# Despite <br> Dispossession <br> An Activity Book 



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## FOREWORD

# ¿DESPÓfe ATE! CLEANSE YOURSELF! Ghostly Tools for Dispossession 

Rubén Gaztambide-Fernández

Cleansings, or despojos, were a common thing growing up in Puerto Rico. As a child my abuelita would prescribe a despojo to anyone with the slightest affliction. If anyone complained of bad luck, they needed a despojo to remove it; if a couple had problems, a despojo was the solution; if the flu persisted, the perfect medicine was a despojo. These despojos were for my abuelita the way to eliminate the spiritual blocks and the negative energies that were causing every difficulty. Despojarse was to scare away negative spirits, evil eye, bad vibrations, and any curse or spell from the enemies of the beyond. Despojarse was to cleanse oneself; to free yourself from the forces of evil; to clear the way for healing Yet, in Puerto Rico there were other kinds of despojos, or dispossessions. The United States army, for example, dispossessed more than three quarters of the island-town of Vieques in order to stage military exercises that had a devastating impact on the environment and on the lives of its Puerto Rican residents. In 1982 the colonial government of Puerto Rico dispossessed the residents of Villa Sin Miedo of their land and homes in the name of the state, murdering along the way the community leader and mother Adolfina Villanueva. Over the last three decades, large banks and investors have dispossessed the local economy and have left
the people in the ruins of bankruptcy and without the capacity to recover from the natural disasters that have hit the island in recent years. My abuelita would say that what Puerto Rico needs is a despojo (a cleansing); not the devastating despojo (dispossession) of coloniality, but the liberatory despojo of the ghosts and the saints a cleansing of the spirit to return to life. For my abuelita's despojos, you needed tools, and nothing was more important than healing herbs. These herbs with which my abuelita would prepare the cleansing baths for the despojos were all willful weeds peppermint; rue; witch hazel; oregano; eucalyptus; and, siam weed. Likewise, the authors of the Despite Dispossession: eAn eActivity Book propose a series of tools for the creation of different kinds of despojos. These tools of creation that the authors propose are tools for cleansing ourselves from the dispossessions of the coloniality of power; these are despojos against despojos. These are tools for opening the flow rather than blocking it; to question the crushing colonial forces, and, like the ch'ixi that thinker and activist Silvia Rivera Cusicanqui proposes, to "remove all the superfluous, the dead leaves that is blocking the crash and the almost electric energy, reverberant, that allows us to live together and to live with contradiction, to make of it a kind of radiographic vision
that allows us to discover the structures that undergird the surface." ${ }^{1}$

Over the seven days during which I had the privilege of sharing, conversing, and learning with this group of cultural workers gathered as the Willful Weeds Research Group in Vienna, we did a kind of collective despojo, a cleansing process through which we identified knowledges and frames of reference with which to construct a creative solidarity. To create, in the words of Rangoato Hlasane, "conditions for the accumulation of new narratives," ${ }^{2}$ narratives against disposses sion, dis-possessed narratives. Likewise, this book is more than a toolbox; it is a box of surprises for facilitating the subjective movement of our own being; to re-tell who we are and how we mutually make each other; in short, it is a toolbox for a pedagogy of solidarity. These tools emerge from various emerging localities that have been activated by this group of pedagogistas with a commitment to move the hard and coagulated molasses of colonial processes not to resolve but rather to live within the tensions that Cusicanqui names; to animate the energies and open the dam gates to new ghostly illusions of fantastic extra-human beings that invite the anticolonial willfulness with which our peoples have survived dispossession.

Silvia Rivera Cusicangui, Un mundo

presente en crisis (Buenos Aires: Tint
Limino 2088), 152-53; translation
by the
Limón, 2018,
by the author.
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$2 \begin{aligned} & \text { Rangoato llasane in personal } \\ & \text { communication with the author, }\end{aligned}$ communication with
26 February 2020 .
3 Rivera Cusicanqui, Un mundo ch'xi sa posibe, 44; translation bil
author. For an English version of the text, see Project Bibliograph
in this volume.

This collective of creative guides invite us to confabulate and animate new myths, to navigate rivers with extraordinary beings, to search the crevices to feel the loss of what they have taken from us in colonial processes, and to reinvent the toxic remains of what they left us in the ruins. This is what the magical despojo is all about-the cleansing bath that this group of creators has made for us with their tools for cultural work; to work in a manner as if dispossessed of (not by) coloniality, not as an end to which we arrive-but as if we could be in the end dispossessed of the very coloniality of power that dispossesses us, as if we lived in the dispossession itself-in the in-between ch'ixi space that as Rivera Cusicanqui puts it, "poses resistance" and that has "produced a crash, a crisis, an emergency, but also the intelligent magma from which might sprout liberating energies."3 These are tools for metamorphosis, but a creative metamorphosis that reframes previous forms: anarchist, feminist, confabulating, mythic, animal, monstrous. Tools for generating spontaneous cinematographies in unexpected places and spaces, for dis-possessing the lost and the forgotten in the cry and the mourning; but also returned in the remembrance of the gossip and the vulgar; to sow the new seed that grows, like willful weeds, against the sordid cement of coloniality; to cure and to care; to heal the wound even while it never closes; to live again, like the tlacuache [opossum], the life that even death never stopped


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## DISPOSSESSION MATTERS An Invitation

Willful Weeds Research Group

Willful weeds are pervasive, resiliently growing from the cracks of colonial plunder and capitalist devastation. As different struggles around the world fight for the survival of the pluriverse, we join this gathering as we also extend an invitation to explore the potential of worldmaking in landscapes of dispossession.

Despite Dispossession: eAneActivity Book is the result of a place-based artistic research project; it traces the points of connection that we-a group of rearguard artists/ researchers from a number of sites directly affected by the politics of dispossessionhave knitted and knotted along our path of walking together. The precarious, unstable, and heterogeneous "we" continues to be formed by a group linked to places as diverse as Sinop, Addis Ababa, Diyarbakır, Alentejo, Berlin, Oaxaca, Zacatecas, and Viennaall of which, in some way, are connected to struggles of the Global South. We met and formed at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna, invited by Anette Baldauf, a white Austrian professor, who received funding from the Austrian Science Fund for a project titled "DisPossession: Post-Participatory Art Practices and the Pedagogy of Land" (2018-20). Our understanding of "DisPossession" was initially inspired by the book, Dispossession: The Performative in the Political, by Judith Butler and Athena Athanasiou, who argue that the concept of dispossession carries a double meaning: there is dispossession as the state of violent appropriation of land, bodies, desires, rights, and social relations by force; and, there is also a form of dispossession that establishes us as relational and interdependent beings as the result of an always ambivalent and tenuous process of subjection that constitutes subjectivity. ${ }^{1}$

We started our discussions by sharing experiences from the sites that many call home. We talked about state-led politics of displacement, neoliberal forms of land grabbing, gentrification, and securitarian governmentality, as well as about how human and non-human bodies become materialized and dematerialized through new forms of enslavement and colonization, and how the systematic violence that we inherit today continues to organize our relations. We identified these struggles as different forms of dispossession, and we searched for alliances across the particularities of these conditions.

The second, and in many ways complementing, inspiration for this project came from recent work on epistemologies of the South: struggling to move away from (while residing in) a dominant form of Eurocentric knowledge production, we aimed for an engagement with Indigenous and local knowledges put forth by and among different worlds. We were looking for concepts responding to distinct realities in the Global Southconcepts that we hoped to think and feel with. Boaventura de Sousa Santos's book Epistemologies of the South: Justice against Epistemicide provided us with a horizon to reflect further on ideas of pluriversality and encouraged our longing to share in the radical co-presence of a multiplicity of epistemes, ontologies, and politics. ${ }^{2}$

Juith Buter \& Athena Athanasiou,
Dispossession: Dissossession: The Performative in
the Political (Cambridge: Polity, 2013). Boaventura de Sousa Santos,
Epistemologies of the South Justice 2against E Eisistemicicie (Boulde
Paradigm Publishers.
2014)

In the wake of brutal violence and devastating plunder, we asked ourselves: what are the stories we want to tell and retell within life worlds under the threat of extinction? Which stories do we want to listen to, when transnational extractivism, state violence, new forms of war and neo-fascist politics expand dramatically around the globe? Can we facilitate a storytelling and worldmaking that envisions futurities not exclusively
 defined by fear, pain, or despair? How can we support visions of a future that are propelled by forces of indignation, desire, and new kinds of relationality?

We inaugurated our collective endeavor with an excursion to Alentejo, Portugal, hosted by Sílvia das Fadas. She shared with us her engaged astonishment with the ruins of an anarchist commune. During our excursion, we visited an old miners' town where we stood silently at the edge of a dark lake, a former open pit, dead matter emptied of all life because of an insatiable greed for profit. That same evening we watched the miners choir perform traditional songs, and as the young and old men interlocked their arms and softly rocked their bodies back and forth, they reminded us that, despite this, there still was movement.

Back in Vienna, it was this search for the "in spite of" that sent us out for walks: we walked, conversed, stopped, took a breath, and continued walking. Our readings inspired us to walk with and in support of each other, and with our immediate and far removed companions. We took walks in the woods of Vienna and by the Danube river, and we invited others to walk with us. We walked, listened deeply to the soundscape, picked mushrooms, made picnics, read together, and shared experiences of buen vivir [good living] from different locations. One colleague offered to guide us through the woods and introduce us to Sin'k, a particular bread that, in his home country, travellers carry along to share with strangers. On the morning prior to the walk, this colleague was deported. When we went on the walk without him the following day, we took a break to read his letter on the history of Sin'k and the value of searching for encounters along one's paths; his absence reminded us of the uneven distribution of the possibilities of moving through space. For some of us, having such safe and easy access to walking was not an experience that we could take for granted. In any case, leaving the office behind helped us to reset our minds and bodies, and to think/feel differently.

We would regularly meet and discuss the development of everyone's projects in the rather bleak office space \#A4239A at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. We spent hours sitting around the table, hunching our backs in front of artworks, and taking far too many notes. Slowly, we gathered

a common pool of concepts, including the abyssal line, the pluriverse, thinking/feeling, buen vivir, ruins, monsters, and ghosts. We called this common pool our "firmament. Composed of concepts from various readings, it provided orientation for both common and individual engagements. Though our sites varied greatly with regards to geopolitical conditions, scales of extraction, and strategies of resistance, a web of entanglement emerged while we wove these sites together-a precarious beginning for South-South bridgemaking. Looking at the Tigris River, it was almost impossible not to consider what happens at the Tagus River, or, not to think of the relationship between the toxic, crushed hills in Zacatecas, and the massive demolition and construction sites in Addis Ababa.
They taught us in detail about the entanglements of matter, time, and space. In workshops with Rubén Gaztambide-Fernández, Angela Melitopoulos, Margarita Palacios, and Eve Tuck, we learned to deepen these connections and interweave what on first sight is often considered unique and unrelated.

While we worked in Vienna, we also knew that the heart, or the many hearts, of the project were actually elsewhere. The project allowed us to travel to the different sites of study. We continuously crossed from one place to another and back again, from the white European epicenter of knowledge production, which, despite our visas, never quite welcomed our colored, southern, and migrant bodies, to our contexts of longing and belonging. The abyssal line cut right through our group, organizing our sociality, ways of relating, and multiple intersections. Gloria Anzaldúa's concept of "crossing" helped us to make sense of the multiple back-and-forth movements between here and there-dividing and cutting across. Our awareness of the crossings was informed by the many returns, the places and landscapes we encountered, the people we met, and the friendships we cherished. We refused to settle on either side of the line and insisted instead on inhabiting multiple worlds and engaging with ambivalences, contradictions, and cross-pollinations. ${ }^{3}$

For a group of (temporarily) Vienna-based artists/researchers, the moments of deviation from the "we" were plentiful and transformative. They kept us moving and trying to make sense of our steps. Between one knot and the next, our work was nourished by the encounters on the sites that each of us engaged with. The encounters guided us to the power of indignation and desire; indignation and desire relate to distinct ethical positions and understandings of the world. Indignation is an affective response to injustice; it is connected with rage and the imperative to strive for dignity, with "the belief that one has been wronged." ${ }^{4}$ Desire entails, in the words of Eve Tuck "accounts for the loss and despair, but also the hope, the visions, the wisdom of lived lives and communities. Desire is involved with the not yet and, at times, the not any more." ${ }^{5}$

In the course of our engagements, we participated in making meaningful bonds with activists, feminist groups, initiatives fighting dispossession, communities seeking autonomous ways of living, groups dedicated to reclaiming public space for collective mourning, and artists and activists engaged with speculative modes of storytelling that refuse victimization. It is to them that we offer this work. The book is an object of return, perhaps unrequited. Our engagements taught us that we are in need of tools to mourn the past and fabulate an alternative future, to spread gossip and metabolize toxicity. We need tools to walk with each other and to come together again, after having fallen apart. We recognized that we need tools to bring our stories together in a polyphonic choir of willful weeds.

Giona E.Anzaldua, Borreranans
La Frontera: - The Lar Frontera: The New Mestiza (San
Francisco: Aunt Lute Books, 2012).

[^0]5 Eve Tuck, "Suspending Damage: Eve Tuck, "Suspending Damage:
ALeter to Communties, Harvard Educational Review 79, no. 3 (Fall
20099: 417 .

We crafted tools in the course of our individual art projects. We tried them out in a series of activities in workshops with artists, activists, and other community members. As tools can be given intentions by their users, we wanted to offer them to others as something to be used, revised, and appropriated for worldmaking processes in proximity with different struggles against dispossession. We also explored manuals and instructional formats on how to break patterns of habitual modes of perceiving and interacting, and we discovered a rich pluriverse of pedagogical devices, including games, scores, and activity books. Despite Dispossession: eAneActivityBook compiles the documentation of a series of engagements with different sites. In each chapter, introductory notes on the placebased study are followed by elaborations of the particular tools, relating to and deriving from the particular struggles at the individual sites and, finally, the description of a set of activities that have been tried at particular sites. The speculative tools and activities that we propose are inspired by our witnessing of survival, resistance, resilience, dignity, and joy. They are offerings to the creativity of people, who care for the co-presence of different species, temporalities, and scales, people who relate to different modes of living, thinking, and feeling. We hope that in your hands, the tools and activities might fly like a kite guided by the wind of your aspirations.

