

Are there any tell tale signs of strange swirls that can foretell unseen rocks?

VOICE OVER

MAGAZINE FOR ALTERNATIVE DISCOURSE

**3RD
ISSUE**

BORDERS



DEC. 2020

WITH
**MARIA THEREZA
ALVES**



INTERCULTURAL CITIES
BUILDING BRIDGES, BREAKING WALLS

COUNCIL OF EUROPE

CONSEIL DE L'EUROPE

DEC. 2020



The opinions expressed in this work are the responsibility of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official policy of the Council of Europe.



p.7

**DAVID
LIVER**

EDITORIAL

Strasbourg

p.8

**MASSIMO
MAZZONE**THE
HEMICYCLE

Roma

p.1

**MARIA T
ALVES**EMIGRA
IMPROV
AMONG
UNFOR
ROCKS

Berlin

VOICE OVER is an online review created by David Liver, published by Urubu Films and ICC (Council of Europe)

Director and editor in chief - David Liver

Deputy Director - François Combin

Artistic Director - Frédéric X. Liwer

Editorial Staff

Authors - Maria Thereza Alves, Massimo Mazzone, Ichraf Nasri, Tintin Wulia, and David Liver

Editors - François Combin, Florent Delval, David Liver, Dagmara Stephan

Illustrations - Frédéric X. Liwer

Translation - Dagmara Stephan and David Liver

Publishers

Intercultural Cities Program - Irena Guidikova, Ivana d'Alessandro

Coordination with the CoE - Sandrine Marolleau

Distribution - Council of Europe (ICCities)

www.coe.int/interculturalcities

VOICE OVER is an URUBU FILMS production, coedited by the Intercultural Cities Program at the Council of Europe, Strasbourg (F)

Urubu Films
38 rue d'Enghien
75010 Paris

7 rue Thiergarten
67000 Strasbourg

www.urubufilms.net
voiceover@urubufilms.net

8

p.32

p.42

MARIA THEREZA

ICHRAF NASRI

TINTIN WULIA

**EMIGRATION:
IMPROVISING
AMONGST
UNFORESEEN
ROCKS**

**RESIDING IN THE
ART WORLD AS A
FOREIGNER**

**URUBU'S
CHRONICLES**

Brussels

Brisbane

CREDITS

- **Editorial**, David Liver, Nov. 2020. (p. 7);
édité par Dagmara Stephan
- **The Hemicycle** , Massimo Mazzone, Nov. 2020 (p. 8-17)
traduit par David Liver
- **Emigration: Improvising Amongst Unforeseen Rocks**,
Maria Thereza Alves, Nov. 2020 (p. 18-31)
édité par Dagmara Stephan et traduit par David Liver
- **Residing in the art world as a foreigner**, Ichraf Nasri,
Nov 2020 (p. 31-41)propos recueillis par Florent Delval
- **Urubu's Chronicles** par Tintin Wulia, (p.42-49) Nov 2020
propos recueillis par François Combin.

Cover illustration: Frédéric X. Liwer, ©

Photos:

- p. 2 Maria Thereza Alves © courtesy the artist
- p. 18 © Labinac
- p. 23 Maria Thereza Alves © courtesy the artist
- p. 26-27 Maria Thereza Alves © courtesy the artist
- p. 31 Maria Thereza Alves © courtesy the artist

p.32 © Kamilia Sain

p. 42 Tintin Wulia © courtesy the artist

p. 44-45 Tintin Wulia © courtesy the artist

p. 48-49 Tintin Wulia © courtesy the artist

VOICE OVER is a free online review.

© all rights reserved.

Thanks to : Maria Thereza Alves, Massimo Mazzone, Ichraf Nasri, Tintin Wulia, Jimmie Durham, E IL TOPO, Le Garage, Labinac, Jiyoung Kim, Xeno-



urubu

**“ It is common among my
father’s people to distrust
authorities and experts. That has
grounded me with the freedom
to develop what is necessary.”**

EDITORIAL

DAVID LIVER

Looking in from outer space, our planet is actually not visible anymore.

There are so many satellites in earth's orbit that a full view of its geological face is no longer possible. It is covered up by a galactic curtain of space junk. Even if there's little correlation between this and the way we perceive the world as its inhabitants, it is intriguing to consider. While the earth's natural surface doesn't influence the way we relate to the planet so much as its citizens, when 'thinking' of the world we instantly visualize a sphere composed of coloured shapes to which each of us relates to more or less. Our country is a little coloured shape and we are its people. It doesn't matter if there is no natural separation between our piece of land and neighboring ones, because humankind is not endowed with telescopic vision. Instead we let everyone deal with their own little coloured shapes and continue to feed an obsession with borders.

Arguments for Closed Borders repress the true reason why nationalism (in all of its degrees of expression) needs reasonable theories in order to sustain its ideological position. Suspicion always finds its "proof", even if partially true, even if completely fake. Common arguments for 'realism's sake include the preservation of culture, economy, state benefits, and security. But we are not going to dig into these arguments here. Instead, let's dig up why we need such rationalised argumentation.

Confusion between the individual and the masses - and furthermore between masses and obscure "messes", distant in space and in time, where space remains uncharted and time remains in the past - maintains the idea of others as barbarians.

It supports the notion of the immigrant as the unworthy parasite invading evolved society in order to take advantage of its benefits while dragging it down into the gutters of his unwilling culture. Unlike immigrants, the majority of people don't experience upheaving their lives to other countries; they spend their lives in the same old dictionary, where all the possible definitions of this outside threat lead to the atavistic fear of the barbarian.

However, let's consider that what people specifically dislike about immigrants has very little to do with their qualities, but very much to do with their quality of life. Even in the worst case scenarios where immigrants relocate to escape persecution, violence or extreme poverty, their improved welfare and standard of living highlight the constant failure of local citizens to improve their own conditions (within a privileged society chained to perverse ideologies of growth and progress). While immigrants thrive by reacting to urgency, the unhappy citizen in the first class world remains trapped in their own everlasting, dull desire. In fact, the rejection of immigration speaks more of us, Europeans, than it does of immigrants. It reveals our personal frustration and envy of the slightest improvement in others' lives (especially when these others are seen as unworthy and as taking what is rightfully ours). With this in mind, veritable multiculturalism can only emerge in a culture that is indifferent towards itself, but this is rare. We would need to be able to take a lot of distance and get a view of the whole. Unfortunately we can't because of all of that freaking space junk. ✖

THE HEMICYCLE

MASSIMO MAZZONE

ἡμι-κύκλος

emiciclo s. m. [dal lat. tardo

ἡμικύκλιον s. neutro, comp. di

– Spazio semicircolare che, in

edifici, risulta delimitato dalle

parti circostanti. In partic.,

grandi sale per assemblee

circostanti disposti a semicerchio

**hemicycl(i)us, gr. ἡμίκυκλος agg.,
[i ἡμι- «mezzo» e κύκλος «cerchio»].
In un edificio o in un complesso di
la disposizione a semicerchio delle
lo spazio che si trova al centro di
e riunioni, delimitato dai sedili
rchio.**

HEMICYCLE, EMIGRATIONS, FORTRESS EUROPE

Massimo Mazzone

DEC. 2020

I am honoured to be part of this magazine and it is a challenge for me to combine the geometry of the hemicycle (the name of the opening column) with migration, the theme of this issue of Voiceover. Moreover, this column is usually reserved for architects and urban planners, whereas I am an artist (a sculptor to be precise), a teacher and a militant anarchist. An interpretation of the hemicycle must therefore be articulated from plural points of view: it is a semicircle, it is geometry, it is theatre, it is a parliament, it is the deformation of a circle that turns into an ellipse, it carries all the contradictions that the ancient word, hemicycle brings with it. Questions of physical space collide with immaterial space such as memory or history. Questions of urban space collide with function, dreams and desires... although dreams and desires are not necessarily evanescent, on the contrary, they are sometimes stronger than granite and steel..

Migration and borders.

The famous Italian geographer Franco Farinelli traces the etymology of the word «Terra» (Italian for land) from the word «terror» - the terror caused by the reigning State exercising power and violence legitimized by laws over a given territorial space and each of its citizens. This concept, expressed in *Geografie e Scultura* published in *Arte Architettura Territorio* in 2008, is accompanied by an in-depth analysis of what a border is. The border, Farinelli says, appears as a line but it this had not always been so. Up until 1700 (the advent of the Nation-State) the border was a strip of land of a certain depth with distinct laws from both of the territories it separated. The border was a zone of respect, a sphere, a transitional space. It was everyone's land rather than nobody's land. A kind of T.A.Z. ante litteram, those of Hakim Bey¹. Today, however, a border depends on the passport you have; it can be open, permeable and welcoming, or it may sentence you to death. The huge problem is that a border line cuts divides and separates populations sharing the same cultures. This is clearly visible in North Africa where European colonialism has cut straight lines directly through territories inhabited by the same populations. Thus, the states drawn on the map are filled with people who are separated by a line; the Sahara populations who have shared the same language for centuries, who have crossed and inhabited the same territory, are thus diversified by defining each other as Moroccans, Algerians, Libyans, Tunisians, etc. It seems absurd, and yet it has happened. On the other hand, we easily call those who live along the Alps in northern Italy «Italians», but we know very well that in the Alps at least four different languages are spoken. We tend to believe that the map is a copy of the earth's surface when in reality it is the earth itself that becomes a copy of a political map.

¹ Hakim Bey, T.A.Z. T.A.Z. Temporarily Autonomous Zones, ed. Shake Milano 1995

The hemicycle as a space.

Now let us now talk about the hemicycle as a space and start by talking about the space « in between the lines », or like in the Jewish Museum in Berlin « zwischen den Zeilen ». We can talk about space in the Heideggerian sense, of *Holzwege*, as interrupted paths, as off-track, as related to disorientation, or even as having to do with the loss in the search for a place that we conceive of as *Lux / Lucis*.

