

# BOOK OF KEEPSAKES

Pre-diploma book

Body and Space Morphologies:

Catharsis - Acting and the Collective IX

Works - Spring 2020

Anne Margrethe Sørseth

A collection of my ideas, questions, observations, realisations and nonsense I have written down, as it came to me, throughout the semester.

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## PERSONAL STATEMENT

I have always been a collector.  
I have many collections.  
The collecting comes natural to me.

Bringing my collections with me into the studio I realised they all had different spaces in which they dwelled - different beholders. A chapbook, a tote, a poster and a box with many compartments.

I wanted to collect, (from) different landscapes, without a plan. Aimlessly collecting keepsakes that I found interesting, beautiful or ugly. Often collecting the same kind of things over and over again. Treating, organising and making containers for the keepsakes, at the same time as I kept on collecting.

I view the work as an ongoing process. It is not finished, but could continue to grow, expand or change, like a landscape.

Anne M. Sørseth

Spring 2020

Body and Space Morphologies:  
Catharsis - Acting and the Collective IX

## PREFACE

I have spent many days inside my little room next to the St. Hanshaugen park this semester. White walls and pale linoleum floors. When the city fell all silent some weeks ago, the sound of people strolling in the park has been a reminder to me that life still moves slowly forward. The one window facing the park has been a great relief to me. A small section of the outside world, now covered with lush green leaves and white flowers. I just realised I could no longer see the people walking and running below, as a green filter has filled in all the gaps in-between the branches.

Some days I traveled to my parents house, so that I could collect in the forest next to their house, always bringing parts of my ongoing collection with me. I have found myself migrating in-between the different landscapes. Making and collecting aimlessly, curious to what the landscapes might provide.

This book is a collection of landscapes, fragments of time, in time. The book beholds my collections and makings of this semester so far, but also some previous collections. There are many keepsakes in this book, and beholders for the keepsakes. There are even some beholders without keepsakes. I did not know what might accumulate on my desk this semester. It has been a great surprise to me. My desk in the studio is empty, but my little room beholds both me, a desk full of keepsakes, and a lush park filled with people.

20.05.2020

20.01.2020

To collect, make  
collection(s), become a  
collector

me and my things, my things and I

Collect  
Collecting  
Collected  
The collector

# PART I

THE COLLECTING  
THE KEEPSAKE  
THE BEHOLDER

This might be a collection of:

- Objects - natural or man made
- People
- Memories
- Ideas
- Words
- Information or data
- Phenomena - natural or man made (recurring natural phenomena)
- Collections

What would happen if the humans had no containers, no architecture? Would we float freely like leaves caught in the wind? Crossing borders, in the search for what? If we were nomadic. Following the food, and not bringing it back to our kitchen tables.

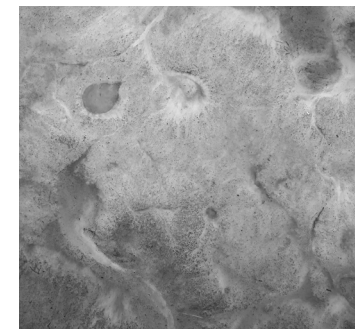
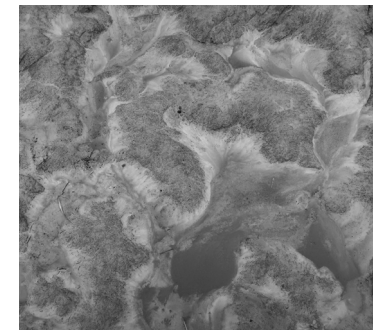
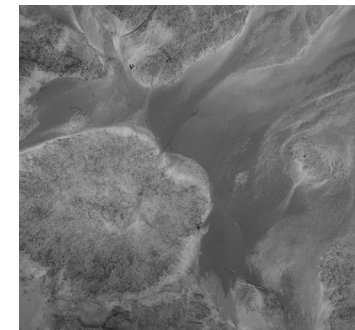
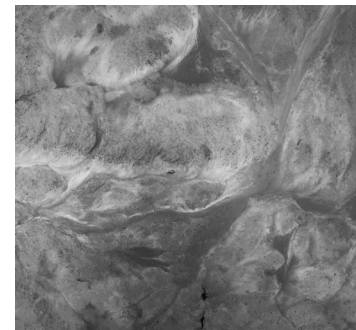
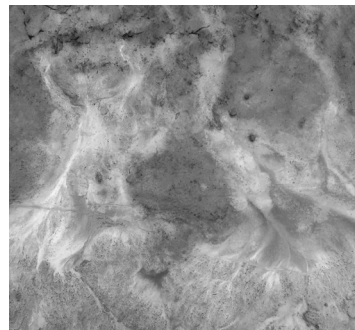
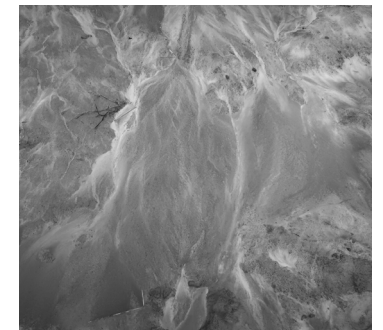
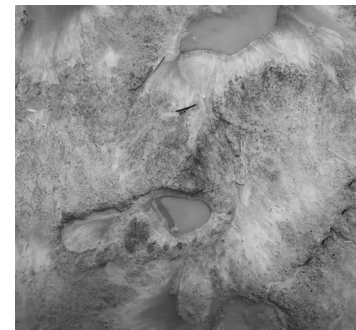
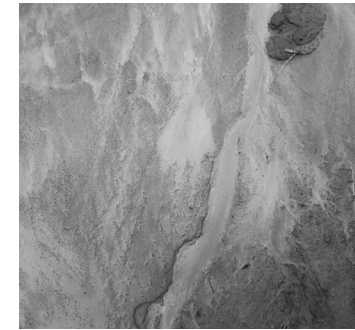
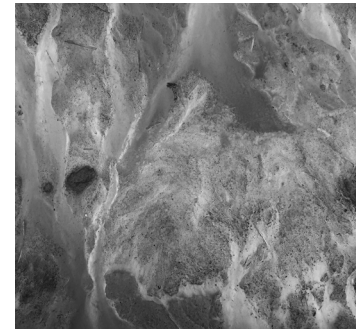
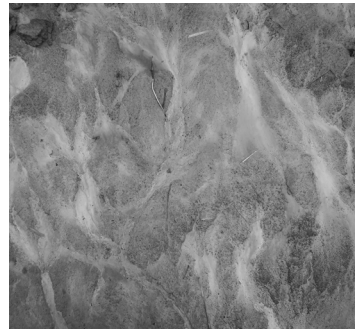
The body and the space, the body and the container  
 The body is a container/beholder that seeks comfort in other containers/beholders.

How to collect something that is not tangible.

How to collect a natural phenomena?

How can I collect a river, a city or the sound of birds in the morning?

## COLLECTING



My first collection was a collection of objects. It was an album of stamps, that I had acquired over many years. I received envelopes of stamps in the mail. I sorted the stamps and added them to my collection. Stamps with people engaged in sports on one page and stamps with animals on another page, and so on. I decided to merge my collection with my parents collections. They were no longer collecting. I adopted their collections and made them my own.

Why do people collect?

To collect is to physically remove something from its surroundings. To hold it in your hands, to relocate it. To systematically seek and acquire. To scan an environment and discover what is needed or wanted.

A collection may grow over time.

When will the collection be complete? Sometimes never.

Where may I find a collection?

- In a box
- In a computer
- In a data storage center
- In a library
- In a curiosity cabinet
- In a museum
- In a book
- In my pocket

I have collected all my things. I am a collector. "Everything I Have" by Simon Evans is a collage of such a collection.

What happens to a collection after it has been collected. Does it need a space? how to present a collection?



I need to collect myself.  
I need to collect all the parts that is me in one whole body.  
I am collected.  
I am contained.

But what about my thoughts?  
How can I collect them?

I am a collector of my own thoughts and memories.

If not,  
i would always have to start over.





Victorian era aristocracy collected rare objects in dedicated rooms or cabinets called «cabinet of curiosity». These collections later contributed to the first museums in Europe.

Once a person owns two of one item, they are more likely to start collecting it.

reasons to collect: Profit, prestige, pleasure, endowment effect, contagion, nostalgia

09.02.2020

The container and the object(s) inside.

What does the container say about the objects inside?  
How to store the most precious objects?

Containing objects  
Containing people

Preserving for all time

Preserving in a liquid with salt or sugar, in a tall glass jar. Transparent container revealing its content to others. Stored on a shelf in a cabinet in a building.

«To know things you have to grow into them, and let them grow in you, so that they become a part of who you are.»

-Tim Ingold, Making - Anthropology, Archeology, Art and Architecture

## KEEPSAKES AND BEHOLDERS



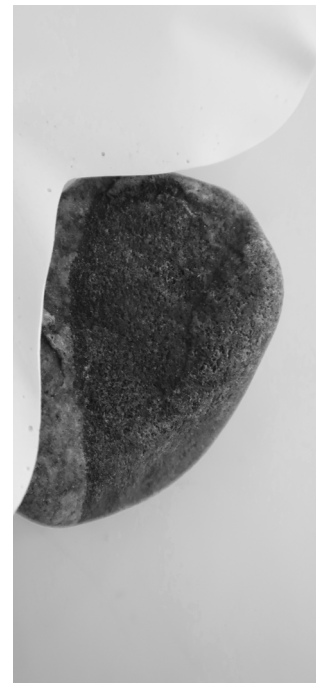
«Why containers? Because, as we found as soon as we emptied out the containers, materials do not, of themselves, stay in place or hold to the bounds of any form, and have an inherent tendency to run amok.»

