

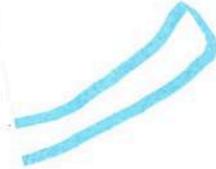
I NEVER
KNEW HOW
TO WRITE

After risoprinting
15 pages of this
book, I discovered
that the footnotes
settings on InDesign
had changed. The
footnotes numeration
is therefore a mess
and very inaccurate.
Because of the nature
of my work, I took the
decision not to reprint
or to correct it. I hope
you will find your way
around it.

really knew how to write

Chloé Malloggi

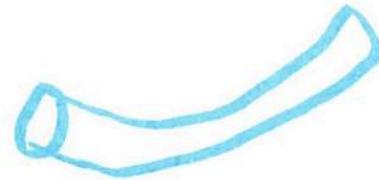
For aesthetic, practical
and economic reasons,
the pictures have been
printed in Duoscale or
Black and White. You
can find the original
colours in the digital
version.



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I never really knew how to write

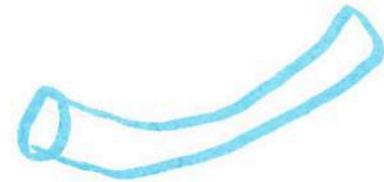
Chloé Malloggi



2024
Printed in Bergen, edition of 9
KMD, Faculty of Fine Art
Main tutor: Chloe Lewis

I never really knew how to write

Chloé Malloggi



2024

Printed in Bergen, edition of 9
KMD, Faculty of Fine Art
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Note d'intention

I have spent months thinking about writing.

The text you are about to read is not an academic text, not a story, not a biography, nor poetry. The text you are about to read is an attempt. It is a text aware of being a text.

You will stumble upon words, punctuation, quotes, unnecessary footnotes, unhidden mistakes and wrong translations. I will doubt, question and correct. Sometimes French will take over.

It has been printed on paper from my studio - scraps, leftovers, drafts - from projects of the past two years, in conformity with my care for economy.

This is a loose text that tries to free and to define my relationship to writing, to paper and to language.

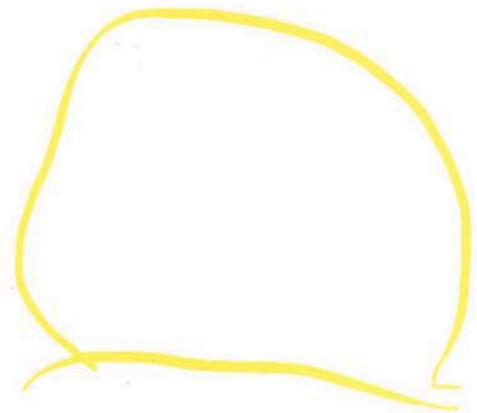
These words are playing together as friends would. They invite you to join in. (Gertrude Stein)

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It's spring 2022, somewhere around Lyon. I am running in a field for the third time. I remember the first time, the dry grass and the smell of the sea, it was near Stavanger. The second run was on the same hill as today. This time, there is a butterfly kite flying in the sky. I am running with my phone on video mode, loose in my hand, because I want the landscape to disappear. If the video is blurry enough, I will be left with the simple image of the horizon. I have the photograph *terre - artiste - ciel*¹ by Gina Pane in mind. The artist is standing on the horizon, connecting *terre et ciel*. I think *terre* and *ciel* should disappear. It will be a proof that everything is just language. The horizon is a line that we see because it has a name. Or?



(Please don't start protesting here that there are no thoughts outside of language) says Maggie. But, *what is not named does not exist* answers Chloé. *Poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought* Audre concludes².

It's mid-August now. I left Marion, Jad, Margot, Benoit, I left my blue couch, I left my flat melted into an atelier, the background for projects from the last four years. I moved to Bergen, a city to be friend with. I have the screenshots of the videos in a folder on my almost broken computer. It is the middle of the summer for me, but they call it fall semester. I walk in the midst, by the constructions, every morning to reach my new school, I want to make projects that don't sit around. Projects in paper – as always³. I don't know what I am looking for, but I want to find out.

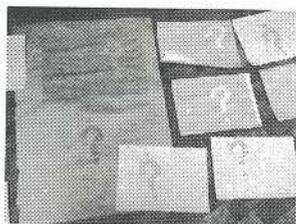
¹ *earth - artist - sky*

² Maggie Nelson, Chloé Delaume and Audre Lorde

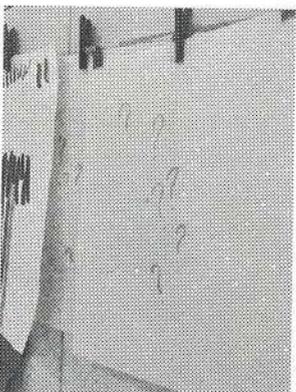
³ My work starts with paper. Its modesty, economy, lightness, flexibility... Paper can bend, fold, fly, get smashed, coloured, damaged, mould, cut, remould, be shared, carried, travel. Paper has its own language and is its own language. Efficiency, accessibility and many other words.

It is a month later. I am developing an obsession with question marks. Probably because I have to deal with a new language – after spending two years basing my practice on the plasticity of the French language. Question marks are symbols I can relate to, universal. I like them because they are always questioning something. They don't need words to doubt. They are their own sound, as well as a drawing to decorate my texts with.

Eventually, I realize that a question mark is just another type of line. This obsession is really just a stretch of my runs in landscapes. The twist of the line. The line as a potential for imagination. I remember when I realized how free the line can be. It was from the paintings of Sylvia Bächli, seen at the BF15 gallery in Lyon, a few years ago. I found them beautiful and playful. From what I understood, a line can become. Period.

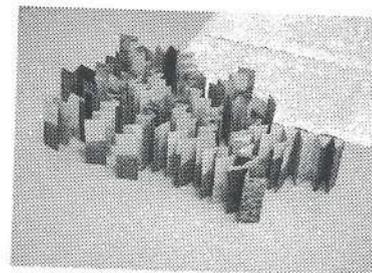


It's the beginning of the fall, for real, everything is so grey. I find a pillow I can shape as I please with the help of plastic wrap, I screen print A4 sheets with yellow question marks - it looks like the first step to make a book - cover the paper with glue, and layer the sheets around the pillow. I am making sculptures. I will make three dot shapes...



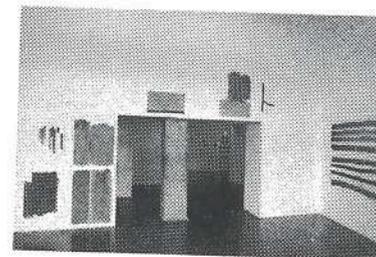
In the studio. The question marks don't fit the dots. The dots are their own language, they don't need another layer. I cover them with blank paper sheets. The yellow question marks slide and find their place on an A3 drawing. I tape it to the wall and paint the tape with blue acrylic paint.

The day after learning how to use the risograph printer. The line is moving, switching shape. If the question marks didn't end in the form of a book, the runs will. I print the screenshots using only two colours per image. One for *ciel* one for *terre*. They become *vvvv*, a series of book editions. They get their name and shape from a drawing, blue zigzags in acrylic paint. They look like a bookmark when they are folded, they could be carried in a pocket, I like that. Once unfolded, the books pretend to be sculptures. They stand and settle in space in an installation of lines in different colours. Sunflower, teal, blue, bright yellow, purple. Until they fold again.

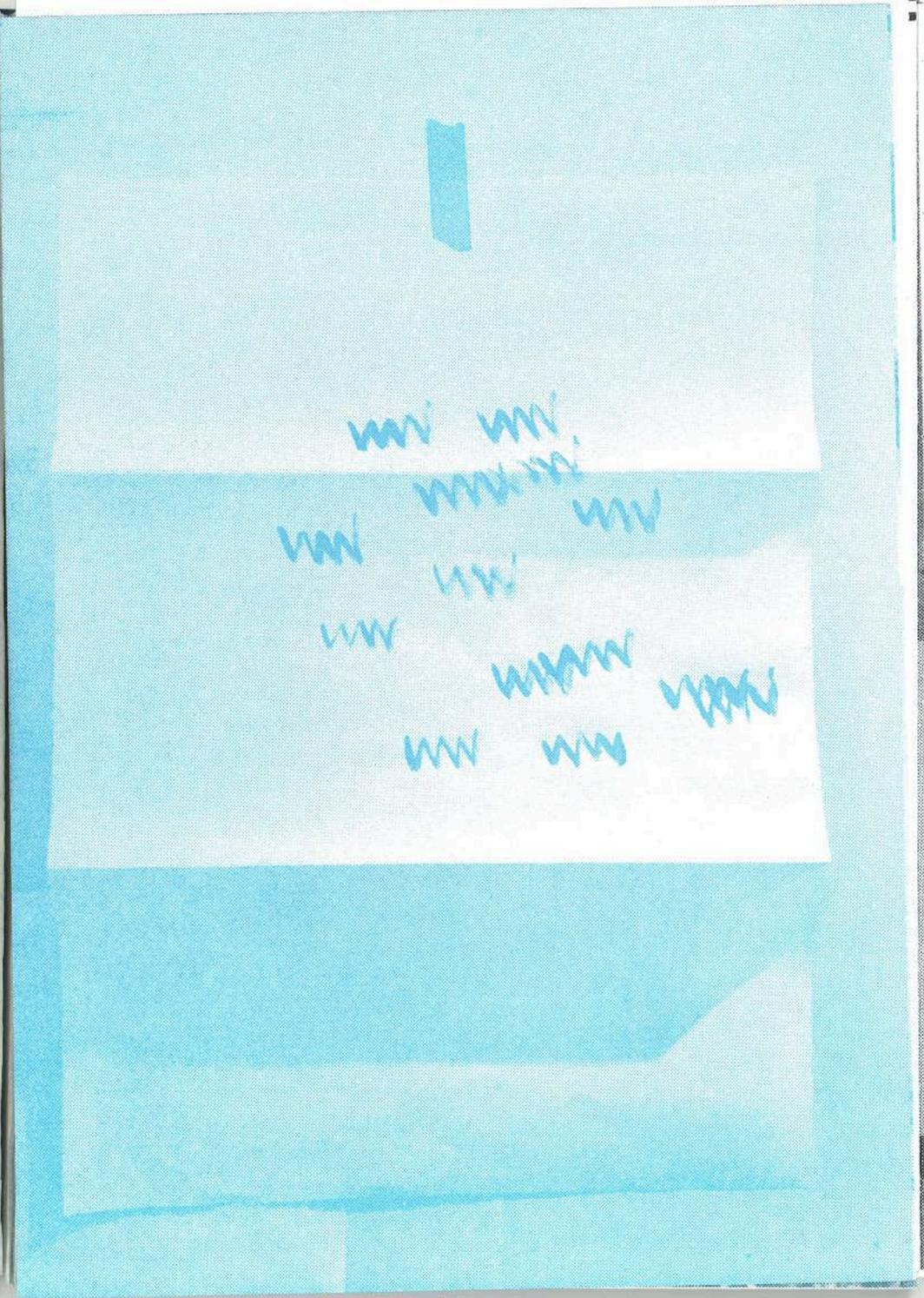
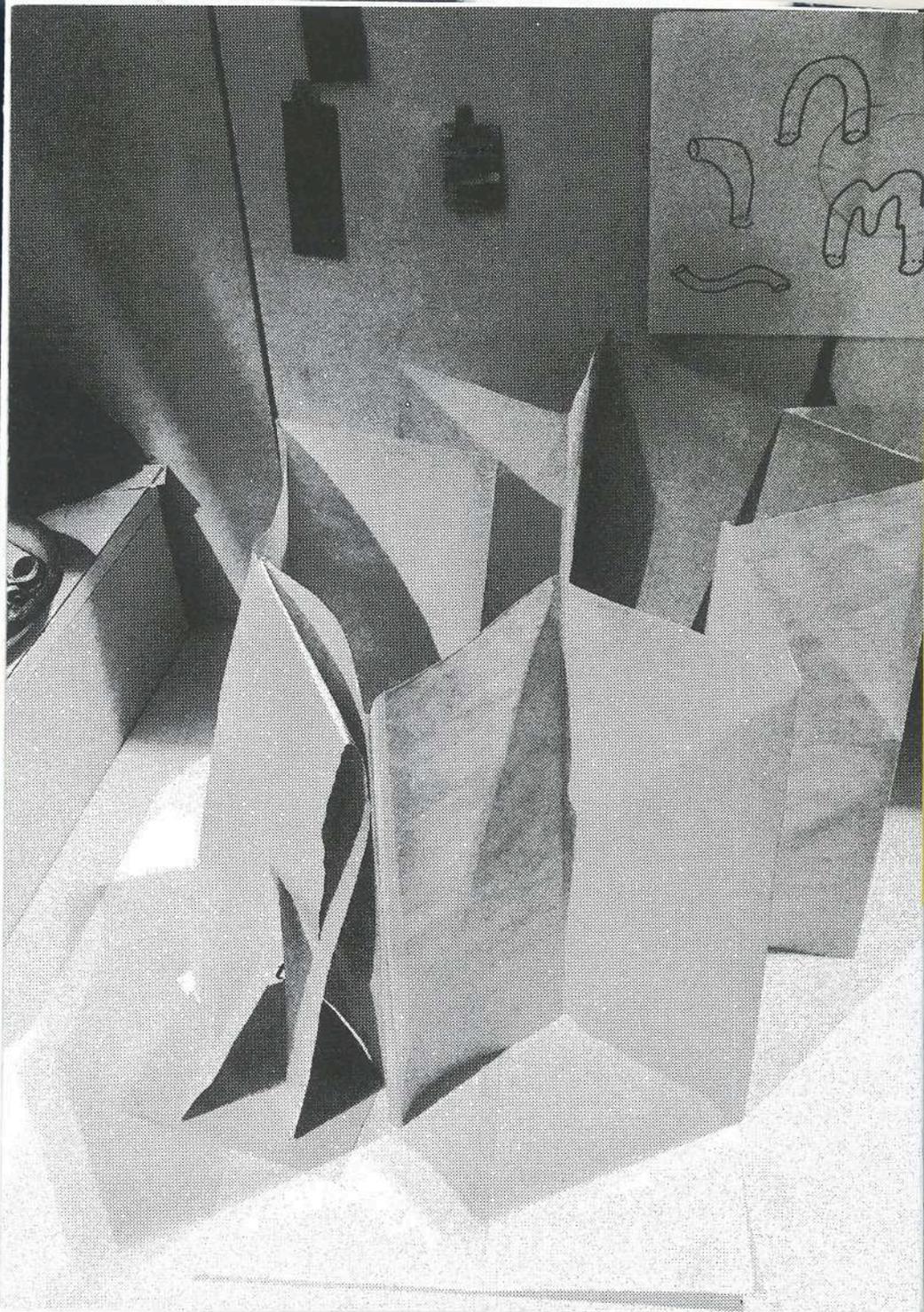


