

WORK IS A
CRIME!

STATEMENTS
COMMENTS

finnfemfel
From left: Oskar Lindström, Marcus Lerviks and Albert



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REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL

THE PRACTICE OF THE EVERYDAY OF FINNFEMFEL

“When I woke up, the dinosaur was still there.”

The very one-liner story by the Guatemalan writer Augusto Monterroso that for Italo Calvino was the ultimate example, the one that could not be matched in precision and beauty.

(Italo Calvino, *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, 1988, 51)

The everyday, the everyday, the everyday. Oh my oh my oh my. Experiences, expectations, anticipations and frustrations.

It is what it is – never ever as a readymade *what*, but *how* it is actualized and articulated, made and shaped, maintained and measured. It is about the distance and difference between everyday as madness, everyday as sadness or as in the case of the artist’s collective finnfemfel, it is everyday as surprises, mighty mighty fine and beautiful surprises.

It is a trajectory of works done as a collective, very often realized in collaboration with others, and always conducted with a fine eye and ear to the context, both the contemporary and larger field of culture. And, what’s even more important, always with an amazing finesse and elegance addressed and attached to the small big gestures that the everyday, the everyday is accumulated and accentuated with and by.

Thus, what follows will be an exercise in three parts, three interwoven parts that each takes up, confronts a specific work, a particular project by the finnfemfel.

Are you ready – rock steady. Here, here we go: one two, one two three ...

RHYTHM

-

RHYME

-

REPETITION

KARAOKE BEUYS 1998

This is where it starts, this is where it begins for Albert, Marcus and Oskar. This is the first project realized by the collective that at that time was four men strong (fourth original member Simo Brotherus). *The Karaoke Beuys* set-up has proven to be somewhat typical for the finnfemfel actions. It was an invitation for the meeting of self-organized art collectives, the first of its kind that took place in 1998 at München, leading up to an exhibition Lothringer 13 Halle.

For this event, the finnfemfel collective produces a piece of contemporary art that deserves this fancy moniker: if it did not yet exist, someone would have to invent it. Why? Well, they connected the dots, made use (or perhaps it is better to be labelled as the act of reappropriation) of the almost universally known one-liner, the famous declaration “*Everyone is an artist*” (Jeder Mensch ist ein Künstler) by Joseph Beuys by linking it with the act of karaoke.

Now, instead of screaming what, we ought to shout wow, because the move is as brilliant as it is inevitable. It brings together the modern motto of a creative human being with the modern technology of a speeded-up social interaction and role-play. In other words, it combines highbrow with the not so highbrow, if not rather low expectations of a level of a brow (read: cultural distinction). Remarkably, it fits into the context of aspiring artists much better and much more effectively than perhaps could have been foreseen. This is the wish of all participants, still struggling to get recognized, and this is the symbol of the act we all want to part of: instead of being the wallflower, the one solitary figure always at the kitchen in every party, you are the very centre of the party ... even if for only for the duration of that one song, or as in this case, that one-liner.

Just picture this, a version of interpretative social imaginary: the queue for the karaoke machine, running so hot its impossible to touch, with the anticipation of the participants that they finally can bring together art philosophy and party politics, work and pleasure, sweat and formidable treasure. To recall the promise of the karaoke: for those couple of extra

important minutes, you can be the hero, the hero and the centre of all attention.

And while doing this, this so called picturing of the waiting line of the up and coming artists, full of anxiety and élan, intent and impression, let us turn our focus on the material that is seen, that is watched while repeating the promised words of “*everyone is an artist*”. This is where and when the plot thickens, and where the beauty of the work, of this piece gathers its final momentum.

Thankfully, the images in the karaoke video are not framed on the man himself, because hand on heart, that would have been a bit too cruel and creepy. Instead of the German master, we are watching, we are gazing at the real thing. We are following the scenes and scenery of the everyday life at the provincial town in west coast of Finland where the finnfemfel are working from. This is then mental and physical flora and fauna, this is ice skating outside on a lake, this is youth culture at its most provocative point (driving around a square with their tractors), and this is celebration of the tradition of the light festival and choosing of a beauty queen for that fine fine fine occasion.

In short, this video is both description and definition of the everyday. The day that is shared, and cared for – those moments that are so close to a cliché that it certainly hurts but it also helps. This is the rhyme, the rhyme that connects the weary Thursday to wunderbar Mondays, not to forget teasing Tuesdays – and it leads to the rhythm, the rhythm of the next work.

RHYTHM

-

RHYME

-

REPETITION

NORDIC WALKING 2003 - 2014

The case of *Nordic Walking* project, a performative intervention into the fabrics of the everyday has become the most long-lasting and perhaps also most well travelled work of the collective. Reasons for this are not that difficult to figure out. As with the case of the karaoke act, finnfemfel

again address, they take up and do something else, something unexpected with a everyday practice that is currently emerging, perhaps even fashionable.

This time they leave aside that specific time of still smoke filled bars and cafes and they move to the outside, to the fresh and healthy outdoor activities. This is where – like the work itself states – a Nordic phenomena is materialized in the acts of walking, done so every often (who whispered: so Nordic, oh so Nordic) as a collective form and format.

With the on-going work *Nordic Walking* we are able to put the finger to the core of the activity of finnfemfel. This is to make use of another fine one-liner, this time not a homage to this or that hero of the art world, or any other world, for that matter, but to another well used and often also, of course, abused statement that goes like this: the aim is to laugh with one another, not at the other. To repeat: it is to bring together, not to separate, and to do this with acts and actions that create a sweet smile to our lips, our faces, our collections of collective being-in-the-world.

At the same occasion, with the benefit of the hindsight, *Nordic Walking* allows us to revisit a time and a day when this new form of communal activity was invented and spread around, well, the world (as we know it – which is, well, not much ... but it did take them to Umeå, Budapest and Belgrade, just to name a few of the sites). To highlight the very happening of this particular invention might sound strange and unnecessary, but it is not so because this invention of a sort of a sport does require a sort of a respect.

Why? Because it brings people together to do what they could perhaps do anyhow (and never get around to it), but it makes them to do the everyday (the act of walking) with a peculiar way and purpose. What, whaaaaat? They walk in groups and they walk with sticks. Not any brutal or ridiculous wooden sticks but sticks that are made for this outdoor activity. For sure, and for real, they remind us of the stick that is used in downhill skiing or in the other type of skiing (you know, the ones where you are forced, as a kid, to wear long underwear ...) but they are not those. These sticks are specially designed and developed to bring out the maximum result from the almost minimum effort.

You walk, and you move your hands up and frontally, and while doing what you normally would do without paying that much of an attention to your moving, now you move with a solid gold purpose and dedication.

Nordic Walking as a leisure activity hit the streets with volume and wonders in the early 2000's. This is where and when especially in the city spaces of Finland all of a sudden you could see people, sometimes alone, but mostly in small groups, to exercise along the rhythm of the stick walking. It was definitely one step beyond. An act of civil courage because if you were not the ones doing the doing, you were the ones laughing at, or sorry, oh sorry, laughing with the ones doing it.

The reason was the unintended consequence of the collective act of walking with sticks in both hands in city space: it looked, it even felt so brilliantly silly. It was ultimately the worlds most uncoolest cool thing to do.

Funny and funky enough, this phenomena that is still with and around us, but somewhat less present and popular, the artists of the finnfemfel took up with dedication the position of the ambassadors of the activity. Not with dollar signs in their focused eyes, but with the motto of the care and the share of the common people. They wanted to spread the news and the healthy acts of Nordic Walking.

And for this, my dear spectators of the everyday misses and measures, they do deserve a medal. Not just any kind of a medal won for doing whatever that is deemed to be meaningful enough for a medal, but an intergalactic medal for mental and physical health. Just think about it, will you. Is there another similar case that so effectively and at the same time so effortlessly combines laughter with and the actual act of release of tension, and the act of inviting and luring folks that normally would not do any physical activity to come and walk together – you know, people who look like your long lost aunt or uncle, those billions and billions of retired folks that reclaim and gain another spring to their steps?

If the answer is yes, then please be a good human being and contact the artists of the finnfemfel, personally or collectively, and let them know about this new invention. They might, or in fact, they would be glad to do something very special with it.

RHYTHM - RHYME - REPETITION

WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN 2012

in collaboration with Simo Brotherus, Ingold Airlines and Robert Back.

We have had, we have dealt with, so far, so good, with rhymes and rhythms of the acts by finnfemfel. What is left, not as grandee finale, but as the missing link into the trio of potential acts, is the third one that is called repetition.

Here, as ever, we have to be very careful not to mix the metaphors or the possible context. We stay, we remain in the light, in the touch, in the feel of the everyday – the common, the ordinary, the not specific, the boring etc. We focus on acts of endless repetition.

This time we are brought to, you know, just for a reminder, from bars and café's, still dangerously cloudy with unhealthy smoke, and from outdoors, hot cheeks and weird smiles, so very healthy, into the domain of both transport and transition – if not, just for the sake of harmony, to add the third element, transformation. It brings us to the safety and security controls at the sites of travel; that is, airports. Except, with finnfemfel, the acts that are acted are a repetition of the acts at the airport controls, but the site is not an airport, thankfully, and playfully, it is an art exhibition.

But hold on, what is going on – and where is my beloved calender? Because if and when we underline that this act of imitation of life took place in the year of 2012, how does this relate then years later, in the year of 2022? All of sudden we aware how the collective, these artist's and their friends, they were no longer busy as bees just re-activating something that was in and about in the air, in the water we drink, the thoughts we think, this time, god dam kilogram, they were the enlightened visionaries, they were so way ahead of their time.

Just think about it, will you? Cruel as it, we do comprehend how the current times are so strange, how the times of the last months have felt like decades, and how this limbo has done a spectacular dent into our expectations and anticipations. In short, during the times of the covid pandemic, what we

had taken for granted, was no longer accessible, available. There was no longer waiting for the lines of the security control, we were no longer filled with the anxiety of perhaps missing the plane, no longer facing the bloody hassle of taking out and putting back in all the gadgets that you think you absolutely need but that you obviously do not. But you do remember, it is printed in your body memory, the times and the sites – feeling lost and lonely, somewhat unsecure and unsure at the hands of the security, being in-between something and something not yet, don't you.

Am I making myself clear here, huh? This is the creative and generous act that we all have so much missed, even if there is, in fact, nothing to be missed. But well, not to put too fine point to it, security controls at the airport has to be one of the symbols of the normal life that is somewhat long gone (at leas, well, for while) even if it is still easily comprehended, and feared.

Thus, we must recognise and cherish how finnfemfel was so much ahead of their time. There and then, at the exhibition opening in 2012, the deadpan act of repeating the acts of control in a different site and situation was something fine and interesting. Jumping ahead a decade, it would have certainly be a world wide hit, an amazing success that would have made them at least billionaires, you know, so much money they would have never the time to count it. For sure, they would have not travelled that much but clever geezers as they are, they would have made a fantastic online event that could have been repeated with schupatz in Moscow and Manila, Stockholm and Singapore – for all those dedicated sufferers of repetitive acts of phantom schmerz.

You know it, and I know it, and we should also have the courage of admitting it. Home is not where the hat is, it is where the act is – the art of finnfemfel in and through its rhyme, rhythm and repetition.

Believe it or not, the above articulated acts of finnfemfel are organically and elegantly linked to the writings of the Italian grand master of the comic universe Italo Calvino. The straightest reference is the collection of talks that he was able to write but not perform due to sudden illness and

passing away that were then luckily published as *Six Memos for the New Millennium*, resulting in the intense and condensed essays that shape the strategy for survival, the practice of paying attention to the everyday acts and events that so often just pass by, are ignored or just set aside.

It is in the very core of Calvino's superb irony, warm-felt and shared irony of laughing with that his last written piece was looking forward while looking backwards. In an important and intelligent way, Calvino connects the dots between past as now, present as now and future as now. We become aware how we are part, always part of the mess, the everyday mess that is both fun and futile, helping and hurting. The point being: whatever and where ever, it is now and never about *what*, but always about *how*.

