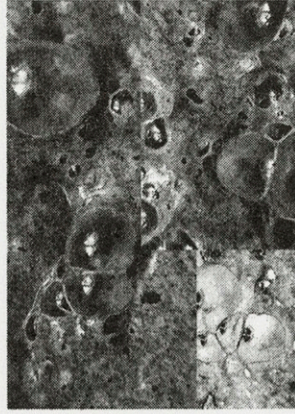


Paula Ruusuranta

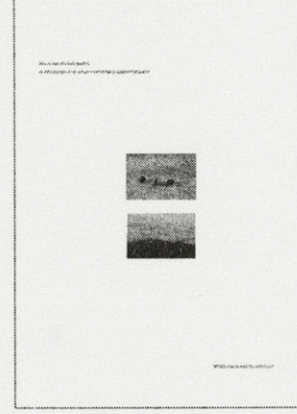


Cosmo Großbach

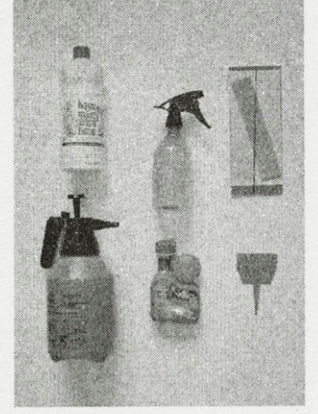
gemeinsam einsam - lonely together; geschwiegen - kept silent; liegen - lie; ich hab - I have; ich erinnere - I remember; mit dir - with you; am besten - the best



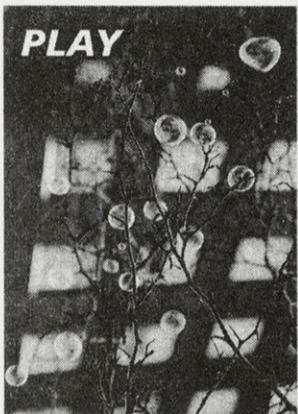
Kristiina Mäenpää



Eetu Palomäki

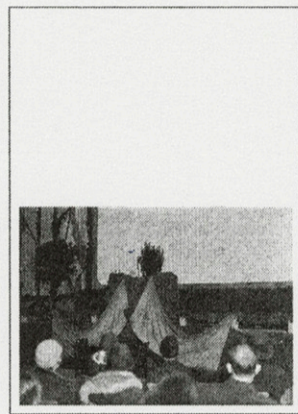


Lotta Hurnanen

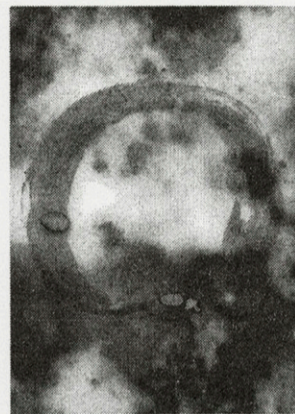


Alekski Kallioja

Take a risk.

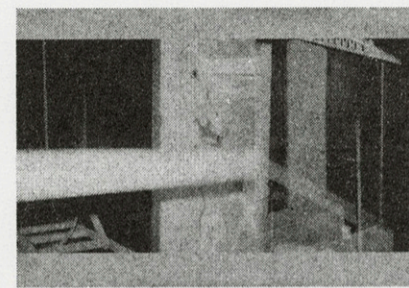


Kastehelmi Korpjaakko



Noora Sandgren

Practice of drawing an open circle with Snow, spring 2021



Saara Karppinen

To think with an enlarged mentality means that one trains one's imagination to go visiting.

Hannah Arendt

This is a collaborative risograph publication by the participants of the course *Agency and The Photographic - Unravelling Subjectivities* held in Academy of Fine Arts, The University of the Arts Helsinki, in spring 2021. The course was facilitated by Noora Sandgren and Kastehelmi Korpjaakko & co-created by the group: Cosmo Großbach, Lotta Hurnanen, Alekski Kallioja, Saara Karppinen, Kristiina Mäenpää, Eetu Palomäki and Paula Ruusuranta. The publication is a continuation of the virtually shared processes and can be seen as a haptic gathering. The loose poster form suggests flexible ways of exhibiting the content simultaneously in various forms, spaces and intimacies.

