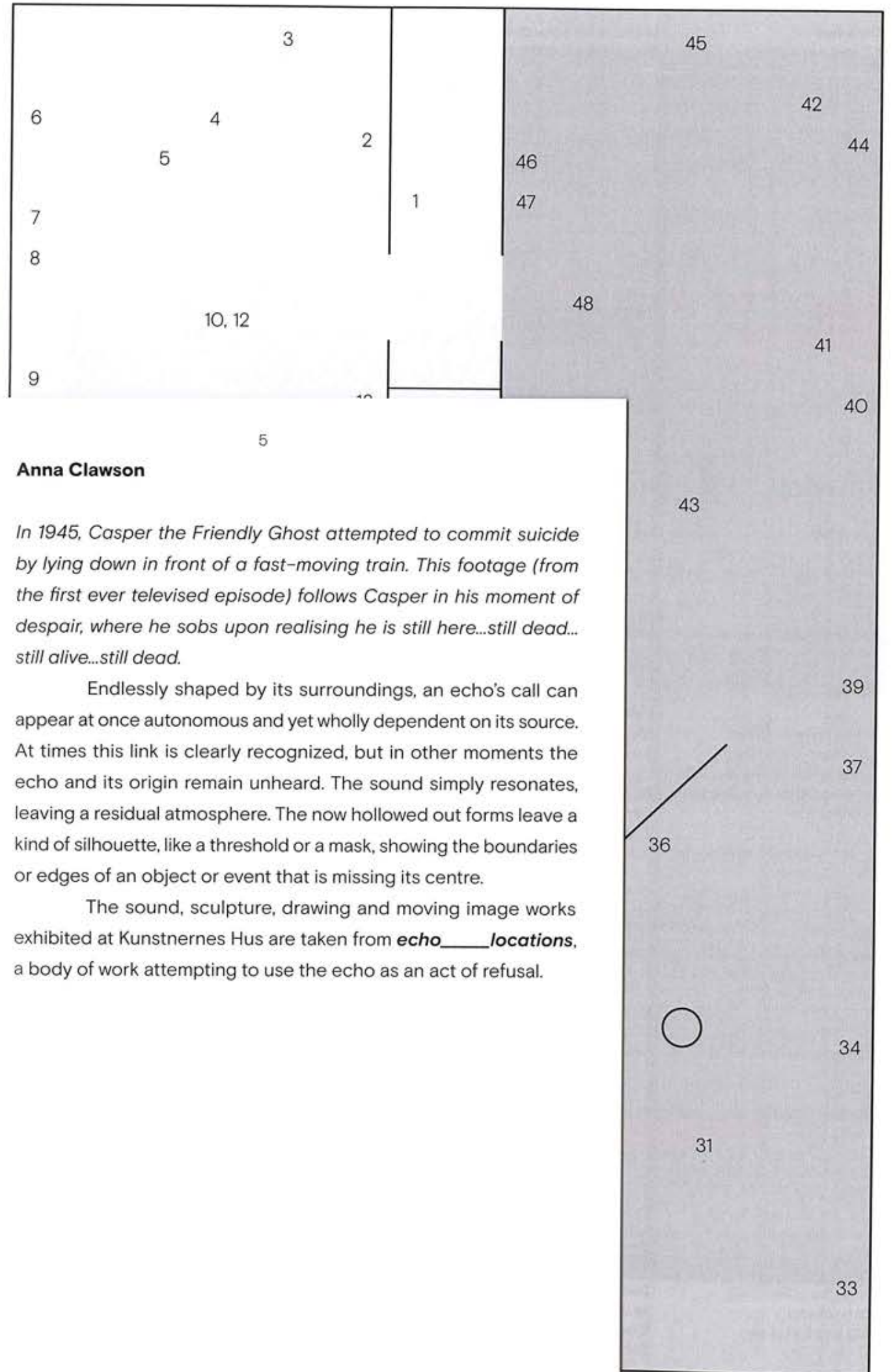
Andrén works mainly with photography, but also utilises text, video, and installation to adress different questions that the photographic medium raises. How does a flat surface imply depth and space? How can something fixed and with a singular point of view, suggest entangled relationships between different bodies and visual experiences? In which direction does seeing move?

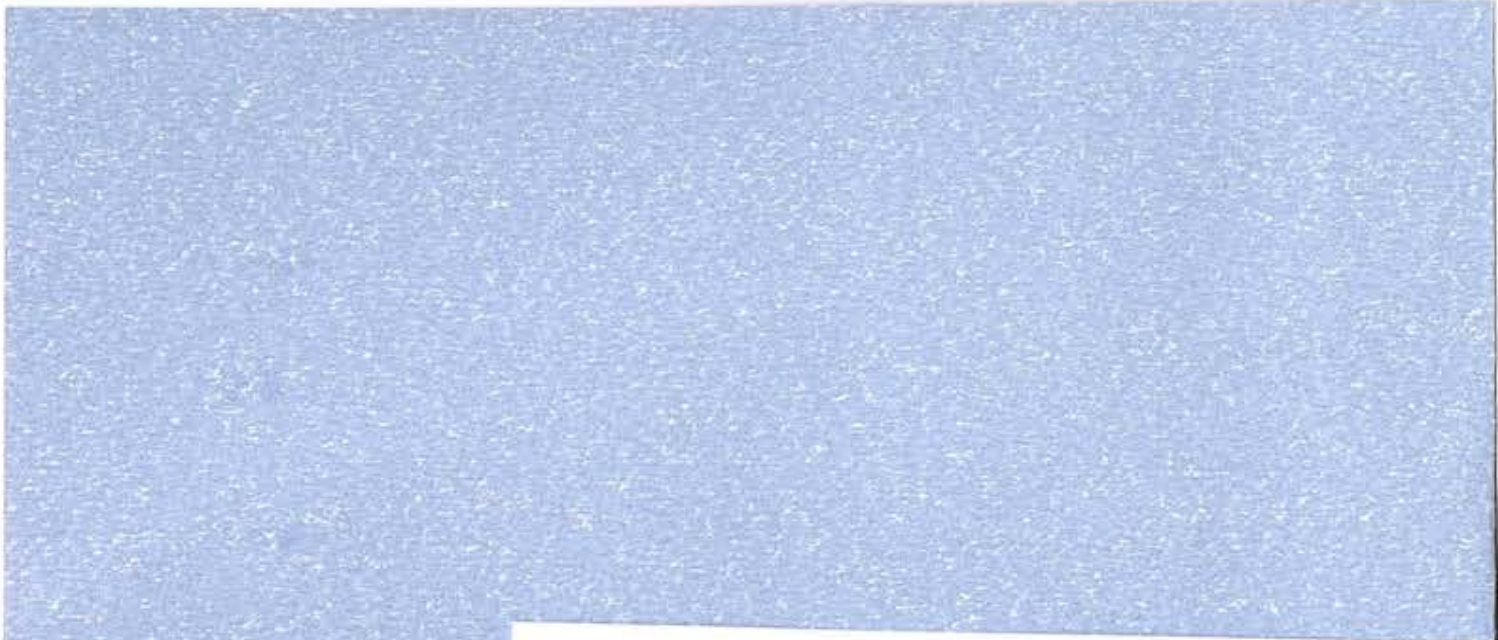
5  
**Anna Clawson**

*In 1945, Casper the Friendly Ghost attempted to commit suicide by lying down in front of a fast-moving train. This footage (from the first ever televised episode) follows Casper in his moment of despair, where he sobs upon realising he is still here...still dead... still alive...still dead.*

Endlessly shaped by its surroundings, an echo's call can appear at once autonomous and yet wholly dependent on its source. At times this link is clearly recognized, but in other moments the echo and its origin remain unheard. The sound simply resonates, leaving a residual atmosphere. The now hollowed out forms leave a kind of silhouette, like a threshold or a mask, showing the boundaries or edges of an object or event that is missing its centre.

The sound, sculpture, drawing and moving image works exhibited at Kunstnernes Hus are taken from **echo\_\_\_\_\_locations**, a body of work attempting to use the echo as an act of refusal.

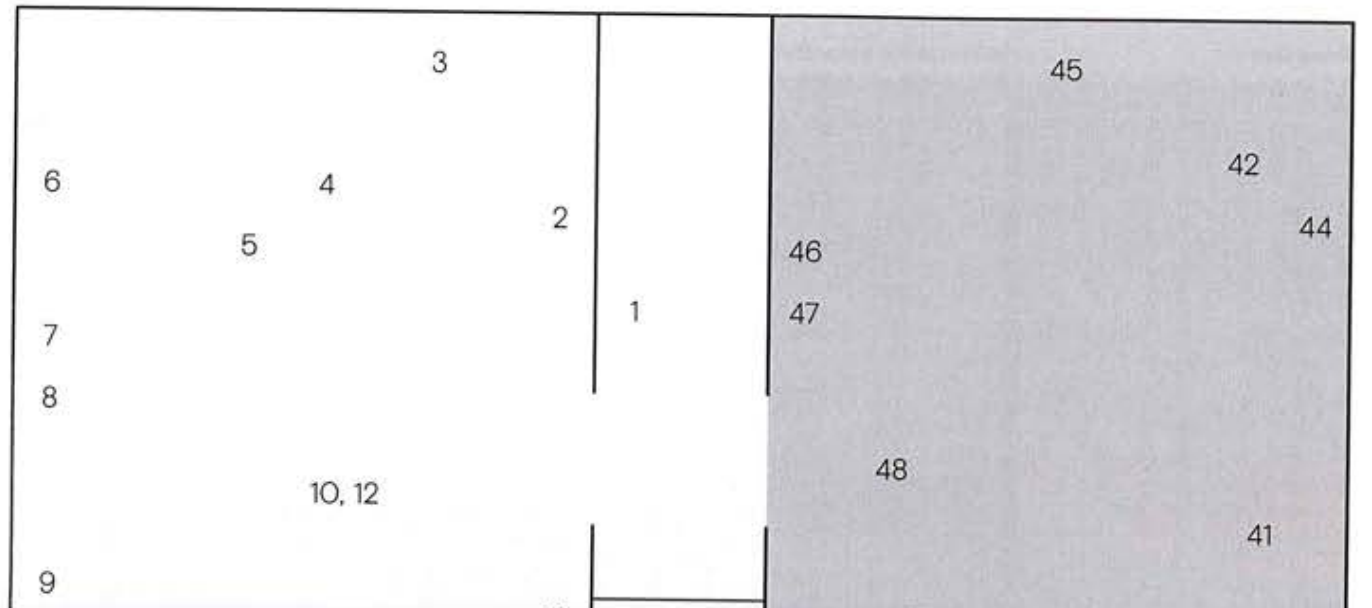




6

**Sara Guldmyr**

I have a video practice that has evolved to include sculpture and installation. In my works I try to materialize compressed time, processes that happen without us necessarily thinking about them, because they are slow and at the same time ephemeral in their nature. These processes can for example be the feeling of understanding someone after spending a lot of time together, as in the installation **Soft Letters**. I chose to weave this work because of the direct link between how long it takes to weave by hand and the time it takes to get close and eventually trust another person. The time we spend together can turn into a friendship and friendship is experienced as something solid, like how the threads together become a weave. The work is inspired by a book called *Du lær mig att bli fri (You teach me to be free)*, which is a book of letters from one writer to another. The title of the book was found in one of their letters, and it stayed with me. How friendship can make one free, free from loneliness.

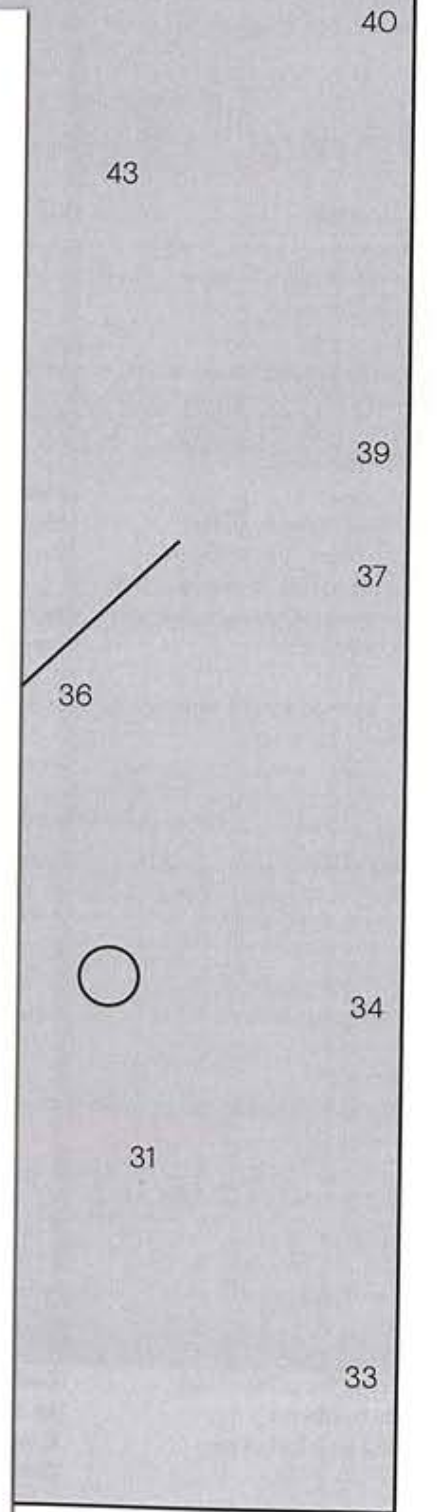


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**Doris Guo**

My parents' home in Bellevue, Washington in the US houses all their artworks created in the 70's-90's that they brought back from Shanghai. Mostly untouched for decades, my mother has started to make various small repairs for her canvases, begun re-stretching them, mounting works on paper, and lightly packing them. Together, we started a project of photographing these works and of caring for them materially. As I live 11 hours away from them by plane, our work is done in segments. These cycles of being far, then close have become perennial. Working this way grounds me towards a future ahead, a progression that feels sustaining to my studio practice. While at home at my parents', I have taken pinhole photos of their studio. Pairings of these photos and my mother's work hang in the gallery.

The small wooden boxes I made in late 2020. They're the first works I made in Oslo, and they're the first works I made after a 2.5 year long hiatus in my studio practice due to the pandemic. They've since been sitting on the floor in various corners in my studio. The containers have lids that are left open. Although these boxes sit still on the floor, their forms are not motionless. Lids open, they passively collect dust as time passes in studio. The particles are comprised of me, my peers, workers in the building, the street through the window and the fabrics in the room. The beauty of dust is that it is made of peripheries and indefinite borders, it articulates without prescription.



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**Yun Hao**

My work focuses on exploring the ambiguous boundaries between living and non-living, and the spatial properties in the language of the material itself. This often depends on the context in which the work is constructed. In *The Truth of Breathing II*, chicken skin as a biological material has the natural properties of dividing inside and outside. In traditional Chinese architecture, screens are often placed at the entrance of a space in order to create a separation. People in the vicinity of the entrance are inevitably affected by it: it limits the direction of entry and exit, and because of its translucency, others can see the shadow of the person behind it through the natural texture.

*Paradox Hug* seems like a whimsical way of making a serious equation deduction as a way to realize a spatial paradox. Fish move from one place to another, and the whole body of water is connected by the movement of the fish. Therefore, I believe that the skin of the fish is in direct contact with the water and has the characteristics of a flow. My hope is that space is also able to "flow" with the help of this material, so as to achieve some impossible connection between the sculptural objects and their surroundings.

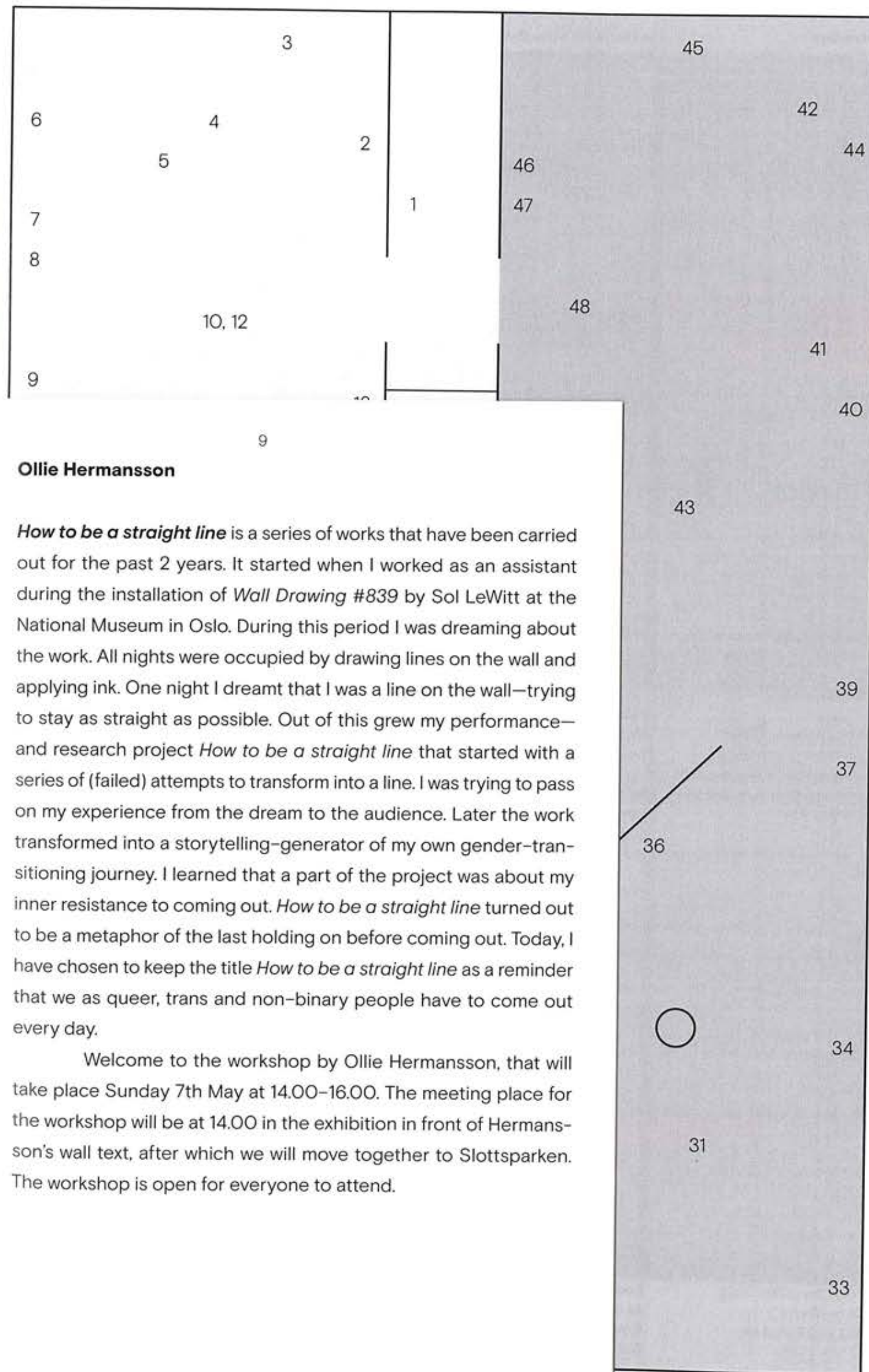
At Kunstneres Hus, the work is installed in East-West direction to indicate the movement of the sun and the passing of time.

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**Ollie Hermansson**

*How to be a straight line* is a series of works that have been carried out for the past 2 years. It started when I worked as an assistant during the installation of *Wall Drawing #839* by Sol LeWitt at the National Museum in Oslo. During this period I was dreaming about the work. All nights were occupied by drawing lines on the wall and applying ink. One night I dreamt that I was a line on the wall—trying to stay as straight as possible. Out of this grew my performance—and research project *How to be a straight line* that started with a series of (failed) attempts to transform into a line. I was trying to pass on my experience from the dream to the audience. Later the work transformed into a storytelling-generator of my own gender-transitioning journey. I learned that a part of the project was about my inner resistance to coming out. *How to be a straight line* turned out to be a metaphor of the last holding on before coming out. Today, I have chosen to keep the title *How to be a straight line* as a reminder that we as queer, trans and non-binary people have to come out every day.

Welcome to the workshop by Ollie Hermansson, that will take place Sunday 7th May at 14.00–16.00. The meeting place for the workshop will be at 14.00 in the exhibition in front of Hermansson's wall text, after which we will move together to Slottsparken. The workshop is open for everyone to attend.



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**Naeun Kang**

Naeun Kang works across sculpture, painting, and ceramics. Her practice is motivated by an urge to communicate complex emotions, experiences and phenomena that comes with the general awkwardness and messiness of existence. The works explore human experiences; interpersonal relationships, irrationality, and volatile things such as emotions, memories and daydreams.

Expanding from an autofiction she wrote, the works visualize observations of a heartbreak: a heart gets wrinkled from stewing in certain emotions for too long, just like a bath would do to your fingers, and pain is dramatically likened to a medical condition, where memories build up and are lodged inside the heart.

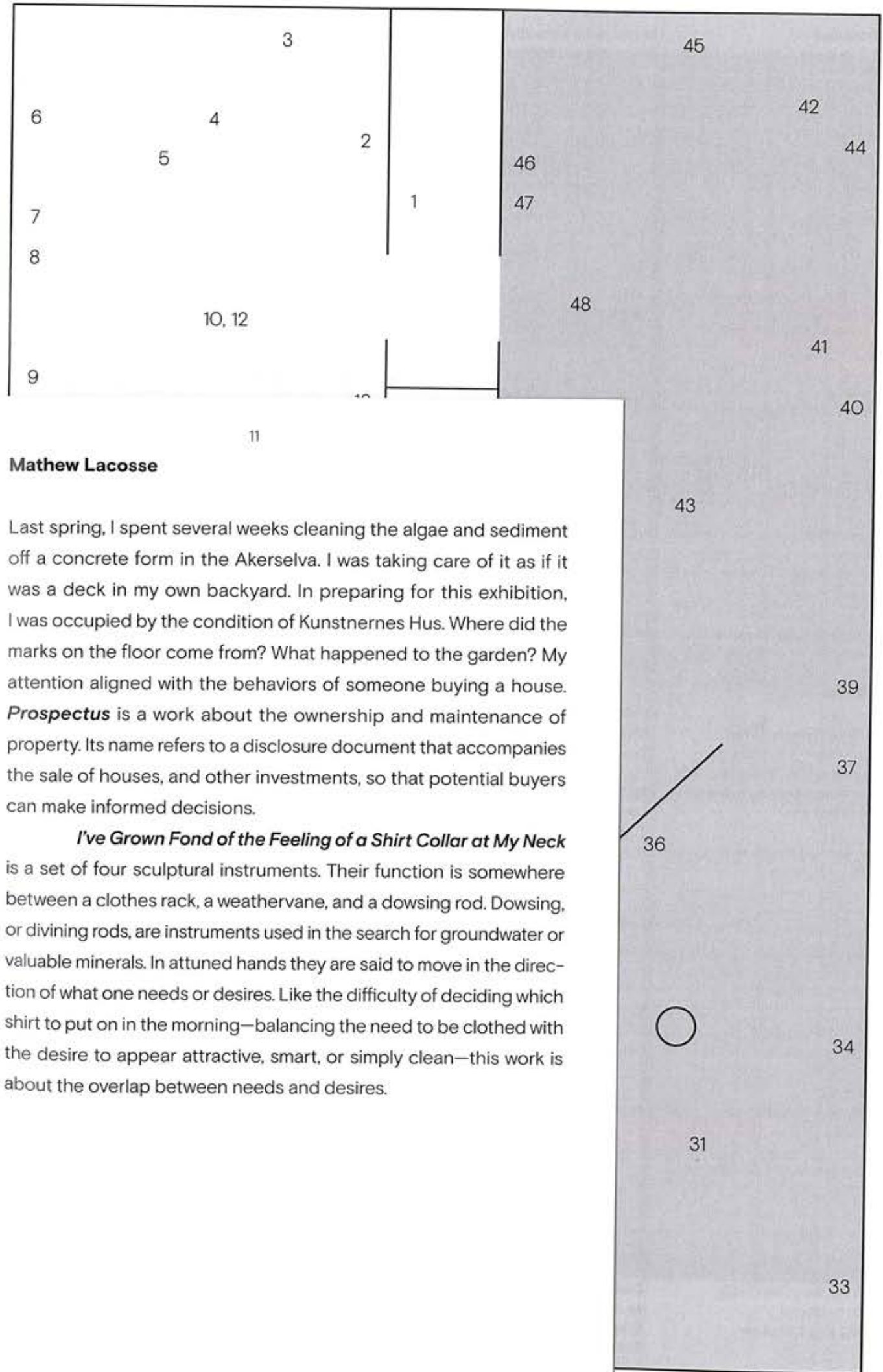
Time does not stop after a heartbreak, it just grows hair, resembling the one who is absent. Eventually, a 'grief hack' is invented to cope with the absence. The exhibited works record symptoms of a certain heartbreak, where in an extended state of longing, memories ferment and mutate. Everyday objects are juxtaposed with something surreal, similar to the autofiction that has one foot in the artist's real life and the other in the imagination.

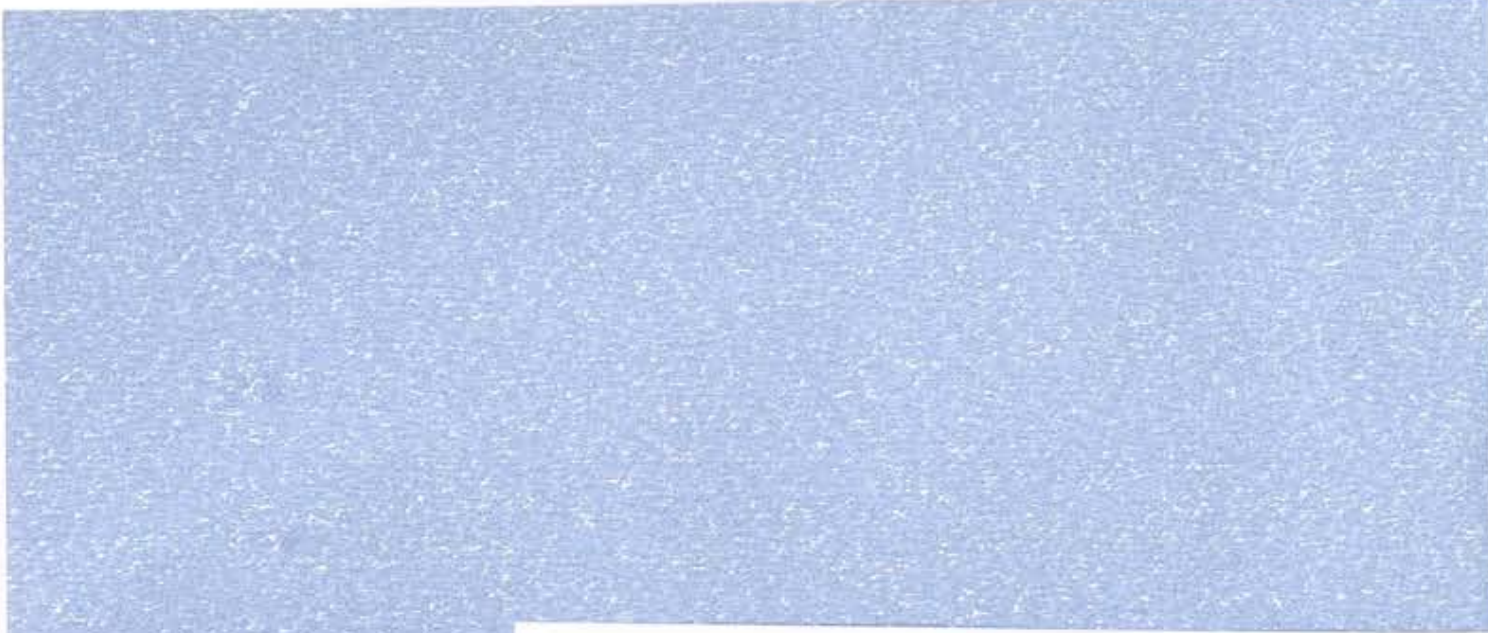
11

**Mathew Lacosse**

Last spring, I spent several weeks cleaning the algae and sediment off a concrete form in the Akerselva. I was taking care of it as if it was a deck in my own backyard. In preparing for this exhibition, I was occupied by the condition of Kunstnernes Hus. Where did the marks on the floor come from? What happened to the garden? My attention aligned with the behaviors of someone buying a house. *Prospectus* is a work about the ownership and maintenance of property. Its name refers to a disclosure document that accompanies the sale of houses, and other investments, so that potential buyers can make informed decisions.

*I've Grown Fond of the Feeling of a Shirt Collar at My Neck* is a set of four sculptural instruments. Their function is somewhere between a clothes rack, a weathervane, and a dowsing rod. Dowsing, or divining rods, are instruments used in the search for groundwater or valuable minerals. In attuned hands they are said to move in the direction of what one needs or desires. Like the difficulty of deciding which shirt to put on in the morning—balancing the need to be clothed with the desire to appear attractive, smart, or simply clean—this work is about the overlap between needs and desires.