In the Six Memos, out of which he managed to finish five, the titles tell it all – or almost, the art of the almost. The titles are worth repeating: Lightness, Quickness, Exactitude, Visibility, and Multiplicity. So far, so self-evident, right? But knowing Calvino, of course, hah, of course not. Because what followed was then deep thoughts and wonderfully creative connotations with the seemingly opposite themes: Heaviness, Slowness, Porousness, Hiddenness and Oneness. Not as contradictions, but as companions, as participants in the give and take, share and shake, push and pull.

It is what is: celebration of the actualization and articulation of the chances and challenges of seeing more than meets the eye, the ability to connect the dots with the expected and the surprising, the known and the unfamiliar aspects of the everyday, the everyday.

And well, there is fancy term for it too. It is called the science of the singular, instead of the science of the universal. And it is, meine Damen und Herren, it certainly is, something that I will always turn to, and cherish with. It is and always will be a reason to be cheerful.

MIKA HANNULA

Notes – in no order of obvious appearance or importance but always with decisive dedication

1) The title of the essay refers proudly to a song by the same name by Ian Dury and the Blockheads. A song that has everything in it, both visible and semi-hidden pleasures and daily pain. It has that yet another one-liner worth saving, stating: “*All I want for my birthday is another birthday ...*”

2) Augusto Monterroso (1921-2003) is, in fact, not an imaginary figure by Calvino, but a real person, a real writer, who, indeed, comes from a country called Honduras but adapted as his home a country called Guatemala. The reference is to a text that was originally published in 1959, in Barcelona by Anagrama, in a book titled *Obras completas y otros cuentos* – a collection of Augusto's texts that are all as brilliant as the one quoted here, if not quite as short.

3) As a writer, it's perhaps important to notify that I am not an objective and innocent bystander. I was a double agent – both connected to the collective's acts and actions as a curator (Nordic Walking, Belgrade and Helsinki) and as a participant in a collaborative effort of another not here mentioned piece called *Zuruckbleiben* (Berlin). However, I might add, this double act and agency does not diminish one centimetre (or cent, for that matter) the solid scientific fundamental knowledge that this text promotes and delivers.

4) Please please please mister Postman ... or PostWoman ... all alone in the pouring rain, or in the wuthering sunshine, do not forget me not.

5) In fact, I almost forgot to pay homage to the source of the triple treat, the rhythm, rhyme and repetition section. This refers to the works by the one and only Dr. Seuss, known for the books like *The Cat in the Hat*, and well, serves a certain logic, for sure, *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*, originally published in the 50's and 60's, in and at which he developed a way to introduce reading and playful acts of vocabulary gymnastic for kids and anyone with an open mind. Those simple but so effective stories, and those amazingly well drawn fantastic surreal figures were based on the idea that whatever we do, especially when trying to learn something, it is conducted and constructed within the interwoven acts of, well, by this time, you must have guessed or shame, shame on you, on the acts of rhythm, rhyme and repetition.

