

Samara Sallam



*A Speaking
Puddle of Blood*

INTRODUKTION



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A Speaking Puddle of Blood
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Det er en stor fornøjelse at introducere denne publikation, der udkommer i forbindelse med Samara Sallams soloudstilling *A Speaking Puddle of Blood* på O - Overgaden. Siden 2021 har O - Overgaden med generøs støtte fra Augustinus Fonden produceret en publikationsrække, der udgives i forbindelse med kunsthallens soloudstillinger. Målsætningen med denne serie er at mangfoldiggøre samtalerne under og efter udstillingerne og åbne op for, at nyt materiale kan udspringe heraf.

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

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

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

i

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

ii

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

iii

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

Et fjerde element i udstillingen er en tekst: en underbevidst, psykedelisk rejse, der følger en kvinde, som undslipper sit forliste ægteskab og bliver til en talende blodpol gennem en konstant blødning fra maven.

Trods det, at Sallams overgangsritual i form af de tre skulpturer er tavst og nærmest tilbagetrukket i sit udtryk, danner værkerne – gennem deres fokus på iboende vold, eksistentiel søgen og behovet for åndelig udvikling – en metafor for samtidens uophørlige angreb på det palæstinensiske folk, der forbinder sig med en universel eller mytisk form for lidelse.

Rhea Dall
Leder og chefkurator på O - Overgaden,
juni 2025

DEN FJERDE UMULIGHED

رابع المستحيلات ELLER

Mariam Elnozahy

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

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

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

DEN FØRSTE UMULIGHED: GHOUL(A)

[Verbum: at transformere]

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

Et af disse ofre var Træfælderen.¹ På en helt almindelig dag, præget af typiske aktiviteter som træfældning og hustruvold, mødte den krakilske Træfælder en kvinde, som påstod at være hans søster (hertil havde han aldrig haft nogen søstre). Han dannede nær over at blive inviteret på besøg i hendes overdådige palads samme aften. Hun insisterede på, at han tog sin kone og sine børn med, og modvillige som gidsler fulgte de ham. Som aftenen skred frem, skete der særlige og skræmmende ting, og Træfælderens kone indså,

at denne 'søster' i virkeligheden var et farligt væsen, som var ude efter hendes familie. Da han blev ved med at ignorere hendes advarsler, flygtede hun ud i ørkenen med sine børn og efterlod sin mand. Han mødte sin skæbne og blev fortæret af Ghoulaen.

Hvem er den modbydelige her?²

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

Jeg brugte natten på at dække hende med dun
Vente på morgenens for at se, hvad jeg havde fanget
Så opdagede jeg to øjne i et grint hoved
Det mindede om en kats, men med en kløvet tung.³

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

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

DEN ANDEN UMULIGHED: AL-ANQA

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

Ifølge Al Zujajs fortællinger har intet menneske nogensinde set Anqa'en.⁴

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

2. Amira El-Zein, *Islam, Arabs, and the Intelligent World of the Jinn*. Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 2009, p. 140.

3. Abdelfattah Kilito, *The Tongue of Adam*. Oversat af Robyn Creswell. New York: New Directions Publishing, 2022.

1. 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.

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

Den 3. oktober 2023 havde min ven Zaynab en drøm. Zaynab er fra Ramallah. Hun er ikke særlig religiøs, hvilket jeg tror er typisk for folk fra Ramallah, hvor islam betragtes som noget i stil med shih-planten (malurt): allestedsnærværende, nem-at-overse-mensvær-at-glemme, potent, god til rensning af pusdannende sår, kan være helende, når den brygges til te (kun i meget små doser*).

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

أَلَمْ تَرَ كَيْفَ فَعَلَ رَبُّكَ بِأَصْحَابِ الْأَفْيَلِ (105:1)

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

أَلَمْ يَجْعَلْ كَيْدَهُمْ فِي تَضْلِيلٍ (105:2)

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

وَأَرْسَلَ عَلَيْهِمْ طَيْرًا أَبَايِلَ (3) (105:3)

Fuglene sværmede om hæren, kastede sten på soldaterne (ما قبل انتفاضة الحجارة), så de forvandledes til aske. Det siges, at طَيْرًا أَبَايِلَ, denne flok rednings- og krigsfugle, der lagde elefanthæren i ruiner, er Al-Anqa.⁶

DEN TREDJE UMULIGHED: DEN TROFASTE VEN

خ ل ي ل [Substantiv/egennavn. Ven; navnet på byen Al Khalil, også kendt som Hebron.]

