

An abstract painting with a light blue sky, a green field, and a vertical beige band on the right. Stylized, elongated shapes in blue, purple, and red are scattered across the scene. A small white splash is on the green field.

Lines of Flight

KIOSKZINE



EN |

LINES OF FLIGHT, A ZINE DEDICATED TO THE JOURNEY FROM BELONGING TO A NEW TOGETHERNESS

Lines of Flight* invites artists and writers to rethink notions of belonging and integration through a visual language, by stepping away or towards points of departure and arrival.

Displacement holds within itself the memory of the origin as well as extending visions to the new horizons of the destination. It abandons, preserves, and reshapes forms of belonging. Displacement of any form—forced or voluntary—drags and pushes the displaced person between the two points. They are in a constant struggle within a dichotomy or convergence between memories of belonging and integration towards a fresh start. Home, a supposedly familiar landscape, is blurred by transposition across the displaced person's former national borders. The displaced align the two realities of their existence by rethinking while also recollecting.

In the mid-1990s, civil engineers performed a so-called load-bearing capacity experiment to investigate the resistance behavior of glass and timber as two vulnerable components in structural and architectural elements of buildings. Engineers installed strain sensors positioned in different parts of these components to measure local and global displacement, and thus calculate the range of bending in a beam and the fragility of stiffness of glass under shock or pressure until it reaches the yield stress point and breaks. How much can glass bear under certain amounts of load until it shatters? How far can a beam bend until it breaks?

Displacement in mechanics is defined as the distance moved by a particle or body in a specific direction. In the load-bearing capacity experiment, "global displacement" referred to the distance of a beam from the initial point of its stability compared to its new bending zone, and "local displacement" to the internal deformation of each element due to its behavior under compression or tension. These metaphors bring us to the definition of displacement in social sciences as the voluntary or forced resettlement of a person or group of people. The struggles of displaced people, such as those involved in the process of assimilation, put them under cultural, mental, and identity-related pressures while extending their visions and horizons.

Cultural integration tends to be a form of stress for newcomers because it drags them farther from their place of belonging and pulls them towards their new location. The displaced person is inbetween histories. The experiences of newcomers reshape their life experience as a disassociation from original context and give rise to new horizons.

Displacement, mobility, and traveling shed light on future opportunities. How will a displaced person function with the sociocultural tensions created by their destination? What does the pattern of their fracture look like? In what direction will they be pushed or disassociated from their identity?

(*Lines of Flight is the title of an exhibition on the archive of Nilima Sheikh, presented from 19 May 2018 until 18 June 2018 at the Asia Art Archive Library in Sheung Wan, Hongkong.)

Image: Nilima Sheikh, cover 'Each night put Kashmir in your dreams.'

NL | EEN ZINE GEWIJD AAN DE WEG TUSSEN THUIS EN EEN NIEUW SAMENZIJN

Lines of Flight* nodigt kunstenaars en schrijvers uit om vertrouwde paden te verlaten en zo noties van thuishoren,samenhorigheid en integratie te hertalen.

Ontheemding houdt steeds de herinnering aan oorsprong vast en verbreedt tegelijk het blikveld naar nieuwe horizonten en bestemmingen. Het laat vormen van toebehoren los, maar bewaart ze ook of geeft ze opnieuw vorm. Ontheemding in welke vorm dan ook - gedwongen of vrijwillig - sleept en duwt ontheemden tussen twee punten. Ontheemden bevinden zich in een voortdurende strijd tussen dichotomie of versmelting, tussen herinneringen aan thuis en een weg naar een nieuwe start. Het vertrouwde landschap van thuis, wordt steeds vager door een transpositie die over de voormalige landsgrenzen van de ontheemde reikt. Ontheemden brengen voortdurend twee realiteiten van hun bestaan op één lijn door zich te heroriënteren en tegelijkertijd herinneringen op te halen.

Lines of Flight is een nieuw zine-project, geïnitieerd door KIOSK, dat zich richt op noties van ontheemding. Via deze open call nodigt KIOSK kunstenaars uit om via audio, beeld, installatie, video, fotografie en tekst hun verhalen te delen over de zorgen, worstelingen en positieve kanten van de ervaring van een ontheemde. Lines of Flight wordt gepubliceerd als een tweedelige online zine op de website van KIOSK.

(*Lines of Flight is de titel van een tentoonstelling van het werk van Nilima Sheikh dat van 19 mei 2018 tot 18 juni 2018 werd gepresenteerd in de Asia Art Archive Library in Sheung Wan, Hongkong).

FR | UN ZINE EN LIGNE DÉDIÉ AU PARCOURS DE L'APPARTENANCE À L'ÊTRE ENSEMBLE

Lines of Flight invite artistes et écrivains à repenser les notions d'appartenance et d'intégration en s'éloignant ou en se rapprochant des points de départ et d'arrivée.

Le déplacement inclut la mémoire de l'origine. Il offre aussi à la destination de nouveaux horizons. Le déplacement abandonne, préserve et remodèle les formes d'appartenance. Quelle que sa soit forme, forcée ou volontaire, il entraîne et pousse les personnes déplacées entre départ et arrivée. Une lutte constante s'engage pour elles entre la mémoire d'appartenance et une intégration significative de nouveau départ. Le chez-soi, paysage supposé familier, se trouve brouillé par son passage au travers des frontières nationales. Pensée et mémoire permettent aux déplacés d'aligner les deux réalités de leur existence.

Lines of Flight est un nouveau projet de zine, initié par KIOSK, qui se concentre sur les notions de déplacement. Cet appel à contribution est une invitation faites aux artistes et écrivains à partager, sans restriction de medium, leurs histoires sur les préoccupations, les luttes et les doublures argentées de l'expérience d'un étranger dans un nouvel environnement. Lines of Flight sera publié sous la forme d'un zine numérique disponible sur le site web de KIOSK

*Lines of Flight était le titre d'une exposition de Nilima Sheikh présentée par Asia Art Archive du 19 mai 2018 au 18 juin 2018 à l'Asia Art Archive Library à Sheung Wan, Hongkong.

ES | UN ZINE DEDICADO AL VIAJE DESDE LA PERTENENCIA HACIA UNA NUEVA COLECTIVIDAD.

Lines of Flight* invita a artistas y escritores a repensar las nociones de pertenencia e integración a través del lenguaje visual, apartándose o acercándose a los puntos de partida y de llegada.

El desplazamiento contiene en sí mismo la memoria del origen, a la vez que extiende sus miradas a nuevos horizontes de destino. Abandona, conserva y reconfigura las formas de pertenecer. El desplazamiento en cualquiera de sus formas -forzado o voluntario- arrastra y empuja a los desplazados entre ambos puntos. Ellos se encuentran en una lucha constante dentro de una dicotomía o convergencia entre recuerdos de pertenencia y la integración hacia un nuevo comienzo. El hogar, un paisaje supuestamente familiar, se desdibuja por su transposición a lo largo de las fronteras nacionales anteriores de quien se desplaza. Las personas desplazadas alinean las dos realidades de su existencia, repensando al mismo tiempo que recuerdan.

Lines of Flight es un nuevo proyecto de zine, creado por KIOSK, centrado en nociones de desplazamiento. A través de esta convocatoria abierta, KIOSK invita a artistas en sonido, visuales, instalación, vídeo, fotografía y texto a compartir sus historias acerca de las inquietudes, dificultades y luces de esperanza de la experiencia de un forastero en un nuevo entorno. Lines of Flight se publicará como un zine en línea de dos partes en el sitio web de KIOSK.

(*Lines of Flight es el título de una exposición de la obra de Nilima Sheikh presentada desde el 19 de mayo de 2018 hasta el 18 de junio de 2018 en la Asia Art Archive Library de Sheung Wan, Hongkong).

«خطوط گریز» از هنرمندان و نویسندگان دعوت می‌کند در قالب زبانی بصری، با توجه به پدیده‌های تغییر مکان و مهاجرت، به مفاهیم پیرامون تعلق و تطبیق با محیط جدید بپردازند.

جابه‌جایی و مهاجرت در ذات خود توأمان درگیر نگهداری از خاطرات مکان پیشین و جست‌وجوی افق‌های نو در مقصد جدید است. جابه‌جایی، چه مهاجرت باشد چه آوارگی چه تبعید و چه هر ترک کردنی که قصد یا امکان بازگشت در آن نباشد، شخص را مدام میان دو نقطه حرکت می‌دهد. این تقلایی است میان از دست دادن یک مکان آشنای بدون آینده و بودن در یک مکان ناآشنای گشاده به روی آینده‌ای ممکن. جابه‌جایی و تغییر مرز، چون غبار بر موطن که عموماً منظره‌ای است آشنا می‌نشیند و شخص در چرخه‌ای از بازتعریف‌ها و رجعت‌های ذهنی قرار می‌گیرد تا بتواند خود را با مکان جدید تطبیق دهد.

«خطوط گریز» نشریه‌ای است که مرکز هنری کیوسک برای پرداختن به موضوع تغییر مکان و مهاجرت منتشر می‌کند. کیوسک در این فراخوان از هنرمندان حوزه‌های صدا، تصویر، اینستالیشن، ویدیو، عکس و متن دعوت می‌کند تا دغدغه‌ها، چالش‌ها، و حتی امیدهای موجود در فرآیند همسویی با محیط و جامعه‌ی جدید را روایت کنند. «خطوط گریز» نشریه‌ای آنلاین است و در دو بخش در وبسایت کیوسک منتشر خواهد شد.

*«خطوط گریز» نام نمایشگاهی از نیلیما شیخ هنرمند هندی است که در سال ۸۱۰۲ توسط آشپو هنری آسیا در هنگ‌کنگ ارائه شد.

PT | UM ZINE DEDICADO À VIAGEM DE ONDE SE PERTENCE EM DIREÇÃO A UMA NOVA CONVIVÊNCIA

Lines of Flight* convida artistas e escritores a repensar noções de pertencimento e integração através de uma linguagem visual, afastando-se ou em direção a pontos de partida e chegada.

O deslocamento guarda em si a memória da origem, assim como estende suas visões a novos horizontes do destino. Abandonando, preservando e reformulando formas de pertencimento. O deslocamento em qualquer forma–forçado ou voluntário–arrasta as pessoas deslocadas entre os dois pontos. Resultando em uma constante luta dentro de uma dicotomia ou convergência entre memórias de pertencimento e integração em direção a um novo começo. O lar, uma paisagem supostamente familiar, é obscurecida por sua transposição através das antigas fronteiras nacionais da pessoa deslocada. Os deslocados no esforço de alinhar as suas duas realidades muitas vezes são colocados numa situação em que precisam repensar aspectos de sua existência dentro desse novo contexto em relação ao de origem.

Lines of Flight é um novo projeto de zine, iniciado por KIOSK, que se concentra em noções de deslocamento. Através desta chamada aberta, KIOSK convida artistas audiovisuais e escritores para compartilhar suas histórias sobre as preocupações, lutas e o lado bom da experiência de um estrangeiro em um novo contexto. O zine Lines of Flight será publicado online em duas partes no site do KIOSK.

*Lines of Flight é o título de uma exposição da obra de Nilima Sheikh apresentada de 19 de maio de 2018 até 18 de junho de 2018 na Biblioteca do Asia Art Archive em Sheung Wan, Hongkong.

ZH | 本致力于从寻觅归属到重新融合之旅的ZINE（艺术杂志）

《Lines of Flight》将邀请艺术家和作家通过视觉语言，在迈向与靠近的始终之间重新审思概念上的归属以及融和。

徙居（Displacement）不仅将其原有记忆保存，同时也把本来的视野扩展到目的地，从而营造出一种全新视角。徙居会不断地摒弃、保存和重新塑造归属的定义。任何形式的徙居（无论是被迫的还是自发的）都会在来回两点之间牵动着离乡者的身心。他们对从属记忆和共存融合之间的二元对立或趋同关系中不断挣扎，踏向一个全新的起点。当离乡者走出原生国土的那一刻，慢慢地那记忆中原本再熟悉不过的家乡也随之而模糊了。他们需要不断地回忆和重新思考来调整校对自己已经存在于这两点中的现实。

Lines of Flight 是一个全新ZINE的项目，由 KIOSK发起并专注于概念中的“徙居（Displacement）”。这次通过公开征集，KIOSK 诚挚邀请各个领域（视觉、装置、多媒体、摄影和文本）的艺术家来讲述他们的故事，分享他们作为一个局外人在新环境中的担忧与挣扎，以及那尚存的一丝期待。《Lines of Flight》ZINE将在KIOSK的网站上分两部分在线发行。

(Lines of Flight 来源于2018年5月19日至6月18日在香港上环亚洲艺术文献库举办的Nilima Sheikh展览中作品的标题。)

UKR | ЗІН, ПРИСВЯЧЕНИЙ ШЛЯХУ ВІД ПРИНАЛЕЖНОСТІ ДО НОВОЇ ЄДНОСТІ

Lines of Flight* запрошує художників і письменників переосмислити поняття приналежності та інтеграції за допомогою візуальної мови, віддаляючись або наближаючись до точок відправлення та прибуття.

Переміщення зберігає в собі пам'ять про походження, а також розширює бачення нових горизонтів. Воно заперечує форми приналежності, архівує та змінює їх. Будь-яке переміщення — примусове чи добровільне — тягне і штовхає переміщених людей між двома точками. Вони перебувають у постійній боротьбі в межах дихотомії або зближення між спогадами про приналежність та інтеграцією до нового початку. Дім, як знайомий ландшафт, розмивається через колишні національні кордони переміщеної особи.

Переміщені особи узгоджують дві реальності свого існування, переосмислюючи та водночас пригадуючи. Lines of Flight — це новий проєкт журналу, ініційований KIOSK, який фокусується на понятті переміщення. У цьому опен колі KIOSK запрошує художників та художниць, які працюють з аудіо, візуальним мистецтвом, інсталяцією, відео, фотографією та текстом, для того, щоб поділитись своїми історіями про проблеми, боротьбу та переваги досвіду аутсайдера в новому середовищі. Lines of Flight буде опубліковано у вигляді онлайн-журналу з двох частин на сайті KIOSK.

*Lines of Flight — це назва виставки робіт Ніліми Шейх, яка була представлена з 19 травня 2018 року по 18 червня 2018 року в бібліотеці архіву мистецтв Азії в Шеунг Вані, Гонконг.







