

Redovisning för projektet med arbetstiteln "My name is Mark, I'm an artist from Sweden" (för ansökan användes namnet "en resa, en månad")

Resan som finansierades med stöd av KC-nord, var en del i ett projekt som jag nu arbetar vidare med. Ursprunget, och det källmaterial jag nu arbetar med, kommer ur den resa KC-nord finansierade.

Bakgrund & syfte: Projektidén uppkom då jag som Umeå-bo upplevde mig befinna mig i konstens periferi. I den om den, ovetande, naive periferi konstnären med lågt kulturellt kapital växte inom mig och jag ville på något vis ikläda mig den rollen. Och testa den socialt i en kontext där jag kunde uppleva fördomar, förutfattade meningar etc kopplade till den. Hur skulle ex. konstinstitutioner uppleva en bortkommen nordsvensk som naivt frågar om att få ställa upp sina verk och sin skruttiga bil utanför deras mångmiljonkonsthall? Hur skulle det få mig att känna att vara den personen, hur skulle andra se på mig? Vad händer med min identitet när den filtreras genom en visuell norm? Specifikt i ett fält där det visuella är så centralt.

Preliminär kan man se min resa som ett research-arbete för en senarelagd utställning där jag behövde erfarenheten och berättelsen för att fullfölja min ide. I en utställnings-situation är jag intresserad av att skapa en biografisk novell/roadmovie i form av en utställning. Där jag i skepnad av konstnär spelar huvudrollen men också iscensätter en karaktär i en berättelse som med hjälp av verk och dokumentationer från resan berättas.

Mål: Målet var att vara ute en månad men då de projektbidrag jag sökte inte täckte för en så lång period fick jag banta projektet till två veckor. Vilket dock visade sig vara ganska lagom. Målet var att besöka en konsthall per dag det var möjligt och försöka täcka in den västeuropeiska högprofilkonsten. Jag valde det västeuropeiska då dessa institutioner är de som inom Europa förknippas främst med högt kulturellt kapital.

Besökta platser

Jönköpings Konsthall, Jönköping
Malmö Konsthall, Malmö
Louisiana Konsthall, Rödby, Danmark
Dichtorhalle, Hamburg, Tyskland
Hamburger Bhanhof, Berlin, Tyskland
Kulturforum, Berlin, Tyskland
Leipzig Museum of Moderna Art, Leipzig, Tyskland
Salzburg Museum of Moderna Art, Salzburg, Österrike
Secession, Wien, Österrike
Gatukonstnärerna vid Floden Seine, Paris, Frankrike
Centrale for Contemporary art, Bryssel, Belgien
Gerrit Reitveld Akademi, Amsterdam, Nederländerna
Moderna Museet, Stockholm Sverige

Genomförande: Då en del av projektet var att leva "som en konst-knalle" uppkom många praktiska problem direkt kopplat till överlevnad. Jag sov i bilen under hela resan och levde över lag ganska svajigt och osäkert, dock var det så jag ville ha det. Många problem och kompromisser uppstod i kontakten med konsthallarna men även det var förväntat. Över lag kan jag säga att projektet förflöt enligt förväntan då en stor del av min inställning var att hålla mig så naiv under resan som jag kunde och utforska vad jag hade kommit att ge mig in på.

Budget: Projektet finansierades till majoritet av KC-Nord. Jag sökte medel hos H. Ax:s stiftelse också men fick inget tillskott. I grova tal stoppade jag in ca 15 000 själv i slutändan om jag räknar in alla kostnader som går att härleda till projektet

Vidarearbetning

I ett större perspektiv så planerar jag att ställa ut projektet i form av en utställning som innehåller olika delar. Jag söker för närvarande utställningsmöjligheter med projektet. Om ingen utställningsmöjlighet kommer dyka upp utanför Umeå kommer projektet visas i galleri verklighetens lokaler under 2016.

