

WORK IS A  
CRIME!

**STATEMENTS**  
**COMMENTS**

finnfemfel  
From left: Oskar Lindström, Marcus Lerviks and Albert



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# REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL

“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.

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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 *Zurückbleiben* (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

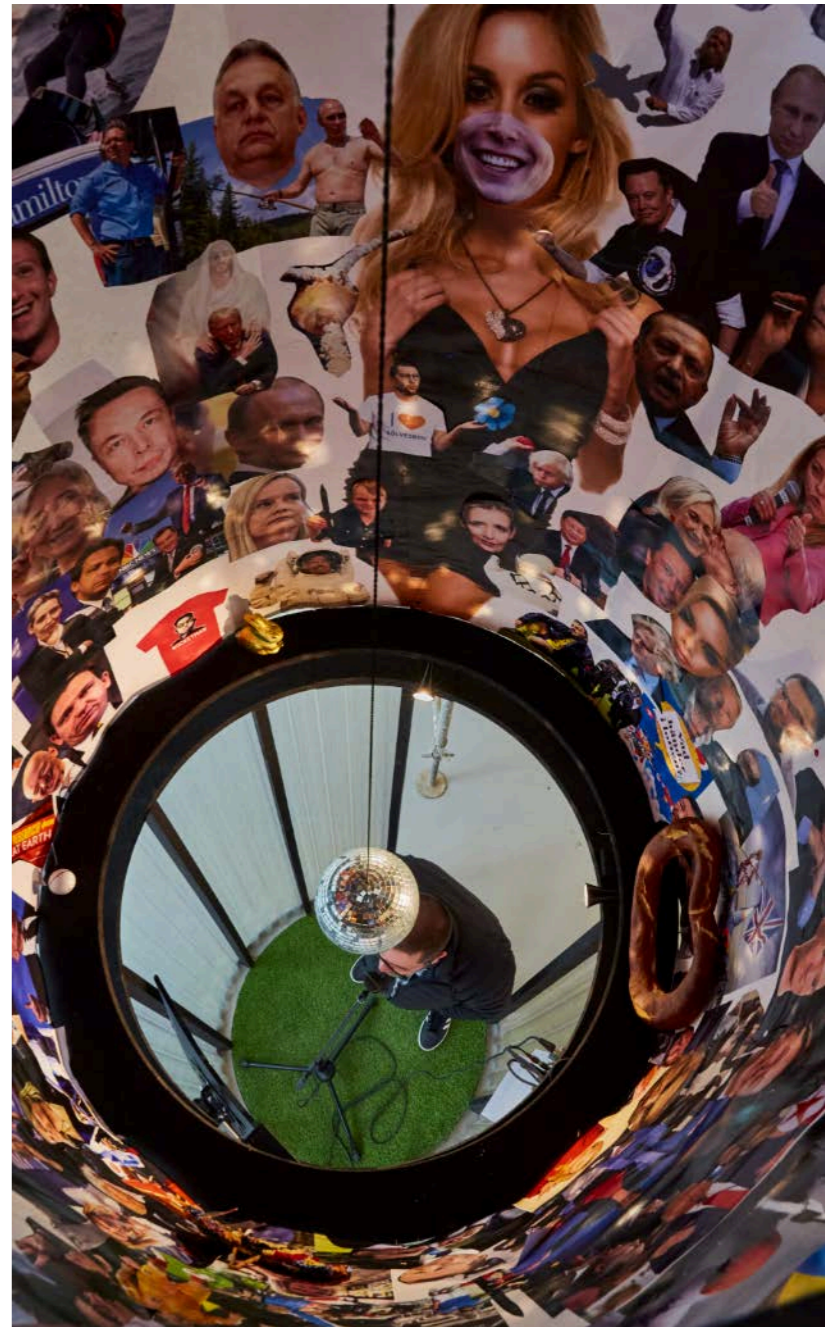
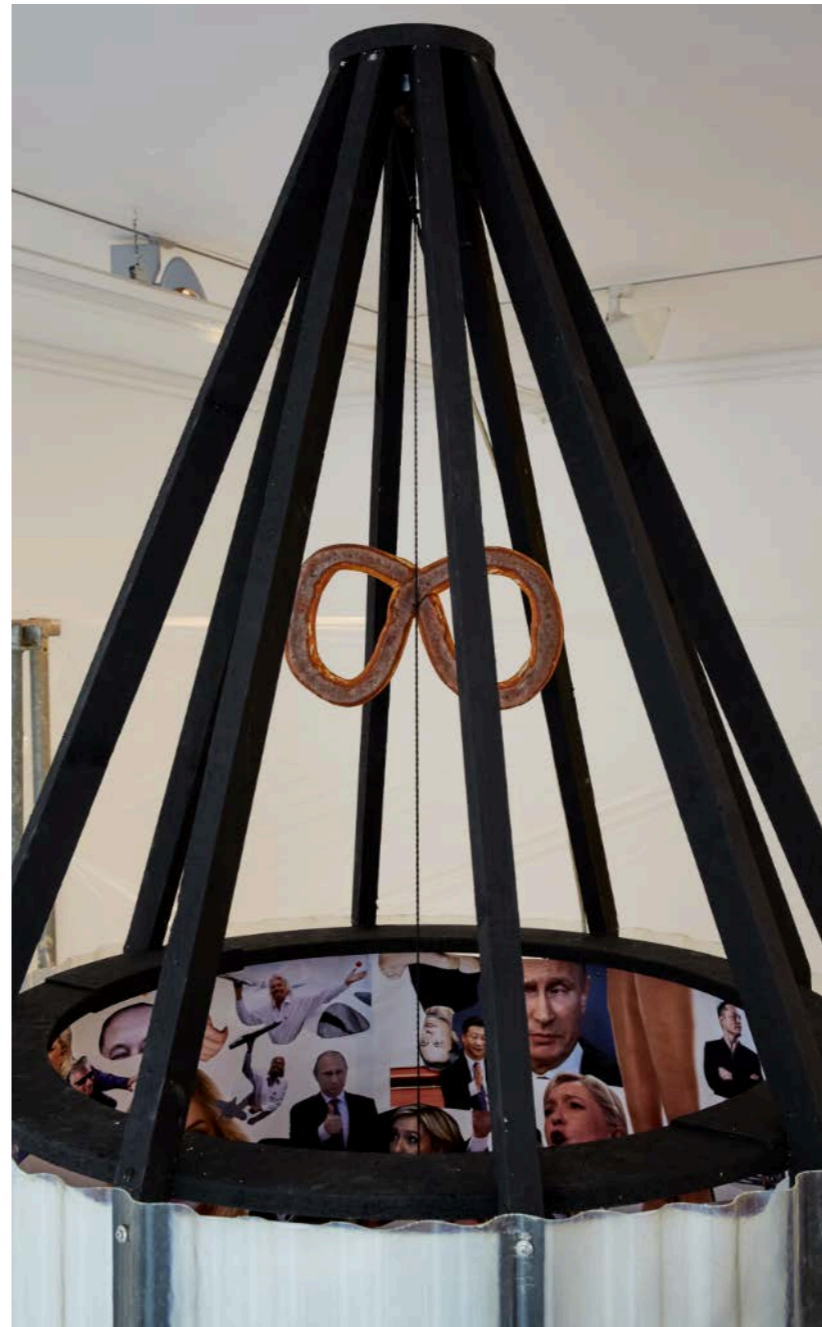
WEIT - HÖHER - AM REICHSTEN

