

Request and Response:

conviviality and reflexivity



This is not a book.

When I first arrived to work at IASPIS at the end of January 2021, amidst the pandemic that'd hit worldwide, the site was quiet but for the few grant holders in residency.

The atmosphere was much like when we return home from a trip: everything is hushed, and somewhat still. The institutional body was working from home, and took turns being on site. The grant holders had ownership of the space, and fostered their own rhythms, mostly beyond the institutional.

Although the usual climate of publicness was completely contracted, an internal, almost domestic space had advanced. It was a very singular moment.

Instead of trying to make up for this lack of publicness, I looked instead into the institution as a space for and of knowledge-production by coming closer to the practices and grant holders on site. I acknowledged the internal aspects of the residency, reflecting over the knowledge that existed here.

Until March 2021, we worked on the online spring Open Studios together. At the end of that project, an invitation was cast for me to stay on with the residency program for a few months.

Pursuing a culture of gathering, from the stance of the grant holders' practices, I rhymed the different questions they provoked, as a space for thinking together.

So, Request & Response: conviviality and reflexiveness was born from a need to fluster things, seizing this energy of collectiveness, amidst that singular atmosphere that'd formed.

The gatherings happened in the kitchen, on Tuesdays, usually between 11:00 and 12:00, in an effort to lay a rhythm. They were informal, amongst us, at times with a guest invited to come think with us.

The format meant a request was put on the table, and we responded to it, in a convivial setting, and a reflexive manner. The requests were topics, questions, readings, exercises, and valuable elements of a process. Request & Response became a liminal space between internal questions, and a discursive digression with other practices, subjects, thinkers.

Throughout Request & Response, 14 grant holders were in residency in different periods. We did not make the gatherings public, in an effort to maintain a level of trust and proximity – the convivial. When a guest was with us it was important, even from a Zoom screen on their end, to offer an internal quality of our gathering in the kitchen.

A tentative program developed.

Our tentative program, the gatherings formed, the dialogues that we shaped, blemished the different practices, and ourselves.

Leaving space for the expressions and expansions that each gathering gave us, we invited the different guests that'd been with us to leave a trace of what had been. Some of the grant holders themselves have also offered to leave a trace.

A trace is not the complete truth, but a sign, a symptom of the existence, or the passing of something. This transient quality is how we chose to relate to a possible record of Request & Response.

I want to thank IASPIS, for the generous year in this institution; my colleagues, for their relentless support; all dear guests that openly came to think with us, and were so giving; Behin Roozbeh, for the beautiful work designing the folder and putting the traces together.

I want to thank you, incredible grant holders, whom I have had the privilege to work with.

December 2021

Roberta Burchardt

Program

Request and Response: conviviality and reflexivity

IASPIS spring, fall 2021

May

I: 4/5, 11:00-12:00: Heritage, Identity and Commodification

NO TRACE HERE

Conversation on heritage, identity and commodification. Reading of fragments of texts, such as Michael Landzelius’ “Commemorative Dis(re)membering: Erasing Heritage, Spatializing Disinheritance”.

II: 11/5, 11:00-12:00: Archive

NO TRACE HERE

Conversation on archive, with the reading of fragments of texts, such as Achille Mbembe’s “The Power of the Archive and its Limits”.

III: 18/5, 11:00-12:00: Gözde Ilkin, expanding on own practice

NO TRACE HERE

From lockdown in Istanbul, online grant holder Gözde, told stories about the process of her last works, and connected to our talk about the Archive.

IV: 25/5, 11:00-12:00: Resilient Stitch

TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 23

Guest Claire Wellesley-Smith, was invited to share thoughts on her latest book “Resilient Stitch”, and think with us about reclaimed cloth, slow processes, methods of production and narratives of use, archival research and community stories. We were interested in how Claire sees and uses cloth, dye and stitch as carriers of the natural and social history of place.

June

V: 1/6, 11:00-12:00: Migration and meanings of regeneration through a series of journeys in search of salt practices

TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 27

Guest Katy Beinart, was invited to share thoughts on her research-practice “Detour and Retour: Practices and poetics of salt as narratives of relation and re-generation in Brixton”, and think with us about migration, ocean as connectivity, performance, ritual, participatory research, memory, heritage and pasts.

VI: 8/6, 11:00-12:00: Affective past, Hauntology, Immersivity

TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 29

Guest Colin Sterling, was invited to think with us about affective past, hauntology and immersivity; and how artists, designers, architects, writers and other creative practitioners engage with the past and heritage as spaces of critical enquiry and reimagination.

Happened also on the 8/6: Sandra Medina and filmmaker/artist Andreas Bagge

NO TRACE HERE

Dance grant holder Sandra Medina and collaborator Andreas Bagge, invited us to come down to the Dance studio for an interview about what home is /can be, what feelings of belonging and exclusion it brings us. The interviews will be used in a pilot film where they explore how to build the film Hemsjuka (Homesickness). A docufictional work; a fiction close to reality, where Sandra is a researcher recruiting patients for the study of Homesickness.

VII: 15/6 Open sharing moment with fika or lunch

NO TRACE HERE

We sat together for fika and talked openly.

VIII: 22/6, 14:30: Workshop Sandra

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Dance grant holder Sandra Medina and collaborator Ellen Söderhult, shared a work-in-progress presentation, documented as memory, followed by a discussion. The work explored sounds’ musical choreography, creating a new space.

IX: 29/6, 13:00-14:00: Archival work, The Garden of (not) Forgetting, in Tutun

Deposu, Istanbul

TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 35

Guests Dilşad Aladağ and Eda Aslan, by invitation of grant holder Gözde Ilkin, shared their project and practice “The Garden of (not) Forgetting”, thinking with us about personal archive, cultural heritage, social memory, migratory movements, sociopolitical investigation, practices of remembering, archives, urban heritage and unofficial heritage narratives.

July

Summer break

August and September

Focus on autumn Open Studios

openstudiosautumn2021.iaspis.se/

September

X: 7/9, 13:00-14:00: Personal reference index, the rhetoric of the image, the obtuse, psychology, collective consciousness, mythology and fantasy

TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 43

Guest Marcia Sá Cavalcante Schuback shared thoughts on the obtuse, the idea of a personal reference index as things we carry around with us aesthetically, psychology, collective consciousness, mythology, fantasy, and what Mark Frygell brought us as one of the theoretical references that marked him, Roland Barthes, “The Rhetoric of the Image”, and the three classes of messages within the image.

XI: 14/9, Fiction and the character

TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 51

Guest Javier Montes, shared with us a listening piece/pod, telling us of the research over, and writing of the mysterious and controversial character in Brazilian history, Luz del Fuego, which gave rise to the book with the same name. With focus on the question of history, fiction and the character, we asked how one accesses the past, and the meanings of doing so through the reading and writing of a past character, in contemporaneity.

XII: 21/9, 11:00-12:00: Post Workers Theatre
TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 59
Guests Dash MacDonald and Nicholas Mortimer, shared with us the work of Post Workers Theatre, a design troupe investigating the future of politically engaged performance, reimagining historic forms of creative resistance for a contemporary context.

XIII: 28/9: 16:00-17:30 Fiction, archive, art
TRACE FOUND ON PAGE 67
Guest Marisa Brown opened two discursive sessions focusing on the power of fiction and art; and art in the institution. We listened, talked and thought together over the meanings of fiction, archive, art, public art, black futurism, architecture, preservation, spatial justice, decolonization, institutions and critical heritage.



Bios from the grant holders

Request and Response:

Chiara Bugatti

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 July - 15 November 2021

Born 1991 in Lecco, Italy.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Chiara Bugatti is a visual artist. In her mainly sculptural practice, she studies objects and tools when they become devoid of their primary function, analysing their physical properties and historical associations, their possibilities of form and impact on their surroundings. Desires, ambitions and future visions become concrete within the built environment, as do failures, refusals, flaws and obsolescence. When monuments, buildings or infrastructures lose their original purpose, they return to a state of being simply material, reminding us of the fragile landscape where they once belonged and the politics of power and control underlying their existence. Bugatti addresses these topics through sculptural interventions, installation and video. Between construction and decay, and within these processes of transformation, materials become mediums for exploring the space they inhabit, revealing the complexity of its syntax and the vulnerability of its structure.

During her residency at IASPIS, Bugatti plans to experiment further within the framework of her performance series “Rehearsing brutality, until it is totally destroyed”, initiated in 2020 in collaboration with the Stuttgart Ballet.

Chiara Bugatti holds a BFA from the Accademia di Belle Arti di Venezia, Italy (2014); an MFA from the Umeå Academy of Fine Arts, Sweden (2016); and a Postmaster from the Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm, Sweden (2021). She was a fellow at Akademie Schloss Solitude in Stuttgart, Germany (2020). Her work has been recently exhibited at Kunstmuseum Stuttgart, Germany (2021); Borås Konstmuseum, Sweden (International Sculpture Biennial, 2018); and Uppsala Konstmuseum, Sweden (Anna-Lisa Thomson Scholarship, 2016).

Katarina Burin

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

8 November 2020 - 30 June 2021

Born in Bratislava, Slovakia. Grew up in Toronto, Canada. Lives and works in Cambridge, USA

For the past ten years I have been based in Cambridge, Massachusetts teaching as a Visiting Lecturer and then Lecturer in the Department of Art, Film, and Visual Studies at Harvard University as well as being a recurring guest lecturer at MIT’s graduate art program in Art Culture and Technology. Prior to that, I lived for almost a decade in Berlin, Germany. Throughout all this time I have been continuously active as an artist, exhibiting my work in public institutions and in galleries, both in Europe and the United States.

In my artistic practice I work with a wide variety of materials and techniques including different types of drawing; sculpture in concrete, metal, wood and board; ceramics; textiles; printing; text; and forms of curation and exhibition design. Working in museum, gallery, public space and the space of both existing and imagined architecture, I often intervene and reconsider narratives both historical and personal. I use archival material and invented forms, true stories and imperfect memories—blending fact and fiction sometimes in equal measure—to produce installations, images and objects that are at times functional, at times fantastical, occasionally commemorative and often mysterious, playing with levels of subtlety and immersiveness. My work posits the human and the overlooked against the broad stories of history, using the individual—even an imagined individual—as a lens onto past times and how our understanding of them continues to ripple today. I put pressure on the belief systems of the archive and I draw out feminist counter-histories.

Katarina has recently received a Now+There Public Art grant, a Graham Foundation grant, and was a fellow at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study. Recent solo exhibitions include Providence College Galleries; Anthony Greaney; Usdan Gallery at Bennington College; Neubauer Collegium of the University of Chicago, ViPer in Prague; Significant Other, in Vienna, 2020.

Lisa Trogen Devgun

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 April - 30 September 2021

Born 1984, Norrköping, Sweden.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Lisa Trogen Devgun's practice is based on the function and aesthetics of global logistics, the influence of which she believes permeates our entire society. In recent years, Lisa has worked with materials from the logistics sector, including pallets and plastic containers, and her practice has expanded from pure installations of readymades to other more or less invisible systems that underpin our way of life. Her large sculptural installations incorporate photography and video, to reveal automated systems and production chains where human beings are absent.

During her residency at IASPIS, Lisa will focus on materialising the presence of the human hand in logistics.

Lisa Trogen Devgun has an MFA from the Royal Institute of Art (2020); and a BFA from Konstfack University College of Arts, Crafts and Design (2015), Stockholm. Recently, she participated in Leaking Container, Index Festival 2020, Stockholm; Royal Institute of Art Graduation Show, Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Stockholm 2020; objects of horror, Vera Baxer, Stockholm 2019; DELAY STRUCTURE, Gislaveds konsthall, 2019–2020.

Mark Frygell

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 April - 30 September 2021

Born 1985 in Umeå, Sweden.

Lives and work in Stockholm

Mark Frygell's work challenges our notion of what is commonly referred to as high and low culture. Recently, his practice explores the relationship between mythology and fantasy in art history, individual reference and the broader collective context. Mark uses the process of collecting, sorting and sketching as research to intuitively produce work. He remixes signs and signifiers from the peculiarities of mainstream culture, art history and folk art. What presents itself as an odd figurative expressionism is, in its core, an exploration of material, composition and references where the visual world unfolding is a consequence of digging through the bin of our collective unconsciousness, presenting it from his individual perspective.

Mark Frygell studied at The Academy of Fine Art Umeå, Sweden; and Akademie der bildende Künste in Vienna, Austria. His work has been shown at Moderna Museet in Stockholm; ZKU in Berlin; VästerboWens Konstmuseum in Umeå; Galleri Andrehn Schiptjenko in Stockholm; Galleri Thomassen in Gothenburg; Chart Art Fair in Copenhagen; among others. Since 2018 he is represented by Galleri Andrehn Schiptjenko in Stockholm and Paris.

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Frida Hållander and Åsa Norman

Studio grant holders in Stockholm

1 October 2020 - 30 June 2021

Frida. Born 1981 in Dalstorp, Sweden.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Åsa. Born 1984 in Stockholm, Sweden.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Frida Hållander and Åsa Norman have collaborated closely since 2014. Their most recent collaboration is an on-going artistic work, The factory girls – The wilful textile worker, that wants to highlight and discuss the conditions, knowledge and resistance of women in the textile and home industry; their willingness and self-will, which is expressed in organization, professional pride and strategies.

During their residency at IASPI, Frida and Åsa will work on a book, and artistically in various materials, around the play Fabriksflickorna – makten och härligheten (The Factory Girls – The Power and Glory) by the directors Suzanne Osten and Margareta Garpe (1980). The play and its comprehensive archive and documentation material address a complex historical process of the Swedish textile and clothing industry in the 1960s and 1980s, during which several industries underwent a restructuring process. The project examines how the textile industry has left traces in bodies and how the experiences of these bodies have erected the industry. Through crafts methods, Frida and Åsa listen to testimonies and knowledge from the Swedish textile industry; a restructured industry that today faces global, social and ecological challenges.

Frida Hållander is a craft-artist and holds a PhD from Konstfack and HDK-Valand The Faculty of Fine, Applied and Performing Arts, University of Gothenburg, Sweden. Her doctoral thesis Whose Hand is Making? A Sister-Text about Craft, Class, Feminism and the Will to Contest (2019), includes a case study which addresses the thematics of textile and the collective story of women that have worked in sewing factories and homebased industry.

fridahallander.se

Åsa Norman is a textile artist educated at HDK Steneby, Dals Långed, Sweden, and Konstfack, Stockholm, Sweden. Her work deals mainly with how different female organizations and formations have been formed socially and politically throughout history, but also in the present. She is often researching how ways of working within the field of textile can organize acts of resistance.

asanorman.com

Juan-Pedro Fabra Guemberena

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Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 October 2020 - 13 May 2021

Born 1971 in Montevideo, Uruguay.

Lives and works between Stockholm, Berlin and Montevideo

Moheda (1966-2016) is the working title of what I want to develop as an interdisciplinary art project. The subjects are: memory, myths and identity creation of a particular culture/site/ geography. The starting point of my research is the actual ruin that is now the abandoned (and obliterated) refugee camp of Moheda, located in southern Sweden. During the 70's it accommodated mainly political refugees from South America. I myself arrived to this very camp in the late 70's as a child fleeing with my parents from the dictatorship in Uruguay.

Juan-Pedro Fabra Guemberena graduated from The Royal College of Art (MFA) in Stockholm, 2002.

His work has been exhibited extensively internationally, among other in the exhibition Delays and Revolutions, at the 50th Venice Biennale, 2003; My Private Heroes, Marta Herford Museum, 2006; The Moderna Exhibition, The Modern Museum of Art, Stockholm, 2006; Favored Nations, 5th Momentum Biennial, Moss, 2009; 1st Biennale of The Americas, Denver, 2013; The School of Kyiv, Kyev Biennial, 2015; University Of Disaster, at the 57th Venice Biennale, 2017.

He is represented in collections such as The Modern Museum of Art, Stockholm; Sammlung Goetz, München; and The Wanås Foundation, Knislingen, Sweden.