OCKE MAN

WEIT - HÖHER - AM REICHSTEN



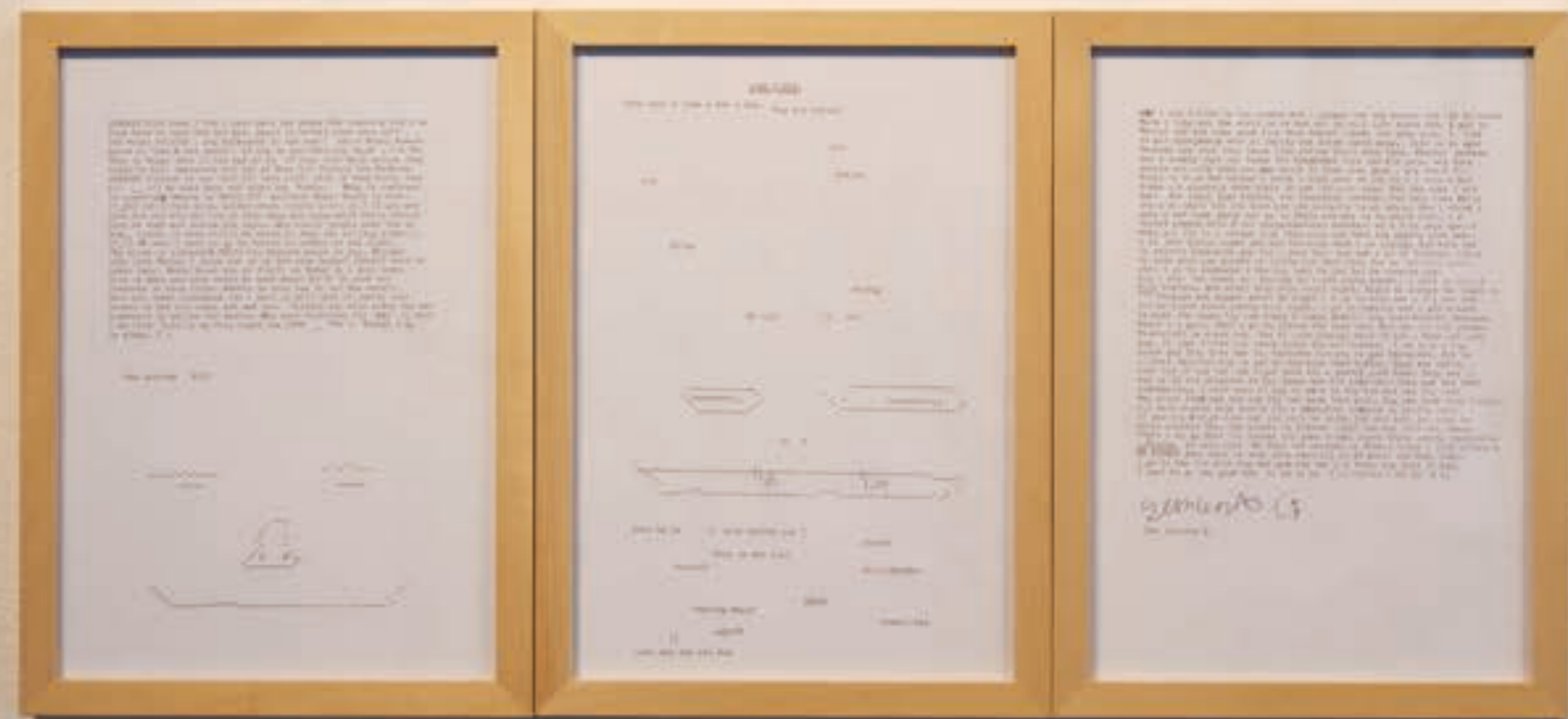


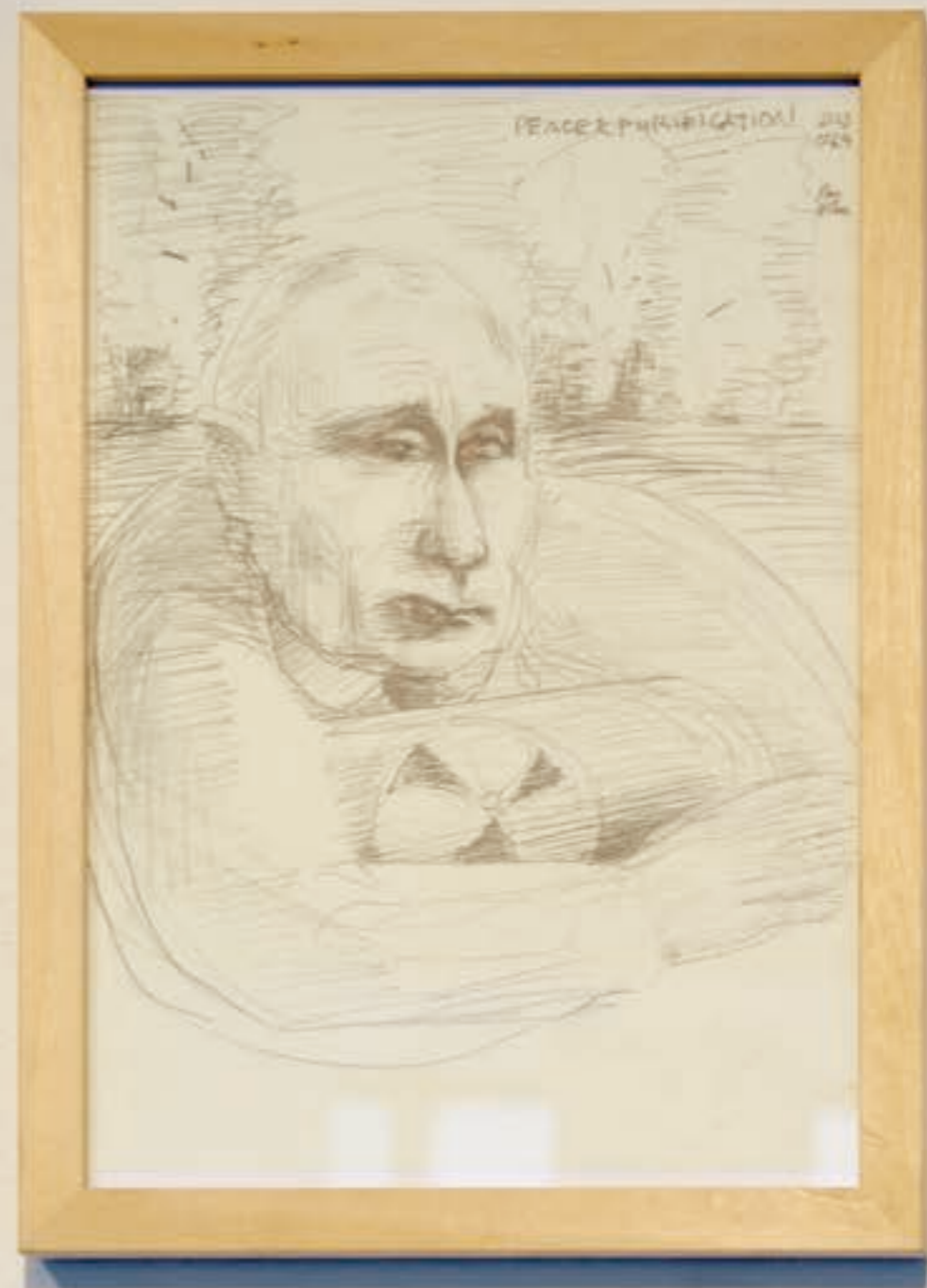










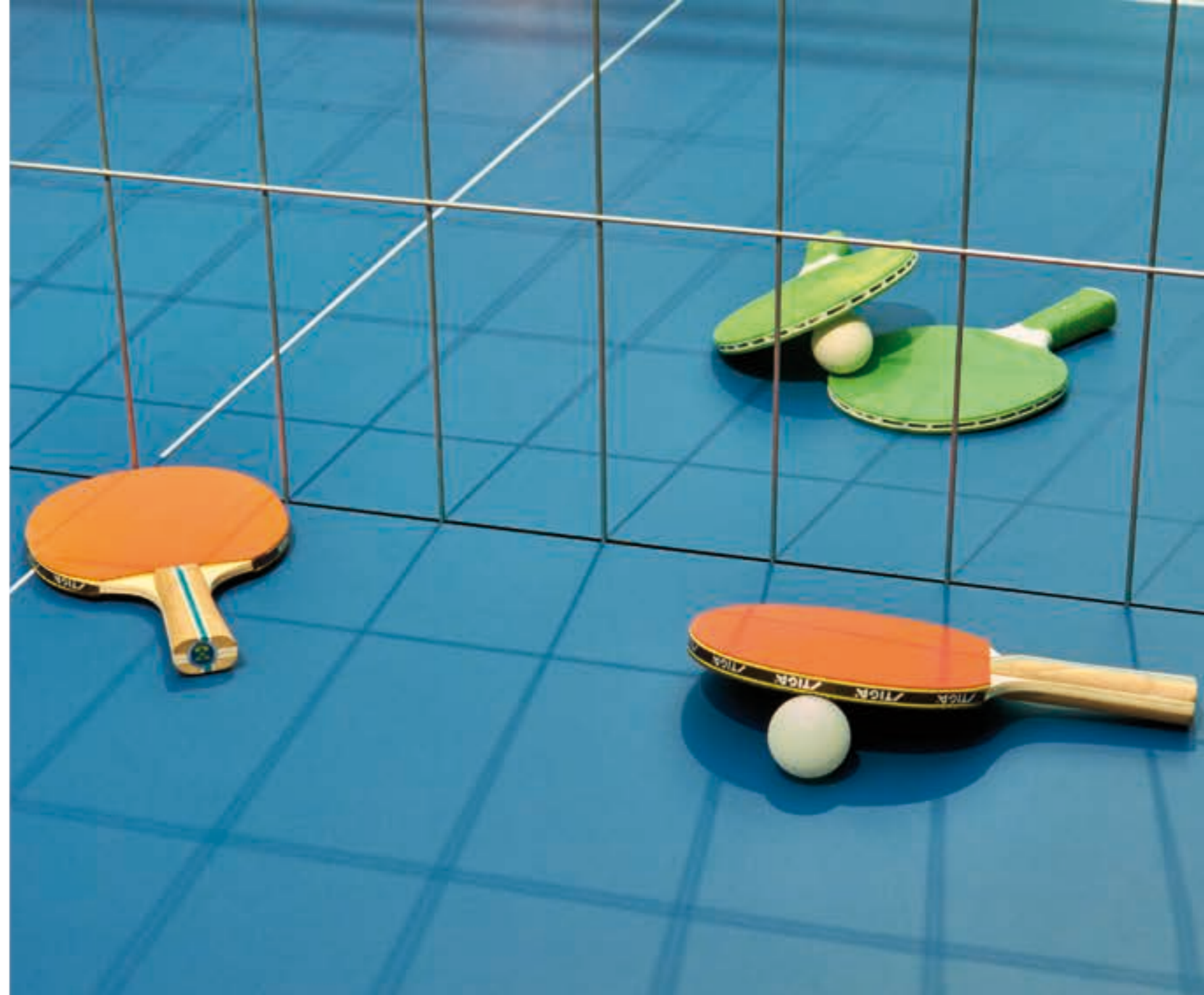








**THE METAL FENCE IN FRONT OF US,
THE MENTAL FENCE WITHIN US,
PING - PONG, HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE?**







WEITER – VOLLDAMPF VORAUSS







2011

WE HAVE
WHEN OF Y
THERE IS
NOW





he packed my bag la nigh pe-fligh
 Zeo hou 9:00 a.m.
 And I'm gonna be high
 A a kie by hen

I mi he Eah o much I mi my wife
 I lonely ou in pace
 On uch a imeless fligh

And I hink i gonna be a long, long ime
 'il ouchdown bing me 'ound again o find
 I'm no he man hey hink I am a home
 Oh, no, no, no
 I'm a Ocke Man
 Ocke Man, buning ou hi fue up hee alone

And I hink i gonna be a long, long ime
 'il ouchdown bing me 'ound again o find
 I'm no he man hey hink I am a home
 Oh, no, no, no
 I'm a Ocke man
 Ocke Man, buning ou hi fue up hee alone

Ma ain' he kind of place o aie you kid
 In fac i cold a hell
 And hee no one hee o aie hem
 If you did

And all hi cience
 I don' undeand
 I ju my job five day a week
 a Ocke Man
 a Ocke Man

And I hink i gonna be a long, long ime
 'il ouchdown bing me 'ound again o find
 I'm no he man hey hink I am a home
 Oh, no, no, no
 I'm a Ocke Man
 Ocke Man, buning ou hi fue up hee alone

And I hink i gonna be a long, long ime
 'il ouchdown bing me 'ound again o find
 I'm no he man hey hink I am a home
 Oh, no, no, no
 I'm a Ocke Man
 Ocke Man, buning ou hi fue up hee alone

And I hink i gonna be a long, long ime ...

*Mika Hannula,
 Ocke Man Oulipo Version,
 Slandering, Taking Out R, S & T)*

DO NOT
FORGET
HE NOT

WE HAVE NO
WHEN OR WHERE
THERE IS ONLY
NOW AND HERE

DOES ANYONE KNOW?
DO YOU NEED
A TOURIST VISA
FOR THE MOON BOOTS?

YES WE CAN
WE ARE PERFECTLY
CAPABLE OF TRYING
OURSELVES INTO DISTRACTION

There is
No No No
Entry without
I I I
Identity

IF WE CAN AGREE THAT
THE ONLY WAY IS UP
THEN WHICH WAY AGAIN
IS DOWN AND LOW?





ZURÜCKBLEIBEN!







Oh what a gregarious joy, such an evil pleasure
A sight for the sore eyes and honey for the restless ears
Oh what a reminder of the endless depths of empathy
that the true blue human soul can reach and master

There were where, and here we met – again and again.
Like strangers, but not in solitude – and never alone.
Passers by linked in urban anthropology of the near
and no, no fear, no fear – stay back, stay back

Oh dear, how I long for those tenuous moments
those everyday monuments of useless aggression
Oh my how I manage to miss that celebration of misunderstandings
a clash and a collision that always promises another turn, another rerun

its rhyme, rhythm and repetition
its rhyme, rhythm and repetition

Humanity reduced to a function that no longer matters
The unintended parody of the cruelest kind,
disasters derailed and deliriously diluted
so graceless and lame, like those tears in rain – in vain

A moment of desired glory where and when
we all join in the chorus and we sing along:
happy as a has-been horse we are,
happy as a has-been horse we are





**ÜBER DEN FLUSS [RHEINGOLD]
DREILÄNDERECKFISCHEN
DREILÄNDERECKLIED**







ÜBER DEN FLUSS
Ein Monolog

Dass das Wasser im Fluss immer flussabwärts fließt, ist wohl einem Fehler der irdischen Physik geschuldet. Dieses Grundgesetz heißt tatsächlich: **DA HINAB!**

Wasser weiß sich zu wehren. Wasser ist vielfältig und hat viele Eigenschaften und natürlich kann es trüb oder klar sein. Wasser hat keine Balken, gleichwohl trägt Wasser auch Balken und es trägt zur Existenz des Lebens maßgeblich bei.

Ich fuhr nach Tokyo. Tokyo liegt am Wasser, liegt an einem unbedeutenden Fluss und einem sehr bedeutenden Ozean, den wir fälschlicherweise den ruhigen Ozean nennen. Viel vom Fluss und ein klein wenig dieses Ozeans sind in Tokyo überbaut. Überbauung ist ein gutes Mittel, darunter liegende Wasser in ihrem Strömungsverhalten zu untersuchen.



Eine Japanerin mit Gagushi-Ausbildung behauptete klar und deutlich auf meine Frage hin, dass das Wasser des Rheins **DA HINAUF** fließt. **HINAUF** Richtung Quelle oder hier zum Zwischenziel Bodensee.

Als ich Richtung Ginza ging, floss das das Wasser schwarz tief unter mir nach DORT. Als ich zurück ging floss das Wasser über auch nach DORT. Dabei hätte es weiterhin DAHIN fließen müssen, wo DORT vorher war. Es hatt seine Richtung geändert.

Ein Elektriker würde dies Wechselstrom nennen. Ein Kapitän nennt es Gezeiten, also Ebbe und Flut oder den Tidenwechsel. Dazwischen kabbelt es. Kabbeln mit Doppel-b.

Der Elektriker würde es nur mit einem b schreiben



Ich flog zurück nach Basel, kaum schlauer,
aber verständnisvoller geworden. Ja Basel kann
mit seinen ca. 350 Höhenmetern nicht von den Tiden
beeinflusst werden. Wenn der beeinflussende Mond es
so will kann sie kaum 10 Meter überschreiten.
Und doch entschied eine hinreichend gebildete
Japanerin bei näherer Betrachtung des durchaus
vorbeifließenden Flusses nicht nach DORT HIN
sondern NACH DA.

Ich musste also hinten vor das Haus an der Augustinergasse 17
treten, also dort, wo der Rhein fließt. Und siehe, weil er
keine Macht darüber hat, macht der Rhein beides. Am Ufer,
nahe bei mir und wohl damals auch nahe bei der informierenden
Japanerin, die ihre fluviolen Kenntnisse ganz sicher
aus Tokyo hatte, floss der Rhein DAHIN, während er eigentlich
in seiner Majestät nach DORT floss.

Ein fundamentaler Teil mag zurückgetrieben worden sein.
Jedes Bauwerk, jeder Tempel muss ein Fundament haben.

DRUNTEN:

Weil es turbulent zugeht auf dieser Welt und in der Strömung.

„Panta rhei“ sagte Heraklit ohne die Kelten und
deren Hauptverkehrsweg, den Renos zu kennen,
den dann in nachgriechischer und nachkeltischer
Zeit die Römer Rhenus nannten – vielleicht nur,
um einen eigenen Namen für ihn zu haben.
Mit Namen waren die Römer bekanntlich eigen.

Ja, er hatte Recht, der Herr Heraklit, aber eine
sinnvolle Richtungsangabe ist in diesem archaischen,
internationalen und somit hyperhistorischen
Sinnspruch nicht zu erkennen.

So ist er, der Rhein,
der dann doch Holz in Form von mehreren Gierfähren antreibt,
indem er nach DORT fließt am Ufer seine Strömung verlangsamt,
abbremst und die Fähre am Anleger zum Halten bringt.
Wäre die Fähre nicht mit einem Seil befestigt,
würde sie wie ein typischer Basler Kahn, ein Weidling,
auf leichtem Kiel DAHIN ziehen.

Als es darum ging, ein wunderbares sandgestreutes Mandala
seiner Bestimmung in die Unendlichkeit zu übergeben,
nutzte der Dalei Lama nicht die Wettsteinbrücke, sondern
professionell die Gierfähre „Leu“. Eine Unendlichkeit
winziger bunter Sandkörner, die Basis eines Tempels
symbolisieren sollten, verteilten sich für ewig.

Text

Basel/Pforzheim, Juli 2016

Rainer Bartels







UNITED AGAINST POPULISM!





Danke für die gemeinsame Zeit aus Wismar.
Ein Brainstorming – Zehn Jahre später

Es waren insgesamt 31 Teilnehmende aus neun verschiedenen Ländern bei der 17. Internationalen Sommerakademie für Architektur, Design und Kunst an der Fakultät Gestaltung der Hochschule Wismar (30.7. bis 17.8.2012) dabei. Mit finnfemfel waren sie im dreiwöchigen Hauptkurs unter dem Titel „Wenn das Leben am Wenigsten Kunst ist“ auf der Suche nach dem Übergang oder der Konfrontation zwischen Leben und Kunst. Zudem wurden Nebenkurse zu den Themen Modellieren, Druck und Fotografie regionaler Dozenten, sowie Exkursionen, angeboten.

Meine Erinnerungen

- Dieser wirklich starke Vodka aus Finnland als Begrüßungsgetränk auf der Wiese mit finnfemfel
- Manchmal lange Abende mit Prof. Valentin Rothmaler auf der Dachterrasse unter dem Titel „Kulinarik - Art of Dining“
 - Exkursionen nach Lübeck, Prora und Stralsund mit Erik Marokko
 - Fussgängerzone mit Fingerfarbe und die nachfolgende Putzaktion
 - Offizielle Wand für Graffiti auf dem

Hochschul-Campus finden

- Einer Teilnehmerin Fahrradfahren beibringen, leider ohne Erfolg
- Finale Rettungsaktion der Quallen aus der Ausstellung
- Entspanntes und zugleich konzentriertes Arbeiten mit finnfemfel

Arbeitsergebnisse

- Mehrere Foto- und Filmprojekte
- Kleider aus Zeitungspapier
- Gemeinsam Tischtennis und doch getrennt
- Quallenbewegungen
- Wismar als Schatten vom Plattenspieler
- Schachfiguren aus Gemüse
- Installation im Foyer
- ... und eine sehr gut besuchte Vernissage

Projektmanagement
Silke Holtmann M.A.