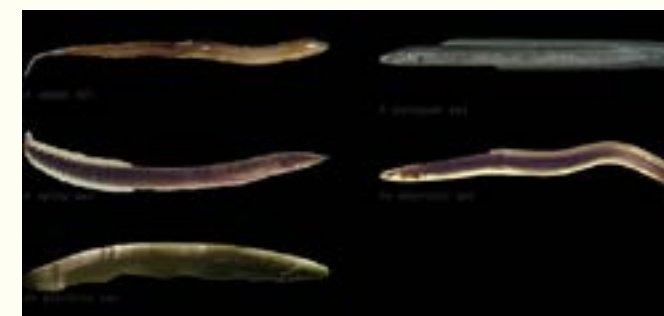
The Manifesto of Queering Eels* and a Queering-eel

*‘Eel’ is the name that humans gave to elongated fish. Various species, such as freshwater eels, electric eels, swamp eels, spiny eels (image 1), and not only fish, but some amphibians as well are called eels, even though there is no ecological, physiological, or taxonomic relationship between them. What makes them ‘eels’ is not what they are, but the human perception of their shape. Despite its human-centeredness, I will use the word ‘eel’ throughout this text to refer to the Anguillidae, a family of fish that contains the freshwater eels, and especially, the European eel (*Anguilla anguilla*).

“One of us has a microchip injected under her neck skin for identification; the other has a photo ID California driver’s license. One of us has a written record of her ancestors for twenty generations; one of us does not know her great grandparents’ name. One of us, product of a vast genetic mixture, is called ‘purebred’. One of us, equally product of a vast mixture, is called ‘white’. Each of these names designates a racial discourse, and we both inherit their consequences in our flesh.”¹

Queering is not only a deviation from hetero-cis-normativity, but also a spontaneous discovery of an interspecies entanglement. A transgender person undergoing hormone replacement therapy builds an intimate connection with horses by consuming conjugated estrogen produced from the urine of pregnant mares. And again through urine, estrogen travels from human bodies to rivers, and ‘queers’ the aquatic ecosystem by increasing the ration of ‘intersex’ fish. Hormones travel between species sharing receptors for the same molecules, in this case starting from mares to humans and eventually to fish. Eels are also part of a network of organisms loosely connected with hormones. The very first artificial sexual maturation of a male eel was performed by injecting the eel with the urine extract of pregnant women. It was discovered later that what induced the spermatogenesis was human chorionic gonadotropin (hCG), the same hormone that a pregnancy test strip detects from urine.

Since the start of 2021, I spent more than six months reading about the life cycle of eels, finding multiple tentacles - hormones that I mentioned earlier are one of these - connecting my identity to that of eels. My lifelong process of queering as a transgender immigrant has been a process of budding out those appendages which will be elaborated further in the following paragraphs. By stating that it was from my side that those limbs grew, I acknowledge that this observation is inevitably human-centred, and it is crucial to understand why humans produced the eel-related knowledge that I referenced. What drove the eel-studies were extremely normative motivations, such as their high commercial value as a food source, or a white male psychologist’s fetish for phallic shapes. My investigation is about appropriating those knowledges into queer narratives, in short, about queering eels.



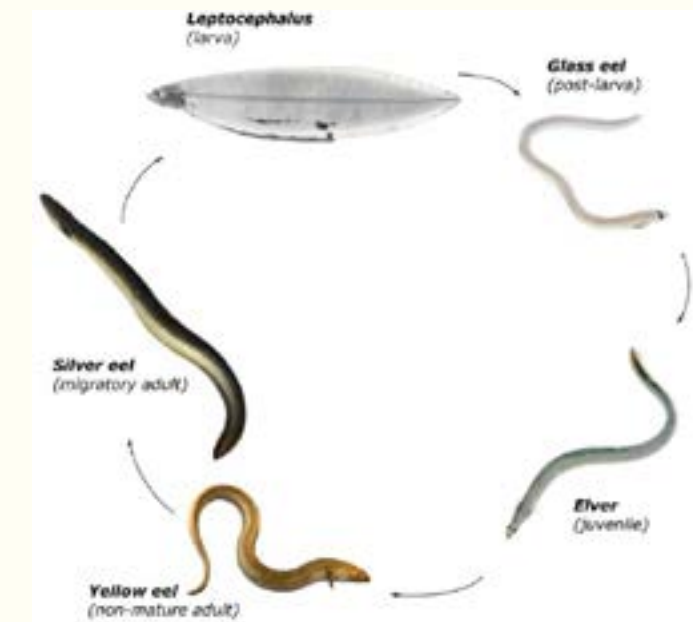
(Image 1)

Eels are immigrants whose existence originates and concludes with acts of migration. Eels are born in the Sargasso Sea, the heart of the Atlantic Ocean, then migrate to Europe and the Americas, travelling back to where they were born to procreate and die. Unlike the straight, fragmented, aimlessly expanding routes of humans, eels have drawn numerous circular paths overlapping, across generations, in the Sargasso Sea.

Eels confront the vastness of the open water by relying on their senses. Eels read the moon, smell the water, feel the ocean currents, and sense Earth’s magnetic field in order to determine in which direction they should face. The paths of eels are traces of their bodily self-orientation. There is no straight line guiding an eel toward its destination, and none of their traces strictly align with one another, only intersecting at their spawning ground, the Sargasso Sea. These paths make them see the world differently. As they travel further down into the sea, the eels’ eye structure begins to change, increasing in size to receive more light. The colour to which their monochrome vision is most sensitive shifts in frequency from green (523 nm) to blue (482 nm) as they descend.

Eels undergo several drastic steps of metamorphosis throughout their life (image 2). Eels, at different stages of growth, were once misinterpreted as different species. Young eels are sometimes called glass eels due to their transparent bodies, and, as they mature, they turn darker as their skin accumulates pigment. The human-made social construct of race, oftentimes arbitrarily assigned based on pigment concentration, cannot function as a rigid category for eel identification, considering they are born ‘white’ and die ‘black’.

Eels can also postpone their own ageing processes, even death, depending on their migration back to their spawning ground. An eel that was caught in a well in Sweden lived for more than 150 years in an immature state since it could not travel. Their perception of time is not ruled by calendars or clocks, but rather, akin to a circular container for contraceptive pills, it is represented by an intricate endocrinological system reacting to how close they are to the moment of having sex and procreating.



(Image 2)

¹ Donna J. Haraway, *When Species Meet* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2008), p. 15.

Eels are sexually immature most of the time, and it is common for them to have undifferentiated or intersex gonads. Their genitals become apparent at the very last stage of life for a one-time use, which made the human obsession with categorising eels’ genitals into binary taxonomic frameworks unsuccessful for a long time. Eels have sex in such an obscure way that no human has ever witnessed their spawning behaviours in nature. It is theorised that eels from all over Europe gather in the Sargasso Sea to have sex as a massive group. Their sexual intercourse is not restricted by monogamous norms, nor are they dependent on physical contact as they use the open water as a medium for spreading sperm and eggs. A newborn eel emerges when a pair from those clouds of reproductive cells encounter one another.

Eels are delicious and therefore a very attractive commodity for humans. This aspect has been the driving force when it comes to investing more resources into eel research. There is a growing urgency for eel studies since there was a sudden and drastic decline in the eel population in the late 1980s, due to reasons that are still unknown but very likely to be anthropogenic. The heightened scarcity of eels sparked ambitious research into eel aquaculture, however, there has yet to be a single successful case of a fly grown artificially inseminated eel that would be attributed to aquaculture.

Eels have a range of senses that coincide with the signals of human disasters. It might not be only humans who perceived the crisis of eels, but also eels that felt the catastrophes of humans. Eels can hear sounds of very low frequencies, lower than 20 Hz, which are referred to as infrasound. Infrasound is emitted from sources of enormous energy, such as sonic booms, nuclear and chemical explosions, and diesel engines. Likewise, the range of electromagnetic waves that eels can perceive includes the frequencies of military submarine communication and emergency radio. The ocean, where eels are born and die, has increasingly been filling with human-made debris, providing more substance than ever for eels to experience the material culture of humans. The realisation that humans are not the only beings with subjectivity who can make observations and ask questions, inspired me to come up with a fictional supposition: Since humans have long been inquisitive about how eels have sex, perhaps eels have also wondered how humans have sex. If so, then how does an eel imagine the sexual intercourses of humans?

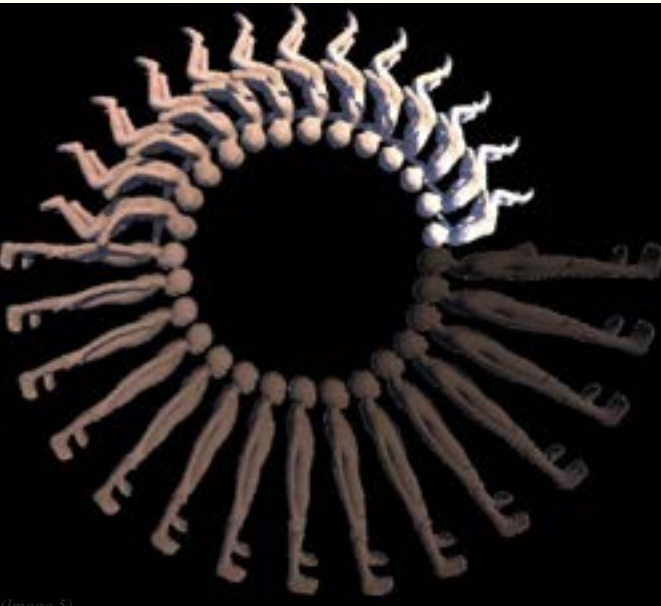
Human speculations about how eels have sex most often reflected their own biases, particularly their binary beliefs on gender, causing hilarious misunderstandings. Aristotle concluded that eels lack sex and that they emerged from earthworms, while Freud dissected more than 400 eels to find their genitals. Because of their elongated shape, eels have been associated with the phallus, despite the fact that there is no phallic involvement in their sexual intercourse. Still, in many cultures eels are regarded as an aphrodisiac, while in some films and pornography, they are treated as extra-large-sized animate dildos (image 3). Similarly, an eel’s speculations are inseparable from its perspective formed by lifelong migration and metamorphosis. The human way of life, interpreted from an eel-centric standpoint, might not align with what you would experience as a human. The eel that I attempted to queer, can become a queering-eel, that cognitively reconstructs the human world by misunderstanding our reproductive lifecycle. So, how do humans have sex?



(Image 3)



(Image 4)



(Image 5)

1. How humans perceive time

A circular plastic case enclosing solid pieces of highly concentrated estradiol is found by eels, intriguing them to speculate about the humans’ bodily perception of time. For eels, time is an endocrinological phenomenon. In this regard, the container is perceived as a timepiece. The circular structure of the container and the numbers indicated on its segments enabled the eels to understand the container as a representation of the human life cycle. Humans have to ingest the hormones contained in it to go to the next phase of their life. Hormones felt the passage of time for both eels and humans.

2. How humans become mature

Eels gain insight into the humans’ pigmentation from PVC stickers with assorted colours ranging from beige to brown. (Image 4) The sticker, with a cotton pad on one side, was supposedly attached to human skin. The colour of the sticker corresponds to the colour of the skin it should be applied on. Similarly to eels, pigments in human skin tissue are concentrated throughout their life; therefore, the older a human is, the darker their skin colour becomes. (Image 5) Seeing that the majority of the stickers are light beige, the eels believe that there is very little chance for humans to survive until old age. The distribution of skin pigmentation – in other words, the distribution of the humans’ ages – is very similar to that of eels, considering their journeys are highly perilous and only a very small portion of eels actually complete their journeys.

3. How human genitals are formed

Eels discovered that there might be an endocrinological correlation between the genital development of eels and humans. They found a plastic case with a paper strip inside containing antibodies that react to human chorionic gonadotropin, the hormone that induces the sexual maturation of male eels. Some eels also reported that their testes were developed after being exposed to human urine. The eels concluded that the formulation of the genitals of eels and humans is triggered by the same hormone, and the paper strip serves to test if the genitalia of a human is mature enough for reproduction. (Image 6)

4. How humans have sex

It was shortly before the era of warmer water that eels started hearing repeated noises of very low frequency. It was later discovered that the sounds were produced by the sexual intercourses of humans. This range of sounds is emitted from sources with enormous energy, such as sonic booms and nuclear explosions, which made the eels understand that it is highly explosive when humans have sex: powerful enough to heat up the ocean.

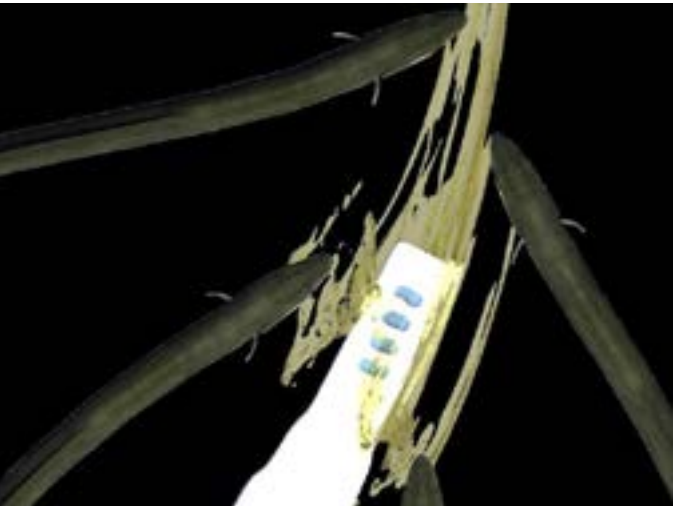
Humans gather at a spawning ground and procreate once their genitals are fully formed. This spawning ground had been confined to seashores because they also rely on water to propagate their gametes, which is extremely inefficient for land animals like humans. Their history has been a continuous process of domesticating water for spawning. The exponential increase in the human population could happen only after humans brought water into inland cities to accommodate large populations having sex. They used standardised fittings that connect hollow metallic cylinders to construct a massive irrigation infrastructure to transport their sperm and eggs. Millions of humans gathered in cities release their reproductive cells all at once in communal sexual intercourse.

5. How humans are born

Eels predict that humans conclude their lives shortly after spawning, while newborn humans emerge from the water through the mixing of reproductive cells. They are released from the irrigation system into the city, where all their parents have spawned and died. (Image 7) The newborns abandon the city soon after in order to start their travels and only return to the city at the end of their lives to reproduce.

