

Kobie Nel

Framing Invisible Things

KHiB Master Thesis 2016

Eamon O'Kane
Heidi Nikolaisen and
Alena Alexandrova

no.wikipedia.org/wiki/Isdalskvinnen

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From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Isdal woman is the name of an unidentified woman was found in Isdalen in Bergen in 1970. The 29. November found a father and his two young daughters a burnt and stripped kvinnelik in a rockery at a secluded path in Isdalen. Investigation was immediately initiated and the case has since evolved to become the most comprehensive criminal case by the Bergen Police. The official police report concluded suicide, but this conclusion is controversial.

The woman was found in a part of Isdalen called Death Valley, located in the direction against Ulriken. Around the fire were partly found a burned-out pass. The autopsy revealed that the woman had received a blow in the neck region and had taken several sleeping pills before dying.^[1]

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Investigation [edit | edit source]

Police tracked the woman to two suitcases which were found at NSB railway station in Bergen. On all the garments were labels systematically removed and fingerprints sanded away. It was also found a moisturizer that you had to have a prescription for. The doctor's name and date were however removed. In lined on one suitcase was found about 500 German marks. It was found fragments of a single fingerprint on a pair of broken glasses. The impression was not good enough to be identifiable, but the analysis strengthened the police theory that it belonged to the deceased woman. Police had made a phantom basis of witness descriptions and analyzes made by the body, and the drawings were published in the media and called for via Interpol in several countries.

The police eventually found out that the woman had traveled around in Norway and Europe with nine different identities: Jenevive Lancier, Claudia TJELTA, Vera Schlosseneck, Claudia Nielsen, Alexia Zarn-Merchez, Vera Jarle, Finella Lorck and Elisabeth Leen Hoywfer. All these identities were false. The woman used according to witness observations different wigs, and the suitcase was found coded diary entries. The tags were later crushed by police who thought they were initials for locations woman had visited at different times.^[2]

Her teeth were thoroughly checked during the autopsy, and the way dental work was done on evidence that the woman had been to the dentist in South America. [citation needed]

Witnesses reported that the woman had spoken several languages. French, German, English and Flemish. The woman had stayed at several hotels in Bergen. She had repeatedly changed hotel after checking in, when she did not want the room had a balcony. In the papers she signed upon check specified that she was a traveling salesman and at one antiques. The woman was obviously fond of porridge with milk, then this order went again at several of the woman lodged at. [citation needed]

Having ransacked her suitcases police went along with the city's most prominent textile dealers to identify Isdal woman's dress. It was concluded that the woman had a somewhat challenging style, which was characterized by Italian taste. Witnesses pointed out to police that she had something winning walk. [citation needed]

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Isdal_Woman

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Isdal Woman

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This article **appears to contradict another article**. Please see discussion on the linked talk page. Please do not remove this message until the contradictions are resolved.

The **Isdal Woman** (Norwegian: *Isdalskvinnen*) is the subject of an *unsolved case* involving an unidentified woman found dead at Isdalen Valley in Bergen, Norway, on 29 November 1970. Considered one of Norway's most profound mysteries, the case has been the subject of intense speculation over the years regarding the identity of the victim, the events leading up to her death and the cause of death. Public interest in the case remains significant.^[1]

The woman was found in a part of Isdalen popularly known as "Death Valley", which lies in the direction towards Mount Ulriken. Next to the scene police found a burned-out passport. The autopsy showed that the woman had suffered **blunt force trauma** to the neck and had taken several sleeping pills before she died. The official police report concluded **suicide**, but this conclusion is highly controversial.

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Discovery [edit]

On 29 November 1970 at approximately 13:15, while hiking in the foothills of Mount Ulriken's north face, in an area known as the Isdalen Valley, a university professor and his two young daughters came across the partially charred remains of a naked woman hidden among some rocks at a remote hiking trail. Present at the scene were a dozen pink sleeping pills, a packed lunch, an empty quart bottle of liqueur, and two plastic bottles that smelled of gasoline.^[2] A full scale murder investigation was immediately initiated and the case has since evolved to become the most comprehensive criminal case by the Bergen police.^[3]

She had died from a combination of burns and carbon monoxide poisoning, and an autopsy showed traces of at least 50 sleeping pills in her body.^[2] Her neck bore a bruise, possibly the result of a blow.^[2]

Investigation [edit]

Police traced the woman to two suitcases that were found in an NSB train station in Bergen. Police also found that the labels had been removed from every piece of clothing she wore, and that her fingerprints had been sanded away.

In addition, police discovered a *prescription* for a lotion, but both the doctor's name and date had been removed. Within the lining on one suitcase police discovered 500 Deutsche Mark. Partial fingerprints were found on a few pieces of broken glass. They were insufficient for an identification, but police suspected that they belonged to the dead woman. The police were able to make composite sketches on the basis of witness descriptions and photos made from the body. These sketches were published in the media and disseminated to INTERPOL in a number of countries.

Isdal woman

Composite of the woman

Born c. 1930s

Status Unidentified for 44 years, 5 months and 14 days

Died 29 November 1970 Isdalen Valley, Bergen, Norway

Cause of death Blunt force trauma

Resting place Møllenberg cemetery, Bergen

Residence Unknown

Nationality Unknown

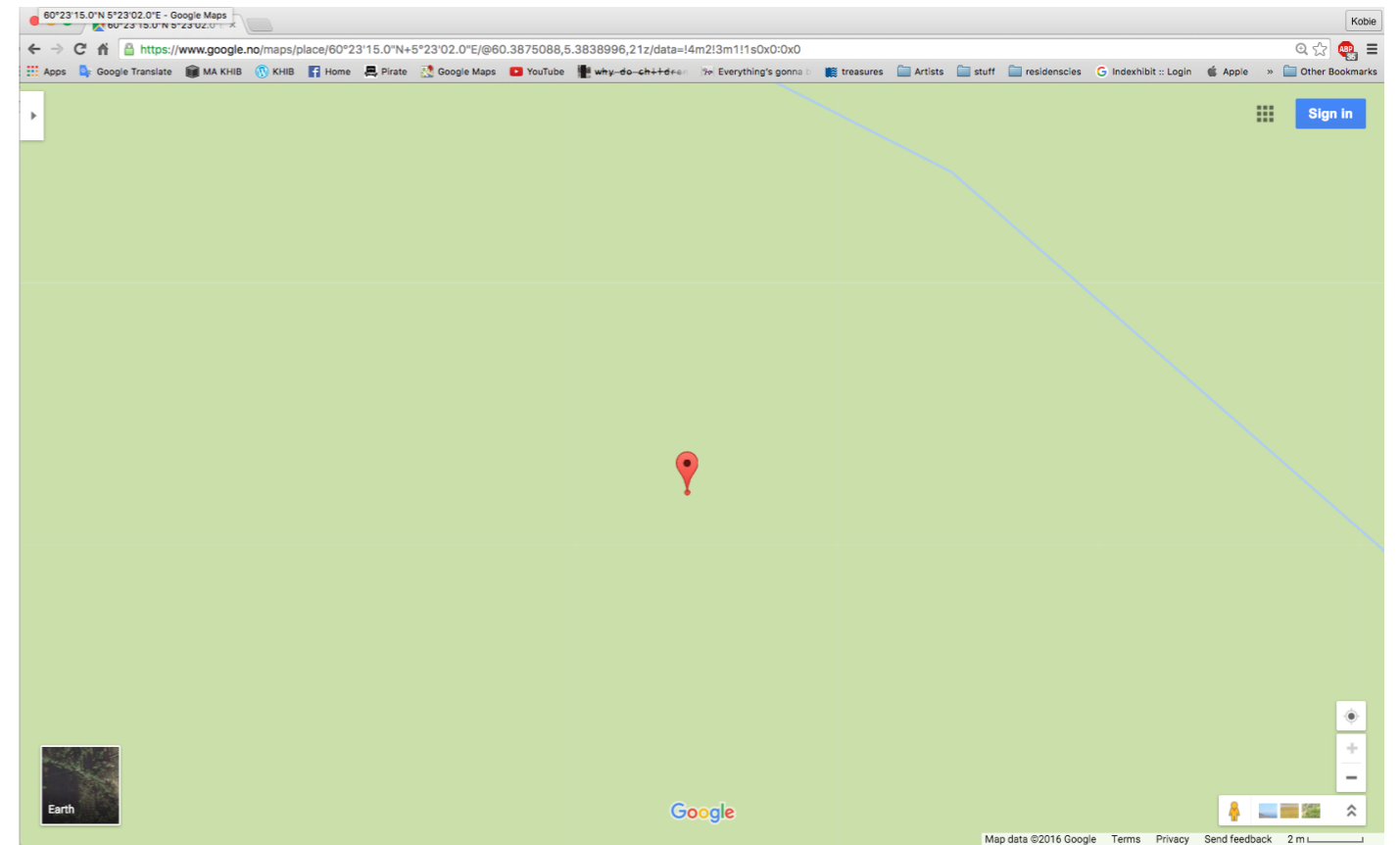
Occupation Unknown

Known for Mysterious death

Height 164 cm (5 ft 5 in)

