



Title:  
I Am The House, I Said

## COLOPHON

This is a publication of Omstand, space for contemporary art, Arnhem. A magazine is published to go with each exhibition. This edition accompanies the exhibition I Am The House, I Said, from Sept. 28 to Nov. 9, 2024

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I Am The House, I Said

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NL

### Het Powerhouse

Omstand is gevestigd in een voormalige elektriciteitscentrale die in 1927 in gebruik werd genomen en sinds 2015 een platform is voor hedendaagse kunst. Het ligt in een industriegebied aan de rand van de noordelijke helft van Arnhem, dat momenteel een grote transformatie ondergaat: veel oude gebouwen en ruïnes worden gesloopt. Gebouwen die ooit motor- en melkfabrieken, graanschuren en pakhuizen waren. Een paar gebouwen zijn verbouwd en gerenoveerd en herbergen nu kantoren, ateliers en werkplaatsen, maar de meeste staan leeg of bestaan niet meer. Het terrein wordt begrensd door de Rijn, die door Arnhem stroomt en wordt overgestoken door een historische brug op loopafstand van Omstand. Sommige van de voormalige industriële gebouwen zijn bekleed met reliëfs uit de jaren 1920 en 1950, die de inhoud van hun voormalige industriële activiteit op een picturale, soms gecodeerde, soms zeer toegankelijke manier weergeven. Wat zich binnen afspeelde is naar buiten gekeerd, groeit uit de stenen muren, komt eruit

EN



↑ Nora Hansen, *I watched all this in silence*, polychromos crayon on paper, 2024

### The Powerhouse

Omstand is located in a former power station that began operations in 1927 and has been established as a platform for contemporary art since 2015. It is located in an industrial area on the edge of the northern half of Arnhem, which is currently undergoing a major transformation: many old buildings and ruins are in the process of being demolished. Buildings that were once engine and milk factories, granaries and warehouses. A few buildings have been converted and renovated and now house offices, studios and workshops, but most of them are vacant or no longer exist. The site is bordered by the Rhine, which flows through Arnhem and is crossed by a historic bridge within walking distance of Omstand. Some of the former industrial buildings are lined with reliefs from the 1920s and 1950s, which depict the contents of their former industrial activity in a pictorial, sometimes coded, sometimes very accessible way. What happened inside is turned outwards, growing out of the stone walls, emerging from them like an invasion to the

DE

### Das Powerhouse

Omstand ist in einem ehemaligen Elektrizitätswerk beheimatet, das 1927 seinen Betrieb aufnahm und sich seit 2015 als Plattform für zeitgenössische Kunst etabliert hat. Es liegt in einem Industriegebiet am Rande der nördlichen Stadthälfte Arnheims, das derzeit einen großen Wandel durchlebt: viele alte Gebäude und Ruinen sind im Begriff, abgerissen zu werden, Gebäude die ehemals Motoren- und Milchfabriken, Kornspeicher und Lagerhallen waren. Wenige Gebäude wurden genutzt und renoviert, dort sind nun Büros, Ateliers und Werkstätten beheimatet, größtenteils wurden die Häuser jedoch geräumt oder existieren bereits nicht mehr. Das Areal wird vom Rhein begrenzt, der durch Arnhem fließt und über den, fußläufig von Omstand entfernt, eine historische Brücke führt. Einige der ehemaligen industriell genutzten Gebäude sind von Reliefs aus den 1920er und 1950er Jahren gesäumt, die die Inhalte ihrer ehemaligen Betriebsamkeit bildnerisch, teils verschlüsselt, teils zugänglich darstellen.

tevoorschijn als een invasie naar buiten, een figuratie, een representatieve visualisatie van arbeid en diens producten. Hier kan, door middel van kunst, de stem van de zogenaamde tweede industriële revolutie op de drempel van het postindustriële tijdperk in de 20e eeuw worden gehoord. Een overgangsfase waarin de dynamiek tussen natuur en technologie tot op de dag van vandaag intenser wordt. In het licht van deze reliëfs en de industriële woestenij die ze omringt, raken mens en machine mijlenver van elkaar verwijderd en zijn ze tegelijkertijd uitgegroeid tot een onvoorwaardelijke symbiose in de context van de digitalisering die vandaag de dag alomtegenwoordig is.

Op de Onderstation P.G.E.M.-centrale zijn verschillende stenen scènes, symbolen en figuren te zien waarvan de lichamen en gebaren geladen lijken en die duidelijk geëlektriseerd zijn - hun haar staat letterlijk overeind. De bliksemachtige, gekartelde vormen doen denken aan de beeldtaal van pictogrammen, waar bliksem



↑ Nora Hansen, *I am the stone, the sand from which they carefully carve their worship*, polychromos crayon on paper, 2024

outside, a figuration, a representative visualisation of labour and its products. Here, through the means of art, the voice of the so-called second industrial revolution on the threshold of the post-industrial age in the 20th century can be heard. A transitional phase that is still characterised by a constantly intensifying dynamic between nature and technology. In view of these reliefs and the industrial wasteland that surrounds them, human and machine are moving miles away from each other and at the same time have grown into an unconditional symbiosis in the context of digitalisation.

Regarding the Onderstation P.G.E.M. power station, there are several stone scenes, symbols and figures whose bodies and gestures appear to be charged and are obviously electrified - their hair is literally standing on end. The lightning-like, jagged shapes are reminiscent of the visual language of pictograms, where lightning usually indicates danger, or of comics and manga, where similar symbols can symbolise

Das was Innen passierte wird nach außen gestülpt, entwächst den steinernen Mauern, tritt aus ihnen hervor, wie eine Invasion nach Außen, eine Figurwerdung, eine repräsentative Verbildlichung von Arbeit und ihren Erzeugnissen. Hier wird durch die Mittel der Kunst die Stimme der sogenannten zweiten industriellen Revolution auf der Schwelle zum postindustriellen Zeitalter im 20sten Jahrhundert laut. Eine Übergangsphase, die sich in einer bis heute stetig zuspitzenden Dynamik zwischen Natur und Technik befindet. Mensch und Maschine entfernen sich im Anbetracht dieser Reliefs und dem industriellen Brachland das sie umgibt meilenschrittartig voneinander und sind zugleich heute und allgegenwärtig zu einer bedingungslosen Symbiose im Kontext der Digitalisierung verwachsen.

