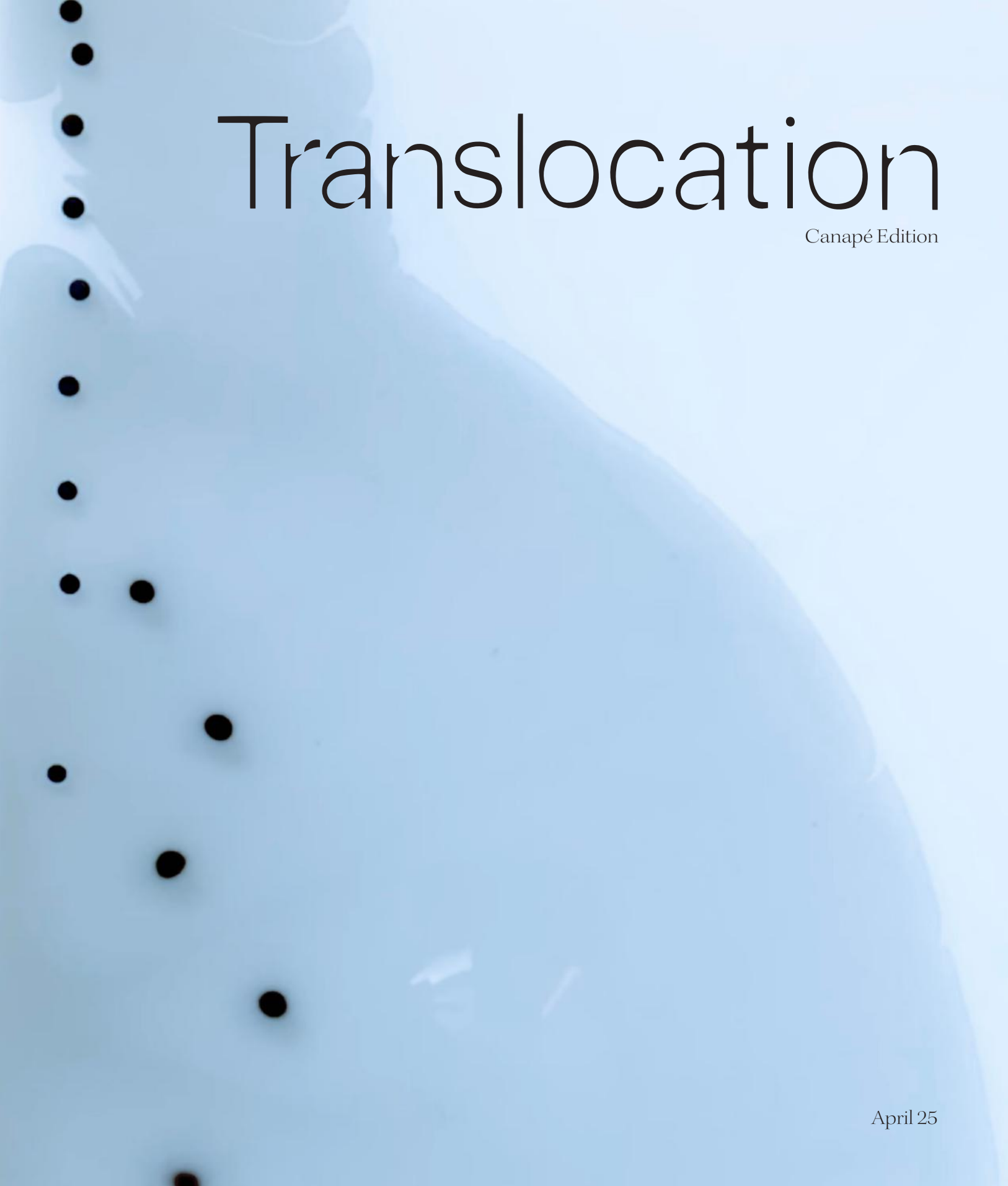




Translocation

Canapé Edition

April 25

EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome to the Canapé Edition of Translocation Magazine!

Inside you'll find a taste of what we're working on, testing the ideas at play and shaping our voice. The following pages show glimpses into the realms we're traversing: art, fashion, poetry, critical journalism, reflections, reviews, and research-based writing.

Translocation is a porous collective, a fluid, open network of artists, writers, researchers, makers, and experimenters navigating across all pathways. We began with questions that became conversations: exploratory, multifaceted dialogues about borderless movement, the agency of language, the creation of hybrid spaces, and the shaping of a third space. From these inquiries, Translocation emerged, a living, breathing collective.

In time, these blooming dialogues ushered in a space of their own. So, Translocation Magazine came to be: a translational space, turning the margin into a full spread. A place for conversation and research to be housed. A place for ideas and opinions to be challenged. A place for shared dialogue and mutual ethics.

Extending from this, we're working toward our full publication: Translocation Magazine ISSUE 01: "Are You a Translocator?", arriving in 2026. We invite your opinions and thoughts, likes and dislikes, interests and contributions.

Consider this your invitation: to question, to wander, to explore. To Translocate alongside us.

Sohaila & Hiten

BEYOND THE PERFORMANCE BOX:

AN ARTIST'S RECLAMATION OF AGENCY





An addictive lingering fragrance, sweet and enticing, familiar and unrefined furnishes itself in our lives and often in our work. Yet for the artist becoming enamoured by the gleam to perform nostalgia, effaced of its troubles, is a tight rope. An encasing of reminiscence can self-erect structures of confinement around you. So, when creating, it can be seen when scents of modern cultural conformity are present.

