



# INTRODUCTION

It is a great pleasure to introduce this publication as a companion to Samara Sallam's solo exhibition *A Speaking Puddle of Blood* at O—Overgaden. Since 2021, O—Overgaden has, with the generous support of the Augustinus Foundation, published a monographic series in conjunction with our large-scale solo exhibitions, aiming to expand the conversations around each show and produce new, offspring material.

In this particular case, writer, curator and director at Konsthall C in Stockholm, Mariam Elnozahy, has contributed an essay on the mythology and folklore inherent in Sallam's works, and artist Theodor Nymark has written a text on art speak and art language versus the metaphysics and atmospheres of art. A warm and heartfelt thank you to both contributors. I wish to thank the whole team at O—Overgaden for their efforts in realizing the exhibition, as well as the graphic design team at fanfare for their always dedicated work, and of course not least the artist, Samara, for generously sharing conceptualizations and co-thinking with all of us, through both the exhibition and this publication.

Sculptor and hypnotherapist Samara Sallam employs language as not only a tool of communication, but a force that moves and alters our worlds and bodies. Creating carefully crafted physical objects, her work commands transcendence and contemplation—seeking meaning in a world of violence by outlining liminal spaces between the magical and the real.

For O—Overgaden, Sallam reworks various sources—including her native Palestinian folktale archetype of the girl Ghoul, a flesh-eating monster who devours her family and destroys her whole village, as well as Sufi mysticism and Jungian psychoanalysis—into a story of finding "meaning," unfolding in the following three acts:

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Visitors enter Sallam's exhibition through a meticulously carved wooden portal—the first of three sculptures. Rich with sculpted symbols—breasts, devilish horns, five legs, and intricately stacked elements—the tall arch itself forms a body, a material manifestation of the monster or ghoul, that casts a creation spell on any visitor passing through it.

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The second sculpture is a small, dead raven with an open belly. The ceramic bird acts as a compass or an omen—as the all-seeing raven or the gut of intuition.

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The third sculpture is a fragmented, hypnotic fish head, an ancient symbol of wisdom and transition. Its mesmerizing image—eyes, mouth, and gills in glazed ceramic—engages the viewer's imagination in order to assemble the parts into a fish, pointing, as the exhibition's third portal or shadow membrane, to another level of consciousness.

A fourth element in the exhibition is a text: a subconscious mind trip of a woman escaping a deadlock marriage, becoming a speaking puddle of blood, bleeding continuously from her stomach.

While silent, almost withdrawn in its appearance, Sallam's rite-of-passage trio of sculptures—combining inherent violence, existential quests, and the need to ascend spiritually—also forms a metaphor of the current, ceaseless attacks on the Palestinian people, connecting to a universal or mythical place of suffering.

Rhea Dall, Director and Chief Curator, O—Overgaden June 2025

### SAMARA SALLAM: THE FOURTH IMPOSSIBILITY وابع المستحيلات

Mariam Elnozahy

This text is inspired by A Speaking Puddle of Blood. The forms Samara Sallam has created for this exhibition emerge from a vast system of meaning imbued with mythology, Sufism, and deep knowledge. These sculptures do not belong to this place, but when they are assembled here, their unique cosmology accompanies them. The space is thusly transformed. Following these creations, I have written a text that provides an opportunity to access the rich worlds that inform the works on display. I speak in parables, in prose. I draw on popular folktales and sacred scripture. These stories have been passed down for generations. In this exhibition, they are given form.

جاء في الأساطير عند العرب أن المستحيلات ثلاثة، وهي الغول والعنقاء والخل الوفي.

For the Arabs, it goes that there are only three categorical impossibilities in this world. The first is the Ghoul, that mortophagous (death-eating) spirit whose ravenous bloodthirst makes the devil seem merciful. The second is the Anqa, that golden, four-winged bird who feasts on elephants and dwells at the place where the sun kisses the horizon. The third is the Faithful Friend. For the Arabs, there is no such thing as a friend who is more loyal to anyone but himself. In popular Arabic vernacular, when someone wants to indicate that something is so impossible, so unfathomable, so inexplicable, so outlandish, they exclaim: "That would be the Fourth Impossibility!".

THE FIRST IMPOSSIBILITY: THE GHOUL(A)

و ل [Verb: to transform] غ و ل

The Ghoul preys on men. She gorges on the corpses of traders, travelers, and traitors who fall into her trap of seduction.

One such victim was the Woodcutter. On an ordinary day, marked by the typical activities of wood-cutting and wife-bashing, the curmudgeonly Woodcutter met a woman who claimed to be his long-lost sister (until this point, he had no sisters). He swooned at her invitation to her lavish palace that evening. She insisted that he bring along his wife and children; reluctant and hostage, they followed him. As the night progressed, strange and frightening events unfolded, and the Woodcutter's wife realized the "sister" was really a dangerous creature preying on her family. When her warnings to him went unheeded, she escaped into the desert with her children, leaving her husband behind. He met his fate, devoured by the Ghoula.

Who is the wretched one?

While traveling in the desert, the poet Thabit ibn 'Amir al-Fahmi (d. 540) encountered a Ghoula and slaughtered her. He carried her back, under his arm, gaining the moniker "Ta'abbata Sharran" which literally means "he carried evil under his arm." In prose, he wrote of her death:

I spent the night bearing down on top of her, Waiting for morning to see what I had caught. Then I found two eyes in an ugly head, Similar to the head of a cat, but with a forked tongue.<sup>2</sup>

For the erudite literary scholar Abdelfattah Kilito, the forked tongue does not connote deceit or duality.<sup>3</sup> It is, rather, the tongue that follows after Babel. After Adam. After I (Alif). The forked tongue is plurality, tension, linguistic agility. It is how we communicate across languages: born in one, bred in another, literate in a third, in love in a fourth. The split tongue breaks language. It is, in short, survival.

As for the wretched one? She is but a chameleon, a changeling. Little did Ta'abbata Sharran know: the ghoul dies with one blow, but can come back to life if it is struck a second time. After that, she lives forever.

### THE SECOND IMPOSSIBILITY: AL-ANQA

ع ن ق ال Noun. There is no root for the word; it is a word without derivation from any other word, which is unusual since most Arabic words are derivations from three-letter verbs of the form fa'ala.]

The narration of Al Zujaj claims that no human has ever seen the Anqa.<sup>4</sup>

The Anqa has a lifespan of 1,700 years. The largest of the winged creatures, she occasionally flies low to the ground to grab elephants with her talons as other birds would hunt a mouse for dinner. Other than elephants, her diet consists of fish the size of skyscrapers. She mates once every 500 years, carrying the eggs as she roams and hunts. This process causes her extreme, intolerable pain—yes, even her! That elephant-eating, fire-breathing, ornitho-monster. To bring her ease, the male bird (he has no name) pours sea water down her beak until the eggs finally hatch 150 years later.<sup>5</sup>

On October 3, 2023 my friend Zaynab had a dream. Zaynab is from Ramallah. She is not particularly religious, which I think is typical for Ramallah folks where Islam is kind of like the شيح shih plant (wormwood): ubiquitous, easy-to-miss-but-hard-to-unsee, potent, used to clean purulent wounds, can be healing when soaked as a tea (only in very small doses\*). In Zaynab's dream, she saw a battle taking place across the vast Golan dunes. Roaring out of the sky like Armageddon thunder, she heard the voice of God.

"I didn't even know that I remembered that verse," she told me, a week later.

The verse is from the chapter of the Quran titled "The Elephant." In it, God narrates the story of a war campaign that is said to have originated in Yemen, with a massive army that charged Mecca with the aim of destroying the holy site of the Kaaba. The campaign featured several war-elephants, a cataclysmic sight which struck the Arabs, who had never seen the mighty elephant before, let alone in battle. In the face of inevitable defeat, only a miracle could protect them and their sacred house of worship. Their miracle came in the form of a flock of birds.

«وَأَرْسَلَ عَلَيْهِمْ طَيْرًا أَبَابِيلَ » (105:3)

The birds swarmed the army, dropping stones on them (ما قبل انتفاضة الحجارة), which turned the army into ashes. It is said that طَيْرًا أَبَابِيلَ, this flock of savior, warrior-birds that turned the elephant-army to ash is Al-Anga.<sup>6</sup>

THE THIRD IMPOSSIBILITY: THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

ل ي ل i Noun/proper noun. Friend; the name of the town Al Khalil, also known as Hebron.]

The First-and-Only-Faithful-Friend was Abraham, whose friendship with God was so strong it turned the desert green. The epithet for Abraham is "Al Khalil": the friend.

