



# **KOMPENDIUM**

**LARS LAUMANN**

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## Lars Laumann

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*In Memory Of Eija-Riita Eklöf Berlinermauer*

# INTRODUCTION

This publication is distributed on the occasion of the exhibition *Kompendium*, featuring the works of Norwegian artist Lars Laumann. The publication contains a digital, collected text material from the artist's oeuvre, such as dialogue, voice-over and written story lines, offering yet another panorama and the possibility of reading whilst seeing the works.

*Kompendium*, presented at Kunstneres Hus 27/11 2015 - 14/2 2016, is the artist's largest presentation to this day, featuring a selection of video works from 2006 until today.

In this exhibition, the world of Lars Laumann takes place and manifests itself through narrative, artistic and cinematic methods. By filming, editing, and juxtaposing a mix of appropriated materials and subjectively experienced narratives, Lars Laumann creates virtuoso, intricate film collages that feature an extensive cast of characters. His collaborations with artists, filmmakers, and musicians has a clear influence on the final result. The artist seeks inspiration from the margins of pop culture and explores people and phenomena on the outskirts of society. With a global perspective on both pop cultural icons and contemporary political events, Laumann sheds light on the more complex forces of our society. Several of Laumann's earlier works have dealt with themes such as obsession, sexuality, and marginalized existence. His most recent film, premiered at Kunstneres Hus, *Season of Migration to the North* (2015),

explores these topics as well, even as it is linked to today's urgent issues of mass migration, refugee policies, and LGBT-rights.

*Mats Stjernstedt - Kunsternes Hus*

## LARS LAUMANN

(\*1975 in Brønnøysund, Norway) studied at the North Norwegian Art and Film School in Kabelvåg, Norway, from 1993-1995 and at the Oslo National Academy of the Arts, Norway, 1995-2001. Since then the artist has been based in Brussels and Berlin, devoting his time to a nomadic artistic endeavor with a global scope. Lars Laumann's work in video has been screened and exhibited worldwide in exhibitions, festivals and events, besides being shown in a wide range of prestigious art institutions including independent spaces, galleries and museums.

## KOMPENDIUM

Lars Laumann

Kunsternes Hus - Oslo

27.11 2015 - 14.02 2016

MORE INFO ABOUT THE EXHIBITION:

[www.kunstnerneshus.no/kunst/lars-laumann/](http://www.kunstnerneshus.no/kunst/lars-laumann/)

## MORRISSEY FORETELLING THE DEATH OF DIANA

**Year:** 2006

**Duration:** 16 minutes

**Technical specifications:** Video for projection / for monitor

**Premiered:** Galuzin, Oslo

**Short description:** *The video is a montage of existing film clips that evolves into an intricate and conspiratorial narrative of two pop culture icons. In 1986, eleven years before the tragic death of Princess Diana, Morrissey and The Smiths released the album The Queen is Dead. This critically acclaimed record foretells the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. For the cover of the album, whose title announces the death of a royal female, Morrissey chose a photo of a French man named Alain – the actor Alain Delon.<sup>(1)</sup> The public announcement of Princess Diana's death was made by a French man named Alain, Dr. Alain Pavié, head of the cardiology department at Paris' Hospital de la Pitié Salpêtrière. Morrissey named the album after a chapter in Hubert Selby Jr.'s novel "Last Exit to Brooklyn". Brooklyn is*

*the largest borough of New York City. Diana's fatal car crash occurred in an underpass tunnel headed toward Avenue de New York.*

### **Track One: The Queen Is Dead.**

The song begins with a sample from "The L-shaped Room", a film about a woman, played by actress Lesley Caron, who moved from France to England. Diana's body was moved from France to England. Lesley Caron was born on July 1st. Diana was born on July 1st. The sample is of a woman leading a sing-along named "Take Me Back To The Dear Old Blighty". Blighty is slang for England. Apart from the fact that Diana's body had to be taken back to dear old Blighty for burial, what is significant here is the name of the character leading the sing-along: Mavis. Remember her name, Mavis. We'll return to this point later. The lyric of this song provides a precise description of the circumstances surrounding the eve of Diana's death. Morrissey's very first verse of the song starts with the line:

*/ Hemmed in like a boar between arches / Her very  
lowness with her head in a sling /*

Having been pursued by the paparazzi like a hunted animal or a boar, Diana was chased or hemmed into an underpass. The car in which she was travelling crashed into the arches and The Princess was fatally injured.

### **Track Two: Frankly Mister Shankly.**



*/ Fame, fatal fame / It can play hideous tricks on the brain  
/ But still I'd rather be famous / Than righteous or holy, any  
day /*

*/ But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled / Making Christmas  
cards with the mentally ill / I want to live and I want to love / I  
want to catch something that I might be ashamed of /*

Diana was chased to her death by tabloid photographers.  
"Fame, fatal fame". Diana and Mother Theresa died in the  
same week and the death of the popular princess gained far  
more attention than the death of the saintly nun:

*/ I'd rather be famous / Than righteous or holy, any day /*

Diana was fondly remembered for her charity work:

*/ Sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled / Making Christmas  
cards with the mentally ill /*

But she is also remembered for seeking the company of an  
internationally infamous playboy, Dodi Fayed:

*/ I want to live and I want to love / I want to catch  
something that I might be ashamed of /*

### **Track Tree: I Know It's Over.**

The first line of the lyric is:

*/ Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head /*

Mother Theresa died on the eve of Diana's burial. (2) "I  
Know it's Over" draws our attention to an unhappily married

woman trapped in a loveless relationship, and the lover that is needed to free her from her wedlock:

*/ Sad veiled bride, please be happy / Handsome groom, give her room / Loud, loutish lover, treat her kindly / Although she needs you more than she loves you*

#### **Track Four: Never Had No One Ever.**

The song has only two verses:

*/ When you walk without ease / On these streets where you were raised / I had a really bad dream / It lasted 20 years, 7 months, and 27 days / Never had no one ever / Now I'm outside your house / I'm alone / And I'm outside your house / I hate to intrude / I'm alone / Never had no one ever /*

The first verse contains the number sequence:

*/ 20 years, 7 months, and 27 days /*

This is intended to lead us to a bible verse. In the 20th book of the standard King James Version of the Bible the 7th chapter has 27 verses. Proverb 7:27: “*Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.*” In this context “house” suggests the royal family’s involvement in the death of Diana, and a “chamber of death” refers to the underpass in which the fatal crash occurred.

#### **Track Five: Cemetery Gates.**

*/ A dreaded sunny day / So I meet you at the cemetery gates / Keats and Yeats are on your side / While Wilde is on mine / So we go inside and we gravely read the stones / All*

*those people all those lives / Where are they now? / A dreaded sunny day / So let's go where we're wanted / And I meet you at the cemetery gates / Keats and Yeats are on your side / But you lose because Wilde is on mine /*

In this song about visiting the dead, Morrissey sides with Oscar Wilde, who also died tragically in Paris.

Diana was declared dead the day before the film "Wilde" made its world premiere, September 1st, 1997.

### **Track Six: Bigmouth Strikes Again.**

*/ Sweetness, I was only joking / When I said I'd like to/  
Smash every tooth In your head /*

*/ Sweetness, I was only joking / When I said by rights you  
should be / Bludgeoned in your bed /*

*/ And now I know how Joan of Arc felt / As the flames rose  
/ And her Walkman started to melt /*

*/ Bigmouth strikes again / And I've got no right to take my  
place / With the human race /*

The Joan of Arc Morrissey refers to, is that of Victor Fleming's 1948 film. Ingrid Bergman received an Oscar nomination for her title role. Prior to playing the role of Joan of Arc, Bergman starred as another Joan in a film released in the very same year. "Arch of Triumph" is a film about refugees from Nazi Germany hiding in Paris at the brink of World War II. The film focuses on a plot to murder a high-ranking Nazi official played by Charles Laughton. The days counting down to Laughton's murder are circled on a calendar.

