



TIRIIL HASSELKNIPPE

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 Malmö 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 Kuntshall Stavanger, NO; NITJA Senter for Samtidskunst, Lillestrøm, NO; Kunstnerforbundet, Oslo, NO; Magenta Plains, New York, NY; Kunstverein Braunschweig, DE; Bianca D'Alessandro, Copenhagen, DK; and DREI, Cologne, DE. Her work has recently been included in group exhibitions at the New Museum, New York, NY; Magenta Plains; Künstlerhaus Palais Thurn & Taxis, Bregenz, AT; A Palazzo Gallery, Brescia, ITL; Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art, Oslo, NO; and the Vestfossen Kunstlaboratorium, Vestfossen, NO.

Born 1984, Arendal, NO

Lives and works in Stavanger, NO

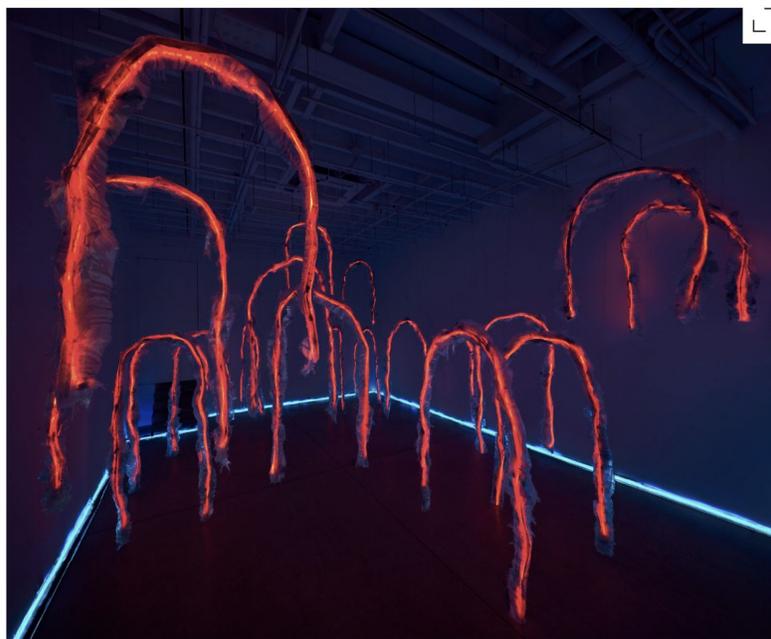
4Columns
February 16 2024

4Columns

Tiril Hasselknippe

Johanna Fateman

The artist's new installation welcomes a submersion into spatial experience.



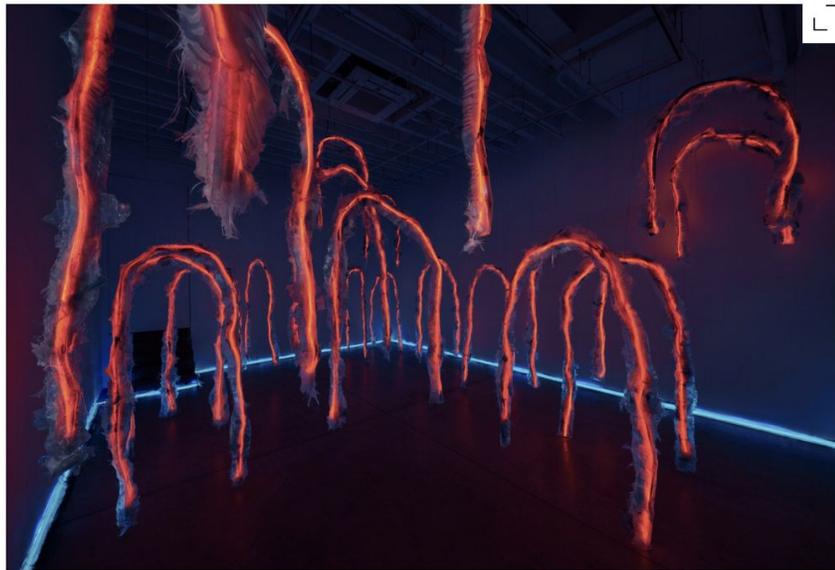
Tiril Hasselknippe: Hyperstate, installation view. Courtesy Magenta Plains. Photo: John Muggenborg. © John Muggenborg.

Tiril Hasselknippe: Hyperstate, Magenta Plains, 149 Canal Street, New York City, through February 24, 2024

In the dark gallery, a scattered architecture or a disintegrated maze of glowing doors seems to float, like spectral ruins in an abstract virtual-reality scene. There's no video involved in this eerie suggestion of a player-activated narrative, though. Tiril Hasselknippe, for *Hyperstate*, her new installation in the basement of Magenta Plains, has suspended a simple, repeated form—nearly twenty upside-down, irregular U-shapes, made from bent rods or tubes containing red luminescent dye—at various heights for visitors to pass through or beneath. They look almost hand-drawn, in Day-Glo chalk maybe, or like giant worms, their unsteady silhouettes thickened and blurred by a tattered tissuey outer layer. Accompanying the static sculptural arrangement is a sound piece, a spare composition of otherworldly wind, wavering chimes, and the kind of shivering, metallic glissando that might announce the arrival of a spirit or an alien. Here—in this haunted setting, dimly lit by arches—it suggests the opening of portals, the uncovering of hidden passageways.