WHEN LIFE IS THE LEAST ART



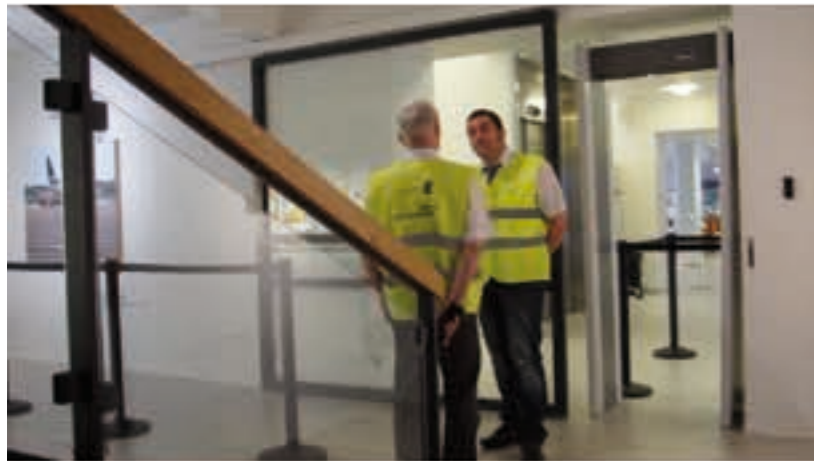






WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN





FINNFEMFEL AND THE MAGIC URN

BY ADAM BRITTING

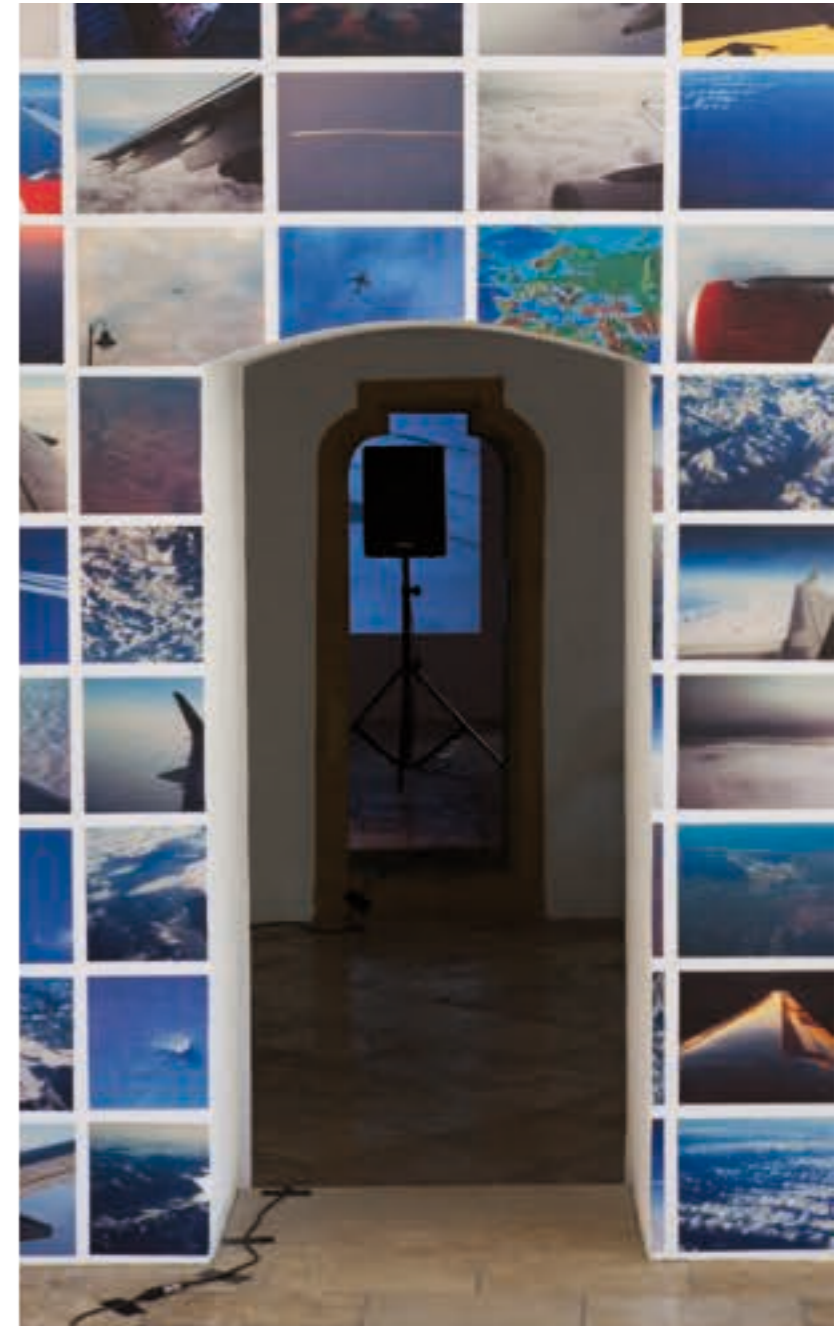


FINNAIR

ODER WER WIRD DEN GLEICH IN DIE LUFT GEHEN?













CURATORS FOR SALE



FINNFEMFEL

CURATORS FOR SALE!

Inkjet-print
White wooden frame
24x32 cm
2008

Name and occupation at the time of the project – left to right, descending:

Marketta Seppälä
Director FRAME - Finnish Fund for Art Exchange, Helsinki

Dan Holm
Curator of art in the Museum of Ostrobothnia, Vaasa, Finland

Mika Hannula
Curator, art critic, guest professor at Valand University of Gothenburg, Berlin

László Zsuzsa & Dora Hegyi
Curators, art critics, art historians... Budapest

Tomas Ivan Träskman
Art historian, curator, art critic... Helsinki

Valentin Rothmaler
Professor of Art at Wismar University, Curator, Plön, Germany

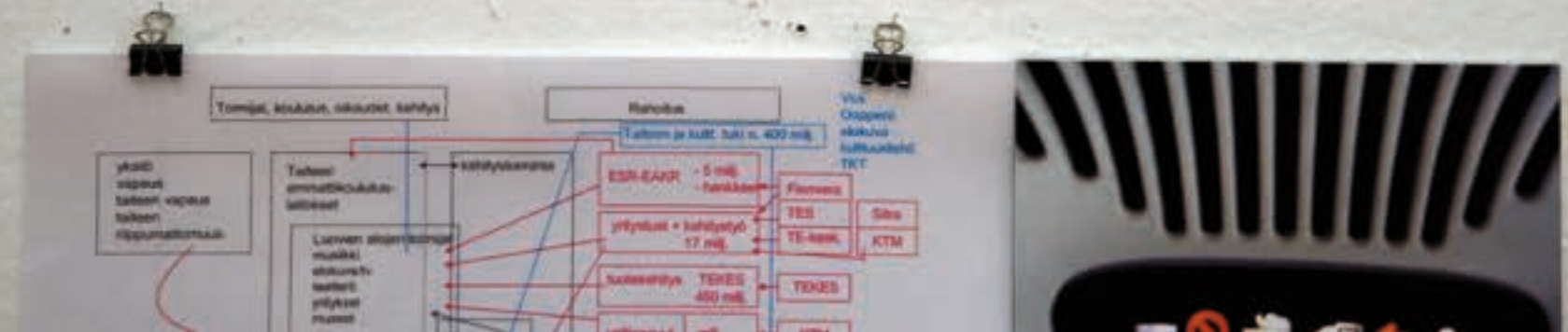
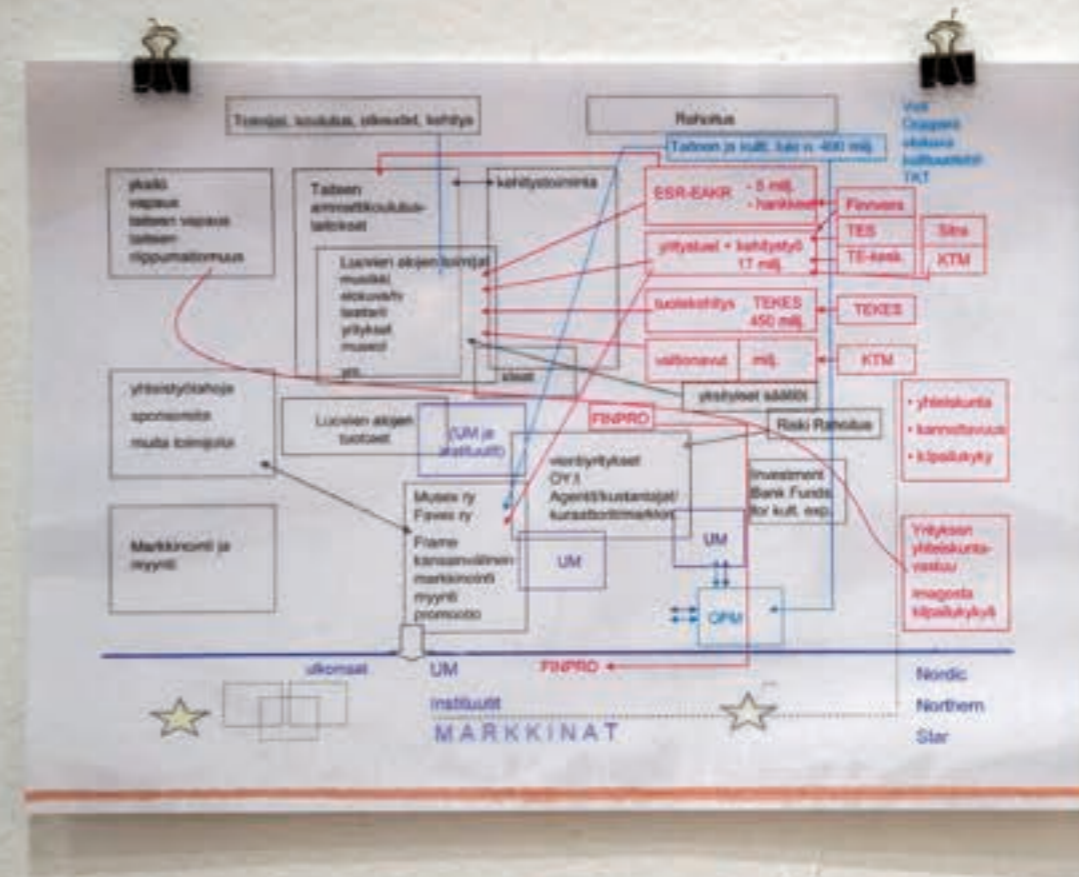


MARKETTA SEPPÄLÄ

HOMMAGE À READY-MADE: FROM STRATEGY TO PRODUCT

Lecture sheet
Inkjet-print
Dimensions variable
2008
Unlimited edition

The naked truth about marketing Finnish art abroad.

