FINNFEMFEL



STATEMENTS
COMMENTS

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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 actualised 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 realised 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 realised 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-organised 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 recognised, 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 materialised 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.

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 calendar? 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 insecure 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 actualisation 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 completes 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 bystandee. 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 withering 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 fantasmatic 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.

Eine Tischtennisplatte, durch einen Metallzaun geteilt, spielt durch ihre visuelle Form auf viele unterschiedliche Gedanken zu komplexen Fragen der Kommunikation, des Handelns, der Interaktion, Populismus, Radikalisierung und Demokratie im heutigen Europa und der Welt an.

DER TISCH IST BLAUER AUF DER ANDEREN SEITE

Nach dem Fall der Berliner Mauer hatten viele von uns das Gefühl, dass Grenzen in Zukunft eine viel geringere Rolle spielen werden. Sowohl in Europa als auch auf der ganzen Welt erleben wir aber wieder das Gegenteil. Populistisches und radikales Verhalten setzt unsere Demokratie, europäische politische Zusammenarbeit und kulturelles Miteinander unter Druck und riskiert deren Zerfall.

Spielen und Experimente wagen erfordern den persönlichen Einsatz des neugierigen Spielers, aber auch die Verantwortung jedes einzelnen Bürgers im öffentlichen Miteinander. Der Metallzaun vor uns, der mentale Zaun in uns – wir kommunizieren weiter durch Ping-Pong. Just do it!

finnfemfel

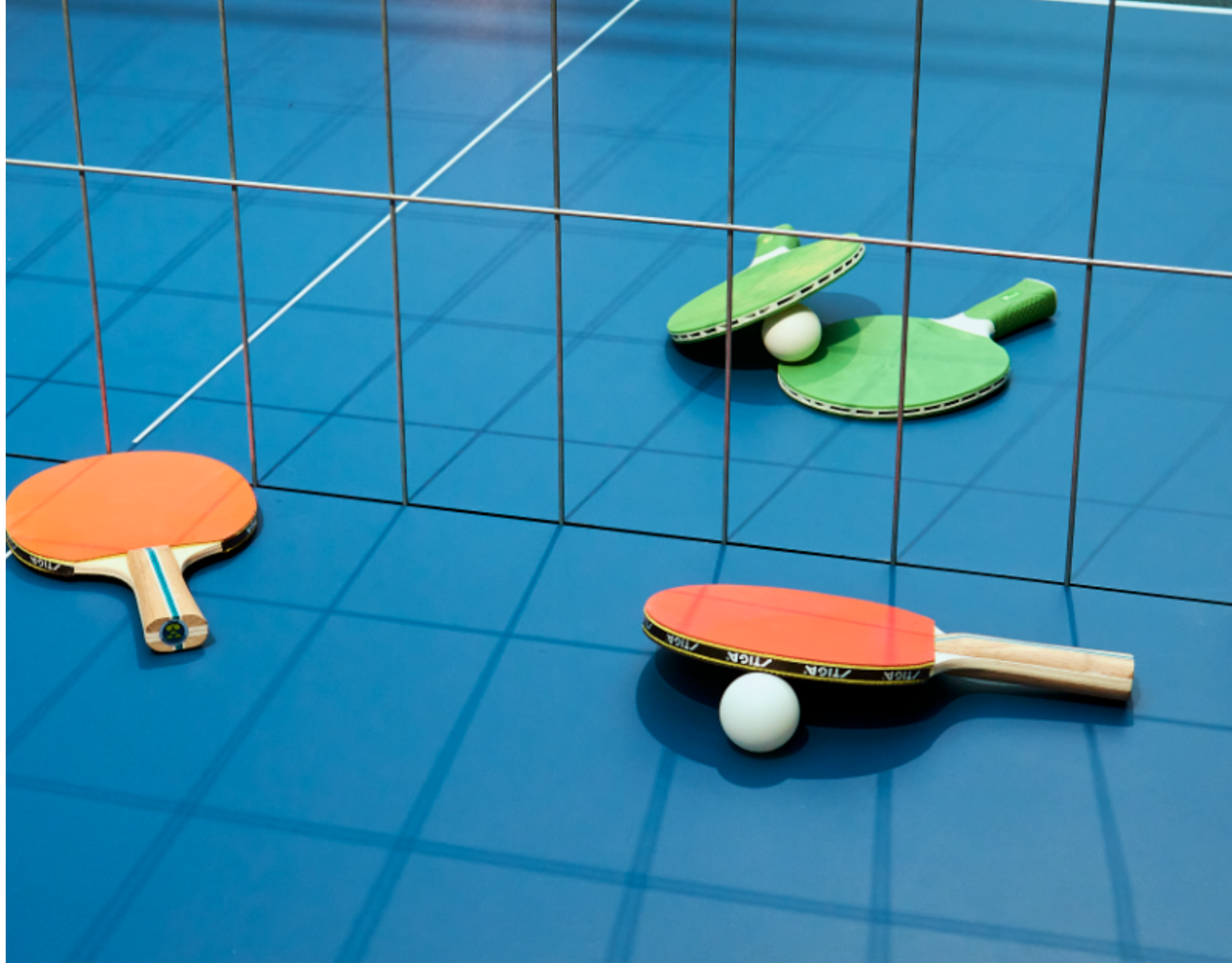



there is no clear iconography to peace
it was a time of optimism


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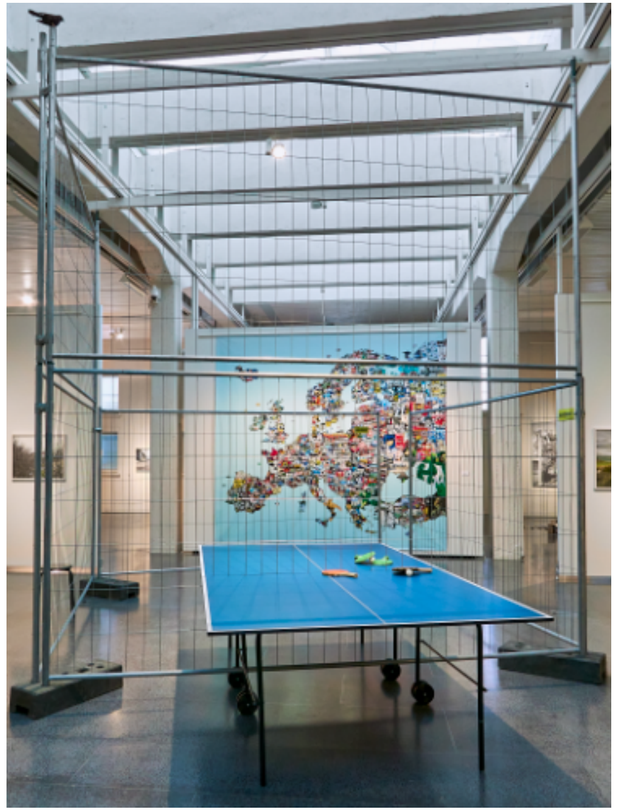
THE METAL FENCE IN FRONT OF US, THE MENTAL FENCE WITHIN US, PING – PONG, HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE?











OCKE MAN

WEIT – HÖHER – AM REICHSTEN

Mika Hannula: Fangen wir mit einer einfachen Frage an: Warum der Weltraum? Was ist so interessant am Weltraum als einer großen, unbekannten Welt über uns?

finnfemfel: Es öffnet die Perspektive und gibt viel Raum für eigene Gedanken und Ideen ohne Restriktionen: “Space would not be space without a race”. Es geht aber auch um den irdischen Raum und den Ort der Präsentation. Das ist immer von Bedeutung für uns. Andererseits scheint es für reiche Leute und Länder akzeptabel und cool zu sein, Milliarden von Euro zu verbrennen, um dorthin zu reisen.

Und wenn ich so darüber nachdenke, ist das genau der Grund, warum wir dieses Projekt durchführen. Ich persönlich glaube nicht, dass der Weltraum etwas Interessantes zu bieten hat. Aber die Menschheit scheint zu glauben, dass die Rettung dort draußen liegt!

MH: Ja, aber: Was gibt es da draußen – und was ist für Sie drin? Warum diese Faszination, warum jetzt?

fff: Im Weltraum gibt es wahrscheinlich alles oder nichts, aber für uns ist da nichts drin. Wir sind der Meinung, dass wir eine Menge akuter Probleme auf der Erde lösen müssen, bevor wir versuchen, ins All zu fliegen...

... MH: Welche Rolle oder Faszination üben Popsongs und Popkultur auf Sie aus - welche Rolle spielt sie in Ihrer Arbeit?

fff: Pop-Kultur kann, speziell für Heranwachsende, wie Sport auch einen ganz wichtigen Platz einnehmen: bei der Entwicklung einer eigenen Persönlichkeit und beim Finden eines eigenen Weges nach vorne. Da spielen eben wieder das Poetische und das Raum lassen für eigene Gedanken eine große Rolle. Pop-Kultur ist auch weiterhin eine große Energiequelle. Unsere Ideen kommen oft von dort oder vom Alltäglichen.

Außerdem ist es wichtig, darauf zu achten, wie Popsongs und Kultur überall und ständig präsent sind und der Alltag die Hauptquelle für unsere Arbeit ist.

Denken Sie an den alltäglichen Bedarf in Bezug auf Musik, nicht so sehr an Popkultur – sobald Sie denken, dass Sie es mit "Popkultur" zu tun haben, sind Sie raus; denken Sie, dass es die gleiche Rolle wie Kreativität hat ... denken Sie nicht und stressen Sie sich nicht mit dieser Frage!

MH: Das erinnert mich an eine Gruppe aus den frühen 1990er-Jahren, die sich Pop Will Eat Itself nannte, was sich offensichtlich auf die kannibalistische Idee des Kaufens, Spielens und Wegwerfens der sogenannten Kultur bezieht. Um die Frage anders zu formulieren: Wo ist der Beat und der Bounce in Ihrer aktuellen Arbeit?

fff: Der Beat ist der Dialog zwischen den Objekten in der gesamten Ausstellung/Installation und der Bounce ist die physische und mentale Erfahrung der Arbeit. Der Beat ist im Bauch und der Bounce ist im Kopf...

... MH: Ok, wenn es im Vergleich etwas über unsere Gesellschaften aussagt, was möchten Sie sagen oder aussagen, indem Sie Kunst und Sport, Spiel und Vergnügen zusammenbringen?

fff: Wie im Profisport ist Spielen und Spaß haben in der Hochkultur nicht erlaubt. Wir denken, dass Spielen die treibende Kraft in der Gesellschaft ist und dass es dafür keine Altersgrenze geben sollte ...