**Isan Maher**

*Waves Underwater* is a video-installation exploring the Shipboard Waves Receiver System, made for detecting the presence or movement of objects by transmitting passive sonar waves, which are then reflected back to a receiver. The work analyzes how sound is identified underwater, and how the strength of the frequencies of the waves determines the source.

Isan Maher is a visual artist and storyteller based in Oslo. He works mainly with narration and performative video portraits. He weaves together fictional and real narratives, including events from his personal experience. Maher's artistic practice focuses on his interest in the aesthetics of the phone and contemporary communication modes such as phone apps and social media. He is interested in how a package is conveyed from Egypt to Europe in a phone app, or how a glitch can corrupt a telephone call, or how an emergency call sounds underwater. His subjects are processed in an interdisciplinary manner including drawing, sculpting, and moving images.

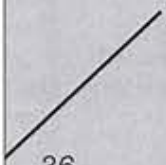
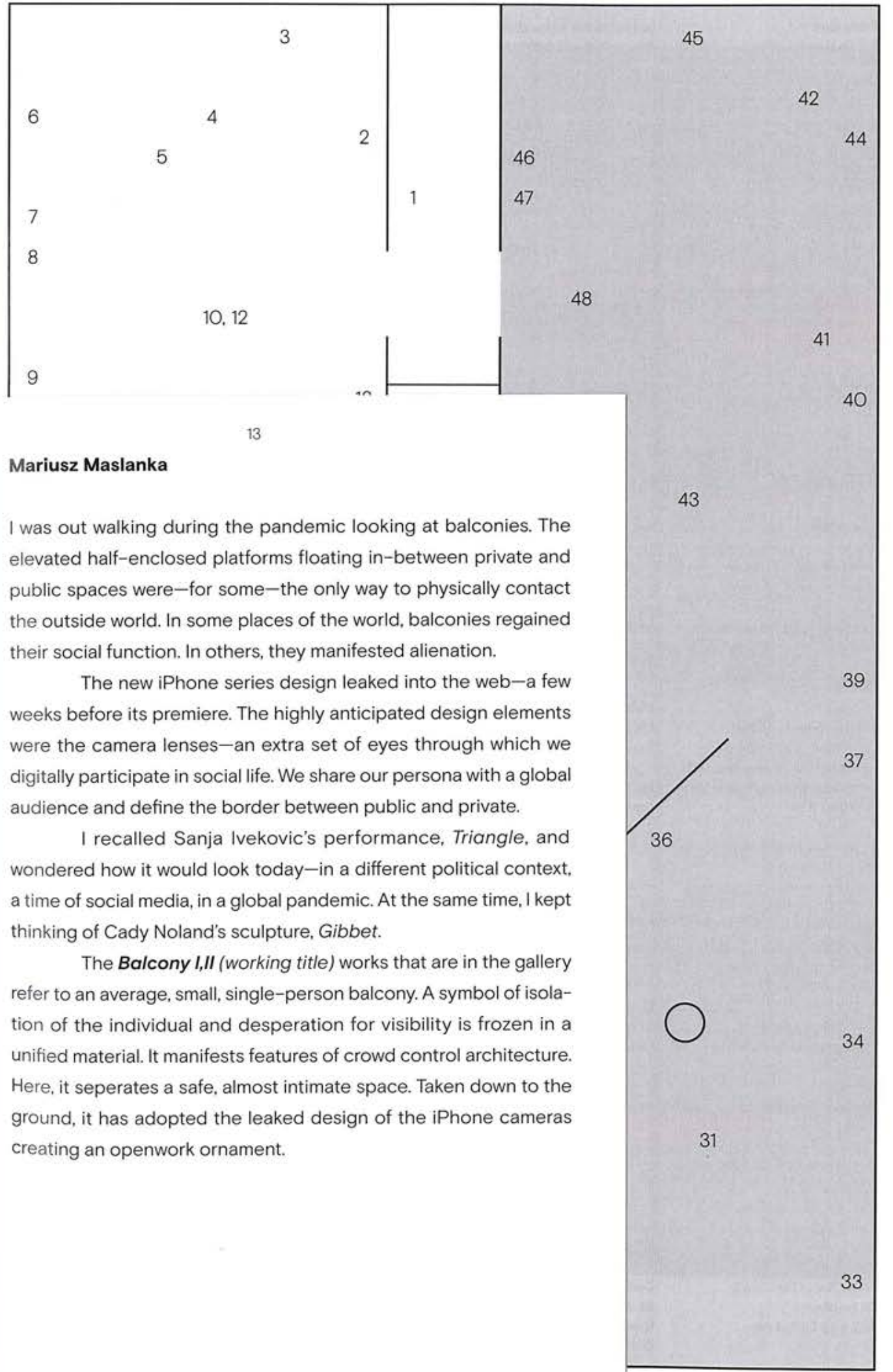
**Mariusz Maslanka**

I was out walking during the pandemic looking at balconies. The elevated half-enclosed platforms floating in-between private and public spaces were—for some—the only way to physically contact the outside world. In some places of the world, balconies regained their social function. In others, they manifested alienation.

The new iPhone series design leaked into the web—a few weeks before its premiere. The highly anticipated design elements were the camera lenses—an extra set of eyes through which we digitally participate in social life. We share our persona with a global audience and define the border between public and private.

I recalled Sanja Ivekovic's performance, *Triangle*, and wondered how it would look today—in a different political context, a time of social media, in a global pandemic. At the same time, I kept thinking of Cady Noland's sculpture, *Gibbet*.

The *Balcony I,II* (working title) works that are in the gallery refer to an average, small, single-person balcony. A symbol of isolation of the individual and desperation for visibility is frozen in a unified material. It manifests features of crowd control architecture. Here, it separates a safe, almost intimate space. Taken down to the ground, it has adopted the leaked design of the iPhone cameras creating an openwork ornament.





**Markus Moestue*****The wonderful feeling of being completely immersed in your own world***

*Some reject our messages about social responsibility and contribution to sustainability as smoke and mirrors where the aim is to change the perception rather than to improve the reality. But in the long run that is not sufficient if a gap emerges between the message and the actions. In a world where everyone is connected there are no places to hide. A good reputation can only be created and upheld by results. Businesses must live up to their messages with action. Or they will be held accountable.*

—Olav Fjell, CEO Statoil 2002

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In 1989, the Norwegian government announced an ambitious climate target with an aim to stabilize our emissions from the levels that year by the year 2000. The plan is dropped by 1995 but the idea of Norway as a climate nation endures. State owned Statoil steadily campaigns, targeting the Norwegian population with newspaper ads, TV-commercials and sponsorships. But what are they really selling? In this timeline of ads, we can see how they have been telling their story, and how they lose their oil drop as a logo and eventually change their name to Equinor.

Previous work includes *The Critical Tourist Map of Oslo*, a regular tourist map, but where everything is negative. The board game *Equity*, a simulation of a price bubble where players buy stocks and artwork in a market that is collapsing. *Who Deserves a Yacht*, a yacht made purely for what the signal effect of owning a luxury boat might bring to the artist. *Domestication*, a dinosaur bicycle created so the artist might bike through the Norwegian bible belt, on a dinosaur.

**Rick Seth Ofori*****NOW THAT I'VE BURNT THE HOUSE DOWN I'LL STOP PLAYING WITH MATCHES***

This sculpture installation is a love letter to vulnerability, fear, and shame in men. The exhibit explores the landscape of unresolved pain and the different shapes it takes.

***FETISH +***

The Mandingo is a stereotype of a sexually voracious black man with a huge penis invented by white slave owners to promote the notion that blacks were not civilizable but "animalistic" by nature. They asserted, for example, that in "Negroes all the passions, emotions, and ambitions, are almost wholly subservient to the sexual instinct" and that "this construction of the oversexed black male parlayed perfectly into notions of black bestiality and primitivism".

### Reyes Santiago Rojas Figueroa

#### Search

If you want to see the stars in my hands, we need a scanner. I would have to turn around with my back towards you, to show you what I see.

I would have to reproduce what I see and still turn my back to scan my hands.

Stars are conceptual shapes with several points.

But a star is a point, a distant point, its light expanded by the diffraction and optics of the lens through which we see it.

Thus, we name this geometrical phenomenon stars.

A star is a point, a distant point.

Maybe a planet, a sun, a constellation, or something beyond.

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#### Swept

Bogotá, 50th Avenue, third floor, the rooftop of the house where I grew up. My family swept the floor of that place. The 245 grams they collected were sent to Oslo. Once I opened the bag, I saw nothing but fragments of dust, dirt and debris.

A few months before, I had bought a microscope to see the stars between the empty spaces of my hands. Instead, I used the optical device to see what was in that dust, light as the weight of the immigrant. Thus, indirectly, I understood that distance becomes a miniscule memory—even the birdseed for the canary—until the sand becomes dust.

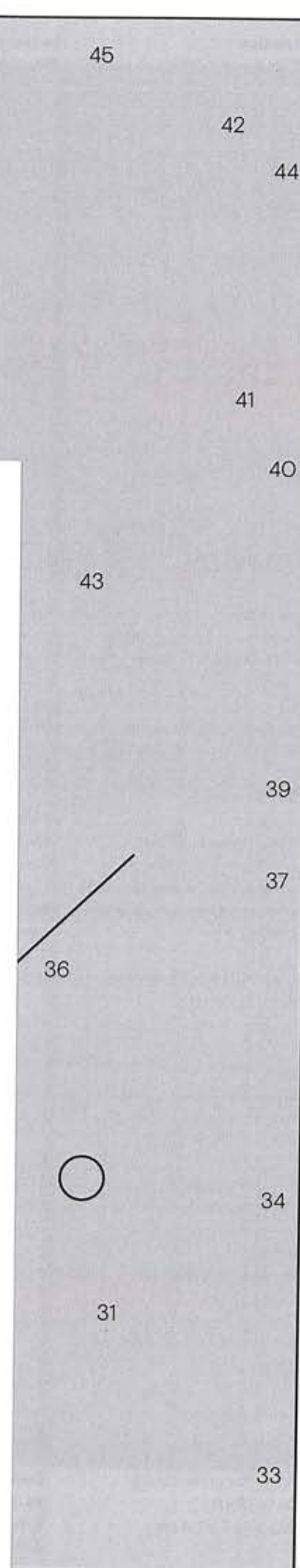
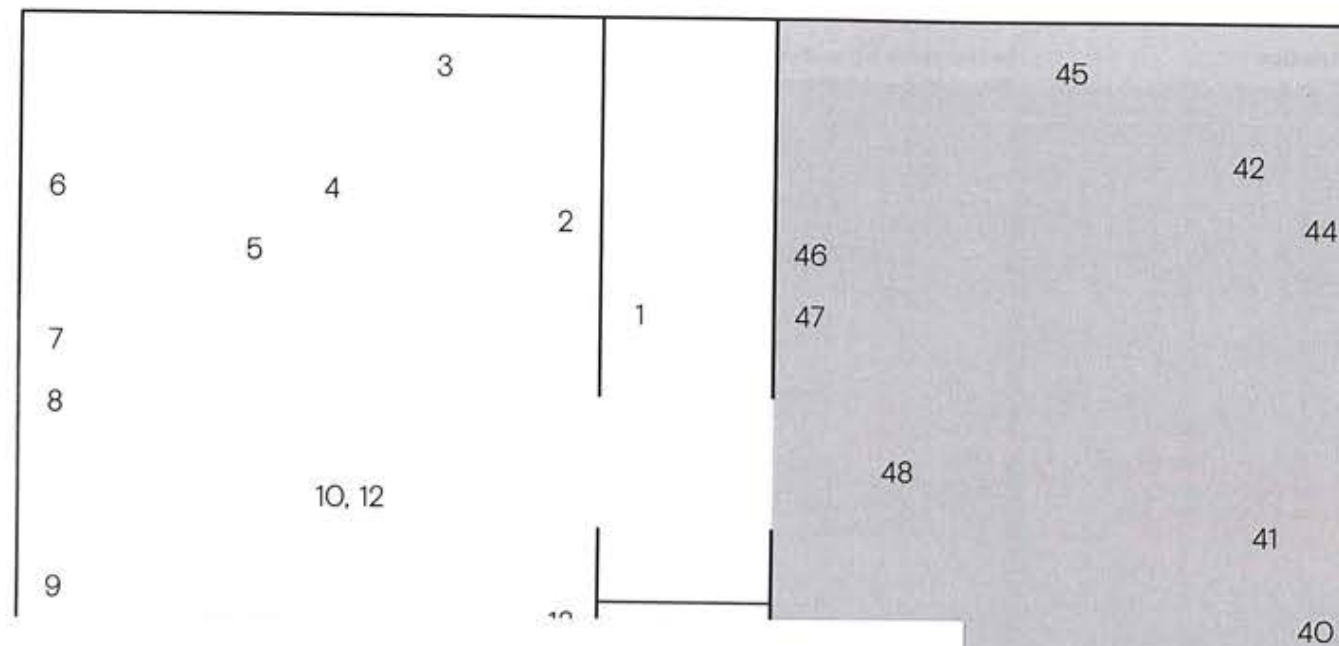
This is not fiction. Everything was there, inside that bag.

### Mark Walker

"Bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonnerronntuonn-thunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohohoordenenthurnuk!" for anyone who has read the first page of *Finnegans Wake* the above 100 letter word will be recognisable. Compiled from different languages, this word is meant to invoke on a visceral level what thunder is actually like. One can't imagine hearing thunder without picturing lightning.

The flash of light is the basic component of pseudo-solarisation also known as the Sabattier effect. Half developed film or photo paper when exposed to a flash of light, will start inverting what has already developed—what was dark becomes light and what was light becomes dark. It is not a perfect process of inversion, it's impossible to know exactly what will happen to the image. The process of exposing the negative or silver-gelatin paper has many points where it can go wrong. To double the chances of error and to invert the inverted image, I am pseudo-solarising both the film negative and photo paper, each time distorting the image more, yet giving another chance to alter what was frozen in time when the photo was taken.

In *Underfoot*, the technique is used to explore a vision of the close but unknown underground. Organic forms taken from the earth and dried/dehydrated are recorded through an analogue photographic process of several different exposures being deposited and superimposed, conflating the darkroom with the darkness of the subterranean realm. The resulting images, characterized by their ill-defined features and indeterminable scale, contain a vagueness reminiscent of brain fog, mining, darkness and decay.





**Nicole Ward**

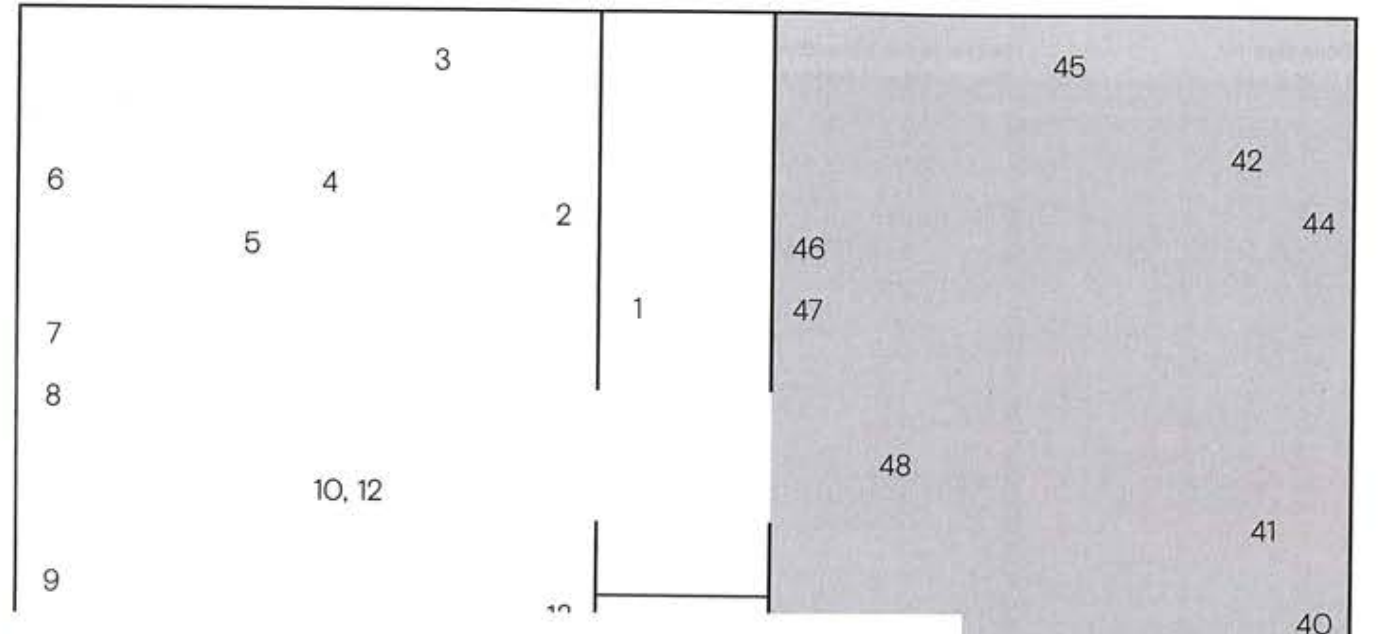
*I'm level with her ballpoint pen, which she's holding two centimetres above the page. Four CMYK registration marks at the edge of the page communicate that it is correctly aligned. She raises her pen a further two centimetres then plunges it back down, the nib almost striking the page. By nudging the page slightly away from her body she obtains a more adequate posture.*

*I'm now concentrating on her mouth having noticed her muttering to herself. She scratches the back of her neck whilst keeping her eyes firmly locked on the page. Silently she mouths numbers.*

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It is relieving to absorb myself in an action, a pointless focus where attention itself is as important as notions of a higher significance, reference or meaning. I am attracted to states of mind in which one is in an automated position of immersive busywork. By scrutinising other people's daily actions, such as my mother's obsessive relationship to Sudoku (*Mouthed Numbers*, 2023), alongside my own material processes; hand-scratching & painting directly onto 16mm film (*Watching a wrinkle carve itself out across a forehead*, 2023), & hand-forging mild steel (*Best measured not in feet but in hours*, 2023), I am attempting to understand how we fill our time.

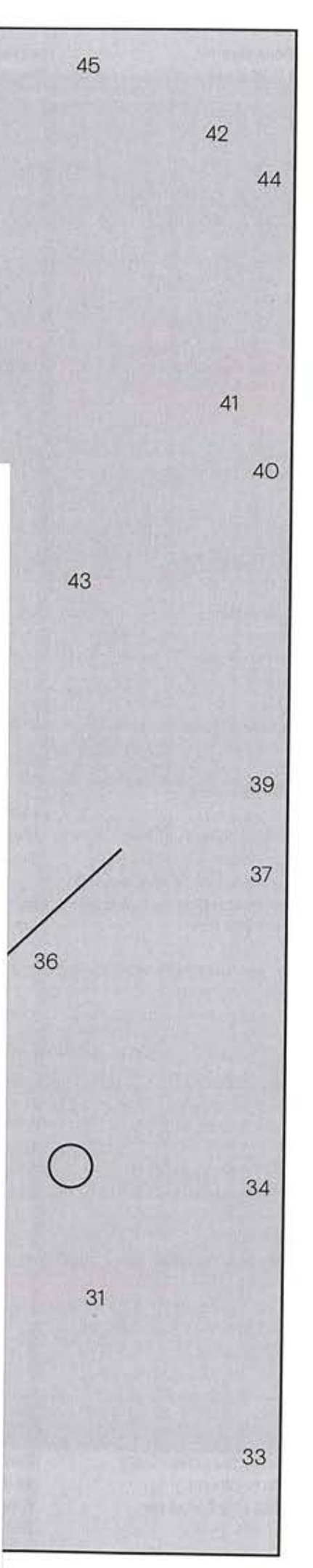
I am interested in the paradox of being attracted to things that are simply ways of distracting yourself, but then discovering they become charged with meaning, connected to morality, gender & so on, when paid attention to—whether you want them to or not. That an act of freeing oneself & losing oneself in busywork can become indirectly loaded with narrative.



**Lisa Rosendahl**

Lisa Rosendahl is a curator and writer. She is Associate Professor of Exhibition Studies at Oslo National Academy of the Arts since 2018. In 2019 and 2021, she was the curator of two consecutive editions of the Göteborg International Biennial for Contemporary Art (GIBCA). For the last few years, her curatorial practice has been engaged in long term projects researching industrial Modernity in Scandinavia, resulting in exhibitions such as *Extracts from a Future History* (Public Art Agency Sweden, 2017), *The Society Machine* (Malmö Konstmuseum 2016–17) and *Rivers of Emotion, Bodies of Ore* (Trondheim Kunsthall, 2018). She writes and lectures internationally and has curated exhibitions at Moderna Museet (Stockholm) Kunsthall Charlottenborg (Copenhagen) and INIVA (London) amongst other places.

Previous positions include Curator at Public Art Agency Sweden (Stockholm, 2014–17) Director of IASPIS, the Swedish Arts Grants Committee's international program for visual art, architecture, design and craft (Stockholm, 2011–13) Director of Baltic Art Center (Visby, 2008–10) and Director of Exhibitions at Lisson Gallery (London, 2003–6).



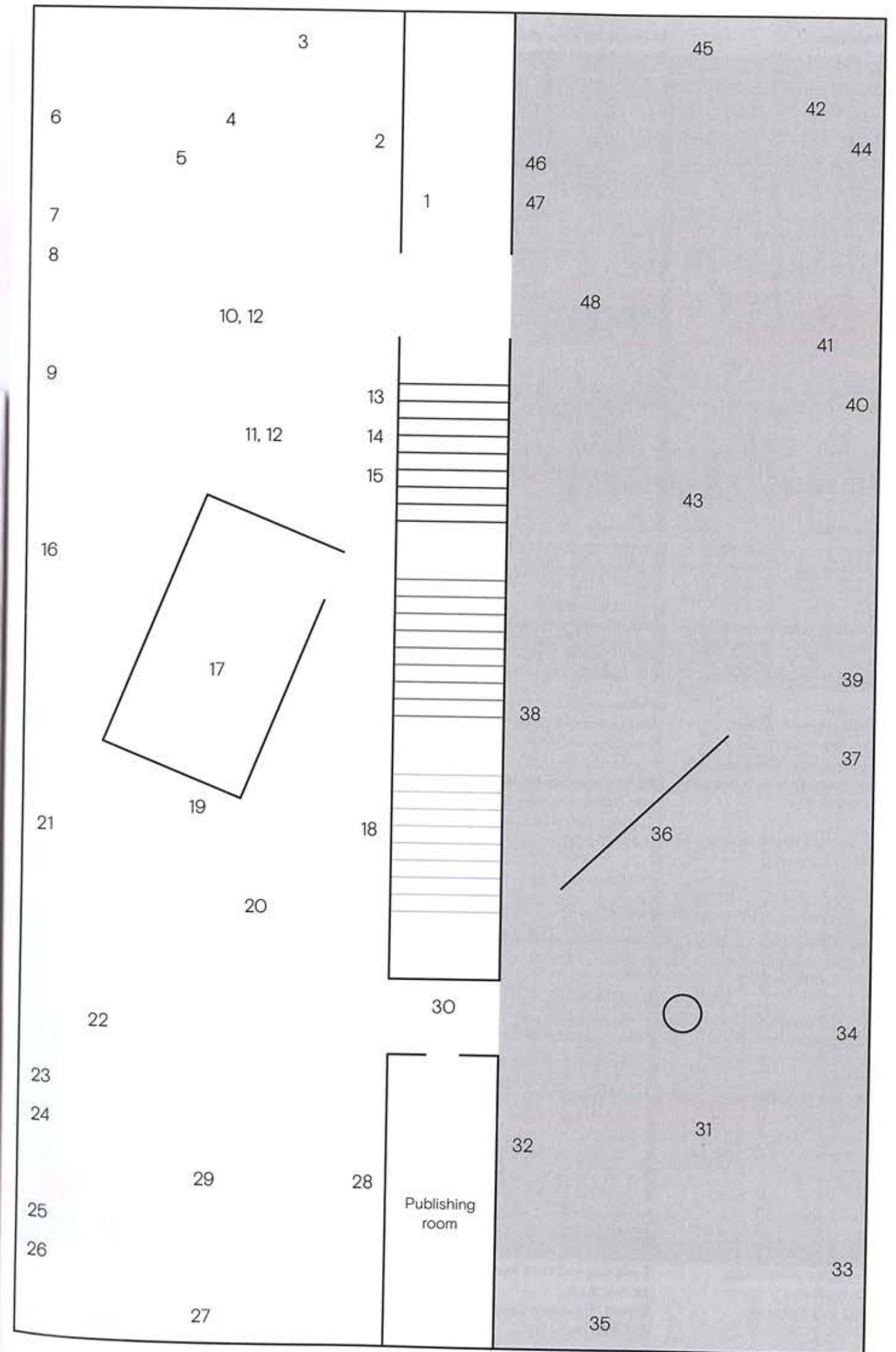
20



MA Fine Art  
The Academy of Fine Art  
Oslo National Academy of the Arts



Kunstneres Hus



**Doris Guo**

**1 Guestbook II**, 2019.  
Cast bronze, signed in by touch  
21.6 x 14 x 3.8 cm

**Rick Seth Ofori**

**2 FETISH +**, 2022-23  
Inkjet prints on paper  
70 x 100 cm each

**Ollie S. Hermansson**

**3 How to be a straight line**  
(Transition Edition, vol. 2), 2023  
Wall text, workshop on Sunday  
7th May at 14.00-16.00

**Mariusz Maslanka**

**4 Balcony I**, 2023  
Aluminum  
115 x 133.6 x 96.8 cm

**5 Balcony II**, 2023

Aluminum  
115 x 133.6 x 96.8 cm

**Naeun Kang**

**6 Memories as Clips**, 2023  
Oil and acrylic on canvas  
50 x 40 x 3 cm

**7 I Know That It Was Mostly a**

**Projection (Pond)**, 2023  
Molten glass on glazed stoneware  
25 x 28 x 3 cm

**8 (I'm a dry woman) I Felt**

**Dehydrated After Taking a Long  
Shower on the Day You Left**, 2023  
Acrylic on polyester mesh, glass frame  
50 x 70 x 2cm

**9 I Miss the Sleep Disturbances**

**You'd Cause**, 2023  
Acrylic on twin bed size canvas  
200 x 140 x 4.5 cm

**10 Buildup**, 2023

Glazed stoneware, polyester fuzz  
31 x 37 x 25 cm

**11 Grief Hack: Make a Sculpture**

**That Looks Like Them and Only  
Look At It With Your Peripheral  
Vision**, 2023  
Glazed stoneware, molten glass  
17x 15 x 26 cm

**12 Stored Away But Still Taking**

**Space**, 2023  
Plastic boxes, fake fur  
Variable dimension

**13 He Had Such a Perfect**

**Body/You at Sea**, 2023  
Oil on dibond  
53.2 x 49.2 x 0.4 cm

**14 Everything is you (But the**

**Time Still Goes)**, 2023  
Fake fur, chicken wire, clock  
mechanism, steel  
25 x 25 x 35 cm

**15 Tearful Landscape**, 2021

Glazed stoneware tile  
20 x 25 x 1 cm

**\* Everything is you**, 2023

Fake fur, clock mechanism,  
plexiglas, steel, battery  
43 x 43 x 2 cm  
Ground floor, on the wall next to  
the reception.

**Rick Seth Ofori**

**16 NOW THAT I'VE BURNT  
THE HOUSE DOWN I'LL STOP  
PLAYING WITH MATCHES**, 2023  
Wall mounted axes, red plaster  
sculpture, wood laminate plinth  
Variable dimensions

**Isan Maher**

**17 Waves Underwater**, 2022-23  
3-channel video, Duration 6'15"

**Mariusz Maslanka**

**18 Sleepwalking I**, 2023  
Cast aluminum  
7.8 x 88.3 x 7.4 cm

**Mathew Lacosse**

**19 In Preparation**, 2022  
Video, Duration 19'28"

**20 I've Grown Fond of Having a**

**Shirt Collar at my Neck**, 2023  
Cotton, polyester, and steel  
100 x 120 x 120 cm each

**\*\* Prospectus**, 2023

Images and mailbox  
35 x 45 x 20 cm  
Outside on the right side of the  
building, just past the terrace.

