

## NIGHT BEFORE OCTOBER 31ST

Ann, her facial features reminiscent of a bird, sits in the trolleybus. The trolleybus makes a trolleybus sound. Ann takes the trolleybus nearly every day. She likes salmon canapés and people-watching. She moved back to Õismäe half a year ago, because her great-aunt died. Ann never talked to the aunt but still got the aunt's apartment. No one talked to the aunt, mainly because the aunt didn't want to talk to anyone and she collected empty margarine tubs. And yoghurt containers. And Ajax cans. The collection went back to 1991 and took up most of the apartment.

When Ann finally got the keys to the apartment, she undertook a major cleaning. The waste bins outside the house were nearly full. It turned out the apartment was spacious and from one window there was a view into the far distance. Only one more dresser, crammed with packaging, awaits its fate on the balcony. Ann looks at the dresser. It looks back at Ann. Ann feels she doesn't actually want to empty the dresser. But she should. "OK, I'll do it tomorrow," Ann says.

Ann dreams confused dreams every night. Sometimes she finds herself by the Õismäe pond in the middle of the night. In her pocket she has a yoghurt container from the dresser. She doesn't know how she wound up there. She doesn't tell anyone about it. Every evening, she opens her aunt's dresser and rearranges the containers. It has an oddly calming effect on her, she feels that she is doing what she must do. She goes outside less and has become withdrawn. Nobody notices that at school or work. "People don't notice anything but what's on their screens unless you tell them," Ann thinks. She doesn't bother to say anything, on her screen she puts new and new compositions together from elements similar to her aunt's collection.

On the night before October 31st, Ann tells her friends she isn't coming to a Halloween party. She eats two salmon canapés, enjoys a glass of wine and goes to sleep. Around the bed, she has built a little wall of margarine tubs. This time her dream is lucid. The doorbell rings and dream-Ann opens the door. It's her aunt, Ann realizes this, although the aunt is slightly transparent and looks much younger than her embalmed self did at the funeral. "Let's go, we're in a hurry," says the aunt. They go over to the dresser and empty it, the margarine tubs get put into black trash bags. They walk through Õismäe by night, carrying the bags. In the dream, Õismäe is completely devoid of people, totally quiet. They reach the pond. The aunt puts down her bag, Ann does the same. With the aunt instructing, they start to fence in the lake with margarine tubs. The aunt keeps on intoning strange, foreign words. She orders Ann to repeat after her. The oval pond bank is covered now, the plastic containers have all been used up. The aunt takes Ann by the hand, they walk to the observation deck and step into the water slowly.

Ann wakes up. She's not in her bed, she is on the shore of the pond. The sun is shining, there are other artists and writers around. She's dizzy, she feels she missed out on something important. Roland talks about the endless views from the high-rise buildings of Õismäe. Ann opens her bag, she wants water. In the bag is a margarine tub that she didn't have when she left home. Inside the tub is egg butter. The oval is reminiscent of an egg and is the symbol of rebirth and immortality.

*Text:*

*Vetvik*

*Artist:*

*Raymond*

At the centre of Ann Pajuväli's artwork are 3D drawings and spatial representations of graphics, which delicately, almost imperceptibly shift perception – lighten gravitational force and linear perspective.

The artist studies everyday objects, different items, tools, prototypes, products, combining, assembling, classifying and archiving them endlessly from her catalogue of drawings. Unbeknownst to herself, Pajuväli would appear to be following the KonMari organizational method developed by the famous Japanese Marie Kondo: "Sort objects by their category, not their location." By changing the location of the objects, their function also changes.

Pajuväli is fascinated by the universal recognisability of forms and games on the borderlands. What is real anyway, and what is just an illusion, a mirage conjured up by the artist's stroke? The manual illustrations of lines and spaces may manifest themselves in 3D space, too, to be reflected back again on to the surface of a screen. In her drawings, the planar has several dimensions, each spatial image created has its own form-related and physical restrictions and rules. If she throws a ball into her line-space, it need not bounce back but hang suspended.

The artist, who lives in Õismäe, has chosen as inspiration for her work, *Over the Edge, Around the Pond*, displayed at the Artishok Biennale, the central hub-and-spokes design of Õismäe where the prefabricated buildings make up a conceptual framework around the park and central pond. The cartographic images of Õismäe inspire the creation of Oriental floral paintings and art deco like ornaments on the drawing. Here, too, the goal was to influence spatial perception through different levels. The framing of the 2.6-metre-wide drawing with actual concrete kerbstones effectively conveys the fixed logic of the artist's glass-covered world of line-space and the alienation from the external world in the Baroque foyer of Kadriorg Palace.

