

CCFT – NEW FLUID TERRITORIES: NOMADIC ONLINE DIALOGUE 2

displacement: Buffer Fringe Festival, Home4Cooperation, Nicosia, 2021



Maronite Coffee, Cyprus © Susan Brind & Jim Harold, 2017.

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Creative Centre for Fluid Territories (CCFT) is a peripatetic international research group, made up of artists, designers and architects, that contributes to discussions about interdisciplinary practices and how they articulate critical insights about place and displacement, place making, marginality, belonging and occupation.

Building on our contribution to Buffer Fringe 2020 – '*fluid territories: nomadic online dialogue*' – and our physical participation in the festival in 2019 – '*The Urban Glenti*' – CCFT has developed '*New Fluid Territories: Nomadic Online Dialogue 2*' with invited, internationally dispersed, contributors.

Our invitation to participants:

Dear Reader,

We would like to invite you to contribute, share and participate in building a conversation around ideas of displacement. These might be quiet, internal experiences or reflections on more public events that you are happy to share with us and others.

Please would you take the time to send us a brief description – that could be a photograph, a drawing, short video or sound clip, or a short text – of your thoughts on displacement as you drink a cup of coffee (or tea) during the day.

We will share your reflections online as part of a participatory artwork which will become available online for Buffer Fringe 2021 events in October. If you send us your ‘description’ we will assume that you are happy for us to publish your material for this event. [...]

Many thanks,
CCFT (Creative Centre for Fluid Territories)

Susan Brind, Jim Harold, Yiorgos Hadjichristou, Duncan Higgins, Linda Lien, Andy Lock, Shauna McMullan, and Johan Sandborg.

**The work included here is a compilation of material
we received.**

To find out more about CCFT please follow this link:

<https://www.researchcatalogue.net/view/380422/380423/0/0>



Participants in CCFT – NEW FLUID TERRITORIES NOMADIC ONLINE DIALOGUE 2

Frank Abbott, Nottingham
Mehmet Adil, Turkish Republic of North
Cyprus
Aydin Mehmet Ali, Cyprus
Helen Angell-Preece, Glasgow, Scotland
Anne Angelshaug, Vaksdal, Norway
Anonymous, UK
Katerina Attalidou, Nicosia, Cyprus
Tanja Balac, Skopje, North Macedonia
Lorrie Ballage, Bergen, Norway
Ross Birrell, Kilcreggan, Scotland
Kallina Brailsford, Nottingham / Sofia, Bulgaria
Susan Brind, Glasgow
Chloë Brown, Sheffield
Grace Higgins-Brown, Glasgow
Pavel Büchler, Manchester
Neil Butler, Glasgow
Frank Llinas Casas, Glasgow
Maria Christoforou, Cyprus
Lence Donceva, Bad Hersfeld, Germany
Jani Frotveit, Vaksdal, Norway
Elizabeth Gjessing, Vaksdal, Norway
Paria Moazemi Goodarzi, Glasgow, Scotland
Yiorgos Hadjichristou, Cyprus
Alex Hale, Edinburgh
Jim Harold, Glasgow
Graham Harrison, Durham
Ron Haselden, France
Duncan Higgins, Sheffield
Susan Higgins, UK
Katja K Hock, Nottingham
Kevin Hunt, Nottingham
Elena Ioannidou, Cyprus
Gregoris Ioannou, Glasgow / Cyprus
Andrea Jaegar, Nottingham, UK
Jill Bru Johansen, Vaksdal, Norway

Birthe Jorgensen, Gotland, Sweden
Musab Kahn, Glasgow / Mecca
Sharon Kivland, France
Linda Lien, Vaksdal, Norway
Andy Lock, Nottingham
Christalleni Loizidou, Cyprus
Thomas Nøkling, Vaksdal, Norway
Sogol Mabadi, Stockholm, Sweden
Ivana Mancic, Nottingham, UK
Jen Martin, Glasgow
Maria McCavana, Glasgow
Mairéad McClean, Bath
Jo McGonigal, UK
Shauna McMullan, Glasgow
Marija Miloshevska Skopje, N. Macedonia
Andrea Moneta, Rome/Nottingham
Darren O'Brien, Nottingham
Nikos Papastergiadis, Melbourne, Australia
Lucy Phillips, Leicester, UK
Julieanna Preston, Wellington, NZ
Suzy Roan, Glasgow
Noah Rose, County Galway, Eire
Johan Sandborg, Bergen, Norway
Neil Scott, Glasgow
Anastasia Shesterin, Nottingham
Pam Skelton, London
Zara Smith, Glasgow
Constantia Soteriou, Cyprus
Anita B Svaler, Vaksdal, Norway
Stephen Todd, Sheffield
Leontios Toumpouris, Cyprus
Sarah Tripp, Glasgow
Grigory Valov, Arkhangelsk, Russia
Vsevolod Vidiakin, Arkhangelsk, Russia
Julie Westerman, Sheffield

Displaced persons: *depart, create, stay, repeat*



On the 9th May 1939 my grandmother left Berlin and travelled to London. She would be classified as a displaced person because she left her native country to avoid persecution under the Nazi regime. She began her life in England through the care, kindness and compassion of families, organisations and people she met. Later she married and had three children. Brigitte lived a long life until she died in 2015.

The story of her displacement, initiated by cruelty, is just one of millions that are ongoing. The absence of compassion that energises displacement provides a gulf of sorrow that extends long beyond the actual events.

So, as critically focussed practitioners, I'd like to explore how we comprehend and engage with these repeating displacement events?

Alex Hale

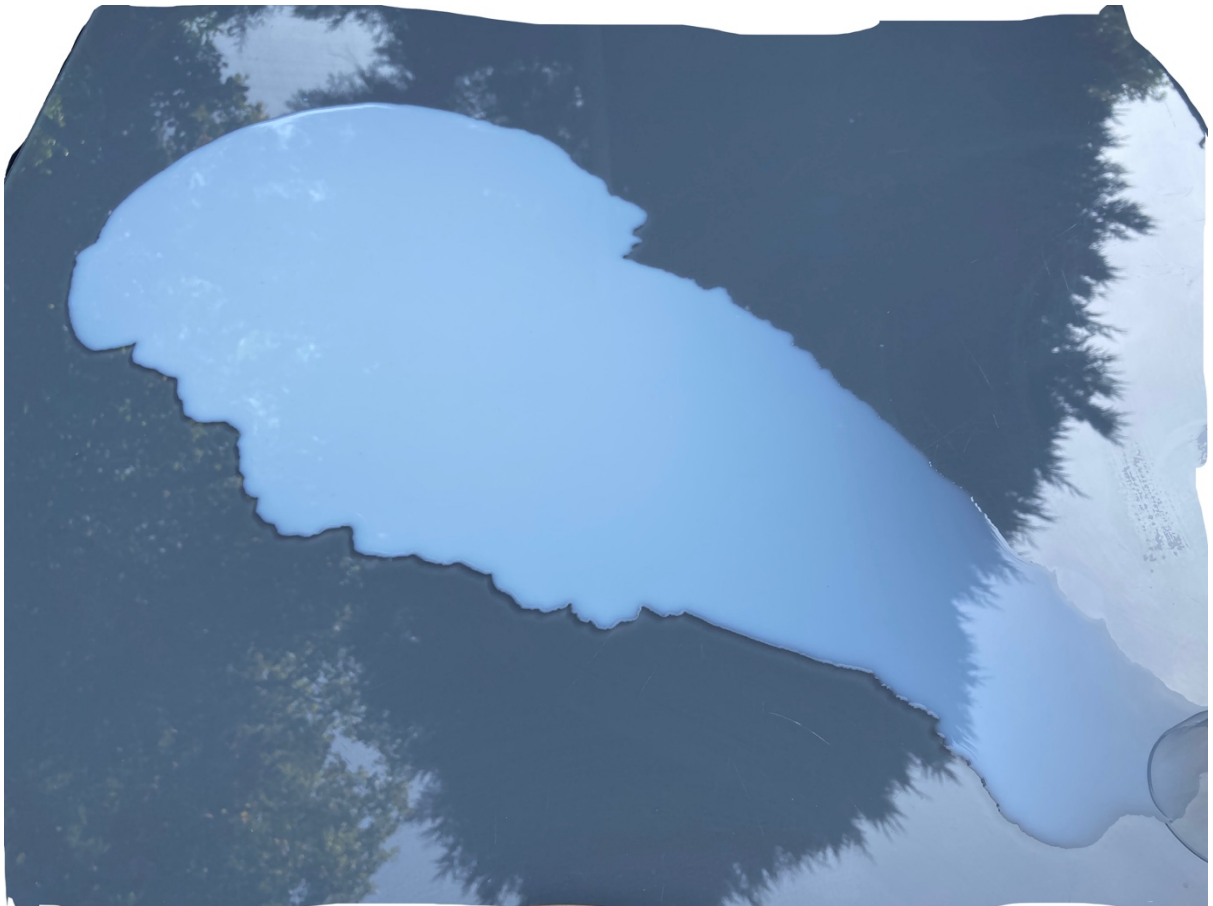
Between Displacement and Return
Anastasia Shesterinina¹

“I went to Zugdidi and saw how our houses were burning. We didn’t take anything with us,” a man displaced from the Gali district of Abkhazia as a result of the Georgian-Abkhaz war of 1992-1993 told me in Tbilisi in 2013. Like the majority of Gali residents, he did not fight in the war. “Weapons, money, food, clothes, cigarettes were gathered here and sent to the front,” a displaced woman explained to me, but few people from Gali fought. Until the end of the war, these and other Gali residents who participated in my research did not believe their district or Abkhazia in general could be lost to the Abkhaz side in the war. They lived in the administrative border area between Georgia and Abkhazia, away from the epicentres of fighting, and hoped that the war would not touch their district. Yet at the end of September, 1993, when the Abkhaz forces captured the capital Sukhumi and advanced toward Gali, the siren went off in the main town of the district of the same name and many residents left for Zugdidi on the other side of the nearby Inguri River separating Georgia from Abkhazia—what they called “the peaceful side, across the Inguri.” So did most of the 240,000 Georgians living in Abkhazia, through this and other routes out of what then became a breakaway territory of Georgia and later a *de facto* state of Abkhazia.

A number of Gali residents—men and women—remained, however, and up to 40,000 returned to their homes in the district at different points in time after the war, despite the looting that took place immediately after the war in what “in our oral history,” research participants told me, “is called ‘a week of cleansing’,” the reprisals against Georgians who were perceived to have fought on the Georgian side in the war, and the obstacles to return created by Abkhaz authorities. Those who returned were displaced again in the course of post-war hostilities, which saw Georgians and Abkhaz on the two sides of the Inguri River exchange fire, groups of armed Georgians cross into Abkhazia to destroy infrastructure, place land mines, and ambush Abkhaz border guards, and the Abkhaz forces push them out in their counterinsurgency-like operations to ‘clear’ the terrain as well as full-fledged fighting in the “six-day war” of 1998. “Among the [displaced] people, there were always rumours,” I heard, “‘We’ll return on February 5th, in a month, etc.’ We had no food in Zugdidi and just waited until we could return.” As a result, some went back and forth across the river, either through the checkpoint or out of sight of Abkhaz border guards and Russian peacekeepers manning it.

Many died during the crossing or were killed and “stayed,” research participants said, their houses burned as the Abkhaz forces sieved through their villages looking for “partisans,” or members of Georgian armed groups who crossed into Abkhazia. “The locals could hide the partisans,” research participants made clear, “Under this pretence, without separating out who was a partisan, who wasn’t, they killed everyone and said they were killing the partisans rather than the locals.” At the same time, the Abkhaz forces sought collaboration from the locals in their search for Georgian armed groups, which kept the locals in fear. The war of 1998 “gave the Abkhaz a reason to once again perpetrate a cleansing,” displaced men and women concluded. The quote I opened with captures this moment and the cycles of repeated return and displacement in the area. It also captures the enduring legacies of civil war as most of the pre-war Georgian population has been unable to return to Abkhazia and the social system underpinning protracted post-war violence experienced by those who did, at least in the early post-war period. What does it mean to live between displacement and return? How are the cycles of return and displacement navigated and normalised? Are there ways forward?

¹ Lecturer in Politics and International Politics, Director of the Centre for the Comparative Study of Civil War and UK Research and Innovation Future Leaders Fellow at the Department of Politics and International Relations, the University of Sheffield.



