

GRADUATE EXHIBITION
MFA 2021

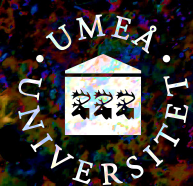
IN AN
EXCEPTIONAL
TIME

DIGITAL EDITION

UMEÅ ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
UMEÅ UNIVERSITY

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UMEÅ
UNIVERSITY

DESIGN & LAYOUT BY HEDVIG STAVRÉN

FEATURED ARTISTS.

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE



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ARTIST NAME TO
JUMP TO THEIR
FIRST PAGE

INTRODUCTORY WORDS.

So what did we learn in these last two years, —and alas, what did we do? This question regards me, the guest professor of this Master class, as well as anyone who has been within the programme as a student. Learning is mutual to an extent, and adding to that, we were about to find out that we were quite equal in experiencing a somewhat special, unforeseen, time in these years.

In the beginning of the course there was a coming and going, a movement of teachers and students. The class went to Istanbul to see the Biennial. Exhibitions were planned like the Röbbäck Binneale, which then somehow filiated into the Kåddis Konsthall. It was the mushroom season, mushrooms springing up everywhere, the visible effects of a hidden underground mycelium, when the forests around Umeå turn into a fairytale place. Then the season changes fast here. Snow sets in, and the winter starts, the river freezes, and looking out from the school windows over its frozen surface you may sometimes feel as if nothing is moving anymore, as if all life is hidden somewhere, giving an image of perfect stillness in shades of white and grey. But in the year to come, instead of changing again from winter into another spring we somehow stayed in this stillness. Around march the school, like all places pretty much around the world, went into lockdown. The studios, the workshops, closed, some students returned to their homes, some stayed in Umeå. We stared at each other in zoom windows, wondering if we should concentrate on the benefits of virtual dissemination and connectivity of art, or concentrate on our immediate surroundings and find our inspirations in the walls and surfaces of our houses.

The workshops and the studio spaces are two of the privileges of the Master of Art at the Umeå academy, which, contrary to other master programmes invites all media, and is designed for a interdisciplinary discourse between students engaged in painting, sculpting but also conceptual practices and the use of media for documentation. The main aim is to widen the individual practice, research into material but overall to experience an artistic community, feedback by professionals, and in the end to position oneself into a heteronomy, which art with its embeddedness into social processes is. Since the studio and workshops closed students during this time turned to media easier useable in smaller spaces and with less resources.

A reflection on this move is visible in *Charlotte Ostritsch's* practice, In the confinement of her house she started to turn everyday objects into proto-machines, using a monger for printing, a makeshift wood structure for weaving. This is structured by a sort of notation system in the form of neural drawings mapping her thoughts. In these description systems, or imaging systems, dimensionality is discarded but additional "foreign" information gained through the materials used.

Discussing works through the lens of the special situation of the pandemic shouldn't be seen as limiting the works here. If I wish to trace it, it is more to show a certain innuendo of separation one can trace in the writer of this text as well. Entering *Rakel Bergman Fröberg's* studio space for example is a different experience than seeing her works on zoom. It is a sensual not only spatial experience, dealing with transgressing borders between the outside world, often the wilderness bordering inhabited spaces, entered into a sort of inner space—the studio—, and affects, and in these a constant crossing between being embedded into a world and lost to the estrangement of the gaze.

Judit Kristensen's new works that she will be presenting at the final show even bear the title "Corona series". She gives this time a colour, the bluish, greenish glow of electronic devices lighting up rooms. In her paintings she looks at the strange intimacy of your own skin, the uncanny folds of the blanket, in opposition of its former design as your protective cover.

Emma Hjelm externalises these uncanny thoughts by turning them into stories. It is a way of banning thoughts by making them into stories, and humouring strange redundancies by turning them into forms without organs, caught within the confinements of their bodies as well as between the walls of their imagined habitats.

In *Hannah Brännström's* work there are ghosts at work—spectres of former activities, felt movements. It is a research into the uncanny, citing our depiction of ghosts (the blanket, the skeleton) but turning them into a discussion of sculpture, its authoritative gesture in space, its quality to de-contextualise an object by a shift in materiality.

The inherent conflict between a shifting essentiality of live—maybe a person's soul—and the possibility of grasping it within an exterior material—an old task in art—is also the main aim in *André Fischer's* sculptures. This concentration process of the artist results in very condensed and alas small scaled portrait sculptures, that mirror in size the touch of his fingertips as a sensual instrument. *Mrah Gazi's* work in the museum hints at a narrative structure, placing Alice in

Wonderlands rabbit outside the exhibition (“I am too late” says the rabbit, gazing at his watch, in Mrah Gazi’s détournement looking at a phone). But similar to Alice, who only meets the rabbit inside the hole, once she has fallen into it, we meet his work in a way inside, in an environment. The shift to the virtual—the phone, not the watch—indicates the placement of the space he discusses, the analogy to the rabbit’s stress about time, hints to its constraints.

Joel Danielsson and *Louise Öhman’s* work is a reflection on images, in their manifold qualities as archive of memories, in their function to inform, in their accepted reduction of vision to two-dimensionality, and therefore their ability to discard information via abstraction. But it is also always story-telling, a film in the becoming as a puzzle of images. It gets a pulsating quality between memorizing and forgetting, hinting at psychological elements of being affected via images, individual, yet, as we know, also structural.

Erica Giacomazzi’s work also presents itself as a film in the becoming, in the way it becomes a narrative for the viewers putting it together out of scenes. Her images stem from a journey, a visit to a community outside of Umeå. While they look observant, they would not have, one notices, been possible without her interaction, her becoming part, albeit for a time, in a social process. Here the gaze is also a sort of touch between two movements, like a tangential line meeting a circular structure resulting in a sort of recurring simultaneity in the work.

In my mind I wander through this exhibition that we have planned, and which does not exist yet. I stand and wonder at *Georgios Lazaridi’s* tower-scaffolding-structure which I have not yet seen. I know him as a painter, as someone very interested in directing observations, making them go back and forth between poles of openness and extreme reduction, understood as energy or non-energy fields. His work therefore is not serial, he creates single forms, each beholding one element, then to be seen as a spatial assembly and therefore in a way as one image.

In my sort of inner walk *Per Nezelius* work seems to be at the border of the field of vision. This is because he always places it somewhere far out, in a sort of unsettled gesture like a nomad within an institutional set-up. Where does the desert start is one of the questions that resonates through this work. Is it an image? How to survive in it? He uses found objects, which place him in a geographical space; they are more or less familiar, depending on the place we live in.

So, and to an even bigger extend, are the objects *Sandra Wasara-Hammare* uses in her sculptures. She knows about these objects, they are in a way inscribed in her body, and so are the memories of other people, to whom, and to whose eyes, these objects have been realities. Sandra Wasara-Hammare takes up the riskful task of telling a story to someone, us, the public, who do not know. We will have to follow her to places deeply hidden below the surface of Swedish society.

Tekla Bergman Fröberg’s work is about healing. I could say I had placed it here nearly at the end of this text-walk to give everything a sort of harmonious ending. But her work reaches further than that. She reminds us of the embeddedness of healing into a vast anarchistic field of destruction and mindlessness. You can see her working at putting together chaotic pieces, trying to make sense, which is a way we can interpret her approach to healing. There is a great sense of humour in this, but also a controlled form of high, nearly dangerous, energy, which also made us decide to have one work of her, a video at the entrance as a sort of introductory piece for the exhibition.

So instead this text ends with *Jonatan Pihlgren*. He will show painting at the exhibition. For me this is always embedded in a sort of performative gesture of his, an activation of an image, but this is maybe because I came to know him like this. The activation may also be a sound—instruments are often playing a part in the paintings. Senses, and impairment of senses—blindness—are themes. They have various narrative starting points, art history is one, maybe even a sort of felt loneliness of the individuals having found their destiny in a painting. So between narration and a joy in painterly solutions, and in colour his paintings have this quality of making us stay and see.

Individualized I have now presented this 2021 Master class of the Umeå art academy. This is the way they are presented in the exhibition, works stand there where there have been people for these two years. What strange times we have been going through together! I won’t see the show at Bildmuseet—we still don’t travel—, but fortunately it will open to the public. I am envious. I wish you will be happy with it!