Im Bezug auf das Elektrizitätswerk Onderstation P.G.E.M. findet man einige steinerne Szenen, Symbole und Figuren, deren Körper und Gesten wie aufgeladen oder elektrisiert

meestal op gevaar duidt, of aan strips en manga, waar soortgelijke symbolen woede, kracht, empowerment of zelfs verlichting kunnen symboliseren, maar ook snelheid, botsingen en explosies.

Zelfs zonder kennis van de expressieve reliëfs die Omstand omringen en zijn geschiedenis als voormalige energiecentrale, zul je het huidige gebouw ervaren als een levendige en dynamische plek voor kunst, ontmoetingen, gezelligheid, netwerken en ondersteuning.

*I am the house, I said* is een verhaal, een narratief startpunt dat kunstenaar Nora Hansen ontwierp voor haar tentoonstelling in Omstand. Het introduceert de bezoekers in het scenario dat hen door de tentoonstelling en haar verschillende hoofdstukken en fasen leidt. De verteller neemt het perspectief van het huis aan en doet verslag van een utopische, fantastische gebeurtenis. De verhaallijnen van de tentoonstelling worden gekenmerkt door een verschuiving in de tijd: scènes uit het verleden en futuristische scènes vloeien in elkaar over: *Told from the perspective of the former power station, "I am the house, I said", recounts the arrival of an intricate glass ship to earth. After a period of non-communication the ship appears to make contact in the shape of dreams, tapping the house's stony memory for answers to take home, leaving a pile of garments, drawings and other derelict objects in its wake.* (Nora Hansen)

Onder de titel *I am the house, I said* worden nieuw geproduceerde en bestaande werken van Nora Hansen getoond, waaronder tekeningen op papier en textiel, digitale prints op stofbanen, borduursels, kledingstukken, objecten

anger, strength, empowerment or even enlightenment, but also speed, crashes and explosions.

Even without knowing about the expressive reliefs that surround Omstand and its history as a former power station, you will find the current building to be a lively and dynamic place for art, encounters, socialising, networking and support.

*I am the house, I said* is a story, a narrative starting point that artist Nora Hansen designed for her exhibition in Omstand, which introduces visitors to the scenario that guides them through the exhibition and its various chapters and phases. The narrator assumes the perspective of the house and reports on a utopian, fantastic event. The exhibition's narratives are characterised by shifted temporalities, past and futuristic scenes merge with one another: *Told from the perspective of the former power station, "I am the house, I said", recounts the arrival of an intricate glass ship to earth. After a period of non-communication the ship appears to make contact in the shape of dreams, tapping the house's stony memory for answers to take home, leaving a pile of garments, drawings and other derelict objects in its wake.* (Nora Hansen)

Under the title *I am the house, I said*, newly produced and existing works by Nora Hansen, including drawings on paper and textiles, digital prints on lengths of fabric, embroideries, garments, objects and installations will be shown, which, united in one overarching content-related clamp, form the site-specific narrative. The exhibition also includes paintings and drawings by artists Brieke Drost, Kinke Kooi and Josefine Reisch

sind und offensichtlich unter Strom stehen - die Haare stehen ihnen regelrecht zu Berge. Die blitzartigen, gezackten Formen erinnern an die Bildsprache von Piktogrammen, wo Blitze in der Regel auf Gefahr hindeuten, oder auch von Comics und Mangas, wo ähnliche Symbole ein Zeichen für Zorn, Kraft, Empowerment oder gar Erleuchtung, aber auch Schnelligkeit, Karambolage und Explosion darstellen können.

Auch ohne die Kenntnis über die aussagestarken Reliefs, die Omstand umkreisen und seine Geschichte als ehemaliges Kraftwerk, findet man das gegenwärtige Haus als lebendigen und dynamischen Ort für Kunst, Begegnung, Geselligkeit, Vernetzung und Support vor.

*I am the house, I said* ist eine Geschichte, ein narrativer Ausgangspunkt den die Künstlerin Nora Hansen für ihre Ausstellung in Omstand entworfen hat und der die Besucher\*innen in das Szenario einführt, das durch die Ausstellung und ihre verschiedenen Kapitel und Phasen geleitet. Die Erzähler\*inneninstanz nimmt die Perspektive des Hauses ein und berichtet von einem utopischen, fantastischen Ereignis. Die Narrative der Ausstellung sind von verschobenen Zeitlichkeiten geprägt, Vergangenheit und futuristische Szenen verwachsen miteinander: *Told from the perspective of the former power station, "I am the house, I said", recounts the arrival of an intricate glass ship to earth. After a period of non-communication the ship appears to make contact in the shape of dreams, tapping the house's stony memory for answers to take home, leaving a pile of garments, drawings and other derelict objects in its wake.* (Nora Hansen)

en installaties die, verenigd in één overkoepelend thematisch raamwerk, het site-specific verhaal vormen. De tentoonstelling bevat ook schilderijen en tekeningen van kunstenaars Brieke Drost, Kinke Kooi en Josefine Reisch, evenals een geluidsinstallatie van Mary Lake en een culinaire interventie van Paula Erstmann. Tijdens de opening en finissage vindt er een performatieve wandeling plaats door de buurt rondom Omstand, die bezoekers tijdens de tentoonstelling zelfstandig kunnen volgen aan de hand van een plattegrond (zie bijgevoegde folder).

De tentoonstelling strekt zich uit over de zes tentoonstellingszalen van Omstand en volgt een leesrichting die zich chronologisch naar achteren concentreert. Het glazen paviljoen op de binnenplaats fungeert als een proloog of voorkamer. Deze wordt gevolgd door de betegelde accuruimte, die met zijn heldere, koele en op zichzelf staande structuur lijkt voor te bereiden op de komende inhoud. De Turbineruimte bestaat uit drie kamers die achter elkaar liggen en in elkaar overgaan. De ruimtelijkheid en tegelijkertijd hoekige aard van deze kamers biedt ruimte voor koppeling, verdeling en opeenvolging, maar ook ruimte om vooruit en terug te verwijzen. Een paar honderd meter van het hoofdgebouw, aan het einde van de Broekstraat, staat het transformatorhuisje, een voormalig transformatorstation dat door zijn oorspronkelijke gebruik symbolisch fungeert als brug of katalysator naar de omliggende buurt. Hier wordt een videowerk tentoongesteld dat inzicht geeft in de ontwikkelingsprocessen van het project, de conceptuele achtergrond, de referenties en het locatiegebonden onderzoek.

as well as a sound installation by Mary Lake and a culinary intervention by Paula Erstmann. A performative walk through the neighbourhood surrounding Omstand will take place at the opening and finissage, which visitors can follow independently during the exhibition using a map (see attached leaflet).