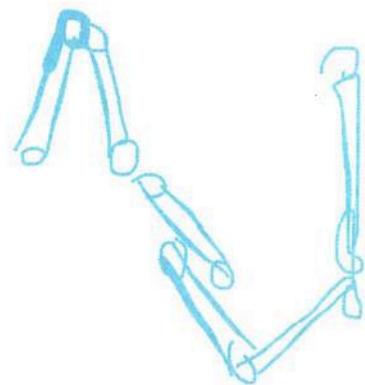
The line unrolls and rerolls to become u. Once stretched, it is almost a tube.

I am buying a plastic tube to cast its shape. I find the perfect one in a huge retail store. It was probably meant to be buried under the ground, or hidden in a wall, for some sort of water installation. I cast it, sitting on the floor of my studio. I am now the proud owner of a series of half tubes in *papier maché*. Some stay white, some turn blue, helped by pastel powder. I create my own lines to display in the space, to compose. I want to be as free as Sylvia!



She states that *a successful drawing is simple. It expands into space. It is larger than the paper format.*





On my desk, a block of A4 sheets, it was my first acquisition in Bergen. One of the beauties of paper is its potential to grow and expand, take different shapes and move forever. *Modestie, économie, malleabilité, accessibilité*, are the key words that led me to make my first work with A4 sheets. With the help of my glue, my tape and my scissors, I make shapes.

I start to think about translation. Wandering in my computer files, I stumble upon *Poudre jaune et autres textes*⁵, a text I wrote a few years ago, and decide to translate it, I might find some material to work with in there. It's impossible. How to translate the twist of the gender of the names, in a language where names have no gender? I understand I will have to find a new plasticity here. I start to think it can be found in translations.

I remember Deborah saying that *To be translated was like living another life in another body*.

I find Chloé Delaume in Bergen. Her name is lying on a pamphlet in one of the exhibitions in *Bergen Assembly 2022*. I am happy to find a name I know. I have just read her letter in *Lettres aux jeunes poétesses*⁶, it touched me. Here she is writing about the real story of the *Fables de la Fontaine*. How translation has been a tool to steal the Fables from their origins. *A tale within a tale*⁷. Translation too, is a story to discover.

The sky had been grey for some time now. I stop to write in French. I want to be understood. I want to give myself entirely to the English language, change gymnastically, find a new plasticity. After more than twenty years with so little confrontation with English, I want to dive all in.

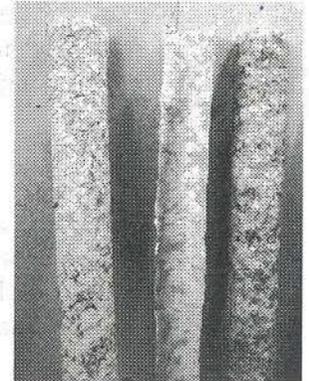
The joy of speaking two languages and to understand one through the other.

5 *Yellow powder and other texts*

6 *Letters to young female poets*

7 Chloé Delaume

It's almost winter. I am carrying the multitude of dots and tubes from my studio to a bigger room. Strange room, the floor starts on the wall, the walls meet in weird corners. The shapes lie there on the floor, surrounded by pieces of paper in different colours. I got my hand on a new type of paper. It can fly, it is light and its white is almost grey. I find in my phone a note about the sun showing up in the sky and I grab my yellow paint and apply some on the flying papers all around.



*Living in yellow*⁸ - and touches of blue.

The dots, the lines, the painted papers explode in the grey space. They sit on corners, become drawings, fall on the floor because my tape is not strong enough, fold and rip, get damaged, change colour. I experience the shapes growing in size around me, the spontaneity of a paper that falls of the floor. *What is the word?* I create new shapes, I glue, I tape, I cut, I assemble. Sometimes I lose control and the paper frees itself, it is a collaboration. Do not step on the shapes. Do not step on them, on her. I realize this project is not sitting around. I call it *To be continued*.

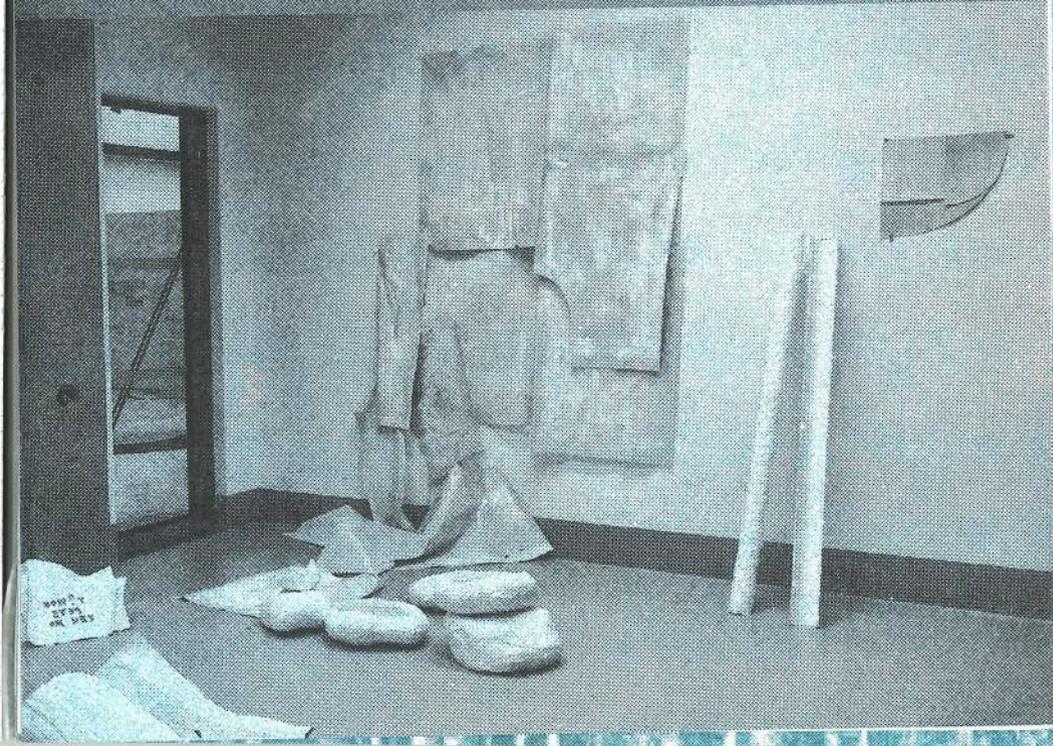
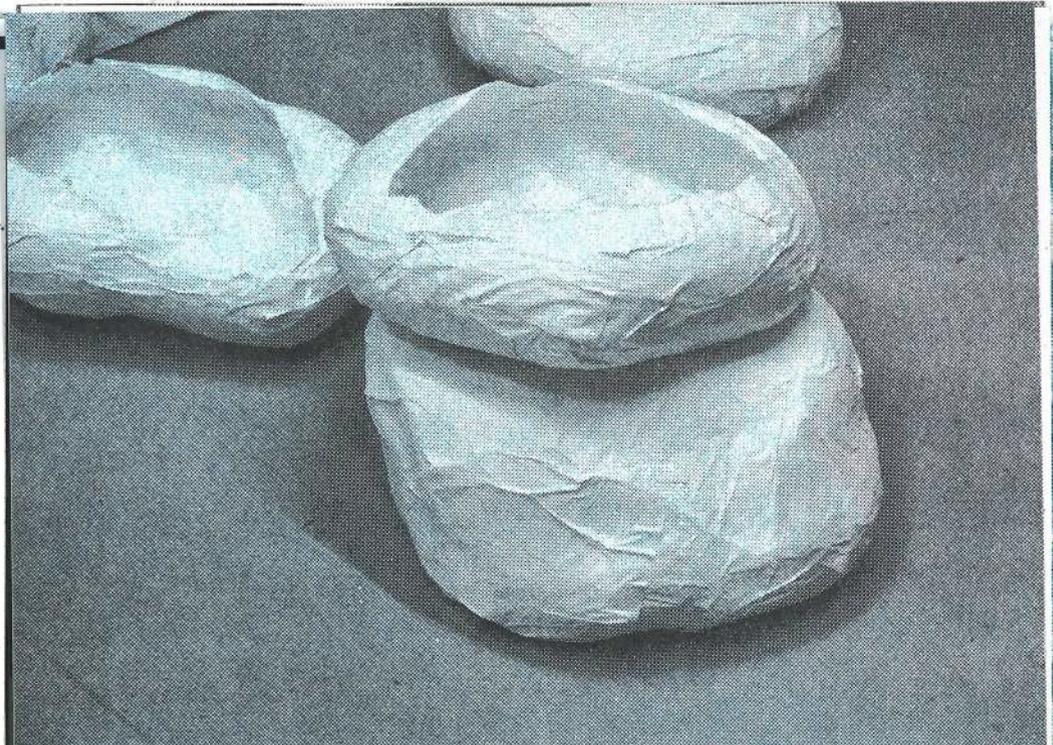
After a week in the room, a dance with shapes and colours, I understand my work is made of translations. *Is the task of the translator to release in his own language that pure language which is under the spell of another?* Asks Walter Benjamin. From a word to a shape, an idea to a colour. My projects are navigating through states of being. Georges Orwell says that *if thoughts corrupt language, language can also corrupt thoughts*. So can a shape damage its word, and a colour damage its idea? *I must admit, I no longer worry about such things*, answers Maggie⁹. I think I found another sort of language.

8 Deborah Levy

9 Maggie Nelson

WHAT'S
THE
WORD?