JAEGER Milch collective thought on displacement 'Milch' 2021
Andrea JAEGER, Nottingham, UK

Andrea Moneta



A film by Andrea Moneta (he/him), born and raised in Rome, Italy; architect, musician and researcher, voluntarily displaced in UK since 2014.



Andy Lock, 2020

Leave Taking.

“Dear Mr Lock, I have today completed the sale of the above mentioned property. I enclose a statement setting out the transaction from which you will note there is a sum due to pay”.

In the familiar garden, transfigured now, I am astonished that the order you bequeathed could be so swiftly overwhelmed.

The Rosemary, the Verbena, the Acer you planted, still recognisable amid the autumnal ruin of a summer’s feral growth.

I turn the earth one last time; close and lock the doors, marvelling again at the extraordinary number of keys required by this ritual of departure.

This house, this garden; my leave taking, a kind of coda. A period of grace finally foreclosed.

Andy Lock. 02,10,2021



recently vacated room, asylum hostel, Voss, Norway, 2017, Andy Lock



anita b svaler vaksdal norway



One of the first things that landed in my head when I started thinking about the word displacement, was Christmas trees. I love Christmas. Seriously LOVE IT! And I love Christmas trees. But there is always a bit of sadness connected with them.

They are taken from their natural place, to be our pretty ornament for a few days, and then they are garbage. When I was young, I read H. C. Andersens "The Fir-Tree"; a story about a young fir-tree so impatient to grow up; so anxious for greater things, who gets chosen to be a Christmas tree. It is a beautiful story about a young creature that gets displaced, experiences great wonder, and heartbreak. It broke my heart.

Anne Angelshaug. Vaksdal, Norway



Aydin Mehmet Ali



Aydin Mehmet Ali

Aydin Mehmet Ali, Cyprus

**Extracts from: Monuments to displacement: Forbidden Zones
September 2021**

I've just returned from Lysos, Paphos. A Cypriotgreek village. Surrounded by Cypriotturkish villages. Melandra, Meladia, Istingo, Sarama and others; all totally abandoned. I stay with friends in Lysos. Meandering through its narrow streets gazing at empty neglected semi-abandoned houses with owners in South Africa. Descendants of the displaced migrants from the 1960s. I have walked around these and other villages for years. Listening to their silence. Summer or winter. Ruins. Collapsed buildings. Vegetation covers what remains. Rue overruns a garden having driven out all other plants in Melandra. A woman aware of its medicinal properties for women's ailments lived here flashes through my imagination. Melandra has two sacred buildings. A church and a mosque. Both deserted. Silent. Apart from the cooing of the occasional pigeon that visits. They are one meter apart. Almost in each others arms. Last month the spire of the minaret was knocked off. High winds the culprit not nationalist fervor. The old school building now a home for sheep and goats. In the spring they float in a sea of green and wild flowers.

It fascinates me that I am attracted and attached to these places. Monuments to displacements. I seek them out. The need to find them, make them visible, be a witness, drives me. Silent places, the margins, footprints of displacements provoke the imagination. They provoke my writing. I heal the buildings. People arrive... The stories emerge.

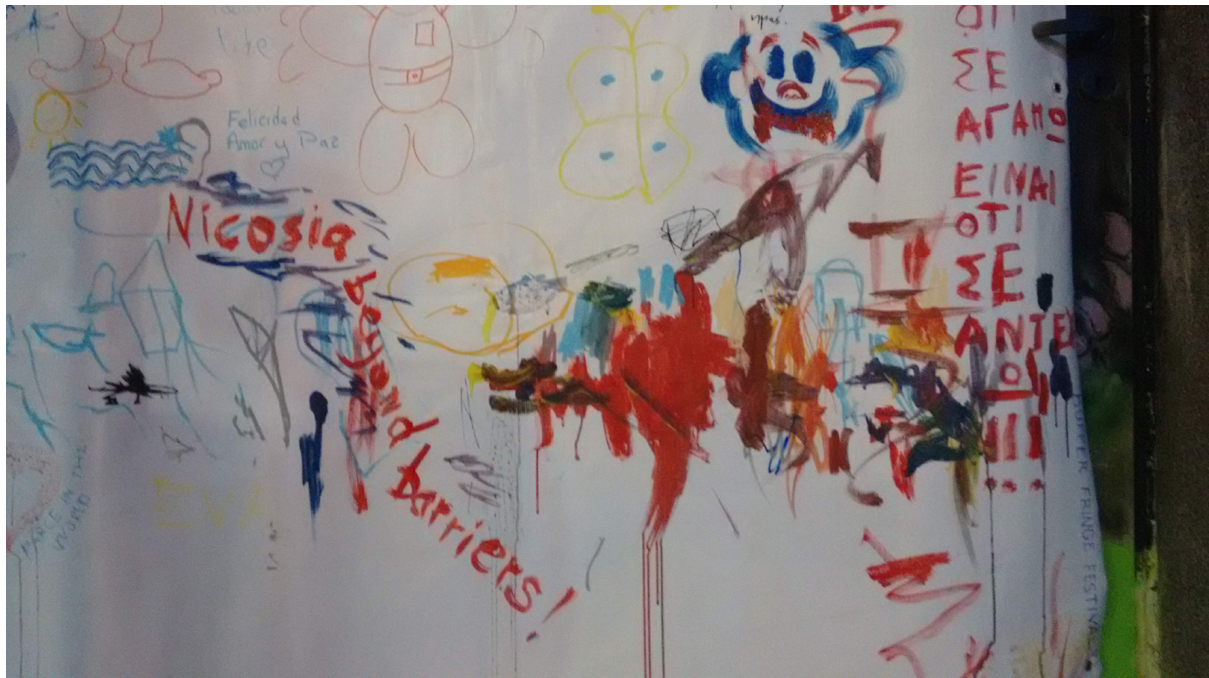


...

The displacement within a language a niggling disturbance in my ears. I seek solace in Adonis the poet's words, "Every artist is in exile within his own language!" As I waded through languages I grew up in lest they abandon me, I hold onto my colonial language of oppression; now my dominant language. I am acutely aware that languages also move on. I left the Turkish

language behind in 1963 on my way to the States. I came back to it eleven years later in London. The Turkish language expelled me; it had moved on! It had transformed itself. I could no longer play with it as I had done as a straight-A young pupil of creative writing. I was allowed back when I started translating poetry in the mid-1980s. And now I can play with the English language I have created. Language is not a birthright. We can be pushed out. We lose our voice, we are silenced.

Ethnicities, geographies, languages in which I chose to live, the herstory that I chose to create, that I laid down on the palimpsest of politics, herstories, wars, moralities I was forced to live through... I can only handle once I decorate each word with plenty of... “.”s.



...

Is there such a thing as “planned displacement”? Where we collude, acquiesce, instigate? And what of “forced displacement”? “Visible” or “invisible” displacements? Does “displacement” create or lead to victimhood? Is it a hairline fracture to liberation?

...

“Displacement” is my inheritance, forever in my life and in my writing.

I want to think that no “forced displacement” is planned! The speed with which you are sucked in destroys all order and plans, decisions are made at speed, shocked, traumatised, you don’t dare acknowledge. You are left with the loneliness of the sole spectator watching yourself being dismantled. Life sabotaged.

I become a witness to lives lived in our parts of the world as a post-conflict society survivor. Militarised societies, invasions, permanent wars, politics and multiple oppressions. My daily panorama of displacements and the fall out. Acutely aware that my constructed identities and

values are constantly challenged, denied, redefined, in flux, without my agreement or consent; norms and moralities, geographies and communities are imposed. And absurdity is normalised.

The notion that “Returning” is the resolution for the condition of “displacement” bothers me; it is not. Returning is transformed into permanent longing and yearning which feeds the sense of displacement. It is disempowering. What is longed for no longer exists. We can only begin in geographies and communities that are so familiar, yet so distant. While holding our own we become strangers “fitting in”... Camus’ *l’Etranger* ever so present, so is James Baldwin.



I didn't realise until recently how interconnected our displacements had been. I left for the States mid-August 1963. I didn't manage to say goodbye to my grandparents. My grandmother was still cleaning hotels in Platres, on the mountains. She left for Limassol in mid-October, after the tourists went home, to work in the hotel of the cabaret artists. And I started school just outside Rochester N.Y. By December granddad was warned by a Cypriotgreek friend to leave Platres: the fascists in EOKA were coming to burn down their home. He left in fear of his life. By Christmas their house was burnt. They found refuge in a small house in Limassol while I heard on the radio of the killings, the fighting across from our house in Nicosia... not knowing if my family was alive...

...our individual displacements were complete. They stayed in Limassol. I in London. Until I moved my work to Famagusta forty years later...



...

« I was enjoying my morning coffee, when a horse showed up out of nowhere, and shouted; Hi! Let`s rock!»



Bidrag Jani

Secondhand Time

Consisting of two halves of a poem, *Secondhand Time* invites the viewer into a struggle to understand when only half the story is accessible at the time. The piece begins as a reflection on the Western world's 'nuclear family regime' by a diverse group of middle-aged women, who came together as strangers to share experiences of home, belonging and navigation, and of how recent socio political events have contributed to shifting these concepts. Whilst "sorrow accumulates like fists", there is potential in gathering as strangers, sharing experiences and grievances. One is left accountable for more than one self, mobilised.

Created for the duo exhibition *Home Where Home Is Not*, curated by Caroline Gaudsen. Stretching across two sites - Glasgow Women's Library and Platform, Glasgow, SCT, the exhibition playfully explored experiences of being from more than one place and time. The exhibited artworks drew on a series of conversations had over the span of a year, with a diverse group of middle-aged women residing in an area on the outskirts of Glasgow dominated by austerity and forced migration.

by Birthe Jørgensen

Digital print on Hahnemühle paper

2 x (73cm x 103cm x 5cm)

2019

Display directions

To be displayed with a distance to the other half poem

We gather at the other side
In the aftermath of
the realm where patriarchal men, and
lovelessness, and
Where sorrows accumulate like fists

We have all lied here
Yet, our bodies with
never lied. Never could.
Breathing archives, inscribed
carry the only

Let my tears rain on everyone,
We receive the warm, salty drops from above
An oystercatcher screams somewhere
We fall silent. Our cheeks
and

of youthful naiveté, on autopilot.
domestic-nuclear-war-bliss,
patriarchal women, suffer from
dream of romance.
in the solar plexus, one after another.

to please, to appear powerful or powerless.
their internal functions, scars and endless expressions
Never will.
in a language no one speaks,
truth.

said the woman with the smooth, dark voice.
and feel the slow transformation of rage collapsing into grief.
on a building site at the edge of town.
pink with emotion
conviction.



Land is a fragile conversation in Cambodia, for what it holds in legacies of conflict and genocide but how those politics spill into the now. Lakes become prime real estate pumped with sand, some of which is stripped from the Mekong river. This dredging impacts the fragile eco system as well as those who reside on the riverbanks which slowly crumble. The sand joins the land, removing key points of drainage and whole communities are shifted.



untitled

Chloë Brown 2021

Christalleni Loizidou, Cyprus



Caption: Still from Ulyces. (2021). The Future of Love: Lital + Vinas [6min video]
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3-n7WoKT01U>

Changing the story from trapped Asylum-Seekers to the Future of Love: a rope-making workshop with Lital + Vinas

Join us in a circle to talk and make rope.

