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Pocket book

MA thesis

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There is a void.

The void is created by a form.

The form can fill the entire space or it can move around to create a space.

So a form inhabits a space.

It delineates the space.

We can look at this form as a semi-fictional and autobiographical protagonist.

The parameters of the room are created according to this form. Moving around there, our main character experiences it again, and through that, space is recreated on a daily basis. The form that experiences space, and the space created by the experience of that form, are in a symbiotic relationship. One cannot exist without the other. The form lays down and creates a space for a bed. It folds a space up and opens it again. It moves along the skirting board of a wall. Moving along some material the form takes some of it. Creating new elongated spaces in the form of itself. It creates a frame and sits down.

Johannes Luik, 05.11.2021, Chair, Kitchen, Apartment, Tallinn, Estonia¹

1 Introduction from the publication for my solo exhibition “I Remember What Was Yesterday Tomorrow”

Prologue (The discovery of the pocket)

So I fill the emptiness of a designed and delineated piece of space. I inhabit it. I move through other areas, rooms and spaces into a designated spot. I now define this as the place I am in. I used one leg after the other to rhythmically thump through matter. The beating of my steps started to correlate with the pulsating throbs of my blood rushing through my body. I am walking. I push away air particles that stand in my way and they create a smooth flow around my body. I don't acknowledge it every time. I remember when I shaved my head. I could feel the air move along my skull while I walked along a corridor. I would turn my head a little bit and I would feel how my body is in motion. I could close my eyes and the small flow of air on my head would guide me. I knew which way I was walking. I think this is one example of an experience where I feel myself being in a dialogue with my surroundings. I stop. I do not move.

Wait a second. Where are we? How did we get here? Did we just get parachuted in the middle of nowhere? Can stories start from the middle? Well, stories always start from the middle. The classical hero's journey usually starts from something but there was always the premise that was before. Something was before and then something else started using the potential of the premise. We could try to create

our own story and build our own world but with everything we will still build on top of already created situations, concepts, worlds and words.

Anyway, I stand still. I probably have some micro-movements happening on the outer layer of my body and let's be honest the insides never stop moving. There is constantly something going on. If somebody would look at me they would say something like: "Hey! Look at that guy just standing there" or ask a question "Why is Johannes just standing there?" I don't think they would say anything about my small movements while stationary and I doubt the question about space would arise. Maybe if I would stand in a really strange place like on a table or facing a wall. But then the objects I am interacting with would become more important. "Why that table" or "Why that wall". So I am in a space. A space that was created before I arrived. I have been in spaces all my life. There has never been a moment in my life where I have not been in a space. And I am good at understanding these spaces because of that. I have gathered knowledge like everyone else. So physically I might be standing in this place right now. But at the same time in my memories I am standing in every space I have ever stood. I walk through every space I have ever walked through. I sit on every chair I have ever sat on. And I sleep on every bed I have ever slept on. But most of this is done in the back of my head. I could try to

define and compare certain spaces like George Perec who lists down everything he remembers² or all the beds he has slept in.³ But I would then mostly talk about their visual attributes. How the height seems the same as another space I once was in. How the chair has the same colour and design as the one I have at home or how the floor has a similar pattern as my grandmother's kitchen once had. Our language and sight are connected like that. But the way the floor feels and the way I feel in the space is harder to explain. So what do I do next? I look around. I think about how the clothes feel on my body - weighing me down just a little bit. I feel the socks and shoes around my feet. I try to recall the feeling of how I walk on the wooden floor of my home. How the material seems somehow warm and soft. The way the bottom of my foot scrapes along the texture of the wood. Right now I just feel the socks. I close my eyes and breathe in. The air smells of something - probably the food. I am in the ground floor lobby of the Estonian Academy of Arts. There are people passing by me. Some say hey or give me a nod and others just pass by without noticing me. I put my left hand in my coat's left pocket and I FEEL something.

2 Perec, G. *I remember*

3 Perec, G. *Species of Spaces*

*“In a field
I am the absence
of field.
This is
always the case.
Wherever I am
I am what is missing.*

*When I walk
I part the air
and always
the air moves in
to fill the spaces
where my body’s been.*

*We all have reasons
for moving.
I move
to keep things whole.”⁴*

4 “Keeping Things Whole” from Selected Poems. Copyright © 1979, 1980 by Mark Strand. Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group

A _____ to be filled.

The text you are reading is autobiographical but semi-fictional in nature. The events have been changed or even made up completely. The story is composed by an unreliable narrator who is trying to push his agenda. The text becomes a weapon to be used for his benefit.⁵ But the narrator is otherwise an OK guy. He has his beliefs and interests. And through this text he is trying to convey some of his thoughts. Let's say he is me. But at the same time not. Because I am sitting at a computer right now moving in actual spaces and perceiving time linearly. While on the other hand this character is bound to these pages. Able to move from one place to the other momentarily and also jump in time. I would even argue that he experiences time circularly. Experiencing and re-experiencing everything again and again every time while someone is reading this. Even though he is a character, the narrator and also me, this text will still mostly talk about pockets. The word pocket keeps recurring. To be precise the word pocket with its different forms is written down 166 times in this text. And let's say there were more pockets that didn't make the text. I really wanted to name this section of the thesis also pockets. But then I felt that I ran out of pockets for this text. I

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Made you look

know I just said there were more of them that didn't make the text. But those are for another time.

The moment I start writing this text, I do not know what it will be. Neither do I know how long I will write. Will I end after this sentence or the next one. Will there be an end. Well not yet. Yes I am still here - writing. So the text is continuing. And through this something is made. It does not exist as a readymade. Somehow when we think about an artwork, then a lot of the time we see something that is structured and ready. A piece. A piece that can be seen as a thing in itself. Rather than a fluid and constantly changing entity. It can be a painting, a sculpture, a video, a piece of text and so on. Something that connects them all is the idea of the finish line. A moment in time when it is ready. I am not saying that things shouldn't be ready. Not at all. Most of the things I like are things that are ready - an apple, the time to go to bed, a finished book, a plane ride. The idea of something being ready is understandable when we talk about things around us every day. Of course we enjoy the ride but we also do them to finish them. We acknowledge the endpoint - the finish line. What I don't like, on the other hand, is when things need to be ready too quickly. And here I really do mostly talk about artistic practice and creative doings. No apples or plane rides here. Somebody starting a painting and already knowing what it is going to be is

frustrating for me and ruins the process. It creates no room for error or serendipity.⁶ Of course when we start creating something we understand that things will change. But not always. Sometimes we still hold on to the original idea. Rigidly we plough through fundings and peoples time because we need to have something exactly that way and of course on that time. But is there an alternative? Well glad you asked, you handsome fictional reader I am writing this to! In the text you are about to read I will talk about it. Well I will also talk about other things. Like pockets.

