

The Last Mass Mail

Kritiklabbet at Supermarket 2018

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Dansa med varandra, mot varandra

— Sculptural Duel Two: April 13th 15:00–20:00 • Marius Engan Johansen vs Victor Saletti
Terminal B. Kirkenes, Norway

En skulpturduell mellan två konstnärer som under fem timmar avbildar varandra. Det liknar mer en koreografi än en duell.

Själva resultatet berör mig inte särskilt mycket. Mer intressant är det att betrakta de två tävlande. Det är en duell utan vinnare, som ska fånga "the tension of creating". Konstnärerna liksom studsar, springer runt sina kreationer, lägger till lera på näsan, ändrar hår, gör käken mer framträdande. Fokuserade och hela tiden i rörelse, är de i ena sekunden koncentrerade på leran, i nästa sökande varandras blick och hittar den

– exakt samtidigt. De iakttar varandra ett ögonblick, tittar sedan bort och fortsätter skulptera. Jag fångas av dansen de skapar, hur improvisation kan se ut som klassisk koreografi. De dansar med varandra, mot varandra.

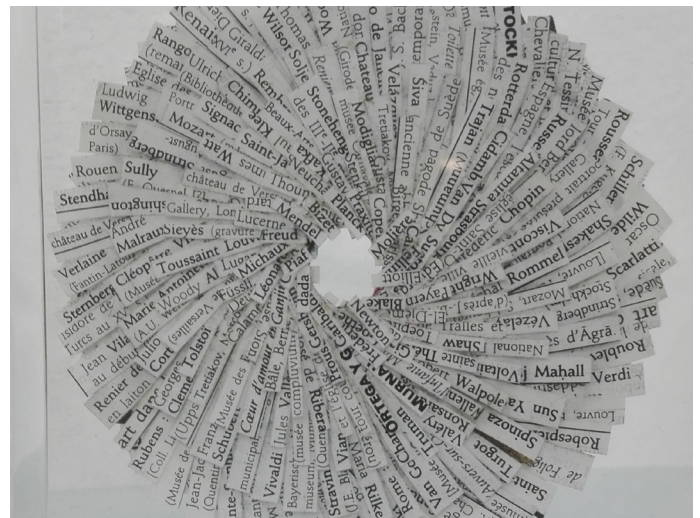
Kvar av den kreativa rörelsen blir två förstelnade leransikten.

Melinda L S

—|— Ida Karlsson • ‘Creating oneself’
Galleri LOKOMOTIV

Konstnären och keramikern Ida Karlsson skapar sig själv, såsom framgår av titeln, drejad i höghastighet på filmduken. Trots det uppdragna tempot förstår betraktaren att varje ny produkt på drejskivan modelleras varsamt och omsorgsfullt av hennes händer, bara för att sekunden senare burdust fästas på hennes kropp. De blir proteser vilka alltmer blir ett med konstnären i takt med att huden färgas lerdammsgrå. Till skillnad från sedvanlig keramisk produktion är slutresultat inte beständigt och stelnat; i Karlssons performativa keramik förblir leran i sitt mjuka omförhandlingsbara tillstånd. Den plastiska tillvaron tillsammans med drejskivans eviga snurrande påminner om samtidens akuta krav på att skapa och omskapa sig själv, tvånget att bygga sitt varumärke. Verket 'Creating oneself' förefaller vid första anblick humoristiskt, nästan plump, men fortsätter verka i mig på grund av sitt omedelbara anslag och intensiva sinnlighet. Jag hade velat se Karlsson live, eller känna leran omdana mig och min kropp.

GALLERI LOKOM

A photograph of a person in a white, mask-like costume sitting on a white box, surrounded by various objects, displayed on a screen. The person is wearing a white, mask-like costume with a headband and is sitting on a white box. They are surrounded by various objects, including a white container, a white bottle, and some papers. The background is dark and blurry. The photograph is displayed on a screen, and the screen is mounted on a wall. Above the screen, the text "GALLERI LOKOM" is visible in large, bold, black letters. The word "GALLERI" is in a smaller font and is positioned to the left of "LOKOM".

