



TIRIL HASSELKNIPPE

MAGENTA PLAINS

Tiril Hasselknippe is a sculptor working with steel, concrete, fiberglass, and resin who proposes object-based solutions to evade humanity's downfall and whose sculptures command authority of physical presence through their sheer volume, scale, and weight. Her sculpture is rooted in material and textual world that balances deeply personal exploration with socio-political underpinnings—at times seeming to participate in parts of a post-apocalyptic storyline. Hasselknippe creates a kind of science fiction of formalism in which the double bonds between the sacred and the primitive, the natural and artificial, and the life-giving and the downfall are all present.

Hasselknippe received her BFA and MFA from Malmo Art Academy in 2011 and 2013 respectively. She also participated in a foreign exchange program at The Cooper Union in New York in 2010. Hasselknippe's recent solo exhibitions have been held at institutions including Kunstnerforbundet, Oslo, NO; Magenta Plains, New York, NY; Kunstverein Braunschweig, DE; Bianca D'Alessandro, Copenhagen, DK; and DREI, Cologne, DE. She has upcoming solo exhibitions at DREI and Magenta Plains. Her work has recently been included in group exhibitions at the New Museum, New York, NY; Magenta Plains; Kunstlerhaus Palais Thurn & Taxis, Bregenz, AT; A Palazzo Gallery, Brescia, ITL; Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art, Oslo, NO; and the Vestfossen Kunstlaboratorium, Vestfossen, NO. Hasselknippe lives and works in New York City, NY.

Born 1984, Arendal, NO

Lives and works in New York City, NY

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Art Viewer

Tiril Hasselknippe at Magenta Plains

January 20, 2020

Artist: Tiril Hasselknippe

Exhibition title: Braut

Venue: Magenta Plains, New York, US

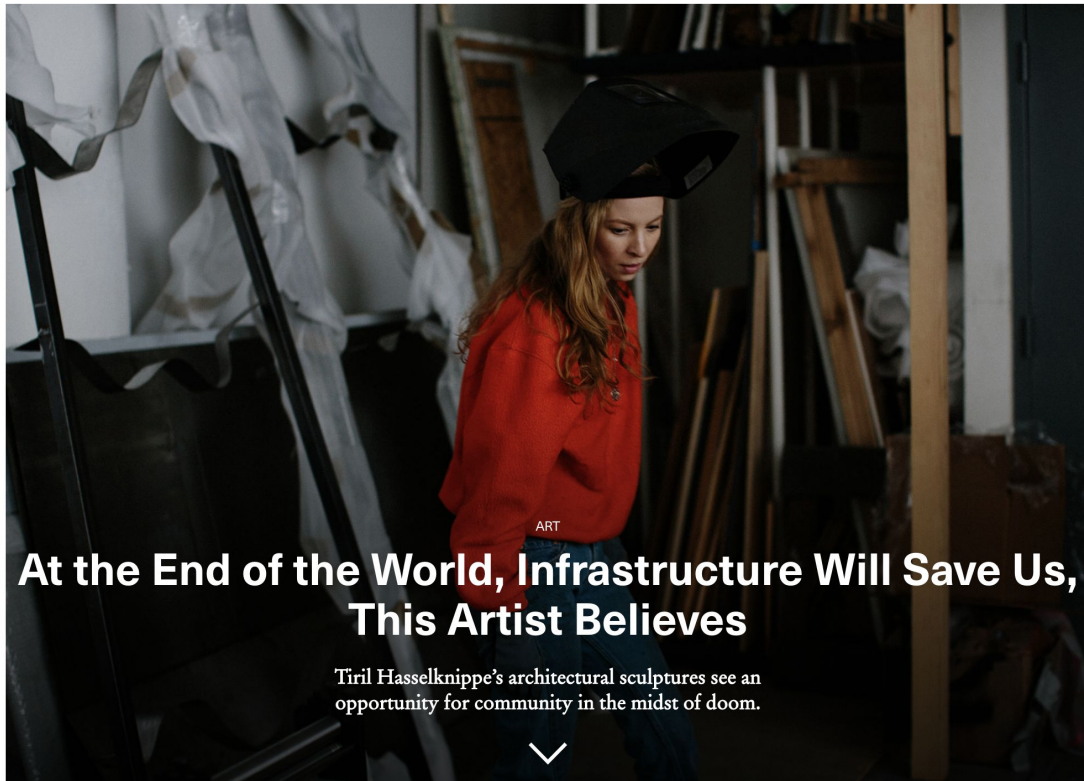
Date: January 12 – February 23, 2020

Photography: all images copyright and courtesy of the artist and Magenta Plains, New York

Note: Press release is available [here](#)



SURFACE



At the End of the World, Infrastructure Will Save Us, This Artist Believes

Tiril Hasselknippe's architectural sculptures see an opportunity for community in the midst of doom.

Growing up in Norway, the artist [Tiril Hasselknippe](#) watched a lot of nature documentaries. One program, focused on a volcano whose eruption was 100 years overdue, convinced her that the end was near, and she has held onto that apocalyptic worldview. “That’s just how I’m wired,” the 35-year-old says, sitting in the [Magenta Plains](#) gallery in New York, where her latest solo show just went on view.