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

5. Zakariyyā ibn Muḥammad al-Qazwīnī, *‘Ajā’ib al-makhlūqāt wa-gharā’ib al-mawjūdāt*. Cairo: Dār al-Kutub al-‘Ilmiyya, u.d.

6. Ibn Manzūr, 1955.

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

Og Abraham så til, mens fjerene, blodet og fuglenes sønderrevne lemmer mirakuløst samledes i himlen, indtil de igen var i live og bevægede sig mod ham. Hver fugl kom og hentede sit hoved fra Abrahams hånd, og hvis han fejlagtigt gav en fugl det forkerte hoved, nægtede den at tage imod det. Da Abraham rettelig havde givet hver fugl sit hoved, blev de alle hele og levende igen og fløj mod horisonten.⁷

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

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

7. Quran, 2:260.

8. Søren Kierkegaard, *Frygt og bæven* [1843], udg. af Lars Petersen; Merete Jørgensen, Det Danske Sprog- og Litteraturselskab, Borgen, 1994.

IKKE BLOT EN SØ, ET SPEJL – IKKE BLOT EN BIL, ET FARTØJ

Theodor Nymark

Jeg bider mine negle på terrassen under parasollen, sidder med en drikkepunkt omsluttet af lyden fra et skrigende æsel bag mig, og ovenfra er der papegøjeskræppen, kirkeklokken, 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 hamrer sig vej gennem sin historie, akkompagneres jeg af nærliggende kirkeklokker denne morgen i Rom. En bønnens melodi og et kald 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 eksisterede, 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 tøvende, udviklede en ny forståelse, et nyt blik.

Efter seks års kunstuddannelse, i den skærstilk, 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 at lave musik med mine venner sent om natten, mens vi røg fede og forsøgte at efterligne artister som Diplo, Autechre, Sugar Hill Gang eller simpelthen at skabe en 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, føles efterhånden udhulet, kastreret.

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

I dag bevæger mange kunstnere, ofte kategoriseret som konceptuelle, sig ind på et domæne, hvor arbejdet ikke primært defineres af sprog og idéer, men af et rum, hvor subjekt og objekt, uanset formen, er smeltet sammen til en enhed. Her kommer jeg i tanker om Kristian Vistrup Madsens tekst "Stemning over indhold", der argumenterer for en ny måde at betragte og indoptage samtidskunst.¹ Han mener, at meget samtidskunst er mindre optaget af indhold og mere af stemning, og hvordan dette er et skift, der lægger vægt på atmosfære og energi snarere end traditionelt indhold og repræsentation. Selv hvis et værk fremstår konceptuelt i visuel forstand og inviterer til rationel analyse, føler jeg mig nogle gange nødsaget til at udfordre pressemødelelsen. At få den fra hinanden, makulere den og lave den til paprmache, støbe den, forme den til en kugle som Michelangelo Pistoletto, tørre den og trille den ned ad den bakke, hvor dette sprog har hjemme. Sean Tatol, den flabede kritiker på *Manhattan Art Review*, lavede et tweet om Madsens artikel, der lød nogenlunde sådan her: "European critic discovers aestheticism and thinks it's a new thing." Og denne vældig centraleuropæiske, akademiske og autoritære tilgang, hvor subjektet rangeres og hyldes over objektet i kunstverdenen (muligvis grundet kunststøttetraditioner), spiller måske en rolle i dette teater. Men hvor Madsen argumenterer for, at det specifikt er 'indhold', der har forladt samtalens, tror jeg, at han såvel som Tatol – begge kritikere, ikke kunstnere – til trods for deres gode intentioner tager en smule fejl.

