

27.01.2014 Lola, Yukao Meet d-dONT Curated by Andreas Oxenvad
 20.01.2014 Miriam Haile, Kari Stora Fade and Transform
 20.01.2014 Matilda Höög Barcelona Film Screening
 13.01.2014 Admir Batlak, Ingrid Eggen Terlører
 06.01.2014 Lars Nordby Highway Furnitures, 2013

Silje Johannessen, Solveig Lønseth, Endre Mathstiad, Mimmi Mattila, Pernille Meidel, Michael O'Donnell, Andreas Hald Oxenvad, Linda K Røed, Benedikte Ronnen, Andreas Skjelde, Lise Brigitte Steingrim, Constance Tenvik, Tarald Johan Wassvik The Academy of Fine Art's Advent Calendar 2012

16.12.2013 Christoffer Danielsson Oslo, 2013
 09.12.2013 Stine Wexelen Goksvær A Story
 02.12.2013 Olve Sande Snow parts
 02.12.2013 Maria Norman North & South Film Screening
 25.11.2013 Jan Christensen, Anders Fjøsne Nothing is for Free – No Good Deed
 18.11.2013 Should Go Unpunished Curated by Jon Benjamin Tallérås
 18.11.2013 Peter Mohall If the bar ain't bending you're just pretending
 11.11.2013 Karl Inger Roys Caminata Nocturna Film Screening
 04.11.2013 Morten Isang, Nina Skarsbø, Monica Winther, Tomas Maria Postiglione
 28.10.2013 5000 Mindtrips
 21.10.2013 Ahmed Ghossein Untitled Curated by Fadlabi
 14.10.2013 Greg Pope Scoreline
 07.10.2013 Ingrid Tøggod Hovland, Maren Juell Kristensen, Therese Markhus, Liv Tandrevold Eriksen A shadow is a reverse projection of an object
 Curated by Tilo Frey
 (Fraksjon) Filipa Börjesson, Christian Dugstad, Martin Harkier, Halse, Anne Larsen, Anna Lilekranz, Bjørn-Henrik Lybeck, Niklas Schietlein, Anna Mergelius
 30.09.2013 Celeste Nait The Unexpected Part of Life. Norway
 23.09.2013 Lars Czuzner 100%
 16.09.2013 Johanne Zwaig I'll repeat this song until I'm kicked out
 10.06.2013 Anne Szefer Karlsten presents As the academy turns by Tiong Ang
 03.06.2013 Mailm, ch Pom Of Story about Baz Bassilou Curated by One Night Only Zurich
 27/05.2013 Paul Brand hestens diagram Curated by Tilo Frey
 13.05.2013 Eva Drangsholt The Descent of Man or Darwin Revisited
 Curated by Andreas Oxenvad
 06.05.2013 Camille Normant Angels and Demons – The Friction of Water
 29.04.2013 Andreas Ohman, Martin Bech Ravn Freshman Show
 22.04.2013 Bjørn Biarre Solaris
 15.04.2013 Tori Wårens, Sigmund Skard Performances
 25.02.2013 Emanuel Svedin Trinity
 18.02.2013 Jet Pasqua Dust Lines
 11.02.2013 Camilla Löw Camilla Law
 04.02.2013 Morten Jensen Vågen A.C.A.B
 28.01.2013 Tobias-Alexander Danielsson, Tomas Endresen, Christine Overvad Hansen, Jonathan Terry If it renders Curated by Carl Mannov & Ina Hagen
 21.01.2013 Frode Markhus Golden Retrievers
 14.01.2013 Tone Wolff Kaistra If you can't touch it, it's not there
 07.01.2013 Ragnild Aarnås, Hedda Roterdand Amundsen, Martin Bech-Ravn, Hannan Benammar, Andreas Bennin, Johan Carlsson, Jeannette Christensen, AK Dolven, Helena Lund Ek, Fadlabi, Tilo Frey, Julia Lee Hong, Matilda Höög,

17.12.2012 Richard Alexandersson Tongue; 9h
 12.12.2012 Mercedes Mühlisen boneless nen fruit
 03.12.2012 Ana Rita Antonio More than 14 ways of replacing a table leg with extra additions
 26.11.2012 Michael Rahbek Rasmussen Porträtt med kondens og R,communis
 19.11.2012 Hilde Honerud, Nina Tøft Et frimintutt fra den menneskelige tilstand
 12.11.2012 Scott Rogers Meanders Into Nonesuch Place
 05.11.2012 Jessica Williams Notes on Building a Bow
 29.10.2012 Andreas R. Andersson Riots for Nothing
 22.10.2012 Erik Pirrot Min død er prøjsert i deg Curated by Jon Benjamin Tallérås
 15.10.2012 Marius Melby Samme hvor bra du føler deg kan det hende du fremstår som en klovn i andres øyne
 08.10.2012 Javier Barros, Sverre Bjertnes, Christer Glein Untitled Curated by Fadlabi
 01.10.2012 Erik Dæhlin, Tora Ferner Lange, Ning, Amund Stjölle Sveen
 Einstein On The Beach (1976)
 Martin Sæther Cabbage, Quince, Cucumber and Melon
 Lona Hansen It's hip to be square
 17.19.2012 Silver (Pla Bekkvik, Marianne Knutsen, Petr Svarovsky) The Yoghurt That Watched A Porn. Support: Hypnotized Carrot Curated by Tilo Frey
 10.09.2012 Lotte Konow Lund The artist in the kitchen, just walk straight in
 03.09.2012 Nina Ross The foreignness of language Film Screening
 03.09.2012 Fellesverkstedet Foreløpig Rapport
 25.05.2012 Siri Leira Slipstreams (You and Me Climbing a Hole in the Sky)
 21.05.2012 Mads Andreassen, Mats Dragsund, Andreas Siqueland, Ruben Steinum, Jon Benjamin Tallérås, Rickard E. Thinggren Ned på alle fire, gå i hundene
 07.05.2012 Curated by Jon Benjamin Tallérås
 30.04.2012 Janne Kruse Borrowed Times Curated by Erlend Grytbakk Wold
 Ruben Aas Anvesen, Espen Henningsen, Rasmus Hildonen, Henrik Mojord
 23.04.2012 Jahnßen, Lars Klømpförl, Endre Mathstiad, Jan Skomakerstuen Kaos FM 99.5
 Curated by Tilo Frey
 16.04.2012 Iselein Linstad Hauge White Distance
 16.04.2012 Torhild Berg, Ebba Bring 30 Minutes Only
 10.04.2012 Emil Andersson, Martin Titus Bogslaw, Johan Carlsson, Øyvind Lind, Carl Mannov, Endre Mathstiad, Sigbjørn Pliskog, Calle Segeberg, Jonathan Terry
 cs. ono Freshman show
 02.04.2012 Andreas Skjelde Untitled Curated by Fadlabi
 26.03.2012 Tobias Alexander Danielsson, Steffen Håndlykken, Stian Eide Kluge, Michael O'Donnell, Halvor Rønning, Åsmund Skuterud The African Art Show
 Curated by Fadlabi
 19.03.2012 Stan Adlandsvik, Nicholas Cheveldave, Alicia Frankovich, Jeremy Hof
 12.03.2012 Lost In Translation Curated by Victor Wang
 05.03.2012 Liva Mork Going Back
 Örn Alexander Amundason, Olaf Nimar Sketch for a Collaboration Monument

18.05.2015	Gisa Pantel, Inga Krüger nolens volens	27.10.2014	Zachary Tomaszewski Consider the Tree
11.05.2015	Kristi Kross COME INN Performance	20.10.2014	Camilla Steinum Symbols of Existential Dirt
11.05.2015	Ida Madsen Følling, Øyvind Torvund Doodled Synthetic Landscape	20.10.2014	Borgen Åndelige Kor Performance
04.05.2015	Gunnhild Torgersen, Karen Gimle		Marte Aas, Nondal Astrid, Torhild Berg, Margareta Bergman, Ebba Brung, Snybak Brita, Kristina Bræin, Esther Bjørnboe, Berit Fortun, Eli Hovdenak, Kristine Hjertholm, Mari Røyssamb, Martine Linge, Tone Myskja, Trine Mauritz Mounstad (Loxbo Finn, Wästberg Petter, Tobias Sonden)
27.04.2015	Stefan Anger Untitled	13.10.2014	Vegard Bleken
20.04.2015	Marte Gunnulsen Film screening	13.10.2014	Ellakaisa Nordström, Anne-Lis Kogan One divides into two, two doesn't merge into one Performance
20.04.2015	Carl Marow Pro- peds and bullsens	06.10.2014	Hanne Ekkeren Book Launch
13.04.2015	Urd J. Pedersen, Liv Karin Heie Ertzeid Liv og Urd med venner	29.09.2014	Kari Saanum, Åslaug Krokann Berg Songs of Sorrow Performance
30.03.2015	Øyvør Hansen Engen, Nasim Iranpour Freshman Show	22.09.2014	Christoffer Danielsson, Ayatgali Tuleubek First As Tragedy, Then As Farce
23.03.2015	Erik Sæter Jørgensen Isherwood	15.09.2014	Sille Høgevold Songs for ordinary objects
16.03.2015	Øyvind Melbye HUX D	08.09.2014	Daniel Slatnes Distilling pedestal into colors
09.03.2015	Maria Brinch THE BIRTHDAY PAPER 2 Film screening	01.09.2014	Amelia Beaws-Harrison The Gambblers Judgment
02.03.2015	Sam Basu Spectres	26.05.2014	Felix Gmelin Kunst og Ukunst: Vildkun Quisling looking at Pussy Riot
23.02.2015	Linn Hornvedt Finne sted, finner sted, fant sted	19.05.2014	Petr Daydychenko, Astrid Gnoise Dying Breed Mayhem
23.02.2015	Heidi-Anett, Lena Katrine Film screening	12.05.2014	Erik Senje Permanent Vacancy
16.02.2015	Mimmi Mattle This feels eternal now but the moment is fleeing	05.05.2014	Linda Karin Larsen Torubri, Ogbein, Akpo Timi Fa Sise
16.02.2015	Samuel Olou Decolonise the Table		Nina Ross Film Screening
16.02.2015	Aksel Høgenhaug We Are Unity	28.04.2014	Iain Griffin, Alma Heikkilä, Saara-Maria Karranta To Use As a Capital
09.02.2015	Khalid Albaih	28.04.2014	Curated by Jussi Kotela
02.02.2015	Charlotte Petersen FLYINGTRAINING EXERCISE	14.04.2014	True Solvang Vevatne Twist and twirl
02.02.2015	Endre Mathisland <i>Foyer Special</i>		Marthe Andersen Film Screening
26.01.2015	Frauke Materlik Blue Time Performance	24.03.2014	Tammo Rist The Paint Guillotine, with Time-works and Oversized Objects
26.01.2015	Malin Biliow Scenario 2	17.03.2014	Curated by Tino Frey
19.01.2015	Miriam Myrstad Døden må være vår tids siste magiske instans Film screening	07.04.2014	Oscar Ovale A Strange Piece of Beautiful Evidence
19.01.2015	Ingvild Hovland Kaldal Goodbye Winter, we are steaming in	31.03.2014	Alejandra Salinas, Aeron Bergman BILLIONAIRE BEAR
12.01.2015	Mario Pfeifer Textile Works / Taxi Stickers Curated by Fadlabi	10.03.2014	Ida Bakke Kristiansen COVER // RELIEF
05.01.2015	Josefine Lyche Absolute ALT. Vol 1		Johanna Kimer tiger in a room
			Daitsuke Kosugi Celebration feat KIM SLETBACH GROUSTRA
			Curated by Fadlabi
15.12.2014	Moa Aiskog, Karl Isakson Ute skinner solen	03.03.2014	Emilie M.R., Birkeland Pine is a sensitive material, durable if it treated correctly Freshman Show
08.12.2014	Christine Maines Mathisen FROM THE LIBRARY OF BABEL		
08.12.2014	Oslo Apiary, Victoria Günzler Food Special	24.02.2014	Too many girls
01.12.2014	Snorre Ytterstad, Arne Borgan Provocative percussion	17.02.2014	PADDE crew I'm a Believer Curated by Jon Benjamin Tallérås
	Curated by Jon Benjamin Tallérås	10.02.2014	Tiago Bom Ma il cielo è sempre più blu But the sky is always bluer
24.11.2014	Haustr, Haus, Troilkrøn Performing Bodies	03.02.2014	Endre Tveitan Solktré (Sun corner)
17.11.2014	Roderick Hietbrink NW bad Curated by Tomas Maria Postiglione		
10.11.2014	Ellinor Aurora Aasgaard, Aurora Sander, Bror Sander, Berg Størseth		
	Aurora & Sander		
03.11.2014	Camilla Topuntioi damnatio memoriae		



