a curator who has been hired to assist with the research of this exhibition; Hammarén is a local artist who has shown at Göteborgs Konsthall and attended numerous events and projects; and Kleinman is a writer and curator who has never set foot inside the institution and whose only entry is through a dialogue with the artist. Each of these texts will be expanded for inclusion in the forthcoming catalogue for this show that will be produced after the exhibition closes.

Anthony Marcellini

Cecilia Eriksen Wijk is an independent curator and researcher based in Gothenburg. She holds an MA in International Museum Studies and earned a BA in Art History at the University of Gothenburg.

Maja Hammarén is an artist and writer who lives and works.

Adam Kleinman is a writer and curator from New York, but currently based in Rotterdam.

Karl Larsson is an artist, poet and editor. These positions have coalesced in an artistic practice that can be described as both editorial and literary, but that differs from writing in its focus on spatial experience, embodiment and activism. His recently published books include *Parrot* (Paraguay Press 2010), *Poetical Assumption* (Torpedo / JvE 2012) and *Consensus (The Room)* (Paraguay Press 2010).

Anthony Marcellini is an artist and writer. He has recently exhibited at Wilkinson Gallery, London; Galerie Edouard

Manet, Centre d'art contemporain de Gennevilliers, Paris; Sequences Art Festival, Reykjavik, amongst others; and upcoming at Witte De With, Rotterdam, and Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco.

Matthew Rana is an artist and writer. His recent projects, publications, readings and performances have been presented at SITE Santa Fe, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, FRAC Champagne-Ardenne, Cneai = Chatou, Museé de l'Objet and the Biennale de Belleville. He is a contributor to Art Agenda and Frieze magazine, and since 2010 he has been a member of the Paris-based group Speech & What Archive.

Jörgen Svensson is an artist whose work is in the collections of Moderna Museet, Gothenburg Art Museum, Borås Art Museum, The Swedish Arts Council, amongst others. He also works as a curator and since 2012 he has been the curator of Värmland's Museum.

Elin Wikström is an artist whose works do not take the form of material works of art, but as processes of interpersonal exchanges for the purpose of analyzing a topic or situation. In 2013, she participates in the group exhibition *Emscherkunst 2013*, among other things.

Johan Zetterquist is an artist who lives and works in Gothenburg. He has exhibited extensively throughout Europe and at select galleries in New York, San Francisco and Chicago, and is represented by the Andréhn-Schiptjenko Gallery in Stockholm.

An account of the Göteborgs Konsthall can be sought in documents from a range of archives but also in the memories of particular incidents held by individuals. As far, that is, as it is possible to reach back into the corners of a person's memory. Göteborgs Konsthall is a place where hosts of people have passed its doors during the 90 years of its existence, and they have all of them in their separate ways contributed to the story. The historical account is not a single story but one among thousands. The traces lead out to infinity.

Göteborgs Konsthall has invited the artist Anthony Marcellini to present an exhibition using the gallery's history as his starting point. The process has involved a search through the past, a close investigation of the remaining documents, pictures, accounts and traces. The exhibition *Even a Perfect Crime Leave a Trace* is not so much the history of Göteborgs Konsthall as something else. Perhaps this is an exhibition about lost relationships, or an exhibition on the theme of restored relations, or maybe an exhibition on the theme that memory matters, or perhaps an exhibition about the removal of the boundaries separating the presumed important from the insignificant. Or perhaps it is a critical reflection upon institutional self-centred complacency (and it hurts when challenged).

Mikael Nanfeldt - Director

Anthony Marcellini would like to thank Dorna Aslanzadeh, Petter Baggeryd, Jason Bowman, Rickard Eklund, Monica Englund, Martin Holm, Berit Jonsvik, Linn Lindström, Ingemar Magnusson, Mappe Persson, Marthe Persson, Anna Petters, Maria Pilcher, Barbro Reyman, Graham Stacy, Joakim Stampe, Barrie James Sutcliffe, Anders Svensson, the installation crew at Göteborgs Konsthall, and Laura Mott and Esmé. Göteborgs Konsthall thanks all the artists and writers, all fellow workers and all of those who helped realising Even a Perfect Crime Leaves a Trace.

Entrance for wheelchairs, stroller etc: If you arrive from the main street Kungsportsavenyn you can reach the entrance of Göteborgs konstmuseum/the Göteborg Art Museum by a ramp on the left side of the Götaplatsen (next to the Restaurant Fond). Inside the museum there is a lift to Göteborgs Konsthall.