Hyperlink coordinates

A block of green space



Police inspect the site



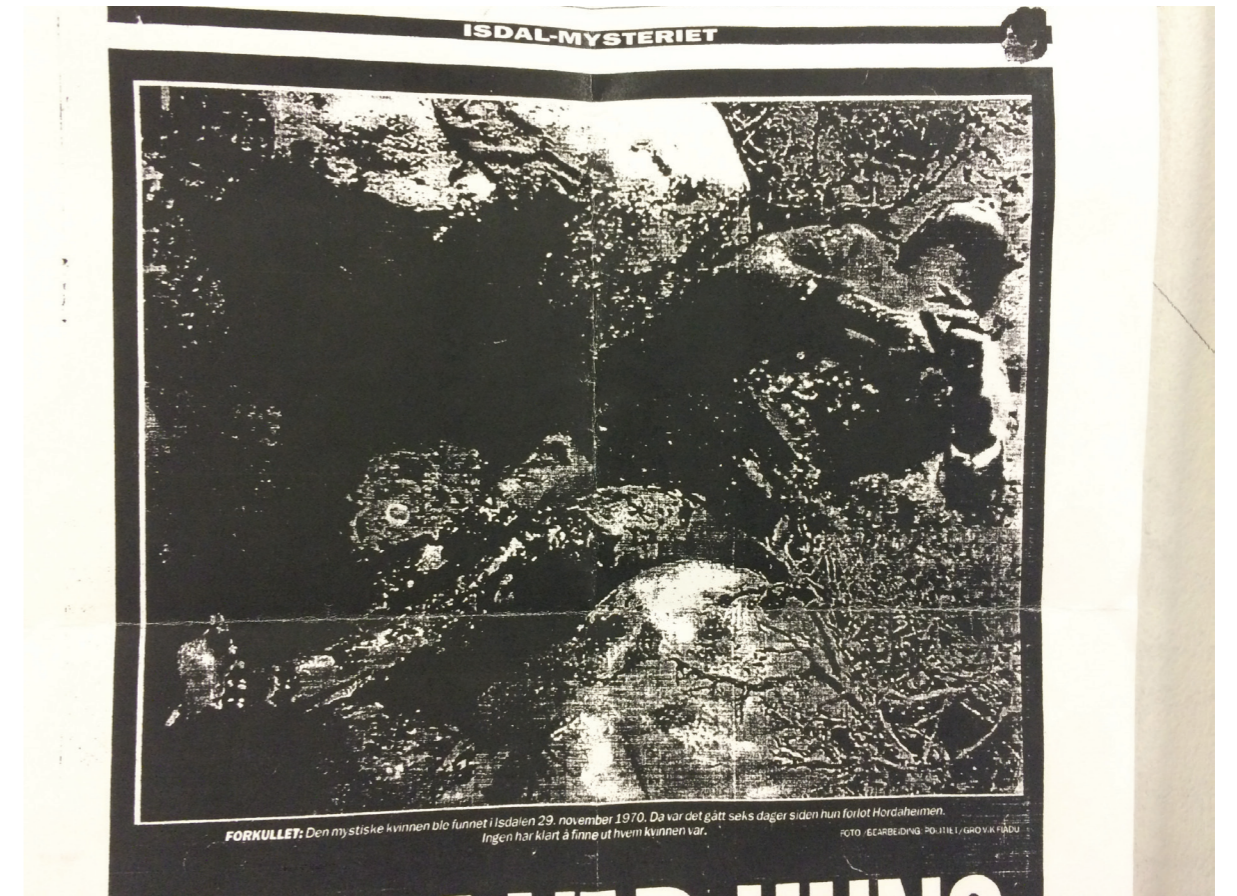
Clairvoyants inspect the site



A beautiful image of where she was found



A not so beautiful image



A mystery solved

Another green block of land

Gravferd Akasia @ 24 October 2014 at 2:55 PM GA

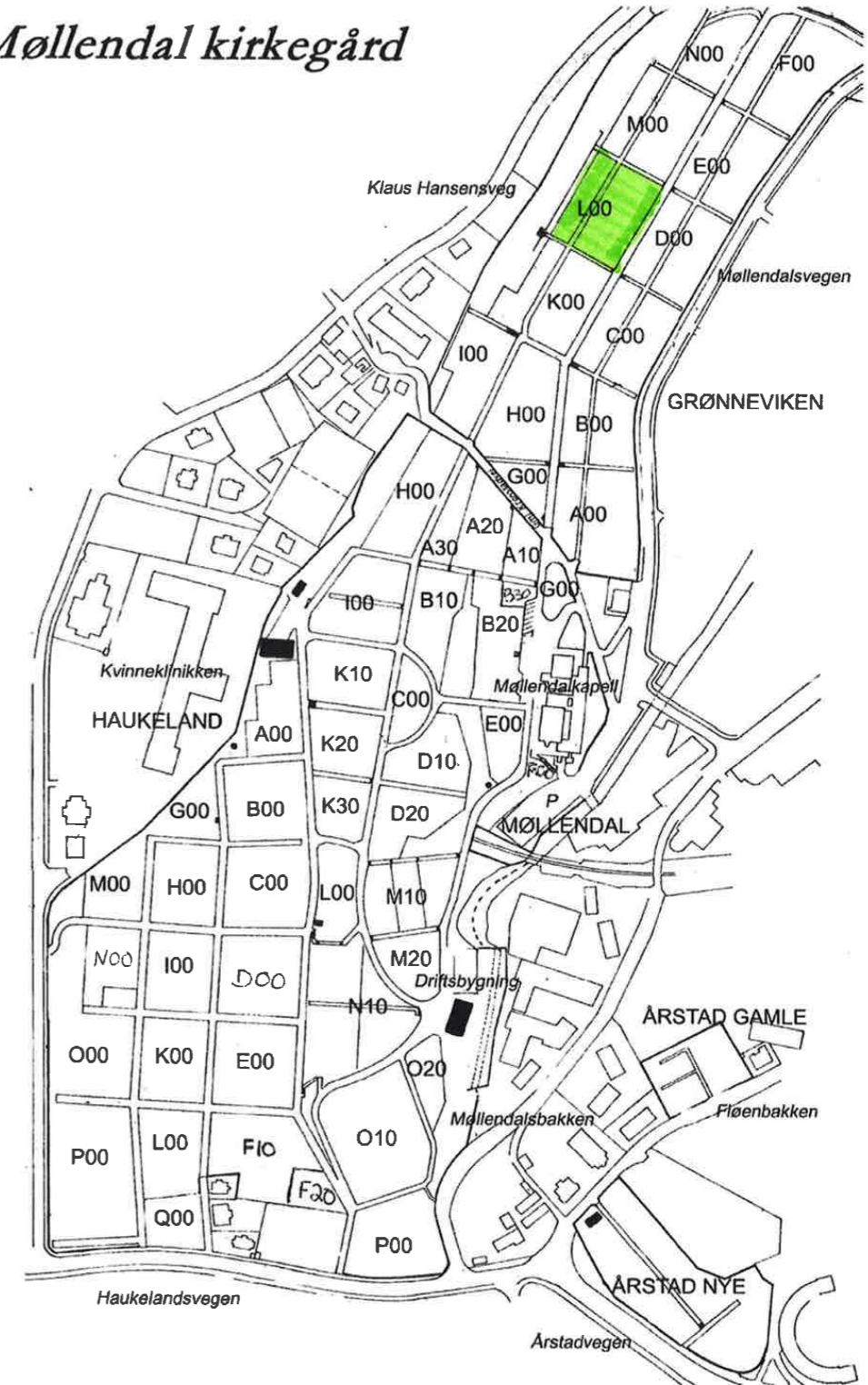
Dear Kobie Nel

The grave of the Isdals-kvinnen is unmarked, nor anonymous, so we can inform you of the location GR.L00.6.1. The location is marked on the enclosed map of the area. We ask you to ensure that no names on headstones surrounding this grave are shown on your photographs without the owner's permission.

Best regards
Marie-Therese V. Rasmussen
konsulent

Akasia
-verdier for generasjoner
55 59 7881 \\
www.akasia.no

Møllendal kirkegård



Google maps from above



Sony7S from above



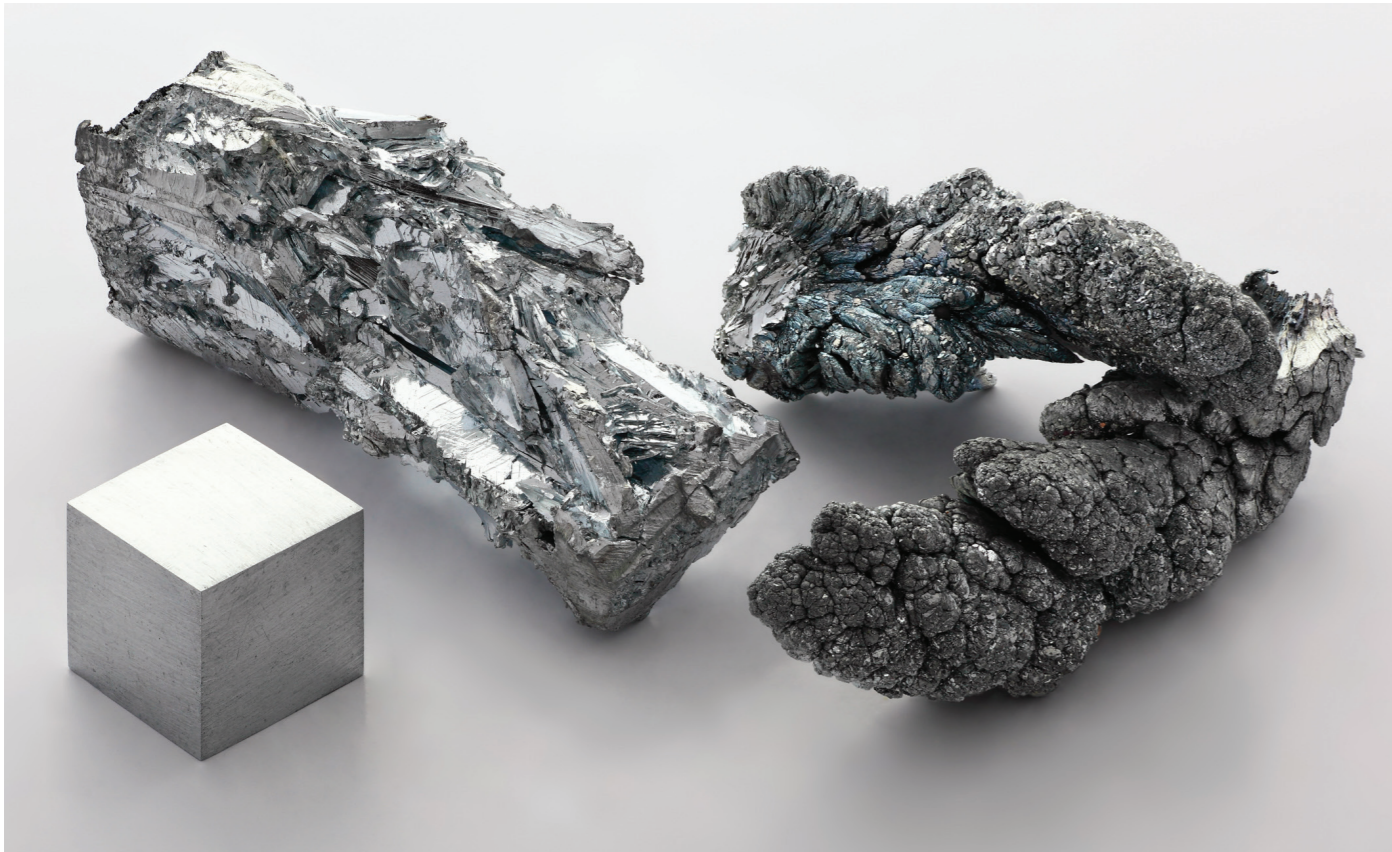
13 men and 1 woman attended the ceremony

A catholic funeral



A white coffin lined with Zink

A misspelling of Zinc



Zink

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

For the metal element, see [zinc](#).

