

Alsa Ojala
Heat from fire, fire from heat
6.-22.9.2024

I remember the first time I heard Eiffel 65's Blue as a child. There was something about the eurodance rhythm of the chorus that I had never heard before. The human voice had been made strange. It was impossible to say what had been done to the voice, but it was clear that it was no longer anyone's natural voice. Yet it was a human voice, fleshy and humane. Perhaps even then I dreamed that my own voice would become alien and that the alien voice would become my own.

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With a computer, all kinds of sounds can be cut together absent-mindedly as if they were tiny pieces of paper. If you're lucky, at some point the composition becomes clear; a sense that there's something here. The sound becomes sharp, a wedge that pierces the tissue. Something shifts to the other side of the boundary, and the space opens up into a bright place full of possibilities.

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What is striking about visual art is its silence. There's paintings, sculptures, drawings, ceramic objects, who knows what. And not one of them makes any noise. I don't mean that they don't speak at all. They do speak, but the speech is completely silent. I can read their lips for whatever they're trying to say.

While others chatter, the sound art listens to the hum of the air conditioner. It too is trying to be quiet.

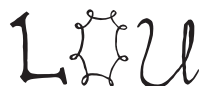
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In the sound work for the exhibition, I was looking for a kind of balance between speech, music and silence. So that each of the three could exist separately, and on the other hand, have the possibility to fall on each other.

The work is also a small homage to secular musical styles. EDM, euro-trance, hardstyle... Year after year they move young people, and why not the rest of us.

Electronic music has its own special ability to make a lie into a truth. I don't think anyone listening to music thinks "this is not true". And on the other hand: what else would it be but fiction, a collection of clips stitched together on a computer. So was it all a dream? Many people ask themselves as the music stops and the lights are turned back on again.

But it wasn't a dream, just as it wasn't a dream that one could finally abandon one's own voice and find pleasure in the strangeness of a new one.



we-fri 14-18
sat-sun 12-16

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