

# Bogie

**allude** vb -luding, -luded > **allude to** to refer indirectly to

**allure** *n* attractiveness or appeal

**alluring** *adj* extremely attractive

**allusion** *n* an indirect reference

**reference** *n* 1 the act of referring 2 a mention: *this book contains several references to the Civil War* 3 direction to a passage elsewhere in a book or to another book 4 a book or passage referred to 5 a written testimonial regarding someone's character or capabilities 6 a person referred to for such a testimonial 7 relation or restriction, esp. to or by membership of a specific group: *without reference to sex or age* 8 **with reference to** concerning > *adj* 9 containing information or facts: *reference books*  
>**referential** *adj*

**reference** *n* 2 = allusion, note, mention, quotation 4 = citation  
5 = testimonial, recommendation, credentials, endorsement,  
character reference

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

Artist:

Text:

Dracastel

Anna Mari Liivrand's works merge sculpture and drawing into fragile and ethereal installations. With her works, she attempts, using everyday materials and objects, to study the secret desires attributed to them.

What interests the artist at the Artishok Biennale is how to copy and imitate the tactics used by Tallinn Old Town souvenir shops to trap and seduce tourists. A branch motif, first drawn with a delicate hand and then executed in wrought iron, is adorned by additional gizmos made of amber and little LEDs. The little LEDs blink on and off slowly - like a will-o'-the-wisp, as the artist says - to tempt walkers to deviate from their route.

The work installed in three different locations copies itself. A souvenir tries to imitate handicraft and authenticity related to a place. Both wrought iron and amber often figure in kitschy folk art and are materials much used thanks to the tourism industry operating in the early medieval Tallinn Old Town. Although amber shops are numerous in the Old Town, the fossilized tree sap isn't actually found in Estonia. In the present, it, like many other minerals, has been granted esoteric functions - to convey love, positivity, self-confidence and everything else a person happens to need. Liivrand does not critique either souvenirs or the New Age crystal healing industry with this work; rather, she tries - with only minimal intervention in the urban space - to draw attention to how the traits and qualities attributed to materials are so susceptible to manipulation, relative and derived from the contextual system.

Without actually having seen how the work will look like in the urban space, it is very difficult to imagine based solely on 3D drawings whether the work will spark the associations described above or whether it will be neutralized and become just another Christmas decoration on the building facades.

Artist:

Text:

# María

The sky is darkening and light has nearly deserted this narrow dead-end street. Lamps suspended high above the street come on gradually, as if waking from slumber, but they can't be counted on for a while. The cables between the streetlamps pull taut, vigilantly. The bricked-in windows and doors look on, silent, perhaps understanding the scene, perhaps not. The further on you go, the narrower the street becomes, as if pulling the passerby into its embrace. The weak light sways, humming to itself, making the street toss and sway from time to time. Night is falling. Night awakes. Darkness spreads slowly and calmly. It's in no hurry. It's coming, one way or another, and everyone knows it. The street, which had been lifeless thus far with its high, compressed walls, can now breathe easier again. The walls yawn and stretch and shadows take on forms.

Thin branches cautiously extend themselves from between stones, and newly energized by falling darkness, reach toward the street ever more voraciously. It's like the branches have something to say. They've been skulking in the dark the whole day and now they're itching to halt a passerby. There is something captivating about them, like the darkness. Something repulsively dangerous and yet something enticing. A cunning and probing expression on their face, a drowsy whisper taking shape on their lips. In spite of the brisk, confident step, the road user gets tangled in the branches. Scoring the person's thoughts, the branches play their fingers over the startled passerby, who no longer remembers exactly where he was going and why. Memory blinks slowly and far away like the swaying lanterns overhead. He looks at the thorny branches spooling around him. "They're beautiful branches!" he thinks. "Beautiful...yet somehow malevolent..." And now it is too late. It is completely dark.

Artist:

Text:

Luiga

# Magdalena

Tallinn's Old Town is full of little shops and boutiques that sell gold and silver, amber, Russian dolls, wrought iron and ceramics. For ordinary cruise tourists, it's no difference what souvenir they buy and how much it is actually connected to the local culture. Often, they don't even know exactly what country they're in or that the Baltic states are three separate countries. The cobblestoned fairy-tale city they see is just an introductory stop on the way to the famous St. Petersburg. A tiny Hanseatic town like any other in Germany, where they were during their last cruise. Or was it Latvia? Poland? Is this Riga? *Oh, Tallinn? Or Tälin?* Well anyway, it's just amazing!

