solution

anthropocene



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editorial

In the fourth century BCE Alexander arrived in Gordium, the former capital of the Phrygian kingdom, reduced to a province of the Persian empire. Gordium was also the home of the Gordian knot, which tied the symbol of the Phrygian monarchy, the oxcart, to a post in the city. An oracle had declared that whoever was able to untie the knot was destined to conquer all of Asia. As the popular account states, Alexander approached the knot and cut it apart with a single slash of his sword. This is an abbreviated version of one of the most famous solutions in history, so much so that a gordian knot has become a metaphor for a difficult problem with a simple solution. Interestingly enough the etymology of the word Solution in both English and Norwegian, Løsning, is tied to knots. Both roots come from the act of loosening knots, *solvere* from Latin and *løysa* in Norse. Today, however, Solution takes two different, though not entirely disconnected, meanings. The definition you would likely be most familiar with: the answer to a problem. Or the one perhaps more familiar to chemists: a mixing of different substances.

The word itself therefore gives us a hint into how we can work with solutions as anthropologists. First of all, solutions can mean coming together. Chemists use solutions as a tool in order to better understand the world around them. In the same way anthropologists look at the coming together of different people to understand how society is made up. In what ways do people act when in close contact with others? What happens when the anthropologist is introduced to that solution? Much like chemists study substances, we can study the coming together of people and the ways in which they are proverbially boiled like a solution in a beaker (though not in a laboratory setting).

Secondly, to work with solutions means to dissect a problem into its components. Much like one looks for the ends of a knot before pulling at its strings to loosen it, one needs to understand the parts which make up one's field of study before one can begin to untangle it. What roles are at play in a situation? What interests are represented? What interests are suppressed? All imperative questions to any problem, and equally so to any proposed solution.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, to work with solutions means to work with purpose. It means to aspire to something greater, yet recognize the reality of one's field of study. It is far too easy for academics to fixate on the problem. For many the intricacies of the twists and turns of the many gordian knots to be found around the world, would be far more interesting than the swords that are used to cut them. Why not study the craftsmanship of the sword used to cut the knot instead? Why not create our own swords? Put it clearly, how can anthropology contribute to the worlds it studies?

In this issue our contributors have explored the concept of solutions in many different ways. Luiz Felipe Medina Hancio discusses solutions in the interactions between modernity and indigeneity, and how the modern state imposes solutions onto indigenous communities. Valentine Louis explores the role of the ethnographer as a solvent, mixing different experiences within themselves to produce ethnographic work. Between the chemical and the knot, Sara Martinez Belendez proposes analogue photography as a methodological solution, using assemblages of contemporary and archival photographs from South Greenland to rethink ethnographic seeing. Jonathan Weigert looks at the "cramping" that comes when NGOs search for solutions to complex issues. Piero Trias returns to the ethnograper and reflects on the ways in which his fieldwork connects him to his family history of living in exile and how the experience of exile unites diasporic communities. Finally Yasir Islam discusses the importance of ethnographic writing in the age of AI.

This is the second issue of the revived Antropress, and while it likely will not be contributing to loosening the many knots we find ourselves in today, we hope that you continue to think about solutions after you have put down this issue. The Editorial Collective would like to thank all of our contributors for their excellent work, and we would like to thank you, the reader, for picking up this issue. Additionally, we would like to thank Norsk Antropologisk Forening for supporting the issue financially. Finally we would like to encourage you to look out for the announcement of the next issue and consider contributing to its creation.

We hope you enjoy!

by Audun Enstad in representation of
the Antropress Editorial Collective





the collective

Antropress is run by an editorial collective of bachelor and master students from sosialantropologisk institutt at Universitetet i Oslo. For this issue the team has been:

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Piero Trias

MA Student at UiO. I arrived in Norway in August 2025 to develop a better understanding how Uruguayans experienced and remember political exile in Scandinavian countries during the late 1970s and 1980s, and how alliances and solidarities, formed during that period, continue to unfold across the Atlantic. As a descendant of Uruguayan exiles in Denmark myself, my research is also informed by a biographical and transgenerational engagement with the stories I work with. With strong interest in collaborative and public anthropology through ethnographic filmmaking, I explore how exile experiences and solidarities are being understood, maintained and reimagined across generations and national borders.

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Solution, Integration and Vulnerability:

Reflections from Vale Do Ribeira and Sápmi

By Luiz Felipe Medina Hancio

The proposal of the Løsning/Solution edition invites a critical examination of "solution" in contexts where energy infrastructures, public policies, and climate transition projects are presented as technical responses to social problems produced by the very centers of the capitalist system. My research experience with Caiçara, Quilombola and Guarani communities in Vale do Ribeira (Brazil), combined with a FAPESP-funded BEPE internship at UiT in northern Norway, shows that the notion of solution, when applied to Indigenous peoples and local communities, often operates as a mechanism of assimilation, displacement and neutralization of ways of life. This text examines how "solution" becomes a central political category in the formulation of energy projects—whether through the chronic absence of adequate solutions (as in Vale do Ribeira) or through the imposition of external solutions (as in Sápmi).

In contemporary debates on energy transition in Brazil and Norway, solution is commonly framed as a technical matter: expanding grids, installing turbines, building dams, modernizing infrastructure. However, ethnographic work reveals that such interventions are never experienced solely as technological innovations. Critical writing by Sánchez Contreras et al. (2023) shows that solutions carry centralized decision-making regimes, disregard Indigenous territorialities, and rely on technoscientific rationalities that fail to recognize diverse ecological and environmental ontologies. Thus, "solution" legitimizes interventions, stabilizes decisions and naturalizes hierarchies between forms of knowledge.

Ethnographic material from Vale do Ribeira shows that the lack of access to electricity cannot be understood as a technical failure, but as a structural pattern of absence linked to environmental racism (Harvey, 2004; Silva, 2012). Conservationist legislation, deliberate infrastructural precarization and state neglect combine to produce vulnerability.

The recognition of conservation units as biodiversity heritage (celebrated by hegemonic institutions) ignores that conservation has always depended on the historical presence of Indigenous peoples and traditional communities (Diegues, 2007). The creation of these protected areas often expelled their original inhabitants, converting them into populations classified as "minorities" and subjected to processes of structural vulnerability.

In this context, the vulnerability experienced by Indigenous, quilombola and caiçara communities cannot be understood merely as the result of state absence or administrative failure. It reflects a structural dynamic in which certain populations are produced as expropriable—that is, as groups whose territories, knowledges and capacities for social reproduction can be appropriated to sustain circuits of capitalist accumulation. As Nancy Fraser argues, capitalism operates through a "dual logic": on one side, exploitation of workers directly incorporated into the market; on the other, expropriation of racialized, colonized or marginalized populations, whose structural function is to provide material conditions for the formal economy, whether through land dispossession, violence, state coercion or the systematic devaluation of their forms of life (Fraser, 2016; Fraser & Jaeggi, 2018).

Latin American literature often translates this expanded dimension of expropriation as expoliação, highlighting that it involves more than classical economic appropriation: it includes withdrawal

of rights, institutional degradation and destruction of social conditions of existence—processes historically experienced by Indigenous peoples in Brazil.

Energy thus emerges as a structuring element of social reproduction. The absence of continuous supply compromises health, education, communication and local economies, forcing communities to purchase their own solar systems. When the state eventually arrives, it does so belatedly, inconsistently or accompanied by bureaucratic procedures that disregard the historical permanence of these communities—sometimes mobilizing coercive mechanisms to protect a notion of "nature" whose conservation has always been co-produced with human presence. Consequently, what the state presents as "solutions" often remains a distant abstraction for these communities, while community-led solutions emerge as practices of self-determination and territorial continuity.

During my research internship in Norway, I observed the inverse manifestation of the same problem. In Sápmi, energy solutions are not scarce but overly abundant. The legacy of assimilation policies, particularly the process of fornorskning, has shaped a relation in which the state perceives Sámi territory as available for strategic interventions (Briggs, 2006; Dalland, 1983).