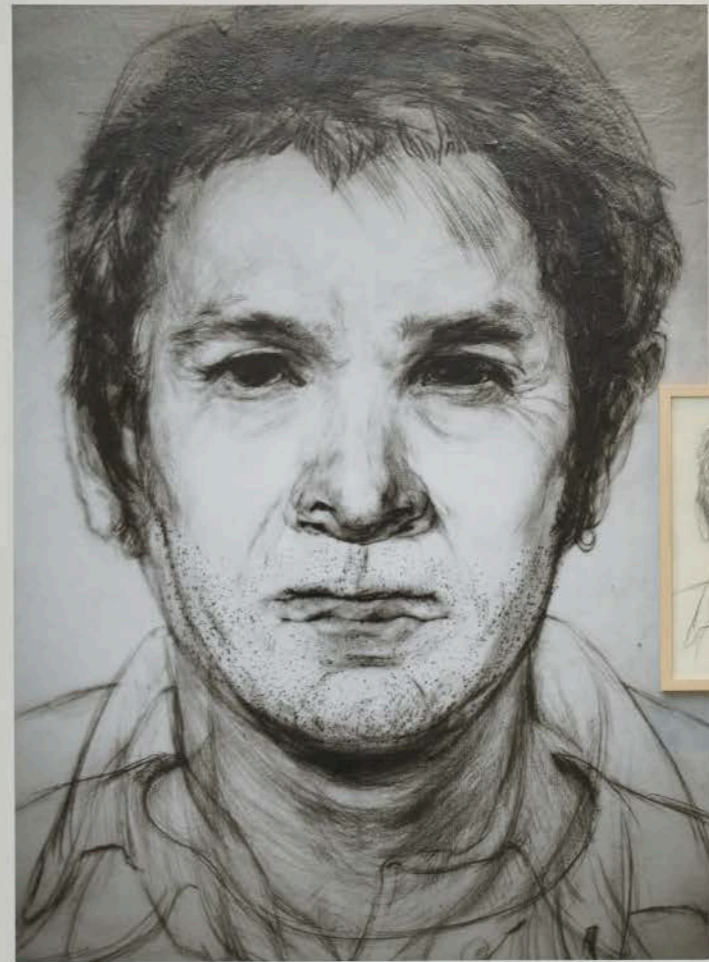


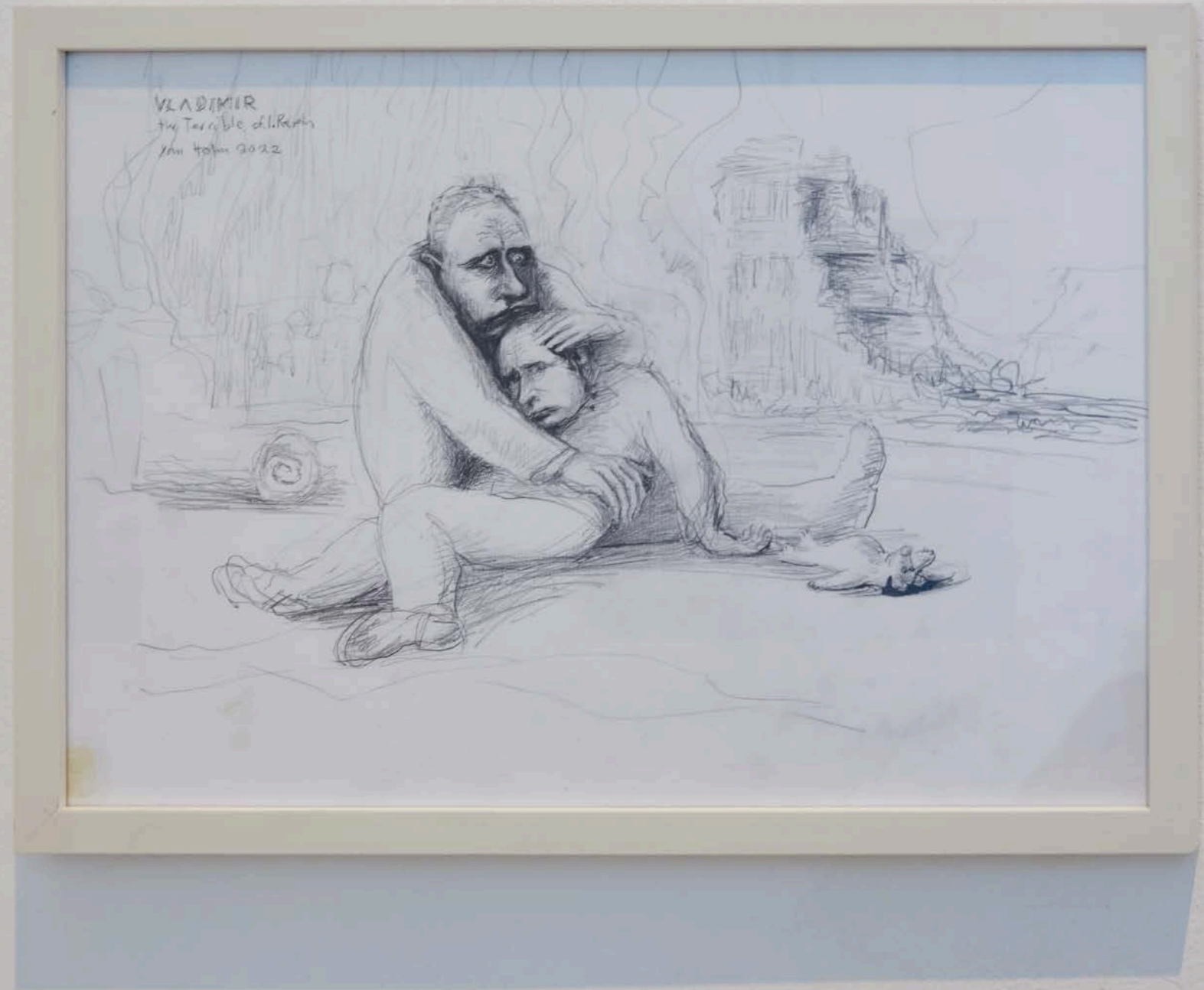




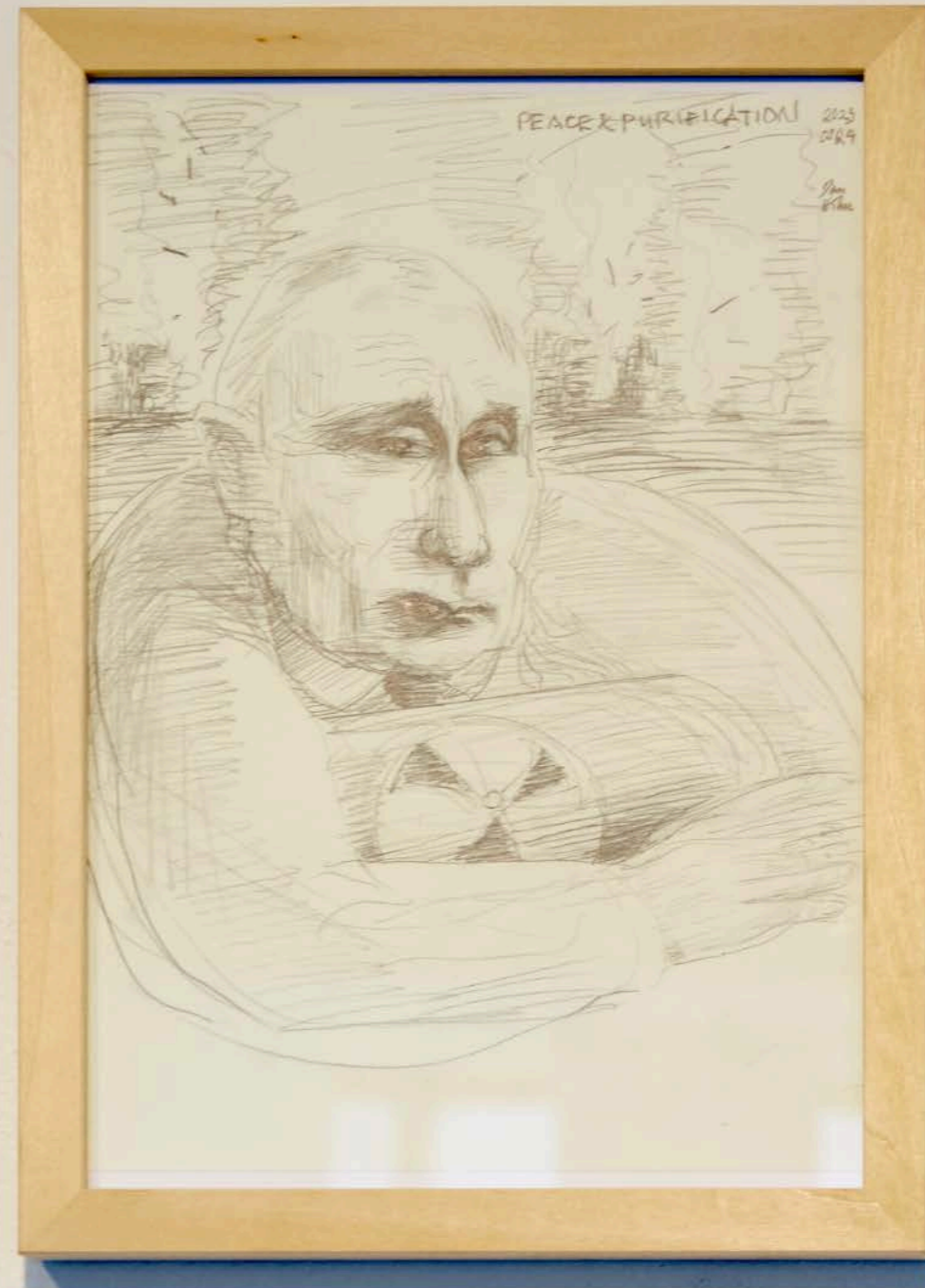








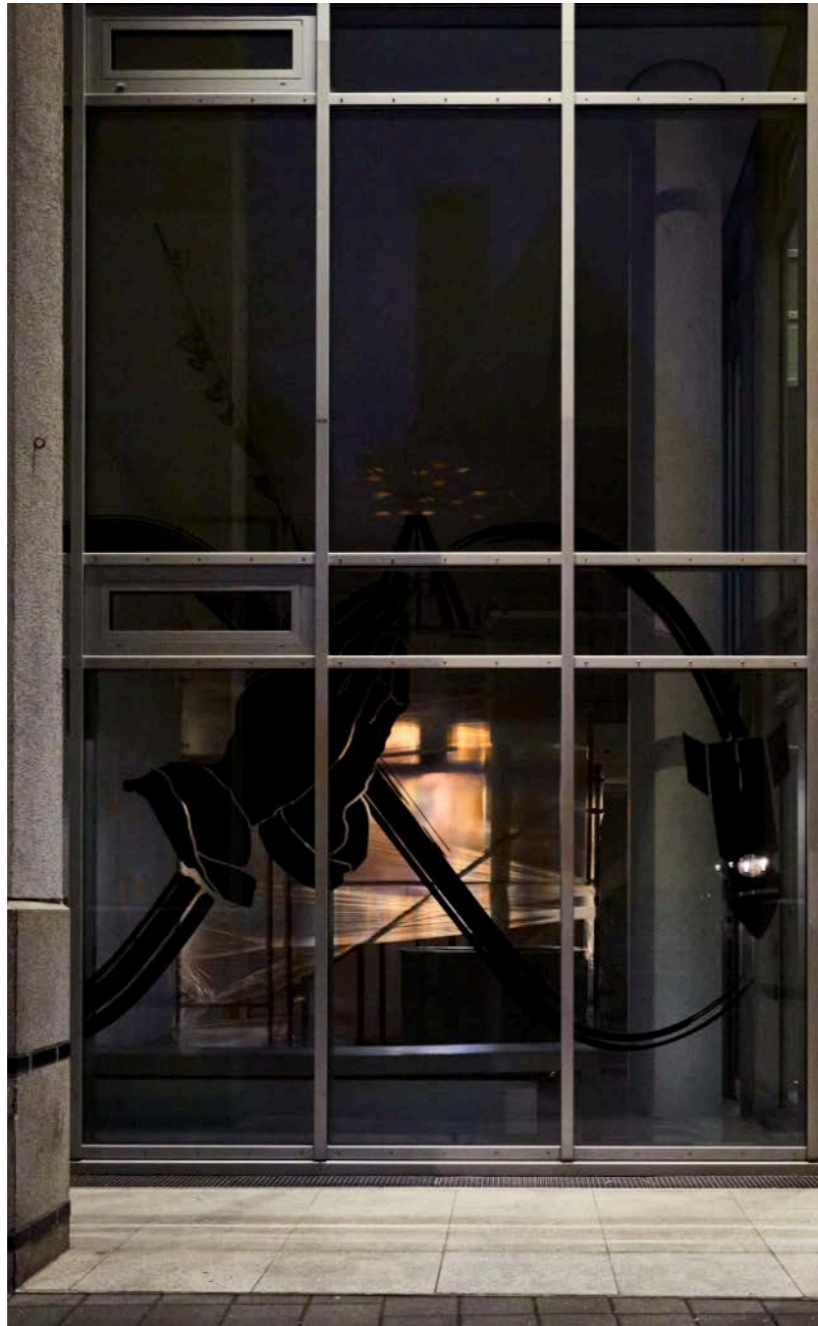




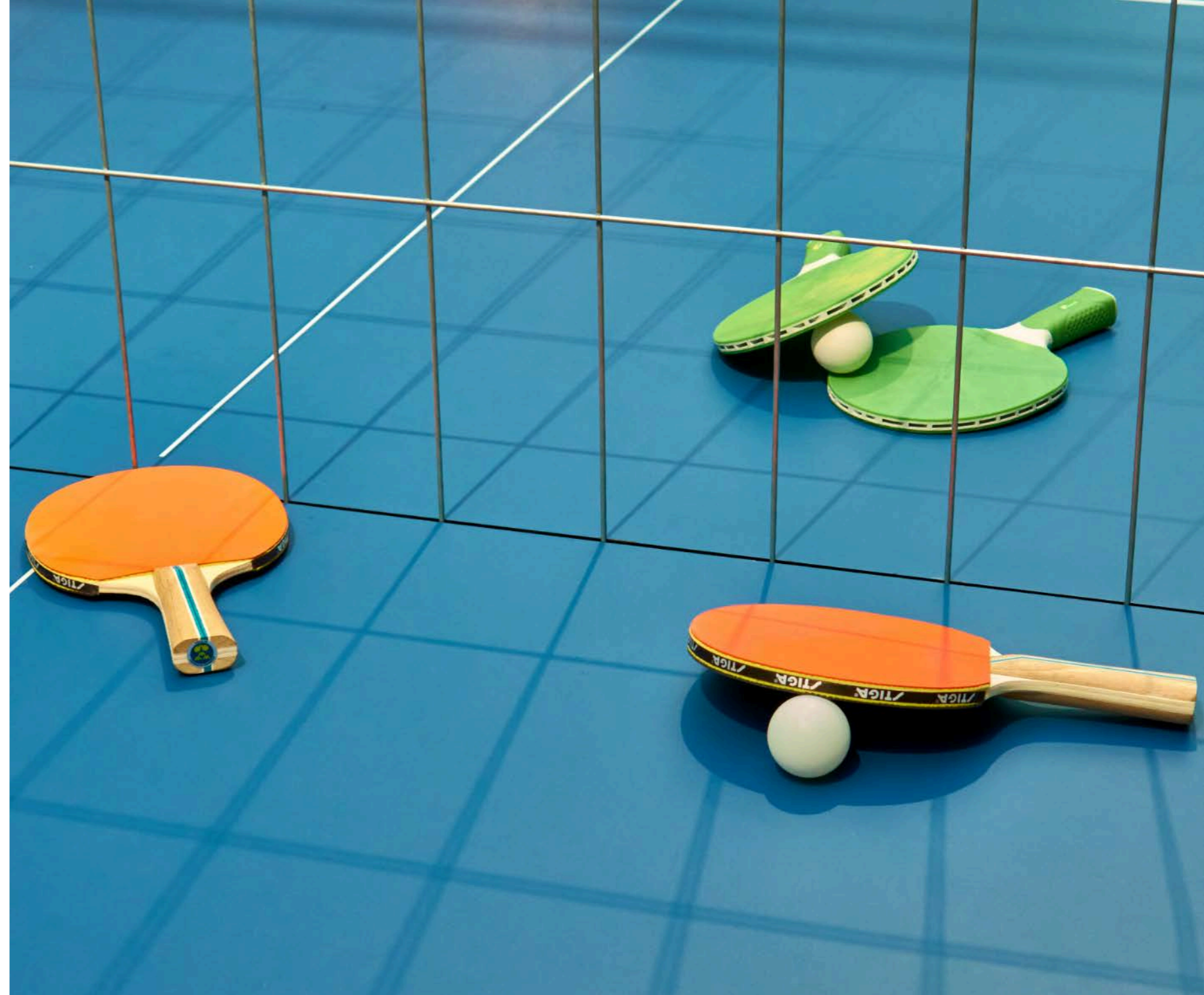








**THE METAL FENCE IN FRONT OF US,  
THE MENTAL FENCE WITHIN US,  
PING - PONG, HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE?**

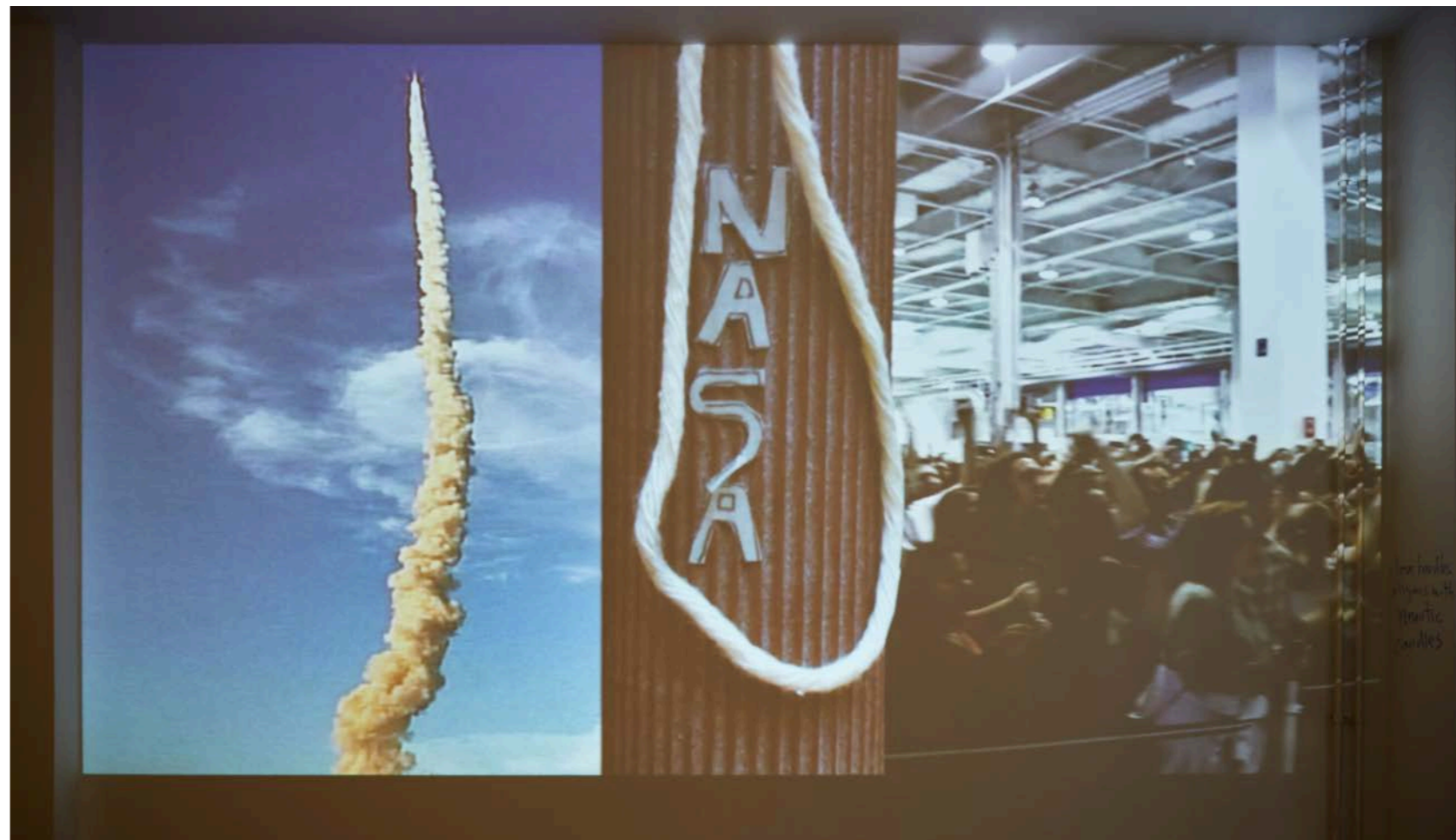


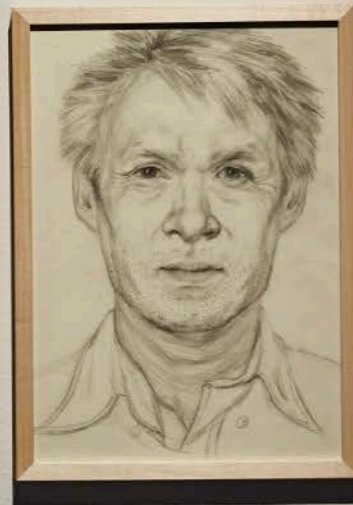
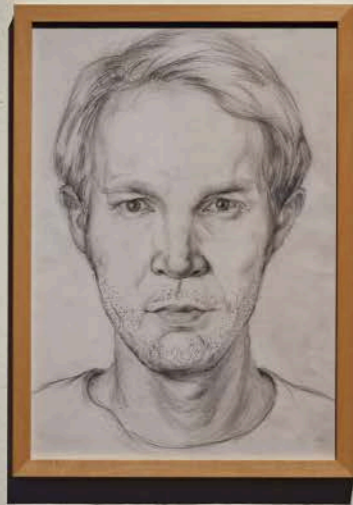
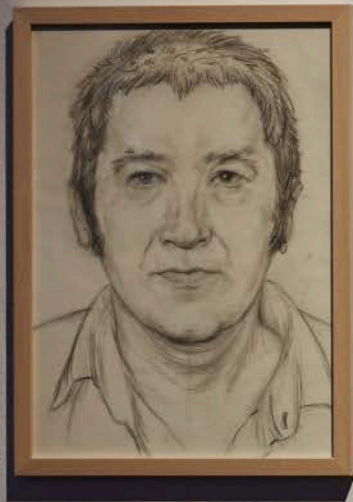




