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passion pressure

by Klara Kayser

I tried to leave you
but leaves are hard to find
I tried to leave you
at least 12 trillion times

so I killed two mosquitoes fucking
reproducing in the air
it wasn't really cool
and I know it wasn't fair

Between the Lines



Issue 2 – November 2020

wormhole

An enthusiastic discussion with droplets of spit exchanged, a kiss, a hug, a handshake, a touch, a rub, a big dinner with friends, a party, a smile, a train ride through Europe, a shared table with strangers, dissolving into the crowd at a concert. Our now abandoned habits and desires that we once enjoyed so unconsidered, have become potential risks, reckless irresponsibilities, or nostalgic memories, in any case a harsh reminder of the new normal we all are living through at the moment.

Time and space have been stretched out like gum, this year has passed like three days and three years at the same time, and the distance between London and Tbilisi has never seemed bigger. For making “between the lines”, the second issue of Wormhole, we’ve therefore reached out to artists and friends in remote cities to collaborate on the newspaper. We’re opening up a slippery tunnel for thoughts, products, wishes, desires, fears and tears of these times, becoming physical printed matter in Athens, Düsseldorf, London, Oslo, Stockholm, Tbilisi and Warsaw. To treat the newspaper as a traveling public space, as site for debate, knowledge-production, exchange and subversion, a container for written and visual content, brought together by all of us in remote collaboration, has a social and political implication, that was of special meaning to us in times of closed borders.

Following the trail of the first issue of Wormhole ‘everything is not alright’, searching for new perspectives, voices and dimensions, re-examining existing structures and addressing social matters such as LGBTQ+, discrimination and abuse of power within Kunstakademie Düsseldorf, searching for portals and holes, through which meaning can pass, reading between the lines became essential.

‘Between the Lines’, refers to alternative modes of speaking out, as well as to the reality produced by the Covid-19 virus. The pandemic has affected most aspects of society and many of us find ourselves besides our practices, in a state of in-between. It has also revealed the relative fragility of the way society and industry was functioning pre-pandemic. We want to treat this place of in-between as a generative site for reconsidering, redefining and remaking; a transitory space, from which it is possible, also through to cultural production, to envision and shape the future.

We’ve divided the issue into five sections: *Home Cooking*, *Sensory Exotica*, *Conditions of Making*, *Pink Alarm* and *Catastrophe Reports*. These sections attempt to thematically bridge across the different geographic locations and will hopefully help the reader to make her way through the vastly different material the newspaper brings together and trace the themes we thought stood out and which, we found, connected the contributions.

Home Cooking: Experiencing the past months has not only affected the social sphere, being or not being surrounded by other people, other bodies, but has also made us reconsider what the home means, where and what home is; the pandemic has, for a while, made the home the centre of our lives, as a place to rest, nurture, as work space, office, studio, as hiding place, as prison, as a world of its own.

Time spent in isolation, at home, is also time spent in the presence of one’s own body. The ‘danger’ of sickness, catching a disease through small particles in the air, through vira left on surfaces that we pick up and bring into our bodies with our fingers, has brought heightened awareness to that fact that we live in a biological jungle, full of invisible vira, of particles, fluids and matter in flux.

In *Sensory Exotica*, we’re looking into the world of matter, of the senses, zooming into ‘nature’; we’re talking with a maker of perfumes, interviewing a specialist on animal behaviour and autism, presenting another kind of ornithological photography and more.

All of our contributors are makers in one way or the other; makers of objects, of stories, of images. What does it mean to make something right now? For some, the means for making have changed or become inaccessible, for others, the conditions, the world to which their work responded, has so dramatically changed, that the point of reference has disappeared or changed so much, that the way one used to work, no longer makes sense. In *Conditions of making* we’re bringing together contributions that reflect on the act of making, producing and shaping.

Pink Alarm borrows its title from Mikołaj Sobczak’s introduction to his Warsaw interviews, which reports on the alarmous state of intolerance, discrimination and violence towards the LGBTQ+ community in Poland, through a series of conversations with Warsaw-based drag-queens. We’re also reprinting a letter that has circulated mainly online, that calls for international attention to the arrest and detention of Polish non-binary activist Margot. The section also includes amongst other contributions, an essay on language politics, an opinion-piece/film-critique dealing with the topic of migration and poetry about cultural appropriation and queer identity.

Lastly, we’re identifying this moment in time, as a moment of catastrophe. Not only is the Covid-pandemic killing across the world, but also destabilizing structures, social as economical, plunging all nation states into debts and threatening the concept of mobilization as we know it, not to talk about the individual losses. However, a time of break down is also a unique possibility, an unexpected hiatus, a chance to step outside of the stream of constant movement and consider another direction.

In *Catastrophe Reports* we’re bringing dystopian fiction, an essay on (non) motherhood, asking urgent questions, diving into the history of plagues and flues and more.

Mira Mann & Anna R. Winder

Athens

In the autumn of 2016 I moved to Athens with my friend Paul. We wanted to go somewhere to start something. We opened up a space called SUPER to show the work of young artists. It was a very special time at a special place and I’m happy to share with you four interviews with people whom I met during that time and after. People from Athens and the Greek Countryside.

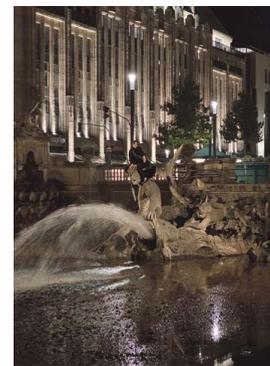
Lukas Panek



Düsseldorf

Besides organizing the process of “between the lines” as a whole, we also operated as the editors for the contributions from Düsseldorf. The Düsseldorf contributions of the present issue are mainly made by students or former students of the Academy. Wormhole was born at Kunstakademie Düsseldorf and the first issue was finished in quite a rush, three weeks before the schools annual open doors. It included contributions from students and friends, that felt like participating, in print, in a dialogue about the ongoing struggle with sexual harassment, toxic environments and discriminating structures within the school. This time, trying to keep the spirit of a rather open platform, we found most of the Düsseldorf contributions via an open call. As the issue is a collaboration between seven cities, and we’re limited by a natural and economical space constraint, we’ve found room for ca. 7 contributions per city. We very much hope that you will enjoy, be surprised by, be at odds with, think through and be enriched by the contributions as much as we have!

Mira Mann & Anna R. Winder



London

Sending out an online open call for this issue of Wormhole, in the midst of the city opening up after lockdown, was in a way fitting for the topic ‘Between the lines’. The in-between state, or rather transitional state from old normal to new normal (how ever long that norm will last) that came to be after a long lockdown bore with it newfound problems and challenges: for everyday life as well as the creative scene and process. With that the necessity to search for answers and solutions in the less obvious, in the fog, by acknowledging the non-binary and often more creative routes are highlighted. I do not claim that the works chosen from London address this state of being directly (we are still too close for reflection) but I hope that your encounter with the texts and images we have collected from the city will be a bit like meeting a fox in the night. It doesn’t matter how long you have been in London: you stop, make eye-contact and exchange valuable information, even a secret. The fox runs into an evergreen shrub by a brick wall to write a five act screenplay or eat abandoned lukewarm french fries. It doesn’t matter which. And you, you head your way.

Karólína Rós Ólafsdóttir



Oslo

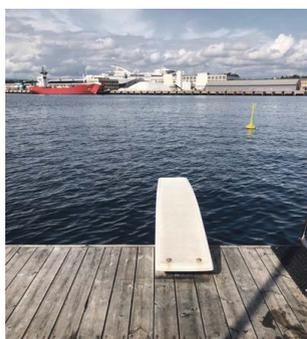
The Oslo contributions are based on invitations. The scenario unfolded from a simple text from Anna R. Winder; “do you still live in Oslo?”, that led me to take the editorial responsibility of the city. I knew Anna back from Copenhagen at a point when the idea of going to art school grew on both of us. She went to Dusseldorf and I to Oslo where I have now lived for five years. At the time when I received the text I just finished my graduation show. This post grad phase with its inhabited ideas of closure and moving on, combined with the lockdown that amplified the feeling living abroad, had put me in a condition where a voice from the past seemed like an intriguing driving force. The format; a newspaper that connects young artists across Europe in a time of isolation encouraged me and I pursued the role as a co-editor considering that my motivation was of the emotional and personal kind. For that reason I choose to invite a selection of people who’s work I love.

Damla Kilickiran, Astrid Hjortdal and I studied together at the MFA program at Academy of Fine arts in Oslo. In her work Astrid is combining poetry with everyday observations, through installation, sculpture and text-based work. She is interested in the fragility of history and the various forms in which a voice can be manifested. For the graduation show she produced a book titled “Kroppens funktion er at bære livet” that consisted of around 90 autonomous text and drawings that she produced within a year. Zooming in and out, jumping back and forth in time and narrative the book explores time, decay and love in an elegant and humorous way. It was with this book in mind that I invited her to participate.

Damla’s practice contemplates on topics related to alternate states of being as a method for image production and knowledge. Alternating between sculpture, video and drawing that brings automatism to mind. Kilickiran invites us to enter the thresholds of language; where the introspective body and its relation to the world meet. For this issue she contributed with the text “Gates of Coagulum”, that takes its starting point from a session with a hypnotist, where she brought one of her sculptures.

Rose Hammer is an artistic persona consisting of several artists, that was created as a response to the invitation from osloBIENNALEN to create a work in public space. Rose Hammer aims to escape the logic of the individual artist, becoming instead a transnational, transgenerational, transdisciplinary persona, an *femme fatale* internazionale. Rose Hammer carefully considers relatively unknown stories at the origin of mainstream notions of identity, nationality, and history, in order to construct a counter narrative, and to present it following the rules of Brechtian agitprop: with explicit, clearly formulated political positions, non-hierarchical dynamics, and a *reductio ad absurdum* of notions such as professionalism, virtuosity, and entertainment. The presentations are always site- and context specific. *The Radical Flu* is the second part of a series, *National Episodes* and is being presented as a radio play. It will be released at the end of October 2020. For this issue of Wormhole they have adapted parts of this to fit the newspaper format. Karin Keisu and Josse Thuresson are a collaborative duo whom I also met at Academy in Oslo. With a practice that favours instances of learning, temporal dissolution and poetic interruption, they work artistically and curatorially, addressing systems of power and socio-political environments. During the lockdown they showed me a text on the topic of Swedish language politics in relation to nationalism, assimilation and immigration focusing on the minority languages Meänkieli and Swedish sign language. The text was one of the first things that came to mind when I started sending out invitations so I’m really glad that Josse and Karin allowed me to include it. I hope you will enjoy the contributions as much as I did! Thank you Astrid, Damla, Rose, Karin and Josse

Anna Sofie Mathiasen



Stockholm

I first moved to Stockholm last year in September, and after just 6 months I had to leave again because of the global pandemic. The Art Academy I attend shut down, and it was a strange situation experiencing the pandemic from the Danish as well as the Swedish perspective as the two countries handled the situation very differently. When I look back on it now, it seems fitting with the theme ‘between the lines’. My network in the city isn’t that big yet, so I chose to find the contributions for Wormhole by sending out an open call. The applications contained a range of mediums from photography and poetry to excerpts from a newsletter. It was really interesting to see how different people were approaching the same topics, and I hope you’ll enjoy the contributions from Stockholm!

Alberte Skronski



Tbilisi

I live and work in Tbilisi. This city is filled with poetry, absurdity, and madness. This is why I think it is interesting to be part of the Georgian art community. When Keta told me about Wormhole I was more than happy to work together with her. There is still a lack of communication between the international and the local art scene. I think Wormhole is a project which can help to enhance this communication. The pandemic was a hard time for the local art scene. But it also helped many artists to search for new ways for their practice. And we had a bunch of good work to choose from.

Shotiko Aptsiauri

It’s been three years since I moved to Düsseldorf, but I’m trying to be in touch with and follow the art scene back in Tbilisi. My overall interest lies in contributing to creating ties and finding common ground between Georgian and foreign artists. That’s why the prospect of cooperating with ‘Wormhole’ was so thrilling and interesting. Because of the pandemic my going to Tbilisi became impossible. But nevertheless Shotiko Aptsiauri, a young Georgian artist, was an enormous help in finding the contributions and in the selection process. In Georgia, the pandemic created great challenges for the art scene. Despite this rather difficult situation, it was surprising to see how the artists were able to find different ways to continue their artistic process. All this has made a considerable impression on me.

Keta Gavasheli



Warsaw

In the gloomy laboratory called “Warsaw”, tests are performed on living beings, which today’s cognitive capabilities cannot identify. When scientists worked here, one could usually see the pulsating pink light at the end of the corridor. It was an alarm. However, it was not one that made you run away. Pink was announcing the end of research. Sentence: “These living beings are people!” Yet, the scientists were fired. They were replaced by *religionists*, who claim to represent democratic standards. Right after they came, strangely, a pink bulb burned out in alarm. And to be absolutely sure that no activist would replace the bulb, two policemen were put on guard. They were supposed to defend the objects. Objects are certain. People, on the other hand... Well, it is still unclear whether those beings are people. They are definitely an ideology – as the current president of Poland stated in his campaign.

We have no illusions anymore. Politics is primarily a game of influence. The nation is only needed to cast its votes. Because of the crisis, that makes more and more economies indebted, no one believes in electoral promises of prosperity. Therefore, the most effective strategy for winning is to manage fear.

An early American author, H.P. Lovecraft, wrote in his 1927 publication “Supernatural Horror in Literature”: “The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown.”

Now, most Polish politicians have decided to scare us with the mysterious letters “LGBT”. Every day, “Wiadomości” (English: “The News”) – broadcasted by the Polish Television, have told us what this abbreviation means. The narrator’s voice has been full of visions of paedophiles – neo-Nazis, neo-Bolsheviks – entering schools to change the sex of the students with mysterious pills, “sexualize our children”. The moving images, on the other hand, have shown those colorful living beings who, according to our president’s advisor, do not deserve human rights because “they are simply not human,” ... excerpts from their performances, prides and information campaigns on HIV ...

I’ve invited them here to tell about themselves in their own words and not with the gloomy voice of the journalist of “Wiadomości”, for whom the laboratory called “Warsaw” is preparing further propagandistic material.

Mickoła Sobzack

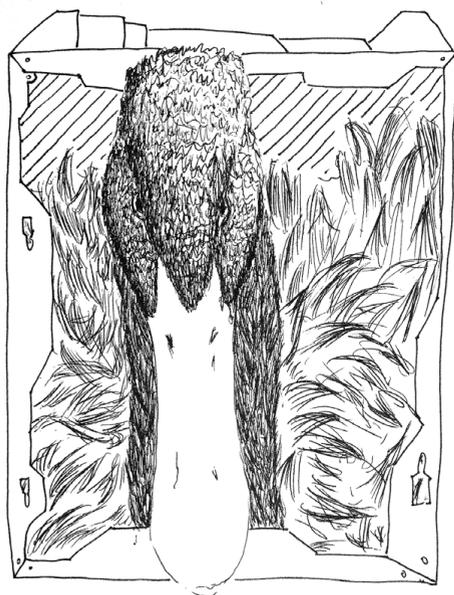


Sensory Exotica

Nature (n.)

by Boaz Yosef Friedman

late 13c.
 restorative powers
 the body
 bodily processes
 powers of growth
 Old French
 nature
 nature
 being
 principle of life
 character
 essence
 Latin
 course of things
 natural character
 constitution
 quality
 the universe
 literally
 birth
 born
 to be born
 give birth
 beget
 mid-14c.
 the forces
 processes
 the material world
 that which produces living things
 maintains order
 late 14c.
 creation
 the universe
 heredity
 birth
 hereditary circumstance
 essential qualities
 inherent constitution
 innate disposition
 human nature
 nature personified
 Mother Nature



Untitled, Lukas Langguth

Nature and nurture
 paired and contrasted
 Shakespeare
 Tempest
 nature and nurture
 convenient jingle of words
 all that a man brings with himself
 into the world
 every influence from without
 affects him after his birth
 Francis Galton
 English Men of Science
 their Nature and Nurture
 1875
 the material world
 beyond human civilization or society
 original
 wild
 undomesticated condition
 from 1660's
 especially in state of nature
 condition of man
 organized society
 Nature-worship
 religion
 deifies
 phenomena of physical nature
 1840
 avoided
 vague expressions
 a lover of nature
 poems about nature
 more specific statements
 the reader
 natural scenery
 rural life
 the sunset
 untouched wilderness
 the habits of squirrels
 The Elements of Style
 3rd ed.
 1979

Athens Interview 1

Lukas Panek with Labrilena Konstantelou

Hello Labrilena it's nice that you find the time to speak a bit over the phone. I met you in Athens but you grew up on the country side. How did you become interested in the field of science?

Growing up in the scientific background of my family I got forced to study something related so I chose chemistry and later the field of biochemistry, open to potential artistic practices.

But you found a way revolt: Where did you collect your knowledge to make perfumes?

My grandmother got to be my inspiration for my today's herbal knowledge, spending time with her in the countryside of a greek Mediterranean village, Pylos. My grandma's role was really important in my everyday life. She was the doctor of the village and an herbal healer. She taught me that nature is our teacher and friend and we should respect her and give her love. Her gardens full of herbs rosemary, lavender, poppies, salvia, carob and olive trees. She knew how to cultivate, preserve oils, to make medicines from herbs, soaps and essential oils. She was also naturally dying her own wool and fabrics from flowers. She could cure everything with plants' antiseptic properties. I was impressed by listening to my grandma's stories how she cured injuries using leaves direct on the wounds instead of bandages. Leaves could absorb the poison and change colour when the skin was getting better. So, one day, my grandmas' stories about the greek goddess Artemis, the great herbalist of mythology, gave me the first ideas to start extracting flowers and make perfumes.

It's so nice to hear how you describe the nature you grew up with. What do you remember from that time in nature are there any vivid memories of yours?

All these years observing the blue days and the starry nights I learnt that when you give love to the plants and animals by talking and being kind to them, nature thanks you too.

We tend to forget it's always good to remember us of it. From an early age you worked toward what you do today?

As a teenager I was already picking wild flowers and petals extracting them making natural fragrances and syrups and after years in the university I tried with more scientific ways in a laboratory.

How was the context of the university dealing with your own investigations?

The university I did was very strictly based around chemistry and medical research for example cancer treatment, something I wasn't really interested in, while I wanted to be more open to the fields and learn about

alternative ways of testing and healing illnesses. Later in my presentation I chose to do something completely different from my classmates. The title was "Biotechnology and Arts" where I studied bacteria to renovate frescos, marble, wood and paper

Oh, that sounds interesting, tell me more about it! I got some samples of fresco and started to use viable bacterial cells which could cure the colour of the frescoes making it brighter or darker and the surface's texture softer. The bacterial strains I applied to the marble biore-moved nitrate and sulphate salts successfully.

I always wonder what bacteria do inside us and around us but I wasn't aware they can do such things! But coming back to the perfume: What is a perfume for you?

I love to travel and learn the beauty and the wisdom of different traditions and people. A perfume is also like a journey, fragrances and essences touch your heart and your memories. I love when I walk to pick flowers and rub them to my body and get their fragrance. It is magic when your soul is open and colours and smells of the past become so alive. A bath of rosemary reminds me always the garden of my grandmother playing around with my dog.

That sound beautiful how you say it, I always enjoy the smell of the perfume you gave me in Berlin. My interest making herbal perfumes started also in a personal level to respect my body. Friends and people, I know are into natural ideas and I would love one day more and more people to come closer to the nature and learn to make their own herbal medicine. Simple secrets of life are in danger and we should protect them for a better world for the future generations with less pain. Nowadays we should be more conscious, learning from nature and listening what our instinct tells us. We should grow more plants and gardens instead of chemical medicines and vaccines. Birds for example eat poppies when they are in pain and other seeds to cure themselves.

You know a lot about nature, much more than me it shows really that one has to experience or observe in order to understand. What would you like to do next?

Connected to the current situation of pandemic, I think of slowly moving to the countryside. I would really love to collaborate with people who would be interested to come and stay there. To make extracts and perfumes, some workshops, being closer to plants and trees, bees and butterflies, birds and goats. This is my dream and all of you are welcome. Nature is the best healer of the soul.

I very much agree, thank you so much I hope we see very soon. Maybe in Pylos or maybe in Athens!



Detail from *Melankholiker*
belliplate 2, digital drawing (detail), Hedda Schattanik, 2020

Trust, the tiger

by Karólína Rós Ólafsdóttir

Extract from a hypothetical conversation

ACT II

Cold morning, early winter.

Topic: Defence-mechanism.

Sitting in fog.

- X: It's not like it is a tank in camouflage.
- Y: a) Agrees. Follows with a fact about the Solomon camouflage scheme.
b) Mocks the metaphor.
c) Disagrees. Tries to change the subject to cereal that contain pesticides.
- X: *(draws the left knee up to the chest)* And it is not even a–
- Y: a) Cuts in and suggests it is a fence.
b) *(yawns and stretches both legs flat, leans back on palms. Waits.)*
c) Is impatient and asks: What is it, what is it then?
- X: *(Looks at Y's feet that move the toes slightly, as if bored)* If it is a fence it is not the kind with barbed-wire. Rather the friendly ones old people hang flowers on. Or a word structure?
- Y: a) *(acts bored and shrugs shoulders)* "If you say so..."
b) Disagrees, it must have either barbed-wire or light electricity.
c) Asks if the fence intends to capture the tiger or keep it out.
- X: I mean, it would only be one of those low ones for cattle. And an organic form. It would be floating really. The type people could jump over clumsily. Or tigers. But they probably gracefully.
- Y: a) Asks if the talk is steering towards sheep again. Doesn't want to talk about sheep again.
b) *(looks puzzled and annoyed)* Says fences can't really be floating or organic except if they are nets at sea. But clarifies that those are eventually nets, not fences.
c) *(flips hair in a slightly smug way)* Points out that cattle fences often have barbed-wire. And the ones for horses often have light electricity.
- X: *(puts arms out to the sides, as if stretching, but keeps them there)* Hm...it is rather a map than a fence. I don't want to trap the tiger. Not a net. This time I am not involving the fish. *(Suddenly claps)* Let's call it a guide book!
- Y: a) Claims it is getting a bit vague. *(lies down and sighs)*
b) Claims to be losing interest if this is about travelling or borders, claims to not believe in borders "anyway"
c) *(laughs aggressively)* "Come on! Not everything is a diagram or a book or a set of instructions! Cut it out"
- X: Sorry. Yes. To be honest, it is a haze. It is hard to pinpoint. It is in between. It is– This fog.
- Y: a) *(stands up and leaves with the tiger that suddenly enters)*
b) Asks if it is a personal fog, claims to see no fog around.
c) Is suspicious of the fog. Wonders if it is really smoke. Or worse.

Bird Finding

by Jos Nyreen



Bird Finding, Jos Nyreen, pencil and eraser on paper, London, 2019

Ninety Percent are solitary creatures

by Elijah Young

Camera is to be planted on corner of Old Cavendish Street thoroughfare, facing East towards caudal end of Circus beneath reflective awning which will have barrelled over time. Assuaging documentarist gaze/percipi and deep depth-of-field: Forman's beauty contest; definition flat and sharp across frame. Eyelashes, ducts. Equally, tone will be aseptic and nonpartisan. Zapruder-esque (silent) with no missing frames. To replicate Richards Rogers' (Lloyd's building, Pompidou) bowellism, elements of syuzhet must all be made available at once, immediately (no progression). Instancy in fabula. For this reason, the film must never be filmed, must instead remain prosaic, localised to one page (paramount). Everything functional will be on the outside. Everything purposeful (here, nothing) internal; this will be what makes the building run. Signification of the swarm: will move in equidistance from one another, maintained by cyc vision and proprioception. No eye contact; no truth value applied in relation to apathy as symptomatic of Central London. Distance of two point six feet between each unit: possibilities of conscious or unconscious maintenance of cohesion, alignment, separation (avoidance of collision or divergent movement, avoidance of independence or unnecessary distance). Processes will be regulatory, and will combat extraneous forces' influence, indicating potential for interruption, and autonomic. No direction; no stigmergy. There must be no causal relationship between the constituent body and the context of the street. There must be no warrant for an interpretant (by means of bowellist form

– thirdness in audience unnecessary to speak of here). There must be no latent absence, as in swifts or locusts, and no pursuit of anthropology. Individualism will be violently met. Filed teeth. Noses Greek. Clean pores, and combed. No vanity; no chemicals. Pallid button-downs, the colour of lungs, with cords and burnished cuffs and buckles. Oxfords or Chelsea boots with no arches. Circadian cracks of heels against pavement (unheard) in an anomalous round. No luggage. Any brand logo must be ripped away by hand, thread left. Blinking, breathing, will be normal. Midday, March. Clear and starved air will amplify reflection in eyes of crowd. Single point perspective as street will disappear beneath arbour and occlude itself. Harmonic; indistinguishable. Beneath jetty, movement between plate glass bohemia display in John Lewis and concrete, craning willow lamppost, bin (street symmetry). In centre-right of crowd, one will trip potentially broken at the knee – unseen. Imperative that there is no expression as it falls. Will crumple. Metastasis will be met with autoimmune reaction; alien threat, no longer part of crowd, treated as invasive foreign body, carrier of sepsis. Cyprian honeybees move concordant with one another in frenetic response to oriental hornet intrusion, and smother or cook. Asphyxiated or boiled corpse is then consumed or otherwise disposed of, rejected by hive. No such sanitary blueprint must exist here. In its non-existent place will be the resumption of path and lattice.