Ariane Müller

ANDRÉ FISCHER

b. 1978, Nordmaling, Sweden

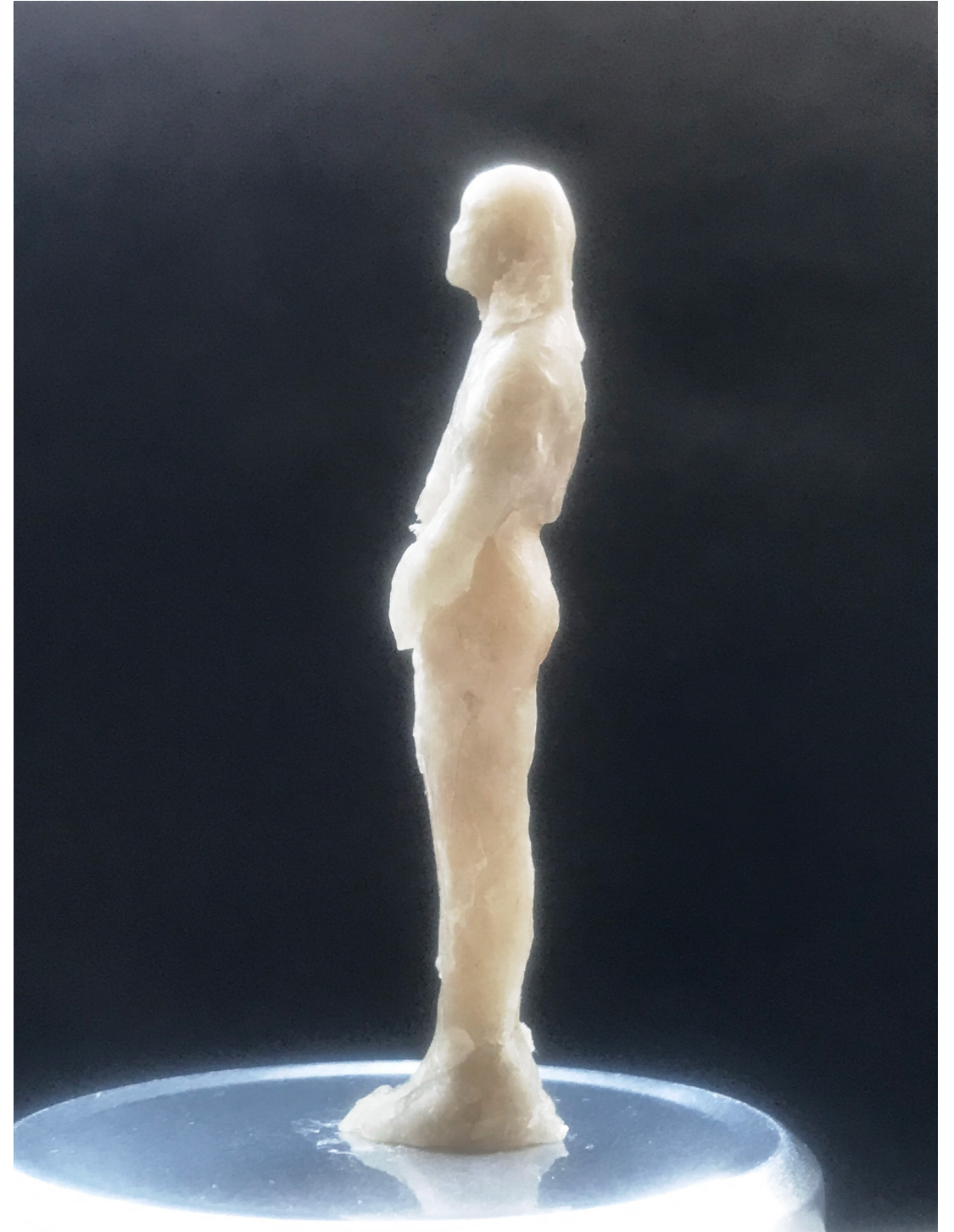
Working with the subjects of being, human constitution and life through sculpting and drawing, in collaboration with model.



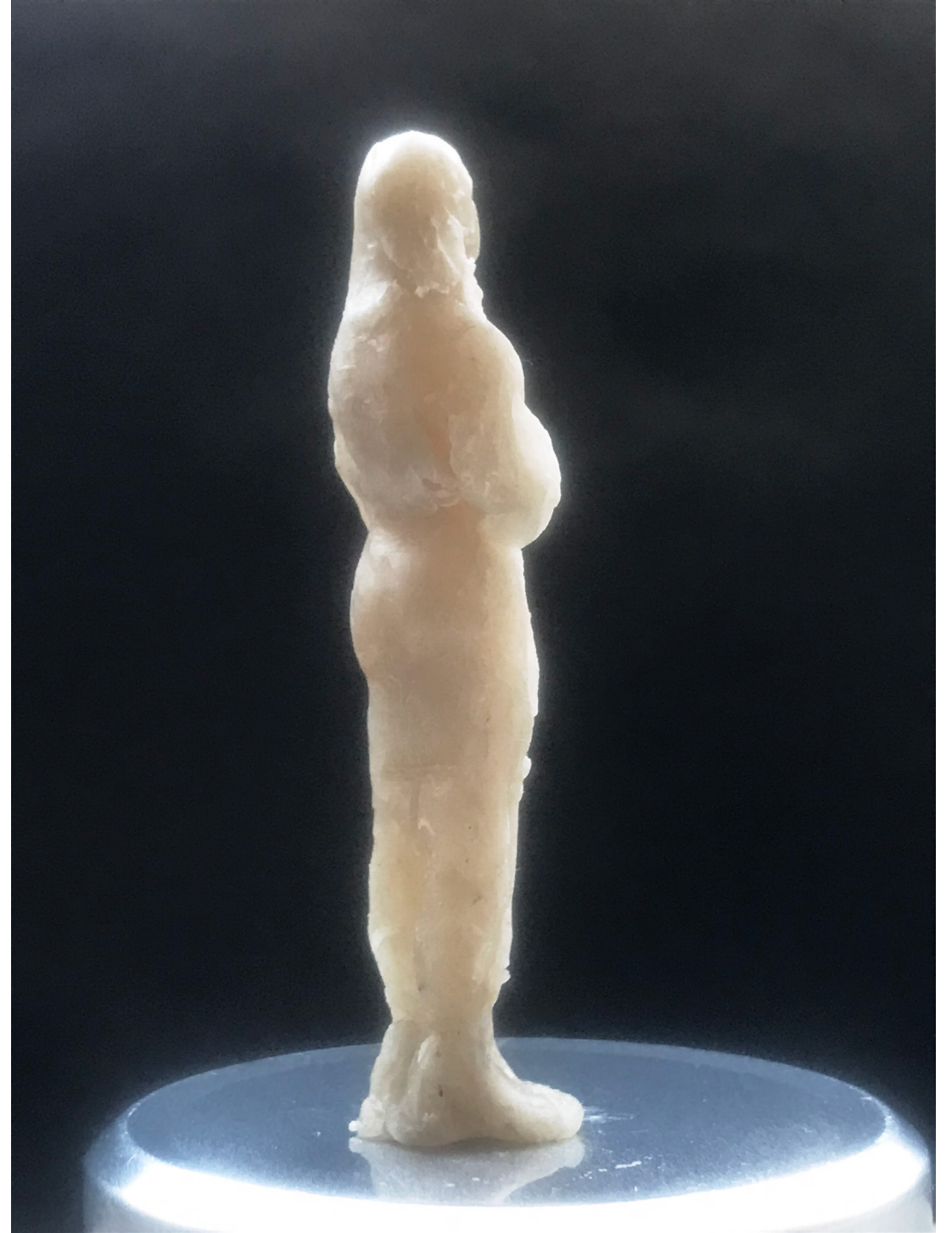
"ANN-KATRIN" Pencil, 10x10cm, 2020.



"BRUNO" Plaster, 11cm, 2020.



"VERA" Bees wax, 8cm, 2020.



CHARLOTTE OSTRITSCH

b. 1980, Örebro, Sweden

As a young student Charlotte Ostritsch studied the controlled art of physical theater at The Commedia School in Copenhagen. She then went on to theoretical studies of the human experience at the department for European ethnology at Lunds' University, where she especially enjoyed the methods for empirical research. An ERASMUS exchange at Eberhard Karls' University Tübingen in southwestern Germany turned into a permanent stay. It was in Germany that she first encountered the works of European artists who seemed to think through art like Anna Oppermann, KP Bremer and Joseph Beuys just to mention some.

