

UNCERTAIN STATES / SCANDINAVIA

ISSUE 13.5

UNCERTAIN STATES / SCANDINAVIA



Credit: Dan Frisk Petersen

In March our team put themselves in quarantine and made the first (and probably last?) digital paper of Uncertain States / Scandinavia.*

*In quarantine.

The idea with the digital issue was to borrow the eyes, the ears and the mind of the previously published artists in the paper, so as to produce manifestations from the waiting room (image reference on page five). The waiting room as an analogy feels correct as we sat in house arrest and waited for something to happen.

Walking in circles in a disoriented state thinking that soon... soon we will be able to walk straight again, forward, march! (and truly wishing that things could go back to how they were before.) Realising that time can not

go backwards, the only way to live is by going forwards, we accepted the states we are in, and we accepted that the states we are in changes on a daily basis. We also realised *that it will be that way from now on*, as stated by Laurie Anderson, in her beautiful story 'Heart of a Dog'.

Over the years we have published hundred and somewhat artists, and 47 of them replied to the project with their stories from quarantine. As editors, we often work thematically, but have never focused on a specific event that we collectively are experiencing, together, which evidently makes us feel that Uncertain States Scandinavia in fact is a collective of artists, and not just a paper. Our artists live all over Scandinavia and abroad, and this pandemic affect us in different ways, harder in some nations than others, but is experienced as an uncertain time for everyone.

It might feel confusing to document the times we are living in right now, maybe you are in a state of persistent anxiety, lost your apartment, or someone.. The ability to care for others is often overwhelmed by your own negative feelings, but no matter what state you are in it is very important to not stop caring. Consider giving someone you know who feels isolated, or is isolated physically, extra attention and care, and help where help is needed.

So after reading this pick up your phone and call someone that in this minute needs someone to talk to after maybe months of isolation with limited or non personal contact.

Take care and stay safe.

Hugs and kisses,
Uncertain States Scandinavia

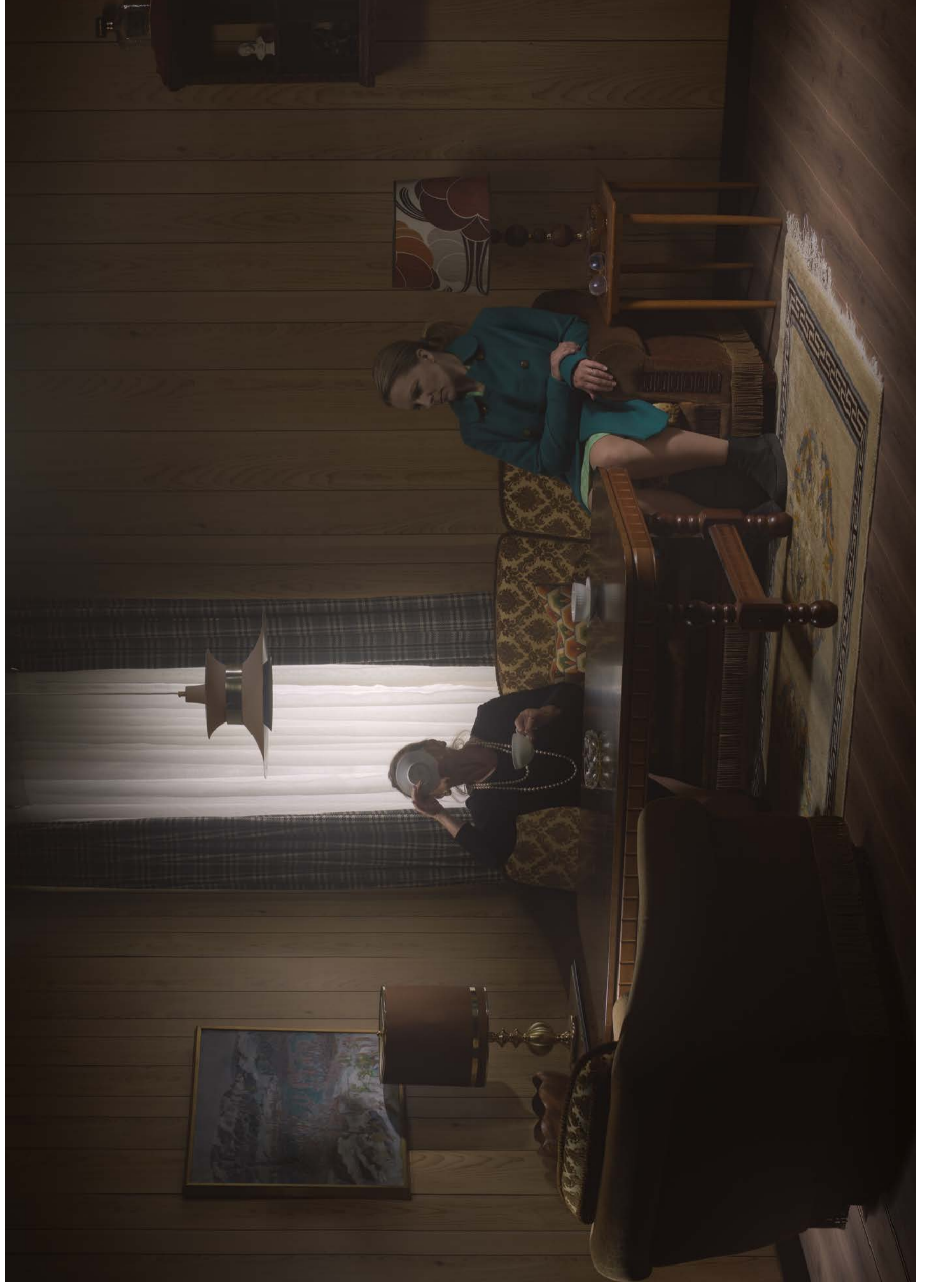
MANIFESTATIONS FROM THE WAITING ROOM

SINCERELY THE COLLECTIVE OF ARTISTS UCS SCANDINAVIA

OLE MARIUS JOERGENSEN

«Meanwhile at the waiting room»

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CECILIA RIIS KJELDSSEN

I fear a man of frugal speech

“A tool with many tools” as described from Aristotle; the hand is a tool for grasping, taking, pushing, pulling, pinching, pressing, pointing, fumbling, crushing, smashing, itching, stroking, caressing, throwing, drumming, lifting. There are more verbs for the movement of the hand than for any other movement. The hand is the diligent servant of the brain. It has numerous skills; it speaks, acts and knows. The hand has a special relationship with the brain; one grabs and grasps. A touch, or touching, can activate areas of our brain, thus influencing our thought processes, reactions and psychological responses. The hand is also expressive and enables us to gesture so that we can express thoughts and feelings.

The development of the hand starts early in the fetal stage.