Subject to changes

www.konsthallen.goteborg.se +46 31 368 34 50 Opening Hours Tuesday & Thursday: 11.00–18.00 CET Wednesday: 11.00–20.00 CET Friday & Saturday & Sunday:11.00–17.00 CET

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G öteborgs **K** onst hall

FRee eNTRANCe

In 2010 Kjell Espmark, author and professor in literary history, published his sensitive and soul-searching book *Minnena ljuger* ("The memories lie"). In the book Espmark allows himself a close examination of the self that is Kjell Espmark. The book can be described as a coming to terms with his own life construction, i.e. the very foundations that the life of the individual self rests upon. This intimate study reveals a host of weaknesses in that construction, disturbing anomalies such as the search for the instinct of self-preservation or other facets designed to make a better impression. And this is how we all function, we recall sections of our lives and what we remember well has undergone a range of transitions and transformations over the years:

One matter that memoirs are inclined to ignore concerns the inadequacy of memory and the devious manipulations that it engages in. I am skeptical to the truth of what I remember. What fascinates me in the small store of remembered images is the puzzling demands they make. They glow with some mystical charge but about which they provide no further clues. They reveal merely an indisputable but evasive presence.¹

Another writer who, in extremely concrete terms, tackles memory's strange character was Georges Perec, who – in his book *Jag minns* ("I recall") – describes its fragmentary nature. The books consists of 480 fragments of memory, all heaped one upon the other without any chronological principle:

- 382. I remember Picasso's dove and his portrait of Stalin.
- 383. I remember Jean Paul David.²

The process of recollection is thus a tricky one. It involves struggling with frag mentary and usually imperfect images rescued from past time. The memories are scattered traces from a story largely lost. When Göteborgs Konsthall now at tempts to sort through the traces from the 90 years since it first opened its doors to the public back in 1923, memory and reality bear little relation to one another. The interrelationship of a single self and memory is entirely lacking, instead represented by a thousand selfs and memories. At the same time, there is a striking similarity with Espmark's and Perec's attempts at recollection. As was the case with them, the story emerges in fragments, transformed and incomplete.

Mikael Nanfeldt - Director

- 1. Espmark, Kjell, Minnena ljuger, Nordstedts 2010, p. 8. Here loosely translated from Swedish to English by David Isitt.
- 2. Perec, Georges, Jag minns, Modernista 2005, Swedish transl. Magnus Hedlund; here loosely translated from Swedish version to English by David Isitt; French original Je me souviens, 1978.

Even a Perfect Crime Leaves a Trace is a new project by artist Anthony Marcellini that draws from Göteborgs Konsthall's exhibition history.

Anthony Marcellini
Even a Perfect Crime Leaves a Trace

We are standing within a crime scene, in a vast exhibition hall, in which hundreds have met their demise. The crime has been allowed to continue for almost 100 years, yet we don't quite know where to point our fingers. It is a perfect crime, but even a perfect crime leaves a trace. We are flooded with evidence; we see stains on the floors, marks on the walls, furniture that has been deliberately moved to cover up clues, numerous efficient weapons left behind, and the victims and the accused have both consented to the part they play. Though there is certainly violence and gore, nothing about this situation is at all sinister or malicious. But because we are detectives—who have been hired for this job by the accused to represent the victims—we just can't help ourselves; we love the savagery.

If the artworks from past exhibitions can be understood as bodies that have disappeared—buried alive in some cases, abandoned or cremated—the archive represents one of the few traces that shows how these bodies were once present and active, evidence in a crime scene. From correspondence, photos, catalogues, shopping lists, interviews and essays, we learn something about what and who happened in these empty rooms. When this archive is manifested as an exhibition, it too becomes a body, a body of evidence, which will soon be buried. Art can always be exhumed, re-presented, recreated and perhaps resurrected, but the message changes with each new appearance and some things are always lost.

Oktogonen: The Network is Also a Kind of Actor

At the entrance, this octagonal room is painted with drawings of interconnecting hexagons. This honeycomb pattern is a strategy borrowed from artist Nils Olof Bonnier¹ that coincides with a systems theory he developed suggesting a non-hierarchical approach to order and force. Bonnier arranged all things as cells in a network—which are both dependent and influenced by all other cells touching—and this theory serves as a guide to the structure of this exhibition, in which all the elements are independent objects or events but tied to an overall framework. In other words, the exhibition itself is also an artwork.

