

### **Diana Agunbiade-Kolawole**

B. 1988 BRT/NGR

Lives and works in London and Stockholm

I am an artist whose source of inspiration comes from my surroundings. Much of the work I produce is rooted and inspired by the 'banal'. It fascinates me how meaning and significance can be drawn from the seemingly smallest details of everyday existence. It is important that my work expresses the fabric of life. It should question and respond to the experiences in my life, and it is these experiences that inform my art practice. I approach my work with playfulness and dark humor. The purpose of the work is to speak not shout, not to grab attention but rather to charm, woo and seduce. I use my artistic practice as a medium of investigation and research, I am interested in producing work where the outcome is defined by the process itself.  
dianakolawole@gmail.com

### **Hilda Kahra**

My art practice is a juxtaposition of contemporary crime scenes. Art for me is a collection of methods and techniques that enable shaping and re-writing history. Mostly I do collective stuff, but then there is this periods of "painting".

The process has cleared now.

I think I walk alone for a while until someone introduce me to a personality I can't resist. This is usually a dead artist. We hang out true books ,videos and stuff from internet. The relationship get's really intense and at some moment my old master disappears at some late night discotec-ka (we brake up).

Then i start to recreate the time we shared. This is an on going loop.

Sometimes I ask, why is art? Is it because someone needs to clean money? Partly yes. And that is totally ok for me. Art is also voice. Because the imagination of the past humans has not created enough words, there for there is art.

My name is Hilda Kahra.

Im born in Trollhättan,Sweden.

I live in Turku, Suomi Finland.

www.hildakahra.blogspot.se/

### **Åsa Lie**

Born 1959 in Stockholm, Sweden. Norwegian citizen. Lives in Brussels, Belgium (since 1996).

Grew up in Norway, Sweden, Egypt, Holland, Venezuela, England. Spent a lot of time in Italy and Greece.

Master degree in Fine Art, Konstfack, University College of Arts, Crafts and Design.

Cooperated with Jadran Sturm from 1989 to 2015.

www.sturm-lie.be (website of Åsa Lie & Jadran Sturm)

### **Beatrice Orlandi**

Beatrice Orlandi is born in Venice, Italy and is currently based in Stockholm. She has a background in architecture where she worked with performative and time-based projects. She has approached art at first as an outsider to the field. She currently studies at the Royal Institute of Art, Stockholm.

I am fascinated in extremes of space and time: apocalypse, adolescence, war, outer space, and intimacy. In my work I want to describe morphing bodies – girl/ dog/ human/ chair/ choir- drawing the attention on concept like "purity", "otherworldliness", "innocence/power", "goodness". I like to refer to low culture and to art history at the same time, letting the viewer trapped in its own prejudgments.

At the moment part of my work is digital, as I am interested in the virtual turn of daily life as a phenomena of bound to earth transcendence.

exoreality.com, allyouaneatpoetry.tumblr.com, dogbye.tumblr.com, biancabok.tumblr.com

### **Ofelia Jarl Ortega**

Ofelia Jarl Ortega is a choreographer, performer and musician. Born 1990 and raised in Malmö she is now mainly based in Stockholm after graduating from the MA in choreography at DOCH in Stockholm, 2014. Ofelia works with different notions of vulnerability and femininity; with the collective as starting point, where necessity is the method and punk, drone and dark are aesthetics.

Ofelia Jarl Ortega has performed her piece Hidden for us at Inkonst and Malmöfestivalen, in 2014 she curated the two-week residency and performance Only Once Subtlety at Skånes Konstförening, and created the piece God Sikt with PotatoPotato fall 2015. Her latest piece Donnie premiered in December 2015 and was performed at Dansstationen, Atalante and MDT. Ofelia is also part of the ambient queer pop punk duo PETS, together with Pontus Pettersson.

### **Jadran Sturm**

Born 1957 in zone B (Free territory of Trieste 1947 - 1975). Lives and works in Brussels, Belgium.

Jadran Sturm has amongst other things been working with unofficial performances since 1980.

He has collaborated with many other artists, primarily with the artist Åsa Lie.

www.sturm-lie.be (website of Åsa Lie & Jadran Sturm)

### **Mercedes Sturm-Lie**

Mercedes Sturm-Lie, born 1991, is a Swedish/Belgian/Norwegian multimedia artist and curator who lives and works in Stockholm and Brussels. She has a MA in Fine Arts from the Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm. Her art practice centers around processes of transformation, inverting realities, investigating histories, death, dreams and stasis. When producing works she searches for ways to understand the complexity of power and to question that which appears natural, but is in fact a construction. Her work has been shown in Sweden, Finland, Norway, Belgium, Japan, Brazil and Russia.

www.mercedessturm-lie.com

# Life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang

Diana Agunbiade-Kolawole

Hilda Kahra

Åsa Lie

Beatrice Orlandi

Ofelia Jarl Ortega

Jadran Sturm

Mercedes Sturm-Lie

Curated by Mercedes Sturm-Lie

Opening 13th January 2016, 17:00-20:00  
Exhibition open 14-17 January, 12:00-17:00

4th floor studio-space

House of the Royal Swedish Academy of Arts/Konstakademiens Hus  
Fredsgatan 14/Jakobsgatan 22c, Stockholm, Sweden

*Exhibition catalogue published on occasion of the exhibition 'Life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang'. Layout by Mercedes Sturm-Lie.*

## Life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang.

“Yes, well, life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang, you know.” is a quote by Inspector Clouseau from the 1968 film ‘Inspector Clouseau’, the third in the Pink Panther film series.

