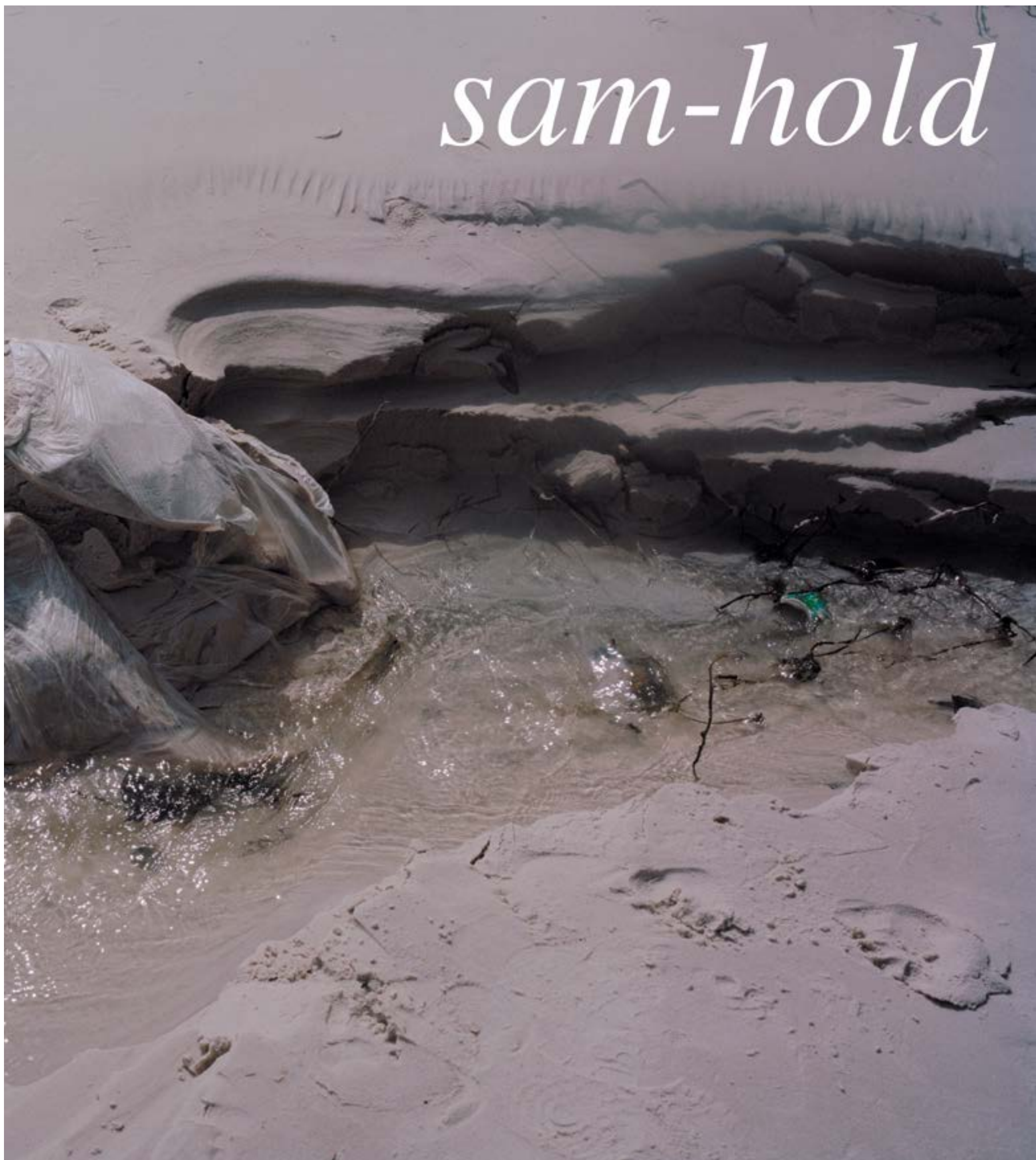


sam-hold



Masters of Fine Art
Oslo National Academy of the Arts
2025

This is how far I've gotten, If it makes sense, maybe we let it be. It will not be any longer than this.

Lead text

I started this masters because I was looking for friends. I tried not to talk about it in my interview as it seemed very uncool. I think I said something about ‘wanting to expand on my network’, and ‘working with like minded people’, but the truth is that I was looking for people to hang out with.

I think the way we have talked about this exhibition has shown us that we need each other. That even though our works follow their own logic based on our practices, they can come together, not by merging completely, or by changing their interests, but by offering different forms of support for each other. While some woarks require space, others need company. What helps one piece might weaken the other. To offer support to them all requires different forms of attention. And the truth is that we are 19 different artists who all think differently about our art, the way we live, and how we navigate the world. To come together means that we need to recognise that we are different. Only then, can we grow from the conversations we have shared with each other.

It has not been an easy two years. We are sensitive to the changes within the academy, the implications of a more right leaning world politics, and the difficulty of wars being waged in countries where people we love cannot escape. To make art in the folds of these intricacies has at many times felt incredibly meaningless, but I

wish to posit that anything with the potential to counter this general feeling of apathy, is a form of resistance. Most of all because it comes from a desire to change what is expected of us.

I used to think that resistance could only exist in the big waves of demonstrations. But resistance is also about learning to navigate things in a different way. Resistance is choosing to support one another within a system that works on comparing and pushing us against each other. Resistance is helping someone struggling, when you know you would earlier have walked right past them. It is deciding to boycott and work against cooperations that support supressive regimes that push for genocide, even when established governments have decided to look the other way. Resistance is a responsibility we hold within ourselves to make a difference, not just for us, but for everyone. We can choose to uphold the way we generally are encouraged to behave, or we can push against it.

The Newspaper

When we had made the decision to create a newspaper, one of the first things I decided to do was to learn more about them. At the Library in Bjørvika, there were about two dozen books on newspapers in the journalist section. Almost all of them dealt with Norwegian newspapers during the second world war. Initially I must admit I thought it was because no-one had been interested enough in newspapers to write anything about them since then. But the newspapers that were used during the second world war were important for other reasons. They held the function of sending messages and updating people that were part of the resistance movement. That is why there were so many books on the matter. That was also why there were so many local newspapers at the time. There was a need for it.

The newspaper carried a different function, one that extended far beyond its normal territory of affordances. In its own right, it was an act of resistance. A way to share invisible messages; to talk without making a sound; to vanish without leaving a trace.

A newspaper isn’t made to last. Like many other parts of this exhibition, it is temporary. The building materials we have used throughout the exhibition, is an allusion to the same thing; things are in the process of becoming something else. We are in the middle of an exhibition, in the middle of building something, in the middle of figuring things out. The title hold\ speaks to the same process, you can only hold onto something for so long, eventually this too, we will have to let go. And the nice thing about temporary things, is that it makes space for the future.

For this paper I see many different outcomes: it could be sunbleached, framed, used for a fire, for paper mache, plastered on the windows of a rundown shop. It could be made into collages, cut up and used for dada poems, put on the floor for protection when painting, used to dry up a wet surface, kept in a bookshelf. One thousand different copies may have the potential to give us one thousand different stories, and they will all be great.

And the friends, you ask?

I take them with me, in the texts they write, the photos they take and the words they speak. After this is all over, I will work to remind myself that support and resistance aren’t always opposing things, that perhaps they can be friends too.

/ Sanna Sønstebø

Content

*Note:
throughout
intentionally
disarray,
visual content
next to
text. They
by logic to
are collected
a way where
each other and
of meaning, or*

*The content
this newspaper is
organised in
where one artist's
is juxtaposed
someone else's
might not belong
one another, but
and composed in
they influence
create accidents
non-meaning.*

2. Lead text, Sanna Sønstebø

4. Ad for Dolce Casa

**5. *Løgnerens Tale*, Utdrag fra *Den Ternære Musikalske Kjøter*, Isak Ree
Ts MFA avhandling**

5. Image by Vilja Hoen Askelund

6. Text by George Seamus McGoldrick

6. Image by Vilja Hoen Askelund

7. *Art or War?* Essay by Jan Verwoert

8. Extract from the artist publication

***A feeling of longing that freezes and thaws*, by Taylor Alaina Liebenstein
Smith**

**9. *On Transcending the Possible Future*,
text by the Dahaleez Collective**

**10 - 11. Artistic bios from the exhibiting
artists and QR-codes**

**12. *Seks epifanier*, poem by
Terje Dragseth**

**12-13. *Against isolation*, essay
by Ina Hagen**

**13. Image by May-Oisin
Jørstad Qviller**

13. Image by David Noro

**14. Ad, Flygelhornkoffert,
Gerrit Dou**

**15. *Holding it, together*, text
by Lisa Rosendahl**

**15. Love Letter from exchange
student Viktor Prokop**

16. Soap recipe, Åsa Båve

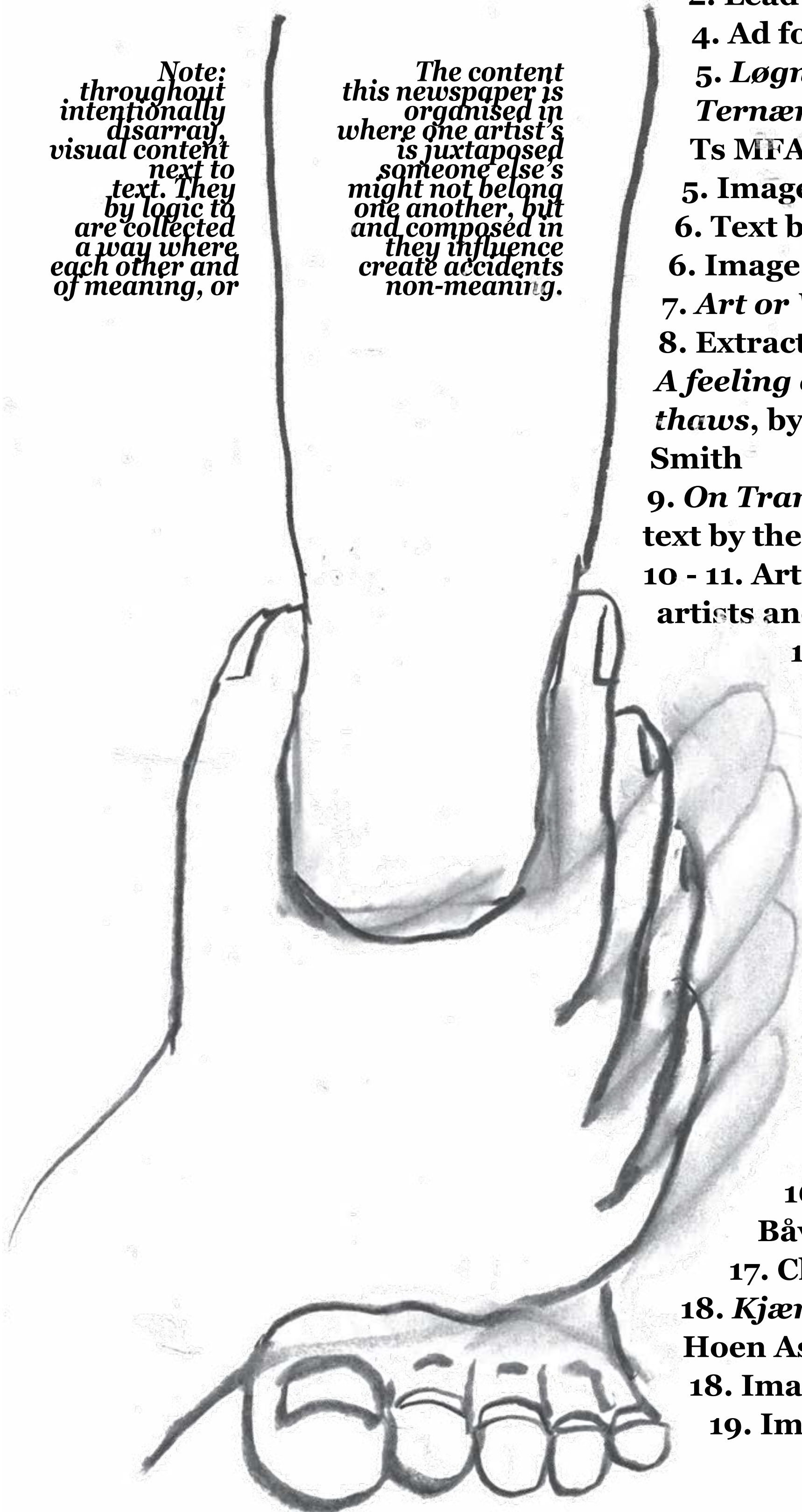
**16. *Vedlikehold*, Essay by Åsa
Båve**

