



pOT2Yd



pOT2Yd

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See website for more information about our crowdfunding project.

*Your Royal Highness, Mr. Prime Minister, Your Excellencies,  
Distinguished guests, Ladies and Gentlemen.*

Greetings! - and welcome to these magnificent bowels of Bergen, where slow drippings from immature stalactites keep the corridors lubricated even on rare cloudless days deprived of local precipitation.

Tracing the distant echo of Holberg's *Niels Klim's underground travels* (1741) – the first Scandinavian sci-fi-novel, depicting the fabled travels of Niels Klim, distinguished Baccalaureus, who accidentally plummets into a cave on top of the towering giant watching tirelessly over our humble town, Mount Fløyen, serendipitously discovering the utopian state of Potu – a group of artists hope to rediscover this *golden land of opportunity and adventure*. Along their long and tiresome journey they stumble upon a bomb shelter lying underneath the Holberg-berg (as named by certain locals – *Holberget* to be more natively tongued) and acquiesce to the dystopian state of Potsyd instead.

The clocks tick in circles until, inevitably, their batteries run out. However, we personally guarantee that Potsyd will prevail throughout the duration of the international triennial *Bergen Assembly*.

Whilst the triennial claims to focus on research, Potsyd claims to focus on exploration. Its artists, who don't mind investigating moist and dirty conditions, are: Anja Carr, Thomas Pihl, Gabriel Kvendseth, Veronica Rebecca Johansen, Eric Wangel, Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen, Bjørn Mortensen, Øyvind Mellbye, Ellen Ringstad and Rasmus Hungnes. And last but not least, a special guest appearance by Judas van der Berg.

*Or how about this hypothetical definition. Reason is a complex type of instinct that has not yet formed completely. This implies that instinctual behaviour is always purposeful and natural. A million years from now our instinct will have matured and we will stop making the mistakes that are probably integral to reason. And then, if something should change in the universe, we will all become extinct – precisely because we will have forgotten how to make mistakes, that is, to try various approaches not stipulated by an inflexible program of permitted alternatives.*

- Arkady & Boris Strugatsky. *Roadside Picnic*.

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## Beyond the desire-thing

Take the blue Pihl. Take the red Pihl – any and all of Thomas Pihl's paintings are so deliciously dainty that a number of viewers feel like getting both touchy and feely with his somewhat minimal, or reductive, if thou wilt, artwork – right down to caressing the paintings with the tongue. Probably not such a good idea, especially in the site specific case of Potsyd, if you want to keep healthy – look upon them as eye candy instead. Surpassing the initial desire-thing is a demanding, time-consuming task: The idea is to trigger maximal observation, and thus the act of perception becomes quite taxing – and the reward all the more rewarding – even though, at first sight, there just doesn't seem to be that much to behold. Because what typically comes to mind when recalling the art of Thomas Pihl, is nothing much, really – a rare privilege in the information age. All this «nothing much» conjures visions of the emptiness of newfangled mass culture, the saturated visual field that surrounds present-day human life, while synchronously providing an aesthetic oasis in the clogged basin of contemporary visual culture. Now, look closer.

*«We, in the West, have become addicts to aesthetics. We've just gotta have it. We surround ourselves with design, and the victim is our assessment ability. [...] We use aesthetics as concealer for our problems. As long as the surface looks nice, we don't care about what's underneath.» - Thomas Pihl*



## Disintegration Situation

Welcome to the Disintegration. The Disintegration Situation is an opportunity to ensure the disintegration and following reinterpretation of unwanted and/or unnecessary belongings.

Visitors are strongly encouraged to bring to the exhibition anything they wish to have destroyed (by impact rather than decay). Deliveries may be done on location at the exhibition venue, or by appointment with the situation manager/artist or curators. Information regarding protocol for registration will be available on the premises.

Spectators are advised to beware of ricocheting fragments during active disintegration.

Disintegration will be executed by the situation manager/artist at 9 PM/21.00 on the night of the opening, and at 3PM/15.00 on the following Saturdays in September: the 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.

We kindly ask that you share the information of this event with your acquaintances, so that they also have the opportunity to participate.