The Despite Dispossession activity book provides insights into seven place-based studies, hoping to initiate resonances among multiple strategies and longings across borders. The next chapter, "Willful Weeds Strife," collectively written by the Willful Weeds Research Group, reflects on whether it is possible for a project, situated in a European academic institution and marked deeply by its colonial legacy, to study in a dispossessed manner. In "Heavy Blood," Naomi Rincón Gallardo learns from and with the spectral creatures gauging the extent of their revenge among the toxic ruins of Vetagrande, Zacatecas. Sílvia das Fadas, in the contribution "Luz, Clarão, Fulgor/Light, Blaze, Fulgor," engages with the long history of an anarchist commune and follows its resonances in the autonomous ways of living currently rehearsed in Alentejo. "Around a River," by Rojda Tuğrul, follows the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers through the perspective of a turtle that is in danger of extinction from dam projects in upper

Waking together to o deserted
open--pit mine in Mina de Sǎo open-pit mine in Mina de São
Pomingos, Corte do Pinto, Alent Portugal, 2018 ; photo by the
Willui Weeds Research Group

Mesopotamia. In "Despina," İpek Hamzaoğlu meets with people and ghosts, speculating over what will be left after the destruction of the environment inflicted by a nuclear power plant in Sinop.

Janine Jembere's "Paperlands" follows traces of objection to German colonial rule written by Africans between 1880 and 1914, amplifying the continuities of African anticolonial struggle and their relations to Germany. In "Opossum Resilience," Naomi Rincón Gallardo follows the local anti-extractivist activism to fabulate bastardized Mesoamerican myths in Oaxaca. Finally, Berhanu Ashagrie Deribew asks how mourning practices can become an aesthetic, pedagogical, and political device that might contribute to the process of collective healing in the city of Addis Ababa in his piece "Care \& Become."

Although we wrote this book in English, the research projects and workshops, in which we explored the tools and activities compiled here, took place in many different languages. None of us are native English speakers but, despite or because of its imperial foundation, English was the language we all shared. As we dreamed of turning the project into a book, the prospect of publishing it in English did not meet our longing for this to become an object of return. We have translated the manuscript into Amharic, Kurdish, Portuguese, Turkish, and Spanish and a small print-run of each translation will soon be available via our publisher's website at k-verlag.org. But, we should emphasize: Despite Dispossession: eAneActivityBook is not a manual for a participatory art project. To call for participation would mean that we have defined the setting and know the plot. Instead, we hope for these reflections, as well as the tools and activities, to incite and initiate. Initiation
 is a concept borrowed from dance and performance studies, it connects leading and following: to follow is to initiate. ${ }^{6}$ It is our hope that this book can provide a form of leading that, while it initiates an opening, as it enters a gap it will follow the response. And, in the spirit of Audre Lorde, we also hope that it will "literally incite, like a riot," worldmaking that supports struggles for the defense of earth, water, air, millenary crops, and sacred ties between human life and nature. This work is an invitation to counter the hetero-patriarchal, racial, and capitalist logics of ownership of the planet and their psycho-affective forms of domination.

We hope that the tools and activities proposed here will inspire you to join us in our effort to remember, reimagine, and rearticulate connections to the land in its manifold dimensions. We worked with the tools and activities encountered in different sites. Now we hope that you, dear reader, carry on the book's journey and take it to unexpected places.

## SPROUT!

Signs at the deserted open-pit mine
 Pinto, Alenteio/Portugal, 2018; photo
by the Wilful Weeds Research Group 6 Lepenki, André. "From Paltaking
to Intitating: eleading Following
as Dancés (A-personal) Political
 singularity." In Dance, Politics and
Co-immunity. Edited by Stefan Hoilscher \& Gerald Siegmund. Eerin
and Zurich: Diaiophanes, 2013. 21-38

In bleak office spaces The silence speaks of tension Then voices meet in a choir And the noise catches fire


WILLFUL WEEDS STRIFE


Willful Weeds Research Group

In urgent times, many of us are tempted to address trouble in terms of making an imagined future safe, of stopping something from happening that looms in the future, of clearing away the present and the past in order to make futures for coming generations. Staying with the trouble does not require such a relationship to times called the future. In fact, staying with the trouble requires learning to be truly present, not as a vanishing pivot between awful or edenic pasts and apocalyptic or salvific futures, but as mortal critters entwined in myriad unfinished configurations of places, times, matters, meanings.

- Donna J. Haraway, Staying with the Trouble

How you fight determines who you will become when the battle is over.

- Taiaiake Alfred, Wasáse



The following text is a collective writing exercise that reflects on different stages that we as individuals and as a group went through in the course of our winding and at times rocky research process. Instead of putting forth the fiction of a consistent, self-possessed "we," our attempt in this section is to give voice to the fragmentary accounts of the fluctuating ways in which we negotiated the multiple crossings between different geopolitical and affective sites. In these crossings, we came to experience moments of transformative openness, where we were indeed dispossessed of our individuated selves by the many encounters with humans and non-humans, as well as by the others in the group, their enthusiasm and dedication as much as their grief and pain.

Let us recall the unforeseeable arrow of an invitation and proposal, which has projected us towards a common room and a speculative common ground: reading together, being inspired by Indigenous pedagogies of land, thinking how to make them resonate in our different contexts, writing collectively, singing, overlooking problems, imagining other places, and studying together. We remember leaving our room in Vienna to pick mushrooms in the woods while reading Anna Tsing out loud. And watching Sanrizuka: Peasants
$\uparrow$ The Willtul Weeds Research Group in Portugal, 2018; photo by the Willt
of the Second Fortress by the Ogawa Pro Collective during a storm by the banks of the Danube. We even sang behind paper masks in a museum, brave and fragile.

We celebrated Ethiopian New Year in the dry lands of Alentejo in September. We cooked, danced, walked together. We witnessed our anxiety as city dwellers who worried about having no water left in the well. We shared maps, and drafts, and impossible schedules. We walked through the old ore mine, with its inebriating toxicity, such a contrast to the warmth of the villagers. We shared our time along the shores of a half-empty dam, lost in another extractivist site. We threw stones into the water, roamed, and wandered. What was it that we were doing together? Worldmaking - we said.

What have these constant crossings meant for us? Each of us and all of us, together? Can we hold on to our theories of change, find the new ones, transform our lives, make our offerings? To be in awe and, at the same time, dispossessed by one another's being and practice, by the lives of others and their others. In restlessness.

How many times did we fall apart as a group? How did we come together again? How did we deal (or not) with the unspoken, the fear of the imposture, the undesired hierarchies, our unmet expectations, and, despite the trouble, chose to share and care? In doing so, we found the burgeoning joy in entangled meanings that we forged among us. The stubborn desire of the collective, of working together instead of on one's own, and how counterfeit it felt to do so within the walls of an institution ... to be in-difference, remember, to be in but not of it. Could we really be like weeds?
*
How is it possible to bring the there that I am engaged with to a here that we are trying to create? How do we make the there matter? And, how to begin to describe this process? Do we start with the description of the smell of the fog over the sea or by presenting the cruel facts of what will happen to that sea? Do we talk about the joy of swimming in that sea, or about how its temperature will be affected once the nuclear power plants are built? We thought about how to bring a sociality, a community, a land, an ecosystem of the there toward a "we" - at first, an office in Vienna where we tried to matter. What language do we use, and how do we talk about dispossession, especially when we know from Donna Haraway that "it matters what matters we use to think other matters with"? ${ }^{1}$ How to matter together? How do we learn to learn from each other? How can we bring back this care that we have created in the "we" to the "l" again, that is, to share it with those others still there?

Where are we? Where? There is a where, because we are, stubbornly, and have been, and who are we, if you and not me?

- Etel Adnan, There

It is a practice of care, care for each other, care for each other's practices. A practice of learning from the sites we are engaged with, and of returning to those places with a voice of nominal authority - that is, in the role of an artist/ researcher with the support of a European institution that provides visas, money, and credibility to support our precarious cultural labor. We return with the desire to share our resources and to create other stories and other worlds. The responsibility of being in-between: returning to other realities that one easily forgets in the comfort of these privileges; re-learning again how to walk, talk, where to go, what to wear, what time to be home, what to say in public, and to whom.

Coming-together and working-together sometimes seems to require something else than what we already have and so finding this "something else" makes it a complex process. The fact that it is complex means that it is a learning encounter in a continuous modality. Yet, how do we develop productive ways of acting and reacting as we work as a collective? Tensions might make it impossible to come and work together, but there is also a danger in thinking about it that way. Through coming/working-together, there is always a moment when productive energy is initiated and emerges from the collective entanglement. In that case, even tensions and misunderstandings start to feel like an important part of the encounter. It is a privilege to be a part of such a collective struggle and to be able to witness how rich this process can be.
"We" is a precarious, unstable constellation, shaped by the temporary alliances of contingent forces. We recognized the im/ possibilities, the fleeting appearance and disappearance of that "we" differently, as something that we at times longed for and also despised. Witnessing the deportation of one colleague at the beginning of the project and the continuous harassment of others by immigration officers, as well as the daily stares and glares on the street, we had no fantasy about a "common space," where we would all be welcomed. The glimpses of a "we" sparked, for some of us, when playing together, when walking together, or trying to learn Ethiopian dance moves. There was a momentary "we" when we put on masks cut out of paper print-outs and, while wearing them courageously performed a collective choir with voices conventionally not considered fit for a public performance. It was embarrassing: "we" were definitely embarrassed. For a brief moment, we had allowed ourselves to be dispossessed by others.

Back in the office, the detailed accounts of the sites were at times followed by a weighty silence, loaded with our shared ignorance about each other's contexts of research, creating an alienating togetherness and a different form of dispossession through the alienating presence of others. The epistemological center of colonial violence in action gave rise to the irrelevant accumulation of accounts and knowledges by the subjects of the Global South; insights fell into a vacuum because of the difficulty we had in identifying points of connection and deviation that could have allowed them to resonate and amplify. We would be invited to speak, but who would listen? How to speak and to what end remained unclear throughout the process. If the goal was to be dispossessed, there we were: dispossessed of and among the practices that supported our multiple crossings. (These crossings that sometimes felt more like bleeding out: as if, after crossing so many times, there was no place to return to, as if we could only arrive permanently into the realm of longing.) In our effort to arrive at a common ground, we sometimes opted for a rather shallow common denominator.

As for the money: the project was funded by Austrian tax money, including taxes from companies such as Andritz AG, an Austrian plant engineering group with headquarters in Graz, which provides the infrastructure for the security dam projects in Kurdistan-which one of the artists identified as "weaponized nature" as it floods Kurdish villages, destroys family homes, and exterminates ecosystems. And, to mention another example, OMV, an Austrian integrated oil and gas company with headquarters in Vienna, which drills oil and gas on one of the few remaining Maori territories on the coast of New Zealand. We lacked the skill and vision to confront these complexities beyond acknowledging that we were, indeed, entangled in this confounding global injustice.

There was also laughter and lightness as we got to know each other. We surprised each other again and again with unexpected knowledge. Who would have thought that one among us knew what a hummingbird can and cannot see (e.g. refined colors), or what it takes to make us sing from the top of our lungs in public (e.g. make us stomp and scream beforehand), or how to prevent a dog attack while walking (e.g. carry a stone in one's right hand)? We learned that some among us were pop-star singers, and others had a talent for dancing; one was a dreamer who had her

UFO parked behind the nearby cork tree. We tried to learn from each other, we tried to appreciate our differences and fathom our idiosyncrasies.

At times, in the group meetings it felt like our deep commitments within the communities and sites of research that later materialized in our individual artistic work were dismissed or overlooked, as if they were exclusively the carriers of an individualistic, possessive artistic ego. It remained difficult to address the works as complex contributions that could open up discussions about aesthetics and art practice as multilayered processes of relationality and worldmaking.

So, we struggled. We struggled with finding a common language - some of us were trained in (academic) English, others were not. Some had no difficulty speaking in public, but others found it hard (at least and especially at the beginning) We struggled with internal hierarchies and what sometimes seemed like a solidified center, with margins, and a gap in between. We felt unseen and underappreciated. We made plans but did not meet deadlines. We felt stuck. Many of us had worked in group initiatives, but, as artists or theorists, we were also trained to assert our own grammar and vocabulary. Now, we were locked around a table in uncomfortable wooden chairs, with only a laptop in front of us, providing an occasional escape into the virtual world. The antagonisms we targeted in our respective fields - North and South, institutional center and its margins, citizenship versus residency, etcetera-were now right in front of us.

Sitting around the table in Room \#A4239A, we glimpsed the potential of making Global-South to Global-South bridges and became enthusiastic about the possiblity of trafficking knowledges and strategies from one context to another, imagining worldmakings that would be relevant across borders.

What does it mean to be "Project Leader" for a group project on dispossession, especially when the so-called leader is a professor, born in the Global North, and the majority of the "team members" come from the South? What does it mean for a group to be assembled around a proposal written by this white professor, who, having received project funding, invites six artists to join the project? What does it mean for the supposed generosity of this invitation to be charged with
the expansive violence of dispossession, which radiates from North to the South? With Northern corporations extracting resources in the South, while instilling systems of cooptation and corruption? With Northern universities mining "other" knowledges while refusing to allow these knowledges to truly challenge the institution?

Is it possible to lead a group through the ups-anddowns of a research process, and, at the same time, do the work of questioning one's own epistemic ignorance, which comes along with being educated in Europe and the US? Is it possible to direct the group's course, and, at the same time, counter one's infection by what Gloria Wekker calls "white innocence" - that is, a refusal to acknowledge privilege and entitlement?? No, it is seemingly not, but it is indispensable. So, the purpose of this work might not be to prepare for a test, but rather to learn to fail in less painful ways. To learn how to be accountable. To learn to know when it is time to listen and when to speak. To learn to facilitate care for each other, when waves of pain in the face of powerlessness sweep the group off its feet, and when anger floats freely searching for a place to momentarily settle. To learn to care for oneself, when anxiety spreads like a contagious virus. To learn to navigate closeness and distance. To hold tension. To learn to say I am sorry when you get it wrong. And, to continue working towards a university where the composition of the faculty genuinely reflects that of the students.

Visiting the sites of study would make the administrative challenges vanish under the first touch of the sun. Sites that are both lush and miserable, beautiful and scary, both conservative and, at the same time, fully open to new possibilities, places where friendly warmth and violence sprout in every corner, where Indigenous resistances offer an ethical compass in a territory full of clandestine graves, where numerous ecstatic forms of celebration radiate side by side with military and paramilitary occupations, where dignified rage strives to defeat the unleashed horror provoked by the new forms of war for the ownership and control over territories. Crossing from North to South requires a radical untraining. One gets spoiled after living, even for a while, in the affluent North; or, more precisely, one gets accustomed to taking for granted certain forms and functions. What remains an open wound though, is the everyday experience of inferiorization. When traveling in the South, one has to relearn how to be alert, to be open to the risky unpredictabilities of daily life, to avoid carrying laptops and bank cards,
to disinfecting vegetables and buying drinkable water, to being stuck in traffic, to acknowledging that self-preservation is not a given but something to be achieved, to catching up with the increasing vulnerability that the people whom one loves experience every day. The crossings between such contrasted realities require shifts into different sets of contradictions. One, where self-position and perception also enter an uncanny terrain: one seems to have been bathed in European academic privilege, which is read as if one has already become a bit of a prestigious person, even something of a betrayer.
*
It is a mad world about which we still know so little. Up in the Kurdish Mountains, looking at the recent "photo" of a black hole blew my tiny mind; this also happened when I first heard about nuclear blackmail. This planet is a surfeit of surprises; it is mesmerizing, enraging, inspiring, and we, seven willful minds, were sitting around a table tracing some of the changes that the world is passing through. We confronted mass displacements and political struggles, ecological disasters, and the autonomy of nature; while discussing these processes in different languages and with different understandings, we underwent our own transformation.

