

H O W

W I L L Y O U

A S C E R T A I N

T I M E ?

EXHIBITION

OPENING 29.04.2022 19:00

ON SHOW 30.04. – 27.05.2022 Thursday–Sunday 14:00–19:00

WITH Lamia Abukhadra Maria Thereza Alves Tewa Barnosa Ariel Bustamante Rehema Chachage
Lamin Fofana Dakota Guo Euridice Zaituna Kala Zahra Malkani Nida Mehboob Mehregan Meysami
Naeem Mohaiemen Lemohang Jeremiah Mosese Igor Vidor

SAVVY TOURS IN SAVVY TONGUES

12.05.2022	16:00	In Hungarian	With Lili Somogyi
13.05.2022	16:00	In English	With Lili Somogyi
14.05.2022	16:00	In English	With Sagal Farah
15.05.2022	16:00	In English	With Sagal Farah
19.05.2022	17:00	In Polish	With Hubert Gromny
20.05.2022	17:00	In English	With Hubert Gromny
22.05.2022	17:00	In English	With Hajra Haider Karrar
26.05.2022	18:00	In English	With Hajra Haider Karrar
26.05.2022	18:00	In Turkish	With Onur Çimen

INVOCATIONS 28.–29.05.2022

PAUSITIONS June, August, October, December 2022

S A V V Y CONTEMPORARY
THE LABORATORY OF FORM-IDEAS

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C O N C E P T

HOW WILL YOU ASCERTAIN TIME? reflects on the ongoing discourse on waiting by taking Shahram Khosravi's work as a point of departure and by setting the foundations of this project on the reading of time through the lens of waiting. "Waiting" here is understood as a non-linear experience of time where the realm itself has no beginning or an end. It is a condition that lies on the periphery of capital and colonial time, imposed and protracted as a mechanism to exercise authority, where time is a construct and value established by the empire meant to be followed by its subjects. Hence, waiting becomes a political condition that deeply impacts psychologically and is felt emotionally and physically by those who become inevitable victims of this realm, and like other political conditions is experienced differently by each body depending on relative privilege of class and race, and geography.

Khosravi's discourse is mainly embedded in the context of power, where the waited for holds power over the ones forced to wait, where time is capital and wasted time is valuable loss that is quantified financially and is entangled with limited access, privilege, and opportunity. To deliberate on this entrapment of capital and colonial time, the project considers different modes of waiting and the power dynamics that govern and shift at each stage: the anticipation and expectation of the condition of waiting that is often related to a becoming – realisation of a dream; entering the realm and experiencing the process laced with hope and aspiration; awareness of the endless and interconnected loops of waiting, together with the realisation of stolen time; and lastly the negotiation, absorption, and negation – unwaiting, surrender or a complete subversion of the power dynamics.

I have come but I have not arrived,
I am here but I have not returned!^[1]

A vast expanse, uncontainable, unquantifiable, an anticipated new unknown where the proximity is such that it lacks the horizon. Regardless of which path leads to this realm, it is a space in-between the extent, intensity, and nature of which is ungraspable in words – to be read, if possible, in the distance between each letter, word, and line where the distance

is undeterminable. It is like a sentence starting from the middle where the indicators of intent, purpose and duration are missing.

It is the time where the body becomes a permeable vessel, which embodies multiple temporalities of the past, present, and future and multiple geographies, one that is the physical present, the other that is the place of origin and then ones that are desired and aspired for, that are perhaps more imagined than real, passing through the body simultaneously where it exists in all and yet is not anchored in any.

So how is this static realm navigated, where the notions of forward and backward collapse and no timeline exists? Darwish proposes: "Remember, so that you grow before dissolution."^[2] Perhaps, this remembrance is a call to reach within and recognize and acknowledge the fabric of being, that is one with the elements forming the materiality of the vessel that is the body and the soul, the same way the wind, water, fire, earth and space embody it and where the path is paved through inherited knowledges that ground this vessel and lead the path, perhaps, towards other dimensions. Building on these understandings, this research aims to venture into the multiple and affective modes of waiting, expanding on the different stages of the condition and the altering perspectives of witnessing and experiencing time. It is a reminder of the non-punctual and uncontainable nature of time drawing attention to recorded and archived history which is but just a fragment, a uni dimensional reading of it mainly exploring narratives of power. This research project aims to acknowledge, reflect, address, engage, and share the experience and negotiation of time and space in the realm of waiting, and a recognition of the political and social infrastructures that are complicit in its existence and in prolonging it. It is an attempt to expand the narrative to its multidimensional experience and understanding where waiting or suspended time denotes a process of transition, reconfiguration, regeneration, and reimagination, where histories, languages, entities and spiritualities, dimensions and temporalities coalesce.

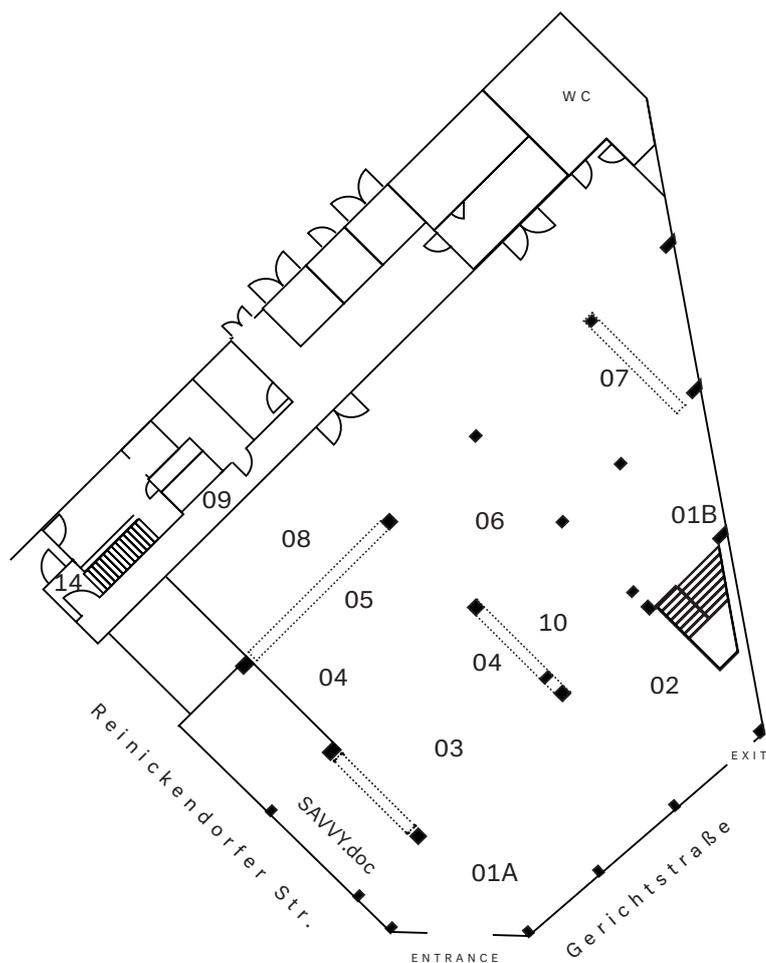
Waiting as farewell
Waiting as carrying within
Waiting as patience
Waiting as confinement
Waiting as emancipation
Waiting as anticipation
Waiting as boredom
Waiting as violence
Waiting as departure
Waiting as anxiety
Waiting as arrival
Waiting as gaining time
Waiting as outside
Waiting as stationary movement
Waiting as moving forward without moving forward
Waiting as letting go
Waiting as power
Waiting as a parallel existence
Waiting as historicity
Waiting as future
Waiting as present
Waiting as presence
Waiting as a reason to live
Waiting as near fulfilment
Waiting as stillness
Waiting as awareness
Waiting as illness
Waiting as collective becoming
Waiting as listening
Waiting as translation
Waiting as aspiration
Waiting as temporal plane
Waiting as relationship
Waiting as near fulfilment
Waiting as distance to and from
Waiting as a way of being

The project draws connections to WHAT THE TORTOISE MURMURS TO ACHILLES ON LAZINESS, ECONOMY OF TIME, AND PRODUCTIVITY from 2016 on decolonizing the capitalist nature of time by referring and learning from indigenous cultures where the notion of time is intangible, referential, and reflexive. This reflection on the politics of time continues with the proposed project that attempts to unravel the non-normative set of existing temporalities over the span of a year. Starting from January 2022 to December 2022, it is structured to build momentum throughout this period by starting with an exhibition as a point of departure that paves the path for each one of the chapters through research, interaction, and outreach activities with the publics in waiting – including the stateless denizens, cultural practitioners, third-generation immigrants, infrastructural decision-makers, lawyers, artists, activists, and scholars into creating a space that understands and aligns to the pace of peripheral time, culminating into an inclusive space articulated as pausitions – four moments of pausing and pondering together in the form of bimonthly workshops and performative articulations – that can accommodate the voices and stories that constitute collective and parallel experiences and existence.

[1] Mahmoud Darwish, *Absence Presence* (translated by Mahmood Shaheen), London: Hesperus Press, 2010.

