

Dream Island

Foreword

Valentina
Sansone

“Studies in Curating Art” is the scholarly publication series about curating, started in 2014 and produced by the Department of Culture and Aesthetics at Stockholm University. Similar to previous publications in the series, this fourth issue has been collectively produced by four extremely dedicated curators, Daria Andrews, Lauren Johnson Sofia Jonsson and Essi Vesala, all second year’s students of the International MA in Curating Art including Management and Law.

The critical investigation into curatorial issues, which they commenced earlier this year, has castaway the curators in charge of this book on a “Dream Island”. The most remote of the locations, a space for confrontation. This book operates as a map to navigate this and other sites, situated amid reality, utopia and pure imagination.

This year’s course –and the work conducted prior this publication, focused on publishing as a curatorial practice. A number of encounters klmedesigners has at once inspired the process, as well as suggesting some of the many paths to follow. Throughout this series of off-site and on-site visits during the course, publishing has, at times, become a space; whilst at other times, it has expanded into self-organized and collective practices; eventually becoming a mode to imagine future spaces to be built. I would like to thank Sara Kaaman (Konstfack University), Caroline Malmström and Signe Johannessen (ArtLab Gnesta), Nina Beckmann(Grafikens Hus), visual

artist Nicole Bachmann, Bettina Schultz (Art and Theory Publishing) and the young and determined Stockholm Art Book Fair team for generously sharing their conceptions of publishing.

Curating can follow personal approaches and intimate inclinations, and thus turn into a long and winding road. This new map drawn by the editors represents a geography of belonging, and is intended as the honest and genuine outcome of many conversations and exchanges with the artists, the curators, and the writers who have contributed to this publication. These have suggested unreachable locations, and yet further alternative geographies to investigate.

For the first time since its inception, this publication has been designed in collaboration with a number of graphic designers from another educational institution. This choice has been intentional, in order to expand a curatorial statement into a product of graphic design through the authentic approach of Jasmine Berge, Frida Häggström, Lars Høie and Simon Nilsson from the Department of Design, Interior Architecture and Visual Communication at Konstfack University. I am truly impressed by their work, and would also like to thank Aron Kullander-Östling, who has been pivotal in facilitating the publication production since 2018.

Thank you to Robin McGinley for sharing his thoughts, for trusting and for supporting the Publication Course, the editorial team, and for being a

reference for the whole production process. Thank you Sara Callahan for the enthusiasm in following the book production, and for the support.

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“Dream Island” can be anything you want it to be. From isolation to refuge and recreation, islands are alive with mixed meanings. Similarly, dreams are rife with multiple connotations: think the dark content of a terrifying nightmare or the glittery echo of a sun-soaked daydream. In this publication we give space to writers to dwell upon themes of belonging, or the lack thereof, from a broad, yet pointed, perspective. Whatever the meanings or connotations, we open with an island, through a visit to Kultivator, the art residency and farm on the island of Öland, Sweden.

We do not know where the sensation of belonging comes from, but we are painfully aware when it is missing. It is a fundamental human need to be part of something bigger than your own individual being; a sensation, which makes you feel like home. “Dream Island” is a place to which we can all belong. It is where Daria Andrews examines her personal relation to cultural belonging through language and otherness, and Erin Honeycutt brings us into her traveling journey of belonging, showing us how one can belong to many places, and the world, all at once. Ana Bruno unpacks the linguistic history behind this word, belonging.

In our globalized and fragmented world it is harder than ever to find ‘home’. Oppressive forces such as wars and geopolitical distress make it even more arduous, even impossible, to belong to one’s own country or a culture. Belonging seems to be something that you can either have access to

or not. It is a right of one's own, but also something that others can deprive you of. We see this as sorely misguided; is belonging not an inherent right to every being? Sisters Linnéa and Viola Gad examine environmental belonging in their individual practices. Blending the art exhibition with journalism to tell a story about ice and time, Dream Island is their first collaboration. Caught between two cultures and a mixture of musical genres and artistic practices, Swedish-Iranian Nadia Tehran creates art inspired by belonging to this liminality. Lauren Johnson offers Nemo, a tale that echoes a desire to belong as animal, human, individual and community pending our finite existence.

So, as editors, we beg the question: How does one cultivate a relationship with land, people, culture, and community? How is belonging quantified, qualified? How long must one remain in a specific place or group to experience the feeling of belonging?

In a shattered world, finding home is a difficult task, and carving out a space for dwelling becomes a challenge. We suggest that this can be more easily achieved through radical care for others and other-beings. As we started with an island, we also close with one: Røst AiR, situated in Skomvær island, Norway, as a model for our own existence and how we chose to belong to our environment, people, and more-than-human beings. Dream Island explores this by offering ways to connect with our surrounding environment and share a vision for the future. What form could this take? Perhaps through

reconnecting to one's roots or culture, building a sense of belonging with others that feel lost? For us, the present publication is only the beginning of this conversation. We hope you feel the same way.

This belongs to you.

Thank you to Valentina Sansone, Robin McGinley, Magdalena Holdar for all your help as well as to our graphic designers and contributors for the inspiring collaborations.

Learning to Coexist

Interview with Kultivator

Interview by Lauren Johnson,
Sofia Jonsson & Essi Vesala

Text: Essi Vesala

Photos: Editorial Team





When our editorial team was doing research content for this publication “*Dream Island*”, we often ended up discussing artist residencies, especially those situated in peripheral sites. We wondered what it means to take one’s artistic practice to a location that is possibly unfamiliar and remote and how you can, even over a short period of time, cultivate relationships to surrounding environment and its beings.

After a while, we became more and more intrigued by experimental art and farming project Kultivator. We decided to travel to Öland, as the only option to really grasp what is happening at Kultivator is to experience it. During the five-hour train ride from Stockholm to Kalmar, we realized what we knew about them turned out to be very little; Kultivator has a definite presence in the Stockholm art scene, through collaborations with other art institutions, and yet remains enigmatic.

Heading out to Öland,
Friday, 5th of April

After a well rested night in Kalmar, we head out to Dyestad, Öland. We cross a bridge that separates these two places and soak in the beauty of Southern Sweden and the Baltic sea. The closer we get to our destination, the less cars we see and the more we are greeted by open fields. Finally, at Kultivator, we are welcomed by a dog and two men. The blanks in our knowledge are filled quickly: Kultivator is, among many other things, a farm, an art space and an artist residency. It's also a home for 30 dairy cows, horses, sheep, chickens, dogs and a cat - and humans, who reside there permanently, and many who come, stay for a while, and leave - but often come back.

Kultivator was founded in 2005, by artists Mathieu Vrijman, Malin Lindmark Vrijman and Marlene Lindmark, and farmers Henric Stigeborn and Maria Lindmark. Now the members of Kultivator vary depending on the project, but the fixed positions are for artistic coordinators Mathieu and Malin, and the farm manager Henric.

We start the interview with Mathieu's guided tour around Kultivator's premises, which takes longer than we could've guessed - we see various site-specific installations

and buildings, accompanied by meandering conversation with Mathieu and people we meet along the way.

Mathieu mentions Joseph Beuys' notion of social sculpture as an inspiration to the practice of Kultivator: teaching, farming, activism - all can be considered as art and can be approached through art. What Kultivator essentially achieves to do, is to defy rigid definitions of the art world. However, social relations seem to be at the core : at the moment, Mathieu and Malins' daily life consists mostly of teaching at the local school. Additionally, they work a lot with students and refugees, who often come to the farm and stay there for varying periods of time. With teaching, in comparison to the art world and the production time thereof, they aim to work slower, with more consistency, to achieve sustainable changes.

Teaching, in the context of Kultivator, also means learning from and with the animals. Connected to a project called New Horse Cultures, they organized study circles for refugee women. Themes connected to horse-keeping, like leadership and social interaction, were discussed and learned through writing and reading,





as well as riding, grooming and being with the horses. One of the material things remaining from the project is a painting of an old Arabic poem, shaped like a horse, which reads: "If you wanna know how I feel, ask my horse". The presence of animals sets a different atmosphere and shapes how we relate to each other, as Kultivator's projects show.

Mathieu Vrijman: It's not so often you can meet animals and hang with them. I love hanging with my chickens. I think the world would be better if people spent more time with animals. I think that's also what Malin is trying with this horse course. We bring in kids with problematic backgrounds, and one Sunday afternoon with the horses does so much, to help them feel good.

Editorial team: What about the local community? How do the farmers, people in rural Öland perceive Kultivator?

Our question gets interrupted, when Mathieu shouts to the farmer, Henric,

who joins our conversation. "Henric was asked many years ago what is the benefit for you, as a farmer, that we are here, and one of the things he said was he meets people. And he gets his voice heard", Mathieu explains. The farmers are an essential part of Kultivator: not only do they take care of the the farm, but they also help artists build things. There is a lot of exchange in Kultivator: of labour, tools and ideas between artists and farmers. They practice time banking, in which you invest your own time to help others and get that time back as a returned favor. In a rural village like Dyestad, having collective tools and sharing makes things easier and brings people together. Cities could also benefit from this practice of time banking, one could have a sense of community, of neighbours that help.

The local people do come to events at Kultivator, but often at least half of the audience is international. Of course, in the beginning it was trickier, as Mathieu explains: "I even asked people to change clothes so that it looked like there were more people here! But there has actually been a good, loyal audience. We have good relations with

the local people. I would say even more so with the farmers!”. He continues, that the only ones who have been sceptical are other local artists, who find Kultivator a bit strange and ask: is it even art? A whole new local public consists of refugees that have come to the area during the past years. Mathieu tells that they’ve done a lot of projects together and that they’re always welcome to organize their own events at Kultivator.

ET: What is Kultivator’s role in the Swedish art scene?

MV: I really love this position, we definitely have a lot of freedom. I can build whatever I want here! Also, the main goal is not always art. It could be, that activism is even more important.

Mathieu continues by telling us that they’re trying to break these divisions between art and farming, city and countryside. “Why is the art world by itself and the farmers by themselves?” Mathieu asks. When things are divided, like cities and

countryside, neither of them is developing, "here artists can come from big cities and have great conversations with a plumber!" Even though Kultivator is trying to break these divisions, it's not not easy to feel like you belong. People in the countryside often have a lot of preconceptions and are sceptical towards strangers, Mathieu adds, that this is especially now an important subjects having to do with refugees. "In the city you can be anonymous, but here you cannot. It always comes back to where do you come from. You constantly remain somehow 'not from here'", which even Mathieu, being French, gets reminded of: "to belong is to claim something, and sometimes you get reminded, that you don't have the right".

MV: There's a doubleness there. I belong here now, but the third generation doesn't think I do, I don't belong enough. The struggle is here; once you've put your blood here, you belong here in the present. I have changed this landscape. But sometimes I find it suffocating here. Where can refugees

and immigrants, for example, belong? Can we create a new belonging together? We want to invest in the ecosystem, also a social ecosystem, in how we create our village. In Kultivator, we create our own belonging, we don't need to belong anywhere else. It's dangerous what's happening out in the world. Being French, we have a lot of nationalistic issues, which I felt I never belonged to, this nationalism. It's very depressing.