Abraham, father of the prophets, had his doubts too. He asked God to help strengthen his faith by showing him how He can resurrect the dead. And so, God obliged. He instructed Abraham to take four birds and kill them, reassuring him that they will soon return to him once more.

And so, Abraham caught four birds, slaughtered them, removed the feathers, tore their bones apart and placed dismembered parts of their bodies on seven separate hills. He held their decapitated heads in his hands as he sobbed, harrowed by the horrific act he had just committed to the precious, innocent creatures. Afterwards, God commanded Abraham to call the birds back to him, and through his tears, he whistled: "sew-sew-sew, li-li-li, sew-sew-sew."

Then, Abraham watched as the feathers, blood, and mangled parts of the four birds miraculously assembled in the sky, until every bird came back to life and began to walk towards him. Each bird came to collect its head from Abraham's hand, and if he mistakenly gave the bird a different head the bird refused to accept it. When Abraham rightfully gave each bird its own head, the birds became whole once more, and flew away to the horizon.<sup>7</sup>

In Fear and Trembling, Søren Kierkegaard talks of another, more widely known miracle from Abraham: that of the sacrifice of Isaac. For Kierkegaard, faith entails the suspension of reason: it is unethical, absurd. "How monstrous a paradox faith is, a paradox capable of making a murder into a holy act well pleasing to God, a paradox which gives Isaac back to Abraham, which no thought can grasp because faith begins precisely where thinking leaves off."

And what is friendship, but that boundless, unending well of faith? Oh sons and daughters of Abraham! Who amongst you is a faithful friend?

<sup>1.</sup> Alex Gaudet, "The Woodcutter's Weary Wife." *Phylum: UPEI Arts Review Volume XII, vol.XII*, Spring 2023, pressbooks. library.upei.ca/artsreview-xii/chapter/woodcutters-weary-wife.

<sup>2.</sup> Amira El-Zein, Islam, Arabs, and the Intelligent World of the linn. Syracuse. NY: Syracuse University Press, 2009, p. 140.

<sup>3.</sup> Abdelfattah Kilito, *The Tongue of Adam*. Translated by Robyn Creswell. New York: New Directions Publishing, 2022.

<sup>4.</sup> Muḥammad ibn Mukarram ibn Manzūr, Lisān al-'Arab, 15 vols. Beirut: Dār Ṣādir, 1955.

<sup>5.</sup> Zakariyyā ibn Muḥammad al-Qazwīnī, 'Ajā'ib al-makhlūqāt wa-gharā'ib al-mawjūdāt. Cairo: Dār al-Kutub al-'Ilmiyya, n.d.

<sup>6.</sup> Ibn Manzūr, 1955.

<sup>7.</sup> Quran, 2:260.

<sup>8.</sup> Søren Kierkegaard, *Fear and Trembling* [1843]. Translated by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1983, p. 82.

# NOT JUST A LAKE, A MIRROR— NOT JUST A CAR, A VEHICLE

Theodor Nymark

On the terrace, under the parasol, with a jug of water, I'm biting my nails, embraced by the ambience of a screaming donkey. Behind me, some chirping parrots, church bells, and the sound of a typewriter from the author in the condo above me, his clicking sounds forming the story that is soon to be, now a code: each letter a beat, each word a rhythm. And while he's beating the story through, the bells of the nearby church accompany me on this morning in Rome. A melody of prayer and a call to those who don't watch the time nor read the books. Not just a bell, a voice; not just a click, a word.

Like the rhythm of Morse code, blinking in the night, as a firefly luring mating partners into their heavenly bedroom, the conflict of language, particularly the language of contemporary art, is challenging. Before attending art school, my vocabulary of art was limited. I spoke of my work in terms of attitudes, how things were to resemble something else already existing, lacking reflection and critical depth. Even the term "practice" was absent from my lexicon. However, upon initially entering the art academy, I was introduced to a new type of language—a language that began to shape my thinking. I started referring to my process, as a practice, albeit hesitantly; developed a new understanding, a new gaze.

After six years of art school, in the purgatory of intellectualizing and institutionalizing my language, I concluded that this might not be a fulfilling way to reflect. A certain syntax, between how I was acting and what I was saying. I recall making music, with friends, late at night, hitting the bong, aiming to emulate artists like Diplo, Autechre, or Sugarhill Gang, or to simply create a more fat and piercing sound for the bass. Never would we say: "Let's make this beat investigate ecological interventions in the late-capitalist urban space." This phenomenon, referred to as "art speak," permeating the written discourse, propelled by conceptualism, now hollow and castrated.

The issue here should be clear: no one bothers, nobody reads, and the *speak* of "art speak" lacks many more aspects to grasp. I remember a former fellow student, a good friend, with whom I would hang out, relentlessly smoke weed, feel the surroundings in the garden, and then proceed to one of our studios. When chatting, about artworks, we would gesture passionately, grinding our fingers together, sensing the energy, and arguing the friction that exists within and between them. That friction could be described as "vibes": the way things resonate, and how vibrations are essentially a matter of pulsating tension. This tension isn't caused by language but by dynamics, energy, attitude, sensibilities-elements common in the language of painting: the attitude of a brushstroke or the rhythm of a bronze.

Nowadays, many artists, often labelled as conceptualists, are moving into a realm where their work isn't primarily defined by language and ideas, but by a space where subject and object, whatever shape they may take, have merged and become one. I'm reminded of art critic Kristian Vistrup Madsen's article "Mood Over Content," which argues for a new way of looking at and comprehending contemporary art.1 He suggests that much contemporary art is less concerned with content and more with mood, and how this is a shift, emphasizing atmosphere and energy over traditional content and representation. Even if a piece appears to be conceptual in its visual form, and would invite rational analysis, I sometimes feel compelled to challenge the press release; rip it apart, masticate it and make it into pulp, mold it and shape it into a ball, like Michelangelo Pistoletto, and have it dry out and roll down the hill from where this language resides. Sean Tatol, the cheeky critic of Manhattan Art Review, once tweeted about Madsen's article something along the lines of: "European critic discovers aestheticism and thinks it's a new thing." And this very central European academic and authoritarian approach, in which the subject is praised above the object (arguably due to funding traditions), may play a role in this theatre of the art world. But while Madsen argues that content has essentially left the chat, I believe both he and Tatol-both critics and not artists-despite their good intentions, are slightly mistaken.

Content hasn't disappeared; it has transformed. To combat this, to make a change, to cosplay abstraction, I propose the tool of the metaphor; a helpful figure of speech, something that is behind and transient, that moves from one to another, or even, in between and beneath. I suggest that art and its many characteristics are not devoid of content, but imbued with it, integrated within it, laced, compressed, and prismatic like a shiny, precious diamond. Consider a can of Coca-Cola: I see a red, frosted, shiny cylinder made of alloys, but I also perceive the history, nostalgia, trauma, and cultural significance associated with the brand and its liquids. It's a metaphor, containing a multitude of information, like an archive, layered and without the need to be unfolded in tedious communication, as if I were their teacher or their student. In this context, I recall a lecture I saw once on YouTube, by new materialist, ecologist, and English scholar Timothy Morton. He argues, deliberately, that understanding phenomenology involves considering the phrase: "The how is the what." The way things are is what they are. When you see a chair, its appearance defines it. This may seem basic, but in archaeology a similar approach is employed in examining an object say, a clay jar from the late Neolithic period—the way it looks, its patina, and scars define its history and its life.

Traditionally, metaphors offer a different way to read and understand the world surrounding us. Language—and its Latin root "tongue"—is a complex organ to master. You can describe the oval, lumpy, yellow, and squishy qualities of a lemon, but it's another thing to feel its juice squirt into your mouth, hitting your tongue, causing your face to twitch. When I squeeze lemon juice onto my steamy pasta, and it seeps into the wounds of my bitten nails, the pain, the sensation of trauma, the bitterness and bliss—all these stages contribute to understanding its language. I could describe it with words, sure, but I could also feel it, in its complete entirety.

I believe this state of feeling is crucial; in this case, I want to embrace the cringe, for once, and enter a state of obliviousness. For a long time, I've been obsessed with knowing, understanding and comprehending; not knowing made me sick, tired, and restless. Obliviousness, on the other hand, cringing, bowing down to the lord of knowledge, as a novice, is the embrace of, and to exist in, the mystery of the unknown. This brings to mind a scene from the film The Conclave, where the protagonist addresses the cardinals, stating: "Without doubt, there is no mystery; without mystery, there is no faith; and without faith, there is no God." I think this very mystery is where language exists. Centuries ago, when the church was secularized, and society became scientific and governed, truth became a fact, and the sacred became a personal choice. New sensibilities emerged, seeking new homes: museums, nightclubs, music venues, fashion shows, poetry readings, books, and fine dining. Yesterday, when I was out gallery-hopping, suddenly, my mom texted me, "White smoke!" I hesitated for a second, jumped on a Lime bike and rushed to the Vatican.