DON'T
PETS
REH NO

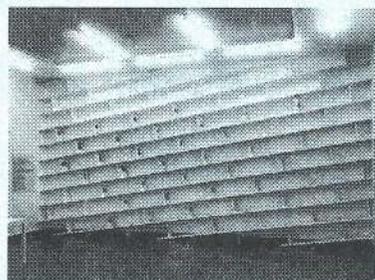


Sitting in a bus for five hours. My regular journeys to Stavanger are made of landscapes and horizons changing along with the seasons. I think about *vvvv* and I see things that will become sentences in my notes, colours in my studio.

It's Christmas time, I am flying to Lyon tomorrow. Joachim gifted me a book that can fold and unfold in three languages. I had met this book in the gallery Northing Space in the fall. Three languages to read in different ways. Horizontal, vertical, but not diagonal. The paper almost yellow, folds like an accordion. On the first page Miriam Stoney writes about footnotes. *I The gesture of footnoting in this way follows Donna Harraway and other feminist scholars in their commitment to thorough referencing as a means of representing the complex, far reaching "string figures" of knowledge production. It also serves as a rough calculation of my own intertextual indebtedness.*

What an interesting subject, the footnotes. A space tailored for a specific kind of text that can not fit in between lines. Almost a counter party. I remember how it struck me while reading a book from Walter Benjamin¹ in which footnotes took sometimes more space on the page than the text itself.

The folding book, *Debt Verses*, will stay on my desk for months, like a sculpture. The tip of the open page pointing towards the ceiling, words crossing on the page. Norwegian, English, Chinese.



It's January. I step into Bergen Kunsthall and I see a shelf. A custom made shelf for the *Cassandra Press* books. The shelf is perfect, perfectly crooked and adapted to the size of the books and the size of the wall. It sticks in my mind, it's beautiful.

I want to create a space to host my editions. They deserve a context too. A tailored context, an extension of themselves. I decide to make a folding shelf. I am seduced by the idea of a furniture piece to carry and to deploy. In the studio it could be stored with the paper, flat. I call my practice space-saving.

It's February and I am in Tallin for a week to watch the clouds. My dots shaped sculptures look like clouds. They can be shapes, language, projections. They have several identities.

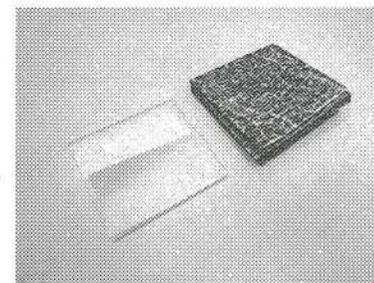
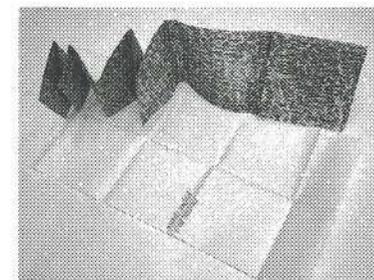
In Tallin, I learn that one day, three suns showed up in the sky.

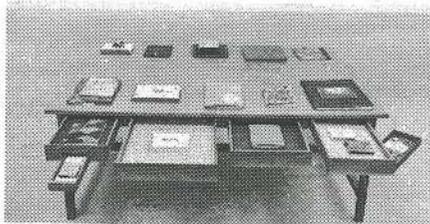
Back in Bergen. The shapes turn back into words and sentences. *One day, three suns showed up in the sky – Three dots chasing each other – Looking for a sentence to end – waiting for a name to exist – And to exit – Falling to – be continued – exit*

As the winter [is melting] into spring (Deborah)¹, I am turning words into editions. If lines can become. Words can too. I want to share what I experienced in the room.

I make ten 20 x 20 cm teal risoprinted editions. They contain a white square that needs to be unfolded ten times to discover the plot: *words unfold and become*. One sentence to unfold and a colour to arrange.

Along with the *vvvv*, I share them and send them away.





It is not quite spring yet, Chloe is showing me a video of Laura Owen's work *books and table*. A set of self designed tables to host all of her artists's books. A beautiful and generous gesture one can do for their work.

(It reminds me of *La Vie de Table* - I always think about it - an exhibition at the art centre CREDAC in Paris, just after the pandemic. A bunch of artists were invited to take part by sending small works made at home, to be displayed on different sorts of tables. It touched me, impressed me, by its modesty, it's honesty.



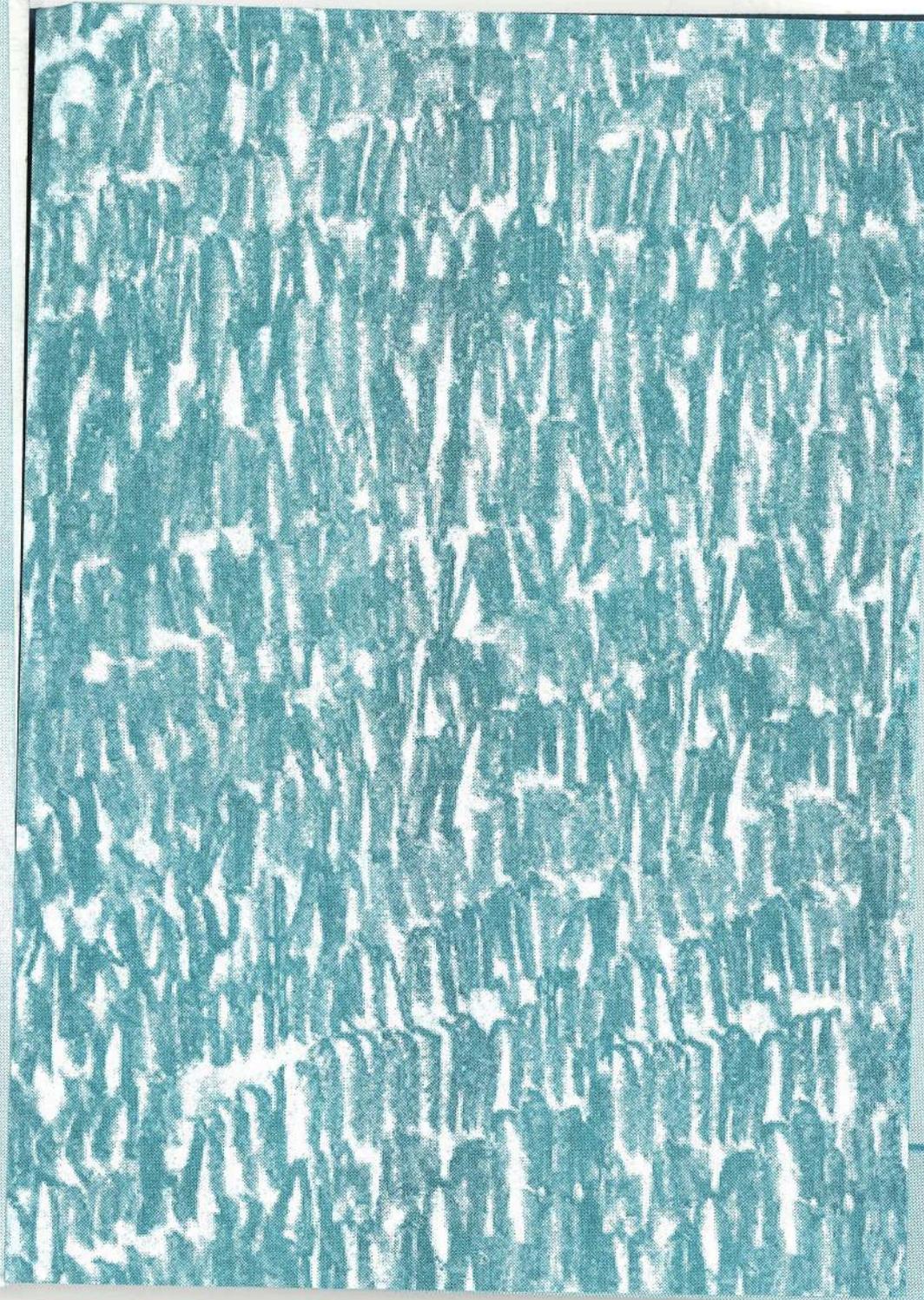
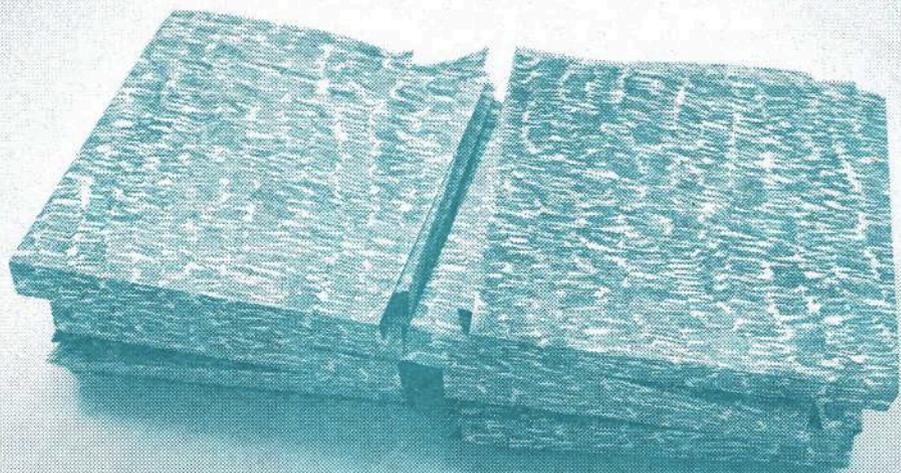
I remember the line of small cakes by Sarah Tritz, they were arranged like a train of biscuits on a green table)

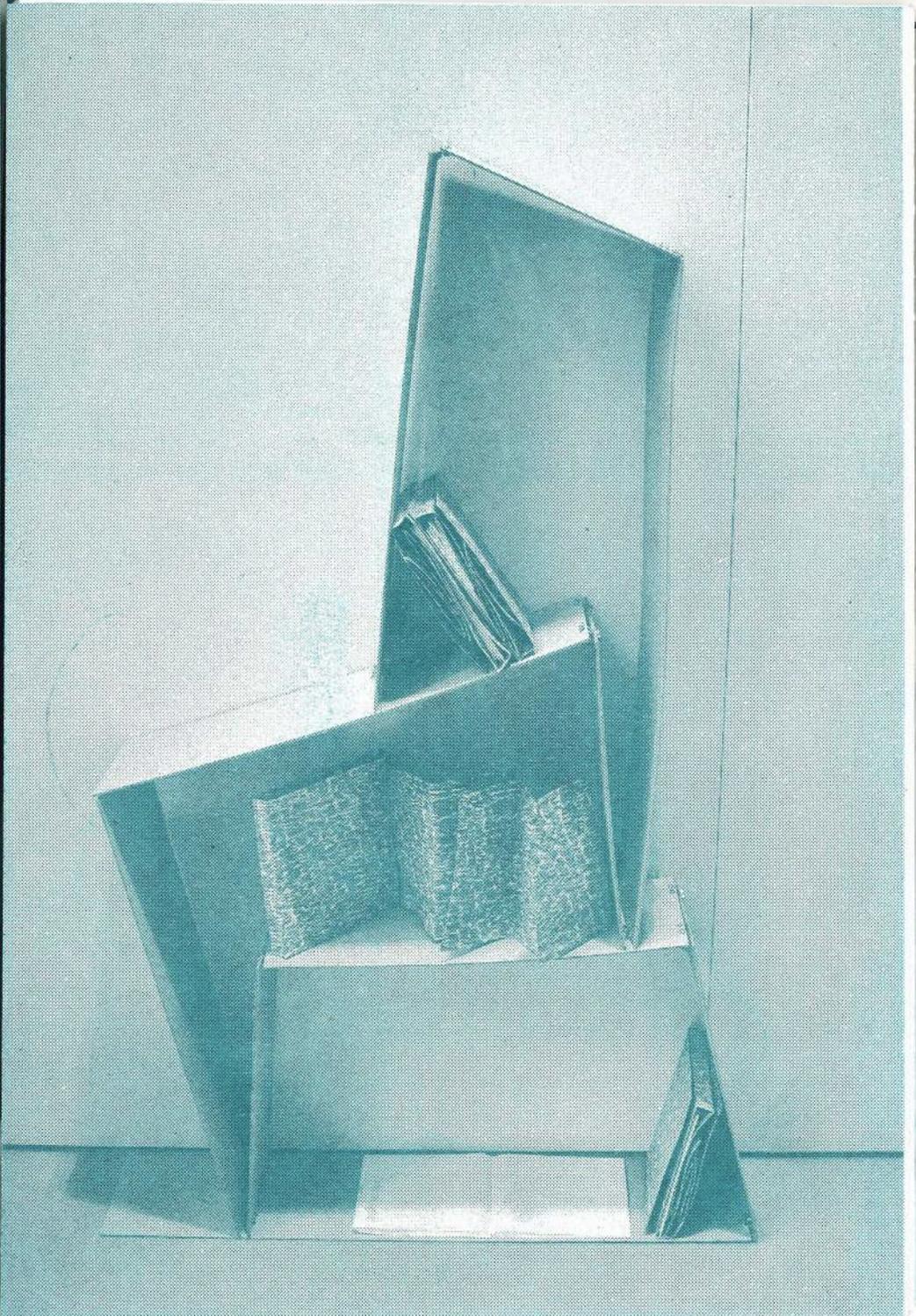
If the words were trains they had slowed right down and then come to a halt. (Deborah Levy)

I think about my shelf. I think wood. I don't have access to the wood workshop. I make cardboard models. One small, it works. One big, it falls. It was a short story. The shelf is still a concept.