Kultivator has had a strong impact on its surroundings, building things, creating temporal and lasting communities and changing the landscape. Still, the land belongs to the farmers, and Mathieu would want to have even more impact on the landscape: changing how the animals live, sorting out water filtering systems and so on.

MV: It's a struggle if you're not a land owner, and you're always working on borrowed land. This is sometimes frustrating because

you give so much of your soul into this place. Malin once put it well, “art is making what you long for.” And I long for a landscape that I know that if my son needed to he could come to this place and feed off it. We just don’t really have that security at the moment. But on the other hand, when I walk with strangers here, then I feel very much that this land belongs to me, because I already changed the land so much. There is a story here, in the land, and this story belongs to us. But, if this all burns down next week, that’s okay, we’ll find somewhere else, it’s not only connected to place.

The biggest issue with the use of land comes when we turn our discussion into water. Kultivator has developed organic farming systems, but not all of their neighbours share those ideals: however organically you would farm, the pesticides and other chemicals circulate around in water. Everything that is put into water stays there. Now, due to climate





change, many wetlands are drying out during hot and dry summers. And many people have no clean water to start with. To whom does water belong? This issue around clean water and water consumption is the core of Kultivator's new public art project in Öland, where they have also invited artists Signe Johannessen and Erik Rören to collaborate with them. The project, A Water Monument, is scheduled for summer 2020.

In this project Mathieu will contribute as an artist, and he's missed being able to experiment and make mistakes. As Kultivator is a lot about activism and pragmatic solutions, he says he has missed the romantic, poetic, non-concrete ways of tackling issues. Activism is important, but it can also be entangled within poetics: "it's a trigger and a muse. For us, art got fused with everything so much. I love that fusion. There is a function in romance and in poetics, but I feel that if you work with partners like schools or city planning, they don't really wait for that. I feel we should give more space to art, it gets too little time".

One could not talk about belonging within the context of Kultivator

without talking about the animals that also reside there. They hold the animals there very dear, as companions and friends.

Malin Lindmark Vrijman:

Me and Mathieu often have this discussion, is it more exciting to go into space, or into the brain of a dog? And I say the brain of a dog. I think of this as a universe that is right next to us that we know nothing about. I want to be close to animals and have this interaction with them. I just think it's a very great and exciting place. The animals part in Kultivator adds another dimension that I think is very exciting.

When Ida Bencke from Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology curated a conference for the Linneaus University called Multispecies Storytelling, exploring possible ways of telling stories through non-human communication and other, more-than-human languages, Malin wanted her horse Burberry to be the keynote speaker. However, Burberry was too

young and sensitive to be around people, so they wanted to be respectful to her and held a pre-conference at Kultivator, so she wouldn't have to travel all the way to Växjö. The pre-conference was held together with artist Karin Bolender, who has worked a lot with her donkey, or ass, called Aliass. To make Burberry talk at the pre-conference, they took a sample of her tongue, and grew it in a Petri dish.

MLV: When the germ cultures grow, they make traces, they are living cultures, looking and searching for something. They create a sort of map, or a text. She had one germ that looked almost like handwriting. We had a meeting with the horses and some people, met around a table, took samples from our tongues, one dish was grown during the whole conference, so microbes from our tongues the human and the cow and horse were mixed. This grew to a map which could be watched in the conference. We also built a big round

table, like a Petri dish, that we sat around. People that joined the conference could pick a line to follow, that meant something to them. That was one attempt to work with this interaction, the microbes are in effect combining us. These systems are connected and overlapping, we are together somehow, maybe more than we believe.

During our visit to Kultivator, it really starts to feel that they have succeeded in building a sense of togetherness in the rural Öland. There are no hierarchies dividing us from others, everyone can belong to this community.

After three hours of conversation, it was time for us to leave. Before going, we wanted to say farewell to the horses and the sheep. Pure joy burst out of us, seeing tens of small lambs hopping around and their mothers laying in the sun. Driving back to Kalmar we could sense that something had moved within us during the visit.





Prolonged identities in materiality and the textuality of home

Sofia Jonsson on the
practice of Salad Hilowle

Salad Hilowle is a multifaceted artist working in with video, installation, sculpture, sound and painting. Whatever the medium, the message at the core stays the same; he is not afraid to let his instincts lead the way, experimenting with multiple outlets. Hilowle does not construct his compositions but rather lets his intuition find them. He navigates the mundane everyday scenery with a capacity to frame details potentially filled with meaning, fragments that tell part of a bigger story. What bigger story does our everyday life tell? What do we surround ourselves with, where do we turn to feel at home? How do we lead our lives differently in the public space compared in the safety of our own home? How do we construct our belonging through the materiality, textuality and tactility that we choose to surround ourselves with? These are some of the questions Hilowle poses and at the same time answers with these photographs. The objects and materials we choose to surround ourselves with are extensions of our identities. If this said identity happens to belong to several cultures, its outlets are forced to compromise, making us strip down parts of an identity in order to have the right to belong.













Drapery, 2018.
Inkjet print on paper,
variable dimensions.

Kiddo Drapery, 2018.
Inkjet print on paper,
variable dimensions.

Statues Never Die, 2018.
Inkjet print on paper,
variable dimensions.

Bike, 2019.
Inkjet print on paper,
variable dimensions.

In Her Blue Eyes (Grandma),
2018. Inkjet print on paper,
variable dimensions.

Belonging to Some- where Else, In Between

Daria Sol Andrews

"To speak a language
is to take on a world,
a culture."

— Frantz Fanon

*Black Skin,
White Masks*

In which part of ourselves is belonging defined?

Against my own volition, the color of my skin places me into a culture, the accent in my language gives me away. Because of my brown skin, and the imperfections in my voice, I feel I am defined as other in my home country, as not native, as not belonging to there.

A small child calls me a monkey in front of her father.

A stranger aggressively grabs my hair without asking.

The man I wake up next to, stroking my brown skin, kissing my brown neck, asks me where I got such a great tan.

Colleagues casually use the n-word¹ in conversation, ignoring my flinches.

“You’re so exotic!” A wild, beast-like look in his eye as he undresses me. A fetish.

A boyfriend tells me he once dressed in blackface. “The internet was barely a thing!” It was the 2000s...

1. As editors, we have chosen purposefully to use this euphemism rather than the original term because of its complicated weight. While as a woman color I reappropriate this word for empowerment, we found it unnecessary to add to a continuing reprinting of a derogation.

Assumptions are inherent to the nature of the human being, an inescapable trait (a personality flaw?). Sometimes these assumptions are kept hidden, to ourselves, sometimes projected out onto others. Sometimes such assumptions are meant to hurt, to show indignation and to negatively affect someone other. Other times they come from a mere lack of knowledge, not directed with malintent, yet equally harmful and inexcusable nonetheless. Unfortunately, micro racisms, and often blatant racisms, characterize our (global) society. Let's be honest: we all "see color". The question is, rather, how do we fight against this primal, often less than constructive, nature?

Micro racisms: An unassuming hidden blade

A micro-racism can be experienced as minor aggression on one's culture or identity, as I define it. On its own it is insignificant, and not meant towards ill will, but experienced in multitudes on a daily basis, I feel microaggressions as an assault. I see them as a symptom of a larger, global issue, which I see and experience in this place, where I've chosen, or try to, belong.

We can speak about racism as an attack against belonging, against heritage, against being 'from' a place. Language is one of the core ways in which we define ourselves: how we place ourselves in a culture, communicate and choose to present ourselves verbally.

I am of the view that these micro racisms are in many ways more scarring than those more blatant aggressions.

They cut in a way that is so subtle, over and over, quietly, whitening away unnoticed until all of a sudden you are left with a gaping wound that you don't know how to dress, whether you caused it on your own, whether it is deserved.

You speak so articulately!
Your Icelandic is so good! Considering..
But where are you really from, originally?

With the cultural pride of this place comes a very dated and still ingrained idea that those native to this country, that those who belong to this country, have white skin. Why would a skin tone predetermine the language that comes out of a person's mouth? When meeting a stranger, I am most often spoken to in English, rather than the language of the country I 'belong' to. In this moment, that vital decision of self identification is ripped away from me, and I am told, before I even open my mouth, that I do not belong, that I am not, and could not be, because of my skin color (and it is because of my skin color), from here. That this experience takes a toll on my being is not my 'sensitive (feminine) nature', it is a symptom of a racist society, in denial of its racism.

Despite this disconnect, I still feel so connected to this place, or at least I long to. It is a quite bittersweet relationship, fighting for belonging and acceptance in a place that constantly tells you you could not belong because your skin is, simply, too dark. Assuming I do not speak the language of my heritage because of my brown skin is a racist act, despite it being a conscientious act in itself or not. When I choose to react against my daily microaggressions (and most often

I don't, it is tiring), questioning and bringing to light the racist nature of these actions, I am quite abruptly shot down, too sensitive, my concerns unwarranted. The misogynist silencing the womanly, colored, voice because it does not align with their view of the world. A quite convenient silence, for those who fear the implications of the confrontation.

The angry black woman... why has this been painted as such a negative connotation? Is it not sometimes, often, more than justified to be angry?

*What are you?
You don't look black.
You don't talk black.
I'm so jealous of your skin,
I'm so jealous of your hair,
I'm so jealous of your body.*

The N-word is not a fad

For some reason it is still acceptable in our society for white people to use the n-word when white people are speaking about other white people, as I experience it. The other day, I was looking through a friend's old high school yearbook from 2012, and ran across some images from a costume ball.

There, plastered on the page, was a teenage boy dressed in black face, wearing an Afro wig, with painted caricature big lips. In his arms was a blond, white, teenage girl, and a text below it read, "Sara makes out with a negro!"

How can I belong to somewhere that caricature-izes my existence? That mocks my features, ridicules the other culture I belong to? Unfortunately, this is not a unique example globally. Again and again, in our modern society, we are being shown countless examples of a blatant racism reminiscent of a Jim Crow South occurring all across the globe. And so how can one, like me, like an other, ever belong anywhere, in this earth? Where do we belong, those that are alienated, in a global sense?

Other: I am constantly somewhere else

Mixed skin places you in such a complex state of inbetween. Of never quite belonging to one thing, but of always belonging to something other. My skin is not black, it is not white, and so I will never be either of these cultures, always in limbo on the outside of both, trying to define yourself but ultimately, having to define as nothing of these. Never black enough, and definitely not white. Always other, from somewhere else, exotic, mulatto, an inbetween.

In a sense I feel cheated at times. I am of two cultures, and as a child I was excited at the prospect of being able to belong to both, to reap the rewards of community and acceptance from both of these cultures. Not so, instead, I am denied both. I am fetisishized, yes, fawned over, yet left on the outside because I am not enough, for either. A language so prided, mine is not good enough, not native enough, not perfect enough, not enough. And so us mixed children are

thrown somewhere else, but where else? We don't quite know yet, at least I am still discovering it, working through this archeological maze of belonging. Doesn't every being have the right to define where they belong to, on their own accord?