Background

Ben Haim, L. (Aug. 8. 2020) 'My Husband And I Have Nowhere in the World We Can Safely Live Together' Newsweek. <https://www.newsweek.com/i-am-israeli-partner-iranian-no-country-live-together-1519988>

Ben Haim, L. (2020) *Support stateless family*. GoGetFunding. Retrieved September 16, 2021, from <https://gogetfunding.com/support-stateless-family-hand-crafts-rewards/>

Federici, S. (2018). *Re-Enchanting the World: Feminism and the Politics of the Commons* a book by Silvia Federici and Peter Linebaugh. PM Press. <http://www.pdfdrive.com/re-enchanting-the-world-feminism-and-the-politics-of-the-commons-e157051469.html>

Haraway, D. J. (2016). *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene* a book by Donna J. Haraway. Duke University Press. <http://www.pdfdrive.com/staying-with-the-trouble-making-kin-in-the-chthulucene-e181831700.html>

Tsing, A. L. (Ed.). (2017). *Arts of living on a damaged planet*. University of Minnesota Press. <https://www.pdfdrive.com/arts-of-living-on-a-damaged-planet-ghosts-and-monsters-of-the-anthropocene-e185816583.html>

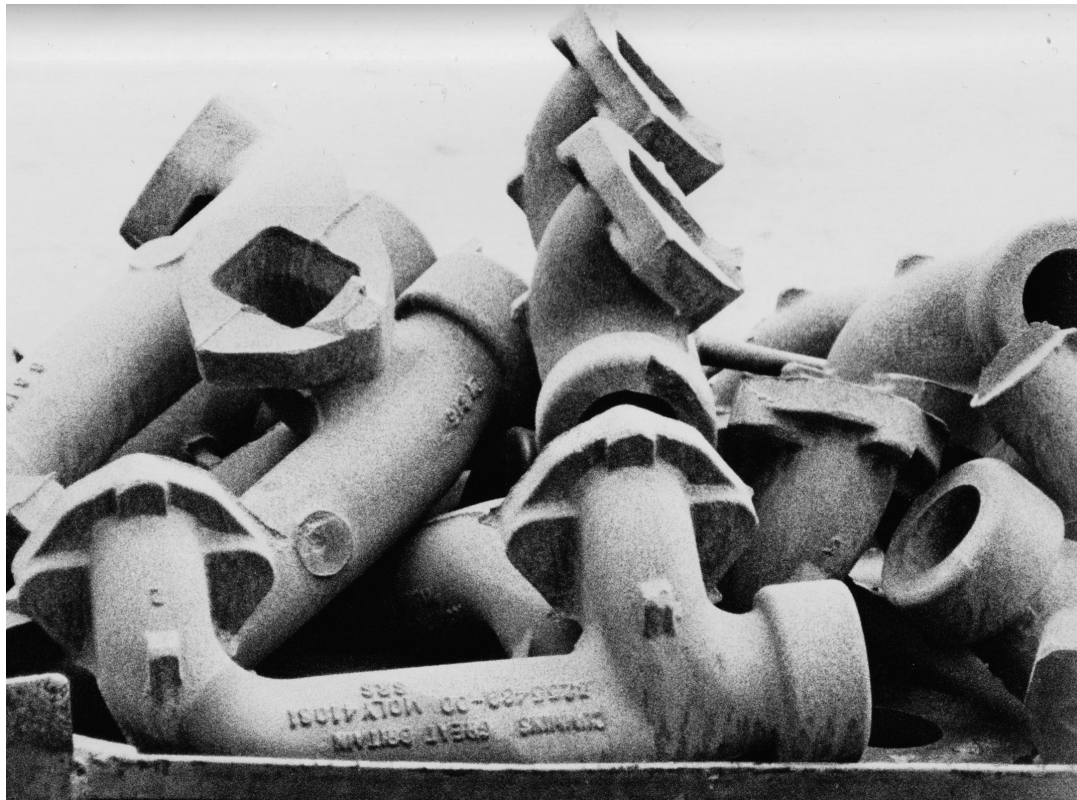
This gathering is a re-enchantment cast by Chrystalleni, a cultural historian with research on public art & conflict resolution, who immediately knew she could trust Lital + Vinas with her 3 year old child. Since then, they have helped her free herself in ways that are beyond words and closer to rope-making with natural materials. She believes their asylum application in Cyprus has a good chance of being successful and encourages them not to give up, but if it's inevitable she'll just as happily go find them anywhere across the sea. It's her honour to share with them this invitation from the Creative Centre for Fluid Territories, and she looks forward to using the hand-made rope to tie pieces of wood together into a raft.

Love displacement

By Constantia Soteriou

My son kills me every day, little by little. Every morning, he removes a part of me. A small part, so it won't hurt too much, so it won't scare me. Small nips that feel like stings. Intimate. He kills my parts every day and he looks at me. Does that hurt, mommy? And then: I love you, don't you ever forget that. And then: Remember, I love you very much. I know, he loves me very much. To the moon and back, isn't that what they say? And then back again, and all around the world, filling it all with love a thousand times over. But this here, this killing, is a whole other story, it has nothing to do with love. It's just how it is, he just has to do it. Every single day, he has to cut a piece of me, he has to kill me a little. Every single day, he has to kill a piece, no matter how small and insignificant. We both know it. When he extends his little hands to cut me, I look at his small fingers and kiss his nails. I lean over so that he can reach me, I turn my back. I want to make death a little more convenient. Sometimes I'm in a hurry and I tell him to work fast and get it over and done with. He can go ahead and kill me if he must, but I really don't want to be late for work. After all, when he leaves for school, I still need to head to the mirror. I need to look at myself in the mirror, urgently. I look for my missing pieces. I take a good look at myself to see how much of me there's still left. I run my hands all over my body looking for the missing pieces. I locate them one by one. Little love holes. Barely big enough for his fingers to fit inside. To the moon and back, and back again, and all around the world, filling it all with love. Does this hurt, mommy? I love you.

Watling Street to Elsewhere:



The A5 trunk road is a busy artery slicing through the English Midlands, linking the lands of Mercia with the great metropolis to the south and the Welsh borderlands to the west. Roughly midway, it brushes the edge of the county of Leicestershire, forming a border with Warwickshire, at the site of the High Cross. Once thought to be the centre of England, the High Cross marks the intersection between Watling Street and the Fosse Way, one road pushing north to southwest the other south to west, forming an X across the English landscape. Both Watling Street and The Fosse Way mark existing ancient trackways, adopted and improved during the Roman Occupation of Britain. My 94-year-old father, no stranger to the UK road network as a retired lorry driver has a passion for history and a strong belief that he once trod these roads in a former life as a Roman legionnaire. He recounts the story of his maternal grandfather who walked from France, leaving behind his life in a travelling fair in search of something or someplace more settled, someplace to become rooted, someplace to rest. Isn't it usually the other way round? Leaving the city to follow the romance of the fair?

The story goes that having made his way to London, he struck out on the Edgware Road (Watling Street), destined for the industrial north and Sheffield. After several days of walking and sleeping in hedgerows he reached the High Cross. This is the point at which the journey north switched to the Fosse Way. Whilst born into the fairground life, his destiny lay elsewhere. His draw to the north was slowly losing its shine as accounts of the blackness of

the steelworks and heavy industrial pollution of Sheffield reached him. Instead, he decided to settle in Leicester to become a foundry worker, serving the growing railway network, making wheels and axles for fire breathing iron horses. Displaced but grounded, drawn to a sleepy hamlet on the outskirts of the city, he also plied his second trade as a musician in a local public house with its own history of welcoming travellers dating back to the 1650's.

Exact dates are sketchy but working back from my father's year of birth the best guess would place this walk along Watling Street and the Fosse Way, around 1890. This act of displacement, in search of something, in search of the elsewhere, somehow remains through stories and aural histories. Through blood and bone, the urge to move, the unsettled nomadic drive to be elsewhere returns in occasional refrains as restlessness in current and future generations. The waters may seem calm, but they are in constant motion. Blood in constant motion, thoughts in constant motion, never really settled or rooted to one spot, always only temporary; yet somehow held by ties which defy the urge and the right to roam.

I think about this story as I too walk a small section of the Fosse Way, close to home, on our routine morning dog walk. I wonder if the street was cobbled back then, if the buildings I pass were nothing more than blueprints, foundations or newbuilds. I wonder if he stopped at the church on the corner, once Catholic, now Ukrainian Catholic, representing one of the many displaced communities which have been drawn to this location. We pass the shop where my mother was born to another displaced family, Roma Gypsies fleeing persecution. Passing the temporary school, built in 1886, which still educates the local children, to our home, Dunchurch Cottages, built in 1886, named after a Warwickshire Village, a stone's throw from the original Watling Street route.

This is one of many stories of displacement and migration in my family history. Irish, French, Romany and African paths crossing and settling in the same relatively small geographical area, through some kind of swirling magnetic pull to the riverside. This includes the story of a failed migration to Australia in the 1970's, on account of my adopted brother's skin being a few shades too dark for their immigration policy.

The power of falling water reaching the same confluence, feeding the same river from different points on the mountain draws us to this shared history.

The mountains will find you everywhere.

As I write this story, over a cup of coffee, I catch the 10am news:

- Hundreds of women take to the streets in Kabul, walking together in protest at the newly formed all male Taliban government.
- Record numbers of refugees cross the English Channel, the home secretary's response is the threat to withhold £54million of support for French border forces.
- The 2015 Bataclan massacre terrorists finally face trial after a different kind of walk, one with violent intent which saw the death of over 130 people.

- Anthony Gormley reveals how he likes to give guests a lump of clay after dinner, rather than a brandy, to encourage them to explore their creative side.

Fiddling with clumps of earth whilst Rome burns.

Darren O'Brien

September 2021

Image; Cast - 2014, courtesy of the artist.



displaced drawing, Duncan Higgins

STORY 1 – PLANTS AND DISPLACEMENT, FROM PAPHOS TO KARPASIA

(SEVIL FROM PAPHOS AND MELEK FROM KOTSINA, RESIDING IN KARPASIA)

S: Did I tell you, yesterday we went to our house.

M: Which one? At Paphos?

S: Yes, we went to our house at Paphos, to Arodes.

M: Is somebody living there?

S: Yes, there is somebody else.

M: Really?

S: Yes. There was an old lady, looking after her grandchild.

M: Refugees?

S: Yes, from Kerynia. My mother had many trees in our garden. She had apple trees, medlar trees. Somebody cut them all down. There is nothing left. They built a garage.

M: Garage?

S: Yes, garage. I felt ill for one week because of my sadness. I remembered my mother. But what can I say? War is a bad thing.

M: I know, I know. Let me tell you another story that happened here, in Gialousa village. One guy came here.

S: Who was he?

M: He was the grandchild of the old man who lived in this house. He came here with his fiancé last year. He said 'I was seven years old when I left this house, but I remember this house. You fixed this house, planted these vines and built this wooden oven.'

S: Oh, so sweet.

M: Yes, he was so nice. He said that he left when he was seven years old.

S: And then, what happened next?

M: They were staring at the house and my son in law invited them in.

S: Did you let them in?

M: Yes, why not? They came in and we talked about so many things.

S: Did you drink coffee?

M: They didn't want coffee, but we drunk water. We offered them grapes from our vines. He had some sweets and offered them to my grandchildren.

S: Was it nice talking to him?

M: He said he was seven years old when he left this house and went to England. There were no trees and no vines. I told him that he was right because we have planted them. He went on, saying that there was no wooden oven. He kept saying that he was seven years when he left.

IN GREEK:

-Εν τζιαι είπα σου ρα Μελέκ, προχτές επήαμεν έσσω μας.

-Μα πού έσσω σας; Εις την Πάφο;

-Ναι, επήαμε σπίτι μας, στες Αρόδες. Επήαμε τζιαι είαμε το. Επήαμε ει' στα σπíθκια τζιαι είαμε τα.

-Μεινήσκουσιν; Έσσειι άλλους μέσα;

-Γα. Εβάλαν άλλους.

-Ναι, α;

-Ναι. Ήτουν μια κοτζιάκαρη, γιαγιά ετάιζεν το μωρό.

-Πρόσφυγες. Πρόσφυγες;

-Γα. Πρόσφυγες. Που την Κερύνεια. Η μάνα μου είσσιεν δεντρά στην αυλή. Πολλά. Είσσιεν μήλα. Είσσιεν μόσπιλα. Είσσιεν ουυυ. Εκόψασιν τα ούλλα. Εν είσσιεν έναν. Εκόψαν τα τζιαι εκάμασιν, σάζουν το αφτοκούνουτο. Πώς το λαλούν;

-Γκαράζ; Νάμπου κάμαν;

-Ναι, πο τούτον. Έππεσα μια φτομάδα άρρωστη. Εμαράζωσα. Αττυμήθηκα την μάνα μου. Άμμα. Τι να πω (ε)γώνι. Ο πόλεμος έννεν καλό πράμα. Έγια. Ο πόλεμος.

-Ξέρω, ξέρω. Να σου πω τζιαι γιω μιαν ιστορία που γίνηκε πέρσι ποδάττε, εις τη Γιαλούσα. Ήρτεν έναν παιίν.

