

**ANNETTE FOLKEDOTTER**





Four Tales



Aftonbladet Sunday the 19th June 1994 John Peter Nilsson.

"The only woman among the 12 graduating students, Annette, is displaying, along with other objects, a large set up which literally floods the observer with innocent heaps of material, reminiscent of dresses or curtains. There is also some furniture, and hanging on the wall is a painting which resembles a sort of baroque wallpaper with a medallion pattern of small skulls peering out. A very special atmosphere is conjured up, both ethereally positive and mournfully transient.







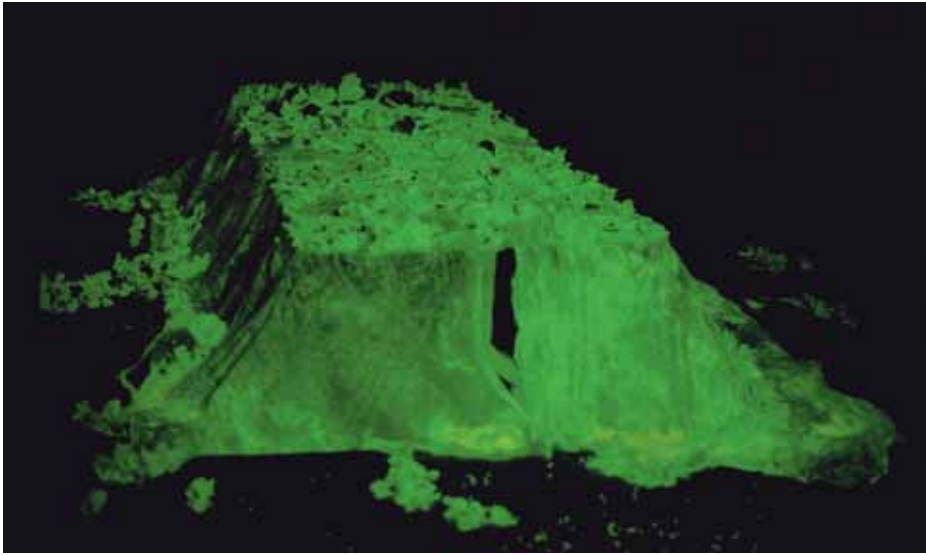
Four Tales of Cause and Effect. How different episodes and events influence us and shape us into individuals. When I was five years old, I stood on a bridge in the midst of a crowd. Everybody's attention was centred on the same thing. There was a drowned woman lying on the bank of the river. On a large stone close by were her clothes, all neatly folded. The woman's pale, naked corpse was bloated. The memory of this still remains clear in my mind as do the feelings I felt.







Memorial









Memorial from the year 1995 is a showpiece installation which is displayed in alternating dark and light spaces. The expression, "Till Death Do Us Part", and the depiction of life long love between two people was shown in a fresh new light here. The hermaphrodite and the Siamese twins, together with the man with three legs and several other figures are allowed to emerge and show the paradox and the ambiguity in the "Till Death Do Us Part" phrase. The colour Green floods the room. The observer stood on a platform, looking down, and saw the flower strewn bed shining in the alternating light and darkness. An eel in a glass vessel, moving and at times still, and on the walls are shown pictures of people with unusual physiognomy. These people are a kind of contradiction to the very idea of "Till Death Do Us Part". The room that is used has a quadrangle shape, inviting a bird's eye view which is consciously adopted. The light is a muted green of varying intensity. There are only two sources of light in the room.





I'm just a story teller.....









I'm just a storyteller... is the joint name for two installations together with a number of smaller objects and separate pictures. The installations and the other pictures deal with femininity as an identity, motherhood, innocence and the objectifying of these qualities. The installation *Mor Mutter Mother* consists of a placenta in a glass vessel, wax objects, dead butterflies in a window, together with pictures of the mothers whose sons became famous. The installation *Sub Rosa* is a short account of one side in a heterosexual relationship. It consists of a silver bed with roses. Female lingerie, also in silver, is spread across a silver armchair. There are also large textile prints showing the eternal dancing pair. A large solitary object consists of a stuffed wedding dress in a closed rectangular container. *Sub Rosa* is the oath of silence. The words exchanged in confidence by two human beings standing under a rose are said with an oath of silence. The rest of the pictures make a comment on the whole subject of Femininity. Some deal with female circumcision, the Lolita syndrome, lip mirrors, silicone implants, and the transsexual human being. *I'm just a storyteller.....* was created in 1995.