-Tim Ingold, Making - Anthropology, Archeology, Art and Architecture



## How to collect a river?

The water is guided, dammed up, crossed over. It breaks trough, fines its own ways. The water floats slowly without a sound in some places, while violently crashing against a concrete surface, overpowering all other sounds just minutes later along the river. Textures, shapes and sounds.



11.02.2020

Darkness is a luxury

From a young age I have always had my eyes closed during nightly visits to the bathroom. I was always afraid that light from the streetlights outside my window would wake me up, and I would not be able to fall asleep again back in my bed. I knew the way by heart. The distance from the bed down to the floor, the door openings, the placement of the toilet roll and the sink. I later started doing this in new places, on vacation and visiting others. The light was not my friend, and I chose to shut it out.

I once opened my eyes while on the toilet in a riade in the middle of Marrakesh, Marokko. I was suddenly insecure if my eyes were still shut or not, because I could not even discern my own hand in front of me. The total darkness suddenly scared me, and I started to distrust my own knowledge to my surroundings. A knowledge I had blindly trusted, literally, on my way to the bathroom just seconds before.

We are so used to never really being surrounded by true darkness. There is always some light in the distance, from a street light, an exit sign or a cellphone. I once experiences total darkness alongside hundreds of people. It was at the national theatre in Oslo, in a fully packed auditorium. We had been informed already before «Vildanden» started that they would at some point shut off all the lights. And they really meant all the lights. Even the exit lights were covered over. This was to slowly reveal colourful glow-in-the-dark patterns on all surfaces of the theatre space, only revealed to us after several seconds in pitch black.

Our environment is constantly cloaked in blue artificial light.

We paint our walls in bright white, tile our bathrooms in white because we somehow believe that the purity of this lack of colour is cleaner.

What kind of qualities does the darkness have?



24.02.2020

A landscape of rocks. The ocean moving in between, covering and revealing again. Always changing. I move inbetween on slippery surfaces and on rocks as they are revealed to me. Some of the stones are small enough for me to move/lift. I remove them from the ocean. Let them breathe for a while on top of the others. Before the ocean moves in and pulls them back in.

A new landscape.

The shoreline and the ocean in an eternal battle, pushing back and forth. Sharp edges slowly being worn down.

Varde - small rocks carried by small hands up a mountain. The stones piled up slowly over time to create a landmark, leading others to the top.

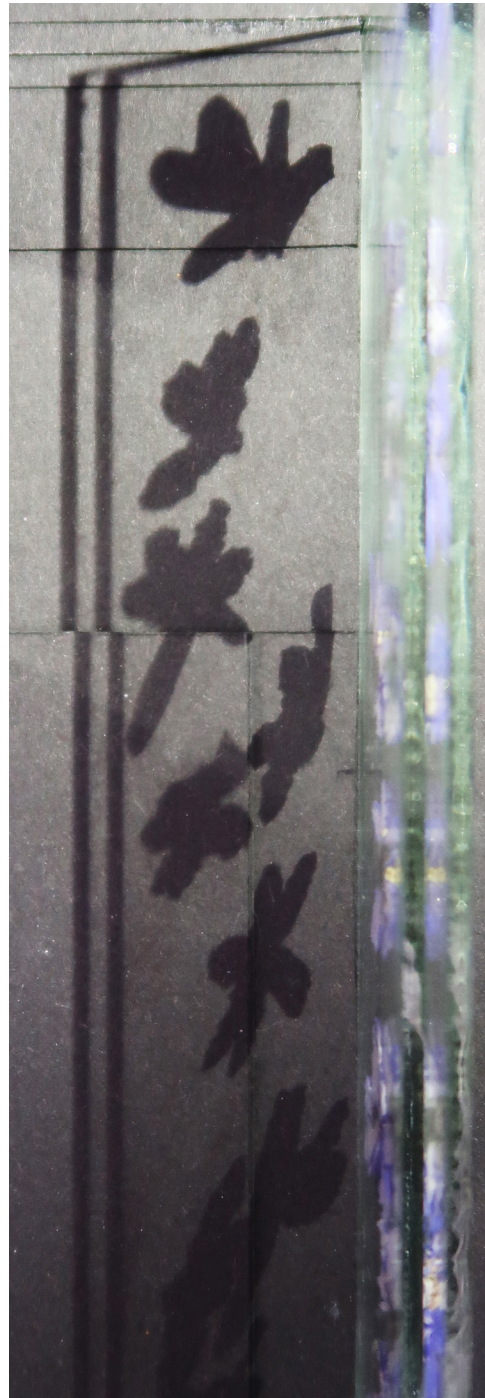
Rocks are old beings. Some are small and can fit easily into a human hand, and can be transported in a pocket or in a tote bag over the shoulder. Other stones look misplaced in a landscape that has changed around them, because they are so big no-one has tried to imagine moving them.



28.02.2020

After finishing reading «The housekeeper and the professor» by Yoko Ogawa I am still a bit uncertain if this is the book Rolf wanted me to read. Still I found it to be rather beautiful. The old professor with a note pinned to his suit stating «my memory only lasts eighty minutes» has lost the ability to collect his own thoughts and new memories. His container/beholder (the mind) is broken, and all new information collected leaks out. The outmost important things he writes down on scraps of paper, and attaches them to his suit. His suit becomes his new mind in a way. A new container for memories.

This reminds me of my own grandmother. She says «husken har flyttet ut» (the memory has moved out). Therefore she writes everything down in a book, in addition to small notes around the house, to help her remember. We went to the grocery shop together the other day. She had brought a bag with her full of empty containers. An empty tube of majones and caviar, and the casing for blue cheese. She brought the empty containers so that she could replace them.



18.03.2020

Walking along the river i collect moments that capture my attention. The collage is in a way a collection of the river, in specific moments in time, Moments that can never be collected again.

Mirrored images:

Recordings in constant movement and flow. The water of the river captured in different speeds and textures in contrast to nature and architecture inside and surrounding it. The mirroring of the moments in time create new imagined spaces and meetings. Bodies of water colliding creating impossible situations where water emerge from nowhere, or disappears into an uncrown crease. These spaces are familiar to its origin, at the same time as they are completely new. Rocks, trees and ice accompany these liquid landscapes and infiltrates the images, hovering above, infiltrating or being devoured by.

These images portray new spaces or maybe creatures in a way familiar to us. They seem almost bodily, naked.

The constant changing of these spaces are instantly visible. All spaces change, grow or deteriorate.

Where can I find spaces that do not change?

In space? Where there is no nature, no winds, sun, rain or oxygen. Can a space be perfectly sealed off to preserve what is on the inside for all time? This makes me think of jars and cans containing different kinds of fermented or cured foods.



Idea: If I post these videos online, they might be preserved forever.

Idea: preserving rare plants in spaces like green houses with optimal conditions. One plant in one space, or many plants in each container. Or should it just be the seeds?

Should the architecture in itself be preserved, or should the architecture preserve something else?



19.03.2020

City walk:

The sun is sharp on a clear blue sky. The streets are empty like on an early Sunday morning. The people I meet keep their distance. Sharp shadows on the ground. A cruiceship.







25.03.2020

Forest walk:

Walking in the forest I discovered a mushroom on a fallen tree trunk as my leg brushed against the side of it. I was trying to avoid a muddy area of the forest floor. The mushroom felt dense and compact in my hand as I easily removed it from its host. The side of the plant facing up was wrinkly red and brown, resembling the tree it had once been attached to. The opposite side was completely different with hundreds of small holes covering a pale surface.

Scanning the landscape around me, searching for other fallen tree trunks I discovered more of the same cantilevering mushrooms, resembling the first one. They all had different scales and colours, but all with the same differentiation of texture between the two sides.

Like small shelves they cantilever from a larger body of timber, like parasites?

Bracket fungi (in Norwegian; kjuke) are from the family of Polyporaceae and are poroid fungi. They all have vertical pores or gills on the underside of their fruit bodies.



26.03.2020

Forest walk:

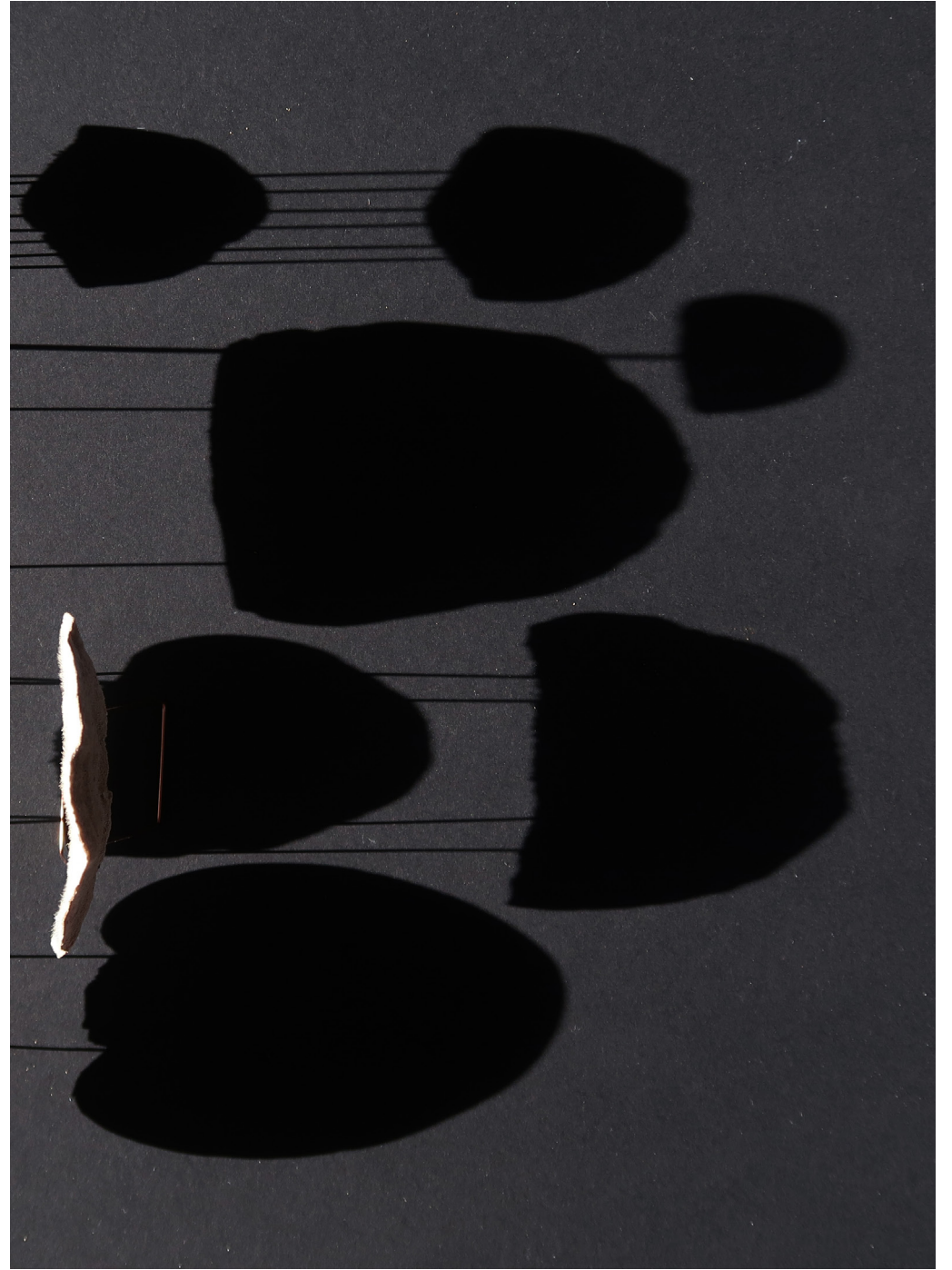
Collecting smaller plants and flowers from the ground and trees around me. I walk through the landscape, avoiding paths and roads. All that I collect fits in two plastic zip-bags able to contain 2,5 litres of water each. Stepping over a pile of dung in the moss the warm air hits my face as I breathe in the strong smell. Fresh evidence of a moose passing this very spot not long ago. Different landscapes contains different kind of vegetation. I collect a pieces that interest me, or catch my eye with bright colours. The forest is brown and dark green as the spring is right around the corner. An opening in the dense forest reveal smal specs of blue, as smal flowers have broken through. Snow still cover the forest floor where the sun rarely shines. A mother and two children enjoy their lunch on a moss covered rock some metres in front of me. I change directions walking down a steep hill before disappearing into a denser part of the forest. My eyes get tired from constantly scanning the surfaces of the forest, looking for more things to collect. Something red catches my eye. It is some sort of moss with a strong red colour on the edges of light green strings. I carefully pluck a couple for my collection before moving onward. Now I see this red and green moss everywhere, as if my vision has changed. The particular moss has been around me all this time, on many walks in the forest before. But now is the first time I have truly noticed this plant. It is like I have discovered a new friend. Arriving back in the apartment I divide my collection into three based on the measures I have to take to preserve them. Bracket fungi and pieces of wet timber is left in the bag and put in the freezer for a couple of days to kill potential bugs and worms inside. Dry bits of moss and pinecones are left on a pice of paper too simply dry out, while flowers and similar plants are pressed between two pieces of paper under a heavy book. My plan is to organise the collection in smal compartments made out of paper with the names of the different plants attached.



I started this semester by collecting object and contemplating ways of containing them. Now I find myself contained in my parents apartment. At this very moment the borders of my country are closed. We are not allowed to stay at our cabin, as it is located outside of our municipality. All public institutions are closed, all events are cancelled and a one meter distance is to be kept from all people.

When explaining the measures that would be taken when the plague struck a town at the end of the seventeenth century, Michel Foucault writes about conditions similar to those we see in the world today.

«Each individual is Fixed in his place. And, if he moves, he does so at the risk of his life, contagion or punishment.»





My grandma came to visit my parents a couple of days ago. Going against all restrictions set by the government to protect people that are especially vulnerable to this pandemic, like herself. My dad explained that spending so much time alone as she already does, fully separating herself from others would surely kill her. For her, the risk was worth taking. Risking her life for a cup of tea on the porch, with a safe distance between herself and her son.



31.03.2020

On containing a collection of different plants and flowers collected in the forest:

A solid rectangular box or tray is made as a general frame for the collection. This tray is then again divided into smaller spaces depending on the shapes and sized of the plants. Smaller trays of thin paper is again made for each plant. The fragile trays fit perfectly together against each other in the larger box. The plants are all collected in one box, and are visually contained together. Still thin low walls separate the plants from each other creating a tidy system.

On containing a the plague:

According to an order published at the end of the seventeenth century, the first thing to do when the plague came to a town was to close off the town and spatially divide it into smaller segments. Michel Foucault describes the city as «... a segmented, immobile, frozen space.» These distinct quarters would be controlled by an intendant. Each street would then be controlled and kept under surveillance by a syndic. As the infested town was shut down, the syndic would personally lock all the doors from the outside of the given street. And the doors would stay locked until the end of the quarantine.

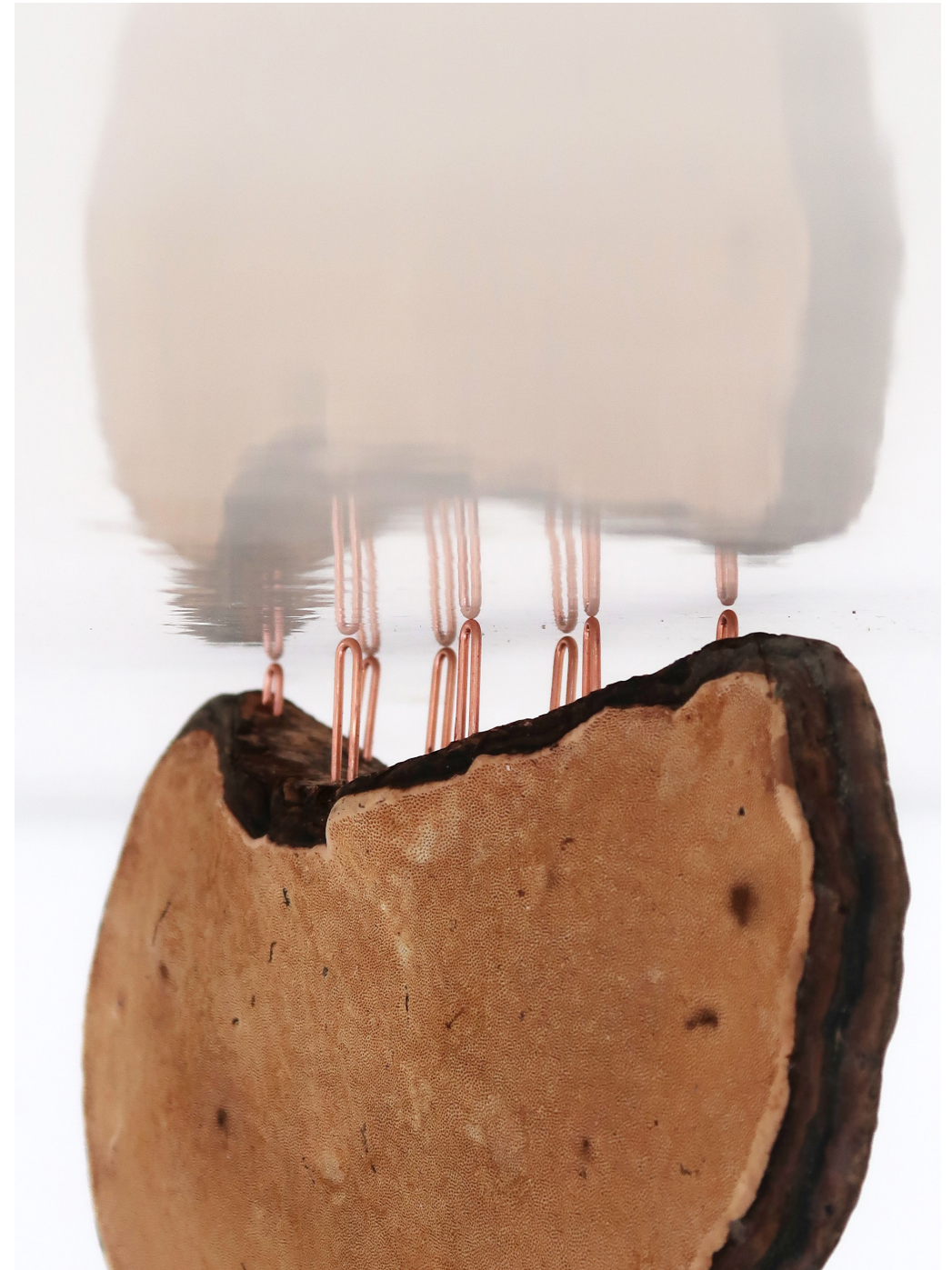
Furthermore the syndic of each street will each day check the situation in each home. He does this by making all the members of each family appearing in the window, one by one calling out the names. By doing this revealing the fatally ill or dead people not showing up in the window. «Everyone locked up in his cage, everyone at his window, answering to his name and showing himself when asked — it is the great review of the living and the dead.»