Perhaps performance box is too architectural to describe all the nuances of cultural* interplay with artists, particularly those situated within what's described as the 'global north' or 'western world', speaking to topics not native to those places. We find that a rose-tinted perspective is set on contorting the un-modern past into the contemporary context, an output that hinges on reforging surface-level tropes, leading to performative culture. Demand, interest and funding has only increased year onto next for the 'cultured' artist, as the market (from education houses and businesses to the government) recognises the social points gained in promoting the minority towards the majority. Otherwise, this can be stated as creative equity. A sense of justness is provided from these places towards the public and manifested in outreach projects. This is not to be seen negatively, as it creates spaces for de-colonial conversations to occur, but this can also deform the relationship the artist has to themselves. I see this seeds itself many ways, particularly in terminology, for example being labelled as a 'cultured artist' rather than simply 'artist'.

In the contemporary now, a climate can form whereby the 'cultured' artist feels direct conformity into their performance box of ethnicity, from his peers and wider art community. The artist is only ushered forward after their existence is neatly confirmed with a tick box in the dropdown section, assisted too by the bettable interest from an appeaseable audience. This readily appeasement is partly due to this creative equity taking hold, the business house will promote works that cater to the public image quota, in order to present as inclusive and diverse, irrespective of the works level of questioning or exploration.

The Equality Act 2010 promoting Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion (DEI) is a key legislation that provides a legal framework to protect individuals and advance equal opportunities within workplaces, education and public services. We also find it translates to the art world too; The Arts Council England are active on this topic having performed evidence reviews in their 2013-16 *Equality and diversity within the arts and cultural*

*Culture' noun (way of life): the attitudes, behaviour, opinions, etc. Of a particular group of people within society. (Cambridge Dictionary, 2024)

Sector in England and 2021-22 Equality, Diversity and Inclusion: A Data Report. The 2013-16 review focused on identifying barriers and highlighting inequalities in the arts sector, while the 2021-22 review serves as a progress update, focusing on data collection and accountability.

They recognise there are still significant gaps in ethnic minority representation and disability inclusion, and forwarding investment is made into broadening access to the arts for all groups. A positive and encouraging result indeed. However, the artist can be easily enticed by this stage-crafted interest, luring themselves into the box of culture or identity that they must now embody in order to cater towards this performative interest. I'm curious about how this damage metastasises and affects the relationship between the artist and their art practice.

A commonplace example for this issue can be seen when the 'cultured' artist feels that they must adhere to the visual imagery of their identification, knowingly or unknowingly. Like stale bread, the work ventures down the un-inspiring road of longing and remembrance. "Nostalgia is not a place to live" (Gulzar, 2016) unforgivingly states the uncomfortability of wishful longing and residing in a place no longer available to the current now. Gulzar's words issue my arising quandary to nostalgic art, and instead these words express an emotion to move beyond. Mere reminiscence is the act of keeping a foot turned backwards, living to converse with the past.

Homi K. Bhabha, a critical theorist scholar instrumental in defining postcolonial studies, touches heavily on this through conceptualising the idea of 'Performative Nationhood' (Bhabha, *The Location of Culture*, 1994). Within his work on cultural hybridity and the third space he highlights how nationhood can be negotiated and contested, suggesting that the boundaries of national identity are not fixed so can be challenged and re-defined, a relevant perspective. My counter to this is that, in the present day, it is intriguing to see how nationhood can be contorted by modern cultural conformity within artistic practice. Why must artwork appear 'cultured' or speak on the homeland? Must it always engage with heritage and identity politics, shaped by external expectations? Performing nationhood as a requirement can make it feel as though you must sell your identification, before you sell your work.

A notion is felt where a generalised paintbrush, strokes aesthetic cohesion and marketability over the artist, confining them to the box of "South Asian art", "Black Art", "Oriental

Art", or simply put, anything but "Western, ambiguous artwork." Essentially, to step beyond this, cultural production thrives when it is transgressive and forward moving. It should challenge past norms, confront discomfort, and contribute something adaptive to the conversation, unique to the translocation of the artist now. A strife for work that intervenes with current realities. Sprouting new expressions in contact with its environment, rather than being phototropic towards creative equity quotas.