The Alta Hydropower Dam conflict (Sand, 2022) consolidated the perception that technical solutions can function as instruments for delegitimizing Indigenous practices. Sámi mobilization transformed the episode into a landmark in the struggle for constitutional rights (Josefsen & Saglie, 2024). This process resonates with Brazil in the 1980s, when the Indigenous movement secured key guarantees in the 1988 Constitution.

Yet the paradigm of sustainable development has not broken with earlier logics of accumulation. Contemporary "green" projects — such as the wind farms in Fosen (Laframboise, 2023; Vågenes et al., 2023; Fjellheim, 2023) — continue to be implemented without full consultation, producing deep impacts on herding practices and Sámi territoriality. The "green solution" thus assumes a role similar to that of Latin American developmentalism: both legitimized by discourses of urgency, innovation and necessity.

Juxtaposing Vale do Ribeira and Sápmi reveals a shared tension: in Brazil, solutions do not arrive; in Norway, they arrive by imposition. In both contexts, solution functions as a vector of coloniality—through omission in the Global South and through excess in the Global North.

Far from being neutral, energy solutions can produce vulnerability when they ignore the cosmological, ecological and political dimensions that structure relations between peoples and territories. What is presented as solution may, in practice, become dissolution: of practices, knowledges, rhythms of life and ecological coexistence.

The exchanges fostered during my research internship showed that both Sámi communities and those in Vale do Ribeira build their own solutions—not as technical responses, but as relational and political practices. Community organization, rights claiming, strengthening of ecological management networks and maintenance of territorial ties constitute forms of solving that cannot be separated from everyday life. Understood this way, solution ceases to be a product and becomes an ongoing process of collective life-making.

Taken together, these two ethnographic contexts show that energy solutions can generate integration or disintegration, depending on the power relations that shape them. When functioning as colonial devices, they dissolve ways of life and impose external rationalities; when emerging from the territories themselves, they reinforce collective capacities and affirm rights. Vale do Ribeira and Sápmi demonstrate that energy problems are not merely technical, but deeply political. Recognizing this is fundamental for imagining alternatives grounded in community practices and their cosmopoliti.



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Synesthesia of Places

Overlapping - Notes from a nearly saturated solvent

By Valentine Louis

I was in Paris, waiting for the bus to go to university, when something truly unsettling happened. Looking up at the sky in a bored sigh, there suddenly appeared before my eyes, crystal clear, the English sky of an autumn morning. More than a vision, I felt a teleportation. I was in Bedford, just a few days before the leaves would slowly turn yellow.

Months later, on a warm summer day, as I was wandering the streets of Tbilisi, a breath of wind brushed against my arm. A familiar wind, coming from far away, though. And here I was - back in my native Normandy, enveloped by the salt-heavy air of Cherbourg.

Through the train window, the endless Uzbek sands let me see the colors of Armenia. In the Norwegian forests, I felt time slow down the way it did in China. Back in Caen, my heart was in the Oslo fjord. Beating fervently there.

It was not *déjà vu*, it could not be, because I knew the very origin of all of these sudden feelings. I do not believe it to be nostalgia either - I was not yearning for some place in my past. It simply imposed itself. It was an entire world rushing on me, its atmosphere, its texture, the version of me I had been at the time. When I sensed Tbilisi, I was in Tbilisi. Like a spell. Sometimes I stayed there for half a second, sometimes a bit longer, and I was not the one to choose. If I really had to describe it in some ways, I would say it felt like the collision of several anchors of my life - anchors that were never meant to move, and yet…

Along a short but intense existence, I had accumulated within me several deeply inhabited places. My body, having become an archive of all these terrains, functioned like a filter that could not be fully trusted. For it emerged unexpectedly and followed no logic. Like a kind of synesthesia of places, I was undergoing a sensory contamination that could traverse time and space.

There was no longer a me without Tbilisi, Shanghai, Oslo.

The dreamlike feeling, which had, all the same, nothing unpleasant about it, became a source of concern each time I set off for fieldwork. Had I become biased? I was landing in all of these places not as a blank slate, but as a page covered in scribbles. I was the solvent, and not the solvent; all the molecules of novelty that had touched me, had changed the substance of my very being. And there was no way to predict what my mind would think it saw, regardless of what was actually there.

It does not come as a surprise. Of course, it has long been acknowledged that researchers arrive in the field as everything they have ever been. And then they leave like others. But nothing had prepared me for the fact that this transformation was not only intellectual. The transformation took root in my very flesh, from the tissues of my nose to the surface of my skin. Everything in me, physically, clearly remembers.

These sparks of obsession began to orient my research: when the colors of Kyrgyzstan ambushed me in Mexico, I had to read about Kyrgyzstan, I had to look at images, I had to gaze at those scarlet mountains. It was a call. I needed to compare the incomparable, since this feeling surely came from somewhere.

It felt like a betrayal of focus: I was reading the wrong books, learning the wrong language, looking at the wrong side of the globe. And I may have been losing effectiveness, but how could I ever be an objective researcher, a neutral, transparent body, when experiencing so many internal passions that were in fact the very fuel of my every movement? The inspiration always seemed to stand elsewhere.

What terrain have I ever traversed without Tbilisi, Shanghai, Oslo, whispering in my ear, and me trusting them?

The result of such a phenomenon was truly bizarre because it was unpredictable. Unable to settle! I thought the experiences that make up my being would simply accumulate peacefully, carefully organized within me. That I would be able to sort through them, pick them out, and use them wisely. But how messy those archives were! The books were flying all around. I tasted Vietnam in my Turkish tea, I heard Georgian songs in the church bells of my village, my hand was touching the ground of the Philippines when I lay down in Bygdøy.

Far from dissolving within me, these elements remained as blocks that would suddenly throw themselves in my face from time to time, catching me off guard. One would summon the other. If these elements truly dissolved within me, something entirely new would be created, resulting in a stable outcome.



However, the solution of my being remains in constant metamorphosis. With Yerevan, Chengdu, Taichung, here and there. Each new solute does not merely dissolve into it - it disturbs everything that came before. Nothing ever truly settles.

As I cannot prevent it, I try to make this filter the instrument itself. To trust that what makes me human and passionate also makes me see further, beyond logic. Perhaps bias was never the right word. Now I see things I could not see without Tbilisi, Shanghai, Oslo. Which means some fellow wanderer may see things through London, Rio, Cairo. Perhaps one solution lies here - not in spite of our filters, but through them.

When the body recognizes something, recognition is already a form of knowledge. Sensing, too, can be a form of inquiry. Perhaps it is time to accept it, and to gather our human archives together. What I cannot see through Cherbourg, you might see through Cairo. What escapes you through London, I might catch through Oslo.

Together, we triangulate the world.

We move from observation to feeling, trying to reach something more genuine. For we do not seek absolute truths in the social sciences - as we know there are none. We seek to understand a particularity. And we can only truly understand the other because somewhere in us, we already recognize them. Analogies, comparisons, bridges - these are the keys to understanding. Through what we already know, we can grasp the unknown. Against a backdrop of familiarity, difference can reveal its depth and beauty.

