



Documented Artistic Research Project
(Doctoral Thesis)

*This Untethered Buffoon or
the Trickster in Everything*

SQUIRM
the book

FRAGMENT
Nº 11

**something
strange
happened
in the studio**

—
Stacey Sacks

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Cover Images

Front - *Signatures of Civilisation*, temporary sculpture, Valhallavägen studio, 2018.

Back - Linnégatan studio, 2017.

‘[T]he primal lump,’ Willeford (1969, p.16) asserts, is ‘the guise that chaos assumes when attention is paid to it: it consists of particolored bits and pieces.’ I imagine the studios I have been fortunate to occupy along this PhD journey to comprise this lumpish-ness, in that they have provided spaces for me to experiment with explosions of simple complexities. There is always incongruity, scale and disproportion at play in the studio, always the possibility of un-finishing and consistent transformation. The explorations take their cue from radical feminist and writer Andrea Dworkin, ‘Not to think about different things, but to think in different ways’ (Szalai 2019).

In the studio I’m wondering if I can maintain the processual nature of making all the way through to the so-called ‘end’ form of the work/play? Can I stay with the making, keeping the process visible without seeking to finalise a monumental thing?

Here I offer you some words from artist and sculptor Pelle Åkerström, describing his experience of my Linnégatan studio at (what I and some others would call) ‘the Castle’ or ‘the Fortress’. Åkerström helped me forge some of the project’s jesmonite tongues in a foundry.

The Swedish will be followed by an English translation:



Våren 2018 arbetade jag på Herman Bergmans Konstgjuteri. Det ligger vid skogskyrkogården i Stockholm och jag hade några månader tidigare lyckats tjata mig in där. Det svettades konst och konsthantverk om hela stället och jag blev blyxtförälskad så fort jag klev in genom portarna. Det är lite som att ha en verkstad i Carl Elds ateljémuseum, fyllt med gipsoriginal som sparats sedan firman öppnade 1894, och där jobba med uppdrag av intressanta samtida konstnärer tillsammans med gräddan av levande konstgjutare och med ett hantverk som funnits i flera tusen år. Jag hade hållit på med formtagning i 20 år, hade en examen från Dramatiska Institutet och arbetat som konstnär själv när jag började där men blev ändå nybörjare.

När Stacey hörde av sig till Bergmans så föll lotten på mig. Hon ville gjuta tungor i jesmonite till en utställning på Venedigbienallen sommaren 2018. Jag blev inbjuden till hennes atelje och introducerad till hennes konst.

Ofta tycker jag att konstnärer begränsar sig till ett medium eller ’sitt’ språk. Många strävar efter de direkta kickarna av igenkänning eller strävan av att göra det enkelt för köparen att förstå. Förstår ni vad jag menar? Men hos Stacey var det totalt kompromisslöst kaos. Utanför rummet stog någon slags pappersinstallation där en fick bidra själv med att lägga dit någon pryl. Inne i rummet var absolut alla möjliga medium tillgängliga med manus i pappersform och på olika projekt som var halvt påbörjade och halvt avslutade. Video, skulptur, måleri, collage, skådespeleri, masker, manus, avhandlingar. Det kändes som att komma hem, med den stora skillnaden att Stacy verkade ha koll på varenda pryl. Hon drev någon slags ’galen professor’ forskning där hon låg några steg framför i tanken och liksom på alla möjliga och omöjliga sätt drev det här experimentet framför sig som en skör, stark plogbil med kedjebeklädda hjul på en hal isig väg med ett tjockt täcke av tankar, medium och föreställningar om identitet, kön, akademi och postmodernism som liksom mosades ihop och skövlades ut i det perifera för att lämna plats åt något nytt. Jag fick känslan av att hon ville något, något som var viktigare än att hävda sig själv. Det var spännande och ovanligt.

