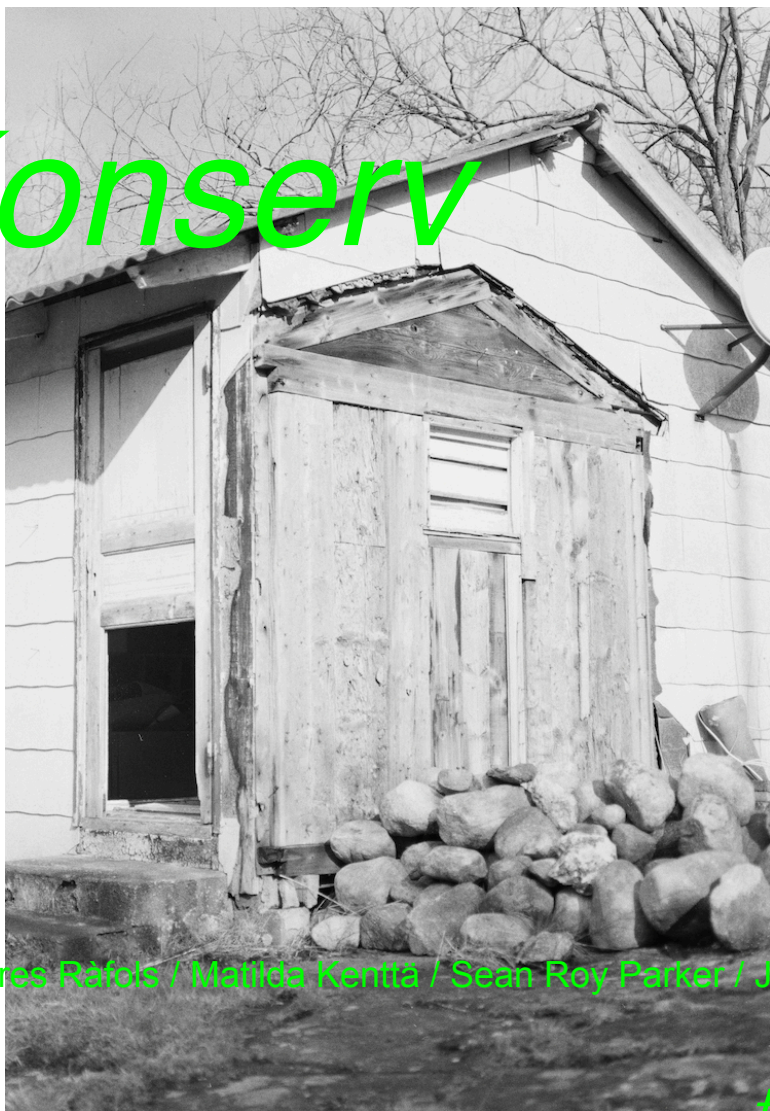


Konserv



Mercè Torres Ràfols / Matilda Kenttä / Sean Roy Parker / Joe Rowley

#1

#3



#5

Lilac syrup

1l of lilac flowers
1 Lemon
1l tap water
1l sugar (any)
(scale up as necessary, maybe x3)

Pull all lilac flowers from stalks.

Add flowers with lemon zest and juice to water in a pan.

Heat to boiling then reduce to simmer for 15min.

Strain out solid and return to pan.

Add sugar and dissolve.

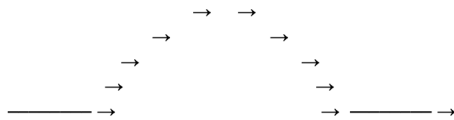
Allow to cool and bottle.