Zink can refer to:

- Another name for the [cornett](#) or [cornetto](#), a Renaissance wind instrument
- A misspelling of [Zinc](#), a metallic chemical element
- [ZINK](#), an inkless printing technology used in instant photo printers
- A word in the [Dagaare](#) language meaning "quiet determined one"
- [Charlie Zink](#), an American baseball player
- [Nicolaus Zink](#) (1812–1887), the founder of Sisterdale, Texas
- [Zink](#), an album by the Dutch musician [Bloem de Ligny](#)
- [Zink \(Faroese band\)](#), a former faroese punk band.

Up for grabs

A gesture set in stone



3/11/2016

Anna Elisabeth Westerlund - kobi3nel@gmail.com - Gmail

Anna Elisabeth Westerlund - kobi3nel@gmail.com - Gmail

Inbox x



Dear Psychic Truth,I am a MA student in Fine Art in Bergen, Norway. Upon doing research for a project I'm working on I came to your site about Norway's beloved medium Anna Elisabeth Westerlund.It was one of the best written articles I've discovered about her. And also a more serious site about mediums.I'm working on a project about the Isdal Woman case, an unidentified woman found dead on November 29th, 1970, in the Isdal Valley in Bergen.

I'm looking to work with a medium for parts of this project and I've been looking for some time now.I was hoping you might now of a person I can work with, I don't mind if this is via skype or other communication. I just feel with my research I keep coming back to your site and I would love to explain the project more and work with someone who is as well researched as you. Looking forward to hear from you,Kobie Nel



to me

Hi young lady,

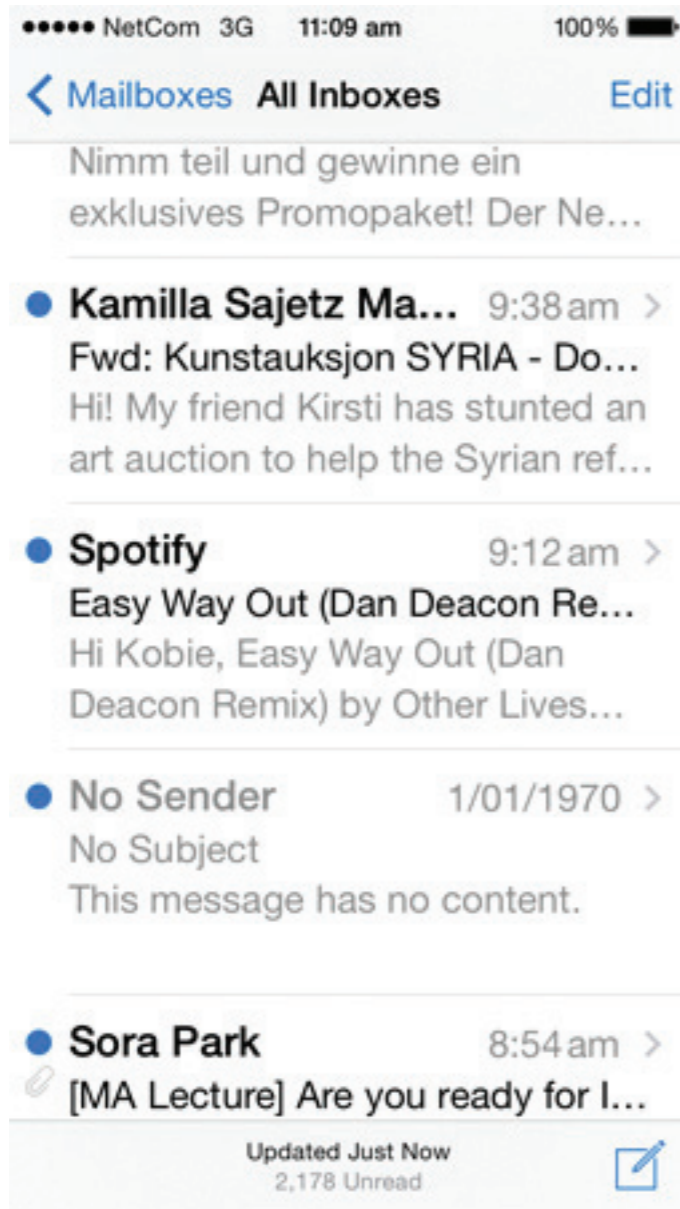
I am working very hard at the present moment trying to get my website a little more straight, also adding more information about the Mediums that have gone before. I had a spell of leaving the website alone for about a year plus, not getting much done, but I am now happier ploughing on to more research. I will certainly try the best I can for you. It might be a little bit of a break now and then, because when I get on this computer I have a tendency to get carried away and can go on it at 10 a.m. and work right through until I am exhausted about 2-3 the next morning. Today I have been on the computer from 12 noon after I made myself some lunch and I suppose I will be on it until very late tonight, cook myself some food then relax with a couple of glasses of whisky, sugar and milk. OH well that is enough about me.

Here is my Skype name roy.kee193 just let me know through email and I will make myself available if possible. The trouble is with Skype I have so many windows open that I have a tendency to quit Skype as it messes up my other programmes and my computer can crash.

If you have any information about mediums of old in your own region and would like to share it, I will place it onto my website.

Take care,
yours sincerely
Roy





Isdal Woman Phantom Drawing with wig 1970



Anjelica Huston's hairstyle in 1970



She wasn't quite human 1970

Miss World Pageant 1970



The crystal lady said they were from Brazil

She said she was from a small town North of Johannesburg



Districts in 1991 [\[edit \]](#)

Districts of the province and population at the 1991 census.^[2]

- Johannesburg: 1,574,631
- Alberton: 367,929
- Germiston: 171,541
- Boksburg: 195,905
- Benoni: 288,629
- Kempton Park: 354,787
- Randburg: 341,430
- Roodepoort: 219,149
- Westonaria: 160,531
- Oberholzer: 177,768
- Randfontein: 116,405
- Krugersdorp: 196,213
- Brakpan: 130,463
- Springs: 157,702
- Nigel: 92,881
- Delmas: 48,614
- Pretoria: 667,700
- Wonderboom: 266,153
- Soshanguve: 146,334
- Cullinan: 32,006
- Vanderbijlpark: 434,004
- Vereeniging: 250,511
- Heidelberg: 77,055
- Balfour: 38,311
- Standerton: 85,893
- Hoëveldrif (Highveld Ridge): 155,881
- Bethal: 77,780
- Volksrust: 29,924
- Amersfoort: 33,461
- Wakkerstroom: 33,246
- Piet Retief: 64,052
- Ermelo: 111,082
- Carolina: 30,438
- Bronkhorstspuit: 38,605
- Witbank: 173,281
- Middelburg: 140,015
- Belfast: 28,973
- Waterval-Boven: 9,300
- Groblersdal: 57,742
- Moutse (main town Dennenilton):^[3] 102,179
- Nelspruit: 61,921
- Barberton: 72,165
- Witrivier: 30,235
- Pelgrimsrus (main town Sabie): 29,063
- Lydenburg: 36,976
- Letaba (main town Tzaneen): 59,900
- Phalaborwa: 30,126
- Soutpansberg (main town Louis Trichardt): 35,839
- Messina: 22,959
- Pietersburg: 64,207
- Potgietersrus: 69,571
- Waterberg (main town Nylstroom): 48,991
- Ellisras: 24,530
- Thabazimbi: 48,844
- Warmbad: 41,692
- Brits: 111,798
- Rustenburg: 125,307
- Swartuggens: 12,607
- Marico: 38,983
- Koster: 29,228
- Ventersdorp: 36,315
- Coligny: 22,154
- Lichtenburg: 79,013
- Delareyville: 36,036
- Potchefstroom: 185,552
- Klerksdorp: 321,478
- Wolmaransstad: 61,497
- Schweizer-Reneke: 46,893
- Bloemhof: 15,291
- Christiana: 13,596

She smoked South State cigarettes



She was fond of porridge with milk



I liked the packaging

Genevive Lancier



What is in a name?

“Ich komme bald” (‘I’m coming soon”)

Create your Google Account

One account is all you need

A single username and password gets you into everything Google.



Take it all with you

Switch between devices, and pick up wherever you left off.



Name
Genevieve Lancier

Choose your username
genevivelancier@gmail.com
Someone already has that username. Try another?
Available: lanciergenevieve lancierg
genevivelancier0

Create a password
.....

Confirm your password
.....

Birthday
November 29 1970

Gender
Female

Mobile phone
DK

Your current email address
.....

Prove you're not a robot
 Skip this verification (phone verification may be required)

3340



The photographic images were made by me and most ones have been collected by me over the years from the World Wide Web. As a result some images copyright holders can't be traced.

Kobie Nel

Framing Invisible Things

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Eamon O'Kane
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There is a moment when lived experience emerges from the psyche of the human subject into language as a mode of communication. I believe in the importance and possibility of unmediated experience and as an artist I believe in coming from a personally honest place. But notions of truth and reality are soggy and shifting and it's not necessarily possible to communicate in a straight line from one human being to another. Instead meanings expressed in the form of language, signs or images meander suggestively with endless potentials for ulterior connotations. Rather than searching earnestly for pure means of expression, I am interested in exploring the potential for language and signs to convey contradiction and multiple truths. This leads me to an interest in poetry, which has the power of suggestion and the ability to express indeterminate concepts. Poetry can be more truthful than literal explanations of the world because it accepts metaphor as a necessary means of expression and is at the same time both ambiguous and precise.

What I feel to be the uncertain nature of reality makes me particularly intrigued by the clear and convinced vision of our world presented through nature documentaries and in museums. In the nature documentary the narrator becomes the voice of god who speaks, slowly, carefully and passionately. Who has the capacity for wonder, delight and sadness. In the nature documentary the voice of god understands the circular nature of life and existence. He views the pain and struggling of life with equanimity, he accepts the necessity for animals to eat other animals. The nature documentary, like the museum represents the world in a shiny, contained form, which I sometimes see as an appealing and intriguing lie.