August 30th is the last date circled before he is killed. August 30th is the night Princess Diana was killed. Charles Laughton was born on July 1st. Princess Diana was born on July 1st. In Arch of Triumph, Charles Laughton is killed in a car, in Paris. Princess Diana was killed in a car, in Paris. The crisis in the film comes when Joan is given the devastating news that her boyfriend has been deported, at which point these exact words are spoken to her: "A refugee without passport has lost his membership in the human race". Compare that line to the lyrics of the song. "I've got no right to take my place / With the human race". The climax in "Arch of Triumph" comes when the Nazi is finally murdered: Joan's boyfriend smashes the Nazi's head with a wrench, bludgeoning him to death. Compare that climactic scene to the lyrics.

*"I'd like to / Smash every tooth in your head" and "by rights you should be / Bludgeoned in your bed".*

### **Track Seven: The Boy With the Thorn in His Side.**

*/ The boy with the thorn in his side / Behind the hatred there lies / A murderous desire for love /*

*/ How can they look into my eyes / And still they don't believe me? / How can they hear me say those words / Still they don't believe me? /*

This song concerns conspiracies that go far beyond the British Royal Family and the death of Princess Diana. And there is simply no time to discuss this here. (3)

### **Track Eight: Vicar in a Tutu.**

*/ As Rose collects the money in the canister / Who comes  
sliding down the banister / The vicar in a tutu /*

*/ As Rose counts the money in the canister / As natural as  
rain he dances again / Vicar in a tutu /*

Elton John's funeral song for Diana, "Goodbye England's Rose", was sold to collect donation money for Diana's charities. A vicar is a priest, and a tutu is a woman's ballerina skirt. A vicar in a tutu is therefore symbolic of an openly gay priest. At Diana's funeral, an openly gay man, Elton John, performed the song in church. (4)

### **Track Nine: There is a Light That Never Goes Out.**

*/ Take me out tonight / Where there's music and there's  
people / And they're young and alive / Driving in your car / I  
never never want to go home / Because I haven't got one  
anymore / And if a double-decker bus / Crashes into us / To die  
by your side / Is such a heavenly way to die / And if a ten-ton  
truck / Kills the both of us / To die by your side / Well, the  
pleasure, the privilege is mine /*

*/ Take me out tonight / Take me anywhere / I don't care  
/ And in the darkened underpass / I thought Oh God, my  
chance has come at last / But then a strange fear gripped me /  
And I just couldn't ask /*

Morrissey's lyrics concern two people on a date at night in the city who, while driving fearfully through an underpass, fantasize about dying in a car crash. A decade later we have Princess Diana and Dodi Fayed: Two people on a date at night

in the city driving in a car; getting killed in a crash in an underpass. In 1987, "There is a Light That Never Goes Out", became the only Smiths single in the discography of the band to be released exclusively in France. Diana Died in France.

For the cover of this final Smiths album before Diana's death, Morrissey chose a photo of an actress named Diana clutching a pillar from the film "Yield to the Night" – a film about a woman sentenced to death. Diana crashed into a pillar, just minutes after midnight. (5) The Diana on the album cover is actress Diana Dors. It is commonly known that Diana Dors' real name is Mavis Fluck. Mavis was the name of the character from "The L-shaped Room" who sang "Take Me Back to the Dear old Blighty" – the audio sampled by Morrissey and used at the beginning of "The Queen is Dead", remember?

### **Track ten: Some Girls are Bigger Than Others.**

*/ From the ice-age to the dole-age / There is but one concern / And I have just discovered / Some girls are bigger than others / Some girls are bigger than others / Some girls mothers are bigger than other girls mothers /*

Princess Diana was bigger or more famous than all other girls. Mother Theresa was bigger or more famous than all other mothers. On the eve of the biggest girl's funeral, the biggest mother died. Hence, Morrissey's chorus focuses on both of them. The second verse goes:

*/ As Anthony said to Cleopatra / As he opened a crate of ale / Some girls are bigger than others / Some girls are bigger*

*than others / Some girl's mothers are bigger than other girl's mothers /*

Morrissey's final verse on "The Queen is Dead" referred to two people:

\*Someone who drinks alcohol: Anthony.

\*Someone who was Egyptian: Cleopatra.

The death of Princess Diana was accompanied by the death of two other people: \*Someone who was drunk-chauffeur Henri Paul

\*Someone who was Egyptian: Dodi Fayed.

Morrissey's last verse on the album referred to Anthony and Cleopatra. Anthony and Cleopatra died in August. Diana and Dodi Fayed died in August. The final name mentioned on the album is Queen Cleopatra, but, when talking about Cleopatra, Morrissey does not refer to Shakespeare or the Liz Taylor film, but the comedy "Carry on Cleo". In the film "Carry on Cleo", actress Amanda Barrie played Cleopatra. So Amanda Barrie as Queen Cleopatra is the last person mentioned on The Queen is Dead. (6) At the time of Diana's death, Amanda Barrie was starring as the character Alma in the long running British soap opera "Coronation Street". Diana's death occurred in the underpass beneath Le Place d'Alma. A street sign of Manchester's Coronation Street is seen on photo, in the gatefold of the album cover. Princess Diana was killed in the Alma underpass directly beneath Le Place d' Alma. The last record released by Morrissey before Diana's death was "Alma Matters". (7) To date, there have

been over 100 different Smiths and Morrissey record releases worldwide, but there had never been one with a car on the cover until "Alma Matters". On the front cover of "Alma Matters", Morrissey is leaning on the hood of a Chevrolet.

So how was it possible for Diana's death to be foretold in the work of Morrissey? Was it purely by Morrissey's own ability or did someone or something else influence his work? Morrissey himself does not claim that he has the ability to see the future. (8) Princess Diana was killed in the summer of 1997. The film "Contact" was released in the summer of 1997. The film is based on the novel of the same name, by astronomer-astrophysicist Carl Sagan. The tagline for the film advertised "A message from deep space" In the film a coded message is sent by extra-terrestrials from the Vega star-system. The hero of the film is told that the message can only be deciphered, if you think like a Vegan. In Earthly terms, vegans are people who avoid using animals or animal products for food, clothing or other purposes, and who refuse to take part in animal exploitation of any kind. Contact was released in the summer of Diana's death. In the absence of any earthly explanation for how Diana's death was foretold in the work of Morrissey, let us explore the possibility that extra-terrestrials are responsible for the Diana-Morrissey phenomenon. The Smith's first album was released one year before the novel Contact.

For the cover of this album, Morrissey chose an image of actor Joe Dallesandro, who was born in Pensacola, Florida, on December 31st. The image on the cover of the Smiths debut album is taken from the movie "Flesh", directed by Paul



Morrissey. Flesh is synonymous with meat. "Contact" is about a Vegan message. Morrissey's title for the Smiths' next studio album is a vegan message: "Meat is Murder". In the plot of "Contact", a vegan message was conveyed by cleverly inserting it into a pre-existing film. The Vegans receive a German television broadcast of dictator and vegetarian Adolph Hitler (9), insert their message into it, and send it back to Earth. On the cover of "Meat is Murder" a vegan message was conveyed by cleverly inserting it into a pre-existing film. Morrissey takes a photo from the documentary "In the Year of the Pig", removes the slogan "make war not love" and inserts the vegan message "Meat is Murder." The album Meat is Murder was released in 1985. The novel "Contact" was published in 1985. The film "Contact" did not follow until the year of Princess Diana's death. Carl Sagan, the author of the novel Contact, was born in Brooklyn. Morrissey took the title "The Queen is Dead" from a chapter in the Hubert Selby Jr. novel "Last Exit to Brooklyn".

Morrissey's career extends far beyond The Smiths: He also continues to prophesies the death of Diana in his solo albums. There is one clue especially worth noticing. In the promotional video for the song "Interesting Drug", there is a scene that depicts a meeting between Morrissey and a woman who wears two buttons. Her first badge says: "E.T. NOT ME!" Her second badge says: "No, I've never had a job because I've never wanted one". This is Morrissey quoting himself, from The Smiths first album, the one with the Joe Dallesandro cover. Morrissey and the woman are meeting to discuss a Vegan message: An animal rights leaflet titled

"Animal Experiments – the facts". Afterwards, the woman leads a group of students on a mission to liberate laboratory animals. The woman, who meets with Morrissey to discuss the vegan message is Diane Alton. Switch the last letter in her first name with the first letter in her last name and you have "Diana Elton". Earlier in the video there is a scene that shows three different covers: We see the novel "Moby Dick", written by Herman Melville. Melville was born on August 31st. In Contact, the first meeting between humans and the Vegans is on August 31st.

