Non-Knowledge, Laughter and the Moving Image presents

The Sleep Over Experiment

18–19 Oct 2019, 20.00–8.00h at Index Foundation, Stockholm
I'm imagining a much nicer train.

Oh, it's a suspension railroad. That's nothing special!

I'm thinking of a train that is

What are you imagining now?

9.00 PM

And are you scared in your dreams?

Because in a dream I can start swimming...

Was that feeling similar to a dream? When you

There was this short moment, I don't know if you

No, it's not unpleasant... because I know you are

Is that a bit unpleasant, or?

Here are big, white, similar to bars...

I don't know. I feel many feelings. First I felt...

R What did you feel?

L [laughing]

Y [scream]

B It doesn't matter.

My hands are all wet and sweaty.

My pulse is now on 80. Let's see if it will change.

Suddenly I'm a bit nervous. [laughing]

Oh, I'm very excited.

8.40 PM

The first word that comes up... the first word is fake. Not con-

No hell!... uh-uh... Is it like dying?... Oh, I felt that before.

Ok, we are playing a game now?

The first word that came up. I don't remember... that I felt that way, so it may be that I feel that way now, knowing that I was afraid that it was paper doll house... My father used to call me a faker. I just remembered it. When I was little.

It was really, really realistic. As I said, I am still... I have it up to here.

I am totally sweaty or wet from the sea, whatever.

It was totally shaky, that's for sure.

What is going on?

I'm totally shaky, that's for sure.

What's going on?

I'm totally shaky, that's for sure.

What is going on?

I'm totally shaky, that's for sure.

What is going on?

I'm totally shaky, that's for sure.

What is going on?

I'm totally shaky, that's for sure.

What is going on?
10.45 PM

I've been sitting here for ages, waiting for the ceiling, that you are looking at, to make some sound. I had been admitted over here I didn't think it was sickness. I thought he was sick. And that I was well. Well, all that kept on for about a year and a half maybe even two years, often with times of a feeling that there was something wrong with my life. Things were not turning out the way I'd expected. I don't mean fairy tale stuff, but really, I felt odd and kind of empty. So my husband said... will I/I decided, well, this is different to me, to be somebody else. And so he said: "If you think there is somebody else-- then it is somebody else then comes up with something-- And I thought it must be something other than just having a affair, there must be something legal... legal mess involved. So there is a lot to go into to tell you but the thing that's the hardest is, you have a little bit of confusion in Merlin, and it's just happened to be in the area where my husband works, and was sure it had. And he was terrified concerning they were going to do something worse, so finally I went to the FBI and I talked to a very important person there, and he took me seriously. Well, I was convinced! And he took me so seriously that he called an agent in Merlin and they dragged my husband, not dragged but arranged to have him go up, and he had take a lie detector test, and he came through with flying colours, because he wasn't involved. And the person after there, that had been so very nice to me and was most sympathetic and concerned because I was suffering so, so called me to tell me that my husband was not involved, that they cleared him and I said: He conned you!

I didn't sleep, all summer, I was sure that my husband was gassing me. That it was coming in through the attic or the water towers or such like. And I eventually ended up in a hotel, and I slept in the car on rainy nights. I was still working on my proof positive that my husband was up and needed help. Then in working on that, I stumbled across family snap-shots. And still working... this woman will it all appeared to me that there were images in there, in the family snapshot, some pornographic images... somehow it seems helpful, my husband, under my tool, and really, really corny. Well, anyway this, was going to be the proof positive. When I had these, I called a psychiatrist and made an appointment for my husband, thinking he was indeed ill and here was the final proof. So we could save him from his terrible fate. So we went to a psychiatrist and the psychiatrist talked to me for about 15 minutes and talked to my husband and then he handed my husband the papers for me.

The Psychiatric, by Serge Östeboken (Penguin 1966-67)

11.00 PM

I went to bed early, being so tired. On referring since to the calender in my diary, I see that the day and hour at which I did get into bed are down in the calender as being the exact day and hour of the new moon. Is there really, as superstitiously believed by all nations, any connection between Luna and lunacy? I did not read in bed, but blew out the candle immediately.

The Menstr-, A realistic study of Menstruation from the Menstrual Point of View, by E. Therman (1926)

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Dirty Pictures (Hotel Diaries) by John Smith (2007)
Somniloquies, by Lucien Castaing-Taylor & Véréna Paravel (2017)