French breakfast



*French Breakfast was shown for the first time in Bohuslans in 1996, and later at Lacko Castle, and Ostergotlands and Gavle's regional museums. French Breakfast was made as a protest against President Chirac's atomic bomb tests in Mururoa. The need of political or religious leaders to display their power and authority leads to dire global environmental problems for future generations to deal with.*

GT Cecilia Eriksson 1996

Transcience and humour. At the turn of every century, writers and artists usually express concern for the future and raise spiritual and moral questions. During the 18th century many people cherished the conviction that mankind was living in a dying culture. Now we are not only approaching a new century, but also a new millennium. At Bohuslans Museum The installation French Breakfast is being displayed. The artist Annette has been inspired by a sense of helplessness and anger at the French atomic bomb tests on the Mururoa Atoll. The theme of doom and destruction is strongly emphasised and there is a sense that one is observing the Last Supper in the history of mankind. Inevitably, one is forced to think of Peter Greenaway's film, "The Cook, the Thief, his Wife and her Lover". Both artists use the 16th century still life style to make comments on the present. Annette's canvases go from black to white, with the white dominating. Spiders and ants are crawling on the table as if to remind us of the transience of all living things. Their work is full of contradictions and a plurality of interpretations, where the critical message has a tendency to drown in a sea of aesthetic attractions. Mozart's "The Magic Flute" glides almost unnoticed into our ears and reinforces the cinematic and theatrical aspects of the exhibition. A seven metre long table sits majestically in a room, the walls of which are decorated with an old fashioned art collection. A couple of pictures, one the Dutch still life, the other by Bruno Liljefors, stand out particularly from the silence of the walls and create a loaded dialogue with the vacuum packed lunch, consisting of chicken wings and the head of a hare. In this light the idyllic nature paintings of hunting scenes appear like a long lost paradise. Moreover, in comparison with the past century, our own destruction of nature and animals appears all the more brutal. Despite the grapes looking beautiful, we know that they have been chemically sprayed. The traditional food table has been exposed to a humorous attack. Tinsel and glitter have been strewn over the porcelain and candlesticks. Next to the bunches of grapes in their beautiful bowls, are mice running playfully around. Magpies, which love to steal glittering objects, triumph over the vanity of man. Here there are no guests at the table, only the leftovers, a woman's glove, a set of false teeth. The scene is both frightening and beautiful. It is of course not the last supper of Christ we are witnessing, but there is something resolved about transience, which allows for spiritual contemplation.

Folkbladet/Ostgoten 1996 Lasse Jonsson

Catastrophe's table at the County Museum's Still Life with a so called vanitas motif in other words with corruption symbolism. Was quite normal in Dutch art in the 16th century. The motif was skulls, hour glasses, globes, musical instruments etc. Annettes installation "French Breakfast" now being shown in the Dahlgren's gallery in the Linköping Museum can be regarded as a modern version of this type of still life, but it has been created with hundreds of real objects packed onto a long table. It begins fairly conventionally at one end of the table with bowls, glasses, vases, pots, and other articles which appear quite normal. There is also an ornamental duck and a woman's head made of plaster lying on a cushion. But if one looks in a bowl one sees fruit that appears to be rotten and coated with some disgusting film. A set of coffee cups however continues to give an aura of normality but then the table becomes increasingly ghostly, macabre, disgusting, and surrealistic. It also gives a sacred impression of the last supper and holy communion. Catastrophe Object becomes even more chaotic, looking like the after effects of a disaster. Objects are overturned, food is mouldy or rotting or coated with slime, and there are rats, insects, and birds some of them twitching with life. At the same time as the table is giving an impression of increasing decay and destruction, there is also the hint of new life beginning. AJ's table can be seen as a disturbing commentary on the French nuclear testing programme in the spring. It was around that time that her work was first displayed. However, her work can also be interpreted differently, and we can see other implications, associations, and symbols. It is an impressive piece of work that makes a unique and strong impression on the observer, bright, glimmering, colourful, but at the same time strangely disturbing. French Breakfast is from 1996.

Svenska Dagbladet Juni 1996 Hedvig Hedqvist

"A taste of violence the Party as an example of manifestation and power, an opulence that historically has always had a taste of violence and oppression, has inspired Annette to make an installation in black. Out of the ashes is born new life. The whole process is displayed with silver plated debris, the rubbish tip's representative to a sliding change into a treacherous glitter and glamour."

Gefle Dagbladet 12th October 2001 Lotten Lofblad

"In the middle of the room a magnificent, angry agreement with France, food country number one. Annettes anger over France's nuclear testing has become French Breakfast, a morbid banquet set up ranging from darkness to light in which rats creep over the elegant porcelain, with only gnarled skulls remaining in the silver bowls.

Arbetarbladet Saturday 13th October 2001 Niels Herbert

Annettes long table consists of one big muddle of cutlery, glasses, plates, and other objects, some of which belong on the table, and some that don't. The table and all its paraphernalia fades from black to white and appears beautiful and austere. But one soon discovers that the pots and pans are covered with a black or greyish sheen, that the birds on the table are guests rather than decoration, and that they have rats in their company. A mix of indescribable colours can be seen in the tin cans, a frog has been caught in a mousetrap... This breakfast can be regarded as a work of destruction, of the arrogance of power, and of the damaged earth we are living on.