*“We thought of life by analogy with a journey, a pilgrimage, which had a serious purpose at the end, and the thing was to get to that end, success or whatever it is, maybe heaven after you’re dead. But we missed the point the whole way along. It was a musical thing and you were supposed to sing or to dance while the music was being played.”*⁷

6 An excerpt from Online Etymology Dictionary:
serendipity (n.)

1754 (but rare before 20c.), coined by Horace Walpole (1717-92) in a letter to Horace Mann (dated Jan. 28); he said he formed it from the Persian fairy tale “The Three Princes of Serendip,” whose heroes “were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things they were not in quest of.” The name is from Serendip, an old name for Ceylon (modern Sri Lanka), from Arabic Sarandib, from Sanskrit Simhaladvipa “Dwelling-Place-of-Lions Island.”

7 Alan Watts from “Coincidence of Opposites”

A pocket with a little slice of time

The moment you realise that you are not asleep anymore but are not awake either is upon me. And then the information starts flowing in. The dos and the don'ts, the plan for the day. The thing you have been postponing for a few weeks. Your past, your present and your future. Well and then it stops. You just lay there. You are you again. And now what. Do you start doing the YOU again? Could I turn it off? Just for a moment or even better, a few hours. I think about my room. I remember it. But not only the visual. I know how the wooden floor feels on my bare feet⁸ and how my body is in relation to the space in size. Where I can move and where not. Get out of bed! I open my eyes and get out of bed.

The space is full of information. Everything exactly how it is supposed to be. Lets just say that it is a little bit more messy than I would like it to be. Things fit, but could fit a little bit better. Would there be a way to organise it? Or to not see it. To get to it when you need it. To push my hand into it and find what I need. Okay now I am making it worse than it is. I just moved here. So a few things still need some logic and getting used to. Next to my bed there is a chair. And on that chair there is a pile of clothes. You

8 See prologue for explanation

know the kind. The kind you feel like isn't actually dirty, so putting them in the dirty clothes hamper seems like an overkill. But.... they also don't seem clean enough for the dresser. I mean not visually dirty. But that shirt I wore for a few hours the day before yesterday. And that sweater I also wore somewhere. But where? And does it matter? And then those pants are more like homepants. Why should I put them in the dresser in the evening to then put them on again in the morning. I should put these pants on. They were actually not mine. They were my girlfriends. They were huge on her. And once I wanted to get out of my jeans at her place. And then I found these. Fit me exactly. I sometimes even wear them outside now. Perfect pants. Well - almost perfect pants. They do have one issue - pockets. There are only two. And they aren't that big.⁹

I am not saying that pockets have to be big all the time. But these are inbetween somehow. I feel if they would be smaller I could live with them. But the size of these pockets is a bigger issue I will mention but will not dive into. Pockets like a lot of things in this world are gendered. So women tend to have less pockets and they tend to be less functional. The

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I will come back to the size

Verve Team¹⁰ wrote about the gendered history and the development of the female pockets on Medium.com. They talk about the way female clothes tend to be figure hugging and how during the world wars and the industrial revolution clothes became more practical. But after the war things calmed down and clothes started to become more snug-fitting again and the handbag industry began to grow. Another article talks about the same thing on vox.com.¹¹ They also talk about history and bring an example of Hillary Clinton who wore a suit without pockets. But if you would look at these pockets, you would see pockets. The way they curve around the hip and if I would put my hand in one of them you would see it disappear and become one with the pants - a hand in a pocket. Such a simple visual. Something we are used to seeing all the time. It can be a sign of frustration. A person looking for their train ticket. A friend wanting to show you an image of a cat on instagram and getting ready to pull their phone out. Or somebody shady holding something ominous in there, ready to pull their hand out with something that can destroy, remove or even worse.

10 Verve Team (2018). The bewildering and sexist history of women's pockets.

11 Summers, C. G. (2016, September 19). The politics of pockets. Vox.

Ahh... pockets. But we are not there yet. Sorry. We are still with the first pocket.¹² So a quick recap. The pants fit - the pockets don't. Well they do but not enough. When I insert my phone in the pocket it peeks out. I will add a drawing to illustrate it. (Fig. 01) And if you sit down things will fall out of the pockets. Maybe these pockets are a good thing for the morning. Empty. Ready to be filled. To be used. The potential. Isn't that sometimes more important? The potential for something without knowing if it will be as good when you actually get there. I am wearing them right now while writing this thing. I might also be wearing them when you are reading it. Pockets empty, ready to be filled. That's the next thing I would like to talk about. The potential.

I put on a shirt. Now I inhabit the space of the shirt. I put on my pants and my legs fill the void that are designed for them. I continue like this until I am fully clothed. I take two snake-like pieces of cloth and pull them around my feet. I now have what they call "socks on". The top of my head fills a hat and I then continue putting layers and layers of clothes on.

12 Well this is a little foreshadowing. I will talk about other pockets afterwards. Also a funny thing happened when I tried to create this footnote and clicked the right mouse button after selecting the word "Pockets". The program asked if I wanted to EXPLORE "Pockets". Well I do. Thank you for asking.

THE ALMOST PERFECT PANTS

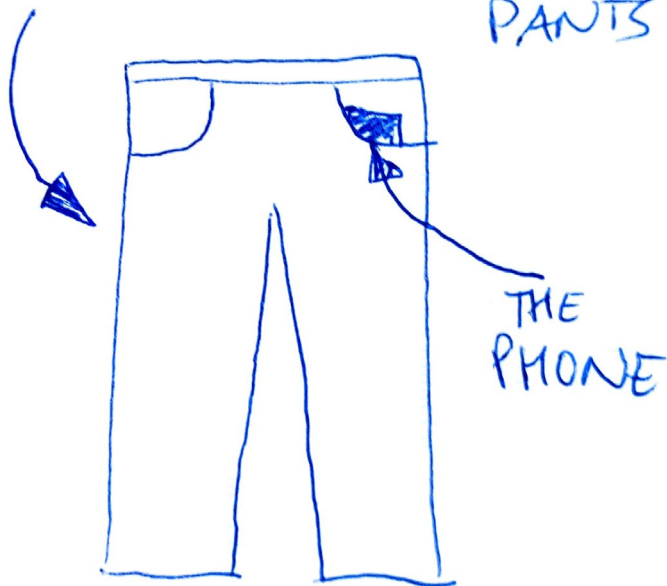


Fig. 01 An illustration for the almost perfect pants

I am layered with different spaces that are inside and on top of each other. I then put my hand in my pants pocket. I feel what's inside there. I take my hand away again. The pocket folds on top of itself and becomes empty again. It still contains the potential to be filled. Every time I enter a pocket with my hand, it stretches to let me in. I do this to each one of my pockets. Constantly filling and refilling them with my hands. At the same time showing the potential of them to contain something. I look into one of them. A piece of lint is inside it. Can a pocket ever be empty or does it always contain something in it. A space on and with us that can be manipulated into existence - a pocket. ¹³