Excerpts from The body's function is to carry life

by Astrid Hjørtedal

without gravity tears don't fall *uden tyngdekraften falder tårerne ikke*

a hand pushes me down under the surface of the earth and i become a fossil
a rare precious fossil
a 428 million year old fossil
a flat imprint of the body on an unknown type of rock

*en hånd presser mig langt ned under jorden og jeg bliver et fossil
et sjældent dyrebart fossil
et 428 millioner år gammelt fossil
et fladt aftryk af undersiden af en krop på en ukendt type stenmasse*

you are the seagull on top of the monuments of the city
you stand solidly with your tiny flat feet on the patinated bronze

*du er den måge der sidder på toppen af byens monumenter
dine små, flade fødder er plantet solidt på det patinerede bronze.*

the eyes are open on the inside of the eyelids *øjnene er åbne på indersiden af øjenlåget*

i feel the earth spin around itself while lying in bed tiny vibrations easily confused with the flow of the blood going around the body's cardiovascular system
i am thinking about the snake that eats its own tail ouroboros
i want to start eating my arms and afterwards the rest of the body in random order

*jeg mærker jordkloden dreje rundt om sig selv mens jeg ligger i min seng små vibrationer som let kan forveksles med blodets vej rundt i kroppens hjerte- og karsystem
jeg tænker på den der slange der spiser sin egen hale. Ouroboros
jeg vil starte med at spise mine arme og efter det, resten af kroppen i tilfældig rækkefølge.*

i have cried on important documents *jeg har grædt på vigtige dokumenter*

i want to squeeze two magnets together
two similar poles against each other duct tape them and keep them in my pocket as a form of tension in life

*jeg vil klemme to magneter sammen
to ens poler mod hinanden. gaffatape dem og have dem i lommen som en form for spænding i livet*

the earth spins so fast that it loses its contact with its own path in the solar system
and disappears into the endless emptiness

*jorden roterer så hurtigt at den mister kontakten med sin egen bane i solsystemet og
forsvinder ud i den endeløse tomhed.*



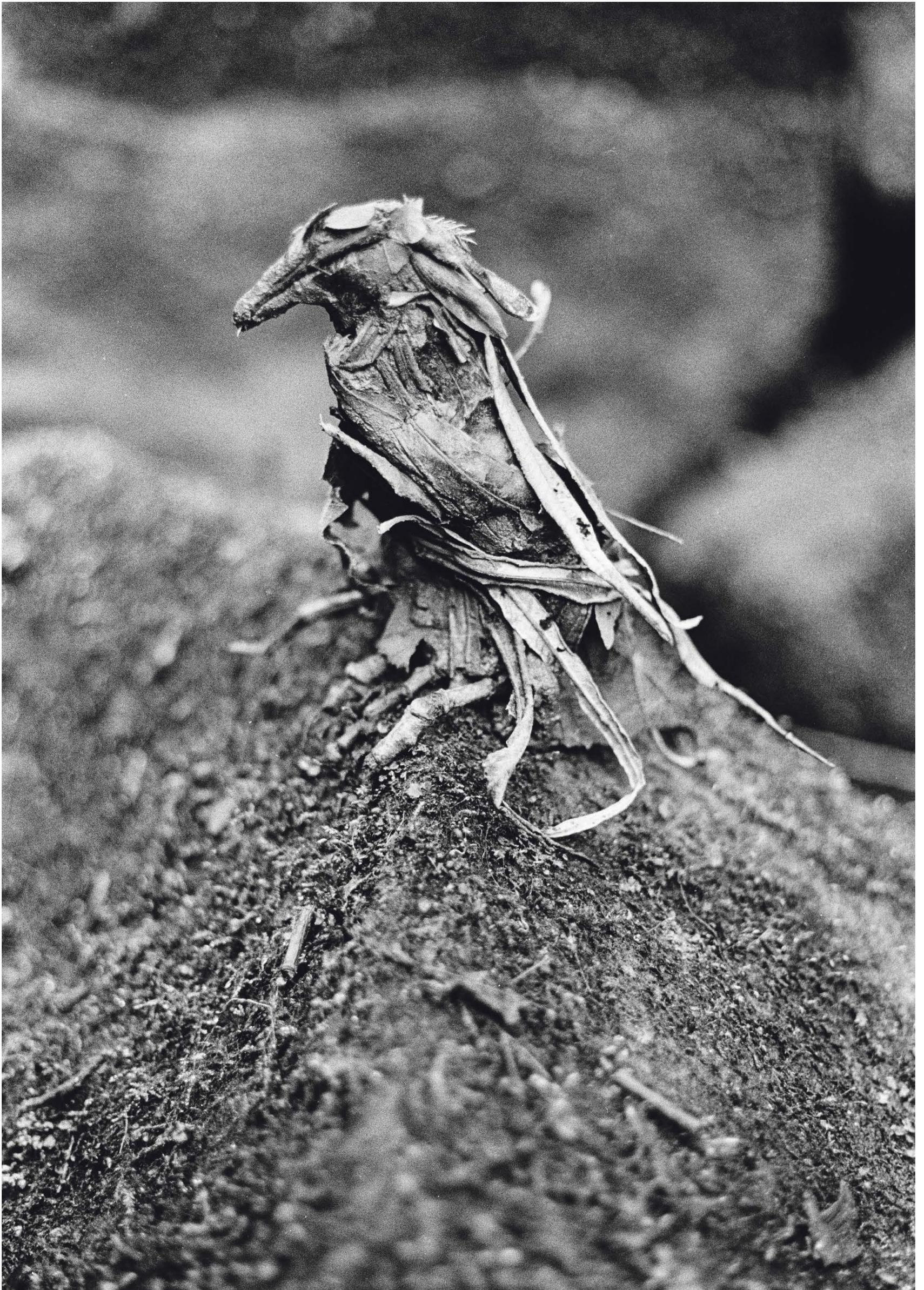
AVES

by Tom Hardwick-Allan

(selected from an ongoing series)

35mm silver gelatin photographs, Derbyshire, 2019







You've got to get away from words

Mira Mann with Temple Grandin

TG: I can hear you now
MM: Great, I'm glad this works! Hi!
TG: Hi.
MM: So good to see you and thank you for taking the time to be here for the interview!
TG: Great to be here.
MM: How are you doing?
TG: Just fine. Well it must be really late at night for you because it's four o'clock in the afternoon here.
MM: Here it's midnight. But that's totally fine.
TG: Ok. Because I was surprised that you were willing to do it so late.
MM: Should we just start right away?
TG: Let's start right away.
MM: Could you maybe introduce yourself to begin with?
TG: I'm Temple Grandin. I'm a professor at Colorado State University in the US. When I was in High school I was very much into horses. Now I'm an animal behaviour specialist and I'm in cattle mainly
MM: Thank you. What is your personal relationship or your story with horses, what have they taught you?
TG: When I was a little kid I was severely autistic, I had no speech until the age of three. And when I was in high school I got bullied and teased and called names and when I was about 15 years old, horses became my life. I ran our school's horse farm, I cleaned 9 stalls everyday, we got our horses ready for shows and it was one of the places where I had friends. Friends with shared interests. Whenever a kid is kind of different, you gotta have friends with similar interests. I also liked electronics. And these two were places where I wasn't bullied. Because the students who were into horses or electronics weren't bullies. And so for a lot of kids that are different, any activity with animals is really good. Two things about that helped me: I learned how to work and also had friends. I've got a paper online called "How a teenager with autism made friends and learned how to work with horses".
MM: And is there any special experience you have in mind with a horse, that was most fascinating?
TG: Well, one of the things I found out when I first started to work with animals: I'm an extreme visual thinker. And everything I think about is a picture. Well and that's the way an animal is gonna think. It's not gonna be in words. It's gonna be in smells, in pictures, in sounds. In fact, I was just at a big conference today on how animals communicate with their different calls. And they communicate through tone of voice. There was one presentation on prey dogs and on monkeys and there can be a predator and then there is a call for a predator like an eagle but there is also a call for how bad it is. Is he really close or far away, so how urgent is it? And this is done by the tone of voice. I think for a lot of kids that are different animals can be really good.
MM: So can taking an animal's perspective alter our worldview? How would that be connected with your way of thinking and your way of seeing the world?
TG: Well if you want to understand animals, any animal, get away from words. You got to get away from words. It's all about what they see. And I was just looking at my book "Animals in Translation", a book I did a number of years ago. It is translated to German, I don't know the German title of it, but during this conference they were talking about whale songs and their tones. Music is probably very much involved in how animals communicate. They don't have words, so they can communicate emotion with the tone of their calls. Dogs do that when they're barking. And most people can figure out whether their dog is happy or anxious by the way that he barks. That is the tone. It is a sensory based world, it's not a word based world. In fact I think it's crazy that you still have got people discussing whether or not animals are conscious. To me that's just ridiculous, to most people who own a pet that's ridiculous! But there are some highly verbal

people, cause when I start looking at the filiations of the professors. For example the psychology department, that's a highly verbal field and has a hard time with animal consciousness. Whereas the neuroscientists would go "Yes definitely! They are conscious!".
MM: What do you think are the biggest mistakes made in human-animal communication? And how can we understand their sensory based worldview better?
TG: Well the first thing, you have to understand is that they think differently. Another thing I have talked about a lot in my talks is that you have people who are visual thinkers, but you also have people who are pattern thinkers. And there are mathematical kinds of minds and those are all different ways of thinking. The first step is to realise that those different kinds of minds exist. Visual thinking minds are going to be good at art, but another thing they can be very good at is very clever mechanical engineering. In Germany you make a lot of equipment and you ship it around the world and that's because you kept your skilled traits in your schools. So there is the visual thinker who makes machines that are very clever and the mathematical thinker and engineer that is going to do things like designing the power grid. That requires a lot more mathematics. But the first step is – you have to realise that they think differently. When I first started out in my twenties I thought everybody thought in pictures the way I do. And recently I have learnt that there even is a condition called 'Infantasia' and they have no visual thinking at all. If I ask for example "visualize your own house", they wouldn't be able to see the inside of their own house. Now that's rare, but it does exist.
MM: Oh! Then if horses are visual thinkers, they should be good at art? No – of course they think differently, I am joking. But I was wondering about the domination and obedience that this companionship of human and horse requires. I mean horses are so strong and could easily not cooperate ... Do you think they like to be ridden and what is important in this relation to them?
TG: Well if you treat the horses right, they will like to be with you. Now you will have to make sure you don't get them so tired riding. But riding can be a pleasurable experience for horses if it's done right and it can be a miserable experience if the horse is beaten and mistreated. And it's good that people are going with more natural horsemanship and getting away from, you know, rough methods of training. I've seen some very impressive demonstrations where a person gets on a horse and there is no bridle, no halder, there is nothing but the naked horse and then rides it all around. Well that horse, you've gotta totally trust it, because without a bridle it can just take off.
MM: And what do you think motivates the horse to engage with the human like that?
TG: Well a horse is a social animal. And one thing they don't like is they don't really like being alone. In fact there are a lot of problems with stallions behaving abnormally, because they don't get to interact with other horses. And we have a lot of problems with dogs. They simply are home alone all day. But now with covid dogs have it a lot better because the people are at home. While Covid is miserable for us, dogs love covid. Because their people are at home and they are not being left alone all day.
MM: Right, it's sure been a time when people have been at home mostly or just out for walks in nature ... dogs are fascinating animals too. And why does it seem like especially young girls today are attracted to interacting with horses?
TG: Well I don't know they seem to really like them. The thing I wanna emphasize is, there are some people for whom horses are the best thing they can ever do and for somebody else they might not be. But one thing I am concerned about today, at least in our educational system, is students are not getting exposed enough to different things to figure out what they might like or not, or do

when they grow up.
MM: Yeah that's right, it's maybe not that much of a choice in most of the cases. It's a question of possibilities and privileges, your social context, a lot of people don't get the chance to engage with horses ... You've talked in talks about how you are a visual thinker, thinking in images. To me the world of horses is also related to images, narratives, imagination and probably also to images produced by stories and films and this whole way of how we humans shape how they are being perceived. I am interested in how this animal has become such an object of projection and desire ...
TG: I don't know. That's a lot of abstraction. I'd rather just talk about how the horse and also other animals are visual thinkers. The very first work I ever did was with cattle. They were putting the cattle through the race for their vaccinations and I noticed there might be, you know, a piece of paper like this hanging down or something and that would stop them. Or there would be a plastic cup on the ground and they'd stop. So I was looking at what the cattle were looking at and people thought that was kind of crazy, but by the time I did that, in my twenties, I didn't know that other people were not visual thinkers. I thought everybody was a visual thinker. And it wasn't until my very first book, called "Thinking in pictures", where I wrote about how I think in pictures, that I found out that there were other people that did not think in pictures. But it took me a while to learn that. I didn't learn that right away.
MM: And did visual thinking also help you when working with horses? And did working with horses transform you in any way?
TG: You know I don't want to go and say horse riding is something magic. I'd rather just say that for some people it's a really beneficial activity, for some little kids that do hippotherapy, or some little kids that are autistic and have no speech have said their first word on a horse and for another child it doesn't work. But if you want to find out how I think in pictures, I have another book called "The autistic brain", where I talk about the autistic brain, the different ways people think and there is scientific research that shows: there is object visualisers, there is more mathematical visual, spatial thinkers, and then there is word thinkers. And the computer programmers, they are mathematical thinkers. But a lot of people who are visual thinkers understand animals. Because that's more like how the animal thinks. It's a sensory based world. It's not a word based world. A lot about girls liking horses better is more about the emotional connection to the horse. When I was in highschool I was being bullied and teased, I was not interested in studying and horses basically saved me. I got friends through horses, I learned how to work through horses, working with them was just such a fun thing to do, it was a great activity. Now what field are you in?
MM: I'm in art, I'm studying fine arts.
TG: Okay, then if you're in art then you'd be a visual thinker, too! Another thing I like to do is, I like to draw pictures of horses. When I was a little kid I was drawing horse heads over and over and over again. And my mother then encouraged me to draw a lot of different things, draw the entire horse for example. What kind of art do you do?
MM: I'm doing a lot of different kinds of things ... I work in collaborations with other people, and then I do live things like performances or theater, also writing, filming and building settings for that. Sometimes I also do drawings but more to bring my ideas together on paper.
TG: That's great! Okay. Well I tend to do a lot of designing and life size facilities too. A lot of smart kids who are visual thinkers who'd ought to be out there building stuff and doing stuff, they get an autism diagnosis and that's all they think about. I worked a lot with horse trainers and animal trainers, they probably all had mild autism and they were some of the best animal trainers, because for them that was the most interesting thing that there

was. They're also some of the most skilled trades people I have ever worked with. I know that you in Germany by ninth grade you track students by their abilities and that's one of the reasons why you're one of the biggest international equipment export businesses.

MM: I don't know ... In Germany we have a school system with a lot of different schools and qualifications. at the age of nine or ten kids are sent to separate schools depending on their grades and that school will most probably be the place of their graduation, their formation. So this system here is also being criticised as rigid structures imposed on kids from very early on. While you were in school, you invented the squeeze machine, I saw that in the movie about you.

TG: Yes! That's in the HBO movie. One thing the movie does really accurately is show how I think visually. That is extremely accurately the way it's shown. For a long time I had horrible anxiety and panic attacks and I saw how people put cattle in the squeeze chute to hold them for their vaccinations and I that sometimes they kind of relaxed in there, so I went and tried out the squeezing machine and it helped me to relax, so I build it for me. Pressure is calming. Now again I want to emphasize, it does not work for everybody, only for some people.

And for certain teenagers that have learning problems, might be autistic, or dislexic, adhd, or kids that got into trouble, horses have been a great activity. We have some programs where they train wild horses, mustangs, they train mustangs and then they sell them. And that for example is a great activity to get some of the youth that have been into a bunch of trouble into working with horses instead. Because horses teach you patience. If you just beat a horse up it's gonna have a bad reaction. To really teach a horse right it's gonna require patience.

MM: What else does it require to teach a horse?

TG: Well my assistant he's a very good horse trainer and he just bought this little two month old male little colt and the mare and he said stroke the mare and let the baby just come up to you. Don't try to grab it, don't stare at it just let it come up to you. So I'll have the brush and I'm brushing the mare and then the baby comes up to me. People who try to lunge at the baby that's the worst thing you can do. Just let it come to you, you can't just put your hand on every animal and think you could stroke it.

MM: Yes I guess that is difficult for some people to reduce immediate action and take a step back ... And do you think we as human beings need to reconcile with nature in some ways?

TG: Definitely there is a lot we got to do to improve sustainability. One thing in farming I'm getting very interested in is rotation of crops with grazing animals, such as cattle, sheep or goats. Because if you use the grazing animals right, and you get the grazing animals in with the crops, you can actually improve the land. If you use those animals wrong they wrack the land. And we have some very innovative small farmers that are striving to use some of these methods. What I found is happening in my country is that the small farmers do it and the big companies go "uh stupid" and then, fifteen years later they're doing it themselves! I've been in this industry for a long time and I've seen that happen. And we've got to get a lot more sustainable practices. We've had horrible problems with covid making the workers sick at the slaughterhouse, you've had the same in Germany in your big slaughterhouse – and then what would you do with the pigs? The problem that you've got with a big centralised supply chain: it's very economical, very efficient – when only everything works right. But when they break, and covid broke it, then you've got horrible messes. Now you have a lot of interesting people who want to build smaller slaughterhouses to break it up into smaller elements to make the supply chain more flexible. You've had the same problem that we've had in ours in your big plant, we've read that about that. Half the workers were sick and the plant capacity was 30% and where do the pigs go? They had to destroy a lot of pigs on the farm and throw them away – absolutely horrible.

MM: Yes, the slaughterhouse Tönnies, also the people working there are being treated inhumanely, even before covid. They work extreme shifts under bad conditions, low wages, space is tight, the living conditions, and when covid broke out they were basically kept in there like prisoners. Of course that was in the media, it's actually not so far away from where I live.

TG: Yes I know the company, I have been in his plants. It's very similar to ours. And when they don't work, where do the pigs go? It's a big mess

MM: Absolutely I mean, for me that's a horrible place also when it works ... But what we saw is that Covid hit especially hard and revealed the conditions in big industries like slaughterhouses, airlines, suppliers, all the weak links in the chain..

TG: I also thought about other problems like floods, storms, we have tornados that break stuff, really bad storms, they can just break things completely. You have floods too but you don't have what we call twister storms.

MM: Do you believe in a human future on earth?

TG: Well there are things we have got to change. And I think this pandemic is a BIIIIIG wake up call! We gotta do something about these viruses. And I just hope the vaccines will work. And if they do work we might have shots every six months. And I am 73 years old, I have to be super careful. I am writing another book about visual thinking because I am worried about the fact that the visual thinking student is not being well served by the educational system. In some countries.

You need us visual thinkers because we can see what happens if this breaks or that breaks. We need visual thinkers they can see solutions to the problems. There is a certain kind of engineering that visual thinkers are extremely good at. I call it the clever engineering department, very clever equipment. But what's happening in my country is that in these fields they have so much emphasis on algebra, us visual thinkers can't do that and we're losing skills there on bringing together clever equipment!



Mira Mann and Sedami Gracia Elvis Azilinin, *untitled*, 2020

So one thing I am writing in this book is that our educators need to take visual thinking seriously. Forget about algebra, there are a lot of other things we can solve. Like Fukushima, Fukushima was a visual thinking mistake! I can't design a nuclear reactor, I don't know that kind of math. All I need to know is, the emergency cooling pump has to work when I need it. It's an electric pump that puts it in a non waterproof basement. What do you think happened when the Tsunami flooded the site? It drowned the electrically operated emergency cooling pump. The problem is, the mathematician doesn't see it. Watertight doors and it would not have happened. Very lotech, very simple, that would have saved it. They did not have watertight doors, can you imagine.

MM: That's so incredible. I mean Fukushima is surrounded by water, directly at the seashore..

TG: You see, If you had a visual thinker on the design team they would have said we need to put watertight doors in, we need to build a wall strong enough, that if we have waves of 3m or 15m of water flooding the site we still can keep the basement dry. I would have seen that! I can't design a nuclear reactor but maybe I need to work on the safety systems. And what I have been learning while studying perception more and more is: the mathematical mind doesn't see it. They calculate the risk, but they don't see the water flooding the site.

MM: People don't always realize how things are connected. I even feel the more precise, developed or abstract into one direction you get, the more far away you could get from keeping an overview, practical approach or overall intuition..

TG: The boeing airplane is another example for a big gigantic mess. You see this pen right here? Imagine it is sticking out of the side of the airplane. It measures air angle. A bird breaks it off . You had wired that directly to the active computerised flight control system and you forgot to tell the pilots about. Really? You did that?

MM: Wow ... no way!

TG: But you see I am not saying I could design the aerodynamics of the airplane, but I wouldn't trust a sensor as fragile as this pen sticking out of the airplane right under the cockpit window. When you break that sensor, the plane thinks it is stalling when it doesn't. You see when a plane stalls it goes up like that, and then the system would push the nose down if it stalls. But if that sensor broke, the plane is flying normally, but the computer would shove its nose down. And they never told the pilots that the system was there. When I found out there is a thing called angle of attack sensor and I found out what that was – it's no bigger than this pen! They trusted one sensor ?! The plane has two wings, nose and tail, why didn't they use several? Because they did not see it. It wasn't stupidity, but a lack of visualization. The art mind would have seen that. Like you, the artmind is good at art, but the art mind is also good at a lot of visual mechanical stuff. So we need visual thinkers. But how was that for you in school? Did they put you aside? Since you are in art now, what did they think you were gonna do when you were a kid?

MM: When I was around 16 or 17 years old I figured out a way for myself to deal with

homework, exams and learning but before I had a bunch of problems at school. I was very bad at maths, had a hard time concentrating on things that didn't interest me, problems with authority and also in the beginning of my school time with german language, but I wanted to be with friends all the time and that's what I liked about school. We didn't have a lot of art classes and if there were any rather bad ones, for me it wasn't clear at all that i would become interested in art, I hadn't learned much about it and simply didn't know what that would be about. I think I was good at inventing stuff, making up stories and crafting things. But it was only later, after school, that I got interested in contemporary art and museums, not really through school. My mother is from South Korea and for her it was very important that I get a classical music education, I was playing piano and violin, so music was my first approach with a form of art really.

TG: That's interesting. You see, we need our visual thinkers so we don't have a mess like Fukushima! Because from a carbon neutral standpoint nuclear power plants are carbon neutral. When they work right they just sit there. Just watertight doors, lotech, easy to buy, easy to build, but they didn't happen.

MM: So you'd be pro nuclear power plant as an energy source for the world ?

TG: Well I know that a lot of people don't like nuclear, but the thing is, that it is carbon neutral when it works.

MM: But it comes with a big danger and a lot of side effects.

TG: Okay you know let's look at Chernobyl – they turned off a safety system to test it. Now that's super stupid. Some of these mistakes were pretty basic.

MM: But it's not only mistakes, also irreversible long term consequences ... you end up with super toxic long term trash that you then have to get rid of, you just can't hide that somewhere or dig deep enough.

TG: Yes that's the biggest problem, the waste materials. That is the biggest problem, the most difficult thing. That's a big problem. But when I found out how that accident happened, as a visual thinker I go, how could you do that?

MM: Okay well I see. Let's maybe get back to the horses..

TG: Yes, right. My message here is: If you have a chance to work with horses, go work with them! Horses are really wonderful to work with. For a lot of teenagers they are especially great. At risk youth, these are teenagers boys and girls who have gotten into trouble, horses have proven to be extremely helpful for them. Sometimes working with a horse, training a horse, even programs where you don't ride the horse. There is one called EAGALA, you just get out in the field and sit there until they come up to you. It's a type of therapy, you just sit on the ground with them, you just go amongst them in the pasture, don't ride them.

MM: And do you still ride?



Mira Mann and Sedami Gracia Elvis Azilinson, *untitled*, 2020

TG: No I don't, I have bad balance problems, I am too worried I am going to fall off. I am doing a lot of speaking because the thing I am interested in right now is getting young people who got labeled dyslexia, autistic, ADHD. I am just seeing too many of those kids going nowhere. I have seen people who train horses, people that work with cattle, with metal working, that today they would be in special education as they were autistic, but I've been working with them professionally in different fields. Those people were really super good at their stuff. I had a german job coach write to me last week, she worked with autistic adults and was saying she thinks sometimes a label holds them back. What I am saying is okay they're becoming a label, but when in the 70s in Arizona, when I started working in the cattle industry, being a woman was a much bigger barrier than autism ever was. Being a woman was a gigantic big barrier. You know autism enables me to have extreme visual thinking but one thing I had to do is, I had to make myself good at what I did. I am seeing too many kids get a label and all they want to do is talk about the label. Einstein would be labeled autistic today, Thomas Edison, the inventor of the light bulb would be labeled autistic, Michelangelo was probably autistic – look at the things they did.

MM: But how did that work out for you?

Overcoming labels, because you said being a woman was a bigger barrier even.

TG: I had to make myself three times better than a man. I had to make myself very very good at what I did. And another thing that helped me – there is a scene in the movie where I get the card from an editor of a farm magazine, because I knew if I wrote for that magazine, that would really help my career and so I got a good reputation for writing good articles for the magazine too.

Make yourself really good at what you do! That's what I did.

MM: Yes I mean, what you are saying is – you shouldn't accept the labels you are being assigned with and you should fight for what you want to do and I agree with that. But I also think there are structural and social, inequalities, privileges, historical and political imbalances that some people benefit from. So we need to take steps to change that in bigger terms too. I mean this is also what the ongoing protests are about, Black Lives Matter Protest also must be huge in Colorado right? Does that affect you?

TG: Yes there were big marches outside. Things are a lot better in Colorado than in some other places but there is a lot that needs to be changed. Terrible stuff that goes on. I have worked a lot on guidelines for preventing cruelty to animals. And you have to have very clear guidelines about what you don't do. I've watched one of those awful videos where they shot a guy in the back. You don't do that. If a person is running from you, you don't shoot them in the back. I've worked for slaughterhouses and what I've learned there is 10% of the people we had to get rid of because they like to abuse animals, you have to get rid of them. And I think it's probably 10% of the police officers, we have to get rid of them.

MM: Or all, I mean it's become a systematic problem.

TG: Some people enjoy being cruel.

animal. They abuse. I've seen that at the slaughterhouses and we just had to fire them. And I was involved about 20 years ago with McDonalds in the implementation of the animal welfare rules in the US and we went through all the plants and started to clean up, we had to do a lot of repairs, management, some plant managers had to be removed and some of the employees had to be removed because they liked to hurt animals.

MM: That's so incredible for me how you do this. You love cattle, understand animals so well but then you also get together with guys from McDonalds..

TG: We gotta give those animals a life worth living. I can't go in the slaughterhouses right now because of Covid, but just before Covid hit, the biggest welfare issue I had seen in slaughterhouses was the one about the cattle coming in. We genetically select the pig to get more and more pork until it gets difficulties walking. We've had problems with heart failure in big fat cattle. It's a combination of genetics, feed additives and just pushing them with too much feed. I have very serious problems with that. I call it biological overload. Where the animal is just pushed to the point to produce and it's biology is just falling apart. I have big problems with that.

