

SKRIK

Parodier av Arvid



SCREAM

Parodies by Arvid Text by Arvid Bryne

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Layout and design: Kirsti B. Andreassen / DDB Oslo - Anne Myklebust. Computer coloring: Kirsti B. Andreassen. Translation: Maria Løvoll. Printed and bound in Norway by AIT Otta.

All enquiries about the book: Melhus Communication as, Holmenveien 41c, N-0374 Oslo, Norway. www.melhus.com/scream, email: scream@melhus.com

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AN ARTUOUS LIFE

The safest way to ruin a good story is to explain it. The details of the story are of no interest to us, be it text or drawing. What makes us burst into laughter at the punchline is the composition as a whole, as well as the way it is presented to us.

Nobody has ever made such a wholehearted attempt to ruin the joke, both one by one and the phenomenon in its entirety, as Sigmund Freud. In 1905, the father of psychoanalysis published the work "Der Witz und seine Beziehung zum Unterbewussten" (in English: The Joke and Its Relation to the Unconscious). He explains in very many pages why a joke is funny. Freud divides jokes into 13 categories and illustrates these with examples. Example five goes like this: "How's it going?", the blind asks the paralysed. "Well, as you can see", answers the paralysed. And example six: Two Jews meet near the swimming-bath. "Did you take a bath?", asks one. "Why?", responds the other, "is one of them missing?"

Freud's jokes are not the worst I've heard. For years, Norwegians have been pestered with more or less pointless jokes in packs of confetti, which also contain hilariously funny paper hats, and when teamed up with the party crackers, help to make sure the atmosphere of a dull party stays dull.

That's why being a joker is not considered a highly respected occupation. That's why I hesitate to use the word cartoonist when I am to write about Arvid Andreassen and the art he has produced for more than half a century for everyone's enjoyment.

But Arvid is proud to be a cartoonist. And I am proud to have been his editor during more than two years when he produced his versions of "The Scream" to be printed every Saturday in the Norwegian daily Dagbladet. The difference between the jokes inside party crackers and Arvid's drawings is intelligence. Not to mention knowledge. Arvid has more stored on his hard disk than many professors. Teamed up with his beloved Kit, officially known as Kirsti, who is not only his wife and the mother of his children, but who also

colours his products, he has trawled art museums in the largest European cities and spent a fortune on art books. The two of them make an extraordinary working unit.

“Kit has to read the paper first, I always tear them to pieces and put the cuttings in idea files, most of them I throw away... Other ideas come from the fact that my brain runs in the wrong gear. For example, at the Gallup Institute, one door says ‘In’ and the other says ‘Out’. It then immediately hits me that there should be a door in the middle saying ‘I don’t know’”.

There is hardly an aspect of life that doesn’t manifest itself in one of Arvid’s cartoons.

He says he uses a dictionary and an encyclopaedia for ideas: “I put my finger on a random word or subject, bang my head against the wall – and out comes the idea.” Or so he says. But there is no dictionary or encyclopaedia that places Munch’s screaming woman at the bottom of Gustav Vigeland’s Monolith with a number of heavy granite men on top of her. Nor do they place Munch’s screaming lady next to the most photographed statue in the Vigeland park: little “Sinnataggen”, a little angry boy stomping his feet, crying his lungs out. Is it any wonder that she both screams and puts her fingers in her ears? In another version, she also seems sensitive to sound impressions when she puts a feeding bottle in each ear while the newborns at the clinic cry at the top of their lungs.

Arvid does not hesitate to go back to ancient times. Our screaming friend is depicted on a typical antique Greek plate, while an inhospitable Greek waves his axe over her head. She illustrates Ibsen and rises from the coffin in “When we dead awaken” with the same matter of course as she poses like Marilyn Monroe in her famous photo of the wind blowing up her skirt.

My favourite is The Scream in the hourglass, where the lower body already is history, and the rest has a lifespan limited to minutes. I don’t think I have ever seen the term perishable so well illustrated.

It also had to be that Michelangelo’s God put his finger right in our screaming lady’s eye and gave her reason to scream even louder.

Arvid was a clever boy who did well at school. Despite the fact that he was threatened with expulsion for drawing caricatures of his teachers, he was one of the few from his class from upper secondary school who went on to higher education. He later started on book illustrator studies at The Oslo National Academy of the Arts. Back then, his days began with drawing for two hours at the Norwegian daily Aftenposten before going to school. He has been drawing ever since. His cartoon drawings with his distinctive signature have been published in many countries. He has won prizes and honour in the Netherlands, Turkey, Japan and Bosnia Herzegovina. Being the only Norwegian, he has received an honourable two-page long mention in “Who’s Who in Satire and Humour”, an international review of satirical and critical cartoonists. For several stints of time, he has also drawn for the Norwegian daily newspaper Dagbladet and he is a highly appreciated co-worker for lots of Norwegian magazines. He has published 12 paperback books with a selection of his cartoon drawings. In addition, he has illustrated around 200 school books for Universitetsforlaget, one of Norway’s largest academic publishing companies.