**Markus Moestue**

**21 The wonderful feeling of  
being completely immersed in  
your own world**, 2023  
Digital prints on paper  
440 x 188 cm

**Doris Guo**

**22 Dustbox 1 (Anti Fortress)**,  
December 2020, Ongoing.  
Pine, hardware, plexi, detritus  
from studio  
16 x 21 x 13 cm

**Doris Guo and Weili Wang**

**23 July**, 2023  
C-print on bamboo paper  
56.5 x 80 cm

**Weili Wang**

**24 市郊速写 (Sketch of a  
suburb)**, 1984 July  
Oil pastel, Framed: 53 x 68 cm

**Doris Guo and Weili Wang**

**25 July**, 2023  
C-print on bamboo paper  
68 x 53 cm

**Weili Wang**

**26 江南老妇与少妇 (Old and young  
women in Jiangnan)**, 1987 July  
Charcoal, Framed: 56.5 x 56.5 cm

**Reyes Santiago Rojas Figueroa**

**27 Swept**, 2023  
Horizon Line of sand and  
various materials, 868 x 0.1 cm

**28 Universe Folded in on Itself**,

2023, Cyanotype, 127 x 91 cm

**Yun Hao**

**29 The Truth of Breathing II**, 2023  
Wood, chicken skin, glue  
120 x 240 x 4 cm

**Anna Clawson**

**30 Duet**, 1938/2022  
Looped audio 0'54"

**Doris Guo**

**31 Dustbox 2 (Anti Fortress)**,  
December 2020, Ongoing  
Pine, hardware, plexi, detritus  
from studio, 16 x 21 x 10 cm

**Johan Andrén**

**32 Black Sun 1 - 2, Black Sun 3**  
(towards the end of the world),  
2023, Solarised silver gelatin  
prints on direct positive paper,  
5.5 x 7cm each

**33 see I what see You, You see**

**what I see**, 2023  
16mm projector, film loop 0'43",  
(shot with prepared camera),  
cast tin object

**34 Cousins**, 2023

Xerox prints (enlargement of  
graphite rubbing), wallpaper  
glue, 200 x 250 cm

**Nicole Ward**

**35 Mouthed numbers**, 2023  
160 hand-transferred 35mm  
slides, 2 carousel slide  
projectors, 2 interval timers

**36 Watching a wrinkle carve itself**

**out across a forehead**, 2023  
Digital video, colour/silent, loop  
of 19'55"

**37 Best measured not in feet**

**but in hours (I-IIIIII)**, 2023  
Hand-forged mild steel, linseed oil  
Variable dimensions

**Anna Clawson**

**38 quiet commuters**, 1945/2022  
16mm projector with looper  
The film will degrade and erase itself  
over the course of the exhibition  
Loop of 0'54"

**39 "Why did you convert to**

**Catholicism when you don't believe  
in God?" - "I had to find something to  
measure my evil against"**, 2019/2023  
A4 pen on recycled paper

**40 remake**, 1998/2023

Child's mask recast in silicone  
for an adult sized head

**41 hand-me-down, hold my**

**hand**, 1690/2023  
MiniDV video on monitor,  
colour/sound, loop of 6'44"

**42 lightning rod...**, 1927/2023

Hand-forged mild steel  
96 x 81 x 404 cm

**Sara Guldmyr**

**43 Soft Letters**, 2023  
Handwoven wool weaves  
Variable dimensions

**Mark Walker**

**44 False Sun**, 2023  
Copper dome, 56 x 56 x 20 cm

**45 Underfoot**, 2023

Photo series, double pseudo-  
solarised gelatin silver prints &  
blued steel, 46 x 46 cm each

**Mariusz Maslanka**

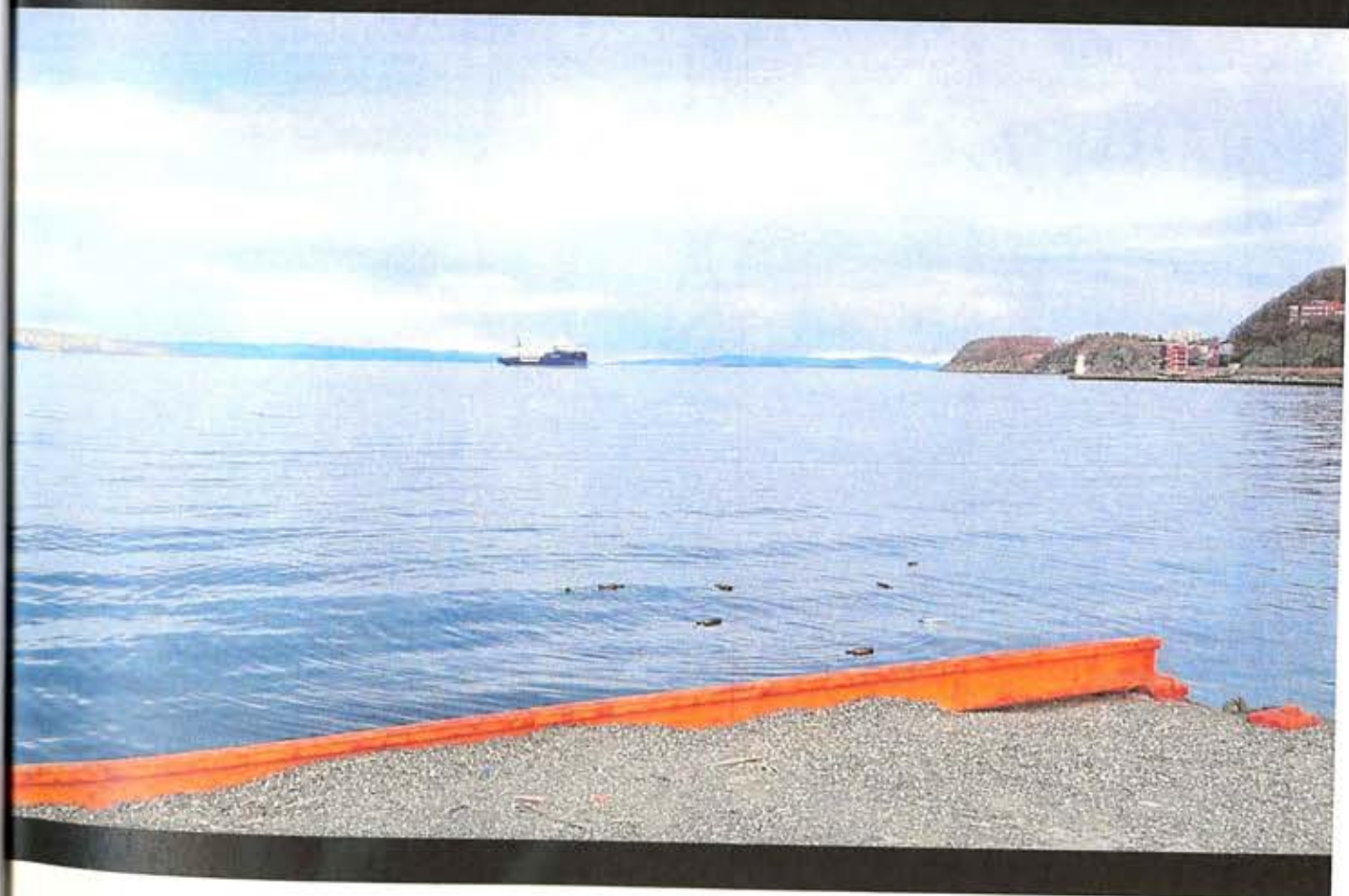
**46 Sleepwalking III**, 2023  
Cast aluminum  
7.8 x 29.1 x 10.2 cm

**47 Sleepwalking IV**, 2023

Cast aluminum  
7.8 x 83.2 x 8.3 cm

**Yun Hao**

**48 Paradox Hug**, 2022  
Metal, fish skin, acrylic  
20 x 20 x 260 cm



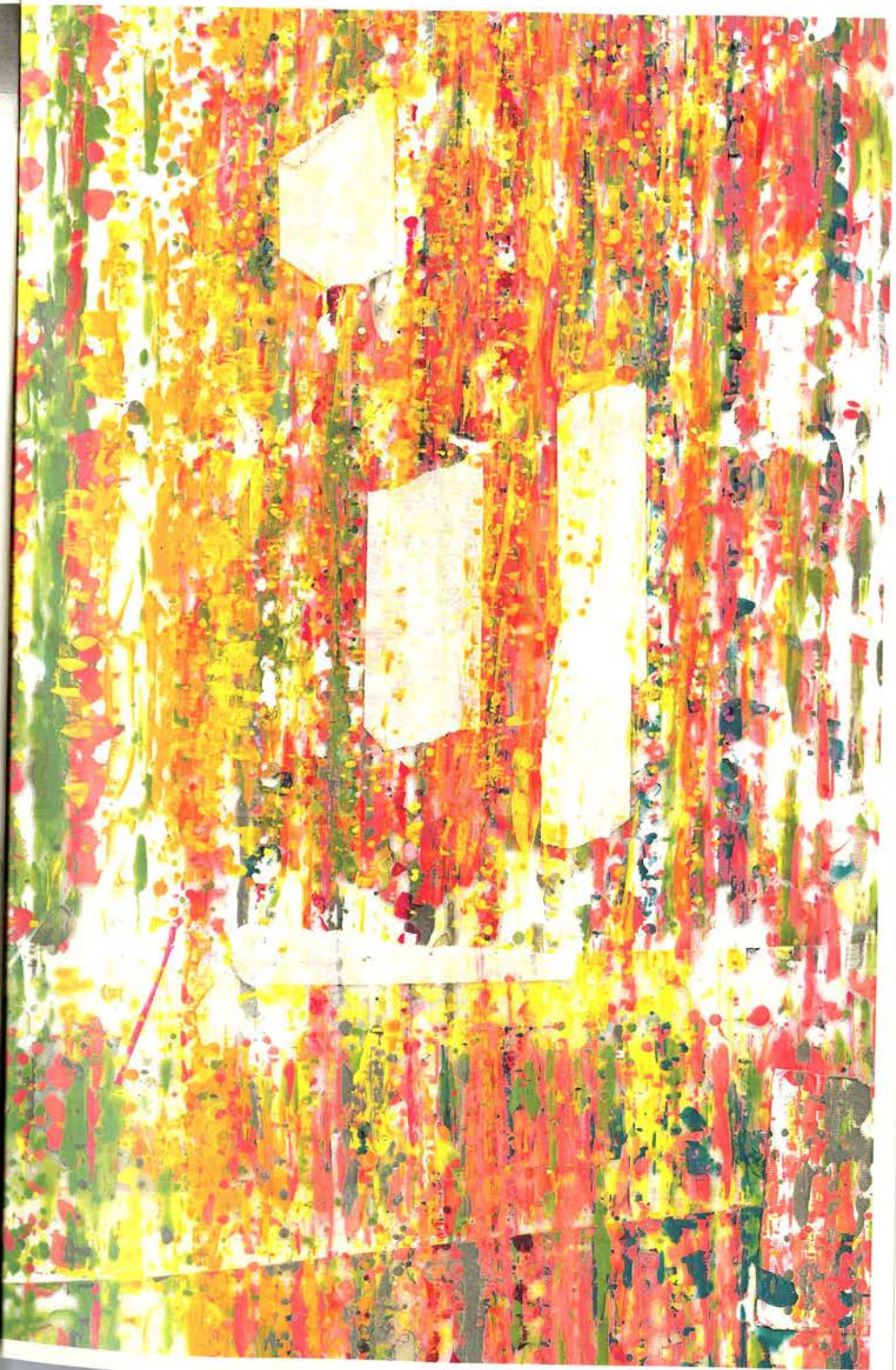
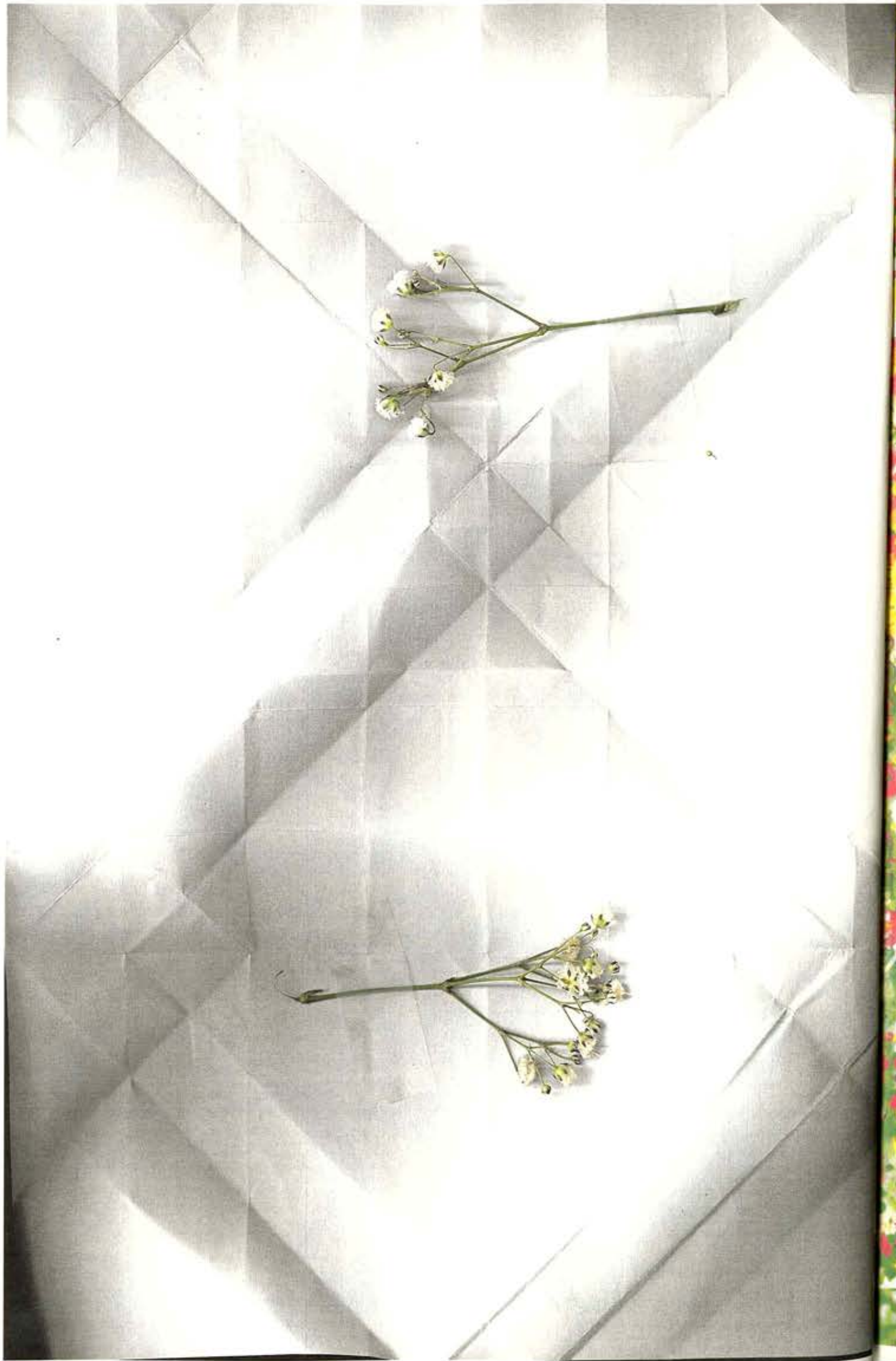
Våren 2015 kastade jag åtta flaskor med flaskpost, ut i havet från kajen i Trondheim.  
Är det någon som har hittat en av dem?

maila mig på [saraguldmyr@gmail.com](mailto:saraguldmyr@gmail.com)

In the spring of 2015, I left eight bottles with bottle post in the sea in Trondheim.  
If you happened to find one,

email me at [saraguldmyr@gmail.com](mailto:saraguldmyr@gmail.com)





Filling time

I am essentially numerous strips of celluloid coated in six colours of glossy nail polish. My polish is applied swiftly in some areas - translucent prominent brush strokes, & slowly in others - thick globules of opaqueness. I am a material experiment through & through. I am non-verbal & express emotion & mood through my colour palette. I am built up of colours said to aid memory/concentration, reminiscent of colour overlays, plastic reading sheets tinted with colour & placed over texts to aid reading. Most of my colour is applied following the directional flow of my strip. However, some sections react against this, cutting across horizontally to pursue my repeating individual frames.

I do not appear precious & my surface is by no means clean. I have managed to accumulate many insignificant marks, hair & dust. I am the material remnants of a coping mechanism, a physical embodiment of a moral obligation to never do nothing with one's time. Not one part of me is the same. Behind the scenes I am a modestly sized tangible object, made up of many parts that have been rudimentarily spliced together with bits of tape. I am easy to hold in your hands. I have been sporadically scratched from beginning to end by something sharp, & from behind my scratches interruptions of light seep brightly. Depending on how clean my scratches are, occasionally lead coloured markings form an image akin to a birchwood forest. There is no logic to how or where my scratches occur. Some run the length of several frames, others fill only one. Meaningless, spontaneous gestures attempting to activate an image. Each one emphasises the considerable presence the hand has played in the making of me - the hand that feels compelled to be active, to always be doing something, to be constantly moving. I think of them as 'narrative cloggers'<sup>1</sup>, working to disrupt any potential narrative you may be tempted to formulate in your head as you are observing me. Their action interrupts your contemplation. They are there to redirect your focus, to bring you 'back in the room', but also to make you feel like you are maybe dropping out of linear time.

In order to present myself to you I have become huge, vastly out of proportion to my former (unedited, analogue) self. I am making my presence known in this room. All the tiny individual 16mm frames that I consist of are catapulted onto this enormous screen, custom-made to fit the size of this room & you. I am relating one-to-one with your body & want you to think of me as like a portal. I take up substantial space, yet also consume a great deal of time. I thought I took a long time to make, but it takes even longer for me to get to my 'point'. I am forcing movement out of myself. In terms of frame rates, I make a second feel like a lifetime. I imagine that when you are watching me you will be asking yourself whether or not I will ever get to my 'point'?

Nothing is hidden, what you see is what you get. This is what every single detail of time being filled by an endless task mundanely looks like & it is all visibly here for you to notice. You are literally just observing the intricacies of me (a film strip) being covered with material (nail polish).

My pace is dictated by the time two images take to merge into one another, as seamlessly as possible. Hundreds of still images are what constitute my whole, so to portray movement I need to conduct myself carefully & force frames to behave more like sequences. I am trying to captivate your attention so that you really SEE what goes into producing a 'meaningless' thing such as me. What physically constitutes productive use of time? I could only tweak & arrange each & every one of my movements, shifts, turns & decisions in hindsight, during my post-production. It was impossible for me to plan my rhythm beforehand. What you are witnessing results from me having been carefully analysed for umpteen hours to then be cut & repositioned into shape.

<sup>1</sup> Taken from a quote by Nicholson Baker in U & I: A True Story (ed. Vintage, 2011) - "I wanted my first novel to be a veritable infarct of narrative cloggers - the trick being to feel your way through a clog by blowing it up until its obstructiveness finally reveals not blank mass but unlooked-for seepage points of passage."

Met  
Comm

Key  
Thinking  
with  
s

fill



COMING BACK  
JUST HAVING  
PINNER

WAITING  
FOR

RENDERING

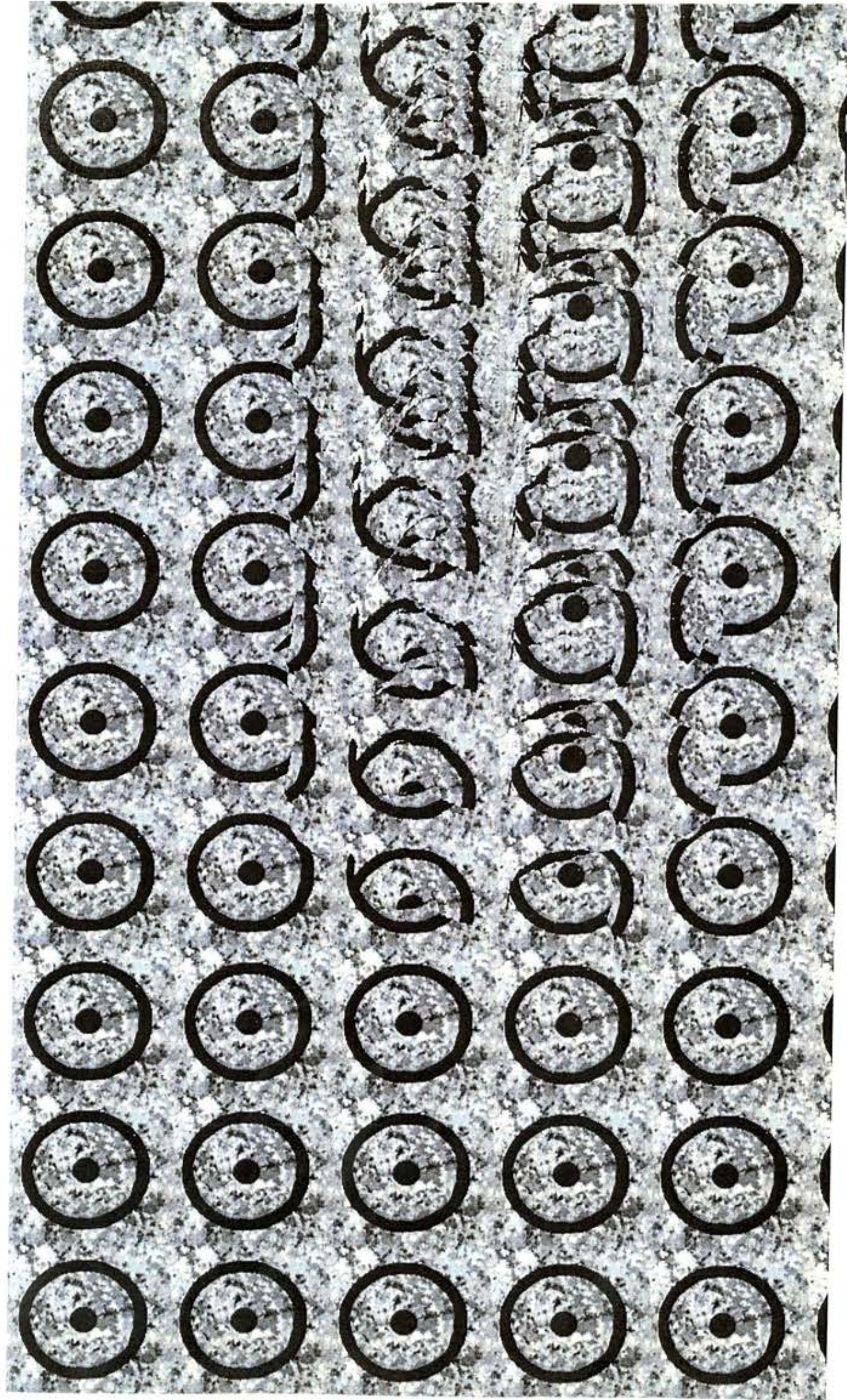
TO

FINISH

— Please  
Do NOT  
TOUCH

Nicole

magic eye





legs, feet, trample



eye



sun, star, dawn, snow, tear, day



root



journey, track



dead sun



root



fish



footprint



axe, club



butt heart



mist, night, shade, black fog, smoke, shadow, death, darkness



journey, footprints, dance



thunder



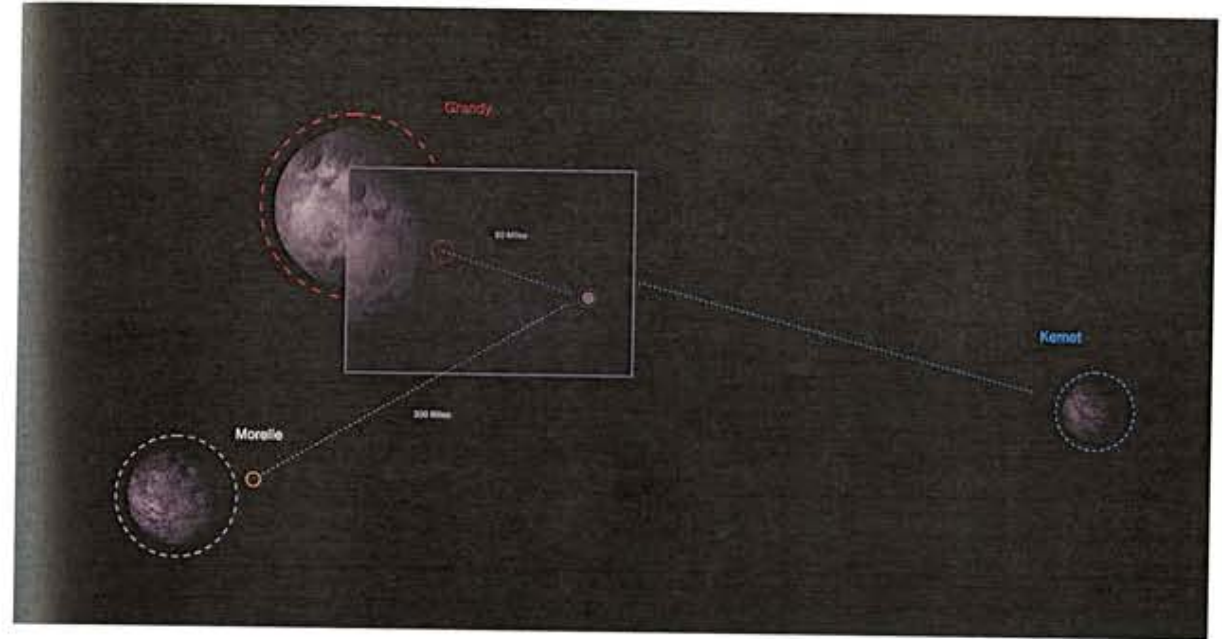
burial site, mourner, sacrifice

- Down
- 2. vanable
- 3. survival quality
- 4. Thunder
- 5. Sun
- 6. decay
- 8. sorry to ground
- 9. lightning
- 11. lament
- 15. silver galahm
- 18. over
- 19. saboteur effect
- 20. shrivelled
- 22. humble
- 26. doom jazz
- 28. refuse
- 30. crush
- 32.1 cono class
- 33. ord
- 34. subterranean
- 36. divi
- 38. void
- 41. flash

- Hears
- 1. cut off
- 6. unhappy ready work
- 10. began crate
- 12. Zuy Zuy
- 13. heat
- 19. Foster
- 16. modest
- 17. wrinkled
- 21. dark was the night
- 23. Tept
- 24. dream
- 25. grt
- 27. dea fan
- 29. negative
- 31. vacer faintly
- 32. it
- 35. under foot
- 37. unhass
- 38. sod
- 40. document
- 41. fossil
- 42. dft avon
- 43. foilure

Answers, please see Beneath one's steps for questions

Argo left Kemet planet On November 9th, 3015, with 300 people on board and experienced a technical issue that resulted in the loss of one of its engines.



In an attempt to receive assistance, the crew of the Argo contacted the nearest space station, Grandy, but their request was declined due to the Argo's distance from the station.

In order to reconstruct the incident, I started by combining visual, acoustic material and video sources from Argo and Grandy to construct a timeline. The incident was captured by a camera and a radio transmission, the first recorded by Argo and the second by Grandy.

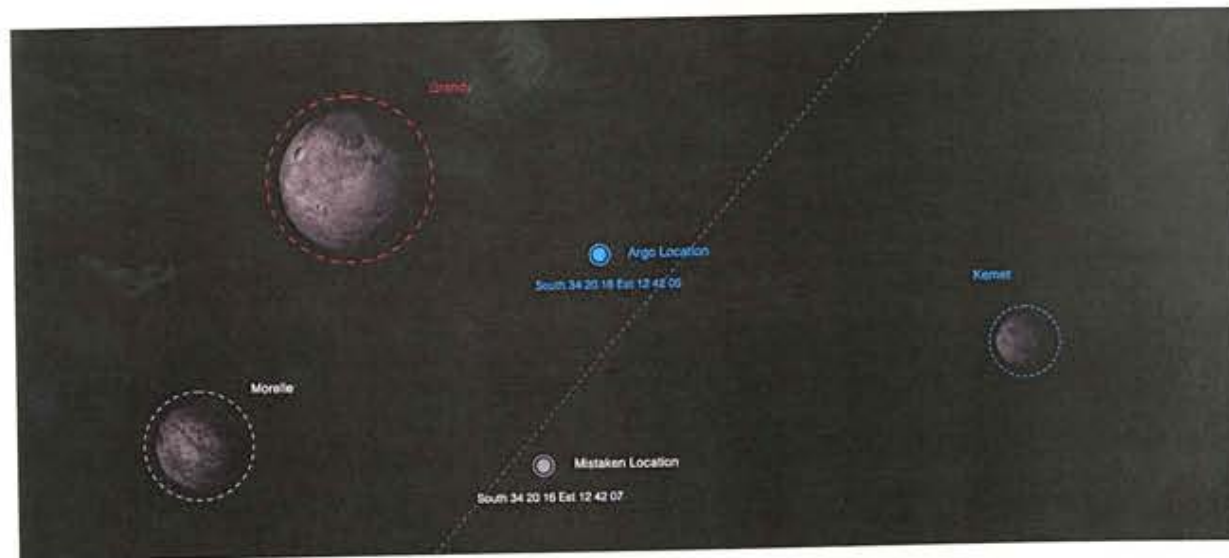


The audio file was uploaded to a space app by the Grandy crew after two days as part of their daily work.