[2] *ibid.*

FLOOR PLAN



01 ARIEL BUSTAMANTE

RUMORS

Sound pieces, 2022

01A Sound piece, 1:29 min, text by Carla Macchiavello and Camila Marambio, voice by Isabel Torres, original ñirre chant by Cecilia Vicuña, sound adaptation by Ariel Bustamante

01B Sound piece, text by Daniela Catrileo, voice by Isabel Torres and Ariel Bustamante, sound adaptation by Ariel Bustamante

01C Sound piece, 1:31, text by Lucía Egaña, voice by Isabel Torres, sound adaptation by Ariel Bustamante

01D Sound piece, 1:55 min, text by Carolina León Valdebenito and Bernardo O'Higgins University, voice by Isabel Torres, sound adaptation by Ariel Bustamante

02 DAKOTA GUO

I snuggle into the tomb bed from my wedding chamber my hair is the quilt the spirit-guiding streamer

Installation with hanging textiles (dimensions variable), infrared camera, laptop, sound, 2021

03 IGOR VIDOR

Teresa and the Moira

Installation Twisted sheets, lead wire and aramid 11,8 m (length) 2019

04 EURIDICE ZAITUNA KALA

SEA(E)SCAPES

Video Mono/ecran vertical, N/A, Liyo Gong, 3+1 AP 1920x1080 pixels 11:03 min 2022

The Polaroids

Series of Photographs

Digital images and Polaroids, dimensions variable, single edition. 202

05 LAMIA ABUKHADRA

Free As Air

Drawing Trace monotype on paper 44,5 x 63,5 cm 2021

06 ZAHRA MALKANI

Samandari Ehsaasat / Oceanic Feelings #3

Sound 33:03 min 2021

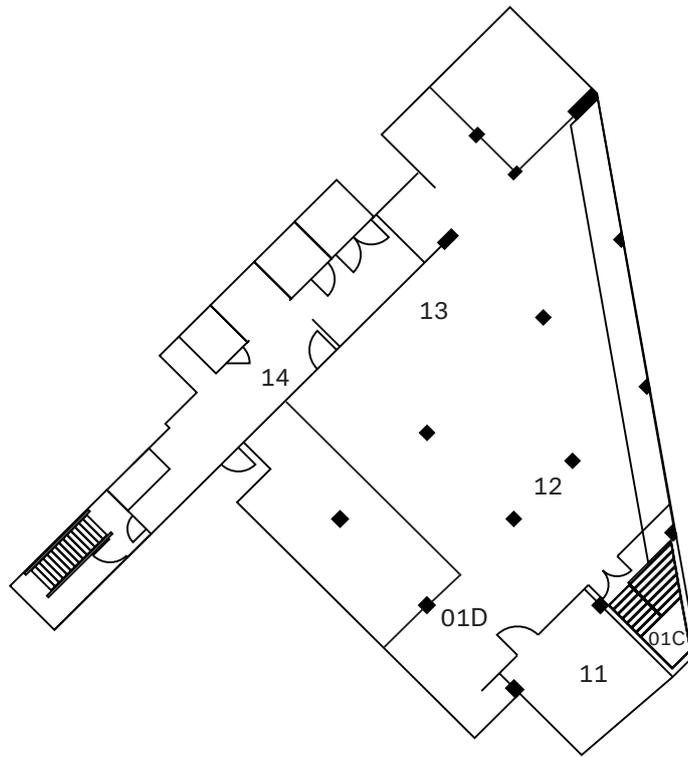
Tehqeeq-e-muddat-e-samandari / Studies in Aqueous time

Series of drawings, tea, gouache and graphite on paper 17 x 24 cm 2022

07 REHEMA CHACHAGE

One up, two down

Installation Photographic prints, text, and audio 60 x 90 inches per image 2021



0 8 L E M O H A N G J E R E M I A H M O S E S E
Mother, I Am Suffocating. This is My Last Film About You
 Video 76 min 2019

1 4 L A M I N F O F A N A
Here Lies Universality
 Sound piece 30 min 2022

0 9 M E H R E G A N M E Y S A M I
Exeo in Spasm
 Cassette transferred to digital 14:35 min on loop 2022

1 0 M A R I A T H E R E Z A A L V E S
Il Sole
 Video 5:21 min colour sound 2006

1 1 N I D A M E H B O O B
 298-C
 Video 15 min 2018

1 2 T E W A B A R N O S A
Departure Death
 Audio-Visual Installation 2019

1 3 N A E E M M O H A I E M E N
United Red Army (The Young Man Was, Part I)
 Video Color and b&w sound 70 min 2011

WORK DESCRIPTIONS & BIOS

ARIEL BUSTAMANTE

RUMORS

Sound pieces, 2022

01A Sound piece, 1:29 min, text by Carla Macchiavello and Camila Marambio, voice by Isabel Torres, original ñirre chant by Cecilia Vicuña, sound adaptation by Ariel Bustamante

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01D Sound piece, 1:55 min, text by Carolina León Valdebenito and Bernardo O'Higgins University, voice by Isabel Torres, sound adaptation by Ariel Bustamante

Chile is transitioning. From its depths we hear cries, a rumble, voices – rumours that arise from body, water, land, science, and street. The poetic and the political meet. All the way to the heart of peat.

ARIEL BUSTAMANTE is a self-taught artist based in La Paz/Bolivia. His practice concentrates on long-term processes of both craftsmanship and subaltern research. Based on the physical and cosmo-practical aspects of listening and attending, Bustamante produces complex auditory spaces informed by collaborative methods of inquiry. Bustamante is a member of the Multispecies Ontology Laboratory at the Institute of Anthropological and Archeological Research at the Universidad Mayor de San Andrés, Bolivia. Before moving to Bolivia he lived in Finland. During his two-year residency at Aalto University, Bustamante worked at the School of Arts, Design and Architecture at the Department of Media. The result of the residency, the comprehensive communal soundtrack “Why Do We Do the Things We Do?”, consists of a series of self-reflective verbal encounters between two or more individuals facilitated by a sculpture built to enable vulnerability.

DAKOTA GUO

I snuggle into the tomb bed from my wedding chamber my hair is the quilt the spirit-guiding streamer

Installation with hanging textiles (dimensions variable), infrared camera, laptop, sound, 2021

Performance during the opening on 29.04.2022 at 20:00

I snuggle into the tomb bed from my wedding chamber my hair is the quilt the spirit-guiding streamer is a part of the artist's ongoing research project “A Hauntology of Corpses,” which inflects hauntology by substituting the figure of the corpse for that of the ghost, clinging (back) onto the macabre materiality from which the discourse has disassociated itself. The piece initiates a dialogue across disjointed realms with the corpse bride in ghost marriage tradition, disrupting a certain necrotechnic—namely, the Chinese entombment that establishes the paralleled order of the realm of the living and the realm of the undead. While the physical actants of corpses and spirit-articles are transposed into a virtual realm—which, paradoxically, is also built brick-by-brick with tangible materials—and become effective as virtuality, their hauntology is testified as their carnal forms vanish in themselves.

DAKOTA GUO is a Chinese artist currently based in Rotterdam, NL. Working primarily across the mediums of performance, video, text, and installation, she is engaged with a hauntological approach towards corpses and their lexical equivalents, probing the ambivalent political potential of untamed traditions. Dakota holds a MA in Performance Practice-as-Research from Royal Central School of Speech and Drama, University of London, and is currently involved in MA Art Praxis at the Dutch Art Institute (DAI).

I G O R V I D O R

Teresa and the Moira

Installation, twisted sheets, lead wire and aramid,
11,8 m (length), 2019

Teresa and Moira is the name I give to a rope of twisted bed sheets, interwoven with a lead thread. The sheets used in the work carry blood stains on the weft. They were used by residents of areas where armed conflict is common, to cover the bodies of people murdered and left on the streets. In jargon, "Teresa" is a rope formed from twisted sheets, hung from the prison window, through which prisoners escape to freedom. The technique has its origin in a 16th century Christian tale. Saint John of the Cross was imprisoned and tortured by friars. After months he had a vision, from St. Teresa, to build a rope. Thus, the tale travelled through the colonisation period of Latin America. Even today, when prisoners make a rope out of sheets to escape from prison, they call the rope "Teresa". Moiras, in Greek mythology, are three sister goddesses who determine fate.

In *Teresa and Moira*, the emphasis on the inflection of materials operates approximations of things of seemingly disparate materiality between them. In the heat of metaphors, I think the functionality of the rope coupled with the nature of materials places us before a paradox. A friction between the idea of destiny, escape, and freedom.

I G O R V I D O R explores mechanisms of power and oppression through his sculptures, performances, and videos. His works convey signs of violence and social injustice deeply rooted in everyday life. The artist reflects how these conditions repeat themselves, perpetuating symbols of violence that end up taking on new meanings. He allows us to reflect on how this friction contributes to a scenario of intermittent and seemingly insoluble violence that finds echoes and recurrence in the history of Brazil. His work has been featured in numerous international exhibitions, including Berlinische Galerie (2021), Künstlerhaus Bethanien (2020); Perez Art Museum Miami (2018), Mercosul Biennial (2018), Sesc 24 de Maio (2017), Museu Histórico Nacional, Rio de Janeiro (2017), Museu de Arte do Rio (2016). In 2016, he was the first Brazilian invited to participate in the International Exchange Program by the National Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art in Seoul – MMCA. He lives and works in Berlin.

E U R I D I C E Z A I T U N A K A L A

SEA(E)SCAPES

Video, Mono/ecran vertical, N/A, Liyo Gong, 3+1 AP,
11:03 min, 2022

The work on *SEA(E)SCAPES* began in 2015, motivated by the discovery of the wreck of the slave ship São José Paquete-d'África the same year off the Cape in South Africa. Euridice Zaituna Kala began to retrace the route taken by the ship: leaving Ilha de Mozambique, a historic crossroads in the Indian Ocean from where the Portuguese and French administered their colonies, it disappeared in 1794 with more than 400 slaves on board... 210 children, women and men perished. Others were recaptured, and taken to the initial destination: São Luis do Maranhão in Brazil.

The story of this ship escape(s)d Mozambicans. Frustrated at only having access to archives delivered through the Portuguese prism alone, it became urgent for the artist to reinvestigate this story. Her research took Kala from Lisbon to Ilha de Mozambique and then to Cape Town. This deployment in space became an act of resistance: by surveying a strip of this coastline, Euridice Zaituna Kala revived this hitherto anecdotal memory. Without wanting to focus solely on a history of slavery, *SEA(E)SCAPES* also questions the mechanics of contemporary memory. The project raises the question of who gives us access to history and what is chosen to be documented. The artist does not seek to propose a rewriting of history, but to embody it: "Through this journey, I was going to become the archive." Research, documentary and performance merge in a single act. The result is image-objects (Polaroids), the sounds of breaking waves, the screeching of the hull, objects on the ground – so many ways to fill this sensitive archive. It mixes travel diaries and absent (hi)stories from the Indian Ocean. Kala, nourished by these spaces, then imagines what the movement of these bodies could be like outside of a control of their destiny.