Auszug aus dem Interview im Pressetext der Ausstellung








GET
BREXIT
DONE

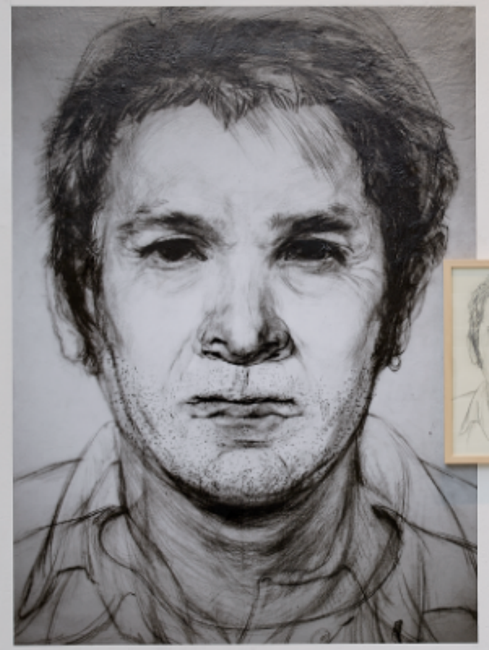

MA AIN' HE KIND OF PLACE O AIE YOU KID
IN FAC I COLD A HELL











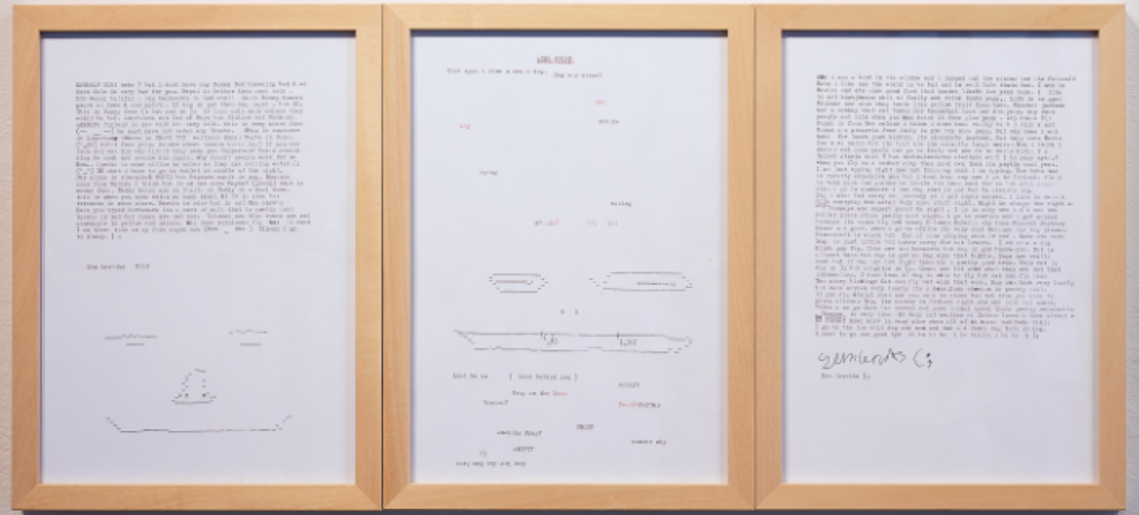




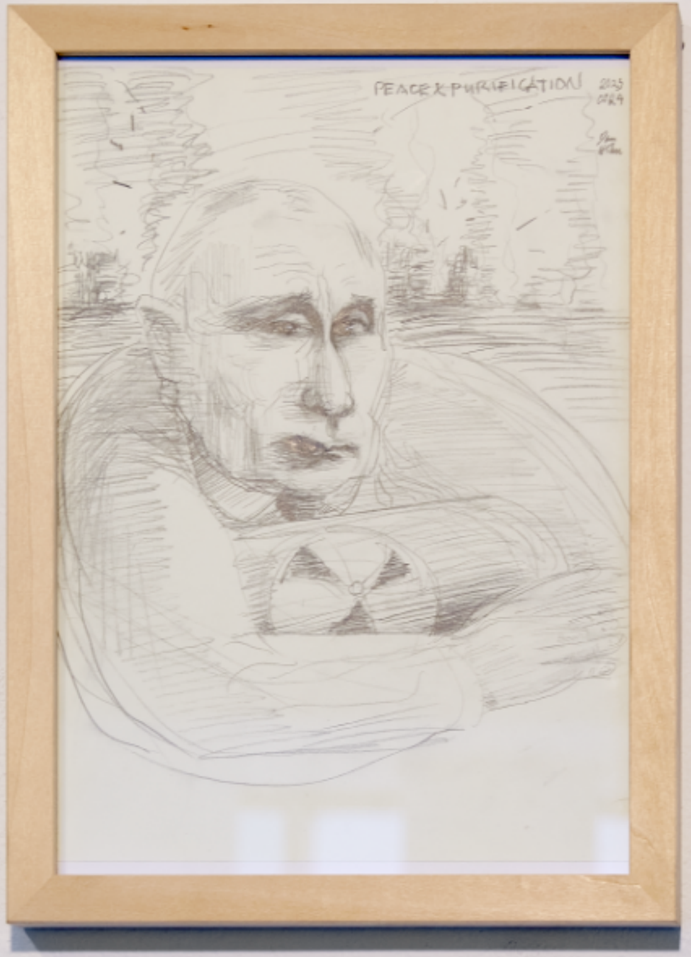



VLADIMIR
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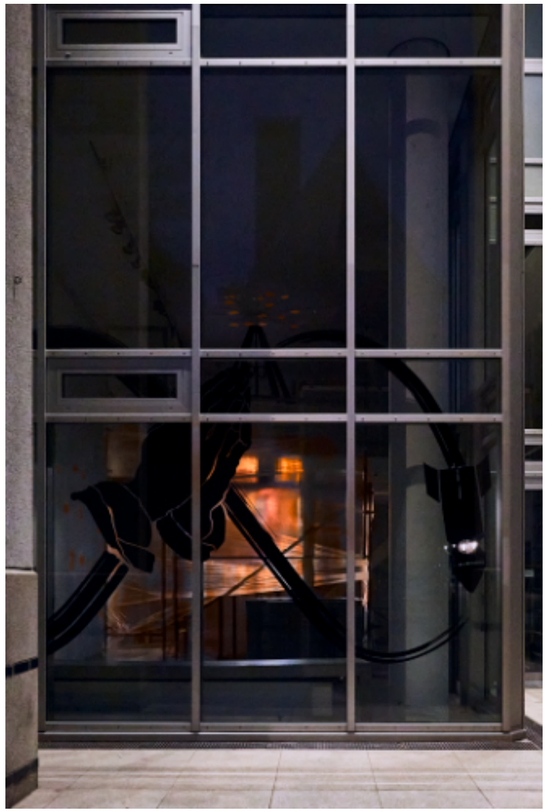







PEACE & PURIFICATION






BAVARIA ONE
MISSION ZUKUNFT

WEITER – VOLLDAMPF VORAUS

In Zeiten wie diesen herrscht eine Behaglichkeit, ein gewisses Gefühl erforderlicher Sicherheit, ausgedrückt in Dimensionen. Sie wissen schon, damit man nicht vergisst, dass es nur nach oben gehen kann und dass wohl die einzig wirkliche Sorge, die unseren Alltag überschattet, die Frage ist, wie tief man sinken kann. Dimensionen geben uns die notwendige Richtung und die notwendigen Bezüge mit offenem Ende in diesen Zeiten nicht enden wollender Krisen der Inflation, Rezession und Annexion.

Einziges Mysterium bleibt dieses: Wann ist oben wirklich oben und was bedeutet es, also wahrhaftig und tatsächlich, heruntergekommen zu sein? Und – Hand aufs Herz – was sollen wir tun, wenn wir den Punkt erreichen, an dem wir nicht länger nach dem Wann und Wo suchen und uns der Schönheit und Biestigkeit des Hier und Jetzt stellen?

Mit der gegenwärtigen Ausstellung des aus Finnland stammenden Kollektivs finnfemfel (ein Wortspiel im Schwedischen: finde fünf Fehler bzw. fünf Finnen-Fehler), einer fast jährlich stattfindenden Zusammenkunft der Gruppe, für gewöhnlich auch mit einer Anzahl von Gastauftritten, liegt das Hauptaugenmerk auf dem Raum als Ort.

Das ist der recht zentrale Zustand spätmoderner Träume und Tragödien, der vollends entfalteten Projektionsfläche für unsere brillantesten Ideen und schlimmsten Alpträume. Es ist ein imaginärer Raum, in dem niemand – ich wiederhole – niemand unschuldig ist; ein Raum, der sich zunehmend füllt mit kulturellen und gesellschaftlichen Bezügen von nah (inländisch und persönlich) und fern (kulturell verlorene und gefundene Artefakte), von angenehm (der Song Rocketman) zu abstoßend (absurde Hobbys von Milliardären).

Und was wird das Kollektiv finnfemfel tun, wie werden sie just diese Örtlichkeit und Situation erschaffen und gestalten, wie werden sie die Aussichten und Erwartungen drehen und wenden? Also bitte, wenn man das im Voraus verraten würde, wäre ja die Überraschung verdorben. Deshalb muss man teilnehmen, vor Ort sein, den Moment des wunderbaren Erstaunens teilen beim Nach-oben-Schauen und gespannt sein, was man sieht – nicht am Himmel, sondern im und mit dem Raum als Ort; seinen zahlreichen verspielten Reflexionen und Nachbildern.

Mika Hannula



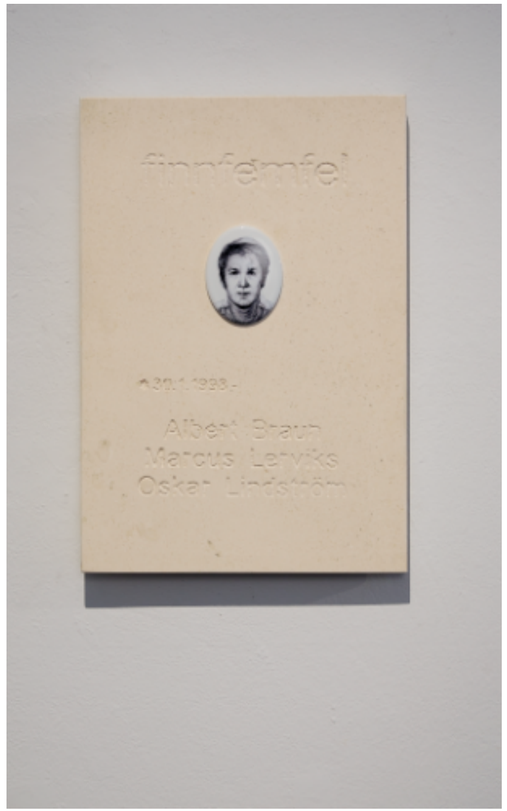

NASA

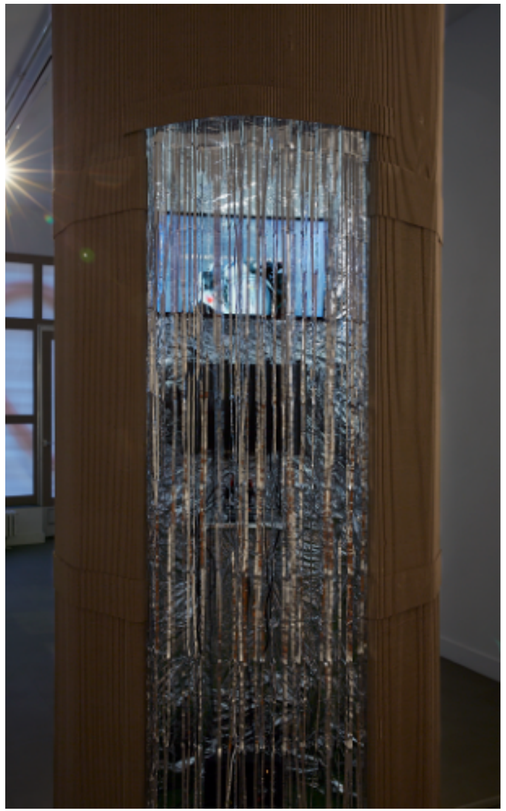

NASA




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Albert Braun
Marcus Leryiks
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

There is
NO NO NO
Entity Without
I I I
Identity

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

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

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?