Latest exhibition includes an online (confined) production of the monologue Cassandra by the dramaturg Sergio Blanco. Fabra Guemberena has collaborated with performer/dramaturge Oxi in Helsinki staging a non-binary Cassandra who, from inside quarantine, narrates present developments. The play is remotely directed and filmed with a mobile phone. The masks of the ancient Greek drama are now replaced with facial filters.

juan-pedro-fabra-guemberena.com

Gözde Ilkin

Online residency 9 April - 30 June 2021

Born 1981 in Kütahya, Turkey.

Lives and works in Istanbul, Turkey

I work on domestic fabrics such as table cloths and curtains, which are characterized as spaces of identity and culture. The material gives some details about the social process as a kind of memory-object. I use these fabrics as stages or space, that allow me to install my motifs and images onto them. Stitching process and working with fabrics help me to depict today's cultural information, political and social relationships, and gender issues.

While in residency, I will focus on stories about symbols of power in family issues. I will search images, objects and stories that are representing movements of social change including power issues. I am planning to realize an installation as a stage, with an arrangement of drawing, fabric-poetry and sound.

Gözde Ilkin studied painting at the Fine Arts Faculty of Mimar Sinan University, and Master's degree at Marmara University, in Istanbul. Selected solo exhibitions include Organized Habitation, Galerie Paris- Beijing, Paris (2019); Cruise of Endless Confession, Françoise Heitsch Gallery, Munich (2019); Absent Demonstration Gözde Ilkin, artSümer Gallery, Istanbul (2017).

Selected group shows include The Event of a Thread: Global Narratives in Textiles, Istanbul Modern (2019); Dancing with Witches, A Digital Exhibition, British Council (2019); 15th Istanbul Biennale "A Good Neighbour" (2017); Spaceliner, Arter, Istanbul (2015).

Lap-See Lam

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 April - 30 September 2021

Born 1990 in Stockholm, Sweden.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Using fiction as a tool, and particular interior aesthetics of Chinese restaurants as a formal language, Lap-See Lam draws attention to the cultural history of these spaces and how the idea of a place constructs notions of cultural identity and belonging. Through sculpture and VR technology, her work constitutes an expanded anthropological enquiry that explores the fluidity of language, identity and cultural histories.

During her residency at IASPIS, Lap-See plans to produce works for an upcoming solo exhibition at Bonniers Konsthall that opens in spring 2022.

Lap-See Lam's work has been presented at venues including Magasin III, Stockholm (2020-2021); the collection exhibition at Moderna Museet, Stockholm (2019-2020); Galerie Nordenhake, Stockholm (2020); Performa 19 Biennial, NY (2019); Fondation Cartier, Paris (2019); Moderna Museet, Malmö (2019-2018); and Luleå Biennial (2018). In 2021 she was awarded the Dagens Nyheter Culture Prize.

Studio grant holder at The International

Dance Program in Stockholm

15 April - 30 June 2021

Born 1979 in Stockholm, Sweden.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Sandra Medina is a dancer, actress and choreographer with a long experience of working within interdisciplinary practices. She is a freelancer based in Stockholm and works in the dance and theatre field. Since 2004 she is part of a collective platform called Bastardproduktion.

Important and recurring in my work are collaborations and co-creation; exploration of the contract and contact with the audience; humor, openness, intersectional perspectives, improvisation, the unexpected; the body as my guide; adaptations, resistance, power shifts, restoration.

During my residency at IASPIS I will focus on two projects. Hemsjuka - performance presented in 2018, which I am revisiting and adapting into a film exploring homesickness, our time of geographical, ideological and social homelessness; our bodies as homes and places; and choreography and empathy as means to grasp cases of homesickness. Going where the sun keeps shining, together with the choreographer, dancer and vocalist Ellen Söderhult. We will explore sounds' musical choreography, making this interdisciplinary work create a new space, somewhere we have never been before.

My projects within different collaborations include: Newfoundland, 2003; Nobody is completely evil, 2005; IngelIngelNger, 2007; Svensk Norm- Skulle du vilja se den här föreställningen, 2009-2011; Measured Moment, 2013 -2017; Skippin through the graveyard, 2014; Allt du önskar, 2016; Bothering the othering, 2017; Bodywood 2017; Hemsjuka, 2018; Dom outtryckta, 2019-2021; The dark heart and the sweet part, 2019-2021.

Studio grant holder in Malmö

20 June – 20 September 2021

Born 1984 in Stade, Germany.

Lives and works in Berlin, Germany

In my artistic practice I work with the Western literary canon as an archive of emotions and a possible psychological template. Text-collages of cut-up lines become the base for performative interpretations. Video-images are shot at locations in the city I visit relating to the texts; used as stages for narrative investigations.

During my residency, I will focus on the Swedish literary canon while discovering the city of Malmö - whereby I'm very interested in the history of the 20th century, the construction of the Welfare State, and the literary traditions concerning crime.

The video »I myth you« will be shown at Gallery Night Malmö in C-Sal, at Malmö Konsthall.

The video is in collaboration with Mary-Anne Buyondo, Hans Carlsson, Saga Gärde and Yasmine El-Baramawy, and will be the first of two videos dealing with my time in the city, with questions around community and society, and the pleasure of narrative thrills.

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 October 2020 - 15 October 2021

Born 1978 in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

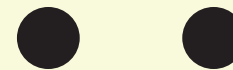
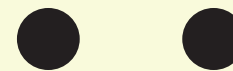
Lives and works in Stockholm

My work combines activism with artistic research, particularly in relation to architecture. Perceiving buildings as engines for social change, I unveil and expose neglected narratives of the built environment in order to advocate anti-capitalist, anti-fascist, anti-racist and decolonial spaces in our cities and society.

My artistic practice also reflects upon my own responsibilities as an architect, and my position as an artist engaging in social and political struggles. Experimenting with different media, my interdisciplinary approach uses art spaces as a platform for public engagement.

While at IASPIs, I will research and prepare Act 3 of Trialogue, a tripartite play/performance about architecture, politics, sexism, fascism, colonialism, modernism and personal responsibility. Acts 1 and 2 centered on the meeting of three existing characters and voices, confronting different narratives in order to write a counter-history. Act 3 is a conversation between Oscar Niemeyer, the most prominent Brazilian architect and an icon of Brazilian modernism; trained architect Aida Boal; and anarcho-feminist writer Maria Lacerda de Moura. Their dialogue will contest the persistent myth of Brasilia as an acclaimed progressive modern realisation. Bringing to light the fact that Niemeyer's 1960 Senate House didn't include female toilets until 2015, Act 3 evidences the homogenisation, segregation and exclusion inherent to the modernist project. The absence of the toilets — not to mention the normalisation of this architectural deficiency for 55 years — demonstrates the various degrees of violence architecture can perpetrate. Trialogue holds architects accountable for the conservative political agenda present within their designs. Further, Trialogue envisions how different Brazil's politics would be today if Brasilia had been designed by and for women.

I am trained as an architect at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro. I worked in the field for more than 10 years, both in my own practice and collaborating with others. I hold a master's degree in Sustainable Architecture from Bologna University, and a master's degree from Bartlett Development Planning Unit at University College London. Currently, I collaborate with the post-master course 'Decolonizing Architecture Advanced Studies' at the Royal Institute of Art in Stockholm. Trialogue Act1 was presented at Manifesta 12, in 2018 in Palermo, and here in Stockholm, at the Italian Institute of Culture, in 2019.



Studio grant holder in Stockholm

1 April - 30 September 2021

Born in Iran. Lives and works in Stockholm

In Raha Rastifard's work, we find traces of transcultural, poetic and historical elements. Affirming interculturalism, she works with messages that she considers universal, navigating between disciplines and applying different mediums to her art-works - from painting and printing, to photography and sculpture. In recent years, Geometry has had a strong influence in her work.

During her residency at IASPIs, Raha will further study Persian geometries' footprints in particular, and geometries in general in the art world and the architectural design. She aims to further develop techniques mastered during the years of working with geometries, to come to new techniques.

Raha Rastifard is an Iranian-German artist with a BA in fine arts from the National University of the Arts in Tehran; two MAs in European and Middle Eastern art history and Iranian studies, from the Freie Universität Berlin; and Project Studies in Free Art for Professional Artists, Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Stockholm. She has exhibited at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London in connection with her nomination for the Freedom to Create prize; the Pergamon Museum in Berlin; and several other cities including New York, Pori, Avesta, Tokyo, Delhi and Shanghai. Latest public art projects include: The Fifth Element, Östergötland Museum in Linköping, Sweden, 2020; and Himmels Passagen, tunnel under Tycho Hedéns väg, in Uppsala, Sweden, 2021.

Ayedin Ronaghi

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

11 January - 30 June 2021

Born 1986 in Tehran, Iran.

Lives and works in Stockholm

The Gathering is an ongoing project that began as a reaction to what I have perceived as the splintering and silence within my family and circle of friends in Iran. A splintering engendered by a chaotic and violent history with decades of political instability and conflict. The project is part of a series comprising three textile installations with sculptures and text, where I explore how individuals interact with their violent surrounding over time, the traces left behind, and what they relate when words are no longer sufficient.

At IASPIS, I will focus on developing the next part of the series, titled THE VIRTUAL TRENCH.

Education: 2017 – 2019 Master of Arts programme, Konstfack University College of Arts, Crafts and Design.

Latest exhibitions: Eskilstuna Konstmuseum – Solo show March – August 2021; “THREADS”, Norrtäljes Konsthall, Ayedin Ronaghi – Britta Marakatt – Labba – Linnéa Sjöberg – Leyun Wang, February – March 2020; “ÄNTLIGEN HEMMA” (Home at Last), Rian design museum, May – August 2020.

Stefan Tcherepnin

Studio grant holder in Stockholm

4 November 2020 - 30 June 2021

Born 1977, Boston, USA.

Lives and works in Stockholm

Stefan Tcherepnin is a mixed media artist, composer and musician. His work often takes the form of immersive, meta-narrative installations that integrate painting, sculpture, video and found objects. Tcherepnin's approach is inherently collaborative and he frequently unites with other artists, musicians and writers to create environments in which spontaneous actions and performances may unfold.

Alongside his visual art practice, Tcherepnin is a composer and performer of avant-garde music. His critically acclaimed recording of visionary composer Maryanne Amacher's Petra for Two Pianos (alongside pianist Marianne Schroeder), was released by Blank Forms Editions in 2019, as was his band Afuma's debut album, Songs From the Shore. His duo PSST (with drummer Paul Sigerhall) also released a cassette, Real Gospel, on Stockholm imprint STYX/PTROLEUM in 2019.

During his residency at IASPIS, Stefan intends to produce a mutating immersive installation, connecting with other creative individuals interested in unlocking, activating and channeling transformative energies through found and produced objects. He plans to document the creative process and present the resultant emergent narrative structure as a video, and in performances (musical and otherwise) with and by participating individuals.

Upcoming exhibitions: Aspen Art Museum, USA; Le Consortiom, Dijon; Fitzpatrick Gallery, Paris.

Recent solo exhibitions: Kunsthalle, Zürich; Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam; Freedman Fitzpatrick, Los Angeles; Real Fine Arts, NYC; Francesca Pia, Zürich.

Recent group exhibitions: Dependence, Brussels; Blank Forms, NYC; Greene Naftali, NYC; Halle für Kunst, Lüneberg; Tbisili 16, Georgia; Künstlerhaus Bremen; and Kunsthaus Glarus.



From: Resilient Stitch

Growing

'Nobody has figured out a way of remembering any of this yet.' Paul Farley, Michael Simmons Roberts, *Edgelands*



My response begins with a photograph taken in Bradford, West Yorkshire, UK. *Reseda luteola*, commonly known as Weld, flourishing on a pavement, the wall looking down on the railway line below. I'd stopped my car to take the photo on my way to work in a community centre down the road where a project was exploring the textile history of the area. The plant is a connector in my practice – one where I work, often long-term, on socially-engaged arts, health and heritage projects with underserved communities. Other connectors are material stories, the heritage of the textiles produced in the North of England, garden sites growing plants connected to colour and fibre production, the communities that made them, the stories of arrival and belonging and loss that come with these histories.

Weld is a biennial plant, producing tiny seeds with a long dormancy and an almost fluorescent yellow dye. The dormancy of the plant interests me, the idea of it springing back, resilient, happily growing out of place on poor soil, but flourishing. The area I took the photograph in is now in the ten percent most deprived in England but was formerly the site of the largest 'piece' dyeworks in Europe. 120 acres producing miles of black woollen cloth, the buildings now mainly demolished leaving areas of waste ground. Over a two-year period, I walked the same route around the site each week, one where choked plant growth showed new rhythms and patterns emerging. They resounded with many processes: nature,

growth and decay, time and history, the transformations of places by people. This site today is covered with encroaching bracken climbing high above the former railway embankment and viaduct, rosebay willowherb, buddleia sprouting through walls, wild raspberry, self-seeded rowan and sycamore. The ecologist Oliver Lathe Gilbert, who surveyed many of England's wastelands and urban demolition sites in the 1980s,ⁱ looked at regional variation in plant life. He thought it possible to accurately place a town in its regional setting following a careful look at the flora found on its local waste ground. In the summer, it was largely left alone becoming lush and still, a recombinant ecologyⁱⁱ springing up, informed by the past use of the land. The walking helped me connect my community practice with work that I produced in my own studio: I was looking for some essence of the place and found the lack of care post-industrial narratives had afforded it. The language I encountered through archive research referred to the dyeing processes: fugitive, exhausted, saddenedⁱⁱⁱ.

Making



The project I describe linked stories of industrial labour, communities, and craft. The image above is of my hands as a thread is pulled through a piece of linen. I use an (almost) daily stitching practice as a way of reflecting and 'thinking through making'^{iv}. I am interested in how making by hand, understanding processes and materials allows participants in my projects to talk about difficult heritage and loss. This is often in the context of projects that work with wellbeing outcomes.

There is always evidence in the material. The projects I prefer happen over time, engagements and conversations also happen through making and repair. Another project in Bradford explored the end

processes in the textile industry. What is left behind? How is that waste used, or repaired, or reused? It looked at processes that largely take place out of sight today, machines that were made locally, dismantled, and reassembled in Northern India. We watched a short film of women working in the textile recycling industry in Panipatⁱ, stripping western clothes of zips, buttons and linings working with a rotating blade. We looked at accounts of rag workers lives in our city a century ago and stitched the names of these forgotten women on reclaimed woollen cloth. These stories can be, need to be, told and retold. The softness, the domestic often invoked when talking about textiles becomes brutal and violent in the economics. Exploring these histories through material processes can offer a chance to listen, to make sense of abrupt endings. Communities continue to grow around things that have gone.

The image depicts a quiet, slow, making. There is a privilege in this process. These materials and ideas are slippery, they are not so easily gripped when working with them.

What remains?

ⁱ Oliver Lathe Gilbert. *The Ecology of Urban Habitats*. London: Chapman & Hall, 1989

ⁱⁱ A definition of this is found in *The Routledge Handbook of Urban Ecology* as ‘compris[ing] novel plant and animal associations that have been induced or created by people deliberately, inadvertently or indirectly.’

ⁱⁱⁱ This is arcane language used in the dyeing industry for centuries to refer to the particular qualities of dyes and their modifiers. Saddening – to darken a colour using iron. Fugitive – a dye with poor lightfastness. Exhausted – a dyebath when the colour is all but gone.