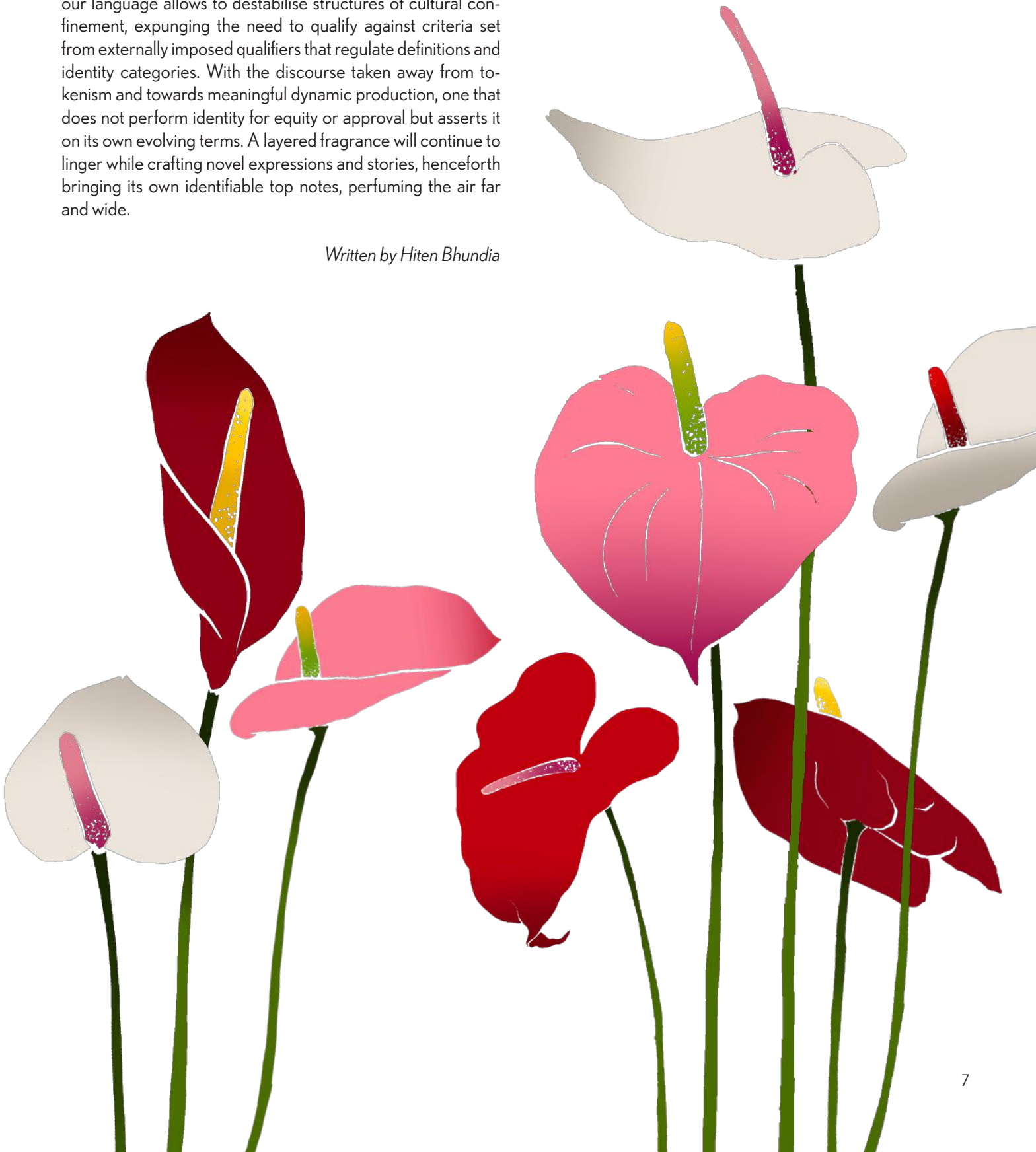
I too felt my work taking in the language of those scenes, as long as a paisley design is sewn into the canvas, I can stamp the assurance of finding 'my' artistic vocabulary, unknowingly abiding by the dictation of what my box already visually looks like. A colonising to the entry requirements of being an artist with an ethnic tagline. Nostalgia itself is not the true issue, but it's the potential to be forgotten within it. The artist will indeed explore the tensions between past and present, tenderness and void, delight and grief, the here and there. Similarly, Gulzar is essentially advocating for a balance: acknowledge the past, learn from it, but do not let it overshadow the present or future. Through research and art making, an unpacking of these issues can drive directed questioning.

Positioning shapes the language used around artists, being labelled as 'cultured' inherently suggests they are not native to the stage they're presenting on. In the extreme this is an example of orientalist fetishisation. A direct evaluation is needed to dismantle the lingering sense of otherness in the present, often reassessed and repackaged to meet public image quotas. This doesn't have to be detained to only a postcolonial lens, this issue should be explored in a modern context, challenging the agency of definition and instead employing self-definition where the artist holds the reins. Agency is malleable and honed through language. Artists should dictate the language that frames their work, allowing them to cultivate crops from the words they sow into the field of their artistic practice. But what degree of resistance is required to incite the soft yet assured shift away from binary boxes? One way resistance can be measured is through theory, as it isn't only a tool for conceptual study but is essential for activism, meandering the conversation into pools that propagate interventions with current practice.

To un-tint the glasses is to see the un-bowdlerised past in its holistic view. The artist is able to reclaim authorship over their narrative, rejecting cultural checklists that reduce their complexity to a neat package, taking away the need to extrapolate,

contort, and disfigure. Gauged through theory and practice, our language allows to destabilise structures of cultural confinement, expunging the need to qualify against criteria set from externally imposed qualifiers that regulate definitions and identity categories. With the discourse taken away from tokenism and towards meaningful dynamic production, one that does not perform identity for equity or approval but asserts it on its own evolving terms. A layered fragrance will continue to linger while crafting novel expressions and stories, henceforth bringing its own identifiable top notes, perfuming the air far and wide.