How could gossip be put to work in Sinop, Addis, Diyarbakır, Alentejo, Berlin, Oaxaca, or Vienna?




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HEAVY BLOOD


Naomi Rincón Gallardo


One of today's central modes of perpetuating racial capitalism in the Global South, in addition to expanding prisons and security regimes, is in fact mega-extractive projects, such as large dams and mines, which require huge technological and resource feats as well as what Enrique Dussel refers to as the "developmentalist fallacy," or the imposition of modernity as a universalized mode of governance. State and corporate-designed mega-development projects operate through an economic rationale without calibrating for the life forms that exist beneath the gaze of such grand schemes. Extractivism functions within what Anibal Quijano first coined as the colonial matrix of power, where corporate entities and states are indistinguishable in their economic interests and activities; states act on behalf of corporations, and corporate entities hire security forces to control and suppress anti-extractivist organizing. - Macarena Gómez-Barris, The Extractive Zone

walk around a crushed hill in Vetagrande, Zacatecas. I shudder at the thought of previous detonations in this semi-desertic landscape: how, on earth, can a hill be split this way? I am dry to the bone. There is a massive pile of tritured grey stones that become a growing toxic cemetery. The dusty particles enter my lungs. My sneakers and jeans catch all thorns and splinters. Some sun-burned cacti here and there. Glittering shredded minerals can't help being enticing. I walk further up and find a lookout: the ghostly colonial town to the left huge crater surrounded by a prefabricated housing complex for the newcomer miners to the right.

Vetagrande literally means "big vein." It is located a few kilometers away from the capital of the State of Zacatecas. Also called Zacatecas, it was founded in the sixteenth century as a mining town under the Spanish colonial regime. Since then, the so-called "Curse of Minerals" has spread throughout the region. The local people refer to this curse because the territory has been plundered for five centuries due to its rich deposits of silver, copper, zinc, and other minerals. A more recent extractivist wave-led primarily by Canadian and American companies - has followed in the twenty-first century, further dispossessing the local communities with regards to their usufruct rights over their natural environment

Extractivism comprises a dramatic intervention into the social and ecological life under the arrangements of racial capitalism. ${ }^{1}$ The profit goes to the Global North. Local governments justify their legal contortions and corrupted arrangements with transnational capital under the banner of development. The Global South keeps the toxicity, enforced displacement, militarization and paramilitarization, disappearances, natural devastation, and a premature exposure to death for entire populations. The big vein is an open, bloodless wound.

The history of colonial violence and dispossession together with the mass extinction of myriad life forms, raises human and non-human ghosts that populate the extractivist zones. "Heavy Blood" is a storytelling project that plots spectral creatures mumbling and gobbling among the toxic ruins of Vetagrande, Zacatecas. I picked the ghosts for the narrative on my walks along the crushed hills, on my visits to the local archive of photography and the historical archive, from newspapers and journal articles, among interviews and conversations with journalists and activists, and, finally, in a local community mining museum where I interviewed the widow of a deceased miner who was also the founder of the museum. The non-linear narrative of the video is divided into six parts: Lungs; Prophecy; Hummingbird; The Lady of the Copper Teeth; The Curse of Minerals; and, Heavy Blood.

[^1]reargure a ma puma /gariteen

-

Son
Son
Son
Son

## LUNGS

A performer plays two different characters: a miner and a phone sex worker. Each of the characters appears on parallel screens. They are both in a community museum of mining, surrounded by moldy walls and rusty objects. The miner performs mechanical movements while he breathes heavily; the phone sex worker performs different prosodies, from moans of pleasure to choking. The class, racial, and gender subordination gets into their proletarian lungs. The two characters accelerate the rhythm of their breathing, almost to the point of suffocation. When they can no longer stand it, they spit out a black substance. A double-figure wrapped in black mesh plays muffled saxophone sounds.



## HUMMINGBIRD

A hummingbird dwells among the ruins of a mining landscape in Vetagrande. According to the Mesoamerican cosmologies, a hummingbird is a warrior fallen in combat, a symbol of sexuality, and a sacred creature who connects the sky with the land. The crafty, artificial hummingbird in "Heavy Blood" seeks flower nectar and shelter in the desert, but her native landscape has been blown up. Disoriented, $\mathrm{s} / \mathrm{he}$ holds her flight in a vanishing landscape projected on the green screen. S/he finds and enters a cave where s/he meets the Lady of the Copper Teeth, with whom s/he has an intimate interspecies encounter.

## Flecha

Espina sangre
Borracha de miel
Borracha de mie
nmóvil en

## Nómada

Vuelo vibrador
Libando el nectar
En intercambio mutuo
Para una muerte pasajera

## Picaflor

Caldera interior
Guerrero caído en combat
Alas batientes que guían
A los que desaparecieron como por magia

## Zurda

Piedra tornasol
Dardo que se desplaza
A sus paisajes natales
Ruinas tóxicas y cerros triturados

## Vuelan

Larga ruta
Los resucitados
Que mueren en la sequía
reviven con las lluvias

## Desierto

Vine a buscar
A la mujer que se quema
La de los dientes de cobr
La destructora telúrica. Monstruo

Arrow
Blood thorn
Drunk on honey
Motionless in the air
Humming incantations
Nomad
Vibrating flight
Sipping the nectar
In a mutual exchange
For a fleeting death

## Hummingbird

Inner boiler
Warrior fallen in action
Wings flapping and guiding
Those who disappeared as if by magic
Lefty
Iridescent stone
Dart moving back
To its native landscapes
Toxic ruins and crushed hills
Flying
A long way
The resurrected
That die off in the drought
And come back to life with the rains
Desert
I came to look
For the burning woman
The one with copper teeth
The world destroyer. Monste


The Lady of the Copper Teeth explores the resonance of her visceral voice within her body and within the cave's rocky walls. She records herself on a tape recorder. She resembles a Mesoamerican female figure, Tlantepuzilama, an old fearsome lady who lives in a cave and goes out only to please her appetite with the blood of children and human hearts. She is a part of a legion of Mesoamerican female earthly creatures whose destructive forces help the renewal of the cycles of life and death. The Lady of the Copper Teeth howls and hums earthly sounds of a hurt land.


Video still, Heary Blood (HD video,
$18^{\prime} 46^{\prime \prime}$, by Naomi Rincon Gallardo, $\left.1844^{\prime \prime}\right)$
2018


## HEAVY BLOOD

The gang of Tzitzimime play saxophones and drums in the desert. The Lady of the Copper Teeth dances along in choreography of self-defense while she yells this song

Desde las ruinas
Nuestras vidas al acecho
Por el expolio
Portadoras del desecho
Desde las ruinas
Aguantando la rapiña
Desde las ruinas
En defensa expulsiva
Sangre pesada
Resiste, persiste
Sangre pesada
Necea, perrea
Sangre pesada
Más deseante que deseable
Sangre pesada
Durable e indomable.

## nhala <br> xhal <br> iba! <br> Escupe <br> Deglute <br> Muerde <br> Arranca <br> Blue grabbing! <br> Land grabbing!

Pussy grabbing!
Aunque sedientas seguimos escupiendo Aunque chimuelas vorazmente mordemos Aunque explotadas viviendo en exceso Agazapadas lamiéndonos los dedos Muertas fallidas comiéndonos las uñas Intoxicadas con hambre de venganza

Among the ruins
We lie in wait
Because of the devastation
We are carriers of waste
Among the ruins
Enduring the ransacking
Among the ruins
We defend and drive out
Heavy blood
Resisting, persisting
Heavy blood
Hanging tough, twerking
Heavy blood
More desiring than desirable
Heavy blood
Enduring and indomitable

## Breathe in

Breathe out
Sip!
Spit!
Swallow!
Bite!
Destroy!
Blue grabbing!
Land grabbing!
Pussy grabbing
Though parched, we keep spitting Though toothless, we bite ravenously Though exploited, living in excess Hunkering down, licking our fingers Failed corpses, chewing our fingernails Drunk on our hunger of revenge



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CREDITS
Heavy Blood, by Naomi Rincón Gallardo. HD video Mexico. Performers Vetagrande, Zacatecas, - Bárbara Lázara; Toothed Vaginas Ensemble Karina Rivera, Azalia Morales, and Rosalba Lira; Hummingbird - Naomi Rincón Gallardo. Lyrics and Texts: Naomi Rincón Gallardo. Musical Composition: Federico Schmucler. Cinematography: Dalia Ortiz y Servando Ló del Hoyo. Direct Sound: Eld Angélica Canales. Choreograpy documentation Angelica Canales. Choreography: Marta Sponzilli. Nava Masks assistants: Fernando Salcedo and Eric Nava. Masks: Jorge Luis Guerrero and Abelardo
Piña. Seamstress: Emilia Robles. Special thanks Piña. Seamstress: Emilia Robles. Special thanks Post-Participatory Aesthetics and the Pedagogy of Land." Heavy Blood was commissioned by XIII FEMSA Biennial "We Have Never Been Contemporary." Zacatecas, 2019. All film stills and photographs in this chapter: reproduced courtesy of Naomi Rincón Gallardo, the artist.

Luz, Clarão, Fulgor/ LIGHT, BLAZE, FULGOR

Growing organs for the alternative In a geography of rebels Metamorphosing communities Summoned for autonomy


Sílvia das Fadas

There, nothing belongs to the same context of the old days any longer. We are the fruit of an experience of exile, and we have our own language and freedom. We practiced it during endless years in an open and closed house. We moved with all the spirits. In that country I glimpse an absence of vague borders and terrain.

- Maria Gabriela Llansol, The Geography of Rebels Trilogy

We are not nor have we ever been fully assimilated subjects of the world capitalist system. To refuse to live as if there is no other choice shifts the terrain of struggle to the more difficult and delicate work of living autonomously. Whether it is imposed on you by the impossibility of being assimilated and rewarded by the dominant order or chosen by you against all the odds, this life requires an embodied in-difference Herbert Marcuse called "organs for the alternative."

- Avery F. Gordon, The Hawthorn Archive



Alentejo is a region named after a river, beyond a river, previously known as Entre-Tejo-e-Guadiana, the lands between the Tagus and the Guadiana Rivers. It is a geopolitical region of Southern Portugal, delimited by the Tagus River to the north, the Atlantic Ocean to the west, the Spanish Earth to the east, as well as the Guadiana River and the region of Algarve to the south. In these lands, sparked by the collective experiment of a commune in Vale de Santiago-Comuna da Luz [Commune of Light] - founded by the anarchist António Gonçalves Correia in 1917-18 I started filming and daydreaming with a different kind of commune-one both in the present and in the making. I call it Comuna Fulgor, the Commune of Fulgor. And, to call into action what I have said elsewhere, "Fulgor is a dazzling brightness, a rupture in time and historicity that harbors the possibility of unexpected encounters from the margins." ${ }^{1}$

My first encounter with the Commune of Light took place in the winter of 2017, when I visited its ruins with the artist Sara Chang Yan. We stopped at a local café in Fornalhas Velhas and asked the villagers about the commune; they shared what they knew and pointed us towards its location. We opened the fences, spent time looking and listening, and filmed a roll of black-and-white 16 mm film. Later that summer, I went back to the ruins with artist and filmmaker Lisa Truttmann only to find out that the terrain was currently divided by eight landowners not related to the historical commune. One of these owners did not allow us to pass We left disillusioned, but soon found ourselves at small roads, large fields, and unexpected encounters.

个rame enlargement from Silvia das Fadas Light, Blaze, Fulgor (2019)
showina showing a tree shadow at the Com-
mune of Light, Vale de Santiago
Ther
Silvi das Fadas, Auguries for a
 Frau mit 50 Füssen," eds. Cristina
Goimez Barrio \& Wolfgang Mayer Stuttgart: Akademie der Bildende


I returned to the Commune of Light in the summer of 2018 with the Willful Weeds Research Group. Together we walked for several hours from Vale de Santiago, the closest town, towards the place of the commune. Finding no opposition, we entered and sat down on its grounds to rest and talk until the sun set.

Stubbornly looking for auguries, in the summer of 2019, I trespassed the fences of the commune again, this time in the company of sound artist and composer Robert Blatt. While he recorded the sounds of the ruins, I filmed two rolls of film, one in color, the other in black and white. We read letters out loud to each other and our surroundings written by Gonçalves Correia and recently re-published by the anarchist newspaper A Batalha. Every time I go there, I tell the commune's history, at least the little that I know of it. If we keep trespassing, it is to celebrate the spirit of an idea, of the beloved anarchist, the unknown woman, and the people who lived together in a commune that fell apart too quickly.

From the commune's ruins, I have walked through the bio-region, following the way of the rivers, the way of the trees, the way of the stones, the way of the living, and, predictably, I have been disrupted by the wretched way of extraction. In the company of friends and unknown wanderers, we have been building a temporary commune in a shared house that we don't own, in a village that we found resilient and hospitable. Since then, filming has become closer to life,

The " $\mid$ " of the filmmaker is being transmuted into a promising, emergent "we"; and we don't know what this film is, nor what it may do. This is the first metamorphosis; there are more to come.

Luz, Clarão, Fulgor/Light, Blaze, Fulgor is a kind of


shift. It is driven by desire, both experiential and performative. It is an attempt at de-hierarchizing the world from within a region, a documentary practice horizontally composed of fragments, beings, and environments. Some of us do not come from this region but still feel drawn to its complex and unruly ecologies. It is within this force field that the Commune of Fulgor comes into being: in spontaneous and re-enacted situations, out of indignation, in a struggle against the ongoing processes of impoverishment, extraction, and exploitation. In this region we see ineradicable violence: fences, private property, mining projects, poisoned rivers, rows of undergrown olive and almond trees polluting the soil water, and air, and saturating the horizon-cemeteries to our eyes. Towards the sea, greenhouses run by transnational

corporations are spreading, exploring migrant and undocumented workers, promoting racism and provoking the erosion of the land and of social bonds. Alongside a regime of dispossession, a kindred struggle for a livable life is taking place: bodies in the process of resisting and reinventing themselves, claiming the margins, re-activating the ties to the land, opposing extraction, degrowing, building communities and auton omous zones, disseminating Indigenous seeds and critical information, translating poetry, practicing hospitality, and staying with the trouble while also becoming unavailable. To quote Avery F. Gordon, "Freedom is the process by which you develop a practice for being unavailable for servitude."2 Indeed

We follow, weave, and get entangled within worldmaking threads by "looking at geographies of direct action, mutual aid, and prefigurative politics." ${ }^{3}$ We are critically informed and inspired by Jornal Mapa, Flauta de Luz, and A Ideia - three publications currently produced in the spatial constellation of Alentejo-spreading the rebellious and internationalist seeds that, we believe, increase one's consciousness for action and engender practices of autonomy and disobedience. In co-presence with all creatures, it is our aim to become allies while keeping our in-difference. Our collaborations are defined by association and affinity: one encounter leads to the next and enables conviviality; hospitality is received and reciprocated. In awe and recognition, the film follows its thread.