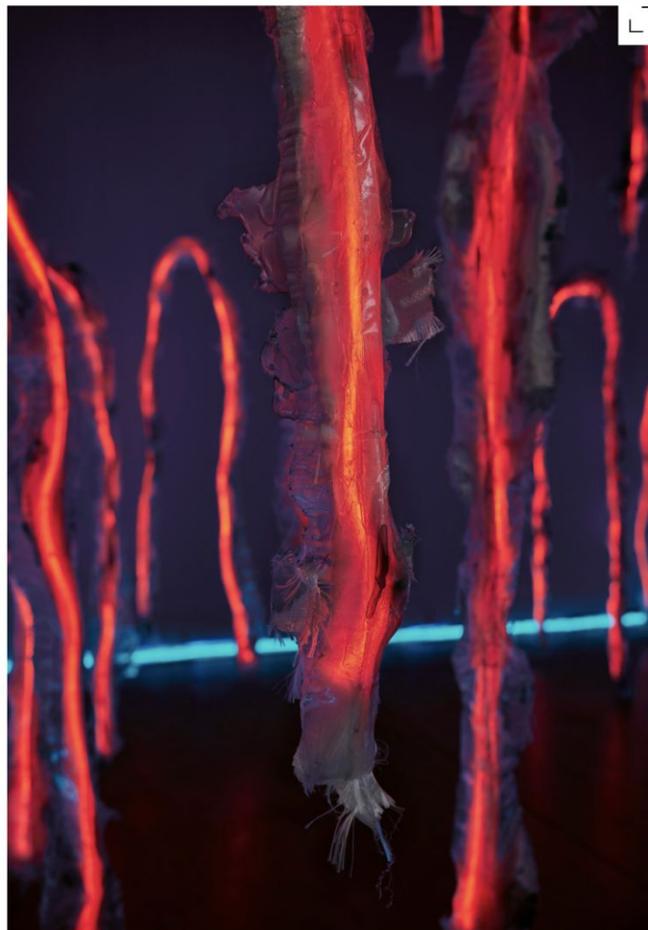
In keeping with the artist's economical, low-tech evocation of dystopian sci-fi tropes, the synth-ish noise was produced with a waterphone (sometimes called an ocean harp), an acoustic instrument often used in horror film scores. But, interestingly, Hasselknippe's reference to the sonic clichés of jump-scare tension, her looping of poltergeist-spaceship effects never accelerates or approaches crescendo; any anxiety it initially provokes quickly fades. During my visit, I had no dreadful sense that something was about to happen, that time was running out, or that I was supposed to find—as in a video game—a key to reach the next level. Instead, cued by *Hyperstate's* structural invitation, I explored the fragmented puzzle without urgency or identifiable aim. I walked through it via different routes at different speeds, crossing each illuminated threshold, covering every square inch of the room. If the show delivers drama at first sight, with the floating arches' smoldering outlines emerging from cold cosmic black, *Hyperstate's* spatial choreography ultimately undercuts its illusionistic gestures, fostering an awareness of the gallery's four walls, its floor, the hard limits of the space.

The term *immersive*, with regard to art (historically abused in publicity materials to describe works that are imposing in some way but not truly enveloping or environmental), has been mostly abandoned, I think, surrendered to a certain strain of transporting, transfixing, large-scale, digital spectacle. But I keep coming back to it. While Hasselknippe's engagement is distinct from that genre's goal of awe and entrancement, and her installation's true thrills turn out to be rather subtle, there might be no better descriptor for the work. When my eyes adjusted to the gloom, I was reminded less of an *Infinity Room* by Yayoi Kusama than of installation designs for Surrealist exhibitions by Marcel Duchamp—in which artworks were displayed in the shadows to be discovered with flashlights, or paths and views of paintings were obstructed by expanses of tangled twine. *Hyperstate* does sort of submerge you in a watery aural atmosphere—that contributes to the impression—but it also achieves a rare kind of viewer engagement, a conscious immersion, that's about feeling the art as a container for experience rather than a vehicle for getting lost.



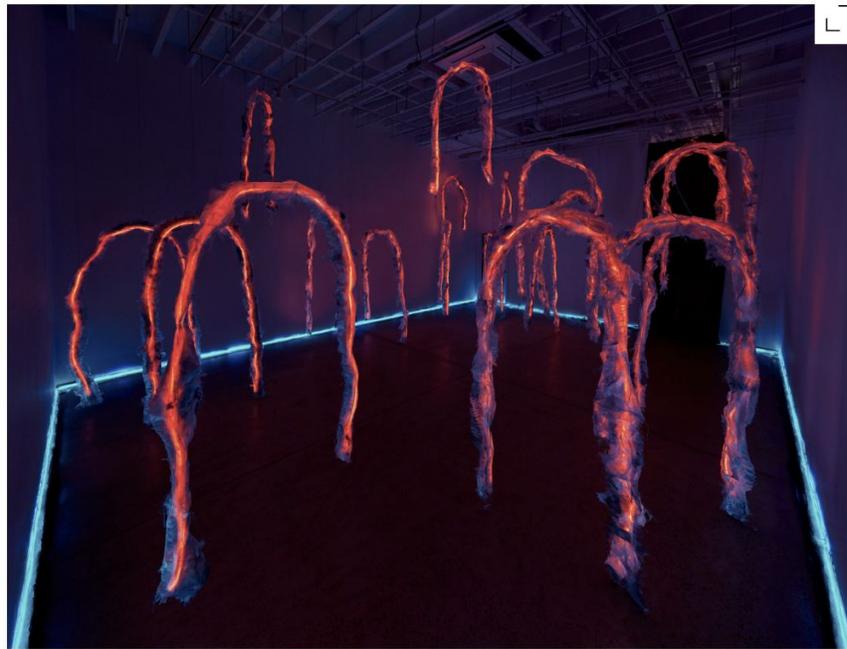
Tiril Hasselknippe: *Hyperstate*, installation view. Courtesy Magenta Plains. Photo: John Muggenborg. © John Muggenborg.

Hasselknippe, who is from Norway, has used the motif of the arch before: her exhibition *Play* at Kunsthalle Stavanger last year was a similar installation, but larger, and blue instead of red. For her last solo show in New York, in 2020, she focused on other ancient architectural forms, presenting a compact, welded-steel labyrinth and, in another room, a group of elfin-Doric, rough-hewn, weathered-looking concrete columns, resembling archaeological relics of a future civilization. They were, in fact, pedestals for basins containing such things as coal, crabs, and moss—potential elements of a water purification system—forming a tentative or partial image of survival. It's a symbolic representation of post-apocalyptic life. *Hyperstate*, in contrast, seems to reflect the viscous, vulnerable realities of the physical self now, during our present mass-extinction event.



Tiril Hasselknippe: *Hyperstate*, installation view.
Courtesy Magenta Plains. Photo: John Muggenborg. ©
John Muggenborg.

Though virtual or holographic in look from even a short distance, viewed up close, individually, the arches' corporeal references and ragged materiality become clear. In a different context—in a brightly lit space, without the waterphone's etheric intrusions—the wrapped, handled appearance of the horseshoe shapes might more loudly echo formal, Post-Minimalist concerns; instead, the translucent, fraying fabric, stiffened by resin, that encases the red cores recalls bandages and flesh. The result is not gory, somehow: the glowing lines also resemble cell membranes as seen through fluorescence imaging, suggesting that Hasselknippe's investment in these flayed or magnified effects derives not only from a desire to represent violence or destruction abstractly but also (or foremost) from a fascination with the bloody and galactic nature of an organism's inner space.



Tiril Hasselknippe: Hyperstate, installation view. Courtesy Magenta Plains. Photo: John Muggenborg. © John Muggenborg.

