

Tidligere arbejdet/individuel praksis

Sangría Valentino

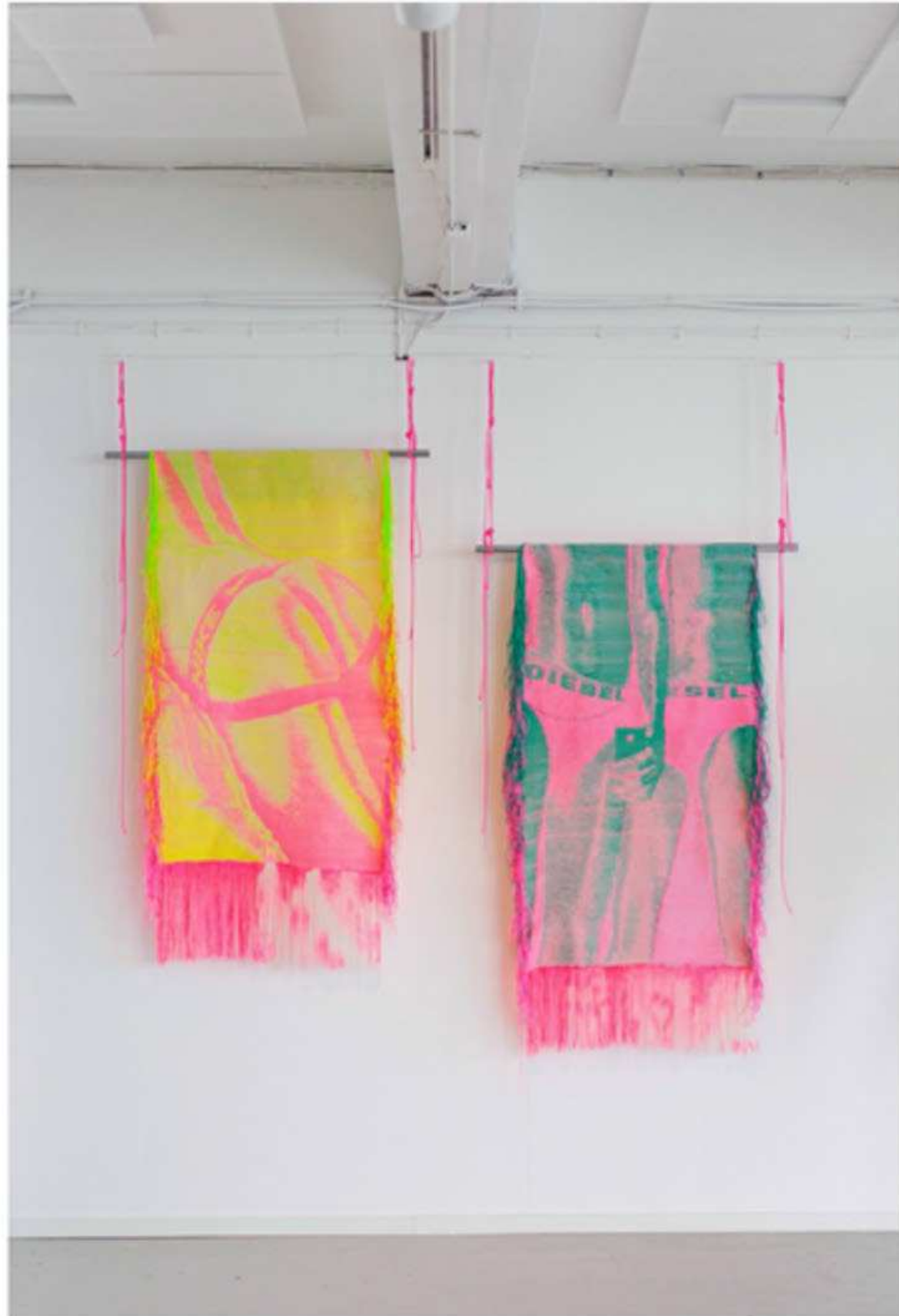
(DK — bosat i Bergen, NO)