#4

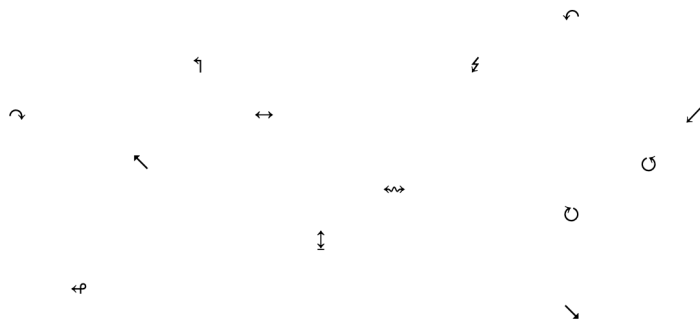


#2

Time in culture is always in forward motion



Time in nature is always now



When I was a child in England, my mother took me to a lot of National Trust properties. For those who don't know, the National Trust is a charitable organisation in the UK which looks after the country's historic sites and buildings. Many of the huge old manor houses which survive in the UK are managed by the National Trust. Great stagnant monuments to decadence, maintained as tableaux of themselves during various stages of their life span as a lived building, but always →

#13

124 EMILY BRONTË

'If I were only sure it would kill him,' she interrupted, 'I'd kill myself directly! These three awful nights, I've never closed my lids—and oh, I've been tormented! I've been haunted, Nelly! But I begin to fancy you don't like me. How strange! I thought, though everybody hated and despised each other, they could not avoid loving me—and they have all turned to enemies in a few hours. *They* have, I'm positive; the people *here*. How dreary to meet death, surrounded by their cold faces! Isabella, terrified and repelled, afraid to enter the room, it would be so dreadful to watch Catherine go. And Edgar standing solemnly by to see it over; then offering prayers of thanks to God for restoring peace to his house, and going back to his books! What in the name of all that feels, has he to do with *books*, when I am dying?'

She could not bear the notion which I had put into her head of Mr Linton's philosophical resignation. Tossing about, she increased her feverish bewilderment to madness, and tore the pillow with her teeth, then raising herself up all burning, desired that I would open the window. We were in the middle of winter, the wind blew strong from the north-east, and I objected.

Both the expressions flitting over her face, and the changes of her moods, began to alarm me terribly; and brought to my recollection her former illness, and the doctor's injunction that she should not be crossed.

A minute previously she was violent; now, supported on one arm, and not noticing my refusal to obey her, she seemed to find childish diversion in pulling the feathers from the rents she had just made, and ranging them on the sheet according to their different species: her mind had strayed to other associations.

'That's a turkey's,' she murmured to herself; 'and this is a wild-duck's; and this is a pigeon's. Ah, they put pigeons' feathers in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! Let me take care to throw it on the floor when I lie down. And here is a moorcock's; and this—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Bonny bird; wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds touched the swells, and it felt rain coming.

Like a Woman

For one, suggestion of window. Also its form. Window as Aperture, monitor, field, painting, mouth, world, language, Window. In the research I was conducting earlier, a filmmaker, Also French, trained his camera on the windows of his Neighbors. For decades. Grids of buildings, of images, of Windows not like the dark sockets of Middle-European ruins But the glassy, reflective surfaces of—what. Of Monitors. As the filmmaker's video camera switched Windows like frequencies, like channels on the radio, It became apparent that there are only a finite number Of things one can do inside a window—that is, inside One's interior. These include: cooking with friends, eating Alone, undressing, fucking, sleeping, masturbating, dressing, Sitting unmoving inside the artificial glow-field of television Or computer, technology dependent on year of filming. These Become subjects. Add to this, after Joseph Nicéphore Niépce: Making images. "A fence around a franchise," says my friend, The poet. "That which is not yet a subject in the world," says a critic, The stranger. Thus subjects arise also in the exterior, beyond The frame of window and the house and subjects it keeps. O interior: Was roof a subject before Niépce caught it. Pale as the shiny white stomach of a fish, fluorescent atop

82

#7

dles on the table making the black press snore like jet.

'The black press? where is that?' I asked. 'You are talking in your sleep!'

'It's against the wall, as it always is,' she replied. 'It *does* appear odd—I see a face in it!'

