

Lines of Flight



2nd issue
KIOSKZINE



From Lara F. M.
Attachments
Nov 25, 2022, 6:10 PM
to me

Dear Yasaman,
First and foremost I want to thank you again for giving me more time to edit the material.

The call for submissions called my attention a lot and I didn't want to miss the opportunity to apply, but the reality is that at that moment I didn't have a lot of time to

write and work on it properly. But now, thanks to this extra time, I was able to finish the text. At the beginning when I wanted to edit it, I started to write a new one. For me the original lacked a specific sensoriality that is produced for me, or in my case, in the displacement. A way of experiencing reality from the dissociated, the in-between, the disattachment, the superposition, the extra-sensorial, hyperesthesia...

Thanks to this second text that I wrote, I could understand a bit better what I needed to modify in the first one. I decided to send you not only the original edited text but also the second one, since I think that they can even work together. Maybe you together with the editorial team can read both and see if this works, or just stay with the edited version of the original. Whatever you feel fits this issue best.

On another note, I don't know how you mention the contributors in your fanzine but I would be very grateful if Cathrin Jarema could be named as the person who corrected the text. English is not my mother tongue and she has helped me a lot to make the text understandable, working on the grammar and some metaphors. Just in case, in relation to that, I know that my name appears different in my email and in my ID, but I would prefer to use my chosen name, Lara Tummma and not my ID one.

A lot of things! Sorry for this long email, but thank you so much!

I'm at your disposal for any further questions

Warmly regards,

Lara

margin

the outside limit and adjoining surface of something: see *edge*

edge

the line where an object or area begins or ends: see *border*

border

an outer part or edge: see *boundary*

boundary

something that indicates or fixes a limit or extent: see *limit*

limit

something that bounds, restrains, or confines: see *limitation*

limitation

see *end*

end

the point where something ceases to exist;

an outcome worked toward: see *purpose*

purpose

the feeling of being determined to do or achieve something : see *intention*

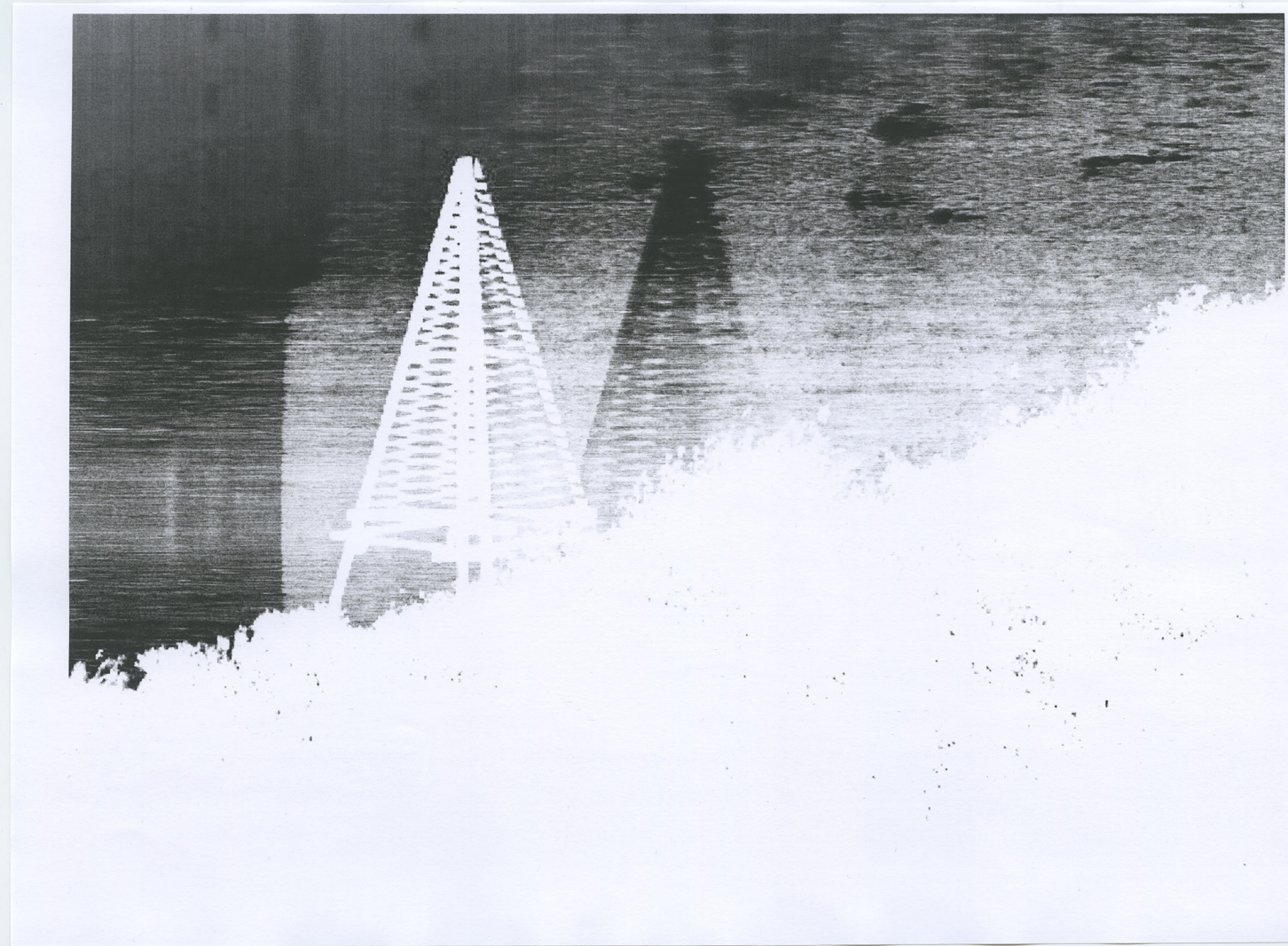
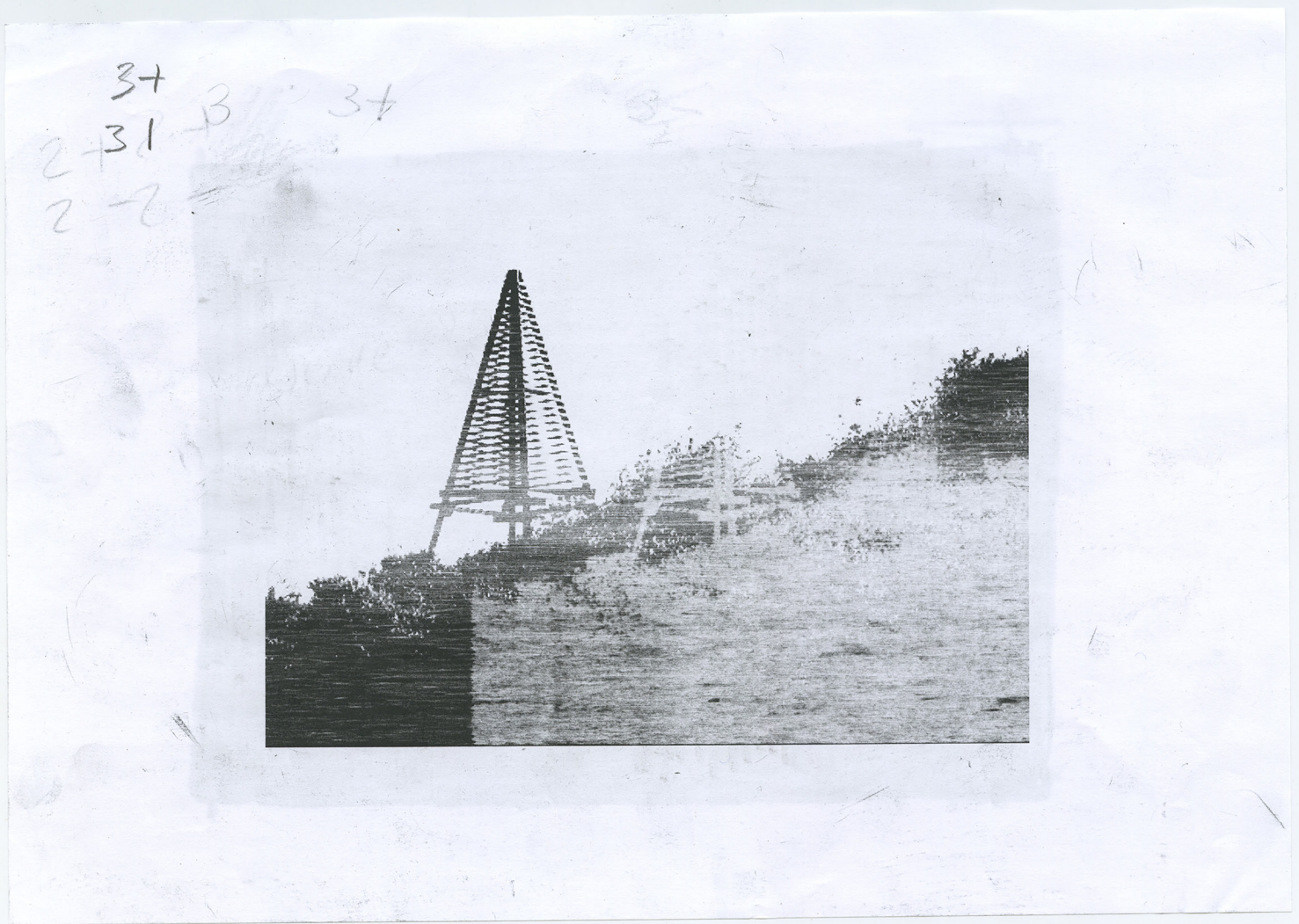
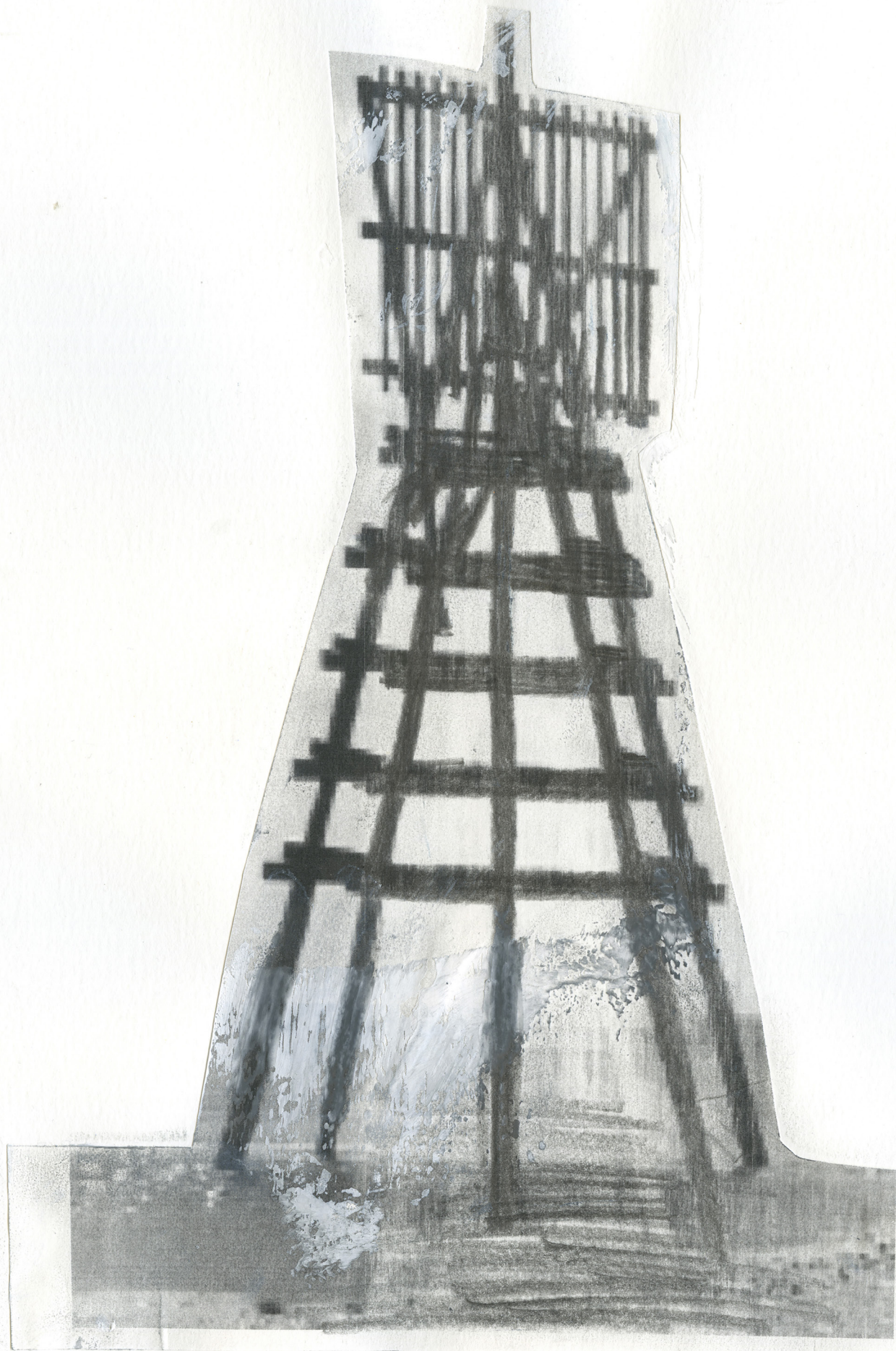
intention