In it, Clouseau finds himself in a tricky situation when he is kidnapped and the robbers use a mask of his own face to conceal their identity while they continue to rob banks. Someone stealing your face and using it for other purposes, can be compared to spreading lies.

“Did you hear, the artists Åsa Lie and Jadran Sturm barged into a gallery in Brussels and started smearing human shit on the walls” ... “Really? I am not surprised.. How disgusting! We certainly do not want to work with those art-terrorists ever again at our gallery!”

The above rumour and lie was spread throughout the Brussels artscene in the early 2000’s. Opinions differ on how it came about.

“To scandalize is a right and to be scandalized is a pleasure.” <sup>1</sup>

This fall I followed the course ‘Philosophy in the context of art’, given by Peter Osborne (Professor of Modern European Philosophy), at the Royal Institute of Art (RIA) in Stockholm. As part of the assesment we have to write a text and possibly also present a project. I chose to conduct an investigation. An investigation which will manifest itself through a catalogue and a 5-day exhibition. When investigating a crime, you get to know the victims and the perpetrators intimately. One discovers that sometimes the victim is the perpetrator is the victim, as is the perpetrator victim perpetrator. In the exhibition *Life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang*, 7 artists will participate. To decide what they are is up to you.

I have come to know them all intimately, and consider them friends. We have followed each others work and spent many late nights eating, drinking, dancing and discussing various topics. Art, boys, girls, sexuality, politics, art history, hierarchy, feminism, justice, food, racism, queer feminism, power, weather, language, beer, pizza, hen, and many more. Some of us have also collaborated. As all ever-developing artists we constantly face new challenges in our work and environment. One of my main challenges is the question of ‘the contemporary’.

What makes art contemporary? What is contemporary art today?

A crime has been committed of which we do not yet know the motive nor the culpable party! Therefore, like dogs we will now follow the smell of blood leading us onto three different highways.

‘A highway is a way over which there exists a public right of passage, that is to say a right for all Her Majesty’s subjects in all seasons of the year freely and at their will to pass and repass without let or hindrance...’ Ex Parte Lewis (1888) 21 (2).

Highway 1: Curate an exhibition which looks very contemporary because of its choice of material, technique and media.

I’ve noticed that upon entering a gallery space people often make a judgement of art being contemporary on the basis of which material, media or technique the artist works with, rather than making a judgement of temporality based on the content of the work. In my own art practice I have experienced that tutors told me my sculptures were not contemporary due to the use of bronze and metal. Or in another case telling me that the only contemporary work in my exhibition was the one made out of styrofoam and nylon.

In this exhibition we have video, sculpture, sound, performance, paintings, photography and dance.

Ofelia Jarl Ortega, one of the exhibiting artists, is a choreographer and dancer who when invited into an art-context merges performance-art with her own practice. We first met at one of my shows. Some weeks later she called and persisted I collaborate with her in a performance piece that was to be shown at Sunday Run-Up at CCAP in Stockholm. The performance was a blast. A collaboration between three dancers, a musician and a performance-artist.

Highway 2: Curate an exhibition based on an analysis of what a contemporary concept is or could be today. Pick observed contemporary subjects. Looking at for example galleries, biennales and how they change the classical format of a biennale to make it contemporary and valid in today’s society. What are contemporary conflicts, issues and concepts in the art world?

In June 2015, the Royal Institute of Art (RIA) in Stockholm received a letter from the Royal Swedish Academy of Arts. It stated that the school did not adhere to the values important to the academy and that it therefore was decided to immediately withdraw the majority of grants which are given to the graduating MA-students of RIA.

The letter from the Royal Swedish Academy of Arts pointed out 3 reasons: – In the introduction to the budget documents for 2016-2018, Marta Kuzma (RIA’s rector), expresses a vision of a school which entirely breaks with the Swedish tradition of a democratic system which caters a close contact between the school’s management, teachers and students. A vertical and anonymous hierarchy where the demand of theory, examinations and written reports will replace the students time for practice-based work in the studio’s and workshops, as well as that of a tight dialogue with their teachers and professors.

– The importance of acquiring knowledge of the national tradition, as well as familiarity with the Swedish art scene is overlooked. In the budget documents, a resistance is expressed against students establishing their art practice in the Swedish art scene. To identify a national identity in today’s ever more globalised society is an important cultural policy issue.

– RIA’s unique composition of education in both fine art and architecture is outlined to end. The budget documents indicate the potential loss of the architecture program and that it will be subordinated the subject of fine art.

What happened between mother Mejan<sup>2</sup> and father Akademien?

I was one of these 24 graduating MA-students. A powerplay and big discussion ensued with both parties accusing each other both in and out of media. In the end a compromise was reached. The graduating 2015 MA-students would get part of the grants back and were compensated with a studio-space in the building of the Royal Swedish Academy of Arts. The 80 sq.m. studio-space has large windows and is situated on the 4th floor. This studio would be available to the students for one year to use in whatever way we wished. Meaning that we gained acces to one of the most prestigious and powerful art institutions in Sweden. During 5 days it will be the site of the exhibition *‘Life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang’*. Will this exhibition function to update the Royal Swedish Academy of Arts? In my opinion it is a contradictory but necessary strategy to do an exhibition adressing contemporality in an institution over 200 years old. A space to produce, exhibit and distribute our works and ideas, whether a high flying gallery or a dusty “useless” cellar is a space as good as any. A new situation to explore. A tree-branch potruding from a vagina, evermore fruitful? Who knows what will happen?

