

222T

ATOPIAN HABITAT

Volume Two

Fra gulvet viser fargen rød tegn til spredning

From the floor the color red shows signs of spreading

Loaded and ready it exerts its presence
Simply a color; like a faint alarm

Organized as they are in this specific room, in present tense, the fundamental properties: space, time, mass, charge and consciousness, brings forth a set of dysfunctional propositions. Enigmatic interactions, symptomatic of artistic intention, reveal an alter-intentional stance where contradictory utilization of intended functionality rips open a cognitive glitch. Like a door this glitch facilitates a direct experience of the dormant poetics lingering in one's own private *gaze*.

The fundamentals of reality provide a structure, a certain spatiotemporal volume extending in a given cultural context (Oslo, Nov. 2022). More precisely we are talking about a constellation within a smaller hemispheric segment of our particular culture. A "volume of volumes", unfolding as an agent (222T), constantly advancing in the noospheric realms we commonly call art.

Else Marie Hagen's "Shared Red" manifests this falls second volume in 222T's Atopian Habitat venture. Her exaggeration of parameters, her strips of canvas, woven linen, and eccentric stretcher-frames, exemplarily convey how certain Qualia morphologically resonate through matter, transporting and transforming traditions across time and space.

Splintered not split! Following AH volume one, this work naturally reads as a painting. Like a banner, ragged, beaten but unforgiving, the stretcher of stretchers fends of the un-avoidable de-composition that restlessly keeps grinding its way through time, day by day. Holding on to the square wall, like the survivors on Medusas Raft (Géricault), or storming forward in a legendary fight for freedom (Delacroix), it appears as the ghost of a painting, a Lazarus rising.

With their referents confused by rational irrationality, and with their dysfunction meticulously applied in the most functional way, Hagen's slowly matured deliberations, accentuate the liminal "in-between-ness" of the *materiomental* properties she is handling. The various components, ideal or real, whether they appear as physically present matter or as ephemeral conceptual mind, brings forth a movement, a sign of resistance, countering any imaginary fatigue.

The RED is there; for the running linen and the oppressed/upheld "canvas" extended at the rim, out there (here), beyond the enlightened enclosure; there for the delicate cotton canvas locked behind the door, a translucent surface, like a membrane, tensely stretched over solid wood, barely managing to hold its private folds within.