The video work *SEA(E)SCAPES* brings together key images of this spatio-temporal trajectory. Made up of around fifty images taken from Polaroids during the artist's personal journey, the video work deploys a succession of mental images, but also landscapes and places, perhaps briefly captured by these men and women, in the rare moments when they were given the opportunity to emerge from the holds. These images, between their 2D state and the transition to a 3D representation, which gives them a form of materiality, seek to awaken in the viewer a layered experience of the spaces, places and individuals who have occupied this History, and thus bring the Archive to life.

The Polaroids – traces and witnesses – are also the raw material the artist works with to exhaustion.

Texts extracts from a curatorial note by Manon Barbe and Philippe Zagouri.

ZAITUNA, AKA EURIDICE KALA is a Mozambican artist based in Paris. Kala trained as a photographer at the Market Photo Workshop, Johannesburg (2012) and the Asiko School, Maputo (2015). In her work, Kala seeks to highlight the [absent] multiplicities of narratives within historical periods and social relations using as a point of departure her personal memories – from the perspective of what Léopold Sédar Senghor calls the “kingdom of childhood”, which is at the heart of her reflections. Kala is interested in image making, throughout her “photographic” practice she has been looking for ways images are made daily. The reflections we ignore, the ones we make, the ones that take us by surprise – once we are in contact with nature, the organic world and especially with objects that we select out of nature, they all reflect something about us. Kala’s work, which focuses on metamorphoses, manipulations and adaptations of history, takes the form of installations, performances, images, objects and books. Kala was the winner of the ADAGP (Association for the Development of the Graphic and Visual Arts) / Villa Vassilieff fellowship, her most recent solo exhibition is *SEA(E) SCAPES DNA: Don't (N)ever Ask*, 2022. Her most recent collective exhibitions include: Jeu de Paume Festival FataMorgana, 2022, AnoZero, Biennale de Coimbra, 2022. Kala has been awarded several international residencies and performed at venues such as: The Centre Georges Pompidou (2021, 2019), Cac Noisy Le Sec, and the Infecting the City Festival (2017). Her work has been included in institutional exhibitions such as: Marres Huis voor Hedendaagse Cultuur (2021), ARoS Museum (2021), the Paul Eluard Museum of Art and History (2021), the Stellenbosch Triennial (2020), Haus der Kulturen der Welt (2019), and the 4th Triennial of Small-scale Sculpture in Fellbach (Germany, 2019).

L A M I A A B U K H A D R A

Free As Air

Drawing, trace monotype on paper, 44,5 x 63,5 cm, 2021

Palestinian folktales exist primarily through the oral tradition. There is no fixed version of each story, no original author. They are polyvocal in nature, a form which invokes conviviality and bestows each story with a nimbleness to traverse time and space. In folklore, inanimate objects, animals, and plants, witness and speak, taking matters into their own hands to stop injustices. Mutation is a formal and conceptual theme throughout. Folktales exist in relation with the land, corresponding to known sacred sites throughout Palestine.

In the tale of “The Green Bird”, a stepmother eats all of the food in the house and decides to cook her stepson into a stew. The boy’s sister tries to warn her brother, but she is unable to stop the stepmother. As the father sits down to dinner, objects in the house try to warn him of his wife’s misdeeds. The father eats the stew,

sucking the bones clean. The girl wraps the boy’s bones in a green scarf and buries them nearby. One day, the girl, overcome with grief, goes to visit her brother’s makeshift grave and dig up his bones. Suddenly, a beautiful green bird emerges. It is her brother, returned from the realm of the dead as a vengeful talking bird. He kills his gluttonous parents by dropping nails into their mouths and lives happily with his sister.

Contemplating the relation between the oral and the imaginal, each element of the folktale is individually printed and layered together to create a single image.

L A M I A A B U K H A D R A is a Palestinian American artist currently based in Beirut and Minneapolis. Her practice studies how disasters can resurrect and generate new forms of perception, collectivity, and resistance, using the Palestinian and Lebanese contexts as microcosms of urgency. Within her drawings, prints, sculptures, texts, and installations, she embeds speculative frameworks which bring to light intimate and historical connections, poetic occurrences, and generative possibilities of survival, mutation, and self-determination. Lamia graduated from the University of Minnesota with a BFA in interdisciplinary studio art in 2018. She is a 2019–2020 Home Workspace Program Fellow at Ashkal Alwan in Beirut as well as a 2021–2022 Jan van Eyck Academie Resident in Maastricht.

Z A H R A M A L K A N I

Samandari Ehsaasat / Oceanic Feelings #3
Sound, 33:03 min, 2021

This is the third in a series of experimental mixes that bring together found audio, interviews and raw field recordings that move through multiple languages, dialects and musical/mystical traditions from across the Indus River to the Makran coast. A geography marked today by state brutality and militarism, environmental devastation and extractivism.

We began with Alan Fakir singing from the Suf saint and poet Shah Abdul Latif Bhattai’s *Sur Sassui*. *Sur Sassui* maps out a vast, vivid coastal geography in a stunning ecopoetics as it narrates the treacherous journey of Sassui from Bhambhore in Sindh to Kech Makran in Balochistan. Sassui walks in search of her lost beloved, Punhu. As she struggles through a perilous terrain, all of nature from the rocks to the birds to the camels bear witness to her grief; they weep with her. In this fierce lament, Sassui prays not for strength, for she says: only a shattered heart could cross this mountain.

All the sounds you will encounter here are songs of crossings. They speak of or emerge from or guide us through some kind of journey between worlds. In Sanskrit the term for sacred place is tirtha, derived from a verbal root which means to cross over, and in particular to cross over a flowing body of water. Sindhi names for boats as well as verbs for crossing or

swimming all share this same root. Here a sacred space is not a fixed point but a fluid journey. The ocean, the river, the boatman and the boat are all recurrent motifs – as obstacles, as vessels, as companions, as bridges, as guides. This journey is rarely imagined as easy, but is rather one marked by the grief of loss and separation, and laden with the ecstasy of anticipation. This ecstatic grief is the subject of all these songs.

In what follows you will hear: the legendary Faizok Baloch, a Sistan-born, Makran-raised, and eventually Karachi-based musician, seeking assistance in delivering a message of desire and longing to a beloved across the ocean.

In Abida Parveen's voice, a Kalam of Sindhi poet and spiritual elder Bhagat Kanwar Ram, who was killed in 1939 in communal riots in Sukkur. She sings his prayer to the divine: that his boat may reach its shore. You will hear a recording of Chogan: a communion around a banyan tree by a beach in the part- ing rains of Cyclone Gulab. A Zikri ritual connecting worlds known and unknown through sound, performed specifically on sacred nights when the veil is thin.

You will hear the sounds of the Lewa, a vast and tentacular sonic tradition that has travelled centuries across the ocean to the Makran coast. And here, one afternoon in Lyari, its sonic waves crash and wrestle with the ebbs and flows of Karachi's ceaseless construction.

And finally sounds from a rally organised by the Pakistan Fisherfolk Forum. Protesters sing: "Awaken mallah! Awaken fisherfolk! The river Sindhu is calling for you. The river Sindhu is calling for water." Here, the protest is the crossing, the sacred space, an oceanic feeling.

TRACKLIST/TRANSLATIONS:

1. Hafeez Baloch, Indigenous Rights Alliance: "This was a river. They constructed in the path of the river. Now, whenever it rains, when it rains a lot, a river never forgets its path. Understand that . The water always returns to natural waterways in the exact same way. We exist because these rivers exist. So this is a war."
2. Alan Fakir – Boli Muhnji Banbyani
3. Introduction by Zahra Malkani
4. Abida Parveen – Nale Alakh Je
5. Ishaq Khamosh, Baloch Music Promoters Society: "This is written by a great 18th century classical poet Mulla Fazul Rind, and sung by our legendary musician Faiz Mohammad. This poem is addressing a Pigeon, requesting the pigeon to deliver a message to the beloved. He says to the pigeon: the way you coo is so beautiful, please take my message to my beloved. He directs the pigeon on what to say and how to reach safely and with- out encountering any problems or difficulties along the way."

6. Faiz Mohammad Baloch – Bagani Kapot Silani
7. Chogan, Gadani Beach, 1 October 2021
8. Gul Faiz, Jhoolay Lal Lewa Band: "These waves ... people played these instruments by the ocean, so the rhythms of Lewa are based on the movement of the waves, on how they arrive. How the waves would crash like..." *demonstrates rhythms*
9. Jhoolay Lal Lewa Band, Lyari, recorded 10 March 2021
10. Gulzar Gichki and Ustad Noor Mohammad Nooral: "The bravery of fisherfolk, their battles with enemies at sea, their confrontations with the ocean are all mentioned, the fish are described, the beauty of young fishers is described. Let me give you an example of Amba - Ustad will you sing or should I?" *they sing* "The boat is crossing the ocean in all its glory, and the fishers are singing and dancing with great joy. In this song and dance there is passion and spirit, so the fishers may calm, invigorate and reassure themselves"
11. Pakistan Fisherfolk Forum Rally, Karachi, 21 November 2021

Tehqeeq-e-muddat-e-samandari

Studies in Aqueous time

Series of drawings, tea, gouache and graphite on paper, 17 x 24 cm, 2022

A Shaligram is a sacred fossil found at the Kali Gandaki River in Nepal. It is a manifestation of the god Vishnu in the material realm as a coal-dark stone embedded with an infinite, spiralling shell relief. The Shaligram is born of the water, emerging from deep geological time, both fossil and deity: an anionic vision of the divine. Its movement collapses time and space as expressed in its spiral ridges: maps of eternity. The stone is both dead and alive, manifestation and representation, material and spectral, vibrant water and ancient shell. The Shaligram is a bridge connecting realms visible and invisible, life and death all in the flow of a river.