Stora Salen: Evidence of an Exhibition

We enter an uncertain scene: an exhibition is being installed or de-installed; it has been robbed or pillaged; there has been a natural catastrophe; an excavation; a murder. Everything is upturned, scattered and muddled. All these things are references to events that occurred in the past. There are items that were deemed dangerous to the public² or actually caused harm³. Some were once stolen⁴ or have resurfaced⁵. There are very strange objects that have been ignored due to their placement⁶ or utility⁷. There are objects that represent another crime8. There are objects that represent ways of negotiating with the space by leaving a mark⁹. And objects that represent moments of beauty¹⁰ or agreement that appeared during times of political turmoil¹¹. On a far wall is a layer of corkboard with over a hundred postcards representing people, parts of artworks and poor documentation of events—an investigation is underway to make connections, account for the victims and sort through piles of evidence.

Lilla Salen: The Supports Are Always the First to Go

From underneath a mound of debris comprised of used boards, plywood, and other remains from the previous exhibition, *Hall of Mirrors* by Jonas Dahlberg (2012), two voices can be heard. In Swedish, we hear a seemingly unending list of items, repeating and multiplying, drawn from Göteborgs Konsthall's purchasing orders over the last ten years. If the words were physical objects, they would fill four Göteborgs Konsthalls with their mass. And in English, a narrative is spoken lamenting the lives of the disregarded structures that have supported each exhibition. What is our relationship to the role they play in our experience?

Långa Galleriet: Ny Ny Realitet

The map leads us to a gallery where we read that 20 works by historically important Swedish and Gothenburg-based artists are presented, but we cannot enter this room, both of its doors have been bricked over sealing the work in and us out. The list is not a lie, we can see through the cracks that there are works inside but it is hard to make out what they are. We are left to wonder what the experience of these works could be if we were allowed inside or what the lives of these artworks are when we, the audience, are not present. The title of this show is a reference to *Ny Realitet* (1949), a forward thinking abstract sculpture and painting exhibition presented at Göteborgs Konsthall. The titled *Ny Ny Realitet* suggests that the world of this concealed exhibition is a reality beyond our access.

- Nils Olof Bonnier (1945–1969), was a Gothenburg-based artist and student at Valand School of Fine Art. He was also a member of the Björnligan, an artist group who staged several important public art interventions and exhibitions in the city. Bonnier disappeared in 1969 on a ferry returning from a Valand school trip to Leningrad. His body was never found, but many attribute his death to political suicide or murder.
- 2. The work Viloplats (eller Fontän för Djingis Kahn) created by the artist duo Phauss, was deemed a health risk for the gallery staff due to the fumes from the crude oil pumped through the fountain, and caused the exhibition Overground (1993) to be closed for two days while the piece was removed from the exhibition.
- In 1970, a 17-year-old boy was partially blinded when he
 put out his cigarette in a coffee can filled with gunpowder. The band Love Explosion had secretly smuggled the
 gunpowder into Göteborgs Konsthall to use as pyrotechnics during their concert.
- 4. These vases were some of several items stolen from the show Everything Under Heaven is Total Chaos, by International Festival (2011). The artists reportedly started a rumor that the items in the show were free, while the curator confronted the thieves with questions as to why they would want or need any of the mass-produced items being looted.
- 5. One voice recorder insured at the equivalent value of 3000 kr was stolen from Björn Lövin's installation In Memoriam (1972), about the murder of a fictional life insurance salesman. On the voice recorder Andréas Hagström, who discovered this theft while reassembling the original exhibition for History Acts (2008), reads the insurance claim.
- 6. There are several half-scale rough clay models of Palle Pernevi's often-ignored sculpture Lejon, which can be found inside the three arches on the façade of Göteborgs Konsthall. They were installed in 1956 to replace several equestrian statues that were made of fragile material and have since been lost or destroyed. Throughout the exhibition these unfired clay sculptures will continue to dry out and crumble, but each week new Lejons will be added to the remains.
- 7. Three curious mirrored benches were built for the exhibition *Painting, Space & Society* (2007) by the preparator Sami Kallio. One of these benches was destroyed and the remaining two have been altered by Göteborgs Konsthall's installation staff by replacing the top cushion with a mirror to emphasize their object-like status. It is unclear why mirrored benches were constructed for this show, other than the fact that they reflect the artwork, the space and the audience.
- In the publication archives the front and back covers, displaying close-ups of paintings, were all that remained from the 1963 Jackson Pollock exhibition at Göteborgs Konsthall.
- Throughout the years, audience members have left both invited and uninvited texts or comments on the walls of the exhibition hall.
- Programs Curator and bird watcher Andréas Hagström reports that during the first Göteborg International Bien nial for Contemporary Art (2001), a willow warbler would repeatedly fly into the gallery and land on the same Tom Hunter photo from the series Life and Death in Hackney.
- 11. The 1968 Valand Exhibition Catalogue from the graduation show at Göteborgs Konsthall, was produced just one year before Nils Olof Bonnier's death, which many attribute to an ideological conflict between aesthetics strategies and politics of students in the school. It was produced during a time of increasing political unrest and tension within the art school. What is interesting about this publication is that the structure of the book is not dogmatic; it is completely horizontal-there is no table of contents and no clear sense of order to its assembly-there is complete symmetry between the political messages stated within, the aesthetic gestures and its overall beauty.