«This enclosed, segmented space, observed at every point, in which the individuals are inserted in a Fixed place, in which the slightest movements are supervised, in which all events are recorded, in which an uninterrupted work of writing links the centre and periphery, in which power is exercised without division, according to a continuous hierarchical figure, in which each individual is constantly located, examined and distributed among the living beings, the sick and the dead — all this constitutes a compact model of the disciplinary mechanism. The plague is met by order; its function is to sort out every possible confusion: that of the disease, which is transmitted when bodies are mixed together; that of the evil, which is increased when fear and death overcome prohibitions. It lays down for each individual his place, his body, his disease and his death, his well-being, by means of an omnipresent and omniscient power that subdivides itself in a regular, uninterrupted way even to the ultimate determination of the individual, of what characterizes him, of what belongs to him, of what happens to him. Against the plague, which is a mixture, discipline brings into play its power, which is one of analysis.»

From “Discipline and Punish. The Birth of the Prison”,

Boarders would enclose and separate the inhabitants from each other. The single home from the single home. Then the separate streets within the separate quarters within the town closed off at its periphery. People moving in the streets, between these new boarders would do so at the risk of punishment or contagion.

Idea: The city struck by plague is like a house without doors, only windows you cannot open. There are many rooms in the house, but you cannot enter them. You can see the other rooms, hear that people move around in the other spaces.



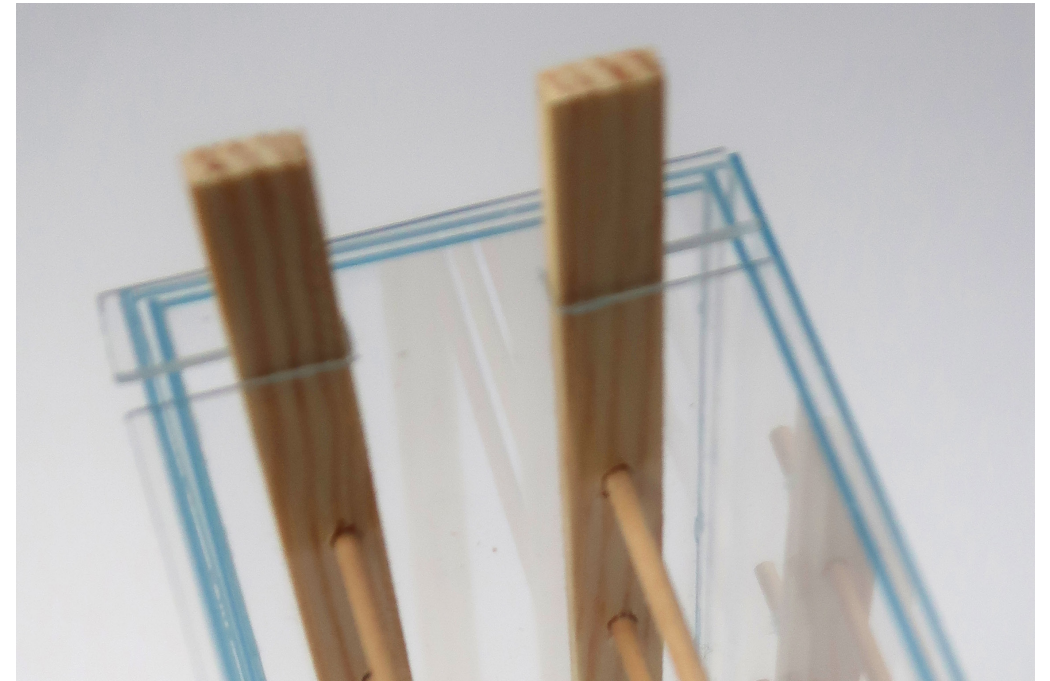
01.04.2020

White cube

«Refers to a certain gallery aesthetic characterised by its square or oblong shape, white walls and a light source usually from the ceiling.»

<https://www.tate.org.uk/art/art-terms/w/white-cube>

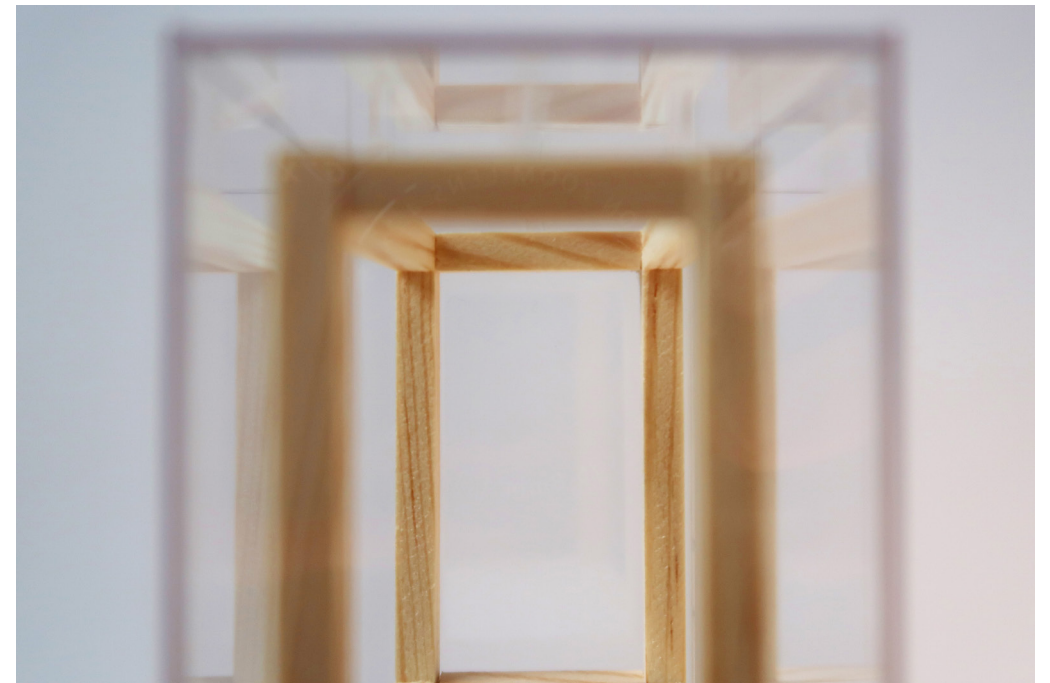
## BEHOLD THE BEHOLDER



03.04.2020

Lost objects

Transported by the sea. Violently tossed up on the shore, scattered between rocks and seaweed. The bright colour seems alien to the gray landscape. The water has evaporated, but the traces left behind tells the story of a recent storm washing over the landscape some time ago. Plastic red, made in the thousands, one of many. Caps and containers, cracked and distorted by the ocean. Purpose long forgotten. Plastic objects collected in a plastic bag. Transported away in a pocket.



“You may be thinking that a bag is just a thing in which to put other things. And you’re right, of course. But that’s what makes them so extraordinary. A bag has no intentions or desires of its own, it embraces every object that we ask it to hold. You trust the bag, and it, in return, trusts you. To me, a bag is patience; a bag is profound discretion.»

- Yoko Ogawa, *Sewing for the heart*



07.04.2020

In Yoko Ogawa's "The Memory Police" all memories of specific things are lost, rendering them useless. After all the memories of roses suddenly disappearing, the people of the island scatter the red and pink rose petals on the river. And as the petals slowly make their way into the ocean, all memories of its appearance, fragrance and even the word «rose» is slowly lost to the people. The whole idea of this flower is lost, and a person getting a glimpse of it will have no concept of what he is watching, no longer being able to enjoy its beauty.

My mom in the distance  
 on the other side of a little creek  
 mud on her boots from walking outside of the tracks  
 a plastic bag in my hand  
 «there are lots of them over there»  
 Her arm raised towards a tree stump  
 the warm sunlight on my shoulders  
 branches breaking under my feet  
 small blue flowers scattered across the landscape  
 I'm slowly leaning on the stump  
 using my own weight to break of the fungi  
 Picking them up with my hands in gloves  
 Smell of wet timber and soil  
 mom is out of sight  
 i follow the sound of feet on wet ground  
 a heavy plastic bag in my hand





Aimlessly collecting and storing things. Collecting the river, collecting the forest, collecting the beach. Collecting things from the landscapes where I walk. Biological objects that catch my attention. If I collect one, I must continue to collect. The collections are not planned, but continue to grow. Some collections more than others.

Red plastic objects from the beach of lista, collected and contained in object specific plaster cast, holding each object perfectly. The light objects once transported around by the ocean, now in heavy containers, kept in place.

Bits and pieces of the forest collected, dried and contained in cardboard and paper boxes.

10.04.2020

First garden  
A collection of biological samples  
Terminal B, 2015  
Magali Daniaux + Cedric Pigot  
Stiv kuling arkitekter

Idea: a shelf for displaying artefacts of a collection. A simple wooden frame. the frame is then inglazed by acrylic plastic walls and roof. protecting the artefacts, but letting in light and letting the viewer admire the collection. Like a capsule, something being preserved. Like a glass jar of fermented kimchi or pickles.

Idea: make a cabinet in the same «family» resembling the other but with double polymer walls. The cabinet is empty, but the walls are filled with pressed flowers. Some sort of mechanism in the corners to tighten the walls, so that the flowers do not fall out.