Written by Hiten Bhundia



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Tower of Nowhere

Thermal Paper, metal, wood, cotton

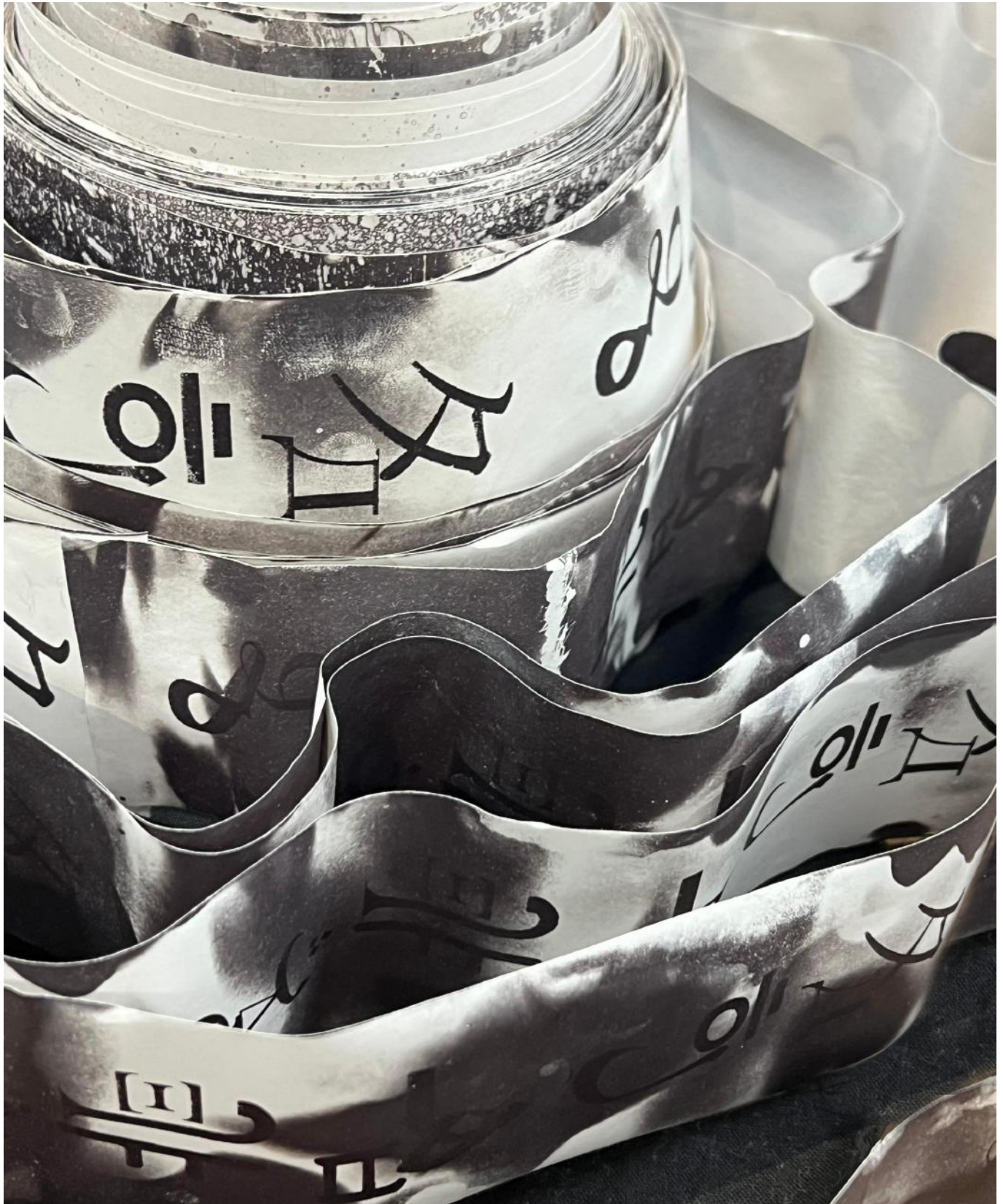
2024

Yunyi Ye

This tower crafted with 160-meter-long thermal paper represents a closed loop of communication, continually building upon itself, seeking avenues for convergence and integration. The evolution of Simplified Chinese internet slang is incessant under the scrutiny of social media algorithms, with one method of encoding being the fusion of multiple languages. The printed quote, "Name that can be named is not the eternal name," from the Tao Te Ching, is rendered in faux Chinese characters formed by blending letters from other languages.

Exposed to steam and chemicals, the text becomes a site of transformation, while paper serves as the narrative vessel for this distortion, resistance and erasure.





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٢ DREAM IN ENGLISH

AN EXPLORATION OF BILINGUALISM AND KINSHIP



I dream in English, though I'm not sure when this hijacking of my cognition took place. A language I once spoke with a strong accent and frequent mispronunciations has now become one I am mistaken for being native in. A British school taught me that mispronouncing *algebra** as "Al-jibra" in my native Arabic tongue was far more than just a trivial mistake, it was an issue. Whether or not mathematics was my field of interest, it reinforced that my mispronunciation of words would erect barriers between myself and doors of opportunity.

Linguistic elitism lingers in the periphery of those who possess it, yet it is painfully evident to those on the margins. The invisible door and locks of exclusion are only perceptible to those who don't wield the magic keys. Keys crafted from prescriptive grammar and complex lexicons, also free from the impurity of syntax errors or the weight of a native accent. They serve as silent gatekeepers to privilege and mobility.

English dominance as the primary mode of communication is not merely a byproduct of colonialist structures, nor is it an unintended aftereffect, so it is not to be mistaken as such. Rather, it is a deliberate step toward the unification of a linguistic market, one that dictates class, status, and opportunity.

Pierre Bourdieu highlights this in *Language and Symbolic Power* (1991), where he states:

"In order for one mode of expression among others (...) to impose itself as the only legitimate one, the linguistic market has to be unified and the different dialects (of class, region, or ethnic group) have to be measured practically against the legitimate language or usage."

My own tongue now splits, just as the right and left hemispheres of my brain do. The cognitive hijacking has permeated my perception of actuality. English has glazed over my eyes and coated my tongue, subtly altering how I engage with reality and the tangible world.

Language acts as a lens through which we perceive and interpret the world, a concept the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis suggests. While 'Strong Whorfianism' claims language dictates thought completely, the 'Weak' alternative specifies that language only influences cognition. Though the spectrum of the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis remains contested, (Edwards, 2013) its relevance becomes apparent in the translocated individual's experience. Where language is not only a means of communication but a site of assimilation, integration, and the formation of kinship.