I belong to where I choose, accepted, from there.

"I am black; I am in total fusion with the world, in sympathetic affinity with the earth, losing my id in the heart of the cosmos... I am black, not because of a curse, but because my skin has been able to capture all the cosmic effluvia. I am truly a drop of sun under the earth."

— Frantz Fanon,
Black Skin, White Masks

Belonging in Narrative



Igor Blomberg
Tranæus & Sofia
Jonsson





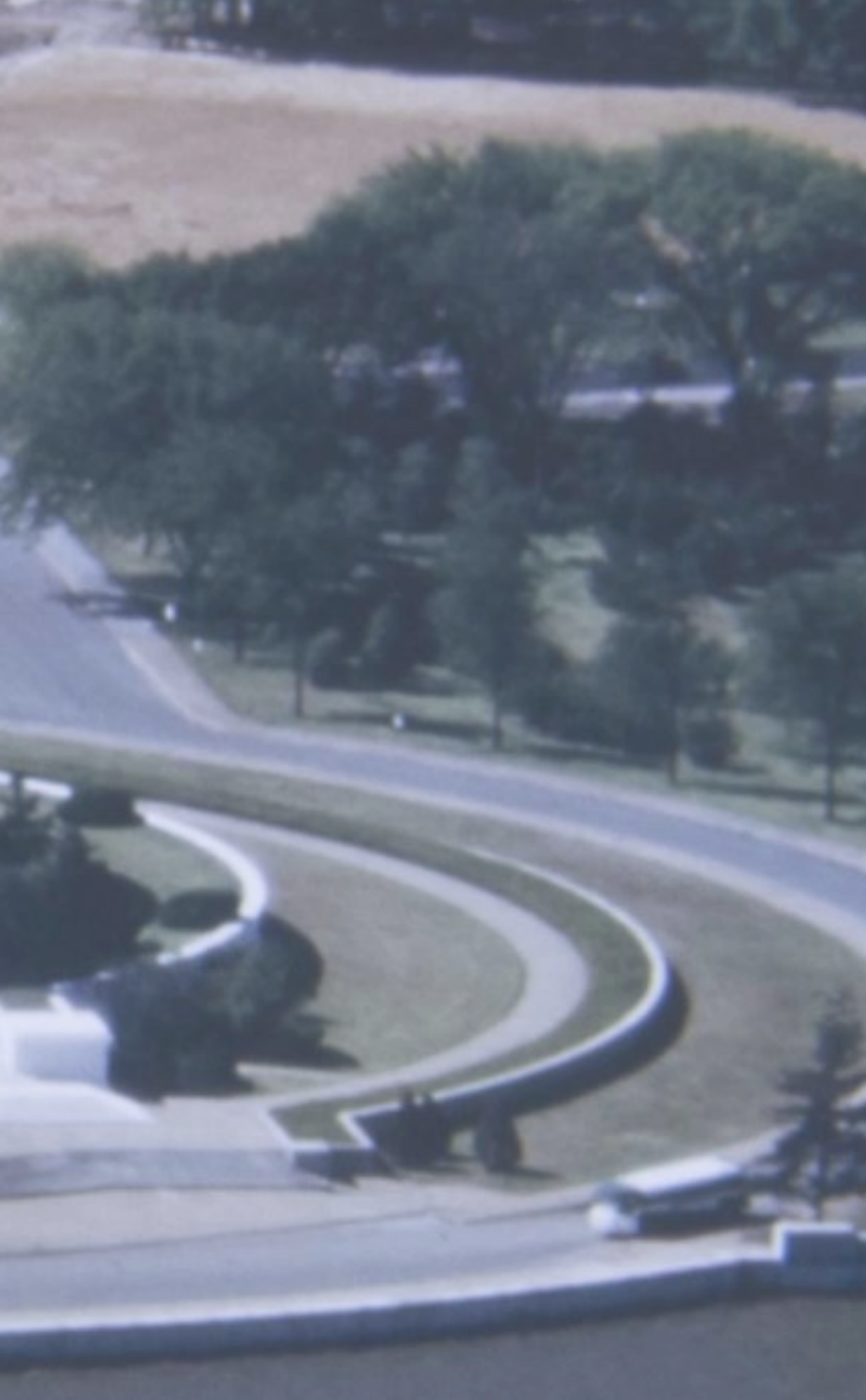


TIONAL



GALLE









Three photographs of a box storing photographic slides which belonged to the artist's grandparents and were taken in the U.S in the 1950's.



These pages are dedicated to the personal archive and its relation to a general, impersonal past. They explore how many individual efforts and acts of remembering function in a mutual relationship with a larger multiplicity of memory – a narrative which works as a constant reference, a framework which we, as temporal beings, inevitably rely on.

These pages also deal with photography, and how photographic medium plays its part in this archival system. Photographs have been accredited with an inherent capacity to testify, to confirm or highlight a specific presence. Thereby they vouch for someone's knowledge of and participation in the history of a certain place. The one whose presence is confirmed weaves together their personal narrative with a larger one. The other side of the coin, of course, is that this act simultaneously adds to the larger narrative. The larger picture does not exist without the many personal narratives that together paint the picture (and, we might add, the many that are excluded). An illusionary reality is created, one that does not truly exist. As the past feeds into our own present, we also feed into the whole of the past.

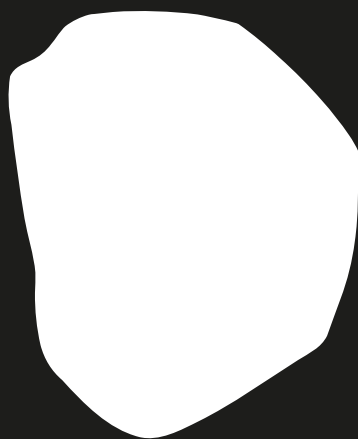
What is most important for the purposes of "Dream Island" is that these acts of commitment are also closely related to the right to belong. In order to belong you have to feed into and confirm the general narrative. Your presence, confirmed and documented, functions as evidence of this right to belonging.

Finally, by archiving these documents of evidence (in this case: photographs confirming presence) you finalize the narrative as part of your

personal memory. In order to belong, the narrative also has to belong to you. In the act of archiving you encompass territory, literally and culturally, by making it yours. You own the place: it is yours and that enables you to belong. Then you continue to categorize, counterfeiting the impossibility of comprehending and covering The Big Narrative, to maintain an illusion of agency and control.

Igor Blomberg Tranæus, *The Past Is the Whole of the Past*, 2019. Stills from video;
What Might Once Have Belonged to Me(II), 2018. Inkjet print on paper, 50.5 x 75 cm

World Music



Thurs-
day, June 21st,
2018

Erin
Honeycutt

The phenomenon of the music festival has often been likened to a tribal event, where the senses are deadlifted by color, drugs, and people escaping their lodgings to go to a distant place to go to a distant place.

On the plane from Reykjavik to Madrid, the weather delayed the flight so I will miss the connecting flight to Marrakech this evening. I will spend the night in Madrid and fly to Tangier in the morning, then take the train to Casablanca, and then a bus to Essaouira. Such is my effort to make it to the Gnawa World Music Festival evening of performances, at least.

Gnawa music, I read in a tourist book, covers a whole repertoire of ancient African spiritual songs with influences that can be traced to sub-Saharan West Africa and combines ritual poetry with music and dancing. The songs in Gnawa music include repetitions of one or a few lines, whereas some songs lasting for several continuous hours, which are in actuality a series of chants describing various spirits.

The legend is that Jimi Hendrix wrote "Castles Made of Sand" here in this port village after the crumbling watchtower ruin of Borj El-Berod that you can find at the far end of the beach to the south. However, the year of his trip here, 1969, and the date of that song being released, 1967, do not match up. The fiction still prevails; only Hendrix could write a song about a place he would unknowingly visit later. However, it is definitely a fact that Orson Welles filmed his adaptation of Shakespeare's Othello the Hammam Babis steam baths in 1949.

The last time I was in Essaouira was in January 2017. I wrote some poems during my stay:



"Your destiny will greet you
on the path you choose to avoid it."
In avoiding said road, -one can
Traverse the terrain of an array
Of other avoidances - one can
Get so skilled at traversing
These avoidances that a man
Will all the sudden walk up and
Ask you for Dinham's.



And another one:

This one is for you,
Victor, the heartbroken stockbroker
Who is helping me shoo
Cats from the dinner table.

Friday, June 22nd, 2018

There is some sense of home about Morocco that I don't understand. Even in a house in the Kasbah in Tangier where I lived, I would wake up every morning and think I was in my childhood home. Perhaps it is the same with many emigrants: they have some ingrained sense of being the outsider in their own family or society, and so when actually an outsider, everything falls into place. There is also something about returning to the same place: all of the surface aspects become non consequential and something else emerges from below them. It also helps that you know exactly what you're getting into when walking by markets and you know you don't need any more scarves, silver jewellery, slippers, teapots, rugs, antique bits and pieces, Argan oil, black soap, handheld disco lights, real or fake tennis shoes, woven sandals, woven leather bags, zipper bags, beach bags, or any kind of bag, or gemstones or wooden boxes or any kind of wooden intricacy or horn or soap or honey. Or, at least you know what you need when you need it and can skip all the rest.

On the train from Tangier to Casablanca on the first day of Summer in the Northern hemisphere, we four in the third train compartment have all dozed for the first hours of the journey, overcome by the sunshine and rocking motion. As I read the travelogue of Ibn Battutah, a native of Tangier, as retraced and described by Tim Mackintosh-Smith in *Travels with a Tangerine: From Morocco to Turkey in the Footsteps of Islam's Greatest Traveler* (I have a confirming feeling that I am not the first or the last to feel about the earth as this 14th-century rover has.

I arrived at the bus station in Essaouira at 6 in the morning with no taxis in sight. I wandered a bit, tracing my memory of the place to find the beach. I soon ran into a taxi that took me to Baab Marrakech, a doorway into the city. I walked into the town, marked by my walking through the traditional keyhole door frame common to entrances of most towns in Morocco; a three minutes walk from the door, the

hotel proprietor told me. I counted the seconds. Soon, Rashid
 greeted me kindly and led me to Hotel Beijing, just a quick
 side street away. He photographed my passport and then let
 me sleep. In my room on the second floor, the double bed faced
 a long sunny window looking out onto the street below, the
 walls were completely tiled and a little divan was set invit-
 ingly under the window. As the morning prayers
 began I passed out facedown on the bed. I
 pondered my continued visit to this
 country and what the pull
 was... it had something to
 do with this movement
 for sure, having a room
 of one's own in a city,
 where you knew no
 one and no one knew
 you. Where I am
 at once active with
 all the times of my
 lifetime, not just the
 part I am current-
 ly most involved in.
 All was assuaged as
 I lay in bed with the
 street sounds drifted
 up and I reminisced on the
 kindness of strangers.