Arbetet med tungor gick framåt. Jag besökte henne då och då och satte mig och läste något papper som låg på golvet och försökte lägga pussel med alla prylar därinne. Hennes inkluderande sträckte sig ända till en gratis soffa i lägenheten hon och några vänner hade i Venedig, vilket jag är mycket tacksam för.

Tack Stacey för denna absurda och oförglömligt uppfriskande upplevelstripp.

PELLE ÅKERSTRÖM
Stockholm 2020



In the spring of 2018, I worked at Herman Bergman's Art Foundry. It is located at the forest cemetery in Stockholm and a few months earlier I had managed to hook myself in there. There was sweat and arts and crafts all over the place and I fell in love as soon as I stepped in through the gates. It's a bit like having a workshop in Carl Eld's studio museum, filled with plaster moulds saved from when the company opened in 1894, and there I worked on behalf of interesting contemporary artists, together with the cream of live art founders and with a craft that has been around for thousands of years. I had been doing design for 20 years, had a degree from the Dramatic Institute and worked as an artist myself when I started there, but still became a beginner.

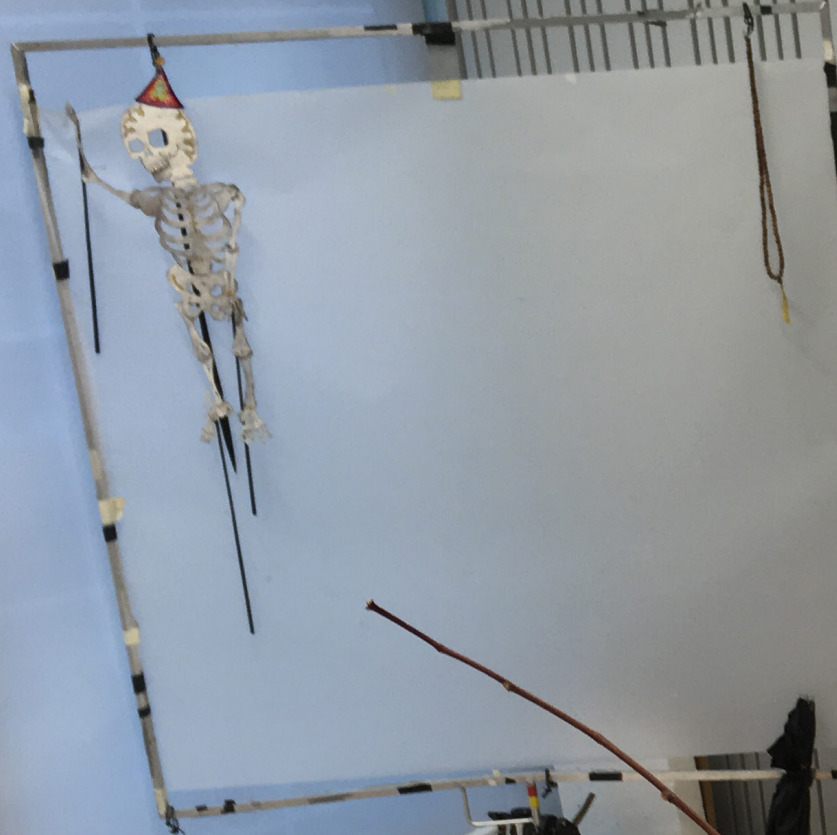
When Stacey heard about Bergmans, the job fell on me. She wanted to cast jesmonite tongues for an exhibition at the Venice Biennale in the summer of 2018. I was invited to her studio and introduced to her art.

Often I find that artists limit themselves to a medium or 'their' language. Many seek the direct kick of recognition or the pursuit of making it easy for the buyer to understand. Do you understand what I mean? But at Stacey's there was total uncompromising chaos. Outside the room was some kind of paper installation where you could feel free to add some stuff. Inside the room, absolutely all kinds of mediums were available with scripts in paper form and on various projects that were half-started and half-finished. Video, sculpture, painting, collage, acting, masks, script, theses. It felt like coming home, with the big difference that Stacey seemed to keep track of every single thing. She did some kind of 'nutty professor' research where she was a few steps ahead of the thought and, like in all possible and impossible ways, this experiment drove in front of her like a fragile, strong plow truck with chain-lined wheels on a slippery road with a thick cover of thoughts, mediums and conceptions of identity, gender, academia and postmodernism that were mashed together and shoved out into the periphery to leave room for something new. I got the feeling that she wanted something, something that was more important than asserting herself. It was exciting and unusual.