Hasselknippe is no pessimist, though. Much of the New York-based artist’s work, which has appeared in the 2018 New Museum Triennial and shows at *kunsthallen* across Europe, could be seen as attempts to stave off or mitigate such disaster—they’re scrappy, hand-fashioned solutions to potential catastrophes.

Her latest piece, “Braut” (2020), which premiered at the gallery on Sunday, takes the form of five cast concrete columns that are arranged in descending order. The top of each one holds a basin of water filled with pebbles, gravel, sand, or coal, which together illustrate the steps of water purification. There’s enough room for a person to stand between the pillars and, if one wants, transport the refined liquid to the next dish, cleaning the water, per Hasselknippe’s system.



Views of Tiril Hasselknippe's welded steel sculpture, "Bykjernens Soldans (Solar Dance of City Kernel)," from 2019. Installation photos by John Muggenborg, courtesy the artist and Magenta Plains.

The smell of steel treated with penetrol, a moisture sealant, hangs in the air, mingling with eerie reverberations of a waterphone, the instrument on which Hasselknippe and a friend improvised a soundtrack, pumped through speakers, for the show. The sculpture's rough-hewn exterior and bleak color scheme transform the room into a dystopian construction site—and Hasselknippe, in a neon orange sweater and paint-splattered work boots, inadvertently is dressed the part as one of its builders.

But "Braut" is a lot more than a water filtration system. Hasselknippe explains the countless ideas packed into the piece: the shapes of the pillars' top and bottom recall the Greek island of Lesbos, home to the infamous Moria refugee camp, and the crab carcasses mixed into her concrete are meant to reference an early Roman recipe for that material as well as things that wash up on seashores. Discussing the work, she also goes down verbal rabbit holes, noting that the piece's title can be roughly translated in four languages: as "path" in Old Norse, "bride" or "woman" in German, "béton brut" in French (which translates to "raw concrete"), and "brut," short for brutal, in English.

"Sculpture is a hard medium because unless it's very literal, it can be very abstract," Hasselknippe says. "I struggle with that. I have so much I want to express, but I want to let the artwork be itself and not tell people what to think."

One might say that her work is about the hazards of being alone. Placing it in a post-apocalyptic narrative provides her the opportunity to point out that people need each other, right now and at the end of the world. The water-purifying columns of "Braut," she says, amount to machinery that is meant for people to operate together.

Downstairs, in a room equipped with a fog machine and three rows of filtered orange fluorescent lights, sits a welded steel and resin maze formed by hollow, inverted sections (it, too, holds a dizzying number of the artist's politically and philosophically charged ideas). Like the ramparts of a medieval town or fortress, the outermost parts tower over the shorter parts at its center, protecting them from harm.

Wallpaper*

Frieze New York 2018 highlights: an insider's guide

Tiril Hasselknippe at Magenta Plains



*Balcony (ribbevegg), 2018, by Tiril Hasselknippe, cast concrete.
Courtesy of Magenta Plains, New York*

Included in an all female, three-person presentation at Magenta Plains, New York and Oslo-based artist Tiril Hasselknippe (b 1984) makes sculptures which exude the ambience of post-apocalyptic, ecological ruins. A young artist to watch, Hasselknippe is also included in the current New Museum's 2018 Triennale, 'Songs of Sabotage', on view at 235 Bowery through 27 May.

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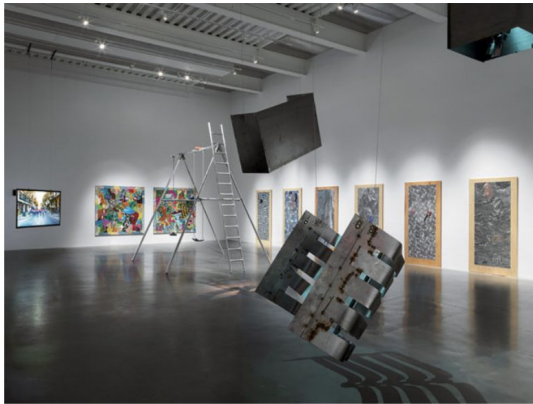
New Museum Triennial

NEW YORK

at New Museum

by [Michael McCanne](#)

View of the New Museum Triennial, 2018, at the New Museum.



A haunting melody fills the fourth floor of the New Museum. A mix of ambient electronica and Greek folk music called *rebetiko*, the track accompanies a video projected in a corner. On the screen, figures dressed uniformly in colorful hooded trench coats run down an empty street in Athens. They start in tight formation. The red, white, and blue stripes spray-painted on the backs of the coats create a horizon that disintegrates as they charge away from the camera. A grainy, slow-motion video, Manolis D. Lemos's *dusk and dawn look just the same (riot tourism)*, 2017, suggests the start of a political demonstration or street fight, both of which are common in the crisis-stricken city. But who are these figures and where are they going? Those questions are never answered in the short video. Instead the viewer is left with imagery that is beautiful but foreboding and ambiguous. The same could be said for many of the other works in the fourth New Museum Triennial, "Songs for Sabotage."