Developing kinship to a language—particularly English—often occurs when learning takes place before adolescence. English establishes a foothold on the bilingual's frames of reference

*Ironically, the word *algebra* comes from the Arabic term: "الجبر" (*al-jabr*), which originally referred to the surgical treatment of bonesetting.



from an early stage, being infused within all popular media, online culture and taught within schools. Hence, the language embeds itself within one's perspective, subtly shifting the lens through which they view the world. Allowing them to become innately engaged and aware of cultural nuance within the language, eventually developing kinship.

Cognition, however, isn't wholly reshaped to re-align with English or Western perspective resultant from developed kinship. Rather, bilinguals with a deep understanding in both languages manifest fluid shifts between modes of perception, integrating elements of multiple linguistic and cultural frameworks. A hybridised way of thinking, by means of transculturation, is precisely how I view these elements constitute the Translocated experience.

Fluid and adaptive identities appear in a state where cultural, linguistic, and cognitive boundaries dissolve, frequently found within the translocator. Within this realm of hybridity, bilingualism plays a crucial role, shaping communication and self-expression in ways that are both evident and subtle. One manifestation of this is code-switching, the seamless, yet glitched, blending of languages within speech. Dependant on the speaker's environment, they switch between the taps of language as a form of social navigation.

John Edwards, in *Sociolinguistics: A Very Short Introduction*, notes that bilinguals form hybrid languages like Franglais, Spanglish, or Arablish through code-switching to integrate and adapt. (Edwards, 2013) The ability to twist, contort, and deform one's language in this way is precisely what opens doors in the modern linguistic market. It is an ability that is cultivated, nurtured, and actively sought out. Yet, these hybrid languages are often viewed unfavourably, even by their speakers.

In Egypt, this phenomenon is often met with mockery. The dialectical phrase "A'wget Lesan", which directly translates to "the twist of the tongue," is frequently used in a disapproving manner to describe those who weave English into their Arabic conversations. While code-switching is a natural practice among bilinguals, it carries layered connotations in Egyptian society. Beyond being a communicative tool, code-switching functions as a reinforcement of class distinctions, much like linguistic elitism.

The ever-evolving nature of language reflects the complexities of hybrid identity, where bilingualism extends beyond communication, becoming a space for negotiation, belonging, and the development of kinship. For the Translocator, this ongoing negotiation is especially significant, as they are constantly towing the line between kinship and estrangement.

Written by Sohaila

My eyes are closed, a dreamscape develops. Two players walk towards the starting line of my larynx. I see A and س eyeing up the track ahead hopping, stretching, warming up for the race that is my speech.

مين هيفوز الصراع؟ هتتكلم عربي؟ هتتكلم انجليزي؟

*Who will win the race?
Will she speak Arabic?
Will she speak English?*

س takes an early lead, effortlessly reaching the tip of my tongue, when suddenly, the track tilts beneath them. س stumbles, crashes, and in the fleeting moment. A surges forward, sprinting ahead and leaving my lips.

The conversation shifts, English words spill out, uninvited but instinctive.

A glances back, only to find س regaining momentum, rising from the fall and closing in fast. The race continues, a relentless back-and-forth, victories and losses exchanged in a rhythm dictated by thought, habit, and instinct. As the motion settles into its own uneasy equilibrium the question drops, detonating the track, scattering my words into the void.

هو انتي ليه عوجة لسانك؟

Why twist your tongue?

You Okay?

Half sincere.
Half not.

Half question.
Half statement.

Asking for approval,
but asserting its not needed.

You alright?
You okay?

This is a greeting with room for concern.
British people always have room for concern.



You Okay?: Caught in headlights

Screen print, illustration
2025

Martin Sanchez Aguilera

It always caught me off guard.
Like
a deer's eyes flashing red, before headlights.
Held, by
the sudden depth of recognition.
You jump,
they swerve,
avoiding collision.

Are you okay?
Is either a polite headcount or permission not to be.
It's a gentle tending to when a friend asks.
It's an invitation.

Are you okay?

I don't know.
I never thought to ask.

THE

MODERN



SPECTACLE

ARAB

I've moved from one foreign country to another, learning European fashion while being branded with the ornamental concept of what an Arab artist should be. The aesthetics of the Middle East are often too easily reshaped, repurposed and softened, made more palatable for a Western audience. In fashion school, especially in conversations with other artists, the line between tokenisation and authentic cultural expression is razor-thin. Location also plays a substantial role in where an Arab artist falls on this spectrum; our upbringings and the geographies that have shaped us influence how we see our own culture and, in turn, how our audiences perceive our work.

I've always envisioned my work as a bridge, one that can educate and offer insight into Palestinian culture through my own perspective.

There is an inherent nuance to this. Just because my work often explores Palestinian experiences doesn't mean I am the sole or "correct" representative of my people. I am merely an extension of Palestinian art, one voice among many. No single motif or style could ever encapsulate the vastness of a nation's history or collective memory. While in class, my professor pointed to a Moroccan textile and remarked that it reminded them of my work. At first, I nodded, but as I looked closer, I realised the connection was nothing more than the broad essence of an "Arab textile". Materiality holds immense power in shaping perception. Tassels, beads, and embellishments become markers of identity, signifiers of a culture condensed into ornamentation. The Arab aesthetic becomes an expectation rather than an intention.

***Orientalist language weaves itself
into the fabric of the Arab world.***

This is where the complexities of the Western gaze come in. Our existence in these spaces comes with expectations, boxed into the narrow archetypes of "the Arab artist". Even within academic circles, professors encourage us to "make the most" of our differences, a well-meaning but ultimately problematic suggestion. It edges dangerously close to the commodification of culture, to the idea that our identities must be distilled, packaged, and sold. In the process, what is sacred becomes a spectacle, and what is deeply personal risks becoming performative.