— The Chance Execution • Olle Essvik
Rojal, Gothenburg

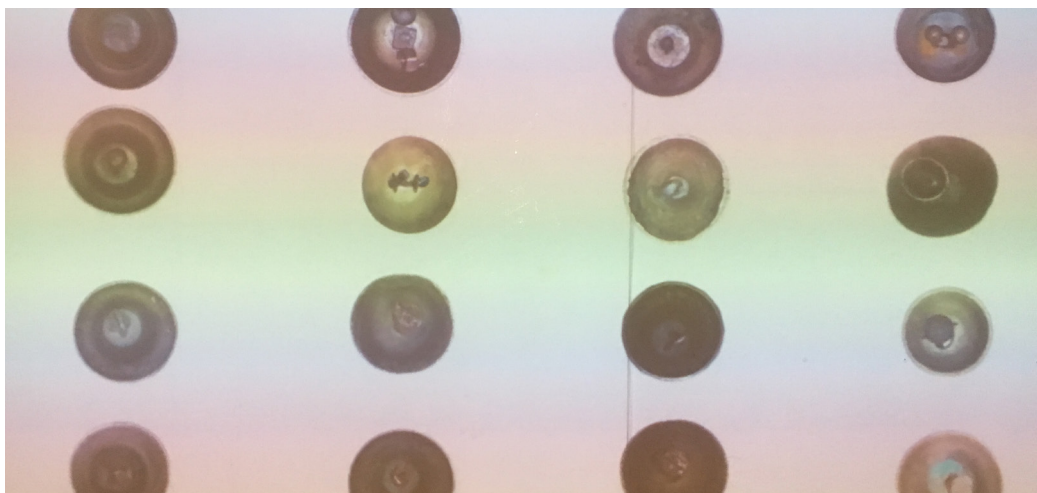
—|— Duty of Memory & We are the legacy • Katarzyna Kor
Musel link asbl MIMO project, Luxembourg

Going through the fair I can't help but to think about the philosopher Jacques Rancière, discussing the un-representable. What can images do and what are they incapable of? In Olle Essvik's "The Chance Execution" there are few words. It is a collage, made of found materials and computer-generated prints. There is no clear narrative here, a refusal of story.

legacy”, names of writers – Woolf, Verlaine, Wilde – form a wheel or maybe a flower of paper strips. A whole tradition of literary voices made into a small, understated object.

These works, playing with the relation between word and image, come to challenge the relation between world and image. They remind us of the tenuous nature of concepts such as representation and reality, suggesting the difficulties in the task of picturing a legacy and the responsibility of the images at hand.

J.S.



—|— Tremble is to Live • Feiler / Sköld Feiler
—|— Tegen 2

For Whom the Bell Tolls

A video work that speaks of the highest, and the lowest. Divinity and servitude wrapped up in one.

Sixteen bells, filmed from underneath. Vibrating and sometimes passing through and onwards to an enunciated pavlovian interpellation. In a jungle of works of art that tries to reach out, this one cuts through a reigning mode of expression aiming for affection through loudness and posture rather than refinement. Like at the end of Lars von Trier's film *Breaking the Waves*, the bells chime in a matter-of-fact way about that which cannot be comprehended. Divine to escape the pedestrian approximations of metaphysics. But also cruel to be reduced to a servant waiting for a master's signal. And in this very complexity it is possible to locate an experience that goes beyond. Liberating and humiliating to serve somebody. Serving life, perchance.

Søren Weimar



—|— Roi Vaara • Skiing
—|— Istanbul Performance Art

Stilla tills snön smälter

Det är oroväckande lätt att identifiera sig med mannen på fotografiet.

Han ser bekymrad ut. Han är jag och jag är han, men det är inte positivt. För han är redo, utan att kunna ge sig av. Längtar efter att röra på sig för rörelsens skull, men så kommer insikten om att omgivningen inte förmår ta honom dit han vill.

Jag kan inte svara på om han råkat stå stilla för länge tills all snö runtomkring töat bort, eller om han medvetet ställt sig på den lilla snöfläcken. Det ser löjlig ut. I kontrast med mycket av den övriga konsten på mässan är situationen oundvikligen låst. Jag passerar så mycket konst som förändras och uppmanar till deltagande. Ett konstverk i form av en tårta blir uppäten. Ett annat konstverk måste delvis tas bort för lukten är för stark och annan konst skapas på plats i skulpturdueller. Men mannen som vill åka längdskidor kommer aldrig röra på sig. Han är för alltid fast i sin längtan.

Boel Björk

FEUILLETON

David Hume
Of the Standard of Taste
Part 5

BUT IN reality, the difficulty of finding, even in particulars, the standard of taste, is not so great as it is represented. Though in speculation, we may readily avow a certain criterion in science, and deny it in sentiment, the matter is found in practice to be much more hard to ascertain in the former case than in the latter. Theories of abstract philosophy, systems of profound theology, have prevailed during one age: In a successive period, these have been universally exploded: Their absurdity has been detected: Other theories and systems have supplied their place, which again gave place to their successors: And nothing has been experienced more liable to the revolutions of chance and fashion than these pretended decisions of science. The case is not the same with the beauties of eloquence and poetry. Just expressions of passion and nature are sure, after a little time, to gain public applause, which they maintain for ever. Aristotle, and Plato, and Epicurus, and Descartes, may successively yield to each other: But Terence and Virgil maintain an universal, undisputed empire over the minds of men. The abstract philosophy of Cicero has lost its credit: The vehemence of his oratory is still the object of our admiration.

Though men of delicate taste be rare, they are easily to be distinguished in society by the soundness of their understanding, and the superiority of their faculties above the rest of mankind. The ascendant, which they acquire, gives a prevalence to that lively approbation, with which they receive any productions of genius, and renders it generally predominant. Many men, when left to themselves, have but a faint and dubious perception of beauty, who yet are capable of relishing any fine stroke which is pointed out to them. Every convert to the admiration of the real poet or

orator is the cause of some new conversion. And though prejudices may prevail for a time, they never unite in celebrating any rival to the true genius, but yield at last to the force of nature and just sentiment. Thus, though a civilized nation may easily be mistaken in the choice of their admired philosopher, they never have been found long to err, in their affection for a favourite epic or tragic author.