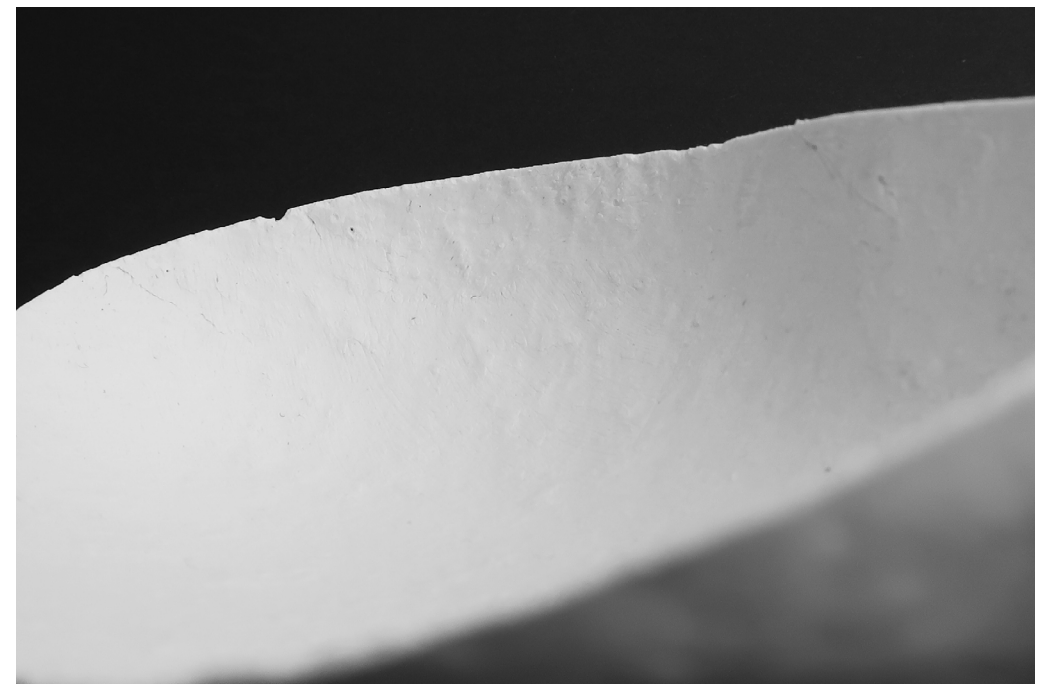
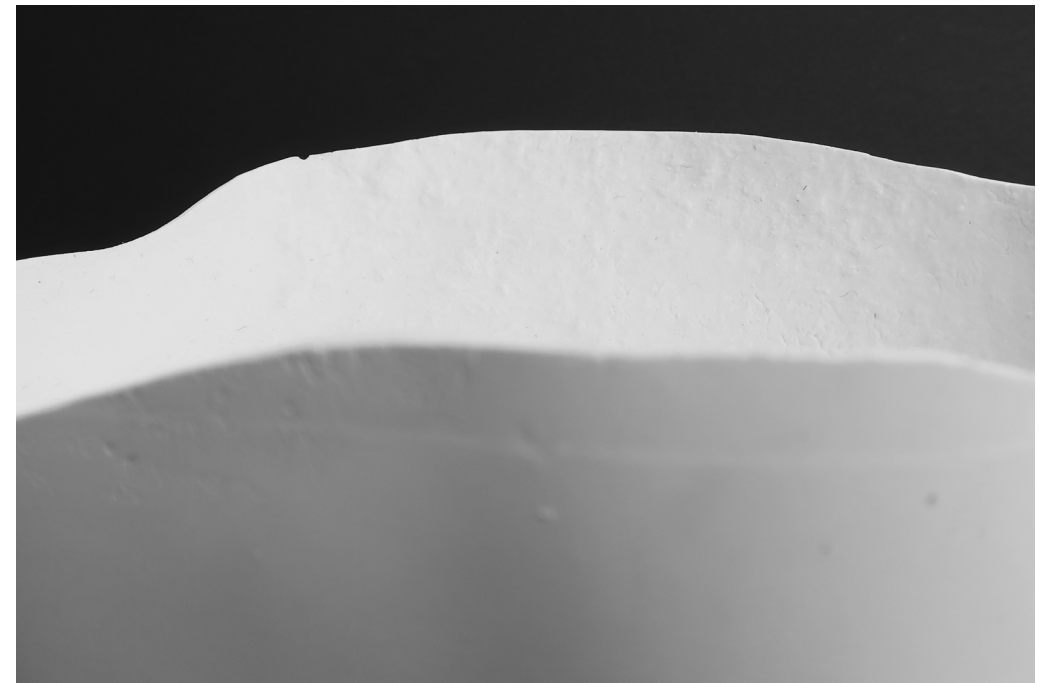
14.04.2020

Narrative behind an object might be more interesting than the object in itself. The story of how and why it was made, or how it was found. How it was transported or the journey it had.

Imagined story of a red plastic spoon:

The old man can feel the warm sun on his hands as he retrieves a smal bag next to the kitchen window. The neighbours cat rushes though the hedge as he opens the window to let in some fresh moring air.

The old man scoops powdered coffee slowly into the machine, carefully. As he removes the rubber band securing the bag of coffee, a familiar smell spreads out in the room. He stops to take a deep breath. The smell gives him a joy that would be hard to describe. Its not a sharp bright feeling, but a warm comforting feeling. A sense of familiarity. He savores these moments before his wife wakes up. Her smile when she enters the kitchen, and they can sit down to enjoy breakfast together. He pours the last spoon in the filter, and turns on the machine. The red plastic spoon goes back into the bag. Only waiting to be reopened the next day.



20.04.2020

## No curiosity cabinet

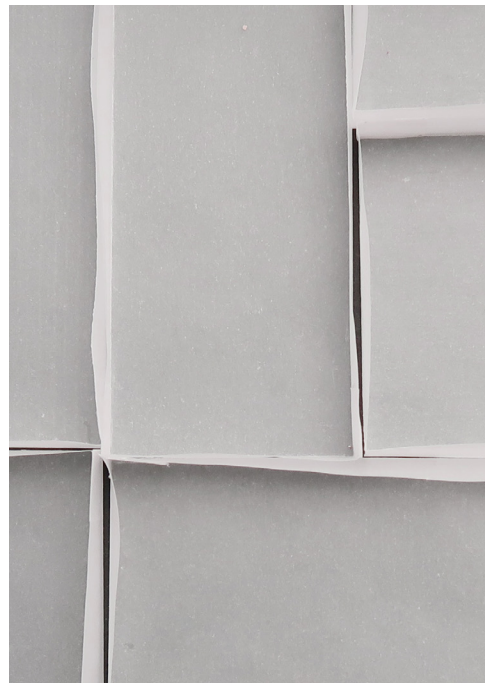
A cabinet with translucent plastic walls. on the top small slots where pieces of paper or pressed flowers etcetera can be put into, filling up the walls. the box is held up by brass pipes, holding the shelves, piercing through the supporting legs in the timber construction.

The cabinet consists of a slender timber construction, wrapped in a thin transparent bell. Made to resemble a cabinet or a cabinet of curiosities. But because the walls are not opaque, like in traditional cabinets, its content is revealed instantly. Yet the content inside is preserved, like in a glass jar, protected from the outside.



22.04.2020

The stage is a black box with three walls, but as the audience is always faced into the three remaining corners, it seems closed. Only when the lights are turned back on the people on the outside of the box is again visible.



23.04.2020

## Remembering Lista:

Repetition of a movement. Slippery stones in between my glove covered hands. Cold water seeping in thought the tops of my feet and hands. Searching for rounded rocks, leaving the sharp and edged ones behind below the surface. Placing rocks on larger rocks, always on the highest points I can find, turning the rocks little by little to make sure they lay still. Taking a step back as a wave flow in, covering stones that were dry just seconds ago. I wait until the water retreats back, leaving a path clear. My work is finished, and now the ocean will slowly start its work taking the stones back.

24.04.2020

## Collecting and containing the landscape and myself

The first thing I would to today if I started my diploma was to travel to Lista and walk along the shoreline with a bag and a camera collecting along the way. The next day I would do the same, but maybe bring some lunch I could eat on a good spot that I found. The third day I would also collect.



## FOREST ENCOUNTER

"Into the inferno":

The people on the island believe that they are in a way related to the landscape, or familiar to the spirit in the volcano. Therefore it is upset when it sees strangers, but not the locals.

The tourists are strangers to the spirit, to the volcano. Some of the people can talk to the volcano.

How to collect something that is constantly changing?

The landscape is constantly changing, evolving, shifting between day and night and from seasons to season. Some landscapes are violently transformed by forces in nature, while others lay frozen, untouched by humans. Some changes can be seen within seconds as the sun breaks through the clouds and create sharp shadows, or when a fresh layer of snow covers every surface of a landscape.

You can collect a landscape in a specific point of time?

By taking a photograph, or a film. If you come back the next day, and take a photo from the exact same spot, it will not be the same landscape. Only in the photo will it be frozen in time, like a landscape on the moon, without whether or humans to change it. In the end the tectonic plates making the earth's surface will slowly disappear under other plates and into the magma.



## Is it possible to preserve something biological forever?

We contain our bodies, wrap them in textile and build walls within walls to protect our delicate flesh. A body incased in clothing, laying on a bed, in a room, in a house, enclosed by a fence. Even our bodies them selves are containers within containers, combined as bodies in their entirety. But the containers have doors, gaps and openings. So that we can leave, and come back, or take off these garments that protect us. We constantly swap out these containers, emigrating from container to container. Some people have textiles and fabrics perfectly tailored to their bodies, at that time, like an extra skin. Most people are even put in a container after their life has ended and their bodies are broken. This container had an opening, so the body could be left there, but is then nailed shut. The container is enclosed by dirt. We end our lives in a black box.

One single body can collect or create numerous artefacts in its lifetime. Endless amounts of mass might have accumulated from one humans urge to collect. But it is still only one single body.