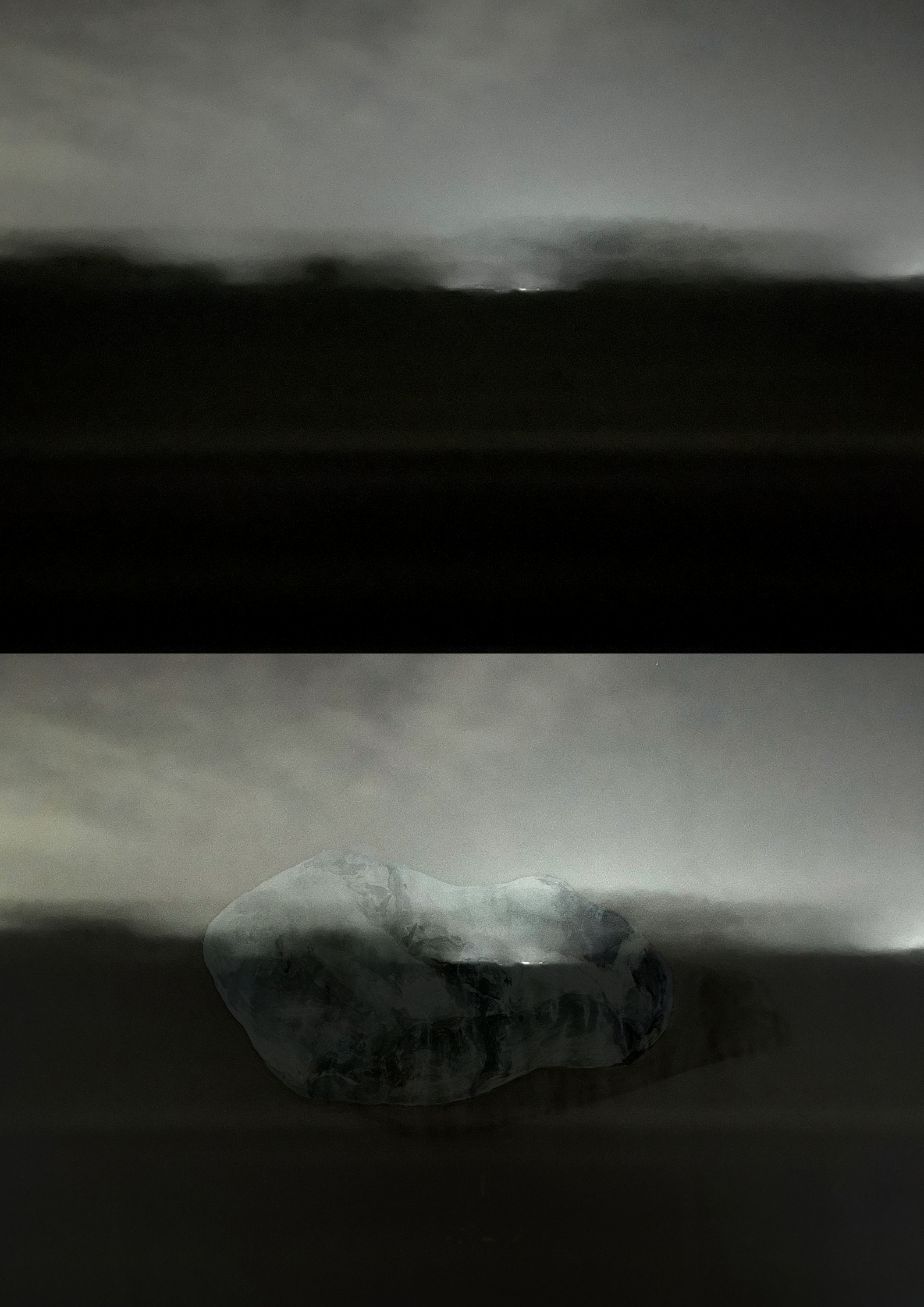
a determination to act in a certain way : see *resolve*

resolve

to find an answer to







I was surrounded by bedsheets during 7 months. Washing them, drying them, folding them, organizing them by category in the shelf, putting them in a carry-on, removing the old ones, putting the new ones, making their tips fit perfectly under the mattress, stretching and smoothing them, visiting them again the next day, removing hairs, aligning them, matching the edge of the sheet with the edge of the bedcover.

I started with the habit of changing mine each two days. Maybe because it was the only thing that I knew the best there.

I was tired, in the bus, falling asleep but resisting. I was traveling since the morning, not understanding the language or where I was going. I wasn't lost, I had an address, I managed to buy the tickets, but I couldn't really grasp where I was.

The snow going down in a still luminous gray sky was quite impressive and put me in a kind of hypnosis. My bedsheets usually ended up in a knot on the edge of the bed with a map of traces, left by my insomniac nights. I walked towards the direction fixed on my map, it was snowing like crazy and I could barely see. I didn't understand at all the place I was at, neither the mountain village architecture. My cheap suitcase already had a broken wheel so I dragged it to the door, I entered the reception, disappearing with them while watching them turn. After that I would just pick up new ones from the bedsheet shelf, carefully choosing the right one. I could distinguish the soft from the stiff ones solely by looking at them.

I was tired, in the bus, falling asleep but resisting. I was traveling since the morning, I was lost but calm, confused. Also overwhelmed by the amount of information. My senses felt like a glass full of water filled to the top, close to overflowing.

The snow was falling from a still luminous gray sky. It was quite impressive and put me in a kind of hypnotic state, moving my tiredness like a pendulo. Almost without will but simultaneously aware.

I had never seen snow before, when I got off the bus it was still snowing like crazy and I could barely see. I walked towards the direction fixed on my map, I had an address but I couldn't really grasp where I was. I couldn't understand the place I was in.

I dragged my heavy and broken suitcase to the building and entered through the first door I saw. The reception was full of people, they were having drinks, talking, playing games, waiting for someone, spending time, warm and calm. A huge contrast, which had nothing to do with the weather outside. I had to close my eyes for a short moment and wait, just like when someone points a flashlight at your eyes at night.

The guy at the reception gave me an envelope with a magnet key and said something that I did not understand, so he decided to leave his co-worker alone and accompanied me to one of the elevators and then to the door. I needed to be at 8 am tomorrow at the laverie.

I was in front of the door with the magnet key. On the other side of the door was a long hall with three doors on the right side which were rooms with several beds inside, at the end of the hall you could find the kitchen and the bathroom. All the divisions were made out of plaster walls and other prefabricated material, another huge contrast in comparison with the entrance hall and the parts that we had walked through, where the bordeaux carpet covered the floors in combination with dark shiny wood of the stairs and doors, all

illuminated by a warm light, softly yellowish, coming from different spots. I opened the first door, the light was almost surgically white, that cold white that blinds you. It's a small room with two small beds, one on each side, in between a hall where my body passes, but my suitcase needs to go behind me because there is no space for two bodies. At the end of the bed there were two small pieces of furniture with some shelves.

I left my stuff, relieved. I had a bed. I was so tired that I almost immediately fell asleep.

I thought that the room would be only for me. But two days later a woman arrived, and she installed herself on the left bed. At night we needed to make negotiations to turn off the lamp when one wanted to sleep or make turns to dress ourselves before going to work because there was not enough space for both of us inside.

I remember her face sleeping in the darkness, the rhythm of her breath when she was sleeping with her face towards my side, her mouth always seemed hard, even during this releasing time. Her hair was dark and thin, depending on the moon I could see the roots of her white hair and some places where the dye had not reached.

I was quietly waiting until she turned her face to the opposite side to leave the bed, to take a break from my insomniac nights. I would leave the room being as quiet as I possibly could, to smoke a cigarette outside. I had to carefully open and close the door of our room, then the one of the entrance to our collocation in order to arrive at the dark carpet and obscure wood in the hall of the hotel. There was an emergency door on the left side that had no alarm. I used to keep it open with one foot and smoked with the rest of my body outside, afraid that the smoke alarm would ring. I would smoke a cigarette or two, sometimes also weed, watching the white and freezing landscape.

I had a collection of several images with the same view of the snowy mountain slope at 4 a.m.

I woke up at 7.30 am with the desire to sleep forever, drank a glass of water and put on my jeans, sneakers and a comfy long sweater. I went to the laverie. In fact, I tried to go to the laverie but I got lost in the elevators and halls. Trying to disappear in the middle of the people that were looking at me, I took the stairs. I ended up in the reception where a different guy than the one from last night offered to take me there. I arrived at 8am.

Four days later I was sent to vacuum clean the carpets of the floors of the other side of the hotel, the residential one. There, the managers and directors of the hotel would spend their winter working while their families would go skiing. I heard that in that part the rooms were spacious and the furniture less generic. Not all the menage ladies were sent there, just the trusted ones. A few months later, I got to know that the owner of the hotel was also living there, now old and taskless as his son and some businessmen were in charge of the management of the hotel.