Public Programs and Events

I have asked several artists, who have had a long relationship with Göteborgs Konsthall and Gothenburg to present performances or temporary artworks throughout the exhibition period that reflect upon the history or function of the institution. Each of these events presents a kind of lengthy performance or investigation that occurs throughout the exhibition period or during times when the audience is not present.

Ongoing

For the duration of the exhibition Jörgen Svensson is presenting *Dra åt helvete* ("Fuck off") a public artwork that comments on Göteborgs Konsthall's often difficult relationship with its local audience, artists and institutions. Rather than suggest ways that Göteborgs Konsthall try to pander and ameliorate its differences, the work suggests that the best thing Göteborgs Konsthall can do is to tell everyone to go to hell, start over and pretend that this past does not exist.

Throughout the exhibition's run, Johan Zetterquist will be leaving a series of gifts at the institution relating to a rumor he heard about a notorious local artist named Feffe, who supposedly made a wildly unpopular and then censored work at Göteborgs Konsthall in 1969. In addition, Zetterquist will perform with several local artists and musicians who have played or should have played at Göteborgs Konsthall. These intimate concerts will take place in the offices and storage rooms where they can be heard but will not be directly accessible.

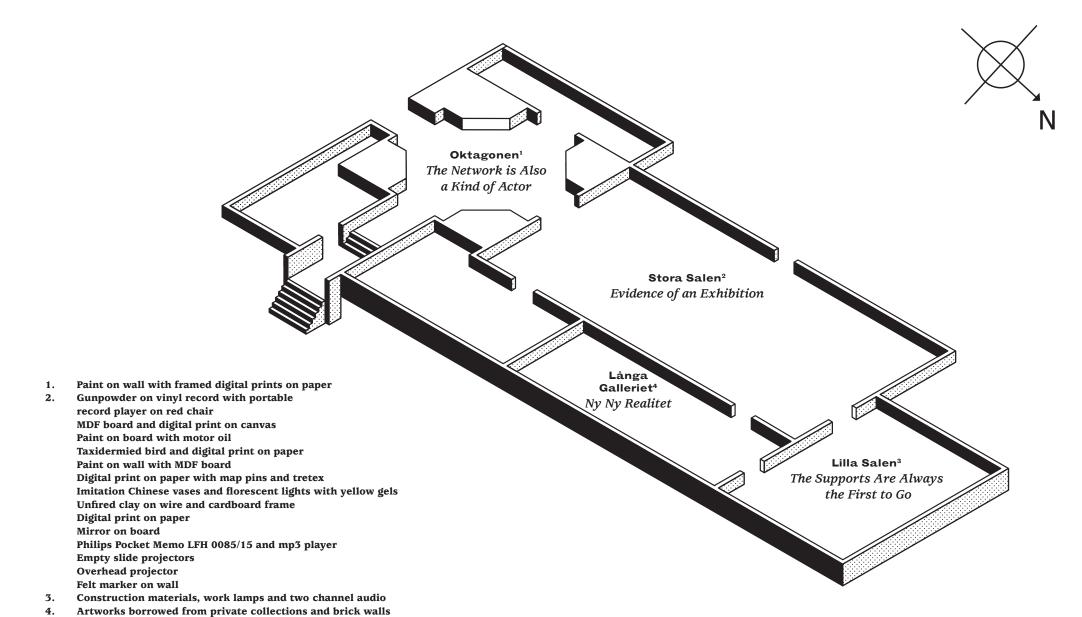
Saturday 9th of February, 16.00

Karl Larsson and Matthew Rana, both poets as well as artists, have been invited to present improvised performances and readings around the disappearance and appearance of an object. These performances are meant to represent the long history that reading and spoken text has had at Göteborgs Konsthall, but is almost impossible to document.