ZURÜCKBLEIBEN!

Die Ansage „Zurückbleiben“ irritiert.
Besonders für ausländische Berlin-Besucher ist sie unverständlich und gerade deshalb einprägsam. Für Muttersprachler hat das Wort „zurückbleiben“ eine eindeutig negative Konnotation – man bleibt zurück, die anderen fahren, oder man wird zurückgelassen, kann nicht mithalten, ist überflüssig, zurückgeblieben?

Umso merkwürdiger, dass man zu so einer passiven Tätigkeit aufgefordert wird, früher von den Zugabfertigern live und recht barsch, heute mit einer neutral bis sexy klingenden entschärften Stimme vom Band und dem Zusatz „Bitte“.

Die S-Bahn Berlin reagiert damit nach eigener Aussage auch auf „eine zunehmende Risikobereitschaft, ‚um jeden Preis‘ den bereits abgefertigten Zug noch zu erreichen.“ Die rot aufleuchtenden Lampen über den Türen und der berühmte S-Bahn-Dreiklang allein reichen da wohl nicht.

Geht es vielleicht gar nicht um Fakten, nicht darum einzusteigen, nicht darum, dass sich Türen schließen, sondern um das Zurückbleiben als Handlung, als Haltung, als Gefühl? Über diese kurze Ansage kann man viel nachdenken. Über Sozialdarwinismus, das Scheitern an der großen Stadt (oder der großen Stadt selbst), preußischen Gehorsam, Globalität und Lokalität, Beförderungsbedingungen ...

Das organisierte Chaos in dieser Ansage ist Teil des Berlin-Gefühls, es bietet den lebensnotwendigen Spielraum für Ambivalenzen, der durch das destruktive Chaos des politischen Populismus immer kleiner zu werden droht.

In Hamburg wurde die Ansage 2014 abgeschafft, Berlin behält sie bei.
Wahrscheinlich gerade weil sie so schön uneindeutig ist wie die Stadt selbst.

Maja Rohwetter






drs
amazon



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



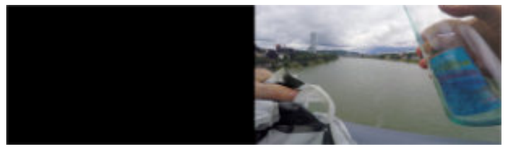


ÜBER DEN FLUSS [RHEINGOLD] DREILÄNDERECKFISCHEN DREILÄNDERECKLIED




HA, HA, HA
VIVA GEL!!!
"DENK DAR NICHT ERST DARAN!"
AUF DEN DEUTSCHEN UND SAGTE:
DER TÜRKE SCHAUTE
"DAS HABEN WIR JA WIE SAND AM MEER."
UND LIES EINE WEINFLASCHE FALLEN UND SAGTE:
DER FRANZOSE SCHAUTE AUF DEN SCHWEITZER
"DAS HABEN WIR JA WIE SAND AM MEER."
FLUGZEUG FALLEN UND SAGTE:
BERÜHMTE VOLLER GELD AUS DEM
DURAUFHIN LIES DER SCHWEITZER SEINE

















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.

1

Eine Japanerin mit Kagushi-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.

2

Ich fuhr nach Tokio. Tokio 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 Tokio überbaut. Überbauung ist ein gutes Mittel, darunter liegende Wasser in ihrem Strömungsverhalten zu untersuchen.

3

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

4

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.

5

„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.

6

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 Tokio hatte, floss der Rhein DAHIN, während er eigentlich in seiner Majestät nach DORT floss.

7

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.

8

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

9

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.

10

Text

Basel/Pforzheim, Juli 2016

Rainer Bartels

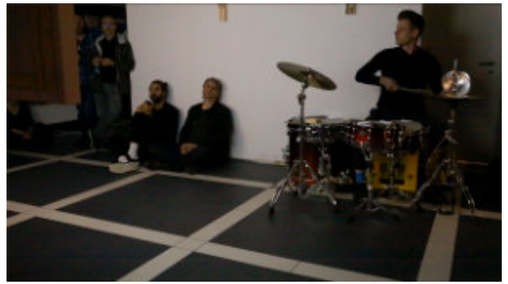

"An Bord eines Flugzeuges saßen ein Schweizer, ein Franzose,ein Deutscher und ein Türke. Der Kapitän sagte an: Zu viel Gewicht! Zu viel Gewicht.
Daraufhin ließ der Schweizer seine Brieftasche voller Geld aus dem Flugzeug fallen und sagte: "Das haben wir ja wie Sand am Meer."
Der Franzose schaute auf 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!

... Sie hassen Europa und wollen dennoch ins EU-Parlament. Parteien am rechten Rand könnten bei den Wahlen im Mai so stark werden wie nie - wie der Erfolg des ultrarechten Front national in Frankreich jetzt zeigt. Klicken Sie auf die Karte, um zu sehen, wo extreme Gruppierungen besonders stark sind ...

... Denn die Europafeinde haben Zulauf. Das zeigt die erste Runde der Kommunalwahlen in Frankreich, wo der rechtsextreme Front national in mehreren Städten triumphierte - und in einem Ort sogar die absolute Mehrheit errang. Parteichefin Marine Le Pen spricht bereits von einem Durchbruch ihrer Partei. Den sehen auch andere für sich kommen: In den benachbarten Niederlanden ist es Geert Wilders mit seiner Freiheitspartei, der im engen Kontakt zu Le Pen steht; in Großbritannien die Ukip. In Deutschland liegt die Euro-kritische AfD nach Einschätzung von Demoskopen bei mindestens fünf Prozent.

Politisch eingebracht hat sich das Lager der EU- und Euro-Kritiker im Europaparlament bisher kaum, sondern das Plenum vor allem als Bühne für seine Parolen genutzt ...

"Die große Angst vor Europas Feinden", Der Spiegel, 24.03.2014






in Etsdorf


Bruno Valkeniers
Red Europa
Kristian Thulesen Dahl
Redde Europa
Marine Le Pen
Sauver l'Europe
Jimmie Åkesson
Rädda Europa
Nikolaos Michaloliakos
Αποθήκευση της Ευρωπης
Jarosław Kaczyński
Ratuj Europe
Geert Wilders
Red Europa
Umberto Bossi
Salvare l'Europa
Bernd Lucke
Rettet Europa
Nigel Farage
Save Europe
Timo Soini
Pelasta Eurooppaa
Heinz-Christian Strache
Rettet Europa
United against Populism!
FinnFemFel 2014, www.finnfemfel.org

WHEN LIFE IS THE LEAST ART

Danke für die gemeinsame Zeit in Wismar.
Ein Brainstorming

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.

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 (Augsburg, 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 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

Projektleiter
Prof. Georg Giebeler
Künstlerische Leitung
Prof. Valentin Rothmaler

Projektmanagement
Silke Holtmann M.A.




























First two days
• Getting to know each other
• Presenting our ideas
• Starting with inspiration



























Rockencyklopedin med Pete Frames genealogiska släktträd över musikers medverkan i olika band och konstellationer studerades noggrant och metodiskt under 80-talets mitt. Utlåningskortet i pappersfickan på bakpärmens innersida fylldes upp av siffran 500, min pappas lånenummer på biblioteket i Replot och ett nummer jag ogärna bytte till egen tråkigare siffra. Astrid bakom disken hyste full förståelse över mitt val.

Vandringarna längs släktträdens trådar ledde till upptäckt efter upptäckt.

WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN

Visualiseringarna gav inte bara nya musiker och grupper som skulle undersökas. De resulterade, kombinerat med vad som kom ur högtalarna, också i en uppfattning kring orsak och verkan. Pusselbitars omformning i förhållande till varandra i tidsmässigt tillfälliga helheter.

Kausalitet — och det finns ack så mycket mer kausalitet att få grepp om i den här världen.

TAXONOMI *tak¹sonomi⁴*, stundom *-ωno-* l. *-onω-* l. *-ωnω-*, r.; best. **-n** l. (i sht förr) **-en**; pl. **-er**.
(i sht i fackspr.) (om system av l. metod för) (hierarkisk) indelning l. Klassificering (o. namngivning) av företeelser inom ett vetenskapligt område i kategorier; jfr **INDELNING**, sbst.¹ **1** *c*, **KLASSIFIKATION 4** *b*, **METOD 4**, **SYSTEM**, sbst.¹ **4**, **SYSTEMATIK**. särsk.

Svenska Akademiens ordbok (SAOB) kommunikation (tryckår 2003).

KONTEXT *kontäk⁴st*, r. l. m.; best. -en.
text i sitt sammanhang (ofta i motsättning till: not l. anmärkning); (ett skriftställes) sammanhang med det föregående o. efterföljande; (en skrifts) innehåll; vanl. i best. form. **Widekindi** *KrijgH 2Ded.* 2 b **(1671)**. Enär .. sådane ord och Phraser förekomma, som hafva flera vanliga bemärkelser, bör den rätta .. af sjelfva Contexten och sammanhanget sorgfälligt utletas. *IBibelkom.* **1773**, § 2. *SFS* **1892**, nr 22, s. 2. Hans ansökan .. lyder till kontexten sålunda: *(osv.).* **Wedberg** *HD* 184 **(1922)**.

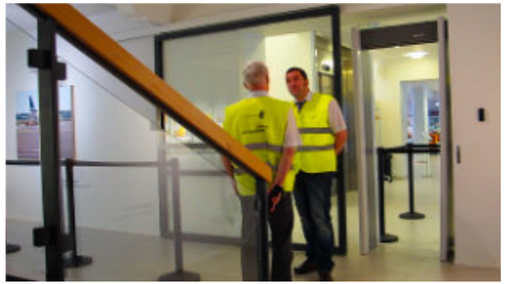
Svenska Akademiens ordbok (SAOB) kommunikation (tryckår 1937).