During the course the photographic medium was approached as a possible agent for the subjectivity of the Otherness. The concept of agency was discussed through questions like:

What kind of tool, material, collaborator, point of connection and worldmaking photography is when approaching or emphasizing more-than-human forms of life and reaching out towards collaboration with them? Where does "the photographic" live and happen? In what circumstances do we start to include someone or something into our sphere? Could a course process be approached as a form of collaborative artistic research? What does it mean to visit an entity? How to seduce or be seduced? What is polite? What does it mean to take a risk? How to emphasize the performative power of photography? What kind of meaning making process happens through collaborative writing and open ended discussion? Could a course group be considered as a living assemblage?

The answers were searched together in relation to the themes of cooperation, asubjectivity, performative practises and play.

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The publication is co-created with the support of #branch #branch #töölönlahti #duck #swan #sorsa #electricity #archives #moon #yest #flies #larvae #snow #sun #fishing #hole #ice #paper #guitar #treespikes #soapbubbles #camera #oxygen #trains #stones #flowers

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Single-colour Risograph on Munken Print White 115g
Edition of 30

My moon is gemini.

The presence of the other living in my days now. Spending time together, making my way into your days now. The collective consciousness, an energy, presence. Something unknown, something imperfect in our co-existence. But to go on.

Go and visit an organic entity that exists somewhere close to you and commit yourself to a short term relationship with it despite the challenges.

States of relationships:

- Dating
- Merging
- Destroying
- Vanishing

Softness, what is, how does one...or two or more become something softer?

The humming of the warming thing occupying the soundscape in this house, occupying scapes and occupying these lines, humming in these lines here, mediated, translated into marks, but still somehow here now Surrounded by snow, changing every day, many times a day, its forms, its diamondy still looking sea-surface-wind-sculpting-shiny-reflectiveness that makes these days more bright, brightness to adjust to that, when things are more visible and calling, asking

Trees talk to each other in a way that people don't understand.

By the sweat of your brow you will eat your food until you return to the ground, since from it you were taken; for dust you are and to dust you will return. Genesis 3:19

Aivan kuin pyytävivät luokseen

Seeing your cursor below mine. Anticipation. Am I taking up your space by writing on top of you. Still silent. Wonder if you think about writing something. Am I only imagining your presence or is it just the cursor hanging in there.

Massacre
Cremation
Extinction

I wonder if I put my head in the hole in ice, if I would understand more
I wonder if I burn a tree, if I would understand more
I wonder if ice would put a hole in me, if it would understand more
I wonder if a tree would burn me, if it would understand more
I wonder if I'd understand the tree by drinking its water and taking it in like that

We have been tuning in
Tuning into

Make a ritual of love to the entity chosen. Exaggerate.

Cycle of Life

Sweetness of Violence
Mercy of Destruction
Softness of Penetration
Beauty of Bursting
Success of Failure

Rendering response-able
All the warming things, warming muscles, warming thoughts, warming mutterings, warming skins, first own, then others
Often, no life without warmth, without melting into
How do we do it?
Warmth and flexibility, resting while moving, super warmth, on a sunny day, when finding the state of not being able to think much
Mediators of warmth
Warming and melting...words or stones on ice floor met by sun

Our topic together during this course has been hovering around the conversation of how we as human kinds in our culture are at the point where we have to find new ways of thinking about the world around us and our relationship to it as well as rethinking our position within it and finally to make massive changes to the ways we behave. With our personal projects we have grasped these topics from the point of view of artists: how we, as artists, can embody this change in the context of our practices?