The exhibition extends across the six exhibition rooms at Omstand and follows a reading direction that condenses chronologically towards the back. The glass pavilion in the courtyard acts as a prologue or antechamber. It is followed by the tiled battery room, which seems to prepare for the upcoming content with its clear, cool and self-contained structure. The turbine space consists of three rooms stacked one behind the other which merge into each other, offering space for connecting, dividing and sequencing, as well as anticipating and reverting, because of its spacious and simultaneously angular nature. A few hundred metres from the main building, at the end of Broekstraat, stands the little transformer house, a former transformer station which, due to its original use, functions symbolically as a bridge or catalyst into the surrounding neighbourhood. A video work is exhibited here that provides insights into the project's development processes, conceptual background, references and site-specific research.

In her works, Nora Hansen explores the entanglement and interconnectedness of systems. The new drawings in the series *I am the house, I said* bear witness to a thicket, an overloaded interweaving of numerous references, levels of meaning, ordering systems, surveying and structuring

Unter dem Titel *I am the house, I said*, werden neu produzierte und bestehende Werke von Nora Hansen, Zeichnungen auf Papier und Textil, digitale Drucke auf Stoffbahnen, Stickereien, Kleidungsstücke, Objekte und Installationen gezeigt, die sich hier gemeinsam in einer übergreifenden inhaltlichen Klammer, dem ortsbezogenen Narrativ einfügen. Überdies umfasst die Ausstellung Malereien und Zeichnungen der Künstlerinnen Brieke Drost, Kinke Kooi und Josefine Reisch sowie eine Soundinstallation von Mary Lake und eine kulinarische Intervention von Paula Erstmann. Zur Eröffnung und Finissage findet ein performativer Spaziergang durch das Omstand umgebende Viertel statt, der während der Laufzeit der Ausstellung von den Besucher\*innen anhand einer Karte selbstständig begangen werden kann (siehe beigefügtes Faltblatt).

Die Ausstellung erstreckt sich über die sechs Ausstellungsräume Omstands und folgt einer Leserichtung, die sich chronologisch nach hinten hinaus verdichtet. Der gläserne Pavillon im Hof fungiert als Prolog oder Vorzimmer. Es folgt der gekachelte Akku-Raum, der in seiner klaren, kühlen und in sich abgeschlossenen Struktur auf die kommenden Inhalte vorzubereiten scheint. Die Turbinenkammer besteht aus drei hintereinander gestaffelten und ineinander übergehenden Räumen und bietet durch ihre Weitläufigkeit und gleichzeitig verwinkelte Beschaffenheit Platz für Verknüpfung und Verteilung, Reihung sowie Vor- und Rückgriffe. Wenige hundert Meter von dem Hauptgebäude entfernt, am Ende der Broekstraat liegt das Traföhäuschen, eine ehemalige Transformatorstation, die symbolisch, auf Grund ihres ursprünglichen

Nora Hansen onderzoekt in haar werk de verstrengeling en onderlinge verbondenheid van systemen. De nieuwe tekeningen in de serie *I am the house, I said* getuigen van een woud van verwijzingen, een overladen verweving van talloze referenties, betekenisniveaus, ordeningsystemen, landmeetkundige en structurerende principes, synaptische verbindingen en onontwarbare verstrengelingen. Te zien zijn paddestoelen, borduurkaarten, printplaten, details van elegante kledingstukken en florale in fysieke fragmenten die samensmelten tot een weelderige stortvloed van verschillende beeld- en betekenisniveaus, die vaak samenkomen in een symmetrische als om een ornamentale climax te vormen, zogenaamd gespiegeld, voltooid en gemanifesteerd in een beschermende lijst.

De gefragmenteerde huizen in de tekeningen van Kinke Kooi zijn omgeven door een gloeiende, glinsterende aura. Ze belichten de duisternis van binnenuit. Het gepersonifieerde huis is hier het magische toevluchtsoord van een heks, een bewoond lichaam, een plek vol glinsterende

principles, synaptic connections and inextricable entanglements. On display are mushrooms, embroidery cards, circuit boards, details of elegant items of clothing as well as floral and physical fragments that coalesce into an opulent deluge of different levels of image and meaning, often coming together in a symmetrical axis to form an ornamental climax, supposedly mirrored, completed and manifested in a protective frame.

The fragmented houses in Kinke Kooi's drawings are surrounded by a glowing, shimmering aura. They glow into the darkness from within. The personified house here is the magical retreat of a witch, an inhabited body, a place full of shimmering treasures, like Brieke Drost creates in her small-format paintings. Josefine Reisch's paintings deal with the concept of the dowry, a transaction of gifts and household goods as part of a marriage. An exchange from house to house, intended to settle the new foundation of a household in the context of traditional values.



↑ Nora Hansen, *Pearls became arrows, the smooth body grew thorns*, polychromos crayon on paper, 2024

Nutzens, wie eine Brücke oder ein Katalysator in das umliegende Viertel hinein fungiert. Hier wird eine Videoarbeit ausgestellt, die Einblicke in die Entstehungsprozesse, konzeptionellen Hintergründe, Referenzen und ortsbezogenen Recherchen des Projektes gewährt.

Nora Hansen setzt sich in ihren Arbeiten mit der Verschränkung und Vernetztheit von Systemen auseinander. Die neuen Zeichnungen der Serie *I am the house, I said* zeugen von einem Dickicht, eine überladene Verwobenheit etlicher Referenzen, Bedeutungsebenen, Ordnungssystemen, Vermessungsgrundlagen, Gliederungsprinzipien, synaptischen Zusammenhängen und unlösbare Verstrickungen. Zu sehen sind Pilze, Stickkarten, Platinen, Details von eleganten Kleidungsstücken, florale und körperliche Fragmente, die zu einer opulenten Überflutung verschiedener Bild- und Bedeutungsebenen zusammenwachsen, sich oft in einer symmetrischen Achse zu einem ornamentalen Höhepunkt zusammenfinden, vermeintlich



↑ Nora Hansen, *I shield best I can, I record, and I remember*, polychromos crayon on paper, 2024

schatten, zoals Brieke Drost ze creëert in haar schilderijen op klein formaat. De schilderijen van Josefine Reisch gaan over het concept van de bruidsschat, een transactie van geschenken en huisraad als onderdeel van een huwelijk. Een uitwisseling van huis tot huis, bedoeld om de nieuwe basis van een huishouden te vestigen in de context van traditionele waarden.