The work with tongues went forward. I visited her now and then and sat down and read some paper lying on the floor and tried to solve puzzles with all the gadgets in there. Her inclusion stretched all the way to a free couch in the apartment she and some friends had in Venice, which I am very grateful for.

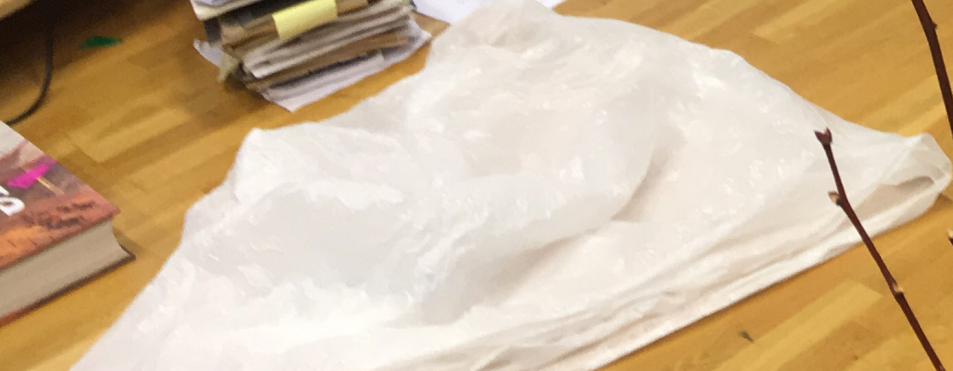
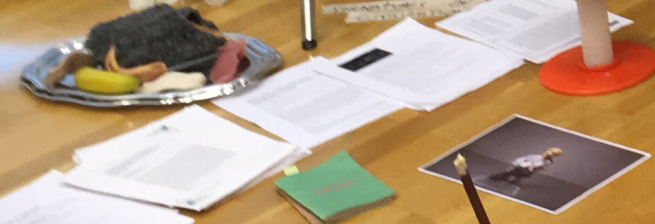
Thank you Stacey for this absurd and unforgettable refreshing experience.

PELLE ÅKERSTRÖM
Stockholm 2020



stuffed → white panic
INTRODUCING RESISTANCE
 - a wobbly prologue -
SQUIRM
 ↳ BELONGING AWKWARDLY
 ↳ bella korpelans (mashed, heavy)
 ↳ real white african
 ↳ STRAY/BLAME (accusing)
 ↳ WRITE & SORT UP (customers), pulled of clothing
FRUITFUL USELESSNESS
 ↳ making broken great objects
TRICKS IS SLOWING DOWN
 ↳ attention
 ↳ slow by presence
 ↳ filming the everyday
CLOWN ALONE
 ↳ a variation of clown & character/body
 ↳ (physical) mechanics
 ↳ STANCE
 ↳ GESTURE
 ↳ BLINDNESS
 ↳ what is an audience
 ↳ space
 ↳ PROXY/LEADER/ buffer/clown (P)
 ↳ lack of RESISTANCE → TACTICAL FOOT
DIALOGUE/ THE WALLS HAVE TONGUE.C
 ↳ becomes : A CROSS
 ↳ made also about a tongue
BEING WITH
 ↳ Collaboration
 ↳ play of all
thin + thick descriptions
 ↳ spotted throat
 ↳ PAUSE
 ↳ BUT ?
 ↳ etc.
SEMANTICAL TIME-LINE
SEMINARS
 ↳ what is meant
 ↳ LEXICONS RESISTANT
 ↳ SEX + BODIES
BIBLIOGRAPHY
 ↳ an inconclusive
 ↳ conclusion