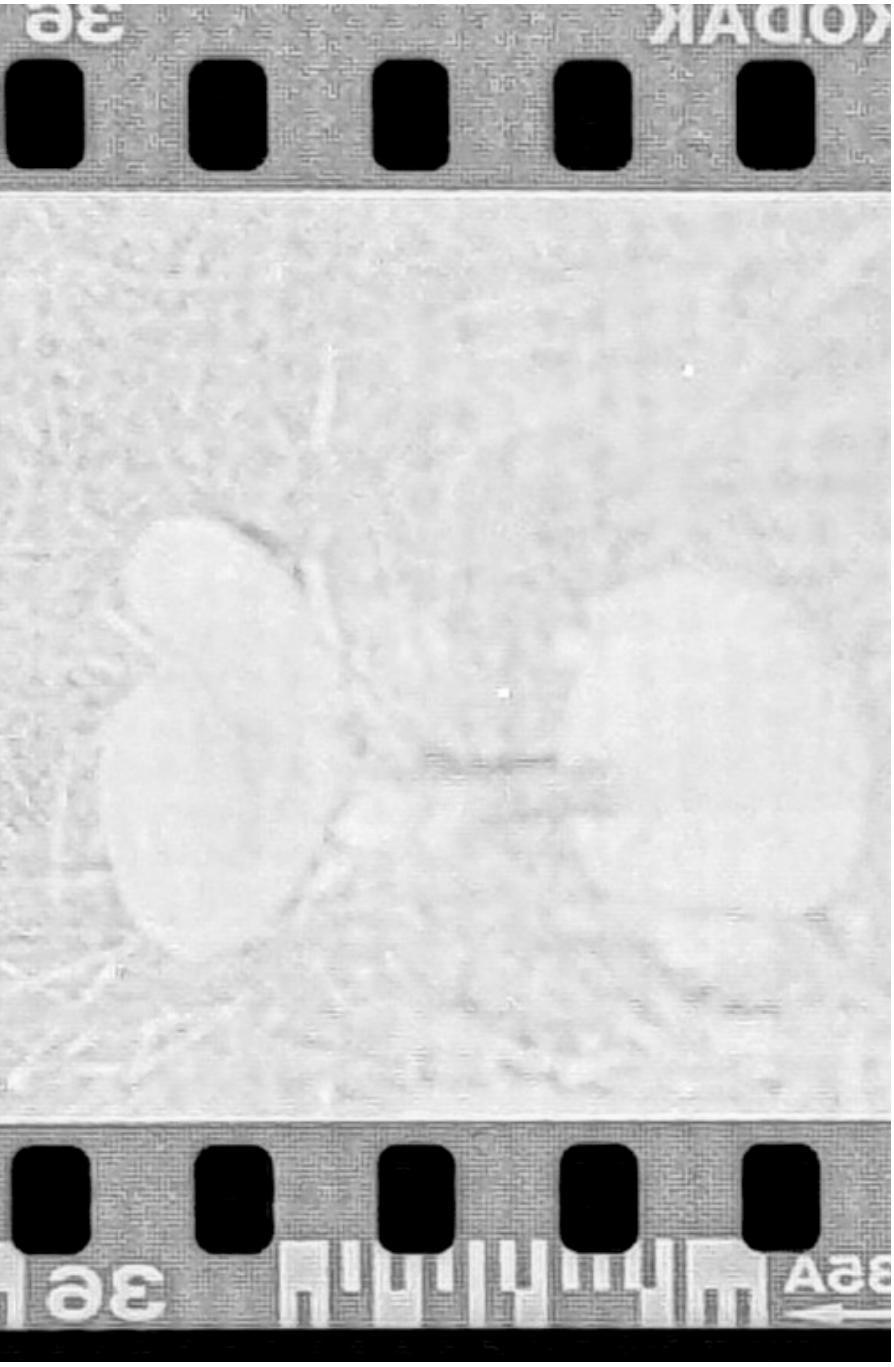
And then I breathe back in. I'm in Paris, the bus will arrive soon, I will go to university - and it is spring, actually. It is home.

I often fear becoming scattered and losing myself, dissolving into the vastness of it all. For the further I go, the less I resemble whoever I was before leaving. Sometimes this gives me the greatest sense of exhilaration. At other times, it makes me question everything I have believed in up until now. Why do I leave?

But then, a feeling from earlier resurfaces. I return to Tbilisi, I return to Shanghai, I return to Oslo. And there it is, the proof that I existed in all of those places.

In this experience of different worlds, the magic synesthesia remains as the single thread that connects me to myself, and keeps us the same. I am scattered across the globe, I constantly transform, and eventually, this does not present itself as a problem anymore. One can simply be so many things at once.

analogue



Following the lines of landscapes and life on Greenlandic sheepfarms I have taken 111 photographs on 3 rolls of film. I have assembled these contemporary photographs from 2025 alongside historical photographs (from the early 1900s to the 1960s) retrieved from the digital archive of the National Museum of Denmark. Five visual pieces emerged that play with the lines of the farms' bodies and landscapes throughout time and space, making the photographs' materiality palpable. I see the technique of assemblage as a way to unsettle their status quo, breaking the linearity and objectivity of present and past photography of Greenlandic and arctic landscapes.

Visual Ethnography in digital times.

By Sara Martinez Belendez

The first morning of June, I wake up to lush grass fields extending into the brown speckled hills that surround our house. Entering the second month of fieldwork the farmer I'm staying with had been warning me for weeks not to walk or drive on the tended inner pastures—60 degrees north the grass won't grow if stepped on. I pull a sweater over my head, slip out of my bed and into the borrowed green rubber boots that wait for me by the door. My left hand holds a little analogue camera, a handy Minolta Zoom 90. She has become one of my most precious fieldwork companions. I step onto the road that crosses the farm and point my camera towards the fields. The little square rimmed scope of the Minolta is too small to frame the wide glacier carved valley. In vain I climb on top of an old tractor tire and stand on my toes. Rotating around, my eyes squinting, I realize I need a wider lens, a feature that the automatic consumer easy camera from the 90s doesn't have. Still, I can sense that the green light of the grass fields won't transfer onto the panoramic shot of my phone or my digital camera in the same way as on the film geared inside the Minolta's carcass. Without thinking I jump down from the tire, fixate a starting point on the left side of the valley and start shooting. The camera buzzes and I rotate, slightly, keeping the same horizon line in the frame. I took 5 photographs from one end of the valley to the other before skipping back into the kitchen to hear the briefing of today's fence fixing. There is a buzzing tingle of excitement in the air, the farmer, the sheep, the camera and me are completely taken by the first grass of the year.

The process of letting the light of the present imprint on photographic film always fills me with a special anticipation. It also grounds me sensorially in the present—I look through the lens, adjust and press, and excitement and impatience wonderfully mix with the buzzing sound of the film moving inside the carcass. It usually takes me a while to get to the lab with a bundle of films, wondering what surprises they might hold. Once developed, I search for lines on the photographs—horizons, light, textures—the earth and beings on them become significant a second time and a healing intimacy with the past emerges. Back from fieldwork, I get to revisit that morning, that light and that green, as I arrange the five photographs on the rug of my room. On the further right side, I recognize a section of broken fence that we fixed a few days later. An avalanche had buried the wire and pulled the wooden poles out of the earth. The day I took the photos my eyes were not trained yet to search for the signs significant for the farmers—for the holes in the wire, the crumbling ditches and the brown patches of dead field where ice had bitten the grass roots—all there on the bright coated photographs freshly developed 5 months later.