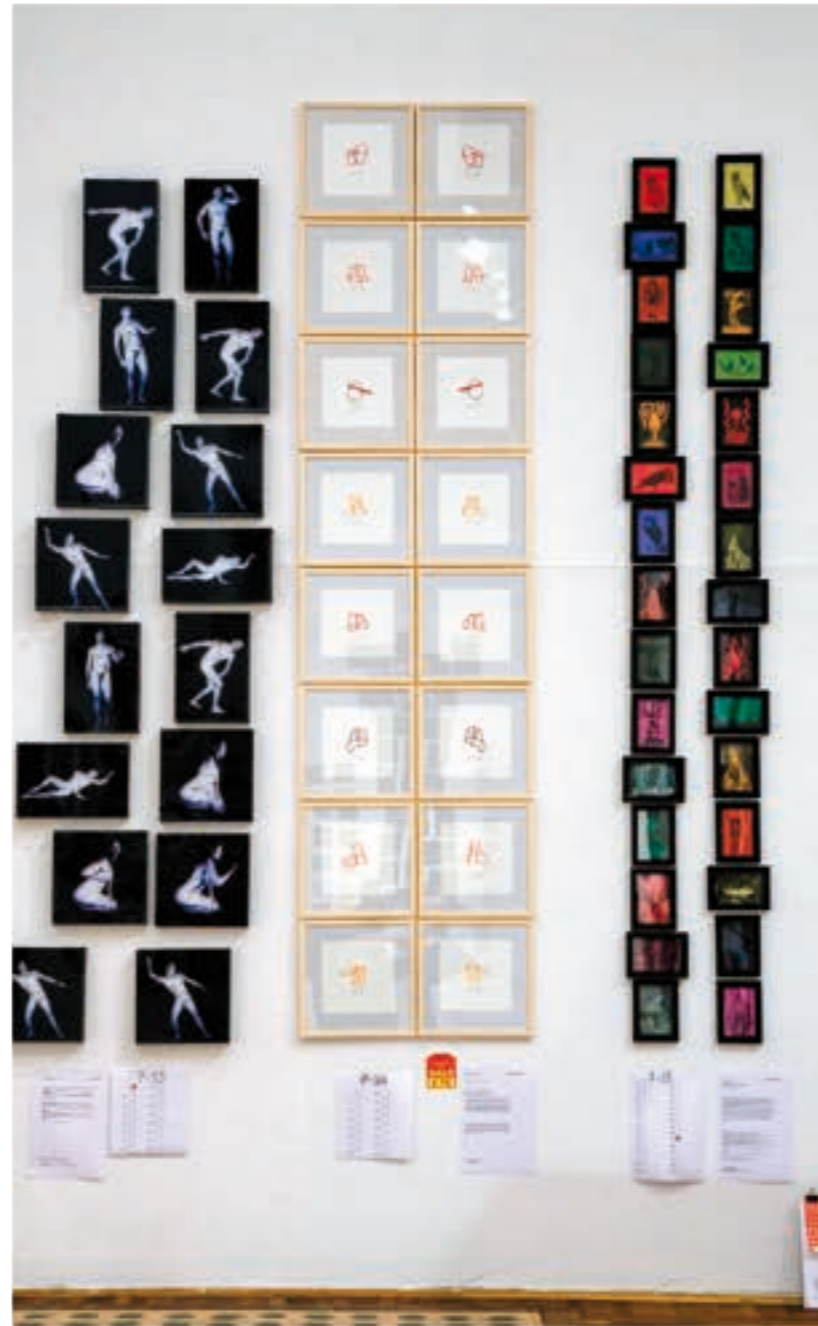


VALENTIN ROTHMALER

AUS DER SEKTKORKENKORBWELT

Prints on paper
30x30 cm
2008
Signed

These are monotypes printed at an etching press from found pieces, ready made, technically seen. These are embossing of a spatial reality in a new two-dimensional aesthetics, conceptual seen, which against allows you to imagine space: from a cowboy's hat to architecture. It's up to everyone's imagination. These are unique copies, signed by hand, from the point of view of an art collector. Each "champagne cork cave" was printed just from its two sides. I call those Tiefdruckmonotypien (etching monotypes). Again, each print appears individual, conceptually like each bottle of champagne, which is served for any celebrate occasion ever and it is unique as any individual.



LÁSZLÓ ZSUZSA & DORA HEGYI

KUNST=KAPITAL IN IASI - DOCUMENTATION

Two-sided C-print
2008
5 copies

For Periferic 8 - Contemporary Art Biennial, Iasi a publishing house was founded by the name of KUNST-KAPITAL that issued its first multiple "Joseph Beuys Edition Iasi", which worked in a self-service way offering the visitors the possibility to create - using their banknotes - their own copies of KUNST-KAPITAL's first signature edition. The photos presented at ARTmART are documenting this project.



DAN HOLM

Pencil, Ink, Wash on paper
24x32 cm
1997-200

Situations I - X



MIKA HANNULA

7 posters
Texts on white strong paper
Texts either in black or red
38x53 cm
2008
Unlimited edition



**ALCOHOLISM
BEATS
CAPITALISM**

TOMAS IVAN TRÄSKMAN

THE PHOENIX (NASDAQ 2.0), POST

THE PHOENIX (Nasdaq 2.0):

Ashes and wood

2008

POST: Send Art Here: Berndt Arell

Inkjet-print

24x18 cm

2008

- The Phoenix (Nasdaq 2.0): conceptual experiment including a hopeful element
- POST: a conceptual experiment in interdependence and networking



PRAISE OF LAZINESS

As an artist, I learned from both the East (socialism) and the West (capitalism). Of course, now when the borders and political systems have changed, such an experience will be no longer possible. But what I have learned from that dialogue, stays with me. My observation and knowledge of Western art has lately led me to a conclusion that art cannot exist any more in the West. This is not to say that there isn't any. Why cannot art exist any more in the West? The answer is simple. Artists in the West are not lazy. Artists from the East are lazy; whether they will stay lazy now when they are no longer Eastern artists, remains to be seen.

Laziness is the absence of movement and thought, just dumb time – total amnesia. It is also indifference, staring at nothing, non-activity, impotence. It is sheer stupidity, a time of pain, futile concentration. Those

POWER-NAP

and perfected.

Artists in the West are not lazy and therefore are not artists but rather producers of something..... Their involvement with matters of no importance, such as production, promotion, gallery system, museum system, competition system (who is first), their preoccupation with objects, all that drives them away from laziness, from art. Just as money is paper, so is gallery a room.

Artists from the East were lazy and poor because the entire system of insignificant factors did not exist. Therefore they had enough time to concentrate on art and laziness. Even when they did produce art, they knew it was in vain, it was nothing.

virtues of laziness are important factors in art. Knowing about laziness is not enough, it must be practiced

Artists from the West could learn about laziness, but they didn't. Two major 20th-century artists treated the question of laziness, in both practical and theoretical terms: Duchamp and Malevich.

Duchamp never really discussed laziness, but rather indifference and non-work. When asked by Pierre Cabanne what had brought him most pleasure in life, Duchamp said: "First, having been lucky. Because basically I've never worked for a living. I consider working for a living slightly imbecilic from an economic point of view. I hope that some day we'll be able to live without being obliged to work. Thanks to my luck, I was able to manage without getting wet".

Malevich wrote a text entitled "Laziness – the real truth of mankind" (1921). In it he criticized capitalism because it enabled only a small number of capitalists to be lazy, but also socialism because the entire movement was based on work instead of laziness. To quote: "People are scared of laziness and persecute those who accept it, and it always happens because no one realizes laziness is the truth; it has been branded as the mother of all vices, but it is in fact the mother of life. Socialism brings liberation in the unconscious, it scorns laziness without realizing it was laziness that gave birth to it; in his folly, the son scorns his mother as the mother of all vices and would not remove the brand; in this brief note I want to remove the brand of shame from laziness and to pronounce it not the mother of all vices, but the mother of perfection".

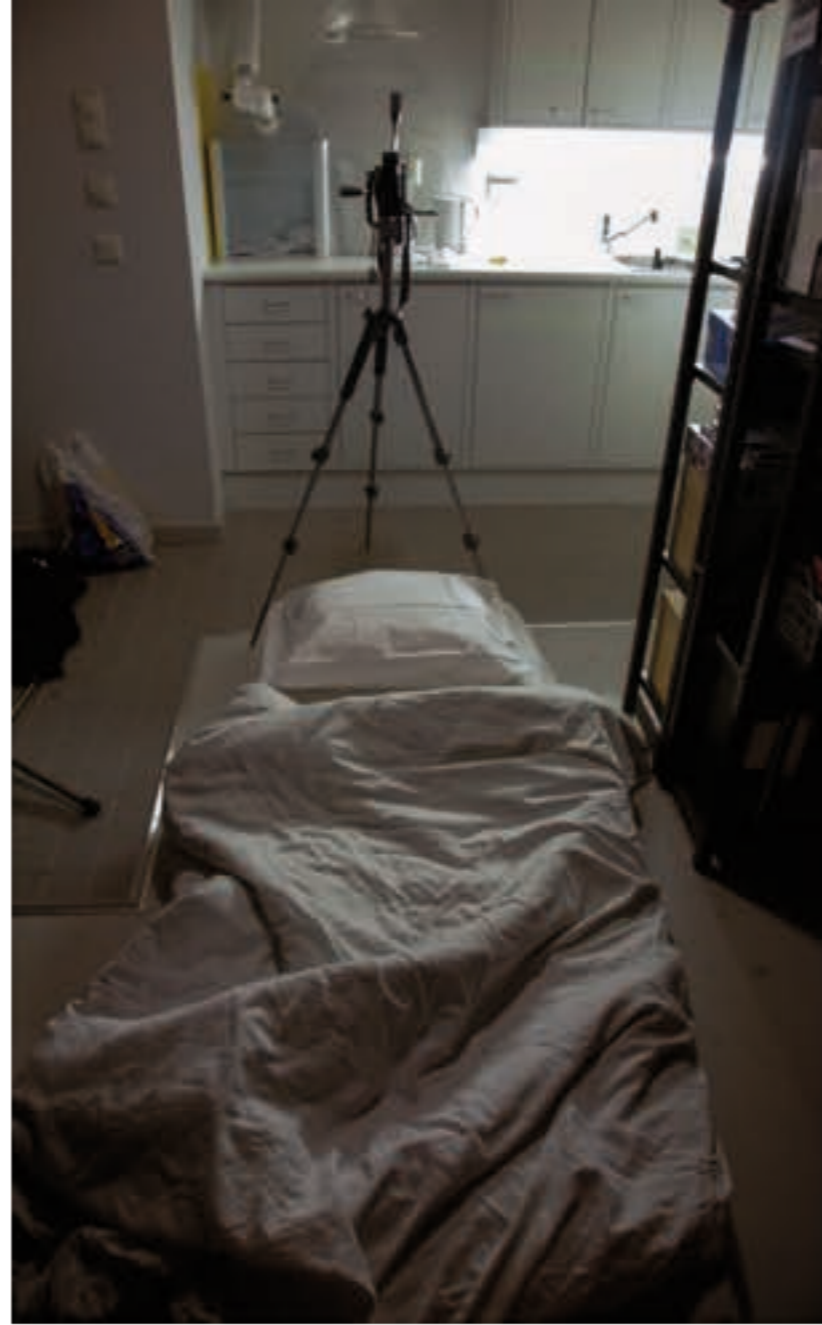
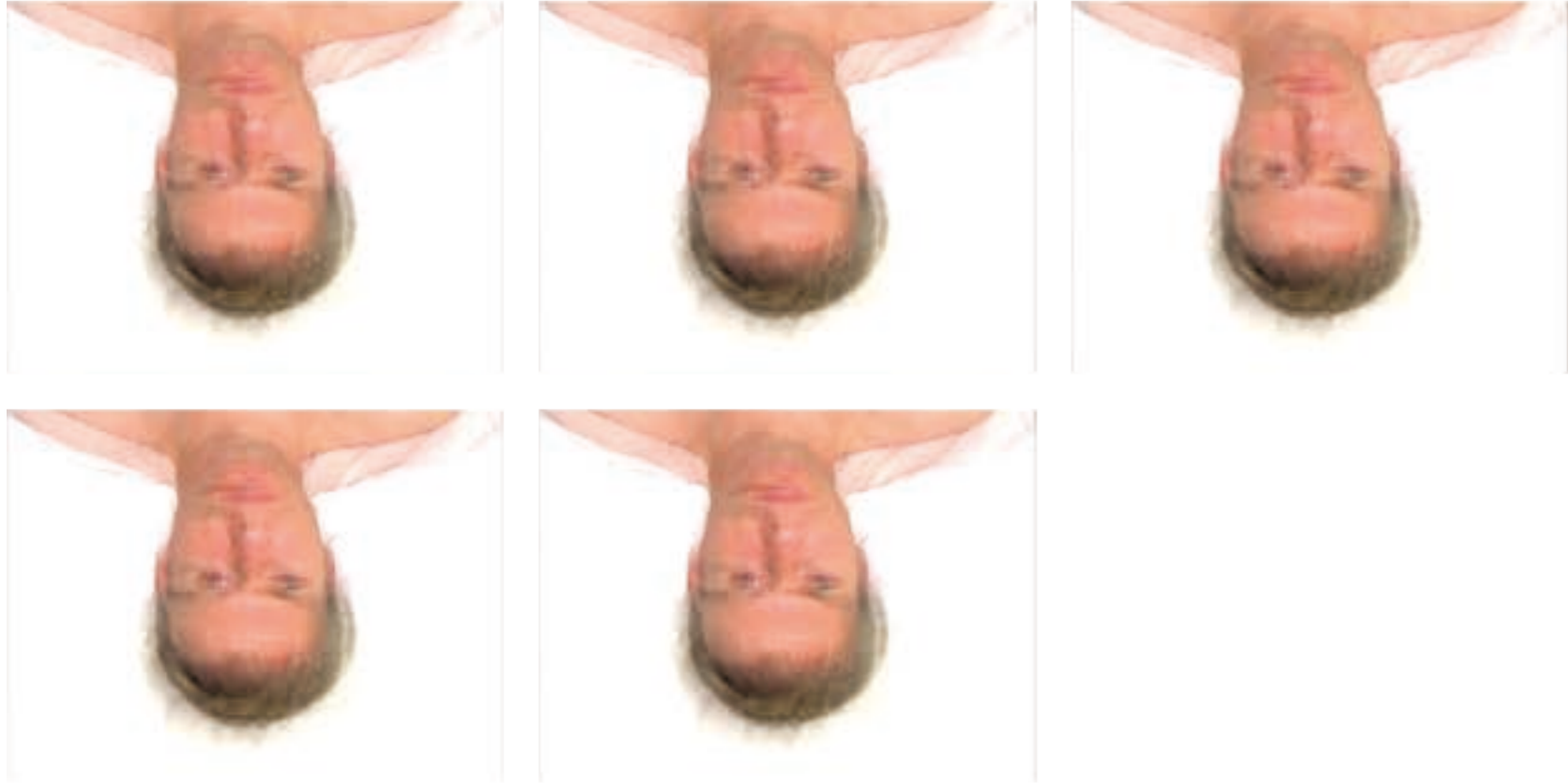
Finally, to be lazy and conclude: there is no art without laziness.

