

A party in the parking lot of Helsinki Ice Hall

This publication is a group exhibition
that takes place in the parking lot
of Helsinki Ice Hall.

It forms part of the
Patsastellaan: Parties for Public Sculpture
project where artists are invited to
throw a party for a public sculpture.

The artists choose the sculpture,
define the party and invite its guests.

7	Kalle Räike <i>Kohokuva / Bas-Relief</i> , 1966 concrete	<u>Sticky note</u>	Tuukka Kaila <i>Superposition</i> risography on sticky note
8	Mikko Kuorinki <i>Day in</i> text		
11	Eeva-Maija Pulkkinen <i>Beautiful courtyard replicas scene (public sculpture)</i> drawing	<u>A3</u>	<i>Lookout view usually the sleepy front facade die out (public sculpture)</i> drawing
13	Maarit Mustonen <i>/ (</i> text	<u>Small piece of paper</u>	<i>/ (</i> English translation by Eve Lahikainen
24	sidony o'neal <i>DRIGARDEN</i> text	<u>A3</u>	<i>DRIGARDEN</i> acrylic, tile, stainless steel, dimensions variable
26	James & Lempi Prett <i>Sculpture for Sculpture</i>	<u>Postcard</u>	<i>Sculpture for Sculpture</i> cardboard tubes, cardboard, plastic food containers, tape, paint, wood 38 x 24 x 24 cm
29	Anna Tomi <i>soft issue</i> text		



Day in

I feel sleepy the same way the tree looks sleepy in the architect's drawing.

Do architects draw their own plans and the trees in them,
or did someone else do that.

Marja told me everything is called *ambient* these days and I agreed.

This sculpture is not ambient though.
It seems like a moment in some dubstep song.
Sharp edged, heavily compressed sound,
in which clear and distorted patterns fluctuate and overlap.
The drop moment.

At what point was the sculpture added and where did that urge come from?
It is massive yet barely visible.
James said the background masks it,
because it duplicates the lines of the glass panels of the building.

There is not so much information about it.
An architect shouldn't attempt to make a sculpture?
It won't be recognised as one - not included in the collection,
in the archive.

Sculptures are eternal, the same way a Tabasco bottle is eternal, when it has
been forgotten on the table of the weekend of a workplace cafeteria, in the silence,
warmed by the dull sunlight filtered through the window.

In the 70's abstract art was considered elitistic in Finland, that it was
incomprehensible and not related to reality. Not dealing with
the burning issues of the movement.

sidonys email september 17th, 2019:
*"Kobro said all sculpture should become an architectural problem."
"dkat but i am also not excited when spatial problems become (human) body problems.
like shelter and asylum are expanded concerns, longer than human time.
problems for geologic time?"*

I feel there's some form of sadness connected to most public art.
Especially the ones inside commercial spaces, shopping malls.
Like the one where I left a flower bouquet,
which, I was told, I couldn't leave inside the hospital.

Public sculptures are not usually loved, they seem neglected, or again, used.
I feel skateboarder grinding the edges of some suitable sculptures is
an act of affection.

On the top floor of the shopping mall built in 1985,
a teenager with excessively painted eyebrows scratches and slices
violent lines with her keys on the surface of a marble railing.



Onko tämä halli ollut joskus suuri ilmakupla? Hän puhuu
kanssani unohtuneella kielellä. Yksi aurinko valaisee tämän
kaiken, viihdymme märissä vaatteissa.

Hän puhaltelee unissaan, kohisee. Vierailemme joidenkin raunioilla. Hän kertoo saaneensa hyvät arviot näyttelystään, yht'äkkiä olen nälkäinen. Polvi on turvonnut tanssimisesta, kertoisinko siitä enemmän? Puhe jää pyörimään suuhun, silmät putoilevat kiinni.

Etsin asiaa, joka on kädessäni. Appelsiininkuori on kuin iho,
huokoinen ja rasvainen. Tänne pääsee vain alakautta, pilvet
kasvavat ylhäältä. Joku viittoilee suuntamerkkiä, ehkä ristiä.
Menemme katsomaan kuuta kuin tapahtumaa.

(
)

,

\\
\\
\\
\\

^z
HH

(

(

((
(

ssssβsssssss



rhombos 4 bevelled edge

just one game of knucklebones and you'll
know where to unbreak ground

toss! your alchemy only compiles typology
and spits out v big paper tiger

in so far as the bird called *indicator* already *heard* you

apologies, there is no affordance inside you called meet łódź at this time
please hang up now
and end the endless wait for a meet cute

one rotation of the amalgam tooth

a preowned image on the occasion that bilhaud did not think
of science, and then laruelle took care of the guts
tag yourself i'm the low porosity braid

a nest on a lawn is not not an altar
den den den

gag gorgeous, i'm throw-up rocks sickly parade

just a hot tuple bubble in the BIM, a door itself escapes
everything but the carceral

a function takes DCC to HSF
the speaker sends dehydrated cement currency
the speaker requests hydrated slime futures
a function returns: OOS

you should know, the alice in my heart has many last names
so i'm blowing away the sand and i'm blowing away the cake too
i'm even less ok with parapet/rotate. shit! there's your rhomb

let me know when to come up



HELSINGIN JÄRHALLI

soft issue

The house I grew up in has been in my family for a long time. As was customary back in the day, my family's name was taken from the house, but my family has been in the house only for a hundred years or so. Before, the estate had housed people with my name since the 16th century, people who are not related to me. Throughout its history, family lines died or left, but the new inhabitants would always inherit the name. The building where I grew up is not that old either; it has been replaced and moved several times.