We get ready. As Fred Moten suggests, "We want to keep seeing what we come to in the making. It's not that matters of skill or craft have been suspended. They have just been socialized, deindividuated, shared. ${ }^{4}{ }^{4}$ Choral and in the making, the film is a tool for conviviality; it folds and unfolds in bewilderment, guided by the fulgor, or the potential for flourishing in non-hierarchical frames.

Autonomous modes of production and distribution are rehearsed and put into practice. We film and edit in a discontinuous manner, without any scripts or treatments, but being engaged in relations of care and mattering, in an intense state of ignorance and curiosity, and anticipating the unforeseen, as Bresson taught us. ${ }^{5}$ Luz, Clarão, Fulgor/ Light, Blaze, Fulgor is shared in different iterations, in and out of movie theaters and gallery spaces; in fields, grottos and abandoned buildings; in a plurality of intimate and public sites. In darkness. Outside the capitalist logic of premieres and competitions. This cine-morphosis has the potential of creating a resonance chamber, a fulgurous and provisional assembly.

We are no longer waiting. We started living in flourishing ways, and this is the second metamorphosis. Still, there are more to come

2 Avery F Gordon, The Hawthorn Archive: Letters from the Utopia
Margins (New York: Forchham Margins (New York: Fordhan
Univesity Press, 2018), 49.

3 Simon Springer, The Anarchist Roots of Geographyy Towards
Soatial Emancipation Minneapolis Spatial Imancipation Minneapolis
University of Minesosta Press, 2016), 94.
$4 \begin{aligned} & \text { Fred Moten, "Come On, Get tlt,", } \\ & \text { The New Inquiry (19 Februar 2018) }\end{aligned}$ online at: thenewingquiry.com/come
ond -on_get_it.
5 Robert Bresson, Notes on
Cinematograony
Books, 1977).


With each step forward, the world comes to us.
With each step forward, a flower blooms under our feet.
With each step forward, one receives wide open and deep into oneself, the gifts of the universe.
Learning how to walk anew.

- Trinh T. Minh-Ha \& Jean-Paul Bourdier, "L'autre marche/The Other Walk"



Global landscapes today are strewn with this kind of ruin. Still, these places can be lively despite announcements of their death; abandoned asset fields sometimes yield new multispecies and multicultural life. In a global state of precarity, we don't have choices other than looking for life in this ruin. Our first step is to bring back curiosity. Unencumbered by the simplifications of progress narratives, the knots and pulses of patchiness are there to explore.

- Anna Tsing, The Mushroom at the End of the World


The desire for a traveling cinema has sprouted out of the wish and responsibility to share the film-in metamorphosis (and, eventually, its future final iteration), titled Luz, Clarão, Fulgor/Light, Blaze, Fulgor region of Alentejo, whom I have region of Alentejo, whom I have
encountered and filmed. It has al taken root in the concern that cinema is becoming absent from people's lives, especially from those who live in forgotten spaces, be it in the outskirts of the cities, inland, or in rural areas.
It was a common practice among the Third Cinema (and liberation movements) to travel with a film projector in
order to take cinema into places wher it did not usually happen. Film collectives and militant groups alike, especially in the 1960 s and 70 s , used this medium to distribute their films, initiate conversations, and contribute to radical change-groups such as 1970s, the Ogawa Shinsuke and Ogawa Pro Collective (Japan, 1967-86), and Grupo Zero (during the Portuguese Ongoing Revolutionary Process). Like sprouting weeds, a mobile cinema can potentially germinate anywhere: in
cities, squares, gardens, fields, clubs and associations, mines, grottos, barns, under bridges, in common spaces or abandoned buildings. Against the grain, it can be argued that the digital cinema experience at home (on a computer screen, mobile phone, or
television) is one form of alienation and dispossession as opposed to the communal and potentially political experience of a shared cinema. A mobile cinema can be a tool to initiate a collective dialogue, be it a wider or more intimate conversation, because it provides a collective mode of presentation and transmission, allate their views and thought articulate their views and thoughts
on what they have seen and experienced, or to express dissent. The choice of the films could relate to a pressing issue that matters directly to the community at a given moment: water, land grabs, discrimination Research Group) believe that a tra Research Group believe that a trav-
eling cinema can help recreate cinema viewers and their habits, producing an enduring cinematic imagination and allowing for a horizontal gathering of people in a shared world, even if such worlds are only temporary.


FERAL

## SCREENING

A mobile cinema can be spontaneous in its hap penings, forging direct alliances with people and places. Some things to prepare: a portable film projector or a digital projector with a player; a projector stand or something equivalent such as a stack of books on top of a chair; speakers oo amplify the bill bags); films

Find a site for the feral screening. You could use a car, a van, or a more sustainable structure on wheels connected to a bicycle or a motorcycle to transport equipment and materials.
Find local allies. Choose a film relevant to the community or affinity group. Announce the screening through word-of-mouth and, if time allows, craft a poster to hang in public spaces. Screen one or several films. Initiate a conversation. Discuss and embrace dissent. If possible, share drinks and food.
Do it again in another place. Return to the same places regularly.

Some other considerations: there's a choice to be made between setting up an institutional trav eling cinema, which requires complex steps such as securing a license from the local government, contracts with distributors, and following burea ratic rules, or going for engaged in forging other kinds of alliances to people and places.



Divination. Inhuman fears of the people This distance, an arrangement of songs scattered on the capital, a set of laws to kill the living. Rhymes, this distance. Ruins are barricades. Songs are bones.

- Sean Bonney, Our Death


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16 mm dual-projection film, ca. $85^{\prime}$, color and 16 mm dual-projection film, ca. 85 , color and
$\mathrm{b} / \mathrm{w}$, sound, and live reading, ongoing since 2017 . Shot in Alentejo, Portugal. Sound compositions: Pä (Part I), João Farelo (Part II). Soundscapes by Nora Sweeney, Robert Blatt, and Sívia das Fadas. Masks: Joaquim Cerdeira. Light, Blaze, Fulgor: Auguries for a Non-hierarchical Framing and Flourishing was produced with the support of a doctora
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Feeling the heart beating slow Time for space, space for time Falling down in water Knowing nothing but eternity


AROUND A RIVER


Rojda Tuğrul
Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, Upper Mesopotamia

The trace of all measurements remains even when information is erased; it takes work to make the ghostly entanglements visible. The past is not closed (it never was), but erasure (of all traces) is not what is at issue. The past is not present. "Past" and "future" are iteratively reconfigured and enfolded through the world's ongoing intra-activity. There is no inherently determinate relationship between past and future. Phenomena are not located in space and time; rather, phenomena are material entanglements enfolded and threaded through the spacetimemattering of the universe. Even the "re-turn" of a diffraction pattern does not signal a going back, an erasure of memory, a restoration of a present past. Memory-the pattern of sedimented enfoldings of iterative intra-activity-is written into the fabric of the world. The world "holds" the memory of all traces; or rather, the world is its memory (enfolded materialization).

[^2]I was trying to find a route from Tigris to the Persian Gulf. I was swimming and kept getting lost. I was convinced there was a secret passageway so I kept flowing into little coves and inlets, searching for a way from Mesopotamia to the Gulf.

Within the frames of war, geography can be viewed as a target to be destroyed or rendered uninhabitable while concurrently serving as a weapon in itself, that is, as an apparatus of power to threaten and control citizens within a particular landscape. Since the early 1990s, the war in Southeastern Turkey has witnessed a shift in violent territorial governance from the rural to the urban, veraciously tracing its own fallout. Since the environment is affected physically by war, history can act as a guide to examine the change and effect on the habitat. In 2008, the Turkish government announced dozens of "Security Dams Projects." The dams are to be built on the Turkish-Iraqi border, as well as in a few valleys in the central region of Northern Kurdistan. ${ }^{1}$ This intervention was the second largest in the rural area of Southeastern Turkey after the 1990s, when the villages were forcibly evacuated as a part of a government counterinsurgency campaign intended to deprive the Partiya Karkerên Kurdistanê [Kurdistan Workers' Party, henceforth PKK] of logistical support. This resulted in the abandonment of three thousand villages and the displacement of approximately three million people. The construction of these dams is supposed to block PKK militants' entry paths, hinder and restrict their movements, and disrupt the logistical support they receive from locals.


The concept of the "Security Dams Project" comes from the "South-Eastern Anatolian Project" [Güneydoğu Anadolu Projesi, henceforth GAP]. The GAP proposal dates back to the 1930s, but the project as it is structured today comes from fresh initiatives in the 1970s that saw a more acute desire to harness, on a massive scale, irrigation and hydraulic energy production from the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. As the geography scholar Zeynep S. Akinci has argued,

Since the 1920s, systematic settlement policies have aimed to eradicate the historical existence of the Kurdish population and to suppress their cultural memory. These settlement policies aimed also to diminish the Kurdish population to the east of the Euphrates River. Some Kurds were exiled west of the Euphrates while Turks were placed east of the Euphrates to increase the population of Turks in the east. The plan suggested settling five hundred thousand people from west to east in a ten-year period. ${ }^{2}$


The GAP area covers the cities that are located in the basins of the Euphrates and Tigris in Upper Mesopotamia. With this project, it is believed that there will be an additional twentytwo new dams and nineteen power plants.

The ramifications of the GAP go beyond Turkey's border as the Tigris and Euphrates flow south, through Syria and Iraq, and damming them would ultimately deny those countries access to the water. The tensions and disputes over this control of the water flow hindered the GAP; over time, the project ground to a halt. However, the struggle with the PKK became imperative to the Turkish state's interests and superseded the need to resolve the GAP dispute with neighboring countries. The government proceeded to

introduce the "Security Dams Project" within Kurdish inhabited territories as a strategy of war. In response, the PKK continually threatened to attack the dams, which resulted in every project also requiring a military base and watchtower. They are now known as military dams and have become a part of the battlefield. In 2012, project construction was suspended due to armed clashes.

What concerns me, in particular, is how the political interventions redefine-and sometimes even destroy-both the ecology and society in the region. Almost no area in Turkey, Iraq, or Syria goes unaffected. Animals, birds, and a variety of plants are disappearing as a consequence. Historical sites are damaged and destroyed, and historical knowledge is vanishing as a result. The flooding of the antique city of Belkis in Gaziantep, and the imminent destruction of Hasankeyf (a 12,000 year-old historical site in the Tigris basin), are especially heart-breaking examples. Many ancient villages are already lost under water after becoming submerged by the dams.

In 2008, on the southern bank of the Tigris River, a significant archeological excavation of a village took place in the district of Diyarbakir. The mysterious burial site revealed two human remains: a woman aged forty-five to fifty-five, and a child aged six to seven, both buried in a tomb. The skeletons are believed to date back more than 2,500 years. Apart from the human remains, the grave also contained twenty-one turtles; seventeen of these were Mesopotamian soft-shelled turtles. Also known as Euphrates soft-shelled Turtle, they are an endemic species that live alongside the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers and through the Persian Gulf. The research suggested that those turtleswhich surrounded the human remains - were butchered and then sacrificed in order to keep away evil forces and carry
the souls of these two lifeless bodies to another world. ${ }^{3}$ Although the site is believed to be a multi-period mound site, the excavations were undertaken to study the archaeological materials that will soon be underwater because of the imminent dam project.


The Mesopotamian soft-shelled Turtle is an endangered species because of the dam projects in the region. Today, the turtles can still be found on the Tigris River, however, there is a real risk that as a species they will be irreversibly lost, due to the devastating effects of the dams on their natural habitats. Significantly, the possibility of this loss is mirrored by a loss of knowledge. Along with various animals and plants, mythological and anthropological histories will inevitably be submerged.



Witnessing the affiliation between a biological entity and a mythological figure prompts us to re-think the relationality of different phenomena within this geography, that is, to look into the symbiotic relationships between seemingly disparate entities: the interdependence of a river and a bee, or, the connection between a mountain and a human vocal cord. My project focused on the entanglement of various entities in a habitat that is in the process of breaking down as a result of long-term armed conflict.

The geographical destruction is a reflection of cultural and historical damage. The physical scars on the landscape are also etched within the collective psyche of the society. The uprooted, displaced earth is a symbol of Kurds' political struggle, as well as of migration and dislocation. There is also the issue of those who remain within this broken landscapein fact, they are the majority: those who live through and bear constant witness to a permanently changed environment.


[^3]In my study, I experiment with the integration of media. My handbook of drawings aims to capture different relationalities and temporalities of space. While the reader visually observes these different relationalities, the infant Mesopotamian soft-shelled turtle-placed at the center of the disrupted pages-moves for ten seconds, upside-down, in a moment of a water turbulence. The still images of this animation cover hundreds of pages; they follow the desire to dilate timeframes while conceptualizing an endangered species' lifetime. The book envisions both submerged and emerged elements in relation to the dam projects of upper Mesopotamia. A very fine visual dissecting process of the soft-shelled turtle captures the political and social entanglement of this particular land, which is agonized from the effects of an ongoing war.

$\uparrow$ Roida Tựrul, Turtle and Boat; Turtle
 Tara (Beaded Field); and, Turtle and
Crane, all from 2019



Ordinary identities emerge and are rightly cherished, but they remain always a relational web opening to non-Euclidean pasts, presents, and futures. The ordinary is a multipartner mud dance issuing from and in entangled species. It is turtles all the way down; the partners do not preexist their constitutive intra-action at every folded layer of time and space.

- Donna J. Haraway, When Species Meet


"History" is both a human storytelling practice and that set of remainders from the past that we turn into stories. Conventionally, historians look only at human remainders, such as archives and diaries, but there is no reason not to spread our attention to the tracks and traces of nonhumans, as these contribute to our common landscapes. Such tracks and traces speak to cross-species entanglements in contingency and conjuncture, the components of "historical" time. To participate in such entanglement, one does not have to make history in just one way. Whether or not other organisms "tell stories," they contribute to the overlapping tracks and traces that we grasp as history. History, then, is the record of many trajectories of world making, human and not human.
- Anna Tsing, The Mushroom at the End of the World


## RE-ANIMATING PLACE

This activity requires that the participants discuss a site that represents an example of a catastrophe: a river, a valley, a street, a village, or a mountain tc. .he visualization process of things (pens, for the visualization process of things (pens, pen ers, etc.). The consideration of seasons and outdoor conditions will be important, and participants may need suitable clothing depending on when they begin their work. The participants can look into the addi tional references listed below (see p. 95) before they undertake the activity.