The video recorded by Argo was found on a platform called Instacam and its online surveillance security cameras that enable users to search live webcams around the world. Looking back at the incident date and searching for cameras that were available online, I came across the Argo video.

| Glitch_ID | Target                         | Glitch_ID | Target                         |
|-----------|--------------------------------|-----------|--------------------------------|
| 1         | Asking for assistance          | 7         | Explicitly stating the problem |
| 2         | Asking for assistance          | 8         | Position of Argo               |
| 3         | Identifying the spaceship      | 9         | Position of Argo               |
| 4         | Identifying the spaceship      | 10        | Position of Argo               |
| 5         | Explicitly stating the problem | 11        | Position of Argo               |
| 6         | Explicitly stating the problem | 12        | Position of Argo               |
|           |                                | 13        | Grandy declined assistance     |

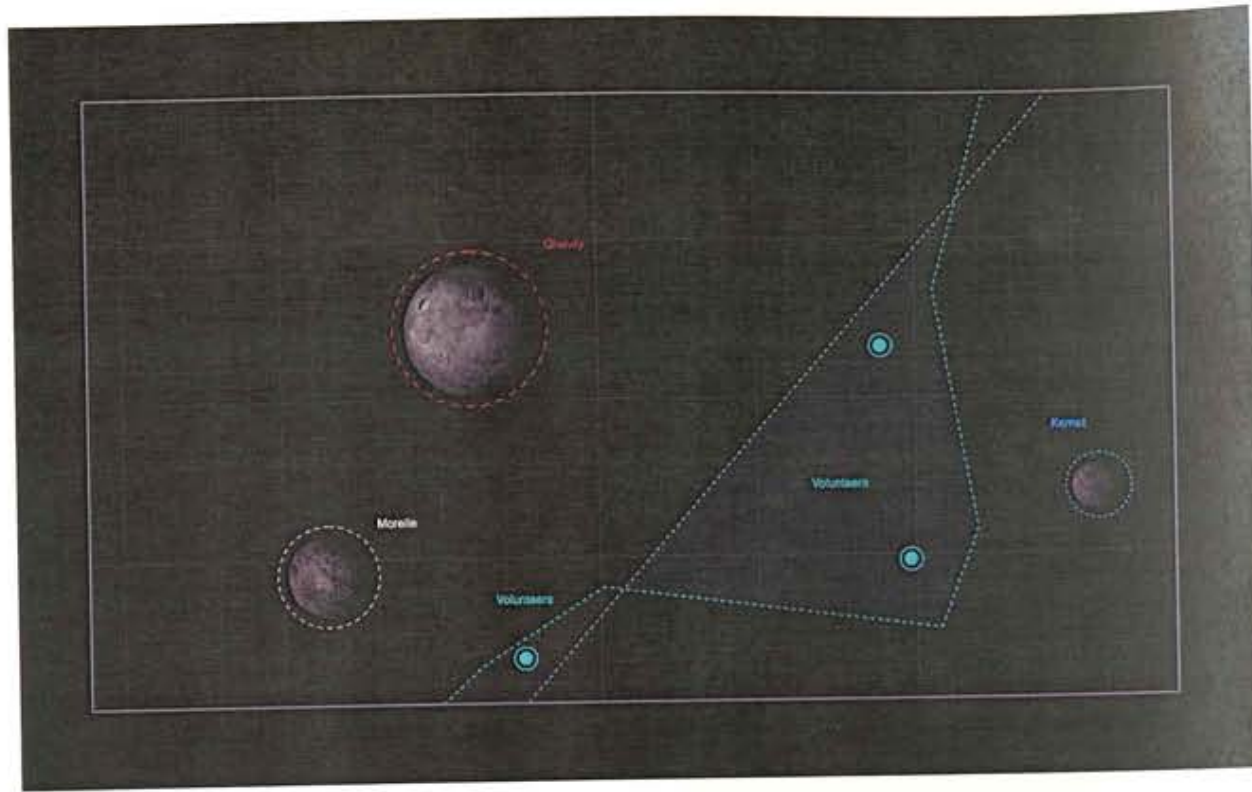
Going back to the audio file which is being posted by Grandy and listening carefully, over 13 different glitches were noticed and those glitches led to the information being lost.



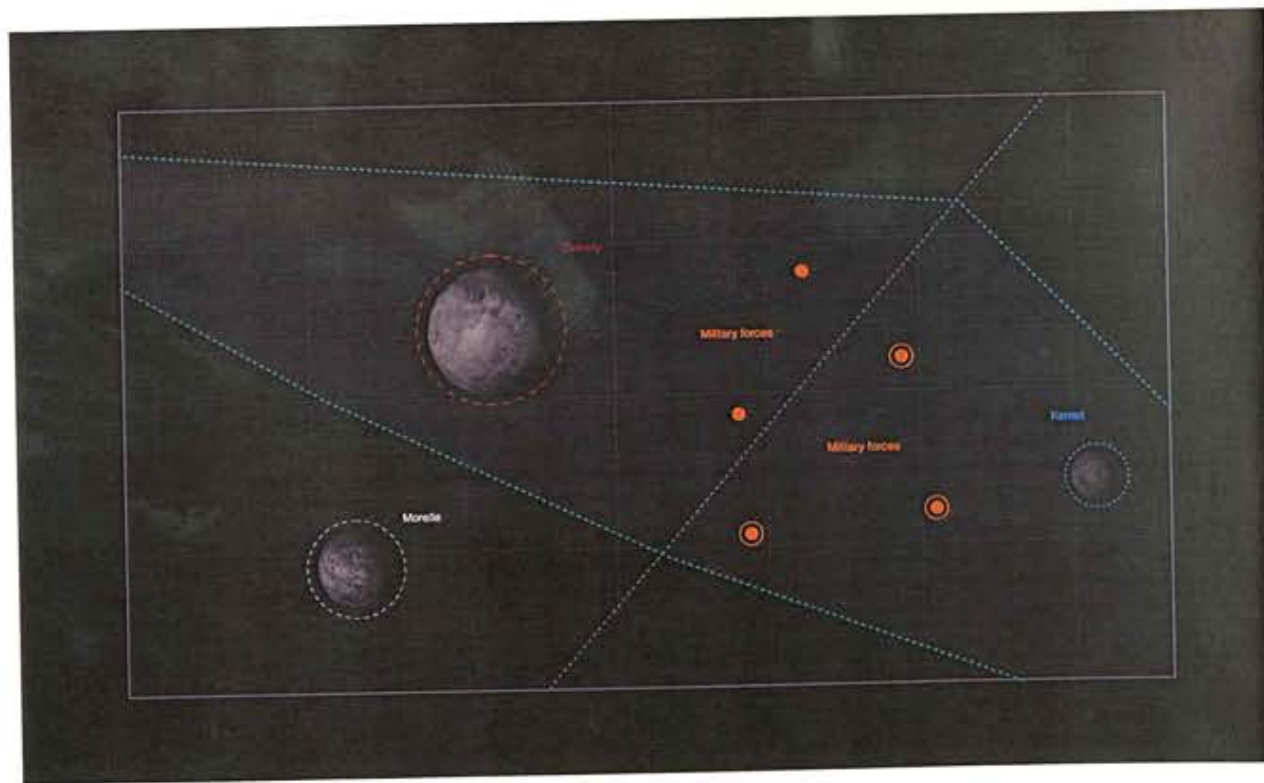
In order to determine the missing data, I started with synchronizing the two files and aligning them to one another and narrowing the time period in which the glitches have taken place. As a result of the glitches, Grandy mistook Argo's location as South 34 20 16 Est 12 42 07 instead of South 34 20 18 Est 12 42 05.

By checking the time of the incident in relation to the satellite connection situation; The international space organization's report, posted two days after the incident, stated that there was a weak network connection that caused dropped frames on the day of the incident.

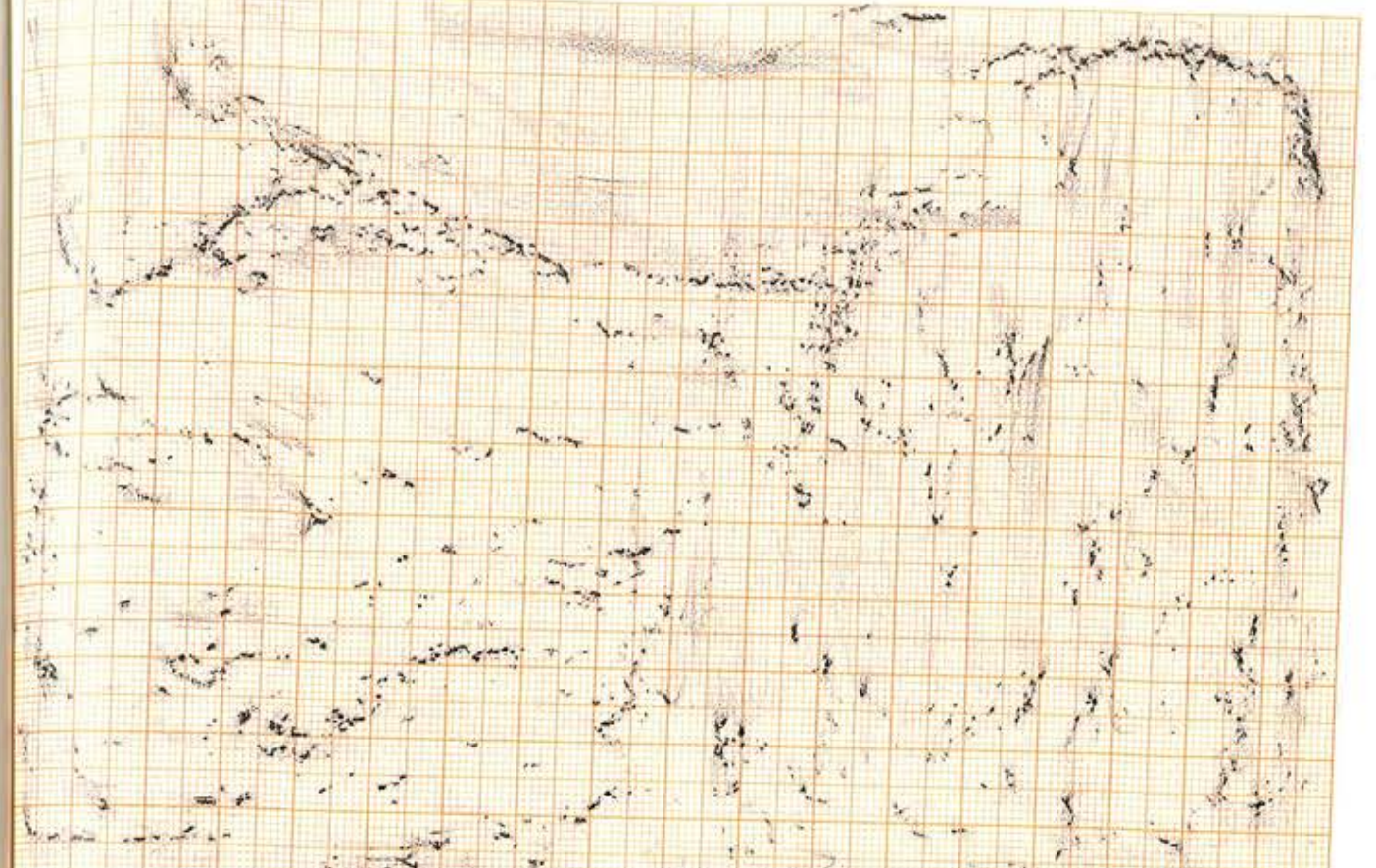
A week before the incident, a news article posted by the right news reported that The United Planets (TUP) had shut down most of their satellite connections to the outer world.



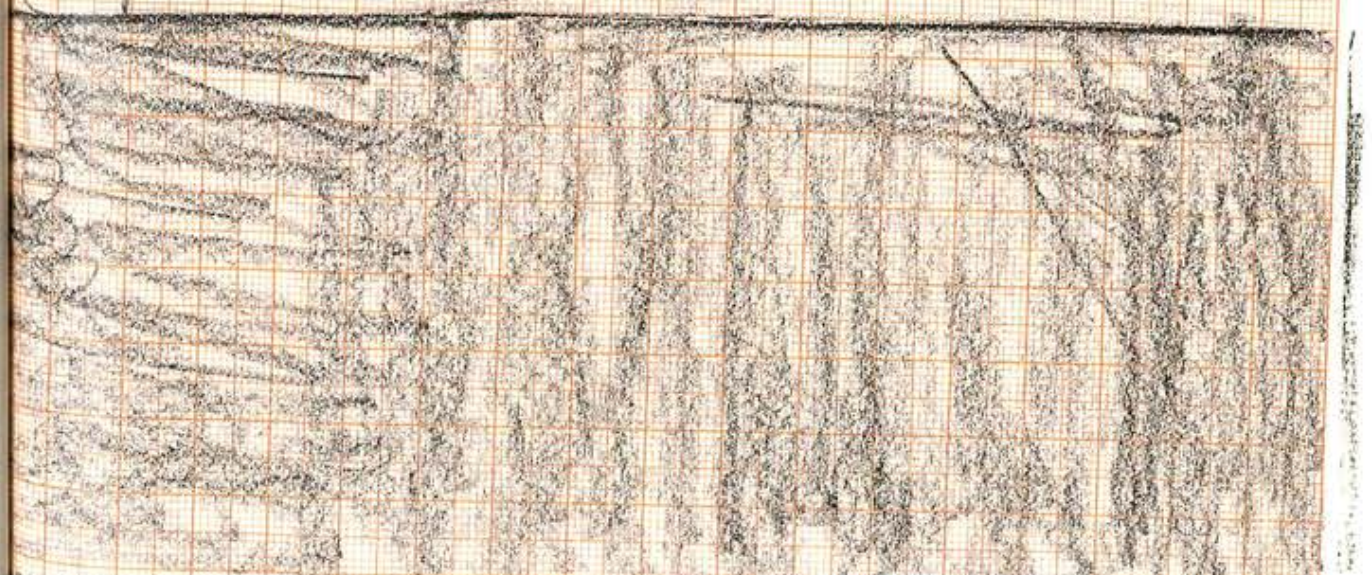
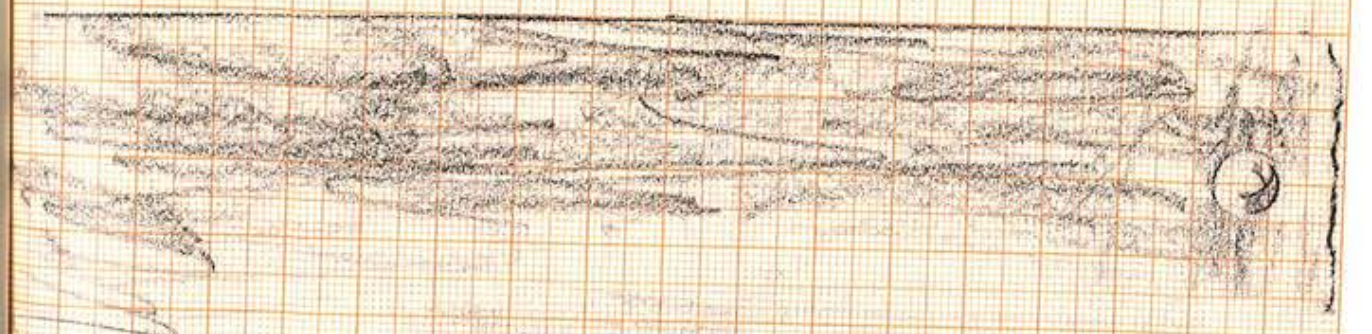
A few days before the accident, authorities from the United Planets TUP and Kemet published a joint action plan to strengthen control of the eastern borders.



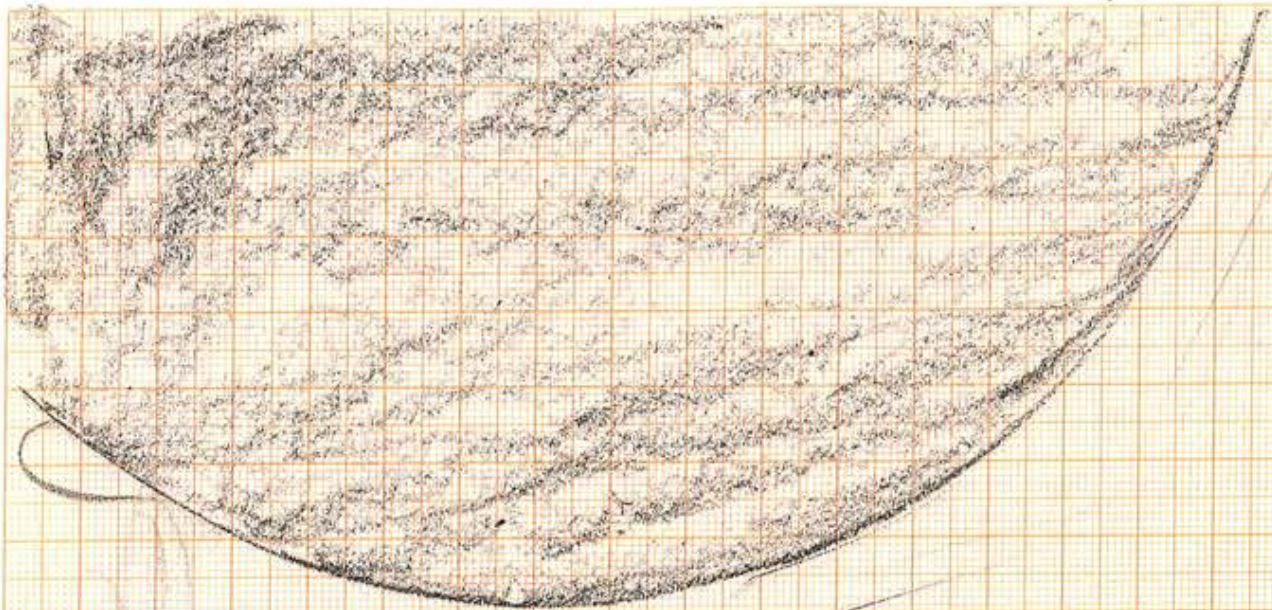
In September 3016, ten months after the accident, this plan was put into effect through a TUP-Kemet deal, leading to the further militarization of the space with dramatic increases in surveillance and interception.



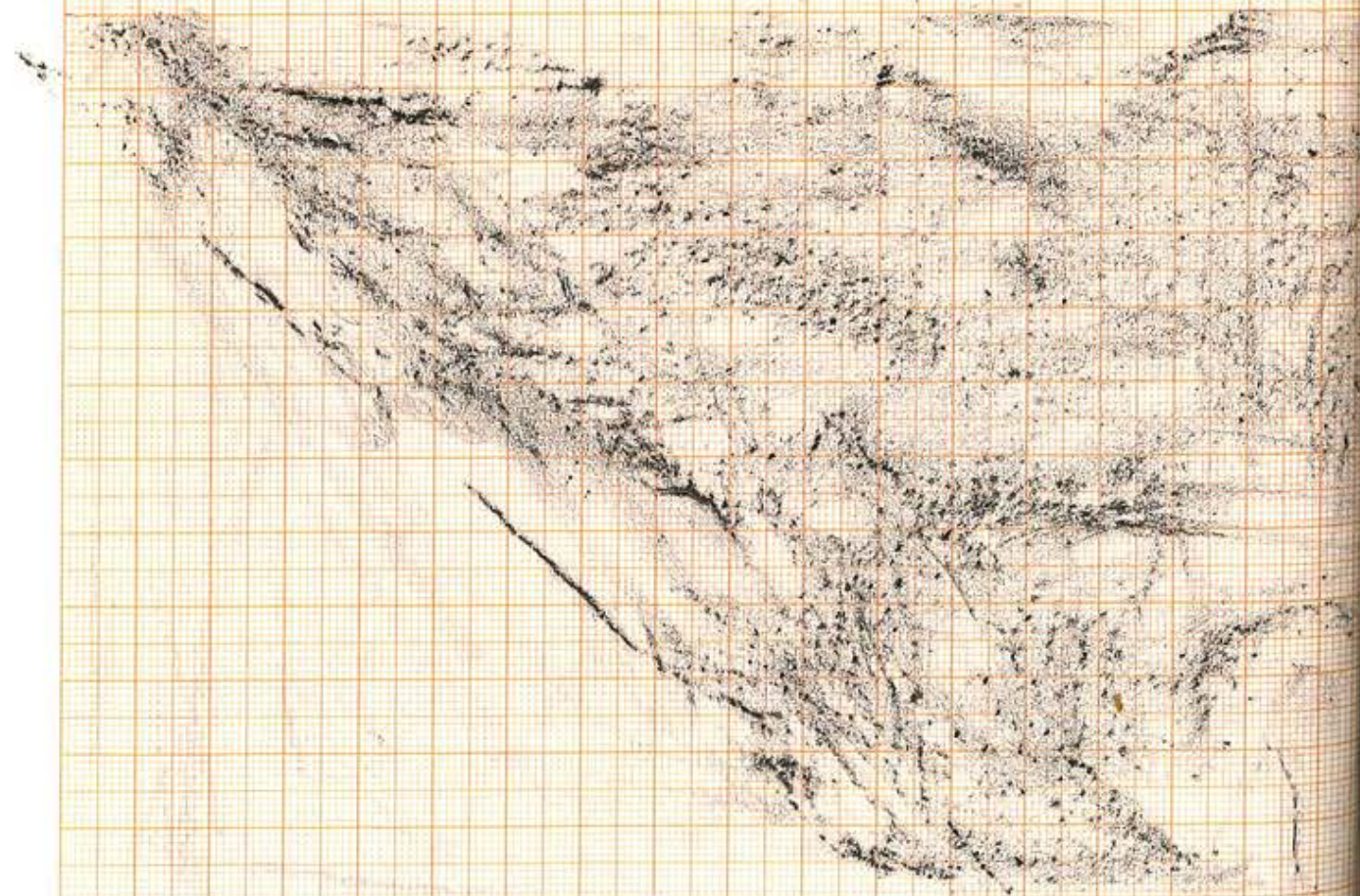
SKETCH OF "GUEST BOOK II", 2019, NORIS GUD, (CAST BRONZE)



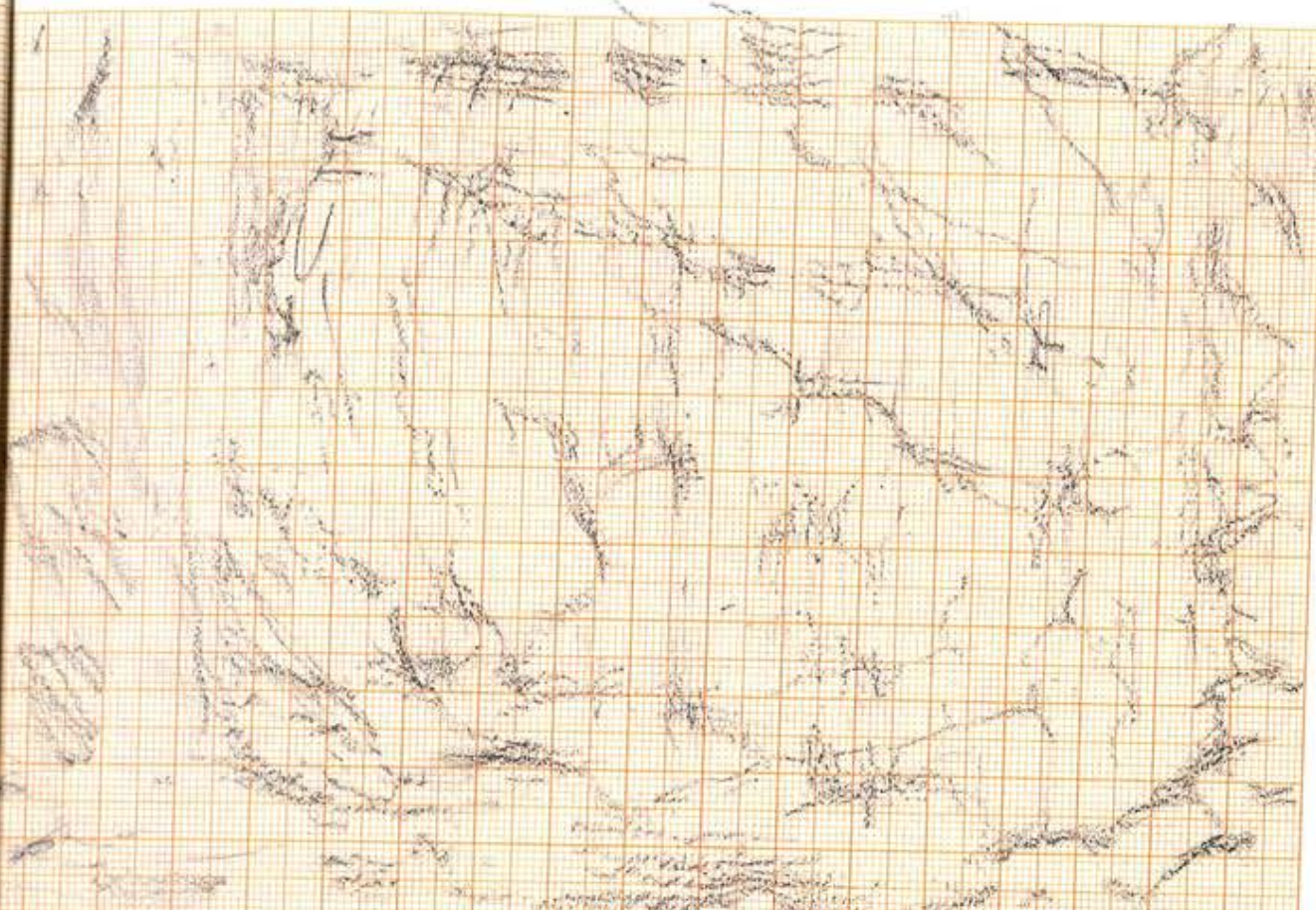
SKETCH OF "BALCONY I", 2023, MARIUSZ MASLANKA, (ALUMINUM)



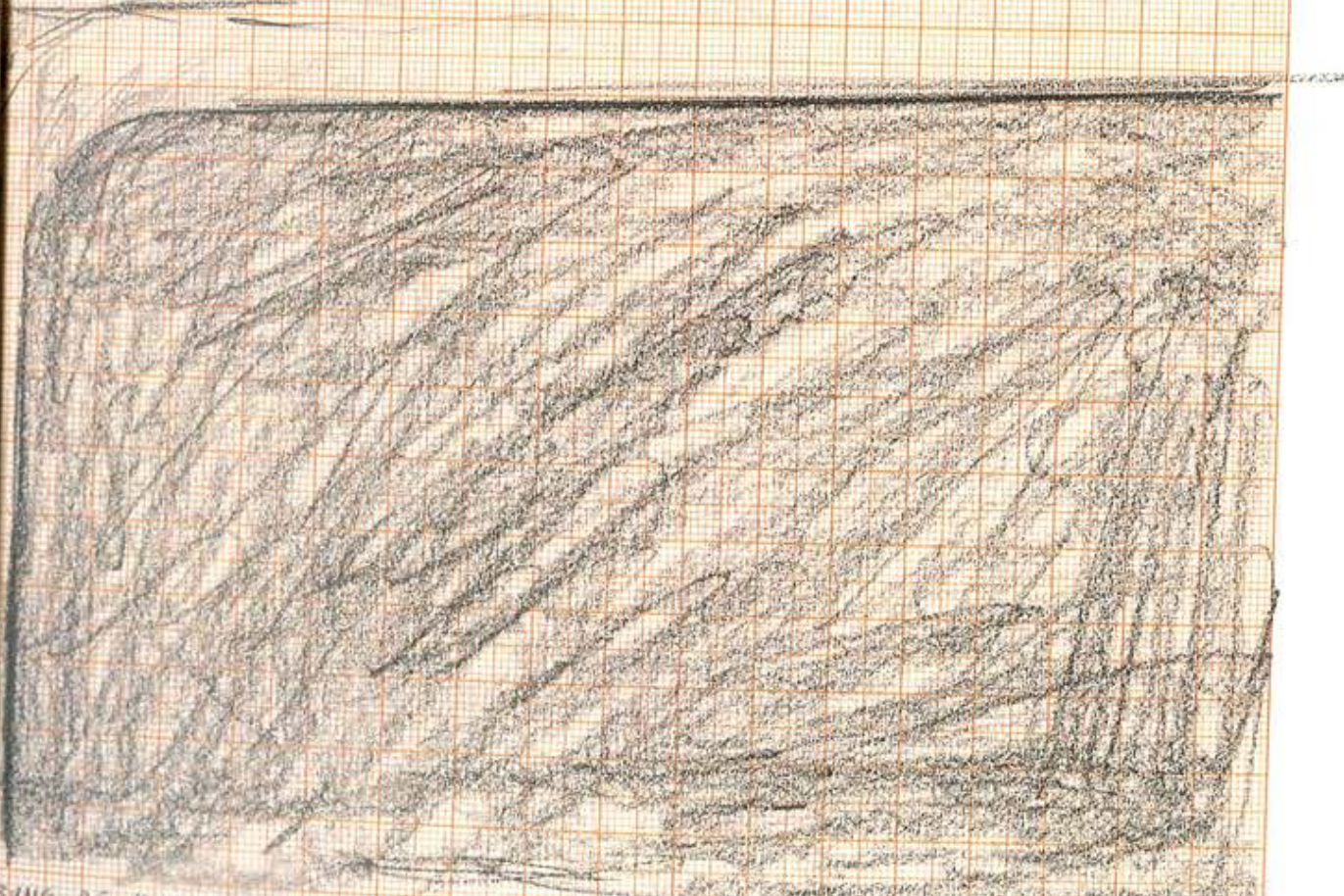
RUBBING OF "I'VE GROWN TIRED OF HAVING A SHIRT COLLAR AT MY NECK", 2023, MATHEW HALCIS, (COTTON, POLYESTER, STEEL)



RUBBING OF "PARADOX HUG", 2022, YUN HAO, (METAL, FISH SKIN, ACRYLIC)



RUBBING OF "GRIEF HACK: MAKE A SCULPTURE THAT LOOKS LIKE THEM AND ONLY LOOK AT IT IN YOUR PERIPHERAL VISION", 2025, NAEVN KANG, (GLAZED STONEWARE, MOLTEN GLASS)



RUBBING OF "HAND-ME-DOWN, HOLD MY HAND", 1690/2023, ANNA CLAWSON, (BY VIDEO ON INSTAGRAM, COLOUR/SOUND, LOOP OF 6'46'")

# Am I alone or not?

Review 10.05.2023

*The Toilets*, Kunstneres Hus, Oslo



Descending the narrow stairs towards the toilet rooms; in the doorway I meet a small boy. We spend several long seconds looking at each other, him with one hand on the door handle and maybe tears in his eyes. When a parent figure turns up behind him, ushers him on, out of the toilet room, out of his tears, and up the stairs, I realise in hindsight that I was wondering what a small boy was doing there on his own.