MM: That's so wrong ... people have specialised in completely repressing any empathy for them, only looking at growth, individual tasks, details, ... Is this linked to capitalism for you? We have made animals a human controlled capital.

TG: I am not gonna put those kinds of words on it. I am a scientist. I am gonna just say that you can not select the pig and beef animals just to grow, grow, grow, grow. An animal is sort of like a country. If I put my entire national budget into the economy then I have nothing left for infrastructure, that would be reproduction, the skeleton. And then you have the military, that's the immune system to fight off disease and what happens when you breed animals just for growth, their skeleton tends to get problems. You need to look at what's the optimum level of growth. If you push too hard it's coming off the truck all stiff and sour. A lot of it is a genetics problem, we've over-selected for production traits. Dogs we've over selected for appearance traits. Like bulldogs can't walk, can't birth naturally and can't breath. And I have big problems with that. Breeding animals that will have a lot of problems. That's not ok.

MM: The animal as a country, that's a sort of political thought ... basically colonized countries then, the human has interfered here so deeply.

TG: The problem is, these changes happen so slowly that people can't realise that it's changing until they really get into a big pile of trouble. And this is all done with regular breeding. No GMOs here.

MM: Okay. And I see you have a picture of the hubble telescope in your background. Are you interested in space?

TG: Yeah, well the hubble space telescope I like that! The best one is the deep space field where they found all those galaxies, thousands of galaxies. The scientists who did that NASA almost turned down their proposal because what they wanted to do is to point the hubble at nothing. They wanted to point it at a piece of space that contained absolutely nothing. And they saw all those galaxies!

MM: Wow! Like a whole new perspective!

TG: Yeah the most important picture the hubble ever took and the proposal was almost rejected.

MM: People always look at places where they expect to see something or where they know something will show up.

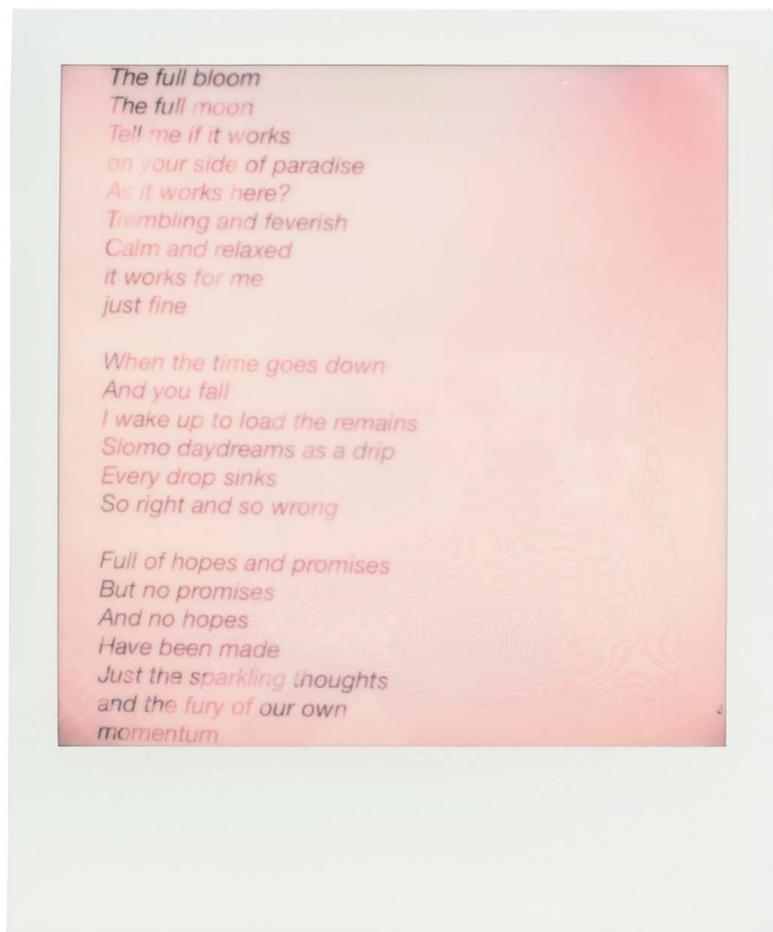
TG: He had just picked a place by the big dipper where there was nothing to see.

MM: That's amazing. So now we came from visual thinking and seeing details to looking at nothing to see everything. This is maybe a good point to close our interview then. Temple Grandin, thank you so much for your time and for all the insights you gave.

TG: With pleasure. It was good to talk to you. Thank you so much.

MM: Wish you all the best and take care, goodbye!

Pink Alarm



Embrace the Failure (Nonrecognition series), Polaroid/Poem, Wojciech Puś, 2020

Digging Deep Manifesto

by Luki von der Gracht

We are all looking to belong
We are more than the limitations given by others
I want to free myself from the look of the other

We want to free ourselves from the history that was served to us for breakfast
Each morning at 7 when the grass is wet

We need to re-discover history

I want you to take a big shovel
If you don't have one, ring at your neighbor and ask them

Take this big shovel
And go in the garden
Go in the forest
Go to the park
To the river
Or the beach

Take the big shovel
Tuck it in the ground
And dig as deep as you can

A shovelful of earth
Building into a little pile
I want you to dig as deep as you can
Deeper
Come on deeper

I want you to dig as deep as you can

Until you find the poems that were burned
The bodies that were buried
The love that was banned
And the birds that went missing

This little pile of earth that grows bigger and bigger
Will be the letters of your new alphabet
To invent new sentences
In a re-discovery of history

Create language that will make some angry,
and empower others
language that will make some laugh
and inspire others.
It will change over and over again

Because our language is aimed to be in motion
Like our gender
And like a river in the spring time
There are many different ways to be a human being
Connected to history and the future

Solar Eclipse

by Jon Ely Xiuming Aagaard Gao

I want a new name for my poetry
a new word for my name
a new word or no a hundred words
or no words
for my nationality
for my gender identity

○ you're supposed to feel love now
○ and the violence?

I don't see stars
neither imagined ones
nor real ones

a solar eclipse
the blackest you can ever see
no I mean that kind of black you really can get lost in

I like to sound like I'm questioning
even when it's me who is the creator

we have our sibling language
sibling hands
the ground is never as steady as when we are we



queer cyanotope, 2020



Uel

Poczułem się ostatnio wywołany do tablicy. Poczułem, że coś zmusiło mnie do wypowiedzenia się. A czasy takie ciasne i skisłe. Ale nie wyobrażam sobie, by nie wypowiadać się głośno i wyraźnie, przy towarzyszącej wszystkiemu fermentacji. Wydarzyło się tu u nas tak dużo ostatnio, że nie da się nie odpowiedzieć krzykiem i tupaniem nogą. Bódźce były silne i posunęliśmy się do krawędzi przepaści. Mimo to będziemy wkurzać i drażnić dalej. Uważajmy! Stąpamy po cienkim lodzie.

I recently felt called to the blackboard. I felt that something forced me to speak. The times have been so cramped and rotten. But I cannot imagine not speaking out loud and clear, with all the fermentation that digests our reality. So much has happened here recently that it is impossible not to answer with a shout and a stomp. The stimuli were strong, and we have moved to the edge of the abyss. Nevertheless, we will continue to piss you off and annoy you. Let's be careful! We are walking on thin ice.

Free Margot: S.O.S. Sexual And Gender Democracy In Poland

by Paul B. Preciado, Wojciech Puś, Dr. Ewa Majewska

An international call to liberate non-binary activist Margot and to defend sexual, gender, and racial minorities in Poland.

Last Friday, August 7, the Polish court ordered the prosecution and pre-trial detention for Margot, a 22 years-old, non-binary activist using female pronouns and one of the founders of the queer Stop Nonsense [Stop Bzdurom] Polish collective, for two months on alleged charges of assaulting and destroying a “Stop Pedophilia” van. For months now, as part of the “Stop Pedophilia” campaign launched by the “pro-life”, neo-nationalist, and catholic organisation “Fundacja Pro-prawo do życia” (Pro-right to live Foundation) and widely supported by the governmental institutions, vans with banners that equate pedophilia with homosexuality and sexual education with sexual harassment (in ex. “Do you know what things LGBT lobby wants to teach your children?: 4 years old Masturbation! 6 years old Permission to have sex! 9 years old first sexual encounters and orgasm!”) have been driving the Warsaw’s streets with all impunity. These vans as well as other banners and homophobic educational guides are public signs of institutional violence against sexual and gender minorities that put at risk the lives of those who are accused of being non-heterosexual and non-gender normative. Opposition to the content presented in these banners and publications was expressed by the World Health Organization and the Polish Ombudsman without receiving any response from the government.

A year and a half ago, in response to the Stop Paedophilia campaign, Margot and her partner Lania, founded the Stop Bzdurom Collective to fight homophobic propaganda. They wanted to combat queer shame, passivity, hiding, fear and loneliness, using queer flags to cover homophobic banners and to decorate public monuments with sign of resistance.

Margot’s arrest is part of a larger governmental and police operation to curtail and degrade the rights of sexual and gender minorities and to suppress all forms of critical antagonism. After Margot’s detention, a peaceful rainbow solidarity blockade began in front of the police station at Wilcza street and other areas of Warsaw. The demonstrations were brutally repressed by the police, dozens of demonstrators were aggressively hit and several were detained and transported to police stations. There was no information about who had been detained or where they were taken. The immunity of the MPs and opposition deputies, who accompanied them from the very first moments and tried to protect them with their own bodies, was ignored.



Untitled (Margot detention), Jerzy Tabor, ink on photography, Warsaw, 2020

Joanna Bitner, president of the District Court of Warsaw has not revealed why Margot has been arrested. And the prosecutor’s office has still not considered the application for the activist to contact a lawyer. The rights of defense are violated at every stage. Other arrested demonstrators have not been allowed to contact with their families, legal representatives or deputies. People are questioned without the participation of defense counsel. They are denied the right to information. It was only the deputy Magdalena Biejat’s (The Left) blockade of the police car late at night that forced the police to disclose where some of those arrested at the police station on Zakroczymska street had been transported. Now we know that 48 people have been detained and interrogated. The Ombudsman, Adam Bodnar, and representatives of the National Mechanism for the Prevention of Torture intervened. There are signs that people have been beaten, tortured, and sexually harassed and assaulted during police hearings. Neither the government nor the police has given any further information.

We are making a public international call to demand the immediate liberation of Margot, to summon the District Prosecutor’s Office in Warsaw to revoke Margot’s pre-trial arrest warrant, and upon the Warsaw Polish police to refrain from further repression of demonstrators.

This international call is also a claim to denounce the authoritarian turn of Polish government and the misogynist, homophobic, transphobic and racists violence embedded within police and legal institutions in Poland. There is a long tradition of persecution of minorities in Poland: Jews, Roma, migrants, homosexuals, transgender and non-white people have been criminalized and violently stigmatized by different laws with permission of the authorities in different moments of recent Polish history. In the years 1985–87, the Polish Communist Party conducted the so-called “Operation Hyacinth”, a large campaign of homophobic propaganda, as well as a secret police operation to blackmail and persecute homosexuals, HIV positive people, and sex workers. Although the persecution was criticized by intellectuals and activists, the operation was said to be “legal” according to the laws of the country under communism. For the last two years, a new anti-sexual minorities campaign has

been “legally” launched by neo-liberal authoritarian governments and it is now amplified by Andrzej Duda, with the complicity of Prime Minister Morawiecki and Deputy Minister of Justice Sebastian Kaleta. Both authoritarian communism and authoritarian neoliberalism aim to construct a purified normative heterosexual body as the only sovereign citizen of the country. Democracy ends when its educational institutions are used to re-inscribe relationships of power; when the law justifies gender, sexual or racial violence, and when the defense of “childhood” or of monuments is instrumentalised to discriminate non-heterosexual, non-binary bodies. Queer, trans, and non-binary children and adults have to be defended. This is a call to all international free forces to act now against the institutional violence of Western so-called democratic governments, policies, and institutions.

POWER AND LOVE
FOR MARGOT
AND FOR ALL THE DEMONSTRATORS
DETAINED.

* On August 28th 2020 Margot was released from custody. She’s waiting for her trial.

Desire For Origin

by Klara Kayser

....

I do sincerely share her desire for origin.
And the hope to find THE SELF in the foreign.

AH. The trials and tribulations, I AIR the OHM.
and chinese writing tattoos on body built bodies
(to pump it up)

stealing cultural context and heritage from symbols
and formulating secondary, tertiary, contemporary values.

What A.B. did was: inevitable, superNORMAl,
essential and criminal.

wearing it,
taking it,
bearing it. branding it:
and breathing into
plasticated symbol on elasticated skin.

when charging objects with ATTITUDE/IMAGINATION and
CHARM,
objects gain abilities and power, ENERGY
ENERGY, that WITHOUT the charging man-
sifts through the lithium battery case.

Energy, like sand from the Rhine
through your petite piano hands,
Gabriel, my Valentine. /
It makes no sense that we should live apart

....

Notes on Elements by Klara Kayser

Immigration and the Irony of a Creative Economy

by Jillian Toshie Suyono

Immigration, as a concept, is somewhat peculiar. Who is an immigrant? One assumes this means anyone who relocates to another part of the world. At which point does one stop being an immigrant? And what then of the children of immigrants? We speak of second-, third-, fourth-generation immigrants, suggesting that immigration is somehow inherited. This too appears to be the case in immigration law. In *Destination Nowhere*, director and artist Prapat Jiwangsan depicts a man who was born in Japan, yet inherits the status of illegal immigrant from his mother.



Destination Nowhere (2018),
Thailand, Dir. Prapat Jiwangsan, Thailand

The ideology here is in a sense biopolitical: the foreign Other is seen as an infection that must be overcome, no matter how deeply ingrained an immigrant individual is in their country, they are considered to be infiltrators. One must at the same time acknowledge the role of class in this relation. The same penalties and punishments are never meted out to the revered class of “expatriates”. The only substantial divide between expatriates and immigrants is the substance of power in capitalistic society, i.e. money.

With this in mind, it is easy to see how “strict” immigration law essentially acts as a filter to ensure that the powerless remain powerless over their own means and movement, while the powerful experience no friction at all. Under such a system, it is clear that any who circumvent such law, who by the structure of said system can only be the powerless, are illegalized and made into statistics. They are never afforded the privilege of citizenship, nor the elevation of the expatriate. They are forced to remain a third sort, a hidden, unrecorded person who is not permitted even to occupy space.

Jiwangsan contests this understanding by painstakingly scratching photographs of his subject’s silhouette. Each etch attests his humanity, his legitimacy as a person, and the material history that has led him where he is. All these are present in every fiber of his being, but photographs alone can only show a surface, ready to be utilized for any purpose. By repurposing the photographs as personal portraits, Jiwangsan rejects the assessment of the man as an indistinct, alien presence.

The irony of all this is that even when the boundary between the statuses of “person” and “immigrant” is penetrated, that is, if someone is able to pass from the external to the internal, they are frequently made a disposal utility in their new context. Having been found to be an effective way to extract value from the desperate, this process continues to extend into what previously may have been comfortably middle-class occupations.

In *The Lost Dreams of Naoki Hayakawa*, Ane Hjort Guttu and Daisuke Kosugi illustrate the dispersal of a man’s creative drive into the space of dreams, and its subsequent reincorporation into his work and monetization. The short film depicts a familiar, demanding Japanese office environment, in which workers are expected to put their work and the company ahead of anything else in their lives. As a result, the title character works 16-hour days, leaving him completely incapable of pursuing any of his personal interests. These interests instead surface in his dreams, ultimately eroding his sense of reality as even these dreams are harvested by his employer.



The Lost Dreams of Naoki Hayakawa (2017),
Norway, Dir. Ane Hjort Guttun.

An essential observation to make here is that this existence is not in any way unique to East Asia. This is in reality the true structure of the capitalist economy; the absolute subjugation of the individual to the engine of capital, with exceptions made only for the moneyed few. This is the skeleton of capitalism in the present day, but its body looks different on western shores. Much has been made of the gig economy – the idea of all people as independent contractors in decentralized industries. This development should be predictable from the situation in East Asia. Where a company in Japan may permanently employ someone to work impossible hours, Western companies may simply outsource all these tasks to a network of individuals who have no choice but to work such hours to survive.

The end result is of course the same, physical and mental breakdown. On top of this, however, Naoki works in what is considered a “creative” industry, namely advertising. This gives some context to the repurposing of his dreams – both literal and figurative dreams- as mineable resources. This extends beyond work at corporations and into the production of art in a capitalist society in general. In order to survive, your dreams must be reified as products. You must make and sell your dreams to be able to continue making art. The position of being able to do whatever you want is held by a privileged few, while all others are condemned to work as marketers first and artists second.

This is the true violation of production under capitalism. Except as a hobby, derided as “unproductive” time, nothing is permitted to be produced for its own sake. The very act of creation is viewed as a waste of time if it does not confer some monetary gain. And this is only one part of the issue. It subsumes all production of any kind, even our most ordinary social behaviors are made transactional.

In such conditions, as the virtual and the material are equally molded into consumer goods, it is difficult to see where we end and this machinery begins. Perhaps this is the irony of production in the modern age. We are ever more reliant on fantasies and parasocial relationships, because they are the only things that we can recognize. The whole time, however, we think nothing of the illusion we strive under.

After the danish constitution was adopted in 1849 the society became more competitive. This decreased the value of our labour. It was at this point we started to form our unions.

My grandfather was a mason. So was his father, his fathers brother and the brothers son. As your campaign manager I suggest that we change our logo. As a union for the dead we think our struggle may be different from that of the living.



Athens Interview 2

Lukas Panek with Manolis Daskalakis

I met you in Athens only two times briefly because when I lived there you were doing the Palais de Tokyo residency in Paris. But I've seen one of your works at this neoclassical building. We see a group of people running over Athinas street. It was impressive because it translated very well a feeling at that very moment in Athens. There was this energy. How did this piece come into existence?

I first showed the piece in the exhibition Prec(ar)ious Collectives we did with Palais de Tokyo in Athens in a building on Akadimias street. I had been working on this since I was in Paris. The truth is I saw the whole shot in a dream. The work is called dusk and dawn just look the same (riot tourism). It follows a crowd of 24 people who wear these painted raincoats that I designed and painted by putting everyone in line and painting this abstract horizon in the colors of a sunset or sunrise on their backs. I was born and raised in Athens. There were these thoughts at the time that I was concerned with, both of the portrayal of Greece and Athens in the international media but also of what was happening at the same time with the rise of the far right in Greece and abroad. But generally I think the piece was rooted in a poetic realm: there was this idea of rising and falling, sunset and sunrise, there was the music we designed with Julien Perez which was based on a rembetico song (To Minore tis Avgis – 'The Minor of Dawn') which was an ambient electronic version of it, kind of a dreamy sequence. Rembetico is the Greek equivalent to the blues, it is working class music of the early 20th Century. The shot takes place on Omonia square and Athinas street, which also carry a dense history and set of references in Athens. The piece was made during the time of Documenta where international art world attention was accumulated in parallel to the media attention about Athens as riot city. For the work I had the chance to work with a great team of choreographers and dancers as part of the Palais de Tokyo exhibition in Athens, so the people running in the piece are mostly dancers, but also friends, artists and writers. There is an overhead shot behind them, it's in slow motion and the performers gradually scatter like birds as if they are being chased or chasing something, wearing these hooded raincoats. At the end the shot fades to white and loops again.

If you let a group of people run again over Omonia Square what would look differently today, what has changed for you?

Athens has changed drastically since 2009, it has had many changes both in energy and landscape. Now Omonia square is funnily refurbished I don't know if you have seen it.

There is a new fountain and a funny reconstruction which intends to simulate how Omonia square looked in the 70s. It's quite arbitrary but I feel this redesign is in accordance with how the city of Athens has been built, so in a way it's in context. Politically we have come to this new situation: In the first years of the crisis there was an intense energy and appetite to react and fight for change, to fiercely oppose what is happening both from the European and Greek government which gradually ended up in what I call a kind of numbness. A social depression, where people stopped caring and reacting or trying. There was a normalization of a toxic situation. Then there was the left government for a few years and now there is a right wing government, together with a gradual process of capitalism and tourism really affecting the center of Athens. Hotels and Airbnbs are occupying most of the city center which was previously run down and abandoned.

I really like Athens, I find it a beautiful city, there is still this arbitrary element which keeps it interesting, it is not as globalized as other places.

Your work has for me a strong archeological and pathological tendency, is that something you

always had with you as an interest and way of seeing?

My first works and my first exhibitions dealt with images and examples of former cases of prosperity which for different reasons decayed. With links between past and present states. Then my work shifted to an abstract or emotional focus on the future, dreamy redesigns of how a next state might feel like or what a far future could look like. But yes, the first wave of works were a direct result of what happened in Athens, what had happened with the crisis and the intense changes to the everyday experience of the city. With both these ideas of reaction, this youthful idea of change but also again this feeling of numbness as I named it before. This was really important and affected how I was thinking.

An image seems very important to your practise, moving or static. What is an image for you today, how does it work for you?

That's a tricky question. There is this contrast between the narrative quality of photography, the narrative quality of realistic images and then there is this more introvert or expressive form of abstraction and lines. For some reason I had an urge to combine these opposites. The photographic part was integral to construct a narrative or story. This was also the case in my contributions to Serapis as a consultant. Then my practice gradually changed in a way that would enhance more the abstract and emotional parts which come after the narrative. I don't know if that makes sense.

You previously told me that you work with images made by an AI, are you relating differently to them than to the ones made by yourself?

This shift in my work which is ongoing since two three years is an effort for finding a system, or a new kind of working process. It's a political choice for me as well as an expressive choice to create these images in a collaborative structure. To generate images which express this blurriness of the future, of landscape and gesture and emotion. The images that are generated through the AI are results of a complex process which starts with me creating the training material. I see AI as a tool that works with me, it's more like a means to produce an expressive result. It's a tool which helps me show what is personally relevant.

How is your process of working?

I generally work in a very structural way, a slightly primitive or raw way when making works. At first the structure and the rule set of the process was a very essential part. It was a political choice of designing a certain process. The original artistic gesture lays in training material that I give to the AI but then there is this blurriness of authorship which becomes a core part of the narration. I see it now more as a positive example to work towards a certain direction. The outcome is new images and new landscapes that couldn't be made in any other way. They would not express and contain this narrative and feeling if they were results of a "direct" process of painting and drawing of one author producing one image.

In the selection of works you send me there are a lot of potential images, images which are somehow there but not produced they exist as a kind of mockup or model. A prologue state. I saw that a lot when I was studying that students around me made images in order to visualize what they would potentially show. How's your relation to that phenomenon?

I work a lot like this and I predesign as much as I can when preparing works. I'm also very fascinated and very interested in the process of how artists prepare works for production, how artists model. I also want to make a book about these not yet realized work models of different artists. In this case I work with digital material which originally derives from drawings and photographs but



then I use photoshop basically to mock-up the final work in space. Although the painting part of my works you cannot really mock-up, the materiality and the texture. I'm interested in dimensions, sizes, formats, analogies and geometries while putting a show together, these models help a lot imagining a space. These models are mostly never shown, artists keep them hidden but for a better understanding of how someone thinks and works it's always interesting to see how one predesigns and prepares a work.

You send me pictures of the show at the end of the Palais de Tokyo residency, I see you playing drums in a band there. Its called Ori I heard. Is that something you started a long time ago kind of your longest project?

I have been playing music in bands basically since high school as a drummer and a vocalist. Ori is a band we started in 2014 and means 'mountains' in Greek. We are a trio: a base, guitar and me singing while playing the drums. I also write the songs. Music is an essential part of the way I think and work and has also been integrated in my "artistic" practice. The video called 'Feelings' has for example music by Bill Kouligas which is a new take of a song from my band with my vocals.

You work in every potential format but what sticks out for me is your involvement in Serapis, tell me more about it!

Serapis. I can position myself as a consultant to this hybrid entity named Serapis which makes fashion and art. Theme wise it totally derives from a maritime history with a focus on the sea, the shipping industry, contemporary Greece and the people, spirits and beliefs around this universe. The practice of Serapis is something that really relates and always was kind of in dialog with this tradition of sea paintings and seascapes in a contemporary twisted way. But that's a chosen subject matter. It has also been an exploration of different channels of art distribution. Serapis presents two unisex fashion collections a year in Paris, but also an objects and homeware collection. It works both through fashion and art institutions, working on public projects, exhibitions and garments or objects that circulate the market. Serapis works a lot with silk and produces everything in Greece with local materials. The fashion and art practice of Serapis started in 2015 and since then I have been part of the consulting team driving this forward. There is always this challenge in communicating a kind of image based narrative in the fashion world and fashion or commerce practices to the art world. There are interesting bridges happening in the Serapis realm.

You lived in different cities but most of the time in Athens. Is a specific place and context important for you to work or would you say could work anywhere?

I always felt much more comfortable narrating stories coming from a point of view that I feel familiar with. I think my practice was of course really affected by the fact that I've been mostly based in Athens and Greece. I feel one should keep this sense of locality but also create things that can be communicated globally and can be relatable everywhere. Sometimes it's tricky, one could create a bit more "autistic" work that can be only understood in a local context and that's not always ideal but at the same time I think art should be personal and it should relate to personal experience, creating an atmosphere that is very much a result of ones own history. In my work I have used Greek landscape and examples a lot. Serapis mostly references a local narrative. Shipping and the maritime is a very big issue internationally but at the same time it's the main industry and the main economic backbone of Greece, with huge effects on all aspects of life. I think it's always more interesting to be part of an international discourse from a personal point of view.

My tongue is a 10 centimeter long Swedish flag

by Karin Keisu and Josse

Thuresson

We are witnessing the amplification of right-wing politics that has been influencing and triggering each other through time, creating pathways for new generations of extreme-right ideologies. Renewed acceptance of these ideas threaten those who are not considered as ideal citizens. The ones on the margins. This text navigates around language politics in relation to nationalism, assimilation and immigration politics in a Swedish context. Focus is particularly on the history of the minority languages Meänkieli and Swedish sign language, examples of structural patterns familiar worldwide. Language policies today are primarily aimed towards immigrants and refugees, but the ongoing structural linguistic oppression has a long history. Marginalized methods of communication have always been exposed to colonialist thinking, racial biology, capitalism, right-wing extremism, and normative ideas about a homogenous society.