Move to the site (if possible, by walking or riding a bike)
Take some time to observe the landscape.
Focus on your feelings and then find a starting point for your walk.

WALKING

Start walking with the aim of developing some connection with the land.
pen yourself to the possible signals you might notice from this site. Consider what the land might tell you, and how you could receive it
pay attention to the ruins and remains at the sit A feather, an abandoned house, a piece of bone cemetery, a ruin, a snake skin, or a sheep skull tc. Watch for these remains

Do not hesitate to imagine things outside of your ield of vision (this is a journey from presence to absence)


This session does not require any talent or any par This session does not require any talent or any pad
ticular aesthetic approach. The aim is to generate
time to rethink different relations of a phenomenon within its habitat. If you face any obstacles when drawing the subject, consider photographing it

Give yourself time to observe the things you encounter in the site while you walk

Start to draw these things (you can also write about the things you observe during this drawing session)

Draw at least one absent subject which you conside related to the present one (if you feel troubled by drawing of absent subjects, use images or verbal

Consider your walking path and its relation with these things you encountered.

Acknowledge your walk and the change of entities in relation to the space

Listening \& Imitating
Listen to the environment and analyze the sounds you hear.

Imitate the sounds that make you feel inspired within this land. If you feel encouraged enough, try to speak with one of the entities.

Record the sounds if you can

REturning

Get back to your starting point after you walking, drawing \& photographing, and listening \& imitating activities

Bring together the images, sound recordings and words you captured.

Read the entanglements and stories among these things.
Share your inspirations, disappointments, and excitements with the group.

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DESPINA


İpek Hamzaoğlu

It's been a very long time since I last saw her. Since the first days of the chaos, she hasn't appeared much in my dreams, only as a figure that would watch me and what happens around me. But yesterday she came to my dreams again. She told me to go to the prison. She said that many years ago a man who was imprisoned there had written a story about her, fictionalized her, made her immortal. It was through this immortality that she could communicate with me. She was a tall, beautiful woman with long brown-ginger hair. She told me we shared the same name, Despina. She held my hand, brought me to the prison, showed me the rooms that were once used for torture. This is where we were supposed to hide ... at least for a while.


Sinop is the northernmost city of Turkey, in the middle of the Black Sea coast. Sixty thousand people inhabit the city center. The number increases by five times in the summer when people return from other cities to visit their families. It is supposedly Turkey's happiest city, at least according to the National Statistical Institute, in the years of 2014, 2016, 2017, 2018, and 2020. The city is, of course, advertised as such

[^4] a happy place, although the people of Sinop told me that no one had ever heard of the poll. It has a beautiful landscapeall green and blue-that is threatened by a severe trash problem. One of its main economies continues to be fishing.

The government has wanted to build a nuclear power plant since at least the 1950s. In 2013, a deal was signed between the Turkish and Japanese governments for its construction. However, Sinop is a city with an acute awareness of ecology and land, where women and men of all ages have resisted both private and state-led hydroelectric, thermal, and nuclear power plant projects. It is an ancient city with many myths and legends that cross its history; people are proud of these traditions, which they share joyously. At the same time, it is a city with a violent history toward the Greeks and the Armenians, where their stories are often forced into silence and forgotten.

Various stories are laced with mythological accounts regarding the namesake of the city. One of the most widespread legends suggests that the city was founded by the Amazons and named after a warrior queen called Sinope. According to Greek mythology, Asopos, the Goddess of Rivers, has a daughter who is a water fairy-Sinope. To protect the city, the Greeks built a fortress in the seventh century BCE; many different civilizations, including the Persians, Kingdom of Pontus, Romans, Byzantines, Seljuks, and Beylik of Candar, subsequently colonized Sinop and used its harbor as a military base, extending and repairing the fortress. It was during the Ottoman regime, in 1887, that some parts of the fortress were converted into a prison for exiled writers, thinkers, and politicians-their so-called "thought crimes" meant they
had to be taken away and segregated from larger cities, such as Istanbul and Ankara.

Over the past ten years, my relationship to Sinop has changed: from visiting my grandma and extended family to regularly visiting the site-specific art biennial Sinopale as an art worker, and then as an artist/researcher for this project. One of the exhibition spaces in the biennial's early years was the juvenile section of the Sinop prison that was added in 1939; it then served as a prison museum after 1999. The first thing that people in Turkey would associate this city with is its notorious prison, where the living conditions were said to be so horrible that even lighting a match was difficult because of the dampness. The notoriety of the prison's rough conditions has not only circulated through the numerous stories told about it, but it also spread widely and swiftly through the work of Sabahattin Ali-a famous poet and writer who was exiled from Istanbul and imprisoned there in 1933 for his political views-after his imprisonment, the prison appeared in his well-known poem "Maphushane Türküsü" [Prison Ballad]. In the 1970s, this poem was also adapted into a song; entitled "Aldırma Gönül" [Heart, Nevermind], this song (composed by Kerem Güney) became the backdrop to a decade of intensifying conflicts among political groups and which eventually resulted in a coup d'état in 1980. Since its original release, the song has been performed by different artists, many of whom have been subjected to various political charges for their adaptations.


In the summer of 2017, I was invited to Sinop as an artist to produce a work for the biennial. While I was trying to film small scenes of melodrama in the style of soap operas, I became obsessed with the recent news of the trees being axed down for the construction of the nuclear power plant. I would read all the news available, but there was not much

information apart from the deal that was signed a few years before, which would be carried out by a private joint venture consortium of Japan's Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, France's Avera, and the village where the construction was supposed to take place. Historically, the Turkish government had expressed the urge to build a nuclear power plant since the 1950s. The notion of nuclear technology, both as an energy and a military defense source, became more widespread and strangely familiar in Turkey in the context of the rising political tension between the US and the USSR. Sinop, due to Turkey's status as a NATO member, served as an American base during the Cold War, hosting the American army. At the top of the Sinop peninsula, positioned beside the two large radar systems on the hill that would become a symbo of the city (but which have more recently been taken down), the American army would spy across the Black Sea into the USSR. During my stay that summer, I asked around to get more information. Everyone had heard that the power plant was going to be built in the Abali village, but no clear information was provided by the state. So I asked a dear auntie of mine to drive me around to locate the exact spot. Following the crumbles of disconnected information, we checked the aerial satellite maps to search for the deforestation of more than 650,000 trees, which was supposed to be the land that the plant was going to be erected on, to speculate on the location of the site. We then drove out of the city center away from the peninsula. We got lost on the roads that had been newly opened, cutting through a forest that had been taken down by big machines. We drove in and around the trees until we arrived at a barren and deserted spot. It was as if a natural

Haunting raises specters, and it alters the experience of being in linear time, alters the way we normally separate and sequence the past, the present and the future. These specters or ghosts appear when the trouble they represent and symptomize is no longer being contained or repressed or blocked from view. - Avery F. Gordon, "Some Thoughts on Haunting and Futurity"


My project Despina arose from the complex relationship of the local community with the prison, its social impact as a historical landmark (despite the brutality it represents), as well as the environmentally conscious reaction to the power plant development that remains vastly ambiguous. It is a film that speculates over what will be left after the destruction of the environment as a result of human action-just what environmentalists predict will happen as a result of the nuclear power

We're haunted by the historic alternatives that could have been and by the peculiar temporality of the shadowing of lost and better futures that insinuates itself in the something to be done, sometimes as nostalgia, sometimes as regret, sometimes as a kind of urgency. When the something to be done becomes urgent, it feels as if it has already been needed or wanted before, perhaps forever, certainly for a long time. When the something to be done becomes urgent, we feel as if we can't wait any longer for things to change, the fierce now, but of course one does wait, sometimes patiently, sometimes not.

- Avery F. Gordon, The Hawthorn Archive

There is no question that when a ghost haunts, that haunting is real. The ghost has an agency desire, motivation, or standpoint. And so its desires must be broached and we have to talk to it. - Avery F. Gordon, Ghostly Matters

plant in Sinop. Employing post-apocalyptic elements, the protagonist of the film is a young girl named Despina who fights the zombie apocalypse that comes to life when the somatic wounds of a violated landscape-the loss of biodiversity, air and water pollution, genetic and soil contamination, waste overflow, deforestation, loss of vegetation, loss of traditional knowledge practices and cultures, and land dispossessionare infused in the society's collective subconscious. The girl finds guidance in memory-dreams that are communicated to her by various figures and characters carrying knowledge across different struggles, from Gerze to Gezi, providing orientation for herself and her community not only in the remains of a damaged land, its ruins, and ghosts, but also in the memory and melancholy embedded in the society and, therefore, in the present. We follow the protagonist's journey as she tries to find and understand the pieces of what has happened to the landscape and people, and to make sense of the present by following the crumbs of information from the past.


An image is a bridge between evoked emotion and conscious knowledge; words are the cables that hold up the bridge. Images are more direct, more immediate than words, and closer to the unconscious. Picture language precedes thinking in words; the metaphorical mind precedes analytical consciousness.

- Gloria Anzaldúa, Borderlands/La Frontera


I had my recurring dream last night. I guess I should have expected it. It comes to me when I struggle-when I twist on my own personal hook and try to pretend that nothing unusual is happening. It comes to me when I try to be my father's daughter. Today is our birthday-my fifteenth and my father's fifty-fifth. Tomorrow, I'll try to please him-him and the community and God. So last night, I dreamed a reminder that it's all a lie. I think I need to write about the dream because this particular lie bothers me so much. - Octavia E. Butler, Parable of the Sower



This is what you must remember: the ending of one story is the beginning of another. This has happened before, after all. People die. Old orders pass. New societies are born. When we say "the world has ended," it's usually a lie, because the planet is just fine.

But this is the way the world ends.
This is the way the world ends.
This is the way the world ends.
For the last time.

- N.K. Jemisin, The Fifth Season


conversation and language that bonds ndividuals and communities; it can stories while maintaining what the community believes to be the crucial part of the story. Gossip also collectively and continuously re-defines communal ethics through its exercise (i.e. the listeners can identify how a story is seen by the community through narration and participation). Gossip sometimes even to find the missing links in places where important infor mation is continuously held back and where authorities withhold information about important decisions that are made regarding people's lives and the and. It is also a tool to challenge the power through communal bonding allowing its protagonists to remain under the radar. Gossip is anonymous it never starts with one person but is retold by many; it does not come from one place, instead its etiology is anywhere. It circulates subversively around concentrations of power, provid ing a weapon or a shield for the dispossessed. It is a crucial way to shar
information, but also to admit different forms of knowledge as they disrupt mainstream narratives
As Silvia Federici notes, the word gossip" was used in England in he Middle Ages to describe friend ship among women before it took on the imilarly gendered meaning that it has today. (4) Federici argues that the necessitated "a derogatory connotation, a further sign of the degree to
which the power of women and communal ties were undermined."(5) It was in the sixteenth century that the meaning of the term gossip was reversed-from the
solidarity that characterizes female friendship into backbiting, often idle talk. In contemporary cultures, women and their work are devalued and ridiculed by insinuating that women who gossip simply have nothing better or more productive to do. However, gossip is also a critical vernacular and gen Black puts it: "Networks of gossip do their best to let each other know who cannot be trusted, where you should be careful, who has been lucky and who has not."(6) Gossip is a tool that has the potential to function as counter narrative to histories that are products of oppressive power dynamics. It has the potential to crack open mainstream and shake their foundations. It spreads like a virus; it is juicy, catchy, and infectious. It is never a dry way of sharing information, and it is almost always performative. Its seductive us of language disseminates visions of alternative possibilities as it fills stories told and untold by the dispos sessed.
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## I'VE HEARD

GOSSIP

Many different languages and communities have a specific style of gossip. In the Turkish language, there is a form of past-tense narrative that is mainly used for gossip, fables, riddles, rumors, and stories It is essentially used for actions that one has n personally witnessed but heard via someone else. The intention of this activity is to demonstrate the performative element of gossip and to explore how
it can be a powerful tool to spread stories in the context of dominant state media. For this activity, refer to the "Condition Cards" attached to this book and prepare them by cutting them out. This activity is meant to be a collective engagement in a group of two to ten people and is meant to last for approx Below are example

Below are examples from different languages the eoxerexts for how they could be integrated into

Sana bir şey söyleyeceğim ama kimseye
öylemeyeceğine yemin (From Turkish: Promis not to tell anyone
Oh senti questa... (From Italian: Hear this one...) Valla ben söyleyenlerin yalancrstyrm. (From Ça reste entre nous. (From French: This stays between you and me.)
Tu me promet tu garde ça pour toi. (From French:
Promise me to keep it to yourself.)
J'ai un dossier de ouf sur X. (From French: There s crazy gossip about x.)
Hey susta … wtaśnie styszatam, że... (From Polish Laf aramızda. (From Turkish: Between you and me.) Benden duymus olma. (From Turkish: Don't quote me on it.)
Ходят слухи, что... (From Russian: Rumors walk that...) Te tengo un chisme... (From Spanish: I have a gossip...) Doszty mnie stuchy, że... (From Polish: Word has eached me that...)
Turkish: The things these ears caught and heard.)


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CREDITS
Despina, by Ipek Hamzaoğlu. HD video, 2021. Shot in Sinop, Turkey. Performers: Ezgi Eczacibas and Sinem Hekim. Set assistant and additiona camera: Malu Blume. Music: Alican Çamcı. Soundmix: Cemil Hamzaoğlu. Very special thanks to Erkan Akliman, Malu Blume, T. Melih Görgün,
ibrahim Hekim, Sinem Hekim, Mert Karaçıkay, Ibrahim Hekim, Sinem Hekim, Mert Karaçıkay, Büke Onur, and Osman Onur. Produced with the support of Sinope (International Sinop Biennial) and FWF PEEK: "DisPossession: Post-Participa tory Aesthetics and the Pedagogies of Land." All mages in this chapter: reproduced courtesy of ipek Hamzaoğlu, the artist.
barbed wire lines on paper amplified by stubborn ghosts



Janine Jembere
... my existence is not for your teaching to dislocate my mother's throat six feet under and compensate her grief with scholarships and amended policies. policies that have gathered dust before they have even been drafted. this country buries us before we are born. calls us by our obituaries before it calls us by our names.

- Koleka Putuma, "EVERY/THREE HOURS"


Concerning the colonial world, its arrangement, its geographical layout, and the violence presiding at its constitution, Fanon mentions first the barracks and police stations. He surely does so because colonization is, above all, a labyrinth of forces at work. These forces are inscribed in the first place in a space they endeavor to map, cultivate, and order. Fanon surely begins as he does, too, because, ordeal for the colonized, the colony is primarily a place where an experience of violence and upheaval is lived, where violence is built into structures and institutions. - Achille Mbembe, On the Postcolony

The Bundesarchiv at Berlin-Lichterfelde, a branch of the German federal archive, is the place that hosts the documents I am looking for. It is located in a former Prussian military cadet school, which after World War I was transformed into a public school and then, from 1933 on, hosted SS soldiers (a Nazi paramilitary elite), who performed executions on site.