'There is no press in the room, and never was,' said I, resuming my seat, and looping up the curtain that I might watch her.

'Don't *you* see that face?' she enquired, gazing earnestly at the mirror.

And say what I could, I was incapable of making her comprehend it to be her own; so I rose and covered it with a shawl.

'It's behind there still!' she pursued, anxiously. 'And it stirred. Who is it? I hope it will not come out when you are gone! Oh! Nelly, the room is haunted! I'm afraid of being alone!'

I took her hand in mine, and bid her be composed, for a succes-

#9

#8

Jag samlade ihop klockskål på klippstien de spolats upp efter att bålgröna krossat dem

the shot of me

WITHOUT GOING OUT OF MY HOUSE, THE RIVER, THE WET DOG DOG SMELL AND THE SMASHED GRAPES IN THE ROAD STRAYSIDE BY MOUTH. I OBSERVE FROM THE OTHER SHORE THE PENINSULA DROWNING. MY THOUGHTS BECOME HUMID WHILE TRANSLATING THEM IN TO ENGLISH. IS THIS ISLAND ABOUT TO DROWN AS WELL?



#11

→ 19th-century cooks and scullery maids but they are playing at life, reenacting rather than acting; props in the house with as much agency as the empty suits of armour and stuffed pheasants. Whilst it was always nice to look at some old furniture and wonder around these architectural feats there was always something missing. You would sometimes find something of it at places where there was still a working farm on the grounds, perhaps with some section for the public to interact with the pigs or sheep or goats. Maybe collect some eggs. Maybe watch a volunteer throwing some hay into a feedbox. Even at places where there were large reenactment festivals, Warwick Castle (not NT incidentally) for example, this still felt like play-acting. Not real life but a kind of halfway house between fantasy and reality. An uncanny valley of knights on horseback being photographed by American tourists whilst making ye olde noises. All of these sites are about preserving an idea of what England or the UK, or a specific county, or town or city is [was]. Forming a kind of hologram of glorious past[!] over the ruins. Hiding the sagging damp ridden plaster. Hiding the aluminium armour. Hiding the bricked-up chimney and the broken down wing. Hiding the horrific gambling debts wracked up in the 20s. Hiding the unhappy marriages and abused servants. Hiding the noise of children and the smell of coal-wood-tobacco smoke on every surface. Hiding the giggle of maids scuttling through the back. Hiding the shouts of the game's keeper as he calls his dog. Hiding some good and some bad but always behind an idea of genteel civility.

To conserve a building is to actively fight against time in one of its shortest spans. To put it into a kind of perspective in the context of the universe it would be like keeping a mayfly on life support. They are fragile, deceptively so; made of materials which have a life span and must be cared for with ever-decreasing levels of contact. For some structures, this is easier and perhaps more appropriate than others. For a lived structure like a house, it feels very strange. What is a house without life? Houses are built as dwelling places. They are built to contain life in the same way a mausoleum is built to contain death. Through the years of homo sapiens' existence on the planet, homes have, by and large, been fleeting things. Always changing. Always evolving with our needs and wants. However, they have always been social spaces. From a borrowed cave to a longhouse shared with livestock, to castle keeps, townhouses, country estates, shoebox apartments and animal hide tents, they are activated by the communal aspects of human behaviours.

Putting this through the lens of Thordis Arrhenius' reading of Alois Riegl's notions on monument and conservation, we can start to understand all of the activities within the →

Lilac ice cubes

Pick off flowers and pack in ice cube tray with water.

Once cubes are frozen they can be transferred to a bag altogether.

Repeat freezing and add to bag.