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 Coca-Cola-dåse: Jeg ser en rød, kold, skinnende cylinder fremstillet ved legering, men jeg fornemmer også historien, nostalgi, traumerne og den kulturelle

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

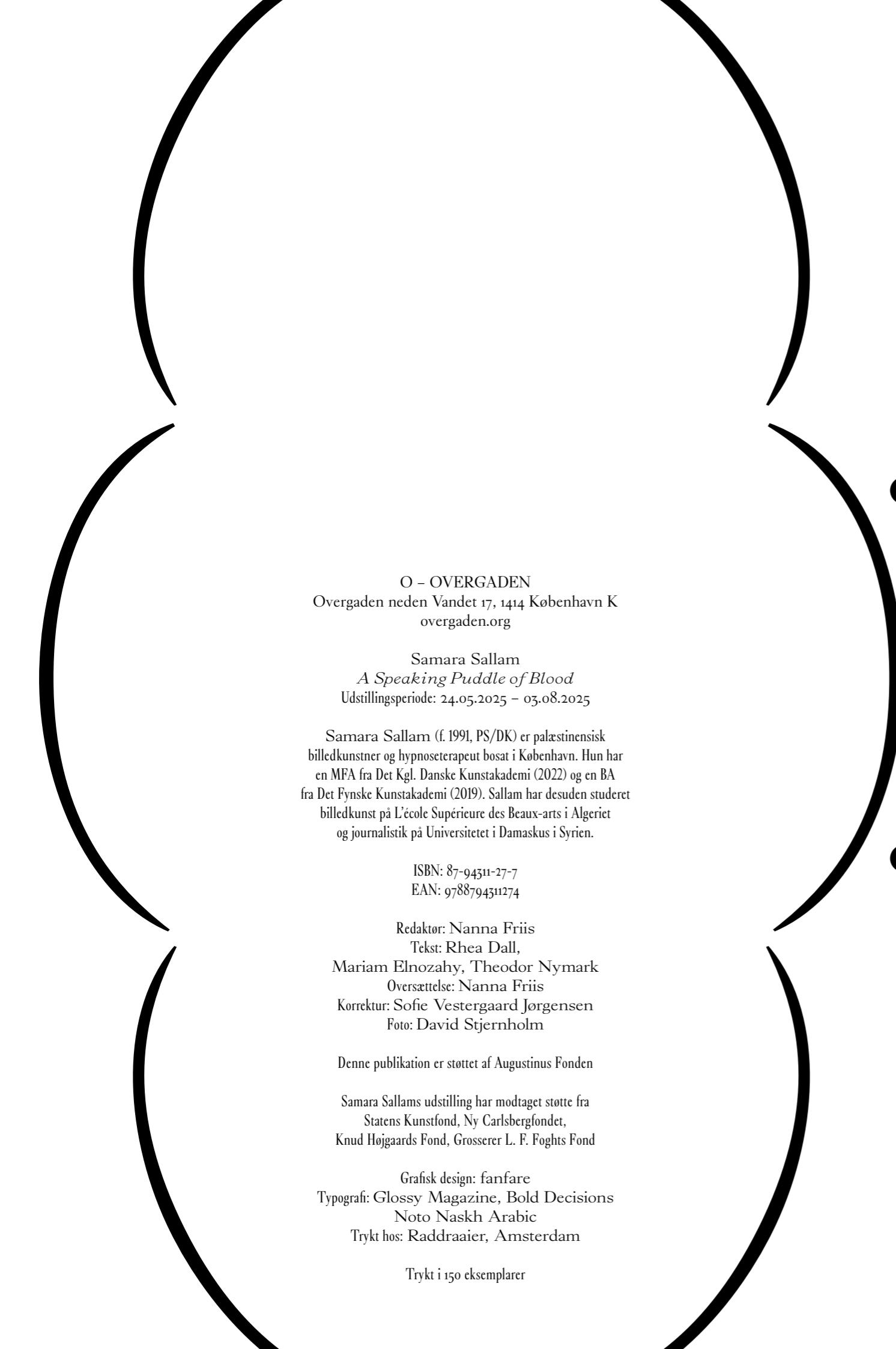
Traditionelt set tilbyder metaforen en anderledes måde at læse og forstå verden omkring os. Sprog – og ordets latinske rod lingua (der også betyder 'tunge') – er et komplekst legeme at mestre. Man kan beskrive citronens ovale, ujævne, gule, rynkede fremtoning, men det er noget andet at mærke dens saft sprøjte ind i munnen, ramme tungten, få ansigtet til at fortrække sig. Når 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, men jeg kan også mærke det i sin fulde helhed.