“At the end you hear the rush. It sounds like a river but it is your own body,” she writes in the impressionistic prose poem that serves as her press release, articulating in words the thin or porous veil between interior and exterior worlds that her installation can be seen to describe, with its shifting sense of scale; its evocation of both cinematic and microscopic vastness; its pairing of hallucinatory qualities and demystifying exposures of its mundane, material constraints. For the artist, whose experience of fibromyalgia—a disorder characterized by brain fog and widespread musculoskeletal pain—informs her work, a buckling built environment might serve as a particularly powerful metaphor. “Doctors tend to not believe me,” she (or her first-person narrator) explains. “I kept seeing the ground move when walking the concrete sidewalks. The lines kept distorting into shapes of rubble . . .” The ruminative, meandering text, though it lacks the precision of the show’s other components, underscores its themes with subtitles such as “Corridor,” “Science Fiction kept me ready,” and “Erroring,” while it establishes her installation as a scene or set for a story.

The plot may be a generic one of cataclysm that we all know, that always looms, that waits behind every door. Less familiar, more intriguing, is Hasselknippe’s balance of smoke-and-mirrors fantasy and deconstruction; her sophisticated convergence of obvious and obscure allusions in something as transient and elusive as ambience; the simple staging of an actually immersive work.

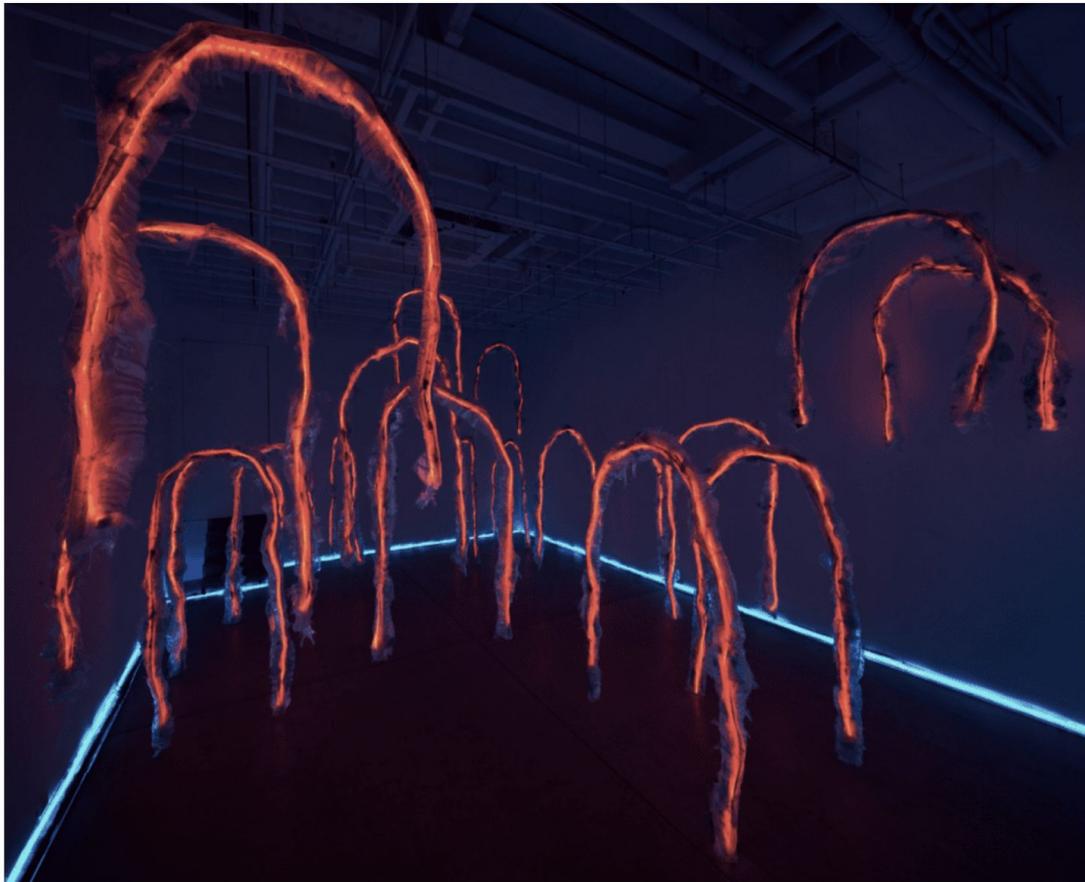
Johanna Fateman is a writer, art critic, and musician in New York.

Aesthetica
February 2024

Aesthetica

5 To Know: Installation Shows

The following installations, on view across the UK and USA, stimulate the senses. From large-scale site-specific pieces that question how we interact with space, to real-time generative environments about technology and nature, these works of art are part of February's unmissable roster of shows.



Tiril Hasselknippe: Hyperstate | Magenta Plains, New York | Until 24 February

Norwegian sculptor Tiril Hasselknippe (b. 1984) works with a wide range of materials such as concrete, fibreglass, resin and steel. Her conceptual objects are inspired by deeply personal themes as well as current issues in society. Magenta Plains presents a series of fluorescent installations that overtake the gallery space through their scale, volume and weight. These arch-like pieces are a reflection of the artist's experience of living with fibromyalgia – a chronic disorder of pain through the body and recurring fatigue. Symbols of both form and structure, these portals and arches are metaphors for entering other worlds, celestial spaces and unknown terrains – as well as passages into new feelings and understandings.

Kunstavisen
November 2022

KUNSTAVISEN

HOME · REVIEW

Cold body



Nitja Center for Contemporary Art. Tiril Hasselknippe: *Play*, 2022 © Tiril Hasselknippe / BONO 2022. Photo: Arve Rød

Despite its inviting and somewhat adventurous exterior, Tiril Hasselknippe's room installation *Play* is experienced as unapproachable, secretive and introverted.

LILLESTRØM

Tiril Hasselknippe

Play

Nitja center for contemporary art

On until 23 December

A scenographic wind blows over the artificial harvest. It is perhaps a slightly generalizing statement. However, up to several exhibitions in recent weeks have offered darkened rooms, sound and light effects, stage smoke and a general theatrical atmosphere. From Apichaya Wanthiang's flashing light rigs and voice collages over an organically shaped landscape at the Munch Museum to Laure Prouvost's spectacular visions of heaven and hell at the National Museum. And now also in Tiril Hasselknippe's sculptural room installation *Play* at the Nitja center for contemporary art in Lillestrøm, we are overwhelmed and overpowered by props and audiovisual effects.