15.09.2008

Eirik Senje **Don't rock the boat**



13.10.2008

Kenneth Alme **Run Rabbit, run**



05.10.2009 Jon Benjamin Tallerås Untitled (HAPPINESS)





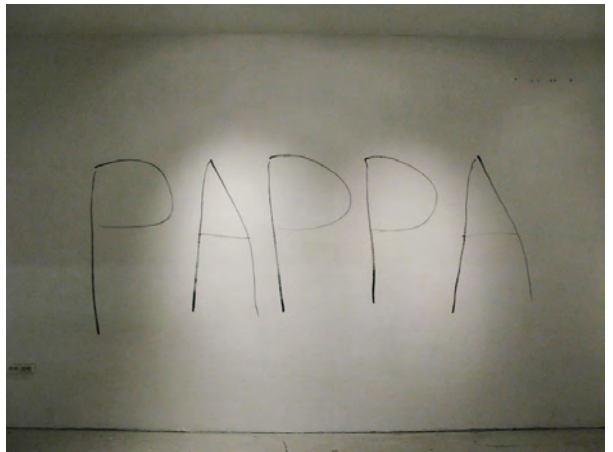


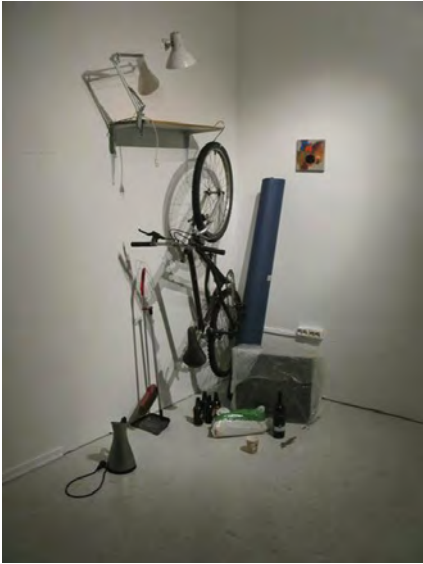




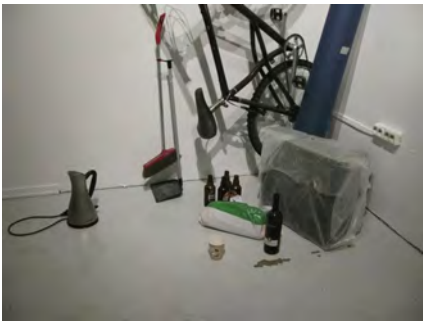
Lars Brekke
 Thora Dolven Balke
 Bengt Gabrielsen
 Stian Gabrielsen
 Marie-Louise Jacobs
 Jon Eirik Kopperud
 Lars Myrvoll
 Magnus Oledal
 Christian Siebenherz
 Herman Skylstad
 Kristian Skylstad

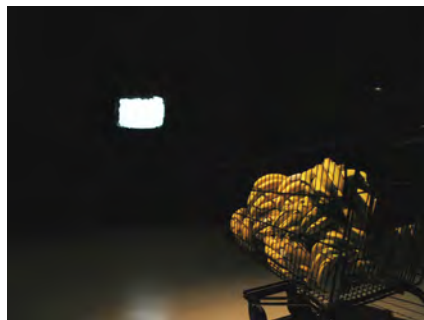






02.03.2009 Magnus Vatvedt I make no com pro mices





05.10.2009

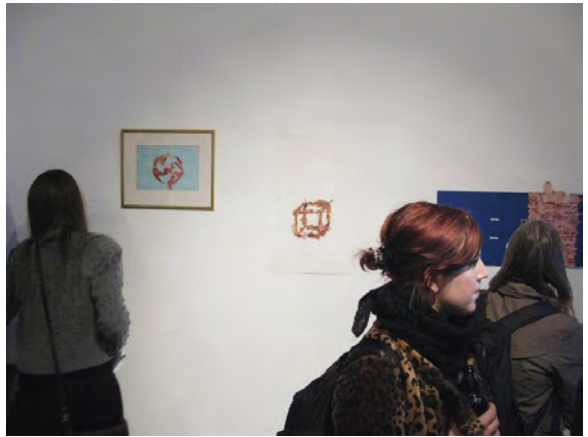
Håvard Stamnes Conveyance of Equilibrium Warfare

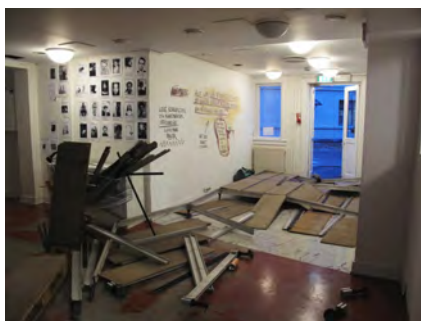




Tora Dalseng
 Jan Freuchen
 Nicklas Gahnström
 Sverre Gullesen
 Kristine Jakobsen
 Tone Wolff Kalstad
 Frode Markhus
 Mercedes Mühleisen

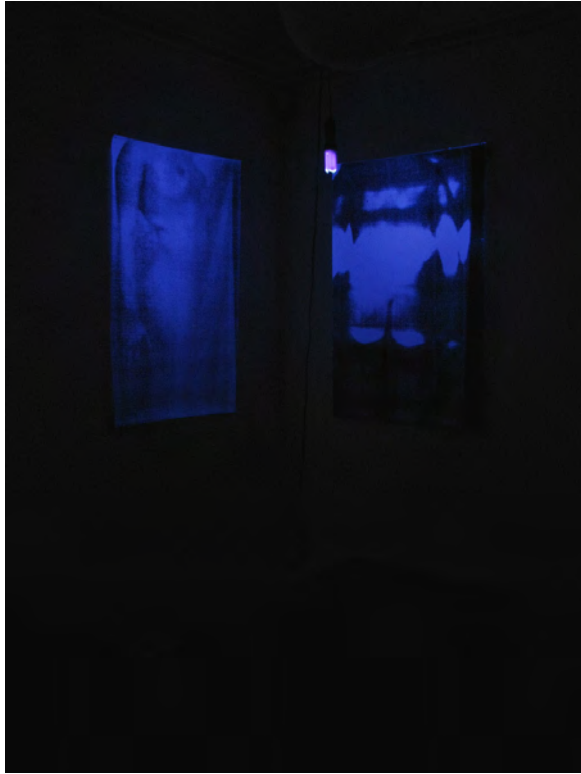






26.10.2009

Knut Ivar Aaser, Christian Tony Norum, Ocht **Untitled**



02.11.2009

Ragna Bley You love the way i look at you



Pumpkin Soup

Makes around 10 litres

10 bouillon or stock cubes
3 kg sweet potatoes
2 kg potatoes
1 large onion
100 g pumpkin seeds
Approx. 5 tablespoons cooking oil
Approx. 5 tablespoons curry powder
250 ml cream
Approx. 5 litres boiling water

Peel onion, potatoes and pumpkin and cut into pieces.
Fry onion in cooking oil for 5 minutes.
Add potatoes and pumpkin and fry for 5 more minutes.
Add water, curry powder and bouillon cubes and boil for 20 minutes.
Use hand blender to make a smooth soup.
Add salt and pepper to taste.
Add cream and pumpkin seeds before serving.

Sigmund Skard

Særskild godt samarbeid med kurrator. Det var godt å oppleve at nokon skreiv om performancen min, slik Helen Eriksen gjorde (ikkje publisert). Hugsar godt Kjetil Berge si fine utstilling. Eg las i dagbøkene til far hans og fann godt lokalt uttrykk: 'Slagvatten'.

Sebastian Kjølaas

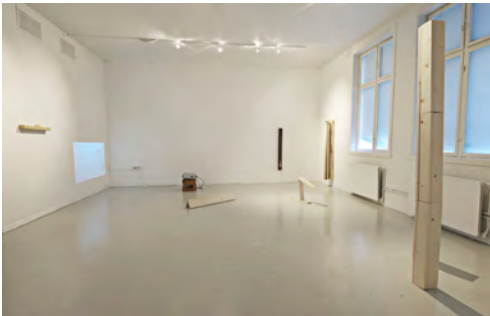
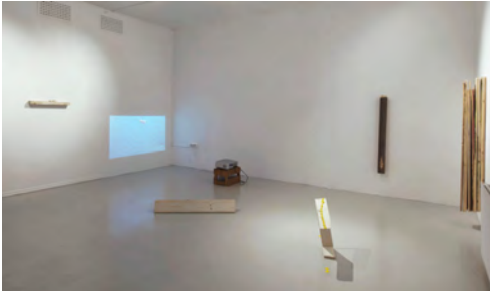
I drove a hearse into the foaje of UKS for a One Night Only. The funeral home was delighted—they told me they didn't have many repeat customers. As the night went on I got fourteen women to apply their makeup while mirroring themselves in the black surface of the car. Around closing time we had to drag a couple out of the hearse who had managed to get in the front seat to make out. One Night Only—that's what she said.



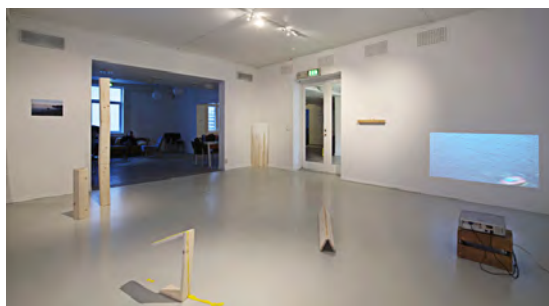
18.01.2010

Halvor Rønning, Asgeir Skotnes **Switchswap**





19.04.2010 Inga Sund Hofset Livet, døden, (havet) og kjærligheten





















Micael Brkic
Anders Dahl Monsen
Linus Elmes
Fadlabi
Tito Frey
Sverre Gullesten
Graham Hayward
Eirik Senje
Jon Benjamin Tallerås
Erlend Grytbakk Wold



11.10.2010 Heidi Johansen Going Solo





Sweet Potato Soup

Makes around 10 litres

10 bouillon or stock cubes

3 kg sweet potatoes

2 kg potatoes

1 large onion

300g mushrooms

Approx. 5 tablespoons cooking oil

250ml cream

Approx. 5 litres boiling water

Salt and pepper

Peel onion, potatoes and pumpkin and cut into pieces.

Fry onion in cooking oil for 5 minutes.

Add potatoes and sweet potatoes and fry for 5 more minutes.