*words unfold
and become*







It's May, sun is here and it is dazzling. My work unfolds in a space for a few days; for an audience this time. Galleri Taxi, May 2023. *To be continued.* Dots, tubes, words, yellow papers. Construction of the landscape in deconstruction. I place some pieces of tape here and there to fix papers on walls and corners. I display the dots on the parquet floor covered with paint drops. Words are present too, displayed in the space in an edition one can unfold for another story. When my back is turned a sheet of yellow paper falls from the wall and find its space on the floor in an elegant fold. Tomorrow some others will have moved too. They stop moving for the opening.

To be continued starts with paper – a space to draw, paint, print. Molded or assembled it gets bigger and settles in space. Sculpture meets drawing and books pretend to be sculptures. From the same starting point, the modest white sheet can become almost anything, in a back and forth between gestures, symbols, landscapes... From a language to another, from an idea to a colour; a translation on A4 sheets.



Shapes and words are light and modular – on the wall / the corner / the floor – they unfold, and then disappear in pockets. To be continued is a landscape in permanent deconstruction, a drawing in a notebook, a poem to unfold.

Sarah tells me it is like a tornado came into the space and sent paper all over. She also says the words are the rule. I like it.

One week later, shapes are packed, piling in the studio. Everything seems too big, too heavy. The shapes are made of paper and glue, technically impossible to fold. It is time to show my work again, at Bergen Kjøtt this time, along with my classmates. The dots, the lines, it doesn't make sense here. They have no space to unfold, they will lose their lightness and malleability, they can't pretend anymore.

I feel that this group show is a space for another kind of unfolding. Our own; to create a space. We will need to fold back sometimes, just a little, to give enough space to all.

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wed up in the

Falling to

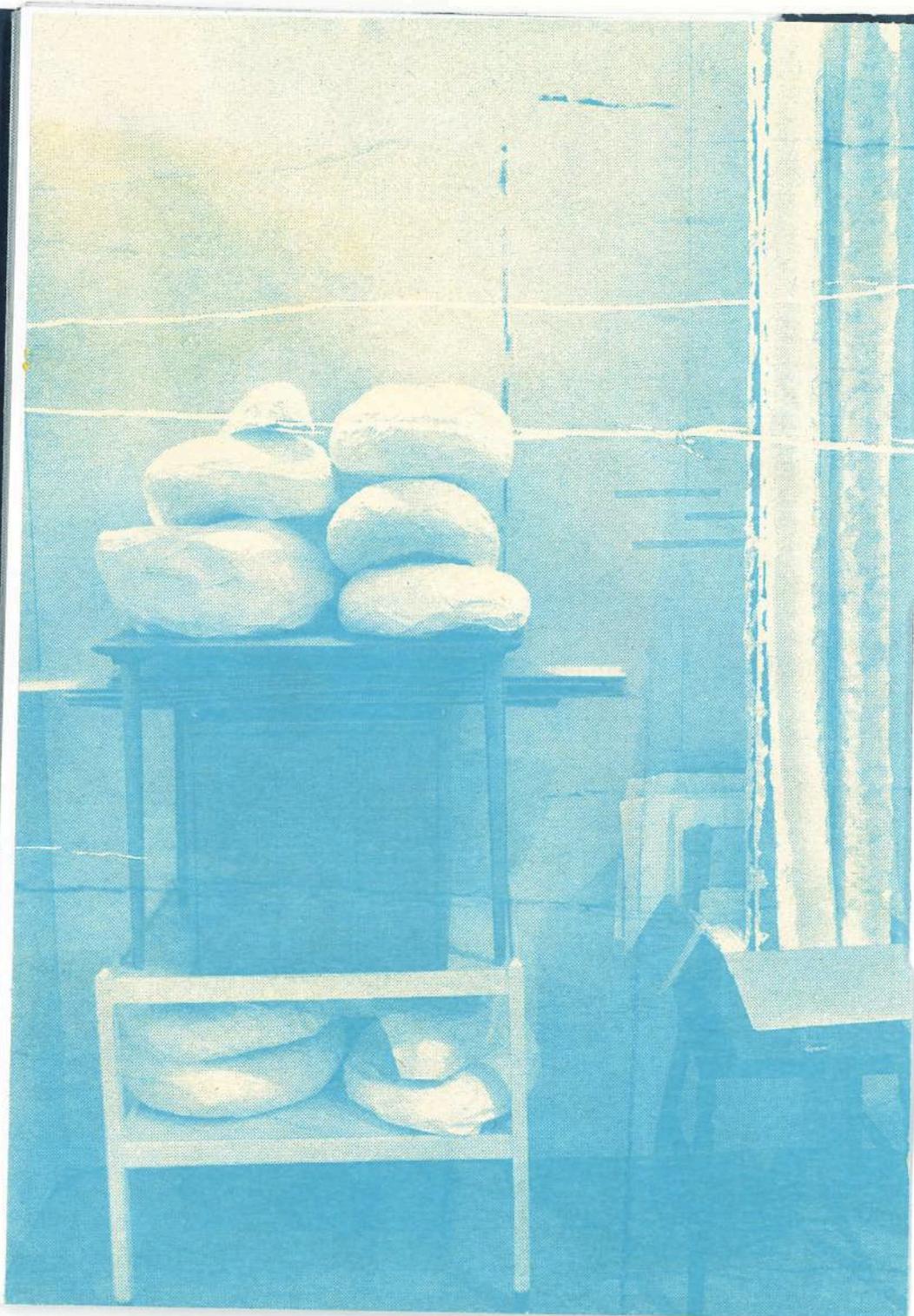
And to exit

Three dots chasing each other

Looking for a sentence to end

C





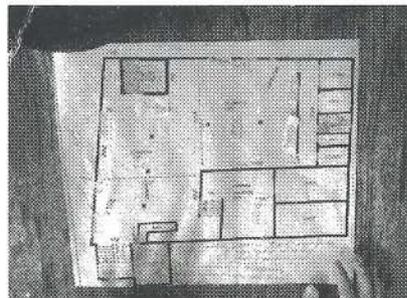
A week through the process of wondering. I am thinking a lot about the walls here. I always think so much about the space that hosts the work. It has its own plasticity. I think about this wall I built once, only by piecing together white pieces of textile. I want to make the walls light again.

I am reading the notes in my phone: *The context has a meaning.* What is our context? I wonder. Can a context be made of stones and cement? Names and words?

Late at night, the sun is still up. I decide to fold everything back again, one more time. Fold back into my decisions. An exhibition map contains both the drawing of the hosting space and the list of the artists composing the show. Nothing could make more sense. A floor plan printed on paper, it is the only way I can carry the space in my pocket.

All our names are associated with numbers, I am 21, only one spot away from my favourite number.

I draw walls on A4 sheets by pressing the button of the risomachine. I collect names and titles in three columns to read like a text. Along the red line one can read "*Walls have a meaning*" she says – "*walls have a language*" I say. I don't know who this 'she' is. Perhaps the result of presentations, discussions, questions and reflections.



Bright red, Aqua, Sunflower, Purple.

The show is over. I start to collect exhibition maps. I find them in blue folders, on shelves, in piles of notes and lists, at the bottom of multiple purses and in pockets from jeans and jackets. The maps from past exhibitions. I will carefully keep the ones to come. I find them beautiful and important. I like them because it is all I have left from shows, more material than a memory, the last proof of an exhibition.

