

Gegenequilibrium

Tom Sachs coined the slogan: “creativity is the enemy”. And even 100 years after the first ready-made, after decades of worshipping a Brillo Box, the myth of originality still dominates the brains of young artists and the market. German superstar Jonathan Meese opposed a notable concept of production: that of making art purely in accordance to biological process – painting like breathing, sculpting like peeing, art regarded as an extension of your own metabolism.

All content, all meaning in this matter would be ideological, of course. So working just with your own body as an artistic tool, what expression could be called “authentic” in the end? What expression would be truly original? Let’s turn the table for one second:

What if actions that are authentic and interesting are involuntary, gestures that come from necessity, far from the notion that one “has to make his/her art”. Duchamp himself named an artwork “Why not sneeze?” out of the peculiar fact that you cannot “choose” to sneeze. So in my performance “towards equilibrium” I try to force my body into involuntary movement. I declare the embarrassing situation genius. I drink gallons of water without going to the toilet. The objective is: not to express myself. But the body starts at first to tremble. Then to shake, then to curl up in agony. After a considerable moment of suspense I have to pee myself in front of others, or simply die of artistic achievement. But the balance has to be restored, the check has to be paid, the willpower has to bend to 0.

(Standing in solitude on the pontoon drinking water until pissing himself. By Peter Moosegard.)

Mázart part 2

Sort:
Installation (season depending on seagulls)
Area:
On a body of water near seagulls
Personnel:
0
Item(s):
French fries
Raft
Optional:
Ketchup
Salt
Procedure:
Cook French fries
Arrange French fries on the pontoon
Place pontoon on a body of water at preferred location

(From Recipes Unlimited; by Studio Stok.)

At Dawn

I started attending football games and hanging out at the grandstand at an early age and developed a fascination with so many aspects of what I found there - the loyalty among peers, the unity, the anarchy, the humour, the hatred, the chanting and the antagonism. The very form was a relief that in itself lacked logical sense or meaning. It created something that I had never before experienced. Growing up in this subculture has characterized my way of being and working in most areas. In particular, it has defined my interest in images, color, and shape.

When changing the context between this subculture and contemporary art I can create new readings and issues that, in their clearest form, reach and even refer to artists such as William Turner, Yves Klein, Rachel Whiteread, Judy Chicago and Christo. I think that there is a distinct relationship between contemporary art and subculture in a sense that conventions are meant to be challenged in both.

My imagery aims to defy what is taken for granted and to project focus into something more unknown and uncertain. It is being practiced in public space and in the chasm that is created by my interventions colliding with the surroundings. I have an interest in the gaps in public space, both psychological and physical.

I want to challenge, reload, and, at times, make the whole architectural object temporarily disappear. I want to experience a new public space, how participants and passers-by react when an expected experience is altered and a new latitude is created. My art takes place – often with help from participants who themselves interact with the geography – instantly, temporarily, and with great impact.

(Technique: 40 yellow flares, 40 participants that follows a given instruction. Medium: temporary sculpture. By Klas Eriksson.)

Banner

FR is a likeable guy. He is grounded, matter-of-fact, congenial. His kind eyes meet you openly without a hint of aggression or libidinous greed. His smile is quiet, but genuine. His style of dress is clean and contemporary, but never flashy. FR emanates sincerity and competence; the kind of person you would trust to be your dentist, or son-in-law, even your king, if you happen to live in a monarchy.

With him, somehow, we know that there is a decent man behind the politics and that the man and the politics are not the same. Politics can be messy and ugly. FR is an honest man doing his best in this unfortunate, compromised business. His integrity has never been in question. Banner salutes him, the man.

(A 15 square meter photographic portrait of Fredrik Reinfeldt, suspended from several weather balloons and tethered to a float in the waters outside Skeppsholmen. It will stay afloat for the duration of the conference, July 23 to 27, or until it is removed. It is, truly, a floating signifier. By Olav Westphalen.)

Blue Shirts

The transition between duty and respite. Standing alert on the shoreline/standing alone at sea. Prepared to take/ overtake responsibility from the ones on the other side. All in a flow of nuances: into the pale, into the deep, into authority. Replacements jump into the water with the expectation of fantasy, escapism, and exploration.

But the sea requires circumnavigation. The workers hover above surface in the seam of sky and sea. A new horizon where the blue flows in-between. In a constant exchange: some dive back into the sea, some arrive, and some embark from the water’s edge. Drifting with blue infected souls.