A pocket with potential for space

The pocket is an example of a non-perpendicular space. Well actually this kind of a description fits a lot of things. We have a lot around us that is not exactly parallel and precise and so on. And we do love a certain structure. But a lot of the times we also like it when the spaces and objects

13 I think footnotes can also be seen as pockets. They are not meant to be the first thing you see. But they are here. They contain important things that can be used to navigate the bigger whole. I tend to first glance at the footnote before even reading the page. It feels like a small window to the future.

around us have a little bit of character. Too much structure makes us feel uncomfortable. I have to think about Le Corbusier *Plan Voisin*¹⁴. We see how the strong geometrical shapes create a rigid structure that makes us feel trapped. Of course we can marvel at its beauty and we will fit in there quite easily just like a pulled tooth fits in a matchbox. It will rattle around there. But it fits. Every space has its logic. They follow a pattern. Maybe not all of them are as rigid and simple as Le Corbusier's *Plan Voisin*. Like pockets. When the pocket is unused it has quite a simple form. Two pieces of cloth stitched together forming a flat plane with some curves in it. I think we all have seen a flat pocket on pants pulled inside out. If we would look at it for a prolonged period of time we would be able to start understanding the complex reasons why the form is like that. The measurement of the normal human hand has to fit in there. And probably also some things that have been connected with pockets - like a phone, a matchbox (with a tooth in it), keys, a wallet or something completely random. The main thing is that it is usually standardised. In the book *The End of Average: How we Succeed in a World that Values Sameness*¹⁵ the author Todd Rose brings out a few interesting examples from history where

14 Le Corbusier had a plan for a quarter in Paris in 1925. The plan was rejected.

15 Rose, T. *The End of Average: How we Succeed in a World that Values Sameness*

the standardisation by the means of the average has backfired. The first story is of a doctor who creates an example of an average woman through examining a lot of people. A radio station then has a competition where people can call if they have the same measurements. What happened next was a surprise to everyone involved. None of the callers were exactly the average person. They were expecting a lot of participants but in the end they could not give out the prize. The second story is even more interesting and it talks about fighter pilots. Because of the parameters of the cockpit certain measurements were required to be a fighter pilot. At one point a new scientist was brought in to examine the high rate of accidents that were attributed to the pilots. He started examining it from a broader perspective and found out that the standardised cockpit was the flaw. Noone was exactly the right size. So the cockpit was redesigned to fit anyone. And the mortality rate of the accidents dropped. And then the same idea was also taken over by the car industry with their seats. So different pockets are also things that are standardised by the norm.

I have told you a few times already that pockets have the potential to be filled with anything. Even though probably usually they are empty or have some mundane objects like keys or loose change. We usually check this by thrusting our hand inside a pocket

to make sure they are there. Sometimes we also pat pockets. This is an easy way of understanding if the things are still there. This is also one of the reasons I have come to appreciate pockets. They seem an interesting kind of a space that can be used mostly by our sense of touch. Sometimes we misplace the object. Then we usually continue patting our other pockets. This usually looks very dramatic. We have accustomed to this kind of actions. I will give you an example of it soon.¹⁶

I have been writing about pockets a little bit now. Meanwhile I have already eaten and gotten almost ready for the day. I change my home pants to pants I would like to wear today. The home pants function well at home because I have everything around me. There is no need to carry things. But as soon as I exit the door the need to carry things appears. So for this I need more pockets. At this moment I have 4 pockets. All four of the pockets are on my pants. The first pocket is empty and so is the second one. But the others contain stuff. In the third is my wallet. The fourth is the most meaningful. There is a bundle of keys and some loose change. I put my hand in the fourth pocket to validate my statement. I am correct. My other hand moved into the first pocket to make sure that pocket was empty.

It was! But now my hand is in there, so this pocket is no longer empty. The potential of the space has been used. When I remove my hand, the pocket retracts and continues to be empty. The space has the potential again to be used or filled. Wait. I thrust my hand again in my first pocket. It is empty. But there is something else there. The thing is not a thing actually. It is an absence of a thing.

A pocket with a hole in it.

I have fixed the holes in my pockets a few times. It usually goes like this. You take a piece of cloth and put it on a hole that resides on the structure of a pocket. You sew these two pieces of fabric together. Then the pocket is functional again. And nobody will know that you have this piece of extra cloth in your pocket. The same way people probably didn't know when you HAD a hole in your pocket. When you have a hole in your sock. It is hiding in a shoe. But then for some reason or another you have to take your shoe off. You are not expecting it and even though it has happened to you so many times before it still surprises you. Or makes you feel uncomfortable. It just happened to me yesterday. I was talking to a friend and felt an itch in my boot. I undid the laces and took the boot off only to find my big toe looking at me through a hole. My reaction

was something between embarrassment and joy. I told my friend that this is an interesting surprise. That I didn't know this was here. Or the absence of something was here. My friend said that she had it the other way around. She almost wore one with a hole in the same place but didn't. But I didn't know what was actually happening in her shoes. Maybe she was lying. I like seeing people's socks almost broken. That is an interesting sight to be seen. I think it tells something about a person. Maybe something like - this person doesn't care. Or - this person is really cheap or ecological. Or my personal favourite - this person is taking a chance. They saw the hole forming when they put their socks on in the morning. Putting on black socks and seeing the gradient into a fleshy colour. But there is no hole yet. The thought process of weighing in on the day and the actions and the comfort and the social interactions and everything. And coming to the inclusion: "You know what. This thing can still make it through a day. Maybe even a few". And then one day you take your boot off. And there it is - a hole. But a hole in a pocket. Nobody will really see it. They might see clues. I do have some holes in some of my pockets. And from personal experiences I can say that the clues are actually quite easy to spot. If you know how. Let's say somebody has a phone in their pocket. Well if the pocket is big enough (or if there is a hole) then the entire phone should not be seen. But there is the soft form of

the object. Okay so let's say that this form will start moving downwards. If the person is wearing wide pants then you will probably hear something drop on the floor. With loose change this is a really amusing experience. Then you can clearly understand that there might be a hole involved. But the real fun begins when the pants fit tight and the object starts moving slow. I have had this more than a few times. Walking outside and at one point taking a few euros out of your sock. The euros started a lot higher. Or trying to push the phone back up on your upper thigh only to give up and wiggle your leg while you take a few awkward steps. A phone should not appear from that side of the pants. The pockets are on the side where the two legs meet. Not down there. That is a really obvious sign that the person might have a hole in their pocket. These actions might be funny to see but they do point to the unseen. Everything that we don't see. So somebody telling you they don't have a hole in their sock or pocket might not be true. There is a kind of a strange unknown factor in play. A narrative that we have to believe. We know that pockets and socks are usually whole. Not with a hole. That's the norm. So if we deviate from the norm in a way where the deviation is hidden we have the possibility of creating a fictitious story. The potential of something or a lack of something hidden in the pocket. I am reminded of a few lines from a Tom Waits song.