I often think about my sense of belonging to this name/place that is not determined by the materiality of the structure or blood relations, as both people and buildings come and go, but by some abstract principle that has the power to declare identity between them.

Quite fittingly, it's likely that my family name is an admittedly adorable translation mistake, dating back to a time before anything was built on the plot. When the first maps were drawn, the uninhabited piece of land was marked in Swedish as "tom" ('empty'). Later, the word was picked up as the name of the place by people who evidently didn't know Swedish, and simply thought that was the name of the place.

It seems to me that while my name makes this point quite explicitly, this is how names always work: they provide a common denominator for a more or less incoherent set of characteristics thus amalgamating them into a coherent whole, slowly, over time. In use, something random and empty becomes full of meaning.

My interest in etymology, local history and place names—all traceable to distinct family members—kind of works against the point I have just made, but extrapolating from the words of the Swedish Romantic novelist C.J.L. Almqvist, who often relied on etymological reasoning, art doesn't shoot in the same direction it aims. His theories on the origins of words were sometimes accurate but more often fabricated, and his commitment to their poetic and practical value was unwavering. Following this obscure logic, he convinced himself that his creditor was up to no good and poisoned him, fleeing to America, where he missed his homeland greatly and died in misery in 1866.

All of this is to say, in the words of the Hungarian formalist Béla Balazs, “you create meaning; you don’t have to understand it. You need it in your fingertips, not in your heads.”

But there is also another naming practice that fascinates me in the history of the region where I grew up. In the 17th century, all the houses were divided into allotments, each assigned with the responsibility for equipping a soldier to the Swedish army. If the soldier died, a new one was sent to replace him, but for practical reasons, the name would always remain the same.

My house belonged to an allotment with three other houses, and each soldier inherited the name Gustav Hjelte from the man that came before him. A supremely ridiculous name for a barely trained and poorly equipped peasant sent to die in the countless battles for the crown: Gustav from Old Norse ‘staff of gods,’ and Hjelte meaning ‘hero.’

The distance between the two realities is unavoidably comical yet heartbreaking, as the strategy of renaming the disposables seems all too prevalent four hundred years later (they are so good at dealing with waste because they have so much of it), but I’m intrigued by the conditions for a reality that allows such sequences of equation to take place, or not.

When I read Finnish poetry from the era of nationalist awakening, it strikes me how beseechingly it wants to understand the body of the heroic soldier, literal but also literary, as some kind of sacrificial operation that will redeem Finland a place as Sweden’s equal. Frans Mikael Franzén’s poem “Finlands uppodling” (“Cultivation of Finland”) from 1800 describes in morbid detail the decomposing bodies floating under the surface of the ground, making the case that the military offering continues to fertilize the landscape and by extension binds Swedish and the Finnish peoples together. As new crops grow from the soil that is of the bodies of the fallen heroes, and feed future generations, the union in history, spirit, and flesh is cemented in nature’s cycle, and Romantic organic imagery.

Here, I’m interested in the border between the name and the body, in language, definitely more than any version of the nationalist narrative. And a case in point: Franzén was a bit of an opportunist—a decade later, after Finland had become part of Russia, he wrote poetry in praise of Alexander I in order to gain the favor of the new ruler—but a failure as such. The Russian emperor was as uninterested in the pleas from the periphery as the Swedish king has been before that. Some names can be changed, some bodies can cross borders.

I think of national bodies a lot during the years I live in the Olympic village in Käpylä, built to accommodate international athletes during the 1952 Olympic games. Two things come to mind. First, the 1950s really had a special place for laundry. I guess that’s what was considered a constituent of good life, and I can’t disagree. Second, it seems strange that while countless people have lived and done their laundry in the specific apartment that I inhabited for two years, it will forever be remembered as the dwelling of the Japanese rowers that stayed there for some days.

The need of this tiny country to be recognized internationally has always embarrassed me enormously, but for whatever reason the national monuments of the 50s and 60s that stem directly from this ethos occupy a distinctly different emotional realm in my mind, that of nostalgia and sentimentality. For a moment I really do buy the dream of rebuilding and cultivating the land like I probably would have bought a bottle of Coca Cola in the Summer 1952, and I mourn when I read the poem about the decomposing bodies. Cliches are cliches for a reason, and I know how to venerate poems and stamps.

I have all these memories that aren’t exactly mine. Or, dreams that are now memories, spatialized in the cityscape, and I hardly ever think of them, that’s how real they are.

Sometimes only the flat thing feels like anything, like a low relief which achieves the effect of realism and multidimensionality by its relative superficiality, in contrast to high reliefs that have more depth and plasticity.

By the way, etymologically a monument is a grave, and remembrance an ongoing gesture of burial, and maybe sometimes it would be better to forget. But that takes special force, and this was once said to me by someone I very much do not care to remember (I might delete this part, but perhaps poetry is always opportunistic, about personal feuds).



Photo: MK (2021)