In de achterste kamer van de turbineruimte lokt de compositie van Mary Lake ons naar het binnenste van het gepersonifieerde huis, diep in het lichaam, dat wordt gevuld en opgewarmd met voedsel door Paula Erstmans culinaire interventie

De historische architecturen van Omstand zetten ons aan tot nadenken over de oorsprong en de componenten van energieopwekking en -voortstuwing, energiedistributie en netwerken. Energie komt in verschillende vormen vrij, als een dynamisch proces dat een structuur van energie voorziet. Wat zijn de energiebronnen van artistieke productie en wat zijn de structuren en netwerken die deze ondersteunen,

In the furthest room of the turbine space, Mary Lake's composition lures us into the innermost part of the personified house, deep into its body, which is filled and warmed up with food in the course of Paula Erstmann's culinary intervention.

The historical architectures of Omstand encourage us to reflect on the origins and components of energy generation and propulsion, energy distribution and networks. Energy is released in various forms, as a dynamic process energising a structure. What are the energy sources of artistic production and what are the structures and networks that support, favour and drive it? In a capitalist, neoliberal society, what facilitates the subversive forms of networking and creative community building?

The Omstand 'house' is nourished by the energies of the exhibited artworks. In the context of *I am the house, I said*, it is the exchange of artistic voices with one another and with the house itself, that meets in the rooms, sometimes

spiegeln und in einem schützenden Rahmen abgerundet und manifestiert werden.

Die fragmentierten Häuser auf Kinke Koois Zeichnungen sind von einer glühenden, flirrenden Aura umgeben. Sie leuchten von innen heraus in die Dunkelheit. Das personifizierte Haus ist hier der magische Rückzugsort einer Hexe, ein bewohnter Körper, ein Ort voller schimmernder Kostbarkeiten, wie sie Brieke Drost auf ihren kleinformatischen Malereien entstehen lässt. Josefine Reischs malerische Arbeiten setzen sich mit dem Konzept der Mitgift auseinander, einem Gabentausch von Gütern und Hausrat im Zuge einer Heirat, einem Austausch von Haus zu Haus, der im Kontext traditioneller Werte die Neugründung eines Hausstandes besiedeln soll.

In den hintersten Raum der Turbinenkammer lockt die Komposition Mary Lakes in das Innerste des personifizierten Hauses, tief in seinen Körper hinein, der im Zuge der kulinarischen Intervention von Paula Erstmann mit Speisen gefüllt und aufgewärmt wird.

bevorderen en aandrijven? Wat garandeert in een kapitalistische, neoliberale samenleving de subversieve vormen van netwerken en creatieve gemeenschapsvorming?

Het Omstand huis wordt gevoed door de energie van de tentoongestelde kunstwerken. In de context van *I am the house, I said*, is het de uitwisseling van artistieke stemmen met elkaar en met het huis zelf, die samenkomen in de kamers, soms in elkaar grijpend of elkaar aanvullend in dialoog - een verbinding die al vaker vruchtbare en plezierige eerste vonken heeft ontstoken in eerdere processen, eerdere samenwerkingen en vriendschappen tussen de deelnemers.

Net zoals de Rijn, niet ver van Omstand, met zijn krachtige stroom in golvende serpentijnlijnen de steden Keulen en Arnhem verbindt, worden in het 'Powerhouse' van Omstand de energieën van de kunstwerken gevangen en voor een moment samengebracht, om ze vervolgens weer, individueel of samen, verder te laten stromen.

Tekst: Lisa Klosterkötter  
Vertaling uit Duits naar Nederlands en Engels:  
Willeke van Ravenhorst

interlocking or complementing each other in dialogue - a connection that has already ignited fruitful and pleasurable initial sparks in past processes, previous collaborations and friendships between the participants.

Just like the Rhine, not far from Omstand, connects the cities of Cologne and Arnhem with its powerful current in undulating serpentine lines, the energies of the artistic works are captured in Omstand's Powerhouse, where they are brought together for a moment, only to soon let them flow out again, whether individually or together.

Text: Lisa Klosterkötter  
Translation from German into Dutch and English: Willeke van Ravenhorst

Die historischen Architekturen von Omstand regen dazu an, über die Ursprünge und Bestandteile von Energieerzeugung und Antrieb, über Energieverteilung und Netzwerke nachzudenken. Energie wird in verschiedenen Formen freigesetzt, als ein dynamischer Prozess, der eine Struktur mit Triebkraft versorgt. Was sind die Energiequellen künstlerischer Produktion und was die Strukturen und Netzwerke, die diese unterstützen, befürworten und vorantreiben? Wodurch werden in einer kapitalistischen, neoliberalen Gesellschaft die subversiven Formen der Vernetzung und des Aufbaus von kreativer Gemeinschaft gewährleistet?

Das Haus Omstand nährt sich von jenen Energien der ausgestellten Kunstwerke. Im Rahmen von *I am the house, I said* ist es der Austausch der künstlerischen Stimmen untereinander und mit dem Haus selbst, die teilweise ineinandergreifend oder sich dialogisch ergänzend in den Räumen zusammentreffen - eine Verbindung die bereits in zurückliegenden Prozessen, in vorherigen Kollaborationen und Freundinnenschaften zwischen den Beteiligten frucht- und lustvoll initiale Funken entzündete.

Wie der Rhein unweit von Omstand entfernt die Städte Köln und Arnhem durch seinen kraftvollen Strom in welligen Schlangenlinien verbindet, werden im Powerhouse von Omstand die Energien der künstlerischen Arbeiten eingefangen und für einen Moment zusammengeführt, um sie bald wieder einzeln oder gemeinsam weiterfließen zu lassen.