1. En serie bilder och tillhörande utdrag ur resedagbok som dokumenterar den kringresande karaktärens kontakt med olika konsthallar och de överenskommelser som slöts, konstnären och institutionerna i mellan. Syftet med bilderna är att skapa en visuell representation för vad olika institutioner gick med på. De kortare dagbokslika utdragen har i syfte att skapa en narrativ struktur kring verkets utformande och till stor del skapa en berättelse med en protagonist.
2. Ett videoverk bestående av korta klipp, filmat med olika typer av "privatmedia" (iPhone, billigare systemkamer, GoPro Kamera) För att ytterligare bygga ut berättelsen. Filmen skulle idealt presenteras i bilen.
3. En ny presentation av de teckningar som togs med på resan och figurera i de olika fotona och det filmade materialet. I utställningssituation presenterat med de "skador" och slitningar som uppstått under resan.
4. Teckningar gjorda under resans gång, gjorda på kvitton etc. Även de ev presenterade inuti bilen.
5. En presentation av bilen som syns på bilderna. Idealt utställd i form av en skulptur. Centralobjektet.

För frågor, mer information e.t.c. går det bra att kontakta mig på markfrygell@gmail.com eller per tel på 0730805289

Jag bifogar nedan skissen för dagboksanteckningarna och bilderna. Filmen kan skickas senare.



10 aug, Stockholm, Parkinglot, pressphoto

Today I took a press photo, to send around to the various institutions. Some people stood on the bridge up ahead and stared at me. Someone called something. I couldn't hear it. I'm leaving this weekend and have some things left to fix with the car. Had the car broken into four times and they stole a bunch of tools, random things and my car battery.



15 aug, Jönköping, Jönköpings Läns Museum

First day. It didn't feel good at all. I decided to not go in and talk to the people at the institution and just put up the car right outside their door. People passed and stared but none would talk to me. A kid on a skateboard yelled "That's not trash! That's art!". None came out from the institution until the day had ended. She was talking on her cellphone and nodded at me but said nothing more. I slept at a gas station.



16 aug, Malmö, Malmö Konsthall

I decided to talk to the institution this time. They were fine with it. Said the police might say something since it's technically not their grounds. He said that the piazza should be an active space, so I should do it if I wanted to. He later came out with some coffee and looked at the car and my drawing. It was hard to tell what he thought. Some lady looked at it and said "Thank you". Also, a street salesman of paintings from New Orleans came up to me and talked to me. He made money importing repaired bikes from Christiania but never sold any paintings. My drawings kept blowing away and getting dirty. I ran around the car all day trying to keep everything in order.



17 aug, Köpenhamn, museums closed, monday

Everything was closed in Copenhagen. Thought I might try to sit down on the street. See what that felt like. I drove around forever looking for a spot. Sat down a while at the tourist street at Nyhavn with just the drawings but everything just felt wrong for some reason. Pointless. Drove to the Alexander Nevsky Church and thought I'd sit there but saw some tourists taking a photo of a tree and thought I'd use that one instead for a photo at least. Put it up, took a nap against the tree for thirty minutes or so, looked at some people passing and then left.



18 aug, Rödby, Louisiana Museum of Modern Art

Sat and waited for a long time to get to talk to someone. Lots of people. Busloads of them. Mostly older and a few young art-school kids with their teachers. Finally got to talk to a person in charge, she was skeptical but after a while said it was ok when I explained that I wouldn't sell anything and showed her pictures from Malmö. Sat down, people showed a little bit of interest. After Malmö and this I felt a little more confident. And not as uncomfortable as before. After a while a gruff danish man came out and asked me what I was doing. Said I was allowed by the woman in the museum. He wouldn't listen. Told me, since I looked like "some kind of artist" he would ask me nicely once and that I could sit down somewhere else and show it to people. I tried to explain but he brushed me off and told me I had half an hour before I would get into trouble. I packed up my stuff and went in to ask the lady what had happened. I had to wait so in the meantime I checked out the museum. Eventually someone at the counter told me that she had called her and the woman had told me to get lost. I drove to the ocean and took a bath then slept in the woods.