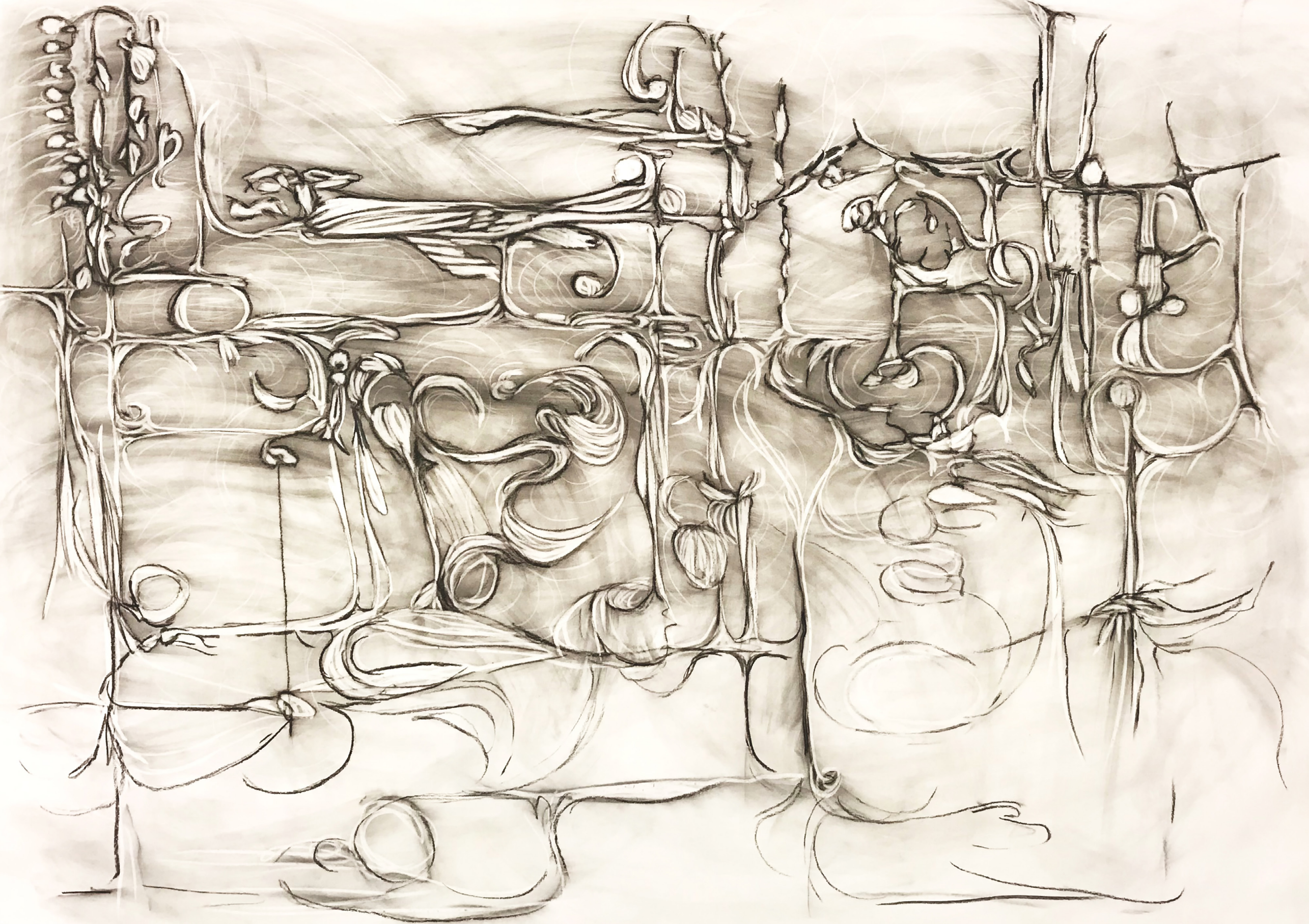
Ostritsch gained a Bachelor of Arts Degree in rhetoric in 2008. She returned to Sweden in 2016 and dedicated herself to becoming a fulltime artist.

During her Master studies at Umeå Academy of Fine Arts she has been focusing on interventional and social art forms, drawings, graphic prints, sound and performance, with an interest in the relationship between the perception of reality and its corresponding language expressions, the creation of value in the seemingly meaningless. Her main areas of interest are rotation and revolution as image and concept, automatization processes and the human factor, productive vs. reproductive art, repetition, transition and transcendence.



"PORTABLE CROWD CABINET: SOLUTION FOR BATTLING LONELINESS IN ISOLATION"

The cabinet contains of three mirror walls approximately 1 x 2,5 meters, mounted in a triangular shape, one of the walls acting as a door, built in loudspeakers with blue tooth connection. 2020.





"OBJECTS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE: ORIGINAL SEVEN"

A meditation on form, substance and the creation of meaning and value.
2020 – continuous.

*A painted line is often a boundary.
A square can act as an enclosed space.
A circle may be used as a ritual protection.*

Previous page: "CONNECTIVITY" 150 x 200 cm, automatic-drawing, 2021.



"RELATIONAL PLAYFIELD"

600 x 466 cm, paint on grass, model 1, 2020.

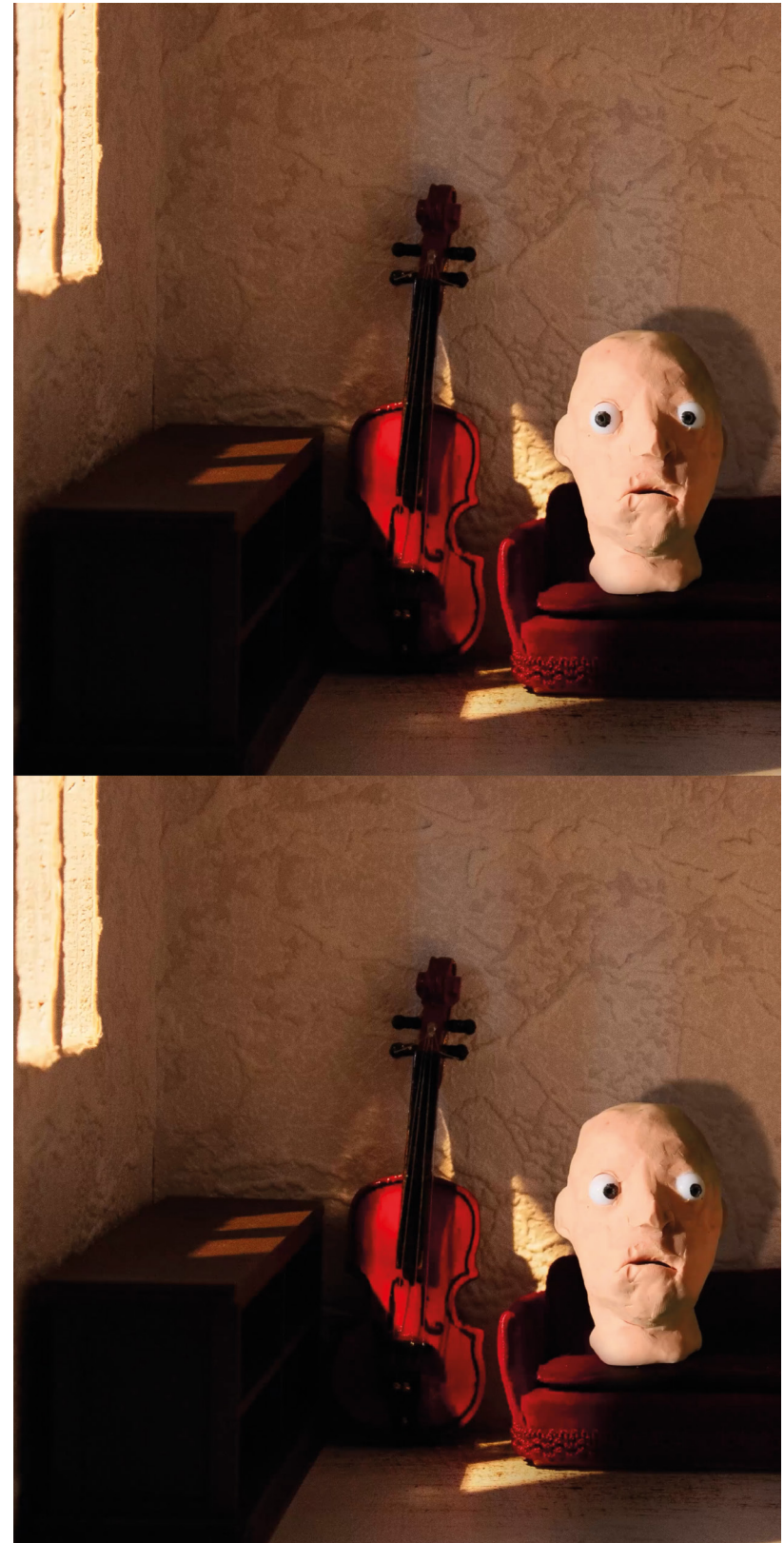
EMMA HJELM

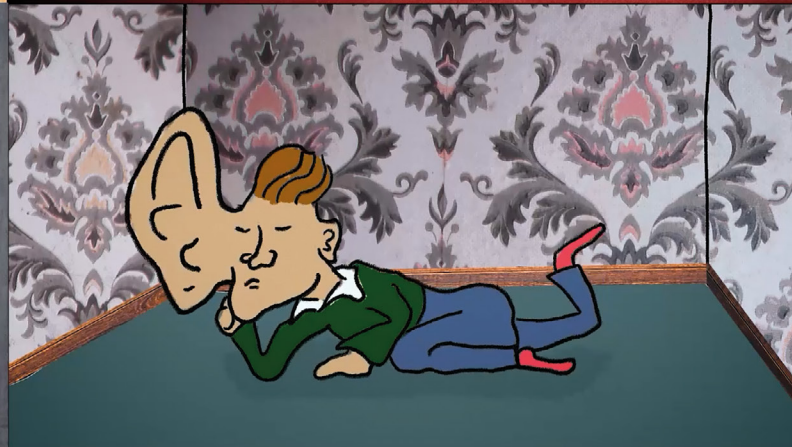
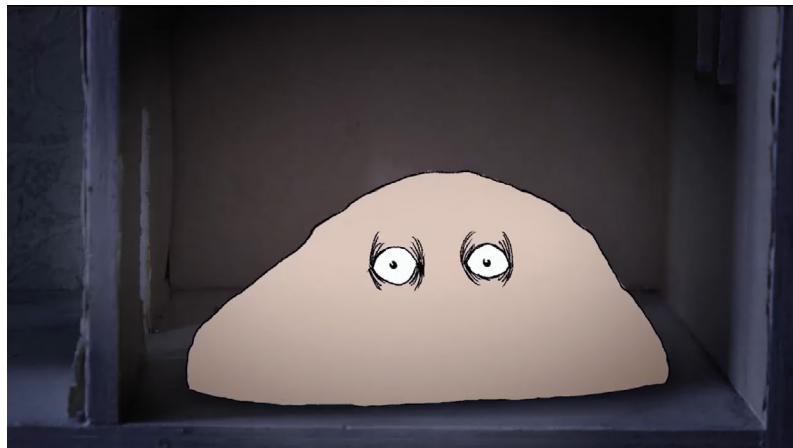
b. 1988, Stockholm, Sweden