*“What’s he building in there?
What the hell is he building
In there?
He has subscriptions to those
Magazines... He never
waves when he goes by
He’s hiding something from
The rest of us... He’s all
To himself... I think I know
why...”*¹⁷

Something hidden has the potential to be anything. But something broken also has the potential to be fixed. Or if not fixed then to change. I would say the absence of a thing is the potential for another thing to exist in place of the missing thing. I sometimes work around this topic in my practice. I once found a euro pallet on the streets of Brussels. Something drew me to it. I took it with me. I then systematically took it apart taking care of all the pieces. I emptied out its small rotten holes and filled them again. I sanded down its uneven surfaces and glued together its broken pieces. I then milled in ornamental profiles on its edges. Removing a little bit of material to create some extra space. I then put it back together exactly as it was. I restored it. I filled

in some spaces but also created new ones. The added space was not functional but the pallet as a whole still was. (Fig. 02) I have continued working with similar ideas. One thing I am fascinated with right now is OSB or Oriented Strand Board. The material already has in itself the way a material has been broken down and then an effort is made to recreate the physical attributes of the material. It is and is not a wooden board at the same time. I have used it as itself but I have also tried to then also remove its uneven outer layer by carefully filling it in, sanding it and painting it. Like for example the walls I made for a show in Pärnu. (Fig. 03)

“A Thing is a Hole in a Thing It is Not”¹⁸

If a thing is a hole in thing it is not then that thing will fit in a thing it is not. And if the whole world plus the work equals the whole world¹⁹ then a thing added to the hole will be the part of the large whole. So adding something to somewhere will then be devoured by the place. Or will it make it fit?

18 A quote from the Minimalist artist Carl Andre

19 Martin Creed: *Work No. 143: the whole world + the work = the whole world*, 1996



Fig. 02 Johannes Luik, *Pallet*, 2021



Fig. 03 Johannes Luik, *Imitation of a wall no. 1*, 2021

A pocket with a whole in it.

I am still at home. But I am almost out the door. I put on my coat and as you might guess I feel the insides of my pockets. A lot of stuff. I repeat - a lot of stuff. Now that I think about it, the coat is weighing me down. Is it the coat that's heavy or all the things in the pockets? I would guess the things. The coat is just a bystander here. Made to cover me and make space for my belongings. It's not its fault that the person it is covering is hoarding random things in his pockets like a squirrel. I found a wedge in my pocket. (this is a lie)²⁰ (Fig.04) It was a gift from a friend and a former coursemate. I will not tell you his name. He was creating these small benches for his graduation work and he had some material left over. Some pieces of the leftover material was in the shape of a wedge. So is that how wedges are made? Or maybe that's at least one of the ways they are made. Next I will explain the three different ways I think a wedge is made.

20 The wedge has been in my pocket but the measurements of the wedge made it uncomfortable to be carried in a pocket so I moved it into my backpack and from there to a tote bag and then to a drawer next to my bed. I saw it there this morning and thought about the function of a wedge. (This is also a lie. I was actually looking for it because I wanted to write about a wedge.) And actually I am not even in the corridor right now. This sentence is written on two different days at two different locations in my apartment.



Fig. 04 The wedge from my pocket in use on the table I am writing this at right now.

First: The wedge

So the first is the most straightforward. Some place needs a wedge. A wedge is created to fit in there. And then there exists a wedge that fits that place.

Second: The leftover

The second is the question: is there ever a wedge created for the purpose of being a wedge. The shape is really interesting and holds in itself the functional parameters of the object. You see a wedge and you hold the wedge and then you use the wedge. The physical properties of the wedge define the functionality. In this sense a wedge created to be a wedge seems logical. But I think that even though wedges might be created to function in the way the wedge needs to function, I think that most of the wedges are created as a surplus of material. So there is another purpose - the creation of something. The certain something has physical properties that we are going for. And while going towards these physical properties we have to get rid of excess materials. So we break them, cut them and sand them off. Now and again the excess material takes the shape of things that we recognize. This can be a dog, a cat, a car or an ornament.²¹ But sometimes, when the perpendicular material needs to become non perpendicular, a

21 Don't worry. We will come back to ornaments.

sliver of surplus material is created that becomes narrower on one side - a wedge is created. And we also recognize that in a heartbeat. The same way we understood the visual resemblance of an animal, our body understands the functionality of the wedge. We have been in contact with this world for long and we experience and understand its physical attributes. So when we think of a door and a wooden piece that happens to be narrower on one of the sides we understand the connection between these two and a doorstep is created.

Third: The random object

So this is getting experimental. Just like a wedge can be used to fill a space to make something fit, so can anything else. My friends worked in a Mansion in Scotland. They said that the owners were so rich and disconnected from reality that a Rembrandt on the wall had water damage and was gathering dust and a Rodin sculpture was used as a doorstep. The second one is the thing that made me think about wedges again. If I push aside my personal beliefs, ethical concepts and aesthetic preferences then why can't a Rodin be a doorstep - if it fits. The creative mind that has the possibility to see beyond the cultural value of the object is using it because of its structural values. A Rodin is heavy and fits. It is a perfect doorstep. So a thing can become a wedge in a place where a wedge is needed. A hole that can be

filled with the physical parameters that that specific object is emanating and our body is picking up.

So these were the three ways to construct a wedge. There might probably be a fourth and a fifth one as well but. Let's leave these for the future writers. Not every wedge fits every place. But a wedge always fits. The idea of a wedge is to fit. That's the purpose of a wedge. To fit itself in between things. And through this action also make the things fit. A doorstop acts the same way. It makes the door fit in a wanted location. And if a wedge is too small you take another one or you add two - a wedge for a wedge to fit. A nice example of this is the two wooden wedges in the wooden box of Danh Vo's Untitled (2020) (Fig. 05) that makes the stone part fit in it. The wedge is amazing.

A pocket with an imprint

I am a creature of habit. So my phone is always in the same pocket and so is my wallet. Some people have huge wallets. So you see them in their pockets. And most of the phones today are also huge. So they fit in the pocket but they create a bulge. The object inhabiting a pocket will give its form to it. It makes the edges softer but the main form of the object stays. I would say that our everyday



Fig. 05 A Detail from Danh Vo's Untitled (2020)
Photo from <https://whitecube.viewingrooms.com/>

experiences work the same way. We insert ourselves into a space and inhabit it. We give form to the space that before had none. It is just an empty pocket. And a form without a context is nothing. It does not exist. Or it does exist but as a physical existence. And everything is a physical existence and a collection of atoms, forces and so on. What makes a form a form is our definition of it. To say a form is beautiful is to say that we enjoy certain aspects of it that create connections. And if you leave a thing in the same pocket for long it will start leaving an imprint. Jeans with the line of a phone is a common thing these days. The same way our knees will wear out pants and create these loose parts in the pants. The pocket is then not only taking over the form of the object but also the object imprints itself on the pocket. I would say the same thing about spaces. We inhabit them and experience them. But through constant experiencing and reexperiencing we create an imprint in ourselves. The edges of the room are carved in us. And I like that. We might see it sometimes but it is more of an imprint of physical nature. Not that we see it physically but that the interaction itself is somehow imprinted. Not the visuals or the meaning but the actuality - the forms, materials and other parameters of the space.