Samandari Ehsaasat/Oceanic Feelings is an audio research project moving through the aquatic landscapes of coastal Sindh and Balochistan where the sonic and the sacred come together at sea. The sounds encountered here emerge from spaces with long, rich histories of oceanic exchange and connection – spaces now devastated by development, militarism and the Pakistani state's infrastructural nationalism. The term Oceanic Feelings refers to the affective experience of religious or spiritual rapture: a moment of ego-death, the dissolution of one's own boundaries into an aquatic, infinite unity. From field recordings at protests and occult rituals by the beach, to folklore and anti-colonial epics, the sounds in this series threaten and entice those same oceanic, ecstatic border-crossings and boundary-breakings, sacred ruptures. Each sound is a kind of a Shaligram, a bridge between realms, collapsing time and space in the co-presence of life and death. *Studies in Aqueous Time* emerge from syncretic South Asian traditions where drawing is a devotional

practice, and the drawing itself is a potent spiritual technology, animate and animated by relation and ritual. In the context of the Pakistani state's extractive occupation of the coast, relentless dam development, and ongoing fetishisation/deification of a more widely known fossil – coal – the Shaligram and these sounds offer a different way of engaging the energetic forces of the universe.

ZAHRA MALKANI is a multidisciplinary artist from Karachi, Pakistan. Her research-based art practice spans multiple media including text, sound and web, and explores the politics of development, infrastructure and militarism in Pakistan. She is a co-founder with Shahana Rajani of Karachi LaJamia, an experimental pedagogical project exploring new radical pedagogies in relation with ongoing struggles in Karachi. Zahra is currently a fellow at the Akademie Schloss Solitude and has exhibited and presented work across Pakistan and internationally in spaces such as the Haus der Kulturen der Welt in Berlin, Ishara Art Foundation in Dubai, and the Uppsala Art Museum, Sweden. She has published collaborative writings on urbanism, militarisation and the university in local and international journals such as *Hybrid: The Indus Valley School of Art Research Journal* and *Perspecta: The Yale Architectural Journal*.

REHEMA CHACHAGE

One up, two down

Installation, photographic prints, text, and audio, 60 x 90 inches per image, 2021

Two down

One up

Two down

Two strands of ukindu remain on the left

Two down

One up

Two down

Three strands of ukindu remain on the right

Left to right

Right to left

Two down

One up

Two down

Shode births...

Koko Orupa, who births...

Bibi Mkunde, who births...

Mama Demere, who births...

Me

Two down

One up

Two down

Shode becomes my daughter...

Orupa becomes my niece...

And, Mkunde becomes my sister.

Two down

One up

Two down

A pattern emerges, meticulously weaved on a long Ukili

Two down

One up

Two down

A thread of history is weaved and carried across from generation to generation

REHEMA CHACHAGE is a visual artist currently living between Dar es Salaam and Vienna. Her practice can be viewed as a performative archive which untraditionally collects stories, rituals and other oral traditions in different media (performance, photography, video, text as well as physical installations). It traces hi/stories directly tied to (and connecting with) her matrilineage and utilises methodologies – both embodied and instinctual –, employing written texts, oral and aural stories, melodies, and relics from re-enacted/performed rituals as source of research. She has a BA in Fine Art (2009) from Michaelis School of Fine Art, University of Cape Town; and an MA Contemporary Art Theory (2018) from Goldsmiths, University of London. Currently, she is doing her PhD in practice with the Academy of Fine Art in Vienna with her research focusing on alternative ways of knowing/knowledge formation, specifically engaging with handed down/inherited knowledges (songs, names, recipes, building practices, healing rituals, scientific knowledge, etc) as alternative epistemological strategies for rethinking conventional understanding and relationship to knowledge; in turn, also legitimising these knowledges as worthy of “mainstream” spaces such as educational and art institutions.

LEMOHANG JEREMIAH MOSESE

Mother, I Am Suffocating. This is My Last Film About You Video, 76 min, 2019

Mosese's film is not really – or not only – a person. She is a concept, a country, an entire continent. It is a symbolic social-political voyage of a society, spiralling between religion, identity and collective memory. Lemohang Jeremiah Mosese is a filmmaker and visual artist hailing from Hlotse, Leriba, Lesotho. His works are a complex investigation of identity and its amorphous quality in relation to time. Indeed, Mosese's art is a layered exploration of the physical cycles of life, death and rebirth in relation to human subjectivity. A self-taught filmmaker, his feature-length, visual essay film *Mother, I am Suffocating. This is My Last Film About You* was selected for Final Cut in Venice, winning six awards. It premiered at the Berlinale Forum in 2019 and continues to be showcased in film festivals and exhibitions, including MoMA and BOZAR Brussels. Mosese was one of three filmmakers selected for Biennale College Cinema with his second narrative feature film, *This Is Not A Burial, It's A Resurrection*, which won over 30 awards, including the Jury Award

for Visionary Filmmaking at Sundance Film Festival 2020. Mosese's most recent work is a seven-channel video installation entitled *Bodies of Negroes: Sculpting God* commissioned by Eye museum. And a four channel video installation titled *NEW GOD* commissioned by Humboldt Forum. Mosese served as a juror for several film festivals, including the Berlinale International Film Festival, Rotterdam, Locarno and Eye museum. He has been invited to be a guest lecturer for several institutions like Cambridge University, or the Netherlands Film Academy Masters Program.

M E H R E G A N M E Y S A M I

Exeo in Spasm

Cassette transferred to digital, 14:35 min on loop, 2022

A distorted child voice – the artist's voice as a five year old recorded in 1995 in Iran – swells through speakers and crashes against the cacophony of ambient noise reverberating and echoing in space.

Echo is a delayed resonance in space, and a clear memory of that day still resonates in my head, when I was sitting by our only tape recorder/player at home, recording my voice. I was about five years old. My parents were watching TV, talking to each other or on the phone. They were too busy to give me any attention at that time and since I was bored I decided to kill that waiting time by talking to the tape recorder and recording my voice on an empty cassette. I didn't know how to read or write so I started performing as a storyteller, sometimes improvising, and sometimes telling stories that I had memorised from books that my parents had read for me several times. During the recording I also sang parts of different songs – varying from kids' to political songs–, such as:

سر اومد زمستون

[The winter is over], a revolutionary anthem song of 1979 revolution in Iran. The poet of this song is Saeed Soltanpour, who was executed on July 26, 1981 by the authorities of the Islamic Republic. I remember I really liked that song since for me it was so much celebration of nature and its renewal, resonating on hope and natural elements like: mountains, forest, flowers, sun. I had no idea of its political context and metaphors.

M E H R E G A N M E Y S A M I lives and works between Tehran and Stockholm. Her work is inextricably connected to the intangibility of time, space and structures of the language. She works media-archeologically with analog film and text and her practice includes film, installation, sound, sculpture and works on paper. Her work is based on questions of representation, authenticity, presence, memory and time, but also erasure of those. She is influenced by historical turning points, and her work consists of reinterpretation of history and recontextualization of text and archival materials. She received a BFA from Art Center College of Design, in Pasadena, California and a B.Arch in Architecture from Tabriz Art University

in Iran, she is a current MFA candidate at Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm, Sweden. Solo exhibitions include: *Among Pebbles and Diamonds*, Galleri Mejan, Stockholm (2021); *Don't Trust Your Eyes*, Online show (2021); *Image Room*, Galleri Seilduken, Oslo, Norway (2019); *I Am In The Shelter Of The Window*, Degree Show, ArtCenter, Pasadena, CA, USA (2017); *velvet on velvet*, ArtCenter, Pasadena, CA, USA (2017). Selected group exhibitions include: Vargtimmen (MFA '22), Konstakademien, Stockholm, Sweden (2022); *One Million Years*, Vaxhuset, Stockholm, Sweden (2021); *Interstice – Without Words*, Etemad Gallery [Negarestan], Tehran, Iran (2020); *The Room*, Pejman Foundation, Fajr International Film Festival, Tehran, Iran, (2018); *A Living Treasure*, The Hutto-Patterson Gallery, Pasadena, CA, USA (2018); *Sense + Sound*, Xiem Clay Center, Pasadena, CA, USA (2016). *Wooden Sculptures*, Aria Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran, (2014); *Monument to Poet*, Shirin Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran (2013).

M A R I A T H E R E Z A A L V E S

Il Sole

Video, 5:21 min, colour, sound, 2006

Sunlight does not fall for three months of each winter in the Alpine village of Viganella in Italy. This video honours the attitudes of those residents who question their local geographical and social circumstances in relation to what they know is possible in other areas and decide to change what has always been. The residents place a mirror high in the mountain to reflect some sun on the plaza.

M A R I A T H E R E Z A A L V E S has participated in the 22nd Biennale Panamericana di Quito, Sydney Biennale, Toronto Biennale, Manifesta 12 and 7, São Paulo Biennale (2016 and 2010), Berlin Biennale 8, Sharjah Biennale (2017), dOCUMENTA (13), Taipei Biennial (2012), Guangzhou Triennale 3 and the Second Havana Biennial among others. Alves is the recipient of the Vera List Prize for Art and Politics 2016–2018. In 1978, as a member of the International Indian Treaty Council, Alves made an official presentation of human rights abuses of the indigenous population of Brazil at the U.N. Human Rights Commission in Geneva. Alves was one of the founding members of the Green Party of São Paulo in 1987. Recent books are *Recipes for Survival and Thieves and Murderers in Naples: A Brief History on Families, Colonization, Immense Wealth, Land Theft, Art and the Valle de Xico Community Museum in Mexico*.

N I D A M E H B O O B

298-C

Video, 15 min, 2018

298-C is a 15-minute documentary about a family from Pakistan's most persecuted minority sect. The family discusses the discrimination they face over a family get-together when one family returns to Pakistan after

8 years. The film's narrative unfolds through a storyline of an old couple who are awaiting their children and grandchildren's visit from abroad. Using frequent shots of family members offering prayers and reading the Quran, the film questions their status of being Non-Muslim in Pakistan.

N I D A M E H B O O B is a photographer & filmmaker based in Lahore, Pakistan. She graduated as a pharmacist but left the field to pursue photography in 2012. Her documentary work got her into several international workshops and fellowships over the years. She is a Berlinale Talent 2020. Her short films have been screened at international film festivals. Her topic of interest includes themes of social injustice varying from religious and gender discrimination in Pakistan.

T E W A B A R N O S A
Departure Death
Audio-Visual Installation, 2019

Departure Death explores the questions of where and when.