Presentation made by Agneta von Zeipel at Bohus County Museum. French Breakfast is a work by the artist Annette. On a gigantic table she has set up a mass of eye-catching objects, changeable and multi-faceted, which seem to have been exposed to some kind of catastrophe, a volcanic eruption perhaps, or a nuclear explosion. French Breakfast can be seen to some extent as a criticism of President Chirac and the controversial French nuclear testing programme. The work is visually striking and ranges over the eternal themes of existence, of Good and Evil, of Man and Woman, of Assailant and Victim. Inevitably, one is made to think of the classical painting The Last Supper. It thus becomes a kind of modern-day still life painting, at the same time beautifully poetic and gruesomely macabre, loaded with symbolic inference. Out of the destruction and chaos, out of the ashes, new life springs up, uncountable flies and insects and small animals which symbolise rebirth and renewal. The sun, too, is a life-giving symbol which inspires new hope.



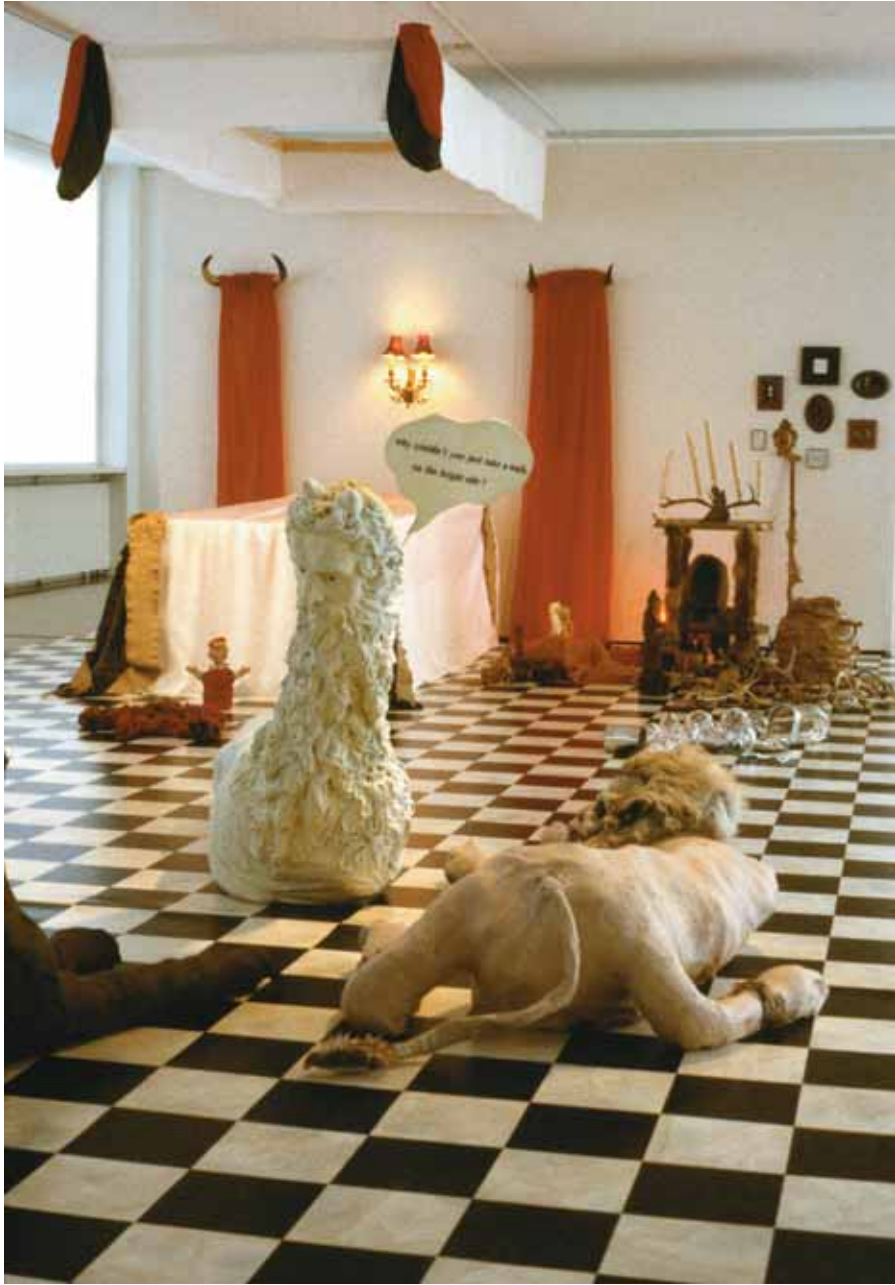




Dreamsong from 1997











Dreamsong from 1997 is an installation about how the unconscious registers events that the conscious self often rationalises away. In Dreamsong, the unconscious is made visible and gains a new reality. The archetypes of darkness do not subordinate themselves to the laws of logic. Shakespeare's words reflect the theme of Dreamsong, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" The installation consists of a floor of black and white squares, anchored into a white, illusory wall. On the walls are bull's horns and several small pictures. A floating heavenly bed of snakeskin is attached to the wall, and a number of three dimensional figures are spread across the floor, among them a centaur and a court jester. The devil is also represented among these figures. A TV and a light screen with an eye are directly before the onlooker. Red, white, and black dominate the picture.