17. Class horoscope, by Signe Greve

**18. *Kjære Vilja*, diary entry by Vilja
Hoen Askelund**

18. Image by May-Oisin Jørstad Qviller

19. Image by David Noro



sam-hold
2025

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Dolce Casa



@dolcecasastudio_

Agatha Wara by Victoria Alstrup
Photographed by Marve Vesteraa

Utdrag fra *DEN TERNÆRE MUSIKALSKE KJØTER*, Isak Ree Ts MFA avhandling

LØGNERENS TALE

Som dere helt sikkert husker, den regnfulle sommerdagen i juni 2024, da jeg skulle avholde en performance på Haugar Kunstsenter under deres utstilling The Workers. Dette var det mest prestisjefylte kunstrelaterte jeg til dette punkt hadde vært en del av. Ikke alle kan skryte av å kunne stå på en scene beskuende ned på halve Norges kunstaristokrater. I publikum skimtet jeg samlere og medlemmer av stipendkomiteer, strenge kritikere og kraftige direktører. Dette skulle kunne lansere meg som Norges nye lydkunstner.

Planen min var simpel, men effektiv:

Mitt verk skulle avspille 35 aller beste lydkunstnernes komposisjoner samtidig. Denne vakre stormen av lydkunst ville spille på alles fløyter, og borggården i Tønsberg skal bli fylt med de mest renommerte komposisjoner og praktfulle frekvenser fra de siste 100 år. Dette ville ikke bare gi publikum en fremragende sonisk opplevelse, det ville også vise mine ekstensive dypdykk inn i lydkunsten.

Jeg entret scenen, øynene rettet seg mot meg. Jeg tok grep om mikrofonen og forklarte mitt konsept, før jeg begynte å lese opp navnene fra Alvin Lucier, Annea Lockwood, Arne Nordheim, Brian Eno, Bruce Nauman, Bjorn Fongaard, Carmina Burana, Charlemagne Palestine, Daphne Oram, David Tudor, Edgar Varese, Eliane Radigue, Gordon Monahan, Henri Chopin, Hildegard Westerkamp, Iannis Xenakis, Jana Winderen, John Cage, Karlheinz Stockhausen, La Monte Young, Laurie Spiegel, Luc Ferrari, Luigi Russolo, Mazen Kerbaj, Olivier Messiaen, Pauline Oliveros, Peter Cusack, Pierre Boulez, Pierre Schaeffer, Robert Ashley, Steve Reich, Terry Riley, Vito Acconci, William Basinski, til Yoko Ono.

Publikum virket spente, men ikke anspente. Min avslappede utstråling virket som om den hadde en smittsom effekt på publikum, men dog ikke været. Himmelen åpnet opp og det høljet ned i det jeg skulle sette på komposisjonen. Etter litt tekniske problemer-som jeg går mer inn på i min upubliserte e s s a y t e k s t “Reflection on Deception” (2024)- fikk jeg endelig trykket play. Høytalerne brølte ut denne smakfulle potpurri med et smil om sine munnner, men alt gikk ikke helt som jeg trodde det skulle gå.

Det gikk hundre ganger bedre. Komposisjonene valset om hverandre i Borggården, og publikum sto som hypnotisert. Lydkunst hadde aldri vært så bra som det var på denne regnværsdagen. Det viktige publikummet ville minnes om den første gang de hørte disse verkene, og bli sendt tilbake til New York eller Berlin da de var hippe og friske, som meg. Charlemagne Palestine bød Ina Blom opp til dans og hun takket ja med et entusiastisk glis. Tone Hansen lo til hun gråt, Erlend Hammer gråt til han lo, og Stian Gabrielsen var dessverre på toalettet. Man skulle tro den perfekte lyd var uoppnåelig, men i dette øyeblikk var det noe i nærheten som hamret på alle våres trommehinner. Det var dog noe som manglet, jeg lyttet oppmerksomt og kunne til slutt høre at det var et Åke Hodel-formet hull i symfonien. Hvordan hadde jeg glemt å inkludere den svenske ringreven et Åke Hodel? Performansen hadde hyppig

endret seg fra potensielt fantastisk til potensielt fiasko. Jeg rasket til meg datamaskinen så det magnetiske strømadapteret ble nappet ut. Åpnet en fane i min nettleser og skrev inn: Å-K-E- H-O-D-E-L-L -B-E-S-T -S-O-N-G Opp på skjermen dukker *Spirit of Ecstasy (Racing Car Opera)* opp.

Jeg trykker på lenken og drar den over i min komposisjon. I et halvt minutt var det en frydefull mani som ulmet i publikum. Noen flakset, noen spant i ovaler, andre klinte. Lydkunst, som hadde vært avskrevet som en haug med dronete flotterier, hadde nå trengt seg inn gjennom elitens ørekanaler og inn i deres hjernebark. Lyd var endelig fullstendig. Men så, en ny drone, denne gangen akustisk, fylte de få resterende frekvenser. Jeg rynket på pannen og kjente brått en uholdbar varme strømme fra min datamaskin. Kjølerviftene jobbet som hardest for å kjøle den ned.

Op det var i dette øyeblikk datamaskinen ikke tålte mer. Den var tom for strøm og tappet for liv. Høytalerne ble stumme og publikums mani visnet plutselig. Det viste seg at 36 komposisjoner var én for mange. Jeg visste at jeg ikke skulle ha inkludert Bruce Nauman. Han er tross alt en installatørkunstner. Ikke en lydkunstner, og nå hadde han blitt grunnlaget for fadesen som kunne ende min karriere som ung og lovende lydkunstner. Jeg måtte handle raskt. Heldigvis vet en skikkelig performancekunstner å tilpasse seg samt å improvisere. Da komposisjonens siste refleksjon hadde forlatt borggården, sto vi igjen i stillhetens ekko, og regndråper som stupte ned i etablerte sølepytter var de eneste gjenværende oscillasjoner.

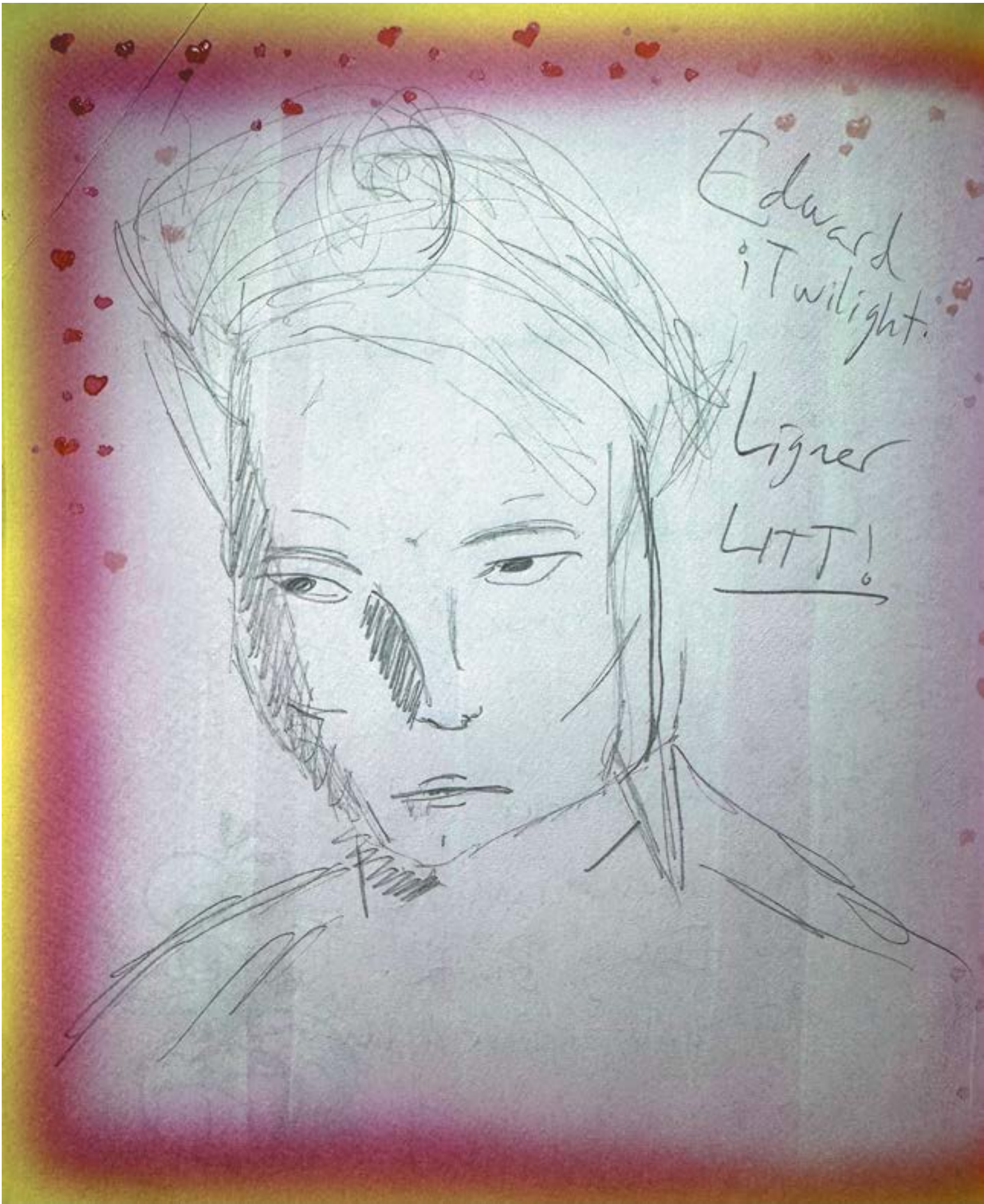
Tønsberg er en by kjent for flere ting som vikinger og skjærgård, men først og fremst er de kjent for allsang. Etter en fremragende performance hadde jeg forventet å bli invitert til nachspiel i en yacht eller en kembo seilbåt, så jeg hadde henholdsvis brakt med meg en akustisk gitar hvor jeg, noen dager før, hadde lært meg et dusin forskjellige grep som jeg var klar til å prøve ut på villige allsangere. Jeg åpnet gitarbagen min, stemte raskt, og skuet ut på et frustrert publikum jeg akkurat hadde frarøvet en sonisk orgasme. Jeg skimtet store briller, nye joggesko og dyre frisyrrer. Jeg følte meg blottet samtidig som jeg ville imponere dem. Det er ikke mange sanger man kan spille som er gjenkjennelig, kredibel, og samtidig duger for allsang. Heldigvis vet jeg om de aller fleste slike sanger. Jeg spilte en A-dur, fulgt av en F#-moll, så en D-dur, tilslutt fulgt av en E-dur. Mitt plekter klimpret nedover strengene, og det var endelig lyd i borggården. *Surrender* av *Suicide*: Den perfekte allsang-låten for et kultivert publikum.

