

0 FELIX GAUDLITZ

3 Knut Ivar Aaser
Bordskikk
26.1.–2.3.2019

Anachronisms are handed out. Tossed around. Traded. Someone had their way with another person's card collection. Or – by way of poker parlance – we could be dealing with an exposed *four flusher*.

Supper.

Decoction, served cold. It seems as if melancholic food pairing is carrying an odour of etching ink.

Sluuurpp*

We are the haunting spook, searching for flaws. Tiles switch places; subtly changing the character of conversations.

*Manipulation is a sport for liquid souls.

Tarald Wassvik