# WEITER – VOLLDAMPF VORAUSS







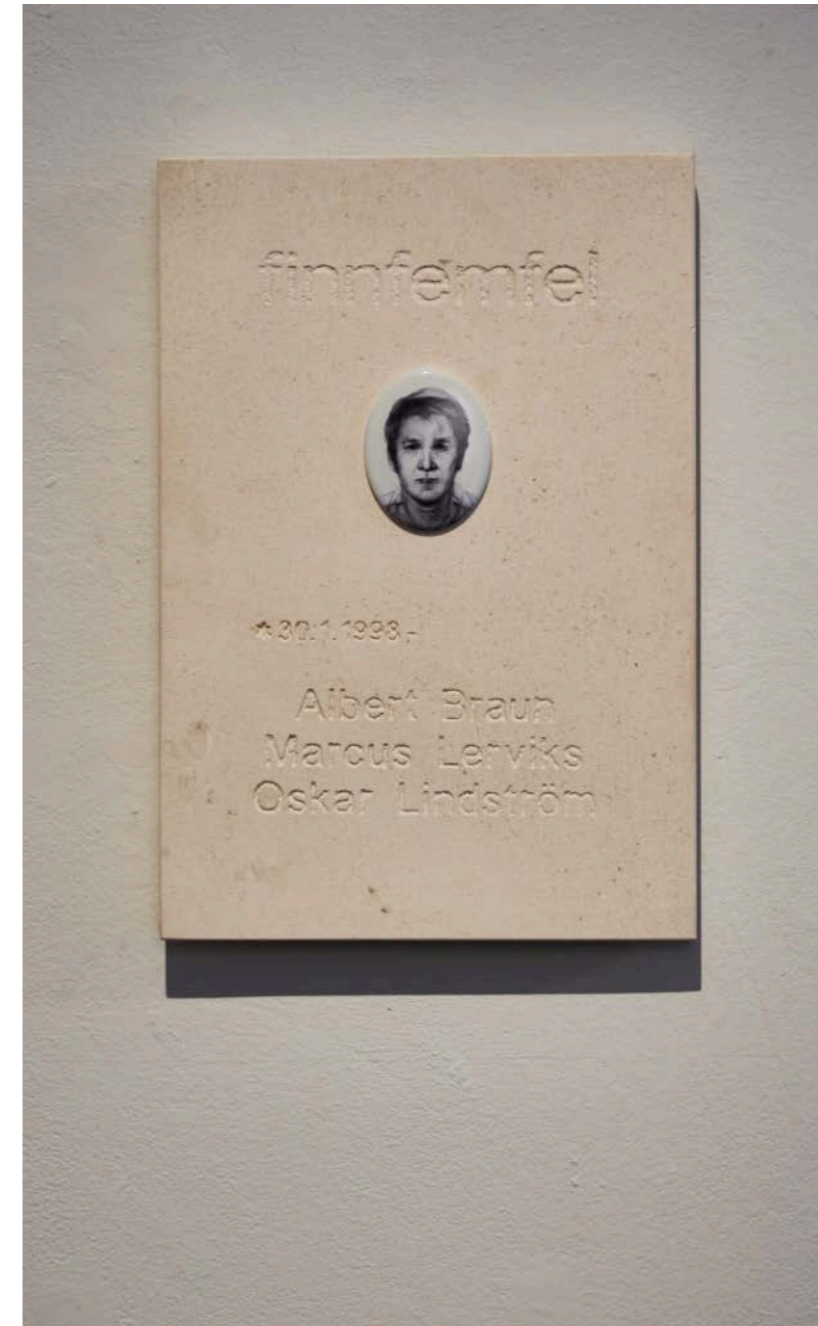
DO NOT  
FORGET  
THE NOT

WE HAVE  
WHEN OR

THERE IS  
NOW



Space would  
not be space  
without  
a face



finnfemfel



130.1.1938 -

Albert Braun  
Marcus Lerviks  
Oskar Lindström







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  
ME 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~~ DRIVING  
OURSELVES INTO DISTRACTION

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

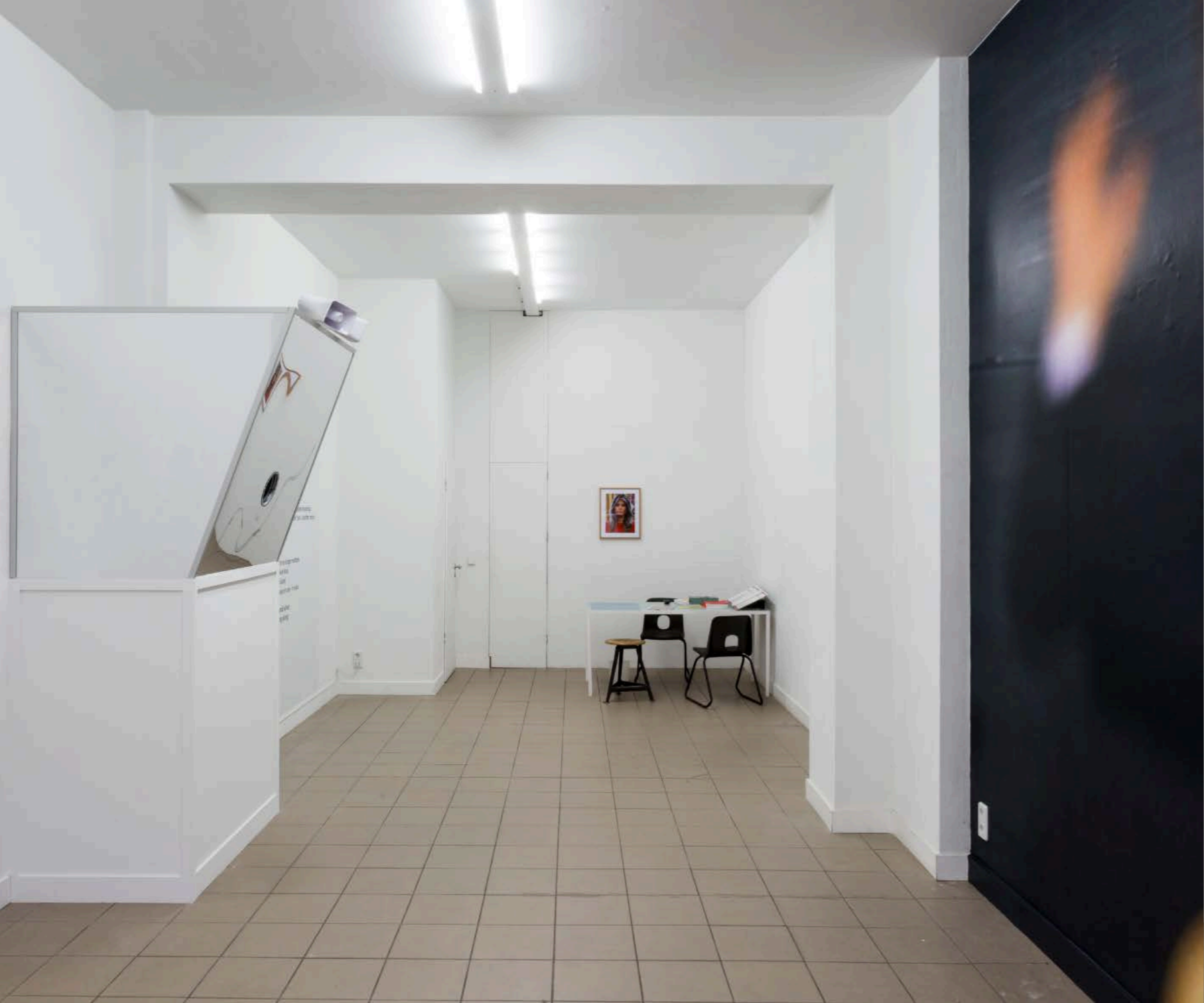
There is  
NO NO NO  
Entity without  
III  
Identity





**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



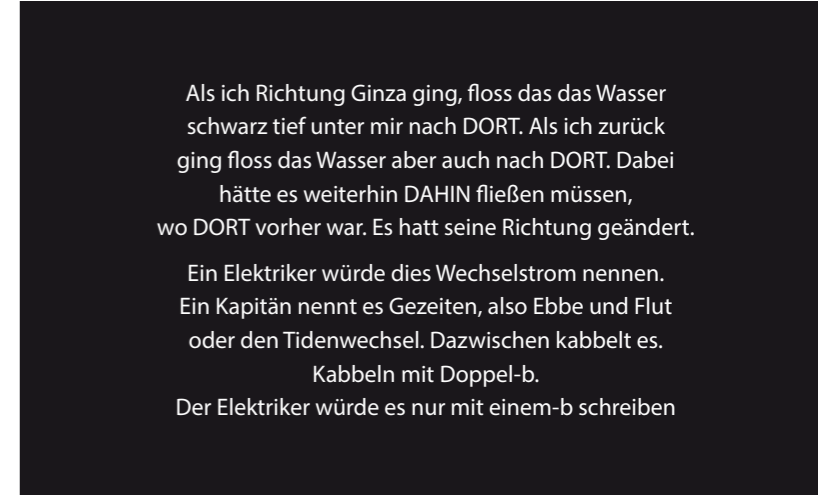
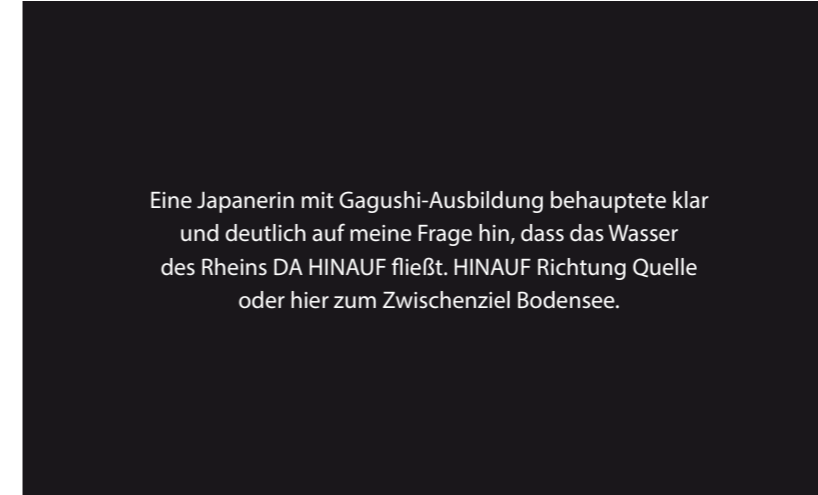
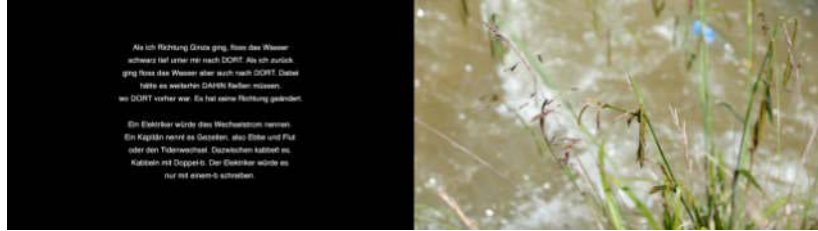
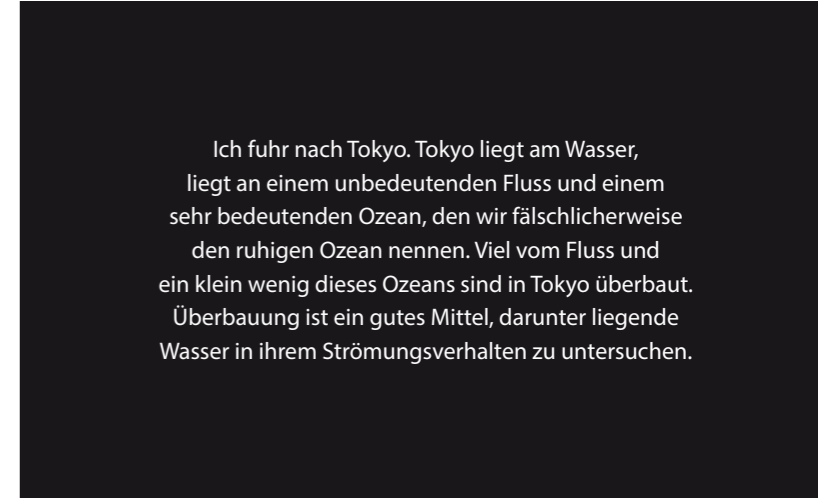
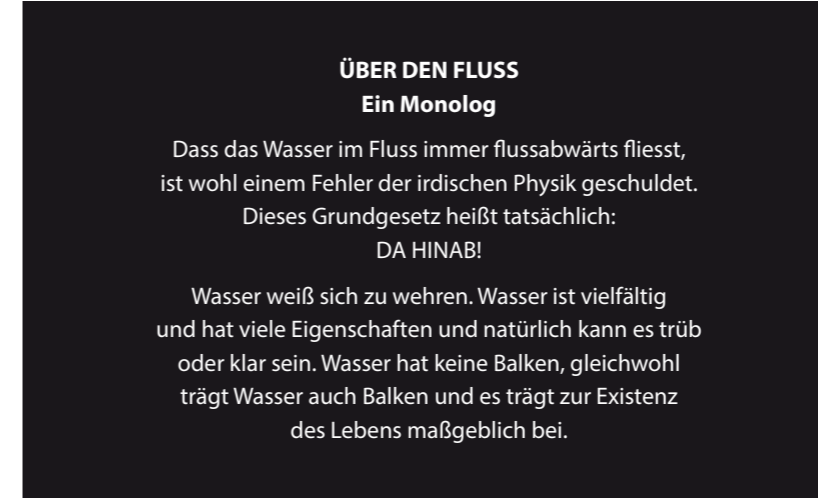


# ÜBER DEN FLUSS [RHEINGOLD] DREILÄNDERECKFISCHEN DREILÄNDERECKKLIED









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 fluvialen 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



"An Bord eines Flugzeuges saßen ein Schweizer, ein Franzose, ein Deutscher und ein Türke. Der Kapitän sagte an: Zu viel Gewicht! Zu viel Gewicht."