Jeg kjente at publikums irritasjon endret seg til entusiasme. Med ett sto alle og klappet i takt og ventet på at jeg skulle lede an allsangen. Jeg tok noen skritt mot mikrofonen. Tok et åndedrag og sang: “I surr...” Mikrofonen var ikke på. Ingen kunne høre min stemme. Jeg snudde meg brått mot lydtekniker hvorav hans eneste jobb var å passe på at slike katastrofer ikke skulle finne sted. Jeg pekte desperat mot mikrofonen og gestikulerte med en stram pekefinger rettet mot himmelen full av mørke skyer. Jeg spilte akkompagnementet gjennom en gang til. Publikum klappet fortsatt i takt, men med en mindre hengivelse. Jeg prøvde igjen. Pustet inn med magen, og sang:

“I surrend-...” Den inkompetente lydteknikeren hadde ikke gjort noe annet enn å ta seg en slurk kaffe. I frustrasjon begynte jeg å spille hardere på gitaren min. Den duret og mollet, og det skuffede publikum på dette punktet hadde skjont at det ikke blir noe allsang. Lydteknikeren og Bruce Nauman hadde sviktet dem. Jeg bestemte meg for å ta en gitarsolo, jeg spilte aggressivt, men presist. Og før jeg vet ordet av det, løsnet plekteret fra mitt grep og fløy av scenen og landet i en sølepytt der den fløt avgårde likesom min verdighet. Jeg dundret videre på stålstrengene med min nakne hånd, før jeg ser ned og min lønnfargede gitar har fått et rødskjær. Jeg kjente en pulserende strøm gjennom hele kroppen, og fingertuppene på høyre hånd ble numme.

I fare for at publikum skulle tro at jeg var en slik masochistisk performancekunstner, bestemte jeg meg for å ende konserten momentant.

Jeg bukket og gikk av scenen. Publikum klappet robotisk. Det kunne ikke gått verre om jeg hadde planlagt det.



Portrait of Edvard Cullen (kinda looks like him), scan from diary, 2009, Vilja Houen Askelund

There are a number of accounts made by people who are pronounced ‘legally dead’ during different intensive surgeries, who recall an experience of watching the operation from a third-person perspective, dislocated from their bodies and of seeing the surgery unfold from above, as though floating around the ceiling of the room.

It was from this angle (seen third-person and from above) that Øyvind now seemed to see himself. He was sat at the family computer in semi-darkness. He often stayed up half an hour later than his wife who had absent mindedly turned the lights to the living room off as she went to bed. The resulting effect being: that Øyvinds now third-person view of himself was illuminated by just the light of the screen and a small desk lamp.

Neighbours noticed that Øyvind was so frequently sat at his computer in the evenings that they had begun to make money-less bets about which evenings he would and wouldn’t be sat there. It was generally agreed upon that Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings offered a guaranteed sighting. Tuesdays and Fridays were also well known as away-days on account of his practicing in a local brass band, which left only Sunday evenings as the ground on which this highly localised game was played.

This evening was like any other in its basic make-up. Over the course of a few hours Øyvind was noticed by five local residents either heading home late after work or having just ran some errands. To the brief glances of his passing neighbours everything appeared as normal. However, had they chosen to stop in front of his window and strain their sight through the crack of his curtains and the screen, they would have noticed a change from the usual long-form strategic military games that he often played during the weeknights. His attention on this particular evening was not with the Roman

garrison that he had been building and defending online for the past few months, but instead with the header of an email from the shoe company Camper, with whom he had ordered boots from the previous winter.

Enter your ballerina



Twilight movie ticket, scan from diary, 2009 by Vilja Houen Askelund

era

To have asked him why, amongst the relentless arrival of similar titles appearing daily within his *other* (1035) tab of emails, his attention had been especially drawn by this one; he wouldn’t really have known. Thinking briefly about it, maybe it was due to its tonality. Unlike many of the emails surrounding this one, whose titles questioned the recipient: *Are you summer BBQ ready?* Or offered simple items of news and advertisement: *This year's BBC Proms, starting 21st July GET TICKETS NOW*, the email that had encouraged his attention was neither questioning, suggestive or informative. Its tone neither asked: *Are you ready to enter your ballerina era?* Or placed its subject within a wider social context of desire and urgency: *August's must-have: introducing the ballerina*. Instead, it functioned as a command: *Enter your ballerina era*. And for a whole host of different contributing factors and unconscious attractions, such direct and plain-spoken commands were particularly effective on Øyvind (a fact which his now-wife had understood and made great use of since the earliest days of their relationship).

If, at that moment, a robber had entered the house and started collecting up the electronics and valued possessions on the lower floor, then the only indication that the man sat in the living room was undergoing a complete psychic re-description of himself, was the fact that he would neither have noticed nor paid any attention to the person robbing his home. What the robber would have seen in turn, was a man sat perfectly upright at his desk, scrolling backwards and forwards between listings for different flats, pumps, mary-janes, sneakers and platform shoes. All of which had grouped loosely together under a promise of facilitating entry into a new ‘era’.

The same designers and fashion houses once proposed their products as possessing the ability to alter a customers ‘look’ ‘style’ or ‘wardrobe’ now made increasingly radical suggestions for the

possibilities and uses of these same commodities. In suggesting that a new pair of shoes could usher in the arrival of a distinct ‘era’ in a customers life, shoes ceased to be tools made solely for walking and instead became benchmarks, around which one's life can be re-oriented. Similarly to the Gregorian calendars’ bisection of time as either pre (BC) or post (AD) the birth of Christ, Camper offered Øyvind a similar yet more personable use of their shoes as potential yardsticks, capable of use within one's own psychic life: child-hood, adolescence, adult-hood, ballerina-era etc...

ART OR WAR?

“There is no money. But there is a lot of money. No money for art. But a lot of money for arms. Art? A luxury! Who can afford it! War? A priority! We must prepare for it!”

This is the mixed message that artists and art institutions across Europe are getting today. It provokes anxieties: The fear of war. The fear that livelihoods in the arts are under threat. The fear, finally, of going mad, as nothing about this message makes sense. The *savings* gained from cuts to the arts are *minuscule* compared to the *spendings* planned for rearmament. The death of an art institution does not even begin to pay for the price of a nuclear submarine. There is no economic rationale to this whatsoever. Austerity punishing the arts brings in peanuts. Excess in military expenses meanwhile consumes unimaginable sums. Insane!

I wonder if such madness would be easier to grasp if Europe had a mad king too? Imagine we too had a king who declared a trade war on the world and said he'd pay for it with money saved by giving kids 3 dolls for Christmas instead of 30. We could at least be sure that he is mad, not us. Madness over here instead spreads fear in silence. Publicly, the German news announce: “Debt ceiling raised! 500 billion borrowed to pay for defense, roads and bridges! We got the money, and hell yes, we’re gonna spend it!” Discreetly, the arts meanwhile get notified: “Playtime over. Funding cut”. That’s it. The grown-ups have decided. Us kids must comply. No need to justify. Wearing the mask of cold necessity, the muse of austerity whispers its silent truth from the sidelines: “Gone, baby, gone! Fundings’ gone away!”

Is that all that we deserve to hear? If punitive cuts are ours to suffer, would the mad king not come out onto the stage, *please*, for a speech, one speech only? “Spoiled art brats will get 27 dolls less! For each doll, an honest soldier will get more beautiful ammo!” If only it was publicly stated! Then we could publicly inquire: “Are you out of your mind? How will a few less dolls pay for a lot more guns ‘n’ drones?” But no speech onstage. Just discreet backstage directives: “Dancers! Our committee decided yesterday, in your absence, that dancers must stop using their left foot, by the end of next month. Fees henceforth will only cover the use of the right foot. Don’t ask us why. Don’t ask us how. Just make it happen. Hop! Hop! We expect a report by Christmas.”

What are we being punished for? “Art drains funds, and brings in no revenue.” People rarely say it openly. But you can see it in their eyes: “Born into poverty, cursed to feed on subsidies, artists, you’re a disgrace to our rich nation. We hoped you’d grow up to be creative *entrepreneurs*! But you let us down. All you do is luxuriate in your failure to amass riches.” I daydream if such views being bluntly voiced, so I could reply with mock indignation: “Have you no decency! Does your country take no pride in growing cultural wealth? Why does the vulgarity of your superrich set the measure of morality for who qualifies as a worthy contributor to society? Would you also tell your farmers off? They too survive only by way of subsidy. Agriculture & art both cost the country money. Yet one nourishes your body, one your soul. Why wouldn’t you treat us with equal respect?”

OK, I don’t expect a positive reply. But here is an offer: For a tiny fracture of what a long-range missile costs, I’d curate you a stunning display of public morality on your most iconic waters. Rent me a dozen luxury yachts. Or lend me a dozen battle ships. We fit a dozen top choirs on board with Berghain grade speaker systems. For a day the choir boats then go up and down the Oslo Fjord blasting out angelic hymns to righteous austerity: “Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom in heaven! Blessed be the poor...” Maximum volume! Maximum beauty! Highest poverty!

Still I am searching for speeches. I want to know who is calling the shots. Who created the consensus — a consensus awaiting no consent, an understanding reached ere we had time to understand — that priorities have shifted? When and where was it announced that the future of Europe will no longer be shaped by young people who we today need to educate in responsible uses of freedom, for example by teaching them how to make art? When and where was it revealed that our future horizon has shrunk to zero, around the vanishing point of military protection for economic growth?

Dear Ursula von der Leyen, are you the prophet of this epochal shift? What future did you see, and how did you see it so clearly, when you addressed the European Parliament on 11th March 2025? You declared: “There is a new understanding that we must think differently and act accordingly. We have started to mobilize Europe’s massive resources. In the coming weeks and months, more courage will be necessary. And other difficult choices await us.” Fateful was your admonition: “The European security order is being shaken, and so many of our illusions are being shattered.” You awoke us to our new destiny: “The time of illusion is now over. Europe is called to take greater charge of its own defense. (...) We need a surge in European defense. And we need it now.” Chant it like you mean it: “We want defense, and we want it now!”

Dear Ursula von der Leyen, what illusion do you mean? You don’t specify. Might the “time of illusion” be the time of hope I grew up in, the hope Sesame Street gave us kids that art and education would open paths to social justice? Led astray by Kermit the Frog, I stand before you. Bereft of my reason to be, ready to repent. As I drown in shame, illuminate me: Where do you see the difference between an illusion and a bluff? Do you see it?

Russia moving in and US pulling out: Is it real? Or are they bluffing? Putin and Trump are both know for relishing the art of the bluff. Would you consider that the only illusion worth shattering is the bluff those two are jointly playing? Putin must save face and be feared as a threat while he is running out of people to fight his war for him, as his army and country are collapsing faster by the day. Trump must save face and be seen as a success while he is running his country into the ground, helping the rich steal the wealth of the people. So the best ruse to boost the US GDP (and make it look like things were going great) is to feed the EU to the lions of the US defense industry. The EU is a defenseless market that can’t refuse to buy US military product. Can it?

Dear Ursula von der Leyen, you come across as a supremely intelligent person. The likelihood of Putin and Trump bluffing will be perfectly clear to you. So, rather than exiting a “time of illusion”, may we not be entering one? Military economics scholar Marcus M Keupp was just saying so on German TV¹. He called Russia a *Scheinriese*, *illusionary* giant, who looks huge from afar, but shrinks as you get closer. In holding up the illusion that his military was heir to the mighty Red Army, Keupp observed, Putin was masking the truth that Russia is not the USSR, and that one thing which made the Red Army strong was Ukrainian troops serving *in it*, not fighting *against* it.

So, dear Ursula von der Leyen, why the double bluff? Why pretend the EU was falling for the charade Putin and Trump are putting on? Who gains from us playing stupid? Permit me to state the obvious: Russia and the US are falling apart. Their economies reached the limits of growth. Instead of being regenerated, social wealth is absorbed by the top 1% of rich people. European countries are disintegrating for similar reasons. So is the EU as a whole. Sectarian populists profit from the loss of faith in the *promise of growth and wealth* that once made the EU shine. How smart to give the sectarians a gift they can’t refuse — manly rearmament — which still chains them to a common project: Remilitarize Europe. Push the EU past the limits of growth, by force-feeding its military industry with billions in new debt money. OMG, will the GDP figures bloom once EU factories are rolling out drones ‘n’ ammo! If you pull that off, kudos to you, Frau von der Leyen, but do we really need to scare the hell out of everyone, just so you can bluff the bluffers?