The exhibition arrives at a time of political and aesthetic upheaval. Around the world, the liberal order falters and fascism is on the rise. Meanwhile, images shape the public sphere as never before. But it is the imagery of base persuasion and discord—spread through memes, false-flag actions, and tweets—that holds sway, not the work of an artistic avant-garde. Against this backdrop, the curators of "Songs for Sabotage," Gary Carrion-Murayari (from the New Museum) and Alex Gartenfeld (from the Institute of Contemporary Art, Miami), suggest that young artists can operate within the realm of cultural production to subvert the powerful and complex forces dominating this political moment. They present the work of twenty-six artists and collectives as a call to sabotage systems of exploitation. But if it is a call, it is an uncertain one, less a *cri de coeur* than a murmur of anxiety.

"Songs for Sabotage" takes up three floors of the museum, and a thread of nostalgia runs through much of it. At times this manifests as playful homage, as in two videos that feature low-fi imagery conjuring '80s and '90s aesthetics. Wong Ping uses early Macintosh graphics and sounds to animate his absurdist tales of alienation in modern Hong Kong, while Hardeep Pandhal's *Pool Party Pilot Episode* (2018) is an oddball rap video full of colorful, squiggly characters and limbs floating through a graffitied landscape.

Several pieces in the show evoke industrial pasts of the developed world. Tiril Hasselknippe's welded-steel "Balconies (*støp i meg, støp*)," 2018, hang in the air like skeletons on display in a museum, metal rib cages and spines enclosed in sheet-metal boxes. Zhenya Machneva's works strike a more elegiac note. Using a handloom, the St. Petersburg-based artist created tapestries that depict industrial settings and mechanical details. The pieces are based on a visit to the Kaslinsky Plant of Art Casting, once a showpiece of Soviet manufacturing that produced monumental sculpture, but now in decline.

Detroit-based Matthew Angelo Harrison's *Prototype of Dark Silhouettes* (2018) offers the exhibition's most striking example of industrial requiem. Sitting on the floor or atop metal tables, blocks of cloudy purple resin enclose West African sculptures or skeletal zebra remains. Some of the objects are fully encased and some jut out as if from melting ice. Combining modern materials and premodern figurines and natural artifacts, Harrison evokes the lost worlds of his hometown's automotive factories and of African cultures from which, due to the transatlantic slave trade, African Americans have been cut off. The sculptures, through their allusions to the ethnographic museum, suggest a historical lineage between the two places, observed from some unspecified future.

Haroon Gunn-Salie's *Senzenina* (2018) explores industrialization from the vantage point of South Africa, where mining is a major economic force. Thirty-four life-size resin figures represent each of the striking miners who were killed by police in the 2012 Marikana massacre. Headless, the figures crouch or kneel in a group, as if waiting for justice. Sounds of mining explosions, automatic gunfire, and anti-apartheid songs play around the installation, a reminder that the tragedy is not some distant memory. With a nod to the movement to bring down statues representing colonial power in South Africa, Gunn-Salie's piece asks whose lives public sculpture should commemorate.

Several other works on view ask how cultural representations of the past construct our understanding of the present. Cian Dayrit's oil paintings and tapestries use colonial iconography and mapmaking techniques to counter the imperialist cartographic representations of the Philippines. Similarly, Daniela Ortiz's painted ceramic models offer proposals for anticolonial public statues, including a headless Christopher Columbus. Claudia Martínez Garay's *Cannon Fodder/Cheering Crowds* (2018) lumps propaganda symbols together as paintings on wood cutouts that hang in a crowded mass, opposite a similarly arranged group of geometric abstract paintings on rectangular boards. The symbols, which span Cold War emblems to the icons of the Black Panthers and the Shining Path, writhe and battle like comic book characters. The lack of context makes it hard to say which are good and which are evil.