^{iv} Tim Ingold, 2010, ‘*The Textility of Making*’

^v *Unravel: The final resting place of your clothes* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bOOI5LbQ9B8>

Images: Claire Wellesley-Smith, Carolyn Mendelsohn

*From: Migration and meanings of
regeneration through a series of
journeys in search of salt practices*



the absence of an archive unfixed sense of identity salt as a
 carrier of meaning through its poetics. Journeys in search of the stories of
 salt. movements of trade and migration residues of this trade
 processes of preserving become almost a physical archive as
 both an image and the constructor of the image the slowness of
 the crystallization process powers of cleansing, and regeneration
 refers symbolically to remembrance, also belief not to remake the past
 re-present qualities of the present

*ritual as source of knowledge authenticity in the material
 the material itself showing itself to you*

*a memory of Salinas - seeing movements of the water, mountains of salt,
 I used to climb them crystallisation in my body*

*getting a stamp in Italy, you go to sali e tabbaci
 where they traded tobacco and salt*

*salt not just material, also traces of memory
 transforming of personal story to collective memory*

go beyond surface to understand different knowledge systems
 what we've inherited not trying to create a fixed narrative

authenticity is elsewhere

authentic as mutation, malleability and adaptability

authenticity and identity in flux

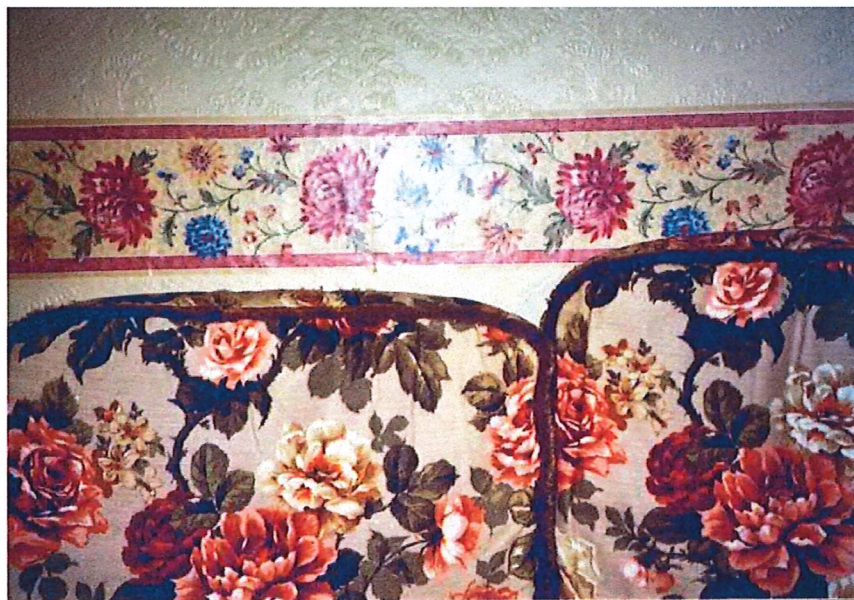
*From: Affective past, Hauntology,
 Immersivity*

Not Here Anymore

For Phil and Dorothy

Some years ago now my grandmother Dorothy, by then in her mid 80s and suffering from dementia, was placed in a home for the elderly. Shortly afterwards, I helped my father clear out a few belongings from the small terraced house she had lived in almost her entire life – a Victorian ‘two-up, two-down’ in Thornton Heath, South London.

I had not visited the house for some time, but little had changed since my own childhood. Back then Little Nan, as she was affectionately known, would take great pleasure in feeding me jelly and ice cream as I sat watching cartoons after school. The television was still there, along with the faded wallpaper, the ashtray stand I used to pretend was a sword, and the sagging ercol-style sofa (with floral upholstery) I would sit in for what seemed like hours without end.



For reasons I can no longer remember, I had an old camera with me that day, and I decided to take a few pictures of the space before we removed the furniture. I can think of no other set of photographs that evoke the multisensory *feel* of a space in quite the way these pictures do, for me at least. The surfaces and textures are not just familiar, they are charged with memory, accumulated over years of intimate dwelling. Each photograph erupts with the sounds, smells and gestures of my own childhood, but it is also clear that this personal layer masks something deeper: the innumerable strata laid down by domestic life, suddenly revealed through Little Nan’s absence. Flicking through the images now I am reminded of Brian Dillon’s assertion that ‘no house could be more comprehensively stocked with the detritus of

the past than the empty house’ (2005: 20). Absence exposes time and memory in ways that the busyness of habitation never could.



For my grandmother, the unchanging condition of her home was a source of both comfort and agitation. Like many people suffering from dementia, her sense of the present and the recent past was fleeting, while her ability to recall more distant lives and experiences remained strong. One image reveals this in stark terms. It shows a hand-written sign attached to the oven with two clear messages: TURN GAS OFF / PHIL NOT HERE ANY MORE. While the former is the kind of practical reminder many people may benefit from, the latter speaks to a more profound dislocation, Phil in this case being my grandfather, who died of a heart attack more than thirty years earlier.

Encountering signs or labels that seek to communicate the meaning or history of certain spaces is a familiar part of the contemporary world; one aspect of the widespread ‘heritagisation’ of environments globally. In many ways the sign attached to my grandmother’s oven could be read in a similar fashion. It is after all an attempt to reverse forgetfulness and reveal the ‘truth’ of a particular place at a particular time. What it also highlights however is a fundamental gap between experience and remembrance in this setting, a gap brought on by the memory loss associated with dementia but accentuated by the space itself, so loaded with meaning and memory as to be a source of constant disorientation. I still remember the immense sadness I felt seeing this pragmatic yet poignant sign, imagining Little Nan jolted by the news of her husband’s absence each time she entered the kitchen.

What does it mean for space and words to betray one another? For felt memory to be confronted by the sharp realities of non-existence? The simple refrain ‘not here anymore’ underpins so many of the practices we have come to understand as heritage and memory. As Hannah Arendt famously argued, human deeds are ‘the most futile and perishable things on

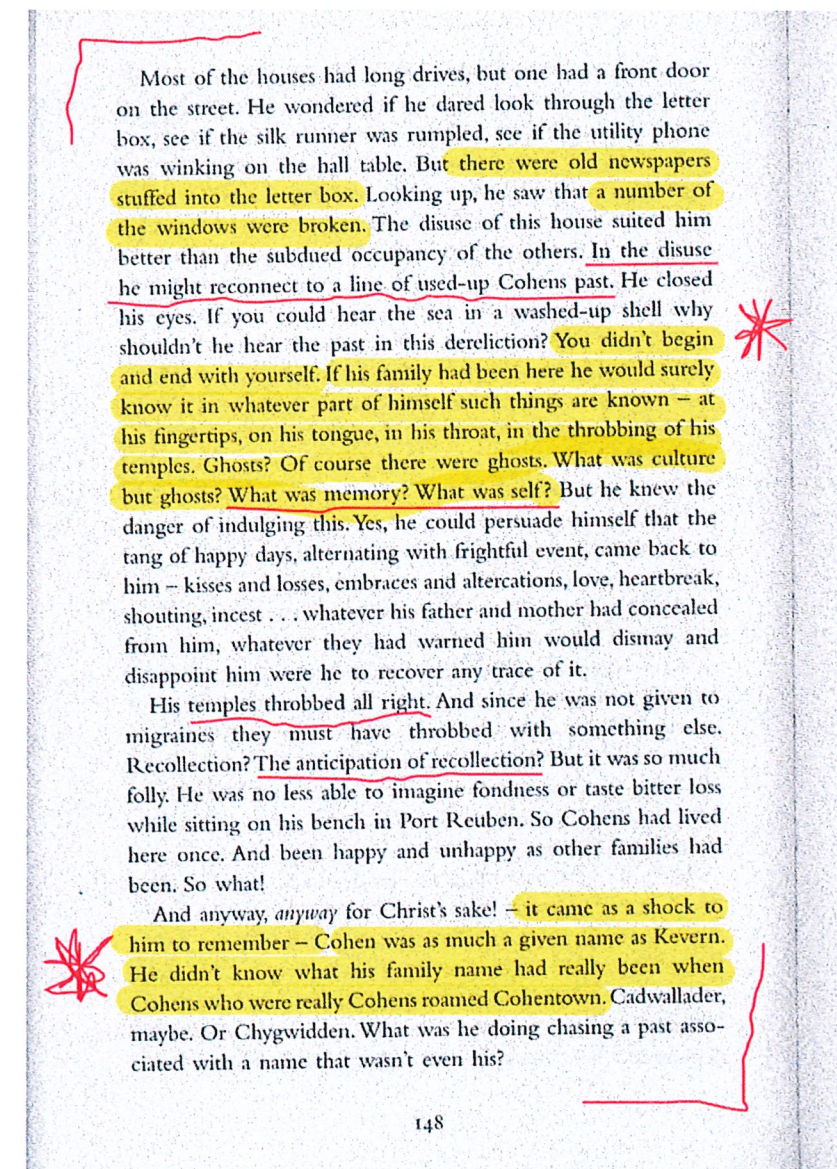
earth; they hardly outlast the activity itself and certainly by themselves can never aspire to that permanence which even ordinary use-objects possess when they outlast their maker's life' (1954 [2006]: 84). Countless strategies have been devised to bridge the gap between that which lasts and that which perishes: songs, statues, plaques, photographs, archives, museums. And yet for my grandmother it was – paradoxically – the loss of memory that brought Phil closer again, a sense of attachment no doubt heightened by the preservation of her domestic situation.



The question of absence is also central to a text I have returned to on numerous occasions over the past few years, namely Howard Jacobson's remarkable novel *J*, a dystopian work in which varied forms of history and memory are actively suppressed in the service of a collective amnesia. Family heirlooms, genealogical research and monuments and memorials are all prohibited in this world, with every member of society given a new name and told to forget their origins. As a result of this erasure, it is a peculiarly depthless reality: hollow forgiveness is encouraged over 'recollection and penance,' while ancient churches have been 'morally botoxed' through the smoothing over of gargoyles and other 'evil' protrusions (2014: 119). Perhaps most tellingly, Proust is no longer read in this world (although the adjective Proustian lingers on to describe an embalming of the past in 'morbid memory').

The reason for this active amnesia is never addressed directly. Instead, the reader is forced to piece together a vast collective trauma, violent and terrifying, through slips of the tongue and thinly veiled references. 'WHAT HAPPENED, IF IT HAPPENED' (as this seismic event is described throughout the book) seems to have taken place "off-screen" – indeed, some characters begin to suspect that it may never have happened at all. Remembrance becomes a thankless task in this context. History and memory are to be avoided at all costs, even while 'fake vintage' artefacts proliferate in the faded markets of the capital, 'a city seen through a sheet of scratched Perspex' (134).

The passage reproduced here, which I shared as part of the IASPIS *Request & Response* series, takes place in the same city. At this point in the narrative the book's protagonist Kevern Cohen stands before a derelict house in Cohentown, a district once occupied by wealthy families but now largely abandoned or taken over by small industry. Here, the suppressed past erupts into the present, taking on a rawness and physical closeness it lacks elsewhere.



Standing before a disused house with broken windows and 'old newspapers stuffed into the letter box,' Cohen wonders if he might finally reconnect with a past that has always seemed just out of reach. 'If you could hear the sea in a washed-up shell,' asks the narrator, 'why shouldn't he hear the past in this dereliction?' Kevern knows the connection he feels in this place is tenuous – his name is a recent invention and effectively meaningless, after all – but in

the disuse of the house he still finds the possibility of reconnecting ‘to a line of used-up Cohens past.’ Rather than impeding memory, absence and neglect provide the basis for this corporeal attachment: ‘If his family had been here he would surely know it in whatever part of himself such things are known – at his fingertips, on his tongue, in his throat, in the throbbing of his temples. Ghosts? Of course there were ghosts. What was culture but ghosts? What was memory? What was self?’ The ghosts of Cohentown surface through Kevern, but they also reside in the place itself, stubbornly resisting erasure.

I cannot say for certain that my grandfather was wholly absent from the terraced-house I helped to empty all those years ago. To claim that someone or something is not here anymore is a wholly reasonable assertion – and sometimes brutally necessary – but time and memory are prone to refute such convictions. Perhaps in the end I was drawn to the sign not just because it combined the everyday with the affecting in such stark terms, but also because the absent figure at the centre of it all – my grandfather Phil – is someone I never met but whose name I carry. Such connections are tenuous and fleeting, but they are sometimes all we have to bridge the gap between that which is no longer, and that which remains.

Colin Philip Sterling, October 2021

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*From: Archival work, The Garden
of (not) Forgetting, in Tutun De-
posu, Istanbul*

*Request and Response:
conviviality and reflexivity*

The Garden of (not) Forgetting

29.06.2021

Eda Aslan - Dilşad Aladağ

With the kind invitation and organization of
Swedish Arts Grants Committee / the IASPIS programme,

this booklet aims to introduce our work and share a reflection on our
practice that was inspired by our conversation as part of the
Request and Respond: conviviality and reflexivity program.



Alfred Heilbrunn Botanical Garden, Photo: Elifret Can Kusadalı

The Garden of (not) Forgetting Project asks against the possible destruction of place to be forgotten: “Is it possible to record a place, to keep its memory alive, to make space for the garden in urban memory?”. The project, which was initially centered around the Istanbul University Institute of Botany, Alfred Heilbronn Botanical Garden and the plant-life established here; gained new layers as it extended its focus to the archives, and the stories of the garden’s founders. Institute of Botany was founded in Süleymaniye in 1935, by the Jewish German scientists Alfred Heilbronn and Leo Brauner who were forced to leave their homeland during World War II. Alfred Heilbronn Botanical Garden, which was established within the institute with seeds from gardens in various parts of the World and plant samples collected in Anatolia, still hosts hundreds of plants today.

The ruling to hand over the garden estate to the Presidency of Religious Affairs and to demolish the Institute of Botany, which was officially announced in 2017, called attention to the building’s relationship with the city, collective memory and heritage. In 2018, the Institute of Botany was moved to another building affiliated to Istanbul University. Currently owned by the Istanbul Mufti, the future of the garden and the institute buildings, whose ties with the university have been severed and its premises left in ruins, is still uncertain today. The Garden of (not) Forgetting, which was initiated in 2017 and developed in cooperation with various institutions and archive owners, has turned into a collective struggle for remembering and reminding within the landscape of Istanbul which has ceaselessly been a host to exiles. With a transdisciplinary approach, the project has been evolving through different mediums. The exhibition is designed as an intermediate point where the project’s outputs and production process are shared.



Mehpare Heilbronn's Herbarium, Photo: Cemil Batur Gökçe

Reflection on the practice of The Garden of (not) Forgetting

Forgetting Lowenthal highlights that “what is potentially visible is omnipresent” in his pioneering study on the concept of the past and its position in the present.¹ What is hidden from everyday life and excluded from narratives of the present, is about to be forgotten? Aware of that question, our curiosity on the long-standing neglect of the garden morphed into extensive research on the area that the botany institute and garden is located. Findings of our research, “Memory of a Place and the Topography of Destruction”, showed us that layers of this land are strongly bonded to each other through different displacements and exiles. While showing this, our research aimed to initiate a dialogue by telling and listening to the stories of disconnected inhabitants of the land to prevent an appearing risk of a current displacement.

Remembering One can feel the urgency for remembering when one is just about to lose something. While the political and social sphere strengthens the advocacy of the built architecture, the conditions, political and social, led us to the preservation of the endangered in other dimensions like memory. We started a journey to record and preserve an endangered space by discovering the potentials of “remembering”. Our hybrid remembering practice assembled scientific, artistic and architectural methods to transcribe the senses of space and memories of place. The gathering was the core of our practice.

Gathering It consists of the arts of wandering, noticing, collecting, and preserving. While the modern origins of the act are related to power, the gathering can become a way of resilience in a moment of crisis. Going back to even ancient origins, gathering as a practice to stay alive, it can create resilience and repair through persistence and repetition. We were wandering in the garden, every week, until it was closed. Walks for noticing the cycles of plants, collecting what is about to be forgotten, preserving them in dia cassettes, in text, between pages and in drives... We were wandering in various cities, in institutional or personal archives; we were noticing repeating names, faces, nuances of dissonances and commons. Also, we were gathering with people who connected to the institute and the garden by heart:

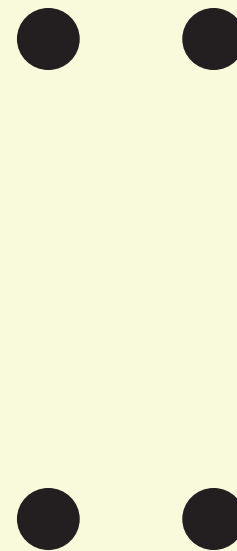
Relatives of professors, brave academicians, curious historians, attentive gardeners... Every visit strengthened the bonds, we became alliances in this resilience against forced forgetting. This part of our journey became a book titled “Many places on the trail of a place”. Our remembering and gathering journey became a collective care and resilience practice.