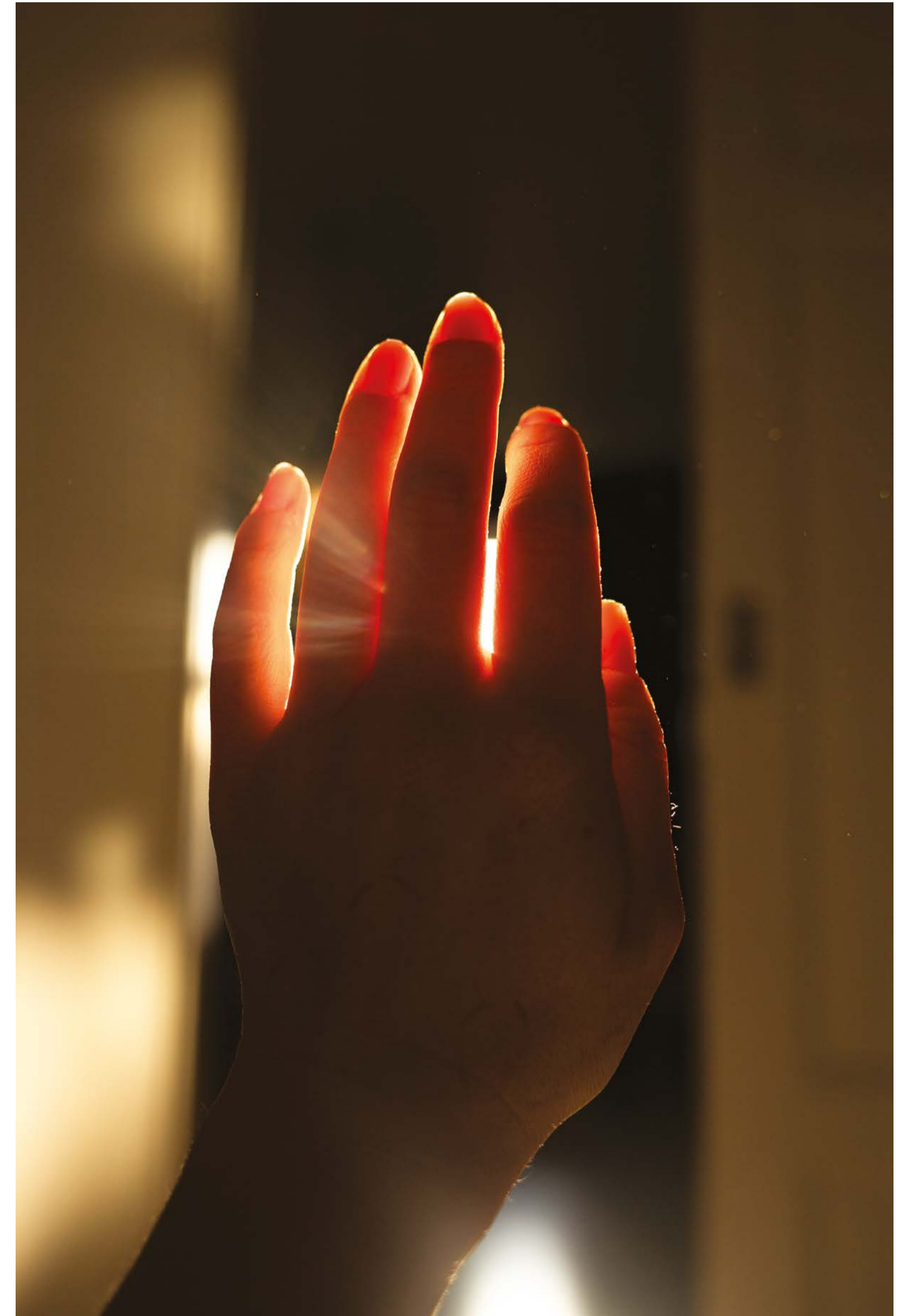
The large amount of nerves in the fingertips make the hand one of the most sensitive part of human anatomy. When a young child holds one of the parents in hand, there is security, comfort and leadership.

Hands can be deeply personal, each unique in its kind. Hands are honest, you cannot hide from what they speak. Scars, wrinkles, spots, cuts, burns, an unconsciously movement, a unique handwriting, fingerprints, DNA.

Our hands have never been more observant of others than now, as if the hand is somewhat a collective symbol and a source for wrongdoing. In parallel, we yearn to express ourselves, for social stimuli, the tactile and for intimacy.

Coming from a biographical approach in this ongoing project, I want to look closer at what psychological effects isolation has on the human mind. Since the age of 17, I've self-isolated on and off. In adulthood diagnosed with «Avoidant Personality Disorder», my life is not that different now as it was before COVID-19. Having a long-time fascination with hands, I have collected imagery of my own hands over the past ten years and cropped them together, analog, and digital, with photos from recent events and prior. The prior events shown could just as easily illustrate the now, instead what has later been evident is how they reflect my life in general. Hands symbolizes, to me, everything, and nothing; a longing for intimacy and a desire for expressing what I cannot.

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ADRIAN BUGGE

“30th of August”

During this pandemic, the Norwegian state is demolishing the Y-blokk, a late-modernist government building that has been a key part of Oslo since 1970. With cultural institutions closed, bans on gatherings, and the media in pandemic mode, this assault against the city is not being given as much attention as it would do in more normal times. The pandemic had been an opportunity to postpone the demolition and think about it, but despite the fact that Norway stopped completely for a period, the demolition of the building chosen as one of Europe’s seven most endangered cultural monuments by Europa Nostra and the European Investment Bank Institute became destroyed. Pablo Picasso murals Måken (The Seagull) and Fiskerne (The Fishermen) were the only thing the Norwegian authorities saw as valuable and they have simply cut them loose from the building before the rest of the building is brutally destroyed. The murals was made after an idea by Y-blokkas architect Erling Viksjø and the Norwegian artist Carl Nesjar, who was responsible for the technical workmanship, ironically, the Norwegian authorities are only concerned with Picasso and not the architecture that made Picasso give away his works to the Norwegian people.

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ANNE LASS

Low Season - 2020

This year I began working on a project about the low season of the Danish island of Bornholm. My intention was to focus on the low season of the year, which is rarely mentioned when talking about the good life in the rural areas.

During this time, many shops close down, the days are dark and grey and people like to stay inside. These are the days where life slows down. I wanted to explore the duality of the inside and outside and challenge myself to be outside after dark, when it feels much more comfortable to be inside.

When I began to photograph the project, we all heard about the corona outbreak in China, but it still seemed far away. Within a few more weeks the virus was all around us. The images are taken during this special time and though not intended in the first place, it has become difficult not to relate the works to this special situation.

The low season period has extended and might last for the rest of the year and maybe even longer.

The feeling of being inside or outside changed with the situation. These weeks a home can be a hideaway and feel safe, but it can also become a bunker.

And then there is the feeling of waiting for time to pass by. Through the long exposure times of the analogue pictures, and because it is the nature of the photography medium itself, time seems to stand still.

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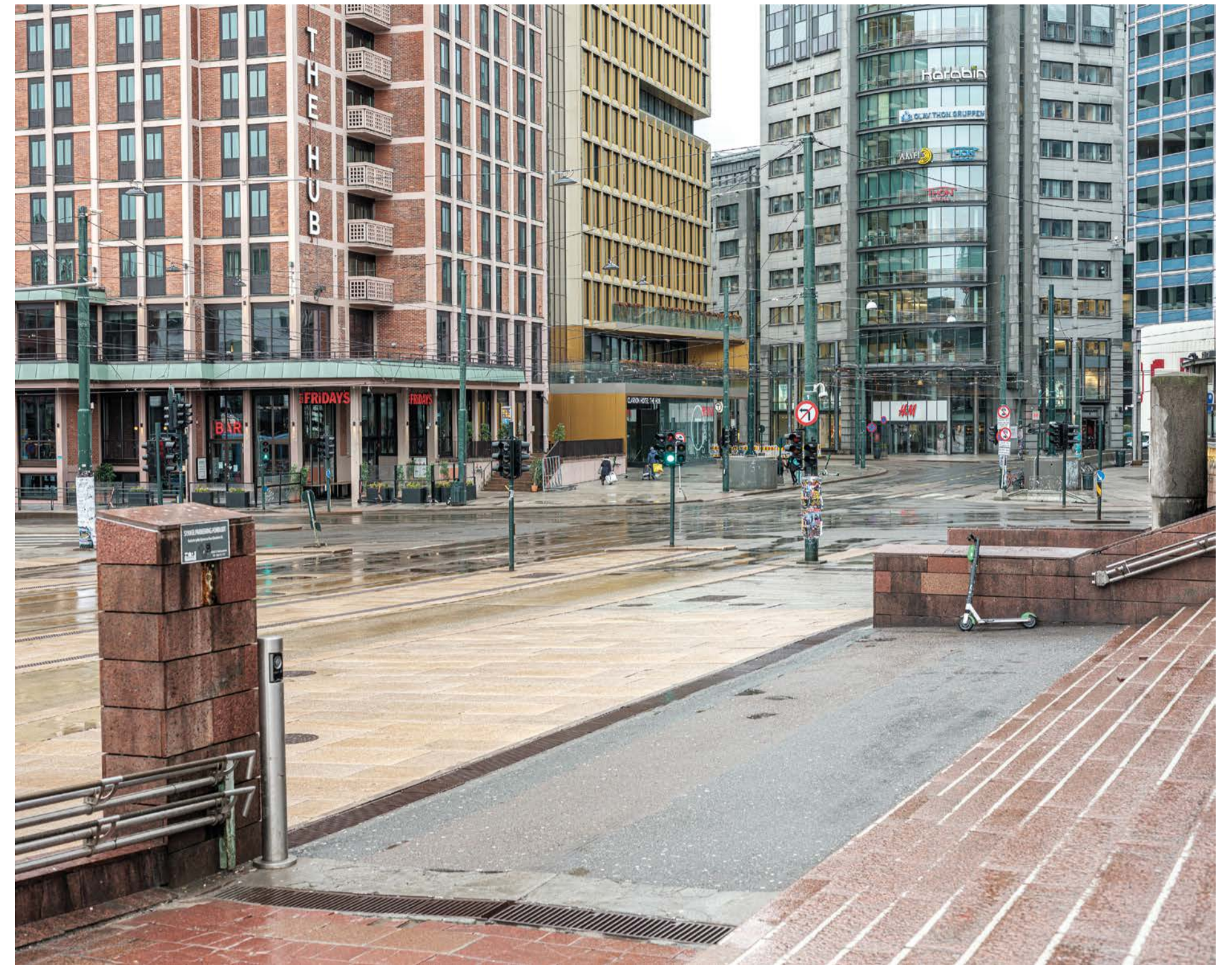