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

Disse sanseoplevelser, 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 verdensbilleder.

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

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



O – OVERGADEN
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overgaden.org

Samara Sallam
A Speaking Puddle of Blood
Udstillingsperiode: 24.05.2025 – 03.08.2025

Samara Sallam (f. 1991, PS/DK) er palæstinensisk billedkunstner og hypnoseterapeut bosat i København. Hun har en MFA fra Det Kgl. Danske Kunsthakademie (2022) og en BA fra Det Fynske Kunsthakademie (2019). Sallam har desuden studeret billedkunst på L'école Supérieure des Beaux-arts i Algeriet og journalistik på Universitetet i Damaskus i Syrien.

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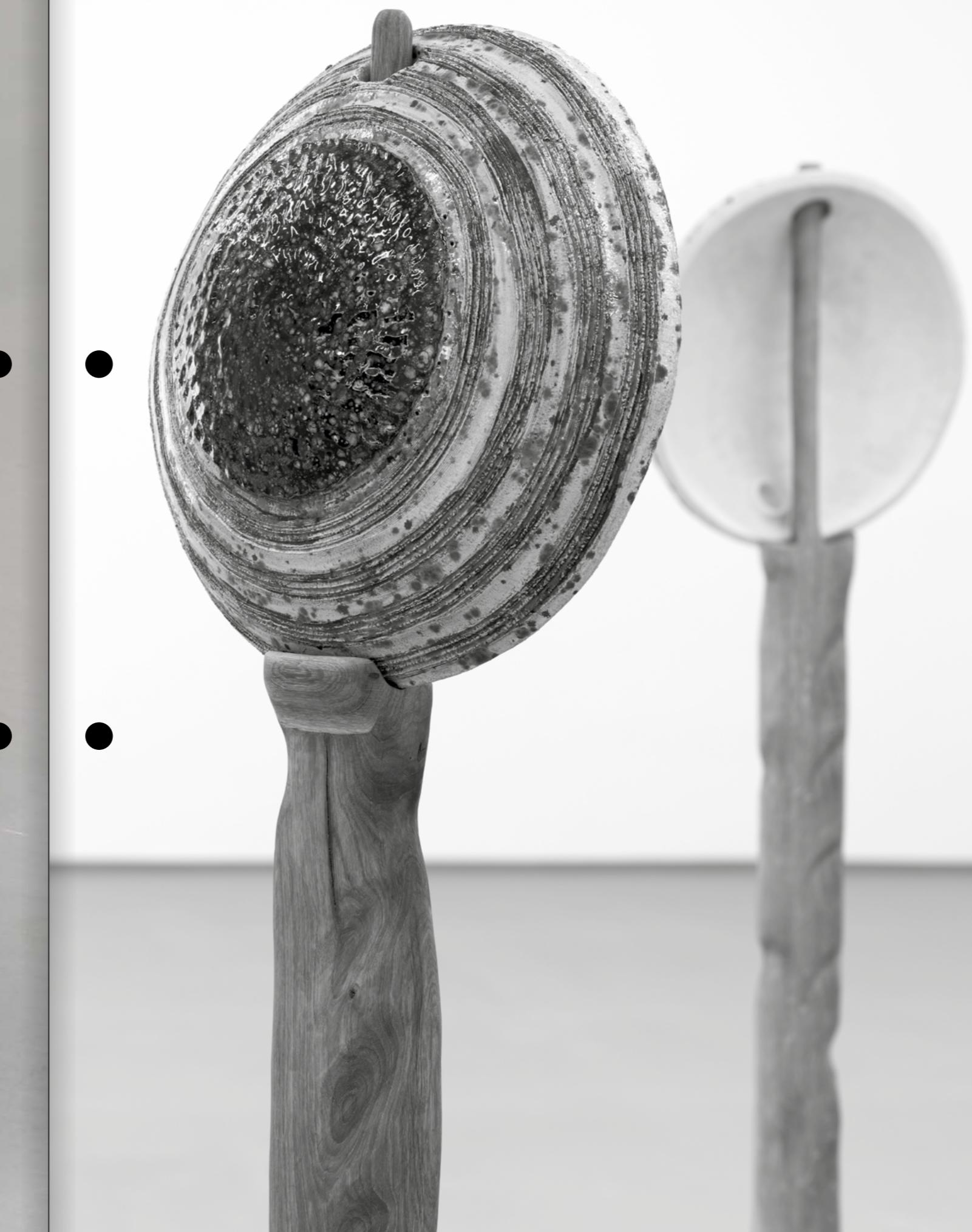