colourpencil on paper

Reem Asfour

02:54

isolates, 2023

have a great idea, 2023

painting

ery (22/08/22), 2023

Semaganda

23

metal cans, recycled rice

Hjelle Strand

gt / You are not broken, 2023

polyester, cotton, dyed with

u fortalte til meg / What I

me, 2023

with reactive colour. Textile

and stitch

Thomsen

is into the ripples of a push, 2023

c. stones

Trolborg

020 - 14/5 2022, 2023

textile sculpture

hair down there, 2021

e and hair installation

e

23

epoxy, iPhone, digital jacquard

bjerg

; 2023

wood

n

, SEEDING, 2023

truction foam, engravings in

r glue, worms, dandelion seeds,

gments

& Ambre Rimbault

Nanna Erika Trolborg

Nanna Erika Trolborg

Madelen Lindgren

Ali Reza Ashoori

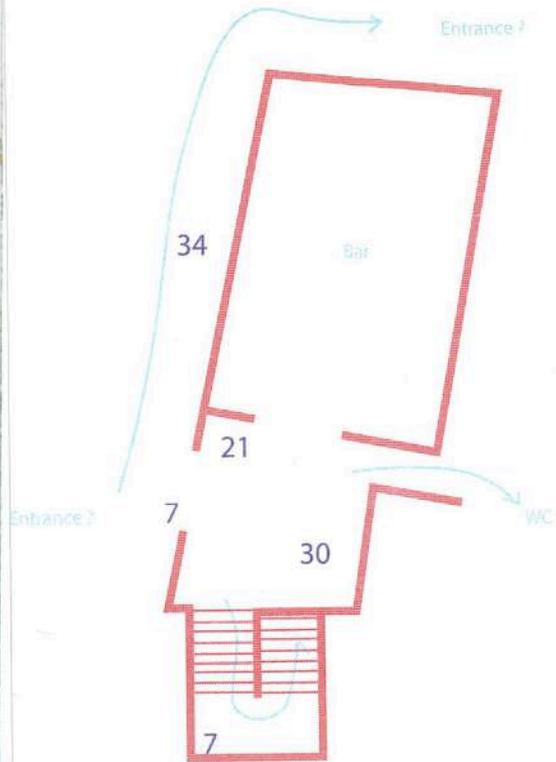
I CAN CARRY PEOPLE AROUND

MFA 2022-2024, KMD

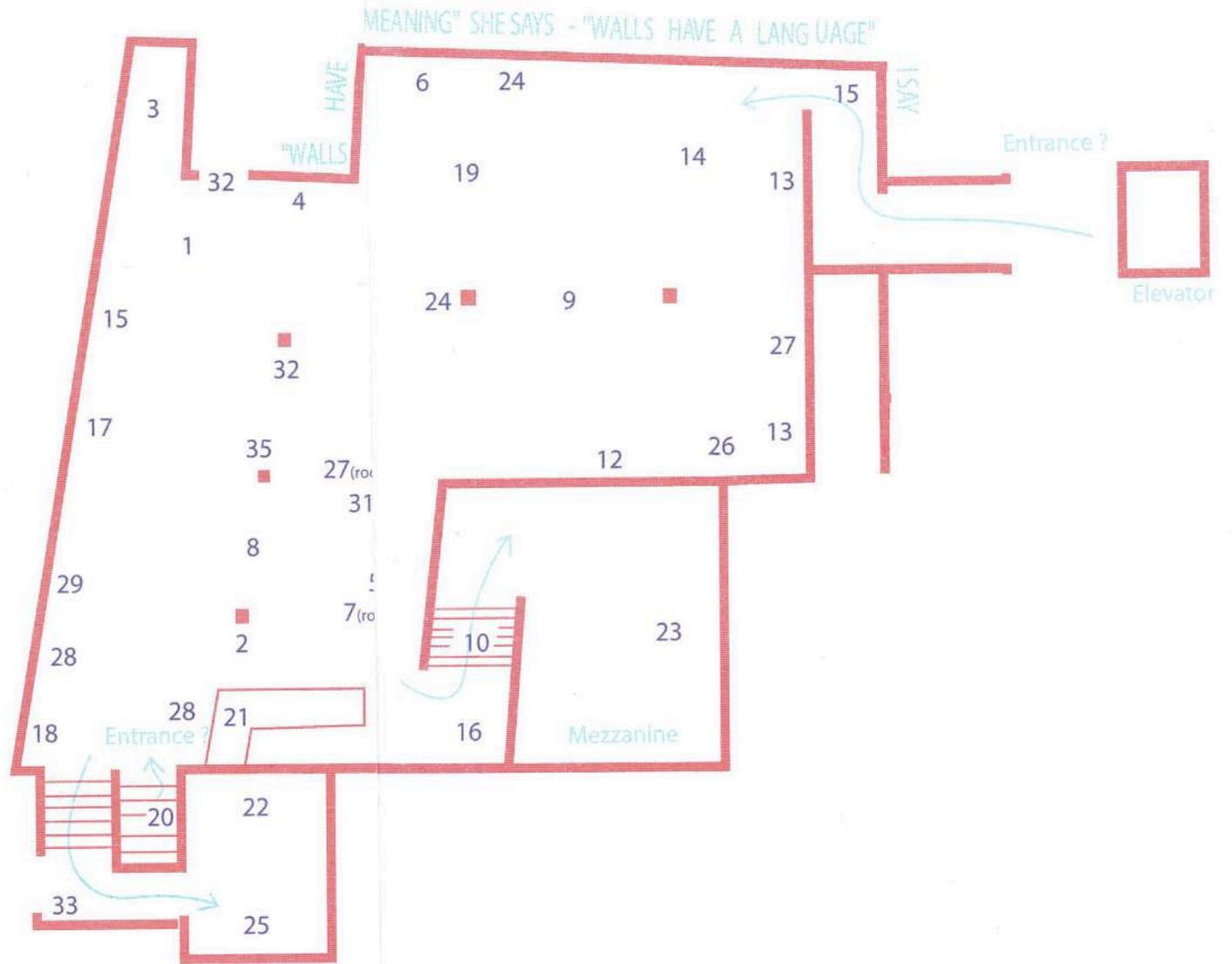
25/05/22 - 29/05/23

Bergen Kjøtt

1st FLOOR



2nd FLOOR



ouf Alon

Body Gestures, 2023
Installation, ceramic, glass, wood

Susanna Antonsson

Tu finns det bevis, 2023
Wood panel, acrylic

Ali Reza Ashoori

With the Highest Most Distinguished Honors, 2023
Performance

Dance Slave, 2023
Performance

Trude Bredholt

I was here, 2023
Acrylic and pigment on cotton canvas

Carl Bird

Second Date Embrace, 2023
Installation

Lara Brener

I could hear them clashing, 2023
Wax, wood

Arius Eid

Is there room for all? /
Er det plass til alle?, 2023
Posters

Hongjie He

Untitled, 2023
Hand weaving

Alphie Hubbard

Nothing in a body that fixes it to now, 2023
Installation, scrap metal, denim, string, ink
on paper

Arild Horvei Instanes

Linky, 2023
Acrylic paint on cotton, acrylic paint on
denim, acrylic paint on photoprint

Sooyan Jalilvand

Misjudgments And One Other Piece, 2023
Photography installation

Pouria Kazemi

Harsh Zoom, 2023
Short Film, 00:12:30

Edwina Mirembe Kirabo

Invisible but most important, 2023
Silk screen print, hand sewing

Preparing heat source, 2023
Silk screen print, acrylic paint on canvas

Removing the shea oil after boiling, 2023
Silk screen print, acrylic paint on canvas

Maia Sippel Krill

Desk, 2023
Installation with intermittent performance

15. Ebba Kruse

Över hela linjen II, 2023
Installation

16. Per-Erik Larsen

Pink living room, 2022
Soft pastel and pastel paint on dyed cotton twill

Dawn, 2023
Soft pastel on dyed cotton twill, oak frame

Untitled (trickster trap), 2023
Soft pastel on jute mesh, pine frame

Pulp cylinder, 2023
Soft pastel, paper pulp, pva

17. Moana Le Meur

Wide / La Dacia, 2023
Publication

18. Miriam Levi

Protoplastics: See-life can change, 2023
Installation, cyanotype in bio-plastic, found
materials, mirrors

19. Madelen Lindgren

Mercury psalms, 2023
Installation and performance, sand, glass,
silver, steel, soundscape by Tina Solberg
Törstad

20. Rui Liu

Once and once again, 2023
Installation, typewriter, textile



21. Chloé Malloggi

Walls have a language, 2023
Floor plan, text

22. Sara Miran

Det ulmer under overfladen
Reagerer, eroderer, vibrerer, 2023
Sonic installation

23. Martin David Mutebi

In the sound of 15 mins, 2023
Ceramic installation

24. Sebastian Jensen Mølsted

I morgen når jeg vågner om nogle timer, vil min
migræne være væk, siger jeg til mig selv, 2023
Oil, acrylic and pigment on wood + canvas
strap

Lykkeligt i de åjeblikke når blikket er blændet af
lys, 2023

Cement, pigment, oil

Spanner cast, 2023
glass, metal and sandstone

25. Masja Nor Nødtvedt

Liminal, 2023

26. Claudia Ol

To Sider, 2023
Graphite, charcoal

27. Yasemin Or

Symbiosis, 2023
Collaboration with
Animated film.

An artichoke and
Monotype

28. Jonas Erbo

Dear Powerade
Ceramic sculpture

Marathon in a
Paintings

29. Joshua Victor

Remember me,
Barkcloth, recycled
packaging bags

30. Nora Marti

Du er ikke cyd
Two pillows, lin
reactive colour

Det eg trengte
needed you to t
Quilt, cotton dy
drawings with l

31. Andreas Aic

We are the render
Installation, cera

32. Nanna Erik

Phone notes - 2
Performance, 25

Do people see th
Performance, te

33. Ingeborg Ty

Tales of transit,
Sculpture in wo
weaving

34. Morten Und

Rave RIOT ecst
Acrylic on canvas

35. Frida Vikstr

SLOW FLUTTE
Wax, hair gel, co
copper plates, su
rose dessert gel,

With:

Ylva Teigen A

Performances:

25.05 18:00
19:00
22:00

26.05 & 27.05 15:00

It's summer, finally. I have just moved in a new room with blue walls. Sitting in the back garden every morning, I am thinking about everything I will do next semester. But before, I am travelling, and reading. I read *Hot Milk*, *The Argonauts*, *Funny Weather*... All these ways of writing resonate. Deborah, Maggie and Olivia¹ write freely. All I want to do is to read. I spend the summer thinking about writing.

One day Madeline Gins tells me *Could we think of the act of reading as creative? [...] Could the act of reading even be considered synonymous with writing?* Did I spend the whole summer writing?

Last days in France, before travelling back to fall. I am visiting an exhibition in Nantes with my friend Léo and we are wondering about the curation of the show and the choice of the artists. Léo concludes that there are different families of art. I say, *On est probablement de la même famille, toi et moi.*² He answers with no doubt *Bah non.*

In the train from Nantes to Paris airport, after saying goodbye to my parents. I remember a podcast about love I listened to in July. The narrator, Anaïs Volpé, was telling stories of friendships and had this nice analogy of relationships being like an old furniture with plenty of drawers, she had at least three. Friends, family, lovers. I would add one drawer to mine for the artistic family, *la famille choisie*. I like the idea of sorting relationships and crafting our own personal furniture.

¹² Olivia Laing

¹³ *We are probably from the same family, you and I*

*Ma famille choisie*¹⁴ is a set of relations I weave in the landscape of my practice. Like threads on a carpet, they are only visible on the back, but an essential part of the finale image of the front.

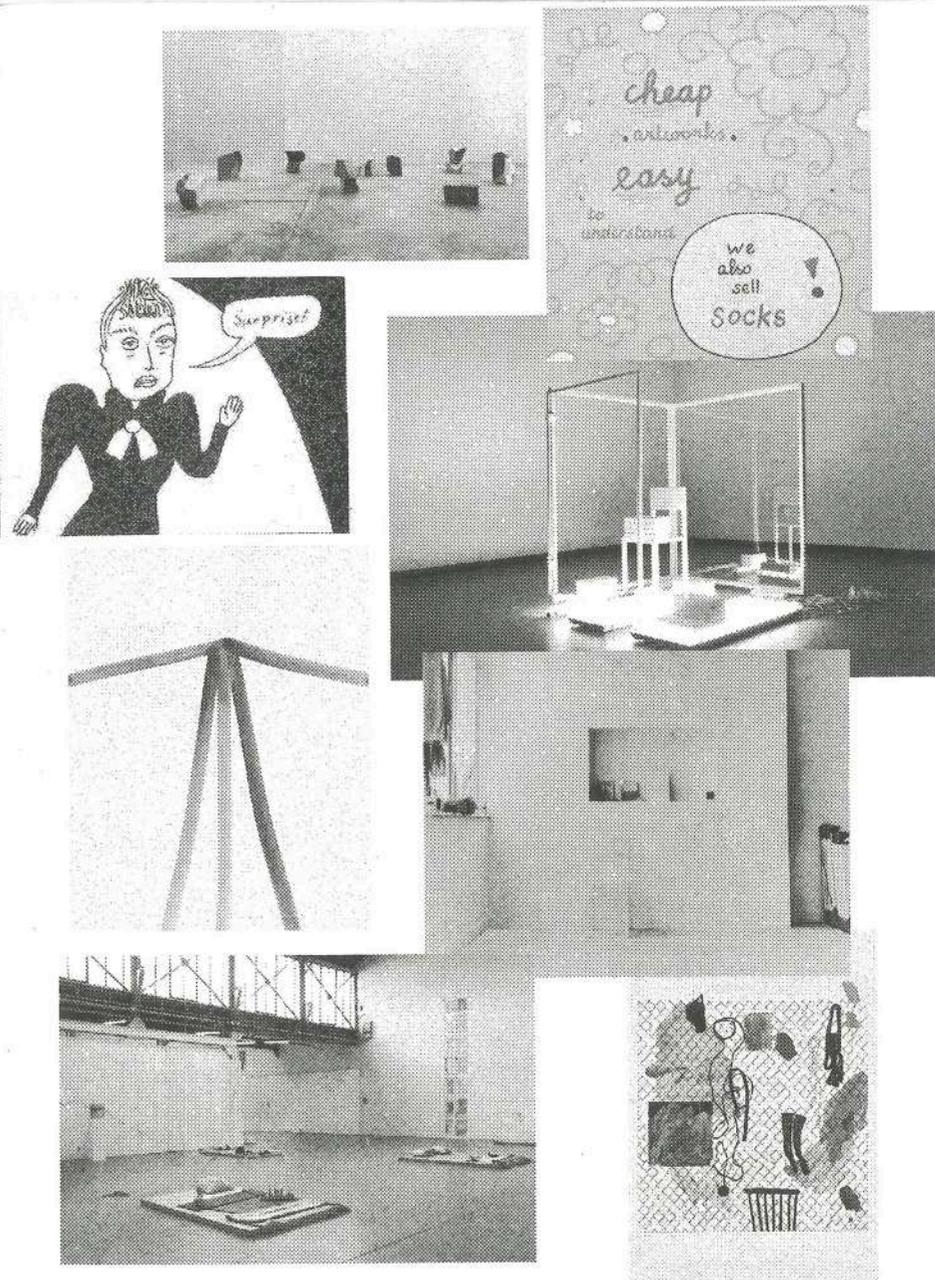
(For a long time I struggled to find my family. I was never excited. Christophe Cuzin, Gordon Matta Clark, Bruno Carbonnet, Sol Lewitt... I could see the similarities, the shapes, the colours... But I was so bored. They were telling a different story, coming from a different context. I found some comfort among writers, their words related to my shapes. I remember Anne Cauquelin, Nathalie Sarraute, Georges Perec, Monique Wittig, Virginia Woolf, Virginie Despentes).

Today, some years later, I find myself well surrounded. By Deborah, Maggie, Chloé, Olivia, Sylvia, Sarah, Laura, Melissa, Wendy, Liv, Monique, Lily. I met them one after the other, they help me build my work and myself. Their words escort me, make me want to write, understand colours and like paper even more.