-Ίντα παιίν;

-Αγγόνι του γέρου που 'σιεν τούντο σπίτι. Ήρτεν πέρσι με (τ)ην χαρτομένην του. Λαλεί ήμουν εφτά γρονών που φυα που δαμέσα. Τζιαι αττυμούμαι το τούντο σπίτι λαλεί. Άμμα εσάσετε το λαλεί. Τού(τ)α τα κλήματα εσείς τα φυτέψετε λα(λ)εί το παι(δ)ί. Τούτους τους νέους φούρνους εσείς τους εκάμετε λαλεί.

-Μάνα μου ρε.

-Ναι (παύση) το μωρό. Εφτά γρονών λα(λ)εί έφυε.

-Τζιαι ύστερα ίνταμπον έγινε;

- Έστεκαν τζ' εθωρου(σ)αν πόξω τζ' εφώναξεν τους ο γαμπρός μου. Ελάτε να πκίετε έναν νερό κρυό να ευχαριστηχείτε.

-Εβάλατε τον έσσω;

- Γιατί να του πούμε να φύει του αθθρώπου; Αεις τον να' ρτει. Ήρτεν. Εκάτσαμε έτσι τζιαχαμαι εσυντυχάναμε.

-Ήπκιετε τζιαι καφέν;

-Καφέν εν εχέλαν, ήπκιαμεν νερό. Είσσιεν σταφύλι εκόψαμε. Ευχαριστήχητζιεν. Εκράεν τζιαι μαζί του γλυκά τζι είχαμεν τζιαι τ' αγγονούθκια μου έτσι μιτσιά, τζι έφκαλεν (θ)κυο τρεις πότσες γλυκά να (δ)ώκει τω(ν) μωρών.

- Εσυντηχάνντε καλά;

Ήμουν εφτά χρονώ(ν) λαλεί. Ήμουν εφτά χρονών που έφυα τζαι επήα στην Αγγλία. Έν είσσιε με ροθκίες με συθκίες λα(λ)εί με κλήματα. Λα(λ)ώ του εν αλήθκια σου τζιαι μου. Εμείς τα βάλαμε. Με φούρνους τζιαμέ λαλεί με τίποτε λα(λ)εί το μωρό. Ήταν εφτά γρονών λαλεί.

STORY 2 –SPACE, NOSTALGIA AND BAD WEATHER

(MELEK, FATIMA HER DAUGHTER IN LAW, AND THE INTERVIEWER)

THERE – KOTSINA, TILLIRIA

I: You like it, that you are from Kotsina.

M: I like it and I also want to go and visit it now. I told my son, just like that (we go).

F: Mum, nothing is left there.

M: Just like that, just to stand there, opposite, to see with my eyes, olan. To see my house if it still stands. To see that land. I miss it.

F: No houses are left.

M: I was born there, I was raised there, I had my children in there, all. All my children I gave birth to them there.

HERE - YIALOUSA, KARPASIA

M: This place is good but it is only that there is humidity (...) in our place there was no humidity, in our land there was no humidity, we were here and the sea was over there.

I: At Kotsina?

M: Yes in Kotsina, there was no humidity, nothing. We did no have any lame, our old people were dying, no lame no blind, they were just dying. (But) here half of them are lame here. Like in my age they are have limp, it is this weather, it is not good.

IN GREEK

I: Αρέσκει σου που είσαι που τα Κότσινια καταλάβω

M: Αρέσκου μου τζιαι χέμα χέλω να πάω να τα (δ)ώ τωρά. Είπα του τούτου του γιου μου μανιχά έτσι.

Φ: Έν έμεινε τίποτε μάνα μου.

M: Έτσι, να έτσι καρτζίν να (δ)ώ το μάτι μου ολάν, να (δ)ώ τα σπίθκια μου εμέναν αν στέκουσιν, να (δ)ω τζιείνον τον τόπο. Πεχυμώ.

Φ: Με σπίθκια εμείναν.

M: Εγεννήηκα τζιειμέσα, ανεγιώθηκα, έκαμα τα παιθκία μου τζιειμέσα ούλλα. Ούλλα εγέννησα τα τζιειμέσα τα παιθκία μου.

(...)

Μ: Εν καλός τούτος το τόπος μανιχά έσσει (...) έσσει υγρασία (...) εμάς έν είσσειεν υγρασία. Εμάς ο τόπος μας εν είσσειεν υγρασία. Εμείς είμαστε δαχαμαί η χάλασσα ήταν τζιαμαί εμάς. Εν είσσειεν.

Ι: Στα Κότσινα που λαλείς;

Μ: Στα Κότσινα, στα Κότσινα. Υγρασίαν εν είσσειεν εμάς τίποτε. Εν είχαμεν κουτσόν εμείς, πεχανίσκαν οι γέροι μας, με κουτσόν, με στραόν, επεχανίσκασιν. Ε δακάτω εν οι μισοί κουτσοί. Έτσι σαν εμε στα γρόνια μου ούλλοι κουτσοί. Ο τζιαιρός, εν εν καλός.

SOURCE: GRECO PROJECT – GREEK IN ENCLAVE COMMUNITIES. ISSUES OF LANGUAGE AND IDENTITY AMONG ROMEIKA SPEAKERS IN CYPRUS, ELENA IOANNIDOU PRINCIPAL INVESTIGATOR, ioannidou.elena@ucy.ac.cy

Elena Ioannidou



'Buffer stories'.
Elena Ioannidou, Cyprus



31 March 2021 in the valley Teigdalen, western Norway

Elizabeth Gjessing

Frank Abbott



A film by Frank Abbott

The piece of video I am sending you (a one minute fragment) is from an ongoing video work I have been engaged in for the last 3 years. I am interested in what constitutes a sense of place and the ineffable feeling of being attached to a place and have thus embarked on a long term practical project. It involves a neglected old church grounds in inner city Nottingham which I have been visiting and filming every few days. I am also linked up in the project with a wider group of artists doing similar things with their own particular spaces around the country.

<https://www.whenthefuturecomes.net/>

The context of the ChristChurch Gardens/Kabul video clip is that a family from the Mellors school, which we had been working with in the Gardens, were suddenly trapped in Kabul airport. I was alerted to this by the appearance of mobile phone video on the television news. The gestures of the phone camera collapses the distance and unites the spaces, displacing the anxiety of one context inside another.

First, the *Conquista y Descubrimiento* itself and then our memory of it.
That is perhaps the only true thing we share.
The only aspect that unites us socially and psychologically, the only thing that
can make sense of that totalising thing called
Area Studies.
Our frog's perspective.
With the added complication that this amphibian was born under a heavy rock,
called inexistence.
-
But let us not dwell on that.
Let us just hop away and burry ourselves under another imaginary rock.
One under which we could re-imagine our seemingly inexistent past,
and call those dreams immemorial tradition.



Grace Higgins-Brown



1 minute film

Grace Higgins Brown, Glasgow, United Kingdom

Why stay still? Without movement, no perspective. Who says you chose where to go? A little further down a rabbit hole; shuffling back and forth in an echo chamber. Disruption, upset, outrage, shock are the vitamins of the mind's metabolism. If you're comfortable and in agreement, feel the sands wetting, the air warming, the chair creaking. It's nice to stay still, to re-read the text. I hope that someone throws a book at you.

Graham Harrison, Associate Professor of Politics, Durham. Collaborator with Duncan Higgins.

GREGORIS IOANNOU

From: MATERIAL CONDITIONS AND LIVED EXPERIENCE

Displacement is one of the main conditions experienced by an enormous part of the Cypriot population as a result of the 1955-1975 intercommunal conflict. Displacement is an indelibly traumatic condition, which in the case of Cypriots even more traumatic, insofar as the majority of displaced Cypriots did not move abroad but rather inside the country with a sense of danger still palpably felt. In fact, for a small part of the population consisting predominantly of Turkish Cypriots, the displacement happened twice, with the second displacement exacerbating the trauma of the first one. Even though by 1980-1985 extreme poverty and deprivation of the displaced population had been effectively dealt with in both, now territorially separated, communities, the fact that a large section of the population in both communities spent 10-15 years in squalid conditions, without normal housing and income, surviving on humanitarian aid of various types, left its mark on the older generations and was passed on to future generations in the form of narratives.

from: THE MYTH THAT BECOMES A HABIT

“It is often argued that, when it comes to disputes, truth is the first casualty, as information is filtered by the powers that be and propaganda provides a dominant context in public discourse, encroaching upon private discourses as well. Facts are presented selectively and from each party’s perspective; the arguments of the opposing side or the incidents which seemingly do our rivals justice are silenced; the magnitude of certain events is partially and arbitrarily assessed. History becomes a tool for the interests of ruling powers; historical time is levelled in order to serve national narratives; traditions are invented; heroes fabricated. Public ceremonies and representations are built upon one-sided interpretations, often blatantly contradicting the actual facts, and provide the framework of public debate, marginalising any dissent, critical or alternative voices, dismissing them, presenting them from laughable and invalid to treasonous and dangerous.”

Gregoris Ioannou, *‘The Normalisation of Cyprus’ Partition Among Greek Cypriots: Political Economy and Political Culture in a Divided Society’*, Palgrave Macmillan, Springer Nature, Switzerland AG, 2020.

Grigory Valov

Hello DJski!

I really don't know what can be my contribution in
the DISPLACEMENT.

All the life now is a displacement. Mentally. Maybe I'll
write something...

Or photos...

Grigory Valov - Living in Arkhangelsk, Russia



It seems paradoxical to be weighted to the ground,

lightly.

My temporary hold.

Temporary Hold

I am thinking of tactics of
agility.

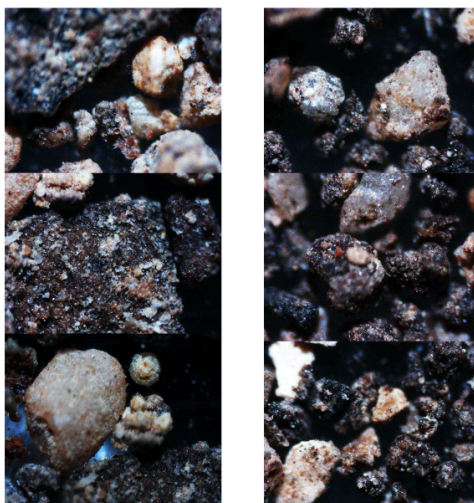
A softness in my knees,
a ‘spring’ in my thighs,
that permits the
potential to move.

To resist a *fixing into place.*

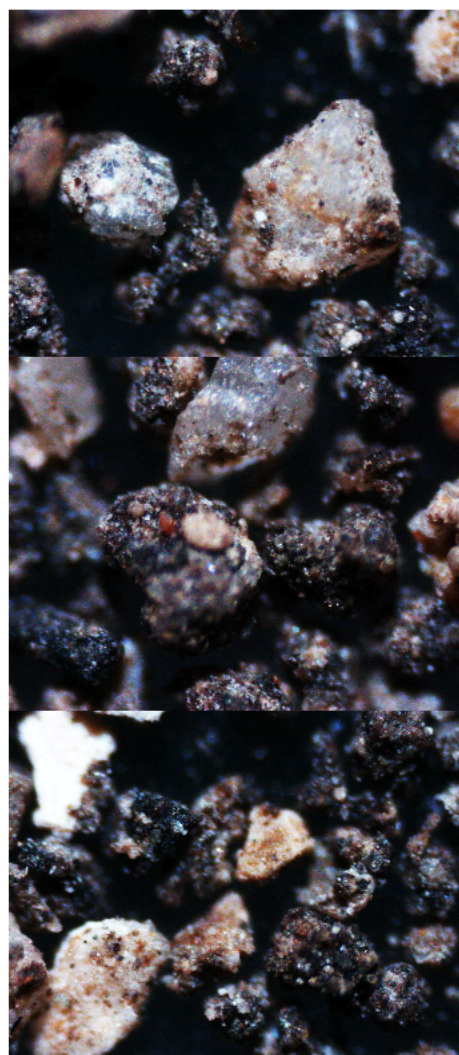
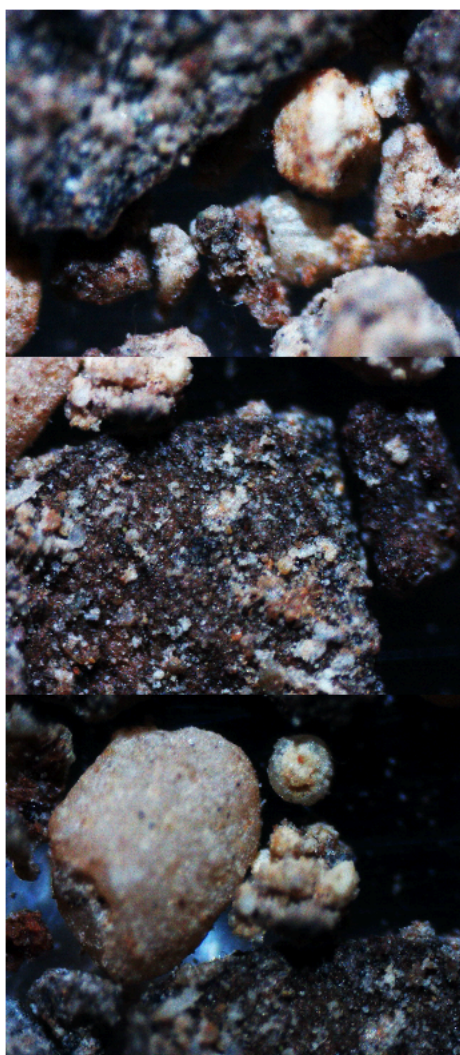
Yet the soles of my feet must
be connected, firmly rooted to
the ground and the earth

to enable the
strength to act.