Assemblage Aslıhan Demirtaş, defined our practice as “a carrier bag story”, “a collection of open-ended assemblages of entangled lifestyles” by referring to Ursula K. Le Guin and Elizabeth Fisher’s writings.² In her words, the Garden of (not) Forgetting reproduces a disturbed space by gathering together multiple geographies, histories, stories, species and hopes in the singular universe of the garden. It is a performative repair that offers an accessible transcription of the inaccessible.³ Between the 16th of April and 6th of June 2021, more than two years after the moving of the Institute of Botany and while the Botanical Garden still existed but was not accessible, we opened an exhibition and called it a station in a long continuing journey. We invite others to wander around the open-ended assemblage of The Garden of (not) Forgetting. A botanical garden, a herbarium, an institute or an archive, are places of open-ended assemblages, transcriptions of inaccessible places created with different ideologies but with the same focus, to remember. A garden conserves plants from the world in an existential crisis, a herbarium preserves seeds gathered from Anatolia and beyond, an institution reproduces knowledge and lastly, archives keep representations of nonexistent and inaccessible... The assemblage we presented was a reference to what we saw, however, with a language that will challenge the inherent didacticity and hierarchy of the previous assemblages while inviting us to remember what they preserved.

1 Lowenthal, P. E. D., Lowenthal, D., David, L. (1985). The past is a foreign country. Kiribati: Cambridge University Press.

2 “The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction” [1986], in Women of Vision: Essays by Women Writing Science Fiction, ed. Denise Du Pont, New York: St Martin’s Press, 1988

3 Aslıhan Demirtaş. (2021). Of Carrier Bags, Gardens and Boxes [Catalogue for The Garden of (not) Forgetting Exhibition]. Istanbul: Author.



*From: Personal reference index,
the rhetoric of the image, the obtuse,
psychology, collective consciousness,
mythology and fantasy*

Images on words

The distinction between images and words is quite old. For many, this dispute is at the core of Western tradition and arises from the invention of the phonetic alphabet. The phonetic alphabet can be seen as the introduction of a separation between figures and traits, and as such which has introduced a kind of iconic difference: the one between a figure and a trait, the figurative and the abstract, the figurative and the linguistic or discursive. This is the main view concerning the difference between hieroglyphs, ideograms and phonetic alphabet. Hence the ideas that images show the poverty of language and language the poverty of images. In any case, what is at stake is the cultural and civilizational conviction that one and the other differ in nature, and where the one “talks” the other becomes “silent”. These views consider that image and meaning struggle, that the “image is in a certain manner the limit of meaning”. Roland Barthes, this great reader of signs, challenged these traditional views insofar as for him image is always meaning and meaning an image. Images are linguistic in an intricate way as much as discourse is imagetic. If traditionally signs belong to the discursive and linguistic realm, that is, to language as opposed to image, then what is to be challenged is the relation between image and words – how words are images? How imaginative and imagetic are words? Or with Barthes words: are there images without words and words without images?

There are many kinds of images and of words. Words differ moreover in nature when written or said. There is also something very intriguing in how images and written words relate to each other, since written words are also images. It is quite strange that the written word, although also being an image and having such a palpable materiality – thus it is written upon some material support: a stone, a papyrus, a sheet of paper, a screen – tend to draw the whole attention to its “immaterial” force, which is the one of significations and meanings. It is astonishing that the imagetic dimension of the written word withdraws rendering insignificant for signification the fact that written words are traits on a material support.

In an inspiring influential work about the *Rhetoric of the Image*, Roland Barthes discussed the linguistic, discursive or rhetoric structure of images. He pays attention to the images of advertisements, always accompanied by words and messages. His observations led him to state that our contemporary culture is not a culture of images as commonly stated but rather a “civilization of writing – writing and speech continuing to be the full terms of the informational structure”. This is because the contemporary image reveals basic features of the discursive and rhetoric structure of an image. Departing from images of advertisement, Barthes extracts a triple

level of linguistic structure. Such an image carries a linguistic message (the words and sayings that commonly accompanies the image of an advertisement), a codified iconic message (an additional signification that is denoted only by the image revealing moral and cultural values) and a non-codified message (that is connotated by the image as image, a cultural message, with implication of aesthetic values, related very much to how the image is plastically arranged).

Analyzing the first level, Barthes’ question is which is the function of these words and meanings in relation to the image as such? Do they duplicate the information that is communicated by the image or/and do they aim to add information? Barthes’ answer to these questions is that the words and sayings added to images has the double function of “anchorage” and “relay”: they fix the “floating chain of signifieds”, help choosing the “correct level of perception” (for the sake of consumption) and mediating thereby ideology through subtle “dispatching”. As “relay”, texts, words and saying play a complementary role to images, as in cartoons and comic strips, and what he calls “relay-text” is exemplified by texts in films that advance actions, co-existing with the film-images.

When analyzing the two other levels of message incrustated in the image, the messages that the image as such produces, the one of denoted or codified messages and the other of connotated or non-codified messages, Barthes compares photography and drawings. This comparison is very enlightening regarding how image and the written word – which also is a matter of image since it is about traces in a material support – are intertwined, a question that Barthes does not address explicitly in this text.

Barthes insists that there is no image which would be purely denoted, that is, an image without a code, “a literal image in a pure state”, thus as Barthes says, “the characteristic of the literal message cannot be substantial but only relational”. Photography rendered possible the myth of “a message without a code”, the myth of “photographic naturalness”. If any mimetic or imitative act, which defines indeed for him what an image is, is transformative – even the most faithful copy of things as in a *trompe’oeil* painting transforms the living nature in *nature morte* – photography is presented as the only true literal art, admitting literality as the substance of mimesis. Photography can claim this extreme literality – a message without code – because rather than transformation, it is a recording, a mechanic capture of the scene there. It is about a mechanical capture instead of a human, and it is this mechanism that confers the certitude of its objectivity. However, literal image is not image void of meaning but “an absence of meaning full of all the meanings”. But the point in which this belief on photography’s full objectivity and literality becomes critical is above all associated with the photographic “here”. According to Barthes, “the type of consciousness the photograph involves is indeed truly unprecedented,

since it establishes not a consciousness of the being-there of the thing (which any copy could provoke) but an awareness of its having-been-there”¹. Barthes brings the question of mimetic art and representation, the problem of literality, objectivity and evidentiality to its core – the here and now, to the being-there, its here-now drawn against a there-then.

This explains why he discusses photography in contrast to drawing and not to painting or another representational art. In relation to the meaning of literality, Barthes departs from photography and drawing as reproduction of what is currently called “reality”, and thus from its mimetic or imitative character. Differently from photography, the drawing is a coded message at three levels, Barthes argues. A drawing reproduces something at the basis of “rule-governed transpositions”, from historical codes of transposition. There is an art of drawing. In the second level, drawings imply a separation between what is significant and what is insignificant, since drawing never draws everything; it reproduces a part of the whole. Contrary to photography, it cannot frame. In the third level, drawing demands learning. Moreover, as Barthes claims, the moral of drawing and the moral of photography are not the same, insofar as drawing has to do with a transposition operated by means of the human element while photography with register through a mechanic element. But the main point related to photography and this distinction with drawing is the temporal aspect of these spaces of literality – which the photography and the drawing of something constitute. Whereas the drawing exposes the being-there of what is drawn, photography exhibits a here has been. Drawing draws the reality of the here; photography, its unreality. Drawing is always related to a present at hand, indeed with the presence of the hand, while photography with the non-hand, the mechanical recording which presents now the non-now of the have been. There is however an important aspect in this contrastive relation between photography and drawing that Roland Barthes does not develop here but in other texts, as in his text on the drawings of Cy Twombly. It has to do with how both photography and drawings are writings: photography means etymologically light-writing and what is writing if not lines and traits drawn on a paper, on a screen, on an existing material support? Hercule Florence (1879-1904), a French inventor and scientist, who moved and settled in Brazil in the late 19th century, the true pioneer of photography and author of the first photographic register of the Americas, still unknown also in France, made very interesting photographs and drawings relating photography to drawing and drawing to photography². He authored also a whole study of zoophony, of birds singing in the air looking

¹ Roland Barthes. “The Rhetoric of the Image” in: *Image-Music-Text*, Stephan Heath transl. London: Fontana Press, 1977), 44.

² Hercule Florence. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hercules_Florence

at bird’s flights as traits in the air, as a kind of bird-writing, ornitography. Roland Barthes did not know of Florence’s work but it is interesting to see how Barthes in his thoughts brought together photography and drawing beyond the problem of the rhetoric of the images.

In his essay on Cy Twombly, Roland Barthes describes Twombly’s drawings as writing, a gesture “that produces it by *permitting it to linger*: a blur, almost a blotch, a negligence, “scraps of indolence”³. And he calls attention to the most decisive, namely to how everything in writing – drawing or light- or birds-writing – is about the movement of the hand drawing lines⁴. What matters is the trajectory of the movement not the visual perception of the work; not the rule but the play⁵. Indeed, it is the play of life and death, of eros and destruction, in a single gesture, showing the naivety of all dialectics. In a single gesture, Twombly’s drawing unites by “an inimitable stroke, both inscription and erasure, childhood and culture, drift and invention”⁶. Barthes is extraordinarily perspicacious when considering that drawing shows the writing as what comes from the surface and not from any interiority, either of the subject or of the object – it shows the background, it is somehow the very background, the very material support that writes – in this sense writing is *graffiti*, has graffiti as its essence. As we can read in this same essay: “we know that what constitutes graffiti is in fact neither the inscription nor the message but the wall, the background, the surface (the desktop)”⁷. Writing is the excess of the background, what happens when the drawing instrument touches approaches the paper’s or any support’s surface and texture.

*

Mark Fryggel’s works, which I have only gotten acquainted with virtually, seem to establish a dialogue with some of the mentioned notions above. The paintings reminded me of mural paintings, themselves painted as tattoos on surfaces of imaginary cities. I say “reminded” because not having seen them live, not having been able to experience them in the studio or exhibition, not having been capable of feeling their size and physical proportions, their possible texture, I have seen them only partially. I regarded them in a re-mindedly way, that is, connecting them to some extent spontaneously to what came into my mind. And what came into my mind were tattoos and mural paintings in Los Angeles, masterly documented by Agnès

³ Roland Barthes, Cy Twombly: Works on Paper, <https://garadinervi.tumblr.com/post/158354201271/roland-barthes-cy-twombly-works-on-paper-1979>, 158

⁴ Ibidem, 164

⁵ Ibidem

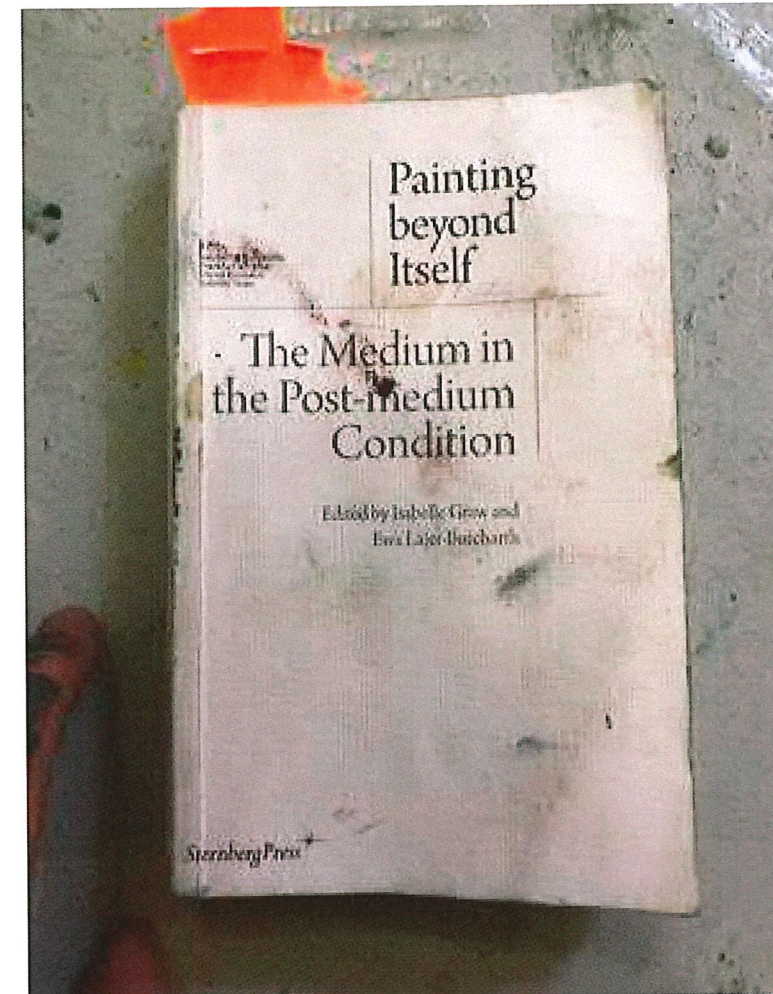
⁶ Ibidem, 166

⁷ Ibidem, 167

Varda in her *Mur Murs* from 1981. This free association rendered clear the link between the paintings – which I haven't seen in reality – and Fryggel's sketchbooks *Kairos Nr. 1, Konsten och Konstbegreppet* and *Painting beyond itself*.



Kairos Nr. 1, Konsten och Konstbegreppet (found in markfryggell.com)

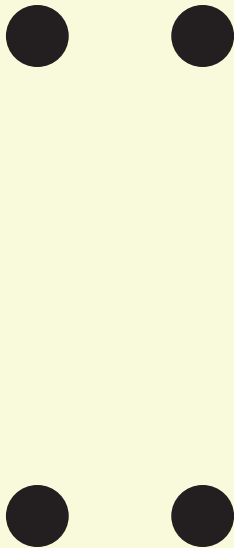


Painting Beyond Itself (found in markfryggell.com)

These sketchbooks are drawings on writings, indeed, writings on writings, on a certain kind of writings which are printed texts on art and aesthetics, on texts aiming to define art, to determine it, to fix it in the disquiet of theory. Thus, what is theory if not the disquiet of not knowing what theory is? These drawings on printed pages, challenge theories, dismiss them, make serious and many times violent fun of them, at the same time that they need them as support, as the surface or background, on which nerves and textures the drawings impose and force themselves upon. These drawings are a performative activism, thus they are a gesture, a gesture of insurrection inserting the violent presence of the hand in the invisible hands of a printed text, here experienced – as it seems to me – as a city wall, as walls of exclusion, upon which voices are written, are drawn and imaged, upon which images narrate stories. With these connections, with the images drawn upon the printed book, as a revolted scratch, hurting the surface, rendering the violence of the surface becomes visible, it is possible to vision the printed book,

the theories of art and aesthetics as murals upon which theory reveals itself as what knows less what theory is than what art is. The violating hand upon the institutionalized space – the book, the wall, the mural – opening this space for unpredicted figures, forms and traits, *almost* let sound the murmurs of the scratching pen upon the paper. Putting these sketches in relation to the paintings and both in relation to the mural paintings in Los Angeles, and in so many city walls now, where the tattooed skins and the cement surfaces of walls confuse one with the other, the trembling body of life emerges sometimes, suddenly, in its singular urgencies. A hand is there – showing that what is there is the is-there. Scratches are screams of the hand. The word writing in French – *écrire* – includes *crier*, scream, in itself. There might be a more profound link between writing and screaming, and even with crying; and maybe writing is above all a suffocated scream of an emerging singular body on the surface of a world, which has become a huge cement wall against the fragile force of the multiple ways existence exists as drawing lines upon the surface of life. Maybe there is still too much scream in this writing of the city walls of theory – too much narrative, but the trembling movement of the hands drawing lines is so intense that it calls the images to the writing, to the lines of drawing, demanding a continuous rewriting of all these differences.

Marcia Sá Cavalcante Schuback



From: Fiction and the character

-Luz del Fuego lived on that island.

We are leaning against the railing of the ferryboat that connects Rio to the island of Paquetá, in the center of Guanabara Bay. It is the first time that I have heard that name, and in my place a dog would have raised its ears, because when my fellow traveler, an elderly and smart-looking lady who owns a house on the island, pronounced it, she switched from Portuguese to Spanish. It is seldom used in Rio, and not many words spoken in it are heard. She pronounces "Luz del Fuego", not "Luz do Fogo," making an effort to conform to the diphthong difficult for a Brazilian. And she has lowered her voice and changed her tone to pronounce it with a kind of old-fashioned mischief, between complicity and modesty, as if the foreign language made the name even more indecent.