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Disintegrate:

1. To become reduced to components, fragments, or particles.
2. To lose cohesion or unity, *weaken or break apart*.
3. To decompose, decay, or undergo deleterious transformation.



The art of Veronica Rebecca Johansen – insofar as it manifests, within the context of contemporary art, as a visual hybrid of criminology and the absolute extremes of psychology (André Breton's famous assertion of the shooting of another human being as the ultimate surreal act, is here confronted with a severe backlash from its true implications) – achieves a rare effect: The destabilisation of the ground beneath the viewer's feet, as the very basis for the moral framework we usually take for granted is challenged. Questions regarding victim/assailant forms the footing for the examination of the contrast between an act, its consequences and how these are accounted for in retrospect. Layers of meaning and interpretation are excavated, leaving room for basic inter-human understanding and communication, uncomfortable as it may be. It kind of burns to admit to oneself that we are all monsters, motivated by our desires. The iconography is problematic, because it can't be simple – *it can't be allowed to be simple*. We all know where simplification leads. Don't we?

Veronica Rebecca Johansen – [www.vrjohansen.com](http://www.vrjohansen.com)



Han satte ut, og sild og velling efter ham så det fosses ut over gård og jorder.

**He set out, herring and gruel after him as it poured out over grange and fields.**

*Christmas Eve*

Poor brother: In the name of God, may I have some food for christmas?

Rich brother: If you do as I say you can have a greasy ham.

Poor brother: Ok

Rich brother: Here's your greasy ham, now go straight to Hell!

Poor brother: Yes, I have made you a promise that I must keep.

*The poor brother walks all day. At nightfall he reaches a farm where light shines in a grand manner.*

Poor brother (thinking): It might be here!

*An old man with long white beard is in a shed chopping wood for the fire.*

Old man: Yes, you've come to the right place all right! When you get inside they'll all be craving for your greasy ham, because fatty foods are rare in Hell. But you shall not trade it for anything but the mill behind the door. When you get out I shall teach you how to tune the mill. It is useful for many things.





What I'd like to say regarding Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen's artistic practice, is that he readily works with what one would call sculptural installation. In this he utilises a calculating, labyrinthine and symbolically saturated visual expression, putting the *full spectre* of techniques to use. Often, an element of the performative partakes, but the work always, almost, stands out as some form – or another – of sculpture, a sculpture that expands beyond its own boundaries, akin to a staged landscape, a scenario of props.

Often times the objects in question turn on and off, spin, roll or engage in other kinds of exercise. There appears to be a point, for Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen, in this activity of objects, in these objective dynamics.

Additionally, Jensen more often than seldom could come up with some way of manipulating, restructuring, abstracting or in other ways be captious with regards to the inherent properties of already existing objects. Be this a chair, pot plants, paint buckets, cooling fans, lamps, newspapers, wall clocks, suitcases or roadsigns.

It could seem that Jensen carries an aggrieved mistrust towards the objects, a suspicion towards the surroundings and their actuality, their relevance. This is the kind of mistrust that verges on curiosity, like a child who fiddles and picks on that which it does not understand or is unable to control. It appears as a disruption of the object's preoccupation with simply being itself, in its objecthood, as we know it, as of now, in this moment of time. It is like asking the object, which in reality is innocent: What are you, what are you doing, and why?

If one were to ask Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen why and/or how this has come to be, he would probably say that it has to do with the natural delusion and turmoil of the mind, the maximal unrest, *disquietus maximus*. That it is about the sensation of wandering restlessly in a country that lies somewhere between two borders, boundaries that one can sense but do not know. Like a wanderer under the law of upheaval, in a landscape that shows signs of resistance. A constructed borderland inhabited by mind, things, surroundings and the relations between them. In this borderland the systemization of the state of things is a survival strategy – trying to undress the objects, interrogate them, see them naked in their abomination, or, possibly, beauty.

F. H. Jensen would probably also claim that his work sometimes attempts to express something about the fundamental unease of this borderland, its principal disharmony. About its uncertainty and ambiguity. Something about the flight and flightiness of the wind. About what the wind brings, what it leaves behind, what the wind takes away. Additionally, he would claim that chance is a central term, a key to understanding, and that the point of departure is incidental. Yeah, well, that's just, like, his opinion, man. I don't know. Maybe so. Whatever floats his boat. Different strokes for different folks.