Will this temporary hold make space for you too?



Ivana Mancic, *Soil*, microscope photographs, samples taken from South Nicosia (left) and North Nicosia (right), Cyprus, 2021



Jill Bru Johansen



Jill Bru Johansen, Vaksdal, Norway



When I took this photograph of the Passport Control booths at Nicosia's former International Airport, I displaced very little: just the dust set up by my footfall.

Sitting in Glasgow today, that 'snap', now a photographic print lying on our dining-room table, has become an exile of sorts. Displaced from its source by both place and time and, without any trace of that Cyprus dust.

Instead, Glasgow dust has settled on its surface over the period it has lain here on this table: a few short weeks. A thin, but noticeable film, that has muted colour and, it seems, memory.

Jim Harold



Orange Wardrobe

Jo McGonigal



Last night I dreamt she faded into the dark blue

Johan Sandborg

Julieanna Preston



'Greed's thirst' (2021).
A film by Julieanna Preston, New Zealand

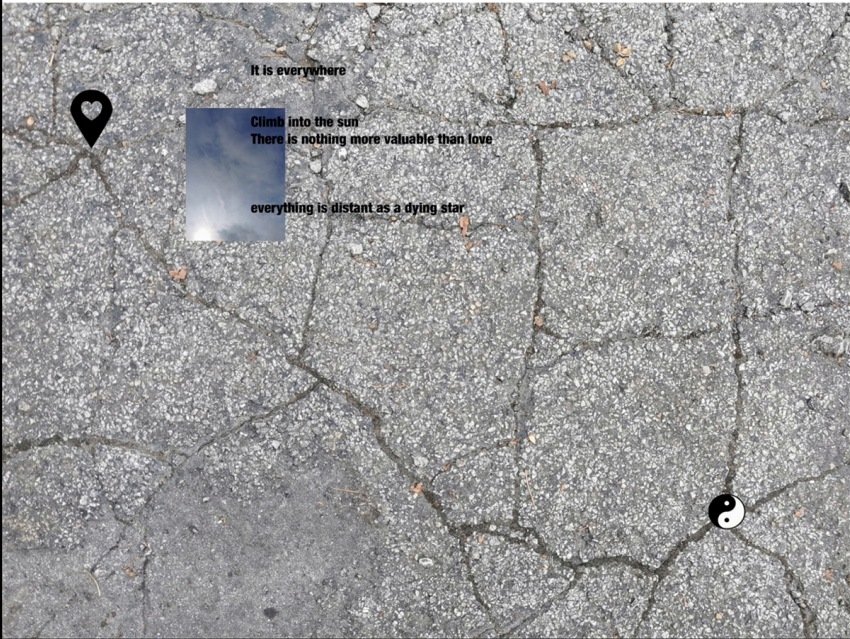


Halfway House

Julie Westerman

Kallina Brailsford

Journey to Know Where



'Journey to nowhere'.
A Film by Kallina Brailsford, an artist based in Nottingham and Bulgaria

Displacement



Driving, during the last days of august almost daily through Mesaoria, the between-the-mountains plain, I kept on contemplating the derelict mud brick houses quietly melting, often next to two-floor enormous bright and shiny contemporary dwellings, which almost-no-one can easily chill, warm, clean, or feel comfortable in. I stopped in front of one of these mud brick houses and entered the space. The temperature was perfect, I was immediately protected from the heat of the plain and the space felt so familiar, intimate, comfortable, innate.

A thought came to be formed in my mind as the days went by: These houses, made out of earth and now melting away, are re-becoming earth the same way that the human body is buried in the earth and becomes it, after we shed our bodies, after the body is separated from the soul, after we are dead, when we return to the earth.

I was struck with the realization of the proximity of the lives of these houses and of the human circle of life, and then another thought came through, of how much more harmonious the life of the human being seemed to be in a mud brick house.

A refuge fabricated by the elements of the immediate familiar environment, a handmade sanctuary of the everyday life that is bound to re-become part of the landscape with time, a living space which shares the nature of our own body and which allows our mind to expand, to dream to freely ponder daily upon our own mortality.

I could not help thinking, with some sadness I admit, how progressive and cutting edge the usage of this natural material, that was used from the prehistoric era until a few decades ago uninterruptedly, would have been in the present time.

Katerina Attalidou

Katerina Attalidou



Katerina Attalidou, Cyprus



No Dig yet still Feeling the soil, mother earth, a material of longing and belonging
August Sander's Stammape, The Farmers, where everything stems from
The soil of the fields in De Somme in 2018

Katja K Hock

Displacement as the sense of being somehow slightly apart from place; misplacement as the wrong place. Displacement as something eerie or alien. The eerie is described by Mark Fisher as a feeling within a landscape or place that something is present when there should be nothing, or that there is nothing when there should be something; the failure of absence or the failure of presence. Applies to how city centres and other previously busy sites/sights looked or, more properly, how they felt, during covid lockdowns; feeling eerie through lack of presence. A reminder of the role of people in how a place or space presents itself. In thinking about people I'm also thinking about the body and embodiment and the idea that to experience the eerie, to feel it or sense it in an environment (rather than through media), requires the person affected by the eerie to be part of the displacement. Could their presence be called a failure of absence?

Kevin Hunt, based in Nottingham, UK

„Displaced person“

I'm Lence Donceva, born 1977 in Skopje, Macedonia.

I find myself responding to the idea of displacement because I feel like a displaced person.

In 2000 I moved to Germany as an art historian who works in this profession as a curator, teacher and museum archivist in the city museum in Bad Hersfeld.

In both my professional and private life I nurture history and culture that are not very closely related to my native ones.

As a curator my everyday habits are displacing words, artefacts and art in the museum and gallery where I work.

During that process I feel that I'm always a part of the (dis)placement in certain time and space.

“Displaced person” also means displaced language, culture, tradition, religion and habits.

Displacement is happening in that moment when the person is faced with the feeling of difference, but that feeling of difference often happens through the language, the way of communication, human relationship, heritage and history.

The language as a category of life culture is a clear example of displacement of the letters and creating some new words and languages.

As an example I will mention the German word - LIEBE (li:be), which means love, which was used as a decorative word in Macedonian folklore music as ЛИНБЕ (li:be).

All the time we are witnesses to the speed of creation of new universal words and languages where the words can be displaced in new sentences, so everyone can understand the other person.

Every person cares about all anthropological landmarks of his own culture.

Are we going to recognize it or displace it? These 'landmarks' depend on the ability to reach each other as human beings, equally scattered everywhere around the world.

Lence Donceva,

16.09.2021

Bad Hersfeld, Germany

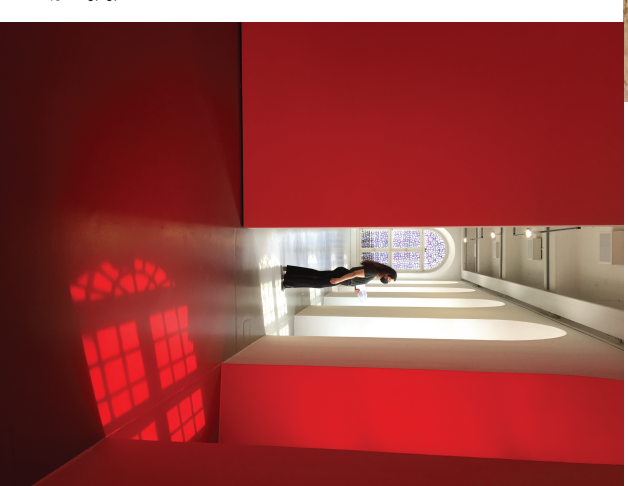


Lence Donceva
archeological place
“Stobi” - 197 BC, Macedonia

1999

Lence Donceva
Fridericianum, Kassel, Germany

2021



Installation:
MARTINE SYMS
APHRODITE'S BEASTS

3. Juli 2021 – 20. Februar 2022

They thought they've become socially anxious. Static exchange makes them nervous.

Walking to exhaust themselves. It must be some type of relocation act; automated due to familiarity at times, interrupted when in unknown territories. In direct contact with the dirt but almost weightless. Following paths and ignoring other ones.

Corporeality of sorts. A different pace and approach. An observational strategy that makes them more aware of the networks around them and within them; that allows them to create speculative vocabularies of movement and indexicality; adjusting to a relationality under development. Interaction that includes assumptions, trust, gut feeling and responsibility. Interaction that becomes internalised complexity every now and then.

Don't expect anything from the landscape; just moments of clarity and openness.

Standing still to observe what seems to be stable. Those constant micro-adjustments that they are asked to identify; sensory stimuli to negotiate their interconnectivity and relevant errors. What is experienced is always an indication of what is already there. They observe and mediate, as part of a network that they fail to comprehend.

One needs to get lost at least once in this lifetime.

They walk with their surrounding and they walk within it. A homeopathy of transitions as hopes to feel something else, to set their organs in motion, to produce something else. Developing communication tools for being with nature, for learning to decipher land and its content, its attachments. Attempting to forget linear thinking, to unfamiliarise themselves. Moving allows them to reinvent stillness, to become sociable away from any type of urbanism; an endless distancing act, a kind of speculative removal.

There is something in the softness of the morning sun. It might be the season, it might be the time, it might be their own skin.

There is definitely something in the morning sun.

Excerpt from the text developed by Leontios Toumpouris for *Reconfiguring motions*, a video installation in progress that will be presented in a solo exhibition in early 2022 with support by Korai, Nicosia.

Leontios Toumpouris is an artist based in Nicosia.
www.leontioustoumpouris.com

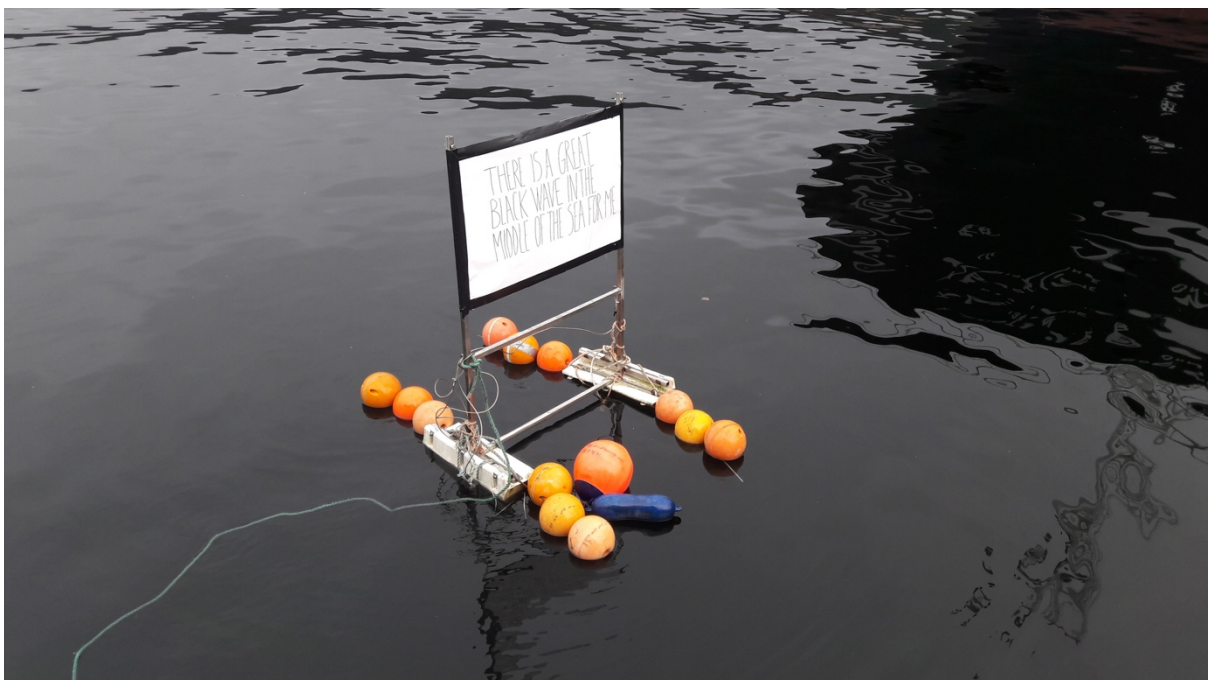
Linda H. Lien

Listen!