Daraufhin ließ der Schweizer seine Brieftasche voller Geld aus dem Flugzeug fallen und sagte: "Das haben wir ja wie Sand am Meer."

Der Franzose schaute auf den Amerikaner und ließ eine Weinflasche fallen und sagte: "Das haben wir ja wie Sand am Meer."

Der Türke schaute auf den Deutscher und sagte: "Denk gar nicht erst daran!"

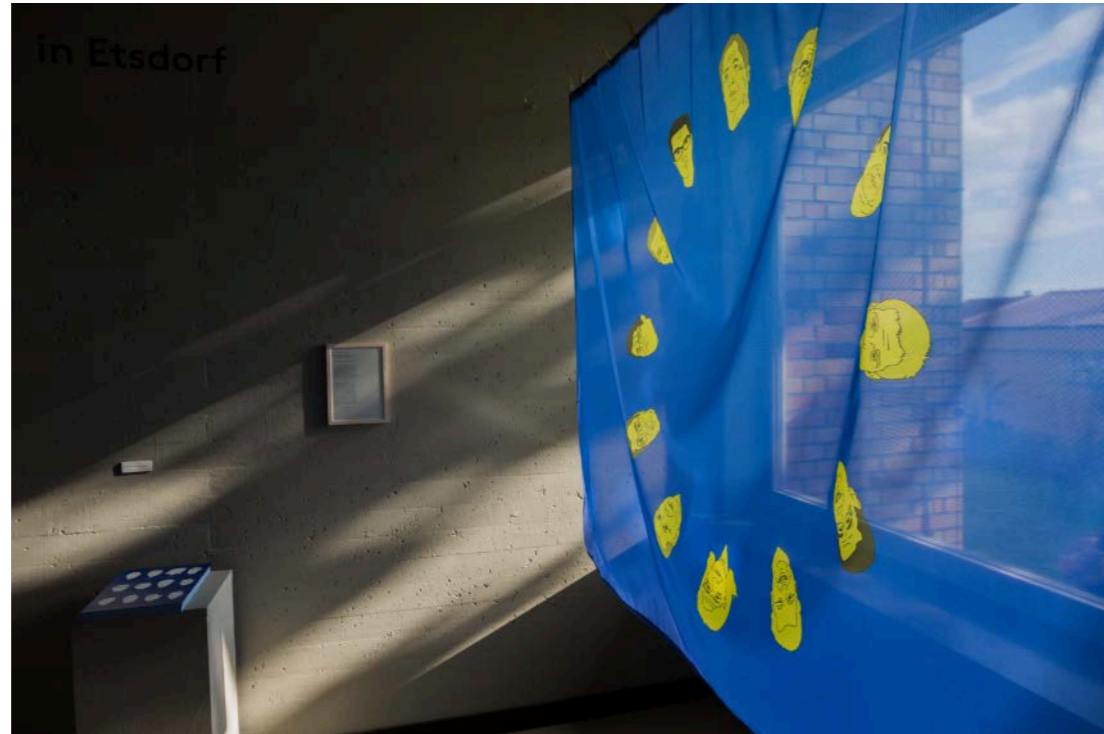
HA, HA, HA Voll Geil!!!





# 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 finnfeffel 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.

## WHEN LIFE IS THE LEAST ART

Die Nationalitäten der 31 Teilnehmenden  
1 aus Brasilien/ Studium in Spanien  
1 aus Bolivien  
1 aus Kolumbien/ Studium in der Schweiz  
1 aus Russland  
2 aus Spanien  
2 aus Taiwan  
2 aus Iran  
3 aus Deutschland (Augstburg, Hamburg, Wismar)  
18 aus China  
... in den drei Wochen waren einmalig alle zusammen.

### Meine Erinnerungen

- Dieser wirklich starke Vodka aus Finnland als Begrüßungsgetränk auf der Wiese mit finnfeffel
- 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

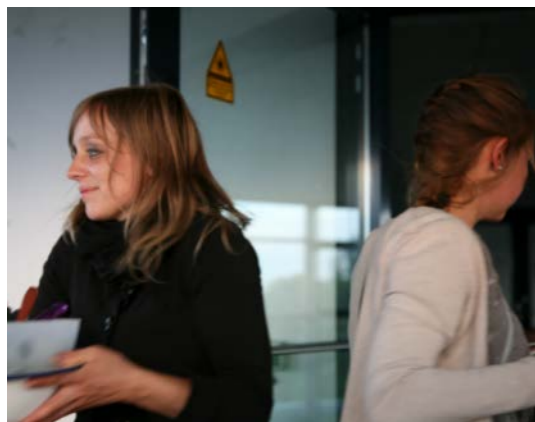
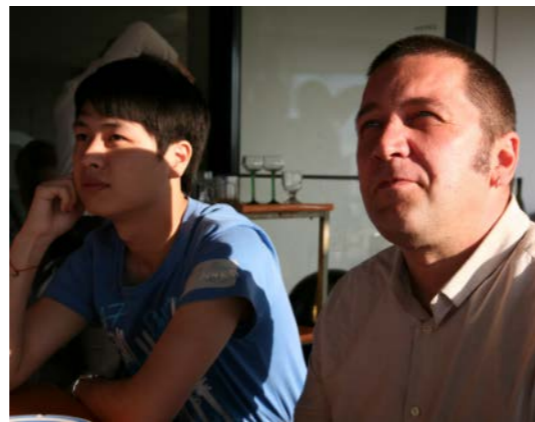
konzentriertes Arbeiten mit finnfeffel

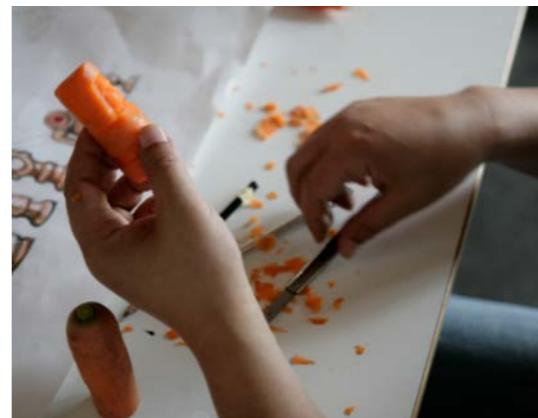
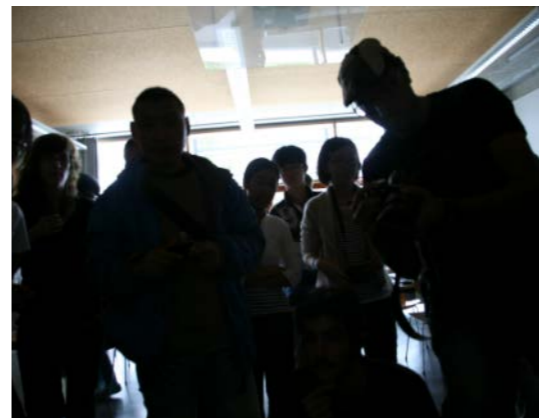
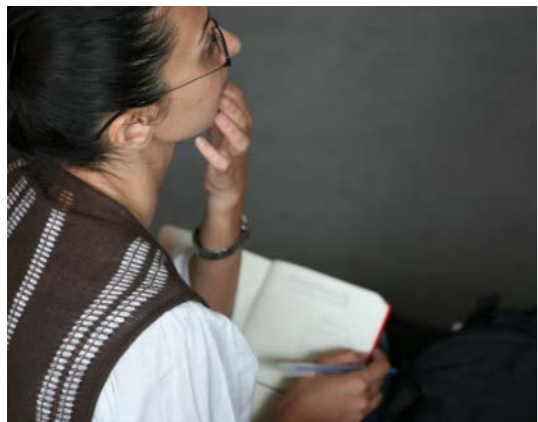
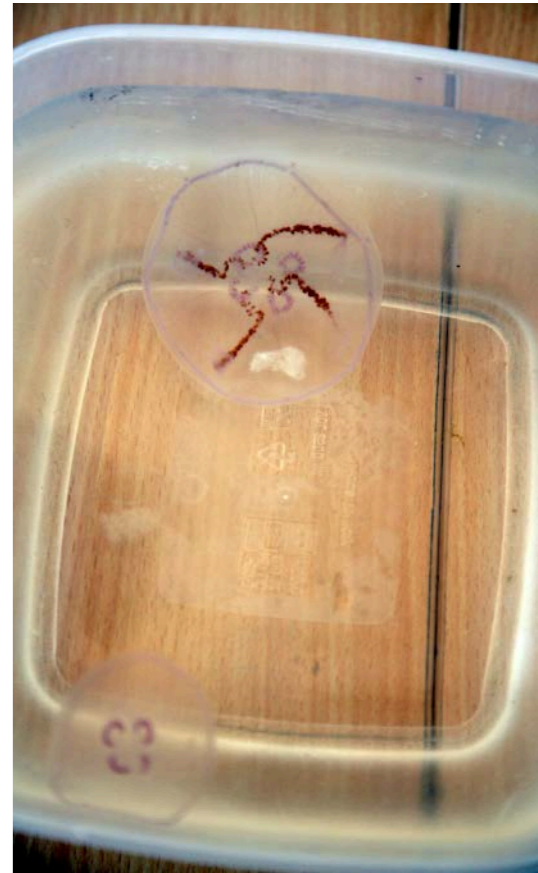
### Arbeitsergebnisse

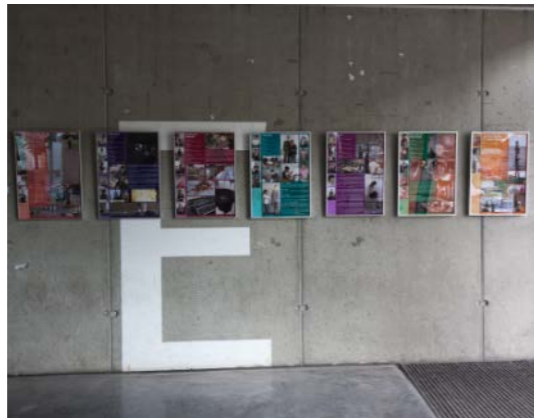
- Mehrere Foto- und Filmprojekte
- Kleider aus Zeitungspapier
- Gemeinsam Tischtennis und doch getrennt
- Quallenbewegungen
- Wismar als Schatten vom Plattenspieler
- Schachfiguren aus Gemüse
- Installation im Foyer
- ... und eine sehr gut besuchte Vernissage

Projektmanagement  
Silke Holtmann M.A.



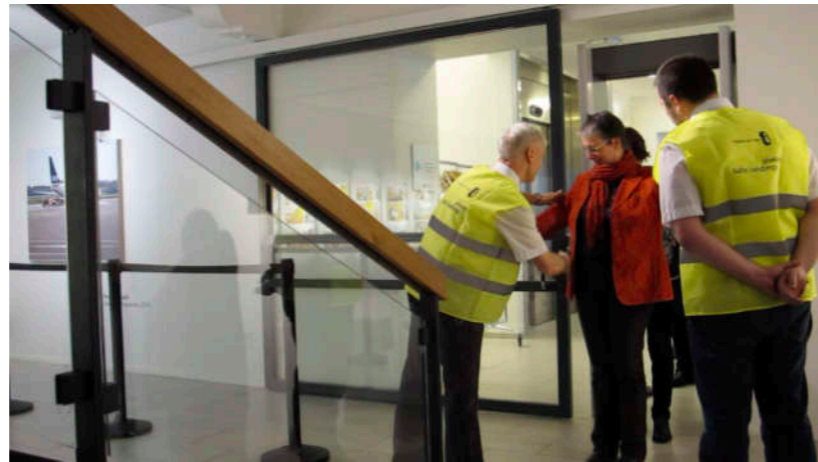






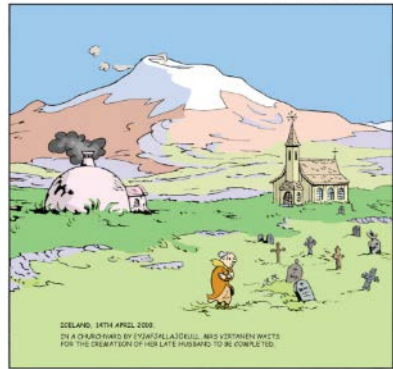
WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN





# FINNFEMFEL AND THE MAGIC URN

BY SIMO BROTHERUS



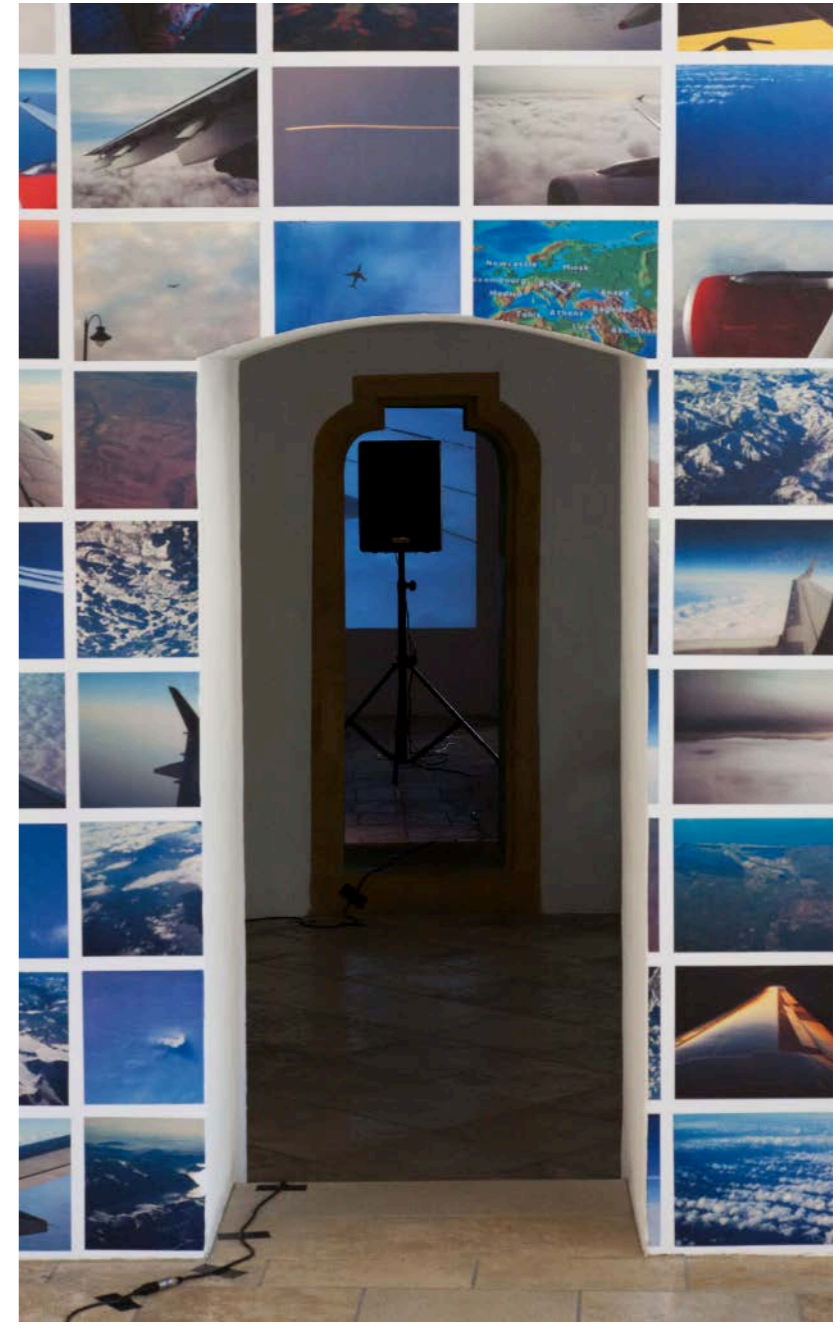
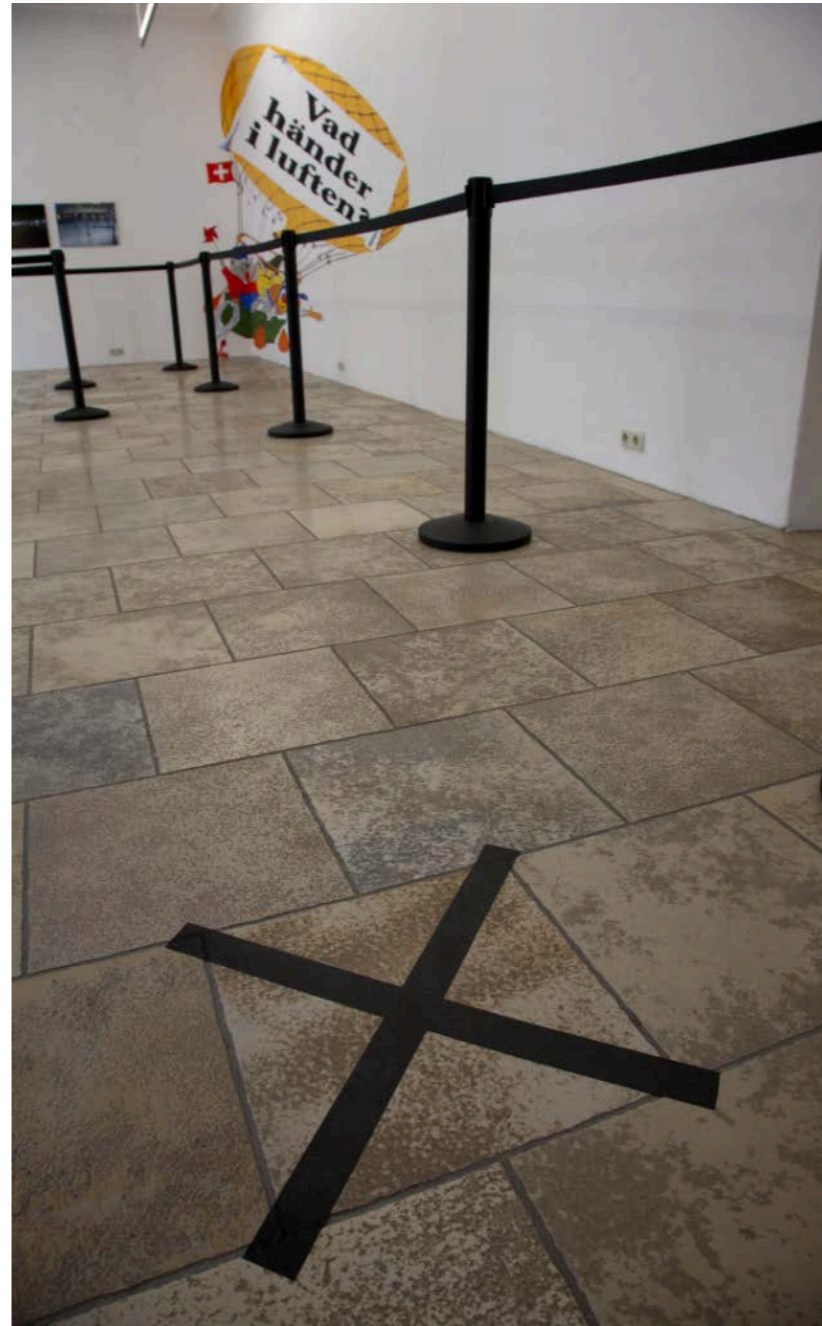
# FINNAIR

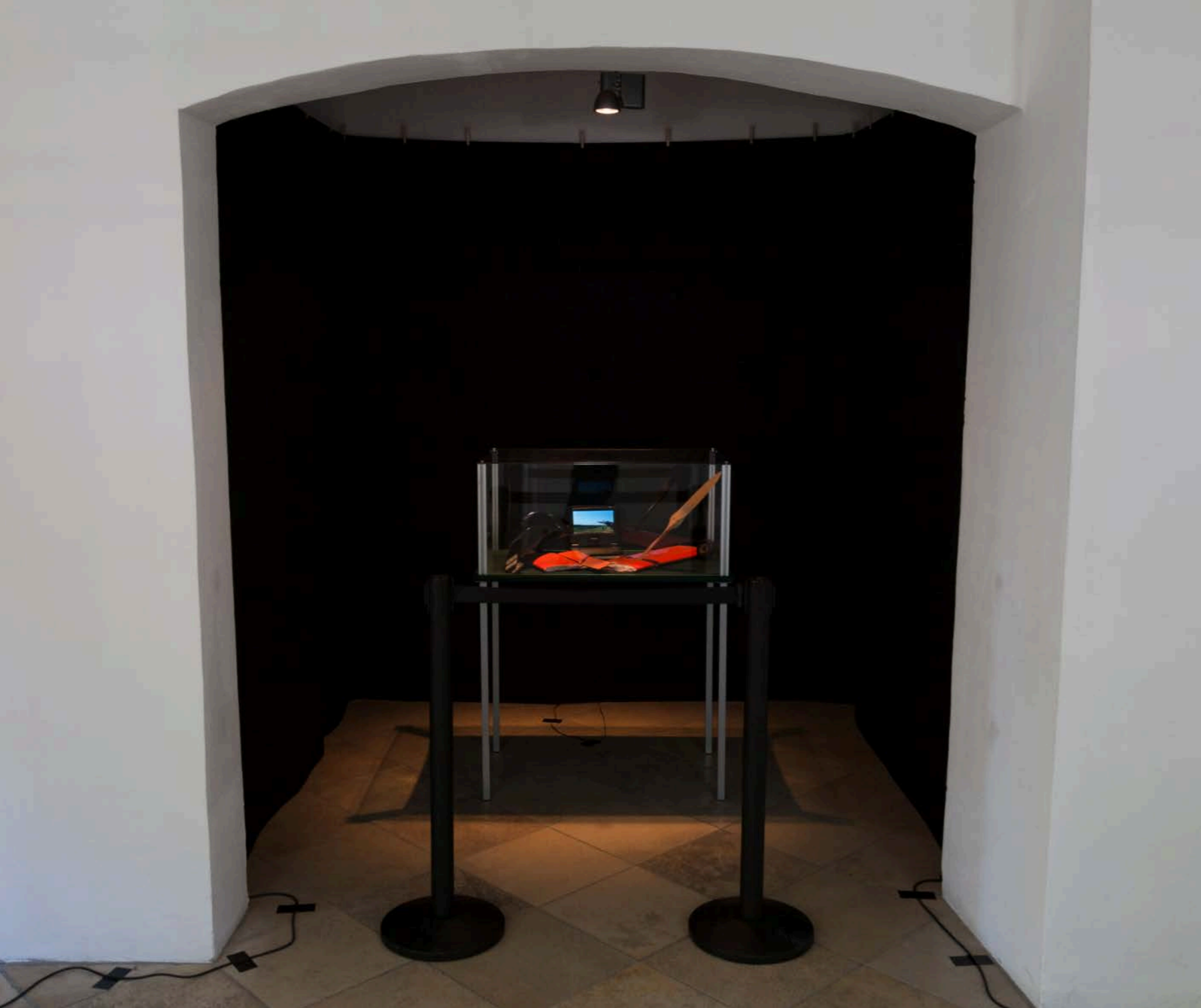
ODER WER WIRD DEN GLEICH IN DIE LUFT GEHEN?















# 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

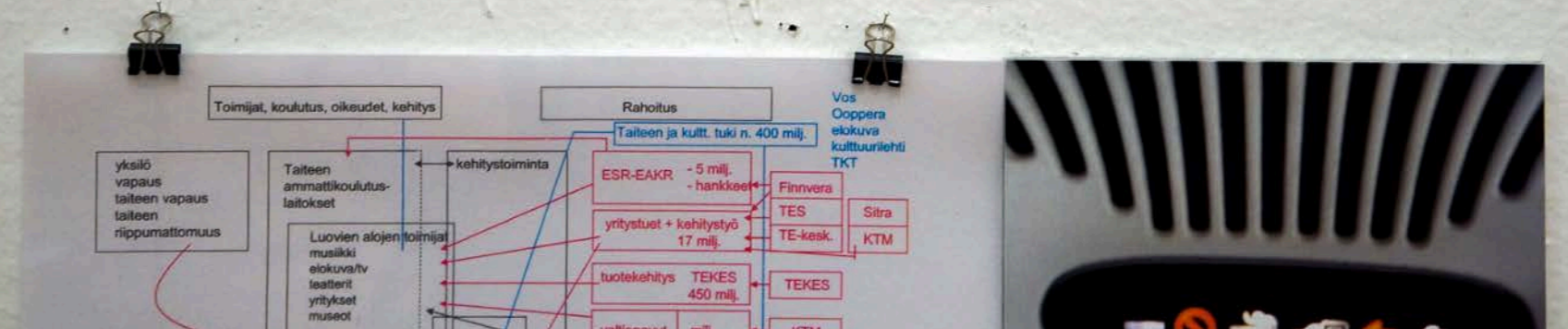
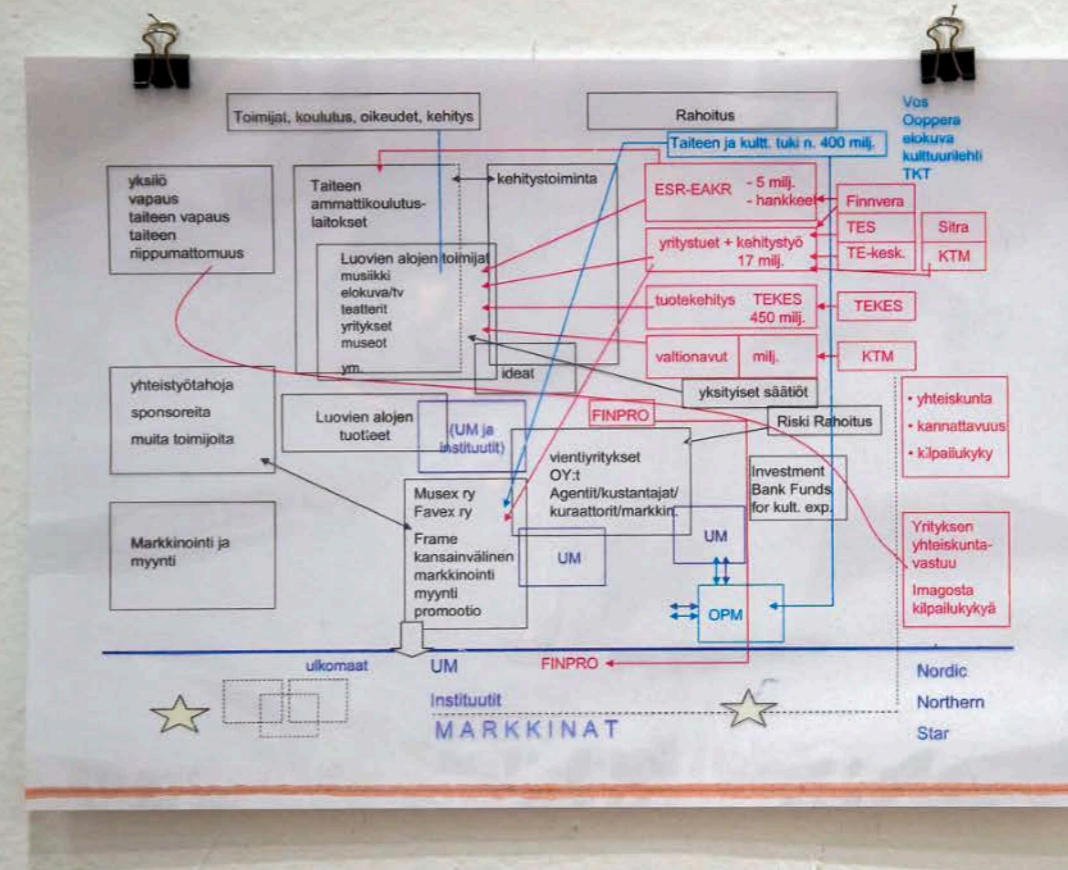
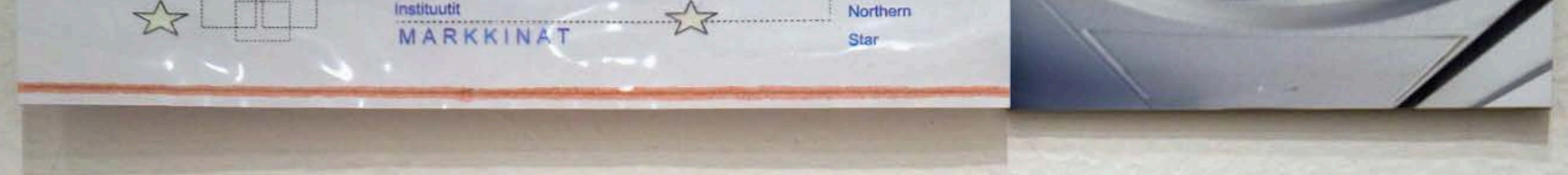
Valentin Rothmaler  
Professor of Art at Wismar University, Curator, Plön, Germany