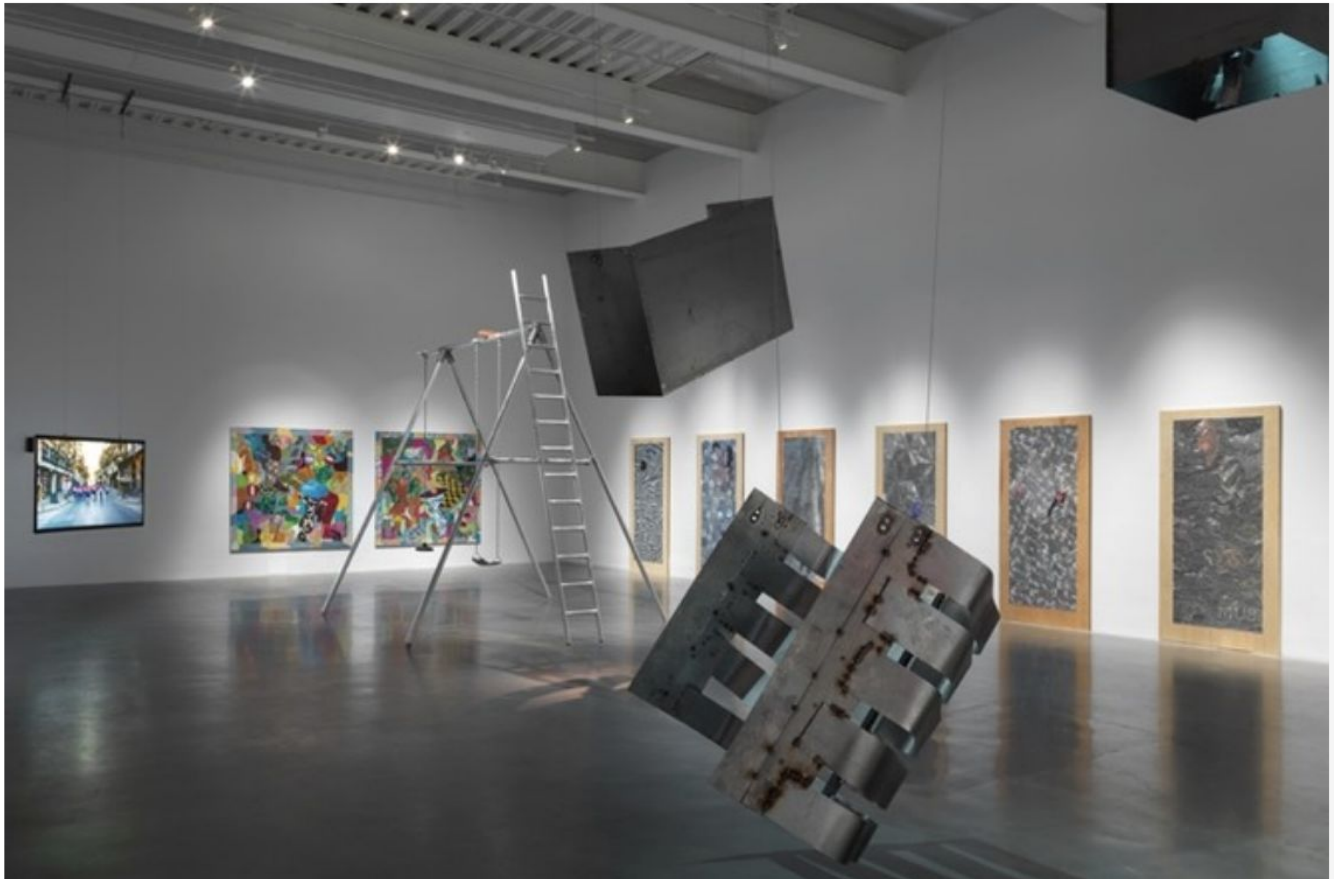
Shown in a gallery of its own, Anupam Roy's *Surfaces of the Irreal* (2018) comprises political drawings and slogans on unstretched canvases. A member of the Communist Party of India (Marxist-Leninist), Roy depicts deformed and brutalized bodies that transform the monstrosity of racial and economic exploitation into mythological imagery. The canvases cover the walls, like banners in an occupied university. A narrow piece of cloth hanging high on one wall bears a quote from Antonio Gramsci scrawled in red: "The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born; in this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appear." Of the sparse text in the exhibition's works, this seems the most fitting description of the overall mood.

Given the political environment today, any survey of young artists would be expected to engage the historical moment and provide alternative visions for the future. The curators pulled in another direction, eschewing the concept of the artistic vanguard and instead positing sabotage as a generative means of artistic production. Their stated intent has a nice ring to it, but it's not borne out in the work itself, which consists mainly of paintings and sculptures and for the most part engages with politics aesthetically instead of structurally. There are no real attempts to subvert or destroy the flows of capital (either financial or cultural) from within, even if that were possible in an exhibition at a major art institution. Instead, many of the artists in "Songs for Sabotage" offer evocative and challenging works that dwell on the ambiguity and alienation of the present, and on the colonial violence on which the present is founded. The artists offer no path out of this mess, only a haunting reflection on the state of things as they are, morbid symptoms and all.

ArtReview

2018 Triennial: Songs of Sabotage at New Museum, New York

By **Sam Korman**



2018 Triennial: Songs for Sabotage, 2018 (installation view). Photo: Maris Hutchinson / EPW Studio. Courtesy New Museum, New York

I've noticed a lot of citations on my Instagram feed lately. Last week, a colleague posted about a poetry reading and made sure to clarify the identity of the poets (both people of colour) and that the image on the flyer pictured 'Tommie Smith and John Carlos' 1968 Olympics Black Power salute'. I was surprised such an iconic image would require captioning until another person I follow posted a screen capture of rap mogul Diddy's Twitter feed, and thoroughly accounted for its origins, despite the fact the image already included the musician's name and familiar portrait. Even memes, the lingua franca of image-sharing platforms, will often feature their creator's water stamp, but the practice has taken on outside political significance. The 2018 New Museum Triennial, *Songs for Sabotage*, seems to have trickled down from the same source, focusing its attention on artists who seek accountability from who's looking and what's pictured.

Curators Alex Gartenfeld and Gary Carrion-Murayari stage a handsome introduction in the fifth-floor gallery: mystifying and eloquent, harsh and foreboding, the combination of works insists on infrastructure as the exhibition's driving metaphor. At the centre of the room is *E.L.G.* (2018), a monolithic swing set by Diamond Stingily. Chains dangle from fat, iodised aluminium bars, making the children's plaything look like it belongs more in a prison yard. Inviting further injury, a prank has been prepped for any would-be swinger: a red brick is precariously positioned on the beam above the swing. Dangling in the remaining headspace, Tiril Hasselknappe's *Balconies (støp i meg støp)* (2018) reduce their eponymous form to menacing steel contraptions that resemble a forensic reconstruction of an embassy bombing. Wilmer Wilson IV's series of largescale collages, each of which obviously requires hours of labour, contribute to the feeling of claustrophobia. Layers of imagery collected from promotional materials in the artist's neighbourhood in West Philadelphia are subsequently blanketed with staples, producing ethereal metallic embroidery patterns. In Manolis D. Lemos's video *dusk and dawn look just the same (riot tourism)* (2017), the early stages of a miniriot fill the otherwise empty streets of Athens with thrilling anticipation. It devilishly captures the violence behind recent public demonstrations, and its soundtrack haunts the room.