WORK IS A DISEASE – KARL MARX (Mladen Stilinović)

WORK IS A SHAME (Vlado Martek)

*Mladen Stilinović, 1993
Translated by Marija Marušić*





THE DAY OF THE LIVING PEOPLE







WISHES:

LIGHT THE ROAD; MORE ACTIVITY FOR CHILDREN; MOVE AWAY; BUILD MORE DWELLING-HOUSES; WHITE CHRISTMAS; BUILD A CENTER FOR CHILDREN; NICER OUTDOORS, PLAYGROUNDS, PARK, LIGHT THE ROAD; MORE GREENERY TO UNPLEASANT SURROUNDINGS; COMPUTER ROOM, HORSES; SWIMMING PLACE, COMPUTER, SPORTING FACILITIES; MORE ACTIVITIES AND PEOPLE, HIGHER SALARIES; RESTORE THE PARK, LIGHT THE ROAD TO SCHOOL; MOVE AWAY, GET DRUNK

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GOOD BAD



LEMBIT / ago 14 / Student
www.MOVE AWAY, GET DRUNK

WISHES:

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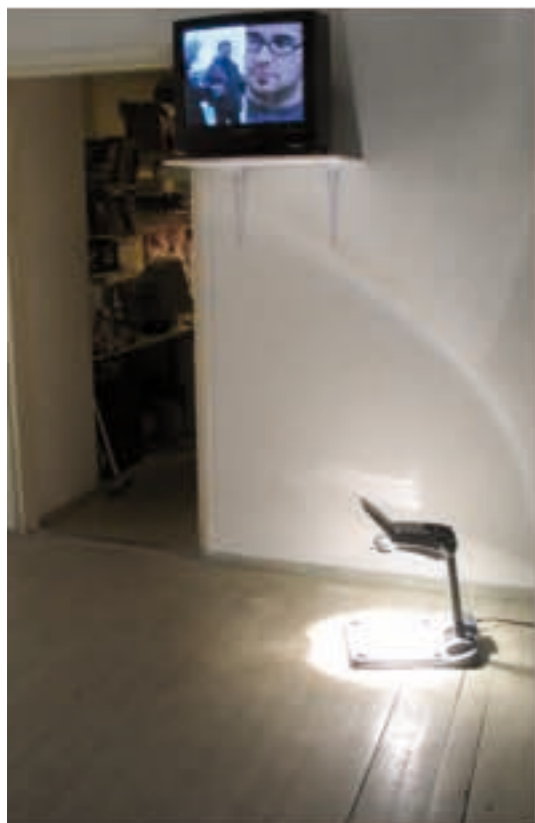
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NORDIC WALKING









BELGRADE



HELSINKI





NYKARLEBY

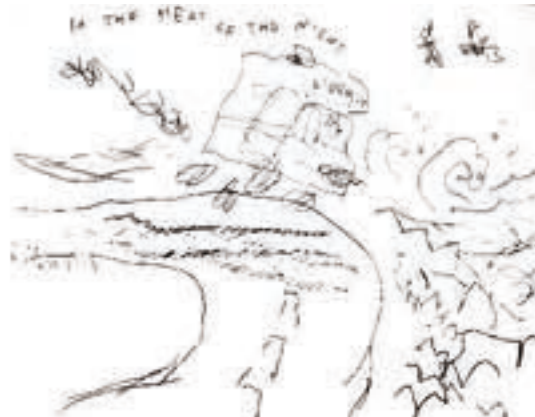


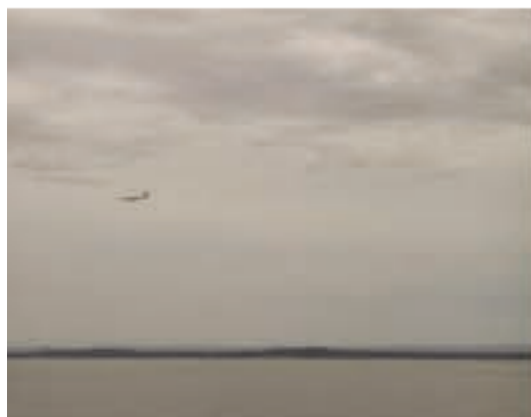
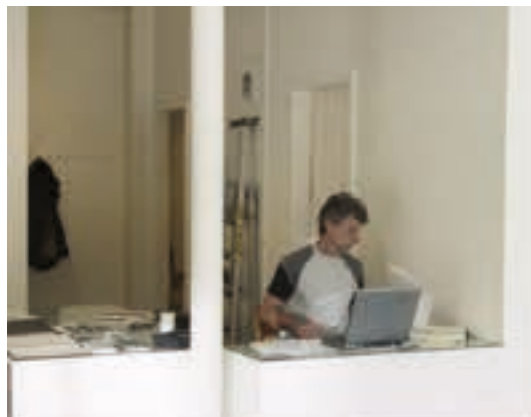
FERIE

Jag har fina minnen från "Ferie". Jag och min lillebror satt och ritade mycket i husbilen. Jag testade coola solglasögon som finnfemfel hade med och jag testade många solglasögon vid olika bensinstationer på vägen. Jag och min lillebror träffade nya kompisar i Trondheim och deras familj hade en pizzeria så det var jättenajs och så minns jag att vi körde på en bro som var för smal och det repade husbilen... Jag lyssnade också mycket på Mackes Thåström CD, den tyckte jag var riktigt bra. Jag minns också en jättefin fjord där Oskar fotade med sin stora gamla kamera. Denna resa var också första gången som jag såg renar på riktigt!

Sara Braun







NOT-ORESTE 4

Parliamo di me. Non c'è niente di cui vergognarsi.
Sembrava che, in quel luogo dove eravamo, fosse impossibile non rimanere.
Poi si ritornava come prima.
Sono stato preso dall'impulso di fuggire. Era tanto tempo che non lo facevo.
Certe volte non si riesce a smettere.
Lei continuava a cercargli una casa. Tutti i paradisi che trovava erano vuoti.
Quando la nebbia circondò il paese, molti credettero che fosse il mare.

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti













MEETING POINT





LE TRIBÙ DELL'ARTE

- ... 24 bottigliette di una speciale miscela di spezie (J. Boone, New York);
- biscotti, whisky e aringhe scozzesi (Robert Gordon University, Aberdeen, Scozia);
- prodotti alimentari dal Montenegro (Sanja Perisic, Podgorica);
- marmellate di arance siciliane fatte in casa (S. Perna e T. Campisi, Catania);
- una scatola di panettoncini (Ditta "Galup", Pinerolo);
- caffè e tè biologico ("Generator" e C. Herd, Dundee, Scozia);
- servizio di minicab gratuito da Montescaglioso al mare ("Artway of Thinking", Mogliano Veneto);
- 12 sacchetti di caffè messicano, 40 saponette indiane, 20 kg di zucchero integrale del Paraguay e delle Filippine, 12 kg di riso integrale thailandese ("CTM" e "altromercato", Bolzano);
- un pallone da calcio ("Museo del Somaro", Perugia)
- 12 bottiglie di vodka finlandese (offerte da "Finlandia Vodka" e da FinnFemFel, Finlandia), di cui solo alcune sopravvissute al viaggio;
- 240 rotoli di carta igienica (Partito del Tubo, Roma);
- 2 casse di pasta (ARAP, Segni);
- 16 casse di libri di poesia (Manni editore, Lecce);
- una scatola di sacchetti di patatine (Caterina Davinio, Monza);
- un pacco di matite (Coco Gordon, New York);
- quattro casse di pasta e due di pomodori pelati (Franco Fiorillo, L'Aquila);
- un mazzo di carte napoletane (Lucavalerio, Roma);
- due casse di pasta (Pastificio "Lecce" e Claudio Angione, Cosenza);
- 20 litri di olio siciliano di coltivazione biologica (Azienda "Bosco Falconeria" di Simeti Taylor, Partinico);
- torte tipiche della Repubblica di San Marino (Segreteria di Stato RSM, Rita Canarezza e Pier Paolo Coro);
- 50 saponette aromatiche artigianali ("Vaasan Saippua Oy" e Albert Braun, Vaasa, Finlandia);
- 1 kg di preservativi ("SSL Healthcare spa" e Emilio Fantin, Bologna);
- tè aromatico, gulasch e specialità da spalmare (Vincenza Casaluca-Geiger, Vienna);
- cinque brocche ("Butley Pottery" e H. Hussey, Woodbridge, Suffolk, UK)...

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti





BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT



re so many expensive "



it's impossible to differ



wake up with puffy eye



in I do in the morning!



out for the evening?