Text: Lisa Klosterkötter  
Übersetzung von Deutsch ins Niederländische und Englische: Willeke van Ravenhorst

OPERATIONg instructions and manual  
instruction manual for Industrial  
knitting Machines, Data unknow,  
found at Treignac Project, CORRÈZE, FRANCE



Gijs Jacobs vanden Hof,  
Ornaments and keystones,  
ca. 1928, on the facade of PGEM's  
'Substation'

Onderstation PGEM as it looked  
in early '90s



Reliefs on the outside wall of  
the former office building of PGEM

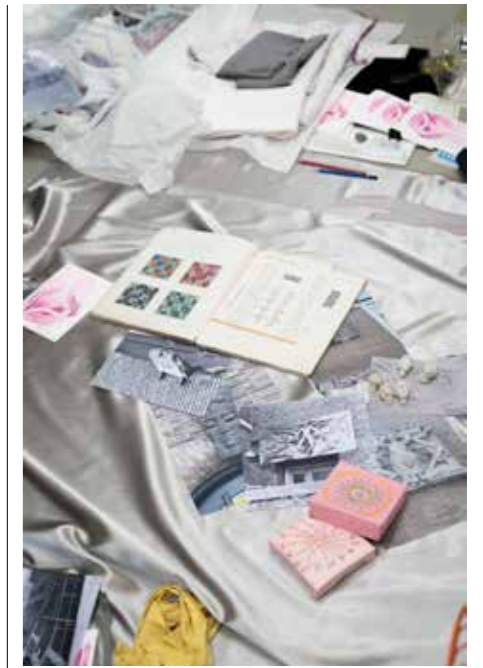


Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, Voltaalring, 1954,  
is located on the facade of the dairy  
factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coperco)

FACADE ORNAMENTS  
designed by four  
different artists...

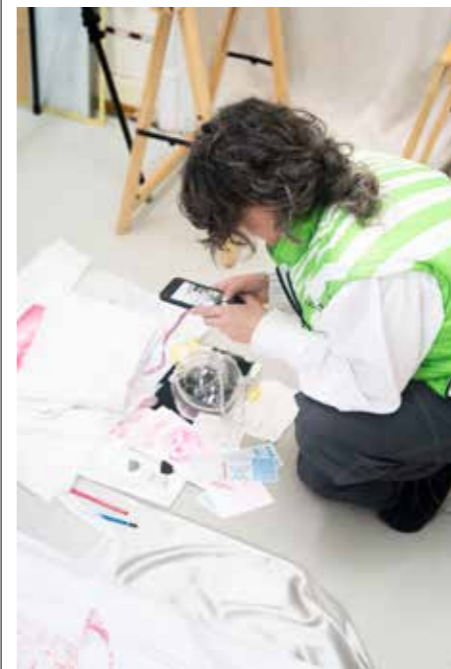
Relief on the front of  
Onderstation PGEM...





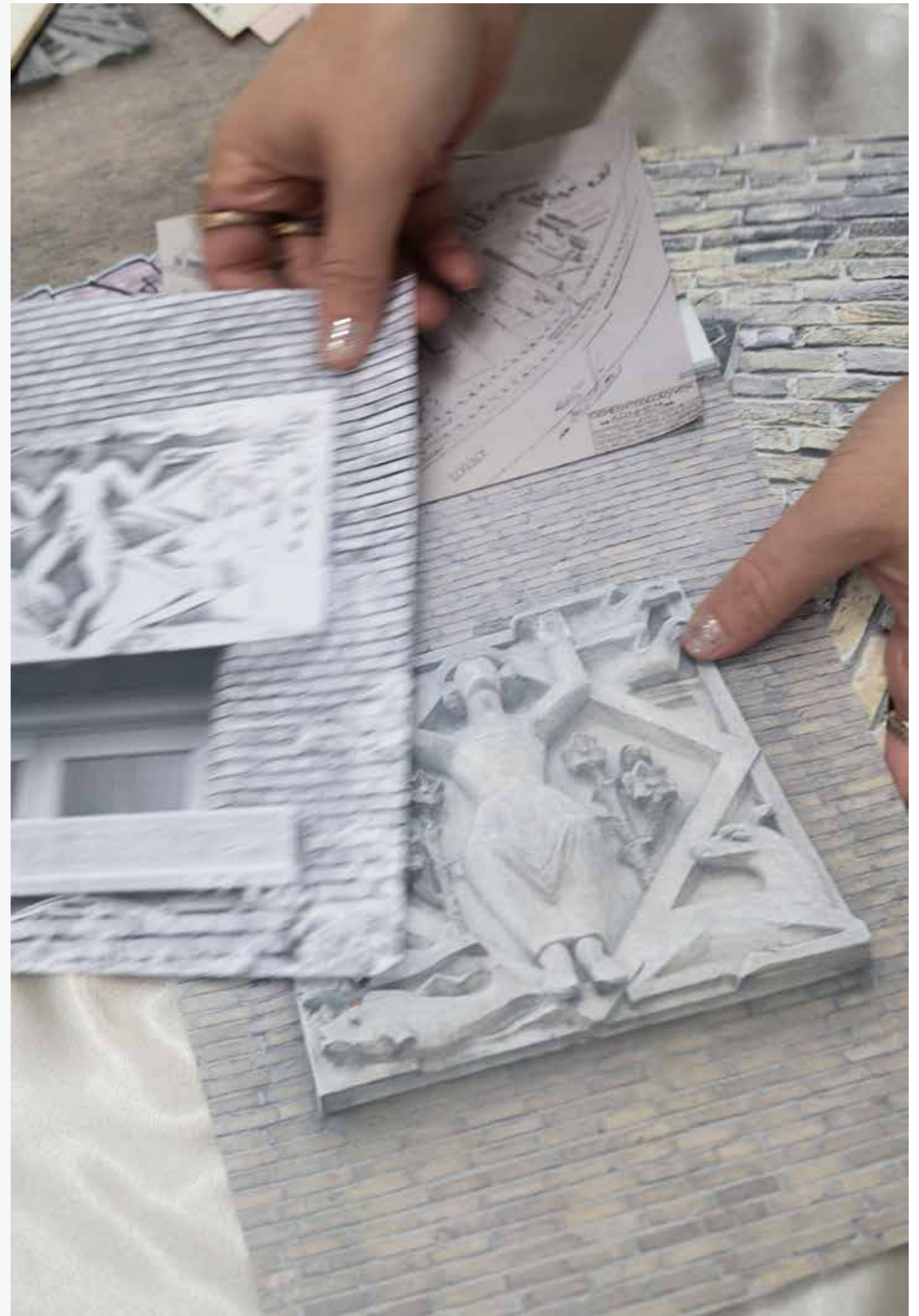
Pattern Charts for  
Industrial knitting machines  
Date unknown, found at  
Treignac Projet, Corrèze, France.





