



In the Old World I Wanted Other Things as Well



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Technical information

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All the photos in the thesis text are from my personal archive and are illustrating the working process.

Rolling in

This MFA thesis is a suggestion for a more empathic approach towards materiality in a world of sculpture and in my own artistic practice. The text walks you from a Stone Shop in Taipei to my cycling training, and to a dinner table with biologists until finally arrives to my home during the Covid-19 pandemic.

I hope this text will give a fuller image and background of my working, and a broad description of the process. Not only to discuss sculptural objects themselves, but also think about the materiality and its embodiment on an experience-level as well.

I have chosen to present fictional text alongside more theoretical point of view by using my own personal experiences and thoughts together with mainly two authors, whose ways to put ontological questions into words have greatly affected my thinking and working in the field of arts.

Jane Bennett is a philosopher and theorist who is best known for her book *Vibrant Matter; Political Ecology of Things* (2010). In the wide range of new materialist writings, her texts and terms have been important for my own way of writing and thinking of materiality overall. Daisy Hildyard, the author of *The Second Body* (2017), has PhD in History of science and has published two novels, as well as essays on the language of science. I'm truly excited about her style to combine storytelling and theory together in a beautiful, poetic way.

'I'm going to take off my shoes to enter something important; I'm going to give you my best self. And I think, even consciously, when I read or give lectures or when I teach, I lower my voice. I want to make my words deliberate; I want to enter, I want to take off the shoes of my voice so that I can enter a place with care so that I can do the work that I need to do.'

Ocean Vuong (2020)

A Stone Shop

*'...materiality is a term that applies more evenly to humans and nonhumans. I am a material configuration, the pigeons in the park are material compositions, the viruses, parasites, and heavy metals in the flesh and in pigeon flesh are materialities, as are neurochemicals, hurricane winds, E. coli, and the dust on the floor. Materiality is a rubric that tends to horizontalize the relations between humans, biota, and abiota. It draws human attention sideways, away from an ontologically ranked Great Chain of Being and toward a greater appreciation of the complex entanglements of humans and nonhumans.'*¹

Softly curving belly

I walk around the Stone Shop in Bali District of Taipei. The stones are exhibited in large, 160 cm x 200 cm shaped, flat canvas-looking squares. The exhibition hall lighting makes them look shiny, almost plastic like diamonds. The stones are brought here from all around the Globe, still mostly from Asia. The white marble is from Italy though. I am fascinated by green, dotted stone and I touch it with my greasy fingers when nobody is watching. It is cold. Somebody who works for the company brings us bottles of crystal water on a metal tray. The bottle is that sort of design, that first you pay no special attention towards it, but when you tie your fingers around it, you know it. The plastic curves like an egg, it is soft and delicate. The water inside of it might not be just any kind of water and because of that I drink it with care, taking tiny sips one at the time, standing by and silent to not miss any corner of its taste.

The day is hot, and I feel stupid in my flip flops in the gallery floor. Am I seriously presenting myself in sandals in front of this greatness? I hold the bottle like a treasure and flip flop my way out of the exhibition space to the sunny trash yard, where all the broken pieces of stones are collected in huge shabby piles. We are all allowed to take five small pieces with us, for free.

The staff member with the metal tray has disappeared, but I ask the person next to

1 Bennett, 2010, 112

me, if they know where the green marble is from, and they tell me it is being born in India. I nod my head and try my best to remember what I was supposed to do with the stones in the first place. I slowly realize that I am sort of stealing pieces of land here, but I assure myself I am being polite. A polite thief.

Later that week, back in the studio, I am climbing up the slippery stairs through the forest towards the dormitory when suddenly the skin of earth shakes. It bounces my feet off the path for a while and I drop the stone to the ground. Everything is silent for a moment and the birds stare at me from the trees as I collect the parts of marble from the ground. All the small creatures from the grass-level have disappeared into their homes and I feel exhausted. The one and only horizon, a scale of everything I knew so far, was now altered into something transparent, without center.