I was with my plumeau removing the dust from the fire extinguisher, quite absorbed by the repetitive action so much so that I didn't hear the door opening behind me. I turned and saw this old and senile man that lived there, he was using a crutch to help him to stay standing, waiting. He barely looked at me and almost with a subtle smile said 'femme du chambre should be like bats, they need to be invisible and blind'. And he stayed there for a while in silence until someone came to help him to go to the elevator.

I stole two of the best bedsheets from that hotel and shot a video burning them on the snow.



WELCOME HOME

I have to get something off my chest —
my body is my home
but I do not always feel welcome there.

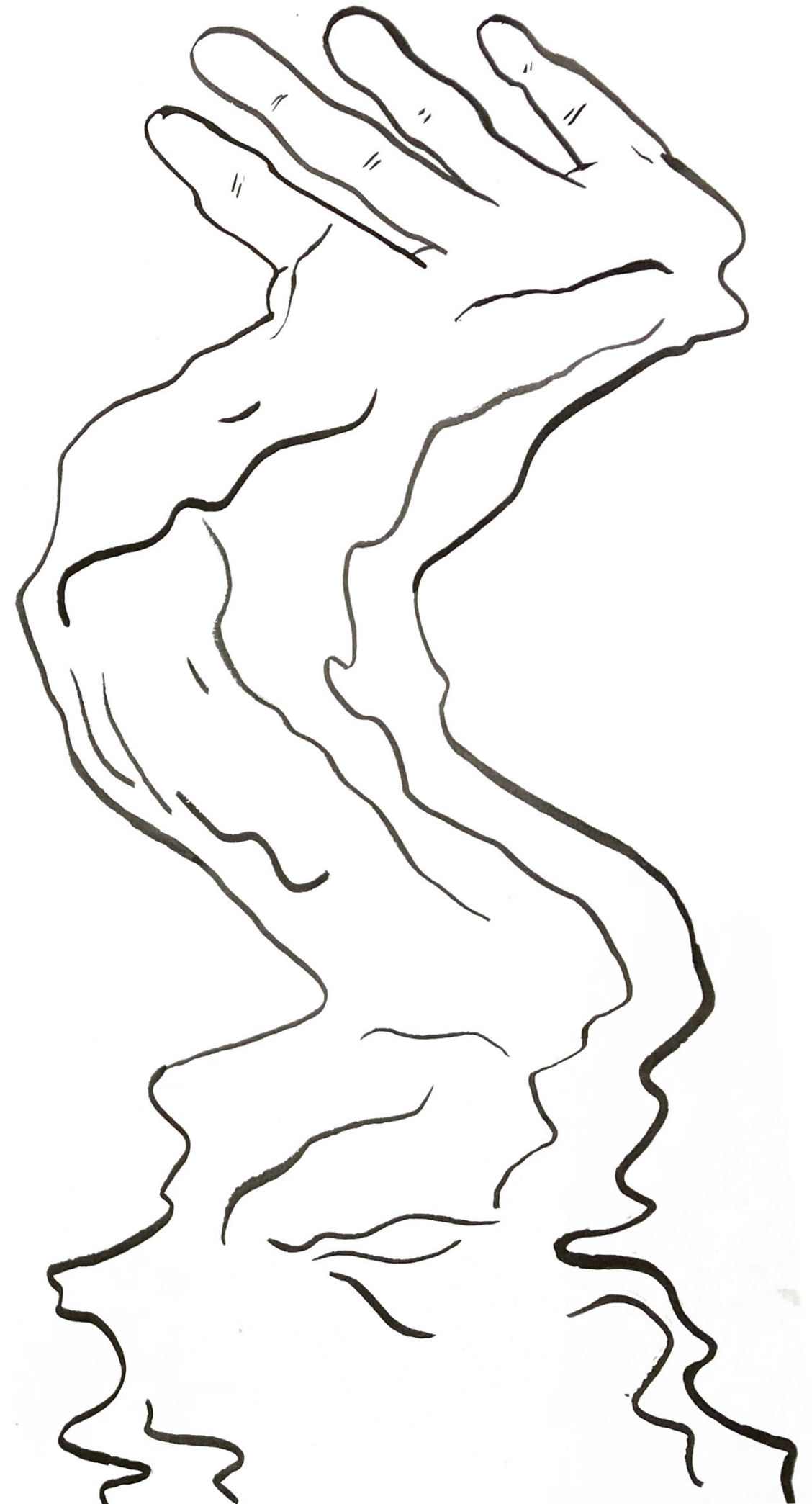
my body is a construction site
the scaffolding built up to my temples.

my body is a fortress,
drafty and damp.
the muddled murky moats of myself

hiding in the dark.

my body is a dancing studio
and I am constantly out of step.
on all sides, my reflection — just slightly off.

I close my eyes
take a deep breath
sit in the belly of myself —
my body is my home
because I live there.





Hoornstraat 2, kamer 0

De plek die ik soms per ongeluk 'thuis' noem in plaats van 'mijn kot', waar het stinkt naar olieverf en oud bier. Waar ik mensen hardhandig heb moeten buitenzetten en meerdere malen verliefd ben geworden. Waar vuile onderbroeken verzameld worden alsof het Pokémon kaarten zijn. Waar levensadvies (van zeventienjarigen die een slechte relatie hebben met hun ouders) wordt uitgedeeld alsof het reclame is voor de Macdonalds. Waar je alles mag aanraken behalve de schilderijen die ik ooit hoop te verkopen voor duizenden euro's. Waar de hoop op een leven als kunstenaar om de dag neer wordt gehaald en terug tot leven geroepen.

Waar de studenten bijna elke weekdag en zeker in het weekend op de hoek komen feesten. Waar de ramen niet tegen koude of geluid geïsoleerd zijn. Daar komen de architectuur-, rechten-, filosofie-, wetenschap- en de weet ik-wat studenten drinken om mijn hoek. Dan hoor ik al het geweest over gebroken harten, gebuisde examens, dode honden en grootouders, de coronacijfers en vooral de coronamaatregelen. Gesprekken die al roepende of al schreeuwende worden gevoerd aan mijn deur, mijn slaapkamerraam, mijn woonkamerraam, in de kelder, in de gang en soms ook binnen in mijn kot.

Mijn keuken is scheef gebouwd, als ik de afwas doe loopt de helft van het water niet weg door het putteke maar rechtstreeks naar mijn kookplaten. Het warm water werkt er al drie weken niet. Soms valt de internetverbinding uit. De WC gaat elke drie maanden kapot, de warmteregelaar van de douche is al een jaar kapot.

De rolluiken zijn 60 jaar oud. Mijn huisbaas is 60 jaar oud. De muren zijn aan het barsten en er zijn altijd muizen in april. Mijn kotgenoten en ik stelden op 18 april 2019 voor de eerste keer vast dat er muizen in de plafonds en muren zaten, zij hoorden onder hun bed de muizenvoeten en het geknabbel aan de muren. Ik hoorde anderhalve meter van mijn gezicht



het getrippel van de muizen in de plafonds van het oude herenhuis. Op 27 april 2019 besloot de huisbaas rattenvergif in ons gebouw te leggen en toen vonden we elke 5de dag een dode of hallucinerende muis achter een fornuis of in het midden van een kamer. De drugs die die muizen kregen leken sterker dan die uit de Antwerpse haven. Ik deed even verontwaardigd als mijn kotgenoten als het erover ging hoe in godsnaam die verdomde muizen bij ons terecht waren gekomen. Er waren ook eens mieren, toen ik tijdens het schilderen een heel pak suiker had omgeduwd dat naast mijn koffie stond en er de volgende dagen niet naar omkeek. De mieren stoorden me niet in het schilderen. Ze waren rustige, respectvolle bezoekers en volgden stiltejes de suiker naar de vuilkar toen ik eindelijk besloot dat het genoeg was geweest.

Ik heb video's opgenomen in de kelder. En in de woonkamer, op de mezzanine, in de keuken en in het toilet. Van dansende mensen, wenende mensen, seksende mensen en pissende mensen. Mensen onder invloed van drugs en mensen onder invloed van kunst. Foto's van geliefden die elkaar niet graag zien. Foto's van verloren mensen en herboren mensen, van losers en sukkels, intelligente mensen, agressieve mensen, racisten en activisten.

Mensen van 72 in de deuropening die daar stonden omdat ik hen deed denken aan hun overleden dochter. Mensen van 42 die daar stonden omdat ze met mij wilden trouwen.

De huisbaas van 60 die in de deuropening stond omdat hij dacht dat ik illegale immigranten liet overnachten in de kelder. Daklozen die liever niet in mijn kot slapen. Mensen zoals Marc, de 80 jaar oude man die af en toe op het raam komt kloppen om een babbeltje te doen. Daar staat hij met het witte plastic zakje in de hand en de lucht van drank in de adem. Om één uur 's middags of zeven uur 's avonds vertelt hij verhalen over boerderijen en koeien, hippies uit de jaren zeventig en niets anders speciaals.

Zondaars en zatte studenten, de mensen die aan de universiteit studeren en zich na de les gaan bezatten in cafés die een verdacht rechtse sfeer uitstralen. De studentenclubs zingen vulgaire liederen over vrouwen en alcohol. Vernederen elkaar en betrekken daar de hele buurt bij. Voeren rare rituelen uit die de initiatie in het studentenleven moeten voorstellen. Schamen zich niet voor hun miniatuur van een kapitalistische en uitbuitende samenleving (die natuurlijk wordt uitgeoefend op naïeve studentjes).

Mensen die komen om ruzie te maken en mensen die komen om de liefde te bedrijven, met mij of met iemand anders. Soms ook met zichzelf. Mensen die hun liefde voor het leven verklaren en dan een dikke lijn cocaïne snuiven op een spiegel die al jaren niet gekuist is.

Geheime geschriften open en bloot op de muur geschreven want soms is het mijn kot en soms is het ons kot. Soms is het het kot van de gasten die met meer zelfvertrouwen op mijn bed een pint drinken dan ik. Of van de mensen die zonder het te vragen binnen een sigaret opsteken. Van de mensen die een stift op de vloer vinden en er mee op de muur schrijven. Soms is mijn kot van de mensen die kunnen binnenkijken door de gordijnen die niet goed gesloten zijn, of door de deur die blijft openstaan. Of van de mensen die uit een ander gebouw, langs de gedeelde kelder, het onze binnen strompelen en een kijkje willen nemen achter mijn gesloten deur, die niet op slot is. En als ze dan de hoed van mijn opa meenemen en een plaat van 'Jesus Christ Superstar' die op de kast ligt dan ben ik de zatlap die de andere zatlappen achternagaat en ze vraagt alstublieft niet te stelen van mij.

Glasscherven en terpentijn op de keukenvloer, acrylverf en alcoholstift op de ramen, olieverf en onafgewerkte schilderijen aan de muur. Tentoonstellingen in september van onervaren kunstenaars en tentoonstellingen in maart, waar on-opgegeten frieten in een hoekje op de grond liggen. We willen onszelf introduceren tot het kunstenaar zijn. Lelijke werken en betere werken. Vier werken die na de eerste tentoonstelling twee jaar later nog steeds op dezelfde plaats hangen en alle andere tentoonstellingen vanaf die plaats konden bekijken. Zij hebben

het meest gezien, zijn de enige voorwerpen die hun plek nooit verlaten hebben. Zij hebben mij zien werken en zien blijven, gezien hoe ik dagenlang in bed lag en dagenlang niet naar bed ging. Schilderde uren aan een stuk en cafeïne dranken achterover kapte zoals ik dat met water zou moeten doen. Bier en assen op het Perzische tapijt en herfstbladeren die aankwamen in grote vuilzakken, in de kelder werden leeg gekapt en niet meer terug naar boven zijn gekomen.