*The lost land is lost, discernible solely in yearning unbounded.*  
- J. Borgen (trans.)

Jonas Ib F. H. Jensen - [www.pissinginthewind.no](http://www.pissinginthewind.no)



*But what if there's nothing to exchange?*  
- *Solaris*, Stanislaw Lem.

In – On – Under – Over – In front – Behind.

I'm no closer to anything.

A preposition; a spacial or temporal  
relation, that's all.

Shed skins and pay attention to the  
whispering walls.

Ellen Ringstad - [www.ellenringstad.com](http://www.ellenringstad.com)  
[www.refusetobeacoward.com](http://www.refusetobeacoward.com)



Anja Carr's unambiguously ambiguous scenarios – drawing upon pop-cultural creatures from her own childhood, biological processes, growth and decay, attraction and repulsion, narcissism and death – and the colourful *fursonas* that populate her bizarre universe, conjure images of a sheer *Pleasantville*, its smooth surface readily stained by the horrors of desire and digestion. Her superficially splendid, and splendidly superficial sculptural-performative set pieces merges the stuff of the sweetest dreams and most twisted nightmares, unclocking a rotten – or rotting – core. Homologous to dreams, they form intimate spaces where in-your-face cuteness is forcibly spoon-fed to the point of mental regurgitation. Sensual indulgence – what goes in, must come out – sets the stage for examinations of the adult and childlike imagination, where possibilities of transformation – of subject identities and power relations, from attractive to disgusting, from innocent to violent, from dream to nightmare – are unearthed.



## Real fake

*The animal scrutinises him [man] across a narrow abyss of non-comprehension. This is why the man can surprise the animal. Yet the animal – even if domesticated – can also surprise the man. The man too is looking across a similar, but not identical, abyss of non-comprehension. And this is so wherever he looks. He is always looking across ignorance and fear. And so, when he is being seen by the animal, he is being seen as his surroundings are seen by him. His recognition of this is what makes the look of the animal familiar. And yet the animal is distinct, and can never be confused with man. Thus, a power is ascribed to the animal, comparable with human power but never coinciding with it. The animal has secrets which, unlike the secrets of caves, mountains, seas, are specifically addressed to man.*

- John Berger, *Why Look At Animals?*

*I have this impression that as yet we know very little about the potential of animals.*

- Boris & Arkady Strugatsky, *Monday Begins on Saturday*

*Owl: (Flapping its wings)*

*Rachael: You like our owl?*

*Deckard: It's artificial?*

*Rachael: Of course it is.*

- Ridley Scott, David Peoples, Hampton Fancher, *Blade Runner*

*Quoth Mandarax:*

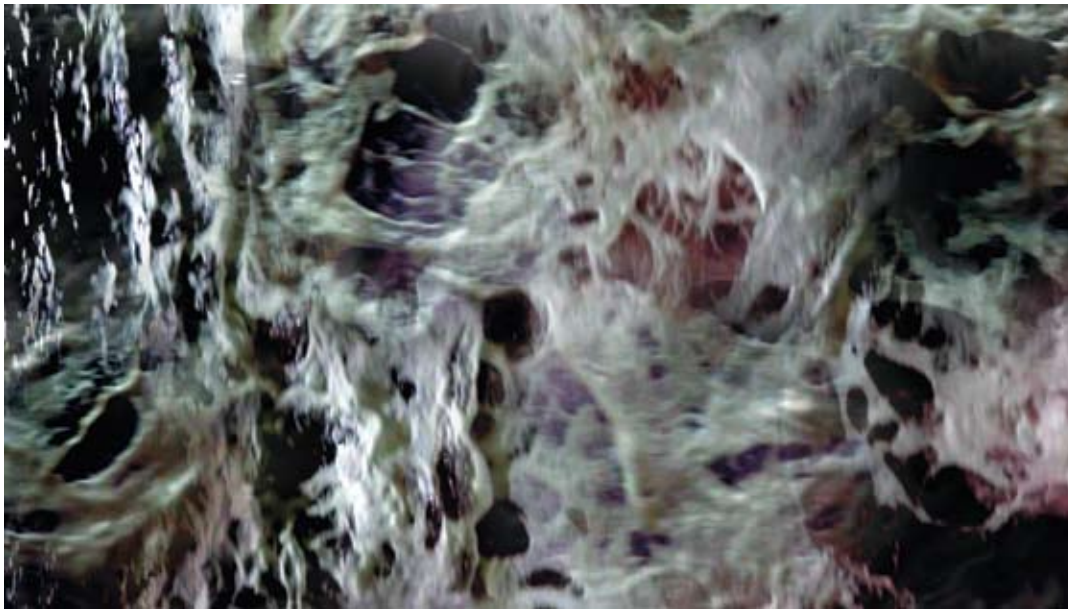
*Imagination is as good as many voyages - and how much cheaper!*

- GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

- Kurt Vonnegut, *Galápagos*



Bjørn Mortensen's work quite often winds up as sculptural installations, or constellations if thou wilt. More often than not, these collocations are composed of craft-like objects with a home-made aesthetic, which may remind the viewer of utility articles: The work readily appropriates the form and dimensions of recognisable domestic thingemajigs such as decorative items and ornaments, interior design, tie-dye and flower pots, whilst in some instances these objects may bear the guise of *found objects*. One oft-recurring issue is the formless, the amorphous, which crashes with – and/or engages in dialogue with – strict and rigid geometric models or architectural components. The work often contains an underlying psychological element, where hints of dysfunctionality and repressed sexuality is drawn towards a state of entropy, while at the same time, consciously, sometimes, engaging in dialogue with (art) history.



**Cross out the disturbing.  
Delete the awful.**

*«I wish I was Imagined with Immature warrior Insects who Incinerated women.»*

Hello false memories

It blinks, it surrounds, it floats.  
Why am I doing this circle dance?

No pen control. Shaky legs.

**[Boom]**

In a shower of light!  
Please turn that train around?

The naked body is all we've got and I like what you're wearing.

«Look at me baby!» That's it! Be comfortable. Kiss no more. Lie on this wall. Looks like it belongs on a beast, right? I'm floating! Until I hear the ringing of that bell.... um... dum... dum... dum... dum...d...

Circle and a smaller circle, but getting stronger now.  
I made myself tea in front of the square mirror.

Hi, my name is Eric, do I remember you?



*I worked  
really hard  
on this*

### **The Death of the World**

Would you like to consume the entire world? I tried it, first by stealing, then by renting and finally by owning. The world seems distant still, even after thousands of years of digestion.

My girl Gaia is found dead in a carnage of cars crashed. The crowd of onlookers had encircled the chaotic intersection, and after having pushed myself through, I found her sprawled out in its geometric centre. I checked her for vital signs and said, calmly, directed, and jokingly «You are alive». And as the sun rose over the sea, illuminating the scene with orange light, Tish Tarantino awoke on the black tarmac, engulfed by billows of black smoke and violent fresh flames. Endowed with fertile, all-destroying force; all-parent, bounding, whose prolific powers produce a store of beautiful fruits and flowers. Alive again.

The cunning waste their pains;  
The wise men vex their brains;  
But the simpleton, who seeks no gains,  
With belly full, he wanders free  
As drifting boat upon the sea.

*See, Artyom, you obviously come from a station where the clock works and you all look at it in awe, comparing the time on your wrist watch to the red numbers above the tunnel entrance. For you, time is the same for everyone, just like light. Well, here it's the opposite: nothing is anyone else's business. No one is obliged to make sure there's light for all the people who have made their way here. Go up to anybody here and suggest just that and it will seem absurd to them. Whoever needs light has to bring it here with them. It's the same with time: whoever needs to know the time, whoever is afraid of chaos, needs to bring their own time with them.*

- Dmitry Glukhovsky, *Metro 2033*.

*With all good wishes to a great patron of scholarship, who is also  
among the glories of this age,*

Yours sincerely,  
ELLEN RINGSTAD AND RASMUS HUNGNES

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