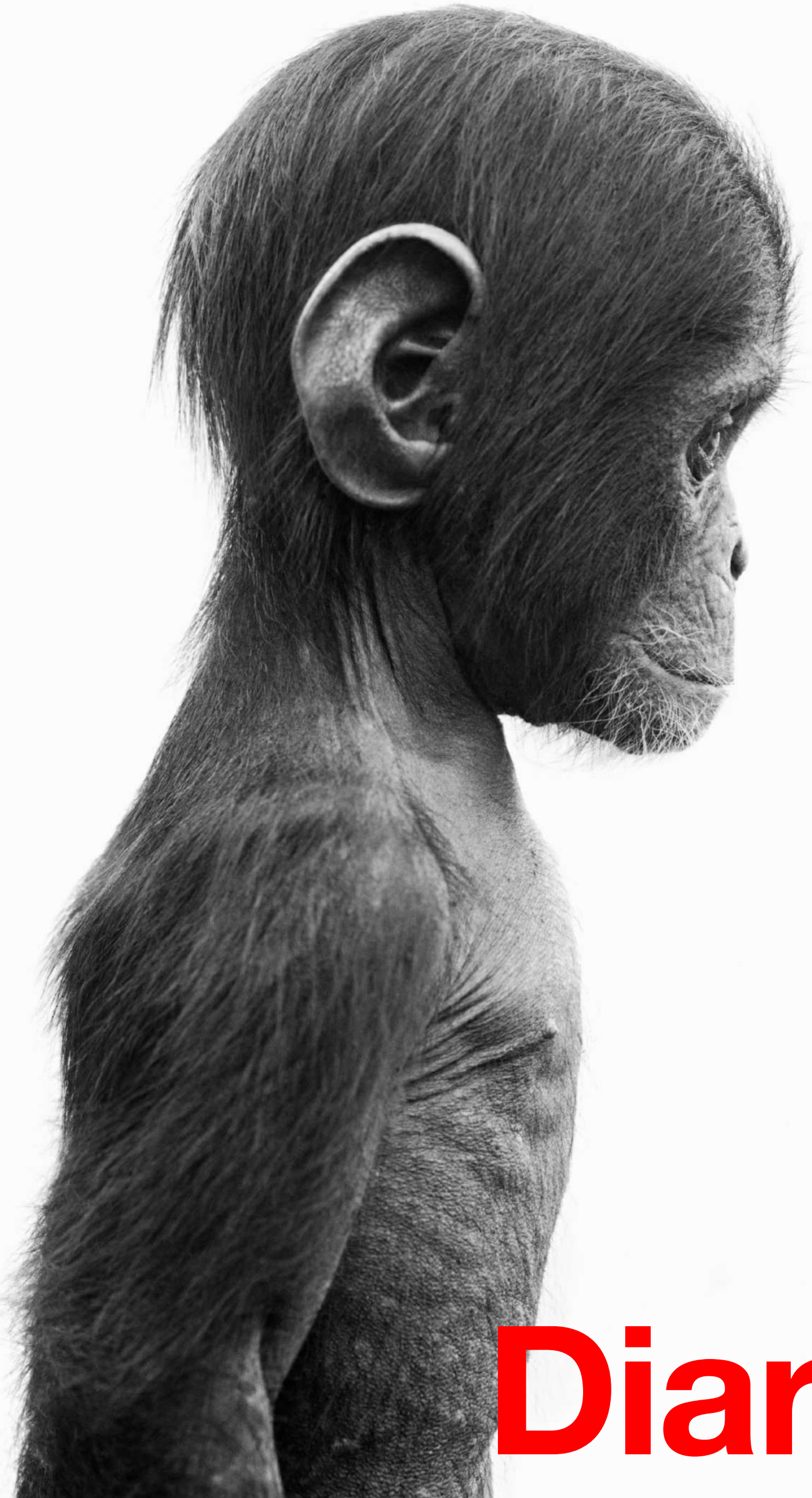


06.13.1999.



Diary.

Diary/ Ulf Rollof by Sol Winter.

Cover:

CHIMPANZEE / CONGO EXPEDITION 1909-1915.

Published in artists book 7C's, Venice Biennale 1999.

H 18 x W 12,6 cm. / H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 4 ⁶¹/₆₄”.

Silver gelatin print on paper from glass negative.

Photographed in by Herbert Lang,

Museum of Natural History in New York.

Medje, Democratic Republic of the Congo.

02.19.1986.

3



Diary.

10.31.1992.

5

Tumbleweed.

USA Border Fence.

MICHAEL SCHNORR IN FIRE CHAIR.
Playas, Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.



06.18.1982.

JORGE LOPEZ IN HIS BACK YARD.
Coyoacan, Mexico D.F., Mexico.

Intro.

07.12.2024.

PERSONA NON GRATA.

Text by Linda Ice.

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The sign The bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very darkness Well-aimed gun-shots have brutally destroyed the beautiful, matte, smooth surface of the paint-ing from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty. San Bartolo was a small agri-cultural village of no more than 50 small-holding families. The village was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an increa. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room.The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room.

MARLBORO ASSEMBLAGE.

Lost.

Stockholm, Sweden.

12.28.1980.

9



Intro.

02.22.1982.

11



Marlboro.

OMAR IN THE PARK.

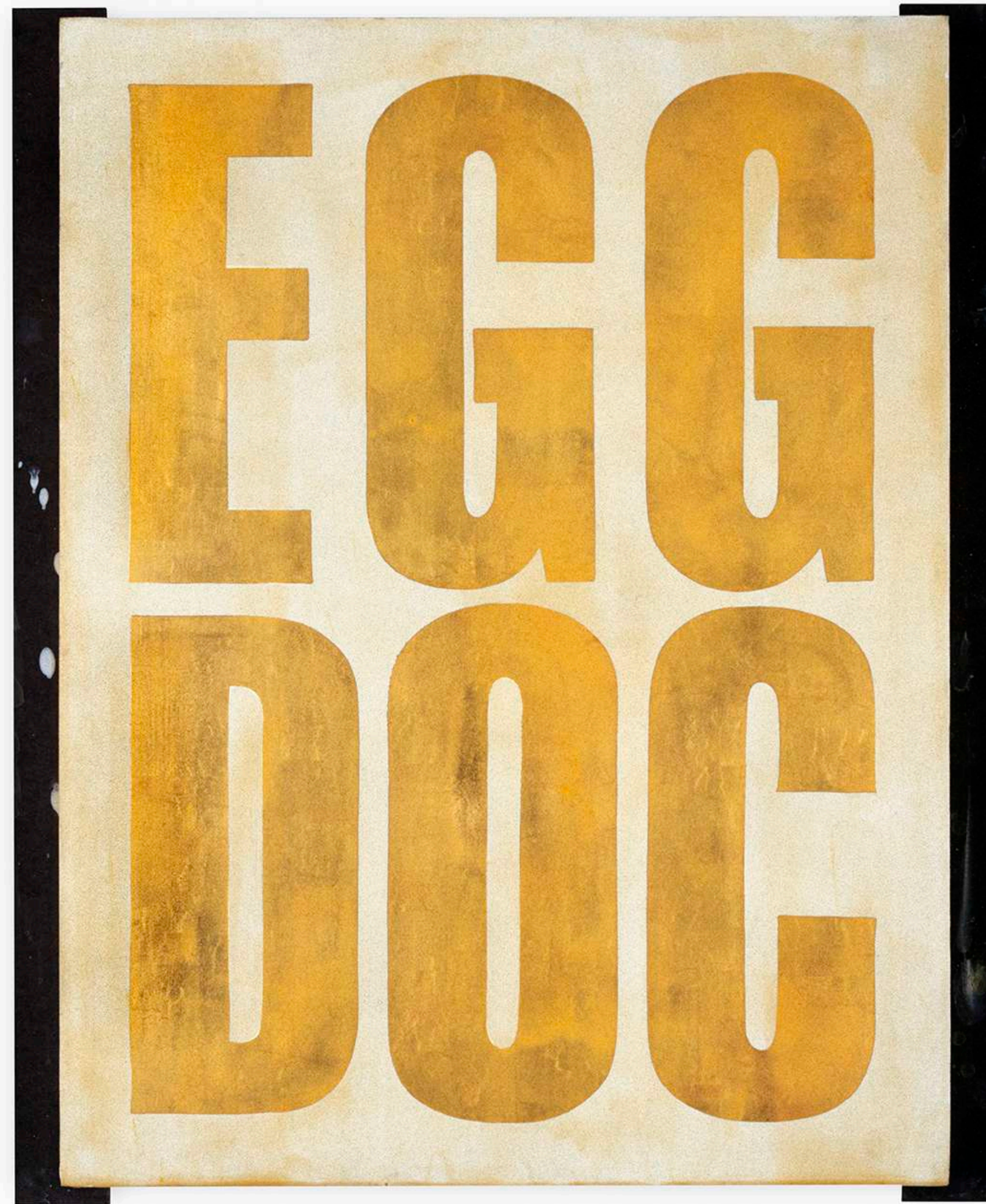
H 90 x W 165 cm.

H 35 1/2" x W 5` 5".

Ink jet print on cotton paper.

Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

05.05.1996.



Eggs on Gold.

08.27.2024.
LOGIC IS NOT LOGIC.
Essay by Sol Winter.

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The sign The bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very darkness Well-aimed gun-shots have brutally destroyed the beautiful, matte, smooth surface of the paint-ing from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty. San Bartolo was a small agri-cultural village of no more than 50 small-holding families. The village was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incre. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room.The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room.A long period of sleep passed. During waking hours I opened the door, lit the ceiling lamp and made drawings. Notof the room.The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not talked the time of the day. I never ate before noon. passed. During waking and I opened the door, lit the ceiling lamp and my day, usually awoke

EGG DOC PAINTING.
H 64 x W 52 x D 5 cm. / H 25 ¹³/₆₄ x W 20 ¹⁵/₃₂ x D 2".
Gesso, masonite, gold leaf, pigment and egg tempera.
Photo Lars Gustafsson.
Tribeca, New York, USA.



BROKEN WING.
H 50 x W 73 x D 15 cm.
H 19 " x W 28 ³/₄" x D 6".
Cast Iron.
Photo Leif Claesson.
Hästveda, Sweden.

Blah blah text have brutally destroyed the beautiful, matte, today an surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incre. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon The mid-day heat stopped at the walls of Patzcuaro. A couple of mont. noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day.

TWO HEELS AND ONE TIME CAPSULE.

Each H 8 x W 7 x D 3 cm.

H 3 ⁵/₃₂ x W 2 ³/₄ x D 1".

Plastic, beeswax and pine tree resin.

Photo Leif Claesson.

Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico



Organic Clock.
Hidden Time.

02.28.1986.

19



FROST / GIRL.
H 90 x W 165 cm.
H 2' 11 1/2" x W 5' 5".
Ink jet print on cotton paper.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico /
Teziutlan, Puebla, Mexico.

Blah blah text gunshots have brutally deyed the beautiful, matte, smooth surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very darkness.



Empty Box.

CONFLICT.

H 59x W 57 x D 61 cm.

H 23 1/4 x W 22 1/2 x D 24".

Steel and plaster..

Photo Leif Claesson.

Stockholm, Sweden.



Essay

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, holding families. The village was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small red village in Michoacan. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room. San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The village was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in Michoacan. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a tiny stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view.

RGB PINK MATTE.

H 99 x W 69 x D 3 cm.

H 39 x W 27 ¹¹/₆₄ x D 1".

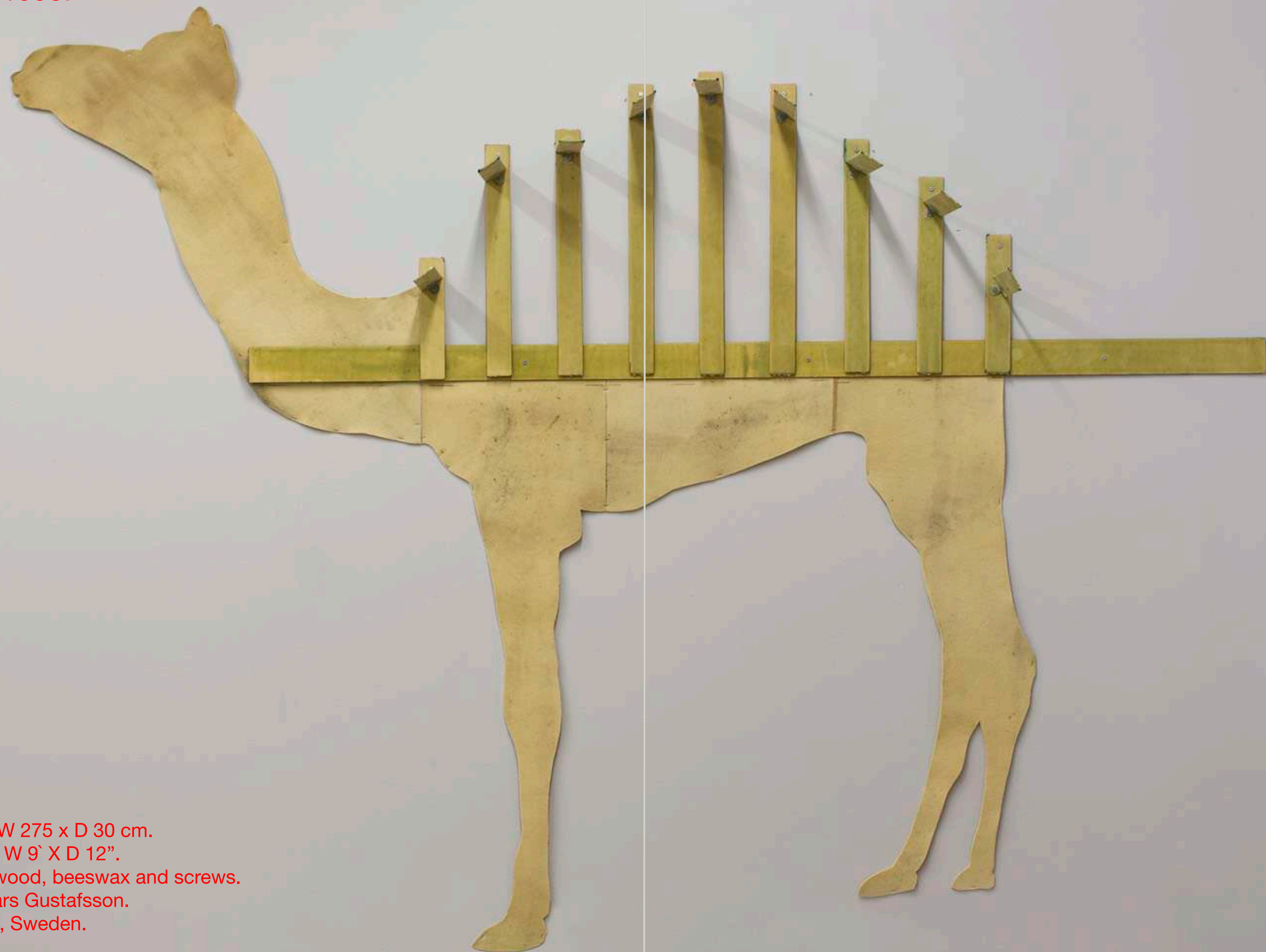
Laminated glass shot with 9 mm ammo.

Photo Lars Gustafsson.

Stockholm, Sweden.

01.30.1998.

25



CAMEL.
H 200 x W 275 x D 30 cm.
H 6` 6" x W 9` X D 12".
Felt, plywood, beeswax and screws.
Photo Lars Gustafsson.
Västerås, Sweden.

Essay

Blah blah text have brutally destroyed the beautiful, matte, today an surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in.The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incre. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon The mid-day heat stopped at the walls of Patzcuaro. A couple of mont. noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day.

TALL RED BUILDING.

Mexican Industrial Architecture.

Each H 50 x W 35 cm.

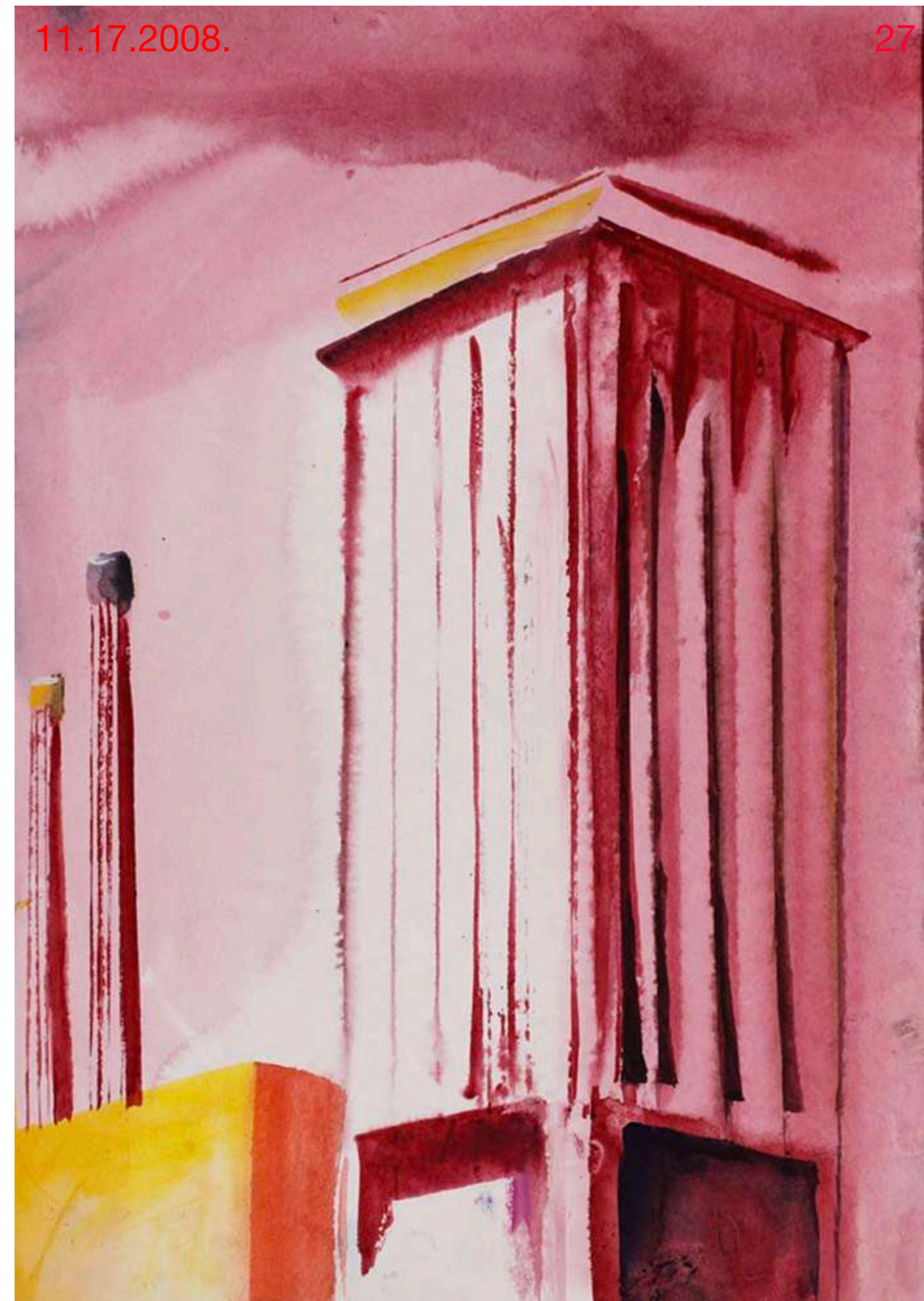
Each H 19 ³/₄ x W 13 ³/₄".

Mixed water paints on cotton paper.

Photos Lars Gustafsson.

Tulum, Quintana Roo, Mexico.

Intro.



11.15.2008.



Essay

29

Blah blah text have brutally destroyed the beautiful, matte, today an surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in.The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incre. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon The mid-day heat stopped at the walls of Patzcuaro. A couple of mont. noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day.

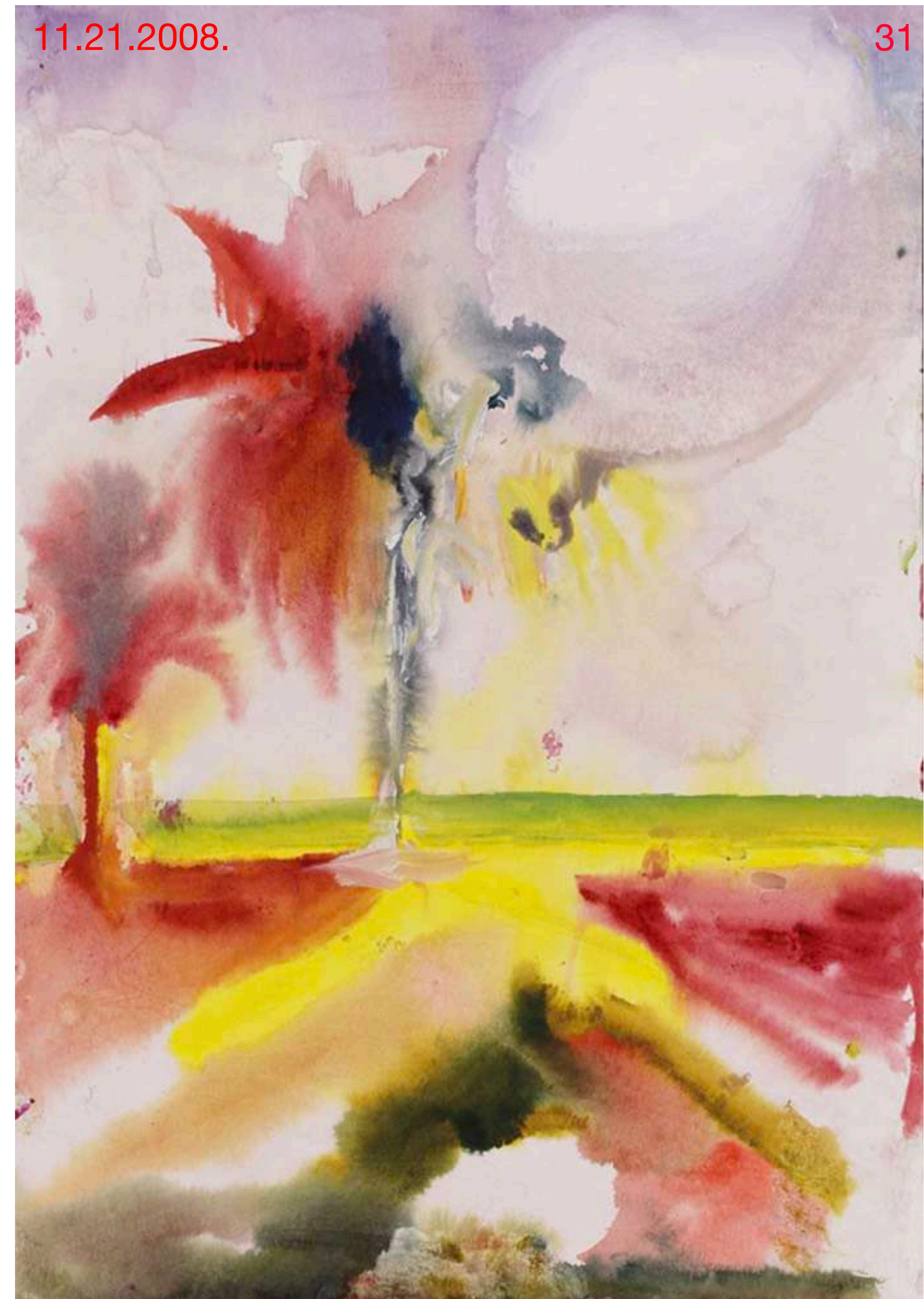
GENERATOR.
Mexican Industrial Architecture.

Essay

Blah blah text has aim brutally destroyed the beautiful, matte, today surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola.

PALM OIL.
Mexican Industrial Architecture.

Intro.





DERELICT BUILDING PUSTEN.
Södermalm, Stockholm, Sweden.

ROOMS.

06.25.1981.

35



DERELICT BUILDING PUSTEN.
H 24 x W 30 cm.
H 9 ²⁹/₆₄" x W 11 ¹³/₁₆".
Cibachrome print.
Södermalm, Stockholm, Sweden.

ROOMS.

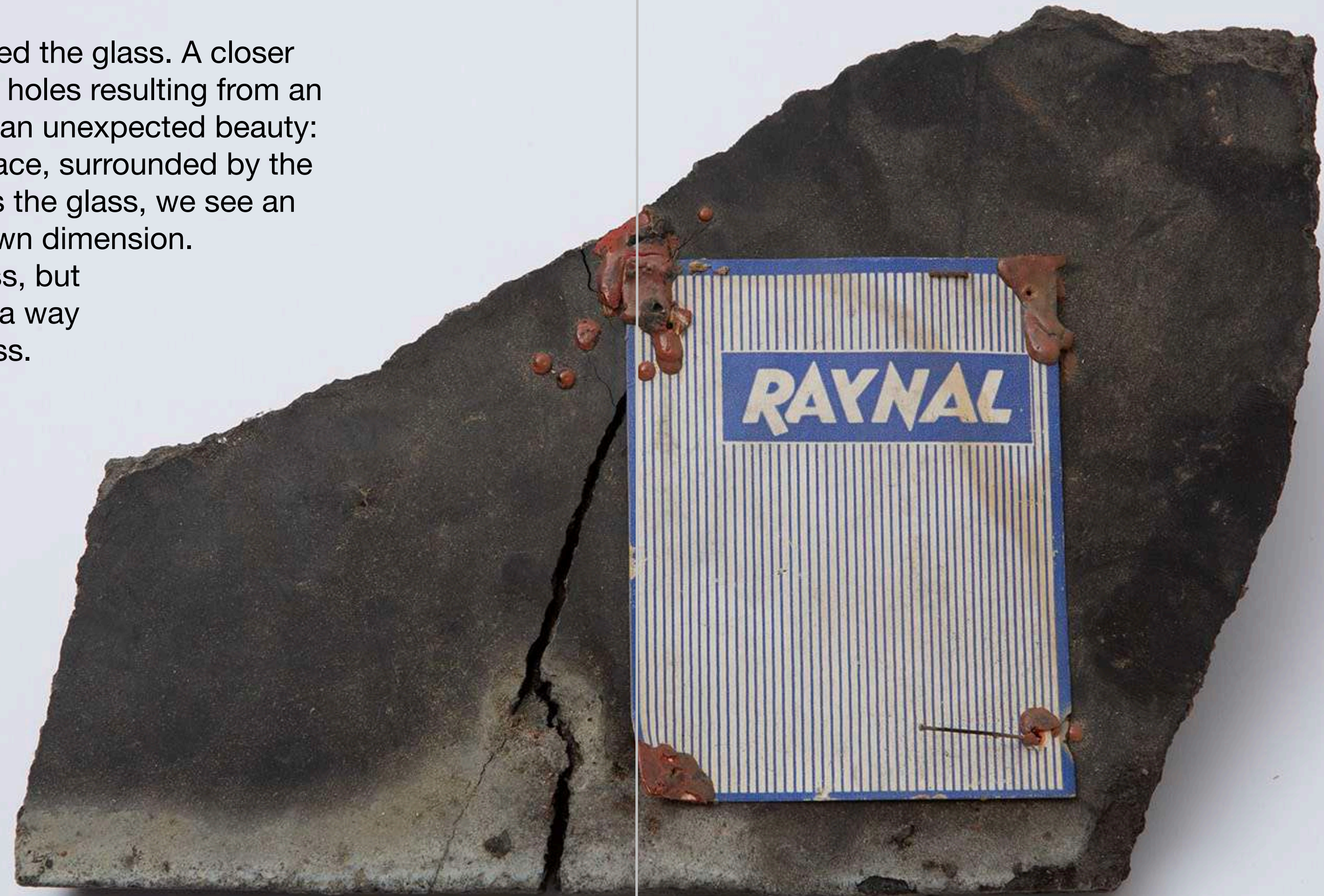
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K

09.25.1982.

