



REALITY'S TRUTH



SELINA TREPP

PACHINKO

Edition of 30

Printed on the occasion of the exhibition

Reality's Truth by Selina Trepp

6 December 2025–16 January 2026

At Pachinko, Grønlandsleiret 47C,
Oslo, Norway

All drawings and diagrams by Selina Trepp

Supported by:

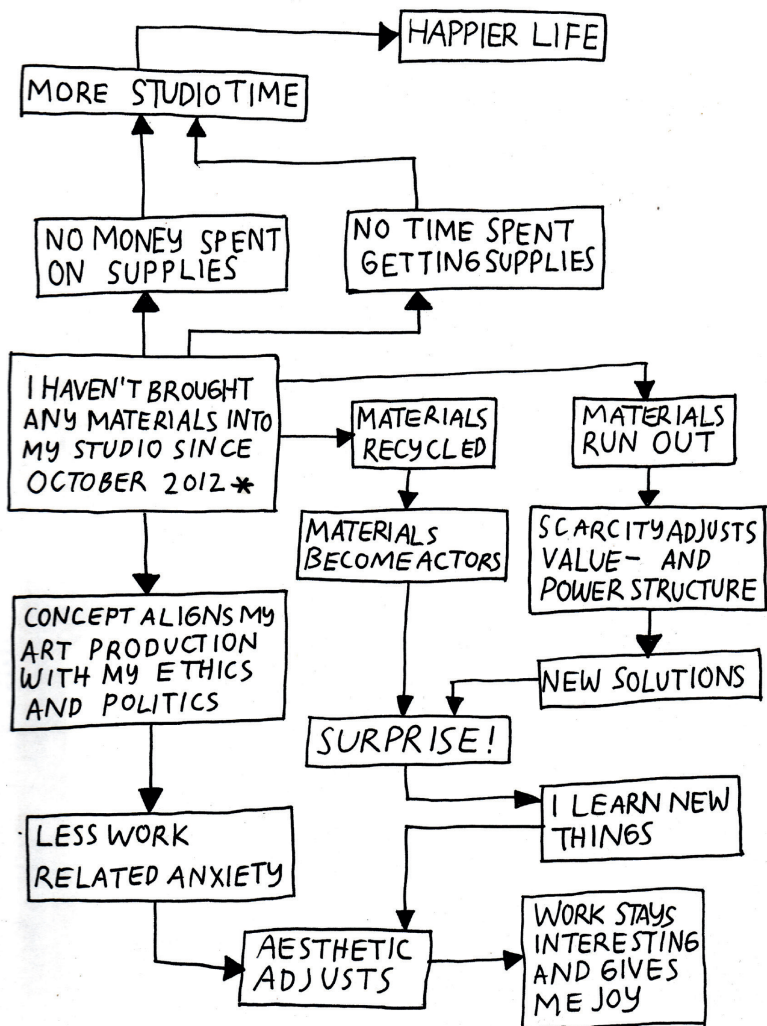


Schweizerische Eidgenossenschaft
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 Arts Council Norway

I WORK
WITH
WHAT
I HAVE

*IN DECEMBER 2022 MY STUDIO RECEIVED A ONE TIME MATERIAL INFUSION:
THE CONTENTS OF MY MOTHER'S SUMMER STUDIO.

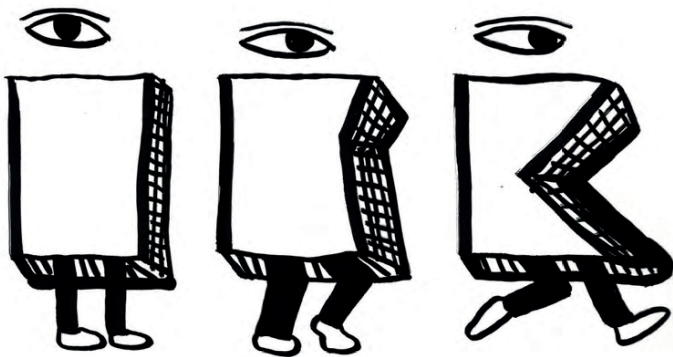


animation

anima = soul

animation = giving soul

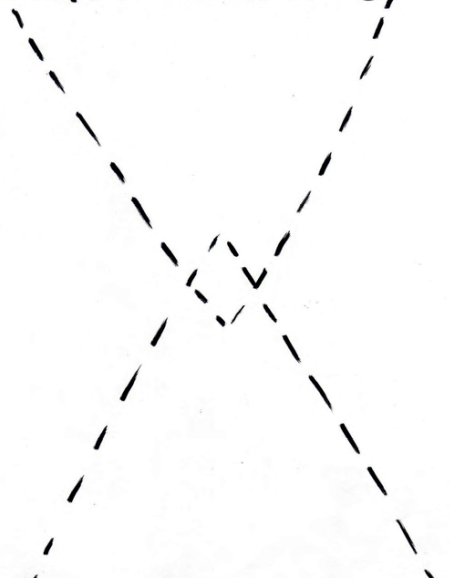
Dead object $\xrightarrow[\text{motion}]{\text{time}}$ alive object



slow motion magic
very slow process

IMPROVISING,

COMPOSING

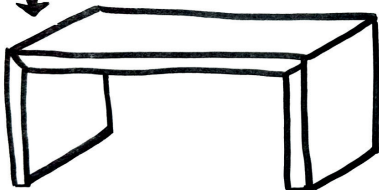




EYES SEE
BUTT FEELS



WHEN I SHOW ANIMATION IN A GALLERY SETTING
I PROVIDE SEATING. IT INVITES THE VISITORS
TO SIT DOWN AND WATCH THE ANIMATION.