6. How humans migrate

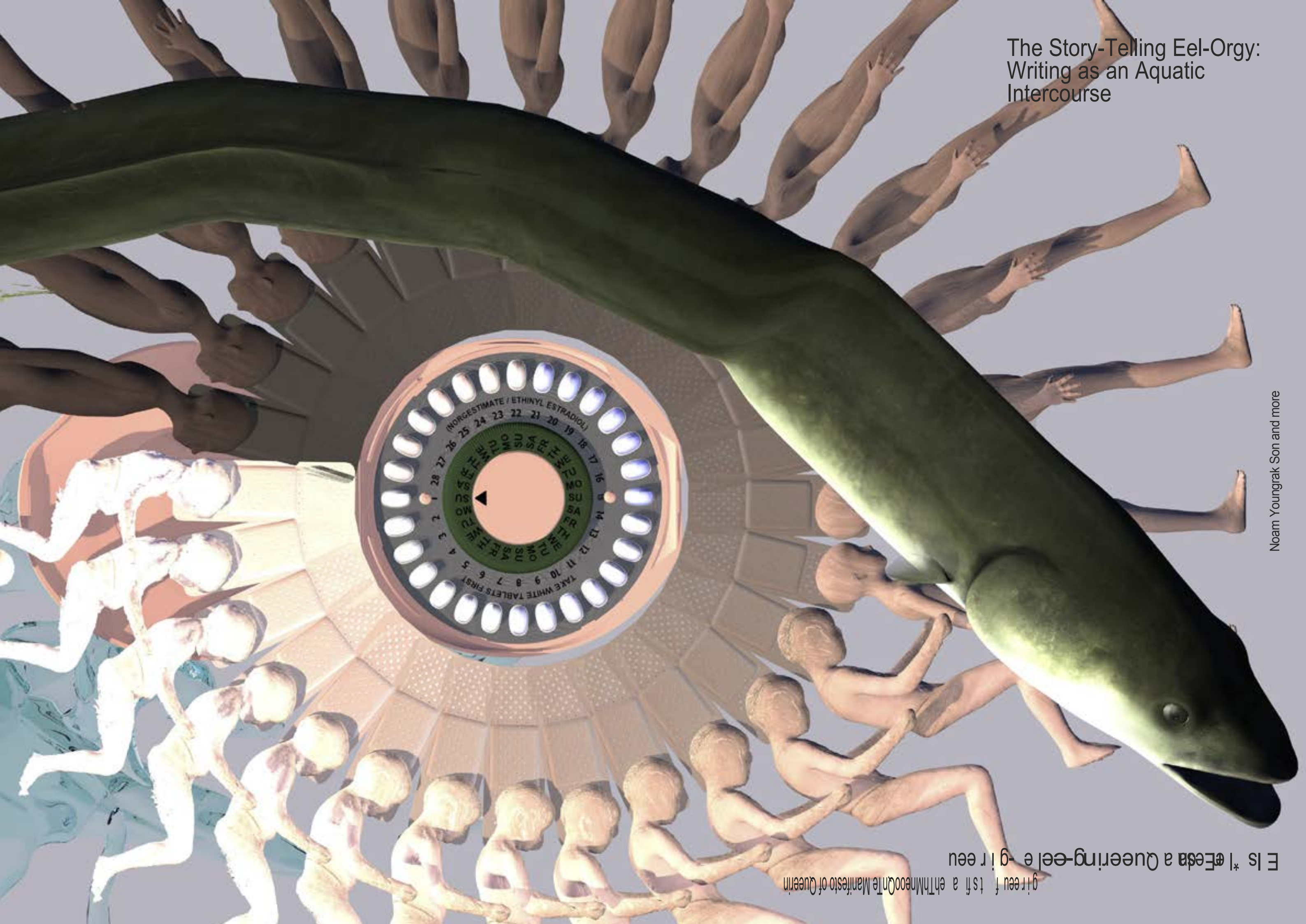
Newborn humans, born in one city, migrate to another city where they eventually have sex and die. Even though human intercourses take place farther from a body of water than ever, 14 of the world’s 17 largest spawning grounds are found along coasts. A significant number of humans travel along coastlines and stop at a certain city to reproduce. The sexual maturation of a human described earlier is triggered only once their movements slow down, and is completed when the journey concludes. It is still unknown what makes a human choose which city they will spawn in, while the age of humans participating in intercourse varies unpredictably. The most popular myth about the human life cycle – that there is a human who tenaciously refuses procreation, living almost immortally in a sexually-immature state, making countless rounds of the continent’s coastlines – is based on the humans’ migratory behaviour, however, it has not yet been ascertained if such a human exists.



(Image 6)



(Image 7)



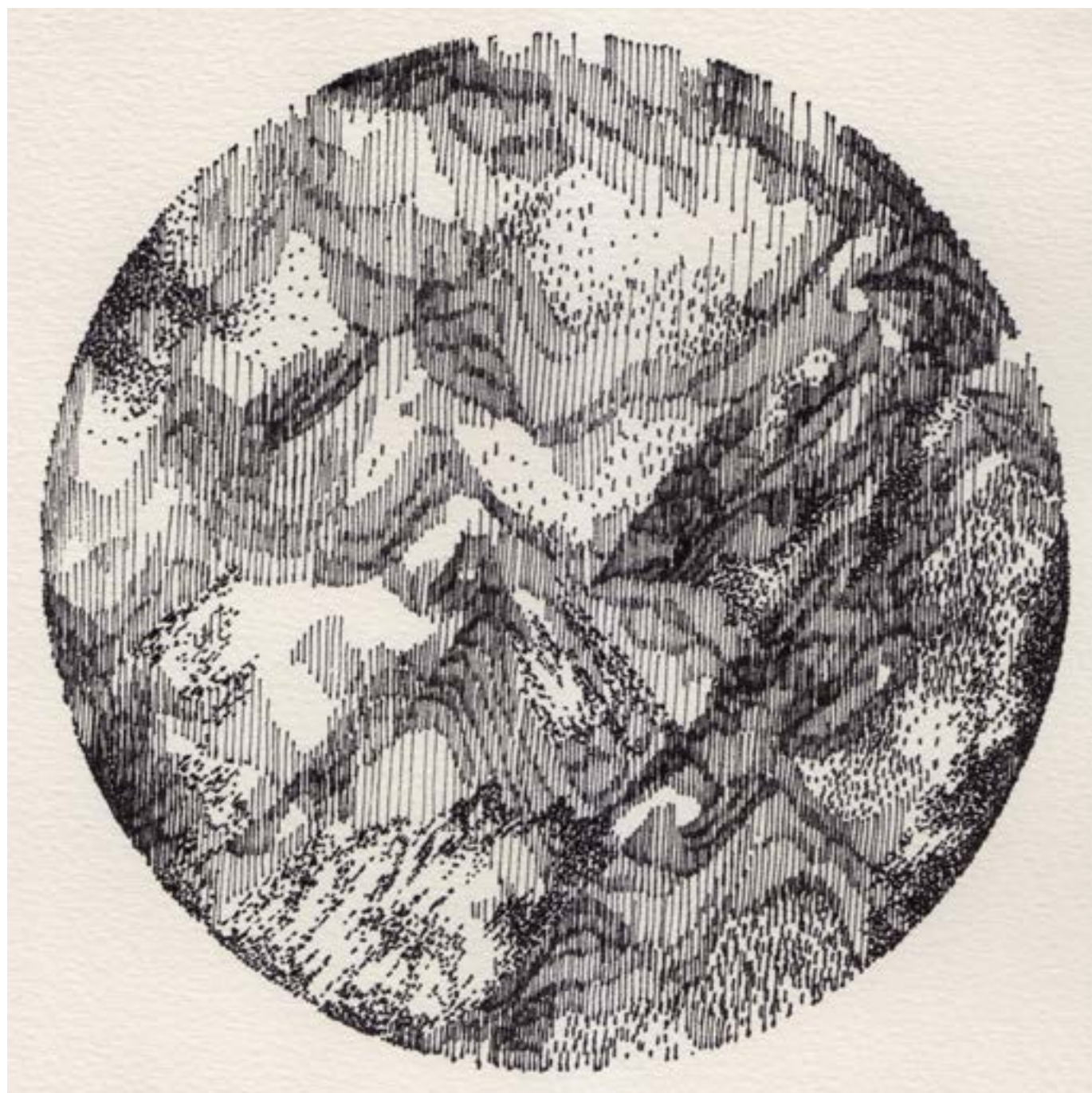
The Story-Telling Eel-Orgy: Writing as an Aquatic Intercourse

E is *! eEeda a Queering-eel e -g i r eu
g i r eu f t s f i a e h T h M n e o o Q n T e M a n i f e s t o o f Q u e e r i n

Noam Youngrak Son and more

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THE POLISH CLEANING LADY IN ANTWERP - A MIGRANT, A POLE, AND A WOMAN IN (DIS)PLACEMENT

Ideologies of diversity behind the stereotype

(This article is based on qualitative data obtained through ethnographic fieldwork conducted in Antwerp between September 2021 and March 2022 in the context of my master's thesis project)

Poles represent one of the largest minority groups in Antwerp, being the third-largest nationality in the city. Migrations from Poland to Belgium expanded greatly in the 21st century, especially after 1991, when Polish tourists were no longer required to obtain a travel visa to enter the country. Another peak took place in 2004, which is the year Poland accessed the EU, and subsequently, in 2006, when Poles were legally not yet allowed to take up employment in Belgium but could apply for the so-called *knelpuntberoepen*, certain positions which were particularly hard to fill. Among the sectors, construction and domestic work were one of the most prevalent ones, which is why a significant number of Polish immigrants ended up in those jobs.

Today, the population of Poles in Antwerp is highly diversified, and yet the stereotype of the Polish cleaning lady keeps on being (re)produced, causing all women of Polish origin to be associated with this sector. The question arises whether this is solely a matter of overrepresentation, or if other factors favour the perpetuation of this stereotype. By uncovering the answers to these questions, what comes forth are categorizations, discriminations, and double standards that Polish women face daily, but which are not always visible at first sight. As became apparent throughout my fieldwork, there are certain dominant ideologies of diversity in place that at the same time sustain and justify several fixed categorizations that Polish women are almost predestined to end up in. A migrant, a Pole, and a woman. Three relatively broad categories, but when they intersect and come together, we will end up with an equation that will unlock the key to understanding the persistence of the image of the Polish cleaning lady.

A MIGRANT

Will a person in displacement always be a migrant? Is a person working in construction a migrant to the same extent as the CEO of a multinational? Will migration mean the same to a person doing the dishes in a restaurant, as to the finance manager of an EU institution? Although there are various definitions of the terms 'migrant' and 'expat', it is usually the former whose human capital will lose value upon arrival to Belgium and end up working in a low-paid position. In many parts of the world, migrants are needed for the filling of 'undesired' jobs, such as construction, house cleaning, or agriculture (Piore 1979; Rubery and Piasna 2017). One of the main arguments that rationalise this 'suitability' of migrants for such professions is the fact that they do not speak the official language of the country, in this case,

Dutch. Nonetheless, foreign workers pertaining to the ‘expat’ group do not need to pass those same criteria. It would be acceptable for a diplomat not to speak Dutch, yet for a Polish woman wanting to work in a sandwich store or a flower shop, it is an absolute necessity. Most of the Polish participants of my research have, after having spent more than 20 years in Antwerp, learned Dutch to communicate easily on an everyday basis. This is why the shift from language knowledge has now shifted to their accent, with shop employers claiming that they do not sound ‘native enough’. Not to mention that housecleaning is still considered to be work that does not produce any value (Mezzadri 2019), so even after 25 years of labour, hard and soft skill development, and work commitment, Polish cleaning ladies will encounter barriers keeping them from advancing and growing in their professional life.

A POLE

Why is it that in Antwerp a cleaning lady is associated with a Pole, and Poles are associated with cleaning or construction? What is the justifier for this identification of Polish people? What comes into the picture is the question of race, nationality, and ethnicity. A juxtaposition of Poles versus other national or ethnic migrant groups forms the basis of the ideological regime of diversity that puts Poles in a seemingly privileged position. Belgium and Poland are European countries, but the East/West divide persists in many aspects, which is why the phenomenon of ‘peripheral whiteness’ (Safuta 2018) comes out to create the ideal conditions for maintaining the division. The privilege of Polish women in Antwerp lies in the fact that, just like Belgians, they are from a European country with a similar religious background, and they have the same skin colour. Due to these factors, they are seen in a more positive light than, for instance, Moroccan cleaning ladies, who are often believed to have a different lifestyle and habits than Belgian women, which will impede the establishment of a friendly relationship with them. What is at play here is a position of simultaneous privilege and subordination experienced by white migrants originating from non-Western countries (Safuta 2018: 218). Polish women are similar, yet different just to the right extent to be placed ‘lower’ than Belgians, but ‘higher’ than other nationalities. The similarities will allow for less ‘cultural tensions’ between the cleaning lady and their client, but it is this ‘Polishness’, or ‘Easter-Europeanness’ that reminds us of the power dynamics between the West and the ‘rest’.

A WOMAN

Women have historically performed housework without receiving any compensation, which is why until today the idea of ‘wagelessness’ of housework persists (Federici 1975). The value of cleaning and other tasks performed within a household are not recognized as worthy of a salary. This is also why the skills a cleaning lady develops over the years, such as being communicative and social, time management, and working in a multicultural environment, are not acknowledged. To a large degree, there are common

beliefs that household tasks are women’s natural and obvious obligations, thus, there is no need for compensation (Ibid). What is also not taken into consideration is the way jobs such as house cleaning enable the social advancement and reproduction of those whom the labour is performed for (Ferguson 2017). The work of cleaning ladies is often appreciated by the clients they work for, but at the same time, they belong to one of the most financially unappreciated jobs. Household work as well as other socially reproductive activities are still excluded as having real value and an adequate wage (Mezzadri 2019).

(DIS)PLACEMENT

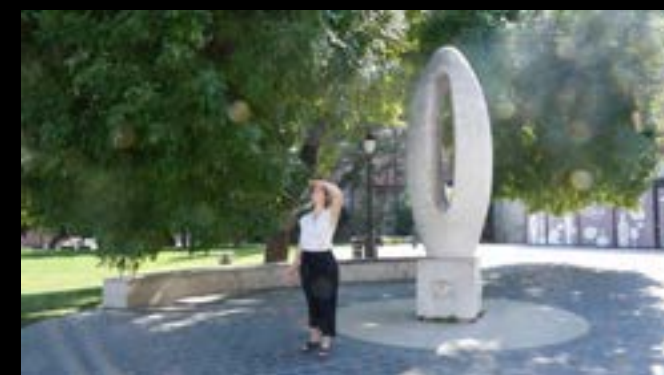
These three discussed categories constitute the keys to understanding how the stereotype of the Polish cleaning lady is being reproduced and what impact it has on the trajectories of Polish women in Antwerp. It is when these classifications intersect that the conditions for an ideology of unequal diversity are created and the power relations in play are exposed. The trajectory that a displacement from Poland to Belgium causes for these women is preconditioned by factors such as their migration route, nationality, and gender. In this case, the outcome of their displacement is, de facto, a placement. They are placed in the category of migrant, Pole, and woman. They are placed in the one employment opportunity that is destined for them and they encounter barriers when trying to leave it. Women working in the sector of domestic service deserve an adequate wage, as well as equal access to opportunities and possibilities for advancement. No matter the nationality, religion, gender, age, or language they speak, it is time to recognize the immense value of their work and let them decide about their fate.

