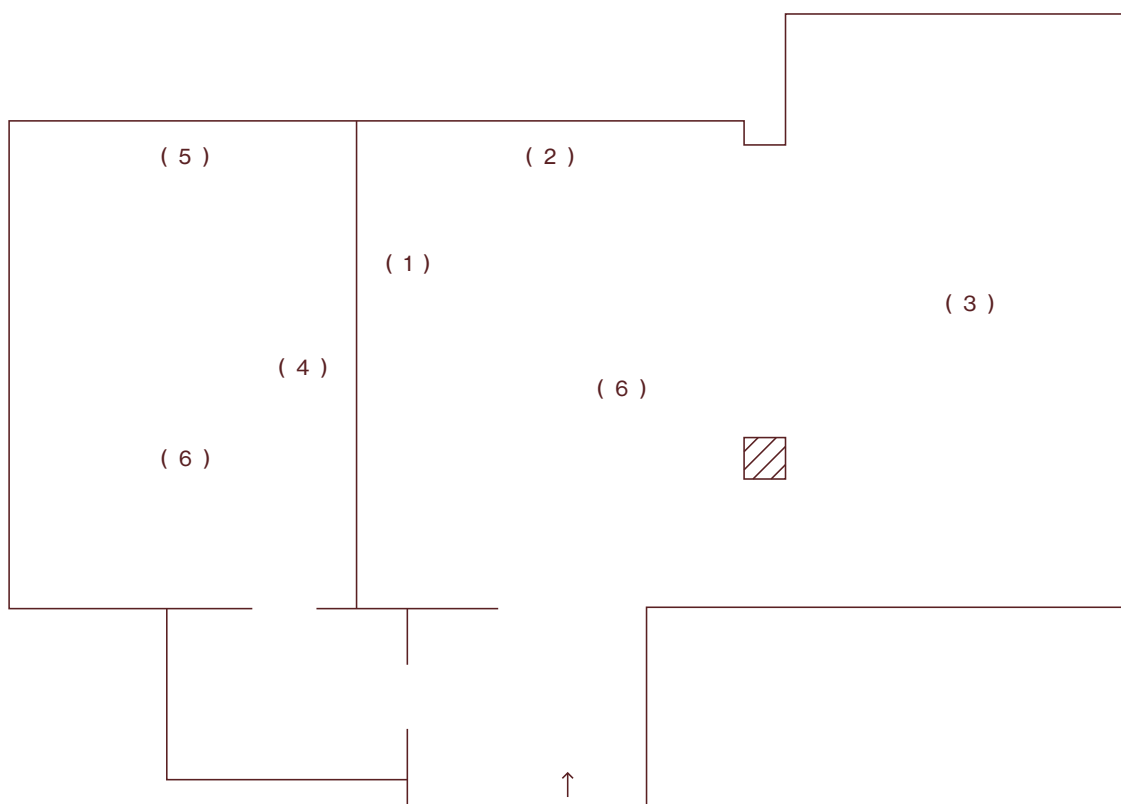


Underströmmar och strider

Isabella Solar Villaseca

Feb 21–Mar 29
2026



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| <p>(1) <i>En vacker väv</i>
Photograph, wood, plaster, aluminium blinds
120(140)x200 cm</p> | <p>(4) <i>Underströmmar</i>
Wood, wallpaper, radiator
160x210 cm</p> |
| <p>(2) <i>Från våra drömmars fontän</i>
Photograph, fridge and freezer, magnets
116x220 cm</p> | <p>(5) <i>Mot fjärran — bortom siluetten</i>
Photograph, text, wood, tiles
160x210 cm</p> |
| <p>(3) <i>Solen ändrar sin kurs</i>
Wood, wallpaper, window, limestone
250x75x240 cm</p> | <p>(6) <i>Radio Magallanes</i>
Sound (in collaboration with Stephen McEvoy)
38:00 mins</p> |

Isabella Solar Villaseca (b. 1992, based in Malmö and Copenhagen) works with installation, sculpture, text and video. Drawing on archival material, she explores how history, politics and architecture shape our present. She creates works that move between the concrete, the theatrical, and the poetic, with collective experiences and the spaces we inhabit at their core. Solar Villaseca was educated at the Bergen Academy of Art and Design and the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen. She has previously exhibited, among others, at Overgaden, Vermilion Sands, and the Latvian Centre for Contemporary Art.

Isabella Solar Villaseca
Underströmmar och strider
Sven and Ellida Hjort's Grant Exhibition
Feb 21–Mar 29, 2026

Vernissage: Feb 20, 18.00-21.00
Guided tour and artist talk: Mar 5, 18.00
In collaboration with KKV Monumental

I look at the images and think of how we belong together.

On the walls hang Isabella's sculptures: a collection of fragments that, like layers of time, stretch toward us. Family photographs on a patch of plaster, on a refrigerator door; a child on the way down into the water and adults smiling, caught in the moment.

It is not the violence. It is not the slow mouth of brutality grinning maliciously at us during a coup d'état long ago. It is not tense hands, fingernails scraping against the asphalt. It is not the arrhythmic movement of fear before everything comes to an end. It is not the silence afterward. It's the feeling of belonging, Isabella replies on the phone at the end of November, or was it in Folkets Park the last time we met, at the beginning of July. But isn't it also melancholy, I reply, and it falls quiet. A quiet like when someone is thinking, or hasn't heard, or doesn't agree at all.

The sculptures hang directly in front of us, floating dreams of everything we once had, of everything that has been lost. Have I come home? The fragments of origin seem to knock, deep within my consciousness. Not angrily or harshly. Nor anxiously, like someone seeking refuge. Rather like a friend who used to be close, right there when it really mattered. I stand in front of these familiar fragments of time and let them move toward me in a poetic rhythm.

And then there are the photographs.

A party in a community center. A spontaneous cueca in a living room. A child on a sofa with the vast apartment blocks towering in the background. And then Isabella, a little one-year-old, my cousin, holding a garden hose, about to fill the pool. The red wooden façade, and in the window reflection: the tall, dark spruces bearing witness to everything. Perhaps the images capture a reclaiming of power, of meaning. Moments of recovery from *history*, from fingernails against asphalt. That noise, from the irregular scraping, which in a way took us from there. Away from the landscape between the sea and the mountains, to the trees, the high-rises, the community centers. That uprooting. The movement that was required. And then the silence, the one that followed us here.

I think of Plato's anamnesis. How human beings always carry knowledge within them, but must recollect it. A collective, layered knowledge acquired and transmitted throughout time. It shifts perspectives. Remembering becomes something other than preserving the past. Seeing through the past redirects the gaze from the present and can instead shed light on another possible future. A rhythm; a movement that stretches from a before to an after.

And everything that brought us here.

To the dark spruces, to the high-rises, to the dance in the living room and the parties in the community center. And everything in between: the belonging, the rhythm, the stories. The lives and jobs that were lost and the photographs that were never taken. Instead of being confined to history, the photographs in Isabella's artworks have broken free, and the fragments of walls, refrigerators, and radiators now attempt to reimagine it. They have become something familiar, while a shift is taking place. History is not finished. It unfolds, and with it we dare to defy everything that feels predetermined, and we begin to move. Perhaps that is why the sculptures are standing here now.

Curators: Albin Hillervik and Janneke Schoene
Sound composition: Stephen McEvoy and Isabella Solar Villaseca
Technicians: Linus Svensson and Jesper Veileby

Text: Anneli Ström Villaseca
Graphic design: Amanda Do

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