WARM

INVITING

SLIPCOVER

BENCH

SLIPCOVER

COTTON AND WOOL

PRODUCED IN COLLABORATION WITH EMILY WINTER

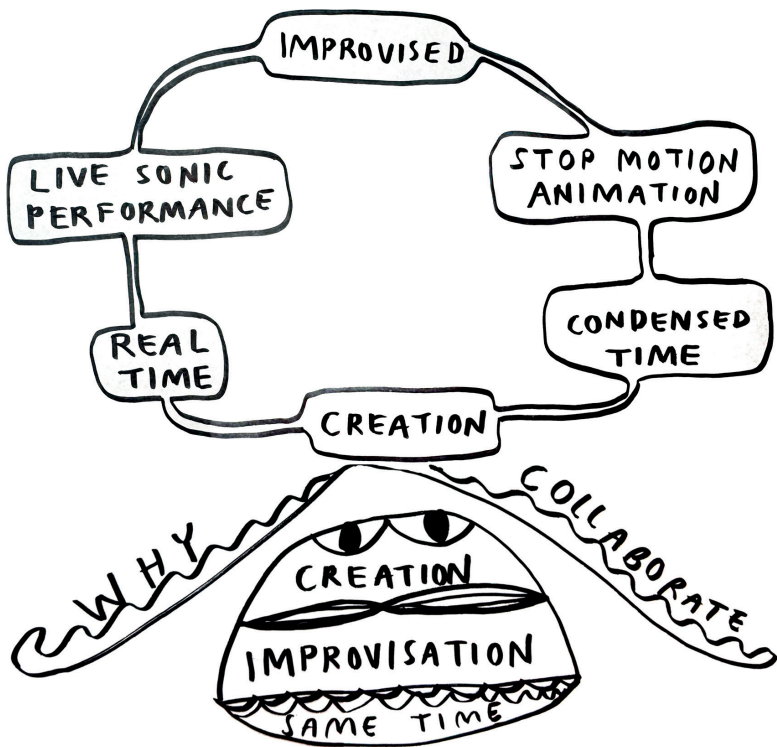
USING PRODUCTION LEFTOVERS FROM

THE WEAVING MILL.

EMILY WINTER IS A WEAVER

AND CO-FOUNDER OF THE WEAVING MILL

BASED IN CHICAGO



STUDIO CONDENSES TIME

PERFORMANCE EXPANDS TIME

THIS FILM IS MUSIC (SILENT).
THIS FILM IS IMPROVISED.
IT WANTS TO COLLABORATE.

I INVITED JENNY BERGER MYHRE
TO IMPROVISE WITH THE FILM, TO
CREATE SOUNDS, NOT AS ILLUSTRATION,
BUT AS COLLABORATION.

BOTH SIDES OF THIS EQUATION
ARE IMPROVISED, ONE RIGHT
HERE, THE OTHER IN A CONDENSED
FORM, NOW ALSO RIGHT HERE.

IT IS A COLLISION OF TIME, CREATION,
AN EMBRACE.

JENNY BERGER MYHRE IS A MULTIDISCIPLINARY
ARTIST WORKING WITH SOUND, VIDEO AND PHOTOGRAPHY
BASED IN OSLO.

EDWIN ROSTRON

Selina Trepp's new work *Reality's Truth* is dense, intense, hypnotic and ceaselessly interesting. There are worlds within worlds within worlds. I wonder how many times you would need to watch it before you had seen everything that takes place.

There is a lot of feeling in it. It goes into different emotional states, with many things building up and then being stripped back. There is a kind of climactic moment of two faces kissing, which I find quite moving; tender but somehow a bit sad too. Selina told me she nearly named the work 'Love'.

The piece exudes the sheer exuberant joy of making things, of colour and shape and material, and yet it's not frivolous or unserious - I find it opens my mind up to many things.

There is an overwhelming amount of information in the work, an abundance of different events. Watching it seems to reflect the dominant feeling of this current time; the feeling of trying to take in too much. Massive things and tiny things, everything that is happening now; in this moment, in my life, in the world, on the news, on my phone. Right now, a lot of this information is profoundly negative.