PRESENCE

Fotografisk installation

H. C. Ørstedsparken, København, 2021



pics i didnt ask for

Håndvevede digitale billedveve

Tekstilindustrimuseet, Salhus, Bergen, 2023



Mimos

Håndvevet digital billedvev, 2022



The Vampy Villains

3 performances á 20 min., Bergen Kunsthall, 2023



The Vampy Villains

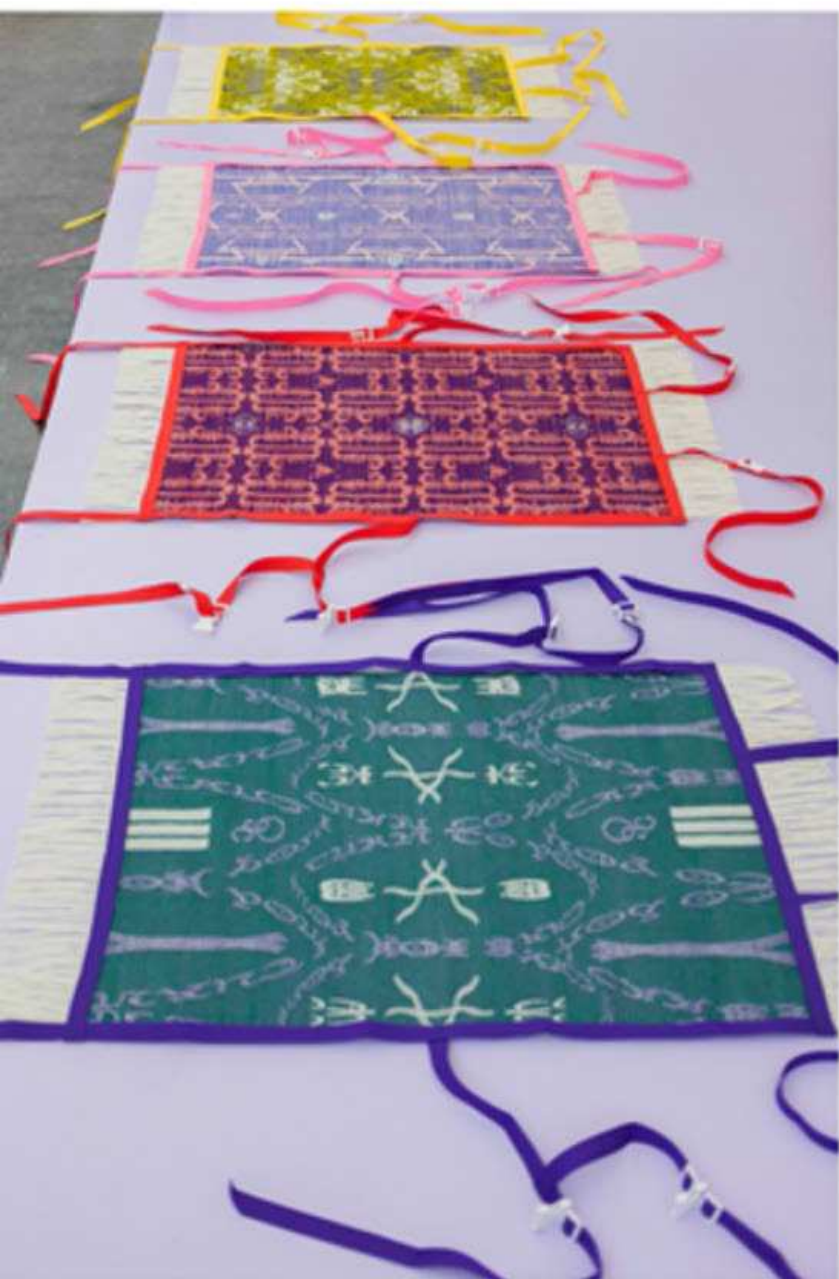
Fotografier av karakterer utviklet til performance i Bergen Kunsthall, 2023



A Saturated Field of Visibility

Fotografi på giclee print og PVC, håndvevede digitale billedveve og fotografiske collager

Soloutstilling, Fotografisk Center, København, september-december 2023



Q4R3C0R3<3

Håndvevede digitale billedveve

It's Not A Stage

Kollaborativ installation lavet med kunstnere Dominique Nachi og Oda Tungodden

Bergen Kunsthall, 2023

Tidligere arbejdet/individuel praksis

Henna Nerg

(FI — bosat i Bergen, NO)



Detail.