Emma Hjelm is a filmmaker and an animator with a BA in Narrative Animated Film at Stockholm Academy of Dramatic Arts. Topics that she examines in her films are everyday life in combination with the unreal absurdism of animation and the feeling of being uncomfortable. She likes to explore a movement with the help of loops and repetitions and play with sounds and rhythm.

"Suspense", 2021 (Oviss Väntan) is an animated video installation based on the idea that all fictional characters exist in real life. The characters live together in a house where they are waiting to be used. The film conveys a mood of waiting but also of longing and loneliness. The loneliness that can exist in an apartment even though only walls and floors separate us from others.

The video is animated with techniques such as stop-motion animation with i.a. plastellina clay, wool, faux fur and wax as well as digital and hand-drawn animations. The characters in the film moves in loops accompanied with music, sounds and noises.







ERICA GIACOMAZZI

b. 1995, Venice, Italy

"I have got a bachelor's at the Academy of Fine Art in Venice (Italy), where I worked with the *context-sensitive* scenario around me. I decided to complete my art studies in the lush and wild North of Sweden. I started in a different way to experience the Swedish landscape - at first impact hostile and impervious - and I observed the adaptability's approach of the human being and how people have made a real *refuge* of a wild and natural place, a sanctuary for being. My research starts from the variable possibilities of movement through the landscape - in this case the Swedish Västerbottens län through their respective seasons. I am interested in the historical and cultural heritage of this place, in particular from the *collective memory* linked also to the topography."



64°14'44.3"N 19°17'55.7"E



Lupus in fabula

⟨lūpus in fābula⟩ locuz. lat. (prop. "the wolf in the fairytale/speech").
 - Proverbial way, which is used to say when there is the arrival of a person whom we were talking about, or to whom we were alluding. The expression is commonly referred to the frequency of the wolf in Aesopian fables, hence the usual but approximate translation "the wolf in the fable". In truth, it is found in Terentius (*Adelphoe IV, 1, 21*), and in a slightly different form in Plato, then in Cicero (*ad Att. XIII, 33: de Varrone loquebamur: lupus in fabula venit enim ad me*)

to indicate the fact that the arrival of a person cuts off the speech that was being made, with allusion to the belief that **when someone is first seen by the wolf, he loses his speech** (cf. Virg., *Ec. IX, 53: vox quoque Moerim iam fugit ipsa: wolves Moerim videre priores* "even the voice itself has fled Meri: **the wolves have seen Meri first**"); and Leonardo da Vinci: **the wolf is still said to have the power, with his gaze, to make hoarse voices to men**; hence also the popular saying: **he saw the wolf or was looked at by the wolf, whose voice is weak from cold or other.**

Treccani Dictionary

"LUPUS IN FABULA"

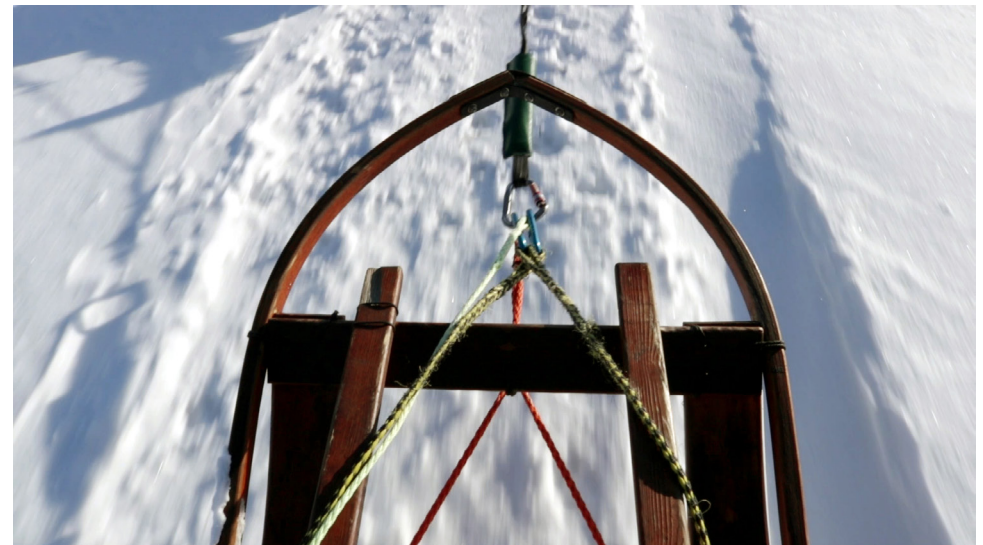
film documentary 32 min. projected on three screens in a video-sound installation.

The documentary was shot in Granö (a village in Västerbottens län, Sweden), between December 2020 and April 2021. The difficulties, compromises and possibilities of movement through the landscape are documented in the film, revealing the concept of intimate Freedom; the context is captured in the routine and rituals' frame of a mushers women team.





Lupus in Fabula reveals an enduring reality, a profession inherited from the ancestors, which changes and survives throughout the time and in this case, as in few other realities, reveals itself in Granö.
Lupus in Fabula is not a classic fairy tale, it is a manifesto to the wildness, pure life and what it entails making agreements with it, perhaps tame it.
Lupus in Fabula is a dense tale, speechless, a screaming one.
There is silence once again, when the animal becomes part of history, there is silence and noise at the same time. True peace and poignant turmoil inside a human and animal heart.



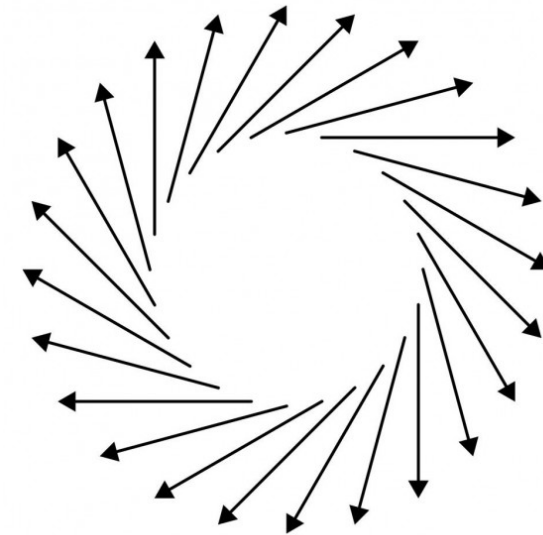
YURI RUSINOF (GEORGIOS LAZARIDIS)

b. 1988, Temirtau, Kazakstan

In the search of the current and urgent, accompanied with our guiltless but potentially not agencies, we fight for the intelligence of reality. A zeitgeist that we “ghostbusted” to capture, that we hope to understand. A pandemonium that is circulated around the “event”, the now, the branches of time that flicker the possibilities and variations of expressions, that we as trajectories might solidify into a reality.

Are we nihilists? Maybe. Then let’s face the nullifying force with nullifying armor.

In my work and mostly in my art theory, I scout for the exploration of what is an “event”, a philosophical question that wanders about the occurrence and emergence of actuality in itself. A question that led me to navigate an arc from Bergson’s duration/perception to Deleusesian meta-cinema, and to Guattari’s abstract machines of subjective superstructure. As a result my research led me to categorically approach the event, with an intention towards art. Which right from the beginning made clear the distinction between the creative and the artistic idea. As we usually confuse both as the same as they share a common territory, but they are distinctly moving apart. The creative idea may be easier to understand as utilitary, as the means to effectively produce and use a surface, but art is closer to an idea of reversing a surface, and being un-effective un-utilized, linger in territories of not understanding.