Vijf levensgrote vitrinepoppen die ik onderdeel per onderdeel ging halen op een oude school die afgebroken werd en die we diezelfde avond bespoten met spuitbussen alsof het het hoofdkantoor van Vlaams Belang was

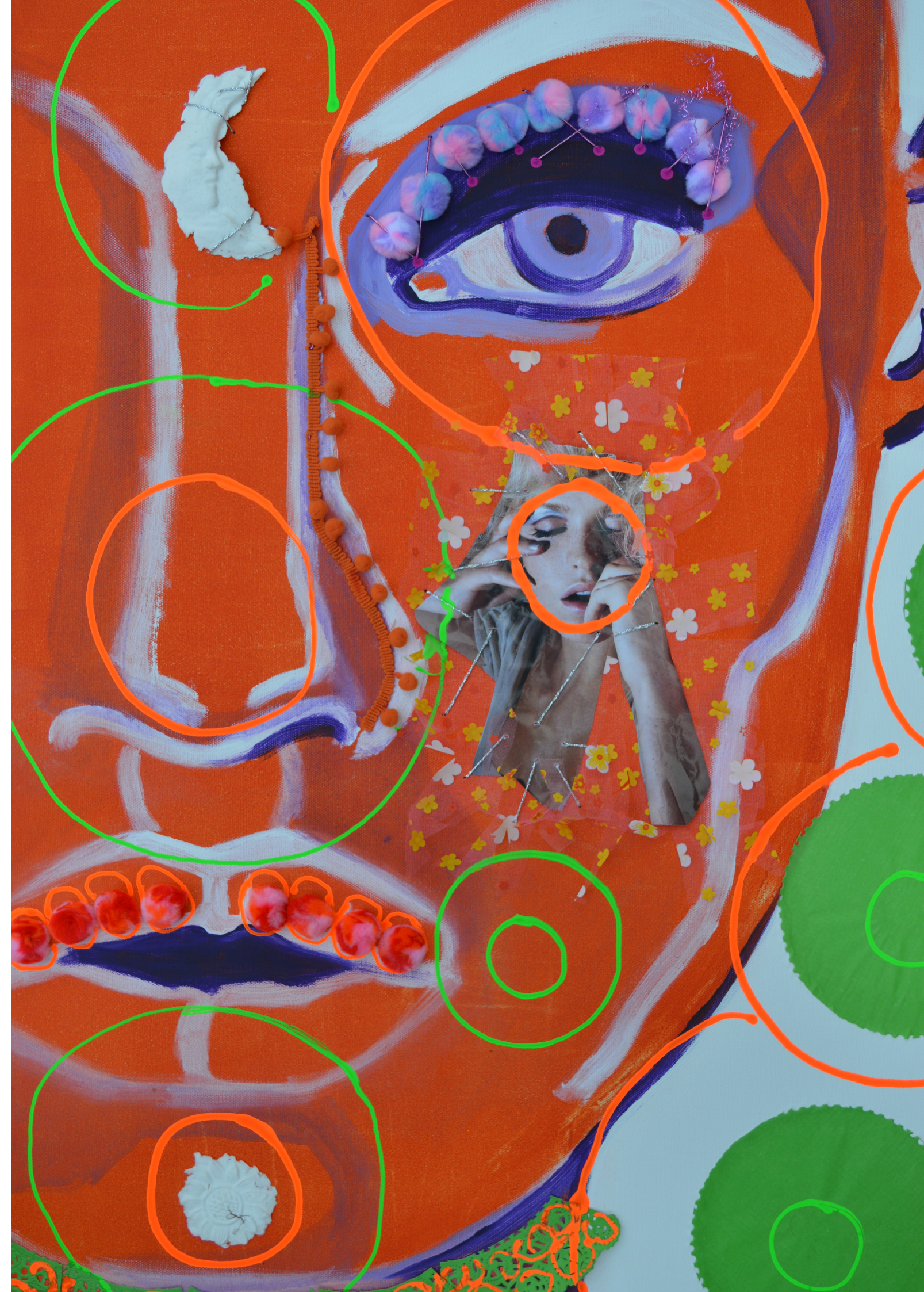
De Poolse immigrant die mij kwam vragen of ik verf had om mee te schilderen op een canvas dat hij in een container had gevonden, en waarmee ik uren heb zitten praten en schilderen op de stoep voor mijn deur. Een paar keer gingen we samen naar het skatepark op den Dam, totdat hij niet meer kwam opdagen omdat hij waarschijnlijk, samen met zijn vriendin, in de gevangenis beland was. Het skateboard dat hij vergeten was bij mij heeft maanden voor mijn raam gestaan totdat iemand het leende om mee naar de winkel te gaan en het natuurlijk nooit meer terug kwam.

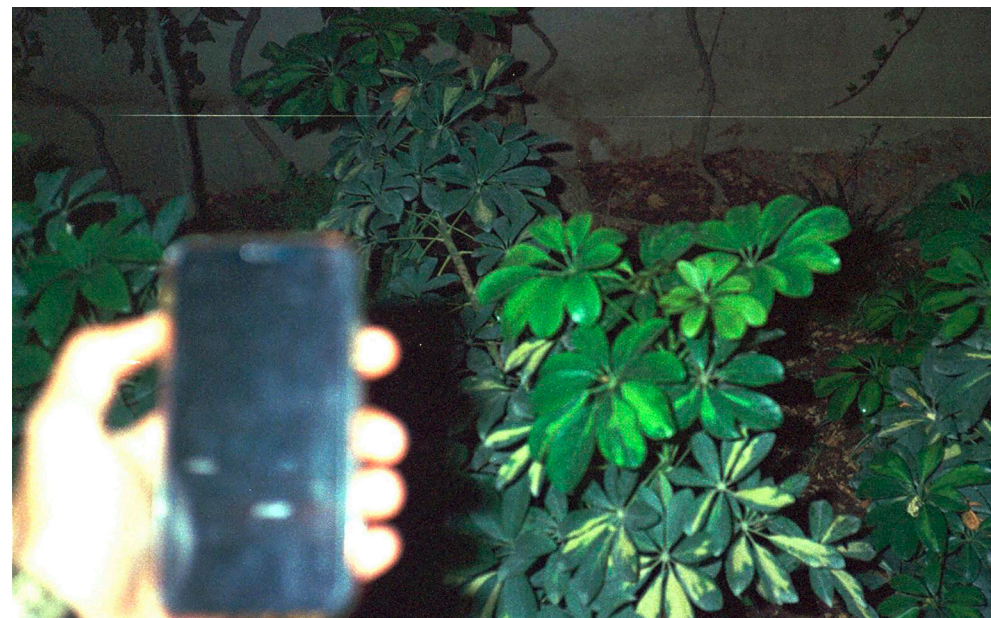
Een andere doorreizende pool die af en toe een babbeltje kwam doen en de dag na Valentijn om acht uur 's ochtends portretten tekenende van mij en twee andere verloren zielen. Twee van deze portretten liggen ergens afgebleekt in een doos te wachten tot het deksel er nog eens af genomen wordt. De derde is waarschijnlijk meteen in de vuilbak beland. Geopende melk, halve broden, lege bierblikjes, halflege wijnflessen. Vergeten pakken Marlboro sigaretten en vergeten tequila flessen. Een collectie dure kunstboeken die bij het raam hun kleur liggen verliezen. Tafels die komen en gaan. Gevonden op de straat en twee weken later teruggestuurd naar waar ze vandaan kwamen. Daar staan zij tussen de afgedankte zetels, de straatmuzikanten en op maandag ook tussen de PMD en rest zakken. Deze tafels worden meegenomen door een student of een sociale woning bewoner. Misschien door één van de mensen die 's nachts met open ramen tegen elkaar staan te roepen, studenten die elkaar niet verstaan langs de muziek heen of koppels die het niet meer lang gaan trekken.. Ondertussen staat er een zatlap te pissen in een keldergat vijf huizen verder. En dan ben ik blij dat het niet mijn keldergat is waar hij in pist. Als ik dan, omdat de huisbaas het gevraagd heeft, de kelder nog eens kuis dan doe ik dat met handschoenen aan.

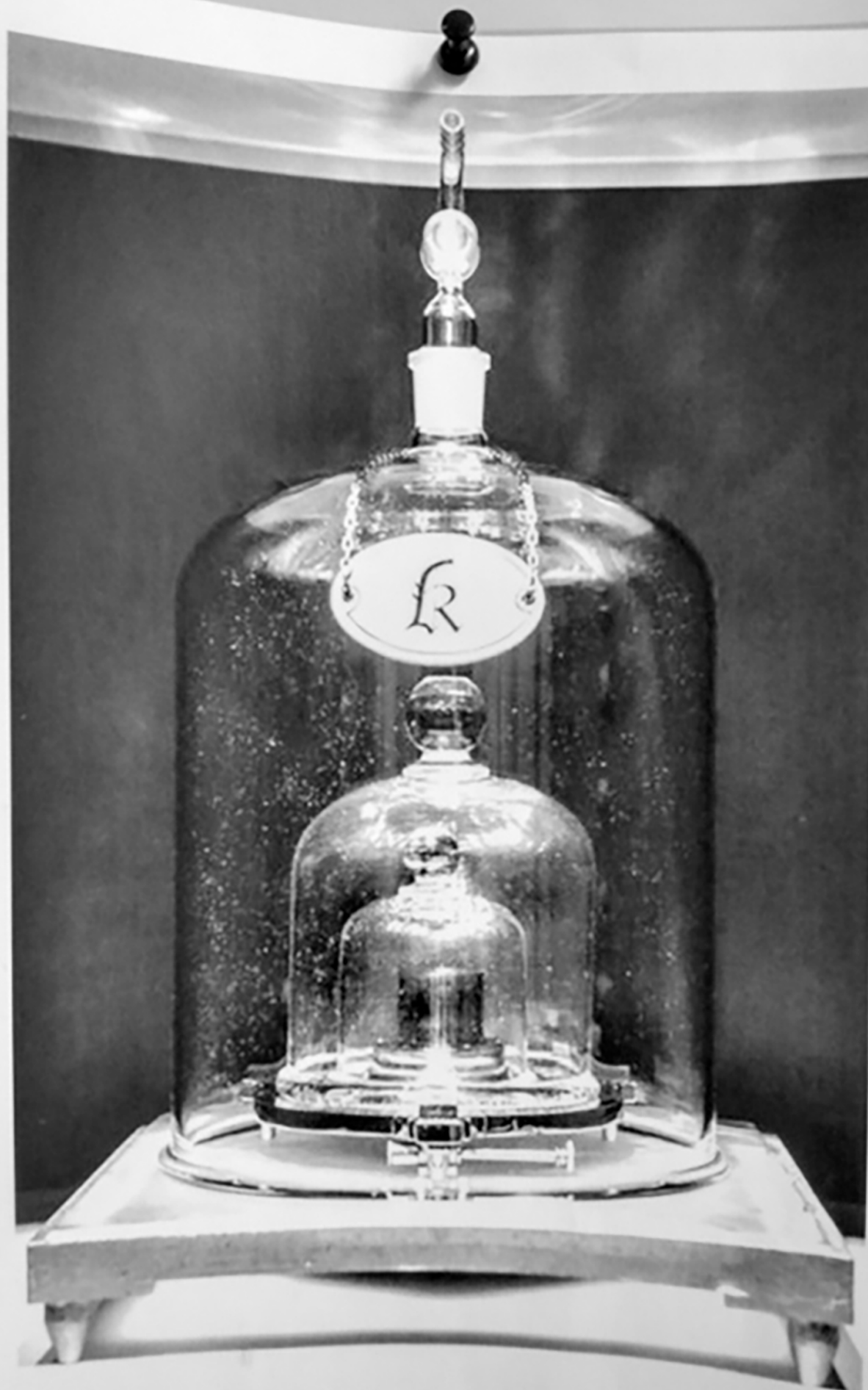
Vergeten oorbellen van vergeten geliefden en geleende jassen van vergane vriendschappen. Verharde muizenkak van toen er muizen waren in april. Fruitvliegen op verrot fruit dat met goede intentie werd gekocht maar nooit opgegeten. Vijf dode planten boven op de dampkap in de keuken. Dagenlang ga ik weg, aan het kamperen alsof ik geen dak boven mijn hoofd heb, maar gelukkiger dan als ik onder mijn dak zit. En dan gaan de gepotte planten dood, zij kunnen ook geen passionele relatie aangaan met deze muren. Geef mij maar de ratten en het vervuilde water van de havenbossen. Als ik wegloop van mijn kot in de Hoornstraat en in het bos niet kan slapen door een rave die een halve kilometer verderop heel de nacht door gaat dan is dat niet anders dan het constante geluid van auto's op kasseien en mensen met agressie problemen die op garagepoorten staan te bonken.