Add water and bouillon cubes and boil for 20 minutes.

Use hand blender to make a smooth soup.

Add salt and pepper to taste.

Chop the mushrooms in small pieces and add into the soup.

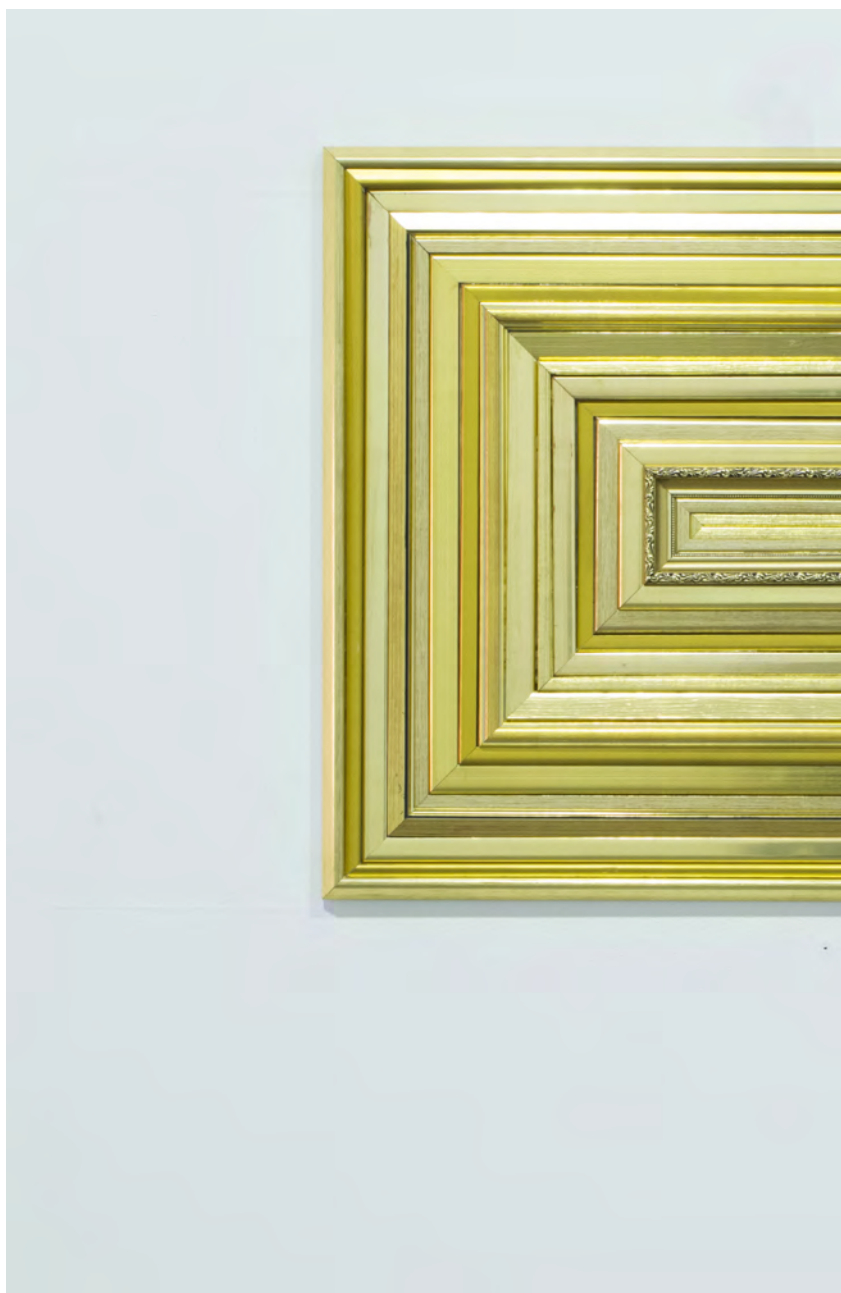
Add cream before serving.

Tanya Busse,
Joar Nango

Vestavin was a year long project that focused on the culture and folk-traditions of home-made winemaking within the west coast region. For ONO we launched a publication (of the same name) along with a tasting of Public Space Wines.

Marius 'Snakepunch'
Melby

Jeg husker alt som har skjedd i mitt liv, så selvfølgelig husker jeg min kveld på ONO. Det var første gangen kunstverdenen tok meg inn i varmen som enkeltindivid, på tross av min mangel på utdanning og evne til å skrive den typen søknader som skal til for å nå frem. De møtte meg med en rørende kombinasjon av entusiasme, glede og sveitsisk effektivitet som sørget for en veldig fin kveld der hippe kunstfolk ble tvunget til å forholde seg til bildene mine. Jeg gnir meg fremdeles i hendene og godter meg når jeg tenker tilbake ... Godter meg og lengter tilbake.





Heidi Kärtveit
«Collection»





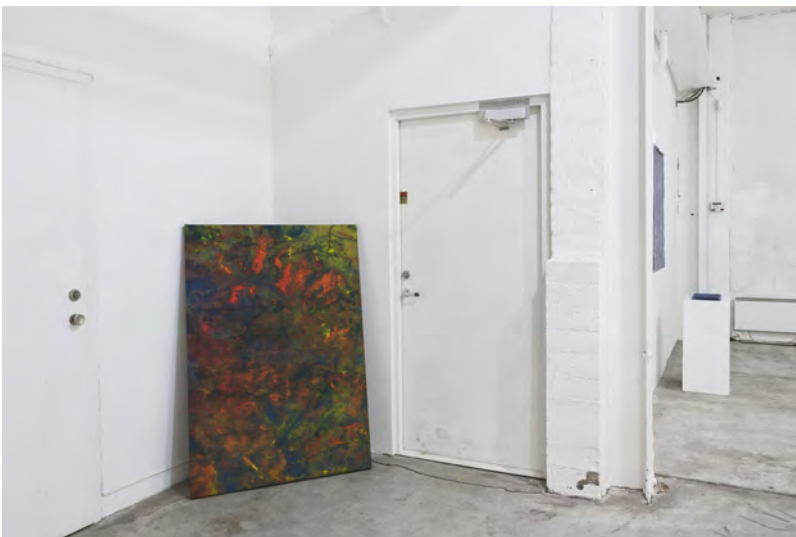


21.11.2011

Erlend Grytbakk Wold Bordet og Bildet











Ragnhild Aamås
Knut Ivar Aaser
Amir Amadeus
Mads Andreassen
Yngve Benum
Ragna Bley
Are Blytt
Marianne Bredeesen
Christian Sublime Tony
Kaya Gaarder
Petter Garaas
Silje Linge Haaland
Sebastian Helling
Stig Tommy Høvik
Saman Kamyab
Kristian Kolverud
Jon Eirik Kopperud
Mona Sjø Leirkjær
Espen Lomsdalen
Mickael Marman
Anders Nordby
Cecilia Ester Ojeda
Aurora Passero
Knut Oscar Severin Qvale
Eirik Senje
Camilla Steinum
Magnus Vatvedt
Emma Wright
Alexander Z





28.03.2011 Torgeir Husevaag *An anfractuous fire.*





04.04.2011

Sebastian Makonnen Kjølås Døden på UKS







Azar Alsharif
Siri Leira
Joakim Martinussen
Halvor Rønning
Ruben Steinum
Erlend Grytbakk Wold

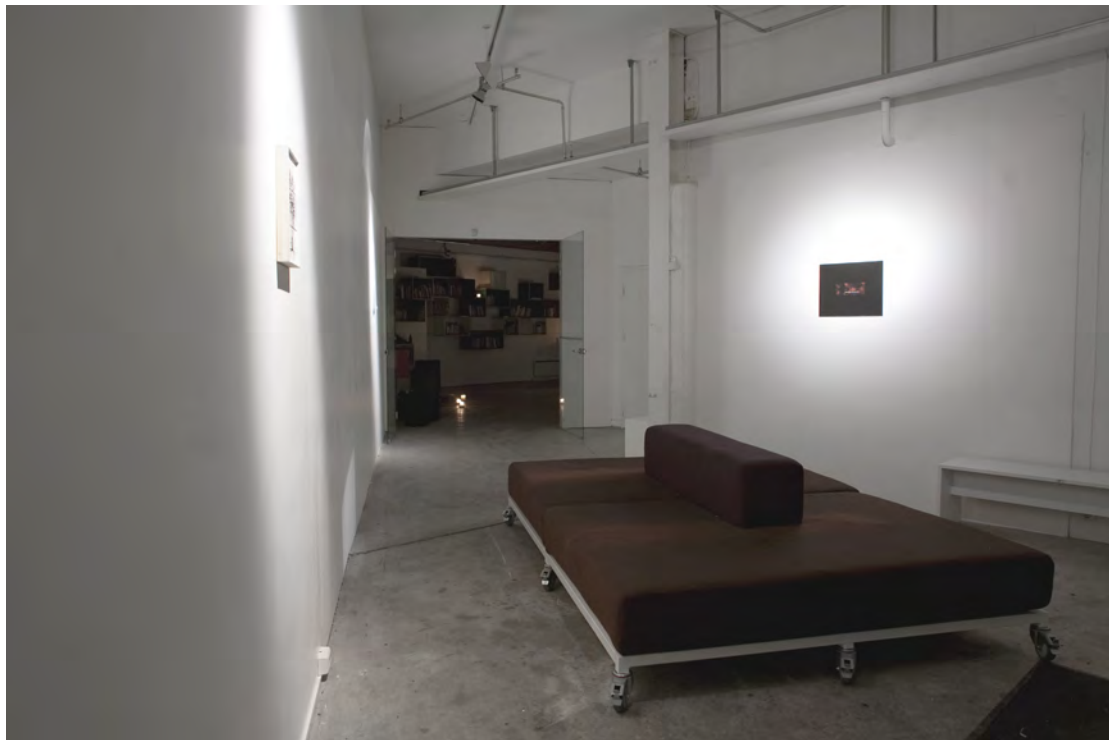




24.10.2011 Kristine Dragland There's a rainbow inside the mind



if a Sharon Stone
falls in the forest and
no one's there to
hear it
does it create any
surplus value and/or
"epistemological
potential" ?





26.09.2011 Mattias Cantzler **Plenty of shit**





Skinny Bitch

Ingredients

Sparkling water and ice cubes

+4 cl vodka

2–3 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice

1–3 sliced rounds of lemon

Place the ice cubes in a glass.

Add the vodka, then the lemon juice and slices, then the sparkling water.