Languages is limited by words and symbols but once you follow language under the surface, watch where it goes, who it visits, how it moves, its patterns, you will start to predict its ways of weaving meaning, of structuring cities, driving politics, leading wars, genetics, forming a species, structuring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

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

Third movement

Second movement

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

The third movement is the shadow of the first; 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 talk about it, check what it's doing and why it's there. And only then can you understand the path and the final destination.

The first movement is a jump, an act of wonder-
ment, a compass, an answer that gives more questions,
but also excites. Violent but also soft, it is scary
physical world, in ego, a violent reality. It is with the
body that at night turns into a monster; it is alive,
specific to the physical realm. Its inner torment is
extremized with aggression, or built given voice
and shape. It's both the self and the other at once,
enduring information to the physical body and psyche

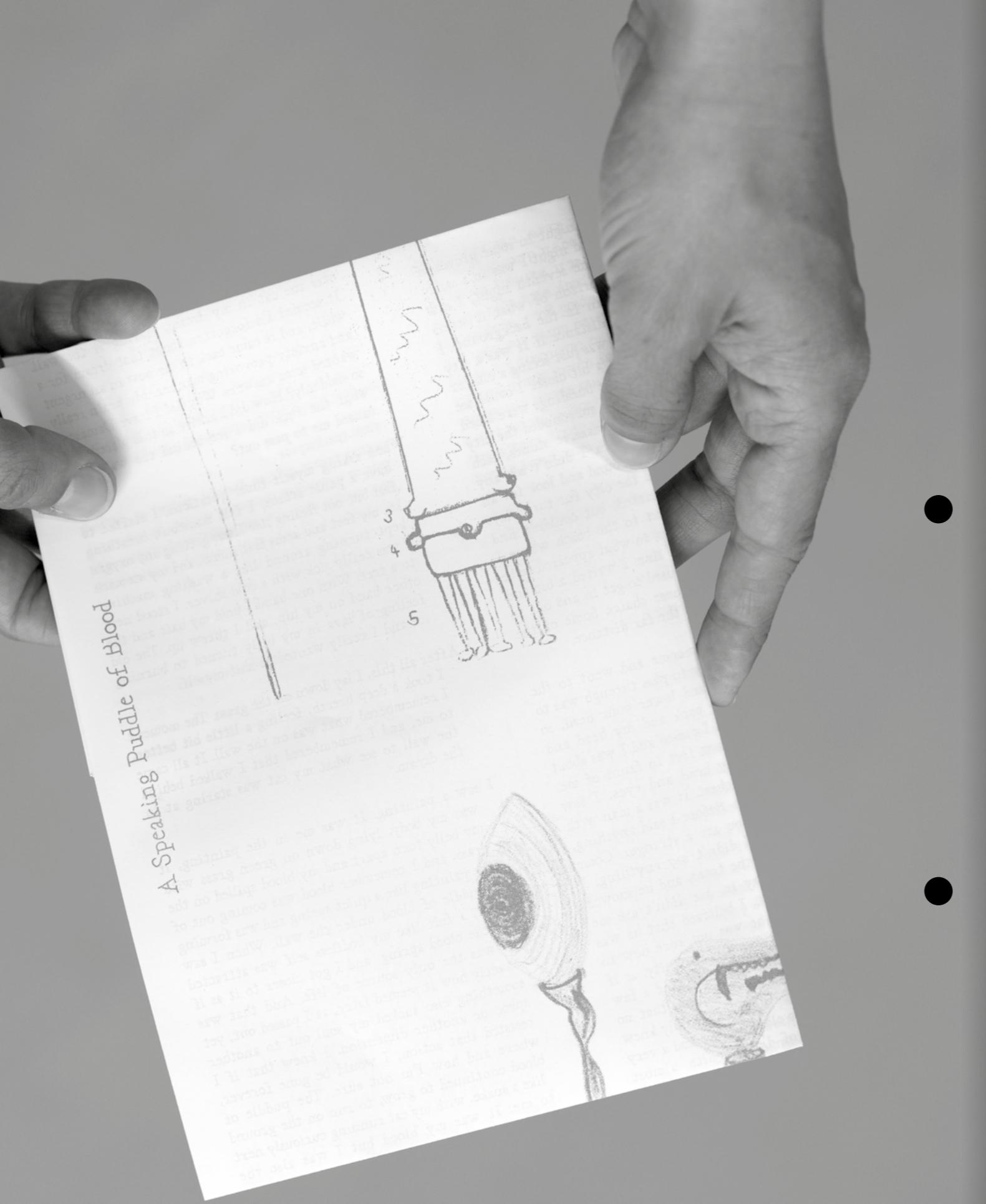
The second movement is a fall, a leap towards you,
but leads the way forward. When you move towards
language, language starts to move towards you. It
initiates a conversation. The inner and outer realms
start to have a clear language, and more clearly, a connection.
bits of correctness, even truths