"From one thing to another" was shown as part of the collection Reply. The wall installation was made up of several hair objects, one wax object, animal horns, and a photo together with two reproductions.



The eye of the Seer from 1998





## Manipulativt

Allt besöka en installation av konstnären Annette Johansen kan kännas som att träda in i en film av Peter Greenaway. Vackert, mystiskt och skrämmande på samma gång. Ett visuellt drama mellan olika ting och gestalter står alla tillgängliga medel har använts för att engagera betraktaren. Betydelsefullt och lyxigt. Annette Johansons installationer är något man upplever snarare än betraktar. – Jag har drömmen och passionen i mig. Det är lättare att visa det fullt ut. För att kunna beröra andra människor måste man vara ärlig. Och jag är jätteärlig.

Hon är generös i allt sitt uttryck sig, vilket nog i lika hög grad gäller de ämnen och frågeställningar hon utgår ifrån i sina verk. Hon ger sig hän åt de stora existentiella frågorna – ofta med utgångspunkt i något brännbart och aktuellt tema, på ett sätt som i dag inte är helt vanligt. Hennes senaste verk, Sjärens öga visas i Konstmuseets stora kapell från och med den 21 oktober. Ett rum som hon omvandlat till ett fästet laboratorium. Denna gång handlar det om etiken kring den nya gentekniken och om synen på människan och naturens lagar. ■ 12

*The Seer's eye is an installation consisting of many small objects, mirrors on the walls, a video clip of a dancing cell, as well as a small garden with plants and butterflies. The picture is dominated by white with touches of green and blue and the sounds and the lights intensify the impression of a greenhouse and a laboratory.*

Nojesguiden October 1998 Julia Tedroff

"Manipulative" Visiting an installation by the artist Annette can feel like a scene from a film by Peter Greenaway. Beautifully mysterious and yet frightening at the same time. A visual drama between different objects and figures where every possible means has been used to engage the observer, a drama loaded with meaning and brilliance. Annettes installations are something to be experienced rather than simply viewed. She is generous in expressing herself, giving so much of herself to both the subject of her work and the questions her work raises. She lets herself go into the great existential questions, starting from burning, topical issues, in a way that is far from the everyday. Her latest work, *The Seer's eye*, is being displayed in the Art museum's eastern dome from the 21 October. In a room which she has transformed into a make believe laboratory. This time, the ethics behind the new gene techniques, views on humanity, and the laws of nature are being dissected. There is no fear in Annettes way of expressing herself and thus there is a power in her bold statements which engages the audience, and above all confronts the audience with questions. Her love of surrealism shines out of her creations, remarkable constellations oozing with loaded symbolism. *Dreamsong*, an installation shown at Borås Art Museum, consisted of a room filled with dolls whose heads had been swapped with animal heads, centaurs, writhing snakes, and animal horns. The installation *French Breakfast*, a beautifully laid out diningroom table, is reminiscent of a 15th century still life painting depicting mortality. At the same time, it can be seen as a criticism of the French nuclear tests carried out in the Mururoa Atoll. Glassware, porcelain, silver objects, fruit bowls, and palettes are overturned in the midst of rotting food, creeping insects, and gnawing rats.







everywhere and nowhere always and never from 1999.

“Everywhere and nowhere, all the time and never”  
is an installation from 1999. With sugar on the floor, a pulsating  
light, a text that is read out loud, the meeting of different  
contents is depicted. A selection are shown below:

the music struck hard against my body I slipped my hands inside  
his shirt his back was cool something came over me and I went  
away and with strength I continued to go the veins in my temple  
were beating there were traces of him at home he had been  
drinking tea out of the flowery cup and sitting in the green  
armchair he had walked on the mat there and opened the balcony  
door he had bent down and put on his boots don't you believe  
that I remember his lanky body his laughing mouth his hair his  
eyes I see it everywhere and nowhere all the time and never

a thick dressing gown hid most things two fat feet stuck out at  
the bottom it was winter outside he sat on the sofa I sat on the  
chair thinking maybe it wasn't so impossible for a short while  
anyway to be inspired and let curiosity take over how would it feel  
with that big lump of flesh would I just sink into it or would it be  
a barrier between us