At one point during the course someone brought up a concept of witnessing, as we were talking about ways how the photographic medium would work as a tool to make space for otherness and increase understanding of other than human species. In my own project I kind of ended up collaborating with yeast even though my aspirations were somewhere else. However I think this ending up was a really important part of the whole process and brought up some important notions about the themes we have been talking about here. This coincidence and the "failures" followed by it let me think about some questions that might not have popped to my mind otherwise. Could an artist be thought as a witness for an art piece instead of a controller who has mastery over the outcome?

And and and and
and and and and
and and and and
and and and and
and and

Giving taking offering accepting - these gestures

Huomio
huomaaminen
Huomassa

The gentle
The duration and the negotiations around it
The structure and how it can and cannot be flexible
The learning and unlearning, especially unlearning
The fragile
The violent
The humorous
The Agency and how rude and loving it feels to "give it"
> the power structures of giving?
> the unpredictable nature of reciprocity
The beauty of clumsy fumble

What if the fallen branches want to burn?

trapped in a yellow sticky paper
what a sticky situation
a slow war

watering the plants with soap water > positions of power / illusion of control
yet every time you emerge with a new pair of wings and set fly
generation after generation of three-week cycles:
egg > larva > pupa > adult > egg > larva > pupa > adult

The moon was once part of the earth.

I'm still angry about the damage your ancestor caused to the avocado tree
but slightly impressed by the fact that you are still here, enduring all of my hostility

A photograph of a duck hanging by its neck. When I photographed the dead duck I felt guilty.

acceptance and/or coexistence?

Maybe I should have sung to the duck, maybe it would have enjoyed that more.

live and let live

Most people are scared, or grossed out, or sad when seeing a dead animal as a photograph.

Photography seems to hold some sort of power, but when they return to their normality it seems like they have forgotten. It is unsettling to me.

Photographing the dead has changed, being with the dead has changed. It was so much more normal to photograph and be with the dead.

Just thinking how collaboration happens between bodies and entities everywhere and all the time whether we want it to or not And how it makes me feel less lonely

Our relationship to many things have changed. Some cultures seem to live so much more in harmony with their surroundings than mine. Objects are not just objects, plants are not just plants, the moon is not just the moon.

Maybe I can make a map of connections.

If a map shows everything that is connected to me, would the entire world be green?

Acceptance - word - concept - verb - trace making thing

This group as a gathering - how does it become a safer space?

A green moon would shine its green light on a green earth.

I miss my favourite tree. When I moved away from my parents' place to live on my own, there was an old tree on top of the hill close to my home. I used to go there in the evenings after school and sit underneath it. I still remember how its coarse bark felt on my back when I leaned on it while watching the sun set. For some reason that tree gave me a sense of safety. That there is something with a lifespan that connects different generations throughout time.

We are all connected but cannot speak to each other. When learning a language you learn empathy. It is not about the grammar, it is about the words, the way cultures structure their languages to fit their needs, and accommodate their day to day life and culture. Maybe we should try to talk to our surroundings more.

Few years ago I went to meet that tree again. It was cut down for no apparent reason, and now there is just an empty place. That connection with that specific tree still changed something and it is a warming thought that I'm not alone with this memory. I know that somewhere there is another tree and another back leaning on it and they are creating memories together.

There is no beginner A1 book for communicating with the moon. If I jump maybe I can get closer to the moon. Maybe it would understand what I am trying to do, that I want to contact them.

I am unsure what I want to say to the moon, what is my message, maybe just a shy hello?

But if it would reply, it would be unsettling to me.

Matter starts mattering when..

..and then the meaningful is more than something rational, perhaps, maybe, conditionally...at least

Some people carve hearts to trees to make a mark of everlasting love. Maybe not for love towards the tree, but the tree becomes a witness of some sorts. When I see those hearts I think if the emotions that created those marks are still there, or is the tree the only one that remembers even the marks have become only faded scars.