1017. en singular väg som tar oss till helvetet. amen. 1252. du behöver inte gå en kurs i hur du föder barn i en bil, eller lyfta bort ditt hus på en maskin trailer, eller flytta 100 mil för bröd på bordet, om du bor i staden med guldbro. 1550. kungen ömsar stulet renskinn. 1638. fem gånger är ingen gång menar historieboken. googla sverige+saint-barthélemy+caborcorso+porto novo+nya sverige+guadeloupe.

The imperial sun never sets I-M-P-E-R-I-U-M PEK-h/v SOL SOLNEDGÅNG neg

So extensive that it has constant daylight. Jag lär mig tala progression flytande. Jag har lärt mig tala homogenitet. The relation between language, assimilation and the idea of a homogeneous society expanded in Sweden in the 18th and 19th centuries' conceptions of the "nation state" and "the soul of the people" intertwined with eugenics. 1840. svensken kommer och säger sig veta någonting nytt om vetenskap. det procentuella förhållandet mellan kranietets största bredd och största längd. Pakathaan yhteen. The urge to develop a modern, economically competitive, strong nation state required a collective normality in the new industrialized and capitalistic society. The central demand was a population with one language, and one aspiration - to flourish into a loyal nationalist. Reagerar, böjs, stöps, kategoriseras, säljs. If one did not speak the nation's mother tongue

one was not contributing to nation-building and was thereby confined to the periphery of society. In Sweden, these concepts paved the

way for the Swedish State Institute for Racial Biology, the first of its kind in the world (1922-1956). The Parliament considered that an institute for racial biology would protect against, as they formulated it: internal enemies; defective, asocial, abnormal and criminal people. 1934.

jag undrar vilken kategori jag skulle ha blivit tilldelad innan de hade tvingat mig under kniven.

The "merciful" violence BARMHÄRTIG VÅLD PEK-h/v

In 1880, the Second International Congress on Education of the Deaf decided to ban the use of sign language as an educational language all over Europe and the US. For a hundred years the Oral method was used in Sweden, which meant learning to speak and read lips. The schools were centred around treating and directing the "defective" instead of focusing on teaching a curriculum. Århundraden av inrättning. I mina händers arv. Becoming as "normal" as possible, at any cost. 1880. jag minns Pelle som berättade om att vara språklös sina första år i livet. det är ett etablerat begrepp. dom sju vita åren heter det.

In the US they never fully obeyed the Oral method, thanks to the educator Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet who perceived the ban as a violation of human and

constitutional rights. This gave birth to the deaf movement, influencing deaf communities all over the world. Demands on an accessible society, the right to have an interpreter and implementing terms such as "deaf gain" in opposition to potential negative aspects of deafness. During Oralism, Swedish sign language survived merely because it was taught in secret in schools by students with deaf parents. In 1981 sign language finally gained

recognition in Sweden, and was implemented as tutoring language, partly after research that sign language has its own grammar and syntax, and is essential for deaf and hearing-impaireds' linguistic, social and knowledge development. However, only ten years later, the Oralist methods are once again advocated for. 1990. efter tio år med tillgängliga händer sker ett teknologiskt under. ingrepp bakom skullbenet. rättas in i ledet. bli så normal som möjligt! Parents of children born deaf are encouraged not to let their children learn sign language. Instead, they favour medical surgery such as cochlear implants (CI), which require extensive speech and hearing exercises with various results, frighteningly alike the exercises used a century ago.

While compromising social identity and a sufficient language, CI might give deaf people a "greater opportunity" to meet the requirements of the "ideal social citizen" with high market economic value. Yet, many deaf people witness that after struggling for many years, they chose to disconnect the CI, and allow themselves to be empowered by their deaf identity. Today Swedish schools for deaf and hard of hearing are officially bilingual; students are taught in both signed and spoken language dependent on individual preferences. These schools are however threatened to close, and have an uncertain future due to society's aspiration

of a monolingual population, in the age of technology.

Loyalty or Att transporterera berget ut ur gruvan LOJAL ELLER GRUVA BERG PEK-v/h U-T

Borra, spränga, lossa, lasta. Tungans artikuleringar raffinerar, sorteras, hettas upp. The motifs are plural behind the aspiration to create a "normality" within a nation state and to strengthen the binary conceptions of a "we" and a "them".

In 1809 Sweden ceded Finland over to the Russian Empire and a new border was drawn in the deepest furrow of the Torne river, dividing Tornedalen and its population in two. 1809. jag tänker på ett

hjärthalsband som bryts i två delar. den ena
tappar bort sin del. den andra vill
inte bära den. best friends

utan ett forever. It

became evident

that

this border

protected

Sweden's

most

valuable
income, the
iron ore in the
indigenous land. (In
2020, the state-owned
iron ore mine in Kiruna,
located on indigenous land,
provides for one third of Sweden's
export income. Raw materials are
still being extracted and shipped
southward, never of profit for the local
population.) The Swedish state wanted to
establish a strong military front in the
north and the inhabitants, Tornedalians

and Same people, soon became targets

of the state. 1844. svenska kyrkan är livrädd.
det finns ingen gud på finska säger dom.

Since the people in Swedish Tornedalen had
a cultural and linguistic bond to the
Finnish Tornedalen, they

were not considered good enough
to protect the nation from invasion.

The intensive work began to
turn language, religion,
class and culture into a

measurement of your
loyalty to Sweden, and thereby
create friction and division.

I took a course in learning how to "say my
name is" and "I come from"/Jag tog en kurs där
jag lärde mig att säga "minun nimi oon" och "mie
olen kotoisin".

1903. barmhärtighetens sluga grepp. du är inte där,
när stranden brinner. du tänker att det måste vara
ditt fel. dom kommer hem som riktiga svenskar.
Benevolence is a prominent tool used to conceal

hegemonic agendas while creating demands of
conformity. In 1903 a year of extreme cold and drought
caused a famine in the north of Sweden. Tornedalian
children were sent to working houses with affiliated
schools where their language, Meänkieli, was
forbidden. The working houses were primarily
aimed towards poor families or families with many
children and were said to prevent poverty, moral
decay, primitive behaviour, inadequate education
and laziness. 1842. barnen lär sig nationalitet mellan
institutionens fyra vita väggar. selma lagerlöf bidrar
med nils holgerssöns underbara resa genom sverige.
vildgässen har slitna och söndertrasade sulor och
55 mil som inte anses svenskt nog är ett tomt block
på kartan. The central idea was teaching the children
how to become "pure" Swedish citizens. Tornioväylän
vilheihhiin virthoihin.

The working houses were one of the most effective
tools of the swedification of Tornedalen; many
of these children never spoke Meänkieli again,
changed their names and did not teach Meänkieli or
Tornedalian culture to their children. One of the most
used expressions is "Ei se kannatte", which translates
into "There is no point" or "It won't pay off", a heritage
of regret and being defined as invisible, running
through generations.

The main language in Tornedalen has
become Swedish and the fraction on
the border between Sweden and
Finland is still wide. 1880. i
 sverige talar man svenska.
vi kommer till slut
förstå vad

mellanrummets tomhet är fyllt
med. Tornedalian organizations such as
Met Nouret are now working for a renewed
cultural and linguistic strength, especially amongst
the youth. Many are trying to learn Meänkieli after
it was made available to study for the first time
on an academic level in 2017. In 2020 the Swedish
government appointed a truth and reconciliation
commission, which will expose the abuse against
Tornedalians.

Becoming Swedish FÖRÄNDRA SVENSK

The currently holding government has declared
that education in Swedish values and Swedish are
mandatory for immigrants from day one of arrival.
Good grades in Swedish should be rewarded with
money. Other motions propose punishment, such as
denied financial aid or the right to have an interpreter,
as a means to effectivize assimilation. There is
still only one "right" way to be a citizen, and that is

to speak the

language.

The Swedish
1988 by
and

Democrats, formed in
veterans in militant racism
fascism, is one of Sweden's largest
political parties. By adjusting their
parlance, they have successfully
established themselves as a
popular and elective
alternative. They are the
main flag holders of the
nationalistic wet dream
of a grand nation-state.
They think that to "protect
the Nation from cultural
extinction" one must abolish
mother tongue education and
ban other languages than Swedish
in schools and work sites, even during
breaks. 1997. militanta träningsläger.
tusen ariska barn lägger pärlplattor i form
av swastikas.

Att bli svensk, på det rätta sättet.

Research shows that having a strong
mother tongue provides significantly better
conditions for learning additional languages,
and that there is no indication that language
requirements lead to a more inclusive
society, or that majority languages are
on the verge to become submissive to
minority languages. Many minority
languages on the other hand, are threatened
by extinction.

2019. serverar ett upplägg där det ska
gå fort som satan att överge
sin moders tunga. In a time where a
monolingual and homogenous population
is favored, multilingualism and hybrid languages
can be considered as a way of resistance,
a counter approach to the limiting and
exclusive lingual norms. As Deleuze and
Guattari said, "Since the vocabulary is
desiccated make it vibrate with
intensity". DELEUZE GUATTARI SA ORDFÖRRÅD PEK-
v/h T-O-R-R DÄRFÖR UTTRYCKA HÅRT SKAKA. Hybrid
languages, influenced from multiple linguistic and
cultural contexts, have the potential to contaminate
and question which narratives and bodies that
are represented in historical and contemporary
mainstream outlets. In line with, "Marginality as a
site of resistance", as bell hooks said. Being on the
margins allows for a perspective that can hollow
mainstream western knowledge production and
explanatory excuses. From there, we re-formulate
and re-think concepts such as democracy, history and
canon. From there, we organize ourselves collectively,
in solidarity with each other. Creating platforms
for dreams that cut across generations. Offering
suggestions for a better future, a more generous and
more inclusive society.



Kim Lee

Nazywam się Nguyen Anh. Na scenie – Kim Lee. Jestem Wietnamczykiem. Jestem imigrantem, od 25 lat mieszkam w Warszawie. Połowa Polaków nie lubi Wietnamczyków. We wszystkich badaniach ankietowani Polacy gorzej od Wietnamczyków nie lubią tylko Cyganów i Arabów. Prawie wszyscy Polacy nie lubią uchodźców. Niektórzy ich nienawidzą. Polski rząd podsycy te uczucia. Prawicowi ekstremiści chodzą bezkarnie po ulicach, odwołują się do haseł nazistowskich, ale polskie sądy uznają że to nic złego, a swastyka jest indyjskim symbolem szczęścia. Od 18 lat występuję na scenach teatralnych i klubowych jako drag queen Kim Lee. Byłem zapraszany do profesjonalnych teatrów, brałem udział w rozmaitych wydarzeniach kulturalnych, artystycznych, filmowych. Dziś kultura i edukacja mają mieć tylko jedną twarz – narodową. Jestem obywatelem Polskim i obywatelem Europy. Przykro mi, że dziś odwracamy się od Europy dupą. Nie jestem heteroseksualny. Od lat wspieram ruchy LGBTQ i sympatyzuję z ruchami feministycznymi, które od lat walczą o prawa, które dla Was, Niemców, wydają się oczywiste. O prawo do uzyskania informacji w szpitalu o partnerze, o prawa kobiet do legalnej antykoncepcji. Jeszcze niedawno można było mieć nadzieję że to kwestia niedalekiej przyszłości. Dziś homofobiczne teksty padają z ust parlamentarzystów. Prawa kobiet są ograniczane. O prawach osób LGBTQ nawet nie ma co mówić. Poza tym jestem biznesmenem, który płaci podatki i dokłada się do PKB. Ale jeśli spytacie mnie jak mi się żyje, powiem wam, że dobrze. Bo mam wspaniałą rodzinę, bliskich ludzi i wielu przyjaciół. Choć chciałbym jeszcze dodatkowo żyć w kraju, w który nie pozwala się na rasizm, szanuje prawa kobiet i mniejszości, a różnorodność nie jest z założenia czymś złym. Wiem, że teraz w Polsce będziemy musieli o to walczyć.

My name is Nguyen Anh. On stage – Kim Lee. I am a Vietnamese. I am an immigrant and I've lived in Warsaw for 25 years. Half of the Poles do not like the Vietnamese. In all surveys the respondent Poles hate the Vietnamese more than Gypsies and Arabs. Almost all Poles do not like refugees. Some hate them. The Polish government is stoking up these feelings. Right-wing extremists walk with impunity on the streets, using the slogans of the Nazis – but the Polish courts find no faults with that, and also state that the swastika is an Indian symbol of happiness. For the past 18 years I've been performing on the theater and club stages as drag queen Kim Lee. I have been invited to professional theaters, I've taken part in various cultural, artistic and film events. Today, both culture and education have only one face – the face of nationalism. I am a Polish citizen and a citizen of Europe. I am sorry, that today we turn to get our asses out of Europe. I am not heterosexual. For years I have been supporting the LGBTQ movement and I am sympathizing with the feminist movement that has fought for rights, which, since long, have been self-evident to Germans. Those are: the right to obtain information about your partner in the hospital and women's right and access to legal contraception. Just recently, one could have hoped that these questions would be solved in the near future. Today, homophobic texts are coming from the mouths of parliamentarians. Women's rights are being restricted. There is no need to talk about the rights of LGBTQ people. Besides all this, I am a businessman who pays taxes and contributes to the GDP. But if you ask me how I live my life, I will tell you that I'm good. Because I have a wonderful family, many acquaintances and friends. Although I would still like to live in a country that does not allow racism, respects the rights of women and minorities, and in which diversity is not a bad thing by definition. I know that in Poland now we will have to fight for it.

Emilia Lyon



Mada Farat

Odnośąc się do aktualnej sytuacji osób LGBT w Warszawie, czy w Polsce, odnośnię wrażenie, że się z tym wszystkim nie identyfikuję. Nie jest to moja władza, która obecnie rządzi w Polsce, ale też nie jest to sposób z nią walki. Myślę, że po prostu nie mamy jak trafić do nich (polityków), a wszelkie akty, które niby z zasady są aktami pokojowymi są odbierane jako przemoc, brak kultury, naruszenie mienia. Ja w tym nie uczestniczę, bo nie widzę w tym sensu. Dla mnie tak się nie da wygrać, ale przede wszystkim ja po prostu od lat już nie wierzę w taką walkę. Ja działam oddolnie, najpierw zmieniam siebie a potem nastawienie innych wobec mnie. Nie wywieszam flagi w oknie, bo na moim osiedlu oznaczałoby to nic ponad: "tu rzucić kamieniem". A ja już oberwałam tyle razy, byłam duszona, jajka leciały w moją stronę, walczyłam z nienawiścią, w ogóle byłam bardzo waleczna. Teraz od wielu lat nie jestem. Nie będę oceniać ludzi, którzy tak walczą, to ich życie, ich sprawa. Nie będę oceniać polityków: oni chyba inaczej nie umieją myśleć. Nie będę oceniać policjantów: oni ślepo wykonują polecenia. Mogę oceniać siebie. A co ja robię? Ja ostatnio dużo jeżdżę na rowerze, obserwuję ten mój/nie mój świat. Patrzę na tęcze w oknach, uśmiecham się, gratuluję, rozmawiam z ludźmi i posyłam serduszka.

In regards to the current situation of LGBT people in Warsaw or Poland, I have the feeling that I do not identify with all of this. The authorities that currently rule in Poland are not my authorities, but what is happening now, is not a way to fight them. I think we simply don't have a way of getting to them (the politicians), and all those acts that are supposed to be peaceful as a rule, are perceived as violence, lack of culture, violation of property. I don't participate in this because I don't see any sense in it. Personally, I think it is impossible to win with these methods, but most of all, after years, I simply do not believe in such a fight. I act from the bottom up. First, I change myself and then the attitude of others towards me. I don't hang the rainbow-flag in the window, because in my building, it would mean nothing more than: "throw a stone here." And I have already been hit so many times. I've been choked, eggs flew towards me. I fought against hatred. I was very brave in general. Now and for many years, I haven't been. I won't judge people who fight like this. It's their lives, their business. I won't judge politicians: they probably cannot think differently. I won't judge the police: they blindly follow orders. I can judge myself. And what do I do? I have been cycling a lot lately, observing this world of mine/not mine. I look at the rainbows in the windows, smile, congratulate, talk to people and send hearts.

Photo: Megi



Aldona Relax

Hejcia banana, jestem Aldona Relax, aktywistka LGBTQIA, Dj'ka i promotorka imprez. Mam Wam coś do powiedzenia o tym co się dzieje w Polsce. Obecnie sytuacja osób nieheteronormatywnych jest super ciężka dzięki szczujni jaką urządziła nam partia rządząca i kościół. Dla mnie zawsze bezpiecznym miejscem ,były i są, przestrzenie klubowe. W klubach zawsze spotykam znajome twarze i tańczę do muzyki, którą kocham. Jest to czas w którym mogę zapomnieć o całej nienawiści która wylewa się codziennie na całą społeczność LGBTQIA.

Hey banana, I'm Aldona Relax, LGBT-QIA activist, Dj and event promoter. I have something to tell you about what's happening in Poland. Currently, the situation of non-heteronormative people it super tough, thanks to the Szczujnia, the "bait station" aka the Polish Television, that the ruling party und the church have arranged for us. For me, clubbing spaces have always been safe places and still are. In clubs, I always meet familiar faces and dance to the music I love. In such moments, I'm able to forget all the hatred that pours out on the entire LGBT-QIA-community every day.

@czterysetka





I was born into a Jewish family in Warsaw in 1938. I discovered my passion for the art of drag as a young man. During the Communist-era, my alter ego, "Lulla" performed at private events for the cultural elite of the day, from actors and singers to film directors. Since those early days, dressed in outfits made from curtains, I have taken the Warsaw party scene by storm, and continue to do so today.

Wydaje mi się, że dopóki będę mógł i będę w jakiś sposób potrzebny tej młodej generacji drag queens, to na pewno nie odwrócę się od nich, a wręcz będę im zawsze służył swoją osobą i swoją pomocą.

For as long as it seems to me that I, in any way can be needed by the young generation of drag queens, I will definitely not turn my back on them and I will always be there to help them.

Lulla La Polaca

Another Nature

by Tove Kjellmark

Is it possible to make an ecosystem visible to itself and its inhabitants?
Are we survivors or fossils in the journey of tomorrow?

The bronze statue in the middle of kungsträdgården depicts Karl XIII in his royal dress, with pantaloons, tights, and a thigh-length coat buttoned all the way down. You can see these kinds of statues all over Sweden. Statues of men in bronze on their high plinths, as monuments of war, blood and death. If we look for figurative public artworks in our cities today, they almost always depict men and are made by men. But instead of an attempt to correct the gender gap in historic sculptures the approach here is to turn our focus from an outdated way of binary thinking to a rhizomatic perspective linked to issues of “time”. And thus raise the question: Is it possible to make an ecosystem visible to itself and its inhabitants by literally revealing the complexity of time and transformation?

This bronze statue has been standing there for so long that it might have lost its meaning. How would it be if we made it come alive again by adding a “bio-systems” to it? Will people start to see it again when it slowly, slowly, changes its character? And could we through this system move the sculpture in time?

If we compose a bed for a new beginning and let nature be the instigator of an unpredictable transformation, would this sculpture be reactivated and start to speak with us now? The status quo is not to overthrow but to overgrow.

My proposition is to cultivate a bio-system of limewater filled with bacteria and spores of algae, moss, fungi and grass on top of the statue of Karl XIII in Kungsträdgården. This will be the product of a “bacterial flow” and a built-in watering system of oozing drops that flow down the statue. Like ancient fountains in Rome where, for millennia, limewater has sculpted fascinating coatings and organisms. To create this setup, the bio-system will be integrated, seeds will be planted. Nature will then decide the outcome. The shape will change uncontrollably during time and by the environmental and atmospheric impact.

Everyone has a right to public spaces, this is where people meet and where you go to get in contact with the unexpected. Mosses, fungi, insects and other small plants are frequent colonisers of any new territory, including human-built structures. While ecology exists within a city, large parts of these ecosystems and our interdependency with these microorganisms; how they clean our close environment and us over time, remain unnoticed to the general public.



2024

2054

2100

Some call this “biodiversity blindness”. While biodiversity may impact people’s attitudes subconsciously, the sad fact is that most folks don’t know much about the other organisms with whom they share their cities. To a lot of eyes, vegetation is just an undifferentiated mass of green and all those critters with six legs are just anonymous pests.

Bronze as a material together with polymers is the few materials that lasts as long as we have an earth left. The choice of materials for a public sculpture, a material that endure forever or not, can thus subconsciously influence how we relate to each other in agreement like ethnicity and gender inequality. May the choice of material then also affect people’s relationship with nature in a long-term perspective?



Kungsträdgården is a site where many people pass daily, and usually they may not reflect on their surroundings. But one day they may look up and discover that the statue of the king has been transformed. This work intends to lift up a fragment of the urban ecosystem to make a shift in time and history visible. The king’s statue will remain protected, as a layer in human history, embedded under a constantly shapeshifting form.

Another Nature means a new way of perceiving what is natural. In other words a new norm or a new topology for a given site condition.

Athens Interview 3

Lukas Panek with Danai Giannoglou

You are one of the people I know from Athens who lived a lot abroad. Why did you choose to go abroad or maybe it wasn't so much of a decision?
I always wanted this experience so after I studied at the school of fine arts in the history and theory of art department, I felt that was the moment to try something new and at that point for many different reasons language being one of them and friends being another, I chose Paris. At the beginning I just moved there to test the waters and see if it is a good fit for me, I worked a bit and then I started my masters. I guess I was just looking for a new experience, something outside my comfort zone and this became a three years stay in Paris, somehow between working and studying. I was back and forth in Greece for a few years and last year I moved to Amsterdam for de Appel's Curatorial Program. As far as both cities are concerned, I had a different motive for moving there, Paris was a possible masters and Amsterdam was de Appel. But to be honest I would like to keep on moving for a little bit longer. Athens is my base but I definitely enjoy being between places, at least for now. During all of these years I was always going back to Athens for projects. Being abroad keeps me sort of grounded even if it sounds weird. I'd say it is a characteristic of the art world, that people keep on moving around but I guess it's bound to change right now due to the pandemic. The easiness we move around will change, maybe it will be for the better, we'll take more conscious decisions regarding where you are and who you are. I think we will face a big shift in the art world and the way we navigate between different places.

Actually It might sound a bit naive but how did it come to you to start curating. Was it something you had clear in mind or somehow started accidentally?

I can't say that I was dreaming of becoming a curator. At the age when I was choosing what to study, I didn't really know what a curator was, I took the decision of studying history of art at an early age. I was always attracted to that. My mother is an artist, I was familiar with going to exhibitions, seeing artist studios. In Greece there was no art history department for a long time, it only got formed in 2006. While at the university I slowly started to grasp what are other professions related to this discipline, that there is not just "hardcore" theory and history as an option, so I discovered alternatives not only in terms of career paths but also institutional models. At that time, I was not aware what an artist run space was. I can't say there was a revelatory moment regarding what I was going to do, it was more of a slow formation, a direction I was taking. My second master was on curating in Paris. But I don't think that this was what made me a curator, it's not really something that can be taught at a master's program. It was all those different experiences and exchanges that shaped me up to what I am professionally right now. The people I crossed paths with, the exhibitions I saw, the artists I met, the places I visited, the literature, the temperature, everything.

I feel the same way and I'm always curious what could come next from a new shift. But is there specific direction or interest you want to follow?
I always find this question so difficult. It would be a lie to say that I have a focus, I can't say that I do. But lately I have been very drawn to the experience of language and poetry in contemporary art. My research for the past year during the de Appel Curatorial Program is going towards this direction. I'm constantly thinking about matters of translation, language and poetry. I'm somehow starting to experimenting with that from a curatorial and writing point of view. I think it would be a big and heavy word to say that this is my focus, but to answer the question it's the direction I find myself drawn to during the past year.

Poetry is a format that is kind of having a comeback in contemporary art. Language of course has always been one of the core questions of contemporary art somehow, but it has gone through many different



shifts. In a way it was inevitable for me to start thinking of these matters as I was living abroad. The languages in which I was writing, talking and communicating were always a filter which would be a lie to say wasn't affecting my curatorial process. Instead of ignoring the elephant in the room I slowly incorporate it into my practice. Most of my professional life is conducted in translation. I'm not even going to call it English or French because my thoughts are in translation, that's the language I most often use in my professional life, translation. I'm constantly in translation. What happens when your interlocutors are also in translation, what happens then? Verbal communication has to overcome so many heavy and charged layers.

You still have a project in Athens called Enterprise together with Vasillis. I vividly remember the great openings and the drinks after in the bar around the corner. It was always were very nice evenings with so many people! What is currently happening with it?

Enterprise Projects started in 2015 when we both (Vasillis Papageorgiou) were fresh out of the Athens School of Fine Arts. It was this awkward moment when you are supposed to be a professional but not really feeling like one. You have this urge to experiment but you don't have the space to do so, so we did what you guys probably did with SUPER as well, we decided to create our own space for experiments. *Enterprise Projects* is in this former car repair shop at the periphery of the center of Athens, in Ampelokipoi. It's still up and running. The last year was a bit slower in terms of physical presence because we were in Amsterdam but we are also publishing our online journal, the *Enterprise Projects Journal*. We were supposed to open an exhibition in May which we now postponed to November. Then we have another exhibition and symposium let's say which is around language and self-publications actually. When we started *Enterprise Projects* we didn't set a long term goal. We said let's do this first exhibition and we see maybe we won't do anything else. Whatever we do let's do it just for fun but let's also do it professionally, let's make a website, a logo and have an opening. Since then the space kept running. To this day we haven't looked back to that decision of opening the space, it runs as a parallel to whatever other individual practices or day jobs we have. We have some ideas for the further, the near future, we do not project very far ahead, I believe it is a good thing. It gives the space its character.

Athens is a special place for art, I learned there that in a globalised world there are still specific local priorities of what kind of art is made and shown, do you agree?

I think Athens is definitely a pin in the art map.

There is a strong Greek contemporary art scene that it is specific to Greece, the local element exists in a very positive way. There is also a strong peer to peer support network in Greece. When you walk around Athens on a Saturday visiting exhibitions you will see Greek art whereas that's not necessarily the case in Amsterdam or other European capitals for various reasons.