The recordings used in the sound piece are actual memory extractions from Mitiga's International Airport, between 2014 and 2020, which was once used as a German airbase during World wars but currently operating as a gateway for civilians living in Libya, replacing Tripoli's main airport which was burned to ashes during one of the wars after 2011.

The airport doesn't stop functioning, people don't stop working and neither time, despite being bombed and attacked by missiles on a regular basis, schedules are fully booked for months, damages to airplanes and runways are being fixed then it re-opens again for passengers a few days after mourning and burying the dead.

T E W A B A R N O S A is a Tripoli-born artist and cultural producer whose conceptual approach is both curiosity- and research-based, emerging from the polar extremes evident throughout the world today. Influenced by repetitive revolutions, civil wars, cyber-punk, religious teachings, and Tamazight rituals and mythologies, she observes and creates surreal narratives of contradiction, extremity, and the in-between. Barnosa's work consists of audio-visual installations, sound sculptures, electronic objects, scenography, and expanded paintings that gather calligraphy, texts and writing forms emerging from her poetry practice. She is driven by the adventure of exploring languages both ancient and current. What is written will surely remain, codified by history, but Barnosa is attempting instead to imagine a futuristic heritage that might reveal radically other possibilities and illustrate fictional archives.

In 2021, Barnosa moved from Berlin to Amsterdam, where she is currently an artist in residence at the Rijksakademie. She is also the founder of WaraQ art foundation, one of Libya's leading non-institutional artistic collectives, a laboratory for the production, publication, and curation of works by artists, performers, researchers and curious minds from North Africa and beyond.

N A E E M M O H A I E M E N
United Red Army (The Young Man Was, Part I)
Video, colour and b&w, sound, 70 min, 2011

The man in the cockpit speaks in halting English; the negotiator in the control tower replies with the confidence of an army officer of a former British colony. The Japanese Red Army had attached to the idea of global pan-Arabism. But the country in which JAL 472 landed was not what anyone thought it was. Instead of being the willing stage for ideas of "Third World revolution," the actual Third World hit back in unexpected ways. The lead negotiator, codename "Dankesu," said with baffled understatement: "I understand you have some internal problems."

Sarinah Masukor wrote: "Like Chris Marker's fictional anthropologist Sandor Krasna in *Sans Soleil* (1980), the narrator in *United Red Army* walks the narrow edge between the political world and the private interior. Racing back and forth along the teleology of left-resistance, I'm never certain whether the stories he tells are history or fiction." (*West Space journal*)

N A E E M M O H A I E M E N combines films, photographs, drawings, sculpture, and essays to research the many forms of utopia-dystopia slippage in the Muslim world after 1945. In Germany, he has exhibited at Berlinale, C/O Berlin, DAAD, Documenta 14, Dortmund, KW/Transmediale, SAVVY Contemporary, and Städel Schule. He is Associate Professor of Visual Arts & Concentration Head of Photography at Columbia University, New York.

L A M I N F O F A N A
Here Lies Universality
Sound piece, 30 min, 2022

It is exhausting and tiresome to listen to people trying to be reasonable with their analysis and sense-making exercises when we don't live in reasonable times. *Here Lies Universality* rubs against liberal universalism and reflects on how the pandemic exacerbates existing contradictions and violence significantly and puts them in high relief... *Here Lies Universality* is part of an ongoing series concerning time, the immeasurable and unfathomable. It worries time. It is a disruption of the linearity of historical time, and a gesture towards what historian Robin D.G. Kelley alluded to as blues time: "simultaneously in the moment, the past, the future, and the timeless space of the imagination."

L A M I N F O F A N A is an artist and musician. His music contrasts the reality of our world with what's beyond, and explores questions of movement, migration, alienation and belonging. Fofana's overlapping interests in history and the present, and his practice of transmuting text into the affective medium of sound, manifests in multisensory live performances and installations featuring original music compositions, field recordings and archival material. His latest releases include *Black Metamorphosis*, *Darkwater*, and *Blues* (an album trilogy). Recent exhibitions include *Ballad Air & Fire* for Preis der Nationalgalerie at Hamburger Bahnhof, Berlin, Germany (2021); *a call to disorder* at Haus der Kunst, Munich, Germany (2021); *Life and Death by Water* for the Liverpool Biennial 2021 at Lewis's Building, Liverpool, England; *BLUES* at Mishkin Gallery at Baruch College, City University of New York (2020); *Refracted Gazes/Fugitive Dreams* at Akademie Schloss Solitude, Stuttgart, Germany (2019); *WITNESS* at 57th Venice Biennale, Italy (2017); and performances at Documenta 14, Kassel, Germany and Athens, Greece (2017). In 2021, Fofana was awarded a Foundation for Contemporary Arts Grants to Artists and was nominated for the National Gallery Prize in Germany. Fofana hosts a monthly radio show on NTS Radio, an online station based in London.

TEXTS

FLORA OF NOWHERE OR WAITING FOR
THE NIGHT TO COME – ON INSOMNIA,
MIGRATION AND THAT SPACE
BETWEEN (A FRAGMENT)

SAGAL FARAH

Many summers ago, my aunt and I were resting in a summer garden during the nights when the sun doesn't set. Broken grass and dusty soil were imprinted on her feet. Her bare hennaed soles were the colour of a blood moon. A breeze swept her shawl onto my shoulder, and then her mobile rang.

She answered without greeting or ceremony and listened to an orchestra of static on the other end. Sounds like an off-beat drumroll through a crackling connection. The noise of pots and pans with intermittent silences. The complete absence of a voice. Refusing to be suspended in time, she decided to be the first to speak:

“Ma diddee hargoolo, ha igu tumin durbaanada iyo daasadaha madhan.” she recited, and ended the call, not caring whether the person on the other side had heard her or understood.

TAIÑ DUNGU
WRITTEN FOR ARIEL BUSTAMENTE'S
RUMOR # 5

DANIELA CATRILEO

A twisted tongue a wayward tongue
loose mounted woven over others

mixed tongue
tongue without language
tongue without canon

mother tongue infant tongue

tongue that can dance and lick
tongueless tongue animal
inhuman tongue that can dig other tongues

lemu tongue lewfü tongue mawida tongue
Oh, this lafken tongue, people's tongue
forest tongue challwa tongue
knife tongue dagger tongue

This tongue that is neither mine nor yours
I have this tongue that runs away from me
that wants to write
that wants to stop talking
that wants to run away

tongue instead of hands
tongues in the eyes

[and it's that they left us without eyes]
lover tongue, tongue in the thighs
tongue that devours
tongue that swallows itself

escapist tongue emancipated tongue
tongue with neither party nor husband
antiestablishment tongue trukür tongue

tongue that lights up barricades
tongue that loots the order of tongues
tongue REVOLT

tongue that moves in a pack with other tongues
darned and recovered tongue

tongue that chants in protest
tongue so that never again
tongue without heroes
tongue of the people united

disobedient tongue
that babbles on its way to the mouth
degenerate tongue
twisted declined dislocated fractured

seed tongue that explodes
counter-current tongue
tongue that doesn't bite itself

tongue that jumps turnstiles
tongue in school uniform
loose tongue

headless tongue
twisted tongue
rivers of tongues
torrential streets

quality tongue
free tongue
For the right to tongue!

snake tongue elephant tongue
What is a whale's tongue like?

erotic tongue desire tongue
vernacular foreign migrant

street tongue mapu tongue
sharp tongue
frontier and transfrontier tongue
bad tongue
Küme dungu
tongue for all the tongues
so that never again without tongues
tongue that won't remain silent

tongue against muteness
tongue that testifies
tongue that savors

memory tongue
collective tongue

insubordinate tongue
Bring back the tongues!

tongues out on the streets
uncaged tongues

put your tongue in my tongue
let's be millions of tongues

tongue that imagines that thinks
that dreams that loves
that desires that burns
this tongue burns me so much
tongue ardor blazes burns tongue
tonguethrower kütral tongue

lumpen tongue
indigenous tongue
flaite tongue
child tongue

Champurria tongue
molfü. tongue
drive tongue

piuke tongue
heart on the tongue

These tongues that shout at us

mutt tongue orphan tongue
rayulechi dungu

Kalül tongue
that rises tongue that fights
tongue for tomorrow
taiñ dungu.

ZAHRA MALKANI

This site-specific guided meditation was practised at China Port, Karachi, in August 2021 as part of the Karachi LaJamia (Karachi AntiUniversity) course, Friction and Flow: Environmental Resistance in the Aquatic Landscapes of Karachi. This area, formerly known as Oyster Rocks, is owned by the Pakistan Navy and currently being developed as part of the Chi- na-Pakistan Economic Corridor. Further inland, in the distance, stands the 1400 year old mazaar (shrine) of Karachi's patron saint Abdullah Shah Ghazi, besieged by the ongoing construction of high-rise, luxury real estate development.

Not long ago, this land we now stand on, and all that is visible around us but the sky, was water. The ocean stretched all the way up to Abdullah Shah Ghazi's mazaar, its waves rising forth to kiss the walls of his darbar every day. Today those walls are surrounded by asphalt and concrete and dwarfed by the soaring expanse of Bahria Town's Icon Tower. Take a long, deep breath.

Feel the salty ocean breeze against your skin. Feel it flow, slowly, in and out through your lungs. Feel yourself root a little deeper into wherever you are standing or seated on the ground. With long, deep breaths, feel how this ground supports you, holds you. Imagine your roots extending down through the ground, further and further, into the deep, dark, ancient waters buried below. Take a slow, long look around you. Scan the entire 360 degrees of space surrounding you. Now, move slowly back through time.

Slowly erase, with your eyes, the development you see around you. The tall concrete, iron, metallic stone structures. See them no more. Take long, deep breaths. With each breath, move further back in time. Close your eyes and meditate on the ocean water around you. See the ocean reflected in your mind's eye. How the ocean looks, how the water moves, its fluid shapeshifting, how the light bounces off it. How close it is or how far. Where it begins and where it ends. What the waters seem to say to you. Synchronise your breath with the movements of this ocean.