Deborah writes out of the blue, she tells stories that she interrupts with thoughts and comments on landscapes and objects. Maggie is in love with a colour, but I also suspect she is in love with the names she writes all over her texts. Chloé says words are a power. Olivia pretends to write about other artists, but in between the lines, I can read her autobiography. Sylvia can't stop drawing lines and turns walls into horizons. Sarah loves and hates her sculptures, you can tell by her titles. Laura is sorting white shapes over and over, it is a dance with things, the studio expands all over. Melissa uses objects as layers of paint, and words as protestation. Wendy writes alone but collectively, she invents plenty of voices that she surrounds herself with, they seem important. Liv makes comic books that look like a painting, a poem, a manifesto, it's like talking with a friend. Monique has a community of names who dance and cry and scream and observe. Lily doesn't need paper, she writes what she thinks with colours.

(Like them, I put shapes and colours together, hoping it will form a sentence)

¹⁴ The term *famille choisie* (chosen family) comes from Camille, one of my teachers during my Bachelor. The idea of family charmed me. I didn't make myself alone.



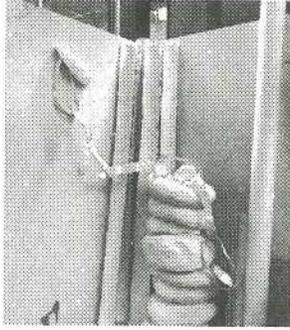
From left to right: Sylvia Bächli, Lily Van der Stokker, Liv Strömquist, Laura Lamiel, Sylvia Bächli, Laura Lamiel, Sarah Tritz, Melissa Gordon

Fall is here early. I start to wonder how to write. I keep saying I do poetry. I don't feel totally honest. I think I am a sculptor. At least it helps me thinking about words more freely. I am a sculptor with paper and with words. I thought about it all summer.

I write an ode to words, which feels more like journalling my insecurities. My text is published and I have to let go.

I want to write an ode to paper.

I get access to the wood workshop. I can finally make my shelf. I buy the whole outfit, I have the shoes, the pants, the glasses... I am ready to work with wood. But wood doesn't fold. I find myself comparing hinges at Clas Ohlson and Biltema, it doesn't make sense, the folding shelf was not supposed to require technicality. I realize I can't think in wood. The shelf will stay a model in grey cardboard that doesn't stand without help. Still a concept but not a dead project.



September is raining. In my studio the pile of dots forms a column in a corner, next to the tubes and many rolls of paper. What if the shapes could transform? I slice a dot with my precision knife. But these slices of dots are stiff and disappointing. I decide to make new shapes, no glue this time, they must be able to bend, fit a folder. The fold and deployment for real.

TOWARDS

Chloé Malley (poet)
Eliane Ruzbault (illustrator)

I never really knew how to write.

I would rather say I am in love with words. I put them together hoping it will form a sentence. I am fascinated by their ability to transform and get together in order to create a message, a meaning. I am a French native speaker. I don't know a lot of English words, and the French ones are slower and slower to appear in my mind. Every day is a time for discovery, new and lost words pop up and expand my horizons. I believe the more words I know, the more things I can think about. **What is not named does not exist** says Chloé Delaume.

I think about words all the time. When I read and write, as obvious as it sounds. When I walk and think, when I see shapes and colours that remind me of them, when shapes and colours become beings. I think about words at breakfast, lunch and dinner. At home, at school and in bed. From the early morning, through the brightest time of the day when the sun set and until the darkness of the night. Words are my obsession. Their meaning, their story, their plasticity. Plasticity. It's a long story.

The only time I don't think about words is when I speak. It is difficult to believe that words are my thing if you listen to me talking. I am too eager to tell, so I stumble and lose control. I do not trust the spoken words. They scare me. They can fly away too quickly and leave you with an open mouth.

ooooo

trying to remember what to put words on.

The written words reassure me. I like their silent company. They let me come closer, copy, paste, tame. I cut, twist, model as I like, easy.

1 shapes and colours

So, I write. After I started to understand it and until recently, if someone asked me to define my writings, I used to answer poetry. But I never really felt like I was writing poetry. I don't feel like a poet, even if when I was reading *Lettres aux Jaunes Poetesses*, I felt that I was the perfect target. Then, I took the decision not to say I write poems anymore. I work with words. As vague as it sounds, I find it more precise. I sculpt with words. I make collages.

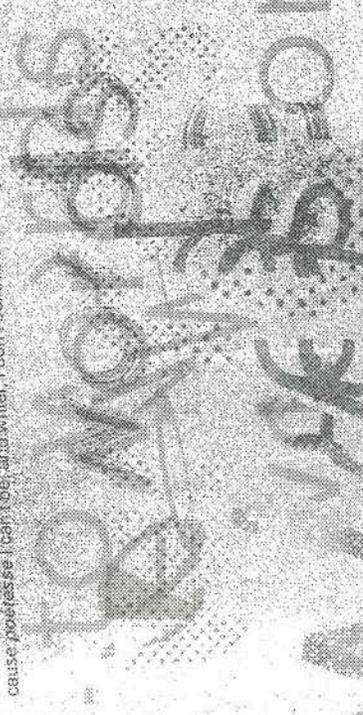
I like words, punctuations, question marks, footnotes, indefinite and definite pronouns. I like them as much as I hate them. I hate them when they are fixed in their role and don't make space for flexibility. In that case, I attack them with my glue and my scissors. Cut, twist, stretch, repeat, until I like them again. Then I sort them in drawers or in the notes of my phone. They can stay there for years.

They can stay there for years.

For years.

Until I give them back their freedom. I would have liked to keep them for myself. I am scared they will tell my secrets, betray me. I am scared to lose control again. Can we determine when we write?

To you words, I want to be your friend, your lover, your fan number one. Because I can't be, and writer, I don't believe so. Yet I just want to write.

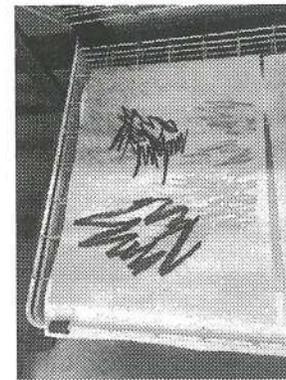


2 Letters to Young (female) Poets by Chloé Delaume, Rebecca Chalton and 21 other poets and poetesses



I am back at the screenprinting workshop. It has been a long time. I want to be part of the printing gesture. I miss the intimacy with paper.

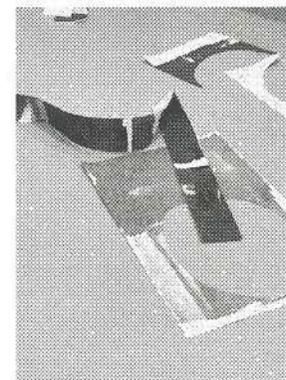
I make stencils from scans of recent drawings but after a few prints I realize it's not working, it's lacking simplicity. Elisabeth Sonneck makes *paintings whose subject is the colour itself* (Matthias Bley), why not me?



I am looking into pots filled with colours, none of them are pure colours but old mixes left here by the last people in the room. I decide to reuse them. I spot some blue, some green. I empty the content of one pot into another, stir, the blue changes, becomes darker. Same process with the greens. My green is almost grey, I like it. I print with empty screens. What is important today is the action. I like the printing gesture, fill, pull and repeat. After half an hour, the papers are coloured.

A series of 90 x 50 cm 220g sheets of paper, covered unevenly with ink.

I bring them flat into a room, the same room as last fall, and I cut, twist, fold, I make an installation. *I never really knew how to write*, I have in mind. *J'ai jamais vraiment su comment écrire*. I am trying to make sentences with paper. Shapes are like words to display and to read. *I never knew how to write*. I already know it will be the title.



(like D, M, C, S, S, L,
M, M, W, L)

I put shapes
and colors
together
hopping it will
make a
sentence.

Deborah
Maggie
Chloé
Olivia
Silvia
~~Silvi~~
Sarah
Laura
Melissa
Wendy
Liv
Monique

I put shapes and colours together, hopping it will form a sentence.
Tactility also touches thinkers and writers (Freek Lomme)
Am I suppose to paint with words then? (Jean Tardieu)

When I don't know what the next shape will be, I stop, sit and google. I always google the same names, I need to see their work to keep working. Most often I google Sarah and Sylvia. These regular meetings make me think of Camille.

While I work and dance with shapes, I listen to voices of women. They discuss with Lauren Bastide in the podcast *La Poudre*. They speak about their life, their work. I sit by my desk and I write the list of *ma famille choisie*.

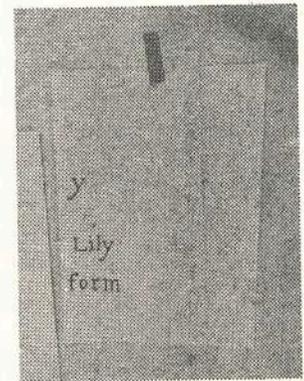
Deborah, Maggie, Chloé, Olivia, Sylvia, Sarah, Laura, Melissa, Wendy, Liv, Monique, Lily. All these names are now words in my notebooks, like a sentence, a text. They are important to me and close to the installation in the room.

I am notified that *hopping* only uses one p, *hoping*. No words in my work are jumping. Or?

I put shapes and colours together, hoping it will form a sentence.

It has been a week, paper rolled itself up back in the studio, flat on a table.

There are words all around me. On my desk, hanging to a string, taped to the wall, crumpling on the floor. Where should the words go? I look around in the studio. On the right side of the door, on the wall, an ugly blue flower had been painted, probably by the person having this space before me. It is when I remember. Another exhibition I saw in Nantes that summer. Rémy Drouard had painted directly on the walls, small colourful shapes, everywhere in the gallery space, subtle, elegant. Walls can be pages too. I had forgotten. Few blue shapes on my wall later I decide to bring a screen and to print. I print their names, the list of names, on the wall, on the floor, with another blue.



It's almost mid semester and all I want to do is read. I read Deborah in three volumes¹. I like the way she plays with words. I share my love of Deborah with Miri, Ylva and Isabella. And I share my love with words with Deborah.

I think I forgot my way of writing, and it feels nice.

October Sun, I try to write about something other than my practice, I realized I haven't done this in years. I write about a sun in ceramic on the blue wall of my room and about Marion, it was about home and its walls, its love and its light. And it feels like writing about my work. The same words, the same colours, the same feelings.

The project is still in continuation.

WOOD DOESN'T
FOLD LIKE PAPER

Two days in a cabin. We took the bus up here, with Ali, Sara, Sebastian. Tomorrow we will write. I am writing in French again. And it's difficult. *C'est difficile*. But it was time. *J'avais presque oublié comment écrire!*¹⁶

Getting close to Christmas break, for the second time in this text. We will unfold one last time together, me and my thirty one classmates, at Bergen Kunsthall for the graduation show. I need to decide what to share there. I am thinking about the last installation, *I never knew how to write*, sentences made of paper, words and names. I have the same feeling as last spring. The shapes can't unfold just anywhere, they risk losing their modesty.

I will share a sentence for sure. What vocabulary? What grammar? What semantic? *My work is a succession of spatializations and tensioning of the different elements of my vocabulary of form*¹⁷, says Laura. I just need to find another tension.

Jumping into the new year, there is so much snow around, one can hardly walk. I come to a conclusion. I cut, reduce, condense. The installation flips back into an edition of books. An installation to carry. Sculptures will be pages to unfold and to experience one after the other. *I thought about every aspect of the page and book as a set of relations* Johanna Drucker comments. I don't even need the shelf.

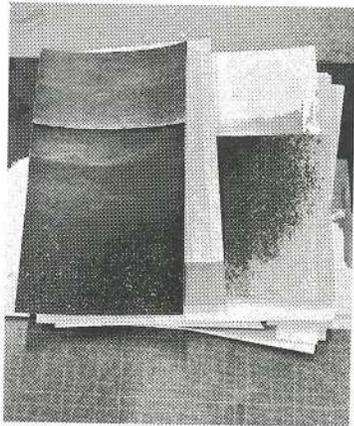
I make models. Jessica says the book is a bag containing my sculptures. I like the idea.

As for a context, I want to exhibit the project in the bookshop at Kunsthall – a space tailored for books. But I don't want them to behave like books. Surrounded by other books, they will act like sculptures. I want them on the floor, piling up next to a table foot.