A beholder might have any shape, depending or despite of its content. Is an empty container really a container? A container encloses something, keeping its content separate from its surroundings, or the surroundings separate form the content.

### What would be the optimal container for a person in containment?

People these days are asked to self-isolate, contain themselves inside their containers.



27.04.2020

To behold

28.04.2020

collector and collection  
collection and container  
container and collector

but also

collection and collection  
container and container

My body is a beholder, for all that I am. It beholds my flesh and blod, my childhood memories, my beauty and trauma. All I ever was, am and will be is contained in this one ever changing entity. My soul is contained inside, until I die and only the beholder is left, my essence has ebbed out, empty. The beholder is no longer my body.

29.04.2020

beholder - container - vessel - skin  
- shell - house - hat - box - fence -  
body

opening - window - door - gate -  
hatch - tare

How to collect a landscape?  
How to collect something in constant  
motion?

Is it really possible to preserve  
something (maybe for ever)?

What does a beholder look like?

Is an empty beholder still a  
beholder?

Can a beholder grow?

Different landscapes I have tried to  
collect this semester:

Forest  
River  
Shore-line  
Garden

30.04.2020

Collecting takes time  
so does making the container

How long will the collection be  
contained?

The landscape is in constant motion,  
shifting, pulsating, growing and  
fading. The river is never the same.  
The water flows constantly, but is  
never the same. Gravel, sand and  
branches piling up over time, then  
suddenly taken away by a heavy rain  
fall.

Sense of place  
Sense of landscape

I never knew what the containers  
would look like when collecting an  
object. Collecting with a focus on  
just collecting. Sometimes headed out  
on a walk, I would end up collecting  
something completely different  
than what I first had in mind. The  
prosess of making a beholder starts  
with leaving the artefacts in front  
of me on my desk, taking them out  
of the plastic bag I collected them  
in. Sometimes making the same kind  
of beholder for an entire family of  
artefacts.

07.05.2020

How has our relationship to nature  
and landscapes changes throughout  
time?

These days we watch a landscape  
from above from an airplane or from  
aerial view on the internet. With film  
and photography we are also able  
to capture natural phenomena. Our  
relationship to the landscape changes  
because of new ways of viewing it.



08.05.2020

The curiosity cabinet, cabinet of curiosities or wander rooms were small rooms beholding extraordinary objects. The objects were often categorised to tell stories about the wonders of the natural world, much like today's museums.

The first cabinets of curiosity or «wunderkammern» started to appear in the homes of royalty and the aristocratic in the 16th century Europe. These cabinets held relics from travels around the world including both cultural objects as well as natural specimens. Having such a cabinet was a display of social prestige and wealth.

I remember such a cabinet from my years in primary school. As a part of nature science class. The cabinet was filled with animals, the smaller ones mounted to pieces of timber, and insects pinned to styrofoam inside a frame.

As things started to accumulate on my desk, it felt natural that I should make some kind of a shelf, so that I could keep my things safe, at the same time as I could have them visually in front of me, but not on the desk space where I needed to have space for working.

I wanted to take something that is viewed upon as a beholder for valuable artefacts and keepsakes, the cabinet, and explore what it might become in relation to my own keepsakes.

By moving them out from the wall, they could become objects in themselves, not just something that is accompanying a space, but a space in itself.

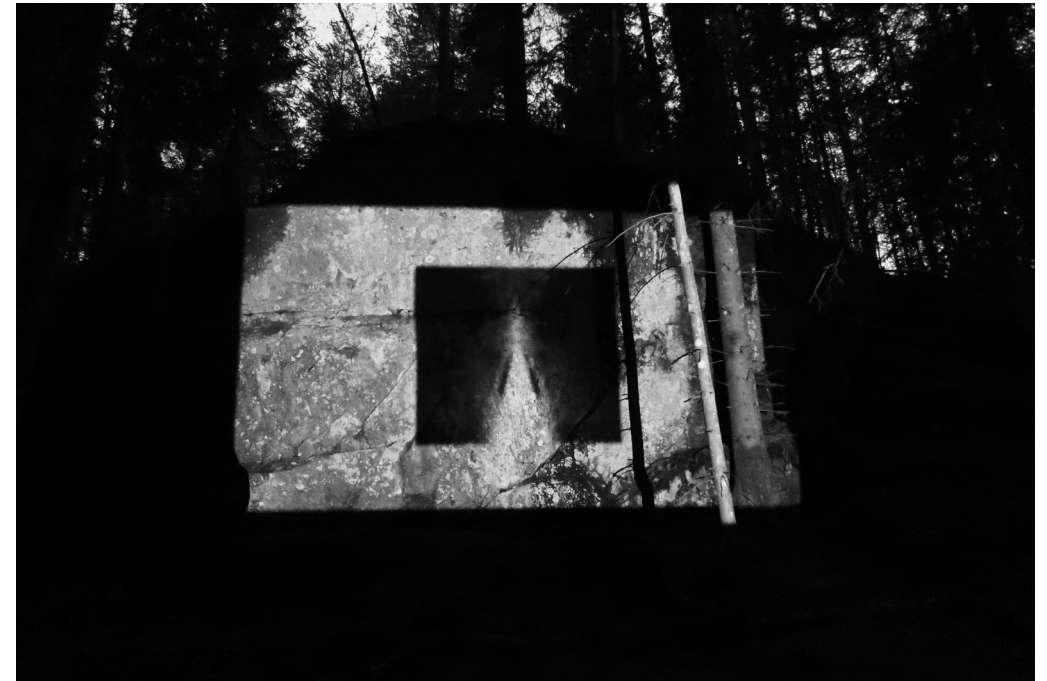
The transparent cabinet does not create a black box for the keepsakes to dwell in. The surroundings becomes a part of the inside.



09.05.2020

a body  
 a body of water  
 a body in a body of water

reflecting bodies



10.05.2020

Growing up my parents never told me that you could to organised sports and activities on your spare time. They never signed me up for ballet, football or for playing an instrument. The only thing they signed me up for was a club for collecting stamps, where I got stamps in the mail. I put the stamps in a large book with translucent sheets in between. I never knew any other kids that collected stamps, I was the only one.

My father has many, many things. Different kinds of technology, often obsolete, CDs and DVDs filling a whole room, and many many books about the second world war. He also has many knives, even a samurai sword. And many tools for all kinds of hobbies. And medals and diplomas from horse back riding in his youth. All the things are important and very useful, as he says.

My mother does not have many things. She has jewellery and clothes, but not as much as my dad.

All the things used to make me very mad. Especially as a teenager. Tidying and organising the things in our home made me very, very happy, the times I was allowed to. My sister was also mad at all the things, so she threw away all of her things. She was in control of her own things, and therefore decided she did not need them. But I was too attached to my things, I could not be separated from them, especially if they were part of a collection. Things that were not part of a collection I could easily get rid of, they felt less significant to me.





11.05.2020

For me, making happens suddenly and effortlessly, and must not be postponed. The ideas are often very simple, but clear. And the energy to conduct them drawn out from thin air. I draw the ideas in my sketchbook right away so they do not get lost. There is not much thinking involved in the making, I just make and make. This is why I prefer to do the making right away, because the thinking drains out the energy I was so fortunate to find. The making creates more energy. One making might lead to another and again to the next. The urge to make happens suddenly, often late in the evening. But many times the making is halted, or stopped because of different reasons.

What would happen if I set all of these makings out to life?

Can this act of collecting, that comes very natural to me, fuel into something further? The act of collecting, and the act of making a beholder for it seems to be one and the same thing to me. The beholder mirrors the object, and the object the beholder.

When collecting berries in the forest you take a straw and thread them on, one by one, so that they are not crushed in your hand.

The current work of this semester is in a way a collection of my ideas and notions concerning collecting and containing.



12.05.2020

«Beauty is in the eye of the beholder» - saying

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
Beauty is in the beholder  
Beauty is the beholder

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
Beauty is in the hands of the beholder  
Beauty is in the mouth of the beholder

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
Beauty is in the eye of the architect  
Beauty is in the eye of the frog

# PART II

## INVENTORY LIST

# INVENTORY

River keepsakes	001 - 005
Coastline keepsakes	006 - 026
Forest keepsakes	027 - 038
Garden keepsakes	039
Curiosity cabinets	040 - 043
Projecting collections	044 - 045
Sketchbooks	046 - 047
Landscape fragments	048 - 057
+	
Prior keepsakes	058 - 061

RIVER KEEPSAKES

001



Grey river stones  
Plaster

002



Large river stone  
Plaster

003



Large river stone  
Plaster

004



Two-tone stones  
Plaster

005



Grey river stones  
Plaster

COASTLINE KEEPSAKES

006



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

009



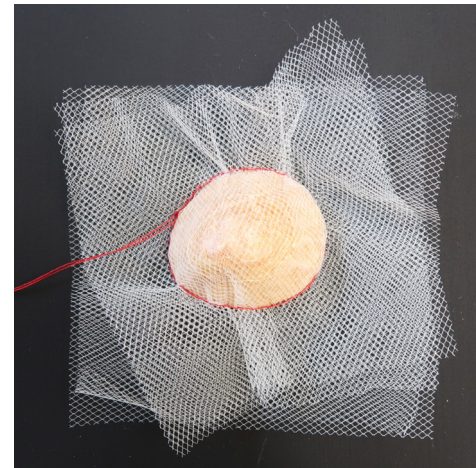
Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