Artist:

Pajuväli

Text:

Säde

# Bogie

**catalogue** or *US catalog* *n* **1** a book containing details of items for sale **2** a list of all the books of a library **3** a list of events, qualities, or things considered as a group: *a catalogue of killings* > *vb* **-loguing, -logued** or **-loging, -loged** **4** to enter (an item) in a catalogue **5** to list a series of (events, qualities, or things): *the report catalogues two decades of human-rights violations* > **cataloguer** *n*  
**catalogue** or **catalog** *n* **1,2** = list, record, schedule, index, register, directory, inventory, gazetteer > *vb* **4** = list, index, file, register, classify, inventory, tabulate, alphabetize

**mirror** *n* **1** a sheet of glass with a metal coating on its back, that reflects an image of an object placed in front of it **2** a thing that reflects or depicts something else > *vb* **3** to reflect or represent faithfully: *the book inevitably mirrors my own interests*

**mirror** *n* **1** = looking-glass, glass (*Brit*), reflector > *vb* = reflect, follow, copy, echo, emulate

*\* Entries from the Collins English Dictionary and Thesaurus Essential Edition, Glasgow: Collins, 2020.*

Artist:

Raymond

Text:

Dracastel

# Hanna-Laura

The upper floor of a Väike-Õismäe panel building. A living room flooded by the warm glow of the afternoon. Against the wall, a writing desk made of light wood and held by grey metal legs. Its desktop supports an elbow and a piece of white paper upon which a hand drawn dot is taking shape. The moment the pencil comes into contact with the paper is like a splash on the surface of the water, triggering ripples. The drawing expands, in time, into a digital image, which in turn solidifies into a sculpture and finally blends into the landscape.

This building, the home of the artist, stands side by side with identical ones. The rows of houses are separated from each other by asphalt roads and mowed sidewalk shoulders. Circles of concrete grow outwards from the pond at the centre of Väike-Õismäe, forming a circular city. Here, in the green heart framed by the watchful facades of the buildings, one can hear the sound of children at play. Like sprouts they extend themselves between the kindergarten and schoolyard.

At the edge of an open window, a tender gaze looks downward onto the courtyard. From here a view onto the interplay of a gentle organic quality and a heavy framing reveals itself. "Does the frame support and hold or limit and shackle?" I ask the observant artist. By way of reply, she motions to the piece of paper on the desk. "This is the first delimited area and its orientation affects how the image will begin to grow within it." Indeed, gradually the vegetation proliferating outward from the centre of the city throws itself upon the buildings' concrete walls. Children who used to roam in sandboxes now watch their own children ponder on the sidewalks. And those who ventured onward sometimes return in circular dreams.

Artist:

Rajmööli

Text:

Kaljo

Before the 2008 financial crisis, apartments in Kalamaja were relatively cheap. I remember going through real estate portals: 300 000 kroons, 500 000 kroons, no more. But it was in the air already that the neighbourhood will become trendy. People from creative fields were moving in, many of my artist friends were renting there. I myself was living in Mustamäe then – in fact in a relatively green and bright location near the Sütiste Woods – but I wasn't able to imagine anything more unattractive than Mustamäe, Lasnamäe and Õismäe. I begged my parents to buy me an apartment in Kalamaja before the prices go through the roof. My father said it was a pointless working class neighbourhood and so that plan was not going anywhere. Today he doesn't want to remember it.

If we look at the plans for Väike-Õismäe, we can see that the neighbourhood is meant for comfortable living and community activities. Buildings alternating with greenery, the neighbourhood has schools and nurseries and there are good public transportation connections to other parts of Tallinn. Everything is thoroughly considered. From the higher floors views open towards the sea and the Old Town. On top of that, there is the zoo and an abundant selection of shopping centres nearby.

Pajuväli's artwork also considers the neighbourhood's positive features: luscious greenery is infringed by concrete, it is like a small oasis in the middle of a fortress. It appears to be only the matter of time for the prefabricated housing areas to be on trend again. Fifty years ago they were built to be ultra-modern and by today, they are much more characterful than the diffused new suburbs on or out of the edges of the city. Trends alternate sinusoidally: a working class neighbourhood turned into a cultural elite's mecca. Time will show if and when it is coolest and the most expensive to buy an apartment in Väike-Õismäe. Often when artists find an exciting place, move in, make art there or of that place, soon the rest of the people will follow. There certainly seems to be potential for it!