The presence over distance and how it renders me and the surroundings
The distance and how it is overcome or accepted
The intense listening over glitches, gaps and random humming
The commitment and what happens when one commits to
The why and what and how of common renderings within a group of entities
The frustrations and overwhelmings
The gratitude

Kiinnikkeitä, tarttumisia, irrotuksia ja sulatustöitä

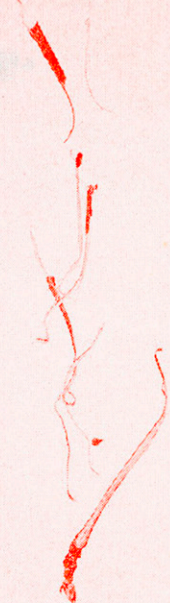
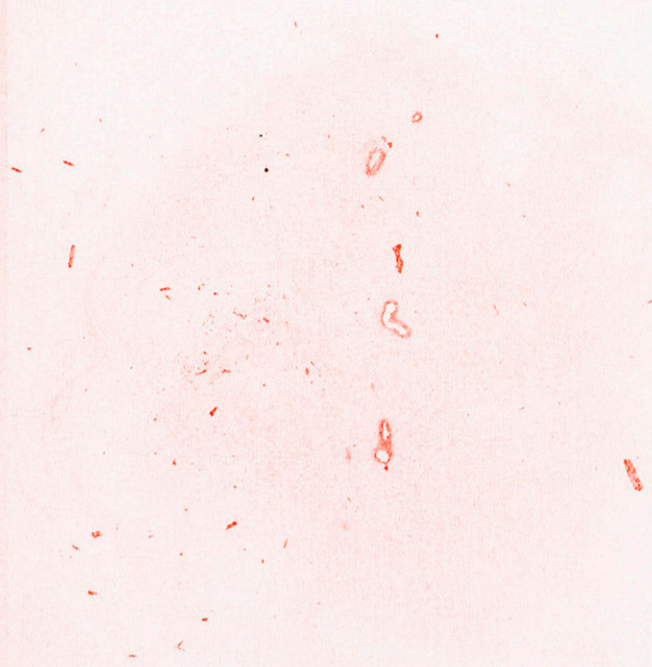
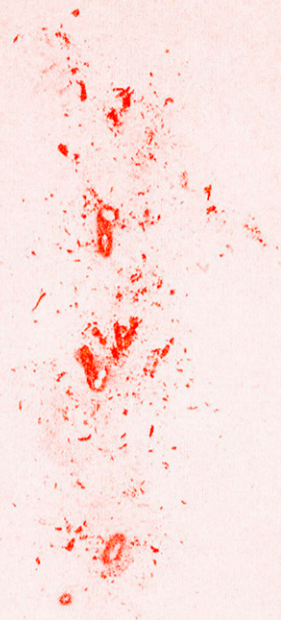
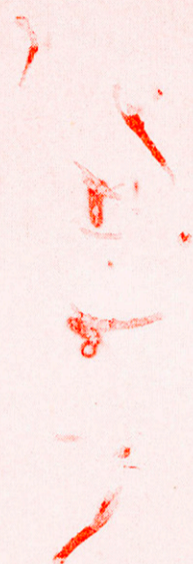
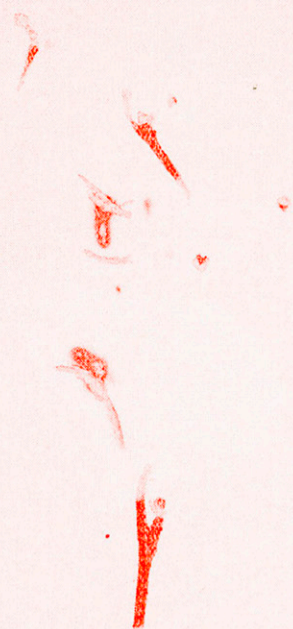
Anybody becomes a somebody, someone, breathing in breathing out from where to where
With what Valokuvallisia kiinnityksiä
- always With

I have met a new tree now. I can't lean on it or really have any kind of contact with it. The one thing I can do is acknowledge it and appreciate it for what it is. Maybe that is enough.