But notwithstanding all our endeavours to fix a standard of taste, and reconcile the discordant apprehensions of men, there still remain two sources of variation, which are not sufficient indeed to confound all the boundaries of beauty and deformity, but will often serve to produce a difference in the degrees of our approbation or blame. The one is the different humours of particular men; the other, the particular manners and opinions of our age and country. The general principles of taste are uniform in human nature: Where men vary in their judgments, some defect or perversion in the faculties may commonly be remarked; proceeding either from prejudice, from want of practice, or want of delicacy: and there is just reason for approving one taste, and condemning another. But where there is such a diversity in the internal frame or external situation as is entirely blameless on both sides, and leaves no room to give one the preference above the other; in that case a certain degree of diversity in judgment is unavoidable, and we seek in vain for a standard, by which we can reconcile the contrary sentiments.

A young man, whose passions are warm, will be more sensibly touched with amorous and tender images, than a man more advanced in years, who takes pleasure in wise, philosophical reflections, concerning the conduct of life and moderation of the passions. At twenty, Ovid may be the favourite author; Horace at forty; and perhaps Tacitus at fifty. Vainly would we, in such cases, endeavour to enter into the sentiments of others, and divest ourselves of those propensities which are natural to us. We choose our favourite author as we do our friend, from a conformity of humour and disposition. Mirth or passion, sentiment or reflection; which ever of these most predominates in our temper, it gives us a peculiar sympathy with the writer who resembles us.

One person is more pleased with the sublime; another with the tender; a third with raillery. One has a strong sensibility to blemishes, and is extremely studious of correctness: Another has a more lively feeling of beauties, and pardons twenty absurdities and defects for one elevated or pathetic stroke. The ear of this man is entirely turned towards conciseness and energy; that man is delighted with a copious, rich, and harmonious expression. Simplicity is affected by one; ornament by another. Comedy, tragedy, satire, odes, have each its partizans, who prefer that particular species of writing to all others. It is plainly an error in a critic, to confine his approbation to one species or style of writing, and condemn all the rest. But it is almost impossible not to feel a predilection for that which suits our particular turn and disposition. Such preferences are innocent and unavoidable, and can never reasonably be the object of dispute, because there is no standard by which they can be decided.

For a like reason, we are more pleased, in the course of our reading, with pictures and characters that resemble objects which are found in

our own age or country, than with those which describe a different set of customs. It is not without some effort, that we reconcile ourselves to the simplicity of ancient manners, and behold princesses carrying water from the spring, and kings and heroes dressing their own victuals. We may allow in general, that the representation of such manners is no fault in the author, nor deformity in the piece; but we are not so sensibly touched with them. For this reason, comedy is not easily transferred from one age or nation to another. A Frenchman or Englishman is not pleased with the Andria of Terence, or Clitlia of Machiavel; where the fine lady, upon whom all the play turns, never once appears to the spectators, but is always kept behind the scenes, suitably to the reserved humour of the ancient Greeks and modern Italians. A man of learning and reflection can make allowance for these peculiarities of manners; but a common audience can never divest themselves so far of their usual ideas and sentiments, as to relish pictures which nowise resemble them.

But here there occurs a reflection, which may, perhaps, be useful in examining the celebrated controversy concerning ancient and modern learning; where we often find the one side excusing any seeming absurdity in the ancients from the manners of the age, and the other refusing to admit this excuse, or at least admitting it only as an apology for the author, not for the performance. In my opinion, the proper boundaries in this subject have seldom been fixed between the contending parties. Where any innocent peculiarities of manners are represented, such as those above mentioned, they ought certainly to be admitted; and a man, who is shocked with them, gives an evident proof of false delicacy and refinement. The poet's monument more durable than brass, must fall to the ground like common brick or clay, were men to make no allowance for the continual revolutions of manners and customs, and would admit of nothing but what was suitable to the prevailing fashion. Must we throw aside the pictures of our ancestors, because of their ruffs and fardingales? But where the ideas of morality and decency alter from one age to another, and where vicious manners are described, without being marked with the proper characters of blame and disapprobation, this must be allowed to disfigure the poem, and to be a real deformity. I cannot, nor is it proper I should, enter into such sentiments; and however I may excuse the poet, on account of the manners of his age, I never can relish the composition. The want of humanity and of decency, so conspicuous in the characters drawn by several of the ancient poets, even sometimes by Homer and the Greek tragedians, diminishes considerably the merit of their noble performances, and gives modern authors an advantage over them. We are not interested in the fortunes and sentiments of such rough heroes; We are displeased to find the limits of vice and virtue so much confounded; and whatever indulgence we may give to the writer on account of his prejudices, we cannot prevail on ourselves to enter into his sentiments, or bear an affection to characters, which we plainly discover to be blameable.



... to be continued in our next issue.

David Hume

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 where necessary. We will also edit the contributions lightly and correct spelling errors.