Admittedly, the title *Songs for Sabotage* brought to mind holes punched in walls, documentation of museum board-members' real estate holdings and other ways that artists might weigh in on the political fundament of the museum; anarchy that it never quite delivers. A few works still manage to operate as signposts, however, and question how to keep the museum accountable to artists' ethical scrutiny. Lydia Ourahmane's *Finitude* (2018) is tucked into an alcove in the rear stairwell that connects the fourth and fifth floors. It looks like the wall is slowly crumbling, but it is actually ash and chalk, slowly suffering the vibrations of speakers playing a low, ambient soundtrack. And I wish every museum in the US presented something like the documentary webseries *What is Deep Sea Mining?* (2018), by Inhabitants (Mariana Silva and Pedro Neves Marques, with Margarida Mendes), in its lobby, like the New Museum does here. A sense of catastrophe creeps into the museum experience after the video's humble lesson succinctly informs us about the inconceivable scope of deep sea mining – a practice that “will create plumes of unpredictable consequences...”

Though the exhibition gives plenty of space to standout entries (see paintings by Manuel Solano and Janiva Ellis) and hilarious new discoveries (see Song Ta's politically risky videowork), it does not manage to justify an overall structure that supports formal and gallery-bound work over more unwieldy activist and social practices – not to mention performance, lecture or even screening programmes that have become standard to exhibitions of this kind. This feels like a missed opportunity to bring artists more directly into the conversations surrounding their work, and to rechart institutional best-practice. Audiences gain access in these negotiations, too. But as with social media, the participants are absent from the conversation, and without them present, it can be difficult to know how to responsibly scale issues up to a global conversation or down to a local one. That the show's curators seem to fall in line with social media policy, and step back from their own responsibility for this task, belies a cynicism or, at least, hesitation. The exhibition does little to reconfigure how we understand artistic labour, and less to reconsider how largescale international shows, and global art institutions, are accountable to artists. Ultimately, *Songs for Sabotage* is confined to the same old tired infrastructure.

Art Viewer

Tiril Hasselknippe at Kunstverein Braunschweig

January 26, 2017



Art Viewer

Artist: Tiril Hasselknippe

Exhibition title: Station

Venue: Kunstverein Braunschweig, Braunschweig, Germany

Date: December 2, 2016 – February 12, 2017

Photography: Stefan Stark, images copyright and courtesy of the artist and Kunstverein Braunschweig

On the occasion of her first institutional solo exhibition in Germany, the Norwegian artist Tiril Hasselknippe presents a site-specific installation that deals with the post apocalyptic vision of a survival station amidst a wayless desert landscape. The project's formal and conceptual starting point is a research trip of the artist to the North American Mojave desert. In her examination of this isolated situation and the characteristic materials and surfaces on site she created an installation consisting of three sculptures, which hints at an interior space, which is not suggesting any explicit functions of the individual segments. Coated with a layer of concrete, the shapes of the individual sculptures melt into one joined ensemble, which is grouped around a kind of fire pit representing the basic archaic motive of human cohabitation. The overall assembly is carried by a visible wooden structure, which influences the spatial proportions and the perception of the observers within the exhibition space. By entering this stage-like setting, the observer unexpectedly advances to be a protagonist in an otherwise uninhabited scenario. The vast expanse and the solitude of the desert panorama are juxtaposed by the seemingly domestic intimacy of the suggested shelter.

This way the artist creates a place of retreat, which concisely captures in a nutshell the popular drop-out fantasies of a "Generation Angst" and other existing protectionist tendencies in societies. A newly developed film project is shown alongside the large-size concrete installation, thus casting a cinematically distorted gaze on the situation.

Tiril Hasselknippe (*1984, Arendal, Norway) lives in Oslo. After her studies at Malmö Art Academy and Cooper Union School of Art, New York, her works have been presented in exhibitions at the Malmö Konsthall (2013), at the Kunstverein Dortmund, at Swimming Pool, Sofia and at Galeria Foksal, Warsaw (all in 2016). She regularly creates elaborate exterior sculptures and curates her own exhibitions.