Again I speak as if there was anything to discuss. When across the board it has been established that the consensus — “the time of illusion is now over” — awaits no consent: Protection is the new priority, and those who decide over how the means of protection are to be paid for, and whom they will be purchased from, have free reign. What an immense concentration of power and money in the hands of the top status group of governors who can now choose how to allocate those multi-billion Euro defense funds! They wield powers that consuls, bishops and sultans of former eras would have killed for.

This monopolization of power and money in the hands of few top executives is what Max Weber describes as defining features of *patrimonial* structures of *domination*². What they have in common with patriarchal structures, he says, is a sense of *fateful* dependence of all and everyone on the total power of the head of household providing protection and alimentation. Patrimonialism, according to Weber, begins when such power is distributed over a bigger empire, and “domestic authority [is] decentralized through assignment”³ of power to proxies, like regional consuls, bishops or sultans. They in turn remind their local subjects of their fateful dependence by granting or revoking favors & protection. Military hierarchy, Weber says, always was a key means for concentrating power and money at its top, via chain of command and immense wealth extracted from countries for military campaigns.

The *precarium*, Weber explains, is a key concept of patrimonial law in ancient Rome. Precarious is the status all things and services granted by a ruler (or official proxy) and retractable on short notice: “The exercise of power is primarily a personal right of the official. Outside the sacred boundaries of tradition he makes *ad hoc* decisions, according to his personal discretion.” So, what is precariously given is “revocable in the case of very vaguely defined ingratitude”⁴. It’s chilling to see how the principles of patrimonial governance return in the culture of corporate-style leadership. *Ad hoc* cuts are presented as a revocation of precarious luxuries that were never yours to rightfully claim: “Artists, the funds we gave you, and institutions we provided for your education, were never more than a favor. We can take what we gave, on a moment’s notice. Never confuse the luxuries we allowed you, with rights to livelihood. Shame on you. Show some gratitude!” In spirit and style, this is pure corporate patrimonialism: the untouchable order of the day.

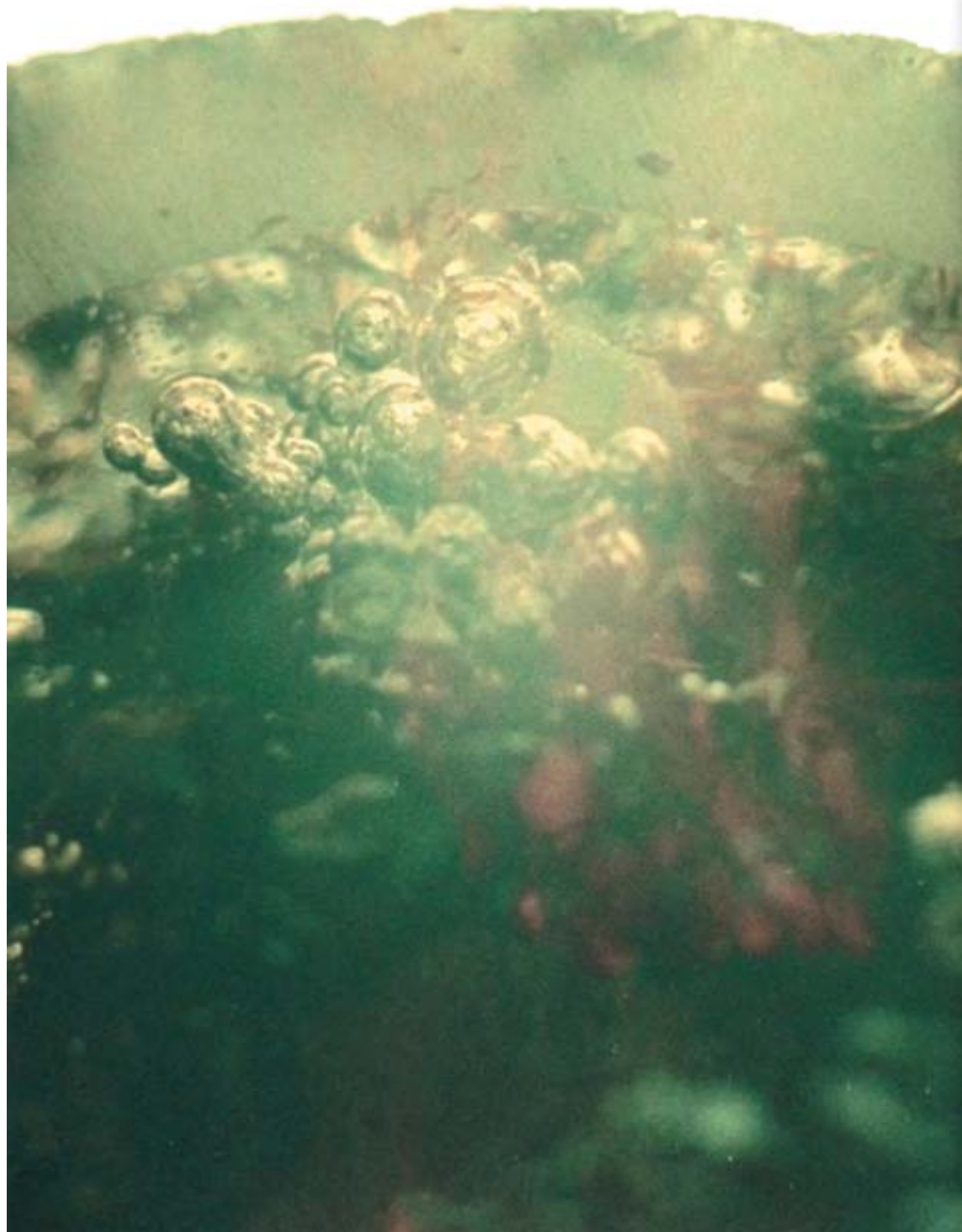
„We lie to ourselves when we dream of escaping the movement of luxurious exuberance of which we are only the most intense form.”⁵ concludes Bataille. I have little to add. Art and education are luxuries. Sure. But if we don’t luxuriate in them but funnel excess wealth (The money is there!) into defense spending, to



push growth beyond its limits, we may very well blow ourselves up, in an orgy of stupidity, parading as corporate rationality. So, as we stand here, on the limits of growth, what we may simply need is a non-disastrous answer to the question: Art or War?

Jan Verwoert

¹ ZDF Heute May 8th, 2025, 21:00
² Max Weber: “Patriarchalism and Patrimonialism”, in Weber: Economy and Society, University of California Press, Berkeley, Los Angeles and London, 1978; p.1006-1069
³ Op. Cit. p. 1011
⁴ Op. Cit. p. 1041
⁵ Georges Bataille: The Accursed Share, Zone Books, New York 1991. Originally published in France as La Part Maudite by Les Editions de Minuit, 1967
⁶ I once saw two identical vintage yellow Lamborghini parked in a modest white Nesodden garage. Trippy!
⁷ op cit., p. 120
⁸ op. Cit. p.131
⁹ op. Cit. p. 34



Permafrost is defined quite literally as ‘permanent frost’, or ground that remains frozen for two or more consecutive years.

Due to its location between roughly 2 and 300 meters beneath the earth’s surface, it is, by definition, held at a distance from our human bodies.

Yet, as it thaws it comes closer, collapsing the solid ground beneath our feet. As permafrost transforms from solid to liquid to gas, its thaw releases not only methane, CO2, mammoth carcasses and ‘zombie viruses’, but also man-made chemicals, forgotten technological objects and the human memories and emotions that accompany them.

Everything that has been held down, kept in, bursts from new cracks and folds in the earth’s surface, rushing to the foreground.

Held at a distance, the permafrost grazes your skin.

You can hear it in this room,

thousands of kilometers away,

murmuring, heaving, cracking, breathing.

-Taylor Alaina Liebenstein Smith, extract from the artist publication A feeling of longing that freezes and thaws. This publication was the result of a collaboration with the Center for Biogeochemistry in the Anthropocene, University of Oslo, and exhibited at Atelier Nord, Oslo, 2025



Dahaleez Collective

عن تخطي المستقبل الممكن

On Transcending the Possible Future

In the unfolding history of Palestinian existence and the relentless siege of Gaza, generations have stood before a riddle carved into time and space. Their existence, marked by confinement and displacement, demands a reimagining of the future, not as mere speculation, but as a sanctuary from oppression. To question the present is to conjure a future where the violence of geography and the tyranny of time are unravelled, revealing paths untainted by forced appropriation and siege.

Our inquiries trace the contours of timeless philosophical questions: What is time when it is stolen? What is space when it is seized? In Gaza, these questions breathe differently—place is not just geography but memory and loss, forcibly concealed and persistently reimagined. Transcending the Possible Future is not a singular question but a collective inquiry spread across philosophical, intellectual, and humanitarian realms. It is a call to imagine beyond enforced boundaries and question the nature of spatial and temporal constraints.

This questioning grew from our shared labour on After the Metamorphosis, a project that later birthed Geography of Divine Magic. The years of siege marked its temporal frame, intersecting with global moments of quarantine and digital connection. Our collective engagement was an act of defiance against fragmentation, a gesture to hold Gaza’s cultural voice intact across ruptured spaces. Ultimately, our questions solidified around the crisis of place, the rupture of geography, and the yearning for unbroken locality.

Our invocation of the future is not merely a projection—it is a stretching of time itself, rooted in the understanding that time is temporally determined. To summon the future requires an act of imagination: a visualisation of a scene that unfolds after the future. Yet, this imagined scene is not a mere extension of thought; it demands the present to be anchored in future time, woven into an act of construction and immersion that rejects transcendence, escape, or regression. For this summoning to be meaningful, it calls for a Palestinian presence unthreatened by erasure, one unburdened by temporary solutions that numb the response to settler colonialism and its metastatic spread. In this sense, the act of invoking the future mirrors the act of remembering the past—both are acts of reclamation.

We resist the constraints typically imposed on future predictions. Philosophical inquiries into time suggest that time cannot exist independently of the perceivable; perception, in turn, is subject to change, renewal, and movement. Hence, we do not conceive of the future as a foggy, impenetrable space but as a dynamic possibility open to reconfiguration. This interpretation demands that we acknowledge movement as a prerequisite for time’s existence, from the smallest fragments of the universe to the grandest scales—and equally, it necessitates space as the stage for this movement. While the philosophical engagement with space has paralleled that of time, our sensory experience of our place of origin diverges sharply; it is laden with threat, loss, and a fragile persistence.

Our initial work on the Geography of Divine Magic emerged amid the violence that ravaged our neighbourhoods in Gaza. All of us, together, wrestled with survival in spaces perpetually constrained. Overcoming the imposed marginalisation meant urgently traversing the Gaza Strip, reaffirming our right to spatial presence. We moved from Dar al-Ghussein in Old Gaza to 28 Magazine in Rafah, and finally to Salman and Majdal’s house in Rimal, mere meters from al-Wahda Street—where destruction was absolute and murder was collective.

Today, as we write from exile, those spaces are gone, their architectural presence obliterated. Yet, they existed in layered times long before their erasure, etched into our memories, forcing us to transcend space while confined. Thus, our question of a possible future arises not from a desire to escape space but from the crisis of inhabiting it under occupation. For us, place is not just geographical—it is an intellectual and existential material that defies normalcy in memory and transcendence.

The six paths undertaken by Dahalez were meticulously designed as collective projects to cultivate an emancipatory imagination. Salman Nawati’s path sought to deconstruct the very terms of homeland, citizenship, and identity, prompting questions that culminated on October 7th.