Geef mij maar de constante zoektocht naar een plek waar ik me wel even goed kan voelen voor ik weeral alleen naar huis ga. Geef me dat maar en ik zal mijn best doen om hier zo snel mogelijk weg te zijn.

Met veel liefs,
Paulina.







In 1879 Le Grand K or IPK— a platinum-iridium cylindrical object that represented the Kilo— was created to support the efforts that had been made since the XVIII century to enforce the metric system as the universal system of measurement. After being forged, the object was stored in the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in France, inside a small glass jar, inside a mid-size one, inside a bigger one, and crowned with an oval-shaped metal plaque engraved with a big letter K.

This image was on top of my desk, printed in black and white, when my water broke. I still have it hanging in my studio. At that point, I had arrived to this land a little over a year and I still didn't know if I had to push or pull the doors, even when it was written, especially when it was written.

Before coming here, I had never seen so many vowels sharing space within one word.

When the pandemic arrived, bringing along the unsolicited omen of death, I was researching on the idea of measurements developed in the Western world during the XVIII and XIX centuries. Why, when, for whom, and most importantly, against what (because the only way to measure something is to compare it with something else) was the metric system developed and later on enforced.

What would have happened if this baby was greeted into this realm in my language? Maybe a tongue he could call his own? What if my mom had held him and whispered bienvenida mi guagua in his ear?

It is funny; I never remember the name of the diagnosis my baby received. My brain insists on erasing it, replacing it with Flemish words that sprout from the Duolingo app on my phone:

Genoeg, dichtbij, lucht, nooit

At that time, I was reading the book Dictee by Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and my partner had a couple of language apps installed on his phone to learn Flemish. One of the apps illustrated how one needs to position one's mouth in order to pronounce each of the fourteen vowels in the language. The images were unsettling and had an annoying, patronizing tone towards the learner, but they made me think of Theresa.

When my son was connected to the mechanical ventilator he couldn't cry. He would open his mouth, wrinkle his face and shut his eyes in a crying expression, but he could not make a sound. His vocal cords were interrupted by the ventilation tube; they couldn't rub against each other. His vocal cords could not touch each other just as we could not touch him.

I don't know if it is appropriate to use the word crying when you are unable to produce a sound. Maybe we should come up with a new word.

*It murmurs inside. It murmurs. Inside is the pain of speech the pain to say.
Larger still Greater than is the pain not to say. To not say -Theresa*

We saw many parents coming and going, most of them stayed for a couple of days, only a few selected ones stayed longer. Under our facemasks, in our covert nakedness, we all knew that we

shared the sacred limbo that neonatal ICUs held.

I couldn't breastfeed; I had to pump every three hours, day and night, to keep my milk production while my baby was kilometers away cuddled by probes, tubes and baby pillows.

One of my favorites was a heavy, pale blue, hand-shaped pillow. Because of our newly acquired fear of bacteria, we had to boil every single object that I used for pumping: breast flanges, tubes, backflow protectors, valves and storage containers.

During the XX century, scientists discovered that the mass of the IPK drifted. This was when they decided to implement different cleaning procedures to safeguard the sameness of the standards. One of the cleaning methods consisted of soaking chamois leather for 48 hours in a mixture of equal parts ethanol and ether and subsequently using it to rub the object by hand with a pressure of 10kPa. After repeating this process three times, the object was rinsed using a specific device filled with doubly distilled water.

In those endless hours by his acrylic cradle, we started reading out loud, mainly poems by Alejandra Pizarnik and Emily Dickinson. An odd couple. My therapist says that our voices, even when they were muddled by our facemasks and his Fentanyl dreams, would remain in his unconsciousness: We were there.

Sad when with a body and when without -Alejandra

I am afraid to own a body -Emily

We were rummaging through words, reinventing ways of connecting, of belonging, of processing through language.

a e i o u

 ee ie oo uu

oe eu ei ou ui

Despite all the strict measures taken to isolate the IPK from the outside world, its mass moved aimlessly. There were multiple reasons for its weight gains, some known and some still not.

Until 2019 the IPK and its duplicates were used to calibrate all other kilogram mass standards on Earth. Nowadays the object is no longer in use because the Kilo is not represented by something tangible: it became an equation.

I write in English because I am not ready to write in Spanish. I feel more comfortable being

a little distanced, a little loose from a language that is not mine but imposed upon me nonetheless. Still, I wish I had words I could call my own because all I have to share with is debris from a language inherited by force.

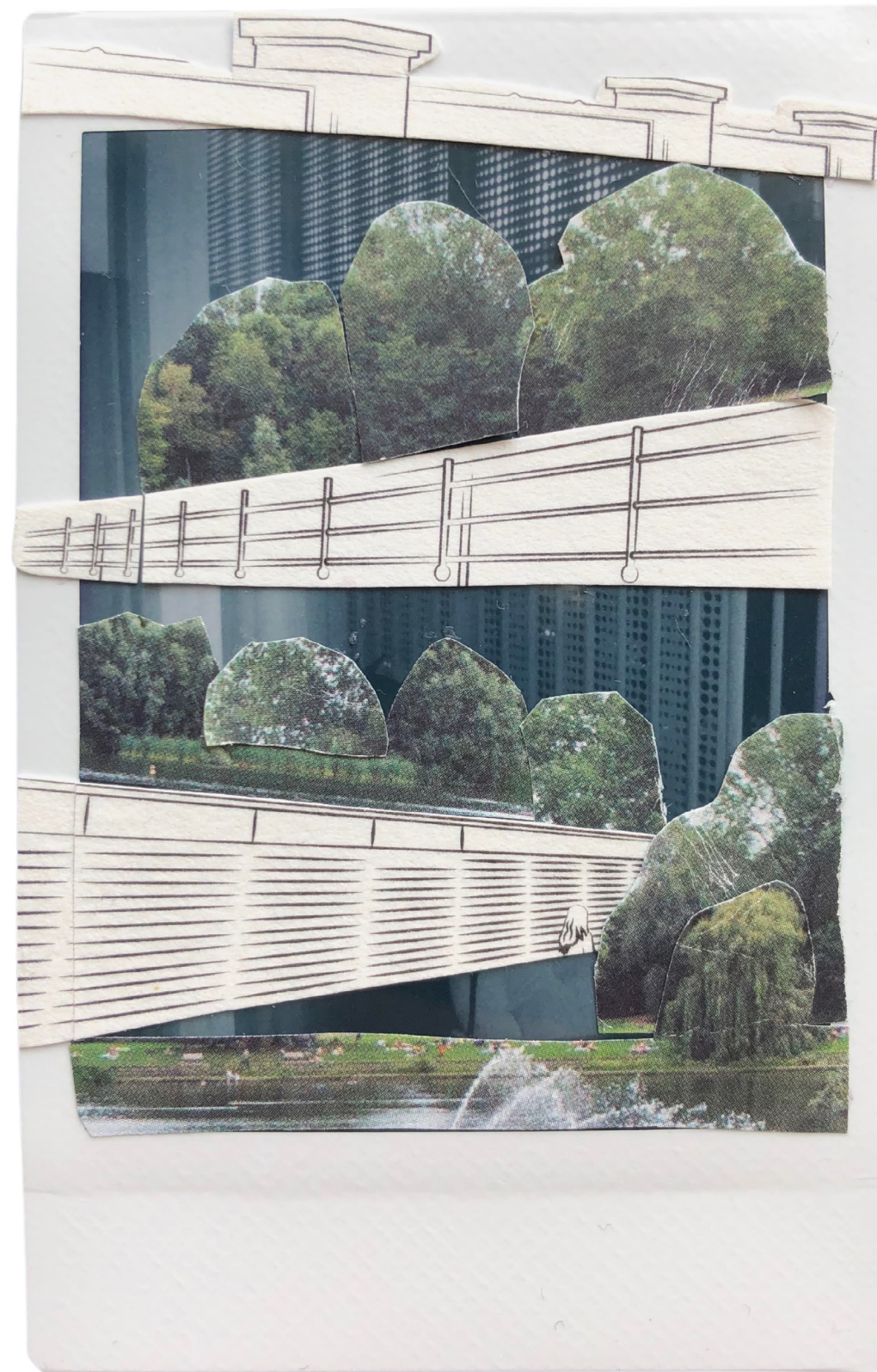
We couldn't read what was written on the papers left in our room while we napped between our visits to the ICU: printed pamphlets; an appointment with the hospital psychologist; a set of recommendations on how to start exercising after birth; a form to fill out before my empty-handed departure from the hospital.

One of the findings I fell in love with, while researching on the creation of the metric system, was that before the XVII century several measurement tools or ways of measuring were tied to rituals, Goddesses and Gods. It was revealing to learn that even in the driest, most boring and mechanic areas of daily life, beliefs could creep in.

The first few days we had to travel to the hospital by taxi every afternoon. We didn't own a car nor had a European driver's license and I could barely walk. One time the taxi driver asked us why we were going to the hospital and we explained that our son was at the ICU and we were visiting him. He said he was a Catholic Jewish and started talking about God, about his family and about faith. I was extremely tired and just rolled my eyes and looked outside through the window. When we arrived at the hospital he refused to accept the fee for the ride, instead replying: - "Pray".