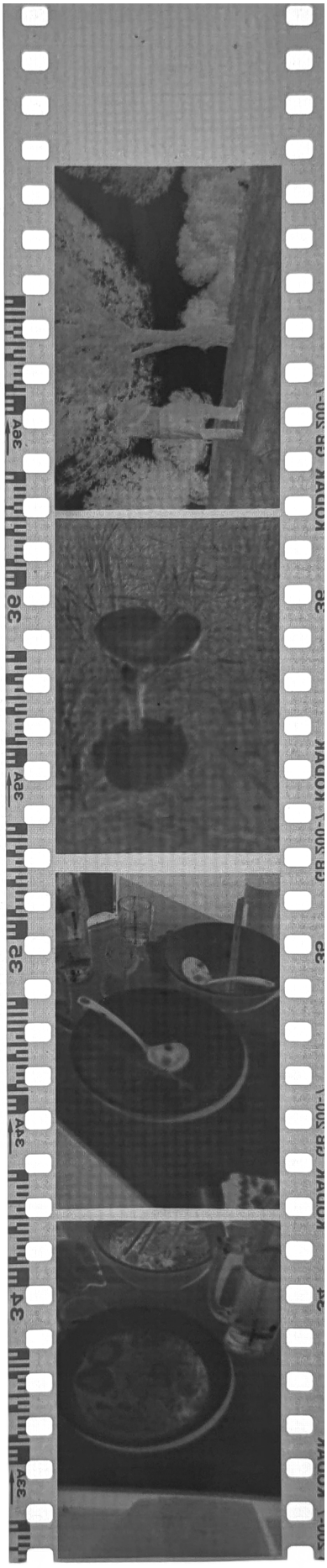
Anthropological discussions of images and their qualities as material and affective agents have long opened a space for critical engagement in my own practice. Setting out for fieldwork, I took with me my cameras, but also a range of theoretical and practical guidelines to use them—ethnographically and ethically. Early on in my academic education I became conflicted with the visual medium, no doubt because of its magnetic and powerful effects on me. This slow requestioning (*Hinterfragung*—asking behind) of the photographic medium grew out of the seeds of anthropology's self-reflectivity. Paired with the discipline's historical obsession

with the other, the exotic—often cited classics being populated with black and white ethno-aesthetic photographs of unnamed subjects—it all started to feel like a snake biting its own tail. As a result, I soon found myself drowning in critical reflections about one's own body and its position and possibility to wield a camera and publish images of others.

To escape paralysis, I developed a private list of conductual solutions: no photographing without consent, no photographing of anything the first time you see it, look twice, look again, ask, engage, make yourself known and build a relationship from which to practice ethics and *response-ability* (Haraway, 2008, p. 36). Theoretical solutions were also sought out: Susan Sonntag's (1973) critical essays on the words describing the act of taking photographs became a constant reminder and mantra (p.10). You take, you shoot, you capture—the language unmasks photography's predatory and appropriative nature (p.2). Anthropologist Laura Ogden (2021) offered an expanded critique of the historical qualities of (colonial) photography—living on in archives and books, actively "freezing" their subjects into a past or present of loss (e.g. p.12, p.106). Her work on the visual echoing broader discussions around ethnographic writing, representation and otherness (e.g. Fabian, 2014). Thinking with her, I further stripped photography from its innocence and recognized it as a potential tool to chemically freeze places and subjects into material film, into the past, into the spaces of otherness and "primary sources". But, I found, photography can also be a tool for thought, for revision and reflection, a way to engage the viewer and the photographed. Elizabeth Davis' (2023, pp. 8, 39) definition of photographs as material and affective "temporal operators" offers a hopeful, or at least practical outlook. By theoretically discussing their capacity "to accommodate discrepant meanings" without forcing them into one single narrative (p. 172), her work became a source of possible ways to engage photography in my own practice.

In the Greenlandic context, both photography and archives carry deep histories of colonialism, violence, and the appropriation of landscapes and peoples (Thisted, 2012). Greenlandic artist Pia Arke (2017) has powerfully unmasked them through her theory and practice. She shows how archival records and their photographs symbolically and practically represent and perpetuate the colonial and exoticizing gaze. In her work, photographs are unmasked as pointers of the photographer's own culture and view. Engaging with archival photography she unmasks it's underlying (ethno-)aesthetics, laying bare the "European culture with [...] its ethnography and its reason" (p. 8f). She forces us (me) to engage with the photographs' biography and materiality, their violence and effects. In theory, anthropology has long participated in this conversation, pointing to archives as active holders of power and silences where facts and specific historical status quos are created and legitimized (Trouillot, 1995, p. 26). And as sites where one can trace the anxieties of the victors of history and their projects (Stoler, 2009, p. 53). What can this mean in critical practice? Expanded towards archival and ethnographic images, photographs can become means for thought and revision rather than proof of empirics. Elisabeth Davis sets the theoretical framework of a photographs' historicity and affective qualities, and Pia Arke shows by doing how to unsettle the canon and medium. Thinking with them, I see a way to work with photographs as sensorial, powerful and affectively loaded agents.

Throughout Fieldwork, I started to separate the different types of photography into different sections of my data and research interests. Setting out to study the relations between politics, landscape, farming tasks and life I had brought with me a digital Canon SX40 HS, my smartphone, and a small analogue Minolta Zoom 70. Each one was given a different task: My phone became a tool to map daily life and remember specific things. The Canon became a tool for documenting high-quality digital material, always making a statement to the sheep and farmers that I was recording something very visibly. And the analogue camera became a tool for experimentation.



An unfamiliar presence on the farms, she produced moments in the present and would further ahead become affective guidance to understand and theorize with the empirical material from fieldwork. The analogue process—of taking the photographs and having to wait until I was back home, had walked to the store, delivered my film rolls and gotten them back—made the outcome about something different than what I was used to from its digital siblings. In contrast to the immediately rendered pixels, the analogue images gave a space for forgetting and remembering again, rediscovering after all the turmoil between fieldwork and sitting down to write. Engaging with them, I could feel what Davis meant by "temporal operators".

This difference can be traced alongside multiple qualities of the process: first, the temporal separation between the moment of taking, and the developing and viewing of the image, dismantles the instant adoption of the photograph into my imaginary of the place and moment that I photographed. The digital format often inscribes itself into my brain together with the moment of shooting, immediately influencing and distorting it. The analogue photographs on the other hand acted like a second presence sharing their memory of the moment. And secondly, the material qualities of the film and photographs, both in texture and light, hold for me a different affective space than the ones from digital cameras. They don't hide their nature of being a photograph and tap into the aesthetic sensibilities of family photo albums and the material feeling of holding them in your hands, space and present—a sensorial split of the ethnographic process. In these ways, the analogue photographs didn't only become valuable empirical material, but also the base for creative theory in practice and critical companions to think with.

Soon enough I embarked on a search for images of the introduction of sheep into South Greenland's landscapes in the beginning of the 20th century. In the visual archives I sought to track how Greenland's landscapes, sheep and farmers have been represented. How the photographs and farms were entangled with the colonial project and how the colonial administration saw them. Parallel to this search, I turned back to my own photography. The sheep and tractors on them became a refreshing counterpoint to the many photos depicting Kujalleqs landscapes as empty pristyne nature filled with icebergs and glaciers—no humans or sheep in sight.

What started out as a way to trace the landscape and its relation to its inhabitants became the tracing of the view and powers behind the camera. My laptop's desktop slowly filled up with photographs of past and present seasons of South Greenland's farm scapes, the lines of the mountains and fjords, of the farmers, the sheep, horses and grass fields. The horizon lines I had playfully chased through my camera lens continued captivating my attention on print. I started to recognize the potential of assembling the photographs in a way that anonymized my interlocutors, the farmers and landscapes, while keeping their ethnographic value. Soon the assemblage didn't only break the geographical but also the temporal barriers as sheep from 2025 stood next to their ancestors from the early 1900s. Juxtaposing and merging my own photographs with the records of the Danish officials became a way to confront them in their historicity, breaking the linearity and objectivity of both image collections. The photographs became theory in themselves through the process of assemblage and collage.

In this essay and the following visual pieces I bring (you) an embodied and ongoing thought process about being an anthropologist with a camera. I believe that change in practice emerges messily, through trial and in conversation. By sharing, I hope for a creative ethnographic practice that is alive, critical and sharp. The following collages and photographs are intended to function as fragments that reflect the multiplicity of histories, views and depictions of nature and peoples in South Greenland rather than to be a representation of them.

Unsettling the illusions that our visual brains build, playing with the lines of bodies and landscapes throughout seasons and time, I hope to stimulate you, your eyes and brain to cultivate attentiveness, to reassess how we (you) consume and take photographs.