We were shattered by the scale of military violence inflicted upon us—killing in every conceivable form. This brutality left us frozen for months, trapped in the stillness of shock. While Rahaf and Mahmoud directly faced genocide, with Mahmoud still under threat, we, too, bore the weight of survival alongside them. Our grief became collective, our capacity to act suspended by the enormity of loss and the narrowing of life’s possibilities. Mahmoud’s path shifted from imag-

ining a reversal of the siege—a vision of breaking the chains that bind Gaza—to seeking survival in evacuation zones. His letters reminded us that imagination alone is not enough to transcend catastrophe; survival demands action rooted in the continuity of life. We learned this resilience from the most vulnerable—those who lost everything, now in tents. Their persistence affirmed that the continuation of life necessitates the transformation of image-ry and its reception.

Rahaf’s journey unveiled deeper layers of image-making. The frames we captured—bound to space and time—shifted under the weight of violence, yet they remained as records. Once decentralised and unplanned, these images took on new meaning, challenging the very structure of how we interpret and remember. In a fragmented world, these unintentional images demand our attention, free from centralised narratives and repetitive modes of seeing.

The unfolding of the first three paths cleared the way for Khaled to craft a path that situated us firmly within the temporal frame of the narrative. This trajectory called for integrating Mahmoud Abu Warda’s path, weaving time and story into a shared medium of expression—music—so that the narrative we carry became its central reference. In parallel, our visual memory evoked stories that, though literary in form, were suffused with visual intensity—a narrative both seen and felt. This interplay of reference and narrative led us to confront the essence of imagination as the material from which transcendence is constructed. Between the fleeting present and the resurrected past, we stood before the question: What narrative do we wish to write into the future?

We do not know the length of the road before us, but we are sure of one thing—we have not yet arrived. This intellectual and imaginative labour, this striving to transcend a scene that has stretched throughout our existence, forces us to ask: What alternative exists to mere escape or restoration? In a context where rupture is the norm, could it be that the actual act of defiance is construction?

Yet, the work did not crystallise in the form we first envisioned. Majdal’s conceptualisation shifted its course, moving away from a purely political discourse toward a meditation on the language of the fragmented and the silenced—the amputated objects of a time marked by annihilation. This was not merely a rhetorical exercise but a philosophical divergence that stood in conversation with Edward Said’s conception of discourse, distinct from Foucault’s logic and philosophy of language. Yet, even beyond the theoretical, a discourse exists neither articulated nor written in academic terms. It is the discourse of the bombed house, the fractured silence of al-Wahda Street, and the painted cries on the walls of al-Thawra Street—voices that fall outside the boundaries of conventional philosophy or institutional study.

We are not yet finished. Our paths do not splinter off into side roads; instead, we trace the main road backwards, uncovering hidden trajectories. The concrete walls that run parallel to our path reflect the barriers of military occupation, their brutal simplicity mirroring the logic of confinement. Our journey does not seek to bypass these separations but to dismantle them—to liberate knowledge from the iron grip of siege and isolation. Through our paths, we imagine a road unbroken by checkpoints, unshadowed by watchtowers—a road beyond the architectures of war. Our collective trauma is met with collective action; survival becomes a shared labour of memory and resistance.

This work, this movement of remembering as a commons, has already begun, transcending the original blueprint of the project. Though the initial plan has reached its end, moving beyond the possible future is an unfinished process, stretching forward in defiance of military occupation, erasure, and settler expansion. These irreversible historical shifts shape us, mark us, but they do not end us. We understand now, with stark clarity, that there can be no retreat, no pause. We stand at the edge of a turn that leads to spaces unbounded by conventional borders, where imagination and reality converge without the constraints of division. To move forward is to abolish the very notion of borders—not only in text but in vision, imagination, and voice.

Whatever comes next must be envisioned as the commons, a shared space woven from collective action, where those who remain on the ground and those scattered by exile converge. We aspire to make it a living commons for all who dare to engage—not only to share but to nourish, to create, and to rebuild what violence has tried to erase. This is our response to annihilation: a refusal to vanish, a reclamation of what has been shattered, and a collective imagining of what can still be built.





Carmel Alabbasi is a multidisciplinary artist working with photography, video, sound, experimental film, installation, and sculpture. With a background in journalism, social anthropology, and fine art, their practice blends critical research with material experimentation. Alabbasi's work explores themes of absence, disappearance, and systematic erasure, tracing how bodies, places, identity, and collective and personal memories are shaped by colonial and patriarchal violence in Palestine.

Carmel Alabbasi er en tverrfaglig kunstner som arbeider med fotografi, video, lyd, eksperimentell film, installasjon og skulptur. Med bakgrunn i journalistikk, sosialantropologi og billedkunst forener deres praksis kritisk forskning med materiell eksperimentering. Alabbasis arbeid utforsker temaer som fravær, forsvinning og systematisk utsettelse, og sporer hvordan kroppor, steder, identitet og både kollektive og personlige minner formes av kolonial og patriarkalsk vold i Palestina.



Victoria Alstrup (b. 1994) lives and works in Oslo, Norway. She holds a Bachelor degree in Fine Arts from Oslo National Academy of the Arts (2023) and is currently studying for an MFA at the academy.

Victoria Alstrup (f. 1994) bor og arbeider i Oslo, Norge. Hun har en bachelorgrad i billedkunst fra Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo (2023), og fullfører for tiden sin mastergrad i billedkunst ved Kunstakademiet.



Vilja Houen Askelund er en kunstner fra Stavanger som bor og jobber i Oslo. I sin praksis er Askelund opptatt av det kulturelle fenomenet teenage-ness: hvordan vi forstår og relaterer til verden som tenåringer. Hun arbeider skulpturelt med tekstil, leire, objekter og kollasj. Askelund har en bachelor i billedkunst

fra Kunstakademiet ved Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo og er i ferd med å fullføre en mastergrad.

Vilja Houen Askelund is an artist from Stavanger who lives and works in Oslo. In her practice she is interested in teenageness as a cultural phenomenon: how we understand and relate to the world as teenagers. She does sculptures and works with textile, clay, objects and collages. Askelund holds a Bachelor's degree from the Art Academy at Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo and is currently finishing her Master's.



Kim Andreas Roland Berger (1993, Oslo, Norge) bor og arbeider i Oslo. Jeg arbeider med serier av malerier og treskulpturer. Prosessen starter med å tegne på morgenen før hodet har våknet. Komposisjonen tar utgangspunkt i arkitekturen og naturen på familiegården og kunsthistoriske referanser og en kontrast mellom geometriske flater og flytende organiske former. Og viser til fragmenterte billedrom med stabler av malerier basert på hvordan malerier over tid stabler seg langs veggene i mitt studio. Tidligere utdanning inkluderer: Einar Granum Kunstfagskole (2017-2019) Bachelor, Kunstakademiet i Oslo (2020-2023) og Magyar Képzőművészeti Egyetem, Budapest (Utvexsling, 2024).

Kim Andreas Roland Berger (1993, Oslo, Norway) lives and works in Oslo. I work with series of paintings and wooden sculptures. My process begins with drawing in the early morning, before the mind has fully awakened. The compositions are rooted in the architecture and natural surroundings of my family farm, art historical references, and a contrast between geometric surfaces and flowing organic forms. The works reference fragmented pictorial spaces, with stacks of paintings reflecting the way artworks accumulate over time along the walls of my studio. Previous education includes: Einar Granum School of Fine Art (2017–2019) Bachelor of Fine Art, Oslo National Academy of the Arts (2020–2023) and the Hungarian University of Fine Arts, Budapest (Exchange program, 2024).



David Tobias Bonde Jensen (f. 1988) er en Dansk billedkunstner som bor og arbeider i Norge. Jensens arbeid utforsker spekulative, spektrale og mer-enn-menneskelige kroppor – kroppor

som migrerer mellom fiksjon, virkelighet og ulike vitenskapelige paradigmer, fanget mellom forskjellige fortellinger. Gjennom å leke med de performative mulighetene og den poetiske potensialiteten i animasjonsmedier, spcialeffekter, lyddesign og sang, forsøker Jensen å gi disse ofte tausgjorte og misforståtte kroppor et nærvær, en stemme og et rom hvor de kan artikulere historiene sine – enten de er dyr, utenomjordiske, døde eller noe midt imellom.

David Tobias Bonde Jensen (b. 1988) is a Danish artist living and working in Norway. Jensen's work explores speculative, spectral and more-than human bodies—bodies migrating between fiction, reality and different scientific paradigms, caught between different narratives. By playing with the performative possibilities and poetic potentialities of animated media, special effects, sound design and song, Jensen attempts to give these sometimes silenced and misconceived bodies a presence, a voice and a space where they can tell their stories, whether they are animal, alien, dead or something in-between.



Åsa Båve (b. 1988) is an artist and filmmaker based in Oslo and Gothenburg. She works with installation, sculpture, performance and video. Her work is rooted in maintenance, care, and vulnerability. She is particularly drawn to materials that carry bodily and everyday associations. During her master's studies, she has explored soap as a living and ephemeral material. Her work has been exhibited in Aarhus Kunsthall, 3:e Våningen in Gothenburg and at Southern Sweden Design Days in Malmö. She was also part of the group show Caring Futures in collaboration with the University of Stavanger (UIS) and artist and curator Hege Tapio.

Åsa Båve (1988) er kunstner og filmskaper med base i Oslo og Göteborg. Hun arbeider med installasjon, skulptur, performance og video. Arbeidene hennes utgår fra vedlikeholdsarbeid, omsorg og sårbarhet. Hun er særlig opptatt av materialer som bærer kroppslige og hverdagslige referanser, i løpet av mastergraden har hun arbeidet med såpe som et levende og forgjengelig materiale. Arbeidene hennes har vært vist bland annet ved Aarhus Kunsthall, 3:e Våningen i Göteborg og på Southern Sweden Design Days i Malmö. Hun var også en del av gruppeutstillingen Caring Futures i samarbeid med Universitetet i Stavanger (UIS) og kunstner og kurator Hege Tapio.



Thyra Dragseth (b.1993, Copenhagen) is a Norwegian artist

based between Oslo and Lisbon. Dragseth works multidisciplinary with photography, film, sound, text, and installation. Her practice is rooted in feminist ideology. It is preoccupied with investigations of societal roles, and inter personal, and professional relationships. Leaning on autobiographical traditions, her work critically engages in questions of truth and perception. Dragseth co-initiated the discursive curatorial project Lars Lisboa (2021-2023), hosting events and exhibitions. Recent solo and group exhibitions include; Candyland, Stockholm (2025); Gallery K4, Oslo (2025); Pachinko, Oslo (2024); OSTRÁ Practice, Lisbon (2024); Kristiansand Kunsthall (2023); Sol Nexø, Bornholm (2023), and MELK Gallery, Oslo (2021).

Thyra Dragseth (f. 1993, København) er en norsk kunstner som bor og arbeider mellom Oslo og Lisboa. Dragseth arbeider tverrfaglig med fotografi, video, lyd, tekst og installasjon. Hennes praksis er forankret i feministisk ideologi, og tar ofte utgangspunkt i mellommenneskelige relasjoner. Arbeidet hennes, som bygger på selvbiografiske tradisjoner, retter et kritisk blikk mot spørsmål om sannhet og persepsjon. Dragseth var medinitiativtaker til det diskursive kuratoriske prosjektet Lars Lisboa (2021–2023) som fungerte som en plattform for utstillinger og arrangementer. Nylige separat og gruppeutstillinger inkluderer: Candyland, Stockholm (2025); Galleri K4, Oslo (2025); Pachinko, Oslo (2024); OSTRÁ Practice, Lisboa (2024); Kristiansand Kunsthall (2023); Sol Nexø, Bornholm (2023); og MELK Galleri, Oslo (2021).