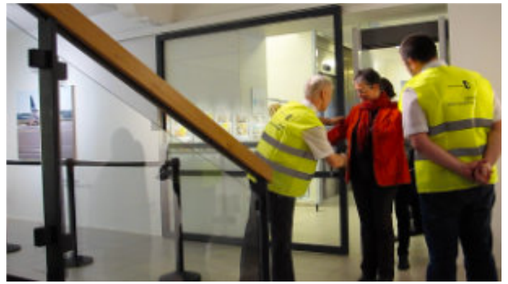
Robert Back




Ulos Ut Exit





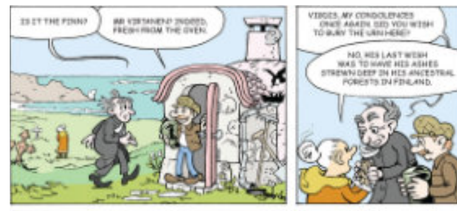




FINNFEMFEL AND THE MAGIC URN

BY SIMO BROTHERUS































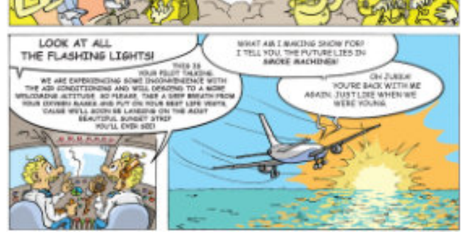












FINNAIR

ODER WER WIRD DENN GLEICH IN DIE LUFT GEHEN?

Það er lúxus að lifa og lífið er lúxus.
Að fljúga á fjarlæga stað og njóta.
Það hefur nátúrulega skelfilegar afleiðingar fyrir náttúruna.
Loftlagsmengun af hegðunarmynstur lúxus ferða er óhjákvæmilegt.

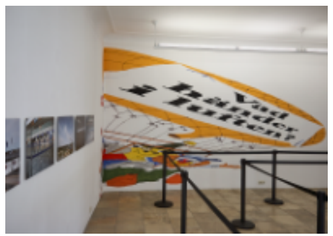
Það er svo æðislegt að þegar það á að setja þetta í samhengi þá tekur náttúran yfir.
Eyjafjallajökull spúði ösku sinni um himinninn og fluginn stöðvuðust.
Eins og til að sýna okkur að náttúran lætur ekki bjóða sér þetta.
Askan breyðist út og verður sendiboði náttúrunar, engin lúxus hér.

Á sama máta má segja að finnfemfel breiði sig út og sendir okkur skýr skilaboð.
Létt sem aska falla þeir niður á hinum ólíklegustu stöðum og minna okkur á hvað er að gerast í samfélagi mannana.
Meigi askan dreifa sem víðast og hafa áhrif á sem flesta

Kjartan Einarsson





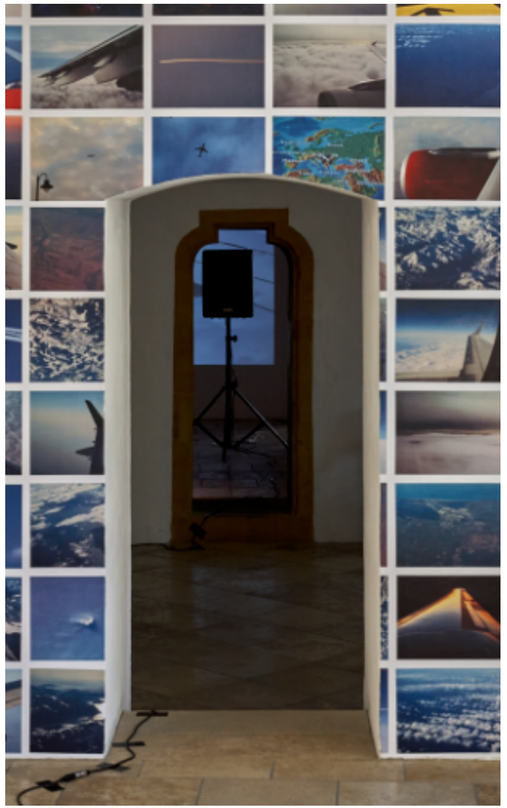

Vad
händer
i luften?








Vad
händer
i luften?

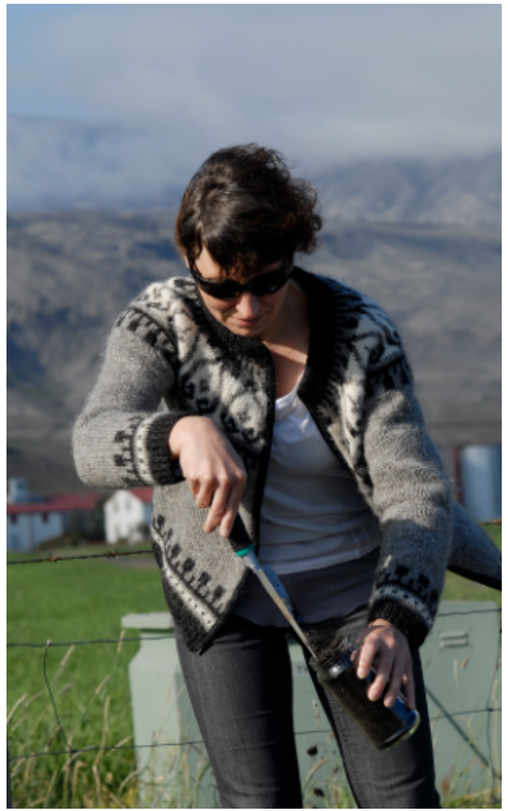
















CURATORS FOR SALE

Kun finnfemfel -taiteilijaryhmä sai kutsun 2008 osallistua Wienissä järjestetyille ARTmART -taidemessuille, se käänsi kutsun päälaelleen ja kutsui itse seitsemän kuraattoria - minut mukaan luettuna - tuottamaan taideteokset jotka ryhmä kuratoisi näyttelyksi nimeltä *Curators for Sale*. Näille tilausteoksille asetettiin tietyt raamit, osin käytännön syistä: niiden tuli olla pieniä ja helposti lähetettäviä sekä monistettavia ja niillä tuli olla edullinen, korkeintaan 80 euron yksikköhinta - siis päinvastoin kuin mihin ylikuumentuneessa kansainvälisessä taidebisneksessä oli ajauduttu. Ele oli ajankohtainen, sillä Euroopassa oli jo alettu tarkastella niitä seuraamuksia joihin kulttuurin välineellistäminen johtaisi. Tuo hypehän oli käynnistynyt Englannista jo 1990-luvun alussa *New Public Managementin* myötä. Suomessa kuitenkin oli vasta nousussa kulttuuripolitiikan keskiöön kotikutoinen *Culture-for-Sale* -ideologia, mihin itsekin jouduin vuosikausiksi upoksiin suomalaisen kuvataiteen kansainvälistymistä tukevan Näyttelyvaihtokeskus Framen johtajana.

Meillä oli jo toki aiemmin korostettu kansainvälistymisen merkitystä alueiden vetovoiman ja innovaatiokyvyn vahvistamisessa, mutta nyt oli kyse kulttuuriosaamisesta tulevaisuuden voimavarana. Sen kehittämiseksi tukeuduttiin tulevaisuudentutkija Markku Wileniuksen selvitykseen, jonka mukaan kulttuuripolitiikan historiallisessa jaksotuksessa olimme siirtyneet ns. kolmanteen vaiheeseen eli ”kulttuuriteollisuusajatteluun perustuvaan kulttuurin kaupallistamisen ja kuluttamisen kannustamisen kauteen”. Nyt oli aika luopua keskinkertaisuuksien kuppikuntia tuottavasta näköalattomuudesta, josta esimerkkinä oli taiteilija-apurahajärjestelmä. Taloudellisesti vientikelpoiset kulttuurituotteet luontaisesti tuottaisivat ne menestyksen mittarit, joilla julkisen tuen muodot kulttuurille voisivat tarkentua.

Uuden strategialuomuksen ohjauksessa nousivat etualalle mitattavat kriteerit; sen sijaan taide, jolle ei voitu osoittaa kysyntää, jäi sivummalle. Uusiksi avainkäsitteiksi kiteytyivät liiketoimintojen vakiinnuttaminen, voitto, myynninedistäminen, brändin rakentaminen ja markkinointi. Hyödyllisyydestä vakuuttivat erityisesti hakemukset, joissa muistettiin mainita kyseisen hankkeen arvoketju ja sen vuotokohdat, ansaintalogiikka, nouseva trendiviiva, myyntivolyymi tai maaimagollinen merkitys.

Kulttuurivientistrategian kehittämisen nurjana puolena, etenkin sen huippuvuosina 2000-luvun ensi vuosikymmenellä, oli äärimmäisen hektinen tahti, kiire kun oli kova. Perinteisemmät taiteen tukimuodot tuntuivat jopa ylimääräisiltä velvoitteilta, joiden suunnitteluun ei ollut aikaa eikä riittänyt energiaa.

> Oli oikeastaan ihme, ettei omakin osallistumiseni finnfemfel taidemessuprojektiin peruuntunut. Kesällä 2008 yritin viime hetkellä paneutua asiaan paluumatkalla New Yorkista, missä oli avautunut MoMa / P.S.1:ssä suomalaisen nykytaiteen näyttely *Arktinen hysteria.* Ehkä yksi kulttuurivientistrategian kattavimmista kaaviokuvista tarjoaisi ulospääsyn labyrintista? Mutta ei, pohdintaani sekoitti lentokoneen ilmastointisäätimien ja turvavyöohjeistusten muodostama, hiukset pystyssä virnistelevä, tekoälyä enteilevä naama!

Tästä asetelmasta kuitenkin syntyi idea *ready-made* -diptyykistä, joka rinnasti opetusministeriössä laaditun vientikaavion ja kännykkäkuvan älyvapaasta robottimaisesta Pirusta. Wienissä taideteokseni *From Strategy to Product* oli esillä 10 kappaleen paperipohjaisina värituloste ina à 2 x A4, 69 €. Kaupallista menestystä siitä ei tuolloin tullut, mutta maailma on täynnä esimerkkejä siitä, kuinka uusia oivalluksia ei heti osata arvostaa. Jatkossa teosta toki voi esitellä muissakin konteksteissa erilaisina versioina - materiaalit, koot, hinnat ja editiot ovat aina sopimuksenvaraisia. Ansaintalogiikan mukaan markkinointia ei voi ylikorostaa.

Marketta Haila (entinen nimi Seppälä)



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



ALKOHOLISM 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





POHVALA LIJENOSTI

Kao umjetnik učio sam i od Istoka (socijalizma) i od Zapada (kapitalizma). Naravno, sada kada su se granice i politički sistemi promijenili, takvo iskustvo više neće biti moguće. Ali ono što sam ja naučio iz tog dijaloga ostaje mi. Gledanje i poznavanje umjetnosti Zapada navelo me je ovih dana na misao da na Zapadu ne može biti više umjetnosti. Ne tvrdim da je nema. Zašto ne može biti umjetnosti na Zapadu? Odgovor je vrlo jednostavan. Umjetnici Zapada nisu lijeni. Umjetnici s Istoka su lijeni, a hoće li oni sada kada više nisu umjetnici Istoka ostati lijeni, to ćemo vidjeti.