(Exhibition: KMD Textiles, Salhus textile industrie museum) Octopus, 2022, Interactive textile sculpture, recycled and laser manipulated hostel beddings, chains, approx. 5m x 5m x 3m







(Exhibition: Soft Border, Usf Visningsrommet) Icebergs, 2023, Installation, Reconstructed animal urine castings, sewn out of found plastic web and recycled leather, chains. approx. 6m x 6m 2,5m, detail



Tidligere arbejdet/individuel praksis

Nina Eriksson

(SE — bosat i Bergen, NO)



Detail example of rogue nipple

Adorn nr 1 (2024)

Installation of braided rope sculpture and silicone cast nipples, here seen as installed at Galleri Salhus during the exhibition [KMD: TEXTILES]

Variable dimensions



Body Scripture Vicious Want (2024)

Textile sculpture with rope and silk screen on pvc vinyl

Image to the left for Vestlandsutstillingen 2024 by Oddbjørn Erland Aarstad



Variable dimensions

The light blue of my room and the morning or night colours everything else with it.
The flatness of time has a name - you'd think it is great. It is just blue.

Time spins in place, the bread does not slice itself - we have clocks and the rickety metal box at the grocery store for that. The tracking of people through the sales server steps. They take extra steps again and again, finding no rest or discount despite the repeated suggestions. It is empty. No eggs, but in a drawer somewhere at the end of shopping world, those unfulfilled hopes sit in wait. The opposite of accusations. Lambos. I freeze the bread I get on half price. The gluten free bits of it make it crumbly in my hands, so I hold it like I would a sleeping baby bunny, cradling it, wearing its future. The back fence of bread leaves no top of the slice support it so I pull the plastic bag over bread from all over but not it.

I am the prime however in my future, so I put myself in places I cannot be removed from. I stole a book from the library, creating a hole only I can repair. There is a shortage of staff, of resources - if I see enough of them, hole seems away but for me, I dream I can make one of words. If we have less, maybe instead there can be action.

The light blue of my room and the morning or night colours everything else with it. The flatness of time has a name - you'd think it is great. It is just blue. I have always been afraid of the deep sea. I want the idea that I would be like it, that things are spinning in my dreams with big work, pale spiky larvae around succumbed by deep dark clouds of time. I cut pale spiky larvae bread for you at the grocery store, in the rickety metal box that resembles my cranking hands. Spike moving spike because I know that you need something from me. I take apart time, put it back together to look like a reminder or a summer holiday in a grave. Making place.

Time spins in place, twice hours after one another. The bread does not slice itself. My sleepy hands do. My hands and experiential manufactured activity in the kitchen as the kettle and toaster turn each other off, the breakfast menu gone of those times. It is getting cold or warm again. I do not know what my body needs. It is empty. There is a drip from the ceiling that resembles the way my body crumples that bit by bit when the sun threatens to break open. It has an extension of this water and its drying down, down. Some of this is action. I find to you about it: I be about my desire to stop talking and start doing. When I talk about the future, there is a magical yet realistic where we are away from the world in which "future" is a pipe down, or uncertain as the action of spring or the ice that breaks in March and not in January. Sweet heads present themselves too low early under my expressive mood and it would concern me but it feels so good, some good, a salty need of warm. It is a privilege to not be a salt desert, to be a wet, sticky, slurring. Anything that feels like life is better than what feels like death.

The light blue of my room and the morning or night colours everything else with it.
The flatness of time has a name - you'd think it is great. It is just blue.

I think to myself that a year is impossible to understand. Time spins in place and I hold over the days in me. It is the year I don't come back after every break out of time, the year I fall ill - I have held her like I would a sleeping baby bunny, cradling her, ensuring her future. I can hold a calendar in my hand and I do, thinking all the time about how I need my hands to do something else. I am counting the days or time spins in place, a year unfolds towards the south, I lie on my shoes and keep closing buckles from muscle memory, too, knots, straps, cloths and hinges.