Elise Dypvik is a contemporary artist based in Oslo, currently completing her MFA at the Oslo National Academy of the Arts. Working primarily with multimedia installations that blend sculpture, sound, video, and performance, she explores the tension between digital and physical realities. Her practice investigates the psychological effects of modern life, focusing on how memory, emotion, and human biology interact with a rapidly evolving technological world. Influenced by science fiction, video games, and natural landscapes, Dypvik constructs speculative scenarios and imagined futures that reflect on existential questions and the feeling of alienation in contemporary society.

Elise Dypvik er en samtdiskunstner basert i Oslo, og fullfører for tiden sin mastergrad i billedkunst ved Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo. Hun jobber hovedsakelig med multimedia installasjoner som kombinerer skulptur, lyd, video og performance, og utforsker krysningspunktet mellom digitale og fysiske virkeligheter. Hennes kunstneriske praksis undersøker de psykologiske effektene av det moderne livet, med særlig fokus på

hvordan hukommelse, følelser og menneskets biologi samspiller med en stadig mer teknologisk verden. Inspirert av science fiction, TV-spill og naturopplevelser, konstruerer Dypvik spekulative scenarior og forestilte fremtider som reflekterer rundt eksistensielle spørsmål og følelsen av fremmedgjøring i samtiden.



Through sculpture, installation, and performance, **Signe Greve** explores the dynamics between anxiety, nature, and human vulnerability. She approaches these themes through the concept of hosting, using it as a metaphor to examine the relationship between order and chaos, trust and control. Greve is fascinated by hosting as both a physical and psychological space for comfort, and as an image of the tension between security and insecurity. She explores this ambivalence through material research and positioning. In her practice, Greve works mostly with organic and self-developed materials, as this is important both sustainably and conceptually for her work.

Gennem skulptur, installation og performance udforsker **Signe Greve** dynamikkene mellem angst, natur og menneskelig sårbarhed. Hun går ind i disse emner gennem værtskab som koncept og metafor for at undersøge forholdet mellem orden og kaos, tillid og kontrol. Greve er fascineret af værtskabet som både et fysisk og psykologisk rum for komfort og som et billede på spændingen mellem tryghed og usikkerhed. Hun udforsker denne ambivalens gennem materialeundersøgelse og positionering. I sin praksis arbejder Greve primært med organiske og selvudviklede materialer, da dette er vigtigt både bæredygtigt og konceptuelt for hendes arbejde.



Lová Hiselius (b. 1997, Stockholm) is a visual artist based in Oslo. She works interdisciplinarily with painting and installation. Through phenomena such as the Shadow, the Ghost, the Imprint, and the Reflection, she explores the boundaries between presence and absence in carefully chosen motifs. By creating works that blur the line between imagination and reality, she investigates how emotions such as fear and longing can manifest in physical form. In recent years, she has participated in exhibitions at Liljevalchs (Stockholm). Billedkunstnerne i Oslo, Oslo Kunstforening and Podium. Hiselius was one of the participants in the OsloCity#12 summer residency at Podium, and her MFA graduation project was exhibited at Centralbanken.

Lová Hiselius (f. 1997,

Stockholm) er en billedkunstner basert i Oslo. Hun arbeider tverrfaglig med maleri og installasjon. Gjennom fenomenet som Skyegen, Spøkelset, Avtrykket og Speilingen undersøker hun grensene mellom nærvær og fravær i nøye utvalgte motiver. Ved å skape verk som utfordrer skillet mellom forestilling og virkelighet, utforsker hun hvordan følelser som frykt og lengsel kan tre fram i materiell form. De siste årene har hun deltatt i utstillinger ved Liljevalchs (Stockholm), Billedkunstnerne i Oslo, Oslo Kunstforening og Podium. Hiselius deltok i sommerresidensen OsloCity#12 ved Podium, og hennes masterprosjekt ble vist på Centralbanken.



Mohamed Jabaly is an award-winning Palestinian filmmaker and producer from Gaza City, whose documentaries capture his homeland’s resilience and spirit. His latest film, “Life is Beautiful – Al Haya Helwa,” earned global recognition and numerous awards, including the Best Directing Award at IDFA 2023 and the Best Nordic Documentary at Nordic Panorama 2024. His previous award-winning documentary, “Ambulance” (2016), screened at major festivals and continues to resonate worldwide. Dedicated to fostering talent, Jabaly spent a decade leading film workshops in Gaza before moving to Tromsø, where he now manages the TwinCity program at Tvibit. As a key member of the Palestine Film Institute, he oversees festival delegations and manages the Palestine Documentary Hub. Mohamed has served on juries for festivals including IDFA, One World, and Nordic Panorama. Jabaly holds a B.A. from Nordland Film & Art College and is completing his M.A. at Oslo’s National Academy of Arts.



Mohamed Jabaly er en prisvinnende palestinsk filmskaper og produsent fra Gaza by, hvis dokumentarer fanger hjemlandet mot og ånd. Hans nyeste film, «Life is Beautiful – Al Haya Helwa», har fått internasjonal anerkjennelse og en rekke priser, blant annet Best Directing Awardunder IDFA 2023 og Best Nordic Documentary under Nordic Panorama 2024. Hans tidligere prisbelønte dokumentar, «Ambulance» (2016), har blitt vist på store film-festivaler og har fortsatt stor gjennklang over hele verden. Jabaly er dedikert til å utvikle talent, og han ledet i ti år filmverksteder i Gaza før han flyttet til Tromsø, der han nå leder Vennskapsby-programmet på Tvibit. Som en sentral deltaker i Palestine Film Institute leder han festivaldelegasjoner og driver Palestine Documentary Hub. Mohamed har sittet i juryer for festivaler som IDFA, One World og Nordic Panorama. Jabaly har en bachelorgrad fra Nordland Kunst- og Filmhøgskole og fullfører for tiden en mastergrad ved Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo .

George Seamus McGoldrick (f. 1995, London) bor og jobber for tiden mellom Oslo og Kent, Storbritannia. Hans nyeste serie arbeider med tittelen Starter-packs utforsker hvordan løftet om en ny

friluftshobby eller dypere kunnskap om ens familiehistorie både kan produseres og kjøpes på nett.

George Seamus McGoldrick (b. 1995, London) currently lives and works between Oslo and Kent, United Kingdom. His most recent series of works titled Starter-packs looks at ways in which the promise of a new outdoors hobby or the deeper knowledge of your family history is available for both production and purchase online.



David Noro (b. 1993, DK/ITA) is a visual artist based in Oslo and Copenhagen. He studied Fine Arts at the Gerrit Rietveld Academie in Amsterdam (2014–2018) and is currently pursuing an MFA in Fine Arts at Oslo National Academy of the Arts (2023–2025). Primarily a painter, Noro also works across collage, drawing, textiles, and sculpture. His practice is rooted in a personal archive of words, texts, songs, and conversations, through which he filters fragments of the everyday. These fragments are translated into layered compositions where narrative traces flicker in and out of focus, shaped by mark-making and material exploration.

Central to his painting is the gaze—the one that looks, and the one being looked at. Noro’s works hold a quiet tension between presence and distance, where images unfold with a momentary, relational sensibility. Motifs arise intuitively, shifting between the poetic and the prosaic, without settling into fixed meaning.

David Noro (f. 1993, DK/ITA) er en billedkunstner basert i Oslo og København. Han studerte billedkunst ved Gerrit Rietveld Academie i Amsterdam (2014–2018), og tar for tiden en mastergrad i billedkunst ved Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo (2023–2025). Noro arbeider hovedsakelig med maleri, men jobber også med collage, tegning, tekstil og skulptur. Hans praksis er forankret i et personlig arkiv av ord, tekster, sanger og samtaler, gjennom hvilket han filtrerer fragmenter fra hverdagen. Disse fragmentene oversettes til lagdelte komposisjoner der fortellende spor flimrer inn og ut av fokus, formet gjennom merker og utforskning av materialer. Blikket står sentralt i maleriene hans, både det som ser, og det som blir sett. Noros verk bærer en stille spenning mellom nærvær og avstand, der bildene utfolder seg med en øyeblikkelig, relasjonell følsomhet. Motiver oppstår intuitivt, og beveger seg mellom det poetiske og det prosaiske, uten å feste seg til en entydig mening.



May-Oisín Qviller (b. 1995) is primarily a filmmaker, while also working with sound, music, photography and writing.

sensitivity to seemingly dead or distant geobiological entities like permafrost or biofilms. To do this, she collaborates with scientists, poets, dancers, architects and other species, deconstructing perceived boundaries between scientific and artistic knowledge. Materially, her practice explores the poetic intersections between analog and biological media, blending bioart with film and video, installation, performance, sound, photography, printmaking and text. She holds an MA in Cultural Mediation from the École du Louvre and a BFA in Painting and BA in Art History from Boston University. Her work has been exhibited in France, Norway, Finland, Germany, Spain, and the U.S. A member of the Finnish Bioart Society, her works are also included in French National Collections.

Taylor Alaina Liebenstein Smith (f. 1993) er en amerikansk, fransk-naturalisert kunstner. Hun forstår klimakrisen som en krise i persepsjonen, og dermed også i evnen til å påvirke. Med dette i tankene forsøker hun å kultivere intoning og emosjonell sensitivitet overfor tilsynelatende døde eller fjerne geobiologiske enheter som permafrost eller biofilm. For å gjøre dette samarbeider hun med forskere, poeter, dansere, arkitekter og andre arter, og dekonstruerer de oppfattede grensene mellom vitenskapelig og kunstnerisk kunnskap. Materielt sett utforsker hennes praksis de poetiske skjæringspunktene mellom analoge og biologiske medier, og hun blander biokunst med film og video, installasjon, performance, lyd, fotografi, grafikk og tekst. Hun har en mastergrad i kulturformidling fra École du Louvre og en bachelorgrad i maleri og kunsthistorie fra Boston University. Arbeidene hennes har vært utstilt i Frankrike, Norge, Finland, Tyskland, Spania og USA. Hun er medlem av det finske Bioart Society, og arbeidene hennes er også inkludert i franske nasjonale samlinger.

Klara Rosenlund (b. 1991) is a Swedish artist based in Norway, holding a BFA from the Art Academy in Bergen and an upcoming MFA from the Oslo National Academy of the Arts in 2025. Her work has been exhibited at venues including Vent Space in Tallinn, Gyldenpris Kunsthall in Bergen, and Halmstad Konsthall in Sweden. Her practice often revolves around themes of vulnerability, threat, and emotional tension fields.



Klara Rosenlund (f. 1991) er en svensk kunstner basert i Norge, med en BFA fra Kunstakademiet i Bergen og en kommende mastergrad fra Kunsthøgskolen i Oslo i 2025. Arbeidene hennes har blant annet blitt vist på Vent Space i Tallinn, Gyldenpris Kunsthall i Bergen og Halmstad Konsthall i Sverige. Verkene hennes kretser ofte rundt temaer som sårbarhet, trussel og emosjonelle spenningsfelt.

Sanna Sønstebø (b.1999) creates instruction and conceptual frameworks that develops into text, video, and performance. She works mainly with the everyday, and uses its patters and predictable outcomes as a space for exploration and play. She holds a BFA from Leeds Arts University (2019), and is currently undergoing her MFA at the Arts Academy of Oslo. She participated in exhibitions at the Akademirommet at Kunsternes Hus is 2024, at Assembly House in Leeds, UK with the art collective We Didn't Fancy in 2023, as well as the residency #23 Understanding Intelligence at Praksis in Oslo in 2022.

Sanna Sønstebø (f. 1999) skaper instruksjoner og konseptuelle rammeverk som utgangspunkt for tekst-, video- og performance-verk. Hun jobber med hverdagslige mønstre og forutsigbare situasjoner, og har som intensjon å fremmedgjøre disse gjennom prosjektene. Sanna har en BFA fra Leeds Arts University i 2019, og ferdigstiller nå sin

MFA ved Kunsthøyskolen i Oslo. Hun har deltatt i utstillinger på Akademirommet på Kunsternes Hus i Oslo i 2024 og Assembly House i Leeds med kunstnerkollektivet We Didn't Fancy i 2023. Hun deltok på kunstner-oppholdet #23 Understanding Intelligence hos Praksis i Oslo i 2022.