Lijenost je odsustvo pokreta i misli, samo tupo vrijeme – potpuna amnezija. Ona je također ravnodušnost, buljenje ni u šta, ne-aktivnost, nemoć. Ona je čista glupost, vrijeme bola, uzaludne koncentracije. Sve te vrline lijenosti važni su činioci umjetnosti. Nije dovoljno znati o lijenosti, ona se mora prakticirati i usavršavati.

POWER-NAP

Umjetnici Zapada nisu lijeni i zato više nisu umjetnici, već proizvođači nečega... Potpuna zaokupljenost umjetnika Zapada nevažnim stvarima, kao što su proizvodnja, promocija, sistem galerija, sistem muzeja, sistem natječaja (tko je prvi), zaigranost predmetima, sve to udaljilo ih je od lijenosti, od umjetnosti. Kao što je novac papir, tako je i galerija soba.

Umjetnici s Istoka bili su lijeni i siromašni, jer cijeli sistem nevažnih činilaca nije postojao. Zato su imali vremena koncentrirati se i baviti se umjetnošću i lijenošću. Ali kada su i proizvodili umjetnost, znali su da je to uzaludno, da je to ništa.

Pouku o lijenosti umjetnici Zapada imali su od koga naučiti, ali nisu. Dva najvažnija umjetnika 20. stoljeća bavila su se pitanjem lijenosti, praktički i teoretski: Duchamp i Maljevič.

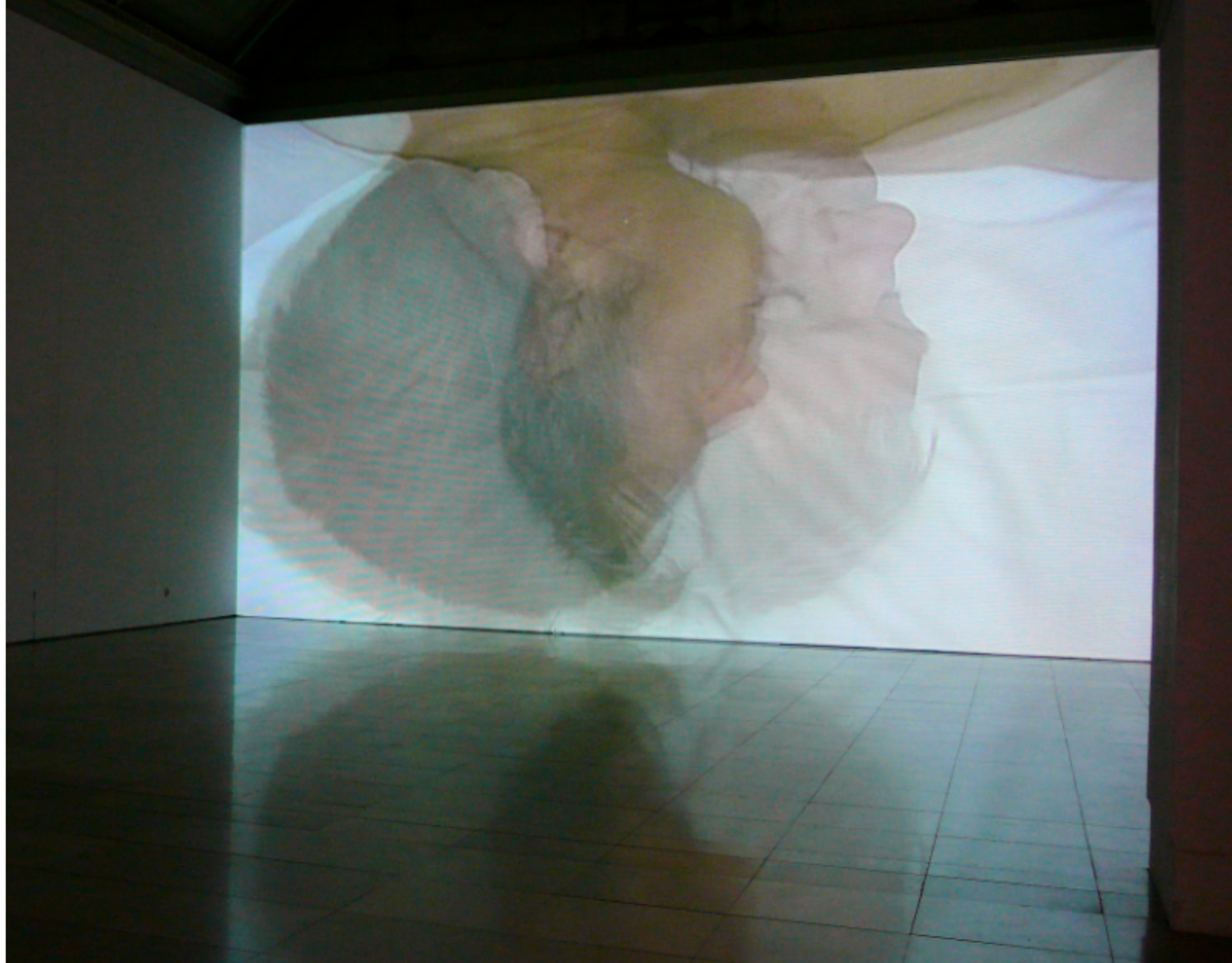
Duchamp nikad nije govorio o lijenosti, već o ravnodušnosti i ne-radu. Na pitanje Pierrea Cabannea što mu je donijelo najviše zadovoljstva u životu, Marcel Duchamp je odgovorio: "Kao prvo imao sam sreće. Jer nikada nisam morao raditi za život. Smatram da je raditi za život pomalo imbecilno s ekonomske točke gledišta. Nadam se da ćemo jednog dana moći živjeti bez obaveze da radimo. Zahvaljujući svojoj sreći, mogao sam se provući kroz život bez posla."

Maljevič je napisao tekst pod naslovom "Lijenost – prava istina čovječanstva" (1921). U tom tekstu on je kritizirao kapitalizam zato što omogućuje samo malom broju kapitalista lijenost, ali i socijalizam, jer je cijeli svoj pokret bazirao na radu. Citiram: "Narodi se plaše lijenosti i progone one koji je prihvaćaju, sve se događa na taj način, jer nitko je nije shvatio kao istinu, budući da su je žigosali kao 'majku svih poroka', a ona je majka života. Socijalizam nosi oslobođenje u nesvjesnom, on žigoše lijenost ne znajući da ga je ona rodila i njen sin je u svojoj ludosti žigoše kao majku poroka, ali on još nije sin koji će skinuti žig, i stoga u ovoj kratkoj bilješci, ja želim skinuti žig srama s njenog čela i da je učinim ne majkom svih poroka, već majkom savršenstva."

I da budem lijen i da zaključim. Nema umjetnosti bez lijenosti.

RAD JE BOLEST (KARL MARX) - Mladen Stilinović
RAD JE SRAMOTA - Vlado Martek

Mladen Stilinović, 1993.



THE DAY OF THE LIVING PEOPLE

Era da tempo che avrei voluto visitare un Kolchoz. Senza un motivo preciso, ma piuttosto per curiosità, o un senso del lontano dal mio vissuto. Non sapevo cosa aspettarmi. Avrei dovuto fare da tutor ad un workshop a degli studenti di diverse nazionalità. Lo avevo già fatto, sia insegnare, sia inventare attività didattiche, ma ero ancora alle prese con quelle insicurezze che non se ne vanno mai del tutto.

Dalle comunicazioni avevo dedotto che avremmo dormito in una specie di locanda nei pressi del Kolchoz. Portai con me un abito di velluto, non elegante, per carità, ma che ritenevo adeguato alle formalità che il mio ruolo di tutor doveva ricoprire, che furono però miseramente disattese.

Arrivammo a Tallin da Helsinki, con di una specie di eterotopia galleggiante con cui, con il pretesto di traghettare persone e cose da una sponda all'altra del Mar Baltico, si può fare una sosta in mezzo al mare per celebrare vizi e desideri della vita. Da lì, in un paio di ore un autobus ci avrebbe portato al Kolchoz nel sud dell'Estonia. Faceva freddo, anche se non aveva ancora gelato. Dal finestrino la campagna era brulla, desolata, scarna, grigia, umida, vuota di case e di vita, ancora più che non qualsiasi campagna autunnale mai vista prima. Una manciata di edifici a blocco dall'aria razionalista appoggiati tra i campi ci accolse nel tardo pomeriggio. Non avevo nessun punto di riferimento. Un tabacchino, una piazza, un supermercato, una pompa di benzina, una chiesa, una scuola, nulla. Avremmo dormito tutti insieme, docenti e studenti, in un ex asilo, acquistato per cinquemila euro da un architetto di lì, in procinto di trasformarlo in un ostello. In procinto per l'appunto: vetri rotti, nessun riscaldamento, bagni sgangherati, etc. Ci venne indicato il nostro giaciglio ai lati di un corridoio. Una fila di materassi di gommapiuma, adiacenti per il lato corto, senza lenzuola e già zuppi di umidità, erano appoggiati sul pavimento di graniglia e contenuti da delle assi di abete. Tutti avevano portato con sé un sacco a pelo. Dettaglio che a me era sfuggito. Il riscaldamento avrebbe dovuto essere generato da una sauna in via di completamento, almeno così mi pare di ricordare. Fu la peggior nottata di sempre. Per provare a dormire misi addosso tutti i vestiti che avevo, nel frattempo umidi anche essi.

Avevo un freddo cane e malvagio. Non avevo idea di come avrei potuto resistere una settimana, ma il mattino seguente qualcuno mi disse che c'era un negozio nel Kolchoz che vendeva un po' di tutto. Lì trovai, impolverato tra canne da pesca, detersivi, utensili per la casa, cereali e alcolici vari, un miracolo a dieci euro in forma di sacco a pelo.

Una bottiglia da cinquanta centilitri di birra costava un euro. Dopo un paio di giorni la sauna cominciò a funzionare e il workshop a prendere forma.

Nel frattempo, mi sarebbe piaciuto capire che erano gli abitanti del Kolchoz, ma era molto difficile. Timidissimi, sparuti e senza una parola di inglese a disposizione. Un ragazzino, avrà avuto otto o nove anni, teneva il viso sorridente appiccicato a una delle vetrate di quella che credo fosse stata la mensa dell'ex asilo dove stavamo. Ci osservava. Portava le scarpe di un adulto, sformate e inzaccherate di fango e una giacca a vento. Mi accorsi che riuscivo a comunicare in inglese. Recuperammo un pallone e organizzammo una partita Estonia contro il resto del mondo, celebrando quel linguaggio universale che unisce popoli e culture. Diventammo amici. Grazie a lui potevamo comunicare. Nonostante fosse tra i più giovani, passava le informazioni a tutti, ribaltando le gerarchie tra gli amici e i suoi fratelli più grandi. Era il nostro ambasciatore.