That is the pull sometimes:
 this necessity to feel like the world is based
 on kindness between human beings and nothing else. I awoke
 and took a shower and remembered the last time I was here,
 and thought that the pull was also a healing one for me too.
 But why return to the same places over and over? It seems
 there is something about being able to grow with the places
 over time and make them part of your story as you make
 it theirs. It makes sense that one's intimate relationships are
 transformed when one's relationship to the image of the world









74-217

والفلك تدرى في البحر بامن

فسيكفيهم الله
وهو السميع العليم



is transformed. Of course, they are holding hands, these two images. Love of the world or love of another; can they be bedfellows?



Saturday, June 23rd, 2018

The way in which music is sensed also affects the way in which the senses embody the elements in the surroundings, just as those who play the Kora from Mali, are said to be able to differentiate between dolphin clicks by ear as they are used to intricate polyrhythms of the instrument. Surely music and the senses are direct access as much as the other modes of mediating, to alternative states. In the 1980s, the term "world music" was adopted to characterize non-English recordings that were released in Great Britain and the United States. In David Byrne's seminal essay from 1999, but still relevant Sunday Times article, "Why I Hate World Music," he writes about the ways in which Westerners feel they have to exoticize those making world music to keep it exotic. What all of the intricacies of labeling "world music" as world music comes down to is the putting of the Other into an exotic box, if only if it was to simplify sales in consumer markets in the early 1980s in the "West".

Gnawa literally makes worlds, or perhaps a multiplicity of worlds, while only speaking of the one, initial one. World-making, like journey-making, is a temporal effect. "World" music, then, could it be "otherworldly" music, or, music of "the known world"? What about "new world" music, "old world" music, or "possible world" music? I am not from this world, though, so I can only describe with my senses what it feels like to me, based on all the accumulated knowledge of my life so far. The sun has just dipped below the horizon, grapefruit pink, like the bald head of the gods made of glowing grapefruit flesh. A new evening glow now pervades, cast by round bulbs the size of most household world globes, they rest on the balcony edges, casting their light on the pale blue of sky and ocean.

ساحة أورسن ويلز
PLACE ORSON WELLES







Sunday, June 24th, 2018

Being worldly. I walk along the beach laughing at camels chewing, surrounded by their own hard balls of shit, letting the waves reach them without care. And me refusing the proposals of horseback rides on the beach and likewise camel rides as I held onto my hat in the wind.

Gnawa sounds like how the yellow street lamps feel in the medina at night, when you have a hood over your head, and you turn a street corner and see a scene, a prayer fountain lined in stray cats, hooded figures, children playing spin tops, distant music erupting from small corners of the night. The consistent iron beat, as though horses were clambering for your attention, waiting to be released by their rider, they stamp their feet swiftly and in one place. It feels like the way a timeline from one point to another feels on the inside, with each note supporting the structure of the line, kind of like the way the dancing dragon looks on Chinese New Year, being held up by many hands from beneath it as it snakes its way jankily through the streets suspended on rhythms - a structure without a body. The iron claps seem to create a circular container for the song to exist in its center, where the bass beat of the stringed bass creates another ring in the circle, perhaps flowing in the opposite direction, made of some substance like silk and feathers and something through which air has whipped it into a voluminous thing, a cream, perhaps. And the voice cuts through all else, as though knowledgeable of the face to which it sings - the contours of which every syllable attests to, metadata strung onto a body, an entire world perhaps. But what is "world" music?

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Musician Nadia Tehran in
conversation with Lauren Johnson
Photos: Joakim Eklöf

Nadia Tehran is a great songwriter. She's also a contemporary art curator, film director, and music producer. Born in Jönköping, a small Christian-Swedish town to Muslim-Iranian parents, she knows what alienation feels like. Her art is the remedy, a search for belonging, it dissolves boundaries and brings us all together. Her music tackles question about identity, race and politics with a thick blend of punk, pop, rap and orchestral sound. Like her music, Tehran embodies the philosopher Édouard Glissant's "right to opacity" with its potential to defy easy categorization or quantifiable difference. She's everything and she can be! Tehran releases her newest album *Dozakh: All Lovers Hell* via YEAR0001, the Stockholm -based record label boasting acts such as Bladee, Merely and Yung Lean.



Lauren Johnson: Family is one of the first ways we can experience belonging. Did you feel that sense of belonging?

Nadia Tehran: I never felt like I belonged. I was the first child and my mom and dad grew up in a totally different society. War happened and they had to come to Sweden and to a culture they knew nothing about. The Swedish school I attended was part of that foreign culture and my parents disagreed with a lot that happened there: discos, boyfriends, even talking to boys, how people dressed and what people did on their free time. There was a lot of pressure. I was trying to strip all this away and just fit in, but you can't. I lied at school and I lied at home. I was developing two or three different personalities and I started to get anxious. I was worried my lies would be found out. I had to keep track of what I'd been saying to everyone and all this built up and came out in total breakdowns. I saw a lot of psychologists.

LJ: Were you able to weave those identities together? Did the psychology help?

NT: I'm doing psychoanalysis now. The years I lived at my childhood home and the five years

after were absolutely chaotic. I'm just now starting to understand what happened and my art is a way for me to explore that void, gap or creative drive that motivates what the fuck is wrong with you.

LJ: Can you say more about what happened in your childhood?

NT: Around thirteen I stopped trying to fit in and went the opposite direction. I wanted to be different so I started playing punk music, yes it was white and male dominated, but it was the first step to embrace my heritage and even being a woman. It gave me courage.

At 18, I started djing in the clubs and making punk music in a digital way. When I performed, I performed in hot pants and a burka. This was before M.I.A's 2012 Bad Girls video, before it was cool to appropriate the burka. It may be easy provokation today, but at the time it was unheard of for a girl, an immigrant girl from Jönköping, to do that. Looking back, I realize what I did was reckless and maybe even offensive but I'm not ashamed of it. It was a way for me to walk into an identity that I was supposed to be but wasn't. When I visited my family in Iran I had to wear

a burka, my aunts had to wear a burka, I was around it. And then something I hated became my identity. People went crazy when I was on stage. There was something in that shock factor like 'NO she didn't!' that was so satisfying. Years later the burka just happened in pop culture, when people thought the Middle East was so fucking cool, that's when I shied away from it.

LJ: Do you feel like we can choose an identity or do you feel like it's something predestined or forced upon us?

NT: A mixture. Some things are part of an inherited social structure that you can find your way around. Some things you can't escape from like what your background is or who your mom and dad are. It's just the way it is. It's a gender, a class, a race thing.

LJ: That reminds me of lyrics from your track Refugee:

I am what I do and I do what I want

I'm born everyday, debutante

So how do you choose what to do? What's the source? Inner consciousness do you believe in that?

NT: If I didn't believe I was reborn everyday I wouldn't be where I am today. It's the light at the end of the tunnel. I have the power to be who I want to be and if I want to be someone different I have to do something different. For me, what I do is music or making art and I'll be who I want to be only if I make the art I want to make. It's super connected. The drive to make art is also connected. The source or drive is actually the thing that's wrong with you, that's why you need to take control. It's something I didn't choose, such as the time or the place I was born. To me, it's about resistance. If someone is pushing you, you know you have to push back so as not to fall over. This void, this thing, this fucking curse is shaping me in a way because it's giving me a direction to move.

LJ: But there are so many directions to push so which do you choose?

NT: Either you're going to be pushed down or you decide what you want and do it. But you must have strength and confidence and not everyone has that.

LJ: Right, we can just get comfortable and follow the crowd.

NT: Yes, but you also get pushed down. Like broken families aren't comfortable, they're just hard. Not everyone has the possibilities or the resources or the inner strength, motivation, and self love to fight so they just get pushed over. It can take a lot to stand up and make it something that gains you.

LJ: You come from this rough punk aesthetic and expressed in previous interviews that it's a privilege to sing a love song. Can you elaborate?

NT: I come from a background where if you aren't tough, you're dead. You have to be fearless and party hard to save yourself and not get run over. For me, that was a way for people to think and still think that I matter because I'm loud, a woman fighter, an anti-racists bla bla bla... a way for people to say "we need you." But would I still matter if I just made a love song? Let's talk about the inspirations for the song. Let's talk about the chords, the harmonies. I'm scared of being put into the category of an "important artist." Yeah, but am I a good artist? Do you like the music? I just want to be an artist and do it on the same terms as everyone else. They don't talk about Frank Ocean as important because he's gay or black. I mean those things are important, but he's

known for being a great songwriter. I feel like I've told my story now, let's move on. I hope the release of this album can be more focused on the work than on me as a brown person, or a political girl, or a tough artists. What if I take off the tough face? Will I then be seen as a human? Or do we always have to be dehumanized, like we can take anything? We all want this strong brown woman who stands against the patriarchy. We all want that figure but that figure is a human, and maybe she can save us by being human. Like I'm fucking hurt and I can't take it. I'm really tired. I have anxiety and I have PTSD. We miss that narrative a lot, in general.

LJ: Yeah we don't remember the weak or those that struggle. History isn't written about them. So how is this going to come across in your new album?

NT: First of all, the songs are well written. It's good music. Being brown and political is part of the narrative, it's something I sing about, but let's talk about the music. This album is an experiment for me to see if the music itself matters.

LJ: What's next?

NT: I'm curating my first show called Dozakh: Inherited Void.* The exhibition is one way to present my album Dozakh: All Lovers Hell and what it is about. It's a way to explore the themes of belonging, identity, separation; the gap we feel we're in, together with artists Jasmin Daryani, Sahar Jamili and Furmaan Ahmed. In Persian poetry, Dozakh is the place of torment one believes they are in when separated from their lover. It's hell, something you're missing or searching for and the search becomes a state of mind. That is Dozakh.

* Dozakh: Inherited Void took place at Stockholm's Gallery Steinsland Berliner from April 25 - April 27



SUMMER

Jaakko

Pallasuo









I wish the summer could go on forever, the actor says, borrowing a sentence from a thousand TV shows and films. Borrowing a sentence and its sentiment: nostalgia for the present moment. Sadness in the moment for its coming end. It doesn't ruin the moment.

Rather, it is a part of how the moment could be enjoyed.

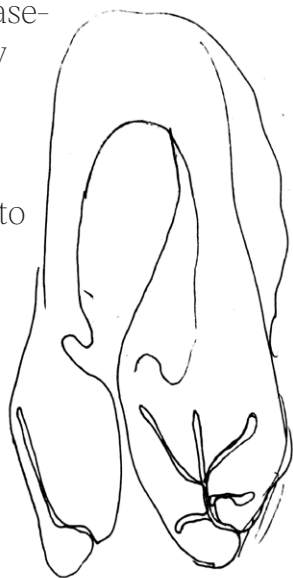
The actor half rolls, half slides down a hill. Small rocks, pieces of grass and unsuspecting insects stick to the actor's surface. The actor loses its shape and gains an earthly texture on its way down. Someone is cutting the grass. The actor's body intersects with the lawnmower. The actor's body gets stuck in the blades of the mower and debilitates the machine. The actor is fragmented but unharmed. The actor's pieces crawl back to each other to form a whole.

A young serial killer takes a picture of the event. The serial killer is wearing a MAGA baseball cap. He takes a piece of the doughy actor and puts it into his mouth.