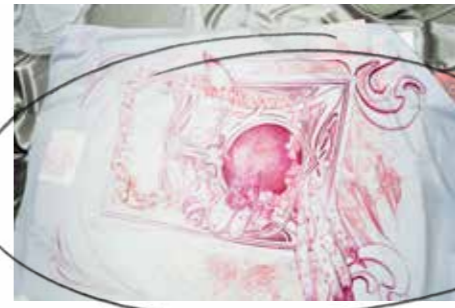
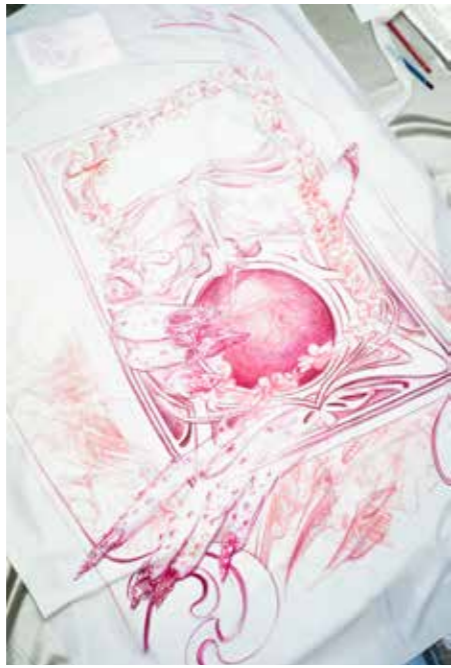
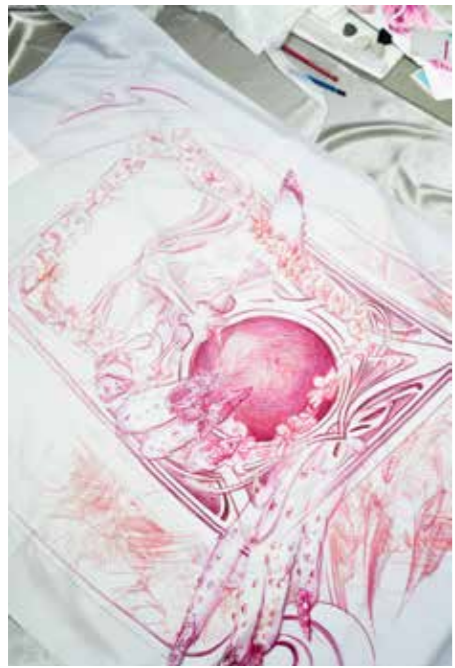
Operating instructions and manual  
instruction manual for industrial  
knitting machines, data unknown,  
found at Treignac Project, Corrèze, France







Nora Hansen, my stony skin and mettles bones polychromos crayon on Polyester Satin. 2024.



Cover Image?



Found Object, GLASS, Date and artist unknown.



Nora Hansen, drawings (geom the series I Am The House, I said), digital print on U-Circular Silk Satin, 2024





## I AM THE HOUSE, I SAID

### PROLOGUE

I am the house, I said.  
I am the stone,  
the sand  
from which they carefully carve their  
worship.

I am the house, I said.  
Plants and trees and animals,  
layers of life condensed,  
burned hot,  
melted into shape.

I am the house, I said.  
I shield best I can,  
I record,  
and I remember.

As I remember the time they came,  
in their ship made of glass.

I am the house, I said.  
Take what you must  
and leave what you can.

### CHAPTER 1

„You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees or the stars.“ Max Ehrmann

The pearl-covered ship landed on the most sultry afternoon that summer. In the papery heat, I watched the round glass shape glide silently towards me with an indifference only granted to the old. Strings of pearls hung from the sides, spilling out of perfectly formed clusters on the top half of the crystalline mold. I counted two hundred and six glass beads that day.

The ship seemed to both shimmer and reflect, so that I could look through it and straight at the reflection of my stony skin and mettle bones. The slow descent ended abruptly, causing the glass spheres and pearls to jiggle softly while the ship floated just above the ground. One by one, the strings of pearls detached with a soft hydraulic hiss and floated weightlessly toward the scorched red sand of the courtyard.

I watched in silence.

I watched in silence as one by one they slid down the pearl strings. I watched their feet touch the ground with a soft, sucking sound as they uncurled, unfurled and inflated their bodies. I watched their willful efficiency, their synchronized movements. I watched them assemble, unpack and unstrap.

I watched all this in silence. Until they made me speak.

### CHAPTER 2

Of course this was just one of many forms that the ship took on over time. Pearls became arrows, the smooth body grew thorns. After their first visit, they came often and never stayed long. Each time they probed, tapped, pierced and licked my walls, trying to understand the deep secrets hidden in my flesh-coloured stones. Each time they left, I felt an intense sense of loss, even though I could never be sure of what they had taken. Only the feeling that I had irretrievably lost something private and moist lingered in my soul.

Soon their vessels were filled and their equipment had no space for further recordings. Still they scraped at my skin until stones fell out in large chunks.

At night, their instruments remained untouched, at night my stomach grew silent and my eyes dimmed their glow. At night I dreamt.

### CHAPTER 3

<sup>1</sup>  
The first dream came to me draped in fabric. I floated along walls of tightly folded, velvety textiles. The sheets hung and formed the facade, chambers and hallway of a house floating in

an undefined, inky black space. I marveled at the structure, its delicacy, construction and beauty. A feeling of sheer horror spread through me when I realized that all its doors and windows were unlocked. Unable to move, I stood stunned by the unknown and the impending danger of all that lay outside.

### CHAPTER 4

The dreams became more frequent and recurred every night until the ship departed. They entered them and watched me, I could feel their presence, strong and curious. They kept in the shadows and corners, just out of sight, alerting me to their presence only through flickers and glimpses, like a claw quickly withdrawn or a subtle shift in the blurred edges.

In my dreams, I roamed and wandered, I walked the streets, but never alone. In my dreams they talked to me, and I talked to them. I came to understand them more and more, they longed to understand.

### CHAPTER 5

The second dream came to me in the shape of three poems, each sweet and pale yellow.

<sup>2</sup>  
Warm soft skin  
sweet warm milk  
little fingers that pinch, squeeze,  
knuckle

3 seconds or is it 5 (?), full of sorrow  
I am being sucked dry

I hold the small in my arms, try to grasp the big  
protect, feed, nourish, drain

I am the house of mortality.

<sup>3</sup>  
Once there was a house  
Now there isn't  
There is a house  
And then there isn't  
There will always be a house  
Different shapes swallowed by light  
Shades emerging in panic  
Floating in my dreams  
Dreams that should comfort me  
To give me shelter

<sup>4</sup>  
I love flowers, especially creepers.  
They have this bonding quality:  
they curl around everything and are dependant. That's why in decoration they are used a lot, such as on scarfs and wall pape.  
Decoration needs something to go around, an edge, a door, an opening, a body.