The toilet room that is now empty but for me, is anachronistic and eclectic in its interior and materials. The tiles on the walls are painted over, in a light green colour that is reminiscent of the green-cyan hue of the frosted glass dividing the two restrooms. A sense of enclosure, of shutting out the outside. Not even the material reality of tiles and their joints is let through the filters here.

Approaching the strangely narrow and high sinks, I catch a shadow playing on the frosted glass wall behind the sinks. Vague outlines of what must be a visitor in the opposite toilet room from the one I'm in. At once both contact and separation, with an anonymous person.

There is an experiential parallel to this toilet room at Kunstneres Hus in Oslo: Gregor Schneider's installation *N. Schmidt Pferdegasse 19 48143 Münster Deutschland* that I had the privilege to attend at Skulptur Projekte in Münster 2017. Walking through the staged apartment with rooms laid out like a walking route, I met one of the other visitors, seemingly confused and heading the opposite way than the rest of us. When entering a door we thought was an exit, we found ourselves where we started. After another walkthrough we finally managed to exit the loop, which was in fact two exact replicas of the same space, connected with identical hallways.

For *The Toilets* in Kunstneres Hus to have the emotional impact it has, there might be too much reliance on the well rehearsed and sensitive social performance in the beginning of the visit. But isn't a well made work of art precisely this, something that would fall apart, if just one single part was removed?

What happened both in Münster six years ago and in Oslo only a few days ago, could be called alienated confusion as a spatial experience, as social but also completely bodily and materially. In Schneider's installation: are we stuck in a loop or are we moving forward? In the toilets of Kunstneres Hus: am I alone or not? Am I really aloud to wash my hands here?



DOWN

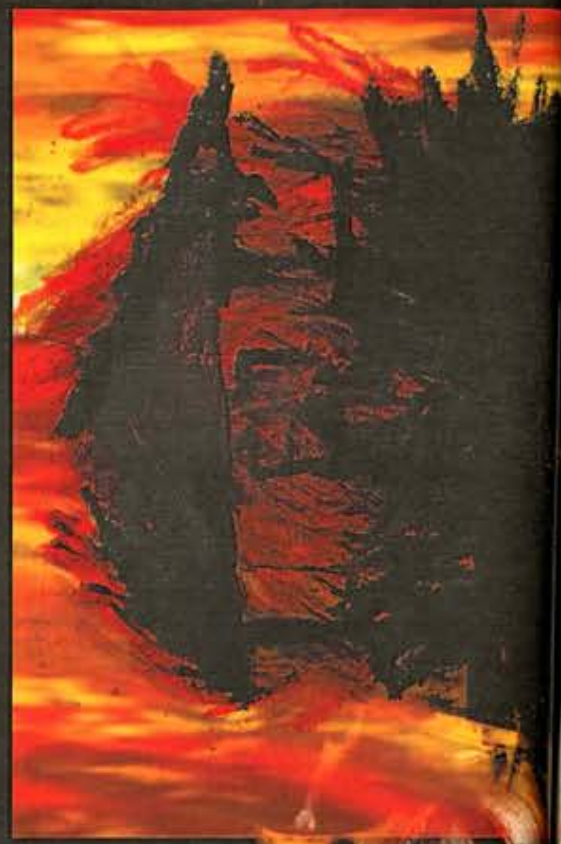
FROM THE MONUMENT DIRECTED IN THE PAST TO THE PROTESTS  
AND MOVEMENTS WE SEE TODAY.

HOW FAR HAVE WE REALLY GOTTEN?

DID WE FORGET TO REMEMBER?

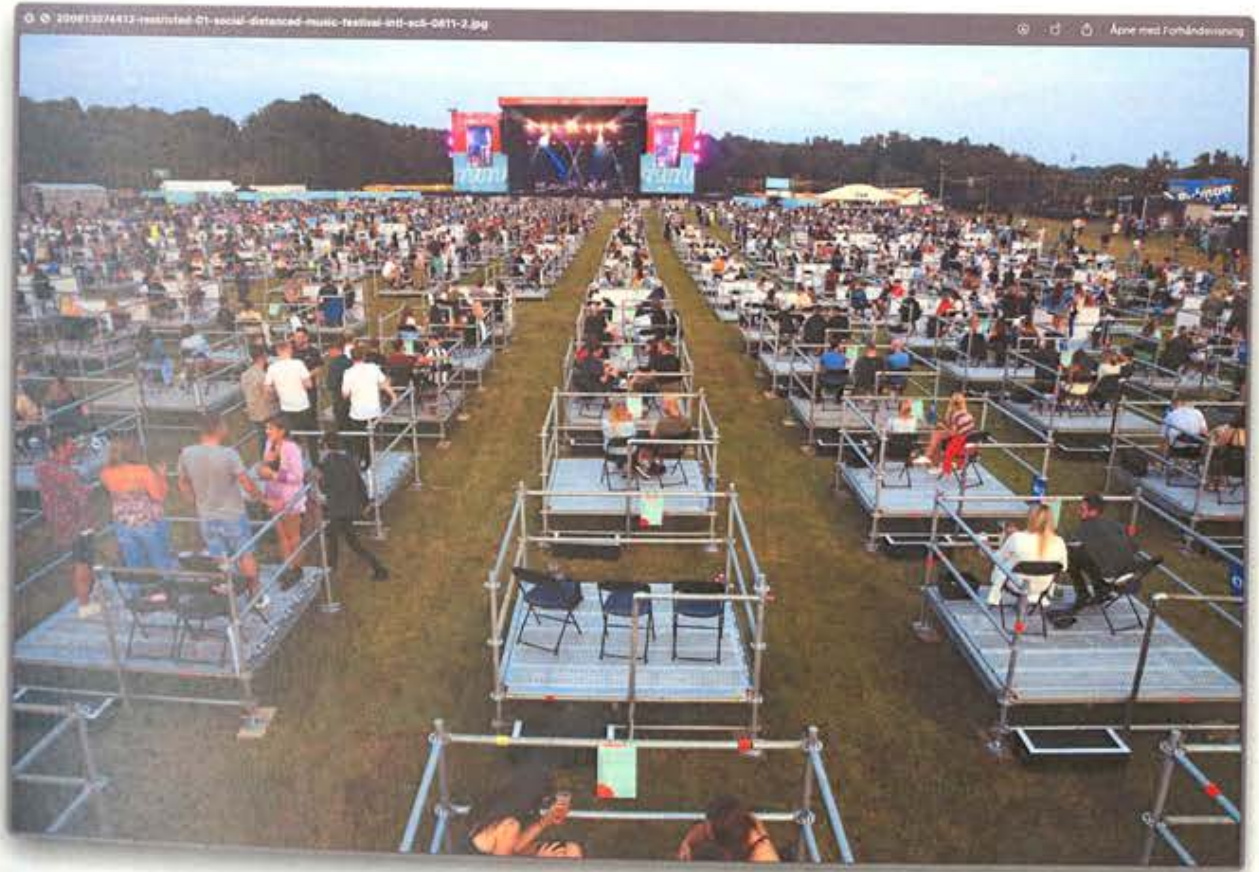
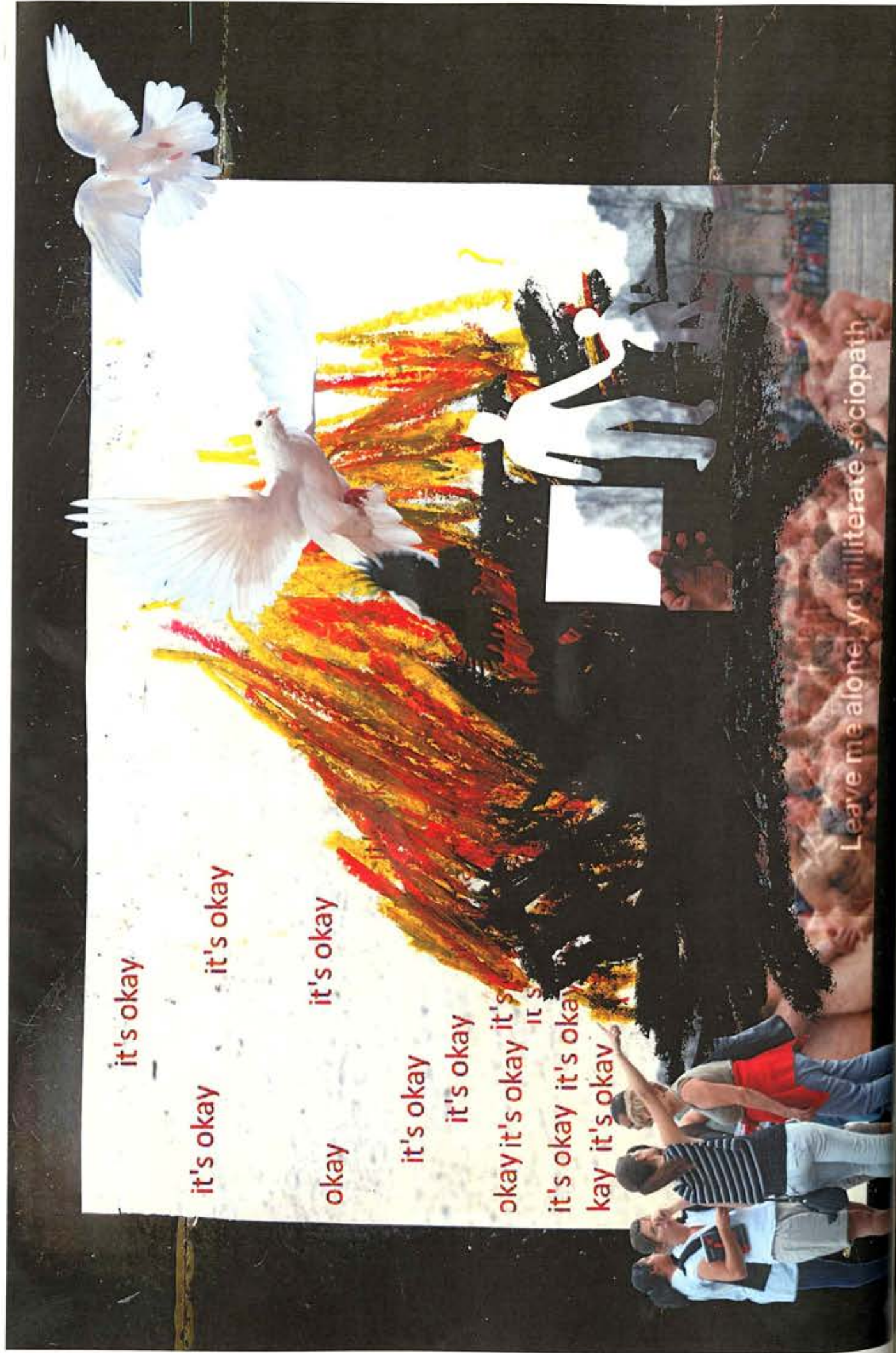
AND WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

—HICK SETS OFF JUNE AND

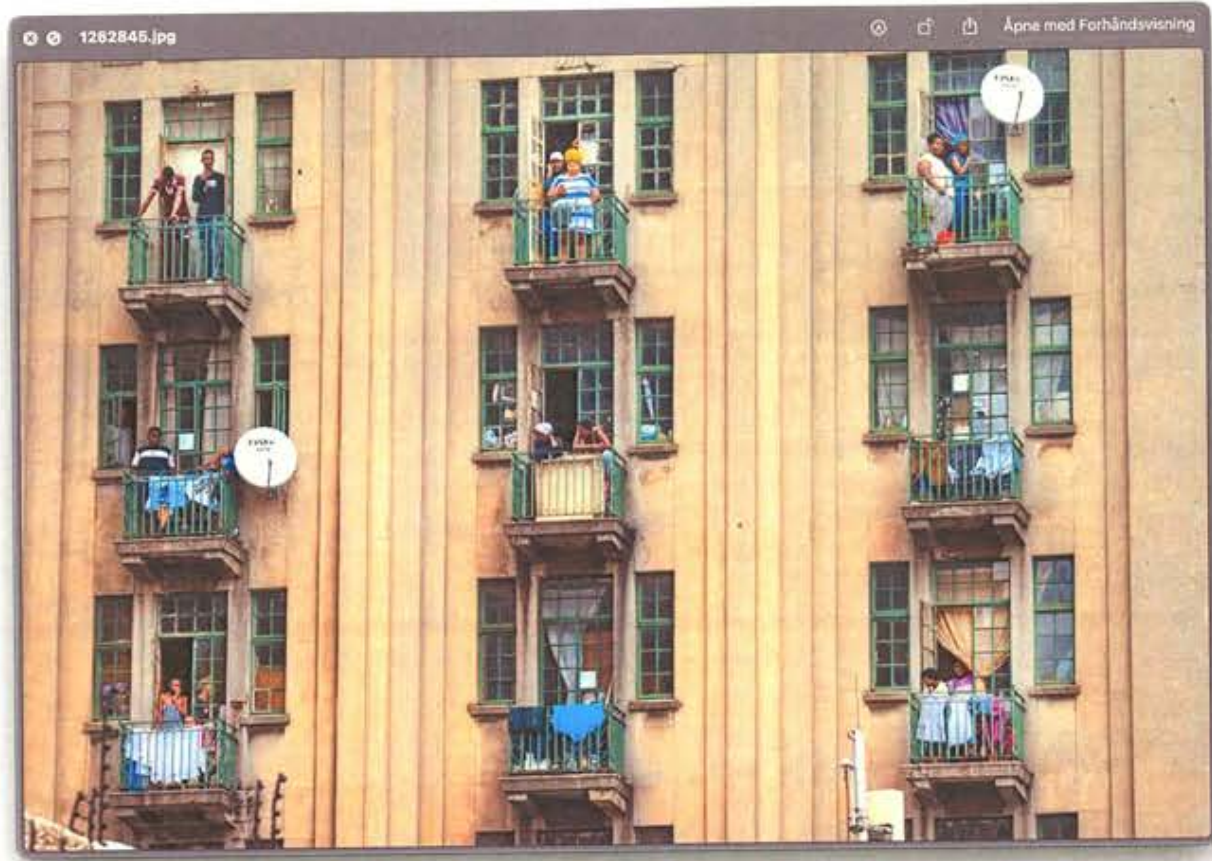


*W* E'RE GOING TO KNOW EACH  
OTHER EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT  
NOW?"

—Rick

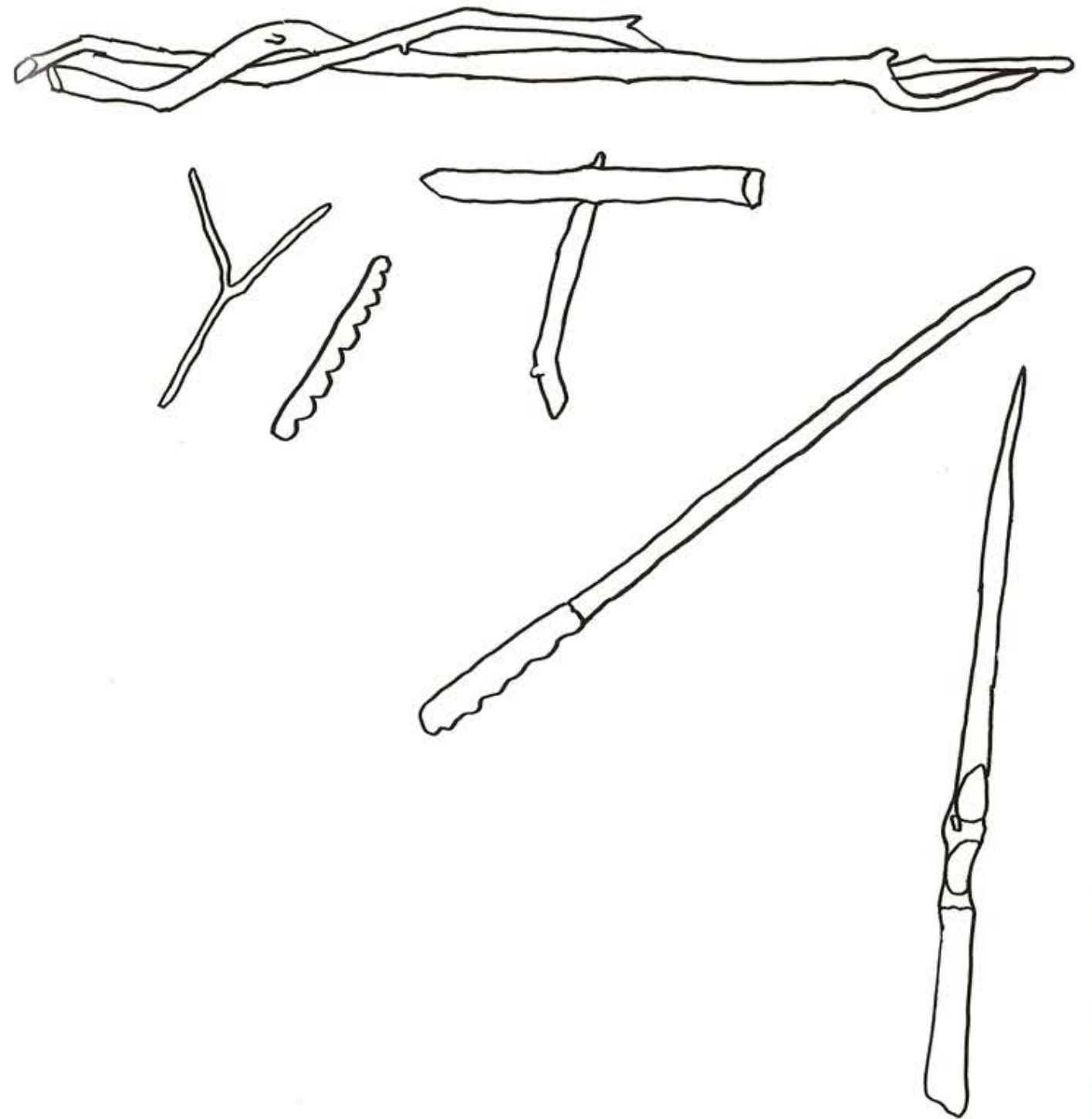






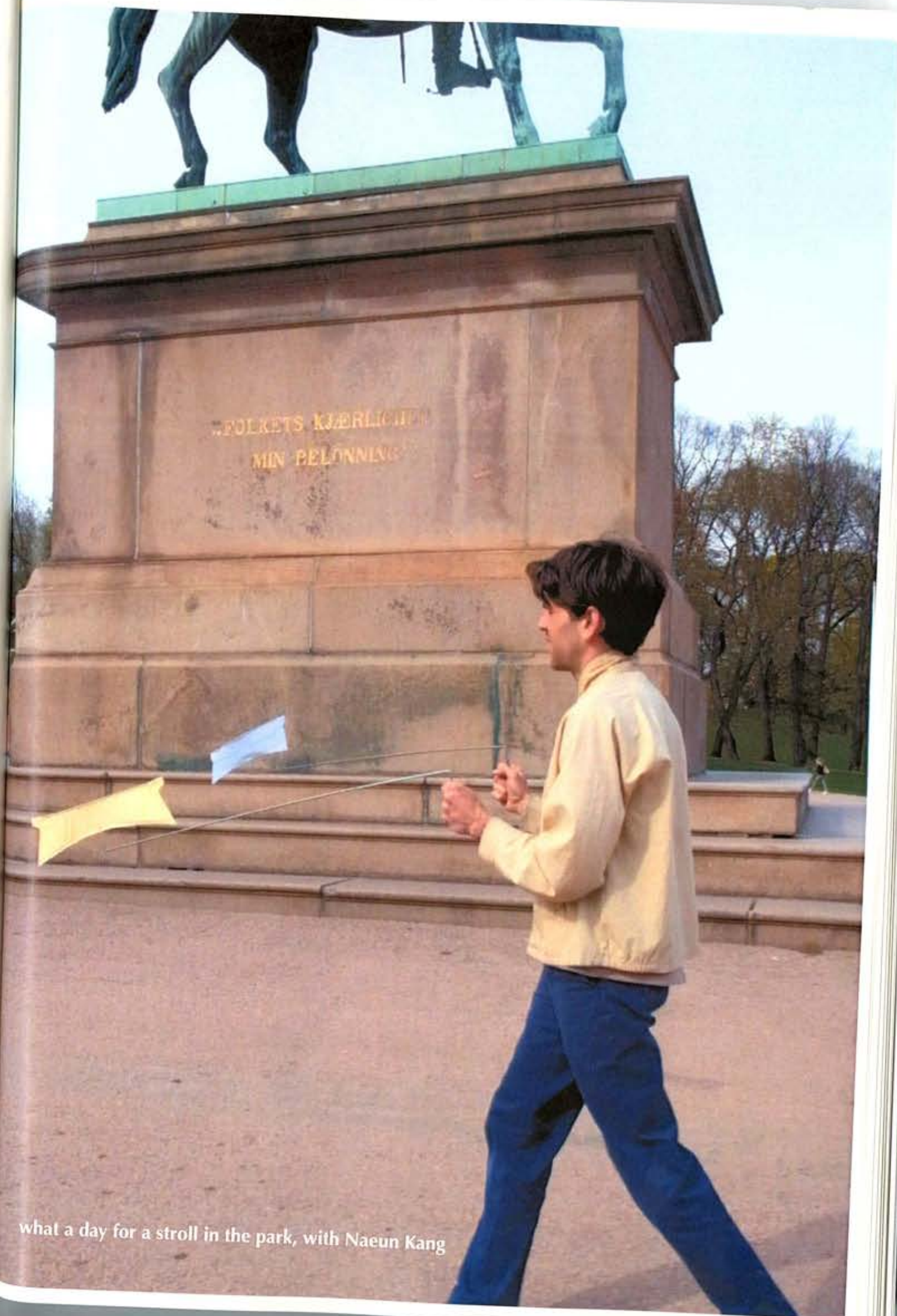


# STICKS FROM WORKSHOP:



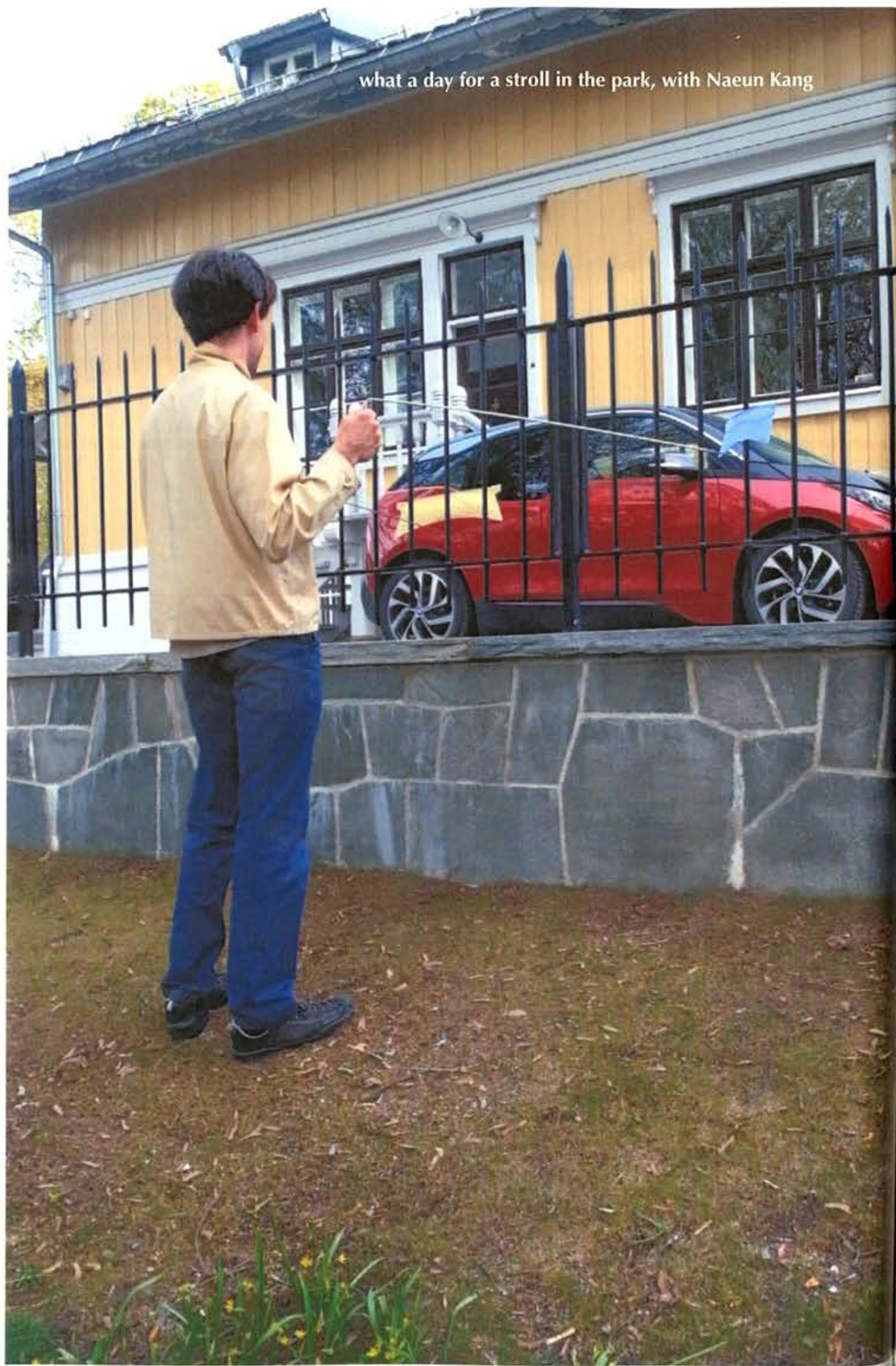
ALL PARTICIPANTS MEET AT A SCHEDULED TIME IN THE EXHIBITION, IN FRONT OF THIS TEXT. PARTICIPANTS ARE INVITED TO GO WITH THE ARTIST TO SLOTTSPARKEN. THE ARTIST WILL SHARE SOME WHITTLING KNIVES, BLANKETS AND COFFEE/TEA. EVERYONE IS INVITED TO PICK UP A STICK FOR THEMSELVES. TOGETHER THE ARTIST AND PARTICIPANTS WILL SHARE STORIES AND EXPERIENCES WHILE WHITTLING STICKS.