Sunday 17th of February, 14.00

Elin Wikström will present a performance concerned with the invisible labor that takes place behind the scenes at Göteborgs Konsthall. Despite the skill, responsibility and care they require, these exercises are never included in the institution's exhibition history. For the duration of the show, she will shadow the work of Göteborgs Konsthall's cleaners and installers. On the 17th of February, she will perform what she has learned.

Three writers Cecilia Eriksen Wijk, Maja Hammarén and Adam Kleinman have been invited to write brochure texts as alternative perspectives of the exhibition. These texts present readings of the exhibition that serve as a kind of narrative counterpoint. Each writer represents a different position of access to the history: Eriksen Wijk is



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Anthony Marcellini

<u>Even a Perfect Crime Leaves a Trace</u>

1. Monica Englund La Madonna del Parto, 1978, courtesy Monica Englund

- 2. Bengt Hinnerson utan titel / untitled, courtesy Akademin Valand
- **3. Roj Friberg** *Figurer,*courtesy Akademin Valand
- **4. Peder Josefsson** *Tyst längtan*, 1967,
 courtesy Akademin Valand
- **5. Bernt Jonasson** *Slakten,* 1961,
 courtesy Akademin Valand
- 6. Bertil Berg

 Djuret, 1961,
 courtesy Akademin Valand

- 14. Tord Lager utan titel / untitled, courtesy Akademin Valand
- **15. Ronald Reyman** *Vid frukostbordet*, 1989,
 courtesy Barbro Reyman
- 16. Nils Olof Bonnier
 Slingan,
 courtesy Akademin Valand
- 17. Sandra Ikse Hjärtebarn, courtesy Barbro Reyman

14.

17.

15.

18.

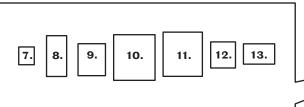
18. Graham Stacy

Red Still Life, 1986,

courtesy Graham Stacy

19.

19. Anders Bergh utan titel / untitled, courtesy Akademin Valand



- **7. Folke Lind** utan titel / untitled, 2007, courtesy Barbro Reyman
- **8. Carl-Erik Hammarén** *Självporträtt*, 1990, courtesy Pontus Hammarén
- 9. Jörgen Zetterquist Älgskalle, 1982, courtesy Johan Zetterquist
- 10. Solwei Stampe, Gruvarbetarens dotter, 1987, courtesy Joakim Stampe
- 11. Åke Nilsson

 Figura,

 courtesy Akademin Valand
- **12. Berit Jonsvik** *Cityvarvet*, 1978,
 courtesy Berit Jonsvik
- 13.Barbro Reyman
 Far och son, 1978,
 courtesy Barbro Reyman

Långa Galleriet

Ny Ny Realitet

Maja Hammarén What if

- ... you walk in just after people had sex in this room?
- ... you walk in just after someone died on the floor?
- ... you walk in just after a party where people barbequed a whole pig, ate it with coleslaw and margueritas, and eventually abused a guy?
- ... you walked in just when the election was completed?

When the table was set?

- ... you walk in patterns, or approach the room improperly?
- ... you squeeze along these walls, press your chest and legs against them, tongue out, licking the walls and floors, licking the stone plates?
- ... you crawl, sleep, carry a bucket of water?
- ... you pour out water, and keep pouring?
- ... you run through the rooms, and after you two policemen and one security guard, who chased you down the subway escalator, to here?
- ... something grew in the room: was it part of you?
- ... it was a child that grew?
- ... it was cells developing in another way?
- ... you walk in just when a person cleans the room?
- ... you were sexually drawn to the walls and floors, you didn't recognize this force to swallow and penetrate the room, to become the room?
- ... you looked down on your arm, and your skin was lighter or darker than you imagined, and the walls had skin?
- ... you walked in over sand, looked for border police and took off your backpack right here, on no side of the border, couldn't you name this land?
- ... the room was filled with cattle and horses, the smell of fur, grass, animal droppings?
- ... you moved through wolves, prowling, guarding, suckling wolves?
- ... your shoes got stuck here, and you looked down and saw, where there used to be floors, there were now muddy fields, soil was stuck under your soles?
- ... you had no habit of entering a room, or your body couldn't be separated from the surroundings?
- ... parts of the doorway were hanging on your back?