Diana Agunbiade-Kolawole is a British/Nigerian artist who in September 2015 started the two-year Master Programme in Fine Arts at RIA in Stockholm. Last summer she did her first performance at Konstattack #1<sup>3</sup> in Stockholm. She applied chemicals on her body and pressed herself against photographic paper. In doing so, she made imprints of her body on the paper. The work is called ‘Honest portrait’ and more can be read about it in the interview she conducted together with Johan Franzén, published in this catalogue.

In september 2015, I visited the Moscow Biennale which had radically changed from its former year’s format. The biennale did not get a lot of economic funding in 2015. The curators for the biennale came up with a concept that would tackle this economic aspect whilst simultaneously being contemporary and questioning classical structures of such an event. The biennale was reduced to a 10-day period. No transport whatsoever of artworks. Artists started setting up their works on day 1. A constant state of process & production followed. There was also a continuous performance & lecture program.

One of the lecturers was Yanis Varoufakis, Greece’s Minister of Finance from 27 January untill 6 July 2015. In his lecture, Varoufakis stated “Art and culture should be feared by the powerful, otherwise it is not doing it’s job well”. On the other hand he described how for politicians, bussinesmen and economists, art and culture is seen as something good to have, an add-on. Politicians look at art and culture as a source of legitimacy, not as essential or crucial in the running of a country, nor in life.

Some weeks ago I saw a performance by Hilda Kahra at Porin juhlaviikot/ Pori Performance festival in Pori, Finland. I would like to tell you about it, but only about the beginning. To know what happened after, you can ask Hilda. She is present at the opening of the exhibition 13th of January 2016. In the performance she first forces everyone into the room where she will perform. No pussyfooting allowed. Then she asks for money, 1€ per person. She goes round the room with a paper cup receiving the coins. The ones who do not give her any, are rudely asked why. After their answer they are given a surgical mask, to cover their mouths. “To protect yourselves”, Hilda states. Afterwards she puts a leopard-print stocking over her head and starts spewing out coins from the paper cup and back onto the public. Several people around me put their arms over their head to protect themselves. After all, who wants to be blind?

Is this exhibition a counter reaction against the superficiality of art today? Or is it simply another attempt to grasp a forever-further-away star?

<sup>2</sup> Nickname for RIA (Royal Institute of Art, Stockholm)

<sup>3</sup> Konstattack #1 was a one-day exhibition curated by Alexander Hult & Mercedes Sturm-Lie at Valhallavägen 65.

Highway 3: Curate an exhibition based on what I find to be a contemporary phenomenon in art. My own version of a contemporary issue.

The video *On hash and chocolate - burned the money* was made for the 6th Moscow Biennale of Contemporary Art Special Project *Let’s get together! Me, You, We, They*, a group show at Ground Peschanaya, Moscow (RU) 2015. Ten days before the opening, the video was censored for having “pornographic content” and replaced by the documentary *Ni dieu, ni maître*.

*On hash and chocolate - burned the money* is a combination of leaked footage found online and footage filmed in Brussels, Belgium. The eclectic architecture of The Brussels Palace of Justice recurs several times throughout the video. Built during the rule of Leopold II, it is a result of the fortune he acquired by founding and exploiting the Congo Free State in Central Africa. It is reputed to be the largest building constructed in the 19th century and stands as a symbol for colonial power, geopolitical control and symbolic capital. This image is amongst other things contrasted by clips of heads severed by IS, and several days old garbage piled up in the streets of Brussels.

This video will be shown in the exhibition *Life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang*. I am curious to see how the public will react.

Being censored for the first time, made me reflect on the censorship of art works and artists today. In the last couple of years there have been numerous examples of art works being censored and imprisoned artists. This is not only happening in countries such as China and Russia, but also in western societies such as Europe and the US. Censorship of art is a contemporary phenomenon. But why is it so common, and why is it accepted?

When I first started making a list of censored artists, I noticed that all the names I had put down were those of well-known male artists. Censored male art-stars are a hot topic for the media. But are they the only ones who make censorship-worthy art? Probably not. What about all those female artists who all of a sudden become famous when they are eighty..? “Oh, she made such great work, she was in front of this or that man who is now the coverface of this or that great art ism. Unfortunately she was poor all her life and ended up in a mental hospital!”

When you are censored or scandalized, you still exist in the whirlwind of opinions, rumours and accusations. But what about all who are never mentioned? Those whose censorship isn’t blown up, but on the contrary swept under the carpet. Silenced, neglected and hidden from public view. Maybe one could compare it to being sent to the Gulag in Siberia. A cold deserted place where you are sure not to corrupt sensible conformist happy people. At least there they could form a community. It was an honor to be sent to the Gulag, a proof of your integrity and unwillingness to give up. Do we now have a Gulag in all cities, right under our noses, yet invisible?