In Robert Smithson's writings on museums in his essay 'The Domain of the Great Bear' . He describes a Planetarium as a place where humans have recreated the concept of infinity inside a finite space.¹ The Planetarium can be perceived as a human attempt for order. Both nature documentaries and museums interest me because they provide a frame for the ostensibly infinite universe reinventing it as a small digestible reality.

This concept of the frame can be related also to human use of language and signs which themselves can be seen as a framing of globulous thoughts and feelings. At the same time the frame tells us where to look and paradoxically becomes invisible – a notion that can be extended to art in general. I am interested in framing invisible things (such as intuition, insight and other intangibles). I am interested in the tension between what is represented as ordered in our world and what we feel to be disordered and unreliable. The idea that the world makes sense or can be dissected and explained seems to me to be a perfectly hilarious concept. Searching for significance can often lead us into the realms of obscurity.

¹ Mel Bochner and Robert Smithson, "In the Domain of the Great Bear" in: Art Voices (Fall 1966)

As a visual artist I consider myself as a kind of a detective, combining facts and fiction.

I am interested in metaphysics, archaeology, mysticism, mythology and pseudo science as a way of understanding phenomena. My investigations often arise out of fascination with the micro stories of individuals and the uncertainties, myths and speculations and distorting representations around them, leaving aside the great narratives of history and their polished protagonists.

During the MA program I have mainly been investigating the unsolved death of a woman found in Isdalen, Bergen and the myths that surround her. There are few answers but plenty of rumours about the case, which the police ruled out as a suicide. When there is a dead person and it's a murder then there is a killer out there. There is nothing for the police to solve if the killer and the victim is the same person. In a tricky case this could be a easy way out or killing two birds with one stone. Though I am not interested in the real Isdal Woman, if such a person even exists, I am interested in conceptions of truths through systems of religion, science, history and fiction.

I started to explore different spaces where things about the case occurred. As exploring is a way for me to think. I often take trips to observe things for myself and discover and make up my own facts or fiction for detailed reports or daydreaming. Spacing out.

PART ONE

Space and Fact

I speak outside of my knowledge when I speak of space. Most of the information in this text is derived from Wikipedia because the Internet is pretty much a mirror image of space. A place where up and down is relevant, but where north, south, west and east would be more than useless and irrelevant. Michel Foucault labels the mirror as a utopia, a placeless place for the real and virtual in his essay "Of Other Spaces"¹ The internet is indeed another space if not some sort of a utopia too. One I have come to navigate better than my way home and stare into longer than my mirror.

Just now I read about "space" on Wikipedia. The first paragraph is an article about understanding space. I got distracted by the little blue caption on the right saying "outer-space". I pressed this appointed link as I sometimes do, more often than I should.

The Wikipedia article states, "...[outer-space]...is the void that exists between celestial bodies, including the earth. It is not completely empty, but consists of a hard vacuum containing a low density particles: Predominantly a plasma of hydrogen and helium as well as electromagnetic radiation, magnetic fields and neutrons. Observation and theory suggest it also contains dark matter and dark energy."²

About two lines into the Wikipedia article and me clicking on more random links to dark matter and celestial bodies, I started thinking about the new Star Wars movie, The Force Awakens, I watched with my housemates last night. It was more the memory of growing up with these popular cultural sci fi movies that I understand the concept of "outer-space". It is understandable to me that we want to shrink 'outer-space' into a manageable and understandable space or what we would like to call a place. How are we supposed to understand something that is beyond our concept of size like death or suicide. Or for me the concept of truth? Truth is based on fact. Right? Tutor Sabine Popp asked me during my very first exam at KHiB if I knew what a fact actually was and where it come from. She would not give me the answer with a smile. Two minutes after she left the room I got on my Wikipedia horse and searched 'fact'.

The Wikipedia's first paragraph states: A fact is something that has really occurred or is actually the case. The usual test for a statement of fact is verifiability—that is, whether it can be demonstrated to correspond to experience. Standard reference works are often used to check facts. Scientific facts are verified by repeatable careful observation or measurement (by experiments or other means). The word fact derives from the Latin factum, and was first used in English with the same meaning: a thing done or performed, a meaning now obsolete. The common usage of "something that has really occurred or is the case" dates from the mid-

dle of the sixteenth century. Fact is sometimes used synonymously with truth, as distinct from opinions, falsehoods, or matters of taste. This use is found in such phrases as, "It is a fact that the cup is blue" or "Matter of fact", and "... not history, nor fact, but imagination." Filmmaker Werner Herzog distinguishes clearly between the two, claiming that "Fact creates norms, and truth illumination."³

Not often do you get a Werner Hertzog quote and this early in Wikipedia and in the second paragraph. This is when you know you are onto something really good on the mirror space. It is a treasure hunt. One which is always rewarding because you can find whatever you want on the internet and also what you don't want.

The Isdal Woman: Constructing a narrative

The text is written in a casual small talk story telling form. I used diary entries, correspondence with individuals and my notebooks of the last two years. Parts are historical, satirical, fictional, a detailed report or just me a Pisces daydreaming away.

I found the Isdal Woman case interesting because of various interesting case facts that are represented as one liners. There are no photographic portraiture records of the woman although she had nine identities or passports. Only badly drawn phantom drawings her based on communication of invisible things like memory. Is memory truth or fact?

Chistian Boltanski explains about his early work how he I pretends to speak of his childhood, yet his real childhood had dissapeared.

" I have lied about it so often that I no longer have a real memory of this time, and my childhood has become for me some kind of universal childhood, not a real one."

Included in the thesis is a text piece, *Black Lake Monologues*, I wrote about The Isdal Woman. I would recommend reading this as an introduction to my work.

I read somewhere that the problem with a collection is realising that you've started one. Research is like collecting, you've started so you must continue, and with most collections,

¹ Michel Foucault, *Of Other Spaces*, trans Jan Miskowiec (Berlin: The Jon Hopkins University Press, 1986) p.22-27

² Internet Wikipedia, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Space> referring to the introduction of the entry (accessed 3 March, 2016)

³ Internet Wikipedia search of Fact, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fact> (accessed 2015)

there is no end. Much like reading things “somewhere” I remember “someone” told me about the Isdal Woman case when I was looking for a local research project as inspiration for my masters. I don’t remember who it was but I do remember it was small talk. Again, small towns small talk. And so I started to investigate.

Things about this unsolved mystery case stuck with me immediately. I see them as one liners.

A half-naked burned body was found in Isdalen Valley in Bergen
By a man and his two daughters
At 13:15
On 29 November 1970
Isdalen is also know as “The Death Valley”
She had nine identities
All false
Her fingerprints were sanded off
Two suitcases was found at Bergen train station
Garment labels from the clothes were removed
In the lining of one suitcase 500 German franks was found
Also wigs
A black diary, entries with codes
Codes that are assumed to be her travel log through Europe
Prescription lotion with the label removed
On 26 November 1970 she booked out of Room 407
English Wikipedia: Hotel Marin
Norwegian Wikipedia Hotel: Hordaheimen
She was
Fond of porridge with milk
She had
A wiggling walk
She was
30-40 years old
164cm tall
wide hips
small eyes
good looks
She said she was from a small town North of Johannesburg
She was laid to rest in Norwegian soil in Møllendalveien
Police gave her a catholic funeral
Investigators donated money for the funeral not the city
She was buried in a white coffin
The coffin was lined with zinc for DNA samples
A bouquet of light red carnations

1 woman and 13 men attended the ceremony

Catholic priest F. J. Fishedick

Some years later a witness said he saw a distressed woman

Followed by two men in black

Walking along Svartediket trying to say something to him

He reported this to the police and was told

Forget about it, this case will never be solved

Police used medium

Anna Elisabeth Westerlund to inspect the site

She suffered from blunt force trauma

Police concluded it was suicide

The detail of this case is powerful for any kind of fictional narrative. Whether it is invented or based on fact. It is easy to get carried away by the nine identities she must have created for herself and the imagination she used to come up with those names. Bergen’s locals recognises this story. It has a primary audience. This audience has created many stories and copied versions that I am always intrigued to hear.

In an interview, *To tell a story*, Susan Sontag and John Berger discuss stories and how death is the basic model of a storytelling. “Death is where you begin telling it or writing it. The life then becomes readable. A life lived. After death we can read life because it becomes readable. Susan Sontag argues with John that the more fabulous stories are not of death as he describes Romeo and Juliet but for people to travel outside themselves. It’s not a need for truth. It’s a need for fantasy. A longing to see taboos broken, violated. Where the imagination runs riot. Whether it is moral fantasy or moral science fiction. It should have a sensual effect.”¹

I am not a story teller. I am an artist. How to use this in my research. For there is no story of her. She only exists in her death. After two years of researching the case I’ve come to call The Isdal Woman ‘her’ and ‘she’. She is encoded in my brain like an old acquaintance and will pop up every now and then in this thesis like random thoughts do. I will mostly use the words ‘her’ and ‘she’. I am new to using words in my work but I enjoy the simple short ones.

I used her case to explore my own taboos in my protestant upbringing that I have a curiosity for ex. contacting and talking to clairvoyants online. This is seen as a big waste of money by my mother, giving people too lazy to work money for making things up. Respect for the dead is another importance in my upbringing. By obtaining nine gravestones to use the marble for material in my planned installations will raise a lot of eyebrows, even if it’s just marble. Religion holds a firm superstitious grip on the dead and I am surely stepping on someones grave with this project.

¹ John Berger and Susan Sontag, *To Tell A Story*, (1983) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9PcJR5MWrzc> (accessed 15 March 2016).