- ... you had the same color as the room, you couldn't separate your arm from the wall from your legs from the floor?
- ... you felt a strong attraction to the room and you would lay down, and hump and lick and rub it?
- ... you were made of stone, and the floor and you were stoned for decades and one day made a move imagine these moves!
- ... you jumped across the floors, little froggy?
- ... you couldn't enter the room, the vegetation was too thick and impenetrable?
- ... the room reached on forever, and the vegetation would change over time when you moved further in, and eventually you would reach water and you'd tilt your long neck, shake your mane and a few flies from your face, and drink?

Adam Kleinman The Secrete Room Cecilia Eriksen Wijk

The first thing to be seen is a red stain, of a deep, dark, shiny red at the nearest edge of a mattress. Its form, a hemisphere, much like the lobe of a blood orange, stands out against the valleys and folds of a white sheet. The emergence of this unwelcomed guest can be teased as a small sinusoidal rivulet of juice flows from under the breast of a man strewn across the bedding. The cause, but not the intension, can be spied inside a woman's clenched fist, a fist that stands not only over the dead man, but also in such a manner that she appears to be refusing his outstretched, but motionless hand.

Did they recognize each other?

Further back, decorative wallpaper, speckled with stigmatic dabs of red bulbs, line the room, while a circular table draped in a cloth of sanguine tones, hosts a still life of sliced fruit betraying rust-like flesh. Spanning these two grounds, the man's arms lay wide open defining the room's diagonal like a crucified axis.

Who is the victim?

Breaking this symmetry, the woman stands, naked, but dispassionate. Her eyes stare back at, and through any onlookers in a fashion both courageous, and confronting. Resolute and firm, she exudes not shame, but truth. And yet here, the shift from the mundane, yet stoic woman, to the fairytale personification of the slain, ambushes any would-be witnesses just as the woman ambushed the man with her blade.

What is the trespass?

Although naked, both bodies rest in an insulated wooden building, most of which consists of two large rooms and a vestibule. On the façade of this structure, the one facing the Götaplatsen, three beams of cast metal—from which equestrian statues were removed for reasons unknown—frame two-shallow, but empty niches. Unlike the missing statuary, a metal balustrade frames a female sculpture in the gallery just inside; however, her expression lacks any of the interiority to be found in our alleged murder—still standing, with the dead man, three floors down from the entrance from this hall.

Which is more guilty; the statue, or the woman; the artist who cast it, or the curator who placed it?

Is not every spot of our cities the scene of a crime? Every passerby a perpetrator?

Memory is the Space in Which a Thing Happens for the Second Time

In 1935 physicist Edwin Schrödinger proposed a theoretical thought experiment that illustrates the paradoxical situation of the imperceptible. The experiment was relatively simple in its design: he imagined a situation where a cat was placed into a sealed box in which a deadly mix of poison could at anytime be secreted and kill the cat. Whether the poison would be secreted or not was ruled by chance, and was unknown to the world outside of the box.

Without actual knowledge of the trapped cat's fate one can not classify it as either dead or alive, instead it is in a kind of double state: it is both dead and alive. What Schrödinger wanted to demonstrate with this experiment was how the testimony of the observer plays a vital role in determining the state of the cat. The parallel existence of these intertwined states is highly improbable, but this double is the only way one can visualize the indefinable state of the cat.

Once the box is finally opened, the dual position of the cat ceases to exist since it now can be identified as either dead or alive. Our observations are the only thing that can break the paradox of the cat; our testimony is what finally determinates its state.

Similarly, one could view the Archive as positioned in a similar non-state; while it intends to preserve and vitalize our memories, it also buries them. History, like the cat, is both dead and alive. In our eagerness to preserve memories of events, we fill the archive with collected evidence, evidence that lies safe for us to revisit in the future. Without an interest in returning to the archive, to dig up old evidence and to bury the present, the archive would soar in perpetual limbo. Like in Schrödinger's experiment, it is our testimony that continually defines its state.

While examining the imprints history has left behind, it is now our turn to observe, define, and perhaps even redefine these traces as we navigate our way between the past and present.

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Anthony Marcellini

<u>Even a Perfect Crime Leaves a Trace</u>