Not that these three exhibitions otherwise have so much overlapping content. Hasselknippe's aesthetic approach to Nitja consists of a series of organically shaped light portals that meander through the exhibition hall. Slender and bent light tubes hang from the ceiling at varying heights so that they form a kind of colonnade through the room. Light hose ne is cast in epoxy and fiberglass, where Hasselknippe's recognizable and rough craftsmanship allows remnants of plastic casting and fiber threads to apparently stick out of the forms. The light alternates between blue and cool turquoise green, and shimmers winter cold in the cool mist that spreads almost imperceptibly from a smoke machine, camouflaged as a bench, along one long wall. From above come abstract and whispering soundscapes - sound recordings from a so-called water telephone which emphasize and strengthen the ambiguous, both meditative and confrontational atmosphere in the room.



Nitja Center for Contemporary Art. Tiril Hasselknippe: *Play*, 2022 © Tiril Hasselknippe / BONO 2022.
Photo: Arve Rød

Play with distance

The title, *Play*, naturally invites us to interpret the layout as a playground, and the arches as devices for movement and interaction. The text poster at the entrance tells us that this is also the case - the work facilitates development where children "regardless of functional disabilities" can have the opportunity to hang out.

Beyond that, it is not so easy to imagine other play here than a little controlled and slightly ecstatic running or crawling between and under the luminous forms. *Play* appears as a magical winter landscape that should best be viewed, possibly interacted with, at arm's length, all the while there are, after all, fragile materials and fine-tuned assembly in question here. Despite its initially inviting and slightly adventurous exterior, Hasselknippe's world is experienced here as unapproachable, secretive and introverted.



Nitja Center for Contemporary Art. Tiril Hasselknippe: *Play*, 2022 © Tiril Hasselknippe / BONO 2022.
Photo: Arve Rød

Neural pathways and infrastructure

It is not necessarily negative, all the while it helps to "by-pass" the play element, and open for a more "adult" pondering and empathy that brings us a little deeper below the surface of Hasselknippe's scenes. *According to the press text*, *Play* carries a darker message down there. The work is given an explicit connection to the artist's own history of illness and experience with physical suffering. The meandering and disheveled forms thus become as much hints of nerve fibers and pain pathways; something life-inhibiting as much as playful expression of life.

Materially and aesthetically, *Play* dwells further on Hasselknippe's earlier sculptural work with infrastructure, networks and connections as the basis for civilization and community building, be it road networks or aqueducts and sewage systems. *Play* plays out with a theatrical and invasive aesthetic that can easily confuse a fragile balance between an experience of being close to fabric and materials and an understanding of the more epic elements that form the basis for Hasselknippe's project in general. At the same time, the luminous threads open to a reading of nerve threads, the body's functionality and the healing of - and the acceptance of - illness as part of the same basis for society and community, as the external structures that hold us together. And that is probably an insight worth taking with you further, into the blue winter outside.

Nordic Art Journal
November 2022

Nordisk kunsttidsskrift

A trip to the playground in the moonlight

The atmosphere and the bodily activation are the most prominent in Tiril Hasselknippe's exhibition at Nitja.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Play*, 2022. Bio-based epoxy, fiberglass, pigment, pvc pipe, steel cables, light source, power cord, tape, smoke machine and sound recording of water telephone. Installation image from Nitja center for contemporary art, Lillestrøm. Photo: Kunstdok / Tor Simen Ulstein.

A forest of luminous portals is the basis of Tiril Hasselknippe's installation *Play*, which fills the entire exhibition hall at Nitja. The curved forms are spread out in sequences, some hang far above the floor, others form continuous rows like hoops in croquet, so large that you can walk under them. Walking around these arches made of materials such as epoxy and fiberglass, with the associated bluish neon effect, you see details reminiscent of thin ice flakes on puddles, which can easily be crushed with the heel.

Fringed plastic strips assume the shape of luminous icicles. Associations go in the direction of a dream-like arctic landscape, a little adventurous, as if by mistake (though seasonally appropriate) you had ended up in the scenery of NRK's children's program *Christmas in Blåfjell*. Observed from a distance, the shapes are like jagged drawings in space, lines forming flaming outlines, materially furry like a Lynda Benglis sculpture. Here, Hasselknippe does not shy away from theatrical and ethereal spheres, ignited by the portal itself as a form, with all that it entails of allusions to transformative transitions and supernatural transport. She thus draws nourishment from a primitive form linked to rites and religious and folkloric contexts – for example wormholes and Japanese torii, symbolic markings of entrances to Shinto temples. But what kind of prospects for change Hasselknippe's installation provides is very open, all the while there is no established labyrinth from which one maneuvers with difficulty, but a loose montage where one falls in and out of an implied dramaturgy, at one's whim.

A both hissing and cutting sound image contributes to the atmosphere in the room. This is familiar terrain for Hasselknippe, who has also previously used the obscure water telephone, more poetically also called "ocean harp" - made of metal with a resonant box that holds water and produces sharp vibrations, something rusty and fateful, a perfect aural accompaniment to paranormality, suspense and science fiction. Some kids immediately pick up on these signals and prowl the portals like zombies with outstretched arms. The sound appears as mysterious calls from another dimension, and emphasizes the priority of experience.

Vibrations in water thus create the squealing soundscape that overlays the illusion of frozen water in the epoxy surfaces: Again, water is thus the prime mover for Hasselknippe, whose catalog so far must be said to be characterized by this element. The function and symbolism of water is a consistent and supporting motif, often indeterminate and impure. Perhaps most memorably, this was toured in the exhibition *Forest of my Eye* at Kunstnerforbundet in 2019, where vessels filled with gravelly and sandy water rested on antique columns, which formed a kind of filtering system, set to sound with the same instrument as now.

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The idea of antiquity as an artificial container and resource for contemporary art also appears in the permanent work *Queens of the Tear Duct* (2019) for the Faculty of Law. Here, the aqueducts of the Roman era lie behind a sculptural form that hangs in space, a structure that initially enabled the movement of water over enormous distances, and thus increased power and the growth of civilization. This reference to civilizational expansion is often matched by Hasselknippe with hints of something more ruinous and porous, an inherent breakdown in the material. The notion of still water, brackish water that lies there as a residue after activity, has previously created some nice melancholic layers in her art, a quality that at Nitja is more restrained (in line with the title *Play*, which also can't exactly be said to tickle the *cerebral* cortex or encourage Neo-Gothic empathy).

Here, a more simplified and condensed spatial situation has been created, which does not dwell on its references. The artist herself seems (as I understand the wall text) interested in the installation as a social situation, where she sets out to reflect on the design of public space, without this connection manifesting itself in any overt way in the work. The installation is primarily perceived as atmospheric immediacy, itself an honest intention. It is designed as an inclusive playground, perhaps especially designed for children, where any physical challenges are taken into account in an inclusive way.