of connection.

2

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 majority that wishes to rule by different values. The world completely different from the inner claims of class of the inside realm with the outside, inward and outward, inside the house and outside it, the body and the objects, the earth and the space, separated by a door, skin, portal, a polarity in constant conflict that converges. In and out seems to be a concept that accepts 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, It seems to also have two forms: inner and outer,



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Salamra Sallam (b. 1991, PS/DK) is a Palestinian

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

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 transcient, 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 upon arrival, hordes of people running frantically, as if they wanted a good spot in the pit. Euromous LCD screens mounted along Via della Conciliazione, speakers, fences, cameras, flags, and food trucks. For a minute, it seemed like a stadium concert, as if Goldplay 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 body entity, whatever that might be, through the body and sensations, 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 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 couch. This text, as well, may and should not fully encapsulate these ideas, as they are words and letters, except from actual sensory experience. Like the language of God, I think this very mystery is where cardinals, stating: "Without doubt, there is no mystery; without mystery, there is no faith; and without faith, there is no God." I think this scene from the film *The Concierge*, where the protagonist addresses the unknown. This brings to mind a scene from the film *Bowing Down* to the Lord of Knowledge, as a novice, and restless. Obliviousness, on the other hand, clinging to the embrace of, and to exist in, the mystery of the concierge, Centurics ago, when the church was ecclatized, 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, then 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. Bizarreous 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 Colplay 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 culture toward a

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 the wounds of my bitter 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, I believe this state of feeling is crucial; in this case, I want to embrace the cringe, for once, and centre 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 down to the lord of knowledge, as a novice, is theembre of, and to exist in, the mystery of the unknown. This brings to mind a scene from the film *The Concierge*, where the protagonist addresses the church was without mystery, there is no faith; and without faith, there is no God." I think this very mystery is where cardinals, stating: "Without doubt, there is no mystery; simply by imagination and feeling.

For a while now, I've tried to approach museums as temples, like the litterate peasants akin to churches and to learn in, rather than spaces akin to churches and through sensory and visual experiences. I cannot fully communicate this world, only through verbal and written text for later, wait until you get home, leave the couch. This text, as well, may and should not fully encapsulate these ideas, as they are words and letters, except from actual sensory experience. Like the example from these ideas, as they are words and letters, may become a rhythm themselves, from which we can and the potential of imagination can one create these experiences independently; to cry, to see behind, and in between the world, where things become real, and in between the world, where things become real, simply by imagination and feeling.