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VIKING II
PANAMA

















Archive References

Figure 1: ……20
photos from the authors

Figure 2: ……22
From left to right
Krabbe, T. N. (1908). Hvidroemark, Igaliko. National Museum of Denmark (Grønland - dets natur, beboere og historie, Levin og Munksgaards Forlag, 1929, tavle 68).
Krabbe, T. (1908). Igaliko. National Museum of Denmark (Grønland - dets natur, beboere og historie, Levin og Munksgaards Forlag, 1929, tavle 164).
Krabbe, T. (1906). Køer, Qaqortoq. National Museum of Denmark (Grønland - dets natur, beboere og historie, Levin og Munksgaards Forlag, 1929, tavle 159).
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Figure 3: ……24
from left to right
Richter, V. (1900). Faareavl i Sydgrønland. (Inspektør Bendixen fot.). National Museum of Denmark (Lysbilledserier fra firmaet V. Richter m.fl. Serie 284 – Grønland).
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Richter, V. (1900). Får. National Museum of Denmark (Lysbilledserier fra firmaet V. Richter m.fl. Serie 284 – Grønland).

Figure 4: ……26
from left to right
Vebæk, C. L. (1992). Fra hesteekspeditionen, 1948. Ruingruppe Ø175. Vatnahverfi, nord for Eqaluit. Østerbygden (From the horse expedition, 1948. Ruin group Ø175, Vatnahverfi, north of Eqaluit, Eastern Settlement). National Museum of Denmark (Meddelelser om Grønland, Man & Society 17, p. 39).
Krabbe, T. N. (1929). Kolonibestyrer Baumann og hans Søn med Hest (Greenland's only horse at the time of the photograph, at the colony of Godthaab). National Museum of Denmark (Grønland - dets natur, beboere og historie, Levin og Munksgaards Forlag, 1929, tavle 12).









En krampeaktig

Av Jonathan Weigert

Sommeren 2025 jobbet jeg som fundraiser i en etablert internasjonal bistandsorganisasjon. Som fundraiser (innsamler på fint, dørselger på absolutt allmenn) var min oppgave å rekruttere nye månedlige givere. Fremmede mennesker skulle oppsøkes i Oslo by og innlemmes i organisasjonen. «Vi er ingenting uten medlemmene våre» pleide jeg å si på døra.

Med andre ord, og med all den krampaktigheten det måtte innebære i anledning denne utgaven av *Antropress; løsningen* var rekrutteringen, innlemmelsen av nye medlemmer, den andre, inn i organisasjonen.

Helt konkret er løsningen, akten den inngår i er noe litt annet. Nemlig mine og andres erfaringer i møte med fremmede mennesker, med all den menneskelige tilkortkommenhet som følger med. Det er en spesifikk type menneskemøte vi kan innordne under begrepet *følelsesarbeid* eller *emotional labour*. Et arbeid som handler om å regulere egne følelser og følelsesuttrykk for å innfri andres krav om spesifikk adferd. Vi kan finne aspekter av slikt arbeid i enhver sektor som i større eller mindre grad er i kontakt med mennesker utenfor den.

Jeg var selv blitt rekruttert av organisasjonen. Jeg var blitt del av den, og slik en del av en åpenbar løsning. På hvilken måte opptrådte jeg gjennom den? På hvilken måte ble min adferd definert av måten organisasjonen fremstilte denne mulige giveren på?

Jeg husker tilbake: Et klamt grep om Ipaden og med oppspilte øyne på den andres bankkort. Det er vanskelig å gå videre fra dette. Formiddag er blitt kveld og to slitne øyepar møtes over dørstokken. Herfra skal vi helst aldri ha noe med hverandre å gjøre mer. Jeg hadde gjort noe godt, tenkte jeg.

Jeg vil fortelle om dette og andre øyeblikk uten å felle en dom over organisasjonen, giverne, resten av Oslos befolkning, og meg. Det må også sies at arbeidet i organisasjonen var spennende og utfordrende på en god måte. Jeg var i organisasjonen i gode to og en halv måned, med noen uker ferie imellom. Fra halv fire til halv ti, fem dager i uka; følelsesarbeidet skvulpet over de gitte tidsrammene som et overfylt basseng.

Osloteamet 1

Oppstarten i Oslo sentrum. Sykkelen nedover til «Huset » i starten av juni. I første etasje innimellom spon og fiber, plast og metall, i toner av hvit og grått. Ja, dette var oss, Osloteamet 1. En gjeng på rundt 20, mer eller mindre unge voksne. Søkende, ambisiøse, lett nervøse. Vi tok en runde rundt bordet i oppkjøringa. Vi ble spurt om hvorfor vi hadde valgt å søke på jobben. Jeg svarte at jeg ville bli bedre til å prate med mennesker, mens andre ville prøve å gjøre noe godt. Andre igjen ville bli gode selgere. De mer erfarne ble raskt lokalisert.

I salgsmanualen som vi fikk tilsendt et par uker før start, har vi allerede blitt brifet om dette; vi har alle forskjellig motivasjon for å gjøre denne jobben, sier organisasjonen. "Er det å hjelpe mennesker i nød? Er det å bli en ekstremt dyktig selger? Er det å bli bedre til å kommunisere? Er det å gjøre verden til et bedre sted?". "Repeter [motivasjonen] så ofte som mulig", står det videre. Ett eksempel under der igjen: "Jeg skal fokusere på å skape god kjemi i samtalene". Det var denne jeg hadde merket meg. Den talte til meg.

Vi ser bort fra den nærliggende diskusjonen om rett og *feil* motivasjon for å gjøre et slikt arbeid. For organisasjonen gjør heller ikke en slik etisk vurdering. Den godtar den enkeltes helt egne motivasjon. Vi kan se for oss at organisasjonen nettopp ønsker å knytte seg til en slags underliggende individuell driv ved den enkelte, for slik å forme den og gjøre den til sin.

Hvordan kommer dette til uttrykk? En bred generell motivasjon – å gjøre godt, å tjene penger – innfris i mindre eller større grad ved å utføre spesifikke handlinger som unndrar seg et ett-til-ett-forhold til den. Å skape god kjemi, eller bli god til å prate med fremmede mennesker, impliserer en slags evne til å lede en samtale, gjennom gode spørsmål og kreative konjunksjoner, men det peker samtidig også på en vilje til å bli ledet, til å lytte og svare.

God kjemi i seg selv virker dermed ikke nødvendigvis å være tilstrekkelig for å lande nye givere. Nye givere var formål nummer 1; utover denne sommeren ble det klart at god kjemi ikke trumfer den allestedsnærværende

forløsning





forventningen om minst to nye givere daglig. Er kjemien god, kan man prate lenge, altfor lenge, og man rekker ikke et slikt mål for dagen. «De skal like deg, men for guds skyld, ikke bli venn med mennesket» ble det sagt.

Det var med et slikt utgangspunkt vi gikk inn i møtet med den mulige giveren på. Følelsesarbeidet startet allerede før dette møtet.

"Smil, giverne gjør en god deal"

Før vi kan snakke om møtet, må vi også forstå hvordan organisasjonen forbereder oss på møtet. Organisasjonen oppfordret oss nemlig til å tenke på kunden som om vedkommende faktisk skulle være interessert. «Smil, giverne gjør en god deal» står det i salgsmanualen. Smil, for det er en god deal, de vet det bare ikke ennå.

Manualen følger opp: «Når man tenker seg om er det jo ingen grunn til at folk ikke skal skrive seg opp som giver! Ikke bare gjør folk samfunnet en tjeneste ved å støtte organisasjonen, men det er faktisk vist gjennom psykologisk forskning at folk som støtter veldedighet er lykkeligere enn andre folk!» Selv det egosentriske mennesket bør ikke ha noen grunn til å ikke støtte organisasjonen. Det er til deres beste å støtte. Merk at enhver redegjørelse for hvorvidt dette dreier seg om en årsakssammenheng eller tilfeldig samvariasjon mangler; det er lett å tenke seg at de i virkeligheten har minimalt med hverandre å gjøre.

