

Grim Solo

presents

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# Post-war and Contemporary

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Ingvild Hovland Kaldal  
Alfred Boman

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01 » 18.09 2011

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Curated by Jonatan Ahlm Brenander

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Opening: 29.06 19h

**I am gravely disappointed ... There has been too much pain, too much suffering.**

The Lord Humungus (Mad Max 2 the Road Warrior, 1982.)

The Empire lies in ruins after the promethean bomb of late enlightenment tore all reasonable belief in collective experience to shreds. Shimmering swarms of autonomous drone bombers fill the skies, spewed out from the last imperial palaces. With laser guided tracking systems these heroditian drones search the packs of mechanical mutants for the brave few still willing and able to cross the Rubicon of post-modern thought. These daring transgressors travel capably and admirably in a brutal, unforgiving world fraught with weird threats and abnormal forces. Nothing can however ensure their survival in the jagged landscape left behind the great deconstructing machines of the 20th century. In the midst of roaming tribes of peddlers and marauding mercenaries life is cheap and always lived on the hard edge.

**-I understand, you'd like some pictures of the museum. I mean your own, not something out of a book.**

**-I don't need photos. I want to touch it with my own hands.**

The meteorologist and the tourist  
(Posetitell Muzeya, 1989.)

No obvious victor could appear amongst the belligerents in the post-bellum wastes. All claims for sovereignty were drowned in the following confusion and lamentation. The heterogeneous histories and ambitions which had justified the warring fell out of memory, as did the institutions which upheld them. On the coast of southern Sweden the caretakers of a museum were forced to abandon their collection, older than

the war itself. From these remnants *Post-war and Contemporary* presents an assemblage by Ingvild Hovland Kaldal. Reassessed through the eyes of a tourist, rather than a scientist, her seemingly random collection of souvenirs becomes the building-blocks for a history of aestheticized sensibility. This gaze of strategic exoticism is searching for genuine content beneath the rhetorics of martial historicisation. Rather than reconstructing an ideal past, the work is clearing the ground for a leap.

Image-making during the war was performed with the presumption that an image is either something you look into or onto; a landscape or an object; something vulvic or phallic. This was valid for the abstract and the figurative, the ethereal and the plastic alike. *Post-war* painting has to be the hermaphroditic union of these opposites. That alchemical wedding-ceremony is consecrated through the works of Alfred Boman. With razor-sharp precision familiar shapes and symbols reeking of every modernistic century worm their way around the oozing wounds of wartime abstraction. As every symbol, the figurative elements in his images are fissures opening up to the slippery slope of hermetic drifting. The images are like their subjects: obvious and absolute, yet inexplicable and evolving.

**Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must lie.**

Ludwig Wittgenstein (This post-mortem clarification of an earlier statement was made during a seance led by medium/poet Jean Fatal, 2010.)

**Truth lives on in the midst of deception, and from the representation the archetype will be restored.**

Friedrich Schiller (Letters Upon The Aesthetic Education of Man, 1794)

Post-apocalyptic fiction drew the eschatology of modernity. Once a mere secular mythology, it has now become an essential method of survival. Man created many things in his time and each object produced still remains: some intact, some seemingly used up and some as the void they left behind. These remnants may appear a universal rubble of trash, but from these wastes we assemble things, giving them sensible and alluring new shapes. *Post-war and Contemporary* charts this wasteland of ours. As the aim of mapmaking is to appropriate the depicted area, they need to be products of pragmatic idealism; separate forms describing pure sensibilities which once assembled may voice both the absolute and inexplicable. This product can claim no fixed acuties or navigational uses. The land is created as it is represented and its habitability is dependent on rectitude and aesthetic responsibility. This is neither the reconstruction of a past nor the construction of a future; it is a rendition of our current position: *Post-war and Contemporary*.

Many thanks to the Grimmuseum, IASPIS and the Zoological Museum in Lund, which will be permanently closed down in 2012.

Wed.-Sun. 14-19 h.

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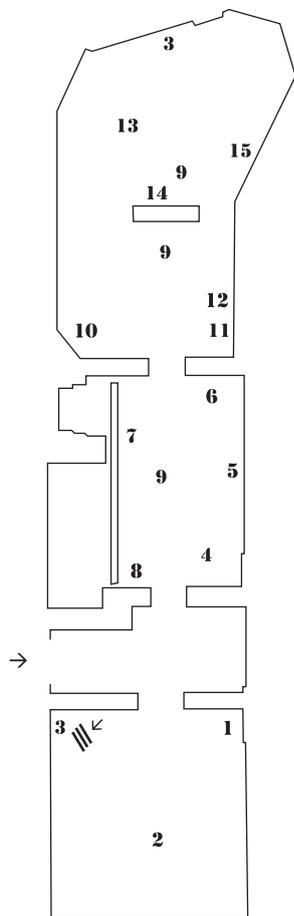
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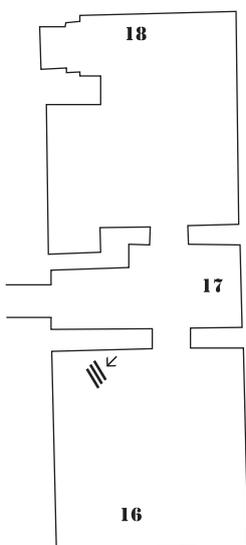
# POST-WAR AND CONTEMPORARY

by

INGVILD HOVLAND KALDAL  
ALFRED BOMAN



MUSEUM



BASEMENT

## ALFRED BOMAN

**1**  
Permanent Memory-loss  
Diptych

**2**  
Bantamweight  
Installation

**4**  
Total Freedom  
Sculpture

**6**  
Die Weisse Mutter/Key Hole to Ice-Castle  
Painting

**7**  
Heinrich / Weakness Wolf  
Painting

**8**  
Get Born  
Painting

**10**  
Untitled  
Painting

**11**  
Big Tiger  
Painting

**12**  
Desert with oasis  
Painting

**14**  
Ragnarök  
Sculpture

**15**  
Pattaya  
Installation

**17**  
Demon Semen  
Painting

## INGVILD HOVLAND KALDAL

**3**  
Uno's  
Assemblage

**5**  
Exposed backdrop  
Found object

**9**  
How Can One Remember Thirst?  
Sculptures

**13**  
Untitled  
Floor installation

**16**  
Green Head Alien Projector  
Light-projecting installation

**18**  
Enderlein  
Slide-show

The early life of **Alfred Boman** is largely unknown. He was found wandering the outskirts of Frankfurt with an ill-made tattoo on his breast claiming he was born under the Aurora Borealis, exactly on the Polar Circle. After a crash course in basic human behavior he was enrolled in the Stadel-Schule.

**Ingvild Hovland Kaldal** was raised by wolves in the Norwegian highlands. After reaching puberty she decided to join society, to walk amongst men. She has since devoted her work to the anthropological study of her newly-won peers. As her cross-discipline methods could not be satisfied by conventional schooling she educated herself at the Valand School of arts, Göteborg.

Since returning from China, side-tracked on a scientific expedition searching for the protoplasmic initium of organized life, failed duelist and art-historian **Jonatan Ahlm Brenander** has decided to speculate his ill gained cultural capital hustling it the field.

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