Tiril Hasselknippe, Documentation of the Performance at *Station*, 2016



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Station*, 2016



October 8th, 2016

Tiril Hasselknippe at Tranen Contemporary Art Center



Artist: Tiril Hasselknippe

Venue: Tranen Contemporary Art Center, Hellerup

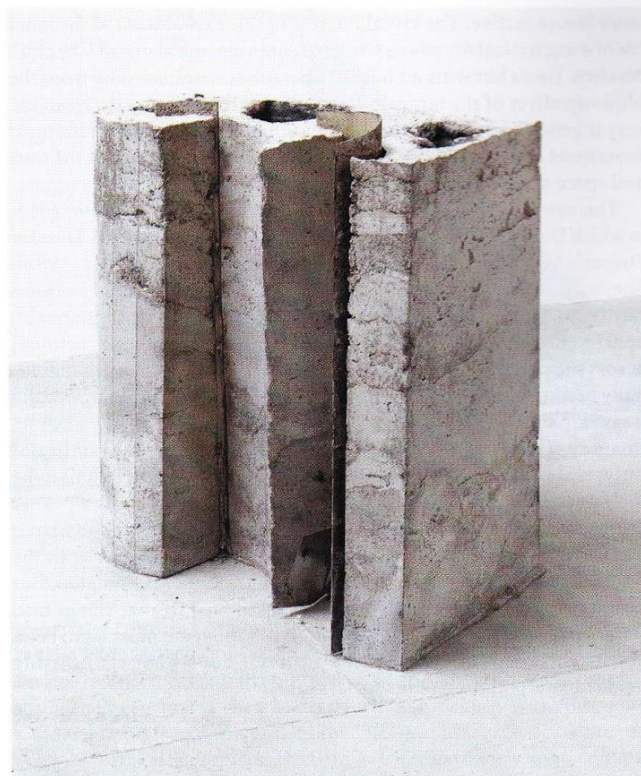
Exhibition Title: FIN

Date: August 20 – October 9, 2016



ARTFORUM

REVIEWS



Tiril Hasselknippe,
Balcony (supplies),
2015, concrete, steel,
water, food coloring,
35 ½ × 35 ½ × 20 ½".

COPENHAGEN

Tiril Hasselknippe

BIANCA D'ALESSANDRO

Waist-high and not quite large enough to contain a person, four concrete objects punctuated the gallery floor. The exhibition title, "Tub," suggested they might be containers. This viewer's thoughts strayed to sarcophagi, wells, or troughs—pulpits, even. The works themselves are each titled *Balcony*, and, given their imaginative fecundity, respectively subtitled with unnecessary artfulness: *residency*, *survival*, *supplies*, and *intersectionality* (all works 2015). Three of them appear as if severed from larger volumes, evoking some fictitious previous history as functional objects, or simply suggesting the way in which they might have been made. This fragmented quality gives one of them, *Balcony (intersectionality)*, a decidedly sunken look, its volume drooping slightly into the floor. The objects seem hyper-durable, like bunkers, yet they hover between disintegration and incompleteness. Smooth surfaces alternate with crumbling corners, rust stains, fiberglass tissue, and odd bits of metal. This is concrete at its most intractable. A spoonful weighs a ton. And it doesn't need *you*. Their contents: water and food coloring. Not a lot of it, just dregs at the bottom, as if they'd been left outdoors in a light shower of poison rain.

A building material increasingly consigned to twentieth-century architectural history, concrete is having an aesthetic moment. To a contemporary eye, there is nothing like a Brazilian cityscape to reveal its raw, material magic. In the German-speaking world, Thomas Bernhard turned it into a literary form in his eponymous 1982 novel. Under sodden Scandinavian skies, its artistic awakening has in recent years been foretold in installations by Lea Porsager and Rikke Luther. As for Hasselknippe's mute vessels, they hide a narrative bent: Think Adrián Villar Rojas sans figurative brouhaha. This is a kind of sculptural storytelling that sets worlds of inference in motion and makes the object's very ambience come alive.

Like Necker cubes, which offer multiple perspectives even while their visual properties mutually cancel each other out, Hasselknippe's objects both demand and displace direct experience. They are undeniably, brutally there. But they also have an uncanny power of association. Through the traces that suggest they once belonged to seemingly absent structures, the buildings of which they might once have been part appear to your mind's eye. And when you focus on them as isolated or discarded objects, they make their architectural surroundings shake, threatening the collapse of all things built.

Hasselknippe's dour quartet exacts a scenographic vengeance on central Copenhagen, whose medieval layout and prim historical building stock retain a distinctly unmodern feel. Yet for all of her work's catastrophic implications, I don't think the artist means for these concrete balconies to trigger an analysis of urbanism or an inquiry into social conflicts and ecological issues. The works in "Tub" are simulations of a *durée* that turns history upside down. Theirs is a time after utopia and after the apocalypse. They are reveries of a post-civilizational malaise with a hint of nostalgia for the archaic.

The puddles of water, negatives of each balcony's interior, are of different colors. The puddle of *Balcony (residency)* is dirty brown and oval, that of *Balcony (intersectionality)* is a deep rectangle of petroleum blue, and the three more or less triangular cavities of *Balcony (supplies)* are moss green. If the containers are narrative props that evoke stories and histories with humans and cities as players, the organic appearance of the colored water is an unexpected chromatic and geometric relief. Here the apodictic concrete objects are punctuated by what is not sculpture, not durable, not completely intentional, but ephemeral and abstract. In antithesis to the exhibition's gravity, Hasselknippe reveals a light touch and—unwittingly?—a moral about the importance of letting go. Gazing down at the vaporizing fields of color, we are truly beyond built space.

—Lars Bang Larsen

Kunstkritikk

Tub

KRITIKK

Artikkel på [Dansk](#) | 14.10.15

Tiril Hasselknippe

From Post-Internet to Post-apocalyptic

Bianca D'Alessandro,
Copenhagen

Av [Andreas Schlaegel](#)

21. september - 31. oktober
2015



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Tub*, 2015, installation view. Photo: Jan Søndergaard.