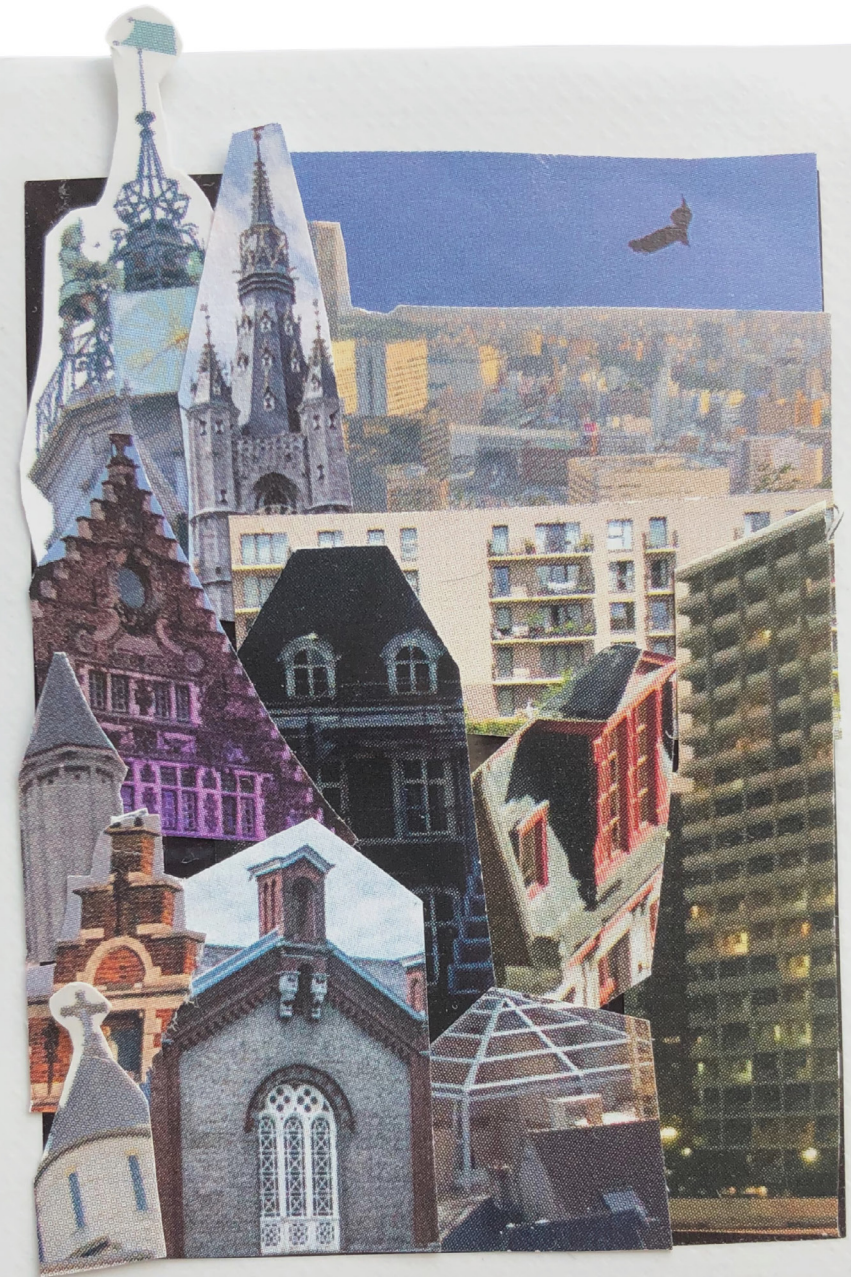
You do not know them, never have seen them, but they seek you, inhabit you whole, suspend you airless, spaceless. They force their speech upon you and direct your speech only to them.

You are going somewhere. You are somewhere. This stillness. You cannot imagine how. Still. So still all around. Such stillness. It is endless -Theresa





l'art du pliage



setting one's in the world presence



O T S E R



Gastvrouw en gast zijn
is een complexe positie

Truth and Silence

I put the last bite of my dinner in my mouth and kiss Ben. I have to leave immediately to catch the tram. "See you later" I say.

I hurry down the stairs and put on my shoes. I take long steps to arrive at the station on time. The timetable shows that the tram will arrive in two minutes. I look at the roundabout and then to my wristwatch. I raise my head, I see the tram curling up around the roundabout. It is the same tram me and my brother used to take to go to the city center. The tram stops at the station.

I pull myself together and wipe my tears.

I get in and take a seat. I look through the window and see a young man waving at me. - "Ca va, mademoiselle ?" asks a lady who is sitting next to me.

- "Oui, merci" I answer.

As the tram moves, the smile and gaze of the young man disappear, but I literally smell my brother's overcoat. A few stops later, I get off the tram and start to walk. I turn the key and open the door.

- "Hey, Kathrin, hello kids!"

- "How are you dear?" Kathrin asks me.

- "I'm fine" I reply, but I am not sure I am saying the truth.

- "Oh, I have to hurry. They had dinner about an hour ago. Take them to bed at about 8 o'clock, please" Kathrin says.

- "Okay, don't worry."

- "Charlie, Mia, Karima is the boss and you have to listen to her, okay ?" Kathrin continues.

- "Okay mum, see you !"

Kathrin kisses them and leaves.

- "TV time is over! Now please brush your teeth and go to the bathroom " I say.

- "No way! I want to see the movie, " Charlie says.

- "Me too "Mia adds.

- "I'm sorry! Here is your toothbrush, Mia and this is your Charlie."

The kids are jumping up and down on their beds and ignore me.

- "Charlie, Mia, it's bedtime," I said. And remember how much I loved to play with my brother when I was their age.

They giggle and say: "No, it's time to play."

- "But your mum said that I am the boss, you have to listen to me." I remind them.

- "No, we are the boss! You have to come and play with us", they reply while playing and laughing. - "What?" I laugh at their sharp riposte.

It is already 9 pm and I have to take the tram in an hour. The kids are still awake. It seems that I have to deal with them differently. I will play the 'King of Silence' with them. We played this game the very last night with my brother. The night he had to leave. We could not sleep till dawn.

- "Alright, kids! Let's play a new game." I say.

- "Hurray! What game?" they answer cheerfully.

- "It's called the 'King of Silence'. You go to bed, lie down, and keep silent for as long as you can. Not one word! If you speak, you lose! Whoever keeps silent the longest is the winner.

- "Ok !"

- "Let's start right now" I say.

After two minutes of silence, Mia asks:

- "Karima! When will mum be back?"

Charlie burst into laughter. He turns to Mia and says:

- "You lost, loser!"

- "I forgot" Mia says.

- "No problem. We will play three times to see who is the real King of Silence. Let's start again !"

After a few minutes, Charlie asks to stop the game because he needs to go to the bathroom. Meanwhile, Mia falls asleep. Charlie comes back and we play again...

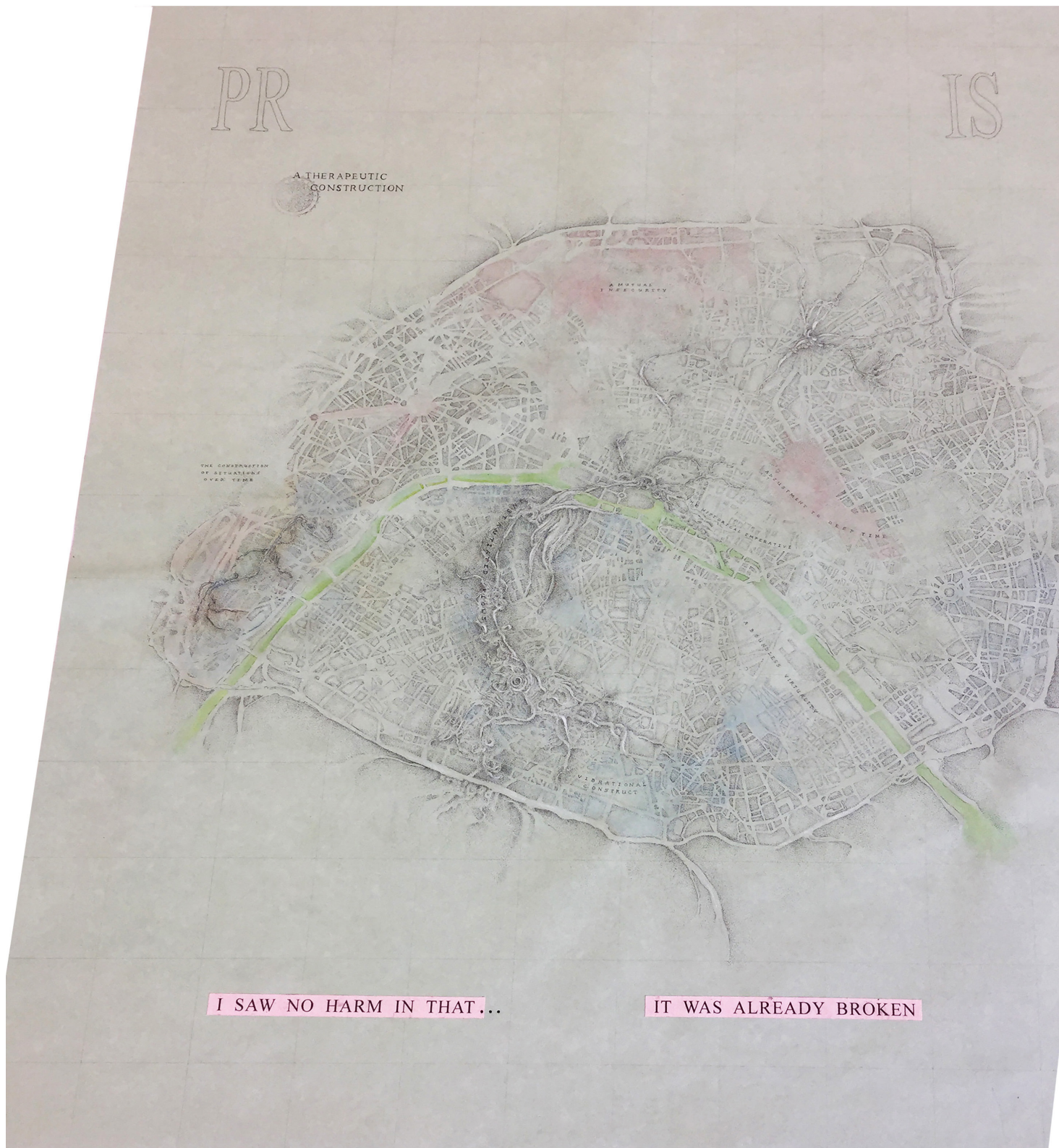
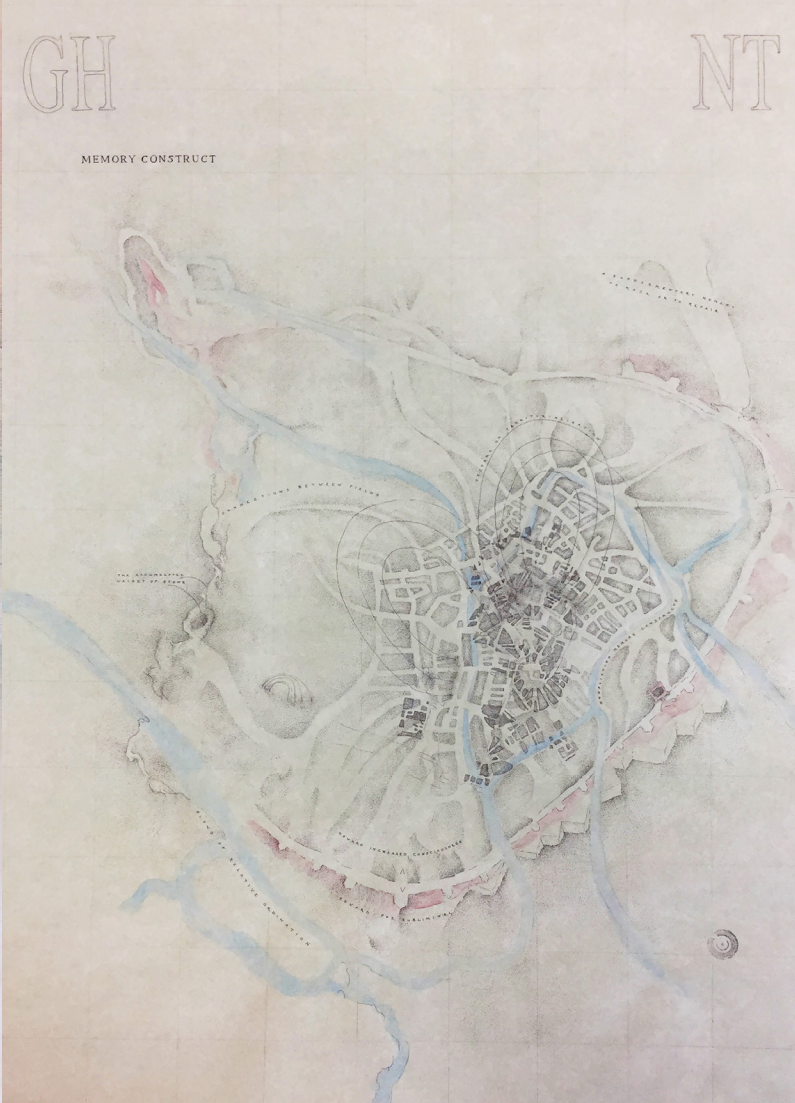
Kathrin wakes me up 15 minutes later. I had fallen asleep myself !