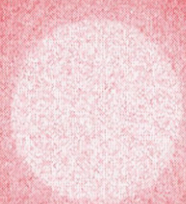
Breathe deep and focus on your gaze. Do this for 5 minutes and after that turn your back to the entity and try to listen to it. Focus on the slightest of sounds, or the absence of sounds that the entity creates. You can close your eyes. Do this for 5 minutes and go to a place where you no more see your entity.

Maybe you want to be empty. Teasing me with your silence. Your blankness. Or maybe you want to be filled but with some effort. Do you want me to feel intimidated? Sometimes your silence makes me feel so small - the same silence that my piano teacher had. Maybe you just want me to be the best version of myself. Or maybe you don't care at all.

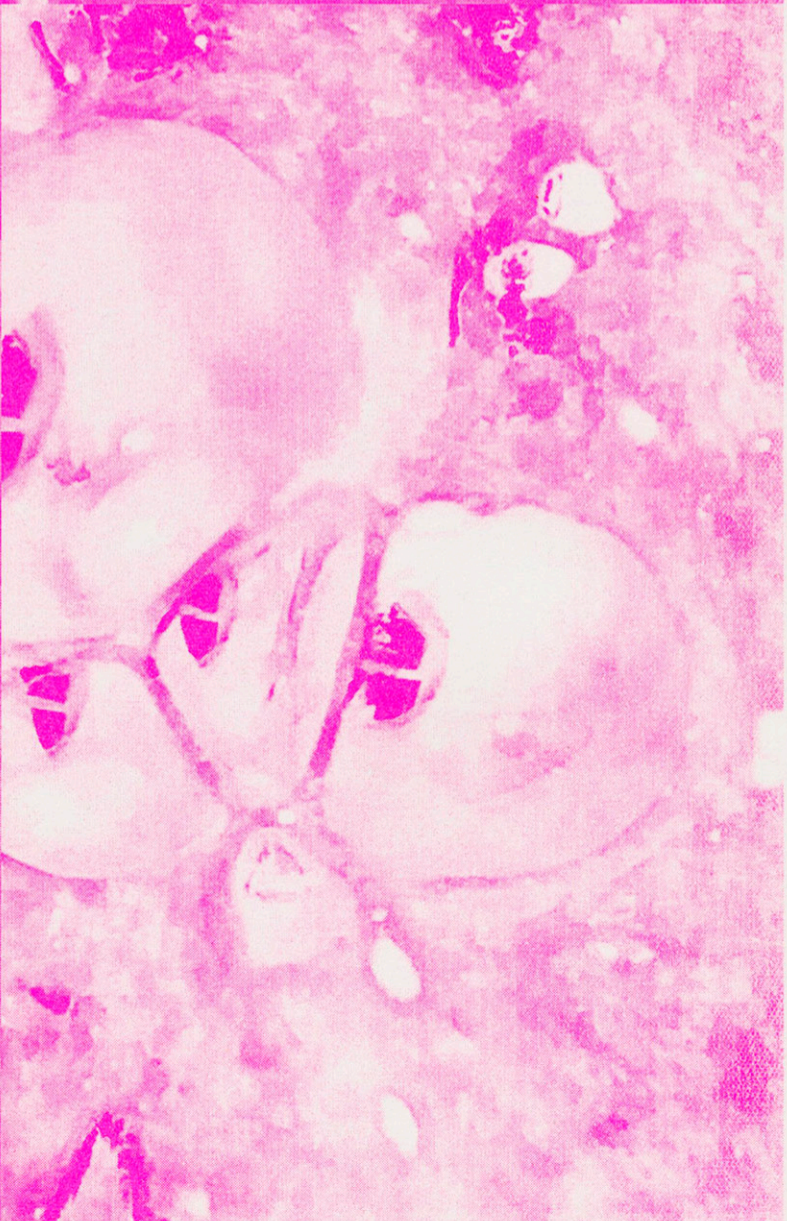
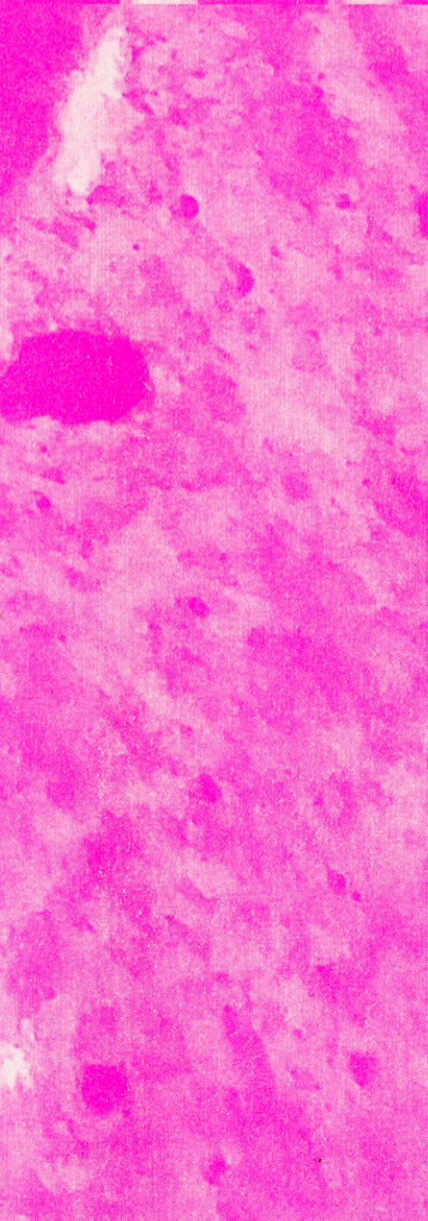
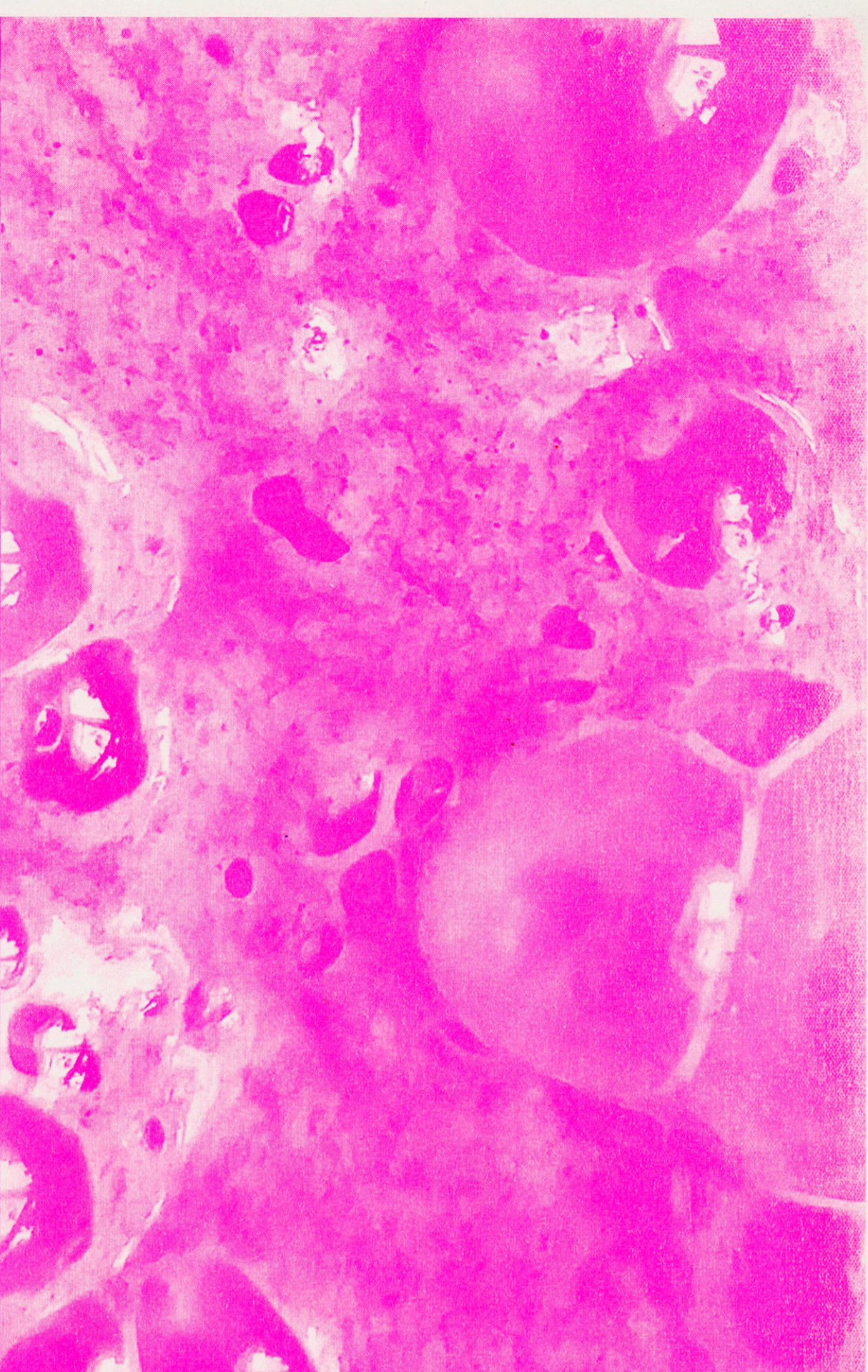
> a memory: Once on a summer evening many years ago I swam in a lake and a big fish stumbled on me. As a trace of the meeting I got a bruise.