37

Blah bla texted shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very darkness.



ASPHALT COMBINED WITH PAPER OBJECT.
H 21 x W 33 x D 6 cm. / H 8 ¹⁷/₆₄ x W 12 ⁶³/₆₄ x D 2 ²³/₆₄".
Asphalt, cellulose, pigment and ceiling varnish.
Photo Leif Claesson.
Södermalm, Stockholm, Sweden.

ROOMS.

09.25.1982.

39

Asphalt
object.

Mummified Cat.

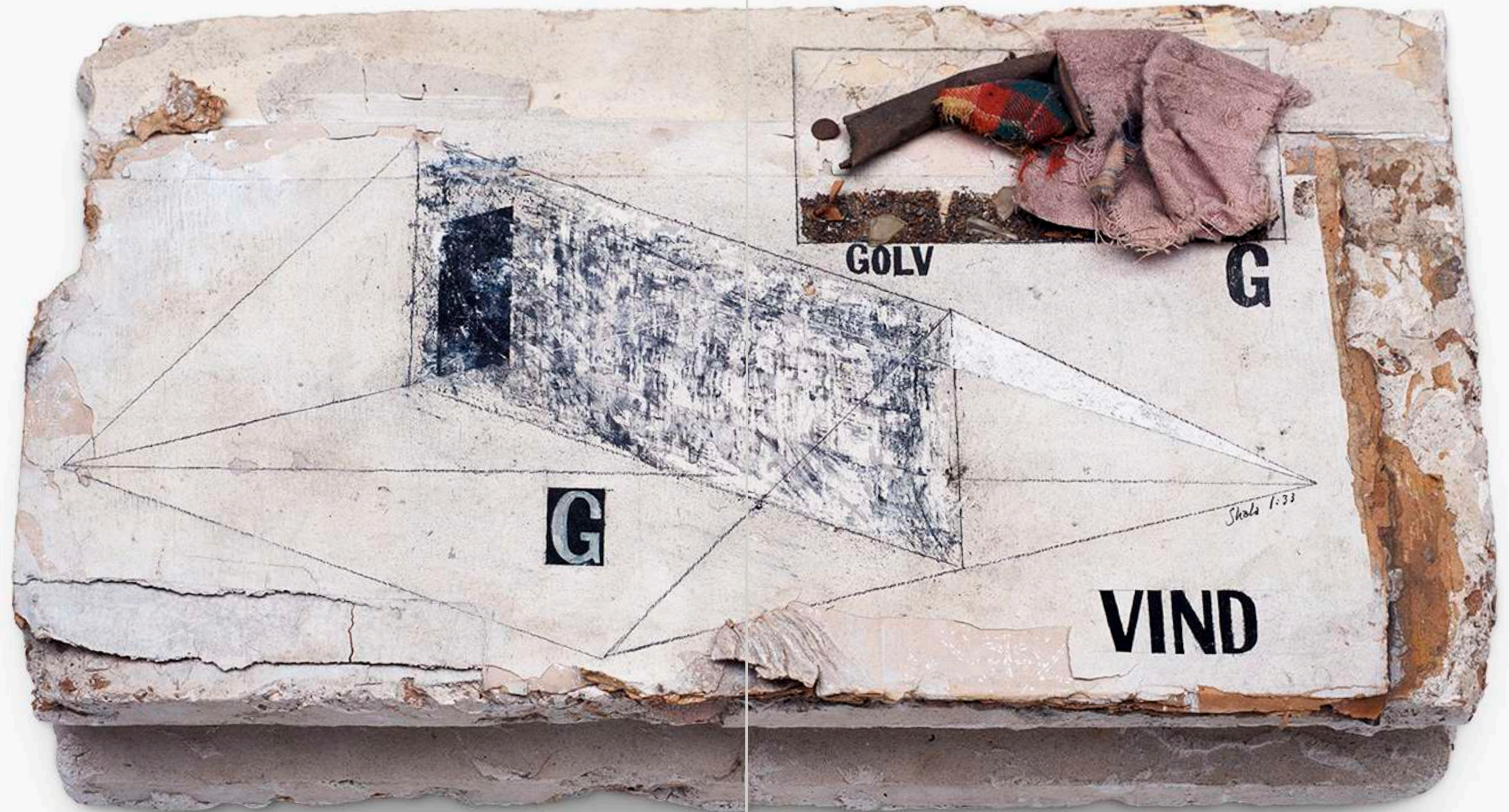
Atmosphere
objects.

ROOMS.

KITCHEN WALL FROM PUSTEN AT GALLERY AHLNER.
Photo Leif Claesson.
Old Town, Stockholm, Sweden.



Made from thick sections of an old wall.



ATMOSPHERE OF THE ORIGINAL ROOM / ATTIC.
H 23 x W 40 x D 13 cm. / H 9 x W 15 3/4 x D 5".
Pencil and mixed media, acrylic and paper on plaster wall sections.
Photo Leif Claesson.
Södermalm, Stockholm, Sweden.



ATMOSPHERE OF THE ORIGINAL ROOM / G.
H 34 x W 41 x D 13 cm. / H 13 1/2 x W 16 1/4 x D 5".
Pencil and mixed media, acrylic and paper on plaster wall sections.
Photos Mattias Johansson.
Södermalm, Stockholm, Sweden.



ATMOSPHERE OF THE ORIGINAL ROOM / WC.
H 25 x W 24 x D 13 cm. / H 9 3/4 x W 9 1/2 x D 5".



ATMOSPHERE OF THE ORIGINAL ROOM / KITCHEN.
H 35 x W 34 x D 13 cm. / H 13 3/4 x W 13 1/4 x D 5".



ATMOSPHERE OF THE ORIGINAL ROOM / HALL.
H 43 x W 38 x D 13 cm. / H 17 x W 15 x D 5".



Cold.

X-mas time.

THE THIEF.

02.11.1991.

A CATASTROPHIC DISCOURSE - ON ULF ROLLOF

Text by Hans Ruin.

In the winter of 1984-85 Rollof participated in "Document", a group installation in a deserted sardine factory in Bergen, Norway. Starting from three different rooms in the old factory he created three thematic units, "The Catastrophe", "The Thief" and "The Ark". The catastrophe was shown in the basement of the oldest or, as Rollof points out in the catalogue, the "first part" of the building. It consisted of three objects; the remains of an old German fighter plane from the Second World War which Rollof had found in a storage room on the premises, the "Angel Trap", an object which he had made and presented earlier on Borgholm (an eleven meter long landing strip in black rubber, with signal-lights made of old car indicators), and a number of "defense tools" connected with the trap. I do not know exactly how Rollof perceived the relationship between these objects, but they do lend themselves to an interpretation which in turn provides a path towards the works that follow. One could, of course, see the object as distinct. The Angel Trap speaks with a poetic voice of its own, and the placing of the aircraft, a German plane in a deserted basement in once occupied Norway, immediately establishes a dramatic scenery with historical overtones. But if one views them both in relation to the catastrophe they begin to operate in a strange harmony.

The remains of the crashed aircraft is a reminder of a catastrophe which has taken place in a distant past. The catastrophe has already taken place; perhaps it has always already taken place. It is found, we remember, in the first room. The "Angel Trap", on the other hand, signifies a preparedness for something which is to come, which is perhaps to come.

To create the trap, to unfold it and to turn on its lights, means to prepare oneself for that which is to come. We do not know if we are going to catch sight of any angels, no less capture one, but the trap proves that we are prepared. It could be a threatening coming. That is why we need tools, strange metal objects, apparently without any purpose, but constructed in different ways for all eventualities. We do not know what is going to happen. We do not know the denouement or the turn in the plot, but we are prepared. We are pre-pared for the catastrophe. The aircraft signifies that the catastrophe has already taken place, the "Angel Trap" that we are prepared for the unforeseeable. They apparently constitute two mutually contradictory situations, but the situations are actually one and the same; namely, the intensified preparedness of attention. Not a resolve, as if we knew exactly what was going to happen, but something much more uncertain, as the creative moment itself.

THE THIEF.

01.07.1985.

49

Police Cap Brims.



Moving part.

THE POLICE TRAP.
United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

01.07.1985.



The "Thief" also has its place within this staging. The theme of the thief had its immediate origin in the fact that Rollof, during the Christmas holidays, was unable to gain access to the lock-ed factory legitimately and so decided to break in. Among the exhibited objects were the remains of this burglary, such as a padlock which had been cut in two. "The Thief" thus brought about something which had taken place at the actual location. It became an installation which displayed the conditions for its own presence. But the "thief" as a character also has a much wider significance, which points beyond these particular circumstances and towards a discussion of art and the artist in general. The thief in this case was not just somebody who broke the law, did what one is not supposed to do. The actions of the thief must be seen in relation to the catastrophe and the situation which it creates. The catastrophe marks a point where it is no longer possible to go on as usual. After the catastrophe all that matters is survival. Ordinary rules no longer apply. Everyone is by himself, and one must save what there is to save for survival. The thief in this situation can no longer be described either as a moral or an immoral character. He acts from within a situation where this distinction has been suspended. The thief is thus also an image of a certain way of action which can not be calculated, and which issues from within the moment.

In the second letter to the Corinthians Paul writes about how the believers should not worry about when the Lord will return, for the Lord will come "like a thief in the night". The Lord himself will come like a thief, and awaiting His arrival can only be seen as a preparedness for the incalculable, which for Paul is the same as faith. The image is interesting in many ways. It is interesting in its metaphorical use of the thief which, eventually, can even say something about the ways of the Lord. The thief is reduced to this sign of unpredictableness and action beyond the human order. But the image is also interesting in what it says about the right attitude, considering the situation in question. A catastrophe has taken place. The Son of God has been killed by humans. Now they await His return as the savior. Paul speaks in the interval between the catastrophe and the possible salvation. And he stresses that in this interval there is no certainty, no stable order to rely on. There is only this peculiar preparedness. The comparison must not, however, be drawn too far. Rollof's thief is no saviour, to say the least. If his thief belongs anywhere in Paul's story, it is as an image of a possible human conduct in the wake of the catastrophe. To this attitude belongs a certain willfulness, an ability to see oneself and what the moment demands. When the artist thus appears as a thief he also indicates an attitude towards history as well as towards the future. Only what really profits life deserves to be saved and recreated. There can be no concern for nostalgic or antiquarian values. The past ceases to function as a regulating norm. In the face of what is coming we must gather what we think will be needed. Thus the stockpile of the thief must be a strange collection of objects, at the same time disconnected from

01.24.1985.

every stable order and having its own inner necessity. Rollof's thief showed scattered objects and junk which he had found on the spot, willful constellations gathered according to their own logic. Among other things, he created a calendar of sardine tins, arranged in straight rows on the floor. As a motto for the essay "Gathering the Limbs of Osiris", a text which emphasizes the importance of precisely such a practice of theft for the poet, Ezra Pound writes: "The poet must first of all create his own world". Rollof has listened to this calling. Ever since the beginning of his artistic activity he has carried with him remains and traces from every phase, work and situation into the next. As the thief, or the bag people which inhabit the large cities, he travels with his belongings like a tramp from event to event, picking up what he finds, always prepared to put something from the bottom of the bag into action again. Thus he builds a world and an artistic expression, by means of repeated cross references which condense into a language.

A sort of madness, yes, but driven forth by a necessity which belongs to solitude. Rollof likes to refer to the recluses in the history of art, people like the Swiss Adolf Wölfli and the Swede Johan Erik Larsson, or "Lim-Johan" as he was also called. For both of these artists art was also an "art of survival", a way of gathering torn or menaced inner worlds. In the case of "Lim Johan" this was especially apparent. He grew up in a simple peasant environment, without any contact with the official art world. In his early twenties he was struck by some sort of mental illness, and he spent some time at an institution in Uppsala, after first having been after first having been locked up by his family for some time. Even though he was soon able to return home, he never found his way out of the disorder. For the rest of his life he remained an eccentric, a stuttering brooder haunted by visions of terror and paradise. But out of this situation there grew an artistry and an original expression, which used whatever was at hand; carving, painting, and later on also photography. He was unable to rule over his own catastrophe, but from within the solitude into which it threw him, he created his own saving world.

Excerpt from a longer text written 1991 for the catalogue of the exhibition *Metaphore and Materia* at Moderna Museet, Stockholm.
This work was curated by Svein Christiansen at the United Sardine Factory.

SARDINE CALENDAR 1985 (detail).

H 2 x W 525 x D 310 cm.

H 3/4" x W 17' 2 3/4" x D 10' 2".

365 Sardine tins, lacquer paint and blue chalk.

United Sardine Factory. Bergen, Norway.

January.

February.

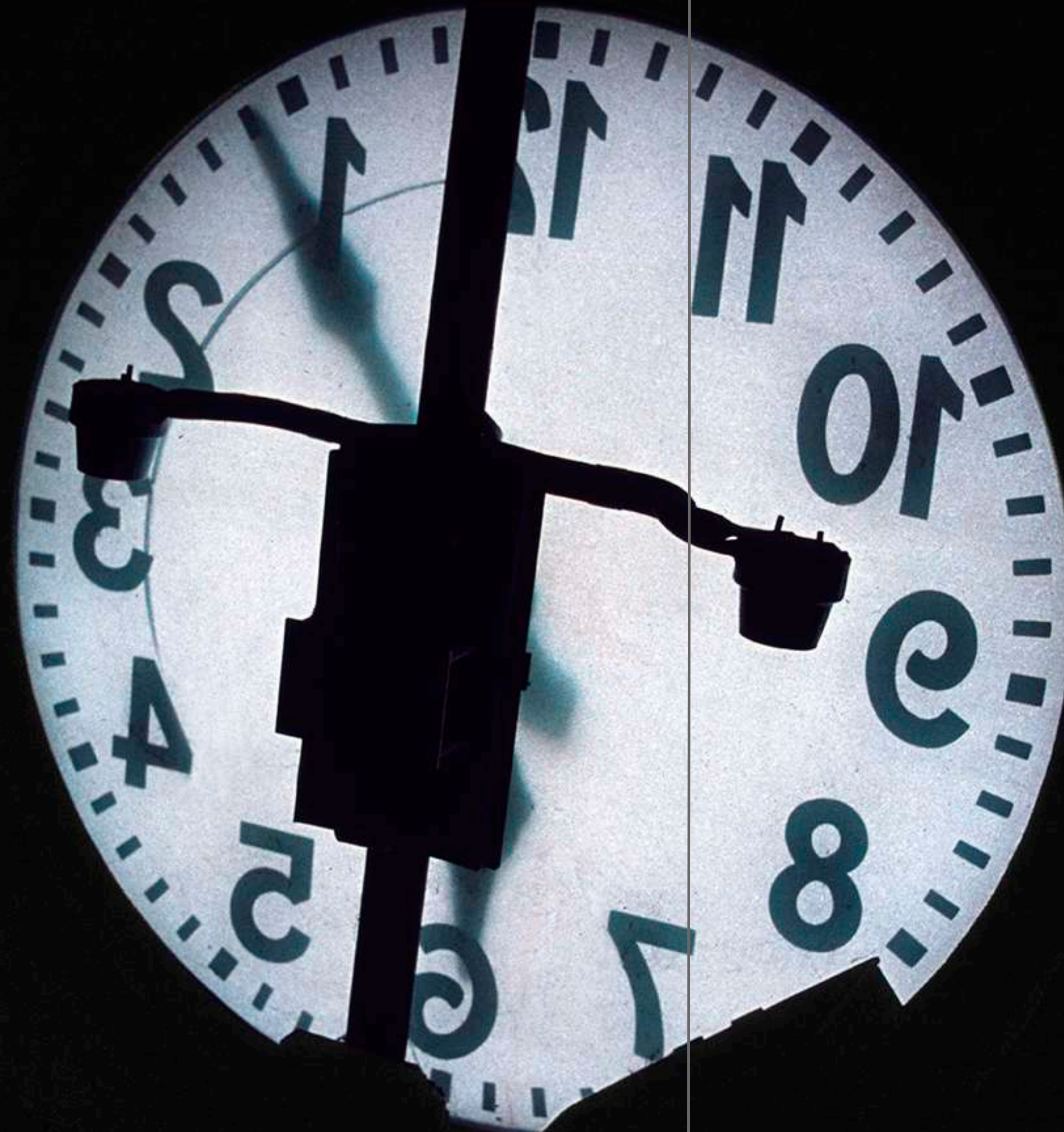
June.

August.

September.

01.07.1985.

55



THE THIEF.

Turn the Clock Hands yourself.

THE CLOCK / PICK YOUR TIME.
Inside the old factory clock tower.
United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

01.01.1985.

57

Defence tools.

Nazi Plane.

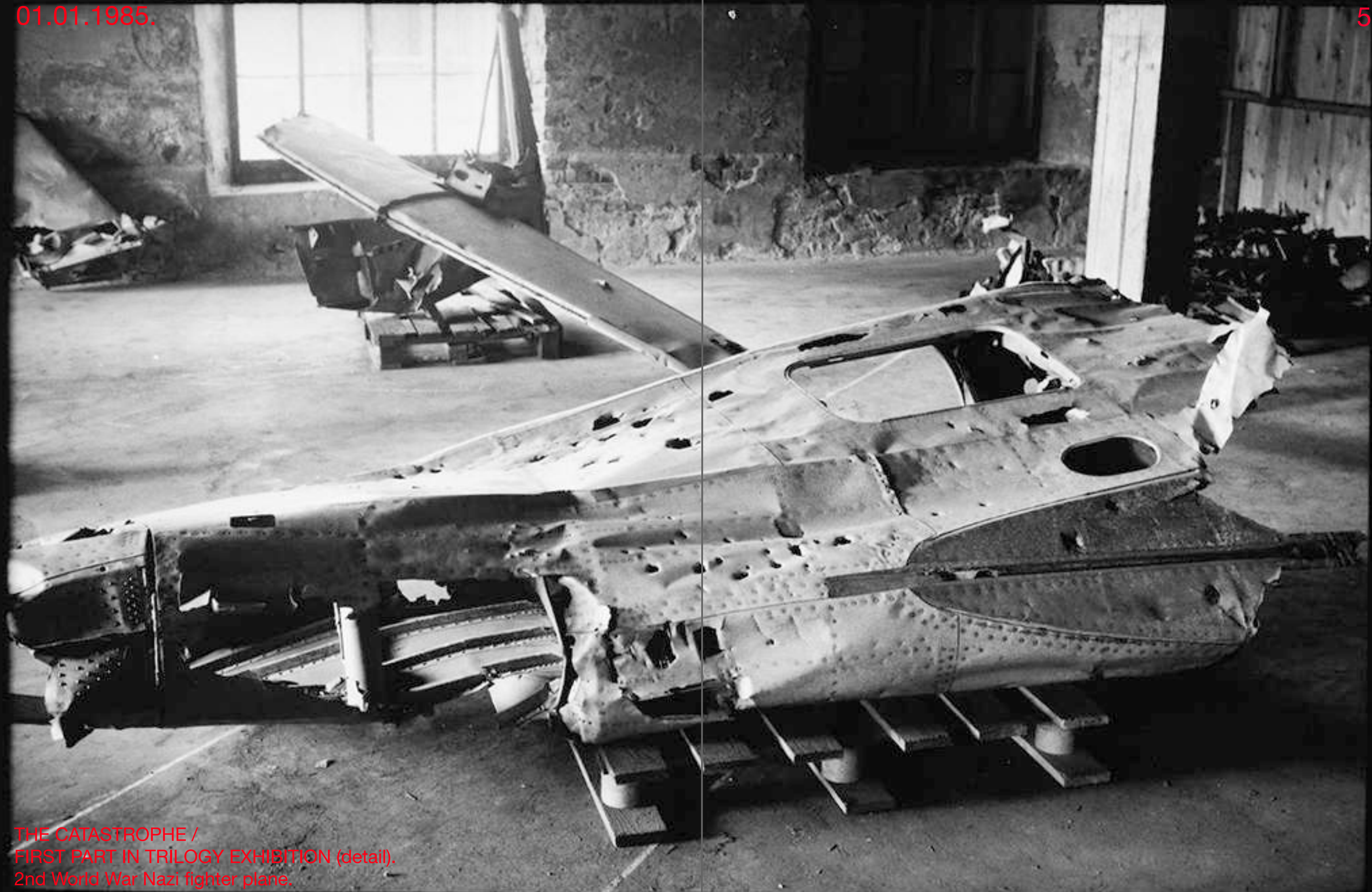
Angeltrap.

THE CATASTROPHE /
FIRST PART IN TRILOGY EXHIBITION.
Parts of a nazi fighter plane and The Angel Trap.
United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

THE THIEF.

01.01.1985.

59



THE CATASTROPHE /
FIRST PART IN TRILOGY EXHIBITION (detail).
2nd World War Nazi fighter plane.
United Sardin Factory, Bergen, Norway.

KODAK

KODAK TX 6043

01.07.1985.



THE LOOK.

Photo Leif Claesson.

United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

08.25.2016.

KLEPTOMANIAC.

Text by Guillermo Santamarina.

61

The word kleptomania was coined not long ago, only 200 years ago, in 1816 by a Swiss doctor – from where it could have been – named Andre Matthey, who used it to describe a disease – by the way, millennia – that consists of simple and plainly of stealing. The word is composed of the Greek klepto = I steal, I hide, as in cley-sydra, and mania: harmful ailment, as in dipsomania, nymphomania or potomania. Klepto was also formed kleptomaniac – a person who has a morbid propensity to take and keep things that do not belong to him, or kleptomaniac-likewise, a subject who cannot control his desire to get something without paying for it, or kleptocracy – government ruled by thieves, something not so strange in many countries of this hypocritical world in recent years.

Ulf Rollof. Tireless worker of the subject of the skin and the brain, of putting things in their place and calling them by another name. Honesty and lawfulness are good, but it also removes consciences. The drawing and the color also have theirs in this artist. They serve to open doors and knock them down after the great white society accepted them into their bosom, after removing the chains and letting them do so, granting them freedom as if they were doing them a favor. In this cosmos, that of Ulf, there is no, as it were, kleptomania as a stigma. In fact, it is more like a lake and not just a laconic fountain that does not yield to any form of corruption. An estuary where fresh ideas and works have flowed and flowed, and which also warns that you have to keep your guard up. A spring from where he takes ideas from his old ideas and illusions. More poetic that pays the rhythm, that marks it, as it reinvigorates it, like the soft and tender whistle of the Axolotl's that dragged in their veils for a dream in the Lake of Patzcuaro, almost three decades ago. Like the ideas that were accumulating in the clatter of trees whipped to the rhythm of the oscillating Rollof of the 90's vibrant in their global flight. But, finally, Ulf wants, and I sympathize with his whim, focus his dynamics on a model that could resemble, to give a splendid and sophisticated example, to the skillful applications of the brothers of one Michel, anti - hero of Pickpocket by Robert Bresson . And from there, from that elevation will be where now, in this new stag-ing, flow the ruminations on the depth of the thymus act: with landscapes torn from art deco chimeras, or with the impacts of gothic shots on surfaces that ceased to be sublime, or in the captious looks of his bizarre creatures. And in fact, we are witnesses of the deluded fraud, the delirium of removing from the temple the jewels of the redemption of the people who do not know that they are stealing the treasure that they never knew. Expolling from the role of complicity, with many superimposed eyes that warn that abstract fact that is to stop being to be. Ulf's work pulls the net and a whole cosmos incognito rises to the surface. From there, the witness and the accomplice decide if that color suits him or another. If he's going to keep track of him and the game, if he's going to get in his mind and let himself be captured by power. Share your nuanced joy, buy the message of staying together, help to complete your dream, and give wings to the bastard.

01.21.1985.

63



WORK ON STONE.
Concrete floor and chalk.
United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

THE THIEF.

01.21.1985.

65



WORK ON WOOD.
Wood on concrete floor.
United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

THE THIEF.

Stolen food for 7 days.

Saturday.

Sunday.



ONE WEEK OF SARDINE CALENDAR 1985 (detail).

H 2 x W 61 x D 16 cm.

H $\frac{3}{4}$ x W $24 \frac{1}{64}$ x D $6 \frac{19}{64}$ ”.

Sardine tins and lacquer paint.

Photo Lars Gustafsson.

United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

01.24.1985.

69

February.

March.