Higher up, on a sharp rock, the mage stands, witnessing the events below. The mage dips a block of salt into a cup of green tea, then licks the salt.

The mage is being spied on by a scaly deep-sea creature with seven self-designed limbs. Legs, trunks, tails, arms, etc. Also other limbs, with no names or pre-defined functions.

The deep-sea creature is in love



with the mage – the mage herself in love with the actor.

The mage's eyes are a cold yellow, like the skin of a lemon. She has barked dry eyelids, so many of them, stacked on top of each other over both eyes. Hardened wrinkles etched into her surface, heavy angular eye bags: like ornaments below the yellow.

Cutting the mage open would reveal her liquid center, a leaky aloe vera substance. Am I the older kid who can't stop talking about serial killers?

The deep-sea creature has grown tired of producing new limbs. The deep-sea creature is tired of wanting love. Sex and sexuality have destroyed the deep-sea creature's tranquil afternoons of playing Sega Mega Drive with its meaningless but reliable friends.

The deep-sea creature has acne and useless limbs and is in love with its best friend who can never know about that love. The bottom of the sea is a heterosexual disco. Creatures are drinking beer and failing exams, re-enacting their parents clichéd youths. Knowledge doesn't matter. The creatures are pregnant and spray eggs everywhere. They destroy a bus stop. They are saving money for a class trip to Crete. They will experiment with alcohol, and each other, there.

The deep-sea creature doesn't want to return



to the bottom of the sea. It wants to follow the mage around.

The actor's desires are compatible with its surroundings. It doesn't feel the despair of the deep sea. The actor has its ambitions but they are more fluid, less centred on rejection and longing. The actor is ready for pleasure. An amoral life. It could achieve its pleasure in many different regimes. Resistance and sacrifice don't play a part in that.

The actor would never fall for someone who didn't love it back. It loves in dialogue, response, echo, adaptation. The actor is not unlike the moon.

The mage loves the actor's bouncy soft mobility. The mage herself is brittle with centuries of knowledge. She's coated in hardened skin, scar tissue, bark, calcification. She's distilled and dense, a meteorite lover.

The moon is made out of cheese.

The mages floats in the air, levitating from place to place. It's easier to fly than to make her brittle legs stretch, to force them into the pattern of a walk. The mage wants to be subsumed, enveloped by the soft dough of the actor. She wants to drink Cava with the actor on a Barcelona rooftop and to post an IG story about it. She wants to receive envy and admiration in private messages.

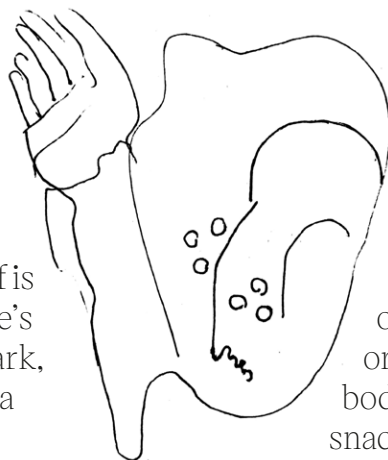
The mage wants to dissolve. Release her labyrinth of knowledge, let it fly from the folder of her personality, the secrets of Magick seeping back into the earth. Like burying a pint of blood.

The older kid can't stop talking about Jeffrey Dahmer and how he experimented with turning his victims into zombies via pouring acid into their skulls.

The deep-sea creature is a blob like the actor, but with hardened will. Cutting the deep-sea creature in half would sabotage its flesh by releasing the toxic bile from its guts. Its insides are complex, heterogenic and potentially dangerous. Gutting it the right way would be an Art.

The actor is the same inside and outside. It's doughbody can take on any form. The braiding of its body to make a decorative folksy snack.

The mage listens to the sound of the lawnmower. Smoking weed laced with PCP. Her 15 eyelids open and close. The earth is warm but the wind is cold. The sea stops short just before the horizon. I wish the summer could go on forever, the actor says.



Thoughts on ice and time



Linnéa Gad



Artist: Linnéa Gad
Photographer: Fredrik Andersson Andersson
Curators: Essi Vessala and Lauren Johnson

In my practice I think, can I be an ice-sheet? Can I make work that transcends the visual understanding of thousands of years of eroding and layered materials? I want to engage in the constant movement between then, now and the future.

—Linnéa Gad







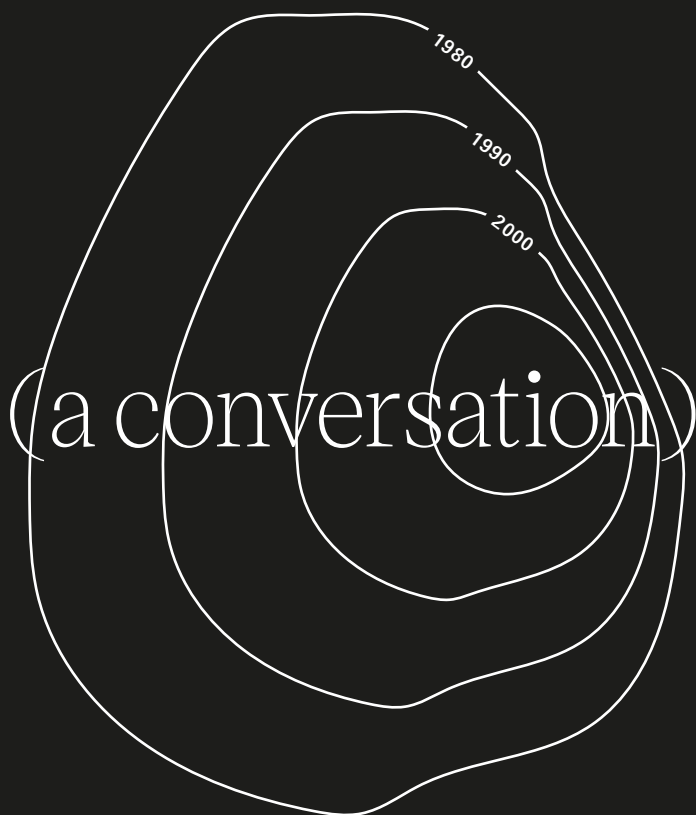




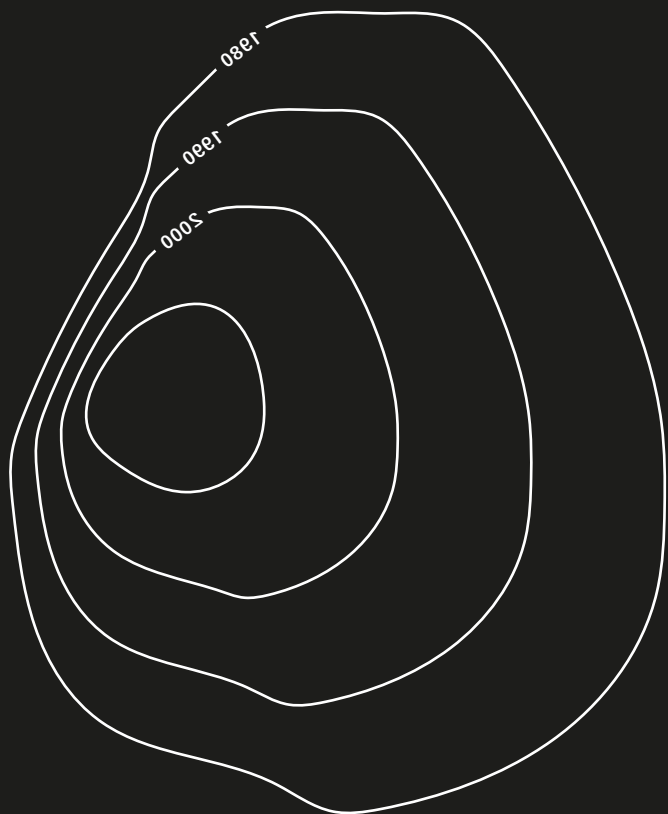




Thoughts on ice and time



Linnéa Gad
Viola Gad



Artist: Linnéa Gad
Photographer: Fredrik Andersson
Curators: Essi Vessala and Lauren Johnson

Ice once covered the entire Earth. A world so cold glaciers stretched down to the equator. New research shows that this 'snowball-earth' happened about 635 million years ago. The ice cap was built up over the course of millions of years, but when it melted, it melted fast, taking only one million years. One theory that explains the sudden and catastrophic temperature shift is a series of intense volcanic eruptions that released carbon dioxide into the atmosphere.

It is difficult to imagine one million years as a continuing catastrophic event. Humans did not belong here then; this glacial earth existed before the beginning of human consciousness. How silly then that humans have created their own catastrophic event, a climate disaster, in just *180 years*.

Ice has shaped our landscape many times since. The last glacial period in Scandinavia, the Weichselian glaciation, lasted for about 100,000 years. The period reached its peak around 20,000 years ago when ice stretched all over Scandinavia down to northern Germany. The ice came and went, it melted and then reappeared. During *Younger Dryas* the temperature sank by 8–10 °C in just 100 years, a shift a person living then would definitely have felt and noticed. For a time the southern part of Sweden, today the Skåne region, was ice-free, then 500 years later a cold period brought the ice back.

This ice was several kilometres thick, and it pressed down on the surface of the earth so much that it is still

recovering. In Stockholm's archipelago the land mass rises approximately 0.5 centimeters every year. This means you can actually notice and witness these shifts in your own lifetime, perhaps asking yourself: wasn't this cliff covered with water when I was a kid?

Around 11,000 years ago the Weichselian glaciation was definitely over. Now, ice is once again melting, on mountain tops and on the South and

North Pole. The closer to the poles we get, all the more visible become the signs of a changing climate. The south summit of Kebnekaise (2097 m) used to be Sweden's highest peak. However, in the last 20 years, the glacier that makes up the summit has melted one meter per year and is now 30 centimeters below the north summit.

LINNÉA GAD: *I think you once told me that people wouldn't care so much about the ice and the North Pole if it wasn't disappearing. There is something inherently nostalgic about the ice, because it is already a memory.*

It melts every year and comes back, but now patterns are changing.

When you see those satellite images that show how the glacier ice is being erased over the past 30 years it's something that we find heartbreaking. It is difficult to watch. It is such a monumental loss.

I empathise very strongly with movements in the landscape, and I mourn the shapes of lost ice at sea. It awakens the same emotions as when mourning a friend who died too young.

The experience of loss has the ability to
make time and movement seem slow
and undivided.

The ice melting today will make
oceans rise. While in some places we
need to adapt and build walls and flood
proof cities, in the Stockholm archipel-
ago the land rise and the sea level rise
will more or less even each other out.
A friendly encounter of two separate
geological movements.

Melting ice means moving waters.
When the Weichselian glaciation
melted, a lot of land that lies above
water today was covered with ponds,
rivers and lakes. Waves and streams
affected the surface and you can still
see moraine soil ~~billowed by waves~~. For
example, on a hillside in the middle of
the forest you can see the same wave-
formed shape usually found in sandbanks
on a coastline.