Now, free the water from its restless tides. Imagine the water, one wave at a time, one breath at a time, slowly coming back to submerge the land we stand on. Water, as Toni Morrison says, has perfect memory. All water is forever trying to get back to where it was. Imagine the waves moving past your feet further beyond the shore. With deep breaths, imagine now that there is nothing but water around you. As far as your eyes can see. Wave by wave. Feel the waters within you churn too.

Take a deep breath and move with the water, with the waves, as they move further inland, as they return to an old beloved. Flow with the water as it rushes towards the shrine, in an ancient, eternal dance. Take a deep breath, and flow. Across asphalt, across pavements, past buildings, cars, homes. Feel yourself fluid, move.

As they reach towards the shrine, to kiss its walls, as they once did, every day, imagine the waves crashing against the glass facade of Icon Tower. Imagine the glass of the skyscraper shatter. Imagine the waves breaking through the glass to flood each dark, quiet, empty floor of the building, still under construction. Floor by floor, imagine the building submerged by the ancient dance of the waves. Take a long, deep breath, and feel yourself in the force of each wave as it brings the building crashing down. Imagine, in an ecstatic instant, the 60 floors of concrete turn to dust. Imagine the dust dissipate, disappear through the water, leaving barely a trace.

Imagine the waves, now hesitating as they approach the edge of Hazrat Abdullah Shah Ghazi's shrine. Pause. Take a long, deep breath, and imagine the waters as they tremble in anticipation of long awaited, ecstatic union. Feel the waters quiver, pulsate even within you. Take a long, deep breath. Reach forward. And touch.

SEA(E)SCAPES DNA (DON'T (N)EVER
ASK) JOURNEY, FROM ILHA TO THE
CAPE
NOTE 1

EURIDICE KALA

My grandmother used to sell fish at the market, as long as I remember that was the smell of the woman...

I remember thinking when I was a child that all grandmothers smelled like that, and that was the best odour a grandmother could have.

I have very few notes of that time, I knew the sea was a provider for the family. The first name of an island – Inhaca. The adventures of this woman to get the best products. The ocean, the grand-mother, the provider.

So befitting that my last homage to her was a fast swimming session in Bretagne where I deposited flowers, I was not sure if purple was her favourite colour but it is the colour of royalty. My homage was sent to queen, a matriarch her dues from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean. Hoping that the currants will do their job and activate the waters.

A purple bouquet
The Atlantic
The Indian
Morrumbene

This ritual was one of choice. It was one that I could do with what was disposable.

I SNUGGLE INTO THE TOMB BED FROM
MY WEDDING CHAMBER MY HAIR
IS THE QUILT THE SPIRIT-GUIDING
STREAMER

DAKOTA GUO

A downward-sloping path extends into a three metres long tunnel that leads to the chamber. An underground home built with timber, stone and thick damp, furnished with misshapen vessels, incense burners, and miniature figurines. The archaeology of burials is an irreverent discipline of trespassing, more so than grave robbing. "After the tomb is sealed, it will never be opened again" reads a prayer or a spell found at the end of a long inscription inside of a tomb sealed in 151 CE, China. "To be sealed, one and for all", was supposed to be the one architectural principle of tombs. A symbolic trick in the attempt to first expose a cavity and then fill it negatively.

/She cannot comprehend verticality. A soft ladder sags into the rocks while stretching into the cosmic. Morphologies of afterlife cling on to the ladder, spaced micrometres apart. She, on the other hand, lies horizontally.

At the moment of entombment, all material matters and the space they hold are transposed from the realm of yang, i.e. the realm of the living, to the realm of yin, i.e. the realm of the undead. The cunning necrotechnic forecloses the problem of death. At the moment of entombment, death vanishes; the corpse has become assets of the realm of yang kept in pawn in the realm of yin.

/She hears vaguely a pre-recorded wailing from above the ground. Whether a funeral should be rehearsed or improvised still puzzles her. Her wedding colludes with a funeral that's not hers. It is no coincidence that the captive yang refers to male and the receptive yin refers to female. She is manufactured into a corpse bride to fulfil the sweet promise: To fertilise his reincarnation.

The realm of yin is constructed as a necrotic replica of the realm of yang. A dichotomy swirled by the ambivalence towards ghostly matters. Made exclusively for the undead, burial goods are referred to as spirit-article. They should retain the form of the corresponding object in the realm of yang, but designed to falsify its practicality: "those of earthenware should not be able to contain water; the zithers should be strung, but not evenly; the bells and chime stones should be there but have no stands". As the economies of the realm of yang infiltrate into the realm of yin, the latter is filled with deviant vitalities that feeds on the inflations of the mortal order.

/Until recently, she never knew that her self-contained spirit was a compound of multiple sub-spirits. One day when she had a high fever and was very sick, she felt six or seven people lying in her bed. She did not want to moan, but they did; she wanted to lie still, but they shook her awake. Later, when the fever subsided, some of the disappeared; and when she fully recovered, they were all gone.

LUCÍA EGAÑA

A rebel mob, a crowd of trash.[1] A peat-mob that threatens as it comes o v e r f l o w i n g with discarded bodies, constituting a matter that integrates the living and the dead. This peat-mob is agitation and collapse; its body preserves all those forms of n a t u r e overwhelmed by anomaly. Dirt is a depository of residues that has come to d i s p l a y its deep abundance and resounding impetus as it searches for the ancestral. You are facing the ecosystems of the rest, what the white men did not want to see. They said it was useless for their civilization project. The l a m e , the horny, the naked, the blind, the fat, the deviant, the drugged, the s i c k , and the desirous. All submerged in a peat-mob that to this very day protects and safeguards them.

There's nothing human in the peatland; this is what dignifies the errant protection that characterizes it. My tongue roams through the wetlands in a state of ebullition. With the fury of volcanoes, sucking on what is happening below, in what cannot be seen, as it is covered with mud, herbs, bugs, waters of different colors. My tongue sucks on the pencil, wets the page. It stretches out like an elastic bait that was not allowed to give birth with the others. Give birth to oneself with the others. This is my turbid rumor, the rumor that perturbs me and disturbs me, the possibility of ceasing to be myself.

I heard the water's voice whispering softly into my ear. Its vibrations tickled me. Everything stood on its end and (if we were human, I'd say that) I was aroused. Fortunately, I am not one of them. I prefer to be "dead" matter, always wet, damp. I prefer to be this flooded exaggerated aridity.

We've been stripped of our memory. But in the peatlands, a potential life is conserved, its ancient vibrations are maintained. To sink. Who can take this much drowning? A body of water penetrated by death that is life, since the distance between pleasure and pain does not exist in what is not human. Its binarism is broken shell, it either lost its meaning or it never had any. How many mummies are in here? Wetlands are expanses that are permanently flooded by the desire for an eroticism of what is wet. The peatlands protecting seeds and microscopic species from colonial fires. The peat holds history, its archives like scars of the earth's body. Its members are organized into soft strata. The peat's geological record is its lustful life, the dissenting bodies and understandings that were preserved in order to elude extinction. Heterosexuals, on the other hand, no longer exist within it. Neither does white skin, perhaps it never existed. There are no direct records of its presence, only the effects of its destruction. The current generations devote themselves to recovering their own memory, and in order to do so, they come in mobs to sink into wetlands. A rebel mob, a crowd of trash, a peat-mob that threatens and comes filled with discarded bodies, nature overwhelmed by anomaly.

[1]Tr. Note: In Spanish, the word "turba" can refer to both "peat" and to "a mob or crowd".

SEA(E)SCAPES DNA (DON'T (N)EVER
ASK) JOURNEY, FROM ILHA TO THE
CAPE
NOTE 2

EURIDICE KALA

Rabo de cavalo

Black woman you have a horse's hair...
There was a time, a long, dark age ago
Women of the darkest skin, colour of the coal were ashamed
Their hair could not, did not, would not grow so seeing the
animal... A horse
- Everyone gets scared
- Where is the horse coming from?
- Who owns the horse?
- The horse is mine

This woman decided even unbeknown to them that the hair
Rabo de cavalo
Sex, sex, sex,
Look at their hips, horse, horse hips

What I found? What I looking for?
Hunters gatherers

Nampula caça e pesca

Who's the curator?
Reis e mulher
Rituais Mortes
Folhas limpas, Camfur

3 dias
7 dias
40 dias

L'amour dure 3 ans

Trois ans plus tard...

Love lasts 3 years

Museu Etnografico

1950/1956

Nampula hunting and fishing

Who's the curator?
Kings and women
Death rituals
Cleansed leaves, camphor

3 days
7 days
40 days

Ethnographic Museum
1950/1956

CAROLINA LEÓN

When we hear the word forest, our brains quickly place us in one of them. If we hear the word peatland, there are few people who can imagine one of these places.

Peatlands are places where the ground is like an immense sponge, which absorbs thousands of liters of rainwater. Walking on them is not easy: shoes sink at every step, and there are even areas that resemble quicksand, only instead of sand, there are plants. This immense sponge consists of many dead plants, especially mosses, which build up slowly in layers as if it were a gigantic “thousand layers” cake. This dead material is known as peat. The accumulation of layers can reach thousands of years of age, and in each one of its layers, plants have managed to trap an immense quantity of carbon dioxide from the atmosphere, which is meticulously stored in the peatlands. It is for this reason that this ecosystem comes in first in the ranking for greatest accumulation of organic carbon. It seems incredible that while covering only 3% of the planet's terrestrial surface, peatlands are able to store twice as much carbon as the world's entire forest biomass.

Peatlands are a type of wetland, sites flooded with water, with little oxygen, few nutrients, and as acid as orange juice. Although these may not seem like the friendliest living conditions, its inhabitants know how to tap into their advantages. The beings that live in peatlands must endure very extreme conditions, which makes them highly specialized beings. Truly, they have earned the moniker of engineers. The most outstanding of these engineers is the Sphagnum moss species, which in the south of Chile is known as “pompón”. This plant is the one responsible for these ecosystems' great water-absorbing capabilities, a characteristic that has also been appreciated in agriculture. The moss is used instead of soil for growing other plants. Although Sphagnum gets most of the attention, there are several other surprising beings as well. Peatlands are where we can also find intriguing carnivorous plants, which await patiently in order to feed on the insects that live in peatlands.