In practice, this is an installation that encourages movement, under and around the portals, as a kind of idealized version of a magical playground that heightens the sensory apparatus. At the same time, in the content of the wall text, there is a somewhat unclear inquiry into the public space outside the gallery space, where movement and sensation are disturbed or prevented for various reasons, quite explicitly connected to the artist's own fibromyalgia. In that sense, this installation is sympathetically searching and, in the moment, sufficiently captivating. At the same time, the room becomes an activated and scenographic drawing that you would like to remember for a while, like the afterimage of crackling sparks.

By Line Ulekleiv

The Style Mate
May 2021

THE **Style**
mate

The Future Never Sat Still: an Interview with Tiril Hasselknippe

Tiril Hasselknippe talks to Elodie Evers, a Berlin curator, about her solo exhibition *The Future Never Sat Still* at DREI – her Cologne based Gallery.



EE: At your current show at Drei, you have experimented with stained glass for the first time. Please tell us more about your exhibition.

TH: So when you enter the gallery room from the street, you approach a stained glass wave sculpture on spindly legs right in the center of the space. It has a light inside of it and on top, as an extension of the rising wave, are grey buildings. It starts as a green turquoise organic wave and then it kind it rises up into these more block-like buildings. The light in the room is dimmed. So this will greet you as you enter the show and pull you in like a moth towards the flame.

EE: What about the other room?

TH: You actually walk through the office space, where I am showing some drawings, to get to the next gallery room. There you have some cityscapes, buildings also made from stained glass that are suspended from the ceiling, almost like lanterns. One is a red cylinder with different gradients of red glass surrounding the building. One has a more triangular shape with blue, light blue and turquoise glass on the different sides of it. And then you have a cluster of blue, purple and lavender buildings together, five of them together that kind of make for a cityscape. So three light sources in a dim room, depicting urban lighthouses.





EE: You mentioned the wave sculpture in the first room. A wave that hit us very hard, pretty much exactly a year ago, was the outbreak of the Covid-19 pandemic. You were making this work in the context of an immersive shift in our lives. How did this new world order affect the work and the production of the show?

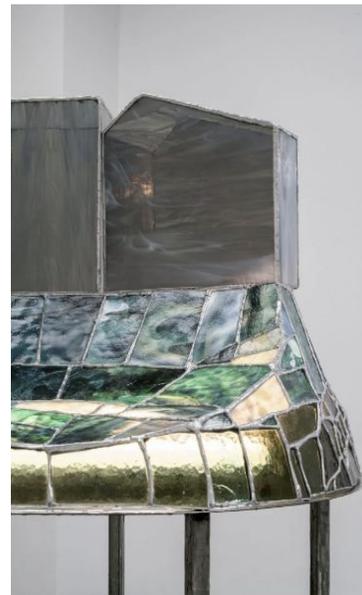
TH: This show is the second part of a trilogy of sorts of presenting a non-linear idea of time in correlation with progress. It's an idea I've been tinkering with now for two years or so, at least a good while before the pandemic hit. This imagery of the wave I have been wanting to present for a long time. I think of the endless energy in the ocean, where you can see the great explosion and culmination of traveled energy when the wave crashes on the shore, yet the energy isn't actually gone or lost, it's an endless drum swallowing itself again and again. Enveloping and unraveling. It takes different forms and can disappear out of sight but it is never more or less forceful. That's a way of thinking of time that's not linear, that's not disciplined into a line. It's a more human version of time and also more connected to nature. So when this pandemic actually hit us and our vocabulary and ideas of waves – now we're in the third wave in Europe – changed, it made me question if it was even ethical to make a work like this.

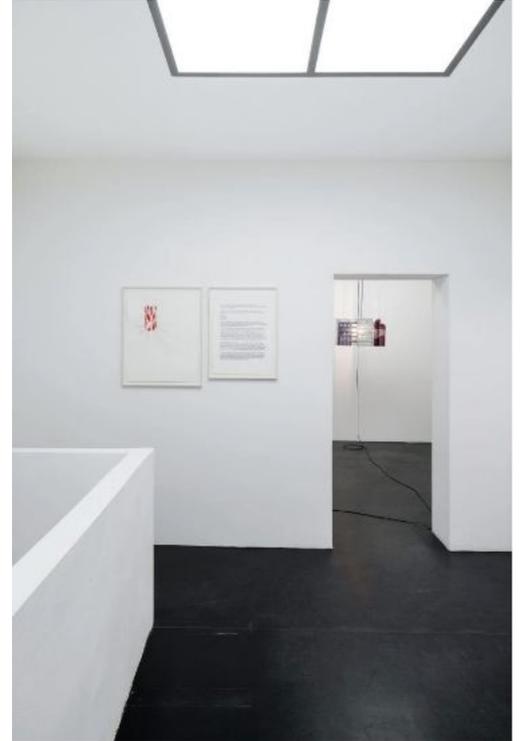
EE: The title of your show, "The Future Never Sat Still", reminds me of an unruly child at the table.

TH: Exactly. I thought about the the future, almost like a person and how we can't really control it. Like the future was the person at the table sitting there with us and then it just got up from the table and we weren't ready for that!

EE: You mentioned that you are a sheer believer when it comes to art. What do you mean by this?

TH: I was 19 when I discovered what contemporary art is and it was a revelation! I went to this art program because I was fond of drawing and painting. I had not graduated from high school, so I couldn't go to university. So it was a bit of a gap year type of art program thing. I had this art history teacher teaching us about everything from the time of the 50s until the early 2000s. And she was so incredibly enthusiastic. It really hit my heart. I thought that contemporary art was the intersection of philosophy, critical theory and collective thinking, and visual output and creation. And I just thought, whoa, I can't believe this exists. I thought it was the most magical thing of all time. And so I really fell deeply in love with it. And I still feel that way. So yes, I think that I approach it very much like a believer.





EE: Did you ever think about becoming a teacher to pass on some of that belief in and excitement for contemporary art?

TH: I've done workshops with different organizations like Wide Rainbow in New York, for instance, and when I've done shows at institutions we have often hosted a workshop with their youth outreach programs and I've also taught sculpture and science fiction at academies. And I find that extremely rewarding and exciting. I've thought about the possibility of organizing a program like that for underserved youths, and I hope that's in my future.

It also makes me feel like art is more than just a C.V. Art is more than thinking of yourself and thinking of how to further your own career and what the next step is. It's about opening it up. I just want to make sure that I can balance all these things. But that is actually a huge goal of mine to be able to open up art and art-making for a part of the population that is not in touch with it at the moment. I really think it should be accessible to everyone.