I have worked with the limits of the space lately a lot. My last solo show in Tartu was working also with the way we create spaces through everyday interactions with these spaces. A dominant figure that was recurring in the exhibition was an ornamental profile. I enjoyed the ornamental profile because of its depictive nature. Adolf Loos²² said in his famous text that the adding of an Ornament is unnecessary. He argued that the functional value of the object should not be overseen by the dysfunctional added details. Boris Groys²³ reacts to the text by stating that the removal of the ornament actually creates a new layer of ornamentation - the verbal or the ideological. The need to remove an ornament has its values. And these values are shown with the act of removal. In my exhibition I removed some of the material to create a softer corner. This then would at the same time make the connection of different planes more vague but also highlighting it through adding something to the meeting point. (Fig. 6 and 7). This kind of an act showed the potential for the material and space to be seen differently. It also highlighted the potential for and ornament that is hidden in the functional form of the object.

22 Loos, A. (2019). Ornament and crime.

23 Groys, B. (2010). Boris Groys: Going public.

A pocket with other objects in it.

I thrust my hand back into the coat pocket and I feel for the things inside. There is a feeling I get. The initial way I would like to describe it is like a memory or an image. But I soon realise that it is similar but the visual is not that much connected. It seems more bodily. At the same time if I think about the content of my pockets I do get visual images. The content of the pockets of the clothes I am wearing right now is as follows.

A used tissue

My wallet

A small empty bottle

Some checks

Lip balm

Two stones

A piece of driftwood²⁴

A facemask

A bag for sunglasses

A person reading this

A chocolate bar

A metal plate I found on a walk with some text on it

The wedge (that is not actually there)

24 Been carrying this for long already. Can't even remember which beach it came from



Fig. 06 Detail from the exhibition *I Remember What Was Yesterday Tomorrow*



Fig. 07 Detail from the exhibition *I Remember What Was Yesterday Tomorrow*

My keychain²⁵

The keys (for)

- Front door of the building where I live.
- My apartment
- My mailbox
- The building where my studio is located.
- My studio
- The old key for the building where my studio is located
- A key I found at a park when I was around 23 years old.

Other (things connected)

- The same key that I just mentioned. I would like to add it here as well because I never knew what the key opens so the functionality of the key is not important but it functions more as a keychain or a token
- A red clip whose origin I can't remember
- A USB stick (A version of this text was or will be

25 I had to go get the keys from my jacket. Even though I use the keys every day, the naming of them and using a visual interface to describe them is a little bit hard. I am in the north of Sweden right now at a workshop. We are above the polar line in the land of the Sami in a town called Abisko. We are staying at a research centre. I am struggling to find a connection with this place and my practice. I feel like it is either too hard or too easy to connect with it. The nature, the people and the context seem to have a potential for interesting overlapping. Somehow I feel a pressure to include it. Well now I did as a footnote.

also on it for a while)

- Two rings with keys connected to them (One of the rings holds keys connected to my home and the other is keys with miscellaneous origins)
- A small metal plate with the number 83695 on it²⁶
- A carabiner that connects it all together

It was an interesting experience to look at my keys. I remembered that I actually do it all the time unconsciously. The keys for my apartment and the building are similar. There is a slight difference between them. Every time I need to use one of them I look for it. So actually I just look for the one place that is different. Not even the entire key. But having them in my pocket I usually find the thing I need with touch rather than by sight. I open my door and leave the apartment.

I am walking to the Estonian Academy of Arts. Near the school I see a bolt and a nut on the ground. They are about 2 metres apart from each other. I pick it up and put it in the left pocket of my coat. There is a strong connection between collecting and pockets. We can also gather in pouches or bags.²⁷

26 The plate is lended from the Left pocket collection.

27 Thats probably where pockets actually came from. Putting pouches on our hips and at one point we started to call them pockets.

But a pocket with its proximity, the design and the way it's situated on our hip or chest makes it a perfect place to stash stuff that we gather on our way. It can stay there for a day or for longer. Other times we forget about the things completely. They become part of us. I once had a situation where I owned a coat that had a hole²⁸ in it. I got a gift. It was a stone in a pouch. And the pouch was in a paper bag. So I put it in the inner left pocket of my coat. So the bag with the pouch with the stone fell in-between the lining. (So layers of spaces on top of eachother). It is still there. It became part of the coat - like an added button or a patch with no purpose. Other times the pocket is a temporary stop. Whatever is put in the pocket will leave soon after. Then the thing will find its right place. I had a project that started in Brussels that included collecting objects in my pocket. At one point the collection grew big enough that I chose to create an instagram account. The instagram account (@thingsinmycoatsleftpocket) showed the gathering of things in my pocket. After the accumulation of things the pocket was emptied and the content was photographed on my left hand. Showing the connection between the hand, the object and the visual of the object that was hidden while in the pocket. (Fig. 08) After that the collection

28 See last parts "A pocket with a hole in it" and "A pocket with a whole in it".

became a kind of a pseudo-institution functioning as a museum and a collection of charged objects. The left pocket collection has the potential to be an artwork, a collection or even an exhibition installer. The collection was once used in an exhibition as an artwork, the artwork installer and a collection at the same time. (Fig. 8 and 9) I would argue that through the potential the process itself became all the destinations. The constant need to not get where the things need to go. So the pocket and the content will be almost like a transport from one place to another. Let's say a roadside motel between the starting point and the destination. A place that was never meant for staying. It's all about the movement. The motion from one place to the other. The thing is only there for the process. So why do we still leave things in our pockets? There is an interest in the in-between. We stay in spaces. And sometimes certain things get to the destination while not moving. I have now entered the Estonian Academy of Arts. I stand still for a moment. People pass me by. Some people nod at me while others just pass by.

But You know this part already.