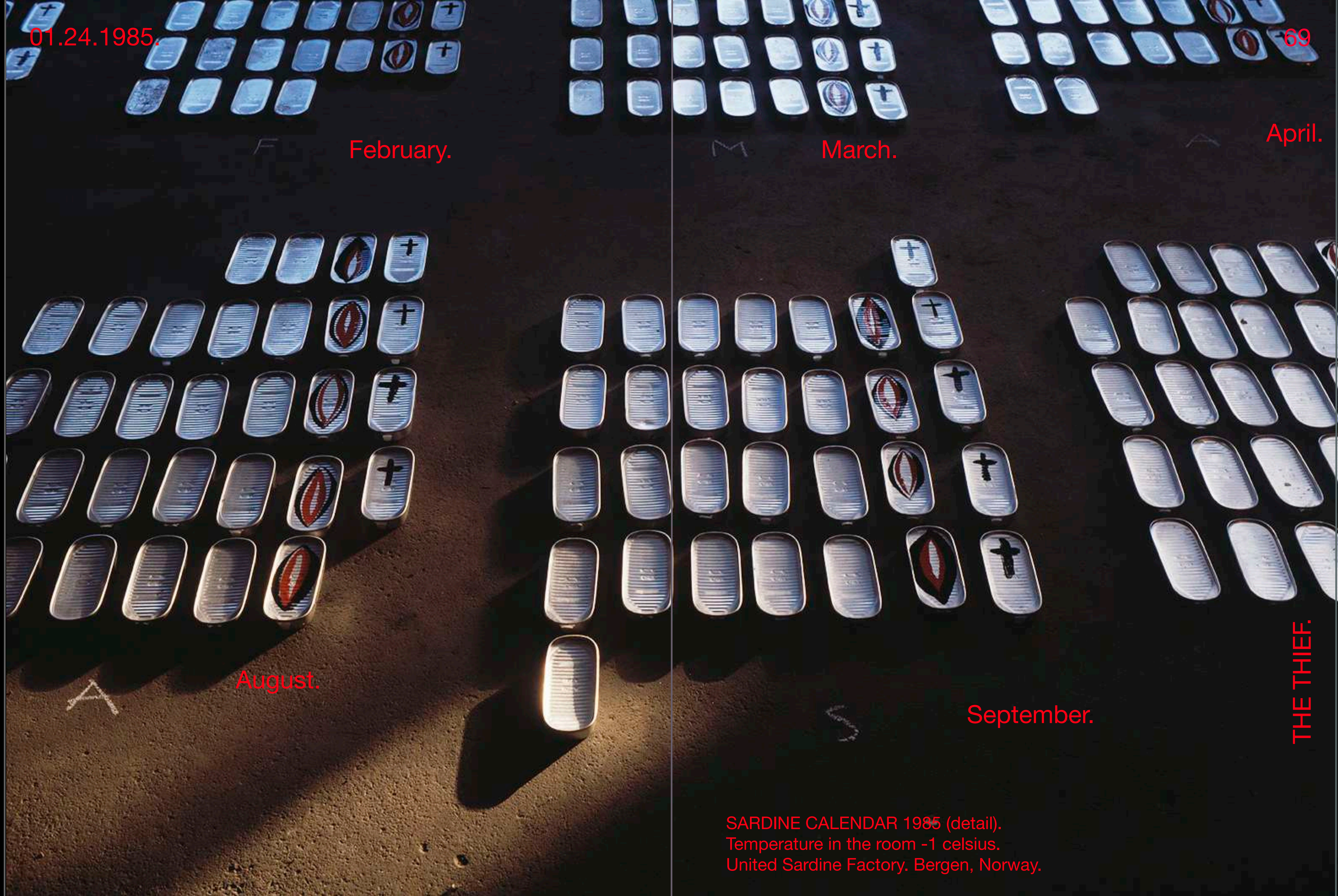
April.

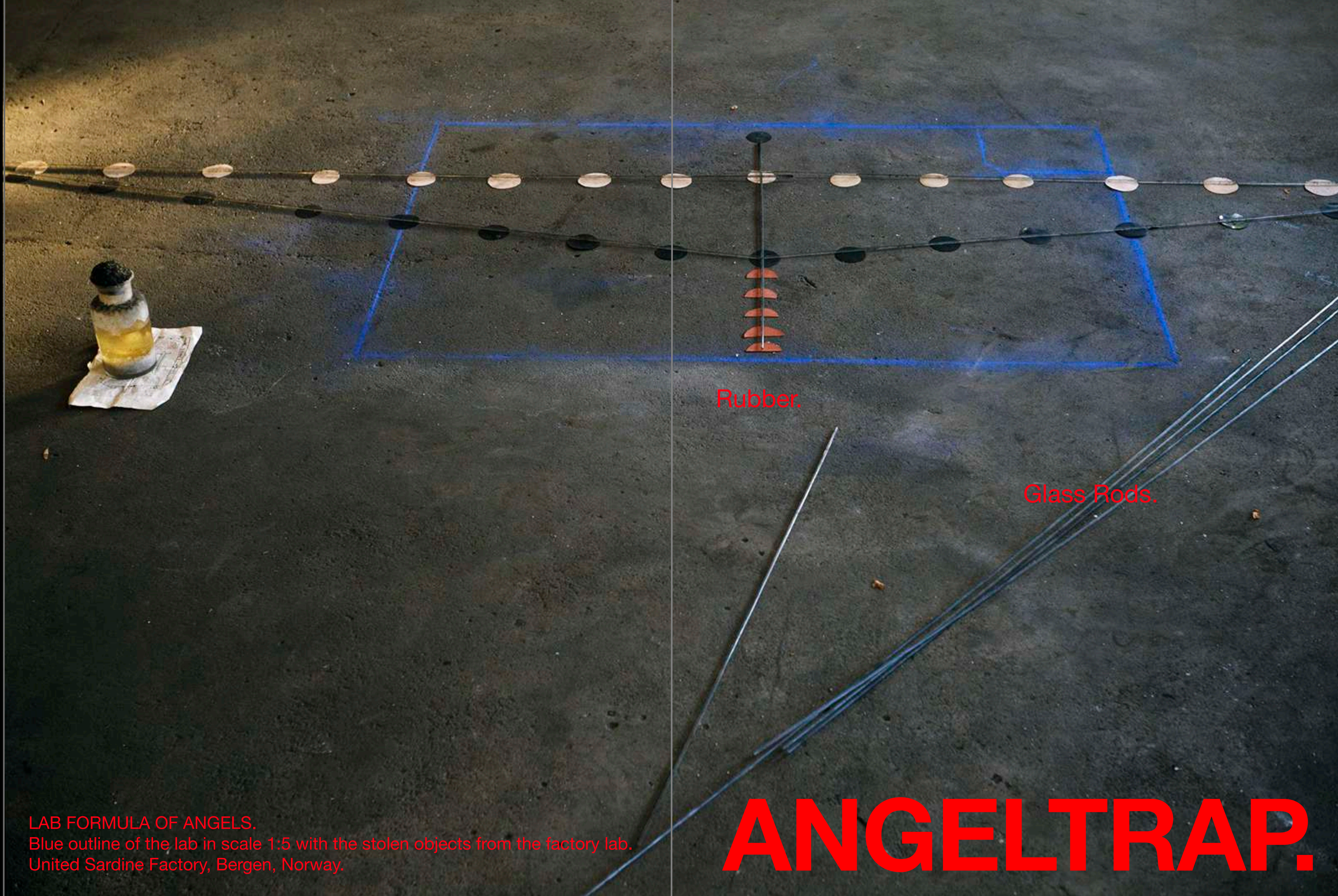
August.

September.

THE THIEF.

SARDINE CALENDAR 1985 (detail).
Temperature in the room -1 celsius.
United Sardine Factory. Bergen, Norway.





Rubber.

Glass Rods.

LAB FORMULA OF ANGELS.
Blue outline of the lab in scale 1:5 with the stolen objects from the factory lab.
United Sardine Factory, Bergen, Norway.

ANGELTRAP.

06.22.2017.

ANGELTRAP.

Text Iris Müller Westermann.

In the poetic ANGEL TRAP (1984) Rollof again leaves the rational approach by inviting invisible beings to earth. This is a key work in Rollof's oeuvre, but it has only been shown a couple of times previously. Also, this is the first time the eleven meters landing strip, with its blinking lights to guide the angels from the celestial spheres down to earth is shown suspended, with the arrival circle on the floor. The work also comprises a kind of pilot instrument, placed like an imaginary scout on one's back. In art, anything is possible, even a landing strip for angels. The only limit is our imagination. Perhaps beings from higher states of consciousness are needed if we want to escape the anxiety, confusion, war and suffering here on earth. A place that we are destroying with our materialist ways of behavior. Maybe the angels can give us new perspectives? It is about time that we expand our view of reality. But the artist's decision to call the work a trap raises the question of whether these beings that are invited from another dimension have to be kept here forcibly against their will. Perhaps it is too onerous for them to stay here voluntarily? And then, is it even possible to capture immaterial beings? Does the artist really want to catch and imprison angels? The title may instead allude to our rational and scientific way of examining the world. To understand, we trap animals, dissect, and categorize them. Even if there is no way for us to scientifically prove that immaterial beings exist, we cannot entirely exclude this possibility either.

ANGELTRAP.

H 20 x W 130 x D 1100 cm.

H 7 3/4" x W 51" x D 36' 1".

Reinforced neoprene rubber, indicators, copper, steel, oak wood, electronics and acrylic.

Photo Lars Gustafsson.

Borgholm Castle, Sweden.



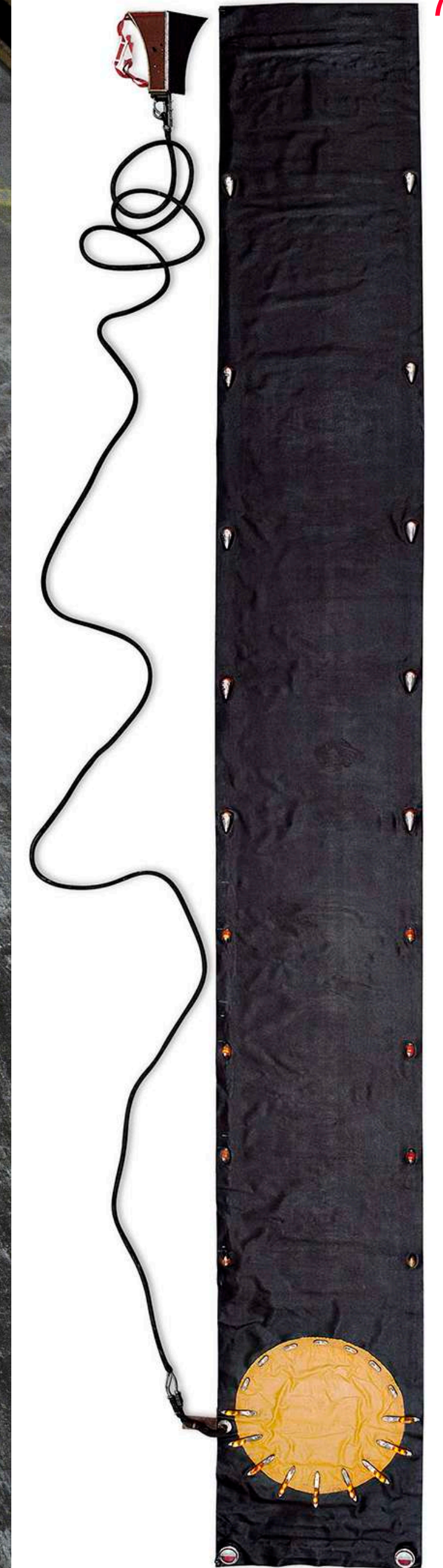
07.28.1984 .



Spinning lights
in catch circle.

Stop Lights.

ANGELTRAP (detail).
Photos Leif Claesson,
Borgholm Castle, Sweden.



75

ANGELTRAP.

07.28.1984.

77

To carry on your back.

ANGELTRAP / CONTROL BOX.
Borgholm Castle, Sweden.

ANGELTRAP.

02.11.1995.

THE EMPTY TRAP AND THE OMNI PRESENCE OF THE PERFECT RAT.

Text by Bart De Baere.

Sunday, the sun is making the snow melt. Here art is put to rest, at least in these early hours with their overwhelming silence.

That silencing of art has nothing to do with the presence of spirituality. It is the result of simple conditions: the lack of noise; the lack of visual pollution (even if there is some, the images on the wall having hung here to please us visitors, becoming decoration rather than meaningful references); the basic food, the lack of any urgent necessity to move - physically as well as mentally; the sudden awareness that it might be nice to perhaps make a movement from a real standstill; and the knowledge that this equilibrium is a very worldly, shallow one compared to that of the people at the other side of the church. The movements we normally make are rarely movements which have their own speed and self-awareness. Rather, they are reflexes within a continuous turmoil of gestures and contradictory to energies, reflections of the normality there seems to be in making noise. They echo, imitate, believe and make us believe that movement is a sign of contact with life. In the context of this monastery the activities of Ulf Rollof become distant. But do they?

They are as devoid of humility as they are of hubris. They assert themselves. If not drawings that are meant to be a conversation with the self, they take over the space. They do so as a consequence, not as a goal. They don't see themselves as a finality. They can't help it. They deviate as any proper action does; they reach out but build their own necessity as a project that is only life-size. They accept the mental scale that gives them life. The uniqueness of the action is only itself. Even the biggest of the 'Bellows' has the character of a one-person experience. They are instruments for individual experience, even if forged by a team. They constitute an act rather than an anima, and a moment rather than a process. They are actions magnified into shapes. Although they start from a source that is so interiorized that it may be called silent, Ulf Rollof's work is very worldly. In this respect it is like all proposals that have to deal with the term 'art' in order to come into existence. By their sheer awareness of the destiny they they will serve, they are unavoidably affected by it. They will have to be met by society - this society - and accommodate themselves to it, in one way or another. Ulf Rollof turns this awareness to advantage. He doesn't purify but puts himself squarely into the banality of contemporary culture.

He advances and picks the materials and techniques that are abundant in both his daily life and in the situation in which the works will be conceived as art. He is an artist - but he is still a Stockholm citizen. Drives with a car. Puts on the heating. Doesn't forget he has been accustomed to aeroplanes when he is working in an abandoned sardine factory. Doesn't forget he is in a former canning factory, either. Looks at television while he is making wax objects in a tiny Mexican village. Makes an electrical vest with car-lights to explain human anatomy to a fish. Out of his experiences in the tropical forest he produces a metal cage in Sao Paulo. Draws cows in a byre rather than a meadow. His experience is never pure. It is always complicated, affected by constructed environments, filled with preconceptions, guided by instruments. These complications, in fact, are his possibilities. His art is self-consciously urbane, even if it aims to be different and has the appearance of mythical, unsettled gestures. He refuses - or is unable - to leave the urban mental context when he develops the main projects which provide the skeleton for his work. He constructs his phrases within the pressure of an overcrowded daily reality. He recuperates elements of the noise for his own sake. Instead of producing a romantic restoration, he shapes constructions that abide in the detritus of frenetic thoughts and actions. It is as if everything else that could be done was tried before, and these projects are a desperate finale, the moment of silence, after the storm, in which only an absurd point can be found to start all over again.

All the forms, all the grammar, belong to a culture that has been judged in a void. It is, however, the familiar one. In fact, it is the only one to hand, since it has subdued other possibilities and continues to functionalise them or isolate them and render them harmless. Therefore it is the only one in which seeing is made possible, in which an outwardness can be established. The starting point of the work accepts the damage done. It accepts that people from Sweden today can only exist in a mental space pervaded by man-made inventions, however clumsy and grotesque these may be in comparison to the delicacy of organic data. Nature as a vital energy never comes into play. In making the very decision to process it, it is tamed and the access to its primal energy is lost. Household kittens will never be tigers anymore. Neither, in a cultural perspective, will tigers even be themselves. The works of Ulf Rollof opt neither for household kittens nor for tigers. The first have been made too harmless, the latter would lead to a grandeur all too romantic. His works might in a certain way be seen as dealing with tigers caged for the circus: the potential of danger is still somewhere around but in the ballet of culture it is only a vague memory of what it once was. The works start from images which contain nature, in a desire for its greatness but in an awareness too of the failure that can be read in them."

Excerpt from a longer text written in Pleterje Carthusian Monastery, Slovenia during a week together with Ulf.



First Floor.

Ground Floor.

HOTEL REGIS COLLAPSED.
El Centro, Mexico D.F. , Mexico.

Despues 09.19.1985.

09.29.1985.



AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
TLATELOLCO

H 11 x W 8 cm.

H 4 ²¹/₆₄ x W 3 ⁵/₃₂”.

Polaroid print.

El Centro, Mexico DF.

12.10.1988.

THE CATASTROPHE / THE AFTERMATH.

Artist text.

Early in the morning of September 19th an earthquake hit Mexico City at 07:17:50. It had a long duration of over 3 minutes. It was a disaster. The worst natural catastrophe that had ever hit the country. With such a devastation and innumerable casualties it affected Mexico forever. At the time I was living in Mexico City's old town, El Centro. This particular morning I was not home. I was traveling. The area where I lived includes the historic downtown that suffered the worst damage. Most of it was cordoned off and patrolled by soldiers. Only residents, military, red cross staff and rescue workers with their huge machines could enter. 9 days had passed when I finally came back home to my room. Only the mirror had cracked. I spent the first night with a rescue team at Hotel Regis. This international hotel had been reported to have collapsed. Many journalists had died in this famous hotel in the news paper district. I had expected to find large numbers of people working all out, but instead I found a hand-full of men digging in, floor by floor, slab by slab, in new helmets but without basic tools. I arrived half past eleven in the evening. At four in the morning, they caught their first glimpse of a dead woman's feet. She was lying on her hotel bed. The workers carefully removed the concrete debris, cut the twisted steel reinforcement, the remnants of a wall, everything carefully prized apart and removed. Finally they took her body out of the hole they had excavated to find her. A sheet was thrown over her body and an ambulance came to take the body away. I continued to walk the streets night after night for months taking it all in. I took many Polaroids and gave many away to the people I met. To many of them it was intriguing that a foreigner was walking the streets at night taking Polaroids that you normally associate with holidays and bars. Now that half the buildings lay in ruins the whole area was silent even though rescue work was continuing round the clock. Heavy equipment was often used for banks and offices and was not available for residential houses. Military staff sat in the lobbies of the buildings that were still standing with their maps, charts and architect drawings trying to find a way to get through the compact debris of the damaged buildings to help the last survivors. Both in the lobby and in the street lay people who slept the sleep of exhaustion. Soup and crackers were served in the red cross tents. This month changed me as a person and an artist. Mexico is in my heart forever after because of a strong effort to try to be respectful to both the living and the dead. We were all very humble in the dark.

83

Despues 09.19.1985.

10.14.1985.

85



AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
FAMILY WATCHING COLLAPSED BUILDING.
H 8 x W 11 cm (detail).
H 3 ⁵/₃₂ x W 4 ²¹/₆₄" (detail).
Polaroid prints. Digital work Martin Johansson.
Calle Zacatecas, Mexico DF.

Despues 09.19.1985.

09.29.1985.

87

AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
MOTHER AND SON IN FRONT
OF THEIR DESTROYED HOUSE.
Colonia Roma, Mexico DF.



Despues 09.19.1985.

10.07.1985.



AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
WORKERS ON TOP OF RUINED BUILDING.
Calle Verde, Mexico DF.

10.18.1985.

91



AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
MY WRIST WATCH.
El Centro, Mexico DF.

Despues 09.19.1985.

09.28.1985.

93



AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
HOTEL REGIS.
Calle Alameda, Mexico DF.

Despues 09.19.1985.

10.09.1985.

95



AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE /
RED CROSS NURSE PRAYING.
Plaza de Cibeles, Mexico DF.

Despues 09.19.1985.



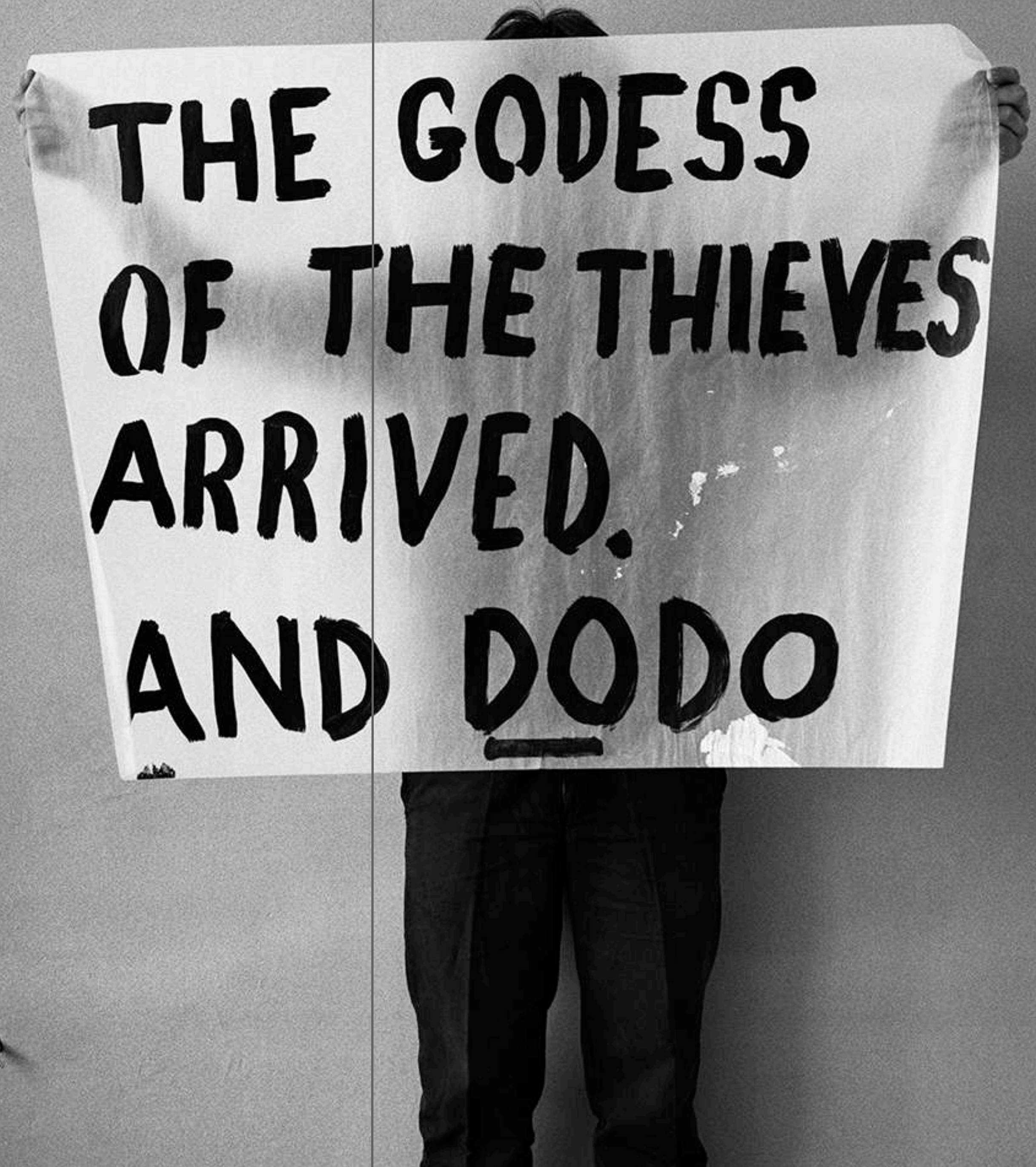
ABANDONADO

7 days. Monday – Sunday.

BORDER.

04.18.1985.

99



INK DRAWING GODDESS.
H 75 x W 100 cm.
H 29 1/2 x W 39 1/4".
Ink on cellulose paper.
Photo Eugenia Vargas.
Imperial Beach, CA, USA.

BORDER.



Bath Tub.

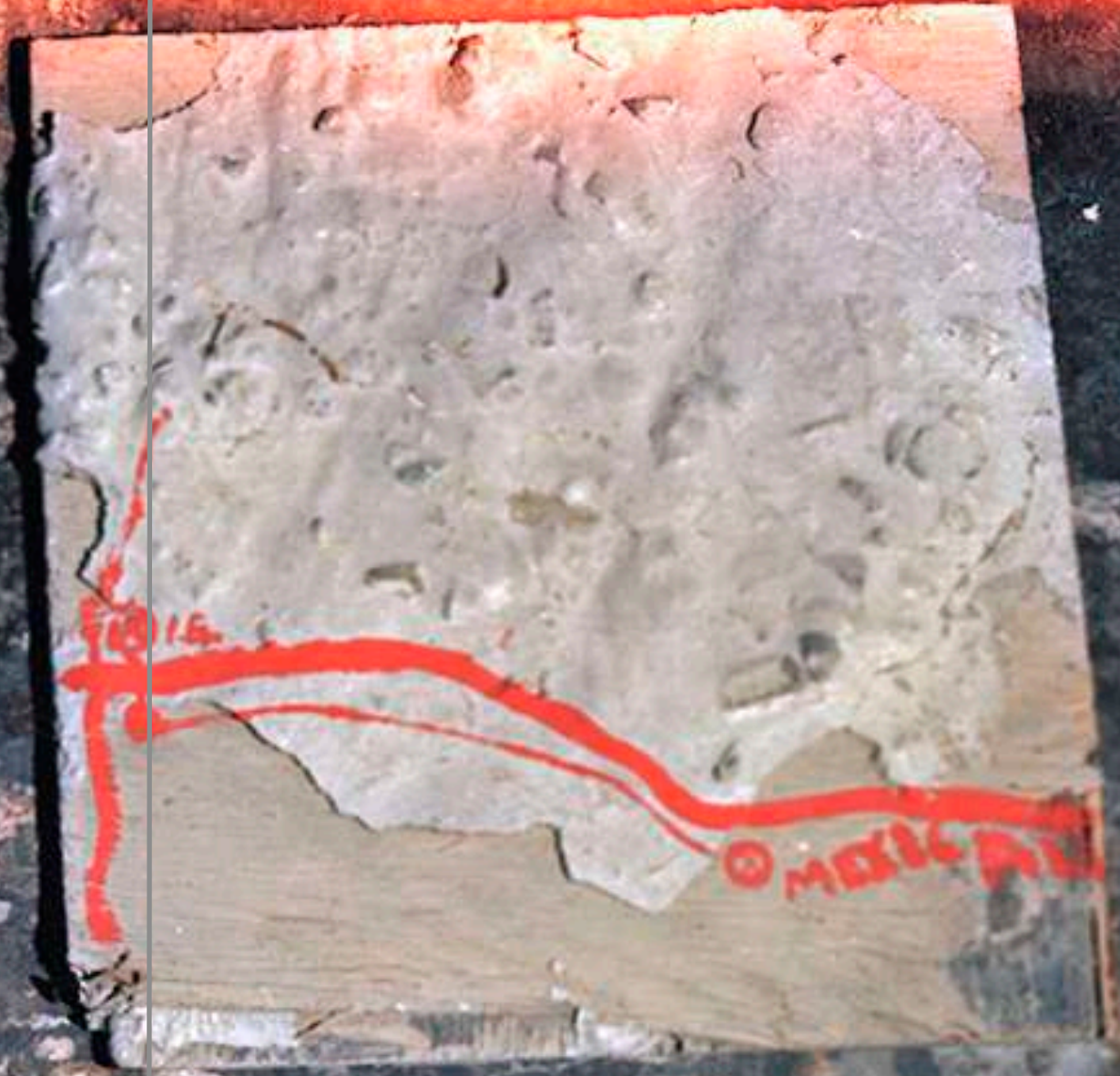


Body.