To me, the modern Arab spectacle is the moment the artist loses the power of self-definition, their vision distorted by historical

western ideologies until their visual language is no longer their own. It begs the question: can we ever break

free from the Western gaze, or are we forever caught within its frame?

A3yaad Wa Afraa7, 'Celebrations and Joyous Gatherings' in Franco Arabic, investigates an aspect of social performance within Eid family gatherings. The attire worn at these gatherings often signifies socioeconomic status and shapes how a family is perceived within society. These gatherings unfold within the 'Saloon/ Living Room', a site of aesthetic curation, an articulation of familial pride and self-definition. In turn,

this led me to reflect on my own identity and how I define myself as a Palestinian artist within the space I currently inhabit. The inquiry extends into a broader reflection of what it means to take on the role of

the “Arab Artist”. The title itself is a play on communication through visual language, Franco Arabic, a puzzle-pieced language unique to the Arab youth, served as a starting point for an extended exploration of my own visual language and self definition.

Sculpture has been my way of interrogating the body’s negotiation of space and form within the realm of fashion. My sculptural sensibility became a defining characteristic, an examination of how far my practice could stray from traditional patterns and Arab styles. In many ways, this affinity for structure and silhouette became both a refuge and a form of resistance, an assertion of self beyond the confines of cultural tokenisation. This liminal space between sculpture and culture was a disruption of all the preconceived notions I felt I had to meet in order to be viewed as a serious artist in the eyes of my western peers. Rather than being relegated to the role of reproducing tradition, I found in the silhouette a language expansive enough to hold both heritage and innovation, allowing me to navigate artistic identity on my own terms.

In crafting a language that belongs only to me, I carve out a space of autonomy. In the context of the Arab spectacle, once we play on the orientalist fantasy fuelled with irony, there is no seriousness left to mis-cue or weaponise. Once we relinquish the burden of crafting ourselves to be easily consumed by others, we step into a space where only play remains. And in that unburdened play, we find true self-definition.

Written by Adam Zedan



Within the confines of a Western lens, full visibility is an illusion, a distortion at best.





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Part 1/2: A reflection on the *Uproar* movement workshop by the Rieckhof-Silva Collective

Three days later, the soreness still gnawed at my ankles, calves, and lower back like a pent-up storm of screams, stomps, and growls that never erupted—all began with a handful of white lima beans.

Late as always, I kick off my shoes and slip into the warm circle. Like bubbles swallowing air, the circle expands with each newcomer.

Lima beans, named after Lima, the capital of Peru, carry dual symbolism of warfare and immortality. Between 100-800 AD, once their edibility was discovered, they swiftly became a staple food for the elite Moche warrior class. On excavated pottery, lima beans morph into anthropomorphic figures clad in armor—locked in combat, marching in protest, or finally resting with the departed in ancient tombs.

These beans were once used as currency, their black speckles interpreted as omens. Research reveals that while the bean originated in the Andes and was cultivated widely across Peru, its name derives not from its roots but from Lima's pivotal role in its trade and export history.

Rows of beans lay neatly arranged on the wooden floor, resembling polished pebbles from a distance; held in hand, they felt like a clumsy Yeti's fingernails. I gathered six—just enough to fill a palm. Guided by facilitators Moyra and Carolina's guidance, I compressed autumn leaves, Jack's sky-piercing beanstalk, the principle of "like nourishes like (以形补形)," and fragments of staccatos humming in my ears—all into these tiny organs.

那股酸痛直到三天后，仍在脚踝、小腿肚和后背间磨蹭着，像一场积蓄已久却未曾爆发的呐喊、跺脚与低吼——这一切从几颗白色棉豆开始。

姗姗来迟，我踢掉鞋子，滑入那个暖融融的圈。每当新人加入，这个圈便像泡泡包裹更多空气般膨胀起来。

白色棉豆，即利马豆（lima bean），同时承载着战争与永生的象征。在公元100-800年间，这种作物一经发现可食用，便迅速成为秘鲁莫切武士阶级（Moche）的精英食材。在许多出土陶器上可以看到棉豆化身全副武装的人类形象，或激烈搏斗，或游行示威，直至伴随亡魂安息于古墓。

利马豆亦曾被用作贸易媒介，其表面偶尔出现的黑点被视作货币和预言。研究表明，利马豆原产于安第斯山脉，在秘鲁各地广泛种植，但因其与首都利马在贸易出口中的深厚联系，才得此名。

木地板上整齐码着一排排棉豆，远看如被打磨的鹅卵石；拿在手里，却像一位高大雪人的指甲。我总共捡了六颗，刚好握满一手。顺着协作者 Moyra 和 Carolina 的讲述，我将窗外摇曳的秋叶、童话里冲向云端的豌豆茎、食疗中的“以形补形”，以及耳边回荡的短促乐音，一并塞进了这些小小的豆子里。

ACT I: Grounding

Rising. Pivoting from our abdomens as anchors, we formed a circle, arms outstretched, knees folding in rhythm with the collective breath. Inhale, hold, exhale—bodies undulating. My childhood dance training had left me with a flat back; so concaved that each expansion demanded a deeper push. Even the most mundane became a minor rebellion.

Whenever I want to give up, the heat at my fingertips yanked me back to the present.

“Sigh out loud. Only by expelling those breaths can you reclaim them.”

The body is the eardrum of the heart. We let our palms and feet articulate its cadence. Then, shuddering through the floorboards like tetrapods, we briefly dissolved into a single organism. The unity shattered into improvisation.