a room full of people holding wineglasses mirror eyes like nothing  
seeing red cheeks he had a serious face probing eyes a whiff of  
dissatisfaction around his mouth a wrinkle on his forehead heavy  
hanging shoulders his voice was powerful it went all the way to  
his backbone we went over the bridge close together his hot lips  
against my cold lips the cold and the wind dragged us round  
and around he who drinks till he is intoxicated screams out his  
anger at the fact that I am not her the other he throws the  
wine bottle at me and I go away we meet again he gives  
flowers we part once more

his blue eyes and white hair are like no one else's her green eyes  
are like no others she is a star in my dark night sky he is a fly on  
my windowpane we are their fulfilled desire

it was dark in the place sad music and a bartender with a pony tail in the  
large window people saw their doubles and then a question will you dance  
a short figure with a calm gaze and a reserved body no I won't we talked  
about the things that let themselves be talked about the next day I was  
picked up the humming birds made the front seat of his car unreal sank  
down later I sank in the same way into myself and into him his thoughts  
are influenced by three worlds none of these worlds belongs to me

one man's intellect another man's feelings another's warmth a third's body  
small fragments that cannot be put together one could kiss me all the way  
to heaven one had a voice that made it hard to breathe another's eyes cut  
me in two if you burn you'll know what I mean

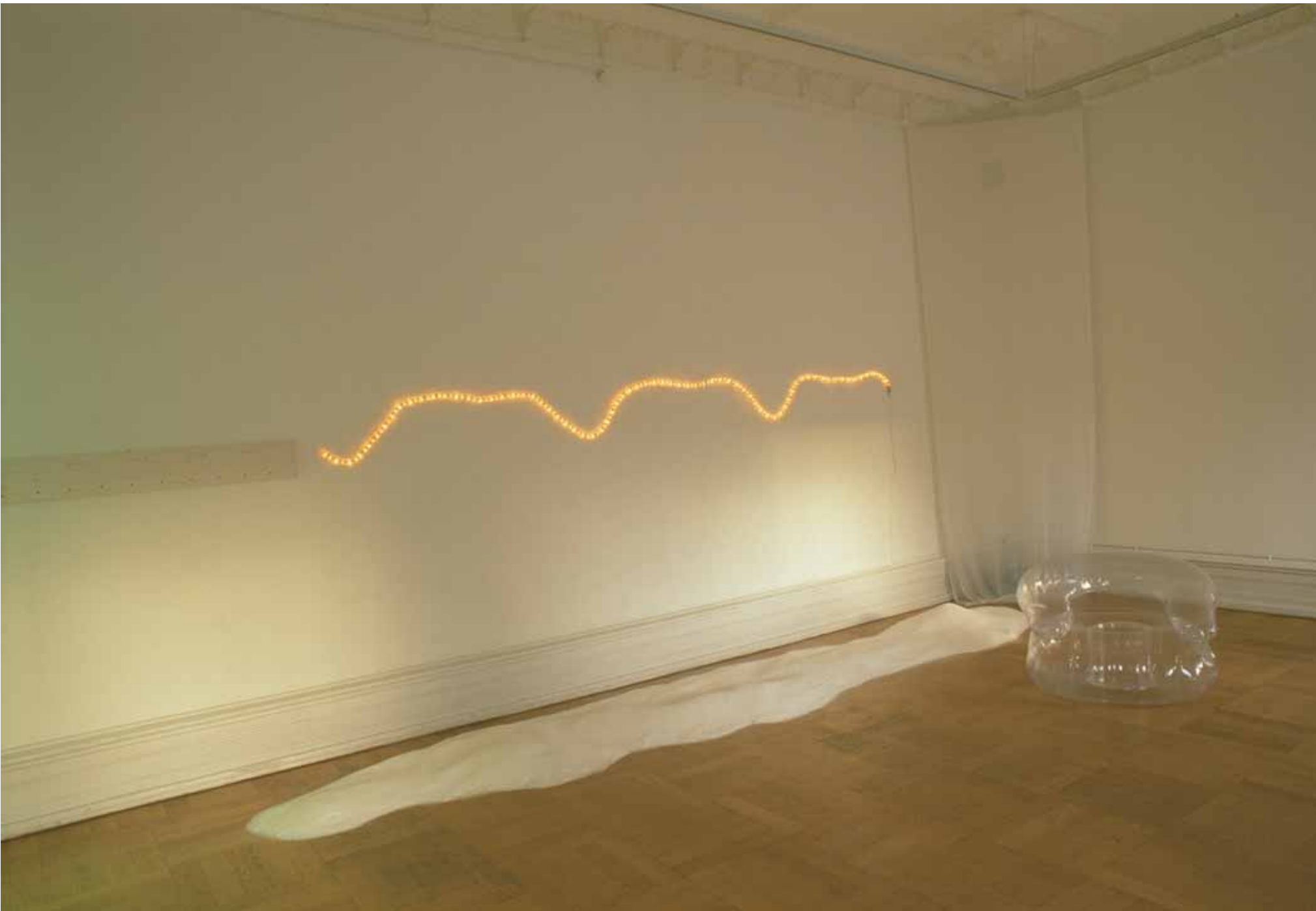
some have fun without knowing love without lust is what he wants he  
won't get that off her she sees what he does martyr seeks