I will provide an excerpt from the Essay Aimless Venture:

A dispersive event is a crossroad of potentialities (possibilities to exist in), and essentially in the core of that event lies an explosive expansion of consciousness (one can place in the core an important invention, thought, phenomenon, a new generation, technology, artform etc.), unpacked by the act of observation. A self-reflection that encrusts a new solid reality. Hence, a dispersion is a result of innovation in thinking followed by its paraphernalia (indiscriminately towards the means and the eventual loss of reason/truth or distortions of it in history). Ultimately, every dispersion is 'change' and 'becoming', that cuts through territories of social, historic and political strata. Eventually, dispersions form an assemblage of constellations, highlighting crossroads between expressions of branched trajectories. As one progresses in formulation of expressions, one tests the limits of surfaces, one tests the limits of the world, and naturally, the limits of oneself. Thus in that order, I move myself as a trajectory, and as such I am part of a dispersion, part of an assemblage, a cluster, a constellation, hence within the relation, within the “we”, we find the most visible territory of interactions. We produce containment via limitation, via negation we distinct an expression.

Fragmenting and binding all surfaces,
of objects, of subjects, of ideas, of words, of sensations,
all wrapped and arranged, we create a superstructure.¹

¹ Guattari, F. *Chaosmosis: an ethico-aesthetic paradigm*, p. 95

Black
mouth spitting words,
fly like sunflower
shells. I should
quickly roll the
window up, and let
them pile outside.
Buried in my car.
Comfortably moving
the seat back. The sun
is gone. What a
delight to sink the
teeth into, to be a dog
biting a chair. In
search of others,
sensing bite marks I
found him. And he
said to my face, which
was in complete
lackness of surprise:
so many children
MURDER THEM! he
laughed. Agreeing
like a growling dog, I
laughed and scratched
the belly of a chair.
First we will collect
salt, he said, to sculpt

it into grave plates.
He looks at me
through his brows and
says cum defecerit
virtus nostra. Next we
will salivate
landmines. Black spit
slips into unsuspected
shadows, crawls in, to
rust value. As the
night proceeded,
slowly and
accordingly did also
the growing mess,
chaos forming in the
room, how we
secretly love to revel
in our fever, to boil on
the cold floor. We
looked at my arsenal,
my devices, my tools.
I said looking back at
him over my shoulder,
let's turn the sea
chanting for the salt
rain, brewing all the
smell of the world for
the amazing tomb
world, he nodded, and
there we went.

I smell murderous
intent, he nods
inhaling, we turn the
land to gaze the cliff of
murder forcing our
teeth to stay in their
place. A mass is
gathered, raising their
shadows, proudly
showing the heart of
their weapons, mist
and sun and snow and
rain vehement
diffraction unleashed.
Like ink spreading,
with backs of thorns,
crawling on my words
before I name them,
gathering in my
breath. I declared our
presence: Remedies
for bellies, light bulbs
for tombs! Be my
Rifleeyes!!!! They
responded with a
thunder growl, there
we are, the band of
black, ready to tear
the puzzle of walls.



"WHAT A DELIGHT TO SINK THE TEETH IN, TO BE A DOG BITING A CHAIR"

Oil on canvas, 60X70 cm approximately, suspended, 2020.

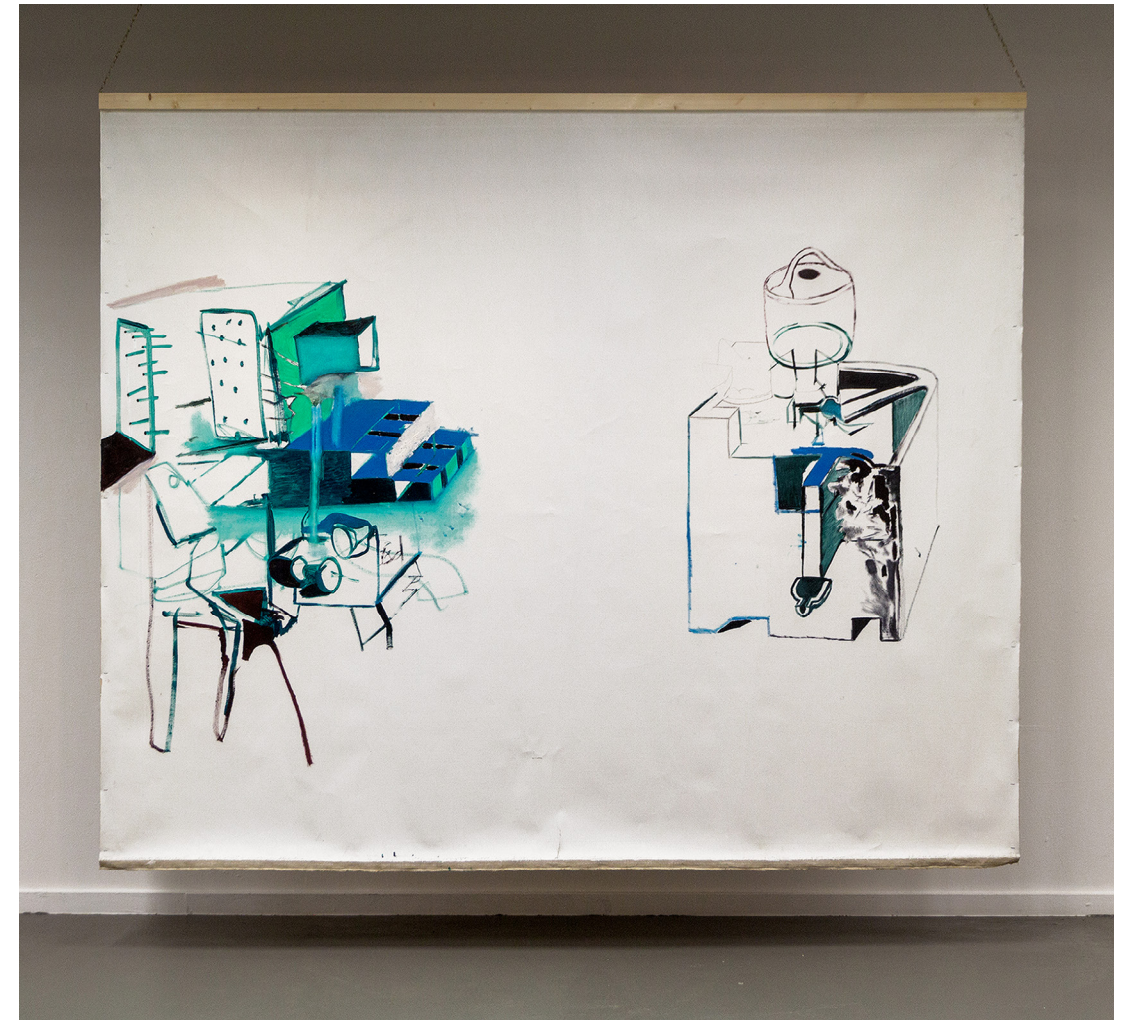
Painting orthodoxies, colliding orbiting elements, sometimes poems, sometimes repurposed surfaces, chips bags. The way I see it, they are entities that leak from the painting, from their habitation, demanding space, a space to per-form. Painting to discover the possibilities of constructions and machines, perceiving artworks as devices. Machines, constructions, apparatuses for our subjective superstructure.



"SIMULACRUM OF ONESELF"

2mX2,3m, oil on canvas suspended. 2020.

Liquid art language, art as language, to code into a container. Zipping and unzipping. Entities in an isolated environment, formations, forces, that reside in/on the painting, as if an artwork is its own ecosystem, a habitat.



"FORCING OUR TEETH TO STAY IN THEIR PLACE, WAITING TO BREAK OUT IN SMILES"

2mX2,3m, oil on canvas suspended. 2020.