Art Forum
March 2020

ARTFORUM

MAINTENANCE WORK

Andrew Russeth considers the role of art in a pandemic

In language that startles today, Ukeles argues that “avant-garde art, which claims utter development, is *infected* by strains of maintenance ideas, maintenance activities, and maintenance materials.” (Emphasis mine.) She chides Process art in particular for obscuring that fact, but maintenance is in operation everywhere in contemporary art, once you start looking. It is the hidden force that makes so much—in art, and in the world—possible. Think of the labor required to show Felix Gonzalez-Torres’s candy piles—ordering and delivering the supplies, disposing of wrappers—and for Pope.L to run a miniature factory bottling and shipping lead-contaminated Flint water and for Walter De Maria’s *New York Earth Room*, 1977, to be kept pristine, with nothing growing in its soil. It’s there in the handling of the ecosystems of Damien Hirst’s more fearsome constructions and the use of the makeshift water-filtering system devised by Tiril Hasselknippe, shown last month at Magenta Plains. It’s definitely there in the Franz Erhard Walter clothing pieces that tie multiple people together in a temporary compact, and that require delicate handling. It is in the care given to preserve any artwork.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Braut* (detail), 2020, concrete, pigment, rebar, seashells, moss, crab, stones, gravel, sand, coal, water, dimensions variable. Photo: John Muggenborg. Courtesy the artist and Magenta Plains, New York.

Sculpture
September 2020

sculpture

Tiril Hasselknippe

Visitors to this demanding show by Norwegian-born, New York-based sculptor Tiril Hasselknippe first encountered *Braut* (2020), a group of five roughly textured, handmade concrete columns, descending in height from roughly seven to just over four feet. *Braut*, in Norwegian, means “road” or “cleared path”; but it also refers to the Brutalist architecture produced in Europe in the 1950s, which has since fallen out of favor, in part, due to the rapid weathering and decay of its principal material—concrete. Consequently, Hasselknippe sees concrete forms and pathways as symbols of failure.

Each column ends in a slightly hollowed capital containing a shallow pool of water in which small, multi-colored stones, gravel, and coal have been placed (the water can be symbolically purified by moving these elements from one column to the next). The rough texture of the columns—a nod to their brutal production—alludes to the damage done by decades of exposure to outdoor conditions. In one case, the steel rebar supporting the concrete is exposed. But the damage is also manmade: Hasselknippe explains that the shape of the capitals and bases refers to the Greek island of Lesbos, where the hellishly brutal Moria refugee camp holds thousands of refugees, estimated at 19,000 earlier this year.

Braut is a historical sculpture, given to symbolist overtones. Hasselknippe’s use of the column is larger than its factual immediacies—those who don’t see the reference to the degraded state of Brutalist architecture might recognize a theme suggesting classical architecture and, by extension, cultural achievement (but this association proves absurd in light of the reference to the Moria camp). It makes sense that the formal properties of this stand of columns lend themselves to a reasoned, historical sense of their import, but it also seems possible that Hasselknippe is working abstractly, maybe necessarily so given the many hidden social and historical layers in *Braut*. As an essay on pure architectural form, *Braut* is ambitious, evoking ancient associations. The events behind *Braut* are obscure, and not available from the work itself, so viewers might well experience it as indicative of a broader history than is the case.

Bykjernens Soldans (Solar Dance of City Kernel) (2019), an oval, maze-like work, consists of precisely made and arranged steel compartments. Open at the top, each of its four sections is a bit taller than the one behind (inside) it. Orange lights and a fog machine change the visual atmosphere. The form itself recalls a walled, medieval city, while the steel gives a more modern, industrial urban reading (though Hasselknippe invests the work with many allusions). Both *Braut* and *Solar Dance of City Kernel* look innovatively at the implications of a kind of sculpture whose attributes are figurative and abstract, political and conceptual. It may be that Hasselknippe instills too many private references into her pieces, but if we look at them without worrying about hidden influences or meanings, they are wonderfully suggestive and evocative, rooted in intimated, and resonant, historical suggestion.

Art Forum
April 2020

ARTFORUM



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Bykjernens Soldans (Solar Dance of City Kernel)*, 2019, steel, resin. Installation view.

Tiril Hasselknippe

MAGENTA PLAINS

The New York–based Norwegian artist Tiril Hasselknippe channeled the apocalyptic doom that pervades our awful present in “*Braut*” (Bride), her solo exhibition at Magenta Plains. Two hulking sculptures—which looked like salvaged monuments to lost causes, or chunks of destroyed architecture rescued from fallen cities—suggested that the past, present, and future all collapsed into the space we were standing in. Hasselknippe’s ruins listen, remember, and speak.

The show radiated lost urban optimism—the kind of broken spirit that’s palpable in a place such as New York, where three centuries of misery can be felt on any one corner. The title piece, made in 2020, was installed upstairs, while *Bykjernens Soldans (Solar Dance of City Kernel)*, 2019, was set into a slightly smaller space in the gallery’s lower level, suffused by stage haze and orange light. All of Magenta Plains, in fact, was filled with fog—entering it felt like being in the middle of a set for a play, or an elaborately appointed prog-rock show.

At the top of *Braut*'s five columns, which range from four to six feet in height, were shallow basins full of water. One of them was lined with coal, another with sand. Link these together and you've got a filtration system. But without the visible connecting tissue of a pipe—or a human hoisting a jug—the notion of filtration was lightly referenced, because the water was stagnant. The suggested arrested productivity was supported, literally and metaphorically, by the concrete pillars and their pink-and-green cast. Bits of rebar were visible under the work's irregular and seemingly abraded surfaces. The effect was of evidence preserved for a criminal investigation, taken from a demobbed amusement park.

Meanwhile, *Bykjernens Soldans*, made from twenty-four interlocking hollow steel structures covered with resin, presented a different shade of ominousness. The orange fluorescent light permeating the work felt like that of a dying sun—but more fully imparted a club atmosphere. Music was present as well, but it was spavined: a recording of Hasselknippe playing short keyboard phrases on a Korg Minilogue synthesizer. It sounded beatless, without structure—like the husk of a dance track. I saw Hasselknippe's metallic colossus as several things: a Greek amphitheater, a dystopian architectural model, or the aftermath of God's heavenly fist punching into a graven object. Yet above all else, the piece reeked of abandonment. With *Braut*, the human was, at some point, proximate. *Bykjernens Soldans*, however, confirms that society has just vanished. The artist explained in interviews that the piece was partially inspired by a phase of Scandinavian regulation, after World War II, when the areas between housing blocks were mandated to provide five hours of sunlight per day for each apartment unit during the spring equinox. For a New Yorker, that kind of civic spirit is a cosmic joke: Whatever humanism you pack into a building, any building, will be gone when the place is inevitably torn down and replaced by the next failed utopia. Hasselknippe will likely be there to pick up, and repurpose, the pieces.