Melville is also the ancestor of the American musician Moby. Moby is a vegan and an animal rights activist. In August 1997 he released the album "Animal Rights". We also see Diana Dors on the front cover of a magazine, and we see the cover of a book called "Whale Nation".

DIANA DORS

WHALE NATION.

Put these words together and you have:

*Diana Princess of Wales.*

## SWEDISH BOOKSTORE

**Year:** 2007

**Duration:** 4 hours (loop)

**Technical specifications:** VHS video for monitor

**Premiered:** Fotogalleriet, Oslo

**Short description:** *The film shows a scene from a bookstore, taken from the film Top Secret. The original scene of the film was recorded backwards as the original directors (Abrahams, Zucker and Zucker) thought that in this way, a sound reminiscent of an authentic Swedish person would be produced. Laumann, again, reverses the clip, returning it to its original English.*

—May I help you?

—My father is Dr. Paul Flammond.

—I'm sorry, I don't know a Dr. Paul Flammond.

—He said you may have a certain rear book: "Europe on five Quaaludes a day".

—I can get through to The Torch.

—Now you are Hillary Flammond.

—We must speak to The Torch.

—I can get through to The Torch.

—You. Oh, thank you.

—No, no, no, it's too dangerous to travel at night.

—Can we leave tonight?

—Oh, thank you.

—You'll be taken outside of town to a potato farm. You can go in the morning in cover of daylight.

—Where can we sleep tonight?

—There is a fire pole there, which you could use and there is a loft upstairs.

# BERLINMUREN

**With:** Dan-Ola Persson (music)

**Year:** 2008

**Duration:** 23 minutes, 56 seconds

**Technical specifications:** Video for projection

**Premiered:** 5th Berlin Biennale for Contemporary Art

**Short description:** *Berlinmuren is a documentary of Eija-Riita Eklöf Berliner-Mauer, a Swedish woman who describes herself as 'objectum-sexual, emotionally and sexually attracted to objects'. The film follows her story as she narrates her ongoing relationship with the Berlin Wall.*

Hello.

This is me.

My name is Eija-Riita Berliner-Mauer, I was born on March 20, 1954. I live in a small village called Liden in Northern Sweden. I have always lived in this house, my parents had a pharmacy on the ground floor. Now I run a museum on the same space: The Guillotine and Model Museum.

I am objectum-sexual. Since many people have asked me what objectum-sexuality is, I'll try to explain, as good as

possible. It's very difficult as feelings are always very hard to explain.

Objectum-sexuality is simply to be emotionally and sexually attracted to objects, things. We believe that all objects are living and having a soul. This is also called animism. I think that it is very important to see objects as living if one should be able to fall in love with an object. I have met several people who are of the same. More people than you might think believe in animism – that also objects are living things and having a soul.

If one can see objects as living things with personalities it is also pretty close to be able to fall in love with them. After all, there are many different sexualities – if you care to look around. To make love with a thing isn't any more difficult than having sex with a man or woman. To be objectum-sexual and having sex with an object, is not the same thing as masturbation or fetishism; in masturbation one doesn't see the object as living, one does often dream about a person. In objectum-sexuality one has sex with the object because one loves the object itself.

Animism is to believe that objects are certain beings; they have intelligent, feelings and are able to communicate. Animism is the foundation of objectum-sexuality. My belief is that objects have the same level of awareness as human beings. I don't see them as superior beings as which is claimed in some encyclopedias and other literature that I do

not believe in. I see the objects as equal to human beings, animals and plants.

In my daily life I am able to communicate with objects, treating them as equal beings. I live together with several objects, such as the Berlin Wall models, other models, and I am of course married to the Berlin Wall. In the daily life with these objects we have to respect each other. To take an example: I run a small museum. If any of these models doesn't want to be in the museum – because they find it boring, or for any other reason – I have no right whatsoever to force this model to take part in the museum. In fact some of them don't want to be in the museum, they prefer to be in my rooms of the house. I have respected their wishes. My many cats are a possible danger to the models but that is a chance they are willing to take.

Even as a child I was able to communicate with objects and relate to objects. I realize that this might sound strange, but I think one has to remember that in other cultures animism is a part of everyday life.

The human treats objects very badly; and this is beyond all forgiveness. One can't blame objects for what humans do. A prime example of this is the Berlin Wall, and the attacks on him. The Wall didn't ask to be built, just like humans don't ask to be born. Anything has the same right to exist and have a decent life.

This is my husband. His name is the Berlin Wall and he was born on August 13th, 1961. I expect you've heard of him; he is quite a celebrity. He lives in Berlin. I used to work in a pharmacy. Now I own a museum. My husband's job was to divide East and West Berlin. He is retired now.

We have been together now for many years – mentally, if not physically. Like every married couple, we have our ups and downs. We even made it through the terrible disaster of November 1989 when my husband was subjected to terrible attacks by a mob.

But we are still as much in love as the day we first met. We may not have a conventional marriage, but neither of us care much for conventions. Ours is a story of two beings in love, our souls entwined for all eternity.

We've been in love for many years. I was attracted to him ever since he was born. Yes, he is some years younger than me. Neither of us feels that this age difference matters. True love can easily transcend a few years.

It has been a long distance romance as neither of us like to travel. For much of the time I had to make do with photos of him. And of course seeing him in newspapers and on television. But the distance between us only served to intensify our feelings for each other.

We finally married on June 17th, 1979 at Groß-Ziethener Straße in Berlin. On that day I took my husband's name, Berliner-Mauer. That is "Berlin Wall" in German, which is my husband's first language. In Swedish Berlin Wall is "Berlinmuren".

The question that I think most people would like to get an answer to is what it is that is different with the Berlin Wall and other constructions which make me love and be attracted to them.

With the Berlin Wall it is mainly what he looks like. To be attracted by a construction, it must have parallel lines, usually horizontal. I also find other manufactured things look good – as bridges, fences, railroad tracks. All these objects have two things in common. They are rectangular – they have parallel lines, and all of them divide something.

The purpose of the construction is completely irrelevant in this connection. So for instance the Berlin Wall symbolizes communism and oppression to many people, but not to me. I am not interested in politics. The Berlin Wall is my husband – it is as simple as so.

If you have questions about this I should be glad to answer them. I am very open and broad-minded. Anyhow I want to be it. We all have to live on this earth and the only way to peace, friendship and freedom is accepting and respecting even if



one doesn't understand. If you have any questions please contact me via my webpage: [www.berlinermauer.se](http://www.berlinermauer.se)

My name is Ericka Eiffel and this is my model Graffiti Mauer. He is modeled after the Hinterland Mauer in Nordbahnhof in Berlin. I have been object sexual my entire life. I fell in love with objects as young as age ten, but really didn't discover my object sexuality till I was fourteen. When I discovered Ejia-Riita Eklöf Berlinermauer's webpage I was very shocked. I really could not believe that her website was for real. Because it seemed that I was the only person in the entire world that loved objects. I had never found anybody else and this seemed like some practical joke. But the more I read the words that she wrote there, the more sincere I realized they were and I knew that she had to exist as a person. We sort of contacted each other with personal email and then organizing chat session on the internet, and the more we talk, the more we realize that we must be soul mates. Some way we found really drawn to each other.

Well, I compete in archery and I was selected to the US world team to go to the world championship in Sweden in 2006 and I thought this would be a very good opportunity since I was going to Sweden to try and meet with Ejia-Riita.

I contacted her; we agreed on dates for me to come and visit and I spent a week with her. It was one of the most amazing weeks of my entire life. Now I had met other OS

people prior to meeting Eija-Riita, but I had never met anyone who love the same type of objects as I do.