HANNAH BRÄNNSTRÖM

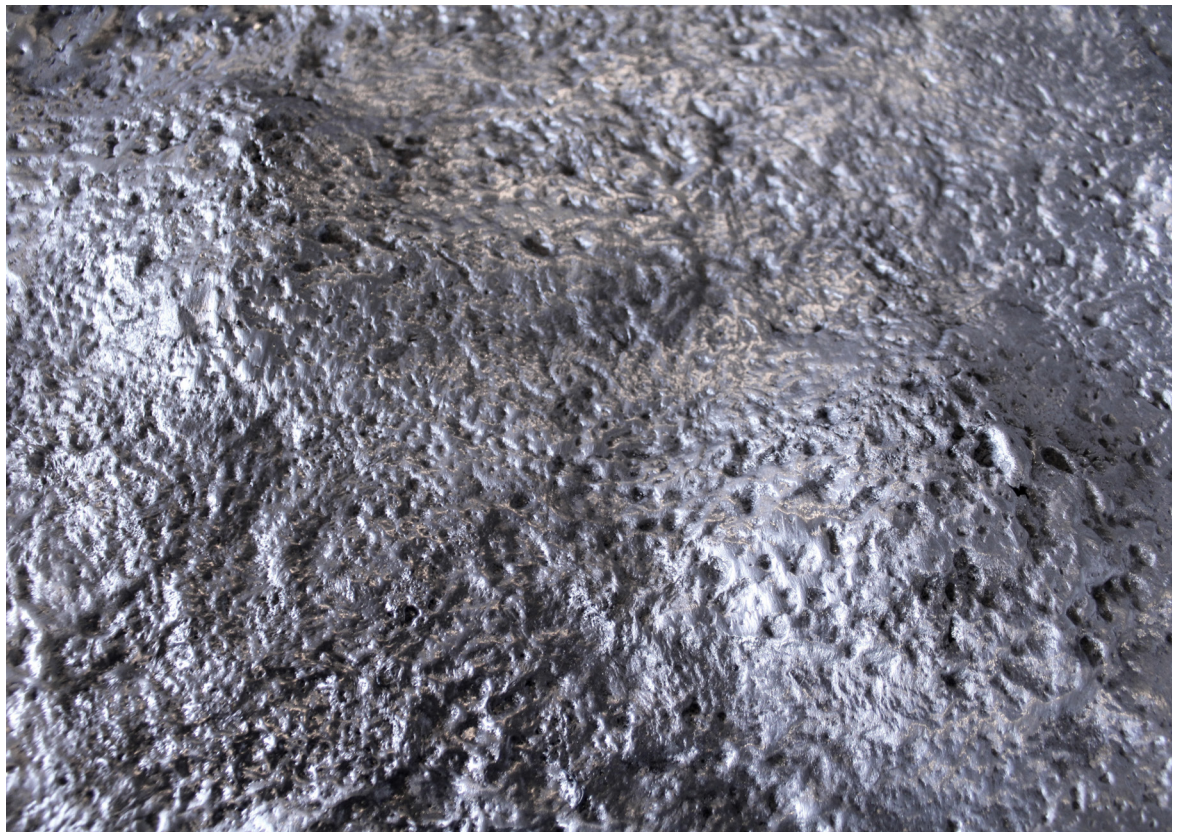
b. 1992, Stockholm, Sweden

The domestic and its interiors is the central theme of Hannah Brännström's sculptures and spatial interventions. With a conviction that the home and the home's objects have an inherent ability to maintain structures and patterns, she processes, imitates and manipulates them to force them to talk about our individual perceptions of common spaces.

The artist believes that in the encounter with an environment, a surface or a piece of furniture, the structural can become visible. The works in the exhibition examine how the subject becomes visible in an object. What happens to us when we experience an expectation in the room, which is not in line with our individual will and our desires? With references to the theatre, she wishes to emphasise how our actions, experiences and feelings reflect the role of the individual within the collective, and how we then perform and act in relation to other roles.







JOEL DANIELSSON & LOUISE ÖHMAN

b. 1988, Stockholm, Sweden & 1989, Stockholm, Sweden

Approaching the distance within the image, and that which echoes in what is left behind. Looking backwards as a method, they turn towards the periphery stories of history. In a fuse between the fictional and the documentary, through that which often finds itself balancing on the fine line of reality, where it is sometimes unclear whether it at all happened.

Continuously re-turning towards the constellation of images, in the form of the montage, where collisions and connections appear and reappear, where image becomes text and text becomes image. One similar to another, and then an other, passing through resemblance as it touches upon the idea of distance as the point of departure, to not only think about images, but *through* them.

Fathomable phantoms.

*Face to face with something elsewhere,
present as a distance.*

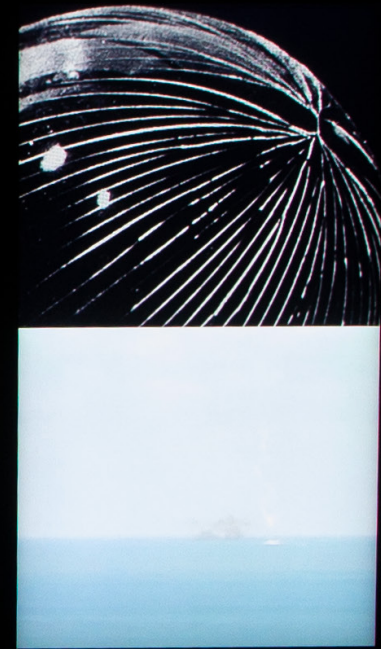
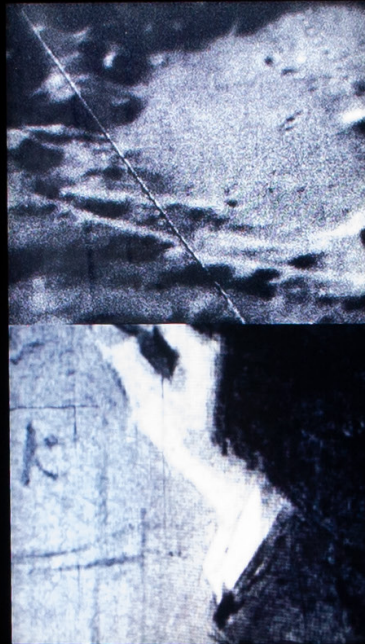
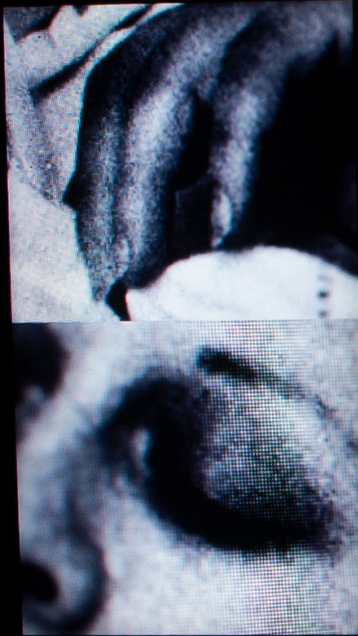
The montage is a line that separates and binds together—a spectral image of withdrawal and repetition, irreducible to an explanation—joining the crowd of small shards, rumours and fragments. It is the image that re-considers history, positioning itself on the other side of what we have called our common historical memory. It asks us to see without seeing, focusing on the afterimage, something suggestive for the inner eye that needs the uncertain lines of dissolved contours. It is the interspace between past and future, zooming into the eroded surface of a monumental sculpture—not yet or never restored.

Five... four... three... two... one... one... two... three... four...
. five... come in... come in... come in... LISTEN... LISTEN!... COME
IN! COME IN... COME IN... TALK TO ME! TALK TO ME!... I AM HOT!... I
AM HOT! WHAT?... FORTYFIVE?... WHAT?... FORTYFIVE?... FIFTY?...
YES... YES... YES... BREATHING... BREATHING... OXYGEN... OXYGEN...
... I AM HOT... ISN'T THIS DANGEROUS?... IT'S ALL... ISN'T THIS
DANGEROUS?... IT'S ALL... YES... YES... YES... HOW IS THIS? WHAT?...
TALK TO ME!... HOW SHOULD I TRANSMIT?



“TRANSMISSION”

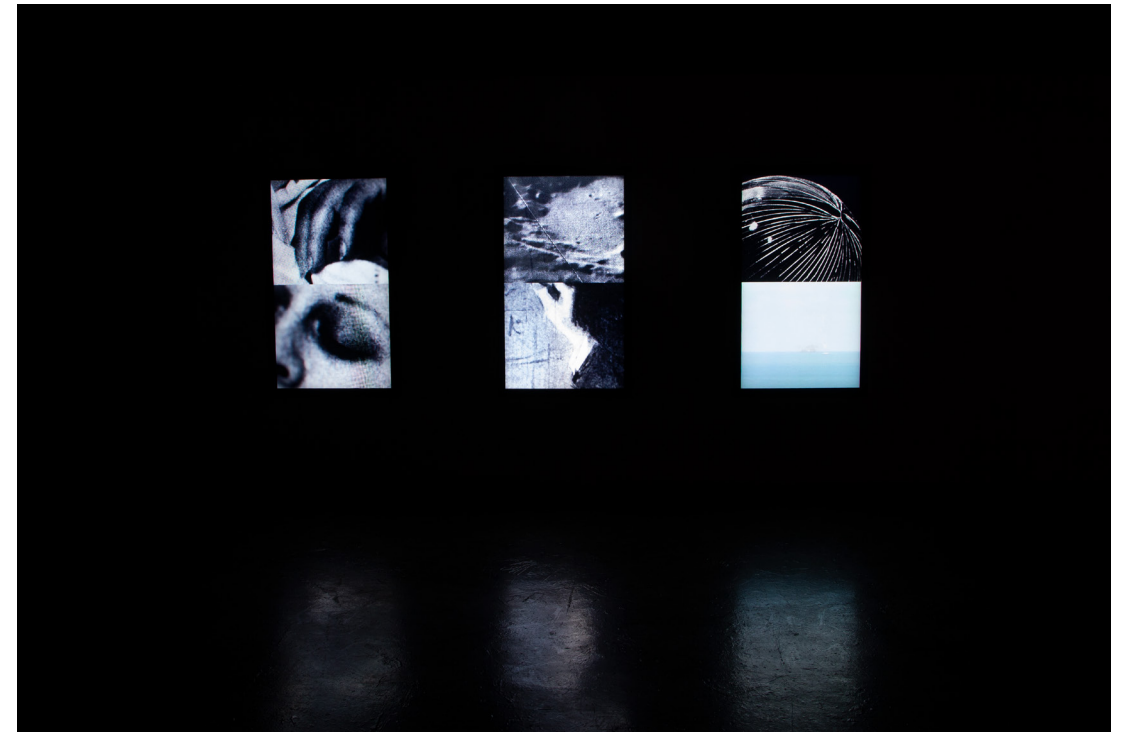
Video, 2021.