But this spring sprang different. Instead of the loyal tourist hordes, there was a gaping void in the Old Town. There were no guides with umbrellas bravely leading the elderly groups of Americans, Japanese, Germans or Chinese. No more did the masses disgorged by cruise ships congest the narrow cobblestoned streets. Even Finnish wasn't heard inside these medieval walls. The blessed peace and quiet was spoiled only by the knowledge that the little souvenir shops and boutiques would probably not survive the drought. And so, one after another, they shuttered. "To Let" reads the sign on almost every window. Only the fancier amber shops are left - like their product, they are capable of lasting millions of years.

The work by Anna Mari Liivrand analyses the flirtatious, inviting nature of advertising. Drawing inspiration from the shops in Tallinn Old Town, she created graceful wrought iron works that, like the mythological will-o'-the-wisp that led unsuspecting travellers deep into the mire, suck clients into their web. Anna Mari's mysteriously glowing twisted metal fingers grow out of the cracks in the grey stone and plaster walls of the city starved for shoppers, reminiscent of the last plea of a desperate addict. They try their luck, fruitlessly, with Tallinners hurrying to and from work, who don't even lift their eyes to the display windows in the Old Town. We are masters at quickly negotiating the obstacle course of touts and advertising signs.

Artist:

Text:

Maarik

Anna  
Mari  
Liivrand

Liivrand

*Anna*

## FOOL'S GOLD

Anna Mari closes the laptop lid. It is 14:14. What luck, time to make a wish. Well, what should I wish for, Anna Mari thinks. She crosses her fingers to make the wish more powerful. She makes the wish - always the same thing, although she doesn't really believe that wishes could come true. Yesterday, Anna Mari didn't go running, so she feels she should go today, it's a good time, the office rats haven't started streaming home. "I'll go out for a little jog," she thinks. "Go look at the delicate spring air." The light is pleasantly mild in the spring, there are fewer shadows, she sees things she usually doesn't. In spring, the city moults like a snake. "Interesting what becomes of the old skin," Anna Mari wonders, pulling on a pair of leggings. She feels that she, too, is new in spring, that something is growing through her body that creates new channels between her and other people, the city and everything that lives and moves in the city.

Anna Mari's itinerary today includes Freedom Square, Hirve Park, Schnelli Park, then the Old Town, avoiding the more touristy streets, of course, where various schlock made in China is flogged and piss-tasting golden beer is sold at the price of gold. She loves to run, because it's the best at disengaging her brain. There's also a much smaller likelihood of meeting friends than under the Sport Gestapo fluorescent lights of MyFitness. All the greater is her fright when someone calls out hoarsely: "Yo, Ansu!" She freezes, turns around. She realizes she reacted completely wrong, and she should have run faster, there's no one behind her back, wtf. "Meow." The voice comes from a window that has been boarded up and then was pried open. The sound comes from a mangy, probably once-white cat. "Come here, open the door damn it, I need help," the cat wheedles in a disgusting dissolute voice as if he'd been on a bender yesterday. "Cats don't go on benders," thinks Anna Mari and realizes that she must have gone mad or maybe it was just that she skipped breakfast. "Hey lady, what are you staring at. I said I need help, like what kind of an ungodly person are you, come in and help me for Christ's sake you dumb bitch," says the cat. Anna Mari decides that it can't be the breakfast.

Anna Mari walks to the door under the cat's attentive, yellow stare. She hopes that the hallucination will disappear when she touches something real, solid that doesn't talk to her. The door opens, behind the door is an abandoned stairwell. The mangy cat is already sitting on the first half-storey, a cat litter tray next to it, which like the cat has also seen better days. "Plz clean it up, I don't have thumbs, can't do it myself," asks the cat a little more politely and nudges the plastic kitty litter shovel with a front paw. Anna Mari looks at the cat's paws and agrees with the cat's assessment of the lack of thumbs, just like other cats, even though this one can talk. I have to help it - I actually like cats, after all, more than dogs, they are so elegant. She holds her breath and takes the shovel and starts delicately poking around in the kitty litter, which surprisingly doesn't smell bad at all, more like the charged air before a thunderstorm.

Anna Mari walks homeward through the Old Town. She walks slowly, although she is wearing jogging clothes and the shadows are lengthening and the air is cold. Her hands are in her pockets, she smiles childishly and from time to time takes a hand out of her pocket to admire the pieces of amber that are reminiscent of the cat's big, yellow eyes.