“Follow your pelvis.”

Hesitant, then obeyed. My awakened abdomen seized control, puppeteering limbs like an inflatable tube man outside a mall, or plankton adrift in tides. Weight shifted from toe-tip to heel, spilling from one corner of the room to another. When stillness returned, my clothes clung sodden, a second skin of salt and surrender.

第一幕：一同落地

终是站了起来。我们以腹部为轴心启动全身，站成一圈，双臂张开，与膝盖折叠的节奏共振。吸气，留存，吐出，身体随之上下浮动。小时候学跳舞导致的平背，让我每次深呼吸都要十二分力气，把凹陷的胸腔尽可能外扩。最简单的深呼吸，对我来说都是一场挑战。

每当放弃的念头冒出来，指尖的热气都像某种无形的力量，将我拉回当下。

“大声叹气吧，只有把那些沉重的呼吸从身体内部释放出来，才能重新找回它。”

身体，是心脏的鼓膜。我们任由手掌和双脚诉诸它的节奏。接着，像四足动物般晃动地板。短暂间，所有人都进入了同一个节奏。旋即，这节奏被自由舞动打破。

“听从你的盆骨。”

尽管略显迟疑，我还是照做了。被激活的腹部开始支配全身，像商场门口的气球人，又像海中的浮游生物。脚趾尖、脚跟，重心从一隅流向另一隅，从房间的一角漫至另一角。重归平静时，衣服早已被汗水浸透。

ACT II: Reaching

When language collapses, can we still understand each other? If noise, dialogue, and music—all tremors of divergent frequencies—shed their skins as rigid legal codes or geopolitical borders, how might they feel against fingertips, sound in the dark, and crystallise into shapes? I scream impatiently, a whale surging from the larynx. The closer we draw, the quicker breaths fracture—waves collide with valley-shouted echoes, shattering against the floorboards, birthing concentric ripples of the aftermath.

ACT III: Trembling

In the Latin American 'Cacerolazos', a single pot and a spoon can strike the rhythm of resistance. Before them, beans are stitched onto fabric strips of varying lengths. They coil around foreheads, wind along necks, clasp ankles, or droop over the hip. To make the beans resonate, performers must merge completely with them—become the rhizome, and turn into the instrument itself. This metamorphosis follows a threefold cycle:

第二幕：望向彼此

若语言失效，我们还能交流吗？倘若噪音、对话、音乐仅是不同频率与节奏的颤动，而非僵硬的法律条文或地缘边界，那它摸起来、听起来、看起来会是什么样？我迫不及待地大喊，鲸鱼从喉腔涌出。愈靠近，呼吸愈急促，四四拍的海浪撞上山谷的呼喊，砸在地板，激起阵阵回响。

第三幕：震颤的棉豆

在拉美的敲锅抗议（*cacerolazos*）中，仅需一口锅与一柄勺便能敲击出抗争的韵律。面前的棉豆被缝纫在不同长度的布带上。它们缠绕额头、盘绕颈项、环扣脚踝，或轻垂于胯骨两侧。为使豆粒发出声响，表演者须彻底与它融为一体——成为棉豆根茎，成为乐器本体。这种转化过程遵循着三重循环：

短暂的静止，是任何音符赖以栖息的五线谱。

In **stillness**—brief as a held breath—lies the score where every note nests.

病痛。颤抖跪地，豆子散落一地，只能祈求触底反弹。

Sickness. Knees hit the ground—beans scatter like shattered prayers, begging the bedrock to resurrect.

每次发起攻击，都被无形的力量压制，肌肉因重力而酸痛。

Each lunge meets invisible **oppression**, muscles ache with the gravity of the uprising.

We danced until time dissolved. Bodies crumpled, breath recalibrating for the next cycle. Indigenous botanist Robin Wall Kimmerer writes in **Braiding Sweetgrass** of Puhpowee—the force that propels mushrooms through soil overnight, similarly, anthropologist Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing, in **The Mushroom at the End of the World**, observes how cracked earth betokens rebirth.

Someone shouts from the corner.
I slam the floor in answer: I hear you!

More sounds join the percussion. Sitting up sideways, I see comrades humming with shared voltage. Others remain silent—doesn't matter. To rest is not surrender; time incubates even dormant seeds.

不知跳了多久，我们纷纷倒地，重新调整呼吸，等待下一轮循环。原住民植物学家金梅雷《编织甜草》中，用 Puhpowee（念作啪-抛-哟）描述蘑菇一夜之间破土而出的力量。人类学家罗安清的《末日松茸》同样提到，只要大地显露迹象，便预示新生的轮回。

有人在房间一侧大喊。
我砸响地面回应：听到你了！

越来越多人加入，我侧身而坐，目光所及皆是并肩作战的伙伴。仍有人在地面沉寂——无妨。归于地面并非消亡，时间会唤醒一切。



*We scream through each other's gasps, and collide—
beans shatter in the tremor. As the crowd scatters, still
dazed, Moyra asks how I felt—*

*"I don't know your name, where you come from, or
where you're headed. None of it matters. It's as if
we've been dancing together since the moment we
were born."*

我们在彼此的喘息里喊叫，撞击，豆子因
震动破裂散落。人群四散，还未来得及回
神，Moyra问起我的感受——

“我不知道你的名字，你从哪里来，又会
到哪里去。可这都不重要，我们好像从出
生那一刻起就在一起跳舞了。”

Written by Kiki Zheng | 作者：郑培冰

La presentación fue una sorpresa.