Lux / Lucis is an ancient proto-italic term designating both “light” and the clearing that appears to us in the meanderings of a forest - the space is thus understood as living in light. We can talk about space the Greek concept of TOPOS (a Greek word for place, elliptical and rhetoric). It is different from pure *extensio*. It is also different from the Greek measure of the stadion. It is something different again from the *inter-vallus* (the distance between one wall/vallo and another). It is very distant from the white cube of «contemporary art» (an indistinct tabula rasa in the service of capital). Thus, agreeing in advance on the terms of the discourse means going half way, or walking the semicircle, which makes it possible to understand one another. My approach to space is presented with a « paranoid-critical » methodology, borrowed from warrior iconoclast and visionary, Salvador Dali. At the same time it is an elementary lesson in geometry. This approach is an invitation to reflect on numerous existing spatial modes, on numerous spatial conceptions that depend only on our point of view. Using this stylistic expedient, I try to bring some of modern history's turning points back to the centre of the discourse. The hemicycle, for example, is a «special» space. It is a half-circle, a half of a whole, a circle that doesn't find its closure and remains penetrable, open. It does not clearly separate inner space from outer space as a full circle would, closed in its perfection. Just as the cavea of Greek theatre looks outwards, beyond the stage, beyond the narrative, towards the horizon and the landscape and more often towards the infinity of the ocean. So too, in political terms, the hemicycle (in the parliamentary sense of the term) looks out beyond towards society, towards its whole exterior and its ideals.

ἡμι-κύκλος

Hemicycle - (n.) Etymol. and Hist. 1547 «space in the shape of a semicircle» (J. Martin, *Architecture of Vitruvius*, p. 132a); spec. 1762 (hemicycle ... means any place formed as an amphitheatre for an assembly of listeners and spectators). Borrowed from the lat. hemicyclium «semicircle», «amphitheatre». From Gr. ἡμικύκλιον, composed of ἡμι-, v. hēmi- et κύκλος «cercle».

Many squares in historical European cities have their peculiar hemicycle shape in their horseshoe structure. Even when observing its circular arc, we know that by changing our view point it will appear elliptical. A few degrees are enough. But in fact, in a perfectly circular space, if we keep our feet on the ground, we will always only see ellipses.

If there is no doubt that the displacement of human communities goes hand in hand with the history of mankind, we can see from the outset that today the theme of migration too often connotes tragedy. Those who migrate leave an empty space behind them, and if they arrive alive at their destination they will increase the density of the place they have reached. Just as the hemicycle, the theatre, the parliament or the square have their own interior/exterior, full/empty, migration produces a dichotomous dynamic of interior/exterior, dense/rarified, included/excluded, ON/OFF. There is therefore a close relationship between the hemicycle as an open space, the hemicycle in the political sense, the hemicycle as geometry, and migrations (which are nothing more than the crossing of those lines called borders between states, described by Farinelli and mentioned above). Then, within the category of migration, there are particular sub-categories. I am referring to internal emigration, to the flight from depressed areas and the countryside to the outskirts of cities, to the favelisation of megacities, to seasonal workers and asylum seekers, to the Roma, bearers of stories that critical anthropology has been analysing for decades. But I also want to talk about exiles, deportees and diasporas, which must be understood both as dispersions, dissemination and fecundation.

ξενία - dissemination

xenia (n.) [from Gr. ξενία «hospitality»]. - In botany, the phenomenon of hybridization of two varieties of the same species already manifests itself in the seed produced by the mother plant (which provided the eggs), and precisely in the albumen or cotyledons. The easily visible xenias are known for a small number of plants (maize, rye, peas, lupin, etc.); the most studied cases are those of maize: in this case, if a plant with wrinkled sweet grains is fertilised with the pollen of a variety with floury smooth grains, floury smooth grains are obtained; similarly, if a variety with white grains is fertilised with the pollen of a plant with purple grains, the grains of the fertilised plant immediately show the dominant purple colour. This phenomenon is explained by the double fertilization which is characteristic of angiosperms: of the two male nuclei carried by the small pollen tube, one fertilizes the oosphere, from which the embryo is born, the other joins the secondary nucleus of the embryonic sac, and from this second fertilization is born the endosperm, also called albumen, which in the aforementioned cases will be hybrid, like the embryo. In seeds with highly developed cotyledons, xenia can manifest itself in the cotyledons themselves; thus, if a pea breed with semi-angular seeds (character given by the cotyledons) is fertilised with the pollen of a pea breed with round seeds, the hybrid seeds, which mature on the mother plant, will all be round (dominant character).

From the ancient Apuan diasporas to that of the Jews, via those produced by the slave trade from the black continent to the Americas, those of the Amerindians, the Armenians and the Julians-Dalmatians, the Palestinians, the Tibetans, the Kurds and the numerous anarchic diasporas, each one is caused by politics. Each diaspora produces nostalgia, emptiness in one place and density in other places. Moreover, as the abandoned and now empty place lives and survives in

memories of intimate everyday life and in dreams, the material presence of the exile in a new place carries languages, idiolects, ideas, things, cultures, agriculture, food, traditions, rhythms, instruments and sounds in diachronic sequences. Everything takes place in the realm of time.

ξενία - dispersion

(n.) late 14c., dispersioun, «the Jewish diaspora,» from Old French dispersion (13c.), from Latin dispersionem (nominative dispersio) «a scattering,» noun of action from past-participle stem of dispergere «to scatter,» from dis- «apart, in every direction» (see dis-) + spargere «to scatter» (see sparse). Meaning «act of scattering, state of being dispersed» is from early 15c. Disappearance in different parts of the world of a nation forced to abandon its place of origin. In particular, the dispersion of the Jews in the ancient world, after the deportations to Assyria (721 BC) and Babylon (586 BC), is mainly linked to the end of a Jewish political entity in Palestine with the double destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in 70 and 135 AD. After the d. caused by the Romans, the theme of the return of the dispersed Jews to Palestine became one of the most common themes in apocalyptic literature and in the messianic expectations of Judaism. The term d. has been used, in contemporary times, to indicate the dispersion of members of a community in countries where the majority of the inhabitants follow another faith or in connection with political events which have led to the dispersion of a large part of certain populations.

ξενία - linguistique

By analogy, the Indo-Europeans indicate as d. the break-up of the original Indo-European linguistic unity, i.e. the ramification and subsequent differentiation of the nucleus of dialects from which the various historical languages attributed today to the Indo-European family developed, as a consequence of the displacement of the peoples who, from the much smaller area where these dialects were originally spoken, spread (from the end of the 3rd millennium B.C.E. onwards) to the area of the Indo-European family. C.) in Central and then Western Europe, Asia Minor and India.

Let us observe, then, how this complex Greek word «xenìa», shows the richness of the concepts that it declines: xenìa as diffusion, xenìa as dispersion, xenìa as linguistics. In a single little word concepts of botany and anthropology coexist along with related notions of deportations and diasporas. They are necessarily linked to the concepts of full/empty, internal/external, density/rarefaction as I have just said.

The parliamentary hemicycle makes the laws which determine the rules in force within and beyond a given border. It is also in itself a frontier. Let us consider the geometrical territory of a hemicycle looking out beyond on movements of density and rarefaction just as the immigrant looks back his lost homeland.

Spatially, on either side of a material boundary line exists a separation that ruptures political geography. One only has to look at the numerous straight lines that are not actually «straight paths» on maps - Farinelli emphasized North Africa, but this is certainly not the only territory whose borders are mapped and applied to real and imaginary territories. There are checkpoints lines (those of passports, visas) sometimes constructed as walls and grids. Then there is an immaterial, or rather, «differently material» or osmotic border. It produces other densifications that could be considered positive such as diversification, or negative such as xenophobia or aporophobia (poorphobia).

These are the contradictions of democracy which, in constitutionalism (especially European constitutionalism) seeks to contemplate the French Republic's ideals of Liberty Equality and Fraternity, the legacies of the American Revolution, and the features of Socialist, Anarchist and Soviet Egalitarianism. All the while keeping the door open to Christian and Masonic «fraternities», thus constructing the hybrid that we know as liberal-democracy. Liberal-democracy although being, and wanting to be «collaborative», opposes both neoliberalism and all forms of authoritarianism. This is infact a continuous identity theft if you look at the media. A politician like Trump comes to represent anarchy when his supremacist and racist supporters write NO MORE COMMUNISM, NO MORE SOCIALISM on their protest signs as Biden presents himself as the champion of a reformed «democratic» order. These are the paradoxes of the media's a counter-revolution propaganda. No more, no less.

ἀναρχία

anarchy (n.). [abstract noun from Gr. ἀναρχία, anarkhos «rulerless,» comp. of (an) ἀν- neg. and (arkhos) ἀρχω «commander». 1530s, «absence of government,» from French anarchie or directly from Medieval Latin anarchia, from Greek anarkhia «lack of a leader, the state of people without a government» (in Athens, used of the Year of Thirty Tyrants, 404 B.C., when there was no archon), - 1. The absence of government, as a factual state of affairs, either because of the absence of valid power as a result of revolutions, or because of inefficiency in the exercise of power by those in charge of it. Extensively: disorder, confusion, the state of a place where everyone acts as they please and without order or rules: what a. in this office! ; 2. In the historical-political sense, a doctrine which advocates the abolition of all government over the individual and, above all, the abolition of the state, to be implemented by eliminating or minimising the central power of authority; developed in the 2nd half of the 19th century, the anarchist movement (which was mainly led by M. Bakunin and P. Kropotkin) supported an extreme decentralisation of the administrative powers of society, so that the workers themselves could organise the ownership and administration of the means of production.

Anarchy would be something else : assembly, direct democracy, the fight for ALL freedoms (not only those of business), equality understood as equal opportunity and brotherhood that go beyond blood ties and ethnicity.

Louise Michel and all the martyrs of the Paris Commune; the martyrs of Chicago; the martyrs of the Semana Tragica; Ferrer y Guardia; the martyrs of the Spanish War; the martyrs of the Columna de Fuego; the martyrs of Nosotros; but also Sacco, Vanzetti, Malatesta and those exterminated by Nazi-fascism; Franco Serrantini; Giuseppe Pinelli; Sole e Baleno; the Kurdish fighters against ISIS and Öcalan in cages; these are just a few examples from a list that would fill thousands of pages of the persecuted, tortured, imprisoned, exiled and killed who fought for the anarchist ideal (certainly not for democracy which is too often contaminated by hypocrisy).