I have to leave the sweet world of childhood and step into a dark street that leads to the tram stop, to the world of reality in which I hide the memory of migration and separation.

Karima Qias







I live in headspace, my feet touching the ground without feeling
my legs without me, my head says – walk –
but can only make steps, having forgotten what movement is.

Hospitalized pain
and no memories but
noise and fun
and lights.

Trying to numb
– make it through –
to breathe, eat, sleep
walk, talk, work,
– continue –

[a white square of plastic and aluminum
with bright pink pills inside]

waiting for a test
we wait for a result
hoping you will survive again
my friends prayed for you
and all angels were
on your shoulder, on your side

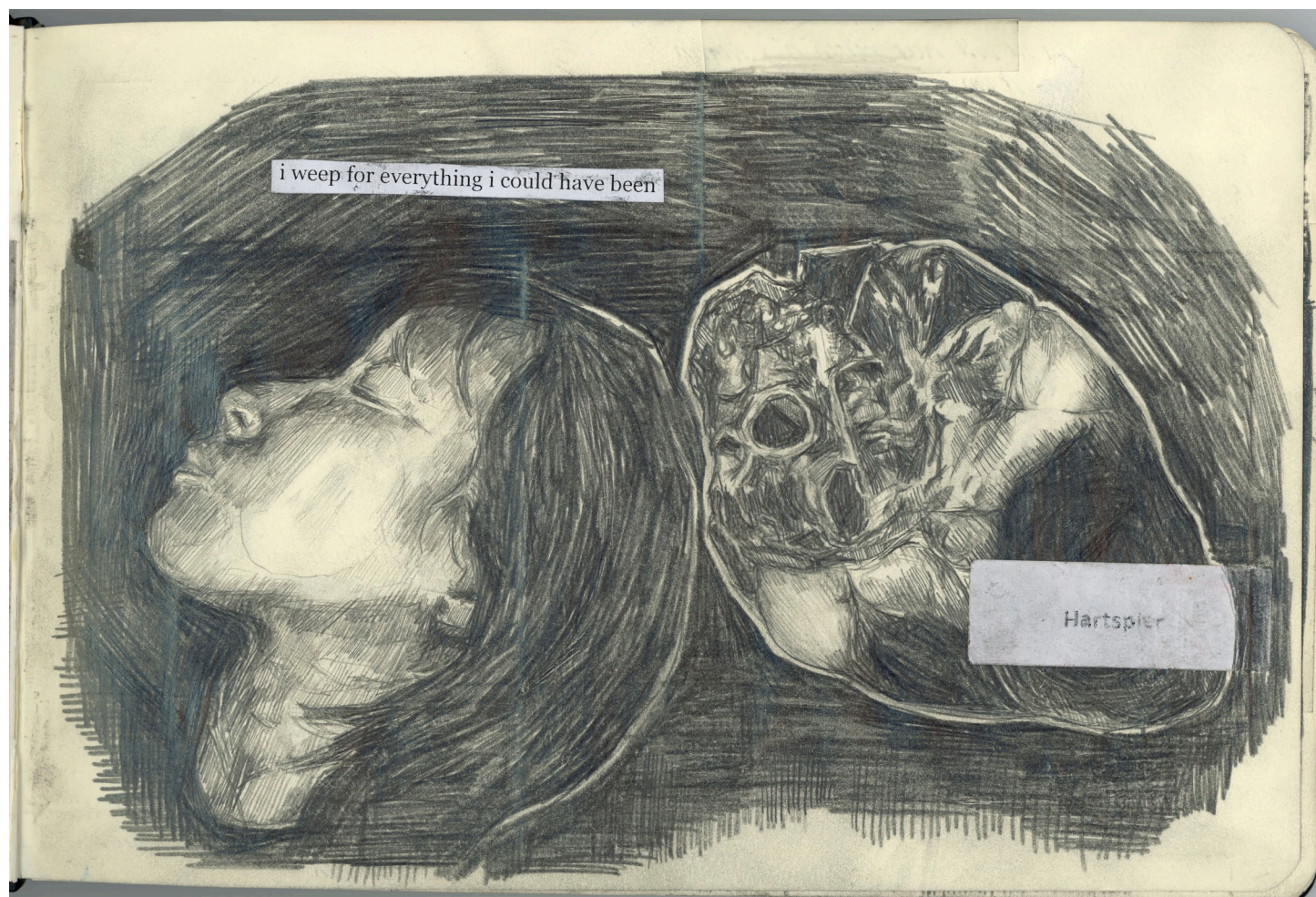
I could not imagine my lungs
detached from my body and needed
a floating proxy copying the inside.
Organs held together by bones and skin
for I cannot imagine a body un-whole
ruptured skin, cuts, veins burnt by attacks, parts cut away
like my mother father ancestors all fell badly ill
the lifeline, the time to die except they did not
we were lucky.

The bodily discomfort of happiness
of life and the living
of being together, still, and waking
up, each day (each and every day)
writing down bodily sensations deeper than
sound or sight
cold feet, rough hands, itching tears,
heart beating in my chest.









< Notes



vlezig en onvoldaan, ooit zie ik in mezelf nog de zon opkomen; alsof niemand anders mij ooit zo zou kunnen waarnemen, alsof ik de enige ben die het gelaat van een ander belichaamt. ik doorloop mijn angsten en tel het geld neer: het is tijd voor mijn woede en jij bent het doelwit



< Notes



ik weet wat het betekent om in stilte te sterven. de betasting van mijn lichaam en de verering ervan als afgod zijnde door gehaaste mannen; een onbeëindigde wandelroute naar de voordeur van mijn lijden

ik denk dat mijn hart leeggebloed is in jouw bijzijn, ik denk dat jij er getuige van was. ik weet dat jouw blik mij vervormt tot iets wat verteerbaar is, ik weet dat ik bitter ben

mijn betekenis gaat aan jouw ogen voorbij

P. 2

Nina Zina

New Beginnings

Collage, pen drawing

Belgium

In tarot the Fool signifies new beginnings, hope, a journey towards community and a better future. Marginalized people are often forced to move to find that community and a place where they feel safe, understood, and welcome. We start our journey full of hope, unaware of the pitfalls we may stumble upon. But going back is no option.

P. 4

Maxime Fouconnier

Margin

Dictionary poem, inkjet print

on paper

Belgium

My work, in oscillation between photography, film, poetry and found material, suggests the possibility of an elsewhere: a 'there' replacing the 'here' reflecting a state of being that goes hand in hand with a state of non-belonging. Notable subjects I explore include one's identity construction and mental health, the passage of time, our collective visual memory, and the bridge between the mundane and the transcendental. "margin" (2022) is one of my text works I like to refer to as dictionary poems. Starting with a specific word and its definition, I then follow the dictionary's suggestion to look up an adjacent word and its definition, and so forth, until I reach a final definition that resonates with the initial word. Here, by having "to find an answer to" responding to "margin", I illustrate how my displacement as a queer and autistic person creates a territory in which I can uncover my own power and strength

P. 5

Morvarid Mohammad

Dis-belonging

Oil and wall paint on canvas

Emirates

Put into focus by the stark background, Dis-belonging explores themes opposite to

oneness with being, sense, and practical beliefs. Dis-belonging, a nature morte with unmatched subjects begs questions as to its existence. One is moved to think, 'how have such things been brought together, in a sensical manner?' and 'why do they seem to belong, even while they shouldn't?'

P. 6-7

Sarah-Joy Zwarts

Between the devil and the deep blue sea

(fleet beacon)

Mixed media

Belgium

These works on paper act as a prequel to my work submitted in the previous issue (Ventura), in my search to construct personal safe water marks. They show visual approaches to existing beacons (located at Waddeneilanden). Both the ambiguous character (shift of image definition) and the welcoming arms of the "Oceanic Feeling" are already recognizable in this earlier visualization.

P. 8

Meher Vahid

Stones

Photograph

Gulf

Meher Vahid

Stones

digital overlaying of the painting

and photograph

Gulf

P. 9

Meher Vahid

Stones

acrylic painting of a stone on gateway sheet

Gulf

The work has been developed by dwelling in modes of transit. A shift in the geographical location from a home in India to a home in Dubai, UAE. I was stretched towards the contrasts of landscapes of the two regions. Collected and documented stones during walks and outdoor visits in this newly acquired land. Captured in the image is the landscape that was shot while on train, journeying

between Mumbai to Vadodara in India. An overlaying of the two brings forth a fictionalized image of a space, that speaks of a layered time, confuses between dawn and night time. These methods of practice are adopted in an attempt to understand the landscape in order to understand the (dis)placement of the body, that occurs geographically and extends out questioning the structures of belonging and dwelling.

