

INSOMNIA

Camilla Løw

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Unruly Rules, Rewritten

Seven little symbols.
Seven parts of a system.
Seven sweet siblings, seemingly alike, yet each distinct.

The game of Tetris is a dance of precision.
How many moves can we make
how many attempts at order, before chaos takes hold?

GAME OVER

Is this the moment we surrender?
Do we settle for the shapes we're given
the ever-allowed forms and constellations?

Or do we dream of an eighth piece
one that defies the system entirely?

Consider the Monomino, a solitary square
a piece too perfect, too disruptive for the game's design.
Its existence would render the challenge obsolete,
filling every gap with ease, dissolving complexity into simplicity.

Then imagine the Undecomino,
a shape so vast it transcends the grid
a paradox of form,
embodying the infinite possibilities
that lie beyond rigid structure.

These forbidden pieces, though absent from play,
invite us to ponder the limitations we accept
and the potential that emerges when we envision beyond them.

Our lives, much like Tetris, are bound by rules and patterns.
Yet the allure of the unknown
the asymptotic lines that never meet,
the shapes that cannot be but beckons us.

We move in that space between order and chaos,
where creativity and possibility converge.

She is the weaver of the infinite.
She sees beyond the given shapes
and envisions those yet to be.
She does not play the game
she reconfigures the board

She charts the asymptotes,
those lines that never meet but trace the outlines of impossible worlds.
She sketches the Monomino

the piece that should have been
and the Undecomino, the piece too vast to contain

She does not settle for what exists.
She draws what *should not be*,
yet somehow is.

“The shapes they forbid are the shapes I carve into the stars.”

She draws not routes, but rules.
Not maps, but mechanics.
Not landscapes, but living logic.

Where the Monomino is placed.
Where the Undecomino unfolds.
Where the game does not end it just transforms.

“They told me all pieces must fit.
So I invented the ones that refuse.”

The fumbling for figures and figurations
is frail and fraughtful
but fruitful.

The unruly rules, rewritten.

but shape

and form isn't all,

there is something forgotten
Lights and colors also refuse to conform and prefer to split
because colors like shape have no duty to fit
Newton even named blue, blew, which he knew and we know.
But these colors of his came from a constituent constipation
from a palette still being mapped
and still a thing unfolding in understanding, in and of creations,
because color speaks in frequencies rather than hues.
They turn walls into prisms and rooms into equations.

(a prism in free verse)

Color was never obedient.
It slipped Newton's fingers
even as he tried to pin it down with glass and gravity.

Red stood still, perhaps out of courtesy.
But blue?

Blue Blew

Right past the edge of naming,
a hue without a harness.

Indigo rolled its eyes
and changed outfits halfway through the spectrum.
Yellow hummed in hex codes.
Green kept secrets in chlorophyll.

They say white holds all colors
but black *remembers* them.
And grey?
Grey is where shade and doubt go dancing.

Colors are not hues, not really.
They are frequencies in drag,
vibrations dressed as form.

They touch us before we touch them,
slipping past the retina and into the gut.

They don't fill lines.

They cross them. Bleed out

Migrate

Refuse to

stay inside any painter's idea of order.

Color is not pigment.

It is protest.

A refusal to be *one thing*.

It turns walls into whispers,
rooms into questions,
canvases into small rebellions.

Just ask the magenta
that doesn't exist in the rainbow.
She made herself up.
And we believed her.

Unruly rules rewritten and colors yet unknown, smitten, not from Newton, not from Itten
the new isms and schism for tomorrow's new prisms.

Tekst av Mathilde Carbel

Bio

Camilla Løv (f.1976, Oslo, Norge) ble uteksaminert med en BA i kunst fra Glasgow School of Art. Hun lager skulpturer i dialog med rommet, arkitekturen, landskapet og konteksten de skal vises i. Hun er opptatt av forhold mellom verkets plassering i rommet og verkene seg imellom – noe som ofte resulterer i installasjoner man kan bevege seg rundt og imellom, og fungerer i direkte dialog med beskueren. Titler viser til et mer kulturelt og sosialt utgangspunkt, og skulpturene kan referere til opplevde episoder i hverdagen eller henvise til arkitektur, design, musikk, dans, poesi og typografi – alt som definerer forholdet mellom mennesket og dets omgivelser.

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