For a moment we breathe the air same pace as the ground, and when the line in the horizon finds its hovering skeleton again, I stand up and walk home. The scent of earth gushes into my nostrils and it smells sultry, forbidden. The horizon behind my back retreats lower, settles in its bundles, but remains enigmatic. I can feel its gasping eyes on the back of my head. In the night when the soft dark purple falls silently down the sky, my teeth start to grit against each other and their surface feels just like marble, just like the ground towards them.

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Visit in the Stone Shop is an example of interaction with material sources when the situation has represented the nature of my relation to the working materials in a bare, doubtful way. As if my actions had suddenly been revealed and I had been struggling my way to convince myself of the necessity and purpose of my actions.

I see the term materiality to reflect any sort of life and its undertones, meaning everything from a bone to thin air. I study my position as an artist, sculptor, in relation to the objects and materials that I work with. What sort of bodies we form together, and am I someone to make changes or something to be changed? Not only to think about the act itself of making art objects and using different materials as essential

resources, but also to wonder how could I see the process itself more as a living, form changing organism that is part of myself and my everyday actions, but that has its own unique features and will. Letting things influence without truly knowing their nature.

Sometimes I am afraid if sculpture (as an object) takes the representative form of mastering material, like it would be the embodiment, product of of *all capable human hand*, shaping materials, and creating an image of *other*. But I want to believe that there is more in it: instead of sculpture being a tool or vehicle, I would like to think of it being just a material interaction, like everything else in here.





Superior stone

'In a vital materialism, an anthropomorphic element in perception can uncover a whole world of resonances and resembles – sounds and sights that echo and bounce far more than would be possible where the universe has hierarchical structure'.²

During late evenings I lay in my bed, arms crossed behind my neck and eyes fixed on the shimmering stones on my table. I find myself wondering if they now have become superior among the other stones that were left behind? I am convinced that they already appear in a slightly different way than in the dusty backyard of the Stone Shop. My body is still warm after the hot day. The large window of our room is wide open and a warm night is filled with sounds of the backyard forest. A green mosquito net in the window frame makes the view quiver to the rhythm of the singing trees. Unlike my body, the stones are always cold. I wonder if the superior position would remain if I was to return the stones to their natural habitat? The utter scent of the forest travels slowly into the room and in the soft yellowish light the surface of the stones softens, almost dissolves into velvet and to something yet unknown for eyes like mine.

I am nervous and find it difficult to allow myself to fall asleep, as if I had forgotten something. I dig a small notebook under my bed and draw the stones on the paper. The drawing looks rigid and without question incapable of illustrating the nature of the stones. The inside of my stomach feels itchy.

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To think of the superior position, I would like to begin by stepping slightly back and thinking of the bigger landscape first. I want to give an example of Earthrise, a photo of our Globe, taken from space – from a book *The Second Body* by Daisy Hildyard. She writes how seeing the Earth from space has given humans a false independence from this planet:

‘The term ‘the Anthropocene’ can be said to be similar to the image of the earth from space in that both imply that humans look down from a distance on all other forms of life. In the case of Earthrise, this perspective is literal. In the case of the Anthropocene, it is conceptual. Moles might dig tunnels in the earth, or swallows carry particles of dust from Africa to Europe. Soil-dwelling bacteria might comprise the very smell of the earth – the scent of a garden after rain is the scent of actinomycetes. But the human makes its own terms, and the Anthropocene characterises the earth uniquely, as a product of humanity.’³

I love the way her text suggests us dropping down from the seat of independence, in which the world of art and its actions is no exception. Is art still in some ways following the traditions of *exotism* and *portraying the wild*⁴, and by that highlighting our illusionary position as an outsider? Or is art something that can bring us closer to the other, blur the lines between the diverse bodies of everything? Could the so-called Wildness be just wild like us and everything else?

Jane Bennett reminds us (of Adorno’s words) how *humans reach the out-side only indirectly*⁵ which I relate to (and for a long time I saw this as the only possible way to think of humanity), but I became curious about the way in which Hildyard questions its necessity, request the possibility to climb down the stairs from the position of an outsider and suggests us being radically part of that all. I think in our everyday actions we are all undeniably part of the indirect connection to nature or the out-side, and it is also a necessity when confessing human responsibility in effects like climate change – but at the same time, does it estrange ourselves from it? And by that allow us to be foolish and act as if we could live without the Globe we were born on?