FREE TONGUE SCULPTING
 hank horn for service







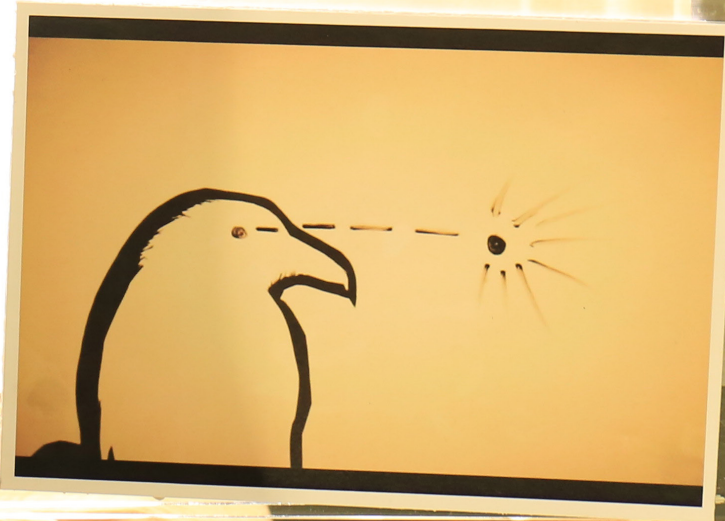
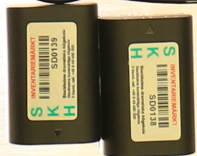
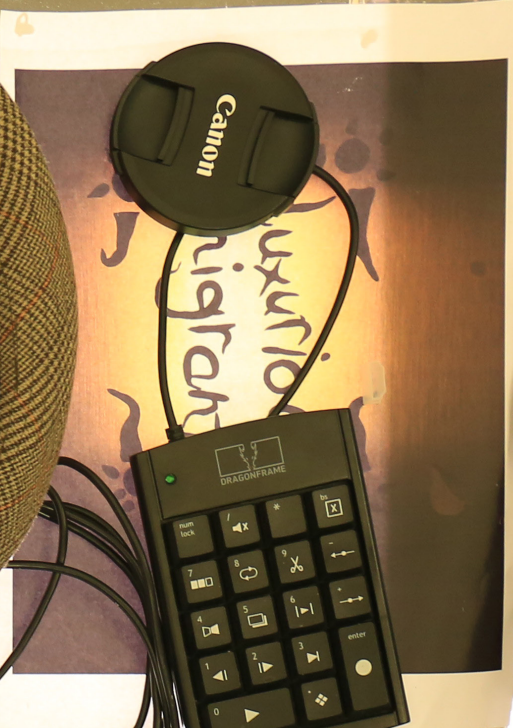