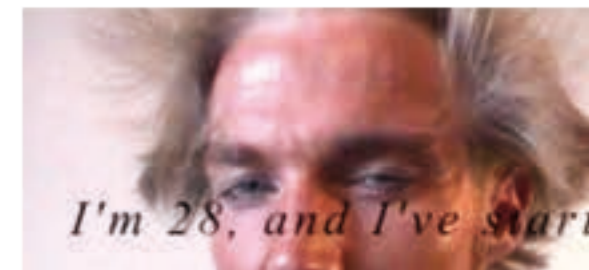
get out of this color ru



Do I really need one?



out. I need a quick fix, s



I'm 28, and I've start



När vi hör titeln på utställningen "I'd Rather be Fishing than Going to an Artshow" är det lätt att anta att finnfemfel är bland de många aktörer i konstvärlden som hyser ett djupt konstförakt. Men så fort vi ser bortom den mest ytliga nivån av installationen, blir det tydligt att det är motsatsen. Det finnfemfel undersöker är något helt annat: Hur återkopplar konsten som vi möter i ett galleri, museum eller det offentliga rummet till vår vardag? Med andra ord, det vi möter i konstnärliga uttryck (vilken form eller form det än kan ha) behöver vara meningsfullt i förhållande till de liv vi har utanför konstsammanhanget. Den behöver relatera till våra erfarenheter och de problem som vi möter i familjer, på arbetsplatser eller i sociala sammanhang.

I'D RATHER BE FISHING THAN GOING TO AN ART SHOW

Finnfemfel vet att svaren på dessa reflektioner finns i kroppen. Vi kan sällan hitta svar på de mycket verkliga frågor som livet kastar på oss bara rationellt eller intellektuellt. Oftare än inte behöver vi känna det i våra skelett, muskler, senor, tarm och nerver för att hantera dem. Känslan måste kännas i själva cellerna som tillsammans utgör våra kroppar för att det ska bli meningsfullt. Det är därför som videorna av medlemmarna i finnfemfel i installationen skildrar tydliga fysiska upplevelser: skidåkning, fiske, motorcykel och badminton.

Verket är med andra ord en reflektion över förhållandet mellan vad som kan förstås intellektuellt med våra rationella förmågor och vad vårt

"kroppssinne" kan greppa om världen. Det sistnämnda omfattar inte bara våra sinnen, utan även proprioception, kroppsörnimmelser och kroppsmedvetenhet. När fiskaren skär fingrarna på en fiskkrok eller längdskidåkaren svettas trots kylan omkring sig är det inte bara sinnen som upplever omvärlden. Det går djupare.

Finnfemfel vill att vi ska reflektera över vad parallellen till detta skulle vara i ett kulturellt sammanhang. De är inte intresserade av den borgerliga konstupplevelsen. De vill ha något djupare och mer kroppsligt: Vad är det som gör intrycket av en konsert, film, roman eller föreställning verkligen visceralt? Vad är det med vissa konstnärliga upplevelser som får oss att gråta, skratta, känna oss illamående eller djupt rörda på andra sätt?

I den poetiska världen kan vi uppehålla oss vid frågor utan att nödvändigtvis hitta ett enda svar. Svaren förändras, utvecklas, fördjupas eller blir överflödiga allt eftersom tiden går och våra liv förändras. Det är därför intressant att återbesöka detta stycke efter nästan 25 år

och se hur tiden har förändrats, hur tiderna har förändrats och hur vi alla har förändrats med tiden.

Tvärtemot vad vi trodde och hoppades då, har den kartesiska klyftan mellan sinne och kropp blivit både djupare och bredare. Det skapar mer störningar och förödelse i människors liv varje dag, eftersom det splittrar människor och polariserar samhällen. Med det kan fler och fler konstnärer och konstnärliga uttryck inte återknyta kontakten med sin publiks liv och bara efterlikna konstens fysiska utseende. Det är bra om folk vill gå nerför den gränden och spela det spelet. Men återigen tvingas jag säga: "Jag vill hellre fiska än att gå på en konstutställning."

Per Hüttner



KUNGSPASSAGEN

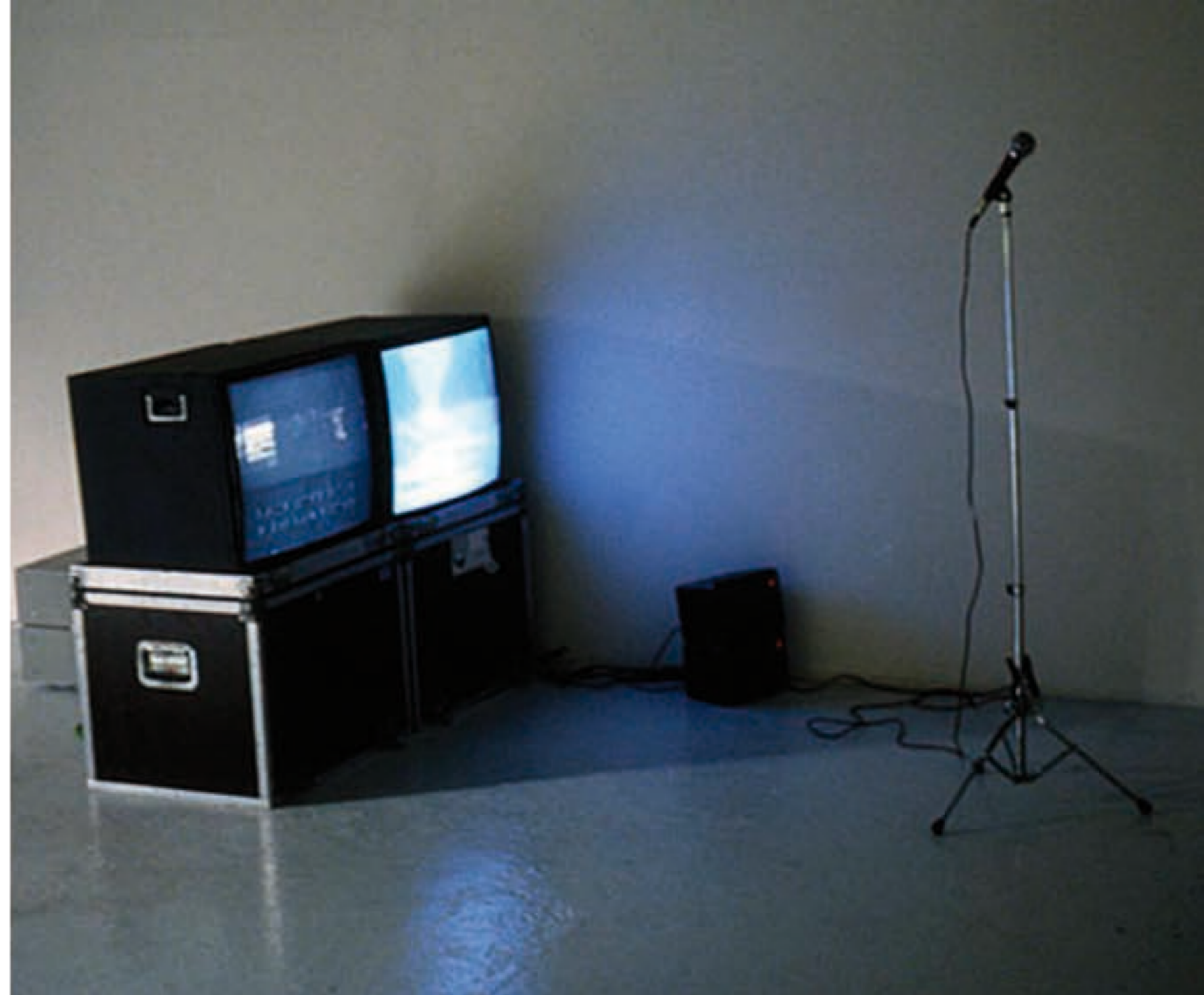
Vi var fyra funktionärer i samhällstjänst. Vår uppgift var att anordna ceremonin "rulla ut röda mattan". Vi började vår stadsvandring i Vasa (Finland); rullade ut mattan där vi såg det lämpligt och erbjöd förbipasserande möjligheten att stega på mattan. Därefter tog vi färjan över till Umeå (Sverige) för vidare tjänstgöring. Mattan rullades ut på gator och torg, på färjedäck och stadspark, köpcentrum och småbåtsbrygga. Alla var välkomna att hedra sig själva på den Röda mattan.

Simo Brotherus





KARAOKE BEUYS



WHEN, WHERE, [WHAT] AND WITH WHOM

OCKE MAN p.12

2023

Location: KREIS Galerie, Nürnberg (D)

In collaboration with Mika Hannula – lyrics, Cheunhui Tang - portrait drawings, Dan Holm - drawings, Sam Lerviks - text and Arne Braun - music performance

The project was funded and sponsored by: KREIS Galerie, The Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland, Bauunternehmen Josef Götz, Zimmerei Schönl Jiri Masek, Mika Hannula, Christian Siege, Tony Shepherd and Phillipp Lindner

THE METAL FENCE IN FRONT OF US, THE MENTAL FENCE WITHIN US, PING – PONG, HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE? p. 34

2023

Exhibition: Tuuletus!

Location: Lapua Art Museum, Lapua (FIN).

WEITER - VOLLDAMPF VORAUS p. 40

2018

Location: Axel Obiger, Berlin (D)

In collaboration with Mika Hannula – text and lyrics, Cheunhui Tang - portrait drawings and Evi Filippou & Arne Braun - music performance.

The project was funded and sponsored by: Axel Obiger, Art Promotion Center Finland, Ömür Güldas, Christian F. Siege, Philipp Lindner, Manuel Trummer and Arne Braun

ZURÜCKBLEIBEN! p. 54

2018

Location: Axel Obiger, Berlin (D)

In collaboration with Mika Hannula – text

Funded by: Axel Obiger, Frame – Contemporary Art Finland, Art

Promotion Center Finland, Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland

ÜBER DEN FLUSS [RHEINGOLD] DREILÄNDERECKFISCHEN DREILÄNDERECKLIED p.62

2017

Exhibition: VIVA (P)forza

Location: LAF-Projektraum, Pforzheim (D)

In collaboration with Rainer Bartels – text, Christian Lillinger – music performance, Simo Brotherus – comic and Andres Bally – Weidling-boat trip

VIVA (P)forza was a joint exhibition with supe.ch, Susanne Schär and Peter Spillmann.

Funded by: Stiftung Bartels Fondation – zum kleinen Markgräflerhof | Basel, Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland

UNITED AGAINST POPULISM! S.76

2014

Exhibition: Rettet Europa III

Location: Tempel Museum Etsdorf (D)

WHEN LIFE IS THE LEAST ART p.80

2012

17th. International Summer Academy Wismar For Architecture, Design And Art

Location: Wismar (D)

*Thank you for the time together from Wismar.
A brainstorming session – ten years later*

A total of 31 participants from nine different countries took part in the 17th International Summer Academy for Architecture, Design and Art at the Faculty of Design at Wismar University (July 30 to August 17, 2012). With

finnfemfel they were looking for the transition or confrontation between life and art in the three-week main course entitled “When life is the least art”. In addition, side courses on modeling, printing and photography from regional lecturers, as well as excursions, were offered.