The unknown name, more exotic precisely and curiously for being Spanish, has glowed for a second like a wisp. Or rather as one of those eternal flares that emerge from the underworld in some parts of the planet and that I have seen in Turkey. They are fed by sulfurous underground gases, and the ancients believed them to be vents of Hades or breaths of demons buried in antediluvian battles.

Perhaps it is the sonority of the name in Spanish, enlivened by the nostalgia for my own language, or perhaps the offer of complicity, implicit in the woman's tone, that puts me on the side of the other woman, who was clearly an outcast: I like outcasts,

those who skip the tacit laws that demarcate what is admissible and inadmissible within the enclosure that was their lot at birth. Perhaps it is the leaning towards the showy and a certain taste for exaggeration that a woman who renames herself with a name of that caliber allows to guess. It may have to do with my sympathy for those who sin and condemn themselves rather by excess than by default, by those who risk and lose everything by going too far and not by falling short in their bets. I am intrigued and sometimes impressed by the restraint, the circumspection, the seriousness of some people, but although I can come to envy their mettle and their phlegm, neither one nor the other are exactly virtues for me. Surely, steering the wheel with dexterity helps one get to a good port, but I prefer those who grab it with full hands and enjoy every turn and get bored of staring unflinchingly at a goal.

And maybe I'm just adorning the memory now. The fact is that for some or all of the above reasons, at that moment and before knowing anything else, I am convinced that if someone who called herself that way had a life to match her name, it will undoubtedly be interesting to know everything possible about it.

This is what I wrote that same day:

"A neighbor of the island, she always lived naked and danced in theaters in Rio with trained snakes. Very famous in the forties, then disappeared. Nobody could step on her island dressed (Isla del Sol). Very long hair. She wore clothes only when she went out in her boat to shop (Luz del Fuego). She made the boatman get dressed too. INVENTED STORY? SEARCH."

The boat approaches the Paquetá dock and we move away from the deserted island. From a distance it looks like a heap of round stones with dry bushes and a couple of sparse trees.

-My mother covered our eyes when her boat approached, so that we would not see her naked.

A year later it cannot be said that I have advanced much in my search, intermittent, not methodical, less assiduous than fickle. More than a full-blown investigation, until now it has resembled what the English, with their gift for embedding a whole wealth of nuances and meanings into a monosyllable, call a *quest*. I cannot think of a satisfactory translation in Spanish for that mixture of wandering and research, which is almost more drifting than sailing but does not just result in pure wandering as long as the almost erased tracks of the one who marked the path before, however tortuous, are distinguished.

Because after much searching, it turns out that the complete bibliography on Luz del Fuego, inside and outside Brazil, is reduced to a couple of books; making it unnecessary to check in luggage before boarding the short flight from Rio that takes me to spend Christmas in the *fazenda* of the family of a friend, south of Minas Gerais. It is the hottest hour, I have a fever and I have fallen asleep in an armchair in the living room. In the kitchen they prepare Christmas Eve dinner and in the garden the children of the house play by the pool. I feel so bad that I can't even read, and I have left my book on the chair. The cover is a close-up of Luz del Fuego, with her eyes narrowed and her mouth ajar, in a gesture that also reveals the separation between her two incisors, that diastema that for the Greeks was a sign of divine choice. Her mane covers half her face, and she wears a kind of headband made of dried leaves and berries. The moment

of rapture is so credible, her abandonment seems so complete, that it takes one to understand that more than her, it is her photo that is so beautiful.

The father of my friend, who speaks very little, who enjoys having the house full of guests and relatives but prefers to reserve himself a tutelary role and intervenes little in the conversations, passes by the room. Seeing the book, he changes his face. He makes a gesture that suddenly makes him look much younger, almost a teenager.

-Luz del Fuego!

I sit up, groggy from the heat and fever. He has used a tone similar to that of the woman in the boat, who must have been about his age. It also invites complicity, although not at all modest: I realize that those would surely be the respective tones used by posh boys and girls from the Rio of forty or fifty years ago to talk about her.

Without sitting down, he begins to tell me (or rather to remember out loud) that often, in his adolescence, he looked for photos of her in magazines, that his friends and he were never allowed to enter the theaters where she danced with her famous snakes, and that once he saw her walk naked along Copacabana beach, on an ice cream cart, smiling fully and followed by a cheering crowd.

I am struck by the sudden loquacity, his private and retouched version of things that are told differently in the book I am reading. And above all by the way in which those memories transform him. But my reflexes are slow because of the flu, and before I can draw him into a chat, he stops short, recovers the severe air of a patriarch, erases the excited boy who he once was from his voice and from his face, and goes out to the garden, almost embarrassed all of a sudden, without actually flipping through the book to which he reached out at first.

A month later, back in Madrid and after much searching on the internet, I receive an email from a Brazilian collector of old magazines who sells a copy of *A Noite Ilustrada*, dated August 15, 1950. In the cover photo Luz del Fuego appears feigning terror before someone wearing a skull mask and under a full-page headline:

"LUZ DEL FUEGO, DRESSED !!!

Sensational report on pages 10 and 11. "

The owner, very correct, details the instructions for payment and shipping of the issue, and then makes a full stop. In the next paragraph, he switches from *você* to *tú*.

"I think one of the things that interested you in the magazine was the presence of Luz del Fuego. For your knowledge, it comes to my memory that in the early sixties I began to go frequently to the island of Paquetá, and on the way we passed very close to the small island where she lived. On some of those occasions, I have the certainty of having seen her, and naked. To give you an idea, at that time the journey lasted approximately two hours, and sometimes the commander of the boat would purposely pass very close to the island, slowing down. "

I sense for the third time an inflection in the tone similar to that of my friend's father and that of my neighbor from the boat to Paquetá. While reading it, there is almost an auditory mirage (I think there is no precise word, in Spanish at least, for that sensation): I seem to hear my unknown correspondent and more, I seem to hear, suddenly, the exact tones of the voices of my two previous interlocutors.

And I perfectly recognize that tone full of intention and sonorous italics. I would almost say, that *little tone*, that *tonito*. I heard it (and then hated it) often as a child and adolescent from adults: it includes amusement and scorn, apprehension and a hint of contempt. It seems good-humored but hides an unconscious hostility that would be denied in vehement good faith by those who use it, if they were reproached. And there is in it a vague commiseration for its distant object that would perhaps become aggressiveness and even hatred if that object got too close, as if the sufficiency and security of those who use it were neither so safe nor so sufficient when switching to shorter distances.

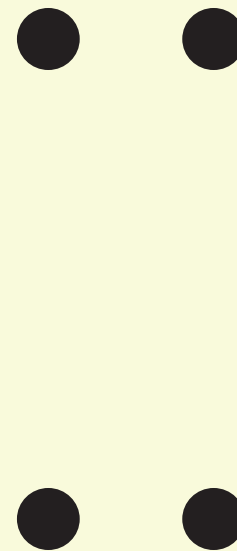
It's a tone of class, of course. That transcends borders and jumps oceans, shared through some kind of social osmosis by the well-appointed homes, the *right* kind of people from distant countries and even distant times, by all those who sincerely proclaim themselves and really consider themselves *normal*, *de toda la vida*, living their lives as God intended. It is a tone loaded with unspoken but indestructible conventions and convictions (the more ironclad, in fact, the more unspoken). It is the keystone of the vault that rises and is instantly forged over the heads of those who use it and those who listen to it: it provides a roof and a force field and a refuge, it demarcates an inside and an outside, an *us* and a *them*.

A tone of class and something more: the tone of a bygone time. Like the fossil vertebra that allowed the first paleontologists to predict and describe the entire skeleton of an antediluvian animal, I think again that perhaps by researching about Luz del Fuego I will learn a lot about the social edifice and the dome of ideas, desires and prejudices that were raised to leave her out, about the plan and design of a construction of diffuse forms and vague intentions. Half defensive and half offensive, difficult to

describe, but in any case, very recognizable at first sight by the vast majority of us who, Brazilian or not, were born and raised within very similar, if not identical, walls.

Without having met that Luz del Fuego, knowing almost nothing about her, despite the fact that a woman who danced naked with snakes in the fabulous Rio of the 1950s has little to do with us and our circumstances, at that moment I convinced myself that it might be possible to guess her, recognize her, understand her perhaps. Because of course what I do guess, understand and recognize perfectly is the tone used by those who tell me about her.

Inference and analogy are often tricky and do not meet the quality checkups of the best logic. But precisely thanks to both, *quests* (gropings? ventings? snoopings?) have an advantage over more thorough investigations and researches: they may not provide evidence of any crime or reliably identify the culprit, but hopefully sometimes they manage to outline the *corpus delicti* and the background landscape against which it stands out.



From: Post Workers Theatre

Workers Theatre Movement
1st National Conference 1932:

"The Workers Theatre is an expression of the workers' struggle in dramatic form. It is consciously a weapon of the workers' revolution which is the only solution of the present crisis. It not only unmasks the capitalist system but organises the workers to fight their way out.....

..... There must be drawn into this productive work a much larger number of those taking part in the groups, by means of collective writing. As a regular activity, independently undertaken by each group, it can have great results, not only in the material produced, but by way of political and technical training"



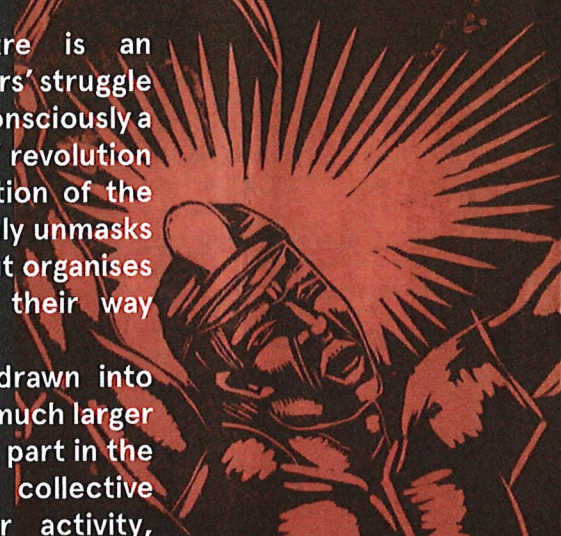
Post Workers Theatre is a design troupe investigating the future of politically engaged performance, reimagining historic forms of creative resistance for a contemporary context.

This publication is a short tour through 3 projects including historic references, and documentation of PWT productions, with extracts from scripts and song books.



Post Workers theatre

WORKER'S THEATRE



A Pageant of Great Women

ARRANGED BY EDITH CRAIG

Assistant Stage Manager: MR. A. G. FORDE

Music arranged by MR. J. M. CAPEL

JUSTICE LADY GROVE
PREJUDICE MR. KENYON MUSGROVE
WOMAN MISS ADELINE BOURNE

THE LEARNED WOMEN

Hypatia MISS ELAINE INSCOURT
St. Teresa MISS ADA POTTER
Lady Jane Grey MISS DOROTHY FINNEY
Madame de Staël MISS FRANCES VANE
Madame Roland MISS MAUDE HOFFMAN
Madame de Scudéry MISS NORA ROYSTON
Jane Austen MISS WINIFRED MAYO
George Sand MISS MARY WEBB
Caroline Herschell MISS BRINETA BROWN
Madame Curie MISS MARGARET MARSHALL
Graduate MISS MAUDE BUCHANAN

THE ARTISTS

Sappho MISS EVA BALFOUR
Vittoria Colonna MISS GWENDOLINE BISHOP
Angelica Kauffmann MISS ROSA MATTHEWS
Vigée le Brun MISS MARGARET HALSTAN
Rosa Bonheur MISS EDITH CRAIG
Margaret van Eyck MISS IRENE ROSE
Nance Oldfield MISS ELLEN TERRY

THE SAINTLY WOMEN

St. Hilda MISS MADELINE ROBERTS
Elizabeth Fry MISS JOY CHATWYN
Elizabeth of Hungary MISS GWLADYS MORRIS
Catherine of Siena MRS. MADELINE LUCETTE RYLEY

THE HEROIC WOMEN

Charlotte Corday MRS. BROWN POTTER
Flora Macdonald MISS MONA HARRISON
Kate Barlow MISS EVELYN HANDELL
Grace Darling MISS BARBARA AYTON

THE RULERS

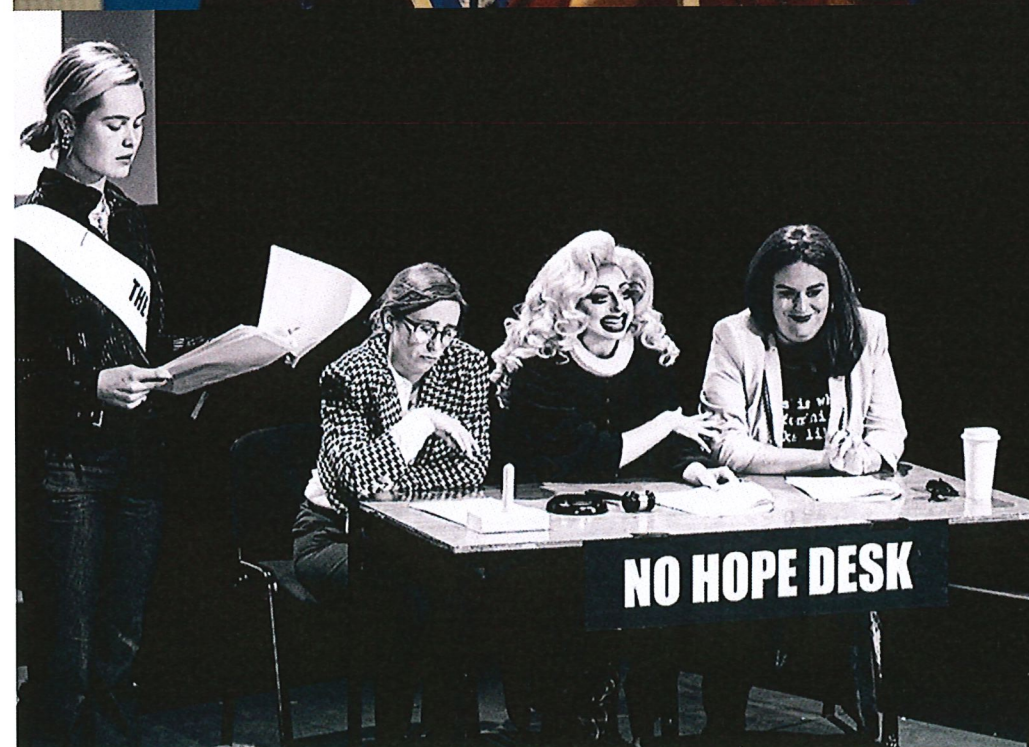
Victoria MISS ANGELA HUBBARD
Elizabeth MISS JANETTE STEER
Zenobia MISS NELLA POWYS
Philippa MRS. SAM SOTHERN
Deborah MISS EDITH OLIVE
Isabella MISS GRANVILLE
Catherine the Great MISS SUSANNE SHILLDON
Tz'u-Hsi-An MISS VIOLA FINNEY

THE WARRIORS

Joan of Arc MISS PAULINE CHASE
Boadicea MISS ELIZABETH KERRY
Agnes of Dunbar MISS FRANCES WETHERALL
Emilie Plater MISS MIRIAM LEWES
Rance of Jhansi MISS MARY COHEN
Maid of Saragossa MISS VERA COHEN
Christian Davies MISS CICELY HAMILTON
Hannah Snell MISS CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN
Mary Ann Talbot MISS R. RATHBONE
Florence Nightingale MISS MARION TERRY

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IMAGES: Cast list from the 1921 play 'A Pageant of Great Women' by Cicely Hamilton (1921) // Workshop at The Place Bedford with participants from Q youth Bedford and the wider community (2018) // Scene from Post Workers Theatre Production 'Tomorrows Great Pageant' (2018)

CYCLE 2: Post-suffrage vote
A projection displays:

THE SAME COURTROOM DECADES AFTER THE
VOTE - PREJUDICE IS BACK

During the celebrations, the company restructure the space to represent a more contemporary courtroom space - but this one is extremely unbalanced. Biased. Instead of the typical Judges seat, PREJUDICE, WOMAN and JUSTICE now all sit behind the 'NO HOPE DESK'.