Fig. 08 A post from the instagram account @thingsinmycoatsleftpocket



Fig. 09 The left pocket collection in use at the exhibition *The Kitchen Cabinet?* at V01trine AR, Brussels, Belgium



Fig. 10 The left pocket collection in use at the exhibition *The Kitchen Cabinet* at V01trine AR, Brussels, Belgium

A pocket to feel

I walk up the stairs. I have walked on them a lot. My body has integrated the parameters of these steps. I do not think about the actual steps. Sometimes in a new place you walk on the steps slowly. We know how steps work but we are cautious. We learn and study our surroundings. We get to know them. We experience them. And then we re-experience them and form memories. Physical memories of materials, forms and spaces.²⁹ Well let's just say I have a mental version of those stairs that I also experience while I am experiencing the actual physical stairs. Two flights of stairs and then a little bit to the right. I am walking towards the sculpture department. I pat my hip to feel for my phone and for my keys. And now I need the card to enter the department. I get this small jolt because the place I touch is empty. Usually it is the absence that triggers this feeling but sometimes even a small difference can trigger it. There is roughly 8 metres to the door. This time is usually used to get the key or card ready to open the door. But this time something is wrong. I thrust my hand back into my back pocket. I am unable to find my wallet with the card. Well nevermind. My left hand then flicks away part of the overcoat that covers the bottom part of

29 I talk more about this in the Thesis
“Space to space” that I wrote at LUCA Brussels.

me and thrusts itself into the left back pocket of my jeans. Still nothing. I have stopped walking. I stand in front of a glass door looking in. My fluid movement has stopped because of a misplaced wallet. Well at that point the wallet is not misplaced, it is lost. There is no other option. It does not reside in its natural habitat so it is lost. It has ceased to exist. A wave of fear washes over me. As I fumble around in my pockets that cover the right side of my body. Also entering the left chest pocket of my coat. Because that is also a pocket used by the right hand. Then the search is broadened to cover my entire body. For a second I turn around to look at the floor behind me. My mind brings me back to everything I have done today. I do not have a visual memory of the wallet. I could name the things in it as I did with my keys but let's skip that part. I have looked at it before. But as an object. Not while in use. And the search gets to a sudden and abrupt stop. I have found my wallet. It was in another pocket. The left pocket of my coat. There was a mixup somewhere on the way. I enter the space.

I have a shelf here. That's another version of storage. I mostly work at my studio now but I still have some things here. I start remembering everything I have had here. And the shelf reminds me of my shelf in my studio. There once was a concrete slab here. It had the names of the winners of the SIIL

Prize 2019 on it. That same year SIIL GROUP was formed. They opened a gallery in Venice during the Venice Biennale. The first and only show was called “Cultural Definition Island”. The show was also from SIIL Group. Approximately one fourth of the entire space of the gallery was filled with dirt. The Gallery and the exhibition was a reaction towards the Biennial. The gallery was located inside the breast pocket of a shirt. (Fig. 11)

Suddenly I hear something. It startles me. There is a sound coming from the direction of my shelf system. It sounds like a faint hum or a quiet high pitch screech of some kind of a creature. It seems familiar. I approach the shelves. The sound is coming from the floor. I feel like somebody or something wants to reach out. There is an older packed work of art in front of the shelf. I see light emitting from behind it. It reminds me of something. It starts from an almost green hue and continues going through a gradient of colours and becomes yellower and stronger. The entire shelf system is now washed with yellow light. The floor of the studio is full of different residues of materials and they are glistening and reflecting. I can see the dust float in between these reflections as I move closer. The entire space becomes somehow taken out of time but at the same time it is referring to different times this space has seen. I feel like space is being shown to me. That the



Fig. 11 The opening of the SIIL GALLERY during the Venice Biennial.

empty space that has the potential to be filled with anything is now filled with something. The sound is becoming less aggressive because I get used to it. I peek around the packed work. It is a streetlamp that was plugged in. (Fig. 12) The light highlights an area. It defines a space. I feel that streetlamps are interesting. They highlight a certain area. The area is connected to other areas but during the night the light functions as a reference. We know that there is more space around the light but we have to make it up. We only see fragments. And we have to recreate the space that is in-between. I sit down and think about whether I should work. I look at the wall of my studio. It's full of small things. I constantly rearrange them. I have no clue what they should be. Sometimes it frustrates me. They almost mock me. I know they can be something. But what? There are so many possibilities and so many beautiful, funny and interesting things they can become. I push my thoughts aside and try to enjoy the moment. I feel time passing by. Quickly at first but then it slows down. I feel like I am one with the time. I stand up and move towards an unfinished piece. It does not matter what it is. We can say it contains some masking tape and osb. Are you okay with that?³⁰

30 Sorry. You will get no more information about the piece from here. Talk to me to ask about the masking tape and osb. I will say there was also a frame.



Fig. 12 The streetlamp at the exhibition *I know what happened yesterday tomorrow*

A few more pockets

I found my working clothes. Right now they include old sneakers, a red hoodie and old working pants with neon yellow details. (Fig. 13) They have more pockets than any of my other pants. It's hard to count them because some pockets are in other pockets and some pockets have subpockets. If I would just count each individual pocket as one and ignore the subcategories I would say it has 11 pockets. I will not start naming everything I have in these pockets. But the pockets do have categories by things in them. I wear the pants when I build my own stuff or install other works. They become an extension of my body similar to the example Michael Polanyi is giving in his book about the use of a hammer.

*"I have a subsidiary awareness of the feeling in the palm of my hand which is merged into my focal awareness of my driving in the nail."*³¹

I change into my working clothes. I put my hand into the pockets one by one and get ready for work. I also took some things from the pants that I was wearing before - my phone, my wallet and the keys to the gallery. All of them are things

31 Polanyi, M. *Personal Knowledge: Towards a Post-Critical Philosophy*



Fig. 13 A photo of me wearing the working pants with neon yellow details and a lot of pockets.

I need when I wear these pants. I am struck with the thought of how I might not need the wallet at one point anymore. The wallet is becoming smaller and smaller. I have a memory of these huge fat wallets from my childhood. Mine is just big enough to fit a few cards. But a lot of them can be moved on the phone. So is there a possibility that at one point we don't need pockets anymore. Because we carry less things with us. When we stay in one place we don't need pockets. Like I was talking about my almost perfect pants. They are meant for the inside. I have everything around me. Only when I start going somewhere else does the need for pockets present itself. But slowly everything is going online. I am writing this text on a cloud. I don't need my computer. I need access to a computer. And everything is on my phone. So the world is becoming our version of a home. Everything is becoming a place. Pockets therefore are also a social status. The lack of pockets means that somebody has the possibility to travel and move without the need for tools. Everything can be accessed through the internet or through financial privilege. So someone with a lot of pockets can be seen as a person with a lower social status. They need to use their body to do things. They can't just rely on the abstract THINGS that exist in social spheres and on the internet. They need the extensions for their body to interact with the physical world around them. The tools they use are meant to change, fix

and maintain the physical world around them. They work around us every day to maintain the space. So that others don't need to realise the physical world around them. The pockets can be seen as a social common denominator. Usually people wearing these pants are seen as someone who is working more physically and less intellectually. But working with the physical and the real can also be seen as physical thinking or knowledge. Jyrki Siukonen is talking about it in his book *Hammer and Silence*.³² He is referring to different writers and argues that physical interaction can also be seen as a form of thinking. I continue going through my pockets. I entered the backpocket of the pants. I found a piece of paper with some writings on it. Oh yes - this thing.