JOAKIM BLOMQUIST

A faded memory

Sometimes when you hear a song or sense a smell you travel back in time to your early childhood. Have you ever experienced that feeling? When first getting into the carwash in 2009 it triggered this faint memory from when Joakim was a child. Or a memory is not entirely correct, it was more of a feeling. Something that is hard to put your finger on. He can't tell much about this occasion more than that he must have accompanied his father and the feeling is exactly the same 40 years later.

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ERLEND BERGE

Corona Landscapes

Photographs of a man-altered Norwegian landscape under Corona-lockdown.

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EINAR SIRA

During this quarantine spring 2020 I have edited my book «Post Vitam» Ales/Animalibus/Plantis.

The book will only be printed in 100 signed ex and will include a small signed print. Due to the «strange days» the production have stoped up and given me chance to do some serious editing and also filling in with new work.

The book will include small poems written by Helge Torvund, Øyvind Rimbereid, Østen Vige Bergøy og Øystein Eldøy.

The introduction of the book is written by the poet Helge Torvund - and there is also a text from Morten Krogvold.

Stay safe and be kind.

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Quarantine in the mountains of Sweden

It was quiet in the mountains.
The privilege and freedom of having the woods in the backyard urged me to see it from a different perspective.
There are stories in the woods, stories of the world we live in.
Footprints from animals we never see.
Footprints from people, horses, snow sleds and skis.
People we never see.
The trees are big and small, clustered or isolated.
Like us.
Some are still standing strong, some have bowed and even broken down from the winters heavy snow.
Life we never see.

HULDA SIF ÁSMUNDSDÓTTIR

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HÅKON RØISLAND

When covid-19 hit us, I became very aware that threats are not always visible and cannot always be fought. When facing a treat, the body often reacts in two ways: First the body goes into an alarm modus. When there is no visible enemy, or the enemy cannot be defeated, the body often reacts with shutting down all nonessential functions. The body becomes numb. It often takes some time to get the body back to function after these reactions. This photograph was created in the transmission between numbing fear and constructive functionalism.

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JÓI KJARTANS

Scorpion Grass (2020)
I was on my way to buy some caramel chocolate.
Met two movers who were cleaning out a basement.
Within the piles of trash I saw a bunch of yellow boxes.
Kodak Carousels.

A higher power wanted me to find these images.
Let's see where this leads us.

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JONAS VALTHERSSON

"Once upon a time in Hollywood"

www.valthersson.com



KINE MICHELLE BRUNIERA

I have to be honest with you, I started this project before Covid-19 came in and changed all of our lives. I wanted to shed a light on the inequality within the school system. But when this pandemic hit us, the project felt even more relevant. My focus then shifted to what the closing of schools meant for a group of kids who views their classrooms as a safe space.

The 13th of March 2020, due to Covid-19, all the schools in Norway closed. With that decision the government took away not only a place for kids to learn, play and be social, but for some kids they took away the only place they can feel safe. 21% of kids in Norway have been subjected to physical violence by their parents, 6% to gross violence and 8% have witnessed violence between their parents.

On March 30th, NRK wrote that "The hospitals lack children with unexplained bruises and wounds", experts were worried that when the schools and kindergartens are closed, the neglect of care becomes more difficult to detect. At the same time, unsafe finances, layoffs and home offices lead to an increase in the level of stress in many families. Concerns and stress are an important risk factor for more violence and more care failure.

My hope is that this project will help shed a light on this issue and make people aware of the kids around them, be there for them and not be afraid to intervene when needed.

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Day 1
12:12 am

A cup of Earl Gray
I embrace the taste
It's an exercise

After all, I'm pretty
good at being
gray

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SIRI EKKER SVENDSEN

Imagination is a tree #12, 2020.

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REBECCA SHIRIN JAFARI

The stillness
that embraced us
was absolute.

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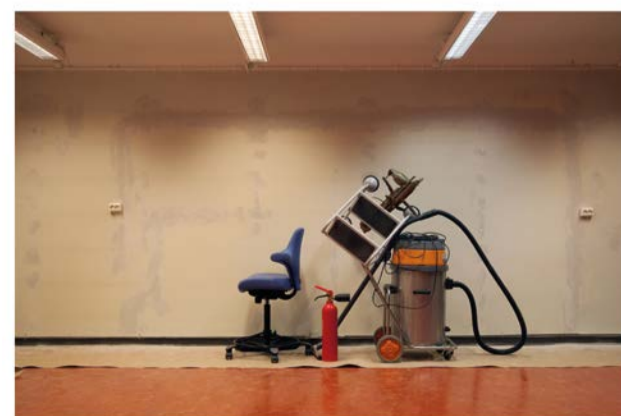


SVIT/ HASETH

During the dog days, late summer 2020, we continued working on our ongoing project: "Hundedagene". Almost 6 months of a pandemic has influenced the work alot. Covid 19 has changed how we see and relate to the world. Old superstition connected to Dog days does not seem that mysterious anymore. Work in progress.

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ULLA SCHILDT

Still Life

In March 2020, everything changed. The schools closed, work was postponed and the streets emptied. We were all trapped inside. Outside we were all potential enemies. After a few days, it was no longer fun.

I read books, I went through the papers and started looking at old work. Looking at my archives, I found three still-life images; a parrot, a woodpecker and a swan and a dove. Somehow funny in the absurd emptiness of the corridor.

There was something nice about that silence. It was a different silence, it was self-elected, and I think it felt right. Looking at these pictures made me remember that silence is something you need to get used to.

Finding the parrot, woodpecker, swan and dove was a happy reunion. Having a quiet time is not so bad after all. It is ok. There are things to do and places to go. It just takes time to adjust. We are lucky.

www.schildt.no

ELI HAUGEN SANDNES

Quarantine in solitude. Caring for my inner health and the space that surrounds me. It's me. Hours, days, weeks, months. No trip to the sunny south this year. Folding, cutting, rearranging and adding layers to frozen childhood memories. A therapeutic process, both melancholic and vitalizing, step by step towards a gestalt. What do you do? What do you feel? What do you want? What do you avoid? What do you expect?