The power lies with JUSTICE, who is flattered by this, and begins to lose themself in the role of the all-powerful, wise and infallible: MAN. There is a commonality between JUSTICE and PREJUDICE here - and indeed between the pair and WOMAN. They're all in this together.

THE STATELESS WOMAN and FREEDOM OF SPEECH sit closest to the audience, and the rest of the COMPANY have formed a queue before the Court and are heard chatting whilst waiting to be called forward to lodge their complaints.

DOCTOR SARAH

Wow, what a queue. Like waiting for a blood test.

THE STATELESS WOMAN

Yeah. I'll be waiting longer than you lot to lodge my complaint - I can't even enter the courtroom.

DOCTOR SARAH

Why's that?

THE STATELESS WOMAN

Well they took my passport and my citizenship away and stripped me of my right to belong to any state - they've revoked my very existence.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

I know how you feel, my protests have long been ignored! Good luck.

JUKI DDL-5550

How dare they? The right to question should be a right for all!



Tomorrow's Great Pageant



IMAGES: 3 Day Work out: installation at Tate Liverpool including screening of 'The Last Clarion House' Directed by Charlotte Bill // Rehearsals at the Tate Liverpool Three Day Work out event (2019) // Post Workers Theatre, Liverpool Socialist Singers and Angry Margaret protest song from the Protesteroo project outside the Liverpool Womens Hospital (2019)

THE MARCHING SONG

[Upated from the 1906 Clarion Songbook]

We mix from many lands
We march from very far
In bags, on backs, on bikes
Your food, our wages are
The life we lead in darkness
Nobody fights for us!



WHAT IS THE USE IN DREAMING?

[Upated from the 1906 Clarion Songbook]

What is the use in money?
What is the use in work?
If we never have time to enjoy it
We're working the whole day long
I dream of a permanent contract
No more zero hour pain
I may be a full time worker
But watch my wages drain
But what if we worked together
To shorten the working week
We sing for a basic income
To break the credit chain

Protesteroo



Rob

LINE MANAGER

I'm Steve the line manager, numbers are my life
I have no time for anything else, not even my wife
I'm an associate like you, but I'm not your master
but if you want to keep your job you've got to work much faster

Dem.

ALEXIS the scanner

In comes I the scanner, Alexis is my name
you better reach your targets,
or bad points you will gain

Here, where 'the almighty rate rules'
I am one of Amazon's powerful surveillance tools
Fulfilling Taylorism's sinister dream



IMAGES: East Kent Traditional hoodenars circa 1900, a Christmastime custom where farm labourers would parody thier work roles and perform for donations by travelling between houses in thier local area // Script detail from first Autohoodening workshop (2019) // Scene from Post Workers Theatre production 'Autohoodening - The Rise of Captain Swing (2020-21)

ACT 3: SCENE 2 THE 3RD PUNISHMENT

LINE MANAGER

[JOLTED AND DRAGGED OVER TO THE PICKER BY THE COMPUTER]

Termination, termination, productivity violation
Failure to consistently meet productivity rate
it's time to go, please vacate

PICKER

Disposable labour, that's all workers are to you
My poor family, what will I do!
A replaceable resource, used up and thrown away
Now it's time to have our say.

SWING

[COMING TO LIFE AND POINTING DRAMATICALLY AT ALEXIS]

[MUSIC - IRONIC USE OF THE AMAZON MUSIC BY SWING]

Bezos, Your name is down amongst the Black hearts in the black book
and this is to advise you and the like of you, who have profited from the
pandemic, to make your wills. Ye have been the Blackguard Enemies of
the People on all occasions, ye have not yet done as ye ought.

PICKER, PACKER

Swiiiiiiiiing

SWING

Sir, this is to acquaint you that if you don't ensure surveillance tech-
nology is only used for legitimate reasons and put an end to cruel and
punishing performance targets, we shall commence machine-breaking
directly!

PICKER, PACKER and SWING

Mark this thou Despot. Signed on behalf of the whole.
Swiiiiiiiiing

Autohoodening

From: Fiction, archive, art

Traces

Submitted by Marisa Angell Brown

Date: October 27, 2021

Can art be liberatory?

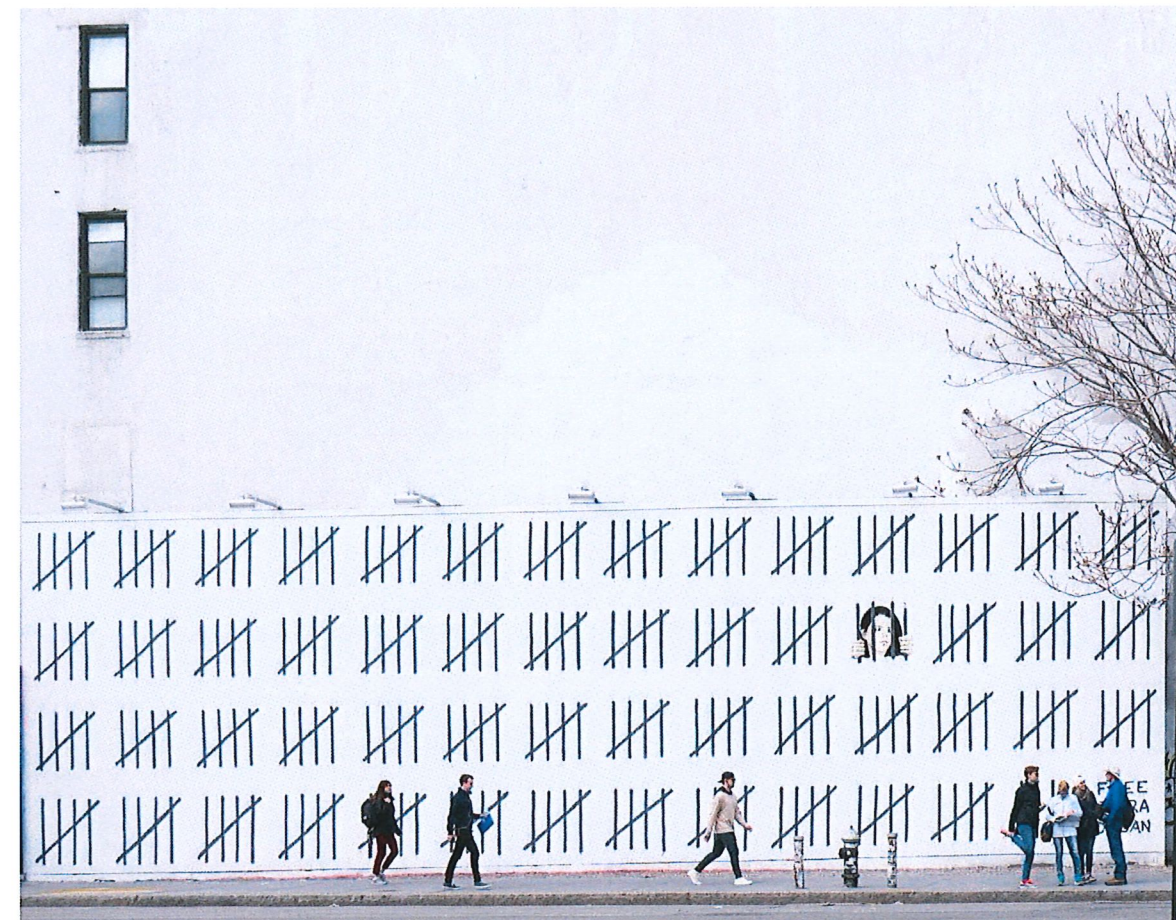
Can artwork or stories (to follow Saidiya Hartman) be a form of reparations?

Can art take us past the limits of history and the archive, into the real?

Can art tell a counter-history to the versions of history that we once accepted as fact (again, Saidiya Hartman)? Are artists actually the best at showing us all of the potential of our post-history state?

These are some of the questions of the day—and they certainly put a lot on the shoulders of artists, don't they? It's like we arrived at this precipice through hundreds if not thousands of years of human labor, ingenuity and violence (always violence), each generation creating ever more powerful ways of extracting...fossil fuels from the earth, voluntary and involuntary forced labor from each other...and now suddenly, we are being called to account. Our generation and the next and the next (and the next?) is getting the bill, and it looks like there is no way that it can be paid, or maybe the real issues is not that it can't be paid, but that we don't want to pay it. Rather than change our lives, our economy, or our culture, it's so much easier, isn't it, to create a commission that pays an artist less than a living wage to create work that absolves us of changing anything? On the other hand (because I believe deeply in the arts), will the works of art created today and tomorrow save us?

In school, we learned about power and how it was distributed this way: the "first estate" was the Catholic clergy, the "second estate" was the aristocracy, the "third estate" was the people, and the "fourth estate" was the press. About twenty years ago, the "fifth estate" got added to the chain: bloggers and other alternative writers/journalists. Here is my question: are artists the "sixth estate"? Have artists come to have such a significant role in critiquing the world order—and not only critiquing, but suggesting/revealing liberatory alternatives (with the rise of social practice art)—that we might start thinking about artists in this way? Does that make art seem less interesting, more dull, just another lobbying group in the balance of power? Or does it feel uplifting, does it give hope, and does it elevate the power of art? Maybe all of this saving isn't exactly what artists bargained for. But when I read the newspaper every day I'm not seeing anyone else up to it.



Banksy, Free Zehra Dogan, Wall Mural in the Bowery, New York (April 29, 2018). Photo: Victoria Pickering via Flickr/ Creative Commons.



Claire Wellesley-Smith

Claire Wellesley-Smith is an artist, writer and researcher based in Bradford, West Yorkshire. She studied politics as an undergraduate at Newcastle University and has a Masters degree in Visual Arts from Bradford School of Art. She is currently a doctoral candidate at the Open University researching slow craft practices and engagement with personal and community heritage. She specialises in projects that use local, natural colour, created from home-grown and locally foraged plants. Dyes and stitches on reclaimed cloth are used in slow processes that allow time for consideration of methods of production and narratives of use. Claire uses archival research as the starting point for her work, looking at locations and community stories. Cloth, dye and stitch are then used as carriers of the natural and social history of place. Socially-engaged arts projects are a key part of Claire's practice. Her projects are often long-term community-based engagements and explore the ways that place, heritage and memory can connect people to their surrounding environment.

clairewellesleysmith.co.uk

Katy Beinart

Katy Beinart is an interdisciplinary artist, whose art works include installation, public art, film and performance; and Senior Lecturer in Architecture, University of Brighton. After studying architecture, Katy has practiced as an artist since 2004, combining art and architecture to make artworks in the public realm as well as exhibiting in galleries, festivals and biennales in the UK and internationally.

She uses processes of participatory research and social practice to respond to the context and history of places and people, and her work examines relationships between heritage, history and memory, culture and environment, performance and ritual, migration and home. She draws on past and present material cultures in her projects, often adapting old technologies, found objects and everyday activities and rituals. Her work aims to reveal and question pasts, and ask how these belong in the present circumstances of places, and might shape their futures. In this sense she is interested in memory as a practice that is active and alive.

katybeinart.co.uk

Colin Sterling

Colin is Assistant Professor in Memory and Museums at the University of Amsterdam; and a Curator. Colin's research focuses on critical-creative approaches to heritage, memory and museums. He is interested in how artists, designers, architects, writers and other creative practitioners engage with museums and heritage as spaces of critical enquiry. He is currently project co-lead on Reimagining Museums for Climate Action, a design competition, exhibition and research project that aims to inspire radical change in museums to address the climate crisis. He teaches across museum studies, heritage and memory, art history and artistic research, and is a member of the Amsterdam School for Heritage, Memory and Material Culture. Colin was previously an AHRC Research Fellow at UCL Institute of Archaeology. He was Principal

Investigator on the New Trajectories in Curatorial Experience Design project (Feb 2019 – Jan 2021), which asked how emerging approaches to immersive and experiential design might contribute to critical heritage thinking and practice. He was also a Post-Doctoral Research Associate on the AHRC Heritage Priority Area project (Oct 2017 – Dec 2019), and a Project Curator at the Royal Institute of British Architects (Jan 2016 – June 2017). He has worked as a heritage consultant internationally, specialising in curatorial planning and interpretation. Colin is the author of *Heritage, Photography, and the Affective Past* (Routledge, 2020) and the co-editor of *Deterritorializing the Future: Heritage in, of and after the Anthropocene* (Open Humanities Press, 2020). He is co-editor of the journal *Museums & Social Issues* (Oct 2020 –).

colinsterling.com

Dilşad Aladağ and Eda Aslan

Dilşad Aladağ is an architect, artist and researcher from Turkey, currently pursuing her graduate studies in Weimar. She has worked in several architecture offices, been part of exhibition and film projects and co-founded “Plankton Project” urban collective. She conducts “The Garden of (not) Forgetting” research and exhibition project with Eda Aslan since 2017. While her artistic research practice is focused on collective memory, remembering practices and archives, in her academic works, her main focus areas are the emerging urban heritage conflicts in Europe and specifically in Turkey, and the role of unofficial heritage narratives.

Artist Eda Aslan focuses on the concepts of history, space, personal and collective memory. She draws a sharp line between the past and the present, seeking to resist what is erased through the ephemerality of the now. Through exploratory techniques, Eda traces the archaic, the documentary in found materials. She runs the research collective *The Garden of (not) Forgetting*, which she founded with the architect and artist Dilşad Aladağ in 2017. *The Garden of (not) Forgetting* received several research and production funds.

Eda graduated from the sculpture department of Marmara University, Fine Arts Faculty, in 2017, where she also completed her Master’s degree in painting. She is currently pursuing her graduate studies in Time Based Media, at the HFBK as a DAAD - German Academic Exchange Service scholar. Eda Aslan is born 1993 in Istanbul. She lives and works in Hamburg and Istanbul.

Marcia Sá Cavalcante Schuback

Marcia Sá Cavalcante Schuback is a specialist in Phenomenology, German Idealism, contemporary philosophy, and aesthetics. Professor of philosophy at Södertörn University in Sweden, she is the translator of Martin Heidegger’s *Being and Time* into Portuguese. She is also the author of several books and numerous articles touching upon themes of phenomenology, existentialism, hermeneutics, and political thought. Among her latest publications are: *Time in Exile: in conversation with Heidegger, Blanchot and Lispector*; and *Fascism of Ambiguity*.

Javier Montes

Javier Montes (Madrid, 1976) is a novelist and essayist. His work has received, among other recognitions, the Anagrama Essay Award, the Pereda International Novel Prize, the Leonardo Grant from the Fundación BBVA, the Santa Maddalena Foundation Fellowship, and the Civitella Ranieri Fellowship for his inclusion in the anthology *The Best Young Spanish Language Novelists* by the literary magazine *Granta*. He has recently been shortlisted as one of the six candidates for the 2022 Eccles Centre/British Library and Hay Festival Writers Award, to be announced at the British Library in London this November 30. Among his recent books are *Luz del Fuego* (Anagrama, 2020), *The Mysterious Case of the Murder of Modern Art* (Wunderkammer, 2020), *Stranded in Rio* (Anagrama, 2016) and *The Hotel Life* (Anagrama, 2012).

He collaborates with *El País*, *Granta*, *The Lit Hub*, *Brick* and *The Brooklyn Rail*, and his work has been translated into English and six other languages. He writes about contemporary art in *Artforum*, *Art Agenda*, *Artnews*, *El País*, *Texte zur Kunst* and *Revista de Occidente*, and has curated exhibitions, directed seminars and given lectures at the Museo Reina Sofía, Museo del Prado, IVAM and the Institute of Fine Arts at NYU. He has been a professor of History of Art at the Colegio Español of Malabo (Equatorial Guinea) and in the Master of Contemporary Culture of the Fundación Ortega y Gasset. He has a degree in History of Art from the Universidad Complutense (Madrid) and achieved the Cours de License at the Institut de l’Art et d’Archeologie of La Sorbonne-Paris IV. Although he has lived, loved and worked in Brazil, Lisbon, Equatorial Guinea, Buenos Aires and Florence, he always ends up back in Madrid, where he has family and friends and fond memories and feels as much at home as one can ever feel in this vast planet.