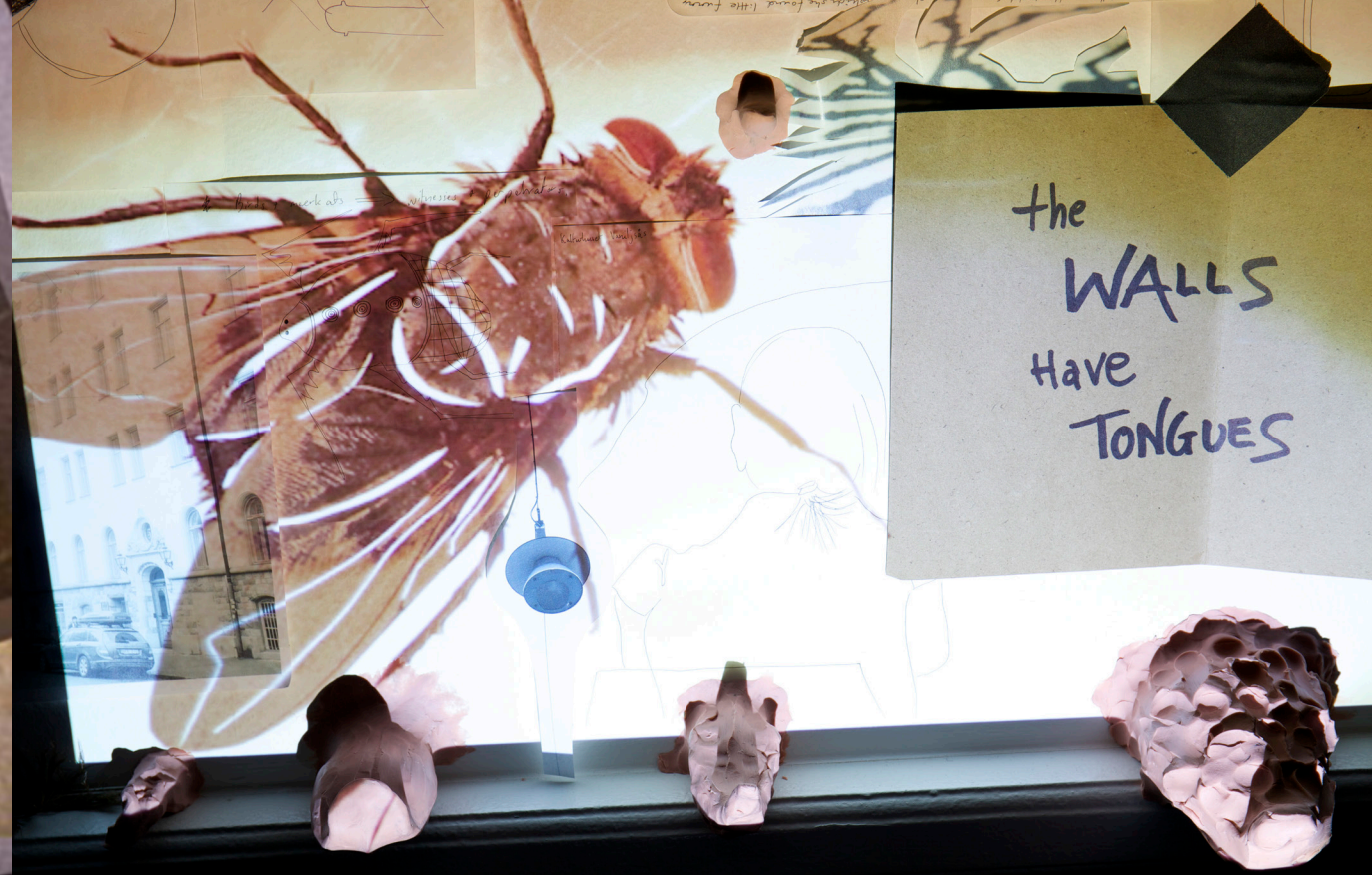








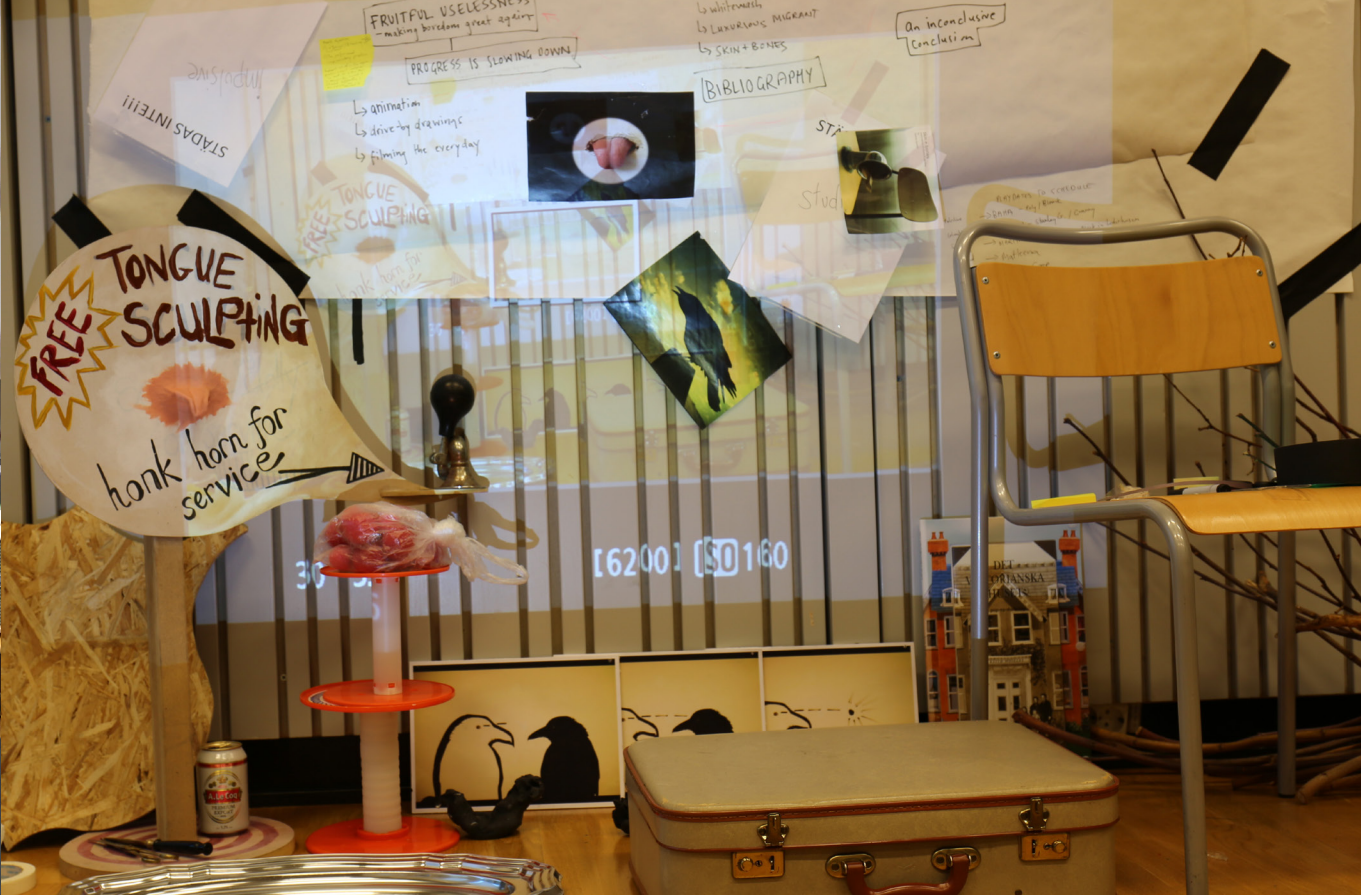








