

ane østrem was once born. although she doesn't remember it. the time was seven minutes past two in the morning. the month was april and the number of the day was eleven. the year known as nine-  
teeneightyfour. it was a more remarkable day for her parents than herself. in hindsight she is happy it  
happened. in the years following her birth she spent most of her time in the norwegian capital where  
she for a while tried to dig a hole to china with a boy called harald. the best part of these years she  
spent in a chestnut tree that was growing along with her, cursing winters for not having enough snow  
and making up words that she felt was lacking. all these things, except digging holes to china with  
boys called harald she has continued with after reaching the height of one meter and sixty centime-  
tres which she did quite early. she has got sixteen dictionaries, of which three are french-norwegian/  
norwegian-french, three shelves with old sketch books and one with unused ones. every time she has  
started a new sketch book she feels she chose the wrong one. in addition to filling in blank pages  
in books she likes to film from car/bus/train/plane/snow mobile windows (the snow mobile films are  
not through windows) and she has got quite a few hours covering long stretches of land in norway,  
scotland, denmark, india, iraq, turkey, netherlands, senegal and germany. once she tried to film the  
border between germany and the netherlands but failed. she only drinks her coffee black when there  
is no milk. her favourite colour has always been yellow, but it is not her preferred colour on clothes.  
nearly all her drawings of people are without faces. she has lived on sixteen different addresses plus  
a fake one. she likes to sit in cafés and write about what other people are doing. almost always her  
texts are written in the first person. she believes that there is often an exception to a rule, and if she  
can't find it she might make it. one of the things she is worst at is finding misplaced stuff, but her talent  
for looking for lost things is pretty strong. her preferred seat is always window. it puzzles her a lot that  
she is both enjoying climbing things a lot at the same time as she is pretty scared of heights. she likes  
repetition but is not sure if she believes in it. when she was fifteen she and a friend sold buns on the  
metro to afford black and white film. they wore t-shirts with the text 'support artists in need'. her friend  
now works in a bank. she can't say that she is an artist without making a funny sentence, voice or face.  
filling in forms makes her sick. according to sander uitdehaag she never says bye when leaving. she  
likes to just disappear.