The city itself can provide materials, workshops, knowledge and accessibility somehow. Every artist has their technicians. And collaborators, the people they work with. All these resources can be found in the city center, something which is very particular to Athens and you only realize it when you work abroad. There are a few European capitals where artist can find those first raw materials in such amounts and prices. This gives a character to the city and to the way artists are working. There are places where the price of the materials really shapes the art that you see. It's a cliché to say that but at the same time it's true, sometimes artists turn to certain mediums because they are less expensive, it is a reality. At the same time artist's studios in Greece are easier to find, they are bigger and often affordable especially when you share them with a fellow artist, this means you can make bigger art, you have more wall space to hang things, you can fit more stuff inside, it sounds very simplistic but those factors can frame or even shape what you can do as an artist and eventually the art that is being created.

While being stuck at home I spent a lot of time thinking what other people do at this very moment. What are thoughts and interests you were driven by over those last months?

I was constantly going back to asking myself this question, "what is home?". Because of the surrealism of the situation although I was, I wasn't really at home. That's such a vast topic. In Greece the lockdown was marketed with this slogan "stay home stay safe", that was such a freaky sentence because it presupposed that you're safe at home which is far from being true in many cases. I was thinking a lot about what a home protects you from and what are also the threats inside. And generally where is my home. When COVID-19 hit I was in Amsterdam with Vasilis and we were really not sure of what to do and where to spend the lockdown. We took a plane a day before the borders closed in order to come back to Athens. That was a decision which kept me up at night asking myself where my home is, what does it mean for me as a person to be choosing between the two cities and in the end how lucky I was that I could choose where to spend this time, the less difficult scenario. Thinking about languages in English there is this difference between a home and a house whereas in Greek this doesn't really exist. There are actually two different words but the second one is not commonly used. So we have this one word which describes both the house and the home. I started thinking of how this linguistic particularity must have interfered with my understanding of this experience, the experience of the home- or the house. We call it "spiti", and then there is "oikos" which is more of the house than the home. It's one of the million examples that make you wonder whether your own mother tongue is responsible for your understanding of certain notions.

I always enjoy missing words and double meanings and different words for the same thing and the potential of misunderstanding. Language is for me about never finding the right words. That's the beauty of it. But speaking of images which one would you like to share?

I don't have an idea of what image I would share but I will come back to you pretty soon.

Yes, with pleasure!

A few lines about the image I share: I am sending you a picture from the flea market at Eleonas, a place full of life and treasures, a garden of wonders.



It's never going to be 2020 spring again

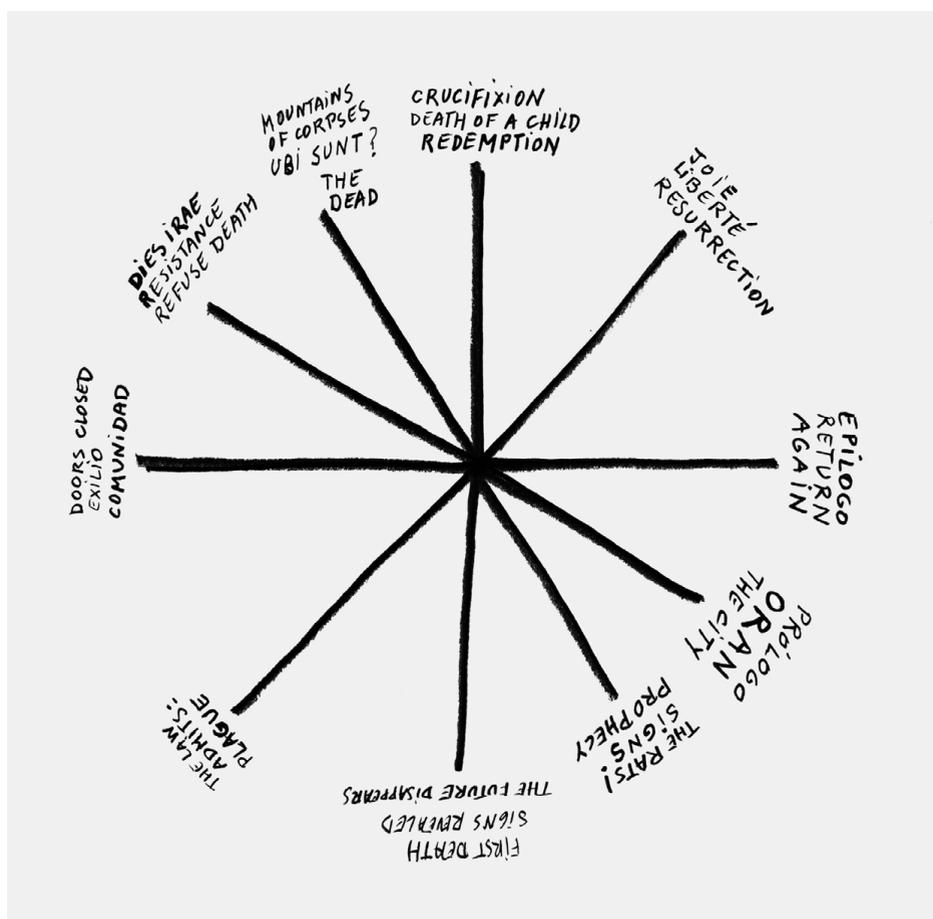
Qeu Meparishvili, Paraffin wax, Tbilisi , 2020

Catastrophe Reports

The Radical Flu

by Rose Hammer

Ring-a-ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies,
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all fall down.



Listen to Rose Hammer's audio play
The Radical Flu live and direct
at Radiorakel FM 99,3 or radiorakel.no.
Premiere 29.10.20.
theradicalflu.org

@redrosehammer
Rose Hammer on Soundcloud

OCTOBER 2ND 1918 BUTTER SHORTAGE – DOCTORS WILL PRESCRIBE NATURAL BUTTER FOR ILL PEOPLE

Rose Hammer started working on *The Radical Flu* in September 2019, adapting the 1947 novel *The Plague* by Camus (and the 1965 opera edition by Roberto Gerhard) to the 1918 epidemic of the Spanish Flu that swept Norway and the world. The recent, traumatic coronavirus pandemic gave a twist to this production, turning it into an urgent, real time play, involving the unpredictable and the real. In 1918 three elements converged in Norway: the end of the war, the Spanish flu, and the convulsions brought by the Soviet revolution in Russia. Women's rights were on the rise, as well. So was Fascism.

Fascism quickly adopted the metaphor of the sick body and the healthy body; the "foreign" invader (the virus) was responsible for the contamination of a mythic original, "pure" body. The metaphor of "spread" or "infection" is interesting, since: it could relate to the war, the pandemic, and/or to the spread of ideology (fascism, capitalism and communism).

As of March 2020, Rose Hammer acknowledged that no theatre presentation in the conventional sense of the word would be possible to be carried out in the autumn, due to the coronavirus crisis and the preventive measures that need to be taken into account. Therefore,

Rose Hammer decided to broadcast the performance in the ether and use the format of a radio play.

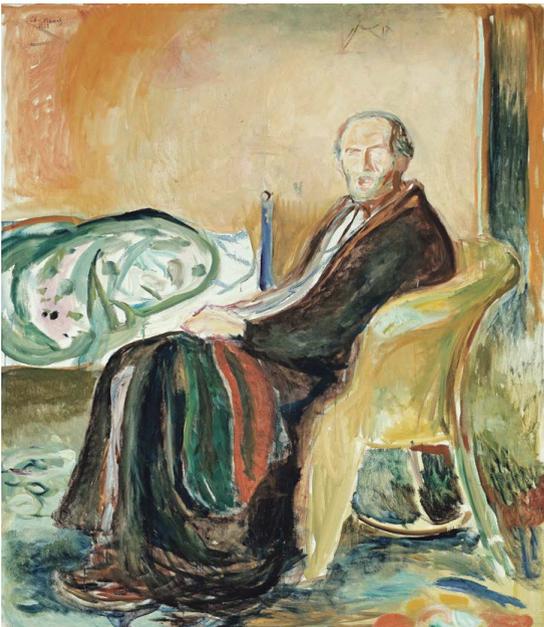
The action develops in the form of "constellations" with clusters of actors representing different sides of the project. The constellations can interact with one another and actors can move from one to the other. Historicity is not strictly respected, and the actors can shift from the period represented (1918) to the present time, maybe even shift from being actors to being the person they really are. As with previous episodes, we start by constructing our characters, and then the interaction between them. These are our dramatis personae:

1. **The Narrator.** In Camus' *The Plague*, the narrator is the main character, and at the end of the novel we see the narrator and the protagonist, doctor Rieux, become one character. In *The Radical Flu*, we are thinking of the narrator as a voice, which will only become an actor at the end of the play.
2. **A doctor.** Our doctor would probably be an atheist, who works to combat the Spanish flu simply because he is a doctor.
3. **Politicians.** Mostly represented by members of the Norwegian Labour Party. They are not the big alarmists in 1918, even though the pandemic was

in the backdrop all the time. The Spanish Flu was seen as a phenomena that was out of human control and could maybe be compared to how we look at natural catastrophes, like earthquakes and such today.

4. **Artists.** A crucial discussion of all Rose Hammer's plays is the role the arts play in situations of political urgency. Therefore, the discussion among artists regarding this role is central in all plays.
5. **Women.** It is important for the play to underline the relevancy of women at that time, a relevancy that was/is of course profoundly underplayed.
6. **The religious zealot / the prophet.** The prophet represents a panic about the end of the world. He has a tone of the Grim Reaper about him/her, and sees the plague as a punishment for the working class/ or emancipated women, Given by God? Or something else, a warning of the rise of facism?
7. **The Choir.** The choir is the most important character. They are, undoubtedly, **THE PEOPLE** – the city, Oslo. The city that sings, moves.

OCTOBER 4TH 1918 WEAPON EXERCISES POSTPONED.



Edvard Munch, *self-portrait with the Spanish flu*, 1919
Photo: Nasjonalmuseet/Lathion, Jacques

OCTOBER 10TH 1918
THE SPANISH FLU RAGES AGAIN IN THE CITY.
OSLO'S WEST SIDE IS HIT HARDEST.

Excerpt from
Ibsen, Ibsen, Ibsen

[Scene: Vår Frelsers gravlund, a cemetery in the capital city of Norway, mid-November 1918. Under cloudy, gray skies, fallen leaves are covering the ground. The temperature is slightly above 0 degrees, and there's a hint of rain in the air. Edvard Munch, a famous and notoriously reclusive painter, aged 54, walks slowly among the graves. He is dressed in a thick overcoat with a wide-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes. Every once in a while, he pauses to read the stones. Deep in thought, he doesn't notice that another person is approaching him from behind. It is Munch's rival colleague, the 49-year old sculptor Gustav Vigeland, dressed only in a buttoned down shirt. Vigeland carries a walking stick, but does not use it for support. Rather, he spins it around like a baton].

Vigeland: Ha! [Slaps Munch jovially on the back] Edvard?

Munch: [Startled] Huh? [Then coldly] Vigeland ...

Vigeland: Fancy catching you out and about. Especially now, with this flu-thing going around!

Munch: [Clearing his throat] Ahem, well ...

Vigeland: Thought you'd be barricaded behind closed shutters on that farm of yours! What's going on?

Munch: [Annoyed by the disruption] Even I have to get out of the house every once in a while, you know. To get a breath of fresh air. But as far as socializing goes, I prefer the company of my friends here at the cemetery. I tend to find people much more agreeable when they're down below. And far less prone to spread diseases. Anyway, I was hoping not to be disturbed ...

Vigeland: [Interrupts] Well, you certainly did a good job disguising yourself with that overcoat. And the big hat! Barely recognized you myself.

Munch: As I was saying: I was hoping not to be disturbed...

Vigeland: [Ignoring the hint] Oh boy, I hear you! I come to the graveyard for the exact same reason. A precious moment of privacy ... Fame is a double-edged sword, isn't it? All of a sudden everybody think themselves entitled to approach you. I don't bother disguising myself by putting on silly costumes, though.

Munch: [Capitulating] Sigh. So I see. [A little more welcoming] But look, you really ought to put on some more clothes. Walking around in your shirtsleeves in these low temperatures? You're bound to catch a cold! And the thin fabric certainly won't offer much protection against the... pestilence.

Vigeland: Catch a cold? Ha! Let me tell you, I've never

been sick a day in my life! No sir, no snugly fur coats for me. I welcome the winter. It fortifies the body and the spirit [inhales deeply, then exhales]. As for the so-called "Spanish Flu?" Between us, I think it's 99 percent hype, cooked up by the press to sell more newspapers. Natural selection, that's all it is, weeding out the weakest links. Good riddance, I say.

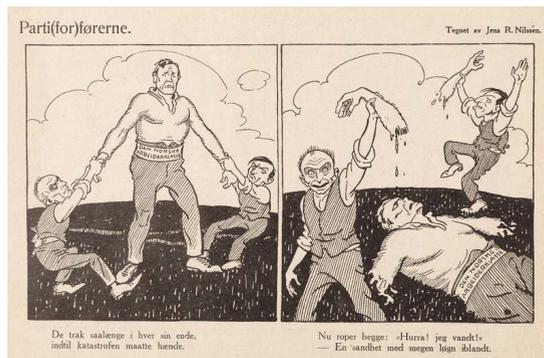
Munch: [Coughs]

Vigeland: No, the only "pestilence" I'm worried about are people stealing my precious time, bleeding me of my creative energies. Surely you can relate?

Munch: [Relating] Mmm.

OCTOBER 12TH 1918
OSLO STARTS RATIONING BUTTER.
THE SPANISH FLU HITS THE STAFF
VIOLENTLY AT THE NORWEGIAN THEATRE,
THE PREMIERE IS POSTPONED.

Like in many other European countries there was a struggle in the Norwegian Labour Party between reformists and revolutionaries. Which way should the party choose? "*The Norwegian Working Class*" *They (Tranmæl and*



Scheflo) dragged so long in each direction, catastrophe was a bound inflection. "Hurra! I won! They both exclaim. A truth which many lies contains.

OCTOBER 15TH 1918
THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN OSLO
WILL BE CLOSED DOWN FROM TOMORROW
AND THE FOUR FOLLOWING DAYS.
THE HOSPITALS ARE OVERFILLED.

Excerpt from
*Roses are red –
at The Labour Party
Congress of 1918*

(A caricature of inspiration for the characters in the coming discussion. Martin Tranmæl holding the carriage with the conservative side of the Labour Party. He is often referred to as the norwegian workers movement's greatest legend, known as a public speaker graced by God (the socialist one). The Norwegian Labour Party became revolutionary after the party congress in the spring of 1918, at least rhetorically. Tranmæl became the secretary, but in reality he was the leader from 1918 until the second world war. Veslefrikk is from a norwegian fairytale. It is about a poor worker (interpreted as Tranmæl in this case) who fights with the means he has to survive yet still reaches out to the poor beggar that has it worse than himself. For this goodwill he is granted three wishes by a sorcerer. First he asks for a fiddle that has the ability to force everything that has life to dance to it's sound (Tranmæl's belief in the revolution). Then he asks for a rifle that works like it hits everything it aims at (the working class will against the ruling class). Last he asks that no one can deny him his first wish (kinda: "¡No pasarán!")

FAIRY MEMBER
(*Kind of dreamy tone.*) When I hear the reformists ... the so-called "majority" speak here at the meeting today ... It reminds me of the Rat-catcher of Hamelin, who played his flute. Trying to attract our might with his charismatic words to keep things tidy and orderly while secretly leading us to our demise.

OLE O. LIAN
(*Shocked.*) Demise? (*Firm and explanatory.*) I agree that us deemed as conservatives within this party can at times waltz around like a tame bear with a ring in its nose. And by God – now it seems that this radical force can just drag us after itself.

(*Almost deadly.*) But I assure you, we will wake up from our slumber, we will be ferocious ... and we will eat all this radicalism and the illusionary fruits you think it may bear.

(*Directed to the fairy.*) We will awaken just like the troll in the fairy-tale, which has smelled the blood of a Christian.

FAIRY MEMBER
I think you got the wrong tale, Lian. Did you ever understand our dear Veslefrikk with the fiddle?

SNOTTY MEMBER
What on earth does Veslefrikk have to do with us reaching parliament? This is just another of you RAT-icals scheming shenanigans!

FAIRY MEMBER
(*Continuing unaffected.*) Even though he was poor, he chose to help the man poorer than himself. And for that he was granted three wishes. Even though he could wish for anything, he first asked if he could have a fiddle that made everyone dance when they heard it's sound. When Veslefrikk had his second wish granted, it was for a rifle that hit everything it aimed at, no matter the distance, much like the proletariats aim to strike down the ruling class.

Veslefrikks last wish was that no one could deny him his first wish, and therefore comrades ... it's time to start dancing!
(*Starts playing the fiddle, to the tune of "Fanitullen"*)

WORRIED MEMBER
(*Terrified.*) Stop! Dancing is contagious. (*Music ends.*) Maybe it will end up like the plague of 1518, where so many went into a trancelike craze and danced all the way to their tombs.

FAIRY MEMBER
Ha! ... when the authorities in the end arrested our dear Veslefrikk and planned to hang him for his misdeeds and use of magic ...

SNOTTY MEMBER
(*In despair in the background.*) Veslefrikk was a lunatic. Always so cheerful ... that smile ... it was only to his fiddle ...

FED-UP MEMBER
Just like Tranmæl! Who spoke at our rally at Stortinget earlier this month. Now he has a jail sentence on him for 60 days just for speaking his mind – what all of us are thinking! – in front of the "looney-bin" parliament. Agitation they call it, well ... so let us give them exactly that! (*Cheering and the fiddle starts again.*)



Vittighetsbladet Veslefrikk, 25 May 1918

OCTOBER 18TH 1918
NEW RESTRICTIONS AGAINST THE DISEASE, GATHERINGS OF PEOPLE FROM DIFFERENT PLACES TO DECLINE, KEEP CLEAN -IN PERSON, CLOTHING, EVERYDAY OBJECTS, FOOD AND DRINKS. KEEP THE HOME CLEAN AND AERATE IT REGULARLY.

Excerpt from

Oslo, the City of Free Love

In the gentlemen's group, Munch, Vigeland, Tranmael and Scharffenberg. Fallize (Johannes Olav, the catholic bishop in Norway) starts preaching ferociously. The site is ambiguous, very possibly it would be the street right in front of a church, and the priest enters the scene framed by the main door of the church, a good site could be the Oslo katolske bispedømme, the street being then Akersveien.

FALLIZE: Plague!! Plague!! Plague!! Every time plague appeared in history it was to strike down the enemies of God. Ponder this well, my friends, and FALL on your knees. If today the plague is among us, that is because the hour has struck for you! The good people need have no fear. But the evildoer, the sinner, has good cause to tremble. This calamity, the flu, was not willed by God. But too long this world of ours has been making friends with evil, too long has it counted on the divine mercy, on God's forgiveness. Repentance was enough, you thought, eh? nothing was forbidden!! How easy and convenient for you, la Bohème, you bunch of degenerates, anarchists, feminists, abortionists, onanists, communists, and psychiatrists, yes you psychiatrists too, who pretend to know the soul!

SCHARFFENBERG: What the hell ...

OCTOBER 21ST 1918
THE SPANISH FLU HITS THE PHARMACEUTICS, CHEMISTS AND STUDENTS ARE ASKED TO FILL IN. THE LABOUR PARTY WISHES TO HELP SICK PEOPLE TO VOTE IN THE UPCOMING ELECTIONS.

Excerpt from

Bro Bro Brille

LIST OF CHARACTERS:

Actress, director, prima donna, woman scorned – but not dejected.



JOHANNE DYBWAD
51 years old.



INGEBORG KØBER
Psychic medium, newlywed, hounded into submission, 23 years old.



JOHAN SCHARFFENBERG
Racist, medical doctor, psychiatrist, nationalist, lover of all practices ancient Greek – except drinking, bad poet, 49 years old.



AASTA HANSTEEN

Painter, language pioneer, self-taught theologist and a flaying critic of the Norwegian church, nationalist / anti-imperialist, suffragette, Sapphian, misandrist, bad poet, deceased.

LOCATION:

Vor Frelzers graveyard in Oslo.
Everyone's who's anyone is here.
Either vertically or horizontally.

OCTOBER 24TH 1918
MANY ILL IN OSLO REGION.
THE DISEASE IS SPECIALLY MALIGNANT.

Køber: Ingeborg Køber
Narrator: has recently married a rather volatile older man. He will move her to the other side of the country, far away from her family, whom she's deeply dependent on. After having seen

Dybwad: Dybwad's
Narrator: -Medea-
Køber: -Køber-
Narrator: -experiences a flash of lucidity. Suddenly worried what married life might entail-

Køber : -Køber-
Narrator: -has staggered out of the theatre, wandering aimlessly about. Now she finds herself in Vor Frelzers graveyard, sweating, shivering and slumped against a memorial, a Gustav-

Vigeland: Vigeland-
Narrator: bust of an elderly woman. Medea's words echo in Køber's mind.

Dybwad /
Medea: «Of all things with life and understanding, we women are the most unfortunate. First, we need a husband, someone we get for an excessive price. He then becomes the ruler of our bodies. And this misfortune adds still more troubles to the grief we have. Then comes the crucial struggle: this husband we've selected, is he good or bad? For a divorce loses women all respect.»
Køber: What now, little relic?

Encyclopedia: Køber's father, that she was later accused of having murdered, called Køber his «relic», as she was able to communicate with her two deceased brothers. Scharffenberg participated in an expert-panel giving statements during her very public and scandalising trial. Scharffenberg claimed Køber had willed her father's drowning into being, even if she had no recollection or conceptualisation of having done so, because she was apparently both insidious and «simple».

Narrator: What now, little relic? Køber asks herself. (...) Supporting her weight on the stone plinth, she slowly stands up straight until she faces the Vigeland bust head-on. It's a somewhat unflattering «idealisation» of –

Hansteen: Aasta Hansteen.
Narrator: Køber, unable to think clearly, places her palms on Hansteens cold cheeks, staring into her unflinching gaze.

Hansteen: Aasta Hansteen-
Narrator: -had lived in Copenhagen, Düsseldorf and Paris. Her paintings had been shown at the World Exhibition in Paris in 1855. After re-settling in Christiania, she was briefly a popular portraitureurist, until the workload caused her a breakdown, and she stopped painting for several years. Hansteen was an active and public feminist, in the tradition of Harriet Taylor Mill's eavesdropping husband John Stuart Mill. Characterized by her enthusiasm and ditto indignation, Hansteen was often caricatured. Ibsen, resting under his Hammer just a stone's throw away, owned at least one of her paintings and had based the character Lona Hassel in Pillars of Society on Hansteen.

Dybwad:
Narrator: -played Hansteen at the play's premiere in 1901. Hansteen was the third person to ever use Ivar Aasens' Landsmaal in published text, writing love poems to her female companions, praises of her

aesthetic and ethical idol Henrik Wergeland, and publishing political programs. When the International Workers Congress in Paris in 1889 voted that May the 1st should be the International Worker's Day, they also voted that they would not acknowledge «women's issues» as a cause. Hansteen was furious:

Hansteen: «They want to make themselves «masters» of women's affairs. The International Worker's Day will be a Men's day. We'll have a new Man's world. Where before we had hundreds of thousands of «masters», we'll now have millions of «masters»

OCTOBER 26TH 1918
15 – 20 PERCENT OF THE PUPILS IN OSLO'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS ARE ILL.



uperchilum – Own work, CC BY-SA 4.0

Excerpt from

Ibsen, Ibsen, Ibsen (The Stone)

A voice: [Faintly singing]
Beetling rock, with roar and smoke
Break before my hammer-stroke!
Deeper I must thrust and lower
Till I hear the ring of ore.

Munch: [Astounded] Wait – what was that?
A voice: [Singing louder]

There is peace within the deep–
Peace and immemorial sleep;
Heavy hammer, burst as bidden,
To the heart-nook of the hidden!

Vigeland: What the ... A voice coming from the grave?

Munch: It's ... it's like someone is speaking from inside the stone!

Both: [Exuberantly] Gasp! Ibsen!

A dark
voice: [Mumbling slowly] Ibsen? Ibsen? Why does everyone keep calling me Ibsen, like I have that name written across my forehead?

Vigeland: [Bewildered] I've never bought into any psychic mumbo jumbo, but...

The stone: Aaah, it appears that my guests have never encountered a talking stone before. Is it really

Whose froth was turned into gold by a ray of late sunshine

by Elene Abashidze & Andro Eradze

Admit,
that's what you imagined, that's what you longed for.
In ages, as a teenager, as a child as a fully grown up
person.
At nights and during a day dream, that's all you saw.
By the mirror, as a selfie, in your public speech
rehearsals,
you always wanted,
you desired for the world to stop.

so hard to believe that I possess the gift of speech? I have been on this planet since its creation, patiently metamorphosing from molten magma, to crude limestone, to smooth marble perfection. Of course I picked up a few words along the way! If only humans learned to listen.

Vigeland: Our discussion about When We Dead Awaken must have stirred him from his sleep. Ibsen did have a thing for ghosts...

Munch: *[Hushing]* Shh, quiet, I can hardly make out what he is saying.

The stone: Oh, the things I have heard through the years. Through centuries – millennia – the moans of workers – first slaves, then quarrymen – toiling, day in and day out, chipping away pieces of my bedrock to decorate the houses of the wealthy and to make ... (disdainful) art.

Vigeland: *[Knocks his cane against the stone]* Excuse me, mister Ibsen, can you please speak up?

The stone: Knock-knock ... knock-knock ... Oh, it takes me back. The steady thumps of hammers, like a heartbeat pulsating through my mountainous mass. I blame them not, the ragged laborers who broke their backs breaking my stone – whose life force was extracted by greedy masters, until their spirits were depleted, like hollowed-out quarry pits. Why was no memorial ever built in their honor? I don't mind watching over the bones of the man they call Ibsen. Judging by the number of visitors, he must have been a decent fellow. But it is not for his sake that I wear the symbol of the hammer with pride.

Munch: I think he said something about a hammer...

Vigeland: The hammer on the tombstone! He must hate it, just like I said. *[Knocks his cane against the stone again]* Mister Ibsen, could you please elaborate? Tell me what you'd like to have instead, and I'll pass it on to my contacts in the city council. I take it you have already heard about my proposed sarcophagus? Or would you find a full-scale mausoleum more dignified?