Sondre Røe (b. 1993, Harstad) works across painting, photography, film, and digital media in a multidisciplinary practice focused on identity and attention. Recent exhibitions include Mikey Laundry Art Garden (Bergen), Kunsternes Hus (Oslo), Saksumdal Tempel (Lillehammer), Nitja (Lillestrøm), and Salgshallen (Oslo).

Sondre Røe (f. 1993, Harstad) arbeider med maleri, fotografi, film og digitale medier i en multidisiplinær praksis med fokus på identitet og oppmerksomhet. Nylige utstillinger inkluderer Mikey Laundry Art Garden (Bergen), Kunsternes Hus (Oslo), Saksumdal Tempel (Lillehammer), Nitja (Lillestrøm) og Salgshallen (Oslo).



Isak Ree Torgersen (Oslo, 1994) is a multimedia artist working within the intersection of ambition and desperation. Through this press release, he attempts to convert aspiration into institutional legitimacy, shaped by audience influence and complicity. Consider this a plea to exhibit internationally or institutionally.

Isak Ree Torgersen (Oslo, 1994) er en multimedial kunstner som arbeider i skjæringspunktet mellom ambisjon og desperasjon. Med denne pressemeldingen forsøker han å omforme ambisjon til institusjonell legitimitet, formet av publikums påvirkning og velvilje. Anse dette som en bønn om å få stille ut internasjonalt eller institusjonelt.

1

Plutselig, ei kråke, med appelsinskall i nebbet, flaksende foran bilens frontrute.

2

Knokler, sannsynligvis fra gris, ligger henkastet på fortauet av upusset betong, som erindringer om skyer. Kjøttbiter kastet til hundene og villkattene. Nå rensket for alt. En sti av rustrøde maur beveger seg i myldrende aktivitet, under knoklene, lik skulpturer av Henry Moore - for å myldre ut på siden og videre på en maursti bortover fortauet. Et par spyfluer lander på knoklene, og rekognoserer overflaten, med vibrerende følehorn. Så flyr de med smaragdgrønne vinger ut over det grønne gresset innenfor fortauskanten.

3

Inne under dekslet på baksiden av mobilen er det mellom de elektroniske komponenter klemt inn seks sammenvokste fostre av muldvarp eller rotter.

4

John Coltranes saksofon høres i komposisjonen «Peace on Earth», fra plata som snurrer på platespilleren. Utenfor de rimdekte vinduene gråspurver, kjøttmeiser og en flokk skjærer skratter med flaksende vinger under den japanske grana. Frostgrå rim ligger som lim i gresset. Coltrane og hans band høster stor applaus i Koseinenkin Hall, Tokyo, Japan, 22.juli 1966.

5

Et metalgrått jernrør, ca. 4 centimeter i diameter og fem meter langt, er festet vannrett til innsiden av muren i veikanten. Røret er brutt åpent i begge ender og gir ingen mening.

6

Det kiler i øynene når vi ser på hverandre med kjærlighet.

Epifanier I - II, Lord Jim Publishing, 2017,2021

SEKS EPIFANIER

12

Av Terje Dragseth

Against isolation

In a recent introduction to the work of his late partner Marina Vishmidt, and in response to a question regarding his own work as a writer, poet and critic Danny Hayward shared a thought that I have been coming back to ever since:

“*Language is a bad instrument for thinking through feeling and experience, unless we learn to use it in contradictory ways.*”

I have paraphrased Hayward here with a sneaking suspicion that I was somewhat inaccurate when noting down the bit about ‘thinking and experience’. This introduces questions about commitment and faithfulness to something like original intention, when approaching the thoughts, words, and work of others. How to navigate this commitment with honesty, when jumping off of those thoughts, words, and works, into ones own speculative sense-making? In this text I make many such speculative jumps. It is therefore not a detailed account the artistic practices within this exhibition, and it is not an attempt to name a formal or thematic tendency, or to propose something like a definition. Rather, it is a departure from those practices along the trajectory of support or lack thereof. A provisional map, or an effort to think openly with what these artists bring up for me.

“*Language is a bad instrument for thinking through feeling and experience, unless we learn to use it in contradictory ways.*” Sometimes we need people who pursue a very intimate relationship with language to articulate something that rings true in ways that challenge our assumptions, as opposed to only confirming them. Writing is itself contradictory in that it typically requires moments of isolation, but still, and I would argue fundamentally, is an act clearly leveled *against* isolation. Art-making in the visual arts is no different. It might not always be motivated by communication in the same way that much writing is, or by what we think communication means in the context of spoken or written language. Yet, it is a process of navigating isolation, in its most intuitive sense, through various attempts

at moving closer

(even if only by one little step) to isolation’s opposite. In the moment of writing I have felt that *connection* is such an opposite worth thinking about.

Artists are, on the whole I think, people who think deeply about the relationships of feeling and experience to the material conditions of the world. They develop ways of using the languages available to them in contradictory and astonishing ways. This particular group of artists is no different. They present us with opportunities for connection with the world and our surroundings, with ourselves, our humanity, the material conditions that we rely on—and therefore each other—in ways that are deeply considered and felt. To think about art as a practice and a type of encounter that works against isolation makes a lot of sense to me when thinking through these practices.

Though this notion is not what the artists necessarily would highlight themselves if asked, I do think, and I believe they would agree, that there is an urgency in the current moment. An urgency to go against the various ways in which we are being individuated, atomized, and separated from one another, as well as the existential alienation that this produces within our communities. Without delving into this analysis further, I think it is clearly visible in the everyday that that these conditions leave important human needs, like compassion, community, solidarity, belonging, and meaningful relationships to our own labour and social reproduction harder to maintain.

The artists in this exhibition pitch this at different registers. Some move against isolation in tangible ways, thematically or methodologically, while some can only be seen through this lens more subtly. It does not mean that the artists are not solitary creatures at times, or that they don’t experience alienation or isolation, but that they think through the ways in which artistic practice is always contingent on conditions and allowances outside of themselves. I find it useful to think through the example of infrastructure to unpack what this could mean for the notion of support.

Infrastructure is defined as the basic structure of an organization or system which is necessary for its

Ina Hagen

operation. *Infra*-structure is the below structure, with *infra* simply meaning *below*. We can understand this in at least three ways: As a structure, necessary for the operation of a city for example, that is physically located below ground. One can think of sewage systems, let’s say, or of structures necessary for transnational operations, like pipelines or data cables. We can think of it as below in the sense of being a ‘base’ structure or *critical structure*, on top of which all other structures that society relies on is constructed. As a foundation that makes a certain configuration of society possible, like energy grids and digital networks like the Internet. A more speculative understanding however, could be as structures that are developed from the ‘ground up’, so to speak, structures that engage directly with the needs from the ground as they appear.

Thinking about infrastructure forces us to think about contingencies. An infrastructure is always in relation to something, it does not simply exist for its own sake but connects, or makes possible, the interrelation of other things. And when we think about what infrastructures support or fail to support—where it is withdrawn from, neglected, or even destroyed—we become aware of the asymmetries that our society relies on in order to function as it does. Objects suspended in ice, or samples of permafrost thawing, do this curious thing of putting relations like these to work in front of our eyes: the contingencies between materials, conditions, and form are equally made visible in their interrelation.

Throughout my conversations with the artists in the past year, I have been ruminating on what sort of urgencies and pressures exist that perhaps cut across their differences in interests, references, perspectives, methodologies, and mediums of choice. This is where the thought that art works against isolation has slowly formed. I believe there are examples in this exhibition that lay this out. Some, in their analysis of society, some in their probing of the emotional or somatic experiences of an alienating or hostile world, pitched against connection. Some probe the lived experience of isolation, not only as physical separation but also as that. Others again work against ideas of separation between categories of visual and spatial

Ina Hagen

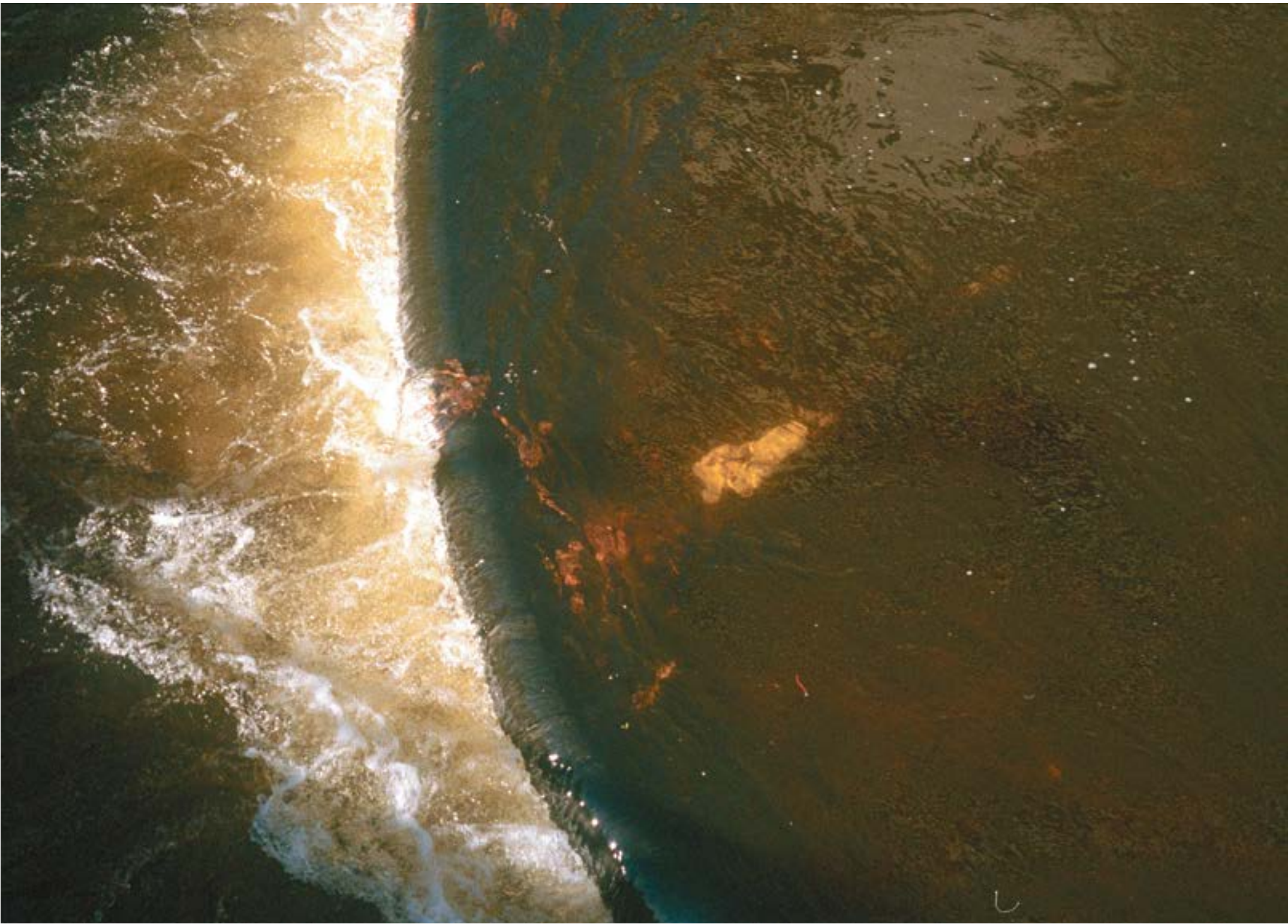
organization or subjectivity, for example, like the figure-ground relationship, or the conscious mind to the unconscious. They strive, perhaps, to transcend such dichotomies and to propose in stead an integration into a whole, far more complex, image of contradiction and contestation.