'Programmed to work.'
Linda H. Lien, Vaksdal, Norway

Lorie Ballage



There is a great black wave in the middle of the sea for me.

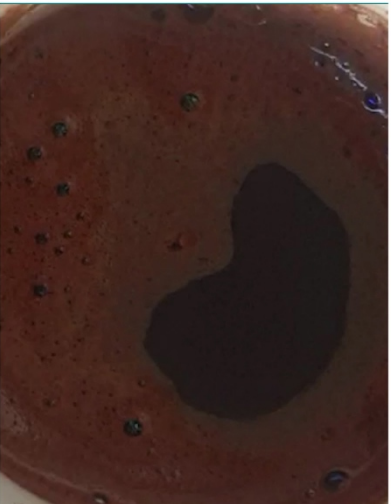
Making a home when there is no homeland, building a community on shifting sand.

Lucy Phillips

Mairéad McClean



*'Out of Place'.
1minute extract
Mairéad McClean, Bath, United Kingdom*



Memories spread like the bubbles in your morning Coffee.
No one wants to leave from his place.

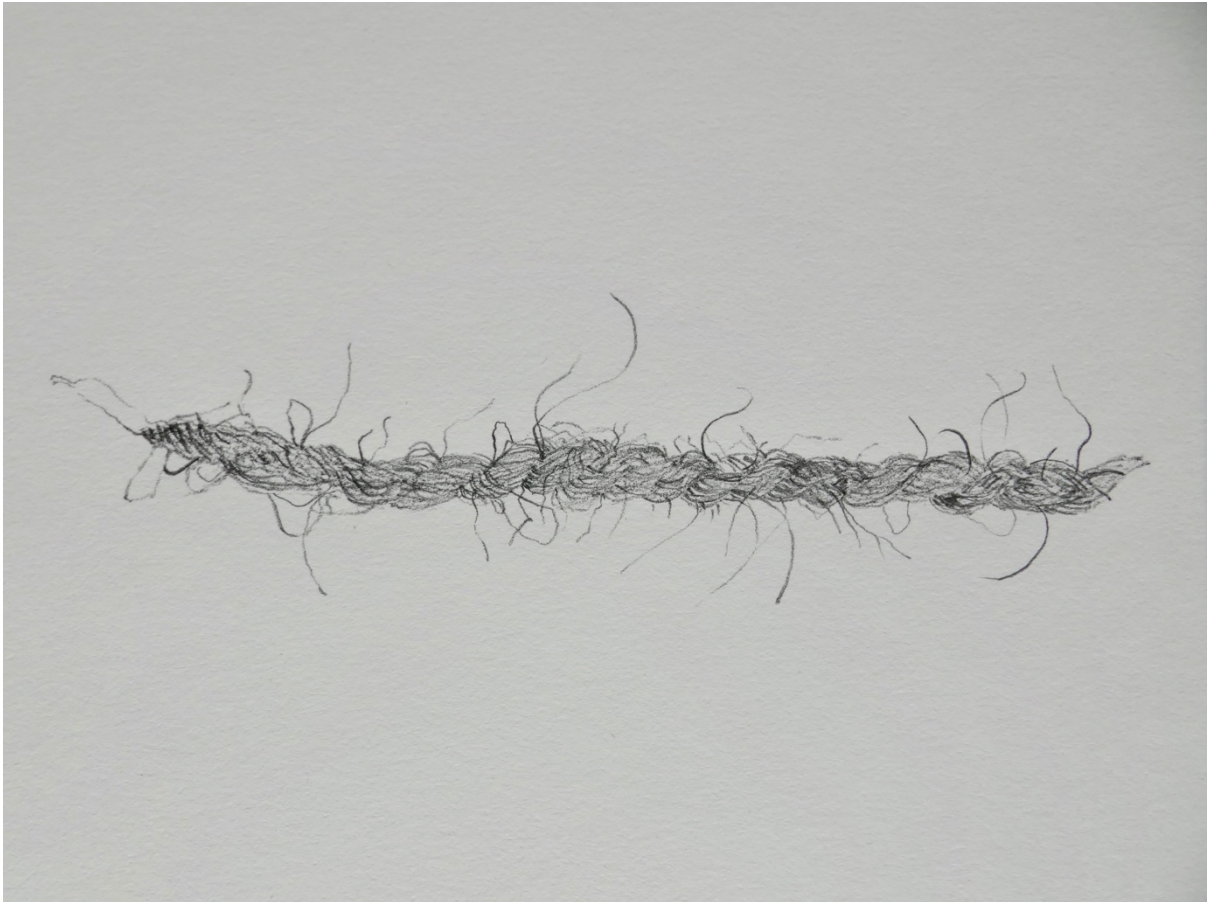


No one wants to leave from the place that he loves.
Displacement hurts, Displacement leaves into your heart,
into your soul marks.



Every Little cell in your body and mind remembers while
drinking your morning coffee...

Maria Christoforou



A line of Coir

Maria Mc Cavana

A Line of Coir

A fragment of coir brings a memory of a line in the sand, woven by women, from the husks of coconuts brought down to the sea.

The line grasped by fishermen to pull their nets, gathering fish.

A tsunami -displaced plates, waves, detonating across the world.

A line of destruction in the sea. Loss of nets, boats, homes, lives, fragments - displaced from the sea.

Words by Neil Butler



DISPLACEMENT of the ring | Marija Miloshevska, N. Macedonia

DISPLACEMENT of the ring.

Filigree in the wireless world.

I'm Marija Miloshevska based in Skopje, North Macedonia, on the Southeast Europe in the Western Balkans (born in Yugoslavia). This is my short, ironic and 'real' belonging where my place and displacement have been through the past 40 years.

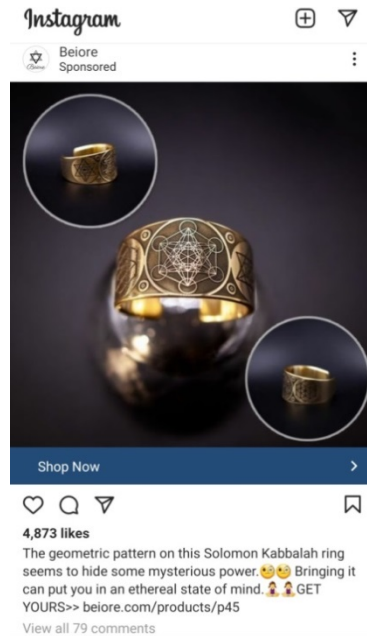
As a jewelry storyteller and explorer, my latest interests are the focus on the present moment of the jewelry message in the digital world and how it can spirituality be transferred through the digital world, or, in other words - are we buying a message and making with it memories full of beliefs? Are the digital and the spiritual world one same thing?

A displacement of the object in our daily life, for example a ring, makes a wide impact in our life when we touch, buy that object, and (dis)place it on the finger. In this way, that object becomes a spiritual connector between the material world and the process of creating memory. The displacement of an object gives a huge importance of the message that this object has. We are witnesses of jewelry commercials full of proclamation of eternal values and power. What is the ritual procedure in a digital (wireless) world? How can the filigree wire fit in the digital net?

The ring as an object is a universal or unisex jewelry, but not always has an objective meaning. The essential meaning the ring possesses is the symbol of a circle and the reminder of the timeless and endless meaning of life. However, the role the ring possesses is an element in the process of creating the culture, and in the same way it dictates the universal cultural patterns.

By reading an article on internet I found a very interesting information about the ring of the Pope and the role that ring has in this pandemic time or the power that is broadcast through that object – the ring¹. This example opens many questions about the displacement of the ring in certain times. Before the pandemic, this ring was kissed from the people who believed in the power that this ring has, but today because of this pandemic it is not allowed to kiss the hand and the ring of the Pope, because of the possibility to spread the infection. My question is: are these new displacement practices in the religious culture? Whether this ring will have the same meaning and power for the people if it is unavailable for them to touch it or kiss it? Is this a new displacement practice of the (un)applied ring in religious rituals?

¹ <https://www.pope2you.net/what-does-the-popes-ring-symbolize/>



Picture No.1

Commercial on the social media for a sponsored jewelry – ring with a “mysterious power”:
“This geometric pattern on this Solomon Kabbalah ring seems to hide some mysterious power.”



Picture No. 2

Joke on the social media from past years where a guy puts his wedding ring upside the gum gloves with the sentences: *“When you’re more afraid of your own wife then of the Covid – 19?”*

(Is this example - literally displacement of the ring? :)

This is a short and quick idea and photos that was showing in my mind (and my phone) when I started asking myself about the displacement issue. I feel that many questions and sparkles are now open about the present power of our daily objects and their function in the circles of displacement.

Marija Miloshevska,
Skopje, 11th September 2021

FORGIVING AND CAREERING

Once, our mother lost a year, maybe in the labyrinth. We thought she would be happy to learn she was a year younger than she thought she was, but, *where did that year go? which year was it? and what happened?* This is a surprising base for loss, why wouldn't we wish to be younger?

Careering, in the middle of all this, we tracked the moon from the back seat warping across three rear-view mirrors and twisted to see it in the real. Never having climbed An Teallach, we see the mountain scale as hand-held, not always recognising it from walkers' photographs. We have long been looking for *the mountain behind the mountain*. We can still only see it the way we saw it as a child, a crude outline of a woman reclined and screaming. They can just as well be known by how they recede and pass, fade, become tonal, wave-like, cloud-like. They can just as legitimately be known as we have seen them in rear-mirror views, as paths keep us coming and going from set directions. A confirmation of where we are, at any given point. We can be forgiven for that. *I recognise this*, that, the next thing, the next corner. All these roads converge on one another. All roads are major and minor. How we deduce what is major to what is minor, is just the intimate and local perspective of anyone, for that matter.

We cannot adequately describe the nature that surrounds us since it has long been ignored or made a blurred backdrop to careering this way and that. We have, from a position of no tradition, long neglected it as passing.

JEN MARTIN

In his silent monologue
Just before reaching a dialogue



He stopped himself with
Another displaced thought

“Terror of History History of Terror” (TOHHOT)

When pondering on unresolved thoughts in relation to unresolved conflicts, with a degree of naivety and innocence I simply asked does history follow terror or terror follow history? There are many answers, and none. As I similarly considered the question ‘is an art a mirror or a hammer?’ the answer seems to me not a simple either / or. I think we cannot settle either for simply bringing to consciousness the dynamics of this binary, or for getting lost in the generated dialectic. Living in the awareness of unsettlement may well be a kind of freedom whilst it certainly does not suggest easy comfort, nor does it free one from serious engagement with life’s concerns, responsibilities, relationships, surroundings, and so on. In a somewhat similar vein the work TOHHOT (July 2006) seems to continuously engage with this question-equation, *Terror of History History of Terror*.

Mehmet Adil, 2021, Turkish Republic of North Cyprus

Musab Khan



'Makkah – view from the train'.
Musab Kahn, 2021.
Mecca / Glasgow.



Displacement: In Praise of the Dry Riser

A dry riser is a system of empty pipes in modern flat blocks. Fire fighters fill them with water when there is an emergency so that they can use a high pressure hose on the higher floors.

Most dry risers remain unused, the boxes rusting away in the weather.

You probably never notice them or, if you do, think of them as ugly red boxes. But each one is monument to forethought and care, understanding that shit happens and, when it does, you need to be prepared.

The time to prepare is before the emergency.

