

The Last Mass Mail

Kritiklabbet at Supermarket 2018

No 4 · Saturday · 14 April 2018 · Stockholm



“Pause Within a Pause”, and Legacy of Illegacy

— Evidence Room • Anna Broms, Marjo Levlin
Galleria Huuto

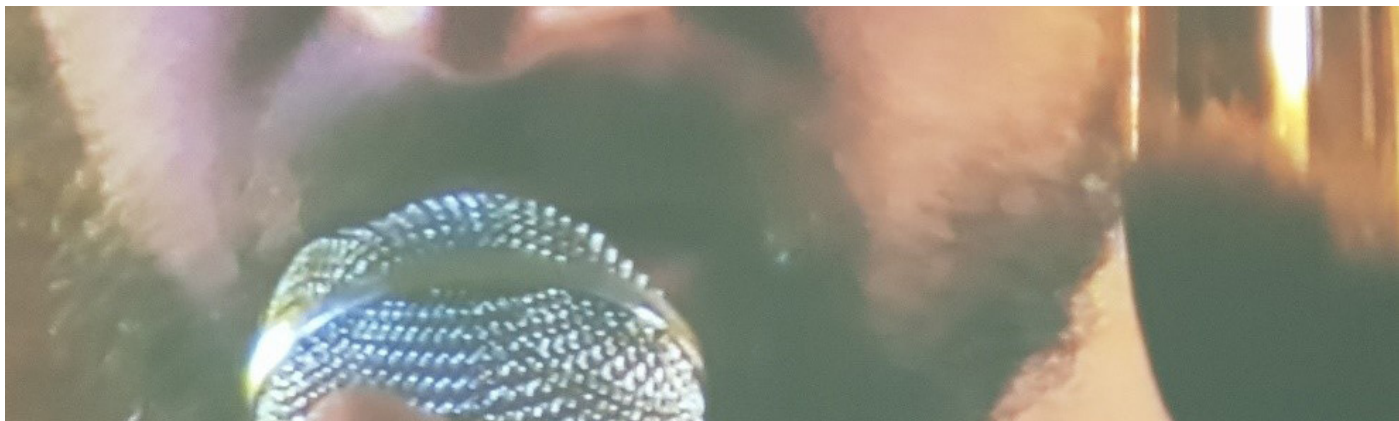
In the evidence room things are not what they seem.

The first thing you see is “Pause within a pause” (Anna Broms), stripes painted on linen in a piece reminiscent of a design for Marimekko. As you go further, you get caught in the video “The Fool’s Experiment” (Marjo Levlin) where a charming leaf is dancing tango amongst birch trees in a test whether or not art can affect nature. As the presentation of the gallery says, we are now in the future amongst objects of the past, that is, we are in an in-between of really neither a now, a future

or a past. This is the “Evidence room”, but it is most evidently not an evidence room, or perhaps this is precisely what the evidence says – that it is evidence of what is not, evidence in an irreality check.

And suddenly, this becomes a relief in the midst of all critical determinations and assertions, instead opening to us the sense that we are disinherited, out of joint, not haunted by but haunting the spectres of our legacies.

Tora Lane



To Become a Ghost You Need to Have Lived

—|— HEART OF HUNGER • Bernardo Zanotta
Nieuwe Vide, Netherlands

It is proposed that the observer is a ghost. A move from camera as singular testifier to passive revenant.

There is a special gleam in the room, a reddish pastel spread thin. It's all over a sad woman and her stare, it is her stare and it fixes upon me, makes me feel out of sorts, sort of unreal. These close-ups on her streaming tears, or on random objects on a desk, a singer's beard (his voice is beautiful and annoying at the same time) – they're really generating tensions. An attempt at a visual intimacy of the wholly non-intrusive. Someone bumps me, I'm in the way – so I shuffle about; the camera expells and attracts begging eyes.

Generally, a ghost is a true witness and shrieking plaintiff, but in this work the artist is going for another kind of ghoul: one that's summoned, a compliant listener to the living who are tired of being dead to each other.

But to function as a ghost you actually need to have been. This one is daringly attempting to not really be a camera, and in flashes it

almost seems to succeed, but even then it never manages to pass to the state of has-been: it never signals anything of its own past-ness. Instead it just reverts continuously from passivity to aggression and back. It either is or isn't – but never really at the same time.

I bump someone again, my shadow covers the opposing art work, I move, regain focus. Maybe it's on me? Maybe I should speed up the frames in my mind-recorder to ridiculous speed, to blur the overlap between dead and alive into a beyond-critical identity. But even that camera couldn't really die. It just needs so bad to testify. Here in my own little critical disorder, as in the work projected, everything lives or is dead, except perhaps the potency of the ghostly, which is severely destabilized and will probably keep haunting me long after I leave Supermarket.

Vickson



Betraktandet kan vara en väldig börda

—|— Under protection, Silence is golden, The burden of the Past • Yvette Gastauer-Claire
Musel Link asbl MIMO project

Magdalena möter sin motvilja.