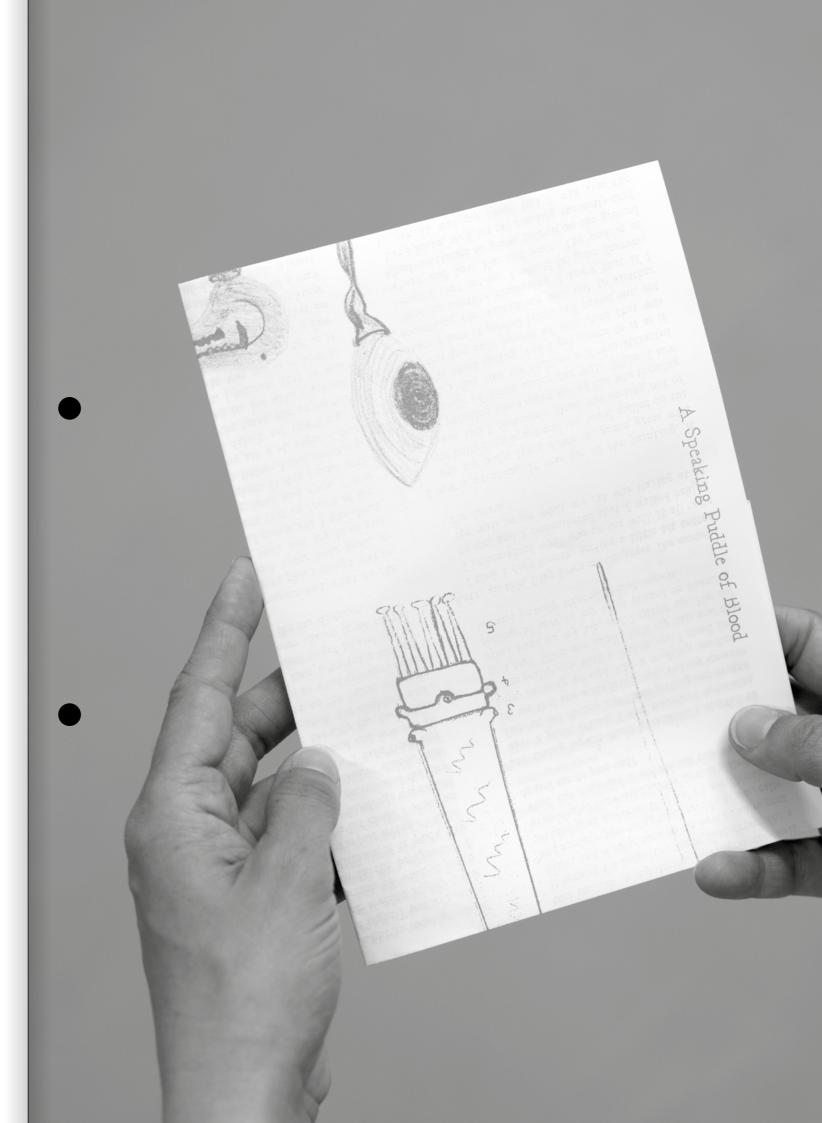
Upon arrival, hordes of people running frantically, as if they wanted a good spot in the pit. Enormous LED screens mounted along Via della Conciliazione, speakers, fences, cameras, flags, and food trucks. For a minute, it seemed like a stadium concert, as if Coldplay was about to go on, as if the match between Arsenal and PSG was about to begin. It struck me, whether this bloated sensation made it any less divine, or if it elevated the experience to another and higher realm. These sensory experiences, while not inherently moral, replaced the church's role in defining human behavior. Although religion is experiencing a resurgence, other institutions have shifted our common cultural worldview.

In this context, language and its associated mystery are understood through a spiritual organ and mechanism. Difficult to define, grasp, and pin down. And why should we, why not, just feel, listen and rather, not know? I propose the idea—or at least the hope—that if the Catholic Church (as I am in Rome) transcended its morals, codes, and conservative rules, it could solely encompass the sensory expressions: mosaics where light filters through, casting colors across the scene, organ and choir music, the scent of patchouli wafting through the room, the draped garments, ornaments, statues, sculptures, and architecture. All these aesthetic experiences serve as ways to understand a holy entity, whatever that might be, through the body and sensation, rather than wall texts and essays.

For a while now, I've tried to approach museums as if they were books to be understood and classrooms to learn in, rather than spaces akin to churches and temples, like the illiterate peasants without access to the scroll, who once sought to comprehend the divine through sensory and visual experiences. I cannot fully embrace this world, only through verbal and written communication. To truly comprehend its complexities, one must acknowledge sensory experiences, leave the text for later, wait until you get home, comfy on the couch. This text, as well, may and should not fully encapsulate these ideas, as they are words and letters, exempt from actual sensory experience. Like the typewriter that beats through the wind, these words may become a rhythm themselves, from which we can dance and move elsewhere. Only through fado, faith, and the potential of imagination can one create these experiences independently; to scry, to see behind, and in between the world, where things become real, simply by imagination and feeling.

<sup>1.</sup> Kristian Vistrup Madsen, "Mood Over Content." *Kunstkritikk*, October 2024, <u>kunstkritikk.com/mood-over-content</u>.

O-OVERGADEN Overgaden neden Vandet 17, 1414 København K, overgaden.org Samara Sallam A Speaking Puddle of Blood Exhibition period: 24.05.2025 - 03.08.2025 Samara Sallam (b. 1991, PS/DK) is a Palestinian Copenhagen-based visual artist and hypnotherapist. She holds an MFA from the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts (2022) and a BA from the Funen Art Academy (2019). Additionally, Sallam has studied visual arts at L'école Supérieure des Beaux-arts in Algeria and journalism at Damascus University in Syria. ISBN: 87-94311-27-7 EAN: 9788794311274 Editor: Nanna Friis Text: Rhea Dall, Mariam Elnozahy, Theodor Nymark Translation: Nanna Friis Copy editing: Susannah Worth Photo: David Stjernholm This publication is funded by Augustinus Fonden Samara Sallam's exhibition has received support from The Danish Arts Foundation, Ny Carlsbergfondet, Knud Højgaards Fond, Grosserer L. F. Foghts Fond Graphic design: fanfare Typography: Glossy Magazine, Bold Decisions Noto Naskh Arabic Printed at: Raddraaier, Amsterdam Printed in edition of 150 copies



Culture, in its general sense, a force driving the collective, seems to Work against the expansion of consciousness. It controls access to what is sacred, to magic plants, practices, and science, running a system mediated by ignorance, greed, and hate. A world completely different from the inner realms of humanity that wish to rule by different values. The clash of the inside realm with the outside, inward and outward, inside the house and outside it, the body and the others, the earth and the space, separated by a door, skin, portal, a polarity in constant conflict/ conversation. In and out seems to be a concept that repeats itself in endless shapes and positions.

Language, in its broader sense, is a system of two components: perception and then communication. It seems to also have two forms inner and outer language. The inner one seems infinite and spacious,

I took a deep breath, feeling a little bit better, After all this, I lay down on the grass. The moment

First movement

The first movement is the meeting With the physical world, an ego, a violent reality. It is scary but also exciting. Violent but also soft, the tree that at night turns into a monster; it is alive, specific to the physical realm. Its inner torments are specific to the physical realm. Its inner torments are externalized with aggression, or guilt given voice and shape. It's both the self and the other at once, sending information to the physical body and psyche.

and the outer one, struck by cultural limitations of expression, limited words, and beliefs Yet language, in this position, does not exactly follow the polarized ruling of the world and exhaust itself by conflict; language is the existential loophole that allows access between in and out, the threshold that transports our consciousness between here and there, inside the body and outside it, from personal to collective, inside the house to outside, from my mind to a friend's mind, a cat's mind to a tree, wind, universe.

Language is limited by words and symbols, but not limited by metaphor techniques. Language can connect the inner realm with the our realm or the other way around. It's not only the threshold between two spaces, two realms, not only a door skin, membrane, Water, and soil; it is the space in between, the web, the fabric of existence itself.