*LG: The ice-sheet that covered
Scandinavia was a great sculptor and
land-artist; the round cliffs in the
archipelago that got their softened
shape. The inscriptions it made on bare
rocks. Megaliths that the moving ice
sheet dropped in the middle of a field
or on top of each other.*

*Visualising a several-kilome-
ter-thick sheet of ice that starts moving is
almost impossible. It challenges the
capacity of our minds. In my practice I
think, can I be an ice-sheet? Can I make
work that transcends the visual under-
standing of thousands of years of eroding
and layered materials? I want to engage
in the constant movement between then,*

now and the future.

We can't imagine what the ice looked like and we can never recreate it. We can only see the marks it left behind. By looking at those marks and tapping into their beauty I stand in awe. It's unreachable and there is a frustration that comes with such a poetic thought as the ice-sheet. That's the fuel to my response. I want to make work that engages in the challenge of deep time thinking.

A scientist doesn't have a million years to do their work. They have limited time on this earth. They have to simulate long periods of time inside a lab. It's impossible to fully comprehend deep time but maybe you can. I use emotional and interactive responses to make a tangible object. If I transfer my emotional response to an old mountain stained by geological time, that can be my contribution.

The people who deal with nuclear waste think about long periods of time. No one has built a final storage for nuclear waste yet, but Sweden, Finland, and France have come a long way. Those countries are in the planning processes, seeking out permits and thinking towards the future. In Forsmark, the Swedish radiation safety authority is planning for a final storage 500 meters deep into the parent rock. The radiation authority has to understand long periods of geological time because the waste can be radioactive for up to 100,000 years. We might even speak

another language by then, people might
forget that we put it there in the first
place, or civilization might be gone.

Did we really belong here in the
first place? We used to feel it with our
feet, touching the ground when we
walked barefoot. The forests were filled
with steps taken by humans. Before
industrial times there were ponds
everywhere, many small woods and
many footpaths. They must have
made a beautiful pattern from
above. Today the woods are fewer
but larger in size and, and the
roads follow straight lines.

*People in the cities miss the
woods so they meditate or dream about
the forest. They practice mindfulness as
an effort to connect to the earth again.
Humans that lived 1000 years ago were
admittedly not totally zen either. They
practiced their own destruction, burning
down woods and reshaping the land-
scape.*

An imaginative reconstruction of
European woodland from AD 900 to
1900 shows "the taming and defeat of
wild nature by human action and
deforestation as widespread and as
destructive as the current devastation
of the Amazon rainforest."

LG: Layers of concrete, subway
lines, tunnels. Sometimes you need to
come out of it all, to a cliff and to the sea.
Some say the difference between
humans and other living organisms is
that we have a consciousness. The ability
to dream and to project the future. A
volcano may not think about the

*destruction it creates. But it seems
neither do we. The ability to think of the
consequences of our actions doesn't
seem to apply when the changes are so
vast that they go beyond a single lifetime.*

Nature is brutal and humans are
brutal. We are nature.

So do we belong here? Yes.

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2. N. Abram, H. McGregor, J. Tierney, M. Evans, N. McKay, D. Kaufman "Early onset of industrial-era warming across the oceans and continents," *Nature*, Vol. 536 (August 2016), pp. 411–418.
3. Geological Survey of Sweden, 16 August, 2018 [https://www.sgu.se/om-geologi/ett-klimat-i-standig-forandring/klimatets-forandringar-over-tiden/\(03-04-2019\)](https://www.sgu.se/om-geologi/ett-klimat-i-standig-forandring/klimatets-forandringar-over-tiden/(03-04-2019)).
4. PCC, Special report: Global warming of 1.5 C, Summary for policymakers.

Elk Glade Residency + CEO

Text: Lauren Johnson
Photos: CEO

ceo_nothing nemo here (yeah named him after myself) tried desperately to take a couple of breaths of air and then passed on from his bunny reincarnation at 22.06 on the 21st of august 2018. his body will now become new life under a couple of rocks. hell knows what his soul is up to. of course i was very sad but that is cause i'm often a lil human bitch. death is scary and sad to a human cause a human don't like change. death is something exciting, something comforting, something cool. it is life. don't be scared, embrace change not attachment.

Located on a remote ranch in the Rocky Mountains, Elk Glade Residency offers artists of any discipline time and space to create. (elkgladeresidency.com)



CEO aka musician Eric Berglund aka Nemo aka Alpha Princess aka former member of Swedish electronic duo The Tough Alliance.

This is a story about what happened when they met.

Nemo

I came to him. Named him. I let his hands cup my bunny body and press it against his own. Soft fur touching synthetic jersey. Soul on soul. Soul lurking, pulsing, beating somewhere in, around us both. Nemo lead us to him in the garden. Maybe we felt



something was wrong. We went inside to rest and left him out here: soft dirt, growing things, wire fence to keep the horses out. Nemo in. And then we see him. He's limp and wet, strewn upon a stepping stone like a sacrifice. We carry him inside. Honey water, fire, plush white towel; these are our remedies.

His body's warm now. Midnight nears and we still sit in a ring around Nemo like a ceremony.

And then, last convulsions. The sick irony. We thought it meant life. It meant death.
Blowing air through the fur he almost looks ... alive?



No, but Nemo will become life. His body will nourish the soil or another animal will find him. Life needs death to sustain it.
Nemo is buried beneath a boulder. I couldn't resist

the ritual. I wanted him protected and commemorated. I should have got a goddamn taxidermist to stuff his body so I could mount it with the rest of the elk heads and bear skins. I ask Dad for pictures of the tombstone. More proof of existence, more comfort. Yet:

I think the rock you want is under the ice... I will get it when it melts.

I came to them. Named them. The rock remains my body decays. The dead sustain the living.



pervert

Jari Kallio

Laptop, yellow take away mug and suitcase behind me are mine. Other things around or on me belong to the person who lives in this room, who I don't know. Transparent shirt is from their closet, mug from the kitchen, stuffed cactus was on their bed, camera (Nikon D5600) and tripod I found from the left side of the closet.



From
Högsby
to
Hagsätra
or How to
Fit a Home
Within a
Home

Sofia Jonsson

My granddad grew up in a cabin in the woods outside Högsby. Together with all his relatives, they shared three rooms and a kitchen. As a kid I spent every summer in that house. My strongest memories are the smell of the mosquito spray, the kid-sized broom I painted blue and how you washed yourself in a bucket on the porch. If you had to go out to brush your teeth in the evenings, when it was already dark and cold, you were in bad luck. Then you had to stomp your feet to scare off the snakes and keep your mouth magically closed at all times so that no moths would find refuge in between your teeth. I was always impressed by how my granddad would lie down on the hard, wooden, kitchen bench with all his clothes on and fall asleep immediately. Not a single face, not a single fuss. Even though he moved to Stockholm, he never really left the cabin in Högsby. His mind always wanders back there. The first thing he did, when he moved to Stockholm, was to try and recreate his old home in his new home.







AllArtNow – Fragments of a Journey

Meryem Saadi

Flash-back

2005

Damascus

Nisrine Boukhari (born in 1980 in Damascus) is a young conceptual artist who just graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts. As most emerging artists in Syria at that time, she is struggling to find independent art spaces and platforms to collaborate with. She decides to take the matter into her own hands, and together with her sister Abir, launches AllArtNow, the first independent space for visual and contemporary art in the Syrian capital. Their aim is to “create new opportunities for emerging local artists for the development of contemporary art in Syria, and meet with artists from abroad to exchange ideas”. AllArtNow’s first projects are organized abroad, and give more visibility to the group of artists working with the platform. In 2007, the two sisters start arranging exhibitions, talks, screenings and workshops in a six-room house in the Old City. In 2011, they open two other spaces: a hall for exhibiting and organizing cultural events and a residence house for hosting international artists.

Fast-forward

Abir Boukhari welcomes me with a warm smile. We are in AllArtNow Lab, the new space she is running in Stockholm. I feel at home in this gallery, where an exhibition that she co-curated with Walid Aidood – who founded the space Box24 in Algiers – is on view. A series of black and white photographs by artist Fethi Sahraoui (born in 1993 in Hassi R'Mel) and titled “Escaping the heat wave” reminds me of my own hometown, Rabat. This group show is part of a larger project titled “Waypoint”, which aims to “introduce glimpses into various art scenes in collaboration with artists and curators, still active in their countries”, in opposition to artists who are “experiencing a nomadic way of life, constantly having to move, and unable to settle and establish roots”. It is not the first time that AllArtNow explores these issues, and this interest is clearly connected to their own journey.

Stockholm

2019



AllArtNow: Waypoint Algeria, Stockholm, 2019. Installation view. Courtesy of AllArtNow. Photo: Nisrine Boukhari.



Flash-back

2012

Damascus

It is a troubling time for AllArtNow. Syria is in turmoil. The situation is not safe anymore in Damascus, and Abir, who has a feeling that the war is going to be long, decides to close the space. Nisrine travels to Vienna for an exhibition, and stays there. AllArtNow's main space is given to refugee families who had to leave their homes behind; and Abir and her family have to move in the house that was supposed to host the artists residency. A few months later, Abir takes part in an internship in Hamburger Bahnhof and is thinking to stay in Germany. She is in constant contact with her sister and with several artists who she used to work with in Syria, who are also now based in Europe. She decides to continue the work they started in Damascus. AllArtNow becomes "AllArtNow On the Move"; a meeting point for Syrian and international artists "to exchange ideas and form collaborations exploring the effects of displacement on individuals and cultures".

Fast-forward

“Why did you pick Algeria for your first exhibition in this new space?” I ask Abir. “My plan is to focus on the local art scenes of countries that the Swedish audience is not familiar with, but also hopefully, to start showing a glimpse of the Swedish art scene in those countries too. I chose Algeria to start this process, because I have always been fascinated by this country. It seems very closed-off from the outside, and we don’t hear much about their local art scene, but when you follow the art scene there, you become aware that it is very rich and dynamic”, she replies. We talk for a few minutes about this, and we discuss the historical and economical reasons why the most renowned Algerian artists in the “art world” are all based in Europe. I realize that for “Waypoint”, AllArtNow changed its focus point: Instead of focusing on artists exploring issues related to mobility, displacement and exile, this project highlights the practices of artists who did not leave their home-countries, and who, as explained in the exhibition’s statement, “have the vision to shape the future of their locale”.

Stockholm

2019





Maktab Creative Zone, Damascus, 2011. Installation view.
Courtesy of AllArtNow.

Flash-back

2015

Stockholm

Abir Boukhari arrives to Sweden, and is enrolled in CuratorLab at Konstfack. She is already in contact with the Swedish art scene since 2009, when a group of artists and thinkers visited Damascus for a trip. Between 2013 and 2015, Abir is working on different exhibitions, travelling in Europe and coming back regularly to Damascus. Her projects deal with the ongoing conflict in her home country, and how it affects people's lives. When asked about it, she replies: "When I was working in Damascus before the war, my exhibitions did not focus on Syria, on the contrary. But when the war started, me and the artists really wanted to talk about our life and the people life, to be against this war". Since her arrival in Sweden, AllArtNow has been involved in many projects in collaboration with other organizations, such as Botkyrka Konsthall, the World Culture Museum, Jönköpings läns museum and Konstfrämjandet Stockholm among others.