Wiktorja Cacace

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برای پایتخت می‌نوایسم - دور بماند نوشتن‌ها از دلتنگی‌های همیشگی -

عتراف می‌کنم بیشتر از هر قشری ، به آدم‌های ساکن پایتخت نگاه کرده‌ام. با این حال خوب چهره‌هایشان در خاطرم می‌ماند و طعم آشناییشان بر دهانم مزه نمی‌کند.

درست عکس نگاه صیادهای شنبه بازار که خارج ز تفکیکشان همگی به چشمم یگانه و بیگانه کم‌ترید. هیچ اعصاب ندارید این پایتخت نشین‌ها . خد قبول کند چشمشان بری روزی به دریا که نیست . تلاطم امواج اشک از گونه‌هایشان که راه می‌اندازد گوشت‌بخورده‌ها هم که هوس گوشت خوردن نمی‌کنند . بعید می‌دانم دلشان هوای دریا کند ، پوسنشان باران بخواهد و چشمشان کوه و کمر سبز طلب کند . به این جریبات رایج هوایی عادت دارند به گمانم . راست شکمشان را می‌گیرند ، صبح‌ها از پایین کمر ولیعصر ، کنار جوی ، چوب درون آب می‌اندازند ، کودگانه زیر سایه‌ی درخت‌های ولیعصر شمای - اگر به آنجا برسند ، تا پایین دماغ دماوند پیش می‌روید روزی جمع می‌کنند . حوالی جام‌جم عجیب بوی رطوبت می‌آید . من از دریا آمده همیشه آنجا لنگر می‌اندام ، ت دم‌های شب می‌نشینم ، پاهایم را نا هر کجا عمق آب اجازه دهد درون آب فرو می‌کنم . گاهی سردی ش عمق استخوانم را شیرین به درد می‌ورد. لرزی به تنم می‌افتد . به دور و بر نگاه می‌کنم . خدا را شکر پایتخت‌نشین‌ها هیچ به کارت کد ندارند. گرگ و پر ریخته‌ام را جمع می‌کنم ، چشمم به مهن کنار جوی می‌افتد ، هی دل‌دل می‌کنم بادپن بلند کنم از راه جوی اگر راه داشنه باشد به دریای حزر برسم. یاد حرف دوستم می‌افتم. می‌گفت : « این نهرهای پایتخت گمانم به باتلاق گاوخوبی می‌رسند.»

بر دلم سنگینی می‌ند این حرف. درست مثل نگاه آدم‌های ساکن پایتخت.

عتراف می‌کنم ، بیشتر از هر قشری ، به من نگاه کرده‌اند. گاهی چشم در چشم هم می‌شویم ، همچنین زل می‌زیم نوی چشم یکدیگر نگار چند سال است نگاه از هم دریغ کرده بودیم - خدا وکیلی چند روزی که ناخیر می‌افتد دم بنا می‌کند به دلشوره رفتن - که تکلیف رابطه‌ی آن دختر چشم‌ابرو مشکی که به نظر می‌رسد هم سن و سال‌های خودم باشد ، با جاری‌اش چگونه شد؟! آخرین چیزهایی که شنیدم همه زیر سر فروشنده‌ی مترو بود. تا چشمش به لباس شب‌هایی کرد که به تن او نشسته بود و به تن جاری‌اش چرا!

آزادی پیاده شد.

چند روزی پیش از رفتنم - دیگر دوستش می‌آمد ، چیزی نمی‌گفت من هم پیگیر می‌شدم . و لا به من چه مربوط باز شهرستانی بازی در بیاورم جویای احوالاتش شوم؟ حال و حوصله‌اش ر هم نداشتم ، زید چشم نازک می‌کرد . حیف فروشنده‌ی مترو نبود؟! نا من را ز دور می‌دید زود جست میزد تا قطار بعدی بیامده من داستان پدر جدش را هم فهمیده بودم . از دور که می‌دیدمش به رسم پی‌حوصستگی‌های واگیردار پایتخت می‌خودم را به این راه و اون راه می‌زد . راه کج می‌کردم بکند در یو در بایستی احساس کند اگر امروز پی‌ام ر نگیرد دلخور می‌شوم. فیده داشت. همچنین عجیب احساس تکلیف می‌کرد. این تکلیفش برای من هم بد نبود. گاهی سر می‌جیاندم بین جمعیت پیدایش کم نشینم حسایی برایش از دیار حرف بزفم دلم از دلتنگی رسوا نشود ، بگویم آخر ین آرزو بود انتخاب کردم؟ بازیگری هم شد نان و آب؟ آخر جا قحط بود؟

این همه بستر برای رشد ، چرا آمده‌ام پایتخت؟ هیچ این موقع‌ها پیدایش نمی‌شد . بهتر، می‌شنید، می‌گفتم، که چی؟ فرقی هم در اصل داستان داشت مگر؟ اصرار می‌کردم اول مهر باران می‌بارید؟ گیریم که باران هم می‌بارید . همش گشاد گشاد - هر صد متر یک قطره بزور می‌آمد - بوی خاکش هم ، همچین دلخوشکنک نبود - ولی از هیچی که بهتر بود. اصلا باز داشتم تخس بازی در می‌آوردم. همیشه همین طوری می‌کنم . پای این پایتخت که وسط می‌آید بچه بازی‌ام گل می‌کند . به پایتخت نشین‌ها چه اصلا ، دلخوری را برای آن‌ها آورده‌ام . خودشان هزار و یک دردرس بزرگ دارند ناسلامتی . بیخودی سر شهرزاد را درد می‌آوردم که چی . شب کلافه می‌شد با نی‌اش نمی‌توانست بازی کند. نمی‌آمد. یک هفته‌ای بود سر پی‌اش می‌گرداندم. راستش اواخر کمی دلواپش شدم. گفتم خدایی نکرده نی‌اش چیزی نشده باشد ، آخر، زود دنیا آمده بود ، به زور دعا زنده نگه داشته بودندش . توی همین فکرها بودم که دوستش را دیدم . هیچ نفهمیدم این کلمات از دهانم کی بیرون جست گفتم : " این دوست شما بود زیورآلات می‌فروخت ، می‌خواستم ازش خرید کنم هی پی‌اش می‌گردم نیست . " گفت: " کی؟ شهرزاد را می‌گویی؟ من هم خوب خبرش را ندارم. گوش‌اش هم خاموش است . " داشت بزور خودش را درون مترو جا می‌داد گفت: " همین روزها سر و کله اش پیدا می‌شود . " قطار که رفت تازه فهمیدم جا مانده‌ام . همین روزها که چه عرض کنم، یک ماهی گذشت. داشت کم‌کم فراموش می‌شد . دیدم انتهای واگن زنانه‌ی سمت چپ ، یکی هم قدوقاره‌ی شهرزاد نشسته . مترو خوب خلوت بود. رفتم سمتش . انعکاس صدای پایم همچین درون تونل می‌رفت و برمی‌گشت. انگار کدام از وطن دور مانده‌ای از راه می‌رسد . همه نگاه می‌کردند . شهرزاد ؛ اگر همان دختر سابق بود ، از تکاپو افتاده بود، سر بلند نمی‌کرد. نزدیک شدم . " شهرزاد! حالت چگونه دختر ؟ - مسخره بود اگر بهش می‌گفتم نگرانش شده‌ام، چه طور می‌خواست باور کند؟- گفتم بیشتر از یک ماه هست نیستی خدایی نکرده چیزی که نشده؟" بی هیچ حرف و نگاهی گفت : " خرید می‌خواستی بکنی؟ بچه‌ها که بودند " . انگار هیچ مرا نمی‌شناخت. راست می‌گفت بچه‌ها که بودند . به روی خودم نیاوردم دلخور شده‌ام . آخر کدام آدم عاقلی در موقعیت من دلخور می‌شد. آشنا که نبودیم، خبر دلم را هم که نداشت و نگاهش برابم شبیه صیادهای شنبه بازار بود- به روی خودم نمی‌آوردم. گفتم : "آره از آن گیره رنگی‌ها ... " . خودم هم نمی‌شنیدم دیگر چه می‌گفتم مترو با حجم عظیمی از صدا آمد. بیگانگی نگاهش بر دلم سنگینی می‌کرد . سنگین‌تر از نگاه آنها که هرگز آشنا نبوده‌اند . دیگر دلم نمی‌خواست با مترو بیایم. تصمیم را گرفته بودم که مامور مترو آمد وسایلشان را بگیرد. چشم چرخاندم ببینم شهرزاد کجاست؟ دیدم وسایلش را که گرفته اند، انگار از خدا خواسته همان جا نشسته روی زمین گریه می‌کند، که مترو رفت درون سیاهی ... دوستش در رفته بود، در واگن ما بود، گفت " حال نی‌اش باز بد شده ... " فردا آمدم پی‌اش را بگیرم. دیگر نیامد ... بگذار باور کنم نشسته خانه با نی‌اش بازی می‌کند ... فردا یک مهر است - خدا کند باران بیاید.

انتهای شهریور ۱۳۹۳



IF I GROW UP...



I WANT TO BE A DOCTOR



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SCÈNE 1: RAPUNZEL BLOEDT OP HAAR BENEN

Ri: HEB JE PIJN RAPUNZEL? JE LIGT ALSMAAR OVER JE BENEN
TE WRIJVEN.

RA: ZIJN WE ER BIJNA? IK DENK DAT IK MOET PLASSEN

Ri: MOET JE OF WIL JE?

RA: GA GEWOON AAN DE KANT RISJAAR!

Ri: SEG MAAR JOUW STOEL HANGT VOL MET ROOD SPUL.

RA: *UIT DE VERTE* JA DAT IS...

Ri: EN JE BENEN HANGEN VOL BLOED. BEN JE NU AAN
HET BLOEDEN?

RA: JA VOOR DE EERSTE KEER.

Ri: WE RIJDEN NAAR EEN TANKSTATION.

RA: IK KAN TOCH ZO NIET IN DIE AUTO STAPPEN?

Ri: DE AUTO IS TOCH AL VUIL. HET IS TROUWENS NIET
DE MIJNE.

RA: *STAPT IN DE AUTO* HET DOET PIJN.

Ri: WAAR DOET HET PIJN? IK ZAL ER EEN KUSJE
OP GEVEN.

HHH000000
NEE!

RAPUNZEL,
JE BENT AAN
HET BLOEDEN
OP JE BENEN

JA IK VOEL DAT,
HET IS VOOR
DE EERSTE
KEER

IK KAN ZO
NIET TERUG
IN DIE AUTO

DOE NIET ZO
VADERLIJK
RISJAAR.

WE ZOEKEN
EEN TANK-
STATION. KOM
NAAR DE
AUTO. HIJ IS
TOCH AL
BESCHETEN.
ALÉ HUP.



RA: JE BENT VIES.

Ri: WAT ZIT JE NU WEER ZO TE WRIJVEN OVER DIE BENEN
VAN JE?

RA: IK HEB GROEIPIJN.

Ri: JE BENT HIER NET OP MIJN AUTOZETEL DE PUBERTIJP
IN GEVALLEN. JIJ HEBT GEEN GROEIPIJNEN.

RA: TOEH, IK HEB GROEIPIJNEN. NIET DEGENE WAARVAN JE
WENEND OVER JE BENEN LIGT TE WRIJVEN OMDAT JE
NIET WEEET WAT ER GEBEURT MAAR EEN ANDERE
PIJN.

Ri: WIL JE NIET MEER NAAR BERLIJN?

RA: NEE HET IS IETS ANDERS. IK DENK DAT IK DE WERELD HAAT.

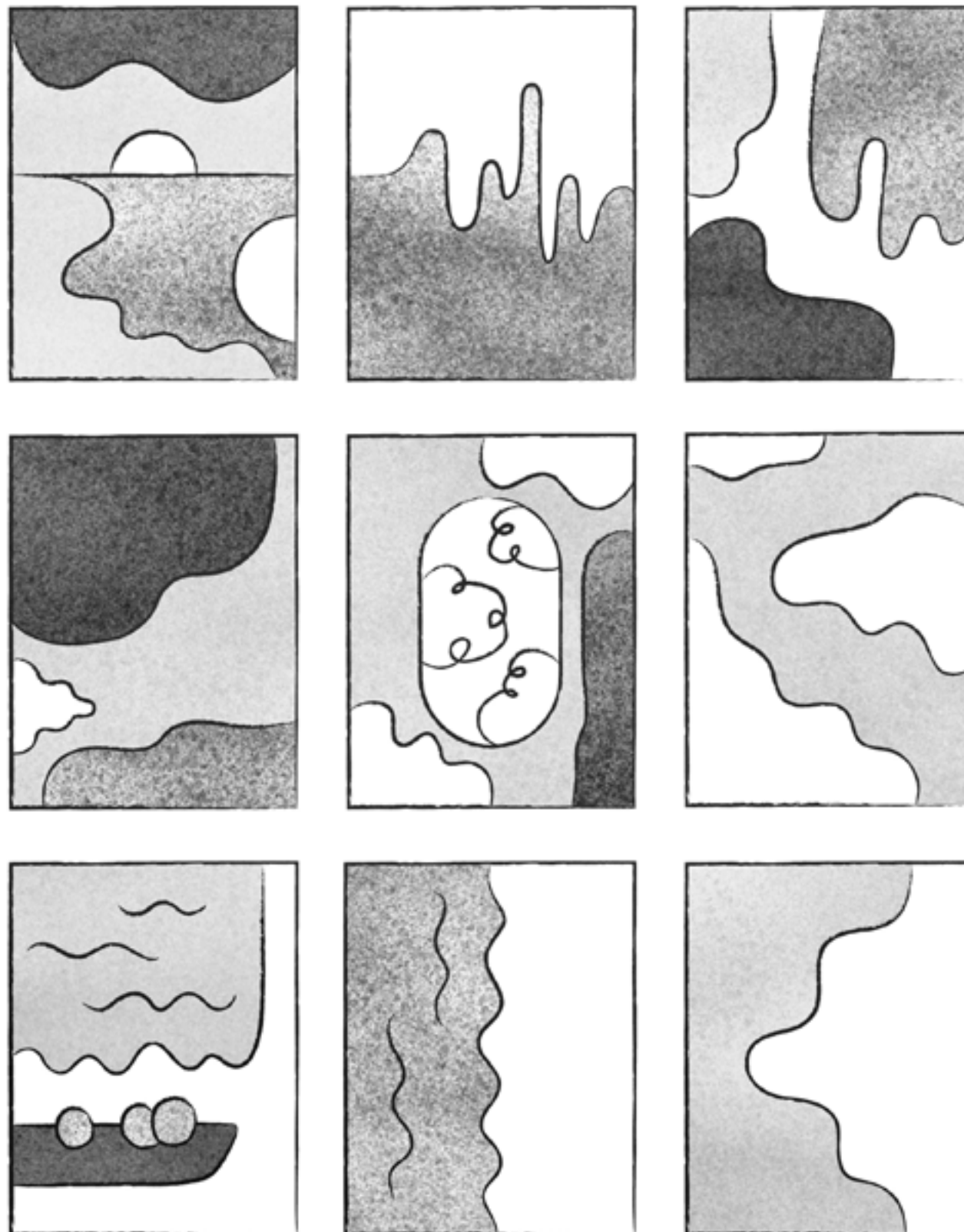
Ri: OMDAT JE AAN HET BLOEDEN BENT?