19 aug, Hamburg, Deichtorhalle

Being abroad makes me feel a little bit like I'm doing something serious. First I walked into Kunstverein in Hamburg and got to talk to a guy. He didn't understand at all why I was doing what I was doing and told me I could e-mail him and he would answer in a few weeks. No decisions could be made without the consent of the board. They had a huge Fritz cola banner on the wall to the build that only left exactly the amount of space for my canvases of drawings. I asked if that would be ok but he said Fritz cola had paid for that and he couldn't allow me the space underneath it. Finally I asked if I just could put it up to take a picture but he just looked at me as if I was stupid and said no. I went to Dichtorhalle across the street instead, they where a lot more open and I got to talk to the people involved with press issues. After speaking to five different people and waiting outside a meeting a guy gave me thumbs up and his card where it said I was allowed as long as I stayed in an area where cars can park.



20 aug, Berlin, Hamburger Bahnhof

I had to get a sticker to drive with my shitty car in central Berlin. The exhaust fume tester laughed at the car but gave me a pass. I drove to Hamburger Bahnhof and after some explaining I got to talk to a person over the phone. Apparently she was in the building but didn't have time to meet me. She was worried that I would do something racist by putting up my work. At least that was what she gave me as reason not to be allowed. I tried to convince her to come down so she could see my pictures but she said she didn't have time. I tried everything I had and made smaller and smaller claims and eventually she allowed me to put something up outside the building but only if: "someone couldn't interpret it as art but some personal belongings". I tried to work with that and took one drawing and a plant. I was unhappy with the result so went to Kunstwerke and asked there to but once again got the cold shoulder. One guy at the office just sat by his computer and seemed to feel shame on my behalf while a lady tried to explain to me how things worked when they wanted to have exhibitions there. I don't think they understood what I was doing.



20 aug, Berlin, Kulturforum

I think I got a little too careless and less sly after Dichtorhalle and thought everything would work out as I planned. Irritated I decided to at least get a proper car photo somewhere just for the sake of doing it so I parked outside Kulturforum around 3pm and stayed there until six or so without asking permission. That also felt pointless, as if I was doing some kind of action. In the future I'll just stick to asking and hope for the best. Now I'm in Leipzig, going to sleep at a punk house I had played with my band a few years ago called Zoro.



21 aug, Leipzig, Leipzig Museum of Modern Art

At Leipzig I visited Leipzig museum of modern art. It was quite a building. I couldn't put the car up unfortunately, they wouldn't allow that but the person responsible for press and activities said it was fine to place my other stuff and plants there, hang out for a while and take a photo. She was very clear that it was important that I mentioned the museum when I show the work and that she wanted pictures of the finished product. It was a sunny day, some people came by and enjoyed my work. Made some nice comments and a few took photos. It felt as if it almost went to good. I'm going to sleep at a small roadside camping tonight.



22 aug, Salzburg, Salzburg Museum of Modern Art

The Modern Museum of Salzburg is an insane place. Located on the top of a mountain and overlooking the city. The way up there is narrow and surrounded by luxury private homes and establishments. It was surreal. The museum was like a big stone-lump on top. Square and minimalistic and housing a big fancy restaurant with a great view. The car I had to once again leave because of road barriers on the way so I carried my stuff and went in and presented myself and asked. The guy working the counter was friendly and listened to me and what I wanted, didn't ask anyone else or run it up the chain of command. He just said that outside was public property and I could do whatever I want and should say that if anyone told me to leave. So I sat down and enjoyed the view with my work. Had some of the usual trouble with wind and stuff. Some of the rich visitors seemed amused by me but not really sure in what way and many others went buy and smiled at me without words. I'm starting to get used to that now. I went back when the day was coming to an end to give the guy at the counter my card and say thanks but he had quit his shift.