Language is limited by words and symbols but once you follow language under the surface, watch where it goes, who it visits, how it moves, its patterns, you will start to predict its ways of weaving meaning, of structuring cities, driving politics, leading wars, genocides, forming a spell, structuring waters, bodies, and minds.

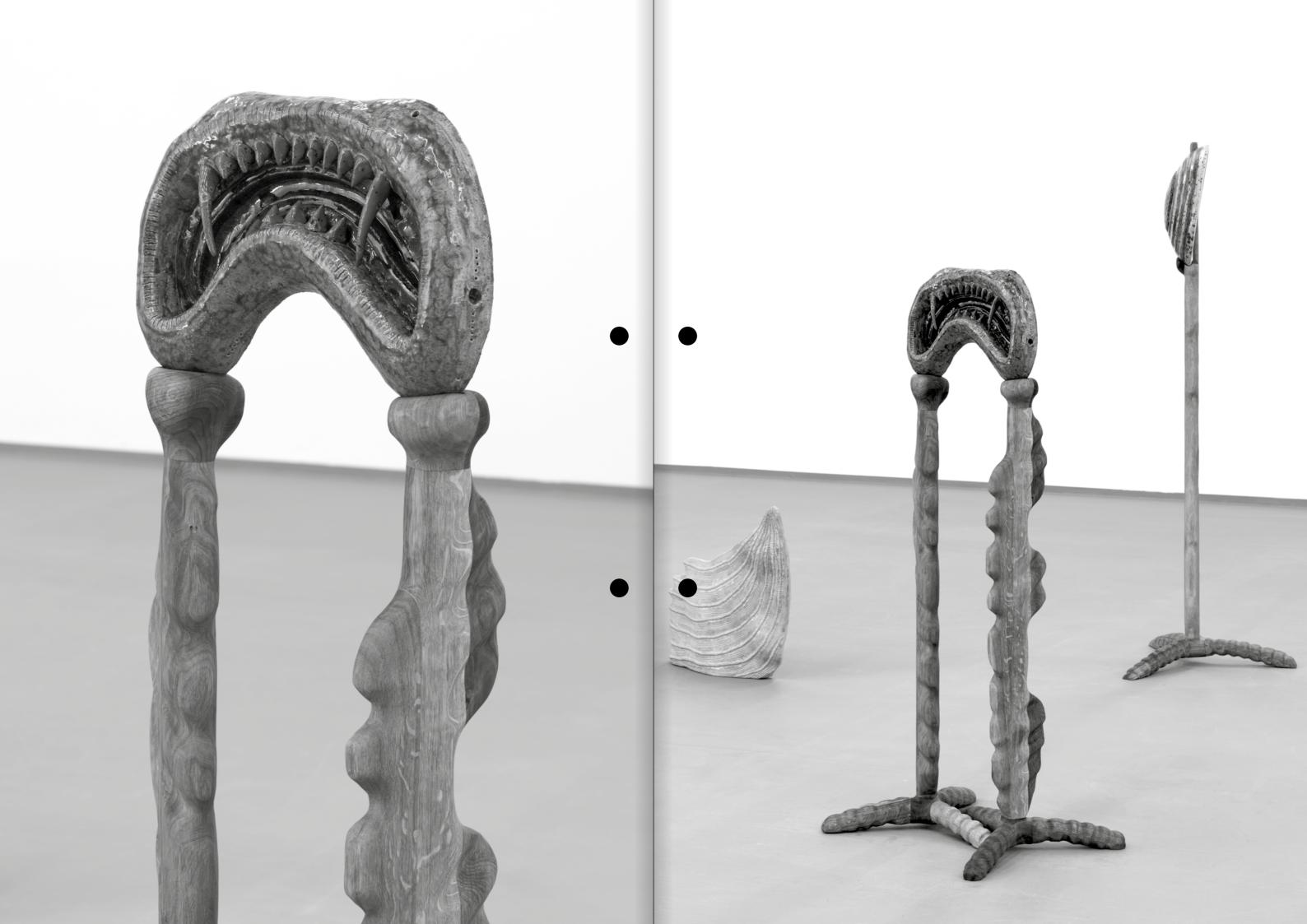
A Speaking Puddle of Blood started with exploring language in storytelling, and continues with the sculptures guiding language to write its own story. This is the language movement in three steps. You take the action, movement; if you don't move, there is no tracing.

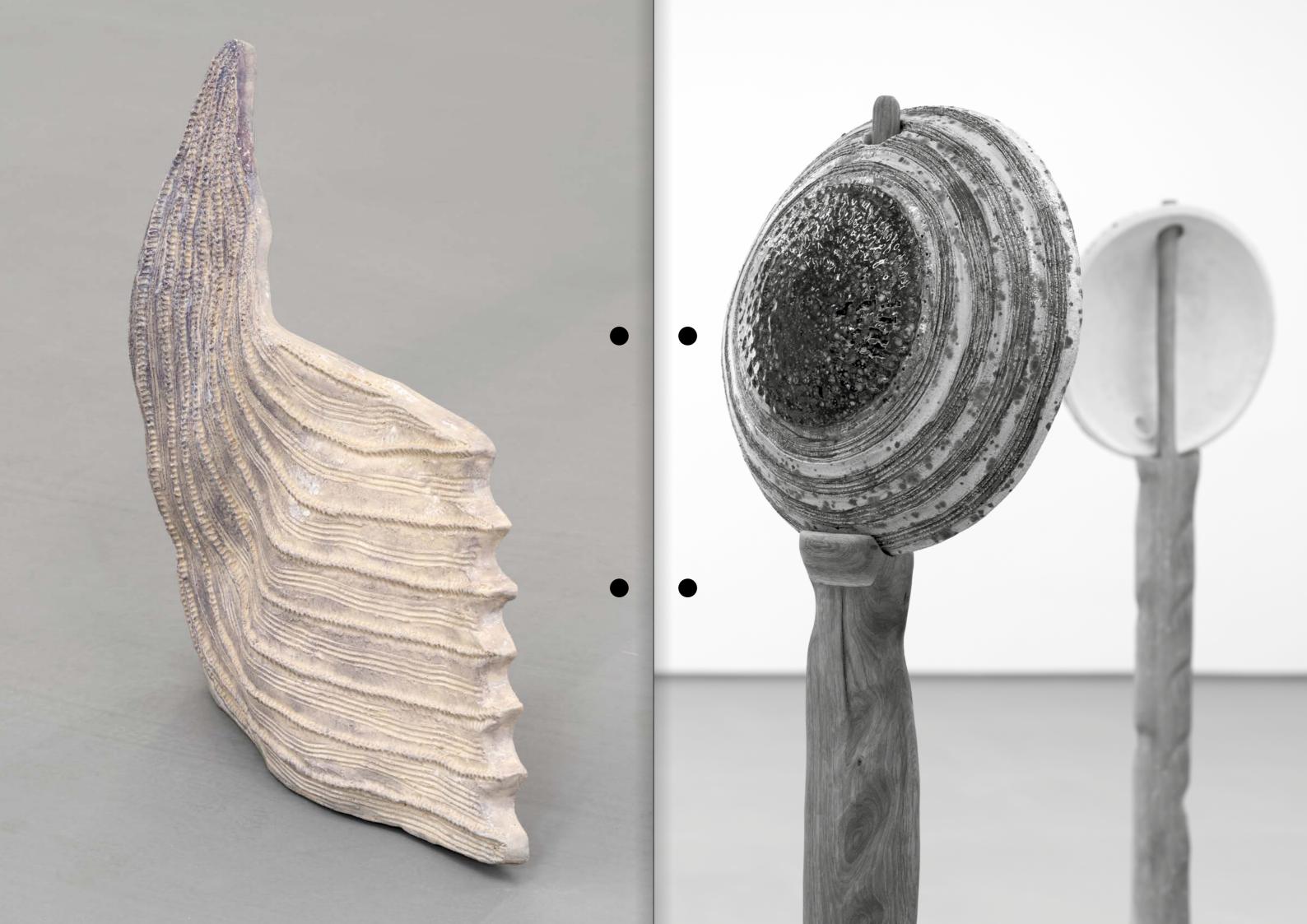
CURLL'S CLEARING THE TAC TAL distance. 202 TO ~-

Second movement

The second movement is a sign, an act of wonder-The second movement a sign, an act of wonder-ment, a compass, an answer that gives more questions, ment, a compass, an answer that gives more questions, but leads the way forwards to move towards but leads the way forwards to move towards you. It language, conversation The inner and out language, language starts to move towards you. It
language, language, connection, initiates a conversation, language, connection, language, langua Third movement