I am fascinated by how Hildyard speaks about two bodies of ours, a tangail, in which we exist, and the second one that we are all part of, that reaches over the seas and air, creating wholeness in which all part taking allies count. That great body would horizontalize multiple actions, but should it also make us more responsible and caring? We already see many things as living – just like Bennett writes about edible

3 Hildyard, 2017, 31

4 Thoreau quoted in Bennett, 2010, 2

5 Adorno quoted in Bennett, 2010, 17

matter, and how far we acknowledge its force (and still not its liveliness) – but we still see them lacking some unnamed quality that only us, human animals might own. I would like to approach art, materiality and living overall as something that our life is in at all times – not from. Hildyard writes about the second body: **‘We do not know what is relevant to the individual body, and what is outside it, because the atmosphere and the individual body are inside one another.’⁶** and how **‘this global body, which is entirely without boundaries, doesn’t understand that individuals exist at all.’⁷**

‘This idea of a body which can reach over to the other side of the world is not one we tend to speak of in everyday language right now. In normal life, a human body is rarely understood to exist outside its own skin – it is supposed to be inviolable. The language of the human animal is that of a whole and single individual.’⁸

It almost feels like we are pending on the self, and lost without it. Like it would be a force keeping us on the ground, defining our lives and everything we do. But I do not see the idea of those two bodies removing each other at all, as Hildyard suggests, that *second body reaches over the individual.*⁹

In the moment that I wrote about earlier, the moment in the stairs when the stones slipped from my hands, I felt like the self shook off myself. Everything suddenly unravelled from their positions, from an order that I had personally organized throughout my life and that I was only reliant on. As if the suddenly shaking horizon used to hold all life together. The self slipped away and landed in between the rich vegetation, my body being object among others, my bones feeling sympathy for the broken stones in the ground, eyes looking for the horizon to re-settle. The self followed, but it was slower than my body and it was left behind for a moment.

6 Hildyard, 2017, 33

7 Hildyard, 2017, 33

8 Hildyard, 2017, 13

9 Hildyard, 2019

Bodily reals

'The language we have at the moment is weak: we might speak vaguely of global connections; of the emission and circulation of gases; of impacts. And yet, at some microscopic or intangible scale, bodies are breaking into one another. The global impact is not working for us, and in the meantime, your body has already eaten the distance'.¹⁰

To think about the self, do art-objects live in a virus-host relationship? In case that they do, are we, artists then using materials as *silent matter*¹¹, as something taken from the *impersonal environment*¹²? Reaching over the land like in the situation of *Earthrise*, picking up the silent matter and making it alive? But what were the things before that, if the environment is not impersonal?

It is hard to give *full lively force*¹³ for things that are yet being, but from human perspective still lacking something we might call a soul, or however we want to name that, the element which steps over the border of impersonal.

I enjoy how Jane Bennett draws the attention to intense individuals by her term *thing power*, which appreciates materiality itself as a vital force (instead of *life-silent matter binary*) and creates such a huge, unmeasurable scene of everything, that the importance of single individuals becomes random. In her example, a small story from a beach, she is having a walk and suddenly notices objects lying on the ground, and revealing their power to her. My personal attention wants to grab the verb revealing, because it holds the promise of those objects always having their force or power, but only now, in the described situation, suddenly revealing it in the interaction with the encountering human:

'Glove, pollen, rat, cap, stick. As I encountered these items, they shimmied back and forth between debris and thing – between, on the one hand, stuff to ignore, except insofar as it