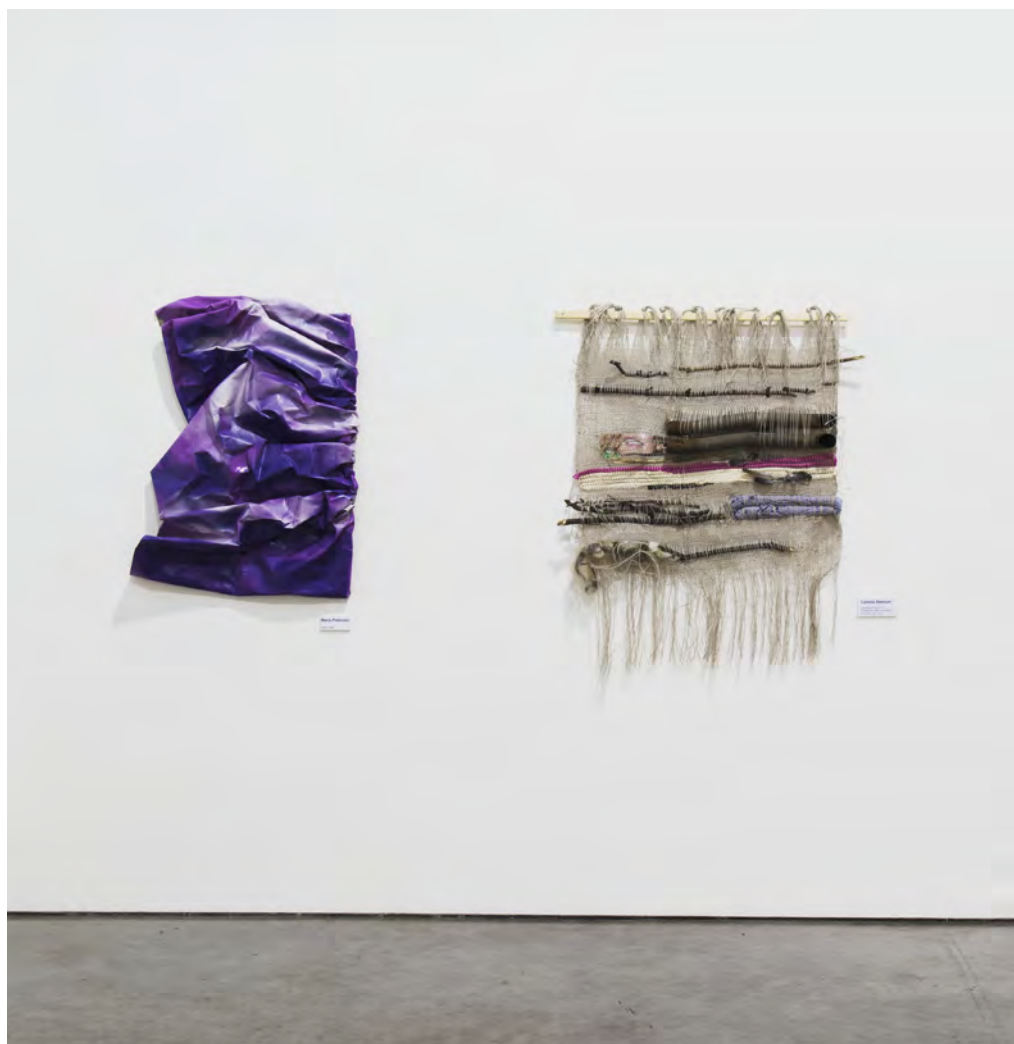
Garnish with love and rhythm, and serve immediately.

THAT PURPLE STUFF

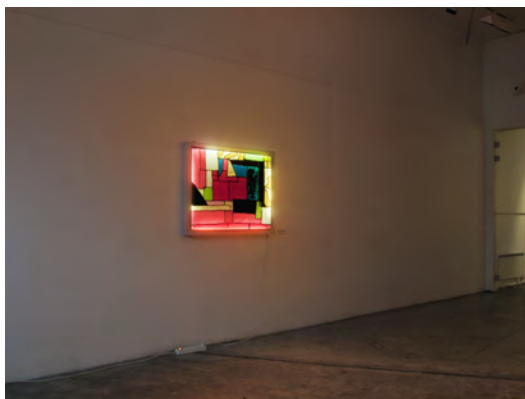
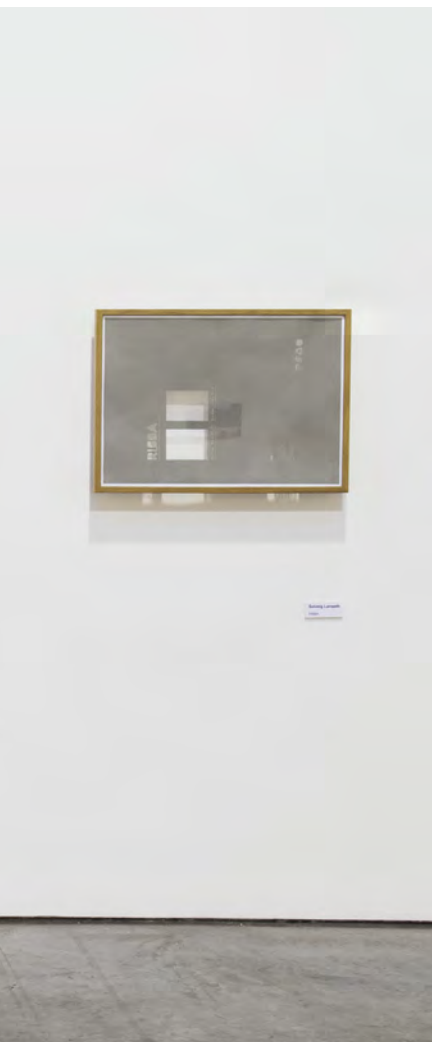
Første gang vi hørte navnet ONO, tenkte vi umiddelbart på et vaskemiddel som skulle hjelpe kunstnere å vaske maling av klærne sine, mens vi satt og leste no donald og co. på do. men innerst inne visste vi at det var en av byens morsomste gallerier på mandager! Der vi fikk herie og danse ... du kan si der spasibar døde, levde ONO og der ONO døde levde Yoko ono og Yolo Ono videre ... de to siste er trist, Ono is pissed, resten er uvisst! #ono

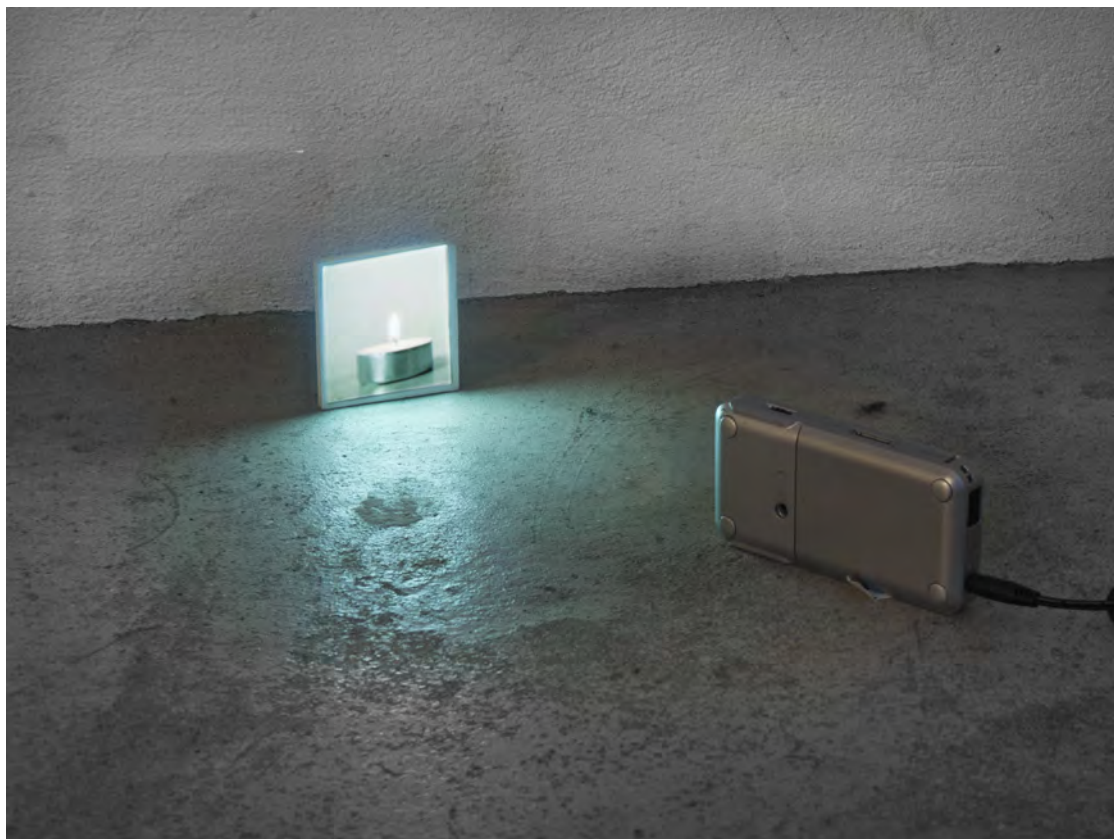
Erlend G. Wold

Et minne er alle forberedelsene, hver uke. Det å fikse og male vegger. Det kontrollerte kaoset før åpning, Er kunsten klar? Har jeg husket å fikse med øl, mekke spilleliste og verksliste? Er suppa klar? Gleden og spenninga man alltid hadde før åpning.



Bjarne Bare
 Tobias Alexander Danielsson
 Karin Erixon
 Tito Frey
 Goutam Gosh
 Aksel Høgenhaug
 Henrick Mojord Jahnsen
 Silje Johannesen
 Cecilie Broch Knudsen
 Kunstakademiets Tegneklubb
 Dirkjan van der Linde
 Lord Chief Justice
 Solveig Lønseth
 Mimmi Mathila
 Endre Mathistad
 Svetlana Negashova
 Andreas R. Oxenvald
 Maria Pelkonen
 Andreas Siqueland
 Andreas Skjelde
 Jan Skomakerstuen
 Camilla Steinum
 Peter Sæbø
 Susanne Winterling







19.03.2012 Stian Ådlandsvik, Nicholas Cheveldave, Alicia Frankovich, Jeremy Hof **Lost In Translation**











Andy Boot
 Kah Bee Chow
 Frkwhitestar
 Geir Haraldseth
 Benjamin Hirte
 Yuki Kishino
 Arne Skaug Olsen
 Martyn Reynolds
 Cellulite Rose
 Aurora Sander
 Louise Sartor
 Linnea Sjöberg
 Sakari Tervo
 Philipp Timischl

















24.09.2012 Martin Sæther Cabbage, Quince, Cucumber and Melon















12.12.2012 Mercedes Mühleisen boneless hen fruit



UKS Lakkegata 55d

Gin & Tonic

Ingredients

Tonic water and ice cubes

+4 cl gin

1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice

1–3 sliced rounds of cucumber

Place the ice cubes in a glass.

Add the gin, then the lemon juice and cucumber, then the tonic water.

Garnish with love and rhythm, and serve immediately.

Michael O'Donnell

There were many genius aspects to One Night Only
—the greatest of which was doing it on a Monday.