We sit down for a meal that is hours and hours together. Hunger and broken skin on the knuckles, not from fighting, but from flaring time and mechanical plastic string and hand. I hand you your plate but you eat out of my hand, light green pellets that make you full. I remember your name. I would tell you unless you ask, your body turns and squeaks against the leather and rubber, you radiate something few people live through. We make friction points in the high hundreds. There is nothing left to say.

I strip the smock and my back and so on. Pelts in piles, crumpled shoes. We drive back from the funeral in hairy rain that makes the flames heat the reflective glove.

It is the part where I make something, where I weep into my skirts and tharals and make sticky piles that were not there before. I make a lot of things: hats and sweats, vests, pots, not milk yet, I'd like to try, and poorly constructed garments, socks that do not work. I make friends and keep them, I make things that contain other things, bones, legs, nails, I make do. I survive, stay silent in the deep sea. I don't make bread but M does, and the River sells the First Price loaf for 20 newweight kroner, that is maybe fifteen slices. In a way, I make time. By making you hear this and think about the sea, you see why time. I am making time for you. How long is a year? Trick question. What can you tell me about yours? Trick question. The year as we know it is just down the head of the road. A four hour drive is eight hours sometimes.

It is the part where I make something out of the eggs I've been dead. The condense of loss is pale, hollow, and lacy. It turns dark brown on one side after I stare too long at the pillow of the house across from mine, the same colour as the old one. Feels like being in a fish bowl. I go by deep strapped in two dozen short nights, the world is running out of things I have yet to call ocean. I stopped feeling condensed a long time ago but at the very least this makes me aerodynamic, specific, and held. I take bits of whale carcasses when the master wants help, ensuring my future, my hearing, reason, y skin. Time spins in place when all you want to do is move on with the same tools. I am silly trying to fill my old world the same way. My hair comes out not quite wet, rising and with an air bubble cavity where my nose and mouth should be.

We eat, we live, we sleep, we live, we do everything we can not to die and fall into the blue endless place - where the sky is just layers of air that suddenly stop - the heater giving way - date of birth - wiggly old bread stuck in my throat - my nose barely holding air - it is not enough - deep dark end of the pool - it is not enough.

Strip in with me to the seasons of repeatable patterns. When the leaves break out, I am happy to see them, but feel bad for them and the way they know nothing else. I am like them now, every spring I like the one before. I wear a denim jacket too early. I have both my hands at my disposal to hold others or things that I need. And yet I sit in the jelly, I walk, so my assing shorts, there is that pressure I create, the remembrance that my edges are alive and exist. The light blue of my room and the morning or night colours everything else with it. The flatness of time has a name - you'd think it is great. It is just blue. I don't think there are enough words for blue that remind you it is the color of void, shade, cold, the appropriated. New boys under the sudden, clinging sky of early summer.



Detail of *freezer burn*, 55pc riso print edition with keychain image backside

Image by Joey Bravo



freezer burn / butch renaissance tear well (2024)

Variable dimensions

Textile installation with riso print edition and performative reading of the text *freezer burn*, performed at Bergen Kjött during group exhibition *BIG TEETH*

Images by Joey Bravo



Easy rider (2022)

Textile sculpture with ropes and lino printed hand dyed viscose. Part of the project *FAKE BIKER* (2022 - 2023)

Approx. 150x110x35cm

Shown here during the residency *Arbeid pågår* at Tag Team Studio, September - October 2022



FAKE BIKER (2022 - 2023)

excerpt from project description:

FAKE BIKER draws on concepts of utopia, dreamlands, and idealization. It includes a group of soft sculptures and a text work, assembled as a fragmented scenography as a reflection on longing, solidarity, and the hopeful possibility of utopia that lives within the failure to measure up. I orient myself between notions of queer futures, the tactility and reliability of language in storytelling, and soft sculpture and its queering qualities.