ICH HAB MIT DIR GEMEINSAM EINSAM RUMGESESSEN UND GESCHWIEGEN

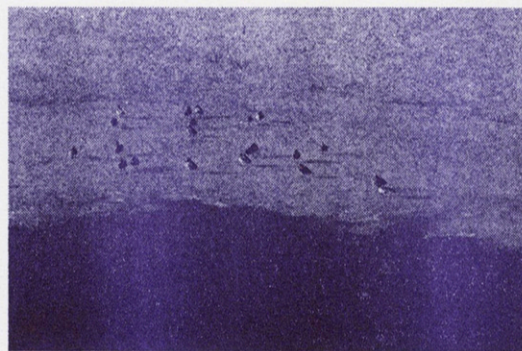


ICH ERINNERE
MICH AM BESTEN
ANS GEMEINSAM
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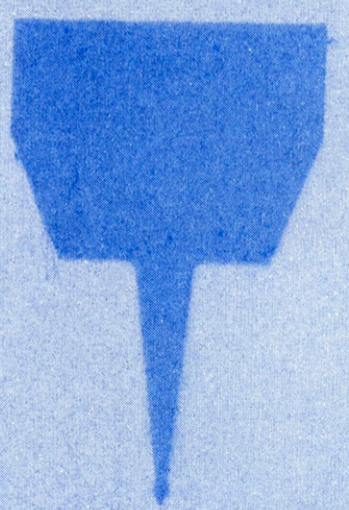