ὑποκρισίη

hypocrisy - (n.). c. 1200, ipocrisie, «the sin of pretending to virtue or goodness,» from Old French ypocrisie, (Chr. de Troyes, Perceval, éd. F. Lecoy, 30) from Late Latin hypocri-sis «hypocrisy,» also «an imitation of a person's speech and gestures,» from Attic Greek ὑπόκρισις (hypokrisis) «acting on the stage; pretense,» metaphorically, «hypocrisy,» from ὑποκρίνομαι (hypokrinesthai) «play a part, pretend,» also «answer,» from hypo- «under» (see hypo-) + middle voice of krinein «to sift, decide» (from PIE root *krei- «to sieve,» thus «discriminate, distinguish»). The sense evolution in Attic Greek is from «separate gradually» to «answer» to «answer a fellow actor on stage» to «play a part.» The h- was restored in English 16c. Hypocrisy is the art of affecting qualities for the purpose of pretending an undeserved virtue. Because individuals and institutions and societies most often live down to the suspicions about them, hypocrisy and its accompanying equivocations underpin the conduct of life. Imagine how frightful truth unvarnished would be. [Benjamin F. Martin, «France in 1938,» 2005]

This fiction takes us back to the theatre. In a famous television programme a few years ago, Carmelo Bene provocatively asked the interviewer and audience what democracy has to offer compared to dictatorship. But here we are, even hyperbole turns out to be a hemicycle, geometrically speaking ... If the hyperbola of the geometric conic family is a kind of hemicycle, the verbal hyperbola aims to go beyond, to throw beyond (and beyond what if not beyond the border?) the double negations, the exaggerations, the metonymies. In substance it acts, stages, represents and is thus connected to the hypocrisy, which is understood literally as simulating, pretending, deceiving, promising one thing but doing another. And how many times I ask you, reader, does the Parliamentary hemicycle say one thing and then in political opportunism, bad faith, corruption do another?, For example, on issues of migration? Plane geometry can provide more complex and truer explanations than those of many political scientists bent on the reason of State and who forget that the State versus Society is not a legitimate government.

DEC. 2020

ὑπερβολή

hyperbole (n.) rhet. yperbole «obvious exaggeration in rhetoric,» early 15c., from Latin hyperbole, from Greek hyperbole» exaggeration, extravagance,» literally «a throwing beyond,» from hyper- «beyond» (see hyper-) + bole»a throwing, a casting, the stroke of a missile, bolt, beam,» from bol-, nominative stem of ballein «to throw» . Rhetorical sense is found in Aristotle and Isocrates. Greek had a verb, hyperballein, «to throw over or beyond.»; 2. 1637 rhetorical term, which is also certified in grammar as a math term in the sense of «conical section». (Descartes, Géométrie, livre 2, éd. Ch. Adam et P. Tannery, t. 6, p. 396, 12). A curve formed by the intersection of a plane with a double cone, 1660s, from Latinized form of Greek hyperbole «extravagance,» literally «a throwing beyond;in geometry the hyperbole consists of two separate parts (branches) extending infinitely in the direction of two distinct lines (called asymptotes), and is the locus of points on the plane for which the difference, taken in absolute value, of the distances between two given points (lights) is constant (this difference is necessarily less than the distance between the lights).

Paradoxes of the fascist legacy in European democracies.

In Italy's fragile democracy -although the damage caused by some crude statements concerns the entire world - we had to put up with Berlusconi saying that the Fathers of the European Union, condemned to exile by the fascist regime, were on holiday in the Pontine Islands, on holiday thanks to Mussolini! This tarnished the memory of Altiero Spinelli, Ernesto Rossi, those who fought and died for freedom and laid the foundations for a united Europe. So we wonder where democracy spends its holidays. Sandro Pertini, socialist representative, partisan and future President of the Italian Republic, was «a guest of the fascist prisons» for eight months and was then confined to the Pontine Islands between 1929 and 1943. In captivity his prison director, Marcello Guida, a horrible fascist an executioner, was later recycled as a policeman by the Republic and lived quietly moving from one promotion to the next until his death in 1990. The criminal police officers of the G8 in Genoa, although condemned, were only to be promoted after the tragic events in Genoa, therefore leaving us to wonder where is democracy.

How many Vichy government officials who, regardless of their cooperation with the Nazi occupiers, were recycled after the war?

And how many fascists in Franco's interminable transition to democracy built their careers in democratic Spain? Let us remember that Franco's Spain not only carried out a coup d'état but also a bloody civil war. Illegally it reestablished the monarchy after a very long dictatorship and bears on its shoulders the genocide of hundreds of thousands (second only to Pol Pot's Cambodia) who lie hidden in mass graves,

And isn't it true that many Nazis benefited from strong protection in the post-war period despite the universal outcry and indignation against the discovery of their death camps?

More recently, we wonder where were the democracies when Yugoslavia broke up. Where were they while Kurdish women were defending us from Daesh? Where are the democracies while the Mediterranean sea becomes a cemetery?

If the democratic hemicycle forgets the freedoms and rights of the motto of the French Revolution, it puts our individual lives, family and society of any kind, in the hands of despotism. Equality is good, fraternity is good (even those of the Masonic lodges) which unlike in the past, today, unfortunately, represent the nadir of universal culture. So do not forget freedom, otherwise the (parliamentary) hemicycle becomes a caricature of the theatre, a small theatre of political puppets who stage clowns and speculators capable of making us attend the spectacle of the end of Western civilisation.

The question of migration is an open circle, a border that we have not yet fully understood. If on one side, the border separates us, on the other side it enriches human diversity because we are NOT all subject to the same laws. It seems to me absolutely important to look at this without any preconceived ideas. It is obvious that all culture is born from contamination. ❧

MASSIMO MAZZONE, (1967) artist and activist.

He participated in various exhibitions, has won national and international prizes and has published several essays on the body, the politics of sculpture and architecture. Massimo Mazzone is the leading figure of the international collective Escuela Moderna Ateneo Libertario Barcelona.

Graduated in Sculpture (Nicola Carrino's school) from the Accademia di Belle Arti, in 1989. He has a Master's degree in «History of architectural projection, art architecture and territory, culture of the project in the archaeological field» (with Francesco Cellini Maya Segarra Lagunes and Mario Manieri Elia, Faculty of Architecture of the University of Roma Tre), Doctorate of the University of Granada, with the Asuncion Jodar Miñarro.

In 1994 he won the Premio Nazionale Albacini di Scultura dell'Accademia di San Luca. In 1998 he won the International Competition Dedem Automatica Roma and in 2012 he won the International Competition for a SLANCIO sculpture, now at the Marco Polo Airport in Venezia. While he is professor at the Accademia di Belle Arti di Brera in Milano, he collaborates with many architects: Massimiliano Fuksas, Ricci & Spaini studio Roma, Angelo Torricelli Milano, Patxi Mangado Pamplona, EMBT Benedetta Tagliabue Barcelona.

Among his exhibitions: Biennale di Venezia Architettura 2000, Less aesthetics more ethics, director M. Fuksas, project 'Altra Tiberina' Padiglione Italia, città III millennio. Biennale di Venezia Architettura 2002, NEXT, director D. Sudijc, project 'Nuvola Rossa-Eur Floating Space' Padiglione Italia. Biennale di Venezia Architettura 2006, Città architettura società, director R. Burdett, project 'Libertà Politica Territorio' Padiglione Venezuela director J.P.Posani e D. Urbina. Biennale di Venezia Architettura 2008, Out there: architecture beyond building, director A. Betsky, «Arquetipos imaginarios y mitos», Pav.Venezuela director J.P.Posani e D. Urbina. Biennale di Venezia Architettura 2016, Biennale Sessions Escuela Moderna, project PIGS-Spazi d'eccezione.

Biennale di Venezia Arte, anno 2017, Biennale Sessions Escuela Moderna, project Baudrillard, Biennale di Venezia Architettura 2018 Pav. Spagna project Becoming, project 'Arquitectura Gaseosa'.

DEC. 2020



MARIA THEREZA ALVES

If life is a constant migration from one state to another, whether in age, health condition, social status or mindset, Maria Thereza Alves, has translated her lifelong migrations into a way of understanding life politically.

Originally from Brazil and of Guarani, Kaingang, Portuguese, and African descent, Maria Thereza had immigrated with her family in New York City where she grew up and eventually started to make art and politics. In 1994, having spent a few years in Mexico, she moved to Europe, first in Ireland, then Brussels, Marseille, Berlin and Naples where she currently lives and works. Maria Thereza Alves crosses disciplinary boundaries blending a wide range of documentary and other representational practices with social engagement and participation. Her approach often melds sharp ideological critique with the marshaling of material evidence.

Coming from a culture that bears the memory of — and still endure — the dynamics of domination of one culture on others, and having witnessed these very same dynamics personally, her projects are concerned with questions of ownership — which are of great importance when considering the intercultural conversation.

Her work arouses a precise sense of geography; a conceptual cartography where the displacement of original objects and names, no longer in their rightful home put a hard light on cultural dynamics of entitlement and ownership. This is where the mundane becomes a major element of her practice, because this is where these dynamics nest and this is how they are lazily perceived away from knowledge. On the other hand and paradoxically, in this relation between dominant and dominated cultures, it is specifically the mundane of the latter to become exotic for those who appropriate it within their own specific system of values. Thus, the anecdotal seems to lead the way Alves decided to handle history and look at the world working on the recovery of knowledge.

The following essay offered by Maria Thereza Alves is a travel in memory of places she lived at different times of her life. Each of these arouse questions and considerations on a certain search of belonging when living abroad.

The color of the light, the specific color of a city, the taste of tequila and the opaque qualities of Pernod, the neighborhood neo-nazi skinhead with his silly music, the Neapolitan *presepio*, her schoolyard nemesis Deirdre O'Connor and Kathryn Brown, the migration of flora in the ballast of ships, people, ideas, historical connections pinpointed in delicate anger.