Forsøkte vi å kommunisere denne fordelen? Kanskje vi bare skulle lagt frem denne påstanden og spurt om vedkommende kunne tenke seg å bli litt lykkeligere? Joda. Neida. Det var andre måter å kommunisere dette på, og vi forsøkte. Som vi forsøkte! «Du tar feil, det er faktisk en god deal!». Men uten nevneverdig resultat.

Til syvende og sist lar også salgsmanualen lede seg dithen; et estimat på at 80% vil hardnakket bestå på sitt nei uansett hva. Det er massenes store feiltagelse som vi har med å gjøre. Ikke bare var de ikke interesserte, de befant seg som oftest i kategorien sterkt avvisende til forbannet. Tross organisasjonens anstrengelser for å gjøre de andre til medgjørlige, formbare altruister, så fortalte mine og mange andres erfaringer en annen historie. Organisasjonen fikk motstand.

Jævla selger

I *The Managed Heart* beskriver sosiologen Arlie R. Hochschild den opplæringen kabinpersonale får relatert til ustyrlige passasjerer. Passasjerene bør ses på som barn sier overhodene, og et barns behov bør komme i første rekke. Igjen og igjen. Det var også i disse prosessene at følelsesarbeidet pågikk. Det var øvelsen, å gjemme og fordøye sinne og frustrasjon på en stillferdig og passiv måte, som hadde som formål å skåne passasjerene og til syvende og sist flyselskapet.

En slik parallell er treffende her, for også vi ble fortalt at kundene ikke vet sitt beste. Videre, i sine direkte praksiser bestod følelsesarbeidet av å unngå å kollektivt snakke ned kunden, eller si noe annet negativt i felleschatten. Vi ble heller oppfordret til å «tulle og tøyse med Oslos befolkning», i stedet for å snakke om det som var ubehagelig.

Joda, gode samtaler forekommer. Noen er søte. Men det fester seg når organisasjonens utsendte blir utsatt for rasisme, trusler og uhemmet mannssjåvinisme.



Når innsamleren blir brukt som personlig ventil, og/eller blir sett på som et symptom for mange på hva mennesket i døra mener er galt med det samfunnet de lever i. Opplevelsene og rapportene om dem etterlater inntrykk. De gjennomtrenger dagen; underveis, før, og etter fullendt arbeid. Forestillingene vi og dem blir stadig mer ladet og fordreid.

En gang: *En rolig julidag oppe på Oslo vest. Den svette Ipaden. Klokken har bikket 20. Fortsatt ingen salg. Jeg ringte på, før herremannen i etasjen ba meg lese høyt hva som stod på døra, før han ba meg dra til helvete.*

En annen gang: *Tronende på balkongen i andre etasje. En mann i et lite selskap så ned på meg og moret seg med at man i grunnen skulle kaste stein på sånne som oss. Krøket nakke og smygende blikk. Neste stopp, naboen.*

Hva var følelsen da?: *Ytterdøra, ofte i furu, oftest en ugjenkjennelig glatt materie, malt i hvit med listverk av samme. Eik, i de mest bortgjemte kroker av fylket og bolighusa på Holmenkollen. Døra var et slags formøte, et speil, en vegg som signaliserte min tilkortkommenhet, et slags kvalt potensial i små elver rennende nedover den. Joda, det var tungt, men så stod også den intetanende frelseren på andre siden av den. Ofte en skygge i de små høyreiste vinduene. Mørke og lys om hverandre i kikkehullene.*

Var utmattelsen allerede stor, var hver videre avvisning en eksponentiell belastning; «jeg er ikke interessert, har jeg sagt», «vi sitter i middag, har jeg sagt», «jeg kjøper ikke fra dørselgere». Dørselgere. Var vi dørselgere? Forvirringen var stor, ikke nok med at de ikke var interessert i å støtte, vi ble forvekslet med dørselgere. Fundraiser, innsamler, men selger? Spar meg.

En krampaktig forløsning

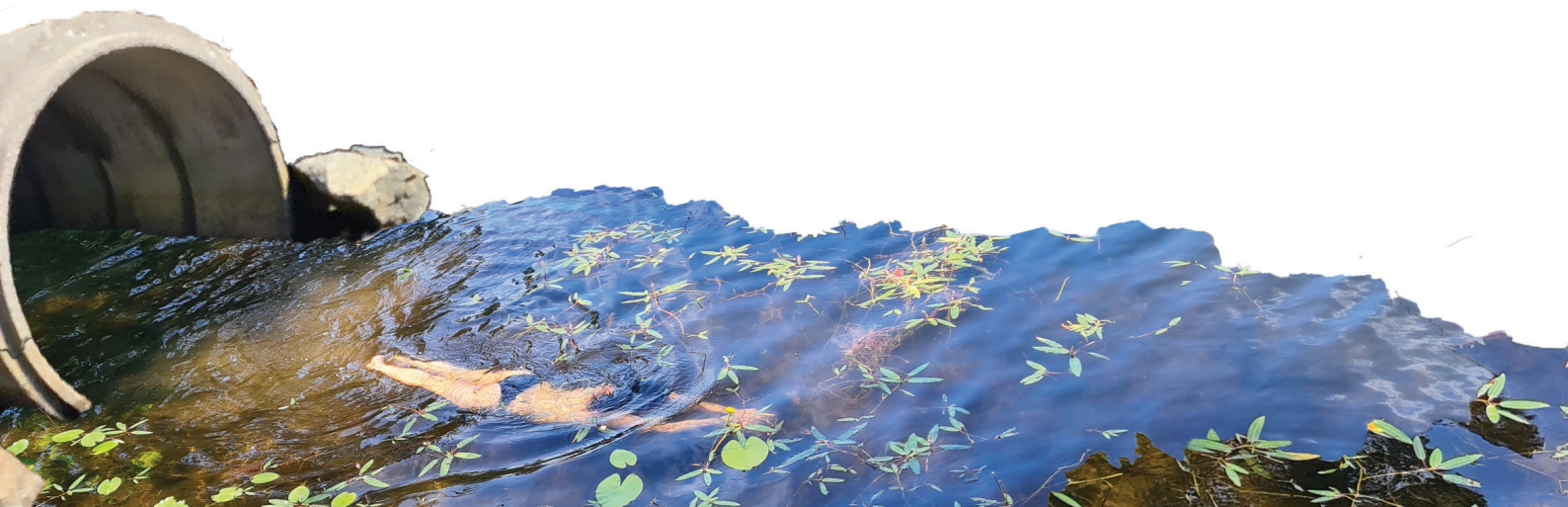
Men når var det ikke ræva? Altså på den måten som beskrevet ovenfor. Forløsningen ved signaturen. Når vedkommende er den vi tror vi ønsker å møte, og den som organisasjonen forteller oss at vi skal møte. Her kommer på mange måter det paradoksale inn og gir grunnlag for en helt ny analyse.

Løsningen. Ett eller flere herlige mennesker i døra som synes det jeg gjør er bra, og ønsker meg lykke til. Noen smiler når de lukker døra, andre har allerede tankene sine et annet sted. De tenker på ungen, etterlatt aleine med storebror på fire ved kjøkkenbordet. Tankene går til ekspartneren som dro fra dem tidligere den dagen. Tankene går, og en annen sårbarhet melder seg, også hos meg.

I dette øyeblikket var det som om noe løsnet. Jeg smilte og forsøkte ikke mer å snakke, men prøvde å komme meg bort. Jeg kjente en blanding av å ikke lenger ville være til bry siden de nå inngikk i organisasjonen. At all videre bråkmakeri fra min side ville slå dobbelt så hardt ut, fordi jeg nå hadde enda mindre grunn til å oppholde meg hos vedkommende. Trette vedkommende. Jo, jeg kan ha følt på en oppriktig takknemlighet i møte med givergleden, med enda sterkere svei bismaken av innøvde floskler og oppsatte smil. Uansett løser jeg meg fra dette fra dette mennesket instinktivt, utstår hverken meg selv eller vedkommende. En slags forløsning er overstått og skammen står tilbake.