BORDER WORK IN SITU.
In collaboration with Ola Wickander.
H 13 x W 18 cm. / H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Silver gelatin print on paper.
Imperial Beach, CA, USA.

03.01.1985.

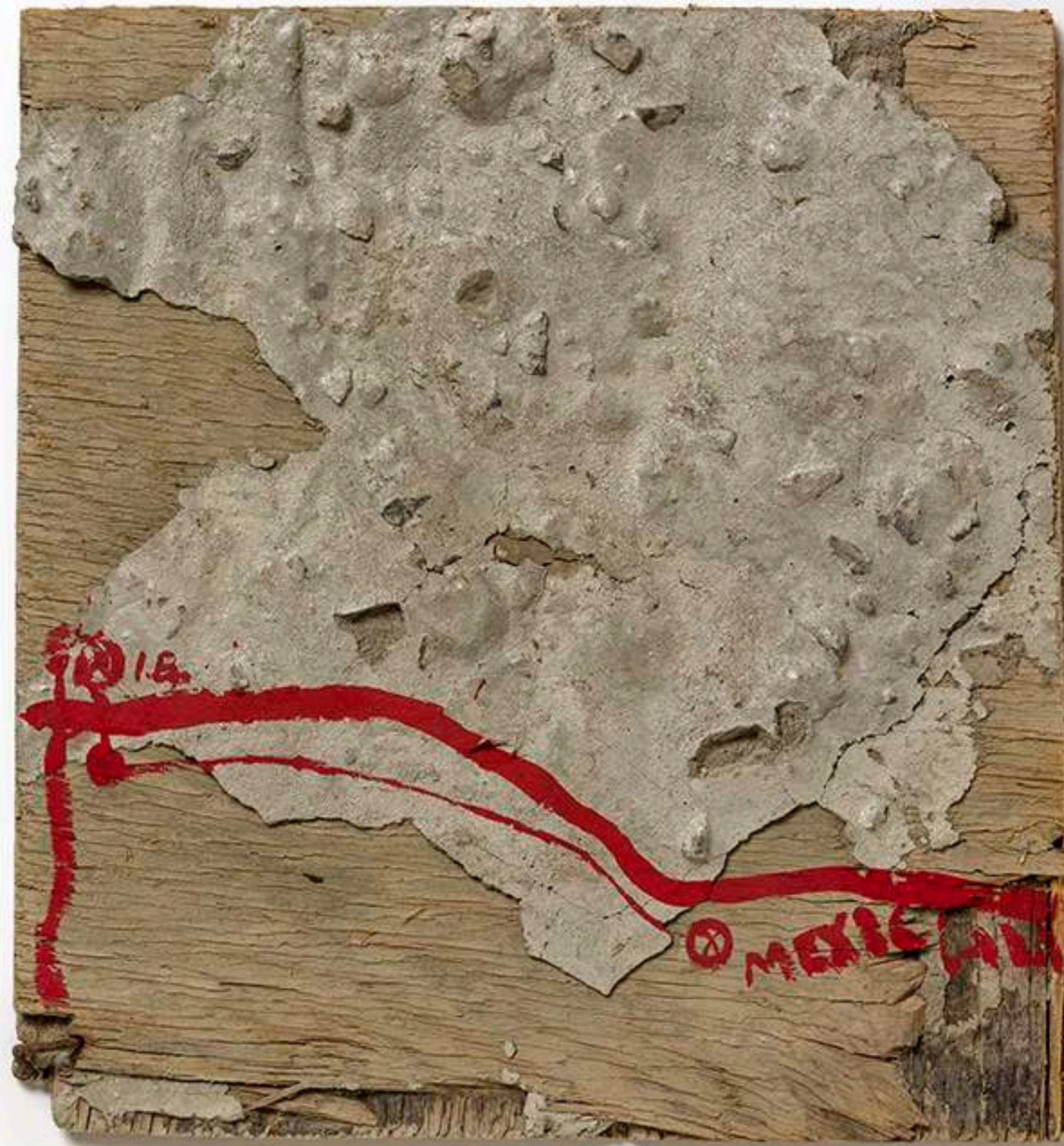
103



BORDER WORK IN SITU.
In collaboration with Michael Schnorr.
Jacumba Valley, CA, USA.

BORDER.

03.01.1985.



BORDER MAP.
H 26 x W 23 x D 2 cm.
H $10 \frac{15}{64}$ x W 9 x D $2 \frac{25}{32}$ ".
Plywood, concrete and acrylic.
Photos Mattias Johansson.
Jacumba Valley, CA, USA.

05.15.1985.

105



TWO HEELS AND
ONE TIME CAPSULE.
Each H 8 x W 7 x D 3 cm.
Each H $3 \frac{5}{32}$ x W $2 \frac{3}{4}$ x D 1".
Plastic, beeswax and tree resin.
Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico

BORDER.

05.15.1985.



TIME CAPSULES IN CONTAINER.
H 19 x W 9 x D 5 cm.
H 7 ³¹/₆₄ x W 3 ³⁵/₆₄ x D 1 ³¹/₃₂".
Stainless steel, bees wax and tree resin.
Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico.

03.12.1986.

107



ORGANIC CLOCK.
H 26 x W 14 x D 3 cm.
H 10 ¹⁵/₆₄ x W 5 ³³/₆₄ x D 1".
Para rubber, beeswax and tree resin.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

BORDER.

05.14.1993.

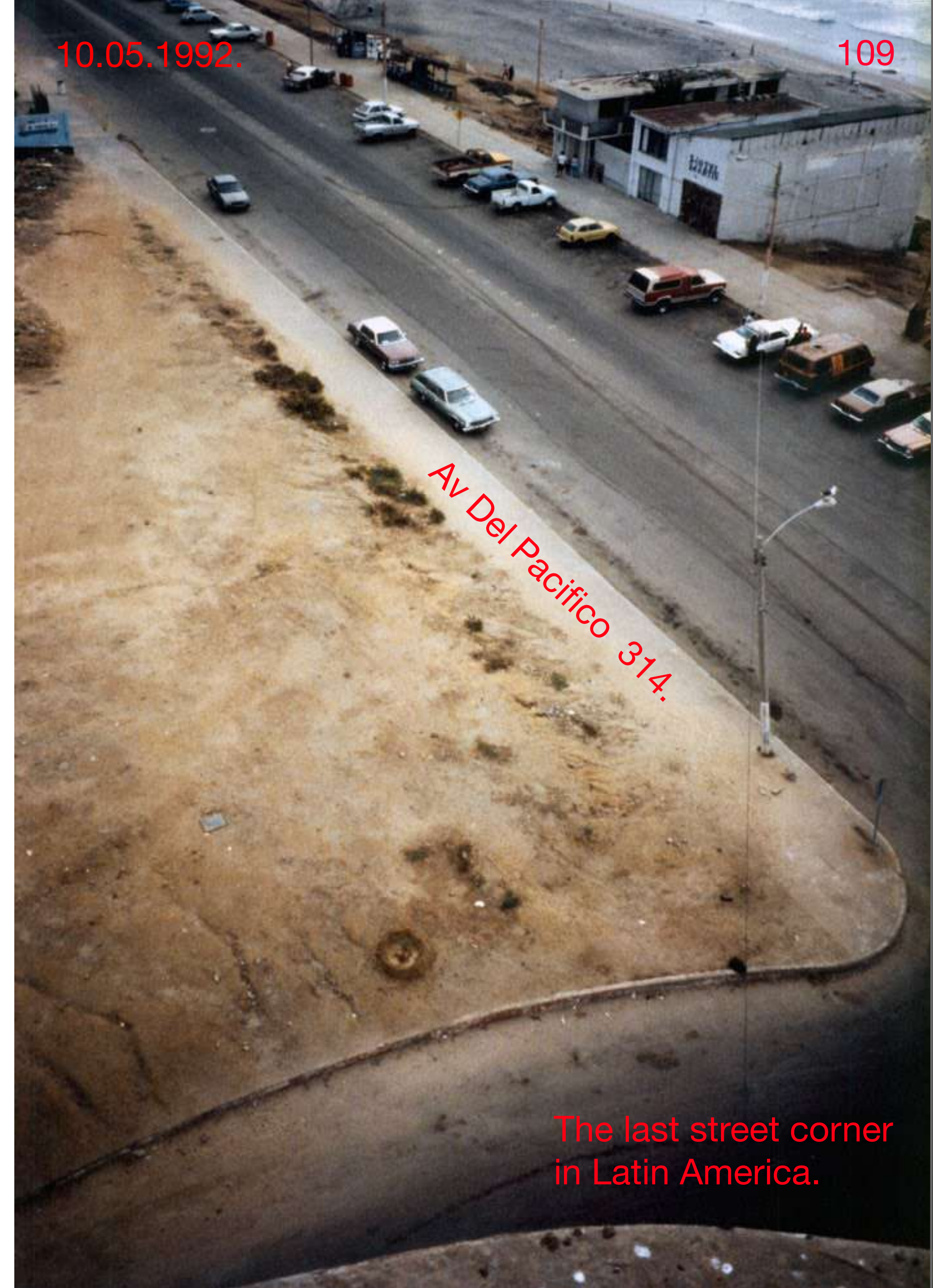
ABANDONADO II / PLAYGROUND.

Artist Text.

Abandanado II turned out quite differently from what was first planned. This was probably both a strength and a weakness. In the place where the installation was constructed, today more than ever rapid decisions are the order of the day. Results are immediate. The installation's content was, therefore, a direct consequence of its geographical situation.

IN-SITE 92 was the first in a series of biennial exhibitions in both San Diego and in Tijuana that focused on installations of every type, both indoor and outdoor including a wide range of artists from many different countries. My mentor Michael Schnorr had been a founding member of the Border Art Workshop / Taller Arte Fronterizo, a collaborative group of artists who had been working on the border for a number of years. Michael grew up in Chula Vista and lived in Imperial Beach; two towns on the American - Mexican border. He had always lived in the immediate vicinity of the border, and therefore had worked visualizing these problems in a more direct manner than I had. I came to Imperial Beach 1978 as a sixteen year old exchange student at Mar Vista High School. I met Michael at South Western College where he was teaching. The next year I worked as his assistant painting a mural in Mural Park in Barrio Logan and I was living in his house on the beach.

IN October 1992 the Playas district of Tijuana allowed us the use of a site. The lot was 30 m / 100' from the Mexican-American border and the same distance to the beach of the Pacific Ocean. It was the geographical corner of Latin America. We started to work on the installation on October 6. We spent the first few days tidying up the site which had been abandoned since at least the sixties. We tried to save as many plants as possible. The site was covered with Don Pedro Brandy bottles. I thought a great deal about the work of the American artist David Hammons work "Night Train": the objects which he constructed of bottles of this brand of spirits. While tidying up we decided that the installation should take the form of a map of Baja California. To many of the vast number of people who attempt to reach the USA every year, the state is the final stretch of their journey before trying to cross the border. Tijuana is one of the cities where a large proportion of the undocumented workers cross the border, usually at night. At the same time, many who fail in their attempted crossing are sent back to Tijuana. The city revolves around people who are either on their way north or who are obliged to remain there, having spent all their money trying to cross the border. Today many international corporations have built assembly plants in the town which not only attract those who fail in their attempt to cross the border but also draw people from all over Latin America to Tijuana which is situated in the free-trade zone.



10.31.1992.



Playground.

During the course of the project many people came up to us and asked what we were building and we soon found that we were defining our work as a playground. This seemed very proper since it is probably the children that are most affected by the border in that so many of them are abandoned.

FIRE SOFA.

H 246 x W 257 x D 294 m.

H 9' 7" x W 10' 1" x D 11' 6".

Plants, dirt, concrete, bricks, gravel and fire.

Playas, Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.

10.31.1992.

South.



Fire Sofa.

Habla /Head
Cabeza /Speak.

School.

Fire Chair.

ABANDONADO II.
 H 35 x W 33 x D 75 m.
 H 11' 6" x W 108' 3" x D 246' 3/4".
 Plants, dirt, concrete, bricks, gravel and fire.
 Playas, Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.

07.28.1994.

GEOGRAPHY OF DESTRUCTION AND HOPE.
 Excerpt from a text by Daniel Birnbaum.

113

Rollof's works open new avenues and new connections. At times he has elected to work with concrete political boundaries, as in the project "Abandonado II" from autumn 1992. With Michael Schnorr he built an installation on a vacant lot in the city of Tijuana on the Mexican-American border, a place where a large part of the illegal immigration to the USA takes place at night. The installation became a sort of park (many people saw it as a playground) the object of which was to thematize the geographical and political tensions of the locality and which was, at the same time, a map of Baja California, the area which is the final lap of the journey for many of the illegal immigrants. But the map is not an unequivocal picture of the actual situation but, rather, a destabilization of the geographical and political situation. In Rollof's own words: The map we constructed turned the map round: North became South in order to establish a point where one loses one's sense of orientation just before one is able to cross the boundary. When one goes from the Southernmost tip of Baja California on the installation's map towards Tijuana in the North, one actually moves South, back into Mexico." (Kunst & Museum journal 4/1993).

Rollof's interest in ambivalent border zones is not confined to politics and geography but also addresses other spheres. Many of his most powerful works are to be found in the difficult to define territory between the organic and the artificial, the human and the animal, the rational and the occult. His bellows and machines draw their energy from this ambivalence. They are concretizations of the border zone, of the passage from one level to another. Something that recurs is the idea of communication between humans and other living organisms, plants, animals and spirits. The rigid division between man and other animals that which is one of the foundations of traditional Western humanism is continually questioned in Rollof's attempts to open our perceptions to new regions. The deconstruction of a humanistically perceived subjectivity, a recurring theme in the art and theory of recent decades, assumes a highly concrete form in these investigations. But rather than a dissolution of the human ego he seems to be attempting to widen the narrowly human towards the animal in a broader sense: by communicating with flies or fish man gains access to perceptual fields from which he has previously excluded himself.

These works are often pervaded by a sombre, threatening note – Rollof's bellows and machines hardly function as illustrations to an optimistic view of science. On the contrary, one feels the acute presence of catastrophe even when these organisms breathe and are filled with life-giving oxygen.

BORDER.

10.31.1992.

The Pacific Ocean.



School Bench.

9TH SCHOOL BENCH,
Playas, Tijuana, Mexico.

They are in a space full of tensions which opens itself between the threat of extinction and a vision of salvation. hand – perhaps the catastrophe had already taken place. But this threatening installation was balanced by a promise of rescue, here in the form of a calendar of lifeboats. Every day is represented by a wax boat; every day carries rescue within it.

The complicated relationship to technology has counterparts both in investigations of the relationship between humans and animals and in the attempts to dissolve a seemingly self-evident geopolitical order. These different fields are not so disparate as might appear at first sight. Man, technology, geography – in relationship to these themes Rollof stages destabilizing operations aimed at one and the same system: the rigid map of Eurocentric Reason. Nowhere is this speculative geography as clear as in European philosophy's macro systems; the paradigmatic formulation that one finds in Hegelian dialectics in which European humanism is seen as the culmination of Reason and the end of history.

By means of a Reason that has obtained absolute self-sufficiency the non-human, non-European and non-rational is stripped of all status and is excluded from history's rational development. Even if the belief in Reason has seldom attained such an absolute status as in Hegelian philosophy, nevertheless the excluding figure has been an essential aspect of more recent formulations of "the European project". It is in the critical zones where this project has practiced its "rational" violence that Rollof's most revolutionary investigations take form. Not just as a simple reaction against it but as a problematizing and fine division of categories that are overly coarse. Starting from the new conditions the territory can be crossed anew and a new type of map can be drawn, freed from the abstract violence of tradition.

More interesting than the question of whether this art is for or against technology is the question of what such a "for" or "against" might mean. In the five-part project that Rollof plans to undertake in 1994, several interesting questions are posed pertaining to the possibility of criticizing something of which one is very much a part. The whole project, which revolves round the fir tree as a symbol for the artist's origin, is a sort of geopolitical investigation of what is one's own and what is foreign: How do I gain access to what is my own, how can it be made visible? How do I gain access to what is truly foreign? Can I ever catch a glimpse of something other than myself? By spreading the various stages of this investigation to culturally different places on the globe, the theme is further emphasized. Thus we travel through the geography of destruction and hope."

This text was taken from the book 07.01.94. - 12.02.95. ULF ROLLOF.

10.31.1992.

North West.



The Pacific Ocean.

Playas.

USA Border Fence.

Tacos.

LOOKING NORTH-WEST OF ABANDONADO II.
 These photos are taken from the lighthouse
 situated right on the Mexican side of the border.
 Both photos show the view 50 meters /
 165 ft from the installation.

North.

117



Imperial Beach.

Border Patrol.

BORDER.

THE VIEW NORTH OF THE AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP PARK,
 US Border Fence made of landing strips from the Gulf War.

10.31.1992.

119

A bird flying over the fence.

Undocumented Workers waiting for the dark to cross the border.

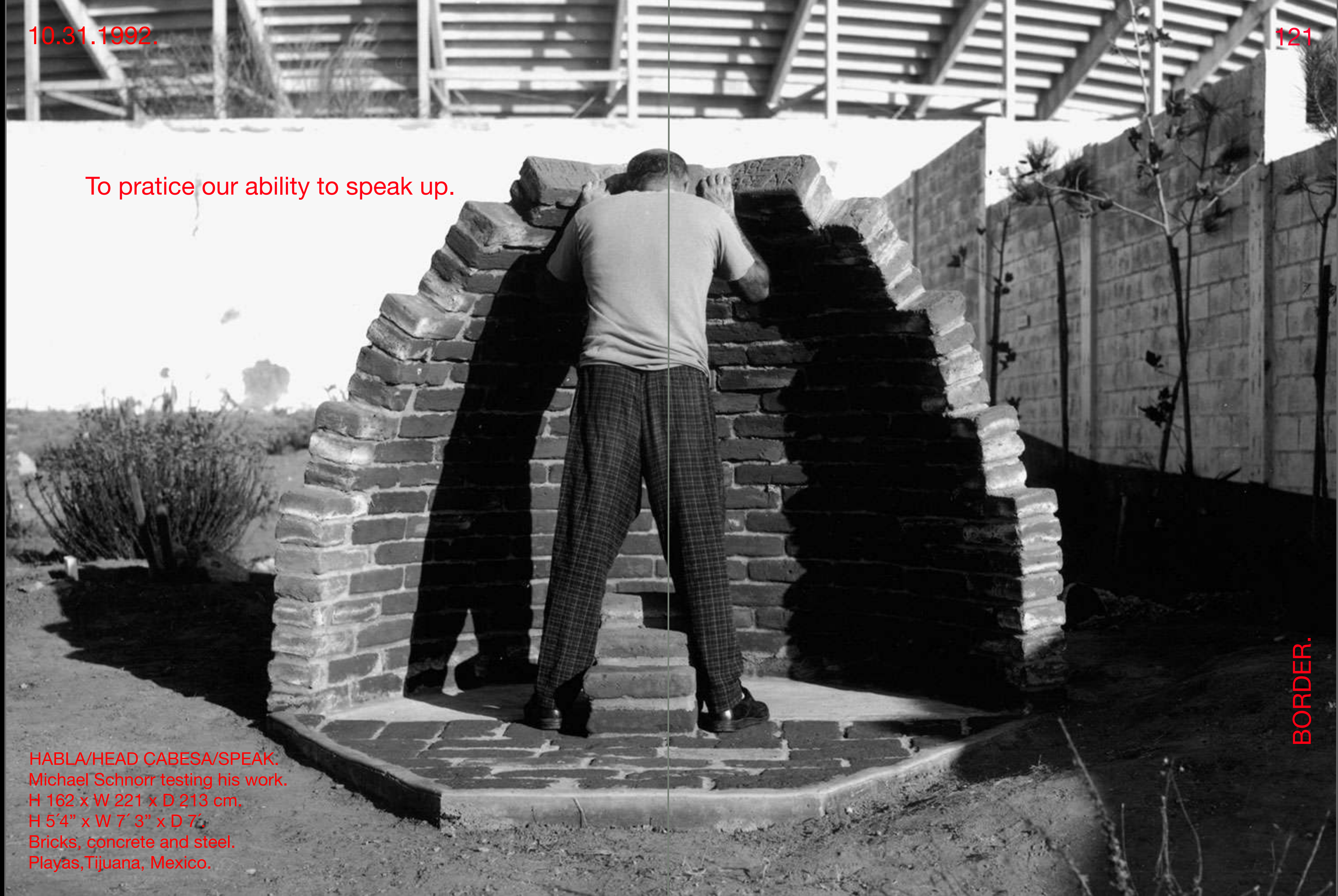
THE USA BORDER FENCE 30 m / 100' IN FRONT OF ABANDONADO II.
Playas, Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.

BORDER.

10.31.1992.

121

To practice our ability to speak up.



HABLA/HEAD CABESA/SPEAK.
Michael Schnorr testing his work.
H 162 x W 221 x D 213 cm.
H 5'4" x W 7' 3" x D 7'
Bricks, concrete and steel.
Playas, Tijuana, Mexico.

BORDER.

10.31.1992.

123

Keeping you warm facing the cold ocean winds.

USA Border Fence.

FIRE CHAIR.

Master Mason Don Zelso Zavala Martinez
checking the temperature of the Fire Chair.
H 99 x W 220 x D 90 cm. / H 3' 3" x W 7' 3" x D 3'.
Bricks, concrete, steel, wood and fire.
Playas, Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.

BORDER.

10.31.1992.

125



Don Celso working late.

BORDER.

10.31.1992.

127



FIRE SOFA,
Playas, Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.

BORDER.

10.31.1992.

The Pacific Ocean.

129

The Best Ice cream.



9 SCHOOL BENCHES IN BRICK LAYERS CLASS.

The 9th and final school bench in the circle.

Each H 60 x W 90 x D 120 cm. / Each H 2'4" x W 3' x D 4'

Total H 60 x W 1800 x 1800 cm. / Total H 2'4" x W 59' x D 59'

Bricks, concrete and steel.

Playas, Tijuana, Mexico.

BORDER.

The house without windows.
A cool black box.

Patio.

VIEW FROM INSIDE OF MY ROOM.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

DORMIMUNDO.

05.07.1985.

133

Blah blah official art world. In his early twenties he was struck some time. Even though he was soon able to return home, he never found his way out of the disorder. For the rest of his life he remained an eccentric, a stuttering brooder haunted by visions of terror and paradise. But out of this situation there grew an artistry and an original expression, which used whatever was at hand; carving, painting, and later on also photography. He was unable to rule over his own catastrophe, but from within the solitude into which it threw him, he created his own saving world.

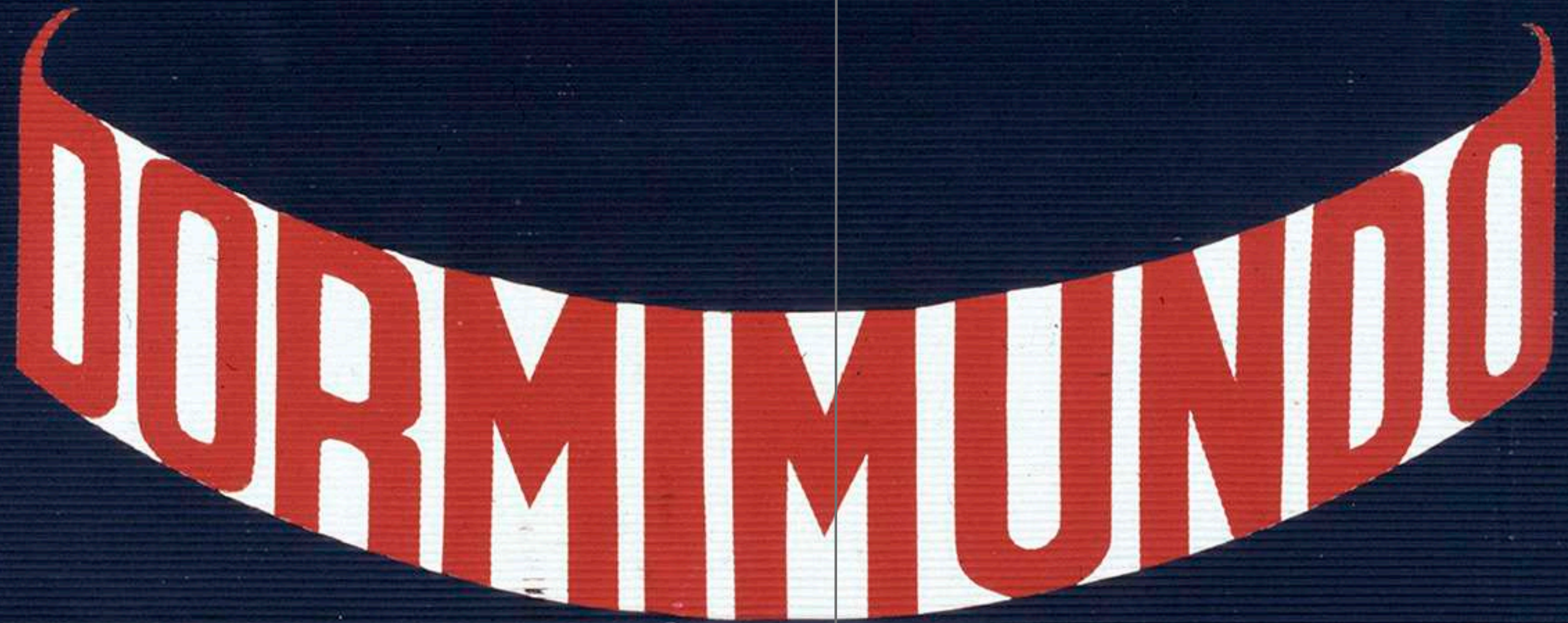
Patzcuaro Lake.