a two year sleep a thousand year sleep no an eternal sleep is theirs who  
speaks up for those who never stand up long enough to see that which  
has destroyed their loneliness

when I saw her I saw all women so it was her I was six years old and  
stood on a bridge she had laid her green dress and red knickers on a large  
stone I heard someone say that the body had been so swollen up because  
of all the water I saw frightened eyes see your own self dead I stood on a  
bridge and am still standing there

she has many ages I saw them all I lift her up and let her take over  
sometimes I can almost hear what she never said I saw the darkness and I  
saw the light I didn't say I wanted her it's only another body another  
consciousness and what difference does that make





Lucky "S" from 2002 concerns objectifying and glorifying. The ideal beauty and the entertainment business. Stardom and identity. In a small and modest exhibition room, filled with around 30 small paintings, all portraits of famous stars, Lucky "S" is being shown. A red carpet on the floor and hanging portraits. All the paintings were done in sober tones of black and white with a trace of burnt umber. The portraits are so placed that one feels observed in every part of the room, no matter where one stands. The role of observed object was thus changed through the exhibition Lucky "S". The stars got the chance to look at us, even if it was only pretence.





HUMAN from 2003





Performance: visitor with mirror face. Shown for the first time at Book and Library Exhibition in Gothenburg 19/10/2002. As a visitor with a black wig and a mirror in front of my face, I stand leaning over a high table for 3 hours. I hear people around me but see nothing at all. I was led to the table and stay there. An English speaking man comes up to me 3 times. He asks me questions. He wonders if I think my work is interactive and if I get paid for standing there. Finally, he comes up to me and gives me a piece of chocolate which melts in my hand. Someone asks if I can be photographed. When I take off the mask and wig, I can see all the people who are sitting and watching me.

And in the Boutique Premiere at Drottninggatan 58 in Gothenburg 21/10/2002. In a shop window, I stand completely still for 3 hours. I become more than just a visitor when I hear people stop outside and make comments. Inside the shop, I am bumped several times by customers and forced to move. This leads to astonished and frightened voices crying, Look, the dummy's moving!!" When I leave the shop it feels good to breathe freely and to see where I am going and at the same time to focus on things outside my self.

And in the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles 6/11/2002. I go to the museum as a visitor and get photographed 3 times outside the museum. With the black wig and the mirror in front of my face, I am led from one spot to another. Inside the museum I am photographed in front of a large mirror in the ladies toilets. Finally, a museum guard comes and knocks on the door. We go outside and continue to look at the exhibition which is in progress. This takes one hour, and it was important to do it here at this exact point since the whole work is about the visitor, in this case myself.