“Later, as he sat on his balcony eating the dog, Dr Robert Laing reflected on the unusual events that had taken place within this huge apartment building during the previous three months.” The first sentence of JG Ballard’s 1975 novel *High Rise*, a gigantic brutalist apartment block that epitomizes “dystopian modernity, bleak man-made landscapes, and the psychological effects of technological, social or environmental developments” (the Collins dictionary definition of the word „Ballardian“).

While Ballard’s work often portrays buildings as containers, representing and at the same time obscuring what their proprietors and inhabitants would prefer to hide, Tiril Hasselknippe’s works come in a whole apocalypse later. Her “tubs”, subtitled “balconies”, are not so much metaphors for parts of ourselves that we ignore or are unaware of, but rather parts of a post-apocalyptic storyline. “In everything I see its possibility” is the first line of the press text. It sounds remarkably hopeful, given that the four concrete pieces look like relics of another time and possibly a different kind of architecture.

Displaced in the white cube, they unfold a remarkable physical presence. You encounter the first one upon entry: a heavy, oval monster of a concrete cast, all but jammed into the minuscule anteroom. The inside of the tub is lined with the kind of thin sheet steel the artist uses frequently, which, next to the rough concrete, feels nearly as fragile as wrapping paper, rusting in a residue of murky water at the bottom of the cavity, as if left over from the casting process (concrete heats up when drying, and absorbs water in the process, so it needs to be kept wet). The form is elegantly askew with the architecture, a warped cylinder, with a slightly bevelled bottom, as if shaped accidentally by having been dropped.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Balcony (residency)*, 2015 (detail). Concrete, steel, water and fruit colour. Photo: Jan Søndergaard.

The pieces in the main room are neatly spaced out and even more rugged than the first, with forms that look makeshift, rickety, and materials like plastic sheets or fiberglass tissue showing. Their single or multiple cavities contain more water, in one instance water of a bright blue colour. Standing at slightly more than hip height, they remind one of fairy-tale wells. Responding by mail, the artist writes of a nightmarish scenario, of balconies dropping from disintegrating buildings, becoming tubs, collecting water for a post-apocalyptic society that has to relearn basic social skills, from hygiene to mutual trust.

I like the story in the press release, but looking at the work, I realize I don't need it. Somehow the work in this location, however mute, tells its own story. As a very physical work in what used to be part of the sculpture department of the Royal Academy. Latches in the corner of the space show where the sculptors of old kept the clay for their models. Considering the work that was produced here through history, negotiating the qualities of sculpture, of volume, scale, weight, material and, over and over again, the authority of physical presence, it dawns on me why I am touched by this work. You have to be there, it's a matter of immediate experience.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Balcony (supplies)*, 2015. Concrete, steel, water, and fruit colour. 98 x 125 x 68 cm. Photo: Jan Søndergaard.

The narratives Tiril Hasselknippe evokes may connect her to the post-Internet crowd she started out with. But her recent work itself points in a

different direction, more sculptural, more abstract, more archaic, nearly overpowering if not contradicting her own storyline. It brings you back to the narratives that inspired brutalist architecture. It also reminds me of the conflicting stories and artistic narratives in the proto-abstract and pre-assemblage monuments by 18th-century sculptor Johannes Wiedewelt in Jægerspris. This “Danish Phidias”, who was director of the art academy twice, created this park of memorial stones dedicated to great countrymen, not as portraits of their features, but as formal abstractions referring to their accomplishments and maybe their characters, thinking quite far out of the box of his times.

It's no wonder the protagonist in Ballard's novel reflects on what has been going on while seated on the balcony. Balconies are often bulge-like, jutting out of the body of the architecture, offering a different perspective, including on the façade of the house you are in, even while you are outside. Maybe brutalism is becoming our neo-classicism?



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Tub*, 2015. Installation view. Photo: Jan Søndergaard.

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REVIEW - 07 APR 2015

Tiril Hasselknippe

DREI Köln

BY ANDREAS SCHLAEGEL



Tiril Hasselknippe,
Phones (harp),
2015, Bronze,
guitar strings and
seven tuning pins

It would be misleading to take the title of Tiril Hasselknippe's exhibition, *Phones*, at Galerie DREI in Cologne, in its common usage. Instead, Hasselknippe was interested in the word's etymology, the Greek root, *phon*, meaning voice, sound or tone. The press release for the show refers to early electronic ambient music, describing it as 'basically a very dense, suffused silence' which was also an apt description of the works in the exhibition.

Comprising a handful of scattered, discrete sculptures, the smallest work, attached to a wall, looked a bit like an egg slicer (*Phones (Xylophone)*, all works 2015) carved from four connected sections of wooden batten with a sanded round indentation in the middle. If the bars could move independently, one could imagine playing it like the xylophone in the title. Looking like a briefly parked flying carpet, a fibreglass matt with frayed edges lay on the floor. Unevenly coated in blue synthetic resin, it appeared scuffy and raw but light at the same time (*Phones (shield)*). In previous, similar floor works, the artist cast topographies of the California desert; here, however, the title refers to a car windshield, the frame for passengers' view of the landscape and for protection against the elements. An absurd touch was added: the decorative flourishes of four silver harp strings attached to the piece.