VIEW FROM THE PATIO.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

DORMIMUNDO.

04.25.1986.

135



DORMIMUNDO

STOLEN DOOR MAT.
H 70 x W 100 x D 1 cm.
H 27 1/2 x W 39 1/4 x D 25/64".
Rubber.
Photo Leif Claesson.
Coyoacan, Mexico D.F.

DORMIMUNDO.

12.10.1988..
DONA MARIA VELEZ.
Artist text.

San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 small-holding families. The village was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. In the winter of 1985 I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in a small village in located by the Patzcuaro Lake. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after we had moved in left and went back to Sweden. It was late November 1985. The first ones in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez and her husband Don Bartolo. They offered me hospitality, living a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday heat stopped at the walls of the room. A long period of sleep passed. During my waking hours I opened the door, lit the ceiling lamp and made drawings.

LATEX BED AND OBJECTS.
H 18 x W 155 x D 190 cm.
H 7 x W 61 x D 74 ³/₄".
Latex and mixed media.
Photo Lars Gustafsson.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

06.21.1986.

137



DORMIMUNDO.

04.27.1986.

139



DONA MARIA VELEZ VISITING MY HOUSE.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

DORMIMUNDO.

03.09.1993.

141



DON BAROLO IN HIS KITCHEN.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

DORMIMUNDO.

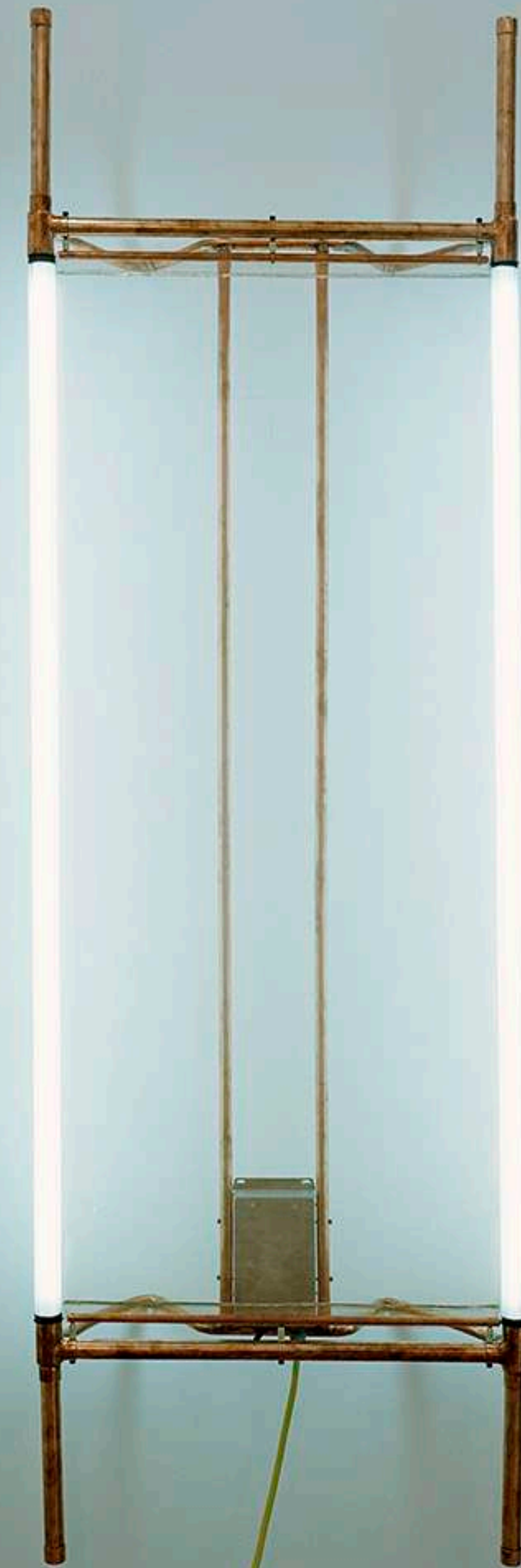
06.21.2024.
HELPING US ALL OUT.
Text by Tomten Grant.

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in.The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City

STRETCHER 2007.
H 235 x W 68 x D 22 cm.
H 7' 8 1/2 x W 26 3/4" x D 8 1/2".
Flourecent light and copper.
Photos Åke E:son Lindman.
Stockholm, Sweden.

08.31.2007.

143



DORMIMUNDO.

08.31.2007.

145



STRETCHERS.
Each H 22 x W 68 x D 235 cm
H 8 1/2" x W 26 3/4" x D 7' 8 1/2"
Flourescent light and copper.
Stockholm, Sweden.

DORMIMUNDO.

05.12.1986.

147



PARTY IN MY GARDEN.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

DORMIMUNDO.

05.21.1986.

149



PARTY AT MY NEIGHBOURS HOUSE.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

DORMIMUNDO.

02.19.1986.

151

DORMIMUNDO.



TOOLS AND THE FIRST CINEMA PAINTING IN MY ROOM.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

02.19.1986.



TOOLS.

H 128 X W 55 x D 13 cm.

H 4' 2" x W 2' x D 5".

Bees wax and sisal fibre rope.

Photo Nick Lapington.

San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

12.10.1988.

TOOLS.

Artist text.

I found many materials in place. From these materials, usually entirely organic, I made various kinds of tools and drew all kinds of survival equipment. I then started producing instruments which, by their sheer impossibility, are only fit for use in a different kind of existence, entirely different from our present one. In San Bartolo, I made a set of 61 tools of beeswax. Stronger and more suitable materials are presently available, but some day we may find ourselves in a situation where only one type of material may be available. This type of work is a kind of preparation and adaptive training to life after disasters such as frost, heat, flood, drought, etc.

153

DORMIMUNDO.

02.19.1986.

155

Moving the top handle with the catch circle
in a back and forth motion to catch the light.



TOOLS.

H 14 x W 132 x D 13 cm.

H 5 1/2 x W 52 x D 5 1/8".

Bees wax and sisal fibre rope.

San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

05.18.2024.

WHAT DO WE NEED?

Text by Caren Snow.

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into unknown dimension. It is cloaked in a darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez.

TOOLS.

H 128 X W 55 x D 13 cm.

H 50 x W 21 ²¹/₃₂ x D 5 ¹/₈".

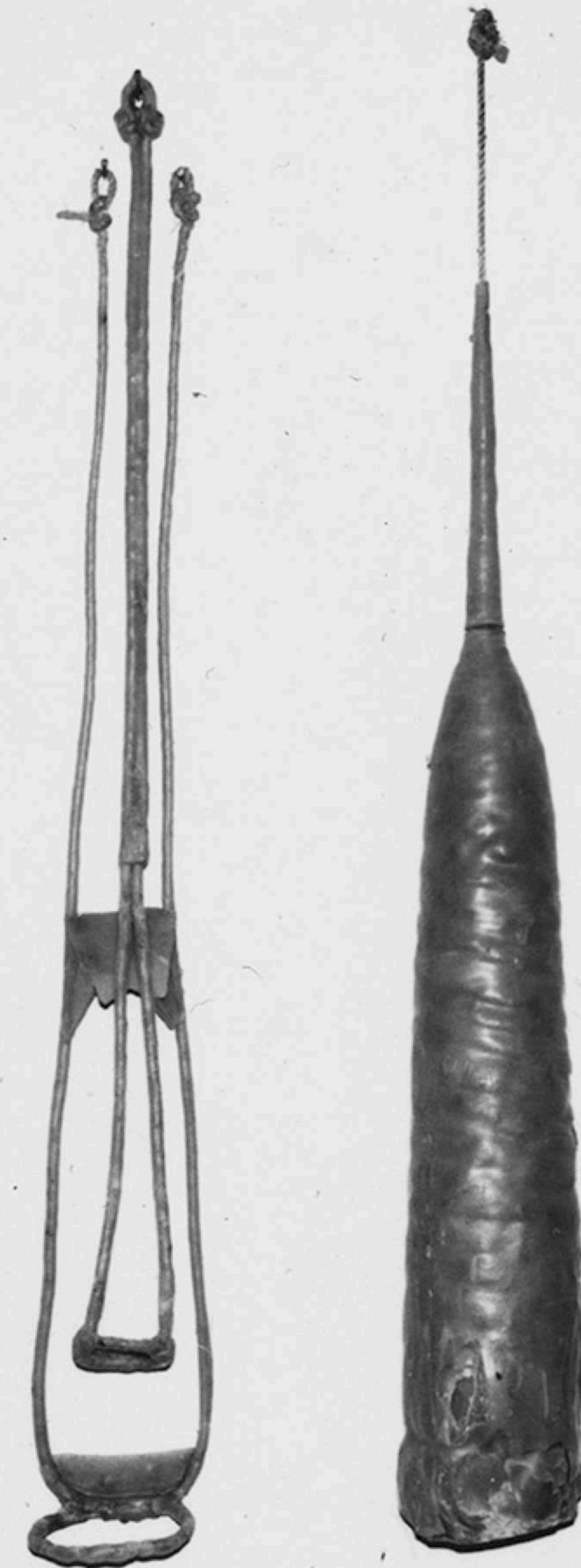
Bees wax and sisal fibre rope.

Photo Nick Lapington.

San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

02.19.1986.

157



DORMIMUNDO.

02.19.1986.

159

Snare similar to the ones used
for catching rattle snakes.



TOOLS.

H 14 x W 132 x D 13 cm.

H 5 1/2 x W 52 x D 5 1/8".

Bees wax and sisal fibre rope.

San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

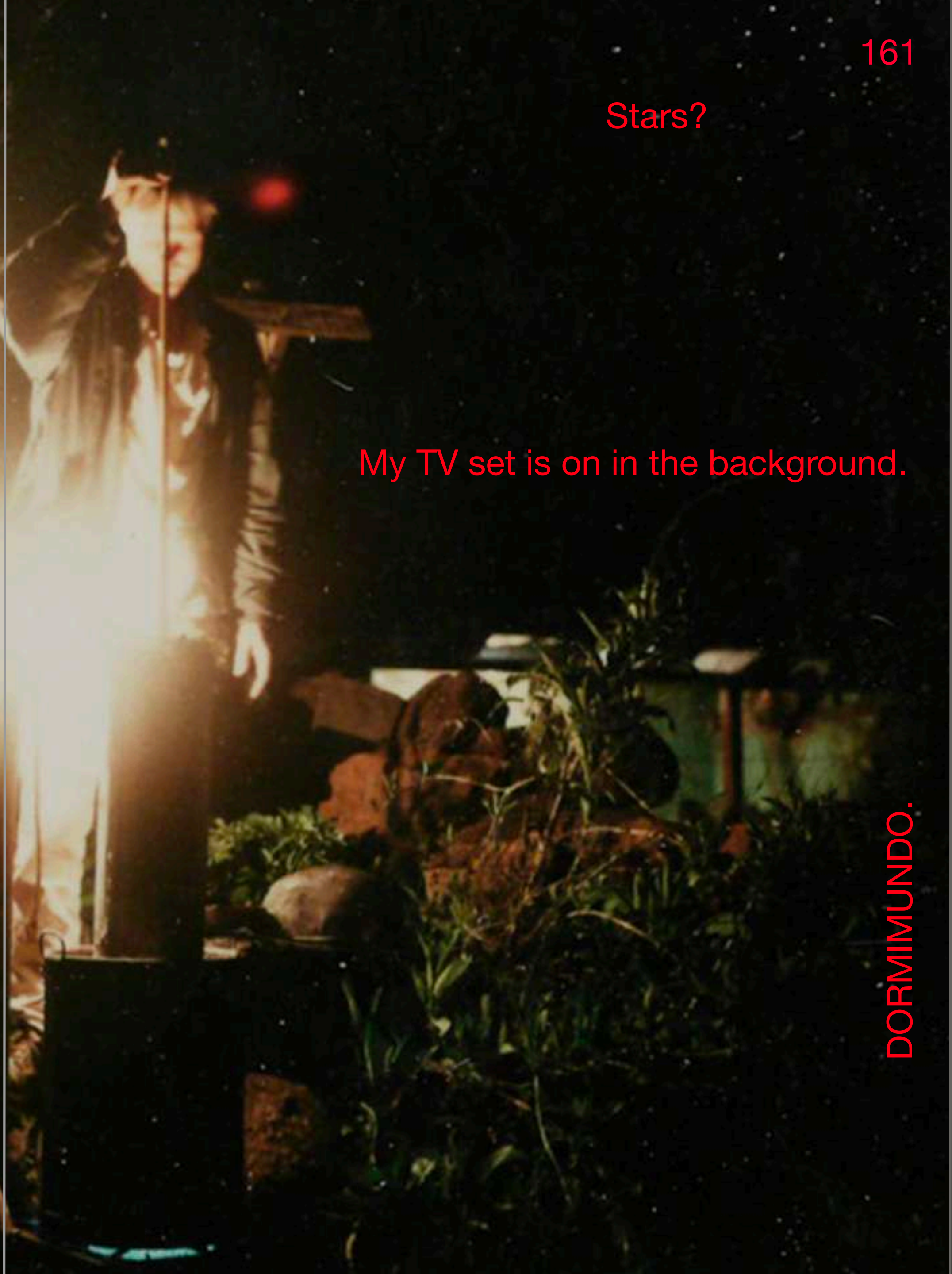
02.19.1986.



MAKING THE TOOLS IN MY GARDEN.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

161

Stars?



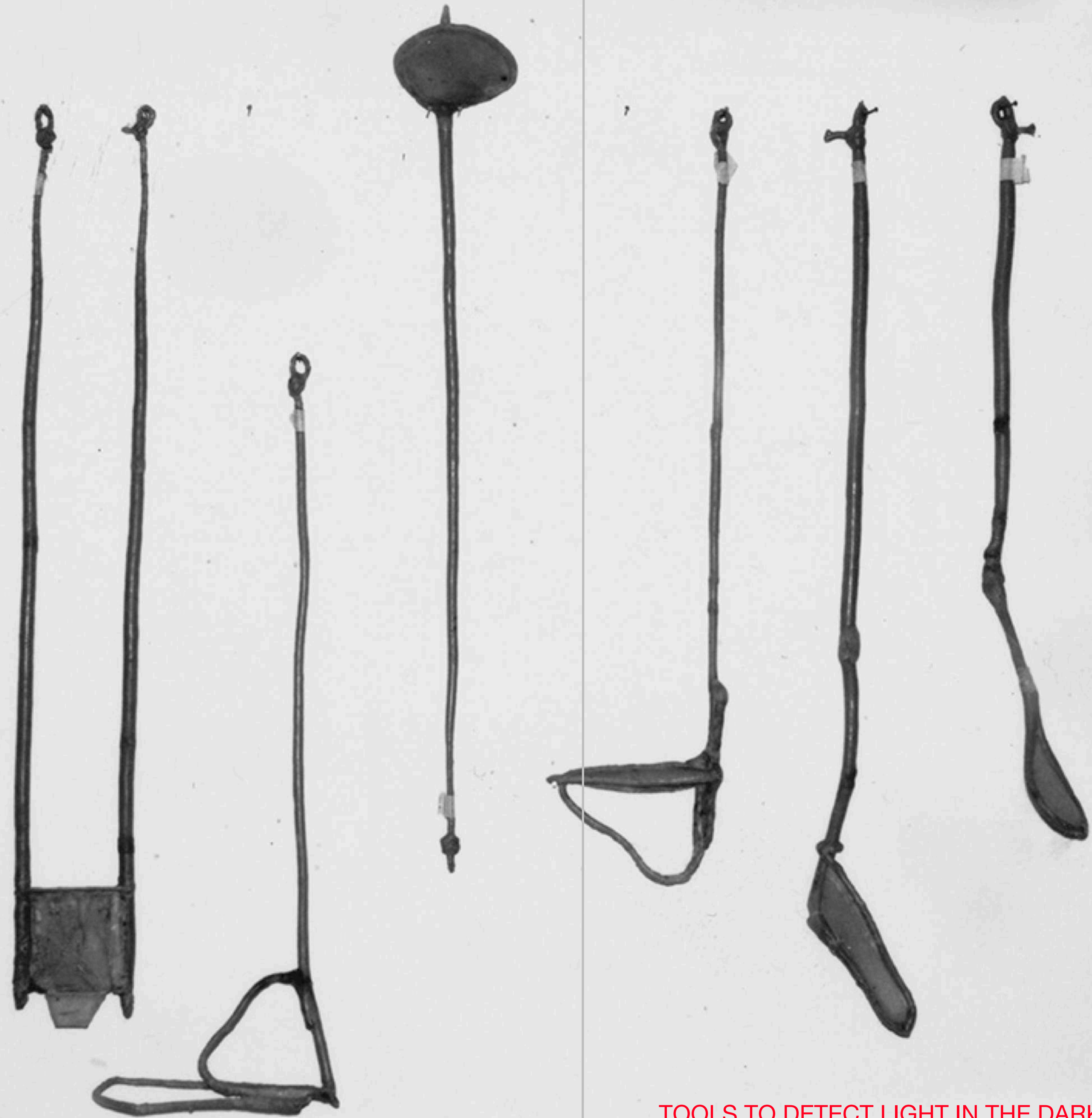
My TV set is on in the background.

DORMIMUNDO.

02.19.1986.

163

DORMIMUNDO.



TOOLS TO DETECT LIGHT IN THE DARK ROOM.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.



CLETO WALKING BACK HOME.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.



LAND.

06.03.1986.

167



IMAGE FROM AMERICAN FARM MANUAL.
Found in Patzcuaro, Michoacan, Mexico.

LAND.

10.04.1990.

LAND.

Artist Text.

During the spring in 1986 in San Bartolo I tried to record each individual seed planted on some of the fields along the lake. I drove a stick into the ground at the beginning of each row in the field I was recording. I wrote down all the different measurements for each individual seedling corresponding to the distance indicated from the each stick in each row and the present condition of it on paper. A couple of months later I came back to my different sticks. They were still in place since the farmers loved to have their fields carefully recorded. I measured again and made a new inventory registering the development of each small plant in the field. I gave each and everyone a symbol for newly cut off, long time ago cut off, fine and open, living but closed or dead. A couple of years later I used these records to make large canvases in my studio in Stockholm. I painted egg-lines on the canvases and made different colored dots depending of the plants condition. I painted the different inventories of the plants from 1986 in San Bartolo in scale and gave each of the plants different dots in a system indicating it's condition at the time according to my notes.

PLANTED.

Each H 8 x W 11 cm.

Each H $3 \frac{5}{32}$ x W $4 \frac{21}{64}$ ”.

Polaroids.

San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

03.15.1986.

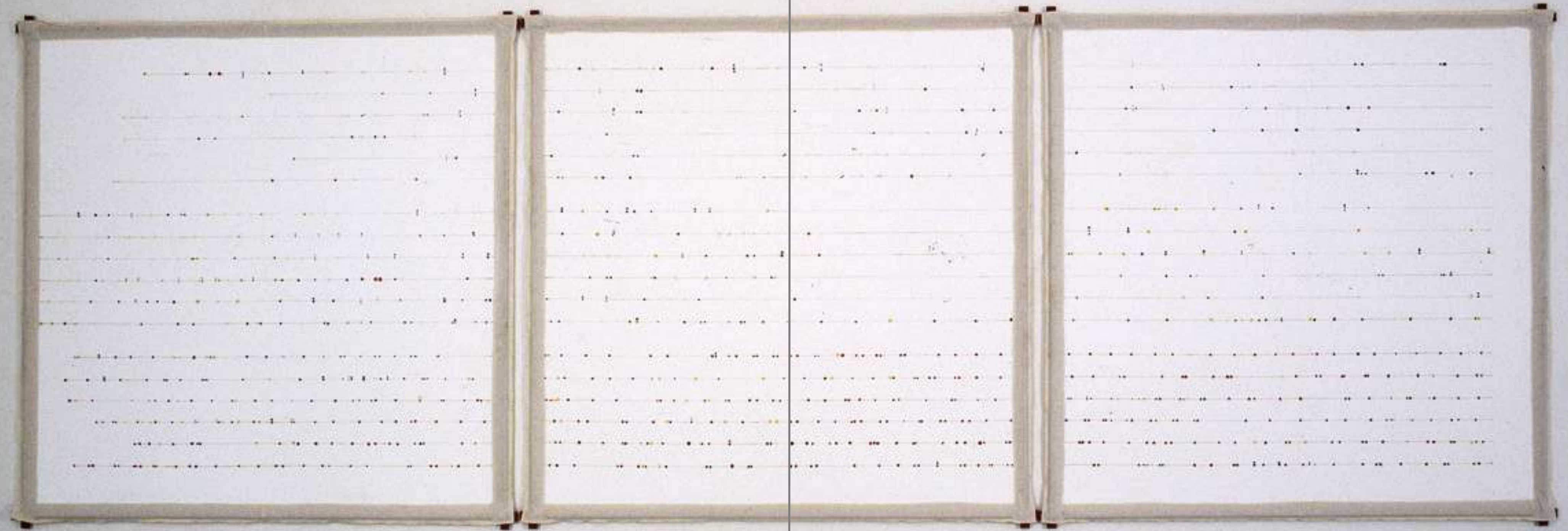
169



LAND.

10.04.1990.

173



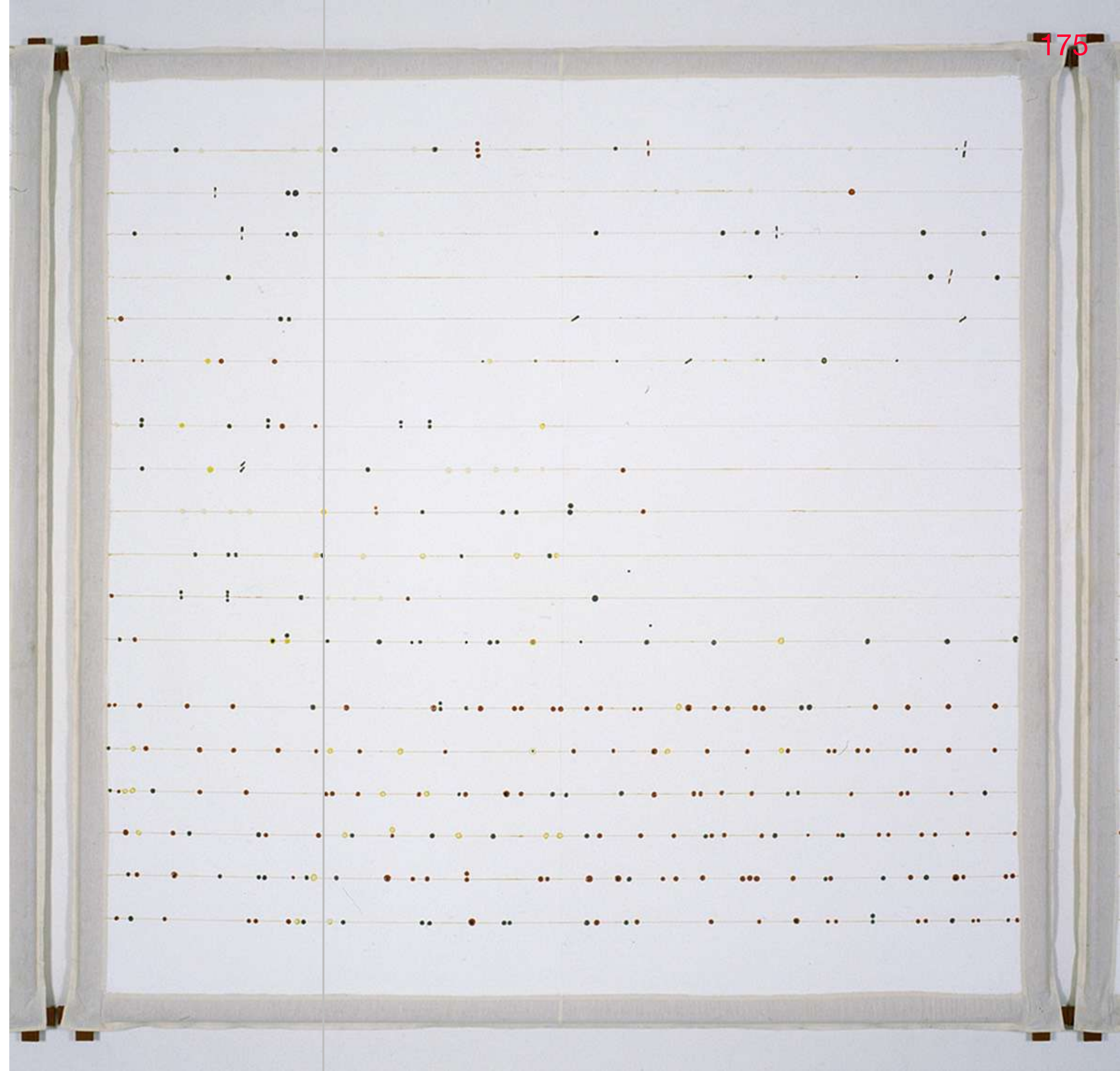
PUMKIN, CORN, TOMATO.
H 216 x W 648 x D 4 cm.
H 7` 1" x W 21` 3" x D 1 1/2".
Gesso, cotton, steel and egg tempera.
Photos Lars Gustafsson.
Galerie Nordenhake, Stockholm, Sweden.

LAND.

10.04.1990.

LAND.

PUMKIN, CORN, TOMATO (detail).
Galerie Nordenhake, Stockholm, Sweden.



02.28.1986.

177



FROST DAMAGED COLE .
H 13 x W 18 cm.
H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈”.
Silver gelatin print on paper.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

LAND.

05.30.1986.