Selected list of artists censored in Europe and the US: Alexander Alvina Chamberland (facebook.com/alexanderalvinachamberland/), Makode Linde (makodelinde.com), Mathilde Grafström (mathildegrafstrom.com), Blu (blublu.org), Rupi Kaur (instagram.com/rupikaur\_/), Rose Borhovski (my.secondlife.com/rose.borhovski), Mathangi “Maya” Arulpragasam (miauniverse.tumblr.com), Abounaddara (abounaddara.com), Melanie Bonajo (melaniebonajo.com), Nosslo-Grebnellaw Aniluap (grebnellaw.xyz), Pål Hällender (hollender.se), Petra Collins (petracollins.com), Doreen Garner (doreengarner.com), Casey Jenkins (casey-jenkins.com)

Also Beatrice Orlandi has been censored in her life as an artist. I asked her to write about it for this investigation. Some weeks later she sent me a letter which is published in the catalogue along with some images. Here is my answer to her:

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*Hi Beatrice!*

*Thanks for your letter and the pictures. I really like them! I understand the length of your text, it feels like it needs to be that length in order to connect the dots as you say. I also like the format of a letter. Very personal, but nonetheless very serious. I just saw the film about queen Kristina yesterday, ‘The Girl King’. It made me think of your letter to me. In the film, Kristina and René Descartes write letters to each other about passion, love and hatred.*

*The pictures fit very well with your text and the work you want to show. The photoshop screenshots of certain edited body parts and the Facebook poem with its linguistic comments. I will definitely use both these variants in the catalogue!*

*I do not want to change anything in your letter. You are the first one to send me their proposal out of the artists. I am expecting to have all texts by the end of this week. It will interesting to see the possible differences and*

*similarities. I have decided to not edit, correct or censure any of the texts I receive. We all have different backgrounds and practices, therefor I find it important to refrain from trying to make all texts into a uniform way of using language or discussing certain themes.*

*I just arrived in Brussels yesterday. Tomorrow I will participate in an exhibition here, i am very excited about this. Talk soon and Thank you again! Puss & kram , Mercedes*  
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I hereby invite you to cruise through an investigatory, interdisciplinary, transnational, experimental and constant shifting of focus, technique, intensity and politics.

Because yes, well, life is not all shoot-shoot, bang-bang, you know.



# Mercedes Sturm-Lie



Johan Franzén is an artist from Stockholm. He took some time out from his painting schedule to talk to Diana about her work.

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I am an artist whose source of inspiration comes from my surroundings. Much of the work I produce is rooted and inspired by the 'banal'. It fascinates me how meaning and significance can be drawn from the seemingly smallest details of everyday existence. It is important that my work expresses the fabric of life. It should question and respond to the experiences in my life, and it is these experiences that inform my art practice. I approach my work with playfulness and dark humor. The purpose of the work is to speak not shout, not to grab attention but rather to charm, woo and seduce. I use my artistic practice as a medium of investigation and research, I am interested in producing work where the outcome is defined by the process itself.

J.F You did your bachelor in photography. Did you consider yourself an artist from the beginning, or when did you start making "art"?

DAAK I still find it difficult to position myself. It was strange when people asked me what I did. I started calling myself a photographer when I worked as a commercial photographer. I freelanced a lot and moved within different roles, in all positions, I was very creative. Previously I worked as a curator collaborating with artists, photographers, scientists and curators, putting together talks and events, mainly dealing with interpretations of art in museums and galleries. I only curated an exhibition involving art work in a traditional sense in 2014. I also did a lot of art and photography during this period. A majority of these works were collaborations signed under a collective identity, the only works I produced alone were photographs. As a curator in an art institution my peers regarded me as an artist. There was no question about photography as art, the intent of the work produced determined if it was art or not.

J.F Why did your peers regard you as an artist when you worked as a curator? Are curators artists?

DAAK I assume it was because my team was a mixed bunch, some studied art history, curatorial, criticism etc, I studied photography others studied painting. I think the differences were if you wrote about it or did it, I did it. Therefore a definitive label on who I am and what I am is a challenge for me. It depends on what I am doing. I can comfortably say I think in photograph. For me photography is as valid an art form as painting and sculpture, perhaps even more befitting as an art form. One could regard a watercolour of a landscape as decorative and not actually fine art, perhaps the question here is what is "fine art"? I think photography is a very challenging medium because everyone has an opinion on it. My mother once said "Any idiot can take a photograph". I think it's a very relevant statement if we consider our relationship with photography in this very present moment.

JF: Yes, the question here indeed us "what is fine art"? Your claim that you always think in photographs is surprising, since non of your recent works give that impression. There is an obvious conceptual difference between your Bachelor photos and "The Honest Portrait" and the cloak.

DAAK The main things about all these work is that they are all made with photographs. The cloaks has an appearance of a garment or even a sculpture but it is completely made of photographs, most people are familiar with the honest portrait as photographs not so much a performance. I did start off with documentary photography and I think it does form the core of what ignites my interest. Most of the work I make derives from that, the Honest portrait is a documentary of some sort. All the work I do is inscribed with a photographic imprint. I consider the work I am doing now to be an evolution of my understanding of what photography is for me now. If that is why my work is now art and not photography I am indifferent. I feel it is a precise documentation of the "decisive moment"(1). It has been the forefront of photography discussions, attributed to be the correct formula for the perfect photographic image.

J.F What is the Honest portrait ?

DAAK The Honest portrait started life as a performance piece. The idea was to create a photographic portrait as honest as I could make it, I felt it further legitimised the portrait if there were witness to account for the portrait. The photographs created during the performance are what I regard the "honest portraits"

J.F The work seems very process driven....