#12

#10



#14



#15

→ house, both in its lived form and its heritage form, as unintentional monuments. Monuments which were not specifically built to be monuments. Non-commemorative structures. Riegl had three categories for monuments roughly equating to memory-value connecting to age, historical value and intentional commemorative value. The last value on that list is only attributable to intentional monuments [a bronze-horse-boy for example] whereas historic and age values touch more on unintentional monuments, structures which have →

ooking on – is the Department
its Audience –
t Transaction – is assisted
no Countenance –

1929

751

Worthiness is all my Doubt –
s Merit – all my fear –
ntrasting which, my quality
lowlier – appear –

st I should insufficient prove
r His beloved Need –
e Chiefest Apprehension
on my thronging Mind –
s true – that Deity to stoop
nerently incline –
f nothing higher than Itself
elf can rest upon –
I – the undivine abode
His Elect Content –
nform my Soul – as 'twere a Church,
to Her Sacrament –

1896

752

o the Eyes accost – and sunder
n an Audience –
Stamped – occasionally – forever –
o may Countenance

Entertain – without addressing
Countenance of One
n a Neighboring Horizon –
Gone – as soon as known –

1929

[368]

753
My Soul – accused me – And I quailed –
As Tongues of Diamond had reviled
All else accused me – and I smiled –
My Soul – that Morning – was My friend.

Her favor – is the best Disdain
Toward Artifice of Time – or Men –
But Her Disdain – 'twere lighter bear
A finger of Enamelled Fire –

c. 1863

754
My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun –
In Corners – till a Day
The Owner passed – identified –
And carried Me away –

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods –
And now We hunt the Doe –
And every time I speak for Him –
The Mountains straight reply –

And do I smile, such cordial light
Upon the Valley glow –
It is as a Vesuvian face
Had let its pleasure through –

And when at Night – Our good Day done –
I guard My Master's Head –
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's
Deep Pillow – to have shared –

To foe of His – I'm deadly foe –
None stir the second time –
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye –
Or an emphatic Thumb –

Though I than He – may longer live
He longer must – than I –

[369]

#16



#17

#18 →
#19 →



forsythia

i met you when you were bare and bald, skinny arms tapping on the kitchen window when it was cold, standing outside in the ditch next to a big ladder. as you started budding (far, far earlier than the others) i noticed your tiny red lipsticks and wondered how you would blossom, taking bets with the rest on crimson and pastel pink. you surprised us with stars yellow as a drawing of stars. i came out to celebrate with you, scentless, in a flourish. you let me taste one of your clusters and it tasted like sunshine and good luck and giving no fucks. soon you were fully laden, dancing alone, brushing again on the kitchen window so that we waved every morning and waved every night. one day you offered your abundance, soft fireworks tight on your arms. i plucked away, thinning and articulating your dense spray, and dried them on sheets of newspaper next to the noisy school radiators. they went in a jar yellow like specks of paint, for brewing when someone is feverish or hard of breath.

→ have been monumentalised due to age or historical/cultural significance - K-marked in Swedish terms. I would propose the addition of a fourth to this values list, active-value. With modern definitions and the increase in monumentalisation since the destruction of European cities in the Second World War these categories start to become more blurred and stack into one another in different ways.

What is still lost is the active. There is still a move towards preservation and stasis rather than reactivation in many cases. Perhaps the inside of the building is gutted and tired into a shopping centre since only the facade is of “historic significance” perhaps the building is just left to stand with periodic work to maintain its basic integrity, perhaps they become the pseudo-museum heritage sites discussed at the start of this text. The other condition of the active in terms of heritage is the idea of the space as an active space being the important part, not the structure itself. This is complex for funders in terms of there not being a material thing they can quantify necessarily but for me should be a very concrete way of defining and conserving heritage sites. Not doing this leads to the conservation only of sites which present biased, often imperialist/nationalist/capitalist understandings of heritage and miss more ephemeral components of societal heritage. The activity is itself or should be, an unintentional monument worthy of some form of conservation. The question then becomes how?

The works in this exhibition try to revivify the idea of what a heritage exhibition or heritage site can be. It tries to add in some of those lacks I saw in those National Trust sites. The three artists' works relate to this in slightly different ways.