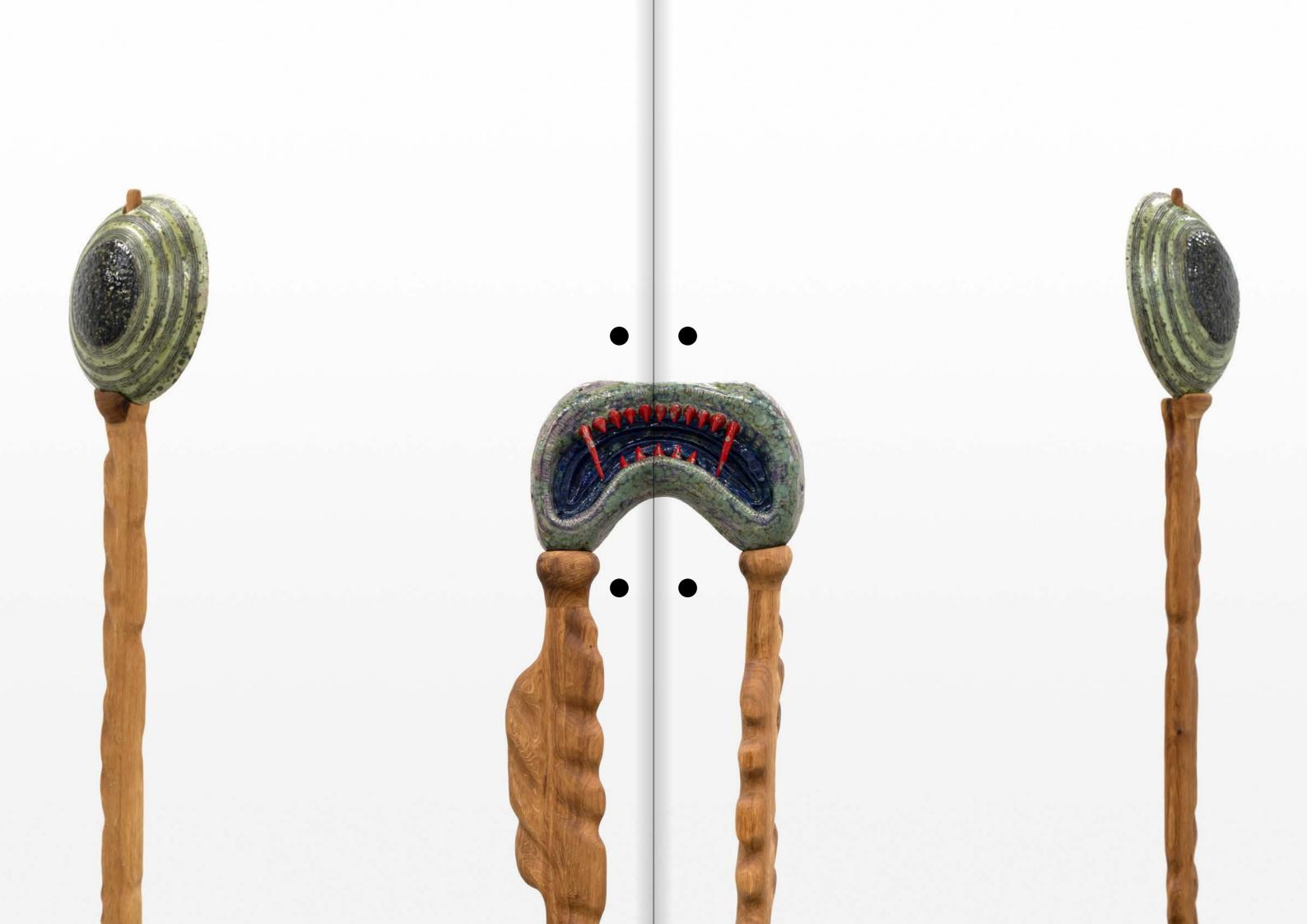
The third movement is the shadow of the first act; the shadow taking the form of a membrane, a structure that shapes a Wall but is soft enough for the Water to pass through. It protects, but also imprisons. It contains dualities but With clearer connections. You see language jumping on top of a Wall to the other side, accessing a house. You stalk it, seek what it's doing and why it's there. And only you can understand the path and the final destination.







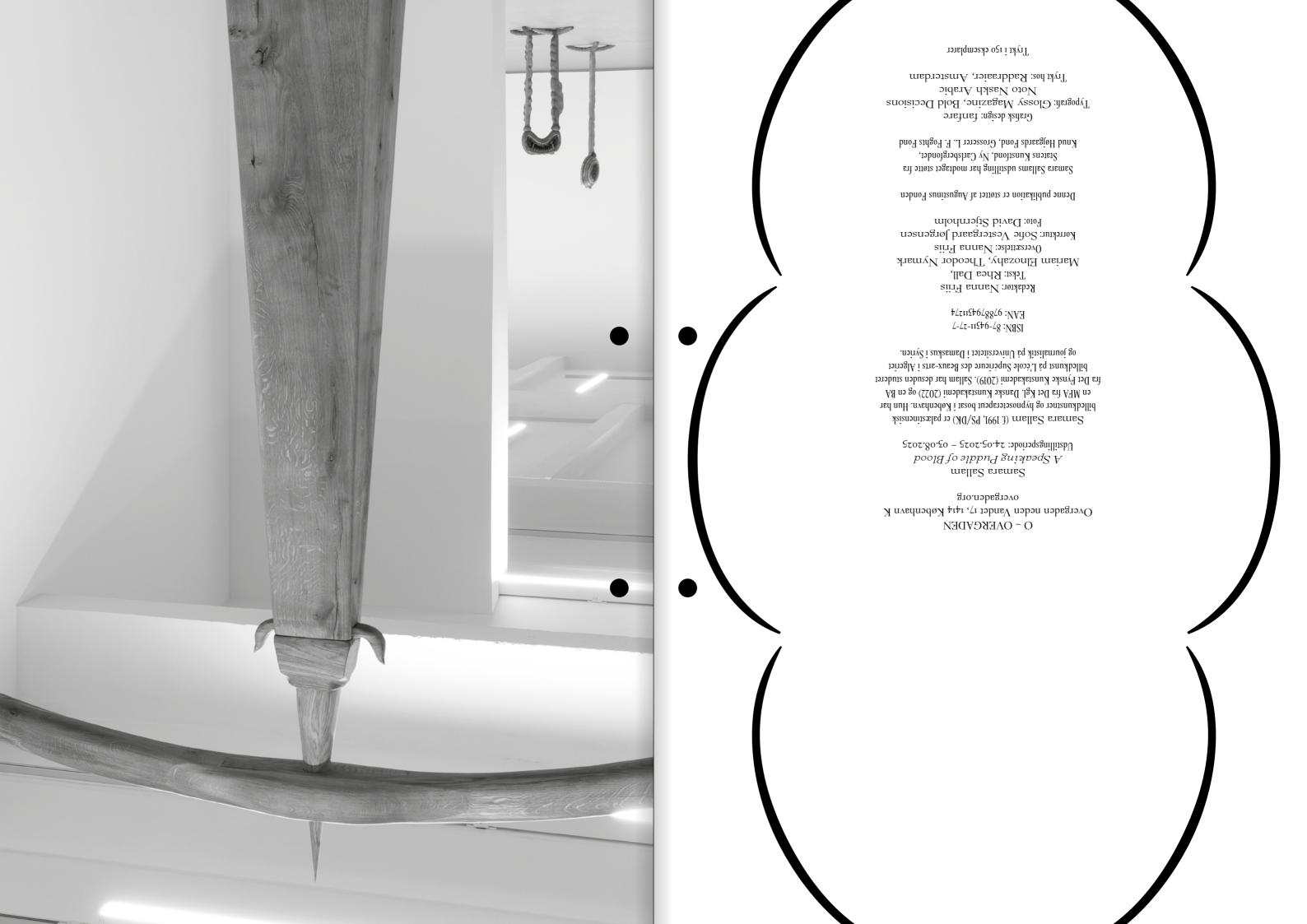












Disse sanscoplevelser, selvom de ikke i sig selv havde med moral at gøre, erstattede kirkens rolle i defineringen af menneskelig adfærd. Selvom religion oplever en genopblussen i disse år, har andre institutioner ændret vores fælles kulturelle verdensbillede.