DAAK I was immensely fascinated by watching my photograph develop in

the darkroom like magic. It's quite a nice thing to watch and I really wanted to incorporate that into a performance of some kind, so when I could do this, I was really glad. I try as close as possible to set a scene of a workshop for the performance, It's usually through a lot of discussions with people around me, so the 1st one a friend Dorota said why don't you have curtains so Voilà I had white curtains and the next show it was having a red lamp and so on. I really enjoy the set building part of photography as well, it's very helpful for me to get into a mind frame when am doing the performance.

J.F Is this performance art or is it photography.

DAAK Both

J.F Your work have aesthetic qualities, but there's often a conceptual dimension that isn't necessarily obvious in the objects themselves. I am thinking, for example, Morning after Breakfast or cloak, but also the "Honest portrait".

DAAK I believe the work should be able to stand alone. I love concepts but ultimately I am a visual person.

J.F But isn't the "concept" a crucial part of your work? Isn't the concept the work?

DAAK If someone stands in front of my work, I appreciate the person's time and I require nothing more than that, if another is willing to invest time to get to know my work, I have that to offer.

I don't know much about classic art, I enjoy looking at them. I once went on a gallery tour and learned how to look for signs in old paintings. I did not need to know exactly the meaning behind the works to appreciate them, I can look at a work and admire the skills, the energy, the atmosphere and even the labour.

(1)'the decisive moment, it is the simultaneous recognition, in a fraction of a second, of the significance of an event as well as the precise organisation of forms which gives that event its proper expression.' -Henri Cartier-Bresson



**Diana Agunbiade-Kolawole**

**Tove Janssons toilet tapestry consists of collected pictures manifesting storms, rising oceans, and wild seas.**

Can we speak of something provocative without mentioning silence?  
Without mentioning respect.  
Without mentioning state.  
Power.  
Without mentioning humans?

Can we whisper a bit about this thing called religion?  
I know it is a metaphysical space witnessed and sensed by the humans on planet tellus.  
Rationality want to hunt it down, force it in to a cage, give it names.  
It's really intense now.  
Rationality is science. Love is not. I will tell you everything I know.

Early in the morning a telegraph reached the crowd: Censorship is in the very end of a hard fact. A practice. A physical reaction on NO, STOP and WRONG. Censorship has a afterlife, let's rise our glasses, and gaze at the P\_a\_r\_T:Y. My guest will be artist Harro Koskinen, I don't know about you, did you invite anyone?

APÈRTIF: Who wants to play a bit of sunday cricket? A game: Let's shape the myth of our state and keep on protecting our collective faceless, pure little child.

SELECT: We become class by censoring the animal within our baby. She will manifest her class true her body. With this body, she will practice violence towards those who do not belong. They will hit you until you behave. It seams like an athletic sport to have dinner with the upperclass, or what do you say Jack?

LIST: Censorship, respect, silence. First she gave voice, then she was censured. Her hands gave birth to someones true story, a life. To be turned down. NO. NO. NO. To get manners. A statement. Her face was a dismantled landscape. To wash clean, and achieve total security by installing gates, locks and cameras. Take cover:::We need protection. Send her to therapy ,she is sick.

START: Pictures of a life lived in the marginals. Homosexuality. The provocation that shook the hole world and changed the political field for ever. United States of mixed nations. The death of a minister, killed children, raped women. Knives. War. Did we take inconsideration the feelings of others while we created this piece?

Can we talk about empathy, and by this mean the same thing? Do we strive towards the same goal?  
Is this a table, or a table? Or..is This a table?  
Has Anyone Anywhere, ever seen a Table Somewhere?

Control, Alt, Delete.  
Class, history, nationality, ethnicity, intuition, religion,gender, family and friends.  
In to the Trash\_Bin = 4-ever.

Did anyone consider internet as a dangerous tool which might in time function unethical? Is WWW the new atom bomb? It acts like that. State is trying, but is slow in putting this virtual space in to a moral cage. Some states has made internet un-functional.

Fact flash: The internet functions differently in different countries.  
Everything is not accessible everywhere.

It is like arriving to the proms, without the jaguar, by bike in trainees and adidas pants.

– Your words are not representing, they are not fitting and they are not matching what we ordered. Please exit true the backdoor, we are afraid that your presence will cause a mental scratch in someones sensitive memory. Animal. It looks like bad art, and it smells. Your face is the trash of the world, and your skin is touched by nature in a un-functional way, go and have a bath. We try really hard to be sophisticated over here. Please.

I'm thinking of rave culture when Jack highjacks Rose from the upper-class party and brings her to the dance down under. Rose, you are pouring beer over you expensive dress! And you are taking your shoes off! You become more like an animal, grrr!::: I can see you getting wild, Rose. It seems like you had quite fun Rose, did you enjoy your class trip downwards? Did your bourgeois hearth beat a bit faster?

This is between you and me; Rose, do you think your heartbeats increased because of

A: Dance

B: Love

C: Life

Did you feel alive?

Some scenes seam to witness of this.

You lost your love in to the blue blue ocean Rose. Jack is manifesting the cell, you are a walking warning sign Rose.

Beautiful, naive, idealistic. A sleeping baby who slowly wakes up.

Gaze over the landscape with your new reading glasses Rose,

What do you sense?

Let me read your palm Rose; The ocean manifested the agenda of

your state which killed passion and maintained order. You killed Jack, Rose. You served really good and got a diamond for your efforts.

Who was the veteran throwing her Bling Bling in to the ocean? Twice You did, Rose.

You did it twice.