Mercè Torres Ràfols' series of images and objects sketch out a narrative of understanding in what is fast becoming an active heritage environment, the fishing communities of the Göteborg archipelago, specifically Björkö. It's not about fishing or fishermen so much as it is about understanding a way of life, finding ways of communicating, sitting in kitchens preparing crab and talking about politics, reminiscences or the weather. It's about Mercè finding ways to communicate, in developing pockets of social space and of understanding a way of life which is changing rapidly out on the islands as they become, more and more, suburbs of the city. The space of the island, the villages on it and the individual dwellings are also integral to understanding the lives of those who live there, and how a person can position themselves within that.

Matilda Kenttä's work On Put Here My Lazy Girl This Soft Cushion, a series of attempts to produce handwoven A4 pages from silk polyester an understanding of →

→ process and energy and time and the relationship between hand, machine, making and sharing. Matilda uses the loom as a strategy for producing social space in her practice. Working through residencies in Amsterdam and Kiruna she has been working on developing this to find ways of understanding space, people and communities through the situation of weaving as much as the finished piece. She embraces the imperfection and possibility for change within hand weaves and the capacity to work in a pick-up-put-down way. I remember my Nan cross sticking on the sofa, my mum knits feverishly. These hand occupiers with purpose are a central part of a kind of life in the home. As Matilda's work reflects the process is work, but it is work on your terms, for your ends by your means. Spending time reading the weave of the individual pages, holding them in mind with the texts Matilda has contributed to this zine and framing that up with the previous use of the screening room [as a bedroom] build a tactile narrative of this as a social space, a heritage space and a private space all at once.

Sean Roy Parker has contributed two wonderful recipes from plants available in the back garden at Gathenhielska Huset along with a video revealing some of the processes he goes through in setting up a ferment. Food is something central to the construction of social space in lived environments. The hearth is the heart of the home as it were. At the same time, the idea of preservation or conservation of food seems to have a slightly different vibe to the preservation of a site. The fermentation process for example whilst preserving the foodstuff in an edible state actively encourages change. Even processes like salting or turning things into a jam, preserve, marmalade or conserve, have a change of state inherent to them, often a change of flavour and texture also. At the same time, the individual item pickled or salted or jammed remains recognisably and definably that. Maintaining life in heritage sites through acts as simple as sharing a cup of tea made from the grounds, educating staff and visitors about the plants and possibilities there and encouraging a relaxing atmosphere where folks can come and share in something rather than being herded around dusty rooms or stuck in an overpriced cafe.

Together these works, these practices more broadly, talk to the house, the idea of heritage and the communities visiting in a different register. They speak to the aspirations of Gathenhielska Huset to be a cultural heritage site but also a living space. A habitat for artists. A place for young people and festivals. A place for learning and having fun. A place for stopping and taking a breather.

#21

and I on a soft pillow
will lay down my limbs



#22

Fresh Gathenhielmska garden tea

Collect strawberry flowers and leaves.
Collect sweet woodruff tips. Collect herb
Robert flowers and leaves Collect lilac
flowers.