The time to prepare is now.

Neil Scott



Noah Rose

Yom Kippur 5782, County Galway

Yesterday was Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the Jewish year, when observant and only-partially-observant Jews spend the day fasting, contemplating their actions of the previous year and considering the year to come. The Day of Atonement is a time for repentance and an essential part of the journey towards acceptance and forgiveness. It is also a day for strengthening the bonds of family and community, and all over the world Jews will gather at synagogue to pray and at home in groups to break the fast together,

I am the only Jew I know in County Galway. Yesterday I fasted alone. I did not go to synagogue; to be honest, even if there were one nearer than two hundred kilometres away, I probably wouldn't go, because I don't feel the need to pray. So what do I feel the need of?

Last week, I was in London, with my family. I went to a Bar Mitzvah, saw many of my cousins, caught up on family gossip, spent a day with an old friend, and ate gözleme and drank strong black coffee with my partner outside the Turkish cafe near my mum's house. Then I returned to my home in Ireland, the place I have chosen to live. I am very glad to live here, with the one I love, in a house that is safe and comfortable, in a country that is beautiful, and that has been good to me, and yet... I am displaced from my family, my people. I hesitate to use the word 'community' because it feels too loaded - a community in the religious sense is not what I miss; I am not a member of any such community, at least not in a formal way. I'm not very observant, not very religious, and yet... it is important to me to recognise that I belong within this cultural tradition, one that is dispersed and multifarious, and for me is redolent of home.

A bit of a misnomer this 'home' because where is home for me? Born in Israel, a place I can no longer think of home, I grew up in London, where most of my family still live, and the nearest place to 'home', although I haven't lived there in thirty years. There are many reasons why I left London, and yet... I love visiting, love the diversity of cultures and vibrancy of the city. However, I have chosen to spend most of my life elsewhere, and for now my home is in rural Ireland.

I think of all the people around the world displaced under the most terrible circumstances, and my story doesn't seem very noteworthy, my displacement not so hard, and yet... it is something. A real feeling; which I have struggled with during this last year of Level 5 Lockdowns and endlessly changing travel restrictions.

Sitting here on a damp, misty Galway morning, with a view out towards the Connemara mountains, I'm grateful to have a home. My coffee is not from a Turkish cafe but from Colombia, via Aldi, brewed in my favourite blue enamelled pot and waiting to be drunk from my favourite Finnish cup...

Noah Rose,
The day after Yom Kippur, Tishrei 5782 (September 2021),
County Galway.

We Refuse to be Scapegoats (2021)

A 4-channel video installation by Pam Skelton

Soundscape by Wayne Brown

Curated by Iliyana Nedkova

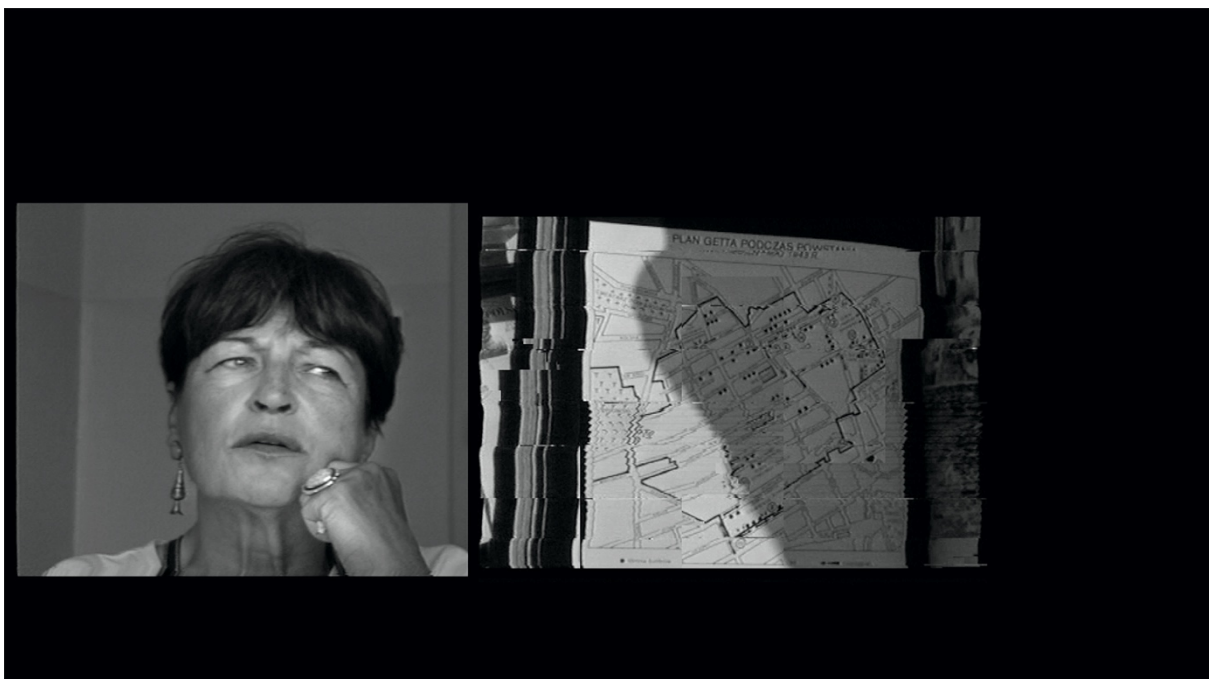
My interest in the aftermath of WWII and Holocaust Europe and its legacy have been explored in several pieces of work over three decades and explores ways to reconnect contested histories. The exhibition *We Refuse to be Scapegoats* gradually emerged from the retrieval visits to Poland in the 90's and the censorship that I experienced in Warsaw while undertaking a project of Polish memory of the Warsaw Ghetto by people who currently lived there at the time of my visit in 1996. While Polish residents of the former ghetto willingly contributed to my project the curators of the history and art museums were seriously opposed and the project was eventually shelved. This incident was the catalyst that drove my research on the conflict of memory in Israel Palestine and culminating three decades later in *We Refuse to be Scapegoats*.



We Refuse to be Scapegoats (2021) duration 15.06 is the signature work in this exhibition which takes the form of a dialogue across generations and nationalities of inspiring women, feminists, political commentators, and youth activists. The use of juxtaposition grew out of ways to explore some of the commonalities and differences that might exist between past and present struggles for liberty, freedom, and justice such as what might be learned, who may inspire recognition and confidence and why

Tall Walls Wall Me is a single channel video installation duration: 7.16

Louis MacNeice's anti-war poem *Prayer Before Birth* is delivered by a Palestinian boy who conveys the idea that the struggle against inequality must still haunt us. For the past is not the past when it lives in on in the present and when it is used to expel the Palestinian people from their homeland.



‘The Warsaw ghetto is real... under the surface there are ashes, anti-Semitism... Jews ...Poles ...hatred, indifference, Polish memory, Jewish memory. I cannot proceed’.

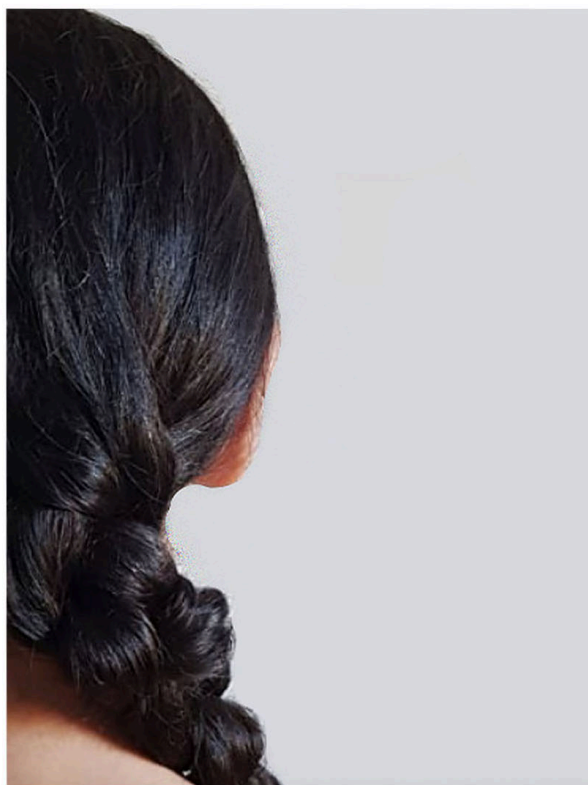
Impasse, stalemate, deadlock, gridlock, bottleneck.

To block progress or agreement. A point at which no further progress can be made, or agreement reached.

link to a 1 min excerpt from *We Refuse to be Scapegoats* shown at P21 Gallery, London 23rd June – 17th July 2021.

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/o90u0v6v3ozwoqm/Angela%20Davis%20Sharing%20clip%2014%20May.mp4?dl=0>

<https://pamskelton.org>



Paria Moazemi Goodarzi

Pavel Büchler

A few words in my mother tongue from the section of a Czech-language newspaper that I used to know as Hospodářství (now headed Business).

benefit
billboard
blockbuster
boom
boss
briefing
business
catering
chat
comeback
cool
credit
downsizing
feedback
gender
grooming
hardcopy
hardware
homebanking
hype
image
insider
logout
look
marketing
message
musthave
office
online
primetime
respondent
seafood
showcasing
showroom
startup
streaming
taxfree
teleshopping
trailer
tweet
workshop
youtuber

Dear Sue and Jim

Indeed it feels like another life time ago since we were together

your invitation is so resonant, and so here is my reply

yes, i have often thought about the bitter sweet agony of displacement

how this experience can shred you and also catapult you onto another plane where it is possible to find other relations

but now

in the midst of what seems another interminable lockdown in Melbourne

it is the agony of enplacement

here we are, stuck and rigid

complain about it and you sound like a narcissistic anti-vaxxer lunatic

accept it and feel reduced to a sleeping dupe

i resent this prison optic and the delirious aphrodisiacal power that is now at the end of every finger point exercise by our Premier

but i don't what is the better or third option out of here, how can i dream of the cosmo polis from here?

Insomnia is swirling on and blurring over my capacity to enjoy the peace and an on-line life of dialogue is sucking the joy of being with others

i crave to see old friends and new strangers

there must be an orgy of sociality at the end of this pilgrimage

yet to be thrown out into a boundless limbo as feels reckless

so we wake up again

stirring the coffee, staring at the bubbles, thinking of our troubles, and as the delectable MC said, thinking somehow of the cosmos

Nikos Papastergiadis, Melborne, Australia



Quiet Place: Tower Hamlets, London.

I had just left a nearby art gallery after discussing work and ideas in an area of London that I knew well having previously lived there for over twenty years. Turning the corner from Tooley Street I glanced into the dark depths of a tunnel under the railway lines and saw the silhouette of a man sitting quietly eating a sandwich amidst the rubble, litter and puddles.

Ron Haselden

Ross Birrell



'Four Displacements' 2021.
A film by Ross Birrell. Kilcreggan, Scotland

Sarah Tripp

Listen!



Sarah Tripp, Untitled, Glasgow

Sharon Kivland

Listen!