Malie Robb

Dypt savnet
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Inger Wold Lund

One Night Only
Please
One Night More
Please
Just One Night
Please
Not One Day
Please
One Night Only



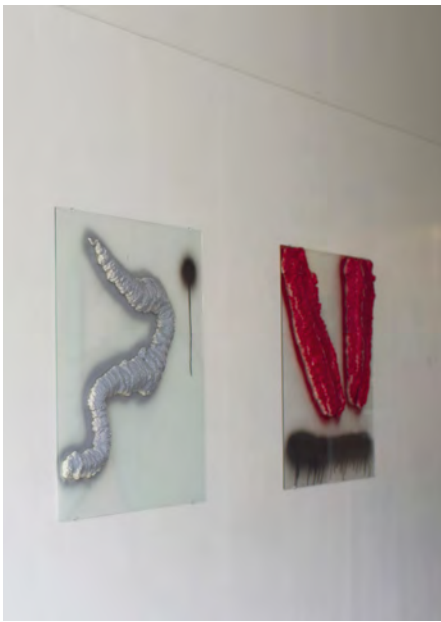


Ragnild Aamås
Hedda Roterud Amundsen
Martin Bech-Ravn
Hannan Benammar
Andreas Bennin
Johan Carlsson
Jeannette Christensen
AK Dolven
Helena Lund Ek
Fadlabi
Tito Frey
Julia Lee Hong
Matilda Höög
Silje Johannessen
Solveig Lønseth
Endre Mathistad
Mimmi Mattila
Pernille Meidell
Michael O'Donnell
Andreas Hald Oxenvad
Linda K Røed
Benedikte Røsen
Andreas Skjelde
Lise Birgitte Steingrim
Constance Tenvik
Tarald Johan Wassvik















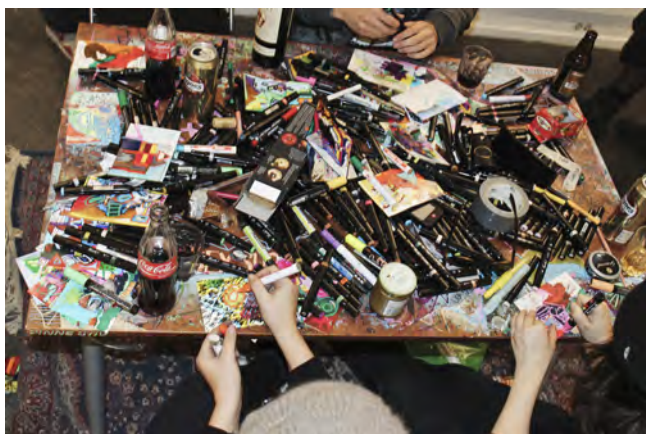




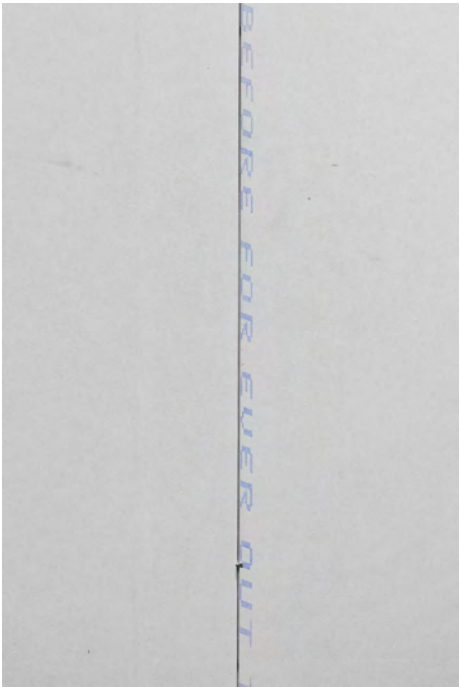
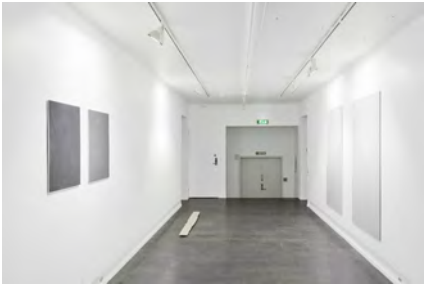








Morten Ising
Nina Skarsbø
Monica Winther
Tomas Maria Postiglione







Wheat Soup with Vegetables

Makes around 10 litres

Approx. 5 kg vegetables:

carrots

peppers

celeriac

leeks

potatoes, etc.

1 large onion

500g wheat grains (also known as wheat berries)

Approx. 5 tablespoons cooking oil

Approx. 5 litres boiling water

10 bouillon or stock cubes

Spices in a tea infuser:

2 bay leaves

20 cloves

30 peppercorns

oregano

thyme

Salt and pepper

Peel onion and fry in cooking oil for 5 minutes.

Chop the rest of the vegetables in small pieces and fry for 5 more minutes.

Add wheat grains, water, bouillon cubes and tea infuser with spices and boil for 60 minutes.

Add salt and pepper to taste.

Remove the tea infuser with spices and serve.

Karin Erixon

One Night Onlys dansgolv: När självaste konstdiskussionerna har avtagit, middagen har blivit spist, ölen har druckits och det bara är det nypolerade cementgolvet och mina joggeskor som doppar sulan i ölsölet i takt med musiken; nostalgi.

Örn Alexander
Ámundason

Olof and I didn't want to do this show, I remember. Jon Benjamin and the others kept nagging us though. 'Please Örn' and 'Please Olof' and so on and so forth. You said 250 characters right? Is this enough

Geir Haraldseth

Husker bare at jeg bittert gikk glipp av Brkic sin utstilling *Goodbye to grief* i 2009 fordi jeg skulle til Brazil. Det var da ONO fremdeles var på Akademiet og Spasibar var en saga blott. Jeg fikk dokumentasjon av kvelden, men følte meg veldig snytt da jeg ikke fikk med meg den godbiten av en utstilling.



n the form of a book.





- if you say it in Japanese-ish, it's like "Gray zone".

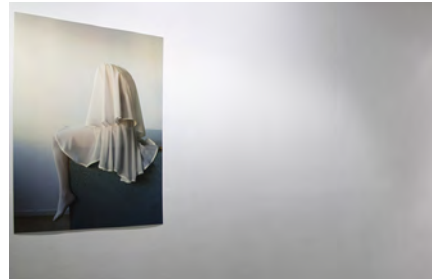
- Yes, I'm in a gap, gray zone,
between the legal and the administrative.

- I see. That's interesting.

Although the condition won't last for a long time.

- It similar to the situation where a person is stuck
in the gap between the gate and the boarder control at an airport,
because of loss of their passport.





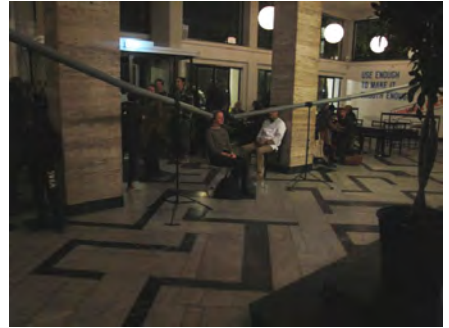












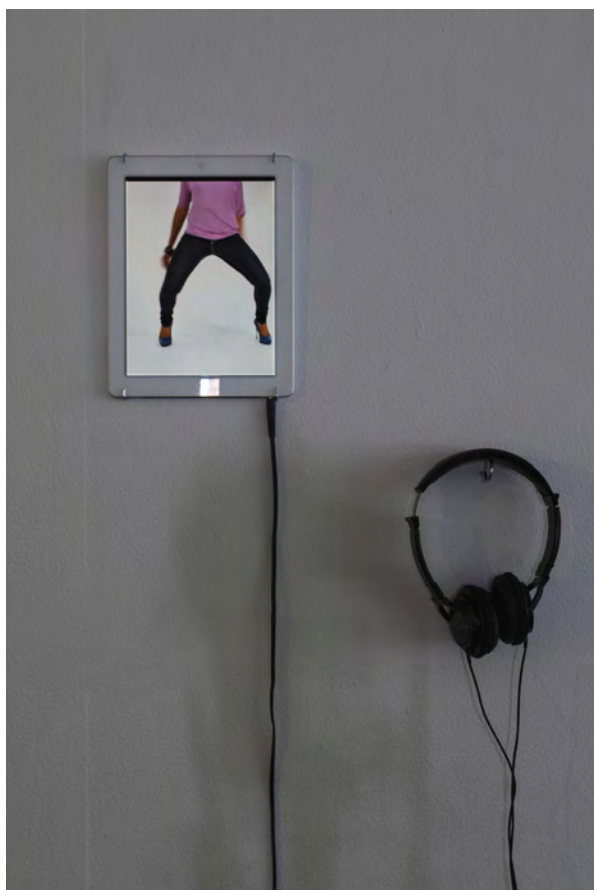












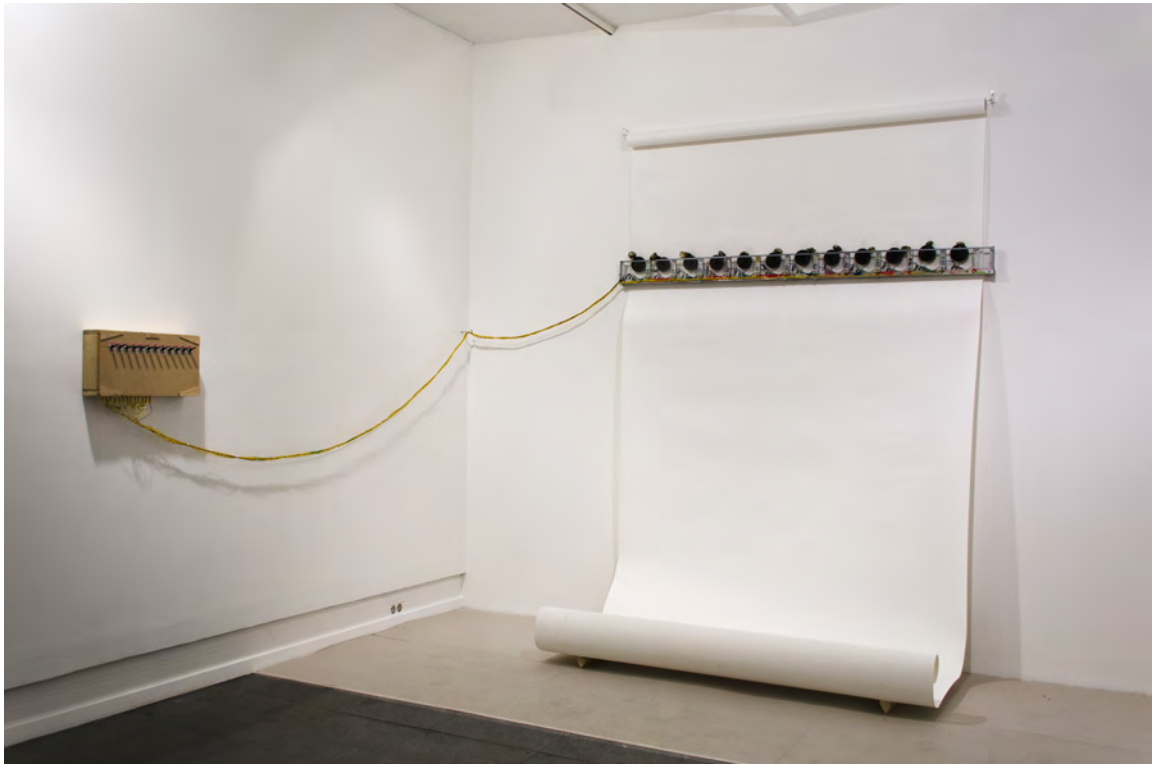






07.04.2014 Oscar Qvale A Strange Piece of Beautiful Evidence











...sen
4. januar 2015
...uar 2015









08.12.2014 Oslo Apiary, Victoria Günzler Food Special



Moscow Mule

Ingredients

Ginger ale and ice cubes

+4 cl vodka

1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice

1–3 sliced rounds of cucumber

Place the ice cubes in a glass.

Add the vodka, then the lemon juice and cucumber, then the ginger ale.

Garnish with love and rhythm, and serve immediately.

Camilla Løv

In a place ago, dancers hold their stance, ready to get busy, waiting with their best moves for the break section. Sunkist Evie, Lady Doze and Daisy Baby Love Castro are cool, and like guys, dressed right. That night, b-boys and girls steal the show, with looks and fashion but so much more; competitive, proud with intent.

—Anne Marie Copestake

Solveig Lønseth

ONO. Varm skål med bunnløs suppe og brød med smør og serviett og skje og kaldsprettet øl i den ene hånden. Hilse på og bli kjent med den andre. Samtidig dansende rundt mellom beats og diskusjoner; Over, under, i og for kunsten. ONO!

Eirik Senje

Jeg husker ONO som uforutsigbart, et sted der det alltid fantes en viss sjanse for å oppleve noe uventet både på kunst- og samtalefronten. Kombinasjonen av midlertidighet og flat struktur var som et veddemål som alltid betalte seg i lengden.