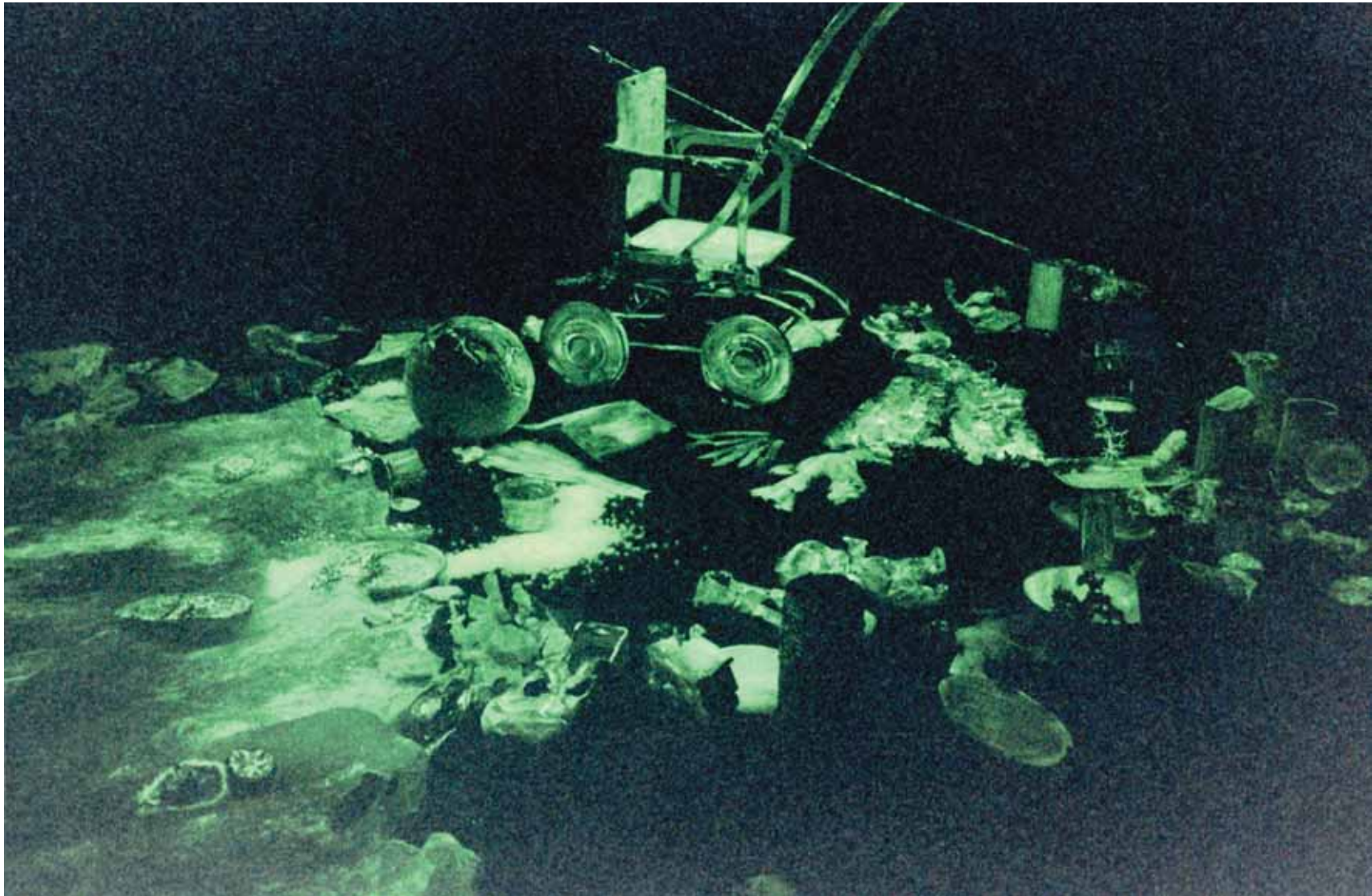


Performance Human Part One from 2003 (picture on page 55) Gothenburg City Library (exhibition on ground floor) August 2003. I stand as a temporary dummy together with several real dummies in the shop window. The text besides me is as follows: HUMAN FRAGILE REAL MORTAL. The text besides the real dummies reads HUMAN INDESTRUCTIBLE ARTIFICIAL IMMORTAL. The feeling of being fixed and static as well as being reminded of the sense of nowness are my strongest memories from being a temporary dummy.

Performance Human Part Two from 2003. I use a black dress with the words USE BY SELL BY DATE on the front, and PERISHABLE GOODS, CONSUME TODAY on the back. Besides that, a black wig and again the place is a shop window at Drottningsgatan 58 in Gothenburg. The picture is a comment on the bestbefore date that we all have in various respects.