So meeting her made me realize that I still loved him and it did become an issue. We... neither of us really knew what to expect when we met each other, but we certainly didn't expect that we were going to love the same object either, and it did seem to cause some problem in the beginning until we realized that our love is the same, but yet so very different.

I say this because she loves the Berlin Wall as he stood as he border between East and West Berlin. Me on the other hand, I fell in love with him, or realized I loved him after he fell. This being one of the major differences between our love for him, is that she loves him as he was and I love him as he is now. And once we realized this, it was so much easier for us to love him together, in a way.

Tragedy. The Berlin Wall, Brandenburger Tor, 1989 and this will be the only such picture you'll see in this video. I hate to see this disaster.

I get extremely difficult questions from people about the fall of the Berlin Wall; difficult questions because they are so painful for me. But on the other hand, I can understand people asking these questions.

Someone wrote me a mail where he asked:

*[quote] How do you feel about the dissemble of the Berlin Wall and the fact that some of it was destroyed, and other parts shipped to America? [end quote]*

Someone else asked:

*[quote] It occurs to me, that your husband is in a grievous state. I visited your husband on several occasions when he was in his prime in the late 1980s. During my recent visits to Berlin however, your husband was almost nowhere to be seen. Almost no trace of the Berlin Wall remains anywhere in Berlin. Indeed, the East Side Gallery is just about the only section of your husband still standing, and it is in ill repair. [end quote]*

Someone else wondered:

*[quote] How did you feel when you saw triumphant Ossies beating on your husband with sledgehammers two decades ago? Was it difficult for you? [end quote]*

And I have got many similar questions. The reply to all of this is:

November 1989 was a shock to me, which is an understatement. I can't express in words how I felt. 1989 is a year I honestly wish I never had to experience. I never thought it would happen either. If I only could erase that year

from history. Only one word describes my feelings: TRAGEDY!

When I saw this disaster on television I just left the room, and "blocked" the event - for a long time.

These "closing doors to the past"-tactics have been effective enough until recently. Lately the full shock has started to hit me. I cried for the first time in over a decade about what happened to him. I find it extremely difficult to deal with tragedies like this. We all deal with tragedies in different ways, and this is how I have dealt with mine.

All this is very difficult and painful for me - as the Berlin Wall is a part of my life and has been since 1961, which is almost my entire life. Normally I try to "block" what happened. I can't deal with it, and haven't been able to since that terrible November. With the emotional bonds, deep love, good memories together with him, the only way to survive is to "block" this terrible event of 1989.

My love and marriage with the Berlin Wall has nothing to do with politics.

I wish the fall of the DDR had never happened. Simply because it meant a personal tragedy for me - and for the Berlin Wall, which should be easy enough to understand. My first loyalty is with the objects.

It is wrong that Germany is united again. It was better with DDR and West Germany. It's wrong to attack the Wall

because of human stupidity and disrespect for objects. It's wrong to ship parts of him to USA and other places. The Berlin Wall is a German being, and it's beyond all forgiveness to treat him like they have done – USA, Germany or any other country that is involved. I put my final blame on those countries.

For me the Berlin Wall still exists as he was in his prime! I will always love him.

On the Web forum she wrote:

The autumn 1989 was like waking up from a bad dream; waking up and realizing that it wasn't her own dream, but someone else 's nightmare, and that she felt that they should be ashamed of what they were dreaming. The horrors went on for months, but reached its peak on the very last night of the year when someone she felt like a kindred spirit joined the destruction and shadefreude. Shame on you David Hasselhoff! You are nothing – nothing you hear! – without that talking car.

YOU CAN'T PRETEND TO BE  
SOMEBODY ELSE, YOU ALREADY  
ARE

Collaboration with Benjamin A. Huseby

**Year:** 2009-11

**Duration:** 18 minutes, 3 seconds

**Technical specifications:** Video for projection or monitor

**Premiered:** Momentum

**Short description:** *The manuscript of the film is based on the singer Nico's autobiography, and set in a period where she abandoned heroin for a life of healthy living and exercise. While cycling during a holiday in Ibiza she suffered a heart attack, and died the following day.*

*Male Voiceover*

She continued: I like to ride on my bike because it is good for my legs and my heart and my fatness. I prefer quiet days and the idea of the countryside. I love nature. I like forests and hills and deserts and bombsites. I like flowers. They remind me of graveyards. As child, I hung around the cemetery, not around the church. I really do believe in heaven and hell. I've seen hell. A city burning, the sky red as blood. A desert of bricks. Seeing dead bodies lying in the rubble. That is the image that still comes in my dreams. My inspiration are dreams, but my dreams keep coming back and it is like renting the same video.

You say, "oh, I've seen this one," but you can't return it. It's a pity they rebuilt Berlin. They should have left it empty.

It would make a marvelous museum now. The national museum of destruction. That would be fun, wouldn't it?

*Female Voiceover*

She was going into town, but took ages to get ready; an hour just fixing her white scarf. She'd cycled in the middle of the day, on the hottest day of the year and she drove out in the ditch and almost had a serious accident. You know why? She saw a snail on the road and she turned quickly to avoid it. She was a vegetarian, apart from when in France where such a thing is impossible. She could have had her neck broken just to save a snail. She got on the bike again, and went into town; bought an orange and went back home. She cycled fast on the way back. Then she heard the sound of a shell crushing under her tire. It was the same snail. It was still crossing the road and she did not see it.

You can never know how your image is used. I am on the screen for an hour and I prefer one scene to the other. There is a scene where my face is colored with patterns and it is supposed to be, oh, psychedelic. I do not feel connected enough to throw stones at a policeman—I want to throw stones at the whole world. In Ibiza is ok if you have money, but let others fight for you while you sleep. You must destroy what is wrong, not ignore it.

Shall I tell you something about the hippies that I didn't like? They are always selling you something. It was the Schwarzmarkt all over again.

Everything began to turn bad. It is like you are out on a carousel and it starts to go round, faster and faster, until you are sick. I jumped off. Not into the outside, but into the centrum where it is most controlled. You could see it quite wrong and say, "I must live in the city, not in the desert." That is a mistake. They are the same place.

I often feel I share very little in common with other people. I was alone for a lot of my youth, in a kind of wilderness, and that feeling has developed with me all these years. Loneliness is really not bad when you expect it, but when there's lots of people around you don't want, that is lonely. I was shy. I have always been shy. Some people think I am distant, while I think I am shy. I am too shy to act. I cannot pretend to be somebody else, because I already am somebody else, or you could say, I was too shy to be me.

When I became a model, I met really the most handsome boys you could meet. But the most beautiful boys were only interested in the other most beautiful boys. I can understand that. I wanted to be a boy myself. I mean, why should I want to be a woman? It was a part I was playing. My hair was blond, and... but it has changed. Now I don't know what part I am playing. I always wanted someone to write my autobiography. An autobiography that is half true and half not



true, a mixture that cannot be untangled. I'd name it, "Moving Target", because my life follows me around. I do not read biographies. They are full of lies and say life has a beginning, a middle and end. He said he was writing a book, and said he would put me in it, the pretty young girl sitting at a bar. I don't know what book this is. Do you know it?

I am probably in many books like this. Scattered about in the bookshops, and I will never know. I would like a novel about me, because it will explain my mind, not my life. My mind and my life are two different things. My mind is called Christa. My life is Nico.

Christa has made Nico and now she is bored with Nico because Nico is bored with herself. Nico has been to the top of life and to the bottom. Both places are empty she has discovered this. But Nico does not want to be in the middle either – where people turn their backs on each other. To avoid these places of unhappiness it is better to be nowhere and drift. That is the conclusion I have come to.

Have Nico or Christa come to this conclusion?

Are you making fun of me now?

I can't remember anymore where I went. Everywhere looked like a magazine. But I can never forget my favorite place to go: Ibiza. They do not ask questions there, they do not count the hours nor think about their passing. Time isn't

important because it's the same thing all over the world. In Berlin there is the U-Bahn. In Ibiza there are boats. That is how I know where I am. And the sun, if only time would stand still. My acting teacher told me to do things in my own time. I took him at his word. I would say time has not yet come, or perhaps I have always been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I have found a way to turn day into night. I light candles and my harmonium doesn't need electricity, so why should I? I have my candles to let me see inside the dark. Otherwise I am frightened there will be nothing left to see inside my mind and there will only be my body. Candles make stars of light.