When I was out gallery-hopping, suddenly, my mom texted me, "White smoke!" I hesitated for a second, then I jumped on a Lime bike and rushed to the Vatican. poetry readings, books, and fine dining. Yesterday, new sensibilities emerged, seeking new homes: choice. New venues, music venues, fashion shows, museums, nightclubs, music venues, fashion shows, truth became a fact, and the sacred became a personal secularized, and society became scientific and governed, language exists. Centuries ago, when the church was here is no God." I think this very mystery is where cardinals, stating: "Without doubt, there is no mystery;

The Concierge, where the protagonist addresses the simply by imagination and feeling. 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, impeded on a Lime bike and rushed to the Vatican.

poetry readings, workshops, music recitals, theater performances, fashion shows, and poetry readings, books, and fine dining. Yesterday, when I was out gallerry-hopping, suddenly, my mom texted me, "White smoke!" I hesitated for a second, jumped on a Lime bike and rushed to the Vatican.

I he issue here should be clear: no one bothers, nobody reads, and the speak of „art speak“ lacks many more aspects to grasp. I remember fellow students, a good friend, with whom I would hang out recklessly smoke weed, feel the surrounmdings in the garden, and then proceed to one of our studios. When chatting, about artworks, we would gesture passionately, gridling out fingers together, sensing tension isn't caused by language but by dynamics, between them. That friction could be described as „vibes“, the way things resonate, and how vibration energy, and arguing the friction that exists within us. „vibes“: the way friction caused by language but by dynamics, are essentially a matter of pulsating tension. This tension isn't primarily defined by language and ideas, shape they may take, have merged and become one. I'm reminded of art critic Kristian Vistrup Madsen's article „Mod Over Content“, which argues for a new way of looking at and comprehending contemporary art. He suggests that much contemporary art is less concerned with content and more with mood, and this is a shift, emphasizing atmosphere and energy over form, and would result in a piece traditional content and representation. Even if a painting appears to be conceptual in its visual form, and would invite rational analysis, I sometimes feel compelled to make it into pulp, mold it and shape it into a ball, like a challenge the press release; rip it apart, misticate it and twist it until it's a new thing.“ And this very central European line of: „European critics discover aesthetics along the lines of“ Total, the cheeky critic of *Mahlauan Art Review*, once wrote about Madsen's article something along the lines of: „Micheleangelo Pistoletto, and have it dry out and roll down the hill from where this language resides. Sean thinkks it's a new thing.“ But while Madsen argues that centre of funding traditions, may play a role in this theatre of subject is praised above the object (arguably due to academic and authoritarian approach, in which the has essentially left the chat, I believe both he and Total—but critics and not artists—despite their good intentions, are slightly mistaken.

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 bone, aiming to emulate artists like Diploma, Autrech, or Sugarchill Gang or to simply create a more far and precise sound for the bass. Never would we say: "Let's make this beat in vestigial colloquial intonations in the late-capital urban space". This phenomena, referred to as "art speak", permeating the written discourse, probed and castigated.

THE FOURTH SALLAM: THE POSSIBILITY

Marim Blnozay

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

جَرِيَّةٌ [verb: to transform]

THE FIRST IMPOSSIBILITY: THE GHOUL(A)

1. Alex Gaudet, "The Woodcutter's Wifey," *Phylum*: UPF Arts Review Volume XII, no. XII, Spring 2023, pressbooks.
2. Amira El-Zein, *Ladam, Arabs, and the Ineffigies of War-Wife Library*, Jebeila/ArtsReview-XII/chapter/woodcutters-war-wife.html.
3. Abdelfattah Kilito, *The Tongue of Adam*. Translated by John Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 2009, p. 140.
4. Muhammed ibn Mukarram ibn Manzur, *Lisan al-Arab*, 15 vols. Beirut: Dar Sadat, 1955.
5. Zakariyya ibn Muhammed al-Qazwini, *Aṣṭāb al-makhalqa* wa-gharib bi-al-mawjudat. Cairo: Dar al-Kutub al-Limiyah, n.d.
6. Ibn Manzur, 1955.
7. Quran, 2:260.
8. Soren Kierkegaard, *Fear and Trembling* [1843]. Translated by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1983, p. 82.