# MARKETTA SEPPÄLÄ

HOMMAGE À READY-MADE: FROM STRATEGY TO PRODUCT

Lecture sheet  
Inkjet-print  
Dimensions variable  
2008  
Unlimited edition



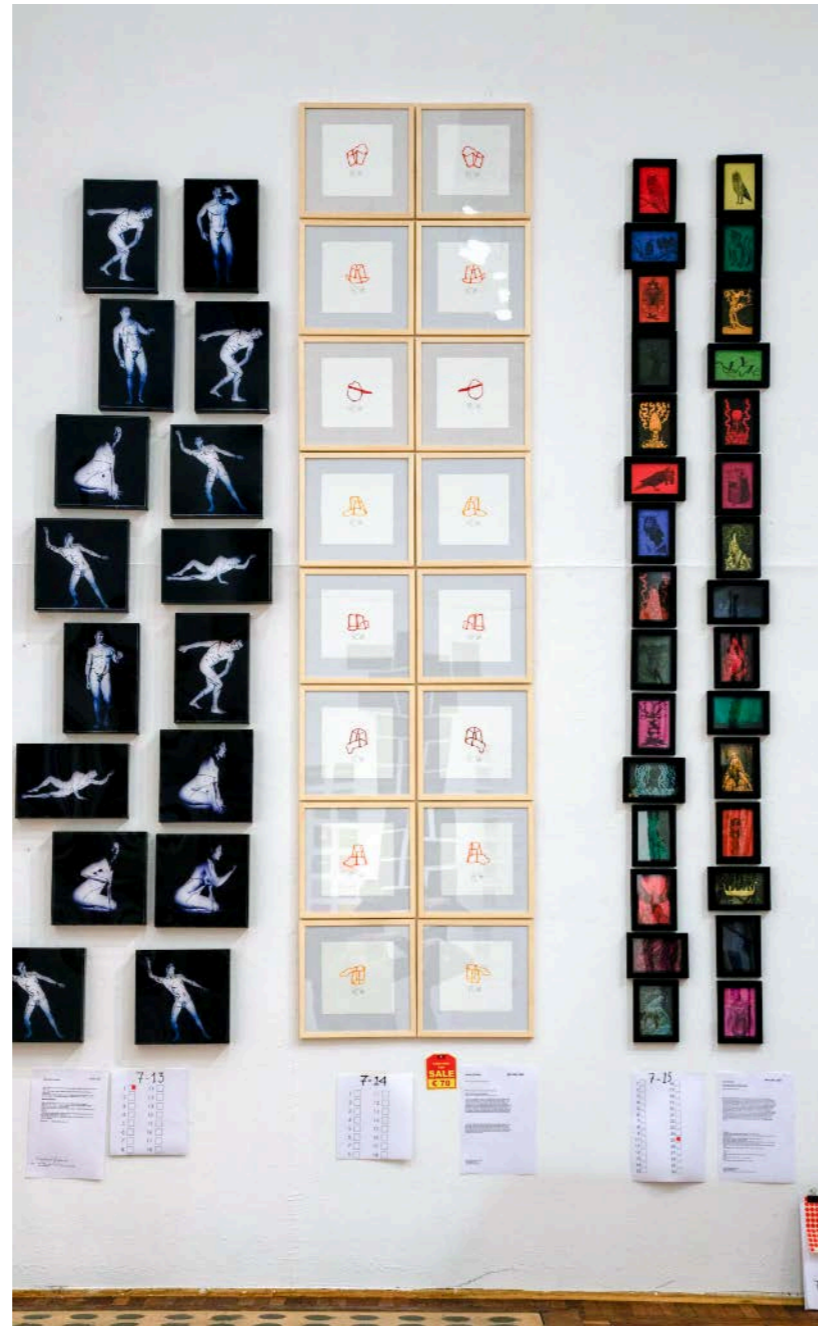


## VALENTIN ROTHMALER

### 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

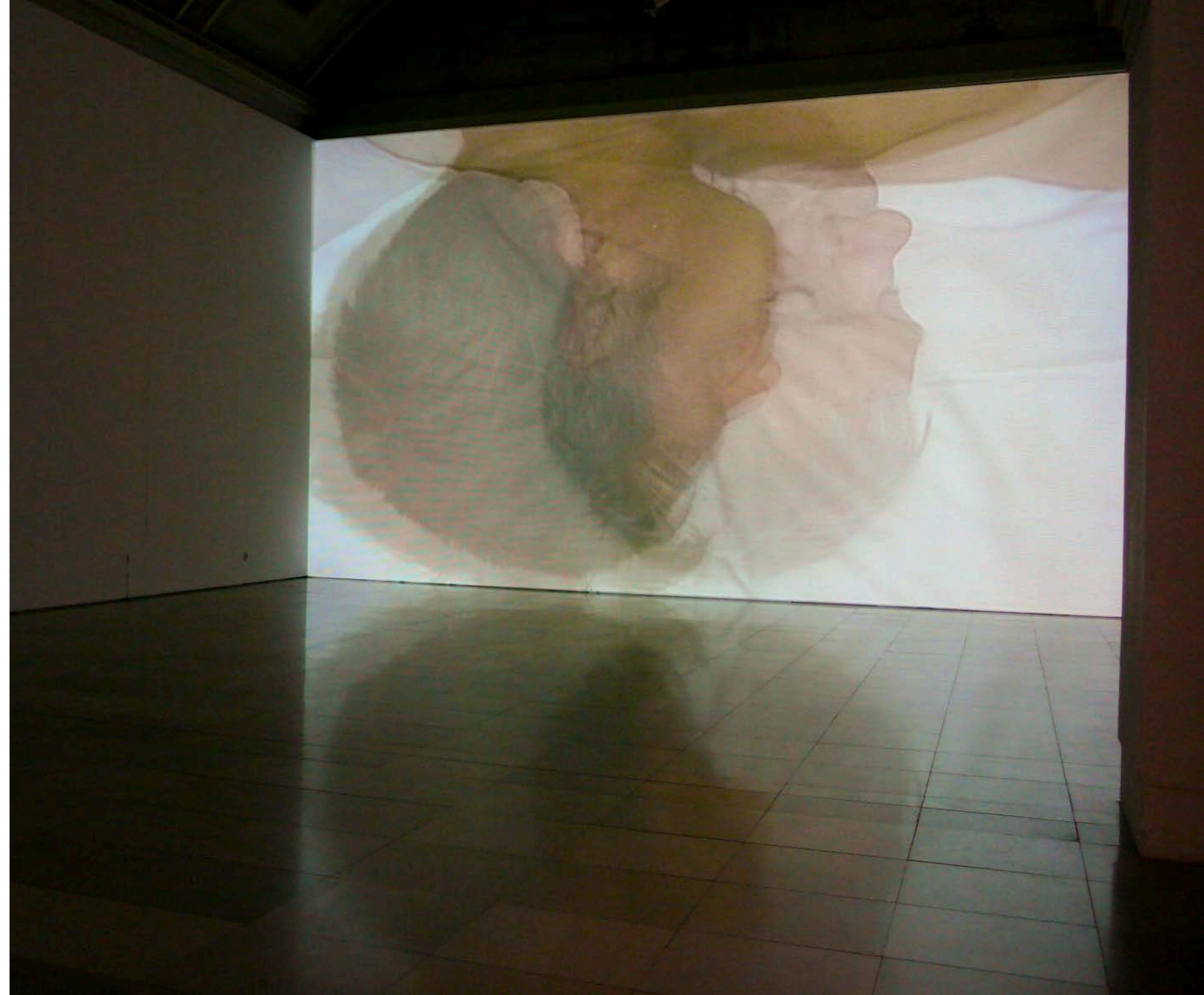
24x18 cm

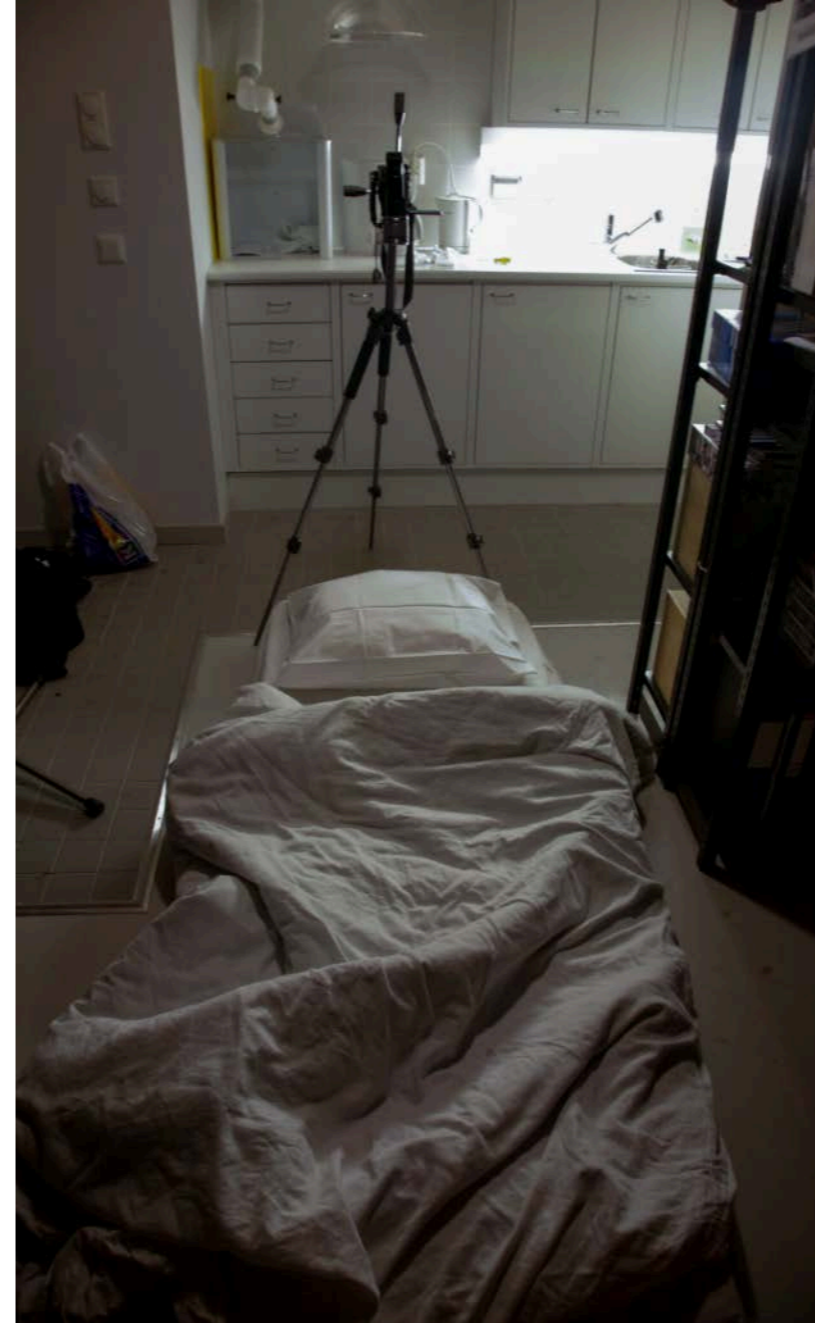
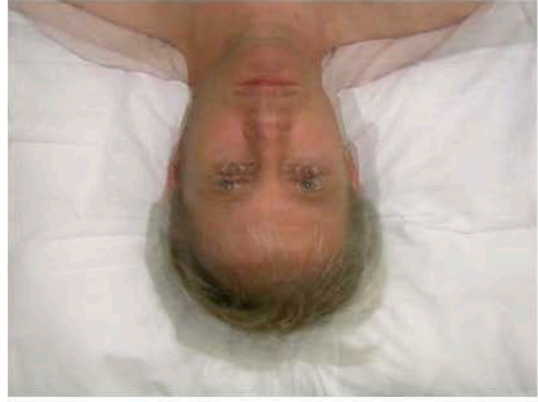
2008

- The Phoenix (Nasdaq 2.0): conceptual experiment including a hopeful element



# POWER-NAP





# THE DAY OF THE LIVING PEOPLE









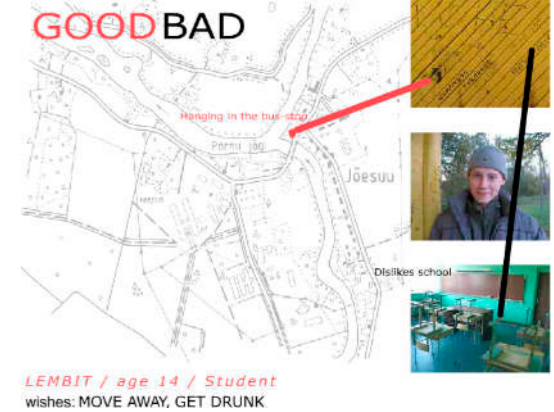
WISHES:  
 LIGHT THE ROAD; MORE ACTIVITY FOR CHILDREN; MOVE AWAY; BUILD MORE DWELLING-HOUSES; WHITE CHRISTMAS; BUILD A CENTER FOR CHILDREN; NICER OUTDOORS, PLAYGROUNDS, PARK, LIGHT THE ROAD; MORE GREENERY TO UNPLEASANT SURROUNDINGS; COMPUTER ROOM, HORSES; SWIMMING PLACE, COMPUTER, SPORTING FACILITIES;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