I've:

Googled on a daily basis

Created a 1970 picture wall of strange things that happened in 1970 from Google images

Visited the library and used a microfiche to go through newspapers like in the movies

Collected books at markets of 1970 crimes in Norway

Walked alone looking for her site using only Wikipedia coordinates

Discovered / learned coordinates is only a block of land This was a lot of effort. Charge phone battery

Next time and buy a compass

Used a found newspaper image of the crime scene to look for the site again

I requested to see police evidence It has not happened yet

Noticed Bergen Police have a very cool Neon sign It is broken now but I think it was a pink one

I bought nine crystals The lady in the shop said they were from Brazil

I performed a November ritual at the place she was found I think I found the place

Putting the crystals wrapped in fabric in the soil

I dug them up again I used to dig up my dead pets, this seemed a natural thing to do with the crystals too

I took x-rays of the crystals My mom wanted me to be a radiologist and not a artist, I did it for 'her'

Used 1970 x-ray machine and a darkroom I enjoy working with increasing VOLTS

Neon lights have a lot of VOLTS

I bought a wig like the ones on her phantom drawings Joanna wears it to parties

I wrote her a monologue as a second November ritual

Emailed a psychic He replied like an old drunk

Contacted the graveyard They send me a map

Went looking again I discovered that graves get recycled in Norway

I wanted to buy her grave You can not buy graves in Norway

If I own the grave I own the only true evidence Need for ownership

Looked for her grave could not find it I found out about Norwegian eviction of gravestones

I bought a crystal ball I liked the packaging of it

I bought a 3d printed ghost camera I will use it in the future

Nothing has gone bump in the night One of the Crystals broke

The broken crystal is named Jenevive Lancier

Did the crystal move on it own Was it mistreated by me

Had small talk with my 80 year old landlord He said it was a spy shootout

Suspected the owner of the local photography shop of being the Italian photographer she travelled with

I was wrong

Obsessed by a email date 01/01/1970 I've been receiving It is the standard error

Wanted to take a photo of the grass of her grave and frame it It can be a trace of her

If I put the grass photo in a lightbox on the floor in Kunsthall will people think it domesticated lawn grass of a grave

Like carpets have patterns of gardens

The idea failed as her grave is overgrown I have made my best friend carry a ladder and climb a tree to photograph her grave not as nice as tamed grass would look

So I collected gravestones, her neighbours Not a good idea: 80+kg

Something to get carried away with or not it is too heavy

While transporting the gravestones people asked me if:

I'm a graverobber

Is it legal I don't think recycling graves should be legal

Looked for the original phantom drawings

Visited Audun Hetland Gallery in Bryggen

Widow said that the police visited the studio to make the phantom drawings with Audun and from that night they received a call at 23:00 a every night for 6 months. It was scary. She does not know where the originals are. I will be contacted if they find them the safe. I am curious to see the original size, media and condition they are in.

I found the most beautiful visual image of a man walking with his back to the camera in Isdalen

Wondered if she really did commit suicide Why leave your suitcases locked at a train station?

What struck me the most was that the Phantom Drawings of her were quite comical and sexy. They are her only representation and they are basic projections of female beauty. They irritate me but at the same time I am attracted to them because of this. I have always liked kitsch things.

Coming from a background in photography with portraiture being my main interest I have been questioning the modern portrait for years and whether there is such a thing as a truthful portrait.

You can't photograph Nefertiti

During my first year of the MA program I attended a Berlin University of the Arts Summer Course: "Berlin's Museums: A History of Exhibiting". It was here that I saw the bust of Nefertiti, the ancient icon of feminine beauty for the first time in the Neues Museum Egyptian section. Since my youth, I have been mesmerized by documentaries about Egypt. I collected images and reproductions of this well known historically significant sculpture. In Agnes Martin's writings "Beauty Is the Mystery of Life" she describes that thinking of art is thinking of beauty. For her beauty is the mystery of life. It is not in the eye, it is in her mind. She says: "In our minds there is awareness of perfection."¹ For me seeing the Nefertiti bust in real life was the closest I've experienced perfection in an art piece. Still, the bust is a mere portrait of Nefertiti, Queen of Egypt, in the popular Armana style of the time, 1345BC.

During my visit I was disappointed that photography of the bust was strictly forbidden. Seeing so many copies of it, I was caught off-guard. This is certainly not the case with the Mona Lisa in the Louvre. When something is forbidden I immediately question it. It is in my human nature. I felt that this was a very clever way of capitalizing the 3,300 year old bust. Never the less in all my excitement I allowed myself to some tourist behavior and purchased two postcards of Nefertiti. I posted one to my mother who named her cat Nefertiti. It blows a kiss and has one winking eye. The other postcard of her has taken up residence on my studio wall. I have placed her next to my image of Saartjie Baartman, The Hottentot Venus.

Saartjie Baartman story is different and as a South African it is deeply rooted in my colonialist past. Saartjie Baartman was a KhoiKhoi woman born in 1789 in South Africa. Hottentot was then a current name for Khoi people and Venus referred to the Roman Goddess of Love. Saartjie was an object of colonial European fascination because of her large buttocks, elongated labia and unusual colouring. She was taken to Europe where her half-naked body was put on display in a cage for human zoo exhibits. It was here where she became famously known as the Hottentot Venus.

Although much can be discussed about her life and conditions, what I am interested in is the way her remains was treated after her death. Saartjie died in 1816 at the age of 26. It is unknown if she died from alcoholism, small pox or pneumonia. Her remains was obtained by George Cuvier, a naturalist who had studied her before as a science specimen and concluded that she was the link between animals and humans.²

PART TWO

¹ Agnes Martin, *Beauty is the Mystery of Life*, A internet entry, <http://www.theidproject.org/blog/joren/2011/09/15/beauty-mystery-life-agnes-martin>, (accessed 2016).

² Internet Wikipedia Search: Saartjie Baardman, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saartjie_Baartman

Nefertiti Hack

From today on everybody around the world can access, study, print or remix a 3D dataset of Nefertiti's head in high resolution. This data is accessible under a public domain without any charge, this torrent provides you a .torrent (122 MB):

[TORRENT DOWNLOAD](#)

alternatively direct download as .obj file (420MB):

[NEFERTITI.OBJ.EZIP](#)

The Other Nefertiti - Artists release the 3D data of Nefertiti's Head.

Nefertiti is returning to the place where it was found. For the first time since the sculpture was excavated and stolen over 100 years ago, the iconic artefact will be shown in Cairo. "The Other Nefertiti" is an artistic intervention by the two German artists Nora Al-Badri and Jan Nikolai Nelles. Al-Badri and Nelles scanned the head of Nefertiti clandestinely in the Neues Museum Berlin without permission of the Museum and they hereby announce the release of the 3D data of Nefertiti's head under a Creative Commons license. The artists 3D-print exhibited in Cairo is the most precise scan ever made public of the original head of Nefertiti. With regard to the notion of belonging and possession of objects of other cultures, the artists' intention is to make cultural objects publicly accessible. The Neues Museum in Berlin until today does not allow any access to the head of Nefertiti nor to the data from their scan. "With the data leak as a part of this counter narrative we want to activate



Could the Nefertiti Scan Be a Hoax — and Does that Matter?

by Claire Voon



<http://email.hyperallergic.com/tj/y-l-daydjt-jkluhyh-d/>



Candida Höfer, Neues Museum Berlin XII 2009. Candida Höfer, Neues Museum Berlin XII 2009.



Her remains was of great value to Cuvier, who made a full body plaster cast, pickled her brains and genitals. These body parts were placed in jars which were placed on display at the The Musée de l'Homme, The Museum of Man, an anthropology museum in Paris, France. The Baartman exhibit proved popular until it elicited complaints from feminists who believed the exhibit was a degrading representation of women. The skeleton, brain and genitals was removed in 1974, and the body cast in 1976.¹ Is a body cast a true representation of portraiture?

Following the African National Congress (ANC)'s victory in the South African elections, President Nelson Mandela requested that the French government return the remains of Saartjie Baartman so that she could be laid to rest. The process took eight years, as the French had to draft a carefully worded bill that would not allow other countries to claim treasures taken by the French. Finally in 2002, Saartjie Baartman was brought back home to South Africa where she was buried. On 9 August 2002, Women's Day, a public holiday in South Africa.²

The return of Saartjie Baartman was returned purely because of a singular specimen of humanity. I wonder if the DNA samples ever conclude who the Isdal Woman was if her remains would be returned. Or given a proper headstone, which is problematic on its own with the recycling of graves in Norway. The headstone has always been a fetishization of sacred or as staged artifacts. In Foucault's essay *Of Other Spaces* he describes heterogeneous spaces as a fragment and a proposition to think about the model of culture. He describes the great obsession of the nineteenth century being themes of the ever accumulating past. Foucault uses the strange heterotopia of the cemetery as an example. "In a time that civilisation has become aesthetic, that western culture has established the cult of the dead".³ The dead body is the only trace of our existence in the world and in language. Gravestones letters, marking it is a language.

Egypt has been calling for the displaced Nefertiti bust return since 1924. Luckily technology has advanced for artists since ancient Egypt sculpting and body casting of Saartjie Baartman. Thanks to 3d scanning Nefertiti bust has been returned to Egypt, well sort of. Two German Guerilla artists, Nora Al-Badri and Jan Nikolai Nelles, have secretly scanned Nefertiti bust and returned a 3d printed version of her to the place she was found in Egypt. It is said to be the most precise scan ever made available to the public. The project is called "The Other Nefertiti" and the artists have even gone so far to release the 3d data on a webpage for all to download.⁴

I have downloaded these files immediately when I found out about their project, ready and wanting to print my own copy of a copy.

1 Internet Wikipedia Search: Saartjie Baartman, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saartjie_Baartman

2 Sara "Saartjie" Baartman, South African History Online, <http://www.sahistory.org.za/people/sara-saartjie-baartman> (accessed 26 February 2016)

3 Michel Foucault, *Of Other Spaces*, trans Jan Miskowiec (Berlin: The Jon Hopkins University Press, 1986) p.22-27

4 Nefertiti Hack, <http://nefertitihack.alloversky.com/> (accessed 3 March 2016).



According to artist Jan Nikolai Nelles the artwork was chosen by the artists as symbolic of “millions of stolen and looted artefacts all over the world” and they hope that their act of will put pressure on western institutions to repatriate works from abroad.

Since starting to write the thesis I have received email updates on the project by Hyperallergic. The latest is that *The Other Nefertiti* might be a Hoax and whether it matters? It has been questioned by pro’s that the technology used cannot produce a scan of such detail.

Jan replied to these comments: “Why worship the original, when we have all the beautiful remixes as of today?”

What is it about the fetishization of sacred artifacts, I wonder. Is this not the curiosity that things will outlive us? As an artist, I like the staged kitsch artefacts but the mere thought of objects outliving me as a human is fascinating and worth fetishization about. Whether it is a bust, cast or a phantom drawing. In the end these objects will have more value than human life. Because we cannot understand that life after death is gone forever. We cannot trace ourselves.

For me we are living in an object crammed world where we value the original even more. But the original of the object and not the essence of life or life itself. Existence is tracable.? For me as an: Artist: I want to 3d print as many Nefertiti’s as I can put them in a glass box and add to the ever accumulating object crammed world. A person: I want my portrait to be everlasting as Nefertiti and speculated about after I’m long gone about my life. The same with the Isdal Woman drawings that will outlive her.