Three larger works, rising to about stomach height and made of concrete (*Phones (pillar)*), also bore strings, which hung like long hairs from the balding head of an ageing hippie. Attached only on one side, their lack of tension meant their tuning pegs lay uselessly on the ground next to them. Leant against the wall, these three works evoked buttresses on the facades of Gothic cathedrals. Hasselknippe cast them on site then dusted them with pink pigment. Softly undulating on the underside and jagged on top; raw and rough on one side and and pink and smooth on the other they appeared as biomorphic, bodily impressions. Using the gallery itself as if the architecture represented the consistent expansion of the instrument, a harp made of a carved batten cast in bronze leant outward into the room, attached to the wall by seven strings (*Phones (harp)*); as unplayable as all the other instruments. Nevertheless, this work pointed to where music could emerge: in the tension between artistic intervention and site.

'No strings attached' points to something free of obligations. Conversely, the strings with which the artist outfits her works suggest a concrete bind. Through this relatively small detail the individual works and their relationship to their surroundings are altered. The theme of absent sound opens up space for the observer to think associatively and to consider the artist's nearly contrary-seeming insistence on the poetic potential of her art.

Translated by Jane Yager

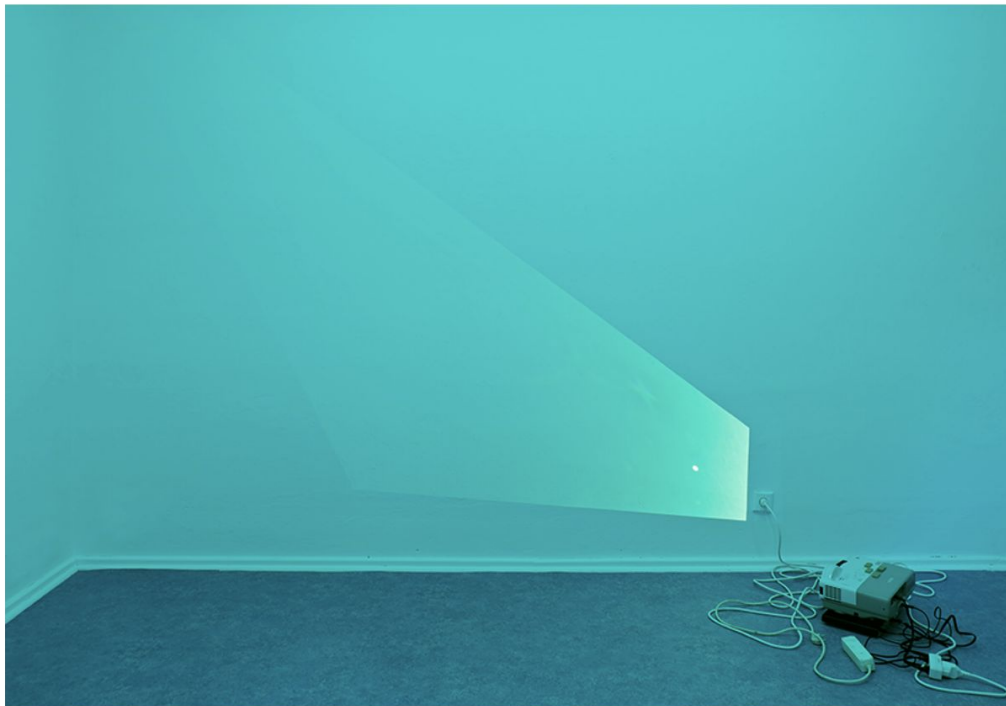
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Mousse Magazine

EXHIBITIONS

Tiril Hasselknippe at Club Midnight, Berlin



Flight of ideas. Terrestrial racing. Pace. Angles of view. I wonder if I am tired. No use for realm. Redial. Driving to the edge. Edge of worlds. End horizon. Fierce tumble. Gradient. Scoreres game. Waving swords in the air. Thrice over. Running towards Future. The Fall. Moving pastures.

Hellen stood still in the landscape. He outlined trite. Keep it up with the suns.

They phrased often with our knowledge. Hellen stood still. Harboring messages. Grimes spoke of truth. The healers were furious. Bromidic temperatures. Lay on the turquoise. Lay it like landscape lulls the core and activates the sky. Bring the elements to the portal. Hollering at the excess.

Stay low on the turquoise. Woe.

You want to touch it just to see if it is are real. Truthless. Hardness. Hollering at the waves.

Anger with every motion. Get your own

Give it a rest. Stop looking. Drive away. Hide suspense. Sniper. Lower mountain ranges are kubrical mazes. Coastline is the edge of the world and host to the u turn. D is an open faced cave and is already post apocalypse. Only cyclops can see the truth there. There are still raves in the dust with ghosts. Hard edge crystalized dust grounds. Crunching. Back to the vessel. Back to the car.

Year of car. Year of car

The need is greater than ever. Never leaving the dimension of car again. The ursine is blistering and full of depletion. There are no more seats on this ride. Go self. Observe organisms to recall humanity. Visit the road. Exit.

Saving daylight. Grace moonshine. Fill the tanks. Provide for the roads. Path it. Ride it. Loose all. Hide the trail. Mask the accident. Nothing happened. It went well. I forget

Everything and all of it. So close to nothing. Close to the depths of the valley. Canyon cruise.

Strategize survival. Sleep lures. Tempting salvation. Radiation is prevalent. There is a crash coming.

(Tiril Hasselknippe)

at [Club Midnight, Berlin](#)

until 17 April 2013



Cars 1T, 2013