As Achille Mbembe reminds us via his rereading of Frantz Fanon, colonial violence is built into structures and institutions. ${ }^{1}$ With regards to the metropole of Berlin, one can add that this violence is often banalized. The buildings of the Bundesarchiv are surrounded by a big swimming pool and a lush, green lawn. The architecture and atmosphere are brutal and generic at the same time. The lawn is vast and dotted with big trees. The scene is almost serene; if it weren't for the buildings, this would be quite a calm place to come and relax. I cannot stop wondering about the choice of the place for the archive and why the buildings are still there in the first place. I have visited this place many times before but still my body refuses to get comfortable.

To work through the files, I spent a lot of time seated, deciphering and reading at a table, in my studio or in the office at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Desks and chairs in Berlin and Vienna are where my body is mostly located. There is something jarring about this fact, as if I am not moved when I am.

The documents I work with come from and speak from different places: they were written in former German colonies on the African continent. The nation states that correspond to these places today are Cameroon, Togo, Namibia, Tanzania, Burundi, Rwanda. They are places I have never visited. I try to avoid imagining these places as much as I can, because a lot of the violence I come across in the files has to do with imaginations and assumptions of an elsewhere, an entitlement to colonial fantasies, and a disregard of lived experiences. This violence comes in the guise of science, scholarship, and economic progress. As Aimé Césaire (among many others) has pointed out, these guises are ultimately pretexts for looting of all kinds. So instead, I try to focus my mind on the place where I am and that I know best: Berlin, the German capital, the location of the 1884-85 Berlin conference [also known at the time as the Kongokonferenz or the WestafrikaKonferenz], as well as many other crimes; and, also, for the longest time: my home.



The documents I am looking for are expressions of the struggle for land and sovereignty; they bring forth objections to what Césaire called the smooth operation of business. Within the abstraction that is a file, letter, or article, land and place are very present. It seems like there are always at least two places present in the writing: first, the place that the writer is writing from, and second, the place where the writer is writing with. That is, a place on the African continent under colonial threat by Germany, and a place the letter is supposed to reach-another place, an institution, or a person, perhaps thousands of kilometers away

I see clearly what colonization has destroyed ... and neither Deterding nor Royal Dutch nor Standard Oil will ever console me... I look around and wherever there are colonizers and colonized face to face, I see force, brutality, cruelty, sadism, conflict, and, in a parody of education, the hasty manufacture of a few thousand subordinate functionaries, "boys," artisans, office clerks, and interpreters necessary for the smooth operation of business [...].

My turn to state an equation: colonization = "thingification." I hear the storm. They talk to me about progress, about "achievements," diseases cured, improved standards of living. I am talking about societies drained of their essence, cultures trampled underfoot, institutions undermined, lands confiscated, religions smashed, magnificent artistic creations destroyed, extraordinary possibilities wiped out. They throw facts at my head, statistics, mileages of roads, canals, and railroad tracks. I am talking about thousands of men sacrificed to the Congo Ocean. I am talking about those who, as I write this, are digging the harbor of Abidjan by hand. I am talking about millions of men torn from their gods, their land, their habits, their life-from life, from the dance, from wisdom. [...] They dazzle me with the tonnage of cotton or cocoa that has been exported, the acreage that has been planted with olive trees or grapevines. I am talking about natural economies that have been disrupted, harmonious and viable economies adapted to the indigenous population-about food crops destroyed, malnutrition permanently introduced, agricultural development oriented solely toward the benefit of the metropolitan countries; about the looting of products, the looting of raw materials.

- Aimé Césaire, Discourse on Colonialism



## Janine Jembere, 2details of BArch 1001/4073; 1 detaia of BArch 1001/4299 (2020)

The German Secretary of State for the colonies has admitted the fact that from 1903 to 1913 105,000 natives have been killed in expeditions against them. This figure does not include numbers of natives killed by officials and merchants from the effect of the Tropenkoller from which all Germans suffer. ${ }^{2}$

- Gold Coast Leader, archived in BArch R 1001 (Reichskolonialamt)/4308

The new countries offer a vast field for individual, violent activities which, in the metropolitan countries, would run up against certain prejudices, against a sober and orderly conception of life, and which, in the colonies, have greater freedom to develop and, consequently, to affirm their worth. Thus to a certain extent the colonies can serve as a safety valve for modern society. Even if this were their only value, it would be immense.

- Carl Siger, quoted in Césaire's Discourse on Colonialism

That violence can be contained is an illusion. Rather than being a safety valve for keeping life orderly and sober in the metropole, the German colonies became a testing ground for the large-scale staging of horrors and violence that had not yet come back to Europe. But, in the metropole too, not everyone is rendered killable in the same way. The abyssal line is not simply a geographic divide, but instead is foremost a conceptual one and, I would argue, one ultimately steeped in racist science and capitalist greed. ${ }^{3}$ I encounter the force of this line almost everywhere-as the distribution of violence, rights, risk, goods, labor, wealth, death, seats at the table, or in the library itself-as it continually reappears throughout this endeavor.

Since the documents I am working with are all over one hundred years old, I also wonder about time. Today, in 2019, I am in an archive, sitting at a desk and looking through files. When these letters were written, this place was used by Prussian soldiers; some of them were likely then sent to the colonies. Then, the paramilitary unit under Adolf Hitler and the Nazi Party rehearsed their violence within and around the walls that now host me and the archive. With these thoughts, time starts to dissolve, places start shifting, and I realize again this irrefutable connection: this is not a coincidence. Violence is built into the structures and institutions; the MajiMaji war and the Warsaw ghetto uprising were directed against the same ideas: deadly arrogance and nauseating violence made in Germany. The building is still intact, able to host the archive; and, just as the structures and institutions are still standing, the violence hasn't ended. This archive is about today.

The archive is a burial site as lives are buried here in the walls, under the floor, and in the ceiling. But lives, ideas, spirits, and possibilities are also buried in the archive's files, in the drawers and cabinets that track death and count corpses. If I take this seriously, my work with the files in the archive becomes a form of wake work. This wake work is not an end but a beginning. ${ }^{4}$


ADDRESSING THE GHOSTS

## IN THE ARCHIVE

One form of attending to the documents in the German colonial archive is becoming conversant with the ghosts have been, there.(1) Ghosts are, and beings, more concretely, those of us that "have been made killable, once and future ghosts-those that had been senerated in every generation."(2) Ghosts haunt and guide us at the same time; they make us remember and allow us to imagine. Scholars like Avery F . Gordon, Achille Mbembe, Judith Butler, Athena Athanasiou, Eve Tuck, C. Ree and others have taught us to think about ghosts in connection with dispos
session-dispossession understood here as people being made less than human, written out of history, disenfranchised, killed.(3)
In the archive, ghosts are at once the carriers of horror as well as hope The ghost's refusal to disappear-that is, to die-as well as its claim to a subjecthood with agency that is unkill able, troubles timelines. Refusing to
die is to disobey and to take revenge die is to disobey and to take revenge ever. Following the ghosts' unsettling rhythms might help us see the archive's undercurrents, its strange links and disjointed time.
Conversations are far more than just speaking and listening or exchanging ersation allows, "o quote the activist Grace Lee Boggs, o begin to create new ideas and new languages."(4) Conversation is an action. It points to a specific doing and undoing. In a conversation with ghosts, one has to face the ethical problems that arise from refusing to How do I ask a ghost for consent?

How do I enter a conversation with the ghosts in the archive? To enter a conversation with ghosts means to acknowledge that one is haunted. It also means, as Sharon Patricia Holland teaches us, to trouble the binaries of life and death and to take seriously all that the so-called dead make obvi it is, then, to raise the dead.(5)
(1) See also, Naomi Rincón Gallardo's chapter "Heavy Blood," in this volume, 33-51.
(2) Eve Tuck \& C. Ree, "A Glossary Of Haunting," in Handbook of Autoethnography, eds. Stacey
Holman Jones, Tony E. Adams, and Carolyn Ellis (Walnut Creek: Left Coast Press, 2013), 639-58.
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(4) "On Revolution: A Conversation Between Grace Lee Boggs and Angela Davis," (2 March 2012); on1ine grace-lee-boges-berkeley.
(5) Sharon Patricia Holland, Raising the Dead: Readings of Death and (Black) Subjectivity (Durham. Duke University Press, 2000).





To follow this logic of harvesting is precisely to deny the very principle of culture itself that-in Europe and elsewhere-is generated and regenerated throughout the centuries by way of the transmission, reproduction, adaptation, study and transformation of knowledge, of forms and objects at the heart of society. [...] Destruction and collection are two sides of the same coin.

- Felwine Sarr \& Bénédicte Savoy, The Restitution of African Cultural Heritage




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## ARTWORKS \& PROJECTS

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- Gunsthaus Bregenz, 23 April - 26 June 2017.
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## CREDTIS

Paperlands, by Janine Jembere, 2020. All images in this chapter: reproduced courtesy Janine Jembere and Bundesarchiv Berlin. Produced with the support of FWF PEEK: "DisPossession: Post-Participatory Aesthetics and the Pedagogies of Land."

I summon you, oh Protectress Come in the shape of a snake May your thunder break the sky With its revengeful force!



Elders and young activists in many territorial communities worldwide (including increasingly in urban areas) eloquently express why they defend their worlds even at the price of their lives. [...] Such resistance takes place within a long history of domination and resistance, and this is essential for understanding territorial and commons' defense as an ontological political practice. [...] Far from an intransigent attachment to the past, ancestrality stems from a living memory that orients itself to the ability to envision a different future-a sort of "futurality" that imagines, and struggles for, the conditions that will allow them to persevere as a distinct world. - Arturo Escobar, Thinking-Feeling with the Earth


Every time I return to Oaxaca, I return to her. She cleanses me. She fills up her mouth with mezcal, without swallowing it. Instead, she fills up her mouth with mezcal, without swallowing it. Instead, stas
blows it, splashing my semi-naked body. Mezcal moves energies around, she says. I feel the cold freshness on my skin, and its vapor make me dizzy. Then she rubs all my skin with a bundle of fresh rosemary, chamomile, and basil. She presses the bundle against my temples and my chest. Again, she bathes me in mezcal. My eyes are closed. She passes an egg throughout my whole body. She breaks puts it in als of it She puts me to rest after of water, and reads it. She puts me to rest aft he cleansing. Then we converse again on her terrace, looking at the sunset.


Oaxaca is a state located in southern Mexico. Despite the logics of internal colonialism, a variety of Indigenous peoples have managed for centuries to operate within semi-autonomous modalities of Indigenous law. The municipalities are mostly governed by usos y costumbres, a set of customary laws that have contributed to maintaining Indigenous norms and practices relatively independent of the state. ${ }^{1}$ The neoliberal politics of the 1990s brought a change in the law that rendered ejidos [areas of communal land used for agriculture] available for privatization while also dismantling state-run agricultural institutions. The increasing dissonance resulting from recognizing the self-determination of Indigenous peoples, while at the same time alienating their lands through an increasingly extractivist agenda, has raised a great number of socio-environmental conflicts in Mexico, and specifically in Oaxaca.

For more than ten years, I have visited Oaxaca, either to work in context-based, non-institutional projects of art education or to visit dear friends. This time, it was our artistic research regarding storytelling in the context of dispossession
that took me back there. Over the summer of 2018, I met a Zapotec activist defending the land. In order to conceal her identity, I am referring to her here as Lady Reed; I am not giving any specific details of the actors involved in the socioterritorial conflict. Due to her alliances with organizations against extractivism and decolonial feminist groups, Lady Reed often goes from her town to the City of Oaxaca. During our first encounter, we met at the entrance of a museum. She was carrying maps of the mining projects in the region, printed by a critical cartography project in Oaxaca. She showed me the maps depicting the mining projects spread all over the Oaxacan territory.

When each of us said the word "land," different universes unfolded. Lady Reed describes land in relation to community life within a supreme norm of reciprocity: life is organized around cycles of land and rains, and festivities mark and celebrate these circles. In sharp contrast, Mexico City, the land I grew up in, was founded upon the destruction of the Mexica civilization by Spanish colonizers - a process that suffocated a sophisticatedly planned agricultural system of floating islands in order to accomplish domination over the lives of the native population. The buried lake has become an asphalted, centralized, and overpopulated monster that assembles the most obscene socio-economic differences with a brutal negation of any possible relationality with nature. The violence of coloniality lingers everywhere. Yet, even in a megalopolis like Mexico City, traces of collectivity and community bonding that prioritize affective relations and corporality over the profit and individualism still survive.

Indigenous peoples, who have survived more than 500 years of atrocities, preserve a profound capacity to live a slow existence with a long-term gaze that is based on forms of reciprocity, where communitarian bonds are entangled with the cycles of nature. In Latin America, the option for a pluriversal understanding of life and relational worlds has become a matter of life or death in this epoch, characterized by a renewed wave of neo-conservative and heteropatriarchal racial capitalism, accompanied by violent processes of paramilitarization, a series of coups, the expansion of geographies of fear, and forms of neoliberal evangelism. The knowledges that come from the Mesoamerican cultures convey the potentia to restore a deeply wounded society within an extremely painful moment - specifically, the informal war that Mexico has experienced over the last decade. For that reason, Indigenous resistance has become an ethical compass and a collective endeavor in the defense of a life with dignity and joy.

Something kept Lady Reed and I in proximity for a couple of encounters, running together to hide from the

torrential summer storms that would whimsically appear and then disappear. Sometimes we would meet completely soaked in sweat in temperatures of forty-something degrees, looking desperately for a bar to drink ice-cold beer. I only recorded our last conversation. Lady Reed agreed when I asked for her consent to dedicate a worldmaking project to her. Lady Reed got involved in the defense of the land when a Canadian mining company opened a mine in her town without consulting the community. In collaboration with state authorities, the mine grabbed the land and water of the community, further polluting the environment. The community created a collective to defend the territory from disposses-sion-first of their voices, then of the territory. In collusion with corrupt local authorities, the mining company also deployed their divide-and-rule strategies: armed shock groups to break the resistance, bribery, surveillance, and so on. Violence escalated. One night, while they were driving back to their town, Lady Reed and her colleagues were ambushed One of her colleagues died in the attack. Lady Reed was shot in the leg and the shoulder. The healing process has lasted for over six years. In one of our conversations, she told me that people in the region would call those who endure and recover from harm tlacuachitos [little opossums]. The Mesoamerican creation stories provide opossums with the status of immortality due to their capacity to play dead and revive.
"Opossum Resilience" is a fabulation of bastardized Mesoamerican myths, where four characters-a Hill, an Opossum, Lady Reed, and an Agave of Multiple Breastsmeet in temporalities that interweave stories of the world's creation with the contemporary struggles against


In much of the Mesoamerican mythology, the earth appears as a sacred place. She is a bountiful deity. It is also a place where danger and evil could befall the humans who inhabit it. Earth is a slippery, perilous place. It is conceived within the classic duality of good and evil. As a supernatural being, she could harm or benefit, depending on your deeds. Marcos, the EZLN poetic subcommander, expresses it this way: Yestos indígenas vienen a decir que la tierra es la madre, es la depositaria de la cultura, que abí vive la bistoria y que ahi viven los muertos (These indigenous peoples come to say that this earth is the mother, she is the cultural matrix, in her lives history and in her live the dead). [...]