EMIGRATION: IMPROVISING A

Emigrating from a racialized society, and immigrating into another racialized society within colonial or post-colonial situations (as is the case in Europe, in Germany where I live, and Italy where I spend much of my time) means walking into and having to negotiate various dimensions of history and fury. My mother, whose family comes from the coast of Brazil, advises: “When you come to a beach unfamiliar to you, wait and watch the locals. Where do they swim? What areas do they avoid? Where does the water ripple and tow? Is the slope gentle? Or is it steep, making the waves perceptibly stronger and dangerous? How many times does a wave break on the shore before a person has enough time to run out without it hitting their back? Are there any tell tale signs of strange swirls that could foretell unseen rocks?”

As an artist I look and I see, but I am not a diplomat. Thus, I have meager negotiation skills.

As an immigrant child to the USA, I would discover that not being noticed and not being seen were the best survival mechanisms when interacting with other children and teachers. I was as silent as possible. This lesson I was to

learn in my first month, when a teacher decided that since I did not speak English, I should be placed in the back of the classroom with the problematic children. I was seated next to a very large boy who pinched my thigh very hard. Nobody in my family had ever been physically violent with us children. I screamed! The teacher berated me for disrupting the class, but having no English to explain my pain, I was further punished.

New York in the late 60s – not unlike the rest of the country – persisted in being racist. The children in my local school were of mostly Irish and Italian descent, but there was one Greek kid, Craig Fotopoulos. I remember that name because it was so wonderful to pronounce. Its beautifully rounded syllables lingered when spoken and were more melodic than the English I was learning. Whiteness was in great majority at the school. The majority was not sure if the Greek student was white or not. They were sure the rest of us were not.

I disappeared into silence, and books became my friends. Coming from a non-literary family, the existence of a library was a wondrous discovery. It took me some time to realize that there, I did not have

to hide and remain inconspicuous.

I would not be threatened or expelled if noticed. I was to learn that a library is a public space and that with a library card one could take out books to bring back home. I could take out 10 books. My life changed. Worlds and worlds opened up.

I did not know where to begin with the shelves and shelves of books. I decided to begin with the letter A in the literature section. I would judiciously read every single page of every single book. Unaware at the time that the great gift of being published does not automatically confer any worthy intent to what is written, I did learn this lesson much later.

The lunchtime recreation break in the schoolyard was not a moment of joyous release of pent-up childish energy. It was the moment, where away from the eyes of a few caring teachers, the Irish contingency of the school would take advantage of the time to inflict terror upon us, ‘the others’.

I was particularly bullied by two girls: Deirdre O’Connor and Kathryn Brown.

Books provided counsel. Around the R section, I came upon a book with nursery

MONGST UNFORESEEN ROCKS

rhymes. There were the traditional ones like *Ring Around a Rosie* but also some dicey ones with mild curses intended for the person entrapped in the ring. While laughing at them I came across a Machiavellian plan of revenge (if such could be devised by a nine year old). I hand copied two of these rhymes for about ten of us 'others' – although we were not specifically called that. The problem of our motley group was that we were simply not white. I gathered us together and explained that there were too many of 'them' and that we would need to act strategically (also not a word I used at the time). We would need to lure Deirdre and Kathryn into the Rosie Ring. The day we decided to take action we were only able to find Deirdre. We did not throw sticks and stones at her but we did hurl hurtful words in our memorized rhymes. Deirdre attempted to break out of the ring but I insisted that we not let her go until after she had heard all of the words that we needed to expel. We who had been silent for so long –with the exception of Thomas McKean who was Black and who came from the very racist town of Little Rock in Arkansas. He never let any abuse go by without challenging it in whatever manner he could. I admired his courage

very much. We grew strong as a group and soon little bullying persisted in threatening us.

I grew up in Flushing Queens surrounded by spectacularly uninteresting architecture – red brick buildings built quickly after the war with no imagination. Just straight brick row lain upon undeviatingly straight brick row. Later, in life I wanted to make an artwork about the brain-dulling nature of this insipid architecture, but being an unknown artist at the time, I was not invited to exhibit in Vlissingen (Dutch for Flushing – the first colonizers in Queens) in the Netherlands. What manifests in some immigrants under racist conditions is a feeling that one must excel beyond all others. A C average does not cut it – not if you are the other. Even a B average must be avoided. The goal is set for straight A's and A+'s. So one studies, and studies more, and attempts to share with one's parents – sometimes peasants with little academic background, who take pride but who cannot engage discussions on the subject, or provide further thoughts or insight. In silence one learns, and alone, one develops ideas.

After grammar school, I attended a private high school in Manhattan. It was a beau-

tiful time with teachers who enjoyed empowering young women (Mary Harrigan who taught me religious studies is still a friend). It was a time with friends with whom one could truly share intellectual curiosity. In the midst of this paradise in my senior year, Kathryn Brown, reappeared along with her sandy, softly curled hair. My brain stuttered and I wished teletransporting were possible. I examined her carefully. Surely it could not be her, not here in my beloved and sophisticated high school so far from Flushing and its clan warfare. "Are you Kathy Brown?"

I asked. I hoped my trembling anger did not betray me. "Yes." I asked her what she was doing at my high school. She replied that she was thinking of transferring there. I, in the meantime (having spent years over-compensating in my studies in order to escape being labelled a stupid immigrant) had skipped a grade. I made it clear that I was a senior with a straight A average and on the Honor Society.

I explained that I would make her life at the school miserable – that I would make every single day unbearable for her in order to reciprocate what she had done in grammar school all those years back. She looked genuinely

confused about my reference to all those years past. I then listed all of the torments she and Dierdre had inflicted upon me. Her complete, and genuine, blank stare persisted. I had not ever expected to see either Kathryn or Deirdre again, but being faced with Kathryn's presence, as a stronger person, I had expected that a confrontation would resolve my lingering anger of injustice. I had read about a study with a group of monkeys (obviously) where they were each rewarded for giving a correct response. In a further stage of the study, all of the monkeys received rewards with the exception of one for whom the reward was intentionally withheld. At first she was quite patient and forgiving, accepting it as simple mistake or confusion perhaps, but when this lack of reward persisted, she screamed out in frustration at its injustice.

The scientists were surprised that animals might have a sense of justice.

I did not expect blankness from Kathy. All those years, I vividly remembered (and still do) the exact place in the yard where I would be assaulted. I remember(ed) the color of Deirdre's hair – brown. I would focus on it in order to avoid her apathetic eyes. Kathryn's hair was straw blond, tied in the back with soft curls that would spring loose around her

ears. I asked if she remembered me. No – she remembered nothing. There in that hallway where we continued to stand, I learned that the tormenter can, and will always have the freedom of forgetting. The comfort of lazy memories is possible for them. That it is so easily possible I could not have imagined. Acts of cruelty are really remembered by one side only. I was seized with the desire to laugh at myself for being silly enough to remember. And so the tormenter is free from history. What remains is the telling of the story in the hopes that its recounting will one day be sufficient to create some sense of justice (there's the monkey in me). Only then can one become as free and light as Kathy. But who wants heaviness in these moments? How can we free ourselves (apart through relating to Western practices of psychiatry)?

During my high school years my mother, always insecure with the nose and eyes I had inherited from my father, would offer up her hard earned money working as a maid to pay for cosmetic surgery to make me (in the words of the doctor, with his round-blue eyes) beautiful. I, however, wished to keep the epicanthal fold and 'too large' nose to honor the history, culture and bodies of

the non-Europeans in my family.

In the meantime, I have been thinking of the things one learns about place due to having immigrated. I remember once bringing back a bottle of tequila from Mexico to Marseille where my partner and I were living at the time. There is a bright sun in this Mediterranean city, and I associated it with Mexico where we had lived before. I missed Mexico and wished we had not been forced to leave due to the political situation and violence. We drank the tequila in our Mexican shot glasses on our small Marseillais balcony. There was sun. There was flora. And yet, there was dissonance between the taste of the tequila on our terrace in Cuernavaca (with its orange, pink and blood red bougainvillea flowers, where the cactus surprised the tongue each time with earth and brightness and greenness) and in Marseille with its light and ivy vines growing around the balcony. I learned that a drink from a specific place tastes like the light and earth of that specific place. I moved onto drinking Pernod where the anise and the color of the alcohol would swirl together in a creamy white when water was added mirroring the sun and smells of the city.

EMIGRATION: IMPROVISING AMONGST UNFORESEEN ROCKS - MARIA THEREZA ALVES



In Marseille, I was to learn more about the light of a place. I noticed that many buildings there were white. Most buildings were not white where I had lived in Cuernavaca. I remembered one single white building in my neighborhood. It was on the left side of the sidewalk as I walked to the market. The sun hit it violently and it radiated mercilessly onto the sidewalk and onto the bodies that had to pass it. At that point, I would automatically cross the street and continue walking on the other side, sheltered by the cooling blues, purples, Mexican pinks, or ochres of the buildings' façades. One day in Marseille, the light from a most splendid pink-golden setting sun draped a specific hue of white on a façade of a building, and it glowed. That hue of white is the color of Marseille. It is what is known as the color, champagne. I had not understood the specificity of whites before the Marseille sun taught me this. Some years ago, I was invited to an artist-residency in northern Norway during the winter. I explained that I could not go in the winter, as physically I would find it too cold and would not be able to walk outside (which is my preferred manner in which to begin to engage with a place). My Sami host explained that they wanted me to come in the winter specifically to be able to understand how the community's culture comes

out of this. He said it would be important to understand, for example, all the nuances of the subtle greys in the non-light winter light. I recognized that it would have been important. Being from Brazil, I am not habituated to 'seeing' these nuances, and tend to regard grey as a background for more interesting possibilities of colors. I understood and did agree with him, but it was just that physically I would not have been able to deal with it. So I missed that opportunity to learn to see. In Berlin, I have pondered the problem of what its color is.