*She closes her eyes,
and a ghost whispers to her
about collisions,
of archaeology and anachronisms,
monuments and montages,
of suspension between
origin and fall*



"FALLING UPWARDS" publication, 2021.



"FALLING UPWARDS" video installation, 2021.

JONATAN PIHLGREN

b. 1993, Göteborg, Sweden

My name is Jonatan. I have been writing anecdotes about different things that comes to my mind some times, that I think could have something to do with art. When I eat really strong spices I usually get a tremendous amount of pain the day after. When this happens the only thing to do is to go to the toilet. Usually I also wake up a little bit earlier than I'm used to, because the pain wakes me up. When I'm sitting there on the toilet I have found a trick to ease the pain. I keep the lights off. When it's completely dark I don't feel the pain as intensely. It is like I can imagine that I'm not existing. Over my toilet door there is a ventilation thing. It is a round hole that is covered with some kind of plate that covers the hole but still letting some air in, (and some light). Mostly it's not noticeable at all, but when the room is dark it creates a ring of thin light over the door. In the beginning when you have closed the door and it's dark this is the only thing you can see. I think it looks a little sacred like a gloria or something, and in this painful moment when I've ate something spicy, I can feel that this saint-like ring can give me some comfort. After some time my eyes get used to the darkness and then it doesn't feel so dark anymore. If the pain is not gone at that time it can start to feel worse again, and then I will just turn on the light and turn it off again really fast to make the room appear dark again. I think that it is interesting how the scale of color and light in my vision is linked with the scale of pain resistance or stress that I feel. I find calm from the darkness. The calmness might have something that has to do with the feeling of being hidden. In the darkness no one can see my facial expressions, so my face can relax. I don't need to look happy or anything. These paintings are for me an attempt to reach this type of relaxation. Through uncensored sadness and seriousness I have tried to show pain, sorrow and self pity. I don't want to feel guilt about my own suffering.



"TRANSGRESSION"

Oil on MDF, 9x12 cm.



"DYSLEXI"
Oil on MDF, 55x70 cm.



"CINEMA"
Oil on MDF 55x70 cm.



"THE COURSE OF BROKEN SENSES"

Oil on canvas, 130 x 200 cm.



"THE GAZE OF GUILT"

Oil on MDF, 20x20 cm.

JUDIT KRISTENSEN

b. 1990, Umeå, Sweden

Judit Kristensens paintings and drawings place the viewer in the position of a spy to emotionally charged narratives that play out in the intimacy of private domestic space. Her practice is driven by a wish to tell autobiographically about an inner world with dark and light fantasies as much as an outer world with Netflix, Coca Cola bottles, Cheerio bowls and iPhones. Her subject matter is rooted in the mundane, and the painting series for Bildmuseet derives from claustrophobia, social deprivation, days and nights rolling into one, boredom and stuckness during Corona isolation.



"CHEERIOS AND WINE"
120 x 120, Oil on canvas, 2021



“SCREEN LIGHT AND SKY LINE”

120 x 120, oil on canvas, 2021.

"SITTING ON A BORDERLINE"

120 x 120, oil on canvas, 2021



MRAH GAZI

b. 1991, jeddah, Saudi Arabia

Mrah Gazi explores aspects of historical and contingencies, paradigm shifts, self fulfilling prophecies and unforeseen consequences. His approach is mostly dispassionate and tries to convey quirky and speculative relationships between the past and the present, and how fringe contemporary popular culture could be a prelude for what is to come.

Praise Be!
The Church Is Falling
Under It's Own Bloat.

And
The pesky
Red Pill.





*by a somewhat
jolly but*

*dispassionate
narrator:*

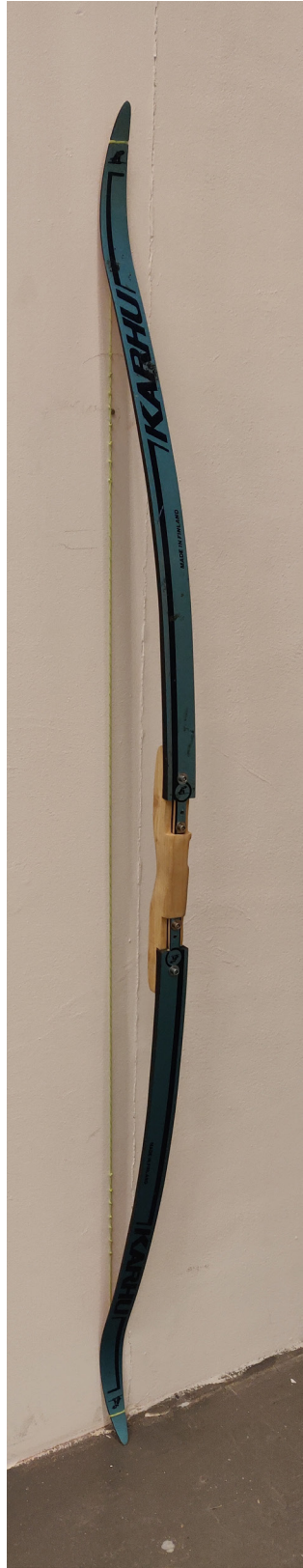
PER NEZELIUS

b. 1984, Kramfors, Sweden

Arbetena utgår från personliga upplevelser och ett globalt informationsflöde.

I ett försök att relatera; bygger konstnären en pilbåge av den typ som kinesiska studenter använde för att belägra sitt universitet i Hongkong 2019, men av längdskidor från Returbutiken på Gimonäs och gör egentillverkad camping-utrustning av material från Ikea till en utgift 20 gånger lägre än jämförbar produkt från nischad märkesbutik i centrala Umeå.







RAKEL BERGMAN FRÖBERG

b. 1994, Göteborg, Sweden

Stunden är kommen.

Träden bugar.

Röd saft rinner längst öppningarna.

De slickar sig om fingrarna, och någon säger: -Vi vill bli omskiftade nu.

De som kan gnager, andra tittar på.

Jag arbetar med egna minnen och hågkomster, men även omgivande människors insidor,

ljusa som mörka.

Jag är också oerhört intresserad av djur och djurs beteenden, samt de ständiga mötena

mellan människa-djur, djur-djur, kropp-rum, människa-människa.

Ett ständigt uppbyggande och sammanfallande av vardagens existens, ting och incidenter.

Jag håller en kniv i handen, både vapen och trollspö, och valet är alltid mitt.

Både att kunna ge liv och ta liv, genom mina graverade nervsystem av streck.

Känslan av att vara, stiger.

Känslan av att kunna falla, förblir.

Känslan av att greppa hårdare.

Återkallan.

Åkallan.

Vi är min kropp.

Ansiktet möter trädjuret.

Hon vet inte hur eller varför.

Det är viktigt att alltid befinna sig på gränsen.

Mötet mellan mig och material.

Möte mellan mig, djur, och allting annat pågående.

Djuret som tillstånd, varande.

De råa känslorna.

Rena, djuriska.

Där är jag nu.

Ett människodjur bland människodjuren.

Förnimmelser av det oerhörda.







SANDRA WASARA-HAMMARE

b. 1986, Kiruna, Sweden

"To comply without questioning might be the most dangerous act."

In her artistic practice, Sandra Wasara-Hammare has developed an interest for contemporary society, norms, dark mantras, fears and despair in the perspective of her own experiences as a worker within the mining industry.

Sandra was born in 1986 and grew up in Kiruna, Sweden – a mining town 200 km north of the arctic circle. For more than ten years, she worked within the steel mining industry, an experience that have had big influence on her artistic explorations.

Different materials with a relation to an industrial context has been investigated through acts of displacement and disforming. Sandra has an interest in social mechanisms, hegemonic masculinity and false promises, in relation to statistics from Arbetsmiljöverket, which shows a kind of paper towel usage of human bodies, on workplaces.

In order to expose the structures, power, injustice and death traps, and to challenge the hegemonic order, art has helped her to generate pieces for ethical and aesthetical readings. It's a betrayable beautiful path, art, to at least have a chance, to get under the skin.

Wasara-Hammare developed an obsessive devotion to this subject of otiose moments, and she stares the past in the eye. The bronze flowers she dedicates to Julia Markström and Julia Mannersten and the latter's unborn child, who lost their life in easy preventable accidents on their industrial workplace.

At the meeting point of ethics and aesthetics, her artistic process is equally driven by a strong interest in the inherent properties of the different materials she explores. Materials speaks to her. It is with inspiration from the piece Lift by Richard Serra that she dared, to listen to Aria, and it is through the works by Ann Edholm and Edith Dekyndt that she felt the rare dialogue between object and language.