vægtekster og essays. gennem kroppen og sansningen snarere end gennem en hellig helhed, hvordan sådan en end ser ud, æstetiske oplevelser fungerer som veje til at forstå statuerne, skulpturerne og arkitekturen – alle disse rummet, de draperede gevandter, ornamenterne, kormusikken, patchouliduften, der viftes gennem filtreres og kaster farver over scenariet, orgelet, sanscoplevelserne; mosaikker, hvorigennem lyset konservative regler, ville den i sig selv kunne omfatte i Rom) transcenderer sin moral, sine kodekser og - om, at hvis den katolske kirke (eftersom jeg er Jeg præsenterer idéen – eller i hvert fald håbet føle, lytte, hellere undgå at vide med sikkerhed. fingeren på. Og hvorfor skulle vi, hvorfor ikke bare mekanismer. Svære at definere, overskue, sætte mysterier forstås gennem spirituelle organer og I denne kontekst skal sproget og dets dertilhørende

simpelthen ved fantasiens og følelsernes kraft. og ind i dens mellemrum, hvor ting bliver virkelige, for at kunne spå, for at kunne se om bag ved verden potentiale kan man skabe disse oplevelser uafhængigt, retninger. Kun gennem fado, troen, og fantasiens ret, til hvilken vi kan danse og bevæge os i andre gennem vinden, bliver disse ord en rytme i egen sanscoplevelsen. Som skrivemaskinen, der hamrer idéer, eftersom de er ord og bogstaver fritaget fra tekst ikke være en fuldstændig indkapsling af disse af på sofaen. På samme måde kan og skal denne til senere, vente, til man kommer hjem og kan slappe må man anerkende sanseoplevelserne, gemme teksten For i sandhed at kunne forstå dens kompleksiteter ud, kun gennem verbal og skriftlig kommunikation. Jeg er ikke i stand til at omfavne denne verden fuldt guddommelige gennem sanselige, visuelle oplevelser. til skriftruller, der engang forsøgte at begribe det templer - som de analfabetiske bønder uden adgang indlæring, snarere end rum i familie med kirker og bøger, der skulle forstås, eller klasseværelser til Jeg har længe forsøgt at møde museer, som var de

> udseende, patina og ar definerer dens historie og liv. en lerkrukke fra den senneolitiske periode: dens tilgang: undersøgelsen af et objekt, eksempelvis men indenfor arkæologien benyttes en lignende fremtoning. Dette forekommer muligvis elementært, er det, de er. Når du ser en stol, defineres den af sin vendingen: "The how is the what." Måden, ting er på, forståelse af fænomenologi involverer overvejelser af Han argumenterer med fuldt overlæg for, at en forsker Timothy Morton, jeg engang så på YouTube. studerende. Jeg husker en forelæsning af den britiske kommunikation, som var jeg en lærer eller en uden behovet for at blive pakket ud via kedsommelig en bred vifte af informationer, som et arkiv, lagdelt og og dets væsker. Dåsen er en metafor, den indeholder signifikans, der er forbundet med dette brand

Traditionelt set tilbyder metaforen en anderledes måde at læse og forstå verden omkring os. Sprog – og ordets latinske rod lingua (der også betyder 'tunge') – er et komplekst legeme at mestre. Man kan beskrive citronens ovale, ujævne, gule, rynkede saft sprøjte ind i munden, ramme tungen, få ansigtet til at fortrække sig. Mår jeg presser citronsaft ud over min dampende pasta, og saften derpå siver ned i sårene omkring mine nedbidte negle, opstår en smerte, en traumefølelse, noget bittert og noget frydefuldt – alle disse stadier bidrager til den sproglige forståelse af citron. Jeg kan beskrive det med ord, helt bestemt, eitron. Jeg kan beskrive det med ord, helt bestemt, men jeg kan også mærke det i sin fulde helhed.

gå i gang. Det slog mig, om denne oppustning egentlig som om en kamp mellem Arsenal og PSG skulle til at en stadionkoncert, som om Coldplay skulle til at gå på, kameraer, flag og food trucks. Et øjeblik føltes det som monteret langs Via della Conciliazione, højtalere, hegn, have en god plads i pitten. Enorme LED-skærme horder af mennesker hektisk rundt, som om de ville cykel og skyndte mig til Vatikanet. Da jeg ankom, løb til mig. Jeg tøvede et sekund, hoppede på en Limeude og se galleriudstillinger, skrev min mor "Hvid røg!" digtoplæsninger, bøger, gastronomi. I går, da jeg var museer, natklubber, spillesteder, modeshows, valg. Nye sensibiliteter opstod og søgte nye græsgange: sandhed lig med fakta, og det hellige blev et personligt og samfundet blev videnskabeligt og reguleret, blev flere århundreder siden, da kirken blev sekulariseret, i netop dette mysterium, at sproget eksisterer. For and without faith, there is no God." Jeg tror, det er is no mystery; without mystery, there is no faith; sig til kardinalerne og erklærer: "Without doubt, there filmen The Conclave, hvor protagonisten henvender mysterier. Det får mig til at tænke på en scene fra novice, er omfavnelsen af at eksistere i det ukendtes at cringe, at bøje sig for indsigtens herre som en og træt og rastløs ikke at vide. Uvidenhed, derimod, af at vide, forstå, gennemskue, det gjorde mig syg i en tilstand af uvidenhed. I lang tid har jeg været besat en gangs skyld vil jeg omfavne the cringe og træde ind Jeg opfatter dette følende stadie som afgørende; for

eller om den løftede det til et andet, højere rige.

fik optrinnet til at virke mindre guddommeligt,

et penselstrøgs attitude eller en bronzes rytme. - velkendte elementer indenfor maleriets sprog: men af dynamikker, energi, attitude, sensibiliteter spændinger. Spændingerne er ikke udløst af sprog, når alt kommer til alt, er et spørgsmål om pulserende vibes, måden, ting resonerer på, og hvordan vibration, imellem dem. En friktion, der kunne beskrives som argumenterede for den friktion, der eksisterede i og gnidende fingerbevægelser, mærkede energierne og Når vi talte om kunst, gestikulerede vi passioneret, have og fortsatte ind på et af vores atelierer. røg weed med, vi sansede omgivelserne i skolens en god ven, som jeg hang ud med, konstant i betragtning. Jeg husker en tidligere medstuderende, at "art speak" glemmer at tage adskillige aspekter sig for det, ingen læser det, og denne speak-del Problemet her burde være tydeligt: Ingen interesserer

argumenterer for, at det specifikt er 'indhold', der måske en rolle i dette teater. Men hvor Madsen (muligvis grundet kunststøttetraditioner), spiller rangeres og hyldes over objektet i kunstverdenen akademiske og autoritære tilgang, hvor subjektet it's a new thing." Og denne vældig centraleuropæiske, "European critic discovers aestheticism and thinks om Madsens artikel, der lød nogenlunde sådan her: kritiker på Manhattan Art Review, lavede et tweet hvor dette sprog har hjemme. Sean Tatol, den flabede Pistoletto, tørre den og trille den ned ad den bakke, støbe den, forme den til en kugle som Michelangelo fra hinanden, makulere den og lave den til papmache, nødsaget til at udfordre pressemeddelelsen. At flå den inviterer til rationel analyse, føler jeg mig nogle gange et værk fremstår konceptuelt i visuel forstand og end traditionelt indhold og repræsentation. Selv hvis der lægger vægt på atmosfære og energi snarere og mere af stemning, og hvordan dette er et skift, at meget samtidskunst er mindre optaget af indhold at betragte og indoptage samtidskunst. Han mener, over indhold", der argumenterer for en ny måde tanker om Kristian Vistrup Madsens tekst "Stemning er smeltet sammen til en enhed. Her kommer jeg i men af et rum, hvor subjekt og objekt, uanset formen, arbejdet ikke primært defineres af sprog og idéer, som konceptuelle, sig ind på et domæne, hvor I dag bevæger mange kunstnere, ofte kategoriseret

Indholdet er ikke forsvundet; det har transformeret sig. Til at modarbejde denne omstændighed, ændre noget, cosplaye abstraktion, foreslår jeg metaforen som redskab, en brugbar talemåde, noget, der er bagvedliggende og flygtigt, bevæger sig fra det ene til det andet eller endda imellem og nedenunder. I mine øjne er kunsten og dens mange karakteristika ikke tømt for indhold, men mættet af det, integreret i det, blondebesat, komprimeret og prismatisk som en skinnende, kostbar diamant. Tænk på en Cocaen skinnende, kostbar diamant. Tænk på en Cocafremstillet ved legering, men jeg fornemmer også framstillet ved legering, men jeg fornemmer også historien, nostalgien, traumerne og den kulturelle

begge kritikere, ikke kunstnere – til trods for deres

har forladt samtalen, tror jeg, at han såvel som Tatol

gode intentioner tager en smule fejl.