007



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

010



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

008



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

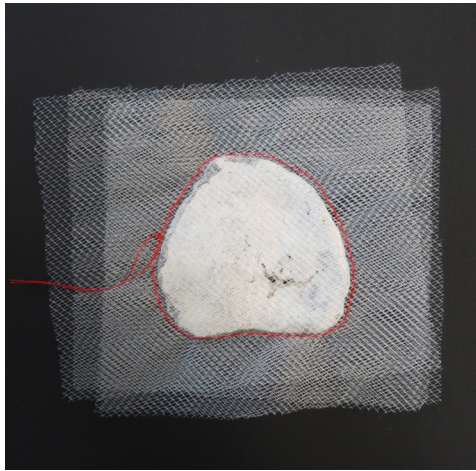
011



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

COASTLINE KEEPSAKES

012



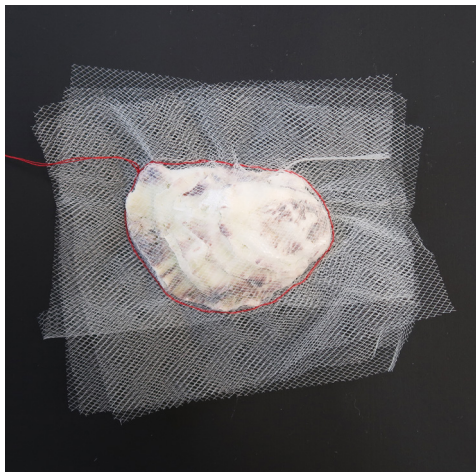
Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

015



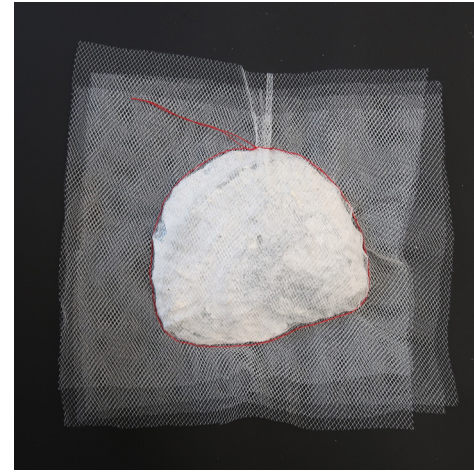
Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

013



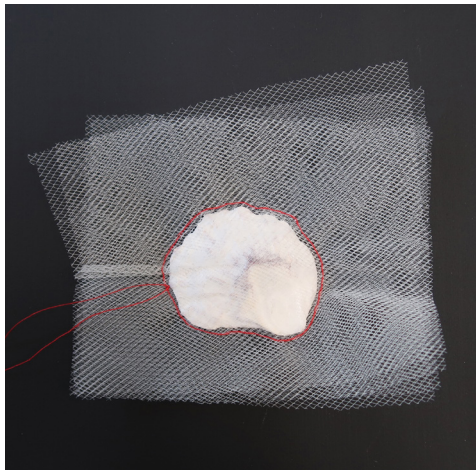
Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

016



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

014



Seashells  
Red string  
Tulle fabric

COASTLINE KEEPSAKES

017



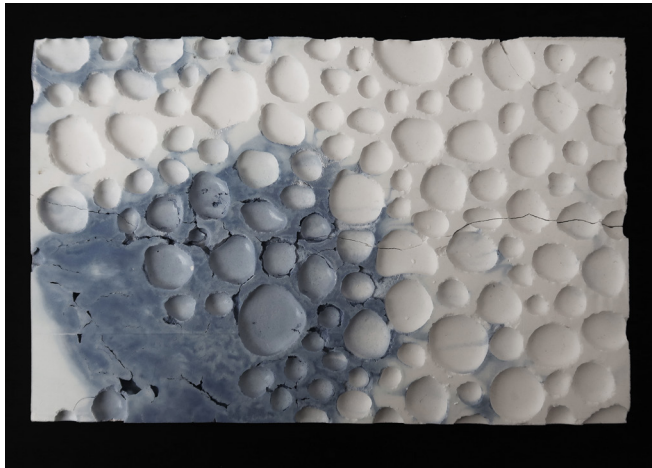
Grey stones  
Plaster  
Blue ink

020



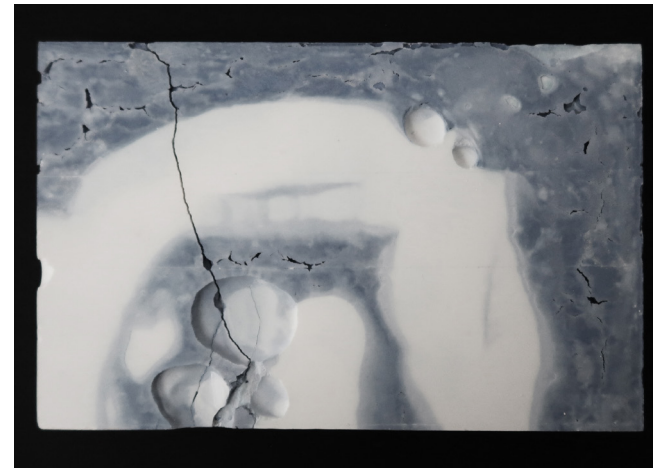
Plaster  
Blue ink

018



Plaster  
Blue ink

021



Plaster  
Blue ink

019



Plaster  
Blue ink

COASTLINE KEEPSAKES

022



Plastic object  
Plaster

025



Plastic object  
Plaster

023



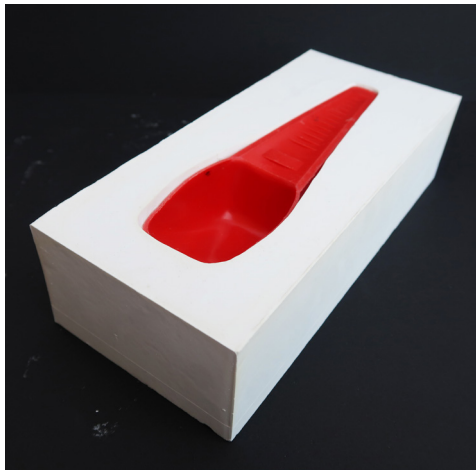
Plastic object  
Plaster

026



Plastic object  
Plaster

024



Plastic object  
Plaster



FOREST KEEPSAKES

027



Iron piece  
Driftwood  
Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

030



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

028



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

031



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

029



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

032



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

FOREST KEEPSAKES

033



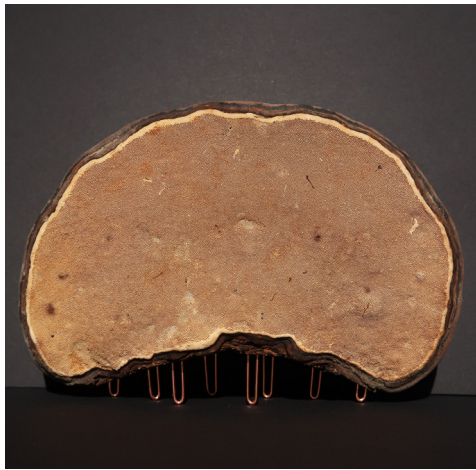
Iron piece  
Driftwood  
Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

034



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

035



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

036



Bracket fungus  
Copper wire

## FOREST KEEPSAKES

037



Black cardboard 160g  
Tracing paper 90g  
Plants:

- 1 Sphagnum subnitens
- 2 Hepatica nobilis
- 3 Dryopteris expansa
- 4 Phragmites australis
- 5 Asplenium trichomanes
- 6 Pinus sylvestris
- 7 Oxalis acetosella
- 8 Polypodium vulgare
- 9 Andromeda polifolia

038



Black cardboard 160g  
Tracing paper 90g  
Plants:

- 1 Stereocaulon
- 2 Cladonia rangiferina
- 3 Polypodium vulgare
- 4 Usnea
- 5 Lycopodium annotinum
- 6 Vaccinium vitis-idaea
- 7 Eriophorum angustifolium
- 8 Pseudevernia furfuracea
- 9 Cladonia
- 10 Tussilago farfara
- 11 Anemone hepatica
- 12 Vaccinium myrtillus
- 13 Calluna vulgaris

## GARDEN KEEPSAKES

039



Black cardboard 160g  
Foamboard 5mm  
Glass 2mm  
Plants:

- Crocus - *Crocus vernalis*  
Pennywort - *Anemone hepatica*

## CABINET OF CURIOSITIES

040



Plywood 1,5mm  
Pine strip 2mm x 2mm  
No curiosities

043



Acrylic sheet 1mm  
Plywood 1,5mm  
Pine strip 5mm x 5mm  
Acrylic round bar 2mm  
No curiosities