¹⁶ I almost forgot how to write!
¹⁷ Laura Lamiel

*Au détour d'une conversation*¹ with Michael, he mentions the words take over. Am I doing a bookshop take over? How big should that be? How small can it be? Should the books find their space on tables, shelves, and corners? Using the space and its characteristics as much as possible? I need to figure out what the characteristics of a book shop are. I want to be simple, and precise.

It's today. And I write about today. I dive into the process of making books. They don't really look like books. They are difficult to open, fragile to turn pages, they can fall apart anytime, the paper is too thick. The perfect binding with glue doesn't really hold anything together. I fix every hole with tape. I refuse to use threads or any other component, I will stick to my vocabulary of medium.



The amount of books I am able to make depends on the amount of paper I have left from the installation. I think I can make 10.

I make one book after the other. After spending hours trying to figure out the exact amount of shapes I will need in each book, I decide to make them all different. It is not an edition anymore, it is a series. I am loosening up on book making.

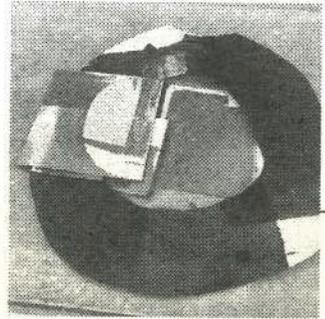


¹⁸ Literally translating to *at the bend of a conversation*, meaning *during a conversation*

Weeks fly by but winter is eternal. I work slowly and the books take all the time in the world to come to life. I need time in each step, to find the perfect fold, the perfect thickness, the perfect amount of shapes. How many rectangles and how many circles? How many greens and how many blues? The paper is curling up, Ciara says it's because I only printed on one side. I end up printing a few more papers (on both sides this time), just enough to fill the books a bit more. It feels like cheating on my own rules.

I am learning from book to book, each of them is a new step, is made with more knowledge there is always room for discovery. It definitely doesn't feel like book making, a bit more like sculpting, or really just something in between. A new way of working, I wonder if it's a good idea, two months before the opening. I am still looking for something.

Sylvia¹ wrote this but I wish it was me: *My work is an approach to something that I don't know exactly and that I only find out by doing. So I need many attempts and wrong ways, until I come to something with which I am satisfied. On paper one can hardly correct but a next paper lies on the pile, another attempt. I take the risk that the book is not working.*



February has 29 days and the series has been decreased from 10 to 9.

We are already in March. I do not read as much anymore, but I start to write a lot. I write about running in landscapes in 2022, and about buying a tube at Biltema. I write about paper and words, about me and my friends. About sun and winter.

Spring 2024. Face in the sun, I am thinking about not reading, sitting on a bench next to Amalie Skram's statue. I have never read any of her writings, but I come here often to think about words.

(like Deborah, Maggie, Chloé, Olivia, Sylvia, Sarah, Laura, Melissa, Wendy, Liv, Monique, Lily)

*I put shapes and colours together, hoping it will form a sentence
We decided to fold everything again*

These three sentences appeared one after the other, in the process of the project. I know that shapes and colours are sentences to read, that paper has its own language, and that I don't need words to speak about words but I want to include them in the books. As Brynhild Winther once said *some words must be about something else than words.*



In my studio the sentences shift from the space of the wall to the space of the page and I want to bring that movement into Kunsthall. The book will *explode*, ever so slightly, leak into the exhibition space. The three sentences will be on the walls too. At first I thought about the floor. You could step on it. But I am not allowed to.

There is something nice about printing directly on the wall.

The sentences will live among my thirty one friends' works. Weaving into them. Into the space. I need to chose their placement carefully. The list of names will be near the entrance, like an exhibitor list, but none of the names are actually the artists. The word *fold* in a door frame where the space itself fold. I will think about their spot with attention. From foot noting to wall noting.

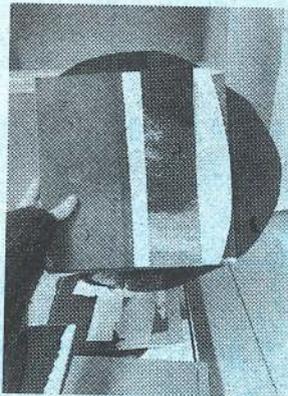
One more day in the printmaking department. I was given a space on a shelf here, on which the books and loose shapes are lying waiting for the next fold. I come everyday to fold and tape, glue and de-tape, unfold and tape again. During the process of folding I think about two years spent thinking about folding, about the word *fold* repeated 57 times in this text. And then I think about *The fold*, advised by Steven. The book is lying in my room.

It has been five months and the library needs it back. I haven't read a word, opened a page. Sorry Deleuze.

At home. Malin is showing me a YouTube video of the professional organizing consultant Marie Kondo. She is demonstrating different folding techniques for clothing, while explaining that *folding is caring*. It makes me like the books even more.

Crouching by the paper press, gluing one side of a book with wood glue. I stick the stack of paper soon to become a book in between two pieces of wood, helped by paper clips. Someone points out the book binding tool behind me. Apparently it has been here all along. I have already bound 6 books and I decide to stick with my own technique.

It's mid-March, time is getting slower and I find a rhythm. Everyone is about to leave for Easter break but before this we have a group tutorial. I show my books to the group and within no time Nete, Joakim, Magnus, Merethe and Chloe are holding the pieces of paper, folding and unfolding, displaying and discussing. I look away for a second and suddenly one of the books has been opened, placed on a green paper circle and displayed on a grey desk. Books and paper shapes are being moved on the floor, on a shelf, on tables. And I love it. I love how confident and comfortable they feel about handling the work, moving it and expanding it.



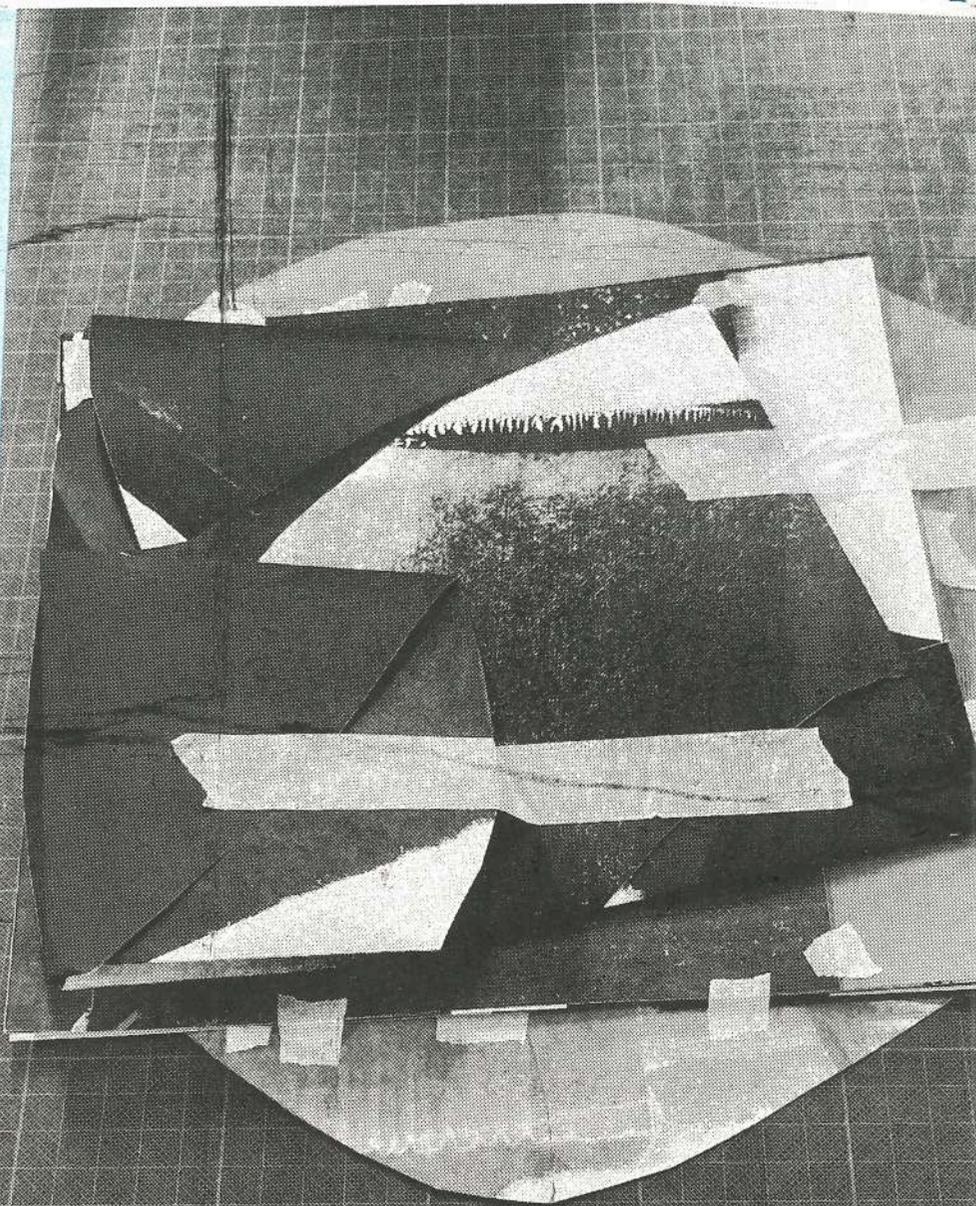
The school and the city have been empty for a week. Today the sun is warm and shining and I know it will be the only day like this. I am inside, folding the last prints containing the sentences. I am gluing them in. Using books from Olivia, Deborah and Monique to keep them flat while they dry. I check the pieces of tape one last time. The project is ready to be shown.

My master project is contained in the confines of 9 books.

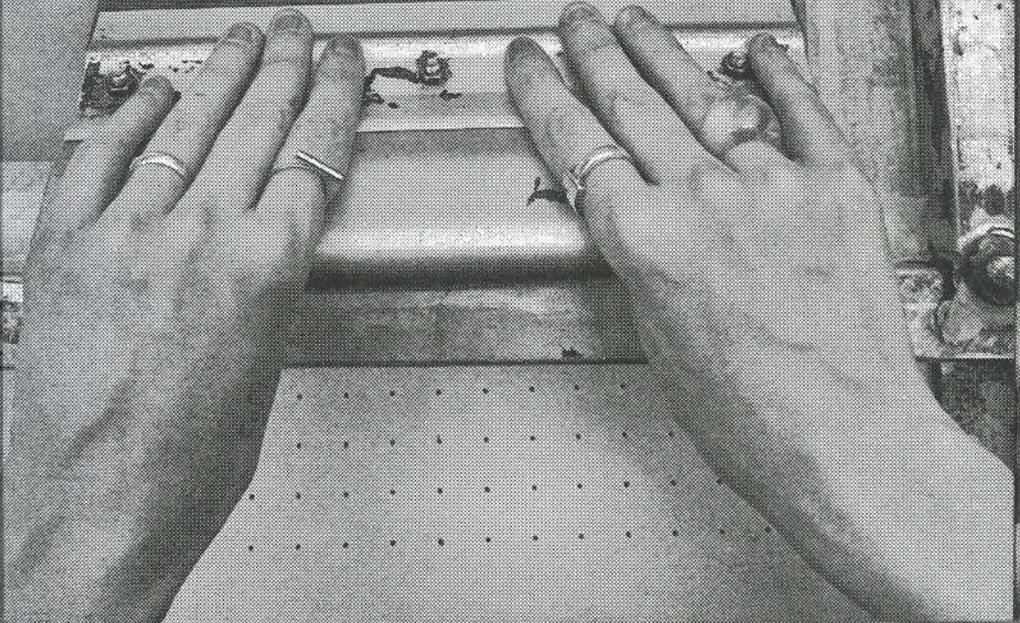
It's Wednesday and as expected the rain is back. I think about the books. They will soon find their place in a box, and find their way to Kunsthall. I can't wait to see them unfold, I can't wait to find out which table they will land on, which part of the floor, stair, shelf, corner, nook: *The joy of the nooks!*. They will definitely not end up in a pile, they are too pretty. I want to invite Nete, Joakim, Magnus, Merethe to unfold everything with me. It would be the perfect way of doing it. Together. And then I will let go, let go of the books, the writings, the installation, the paper shapes on the floor and the sentences on the walls, my words, their names.