Dependency is mostly seen as something smothering:  
bonding - bondage...

I once read in a fashion magazine:  
.. Wearing a flower dress doesn't mean you cannot make decisions.' So funny that a flower is considered indecisive.

### CHAPTER 6

<sup>5</sup>  
In the third dream, the world was ending. It was too early to know, but the signs were almost biblical. The light had changed from the usual neutral tone to an orange hue, deep and rich. It lasted 24 hours, only slightly dimming during the early morning hours. In the orange light of the dying sun, something moved underneath the skin of my outstretched arms. I looked at it in horror. My skin broke open, and insects crawled into sight, taking off into the glimmering air. Dragonflies the size of my hands freed themselves dauntlessly from my aching body. I felt the touch of someone's hand on my shoulder. A woman's face appeared, not old or young, silencing my raging questions. She helped me mount a broom, and together, we flew to the top of the highest mountain. It overviewed the rest of the flat land, slowly turning into a chaotic frenzy. Up there, a group of women gathered. One after the other arrived

through the sky. An anxious nervousness lay in the air. A deep knowing of what would become. An excitement. Down there lay the city I didn't feel part of anymore. The air was electric. It sizzled, it crackled. I felt my hair slowly lifting until each pointed straight to the sky—a halo connecting me to the other women's hair and the elements that had fallen out of order. We witnessed the last twitching of the earth. Waiting for a new world to begin.

### CHAPTER 7

In the fourth dream I saw myself. Everything felt so deceptively real that only toward the end I realized I was dreaming.

<sup>6</sup>  
I look through the gap in the wall above the door into the courtyard, it is cold and late, no one is crossing the square, no children are shouting, no dishes are clattering, no more leaves falling. I can rest my chin comfortably on the windowsill. I breathe in deeply so that the stone walls bulge outwards, the grey-brown bricks are pressed apart. Then, as I breathe out, they are thrown together, clattering against each other like a collapsed house of cards, and find themselves back in their original position. I am breathing in and breathing out into the cold night.

### CHAPTER 8

The last dream came to me after a period of non-communication so lasting, I started to think they had left for good. This dream was long and so beautiful I woke with tear stained eyes.

<sup>7</sup>  
The way she's laying there untouched. Or not untouched but touched, but unmoved. Or not unmoved but moved, but untouchable. Reclining and smizing, looking into the lens. Lens as in the eyes of GJ, as in his eyesight, his vision. In the eyes of him lies the innocence of this woman. She isn't disappointed in him, in fact she likes him a lot.

He did not leave the bed in the middle of sex because he had to go somewhere. It wasn't her he pulled his penis out of after she laid on her belly, saying to him he shouldn't come inside of her but he did it anyway. GJ doesn't mind using condoms, indeed he initiates them. He knows where she's at in her cycle, because she talks quite a lot about hormones as they influence her greatly. And he is interested to hear more about hormones because, *you know*, testosterone is a mood stabilizer so he can only imagine how it must be for her to be moved and unmoved by the different phases successively. Also: "is she comfortable on that rock?"

GJ hand-chiseled that rock for her. A rock to drape upon, to recline, to smize. She's very easy, very comfortable, very shy leo. The rock cradles her, *in a way*. His glances... She likes to be looked at by him, she doesn't hold her belly in for him, for most men yes, but for him no. She doesn't hold in her tears for him. He knows by now: tears do not only mean sadness, they also mean: happy, confused, touched and untouched.

Over the course of the making of her sculpture he chisels away at her body. He rubs the nipples of stone continuously with his strong calloused thumbs to see if they're smooth. And after weeks of chiseling, looking at her nipples, stepping back, turning his head, sanding dust piles on the studio floor, they are smooth.

He never *not* texts her back, he always texts back. And if he is busy in the workshop, running some errands or sketching a new facade in his notebook, he writes that to her:

*baby i'm back in the install mayhem*

*will find you when my feet touch ground again, it's a lil hecccccitic sending big ass looove*

He never came unannounced to her in the pouring rain, straight from an afterparty without telling her he was high. Never did he invite her over to his house, but the sheets covering his mattress on the floor had a blood stain on it, so she had to wiggle around it, so as not to touch the stain. And never did he only have one pillow on his bed so she had to claim the only pillow and he had to lay his head to rest on the childhood teddy bear of his room mate. He never sent her via text:

*i'm done texting  
wanna kms  
anyways*

So she never had to block him on WhatsApp, on Soundcloud, on Gmail and put her IG on Private. In fact, he sends her things like:

*you go write and stop procrastinating  
haha xxxxxxxx*

And

*have you had lunch today?*

They're sharing a cigarette from the open window, sharing insecurities, he says "I'm glad you're finally dating someone kind of normal". She only wants to date the kind and horny type now. She wants to recline for him and smize at him, eyes locking back and forth. It made her cry a little, and he knew those tears were not for sadness, but for comfort. For comfort as in relief, relief as in being able to breathe.

### CHAPTER 9

One day the ship departed and never returned, the wintery sunlight glistened purple on its shiny surface as it slipped out of sight. The dreams disappeared with them, I missed them at first, but not for long. As I am too proud, too stubborn, too wise to miss anything for long.

### EPILOGUE

These days my stones are brittle,  
my floorboards creak,  
my tiles they bristle.

Wood became gold,  
gold became oil,  
oil became energy,  
and energy became everything.

I am the house, I said and crumbled.