- Robyn Creswell, New York: New Directions Publishing, 2022.
9. Wants to indicate that something is so impossible, so unimaginable, so inexplicable, so outlandish, they himself. In popular Arabic vernacular, when someone thinks as a friend who is more loyal to anyone but is the Faithful Friend. For the Arabs, there is no such place where the sun kisses the horizon. The third winged bird who feasts on elephants and dwells at merriful. The second is the And, that golden, four whose ravocous bloodthirst makes the devil seem catastrophic. In poplar Arabic vernacular, when some one who is friend of faith, Oh sons and daughters of Abraham well of faith? Oh sons and daughters of Abraham And what is friendship, but that boundless, unending Who amongst you is a faithful friend?

begins precisely where thinking leaves off."

Abraham, which no thought can grasp because faith

pleasing to God, a paradox which gives Isaac back to

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The verse is from the chapter of the Quran titled

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It is, rather, the tongue that follows after Babel. After

the forced tongue does not connote duality; the

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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

to collect its head from Abraham, and if he

life and began to walk towards him. Each bird came to

assemble in the sky, until every bird came back to

and mangled parts of the four birds miraculously

Then, Abraham watched as the feathers, blood,

And so, Abraham caught four birds, slaughtered

them, removed the feathers, tore their bones apart

Zaynab is from Ramallah. She is not particularly

On October 3, 2023 my friend Zaynab had a dream.

Zaynab is from Ramallah. She is not particularly

she told me, a week later.

"I didn't even know that I remember that verse,"

Similiar to the head of a cat, but with a forked

Then I found two cyes in an ugly head,

Waiting for morning to see what I had caught.

I spent the night bearing down on top of her,

language. It is, in short, survival.

in a third, in love in a fourth. The split tongue breaks

across languages: born in one, bred in another, it rare

tenison, linguistic agility. It is how we communicate

crosses language barriers before it pluralizes.

For the erudite literary scholar Abdelfattah Kilito,

it is struck a second time. After that, she lives forever.

ghoul dies with one blow, but can come back to life if

a changeling. Little did Tabbarat Sharra know: the

As for the wretched one? She is but a chameleon,

cataysmic 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.

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INTRODUCTION

i Visitors enter Sallam's exhibition through a meticulous 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 open belly. The ceramic bird acts as a compass or an omen—as the all-seizing raven or the gut of intuition.

ii The second sculpture is a small, dead raven with an open belly. Its ceramist symbol of wisdom and transformation—its mesmerizing image—eyes, mouth, and gills in head, an ancient symbol of wisdom and transformation.

iii The third sculpture is a fragmented, hypnotic lush glazed ceramic—engages the viewer's imagination in order to assemble the parts into a fish, pointing, as the exhibition title suggests, to a universal place of sufficing.

A fourth element in the exhibition is a text:

While silent, almost withdrawn in its appearance, Sallam's ride-of-passage trio of sculptures—combining inherent violence, existential dusters, 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.

Visitors enter Sallam's exhibition through a creation spell on any visitor passing through it.

It is a great pleasure to introduce this publication as a companion to Samara Sallam's solo exhibition 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 folklore inherent in Sallam's works, and artist Theodore 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 this publication. I wish to thank the whole community that always dedicated design team for their always dedicated work, and of course not least the artist, Samara, for generously sharing her moves and others out words and bodies.

Sculptor and hypnotherapist Samara Sallam employs language as not only a tool of communication, but a space between the magical and the real. Creating carefully crafted physical objects, her work forces that moves and others out worlds and bodies. Sculpture as not only a tool of communication, but a language that is imagined in its imagination—seeming commands transcendence and contemplation—securing spaces between the magical and the real.

For O-Overgaden, Sallam reworks various sources including her native Palestinian folktales archetype of the ghoul, a flesh-eating monster who devours her family and destroys her whole village, as well as the story of finding "meaning," unjolding in the following three acts:

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