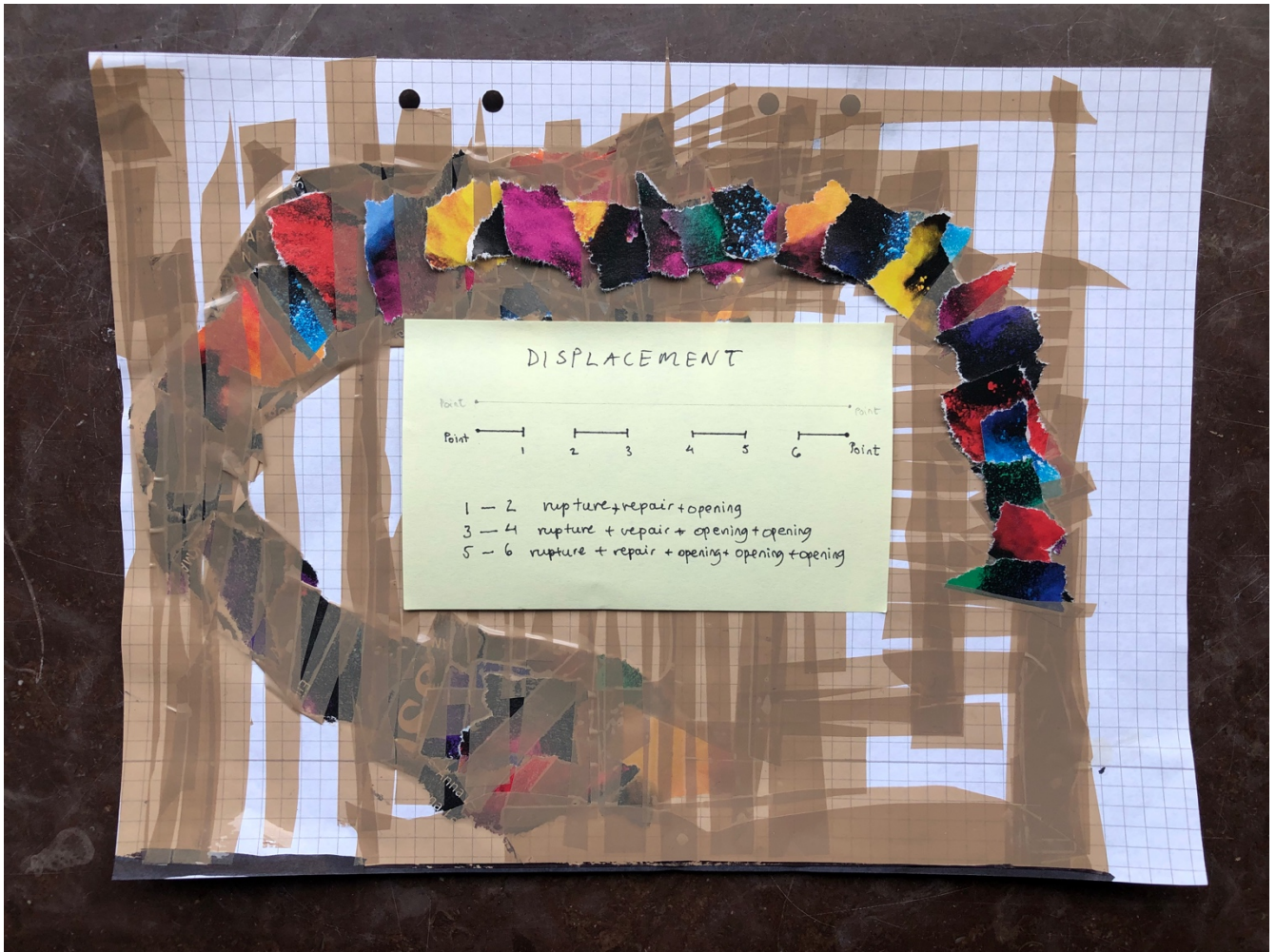


Spoken word.

Sharon Kivland. United Kingdom and France



Title: Dis window place
Name: Shauna McMullan
Date: Sat. 18th Sept.
Place: Glasgow



Rupture and Repair

Sogol Mabadi

Displacement.

Displacement by poverty. Economic migration. People moving around the world to seek better opportunities has been with us since the beginning of human history.

30 million European migrants entered the US between 1836 and 1914. Of whom 5 million passed through the UK. Of whom over 3 million came through the Humber ports of Hull and Grimsby. Of whom 1.71 million came through Hull between 1880 and 1914. (*Evans, N. Journal of Maritime Research 2011*)

Stephen Todd
Sheffield UK

www.stephen-todd.com

Instagram: stephentodd5179

Point of Embarkation (Hull Docks). Mixed Media. 76cm x 56cm





Maronite Coffee, Cyprus © Susan Brind & Jim Harold, 2017.

South Barn, Scalan, 8th June 2018

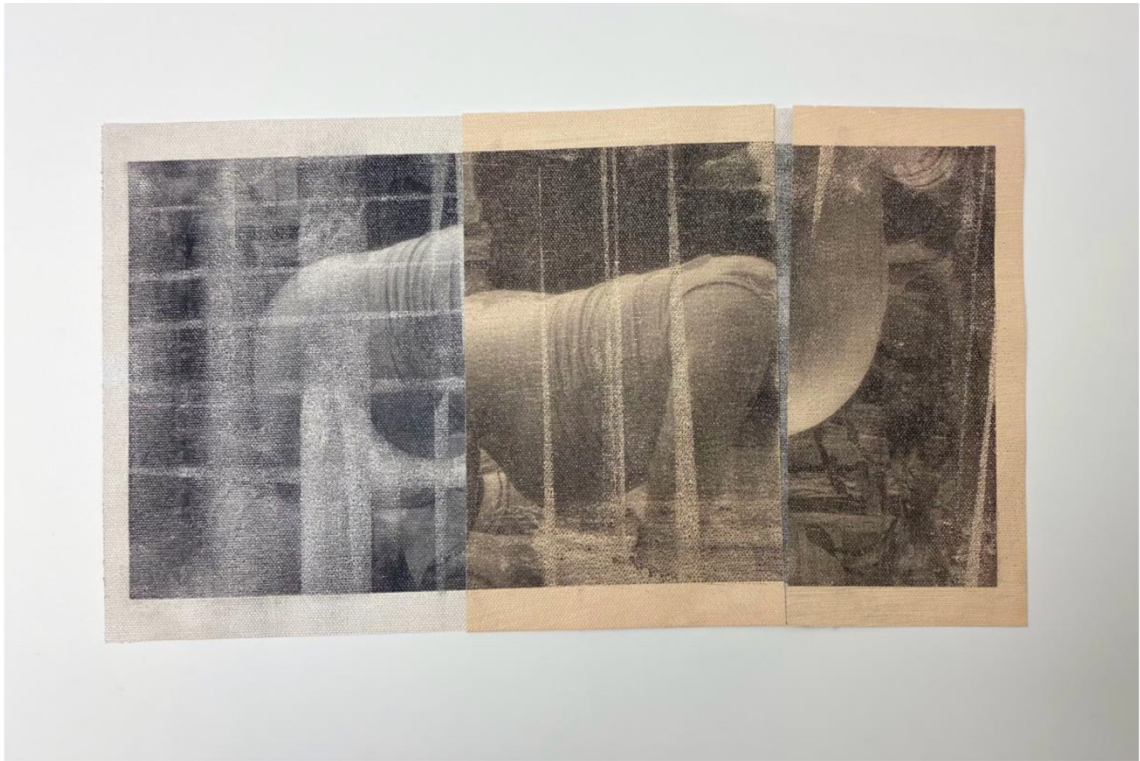
This morning we spent time in the south barn which, strictly speaking, is a building of two parts: a mill in the south end and an adjoining byre at the north end. The different qualities of the two parts was palpable. Gravity and grace occupied either end of the barn. In the north end - with its timber stalls, troughs and cobbled floor, where the animals had been kept - you could feel a softness in the atmosphere but also a kind of weight too. I've felt this before in other places where horses have been stabled. It's like a manifestation of a stillness at the core of their being somehow left as a trace. In contrast, the southern end was full of life and lightness. Swallows had nested in the barn: temporary migrants, here for the summer, flitting in and out of the building at incredible speed, twittering to each other (and at us) as they came and went. The sun wasn't shining directly into the space, we were too early for that, but it infused it with light despite the thick dust on the windows. Four of us tried to decipher the graffiti that covered the timber-lined walls of the south end: reading aloud the weather, the price of grain, names and brief biographical details from another time; giving voice to the absent folk who had once occupied this land, this place, been part of this community. The brief facts inscribing the space remain as ghosts of the lives lived, and the life of the land. I read an account of a local woman who left to go to America but then she was recorded as coming back a few years later, with no further explanation as to why. Perhaps she simply needed to know what it was to leave - and to return.

Susan Brind,

Susan Higgins

*I'm sitting at Heathrow
wondering and pondering
on the word 'displacement'
and it conjures up thoughts
of travel, movement and
hardships!*

Susan Higgins - Lives in UK



I was thinking about the shifting rhythms in the body and altered states of consciousness during the liminal phase of labour ... as birth-giver and baby work towards separation.

Susan Roan, 'Second Stage', Drawing: 370 x 210 mm, Oil paint, charcoal and printing ink on canvas, 2021.

STUCK TOGETHER

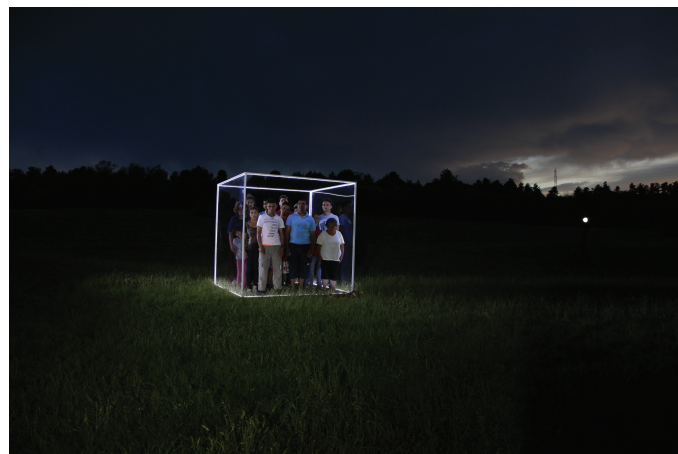
The idea of my art instalation "Stuck Together" deals with the global subject of the migrant crisis referring, above all, to the xenophobia and panic rhetoric present in all mainstream media which, simultaneously, serves as a defence of the so-called imperialistic politics of the great powers. The idea of displacement in this art instalation expose this discourse, whereas to perceive the present migrations in a historic and globally political context realized through a concrete artistic practice. With that, we will get a more complete picture of this problem and will obviously open a lot of questions but we will also call for possible solutions.

Through my creative investigation for this "life" art instalation -"Stuck Together," and at the same time using a strong visual aesthetics, these twenty silent participants placed and stuck in a symbolical space – a glass cube placed in an open area, I refer to the global actual issue, and the life and destiny of migrants and homeless people, whereas, through their sad destinies, I reflect the picture of the present society.

Actually, through their non-verbal gesticulations, mimes and lost eye-sights, there are different dimensions of attitudes and question that intersect with each other, of past and present, the relation of centre and periphery, all aspects of movements and travel, migrations and exile, but also establishing new standards in communication of contemporary local, regional and European dimensions in a time where reading new constellations and ideologies from the past are needed due to the new establishment in the multipolar new world.

Tanja Balac

September, 2021
Skopje, N. Macedonia

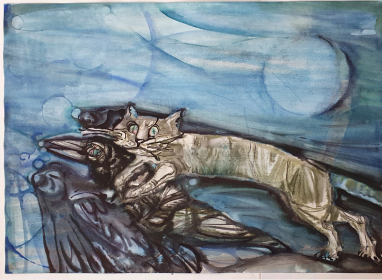
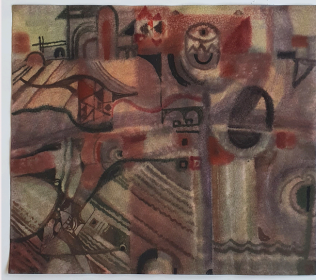


Thomas Nøkling



Framleis her på veggen, eg / I am still here on the wall.
Film and audio by Thomas Nøkling, Vaksdal, Norway

Vsevolod Vidiakin



'Mental displacement. Sexual displacement. Informational displacement.'
Vsevolod Vidiakin, Arkhangelsk, Russia

I remember the first time someone told me that being a “Travelling Showperson” wasn’t a real culture, not a real thing. I didn’t understand, and they didn’t understand. Equally unaccustomed to one another’s cultures. We are a minority that is not taken seriously and one which can be so easily displaced and moved out of sight.

I returned to my childhood site, with a bitterness which harbours fears and anxieties of the past as it was when my family and neighbours were forced to move. Asking questions such as, why we were so easily moved from our homeland after more than thirty years of contributing to the local community. Was it the government or the surrounding community that wanted us gone, and if so, why? Were we just an eyesore?

A travelling Showperson’s lifestyle is governed by self-employment and close nit community, of travelling in the summer and settling down in the winter months. So, was it something deeper seated, a painful reminder to those with rooted lifestyles, the possibility of a nomadic existence out with their reach?

I spent time here, contemplating my childhood, the nature, the memories remembered and forgotten. The movement of us and the loss of the natural environment of the surrounding area, the trees, plants, animals and their habitat. I return to nature for answers once again as I did as a child, foraging the natural environment that now reclaims the land in which we lived. I attempted to find a space in-between this once know yet new place, between my loss and what still exists, travelling on this emotional pilgrimage.

Zara Nicole Smith