Hilda Kahra



The New Crematorium (by Architect Johan Celsing) at Skogskyrkogården in Stockholm, Sweden. Photos: Åsa Lie

When one star dies, another is born  
Life is stuck together with safety pins  
And a star is a cloud of gas

Dear Mercedes,  
You asked me to write about censorship. I am addressing this to you: how many letters have been hunted, opened and violated to pursue the highest aims of censors, the concealment of unwanted truth. And were truth is to be found more than in an e-mail to a friend, or between a head leaning to the sound of a familiar voice and a whispering mouth? I will share with you some thoughts that have been crossing my head since you asked me to join this exhibition. Truth is superfluous in the realm of power. For centuries, while men were proclaiming with loud voices, their discourse controlled to the tiniest conjunction, women were confined in the waste territory of confidences, secrets, gossips, shared one with the other from the gloom of a bedroom or the softness of a sofa. Nothing more than timidity, prudery and shame left as censoring agents, things so easily overcome by friendship and trust within the bond that secrecy offers.

You saw a couple of month ago my piece "Monster", exhibited in the same building as this show will be. I told you about how my text for that exhibition was rejected and with you I used the word censorship. We were having beers and found each other both struggling at the same time to defend our practice from suppression and control. One morning I received a phone call, someone at the other end of the line was telling me my text couldn't be published, and offered a newly written text that I could approve within an hour, before lunchtime. I didn't tell you how I directly called another friend, Maja: we talked for a while, I was looking outside the window to the modest buzz of people leaving their jobs for lunch, my face made sticky by tears. When I hung the phone the hour given me to approve a text I had not written my self was passed. I wrote a new version of my text, which was accepted, translated and printed in Swedish, outside my full understanding. In public my project was a compromise, beside a question mark of a Latin sentence that nobody could translate, embroidered on my clothes. The project survived in its full meaning as a rumor between close friends. Free speech inhabits intimacy; no authority can bear intimacy's subversive space within its structure. But intimacy wards secrets and diverse thinking: power's favorite catches. The text I had embroidered for hours on the back of my suit translated from Latin said: Candor at the price of its own death. These words, since the Middle Ages, used to accompany the image of ermines, the animals hunted for their white winter fur to be used in cloaks of kings and popes, as emblem of power. Legends tell how the ermine, hunted, seemed to prefer to be killed rather than to get its fur soiled. (I smile thinking of how hard it is to get away bloodstains from white sheets using salt and bicarbonate). For centuries power and richness was covered in the small white animal's fur, each dark tail that dotted the coat a reminder of a kill and a unit of measure. Honesty, Innocence, frankness: a trophy; their violation an emblem of goodness and beauty for the crowned heads. You and me could very easily imagine the ermine's candor of the embroidery as the one in the expression "candid speaking", the "Parrhesia" of the ancient Greeks, and we would so fast trace back to our common concern: censorship.

The rhetoric of power hunts down the bluntness of truth, and the destabilizing strength of confidences and intimacy remains innocent, caught and kept outside history, if not as ornament. But when I think about censorship I also think about the self-practiced act of veiling the truth. This of course is a practice that belongs to the suppressed fringes of any leading model. To encrypt meaning to protect a fragile reality is something we did as teenagers in our diaries or in the messages we exchanged under our desks during science classes, using codes. For the same purpose flowers has been given and received, sealing a message behind each of their harmless, pathetically beautiful corollas. In these examples resides, I believe, a counteracting power, a power that is not rendered in big gestures nor reduced in a passive aggressive behavior, a power that conceals (not confine!) the perimeter of intimacy, where confessions, threatened truths and subversive thinking can reign undisturbed, behind an only apparent full control and understanding of the dominant system.

We both speak many languages; did I ever ask you how you feel about that? Any language, even my native one, nowadays feels like a constructed system of censorship, something I adapt to but never fully identify with. Last Friday I had my first public poetry reading; you missed it, I saw a picture on Facebook of you and Hilda together in Finland.

Reading my poems felt like offering secret messages encrypted behind a familiar language by a set of rules that my very own misunderstandings, associations and outsider's position create. The limits of a foreign language confines me in a very intimate space where every word, uprooted from ownership and a strong set of references, can bend to the private game of a personal dialect. The listener recognize the words, a rose is a rose, a ring is a ring, he recognize the weakness of the one who speaks, recognize her expected faults, and move on. He walks past a message that is so vulnerably exposed and at the same time so well protected by the reader's preconception and well-trained interpretation skills. Not insignificant, but unnoticed. A slip of tongue is an optic trick, the frivolity of an embroidered garment or the banality of a flower the thick walls needed around candid speaking. Prisons, bedrooms, bad relationships, occupied lands, kindly lend the language contained in their claustrophobic limits to the confined, underestimating her skills in circumventing and her needs for contact.