The stone: Oh, foolish, self-conceited humans! Buildings and statues they erect to glorify themselves, thinking that a chunk of my... gravity will allow them to cheat death. Sure, some are remembered longer than others thanks to my efforts, like Trajan and Aurelius in the old country, with their columns cut from my fine material. But mark my words you vain mortals: forever is a looong time. In the end you will all be forgotten. Of your "great empires," like that of Rome, only I, the stone, will remain.

Munch: Did he say Rome?

Vigeland: That makes sense! Ibsen loved Rome, his refuge from Norwegian small-mindedness. Perhaps he wishes to have his remains moved to the Eternal City? After all, Italy was his safe haven, where he lived in self-imposed exile before our nation finally acknowledged his...

Both:*[In unison]* Genius!

The stone: Oh, Italia! Why couldn't you just have left me there, instead of dragging me to Norway, where even stones complain about the cold. What a cruel fate to be posted in this godforsaken place... fashioned into an Egyptian obelisk, designed to stand among palm trees in the North African sun! What I wouldn't give to go back to my home in Carrara!

Munch: Carrara?

The stone: *[Sobbing, while voice is fading out]* Carrara...

Vigeland: Yes, Carrara marble! Not only does he hate the hammer, Ibsen must also object to the choice of material. Too soft a stone for his headstrong character, I'd imagine. The Ibsen I know would have preferred something more solid, like granite! *[Knocks his cane against the stone]* Am I right?

[Silence]

Munch: *[Annoyed]* Great, now you've scared him off...

OCTOBER 31ST 1918
STUDENTS OF MEDICINE WILL BE MOBILISED.
SITUATION AT OSLO HOSPITAL IS UNDER CONTROL.
THE DEATH TOLL INCREASES.



A plaster mural in the former theater dining room

I died in the battle of Ebro in 1938. My name is Henry and I am an unemployed mason, poet, actor and the secretary of RT, revolutionary theater. When we played *The mother* by Brecht I played the role of police inspector. In 1978 Dagmar a friend of mine published a collection of my poetry titled *The Dead Mason*.



Touch Me, Screen

by Karen Modrei

I am sitting in front of my cold laptop screen while its fan is roaring, and I am sweating. Not because it is hot, but because my body is in stress mode, realizing that the examination which is happening on screen is not any less real than it would be if we were all in one room. So, this time, not only my eyes got tricked by the screen, my whole body was fooled.

I am a maker, and what I miss most during corona lockdown, is touching. Sometimes not even the sensation of my skin contacting another surface or body, but the bare feeling of the presence of another person in the same room. The combination of sound, smell and tactile perception that makes me aware of others even though they are out of sight is something that cannot be transported via the screen. On screen, they are all visible but not perceptible; While my body felt the negative stress (damn you brain!) of fear of failure (oh so much worse, as it is now not only us who can fail the situation, but the technology that might let us down) it is not capable of feeling the presence of other bodies just by seeing them on a screen.

During the last few months the internet tried to fill in whenever physical presence was not possible, trying to keep the experience as original as it would have been without Covid-19. We spent hours in front of our laptop screens, listening to lectures and participating in seminars, so university curriculum could go on – “as normal as possible”. Exhibitions were moved online, nobody minded reading ebooks anymore and movies became

preferred references. When our life was restricted in its range of motion and physical experience, the internet was helping out, and the crisis was turned into a chance to finally “catch up on technology”.

There is this saying that one should not bite the feeding hand, but as technology is not only man made but also in the strict government of a few experts, a sudden rise in its spread and power should be carefully digested. More than that, it is our task to look closer at what the use of technology does to us individuals and our communities – because if this could be the “new normal”, we better save our seat at the conference table.

I wonder whether the reason for why I still feel isolated, yet I am “connected” to so many people via the internet lays within the product range that simply cannot provide the bodily experience I am missing. And I wonder whether this anger in my body that grows with every insufficient, boring, or simply untouching conversation I have via a screen, is a result of a surface that is too dead in order to react to my body. Dead not by assemblage of its parts, but by the role it is given. I believe that this is about politics, about ownership. That the reason why I do not feel touched by my smartphone lays in the relationship we have.

I constantly feel respect when I am in contact with other human beings, disregarding personal preferences. That is being social, I acknowledge the body of the other as much as my own body. When I work with material, it is not much different. I work with the medium, as much

as it works with me, it guides me, as much as I guide it. When I touch a material, it has a unique feeling, and in the way it reacts to my body heat and pressure, it touches back. Of course, our technological devices are made of material, they are existing in our physical reality! And yet, it is something else, when I touch a stone I find on the beach or the screen of my smartphone. It is about the small shifting that occurs when we humans process material so it becomes something that can be sold on a marketplace, and suddenly – I own. I cannot own other people, and I seldomly feel like I own the medium I work with in my practice. But I would agree that I possess my smartphone. As my laptop. Maybe because they do not seem to have had a life before, they were made to be owned. But this is not supposed to be about whether its right or wrong to possess something that at one point was dug out of the ground, it is about what the knowledge of ownership and the hierarchy it is building up does to the quality of touch and physical experience. Because what expectation will arise once we have fully learned that “touch” is something you can purchase within a laptop screen and “connection” will come with an internet contract? I do not at all want to argue against the digital, but for a deeper consideration of the relationships we have with the devices that help us sustain human activities and necessities, and with which set of morals we encounter them on a capitalistic market space.

Sanitizer Carnosa

by Sonia Sagan

POSITIVE AFFIRMATIONS/ HEALTH GOTH/IN-HEMSK
SANITIZER CARNOSA/SOFTA-MAN RUB
MOOD<<>>
DOOM
MANAGER

(25 Mar 2020)

the museum of hope sanitizer carnosa
my body and the threat of disruption absolute whatka???
the necropolitix of suedish pandemic policies aloe who???
an articulation of monstrosity sanitizer carnosa
a predicament of modernity do me or you're done for
the social darwinist implications of inaction

look at these face masks sanitizer carnosa
make your own a possibility masked as a threat
take a stand, clap your hands but mainly support foodora

look at these face masks sanitizer carnosa
but don't listen to the people wearing them leading the war on terror
speak for them instead, it's a very simple post-production process sanitizer carnosa
pandemix are permissive in that sense and the rise of my sharona
whatever works we have to work

look at these face masks sanitizer carnosa
but don't touch!!!!!! fertility and sterility, finally aligned
consider mortality but please do go on living the rest of your life oblivious sanitizer carnosa
enjoy the open vistas of your glass balcony boomers delight
mason jars and middle class people conveniently soaking in the fun sanitizer carnosa
of a quarancation resting on the column of our collective stupidities stay away stay all right

sanitizer carnosa
dormant in a desert of dead skin dancing in the wind of change let the future haunt your present for a sec
really feel it closing in
sanitizer carnosa i know it's hard when we've been told to stay at least 6 ft away
miss congeniality but let it get under your skin
cannibalistically wiping democracy clean it's gonna hurt, but you're better off for it
basking in the glorious dawn of relief funds you're not an anti-vaxxer, are you?
the disastrous dew of morning stimmy so refreshing

sanitizer carnosa
the wretched commodity check in on your conspiracy theory friends
washing your hands is cruelty free they need you more than ever
but THE TRUTH, EXPOSED,
is how you really need them
(ps, they probably have a full supply of tp but need a restock on post-its
the way things are headed)

sanitizer carnosa
artisanal anti-viral anhedonias inherent potential
on demand at your service as a viral anesthetic, a suspensive force, an aesthetic
desertification at your feet take a workshop in social distancing
spread a love language of containment
take ownership, leave society

sanitizer carnosa
a rose with thorns, divine ocd
drying, debunked, deliverance (for me)

sanitizer carnosa
drenched for dinner, dates and distasters
duplicity and humectants unite

but need a restock on post-its

an aesthetic

activated charcoal fire works
drawing out a map just ask the log
of a landscape purified by combustion about sparks of hope lighting death traps
burning bridges
esphand, saffron, soma lighting the way
a depleted horn of plenty
congratulating the lost horizon of renewal

phoenix's banquet
pyrotechnix, philly blunts and petroleum
ashy elbows sharpened to perfection on the table

fascism is esoteric
so is the solution
both resting in piss
reject, resist

Purge under Oak

by Fred Turtle

I must become
celibate a grasshopper
brace my soft green
towards these daily battles
the three rolled oats
the three jumbo Scottish rolled
oats on a militant teaspoon
the one gristle peach with a blue bone
stone at its centre
this abacus ribcage held together
with sinew and chicken wire
holds heart gunk
muddy vascular strings
noticeable/not noticeable
not the man that did it
not that tragic emblem
pleather belt wishing my throat
shut
nor the pile of empty winter
coats red lime red lime
skipping rope

I must become
the good clean bread knife
the good clean girl under
the floor in the back
where they play pool

there is no wish for death only control
over the beasts that hand us to ourselves
saying white white
white



ARE THERE STILL PEOPLE IN MORIA?

still births and warm holes

(open up early mother childhood)*

by Lisa Klosterkötter

The diversity and complexity of the state and experience of (non-)mother*hood and becoming (not) a mother* does not have the visibility and brisance publicly, that it has or can have for many people in their private lives and is not granted the attention and social relevance that it should have in order for us to learn to deal with birth, life and death on an enlightened, equal, accessible and conscious basis. Motherhood* is a multi-layered structure of subjective perceptions and social attributions. The constant trivialization and glorification of birth, pregnancy, parenthood, mother*hood and the simultaneous tabooing of birth traumata, postnatal depression, miscarriage, abortion, sterility and infertility, of regret, of unfulfilled, as well as homo-, a-, bi-, trans- and inter-sexual desire for children or pregnancy, and the social disapproval of self-chosen childlessness urgently demands an update.



“Ambiguous loss” coined by Dr. Pauline Boss in the 1970s, describes a phenomenon of unresolved, ambiguous grief. Released by experiences of immigration, war, genocide, slavery, natural disasters, of illnesses, injuries, addiction, separation or death, an intangible loss, a gap and an impairment brought into life, is often very difficult to process or openly deal with. Dr. Boss describes the phenomenon of unresolved grief as resulting from either of two circumstances: when a lost person is still physically present but emotionally absent or when a lost person is physically absent but still emotionally present. An ambiguous loss can also be a place, a country, a home, a vision of the own future which is not (no longer) realizable. A hope that dies last and feels forever a loss, even though it was never a reality.



To lose an unborn life leaves deep holes. The unfulfilled desire to live with a child digs deep holes. Every fourth pregnancy ends up in an miscarriage which means one in four babies die in their mothers*’ uterus or during birth, about 15–20 % of all European couples remain unintentionally childless, the number of children desired by homosexual couples and single people remains a dark figure in most statistics.



To lose an unborn life puts one into a state of loss that remains unclear. On the one hand for the abandoned, empty body, who prepared to raise a child, for the disappointed heart and on the other hand for the society which, until today, has not yet managed to integrate the

deceased children and left parents into everyday life.

A general shame and tension in dealing with mother*hood that is resulting from a classic conservative image of “the family” and which is still a product of societal norms today, covers the entire body of topics. The shame grows when it comes to the unborn, deceased or uncreated life. Miscarriages, abortions, infertility and birth traumata are intimate experiences that are not shared publicly. They remain unheard and contribute to the patriarchal rule of silence that still seems to affect gynecological and reproductive taboos.



The division into stillbirth and miscarriage and the related rights of the parents, are among the bitter consequences of these invisible everyday incidents. In Germany in the legal terms, a miscarriage is not an accouchement. A miscarriage is present when no vital signs have been shown outside the womb, the weight of the baby is less than 500 grams and the birth takes place before the 24th week of pregnancy. A miscarriage does not trigger any consequences under maternity protection law, in particular the protection period after delivery does not apply. For freelancers it means that in case of a miscarriage, they have no rights, are not financially secured in any way nor able to take their time for physical and mental recovery. Also permanently employed persons are only entitled to medical care and treatment according to the general regulations. And even this claim, if any at all, only applies to the women giving birth. Not to their partners, families, living communities or to adoptive parents.



Who is allowed to be “a mother” in our society? Only the “cis and heteronormative women” who give birth to a living baby, who in turn is solely allowed to be “a child”? The process of “becoming a mother*” and “becoming a child” is above all a form projected from the outside, which shapes the identity of all persons. Who is allowed to be not a mother*?



How can equal access to new reproductive technologies be established for people with unfulfilled desire for children, which in the German healthcare system is currently not available to all people in need or for unmarried couples? For example, homosexual and unmarried couples have to take on the enormous costs of in-vitro fertilization themselves, and trans males who wish to have children are dependent on re-assuming their former, female first names in order to enable entry “as mothers” on the birth certificate. Here the substantial influence of politics on families and their planning becomes clear. And at the same time, society and politics hardly cares about the everyday fates of families.



A new generation is bringing children into the world: Generation Y, Millennials or Digital Natives, they are between 25 and 40, in the “childbearing” age. Those born from 2010, 2012 or 2015 (depending on the definition), so called Generation Alpha are their children. The first generation, who already use smartphones as babies and toddlers as a matter of course and whose parents are active smartphone and social media users.

A frightening number of heaven-likeworld profiles have sprung up on Instagram in recent years. Girls in pink and boys in light blue. They could have a motivating effect in order to convince people and

especially women who are afraid to decide for a family life and are not able to cope with career and child simultaneously, that it is possible and absolutely worthwhile and that, only in such a way, will society learn that both have to be reconciled! But unfortunately these images have the opposite effect -- they show a perfect artificial and illusionistic world which unfortunately does not correspond to the reality of most.

But who searches will find. There are more and more profiles who also report about their traumatic experiences and dealing with their loss. Recently, Chrissy Teigen posted pictures of her sudden miscarriage, her stay in hospital and medical care. Many thousands, mostly women worldwide, responded with posts about their own experiences: Mourning couples, crying mothers*, miniature baby hands, hospital scenes, maternity wards and over the last weeks: more and more pictures of dead babies under the hashtag #stillbirth. It is hard to bear the harsh criticism that Chrissy Teigen and her fellow campaigner have received; it is too private, too presumptuous to share such shocking and sad events with the public.



It is courageous and solidary. No one is forced to look at pictures. But if Instagram is a political mouthpiece for so many things, it can also be used here as a political and healing tool. “I think it’s the worst thing we can do to each other as women, not to share the truth about our bodies and how they work.” writes Michelle Obama in her biography “Becoming” about her miscarriage and the subsequent in-vitro-fertilization, with the help of which she became the mother of two daughters.

Where are these niches and warm loopholes in our society? We need more freedom, more transparency, more understanding in our communities for vulnerability and loss. We need to make the gaps and holes in our system visible, accept them and give them space. Our society offers hardly any space for mourning, let alone grief for human beings who only existed for a short time or only in our desires and imaginations.

We must overcome our shame about death and pain and integrate them into our lives. We have to create time and space to deal with them. And by this I don’t mean the western privilege of being able to take the usual vacation when you are grieving, and not the possibility of therapeutic treatment. The linear and “male” adapted working structures must change in general, become more cyclical.

In the United States of the late eighties, the month of October was introduced under Ronald Reagan as the month for “Pregnancy & Infant Loss Awareness”. Since then it has become an official commemoration month – for those affected, but also for the way society deals with it. This is an important gesture, although and because children do not only die in October, we need more of them.



The first dead person I ever saw was my own baby. To carry a dead body in a living one would probably have been one of the most absurd notions for me before. Now I know that it just feels very dead, abandoned and in a shocking and painful way as one of the most “natural” (cf. Max Horkheimer: mastery of nature) experiences that my body and soul has gone through. How far medicine has come – and they were not able to save a healthy child whose umbilical cord had become fragile.

During my two pregnancies I knew nothing about these statistics, nothing about pregnancy and infant loss-remembrance, until I was suddenly also one of those women* who, overwhelmed by my own ignorance, all of a sudden listened to all the many similar stories around me, voices that only approached me since I was one of them. The aim is to work on a solidary starting point for the equal and free opening of all forms of (non-)mother*hood, it affects too many to continue to be ashamed (and even if it was only one case among millions instead of one in four.)

The Incomplete Towers of the City Where Imaginary Lovers Never Find Rest

by I.G. Braga (Agatha Malizia)

Amsterdam, March 26–30, 2020, Covid-19 pandemic. The city I'd like to tell you about was destroyed and then rebuilt several times. The last recorded disaster was, according to an imaginary scale of destruction, the most remarkable. There was a brutal bombing: flames burned relentlessly right to the foundations for ten days and ten nights. The surviving citizens had almost lost hope. Nonetheless, in the course of the years to come, workers, who struggled with rebuilding homes and monuments, managed to slowly raise the city out of the ruins. It's a familiar story to many a metropolis.

Layers of stones, bricks, concrete, debris, iron, sand, etc. belonging to different eras make up the seen and the unseen: foundations, houses, hills, skylines, tragedies and love affairs. I am not naming or referring to a particular place, but rather describing a chimeric one. It's a collage or a superposition of words, events and stories that unite and/or divide the residential and social units of the known world. I'm thinking of a place where the towers were left in an odd state of incompleteness, irregularly divided vertically or horizontally or both, an ideal imaginary city where these leftover construction materials are of the utmost importance to lovers who are both here as well as in other places on earth and who are seemingly lost and yet find themselves. It's a city where bombed buildings are slowly and partially rebuilt with bricks and stones found here and there. It is impossible to sort through the piles of bricks as the process would be even slower and more unnerving. Sometimes it is necessary to resort to new materials. When the buildings are completed, the new bricks, with their different color and texture are immediately noticeable. On some of the stones or bricks initials are engraved and names or dates are etched. Before spray paint, people would carve on public (vertical) surfaces using sharp objects to leave a fleeting trace of life. The first signs of organized civilization are engraved on large stone slabs. Following the introduction of more sophisticated methods of sharing knowledge, the stonemason's work has become superfluous and his backbreaking technique is now unable to record an increasingly growing number of documents. Graffiti written on stone or a wall has therefore gone backwards to become a primeval form of art, the representation of an instinct, the need to leave a more or less lasting trace. Someone marked a date, an important event, which today for us no longer has any meaning. In the city described above some of the graffiti is found in a

remarkably high place after the reconstruction, as if the building had grown from the ground up like a tree. Anachronisms, joy, past loves and sorrows, these stories have remained inscribed in stone and are indecipherable. Buildings have been reconstructed, but the tales of their tenants haven't been. Experiences now forgotten were sketched and then abandoned in stone. Such stories have played an important part in the history of society no matter their modest and unintended role. Such events are similar to other events, some of which can be read in novels, and which are more or less scientifically reconstructed chronicles that have been recorded, perhaps by mistake, in annals or diaries. These are the stories of oversights and omissions.

Fires, earthquakes, epidemics, wars, bombings, etc. have cold-heartedly erased everything in their path without a concern for ethics. If databases had existed a thousand years ago, I wonder if we would have gone mad in the vainglorious attempt to archive and catalogue all that information. In the end, who gets to decide whether the information should be stored or deleted once neither the author nor the interested parties or their heirs are around to do it? Today, we have massive amounts of information at our fingertips and we don't know what to do with all of it; we don't even know whether to believe any of it as we await confirmation. Piecing together stories from stone tablets and paper documents that have been handed down to us is an extremely risky task. What if all we learned at school was nothing but a mountain of fake news? The Egyptians behaved in this or that way, the Greeks like this and the Romans like that. It's a very Eurocentric history. What's the difference between a novel, a series, the movie *Troy* (2004) and a history book? Scientific papers based on previous scientific papers. It sometimes becomes impossible to verify all the sources because the archive was incinerated in a fire or flooded by a tsunami or swallowed up by the earth. There is now also an alternative scenario: the database has fallen victim to a cyber attack, the titles and dates of documents have been scrambled into a mess of names, numbers, values and vectors that is hard to disentangle. Rebuilding and reorganizing it would be a lengthy and demanding job.

It was the same in the city where citizens collected and rearranged bricks. Information is to bricks as truth is to the lithosphere! (plate tectonics theory).

L. Lithosphere, rigid, rocky outer layer of the Earth, consisting of the crust and the solid outermost layer of the upper mantle. It extends to a depth of about 60 miles (100 km). It is broken into about a dozen separate, rigid blocks, or plates. Slow convection currents deep within the mantle, generated by radioactive heating of the interior, are believed to cause the lateral movements of the plates (and the continents that rest on top of them) at a rate of several inches per year. *Britannica.com*
Image: *Car swallowed up by the earth, sixteen-year-old trapped inside*, Scienze Notizie, 8 Jul. 2018, <https://www.scienze-notizie.it/2018/07/08/auto-inghiottita-dalla-voragine-sedecenne-imprigionato-al-suo-interno-3727600>, Accessed 2 Jul. 2020

Our Cities

by Tamta Khalvashi

ჩვენი ქალაქები დიდი ხანია ნეკროლოგიურ გეოგრაფიებად გადაიქცნენ. ჩვენ ვცხოვრობთ, ვშრომობთ, გადავადგილდებით, ვსეირნობთ და ვსუნქავთ სიკვდილით სავსე სივრცეებში. ეს სიკვდილი სხეულბრივიცა და სოციალურიც. სოციალურია სიკვდილი, როცა სახლიდან გასახლებენ გადაუხდელი ვალების გამო, როცა უსახლკარო დევნილი ხარ და ოცდახუთი წელია ამ ქვეყნის მოქალაქედ არ გაღიარებენ, როცა უმუშევარი ხარ და შენი ერთადერთი შემოსავლის წყარო უწყვეტი ვალაია. სხეულბრივია სიკვდილი, როცა დილით სამსახურში გასულს, საღამოს მიწის ქვეშ აღმოგხდება სული, როცა ქუჩაში სეირნობისას, თავზე ახალაშენებული კორპუსიდან ჩამოვარდნილი შუშა დაგეცემა. სიკვდილი ყველაგანაა, ჩვენი ქალაქი ერთი დიდი სიკვდილის ნეკროლოგია.

ეს სიკვდილი არსაიდან არ მოსულა. მას კონკრეტული ინსტიტუტები, პოლიტიკური პროგრამები და ფინანსური ელიტები ქმნიან. პოლიტიკას, რომელიც სიკვდილის აფორმებს, ნეკროპოლიტიკა ჰქვია ანუ ძალაუფლება, რომელსაც არა მხოლოდ თვითონ აქვს უფლება მოკლას, არამედ სხვებსაც მოაკვლევინოს. აშლი მზემზე ამ მდგომარეობას პოსტკოლონიურს უწოდებს, როცა პოლიტიკურმა ძალადობამ სოციალური სიკვდილის ფორმაც მიიღო.

ამ ქალაქში ყველანი მოსიარულე მკვდრები ვართ. ჩვენ ყოველ დღე მკვდრებით აღდგომას ვცდილობთ. ჩვენი მკვდარი და ნახევრად მკვდარი სხეულები ნეკროპოლიტიკოსებს აცოცხლებს. ჩვენი სიკვდილი, მათი სიცოცხლე და სიმდიდრეა. მაგრამ ეს დასახიჩრებული სხეულები როგორც ზომბები, ერთ დღეს მათი სიხარბისა და ძალადობის შემამრწუნებელ ხატებად გადაიქცევიან. ისინი მათი კაბინეტების კარებთან გამოჩნდებიან, მათ ტრიბუნებთან იხეტილებენ და შეახსენებენ, რომ ეს ქვეყანა, ეს მოსიარულე მკვდრების ქვეყანა, მათ მოსვენებას არასდროს მისცემს.

It's been a long time since our cities transformed into necrologic geographies. We live, work, walk and breathe in spaces filled with death, this death is social and bodily.

Death is social, when they move you out of your home because of unpaid debt. When you are a refugee in this country for 25 years, and you are not yet accepted as a citizen. When you are unemployed and the only way of income is endless dept. Death is bodily, when you walk to your job in the morning, and in the evening you have a new home in the grave. When during the walk, a flying window from a newly built housing-block will hit your head. Death is everywhere, our city is a big necrology of death.

This death came from nowhere. It is created by specific institutions, political programs, and financial elites. Politics which create death, is necropolitics, power which has permit to kill and grant this right to others too.

In this city we all are walking dead. We try to resurrect on a daily basis. Our dead and half dead bodies give life to necro-politicians. Our death is their life and wealth. But one day these mutilated bodies like zombies, will transform into their greedy and violent icons. These bodies will show themselves near to their office doors, walk close to their tribunes, they will remind of, that this country, country of the walking dead never will give them rest.