02.02.2015

Charlotte Petersen FLYING TRAINING EXERCISE





09.03.2015

Sam Basu **Spectres**





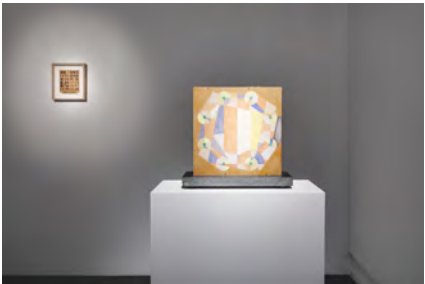


19.01.2015

Ingvild Hovland Kaldal Goodbye Winter, we are steaming in















11.05.2015

Kirsty Kross **COME INN** Performance

The year is 2008. The Norwegian National Academy of Arts is still housed within the premises of the Geographical Survey of Norway, right between the National Gallery and the great trees of Slottsparken. The yellow building has been there since 1879, and if you enter the gate from Kristian IV street and turn left, you come to Spasibar. Spasibar was one of Oslo's most fabled nightspots: a place untouched by the smoking ban; a place with the aura of a private house party; a place where the cover charge was burned at the end of the night; and where you could nip behind the bar and pour a beer for yourself and your friends.

Spasibar also housed the Academy's canteen and as such left something of a hole when it was closed down. In fact, it was quite the opposite: the premises were painted white, fitted out with fluorescent lights, and no longer particularly reminiscent of a private house party. The wallpapered walls and stage were exchanged for a stove that the students could use; the overcrowded club nights and concerts were replaced by one or other student with a frozen pizza stuffed under their arm. The Academy of Arts was desperately in need of a focal point—a social space where students, professors and guest lecturers could gather to talk about art, eat and just hang out.

With this in mind, Cassius Fadlabi and Eirik Senje came up with the idea of launching One Night Only (ONO): a gallery founded upon social interaction, where conversations and like-minded meetings occur through and around the art—in (at times) effortless ways. As consistent and reliable as On Kawara's Date Paintings, ONO opened a new exhibition every Monday at 8pm. *Åpent forum*, a series of open lectures organised by the Academy, was held in premises above ONO. And when Monday's lecture drew to a close, you could head down to the first floor, out into the back garden and find yourself being lured into a friendly gathering with art, beer and music.

In the beginning, the Mondays were organised somewhat spontaneously. The exhibitors were invited on the day, and others had to be dragged by the hair to fill the exhibition programme. The Monday

exhibition was promoted at the Academy's Monday meeting where Fadlabi's charisma ensured that much of the school showed up in the evening. Facebook was eventually used, and a poster featuring the evening's artist was also put up. From the outset, one of the central premises of the exhibition was that the artists would be present for the social part of the event. The exhibitions were documented sporadically, and the pictures (together with the poster and information about the artist) were posted on a blog hosted by one of the major blog hosting sites at the time: www.onenightgallery.blogspot.no. Beer sales provided some income and paid for the white wall-paint, beer and pretzel sticks. The pretzel sticks themselves played a dual role: they were a gesture of hospitality, but also made people thirsty, thus generating more beer sales. This also laid the basis for what would become an expression of hospitality, unmotivated by profit. In 2010 we began to serve free food at every exhibition. This was a nod to the relational aesthetics of the nineties and the conversations that occur around the dinner table in more intimate settings.

During the first year, ONO became a permanent fixture at the Academy and the Monday evening events slowly widened their reach within the art milieu. The exhibitions had an underground atmosphere to them and a whiff of the non-established. Some of the works were made the same day, and often in the gallery. Cheap beer and some of the private house party atmosphere from Spasibar was revived. In addition to the art, the parties, which lasted as long as there were people in the room, became an important part of the project and helped turn ONO into a popular meeting place. In 2009, Eirik Senje bade farewell to the project and Tito Frey and Erlend Grytbakk Wold became part of the family. By then there were around 35 exhibitions a year; Swiss precision and organisational skills became an important part of the structure.

In the spring of 2010, Jon Benjamin Tallerås came onboard and developed a basic visual profile for the project consisting of a hand-drawn logo, a poster template, and a new website which utilised basic html. The website became an important part of ONO: all the exhibitions were documented and archived, and showed a cross-section of perhaps the youngest part of Oslo's art scene. The following summer, and after 29 years in the old building of the Geographical Survey of Norway, the Academy of Arts moved to Grünerløkka to become part of the Oslo National Academy of the Arts, the educational behemoth housed in the Seilduk factories by Akerselva. To continue its activities, ONO actively searched for new premises. The Academy of Fine Art—experiencing something of an identity crisis while being fused with the Oslo National Academy of the Arts—wasn't interested in providing premises, or helping to pay the associated rental costs, even though ONO had been a vital part of the school's social scene. However, The Young Artists' Society (UKS) surely knew how to appreciate young artists, and shortly before the summer holiday the general manager at UKS offered ONO the use of their entrance area in Lakegata 55 as an exhibition space. They also offered loans of technical equipment, a bar and any remaining workspace. The premises of UKS were a perfect fit, with its secluded and somewhat secretive location on the upper side of Akerselva.

That spring, ONO sent out its first open call and actively sought artists to collaborate with. The goal was to identify unknown artistic practices, and thereby create a wide-ranging programme that would place world-renowned artists alongside young students and 'outsider' artists. In combination with a number of exhibitions by invited artists, applicants from the open call comprised the greater part of the programme.

After the move ONO became an increasingly desirable exhibition space. One of the reasons was that the kitchen in Lakkegata inspired the idea to include a free meal as part of the programme. Every Monday everyone competed to see who could make the best soup. This became an important gesture and some of our guests attended just for this. Another important factor was that better economic conditions were negotiated at UKS: by accommodating an increasing number of visitors every Monday, ONO was able to offer artists remuneration for the exhibitions, regarding this as a form of activism where the emphasis was placed on artists being paid, just as any other in the field.

Thanks to several strong solo exhibitions—combined with some less successful projects—and the regularity of ONO, the press caught wind of our existence. When the artist Matias Faldbakken was exhibiting in winter 2011, both VG and Dagens Næringsliv's D2 wrote about the project, and NRK's National Gallery reported on ONO at peak viewing time. This led to a significant increase in the number of visitors, the number of applications, and beer sales. The trolley with empty bottles soon became remarkably heavier as it was dragged along Lakkegata en route to Rema 1000. Explicit content may have been uttered, as the clinking tower of bottles (at times being dangerously close to tipping over) was forcefully shoved through the snow, accompanied by a merry headache.

In the beginning, the selection process consisted of an evening's work, with as much beer and food being consumed as submissions being evaluated. By the end of the night, pretty much all of those who had applied had been invited. However, increased press coverage and popularity brought with it more operational duties, something that had previously just been done on a day-to-day basis. With more applications from artists in Norway and from overseas, the selection process became far more demanding and it took several days. With beer sales as the only source of income, aside from the funds from UKS which went towards artist remuneration, it was clear that this wasn't exactly an economically sustainable gallery model. The bar operations were a bit of a grey area by normal bar-keeping standards but provided a small income over and above that which went directly towards the purchase of more beer, the number one perk for those who ran ONO. The 'all you can drink' deal certainly played a role in an uneasy relationship with the empties trolley the morning after. As part of the bar operations, a couple of posters were printed with ONO information on one side, and big, boyband-esque pictures of the team on the other, in the hope that the art students would pin them up in their bedrooms. In spite of the hoped-for popstar status, the working hours required began to approach 40 hours a week. ONO had become a demanding project to run alongside study commitments and artistic practices.

So, it was with much jubilation that ONO won a stipend from the Academy of Arts in the winter of 2011. A symbolic sum, but an important acknowledgement, nonetheless.

In the autumn of 2012 Erlend Grytbakk Wold left Lakkegata and the trolleys filled with empty beer bottles, in favour of Malmø, and an MA at Malmø Art Academy. It thus seemed natural to invite Andreas Hald Oxenvad into the family. Andreas had previously had some responsibility for the running of the bar, and his Danish charm and artistic flair encouraged us to welcome him as a fully-fledged member of the ONO collective. He commuted regularly between Oslo and Copenhagen and contributed to the bar's offerings with a series of drinks for the price of a beer—a welcoming addition for some of our guests. The Moscow Mules and Gin and Tonics, both with citrus and cucumber, were particularly popular among Oslo's younger artists, closely followed by the Skinny Bitch. Together with the mixing of drinks and all the other duties that were part of the ONO machinery, there was a shared responsibility for following up on the bar tab list. This had grown into something of a beast since ONO's beginnings in 2008 and arose from the fact that we knew most of the visitors personally. There were times when this list was worth more than the collected value of the art that was shown in the gallery. And when we later moved to Kunsternes Hus and shut down the bar operations, we also waved goodbye to the many thousands of kroner from Ringnes beer that had been consumed.

During 2012 the idea arose of franchising the ONO concept and starting up similar projects in several foreign cities; not because the gallery model was so lucrative it would offer salvation from an otherwise uncertain retirement, but because it worked as a social platform. Daniela Müller launched ONO in Zurich and Gintarė Matulaitytė started up in Vilnius. Everyone worked together on the development of new web pages and recognised that the growing archive would be even more robust if projects in other parts of the world were documented and archived and brought together on a shared platform. An intern agreement was established with the Oslo National Academy of the Arts and received invaluable help from Carl Mannov and Ina Hagen in driving the project forward.

In the spring of 2013, ONO was invited to move to new premises in Wergelandsveien 17 at Kunsternes Hus. With Skanska dangling a sword over The Young Artists' Society, and an offer from one of the country's oldest and most influential institutions, the choice was clear. Kunsternes Hus wanted to revitalise the first floor of the building, take back the running of the restaurant, and make Kunsternes Hus once more a house for artists. Away with the lunch menu for the bougie Frogner crowd, and away with the cheesy saxophonist and the limousines in the evening. The pricey lunch menu would now offer a soup of the day as a decent, reasonably-priced alternative. ONO was one of the leading forces in this revitalisation, together with the relaunch of the restaurant, the relocation of the art book shop Torpedo and the new brewery Dronebrygg.

With great gusto, the team started the winter semester over the New Year, along with three new interns: Eirik Slyngstad, Tomas Maria Postiglione and Ellen Marie Haga. A performance evening was

arranged with the favourites Sigmund Skard and Tori Wrånes. And with such dependable artists on the poster, the foyer of Kunstnernes Hus was filled to the rafters on the opening night. As the liquor licence was still in the pipeline, the general manager, Mats Stjernstedt, produced several boxes of white wine which were shared out in 'closed' arrangements outside the One Night Only room and on Torpedo's premises. With the wine flowing—now in actual wine glasses—things boded well for the collaboration. The film programme started at The Young Artists' Society developed and expanded, and ran in parallel with the exhibitions, with the films being screened in the auditorium behind the restaurant. The ONO evenings at Kunstnernes Hus developed their own character, different from before. The bar was no longer run by the ONO family, but by bartenders. Visitors wouldn't necessarily see a familiar face behind the bar counter. This also meant that the celebrated bar tab list became a thing of the past—a sore disappointment for some. The bargain beer prices and cheap drinks met the same fate. Even though we introduced ONO pilsner on Mondays (a bottle of Tuborg at a lower price than a half-litre on tap), the usual ONO atmosphere had changed.