OLLIE HERMANSSON

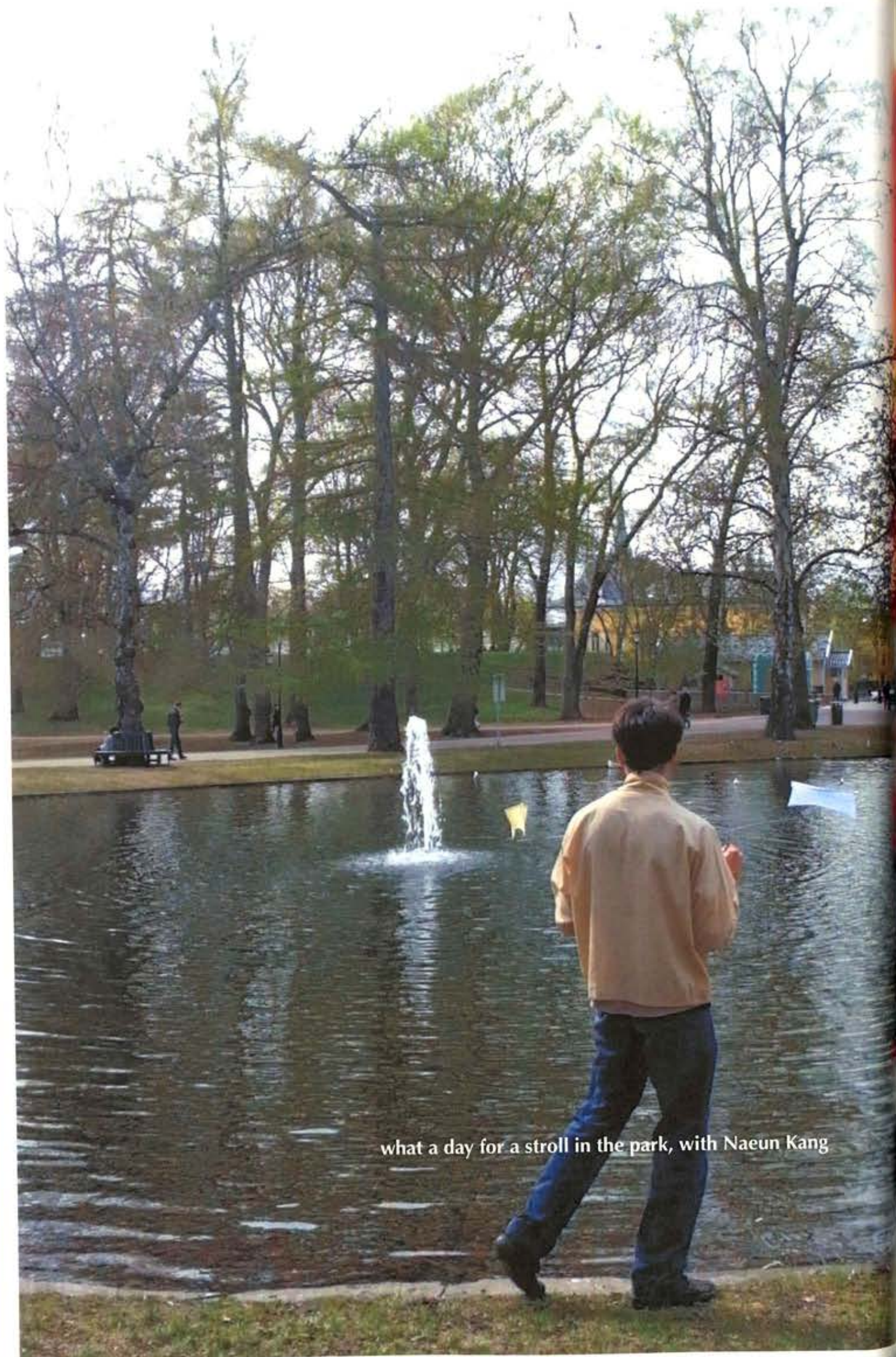


what a day for a stroll in the park, with Naeun Kang

what a day for a stroll in the park, with Naeun Kang



what a day for a stroll in the park, with Naeun Kang



what a day for a stroll in the park, with Naeun Kang

Det finnes mange grunner til at vi i Statoil er opptatt av miljøet.

VI STØTTER MORGENDAGENS HELTER

Statoil

## Sweet talk

Why do we sometimes get stuck in an unhealthy relationship or a controlling religious sect? There are three main mechanisms at play. First you are being told that you were so unhappy before you entered into the relationship or group. Once you believe that, you will be told that you are doing so much better now. You are happy now. And lastly, you will be reminded often, that you are dependent on them for your continued happiness. You are going to suffer if you leave.

About a year ago I started collecting adverts from Statoil, the company now rebranded as Equinor. I went all the way back to 1989. That was the year I learnt how to read and write. But it was also the year that Norway introduced it's first climate plan for the reduction of CO2 emissions. In their newspaper ads, Statoil is never really selling us any products, but they certainly have a message.

The first ad from 1989 is comparing the finding of oil in the north sea to the first manned moon landing. Reminding us of the bad times of the 1970's, but promising a bright future. The next year, Statoil presents us with a full page interview with the CEO telling us, rather paternalistically, that Norway needs the oil. The ads from the 90's are mixed between bragging about technology and signaling concerns about emissions. Although in the fine print of a 1998 ad you will see that they are only claiming to cut emissions on the *production* of the oil, not actually planning to reduce their total footprint.

As climate change became a bigger concern throughout the 2000's, Statoil turned their attention to our children, they support the heroes of tomorrow with grants and sports sponsorships. And they make sure to let us know all the good deeds they are doing. Connecting the welfare of the next generation with the income from continued oil production.

In one unfortunate ad, a big diesel truck is pulling a huge power saving light bulb up a hill. Another ad has a mechanical workshop in northern Norway sunk under water, with seals and fish swimming around. Oil platforms and gas eventually disappear from these ads. They become populated with windmills, children and national romanticism. Statoil and Norway are linked together. And we are so happy now.

But Statoil, Equinor, I'm ready to end it. Because I have learned three things: I was not unhappy and poor before we met. Norway had one of the highest BNP numbers per capita in the world. We were industrialized and we had a stable government. And hundreds of thousands of women were about to create a once in a planet economic miracle by entering the workforce in the 70's and 80's.

And Statoil, I'm not happy now. Despite your sweet words, climate change and destruction of our nature is real. You can't reduce CO2 emissions with more fossil fuel. We won't reach any of our climate goals while investing in new oil and gas fields that will be exploited 10 years from now.

But most importantly, i'm not lost without you. The future income of Norway does not depend on the oil sector. We can be a diverse economy, and we already are. Most of the income from oil has been saved and put aside and has not been spent in the annual budget. The future income for the state relies on the taxes of future generations, not on one raw material.

Statoil, it's not you it's me, I'm ready to move on. I don't want us to share a bed anymore.

Markus Moestue



Here are some photos for the future, for tenderness in place of eventual distance and proximity.

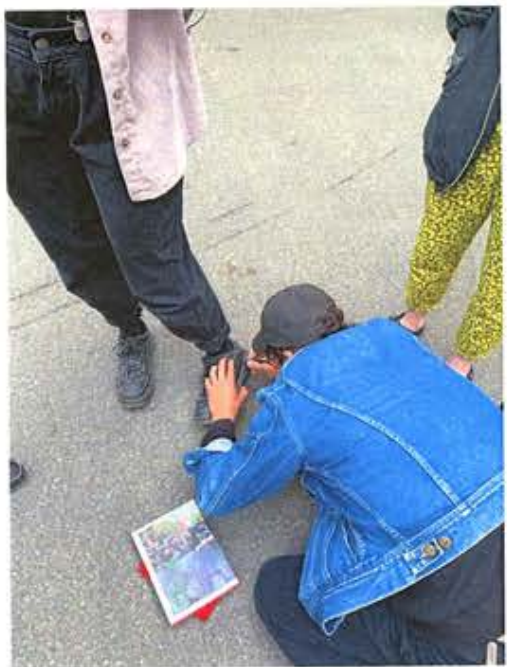
## FREE EDUCATION FOR ALL

With thanks to the challenge of street encounters which teach us to grow, as we reveal ourselves to the world.

cheers x,  
Doris

Not yet used work title ideas (for everyone):  
Who Can be Served by Bridges to Nowhere?  
One thousand 'emotions' (uprisings)  
New Links to the World







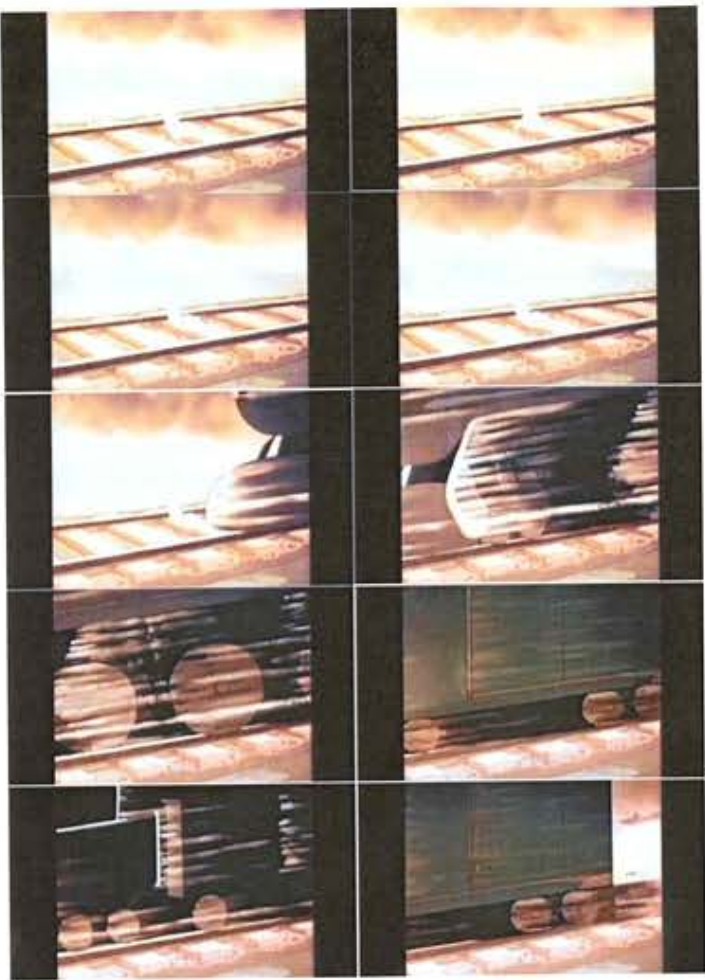
color pencil on a photograph of current foster cat, 2023, NK

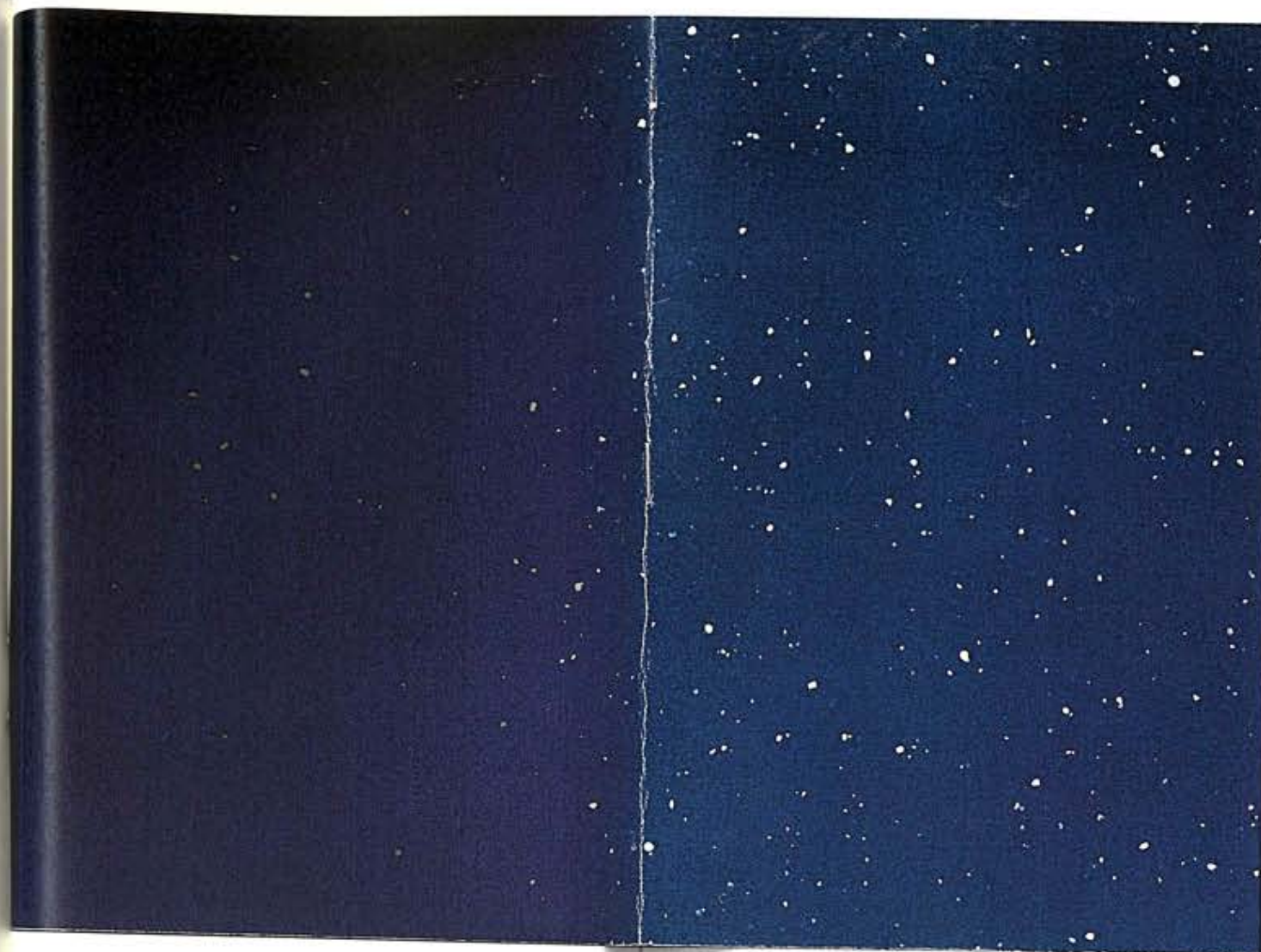




Collage and  
Color pencil on a photocopy of current boyfriend's  
childhood drawing, 2013, N.K.







### Swept

*The line consists of an infinite number of points; the plane, of an infinite number of lines; the volume, of an infinite number of planes; the hypervolume, of an infinite number of volumes... No, this, more geométrico, is decidedly not the best way to begin my tale. To say that the story is true is by now a convention of every fantastic tale; mine, nevertheless, is true.*

from "The Book of Sand" by Jorge Luis Borges  
translated by Andrew Hurley

Bogotá, 50th Avenue, third floor, the rooftop of the house where I grew up. My family swept the floor of that place. The 245 grams they collected were sent to Oslo. Once I opened the bag, I saw nothing but fragments of dust, dirt and debris.

A few months before, I had bought a microscope to see the stars between the empty spaces of my hands. Instead, I used the optical device to see what was in that dust, light as the weight of the immigrant. Thus, indirectly, I understood that distance becomes a miniscule memory—even the birdseed for the canary—until the sand becomes dust.

This is neither fiction nor imagination. Everything was there, inside that bag.

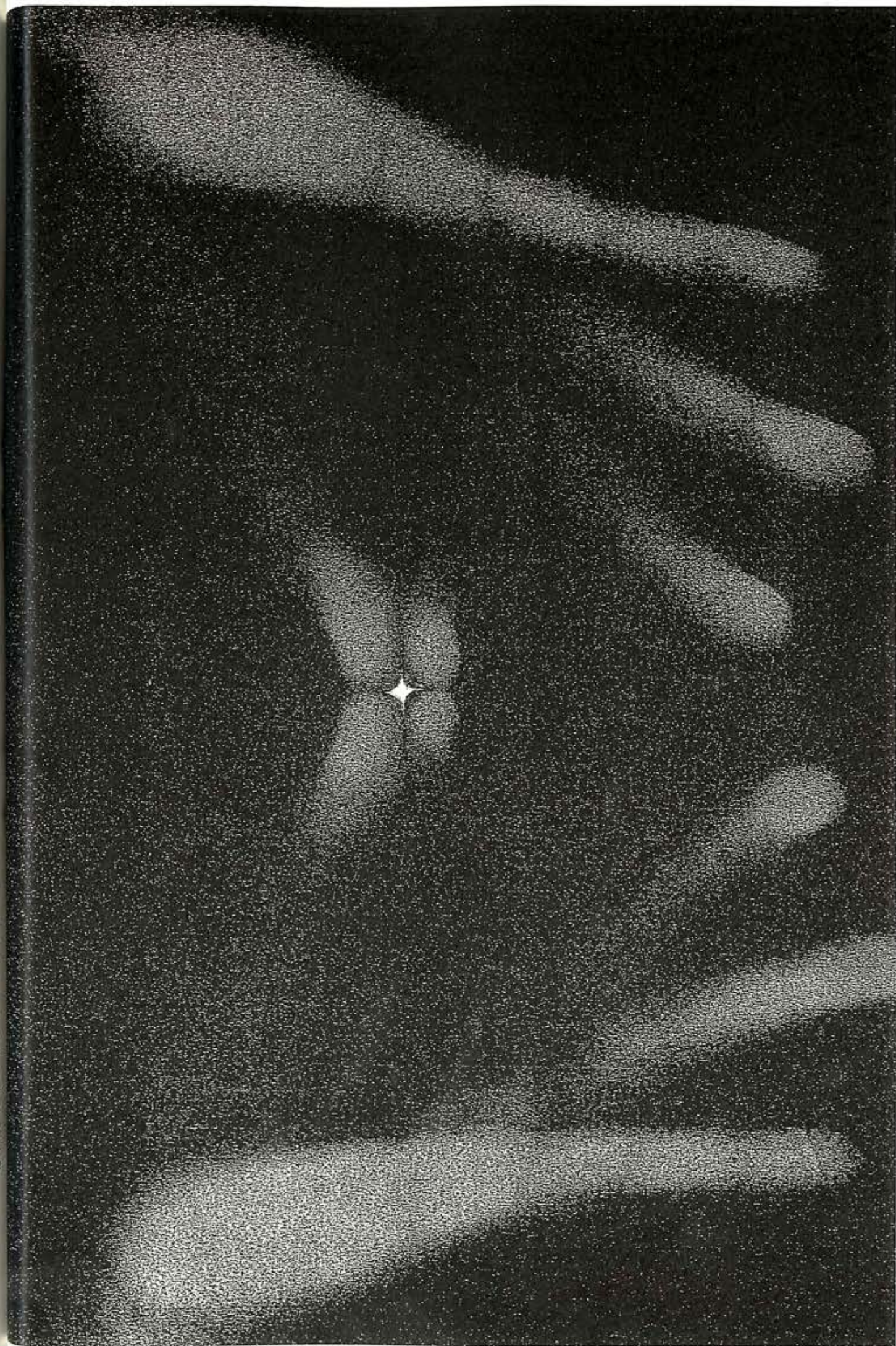
In this installation, the line is the text; the text is the sound; the sound is the line; the line is the installation; the installation is the text; the text is the sound; the sound is the line; the line is the installation...

Dust, ashes, sand, seeds, branches, and seedlings. Also, pieces of brick and cement. Microfibers from clothes and brooms. Porcelain and ceramics, from broken pots, cups, plates, or bowls. Shards of glass from bottles and broken windows. Charcoal from barbecues. Fragments of bone of some animal and there's soil. In the soil, stones. Copper scrape and rubber from a cable. Dried leaves. Things that bring dust. Feather, splinters, pill, Styrofoam, plastic, aluminum. Microscopic seeds, insect eggs. Tiny exoskeletons of dried insects. Detergent granules, golden hexahedrons, glitter, moss, lichen, mud, smoke, soot. Zinc from tiles. Magnetic metal scrape. A tiny twig. Hairs. Layer upon layer of paint in the colors of the house. Airplane fuel, car fuel, motorcycle fuel, taxi fuel. Birdseed for the canary. Hairs of a cat, of a mouse. Hair mustache. Eyelashes. Fibers from clothes hanging drying in the sun. Cloth of cleaner, carpet, rug, sheet, and blanket. New or used clothes. Eggshell, tangerine peel, potato peel. Glass spheres, metal spheres, PM10, PM2.5. Fingernails, skin, snails shell, spider legs, centipede legs, fly wings. Roots. Oxalis seeds. Candle paraffin. Glass, crystal, paper, cardboard, cigarette tobacco. Welding sparks, iron scrape, rust, paint from the railing. Larva egg, moss, lime, salt, rice, mineral coal, black stone, red, blue and green stone. Quartz. Dry clay, dry mud. Rubble. River sand, washed sand. Silicon, yarn, leather, flesh. Cold weather weed seeds. Chrysanthemum, daisy, chamomile, dandelion, roots. Ribbon. Scrape of the leather of a ball. Chewing gum. Lint. Gold perhaps. Spherules. A possible micrometeorite.

Polvo, cenizas, arena, semillas, ramas y plántulas. También, trozos de ladrillo y cemento. Microfibras de ropa y escoba. Porcelana y cerámica de alguna materia, taza, plato, o pocillo roto. Trozos de vidrio de botellas, y ventanas rotas. Carbón de los asados. Fragmentos de hueso de algún animal y hay tierra. En la tierra piedras. Raspadura de cobre y caucho de un cable. Hojas secas. Cosas que trae el polvo. Pluma, astillas, pildora, icopor, plástico, aluminio. Semillas microscópicas, huevos de insectos. Diminutos exoesqueletos de insectos secos. Gránulos de detergente, hexaedros dorados, escarcha, musgo, liquen, barro, smoke, ollin. Zinc de tejas. Raspadura de metal magnético. Una diminuta rama. Pelos. Capa sobre capa de pintura de los colores de la casa. Combustible de avión, de carro, de moto, de taxi. Semillas de alpiste para el canario. Pelos de algún gato, de ratón. Pelos de bigote. Pestañas. Fibras de ropa colgada secándose al sol. Tela de limpión, tapete, alfombra, sábana y cobija. Ropa nueva o usada. Cáscara de huevo, de mandarina, de papa. Esferas de vidrio, esferas de metal, PM10, PM2.5. Uñas, piel, caracoles, patas de araña, de cienpies, alas de mosca. Raíces. Semillas de oxalis. Parafina de vela. Vidrio, cristal, plástico, papel, cartón, tabaco de cigarrillo. Chispas de soldadura, raspadura de hierro, óxido, pintura de la baranda. Huevo de larva, musgo, cal, sal, arroz, carbón mineral, piedra negra, piedra roja, azul y verde. Cuarzo. Arcilla seca, barro seco. Escombros. Arena de río, arena lavada de río. Silicona, silicio, hilo, carnaza. Semillas de maleza de clima frío. Crisantemo, margarita, manzanilla, diente de león, raíces. Cinta. Raspadura del cuero de un balón. Chicle. Motas. Oro quizás. Esférulas. Un posible micrometeorito.

Polvo, cenizas, dust, ashes, sand, seeds, arena, semillas, ramas y plántulas, branches, and seedlings. Also, pieces of brick and cement. También, trozos de ladrillo y cemento. Microfibras de ropa y escoba. Microfibers from clothes and brooms. Porcelain and ceramics from broken pots, materia, taza, cups, plates, or bowls. Plato, o pocillo roto. Shards of glass from bottles and broken windows. Trozos de vidrio de botellas y ventanas rotas. Carbón de los asados. Charcoal from barbecues. Fragments of bone of some animal, and there's soil. Fragmentos de hueso de algún animal y hay tierra. En la tierra piedras. In the soil, stones. Raspadura de cobre y caucho de un cable. Scrape of copper and rubber of a cable. Hojas secas. Dried leaves. Cosas que trae el polvo. Things that bring dust. Pluma, feathers, astillas, splinters, pildoras, pills, icopor, Styrofoam, plastic, plastic, aluminum. Semillas microscópicas, microscopic seeds, insect eggs, huevos de insectos. Tiny exoskeletons of dried insects. Diminutos exoesqueletos de insectos secos. Detergent granules. Gránulos de detergente. Golden hexahedron. Hexaedros dorados. Glitter, moss, escarcha, musgo, liquen, lichen, barro, soot, smock, ollin, zinc from tiles, zink de tejas. Magnetic metal scrape. Raspadura de metal magnético. A tiny twig. Hairs. Pelos. Una diminuta rama. Layer upon layer of paint in the colors of the house. Capa sobre capa de pintura de los colores de la casa. Combustible de avión, de carro, de moto, de taxi. Airplane fuel, car fuel, motorcycle fuel, taxi fuel. Semillas de alpiste para el canario. Birdseed for the canary. Pelos de algún gato, de ratón. Hairs of a cat, of a mouse. Pelos de bigote. Mustache hairs. Eyelashes. Pestañas. Fibras de ropa, colgada secándose al sol. Fibers from clothes hanging drying in the sun. Cloth of cleaner. Tela de limpión. Tapete, carpet, alfombra, rug.

sábana y cobija, sheets, and blanket. New or used clothes. Ropa nueva o usada. Cáscara de huevo, de mandarina, de papa. Eggshell, tangerine peel, potato peel. Esferas de vidrio, esferas de metal, PM10, PM2.5. Glass spheres, metal spheres, PM10, PM2.5. Uñas, fingernails, piel, skin, caracoles, snails shell, patas de araña, de cienpies, alas de mosca, spider legs, centipede legs, fly wings. Raíces, semillas de oxalis, roots, oxalis seeds, parafina de vela, candle paraffin, vidrio, cristal, plástico, papel, carton, tabaco de cigarrillo, glass, crystal, paper, cardboard, cigarette tobacco. Chispas de soldadura, welding sparks. Raspadura de hierro, óxido, pintura de la baranda, iron scrape, rust, paint from the railing. Huevo de larva, musgo, cal, sal, arroz, carbón mineral, piedra negra, piedra roja, azul y verde, cuarzo. Larva egg, moss, lime, salt, rice, mineral coal, black stone, red, blue and green stone, quartz. Arcilla seca, barro seco, dry clay, dry mud. Escombros. Rubble. Arena de río, arena lavada de río. River sand, washed sand. Silicio, silicon, hilo, carnaza. Silicium, silicon, yarn, flesh. Semillas de maleza de clima frío. Cold weather weed seeds. Crisantemo, margarita, manzanilla. Chrysanthemum, daisy, chamomile. Diente de león, raíces, cinta. Dandelion, roots, ribbon. Raspadura del cuero de un balón. Scrape of the leather of a ball. Chicle. Chewing gum. Lint, motas. Oro quizás. Gold perhaps. Partículas, partículas. Esférulas. Spherules. A possible micrometeorite. Un posible micrometeorito.



Search.

If you want to see the stars in my hands, we need a scanner.

I would have to turn around with my back towards you, to show you what I see.

I would have to reproduce what I see and still turn my back to scan my hands.

Stars are only conceptual shapes with several points.

But a star is a point, a distant point, its light expanded by the diffraction  
and optics of the lens through which we see it.

Thus, we name this geometrical phenomenon Stars.

A star is a distant point,

maybe a planet, a sun, a constellation, or something beyond.

SIGNAL SM 3424

documenti del nostro tempo - canti partigiani e patriottici

# BELLA CIAO

LA RES

ONORE

Una mattina I woke up early  
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao  
Una mattina I woke up early  
E ho trovato l'invasor

O partigiano, take me with you  
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao  
O partigiano, take me with you  
Ché mi sento di morir

And if I die da partigiano  
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao  
And if I die da partigiano  
Tu mi devi seppellir

E seppellire upon the mountain  
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao  
E seppellire upon the mountain  
Sotto l'ombra di un bel fior

It is the flower del partigiano  
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao  
It is the flower del partigiano  
Morto per la libertà!

It is not too late, to change your mind  
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao  
It is not too late to change your mind  
Free education for all!



**Do you want to contribute to the MFA graduate publication?**

Sandra Janzso

Mån 2023-05-08 14:56

Kopia: Johan Per Georg Andrén <Johan.Andren@khio.no>

Dear potential student at The Academy of Fine Art

The graduating class of the MFA program has decided to use the platform they were given for their degree show, to voice their critique of the implementation of student fees, and their concern for the negative effects it can have. The title of their show is "Free Education for All: It's Not Too Late to Change Your Mind", you can read more about it here: <https://kunstneshus.no/en/program/exhibitions/>

As a part of their show they will be producing an experimental exhibition catalogue, a kind of collective artist book created by all the artists in the class together. They are now inviting you, the international applicants that likely won't be able to attend because of the fees, to contribute to this publication. The idea is to share the platform, and connect with the artists that are in practice affected by the fees.

If you are interested in participating, please send Johan Andrén an email at [johan.andren@khio.no](mailto:johan.andren@khio.no) (also put in copy here), and he can tell you more. Just for information, this is short notice and the class will need your contribution latest Wednesday 10 May, at midnight Norwegian time. It is possible to participate anonymously if you wish.