Fast-Forward

“How does it feel to have a space after being nomadic for six years?”. She stops for a few seconds before saying: “I was very enthusiastic about this step in the beginning, but now I realize that I still feel like a nomad. This is not a permanent space, so I see it more as a station, as a possibility to invite artists and curators to collaborate, exchange ideas with. I am also interested in welcoming those who are at the beginning of their careers”. I notice a hint of nostalgia in her voice, but don’t ask anything. She continues: “It’s a different energy when you have your own space. Now, Nisrine and I have to think differently about things, but it’s a good opportunity for us to develop new projects. This is why we called it AllArtNow Lab”. On my way out, I ask her about their next step. She replies: “Hopefully, we will be able to organize an exhibition of Swedish artists in Algiers in the fall. But with everything that is going on now in Algeria, we are not sure that it will be possible”. Fingers crossed.

Stockholm

2015

The Sea as a Common Place

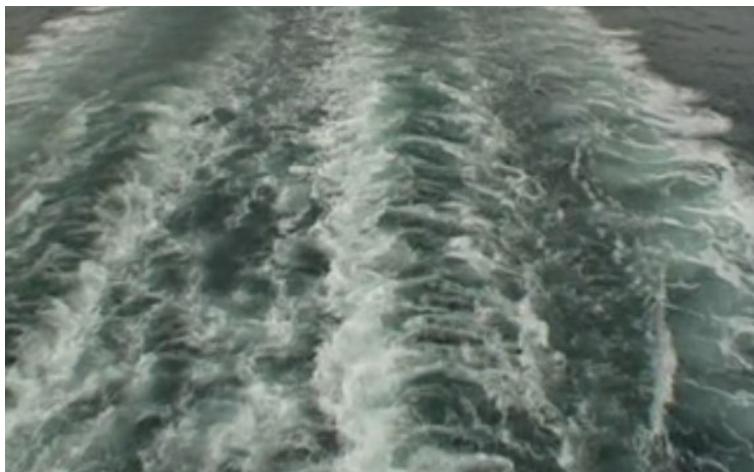
Jasmina Šarić

What constitutes a place are our relations to it. So where are we now, at this very moment?

In our globalized world focused on the mobility, belonging to a place is easily to be questioned. Travelling from one place to another for various reasons, separation and sense of identity are closely interrelated. Historically, boat has been one of the first means that brought people from one place to another. Foucault considers the boat as the greatest heterotopia of all – “it is a floating piece of space, a place without a place, that exists by itself, that is closed in on itself and at the same time is given over to the infinity of the sea” (Foucault, *Of Other Spaces*). For him, it has not only been the great instrument of economic development but also the greatest reserve of imagination, and a form against repression (“in civilizations without boats, dreams dry up, espionage takes the place of adventure, and the police take the place of pirates”). The ship is a place of escape, salvation, retreat and exile, but also, it is a shared space in itself.

In Duška Boban’s recent work, she explores and discovers the great achievements of her hometown’s Split shipbuilding, focusing her artistic research around the themes of labour and production. Her artistic practice is often intertwined with her activist practice, using photography as a means for the critical approach to the social phenomena around her.

In *On the Way Home* (2004), She collects different interpretations of the notion of the island. From feelings of dislocation, to questions of cultural heritage and tradition, the work shows the variety of relations we create with the sea.



Duška Boban, *The Way Home*, 2004, still from the video work, courtesy of the artist

~~Spettacolo~~

Ana Bruno

Belonging

An affinity for a place
or situation

Oxford
Dictionary

Pertenencia

Relación de una cosa con quien tiene derecho a ella.¹

Real
Academia
Española

Appartenenza

L'appartenere, il fatto di appartenere.²

Ciò che appartiene, spettanza,
proprietà.³

Dizionario
Treccani

The origin of language has been and still is a topic of discussion among linguistic scholars.⁴ Communication systems were born such a long time ago that empirical evidences and proofs are long lost, this makes it hard for researchers to try to grasp the way languages are intertwined with the development or the origin of human societies. However, socio-linguistics universally agree that language has had a primary role in the development of both society and individuals: there is a strong relation between the high level of culture that human beings were able to achieve and the complexity of the languages we speak.⁵

Philosophy of language and non-specific-language linguistics studies address language as a structuralized form of communication which must follow specific rules in order to be recognised as languages. On the one hand, words

are signs which refer to specific referents and are perceived as so by the person we are talking to. On the other hand, languages and signs are arbitrary; there is no specific reason why the word “dog” should refer to the quadruped furry mammal waving its tail when we get home, yet it does.

Ludwig Wittgenstein refers to language as a social practice, addressing its communication function in his writing. At the beginning of **Philosophical Investigations** he brings an example of language used as a communication tool: builder

A and assistant B are working together, builder A asks the assistant for the stones needed and assistant B brings them.⁶ This example works if we imagine that builder A and assistant B speak the same language, otherwise we could encounter some difficulties. Assuming that

A and B are farmers, A is Italian and B is a Spanish-speaker, and farmer A asks B to take care of the burro, we indeed have a problematic communication. Farmer A, by saying **“tenere”** means “to keep, to hold, to hug, to possess, to remember.” **burro**, refers to “butter”, while farmer B understands “donkey”. Hence, the Latin derivation addresses a possession extended over something, while the English derivation concerns a wholeness, “belonging” and Spanish given by the dictionaries, “*appartenenza*” and “*pertenencia*”, they have a different etymology which lead to slightly different meanings, even though they indicate the same concept they refer to different understandings of that concept. This difference, applied to the concept of belonging to a culture, suggests that in English belong to somewhere means we are actually part of a community, while the same in Italian or Spanish means that our rights are extended over that culture and vice versa.

Belonging’s etymology is “from **be**-intensive prefix” and **long** which derives from Old English **lang** “having a great linear extent, that extends considerably from end to end; tall; lasting”.⁷ While both Words and languages develop with the cultures they are linked to, sorting a stratification of layers of meaning which compromise the possibility of being translated by someone

who has not grown up in that specific environment. People grown up in the same country will refer to the same conceptual maps when deciphering words or discourses,⁸ because “the architecture of each language contains culturally specific features”⁹ as Laura A. Janda argues.

When talking about language and culture we also need to consider that they developed through blends and interactions of different cultures, so that to restore the indivisibility of cultures in their pure forms is almost impossible.¹⁰ Even immigration has effects on the languages, the dialectical relationship between languages and languages-users contributes to the dynamism and the mutability of languages: language is a communication tool, but it develops according to speakers’ needs and to the way they use it.¹¹

Homi K. Bhabha argues that colonialism, for instance, has brought huge changes in cultures and languages

of colonies and colonists countries, it had such a impact that their cultures and languages have created a new hybrid which can not be separated.

He believes that all these interactions created a fluid society with fluid categories and fluid identities.¹²

This flexibility and instability of meaning in language and the constant interaction between cultures leads individuals to unstable and flexible identities, always on the border between cultures. If identity is what distinguishes ourselves from the other, that does not apply anymore in the globalized post-colonial contemporary world: we are the other.¹³

The instability of cultures, languages, and of the whole society make it difficult for individuals to build a stable identity and sense of belonging. Zygmunt Bauman suggests that “one can even begin to feel

everywhere chez soi, 'at home' - but the price to be paid is to accept that nowhere will one be fully and truly at home"¹⁴.

However, this fluid identity is an elitist condition which applies to those who live in the First World and can afford traveling and moving abroad, while those living in the Third World have less chances to interact with different cultures. The imbalance of powers is still rooted in the contemporary world, and this blend of culture is not equal: the most economical powerful cultures have a bigger impact on the minorities, and the predominance of English in the academic world is a proof of this.

1. "the relationship of something with who is entitled of it."
2. "to belong, the act of belonging"
3. "what belongs to someone, someone's due, property."
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Island *Life*

Elin Már Øyen Vister

There was never a beginning
just an irresistible pressing sensation
coming from a sensual accumulation
of
I would love to's
permeating our skins
transcending the personal moving
into the political of national states,
climate change, systemic violence,
oppression, imperialism, colonialism,
ecocides, neoliberal-capitalism-consumerism,
racism, transphobia
and misogyny

Stand up and be counted bursts
through
we are sky, ocean, earth
we who make love to the earth
ultimately find each other

We who acknowledge that we are a we
we of the deep space time
millions of years of coming into being
and to coexist with everything alive

Earth seeds
born of the earth, not onto it
earth kin to our mother's wombs

We who kiss the ground beneath
our feet
We who get raunchy with seaweed



Photo by Liv Bugge

Our seeds had been preparing for years, waiting to gather enough energy to burst through the soil and reach up through our flesh and consciousness. There it would taste, smell and feel the sun, the salty air, the waves, the wind, intimacy, the personal is political, trauma, wounds, joy, laughter and tears.

The seed got a nutritious boost during seven glorious days in July 2014. Røst AiR hosted a FRANK gathering, words were spoken and bodies met. Ester Fleckner told Elin Már Øyen Vister about Mo Maja Moesgaard. Then this guy called Cal Harben up in Romssa/Tromsø heard rumours of a queer island close to Røst in Nordland/Sápmi and went on a mission to find it. They sure did. In the autumn of 2014, Cal and Elin Már got in touch with Mo and so the story began, of queer and trans people with a love of ecology and deep solidarity finding each other, bonding and beginning to cook and stir...

Our first love is the Norwegian island of Skomvær, 67 degrees north and above the Arctic Circle ('Skomvær' most likely comes from the old Sámi word skubme, describing a shallow funnel-shaped valley ending in a wall of rock). Skomvær, at first a seemingly small island, situated a stone's throw from Nykan nature reserve, home to Northern Europe's most populous seabird colony (which now is in a crisis). The area is the seasonal breeding ground and home of pelagic birds such as black-backed gulls, eiders, puffins, razorbills, murres, black guillemots, shags, Leach's petrels and storm petrels, as well as ravens, crows and other smaller birds, for as long as anyone knows; far into the deep past. One hundred and thirty years ago, when the Norwegian artist Theodor Kittelsen stayed at the lighthouse visiting his sister in 1887-89, even sea otters frolicked around the island. Skomvær

also neighbours a harbour seal colony, and whale creatures such as orcas and harbour porpoise regularly swim and fish around and about in the Røst archipelago that surrounds Skomvær Island.

We who together form the Røst AiR working group, Elin Már Øyen Vister, Jason Rosenberg and Marie Kaada Hovden, arrive here as humble nomads around the first of June and stay till about that time when the northern lights can be seen again as the skies darken towards the end of August. Then the storms come and we leave swiftly for our autumn and winter homes. Our summer home is the island and we sleep and work in the refurbished buildings of the old lighthouse complex from 1887. Every summer since 2013, Røst AiR working group has volunteered to facilitate a space for artists and other creative souls to coexist, create, meet, exchange, think, walk, lie in the grass, stare at the sea, process, rest, write, forage, garden, feed chickens, harvest, fish, eat, hug and share. Our bodies tune into the rhythm of the Atlantic Arctic summer and the mood of the island. We wake up and fall asleep to the rhythm of island life.