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;  
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# NORDIC WALKING



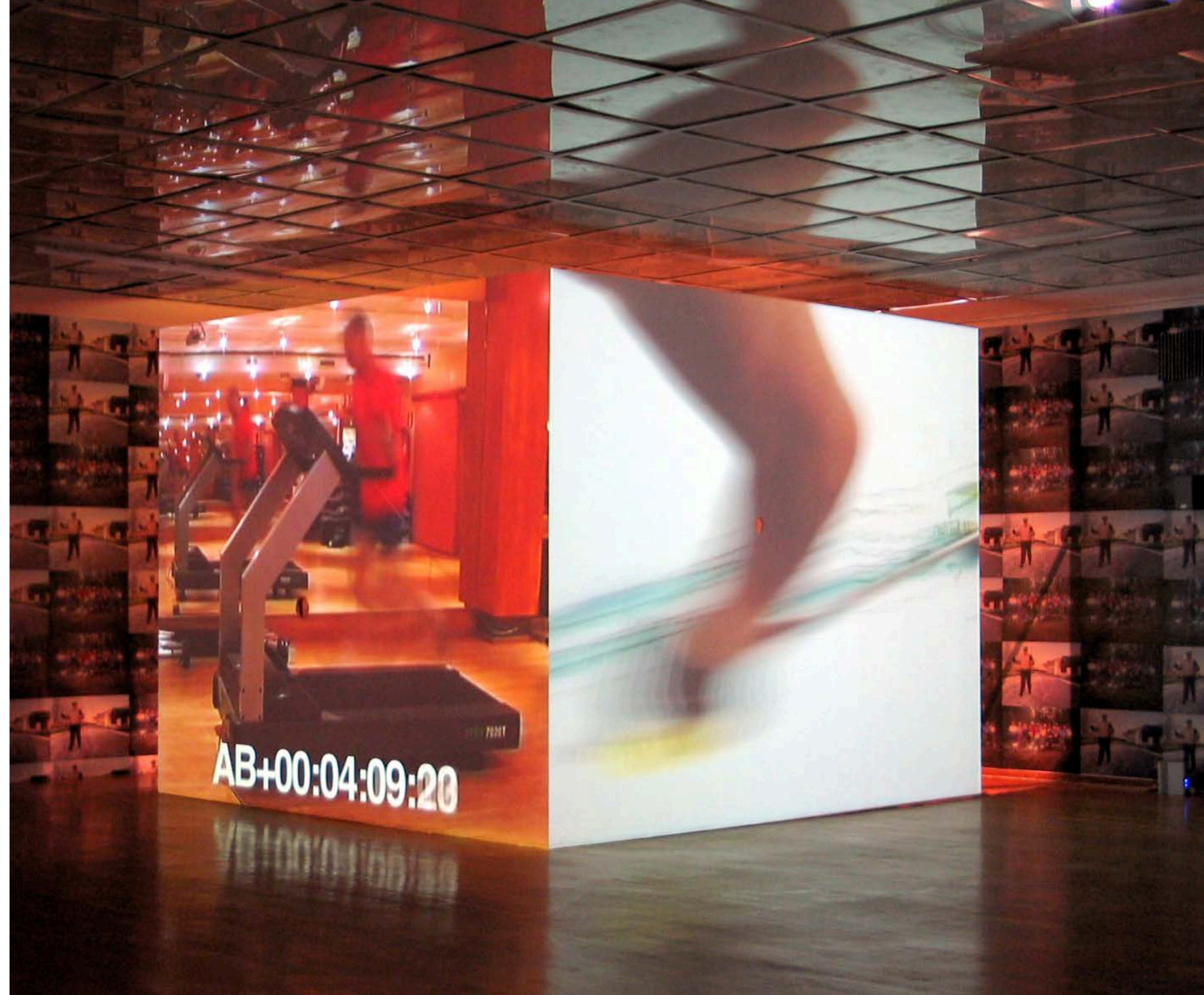
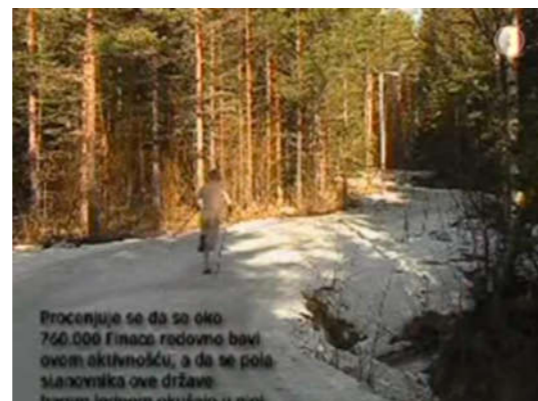


BUDAPEST





## BELGRADE



HELSINKI







NYKARLEBY

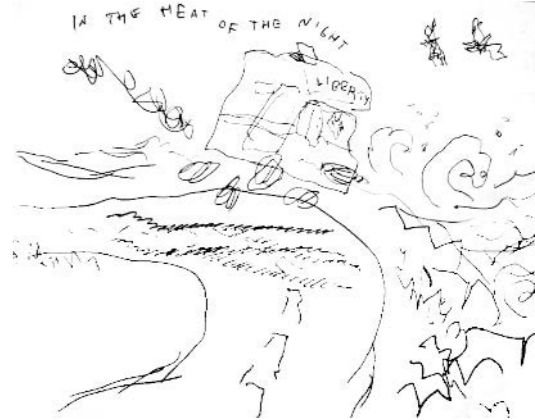


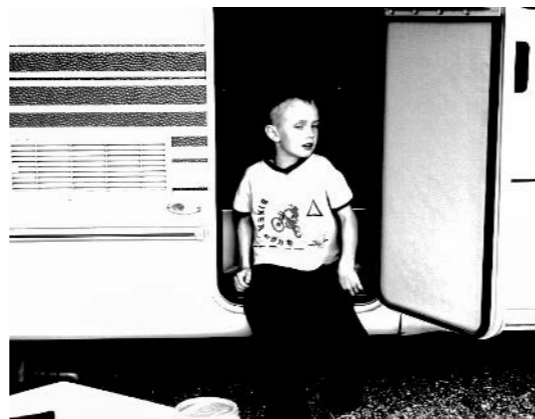
# FERIE

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*







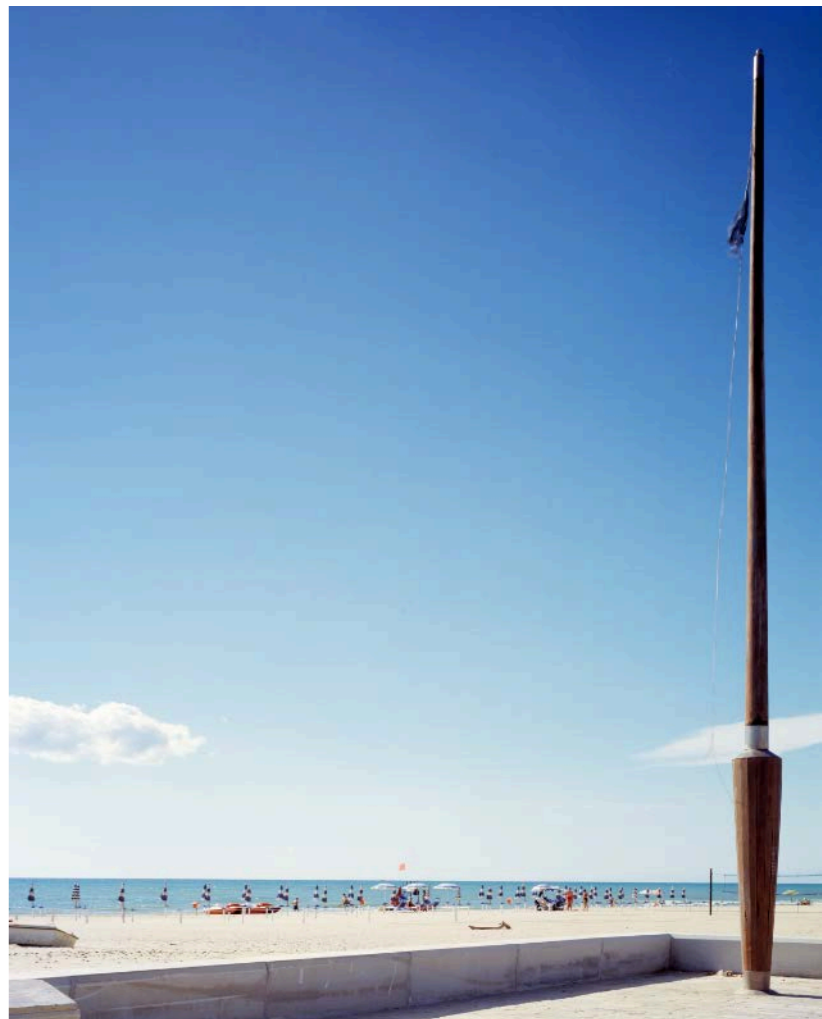
# NOT-ORESTE 4

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*









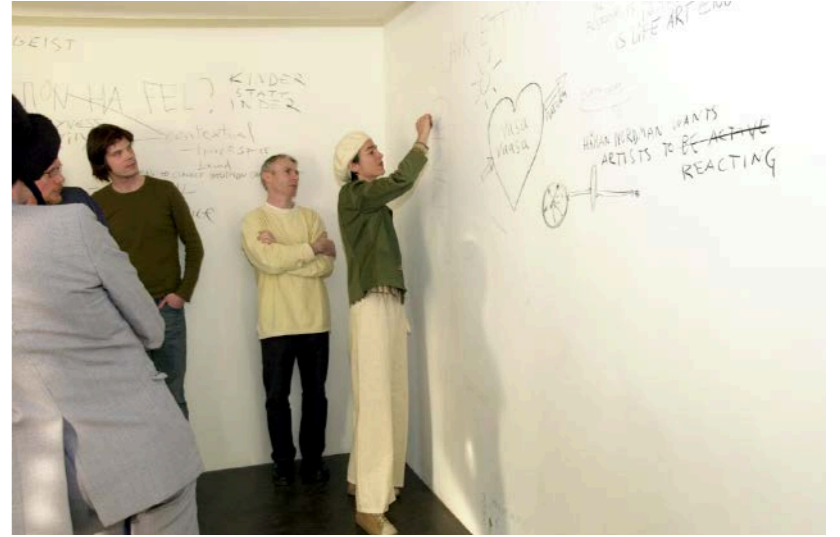






# MEETING POINT





- 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

## LE TRIBÙ DELL'ARTE

- 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);
- 5 risme da 500 fogli di carta per fotocopie (Ferdinando Mazzitelli, Milano);

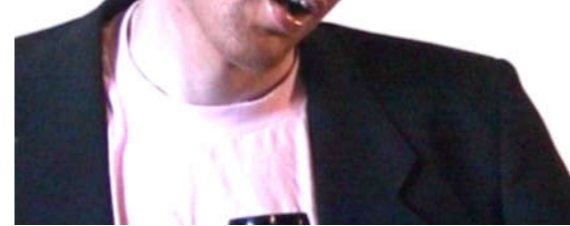
- 150 kg di cartoni ("Belgradostraat", Pinerolo);
- buste e evidenziatori (Laura Malacart, Londra);
- alcuni libri con testi di canzoni (Francesco Impellizzeri, Roma);
- 60 matite HB con gommino non temperate (Mala. Arti Visive, Rimini);
- 24 bottiglie di pinot ("Azienda Agricola Campomaggiore", Monteveglio e Anna Valeria Borsari, Bologna);
- carrello della spesa pieno ("Supermercati GS" e A.M. Pugliese, Napoli);
- 33 vasetti di miele del Parco Nazionale della Maiella ("Apicoltura N. Gallo", Caramanico Terme, S. e G. Mascioli);
- sacchi per le immondizie, scatole di muesli e granola fatte in casa, libri (Coco Gordon, New York e Angelo Ricciardi, Napoli);
- buoni pasto, camere d'albergo e sconto sui pullman (codice EAN, Napoli);
- pasta, zucchero e riso (Ruggero Maggi, Milano);
- un libriccino fatto a mano (Shelley Marlow, New York);
- 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).

*Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti*

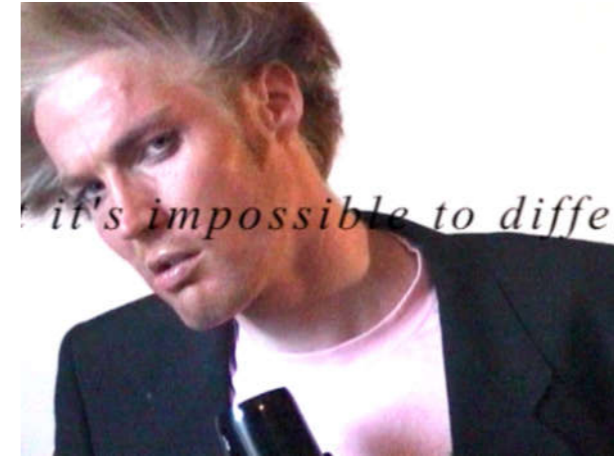




# BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT



*re so many expensive "*



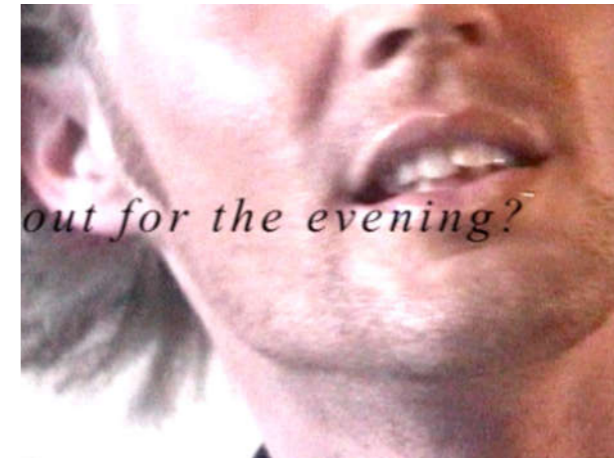
*it's impossible to differ*



*wake up with puffy eye*



*an 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, so*



*I'm 28, and I've start*





När vi hör titeln på utställningen "Jag skulle hellre fiska än gå på en konstutställning" är det lätt att anta att finnfemfel är bland de många aktörerna i konstvärlden som hyser ett djupt förakt för konst. Men så snart vi tittar bortom installationens mest ytliga nivå blir det tydligt att motsatsen är sann. Det som finnfemfel undersöker är något helt annat: Hur återknyter konsten vi möter i ett galleri, museum eller offentligt rum till vårt vardagsliv? Med andra ord, det vi möter i konstnärliga uttryck (oavsett form eller gestaltning) behöver vara meningsfullt i relation till de liv vi lever utanför konstsammanhanget. Det behöver relatera till våra erfarenheter och de problem 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 enbart rationellt eller intellektuellt. Oftare än inte behöver vi känna det i våra ben, muskler, senor, mage och nerver för att kunna hantera dem. Känslan behöver upplevas i de celler som tillsammans utgör våra kroppar för att det ska bli begripligt. Detta är varför videorna av finnfemfels medlemmar i installationen tydligt skildrar fysiska upplevelser: åka skidor, fiska, köra motorcykel och spela badminton.