23 aug, Vienna, Secession

I think this was actually the first place that took my project really seriously. I first went to Museums Quartier but got denied there since none was in the house that could clear me and then the security decided and they immediately said no. So I went to Secession. At Secession no responsible person was in the building either but the woman I talked to immediately got my idea and started discussing with the other employees what to do. She was the first one that understood that the project was more about the reactions of institutions and less about me showcasing my drawings. While they tried to decide what to do they asked me to check out the exhibitions so I did. Eventually it turned out they were in quite a pickle because they thought it would be ok but they couldn't get a hold of anyone and were afraid to get in trouble if they said yes without a green light from above so officially they would say no. I was a little bit confused by this. How should I react in this situation. It kind of felt like I was allowed but at the same time not really officially. I managed to convince myself I wouldn't get into trouble if I sat down outside so I did. Once again, with no car, still no space to put it up. I sat there with no interference for the rest of the day.



25 aug, Paris, Artists by the Seine

In Paris I decided to ask the institution that was most obvious concerning location and my appearance. The artist by the Seine river and Notre-Dame. I asked an American that painted the Eiffel Tower in all different ways and a post-sixty French caricaturist if I could sit down in-between them. The French caricaturist was first a bit hard to deal with but asked to see my drawings and then said it was OK. The day passed nicely except for two artists that started to fight over a spot. The French man gave me almonds and almost force-fed me cigarettes that I was too polite to deny. A lot of people stopped to take photos above my head but most of the tourists were more interested in my colleagues than me. The American lady told me how to not get driven away by cops and in the end of the day I traded caricatures with the French guy. He drew me with Notre-Dame in the background and I him in the same manner. In the evening I ate snails and oysters as any tourist and later slept at a gas station.



26 aug, Brussels, Centrale for Contemporary Art

In Brussels I first visited Wiels art museum. They were renovating and it was closed but I managed to find my way into their very big office upstairs via the help of some construction workers. All the staff were there but they said I could e-mail them if I wanted to do something. I tried to explain that I was only there for a day but they seemed to find my approach strange, said sorry and showed me the door. Firm but friendly. Driving in Brussels was a mess and police was everywhere but eventually I found Centrale for contemporary art. The people there were nice and after some waiting said it was ok but that I should avoid to take photos of any rubbish outside the entrance so I will have to crop that out later. The front desk guy asked if he should move his moped so I could fit my stuff but since I couldn't fit my car in the narrow alley way I wondered if I could borrow it as a substitute which he made him happy. He told me he had taken it back from his son since he couldn't drive it properly. Had some chat's with people entering the museum. It was a nice day.



27 aug, Amsterdam, Gerrit Reitweld academy

When I first applied to art schools Gerrit Reitweld was one of the schools I was accepted by. But I never went so in some sense it became natural to ask there. I was anyhow not so stoked on going to another art institution. It turned out it was the start of the semester and the school was packed with aspiring artists. A girl in the reception desk was very happy that i chose to come there and after some calls she gave me full clearance to do whatever I wanted for as long as I wanted. Unfortunately rain was pouring down and a lot of my drawings got ruined or messed up by water during the day. School classes passed guided by teachers and one teacher stopped by the car and pointed and talked a lot to his class in dutch but never addressed me so I do not know what it was about. I talked to a few of the students during the day. Some guy asked me a lot of technical questions about paint for some reason. Tomorrow I will start a long drive to Stockholm for my last stop at Moderna Museet.



29 aug, Stockholm, Moderna Museet

Walking in and asking for permission felt quite natural today. I could do it in my own language and it all went pain free. Got a phone-number to the boss and called, she gave me clearance without a problem. The day was short this time since I had to begin my long drive back to north of Sweden. Unpacking and packing the car has started to feel like some sort of a daily ritual. One guy stopped at my car and looked thoroughly at my things, smiled and said that he really liked my drawings. I think it was the first time someone on the trip said it so bluntly. I tried to film myself packing the car but ran out of space on my phone. The two cameras I had brought was already full. After packing my stuff I drove off to the E4 after saying bye to the people in the reception desk.