These ecosystems carry out fundamental ecological roles such as: regulating water cycles, capturing and storing carbon, and providing a home for a singular biodiversity, among many others. Nevertheless, their contributions to human beings go even further. Marketable products such as peat and moss can be extracted from peatlands, but these actions can leave indelible footprints in these ecosystems. The most critical case is that of peat extraction, which eliminates thousands of years of work from nature and sentences peatlands to extinction. Additionally, there's also the recollection of living moss, which may be considered as a renewable resource, even when it has not been exempt of ill practices that have damaged and then left numerous peatlands in a state of abandonment.

In the south of Chile, peatlands are socioecological systems that have an impact on people's quality of life in several ways. To some localities, they carry out a fundamental role in storing their water supplies. To others, the recollection of moss provides a livelihood for their families. For all these reasons, peatlands are desperately calling on us to generate new forms of engaging with them, in which their recovery, conservation, and sustainable use may lead us to “good living” (sumak kawsay), a harmonious way of living.

THE SOIL

HUBERT GROMNY

*do you remember
a choice of shape
the moment of shifting
in this world
do you remember
how silver, there is in flesh*

August. It is dry and sunny, yellow light outshines abundant green. I am following the car with a coffin. The car is going fast and I can barely keep up while walking. Ten years ago, the coffin would be carried on the shoulders, followed by a slow procession of people singing mourning hymns out of tune. Breathtaking. Now I am losing my breath, almost running. Since the nineties, Poland has accelerated. The cemetery is not an old one, it was built among the fields of golden grains and dusty potatoes probably in 1952. The same year that the post-peasant class of farmers acquired literacy and the old granary was reconstructed to serve as a Catholic church. People are buried in the same soil they had cultivated with their hands. Now people jump into their cars in a hurry. I am walking. Among just-harvested fields. The name for the month of August in Polish is sierpień, it is derived from the word sierp, which means sickle. This used to be a month of the sickle, now it is a time of a roaring threshold-reaper.

In the past I used to wander around these fields watching buzzards. Their eyes are sharp, able to see a mouse from the height of a few hundred metres. Their name is mouse-hunter. As a child I was not supposed to go far, so my grandfather told me there are unexploded mines in the ground – remnants from a frontline between Nazi and Soviet armies. For him, they were still there. In the bushes, he said, there are hawks lurking, awaiting careless children to grab them and fly away. I walked far. In the moist, furrowed soil I could find larvae of a size much greater than any mature insects I knew. There was an underground civilization of murky tunnels destroyed each time humans had turned the glebe.

Unreal to me, yet I knew the frontline was here. That I have never seen it was proof of its existence. I knew that anywhere I directed my feet I stepped on the ground soaked with blood. I could listen to the wind and evoke images from the past. They were repeating themselves infinitely in the present. These images were not the ones of battles or fire exchanges. I had seen soldiers arriving in the village to demand chickens – nine for Germans, twelve for Russians. I had heard leery whispers, treacherous promises, and drunken laughter. Two gunshots. Now, men are digging a hole to bury the bodies of two women, just there, near the bushes where hawks are kidnapping children today. The men were Polish partisans, the women were not. On the sandy road, the blood of young Hasid was spilled. He was carrying a load of glass on his back, a villager pushed him. Glass cut. Over there a noble master was hunting for pheasants, in effect, he killed a peasant. He said he mistook a man for a dog. Why was he shooting at a dog? Near the redbrick house, a husband killed his wife with a woodchopper.

Wheat, trigo, barley, and corn, they grow on the soil fertilised with blood and flesh. Yet, the graveyard is an enclosed, square parcel. I have been told that its function is hygienic as the human body is toxic. But it is only a low fence of concrete balusters, which separates a consecrated land from potato fields. This cemetery belongs to the parish named after John the Baptist. The priest oversees the land, where Christian corpses are deposited to await the resurrection. The priest oversees if the rent for the dead is paid by the living. Each spot has its price. If anyone could be buried anywhere, there would be not enough space to grow beetroots and strawberries. At least not on a profitable scale. The service of the priest is thus crucial, and the rent for the spot in the cemetery is logical. The sacred borders of the land of the dead are a guarantee that the lynchets between fields of the living are eternal. That ownership of the land is eternal and sacred.

Near the river, when I listen carefully, I know about the harbour that was once here, a few thousand years ago or so. The city was abundant, goods were exchanged and the property was unknown. The city lives. These people come back as deers. They look straight into your eye. Until you move. Move, they run.

SEA(E)SCAPES DNA (DON'T (N)EVER
ASK) JOURNEY, FROM ILHA TO THE
CAPE
NOTE 3

EURIDICE KALA

The polaroid film is from a different epoch
Before the "democratisation" of photography.
It is a lot less predictable as a medium format,
Therefore (so) the banality of the results is probably
What it wants to achieve.

The camera and film itself are not of this time. Yet the makers
transport it
To a now existence – with the intention to re-create a feeling,
a memory or even a way (path) in which to track a shared
memory

What is the solution?

1st experiment

Free the polaroids

- it has a smell
- two positives no negative
- 1 square and a rectangle

سر اومد زمستون، شکفته بهارون
گل سرخ خورشید باز اومد و شب شد گریزون
کوهها لاله‌زارن، لاله‌ها بیدارن
تو کوهها دارن گل گل آفتابو می‌کارن

The winter has come to an end,
the spring has blossomed
The red flower of the sun has risen once again,
the night has escaped
The mountains are covered with tulips, the tulips are awake
They are planting sunshine in the mountains, flower by flower

توی کوهستون، دلش بیداره
تفنگ و گل و گندم، داره می‌آره
توی سینه‌اش جان جان جان
یه جنگل ستاره داره، جان جان، یه جنگل ستاره داره

In the mountains, his heart is awake,
he is bringing flowers and bread and will defend
In his heart life, life, life
In his heart, he has a forest of stars

لبش خنده نور، دلش شعله شور
صداش چشمه و یادش آهوی جنگل دور
توی کوهستون، دلش بیداره
تفنگ و گل و گندم، داره می‌آره

His lips wear a smile of light
His heart is filled with the flames of emotion
His voice is like a spring
His memory is like a deer in the forest of light

توی کوهستون، دلش بیداره
تفنگ و گل و گندم، داره می‌آره
توی سینه‌اش جان جان جان
یه جنگل ستاره داره، جان جان، یه جنگل ستاره داره

In the mountains, his heart is awake,
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سعید سلطان‌پور

Saeed Soltampour

Saeed Soltampour was an Iranian poet and playwright who was executed on 26 July 1981 by the authorities of the Islamic Republic.

The lyrics were contributed to this publication by Mehregan Meysami.

SEA(E)SCAPES DNA(DON'T (N)EVER
ASK) JOURNEY, FROM ILHA TO THE
CAPE
NOTE 4

EURIDICE KALA

My thoughts had to do...

Well the work could insult our way of dealing with our personal
failure when

It comes to dealing with...

Dealing with modernism (slavery, trade, art)

There is an impossibility to deal with modernism

Then there is the modernism realisation,

Then you realise you have to go back,

Back, way, way, back.

Then you start to go forward, but where forward?

Where is forward? What does it look like?

HOL HOL HOL
TURBA TOL
WRITTEN FOR ARIEL BUSTAMENTE'S
RUMOR # 1

CARLA MACCHIAVELLO, CAMILA
MARAMBIO, HEMA'NY MOLINA AND
BÁRBARA SAAVEDRA

Si no me ves es porque no me conoces.
Si no me sientes, es porque no me ves.
Quiero que me conozcas.
Necesito que me sientas.

Tewte na' kaspe kash hol-hol
tewte na' Kloken ny ta' sho'onkach
chekol olechen haétón ny ta' sheno
te hol-hol chewnén ass taa gwsmete
chath'n terre'n ta
Keensaks kayner, chath'n haache'n chekol taqar
Taa holen yase'n
Scor haasje' taqar
Myste'n tewte na'
Kosemche'nkañer chache'n

Nohor ta Xepé máh'ká
Sjen-ewe Chen-chetr ta
Wenkw chekol ta
Tewte na' ne karw
Tewte na' ne chow'n
Tewte na' ne hoolpn
Tewte na' nekaspe
Tewte na' ne hol-hol.

Mi espíritu no está en el habla...ni en la fonética, no está encerrado en este hoyo que no es tierra ni es aire. Es un todo especial que nos convoca para ir en ayuda de nosotras mismas.

Necesitamos a las turberas con su vejez eterna, apenas exploradas, medio salvajes, misteriosas y tan suaves como acogedoras. Necesitamos a la turbera de la misma forma que nos necesitamos a nosotras mismas para existir, es el suelo y el cielo. Es la tierra, es el agua. Son las preguntas. Son las respuestas. Un par de palabras sueltas, a veces dan más sentido a la vida, que toda una vida sin intención ni convicción. Una turbera en Tierra del Fuego, tiene más vida que tanta vida sin sentido.

Entonces ¿¿¿qué son esas turberas???

Las turberas son humedales...o sea el epicentro mismo de la vida en el universo. Sus ambientes inundados son la matriz de todas las vidas, que están conectadas por el agua. ¡Las turberas son un tipo sensacional de humedal!

Son testimonio actual del pasado hielo glacial, el que a medida se fue retirando, fue dejando su profunda huella en el suelo, depresiones que se fueron llenando de agua y vegetación especial. Vegetación amante del agua y amante del sitio. Que

se fue quedando en el mismo lugar incluso después de muerta. Acumulando, capa tras capa, año tras año, nuevavegetación, nueva capa, formando su propia cuna que a la vez es su propia y reluciente tumba.