RA: JA,

Ri: WE ZIJN BIJ HET TANKSTATION, WE LOSSEN DAT BLOEDEN
NU OP.

RA: *DE PINKERS PINKEN* GA JIJ?

Ri: JUIST IK GA AL.



The Rabbit Hole: Een Verticale Ontheemding
Sebastien Bovie

'Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting
by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing
to do.'

*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and
Through the Looking-Glass*
Lewis Carroll – pag. 155

Wanneer worden we daadwerkelijk uit onze omgeving getrokken? Wat is onze oorspronkelijke omgeving? Er is een vreemde afstand ten opzichte van de ontheemde. We denken dat deze mensen zich nu eenmaal in de marge bevinden. Ze waren een deel van hun vertrekpunt, en zitten nu in een vage zone, letterlijk maar ook figuurlijk ten opzichte van het individu. Die veronderstelling van de ontheemde, ten opzichte van diegene die nog niet ontzet is, is me een teleurstellende kijk. Ons taalgebruik doet ons vermoeden dat de afstand tussen de twee individuen onoverbrugbaar is. Het is alsof de dwaler vervreemd is van de plaats waarop die zich dat moment bevindt.

Alice's verveling is het begin van een epos in de fantasievlucht van een zevenjarige. Ze is niet de enige die door een soort mentale rollercoaster van hypothesen gaat in een moment van verveling, in een moment tussen activiteiten door. Alice wordt door verveling geconfronteerd met haar onvermogen niet te kunnen zijn waar ze misschien wilt zijn. Ze moet op zoek gaan naar een constructie van een *thuis* waar tijdsbeleving anders is. Het is dan ook in het wachten, in de verveling, dat we de tijd nog werkelijk beleven, aldus Bergson in *Time and Free Will*.

Zo ontstaat er een nieuwe ruimte. In haar mijneren, wordt Alice geconfronteerd met haar ontheemding en bevindt ze nu tussen twee plaatsen.

'Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs.'

ibid. pag. 157

The Rabbit Hole: A Vertical Displacement
Sebastien Bovie

'Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting
by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing
to do.'

*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and
Through the Looking-Glass*
Lewis Carroll – pag. 155

When are we pulled out of our environment? What is our environment? A skewed connotation exists towards the term of the displaced. We assume that these people now find themselves and belong to the societal margins. They were a part of their starting point, yet are now in a vague space, literally as much as figuratively pertaining to the idea of the individual. This idea of the displaced as opposed to someone who is still anchored in their environment is rather disappointing. Through our language, we make it seem that the distance between these two individuals is insurmountable. It is a view where we assume that the wandering individual is estranged from the place where they find themselves at that time.

Alice's boredom is the origin of this epos of fantasy-flight, rooted in a 7-year-old's world. She is not the only one finding herself on a mental rollercoaster of hypotheses, rooted in a moment of boredom. It takes being bored, so that Alice is faced with her inability to be or do what she might desire. She has to search for a construction of the emotional *Homely*, where the duration of time differs from that of boredom. It is only waiting and boredom, that we are confronted with the inability to change time, thus Bergson in *Time and Free Will*.

Through this act, a distinct space emerges. As she muses about, Alice is confronted with her own displacement and finds herself in between origin and destination.

'Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs.'

ibid. pag. 157

Ze valt. 'Down the rabbit hole.' Deze afdaling wordt op zich al beschreven als een ruimte. Foto's aan de wanden, planken met servies en boekenkasten. Ik kan me dan ook enkel voorstellen dat deze planken met boeken gevuld zijn met titels die aansporen tot het internaliseren van de belevenis. Een lijst met potentiële titels:

- Confessiones door Augustinus
- Praktikos door Evagrius Ponticus
- Een toen actuele versie van Aquino
- Kierkegaard en Hegel als voorlopers van Alice's leven (aangezien het geschreven is in 1865, en Alice is 7, zou dat willen zeggen dat Hegel nog maar ongeveer 25 jaren dood is)
- Enzovoort

Zelfs in haar afdaling is er haast geen enkele interactie. Haar verplaatsing, ondanks het surreële decor, maakt haar zo passief dat ze een dutje doet. Het wachten van Alice wordt een ruimte, niet enkel in de fysieke zin van het woord, maar als ook – en belangrijker – in de zin van een mentale beleving.

Die afdaling krijgt maar enkele pagina's toegewezen in het boek. We zijn dan ook zo gefixeerd op ons vertrekpunt en onze bestemming, dat elk moment daartussen een verwaarloosbaar iets lijkt. Een noodzakelijke opvulling tot het uiteindelijke doel te bereiken. Deze obsessie, haast hypnotisch, met van A naar B gaan, moet niet letterlijk gezien worden. Het individu in het heden, die intern terugblijkt of vooruitdijkt, is evenzeer een verplaatsing. A en B worden minder concreet. A en B worden een vage tussenzone, een verplaatsing die rust op een vorm van zelfreflectie.

Dit is geen tenenkrommend pleidooi voor een leven 'in the moment'. Eerder aantonen dat we als individu in deze maatschappij, ook zelf ontheemd worden. Als ontheemd worden betekent dat we geen plek meer hebben die we thuis kunnen noemen, dat we dwalen en zoeken naar de veiligheid van het huiselijke... Dan kunnen we stellen dat velen hier intern naar op zoek zijn in een tijd van alsmat grotere onrust – zijnde dit veroorzaakt door de neoliberale markt, ecologische of sociale hindernissen, eenzaamheid en blijvende doelloosheid. Onze concrete omgeving is niet onze thuis te noemen, door de afstand ontstaan door individuele en sociaal maatschappelijke ontwikkelingen. We kunnen enkel nog intern zoeken.

Alice vindt dan ook haar toevluchtsoord, een fantasie-wereld met absurdistische personages en landschappen. Deze mentale refuge is wat we zouden kunnen stellen, een perfect voorbeeld van de fantasievlucht in de psychoanalyse. Namelijk het opzoeken van een mentale plek van vei-

She falls. 'Down the rabbit hole.' This descent is described as a defined space. Pictures, shelves, and books illustrate society's slow disappearance as she dwindles into unconsciousness. I can only imagine that these books consist of titles that are committed to the internalisation of the individual. A list with potential titles:

- Confessiones by Augustine
- Praktikos by Evagrius Ponticus
- A then common day revision of Aquino's work
- Renaissance philosophers like Montaigne, Descartes and Voltaire
- Titles of both Kierkegaard and Hegel as early predecessors to Alice's life (as the book is published in 1865, and Alice is 7, that would mean Hegel would've been dead for just 25-ish years)
- And so on

Even in her descent, there is next to no interaction. Her displacement, even though the surreal scenery, renders her passive and in a way indifferent to the extent that she decides to nap. The wait of Alice becomes a space, not just in the physical sense of the word, but as well – and much more importantly – the sense of a mental experience.

Only a couple of pages of the book are dedicated to this fall. Obviously, as we are so fixed on our starting point and destination, every moment in between is negligible. A necessary in achieving the eventual goal. This obsession with going from A to B that occurs in a nearly hypnotic state of mind should not be seen in just the literal sense. The individual in the present, looking inward and reflecting is as much of a displacement. A and B become less defined. In the end, the space between A and B serve as an expansive liminal room built on the act of self-reflection.

Bare in mind, this is no plea for a cringeworthy *living-in-the-moment* attitude. Yet it is a reflection of the fact that an individual embedded in their 'original' society is displaced themselves.

If being displaced means that we have lost our original place, that we wander and attempt to find a reminiscence of the homely... Then it is no stretch to state the individual wanders in his mind, now more than often, rooted in distress caused by a rising disquiet (be it by the neoliberal market, ecological or social obstacles, loneliness and apparent meaninglessness...). Our seemingly concrete environment can not be called our home, as individual and social-cultural developments caused an inevitable distance. If there is a place to look, it is one that is found by looking inward.

Alice eventually finds her refuge, a fantasy world with absurdist characters and landscapes. This mental shelter is what we could state a perfect example of this flight into fantasy according to psychoanalysis. Namely the search of a

ligheid. In die zin kan de val gezien worden als een val in het onderbewuste. Omringd door wanden met voorwerpen van sociaal-culturele waarde, lijkt de tussenruimte waar ze moet wachten tot de grond, de optimale plaats voor een confrontatie met zichzelf.

Uiteindelijk (spoiler alert) wenst Alice na een haast traditionele structuur van een heldenepos terug te gaan naar haar zus. Ze wenst terug te gaan naar de oorsprong van het verhaal, en de daarbij onvermijdelijke verveling. De fantasievlucht is eindig wegens zijn onvermogen de ontheemde een nieuwe thuis te geven. Hoewel de tijd er anders loopt, opmerkelijk trager, hunkert ze naar de werkelijkheid.

Het hoofdpersonage komt, onvermijdelijk, tot de vaststelling dat er geen thuis meer is. Niet in de werkelijkheid in het gras onder de zon, niet in de fantasiewereld. Nu heerst er enkel een tussenin.

Een tussenin waarin het individu van de 21ste eeuw maar al te vaak mee geconfronteerd wordt. Misschien omdat we, als Alice, op zoek gaan naar een mentale eindbestemming van veiligheid en thuishoren. Maar we worden geconfronteerd met de obscuriteit en tegelijkertijd de ambiguïteit ervan. Als kind, met nog in beperkte mate gedefinieerde maatschappelijke context, kan er een wereld van absurditeit en vrijheid ontstaan. Alice heeft namelijk weinig weet van Hegeliaanse theorie omtrent *signifiant* en *signifié*. Ze stelt met enthousiasme het regeerschap van de monarchie in Wonderland in vraag. Maar wat is dan ons (werkelijk) eigen idee van de eindbestemming?

De idee dat de ontheemde die ergens toekomt, al zoekend, zo verschillend is met onszelf is verwerpelijk. Het moment dat we in onszelf keren, kritisch kijken naar onze positie en onze zelfontwikkeling als individu ook als een van A naar B zien... Dan lijkt het me dat velen van ons aan het dwalen zijn. Wanneer komen we onszelf tegen, in verticale gangen, gevuld met meubilair en boeken die haast onbegrijpbaar zijn geschreven? Want het is zo dat ons vertrekpunt waar we terug naar hunkeren, noch onze eindbestemming, plaatsen zijn die we op een kaart kunnen terugvinden.

mental space that gives a sense of safety for the apparent danger of the outside. In the extent of psychoanalysis, one might state that her decent is one into the subconscious. Surrounded by those walls filled with objects of social-cultural standing, the in-between where she waits until her landing, is the optimal moment to confront her Self.

Even after going through a traditionally structured epic, Alice desires (spoiler alert) to return to her sister in the meadow. Her desire is to retrace her steps to the origin of the story, a moment that is rooted in boredom. The fantasy-flight is finite due to its inability to shelter the displaced in a new space that is based on homeliness. Although time moves noticeably slower in wonderland, it cannot stop her desire for the real.

The main character concludes, inevitably, that there is no more home. It is not to be found in the grass under a radiating sun, nor in her refuge of fantasy. As the story ends, there is only the reign of the in-between.

That in-between is what the 21st century individual is constantly being confronted with. Just as Alice, we long for a mental landscape that radiates a sense of belonging and safety. Yet we face the obscurity and ambiguity of that destination. As a child, there is a still limited influence by societal standards, expectations and responsibilities that allow for the construction of an absurd and seemingly free alternate world. Alice has no knowledge of the Hegelian theory of *signifier* and *signified*. Without any hesitation, she destabilizes the ruling of the hierarchy of Wonderland. Yet, what has become of our own idea of a destination?