*Text:*

*Wetuk*

*Artist:*

*Lizbeth*

*Anna Mari*

# Vitamiin

Siim Preiman:

Have you ever even been to an amber shop in Tallinn?

Lilian Hiob:

Nope.

SP:

Me neither. I don't think they're very good seducers.

LH:

I guess not. But maybe these amber shops don't really matter. What I think is important is advertisement as will-o'-the-wisp that draws you somewhere you have great expectations for, that instills something good and beautiful, but the ad itself ends up being the best part of the promised product. A will-o'-the-wisp is such that as you get closer, it just about escapes you and doesn't hand itself over. I have a feeling that Anna Mari's delicate sculptures work in a similarly inviting way. You don't necessarily want to hold them, rather just to admire them. She's installed her aesthetic sculptures in places where there is nothing other than the seducer itself. Like next to closed shops or on empty side streets. The will-o'-the-wisp is like that - when you get to it, there is nothing there.

SP:

Nightlife is filled with such ghost lights. Getting back home from a party can be all about following mirages and the city centre is the most dangerous area for pickpocketing and violent crime.

Currently, the bells are being tolled for nightlife in the Old Town. Anna Mari's sculptures are like reminders of the will-o'-the-wisps that once had a place in the Old Town, but no longer do. I'm not sure how long it will take for nightlife to be killed off there but it is a clearly set goal. Soon the Old Town will become a quiet and peaceful residential neighbourhood with a few amber shops here and there.

LH:

Same with the dwindling occurrence of will-o'-the-wisps in nature as marshes are drained and land is repurposed for agriculture and forestry. What's happening in nature and in the cities is somehow aligned here, which is why it makes total sense that we meet Anna Mari's will-o'-the-wisps during a dark and wet period.

*Text:*

*Artist:*

Anna Mari

Lilian Hiob



I'm reminded of my friend M\* when thinking about forging and seducing. He is an artist working with metal and also, he is an incredibly attractive, even seductive person. He is a master of his craft - M knows how to make a number of objects on a remarkable technical and artistic level, including knives, jewellery and more. I'm currently holding a knife he made. It is very sharp and heavier than the average... Is it dangerous? Certainly. M loves his specialism and he is dreaming of travelling to Mars to make iron, or at least to every continent of our planet to gather iron ore. M has an endless will to reach the deepest secrets of metal arts, and it is likely he'll reach his goals.

Because M's specialism requires him to be in good shape, we can talk about him as an exceptionally attractive man. This opinion was recently supported by our common friend H, who has known M for many years and was able to tell us that M was girls' favourite already as a teenager. No wonder - the adventurous M knows how to fire dance, how to breathe as well as eat fire, he masters sword fighting and apparently, even knows how to sew clothes and sing. In addition to all that, he reads. My friend P asked why M has a 10-pack instead of a 6-pack... Enough said!

Will-o'-the-wisp attracts people into the bog to the point of death. Or at least it attracts. Like necks, sirens and M. It must be something magical, otherworldly, or carnally arousing that makes one lose oneself and one's mind. The extremely ugly signs on the souvenir shops in Tallinn Old Town (an inspiration for Anna Mari's sculptures was Amber World's shop sign with an image of a cat) are not attractive in any way and they have no relation to metal arts. And how about the artwork made for the biennale? It will certainly be beautiful. It might attract enough attention for the passer-by to momentarily stop and glance. But the wayfarer's stride is not halted, he will not get lost on his way and everyone will live.

\*A fictional metaphor.

Artist:

Text:

# Hoffmann

Anna Mari

Lisbeth

# How

Late one evening, standing on a soggy street corner to take our leave, a communication manager acquaintance of mine said that modern politics is marketing. Marketing of ideas and emotions. Belief in a better future, a better past, an unchanging present – whatever you like. And no doubt he was in the know – at the time, he was in charge of communication, i.e. marketing, for an Estonian political party.

Look at Trump. Pure and, truth be told, brilliant marketing. “The political programme is completely arbitrary,” as my colleague Epner wrote for the *Unified Estonia Assembly* (a Theatre N099 production about an eponymous fictitious political party) brochure for the Prague Quadrennial, which provided instructions on how to grab power. A brilliant tactician, a merciless strategist. *Carpe diem.*

Liivrand’s work also tempts, aimlessly. No one wants you to visit their store or sales table. *What you see is what you see.* As with a successful flirtation – the main point is suggesting the possibility of something big happening. As to whether something is genuinely happening and what it is, that is secondary or at least that’s so for the time being, at the instant of the enticement.