# EL EVELOI EN BIT IKKE BLOL EL SEELT EN 80 IKKE BLOL

Theodor Nymark

Jeg bider mine negle på terrassen under parasollen, sidder med en drikkedunk omsluttet af lyden fra et skrigende æsel bag mig, og ovenfra er der papegøjeskræppen, kirkeklokker, lydsporet fra overboens skrivemaskine – hans tastelyde former den historie, som snart findes, men som stadig er en kode: hvert bogstav et beat, hvert ord en rytme. Og mens han hamret sig vej gennem sin historie, akkompagneres jeg af nærliggende kirkeklokker denne morgen i Rom. En bønnens melodi og et kald denn, der ikke tjekker tiden eller læser bøger. Ikke til dem, der ikke tjekker tiden eller læser bøger. Ikke kun en klokke, en stemme, ikke kun et klik, et ord.

Som morserytmerne, der blinker i natten, som en ildflue, der lokker mager til sit himmelske soveværelse, er sprogets konflikt en udfordring – særligt samtidskunstens sprog. Inden jeg gik på kunstakademiet, var mit kunstvokabular begrænset. Jeg talte om mit arbejde som en slags attituder, hvordan ting skulle ligne noget, der allerede eksisteretede, jeg manglede refleksion og kritisk dybde. Selv begrebet praksis fandtes ikke i mit leksikon. Men da jeg begyndte på kunstakademiet, blev jeg introduceret til en ny type sprog, et sprog, der begyndte at forme min tænkning. Jeg begyndte at referere til min proces som en praksis, om end at referere til min proces som en praksis, om end streferere til min proces som en praksis, om end

Efter seks års kunstuddannelse, i den skærsild, det var at intellektualisere og institutionalisere mit sprog, konkluderede jeg, at det næppe var en tilfredsstillende måde at reflektere på. En bestemt syntaks mellem, hvordan jeg opførte mig, og hvad jeg sagde. Jeg husker vi røg fede og forsøgte at efterligne artister som Diplo, vi røg fede og forsøgte at efterligne artister som Diplo, vi sige "lad os få beatet til at undersøge økologiske on tykkere, mere gennemborende bas. Aldrig ville vi sige "lad os få beatet til at undersøge økologiske interventioner i det senkapitalistiske byrum". Dette fænomen, ofte kaldet "art speak", der gennemsyrer skriftdiskurserne og drives frem af konceptualitet, skriftdiskurserne og drives frem af konceptualitet, føles efterhånden udhulet, kastreret.

li-li, sew-sew-sew." sig, og gennem sine tårer fløjtede han: "sew-sew.sew, væsner. Gud befalede Abraham at kalde fuglene til netop havde begået overfor disse dyrebare, uskyldige hulkede, knust over den forfærdelige handling, han deres afhuggede hoveder i sin hånd, mens han parterede fugle på syv forskellige bakker. Han holdt dem, rev deres knogler fra hinanden og lagde de Abraham fangede fire fugle, slagtede dem, plukkede

hele og levende igen og fløj mod horisonten.' rettelig havde givet hver fugl sit hoved, blev de alle hoved, nægtede den at tage imod det. Da Abraham hånd, og hvis han fejlagtigt gav en fugl det forkerte Hver fugl kom og hentede sit hoved fra Abrahams indtil de igen var i live og bevægede sig mod ham. sønderrevne lemmer mirakuløst samledes i himlen, Og Abraham så til, mens fjerene, blodet og fuglenes

Tænkningen hører op."8 bemægtige sig, fordi Troen netop begynder der, hvor Abraham Isaak igjen, hvilket ingen Tænkning kan og gudvelbehagelig Handling, et Paradox, der giver et Paradox, der formaaer at gjøre et Mord til en hellig uctisk, absurd. "[...] hvilket uhyre Paradox Troen er, ensbetydende med en suspendering af formuft: den er hånd: om ofringen af Isak. Ifølge Kierkegaard er tro om et andet, bredere kendt mirakel fra Abrahams I sin bog Frygt og Bæven skriver Søren Kierkegaard

døtre! Hvem blandt jer er en trofast ven? brønd af tillid og tiltro? Ah, Abrahams sønner og Og hvad er venskab andet end en grænseløs, uendelig

> omsider klækkes, 150 år senere.5 navn) havvand ned i hendes næb, indtil æggene Som en lindring øser han-fuglen (der ikke har et

(kun i meget små doser\*). nende sår, kan være helende, når den brygges til te svær-at-glemme, potent, god til rensning af pusdan-(malurt): allestedsnærværende, nem-at-overse-menislam betragtes som noget i stil med کیث shih-planten hvilket jeg tror er typisk for folk fra Ramallah, hvor Zaynab er fra Ramallah. Hun er ikke særlig religiøs, Den 5. oktober 2025 havde min ven Zaynab en drøm.

ud af himlen som Armageddons torden vidtstrakte Golanhøjder. Guds stemme kom brølende I Zaynabs drøm så hun et slag udkæmpe sig i de

« أَلَمُ تَنْ كَيْفُ فَعَلَ نِئْنَ لِنَالُ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ اللَّهِ إِلَا اللَّهُ اللَّهِ إِلَّا اللَّهُ اللَّ

fortalte hun mig en uge senere "Jeg vidste ikke engang, at jeg kunne huske det vers",

«أَلُمْ يَجْعَلْ كَيْدَهُمْ فِي تَضْلِيلٍٰ » (2:70])

kom i form af en fugleflok. mirakel redde dem og deres helligdom - og miraklet ansigt til ansigt med det sikre nederlag, kunne kun et den mægtige elefant - slet ikke i kamp. Da de stod syn, der chokerede araberne, som aldrig før havde set omfattede adskillige krigselefanter, et kataklysmisk jævne helligdommen Kaaba med jorden. Angrebet enorm hær stormede Mekka med den hensigt at der efter sigende begyndte i Yemen, og hvor en Elefanten, hvor Gud fortæller historien om en krig, Verset er fra et kapitel i Koranen, der hedder

«أَلْسَأُ أَيْلِهُ أَلَيْلِواْ الْمِيْلَةِ (£:501) « (£:601)

og krigsfugle, der lagde elefanthæren i ruiner, til aske. Det siges, at إَينِانَا الْمُنكِ، denne flok redningssoldaterne (قى لجماا قنه لفتنا لبق له), så de forvandledes Fuglene sværmede om hæren, kastede sten på

DEN TREDJE UMULIGHED: DEN TROFASTE VEN

byen Al Khalil, også kendt som Hebron. J S J ≥ [Substantiv/egennavn. Ven; navnet på

komme tilbage til ham igen. i at slå fire fugle ihjel og forsikrede ham om, at de ville Og Gud kom ønsket i møde. Han instruerede Abraham vise, hvordan Han er i stand til at vække døde til live. Han bad Gud om hjælp til at styrke sin tro ved at Abraham, profeternes fader, havde også sine tvivl. grønt. Abrahams epitet er netop "Al Khalil": en ven. venskab med Gud var så stærkt, at det gjorde græsset Den-første-og-eneste-trofaste-ven var Abraham, hvis

ud i ørkenen med sine børn og efterlod sin mand. ved med at ignorere hendes advarsler, flygtede hun

Hvem er den modbydelige her?