My memories

- *This really strong vodka from Finland as a welcome drink on the meadow with finnfemfel*
- *Sometimes long evenings with Prof. Valentin Rothmaler on the roof terrace under the title “Culinary - Art of Dining”*
- *Excursions to Lübeck, Prora and Stralsund with Erik Morocco*
- *Pedestrian zone with finger paint and the subsequent cleaning operation*
- *Find an official wall for graffiti on the college campus*
- *Teaching a participant to ride a bike, unfortunately without success*
- *Final rescue operation of the jellyfish from the exhibition*
- *Relaxed and at the same time concentrated work with finnfemfel work*

Results

- *Several photo and film projects*
- *Dresses made from newspaper*
- *Table tennis together and yet apart*
- *Jellyfish movements*
- *Wismar as a shadow from the record player*
- *Vegetable chess pieces*
- *Installation in the foyer and a very well-attended opening*

Project management

Silke Holtmann M.A

WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN p. 88

2011

Exhibition: To have/To own

Location: Kuntsi Museum of Modern Art, Vaasa (FIN)

In collaboration with Simo Brotherus – “Magic Urn” comic strip, Ingold Airlines – posters and Robert Back – oil paintings

The project was funded and sponsored by: Göran Knuts, Henrik

Fågelbärj, Finavia, Wasa Teater – Österbottens regionteater, Vaasan Kaupunginteatteri, Anvia, Vasabladet, Pohjalainen, Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland, Platform

FINNAIR p. 94

2010

Location: Luftmuseum, Amberg (D)

In collaboration with Claudia Melodie - collecting ashes from the volcano Eyjafjallajökull and Kjartan Einarsson - documentation and delivery of ashes to Amberg

Funded by: Luftmuseum, Art Promotion Centre Finland, Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland

CURATORS FOR SALE p. 106

2008

Exhibition: ARTmART

Location: Künstlerhaus Wien, Vienna (AUT)

POWER-NAP p. 122

2007

Exhibition: Die Freie Klasse denkt weiter [nach]

Location: Galerie den Künstler, Munich (D)

Praise of Laziness

As an artist, I learned from both the East (socialism) and the West (capitalism). Of course, now when the borders and political systems have changed, such an experience will be no longer possible. But what I have learned from that dialogue, stays with me. My observation and knowledge of Western art has lately led me to a conclusion that art cannot exist any more in the West. This is not to say that there isn't any. Why cannot art exist any more in the West? The answer is simple. Artists in the West are not lazy. Artists from the East are lazy; whether they will stay lazy now when they are no longer Eastern artists, remains to be seen.

Laziness is the absence of movement and thought, just dumb time – total amnesia. It is also indifference, staring at nothing, non-activity, impotence. It is sheer stupidity, a time of pain, futile concentration. Those virtues of laziness are important factors in art. Knowing about laziness is not enough, it must be practiced and perfected.

Artists in the West are not lazy and therefore are not artists but rather producers of something..... Their involvement with matters of no importance, such as production, promotion, gallery system, museum system, competition system (who is first), their preoccupation with objects, all that drives them away from laziness, from art. Just as money is paper, so is gallery a room.

Artists from the East were lazy and poor because the entire system of insignificant factors did not exist. Therefore they had enough time to concentrate on art and laziness. Even when they did produce art, they knew it was in vain, it was nothing.

Artists from the West could learn about laziness, but they didn't. Two major 20th-century artists treated the question of laziness, in both practical and theoretical terms: Duchamp and Malevich.

Duchamp never really discussed laziness, but rather indifference and non-work. When asked by Pierre Cabanne what had brought him most pleasure in life, Duchamp said: "First, having been lucky. Because basically I've never worked for a living. I consider working for a living slightly imbecilic from an economic point of view. I hope that some day we'll be able to live without being obliged to work. Thanks to my luck, I was able to manage without getting wet".

Malevich wrote a text entitled "Laziness – the real truth of mankind" (1921). In it he criticized capitalism because it enabled only a small number of capitalists to be lazy, but also socialism because the entire movement was based on work instead of laziness. To quote: "People are scared of laziness and persecute those who accept it, and it always happens because no one realizes laziness is the truth; it has been branded as the mother of all vices, but it is in fact the mother of life. Socialism brings liberation in the unconscious, it scorns laziness without realizing it was laziness that gave birth to it; in his folly, the son scorns his mother

as the mother of all vices and would not remove the brand; in this brief note I want to remove the brand of shame from laziness and to pronounce it not the mother of all vices, but the mother of perfection".

Finally, to be lazy and conclude: there is no art without laziness.

WORK IS A DISEASE – KARL MARX (Mladen Stilinović)

WORK IS A SHAME (Vlado Martek)

Mladen Stilinović, 1993
Translated by Marija Marušić

THE DAY OF THE LIVING PEOPLE p. 126

2004

Lifestyle workshop: Days of autumn

Location: Soomaa (EST)

In collaboration with Antonio Scarponi

NORDIC WALKING p. 132

2003

Exhibition: Learning by Doing

Location: Verkligheten, Umeå (S)

2003

Location: Studio Gallery, Budapest (HU)

2005

Exhibition: Situated self – Confused, Compassionate and Conflictual

Location: Museum for Contemporary Art, Belgrade (SBR) and HAM Tennis Palace, Helsinki (FIN)

2014

Exhibition: Nykarleby Recall – Coming Back

Location: Bothnia Biennale 2014, Nykarleby (FIN)

Funded and sponsored by: Arts Promotion Centre Finland, Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland and Exel

FERIE p. 148

2002

Location: trans-art, Trondheim (NO)

In collaboration with Sara Braun and Arne Braun

Funded by: Nordic Culture Point / NIFCA

I have fond memories of "Ferie". Me and my little brother sat and drew a lot in the mobile home. I tested cool sunglasses that fiinnfemfel had and I tested many sunglasses at various gas stations along the way. Me and my little brother met new friends in Trondheim and their family had a pizzeria so it was a lot of fun and then I remember we drove on a bridge that was too narrow and it scratched the motorhome... I also listened a lot to Macke's Thåström CD, I liked it was really good. I also remember a great fjord where Oskar took pictures with his big old camera. This trip was also the first time I saw reindeer for real!

Sara Braun

NOT-ORESTE 4 p. 154

2001

Summer residency: Not-Oreste 4

Location: Montescaglioso, (I)

In collaboration with Petra Lindholm - photos on page 162 and 163

Let's talk about me. There's nothing to be ashamed of. It seemed that, in that place where we were, it was impossible not to stay. Then it went back to how it was before. I was overcome by the urge to escape. It's been a long time since I did it. Sometimes you can't stop. She kept looking for a home for him. All the paradises she found were empty.

When the fog surrounded the country, many believed it was the sea.

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti

MEETING POINT p. 166

2001

Location: Platform, Vaasa (FIN)

In collaboration with performance artists Irma Optimisti and Willem Wilhelmus Et al.

Funded by: Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland

LE TRIBÙ DELL'ARTE p. 170

2001

Exhibition: Le Tribù dell'Arte

Location: Galleria Comunale d'Arte Moderna, Rome (I)

Sponsored by: Finlandia Vodka

... 24 bottles of a special spice blend (J. Boone, New York);

– biscuits, whiskey and Scottish herring (Robert Gordon University, Aberdeen, Scotland);

– food products from Montenegro (Sanja Perisic, Podgorica);

– homemade Sicilian orange jams (S. Perna and T. Campisi, Catania);

– a box of panettoni (Firm "Galup", Pinerolo);

– organic coffee and tea ("Generator" and C. Herd, Dundee, Scotland);

– free minicab service from Montescaglioso to the sea ("Artway of Thinking", Mogliano Veneto);

– 12 bags of Mexican coffee, 40 bars of Indian soap, 20 kg of brown sugar from Paraguay and the Philippines, 12 kg of Thai brown rice ("CTM" and "altromercato", Bolzano);

– a soccer ball ("Donkey Museum", Perugia)

– 12 bottles of Finnish vodka (offered by "Finlandia Vodka" and FinnFemFel, Finland), of which only a few survived the journey;

– 240 rolls of toilet paper (Partito del Tubo, Rome);

- 2 cases of pasta (ARAP, Segni);
- 16 cases of poetry books (Manni editore, Lecce);
- a box of bags of chips (Caterina Davinio, Monza);
- a pack of pencils (Coco Gordon, New York);
- four cases of pasta and two of peeled tomatoes (Franco Fiorillo, L'Aquila);
- a pack of Neapolitan cards (Lucavalerio, Rome);
- two cases of pasta (Pastificio "Lecce" and Claudio Angione, Cosenza);
- 20 liters of organically grown Sicilian oil (Company "Bosco Falconeria" of Simeti Taylor, Partinico);
- typical cakes of the Republic of San Marino (Secretariat of State RSM, Rita Canarezza and Pier Paolo Coro);
- 50 artisanal aromatic soap bars ("Vaasan Saippua Oy" and Albert Braun, Vaasa, Finland);
- 1 kg of condoms ("SSL Healthcare spa" and Emilio Fantin, Bologna);
- aromatic tea, goulash and spreadable specialties (Vincenza Casaluce-Geiger, Vienna);
- five jugs ("Butley Pottery" and H. Hussey, Woodbridge, Suffolk, UK)...

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti

BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT p. 147

2000

Symposium: Luftsymposium

Location: GUMMEUM im Raitenburger Schloss, Kallmünz (D)

Funded by: Zum Goldenen Löwen – Familie Lubers and Büro Wilhelm

2006

Location: Vaasa City Art Gallery, Vaasa (FIN)

2007

Exhibition: Trauma Queen

Location: Mediterranean Hotel, Athens (GR)

I'D RATHER BE FISHING THAN GOING TO AN ART SHOW p. 178

1999

Location: Konstakuten, Stockholm (S)

When we hear the title of the exhibition "I'd Rather Be Fishing than Going to an Artshow" it is easy to assume that finnfemfel are among the many players in the art world who host a deep contempt for art. However as soon as we look beyond the most superficial level of the installation, it becomes clear that that the opposite is true. What finnfemfel are investigating is something quite different: How does the art that we meet in a gallery, museum or the public space re-connect to our every day life? In other words, what we meet in artistic expressions (whatever shape or form it might take,) needs to make sense in relation to the lives that we have outside the art context. It needs to relate to our experiences and the problems that we meet in families, at work places or in social contexts.

Finnfemfel knows that the answers to these reflections lie in the body. We can rarely find answers to the very real questions that life throws at us only rationally or intellectually. More often than not, we need to feel it in our bones, muscles, tendons, gut and nerves to deal with them. The feeling needs to be felt in the very cells that collectively make up our bodies in order to make sense. This is why the videos of the members of finnfemfel in the installation depict clearly physical experiences: skiing, fishing, riding a motorcycle and playing badminton.

The work is, in other words, a reflection on the relationship between what can be understood intellectually with our rational capabilities and what our "body mind" can grasp of the world. The latter does not only include our senses, but also proprioception, bodily sensations and body awareness. When the fisher cuts his fingers on a fish hook or the cross country skier sweats in spite of the cold around him, it is not only the senses that experience the outside world. It goes deeper.

Finnfemfel wants us to reflect on what the parallel to this would be in a cultural context. They are not interested in the bourgeoisie art experience. They want something deeper and more corporeal: What it is that makes the impression of a concert, film, novel or performance truly visceral? What is it with certain artistic experiences that make us cry, laugh, feel nauseous or profoundly moved in other ways?

In the world of the poetic we can dwell on questions without necessarily finding a single answer. The answers change, develop, deepen or become superfluous as time passes and our lives change. It is therefore interesting to revisit this piece after almost 25 years and see how time has changed it, how times have changed and how we all have changed with time.

Contrary to what we thought and hoped back then, the Cartesian divide between mind and body has become both deeper and wider. It creates more disruption and havoc in peoples' lives every day, since it fragments humans and polarises communities. With that, more and more artists and artistic expressions are unable to re-connect with the lives of its audience and only mimic the physical appearance of art. It is fine if people want to go down that alley and play that game. But then again, I am forced to say: "I'd rather be fishing than going to an art show."

Per Hüttner

KUNGSPASSAGEN p. 182

1999

Art festival: By Side Sidewalk

Location: Vasa (FIN) / Umeå (S)

In collaboration with Jonas Brunström – photos on pages 181 - 183

We were four civil servants in community service. Our task was to organize the "roll out the red carpet" ceremony. We started our city tour in Vaasa (Finland); rolled out the carpet where we saw fit and offered passers-by the opportunity to step on the carpet. Then we took the ferry over to Umeå (Sweden) for further service. The carpet was rolled out on streets and squares, on ferry decks and city parks, shopping centers and small boat docks. Everyone was welcome to honor themselves on the Red Carpet.

Simo Brotherus

KARAOKE BEUYS p. 186

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