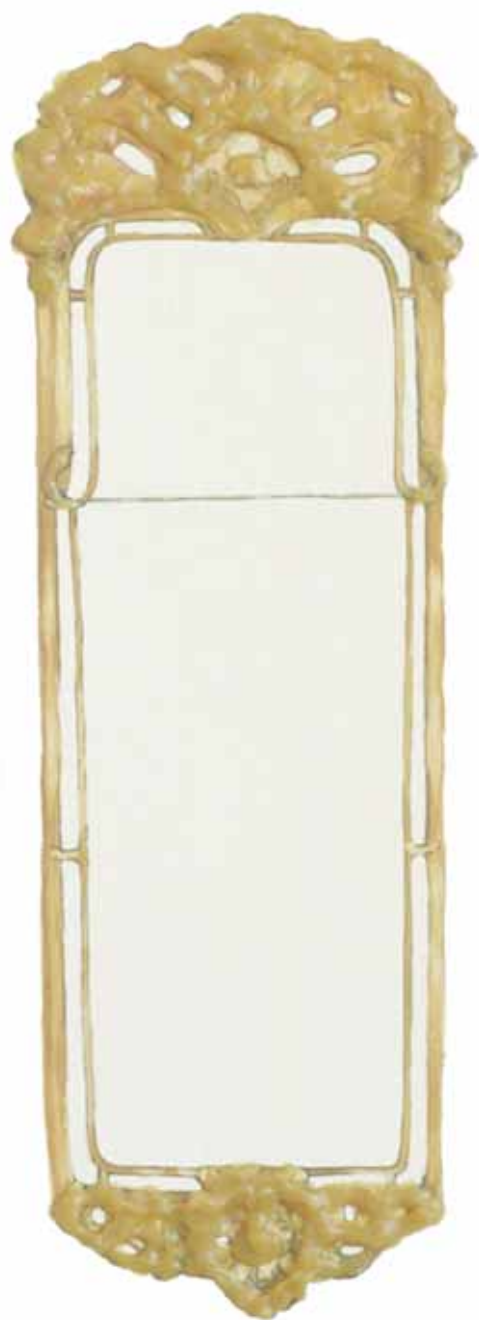
Picnic from 2003







Evidence lacking from 2003









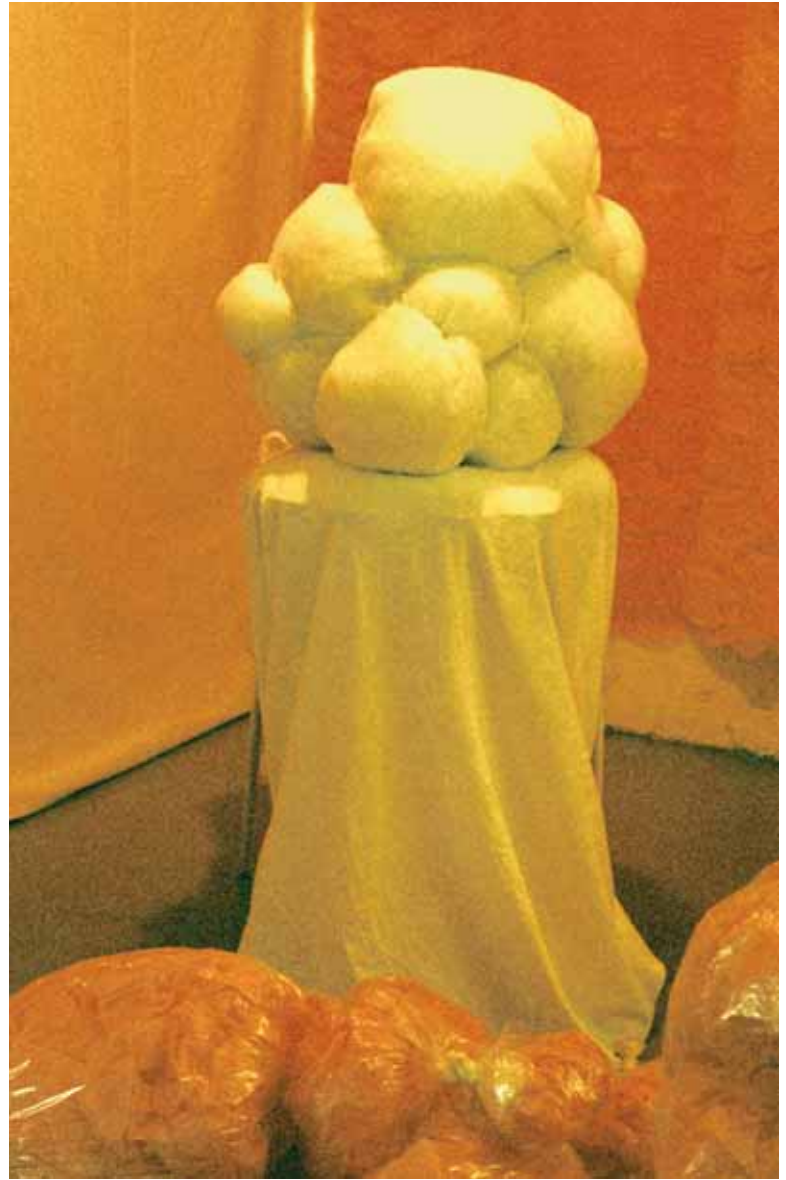




Evidence lacking from 2003 is an installation dominated by whiteness. The room where it is displayed is filled with white frigolite bits. These cover the floor. In the middle of the room are hanging Organza strips with dates on. Every day, from my date of birth until the start of this exhibition, is written there. I intend it to resemble a personal diary. On two opposite walls are hanging eighteen paintings, loosely covered with hanging cloth. Some are hidden by seven cloths, others by five or three. The observer is encouraged to select three paintings to study and to let the rest remain as hidden riddles. The delicate sound of a triangle is heard, muted, in the background. Only the daylight that comes through the window illuminates the room. The picture is dedicated to my paternal grandmother who had a clairvoyant ability. The question of what happens to human consciousness after death is reformulated through this installation.

Shade the truth (or life is perhaps only an illusion) from 2004.







This installation was shown in Gothenburg on the 6th of March 2004 in Gallery 300 Kubik. The picture is the same as the condition it is reflecting. It is not possible to separate them. They are dependent on each other. The installation consisted of walls draped with large paper objects. The floor was filled with round plastic bits. Besides these was a round table which gave a sense of softness. In the background was music. I posed as a picture object once again.

A short text was given out to each visitor;

*at times it is almost as if I believe I am sitting there by the window and letting the strong daylight cover everything that cannot be seen, but which I know is there to colour nothing*

This is a retrospective catalogue which  
show sections of my work, 1994-2004.

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