Verket är, med andra ord, en reflektion över relationen mellan det som kan förstås intellektuellt med våra rationella förmågor och vad vår

"kroppssinne" kan greppa om världen. Det senare inkluderar inte bara våra sinnen, utan också proprioception, kroppsliga förnimmelser och kroppsmedvetenhet. När fiskaren skär sig på en fiskekrok eller längdskidåkaren svettas trots kylan omkring sig, är det inte bara sinnen som upplever den yttre världen. Det går djupare.

Finnfemfel vill att vi reflekterar över vad motsvarigheten 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 performance verkligt visceral? Vad är det med vissa konstnärliga upplevelser som får oss att gråta, skratta, känna illamående eller bli djupt berörda på andra sätt?

I den poetiska världen kan vi dröja kvar vid frågor utan att nödvändigtvis hitta ett enda svar. Svaren förändras, utvecklas, fördjupas eller blir överflödiga allteftersom tiden går och våra liv förändras. Det är därför intressant att återbesöka detta verk efter nästan 25 år och se hur tiden har förändrat det, hur tiderna har förändrats och hur vi alla har förändrats med tiden.

Tvärtemot vad vi trodde och hoppades på då, har den cartesianska klyftan mellan sinne och kropp blivit både djupare och bredare. Den skapar mer störningar och kaos i människors liv varje dag, eftersom den fragmenterar människor och polariserar samhällen. Med det har fler och fler konstnärer och konstnärliga uttryck blivit oförmögna att återknyta till sina publikers liv och endast efterliknar konstens fysiska utseende. Det är okej om folk vill gå den vägen och spela det spelet. Men då måste jag återigen säga: "Jag skulle hellre fiska än gå på en konstutställning."

*Per Hüttner*



# KUNGSPASSAGEN

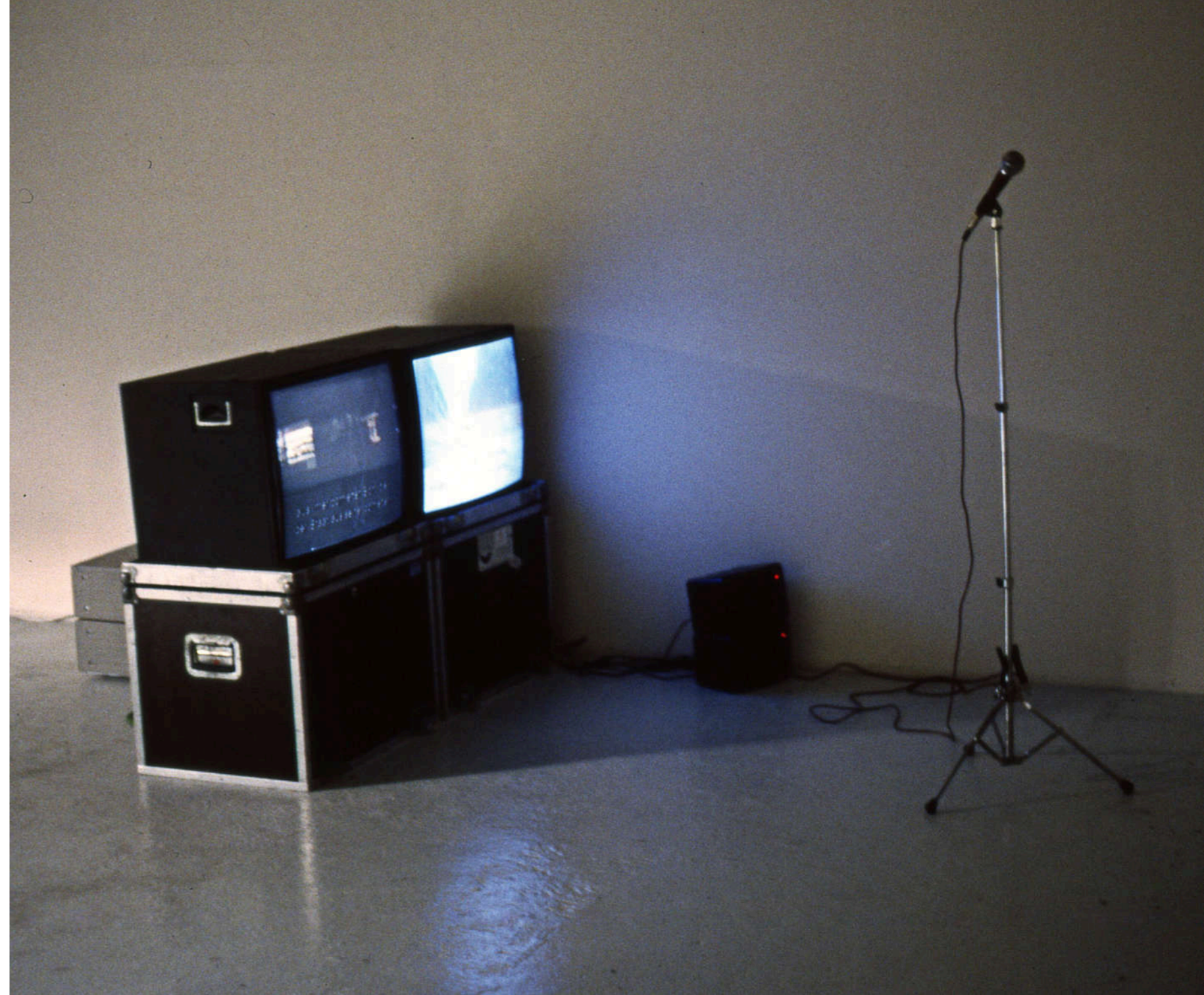
Vi var fyra funktionärer i samhällstjänst. Vår uppgift var att anordna ceremonin "rulla ut röda mattan". Vi började vår stadsvandring i Vasa (Finland); rullade ut mattan där vi såg det lämpligt och erbjöd förbipasserande möjligheten att stega på mattan. Därefter tog vi färjan över till Umeå (Sverige) 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 | 2023 p.12

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

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? | 2023 p. 34

Exhibition: Tuuletus!

Location: Lapua Art Museum, Lapua (FIN).

## WEITER - VOLLDAMPF VORAUSS | 2022 p. 40

Location: Axel Obiger, Berlin (D)

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

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

## ZURÜCKBLEIBEN! | 2018 p. 54

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 | 2017 p.62

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! | 2014 S.76

Exhibition: Rettet Europa III

Location: Tempel Museum Etsdorf (D)

## WHEN LIFE IS THE LEAST ART | 2012 p.80

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

Location: Wismar (D)

*Thank you for the time together in Wismar.  
A Brainstorming – Ten Years Later*

*There were a total of 31 participants at the 17th International Summer Academy for Architecture, Design, and Art at the Faculty of Design of Wismar University (July 30 to August 17, 2012). With finnfemfel, they were in the three-week main course titled “When Life is Least Artistic” in search of the transition or confrontation between life and art. Additionally, there were side courses on modelling, printing, and photography offered by regional instructors, as well as excursions.*

*The nationalities of the 31 participants:*

*1 from Brazil/studying in Spain*

*1 from Bolivia*

*1 from Colombia/studying in Switzerland*

*1 from Russia*

*2 from Spain*

*2 from Taiwan*

*2 from Iran*

*3 from Germany (Augsburg, Hamburg, Wismar)*

*18 from China*

*... all together during these three weeks, once in a lifetime.*

*My Memories:*

- That really strong vodka from Finland as a welcome drink on the lawn with finnfemfel*
- Sometimes long evenings with Prof. Valentin Rothmaler on the rooftop terrace under the title “Culinary - Art of Dining”*
- Excursions to Lübeck, Prora, and Stralsund with Erik Marokko*
- Pedestrian zone with finger paint and the subsequent cleanup action*
- Finding an official wall for graffiti on the university campus*
- Teaching one participant to ride a bicycle, unfortunately without success*
- Final rescue mission for the jellyfish from the exhibition*
- Relaxed and at the same time focused work with finnfemfel*

*Work Results:*

- Several photo and film projects*
- Clothes made from newspaper*
- Playing table tennis together yet apart*
- Jellyfish movements*
- Wismar as a shadow from the record player*
- Chess pieces made from vegetables*
- Installation in the foyer ... and a very well-attended opening*

*Project Management:  
Silke Holtmann M.A.*

## WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN | 2011 p. 88

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

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 | 2010 p. 94

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 | 2008 p. 106

Exhibition: ARTmART

Location: Künstlerhaus Wien, Vienna (AUT)

## POWER-NAP | 2007 p. 122

Exhibition: Die Freie Klasse denkt weiter [nach]

Location: Galerie den Künstler, Munich (D)

## THE DAY OF THE LIVING PEOPLE | 2004 p. 126

Lifestyle workshop: Days of autumn

Location: Soomaa (EST)

In collaboration with Antonio Scarponi

## NORDIC WALKING | 2003 - 2014 p. 132

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 | 2002 p. 148

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". My little brother and I spent a lot of time drawing in the camper. I tried on some cool sunglasses that Finn Fem Fel had brought along, and I tried on many sunglasses at different gas stations along the way. My little brother and I made new friends in Trondheim, and their family owned a pizzeria, which was really nice. I also remember that we drove over a bridge that was too narrow, and it scratched the camper... I also listened a lot to Macke's Thåström CD, which I thought was really good. I also remember a beautiful fjord where Oskar was taking photos with his big old camera. This trip was also the first time I saw reindeer in real life!*

Sara Braun

## NOT-ORESTE 4 | 2001 p. 154

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 everything went back to the way it was before.*

*I was overcome by the urge to run away. I hadn't done that in a long time. Sometimes you just can't stop.*

*She kept looking for a home for him. All the paradises she found were empty.*

*When the fog surrounded the village, many believed it was the sea.*

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti

## MEETING POINT | 2001 p. 166

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 | 2001 p. 170

Exhibition: Le Tribù dell'Arte

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

Sponsored by: Finlandia Vodka

- 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 canned tomatoes (Franco Fiorillo, L'Aquila);
- a deck of Neapolitan playing cards (Lucavalerio, Rome);
- two cases of pasta (Pastificio "Lecce" and Claudio Angione, Cosenza);
- 20 litres of organic Sicilian olive oil (Azienda "Bosco Falconeria" by Simeti Taylor, Partinico);
- traditional cakes from the Republic of San Marino (State Secretariat RSM, Rita Canarezza and Pier Paolo Coro);
- 50 handcrafted aromatic soaps ("Vaasan Saippua Oy" and Albert Braun, Vaasa, Finland);
- 1 kg of condoms ("SSL Healthcare Spa" and Emilio Fantin, Bologna);
- aromatic tea, goulash, and specialty spreads (Vincenza Casaluca-Geiger, Vienna);
- five pitchers ("Butley Pottery" and H. Hussey, Woodbridge, Suffolk, UK);
- 5 reams of 500 sheets of copy paper (Ferdinando Mazzitelli, Milan);
- 150 kg of cardboard ("Belgradostraat", Pinerolo);
- envelopes and highlighters (Laura Malacart, London);
- some books with song lyrics (Francesco Impellizzeri, Rome);
- 60 HB pencils with erasers, unsharpened (Mala. Arti Visive, Rimini);
- 24 bottles of pinot ("Azienda Agricola Campomaggiore", Monteveglio and Anna Valeria Borsari, Bologna);
- a full shopping cart ("Supermercati GS" and A.M. Pugliese, Naples);
- 33 jars of honey from the Maiella National Park ("Apicoltura N. Gallo", Caramanico Terme, S. and G. Mascioli);
- garbage bags, boxes of homemade muesli and granola, books (Coco Gordon, New York and Angelo Ricciardi, Naples);
- meal vouchers, hotel rooms, and discounts on buses (EAN code, Naples);
- pasta, sugar, and rice (Ruggero Maggi, Milan);
- a handmade booklet (Shelley Marlow, New York);
- 24 small bottles of a special spice blend (J. Boone, New York);
- cookies, whisky, and Scottish herring (Robert Gordon University, Aberdeen, Scotland);
- food products from Montenegro (Sanja Perisic, Podgorica);
- homemade Sicilian orange marmalades (S. Perna and T. Campisi, Catania);
- a box of small panettones (Ditta "Galup", Pinerolo);



- coffee and organic 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 Indian soaps, 20 kg of whole cane sugar from Paraguay and the Philippines, 12 kg of Thai brown rice ("CTM" and "Altromercato", Bolzano);
- a soccer ball ("Museo del Somaro", Perugia).

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti

## BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT | 2000 & 2007 p. 147

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 | 1999 p. 178

Location: Konstakuten, Stockholm (S)

Funded by: Cultural Foundation for Sweden and Finland

*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 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 | 1999 p. 182

Art festival: By Side Sidewalk

Location: Vasa (FIN) / Umeå (S)

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

*We were four community service workers. Our task was to organise the ceremony "Roll Out the Red Carpet." We began our city walk in Vaasa (Finland); rolled out the carpet wherever we saw fit and offered passersby the opportunity to walk on it. After that, we took the ferry over to Umeå (Sweden) to continue our service. The carpet was rolled out on streets and squares, on the ferry deck and in the city park, shopping malls, and small boat docks. Everyone was welcome to honour themselves on the Red Carpet.*

Simo Brotherus

## KARAOKE BEUYS | 1998 p. 186

Exhibition: Für die bessere Welt

Location: Lothringer 13 Halle, München (D)

Funded and promoted by: Freie Klasse München

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