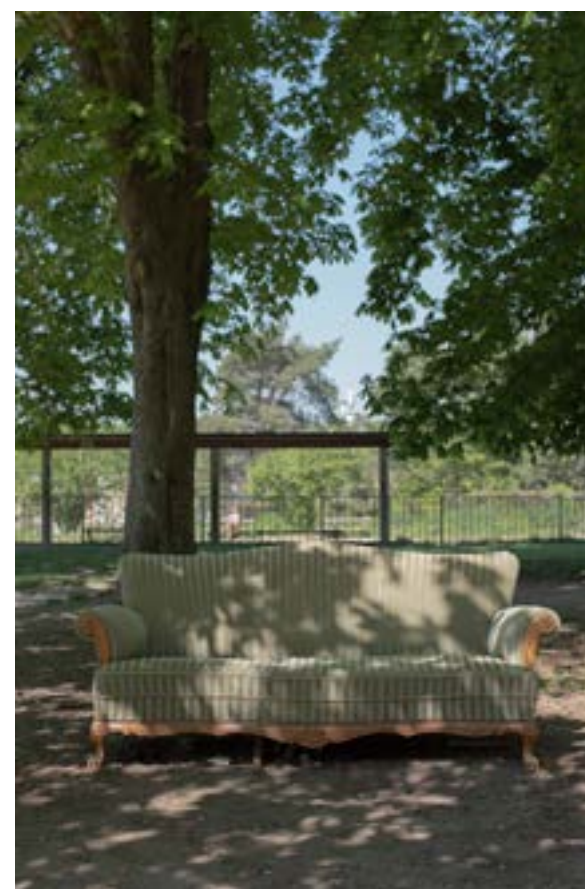
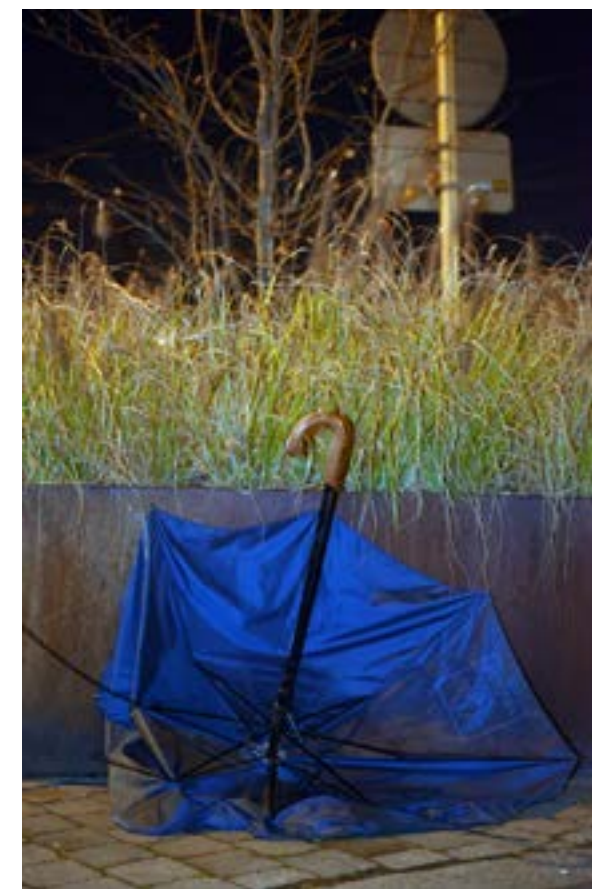
The displaced arrives somewhere and the 'original inhabitant' observes them searching, a seemingly clear difference arises. A difference that is reprehensible. The moment we turn inward, reflect critically of our own position and development as an individual going from A to B in the aspect of time... Then it seems that many of us are displaced. When will we confront ourselves, in vertical corridors filled with furniture and books that are nearly incomprehensible (looking at you Hegel)? Because it is our starting point nor our destination, which we all seemingly long for... that is untraceable on a map.

While traveling, the body is in a state of in-between. Yesterday and today, here and there, one hour earlier or later, day or night don't matter during a journey. Well, at least not to me. One way always has a departure and an arrival. But still, if we go abroad, we only talk about leaving and returning. What about the time of arrival? Actually, it's not arrival. I'm looking for a stronger word. Something that describes the calming body while it is acclimatizing.

This feeling will be displaced by arrival-mood when you start to discover. Maybe you have pictured and looked at your current location with the help of google-earth. Maybe you knew its history already upon arrival. But what do you really know? Only by arriving and smelling the air for the first time, a place situates itself within your sensual database. Only by looking at the sky and experiencing day and night as well as weather, it is possible to find a place within your memory for environments. Only by listening to people's stories and tasting their dishes, space becomes place and knowledge starts mingling with emotion. Only by spending time, and walking the same paths day after day, your perception adapts. A full picture slowly grows together. What happens to your home, though, when you have found another one? And how do you know it's home?

Well, for me, it is connected to smell. Out of nowhere, it hits me with full force. There is no avoiding it. This olfactory-souvenir is connected to the body and its memory for safe places. It has been present most of my life, but I never really recognized it before I had gone away. Today, I can tell: it has many faces!















SULMO ROMA TOMIS

42.04823124735147, 13.929076882733733

Calves touching thighs (knee creases sore), toes splayed over rounded rocks (with moss like tinder at the top and sodden sponge below), heat prickling the chest, puddling the base of the neck, salting and crinkling the forehead and painting patches of pink and purple behind squeezed-shut eyelids that opened for lights sprinkled as star maps by river ripples and scattered in other constellations by hovering flies. The long juniper branch, painted white, with the hemp line that dangled the feathers, dyed red, and the cockerel's wattle, already scarlet, and the iron hook that often caught fingers but never caught fish.

41.89088055466175, 12.477989950969773

Swifts' screeches blister the dusk that is casting shadows onto the yellow-leaved curtain: two tall chimneys, the triangle of the tent where tiles dry, the lines of the ladder, struts and platform of the empty tower. The sun sets against bands of softest pinks and purples, like an ember glowing in ash, a searing scarlet to match the heat bubbling from the braziers where burning oregano branches do as little as vinegar dabs to deter the mosquitoes that craft necklaces, bracelets and greaves for the fishermen from angry bites. On the bridge's balustrade, two fresh white letters, the second unfinished.

44.16039273545289, 28.643893216847854

Wind whipped wave spray to drench pebbles and darken the branches of the pear tree to which was tied the mooring rope of the boat with the scarlet eye prow. The last of that day's catch - fish that had opened no previous purse - was passed straight to a mottled purple palm, waxy-white fingers spreading to waft away the coal smut flies, then curling to grip shedding pink scales. Turning from the harbour without uttering thanks, an abrupt cough scraped his raw throat, convulsed shoulders and sent the free hand to clasp the red muffler tighter to his neck.



A screenshot of P Orridge's Instagram with a photo of the bus

"Yaknaidali". As if it were a Georgian wine. It is for a reason that I spent several autumn weeks wandering between Tbilisi and Batumi. I could not find the right place for myself, neither could I for the work. I was thinking all the time about that meeting place. I was looking for the right landscape. Desperate, What led me there? For sure, it was much more than mere questing for an appropriate shooting location. I am definitely not Finn from "Palermo Shooting". What was that? Searching for the "spirit" of Iliazd and his drawings I dreaming crazy about back in Amsterdam? Proximity of Akhtala? Yes, I needed proximity.

Akhtala – that little point on the map — did not matter in reality. Proximity of the south, further to the south! Not mountain Georgian techno, Bassiani-Pirosmani, but proximity of Akhtala. Nothing happened. I returned to Kyiv. Even Hagia Sophia, seen from the hotel window in Istanbul, was not the same as before. Only a few moments, short as papier d'Arménie: a drunk scotch reporter — most probably, a spy from Beirut, at that same café Smirna. Second — next morning, I find myself in a taxi, on a bridge, taking me to the world's biggest airport, and obviously, arabesque was playing in the cab. Even further from myself. A trip inwards, on a fancy bus.

"Even Further" – it is Even Furthur – "As Coil, Current 93 and Nurse With Wound, for the most part of the 1980s, were thoroughly exploring the darkest and most dangerous aspects of the TG legacy, Psychic TV (which, probably, is what MDMA should be also thanked for) shifted to a tribal, gregarious declaration of war on humanity and engaged in a full psychedelic (or rather hyperdelic) merry prankster cheerleader mood: sex, magic, substances (when PTV toured in the US in late 1980s, they had a magic bus on which it was written "EVEN FURTHUR", a phrase echoing the original slogan from the 1960s "Merry Pranksters") (from Psychic Bible).

In the exhibition version of the work, the inscription on the bus is simply not visible. As invisible remain the badges of the tourists in that same video, the design of which is worth paying attention.



A badge for the group of tourists from "Even Further"

As far as possible is a free back translation of the phrase "even further". The background for that inscription is a Caspar Friedrich's painting. And what if those are not two brothers, but two Hasidim, standing on a cliff and looking into the distance? *On the one hand, two men standing at the precipice are admiring romantic misty distant places that are full of mystery. They appear to be taken not only by deep reflection, but also realizing some enigma: a world of divine infinity. The painting combines real and fancy. On the other hand, the two contemplating men seem to be thrown into some endless world: they are too lonely here. In this wild nature, with the mysterious mountain light shining, men are weak, facing the natural power of the universe.* All that multitude of details that make up the scope of the work is given only as hints or suffixes for definition words. So, what does the work look like?

The installation relies on music, video and text. These elements complement each other and comment, being under a certain tension, like nails to which a string is attached or like a river flowing across three capitals.

Music, video and text. Like a genie from a bottle with three wish sisters. Three plus one: (the viewer is an invisible and irregular element). This story can be started from any "element place". I will start from the music. I like music. There is a tune, it is a Greek or Klezmer song. *Yoshke furt avek* or *Magkiko*. You might have heard that song, popular several years ago, performed by Yuri Gurzhi. Or even by Filipp Kirkorov. Adela Peeva must have not known about it. The original tune was written about 110 years ago. Who was the first to write it? How far are these songs from each other? Extremely! The Greek version is about unrequited love. The klezmer one is about seeing off a young man to the 1905 Russian-Japanese war. The same sequence of notes provokes such different feelings. And what could be actually happening between people performing that tune? The history of diasporas of Ukraine's south is a grey and little explored area. It is better to put it like this: it is not customary to talk about that. Who cares about history of the truly "multicultural" Odessa now? Maybe a bunch of local history trickster experts. Shall I join them.

Въ 1820 г. началось среди грековъ въ Турціи революціонное движеніе, направленное къ освобожденію Греціи отъ турецкаго ига. Въ то время какъ турецкое правительство готовилось къ подавленію разгоравшагося возстанія, фанатическая мусульманская масса готовила свою расправу съ мятежниками. 23 апрѣля 1821 г., въ день христіанской Пасхи, толпа турокъ въ Константинополѣ ворвалась въ православный храмъ, гдѣ только что отслужилъ литургію греческій патріархъ Григорій V, схватила его, выволокла на паперть и тутъ же на дверяхъ повѣсила; затѣмъ буйная чернь разрушила и осквернила рядъ греческихъ церквей, перебила множество грековъ: трупъ патріарха былъ брошенъ въ море. Греки массами спасались бѣгствомъ изъ Константинополя, и многіе прибыли моремъ въ Одессу. Бѣглецы, рассказывая всякіе ужасы о турецкихъ звѣрствахъ надъ христіанами, распространяли слухъ, будто и евреи Константинополя участвовали въ этихъ дикихъ насиліяхъ, въ оскверненіи церквей и надѣвательствѣ надъ трупомъ патріарха¹⁾. Волненіе среди христіанъ было особенно сильно въ Одессѣ, куда спустя два мѣсяца было при-

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ЕВРЕЙСКАЯ СТАРИНА.

везено для погребенія тѣло патріарха Григорія, найденное моряками и увезенное подъ русскимъ флагомъ. 19 іюня утромъ состоялись въ Одессѣ торжественные похороны патріарха-мученика, получившіе характеръ политической демонстраціи. Въ процессіи участвовали огромная масса народа и представители власти (градоначальникомъ Одессы былъ тогда графъ Ланжеронъ).

Едва кончились похороны патріарха Григорія, толпа грековъ и примкнувшая къ ней русская чернь Одессы бросились на евреевъ. Стали бить всѣхъ встрѣчавшихся на улицахъ евреевъ, затѣмъ врываются въ дома, громятъ и грабятъ имущество. Погромъ начался одновременно въ трехъ пунктахъ города, наиболѣе населенныхъ евреями. Девизомъ погромщиковъ была месть за патріарха-мученика, надъ трупомъ котораго еврей будто-бы надѣвался въ Константинополѣ. Погромъ застигъ евреевъ врасплохъ: они не ждали нападенія и до рокового момента были настолько спокойны, что въ тотъ же день, рано утромъ, открыли свои лавки для воскреснаго базарнаго торга; на базаръ съѣхались также крестьяне изъ окрестныхъ деревень для продажи и покупки товаровъ. Рассказываютъ, что наканунѣ, въ субботу, еврейская община Одессы наслаждалась въ синагогахъ пѣніемъ знаменитаго кантора Соломона Кастана, не подозревая, что въ этотъ день ихъ враги дѣлали всѣ приготовленія къ погрому.

Newspaper "Jewish History", 1911

Another minor detail that is important to understand this work and the depth of references and quotes in my overall method: the found article about the 1821 Jewish pogrom that was provoked by rumours about Jews who had killed the patriarch in Constantinople.

By the 1950s, there was no trace remaining of those stories. There was no more man to sing the famous tune. The Holocaust and Stalin repressions. Perhaps, the slopes and cliffs of Kuyalnik were the last meeting place for most of those people. That was the case for my family for example.

And what would Claude Levi-Strauss say in this respect? Levi-Strauss who treated music with privilege and called it "the supreme mystery of the science of man", regularly stresses on metaphorism of its language. Myth, just as music, "operates with conscious approximations of truths" and reflects man's national attitude to reality (from an article on Paradzhanov).

This tune becomes a soundtrack for a film shot in a single take.
An "event" is of mythical nature there.

In a continuous search for the place, I even found by chance a village called Celiko, situated in Calabria. Chelik and Celico, two places connected by a vacillating thread of history. Roll the dice. Odessia is a barren scheme. To find the place, there was no need to go far. Obviously, there is the sea in Odessa, and there are lots of suitable places, but I needed something way more subtle. A coastal lake.



One of possible locations for shooting in Odessa, Karolino-Bugaz, December 2019

After all that wandering, it became obvious to me that a salt lake, Kuyalnik is the place. Let's imagine a coastal lake side. Probably fog, grey early morning.



One of possible locations to shoot the video, Kuyalnik, December 2019

No, it will be done differently. A sunny day in January. A green field somewhere near, so that it is not clear what season it is. A cliff. Obviously, there must be a cliff in the frame. The camera should be placed at the top, on the cliff.



A frame from the final video. "Even Further", 2020, 15'12, 4K

A bus appears in the frame. It is a tourist bus. A guide gets out of the bus, she holds a leaf in one hand (well, yes, the branch from "Voice of Thin Silence"), and in the other, a sheet, a paper with text. A group of people gets out of the bus after her. Are they tourists? Maybe. Having stopped by the water, they listen attentively to the guide for several minutes. Then,

they return to the bus. The bus leaves, leaving behind the same view: water afar and a tree moved by the wind.

One may have an impression that it was a mirage.

Ingmar Bergman said:

"Cinema is mainly rhythm: breathing in and out in infinite sequence."

The cliff is virtually a mountain!

Move any mountain!

"A trip to Mount Analogue may be considered also as movement along the inner landscape of experience, becoming *different*, as real as any physical experience." A philosophical perspective on the landscape is needed here. There are no waves on Kuyalnik.

Along the waves of my memory. The only thing that remains in memory is the tune.

Will we never know what happened there and who all those people are? (Greetings, Yaroslav!).

An elusive monument to the tune, a place of pilgrimage for odd tourists.

Future is a random encounter with past.

Actually, a short stop can be made here.

Events occur beyond time and beyond place. The principle of inverted perspective, an image illuminated with back projection – this is now about exposing this work.

From nowhere to nowhere, and even further.

And finally, the last element of "Even Further": a text, an odd fairy tale, a myth in three alternating languages.

Shall we remember Walter Benjamin?