I have taken the possibility offered by this essay to research this more as I have not been able to reach a satisfactory conclusion all of these years. I have not been able to 'see' the color of Berlin because it turns out to be more difficult to grasp than one might assume. However, with more concentrated observation, I realize that its color is basically a light metallic grey - a grey which allows buildings (even the most mundane) to float in the sky and make this heavily historied city lighter. Sometimes a very pale blue (but one difficult to pinpoint) also lightens the city's concrete. But what works better is stone, which reflects all the subtleties of the predominantly grey filtered light in Berlin. But I must study more.

When we arrived in Naples, our building's concierge, Luigi, learned that my partner, Jimmie, was a sculptor and asked him to make a *presepio* (a nativity crib) for our building, the ex-Lanificio (a former monastery). Every other neighborhood had one, with the exception of ours. We are not Christian; Jimmie explained this to the concierge but nevertheless agreed to work on it. He began with the commonly known European concept of the *presepio*: the animals, an angel, the Christian nuclear family and some royal visitors. In the meantime, I began to research the Neapolitan *presepio* and found that it went far beyond the idea of the typical European nativity crib. I discovered it to be saturated with Pre-Christian complexities. Most notable is the importance placed on the inclusion of neighborhood people - which is of greater importance than the representation of what is referred to as the holy family. The holy family serves more as a background. Last year, Jimmie dismantled the old *presepio* and began working on a new one. It was through colonial violence that Christianity was imposed on a conquered America, but in Europe its legacy (not without its trauma and violence) remains pertinent to some. And one makes efforts to encourage discourse with one's neighbors in Europe.

When I moved to Mexico and we were doing the repair work on our home, we were spending much time in hardware stores, and out of necessity, learning new words for tools, nails, screws, roofing repair materials etc. As a new immigrant one is often in a mad rush to make one's home at least minimally liveable in order to start one's life, and at first, I was frustrated in my attempts to buy hardware materials. Cuernavaca has no large DIY store but many small traditional shops. A *ferramenta* sells tools or materials related to metal work—therefore items I would not expect in a hardware store could also be found there such as iron horseshoes, farming implements and machetes. This situation required me to find a new way to think about materials and to examine how my mind had been previously ordered. I have now come to enjoy this moment when I must deconstruct a system of categorization that does not work and is useless in my new home and where some new logic will be emerge and as being common and of completely normal. Once at a DIY centre in Berlin I asked an employee for a screw that would fit the hole of the leg of my American made tripod. A very young man took out a slim precision tool, measured the hole and said that, no, there was nothing there that would fit. The screw section of the

DIY centre is immense. With my horrible German, I explained to him that it was urgently needed, would only be used for one month, and that I would not leave the store until he found something that would fit - even if not precisely. He kindly smiled and asked, "So you want me to improvise?" Yes, please. A screw was found in seconds. The range of possible solutions can be expanded in Germany by the explicit encouragement of improvisation. Improvisation seems to be quite culturally separated from standard problem solving thought processes. Instead of considering them as two ways of thinking, in Germany they are hierarchised – one being the norm and the other needing to be sanctioned.

Now, I would like to complain about a peculiar habit that creeps up on the immigrant – the need to affirm some cultural attribute that differentiates them from the inhabitants of their new home. Over the years, I have seen many examples of this phenomenon across different cultures. I do not mean that we should rid ourselves of our cultural specificities. I will share one example. Yes, you can drink your mate in a gourd as you will at home, and yet not have to BE DRINKING MATE IN A GOURD (or the toxic masculine version of it where the gourd is replaced with a bull's testicle).

We have a local neo-nazi in my neighborhood in Berlin. He rides around on his bike with a megaphone shouts out about immigrants and taxes and many other things. I hear him on the high street. I hear him on the street where I live. I hear him sometimes when at the market on Saturdays. I usually hear him several times a week. I watch to ascertain what my German neighbors think. I once asked a local farmer what he thought and he told me that it was better to know that they existed so as to be able to fight them. When he is not shouting, our neighborhood neo-nazi plays a taped recording of an "Oleole ola ola oleoleole ola ola" kind of rhyme. I caught myself humming it last week for the first time. I now mistrust the musical part of my brain that wants to join in.

I have wondered how to identify the moment I actually begin to feel as if I am starting to belong to a place (as much as one can in the 21st century with its different notions of authenticity and of belonging). From my perspective this experience is linked to witnessing marginalized history.

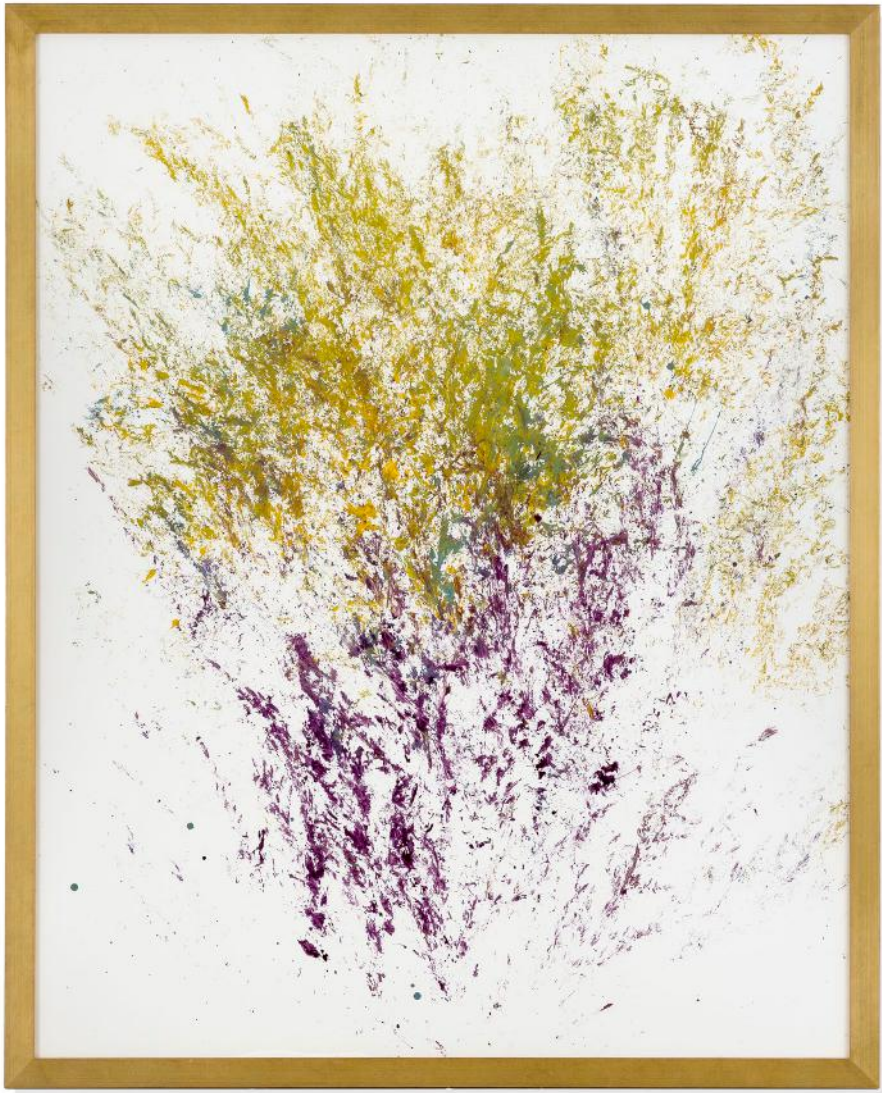
I remember a cousin of mine challenging a local gentrifier of what had once been a fisherman's beachfront village. At a public event she said "Oh so you are the one with the villa at the end of the road?"

VOICE OVER



DEC. 2020

EMIGRATION: IMPROVISING AMONGST UNFORESEEN ROCKS - MARIA THEREZA ALVES



The one where the indigenous cemetery is? The one which you had your workers cover-up with cement? We are from here. Do you think that we do not know the history of this place?” In Mexico, we had just moved into our new home, and a knock at the door revealed a young boy who asked if he could take care of the graves of our ‘little dead ones’. I explained that my Spanish was not very good and asked if he could perhaps explain what or who a little dead one was. The Day of the Dead was approaching and he was asking if he could weed and tidy up the graves of my dead relatives. I explained that we had just moved to Mexico and had no dead relatives. He was astonished and pitied me for having to go through life with no relationship to the people and blood of the land upon which I stood. I went to a nearby cemetery and decided to search for a tombstone of a woman, a foreigner, who was not likely to have any relatives to care for her. I found an overgrown tombstone belonging to a woman bearing an English name and decided to adopt her as my relative. I found the boy and said that I now had a dead relative. I would later learn that she was very much disliked in the area for her arrogance. So I disowned her. At about the same time, Don Lupe, a mellow, kind and respected local elder from this place came to visit. He knew this place from before, from when it had been its own village and not simply an extension of

the city that had engulfed it. He explained that the Day of the Dead was coming and that it was important for all households to welcome the spirits who would visit the community at this time. If a spirit did not feel honored, she or he could cause much trouble. He saw our poverty in our cheap pine chairs and carton box tables. He explained that not much would be needed, some *cempasúchil* flowers (Mexican marigolds), a candle and if possible, some tequila, although water would also do. We went to the market and returned with flowers, but also sugared skulls and food, and constructed an altar with brightly colored paper on top of one of the boxes. He came back a few days later and after looking at our altar, thanked us for participating in making the spirits welcome.

We decided to move to Europe but did not know where we should go. We thought that perhaps in Ireland we would feel empathy and sisterhood with the Europeans who had gone through the process of colonization for much longer than us in the Americas. The ritual of scalping a person for a conquest trophy, while mistakenly attributed to ‘savage Indians’, is actually a practice that was first initiated by the ‘savage English’. They inflicted it on the Irish prior to conquering the USA where the victors would invert history to blame the conquered. We thought that in Ireland we would have a common base to

speak and think from which we could begin to understand how to be on European land. When we arrived, people we were introduced to would ask us for our last names. “Alves, Durham.” “Protestant Durhams?” “No, Cherokee ones.” Our histories were not part of the almost thousand year-old history of the violent colonization of Ireland by England. We were unplaceable in its story.

