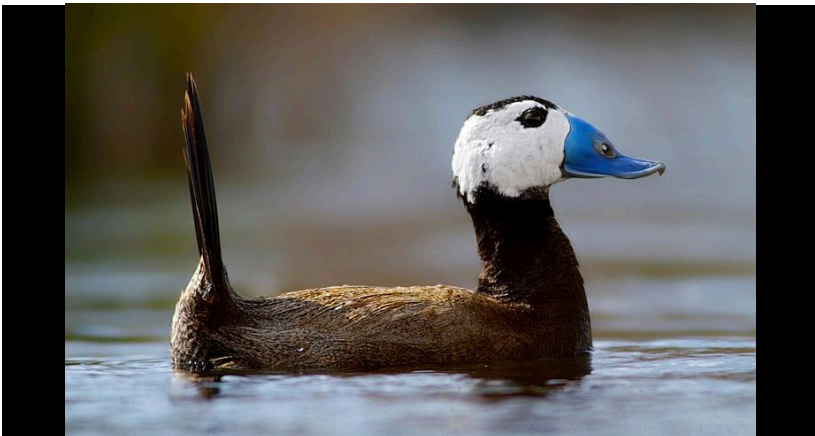




I will close this series with an homage to a Turkish-Norwegian sense of humour. A friend of mine—Dr. Diker in Istanbul—posted an image of himself on social media, which I asked to reproduce here. He’s an architect who holds a PhD in history of art, based on his work on the Aya Sofia.

The phrase: “Dedim ben de böyle böyle.” Which means—*I said that also*. But what does it actually mean? It could mean: I say a number things, and I said that also. Or, it could mean, listening to someone else speak, saying something important, not quoting his sources right: I said that before him.

Or, why didn’t I say that before him (it should have been me). This, of course, is combined with his expression, for which there are no words. When something unintended disrupts the living—in action or expression—in a mechanical way, this is when we laugh Bergson wrote in *The Laughter*.



The quip on the front page (*recto*) highlights an awkward duplicity that it is difficult to determine whether is caused by the “quirks” of language, or by a questionable moral character that could be shared by *all* humans. Moreover, it doesn't seem to make much difference which way we take it.

It is one of those “wicked problems” with which we initiated the present series. The discussions we have had at KHiO—prompted by the Vanessa Beecroft art-piece—is confusing in a *similar* way: judging by what has come out in the media, it would appear that we are almost killing each other here.

While the internal discussions I have attended—and contributed to—so far, are ones where all kinds of views emerge, and all of them are listened to attentively, because all of them contribute to a nice and complex exchange. Of course, there may be part of the building that host rougher discussions.

Yet the issue is that there appears to be a missing link between the scope and scale of the debate in the press, and the way it surfaces in internal exchanges at school. We must assume that they are somehow part of the same collective situation: *adversarial* diatribes and repressive *tolerance*.

If it were a *beast*, it would appear that it is *nameless* for the time being. But what would it take for it to surface in a cogent way—embodied—for the substance to emerge, and the discussions to move in some specific direction (without being, for that, consensus-driven)? Are the students being *heard*?

Is the corollary of being heard for someone else to *listen*? Beyond making surveys and building democratic institutions, the *bare fact* of listening seems regularly to escape us. Being present to the word that someone else speaks. And changing or affecting a course directly, as *internal* to the exchange.

The structural problem might therefore be that we have two needs: we need to measure, and we need to listen. Measuring tends to take the upper hand before listening. A friend of mine who manages a company developing a platform for Norwegian design, says that attention is a treasure.

Being there and listening, before something can be measured at all. *Before* catching up with emails, hosting meetings, making records and surveys. That precious act of listening—meeting, having some soup, a glass of water—being overshadowed by all these activities that compete to substitute it.

What we must do under the conditions of the Corona pandemic is to develop an infrastructure for sounding, being heard, having a sense of how others are doing. Acting with design, rather than by accident, require these basic *ground rules for levelling with the human condition* to be identified and kept.

These are *other* rules than keeping at least 1m distance, but operating in the same space as these. Designs for sustainable human working-relationships—for dissent to be productive and come out with a recognisable face—is one of the most important priorities right now. Techno-cultural devices.