A trivial plot becomes a base for a myth.

A myth based on a chance. Literally, one that emerged out of nothing. A myth is at the base of this tune. This tune sounds in taverns if Piraeus sung by port workers drunk with ouzo and the sunset, and at a small railway station near Vinnytsia, sung by a weeping Jewish mother.

This work has provoked an interesting feedback in the local media: I happened to see articles focusing on the formal side of visual solutions in my installation, and there were hints of tentative reproaching on the subject of "repetition". Going forward, I would say that repetition is hardly possible in general. I think, one should look a bit further. Once, as I read a review on one of the films by my beloved Bunuel, I sank into exploration of repetition concepts. Please re-watch "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie". I will try to explain: this repetition is like drinking out of a Klein bottle. It is appropriate to mention Deleuze here: repetition is actualization of existence as difference. Alternatively, Kierkegaard may also be mentioned, chosen by Alain Robbe-Grillet for an epigraph for his "Repetition": "Repetition and recollection are the same movement, only in opposite directions, for what is recollected has been: it is repeated backward, whereas repetition properly so-called is recollected forward." In his "Difference and Repetition", Deleuze writes: "If repetition exists, it expresses at once a singularity opposed to the general, a universality opposed to the particular, a distinctive opposed to the ordinary, and instantaneity opposed to variation, and an eternity opposed to permanence. In every respect, repetition is a transgression. It puts law into question, it denounces its nominal or general character in favour of a more profound and more artistic reality." "If repetition exists, it expresses at once a singularity opposed to the general, a universality opposed to the particular, a distinctive opposed to the ordinary, and instantaneity opposed to variation, and an eternity opposed to permanence. In every respect, repetition is a transgression. It puts law into question, it denounces its nominal or general character in favour of a more

profound and more artistic reality." Yes, that is right, two times in a row, for you to understand. I am browsing my notes further, again, and there is a proper quote!

"Deleuze also wrote that Fellini had the concept of "pure recollection": about things that never took place and for that very reason, they take place again and again. About ourselves, about the endlessly-totally-desperate theatre of life where everything repeats as a matter of fact (because the base for playing is actually repetition). "A Moveable Feast" that you miss yet, and have always missed (just like the present-absent Marcello at the gathering in "Dolce Vita")."

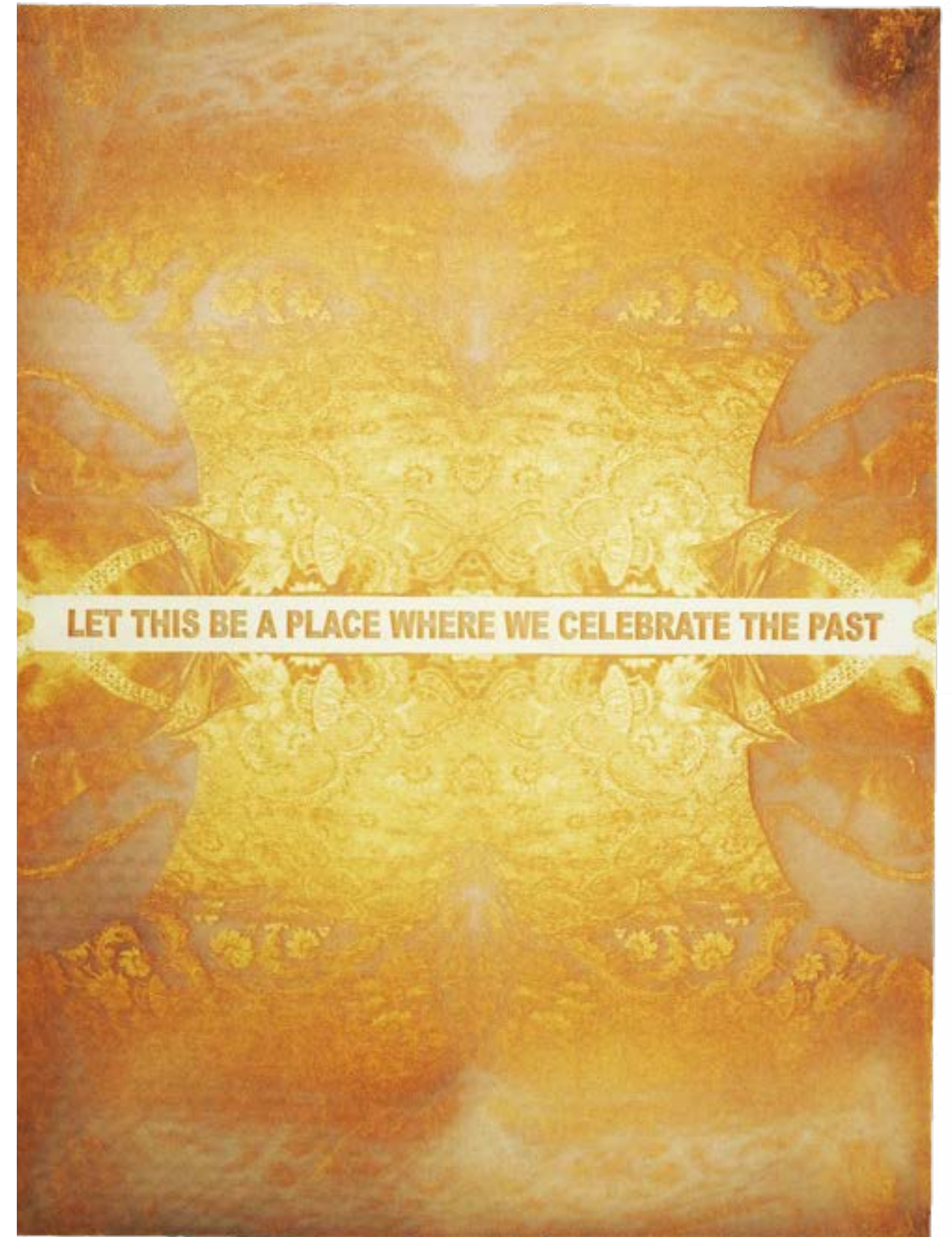
EPILOGUE

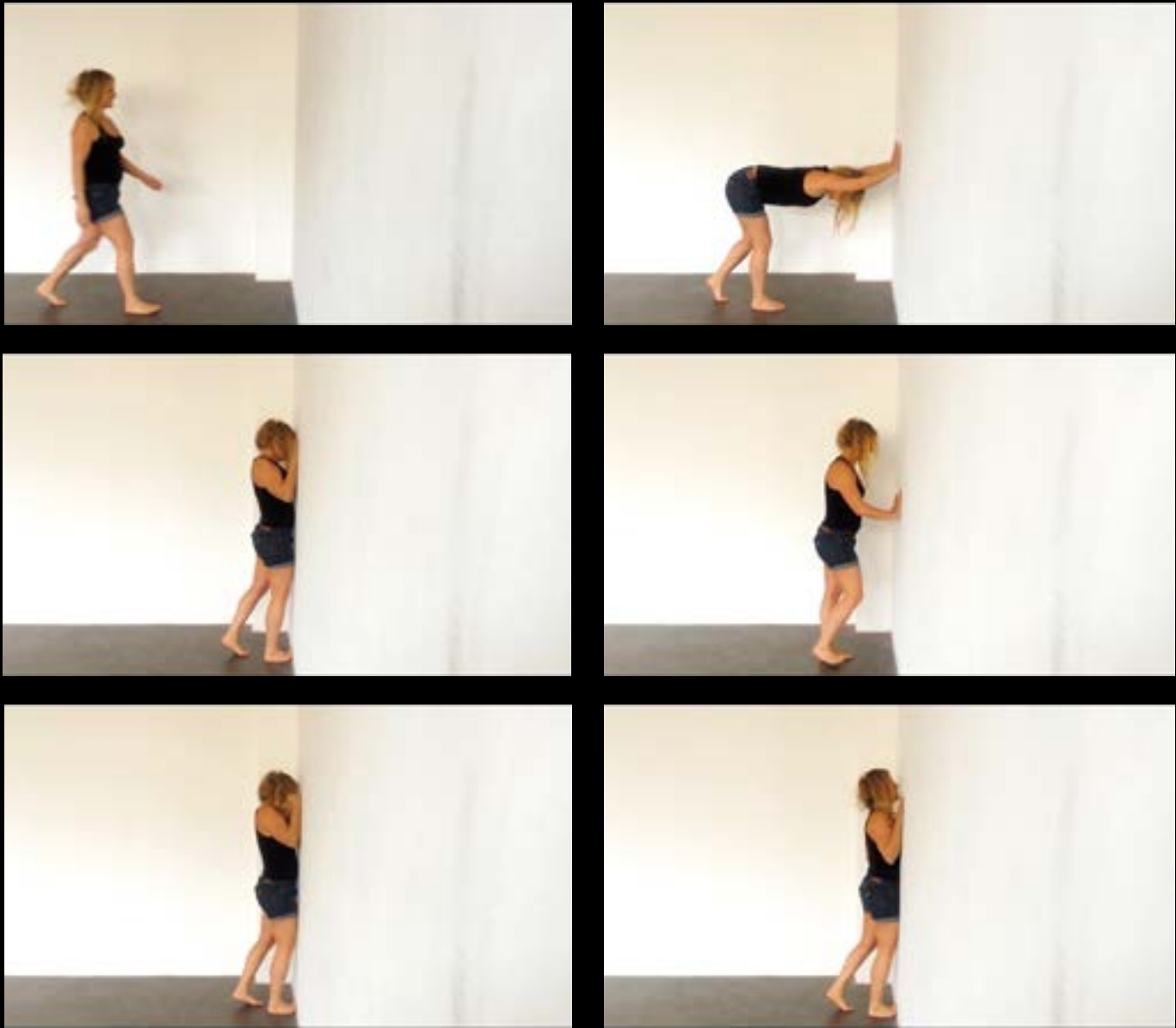
There are many unanswered questions left: why not 4:3 ? Why not that colour? Yuri Leiderman knows answers to these and other questions. Or the red tent captain. I do not know, or it is hard for me to say. Yes, (you may) call him Ismael. Does an artist have to answer those questions?

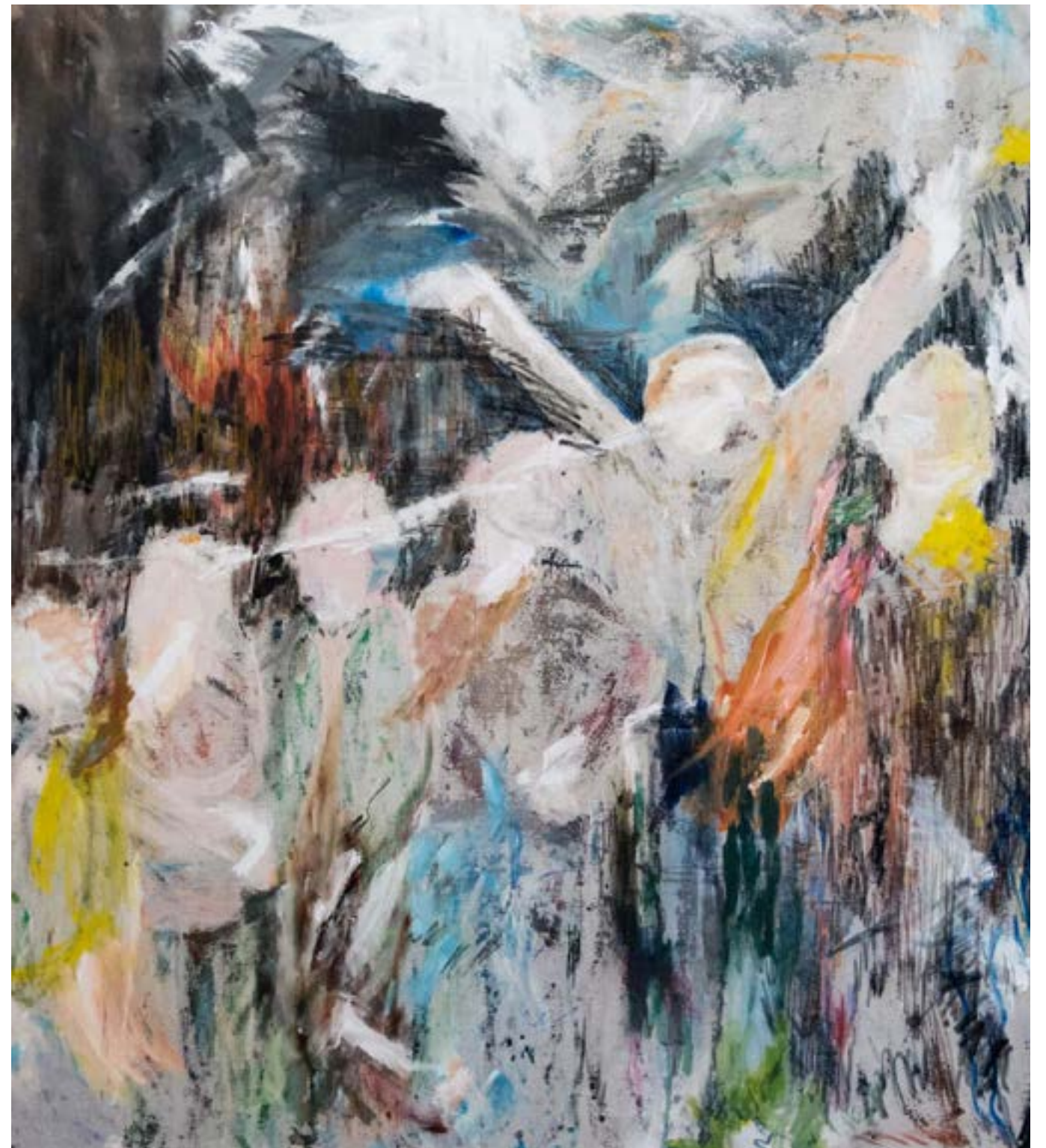
Theo Angelopoulos believes that he or she does not. *"Poetry deals with music and illusions. Do you need to interpret what you have seen and to necessarily understand what it means? May a film remain unexplained. Like music that sounds in silence."*

And I would like to end this small memo with a wonderful poem by Eduard Bagritsky.

So hit the veins,
Go to extremes,
Homeless youth,
My rage!
So that human blood
Showers like stars,
So that one rushes against the universe
Like a gunshot,
So that rampant people
Sing in waves,
So that the spiteful song
Deforms mouth,—
And to sing, out of breath,
In the desperate vastness:
«Hey, Black Sea,
Good sea...!».