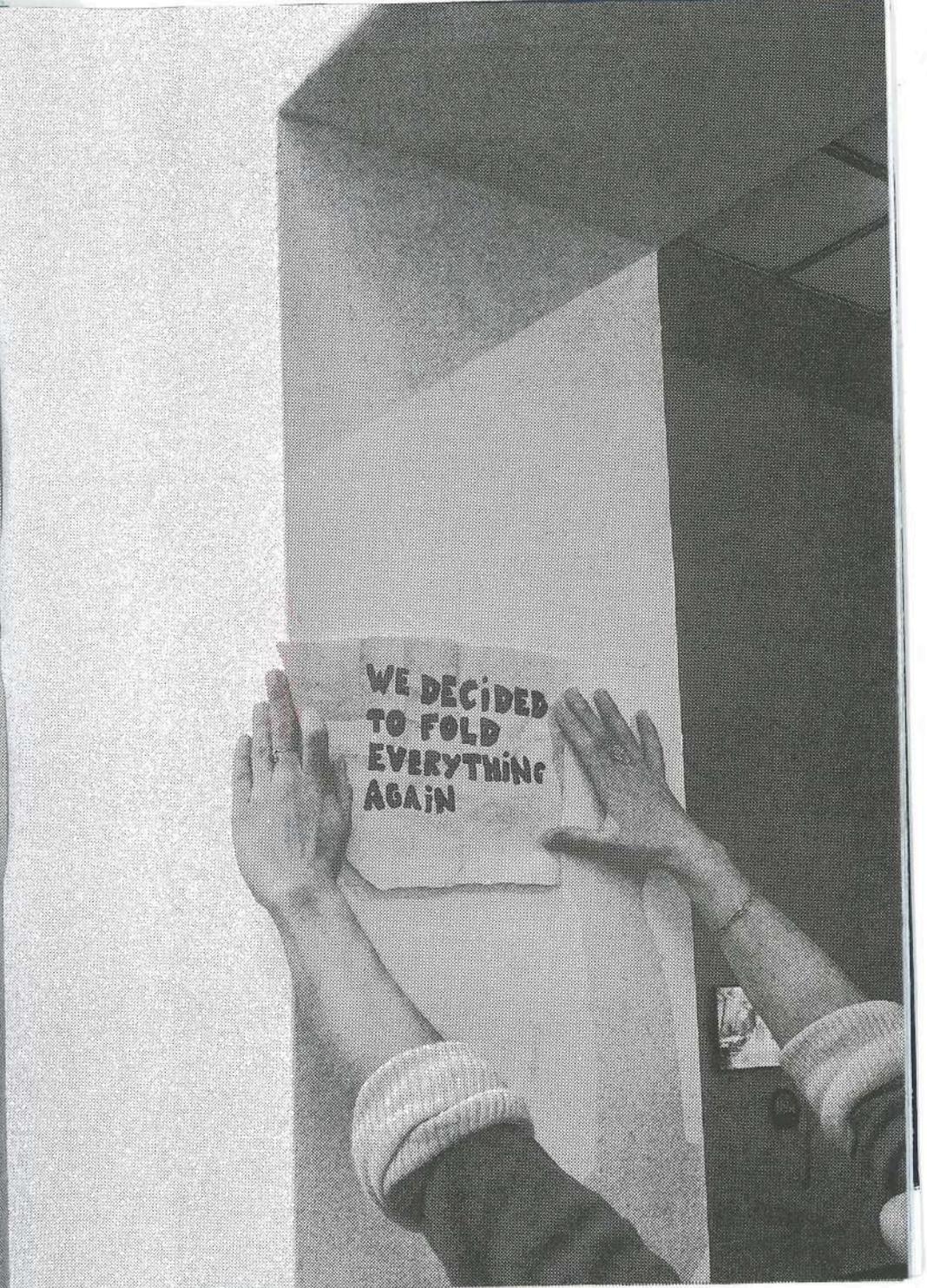
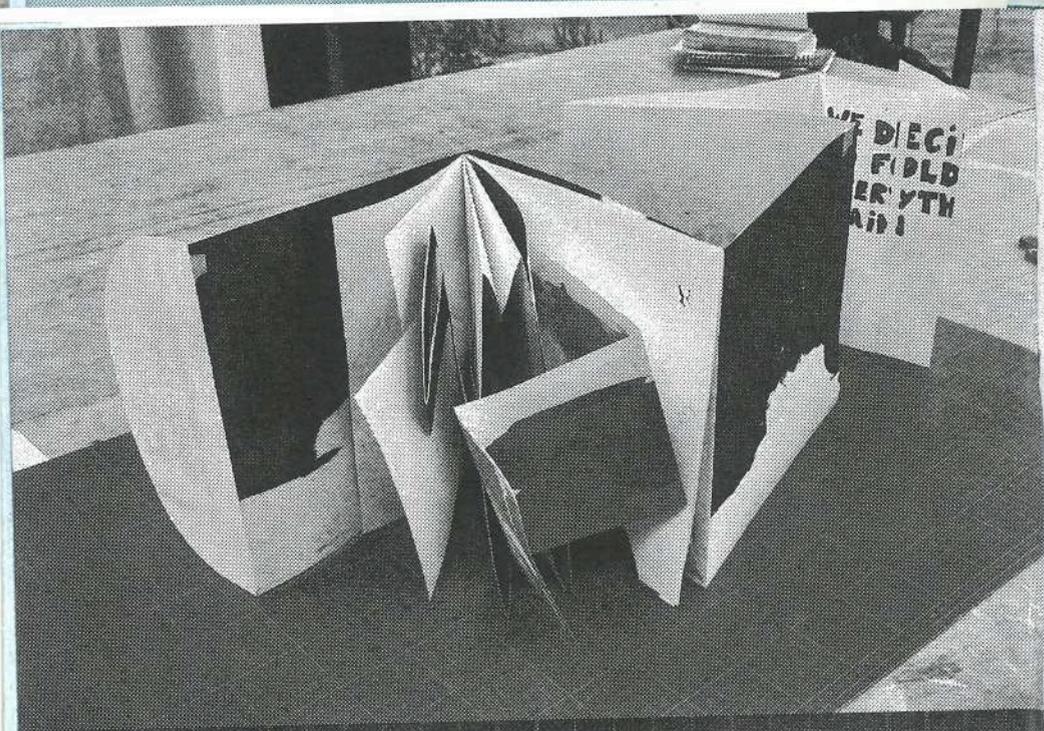
It's Thursday. Outside it is snowing but it will soon be sunny again.

?



I PUT
SHAPES AND
COLOURS
TOGETHER
HOPING IT
WILL FORM
A SENTENCE



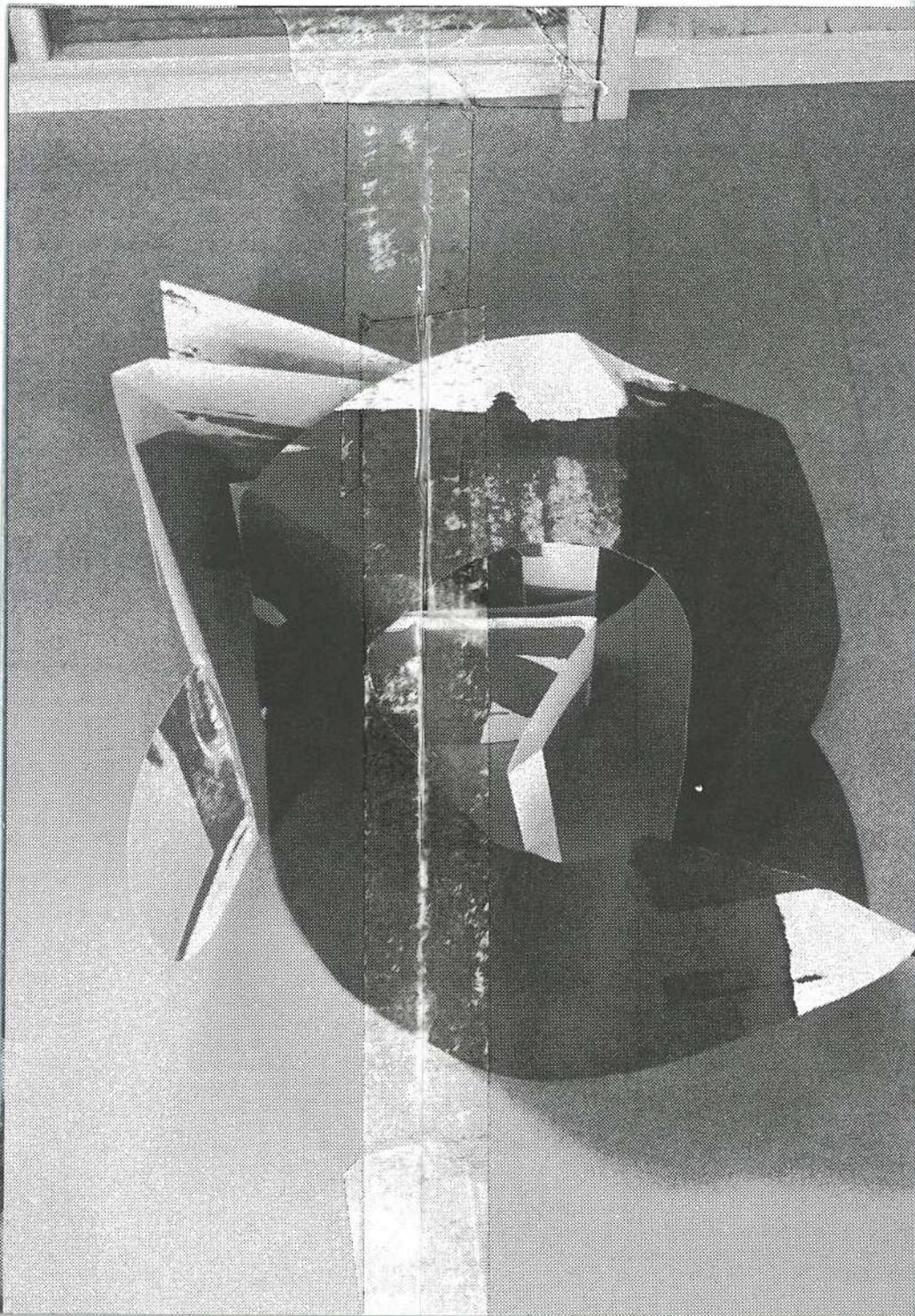


WE DECIDED TO FOLD EVERYTHING AGAIN

(LIKE
DEBORAH
MAGGIE
CHLOÉ
OLIVIA
SYLVIA
SARAH
LAURA
MELISSA
WENDY
LIV
MONICA
LILY

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I PUT
SHAPES AND
COLOURS
TOGETHER
HOPING IT
WILL FORM
A SENTENCE

Par ordre d'apparition

Gertrude stein	Wendy Delorme
Gina Pane	Liv Strömquist
Maggie Nelson	Lily van der Stokker
Chloé Delaume	Elisabeth Sonneck
Audre Lorde	Matthias Bley
Marion Genty	Freek Lomme
Jad Bou Assi	Jean Tardieu
Margot Malloggi	Lauren Bastide
Benoit Stelandre	Rémy Drouard
Sylvia Bächli	Miriam Levi
Deborah Levy	Ylva Teigen Aas
Walter Benjamin	Ísabella katarína Márusdóttir
Georges Orwell	Ali Reza Ashoori
Joachim Aspøy	Sara Cecilie Miran
Miriam Stoney	Sebastian Jensen Mølsted
Donna Harraway	Johanna Drucker
Chloe Lewis	Jessica Warboys
Laura Owens	Michael Stumpf
Sarah Tritz	Ciara Phillips
Sarah Hilmer Rex	Amalie Skram
Olivia Laing	Brynhild Winther
Madeline Gins	Steven Dixon
Léo Moisy	Gilles Deleuze
Anais Volpé	Malin Sæther Andresen
Camille Paulhan	Marie Kondo
Christophe Cuzin	Nete Scheuer
Gordon Matta Clark	Joakim Eide
Bruno Carbonnet	Magnus Bache Sønsteby
Sol Lewitt	Merethe Christine Hjeltnes Støle
Anne Cauquelin	Absalon (Meir Eshel)
Nathalie Sarraute	
Georges Perec	
Monique Wittig	
Virginia Woolf	
Virginie Despentes	
Laura Lamiel	
Melissa Gordon	

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