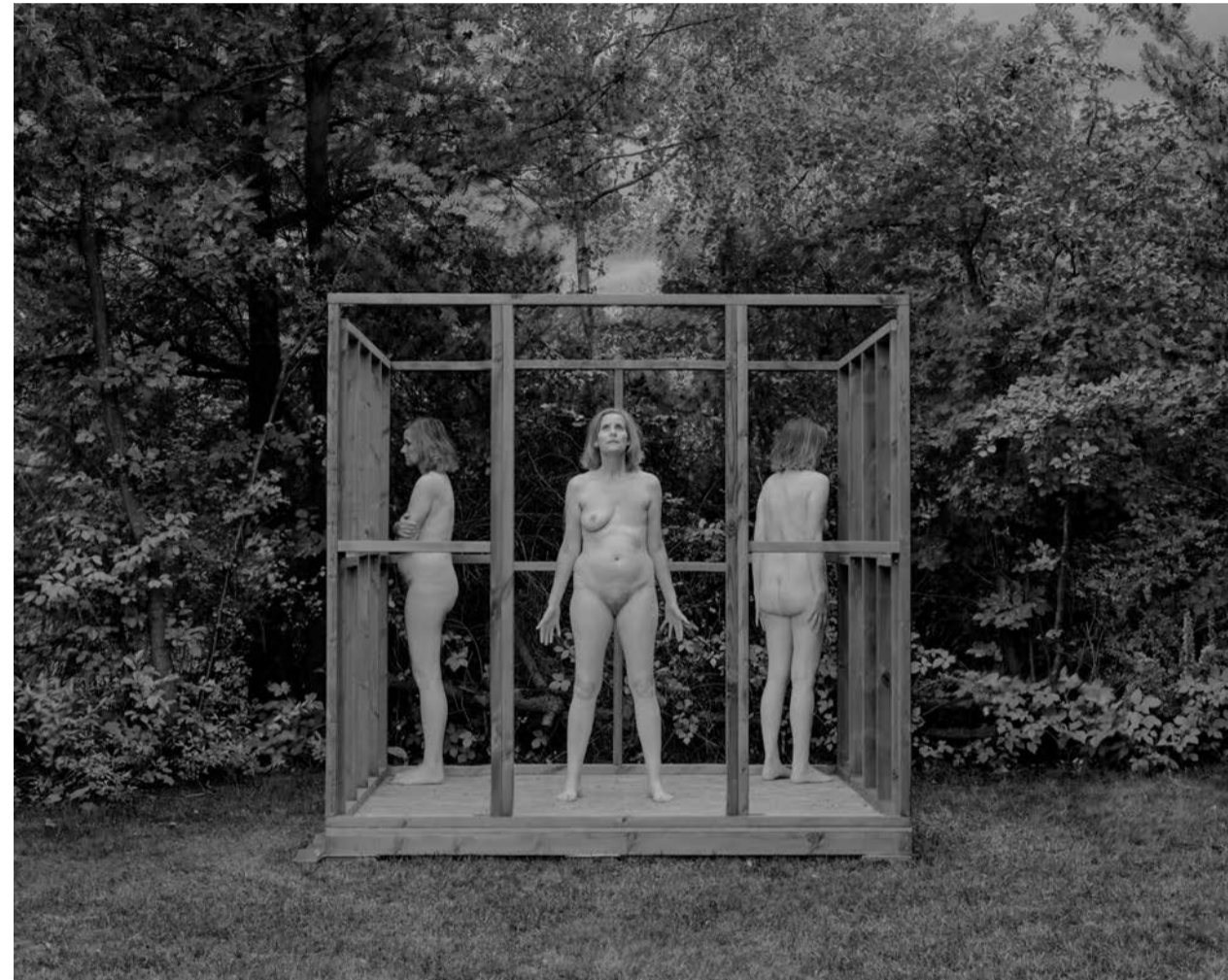
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ADEY

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LINDA HANSEN

Testimony

In my new work "Why NOT me?" I work with the self-portrait. I use myself to tell my stories. The living conditions that affect us all. The universal stories about life. The difficult times when life is shit. The perishability of a woman.

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JON GOROSPE

The images belonging to "Local Guide - Basqueland" are the result of various digital drifts on on-line street maps. Jon Gorospe has re-photographed the views that the users create for these platforms with the intention of completing the corners not yet captured by Google cameras.

The archive created is geographically delimited to the territory of the Basqueland (Spain and France), and focuses on the anthropized Basque landscape. Harbors and industrial areas; streets and plazas or university campuses and sports centers; These scenarios are some of the spaces that Gorospe has online-visited to in his photographic sessions, paying attention to the superposition formed by the passage of time on the landscape, creating the idiosyncrasy of the Basque urban territory.

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KAI HANSEN

Looking out from my home-office window I see straight into big pine trees growing along the river Lysakerelva. The choice for nature photography these days is then to photograph the pine trees. As I go for the small things, I choose to reveal the details of the thin flakes of bark that falls off the trunks of the pines and are easy to find on the ground. Who would know that the pine was such a great creator of aquarelle paintings and nice shapes? A small surprise about the world just outside the door is something to appreciate.

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KATHARINE MACDAID

What I have been doing while in quarantine...

On Thursday March 12th I was lying on my bunkbed in a hostel in the tiny village of Ballintoy on the Antrim coast when my partner, Chris Harrison, called me and said I should get a flight back to Oslo. I was only at the beginning of a month-long journey throughout Northern Ireland. I was hesitant, I'd been alone for the previous 10 days, quite oblivious to the mounting crisis and didn't quite comprehend the necessity of Chris's request. The following day I drove southwest to Strabane, to my cousin's home just near the Irish border. As the weekend came, the Irish government announced it was to close schools and very quickly the situation became more urgent. By Monday I was standing at passport control at Gardermoen Airport waiting to find out if I was going to be allowed back into Norway. I was almost turned away.

I went into self-quarantine with Chris and waited eagerly to have my films processed. I soon discovered both my cameras had failed on me, something that has never, ever happened. I lost quite a lot of work, and after a good cry realised if I had continued on for the rest of my journey, I would have lost even more. Strange timing... Normally, I would have got to work in the darkroom, printing workprints and filing them away for future edits. Yet, scared of unknowingly spreading something while stumbling around in the dark touching every surface, plus not knowing when I would get back to the UK to restock my favourite Fuji paper, I confined myself to the computer. I've been working solely with scans and have been forced to think a little differently. During this unusual time of seclusion, I've had to reassess my typical and somewhat stringent method of working, and it has been an enjoyable time of experiment. I'm sharing some very new images from photographs made during the 10 days I was in Northern Ireland. I've been playing with presentation, testing out a way to both physically and metaphorically confront the landscape.

I've been making work in Northern Ireland for the last year or so. The project, When the Black Dreams Come, follows on from a series about my parents, Kate and Denis, and like my other projects, it's concerned with the emotional and psychological power of landscape, and its relationship to autobiography. My mother grew up in Protestant East Belfast and my father was raised Catholic in Derry. They left Northern Ireland in 1970, married in London and moved abroad. I was born in Belfast but was brought up in the Middle East and America before being sent to school in Northern Ireland and eventually ending up in London as a teenager. My relationship to 'home' as a defining framework has never been fully realised, I have always felt a restless longing for some imaginary place.

It's not lost on me that in this recent turn of events, when things got a little scary, I decided to leave Northern Ireland and get back to Chris. Home could quite simply be where we feel the safest...

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Along the coast between Ballywaite and Ballyhalbert, County Down, Northern Ireland



Sea front house, Portavogie, County Down, Northern Ireland



Newcastle beach, County Down, Northern Ireland



Tullyframe Road, Attical, County Down



DAGNY HAY

My ongoing project "Empire of Light" is about the proliferation of blue-emitting LEDs in our artificially lit lives. It focuses on the reasons why we are not sleeping today - so many are struggling to get the sleep they don't know they need...sleep I didn't know I needed.

As a teenager I adopted a deranged sleep-wake cycle because of my interest in computers. I could stay up for days feeling drunk from light exposure and when I finally crashed I only slept for two hours. During an episode of sleep paralysis I had an out of the body experience watching my self together with a demonic beast on the bed. Fast forward ten years everyone is addicted to screens.

We are immigrating to another world made real to us by active matrix organic light emitting diodes and organic light emitting diode subpixels (these are just fancy words for different LED lights that you find in your everyday smartphone screen). This pandemic has made it the

new norm by suggesting that social media and staying connected through screens is a (poor) substitute for actual human contact and interaction. Today being glued to a keyboard or plural screens is not considered extreme behaviour, neither is binge-watching or getting the blues because you have finished every episode of your favourite show. This March, in self-voluntary quarantine, I made a series of self-portraits that I called "Scenes From Your Favourite Epic Movie (Featuring the Conspiracy Pants)". I felt that news were travelling too fast and wanted to comment on society's problem with patience and restlessness.

Other influences might be East Asian Movies because they are so violent (beastly) and I like this storytelling better because it shows the good behaviour with the bad and vice versa. No one is either a hero or a loser as life is always simultaneously good and very shit.