10 Hildyard, 2017, 25

11 Bennett, 2010

12 Bennett, 2010

13 Bennett, 2010





betokened human activity (the workman's efforts, the litterer's toss, the rat-poisoner's success), and, on the other hand, stuff that commanded attention in its own right, as existent in excess of their association with human meanings, habits, or projects. In the second moment, stuff exhibited its thing-power: it issued a call, even if I did not quite understand what it was saying. At the very least, it provoked affects in me: I was repelled by the dead (or was it merely sleeping?) rat and dismayed by the litter, but I also felt something else: a nameless awareness of the impossible singularity of that rat, that configuration of pollen, that otherwise utterly banal, mass-produced plastic water-bottle cap.¹⁴

There is something relatable in the described moment, which Bennett has named *overlapping extent between human being and thinghood*¹⁵. there is something how I hope art-objects, sculptures and such, could work in the best possible scenario. Lift up the liveliness of things that could otherwise remain lacking something in human eyes.

I personally believe that the urge to create things to narrate ideas and thoughts is somewhat built in us. Even though the act of making art or the results might not be explained in rational ways: Is it not still a pulsating question to think, why the first sculptures were ever made? And often those objects are something very non practical, or something without which we could easily manage our lives, but maybe that weird, unnamed fascination and empathy towards those objects, can make art something that could bring us closer to other bodies and blur the independent position? It also brings up the idea that it is possible to value something's life without knowing, does one come alive after we can repeat their name that we ourselves have given? Bennett asks: *'If we do not know just how it is that human agency operates, how can we be so sure that the process through which nonhumans make their mark are qualitatively different?'*¹⁶

Also, did art ever portray something unknown or wild? I want to see art more as something to play around and investigate, something to hold in limbs and let attract and interest, something as lively as ourselves, instead of producing something out of them. I want to exhibit the objects that I work with more as a find, assemblage or a set

14 Bennett, 2010, 4

15 Bennett, 2010

16 Bennett, 2010, 34

of things I have found invoking. In my practise I am using objects, sculptures, to create stories alongside written text, and I am hoping that the objects would bring their nature, their habitat and features to the space. I am not anyone to speak as a mouth of someone whose voice I have never heard.

A Dinner with biologists

'A vital materialist theory of democracy seeks to transform the divide between speaking subjects and mute objects into a set of different tendencies and variable capacities'.¹⁷

Bouncing thick air

I wonder where our animal bodies become one with the individual self? I do not want to alienate my animal body from my artworks. For a long time I thought my relation to the sculptural objects I make would not be important for anyone. I thought the sculpting itself should stand as an independent thing – not connectable to myself at all. As if I should hide the ways it has been affected.

When thinking of the alien quality of ourselves, I would like to talk about my personal experience as someone not only practising arts, but also exercising sports, not as a professional, but a goal-oriented athlete. Some might argue that these two have nothing in common, but I dare say they have surprisingly much, for myself at least.

I find talking about sports quite difficult, because the world of sports is often (at least represented as) quite one-dimensional and with many underlying difficult questions of gender, able-bodiedness, individualism, heroism and other massive issues around privilege, but right this moment I would like to concentrate on my personal experience of my physical body, the material body itself, working towards modifications. The only one I know, and which I therefore can have a discussion about.

I am a sprinter in the sport of track cycling. My two main disciplines are riding as fast as possible for 200 and 500 meters on my bicycle. To improve those times, I am training six times a week, two hours a day. I do the training at the gym (improving strength) and on my bicycle (to improve aerobic capacity and explosiveness). I have three races during the summer, after which I have a month off to recover and think

17 Bennett, 2010, 108

about something else, and then the new training season starts all over again. The racing is done on an oval track, made out of wood or concrete (Velodrome).

In the training towards set goals in my sports, my whole body is a piece of material combination which is under constant change and a base for multiple interactions. It is also under discussion as if it is a third person between myself and my coach, material source like stone or wood. That body has no soul, no mystical dimensions. It is what it is, flesh, muscles, bones, nerves, water, fat, and it can be fixed confined to the rules of physics and genetic background. It is capable of functioning under huge pressure, but it can also be easily ruined.