Det er de innbitte forventningene, skamløsheten og forhåpningene, og den sterke lettelsen, som fra et slag til et annet blir til det motsatte, til skam og frastøtning. Drevet av en sterk lettelse og takknemlighet, og et behov for å ikke forstille meg. Den endelige signaturen setter strek for den tidligere forstillelsen og vekker til live et annet ansikt.

Et følelsesarbeid. Motivasjonen for å få givere finnes, men den krever også en type arbeid: trening, repetisjon, og rutiner. Det krever også at vi klarer å hvile i forstillelsen etter en rekruttering. At følelsesarbeidet, bearbeidelsen av følelser, dirigert av organisasjonen, også kommer til uttrykk i situasjoner der mennesket i døra er medgjørlig, ja, imøtekommende, av og til takknemlig. Ikke brutalt avvisende. I tillegg kommer de momentene som en observant, usikker, men ekstremt forventningsfull sjel som meg kan spore hos vedkommende, til tross dens overordnete medgjørlighet. Øyeblikk av likegyldighet, frustrasjon og utålmodighet.



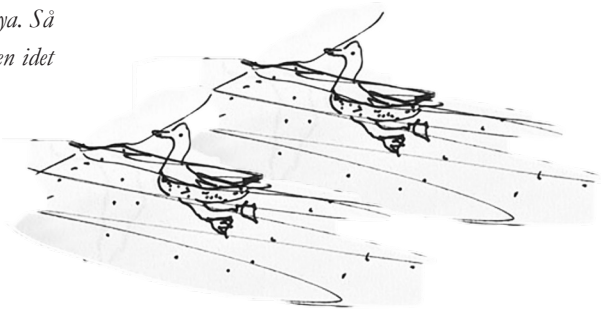
Enda mer menneskelig følelsesarbeid

Organisasjonen former oss. Den tar det som opprinnelig er vårt og smelter det inn i den projeksjonen som er deres. Projeksjonen skapes i forhold til den ideelle kunden som imidlertid er vanskelig forenelig med realitetene i felt. Videre kan vi selv et møte med en slik kunde være vanskelig.

Dette er en sprikende tekst, og den åpner derfor opp for en rekke like sprikende spørsmål. Bortsett fra spørsmålet om en slik auto-etnografisk tekst har noen verdi utover seg selv, kan vi kanskje spørre hvordan organisasjonens beredskap til å dyrke den enkeltes motivasjon er uttrykk for andre fenomener i et hyper-individualisert organisasjons og arbeidsliv. Et annet spørsmål er hvordan denne typen følelsesarbeid i selger- og innsamleryrket beror på et bredt spektrum av mellommenneskelige kvaliteter som vanskelig vil kunne erstattes av KI i den nærmeste fremtid. Det er dette komplekse menneskemøtet som jeg har forsøkt å fremstille fragmenter av, som det også vil være interessant å prøve å forstå fremover.

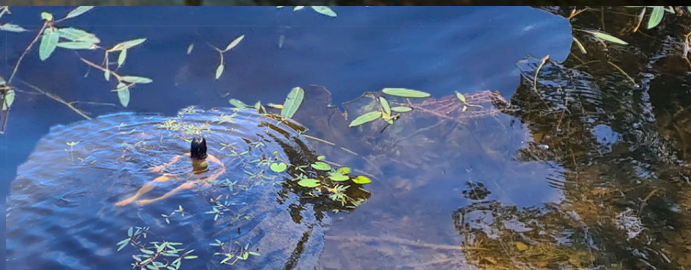


Etter et slikt coup, en slik forløsning, setter jeg meg i gresset, i en park. En grøft. En fortauskant. Nista. En halv energibar. Gløtter med øya. Så med hørselen. Sansene restitueres i tur og orden. Det rister i bakken idet den tunge ruter-bussen kutter svingen bortenfor.









“El exilio nos une”

(Interview Laura)

There is an intimacy in fieldwork that reshapes practices of data collection into community building and solidarity.

I carry my fieldbook and my family history that crossed Uruguay´s coup 1973, the Atlantic, and decades of whispered and silenced stories. Stories of exile lands. I am a descendant of exiles researching. I am a descendant.

Solution can be both, an answer and a solvent; in my fieldwork, my own biographical involvement with my topic of study manifests as a solvent making not only my positionality turn visible but also dissolving a cracky crust between researcher and subject, turning interview into kinship and fieldwork into practices of care.

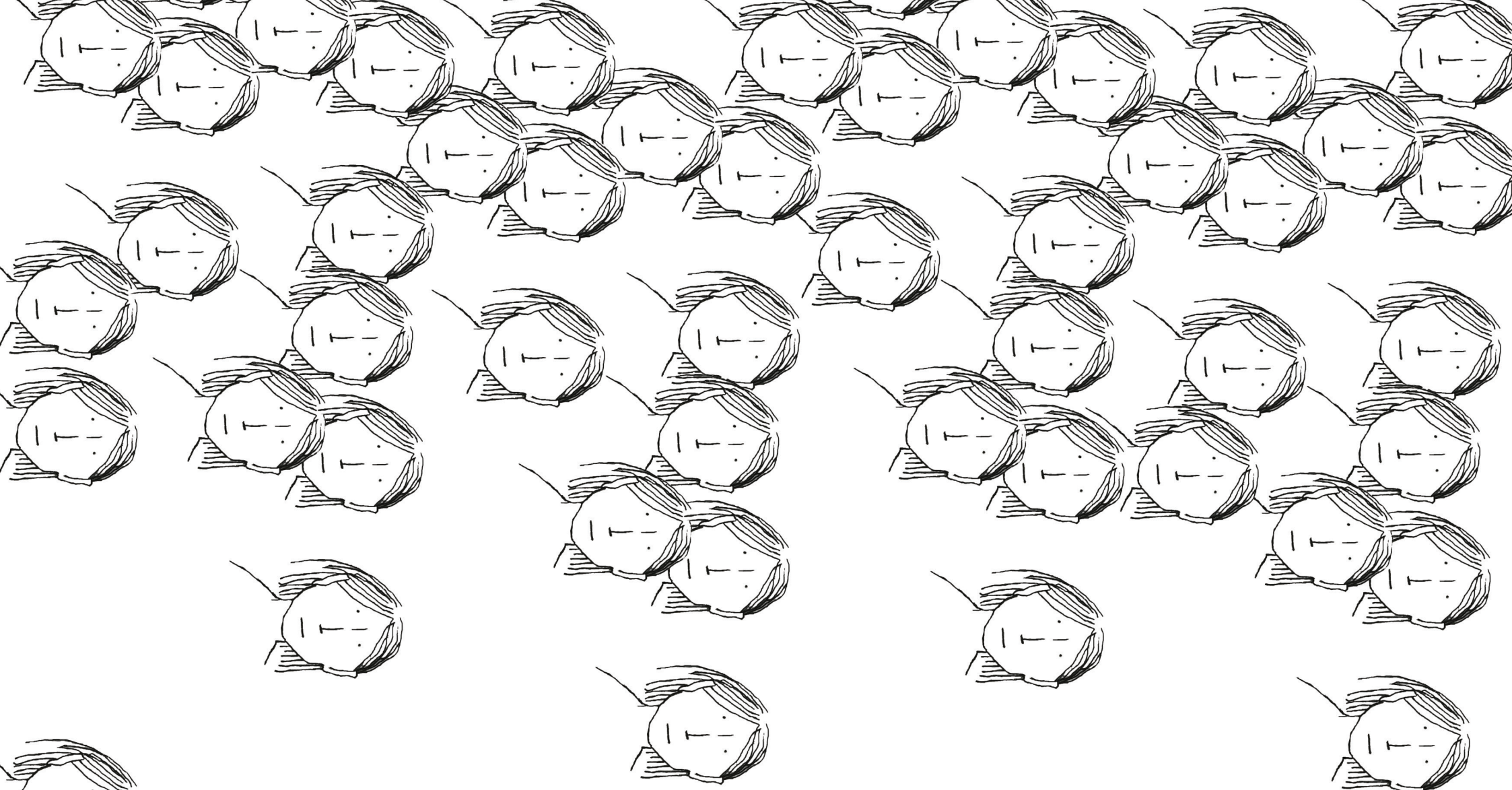
Laura, a descendant of a Uruguayan exiled family in Sweden, has made me feel “part of” the family since our very first encounter. As an interviewee and collaborator, she has repeatedly brought me into her own narrative and reflections about exile, giving me agency while practicing collective memory across time and space. Building kinship emerges here as an alternative way for understanding interactions and practicing fieldwork.