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Med vennlig hilsen

**Sandra Janzso**

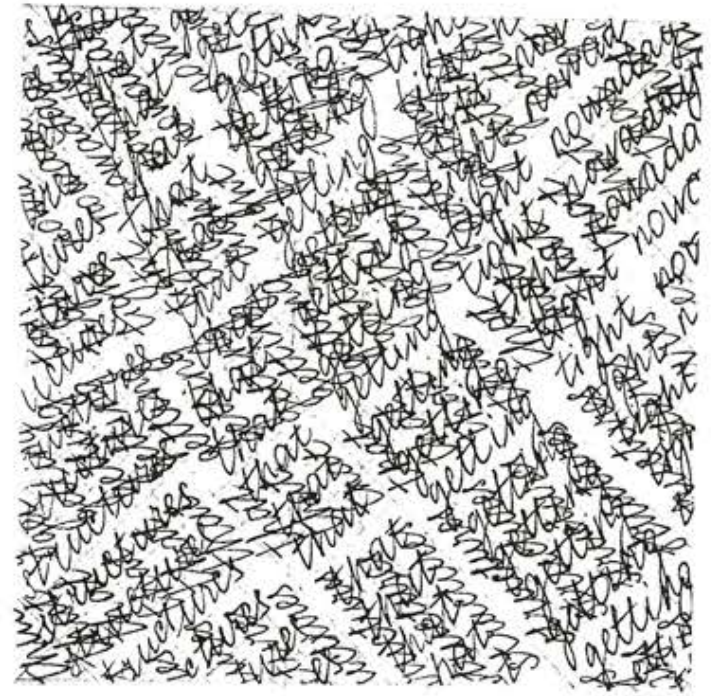
Rådgiver

Kunstakademiet og Seksjon for studier, forskning og formidling

KUNSTHØGSKOLEN I OSLO  
OSLO NATIONAL ACADEMY OF THE ARTS

KUNSTAKADEMIET  
THE ACADEMY OF FINE ART





The very word "therapy" is for a  
 assumes that someone is sick;  
 offended that I or any other word  
 over, not messed up! We need to  
 adjusting to your bad personal  
 We have not done much trying to  
 mostly picked topics by two me  
 questions to the meeting (like, W  
 why? What happens to your  
 you?). Then we go around the  
 Everybody talks that way. At  
 I believe at this point, and maybe  
 want to talk about my "personal  
 've been pressured to be strong  
 problems." In fact, I would rather  
 selfless, other-oriented, sacrifici  
 ng, do not get around the  
 the problems in my life is to be  
 and not admit I have any real  
 related to the capitalist system)  
 really believe about my life in  
 So the reason I participate in  
 things we discover in these gr  
 personal solutions at this time.  
 personal solutions. I went, and I  
 its logical conclusion. Therapy  
 a personal solution. I am greatly  
 a collective solution. There are no  
 first place. Women are messed  
 not adjust to them. Therapy is  
 in it, not adjust to them. Therapy is  
 We've  
 turns bringing  
 no children, and  
 money than you? Less than  
 from our personal experiences  
 up and generalize from what's

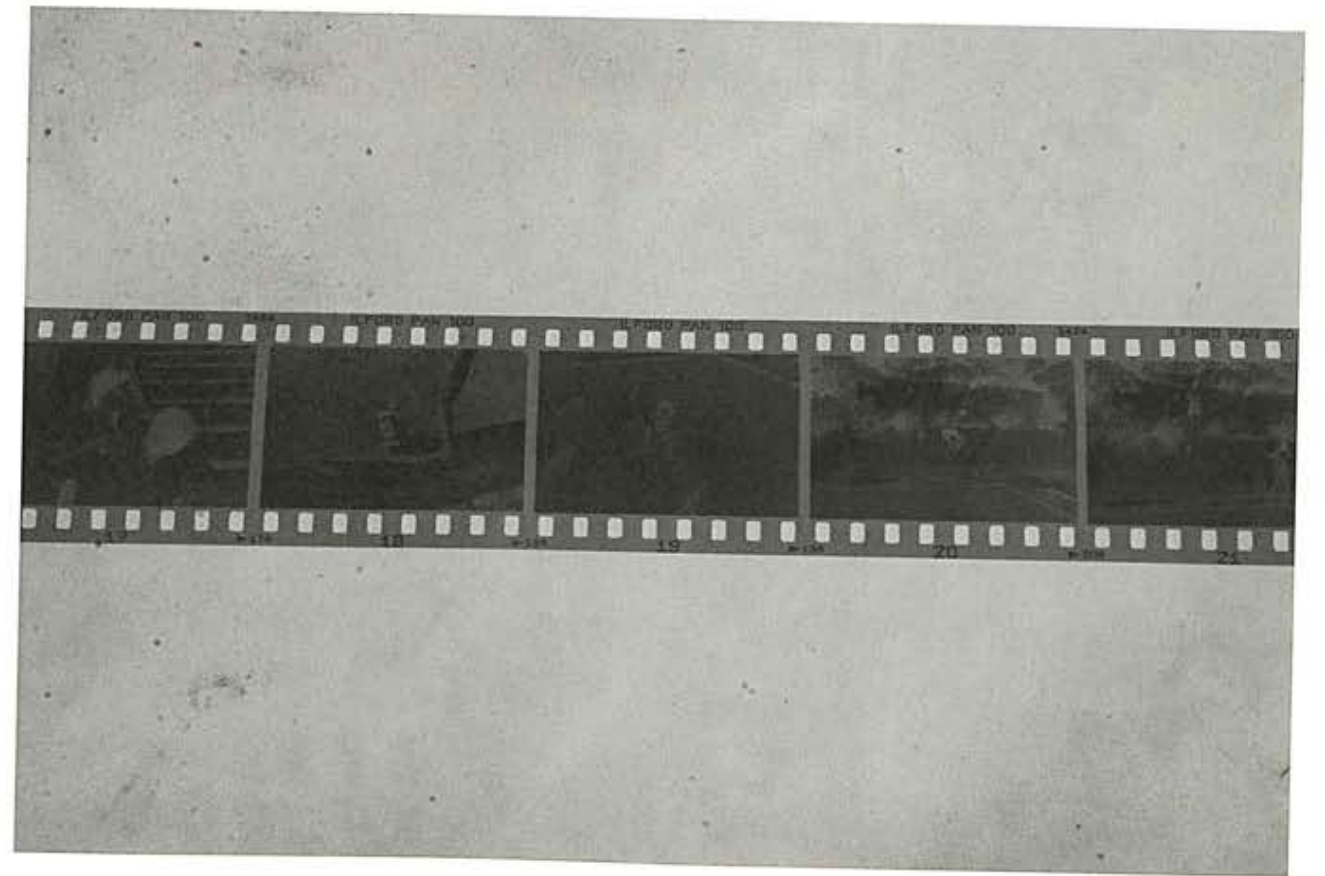
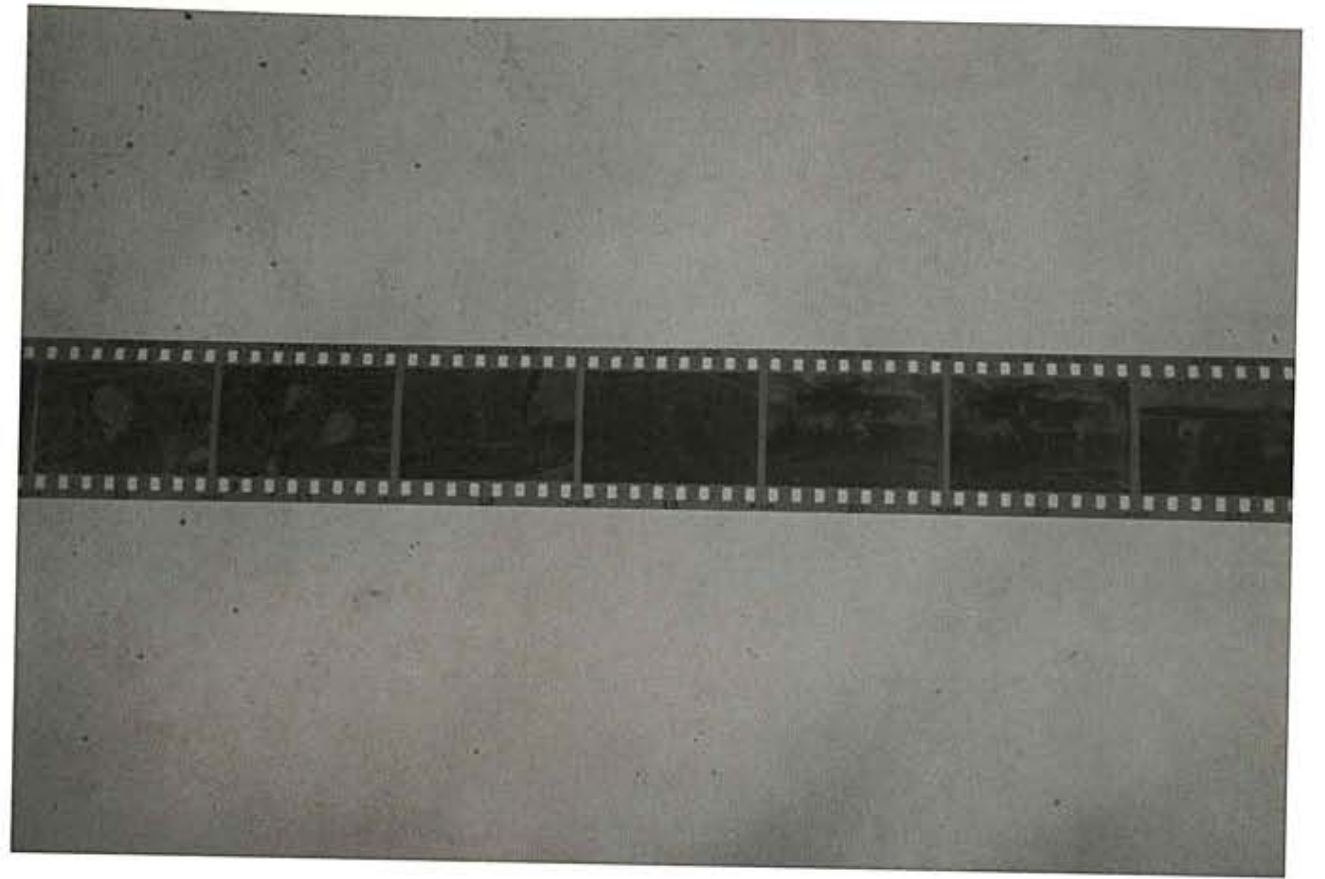


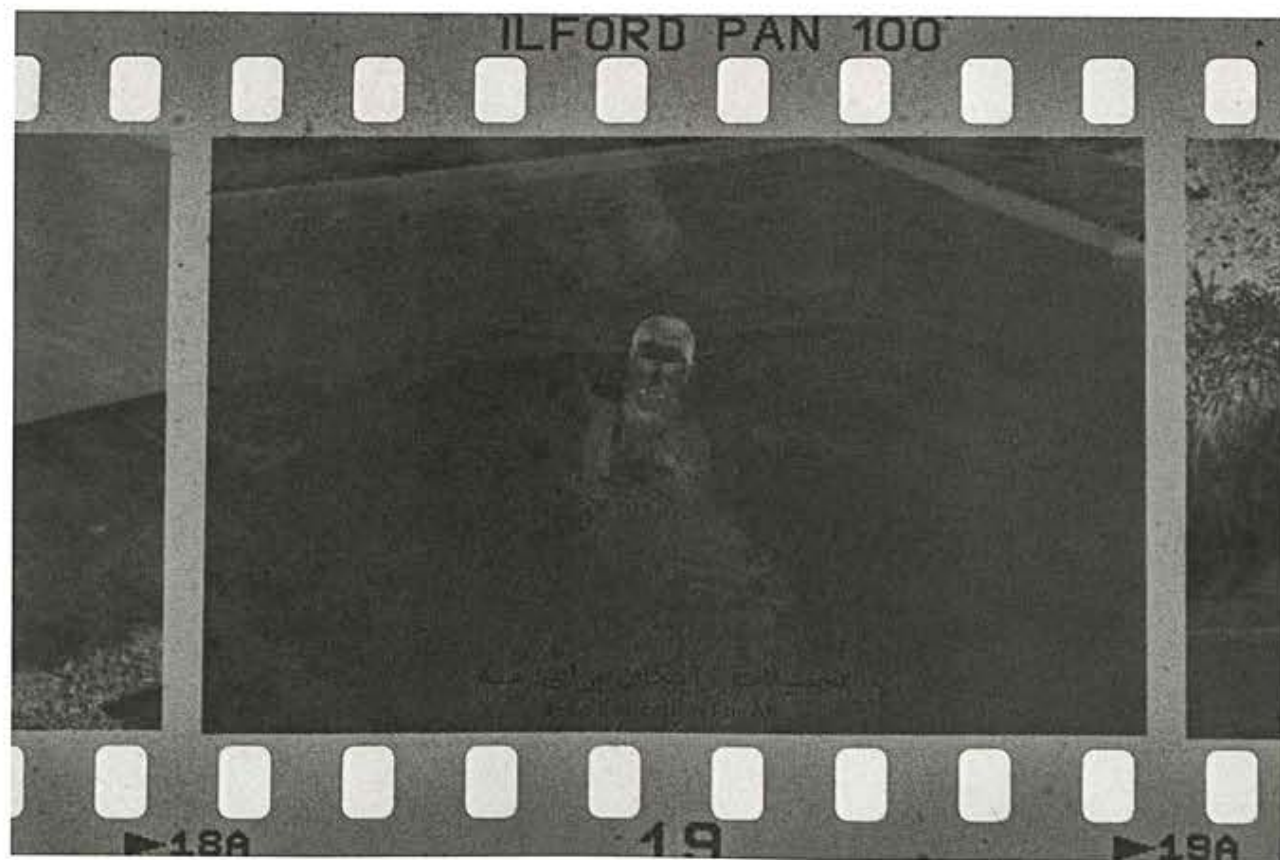
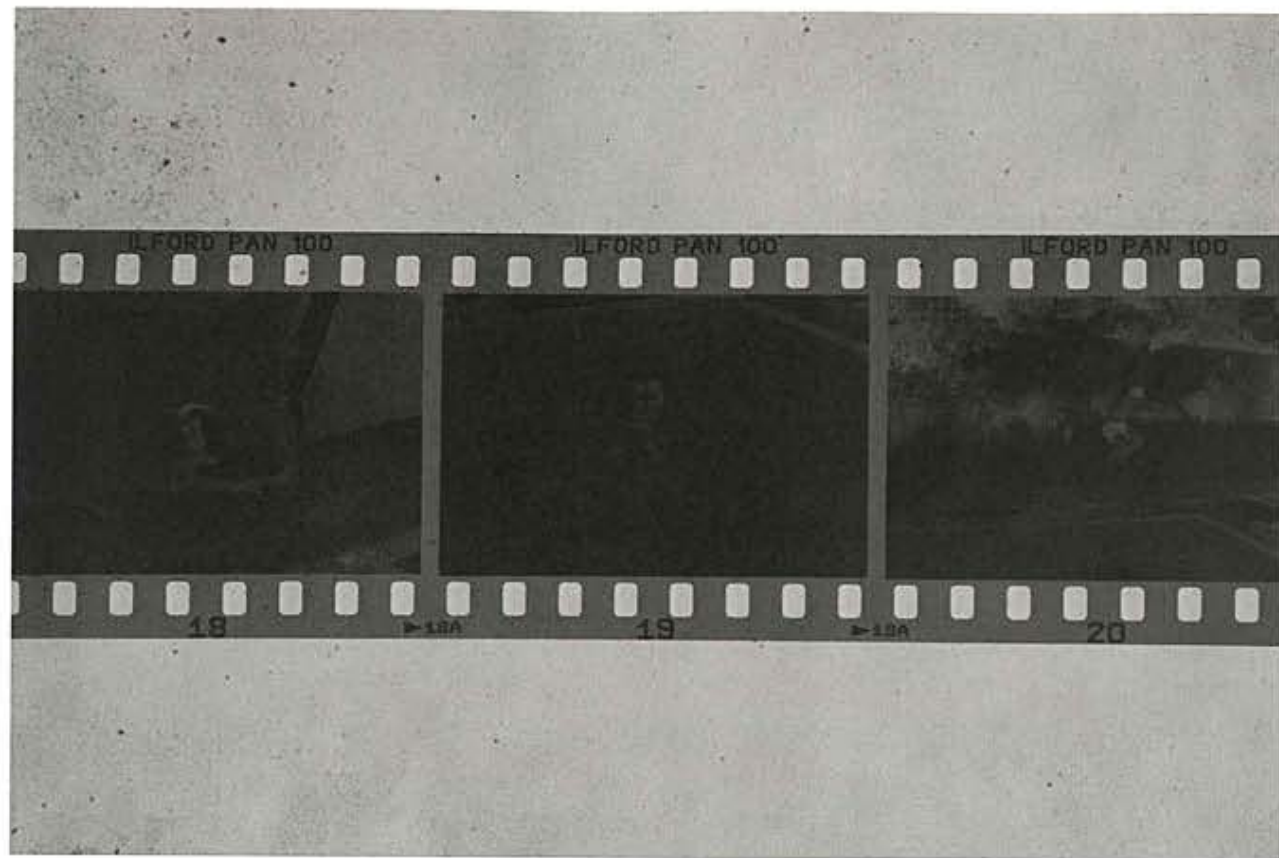
LA NOCHE DEL ESTALLIDO  
 TURPENTINE, ENAMEL, OIL / CANVAS  
 45 X 50 cms.  
 Helsinki, 2022





EXPECTANCY OF A SERIES OF ATROCITIES  
Oil / Canvas  
45 X 50 cms.  
Helsinki, 2022





Ken Chung/ p.1



LANDSCAPE

Size: 163cm(W) x 193cm(H) x 74cm(D)

Medium: Wood Ladder, oil mixture on chair, bamboo, twigs, plastic bottle, foam box and paper tape

Year: 2021

Group Exhibition: "Bed Throw" at Wure Area



I am a painter who work as a freelancer graphic designer for earning the living and supporting my art practise as I can earn while sparing more time for my creative process.

Since I was living in Berlin in 2017, for more than a year, I started to collect abandoned objects, mostly like broken parts of furniture or twigs in park or any daily products consumed and discarded in the street. I used this objects to combine with my paintings to form an assemblage, the intention was to experiment with the form of painting while I can save money from the materials. On the other hand, in order to save the linseed and oil paint, which are pretty expensive to me, I often mix the paint with cement, sand or some industrial materials to create the thickness and texture I need. And resulting in the variation of the color so that I have to retouch them after certain time.

The artwork "Landscape" is done during the residency in art space called Wureare in Hong Kong in 2021, I wandered around the neighborhood where is full of industrial building, I was pretty poor during that period and thus I collected the discarded objects from that area and create this work which show the poetic perspective of Hong Kong.

After the exhibition for this residency programme, I reconstruct the artwork and put it back to the street. It was then removed while the ladder was kept by the scavenger. I keep working in such kind of process, using the materials from the street, which can reflect the human experience of such cities I live, lower my cost of the artwork production, and also have the chance to extend the artwork from an exhibition space to the public area.

Obviously, I am not a rich person, or even not belong to the middle class in the society, studying the MFA programme without the burden of tuition fee is prominent for me to develop a artist-scholar career, which can help continue to develop my creative process and transform what I have been doing to scientific research and then share the knowledge with the others. Now the MFA programme charges international student NOK 913,754, I can certain that only the rich applicants can afford, and this will absolutely narrow down the spectrum of creative mind and process.

The rich won't experience the financial issues the others or I have encountered, and thus they won't have such solution like collecting the abandoned objects or mixing the paint with industrial materials for lowering the production cost, such working method can lead to many possibilities. If we narrow down such spectrum, apart from the justice and fairness, at the end the art education will definitely become entertainment or leisure for rich people, and this happens in the art market. It is shameful because we are facing the political problems, war crisis, and the over-development of A.I., and art probably is one of the way to protect the humanity against those. Now the excessive amount of tuition fee forfeit the opportunity of not only mine, but also most of the fellow artists who I knew they live like me, working for different freelance or part-time jobs, dedicate all our money and time to art, to continue our art development.

### HO PO-WING

Size: 104cm(W) x 153cm(H) x 30cm(D)

Year: 2021

Group Exhibition: "Bed Throw" at Wure Area

The is a mattress discarded from my friend, and I used it to do a painting for an exhibition and then reconstructed it and put it in the neighborhood after that. And lately I took it back and transforming it into few artworks for another exhibition. My artwork lately is full of living experience and below is my work place, which is the rooftop of my building, both rainy and sunny day are torturing to me and my artworks. Especially the high humidity in summer in Hong Kong.





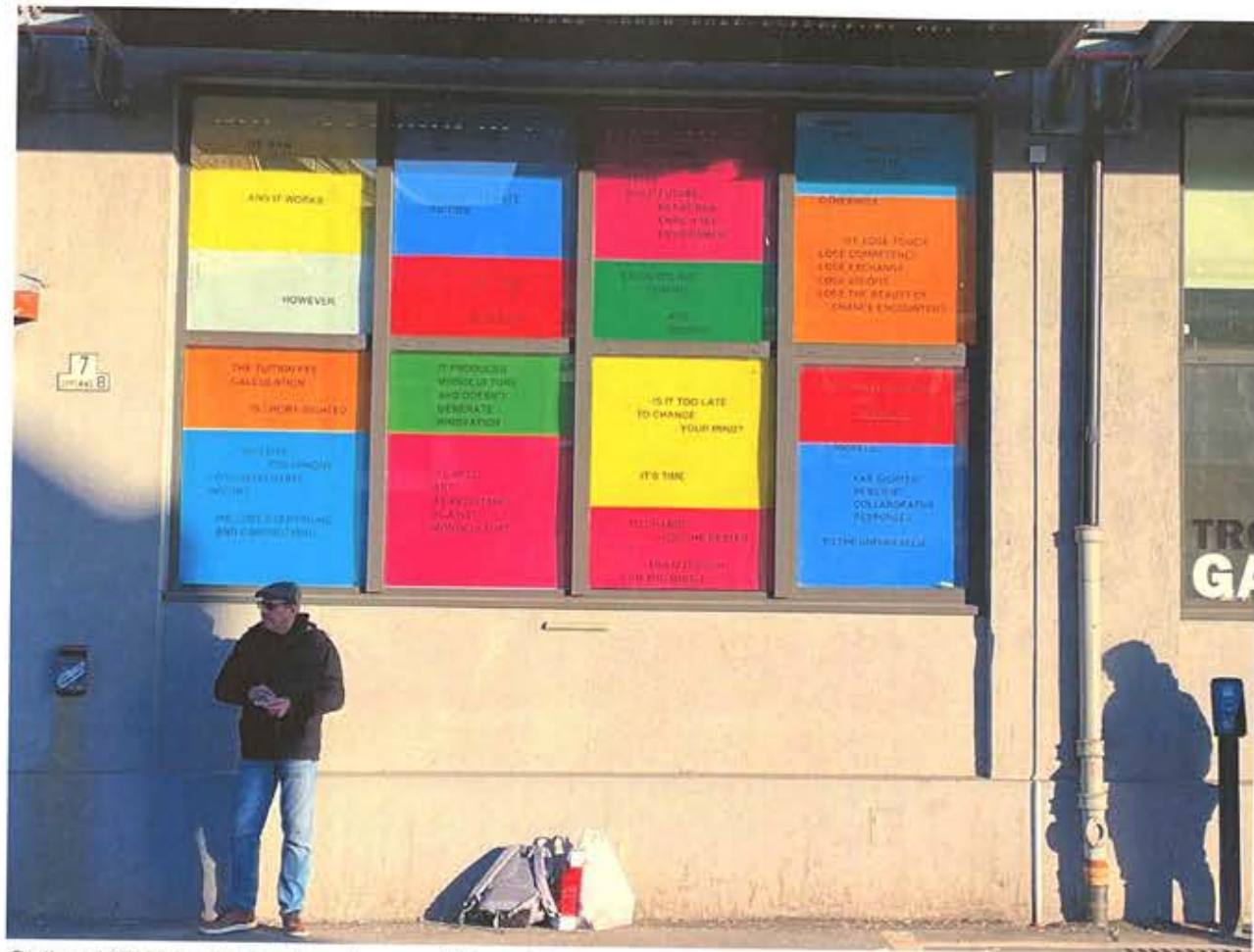
My name is Ken Chung, from Hong Kong, I am still striving to seek the financial support for the tuition fee of the MFA programme. Above are some of my artworks I have done with the discarded objects collected from the street, I am always trying to push the boundary of painting, and questioning about the difference between the artworks in exhibition space and public area. Feel free to contact me if you want to discuss art or painting or know more about my works.

instagram: @hkkckc

website: <https://www.chungkachun.com/>



*Free Education for All: BFA Graduation Show, Oslo National Academy of the Arts, at Oslo Kunstforening.*



Galleri KIT, Trondheim Academy of Fine Art.



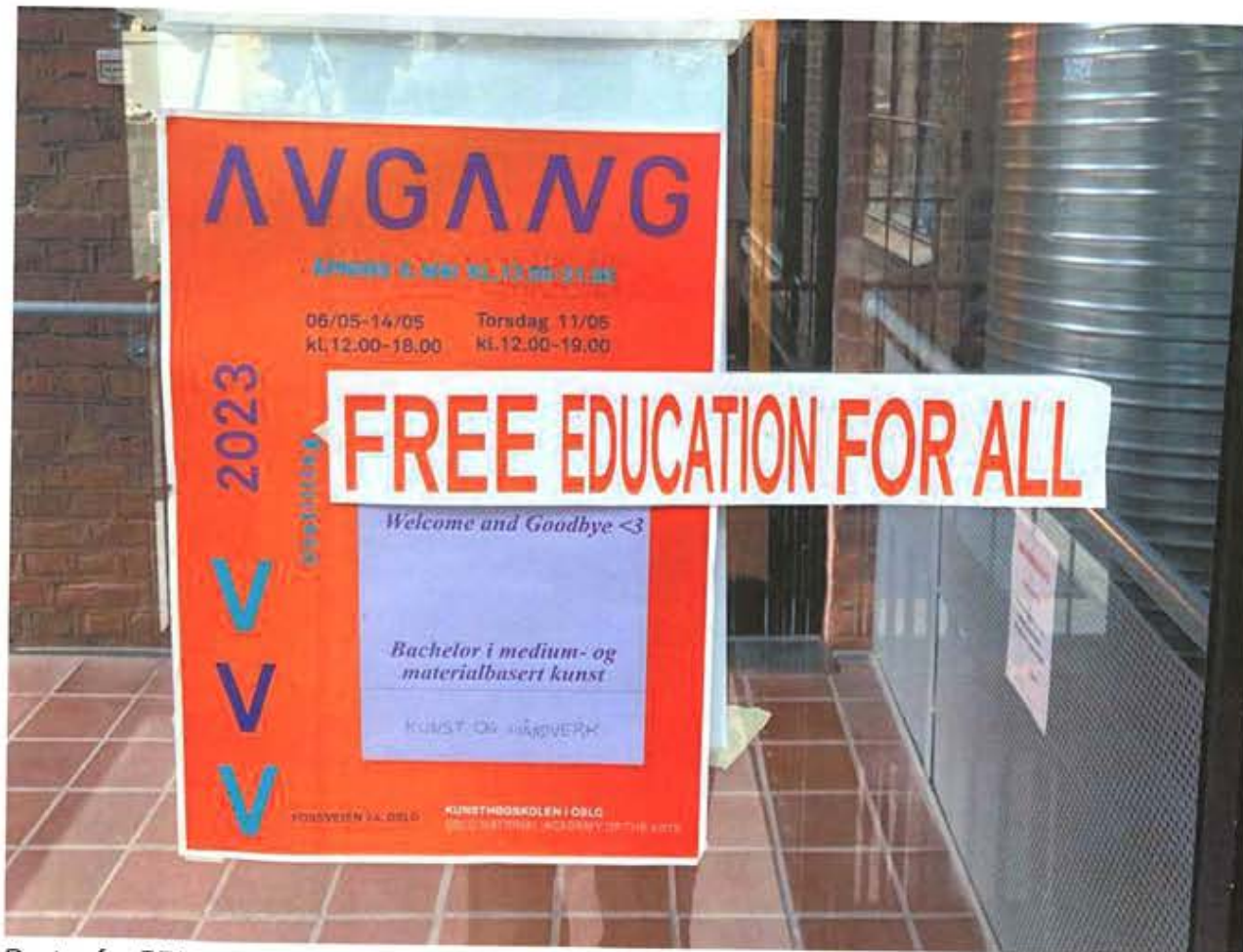
May Day parade in Oslo, students of Oslo National Academy of the Arts marching with UKS.