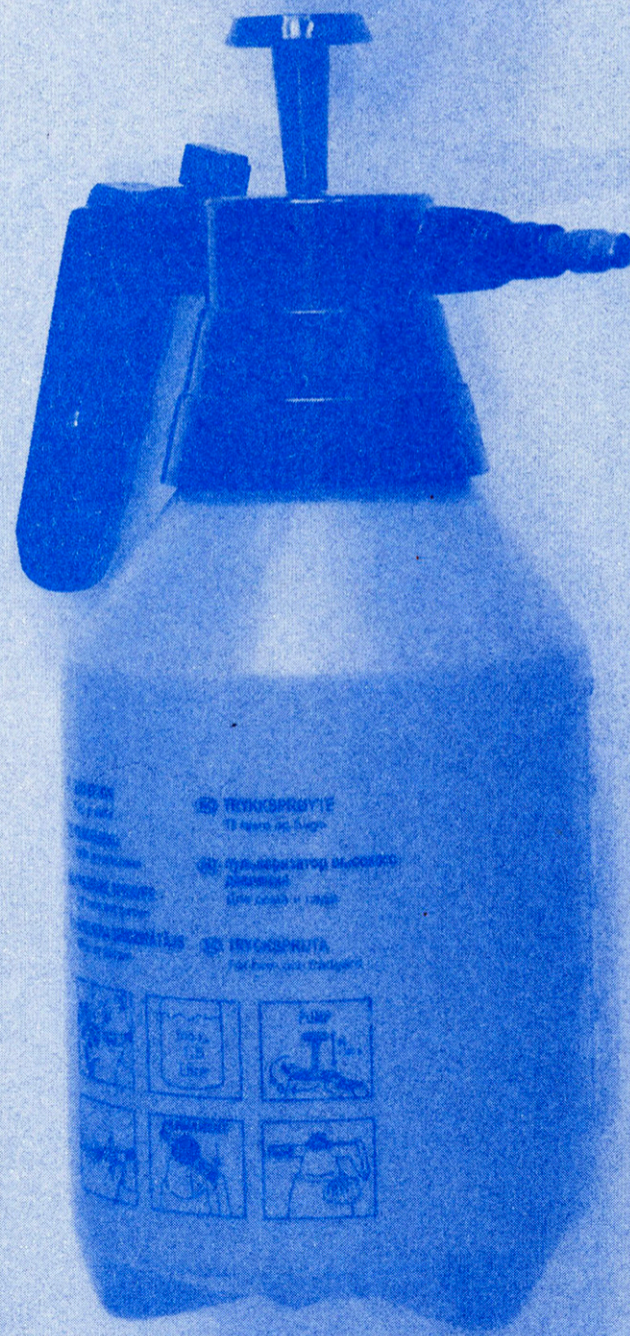
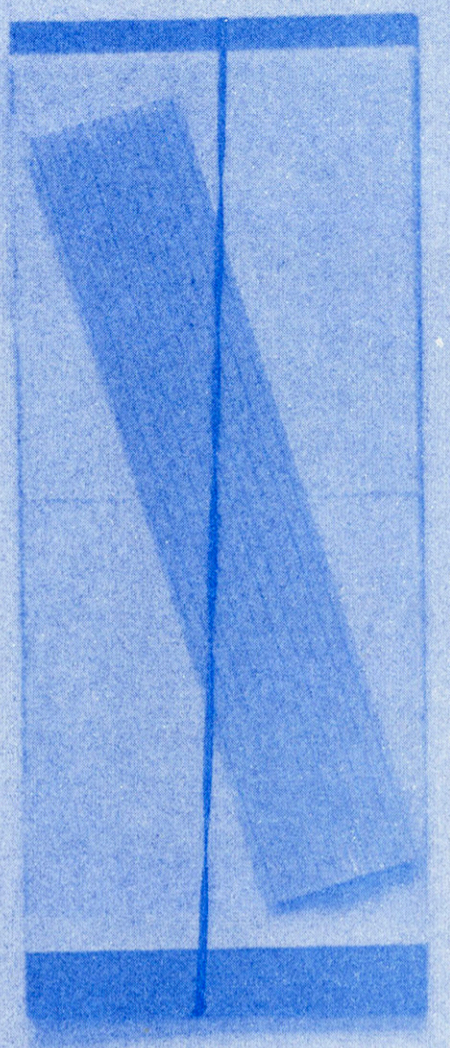


Joku on asetellut kiviä päällesi.

Ne valuvat hiljaa sinun sulavan ruumiisi läpi ja uppoavat syvyyksiin.



Miltä tuntuu kannatella vesilintuja?



PLAY