“What our art piece is dealing with is the questioning of origin and singularity as well as about ownership,” Al-Badri said. “Is the bust in the museum — as people have raised in the past — original? And is this even meaningful? I don’t know...”¹

This is a screengrab I took of the website, <http://nefertitihack.alloversky.com/>. I find the 3d representation haunting and I wondered how long the project will be available online.



¹ Claire Voon, “Could the Nefertiti Scan Be a Hoax - and Does that Matter?”, Hyperallergic (accessed on 3 March 2016).

What is it about female suicide?



First three images are from an article in The Atlantic, *Why Do SO Many People Like Looking at Images of Women Comitting Suicide*. The images are as follows of *Cleopatra on her deathbed*, a 19th century painting of *Hamlet's Ophelia*, 1947 photograph of *Evelyn McHale* and a 2009 *Lanvin* advertisement

The bottom image is a video stills of a unidentified bride, also knows as the "Jilted Bride" attempting to commit suicide in China. These images of her have been circulating the internet since 2011 and has been a great interest for me as I experience an intense voyeurism looking at them. Little is known of the real situation and there is much speculations about it

The media is obsessed with suicide images of woman. From filmmakers, fashionists and artists. Mainly male artists. This image is known as the most beautiful suicide and Andy Warhol has used this image in his *Death and Disaster* series calling it "Fallen Body". Matthew Barney has used this image in his work too. The woman in the image truly beautiful and looks like she is merely sleeping.



Images as from left to right
The body of 23-year-old Evelyn McHale rests atop a crumpled limousine minutes after she jumped to her death from the Empire State Building, May 1, 1947. Published in LIFE Magazine n May 1947

Andy Warhol appropriated the image called *Fallen Body* as part of his *Death and Disaster* Series (1962-1967)
Matthew Barney used the actual LIFE Magazine in his *Drawing Restraint 17* (2010)

Emily Matchar seems to have wondered the same as me in her article for the Atlantic. She expressed beautifully by questioning :“So what is it about dead young women that artists find so romantic? Some of the fascination is obvious. Early suicide means staying young and beautiful forever. Female suicide is also associated with certain supposedly feminine attributes: sensitivity, being swept away by emotion, submission to forces larger than oneself. But more significantly, the suicide fixation is part of a general cultural obsession with beautiful dead or dying women, in fiction and in life. From Beth in *Little Women* to Satine in *Moulin Rouge!* to Winona Ryder/Charlize Theron in *Autumn in New York/Sweet November*, the rosy-cheeked, glassy-eyed consumptive, the eternally pale cancer patient, are alluring. They’re thin. They’re passive. Their needs are few.”¹

Could it actually be the act of the suicide that interest us because if there needs are so few why end it? If woman are seen as not active then death is quite the opposite from that idea. Death is a violent act. An act of willpower and choice.

¹ Emily Matchar, “Why Do So Many People Like Looking at Images of Women Committing Suicide?”, *The Atlantic*, <http://www.theatlantic.com/sexes/archive/2013/06/why-do-so-many-people-like-looking-at-images-of-women-committing-suicide/277011/>, (accessed 27 February 2016).

Killing does not fit the way media portrays woman. Killing takes strength, therefore the suicide images are so absurdly sensitive because of its content/hidden meaning. It does not fit the norm of society idea of the female.

Albert Camus argues in *The Myth of Sisyphus*: "Suicide has never been dealt with except as a social phenomenon. ...Dying voluntarily implies that you have recognized, even instinctively, the ridiculous character of that habit, the absence of any profound reason for living, the insane character of that daily agitation and the uselessness of suffering." P12-13

I have looked into other popular 'suicide' female deaths like Amy Winehouse, Virginia Woolf and Ingrid Jonker to look for similarities to understand why she might have committed suicide. If the case was not murder. These women were all talented and poetic and they represent 3 generations in society. I can see their tormented existence in their personal writings. Amy Winehouse has been an important figure in my 20's. We were the same age and I immediately love her personal lyrics and music. I was reminded again of Amy after watching the documentary about her life, *Amy* (2015), on a flight on my way to Australia in December 2015. Straight after watching *Amy* I also decided to watch *The Hours*, a movie based on the book, *Mrs Dalloway*, by Virginia Woolf. It was my most depressing flight ever.

Black Poems

Amy Winehouse Lyrics Back to Black

You went back to what you knew
So far removed from all that we went through
And I tread a troubled track
My odds are stacked
I'll go back to black

We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to...

I go back to us

I love you much
It's not enough
You love blow and I love puff
And life is like a pipe
And I'm a tiny penny rolling up the walls inside

We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times

A found paparazzi image on the web of Amy Winehouse's blood stained ballet slippers she was famous for wearing



You go back to her
And I go back to...

We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to...

Black, black, black, black, black, black, black,
I go back to...
I go back to...

We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to...

We only said goodbye with words
I died a hundred times
You go back to her
And I go back to black

My favourite South African poet Ingrid Jonker committed suicide in 1965 by drowning herself in the ocean. She mostly wrote her poems in Afrikaans my native language, but it's only now that the true value of her work as a female poet is appreciated. Upon Nelson Mandela's release from prison he read her poems. This was a powerful moment for him to read a poem by a woman, who wrote in his oppressors language.

This is one of her poems in English, which is also the opening scene of the movie *Black Butterflies* about her life.

Ingrid Jonker Poem (January, 1965) I am with those

I am with those
who abuse sex
because the individual doesn't count
with those who get drunk
against the abyss of the brain
against the illusion that life
had once been beautiful or good or sacred
against the garden parties of falseness
against the silence beating at the temples
with those who poor and old
race against death the atom bomb of the days
with those stupefied in institutions
shocked with electric currents
through the cataracts of the senses
with those whose hearts have been removed
like the light from the robot of safety
with those coloured african deprived

Found web image of Ingrid Jonker



with those who kill
because every death confirms anew
the lie of life
and please forget
about justice it doesn't exist
about brother hood it's deceit
about love it has no right

Roni Horn

Her monologue *Saying Water* is a 40 minute monologue based on her associations with water, including tales of sex, murder and suicide. It is the most powerful performance and reading I have experienced, not in real life but in the comfort of my own home. ¹

Roni asks: "Have you ever stood by a river and stared into black water:

Me: "Yes I have. Do you think the Isdal Woman stared into black water of Svartediket before she committed suicide if she did?"

In this work of Roni Horn I want to answer everything she is questioning. It has stuck by me and also the reason why I started to experiment with text and text as performance.

It was an inspiration for my own Black Lake Monologues as she decided to leave visuals out from it and trust the listener. I also give Björk credit for many of my inspirations for writing about her divorce from Matthew Barney in her song "Black Lake". Me, Roni, Amy and Björk are all attracted to Black.

Björk Lyrics Black Lake

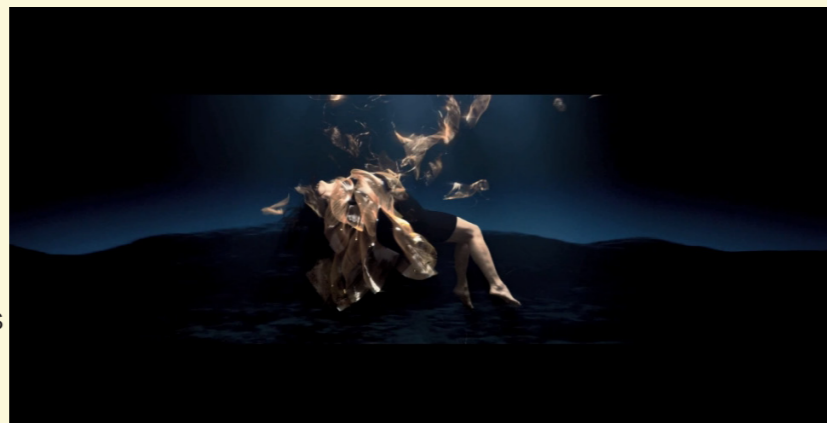
Our love was my womb
But our bond has broken
My shield is gone
My protection is taken
I am one wound
My pulsating body
Suffering being

My heart is enormous lake
Black with potion
I am blind
Drowning in this ocean

My soul torn apart
My spirit is broken
Into the fabric of all
He is woven

You fear my limitless emotions
I am bored of your apocalyptic obsessions
Did I love you too much
Devotion bent me broken
So I rebelled
Destroyed the icon

Screengrab of Black Lake music video



¹ Roni Horn, *Saying Water*, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fkvoe7s1NVg>

I did it for love, I honored my feelings
You betrayed your own heart
Corrupted that organ

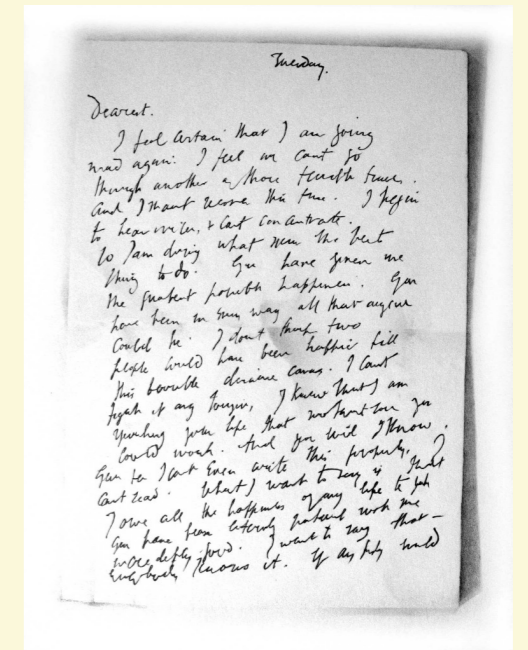
Family was always our sacred mutual mission
Which you abandoned

You have nothing to give
Your heart is hollow
I'm drowned in sorrows
No hope in sight of ever recover
Eternal pain and horrors

I am a glowing shiny rocket
Returning home
As I enter the atmosphere
I burn off layer by layer

Virginia Woolf (March 28, 1941)

Suicide Letter to her husband



Dearest,

I feel certain that I am going mad again. I feel we can't go through another of those terrible times. And I shan't recover this time. I begin to hear voices, and I can't concentrate. So I am doing what seems the best thing to do. You have given me the greatest possible happiness. You have been in every way all that anyone could be. I don't think two people could have been happier till this terrible disease came. I can't fight any longer. I know that I am spoiling your life, that without me you could work. And you will I know. You see I can't even write this properly. I can't read. What I want to say is I owe all the happiness of my life to you. You have been entirely patient with me and incredibly good. I want to say that — everybody knows it. If anybody could have saved me it would have been you. Everything has gone from me but the certainty of your goodness. I can't go on spoiling your life any longer.