The room is a universe. I can see in the distance – microscopically.

## HELEN KELLER ON VIDEO

**With:** Dan-Ola Persson (music)

**Year:** 2010

**Duration:** 8 minutes, 25 seconds

**Technical specifications:** Video for projection or monitor

**Premiered:** New Museum, New York

**Short description:** *The work is a video essay in two parts. In it the narrator recounts the publication of Helen Keller's first*

*book, The Frost King, for which she was accused of unintentional plagiarism. The film uses a range of techniques and approaches to discuss filmic and literary adaptation, multiple narratives, censorship and the burning of books.*

Soon after Helen Keller published her first book, "The Frost King" at the age of eleven, people pointed out that it bore strong similarities to the novel "The Frost Fairies", written some years earlier by Margaret Canby. The young girl was accused of plagiarism. An investigation into the matter revealed that the two works were almost identical. Keller insisted on having no recollection of ever reading the novel. A new term was created:

*Cryptomnesia*; a person falsely recused generating a thought – or a work of art – one who was actually generated by someone else. In these cases the person is not deliberately engaging in plagiarism, but is rather experiencing a memory as if it were a new inspiration. Keller never wrote fiction after this, but she continued to write. This is a open letter she sent to the student body of Germany in 1933 after they burnt her book of "How I became a Socialist":

"History has taught you nothing if you think you can kill ideas. Tyrants have tried to do that often before, and the ideas have risen up in their might and destroyed them. You can burn my books and the books of the best minds in Europe, but the ideas in them have seeped through a million channels, and will continue to quicken other minds. I gave all the royalties of my books to the German soldiers blinded in the World War

with no thought in my heart but love and compassion for the German people.

Do not imagine your barbarities are unknown here. God does not sleep, and He will visit his Judgment upon you. Better were it for you to have a mill-stone hung around your neck and sink into the sea than to be hated and despised of all men."

Teacher: Throughout history for six thousand years, it is a widely known fact: Any empire that invades Afganistan, our neighbours in the East, will implode within ten years. This happened to two Chinese empires, Alexander the Great, the Greeks, the Romans and so forth. The last empire to implode after invading Afghanistan was The Soviets and we all know how that went. The current invader, the USA, will implode within the next few years.

Kari: Excuse me...

Kari: Excuse me...

Kari: Shut up!

Kari: You have been talking about America for an hour now. In a literature class! I know that the fear of America can materialize as fine poetry or songs of peace. The hatred for America can manifest as many things, but you will never rid yourself of fit. Because what you really are afraid of is the America inside of you. I can't see why we discuss that here. We are here to discuss literature.

Teacher: Please class! Please!

Teacher: We will continue this discussion next week.

Class mate: Kari! Kari!

Class mate: How can you talk to the teacher like that? He will fail you in class.

Kari: I am so fed up with everything. My author won't allow any adaptations of my story, so I have been stuck here since 1995.

It is selfish of him.

There must be a way to leave here. Then there wouldn't be any more anti-imperialist lectures.

Ever!

Kari and her friend Knut at a bus station mall

Kari: Hello. How are you?

Knut: Hello. Thank you. Just this...

...one suitcase?

Kari: Yes

Knut: What is this book?

Kari: Guess.

Knut: Is it Keller's "Frost King"?

Kari: Yes

Knut: It is so much better than "Frost Fairies" by Canby.

Kari: Totally.

Knut: Canby even stated publicly that she thought Keller's story was better than her own.

They were so cruel to that little girl. She never wrote fiction after that.

Kari and Knut arrive at a restaurant.

Waiter: Hello

Knut: Hello

Waiter: How many are you?

Knut: Two.

Waiter: Go to the table beside the window, please.

Knut: Thank you.

Kari: I can imagine no greater luck for the mediocre artist than to be censored or banned. But for the sensitive, genius Keller, it was a tragedy. It is Canby's work that is mediocre.

Knut: Hey!

Kari: Margaret Canby would have faded into obscurity if it wasn't for Keller.

Pause

Kari: Excuse me. I'll be right back. No, you take your seat.

It is Helen Keller who salutes you.

It is Helen Keller who salutes you.

It is Helen Keller who salutes you.

It is Helen Keller who salutes you.

I have written from my soul.

I have written from my soul.

I have written from my soul.

I have written from my soul.

I am not dumb.

I am not dumb.

I am not dumb.

I am not dumb.

I am not dumb.

I am not dumb.

You are not familiar with my voice.  
You are not familiar with my voice.  
You are not familiar with my voice.  
Polly Thomson will interpret the belief.  
I have written from my soul.  
I have written from my soul.  
I have written from my soul.

In 1909 Swedish author Selma Lagerlöf was the first female recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature. This is only two years after having published the last volume of the wonderful adventures of Nils. The novel is still widely read in Sweden and was a commission from the National Teachers Association, to write a geography reader for the public schools. She devoted three years to research of plant, animal and bird life – the folklore legends of the different provinces of Sweden from Scania in the south to Lapland in the north.

The book begins like this: Once there was a boy, he was... let us say, something like 14 years old, long and loose jointed and two headed. He wasn't good for much that boy. His chief delight was to eat and sleep, and after that he liked best to make mischief. Nils is a typical troublemaker in the village of southern Sweden, who pulls the tales of cats, throws rocks at the geese, etc. Then he finds a gnome and teases him as well. But the gnome cast a spell on Nils, and he shrunk to the size of a sparrow. Too ashamed to show his new self to his family he travels with the wild geese on their annual migration into Lapland. What follows is a description of the natural world of

Sweden, from the south to the north. The flock of gees is mariticularly led by the experienced and wise Akka. In its travels Nils learns about helplessness and helping others and has many adventures involving magic flutes, a castle with rats and an underwater city. He also learns respect and admiration for animals in the natural world. Nils and the gees travel to all the provinces or landskap, as it's called in Swedish, all but one, Halland. Nobody really knows the reason for this. There are two plausible explanations: Halland is the last landskap before Nils and the gees return to Scania where they started their round trip. So some believe that Lagerlöf in the effort to meet the deadline simply skipped the area. Halland is only mentioned once as they fly over. Nils asks Akka: – What landskap is there crossing? And she replies: – Down there is nothing to look at, see how grim and bleak it is. The other explanation is a more difficult one, that she did think that Halland was racially impure. Lagerlöf was the supporter and sponsor of Statens institut för rasbiologi (The Swedish State Institute for Racial Biology), the first of its kind in the world.

For whatever reason she left you out Halland, this one is for you.

DUETT (med styrken i vår tro i en sang,  
i en sang)

**With:** Dan-Ola Persson (music)



**Year:** 2010

**Duration:** 4 minutes

**Technical specifications:** Video for monitor

**Premiered:** Foxy Productions, London

**Short description:** *Duett (styrken i vår tro i en sang, i en sang) plays on a tilted television leaning against the wall. The video itself occupies a fraction of the screen, which becomes a third performer in the auto-tuned duet staged between Donald Rumsfeld and Margaret Thatcher.*

Margaret Thatcher is **A**

Donald Rumsfeld is **B**

**A:** To those waiting with bated breath for that favourite media catchphrase, I have only one thing to say.

**B:** There are reports nor evidence of a direct link.

**A:** I have only one thing to say (x3).

**B:** As we know, there are known knowns:

There are things we know we know.

We also know there are known unknowns:

That is to say we know there are some things we do not know.

But there are also unknown unknowns.

The ones we don't know we don't know.

As we know, there are known knowns;  
There are things we know we know.

**B:** I have only one thing to say.

**A:** As we know, there are known knowns:  
There are things we know we know.

**B:** I have only one thing to say.

**A:** As we know, there are known knowns:  
There are things we know we know.

**B:** I have only one thing to say.

**A:** As we know, there are known knowns:  
There are things we know we know.

**B:** I have only one thing to say.

**A:** But I do not spend my days prowling around the pigeonholes in the Ministry of Defence.

That ship was of danger to our boys, that's why that ship was sunk.