During the summer of 2005, he had the great honour of seeing 14 of his Munch-inspired Scream-drawings – several of them presented in this book – at the exhibition “Munch revisited” at the Henie Onstad Art Centre at Høvikodden outside of Oslo. It presents works by Edvard Munch as well as pictures illustrating the past and present influence of Munch, from the pioneers of the 50s and 60s, in American popart and European new-expressionism.

Arvid Bryne

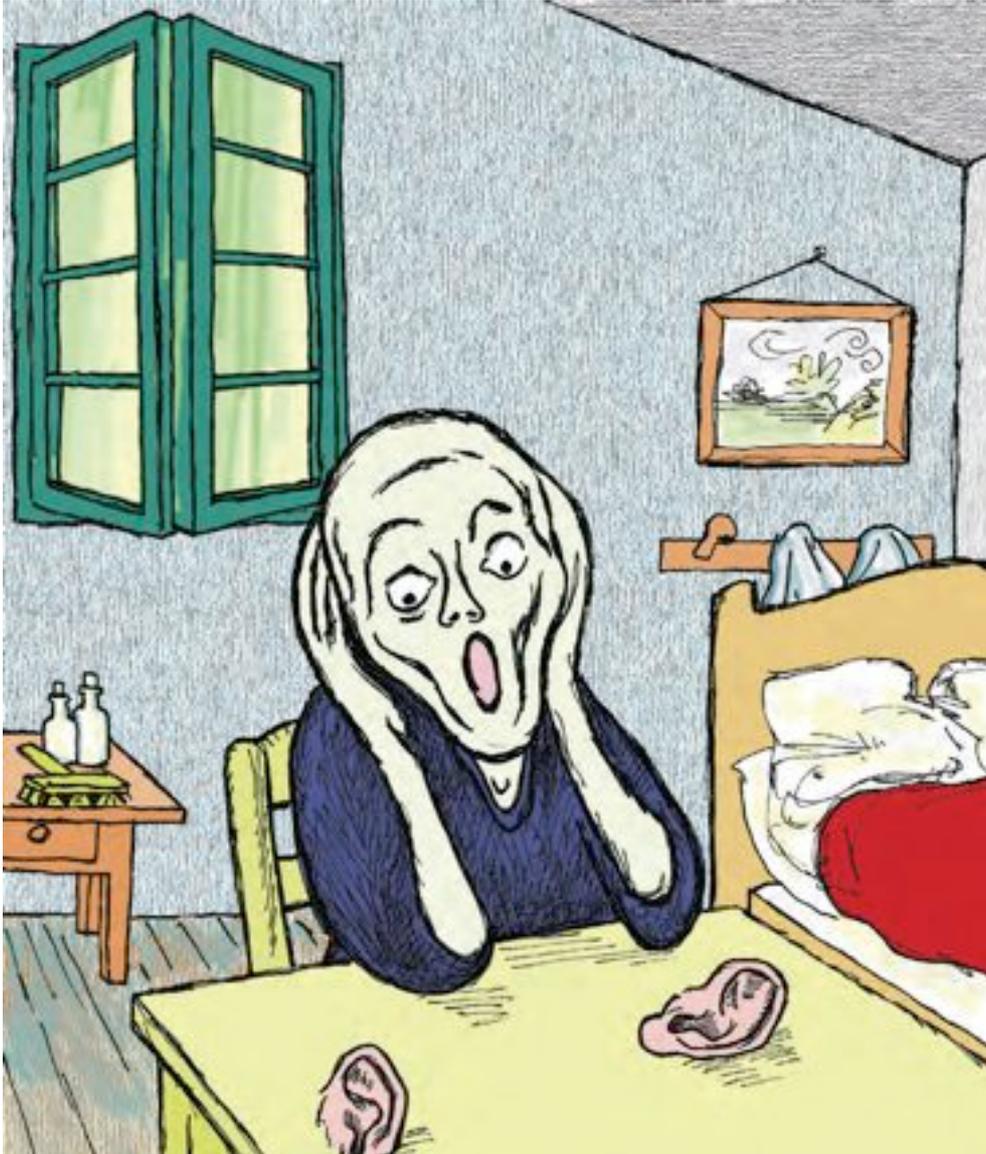




Edvard Munch (1863-1944)