— *Sasha Frere-Jones*

Surface
January 2020

SURFACE

Art

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



BY TIFFANY JOW



Tiril Hasselknippe's "Braut" (2020), inside Magenta Plains. Photos by John Muggenborg, courtesy the artist and Magenta Plains.

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*s 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.

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.



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

“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.

Asked about the role of art in human survival, Hasselknippe brings up a short story she wrote where a sculptor and a filmmaker meet in post-apocalypse Berlin and mount an exhibition for nobody. “Surviving on your own isn’t worth it,” she says. She sees her adopted home of New York as a kind of living love letter to humanity. “We’re willing to live stacked on top of each other to coexist,” she says. “There’s no greater expression of ‘Love thy neighbor’ than that.”

Besides infrastructure, Hasselknippe also loves science fiction. The scrappy, futuristic aesthetic of her work hints at that (the curved edges of her steel maze is a reference to the circular state of time in “Battlestar Galactica”) as well as her zest for experimenting with new mediums. She rotates between stone, light, plaster, aluminum, and other industrial matter, aiming never to get too comfortable with any material. “A lot of sculpture is problem-solving and thinking on your feet,” she says. “There’s always some level of impossibility to my ideas, so I have to try and overcome that. This gives me endless pleasure.”

But as much time as Hasselknippe spends figuring out how to express her ideas in physical forms, she is always mindful of how viewers will respond to them. Her favorite times as an artist are when she gives a talk—not by flipping through images on a PowerPoint but by speaking about the concepts in a given work—and can see people’s faces to gauge what she needs to explain things more clearly. “There’s a real energy there,” she says of that intimate exchange. “I wish I could give a private tour to everybody.”

Kunstkritikk
March 2019

Kunstkritikk

The Reinvention of the World

Tiril Hasselknippe's brew of blissful neo-materialism and banal video game aesthetics is just the right amount of a good thing, i.e. too much.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Forest of my Eye*, 2019. Photo: Vegard Kleven.

In the skylight-topped hall at Kunstnerforbundet, ten distressed concrete columns topped by vessels resembling bird baths stand in the middle of the floor. Tiril Hasselknippe's (b. 1984) objects look like they have weathered centuries. *Forest of my Eye* continues the blend of quasi-archaeological tactility and *ad hoc* functionality that has been a hallmark of the artist's work since she graduated from the Malmö Art Academy in 2013.

For her 2016 solo show *FIN* at Tranen in Copenhagen, Hasselknippe affixed to the venue's distinctive balcony a number of vivid green, vaguely box-shaped polyester structures like architectural outgrowths. Her website is an endless scroll of brute forms in concrete, metal, wood, and plastic that look as if they have been torn from larger constructions. Suspended from ceilings, propped against walls, or lying on the floor, these fragments bristle with unformed possibility.

Hasselknippe's objects are frequently containers of some kind. The vessels placed on top of the pillars at Kunstnerforbundet contain materials that are used to make water filters: pebbles, gravel, sand, and coal. Each of the ingredients appears in two vessels; in addition to these, we find two vessels containing only water. Varying in height, the columns are arranged one after the other in two ascending, curved rows that combine to describe a circle. To see what the containers on the tallest pillars hold, a person of average height, like me, needs to make an awkward little jump.

With my head tilted back, gazing up at the coloured windowpanes in the ceiling, swathed in this ominous, atmospheric vibration, I sense that I am supposed to see myself standing inside a flooded temple or church space; to top it off, there are even remnants of crushed crab shells embedded in the columns. It is a little like being in a virtual reality game, where I am on a mission to retrieve the pieces of the water filter and assemble them into a functioning device in order to get to the next level.

The illusory quality of Hasselknippe's installation is strangely distancing. Its divine symmetry combined with the coloured glass and the sound effects hint at an immersion that never comes to pass. I'm nudged towards, but never over, the threshold to an active rather than contemplative mode. This ambiguity is an asset, however. Hasselknippe's eerie soundtrack impedes the aestheticization otherwise invited by her intimately material post-minimalist formula. One might say that she *profanes* the object, returning it from sanctity to utility. The dramatic supplements in *Forest of my Eye* stress Hasselknippe's desires for release and activation.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Forest of my Eye*, 2019. Photo: Vegard Kleven.

Art News
March 2018

ARTnews

The Skin We're In: Exhibitions Around New York Explore Changing Notions of the Human Body

Last year began with historic women's marches around the United States, staged in protest of a newly elected president who once said of women, "You can grab 'em by the pussy," and ended with a cascade of sexual assault and harassment allegations against men in media, entertainment, and politics in the wake of September's revelations about film producer Harvey Weinstein. The boundaries that people—both gender-conforming and not—are drawing around their bodies was the "it" topic as 2017 came to a close. As though on cue, a group of shows in New York this past winter explored changing notions of the human body.

A three-person exhibition at **Magenta Plains** called "**Skip Zone**," featuring **Kah Bee Chow**, **Tiril Hasselknippe**, and **Sandra Mujinga**, was an examination of how bodies might change in the digital age. Mujinga's 2017 video *Catching Up* showed three women leaning against one another before something like a green screen. Digital effects distorted their images occasionally as they gazed out at the viewer, speaking platitudes like "You really seem to know who you are" and "You are very, very intelligent." Is it possible that, as technology and its users evolve, we will see one another's bodies in a more appreciative, more inclusive way? If so, long live the new flesh.