I know it was right to sink her, and I would do the same again.

**B:** We also know there are known unknowns:

That is to say we know there are some things we do not know.

**A:** But I do not spend my days prowling around the pigeonholes in the Ministry of Defence.

**B:** But there are also unknown unknowns.

The ones we don't know we don't know.

**A:** That ship was of danger to our boys, that's why that ship was sunk.

**B:** But there are also unknown unknowns.

The ones we don't know we don't know.

**A:** I know it was right to sink her, and I would do the same again.

**B:** There are things we know we know.

## SØR-HELGELAND

**Year:** 2012

**Technical specifications:** Videoinstallation for monitors

**Premiered:** VI, VII, Oslo

**Short description:** *The video installation portrays Lars*

*Laumann's hometown Brønnøysund, just south of the Arctic Circle in Norway. The work presents the local residents, a particular bird colony on Lovund island in that region, and particularly the local female drummer band "Torghatten paradekorps". The work is presented in an architecture created by discarded, movable walls from Riksutstillinger, the former Norwegian Touring Exhibitions.*

## PRIMA, SEKUNDA, AFRICA!

Collaboration with Kjersti Andvig

**Year:** 2014

**Duration:** 22 minutes, 21 seconds

**Technical specifications:** Video for projection or monitor

**Premiered:** Akershus Kunstnersenter, Lillestrøm

**Short description:** *The film, which deals with Norwegian and West African coastal culture with a particular eye on the export of Norwegian stock-fish, represents an odyssey through the a variety of environments created by this industry.*

Ráhkkis Norga,

Kjære Norge,

Vi er samlet her i dag for å feire tohundreårsdagen til Grunnloven.

Men også at mennesket er mellom to til syv millioner år og at første Homo sapiens så dagens lys for tohundre tusen år siden.

Men først og fremst er vi her i dag fordi torsken er tohundre og førti millioner år gammel.

Vi feirer spesielt tørrfiskens triumf som proteinkilde, handelsvare og dens gode smak.

På grunn av sin næringsrikhet og lagringsdyktighet var den viktig som proviant for vikingene og avgjørende for den norsk-danske slavehandelens suksess. Eksporten fra regionen er verdens eldste dokumenterte handel med fisk.

På 900-tallet reiste Torolv Kveldulvsson fra Brønnøy til Vågan med flere menn for å fiske skrei på Lofothavet som han solgte videre til England. På 60-tallet ble alle fiskemottak statelig pålagt å sende 1% av fisken til Biafra som u-hjelp. Inntektene dette gav har lagt grunnlaget for nasjonen.

Så er det nå ikke på tide?

Kompendium eller Manifest?

Olje eller Fisk?

Viking eller Pirat?

Kolonist eller Koloni?

Moderland eller Fedreland?

## Áhčieanan dahje Eadnieanan?

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Jeg kan legge ut et mål nå foran fartøyet som er en pirat. Så har vi da ulike mulige piratfartøyer. Her har vi en typisk båt som de kanskje bruker i... ja, sørlige deler av verden. Gammel, litt shabby trebåt. Her har vi en liten lettbåt. Med syv-åtte mann ombord. De her er ubevæpnet så dette her trenger ikke å være pirater. Det kan være enkelt og greit noen fiskere fra en landsby.

Jeg kan enkelt legge ut et nytt fartøy i dette spillet ved å gå enkelt inn i noen menyer. Og vi har en hel lang liste å velge mellom. Vi kan legge ut ferger, kan jeg legge ut en ferge nå foran oss. I dette spillet her nå så ligger vi litt nordøst for Bodø. Vi har kysten på vår styrbord side og vi har noen oljerigger som kommer i framtiden på vår babord side ut mot havet. Her har vi en norsk fregatt som skal gå igjennom området. Og jeg har lagt ut en liten lettbåt med noe som kan være pirater. Og så har vi da en norsk fregatt her som har kurs mot de. De vil komme bort til piratene og de vil sakke opp farten og sette ut en lettbåt og lettbåten går bort til piratene og inspisierer fartøyet.

Vi vil da se at piratene har allerede overgitt seg og lagt ned våpnene, og det ville de nok gjort, det har de da gjort i dette scenario fordi dette er jo tross alt et krigsskip med, med mye våpen ombord så de skjønner at de er underlegne.

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### Om tre menn fer saman på eit skip

Dines er det så at om tre menn fer saman på eit skip og så ille skjer at ein av dei hogg ein annan ned av vond vilje, då skal han leggja inn årane, tredjemann i laget, som vil søkja å hindra det. No hender det seg slik, når ein kjem til lands, at dei bae skjer pil og bae kjem til tings. Då skal det tenkjast etter om sakene, og den som ein arving peikar ut, skal fyrst bera jarn. Bae skal likevel bera jarn om dei nektar og den som vert sannkjend i det skal fara i utlegd.

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### Joik til Afrika av Ande Somby

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Nei, men apropos kvinner og volver så er det jo, de tror jo at de som Oseberg, de som er funnet i Osebergskipet, de trodde jo lenge at det var Dronning Åsa, men nå tror de fleste at de var to volver som ble funnet da. De ble jo funnet med masse urter og med en sånn volvestav og sånt no. Og det sier jo litt om hvilken stilling de hadde i samfunnet når du får en sånn begravelse.

Det er jo de som er enda mer inne i dette enn meg. Jeg har jo ikke så mye tid til å bare være viking hele tiden, med tre unger og i det hele tatt.

Om det er en subkultur? Ja, det er det jo sikkert for mange som virkelig lever som vikinger. Det er jo de som gjør dette mye mer på full tid enn det jeg gjør i hvert fall.

Nei så det er det som er, at her innerst i viken, som det heter på vikingspråk, her er det veldig dårlig med vikinger. De holder liksom til nedover Borre, Tønsberg, og Sandefjord og Larvik og sånn. Så på facebook så er man jo venn med vikinger over hele verden. Det er det å finne de andre vikingene.

Men vikingene var jo ikke bare pirater, de var jo gjerne jordbrukere og bønder resten av året, og så dro de viking om sommeren. I hvert fall noen. Ikke alle selvfølgelig. De var jo oppdagelsesreisende også. Så de, de dro jo, noen dro jo langt. Men vikingkvinnene hadde faktisk bedre sånn enn det de fikk i middelalderen. De hadde mye mer de skulle ha sagt og styrte på gården og selv om det selvfølgelig var en rollefordeling med at de var mer hjemme og holdt på med hus og hjem. Så var det der de var, de var faktisk sjefen der. Så de hadde en stemme og de kunne velge. Det var selvfølgelig arrangerte ekteskap, men de kunne si nei om de ikke ville og de kunne skille seg hvis de ikke var fornøyde med den mannen de fikk. Mennene var så mye borte at de faktisk var nødt til å ha en viss styring på ting. Så gården ble overlatt til kvinnene og sånn, så da måtte de jo ha orden på gården og da fikk de jo mye de skulle sagt.

Det finns jo sånne som praktiserer åsatru, men for meg så blir det litt New Age-aktig. Det er ikke det at det er noe galt



med New Age, men det er liksom, jeg føler at det blir litt sånn... ja, det blir jo ikke det det egentlig var, de har liksom lagt noe nytt i det på en måte, som jeg syns noen ganger er litt merkelig, uten at jeg helt klarer å forklare hva det er.

Jeg opplever det stadig vekk, folk som når jeg sier at vikingene hadde ikke horn på hjelmene, som sier "Åh, hadde de det ikke det?". For det er liksom en eller annen sånn opp og vedtatt regel at de hadde det. Og, ja, Wagner har jo litt av skylda.

Men, så ja, så er det vel noen som da oppfattet det som at de fant horn og de fant hjelmer. Og hva var disse hornene til liksom? Jo, de satt sikkert på hjelmen, akkurat som når de fant i Guanodom. Så første gangen de satt sammen det skjelettet, ja, det er en dinosaur da, da satte de tommelen på nesa. Det blir liksom litt av det samme. Men om man tenker litt etter så er det jo helt høl i hue å gå i krig mot noen med horn på hjelmen.