Uppmärksamhetsformer är tvingande. Mässarkitekturen sliter blicken åt olika håll och vidare. Jag bestämmer mig för att gå fram till just de verk jag vid de tidigare rundorna fattat vag motvilja för och snabbt avfärdat. Yvette Gastauer-Clairens tre små glaserade lerskulpturer. Två av dem handlar om bördor och bärande. Tystnadens börda och det förflutnas dito. Båda framställer människor kånkande på något stort och runt. Jag tänker på antika bronssköldar, solskivor och andalusiska lerfat. Skulpturerna är motbjudande. De sårfärgade ansiktena på dessa gestalter som väl ska likna oss som ser på dem. Jag liknar ingen av dem! Och framförallt inte sådana kvasiutsagor om det mänskliga. Jag

håller tillbaka impulsen att ta dem i handen, låtsas tappa dem i marken. Vad kostar de? Vad kostar jag? På telefonen får jag fram konstnärns hemsida. Det verkar som om hon har bestämt sig för en bild av människan och nu bara repeterar den i olika format och material. Jag tvingar mig till sist att stirra på skulpturerna i sex minuter, ställer klockan. Det känns som om jag just vaknat ur en alltför lång eftermiddagssömn och sen svept en kvarting Aalborg.

När jag vänder mig om och går känner jag intensivt för att aldrig mera skapa. Aldrig mer ens försöka.

Magdalena

FEUILLETON

David Hume

Of the Standard of Taste Part 4

A GREAT inferiority of beauty gives pain to a person conversant in the highest excellence of the kind, and is for that reason pronounced a deformity: As the most finished object with which we are acquainted is naturally supposed to have reached the pinnacle of perfection, and to be entitled to the highest applause. One accustomed to see, and examine, and weigh the several performances, admired in different ages and nations, can alone rate the merits of a work exhibited to his view, and assign its proper rank among the productions of genius. But to enable a critic the more fully to execute this undertaking, he must preserve his mind free from all prejudice, and allow nothing to enter into his consideration but the very object which is submitted to his examination. We may observe, that every work of art, in order to produce its due effect on the mind, must be surveyed in a certain point of view, and cannot be fully relished by persons, whose situation, real or imaginary, is not conformable to that which is required by the performance. An orator addresses himself to a particular audience, and must have a regard to their particular genius, interests, opinions, passions, and prejudices; otherwise he hopes in vain to govern their resolutions, and inflame their affections. Should they even have entertained some prepossessions against him, however unreasonable, he must not overlook this disadvantage; but, before he enters upon the subject, must endeavour to conciliate their affection, and acquire their good graces. A critic of a different age or nation, who should peruse this discourse, must have all these circumstances in his eye, and must place himself in the same situation as the audience, in order to form a true judgment of the oration. In like manner, when any work is addressed to the public, though I should have a friendship or enmity with the author, I must depart from this situation; and considering myself as a man in general, forget, if possible, my individual being, and my peculiar circumstances. A person influ



"En tumme på min tallrik"

— Spelet om Makten • Iryna Hauska

Besökarna inbjuds att smaka på maktstrukturer. Darren fylls av känslor av äckel.

Iryna Hauska, med sitt konstverk *Spelet om Makten*, riktar kritik mot det patriarkala samhället samt stöd för #MeToo rörelsen i form av en tårta där fyra kvinnor är bundna till en mans hand som utövar sin makt över dem.

När man inte ser något direkt utan bara hör om det är det lättare att ignorera. Hauska tar upp ämnet visuellt för allmänheten som dessutom kan smaka

på konstverket. Det är minst sagt svårt att svälja när jag har en mans tumme eller en kvinna på min tallrik. Tårtan förmedlar en känsla av äckel med dess mörka färger och människodelar som jag skär igenom. Samma känsla får jag gällande klyftan mellan könen.

Darren Constantine Yusof-Ioannidis

Ketchup and Mustard: Foundations of Democracy

— The Clairvoyant • Sean Noyce
Durden and Ray

The smell. If you've ever left a lunchbox in a bag a few days you know what I mean. Sickening.

The wall is sprayed with a rainbow of ketchup and mustard reaching out of a pile of sausages and chopped raw onion.

The flavour in the air sticks to your tongue, penetrating your private sphere. As in society, the public infiltrates the private, rules are set and we obey. You enter the contract by pure existence in civilisation. Infiltrating every part of your life and every decision you make, sticking to the tongue.

A democracy that is meant to be representative with all colours of the rainbow present. Yet it's progressively becoming further polarised. The dichotomy, left and right, just like a hot dog both ends face complete opposite directions. Democracy's rainbow of choices is a hot dog.

Linnea Brisling



enced by prejudice, complies not with this condition, but obstinately maintains his natural position, without placing himself in that point of view which the performance supposes. If the work be addressed to persons of a different age or nation, he makes no allowance for their peculiar views and prejudices; but, full of the manners of his own age and country, rashly condemns what seemed admirable in the eyes of those for whom alone the discourse was calculated. If the work be executed for the public, he never sufficiently enlarges his comprehension, or forgets his interest as a friend or enemy, as a rival or commentator. By this means, his sentiments are perverted; nor have the same beauties and blemishes the same influence upon him, as if he had imposed a proper violence on his imagination, and had forgotten himself for a moment. So far his taste evidently departs from the true standard, and of consequence loses all credit and authority.