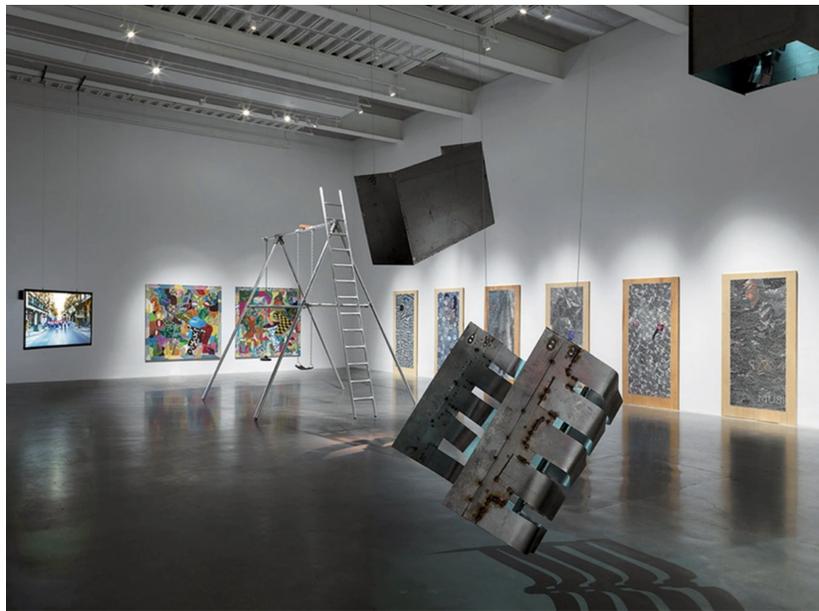
BY **ALEX GREENBERGER**

Art in America
May 2018

Art in America

New Museum Triennial

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.**”



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

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.

The Art Newspaper
May 2018



THE ART NEWSPAPER

In their own words: ten Frieze New York artists tell us about their works for the Frame section



Tiril Hasselknippe, showing with Drei, Cologne. "My work is a forest of radio towers to be used to make contact with all that is other and othered, alien and terrestrial, to try to build a different kind of societal structure or community together. The sound broadcast is organ music from different locations; it is a conversation between the radio towers about grief, hope and coexistence."
Courtesy of the artist

Baptist Ohrtmann: *Songs for Sabotage* - New Museum Triennial, Catalog Text, 3/2018

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TIRIL HASSELKNIPPE

BORN 1984 IN ARENDAL, NORWAY
BASED IN OSLO, NORWAY

Tiril Hasselknappe's works depict post-apocalyptic scenarios, reflecting contemporary unrest in a time of constant crisis brought on by global capitalism. Mining architectural histories in order to create deserted, enigmatic situations at the junction of archaeology and science fiction, Hasselknappe explores our collective imagination, its speculations and its fears of the anthropocene. The dystopian seems particularly alluring and ubiquitous, conveying a profound distrust of the collective in a globalized world, fueling anthropocentric and post-human discourse as well as the politicization of fear. Hasselknappe proceeds from exactly this dystopian complex, but reframes it as an examination of community, trust, and solidarity, insinuating the redemptive and transgressive possibilities for empowerment and upheaval in the collapse to come.

Her 2016 installation *Survival Station* featured an ensemble of three concrete-coated sculptures, whose form is part divan and part abstract heap. Installed at Kunstverein Braunschweig, which is an early neoclassical mansion, they induced a temporal and spatial shift. Recreating a desert landscape and a communal retreat, the scenario, loosely derived from Giant Rock in the Mojave Desert, alludes in its title to contemporary doomsday prepping and the paranoia of anti-globalist neo-protectionism, linking countercultural dropout-ism and esoteric desert experience. But by conceiving the harsh DIY survival structure as a set of inviting loungers, the work also prophesies a sense of community and empathy, a therapeutic relief amid a deserted ideological wasteland of depression and sameness.

Queens of the Tear Duct (2017), installed at DREI in Cologne, comprises elongated basins of shimmering, translucent epoxy that traverse the gallery space on high concrete pillars, towering over the viewer and leaking water into puddles on the gallery floor. The structure resembles fragile highways, but their disintegration is

an intrinsic quality rather than a temporal one: they are suspended ruin. They mourn, shedding future tears. The installation's soundtrack, a loop of Hasselknappe playing a somber church organ phrase, casts the artwork's demise as an ethereal transfiguration. The sculpture as a model of dysfunctional infrastructure, emblematic of roads that connect subjects with social systems, illustrates a gridlock, a collapse of faith and safety. It projects a perceived erosion of our common ground, making the exhibition an emphatic monument to the promise of interconnectedness. Set in a typical white-cube gallery space, a space that it seems to withdraw from, the installation also brings into question its own context and the cultural infrastructure in which it is embedded. Evoking familiar dystopian imagery in its desertedness, it shows future catastrophe as a wound of the present.

For "Songs for Sabotage," Hasselknappe has produced a new entry in her series of *Balconies* (2018). It comprises a group of sculptures in a variety of shapes and materials displayed plainly on the exhibition floor, made from concrete molded into almost-organic shapes that resemble balconies that fell off demolished buildings and were repurposed into tubs. As isolated entities, they seem like brutalist remainders of a lost civilization, a softened architecture that invokes a surreal symbiosis of the modern individual with its environment. Poignantly stranded in the exhibition space, they seem withdrawn and detached, but also autonomous and inviolable, delivered from a balcony's actual function as a support structure for humans. Set in the context of the very real post-societal conditions manifesting prominently in the refugee crisis, Hasselknappe mirrors the allocation of resources, rights, space, and freedom today, uncovering dystopia in our present.

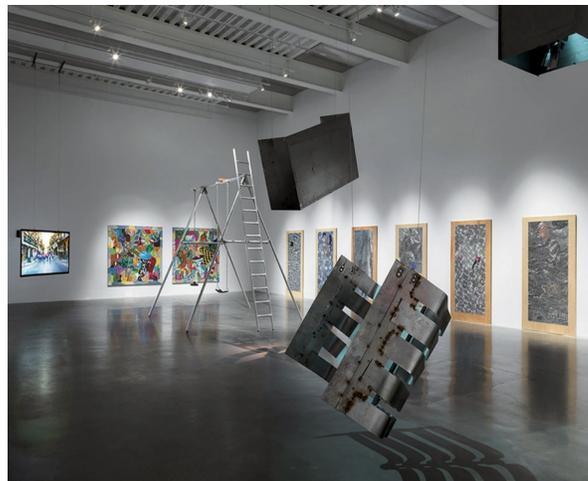
BAPTIST OHRTMANN

Art in America
May 2018

ArtReview

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 outsize 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 Hasselknippe'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.



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

Art Forum
February 2016

ARTFORUM

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.



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Balcony (supplies)*, 2015, concrete, steel, water, food coloring, 35 1/2 × 35 1/2 × 20 1/2".

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
October 2015

Kunstkritikk

From Post-Internet to Post-apocalyptic

Tiril Hasselknippe's show at Bianca d'Alessandro rubs the artists post-apocalyptic narratives against art history, marking a radical departure from her post-Internet beginnings.

“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 the 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 comes 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.

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.

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



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



Tiril Hasselknippe, *Tub*, 2015, installation view.

Frieze
April 2015

FRIEZE

Tiril Hasselknippe

BY ANDREAS SCHLAEGEL IN REVIEWS

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.



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

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 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