A pocket of water.

I will tell you lie. Well let's not call it a lie. Let's call it a story - a fictional narrative. Like I told you in the beginning the narrator can not be trusted. So there are other parts of this text that have been restructured, rewritten or completely made up. So let's get to the story. The piece of paper I just found. I bought a new pair of second hand pants. They fit

32 Siukonen, J. *Hammer and Silence: A Short Introduction to the philosophy of Tools*.

me well and I bought them. I had no clue who they were from. What had been carried in these pockets and what had the hands done that were in these pockets before mine. Maybe they were hands that played Chopin on a piano on a Sunday afternoon, maybe they did wood carving or maybe they held the head of their baby when it was born. I don't know. And that has the potential to be anything. The possibility for a story to unfold that can and can't be true.

So these pants with the limitless potential in their history and also in the pockets became mine. I took them home. And left them for a few days. I then saw them again one morning. And I thought I should try them on again. I inhabited the space of the pants again and put my hands in the front pockets. They were empty. The hands in the pockets looked exactly like hands in the pockets do. I then put my left hand in the left back pocket and felt something. It felt like a card. I pulled it out and saw that it was a paper that had been folded on top of itself. I started unfolding it and saw that it was full of text. I examined the text. It was handwritten. The text was hard to read but I could still make out words. Some of the words were blurred by the friction from the paper being against itself. I started reading it from random places and saw that there was a structure. Somebody expressing their thoughts. I also saw that the text started from a

random place and stopped the same way. So the text was probably a piece of a larger story.

I feel that what I am doing is wrong. This is somebody's personal thoughts and I shouldn't read them. I was reminded of the novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* from George Orwell. The protagonist Winston Smith gets his hands on *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism* by Goldstein. Somehow the sunlight in the space and me reading this piece of paper in my third floor apartment create a similar visual to Winston reading the excerpts from the book in the small room above the antique shop.³³

*“Here are these two young fish swimming along and they happen to meet an older fish swimming the other way, who nods at them and says ‘Morning, boys. How’s the water?’ And the two young fish swim on for a bit, and then eventually one of them looks over at the other and goes ‘What the hell is water?’”*³⁴

So the text is actually a joke David Foster Wallace told in a commencement speech to the graduating class at Kenyon College. In the speech he then continues with explaining the joke.

33 Orwell, G. (2013). 1984

34 David Foster Wallace's 2005 commencement speech to the graduating class at Kenyon College

*“The story thing turns out to be one of the better, less bullshit conventions of the genre, but if you’re worried that I plan to present myself here as the wise, older fish explaining what water is to you younger fish, please don’t be. I am not the wise old fish. The point of the fish story is merely that the most obvious, important realities are often the ones that are hardest to see and talk about.”*³⁵

He continues to zigzag through different ideas trying to explain the concept further, getting to the point.

“It is about the real value of a real education, which has almost nothing to do with knowledge, and everything to do with simple awareness; awareness of what is so real and essential, so hidden in plain sight all around us, all the time, that we have to keep reminding ourselves over and over:

This is water.

*This is water.”*³⁶

Water always finds its way. Gravity is pulling it down and the particles of water start moving in-between other particles and a way is found. The water stops when a nice pocket is found. The water

35 *ibid*

36 *ibid*

stays there and settles. Waiting for it to be pulled out or a new way being made. A crack is formed in the rock. The water continues its journey. Sliding through the thin space created the water scrapes along the surface of the stone. That part of the stone had not seen another particle in millions of years. After it was made, just the outer surface of the stone was connected to other elements in the world. Now a crack made it possible for the water to slither in and create a dialogue, where the two materials meet. A connection was made between the two. Both of them were excited for the change. And then the water continued. It took some of the stone with it. Just a little bit - not a lot. To understand that This is water we have to create a crack - to open ourselves up. So we can become one with the water.

This text is something I would like to say but I know that if I say it, it will feel strange and wrong and full of errors. How could I take such a position and make such strong statements? I mean I agree with it. But it seems too simple. Is it water? It's just one way of looking at it right? What do you think? Do you agree with me? Do you agree with the narrator? Do you agree with the letter I found? Do you agree with yourself? I put the paper back in the pocket. I start thinking about spaces I have encountered. I think that the same way I carry pockets with me I also carry every other space. I have created versions of

those spaces and I fill them with thoughts, ideas and memories. The same way this text here is becoming a space in itself.

I take out the printed version of this thesis from a pocket. It's a pocket book. It has to fit in a pocket. I flip through it and end up here. I reread this part here. I remember writing it. And now the fictional version of me is also reading it. At the same time as you. I put the book back in the pocket. I know what I need to do now. I need to work. I slowly move towards the door. This is water. The light is still shining. The faint hum of the light soothes me somehow. I will try to find more places like this in the building. I know a few. I have visited them. I will try to remember where they are. This is water. And then go and revisit them. I will see if through re-experiencing these spaces I can come to know them better. I feel something. Some kind of a connection to space.

This is water!

Epilogue: A pocket of space

The protagonist has left. The space stays as it was. The sound continues to come from under the shelf. It screeches and moves through space. Filling the small corners of the room and pushing itself in everything that inhabits the space. The entire space is now filled with it and starts to vibrate as one entity. From deep below another thumping sound is answering the call of the space. It gets louder and louder. The two sounds are soon creating a harmony. Then some others follow suit. Faint sounds of the electrical hum and the cracking from the micro movements of the building join. The steps of the leaving character are becoming fainter. Can we follow him? How do we do that? The walls are surrounding this space but soon they can't hold it anymore. The walls are then included. The sound breaks through and the walls crumble. The house is still intact. The rooms are just becoming one creature. We have become one.

I told you not to trust me. I start looking for the protagonist - the man with the working pants with neon yellow details. I feel him. He moves through different rooms and experiences my spaces and I experience him doing that. I have become a place for him. Not just a space anymore. He starts to resonate on the same frequency as I. We have

experienced each other and through re-experiencing have formed a bond. We are part of each other now. He has given me his memories and I have given him mine. He has a certain respect towards me and I for him. He knows that he needs to leave soon. He might come back. But it will not be the same. I guess that's why he is staying now. Trying to devour me - to get as much of me as possible. He imitates work. Walking with his costume, playing a character. He adds a nail somewhere and removes one from another place. But nothing really changes. Under the new layer of paint the space stays. I know what he actually is doing. He is trying to understand me. Trying to see if he can somehow make me even more familiar. To cross this boundary he is facing - of being in-between.