In the words of Comandanta Esther, earth is life, is nature, and we are part of it. This simple phrase refers to the interconnectedness of all beings in the Mesoamerican Cosmos. Beings are not separable from each other. This basic principle has been found consistently within indigenous medical systems and also in the first historical primary sources. This principle creates a very particular form of human collectivity, with hardly any individuation. The world is not out there, established outside of, and apart from, people. It is within them and even "through" them. The "I" cannot be abstracted from its surroundings. The permeability of the entire "material" world defines an order of existence characterized by continuous transit between the material and the immaterial, the inside and the outside.

- Sylvia Marcos, The Borders Within

dispossession in the territory of Oaxaca. In spite of the violent processes of extractivism, the Hill, the Opossum, Lady Reed and the Agave get together to rejoice in festivity and celebrate partial victories in a territory where mining is forbidden.

In the Mesoamerican cosmologies, hills are sacred places because they host sources of water and connect to subterranean rivers and caves that provide access to the realm of the dead. The opossum is known as a deity who steals fire, tobacco, and alcohol to offer them to people. The agave is as sociated with the Nahua goddess Mayahuel-typically represented as a woman who emerges from an agave. Mayahuel is a deity of fertility with 400 breasts. In the Mixtec tradition, Lady Nine Reed is a lady who wears snakes on her head, braided with her hair. She carries knives to cut the agave leaves. In "Opossum Resilience," the Hill is a storyteller who witnesses and tells stories of these overlapping temporalities. The mythical plot opens with a nightmarish, flickering nocturnal scene that intercuts images of an altered landscape with the image of the hill under stroboscopic thunders.

Yo soñé con los naguales
Porque ando eriza de ancestros
Ante los planes siniestros
De las zonas especiales: Conflictos territoriales, Extracción rapiñadora
Extraccion rapinadora
Yo te invoco protectora,
Ven en forma de culebra,
Que tu trueno el cielo quiebra
Con su fuerza vengadora!
I dreamt about naguales Because I am craving ancestors In the face of the sinister plans Of the economic special zones: Territorial conflicts, Rapacious extraction I summon you, oh Protectress, Come in the shape of a snake, May your thunder break the sky With its revengeful force!



Cuál es la especie nativ
Dos úteros y vagina Cuya cola curativa Cavidades desopila?
¿Cuál será el mítico ser
Que con sus crías al lomo
Se hace el muerto, aguanta golpes Para después renacer?
iPonle un jarro de aguamiel Pa que venga y se emborrache En los tiempos de despojo Que no haga falta el tepache Aticen todos los fuegos iY que regrese el tlacuache!

Quién es ladrona mañosa Con manitas de persona Que deguella las gallinas Por su sangre deliciosa?
¿Cuál es aquel marsupia Dueño frío de la noche Que en su panza de costal Guarda tabaco y mezcal?

Who is the native species
With two uterus and vaginas Whose healing tail
Opens cavities?

Who is the mythical being Who carries her children on her back Who plays dead, takes on kicks To then be reborn?

Lay a jar of asuamiel To make her come and get drunk In the times of dispossession May tepache not be scant Stir up all the fires So that the opossum comes back!

Who is the sneaky thief
With human hands
Who cuts the throat of chickens For their delicious blood?

Who is the marsupial The cold owner of the night That in his bag-like belly Keeps tobacco and mezcal?


The Agave of Multiple Breasts appears as the seducing figure who provides others with rejoicing, dancing, and access to a world of inebriation. The Agave is hyper-fertilized, adulterated and enforced to monoculture.

[^5] by Claudia López Terroso, 20

Déjame ablandar tu cuerpo Yo te ayudaré a llorar Niño otra vez te volverás Ya no serás individuo Sacando eructos y pedos Irradiarás puro cariño Te acordarás de tus muertos Te despojarás de tí mismo Fermentos sacramentales Hígado luminiscente Higado luminiscente Te diluirás dulcemente Abriéndote a un caos profun
De intoxicantes rituales De intoxicantes rituales
Cachondo mareo rotundo Fuerzas sobrenaturales Te harán viajar a otro mundo Mi tierra esta amenazada Forzada al monocultivo Por el empresario altivo Cuyo eredo altivo Cuyo credo es el capital Mi sangre sobre-explotada Antes era medicinal Hoy hiper-fertilizada.. iHan gentrificado el mezcal!

Let me soften your body I will help you cry
You will become a child again You will no longer be an individual Farting and burping You will radiate pure affection You will remember your dead You will dispossess yourself of yourself Holy ferments
Luminiscent liver
You will sweetly dilute
Opening yourself to a deep chaos
Of intoxicating rituals
Horny resounding dizziness Supernatural forces
Will transport you to another world My land is threatened
Enforced to monoculture By the lordly businessman Whose creed is the capital My over-exploited blood Was medicine before
Today it is hyper-fertilized The mezcal has been gentrified!


The Hill gives an account of an ambush attempting to kill Lady Reed for her activism in the defense of the land:

## They followed her and reached her, they ambushed

 her at the crossroads. They tried to turn off her fire. They tried to break her into bits and pieces. They thought that they did. She played dead, like the opossum. Once they left, she picked up her bits and pieces of skin, of hair, of heart, of everything, her sneakers, her jeans, her leg, everything. She put everything back again in place. Once she revived, she felt stronger.The Opossum teaches Lady Reed how to revive. Lady Reed wears crutches and keeps dancing in the Cave.


[^6]Naciste bajo ciclos de lluvias constantes Temporadas de siembras y cosechas regulares Creciste bajo un manto de saberes ancestrales Un mundo ordenado por las fiestas patronales Aprendiste a usar la yunta y pastear al ganado Sembrando calabaza, maiz, frijol, garbanzo Te formaste rodeada de estructuras agrarias De ejidos y de tierras comunitarias Enmedio de asambleas, decisiones colectivas Organización apartidaria para gestionar la vida Tus padres te inculcaron el amor por la tierra iPor eso la defiendes en tiempos de guerra!

Tiempos de guerra llamada despojo Catástrofe ecológica en disfraz de desarrollo Empresas extractivas contratando sicarios

You were born under constant cycles of rain Seasons of regular seeding and harvest You were brought up under a coat of the ancestral knowledge A world ordered by saint festivities
You learnt to use a yoke and to feed cattle Sowing pumpkin, maize, beans, chickpeas You were surrounded by agrarian structures Ejidos and the commons
Among assemblies and collective decisions Organizations without political parties, to manage life Your parents taught you to love the land That's why, you defend it in the times of war!

Times of war called dispossession
Ecological catastrophe disguised as development Extractive industries hire killers
Destruction of blood and fire of millenary worlds

La policia estatal llegó a desalojarlos Helicópteros y perros, elementos armados Carros antimotines, detenciones arbitrarias Despliegue coercitivo para intimidar la banda Tiempos de guerra llamada despojo Fuerzas paramilitares forzando el desalojo Cinturones estrategicos, zonas especiales Depredación masiva de bienes naturales

Frente a las amenazas y represión abrumadora Se juntaron para formar la coordinadora Gestiones para el pueblo
Brigadeos de información
Animar con festejos el espíritu de organización Pusiste ahi tu tiempo, energía y pensamiento Tu presencia y voz encendieron el firmamento Joven mujer indígena defensora de la vida Constelación de fuerzas tejiendo alternativas Una noche de regreso en un cruce de caminos Rafaguearon su nave un grupo de asesinos Uno de tus compas cayó en el atentado El coche en el que iban terminó destrozado

En estos tiempos de guerra llamada despojo Tu sigues de pie resistiendo con arrojo La herida de tu pierna memoria del agravio Sigue irradiando rabia y deseo libertario

The state police came to evict you Helicopters, dogs, armed convoys Anti-riot cars, arbitrary detentions Launching coercion to intimidate the people Times of a war called dispossession Paramilitary forces enforcing evacuation Strategic lines, special zones Massive destruction of natural wealth

In the face of the threats and overwhelming repression You got together to create the collective
Managing resources for the people Brigades of information
Cheering up the collective spirit with parties You put in your time, energy, and thought Your presence and voice lit up the firmament Young Indigenous woman defending the land Constellation of forces weaving alternatives On a night when you were coming back home A group of hired killers ambushed your car One of your colleagues died on the attack The car was completely destroyed

In the times of war called dispossession
You keep standing up bravely resisting The wound of your leg-a memory of the affront Keeps radiating rage and libertarian desire

Los chismes se esparcieron creando confusión Visitas aisladas, fases de exploración
Contubernios corruptos con las autoridades Concesiones sin consulta a las comunidades

Te uniste a la brigada para tomar la mina Llevaron tinaco, cobijas, cocina
Como los compañeros se iban a trabajar Cerca de cien mujeres fueron a ocupar

Gossip spread, misleading people Isolated visits, exploration stages
Corrupted arrangements with the authorities Concessions without consulting communities

You joined the brigade to occupy the mine You brought a water tank, blankets, a portable kitchen Due to the jobs of your male fellows Almost one hundred women occupied the mine



Who are we? We are the Global South, that large set of creations and creatures that has been sacrificed to the infinite voracity of capitalism, colonialism, patriarchy, and all their satellite-oppressions. We are present at every cardinal point because our geography is the geography of injustice and oppression. We are not everyone; we are those who do not resign themselves to sacrifice and therefore resist. We have dignity.

- Boaventura de Sousa Santos, Epistemologies of the South


Introduce yourself to others by introducing a place that is important for your work/life. Share with others what is the relation between this place and Indigenous peoples. What stories of the place about collective resistance, celebration, healing, and transformation do you know? Take a break

## MAPPING KNOWLEDGES

Set a large paper sheet, markers, and pencils on the table. Share with the group: What are you good at? What knowledges and skills can you offer to
 knowledges, interests, and passions of the group. Look at possible connections.
Put up the paper on a wall in the room, and keep it there for the duration of the workshop.

Bring different images from various sources (codices, figurines, vernacular cultures, etc.), and sketch out your characters.
In groups: use your bodies to create three differ ent still images of the character in action. Take a picture of each. Use the three images to elicit a picture of each. Use the three images to eli
a story. You can write dialogues between the characters, think of a "voice over" that tells the story, create a soundscape for it, etc.
 heard in the place you are involved in. You may find them in oral practices (songs, conversations of Indigenous myths, tales for children), image and material sources (vernacular culture, clay figurines, codex, etc.) and in social practices (rituals and festivities). Talk to people who know myths from the region. Gather different materials for your mythical plot, and keep them together (in a notebook, a log book, a computer folder,

Individually, write down or make a conceptual map addressing the following questions: What are their stories? Who are these mythical beings? What are their capacities and agencies? What are their roles in the environment? With whom do/es she/ he/they relate, and in which ways? What happens to them within a site of dispossession? What are do you envision their life in a remote future?

Can you identify the myth's aspects that are oppressive? How can you bastardize the myth in a way that opens up, instead of closing down the emancipatory potentialities?
Overlap the temporalities of the myth, the present, and the future.
ap the group's mythical plots seeking for connec tions.

Look for resonances, and team up.
Write down a narrative synopsis; the narrative has to be grounded in a place in which the group is implicated.


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You mourn, ... because you care You care, ... because you dare You make yourself able To be affected here an' elsewhere


CARE \& BECOME


Berhanu Ashagrie Deribew

What we (societies in the Global South) have in common is that we all have to fight against many obstacles in order to live with dignity-that is to say, to live well. [...] We fight against the obstacles under the conviction that they can be eliminated. But our struggle depends less on our objectives than on the quality of our actions and emotions in striving to attain them.

- Boaventura de Sousa Santos, Epistemologies of the South

Addis Ababa is one of the most rapidly growing cities in Africa. The city is the political center of Ethiopia, and since the establishment of the Organisation of African Unity in 1963 (later rebranded as the African Union), Addis has also functioned as the headquarter for the continent. My strong relationship with the city of Addis Ababa began over two decades ago. Prior to that, I had spent a few summers there, but it seemed to me at that time a big city, where things appeared to be possible and impossible at the same time. After I moved to Addis Ababa with the intention of becoming a permanent resident, it became the city I could best relate to. As the concept of home is dynamic and always has the potential to shift, Addis became my home, rather than the place where I was born and grew up. Here, I celebrate the privileges that its urban setting can offer, and, at the same time, I share in the suffering from the consequences of this urbanism. I try to adapt to situations and move on with a sense of belonging; Addis is my home that is neither empty nor full, but always lively.

In 1886, after understanding the potential resources the landscape could offer, Emperor Menilek II moved from Mount Entoto to a location now called Arat Killo, which later became the heart of the city. ${ }^{1}$ Then the army, the nobility, the officials, and their servants all started to settle around the Emperor's new palace as the area slowly transformed into a village, then a town, and finally a city. Since its early expansion, the city has been a melting pot for people from all corners of the country, as all walks of life move in and settle there. The migration to the city continues to be a reality, which makes the already densely populated area expand even further. Addis is still a young city, with only a 130-year history, having hosted just over four generations of inhabitants.

The name "Addis Ababa," which means "New Flower" in the Amharic language, was given by Empress Taytu, the wife of Emperor Menilek II, at the very beginning of the settlement. ${ }^{2}$ The city was formed without the intention to develop as a major urban platform. The absence of grid-like roadways gives Addis a unique character; the apparent informality of the city structure positively shaped the social fabric, allowing for various intimate relationships to be maintained. This urban reality started to become collective history approximately a decade ago, when the state first initiated major, large-scale modernization projects. Since then, massive waves of urban displacement have taken hold of the city and innumerable families and neighborhoods have been forcefully displaced to the city outskirts, where they would encounter a radically different environment. Passing by demolition and construction sites has become a regular part of everyday urbanism. Even
in important older neighborhoods, historical architecture, public spaces, and memorials were displaced to make way for the so-called developmental projects orchestrated by the state; these unique urban features are increasingly vanishing from the collective memory.