P. 10

Lara Ferrari

Where the bedsheets lay to rest

Text

Belgium

In 2018 I migrated to Europe with no money so I started to work as a femme du chambre in a hotel in the highest sky area of the French alps. The owner of the hotel, an old and senile man, lived in one of the rooms. I crossed him only once, he told me that 'cleaning ladies should be like bats, they need to be invisible and blind'. I did not answer, I stole two of the best bedsheets. I was surrounded by them, I worked with them, I played with them, I had endless nights of insomnia, I wrote about them

P. 12-13

Sofiia Yesakova

Cargo - 200. Experimental projections on the surfaces

Mixed media. Gesso, graphite pencil, acrylic, fineliner

Germany

Cargo 200 is a term in military jargon. A military designation for transporting home the dead bodies from war. To transport the corpse of the deceased placed in a special box, most often made of zinc. Sophia used a method of objectifying her subjective experience of war, such as the deaths of fellow citizens and soldiers, by intuitively recreating it through an experimental projection on the surface. This system, which captures what happens in an emotionless way, is the consequence of getting used to the war as such. War is always the realm of the Imaginary, not connected in any way to the realm of the phantasmatic Real. We cannot symbolize the "real" Reality

at all, because it is traumatic. In the horror of a traumatic Reality, we cannot realize the whole nightmare of allowing the possibility of our death. Thinking of our own death, we can at least be horrified, but when it comes to the death of thousands, the attempt to symbolize runs up against the impossibility of a mathematical multiplication of horror. War lives in a world of its own metaphors, most of which have changed little in recent millennia. The image of war is still modeled through a set of archaic symbols: center/periphery, order/chaos, vertical/horizontal, good/evil, life/death, victory/defeat, friend/foe. The main idea of the project is to sanctify the problem of the feeling of war, which is that the human consciousness cannot imagine other consciousnesses of dying soldiers. And in time we see only the Habitual field of special effects. However we do not know who were the men who sat in the trenches and were shelled by artillery. We do not know who they were, how they lived, from where and from what life they were pulled by the sudden war, what they thought about it, how they experienced it, how they felt, how they felt about themselves and their possible death, about their cruel ordeal as "cannon fodder". Western rationalism operates like a myth: We always do our best to ignore catastrophe. We cannot and do not want to see violence as it is. The only way for us to provide a decent response to the challenge of terrorism is to radically change the very principle of our thinking. But the clearer it becomes about what is really going on, the greater is our refusal to acknowledge it. Right now humanity is writing the history of its own end, because it has become capable of destroying the entire world. This is why we must awaken from our slumber. The search for comfort always leads to the worst.

P. 14-15

Kaloe Steerneman

Welcome Home

Drawing on paper

Belgium

I often feel like my body is not my own, that it, instead, belongs to everyone who sees it, who scrutinizes it. I look at my body like I'm outside it, like my mind and my body are not connected. As a non-binary person it is easy

to centre other people's impressions of me. To think that my gender only exists by the grace of others recognising it. But it exists despite that. It exists, simply, because I exist.

P. 16-17
Katayoon Valamanesh
Garden of Eden
Video installation
The Netherlands

My artistic practice has changed dramatically since I moved from Iran to Groningen in 2020. The whole immigration process and finding myself in an unknown environment and the necessity of looking back to be able to push forward my practice led me through various experiences with mediums and materials to express the melancholy behind my lived experience as an immigrant. Since then I kept focus on the life of immigrants as my main subject. To me it is the story of searching for a new home, trying to be fit in a new environment, failure and success. I started my practice with drawing and my interest to have life-like versions of objects guided me to molding. Then later making objects joined to drawing and ended up to installation. In 2020 I participated in an intercultural open call run by foreign ministry of Austria together with an Austrian music band based in Vienna(<https://www.monthofsundays.at/>). The result of this collaboration was a music video called A House on Water. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kAxv-0IX30A&ab_channel=mos). The subject we worked on was homesickness (as it was in Corona crisis time) which had overlap with my personal project. This project opened up a new chapter in my career as I entered the realm of motion pictures for the first time which also happened to be my main media lately. Furthermore, I used short clips of that video to make a video-installation for my graduation show in Scheemda, June 2022. Motion picture was the turning point for me to combine all of my former experiences such as drawing on paper, making objects, photography, etc and make one body out of them. To make a motion picture I start with a single frame of my work which can be drawing, photo or combination, then I animate that with softwares such as Dragonframe or Photoshop and edit them with the help of a friend of mine Chao Huang(

<https://vimeo.com/user48339878>, same editor of A House on Water in Premiere and After effect. As my contribution is a video-installation to see more pictures and videos please check out my website or social media. Website: <https://katayoon-valamanesh1.webnode.nl/project-4/> Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/katayoonvalamanesh/?hl=en>

P. 18
Alain Ayers,
History is a line
photo-text
Belgium

I made the work specifically to address Lines of Flight but also to consider the strangeness of being somewhere familiar but eternally changed by constructed history. The work isn't celebration or even critique, more my own recognition that flight is temporary. There are also endless forms of flight and here the great long line of history shuffles by and soon will be rendered invisible. As a zone of culture the South Bank of the Thames has been one of my homes over the years. Events have played themselves out here and here I was again, almost destiny but not the whole story. A coming and going that I have become familiar with but never at ease. Each line of flight is accompanied by a ruffling of time.

P. 18-20
Paulina Kaval
Hoornstraat 2, kamer 0
Text
Belgium

een ode aan kamer 0, de kamer van een jonge kunststudent.

P. 21
Vero Federica Rigole
Between Heaven and Earth
Acrylic on canvas, recycled material
Belgium

The essential Universal nature resides on mother Earth

P. 22-23
Pooria Bijari
Time Zone
Photograph
Iran

There are now many things that feel like home for me after I moved to a new city, but 'home' has now found a collective meaning for me. I have lived in different cities and got displaced a couple of times. The visual experience here are all the objects that remind me of the place I lived for a long time but they were not enough for me to feel the comfort I used to have. So I added an element to the pictures so they would feel more like home, but the result ended in a more ambiguous way

P. 24-27
Paz Ortúzar
A Piece of Permeable Glass
Text
Belgium

A freeform text about maternity, language and belonging

P. 28-33
Valentina Bianchi
L'art du pliage
A series of six collages on Polaroids
Belgium

"L'art du pliage" is a small collection of collages on Polaroids. I am trying to overlap familiar elements on top of the scenery I am now immersed in. But all I have around me are other unfamiliar constructs. I build my liking of my new home on the resentment I nurture for my home country. How healthy can it be? It's only through other people's gaze, a friendly gaze, that I can see why I'm here.

P. 34-35
Karima Qias
Truth and Silence
Text
Belgium

A short story based on real facts about my early life in Brussels and the separation from my family.

P. 35
Christine Clinckx
5 Minutes / 1940
Installation with a letter
Belgium

"What do you take with you when you have to leave your home in 5 minutes?" Since 1995 I have regularly confronted visitors to my exhibitions with this question. During the opening of 5 Minutes/1940, visitors will again have the opportunity to answer this question in writing. The phrasing of the question suggests an acute catastrophic situation and calls for reflection. What people answer and what objects they choose reveal not only what they value but also how they feel about life. The resulting list of items forms a self-portrait, which I show in the form of the written answers or the real objects. In that case, I present a three-dimensional portrait of the correspondent. I am sending herewith two photos of two people, one as a bicycle and 1 as suitcases. Two portraits of the many portraits I already collected.

P. 36
Hadrien Loumaye
Untitled (mouvement)
Acrylic on linen
Belgium

J'ai entamé des recherches relatives à la peinture abstraite qui abordent la question de la couleur et de son impact sur le spectateur. Les peintures sont disposées de telle façon que le spectateur est obligé d'opérer un déplacement pour se confronter à celles-ci. Certains tableaux sont pensés en ensemble, ce qui minimise leur autonomie pour favoriser leur fonction combinatoire. Cela permet de faire exister une forme d'hétérogénéité des traitements picturaux dans l'espace du mur. La dimension conceptuelle de ces peintures est alors appuyée du fait qu'un choix est nécessaire pour définir ces agencements. Les choix colorés sont purement subjectifs, et non déterminés par un protocole défini.

P. 37**Amber Verhulst***Won't you stay for a while*

Pencil on paper

Belgium

Het werk gaat over intimiteit binnen een vriendschap en hoe textiel daarbij een rol speelt. Ik vertrok hiervoor vanuit eigen beeldmateriaal en koos een bepaald beeld uit een groter geheel. Het draait om twee mensen die op zoek zijn naar human connection, omdat ze niet helemaal zichzelf kunnen zijn op de plek waar ze vandaan komen, en steeds op zoek zijn naar meer.

P. 38-39**Patricia Smith***Constructions*

ink, watercolor, graphite,

collaged ink jet prints on paper

The Netherlands

I left my longtime home in New York in 2013 and became a cultural nomad in Europe, moving from residency to residency, and finally settling into a life split between Rotterdam and rural France. My drawings reflect the internal maps the mind creates as it attempts to orient itself in an unfamiliar place, or to preserve the memory of a past it remains attached to. Distortions, memory holes, and a search for meaning are all woven into the process of this internal cartography.

P. 40**Marjolein schepers***Somatic*

somatic text/poetry

Belgium

P. 41-45**Laura Eva Meuris***Mother Tree & string telling correspondence*

Demountable nomadic archisculpture, willow

branches and spanish barge, Laura Eva with

friends of the sculpture Wouter Hellin, Hans

van Houcke, Chris Meuris, Steven Gords, Luis

Leiva, Waziri Khanistan, Oskar Hellin Faes en

Leon Hellin Faes

Belgium`

With these works I wanted to created safe(r) spaces, delimited frameworks and meaningfull objects that host dialogue in a heart to heart way. With Mother Tree I also want to honour the caring and creative force of my mother, all mothers and women.

P. 46-47**Aileen Kim***zelfportretten*

pencil on paper

Belgium

Ik heb altijd al gevonden dat ik het minste hinder ervaar bij het tekenen van zelfportretten. Mijn gezicht is voor mij zo een onbekend, dynamisch fenomeen: ik heb geen vat op hoe andere mensen me ervaren en ik overanalyseer elke groef, elke lijn, elk gebaar van mijn gezicht. Naar mijn mening lijkt elk zelfportret dat ik ooit gemaakt heb op mezelf, omdat ik telkens zodanig ver verwijderd ben van mezelf en nooit kan plaatsen wat het betekent om te bestaan tussenin lijnen opgesteld door mijn omgeving.

Aileen Kim*Manifest voor twintigjarigen*

text, 130 words

Belgium

Ik verzamel woorden waarin ik mezelf herken en met dat gebaar schep ik voor mezelf een thuis waarin ik mezelf troost met het idee dat ik op deze manier alsnog een genealogie kan construeren voor mijn ontworteld, ontkoppeld bestaan. Ik wil zweven in mijn veelvuldigheid tot ik sterf: ik ben veranderlijk en rauw en misschien grens ik zelfs aan alles wat jullie haten.

Lines of Flight, 2nd e-zine

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Sofia Yesakova

Detail from the installation Cargo - 200

Experimental projections on the surfaces

Mixed media. Gesso, graphite pencil,

acryl, fineliner

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