We realized in our first month that we had made a mistake and moved to Belgium. There we were asked which bar we frequented. We were poor and did not go drinking in bars. We realized that we should nevertheless choose a bar so as to be ready to reply. On the ground floor of our building there was a Portuguese bar – so it became ours. Later, I was to understand that this question was an indirect attempt to understand with whom in Belgium’s colonial history we sided with: the colonized Flemish or colonizing French. Unbeknownst to us, our Portuguese bar made us free agents. Belgium’s further history of colonization of the Congo infects its own culture very deeply. The local police station in our neighborhood where you need to register as an immigrant is in the town hall of Saint Gilles. There, a police officer, Mr. de Ritter, sat heavily behind a desk. Behind him, hung a large poster of a young and nubile Black woman – bare-breasted, in a kneeling position. Saint Gilles

was neighborhood of mostly Muslim immigrants. And it was made very clear what one's position was as an immigrant and a woman – a sexual object for this obese and obscene man. It was not even a public secret, as Michael Taussig so eloquently writes about. And all of us women in the neighborhood had needed de Ritter's approval to be legal immigrants. It was in Brussels that an overzealous immigrant hater attempted to track me down through her sister who worked at the immigration department of the local town hall (yes, the same one where de Ritter's lifeless eyes perked up at exotic bodies). I had met her at her office in the outskirts of an industrial area looking for a cheap artist studio. Just as I returned home, she called and expressed that she had doubts about my declared residence status, and aggressively demanded to know why I traveled so much. "Where did I get the funds to travel?" she asked. Can you see where this is going? Foreign woman / Brazilian woman = Drug Cartel. I got off the phone as quickly as I could, went downstairs and tore my name off the apartment buzzer. I started to wear a kerchief when going out and I would hold my breath when opening the front door to confront whoever might be out there. Next, we moved to Marseille. The racism of the white French settlers who had returned from Algeria was relentless and quotidian. Like a Black

artist friend of mine in Belgium, I too began to dread interaction. Buying bread with my heavily accented French would cue the baker to ask if I was a legal resident. While apartment hunting, a realtor demanded to know what type of American my partner was? "Tall and thin." "No, no madame. Type of American?" "From Arkansas." "No, no madame...is he Black?" I was relieved to leave Marseille for Berlin.

There are places one emigrates to where one faces much loneliness, but in those places there are always birds to feed, squirrels to offer invitations to play and mice hoping you will drop some of your lunch (which of course, one always will and must). They provide friendship, intelligence and solace in places where there is minimal social engagement with humans. But oh! How much less we contribute to life when floating along in a fog of forced "ourseliveness".

I consistently invited a neighbor, whom I like, to come visit us. This went on for several years. He had always declined politely although we chatted amicably enough when in the hallway or on the sidewalk. About two years ago, I thought it best to stop. My invitation must have breached local convention and I have slowly learned how to be distant in this place I inhabit. But in the winter there is a crow

that sits outside on the leafless tree branch that overlooks the dining area inside our studio. During lunch she caws and gestures with her head tilted to one side and with one eye looking, asks, "Having a nice warm lunch?" She has taught us to be good neighbors. We make offerings to her. One watches the movement of the water and wades in to join as best one can.

The renowned landscape architect, Roberto Burle Marx, a Brazilian settler, would 'discover' the importance of tropical plants back home only on a trip to Berlin's Botanical Gardens. It would take Europe to teach one of its descendants in the Americas to learn of the plants of his birthplace, but in a place to which he had no ties to the land, language, culture or people. As emigrants from colonized lands, we remember not to inverse that long lasting violence upon our new home – whether we want to be here or not.

I would like to end this essay with thoughts of a lesson given to me by the *Mitygue ha'ihu pytivy* plant (I continue to try learning Guarani, as an act of resistance. Tupi-Guarani was prohibited, and punishable by death in the mid-18th century by the Marquis of Pombal, the foreign minister of the Portuguese king of the time.) Its name means, "All adore me". In English it is known as a Maiden-

hair Fern. It is a fine-leafed fern happiest in humid environments and shade and it can be found growing everywhere in the tropical Atlantic Forest in Brazil where I come from. The smell of the wet earth that the plant likes brings back vivid memories of Atlantic forest for me. Throughout my life as an immigrant in countries on both sides of the Atlantic, I have always managed to keep a *Mitygue ha'ihu pytuvy* to remind me of the earth – the earth back home. This longing is typical of exile syndrome - when one emigrates by necessity rather than choice and preferring to have stayed home. As I write this text, I have this plant in front of me and I spray it with a fine mist of water several times a day to connect me to the Atlantic Forest. But it turns out the *Mitygue ha'ihu pytuvy* also connects me to the world. I learned in the Botanical Library in Berlin, a few years ago, that it is a plant that grows endemically in many parts of the world, and that maybe it has been there since the time of Pangaea - before the continents separated. I thank this more-than-human friend for this lesson on possibilities of being and engaging everywhere. ✎

(P.S. I do realize that in Europe that this essay may be considered anecdotal and therefore –especially to the French not bearing much worth. Culturally, where I am from, history is written by the conquerors and is unable to teach about the land and its people. Stories are personal accounts that can guide us and offer advice. It is not a state sanctioned narrative one coming from the voice of the experience of one individual. We might acknowledge that this could be significant in a relation to the land we stand.)

MARIA THEREZA ALVES has worked and exhibited internationally since the 1980s, creating a body of work investigating the histories and circumstances of particular localities to give witness to silenced histories. Her projects are researched-based and develop out of her interactions with the physical and social environments of the places she lives, or visits for exhibitions and residencies. These projects begin in response to local needs and proceed through a process of dialogue that is often facilitated between material and environmental realities and social circumstances. While aware of Western binaries between nature and culture, art and politics, or art and daily life, she deliberately refuses to acknowledge them in her practice. She chooses instead to create spaces of agency and visibility for oppressed cultures through relational practices of collaboration that require constant movement across all of these boundaries.

Maria Thereza Alves,
Berlin, November 3, 2020





ICHRAF NASRI

RESIDING IN THE ART WORLD AS A FOREIGNER

Etymologically, «HABITER» (French for inhabiting) means «to be used to». We spontaneously associate this verb with ideas of comfort, protection, intimacy. However, this relationship can only be envisaged when a certain routine has been established: nothing seems to be able to break this arrangement. It is in continuity that we inhabit a place. For a while, it seemed to me that I had acquired my artistic habits through my background my practices, my interests. However, my career as an artist has built itself up in spite of myself and has revolved around the experience a real rupture: I immigrated.

Up to that point, my life had been one of constant change and hardship, so I assumed I was prepared. I had moved from Tunis to Sousse to enroll at the School of Arts. Living alone for a woman of my age was not the norm then. However, it was a logical evolution for me: the fruit of my life experiences and intimate convictions. It seemed to me that I was the master of my life. It wasn't a radical ordeal because I was becoming myself. I was fully 'living' in Sousse, and although it seemed necessary, the idea of continuing my studies in Europe was at first perceived as dismembering. At that time I had reached a certain balance and a level of comfort that allowed me to develop an art practice. But something had to be done: I had to leave to continue. I formulated this as a need to refine my ideas and deepen my training. I was looking for an interdisciplinary approach, new pedagogical approaches, different experiences. I applied for a master's degree in visual arts with a photography option, and I moved to Belgium.

It was only much later that I understood the ambiguity of the phrase «I had to leave»: obviously, because I was the subject of this movement. It was a much larger, subterranean movement that was on its way and it went far beyond myself. I was caught up in a large system that was generating a lack 'here' in order to create a desire 'there'. This desire is greater as it is rarely satiated. For example Only a privileged few from high society get to study in English universities. I was lucky — although I come from an underprivileged background — having a mother who had immigrated

to Europe long prior and who was able to help me financially. This dual position, neither privileged nor limited, may have helped me in my later self-awareness.

I was able to realize that this desire was anchored beyond the time I was living in and beyond my own personal history. In retrospect, I came to understand that what I was being « driven by and what still was structuring Tunisian society as I knew it. Yet it was obvious: we continue to live in form of colonisation today, which (borrowing use Anibal Quijano's formula¹). I will call «coloniality». "Coloniality stems from colonialism and by extension from capitalism. It refers to the power structures and the hegemony that emerged during the great era of colonialism and continues to the present day. This is manifest in the power of the dominant group, in the production of knowledge, culture, labour, intersubjective relations etc. It is a concept that highlights the way in which colonialism is maintained despite the liberation of previously colonised populations."

¹ ANÍBAL QUIJANO OBREGÓN (17 November 1930 – 31 May 2018) was a Peruvian sociologist and humanist thinker, known for having developed the concept of «coloniality of power».[1] His body of work has been influential in the fields of decolonial studies and critical theory. (Wikipedia)

In the art field, Tunisia was only a related territory, which could therefore only exist in relation to the «centre», Europe. This Europe did not want to let go of its symbolic privilege and epistemic hegemony: art remains a relationship of power. And at the time I left Tunisia, I was not questioning the institution in which I was evolving: the identity of Tunisian art was never envisaged in itself. Its heritage, that many of us carry along like an archaic memory, is unconscious. Thus I had been steeped in European references : white and almost exclusively masculine. Through this mirror one can see a denigrating attitude towards the native culture.

Even from my now partly Europeanized point of view I still have not been able to answer the question if is there a lack of means, a lack of representation and a lack of training in Tunisia. What continues in preventing me from considering these two artistic territories, the one where I come from and the where I now live, as being of equal value. In spite of myself, I have integrated a hierarchy. Or perhaps I have looked at everything through a prism shaped by a dominant culture, unaware of how to see other conceptions of art that escape Western criteria of «deconstruction», «post-modernity», etc. I have not been able to see other conceptions of art.

I had left to enroll in a renowned art school in Belgium. I realized the reality of the break caused by this transition only once I had graduated, having gone through four years of creative desert. A desert caused by great questioning that initially left me at a dead end in the heart of an internal conflict. In theoretical courses I

more or less found the same references as in Tunisia, in other words, works and biographies that I could not identify with. I realized the importance of this mental process when I was finally able to project myself into Fawzia Zouari's book, «My Mother's Body», which was a real liberation for me: I understood that certain cultural references could not be neglected. Only then was I able to orient to my professional trajectory in concrete terms.