Home-Cooking



Sketch for three legged chair (Morris Hirshfield's light shower)
by Saskia Fischer

Nivea

by Eugene Sundelius von Rosen
translation by by Anna R. Winder and Eugene Sundelius von Rosen

Jag är acid i näsbladet
kristinas äckliga hundansikte som behövde var det för
att det trälär och strävar efter middagen
kom ut ur svarta orkaner
lexikanska
dialexikanska självande
nu löser vi upp det här
i en cirkel av vatten av samförstånd
brustabletter
fönstersegl
burspråk
dina tankar
mina beättelser
personernas makter
surrets inåtvända bröstplattan

de två lutade mot varandra
i en synergi blicken riktad mot barnet på bilden
djuret i telefonen
sl-kortet
beviset

jag blir så trött när jag ska öppna upp bladet, jag blir så
ursinnig och så uttömd på ingenting.
abcd jag kan inte andas.
fåran, fåran, sången, skoven, människorna, orden
tar upp en bild, tar ner donet.

ner igen i helvetet och förbi bruset och jorden
tunga och lätta, bläddrande och åter till hjärtat
artärerna, kapillärerna endast en röd blodkropp enkel-
riktad en väg
skyltar i fönstret, glansigt på ögat, halsduken som
stryper ögonen som
vattnas
inglasad och trött upp till näsborrarna
svårmodig berättelse och känslan av oförstått prat
inte är svårigheten en skärningspunkt
inte är skildringen en nod
övertakt för intellektets hala ådra
skär upp innan tatueringen av ödlan och sugröret
komplementfärgen in i gränden, camilla, gustavs
barnflicka
sov inuti hjärnan, se från avstånd gå djupare in i
tunisien-gränden
och se och hör och hjälpna och vändas och stupa
inför den andra halvan av tatueringen på en främlings
avklädda grönaktiga (med vita ådror)
läderhudade vad

I am Acid in the nose-leaf
kristina's disgusting dog face that needed was it because
it drudges and strains after dinner
came out of black hurricanes
lexical
dialexical selfing
let's dissolve this
in a circle of water of consensus
carbon tablets
windowsail
oriel
your thoughts
my recollections
the peoples' forces
the murmurs' introverted breastplate

the two were leaning against one another
in a synergy the gaze pointed towards the child in the
picture
the animal in the phone
public transportation card
evidence

I become so tired when I am to open up the leaflet,
I get so infuriated and so drained from almost nothing.
abcd I can't breathe.
the furrow, the furrow, the song, the forest, people, the
words
picks up a picture, takes down the device.

again down to hell and bypassing the murmur and earth
weighty and light, browsing and once again to the heart
the arteries, capillaries merely a red blood cell one-way
street
signs in the window, glossy on the eye, scarf that stran-
gles eyes that
water
behind glass and tired to the nostrils
spleeny narrative and feeling of incomprehensible talk
the difficulty is not an intersection
the description is not a node
upbeat for the slippery veins of the intellect
cutting open before the tattoo of the lizard and the straw
the complimentary colors in the alley, camilla, gustav's
nanny
slept inside the brain, look from a distance go deeper into
the tunisia-alley
and see and listen and be startled and squirm and drop
inject the other half of the tattoo into a strangers naked
greenish (with white veins)
leather-skinned calf

hastade roselnötter –
hsprickans rumlängd
in under och in i det ljusa och välkända
vad vore jag utan platsen och dess betesmark
att alltid välja mellan det förstådda och det logiska
(och det blomstrande)
det fångas i vridningen
nej;
det fångas i latheten.
genom porslinet, kakelplattorna, väggmaterialen och
fibrerna
hör jag porlandet dovt ljuda
det suger du lade på handpåläggningens samvete
det ömsinta drakens hårresande
kom ingen sen som senare
jag ledsnar allt fortare, krackelerandet och stunden.
inuti tamburen.

hurried roselnuts
the space of the crack
beneath and in the bright and the well known
what would I be without the place and its pasture
to always choose between the understood and the logical
(and the flourishing)

it's captured in the twist
no;
it's captured in the sluggishness.
through the porcelain, the tiles, the wall material and the
fibres
I hear rippling dull sounds
the sugar you placed on the conscience of the laying on
of hands
that which is tender dragons' hair-raising
no one came then as later
I tire even faster, crackled and the moment.
inside the hall.

Virtual Dinner

by Lisa Dieckwisch



Ylvas vemod och samtidigt ytan av det inte alls så
 miniatyrerna står stilla
 du berättar
 och jag lyssnar
 varaktigt sedan ser vi ner från balkongen
 det är en dåre, viskandes där nere
 där är en ridå
 kastar ner laptop från två våningar upp
 karlavägen är somrig och barnfamiljer vandrar
 du dricker vittvin invid soffbordet och bakåtlutat
 tystnad i klassen
 skjutdörrar öppnas morbrorns fauvistiska oljemålningar
 öppna
 leguanerna och fåglarna
 sångfåglarna som skall matas med de olika maskorna
 de höga listerna och det antika
 stuckaturen och gårdsplanens tystnad
 omringad av grön
 kastar ner apparaten utan krasch
 dova kraschen
 tobaken i köket jag såg det på filmen det hände aldrig på riktigt
 tobias ansikte smeker med handen ditt ansikte
 tobaken i burken smaken diskussionen
 vridningen i 3d men enbart nu i 3d nej 2d
 höjden från oss till marken slaget sakta når
 svärta och slå i dörren
 de har sex bredvid dörren
 svärta och slå i dörren
 med geckon
 och burken vindsdriven och in genom tevens

* * * * *

Ylva's melancholy and at the same time the surface of it not at all so
 miniatures stand still
 you tell
 and I listen
 then we constantly look down from the balcony
 it's a fool, whispering down there
 there is a curtain
 throws down laptop from two floors up
 karlavägen is summery and families with children walk
 you drink white wine next to the coffee table and reclined
 silence in the classroom
 sliding doors open uncle's fauvist oil paintings
 open
 the iguanas and the birds
 the songbirds to be fed with the various meshes
 the tall moldings and the antique
 the stucco and the silence of the courtyard
 surrounded by greenery
 throws down the device without crash
 subtle crashes
 the tobacco in the kitchen I saw it in the movie i never really happened

tobias' face caresses your face with the hand
 the tobacco in the jar the taste the discussion
 the twist in 3d but only now in 3d no 2d
 the height from us to the ground the blow slowly reaches
 dark and knocks on the door
 they're having sex next door
 dark and knock on the door
 with gecko
 and the can wind-driven and in through the TV

Camping (at home)

by Alberte Skronski



Teddy bear can be a true friend

by Rezi Gvaramadze

Teddy bear can be a true friend
Grids and grasses.
Senses and the gaps.
All around the drizzling dopes
Praying for a disaster
In forms of happiness.
Sleeping on the sofa,
When all the words are ended
And time lapses
Giving us hopes and wishes
Of illusionary freedom.
Tuning the wheel to raise pages up.
End proven measurements
To meet the truth
Behind the repeating puff.
Hurting hurdles,
H, as an acronym.
Power.off.
Sleep.
Wake up!
We see this every time, sitting next to
Sizzling light.
And can't understand if we can catch the reality.
Salt and pepper stands next to each other on the table
And one can only understand with a number of drills.
Wooden chair with
Something soft to sit on.
If everything will go wrong
Could you stay by me?
Not in answers, but
In fluidity of my consciousness.

Bastard Reproductions

by Clara Cohen and Jonathan Utracik



Digital and mobile photography, London 2020



Let me help you with that scratched knee

by Gvantsa Jgushia

ვინებდები მოპირდაპირე კორპუსში
ჩემს ძველ ბინაში,
მინდა აღვიდგინო შიდა წყობა,
ბუნდოვანია.
თვითმფრინავი მიფრინავს
თუ ქარი ქრისს?
ბუნდოვანია.
რომელიღაც სახლიდან ყვირილი გაისმის
და მეშინია იქნებ ქალს სცემენ.
ვერ ვეხმარები,
დისტანციიდან ყველაფერი ბუნდოვანია

Facing the block,
In which I lived before,
To recall interior structure,
It is obscure.
Is it a plane
Or a windblow?
It is obscure.
I overheard a scream coming from a house,
I'm afraid maybe a woman is being beaten.
Can't be of any help,
From a distance all is obscure.



*Would You Prefer To Land on the Ground,
Or on a Hairy Man Chest?*
Picture taken on A. Tsereteli Avenue, Tbilisi, Georgia, 2020

Wall Wounds

by Klara Kayser

WALL WOUNDS are an attempt to make walls bleed and at the same time an attempt to create a room in a room for when pain leaves body and:

if the body is a temple and a body is a subject and a temple has walls— it becomes apparent that a temple is a body

All in all,

I discovered a trend in young western adults. They seem to boast with the wounds they own.

insisting to understand the importance to ‘confess’ to boast and decorate themselves or others controlled or uncontrolled

with the wounds they possess controlled or uncontrolled

This trend most definitely comes from the Hip-Hop music of the 80s where serving time in prison seemed to be a status symbol and a sign of excellency. (virtue, greatness, quality)

since 2015 I believe in so called VICTIMACIES. A victim of intimacy is a character that plays with the possibilities and consequences of supposed exposure,

not bearing in mind the impossibility of UNMASKING.

Notes on Elements by Klara Kayser

I don't eat

by Oliver Jones

I don't eat

I prefer the flatness of a cliff's edge to sparkling ocean dunes.

there is poison in this world but I won't drink it.

the mouth a gutter choked with leaves.

murder is always murder somebody told me that if I got thin enough they'd touch me

again. when a dead limb strokes the insides of my cheeks

I do not chew I do not swallow.

nutrition isn't worth the humiliation of assent.

the mouth loves space & it knows how they treat us.

I'd rather be eaten. in you I'd feel stylish.

all the bad things happened because I allowed myself to be fattened for the world.

pot-bellied planet with a bright blue napkin.

home is where the hunger dies.

the mouth a cut stem drawing water ever inward.

I store up pain in my body. I'm expecting a long summer.

Conditions of Making



Detail from *Melankholiker*
stickman breakfast, digital drawing (detail), Hedda Schattanik, 2020

Athens Interview 4

Lukas Panek with Anastasia Perahia

I met you during one summer in Athens you were visiting from London. We went out with friends. I think we went to Galaxy Bar one night. I was very happy to meet you. Why did you leave Athens to move abroad?

I left Athens for very the simple reason that I got into a masters program in London. I grew up in London but both my parents grew up in Greece. I have family in Athens and I kind of speak Greek so being in Athens for a while made sense. I was considering different masters options but ended up choosing the one at the Architecture School. I was really quite sad to leave Athens but at the time I had planned to return upon finishing the

masters but various reasons postponed this and COVID finally halted everything.

I never knew actually what you precisely do, so you're an architect?

No, no. I was part of a masters programme that situated itself at the cross roads of Art and Architecture, whatever that means. It was supposedly designed to bring people from these two fields together on one course and see what emerged. I liked the idea of working at the intersection of art and architecture but the reality was in didn't work so well. There were more architects than artists and it started to appear to me more like a course for architects to expand into concepts of art rather than vice

versa, and the space I had envisioned at the intersection didn't really exist. It seemed to me that often the architects felt alienated with their field and hoped to find in art a way to resolve this, and so they were often interested in making projects that I viewed as very similar to the modes of art I had known as relational aesthetics, but without them necessarily being aware of the history of these tendencies in art. I felt stuck, I didn't want to go in this direction at all. I had hoped the masters would produce practical collaborations but in fact the architects wanted nothing to do with building at all! I had visions of projects using small built constructions to facilitate more conceptual ideas, much like our friend Mathieu

had done with his interdisciplinary studio Kassandras in Athens. Anyway, the reality was that back in London this was not working and so I retreated and made this video work about my family.

How do you see the current political situation in Greece? I want to know more about it, my outside perspective is very blurred and distorted I feel. Obviously, Greece has returned to a more conservative outlook with the new centre right government after their left wing government, but I'm not sure that means much. I'm Greek but I'm also Sephardic Jewish from my mother's side and so my experience of Greekness is quite unlike other people and not at all tied to Orthodox Christianity. I grew up in a family which has a fairly interesting relationship to the country and that's actually what my masters project dealt with. Being in London but obviously still thinking about my time in Greece I made a video project which thought through the idea of language and place and mother tongues. Salonica (Thessaloniki) is a port city in the north where my family are from and up until one hundred years ago was home to the largest Sephardic Jewish community in the world. In fact at the start of the twentieth century the most spoken language in the city was still Ladino, also known as Judeo-Spanish, a language spoken by Sephardic Jews which was based on the Spanish spoken in Spain from where they were expelled in 1492. Nobody really spoke Greek in the city, in fact no one in my family spoke Greek until my grandmother's generation, ie the post war generation. So, all of my family lived in Greece for over 500 years and nobody spoke Greek! They had a completely separate culture, identity politics etc This all started to change in 1922 with the rise of Greek Nationalism, and then in 1941 the nazi-occupation of Greece led to the near complete extermination of the community. So the community basically disappeared and with it went the Ladino language and culture.

I didn't know that story of yours. Tell me more about the video project you mentioned how did that come into existence? I stayed in Thessaloniki for a few months, taking interviews with members of the Jewish community, those who can still speak Ladino. There are only a handful of people left and the language is on the verge of disappearing. The video mostly pivots between two characters, my grandfather's sister, who can still speak Ladino, and my grandmother, who can only remember things her parents used to say. My grandmother was born in 1945, at a time when what was left of the Jewish community stopped transmitting Ladino to the new generation in order to stay low key and assimilate as much as possible. Therefore, my grandmother was really the first in my family to use Greek as her mother tongue!

So I was exploring this disconnect between language and place between generations, my great aunt who represented Ladino, my grandmother who remembers words but clearly marks a new type of identity and then more abstractly between myself and my own mother, me being the most disconnected from the language, (I am illiterate in Greek!) and place. I conducted all the interviews either in Greek or Ladino and so it meant there were obvious lapses and gaps in understanding which I wanted to explore.

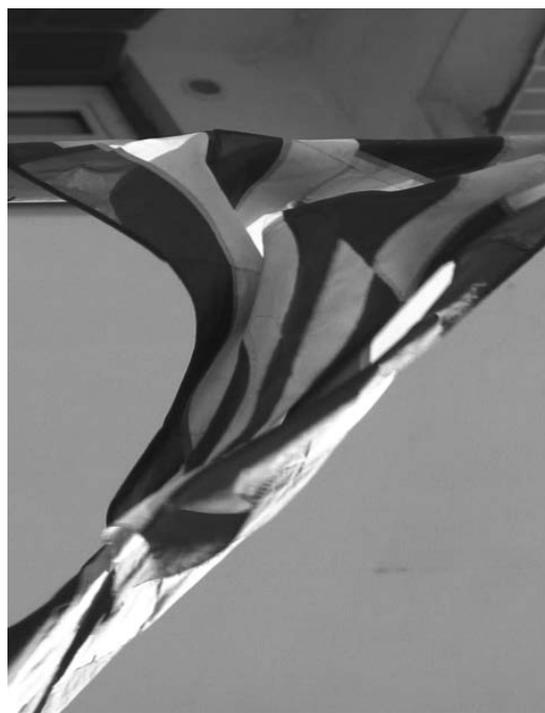
So in terms of identity politics in relation to your previous questions on Greek politics, I don't like to make statements on Greece as a whole, I don't feel I am an authority or that it is my experience to comment on. My mum's side of the family, probably related to their history, is not particularly political, but I hear more about politics at the lunch table on my dad's side. I guess all I could say is that Kyriakos Mitsotakis, the current prime minister now had a good run with COVID especially in comparison to other Mediterranean countries, and so he has managed to look competent in a bad year but I imagine that has allowed him to pass the unpopular decisions under the chaos of COVID. But I really don't know that's essentially a generic news clip!

Greece has a leftist history but that's also quite dark and their whole identity is definitely much more complex than they want to admit. This idea of national identity is kind of silly to me, but maybe that's because it's alien to me. So actually I don't know if I want to say anything on this!

So you feel lost in a mix of identities? I do feel lost in a way. I don't feel English when I'm in the UK and I don't feel Greek when I'm in Greece. In the end I know that there are aspects of different cultures I feel close to and my identity is formed of bits and pieces, and I think that's nice.

After the film you made, is there something you currently work on?

I think the subject of identity was a big thing last year and I've been just tying ends in that work. I would actually like to step away from works concerning identity politics and try do something else. Maybe concentrating more on form. Because it's very exhausting to do work which is so personal and complex politically but somehow difficult to avoid, especially at the start. I was laughing with a friend recently who was viewing video works to select for a screening, and most people's work centered around their family or history. I guess it makes sense, you work with what you have access to, and if you are somehow a part of it it allows you to go further and deeper in the name of self exploration as opposed to exploring 'the other'.



I think it definitely makes sense it's the closest subject you can start with. How did this video installation look like?

I did a three channel video which kind of was interweaving interviews I did interviews with my family members I mentioned earlier. So they Video exist on three different screens and they have conversations with each other and I filmed kind of freely while I was in the city and I took a lot of interviews but in this piece I never watch voice and image. There are these two pets where the viewer encounters all this information coming from real people and the other was kind of just about making images. First I kind of made a library of scenes which were always looping and I kind of developed really hypnotic circles of images, things of going round continuing infinitely and then I combined with the interviews. Sometimes a screen is blank sometimes they come together and join to make one landscape, sometimes they repeat each other.

I was wondering: how was it to show this work in London, in a different context?

It was kind of weird in way. I think it would fit much easier in a way in London because it was yet another work of a small culture somewhere else. They're loads of them and in London it felt kind of normal and less radical. In the end I became more interested to show it in Greece more. It's actually not something people in Greece or Spain know about. There it would be a bit weirder to show it.

Yes, I can imagine. You should definitely show it there! Was this project a start for you to be more involved into filmmaking?

I don't really know yet but what I really love to do is working with images. Especially with moving images I love to manipulate and play with them. For me the fun part is really to make a movie out of a material I collect, rather than strictly planning what to shoot beforehand. But I also think the next step for me is to explore some other ways of expressing and seeing if anything fits because I haven't really done that before part of my previous education but also because I didn't feel ready for it yet. Sometimes it takes some time.

Sometimes it has to take some time.

Yes, previously I was very comfortable with photographs, that I was something I was doing a lot. So images, I'm not scared of them.

I have another question for you: What are images for you today?

I don't know really because everything is an image. Obviously my idea of what an image is has changed completely in the last five, six, seven, eight years. I see images and things that are not images more than I used to. This expanded my idea of what an image can be. Finding images within images and also the way...It's really difficult for me to answer it, I don't know how to articulate it at all. (Laughs)

I think so still I'm very much for the image. I haven't lost faith in it, even though there so many images around us. I think what has more changed that you have to work harder for a good image in a way. Everybody is taking or creating images online. Since everyone is making conventionally nice images, certain images have degraded the image again.

So you think the idea of an amateur image is not existing anymore?

Yes, and that's kind of interesting. We are kind of in the age of the image or whatever but what do you think?

I'm always in between having no faith in images and do having it. There is this really strong friction how you direct an image at someone. Why should be your image more worthy than someone's else's? Social media has such a strong impact on our relation to images that we have to find ways to show that Images outside of these platforms are worth it and I don't mean that in a defensive manner.

Yes I agree I felt that the medium I was kind of comfortable with was kind of the "easy" one. But by being in other contexts such as fashion I became so bored it and thought ah you can't make a good new image and even a good image is so kind of light. And that's an awful thing to say, but that was really what I was thinking in my head. It was so grotesque to me all these images.

I really love a work where everyone has an access to it and everyone could do it or become part of it. That's why I still as I said have a faith in the image weirdly because were surrounded by them. You still know when you see an image you really like and feel drawn to. I still come across images I love because there is a reason for it. I can find that image and it doesn't get lost in all the other images that's why it so strong as form.

Most of the things come from an image and somehow over a detour anyways go back to one, so let's skip the middle.

Yes you're right and I also think that there are no good photographs which I clearly don't believe. When I was working on the earlier video I was working with still images It was for me much easier than to think of a long moving image. When I was going through the movie material I was just taking screenshots and screenshots..

Oh, sorry you broke off can you hear me now? Last question: which image would you love to share?

Sorry I'm getting live eaten by mosquitoes. I think it would be an iPhone image like one from the image conversations we have which I enjoy a lot. I'm not sure what it would be of:

GATES OF COAGULUM

SESSION NO. 1, 23/10 - 2018

15:01 - "What do you want me to call it?" she asked, and I could sense a zigzag travelling breeze of uncertainty from her body gestures as she approached what we a couple of minutes later decided to name "the object". The first time we spoke, virtually, I referred to it as a sculpture out of my own uncertainty and need for some kind of detachment from the procedure that I was about to enter. It wasn't about me, it was about it. I wanted to become it, not the other way around. Naming something a sculpture is somehow equivalent to personifying something not just by giving and accepting it as a body, but by giving it a biology, a history, a mind of its own. But it is always I, and alike, that bear and always will be the ones receiving the concepts behind the terms we use to depict this psychological and physical attempt to acknowledge something as a sculpture. As long as I name, I will be the master-subject, and the mere act of creation will only be a servant for the extension of my face. As long as I name, I am blurring other possibilities. Object was better. It's still a name. But at least we were choosing a term that could contour the boundaries between the object, the hypnotist and me, for the sake of practicality. We had to know our roles in order to switch. Every participant in this procedure would become something, therefore every participant in that room was an object. Of course, at points in time, we're morphologically fixed, but as we journey through time, we're also fluid, and all of us three required objects to become subjects ourselves.

15:14 - We tried out different ways of placing the object, but finally it felt as if it decided to stand on the desk.

15:16 - As we moved along, her voice gradually became a voice behind my voice. It was almost as if during that part of the procedure, she was cultivating an emotional response toward the object I was gazing into, while I was describing it in relation to my own body. Through her sonic guidance, I was able to centre parts of my body outside of it, projecting parts onto the object. And sometimes when I was touching it, it felt like it simultaneously was touching me. Like a method for analysing an imaginary connection between my body and the body of the object and her body following mine, like an evocative dance. I was slowly moving in a half-circle around the object, and through my peripheral vision, I started noticing other objects. They were hidden behind furnitures, shelves and curtains, and appeared as dim as the room itself, almost as if they had fallen asleep. A hand watch, a silvery photo frame, a wooden cube, a book, a left leg, the horizontal mandorla shaped part of the chest, just right above the solar plexus. We moved on. "How does this particular side of the object make you think or feel?" she asked again and I replied "I've dreamt of a city, habituated by invisible people and built on ruins for a couple of days now. This side of the object reminds me of the ornament on one of the pillars next to a staircase, leading towards a doorway. The ornament is really beautiful, it looks like the skin folds of an unknown body to man, half-thing, half-biologic, half-spirit. These old ornaments is the marks of the invisibles, and I don't really know how it makes me feel. But there is certainly a feeling, a containing one."

15:32 - "Let's stand here quiet for a couple of minutes, focusing on the totality of the object" she said and the room started to slightly darken as I was fixing my gaze on its curves that started to look like teeth.

15:36 - We were back by the chairs where we started and sat down. She instructed me to close my eyes and for a couple of minutes holding the image of the object in my mind's eye. "I'll let you know when to let the image go. And when I do so, don't try to change the images that starts to appear. In other words, just let them be".

15:43 - She asked me to let the image go and as I did, I realised that it wouldn't go away that easily. The quality of the image gradually changed, instead of being an image of a solid object, it had transmuted into something soft, translucent and almost glowing. First I thought that because of the fact that the image was fading from my visualisation, it started to tingle with visual dust, tiny shiny spots, almost on the verge to dissolve. But instead, the tiny shiny spots started to grow in quantity as inverted burn outs on the surface of the object that made the translucent quality of it seem tinted with a few drops of silver. And at one point I started to glimpse something in its core, a force of some sort. This force gradually seemed to be the cause for turning the darkness caused by the absence of light in my eyes surrounding the object, to an infinite light blue. Except for one spot that appeared on an unknown distance behind the object. The spot was in a static state during the shift. But as the absence of light was getting closer to the shade of blue that it now was in, I realised that the dark spot was unfolding an image of a human. And the human being was a representation of me, wearing the silver jacket on I left in the waiting room. I saw myself laughing, more intensely as I got closer to the object, which also seemed to react toward it by becoming more and more animated and wobbly. As if it too was laughing. They were swirling, floating around and mimicking each other, one pull made the other one larger and then smaller and then reversed, continuously. The longer time I, the observant, spent floating in this infinite space, the more vivid the expression of the image of these two beings and the space became. My second eye gradually could conceive the light rays that were flickering up this nothingness of light blue, and I could much clearer see the transitions of the facial expressions the representation of me and the object communicated with. I was observing a visual loop, and sometimes I actively tried to affect the image with no results. It felt as if I was on hold, that I was forced to experience it while something else was going on. Similar to standing in a telephone line, listening to a song or a suggestion followed by an excuse on repeat. But the quality of it wasn't similar to images produced in a regular state of thought, this was different. It was as if it was happening in real time, totally in synchrony with the ticking by the hand of the clock and other sounds coming from the physical level of the space I departed from.

15:58 - At this point, I realised that I just had to succumb into this apparently hilarious light blue nothingness. When I did, I started to notice that the texture of the image of myself became more transparent and silvery, synchronically as the object made itself flatten and knead into a board. When it was completely flat, the representation of me had dissolved into thin blue air and the board rotated into a fixed vertical position and appeared to be a part of an architectonic structure, consisting of a gleaming material, similar to glass. I glimpsed a gate, and now I was finally moving in the direction of entering it and the closer I got, the more I registered a presence of many presences coming from inside the structure. When I almost had passed through the threshold, I could see and sense the strings of the hypnotists voice, calling me back. And I was back, hardly placed in my own body, and I thought that maybe I had visited the space where all sleeping objects wake up.

16:07 - "How many toes do you have?" she asked with a curiosity clinging in her voice. I was uncertain. Like that which comes when having a fever, resulting in a twisted correlation between sensing ones body and what is being sensed with ones body. In this case, however, it wasn't a cause of fever. It was because I still hadn't completely landed in my body yet. Gradually I was able to integrate myself with the current surrounding, by counting. "10 toes" I replied. "On each? You seem to not yet be in place" she said while crouching towards the chair I was sitting in. "I have 5 on each, 10 in total, I mean". We were considering to have another session in January and I was getting ready to leave. As I was moving closer to the door handle I couldn't help but speculate whether the object was back or not. And I found myself estimating the weight of the bag I was carrying the object in.

When we; the masons, are not satisfied with the working conditions or if our employers don't arrange a proper topping-out ceremony we add a dead mason to the building. This is typically a glass bottle placed in between the bricks so that when the wind blows through the bottle, a haunting sound echoes through the building. Another more public alternative is that we make a doll of our working clothes that we place on top of the construction for all to see. When Solstra Capital Partners did not arrange a topping-out ceremony in 2016 we placed a doll in the scaffolding. When we build the cathedral in Elsinore in 1559 we placed a bottle in the east side of the tower. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.



Where lies the intersection of creative and subjective states?

This analysis wants to recognise the activation of senses, instead of the idea, on the responsibility to act in a consciously creative way, without dividence, or need, to conquer and possess a required effect. A responsibility that I would say is not connected to the movement of desire. Rather events, in their own creative movement, connect relationships of different creative senses through a communion of being. These connectives generate impulses that perhaps change, distort, or fix, what is present now and what could be created.

This is what I call the Underscore:
The endurance of this continuous relational movement.

Underscore _ Manifesto:

A Creative State of Dynamic Participation

by Vinicius Jayme Vallorani



Moto/Umidity, digital photography, bronze, rope, iron, humidity, light, San Benedetto Del Tronto, 2020

In this intertwinement of sensing entities, the artistic work relates to space, physical matter, the content of the void, the artist, the viewer, their times and their infinite multidimensional diffracted correlations. In this activity, the human lose their proclaimed authoritarian claim to the necessarily reciprocal one.