Over the years at Kunstnernes Hus, we had several fine exhibitions in the little room under the stairs, and showed several larger projects in the sky-lit galleries above. Camille Norment's performance in an almost blacked-out gallery, and the legendary takeover coup of Kunstnernes hus by the Padde Crew has definitely left marks. The restaurant was eventually relaunched and professionalised, and soup-making opportunities disappeared. When the restaurant itself suggested providing soup, it was an appreciated offer that lightened the workload considerably. But, with the soup, and our efforts to reach our guests' hearts through their stomachs, a part of the project's hospitality and unique character was gone. When the Autumn Exhibition occupied the premises there was no longer a place for us, and in order to implement an already set programme, we applied and were included as part of the Autumn Exhibition in 2013. ONO could now write both the names of international and national stars on its exhibition list, as well as unknown, untrained and outsider artists. The foyer at Kunstnernes Hus was too big to recreate the same intimate atmosphere from the old Spasibar and UKS, and we could no longer remain open until the departure of the last guests when the bar and premises had to close just after midnight. By the end of 2015, the artist-driven scene had picked up substantially and was flourishing with artist-run galleries and initiatives in Oslo's art scene. This was an important factor in coming to the realisation that our task was complete, and on 18 May 2015 we staged our last exhibition, number 252 in the series.

Jon Benjamin Tallerås, 2017

I've only been away a week, but when I left it was summer, dust in the air, sunlight glinting on the fountain. Now the air is damp, and the city smells of rotten leaves and diesel. In the hot autumn, I walk through the night with the restless crowds around me, and it seems that everyone is out on the street. I look for you at home, but of course I know you won't be there. I try to picture you sitting in the corner, waiting with the blinds half drawn, a magazine unopened, a bottle on the table. For a moment I stand in the empty room and, in my mind's eye, I can recover your image, process the room like a strip of film. But the traces are fading, getting harder to fix. It takes a while to make sense of the map you've drawn; no street names, only lines that cross and re-cross, an arrow that turns back on itself, an x inside a circle. The fire escape has rusted too much to climb. The sound of the river reflects from the concrete arch. The stairway is so dark I have to hold the rail the whole way, testing each step to be sure there's something there. Soon I'm down amongst the crowds, and I don't know which way to turn. People nod to me, and smile, and clasp my shoulder; I'm sure I even heard my name. But I don't recognise a single face. I came here once before, and I'm sure that here was not this, then. The lights are brighter, the corners darker, the ceiling lower. The sweetness of the artificial smoke coats the back of my throat, and somewhere music is playing, low synths, echoing drums, a sax. The crowd presses around me until I can no longer choose the direction I want to move in. My foot slips. There's ice on the floor here, and a thin layer of frost covers the walls, glittering in the secondhand neon. The strobe flashes more slowly, ten times a second; twice a second; once. Something takes shape behind the lights, a shadow on the wall, edged with red and neon blue. Turning back, I see you stepping down from the stage, your costume torn, your skin pale, your eyes focused far ahead. You move away and I try to follow, but I lose you in the mass. Despite the crush of bodies, I feel the cold intensely. Now I notice that everybody seems to be carrying something, and the lights above are going out. Once again I catch sight of you; you are looking back at me, impatiently, as if to say: 'What did you expect?' Suddenly, the crowd convulses around you and I'm lifted off my feet. The walls dissolve, the city fades. Above our heads, the stars appear. For this short time, the gates are open. Now we never need go home again.

'You must imagine, you are not alone with your art or your good will.'
Martin Kippenberger in *Picture a Moon Shining in the Sky*, Artfan/
Starship Verlag, 1991

I remember the very first opening at One Night Only which I was looking forward to, not least due to the somewhat promiscuous title of the new initiative. It was in September 2008 and the first exhibitor was artist Eirik Senje who presented all-new daring sculptures fresh out of the studio. I still really appreciate these sculptures, where he took a chance in relation to his previous work. He was one of the initiators, and later also became one of the few artists to break the One Night Only format by showing twice in this context.

It went on and on: every week there would be a new exhibition set up for just one night. For me, as a professor, it became a venue where I could catch up with the students at the academy, and encounter new artworks while having a beer. At the same time One Night Only made work from studios at the academy accessible to a wider, public audience.

As is the case with many other educational institutions, the Academy of Fine Art in Oslo has been haunted by internal conflicts. The leadership at the academy back then was annoyed by the presence of the Spasibar and the disturbance that a bar causes in an academy. This finally led to its closure in 2009 and, as such, also to the closure of the heart of the academy, with objections from many of the students and teachers at the institution. This, and the relocation of the academy into a campus site at Grünerløkka together with other art schools, made One Night Only an orphan that had to seek a new home, moving first into the exhibition space of UKS (The Young Artists' Society) and later to Kunstnernes Hus. As One Night Only moved on, they would not only present artists from the academy but also from the local scene and outside of Norway. Through it all they maintained a surprisingly large audience for the exhibitions and popularity as a social venue.

When I think of my own history as an artist and in terms of my key references relating to contemporary art, much of it revolves around artist-run initiatives, from my own artistic upbringing in Copenhagen in the 1990s, and inspirations such as the LACE in Los Angeles in the 1970s, where all the significant figures started up in a mainly artist-driven context, to Friesenwall 120 in Cologne or the Berlin art scene of the early 1990s.

As a hybrid artist-run space, One Night Only subscribed to this tradition and came right at the moment when the Oslo art scene almost detonated with artist-driven initiatives such as Dortmund Bodega, Rekord, 1857, Saltarelli Salong, Grünerløkka Kunsthall, No Place and Tidens Krav. These kinds of initiatives are not meant to live forever—a temporary nature lies in the very DNA of such projects. One Night Only had its last ball in June 2015 after 252 exhibitions, perhaps leaving Oslo in a less hyperactive state. But thank you for stirring up the city's life and art! Now it's time for the next generation to get involved with future one night stands.



15.09.2008

Eirik Senje Don't rock the boat

In a long-ago past there was a country where the nights were always dark. No stars sparkled and no moon rose to light the way for people to see. Night time was a time of curfew, not by law but of practicalities. Venturing out, people would stumble around, break their legs and arms, horrible bruises growing on otherwise innocent skin. Their torches, which could have helped them, were mostly depleted of battery power because who remembers to charge these things with their solar panels while the sun is up anyway? And maybe it was a way to resist productivity. [FY no labour tonight.]¹

This pitch black environment was not always so. Long before this forgotten age, again, when the country had just been made, all things glowed with the residual red light of creation, but as time passed, this silent lustre waned.

Four young people went backpacking to gain experience, to return and be informed; important people in their country of dark nights. After travelling for a while they came to a steel and asphalt kingdom just as the sun was setting behind the peaked mountains. Pretty as the scene was, what made them stand flabbergasted in their tracks with their somewhat muddy trainers and ready flashlights in limp hands, was a shining bright ball high atop an oak tree. Its light shone across the landscape so everyone could see where they moved and not break any limbs. By happenstance a businessperson was passing by, riding a fancy bike down the asphalt road. They hailed it, and it stopped.

‘What is this glowing ball atop yonder oak tree,’ the first person asked. ‘Oh that,’ the financier replied, blowing snot out of a nostril by pressing a finger to close the other nostril canal, ‘is a moon. Our most recent boss bought it for 4,000,000 crowns, and every day it is polished and refilled with oil by our mayor’s very nimble hands, and for that everyone donates 1,000 crowns in thanks and for the upkeep.’

As soon as the fast treading, moisture leaking financier was out of sound’s reach, the first of the travelling four said, ‘Wouldn’t it be nice to have such a moon in our land. My parents have a huge oak tree in their garden, I’m sure they wouldn’t mind us hanging the ball in that!’

The second said, 'Yes, it would be nice to do something important. We would simply need to get a largish pick-up truck and a tarpaulin and we're good to go.'

The third said, 'I'm an amazing climber, by the way. It would be no problem for me to ascend this tree and haul the moon down. I even brought my sterling evolution velocity rope and my Makita impact-drill, so there.' The fourth was a silent, efficient one, and went ahead to deal with the car situation. The third climbed the tree, drilled a hole through the moon, and threaded the rope through the hole and they all pulled the moon down and carried it into the Toyota Tundra² and covered it up with the tarp so that no one could see what they had done.

They drove home in a festive, slightly anxious mood. At home they were greeted as heroes. The moon was hung far up in the oak tree and now everyone could see in the soft gentle light of the moon at night time. Productivity rose and all rejoiced throughout the country that used to be the place of the long dark nights. Every day the four polished and filled the moon with oil, taking care it never became smudged or dried out, and they were paid handsomely by public subscription.

Now as age fell upon them and death approached, the first of the four called a lawyer to the bedside. Finding it only right that the participation in acquiring said moon would mean it was property of a kind, he declared therefore one fourth of it should be allowed to follow him into the coffin and thence into the grave. This was added to the testament. As death came, the mayor brought a tall ladder, climbed up to the moon and with a jigsaw cut off a quarter and brought it with much pomp to the coffin. Now this dimmed the light a bit, but it was still easy to navigate the land at night time. But one after the other the original team members followed suit, all taking their piece of the moon with them. And then the nights were dark again.

When all the pieces of the moon arrived in the underworld, it began, by law of attraction, to reassemble itself, floating around and shining gently. The dead began to yawn and wake from their pre-agreed eternal slumber. No one could rest with this invasion of dazzling light. But how lucky it was not the sun, which would have burned their strange green-energy eyeballs clean out of their sockets. The cool light from the moon, on the other hand, was invigorating and just the right strength. So the dead decided it was time to have some fun. They got together, began playing music, romped and danced around, got drunk and merry, then drunk and horrible, and picked up branches from the local underground variety of spruce and walloped each other across the cranium ridge. Laughing skulls went flying through the pink, sulphuric air.

Now this partying in the underworld came to the attention of the grand country who originally had procured the moon. If not for the piercing sound of keening violins and deep rumbling vibrations of the ground, upsetting their server farms, then they noticed because of the gentle, strangely familiar light seeping out of every crack in their asphalt. The underworld stretches further than would seem likely when you are there; it is one common area and not tied to any one country.

Having become aware, a horde of well-groomed people in flashy attire banded together to explore the potential of the underworld. Arriving there, at the bridges crossing a ginnungagap, they saw the moon, their mythic, long lost property, and unavoidably also the dancing, partying dead in various degrees of decomposition. Exchanging significant glances and pointing at the glowing ball they switched on their amplifiers and the strong front lights of their vehicles. The first among them spoke, 'Hear all you dead folk, go back to your graves and sleep and disturb us no more. Remember, you are dead.' Then they picked down the moon with a great, insectile drone, and brought it back to the surface and hung it so high that no one could reach it by climbing trees or any form of ingenious stacking of ladders.

At its great height the moon shone across all the lands. To make sure everyone else knew they were the boss of it, each night they sent a drone to take away small pieces, so the moon waned and the nights grew darker, until the hour, the time of the month as it became, the ball was re-assembled and re-ignited as the full moon. Thus everyone in all countries, except for people hiding in the deep warm woods and the dead in the underworld, was bound to the counting of time.

- 1 'Fuck you no labour tonight.' This relates to multiple possible definitions of labour, who gets to decide, and specifically musician and teen idol Justin Bieber's no show practice, labour is no fun.
- 2 Try as it might, the Tundra is not quite up to the challenge of the competition despite its bold styling and a handsomely finished interior, (pick-up truck review site, 'The Best of 2017–2018').

Any product placement in *The Great Bright Ball* is purely coincidental.

