

## STOCKHOLM

## R E V

## "Inskrivning"

Roslagstulls Sjukhus

WHILE AWAITING RENOVATION and transformation into a science research campus, the closed-down Roslagstull Hospital in Stockholm has been turned into a center for artists. Six artists have been given studios in the registration area, a barrack-like annex which resembles something left over from the 70s. The place will soon be torn down and the artists decided to take the opportunity to do a show on the premises before its impending destruction.

There is no overriding theme; rather we find six parallel solo shows. Christian Rieloff and Annelie Wallin have picked up on the mixed sensation of purity and disease always present in a hospital. In Rieloff's barren, angular room, a thick layer of white powder covers the floor, sticking to the soles of your feet and slowly spreading out into the other spaces.

In Annelie Wallin's space, a coach-like sculpture in white plastic is juxtaposed to a sack with openings in both ends. Her work occupies the ambivalent border between sculpture and everyday objects, and the installation is at once sacral and brutal, not unlike the work of Miroslaw Balka—especially because of the references to an absent human body and the serene atmosphere, which, however, never strays far from the realities of life.

In Katarina Eismann's installation, we find a video placed inside a dark yellow room. The color gives you a strong dream-like sensation of being isolated, which is reflected in the video where a woman in medium shot (the dancer Karin Hjortek) rotates very slowly in a 360 degree trajectory, as if in a vacuum. The sparse choreography creates a barely decipherable, yet very human articulation, just as evanescent as the synthetic syllables resounding from the video.

The delicacy in Eismann's work has its opposite in Mats Bergsmeden's room, covered in black rubber and graffiti, but also in Katarina Lindgren's cartoon-like and hysterically joyous animal figures, which appear gigantic in proportion to the room.

The funniest piece in this on the whole well-produced show is the installation by Hans Jörgen Johansen, where the fatal and the absurd come together somewhere between "Brazil" and "Alice in Wonderland." A window and a door in the middle of the room frame rows of wheat stalks stuck into holes drilled into the floor, as if somebody had attempted by force to plant a wheat-field in his living-room. In this world, the sun has set for good, and the outside of the door and the window are harshly lit by two light-tubes; a scenario which baffles our concepts of the inside and the outside, and where someone seems engaged in a futile attempt to recreate a nature no longer existent.