But *Reality's Truth* doesn't just illustrate this overload, it offers a space to consider it anew. Watching it, my mind opens up to

think about how in the midst of terrible events and changes in society, politics, the climate and so on, there are also always all kinds of other things – even including positive and wonderful things – happening too. These things don't make the bad stuff any better, but you can't overlook them either. It makes me think about how a full understanding of the level of complexity in 'reality' which might constitute 'truth' is really beyond our limited human capabilities, and yet that doesn't mean this 'truth' doesn't exist or matter. Maybe we have to have a strong faith in this not-fully-knowable truth. It is there whether we can see it or not. For me this faith seems to directly relate to the making of art (in its broadest sense). Art helps me hold on to something like reality's truth, which could be quite a fragile grip otherwise.

All the events taking place in the animation seem equally important. Some are bigger or more noticeable than others, but I feel like the work points to every tiny thing being completely vital too. *Reality's Truth* gives me the feeling of that knowledge, and I remember again that Selina nearly named the work 'Love'.

Edwin Rostron, 2025

MARTHA BAYNE

Selina Trepp's stop-motion animations give me feelings.

Watching *Reality's Truth* I felt: excited, curious, stimulated, overwhelmed, anxious (initially), soothed (later), meditative, childlike, joyful, politicized, satisfied, inspired, and impressed.

More than anything I felt an expansive sense of possibility.

This seamless three-minute loop of abstract movement has no focal point. Splashes of color, drips and blips of oil paint blossom and then collapse into piles of their own residue, swept away by an invisible hand. Wood chips, foam blocks, crumples of tinfoil, and tufts of wool dance across the foreground, occasionally falling off the nameless surface into oblivion. Coy little strips of wire and tape dipped in paint enter the frame like a chorus line, tongues peeking out from under panels at what my theater-mind reads as "upstage" but is in truth a mirror. Sometimes the endlessly iterating shapes resolve into eyes or hands, birds or worms, but just as quickly they move on again into the realm of pure form, a Tibetan sand mandala of scraps and remnants.

Selina told me that in one sense her work is an attempt to mimic the way her child Max, who is neurodivergent, experiences the world. Max's world is one of infinite detail, in which all things

are of equal import. There's no hierarchy of information in their perception of their environment – an abundance of sensory input that can be overwhelming but also richly rewarding. The action is everywhere and nowhere, thus the source of initial anxiety – where to look!?! – and, after the tenth loop or so, a radiating calm. Look wherever you like – it will all come around again, three minutes later, no pressure. After the thirtieth loop I felt I could happily sit with it all day. And eventually an arc becomes apparent, as the activity builds to a crescendo of saturated color consuming the frame and then lightly clears away, as a piece of fabric unspools across the “stage” and one last squiggly line disappears through a crack in its floor.

Once my mind relaxed into the endless loop, I was able to fully appreciate Selina's material politics. By only using materials found in her studio, she has liberated her work from the capitalist cycle of consumption and waste and opened a window into the profound potential of human creativity. Her films are improvisational, but excruciatingly slow, with different families of material assigned different movement vocabularies, some confined to the floor, some climbing into vertical space. Splashes of oil paint from her mother's studio – the only new material she has allowed into her work in years make the invisible plane of a mirror visible, changing the depth of field. Like that plane, the painstaking labor of all this – of moving each pile of paint chips and droplet of color one millimeter at a time across hundreds of items in a three-dimensional field of play – is both invisible, but also plain as day to anyone paying attention. Each of the thousands of photographed moments is a moment created by her hand, and her mind, no robots involved.

“There's no trickery in this work,” she says. “These are all things that are actually happening in space and being documented by the camera photographically. So, it's also an old-fashioned way of thinking about photography as truth. Ultimately what stop-

motion is, is a sequence of still images of objects being moved. And the fact that we look at them at a certain speed turns them into moving image.”

“Every part of it matters,” she adds. “There’s never one part of the frame that’s never active.”

Selina talks about the work as choreography, and in its commitment to motion stripped of meaning, it reminds me of the perpetual motion of contact improv, one touch leading to the next and to the next, but also of Merce Cunningham (and all those who came after), who sought to create dances as pure movement, freed from the fairies of ballet or the mythic tropes of midcentury modernists like Martha Graham. Cunningham’s dances have no narrative, and his dancers embody no characters. They are just movers in space. Famously, he created dances independent of any musical accompaniment, and only set the two together at the last minute, embracing whatever concordances or dissonance arose, just as *Reality’s Truth* is intended to be screened while musicians improvise. And like the postmodernists he inspired, who sought to knock virtuosity from its pedestal and elevate pedestrian movement as dance, Selina’s work turns the humblest of materials into art both precious and everyday.

This all sounds terribly serious but just as Cunningham was playfully Dada, Selina’s work is also just fun. It’s full of vibrant life, it makes you giggle, as easy for a child to engage with as an adult, and it starts conversations – in galleries or in the public spaces in which it often appears. Its absurdity is arresting and inviting, welcoming the viewer into the dance.

Martha Bayne, 2025