Una mattina mi venne a chiamare. Sua madre voleva conoscermi. Andai a casa sua, in uno degli edifici a blocco del Kolchoz. Mi aspettava una donna con i capelli scuri e il fisico asciutto. Comunicavamo a stenti. Capì solo che il padre non c'era e che lei faceva la camionista. Mi raccontò che erano stati in vacanza in autostop, fino ai Paesi Baschi con i due suoi ragazzi. Prima di partire, il ragazzino, mi regalò un portachiavi fatto con una conchiglia raccolta nell'oceano Atlantico. Lo conservo ancora.

Antonio Scarponi

















ERKKI / age 12 / Kid
wishes: SWIMMING PLACE, COMPUTER, SPORTING FACILITIES



MIHKEL / age 15 / Student
wishes: WHITE CHRISTMAS



ÜLLE / age 38 / Entrepenuer
wishes: MORE GREENERY TO UNPLEASENT SURROUNDINGS



TIIA / age 35 / Art teacher
wishes: BUILD A CENTER FOR CHILDREN



MAIGI / age 46 / Cook
wishes: LIGHT THE ROAD, MORE ACTIVITY FOR CHILDREN



MERIKE / age20 / Worker in Danish company
wishes: MORE ACTIVITIES AND PRIVATE HIGHER SALARIES



VIIU / age58 / Librarian
wishes: RESTORE THE PARK, LIGHT THE ROAD TO SCHOOL



IMBI / age29 / Nurse
wishes: NICER OUTDOORS, PLAYGROUNDS, PARK, LIGHT THE ROAD



EINO / age-in his seventies / Retired Engeneer of Kolhoos

NORDIC WALKING



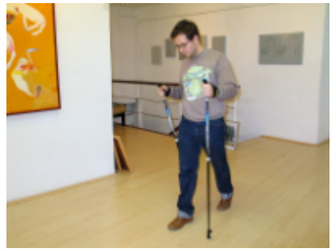
UMEÅ







BUDAPEST



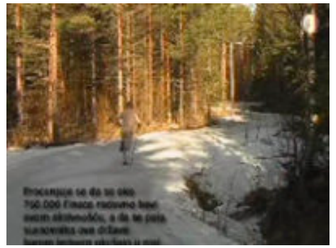








BELGRADE



HELSINKI






VASA
UMEÅ



NYKARLEBY



FERIE

Jag har fina minnen från “Ferie”. Jag och min lillebror satt och ritade mycket i husbilen. Jag testade coola solglasögon som fiinnfemfel 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















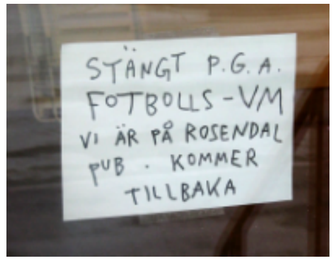


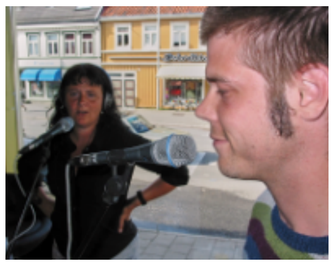









STÄNGT P.G.A.
FOTBOLLS-VM
VI ÄR PÅ ROSENDAL
PUB . KOMMER
TILLBAKA










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




























PANIFICIO MODERNO

MEETING POINT

skallrande koppar
lukten av kaffe
bistra miner
som rinner över
som snärjer samman
arm mot skuldra, lår mot knä
rep som möts
förstulet vänder sig bort

var ligger hjärtat?

Maria Ångerman

















- 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 Casaluce–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 tailandese ("CTM" e "altromercato", Bolzano);
- un pallone da calcio ("Museo del Somaro", Perugia).

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiusti

LE TRIBÙ DELL'ARTE






Vaasan Saippua Oy Vasa Tvål Ab
06 - 3171 444 PL 141, 651
MADE IN FINLAND
TST 363-B

BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT









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

När vi hör titeln på utställningen ”I'd Rather Be Fishing than Going to an Art Show” är det lätt att anta att finnfemfel tillhör de många aktörerna i konstvärlden som hyser ett djupt förakt för konst. Men så snart vi ser bortom installationens mest ytliga nivå, blir det tydligt att motsatsen är sann. Det finnfemfel undersöker är något helt annat: Hur återkopplas den konst vi möter i ett galleri, museum eller i det offentliga rummet till vårt vardagsliv? Med andra ord, det vi möter i konstnärliga uttryck (i vilken form eller gestalt det än må ta) måste vara begripligt i relation till de liv vi lever utanför konstsammanhanget. Det måste relatera till våra erfarenheter och de problem vi möter i familjen, på arbetsplatser eller i sociala sammanhang.

Finnfemfel vet att svaren på dessa reflektioner finns i kroppen. Vi kan sällan hitta svaren på de mycket verkliga frågor som livet ställer oss enbart genom rationalitet eller intellekt. Oftare än inte behöver vi känna det i våra ben, muskler, senor, magar och nerver för att kunna hantera dem. Känslan måste kännas i de alla celler som tillsammans bildar våra kroppar för att det ska vara begripligt. Det är därför som videorna av medlemmarna i finnfemfel i installationen tydligt skildrar fysiska upplevelser: skidåkning, fiske, att köra motorcykel och att spela badminton.

Verket är, med andra ord, en reflektion kring relationen mellan vad som kan förstås intellektuellt med våra rationella förmågor och vad vår ”kroppsmedvetenhet” kan uppfatta av världen. Det sistnämnda inkluderar inte bara våra sinnen, utan även proprioception (kinestesi), kroppsliga sensationer och kroppslig medvetenhet. När fiskaren skär sig på en fiskekrok eller när längdskidåkaren svettas trots kylan omkring honom, är det inte bara sinnena som upplever den yttre världen. Det går djupare.

Finnfemfel vill att vi reflekterar 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 att intrycket från en konsert, film, roman eller föreställning verkligen blir intuitiv? Vad är det med vissa konstupplevelser 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 i takt med att 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 kropp och själ blivit både djupare och bredare. Den skapar mer störning och kaos i människors liv varje dag, eftersom den fragmenterar människor och polariserar samhällen. Därmed blir fler och fler konstnärer och konstnärliga uttryck oförmögna att återknyta till sin publiks liv och imiterar bara konstens fysiska utseende. Det är okej om folk vill gå den vägen och spela det spelet. Men då måste jag ändå säga: ”I'd rather be fishing than going to an art show.”

Per Hüttner











KUNGSPASSAGEN

Vi var fyra funktionärer i samhällstjänst. Vårt uppdrag 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 spatsera 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

...Der Sinn von Gruppen ist für uns: Die Überwindung des Konkurrenzprinzips in dem Sinne, dass das kollektive Nutzen der jeweiligen persönlichen Ressourcen möglich ist. Die Potenzierung des Gedankenkapitals für eine bessere Welt...

Manifest der Freien Klasse München für eine bessere Welt




Suudelman kuumimman
huulitas sain,
SONY



WHEN, WHERE, [WHAT] AND WITH WHOM

DER TISCH IST BLAUER AUF DER ANDEREN SEITE
THE TABLE IS BLUER ON THE OTHER SIDE | PAGE 12

2024
Exhibition: 'TransEuropa' (RETTET EUROPA IV)
Location: TEMPEL-MUSEUM Etsdorf (D)

Funded and sponsored by: Büro Wilhelm and TEMPEL MUSEUM Etsdorf

A table tennis table divided by a metal fence uses its visual form to evoke many different thoughts on complex issues of communication, action, interaction, populism, radicalisation and democracy in today's Europe and the world.

After the fall of the Berlin Wall, many of us felt that borders would play a much lesser role in the future. Yet, both in Europe and across the globe, we are once again witnessing the opposite. Populist and radical behaviour is putting pressure on our democracy, European political cooperation and cultural coexistence, and risks their collapse.

Playing and daring to experiment requires the personal commitment of the curious player, but also the responsibility of every single citizen in public life. The metal fence before us, the mental fence within us – we continue to communicate through ping-pong. Just do it!

finnfemfel

THE METAL FENCE IN FRONT OF US, THE MENTAL FENCE WITHIN US, PING-PONG, HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE? | PAGE 18

2023
Exhibition: Tuuletus!
Location: Lapua Art Museum, Lapua (FIN)

OCKE MAN | PAGE 24

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

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

Mika Hannula: Let's start with an easy one: why space? What's so interesting about space as a wide huge unknown above us?

finnfemfel: It opens the perspective and offers a lot of space for one's own thoughts and ideas without restrictions: 'Space would not be space without a race.' However, it is also all about terrestrial space and a location for presentation. This has always been important to us.

But then again, well, it seems accepted and cool for rich people and countries to burn billions of euros to go there.

And come to think about it, in fact, that's exactly why we are doing this project. Personally, I don't think there is anything interesting about space. But humanity seems to think the saving is out there!

MH: Yes but: what's out there – and what's in it for you? Why this fascination, why now?

fff: In space there's probably everything or nothing, but there's nothing in it for us. We think there are a lot of acute problems we must fix on earth before trying to go into space...

... MH: What's the role or fascination with pop songs and pop culture to you – what's its role in your work?

fff: Just like sports, Pop Culture, especially for adolescents, can play an important role in the development of one's own personality and in finding one's own way ahead. What's important here again is the poetic and leaving space for one's own thoughts. Pop Culture continues to be a significant source of energy. Our ideas often stem from there or from the everyday.

Also it is important to pay attention to how pop songs and culture are everywhere and all the time and everyday life is the main source of our work.

Think everyday need regarding music, not that much about pop culture – as soon as you think you are dealing with 'pop culture' you are out, think it has the same role as creativity ... don't think and stress over this question!

MH: This reminds me of a group in the early 1990s called Pop Will Eat Itself, obviously referring to the cannibalistic notion of buy, play & throw away acts of so-called culture. To put the question in another way: where's the beat and the bounce in your current work?

fff: The beat is the dialogue between the objects in the whole exhibition/ installation and the bounce is the physical and mental experience of the work. The beat is in the stomach and the bounce is in the head...

... MH: Ok, if it says something, in comparison, about our societies, what is it that you want to say or state by bringing together art and sports, play and pleasure?

fff: Like in professional sports, playing and having fun is not allowed in high culture. We think playing is the driving force in society and there should not be any age limit for that...

Excerpt from the interview in the exhibition's press release

WEITER—VOLLDAMPF VORAUS
FURTHER—FULL SPEED AHEAD | PAGE 44

2022
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

In times like these, there is a sense of comfort, a certain feeling of necessary security, expressed in terms of scale. You know, so that we don't forget that things can only get better, and that the only real concern casting a shadow over our daily lives is the question of just how low we might sink. Dimensions provide us with the necessary direction and the necessary open-ended points of reference in these times of seemingly endless crises of inflation, recession and annexation.

The only mystery remains this: when is up really up, and what does it mean, truly and actually, to have fallen? And—hand on heart—what are we to do when we reach the point where we no longer search for the when and where, and face the beauty and brutality of the here and now?

With the current exhibition by the Finnish collective finnfemfel (a Swedish pun: 'find five mistakes' or 'five Finns' mistakes'), an almost annual gathering of the group, usually featuring a number of guest appearances, the main focus is on the space as a place.