Returning to the site of alienation, like a campfire that, while burning, manifests a line of demarcation between light and dark, inside and outside. Contemplating its remnants allows one to negotiate these conditions at a distance. It evokes, perhaps, the very foundational insight that we are, at our core, relational beings. We long to connect to one another, in a society that we are continuously co-constituting against ourselves. But the desire is there. It emerges in the mirror or in touch, when we are separated from those we love, from our sense of self, or from sense itself. We can witness it in society around us, while commuting to work or negotiating daily tasks in our professional lives. Society working against us is clear in the violence and exploitation that we allow, which separates us further. From ecological devastation to the genocides of peoples, that in the present moment is converging in the horror of the settler-colonial genocide of Palestinians in historic Palestine, revealing notions such as ‘justice’, ‘security’, and ‘humanity’ for what they are; constructs by those in power to protect the interests of that power.

Art is evocative of feeling, thinking and reflection. It is more than an exchange of ideas, more than an exchange of experience, more than a proposition for alternatives, but it is also all of those things. Solidarity with those whose experience we do not share is a step out of isolation, because it forces action against the conditions that alienate us all further. We can not afford to wait for feelings of sameness in experience that will never arrive before we can act against injustice and violence, as Aruna D’Souza reminds us in *Imperfect Solidarities*. Isolation fosters inaction by a kind of willful ignorance: that we do not know *well enough* the injustices enacted against others.

Taken from a different point of view, we can think of a ribbon that ties shut the tilt and turn handles of a window, as a commitment to move towards connection to life, despite oneself. Attention to reproductive labour like care work and maintenance reveals its contingent nature. That there is no outside, beginning, or end to it. We are all implicated in small and big ways, which asks something of us, right? Perhaps it asks us to connect to our sense of responsibility towards each other? *Against isolation*, for me therefore, is both a personal and a collective concern: being isolated from others can be an incredibly painful thing, and the experience of pain can be incredibly isolating. Yet, the more acute the pain, the more it demands to be shared as exclamation. You have got to shout in acknowledgment of that pain. Loss too, can hold this contradictory relation to isolation and connection. And if we put the two together, as the ‘pain of loss’, it is perhaps more intuitive to imagine pain in its social configuration, as *something we go through together*. The opposite of isolation (and any pursuit of uncompromising autonomy) I realize, is also *collectivism*.

How do we connect to our capacity for collectivism, as individuals, and by extension, in our artistic work? How does the works we release into the world form new points of connection, be it with those who encounter it, with other artworks, with institutions and discourse, or with the contemporary moment, all of which consist of both people and infrastructures, far beyond us but also “of us”? Art has the capacity, if we approach it in this way, to pull us out of isolation.



Kinn, analog photograph, 2025 by May Oislin Jorsdad Qviller

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I embarked on this little essay with four questions in mind, but quickly ended up somewhere quite different. Still, the questions seem important to mention, even if only as a sort of background or a suggestion. I think they are questions worth asking, and asking again and again. Of ourselves, of each other, and of the structures we operate within. They are not easy or straight forward questions, and there are no singular answers to them. I say this to make it clear that this is not a quiz that you can fail, and that feelings of falling short in front of them should be taken as motivation to enter back into the cycle of reflection, not as defeat. So I leave them in this text with the hope that they are considered a kind of endnote, or a prologue, or both; as a recursive condition for the thoughts I have committed to paper, however loosely. These are the questions from which I embarked but nonetheless never departed. We can start here, but we can never simply start here:

What makes making possible? Under which conditions does making become possible, for whom, and in which ways? How do we make making possible for each other? And how do we support—or fail to support—each other in our work towards this aim?

If we rely on existing structures and infrastructures to pre-mediate how we act in support of each other, we will quickly find ourselves limited. It is rare that the infrastructures in place adequately map onto our needs in full. It is perhaps rarer still that the infrastructures in place are as flexible or humane as we want them to be. This is particularly relevant at a threshold moment like graduation, after which the conditions for making are taken to be the same, but necessarily will be different.

Who can I lean on for support when my conditions change? How can I support others when their conditions change? What is support, as a series of acts that we do, in our work and outside of it, that never neatly maps onto existing infrastructures? Because the current script keeps leading us away from each other, and so we must learn to use it in contradictory ways.

Orka livet mammet #41, photograph, 2025 by David Noro



Til Salg!

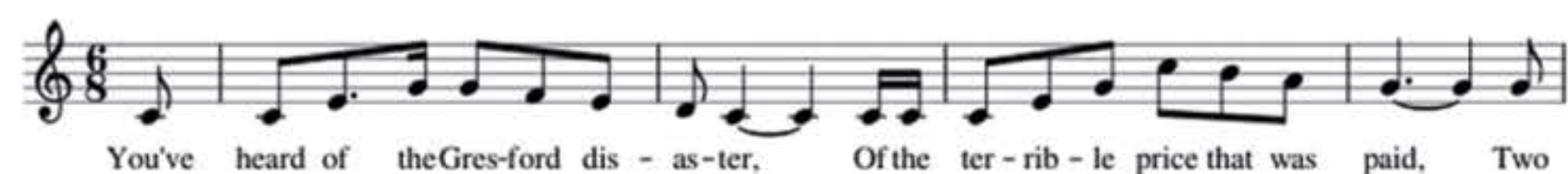
Flygelhorn koffert



Utsiden er laget av sort skinn og
insiden er dekket av brun fløyel
mål 50x30x24cm

Ta kontakt om du er interessert

Gerrit Dou
+47 918 62 042



Holding

Should we try to hold it together, even when it feels like the world is falling apart? Or is breaking down the more constructive thing to do, the only road towards real transformation?

When we visited Kunstneres Hus last autumn to start thinking about our upcoming exhibition, parts of the house were covered in scaffolding. The almost hundred-year-old artists' house was visibly crumbling, falling apart whilst being restored and re-imagined. The encounter reminded us that in any process of transformation some things will inevitably be lost while others are preserved; some relations, values and features will be discarded while others are maintained and new ones introduced. Change is always about loss as well as gain.

The paradoxical function of scaffolding — to hold something up while it is being taken apart— provided us with an image that also resonated on a broader level: amidst all the destruction defining the world at the current moment, there are also strong forces of resistance and renewal that show us the importance of holding out for a better future.

The word hold, which we have used as the exhibition's title, is similarly poised at a middle point between two opposing or contradictory forces or meanings; between falling apart and being maintained. According to the dictionary, 'to hold' can mean to continue in resistance, to endure, to support, to uphold, to maintain. But it can also mean to hold back, to hold in, or to withhold. To hold can be to refrain from revealing something (as in holding back your tears) but also to expose (as in holding an event or an exhibition). To hold is a pause or delay, but also a way to keep going: to hold on, hold out, and hold your breath as you dive deeper into the great unknown.

When used as a noun, 'a hold' takes the form of a container or receptacle, like the hold of a ship, and offers a space for safekeeping. Not unlike an exhibition space, an artist's studio, or a carefully preserved memory hidden away in the depths of the heart.

What is it, then, that we are holding?

Between artists and institutions, the act of "holding" should always be thought of as mutual. For although the institution provides space and resources and might at first appear to be the one that does the lion's part of the holding, it would not be able to sustain itself without the artists. Especially not if it calls itself the artists' house. To exhibit at an institution is therefore in itself a form of support, a way to literally hold the house open, as well as to hold the space for future artists and audiences to come.

Most importantly, the artworks in the exhibition are all carriers in one way or another; they hold stories and histories, desires and dreams, thoughts and actions. The artists' works make use of different media and artistic approaches and speak from a range of perspectives and positions in the world. By sharing a space, by being together, despite—or rather: because of—their differences, they are also holding each other. And that includes you.



it, together

It's a fragile thing, a short moment, a potential poem in the making.

We are holding it, together.

Lisa Rosendahl

Professor of Exhibition Practice at Kunstakademiet and co-curator of the exhibition

Love Letter from an Exchange Student

Dearest,
It's been a long time since I last saw you.
Too long, I would say. But please know that I cherish
all the memories we made together and keep them close
to my heart.

It's strange how nobody around me ^{now} can relate to anything
I experienced while breathing in Oslo's air.

I know, I might sound too sentimental, but looking around
the world, I see so much pain I can't even put into words.
For now, I love to get high on nostalgia - on everything that
brings closeness.

Let's devour our happiness to survive the hell we create.
I am the worst at keeping in touch. I worry about my English,
so I hesitate to reply right away. Then, the longer I wait,
the more awkward it feels to write, and eventually, I don't write
at all. I feel embarrassed, but I promise I will try to do better
next time.

How have you been lately?

With endless affection,

Viktor
XX

K j æ r e Vilja,

Du skrev dagbok til meg, så jeg skulle huske og tenke tilbake. Og jeg husker faktisk det meste du skriver om. Jeg husker Bella, og jeg gråt da mamma ringte for å fortelle at hun måtte avlives. Jeg er glad du slipper å oppleve det. Jeg vet du har lest Twilight-serien utallige ganger, jeg husker hvor mye du bryr deg om den. Og hvor høyt du elsker å lese. Jeg husker da du fant ut at du ikke var den første i klassen som hadde fått mensen, og hvor overrasket du var over at de andre jentene hadde pratet om temaet uten deg. Du var lettet, fordi du hadde skammet deg sånn over å være først, men du følte deg også litt utenfor. Litt dum. Jeg vet hvor viktig det var for deg å få facebook, fordi du ofte følte deg litt utenfor. Litt rar, som at du aldri skjønte greia helt. Det som alle andre tydeligvis skjønte og fikk til med letthet. Det var vanskelig for deg.

Jeg vet at du skriver i dagboka at du er forelska. Jeg husker det. Men jeg husker ikke om du er forelska på ekte, eller om det bare var noe å gjøre. En hemmelighet som gjorde livet ditt mer interessant. Sånn som på Disney Channel. Du skriver dypt, inderlige kjærlighetsdikt. Du skriver navnet til din utkårede baklengs i dagboka, som en kode. Så ingen skal forstå. Hvem er du redd for? Meg? Det er vel meg du skriver til? Jeg ser du prøver å forklare meg ting. Du oversetter den engelske fortune cookien-spådommen til norsk. Forklarer at "trampissen" betyr "trampolinen". Du forteller meg handlingen til Twilight, at den handler om evig kjærlighet. Det er derfor filmen heter "Evighetens kyss" på norsk. Vampyrer lever evig og kyss er kjærlighet, skriver du. Men du trenger ikke forklare meg, jeg vet alle disse tingene som du vet. Jeg har ikke glemt deg.

Det er mye som har skjedd siden sist, som jeg tror du vil like å vite. Jeg er forelska igjen. På ekte. Og han er forelska i meg. Jeg tror det vil glede deg å få høre at vi bor sammen i en fin leilighet, og at det er en du kjenner godt. Han beskytter meg og forstår meg. Av og til føles det som at han kan lese tankene mine, men jeg



Også Her, analog photograph, 2025 by May Oisín Jorsdád Qviller



er faktisk den eneste i verden han ikke kan komme inn i hodet til. Det er noe av det han elsker ved meg. Han kan lese alle andres tanker, utenom mine. Huden hans er kald og skinnende, jeg føler at jeg kan svømme dypt i øynene hans. De ligner smeltet gull. Han er vegetarianer, akkurat som meg. Jeg liker at han er så sensitiv og samfunnsbevisst. Når det er lenge siden han har spist, skifter humøret hans, som hos de fleste menn, og øynene går fra gyldenbrune til en farlig og sårbar blodrød. En dag håper jeg han vil legge leppene sine på halsen min og bite meg. Så vi kan leve evig sammen. Han og jeg og jeg og du. Jeg tror du ville likt at det var sånn.



Orka livet mannen! #2, photograph, 2025 by David Noro