I don't think two people could have been happier than we have been.

V.

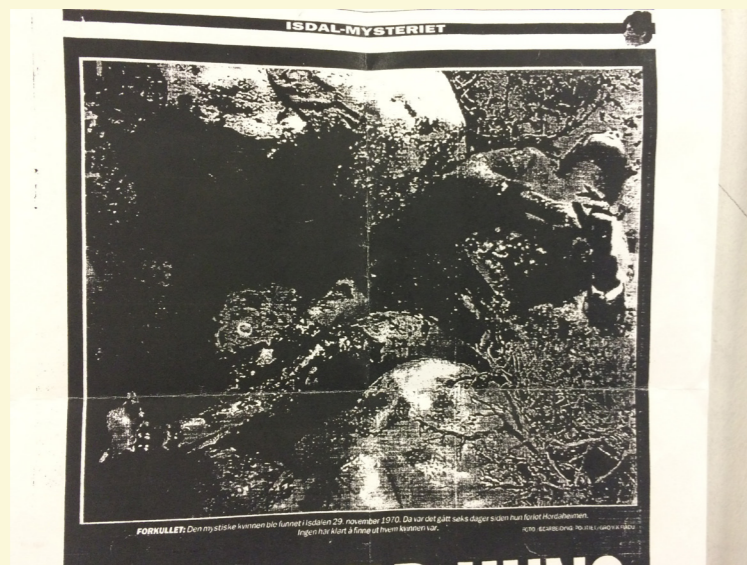
I.
DEAR FATHER AND BROTHER: Forgive me for committing this rash deed. I have suffered terribly. I can neither act nor sleep. Have been to see Dr. Hammond, but he gave me little encouragement, and I have lost all hope. You may think this cowardly, but I can bear this suffering no longer. I desire that my property should be equally divided among my own sisters and brothers. Good-bye.
FRANK.

II.
DEAR MINNIE: Forgive me for bringing so much trouble on you. I know you would if you know what I have suffered. God only knows I have been growing worse daily and am completely discouraged. Had it not been for your love and the encouragement you have given me I could not have kept up as long as I have. I cannot endure this suffering long. Good-bye.
FRANK.

Evelyn Mchale's suicide letters from 1947

The act of suicide is an act of killing. In reality it is a violent death and a act of desperation. Looking at the voices of these disembodied woman through their writings, life was a clear torment for them no matter the beautiful representaions of their 'act' in these images.

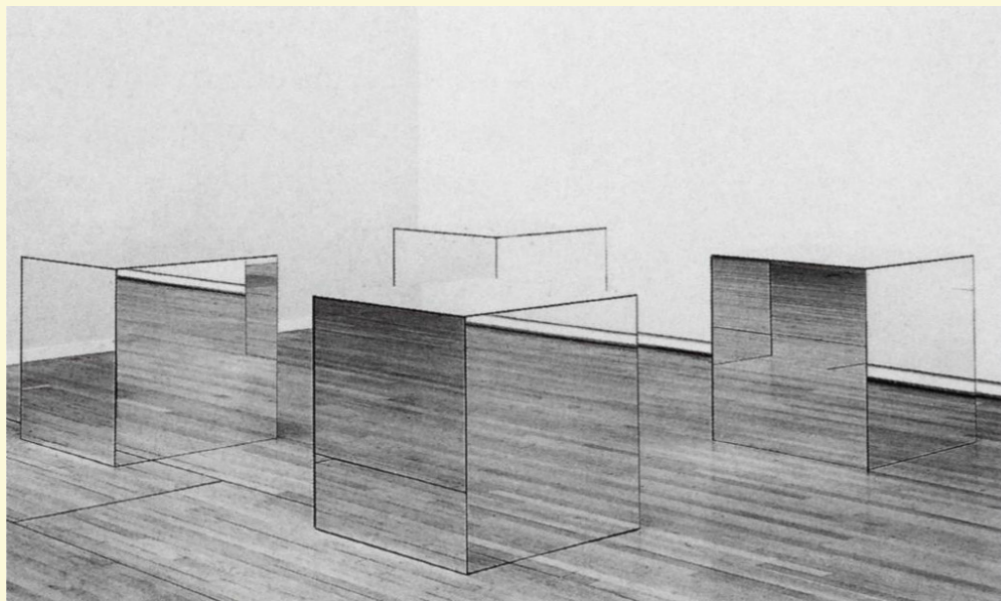
The Isdal Woman left no trace of herself by leaving a suicide note. Only a Black Diary with entries of codes. Her image of her body is not romantic at all. It is gruesome but it is the only photographic evidence that she excisted. Or is it? She lived half her life somewhere else and there is probably lots of pictures of her with family and friends. Some might be circulating at antique markets right now. Maybe I have looked through a box of old photos and briefly touched a photograph of her. I will not see her in life as her family will probably never see her in death.



PART THREE

Art as a Trap

I am attracted to works that are silent but in their silence speaks for those who want to listen and inspect them closely. Robert Morris's work *Untitled 1965/71* at the Tate Modern's permanent collection in 2002 he showed four mirrored cubes in the gallery space the viewer had to interact with the pieces and explore their own reflections in a playful manner with the other cubes. The idea of using the own viewer's reflection is important in my work but not so evident as a mirror. The mirror is an obvious trap and as I discussed earlier an Utopia of a non space.



My work, yet to be titled, in Kunsthall is quiet and not visually dominating in colour and form. It quietly sits on the wall, framed mimicking the whiteness of the gallery like an insect. In order to claim it's right in the gallery space it is neatly framed in white. I am trapping the viewer to come over and inspect it. Framing adds value to something in museums and art galleries.

Rodger points in his essay, *Mimicry and the Legendary Psychasthenia*, that mimicry in insects is the primitive and overwhelming tendency to imitate. It is tempted by space like using protective coverings. I am covering my artwork with glass in order to protect it and yet to blend into the white cube gallery space. I like the idea that it has been assumed that, in order to protect itself, an inoffensive animal too on the appearance of a forbidding one.

The viewer has to closely inspect what is in the frame and might be frustrated from the lack of answers seeing themselves in the reflected glass with other light streaks. Sound from my neon installation and reflections in the room will slightly amuse. The works have various casts of

white and I hope that the viewer will wonder what is the colour white really? It is only when the lights and neon tubes are switched off that the work reveals itself, but will only last for 5 – 10 minutes before slowly disappearing before the viewers eyes. It is a piece about transformation with a brief Eureka moment when the viewer understands the work but then it disappears again, only existing in the memory of the viewer. Leaving the feeling of absence after a dominating presence.

I see the frames and neon glass tubes as vessels, they are sealed and undergo a quiet transformation. Unseen to the trained eye of aesthetic beauty. The phosphorous ink used in the silkscreen prints has a lifespan as well and eventually will not glow anymore. Giving the work a lifespan of it's own, like many artefacts and the original phantom drawings which will erode over time.

The work is built on layers of interpretations ex. the elemental form phosphorus in the silkscreen ink emits a glow under exposure oxygen. It's name was given from the Greek mythology meaning "light-bearer" referring to the "Morning Star", the planet Venus. The neon light will double as my planet Venus charging the ink to glow.

Phosphorus is essential for life. Phosphates a component of DNA and also the phospholipids, which form all cell membranes. Demonstrating the link between phosphorus and life, elemental phosphorus was first isolated from human urine, and bone ash was an important early phosphate source. Phosphate minerals are fossils.¹

No one is sure of the whereabouts of the original phantom drawings by Audun Hetland. How big they? How were they constructed as a truthful portrait? This process is not traceable and the erosion process has already started to take place. The portraits of her are not real. Memory transforms images we remember into things we make up and can't remember after time. Memory is not traceable.

¹ Internet Wikipedia search, Phosphorus, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phosphorus>

Art as failure

I attended a lecture on alchemy by Jan Bäcklund where he introduced his ideas about what would art look like if we took Alchemy serious today like in the 17th century where it was commonly practiced. Practical alchemy now has the connotation to what Jan describes as a new age and fluffy philosophy. Alchemy claims to be that of the truth. The knowing of the one and single truth. It's not logical and has no formula. It is a thing, the philosopher's stone. Jan explained: "Alchemy is a stone. The philosopher's stone, You can hold the truth in your hand. You can, you should drink it." The ultimate creation of mankind.

What interests me with alchemy is the idea of transformation but also as a practice it is about failing and being humiliated. There is a connection here between art and Alchemy. We will fail in manufacturing the philosopher's stone but we still have to pursue. It has been proven to be a waste of time and an illusion. I have often wondered where I position myself in the Isdal Woman case and how many hours I have spent time obsessing about it. It has not resulted in The Philosophers Stone. We have all the ingredients to make the Philosophers Stone yet no one has; we have all the facts to solve a case yet no one did. "The end of the mind is failure" writes Albert Camus which leads to the conclusion that the person will at one point have to take a leap of faith in order to find meaning, because rationality won't succeed in providing us with answers.

South African Adam Bloomberg and Oliver Chanarin's project, *The Day Nobody Died*, the two artists travelled to Afghanistan, along with their cameras, they took a roll of photographic paper, contained in a simple lightproof cardboard box. The work resulted in a performance piece where they exposed the box of light sensitive paper to light. Soldiers helped carry the box from one military base to another on buses, jeeps and tanks. They arrived during the deadliest month of the war and choose not to take the path of the typical journalist snapping away.

"In this performance, also presented as a film, the box becomes an absurd, subversive object, its non-functionality sitting in quietly amused contrast to the functionality of the system that for a time served as its host. Like a barium test, the journey of the box became, when viewed from the right perspective, an analytical process, revealing the dynamics of the machine in its quotidian details, from the logistics of war to the collision between the media and the military. *The Day Nobody Died* comprises of a series of radically non-figurative, unique, action-photographs, offering a profound critique of conflict photography in the age of embedded journalism and the current crisis in the concept of the engaged, professional witness."¹

¹ Adam Bloomberg and Oliver Chanarin, *The Day Nobody Died*, Artist Website, <http://www.bloombergchanarin.com/films/the-day-nobody-died-film/>.