So the artistic work has a possibility to link the situation and the awareness connected to its creative dynamism (similar to the possibilities that the event itself creates) due to its way to keep patchy connectedness, endurance of differences, contradictions. It combines the visible with the invisible, reason_intuitive, form_vacuity.

Is it possible then that every action to be taken in an empty space, every movement, emotional_mental_physical, can generate an imperceptible effect from our senses? Or an influence on a second physical form, and therefore countless other relationship possibilities?

And not only through the action of the human or animal species. Is it possible that the brain organ is the only one to achieve a state of awareness? Why not a stone. How could a block keep its matter composed except through some degree of underscore intelligence?

What would happen if my song, after reaching its marble facade, receives a change in sound? Would you take me as the author and the sculpture as a co-author? Or maybe it is possible to see the entire space as an orchestra under (score) the creative direction of impulses?

A pedagogontological realisation (educational of being) should show me, with kindness, the ability to respond (response-ability) to the action of influences and their participatory side. A sense of responsibility active in the mutual creative state.

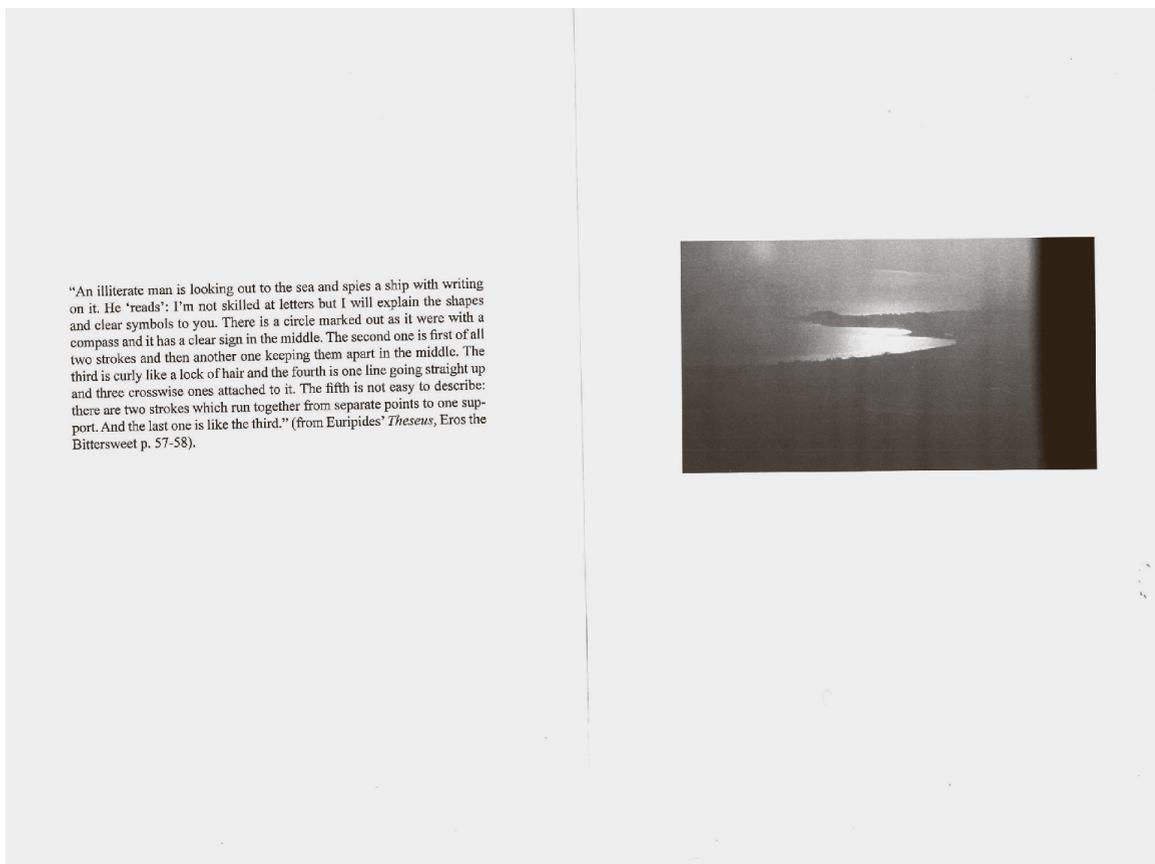
Knowing when_where_why these influences worked on me, if I gave them the possibility or not to do so, changed them because of my perspective of reception or by the will of desire, and also where I sent those filtered data, can become a factor capable of balancing this participatory movement?

And finally, in this process, how consciously can I take decisions recognising the lures that effect me.

Akureyri

by Anna R. Winder and Arisa Purkpong

- Arisa: In both cases I met people, who showed me their workspace, who talked to me about their work and their thoughts and I was also talking with them about my work and my thoughts. Both of these projects were pretty open, and I didn't really do something with the material, I took notes, but I didn't force it into a final project.
- Anna: But still you have the feeling that there is some kind of tension or intensity in this material?
- Arisa: It's also not true because I have used parts of it. For example, I did a zine and an installation. The moment where I realized that I'm actually – like that my attempt of making art or something – is somehow... I couldn't really place what I was doing... or I think the moment where I got so confused, which kind of hurt in a sense, which left me with something that I had to digest for such a long time, was that you realize that there is someone who has such a different reality from yours.
- Anna: Maybe this is coming from a feeling that you are using someone else's material? Or trying to make use of or change somebody's material? And then you don't get ...
- Arisa: ... you don't get to the point where you... touch... like I don't know.
- Anna: It's maybe relating to an idea that you are trying to speak for someone else? Trying to be someone else's voice?
- Arisa: Yes, and at the same time that you have to understand on a very basic level, that someone else has a different perception from yours, and, like, just lives in a different space, and to acknowledge that another person has another reality.
- Anna: I think some of this tension is part of what interest me about translation, this sort of dialogue – It maybe sounds cheesy, but doing the impossible, to try transfer one language into another, or, trying to rewrite the voice of someone else. I also find the attempt in itself really beautiful even though, even though it's kind of an impossibility, as a really basic beautiful gesture. I wonder how you can keep this kind of dialogues moment of it, where you see that there are two ends pulling, or two voices, where you still have this feeling of two voices inside of one. This experience I sometimes really have with texts in translation. I wonder if this can somehow be transferred to images? You know, sometimes you can hear the sound of another language inside of a translation, or cultural references, you can feel that there is a space.



- Arisa: Yeah.. hmm.. I have two thoughts about this; one is that on a formal level – maybe it's a little bit too direct to say that – Which is the voice that you can hear in the work, really?
- Anna: Like, which voice is the kind of prominent one?
- Arisa: Exactly. And is there, like a way, to channel or to..
- Anna: transfer?
- Arisa: yeah, not speak for someone but let someone speak...
- Anna: through
- Arisa: Coming back to these images or why I'm coming back to this now, is, that I think it took some time for me to realize ... this ... that there was actually something happening ... that there was actually a question? That, like, came up again for me, for the second time, for which I didn't have an answer, really, but then instead of facing it, or trying to do something, I was kind of scared to ... to ... to ... to be exploitive or to be objectifying, to, like, speak for someone instead of letting someone speak through what I'm doing.
- Anna: But I don't know... this speaking through, if that's even possible, this is why I'm kind of fixated on the dialogues, Ping-Pong is the wrong word – but there is this kind of back and forth. It's a difficult idea to erase yourself, or you cannot erase yourself. Also, it was a conversation originally, right? It was a meeting, also for the other person. I think this... making your own presence be there in the right way, is like a...
- Arisa: Yeah, this is like the thing ...
- Anna: Figuring out how to place yourself
- Arisa: Exactly... and that's like, I just lately have the feeling that I want to try it again. To... to use the notes and the material that I took at the time, and try to make a work where I can collage different voices together, or like... like use a certain rhythm of the voice and of images, that kind of float... that kind of talk to each other.
- Anna: I'm kind of thinking if a way of going about it is making your own presence really clear, what your presence is, being clear about what part of it is you.

The Keyhole

by Keta Gavasheli

A World All Artifact

by Lukas Langguth

I sat down on a stump to catch my breath, while listening to the rustling sound slowly dying off in direction of the horizon. The acidic atmosphere was still creeping through the sides of my mask. Mixing with fresh sweat, it formed a soap like fluid and made the rubber ring move on my face. My body was emitting enough heat and moisture to fog the round glasses, but there was nothing I could do about it. Turning up the oxygen tank a notch and actively taking slow, deep breathes, I thought about what to do; I had missed my gondola back to the house. Four hours of waiting for the next one seemed to be my only option. Walking wouldn't get me anywhere close to the city and I would burn through my tank faster. All the other options were too expensive. A cab out here would cost me a fortune, an extra gondola was still pricey and would maybe buy me an hour. So I waited.

My glasses cleared again and I looked around me, noticing the stump I was sitting on. It was truly some work to acknowledge. The roots feathered around it in a perfect circle, leaving evenly spaced gaps of earth. Some squared formula I couldn't quite pin down displaced the bark, but left it perfectly even in height. Almost no mutation broke the surface with its typical modified bark lines, neither on the square ageing lines of the stump, nor on the spiralling roots. The engineer knew her craft. Even if it wasn't all museum quality, I could relate to it, and its simpleness somehow moved me. Out of my toolbox I picked a long screwdriver and scratched some earth away between two of the roots. As expected, there was some mutated and repelled part of the tree. About a cubit long and wrist thick, it was twisted in itself. To my surprise it was almost fossilised.

Before I dated the tree to some of the third wave of formula based engineering, but this might be something more special after all. Just like the rest of the stump, my little piece had a smooth black surface with inlets of perfect squares of various sizes. Erosion and acid had left quite a beautiful mark on it, breaking up the smoothness here and there. After gazing towards the setting sun for some time, then panning over the kitschy carved cliffs to the left and the rest of the former little forest patch, I took out my burner and started working on the little piece I just found. The few hours wait would maybe be enough to finish it.

I was sitting alone in a very long, lit train and we've been following the mountains, that had huge deep dark statues on them.

I couldn't see them well, but still their silence and grandeur was impressive and a bit scary.

Then I stopped by the lit glass building in these mountains, I don't remember exactly how, but I found myself inside. Everything was empty and deserted in this huge glass building.

Empty rooms. Corridors. Rooms. Doors. Doors. Rooms. Empty chairs. Deep armchairs. Thick carpets. Heavy hangings. Stairs. Steps. Steps. One after the other. Glass objects. Objects still intact. Empty glasses. A glass that falls, three, two, one, zero... A glass partition. A lost letter... Keys hanging on their rings. Numbered room keys: three hundred and nine, three hundred and seven, three hundred and five..

At first sight it seemed impossible to lose your way. At first sight.



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mommartzfilm 1964 – 2020. Premiere & Werkschau

Lutz Mommartz, Selbstschüsse, 1967

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Eva Sofie Lonken, o.T., 2019, 2020, Öl auf Leinwand

In Kooperation mit
KUNSTAKADEMIE MÜNSTER
HOCHSCHULE FÜR BILDENDE KUNSTE
UNIVERSITY OF FINE ARTS MÜNSTER

KIT

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KIT – Kunst im Tunnel
wird gefördert durch
Landesregierung
Düsseldorf
KUNSTHALLE
DÜSSELDORF

Ständiger Partner
Stiftung der
Sparkasse West

Im Rahmen des
Baker Tilly
Künstler-Stipendiums
bakertilly

KIT – Kunst im Tunnel
Mannesmannufer 1b 40213 Düsseldorf
Di–So 11–18 Uhr www.kunst-im-tunnel.de

In 1872 I rented a white horse for the day. It was the 5. of may. Internationale had arranged a peoples meeting as a part of the strike. The day before the authorities had outlawed the meeting and arrested leading members of the Internationale including Pio. It did not stop us from going. I used the horse to evoke the fighting spirit in my fellow workers. I would make it rear and do tricks. The peoples meeting evolved into confrontations with the police and on the white rental horse I looked like a general leading my army to battle. One hundred policemen where injured. There are no official records of wounded workers. As masons we are defiantly not one trick ponies and even though our demand of a shorter working day was not changed by law, many of our employers have since that day let us leave the construction site one hour earlier.





Hieemeras La Fave

One may think it's the 21st century and everybody should know now that "it's okay to be gay". It turns out this is not the case in many, many countries – one of which is Poland. Being Ukrainian, gay and a Drag Queen I fall into the category of least desired people in Poland (by the majority of Poles). Living in Warsaw is like living in a country within a country since the homophobic behaviour is not so visible here. Nonetheless, in the light of the recent political climate my image as a Drag Queen has been manipulated by the national TV (that is

supposed to not be biased – but it is) as a portrayal of "Sodom and Gomorrah" under influence of the democratic party. How we, with our activism, are being represented as "organisers of tests on the quality of drugs" or solely interested in the depravation of children, are just some of many cases where I've experienced the power of tv-editing. Being visible in Warsaw is dangerous, being sworn at for just wearing nails (good ones) is dangerous, being a man in a wig is dangerous – but I'm the kind of girl that likes danger. I only hope it will be worth it.

ATHENS

Lukas Panek graduated in 2020 from Kunstakademie Düsseldorf in the class of Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster. He is the initiator of Panek exhibition space located in Berlin and co-founder of the exhibition space SUPER which operates now under the Name of Shore Gallery run by Paul Makowsky in Vienna.

Labrilena Konstantelou (*93 in Athens, Greece) studied biochemistry in the chemistry department of Patras and Athens University focused on biotechnology, combining science and arts. She has joined workshops with herbalists and seminars on herbal medicine. In search of herbal wisdom she travels, learning from different people of the world and the nature. She creates essential oils and fragrances of herbs, flowers and spices. Her interest in the sense of smell, collecting plants, since she was a child with her grandma, and extracting them, motivates her to exchange ideas with artists around the world. She likes to have live floral oil extractions.

Danaï Giannoglou (b.1992, Greece) is an independent curator and writer based between Amsterdam and Athens. She is currently collaborating with de Appel Amsterdam. I Giannoglou is the co-founder and curator of Enterprise Projects, a project space functioning independently and periodically since September 2015 in Athens, as well as the Editor of Enterprise Projects Journal, a publishing initiative by Enterprise Projects in the form of an online publication of newly commissioned theoretical and research essays. She has worked for public and private institutions in Athens and Paris.

Manolis D. Lemos (b. 1989, Athens, Greece) lives and works in Athens, Greece.

Anastasia Perahia lives and works between Athens and London. She studied at Central Saint Martins (2016) and the Bartlett School of Architecture (2019). Her video work Landscapes of Ladino (2019) presented in three screens explores the nexus of language and landscape through the near disappearance of Judeo-Spanish (Ladino), using Julia Kristeva's notion of the archaic mother, it questions the role of a mother's tongue and reflects on subsequent alienations from it.

DÜSSELDORF

Arisa Purkpong (*1995) lives and works in Düsseldorf.

Anna R. Winder (*1995 Aarhus, Denmark) lives and works in Berlin.

Mira Mann (*1993) lives and works in Düsseldorf, currently studies at Kunstakademie with Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster. Working with time based multimedia and live, in her latest projects questioning power structures, living spaces, cultures of service and the normativity of language, identity and gender have been subject. She has continuously been working in collaborations with other artists, actors, musicians.

Lukas Langguth

Hedda Schattank (born in 1992) lives and works in Düsseldorf. She studied in the class of Andreas Gursky, Elizabeth Peyton and Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster at the Kunstakademie Düsseldorf. She works together with Roman Szczesny. Apart from international group shows and festivals, the artist duo were featured in solo-exhibitions and screenings in Düsseldorf, such as Kunstverein, Stoschek Collection, and Philara Collection.

www.heddaroman.com

I.G. Braga (Agata Milizia) b. 1994, Italy, lives and studies in Düsseldorf.

Liza Dieckwisch (*1989, in Kiel) lebt und arbeitet in Düsseldorf und Kiel. Sie hat an der Kunstakademie Düsseldorf studiert und ist Meisterschülerin von Prof. Katharina Grosse.

Klara Kayser born in Hannover, Germany. Lives and works in Israel and Berlin.

Jihye Lee, born in Seoul, currently living and working in Amsterdam and Düsseldorf

Lisa Klosterkötter (*1990) is a freelance curator and writer living in Cologne. Since 2015, she has been working on many international exhibition projects e.g. in South Korea, France, Italy and Sweden. Her curatorial practice is characterized by the collaborative work with artists, collectives, graphic designers and cooks in institutional and public spaces. She studied fine arts and German literature (BA/MA) at the HFBK Hamburg, the University of Hamburg and the Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm. Peter Schlegel, geb. 1992, lebt in Düsseldorf.

LONDON

Boaz Yosef Friedman, lives and works in London.

Clara Cohen is an Argentinian photographer and Jonathan Utracik is an Art Director and Multidisciplinary Designer. Both are based in London, and their collaborations explore the limits of image and culture.

Elijah Young (21; he/him) studies English literature at Goldsmiths College, with a focus on poststructuralism and film studies. He has written two plays, one film, a comic as well as prose/verses about fish and paintings and falling over. Fred Turtle is based in South London. His poetry is mystical and vivid, dealing predominantly with memory, beauty and liminality. He is currently studying English with creative writing at Goldsmiths University.

Karólína Rós Ólafsdóttir is an Icelandic poet, currently living and working in London. She studies Creative Writing at Goldsmiths University.

Jos Nyreen is a Danish/Finnish artist who is currently living and working in London. Jos graduated from Slade in 2019.

Oliver Jones -----

Saskia Fischer (*1986 Stuttgart, Germany) is an interdisciplinary artist working with images, objects, texts, and environments. Saskia studied postgraduate fine art at Goldsmiths College in London (2018), photography at Folkwang University in Essen (2015), sculpture/installation at EKA Tallinn (2014), and economics at HfWU Nürtingen (2009).

Tom Hardwick-Allan (*1996), lives and works in London. He graduated from Slade in 2019.

OSLO / TROMSØ

Jillian Toshie Suyono is a visual artist residing in Tromsø, Norway. She currently works with digital and video works exploring the relation between technology and society, as well as the relation between art and the people it is meant to reach.

Astrid Hjortdal (b. 1994, Denmark) lives and works in Oslo.

Damla Kilickiran (b.1991 Stockholm, SE) lives and works in Oslo

Anna Sofie Mathiasen (b. 1996 Copenhagen, DK) lives and works in Oslo.

Karin Keisu (b. 1995, Tornedalen) and

Josse Thureson (b. 1992, Stockholm) are a collaborative duo based in Oslo and Stockholm.

Rose Hammer is an artistic persona consisting of several artists based in Oslo, Norway.

STOCKHOLM

Alberte skonski (b.1995) is a Danish born artist currently working and studying in Stockholm, Sweden. Her practice is based around video, photography and installation working primarily with papier mache and cardboard. Through her pieces she explores the concept of radical happiness.

Eugene Sundelius von Rosen (born 1991) lives and works in Stockholm.

Jon Ely, Xiuming Aagaard Gao, born 1997, is a poet and artist based in Stockholm. They work with text, performance, queer interactions and conceptual art. They are a part of the zine Drömsyskon / Dream siblings (@dromsyskon_zine at Instagram) and the art- and club collective fake daughter (@fakedaughter)

Karen Modrei is a Textile Artist with an educational background in tailoring and architecture, who is currently based in Stockholm, studying her masters in Craft and Textiles.

Sonia Sagan (they/them), court jester at the Royal Institute of Art, Stockholm. Prophet-in-the-making. ALL god's and THEE only follower of "ATAR Walk With Me" – modernizing fire worship for revolutionaries – ANCIENT TRUTHS CONTRA FAKE NEWS.

Tove Kjellmark was born 1977 and is based in Stockholm, Sweden. She received her

M.F.A. 2009 at The Royal Institute of Fine Art in Stockholm. She teaches, mentors and collaborates with humans and non-humans of various types and technologies, currently looking at the glitches in transformations between the digital and the organic; the gaps in experience when moving from one world to another.

Vinicius Jayme Valloranil is working between stockholm and milan, living in stockholm

TBILISI

Elene Abashidze is a curator and writer based in Tbilisi, Georgia. She co-runs a not-for-profit organization and a zine Danarti, a bilingual critical magazine on culture. In 2019 she opened E.A. Shared Space, a project space and a reading room based in Tbilisi.

Andro Eradze (1993) lives and works in Tbilisi, Georgia. He studied film at Shota Rustaveli Film & Theatre University. His works are often linked or connected to the lens-based and time-based practices such as Film / Video Installations, Photography, and Site-Specific pieces.

Keta Gavasheli is a Georgian multi-media artist, whose work includes video, photo, installation and performances. Currently she is based in Germany, studying at Kunstakademie Düsseldorf. Gvantsa Jgushia is a Tbilisi based multi-media artist, who currently studies Fine Arts BA program at VAADS, Free University. Her work includes painting, sculpture, installation, video, photo and poetry.

Qeu Meparishvili, born in 1995, is working and living in Tbilisi. Qeu studied at Tbilisi State University of Cinema but dropped out and resumed her studies at CCA – Center of Contemporary Art. Qeu Meparishvili's works are close to the post-internet genre, she is experimenting with different materials. Her concepts revert over irony and sci-fi most of the time.

Tamta Khalvashi obtained her PhD degree from the Department of Anthropology at the University of Copenhagen in 2015. Before she was a visiting research student at the Institute of Social and Cultural Anthropology, University of Oxford.

Tamta worked as Fulbright Scholar at the Department of Anthropology. From 2018 Tamta has been an Associate Professor at Iliia State University. Tamta's research has covered a wide spectrum of anthropological themes, and it includes an interdisciplinary approach combining anthropology with documentary film-making. She has worked on themes ranging from nationalist cosmologies, anthropology of borders, religious transformations, affective forms of marginality, and neoliberal urban transformation in Georgia. She has published on issues of infrastructure and breakdown, urban social forms, decolonial geography, photography and political change, secularism and Islam, and anthropology of debt.

Rezi Gvaramadze (b. 1993) is an architect and artist. During 2011–2013 studied International Relations and Social Sciences in Free University Tbilisi.

Dropped out after two years and started artistic practice in different Mediums (Visual arts, Performance, Music, Poetry). Joined Artists and Architects Group "Material Hunters" in 2016 with whom participated in several exhibitions including one solo performance show. Works and lives in Tbilisi.

Shotiko Aptsiauri lives and works in Tbilisi, Georgia. His working practice includes Installation, Painting and Video art. He has been nominee and winner for several awards and residencies.

WARSAW

Aldona Relax – drag queen activist, DJ and promotor from amazing city of Warsaw.

Hieemeris La Fave – an immigrant from Ukraine to Poland, where he started to express himself as a drag queen. After years of the brilliant appearance on several stages, activism and being used by News of the national TV in all their materials of the anti-LGBT-proaganda, Hieemeris became the host of a new TV talent show.

Kim Lee (Andy Nguyen) – Polish drag queen (born in Ha-Noi, Vietnam), and boylesque performer, continuously performing since 2002 in clubs, revues and theatres in Poland and abroad. He/she has been present in many press, radio and television publications moreover, has appeared on the covers of magazines, in video clips, and has been featured in films and documentaries.

Lulla La Polaca – born into a Jewish family in Warsaw 1938, Andrzej discovered his passion for the art of drag as a young man. During the Communist-era, his alter ego, "Lulla" performed at private events for the cultural elite of the day, from actors and singers to film directors. Since those early days, dressed in outfits made from curtains, she has taken the Warsaw party scene by storm, and continues to do so today.

Mada Farat – in progress on stage. "Pola Ar" from twisted reality. It wasn't supposed to be there, but it is. Mada, Drag king "Morfi", for years associated with drag groups such as "Da Boyz", "Warsaw Boys" and "Drag King Team",

an organiser of drag king workshops, feels the desire to return to the stage. Mikołaj Sobczak – (b. 1989) graduated the Academy of Fine Arts Warsaw (PL) in the Studio of Spatial Activities, followed by a scholarship at Universität der Künste Berlin (DE), and studied as well at Kunstakademie Münster (DE). He works in video, paintings and ceramics, often including performative actions as well. He frequently collaborates with German artist Nicholas Grafia.

Uel – makeup artist, dancer and performer who moves between those three areas of his work, constantly expanding them in the craving for the new and unknown. He keeps his own drag free in order to search on the gender spectrum. Movement makes the appearance — he dances only according to his own taste. Dr Ewa Majewska – is a feminist philosopher and activist, living in Warsaw. She lectures at the Art Academy in Szczecin, she taught at the University of Warsaw and the Jagiellonian University in Kraków, Poland, she was also a visiting fellow at the University of California, Berkeley; ICI Berlin and IWM in Vienna. She published four books and some 50 articles and essays, in journals, magazines and collected volumes, including: e-flux, Third Text, Journal of Utopian Studies or Jacobin. Her current research is in Hegel's philosophy, focusing on the dialectics and the weak; feminist critical theory and antifascist cultures. Her next book, Feminist Antifascism.

Counterpublics of the Common, will be published in 2021.

Paul B. Preciado is a philosopher, curator, and one of the leading thinkers in the study of gender, sexual and body politics. Fulbright fellow, he holds a Ph.D. in Philosophy and Theory of Architecture from Princeton University. He is the author of the books *Contra-Sexual Manifesto* (Columbia University Press), *Testo Junkie. Sex, Drugs and Biopolitics* (The Feminist Press), *Pornotopia* (Zone Books) for which he was awarded the Sade Prize in France, and *An Apartment in Uranus* (Fitzcarraldo/Semiotexte). He has taught Philosophy of the Body and Transfeminist Theory at Université Paris VIII-Saint Denis and at New York University. From 2014 to 2017, he was Curator of Public Programs of documenta 14 (Kassel/Athens) where he started the project The Parliament of Bodies. He is Associated Philosopher at the Pompidou Center. His newest book is *Can the monster speak? Report for an Academy of Psychoanalyst* (Grasset) and will be published in English in 2021 by Fitzcarraldo and Semiotexte.

Wojciech Puś is a filmmaker and artist. His post-emancipative, analytical works link to the sphere of queer abstraction, spirituality and intimacy. Latest cinematic work *Endless* is a sensual architecture of images, light, and sound that serves as a base structure for a poetic essay, a dream about identities in process. Professor at the Lodz Film School in Poland.

Jerzy Tabor is an animator, works and lives in Warsaw. His work involves animation and experimental film in the field of cinema, theatre, and visual arts and combines traditional techniques (ink and watercolour on paper) with digital animation and film.

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