179



COLE READY FOR HARVEST.
H 13 x W 18 cm.
H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Silver gelatin print on paper.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

LAND.

08.09.1992.

181



MIRA MARIA LEARNING HOW TO MAKE
TORTILLAS FROM DONA MARIA VELEZ.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.



RED LAMP WITH GARLIC
TO ATTRACT SPIRITS.
Polaroid print(detail).
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

SPIRITS.

06.14.1989.

THE RUBBER MAN /
SPIRITS IN THE RAIN.

Artist text.

In the village it rained and rained. I tried to waterproof all my work. After numerous attempts I went into town to buy rain clothes, even if only to keep myself dry. In a small shop I found remarkable, organic coats, with a tacky skin-like surface. They were unlike anything I had ever seen before. I asked where these clothes came from. He didn't want to say. Soon I was sitting in a bus headed for Mexico City, where I hoped to find out more about the coats. I arrived early in the morning and spent the day wandering up and down the streets in the textile district of the old downtown. Asking around, but with no luck. At the time I was working with a tailor to produce an underwater overall. To my astonishment the tailor did not only knew where the raincoats came from but he was actually a cousin of Rafael Jimenez - THE RUBBER MAN. I travelled over 1000 km, up through the mountains, to find his work-shop. It was situated on a beautiful slope high up in the mountains of Puebla. In a semi tropical climate with lots of fog in the mornings. It was a truly magic place.

FLOATING COAT.

H 172 x W 60 x D 33 cm.

H 67 ³/₄ x W 23 ³/₄ x 13".

Latex, cotton and steel.

Photo Lars Gustafsson.

Teziutlan, Puebla, Mexico.



06.14.1986.

187

Egg Yolk Line and two Black Berries to attract Spirits.

BLACK BERRY CATCH CANVAS.
H 57 x W 95 x D 2 cm.
H 22 1/2 x W 37 1/2 x 3/4".
Latex, cotton and black berries.
Teziutlan, Puebla, Mexico.

SPIRITS.

06.19.1986.

189



THE ROAD TO RAFAEL.
H 90 x W 165 cm.
H 2' 11 1/2" x W 5' 5".
Ink jet print on cotton paper.
Teziutlan, Puebla, Mexico.

12.10.1988.
RED FLAG.
Artist text.

Canvas after canvas, the entire place smelling of raw latex rubber and ammonia. Natural latex is like creamy cows milk. White when wet, but when it dries up it has the amazing property of seeming to disappear completely. What remains is but the thinnest of transparent skins. On my journey to Rafael I had found some old well-used red cloths at a market. The trader had been using them as an underlay for his wares. At the raincoat workshop I set them up and began to paint layer on layer of latex, in a semi-circle on the cloth. In a couple of days the second rubber painting was finished, with a half "catch-circle" functioning as a filter with fewer and fewer layers in towards the centre to lead the spirits both into the centre and down beneath the cloth. It is quite simply a red guide-flag for spirits.

RED FLAG:
H 65 x W 102 x D 2 cm.
H 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 40 x $\frac{3}{4}$ ".
Latex and cotton canvas.
Photo Lars Gustafsson.
Teziutlan, Puebla, Mexico.

06.23.1986.

191



Many layers of latex stops flight.

Few layers gives passage.

To guide flying spirits downwards.

SPIRITS.

Rolled Up.



RED FLAG.
H 7 x W 65 x D 8 cm.
H $2\frac{3}{4}$ x W $25\frac{1}{2}$ x D $3\frac{1}{4}$ ".
Latex and cotton canvas.
Photo Mattias Johansson.
Teziutlan, Puebla, Mexico.

12.17.1987.

195

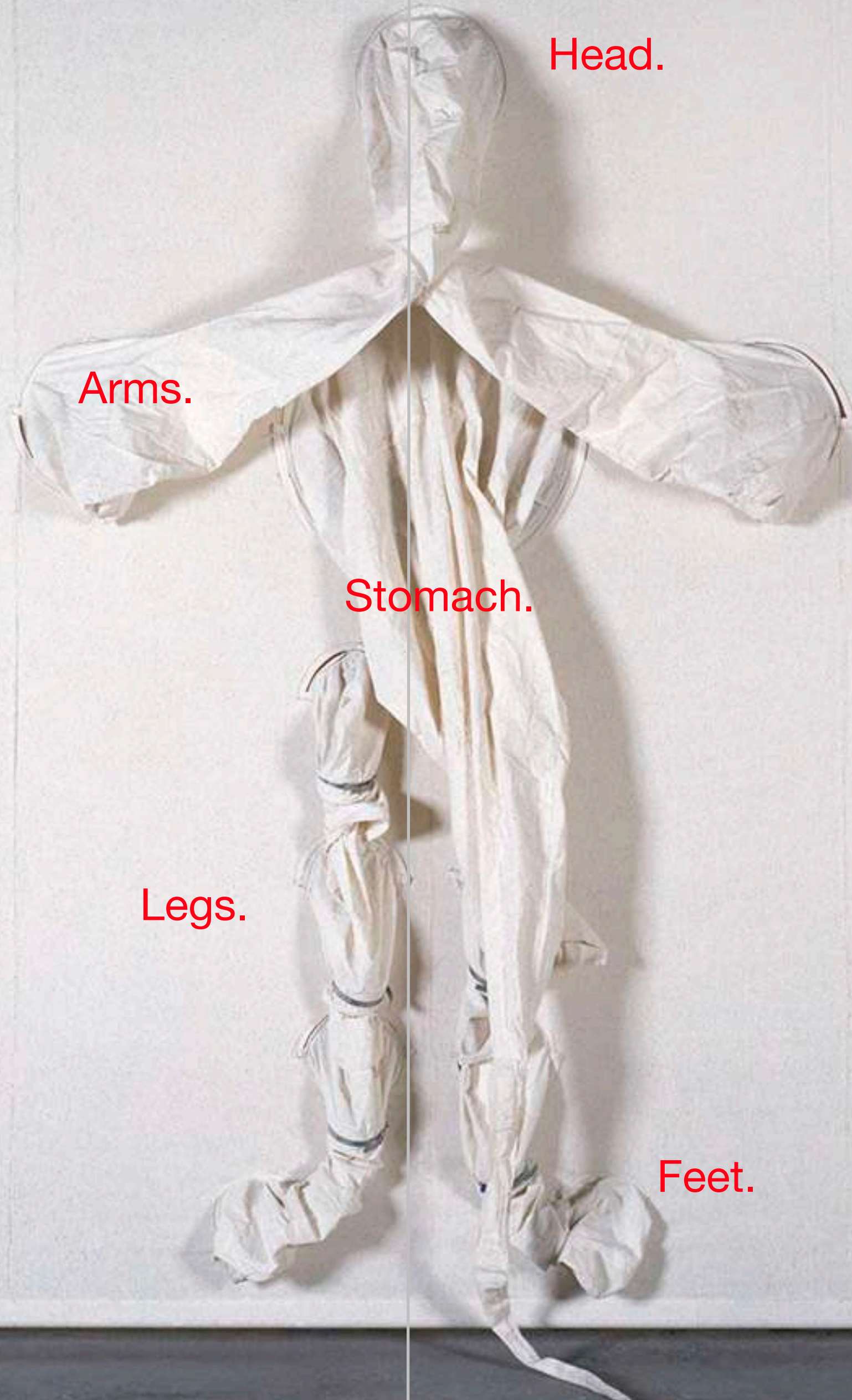
To catch flying spirits.

CATCH CANVAS.
H 243 x W 294 x D 21 cm.
H 7'11" x W 9' 7 ³/₄" x D 8 ¹/₄".
Cotton, para rubber and steel.
Photos Leif Claesson.
El Centro, Mexico DF.

SPIRITS.

12.17.1987.

197



Head.

Arms.

Stomach.

Legs.

Feet.

SPIRITS.

CATCH CANVAS (detail).
El Centro, Mexico DF.

11.24.1987.

199

Black Berry Spiral.

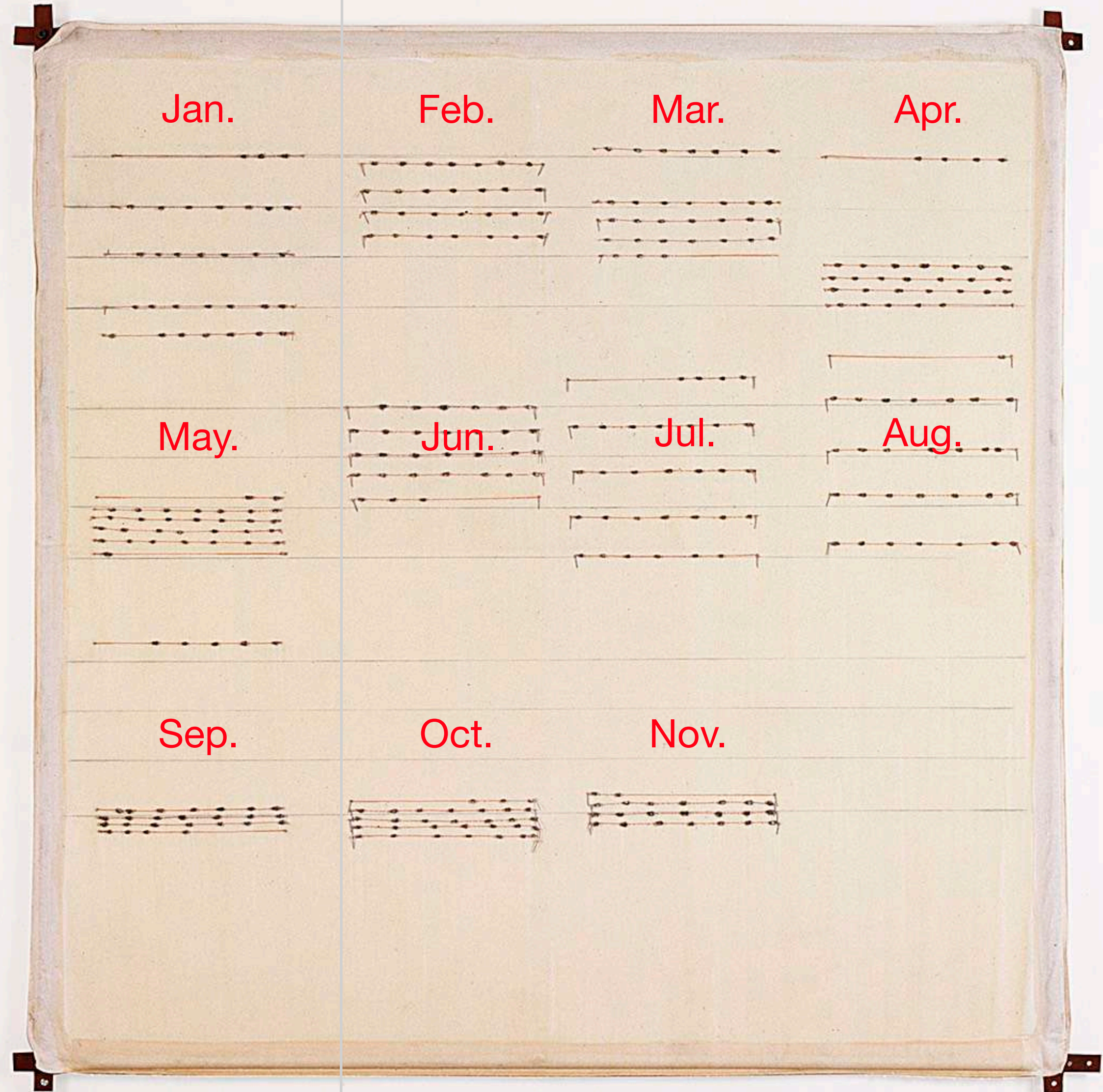
Rattling Snake Tail.

BLACKBERRY CALENDAR 1987.
H 216 x W 648 x D 4 cm.
H 7' 1" x W 21' 3" x D 1 1/2".
Cotton, steel, latex, blackberries
and rattle snake tail with vibrator.
El Centro, Mexico DF.

SPIRITS.

11.24.1987.

201



SPIRITS.

BLACKBERRY CALENDAR 1987 (detail).
El Centro, Mexico DF.

08.21.2024.
THE SPIRIT WORLD
Text by Linda Ice.

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue). The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro.

SPIRIT WORLD.
H 17 x W 11 cm.
H 6 ¹¹/₁₆ x W 4 ²¹/₆₄".
Tempera on cellulose paper.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

12.19.1985.

203



SPIRITS.

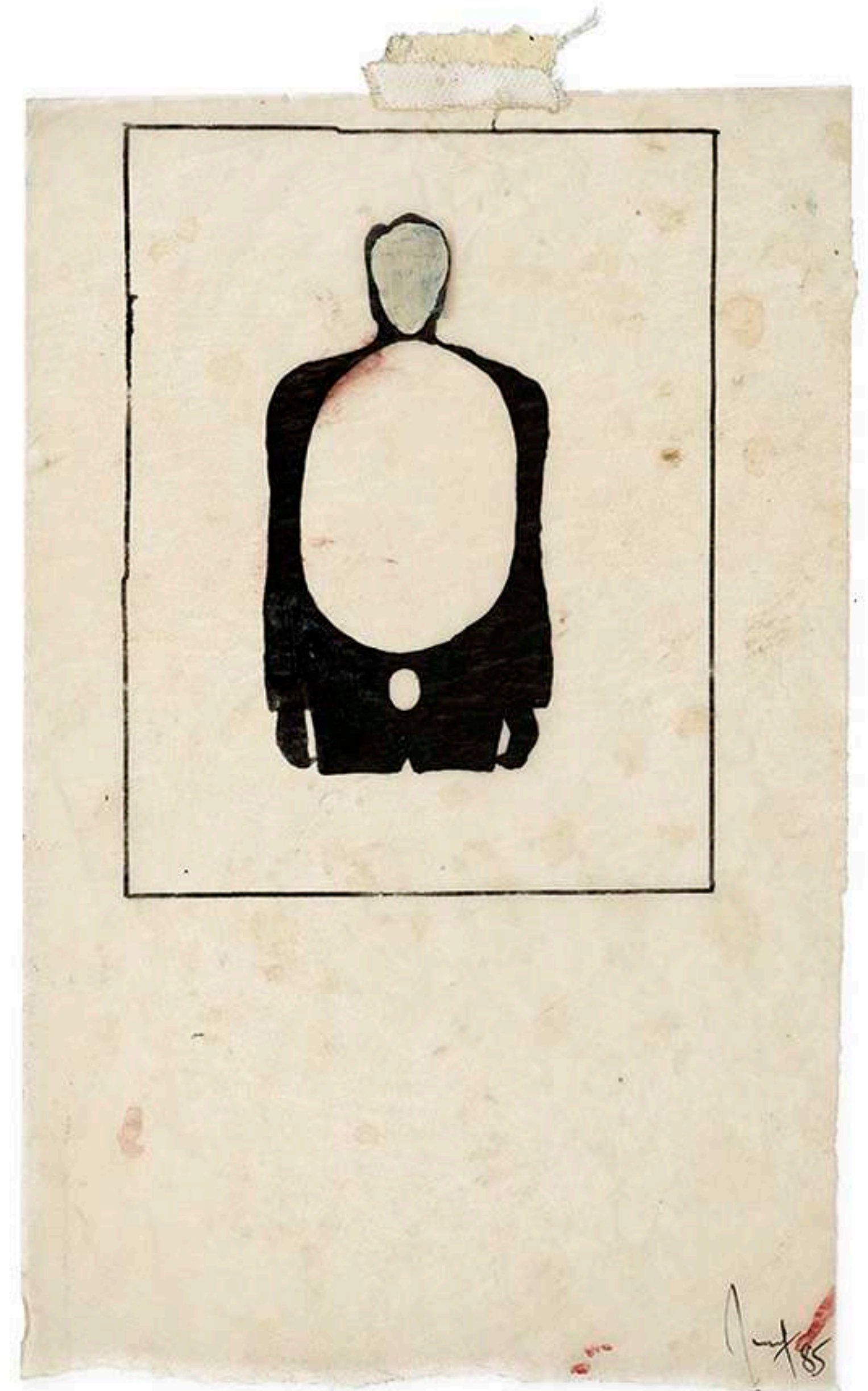
12.21.1985.



TWISTING ANGEL .
H 20 x W 13 cm.
H 7 ⁷/₈ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Cellulose paper and ink.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

12.22.1985.

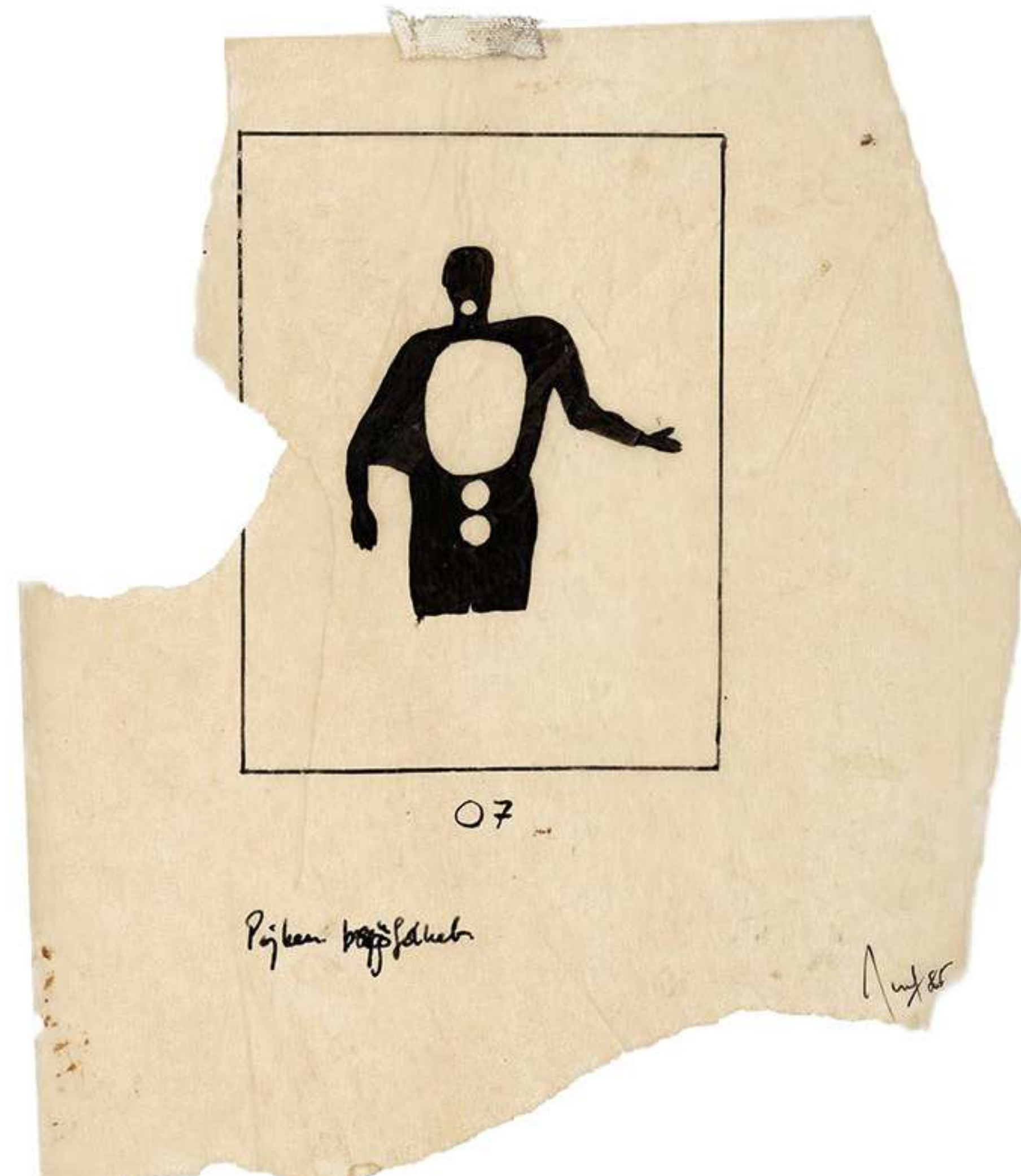
205



STILL ANGEL .
H 28 x W 17 cm.
H 11 ¹/₃₂ x 6 ¹¹/₁₆".

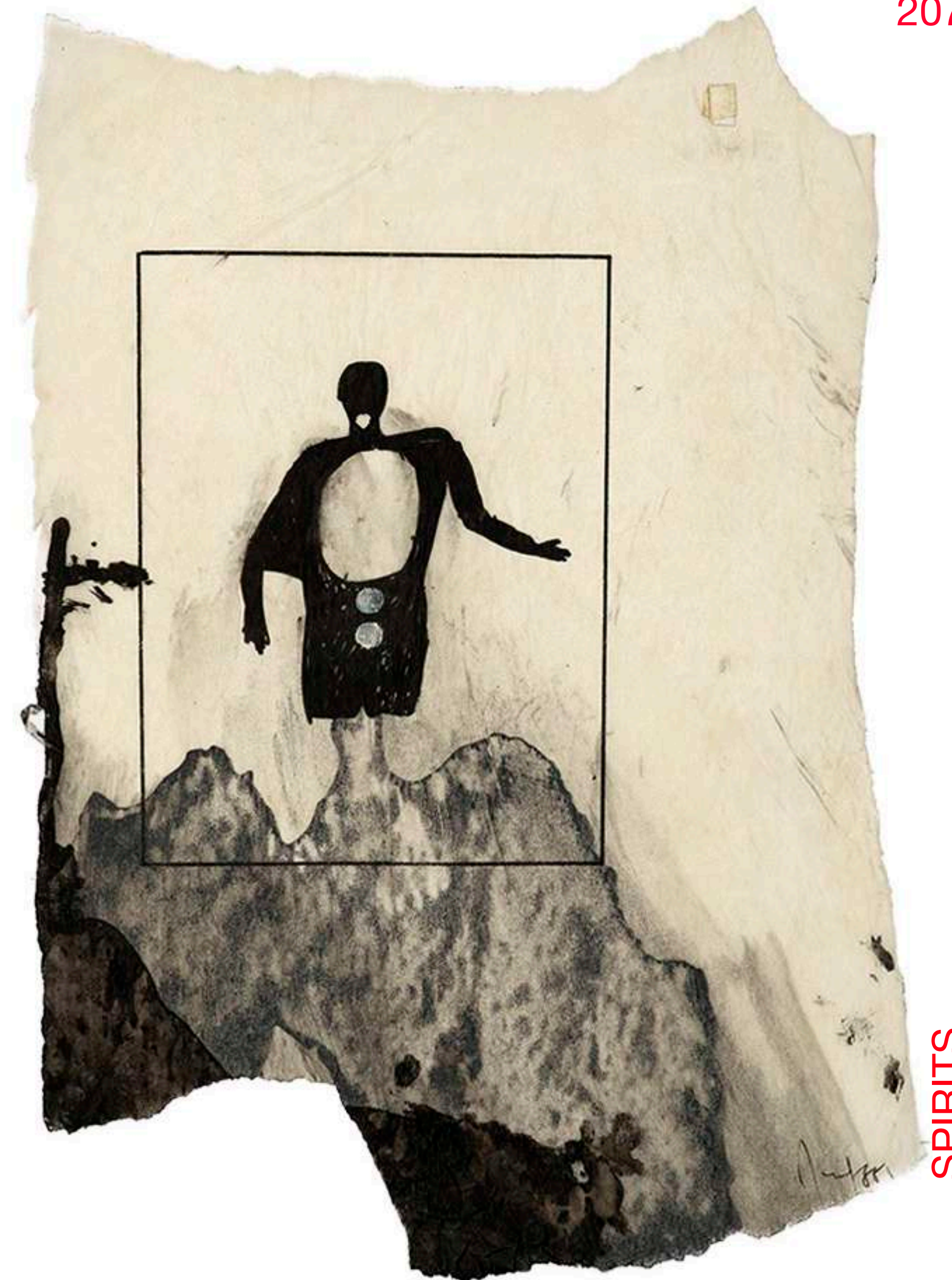
SPIRITS.

12.28.1985.



ANGEL BOY WITH TWO BUTTONS.
H 25 x W 22 cm.
H 9 ²⁷/₃₂ x W 8 ²¹/₃₂".
Cellulose paper and ink.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

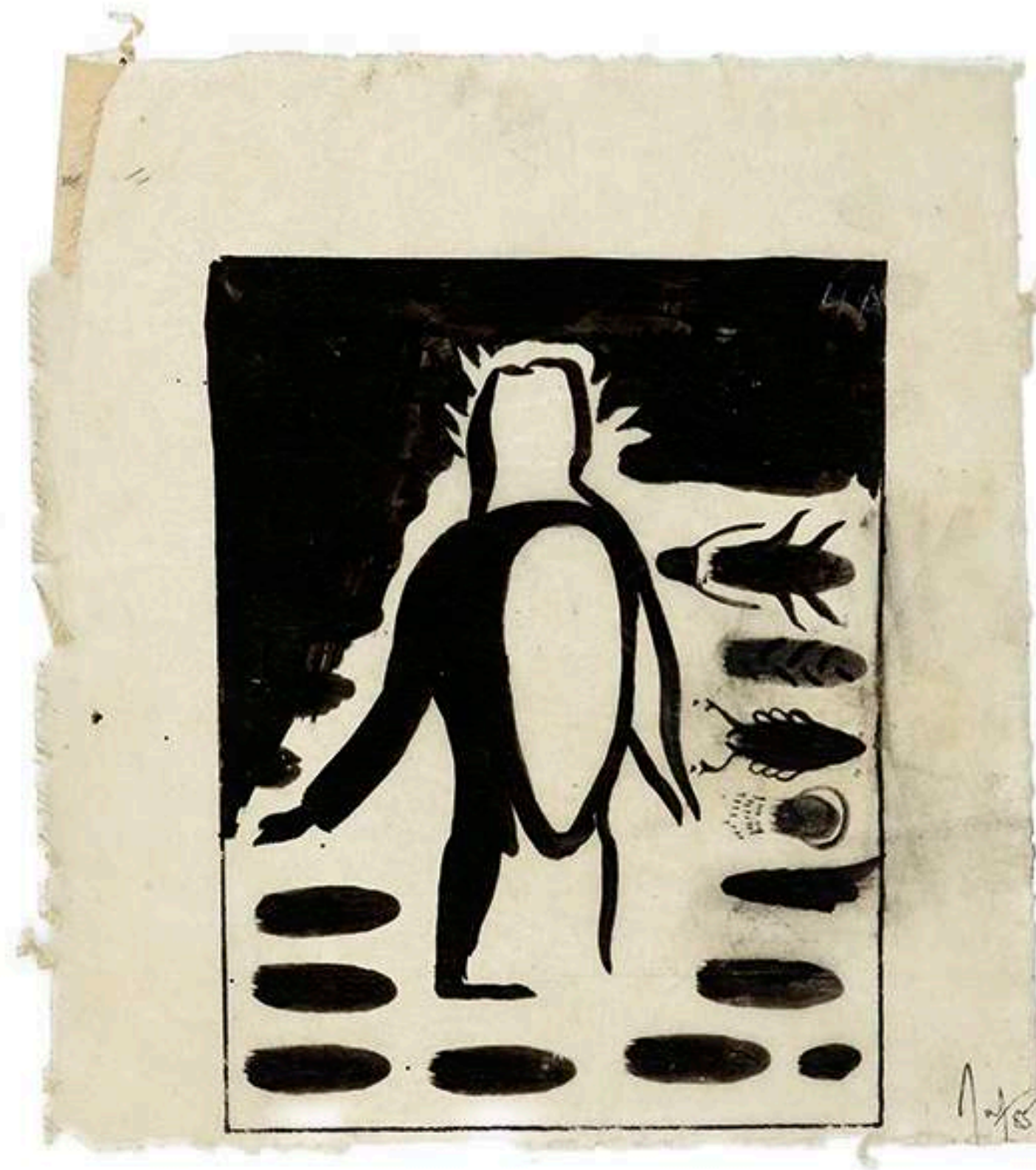
207



ANGEL BOY LEVITATING.
H 29 x W 19 cm.
H 11 ²⁷/₆₄ x W 7 ³¹/₆₄".