The state of the world surrounding Liivrand’s laconic and sensuous work is reflected in that aimless enticement, transposed to the heart of the concept. Who among us really knows for sure which way they are headed? An artwork is always bigger than itself. In some ways, it is a copy of its era one way or another, even if it doesn’t want to be, if it’s apolitical. Liivrand’s work is hardly meant to be political, the meeting with the artist certainly didn’t leave that impression, and yet that layer of meaning, X, can clearly and poetically be read that way.

Artist:

Text:

# Kaunistoru

Maan

Liivrand



# Hanna Larva

The alluring smoke of burning incense swirls gracefully toward the ceiling. "India," discloses the artist. Entranced by the fragrance, body ensconced in the soft couch, my gaze slides onto the windowsill. Delicate, curved glass vases, thin layers of human skin, faint, barely visible entries on the pages of open notebooks. I hear a voice speaking but the shapes and sounds of the words diffuse as they merge with the smoke.

Clink! The fluffy tale of a cat flashes between the vases, her bright coat blazing with the white studio as its backdrop. She jumps off the windowsill, brushes against the legs of the table, rubs the shins of those seated on the floor, and makes her way toward the door to exit. As if hypnotized, I feel myself rise and follow, curiously. Stepping over the threshold into the cold and damp corridor, I catch a glimpse of the cat's tail before it disappears into the stairwell. I pick up my pace.

Outside, the night is falling. Puddles on riddled sidewalks, blurry reflections of streetlights on their surface. In wonderment, I watch the cat's fur glow in the dark as she leads ahead of me. From time to time she turns to look back, her eyes like fireflies. The tarmac road turns into cobblestones, we are passing through deserted back streets. The facades of the houses, haloed by the setting sun, seem unfamiliar. Coming to the edge of the city a well-trodden path takes us across the field. The smell of mud and grass, stalks raking legs. Twilight.

As the woodland thickens, I have to use my hands to push past the tree trunks. Hair entangled with the branches. I slip on mossy stones, sweat beading on my forehead. All of a sudden, a clearing in the forest and a poison-green lake ahead. In awe, I look at the cat who has also come to a halt at a distance. She appears to be standing on the surface of the water, eyes like tiny lights turned toward me. Truly, it seems she is held by the lake without sinking!

The ground beneath my feet softens. To my horror, I notice I am up to my hips in the bog. Then, words which previously had gone unnoticed due to the incense haze, reappear: „...obscured by will-o'-the-wisp, solely fake amber.”

Artist:

Text:

Kaljo

ma  
A  
A

L  
L  
L

# Naviten

Anna Mari Liivrand  
*Thorny Enchantment from the Field*

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 *Thorny Enchantment from the Field*?

The basis for this is the multitude of anachronistic ironwork-as-advertisements, found above shopfronts across Tallinn Old Town, that are in this context intertwined with the motive of the will-o'-the-wisp or *ignis fatuus*. Slender salient shimmer in a firmly fluidic ferric form, where smithery blends with LED diodes and conjures cajolery.

What is the recommended dose?

Multiple alluring treatments. Various locations are recommended, about which you will find information somewhere else. Approach calmly, experientially, tacitly. It is recommended not to lower your guard, though excessive vigilance should also be avoided. Forget anxieties.

When should you be extra careful while experiencing *Thorny Enchantment from the Field*?

If you are extraordinarily receptive to enticements, flattery and/or hypnotising. If you are captivated by smithery. If you are a mythological being or if you work in advertising and/or are a semiotician. If you are presently anxious.

What happens if I forget my dose?

If you forget to take your dose, remind yourself as soon as you remember. Find the closest *Thorny Enchantment from the Field* to you. Then go on as before. Do not doubt too much. Do not give away anything.

What are the possible side effects of *Thorny Enchantment from the Field*?

In his study, titled *A supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again*, specialist David Foster Wallace writes that, "an ad that pretends to be art is—at absolute best—like somebody who smiles warmly at you only because he wants something from you. This is dishonest, but what's sinister is the cumulative effect that such dishonesty has on us: since it offers a perfect facsimile or simulacrum of goodwill without goodwill's real spirit, it messes with our heads and eventually starts upping our defences even in cases of genuine smiles and real art and true goodwill. It makes us feel confused and lonely and impotent and angry and scared. It causes despair."

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

Text:

Artist:

# Esko