Artist:

Pajuväli

Text:

Hoffmann

# How

When I'm at home, it seems to me that this space is my original creation. I was the one who chose the vases on the shelf, curtains for the windows and pattern of the carpet. Well, my wife co-chose it, or to be accurate, she was the one who mostly chose them, and the choice could only be made from among the products that were available, but sitting in an armchair it feels that things are in a unique configuration and under control and I'm not just a little piece in some puzzle with a shape I can't grasp.

There's a big home improvement supply centre near my home. It carries many things from all over the world. Shower systems with spray modes. Eyelet screws. Glue trowels. I go there often to walk the aisles with my son, like at an art exhibition and explain to him what's what. It's interesting for me, too - you look at all of the products from all over the world, with an innocent, purely formal eye. All sorts of thoughts occur to you. You feel at ease.

My son's favourite toy is a brush for spreading glue. I bought it from that same place. I told him it's a brush for glue, but it seems that is not its only meaning for my son. Once it was a helicopter. Pretty often it has been just a pruu-pruu, the meaning of which I couldn't grasp but it seems he's in a good place when he says that.

In her work, Pajuväli also creates certain powerful objects and performs a reductive act on the room. She has taken elements from reality and reduces them to lines and colours. Spaceless space. Behind these elements, the even more elemental objects that inspired her can be gleaned but art or the love of the game or something else inexpressible has made them something much more abstract. Even with the work's strongest element - the concrete paving stones - Pajuväli says overtly that it was ordered from the catalogue of Kiili Betoon OÜ and the shape made up of these elements is based in some ways on Õismäe's circular layout (she currently lives in a prefabricated building in that district) but there is still the feeling that the clarity is illusory. The nucleus and object of the work is the possibility of finding freedom in the context of preset elements, preset restrictions, in a world made up of copies. Pajuväli is a utopian realist.

Artist:

Pajuväli

Text:

Kaunistava

# Magdalena

With a satisfyingly aesthetic and clean graphic language, Ann Pajuväli has created a microcosm drawing inspiration from an environment dear to her – Õismäe. Everyday items, functionless geometric objects and patches of colour are strewn over an area akin to a miniature golf course. The Õismäe pond has become a refreshing blue eye of butter in the middle of concrete porridge.

The work's pure colours, oval forms and the cheerful playfulness of the environment in a delimited safe space took me back to childhood. I remember pictures that my sister and I were in the habit of drawing on our father's massive desktop computer using Microsoft Paint. I say "in the habit of", because it was on more than just one occasion. We drew our family as bears, experimenting with a circle motif that could be stretched into various ovals for hands, feet, ears and nose. Something like this:



It was easy to fill in the circles with a paint-bucket tool so that nothing spilled over the edges as often happened with felt tips. Choosing shape templates and colours, and putting together nearly identical pictures in the computer program, I felt a different kind of joy than I got from ordinary drawing. It offered complete aesthetic satisfaction, since nothing could go awry. And if it did, it was easy to erase.

Ann, too, puts her pictures together from existing forms and objects (which she has made herself previously, unlike me in my childhood). She keeps them in a folder in her computer, which she "shops" for new works as if in a construction supply store. Drawing inspiration from objects that actually exist, or, conversely, realizing her graphic forms as sculptures later on, a creative and orderly system is born, one chapter of which we see here on the floor.

What speaks to me in this work is the conflict between the two-dimensional colourful oasis and the three-dimensional grey paving stones that frame it. These simple geometric forms are familiar from Ann's graphic world, but in real life, cast as concrete, they take on a more robust dimension. Their weight, quotidian nature and inevitable belonging to the street sphere, are at once a barrier protecting paradise against the outside world and also a cage around that fragile environment. By playing with simple forms in many dimensions, Ann creates a truly dream-like layout of the historical Õismäe as a microcosm enclosed in concrete, and yet so beckoningly green.

*Text:*

# Maavik

Artist:

# Pajuväli

# Vitamiin

Lilian Hiob:

As printmaking is reproducible and Ann Pajuväli studied graphic arts at The Estonian Academy of Arts, she must feel right at home with the theme of this edition of Artishok Biennale. Over time, Ann has created a unique catalogue of reusable motifs in Adobe Illustrator. It correlates clearly with the principles of building Väike-Õismäe. Dormitory neighbourhoods have been constructed from standard materials and their parts originate from catalogues.

By the way, in 1974, when the construction of Väike-Õismäe started, the district's architects Mart Port and Malle Meelak initiated some changes in the "building catalogue": 10 new serial numbers (111-121) were introduced with project updates that allowed for larger kitchens and hallways, and the flats were to be grouped in pairs with a shared lobby. I read that Väike-Õismäe was planned based on the Golden Section. In a way, Ann's work is a micro version of Väike-Õismäe. I often recognise a search for balance and harmony in her body of work in general.