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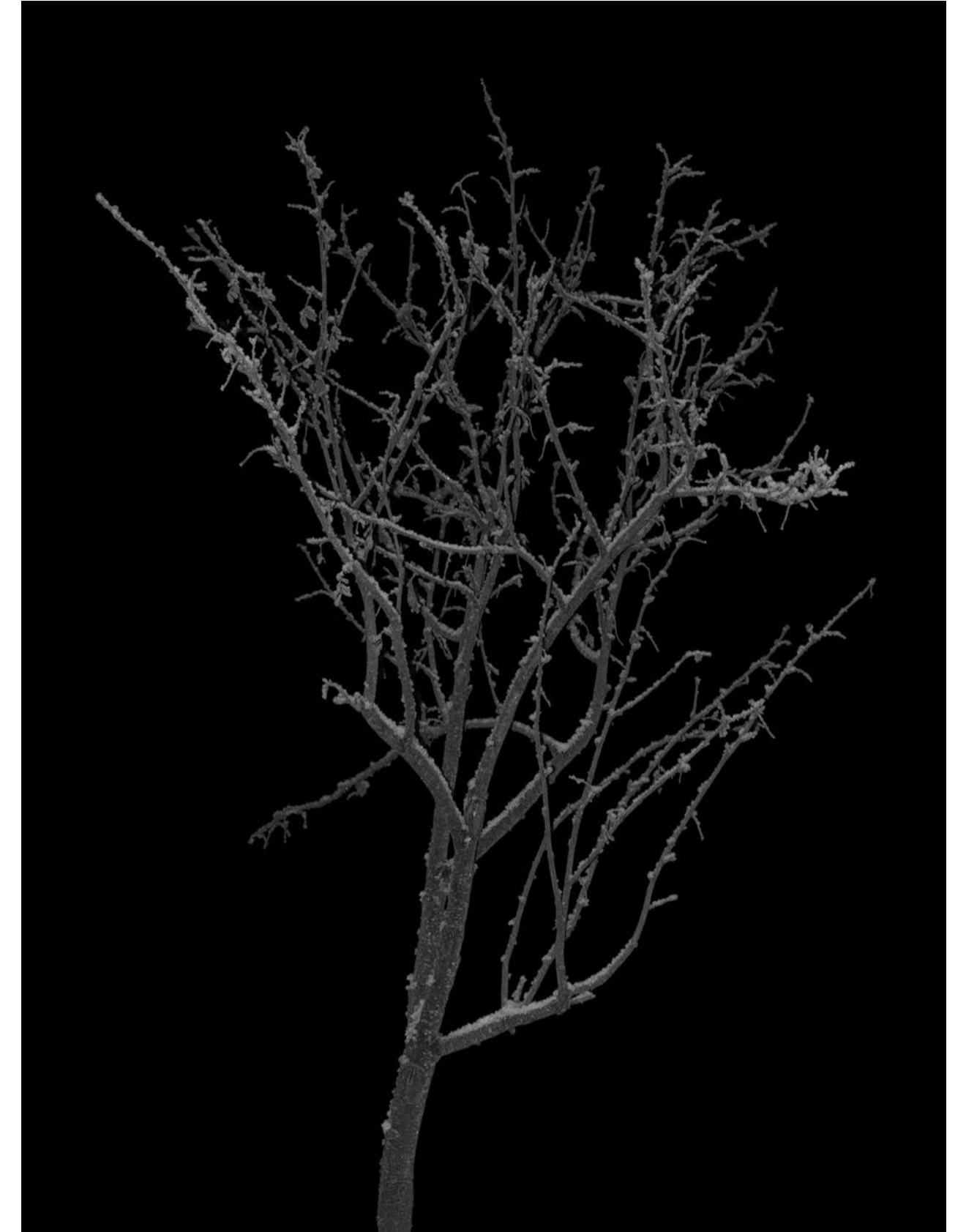
KRISTINA KVALVIK

Daytime talk, Nighttime walk. 2020
Still from film.

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LISBETH JOHANSEN

The Threshold

Denmark is in lockdown, I am keeping up.

Withdrawn in my apartment, I have online meetings with my collaborators in Sweden. They are still in the free world. I feel like the loyal partisan in defense for my state. We are working on the design of my book.

The fact that my book is about sorrow and loss, has a sense of timing.

I made the last images close to winter solstice. Now, the spring is coming, and everything is in bloom, while the world is in zero.

I try to embrace the paradox.

Meanwhile, Denmark is taking steps to open up again. I'm trying to keep up.

Preparing myself to cross the threshold.

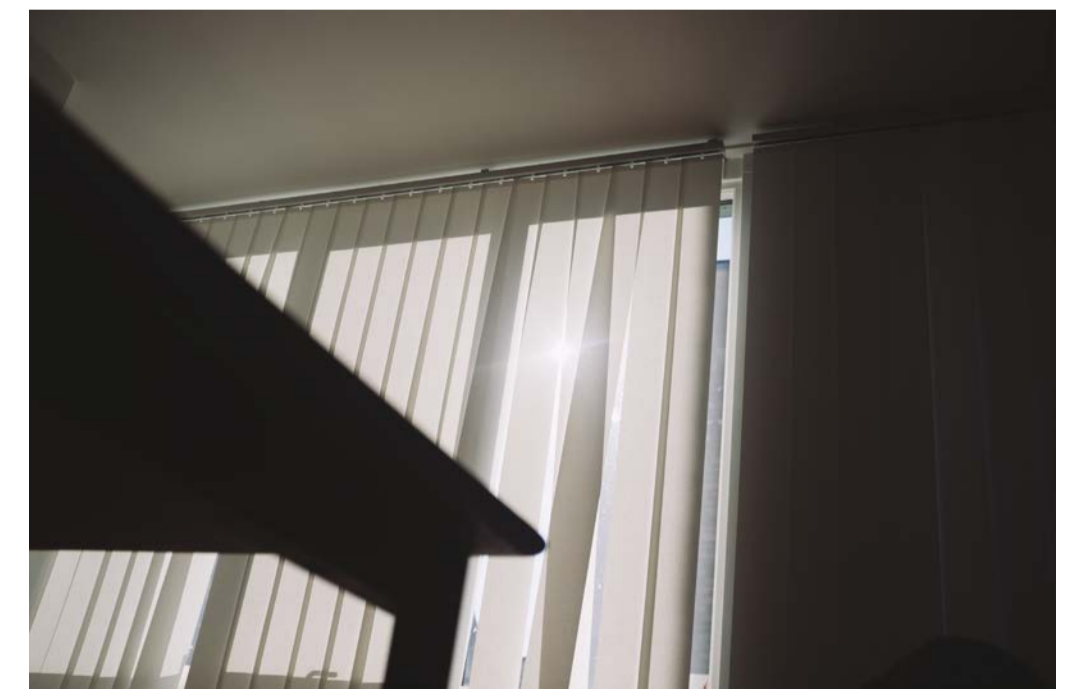
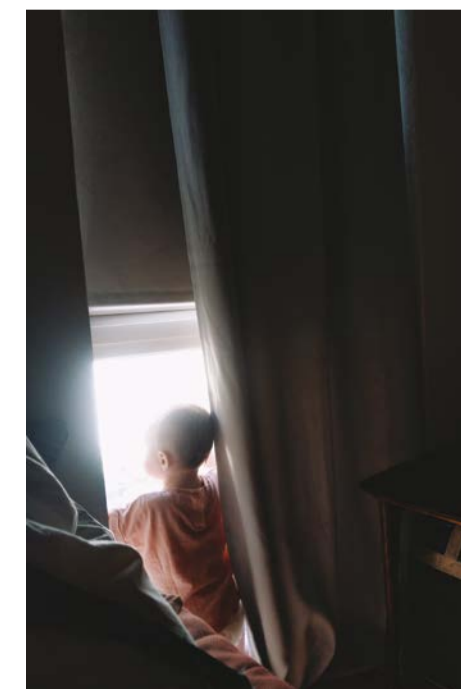
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MONA ØDEGAARD

The first year. So much happens with baby, mother and family - an infinite amount of love for this growing child you've created. At the same time, lurking in the shadows is a fear of losing yourself and an unease that you're not enjoying the moment. Then the lockdown came and the turning of the earth slowed; for a moment all is well.