This story is based on the tradition of retelling stories. One Night Only has become such a story, now that the series of events belongs to the past. A version of this story, of moonless countries, theft, underworlds and re-acquiring, was first put in writing with Heinrich Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend* in 1854. Then Wilhelm Grimm included it in the seventh edition of *Die Kinder- und Hausmärchen* of 1857. Philip Pullman included it in the *Grimm Tales for the Young and Old* in 2012, titled *The Moon*.

Rock the Boat
One Night Only 2008–2015, 2017

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Edition of 500

Images courtesy of One Night Only

07.04.2010	That purple stuff, Mikael Eirik En normal dag i byen	18.05.2009	BMS (Helge Bjørkø, Kjetil Maribo, Stephen Shephard, Jone Skjensvold)
22.03.2010	Tomas Lundgren, Jorun Jonasson, Niklas Persson, Henning Lundkvist, Lars Andreas Tøvey Kristiansen Malmö goes Oslo Curated by Tril Hasselknippe	11.05.2009	The aftermath of the national holiday Ruben Steinum Tre Tre
15.03.2010	loccream art team (Anja Carr, Niklas Sillén) Pop pop pop till you slop	04.05.2009	Tora Dalseng, Jan Freuchen, Nicklas Gahnström, Sverre Gullesen, Kristine Jakobsen, Tone Wolff Kalstad, Frode Markhus, Mercedes Mühleisen
08.03.2010	Kenneth Alme, Joakim Martinussen, Halvor Rønning, Erlend Grytbakk, Wold		Kulturatt
01.03.2010	Men paint women faint	27.04.2009	Elke Smits 5 paintings and 11 drawings
15.02.2010	Sara Elstad Rehnlund, Susanne Quist Whatever it is, it is pulling us away	20.04.2009	Andreas Hald Oxenvad Boy Versus Boy
08.02.2010	Ola Mørstur Last Monday	16.04.2009	Lars Brekke, Thora Dolven Balke, Bengt Gabrielsen, Stian Gabrielsen,
04.02.2010	Emma Kihl, Thora Dolven Balke Untitled		Marie-Louise Jacobs, Jon Eirik Kopperud, Lars Myrvoll, Magnus Oledal,
01.02.2010	Fadlabi For my lover, for my lover		Christian Siebenherz, Herman Skystad, Kristian Skystad Major Depression
25.01.2010	That purple stuff	06.04.2009	Mauro Benavidez Sudamerican Rockers
18.01.2010	Peter Mohal Fra gjennombrudd til sammenbrudd	30.03.2009	Gassim Abdelkader The Lab
11.01.2010	Halvor Rønning, Asger Skotnes Switchswap	23.03.2009	Marianne Breddesen Untitled
	Ragnild Aarnås, Mads Andreas Andreassen, Øyvind Aspen, Dag Elgin, Fadlabi, Hilde Hønerud, Torgeir Husevaag, Øtar Karlsen, Gunter Reski, Eirik Senje, Petr Svárovsky, Zac Tomaszewsky, Arild Tveito	16.03.2009	Solveig Syversen Affections Delight (On the perpetual ubiquity of power)
	The Academy of Fine Art's Advent Calendar 2009	09.03.2009	Christian Tony Norum Hunters Paradise
		02.03.2009	Sigmund Skard Fra rom til rom Performance
		02.03.2009	Magnus Varvedt I make no com pro mices
		16.02.2009	Sudden Infant Sudden Infant Noise
		09.02.2009	Gunter Reski Frühe Farben, Späte Gründe Book Launch
		02.02.2009	Cecilia Jimenez Ojeda Little «Laye-dy» dont go and die on me!
		26.01.2009	Sara Korshøj Christensen, Merete Dille Collectors edition
		19.01.2009	Bush s last day in office Youtube karaoke
23.11.2009	Marte Andersen, Kaja Gaarder Stonewashed		
16.11.2009	Support: Steamboatbuddha		
09.11.2009	Mitchael Stöckrod Untitled		
02.11.2009	Lars Brekke, Per Nystrom What U get		
26.10.2009	Curated by Sverre Gullesen		
19.10.2009	Ragna Bley You love the way i look at you		
12.10.2009	Knut Ivar Aaser, Christian Tony Norum, Magnus Varvedt, Odtt Untitled		
05.10.2009	Jumana Manna Untitled		
05.10.2009	Ditte Knus Tønnesen, Silja Leifsdottir Possible Realities		
28.09.2009	12.10.2009		
21.09.2009	Rasmus Andreas Hungnes, Maria Lyngstad Willassen Objects of Desire		
14.09.2009	Håvard Stannes Conveyance of Equilibrium Warfare		
31.08.2009	Jon Benjamin Talleras Untitled (HAPPINESS)		
	Extra Event		
	Germain N'goma Untitled		
	Natalie Fognsøy, Antonio Banderas It's What You See, It Must Be Me		
	Tril Hasselknippe, Henning Lundkvist Altered States of Consciousness #2		
	Mikael Eirik Goodbye to grief		
	Linda Lerseeth Det tyder, mellom buskas og skrot kan eg skimte		
	dei rektangulære konturane		
	Andreas Reichel Iiknende		
	Hehe the truth of course		
15.06.2009			
27.05.2009			

27.02.2012	Andy Boot, Kah Bee Chow, Fikwhitestar, Geir Haraldseth, Benjamin Hire, Yuki Kishino, Arne Skaug Olsen, Martyn Reynolds, Cellulite Rose, Aurora Sander, Louise Sartor, Linnea Sjöberg, Sakari Tervo, Philipp Timischl Nein Teen #1 Curated by Erlend G. Wold & Halvor Rønning Janne Talstad Overvåket/Überwachung	04.04.2011 04.04.2011 28.03.2011 21.03.2011 14.03.2011	Kenneth Alme Walking in a Sea Of Clouds Sebastian Makonnen Kjølaas Døden på UKS Torgeir Husevaag An anfractuous fire. Ayman Azraq Untitled Ragnhild Aamås, Knut Ivar Aaser, Amir Amadeus, Mads Andreassen, Yngve Bennum, Regna Bley, Are Blytt, Marianne Bredesen, Christian Sublime Tony, Kaya Gaarder, Petter Garaas, Silje Linde Haaland, Sebastian Helling, Stig Tommy Høyvik, Saman Kamyab, Kristian Kolverud, Jon Eirik Kopperud, Mona Sjø Leirkjær, Espen Lomsdalen, Mikkael Marman, Anders Nordby, Cecilia Ester Ojeda, Aurora Passero, Knut Oscar Severin Ovale, Eirik Senje, Camilla Steinurn, Magnus Varvedt, Emma Wright, Alexander Z Let the lovin take ahold. Stridsenberg collection of modern art. Version: 1
20.02.2012 13.02.2012 06.02.2012 30.01.2012 23.01.2012 16.01.2012 09.01.2012	Tanya Busse, Joar Nango Vestavin Maren Juell Kristensen Natural Petter Buhagen, Ingrid Haraldsen Face/No Face Ann Iren Buan, Tone Berg Størseth Settle Softly Marianne Hunn Skalk av Kalk i edueuigheten min Blarne Bare, Tobias Alexander Danielsson, Karin Erixon, Tito Frey, Goutam Gosh, Aksel Hogenhaug, Henrik Mojord Johnsen, Silje Johannesen, Cecilie Broch Knudsen, Kunstakademiets Tegnekлуб, Dirkan van der Linde, Lord Chief Justice, Solveig Lønseth, Mimmi Mathila, Endre Mathistad, Svetlana Negashova, Andreas R. Oxenvold, Maria Pelkonen, Andreas Siqueland, Andreas Skjelde, Jan Skomakerstuen, Camilla Steinurn, Peter Sabbo, Susanne Winterling The Academy of Fine Arts Advent Calendar 2011	07.03.2011 28.02.2011 21.02.2011	Tito Frey beksvart Andreas Faldbakken Untitled Andrea Bakketun La oss kjøre det opp flaggstangen (og se hvem som applauderer) Gunvor Nervold Antonsen Utsikt fra Granheim Fredrik Berberg Rightright, rightright. Juan Andrés Millanes Speed is directly proportional to forgetfulness Merete Dille dagens alt blir tegninger Mikael Brkic Untitled The Academy of Fine Arts Advent Calendar 2010
12.12.2011 05.12.2011 28.11.2011 21.11.2011 14.11.2011 07.11.2011 31.10.2011 24.10.2011 24.10.2011	Gruppe 11 FØLGENE Ghassan Saeed Untitled Curated by Fadlabi Jumana Manna Wanderers Erlend Grytbakk Wold Bordet og Bildet Stein Rønning Untitled Peter Sabbo Untitled Curated by Jon Benjamin Tallérås Andreas Bennin 62°22'52" N 9°46' 67" Ø Curated by Tito Frey Kristine Dragland There's a rainbow inside the mind Bettina Hystad, Simon Letrin, Anne Marte Overaa, Oscar Ovale, Rognieh Torvund Film Screening	13.12.2010 06.12.2010 29.11.2010 22.11.2010 15.11.2010 08.11.2010 01.11.2010 25.10.2010 25.10.2010 18.10.2010 11.10.2010 04.10.2010 27.09.2010 20.09.2010 13.09.2010 06.09.2010	Shan Gabrielsen, T.F.A.K.A.K.S. A Phoenix in an Awakening Desert Frido Evers If we all would be stars the night sky would be aflame Rasmus Andreas Hugnes One Bag of Chips Only Nicola Schaaning Larsen Nobody goes there anymore. It's too crowded Jonathan McCready Brewer Ghost Booze Lars Brekke The shape of jazz to come Ida Lennartsson Singular Identity Inger Wold Lund There was silence Gaby Harrel London Galling—Im Geräuschnetz einer Stadt Special guest Niklas Sillen Painters Painting Heidi Johansen Going Solo Donkey & Punch Stum H Johan Eldrot, Erik Larsson A Flight to the Land Beyond the North Pole Sebastian Helling Could we be heroes? Michael O'Donnell One Night Light Micael Brkic, Anders Dahl Monsen, Linus Elmes, Fadlabi, Tito Frey, Sverre Gullesen, Graham Hayward, Eirik Senje, Jon Benjamin Tallérås, Erlend Grytbakk Wold One Night Only vs. UKS Günter Reski, Annika Ström, Janne Talstad Goodbye in a cube Karin Erixon Me, me, me Malie Robb Just put a smile on for the camera Mads Andreas Andreassen We are all in this together and we love to take a bath Inga Sund Hotset Livet, døden, (haver) og kjærligheten Jon Benjamin Tallérås Stayin' Alive
17.10.2011 10.10.2011 03.10.2011 26.09.2011 19.09.2011	Max Ruf Landschaften Michael O'Donnell The Launch Jagoda Bednarsky diamond tipped tools Matias Cantzler Plenty of shit Azar Alsharif, Siri Leira, Joakim Martinussen, Halvor Rønning, Ruben Steinurn, Erlend Grytbakk Wold Eyes On Your Instruments Curated by Erlend Grytbakk Wold		
12.09.2011 05.09.2011 30.05.2011 30.05.2011	Karin Erixon Untitled Moren Viskum Untitled Naja Lee Jensen Only One Hour Ayatgail Tuleubek Or how I learned to stop worrying about my art and love the bomb		
23.05.2011 16.05.2011 09.05.2011 02.05.2011 26.04.2011 18.04.2011 18.04.2011 11.04.2011	Tine Karisvik Country Club Karina Furuseth Other Spaces Anna Ring Untitled Joakim Martinussen Food and objecthood Natalie Rognsøy, Andreas Banderas Only one night Kjersti Gjestrud Folding pieces Malie Robb Jazabel Pernille Meidell Honey and other Hits	19.05.2010 10.05.2010 03.05.2010 26.04.2010	