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Når man tar i en fesk, så, så kan æ egentlig bestem ganske fort kor æ vil ha han, med engang. Når du vraka fesk så e det ikkje to år som er lik. Og i fjor så sorter jo æ en tilsammen 250 tonn. Så e det jo da at når æ vraka han engang, så av og tell, eller veldig ofte, så vraka æ han på nytt igjen. For når man starta å vrak så forandra fesken seg etterkvert også.

Når æ står og sorter fesk, så kver eneste fesk, så ser æ inni han om han æ lys. Så åpna vi fesken, så samtidig så treng æ ikkje sett nesen helt nedi, for lukta hu kjem opp med det samme.

Tørrfisken han e delt inn i 20 ulike sorta. Det e jo prima-, sekunda- og kategori som e afrikafesk. En fesk som skal vær prima, då skal han vær perfekt utvendig og han skal ikkje ha noe kos, en foråttningssprosses i sæ. Og en sekundafesk han kan ha litt blod i seg, men samtidig må han vær kvit inni. Det kreves av, i dag, av en sekunda-fesk at han hold en god kvalitet.

Så har du då igjen den tredje kategorien: afrikafesk. Han kan vær litt dårlig inni samtidig så kreves det også at en afrika, at han e ganske, ganske fin også. Samtidig så, så, kan man ikkje send tell Afrika alt sammen som, selv om han lukta dårlig. Så det e jo imponeranes at naturen kan, kan klare å tørk en sånn fesk. Så, men det kjem av de ulike, de spesielle forholdan her. På grunn av at det e passelig, kan du si, luftfuktigheta e perfekt, samtidig e temperaturen perfekt, og det så det gjør jo at spesielt i Røst har de verdens beste tørkeforhold, for å tørk fesk.

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"En portugis kand tilbringe fire timer med at see paa en slave, han lugter dem i halsen, han føler dem overalt; slavene maa gjøre krum-spring for ham, lee, og synge for ham; tilsidst

slikker han dem med tungen omkring paa hagen for at finde om de har skiæg, eller om en slave har mindste ar paa kroppen saa forskyder han dem. En engelskmand er ogsaa kræsen, men ikke saa urimelig som en portugis. En franskmand tager gierne alt, hva som er sort".

-----

Jeg gir meg ut for å være pirat fordi jeg er en god skuespiller. De vestlige journalistene spør Fikser'n om å finne en ekte pirat og de kommer til oss fordi vi er gode på å late som.

Det som skjer er at Fikser'n hjelper den hvite mannen med å finne oss fordi de trenger pirater. Han sier bare: "Lat som du er en pirat!"

Vanligvis jobber jeg på en restaurant, men jeg tjener 300 dollar om dagen på å leke pirat. Selv har jeg aldri sett en ordentlig pirat og har heller aldri hvert i Somalia. Jeg har bodd hele livet mitt i Nairobi.

Fikser'n forteller oss at europeerne lager film og at jeg vil bli betalt. Jeg tror jeg bringer realisme til filmen. Det er bare et spørsmål om å gå inn i karakteren. Jeg kan ikke gjøre det nå fordi nå forteller jeg sannheten. Å late som koster mer. Nå later jeg ikke som jeg er en pirat. Det krever forberedelser. Du må kle deg opp og komme i riktig modus.

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*Skiv og h j, snart er skatten v r / n  kan vi ta det rolig de neste hundre  r / n  kan vi ta det rolig de neste hundre  r.*

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Skal det ikke v re et personnavn her? Nei,   e ikkje no s nn redd for no s nt spesielt ute p  havet, nei. B tan gir seg jo som regel f r folket.

Det verste   har opplevd det er kanskje smerten i nevan og arman etter sl yinga. Det er liksom ikkje noen andre som stepper inn for d . S  det er bare   teipe kniven p  hansken og fortsette.

Det   savner mest er familien og venner. N r du jobber fra morgen til kveld, s  du f r neste ikkje tid   savne de. Men det er den dagen du blir ligganes lenge i land med d rlig v r, s  savner du mye de hjemme.

  e p  en 50-fots vilksom sjark. De sier det de som har v rt p  andre b ter at det er en dr m   v re p  den. Men det er jo ikkje noe fart. Du skyver heile Nordsj en foran d  n r du g r (ler).

Erlend: Ja, du g r jo det.

K: Men me har, han laster 50 tonn, vi klarer ikkje fylle opp b ten her ute p  en dag med garn.

E: S nn som   trur det, og vess   klarer   forutse det rett, s  tror   det kj m tell   stig nu, det kommer til   komme et priskrakk om noen  r nu, men s  kommer det til   stig tell

himmels igjen etterpå. Så æ vil tru at folk vil etterspør da bra kvalitet fra mindre flåter med mindre kvantum og da er det mer kvalitetsbevist, så æ tror det er god framtid for det sånn sett, med tanke på oss få som blir igjen då tell slutt.

Æ syns ikkje noe om det dere frittfeske greiene i hvert fall-ite. Æ syns det skulle vært kvotebelagt på kvar ein einaste båt.

K: Ja, nokon fisker med livet som insats nå, for det gjelder bare dette året, de får det. De går jo ut to ganger om dagen. Inn og lever og så ut igjen.

E: Det blir så store mengda, vet du, på så små båta og man e jo så få på kvar båt. For dem som heng fesk og sånne ting, dem vil jo helst ha juksa fesk da. Men man har ikkje så mye en sku sei en vanlig feskar. Det er jo de store fiskerne som, skulle æ si, som har nåko dem skulle sagt, på de derre greian der.

K: Nei, æ har ikkje så mye meininger om det, fordi far'n min driver båten. Æ er bare med for opplevelsen og sånne ting. Men æ tenk ikkje for min del noe framtid som fisker. Æ vil fiske minst mulig tonn for høyest mulig pris, æ.

E: Nei, så e det det der egentlig med at du skal jo ikkje skal ha med kvinnfolk ombord i båt. Da blir jo båten sjalu den.

K: Nei, æ e ikkje noe sånn, æ, noe overtroisk på noen måte. Men æ vet det at det er jo mange ord du ikkje skal sei i båt. Og du skal ikkje ha koffort med deg i båt. "Hest" skal du ikkje si i båt.

Dei sier ett sånt dyr med fire bein som du har kjærre bakpå, sier de kanskje hvis de skal komme fram til en "hest" i en båt. Men det er sånt som du ikkje skal si. Det var i fjor, det var ikke for hundre år siden.

E: Vesst att æ ligg med noen også fer æ ut å feska og så får æ kjempemye fesk, da er det et godt hall. Men hvis æ ligg med en ny person dagen etterpå og æ fer ut og får ingen ting da er det et dårlig hall. Så da må æ gå tilbake til den æ lå med først, for det er et godt hall. Så alle har sitt eget hall. Du kann ikkje ta kem som helst tell hall det må vær et bra hall. Det er derfor alle sammen her på Røst ligg med samme kjerringa, og ho har fem unga. Så vess at du kjemm, hves du har vert hjemme med maddamen så kjemm du ut på havet dagen etterpå og det er dårlig. Bare kutt ho ut, dårlig hall. Det er slutt, penga er alt.

K: Vi hadde ikkje noe pauser ifjor, så nå i dette året ga æ beskjed til faren min at midt i dagen, når vi har to lenker ute, når vi har dratt en, da er det skive. Det er 10-15 minutt og det har æ sett gitt resultater. Åtte tonn nå og vi er in.

# SEASON OF MIGRATION TO THE NORTH

**With:** Eddie Esmael, Cecilia Lopez (music)

**Year:** 2015

**Duration:** 20 minutes

**Technical specifications:** Video for projection

**Premiered:** Kunstneres Hus, Oslo

**Short description:** *In the work Eddie Ismael tells his story, arriving to Norway as a refugee from Sudan. His story is paralleled with the diary notes of Ruth Meier, an Austrian refugee in Norway during the Second World War.*

*Khartoum, March 2nd, 2010*

I have to try to get my lower lip pierced for two weeks now. They only make ear piercings for women with a gun-like machine. Hassna and I went into a pharmacy today, asking to borrow the gun. Hassna just took the gun and stuck it in my mouth.