But, importantly, suddenly everything on earth around that body counts as something real. The supplements, sleep, willingness, hormonal cycle, weather, mental health and so on. All those factors are real things, equal, and affecting everything. Intake of magnesium might be as effective as few training hours, bad sleep can ruin months of practise and few days in bed swipe away built strength levels. My training program is built on two basis: tasks of what to do and when, but also how it made me feel. If I feel very bad mentally, I am supposed to skip the training. During my periods I have recovery week (less training), because my body does not produce power in a similar way and my core support is lower. Two days after my periods I can lift the most and I am in my personal fastest. Those days I also write a lot, I feel balanced and fresh, like the quivering mass inside my body would have calmed down.

During the training, I push, pull and wrestle my way out of the air that surrounds my body's limits. The air is thick as water and I need to push through it. I am aware of my own weight and especially the density of it. I can feel the weight of my body bouncing towards other bodies of air, the concrete floor of the Velodrome where the bicycle moves.

At that moment I am also noting every tiny space in my body, it is full of things and lots of liquid that bumps into the walls of my skin. There must be air inside my body, but it does not feel like that. My body is elastic, chewy. Seventy two kilos of mass bouncing towards the ground to get faster. And even if the speed we go is fast,

and the landscape bursts into something fictional, it feels real. There is no air between me and other bodies, it is all very soft, greatly supported and full. I have a strange feeling of even existing outside of my physical body.

If I think about the physical experience of being inside a body, I very much relate to the way Karen Barad writes about the matter itself as ***“not mere stuff, an inanimate given-ness. Rather matter is substance in its iterative intra-active becoming – not a thing but a doing, a congealing of agency. It is morphologically active, responsive, generative and articulate. Mattering is the ongoing intra-active differentiating of the world”***.¹⁸

The doing fascinates me, I am aware of that doing. I simply can not see and feel any matter being silent or ready, unchangeable.

In the middle of it all, I remember the stones at home, their weight and feel against my skin. The Velodrome is made out of concrete, like smashed stones with glue. I go on, harder, faster, and my teeth grit against each other again, trembling like the stones on my table at home. After a while I slow down, come down from the bicycle, sit down on the grass and the self settles back in. I feel like everything inside my body does not fit in there at the moment, the air is still and soft, but my insides are boiling under the thin skin and I feel sick.

Sometimes I feel like I need to practise sports to remember my bodiness, the weight and limits of my body. Every time I go to the gym and lift twice my own body mass from the ground, the hierarchical structure of materialities changes.

The metal bar, weights, the fresh air from outside that runs in, blood that rushes in my ears, and my own body and the plastic floor against which my trainers are pushed. All these elements are sort of waking up, trembling in their own densities for a moment, and that moment is so fragile, like anything could just burst anytime. Without the sports practise, I feel like my body could easily vanish into the thick air, just disappear at any moment and never return.

Before the race season I am asked to practise the race discipline by imagining myself

18 Mousse Magazine, 2012, 80

doing it successfully. I sit down and imagine everything from the moment that I set my bicycle to the start gate, sit down on the saddle, follow the numbers counting down, start off and go as fast as ever possible for 500 meters. While doing that practise it is important to believe and trust in its power. When I started the routine of imaginary practise, I always imagined it through way too fast and I repeated my real life mistakes in it. I could say I did not believe it would work, but I soon realized its purpose and started to do it more and precisely. Nowadays the imaginary time is around the same as the real ridden time, and it gives me so much confidence. With my coach we discuss my physical body, the third person, going through the imaginary route as a real thing and I love it. Once I told her about the thick air and my body bouncing towards it and she said it made sense. As if she knew the feeling of air missing in it and the wind being thick as oceans.

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In sports we give huge amounts of power for things that are other from things that are part of our agreed reality. Surely it is also much about power and myself being in (imaginary) control of those things and my body's function. In the process of making art I often find myself almost trying to erase my body's effect and weight on the objects that I work with. Like it was never present in the process, or it dissolves into the materials that I work with. Why to erase something that is inevitably part of the outcome?