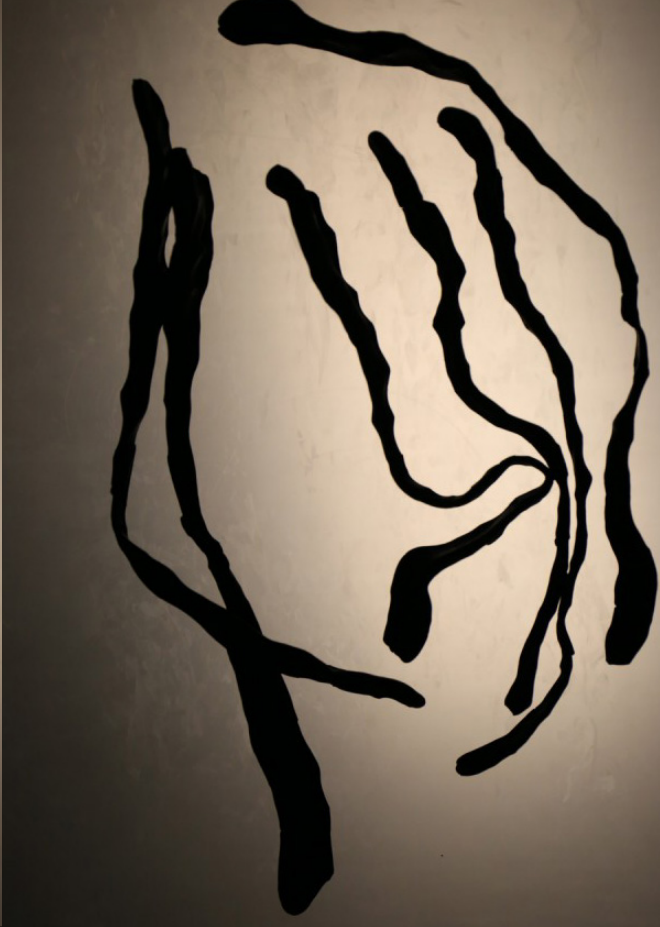
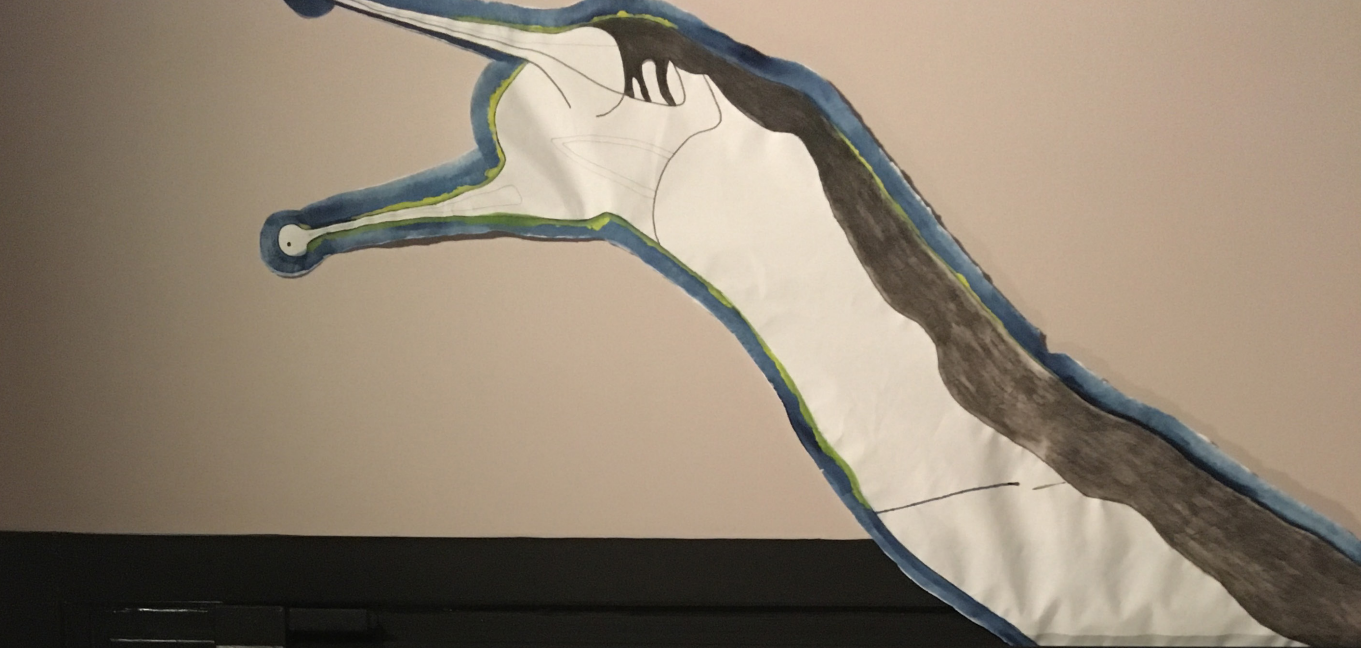
a brief
history
of
colonialis
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