I'm pretty happy about how it came out. Especially because it was so quick and cheeky. Even though the stud is too small.

I have to ask Monty to send me a bigger one from the States.

*Khartoum, December 19th, 2010*

It's a few days before the fashion show. I'm nervous that something could happen. I'm quite a shy person. I don't like to be in the spotlight. But then I also do. I know its contradictory.

We have rehearsed several times at the Goethe Institute. The show will have five parts. I will only be in two. I'm wearing clothes from Diesel; holding a basketball. I never played basketball. I always hated sports. I like the suit better.

The other day we went to Khloud Kibeda's atelier, I told her about the idea. And she agreed to participate. I'm filled with excitement and nervousness.

*Khartoum, December 22nd 2010*

Its the Day before the fashion show. We got a permit from the police to have a party. You need to do this for any party in Sudan. The permission is until eleven witch is when all parties has to end. The show will last for a few hours so we will start at eight. After that we'll have a dance party for an hour or so.

*Khartoum, December 26th, 2010*

Been released from jail. I was bailed out by my family. It was a horrible experience. It's too difficult to write about. I have to report back to the police in a few days.

*Khartoum, December 27th, 2010*

We had two security guards from the police at the fashion show. You can get that when you apply for permission.

Two minutes after eleven several other policemen arrived and raided the place. They had surrounded the building.



The police separated us into two groups. The boys who they thought looked gay, and the ones that did not. They arrested us along with the girls, who the police thought they looked immoral. They sent the other people home. There was panic. Miriam swallowed her tongue and Fatima fainted, as did several others. They already knew all the participants in the show. They must have followed us on Facebook.

*Khartoum, December 28th, 2012*

Leaving the house I have always lived in; leaving for Europe soon. I will not see this place in a long time. Maybe I will be able to meet my mother in Cairo some day...

*Vadsø, February 15th, 2013*

Just arrived in the Arctic, Norway. It's a refugee camp. It is the first time to live in a village. It's a small place with four thousand people. They don't have bus or transport. You take the ferry to the next village Kirkenes. The camp is the biggest in North Scandinavia. There is a few thousand of us, making up half of the village.

The main building is one out of many that make up the camp, and it was previously a hospital. I live in a smaller wooden house by the water. I know it sounds idyllic, but it's not really. The conditions of living is basic. Yesterday the heating did not work. I learned that you truly need that in a cold country.

The closest person to me to on Grindr is in Russia. 400 kilometers away.

*Vadsø, February 29th, 2013*

It is exotic. Never seen the tundra before. I know the desert. No trees; white mountains. I got to know a few people here. One of them is Hamid. He is the first immigrant in the village. The first black man. He arrived six or seven years ago. He is from Sudan as well. He is married to a local girl; Norwegian. And he works in the kommune, the council.

Hamid came to the camp to hang with us the other day. He has advice on how to get integrated into society. Talking about his own experience of arriving in the village, he told me if you want to get to know people – you have to be seen. He would go to the local bar every weekend. You have to dress up good. Make yourself visible. Flashy colors. Red, yellow, bright green. Good brands. You have to be seen from far away.

No one else dresses like that here, I think. So he would go to the bar every Saturday and buy a beer. He does not drink alcohol though. But his advice was to just sit there, with his beer. Talk to people and gradually they would learn to accept him.

This approach is also what the Englishman Quentin Crisp talks about. He said: «Do not conform to society, let society conform around you.»

*Vadsø, March 12th, 2013*

I started reading a good book. It's called The Diaries of Ruth Maier. It's about a young Austrian girl that came here as a refugee in the 1940s. The diaries starts before she came to Norway. She dreams about being an actress or a writer, living in middle class Vienna.

*Vadsø, March 27th, 2013*

I'm looking forward to move to Oslo. There is more people there, and I miss public transport. Ruth Maier lived several places in Norway. In Oslo, she started working as a model, where she met a girl called Gunvor Hofmo and I think that they were falling in love.

Two girls in love in Norway during war – what is more romantic? Her experience of coming to Norway is different from mine. Norway was a poor country then. But at least she did not have to live in Finnmark. She complains about there being no Coca Cola or sugar.

I was not so nervous about my asylum application. My case is well documented. Got my answer in one day. I brought a shopping bag with newspaper clippings from the trial that lasted six months. There is also my LGBT activism that finally made me have to leave. But I'm more fortunate than most. For other people it is not easy to get a positive answer. In some cases the government don't believe they are gay.

I guess Ruth Maier conformed to Norway. She had a job and a girlfriend, and she stayed with a Norwegian family. It seems that she so quickly came to like Norway. She tells about hearing the song: Vi elsker, vi elsker. She talk about how the song moved her and how she felt love to the country. She did not have the same feelings for Austria. And she thought that the Norwegians where cute – almost naive – in their nationalism.

Ruth writes about her sexuality. She had a nightmare. There was blood. She was seeing her father and her family on a train. She is trying to analyze it. And she wrote that the blood represented her sexuality, and her previous sexual experience with a guy. She says she is not satisfied with the male. She talks about how she feels for women, but not directly of the concept "gay". It is a western concept, and I don't know if "gay" had been born in Europe at Ruth's and Gunvor's time.

*Oslo, April 16th, 2015*

Moved into a 18m2 studio apartment in Oslo. I live and work in the same street so it only takes me a few minutes to go to work. I'm interning in an architect's office. There are different kinds of projects at the office, recently one is a project of a kindergarten close to Kristiansand. And a sign project for the agricultural school outside Oslo. It is different from my old job in Sudan where I was a teaching assistant in the architecture school.

*Oslo, September, 2015*

I'm going to New York for a study trip with work in November. It was so cold last time I was there. Then I was on an LGBTQI activist conference. I was traveling with five other lesbian friends so I had to go to Victoria's Secret three times and hang out in lesbian bars. It's going to be nice to do something other than that. Like take an architecture tour of Manhattan.

*Oslo, June 15th, 2015*

I'm tired of being angry. I don't want to be angry all the time. Anger is consuming energy. I don't want to be perceived as an angry person. I just want to be a normal person, and I don't think that is a lot to ask.

Anger is my treasure also. I remember one of the first times that racism really affected me. I felt marginalized and discriminated against. A guy sent me an online message and it was really cruel. I felt angry and pissed. Later I was in the gym running and I felt like my brain was going to explode. For three days I could not sleep. Anger can destroy you from the inside.

But I also find anger can be used as motivation – for myself and for my activism. Activism is something that I love, because I think it can make a change.

If you are in a nightclub for example; when a stranger is grabbing your ass, I feel afraid of being angry. Because I feel I

have to behave differently as I am an immigrant. Because I don't want to be the angry black man. I just want to be myself.

*Oslo, August 1st, 2015*

First day in my job. I had an internship for three months. And now they hired me. It was the happiest day of my life, or at least it was a weird and emotional one. I have been looking for a job for a long time and finally I got one as an architect.

*Oslo, August 12th, 2015*

I miss having a boyfriend. It's hard to find one. But it's been a great summer.

The gay community is closed for people of color. Many stay away from it because of racism. In Norway, this is the place where I have experienced the most racism. I can not have a visit to a club, or bar, or Grindr for that matter without having to be reminded that I don't belong here. Because I am different.

Often it comes with good intentions, like "you look good for a black man". Or "I'm normally not into black guys but you are handsome". Or the size of the penis.

*Oslo, June 21st, 2015*

I'm worried and concerned about Islamophobia. A few weeks ago there was a debate in Bergen during the gay pride. The topic was homosexuality and Islam. They had invited racist people from the right wing party and their argument was that Islam is homophobic. This is producing hate in the gay

community towards muslims. Europe is already hard for Muslims – especially gay Muslims. This remind me that history repeats itself. This same thing happened 70 years ago when the Jews where in the position that Muslims are in now.

I wish sometimes that I was religious, so that I could build a solid argument in this topic.

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