Esta acumulación progresiva de vegetales, embebida en agua, es la turba. Ella es como una muerta en vida. Un tiempo detenido pues nunca llega realmente a morir, pues permanece por miles de años en un estado de semi-descomposición. Esa particular combinación de saturación permanente de agua, donde casi no llega el oxígeno, y que tiene altos niveles de acidez, inhibe la sobrevivencia de organismos descomponedores. Y así se crea y mantiene la turba. Paradojalmente esa turba, imbuida en la vida que entrega el agua de los humedales, es el hogar de diversos y magníficos seres vivos: aves, insectos, hierbas, arbustos, árboles majestuosos, zorros y guanacos que se ven a simple vista! Pero como en todo lo maravilloso del mundo, existe un otro mundo vivo diminuto y paralelo en las turberas que incluye pequeños musgos, líquenes, invertebrados, y variedad de microorganismos. Todos hacen lo suyo, manteniendo y dando vida a las turberas.

Y estas turberas, las olvidadas, hacen lo suyo para los humanos, manteniendo y capturando las mayores cantidades de carbono que pueden mantener y capturar los ecosistemas terrestres. Máquinas de mitigación para el cambio climático. Húmedas e imprescindibles barcas para adaptarnos a un mundo cada vez más seco y caliente.

Y las más hermosas turberas del sur del sur están en Tierra del Fuego...en Karokynká...listas para transportarnos más allá del fin.

Ho-ho-ho ...karokynká, la tierra que vio nacer a mis ancestros, el espacio que acuna tierra, agua aire...sol nieve y viento, sobretodo el viento que cada día llena el todo, que circula por cada rincón desconocido... que baja desde el cielo para acariciar el suelo, puro, immaculado para aquel que se anima a mirarlo sin codicia en los ojos.

Ho-ho-ho...Padre sol, madre luna que en su eterna carrera nos dan luz y sombras. Harokynká es mi lugar, es mi hogar, es el lugar de la esperanza, donde aún hay barro, oxígeno y agua cristalina...donde aún hay turba defendiendo la vida, testificando milenios de historia, acunando a la humanidad, testigo fiel de tantos cambios, pero... vulnerable, sensible e inocente ante tanta ignorancia y avaricia. Es solo una parte de este vasto planeta, pero... desde este rincón en el fin del mundo podemos... debemos gritar fuerte que aún hay esperanzas, la turba lo dice, lo grita y lo sangra en cada pedazo de barro y de liquen que desmiembran.

Ho-ho-ho La cuenta regresiva es un reloj que no deja de sonar y con su tic tac pretende con todas sus fuerzas ponernos en alerta¡¡ El planeta entero está atento al reloj... pero no se da cuenta, los hombres no se dan cuenta, mientras los árboles, las montañas, los ríos y las turberas claman en todo el mundo por clemencia, anunciando que junto a su propia muerte, es inminente la muerte de su verdugo.

Ho-ho-ho quedarán los frutos de la ignorancia, mientras Tierra del Fuego desde esta lejana latitud lucha por mantener el fuego de la esperanza viva, nuestros ancestros Selk'nam vivieron por miles de años en perfecta armonía con la Madre Naturaleza, mientras la turba ha sido testigo de la vida, desde su génesis, barro... el barro que acunó a cada ancestro, tewte na', mujer lechuga descansa entre sus capas de barro y podredumbre.

Ho-ho-ho El Pueblo Selk'nam nace y renace cada día, con cada amanecer y con cada ola que llega a la playa, con cada liquen que aflora tímido entre piedras, tierra, conchas y ramas... Hoy, los hijos del Pueblo Selk'nam siguen resistiendo. Antaño nuestros ancestros resistían al viento, a la nieve, a la lluvia, pero hoy, sus hijos resistimos, a la colonización tardía, indigna de nuestro territorio, a los vejámenes a nuestros mayores, a la discriminación... no hay derechos para el Pueblo Selk'nam, así como no hay consciencia para la Madre Tierra.

Ho-ho-ho... seguiremos resistiendo desde el lodazal tierno que acuna bajo tierra tanta historia, entre la turba descansan los recuerdos, sobre la turba sigue el esfuerzo por resistir y mantener la continuidad de la vida. Ho-ho-ho.

Recuerda:

Si no me ves, es que aun no me conoces.
Cómo engañan las apariencias
ese manto en las turberas, sphagnum creador.
No le temas a la turbera.
En su oscuridad, encontramos el dinamismo de la vida
A través de sus espesores y honduras
cambiamos de forma.
Solo respira profundo y recuerda
que somos familia,
las aguas compartidas,
sostén de nuestras vidas,
que es finalmente sólo una vida
Estas aguas que te sostienen
en Venecia
en la Tierra del Fuego
son las mismas aguas desde el inicio del tiempo
Solo recuerda
La inquietud bullente
bajo el charco milenari
que sostiene tu respiración.
Solo respira
y deja que tu cuerpo recuerde
que tus células escuchen, vibrando en resonancia con el resto
de las células del universo
el rumor ancestral de las lenguas que iluminan
el lenguaje por inventar.

Here you are---bodies in a simulacra that begins to fade. What is left, sensual bodies. Breathing in oxygen exhaling carbon being sequestered by the peat. You are touching each other through the air. The vibrations you sense moving up through your feet are sensed by the moss too /also

It is watching you.
It wants you to dance.
I want you to dance.

Do you dance? Follow my rhythm. Let the beat start shaking some part of you and pick it up. Begin to shake, and as the shaking gets faster, more vigorous, it will be seen by the moss, by the persons facing you. Keep breathing, keep shaking. Feel the heat, transpire, sweat. What is moving is molecules, bouncing around, through blood, tissue, mucus. Let go of your head, get into the rhythm and enjoy the enveloping rhythm. You are being watched, witnessed; dance for the peat.

A SCORE / CHOREOGRAPHY FOR
TOGETHERNESS: 10 MOVEMENTS

REHEMA CHACHAGE

1. *Togetherness* begins in a car – sometimes in a bus – whose capacity is often stretched to (and many times, beyond) its limits.

We sit together for hours, surviving rough roads which stretch over several kilometers; bodies moving to and against each other, as the car/bus negotiates the swerves, turns, bumps, and potholes that it meets along the way.

2. *Togetherness* happens over conversations, sometimes over the silences, which fill the hours which we spend on the road. It is that space between ease and annoyance, between excitement and dreading. For there is always that one person to delay us for hours... there is always that one year one would rather not go altogether!

3. *Togetherness* is my sister's head resting on my shoulder, as she gently closes her eyes to take a nap. It is my children's tiny bodies moving in and out of my arms non-stop; travel always makes children restless!

4. *Togetherness* is finding the perfect corner, or a bush from where to "dig for medicine". It is taking turns to stand cover for one another so the "digging can be semi-private!

5. *Togetherness* are the mid-journey purchases... one must never arrive empty handed!

6. *Togetherness* is the sound of a bus honking as it approaches Maore. It is the excitement of hearing, and running towards, the honk (if you arrived earlier). It is tightly hugging together outside the bus. It is helping with luggage, chatting, and laughing while hiking up to *Bibi's* house.

7. *Togetherness* is laughter, prayer, songs, stories, games... Sometimes, it is annoyance, tears, quarrels, and misunderstandings!

It is the sounds of children playing in the morning, bare feet and bare chested, enjoying freedoms that their 'city life' often deprives them of.

It is the sound of the friendly neighbor's greeting in the morning – *Ko Peter*,
Urewedi?

... both a greeting and a (self) invitation to join the circle of *togetherness*...

... both a greeting and an upholding of the moment that marks *Bibi's* transition

from Mkunde to Ko- (that is, Mother of –) ...

... a bittersweet greeting to hear in the present, for *Bibi Mkunde* will always remain *Ko Peter*, yet every *Ko Peter* uttered, is a painful reminder of the fact that Peter, her first born, is no longer with us!

8. *Togetherness* is the sound of *masenzo* sizzling, or that of rice being scattered inside the *Ungo*, or that of the up and down motion of *Mpingo* against the *Kinu*.

It is the sound of a very crowded *Kiete*... the sound of bargain during purchase, for every price can and must be bargained down!

9. *Togetherness* are the customary visits to various houses in the village... for it takes a village to raise a child, and even as a grown up, the child must never neglect the community that nurtured them!

It is the discomfort of your overfed body... for every elder you visit will most likely feed you and refusing to eat is just impolite!

It is the sadness of having to visit less and less houses as the years pass... for "*whenever an elder dies, a library burns down*".

10. *Togetherness* is *Bibi Mkunde* and *Babu K!*

It is the countless visits to the hospital, which we have maintained over the years as a way of managing the ailments that come with their old age.

It is taking turns to look after them.

It is our fingers running through their skin to massage their ageing and aching muscles as a way of keeping them comfortable.

It is everyone playing a role (however small) in reciprocating decades of their various "labors of love".

It is the silent prayers that the *Lord* keeps them for they are the glue that keeps us *together!*

MORE INFORMATION

savvy-contemporary.com

facebook.com/savvyberlin

S A V V Y Contemporary – The laboratory of form-ideas is an art space, discursive platform, place for good talks, foods and drinks – a space for conviviality.

S A V V Y Contemporary situates itself at the threshold of notions of the West and non-West, to understand and deconstruct them. S A V V Y Contemporary has realized a kaleidoscope of art exhibitions, performances, film screenings, lectures, concerts, readings, talks, dances. S A V V Y Contemporary has established a participatory archive on German colonial history, a performance arts documentation centre, a library, a residency program, as well as educational projects with schools. The art space engages in its neighborhood's history and socio-political realities which are entangled with the reflections and discourses of the project.

SAVVY Contemporary is Elena Agudio Lynhan Balatbat-Helbock Bona Bell Cecilia Bien Onur Çimen Bilge Emir Sagal Farah Billy Fowo Raisa Galofre Manuela García Aldana Juan Pablo García Sossa Hajra Haider Karrar Daniellis Hernandez Anna Jäger Aditi Kapur Laura Klöckner Kelly Krugman Mokia Laisin Rafal Lazar António Mendes Kamila Metwaly Lia Milanesio Nancy Naser Al Deen Arlette-Louise Ndakoze Bonaventure Soh Bejeng Ndikung Abhishek Nilamber Matthias Rademacher Lema Sikod Meghna Singh Lili Somogyi Ola Zielińska

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