The Presence Diaries, by Serge Östeboken (Penguin 1966-67)
coming with a certain restrained curiosity. I was not entirely unaware that something was ailing with my mind. Yet these notions of work, for the writer of work, sat raking their brains in order to rack and utterly wrecker my own with a cruel and unfair Third Degree. Handwriting on the wall has ever struck terror to the hearts of sane men. I remember... And it was a very good night, and an Apache was corresponding. And I think... I remember this was around October, so said all right we'll try to pay more attention to you. And I didn't think it was sickness, as a matter of fact when I was admitted over here I didn't think it was sickness. I thought he was sick. And so the thing was... I was kept on for about a year and a half, only... And you... and I was terribly concerned they were going to go into... to tell the... to tell you. But the thing that climaxed it was that there was a bank... there must be something legal... illegal mess involved. So there is a lot... And so he said « if you think there is somebody else... » And of course he... fairy book stuff, but really, I felt odd and kind of empty. So my husband said... with my life. Things were not turning out the way I'd expected, I don't mean... And that I was well. Well, all that kept on for about a year and a half maybe... 10.00 PM Today is my forty-second day of detention. These six weeks, when I look back, have passed at full speed, and when this day has passed, which will be the same as every other day. I will mark each spot of pure time, to myself. « Only eight more hours and it'll be one more day. » I'm going through each day very slowly, counting almost the minutes, and each day seems never to end, but when I look back, it seems to me that they have gone by so quickly, precisely because there is nothing interesting to pass these days with.

10.20 AM Snail time, snail time, ba-baba snail time, snail time, snail time, ba-baba snail time, snail time, snail time, snail time, snail time, snail time. Human bodies, dismembered and gory, were one of the most common of these. All this may perhaps have been due to the fact that, as a baby, I was very small. But I don't think I was up with... And I thought it was something other than just having an affair, there must be something... illegal mess involved. So there is a lot to go into to tell you. But the thing that climaxed it was that there was a bank... there must be something legal... illegal mess involved. So there is a lot... And so he said « if you think there is somebody else... » And of course he... fairy book stuff, but really, I felt odd and kind of empty. So my husband said... with my life. Things were not turning out the way I'd expected, I don't mean... And that I was well. Well, all that kept on for about a year and a half maybe...
4.00 AM
How much is really needed?
Who needs you in this world?
Will you leave a mark in history?
Do you really have a purpose?
Is your life really meaningful?

4.30 AM
As the day begins anew, you wish to be and do everything differently. Your mind is set on making the most of this day, and you plan to conquer your fears and achieve your goals.

5.00 AM
When you wake up, you feel refreshed and energized. You decide to start your day with a brisk walk and a healthy breakfast. As you take your first steps, you feel a sense of determination and purpose.

6.00 AM
You have a knack for being awake at this hour, and you find the early morning hours to be the most productive time of the day. You have already started your day, and you feel invigorated.

6.40 AM
Am in a kind of gym or barber shop.
At some distance from me, I’m wrapped up in stealth, is being massacred or has had his hair cut. A pharoh is put on for him. It is a record I made amusence – I’m singing an arria (from Bor. Godunov, perhaps), but it is lost.

7.00 AM
I, Zhuangzi, dreamed I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither. The night is very fine. The moon is bright. The stars are twisted in a single sheaf.

8.00 AM
I leave the house, and my daily routine begins. I start my workday at home, but I also make time for exercise and recreation. I am determined to achieve my goals and live a fulfilling life.

10.00 AM
Today is my forty-fourth day of detachment. These six weeks, when I look back, have passed at full speed, and when this day has passed, which will be the same as every other day, I shall mark each spot of time in it at least by no more than twenty-four hours – and it'll be one more day. – I'm going through each day very slowly, counting almost the minutes, and each day seems really corny. Well anyhow, this was going to be the proof positive. When I had these, I called a cause I was suffering so, called me to tell me that my husband was not involved, that they cleared had been so very nice to me and was most sympathetic and concerned be-to be in the area where my husband works, and I was sure it has he. And I was
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The Sleep Experiment

This non-public event will take place over the course of a night to which 20 artists, researchers, writers and students are invited to participate in a series of openly choreographed acts, conversations, performances, sounds and moving images that aims to challenge the very notion of ourselves as autonomous and in control. In the frame of this we are interested in shifting our attention away from the image as a form of representation, to the image as a material of psychic intensities and fields of individuation that enable communication not as a correct exchange of ideas and information, but rather as a clash of forces. By letting images, bodies and minds influence each other over the course of the night we search for temporary moments that allow social structures and identities to be fluid, paradoxical, and open, while at the same time producing an interrelated effect.

18–19 Oct 2019, 20.00–8.00h at Index Foundation, Stockholm

with moving images by Zbynek Baladrá & Barbora Kleinhamplová, Lucian Castaing-Taylor & Verena Paravel, Harun Farocki, Susan Hiller, Václav Kamarád, Chris Krauss, Lap-Sze Lam, Annika Larsson, The Otolith Group and John Smith, as well as performances by JÖLK and Augustin Maurs, and the unveiling of Serge III Oldenburg’s ghost from Archivo Conz.

Non-Knowledge, Laughter and the Moving Image is an artistic research project led by Annika Larsson. The project is funded by the Swedish Research Council and done in collaboration with The Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm and the HFBK – Hochschule für Bildende Künste Hamburg.
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This event was made in collaboration with the Index Foundation and Iaspis, the Swedish Arts Grants Committee’s International Programme for Visual and Applied Artists.

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9.30 PM  About four years ago, as I recall, something seemed different in my life. I had been...