Evocó sentimientos de resentimiento y empatía dentro de mí, a pesar de no conocer todo el contexto político, había algo familiar e incluso nostálgico de escuchar los sonidos de las protestas. En ese momento habían pasado casi dos meses desde que Claudia Sheinbaum entró a la presidencia en México, existía todavía un miedo y una tensión de lo que pasaría dentro de su mandato.

A pesar de ser de diferentes países, tristemente la experiencia en Latino América es similar, la historia se repite y hay una gran corrupción política mezclada con altos niveles de violencia. Me di cuenta, en ese momento, que estar presenciado este baile de protesta en Reino Unido es evidencia del peligro que se experimenta en estos países al expresar inconformidad con el gobierno. **¿Cómo es posible que tenga que estar a miles de kilómetros de distancia para encarar una conversación acerca del clima político de mi país?**

Después de la presentación tuve la oportunidad de platicar con Moyra, porque al estar en un contexto geográfico tan diferente, logró entablar una conversación muy productiva con los espectadores de la presentación. Me ayudó a entender que no importa comprender la historia en su totalidad, **todos podemos encontrar un mismo entendimiento desde una perspectiva emocional.** Tristemente, todos hemos sufrido algún tipo de injusticia y lo importante es crear el espacio para generar empatía entre nosotros en lugar de divisiones.

ACT I: Grounding

Uproar demonstrates the power of performance as a form of protest and resistance. Centring around the political unrest that started in 2022 in Peru, after the ex-president Pedro Castillo was destituted and imprisoned after his failed intent of a self-coup. The catalyst that led to a series of protests was the response of the now President, Diana Boularte, who immediately ascended to power and joined forces with politics of the far right, instead of assembling elections as a majority of the population asked.

The steady beats made by rudimentary instruments created out of lima beans invite the audience to form a part of the unknown protest that is happening on stage. The constant chant that carries the pain and sorrow of a generation is embedded in each and every single movement made by the dancer. Her body becomes a medium of communication and is moulded into the needs of the audience to comprehend the desperation of the situation.

No matter your context, you are able to understand the needs of the situation. As described by Jesus Casquette, protests not only allow for an external form of communication to the authorities, but such demonstrations are also a way of internal communication. They give participants a sense of being engaged in a common cause with like-minded people, converging in a series of feelings that cement a social group.

ACT II: Reaching

There is clapping and laughing, we are dancing to fun music unaware that the piñata is a representation of the current president, who is deemed a murderer

and a traitor by the country. She keeps throwing candy and money to the crowd to attract their attention and keep them in that limbo of happiness. Eventually, the other dancer starts attacking her and we start to grasp the deception behind the pleasantries, this is not someone to be trusted.

Encouraged by the rage behind losing a loved one and the constant feeling of impotence due to a failing justice system, one of the biggest political rallies by the Quechua and Aymaras in the last 200 years took place. In January of 2023, the second wave of political rallies was assembled; people were mourning the death of the victims of police violence and protesters who were shot by the military with the intention of repressing the movement. They coexist with death, in a state of hope and hopelessness.

ACT III: Trembling

By March of 2023, there had been already 66 deceased and more than 1.300 injured throughout the period of protests, that escalated due to the oppression of the government that is now mimicking authoritarianism. On top of that, there has not been any recognition of responsibility from the government; they have even insinuated that the deaths were due to violence between protestants.

At the end of the performance, we are all synced into the same resonance, filled with pain and suffering that is familiar. Itching to continue the movement incited by the performance, to fight the injustice we have witnessed from a distance. We have uncovered the narratives and are now part of the transformative power behind the collective action.

Written by Isabel Navarro Alatorre

T h r e a d s : *The Story of Belonging*

Growing up across the world, always on the move, I have come to realise, my sense of attachment to lived spaces are the sensorial relationships I draw to them, along with networks of interpersonal relationships. Once one starts to see diasporic identity as fluid, liminal and transient, constantly affected by the spaces it travels through and has left behind, it establishes a unique, critical review of belonging. Ashima Gandhi notes, 'The feeling of in-betweenness, at times, demands a sense of closure of identity - to exist in the 'hybrid' identity is to reconcile with one identity being different and, at times, unable to assimilate to the others.' (Gandhi, 2020). This constant state of liminality is an ongoing, everlasting negotiation of identity, space and practice, from which I attempt to articulate belonging. Writing, spoken word, performance, become a tool to explore the delicacy and complexity in an intimate negotiation to belonging, situating home as an itinerant but eternal feeling.

Written by Rushil Pandey

Belonging

Delicate,
like threads

is a tangled intimacy

The more I search,
The more I detach

I search
and detach,
and search,
and detach,

from any sense of
belonging,

The paradox of
longing

A *mystic - al* journey

ahead

Travelling t h r o u g h and against time

Beyond

Beyond

space,

?place

At the end of a ----- horizontal epiphany,
a soft, warm g l o w awaits

- Searching for **permanence**
in a transient state of being,

theres beauty in contradictions
a distortion of *bliss*

// where //

If I look **too hard**
I'm blinded

And if i pull too hard
cant find the ends /

the threads rip apart

Hold on
Hold on
Hold on

<<<<< Let go,
you don't need much

<<<<< Let go,
of things tied with a jute rope

Before you pull away and leave,
unravel the knots
and set yourself **free**

Take with you
what you can //
that should be = enough.
You should be = enough.

The journey is long,
so travel **light**.

I have come to realise ,
that the story of be-
longing //
is never unfinished.

But neither complete

An endless journey
A flight without a destination

A transitional meeting,
an eternal feeling

I'm Present.

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Written together,
and still in progress.