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RASMUS VASLI

The displayed, yet to be titled project, is a small, recited version of something I've been working on for the last 10 years. The quarantine has given me time to reflect and bring together old works that was never meant to be shown. During the period in which most of these portraits were taken, I often found myself in new situations seeking and feeling on loneliness. Very much how I imagine many of us must have felt during the last couple of months.

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Day-sleep #4.



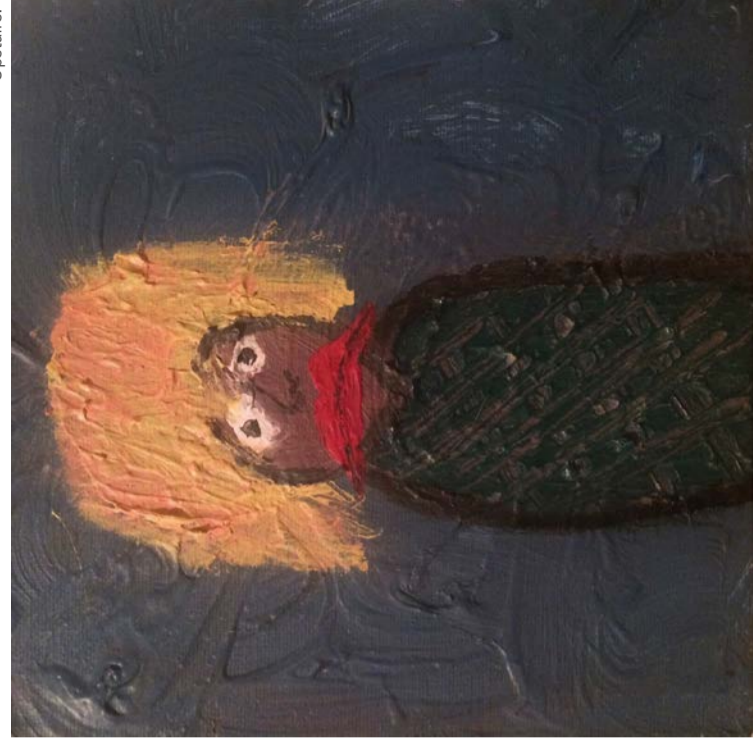
Upstairs.



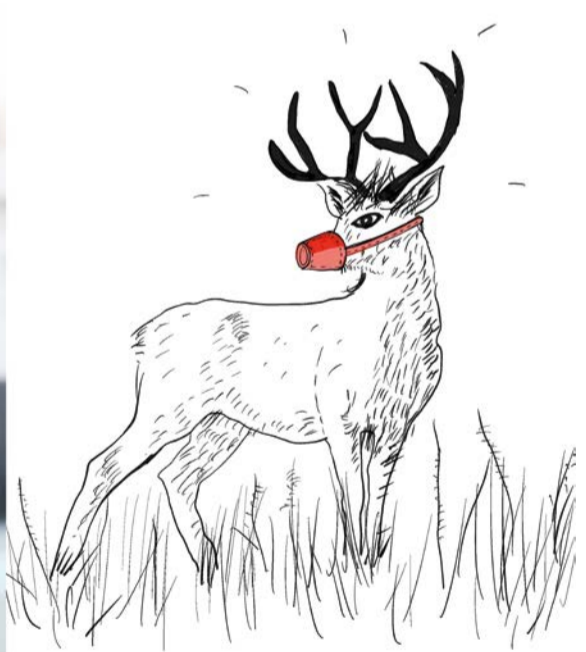
My wife.



Day-sleep #2.



Self-portrait.



SABINA JACOBSSON

12.03.20 –
From the 12th of march and forward I have been working at home with my family. It's been mostly homeschooling and the chaos in having multiple roles simultaneously. It has also been a lovely time. Getting closer to each other and doing the slowly things again. Small, perhaps insignificant but noticeably conspicuous observations. The making of drawings and photography in nature. The work I am presenting is two different expressions that are put together to create a connection and a narrative.

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TOR S. ULSTEIN

Limited

I have been gazing a lot out of the windows these past weeks. both out of the apartment and in to the phone.

In the quarantine, the ordinary and extraordinary aspects of life seem very distant, but still closer, the trivial and incidentally more fascinating and composed as if you are a goldfish in a bowl staring out into the world.

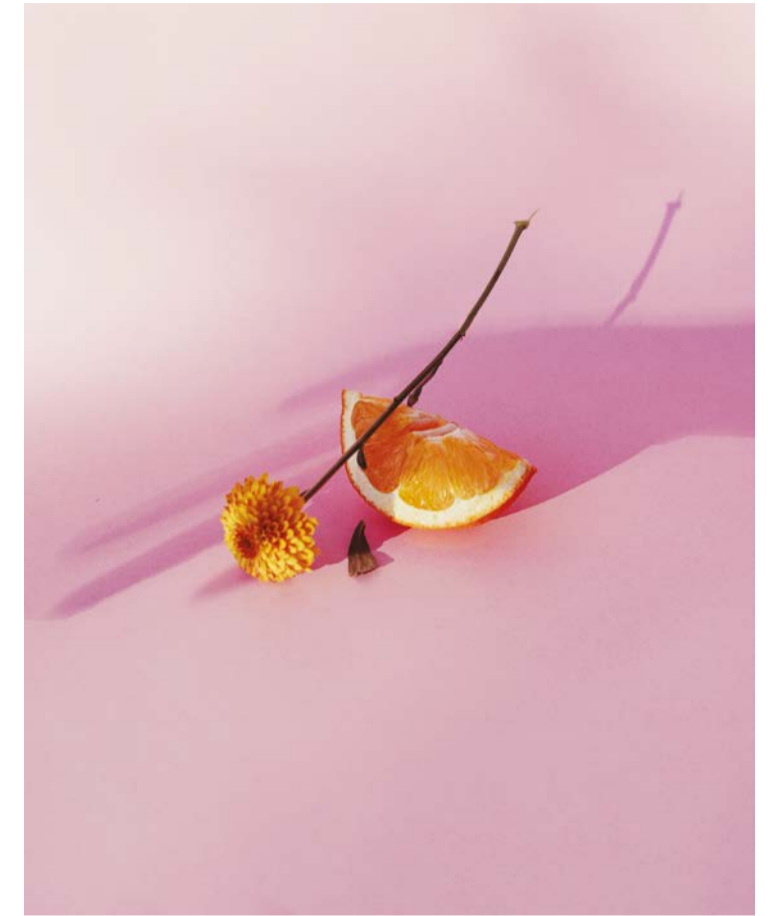
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SOFIE SUND

Spring fever

www.sofiesund.com
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Selfportrait with a perished friend.



See you in Nangijala.

CHARLIE FJÄTSTRÖM

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WILL VICKERS

The last time I got on a plane was March 4th, 2020 – that was to come home to Stockholm. This is the longest I have been in one place for about 5 years.

I remember thinking when I got to Arlanda airport whether Sweden was the right place to be during Covid-19 – should I be with my Dad in the UK? With my partner and her family in New York? But – here we have been, in Sweden, pottering around my studio and apartment.

One of the joys of being a photographer for me are the happy bizarre occurrences and joyous accidents – namely exposing something ‘wrong’ which actually turns out to be perfect – or forgetting about a certain photograph and then rediscovering it when making contact sheets... I have been reorganising my studio and finding old prints from varying series – and they’ve almost organised themselves – falling into ‘wrong’ drawers or suddenly being included in a different portfolio.

I am slowly realising my unconscious is always entirely in control when I photograph - it has a remarkable clarity on subject matter, composition and particularly feeling.

The photographs included here are taken on Riksvägen 70 in Sweden, and at a market in Istanbul; and then at Mint Club in Leeds and then in Uppsala, Sweden.

If I had been working, travelling and escaping myself as much as I have done in the past – I wouldn’t have been able to allow myself the time to play in the studio with my prints as much as I have been able to. Time to slow down, time to feel. I am eternally grateful for the chance and opportunity to be ever curious...