IMAGE  
*I Am The House, I Said*  
by Nora Hansen, 2024

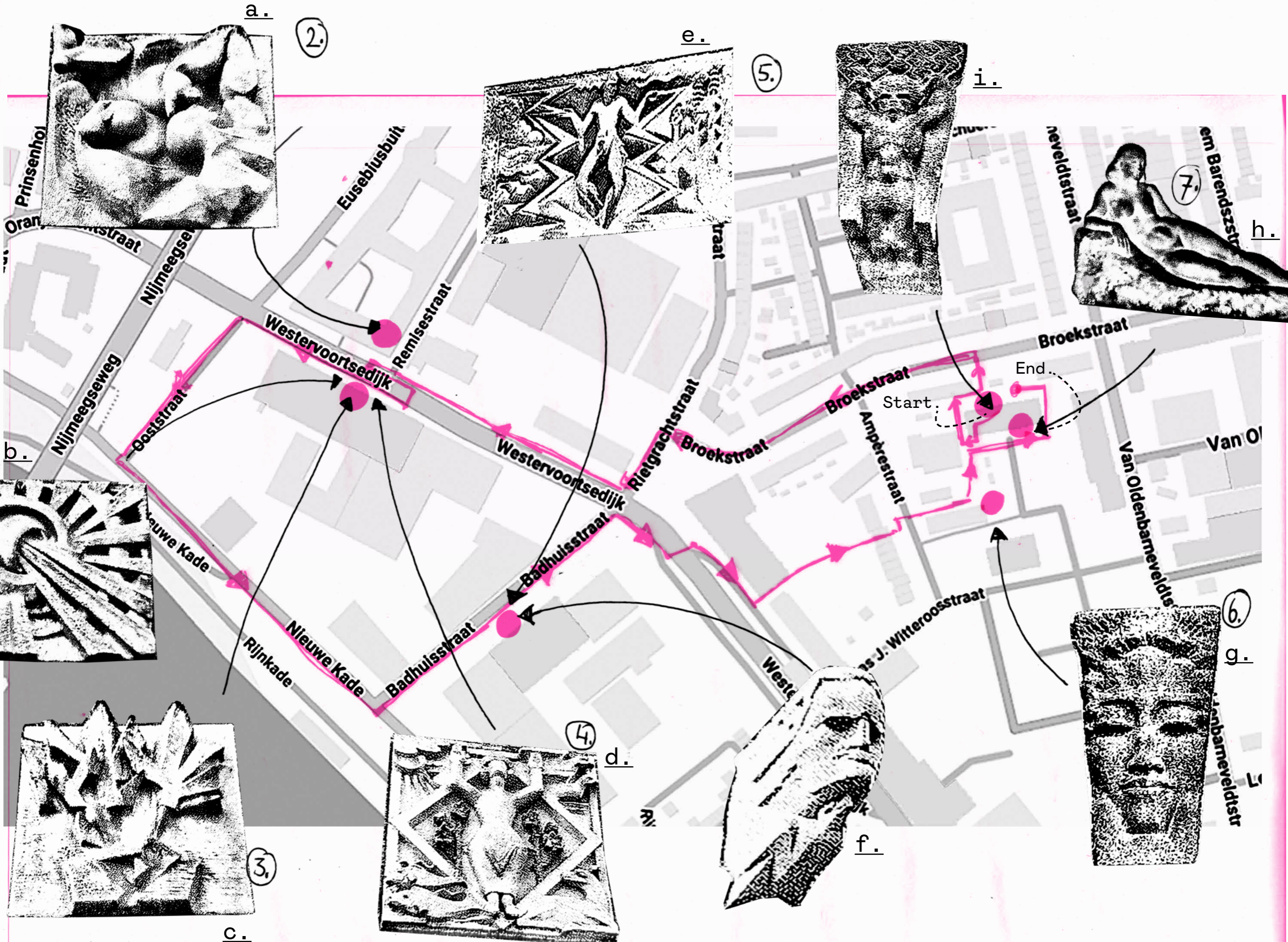
Curated by Lisa Alice Klosterkötter

GRAPHIC DESIGN  
studio Corine van der Wal

RISOPRINT  
riso wiso

DREAMS BY  
1 Nora Hansen  
2 Lisa Alice Klosterkötter, 2024  
3 Brieke Drost, 2024  
4 Kinke Kooi, written for the publication *Post Tropical* by Talisa Lallai, publishes by Bom Dia Boa Tarde Boa Noite, 2024  
5 Rosanna Graf, 2024  
6 Lisa Alice Klosterkötter, 2024  
7 Frederique Pisuise, 2024

Publishes and performed for *I Am The House, I Said*, Omstand-Space for Contemporary Art, Arnhem, 28. September -9. November 2024



a. (2)



e. (5)



i.



h. (7)



b. (3)



c. (3)



d. (4)



f.



g. (6)

g.

f.



This map will guide you on a walk around the neighborhood of Omstand. The numbers 1-7 marked in the map are assigned to the individual dreams told in the text *I Am The House, I Said*.

The letters a-i in the map are assigned to the information on the historical reliefs shown in the images.

The individual dreams were written in correspondence with the historical reliefs.

The walk was conceptualised by artist Nora Hansen and curator Lisa Alice Klosterkötter as part of the exhibition *I am the House, I said* at Omstand - Space for contemporary art and connects the exhibition space with the surrounding public space and neighbourhood. The marked trail follows the route of the accompanying text by Nora Hansen with contributions by Brieke Drost, Rosanna Graf, Lisa Alice Klosterkötter, Kinke Kooi and Frederique Pisuisse. The text *I Am The House, I said* can be read during the walk on the attached poster.

a.  
unknown artist, estimated in the 1950s, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

b.  
Albert Diekerhof, *solar power*, estimated in the 1950s, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

c.  
John Grosman, *Chaos*, estimated in the 1950s, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

d.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, *Voltooiing*, 1954, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

e.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, 1927-1929, relief on the outside wall of the former office building of P.G.E.M., Arnhem

f.  
unknown artist, relief on the outside wall of the former office building of P.G.E.M., Arnhem

g.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, *Ornaments and keystones*, ca. 1928, on the facade of the former transformer station P.G.E.M., Arnhem

h.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, unknown year of origin, Gelderland's collection

i.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, unknown year of origin, relief on the front facade of the former transformer station P.G.E.M., Arnhem

a.  
John Grosman, *Cosmos*, French limestone, 180x180cm, estimated between 1954-57, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

b.  
Albert Diekerhof, *zonnekracht / solar power*, French limestone, 180x180cm, estimated between 1954-57, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

c.  
Jan Teulings, *ontluiking / blossoming*, French limestone, 180x180cm, estimated between 1954-57, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

d.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, *levensbloei / the bloom of life*, French limestone, 180x180cm, estimated between 1954-57, on the facade of the dairy factory C.A.M.I.Z. (later Coberco), Arnhem

e.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, 1927-1929, relief on the outside wall of the former office building of P.G.E.M., Arnhem

f.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, *Sculpted head* on the outside wall of the former office building of P.G.E.M., Arnhem

g.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, *Ornaments and keystones*, ca. 1928, on the facade of the former transformer station P.G.E.M., Arnhem

h.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, unknown year of origin, Gelderland's collection, the Province of Gelderland

i.  
Gijs Jacobs van den Hof, *Mannenfiguur met 'bliksempruik' / Male figure with 'lightning wig'*, 1925-1927, keystone on the main entrance / front facade of the former transformer station P.G.E.M., Arnhem