We attach too much value the visual record being of objects and people. Things easy to identify in an already cluttered world. Adam and Oliver struggle with the problem of representing trauma. They find images that are too constructed to evoke compassion or concern, pathos or sympathy, often the measure of a successful image, increasingly problematic. The act of looking becomes cathartic, a celebration of the sublime, but nothing else. It is for them a passive and quite worthless act.



Adam Bloomberg and Oliver Chanarin, *The Day Nobody Died*, 2008, Installation View

Conclusion

In my research and investigations I deal with a lot of chaotic information in my mind. But when I look at my own art it is as if it's not created by me. It stands on its own. I seem to act like a kind of filter where the end result is minimal and stripped from didactic explanations and information of things I want to express. All the information and facts I constantly think about seem very far away from my art pieces. I want the viewer to come over and look at what I made. Inspect this nothingness that I have created.

What happens in the experience of the sublime is a crisis where we realise the inadequacy of the imagination and reason to each other. What we are witnessing, says Lyotard, is actually the differend; the straining of the mind at the edges of itself and at the edges of its conceptuality.

What if it really just was a woman committing suicide? How did all this speculation and obsession start? Small talk? Small towns?

My first interest was the phantom drawings and I feel I have completed a full circle by creating my stripped down version of her phantom that has haunted me so. Some things are about repetition.

The very first sentence in Sol LeWitt's "sentences on conceptual art", claims that "Conceptual artists are mystics rather than rationalists. They leap to conclusions that logic cannot reach."

At times it seems to have been a waste of time, when no answers are provided to my questions, and I constantly fail in this case. But, as Lyotard argues, where language fails, art can - through abstraction and the sublime - address certain issues. Maybe this project was never about uncovering any truths, but rather an attempt at expressing the inexpressible.

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I am attracted to facts
They're imprinted on my mind
much like an old used and abused typewriter that
leave extra imprints on the sheet of paper when too much
pressure is applied
I like seeing facts as words
I like to play with these words
I like to say them aloud to myself when walking
An internal monologue of thoughts
Google
Talking to oneself
The time when there should be concern is when talking to oneself
occurs outside of socially "accepted" situations
It is a symptom of schizophrenia
Click Schizophrenia
Lack of motivation
Self-diagnosis
My doctor is google

But I use intuition too
Intuition
Invincibility
Instinctive knowledge
Imagination
Initiative is a kind of silence
Can you hear silence?

She is silent
She said
She is from
A small town North of Johannesburg
Google Johannesburg
I am from a small town South of Johannesburg
Google Johannesburg in 1970
Postcards images
I collect postcards
She travelled with an Italian postcard photographer
I wonder if his postcards are on ebay
Watch list

Small towns
Small talk

She had a "wiggling walk"
She?
She is

Genevive Lancier
Claudia Tielt
Vera Schlosseneck
Claudia Nielsen
Alexia Zarna-Merchez
Vera Jarle
Finella Lorck
Elisabeth Leenhoywer
French
English
German
Dutch

On 23 November 1970
45 years ago
She checked out at hotel room 407
Room 407
Norwegian Wikipedia
Hotel Hordaheimen
English Wikipedia
Hotel Marin
She paid cash
164cm tall
wide hips

small eyes
good looking

good looking?

9 names
1 Genevive Lancier
2 Claudia Tielt
3 Vera Schlosseneck
4 Claudia Nielsen
5 Alexia Zarna - Merchez
6 Vera Jarle
7 Finella Lorck
8 Elizabeth Leenhower
Eight
Only eight names are published
She had nine identities?
A cat has nine lives
Does a cat have nine looks?
How many passports would cats have if they could have passports?
Why am I telling you this?
Am I making small talk
Distractions
Am I distracting you?

Vera Jarle in Trondheim
Google Trondheim
Finella Lorch in Stavanger
Google Stavanger

What name did she use in Bergen
Google
Elisabeth Leenhoywer
What a name

Google
Bergen
Mountains
Ulriken
Water
Black waters
"The Death Valley"
Isdalen
Google Isdalen

Click Isdal Woman
Norwegian page
Norwegian page has coordinates
60 23'15" N. 5 23' 2" E
map, yes
Google map
Save map
Print map
Paste it in my black diary
It's a moleskine

Indiana Jones here I come
I go to the co ordinates
It's a block
A block of land
My phone battery dies
When I say my phone died
Someone always hears my friend died
I use the image in my diary
As a new sort of compass
If I can only find the waterfall
The one in the background of the image
I find the spot with the waterfall by accident
Of course
I see now
The trees are gone

It's a mess up here
What am I doing here
Alone, determined to do this
Do it
She had nine identities
I put nine crystals in the ground
One for each name
Wrapped in soft cotton fabric
Left over from my Halloween Party decorations
Some people place flowers
Some light a candle

I don't like flowers
They remind me of the smell of my childhood home
15 years ago
My father was murdered
Bittersweet smell
Oh you bought me flowers for my opening
I'm sorry, how rude
As long as it's not white lilies
Anything but white funeral lilies
Slowly drying out in the living room
No one in the house was thinking about watering flowers
To cut a flower is to kill it
Flowers slowly dying

I want to record something of her
How do you record something that does not exist
You use a transparent thing
We can't all afford diamonds in the sky
I always liked crystals more
In India they told me crystal quartz is healing
A gesture of healing
Simple as that
A gesture
Where are they from you ask
They are from Brazil
Why wonder about they are from when I am wondering
Where she is from
That is the point
The point of my gesture
In our watches we have crystal quartz
They have a purpose
Properties for time
How do you record time
The past, the future
Can crystals be used to look into the past
like they are used to look into the future
I must not talk about spirituality
Police say
it is suicide
Facts
Information
Knowledge
All the information does not give you knowledge
Spirituality?

Svartediket
The Black Lake
I live close to the Black Lake
Weekends
I walk around the Black Lake
Listening to Björk new album on my headphones
Google Björk

Björks heart is an enormous lake
Google Black Lake
Black with potion

Roni horn says:
Black water is black milk
Is milk milk when it's Black

She was fond of porridge with milk

Roni says black water is sexy
Was she sexy?

Google Death Valley
Google Isdalen Death Valley
Google 29 November 1970
Angelica Huston as a result
Google South Africa November 1970
Miss World Pageant
South Africa was represented by a white contestant
Miss South Africa
And a black contestant
Miss Africa South

Google mysteries 1970
What is this image?
She wasn't exactly human

Google supernatural Isdalen
Medium Anna Elisabeth Westerlund inspects Isdalen to help police
Google Anna Westerlund Norwegian medium
Anna holds her own funeral
How do you talk to the dead?
Mediums talk to the dead
Do they use crystal balls?
Google Crystal
Googe deaths 1970
Girl in Blue
Google Isdals woman grave
White coffin
1 woman
13 men attended

Catholic priest F. J .Fishedick
Bouquet light red carnations
Google
Coffin lined with zink
DNA samples
Google zink

Grave
Unmarked
Email
Do not take photographs

Her fingerprints were sanded off
Fragments of a fingerprint was found on broken glass
Two suitcases found at Bergen train station
Wigs
Silver spoons, I like spoons
Garment labels removed
Lining 500 German franks
Black Diary
Entries of codes
20 M – 23 M.O.
24M – 31 M. B.
3 A. R.
O. 22-28 O.P.
O. 29 – P.S.
O. 30 S. – 0.30 B.N.5
N. 678 T. N.8.T.O.S.
N. 9 N. 18 S.
N. 18 B.
Codes

Spies use codes
Was she a spy?
Spies wear black
Bergen is black in November

50 fenemal tablets
Google Fenemal tablets
She smoked South State cigarettes
Google South State Cigarettes
Her half burned naked body was discovered
By a man and his two daughters
A man and his
Two daughters
9 passports
evidence
A brown box
An archival box
A closed box
She was put in two boxes

Bergen police ruled it out as suicide
To commit suicide this way
I would sand off my fingerprints first
Take the sleeping pills
Get naked
Pour gasoline over myself

Suicide
Marilyn Monroe committed suicide
Google
My favourite poet
Ingrid Jonker commited suicide
Google Ingrid Jonker

A 26 year old man said
She was followed by two men in black
Google men in black
Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones
Google best sci-fi movies
2001: A space Odyssey

“In an African desert, a tribe of early hominids
is driven from their water hole by a rival tribe.
They wake to find a featureless black monolith has
appeared before them.
One man-ape realizes how to use a bone
as a tool and weapon;
the tribe kills the leader of their rivals and
reclaims the water hole.”

Svartediket is Bergen’s water hole
Providing the city with water
Poisoned waters
May Britt’s light summer dress was found at Svartediket
She was not
Two naked women
In a forest by a Black Lake?
Svartediket
She?
Is she water?

Wikipedia states
Her neck bore a bruise
Possibly the result of a blow

Bergen is black in November
I don’t like the dark
I used too
Or did I?

Emerging from the darkness are neon specs
They interfere with my mindset in this eerie landscape I’m looking for the spot
I have the coordinates
They run past me
Norwegians
Always running
Running from what?
Running up and down the mountains in their neon sports brands
They look like glowing insects
Neon Mountain goats
But nothing really lives here in these forests
The colour belongs to autumn but autumn is escaping too

So is she
So is the traces of her
I want to make contact
Eye contact with these neon mountain goats or
Contact with her?

I want to make work with neon
Remember
No remember her

My Moleskine is getting wet, my socks are wet
I am wet
But the neon people seem to breathe in this water
Have they evolved to live under water
An aquarium of exotic fishes
Or are they just swimming in the rain
Dressed up like neon fishes
Mermaids....

I am looking for this waterfall
There are waterfalls everywhere
The sky is a waterfall

I fall
Fall around sticks and stones
Moss is taking over this landscape but don’t let it fool you
There are gaps and holes underneath

Here comes another neon mountain goat.
Does he know would he know?
She was found here
Was she?
She...
She got away with it
She does not exist
She only came into existance
when her body was found
Ironic, don’t you think?

Bergen
Bergen is black in November
Rain in all directions
Norwegians in all directions
Tiny neon running specs in the darkness

On Sunday 29 November at 13:15
her half naked burned body was found
45 years ago.

But he was fond of porridge with milk and said
She was from a small town North of Johannesburg

Google
Isdal woman
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