P8–9

The immigration, Homa Arkani

Ghent, Belgium

oil, acrylic and colorpencil on canvas

I have been inspired by Bruegel and Rumi in this painting who were both immigrants. I would like to add an inspiring poem of Bertolt Brecht too:

*I sit by the roadside
The driver changes the wheel.
I do not like the place I have come from.
I do not like the place I am going to.
Why with impatience do I
Watch him changing the wheel?*

P10

The Old Town, Nargiz Nabirova

Ghent, Belgium

coloring pencils on paper

Kashgar used to be a trading centre along the old Silk Road. A place that belonged to many empires and rulers. Where traders and travellers would pass, and knowledge was shared. The centre of Uyghur culture. Now it is the centre of conflict. A place of slow warfare to erase a culture. Due to demolition plans, Uyghurs were forced to move out of their mud brick homes in the old town, to concrete high-rise buildings. But this forced displacement does not only happen between borders. Throughout history, thousands of Uyghurs have fled their homes and crossed borders while trying to preserve a life of well-being. As I am trying to reconnect with my ethnicity and finding ways to contribute to the Uyghur community, I am dedicating my master’s thesis to this issue. I made this drawing while searching for peculiar situations in the old town. An old bedframe and a carpet are put in front of a house, on a broken-up street. Leftover mud bricks are used for stability. A remnant of the displaced? Or placed by the remaining people? A sober attempt towards reclaiming their land?

P11

Belief, Johannes Obers

Central European Summer Time - Time zone in Ghent (GMT+2)
Tuesday, 10 May 2022, 23:57, 9000 BE - EU - Earth, The Solar System, Orion Arm, The Milky Way, Local Group, Virgo Cluster, Virgo Super-Cluster, Universe***

acrylic paint (red, black), silicone (casting of the artist’s finger),
objet trouvé (wood, glue, metal nails & hanging system)

Something moves you out of your home... and you find out you are, and it was, and you could be... inside another home. And so forth...

P12

Alien Figure 1 & Alien Figure 2, Axel Claes

Brussel, België

collage 17,8 x 20 cm

Oude *Buck Danny* strips worden verknipt. Deze lijken wel buitenaardse wezens. Niet langer op hun plaats. Ver weg van hun oorspronkelijke inhoud.

P13–17

The Manifesto of Queering Eels and a Queering-eel, Noam Youngrak Son

Ghent, Belgium

Essay

The Manifesto of Queering Eels and a Queering-eel is an excerpt from the following publication:
<https://www.d-act.org/eelzine>

P18–19

Saffron Sorrow, Zamir Suleymanov

Baku, Azerbaijan

video, 11 min 48 sec

It is about feeling sorrow for watching or reading books, films when you do not need it. Video is made from anti-performances. Main part of video is eating pishmaniyeh (pishman means sorrow in Turkish) on the bridge which was location of Jacques Rivette’s “*Le Pont du Nord*”.

P20

Balade, Jerome Desert

Bruxelles, Belgique

encre sur papier

Écriture automatique paysagère

P21

Ventura, Sarah-Joy Zwarts

Belgium

oil on paper, 40x50 cm

In my work I am triggered by the unreachable sea as a location where the human imagination can play freely and new ideas emerge, due to its unboundedness. This general idea started developing itself when I lost myself mental and physically, being far from home, but found myself again in the comforting arms of the sea. Ever since it had been a leading thread in my visual research. I see this metaphor closely linked to the rise of interest in the marine world in the 19th century, and the technological developments happening in the same period. Not only allowing fellow marine enthusiasts, explorers and dreamers to roam about freely, but simultaneously causing a shift in the statute of the image - opening up a search towards its new definition. For me it is simultaneously linked to the relation between the id / ego / superego and the ability to perceive a notion of “oceanic feeling” (see S. Freud’s “Civilization and its discontents”, 1930). I believe this unbounded state of being can act as a “home”, especially in uncertain times like today, because the imagination is something we carry with us everywhere. Also described by W. Benjamin in “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction” (1936): “Within major historical periods, along with changes in the overall mode of being of the human collective, there are also changes in the manner of its sense perception”. Consequently, I construct personal “safe water marks”, or “beacons” in a perpetual attempt to reach this welcoming state. The attached image is a sketch for a prototypical design (for which I am currently testing sand-like mixtures to execute the design.)

P22

The Lightkeepers, Vero Frederica Rigole

Belgium

acrylic, textile, objects on canvas

Balanceren tussen mijn zieleland en woonland, het gemis is schrijnend, het scheuren van de ziel...

P23–25

The Polish cleaning lady in Antwerp - a migrant, a Pole, and a woman in (dis)placement, Wiktoria Cacace

Brussels, Belgium

Written text

“The Polish cleaning lady in Antwerp - a migrant, a Pole, and a woman in (dis)placement” : exploring the ideolo-

gies of diversity behind the (re)creation of the stereotype of the Polish cleaning lady in Antwerp, focusing on the intersection of origin, nationality and gender.

P26–27

Nagytakarítás (Big Clean Up), Dóra Benyó

Brussels, Belgium

HD videoloop, color, sound, 12’53 min

During the Soviet regime between 1947-1988 thousands of public statues were unveiled which glorified the communist ideal and its representatives. After the fall of the Iron Curtain the fate of these public memorias were questioned. Memento Park is a statue park located in the 22nd district of Budapest in Hungary. It shows a large amount of statues that used to fulfill the requirements of the socialist political ideology. They didn’t only colour the streets of the city, but were also part of people’s everyday life. Dóra Benyó went back to her country of origin to explain you the historical landscape of her grandparents. This video is presented at the soloshow *Eternal Newcomer* at aqb Budapest, Hungary.

P28–29

Ordinary Grief, Parisa Azadi

Canada

photo

“Ordinary Grief” is a story of tenuous reconciliation. In 2017, I returned to Iran after 25 years of self-exile, where I embarked on a personal and political reclamation of my identity and history. With images spanning 2017-2021, “*Ordinary Grief*” is my attempt to reconcile despair and joy, exhaustion and hope. It’s about ordinary Iranians actively trying to create new futures for themselves despite the odds. It’s a love letter to a country from which I feel estranged, despite having been born there, and to the people who call it home. As a woman who grew up between East and West, straddling the line between insider and outsider, my experiences are difficult, unromantic, and fragile. I’ve realized that two decades of living outside Iran brought with them a kind of cultural and personal amnesia. “*Ordinary Grief*” is also about what it means to forget and what it means to (try to) remember. Always, I’m attuned to joy, despite the hardships: I sought moments of serenity, celebration, and ritual in the shadows of perpetual grief. The photographs mark the passage of time as they document physical, emotional, and

political limbo: they question what it means to long and to belong.

P30–31
A writing piece by Nesa Afrangeh

P32
Blue Eyes, Stijn De Pourcq
Drongen - Ellezelles, België

200 gemummificeerde gepluimde mannelijke kuikentjes
30x20x16 cm

Mijn inzending bestaat uit ongeveer 200 gemummificeerde gepluimde mannelijke kuikentjes. Mannelijke kuikentjes zijn een bijproduct van de voedingsindustrie. Ze leggen geen eieren, ze produceren weinig vlees, ze zijn dus overbodig en worden vergast van zodra ze uit het ei komen. Ik heb deze na een lang proces van ontbinding, plukken, schoonmaken en drogen/conserveren samengebracht in een geometrische sculptuur

P33
ī, Jonas Nachtergaele
Gent, België

riso print, A5, oplage 1

Het zou een landschap, een vlag, een bestemming kunnen zijn voor mensen op zoek, op de vlucht...

P34
If I grow up, Els Roelandt
Brussels, Belgium

digital snapshot

www.nowyouseeememoira.eu

P35–37
Risjaar & Rapunzel, Anisa El Margai
Brussels, Belgium

drawing on paper: ink pen/ color pencil

My contribution is a story following two people who live on the margins of society. One is a former prisoner, named Risjaar and the other a former freak-show artist, Rapunzel.

P38
Lines, Wings, and Clouds, Hatiye Garip
Istanbul, Turkey

digital techniques

Some pages from my visual diary reflecting my feelings about exploring new lands, places and searching for an inner home. It's a discovery where I realize that I belong to myself rather than a physical space.

P39–41
The Rabbit Hole: A Vertical Displacement, Sébastien Bovie
Ghent, Belgium

essay / text

Alice falls down a rabbithole. I hijack this small aspect to the story and apply it to a displacement of the internal self. The struggle of being between the inner lived experience and the environment of the individual.

P42
Olfactory-souvenir, Hannah Mevis
Belgium

text, 2022

p43–47
Unhomed, Sepideh Farvardin
Brussels, Belgium

photography

When I wander around cities that I have not visited before, my thoughts get entangled with details that skip my eyes even in my hometowns. And it is at that moment when I embark on an intense journey of observation. Walking in the streets of Europe as a newcomer, my eyes began to follow objects that seemed left behind. Belongings which seemed to have been forgotten on streets. In reflection, I discovered, beneath this returning occurrence, a mutual condition between myself and my photograph subjects; a sense of displacement and lack of belonging. I have deep solidarity with a pair of red high-heels which are sitting under the corner of a letterbox or a suitcase with no destination. In the form of an ever-growing archive, the project has become a collective portrait of outcast often melancholic artefacts. My irrational

solidarity with these objects has become the driving force of a worldwide search for belongings which appear misplaced, disowned or positioned out of sight.

P48–54
Fruits and Flowers, Pooria Bijari
Iran

digital photography

When I moved from the place I was born and lived, The only familiar things were fruits and flowers. I explored everywhere and visualized what were familiar for me and felt like home.

P55
Sulmo Roma Tomis, Angus Carlyle
London, United Kingdom

text, 309 words, including title and longitudes and latitudes.

“*Sulmo Roma Tomis*” names three locations the poet Ovid (43 BC - 18 AD) called home: his place of birth, the stage for his success and subsequent scandal, the site of his enforced exile. The text is part of a wider project – called “*Miasma of Decay*” – which cross-fades attempts to detoxify the violence and misogyny of Ovid’s “*Metamorphoses*” with projections of a post-cataclysmic world, a project in which the other texts involve – variously - constraints, montaged citations, automated translation, text mining and the use of a Generative Adversarial Network.

P56–63
Even Further, Nikolay Karabinovych
Antwerp, Belgium

text, video, photo

Partly, this text is continuation of the work, and it brings in even more confusion, but this work is impossible to narrate. It may be just continued. By restraining myself as the story twists, I will try, as much as possible, to avoid turning my text into poetry, reserving at least some little space for useful information.

“Embrace reality by imagination ”
Austin Osman Spare

Here are some general explanations.
“*Even Further*”, as one may assume from the title (a certain wish + a direction) is a work on an imaginary future. That is the work that I was making in Odessa,

Kyiv, Gent, Amsterdam, Sainte-Croix, Berlin, Zurich, Stuttgart, Istanbul, Tbilisi, Thessaloniki , Groningen, Antwerp, Bratislava, Chernivtsi and Sadagora. The complex itinerary and the toponyms of cities, rivers and basins make up an ornate pattern the installation is tissue of. The story of “*Even Further*” started by the Golden Gate. As I was having a walk in spring-time Kyiv, somewhere between baron Steingel house and the kinsas I started thinking about chance, about discontinued lives, missed opportunities to meet and resurrection as a recovery for that missing. Could people who suffered from different catastrophes imagine that their children would meet once? Where such an encounter could take place? How would the place of their encounter sound? These questions are key to understand my work. And the title? Weird as it is? Even Further. No, the Ukrainian version is way more accurate.

P64
I feel sick!, Eman Radwan
Ghent, Belgium

stitchings, drawings and objects

This installation maps the side effects of the psycho-physical condition of the human body due to migration & displacement. What does harshness of the travel, the risk of an unknown future, the long & uncertain waiting without the ability of action, the scarcity of food, the impossibility of a healthy diet and the malconduction of medical treatments by camp doctors cost to the body and soul in the long term?

P65
Let this be a place where we celebrate the past, Manon Clement
Frans Masereel Center, België

Lasercut on Wool

Textiel wordt in dit werk gebruikt als een ruimte om herinneringen aan plaatsen in te bewaren en voor eeuwig vast te leggen in een tactiele ruimte. Woorden en beelden willen zich op deze manier verlossen uit de vergankelijkheid en vluchtigheid. Het beeld dat te zien is op het textiel lijkt zich te vertoeven in een weerspiegeling die onherkenbaar is en waartoe men een eigen invulling treft. Een weerspiegeling die voor eeuwig verder kan lopen en een eeuwige ruimte creëert. De woorden “*Let this be a place where we celebrate the past*” staan voor het achterlaten van

herinneringen in een afgebakende ruimte, in dit geval textiel waarin beelden en woorden voor eeuwig kunnen verder blijven bestaan.

P66

Pushback Push-back, Anouk Sebald

Berne, Switzerland

video/ iPhone/ 1280 x 720 / 60 fps / color / sound / 4'49" / 2016

“*Pushback Push-back*” refers to illegally driving back immigrants towards borders. Not belonging to it or entering for refugees in a national border is certainly one of the abhorrent tragedies of human fate. But being excluded from participation or goals can be perceived as insurmountable borders. It must be considered a human feat when people try again and again to overcome these limits of exclusion from countries or participation. To arrive at a new place means to have internalized the path taken and to stand up again and again, unforgotten in the heart and yet in the here and now, and to start anew.

P67

Voyage, voyage, Tom Bogaert

Rome, Italy

sound, video, text, and images.

“*Voyage, voyage*” aims to formulate responses to the art world’s romantic appropriation of the discourse surrounding exodus, freedom of movement, immigration, refugees, cosmopolitanism, and nomadism. This project deals with radicalism through the figure of the strawberry plant; a radican bound to endless voyage.

P68

Searching for my grandfather – Lobog (Wave), Dóra Benyó

Searching for my grandfather – Október 23 (23rd of October), Dóra Benyó

acrylic and oil pastels on cotton

P69

Searching for my grandfather – Forradalmi Tanács (Revolutionary Board), Dóra Benyó

acrylic and oil pastels on cotton

“My grandfather was involved in organizing the trucks that took down the statue of Stalin during the Hungarian revolution. When it hit the ground citizens broke it into pieces. My family owns a piece and this artifact became my image of resistance.”

In my work I use my own genealogy to speak about censorship and authority surrounding the Hungarian Revolution and its Soviet suppression. From the position of the eternal newcomer, existing between two countries, I search for traces that the dictatorship left on my family, bridging personal and archival references to depict scenes of protest and revolt. In the painting series “*Searching For My Grandfather*” I often flip to face the wall, allowing only some traces to show through, mimicking the overlay of historical, personal and collective memory and their distorting properties.

Colophon

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