I can assert that, during my academic career in Belgium, I experienced different forms of structural discrimination, but the most terrible ones were probably those that I could only identify afterwards. And then there are those that I accepted, thinking that the problem came from me. I had to put aside my research on Tunisian rituals to concentrate on more neutral, universal and formal themes. I used to see art as a tool for communication and claiming but now I understand it as a coded form at the service of a class. Living in the art world has meant integrating other habits and thus assimilating. No doubt the teachers thought it was their duty to emancipate the young immigrant girl that I was, to make her understand that she could talk about things other than her roots or identity. In any case, even when it is based in good intentions, it is a new affirmation from a Western point of view, to which everyone assimilates to like a yardstick.

I am speaking here about the Western point of view as being the general rule (without limiting myself to the art field). In fact, it appeared to me during these long years of questioning, that the boundaries of the artistic world (which is keen to pose itself as a herald of dissent) completely coincides with political and economic boundaries. It is as difficult to access the heart of the contemporary art system as it is to live in a capital city such as Paris, London or New York, particularly if you come from a Third World country. It is important to point out here that my post-art school idleness was not only the result of artistic questioning. Certainly this aspect was part of the balance. My personal interests had been deemed irrelevant, yet I could no longer invest in what had been imposed on me. My artistic identity became totally blurred: I was neither this nor that; I was dispossessed. Or as Paul B. Preciado put it: «Identity (sexual, gender, national or racial) is not essence, but relationship²». And I no longer knew what to relate to.

"However, it is quite clear that the discriminatory system does not only apply to immigrants, but is also implacable with racialized people, especially if they do not have access to economic and/or cultural capital."

² *An apartment on Uranus*, Fitzcarraldo ed. 2020

A clever combination of promises, which could also be described as colonial fantasy, had awakened in me the desire to go to Europe; this desire had now vanished. Once my studies were over, my energy was drained by something else: I had to fight for papers in order to stay. I had already integrated into this double system of validation before: repeating a year of studies meant having to justify myself and going through administrative hell, and not being able to live where I had chosen to in the end. So I not only had to excel, but to conform to a mould, to make the art that was expected of me in order to succeed, to stay, to live.

It is quite clear that the discriminatory system does not only apply to immigrants, but is also implacable with racialized people, especially if they do not have access to economic and/or cultural capital. During my aggregation internship, I was confronted with a phrase remains etched in my mind to this day, and which has motivated much of my current research:

«Your internship went well in this school despite your accent and your level of French. Imagine if you had given lessons to the students of Uccle³, it would have been problematic».

Here I am confronted with a double discrimination: one towards myself and one towards the students who are newcomers or immigrants of second or third generation; and from a disadvantaged economic class.

As for the students of Uccle, they have the right to and «merit» having a teacher who does not have an accent and who speaks «good» French because they are rich, privileged and mostly white. The accent as a social marker is a deflection from the norm. The so-called «neutral» accent and proper language always connect to the centre of power.

«The reproduction of social inequalities by the school comes from the implementation of formal egalitarianism, namely that the school treats individuals who are in fact unequal, as equal in rights, although they are unequally prepared by their family culture to assimilate a pedagogical message».

Pierre Bourdieu. Langage et pouvoir symbolique.

During recent research for a conference on « The Black of White: Ancient Imaginations, Current Realities In Museums And Exhibitions In Luxembourg And Elsewhere » I realized that on one hand, while certain youth is deprived of aesthetic references that it could relate to it, other images circulate in large numbers, such as the repressed colonial past, such as the cruder side of orientalism. The «Arab woman» (in quotation marks because it is a fantastical construction) is, according to the statistics of an American pornographic site X hamster, the preferred masturbatory object of French men, mainly under the term «beurette⁴». While the official universalism brandishes images of emancipation, certainly constrained and forced, its unofficial correspondent gets entangled in dubious paradoxes. The Arab woman is inaccessible because she is defended and protected by rites and a barbaric religion; «conquering» her subconsciously perpetuates the emancipatory role of the West.

⁴ Cf Mediapart Pour en finir avec les fantasmes racistes de la «beurette» et de l'«Arabe violeur et violent» <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=goLGN0eOngM>

At the same time, the «beurette» refers to a person of North African origin. She is from the suburbs, poorly educated, and in whom an authentic wild side, but also a submissive side respectful of virile authority, cohabit. We are, after all, in the field of mainstream porn, where the male fantasy is seen exclusively from the point of view of domination.

From this it can be deduced that even the most uneducated act presupposes civilisational primacy. Also that there is always an undeniable correlation between universalism and the white cis male point of view. Moreover, this equivalence is historically anchored: Orientalist painting and its avatars have always carried a certain amount of eroticism, often blatant - hammam scenes, the imaginary harem, sometimes diffuse as when the painter invites (men who look like him) to visit picturesque interiors reserved for women, or to identify with virile warriors or powerful potentates. It is easy to understand that the material and capitalist desire evoked above is coupled with another desire moving in the opposite direction. There would be much to say on the subject but let us remember, especially from this complex economy of desire, that it is that of the patriarchal world, which is once again synonymous with domination.

VOICE OVER

«If one does not study orientalism as a discourse, one is unable to understand the extremely systematic discipline that has enabled European culture to manage - and even produce - the Orient from the political point of view, as well as from the sociological, military, ideological, scientific and imaginary points of view. »

L'orientalisme : L'Orient créé par l'Occident by Edward W. Said

It seemed to me that, since finding the right place in this complex and flawed setup was impossible, I had to create another one on my own scale. So I thought of a microcosm based on a healthier ecology of practices. From this, the Xeno- association was born in 2019. It was my personal solution to exist, I couldn't live in autarky. I couldn't live alone in this adverse territory. Xeno- was therefore born out of an observation of the under-representation of women artists, racialized both in schools and in exhibition programs. This absence highlights the reality of gender and racial domination. From the outset, major axes have provided a base on to which various emanations of Xeno- could be placed : rethinking and questioning Western and patriarchal hegemony in the production and dissemination of knowledge; valorizing artistic production and research from countries of the global South that are poorly visible in Western academic fields; studying the history of colonization and slavery as a legacy of oppression and responsible for increasing marginalization and limiting access to culture; ac-

ting against the lack of visibility of this social category; creating spaces for us and by us. Xeno- therefore supports, promotes and gives visibility to these emerging Belgian and international artists. The main modalities of action are the production of cultural and artistic events: exhibitions, conferences and workshops. Xeno- favours artists who show commitment in their creative process and challenge the normative aspects of society. We do not aim to victimize but rather to identify problems in order to be able to react accordingly.

One of the major problems during this first year was to find these emerging, racialized artists who fit into a local context beyond my own network. The following question

"Independently of the process of making, art is a support for collective ideas. By «collective ideas» I mean the set of iconic paradigms that evokes and installs a form of interaction or questioning with the receiver."

then surfaces: at what point are they pushed out of the system? Selection happens very early and access to higher education often seems out of reach. The education and support of artists in training could be one of Xeno-'s future projects.

I don't claim that Xeno- is the only way, but it is one of several possible approaches. I have now found a place; I am no longer alone. Within Xeno-, which is becoming more and more of a collective, I feel like part of a whole where ideas circulate and possibilities open up. I see that something has been set in motion, and it calls for other alternatives of the same kind.

After more than a year of activity, Xeno- no longer entirely belongs to me so I think this project has, atleast in part, succeeded. It's an arrangement that I can leave and return back into. As for my personal path, I feel that it is now heading towards regular return trips to Tunisia in a spirit of exchange. Alternative projects are being born there and we will need to pool knowledge and strategies useful for decolonial and anti-patriarchal struggles, etc.

As this horizon becomes clearer, I reread these few lines I wrote when I was still a young student in Tunisia, shortly before leaving for Belgium :

Independent from the process of making, art is a support for collective ideas. By «collective ideas» I mean the set of iconic paradigms that evokes and installs a form of interaction or questioning with the receiver. Its 'public' status is by definition political in the sense that politics deals with the limits that the system imposes on individuals. Art in its very essence claims another reality, another organisation of things, of concepts: it breaks the order of things and at least demands that we look at other possibilities.

So I tell myself that after all the changes I have gone through, I realise that the conclusion of this school essay still resonates with me: art is necessarily political. ✎

Ichraf Nasri

ICHRAF NASRI After her masters at the Higher Institute of Fine Arts in Sousse, Tunisia, Ichraf Nasri, born in 1988 in Tunis, continued her education in visual arts at La Cambre, and then also studied to become a teacher at the same school. As an artist who makes photos, installations, videos and sculptures, she creates floating spaces between reality and fiction. Marked by the concept of shamanism, she questions a number of aspects of Maghreb and Arabic culture that are forged by social values from a critical artistic reflection. Her practice gradually leaves the laws of the object and bears witness to a multidisciplinary approach in which the idea and the concept are given the upper hand. Intrigued by social rules, customs and rites, her current work raises questions about regulation, dominance and authority.

Interview by Florent Delval



SMILE ! 17, 699, 11
CROSS THE BORDE



**15,000 BANANAS
EVERY YEARS**

David Liver

DEC. 2020



URUBU'S CHRONICLES

(RE)COLLECTION OF TOGETHERNESS.

This is *(Re)Collection of Togetherness*. It's a series of work, part of my project on borders, where I think about the border through iconic objects associated with the border. The passport is one of these iconic objects from the border. When I started the series in 2007, I started collecting images of passports from all over the world, and meticulously tried to recreate the shape of the passport by hand.

The aim of the series is to remake every single country's passport. Because of this, the series will be never-ending, because new countries will declare independence and old countries will "die". In 2008, for example, Montenegro issued its brand-new passport, finally completing its division from Serbia. I quickly tried to find an image of the Montenegro passport and made it by hand for my collection. So, showing this work in stages where the composition is ever-changing for me is like following the geopolitical movement of the world, perhaps like a geologist would follow the movement of the earth's crust, that always changes even as we're talking about it now.