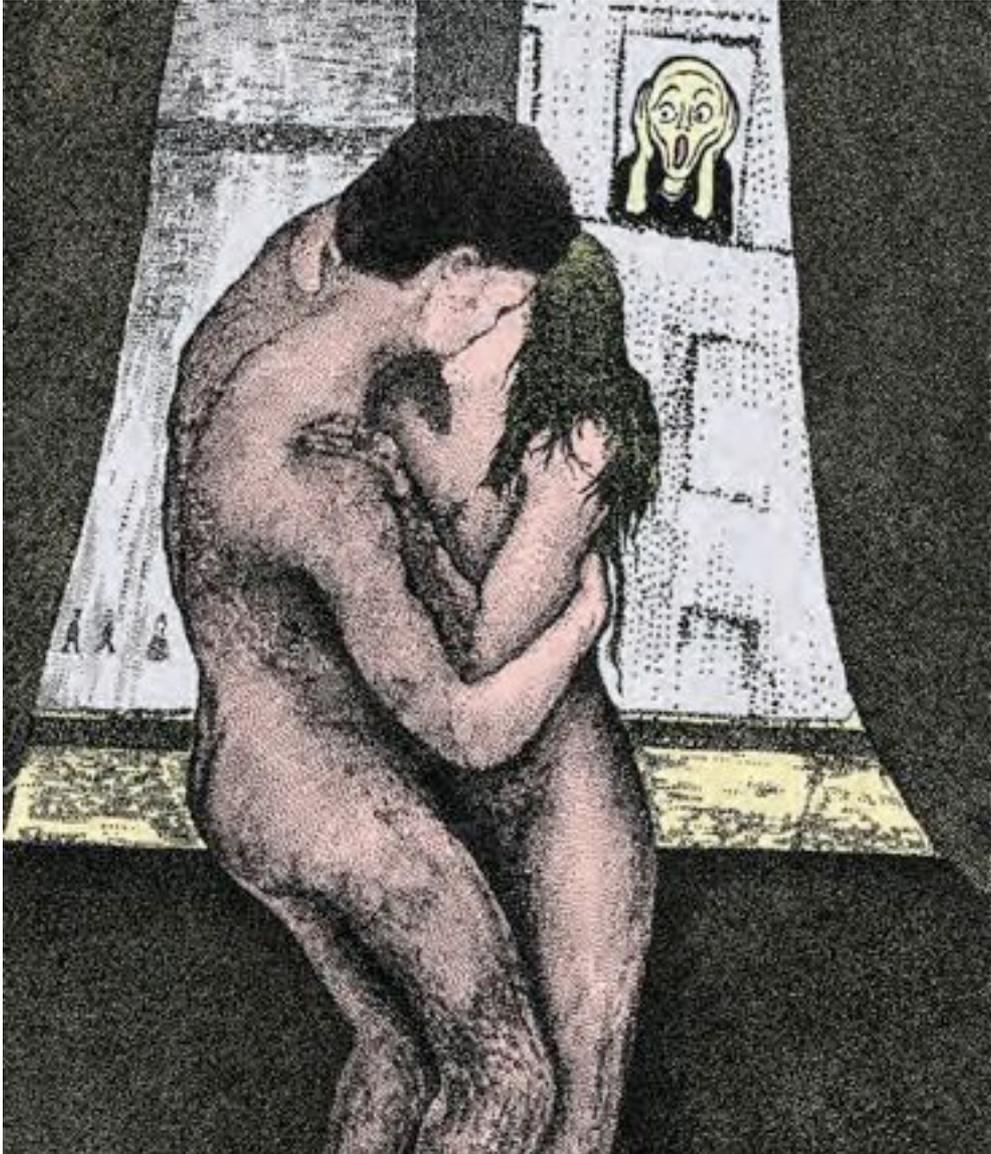
For better or for worse, “The Scream” has become Edvard Munch’s “trademark”, copied in innumerable versions and abused in advertising. The painting swirls with motion and is painted with explosive force. The result is a genuine expression of an anxious mind, and remains the symbol of the existential angst of the civilised human being.

Munch wrote about the rendition of the painting: “I was walking along a path with two friends - the sun was setting - suddenly the sky turned blood red - I paused, feeling exhausted, and leaned on the fence - there was blood and tongues of fire above the blue-black fjord and the city - my friends walked on, and I stood there trembling with anxiety - and I sensed an infinite scream passing through nature.” In 2003, researchers at the Texas State University saw a link between Munch’s “The Scream” and a violent volcano eruption in Indonesia 28 August 1883. Gases and dust from the eruption were thrown up into the atmosphere and creates a dramatic light in the skies over the US and Europe. On the other hand, Munch researcher Arne Eggum claims that Munch’s experience on Ekeberg in Oslo can be dated to 1886. The picture was painted in 1893.



It is not true that **Vincent van Gogh (1864-1890)** never sold a painting. He sold one, and at the time of his death, at 37 years of age, he left behind 800 paintings and an equal amount of sketches. There are a number of theories concerning why this great, Dutch artist cut off his ears. The most plausible is that he had read that bullfighters cut off the ears of the animals they had brought down and sent them to a woman to show their affection. The female recipient of van Gogh's ears was a 16-year old prostitute who told him, when he couldn't pay for her services, that he could pay her with one of his beautiful ears.





Edvard Munch