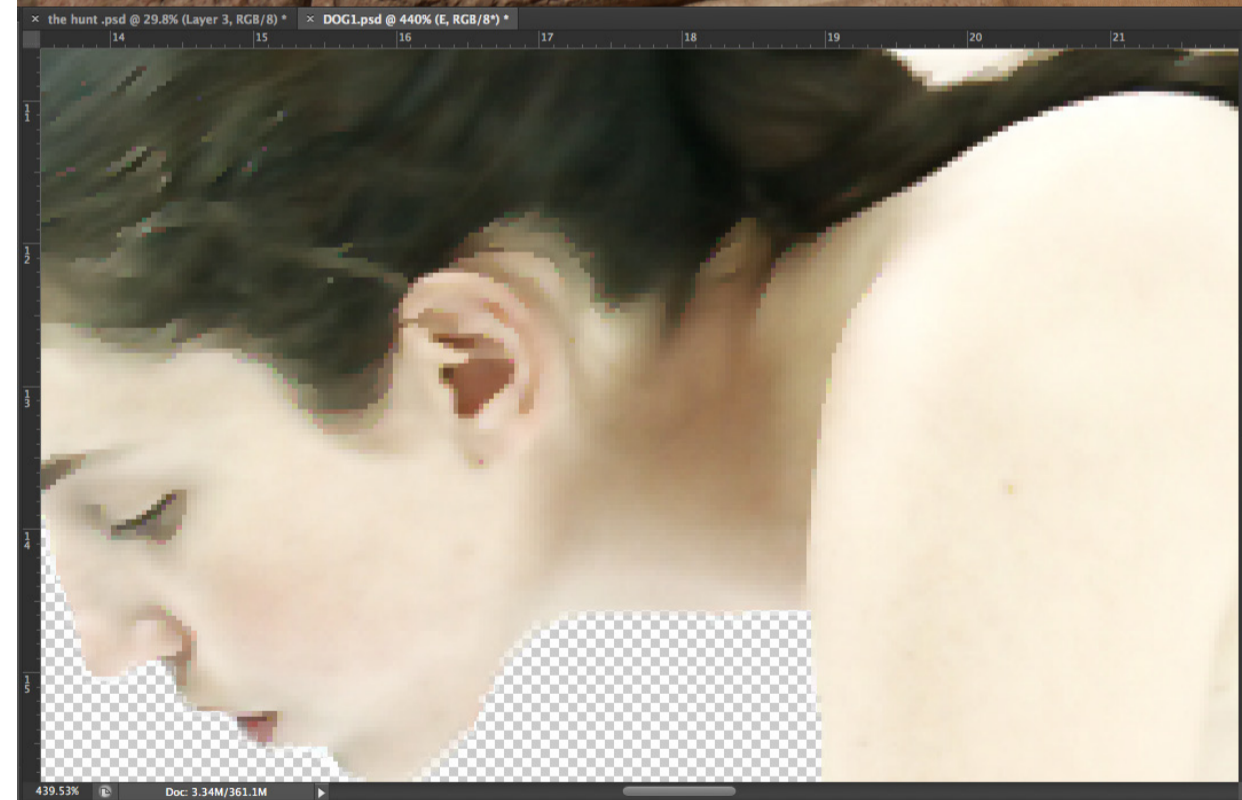
While saying this I come to think about hackers, whose aim is to elude limits given by a system and achieve new outcomes, often at the expenses of the one who fully owned the language.

Encrypting and self-censoring is unfortunately not only a resistance act. I am quite sure our virtual selves, the one colonizing social medias or professional profiles, are a result of a fine work of censorship and self-editing. After talking about hacking, you will come to think that our pictures, our writings, our actions online, are encoded in a language we, most of the time, cannot control. But I am also thinking about the editing that happens to our material selves before ascending to the smoothness of our screens. I am thinking about the censoring action that our own virtual image, flawless among flawless others, perpetrate on us. I have spent the past week capturing screenshots from videos I took of myself, and editing every single picture to put it back in motion later as sequence of frames. I was working on "The hunt in the forest" that will be part of this show. It's summer, I am both behind and in front of the camera; in December I pass fast forwards hundreds of minutes of video to capture those few stills that I will later use. To see my naked body, my insecurity, my mistakes, disgust me. I look away when the figure on the screen moves from behind the camera to the lighten spot in front of it. I know she's looking around, reluctant. I look again only when the human figure becomes a dog, a deer, a horse. Something I can manipulate, abuse. I understand how things like this are done. I spend hours and hours editing each figure, taking it away from her background, erasing her flaws, the things that marks her being, her breast, her stomach, her expression.

I am doing it for the neatness of the result; I am doing it as protection. Every picture I see of her reminds me it was summer, I can see the sun marks, the freckles, the bright nail polish she back then liked. Every picture reminds me of the past summer, the suffocating heat wave that never came as meteorological phenomena, but that was there as a side effect of depression. The hundreds of hours I spend on editing my pictures hits me, I cannot leave my room, I dismiss commitments. My innocence hits me, my fragility hits me, it repulses me, my clothes pile up in a corner. In my own version of Paolo Uccello's painting from 1470, "The hunt in the forest", there is no fox, no ermine, no hunter. The viewer overwhelmed by the nakedness of a female body might forget to look for the truth.

At the same time as I was shooting for the "Hunt" last summer, another video I made was censored. I haven't talked to you about this yet, haven't I? It was a video I made mostly for private use, to rescue myself from something that had been troubling me for months. It worked, my head was empty again, my body almost renewed. I uploaded "9 ways how to kill a cat" on my new and never distributed Vimeo account, with the intention to make it part of my collection but never to be shown in an exhibition. Few hours later I received an email saying that I should immediately erase that video. Panic made me turn the video into private, pride turned it again into public few days after. Another email comes soliciting censorship. I do not answer. The video can still be watched on Vimeo. This is a very private story encoded somewhere in a bad art piece I made last summer and left online. I am sure we will have occasion to speak about this in private.