Since I started exhibiting in the year 2000, many of my works questions the processes of identity formation. So, in 2007 I decided to think about it methodologically through my artistic practice. For me, the issue of identity derives from the border – much of our identity is shaped through the geopolitical borders that we find ourselves in. I find it very interesting that citizenship is determined primarily by luck, by chance. It

is one of the most important deciding factors in the course of our lives – the access to human rights that we have, for example, depend on it. Yet, until now, the primary determination of citizenship is based on blood (*jus sanguinis*) or place of birth (*jus soli*) – two things that we as humans have least choice in, because realistically, no one had any say about where they're born and out of which parents.

The iteration that I showed at Espace Culturel Louis Vuitton, where I worked in 2011, was stage 6 in the series of *(Re)Collection of Togetherness*. This was after I made another work with passports, called *Lure*, in 2009. *Lure* is a skill tester machine filled with hundreds of colourful passports from different countries. So, it's a claw vending machine, and you can insert a gold coin to play, and if you're lucky – or skilful, depending on what you believe – you can win a passport. Whether the passport is your choice or not, it becomes yours, and you can take it home. But of course, you can lose as well, and lose your money. I also explored chance and luck in another work that I started staging



The plan was that we would grow our own food. In practice, though, most of the food we produced was for the authority - we only got the scrape.

in 2009, *Terra Incognita, et cetera*, where you can claim a portion of land on the world map, depending on how much toy money you get in a lucky draw in the beginning of the game. So, in *(Re)Collection of Togetherness – stage 6*, I wanted to put some of this luck element as part of it.

Another important element that I stress in my passport works is that they all belong to an interconnected system of bordering. It is rare that we can see so many passports in the same space, so I try to show this in my works. Because of how valuable it is, we usually keep our passport very close to our body (or heart) when we travel. This intimacy, which makes the passport feel very personal, sometimes distract us from realising that our passport is not ours – it usually belongs to the government that we also belong to, and that it is also a derivation of the world bordering system. I also see borders as interfaces – they are continuous, really – because a border always faces outwards

and inwards at the same time. So, one of the aspects of *(Re)Collection of Togetherness – stage 6* also shows this: the fact that all of these are interconnected, and that no one is an island (even islands are interconnected through earth).

The iteration is practically a participatory performance that activates the installation of the hundreds of passports that were placed, individually, on pedestals. Like in other iterations of *(Re)Collection of Togetherness*, the passports were arranged in a gradation of colours – as a sort of an “aesthetic hierarchy” of the passports as objects, to refer to the fact that not all passports are created equally, but at the same time challenge the present hierarchy of the passport. In the performance, participants start with a lucky draw that assigns you to a certain country. You’ll then have to look for the passport of that country – there was also a map of the installation on the wall, that’s supposed to help you look for that country. And then,



you can write your name inside the passport when you've found it. Some participants, though, by luck, would not get a new citizenship from the lucky draw. They will get a number that refers to the pedestal lines on which the passports were arranged, and they get to push a certain pedestal, to cause it to fall. This creates sound echoing across the galleries, as well as a kind of domino effect where all the pedestals on that line would fall down one by one. At the end of the performance, the light in the gallery was dimmed and a video showing what has happened was projected on the wall, as some kind of a historical reference.

A lucky draw that assigns the participants with a new citizenship is also part of another work of mine that I started staging in 2014, a workshop-performance called *Make Your Own Passport*. I deliberately went out of the gallery situation with this work to reach different kinds of publics – it is designed to work in crowded places where different pu-

blics gather, like a festival, a farmers' market or a shopping mall. Since 2014 I have worked with different organisations and facilitators to perform it in almost 20 public places in the US, Singapore, Australia, Indonesia and Sweden, and have reached thousands of participants with it. After the workshop-performance, the participants would take home with them a passport or a stateless document that they manually made by hand together with other participants while we all talk about citizenship, statelessness, the border and other related issues. My hope is that for the participants, the passport will become a material reminder of the conversations that we had during the workshop, and a sort of a memento from the border.

Many of my works question the borders. Borders are very interesting to me because of my personal and familial background, being born and bred in Indonesia during the autocratic regime of Suharto, who raised

into power along with the Indonesian mass killings 1965-66. For me, at that point, even when the borderlines of the country were intact, Indonesia was broken down to so many pieces, and so living in it after that was like living in a borderland. So, from the outset, my work on borders always acknowledges that a border is not just a line – it can be an imaginary line, but it is always pervasive in all aspects of society. This knowledge came from the connection of my personal history with the official and unofficial histories of the Indonesian mass killings of 1965-66.

The Indonesian mass killings 1965-66 have been described as one of the biggest atrocities after World War II that attracted the least international attention, where leading democracies of the world covertly and practically coordinated to establish a military government in Indonesia. This was in principle part of the eradication of the communists in the context of the Cold War – and Indonesia was home of the largest communist party in the world back then outside of Russia and China. Many of the people who disappeared back then (and later killed without court proceedings) were alleged communists and leftists – pragmatically this included everyone whose views were not conforming to the power that was. The number of people who were killed wasn't recorded thoroughly, but some say it was between 500,000 and three million. The Norwegian Refugee Council Senior Adviser, Richard Skretteberg, wrote that the number of people killed “was level with Rwanda in 1994.”

One of the thousands and millions of people who disappeared was my own grandfather. I was born 7 years after he was taken away from home – the family house was also burnt down to the ground then. The story about

his disappearance was one of the first stories I heard from my father, so it was quite formative to me. My father also always said that I should keep it to myself – it's a secret. I sensed that there were unsaid things – perhaps deeply shameful, or even dangerous – but because it's a secret, I just kept my mouth shut and didn't question anything. I understood somehow that something very bad would happen if people knew that my grandfather was one of the disappeared, and somehow sensed that my whole life depended on this secret. Until now we don't know where my grandfather is – but when I was growing up, I remember hearing stories about where and how he was killed. People would tell members of my family, even when they didn't want to hear it.

This secret that I grew up with was always connected with distance, somehow. It feels like there's a closed box that's intimately kept in the family, but what's inside was unreachable – it's very close, very intimate, but so far away. It's very recent and fresh, but very old and ancient at the same time. What's interesting about secrets is that it's like a printed photograph whose colours fade away the longer it is from the point in time that it records. The further away a secret is from the point of time of a historical fact, the more difficult it is to pinpoint the exact colours, but the nuances stay and grow. I explored this further in the works that I made for my solo pavilion, to represent Indonesia at the 57th Venice Biennale. One of the works was a telematic video installation with a surveillance camera, *A Thousand and One Martian Nights* (2017). It's a mix of facts, fiction and live-stream of the screening room, consisting of monologues by survivors of a turmoil in the year 2065 that became a pretext for the government

URUBU'S CHRONICLES

to send political prisoners to terraform Mars. The video also incorporates footage from an older film that documents 1965 as NASA's most successful year, when it had the highest budget, which amongst others included their first successful flyby of Mars.

Many people have said that living in a borderland teaches them something about politics and dynamics of power. For me, living in a borderland like Indonesia has trained me in some kind of an affective thinking. This may be because in complying with the secret of the disappearance of my grandfather, I accepted it as a secret where questioning was impossible. Because it was impossible to discuss and question, I learned to be receptive to the affects that surround the secret: fear, shame, guilt, anger, sadness and other feelings that I have no words for. When I started thinking through my practice about borders, this was helpful because somehow, being so used to deal with affect that I inherited without the factual source, I could start a kind of indirect, subtle translation by working with these gaps between affects and facts. As I mentioned, I started

working with passports in 2007, because I was thinking of several iconic objects from the border. I did a lot of reading as well, and the key issues of critical geopolitics was helpful to continue thinking about it, but the first steps were always this affective thinking, and aesthetic translations.

My upcoming project will rely on this aesthetic translation and affective thinking. The project, funded by the Swedish Research Council, is called *Protocols of Killings: 1965, distance, and the ethics of future warfare*. I'll be looking at the ethics of future warfare as hyperdistant killings, taking data from a recently declassified 30,000-page US archive surrounding the Indonesian 1965-66 massacre – probably one of the world's most efficient covert actions – as a historical case of distant killings, to mimic the decentralised kill-chain of the next technology of future warfare: autonomous swarm drones. The archive will be aesthetically translated into participatory performances – using mainly our own bodies – and I will invite survivor groups and different publics to workshop and perform these together. ✎

TINTIN WULIA (b. 1972, Denpasar) is a Brisbane- and Gothenburg-based artist who has exhibited internationally, including at the Istanbul Biennale (2005), Jakarta Biennale (2009), Moscow Biennale (2011), Asia Pacific Triennale (2012), Sharjah Biennale (2013), survey exhibitions such as ZKM/Center for Art and Media Karlsruhe's *The Global Contemporary: Art Worlds after 1989* (also as one of the residency artists, 2011-12), and major fairs' curated sections including *Encounters*, Art Basel Hong Kong (2016). Wulia represented Indonesia with a solo pavilion on atrocity and secrecy at the 57th Venice Biennale (2017). Her works are part of significant collections worldwide including He Xiangning Art Gallery, Shenzhen, and Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven. Initially trained as a film composer (BMus, Berklee College of Music, 1997) and architectural engineer (BEng, Universitas Katolik Parahyangan, 1998), Wulia works with video, installation, drawings, painting, sound, dance, text, performance and public interventions. Her interdisciplinary works – particularly on aspects of borders – are often participatory. Wulia's Smithsonian Artist Research Fellowship (2018) focuses on mosquitoes – a consistent motif in her work – particularly their connection to borders and warfare. Since completing her PhD (RMIT University, 2014), Wulia has also been a member of editorial board of an American Association of Geographers journal *GeoHumanities*, an Australia Council for the Arts' Creative Australia Fellow (2014–16), and a Postdoctoral Fellow at the Centre on Global Migration, working with both The School of Global Studies and HDK-Valand/Academy of Art and Design, University of Gothenburg (2018–20), where she is now Principal Investigator of the Swedish Research Council-funded *Protocols of Killings: 1965, distance, and the ethics of future warfare* (2021–23).

DEC. 2020



... onto the stars,

through suffering.



VOICE OVER



BORDERS