May 2020

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BÅRD EK

*TIMES ARE TOUGHT NOW, JUST GETTING TOUGHER
THIS WHOLE WORLD IS ROUGH, IT'S JUST GETTING ROUGHER
COVER ME, COME ON BABY, COVER ME.*

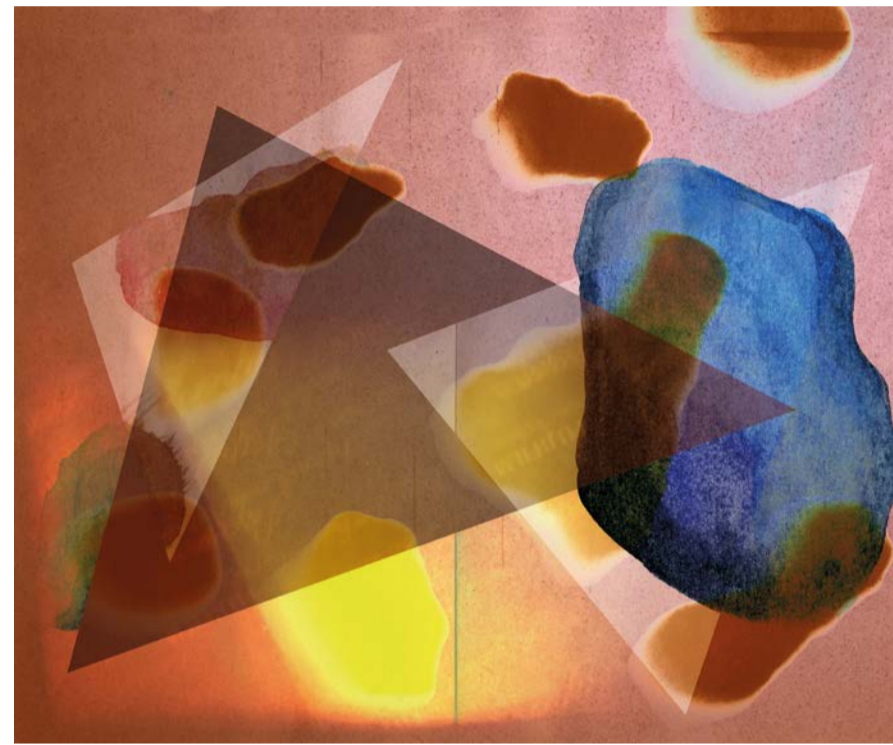
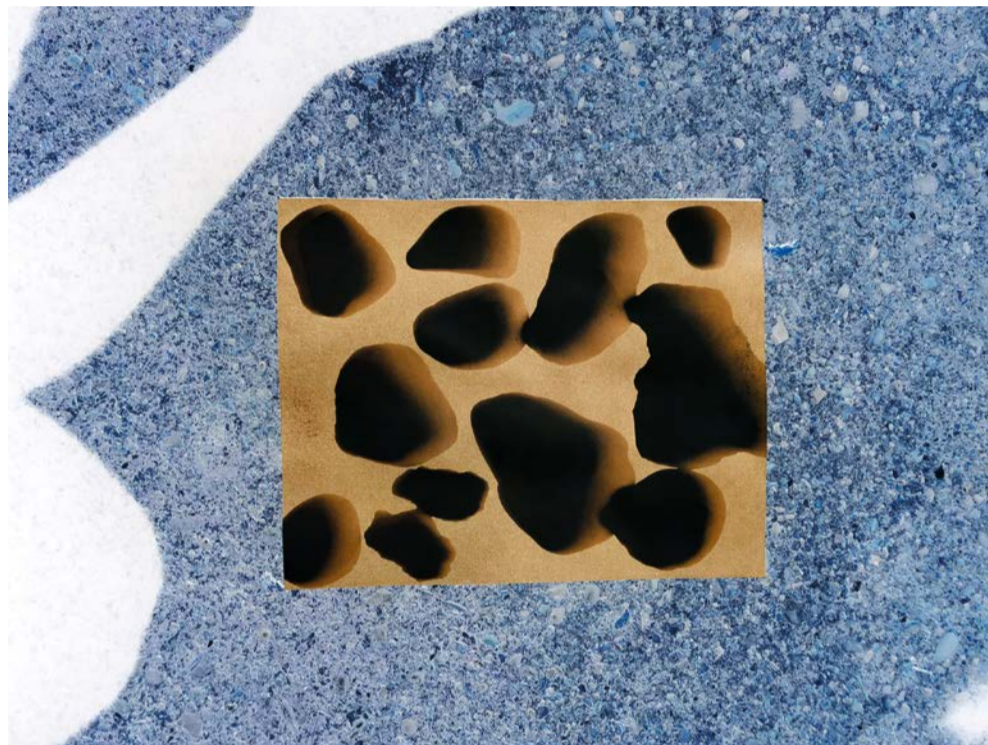
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BRIDGE & THOMSEN

pool, 2020 is a collaborative photographic experiment by artists Thom Bridge in London and Sonja Thomsen in Milwaukee. Using personal collections of rocks transplanted from distinct geographies the artists have generated digital collages, projection and sculptural work during the six months of the COVID pandemic. *pool* (51 x 91 cm—photographs, foil, glass and shelf) was shown at Edelman Gallery in Chicago this summer and *pool* (ii) (4-minute video) was projected from a balcony at artist-run festival Balconnection in Izmir, Turkey and screened in London as part of South Bermondsey Art Trail organised by Sid Motion Gallery. Invested in artistic ecosystems grounded in collaboration and synergy, Bridge and Thomsen invite you to wander within the many accumulations that are *pool*.

www.thombridge.com
 @thom_bridge

www.sonjathomsen.com
 @sonja_rthomsen

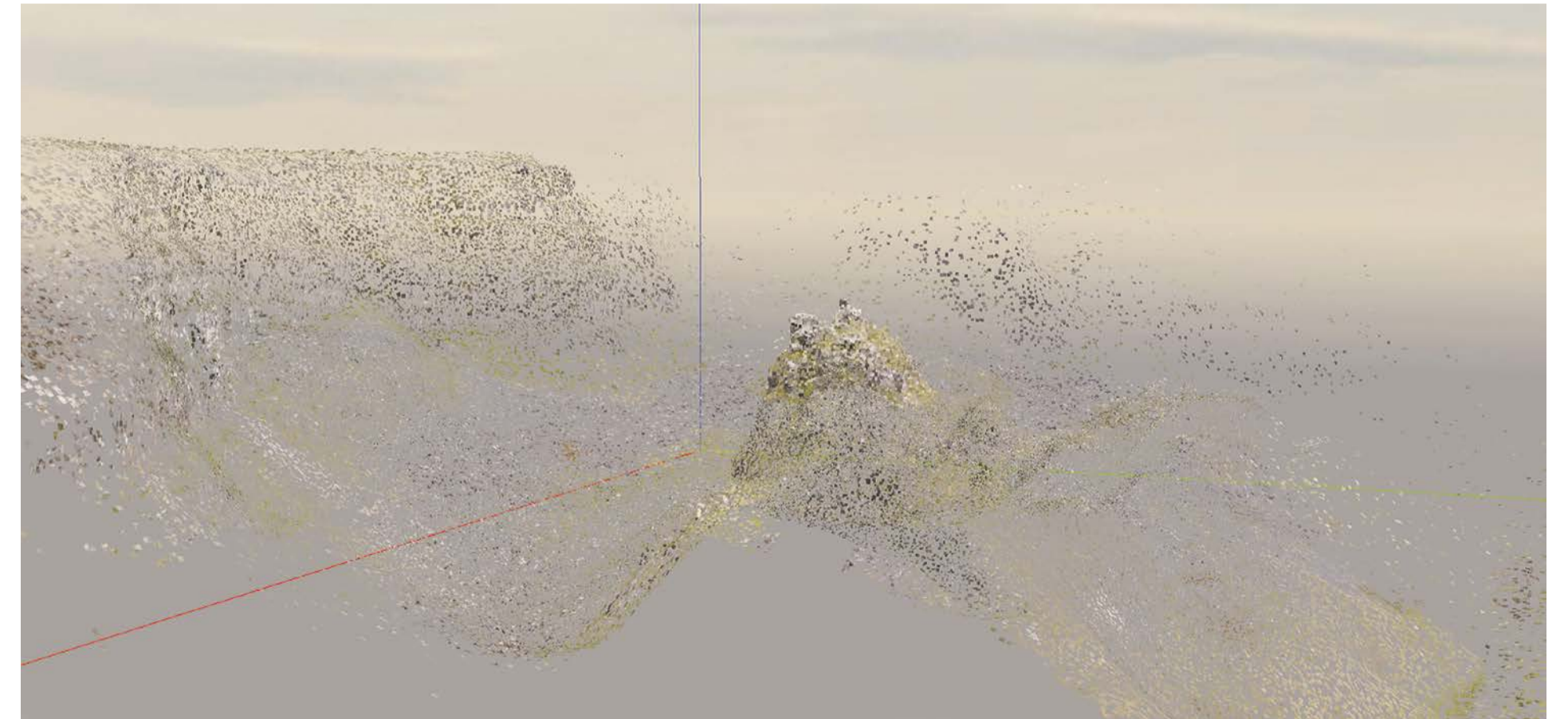


TRUDE BEKK

Mountains are to the rest of the body of the earth, what violent muscular action is to the body of a man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, - yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This then is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and rest, from the inactive plains, sleeping like firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan heads to Heaven, saying, 'I live for ever' (Ruskin 1904, 92-93).