He walks on my stairs and he sits on my chairs. He crawls under the small strange spaces that no one has yet tried to inhabit. And he stays when everybody else is trying to leave. He seems like a parasite. Latching on to a host not wanting to let go. But I see it more as a symbiotic relationship. We try to become one. Can he become one with the space? I am reminded of when he had the thought first. He walked in my space and stood still for a while. He nodded to people passing by. But I knew. I knew he wasn't actually communicating with them. He was talking to me. That's the first time we spoke to each other. We had communicated before. But those were

more like statements and witty remarks. This time we spoke and the other answered. That's the time we both knew that he would stay. That we are one. I can find a place for him. Small pockets of space that are unused. He can inhabit them. I can list down my pockets. He can move from one to the other. And when he is done he will leave and I will stay. But he will also stay in some way. I am keeping a version of him. And he can come back and stand in the hallway again. Take a small break and just feel the space around him.

He is reminded of the book Piranesi. The main character is taking care of a place. The limitless number of spaces are huge and connected to each other. The main character loses himself and becomes one with space.³⁷

The people are still inhabiting the space and the day continues.

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SIIL GROUP (2020) SIIL Gallery

SIIL GROUP (2020) SIIL Prize

The Left Pocket Collection (2021) Placeholders

Vo, D. (2020) Untitled

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Figure 01, 03, 04, 05, 08, 09, 10, 11 - Johannes Luik

Figure 13 - Vent Space

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EDUCATION

2019 – 2022 Estonian Academy of Arts,
Contemporary Arts, MA

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2016 – 2019 Estonian Academy of Arts, Installation
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PERSONAL SHOWS

2021 „I Know What Happened Yesterday
Tomorrow”, Tartu Arthouse, Tartu, Estonia

2021 „Untitled”, ARS Showroom, Tallinn, Estonia

2019 „Twilight zone”, Hobusepea Gallery, Tallinn, Estonia (with LAURi)

2019 „Cultural Definition Island”, SIIL Gallery, Venice, Italy (with Nele Tiidelepp)

2019 „Memory from the future”, Kogo Gallery, Tartu, Estonia

2019 „Dialogue”, Tartu Arthouse Monumental Gallery, Tartu, Estonia (with Jaan Luik)

2019 „SIIL Prize 2019”, Showcase Gallery, Tallinn, Estonia (with Nele Tiidelepp)

2019 „SIIL Prize 2019”, Vent Space, Tallinn, Estonia (with Nele Tiidelepp)

GROUP SHOWS

2021 „Nuclei of Life” The annual exhibition of Tartu art, Tartu Arthouse, Tartu, Estonia

2021 „Double Time”, Uus Rada, Tallinn, Estonia

2021 „Chicken Exhibition”, Uus Rada, Tallinn, Estonia

2021 „The Kitchen Cabinet”, V01trine AR, Brussels, Belgium

2021 „Ohm”, Former, Brussels, Belgium

2020 „Home of Good Thoughts”, Kogo Gallery,
Tartu, Estonia

2020 „Art Vilnius”, EKA Gallery, Vilnius Artfair,
Litexpo, Vilnius, Lithuania

2020 „Tartu Interdisciplinary”, Gallery Noorus,
Tartu, Estonia

2020 „lahtiÜhtimine”, The Vana-Võromaa Museum,
Võru, Estonia

2020 „Out of oneself”, ARS Project space, Tallinn,
Estonia

2020 „Back to the Future”, Show Vitamiin K in
IDA-Radio, Tallinn, Estonia

2020 „Anniversary show of Estonian Artists Union”,
Tallinn Arthall, Tallinn, Estonia

2020 „Three doors down”, SKULPAKUU 2,
Brussels, Belgium

2020 „We all arrived with art”, Zollamt Galerie,
Offenbach, Germany

2019 „Kalle”, ISFAG, Tallinn, Estonia

2019 „THE WORLD’S BIGGEST EKA GALLERY-EXHIBITED WORK”, EKA Gallery, Tallinn, Eesti

2019 „Art is popcorn for the brain”, Galerie der HBKsaar, Saarbrücken, Germany

2018 „Fibrous”, Old EKA Gallery (Vent space), Tallinn, Eesti

2018 „PREDICTION AND PRESERVATION” EKA Gallery, Tallinn, Estonia

2018 „Vaakum kui mõtteviis”, Tartu Art House, Tartu, Estonia

2018 „Jubilee Spring”, Tallinn Arthall, Tallinn, Estonia

2018 „Fifth Ice Age before the Third World War”, Üheteistkümnnes, Tartu, Estonia

2018 „Sculpture/ Obligation To Self-Design”, ARS Project space, Tallinn, Estonia

2018 „Automatic (anti)empathy”, ARS Art factory, Tallinn, Estonia

2018 „Inappropriate/Out of place”, Apartment Raa 45, Tallinn, Estonia

2018 „If I should wake from life”, Haapsalu City Gallery, Haapsalu, Estonia

2017 „Video Academy”, Videoformes 2017, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2017 „Speed of Sculpture”, Evald Okas Museum, Haapsalu, Estonia

AWARDS

Adamson Eric Grant 2020

SIIL Prize 2019 (with Nele Tiidelepp)

First Prize for conceptual design for Public Sculpture for a new development in Tallinn Estonia 2019 (with Mark Alexander Fischer)

Young Sculptor Award Grand Prix 2018

Young Sculptor Award Grand Prix 2017 (with Siim Elmers)

First Prize for conceptual design for Sculpture competition for Estonian Embassy in Beijing China 2016 (with Jaan Luik)

ABSTRACT

This thesis is in a size that can fit in a pocket. The pocket is a personal space that comes with us everywhere. Sometimes there are things in pockets. In my thesis I am contemplating on different ways I am in a physical dialogue with spaces. Sitting in my bedroom and writing about a semi-fictional version of myself starting his day. I start reflecting on the connections and memories I have of different spaces. I start using pockets as examples. Going through topics like memory, physical interaction, closeness, private vs. public, potential, fiction, process, time and reality.

I start at home, choosing pants to wear and then thinking about the need for pockets. The story starts unfolding and different examples are used to connect the situation with pockets. I talk about the size and material of the pocket, the hole in a pocket, a wedge in a pocket, the potential for the unknown in the pocket and finally get to the culmination where the space itself is referred to as a pocket. The relationship I have with my surroundings brings forward ideas and thoughts of the relationship between the physical world, mental versions of that space and also subjective values and meanings related to those spaces and materials.

Through revisiting spaces, mental versions of those spaces are created and their parameters are integrated within me. Something might remind me of a memory and the unknown makes me wonder about what was and what can be. And that empty space can be filled with fantasy. Because of the semi-fictional nature of the story, the narrator can not be trusted. The events in the thesis might be changed or made up completely.

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