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The profound influence of psychoanalysis on 20th century art theory sometimes forces art criticism to transgress into the realm of psychology. This is not weird at all, taking into account the curious distance between materialized artworks and the energy and motivation that go into making them. Up until recently I have exercised a divide between my private life and my professional output in order to keep a certain level of comfort in public. I've enjoyed being opaque and putting forward works that can speak for themselves without me as a person getting in the way. Unfortunately I've been late to realize that this separation and respect for privacy is not granted in return to all artists.

As a student and as an artist I've been asked over and over again to reveal my intentions, what I want from my works, but have never been asked to provide a context for how my practice is to be understood. It has, from day one, been accepted as a pursuit of art for art's sake without the interference of my gender, geographical origin or sexual orientation. This personal information, which is the business of no one but my partner, family and closest friends, is subject to public discourse if you happen to be non-male and/or non-white.

More generally speaking, part of the problem is that we don't confront how we are struck and shaped by circumstances and how this affects and limits every individual differently. I'm not the first to point out that deregulating the job market to allow short term contracts and vacancies favors corporate flexibility, not people. Moving the risk and instability over to the workers allows businesses to achieve more predictability not only logistically, but also in terms of what they can expect on a psychological level from their employees. Being solution oriented and having a positive attitude to life is now so interwoven in the social fabric of capitalism that it has become a mandatory quality for all job applicants. It has become an insulator against illness, poverty, discrimination, grief and abuse; anything that can hinder progress and threaten the fantasy of an aerodynamic community.

I'm in the beyond fortunate position of not having an employer expecting a high level of performance and that I keep up a goal-oriented atmosphere at the workplace. My studio functions exactly the opposite; it's where I allow interruptions such as dark and destructive sentiments to be examined. I can abandon productivity and discipline if it helps preserve the spirit and motivation to work.

There is a before and after in having experienced ineffable grief. Navigating public life with latent lamentation and overwhelming hopelessness is the most painful and lonely thing I've ever experienced. I used all the dodges and tricks I know to remain composed in fear of being too much to others, of expressing excessive grief. Keeping these feelings in their place created reservoirs of slug that I still carry. I'm no longer willing to keep my mourning from my professional life. It's an inseparable aspect of my artistic practice. My works are not illustrations of grief, but they are shaped by the limitations and complications that come with a devastating experience.

In her book on Greek tragedy "The Mourning Voice", the French historian Nicole Loraux argues that "... *any behavior that diverts, rejects, or threatens, consciously or not, the obligations and prohibitions constituting the ideology of the city-state (...), is anti political.*" For the reader who is still with me, the following account that I'm about to share is not a hopeful story. It's not meant to be uplifting, it's not a lesson learned. It's pure circumstance.

In July 2015 my mother asked me if I had noticed her voice being slightly muffled, as if she had been out in the cold and her lips had gone numb. Over the course of the next three months she went through all sorts of medical tests, only for them all to come out clean. What initially gave us hope, actually meant the worst possible outcome: bulbar-onset ALS , Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. ALS is, quoting Wikipedia, a "neurodegenerative neuromuscular disease that results in the progressive loss of motor neurons that control voluntary muscles". This effectively means the patient gradually loses all body functions and eventually dies. No cure, no remedy.

By the end of the year we could no longer understand what she was saying. We knew that she was going to die, and we also knew it was going to be terrible for her. By the summer of 2016 she started falling. One weekend I visited my parents in Bergen, she jammed her sandal in a doorframe and fell forward. Because of the paralysis she was not able to recover balance or control the fall, causing her to strike her head against a step in a staircase. When I picked her up she was unconscious and bleeding from her head. She came to herself terrified, unable to speak, unable to tell us where she was hurting.

Up until this point she had been communicating through an iPad, writing down phrases and words for stuff she needed or to participate in conversations. This was extremely helpful, but became yet another loss when her arms and her hands stiffened up and she could no longer hold a smart pen or strike the letter she wanted on the keyboard. At this point she had begun wanting a physician assisted suicide to avoid having to go through the last steps of ALS that include a persistent vegetative state. As a family we supported her wish to do this, but we soon realized the paralysis had already developed too far, and that she was no longer physically capable of pushing the button that would end her own life. She was too sick to die of her own will.

That fall she already needed help to get out of bed, move around the house, to wash, to go to the bathroom. During daytime she alternated between lying down and sitting in a wheelchair with a pressure-relieving cushion to prevent pressure ulcers. She got nutrition through a gastrostomy tube, a feeding mechanism that ultimately ended her life; being unable to properly cough and prevent acid reflux, stomach content moved up in her chest and ended up in her lungs causing pneumonia that she never recovered from. She died on the 14th of March, 2017.