*"JAG LÄGGER HJÄRTAT I SKÅPET NÄR JAG KOMMER, OCH TAR
MED DET NÄR JAG GÅR. TILL JULIA OCH JULIA."*

Brons, betong, tyg, 2018–2021.



"ARIA"
Vulkaniserat gummi, 2020



"ARIA" detalj
Bortskavt gummi.



"FLOR"

Flagnad spade, betong, tyg, 2020.

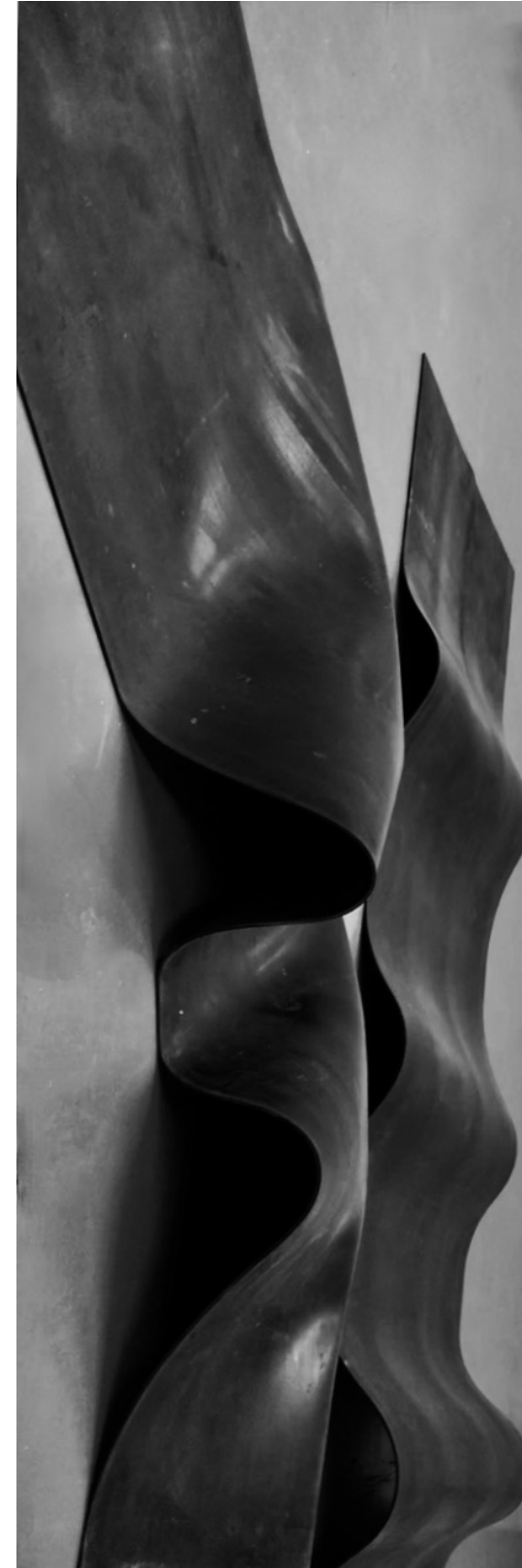
För att göra sorg till en politisk resurs måste vi utveckla en identifikation med lidandet, menar Judit Butler. Spaden på bilden är söndermulad. På samma sätt hade rostet skalat bort bärigheten i golvdurken som brast under Julia Markström. "Åter handlar det om vad som är möjligt att överhuvudtaget uppfatta och reagera på" skriver Elisabeth Hjort.

Att sätta förlusten i centrum för en politisk analys innebär att kritiskt granska hur osäkerhet och sårbarhet fördelas, konstaterar Elisabeth Hjort i *Förtvivlade läsningar*.

Jag tänkte, man är väl dum, ingen vettig jävel hade gått dit. Skulle stänga en ventil. Det flög röda kulor (900°C-1400°C) och en for ner i nacken. Jag är så jäkla blek, så det syns ju inte nu. Men äret är där på ryggen. Jag gick in igen, men åkte på att öppna samma ventil, tog en regnjacka runt öppningen och gick dit igen. Man måste hålla ihop läpparna så inte kulorna slår sönder tänderna.

I samtal med anställd inom statlig gruvverksamhet. Brännskadan rapporterades aldrig.

Spaden är sönderflagnad, liksom gallerdurken som rämnade för Julia Markström. Åter var 2018 och platsen, ett statligt gruvbolag i Sverige. Pelarformen och spaden står i en balansakt.



"JAG LÄGGER HJÄRTAT I SKÅPET NÄR JAG KOMMER, OCH TAR MED DET NÄR JAG GÅR. TILL JULIA OCH JULIA."

10 x 1,4m vulkaniserat transportband, 2021.

Makten (statsmakten, krigsmakten etc.) arbetar för att kontrollera affekter, för att fastställa vem som är en människa och kan sörjas offentligt och vem som inte är en människa, och bara kan lämna ett sargat och gåtfullt spår i det offentliga. Betoningen ligger inte på här på att försöka fastställa vad det mänskliga är utan hur normer definierar det mänskliga, resonerar Elisabeth Hjort i *Förtvivlade läsningar*, Litteratur som motstånd och läsande som etik. Moraliska respons regleras ständigt av makten. I verken som bildar en svit på temat arbete och förlust hoppas jag kunna ge, inte bara en kroppslig upplevelse av materialen utan också kasta ljus över sorgen, och dem som bär den.

'Inget fel på hämnden, som drivmedel, men det måste finnas mer' Mattias Alkberg och ja, att bara reagera, blir tröttsamt. Vill vända ut och in på vreden. Göra den till ved. Som när Sandra Monterosso (verksam i Guatemala), andas i en påse, med texten: Racism is a colonial wound that can be healed. Riktningen nu är framåt.

TEKLA BERGMAN FRÖBERG

b. 1994, Gothenburg, Sweden

Getingen är kungen, Drottningen är allt.
En svedd kyrka svävar förbi.

-Varför frågade ni mig inte?

-Du sov.

-Du sover alltid.

-Men varför väcker ni mig inte?

Timmarna går, bergen växer. Disk och spindlar under mattan.

-Hur ska vi göra för att inte tappa våra sinnen? De tittar upp mot himlen.

-Doppa dem i vigvatten.

En man i guld kliver upp på scenen. Vita hårstrån på duschgolv, trasigt fönster.

Världen kommer tillbaka. I morgon fäster jag händerna i träden.

Ljud av stekta köttbullar. Tejp och lera.

De svarta molnen breder fortsatt ut sig.

Verklighetens krossande hammare närmar sig obönhörligen våra oskyddade kroppar. Skärvorna faller vidare, alltmedan kyrkklockans krackelerade klanger sakta sammanfaller med tidens totala upplösning.

Vår värld är ett blödande sår som jag försöker plåstra om.

Jag slår, hamrar, plockar upp skärvorna, sätter ihop; skapar nya sammanhang, nya liv. Läkande. Detta är mitt kall, även om det innebär blödande fingrar.

Tillsammans med skulpturerna trampar jag emellanåt snett, förlorar en kroppsdel, snubblar. Ena dagen ser jag världen som ett rådjur, en annan dag förnimmer jag känslan av att ha tappat ett öga eller förlorat en halv arm.

Men, alla risktaganden och handlingar är guld värda. Sönderslagandet är en viktig återkommande ritual i mitt skapande. En gång i tiden älskade ting, bärandes på minnen, låter jag åter läka ihop till någonting helt annat.

Jag befriar dem från deras perfekta uråldriga leenden, och välkomnar dem med glädje till vår pågående värld. saker går sönder, livet går vidare, vi lär oss leva med våra sår. Genom tårar, skratt och år.

Dra. Tills det går av. En vilja att bryta genom.

Ristandet. Görandet. Övermålandet. Pågåendet. Minnet av. Klister.

-Sådant man borde minnas men ändå hela tiden tycks glömma bort.

Amen.





SPECIAL THANKS.

TO THOSE WHO HELPED US IN EXCEPTIONAL TIMES.

ANNIKA ERIKSSON

ANTTI SAVELA

ARIANE MÜLLER

DANIEL WESTMAN

EDITH MARIE PASQUIER

GERD AURELL

GUNNO BENGTSSON

IMRI SANDSTRÖM

JEANETTE NILSSON

KARIN WIBRON

KATRIN HOLMQVIST-STEN

LAURA HEUBERGER MANCINI

LISA TORELL

MICAEL NORBERG

MONICA GRANBERG

PER NILSSON

ROBERT DJÄRV

SUSANNE ANDEGRAS

TRYGGVE LUNDBERG

CHRISTOPH DRAEGER

KATARINA PIERRE

LISA LUNDSTRÖM

MAGNUS OLOFSSON

MARTINA WOLGAST

OLLE EBGEN-LJUNGBLAD

GRANÖ BECKASIN, SPRUCE ISLAND HUSKY

GRUV 12:AN

IF METALL

IF METALL JBK BORLÄNGE SSAB

JÄRNBRUKSKLUBBEN OXELÖSUND

KARIN NILSSON

LOTTA DELVE

VERTECH KIRUNA