It is well known, that in all questions submitted to the understanding, prejudice is destructive of sound judgment, and perverts all operations of the intellectual faculties: It is no less contrary to good taste: nor has it less influence to corrupt our sentiment of beauty. It belongs to good sense to check its influence in both cases; and in this respect, as well as in many others, reason, if not an essential part of taste, is at least requisite to the operations of this latter faculty. In all the nobler productions of genius, there is a mutual relation and correspondence of parts; nor can either the beauties or blemishes be perceived by him, whose thought is not capacious enough to comprehend all those parts, and compare them with each other, in order to perceive the consistency and uniformity of the whole. Every work of art has also a certain end or purpose for which it is calculated; and is to be deemed more or less perfect, as it is more or less fitted to attain this end. The object of eloquence is to persuade, of history to instruct, of poetry to please, by means of the passions and the imagination. These ends we must carry constantly in our view when we peruse any performance; and we must be able to judge how far the means employed are adapted to their respective purposes. Besides, every kind of composition, even the most poetical, is nothing but a chain of propositions and reasonings; not always indeed, the justest and most exact, but still plausible and specious, however disguised by the colouring of the imagination. The persons introduced in tragedy and epic poetry, must be represented as reasoning, and thinking, and concluding, and acting, suitably to their character and circumstances; and without judgment, as well as taste and invention, a poet can never hope to succeed in so delicate an undertaking. Not to mention, that the same excellence of faculties which contributes to the improvement of reason, the same clearness of conception, the same exactness of distinction, the same vivacity of apprehension, are essential to the operations of true taste, and are its infallible concomitants. It seldom or never happens, that a man of sense, who has experience in any art, cannot judge of its beauty; and it is no less rare to meet with a man who has a just taste without a sound understanding.

Thus, though the principles of taste be universal, and nearly, if not entirely, the same in all men; yet few are qualified to give judgment on any work of art, or establish their own sentiment as the standard

of beauty. The organs of internal sensation are seldom so perfect as to allow the general principles their full play, and produce a feeling correspondent to those principles. They either labour under some defect, or are vitiated by some disorder; and by that means, excite a sentiment, which may be pronounced erroneous. When the critic has no delicacy, he judges without any distinction, and is only affected by the grosser and more palpable qualities of the object: The finer touches pass unnoticed and disregarded. Where he is not aided by practice, his verdict is attended with confusion and hesitation. Where no comparison has been employed, the most frivolous beauties, such as rather merit the name of defects, are the object of his admiration. Where he lies under the influence of prejudice, all his natural sentiments are perverted. Where good sense is wanting, he is not qualified to discern the beauties of design and reasoning, which are the highest and most excellent. Under some or other of these imperfections, the generality of men labour; and hence a true judge in the finer arts is observed, even during the most polished ages, to be so rare a character: Strong sense, united to delicate sentiment, improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice, can alone entitle critics to this valuable character; and the joint verdict of such, wherever they are to be found, is the true standard of taste and beauty.

But where are such critics to be found? By what marks are they to be known? How distinguish them from pretenders? These questions are embarrassing; and seem to throw us back into the same uncertainty, from which, during the course of this essay, we have endeavoured to extricate ourselves.

But if we consider the matter aright, these are questions of fact, not of sentiment. Whether any particular person be endowed with good sense and a delicate imagination, free from prejudice, may often be the subject of dispute, and be liable to great discussion and inquiry: But that such a character is valuable and estimable, will be agreed in by all mankind. Where these doubts occur, men can do no more than in other disputable questions which are submitted to the understanding: They must produce the best arguments, that their invention suggests to them; they must acknowledge, a true and decisive standard to exist somewhere, to wit, real existence and matter of fact; and they must have indulgence to such as differ from them in their appeals to this standard. It is sufficient for our present purpose, if we have proved, that the taste of all individuals is not upon an equal footing, and that some men in general, however difficult to be particularly pitched upon, will be acknowledged by universal sentiment to have a preference above others.



David Hume

... to be continued in our next issue.

Kritiklabbet at Supermarket 2018

Kritiklabbet explores the future artistic, economic and technical dimensions of art criticism. We conduct experiments in the fields of esthetics, network economy and new digital expressions. Our voyage of discovery started in the spring of 2016 and will end in June 2018 after two years of exploring the postdigital public sphere.

Check out our webpage: www.kritiklabbet.se

What is The Last Mass Mail?

Kritiklabbet is carrying out an experiment in participative criticism and live editing at Supermarket 2018! The Last Mass Mail is the result of our process. We invite you, the visitors at the fair, to write down your reflections about an artwork or an exhibitor in a text 300-700 characters long in Swedish or English, and send it to us at redaktionen@kritiklabbet.se. What you hold in your hand is the result. As long the fair goes on, you have every chance to participate yourself! Kritiklabbet's editors will set the titles and write lead paragraphs when necessary. We will also edit the contributions lightly and correct spelling errors.