SPIRITS.

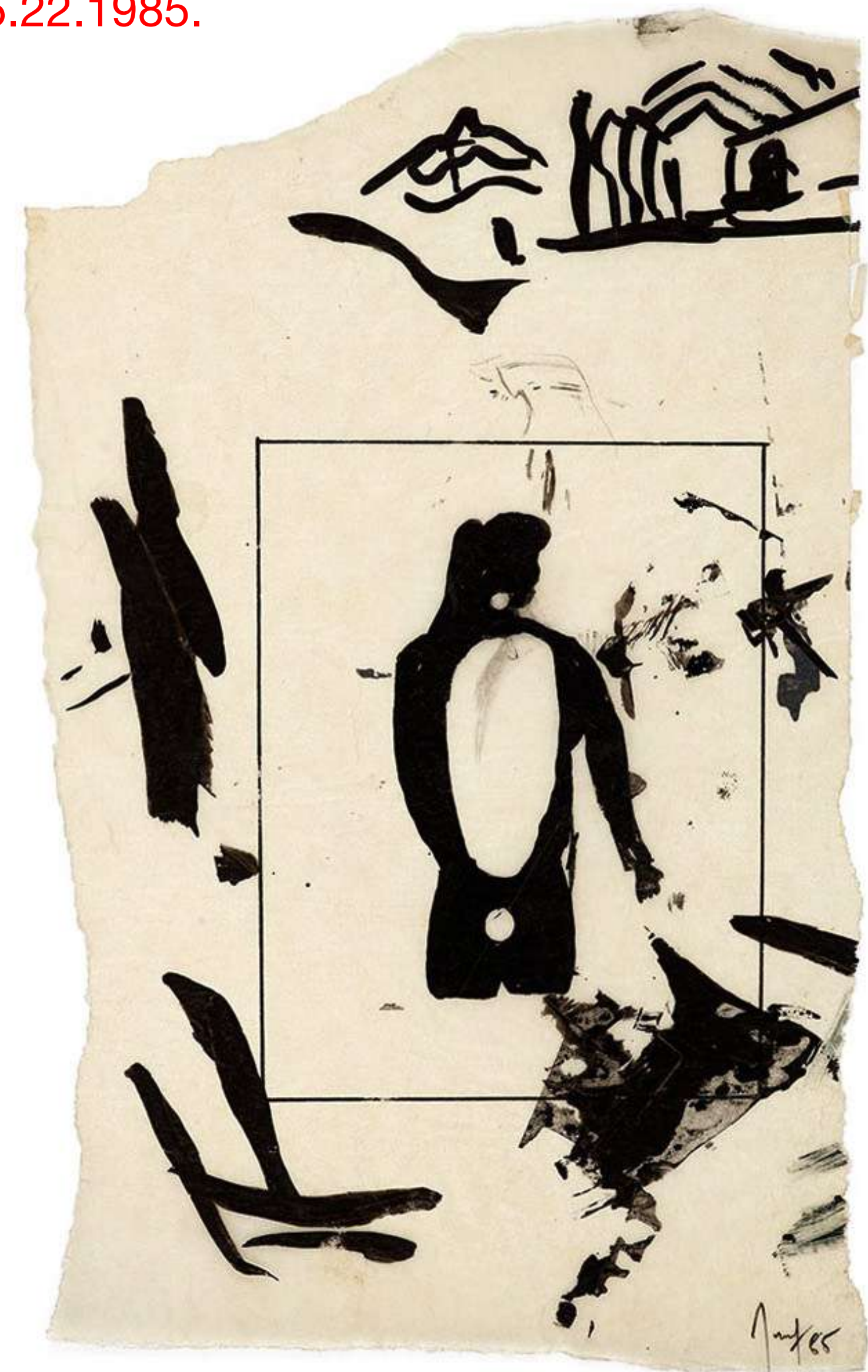
05.18.1986.



BRIGHT GIRL ANGEL.
H 17 x W 15 cm.
H 6 $\frac{11}{16}$ x W 5 $\frac{29}{32}$ ".
Cellulose paper and ink.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.

05.22.1985.

209



MESSY GIRL ANGEL.
H 28 x W 17 cm.
H 11 $\frac{1}{32}$ x W 6 $\frac{11}{16}$ ".



Double exposure from Mario Rangel Faz's roof top and the bar of Hotel Isabel downtown.

FAROS 1 COVERED IN LATEX.
Mixcoac, Mexico D.F., Mexico.

AXOLOTL.

06.24.1988.
AXOLOTL.
Artist text.

During my time in the little village on Lake Patzcuaro, I learned that the lake was the home of the remarkable axolotl, an animal shrouded in myth. The axolotl is a species of salamander which lives and behaves like a fish but at the age of four it can metamorphose and climb up on land. The people living around the lake believed that the axolotl developed lungs when it changed it's way of life. I bought an axolotl in the village to see whether it had succeeded in developing lungs. I dissected it in order to discover if this particular one had any lungs. In response to my dissection I wanted to turn the table around and try to explain my anatomy to the axolotls in the lake. I started to commence a dialogue with this strange and fascinating animal. I first constructed a "signal-suit" to try to communicate with the axolotl. An electrical waist-coat that uses positional lights to explain our human anatomy to the animal. The "signal-suit" is stretched across one's back. First three white lights are ignited showing the lungs, and, parallel with these, there are a red and yellow light for the heart. Then seven white lights are ignited for the intestines and then three orange ones that revolve representing our soul. Finally the vest is completed with four red lights representing the spine. The Light Vest is waterproof, ready for diving.

This work was was curated by Guillermo Santamarina.

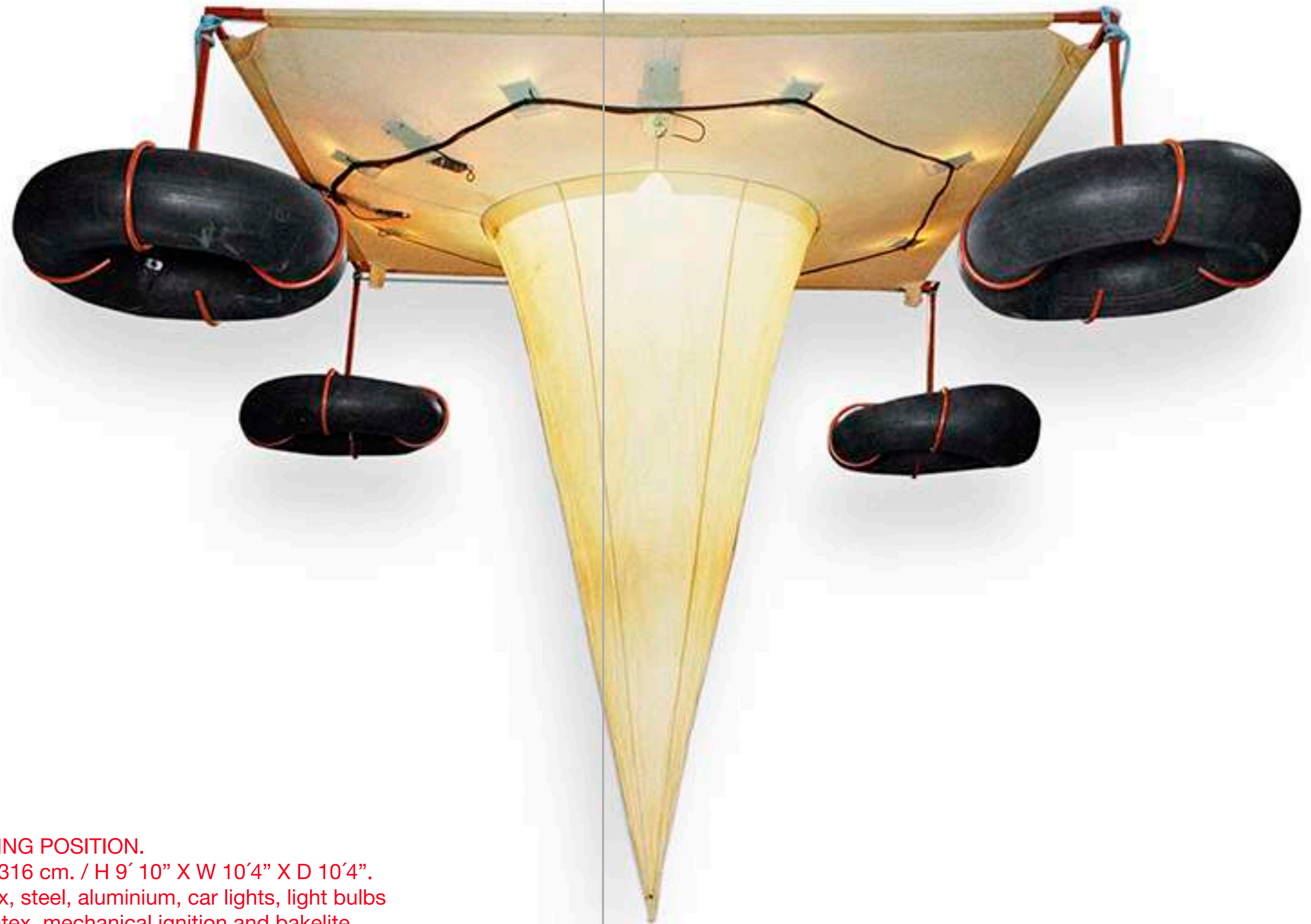
AXOLOTL.

10.17.1986.

213



DISSECTED AXOLOTL ON BOARD EATEN BY DOG.
Axolotl, paper board, hemp string, cloth and latex.
San Bartolo, Michoacan, Mexico.



FAROS II IN FLOATING POSITION.

H 300 x W 316 x D 316 cm. / H 9' 10" X W 10'4" X D 10'4".

Cotton canvas, latex, steel, aluminium, car lights, light bulbs
dipped in colored latex, mechanical ignition and bakelite.

Patzcuaro Lake, Michoacan, Mexico.

10.15.1986.

ILFORD H P 5

217

THE CAPTAIN OF THE AXOLOTL EXPEDITION.
H 13 x W 18 cm. / H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Silver gelatin print on paper.
Patzcuaro Lake, Michoacan, Mexico.

AXOLOTL.

10.15.1986.



02.02.2024.
FACTOS FISKOS.
Text by Ewa Toll.

219

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in.The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro.

TECHNICAL DRAWING TO SHOW TO AXOLOTL.
H 18 x W 155 x D 190 cm. / H 7 x W 61 x D 74 ³/₄".
Latex and mixed media. Photo Lars Gustafsson.
Patzcuaro Lake, Michoacan, Mexico.

10.15.1986.

221



Axolotls need light to breed.
The floating lights would help.

SEARCHING FOR AXOLOTLS
BREEDING IN THE SUNSET.
H 13 x W 18 cm. / H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Silver gelatin print on paper.
Patzcuaro Lake, Michoacan, Mexico.

AXOLOTL.

10.15.1986.

223

Don Fernando Fierros Calvo
measuring the depth of the lake.

THE LIGHTHOUSE MASTER.
H 13 x W 18 cm. / H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Silver gelatin print on paper.
Patzcuaro Lake, Michoacan, Mexico.

AXOLOTL.

10.14.1986.

225

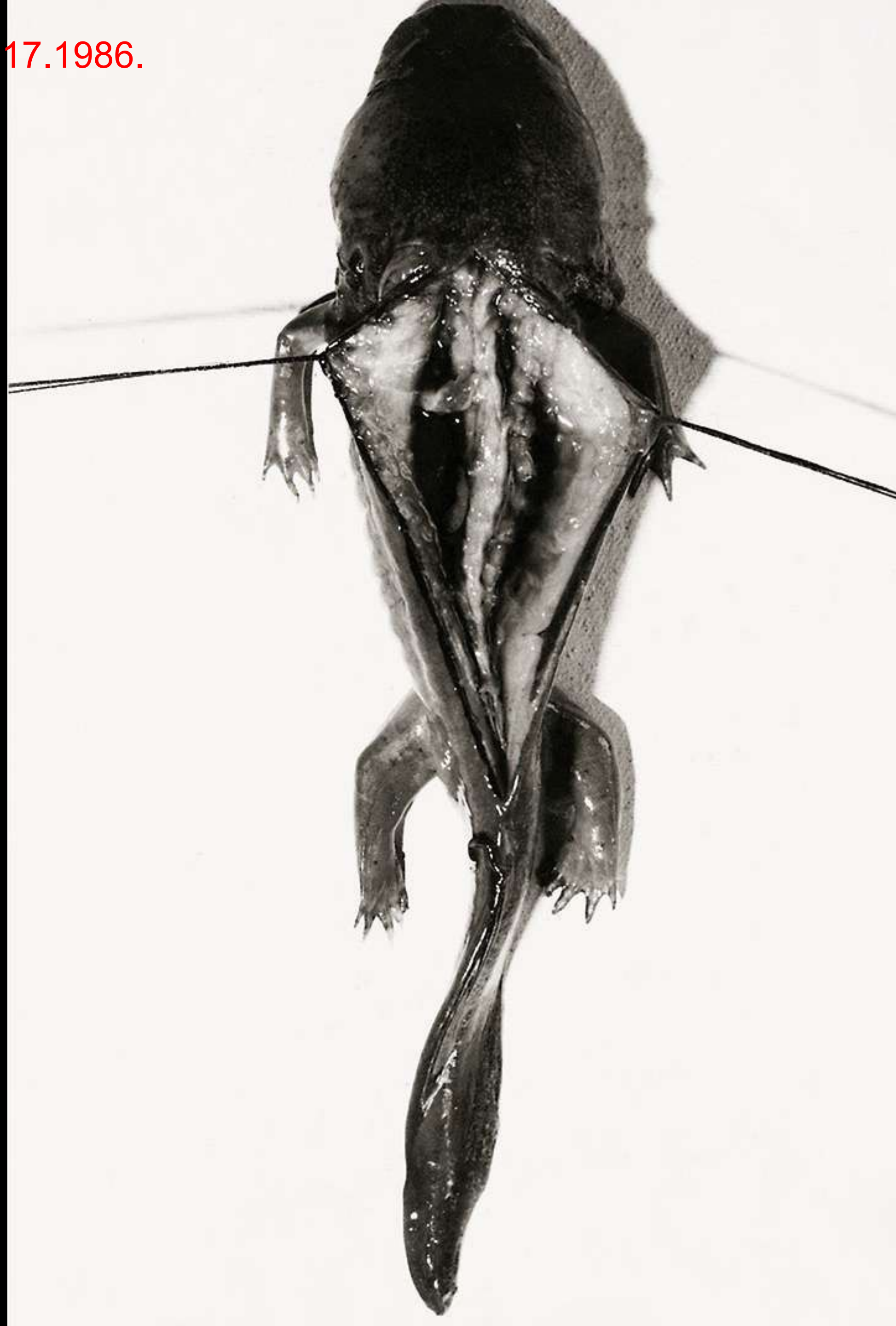


AXOLOTL.

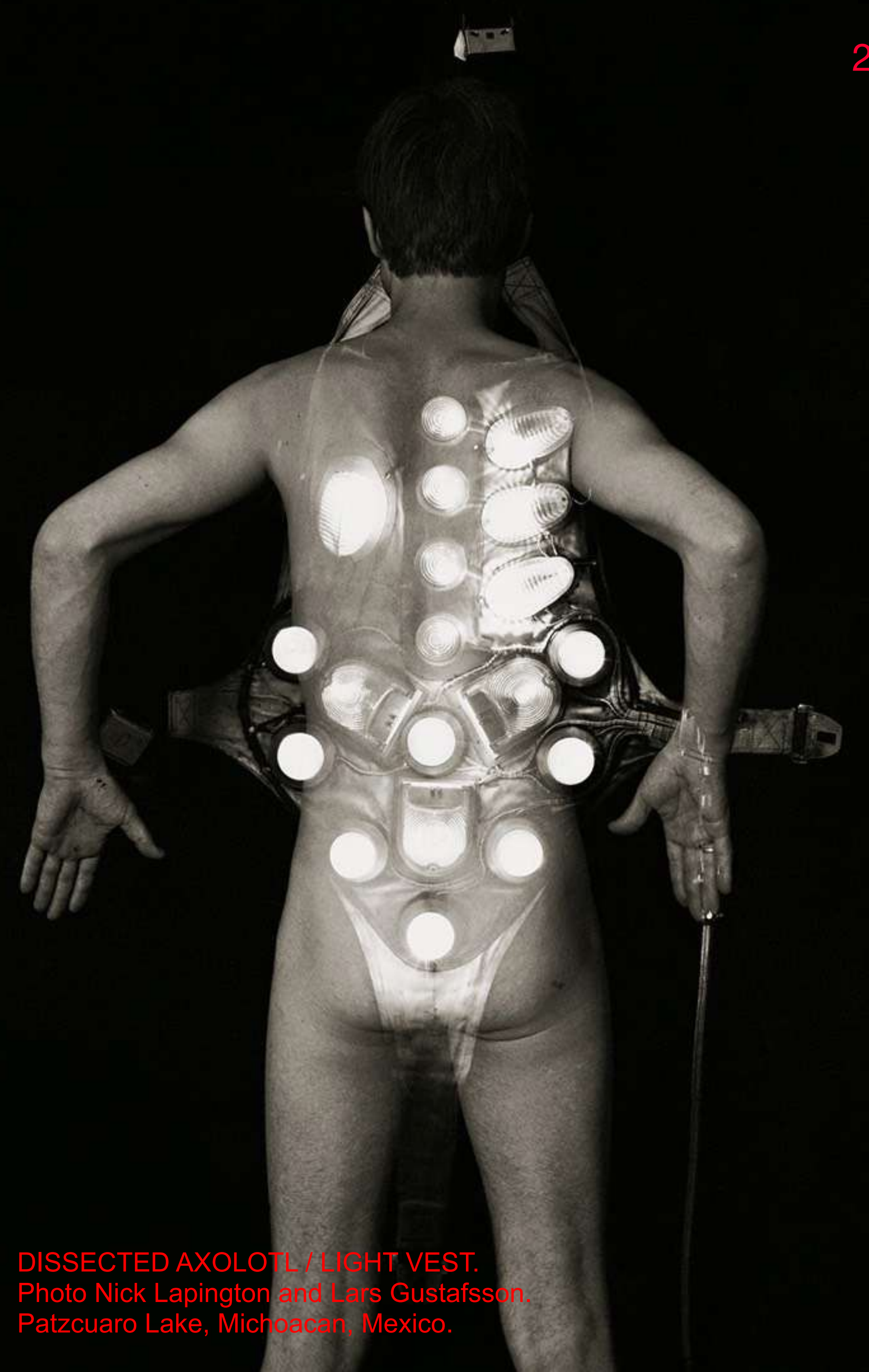
AXOLOTLS SOLD AT THE MARKET.
H 13 x W 18 cm. / H 7 ³/₃₂ x W 5 ¹/₈".
Silver gelatin print on paper.
Patzcuaro, Michoacan, Mexico.

10.17.1986.

AXOLOTL.



227



DISSECTED AXOLOTL / LIGHT VEST.
Photo Nick Lapington and Lars Gustafsson.
Patzcuaro Lake, Michoacan, Mexico.

10.17.1986.

229

Rotating lights
show the stomage
working. The centre
of the soul in many
cultures.

Back side explaining
our human body
to the axolotls.

LIGHT VEST.
H 150 x W 100 x D 40 cm.
H 59 x W 39 1/4 x D 15 3/4".
Latex, cotton, aluminium, safety belt and electronics.
Photos Lars Gustafsson.
El Centro, Mexico DF,

Facing the axolotls.

Latex to insulate
from electric shock.

AXOLOTL



THE ARK.



THE ARK.

THE ARK.



" CAN YOU HOLD THIS EASTER EGG PLEASE ? "
Each H 8 x W 8 cm. / Each H 3 ⁵/₃₂ x W 3 ⁵/₃₂".
SX 70 Polaroid prints. Soho, New York, NY, USA.

04.05.1996.



235



THE ARK.

04.05.1996.



237

Wow.



THE ARK.

12.12.1998.

239



Fox on wheels.

IN MY STUDIO.
Photo Lars Gustafsson.
Stockholm, Sweden.

THE ARK.

05.29.2024.

EGG CIRCLES IN SPACE.

Text by Ana Maria Bermeo Ujueta.

Blah blah only turned out quite differently from what was first planned. This was probably both a strength and a weakness. In the place where the installation was constructed, today more than ever rapid decisions are the order of the day. Results are immediate. The installation's content was, therefore, a direct consequence of its geographical situation.

IN-SITE 92 was the first in a series of exhibitions in both San Diego and in Tijuana that focused on installations of every type, both indoor and out-door including a wide range of artists. My mentor Michael Schnorr had been a founding member of the Border Art Workshop / Taller Arte Fronterizo, a collaborative group of artists who had been working with border questions for a number of years. Michael grew up in Chula Vista and lived in Imperial Beach; two towns on the American - Mexican border. He had always lived in the immediate vicinity of the border, and therefore had worked visualizing these problems in a more direct manner than I had. I came to Imperial Beach as a sixteen year-old exchange student at Mar Vista Highschool and I met Michael at South Western College where he was teaching.

During October 1992 the Playas district of Tijuana allowed us the use of a site. The lot was 50 m / 165' from the Mexican-American border and the same distance to the beach of the Pacific Ocean. It was the geographical corner of Latin America. We started to work on the installation on October 6. We spent the first few days tidying up the site which had been abandoned since at least the sixties. We tried to save as many plants as possible. The site was covered with Don Pedro Brandy bottles. I thought a great deal about the work of the American artist David Hammons work "Night Train": the objects which he constructed of bottles of this brand of spirits. While tidying up we decided that the installation should take the form of a map of Baja California.

EGG CIRCLE 1.

H 85 x W 85 x D 5 cm.

H 33 1/2 x W 33 1/2 x D 1 31/32".

Egg shells, wood, steel and beeswax.

Photos Leif Claesson.

Västerås, Sweden.

01.30.1998.

241



Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in.The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incre. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon The mid-day heat stopped at the walls of Patzcuaro. A couple of mont. noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day.

EGG CIRCLE 2.

H 85 x W 85 x D 5 cm.

H 33 1/2 x W 33 1/2 x D 1 31/32".

Egg shells, wood, steel and beeswax.

Västerås, Sweden.

THE ARK.

01.30.1998.

243



Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in.The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earthquake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incre. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon The mid-day heat stopped at the walls of Patzcuaro. A couple of mont. noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day.

EGG CIRCLE 6.

H 73 x W 73 x D 5 cm.

H 28 3/4 x W 28 3/4 x D 1 31/32".

Egg shells, wood, steel and beeswax.

Västerås, Sweden.

01.30.1998.

245

THE ARK.



03.21.1991.

247



2 TURNING DINNER TABLES.
Each H 78 x W 150 x D 150 cm.
Each H 30 ³/₄ x W 59 x D 59"
Steel, aluminium, cotton and soup.
Oslo, Norway.

THE ARK.

Blah blah text well-aimed gunshots have brutally destroyed, beautiful, surface of the painting from the series RGB (Red Green Blue).The red bullets have shattered the glass. A closer inspection of the bullet holes resulting from an act of violence reveals an unexpected beauty: behind the limited surface, surrounded by the cracks radiating across the glass, we see an opening into an unknown dimension. It is cloaked in darkness, but it could also represent a way out of this very San Bartolo was a small agricultural village of no more than 50 smallholding families. The villa was situated on a small plateau 5 km west of Patzcuaro. A couple of months after the earth-quake in Mexico City I moved to Michoacan together with my Swedish friend Ola. We managed to find a tiny house with an incredible view to rent in this small village in space. We were the first westerners to live in San Bartolo. Ola soon after left and went back home. It was late November 1985. The first person in the village I got to know was Dona Maria Velez. She offered me hospitality, living with her husband, Don Bartolo, a stone's throw up the hill from the house I was staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not noticing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon. The midday staying in. The village was best described by what a friend of theirs used to say when he was happy. He said: "It's better to be cooked than to be raw". The house had one room without any windows. Not not-icing the lack of animal noises or the light of the day, I usually awoke not knowing the time of the day. I never ate before noon.

2 TURNING DINNER TABLES (detail).
Oslo, Norway.

THE ARK.



03.21.1991.

249

Hot Pea Soup.