Siim Preiman:

The funny thing is that Ann herself said her piece was not necessarily relating to Väike-Õismäe, although it springs from there. When I heard that, I wrote down in my notebook that I should ignore that comment.

LH:

Let's ignore it!

SP:

The drawing that is likely to change by the time she presents the work, reminded me a bit of an oasis. I can't remember where I read this from, but I'm sure that in literature, the 9-storey houses lining the Õismäe circular road have been called the Great Wall of China. When I saw her latest design for the drawing, I felt a bit of an Asian vibe. Not everything she does is like that, but this piece sure is. And so she surrounds this oriental oasis with a concrete wall, that is clearly inspired by Õismäe's concrete, which is or might be called the Great Wall of China and which also has an oasis in the middle of it. Beautiful!

LH:

The hemline and chocolate-bar-like balcony balustrades characteristic to Väike-Õismäe could easily come from Ann's elements catalogue. When planning the neighbourhood, an aim was to create bright impassable landscaped yards that would aid the cultivation of community feeling. Cars weren't going to be a part of the area.

SP:

The neighbourhood is filled with cars now.

LH:

I don't think Ann is telling the story of the Õismäe we know today. She shows us the designers' idea from when the ideal version of Väike-Õismäe was only just being drawn up.

*Text:*

Artist:

Pajuväli



# María

The dream spreads itself out and glides into the consciousness. The boundary between the familiar and unknown becomes indistinct. It is a minute before daybreak. The sunrise can be conceived of, but it could still conceivably not rise, nothing is certain. There is still time, in any case. The air is full of darkness and light, with thicker and thinner patches, sometimes dissipating into nothingness. Things are still looking for their real form. Oddly enough, everything is familiar, but no word comes to mind. Did I ever know them? The words, I mean. Do they have any weight? With these thoughts, the letters sag apart and are suspended in the air. There is something very familiar in all of it, in its own inexplicable form.

Light and shadow call for my attention and lead it away from the letters. All of a sudden, everything can be seen and heard. Everything that is important is illuminated and precisely in place. Now is the time to look. It can be felt. You have to look now; later it will be too late. There is a feeling of unerring existence. What existence should be like. In the middle of it, centred in yourself. The past has not yet passed, and the future has not yet arrived. Everything around me has something to say and I know to listen.

Materials and forms move in patterns, at times diverging, then coalescing. Everything breathes as one. Long slow inhalations. The rhythm becomes slower and slower. You see and feel it. You could explain it all now if you needed to. But you don't. Not now. And later you won't be able to anymore. For a few more blessed instants, the world undulates in one rhythm. Until it laps up against a hard edge and the wave breaks. And the sun rises.

Artist:

Raymóndi

Text:

Luisa

# Mariten

Ann Pajuväli

*Over the Edge, Around the Pond*

Please read this text carefully before you start your experience. If you have any questions or are not sure about anything, ask someone.

Keep this text in a safe place, you may want to read it again.

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What constitutes *Over the Edge, Around the Pond*?

A framed image, that stems from the author's idiosyncratic two-dimensional brightly-coloured model-aesthetics - from a catalogue of custom-objects that have developed and accumulated in time and through various work-processes - that in this case step partially into the third dimension, incorporating, as the framing element, the possibilities of similar third-party model-catalogues: 8x inner curve 18.2.1. and 2x straight 18.4.

What is the recommended dose?

One to four rotating rounds. Five or more is also ok. A versatile approach is recommended, as a specific vantage point is absent. If you nevertheless think you have found an ideal position, it is a delusion and you are mistaken. It is recommended to avoid having too much distance. Immoderate closeness is as well not recommended.

When should you be extra careful while experiencing *Over the Edge, Around the Pond*?

If you think you are up a hill, or especially if Õismäe is dear to you. If you have grown up or are currently living in a prefabricated panel housing estate. If you have read the *Autumn Ball* by Mati Unt or have seen Veiko Õunpuu's adaption of it. If you are into urban road construction, traffic planning or something similar; or have recently delved seriously into Kiili Batoon's e-catalogue.

What happens if I forget my dose?

If you forget to take your dose, remind yourself as soon as you remember. Then go on as before. All is well.

What are the possible side effects of *Over the Edge, Around the Pond*?

You might feel as if you are a bird, a god, or an urban planner; though not as much an inhabitant. You might desire to take up compiling model-based standard-catalogues. You might start to like two-dimensional worldbuilding. The sugary appearance might entice you into biting the curb.

If you are concerned about these or any other side effects, talk to someone.

Text:

Artist:

Pajuväli

Esko