Flying sculptures

One early Thursday morning my sculptures arrived from the other side of the Globe. I had made them follow myself to my home. I opened the package and the stones appeared just like I remembered them. Morning coffee in my other hand I stare at the stones like old friends. I carefully run my fingers around their surface and I feel happy, I missed them. One of them is broken, the one I dropped on the ground when the Earth shook. I wonder how they travelled, in a dark box in the belly of the airplane? Suddenly it all feels clumsy, I am sweaty and ashamed of thinking of them as something human-like, with legs and such. I put them carefully back into the box and cover them with a bubbly plastic.

Sometimes in the evenings I walk back to the cardboard box, open it and keep the cold stones in my hands. My apartment floor is made of linoleum, so it is sticky when my toes stand on it too long. The stones are soft and surprisingly lightweight, I have a strong feeling that my fingers and arms must be much fuller than the stones. In some spots the marks of tools look like wounds. Some evenings I feel like hiding them. I am not sure about exhibiting them anymore, and more unsure of the reasons why I changed their appearance in the first place. Why did I take them back to my home? My notebook is wide open on the kitchen table and there is a short note written down from Bennett: *'How can communication proceed when many members are non linguistic?'*²¹⁹, and sometimes I do not know.

Over the months I have been working on them, I have really started to like them, and during those nights when holding them in my arms, I wonder if liking counts as a worthy relation to art objects?

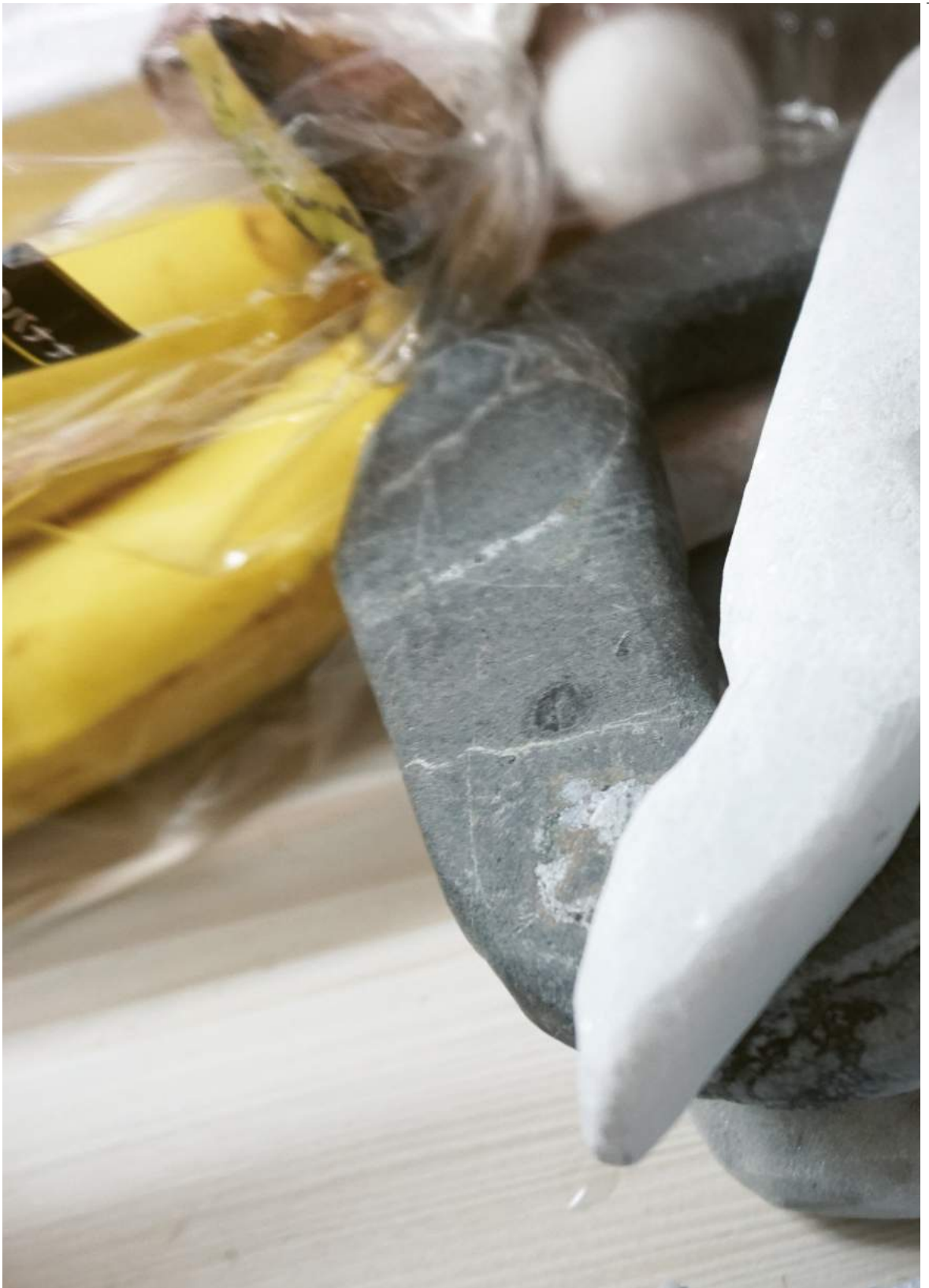
I also remember a dinner I once had with five biologists. Most of them studied corals, one algae and one deep-sea fish. As I was hunting the food from my plate, I listened to their talk about the oceans. From my point of view, they did not only dive under the ocean's surface, but they saw inside into everything that was in there. They could name