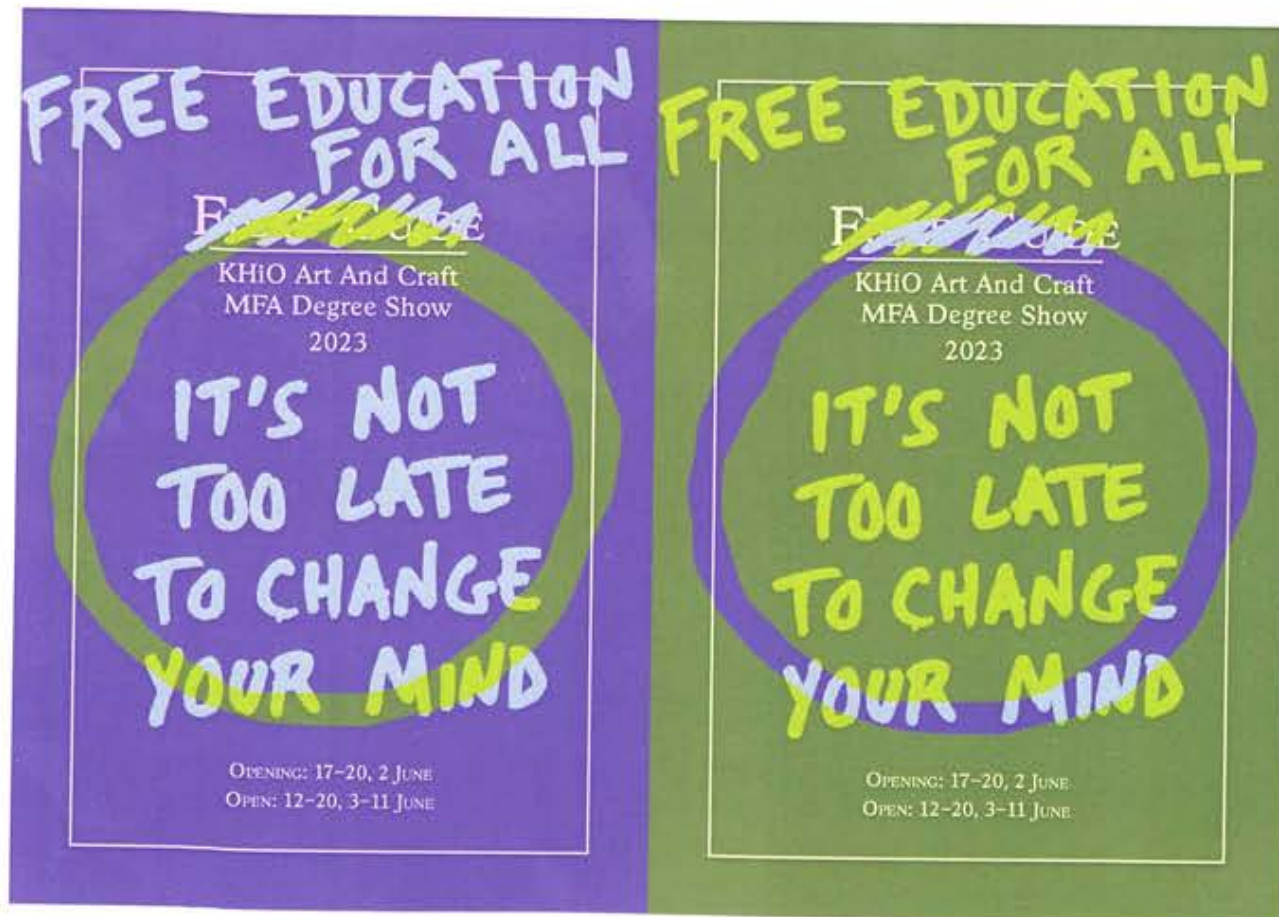
Panel discussion by MFA graduating students, Trondheim Academy of Fine Art.



Outside view of Kunstnernes Hus, during the MFA graduation show, Oslo National Academy of the Arts.



Poster for BFA Arts and Crafts graduation show, Oslo National Academy of the Arts.



Poster for MFA Arts and Crafts graduation show, Oslo National Academy of the Arts.

### A Counter Proposal

Markus Moestue, graduating student

One of the things I have always chosen to be proud of about being Norwegian, is that we have free education for all. Now I, and many with me, have had a big shock. Our Labor Party/Center government wants to introduce fees for students from outside the EU/EEA. A petty proposal that does not bring in a lot of money in the coffers, but can have major consequences for what students that will have the opportunity to come to Norway.

School fees plus high living costs in Norway will cause many to look for other countries to study in, or to simply stay at home. Our Colleges and Universities may end up with poorer selection, both more homogeneous applicants, and fewer applicants.

It is important to be careful when spending money. And when times are hard in the world, you have to spend the money on the best investments for the future. The one that gives the best return over time. Is there really a better investment than education?

Throughout my years as a student in Norway, I have had the opportunity to meet, study together with and get to know people from all over the world. I have met people who have challenged all of my prejudices. Fellow students who have been able to give me first-hand knowledge of language, food and customs from other places. They have helped me to understand myself as a Norwegian, opened my gaze and widened many horizons. It is hard to describe how much this has meant to me. And it is incredibly sad, and completely incomprehensible, that our government wants to rob future Norwegian students of that privilege!

I have a counter proposal. Not only must we continue to offer free tuition to all students. We should also give a scholarship to our foreign students. When young, ambitious people want to come all the way to our frozen rock pile and share their experiences and their knowledge. When some of these are going to become part of our society and contribute with value creation in both business and culture, and not least: paying taxes to our treasury. Then it's only fair that we give something back to them too.

### Free Education for All, some Kind of Manifesto

Sarah Lookofsky, dean of the Academy of Fine Art

One of the aspects that compelled me to move from the US to Norway was a move to a society where art could exist, even supported, on premises not solely modeled on the market. In the US, I have seen an art education too closely tied to market forces, where art students sign up for a lifetime of debt, impossible to repay for nearly all. In these contexts, universities often operate akin to landlords and/or union-busting corporations within which the majority of teachers are hired on temporary, adjunct contracts with salaries so low that they struggle to pay rent and make ends meet. I was thus drawn to art education in Norway, where an MFA - despite some financial barriers for applicants beyond Europe - was still free, no matter your country of origin.

The MFA programs in Norway have to my mind been a safe haven, very much in contrast to the art schools I was familiar with in the United States. Here, art students from all over the world have been brought together to explore what art is and can be. They have been given space and encouragement to experiment on ways of meeting the public, relatively free from the

pressures of the marketplace. I thus know deeply that we currently stand to lose something that is precious and internationally unique. This egalitarian study milieu lasts two years after which it has seeped beyond the confines of the institution over the course of years as graduates, and the networks they have produced both within and beyond national borders, have contributed to making the artworlds of Norway more diverse, open and internationally-oriented. In more pragmatic terms, it is imperative that we as educational institutions train our students to contribute in both national and international arenas and contribute to festivals, biennales, etc. In order to be conversant in the international artworlds, it is necessary to be well-versed in milieus where multiple cultures and artistic conversations intersect. Norway has for decades been internationally recognized for its emphasis on international art and culture. It has built new, ambitious institutions showcasing local as well as international art and has profiled itself as a nation that makes space for international talents who cannot express themselves as freely in their home countries. In a crowded, competitive field, Norway has been commended and recognized abroad as a country that thinks beyond its own nose, where a national agenda has been demonstrated to be commensurate with an international understanding and focus. We live in a moment with large revenues from oil, but are moving towards a future where Norway can no longer depend on the extraction of natural resources alone; the country must build a future on invention and creation. The introduction of fees will greatly weaken the quality of Norwegian education, resulting in Norway becoming less relevant in the greater scheme of things.

But, beyond international competition and market logics, it is ever more important to broaden the focus beyond the national. In a time of climate change, mass migrations, rising nationalisms and minority repressions around the world, shutting borders and heightening walls will not help. And it will surely not create the conditions for good art either. We are facing a world with many major global challenges that cannot be solved within national borders alone. In order to counter these, it is crucial that we do not isolate ourselves from the outside world. Art and culture means encountering that which is unfamiliar, experiencing something together, enabling the expansion of horizons. Art and culture have always been an arena for encounter, it is a unique field for creating an exchange of perspectives across cultural boundaries and nations.

This graduation class demonstrates what we stand to lose. I have come to know you as a tight-knit group, also bound together by the fact that many of you came to Norway from elsewhere and needed to build a community. Those of you with international origin have immersed yourselves in the local scene, eagerly attending openings and talks and arranging communal events of your own. The conversations about art in your class have been open-ended and receptive to other perspectives and therefore prone to adjustment and change.

I was very moved to learn that the title of this year's MFA graduation show would be Free Education for All, accompanied by the sentence, it is not too late to change your mind. The title opens up beyond the sphere of art to show that all education, not just art school, ought to be accessible for everyone. It should not have paywalls. It also reminds our politicians that it is OK to change one's mind, to recant, backtrack, and do something else. To say sorry my bad, let's do the opposite instead. I don't see it as a disconnected, free-floating title; it ties in with a methodology that I have seen you embrace in various ways in your practices.

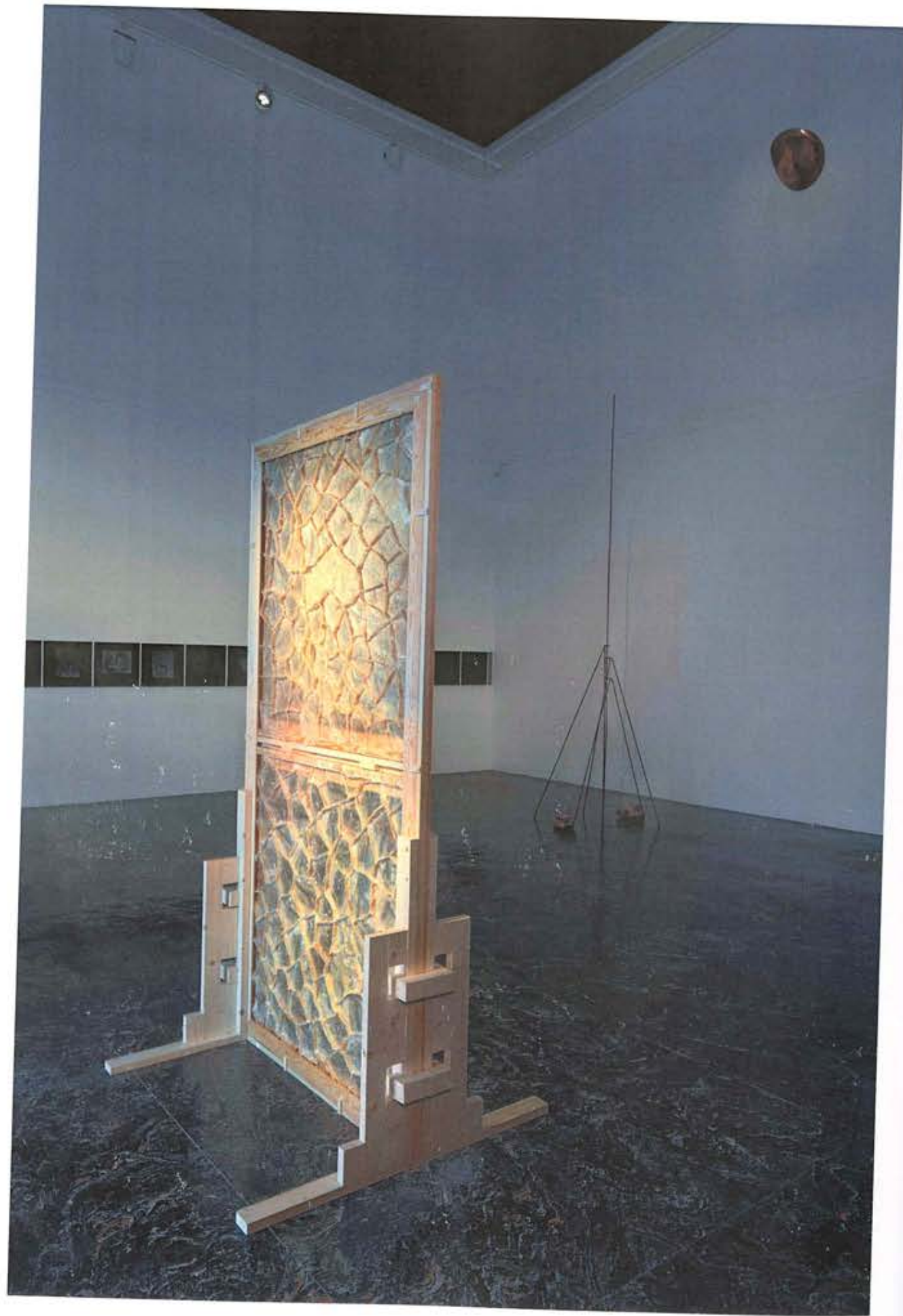
The way you do art is not bombastic. Your works are often modest in scale and open to things that happen that you have no control over. I have also known you to speak openly about faults and failures, probably due to your relations with one another that have gained trust and grown more open during two years of study together. I think back to a group exhibition you did at Intercultural Museum in your first semester as part of your introductory course Scenarios led by Liv Bugge. The exhibition was premised on a methodology, not of individual creation, but of gifting. You received something from someone else and had to work with that. An art practice founded on relations with others, where one small, sometimes random, thing was given to a classmate, someone you didn't really know yet, and that person made it their own and changed it. One origin was affected by another point of departure. It was meaningful not because of what it was, or just because you sculpted it but precisely because of that relation it contained, a connection between people embedded in material. This graduating class, and the art you make both independently and together, shows me that things are not fixed, that they can change and be changed. More importantly they are never yours alone. No matter the insistence of keeping things to oneself, the world - and the art in it - will always and forever after be a matter of relations.

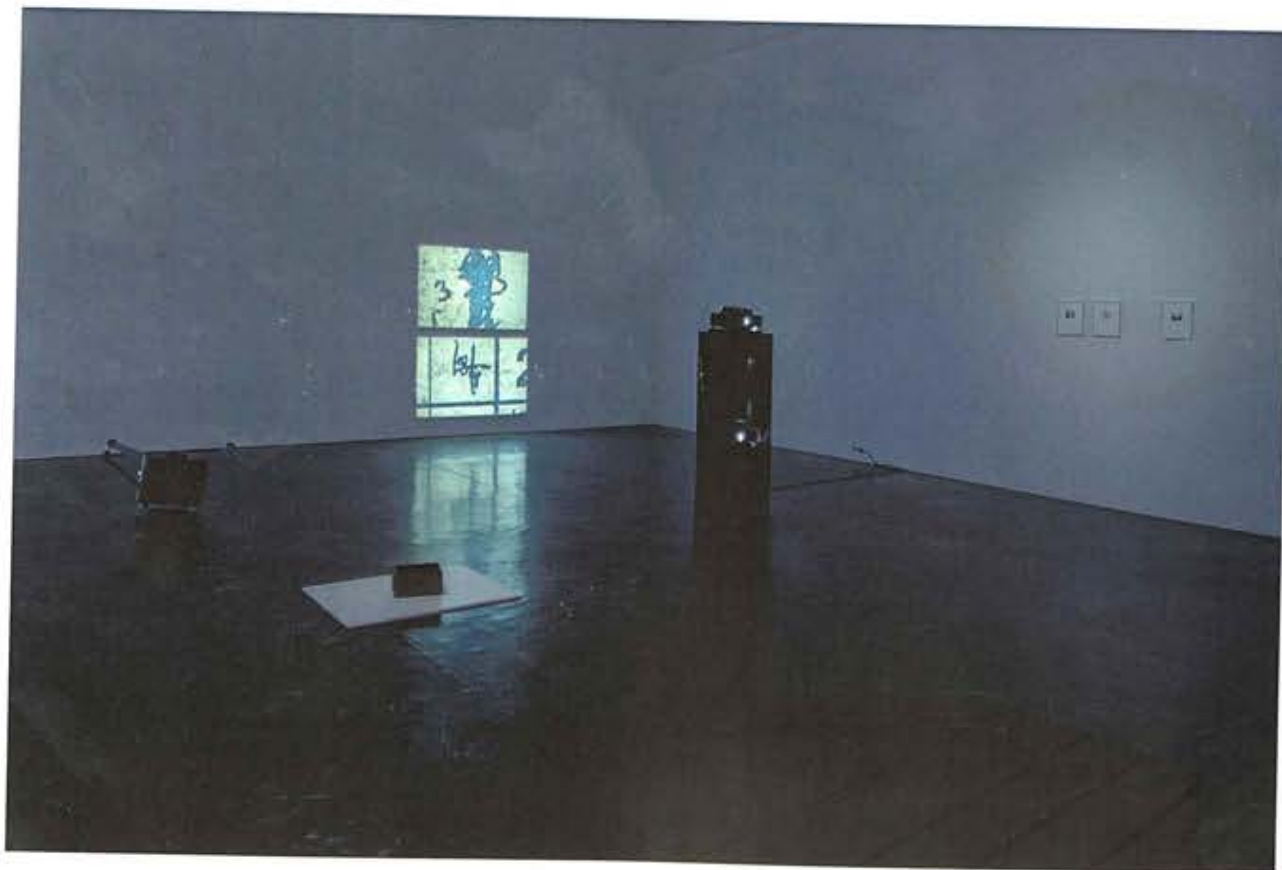
Documentation from exhibition at Kunstneres Hus  
photo: Kunstdok











*workshop*  
Ollie S. Hermansson's ~~performance~~ *How to be a straight line* (Transition Edition, vol.2)  
photo: Josh Lake



Board Game Night, playing Markus Moestue's game *Equity*  
photo: Markus Moestue



Panel discussion: *Free Education for All*, with:  
Thora Dolven Balke (Artist, initiator of Agder Kunstakademi)  
Patricia Carolina (Artist, representative for organisation Verdensrommet)  
Selma Bratberg (VP of Norwegian Students' and Academics' International Assistance Fund)  
Ruben Steinum (director for OCA)  
Moderator: Mathew Lacosse (graduating student)  
photo: Johan Andrén



Vår ref:  
2023/899

Masterstudentene ved Kunstakademiet

v/Sara Guldmyr

H.M. Kongen har bedt meg om å takke for Deres e-post datert 4. april 2023 med invitasjon til en panelsamtale om de nye studieavgiftene for studenter utenfor EU, fredag 12 mai 2023 på Kunsternes Hus.

Jeg er videre blitt bedt om å meddele at Hans Majestet dessverre ikke har anledning til å være til stede under arrangementet.

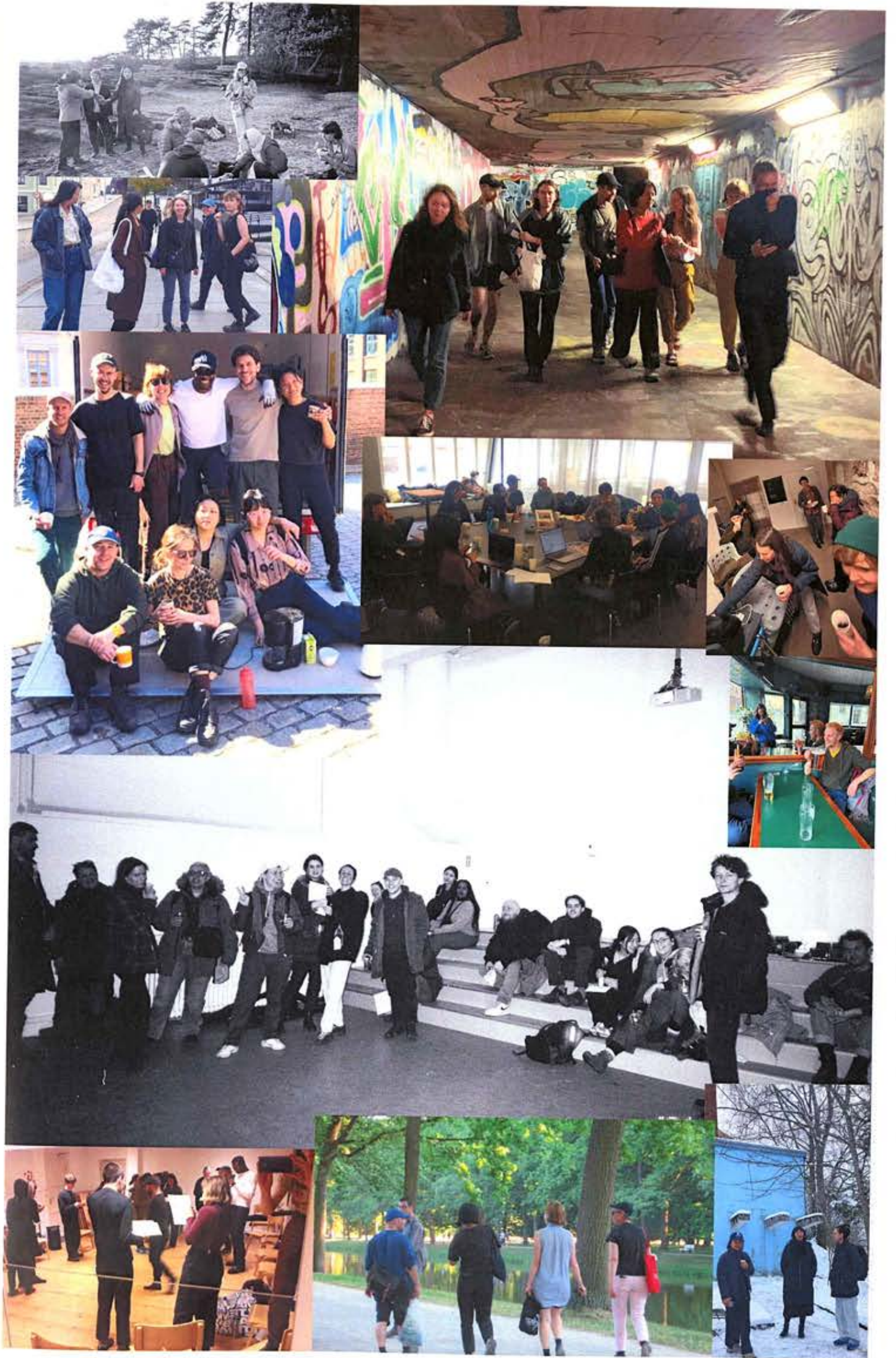
Med hilsen

Kristian Buvarp  
H.M. Kongens privatsekretær

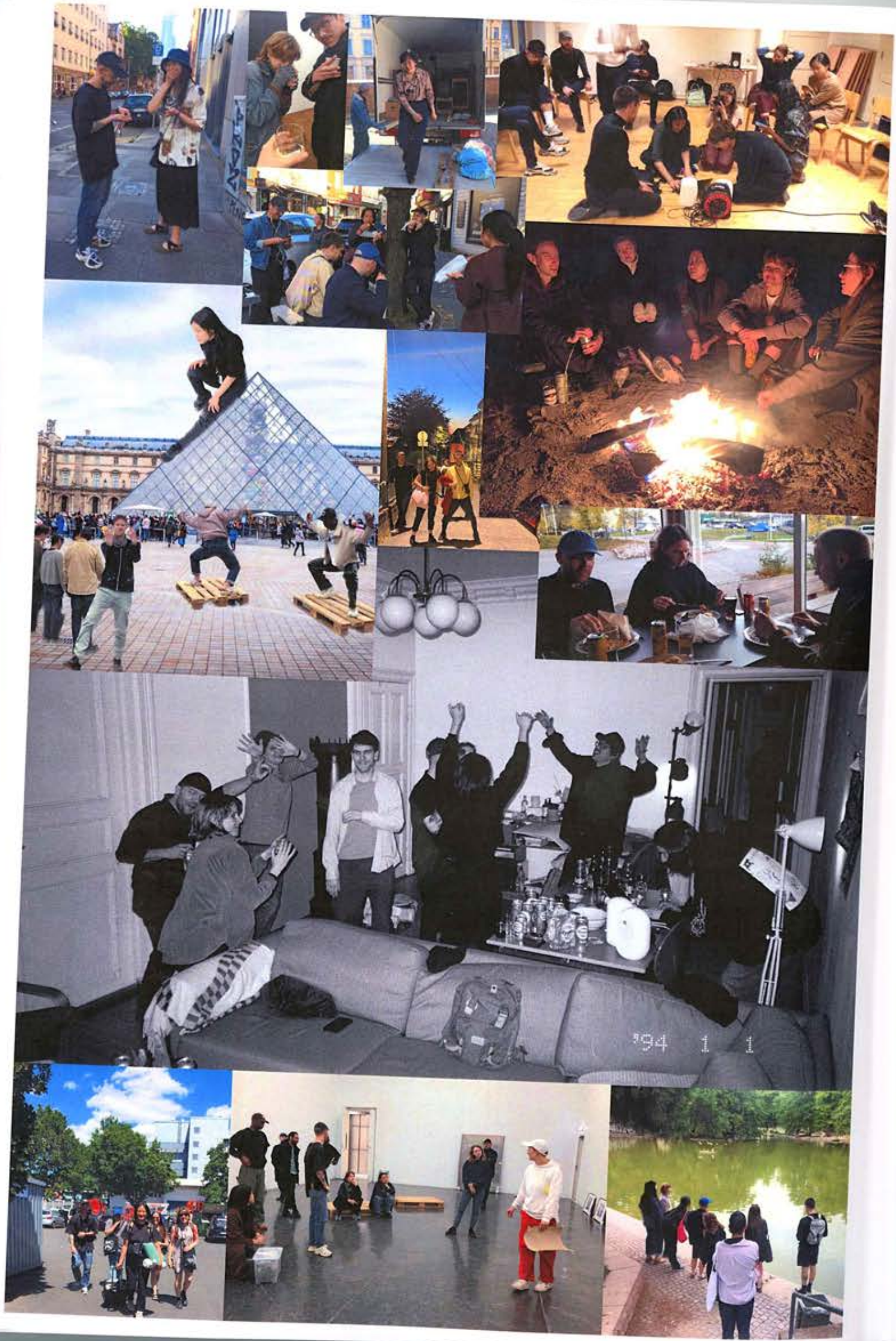
Det kongelige hoff  
Postboks 1 Vika, 0010 Oslo  
Tel 22 04 87 00  
[www.kongehuset.no](http://www.kongehuset.no)

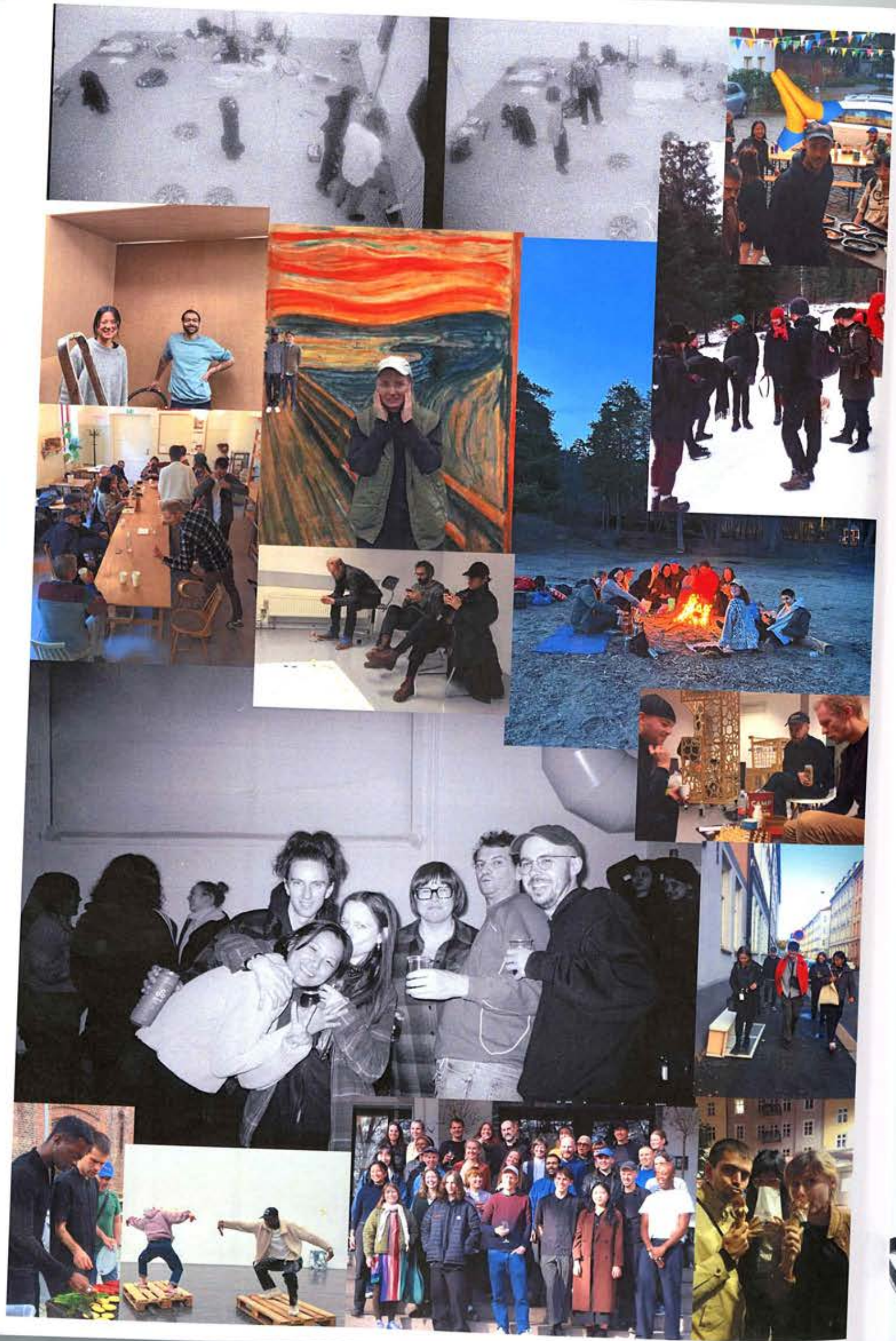
Dokumentet er elektronisk signert og har derfor ikke håndskrevet signatur.

The politicians responsible for the new student fees couldn't even be bothered to answer our invitation.











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KUNSTNERNES HUS  
MAY 4 – 14

CHANGES  
YOUR  
MIND