As a natural continuation of '#Climbing#Mountains' (shown in the UCS S online issue 'In Quarantine'), and in response to the fact that I was stuck in London during most of Covid 19 Lockdown this spring, I am creating a virtual world where you can explore mountains right in your own living room. If for some reason you can not go on a (real) mountain hike, then why not go on a virtual mountain hike? With mah cool new drone, some digital photogrammetry and Tom, I can reconstruct actual mountains as detailed 3D models. Images show how hundreds of detail-photos are being patched together to create the model. Please follow the progress and my love-letter to the the mountain on my website.

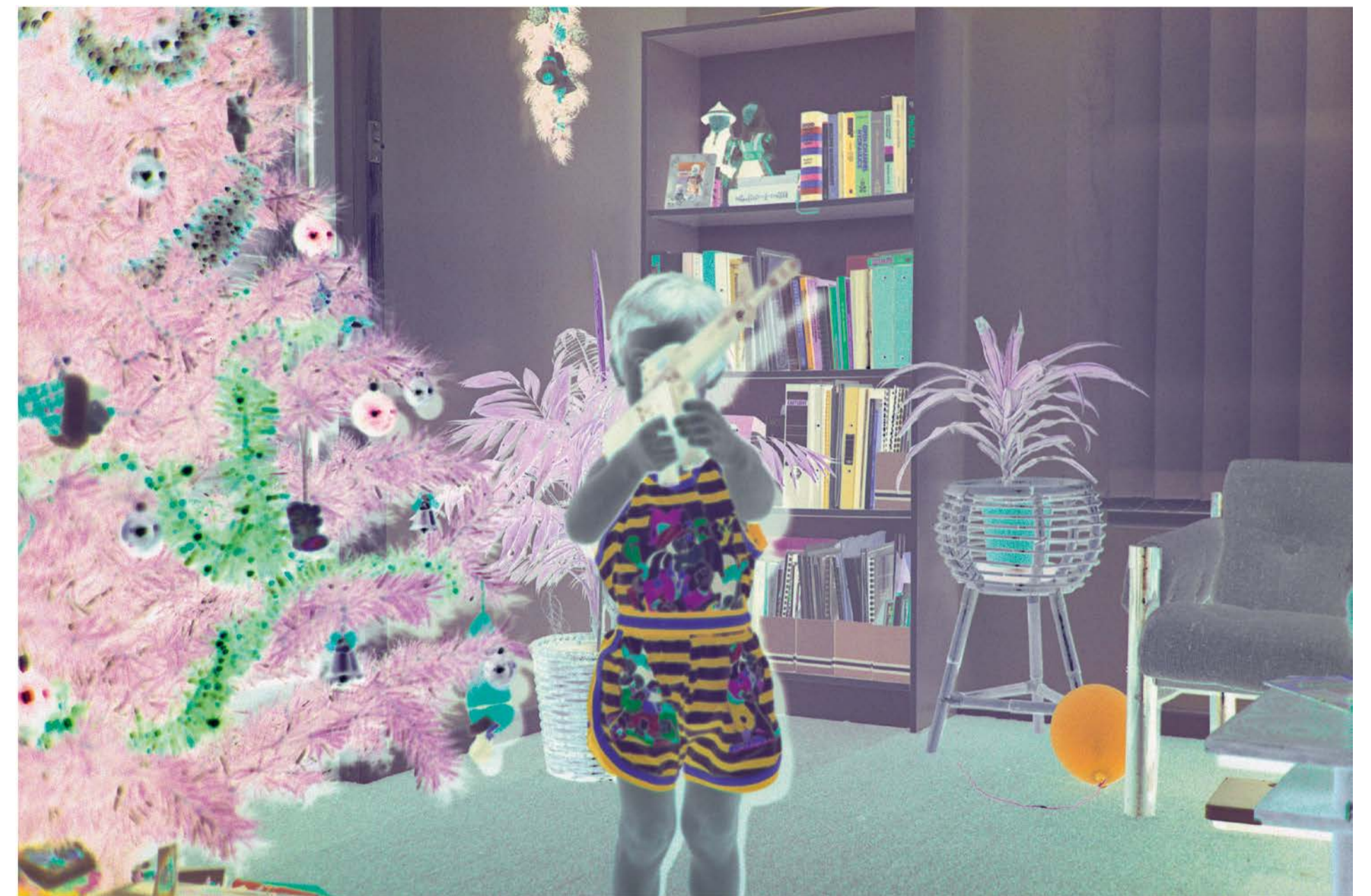
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Christmas crossfire.

DANIEL P. AGUNG

Don't Dream It's Over

As it turns out, I am one of the last generations from Australia to have grown up with analogue photography as the standard. This is more significant than the trip to the chemist it took to, finally, see the photos we'd taken; it marks the end of an era in which analogue processes defined much of our visual culture and understanding of the world around us. Today, photography primarily exists in a digital form with it's own aesthetics, but memories of trying to decipher reality through inverted colours on small, semi-opaque substrates brought me back to a place where photography consciously existed as careful, aesthetic experience.

www.danielpagung.portfoliobox.net
 @leinadlad



What I want to do when I turn ten.

MARIT SILSAND

Titles taken from Sylvia Plaths poem «Tulips», written about the state of mind to a patient in hospital.

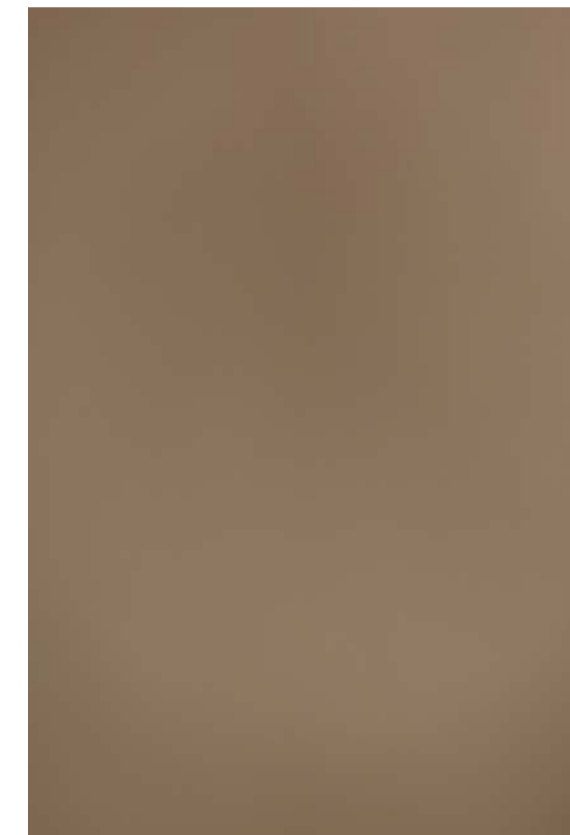
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Trapped.



Between the eye of the sun and the eyes of the tulips.



MARIA GOSSÉ

Looking for Walden

I use photography to explore women's lives, and subcultures such as the Norwegian burlesque scene. But the social distancing of the corona lockdown has made me turn to nature.

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