BLUE HORSES N:0 2 AND N:0 4.
Each H 27 x W 37 x D 1 cm.
Each H 10 ⁵/₈ x W 14 ⁹/₁₆ x ²⁵/₆₄”.
Bees wax, lead, poster paint on paper and glass.
Photos Leif Claesson.
Oslo, Norway.

03.21.1991.

253



BLUE HORSES N:0 5 AND N:0 7.
Oslo, Norway.

THE ARK.

03.21.1991.

255



BLUE HORSES N:0 11 AND N:0 12.
Oslo, Norway.

THE ARK.

10.19.1994.
ULF ROLLOF'S RAILWAY /
IN-SITE 94
Text by Dave Hickey.

*"Willy will tell you that doers and thinkers say
moving's the closest thing to being free."
Billy Joe Shaver / "Willy the Wandering Gypsy"*

Several miles north of the Gulf of California and several miles south of the Bay of San Diego, the Great American Desert makes its tortuous way through rugged foot hills and coastal tundra down to the Pacific Ocean. Its geological progress is bisected by an invisible line running east and west, dividing the United States and Mexico. Not surprisingly, this geopolitical line is not so invisible at all for its last twenty miles. It is marked by a tall, steel fence that winds through the urban sprawl and extends westward, across the perfect beach and out into the Pacific surf. The tidy, American paradise of San Diego deploys itself to the north of this fence – a "Peaceable Kingdom" of parks, palms zoos and idyllic beaches. On the south side of the fence, the improvisational sprawl of Tijuana blankets the hilly terrain with wood-and-tin-shanties, mission stuccoes and fly-by-night post-modernities – a hot bed of lumpen-commerce in illicit pleasure; garden furniture and plaster statuary (virgins, saints, shepherds, Quixotes, Donald Ducks and Bart Simpsons).

Obeying the paradox of border towns, the mercantile bustle of Tijuana is as distinct from the rest of Mexico as the garden paradise of San Diego is distinct from the rest of the United States – Tijuana mirroring the dream of northern commerce, translated it into Catholic Spanish – San Diego mirroring the dream of tropical Arcadia, translated into Protestant English. The old railroad station that once served as the conduit between these two mirrored dreams still survives. It is located in the red dirt foothills of Colonia Libertad above the border crossing at San Ysidro, roughly four miles from the ocean in the Zona Rio of Tijuana. Today, a single track arrives from the south, from the peninsula of Baja California. It makes its way north, past the dilapidated station and dead-ends into a giant steel gate that now bars its entrance into the United States. Across the track from the railroad station, on a bare patch of scrub desert overlooking Tijuana,

Ulf Rollof's railway does the best that art can do to compensate for the stasis and finality of that gate. Rollof's railway is a circular track, roughly 18 meters in diameter. When the railway is in operation, a small cart bearing a screen of five fir trees trundles in stately fashion around its circumference. The cart is driven by a motor located in the centre of the circle, connected to the cart by a beam that sweeps the circle of desert like a second hand sweeping the face of a clock. A "passenger seat" is affixed to the clock-hand beam, facing outward from the centre of the circle, so that, when the railway is in motion, a passenger strapped into the seat gazes at the passing scenery through the ever-present screen of fir.

For Ulf Rollof, this screen of fir signifies the cultural filter through which the artist, who is a native of Sweden, must necessarily view this border-culture at the edge of the Pacific. For a passenger like myself, however, who is intimate with this intercultural mix, who has ridden Mexican railroads through the Sierras, the experience of riding Rollof's railroad provides an uncanny simulacra of riding in the observation car of one of these trains. The visual dynamics of the motion are reversed, of course, but they are exactly reversed. For the passenger on Rollof's railway, the image of the trees in the foreground remains stable while the landscape in the background sweeps by, while on an actual railway the foreground sweeps by while the background remains stable. Our cognitive processes, however, are used to decoding and re-reversing such reversals in our experience of art, and thus, Rollof's railway provides us with an experiential compensation for the freedom denied us by the blocked track leading out of Tijuana – an experiential analog, which, if we are brave enough or lucky enough, we may hope to confirm in reality.

In this sense, Rollof's little train fulfills one of the oldest functions of visual art. It provides us with a simulated image of our desire as an emblem of hope – as Coreggio's image of a heaven populated with angels might confirm and intensify our hope for it. It is this compensatory gift, then, this emblem of hope, that (with the single exception of Terry Allen's contribution) distinguishes Rollof's railway from the rest of the work in the larger project within which it appears: Insite '94: A Binational Exhibition of Installation and Site-Specific Art. Under the aegis of this project, over a hundred artists created seventy-eight works of art to be situated in locations scattered across the expanse of Tijuana and San Diego County. Stylistically, the bulk of these works spoke in the dominant modes of Latin American and Anglo-European artistic practice – the Latin American artists working in an idiom best described as "metaphorical modernism" (a practice in which representational images or objects are expected to take on symbolic cultural functions) – the American and European artists practicing a brand of "allegorical post-minimalism" that imposes textual meanings upon accumulations and arrangements of unconstructed, or ready-made materials.

09.23.1994.

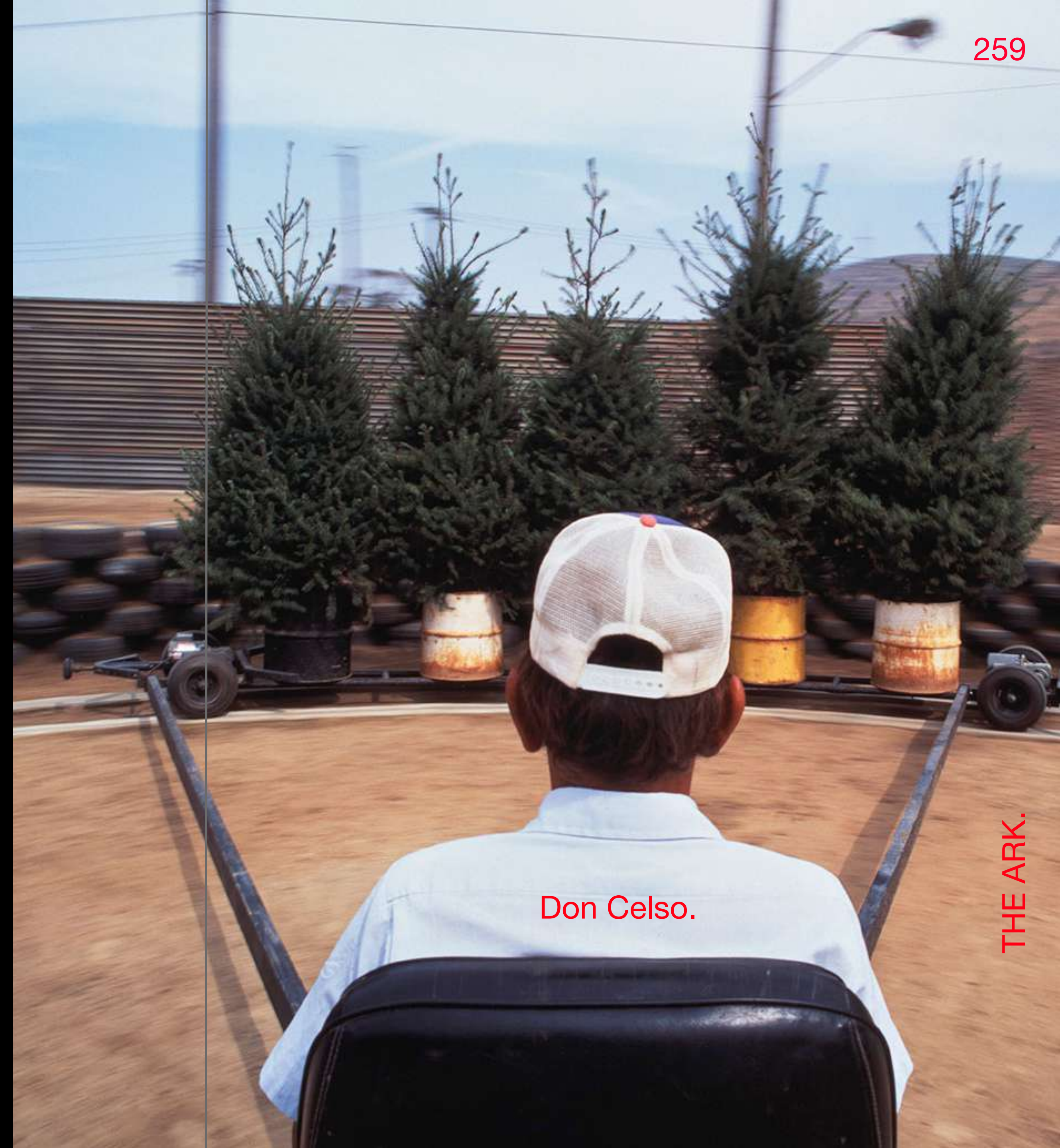
Reading the artist's statements that accompany these works, however, we discover that a majority of these artists, regardless of their culture, regard their contributions as disengaged "critical" or "political" statements – regard them as "interrogating" or "questioning" or "dramatizing" or "addressing" or "dealing with" specific cultural "issues" pertinent to their site – for the educational benefit of their beholders.

Only Rollof's railway and Terry Allen's adjacent speakers' platforms (which allow citizens to speak to one another across the border), offer the beholder any symbolic compensation for the cultural deficiencies the works address. Allen's work offers the the beholder the opportunity to speak across the border – in hope of being someday understood. Rollof's railway offers the beholder the opportunity to move – in hope of someday travelling.

And these are small gifts, to be sure, but in the act of imagining lies the possibility of realization; and, finally, these compensatory gifts signify the artist's bond with the beholder. They distinguish the works that bear such gifts from the pedagogical elitism of contemporary practice and locate that generosity within the broader field of secular culture. Which is far from the worst site for a work of art to occupy.

This text was written for the exhibition IN-SITE 94.
This work was was curated by Carmen Cuenca.

"23 SEPTEMBER 1994".
H 30 x W 18 x D 18 m.
H 9'10" x W 59' x D 59'.
Fir trees, steel, motors, rubber,
plastic, earth, wood and concrete.
Photo Philip Scholtz Rittermann.
Colonia Libertad, Tijuana, Mexico.



Don Celso.



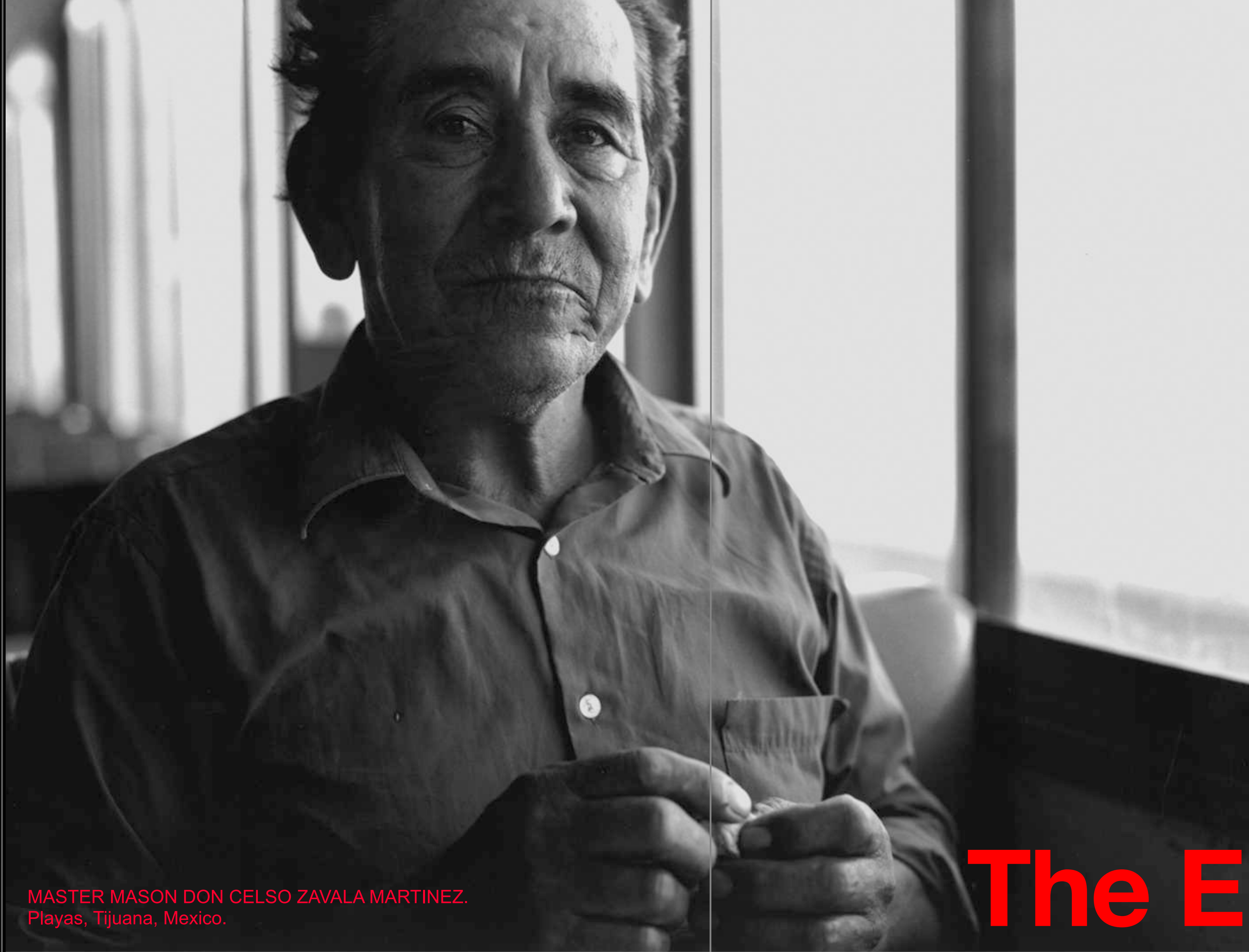
USA Border Fence.

USA border crossing.

Fir Trees going around blocking your view.



The locals.



MASTER MASON DON CELSO ZAVALA MARTINEZ.
Playas, Tijuana, Mexico.

The End.

05.24.1979.

267

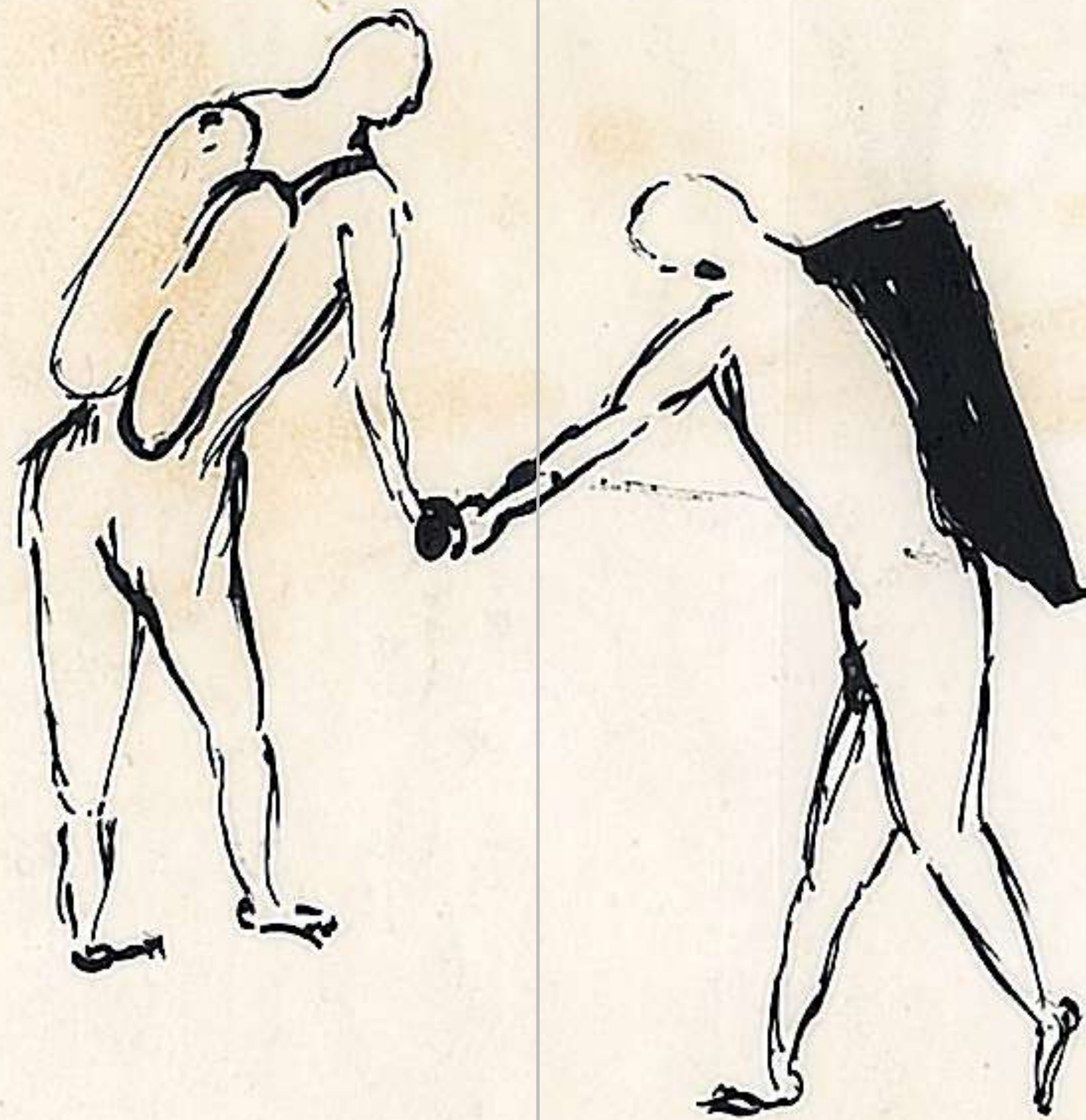


PROFESSOR MICHAEL SCHNORR IN CHICANO PARK.
San Diego, CA, USA.

The End.

05.30.1986.

269

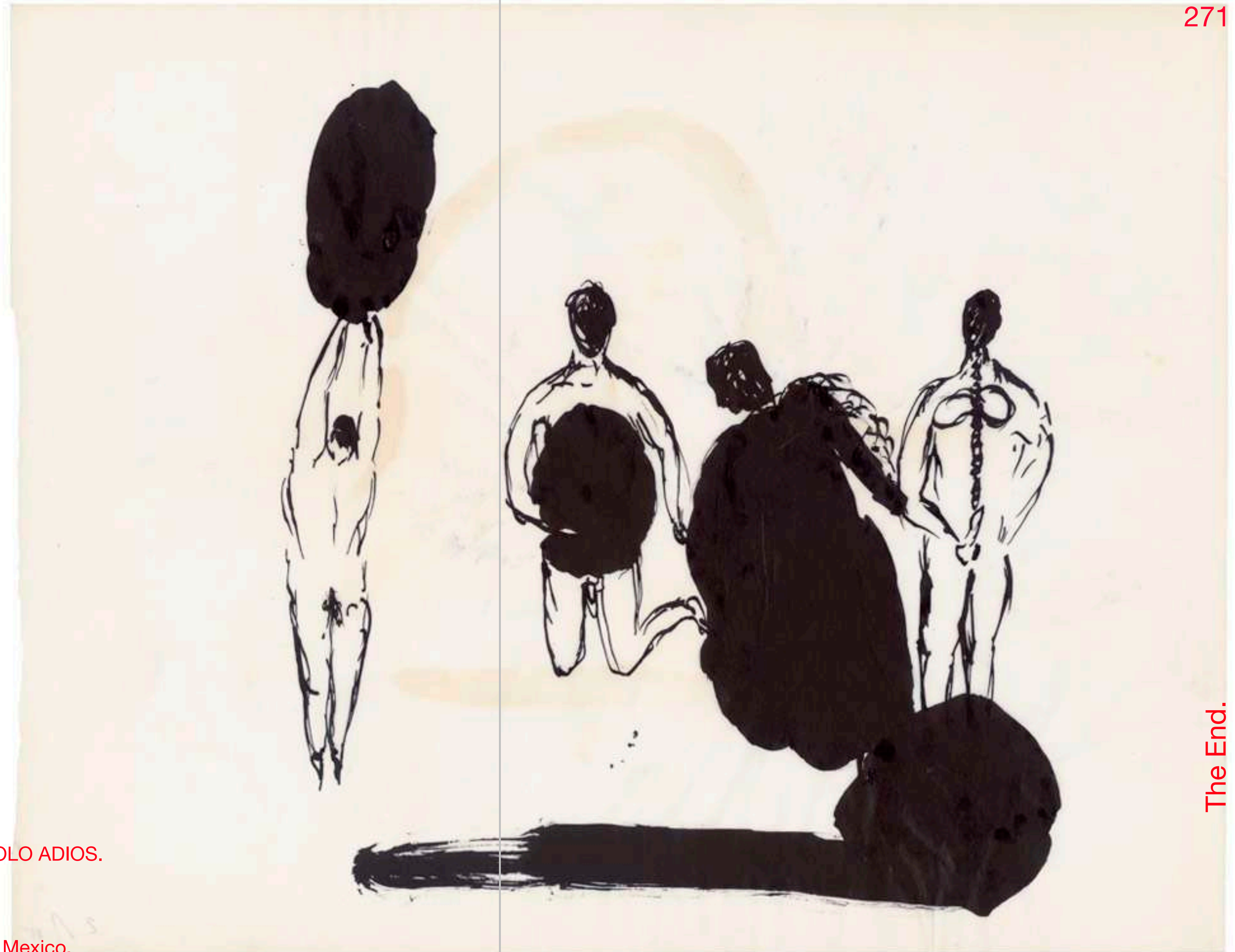


INK DRAWING ADIOS (detail).
H 21 X W 30 cm.
H 8 ¹⁷/₆₄ X W 11 ¹³/₁₆".
Drawing paper and ink.
San Bartolo, Michoacan. Mexico.

The End..

05.30.1986.

271



INK DRAWING SALVA SOLO ADIOS.
H 21 X W 30 cm.
H 8 ¹⁷/₆₄ X W 11 ¹³/₁₆".
Drawing paper and ink.
San Bartolo, Michoacan. Mexico.

The End.

12.11.1982.

272



To carry on your back.

The End.

CRATE.

H 149 x W 35 x D 16 cm.

H 58 1/2 x W 13 3/4 x D 6 1/4".

Oak wood.

Photo Leif Claesson.

Stockholm, Sweden.

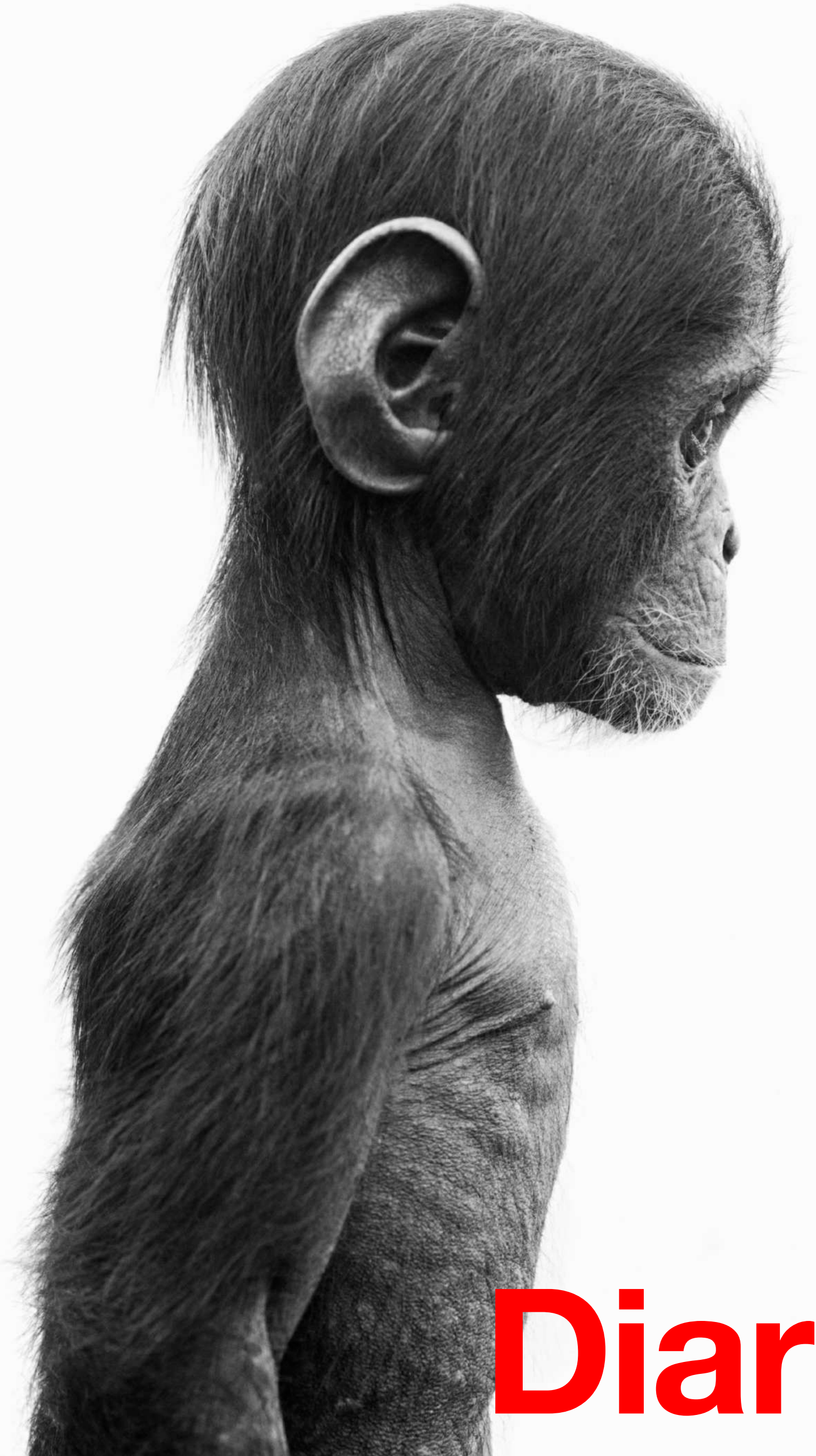
06.03.1986.



THE END.

Diary/ Ulf Rollof by Sol Winter.

06.13.1999.



Diary.