(Eight people wore blue shirts. The first four people swam out and placed themselves on the pontoons, each one standing there for 15 minutes, then a new quartet swam out and replaced them. By GIDEONSSON/LONDRE.)

The Floating Collective & Insideout Black Index

The Floating Collective & Inside-out Black Index. The conversation took place at sea with megaphones directed at the audience standing on the shoreline. Svensk Standard had previously performed a project called Lawn Mover where they built and experimented with a floating lawn as an alternative form of common-space on water.

In this performance several questions were discussed such as: Do pontoons constitute an enclosure of commons? How “public” can/should these structures be? What does it mean to frame the structure as architecture, and how does the project change when it is inserted into an art-context?

How has “the temporary structure” of radical 60s architecture (the pontoon, the dome, the inflatable) been appropriated by the logics of the “experience economy” and the advertising industry? What is at stake here? What are the implications of the development of shoreline areas in Stockholm such as Marinastaden in Nacka?

(A conversation performance on a pontoon in collaboration with the experimental architecture collective Svensk Standard. By Jens Evaldsson)

Black blinds, which previously covered the windows in Temporära Konsthallen, were placed to cover the windows in Moderna Bar to turn the context inside-out: an artist-run gallery on display inside an established art institution.

The performance started on a pontoon as a demonstration with black signs. The journey continued along the shoreline ending up at the Moderna Bar where the blinds were slowly installed to gradually cover the beautiful sea view.

Staff representing Temporära Konsthallen were present among the crowd during the evening.

(Jens Evaldsson invited the artist-run gallery Temporära Konsthallen which invited the artist Jens Evaldsson to re-enact Temporära Konsthallen inside the Modern Museum of Art.)

Radio Ö

In 2011, a group of artists embarked on a trip in the Stockholm archipelago in search of an island. According to marine archaeologist Atle Bækken, the existence of this island has been kept alive in myth and song in the old villages of the archipelago. But the knowledge of its exact location has been lost as the archipelago has now been transformed from a place of subsistence (fishing, farming, etc.) to a gigantic tourist resort, attracting many thousands of sailors and wealthy owners of summer homes every year.

In 2013, in a concerted attempt to rediscover the lost island, eight artists set out on an expedition to follow its existing traces and remains. One hundred guests were invited to witness the rediscovery. The stories and sounds left behind by this expedition are all that is left from the trip. We then remember Radio Nord, a pirate radio station boat anchored on the edge of the Stockholm archipelago in the late 60s. From there, the story of the island could be revealed... or not. Had we been caught by the police, the knowledge of the island would have been lost forever.

For the Normalcy Bar, in collaboration with KKH and Mare Liberum, we built a floating pirate radio station called Radio Ö on the pontoons of Mare Liberum off Skeppsholmen. The pirate radio was aired from 8:00pm - 8:45pm on April 25th, 2014 on a frequency that disturbed existing radio signals in the Stockholm air space. A listening station was setup at Moderna Bar where one hundred visitors could hear the broadcast live. And probably many more listeners around the Stockholm area.

(A live transmission on a pirate radio, frequency 87.1 MHz, with the radio apparatus created by Mats Hjelm and featuring the radio play Ö88 by Samon Takahashi mixed live on the pontoons. A live performance by Cecilia Ahlgvist and Jean-Louis Huhta occurred in parallel in different locations within Moderna Museet.)

Machine de la Destruction

The angel of history has her face turned towards the past. She perceives a chain of events, sees one single catastrophe, which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage, and hurls it in front of her feet. The angel would like to stay, wake the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm irresistibly propels her into the future, to which her back is turned, while the pile of debris before her grows towards the sky.

The dog guards the entrance of the underworld to prevent the dead from escaping and the living from entering. She studies the living and realizes that most of them are asleep. They’re deeply asleep which makes them prone to prematurely becoming the living dead. The dog wants to return the living dead to the alive and free the humans that they once were. In order to succeed, she has to wake them up. Thus she screams and screams.

(The performance was done on a pontoon under Skeppsholmenbron in Stockholm, Sweden. Two characters are performed. First the angel of history and secondly the dog guardian of the underworld, Hades. By Mercedes Sturm-Lie.)

[1] The footnote shifts temporal and physical focus

(Center for Ineffektivitet / Centre for Inefficiency is a nomadic context working collaboratively within and outside itself, reformulating the hierarchy between situation, method, subject, matter and subject matter. CFI is initiated by Clara Isaksson, Ulrika Lublin and Joanna Nordin. On the 25th of April, CFI inverted a bar side pool into a poolside bar. Towels were traded for bedding and a queue was lined up on the jetty.)