Photo by Solfrid Sande

photo by Carsten Aniksdal



I would love to do some communal listening meditations outside, listening together without sounding.

I would love for us to do some playing, singing and sounding.

I would love for us to coexist peacefully with the non-human, and cherish and appreciate the existence of all organic material we are made of, dependent on and surrounded by.

I would love to discuss melancholia, desperation and depression in relation to being and person / artist / communities in the times of the ecological transition

I would love to discuss how to deal with a feeling of not belonging to violence.

I would love for us to make some food reflecting the 'I would love to' list.

I would love for us to make a collective reading performance to the island's non-human inhabitants and organic material.

I would love to share putting hands and fingers in the earth, in the garden.

Excerpt of “Island Life, a diary by Queer Ecologies Network”, published in: Girls Like Us, Issue 10, 2017.

The Queer Ecologies Network is an inter-Nordic, interdisciplinary collective network of artists, scholars, activists, philosophers, curators and others, with interests overlapping at the intersections of ecology, politics, and artistic and cultural production.

<http://www.queerecologiesnetwork.com>

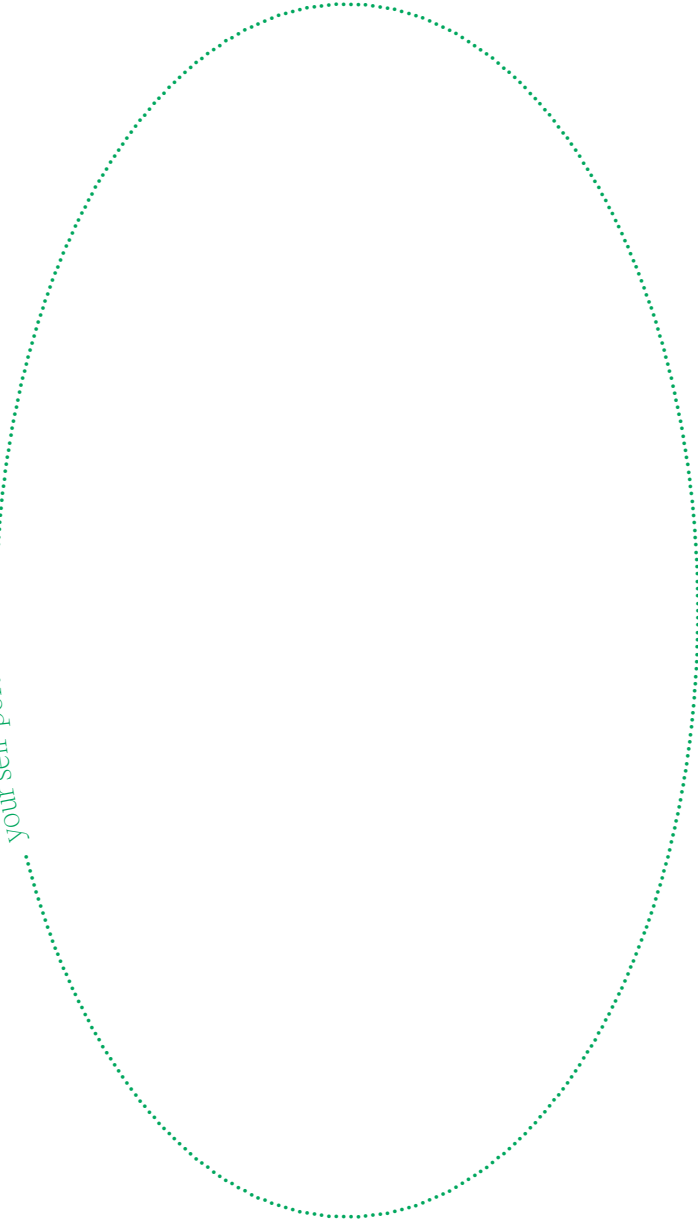


Photo by Elin Már Öyen Vister



Photo by Carsten Aniksdal

your self-portrait



birthday

age

name

dream job

hobbies

lives

pets

favourite colour

favourite smell

favourite food

biggest wish

want to go to

listen to

bring to a deserted island

what is your utopia?

signature

Contributors

Igor Blomberg Tranæus is an artist working with the notion of the personal memory and the narrative's function in the collective consciousness. Having previously pursued a music practice, Blomberg Tranæus now mostly works with images and text. Blomberg Tranæus attended Project Studies in Fine Arts for Professional Artists, he is currently enrolled at Gerleborgsskolan in Stockholm.

Linnéa Gad. From sculpture to printmaking, Linnéa is a multidisciplinary artist who's work traces the remains of old landscapes on the verge of destruction while creating new ones in the process of becoming. She makes work that is in between defined states: objects in precarious balance that seem both heavy and light, finished and unfinished, old and new, soft and hard, organic and synthetic. Linnéa holds a BFA from Parsons School of Design, New York and is currently based in Stockholm.

Viola Gad is a news reporter and video journalist based in Stockholm. With a bachelor's degree in political science from Lund University and a master's degree in journalism from Columbia University, she has written for Time Magazine, Popsci and KIT. She is currently working as environmental reporter for the science desk at the Swedish National Television, SVT.

Salad Hilowle is a miscellaneous artist working in various mediums such as video, installation, sculpture, sound and painting. His practice tackles individual construction of

identity and belonging in the mundane surroundings. With a BFA from Konstfack - University of Arts, Crafts and Design Hilowle is now pursuing his master studies in fine Arts at the Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm.

Erin Honeycutt (b. 1989, Atlanta, lives and works in Berlin and Reykjavik) studied Environmental Humanities (BA) and Art History (MA) as well as Western Esotericism (MA). She writes in a variety of collaborations with artists as well as reviews and poetry. She has recently performed her text-based work at Beyond Human Impulses in Athens (2018), Reykjavik Arts Festival (2018), and Kadett in Amsterdam (2019).

Jari Kallio is a multidisciplinary artist, who is working with a variety of media including video, performance and installation. His personal and collaborative works blend fantasy, sci-fi and virtuality with everyday life. Kallio works actively in artist collective's and groups such as MSL, kallio manninen and Anna Breu.

Kultivator provide a meeting and working space that points out the parallels between provision production and art practice, between concrete and abstract processes for survival.

Elin Már Øyen Vister finished their MFA from the Art Academy in Bergen along with an MFA from the Nordic Sound Art program in 2012. Their multidisciplinary work is concerned with listening as an artistic practice and a way of composing, sensing and experiencing the world. They are also part of Røst

AIR working group – running an interdisciplinary artist in residency and communal workshops, founded in 2012, situated on Skomvær island, Røst, Nordland.

Jaakko Pallasvuo (b. 1333) is an artist. Pallasvuo makes videos, texts, performances and installations that explore the anxieties of being alive now, and the prospect of living in some possible future. In recent years Pallasvuo's work has been presented at The New York Film Festival, Museum of Modern Art in Warsaw, Kunsthalle St. Gallen and Jupiter Woods, among other places.

Meryem Saadi is a Moroccan curator based in Stockholm. She has a background in journalism, communication and project management. In her practice, she is interested in researching the intersections that exist between contemporary art, architecture, social conflicts and political instability.

Jasmina Šariš is a freelance curator based in Zagreb, Split and Stockholm. She has an MA degree in Art History and Philosophy from the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences in Split and is a co-founder of the NGO Culture Hub Croatia. Her recent research is based on curating non-places, heterotopic and hybrid sites.

Nadia Tehran is the Swedish-Iranian artist creating space for people to belong. Through music, film, curating and more Nadia upstages the polarity that often comes with gender, immigration and race; themes she tackles

in her work and life. Her newest album Dozakh: All Lovers Hell is released via YEAR0001.

Ana Victoria Bruno is an Argentinian - Italian art writer and curator. She graduated in Communication and Didactic of Art from the Academy of Fine Art of Brera in Milan, in March 2017. She works now as Gallery Assistant for i8 gallery at the Studio Olafur Eliasson in Reykjavik and as Editor and Writer for the online magazine about Icelandic Art artzine.

Editors

Lauren Johnson. From the US and currently based in Stockholm and a remote ranch in the Rocky Mountains, Lauren received a degree in art history from the University of California, Berkeley. She believes in curating as a way to listen to and create shared meaning within the world. Currently, she runs Elk Glade Residency, inviting artists of any discipline to unfold and grow their practice in a rural environment. She most recently curated Black Moon at Bonniers Konsthall.

Sofia Jonsson is a freelance curator based in Stockholm. With a bachelor in art history from Uppsala University, Jonsson went on to study art history at Sophia University in Tokyo. Since 2017, Jonsson is working extensively on Marina Abramović's reperformance projects in Europe. Currently, her research focuses on performativity and heterochrony, an interest expressed in her curatorial experimentation with temporal and active forms of experiencing art.

Daria Sol Andrews is an art writer the curatorial director of Studio Sol, an experimental exhibition space in Iceland. She holds a BA degree in Rhetoric from UC Berkeley. Andrews views herself and her practice as globally based, with an emphasis on the photographic medium. Her passion lies in examining art and its emotional impact in a critical, public context.

Essi Vesala is a curator and producer based in Stockholm & Helsinki. She received degree in media management at Turku Arts Academy, while working in various art festivals as a curatorial assistant. Currently Vesala is doing research on entanglements between ecology and curating, through new materialisms and post-fossil thinking. She is inspired by queer feminist utopias.

Our editorial team will graduate from the International Master's program in Curating Art, Including Management and Law from Stockholm University this Spring.

Designers

Jasmine Berge is a designer and recent graduate from the bachelor's program in graphic design and illustration at Konstfack University in Stockholm. She has also studied at the Pacific Northwest College of Art in Portland.

Frida Häggström is a designer currently pursuing a BFA in Graphic Design & Illustration at Konstfack University in Stockholm. Her main focuses are on typography, collage and printed matter, with an emphasis on experimentation and process. During the fall of 2019 she will be undertaking an exchange semester at the Rhode Island School of Design in the US.

Lars Høie is a designer currently pursuing an MFA in the norm creative visual communications programme at Konstfack University in Stockholm. His research interests centres around political perspectives on design and education, themes he previously explored as a participant and co-organiser of Evening Class, an experiment in self-organised design education in London. After graduating from Central Saint Martins in 2016 he's worked on collaborative design and research projects under the moniker IDEOLOGY PRESS.

Simon Nilsson is a designer based in Stockholm. He is currently pursuing a BFA in Graphic Design & Illustration at Konstfack University. His main interests lie in typography, drawing and printed matter. His work involves experimental book binding and analogue printing techniques

DREAM ISLAND

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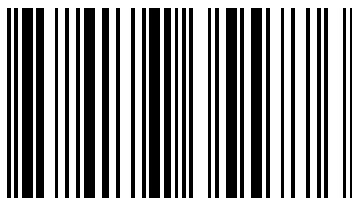
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