Kisses,  
Beatrice



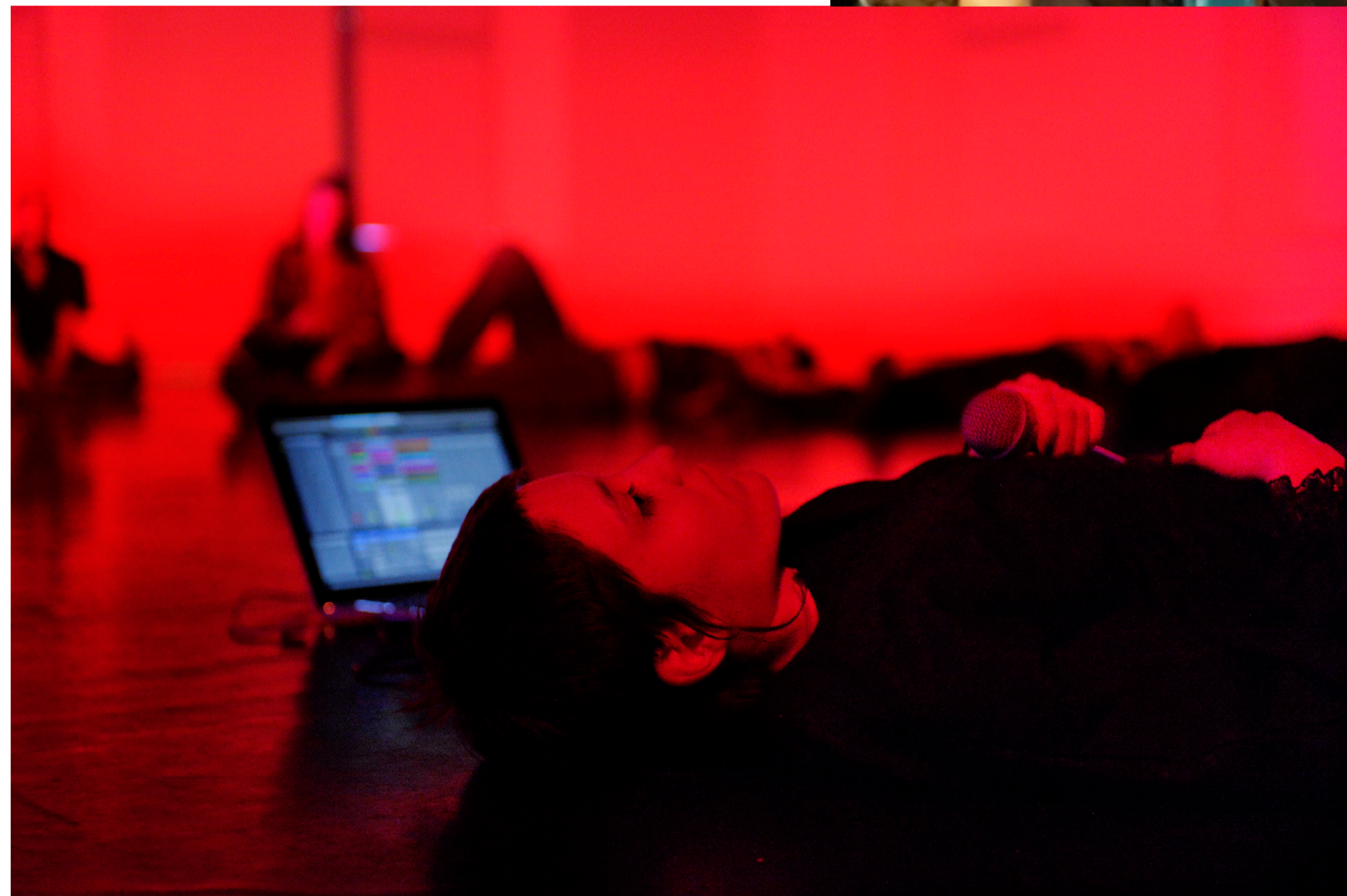
Beatrice Orlandi



*PETS* (with Pontus Pettersson) release concert, Porsgrunn, Norway 2015. Photo: Scene:Bluss



*The world according to Donnie*, Konstattack #2, Stockholm, Sweden 2015. Photo: Diana Agunbiade-Kolawole



*Hidden for us*, 2014. Photo: José Figueroa

BESEDA NI KONJ/THE WORD IS NOT HORSE

ABOUT TO BE NEGATIVE. THE SHITSLAVE CLASSES WERE ALWAYS NEGATIVE. THAT WAS THE POINT. TO MEET AND TALK NEGATIVISM WAS THEIR WAY OF BEING FREE AND CONSTRUCTIVE. OPPOSITE TO ADVANTAGED CLASSES WHO COULD NOT TALK, AND SO INVENTED POSITIVITY. TO BE POSITIVE. WHEN SHITSLAVE CLASSES MET, THEY SHARED THEIR FOOD, DRINKS, JOKES AND FRUSTRATION. THEY KNEW THAT THEY WOULD DIE AT 35 TO 40 YEARS OF AGE. ADVANTAGED CLASSES LOVED LONGER IN SPLENDID SHIT. THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR, YOU WERE ALONE AND FUCKED UP. INVALIDS FROM ZONE B MET BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO TALK ABOUT THEIR HELL. THEY DID NOT FEEL THE NEED TO BE POSITIVE. FOR WHAT? A GOOD JOB, A NICE CAR. THIS WAS REAL LIFE, NOT AN AESTHETIC HOME OF LUXURY.

13 MINUTES-IS-IM-KOMMU-KAPITA-DICTATU-UNIVER-SOCIA-COMFO-UNCONSC-LIES-XII



Jadran Sturm