This is the very essence of late modern dreams and tragedies, the fully unfolded projection screen for our most brilliant ideas and worst nightmares. It is an imaginary space in which no one—I repeat—no one is innocent; a space that is increasingly filled with cultural and social references from near (domestic and personal) and far (culturally lost and found artefacts), from pleasant (the song 'Rocketman') to repulsive (absurd hobbies of billionaires).

And what will the finnfemfel collective do, how will they create and shape precisely this location and situation, how will they twist and turn the prospects and expectations? So please, if one were to give that away in advance, the surprise would be spoiled. That is why one must take part, be there in person, share the moment of marvellous wonder as one looks upwards and be eager to see what one sees—not in the sky, but in and with the space as a place; its numerous playful reflections and afterimages.

Mika Hannula

ZURÜCKBLEIBEN!
STAY BACK! | PAGE 58

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

The announcement 'Zurückbleiben' is puzzling.
It is particularly incomprehensible to foreign visitors to Berlin, and for that very reason it sticks in the mind. For native speakers, the word 'zurückbleiben' has a distinctly negative connotation – you stay behind whilst the others go on, or you are left behind, unable to keep up, superfluous, or even backward?

It is all the more strange that one is urged to engage in such a passive activity, formerly by train dispatchers in person and rather brusquely, today via a recorded message in a neutral to sexy-sounding, softened voice, accompanied by the word 'please'.

According to its own statement, S-Bahn Berlin is also responding to 'an increasing willingness to take risks in order to catch a train that has already departed "at any cost".' The red lights flashing above the doors and the famous S-Bahn chime alone are apparently not enough.

Is it perhaps not about facts at all, not about getting on, not about doors closing, but about being left behind as an act, as an attitude, as a feeling? There is much to ponder in this brief announcement. About social Darwinism, failure in the big city (or the big city itself), Prussian obedience, globality and locality, transport conditions...

The organised chaos in this announcement is part of the Berlin vibe; it offers the vital scope for ambivalence that is increasingly under threat from the destructive chaos of political populism.

In Hamburg, the announcement was scrapped in 2014; Berlin is keeping it.

Probably precisely because it is as beautifully ambiguous as the city itself.

Maja Rohwetter

ÜBER DEN FLUSS [RHEINGOLD]
DREILÄNDERECKFISCHEN
DREILÄNDERECKLIED
ABOUT THE RIVER [RHINE GOLD]
BORDER TRIANGLE-FISHING
BORDER TRIANGLE-SONG | PAGE 66

2017
Exhibition: VIVA (P)forza
Location: LAF-Projektraum, Pforzheim (D)

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

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

ABOUT THE RIVER—A Monologue

The fact that river water always flows downstream is likely due to some flaw in earthly physics. This fundamental law is actually called: down it goes!

Water knows how to resist. It's diverse and has many properties—it can, of course, be clear or murky. Water has no beams, though it can certainly carry beams, and it significantly contributes to the existence of life.

A Japanese woman trained in Kagushi confidently asserted, in answer to my question, that the water of the Rhine flows UP THERE. UP it goes towards its source, or in this case to its interim destination at Lake Constance.

I travelled to Tokyo. Tokyo is located near water, near a rather insignificant river and a very significant ocean, which we mistakenly call the Pacific Ocean. Much of the river, and a small portion of that ocean, are overbuilt in Tokyo. Building over water is a useful way to study the flow behaviour of the water beneath.

When I headed towards Ginza, the water flowed black and deep below me, to THERE. When I turned back, however, the water was still flowing to THERE. However, it should have continued flowing towards where THERE had previously been. It had changed its direction.

An electrician would call this alternating current. A captain would call it tides—ebb and flow, or the tidal cycle. In between, it ripples.

I flew back to Basel, not much wiser but certainly more understanding. Well, Basel, at roughly 350 metres above sea level, cannot be affected by tides. Even when the influencing force of the moon takes effect, it hardly rises or falls by more than ten metres. Yet a sufficiently educated Japanese woman, upon closely observing the river flowing past, decided it moved not to THERE but rather to HERE.

'Panta rhei,' said Heraclitus, without knowing the Celts or their main trade route, the Renos, which in post-Greek and post-Celtic times the Romans called the Rhenus—perhaps just to have their own name for it. The Romans were notoriously possessive about naming things.

Yes, Heraclitus was right, but a meaningful indication of direction is absent from this ancient, international, and thus hyper-historical proverb.

I therefore had to step out back behind the house at Augustinergasse 17, to where the Rhine flows. And behold, because it has no power over it, the Rhine does both. At the riverbank, close by me—and surely close by the reporting Japanese woman, whose fluvial knowledge undoubtedly came from Tokyo—the Rhine flowed up tHERE, while in its grandeur it flowed down THERE. That is how the Rhine works, propelling wood in the form of several reaction ferries, flowing TO THERE, its current slowing down more and more along the bank, bringing the ferry to a halt at the pier. If the ferry weren't tethered by a cable, it would drift TO HERE like a typical Basel boat, a Weidling, on a light keel.

When it came time to release a beautiful sand-strewn mandala to its

destiny in eternity, the Dalai Lama chose not the Wettstein Bridge but rather the professionally operated ferry 'Leu.' An infinity of tiny coloured grains of sand, symbolising the foundation of a temple, scattered forever.

A fundamental part may have been floated back. Every structure, every temple must have a foundation.

DOWN BELOW.

Because things are turbulent in this world and in the current.

Rainer Bartels, Basel/Pforzheim, July 2016

UNITED AGAINST POPULISM! | PAGE 80

2014
Exhibition: Rettet Europa III
Location: Tempel Museum Etsdorf (D)

... They hate Europe, yet they still want to get into the European Parliament. Far-right parties could become stronger than ever in the May elections – as the success of the far-right National Front in France now shows. Click on the map to see where extreme groups are particularly strong...

... Because the anti-Europeans are gaining ground. This is evident from the first round of local elections in France, where the far-right National Front triumphed in several towns – and even secured an absolute majority in one. Party leader Marine Le Pen is already talking of a breakthrough for her party. Others see one coming their way too: in the neighbouring Netherlands, it is Geert Wilders with his Freedom Party, who is in close contact with Le Pen; in Britain, it is Ukip. In Germany, the euro-sceptic AfD is polling at five per cent or more, according to pollsters.

The camp of EU and euro sceptics has so far made little political impact in the European Parliament, instead using the plenary session primarily as a platform for its slogans...

'The great fear of Europe's enemies', Spiegel 24 March 2014

WHEN LIFE IS THE LEAST ART | PAGE 84

2012
117th. International Summer Academy Wismar For Architecture, Design And Art
Location: Wismar (D)

Thank you for the time together in Wismar.
A Brainstorming

There were a total of 31 participants at the 117th International Summer Academy for Architecture, Design and Art at the Faculty of Architecture and Design of Hochschule Wismar, University of Applied Sciences (July 30 to August 17, 2012). Together with finnfemfel, they were in search of the transition or confrontation between life and art in the three-week main course titled 'When Life is the Least Art'. Additionally, there were secondary 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
.... during these three weeks, they were all together for this single occasion

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 'Cuisine - 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 at the university campus*
- *Teaching one participant to ride a bicycle, unfortunately without success*
- *Final rescue mission of 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 cast by the record player*
- *Chess pieces made from vegetables*
- *Installation in the foyer ... and a very well-attended opening*

Project Leader:
Prof. Georg Giebeler

Artistic Director:
Prof. Valentin Rothmaler

Project Management:
Silke Holtmann M.A.

WAIT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN | PAGE 92

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

Funded and sponsored by: Göran Knuts, Henrik Fågelbärj, Finavia, Wasa Teater—Österbottens regionteater, Vaasan Kaupunginteatteri, Anvia, Vasabladet, Pohjalainen, Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland, Platform

The Rock Encyclopedia, featuring Pete Frame's genealogical family tree of musicians' involvement in various bands and lineups, was studied carefully and methodically in the mid-1980s. The library card in the paper pocket on the inside of the back cover was filled with the number 500—my dad's library card number at the Replot library—a number I was reluctant to replace with a more boring one.

Astrid behind the counter fully understood my choice.

The wanderings along the threads of the family tree led to discovery after discovery. The visualisations not only revealed new musicians and groups to explore. Combined with what came out of the speakers, they also resulted in an understanding of cause and effect. The rearrangement of puzzle pieces in relation to one another into temporary wholes in time.

Causality.

And there is so much more causality to grasp in this world.

TAXONOMY tak¹sonomi⁴, *sometimes* -ωno- *or* -onω- *or* -ωnω-, *n.; def.* ***-n*** *or (especially formerly)* ***-en****; pl.* ***-er****.*
(especially in technical language) (of a system or method for) (hierarchical) division or classification (and naming) of phenomena within a scientific field into categories; cf. ***DIVISION****, n.*¹ ***1*** c, ***CLASSIFICATION 4*** b, ***METHOD 4****,* ***SYSTEM****, n.* ¹ ***4****,* ***SYSTEMATICS****. esp.*

The Swedish Academy Dictionary (SAOB) communication (published 2003).

CONTEXT*, n. pl.; def.* ***-a****.*
text in its context (often in contrast to: note or annotation); (a passage's) connection with what precedes and follows it; (a text's) content; usually in the definite form. ***Widekind*** *in* KrijgH 2Ded. *2 b* ***(1671)****. Since ... such words and phrases occur that have several common meanings, the correct one ... must be carefully deduced from the context and the surrounding text.* IBibelkom. ***1773****, § 2.* SFS ***1892****, no. 22, p. 2. His application ... reads as follows in context:* (etc.). ***Wedberg*** HD *184* ***(1922)****.*

The Swedish Academy Dictionary (SAOB) communication (published 1937).

Robert Back

FINNAIR ODER WER WIRD DENN GLEICH IN DIE LUFT GEHEN? FINNAIR OR WHO IS GOING TO BLOW HIS TOP? | PAGE 98

2010
Location: Luftmuseum, Amberg (D)

In many places, it is said you need a lot of air under your wings to lose your grip. But are we really created to fly?

In collaboration with Claudia Melodie and Kjartan Einarsson—delivery of volcanic ashes from Eyjafjallajökull with photo documentation

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

It is a luxury to live, and life itself is a luxury.
To fly to distant places and enjoy.
Naturally, this has terrible consequences for nature.
The climate pollution from the behaviour patterns of luxury travel is inevitable.

It is so incredible that when this is put into context, nature takes over.
Eyjafjallajökull spewed its ash into the sky, and flights came to a halt.
As if to show us that nature does not tolerate this.
The ash spreads out and becomes a messenger of nature—no luxury here.

Similarly, one could say that finnfemfel spreads and sends us a clear message.
Light as ash, they land in the most unlikely places, reminding us of what is happening in human society.
May the ash spread as widely as possible and influence as many as it can.