Om hendes død skrev han: talt betyder "han bar ondskaben under sin arm". ham øgenavnet "Ta'abbata Sharran", som bogstavelig Han slæbte hende tilbage under sin arm, hvilket gav al-Fahmi (d. 540) en Ghoula og slagtede hende. På en rejse i ørkenen mødte digteren Thabit ibn 'Amir

Det mindede om en kats, men med en kløvet tunge.2 Så opdagede jeg to øjne i et grimt hoved Ventede på morgenen for at se, hvad Jeg havde fanget Jeg brugte natten på at dække hende med dun

sprogene op. Den er, i korte træk, lig med overlevelse. forelsker os med et fjerde. Den kløvede tunge bryder med et, opvokser med et andet, læser med et tredje, vi kommunikerer på tværs af sprog. Bliver født spændinger, sproglig agilitet. Den antyder, hvordan Af i (Alif). Den kløvede tunge står for pluralitet, Snarere er tungen en konsekvens af Babel. Af Adam. kløvede tunge hverken tegn på bedrag eller dualitet.5 For den lærde litterat Abdelfattah Kilito er den

Derefter lever hun evigt. genoplives, hvis hun bliver ramt endnu en gang. vidste var: Ghoulaen dør ved et enkelt slag, men kamæleon, en skifting. Hvad Ta'abbata Sharran ikke Og hvad angår den modbydelige? Hun er blot en

### DEN YNDEN NWNLIGHED: AL-ANOA

[.nln'nt normor fa'ala.] arabiske ord udledes af verber på tre bogstaver hvilket er usædvanligt, eftersom de fleste et ord der ikke kan spores til noget andet ord, ق ن و [substantiv. Ordet har ingen rod, det er

nogensinde set Anga'en.\* lfølge Al Zujajs fortællinger har intet menneske

hende! Det elefantædende, ildspyende fuglemonster. Det er en uudholdeligt smertefuld proces, selv for æggene med sig, når hun strejfer omkring og jager. Hun parrer sig en gang hvert 500, år og bærer spiser hun fisk på størrelse med skyskrabere. ville fange mus til deres aftensmad. Udover elefanter for at fange elefanter med kløerne, som andre fugle bevingede væsen og flyver af og til ned til jorden Anga'en lever i 1700 år. Hun er verdens største

# رابع المستحيلات كالمالكا IWALICHED THI ELEKDE

Mariam Elnozahy

I denne udstilling gives de en form. Disse historier er blevet fortalt gennem generationer. Jeg trækker på populære folkesagn og hellige skrifter. værkerne. Jeg formulerer mig i parabler, i prosa. give adgang til de rige verdener, som informerer hendes kreationer har jeg skrevet en tekst, der kan kosmologi. Således transformeres stedet. Langs med de samles her, akkompagneres de af deres unikke viden. Skulpturerne tilhører ikke dette sted, men når gennemsyret af mytologi, sufisme og dybt forankret er opstået fra et vidtstrakt betydningssystem, som er De former, Samara Sallam har skabt til sin udstilling, Denne tekst er inspireret af A Speaking Puddle of Blood.

### والعنقاء والخل الوفي. جاء في الأساطير عند العرب أن المحتسمال ثالاثة، وهي الغول

man: "Det ville være den fjerde umulighed!" utænkeligt, helt uforklarligt, helt fantastisk, udbryder gerne vil indikere, at noget er helt umuligt, helt andre end overfor sig selv. Når man i arabisk kultur der simpelthen ikke en ven, der er mere loyal overfor Den tredje er den trofaste ven. For araberne findes sig i elefanter og bor, hvor solen kysser horisonten. er Anqa, den gyldne, firevingede fugl, der mæsker blodtørst får djævlen til at virke nådig. Den anden er Ghoulaen, anden, der æder døde, hvis glubende kategoriske umuligheder i denne verden. Den første Blandt arabere siges det, at der kun findes tre

### DEN FØRSTE UMULIGHED: GHOUL(A)

 $\int [Verbum:$  at transformere]

i hendes forførelsesfælde. i handlende, rejsende og forrædere, der falder Ghoulaen jager mennesker. Hun mæsker sig

og skræmmende ting, og Træfælderens kone indså, de ham. Som aftenen skred frem, skete der sære og sine børn med, og modvillige som gidsler fulgte samme aften. Hun insisterede på, at han tog sin kone at blive inviteret på besøg i hendes overdådige palads han aldrig haft nogen søstre). Han dånede nær over kvinde, som påstod at være hans søster (hidtil havde og hustruvold, mødte den krakilske Træfælder en dag, præget af typiske aktiviteter som træfældning Et af disse ofre var Træfælderen. På en helt almindelig

Litteraturselskab, Borgen, 1994.

<sup>6.</sup> Ibn Manzūr, 1955. wa-gharā'ib al-mawjūdāt. Cairo: Dār al-Kutub al-'Ilmiyya, u.d. 5. Zakariyyā ibn Muhammad al-Qazwīnī, 'Ajā' ib al-makhlūqāt

Creswell. New York: New Directions Publishing, 2022. 5. Abdelfattah Kilito, The Tongue of Adam. Oversat af Robyn Jinn. Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 2009, p. 140. 2. Amira El-Zein, Islam, Arabs, and the Intelligent World of the

bind. Beirut: Dār Sādir, 1955. 4. Muḥammad ibn Mukarram ibn Manzūr, Lisān al-'Arab, 15

Han mødte sin skæbne og blev fortæret af Ghoulaen. som var ude efter hendes familie. Da han blev at denne 'søster' i virkeligheden var et farligt væsen,

library.upei.ca/artsreview-xii/chapter/woodcutters-weary-wife. UPEI Arts Review Volume XII, vol.XII, Spring 2025, pressbooks. l. Alex Gaudet, "The Woodcutter's Weary Wife". Phylum:

Petersen; Merete Jørgensen, Det Danske Sprog- og 8. Søren Kierkegaard, Frygt og bæven [1845], udg. af Lars 7. Quran, 2:260.

# RGADEN 00000

# INLEODIKLION

at portalen fortryller eller besværger enhver, der går monstret eller ghoulen fysisk form, samtidig med - danner den høje, buede port selv en krop, der giver horn, et mytisk antal ben og hermetisk samlede trædele Fyldt med skulpturelle symboler - bryster, djævelske udskåret træport – den første af tre skulpturer. Besøgende træder ind i udstillingen gennem en fint

et varsel - som møder vi den alvidende budbringer Fuglen, skabt i keramik, fungerer som et kompas eller Den anden skulptur er en lille, død ravn med åben bug.

eller ser ind i intuitionens mavefornemmelse.

keramik, til en fisk. Som udstillingens tredje portal delene, i form af øjne, mund og gæller i glaseret først af beskuerens forestillingsevne, som skal samle overgang. Men værkets fængslende billede skabes fiskehoved - et gammelt symbol på visdom og Den tredje skulptur er et fragmenteret, hypnotisk

eller skyggemembran peger værket mod et andet,

Et fJerde element i udstillingen er en tekst: en

højere tanke- eller bevidsthedsniveau.

talende blodpøl gennem en konstant blødning fra maven. som undslipper sit forliste ægteskab og bliver til en underbevidst, psykedelisk rejse, der følger en kvinde,

udtryk, danner værkerne – gennem deres fokus på skulpturer er tavst og nærmest tilbagetrukket i sit Trods det, at Sallams overgangsritual i form af de tre

sig med en universel eller mytisk form for lidelse. angreb på det palæstinensiske folk, der forbinder udvikling - en metafor for samtidens uophørlige iboende vold, eksistentiel søgen og behovet for åndelig

₹202 inui Leder og chefkurator på O – Overgaden, Khea Dall

> Samara Sallams soloudstilling A Speaking Puddle publikation, der udkommer i forbindelse med Det er en stor fornøjelse at introducere denne

kan udspringe heraf. udstillingerne og åbne op for, at nyt materiale er at mangfoldiggøre samtalerne under og efter soloudstillinger. Målsætningen med denne serie der udgives i forbindelse med kunsthallens Fonden produceret en publikationsrække, Overgaden med generøs støtte fra Augustinus of Blood på O - Overgaden. Siden 2021 har

gennem udstillingen og denne publikation. til udvidede samtaler - med os alle sammen, både tak til Samara for at dele sit materiale - fra koncept denne publikation. Sidst, men ikke mindst, en særlig grafiske designere, for deres dedikerede arbejde på udstillingen, og naturligvis også fanfare, vores team for den store indsats i forbindelse med Derudover vil jeg gerne takke hele O - Overgadens En stor og varm tak til begge bidragsydere. sprog overfor kunstens metafysik og atmosfære. Theodor Aymark har skrevet en tekst om kunstens indlejret i Sallams værker, og billedkunstner bidraget med et essay om mytologien og folkloren leder af Konsthall C i Stockholm Mariam Elnozahy I dette tilfælde har skribent, kurator og kunstnerisk

grænseområder mellem det magiske og det virkelige. efter mening i en voldelig verden ved at skitsere bevidsthedsniveauer og eftertanke - og søger objekter maner Sallams kunstneriske praksis til nye verden og kroppe. Gennem omhyggeligt udformede men som en kraft, der flytter og forandrer vores sproget ikke blot som et kommunikationsværktøj, Billedhugger og hypnoseterapeut Samara Sallam bruger

i følgende tre akter: til en fortælling om at søge efter mening, fortalt og Jungiansk psykoanalyse - og omformer disse og ødelægger sin landsby, såvel som Sufi-mysticisme et kødædende monster, der fortærer sin familie palæstinensiske folkesagn om den kvindelige ghoul: Sallam forskellige kilder - bl.a. sin hjemstavns Til sin udstilling på O - Overgaden samler

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