Brew in a big pot and keep warm

#20

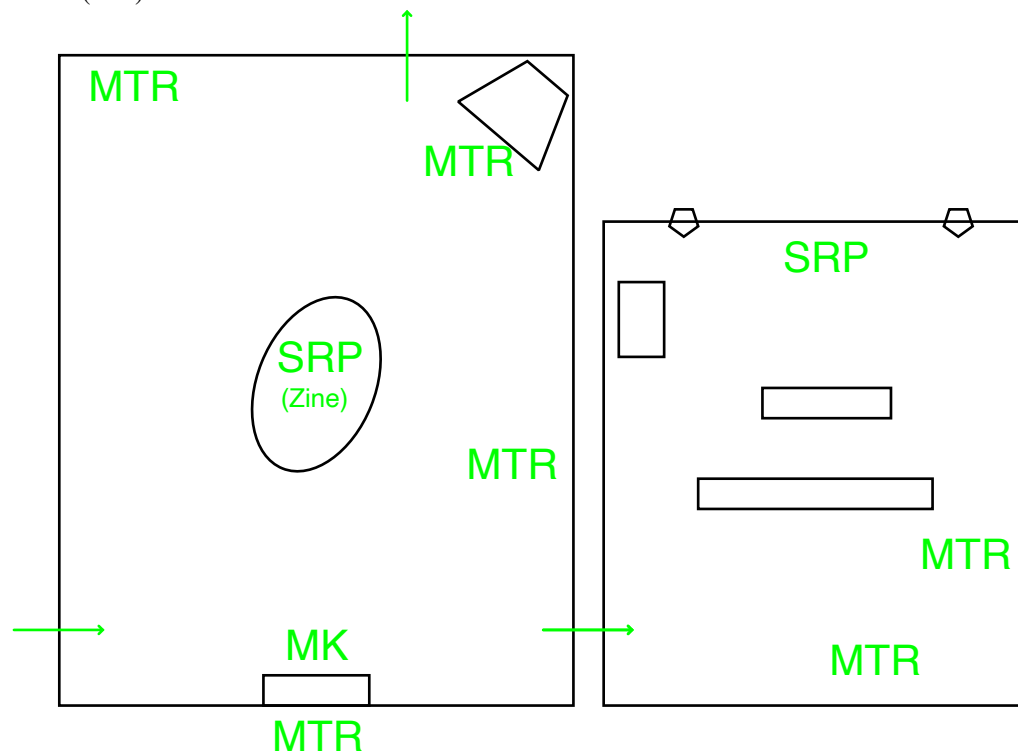
Mercè Torres Ràfols - *Two Ships Once Met Somewhere in the North Sea (one saved the other together went back home said goodbye and never met again)*, photo and object series, 2019-20

Matilda Kenttä - *I Put Here My Lazy Girl This Soft Cushion* - A4 woven silk & polyester, 2020

Sean Roy Parker - *Borrow* - Video (28mins), 2022

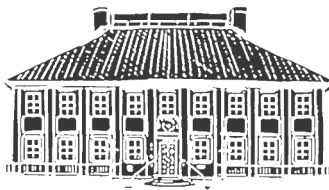
Sean Roy Parker - *Gathenhielmska garden soft drinks* - Lilac & lemon syrup with lilac ice cubes; lilac, wild strawberry leaf, herb Robert and sweet woodruff tea both made with ingredients gathered from the Gathenhielmska garden, 2022

Mercè Torres Ràfols, Matilda Kenttä, Sean Roy Parker & Joe Rowley - *Konserv* (zine) - 2022



#1 Mercè Torres Ràfols #2 Sean Roy Parker #3 Mercè Torres Ràfols #4 Göteborg Stadsmuseet #5 Sean Roy Parker #6 Matilda Kenttä [Charlotte Brontë. Wuthering Heights. London: Penguin. 2003.] #7 Matilda Kenttä [Emily Dickinson. The Complete Poems. London: Faber and Faber Ltd. 2016.] #8 Mercè Torres Ràfols #9 Mercè Torres Ràfols #10 Göteborg Stadsmuseet #11 Mercè Torres Ràfols #12 Sean Roy Parker #13 Joe Rowley #14 Mercè Torres Ràfols #15 Göteborg Stadsmuseet #16 Matilda Kenttä [Quinn Latimer. Like a Women, Essays, Readings, Poems. Berlin: Sternberg Press. 2017.] #17 Mercè Torres Ràfols #18 Mercè Torres Ràfols #19 Sean Roy Parker #20 Sean Roy Parker #21 Matilda Kenttä [Sappho, tr. Anna Carson. If Not Winter. London: Virago Press. 2003.] #22 Mercè Torres Ràfols

Ed. Joe Rowley



KULTURÅDET