041



Plywood 1,5mm  
Pine strip 3mm x 1mm  
Pine round bar 2mm  
No curiosities

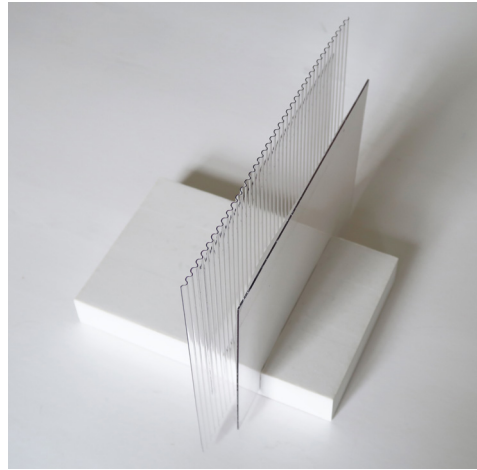
042



Acrylic sheet 1mm  
Pine strip 2,5mm x 8mm  
Pine round bar 2mm  
No curiosities

PROJECTING COLLECTIONS

044



Plaster  
Acrylic sheet 1mm  
Acrylic sheet 2mm  
Corrugated acrylic sheet 3mm

045



Plaster  
Corrugated acrylic sheet 3mm

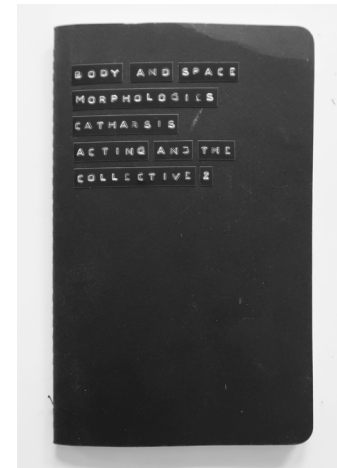
SKETCHBOOKS

046



130mm x 210mm x 4mm

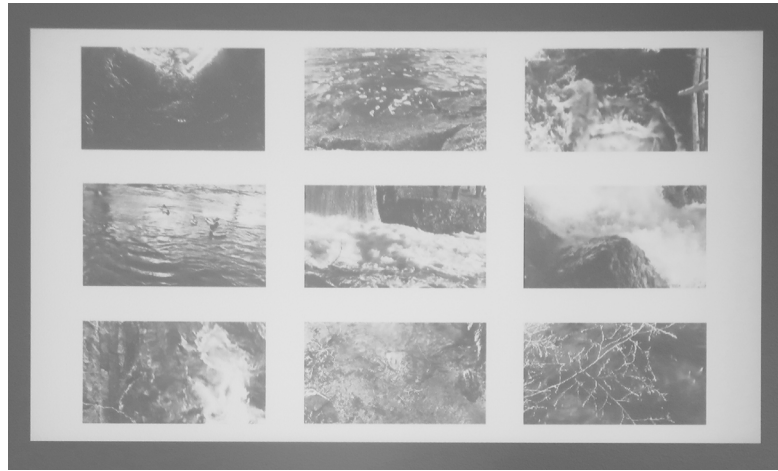
047



130mm x 210mm x 4mm

LANDSCAPE FRAGMENTS

048



00:10  
Akerselva  
River

049



00:10  
Akerselva  
River

050



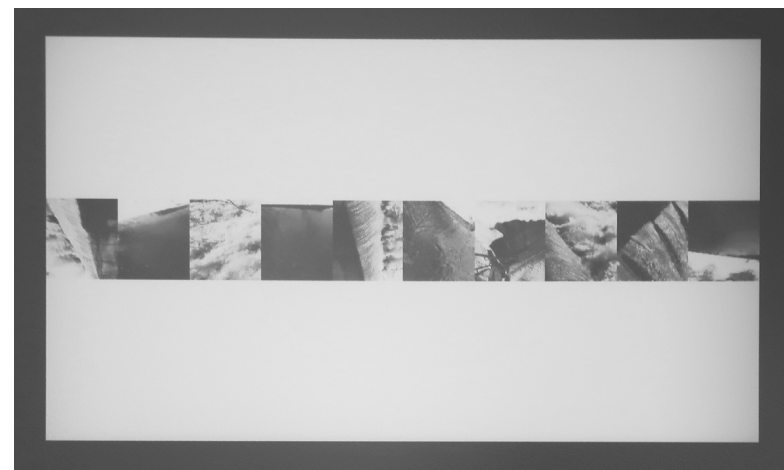
00:10  
Fuglevika, Lista  
River

051



00:10  
Akerselva  
River

052



00:10  
Akerselva  
River

053



00:10  
Bjørnvika  
Fjord

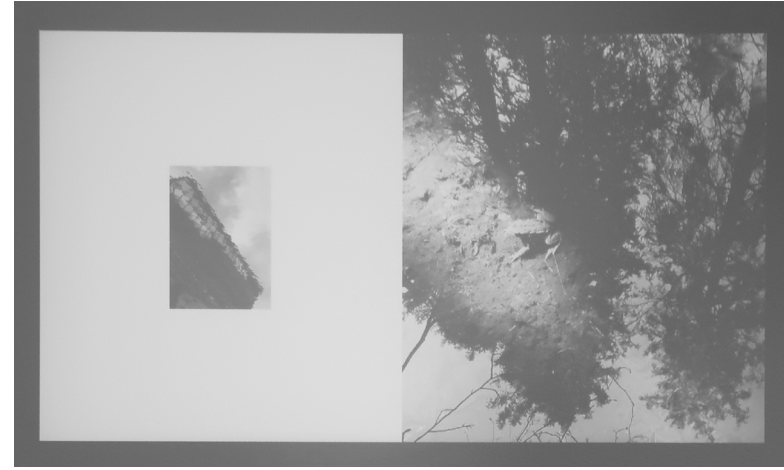
LANDSCAPE FRAGMENTS

054



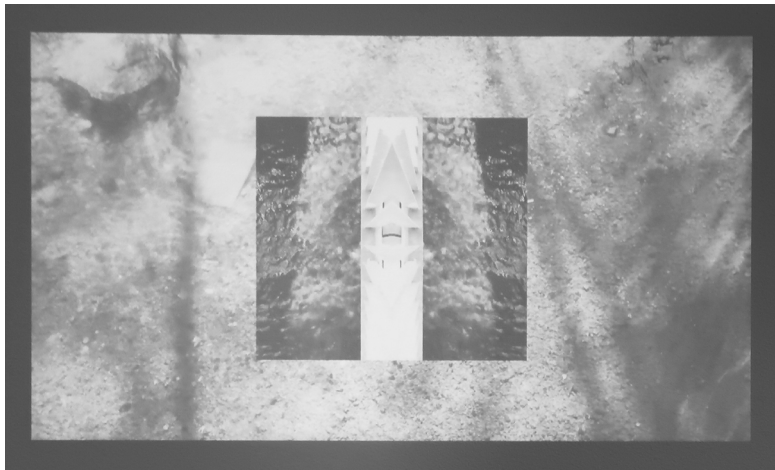
00:10  
Akerselva  
River

057



12:00  
Akerselva,  
Svarttjennbekken,  
Årnestangen  
River and forest

055



01:00  
Akerselva, Bjørvika,  
Lista  
River

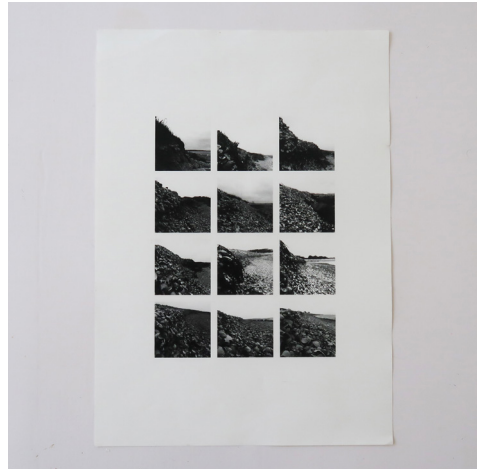
056



05:30  
Akerselva, Årnes-  
stangen, Kistefos,  
Svarttjennbekken  
River

PRIOR KEEPSAKES

058



A3 sheet 120g

059



Tote  
Champagne corks

060



Tile pieces  
Black cardboard 1,5mm

061



Chapbooks

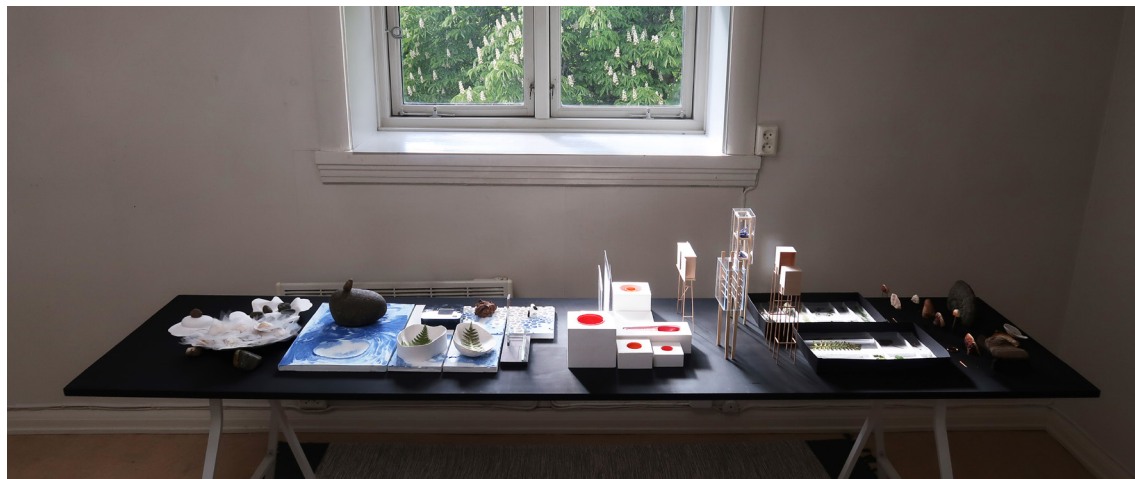


## EXHIBITION MANUAL

The collected artefacts and their beholders should all be exhibited on one elevated surface, creating a landscape. This also includes the book and its beholder. People should be able to walk freely around the surface.

The different families of objects should stay close to each other, but with some members intermingling with the others in between the families. An example of how this could look like is showed in the photo to the left.

The movies should run in a loop from a projector onto «Projecting collections nr 044», as shown in photo below.



Anne M. Sørseth

Body and Space Morphologies:  
Catharsis - Acting and the Collective IX

Teachers: Rolf Gerstlauer, Julie Dind, Anders Eik Pilskog,  
Jan Gunnar Skjeldsøy and Wenkai Xu

AHO - Spring 2020