19 Bennett, 2010, 104

their relation to the things they were satisfied, interested and curious about. In my mind they could define something I could not.

Did they connect or detach with the multiple bodies around them? Did they feel like they belonged to the idea of one body? Does the knowledge of us and other living creatures sharing things make all of us lively? Did they see themselves as part of the landscape? Were the borders of their bodies blurred inside the ocean? I could not ask because I did not know how. I only told them I fancied the ocean as well and would love to see their algae collection.

After that dinner I started to wonder if the language of science was fluid or not. I have always been impressed how science changes its terminology and naming of things even when something might have been considered as right for decades. So at the same time, as science certainly builds boxes and defines the living, it might also be an agent to normalize the unknown and yet unfamiliar. Maybe art is something that travels across the boxes that science creates? Something that offers a language over the boundaries of agreed reality.





Soft approach

'The vital materialist affirms a figure of matter as an active principle, and universe of this lively matter that is always in various states of congealment and diffusion, materialities that are active and creative without needing to be experienced or conceived as partaking in divinity of purposiveness'.²⁰

I want to give space for unexplained and unexpected relations. To allow for the fact that not all the choices and selections in the process of making art are rational or completely justified (but still never detached from responsibility of the artist's actions). And most importantly, feeling empathy and interest towards objects that are not human objects.

The process of working, investigating and doing research has become much more significant for myself than the result or outcome. The way that process embodies itself in an exhibition is just one moment of the ongoing process. In the future I want to work on questions on how to improve the exhibited forms of combined written fiction and sculptural elements. How to exhibit so that the objects could maintain their nature in the best possible way? How to combine text and tangible elements so that they support each other and do not steal space from each other?

How come sculpture is still an important practise even when in the current moment the art world might be, in some ways shifting away from a material-centric world? Why is it important to see something that we could imagine holding in our hands, so that we can imagine its feel? I want to appreciate the art object or sculpture itself as something valuable and unique. I think the importance of sustainable materials and working methods is absolute, but the question of physical object's necessity is much more difficult to solve. I want to study the physical relation to objects and materials that people have been working on for decades, like ceramics or wood. What kind of flock intelligence and memory our bodies share on that?

20 Bennett, 2010, 93

Stones on the floor

1G27

Due to the Covid-19 pandemic and postponement of our degree show, for the first time in my life (since childhood) I worked only from home and it definitely had a big effect on the process and to my relation with the objects. Some of them rooted into my home, they became part of everyday life, built their homes between the houseplants, dishes and clothes. I saw my bodily present in them in a way that was new to myself. During my studies I have been continually changing my working spot, been working from abroad and been feeling really happy and comfortable about that. I have felt that I can easily settle down and carry on with my thoughts, writing and sculptural tests here and there. But during the lockdown it felt good to settle down, return to the same table each morning, open the same files and moisten the same lump of clay that needed to stay damp. I almost felt that I no longer wanted to detach the sculptures from their home at all, and instead to just invite people to our home.