Post Workers Theatre – Dash MacDonald and Nicholas Mortimer

Post Workers Theatre is a design troupe investigating the future of politically engaged performance, reimagining historic forms of creative resistance for a contemporary context. They work across a rich profusion of forms, using co-production to confront social issues and create a shared learning experience. Their aim is to work with diverse groups to explore and express complex topics in accessible ways. Through performance and play they look to share narratives of hope and resistance.

PWT is a collaborative practice that brings together Dash N’ Dem, [Dash Macdonald and Demitrios Kargotis] and Nicholas Mortimer. PWT have over 10 years experience producing participatory and performative projects and exhibiting internationally with a variety of partners including: Arts Council England / Tate Liverpool / V&A London / Helsinki Art Museum / Barbican / Dundee Contemporary Arts / Critical Media Lab Basel / Cabaret Voltaire / Subtext Berlin / Create London / Athens Biennale / Kunsthall Viborg.

postworkerstheatre.com/about

Marisa Brown

Marisa Angell Brown is a cultural historian and critic with interests in public art, architecture, cities, preservation and spatial justice. Her new project, a book tentatively titled *Inheritance: Dispatches from the Heritage Wars*, explores recent conflicts over representations of Black and Indigenous people in historic buildings and spaces.

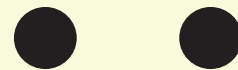
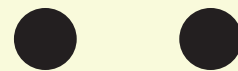
She is the author of “Can This Place Be Decolonized?” (*Places Journal*, forthcoming), “Preservation’s Expanded Field” in *Doing Public Humanities*, ed., Susan Smulyan (Routledge Press, 2020) and “Preservation’s Existential Crisis” (June 19, 2020), National Trust for Historic Preservation Leadership Forum. Her writing has appeared in *The Providence Journal*, *Art New England*, *Perspecta*, *Buildings and Landscapes*, and the *Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians*, and her exhibitions and installations have been covered by *Metropolis*, *Architectural Record*, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, and Rhode Island Public Radio. She delivered the keynote address, *Inheritance: What We Preserve and Why*, at the January 2020 annual meeting of the Providence Preservation Society.

Brown is the Assistant Director for Programs of the John Nicholas Brown Center for Public Humanities and Cultural Heritage at Brown University, where she teaches graduate seminars titled *Introduction to Public Humanities* and *Critical Approaches to Preservation and Cultural Heritage*. She is Korean-American, and grew up in Dubai and New York City. She has a PhD in the History of Art from Yale University, an MA in History from the University of Chicago, and a BA in Religion from Princeton University. She serves on the Executive Committee of the Association of Critical Heritage Studies, the State Review Board for the Rhode Island State Historic Preservation Office, and on the board of the Rhode Island State House Restoration Society, where she co-chairs the Interpretation Working Group. Her research has received grant funding or awards from the Graham Foundation, the Luce Foundation, the Terra Foundation for American Art, the Society of Architectural Historians, the Rhode Island Foundation, Rhode Island Council for the Humanities, and the City of Providence’s Department of Art, Culture and Tourism. Brown regularly serves on design juries at the Rhode Island School of Design for the Department of Interior Architecture, and has served on review committees for the National Park Service and the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

brown.edu/academics/public-humanities/people/marisa-brown

Traces from the grant holders





A table for conversation, for sharing ideas, a kitchen table for food, food for thoughts

Table

The long rectangular table in pale wood defines the space. We sat around it in black chairs. Moving closer, you notice that the long table is actually three smaller square tables and a rectangular one assembled together to form the total. As we are, unique individuals making up the total, the Grant Holders of the Swedish Arts Grants Committee. The black chairs are all different, just as we are different. We sit and talk differently, carrying our accents in our voices, our stories, past and futures in our bodies. The table unifies us at that moment, in that hour of sitting together. The long hard object in the room, the table, dissolves into an amalgamating element, a fluid that magically amalgamates all our differences for one purpose: a conversation.

Conversation

The conversation arose from different sparks: reading a text, a concept to be developed or a guest/friend sharing their story. These are some of the different ways we've tried to start a conversation. It didn't always work well but most of the time it did. A good conversation needs engagement, fluidity, a pinch of complicity, presence, respect and concentration. It is not easy and when it happens it is a delicious meal/moment with a lot of ingredients/ideas.

Ideas

What a luxury to take an hour to launch into words, sounds, movements. Then, to make yourself available to listen, be generous to speak and be free to reflect without a direction or structure but just ventilating thoughts. The conversation becomes a fertile ground for ideas and can also bring unexpected connections and generate spaces beyond the physical.

Kitchen

There is no window in the kitchen, which means no natural light and no connection to the world outside. The place that doesn't allow us to look outside and protects us from being seen and exposed. We look at each other, we listen to each other, we create intimacy.

Food

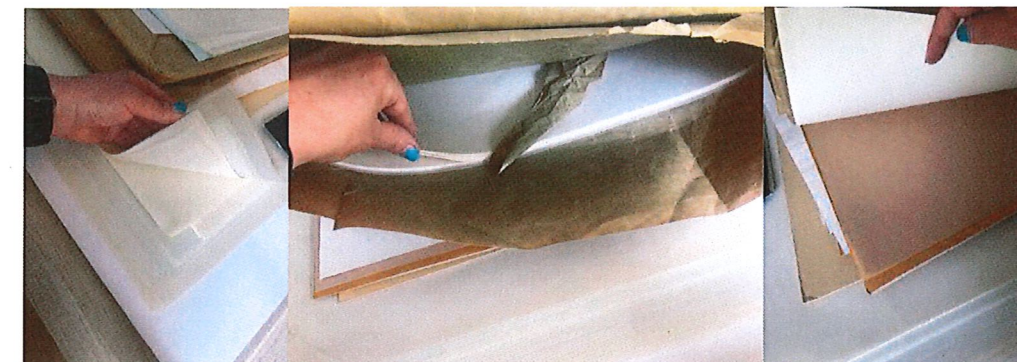
Swedish fika reminds us we are placed in Sweden. That table is not floating in space, but we are located in an institution and this one is in Sweden.

Thoughts

This is real, it happened and I was present. Saying that my version of this reality is my fiction. The line between fiction and reality can be very subtle, and rather than trying to categorize what is one or the other, I prefer to acknowledge that reality is not an absolute truth, there is no universal values that define reality. As we sit differently and in different chairs, we create different realities from our seats, our place, our gaze. Likewise, I acknowledge that fictions are not an absolute fictional world.

The beauty of playing with fiction is the freedom to imagine reality differently. Fiction allows us to create futures, imagine ends, change characters' positions and expand our understanding of reality. We already live a real-life, our stories, our fiction can transcend it. Conviviality was about this, all mixed and warmed in the kitchen appliances and with a smell of burnt toast.

release yourself
grandma's rug
the weight of things



Jenn told me to get rid of things, some people keep things just in case you need them again and artists, she told me, with deep conviction, that they in particular believe that everything becomes potential material and you never know when you will need it again, however it really needs to go, she said, looking at me very intensely and speaking slowly, she continued, you will free yourself, Katarina, release yourself from your past b-y g-e-t-t-i-n-g r-i-d o-f a-s m-u-c-h a-s y-o-u c-a-n. Something new opens up when you do, there is space for new things. She looked over at the various rolls sticking out of the cardboard box that is now falling apart, after which she asked what I'm doing with the bar, we both looked at it together and I didn't say anything. It's fine there I thought, isn't it? The paper collection is real to me Jenn. There are many different sizes of it, types, textures, ages, stained and half used, totally used, printed, folded, pristine and crisp, shiny, matte, it subtly smells sometimes and I love to touch it. I take a folder of it with me when I travel and I end up moving it around with me, back and forth across the Atlantic several times, mostly it remains empty but every once in a while a slow change occurs on its surface, corners bending and subtle pieces of graphite shifting across the surface create dusty residues and fuzzy smudges. It is heavy. Many things are heavy and if they are not at first they will become heavier with time, as you carry something from place to place it becomes heavier. I feel unfit to carry it often for longer than a few minutes, I become weak and remember that I haven't done the planks in a while and maybe my core is weakening.

At that large table at ArkDes in a bright room, within the stacks of Leoni Geisendorf that the archivists pulled for me, I found many folders of only empty pieces of paper. Transparent drawing papers. I felt the desire within me, to covet those pieces of paper. I wanted them. I thought that I could make drawings on them myself and maybe be more like her. Or some other architect. What will they do with them if they find them, will they throw them away like Jenn said I should do with mine? I felt sad at the potentiality of that thought. I should ask them if they will let me take them maybe. No that's stupid, it's an archive and it belongs to them. I

would never dare to ask. But something should happen with them. They are taking up valuable space. There is a library for dead books in Boston, books that no one took out, I just heard, but the books are not there anymore and the building is empty, I need to find out what happened to the books, did they get thrown out or given away? Archives have to do with death. I don't want to throw things away. I love things and I hate things.

I wrote these two paragraphs after reading through my notes from 3 different request and response sessions at IASPIS that Roberta organized. On the top of one of the pages of notes I have written in blue pen and circled excitedly, *had a revelation within this talk*, it was about the shifting mutability of identity and the past. I felt a feeling of relief when I thought about this possible truth. The release of feeling that something needs to be authentic, that anything makes sense, that our destinies are held by some inevitable grasp.

release yourself
grandma's rug
the weight of things

Out of the notes that I took, those are the three combination of words that stayed with me at the moment, next time I look at them it will be something else.



I wonder what it feels like
to have a crime on one's conscience.

There's nothing worse than sitting in silence.

Looking at the neighbor's house, squinting...

The only definition of happiness known to me is:
what everyone in their own situation finds desirable.

///

Looking at the window again,
and being sure that it's open.

There isn't anything odd about it,
but it gives me a criminal sense of ownership.

Isn't it strange that everything
loses its value as soon as it ceases to be a gift?

///

I have no eyes of my own.

There's a sort of writing
which only becomes visible
under the influence of great warmth.

To will is to be able to choose.

Choice is self-denial.

///

I'm asking you to play the fool for my sake.

I actually understand
why people sometimes
take matters into their own hands.

I feel light, empty, like a blown egg.

Words and actions are born out of thoughts and feelings.
Then how should thoughts and feelings
be the private concern of the individual?

///

They take out a knife.
One of us hands it to another
and lies down on a bed
and pretends to be asleep.

Nothing happens to them.

///

Faith - when I think of it now,
it seems merely queer.

text-collage for the video:

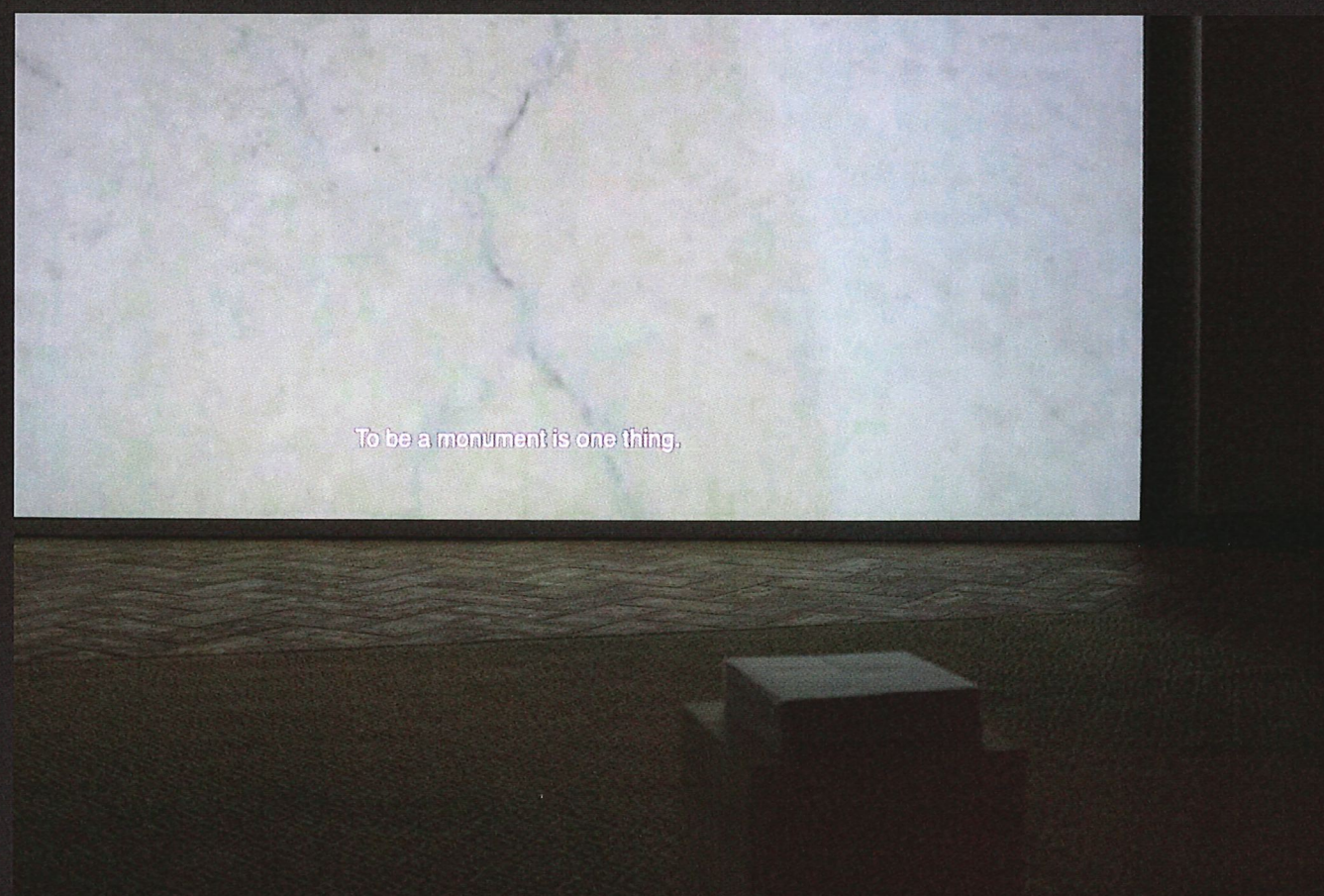
*»I myth you«, 2021
video, color, sound. 7 min*

*with
Mary-Anne Buyondo
Hans Carlsson
Saga Gärde
&
Yasmine El-Baramawy (music)*

*and lines from
Hjalmar Söderberg's »Doctor Glas« (1905),
Karin Boye's »Kalloccain« (1940)
& Henning Mankell's »Faceless Killers« (1991)*

filmed at
Folkets Park & Malmö Konsthall

Chiara Bugatti



Subtitle track from **Brute Force, Il Bigio (Foolish)**, film by Chiara Bugatti, 2021.
Text written in collaboration with Manuel Schwab, 2020.

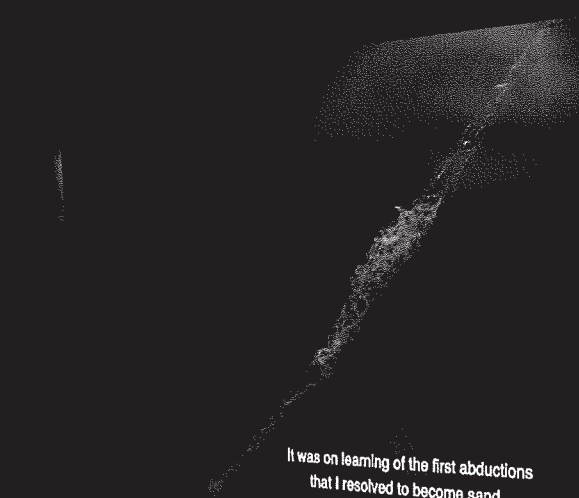
Brute Force, Il Bigio.

In their time, they called me beautiful. It was my great curse.
Really, I was looking forward to disintegrating, becoming light, being sand.
I dreamt of being carried away by the rain, and to fly eventually in a dry storm.
I dreamt of growing old, like any stone dreams of growing old.

I wasn't born soft and stable and heavy.
It was the fire that made me into what they call marble.