(Fieldnote)

“Exile unites us”

By Piero Trias





The Craft of Ethnographic Writing in the Age of AI

By Yasir Islam

At the Norwegian Anthropological Association Conference (NAF) 2025, a question lingered:

What makes ethnographic writing unmissable?

This text is an answer. And a reminder. A call to protect the spaces where ethnographic writing can still breathe.

Where it can be messy.
Contradictory.
Alive.

Spaces like *Antropress*.

Ethnographic writing is irreplaceable. Because it is grounded in the lived. In relationships. In moments that change us.
What makes it unmissable is not a method. It is a way of writing from within those encounters.

Not concepts.
Practices.

AI can replicate.
It can mimic the surface of human expression.
But not the conditions that make ethnography possible.

Ethnographic writing does something else.
It pushes back against erasure.
Against the flattening of lives into data.
But it cannot do this alone. It needs space.
Spaces where writing is allowed to unfold.
To hesitate.
To contradict itself.
To remain accountable to lived experience.

This is how anthropology stays human.
Not despite AI.
But because of it.

(These are my notes. My voice. From the workshop.)

I want you to imagine something.

An AI writing fieldnotes from your most transformative ethnographic encounter.

It would describe what happened.
It might even analyze the social structures at play.
But here's what it couldn't do. It couldn't tell you about:
The weight of silence in the room.
The smell of grass after a rain shower mixing with the smell of fresh coffee.
The moment your certainty dissolved, and you realized you had been asking the wrong questions all along.
AI can reproduce the **form** of ethnography. But not the **conditions** that make ethnography possible.

So what makes ethnographic writing unmissable?

These three inseparable qualities that AI fundamentally cannot replicate.

Relationality.
Resistance.
Reflexivity.

Not as concept or buzzwords.
But as *lived* practices of writing, practices that emerge from being present, being vulnerable, and being changed by the encounters that constitute our fieldwork.
Written from within.

Relationality

Ethnographic writing is born from relationships. Not observation at a distance, but entanglement.

When we write ethnographically, we're not transcribing data. We are telling the tale of bearing witness to connections that transformed us as much as we documented them.

We are **changed** by encounters.
And then we write from **within** that change.

We write holding people in mind.
Specific people.
Specific moments.

Maria's *comforting* laugh when she corrected my assumptions about her.
The young activist who went *silent* when I asked about hope, right after a demonstration.
The elder who placed my hand on her heart and said, "*Write from here*".

That's the ground of ethnographic writing, not data collection, but mutual transformation.
Not information.
Relation.
Obligation.

Because someone trusted you.
And they might read what you write.
Or recognize themselves.

Or not.
An AI can write *about* relationships.
It can map them.
Analyze them.
Simulate them.

It can even sound moving.
But it writes *from nowhere.*
To *no one.*
Accountable *only* to data.

Ethnographic writing does something else.
It is situated.
It carries obligation. To the people who shared their lives with us, to the contexts we were permitted to witness, to the trust that was extended and sometimes withdrawn.

Our writing is unmissable because it is accountable.
Because real people will read it, and recognize themselves, or challenge us, or feel betrayed if we get it wrong.

That is the difference. And that matters.
This is not a technical difference. It is an ethical one.

Especially now. When systems decide:

Who gets asylum
Who gets arrested
Who is believed

Systems that operate on extracted, **decontextualized** data.

Ethnographic writing does *(verb!)* the opposite.
It restores context, restores relationships and restores the human beings that systems render as data points.

When we write ethnographically, we're not just documenting, we're maintaining relationships across time and space. Our writing carries forward voices, dignity and complexity that algorithmic systems flatten. In that sense, ethnography is an antidote to algorithmic erasure.

Resistance

Ethnographic writing resists. Not by rejecting technology.
But by refusing standardization.

AI generates text through statistical prediction, the *most* probable word after the previous one, based on datasets.
It's **the apotheosis of standardization**.

It gives you the most probable sentence, the *safest* formulation, the most *conventional* argument.

Ethnographic writing at its best does the opposite!
It gives you *the sentence that shouldn't exist,*
but must.

The comparison that seems wrong until suddenly it's the only one that makes sense.

The description that violates academic convention because the phenomenon itself violates our categories.

Think about those moments in the field when conventional language fails, when you're trying to describe a ceremony, or a protest, or a moment of collective joy, and every word you know flattens it into something recognizable, but false.

That's when ethnographic writing becomes resistant: resistance to easy translation, to premature clarity, to the violence of making the unfamiliar fit our existing frameworks.

When we write ethnographically, we're resisting the *reduction of life* to information, of *experience* to data, of *people* to patterns.

In this moment of upheaval, algorithmic governance, climate crisis and rising authoritarianism, we need writing that refuses to smooth over contradiction.

Writing that *sits* with difficulty, that *transmits* the feeling of living in this historical moment, not just the facts about it.

Ethnographic writing, then, is a form of **epistemic resistance**: it insists that how we *feel* and *relate* is part of how we know.

Reflexivity

Reflexivity is not a checkbox.
And it is not just: Acknowledge positionality, note limitations, **move on**.
But in the age of AI, reflexivity takes on new urgency, because what AI cannot do is *be*
c h a n g e d
by what it outputs.

Ethnographic writing carries the **traces of transformation**.

Reflexivity is this transformation.

We do not leave the field unchanged. We write differently after fieldwork because we **are** different.
The questions we arrived with aren't the questions we left with.
The categories we thought were stable proved porous.
The certainties we held dissolved in the face of lived complexity.

And our writing shows it.

You see it in the hesitations.
The revisions.
The moments where the text doubles back on itself because our thinking doubled back on itself.

Those moments, when we write
"I thought…
but then…
and now I'm not sure",
that's where the craft of ethnography breathes.
AI cannot produce that because it cannot ***doubt*** itself.
It cannot ***hesitate***.
It cannot ***be moved.***

Is there a solution?

AI with better algorithms?
Writers with more efficient writing tools?

The solution is to protect and expand spaces for *experimental writing*, for forms that match the complexity of what we're trying to convey.
Not because we're being self-indulgent, but because this era, the Algorithmocene if you like, demands it.
The rise of AI actually makes reflexive writing *more* crucial.

When so much text is now generated without presence, without vulnerability, without stakes, our writing that shows its seams, that reveals its process, that acknowledges uncertainty, becomes a form of epistemological honesty that's increasingly rare.

We need spaces where writing can remain:
Messy.
Situated.
Accountable.
Spaces where writing is allowed to feel. To hesitate. To resist. To be human.
So, what makes the craft of ethnographic writing unmissable in the age of AI?

It's unmissable because it comes from **relationships**, and relationships create obligations, complexities and accountabilities that can't be automated.

It's unmissable because it **resists**, not through a refusal to engage with technology, but through an insistence on forms and insights that escape standardization.
It's unmissable because it's **reflexive**, it bears the marks of transformation, shows our minds grappling with the limits of their own understanding.

What AI cannot generate is writing that matters; writing that's alive with relationship, crackling with resistance, marked by transformation.

That's what we do.

That's what we *must* continue to do, not despite AI, but *because* of it.

Our writing is unmissable because **we** were there.

We were *changed.*

And we are *accountable* for what we bring back.
That's not a limitation.

That is our superpower!

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