My installation (official part of the graduation) has been exhibited at Exhibition Laboratory for Kuvan Kevät 2020, but I will also have a home exhibition later this year, as an unofficial second part of my thesis work. I want to organize that as something alternative to gallery exhibitions, where often the exhibited works themselves also tend to look like visitors. I am also sure that exhibiting at home, in the studio, can open up new angles to look at the works, as the act of watching would also be different (instead of standing up, sitting on a couch or on a kitchen table).

The reason why I want to call the home exhibition as a (unofficial) part of my graduation by mentioning it here as well, is that I want to be able to study the difference in the appearance of the sculptures, comparing home and gallery space. I also want to discuss and think of the home exhibition as something equal to exhibition held in a gallery space. Those two places surely have very different features, visitors and possibilities – but I seriously want to give possibility to alternative ways for exhibiting, such as home,

studio, outdoors or moving places. My thesis examiners will be warmly welcome to see the home exhibition later this year, but there is no need to include that in their official statement, as the exhibition will take place after my graduation. The name *1G27* comes from my student house number.

Exhibition Laboratory

As part of the graduation, my installation *In the Old World I Wanted Many Other Things as Well* (2019-2020), is exhibited in the Exhibition Laboratory, consisting sculptural elements with printed fiction. The installation takes approximately three square meters floor space, and little spots from the wall as well. The floor layer is formed by sand and white tiles, creating island-like concentrations around the space. The sculptural objects are placed on top of the tiles, between the sand formations and even under them. There are several racks or bases on different heights, to hold the sculptures. Different materials: stone, beeswax, fabrics and ceramics all bring their own character to the space. I hope that by their nature they evoke different bodily feelings in each of us. There is a tall chair in the corner of the installation, something is placed on it, but you might only see it when climbing up the stairs to the second floor of the gallery, and changing your perspective by doing that. The beeswax looks sticky and soft, it holds two pieces of stone together, one of the sculptures is broken and the pieces lay down on the tiles, I hope you could almost hear it fall down and crack.

The installation is a description, set of a moment in a place, mixture between a bathroom and a beach, where all the surrounding materials are quivering in their densities and in communication with the gallery space, the spectator, and someone who has been present in the situation but has now left. Installation materials are marble, tiles, sand, salt, fabrics, steel, beeswax, written fiction and glazed ceramics.

I hope the stone sculptures and ceramics would follow and repeat some sort of tradition of hand made objects, some of them might have functional meaning, some not. The weight of the human body can be seen on the surface of the objects, each of us sharing the idea of the materiality, the feel of it towards our skin. Some of the materials will hold on to their current shape for some time, but some of them transform themselves into something yet unknown quicker. The scent of beeswax might get milder during the cold winter days.

The printed text is telling a story of the stones. It is part of the installation, in between the sculptural objects. The paper layout and graphic design has been done by Jonni Korhonen.

The installation is built specifically for the particular space in the gallery, and might be exhibited in a different way elsewhere. The following pages are presenting the documentation of the installation in the gallery space.



Installation view from Exhibition Laboratory (Kuvan Kevät, 2020). The paintings on the backround wall do not belong to the installation. Paintings are done my fellow student, painter Sakari Vinko.















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'It was only when I saw it looked out of the airplane window, which was not much larger than my school textbook, that I saw what I knew, for the first time, to be the whole world. You can store a large sweep of land and sea in a few centimetres of scratched Perspex, and I had a strong sense that I was seeing a synopsis of all the creatures in the world living, breathing, sleeping, fighting - getting on with their lives. None of them, I felt, were bothering to look up at my plane because they didn't have time. It was an impression not of depth but of density and not intensity but of range. There were no plots and sub-plots, no protagonis, and nobody was playing a big part. There's no order.'

Daisy Hildyard (2017)