Lava ran shallow and touched me under the hills by the sea,
at a place where the crust of the earth plunges itself back into its own molten core.
It is where many stones go to die, and where many of us are born.

The planet is something of an introvert, you see; she takes what she can of herself back inward.
We were things she loved and swallowed. And that was the way we went, before they came to harvest us.



It was on learning of the first abductions that I resolved to become sand,
the only dignified death left for an occupied stone.

They had it no better,
chained and broken men sent to dig and break us and carry us off and give us to other men.

They died quickly,
and they too wanted to be loved and swallowed, and so they dug graves.

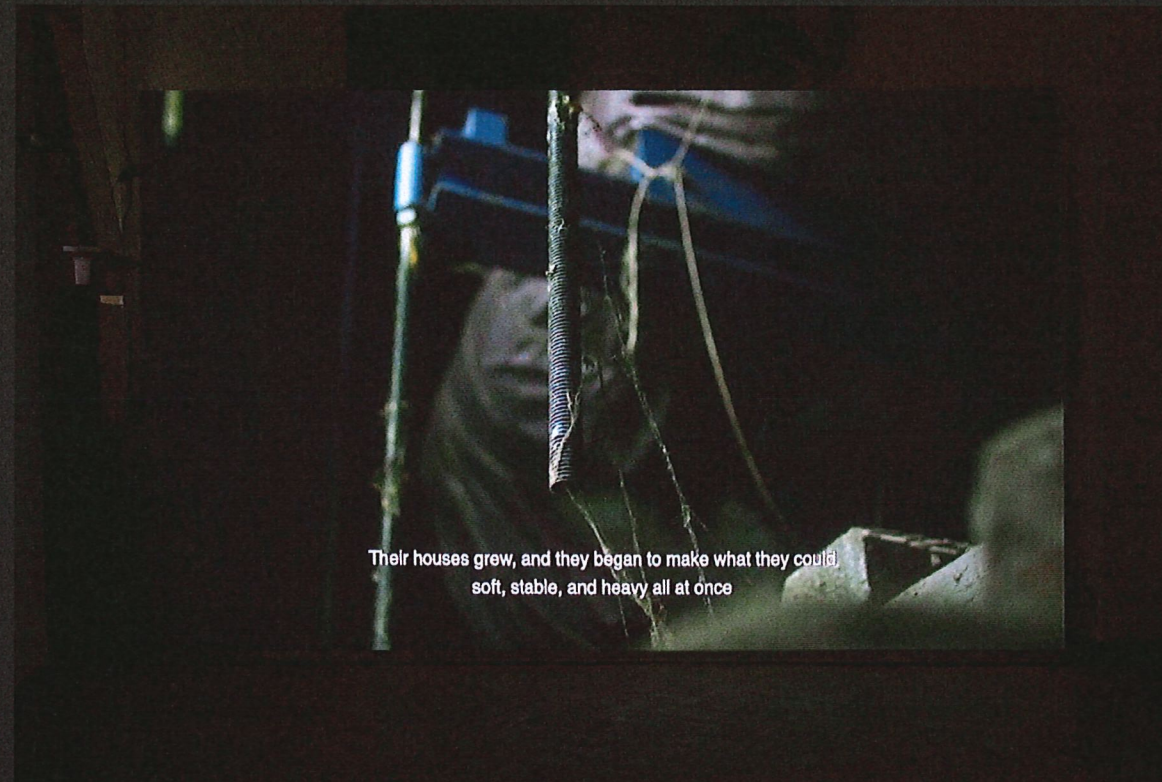
But they wanted to stay too.
The ones that could built mausoleums of stolen marble and carved us to look like them.

It was an ugly affair, but at least they were few.

As they carried more and more of us away, I put faith in the wind and the water
to make of the dominion of these men a large necropolis without a tomb.

Only then could we erode together and meet again in the drifts of sand.

I became accustomed to this way of dying.
It would come, and in the meantime I watched them,
and even grew to love them in a way.



Their houses grew.
And they began to make what they could soft, stable, and heavy all at once,
so that they could mould the world one way and leave that way to last.

As they made more things the noise of their world drowned out the noise of all the rest.

And still I loved them,
because they sweat and were tender and burned and broke in the sun and were fragile to the weight of the world.

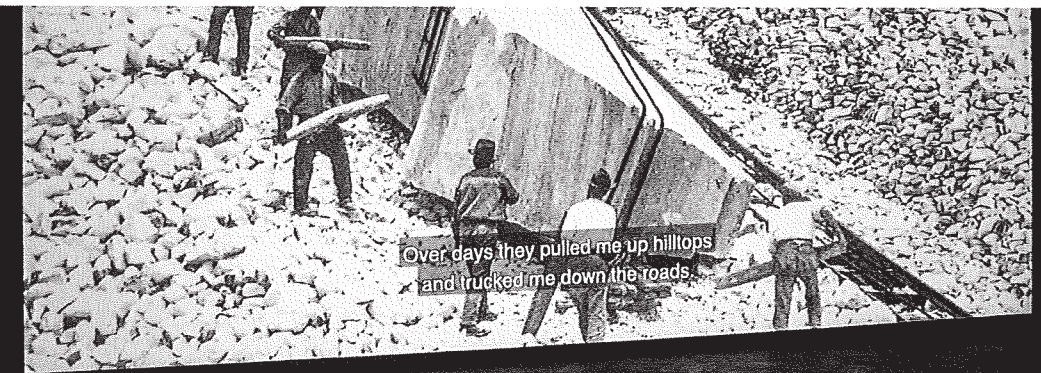
It was in the last moments that I understood that the men who dug us had perhaps never wanted to dig us.

They took to barricades up above,
declared themselves free and the land theirs to dig or leave fallow as they would,
and they shot at their masters,
and their masters shot back.

When they lost, they were buried in plots without marble, sometimes without stone.

Soon afterwards, new men came for me.

Of the extraction, I remember little.



Over days they pulled me up hilltops and trucked me down the roads.
When we arrived, they put me in a warehouse
with a man who spent days circling and watching.

Then the chiseling began.

The man was not skilled with the stone,
did not feel our weight and our texture like the men who dug us.

He had friends in leather boots, and they came on occasion too,
to circle and to watch.

These were the years when the men on the barricades lost everywhere,
and fell across the globe like trees in an avalanche of shale,
and their masters banded together, bombed their own cities,
and mobilised entire nations to re-caste the world in stone.

They admired the first ones who had dug us,
with their love of columns and vaulted domes,
and their naked muscular young men, posturing,
asking for love and war all at once.

And in that warehouse the dreadful revelation came
that we were to be remade in their likeness.

Not far from me, whole clusters of beloveds
were rendered as a roman nose,
and I was lodged inside the fattest toe of the right foot
of a monument to a shallow time.

It was an ugly business, shameful.

When they set me out into the town square,
the men with the leather boots draped me in cloth,
tore it away and pretended to be surprised,
and the townspeople called me il Bigio.

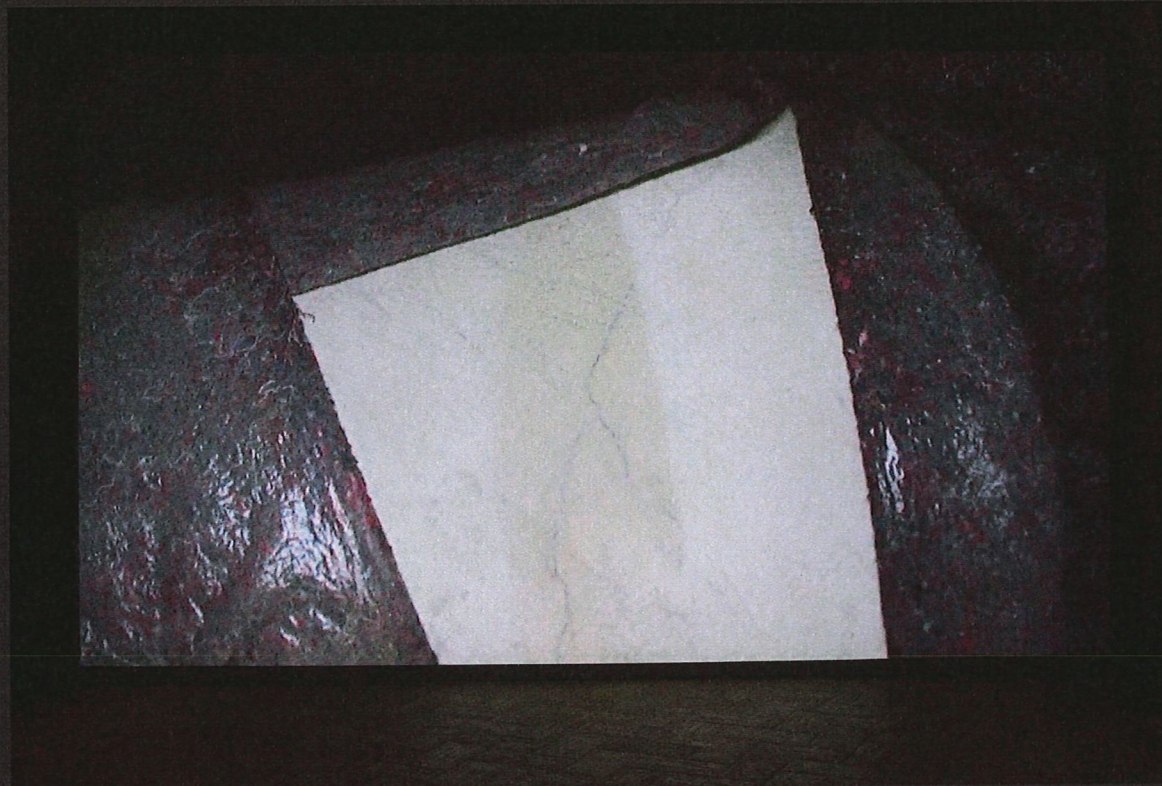
Their governments, I had learned, always come and go.

Ordinarily this would not concern me, but I had become an icon.
The weight of meaning meant that these wretched creatures would polish and preserve me,
keep me from the redeeming elements, prevent my erosion, and sequester me in their palaces.

But eventually, the men with the boots lost, and the people in the town turned on il Bigio.
Hurled cabbage at his false face and broke away his left foot in a fit of rage.

We were pleased at their wisdom, eager to erode.

But these men, always governed, always governing,
built their dreams on dead ideas, and so they would not let us die.
Instead they moved us to the edge of town and separated us again from the elements.



To be a monument is one thing.
To be a monument that they are as afraid to forget as they are to remember,
that is a fate for which the stones of the world will one day take revenge.

It was some years on, after their cities began to age faster than before,
that we were wrapped in a shroud of plastic.

They built a metal house around their poisoned soil,
and placed us inside with the unwanted things that came from their industrious remaking of the planet.

There, a new fate awaited us.

Creatures of the most unlikely combinations greeted us,
and we hated them on account of never really having been before.

There, I resigned myself to the undead life,
animated, as I was, by the brute force of their desire to lose nothing of their meaning.

I resigned myself, until I met Poly.

She is from the other world of elements, those that should not exist.

*They made me to kill the plants
so they could better kill people.*

*When the men in boots lost,
we thought our troubles were over
but our troubles had only begun.*

I hated her words, but somehow she seemed to know their world,
to love it like one made from it.

They called her polychlorinated biphenyl,

and the men who dug her out around us came to destroy her
and eradicate the last traces of her kind.

At first I envied her fast and easy path to death.
But she told me of its troubles.
She had come into the world unstable, with other unstable things,
and was not even old enough to remember time before her creators.

One day she said goodbye.
I remembered being dug, and there we were.

It was the first time that I feared death.
I fell in love with her stories, with a time that was not my own,
foreshortened, angry, and fragile, like theirs.

I fell in love because she showed me another time.

I fell in love because she owed her life to them.

*I love them too. She said. But they have failed us.
After sand, my love, there is a life of molecules.*

And then she hatched a plan that none of us stones had hatched before.

There are more of us coming. She said. Stay with me.

*They will die in their time, the people out there,
and though I am young, I will live long enough to hasten their death.*

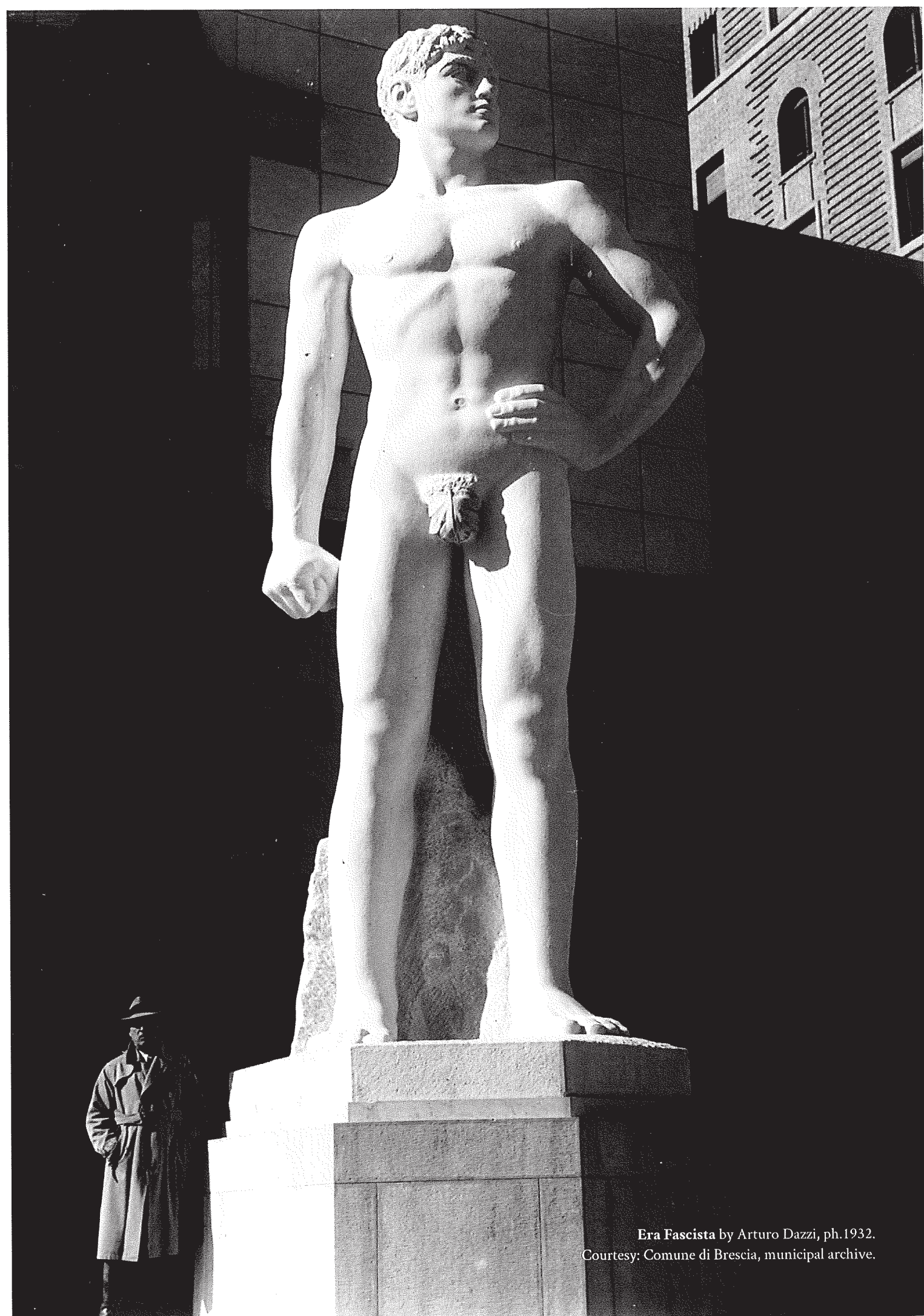
*Then we can be together in the sand,
because while you are old and big, I am small and timeless.*

Since the sun promised to blow up and cool on the world,
I have not felt love like this.

As for them, I love them and wish them luck.

But survival is a strange word...

Perhaps they would do better to learn to die together.



IASPIS
Konstnärsnämnden
The Swedish Arts Grants Committee