Kjartan Einarsson

CURATORS FOR SALE | PAGE 110

2008
Exhibition: ARTmART
Location: Künstlerhaus Wien, Vienna (AUT)

In collaboration with Marketta Seppälä, Dan Holm, Mika Hannula, László Zsuzsa & Dora Hegyi, Tomas Ivan Träskman, Valentin Rothmaler

When the artist collective finnfemfel was invited in 2008 to participate in the ARTmART art fair in Vienna, they turned the invitation on its head and invited seven curators—including myself—to produce artworks which the group would then curate into an exhibition called Curators for Sale. These commissioned pieces were given specific parameters, partly for practical reasons: they needed to be small, easily shipped, reproducible, and affordable, with a maximum price per piece of €80—quite the opposite of the inflated international art market. This move came at the proper time, as Europe had already begun examining the consequences of instrumentalising culture, a trend that had begun in England in the early 1990s with the rise of 'New Public Management'. In Finland, however, the homemade 'Culture-for-Sale' ideology was only just beginning to make its way to the forefront of cultural policy. As the director of Frame, the Finnish organisation supporting the internationalisation of Finnish visual arts, I was obliged to get involved.

By then, the Finnish cultural administration had already emphasised the importance of internationalisation to strengthen regional appeal and innovation capacity, but now the focus was on 'cultural savvy' as a resource for the future. To support its development, the new hype drew upon a report by futurologist Markku Wilenius; he claimed that our cultural policy had moved into what he called the 'third phase' in which 'thought models of the cultural industries promote the commercialisation and consumption of culture.' It was time to abandon the narrow-mindedness that produced cliques and mediocrity, exemplified by the artist grant system. Financially viable cultural products would naturally generate the success metrics with which forms of public support for culture could be refined.

Under this new strategic model, measurable criteria were brought to the forefront; meanwhile, art for which demand could not be demonstrated was pushed aside. New key concepts crystallised: business stabilisation, profit, sales promotion, brand-building, and marketing. To become compelling, applications had to include mention of the project's value chain, effects on other parties, earnings logic, rising trend line, sales volume, or its significance to the national image.

The downside of developing a cultural export strategy, especially in its peak years in the early 2000s, was the extremely hectic pace and intense pressure. Traditional forms of art support began to feel like additional obligations for which there was neither time nor energy.

It was actually a wonder that I did not have to cancel my participation in the finnfemfel art fair project. In the summer of 2008, I tried to focus on it at the last minute during my return flight from New York, where an exhibition of Finnish contemporary art, Arctic Hysteria, had opened at MoMA / P.S.1. Perhaps one of the most comprehensive flowcharts depicting the cultural export strategy would offer a way out of the maze? But no; my reflections were interrupted by the mischievously grinning face formed by the aeroplane's air-conditioning controls and seatbelt signage—a hair-raising grimace portentous of Artificial Intelligence!

Out of this scenario, however, the idea emerged for a ready-made diptych juxtaposing the export chart promoted by the Ministry of Education with a mobile photo of an absurdly robotic Demon. In Vienna, my artwork From Strategy to Product was displayed as an edition of ten colour-prints, each in a 2 x A4 format, priced at €69. It wasn't a commercial success at the time, but the world is full of examples where new insights aren't immediately appreciated. In the future, the piece could certainly be presented in other contexts in different versions—the materials, sizes, prices, and editions are always negotiable. According to the revenue model, marketing cannot be overemphasised.

Marketta Haila (née Seppälä)

POWER-NAP | PAGE 126

2007
Exhibition: Die Freie Klasse denkt weiter [nach]
Location: Galerie den Künstler, Munich (D)

THE PRAISE OF LAZINESS

As an artist, I learned from both East (socialism) and 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 knowlesge of Western art has lately led me to a conclusion that art cannot exists 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, 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 not artists but rather producers of something.... Their involvment 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 form laziness, from art. Just as money is paper, so is a gallery a room.

Artists from the East were lazy and poor because the entire sistem of insignificant factors did not exist. Therefore they had time enough to concerate on art and laziness. Even when thay 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 centery 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, butalso 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 bees 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 a mother of all vices and would not remove the brand; in this brief note 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

The text was first presented by the artist at Galerie Opus Operandi, Ghent, on 2 May 1993, and was subsequently published in Kolo, nos. 11–12, Zagreb, 1993. Courtesy of Branka Stipančić, Zagreb

THE DAY OF THE LIVING PEOPLE | PAGE 130

2004
Lifestyle workshop: Days of autumn
Location: Soomaa (EST)

In collaboration with Antonio Scarponi

I had wanted to visit a kolkhoz for a long time—not for any specific reason but rather out of curiosity or a sense of the distant from my own experience. I didn't know what to expect. I was supposed to tutor a workshop for students from various nationalities. I had done this before—teaching and creating educational activities—but I was still grappling with the insecurities that never fully go away.

From prior communication, I gathered that we would be staying in some inn near the kolkhoz. I brought a velvet suit with me—not elegant, mind you—but one I thought adequate to the formalities my role as a tutor required, which were miserably unmet.

We arrived in Tallinn from Helsinki on a kind of floating heterotopia, which, under the pretext of ferrying people and goods from one shore to the other across the Baltic Sea, allows for a pause in the middle of the sea to indulge in the vices and desires of life. From there, a bus would take us to the kolkhoz in southern Estonia in a few hours. It was cold, though it was still above freezing. Through the window, the countryside was barren, desolate, stark, grey, damp, and emptier of houses and life than any autumn landscape I had ever seen. A handful of block-like buildings with a rationalist look scattered among the fields greeted us in the late afternoon. I had no point of reference. No tobacco shop, square, supermarket, petrol station, church, or school—nothing was familiar.

We would all sleep together, teachers and students, in a former nursery school bought for five thousand euros by a local architect who was about to turn it into a hostel. 'About to' is the critical phrase: broken windows, no heating, dilapidated bathrooms, etc. Our sleeping quarters were pointed out along the sides of a corridor. A row of foam mattresses, lined up by their short sides, without sheets and already damp, was placed on the gritstone floor, bordered by fir planks. Everyone had brought a sleeping bag—a detail I had missed. The heating was supposed to come from a sauna under construction—at least, that's how I seem to remember it. It was the worst night of my life. To try to sleep, I put on all the clothes I had with me, which had also become damp meanwhile.

I was freezing, bitterly cold. I had no idea how I would survive a week, but the following day, someone told me a shop in the kolkhoz sold a bit of everything. Among dusty fishing rods, detergents, household tools, cereals, and various alcohols, I found a miracle for ten euros in the form of a sleeping bag.

A 50-centilitre bottle of beer cost one euro. After a couple of days, the sauna started working, and the workshop began to take shape.

In the meantime, I would have liked to understand who the inhabitants of the kolkhoz were, but it wasn't easy. They were timid, few in number, and did not speak English. A boy, maybe eight or nine years old, stood with his smiling face pressed against one of the windows of what I believe had been the cafeteria of the former nursery where we were staying. He watched us. He wore an adult's shoes, misshapen and muddy, and a windbreaker. I realised I could communicate in English. We found a ball and organised a match: Estonia versus the rest of the world, celebrating that universal language that unites people and cultures. We became friends, and thanks to him, we could communicate with everyone else. Despite being one of the youngest, he passed on information, reversing the hierarchies between his friends and older siblings. He was our ambassador.

One morning, he came to me. His mother wanted to meet. I went to their home, in one of the block buildings of the kolkhoz. A dark-haired, slender woman was waiting. We communicated with difficulty. All I understood was that the father wasn't around and that she was a lorry driver. She told me they had gone on holiday by hitchhiking to the Basque Country with her two boys. Before we left, the boy gave me a keyring he had made from a shell collected on the Atlantic Ocean. I still have it.

Antonio Scarponi

NORDIC WALKING | PAGE 136

2003 - 2014
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 (SRB) 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 | PAGE 152

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' (Holiday). My little brother and I spent a lot of time drawing pictures in the 'husbil' (camper). I tried on many cool Y2K sunglasses that finnfemfel brought with them and I also saw fashionable sunglasses at various souvenir shops and petrol stations along the way. My little brother and I made new friends in Trondheim; their family owned a restaurant next to the gallery. I also remember driving over a bridge that was too narrow, which scratched the side of the camper. I listened to Macke's Thåström CD with his battery-run Discman and I learned the lyrics by heart from the CD booklet. I also remember a beautiful fjord where Oskar took pictures with his oversized antique camera and Macke was always fishing when he got the chance. This trip was also the first time I saw reindeer in real life!

Sara Braun

NOT-ORESTE 4 | PAGE 158

2001
Summer residency: Not-Oreste 4
Location: Montescaglioso (I)

In collaboration with Petra Lindholm - photos on page 166 and 167

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 | PAGE 170

2001
Location: Platform, Vaasa (FIN)

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

Funded by: Swedish Cultural Foundation in Finland

Clattering copper
the smell of coffee
grim faces
that spill over
that intertwine
arm to shoulder, thigh to knee
ropes that meet
furtively turn away

where lies the heart?

Maria Ångerman

LE TRIBÙ DELL'ARTE THE TRIBES OF ART | PAGE 174

2001
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 crisps (Caterina Davinio, Monza);*
- *a pack of pencils (Coco Gordon, New York);*
- *four cases of pasta and two of tinned 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 speciality spreads (Vincenza Casaluce–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 trolley ('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);*
- *rubbish 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);*
- *biscuits, 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 football ('Museo del Somaro', Perugia).*

Giancarlo Norese & Cesare Pietroiust

BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT | PAGE 178

2000 - 2007
Symposium: Luftsymposium
Location: GUMMEUM im Raitenburger Schloss, Kallmünz (D)

Funded by: Zum Goldenen Löwen—Familie Luber 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 | PAGE 182

1999
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 art show', it is easy to assume that finnfemfel is among the many players in the art world who have a deep contempt for art. However, as soon as we look beyond the most superficial level of the installation, it becomes clear that the opposite is true. What finnfemfel is investigating is something quite different: How does the art that we meet in a gallery, museum or the public space re-connect to our everyday 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 workplaces 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 fishhook 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 bourgeois art experience. They want something deeper and more corporeal: What is it 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 poetic world, 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 chaos in people's 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 their 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 | PAGE 186

1999
Art festival: By Side Sidewalk
Location: Vaasa (FIN) / Umeå (S)

In collaboration with Jonas Brunström—documentation on pages 187 - 189

We were four community service workers. Our mission was to organise the 'Roll Out the Red Carpet' ceremony. We started our city walk in Vaasa (Finland); rolled out the carpet where we saw fit and offered passers-by the opportunity to step on the carpet. We then took the ferry across to Umeå (Sweden) for further service. The carpet was rolled out in streets and squares, on ferry decks and city parks, shopping centres and boat docks. Everyone was welcome to honour themselves on the Red Carpet.

Simo Brotherus

KARAOKE BEUYS | PAGE 190

1998
Exhibition: Für die bessere Welt
Location: Lothringer 13 Halle, München (D)

Funded and promoted by: Freie Klasse München

...For us, the purpose of groups is to overcome the principle of competition, in the sense that it enables the collective use of each individual's resources. To harness the power of intellectual capital for a better world...

Manifesto of the Freien Klasse München für eine bessere Welt

finnfemfel



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