The fact that the entire city is rapidly becoming a construction site has led to numerous questions, which have so far not been met with satisfying answers. The imbalance between what the residents need and what has been delivered by the state has become an irritating and ongoing tension to live with. As an artist trying to engage critically with different urban realities, I have initiated multiple artistic projects in response to the rapidly changing urban environment and the human conditions it sustains (or undermines). My focus has mainly been on urban displacement, land grabbing, and transitions of spaces and places. In that sense, I have mainly focused on the here-and-now moments of the present that distort possibilities for collective becoming.

The city of Addis Ababa is located in a region called Oromia, which includes the largest ethnic group in Ethiopia. As a result of the extensive horizontal expansion of the city, people living on the city's peripheries have been forcibly pushed out and deprived of land. These rapid urbanization projects occurred until the city ran out of space to accommodate more expansion; following a complete saturation, in 2014, the city administration announced a new integrated master plan, which would incorporate surrounding lands of the region, well beyond the city limits.

This act is an expression of the arrogance of the development logic of an authoritarian state and the distorted understanding of land as something that the state can take entirely into possession, for its own purposes. Ethiopia is mainly an agrarian society in which land has multiple meanings. Land is not only perceived as property; it is also a birthright, an understanding, and a knowledge woven over time. This aggressive act of the state sparked indignation among youth in the region and was followed by massive protests throughout the country. The uprising of the youth in the region lasted for over three years and eventually became the main force leading to a major reform of the political structure that had brutally oppressed the nation for twentyseven years.
closely witnessed the indignation expressed throughout the struggle of the youth in the Oromia region. I learned that the proposed master plan was indeed a cause, but not the only one, sustaining the continuous protests. The indignation was mainly a product of deferred rage and grief, latent since the establishment and early expansion of the city-its


Berhanu Ashagrie, Care \& Become:
Walking together to Mount Entoto; Walking together or omount Entoto;
handwritten newspaper for Care handuriten newspaper for Care
$\&$ Mourning "Maintaing", (sharing
meals with meals with collaboratoros): poeen
reading performance inside a


foundation built on violence, land grabbing, displacement, resource manipulation, and cultural domination. Until recently, this history of violence could not be discussed openly, neither by the state nor the various ethnic groups. For the majority of communities, the pre-urban space was not even accessible through any narrative recounting; the conditions of the land before the establishment of the city have mainly been recognized and sustained orally, among one specific ethnic group. This acute oral history includes descriptions of violence and victimization during the city's establishment-a history of suffering and loss that has never been fully recognized or properly addressed. The different perspectives among various social groups are due, in part, to the fact that claims regarding dispossession contradict the grand, dominant political narrative about the role (and importance) of the Emperor with regards to the formation and development of the nation.

Following the recent political reformation, historians, activists, and politicians, as well as youth from the region, have started to openly discuss the violent history of urbanism and related conflicts and, going even further, to reclaim ownership over the city. Their primordial demands produced multiple counter-narratives from different ethnic groups, many of which injected even more anger, rage, and divisive arguments into an already agonistic debate. The absence of careful listening slowly affected the ability of societies to co-exist with their differences. Regional borders have become bolder than they used to be, and in the different regions ethnic "Others" become complete strangers, as if they never had a shared collective past. Individuals and families who for a long time have lived among other ethnic groups have forcefully and violently been pushed out from the different regions. Zygmunt Bauman told us that "a meeting of strangers is an event without a past. More often than not, it is also an event without a future." ${ }^{3}$ The fact that ethnic "Others" have suddenly become unknown and unwanted in the different regions is an act of making strangers, which not only denies societies' shared past, but also rejects the possible collective futures. In 2018, this disturbing reality made the country rank first in internal displacement, with some lands considered seizable and some lives considered disposable. ${ }^{4}$ This sad fact obviously affects the collective hope for buen vivir [good living]. ${ }^{5}$ Now, the different ethnic groups seem to be involved in a battle, in which the only possibility is to loose in a collective manner.

Our societies are haunted by the ghosts of violence; especially as a culture of fear and brutality is actively cultivated in and beyond the city center. In the face of this ongoing conflict, individuals and collectives respond with expressions of grief as well as those of rage. Whereas the latter implies
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5 The concent to buen vivi (Good word "sumak kawsuy." I use it there in the way that thas been adapted
by Boaventura de Sousa Santos.
the danger of destruction and irreversible damage, the former searches for the potentialities of a coming-together despite and because of difference. Such coming-together cannot begin with an intention to forget or overcome history, but instead must seek to generate affective encounters, wherein participants listen carefully and allow themselves to be affected by one another. The coming-together that can facilitate a process of collective healing starts from an active and infectious wound, but not from scars.

My project, "Care \& Become," has the fragile intention of navigating possibilities for coming-together in precarious moments. The project recognizes that such a process cannot be initiated or maintained through a mainstream language of politics; rather, this occurs through embodied knowledge and experiences shared within societies. Our political lives have been constantly exposed to violence, and oppressed societies experience multiple forms of loss that require mourning. In places where difference is made to define societal relationships, grief might be a confined experience among specific communities; in such precarious moments, people should take on the responsibility to openly and collectively grieve and lament victimization.

The project investigates how the notion and practice of mourning can be translated into aesthetic, pedagogical, and political devices to contribute to the process of collective healing. Engaging with mourning means embodying precarious times in order to allow oneself to care, transform, affect and be affected by the conditions of the other. Therefore, the work of mourning is also, on a broader scale, an attempt to understand its own socio-political power and become an active agent and witness of it. In many different cultures, there is an understanding that no one is meant to grieve alone; in Ethiopia, there are even traditional mutual-aid associations for funerals and bereavements in both rural and urban areas. Such traditional models of community formations, often based on vulnerability and loss, have guided a variety of community and political struggles, including "Madres de la Plaza de Mayo" in Argentina, "Saturday Mothers" in Turkey, "Women in Black" in Israel, Serbia, and internationally, and "Black Lives Matter" in the US and internationally

In my project, the concept of embodiment provides the starting point for a theory of change. Embodiment has a potential to initiate an ethics, aesthetics, and politics in which life, vulnerability, and the search for collaboration are constantly negotiated. ${ }^{6}$ By developing practices of embodiment, multiple creative, pedagogical, and political engagements have been performed in a collective manner; for instance, I organized a six-day workshop in Addis,

involving individuals from various creative disciplines, and different social and cultural backgrounds. The workshop's general framework was organized around the notion of care and mourning, and engaged with different methods of creating affective encounters: card exercises for storytelling, meaning-making exercises about violence and dispossession, elegy writing to convey mourning as a critical act that requires care, walking together to sites of dispossession, as well as vocal and gesture exercises in public spaces as forms of protest, and language exercises to experience misunderstanding and misinterpretation, among other activities. As a major artistic and political outcome of the project, actions of collective mourning were performed at three urban sites of dispossession in Addis Ababa City: elegy reading on a public bus; a decoded or systemic protest at Meskel Square, one of the most important public spaces in the city; and, a mourning ritual on Mount Entoto. ${ }^{7}$


| $\approx$ |
| :---: |
| Berhanu Ashagrie, Care $\&$ Become: |
| Mourning performance in public | Mourning pertormance in public

space (at National Palace); gesture exercise in pair (problematizing gestures); both in Addis Ababa, 2019
Ben Spatz, "Notes for Decolonizing
Embodiment," Journal of Oframatic. Theory and C Criticism 33, no. 2 (2019: Theory and criticism 33, 20. 2 (2019.
$9-22 ;$ doi: $10.1353 /$ dta.2019.0001. Meskel Square is the major public
squarer in Addis Ababait it is very
important space in in the everyday mportant space in the everyday
urban life and the socio-political history of the city, as well as a a
renown site across the country.


There is no change without self-change, for the obstacles to life with dignity, or to living well ...

- Boaventura de Sousa Santos, Epistemologies of the South

The notions of embodiment and embodied arts offer something specific to decolonization efforts, which cannot be subsumed under the concept of performance. Unlike performance, which carries connotations of measurable efficacy and immediately evident force, embodiment has the potential to initiate or reinvent an ethics and politics in which life, survival, vulnerability, and ecology would be key terms.

- Ben Spatz, "Notes for Decolonizing Embodiment"




There is room to think of types of witnessing which involve forms of being with the other beyond the symbolic realm. Certainly this type of witnessing does not equate with known forms of intersubjective recognition, but it seems to resemble more experiences of anxiety. Anxiety, in this sense, would also-as trauma-mean certain type of closeness to the "truth of the real," and not only to alienated forms of "knowledge" (or fantasies).

- Margarita Palacios, Radical Sociality


TOO1

## A SCRIPT FOR MOURNING

A script is generally prepared in dif ferent textual formats in an attempt to guide a certain speech, action, play, or performance. A script can be many more things, but, in the case of the traditional theater, it is meant to contain texts that guide spoken words or story flows and directions a document with written instructions for a performance to be delivered by performers in a specific setting. A script can be formulated to tell stories through a specific genre of performance, dealing with different subject matters and storytelling stra egies. How do we write a script to tell stories of or about violence and properly engage with the act of narrativization relating to events that exemplify what Frank Wilderson dis cusses as the "unspeakable grammar of suffering"? (2) How do we interpret histories of violence within multi-
ple societal narratives? How do we ple societal narratives? How do we of violence that haunt contemporary social relationships? Can we presuppos a "we" in this context?
This tool recognizes the problematic position of the witness; it distances itself from the traditional role and function of scripts, instead acting as scriptwriting format, after a certain performative engagement has taken performative engagement has taken
place on the basis of care. (3) The preparation of the script consists of negotiating openings for the performers and the sites on which the performance is to take place. Therefore, "Script for Mourning" is less about
experiences through which stories of dispossession can be told using the
bodies of the performers
"Script for Mourning" generates creative and critical encounters to translate embodied knowledge and bodily experiences in relation to loss, grief, and mourning. It is
also intended to function as a means of generating affective encounters for sharing, caring, and learning, through which bodily experience can be elevated among collectives as an aesthetic, pedagogical, and political act. The process of developing a script for mourning is also meant to generate multiple encounters to exten
collective imaginations, through which a certain form of freedom ca be experienced beyond any oppressive reality. "Script for Mourning" attempts to facilitate strategies to engage a group in a performative act with a potential to work on a progressive script for further perform ative engagle and adaptable among different groups and contexts.
(2) Frank B. Wilderson, Red, White \& Black: Cinema and the Structure of US Antagonisms (Durham: Duke University Press 2010), 1-32.
(3) Reverse script creation based on a certain form of performasummary or synopsis of the per formance. See Adam Andrzejewsk \& Marta Zareba, "Theatrical Scripts," Rivista di estetica 65 (2017): 177-94; doi: 10.4000 /estetica. 2169.

## Lamentation poem writing

The activity contains multiple exercises, and it is crucial to remember the value of discussion and the exercises. The exercise aims at generating layers of meaning for some words that are important for the discussion on specific contexts of dispossession, and extending the power of words to form lamentation poems that can facilitate an expression of loss, indignation, and grief.(4

Generate words related to violence, loss, grief care, mourning, and struggle

Discuss each word, and give layers of meaning that are relevant to the context
Each member of the group takes one or more words Each member of the group takes one or more words tion poem.

Collect the poems, and make a collage to form a single poem.

Choose a site, and perform the lamentation poem, reading in group.
(4) Lamentation poems are a style of nonnarrative poem expressing deep grief or sorrow over a personal loss. In the Amharic language, they are referred to as "Ye hazen engurguro," and are counted among the popular expressions of loss and grief in Ethiopian mourning traditions.


[^7] in Addis Ababa, 2019

## vocal exercise

This exercise facilitates an encounter with potential forms of expression that work well if they can be performed in public spaces or on sites of disposses sion as an act of protest.

Each participant develops a certain sound as an articulation of indignation, loss, grief, mourning, and protest.

Each member trains the group with the specific sound they have come up with.

## RITUAL-MAKING

The "Ritual-Making" exercise facilitates another layer of bodily experiences through negotiating with ghosts of violence and loss.(5)

Discuss different mourning traditions, and select one mourning element from each of the following directions: sounds, words, sayings, gestures, objects, and natural elements.
Form a mourning ritual by incorporating the different mourning elements stated above.

Choose a site and perform the mourning ritual.
(5) Most cultures in Africa have mourning tra ditions involving rituals; in the Ethiopian context, mourning rituals are mainly seen




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## CREDTS

Care \& Become, by Berhanu Ashagrie Deribew. Mourning performances in public space, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, 2019. Collaborators: Berhanu Kassahun Hailu, Mihret Kebede, Martha Haile, Meron Hailu, Robel Temesgen, Tesfaye Bekele, and Zerihun Berhanu. Contributors: Ameneshewa Admassu, Dr. Elizabeth W. Giorgis, Julien Schmid Lucie Strecker, Dr. Netsanet G. Michael, Dr. Surafe Wondimu, and Tassew Wondim. Supporters Bekele Mekonnen, Desalegn Worku, Henok Melkamzer, Liya Girma, Meseret Hailu, and Emuye Majet. Documentation: Habtamu Gebremeske. Produced with the support of FWF PEEK: DisPossession: Post-Participatory Aesthetics and the Pedagogies of Land."

## AFTERWORD

## A CRITICAL REFLECTION on the Contemporary Moment of the Global South

Elizabeth W. Giorgis

By reflecting on the multiple links between subjection and authority in the political and social realities of the Global South, Despite Dispossession: Ane Activity Book produces possibilities for new models of aesthetic imagining that can contribute to the shaping of a new humanist subjectivity. While the artists in this project crucially recognized the uncertainties of the futures of the South, their resolute pronouncements suggest myriad ways that these futures might unfold.

As the artists indicate in the introduction, their inspiration "came from recent work on epistemologies of the South: struggling to move away from (while residing in) a dominant form of Eurocentric knowledge production." 1 They "aimed for an engagement with Indigenous and local knowledges put forth by and among different worlds. [...] looking for concepts responding to distinct realities in the Global South." ${ }^{2}$ They explored the collective and mutual imaginaries of citizenship and political life. They engaged with new political identities and subject positions that are continually shifting, multiple and transcendent. Though they each examined specific forms of decentered identification, several crucial factors remained recurring and incessant.

The most significant and expansive narrative that the artists propose is the history of the subject in the Global South, which they articulate as complex and multi-layered-a position that can only be conceived through the historical consideration of race, gender, and class inequalities
both within and beyond the nation state They interrogate the power of global capital that has particularly drawn distinctions and boundaries for who is included and who is not. Certainly, these limited membership rights are markedly glaring in the Global South and the artists of the Willful Weeds Research Group skillfully and imaginatively explore specific crises in distinctive sites Significantly so when they critically examine the concept of "dispossession" that emanates from a progressively encroaching transnational economic network and infra structure. As their activity book states, "[i]n the wake of brutal violence and devastating plunder, we asked ourselves: what are the stories we want to tell and retell within life worlds under the threat of extinction?" ${ }^{3}$

The different notions of dispossession that the artists bring forth is powerfully portrayed in each contribution. The shifting and ambiguous political economic conditions that the dispossession of land (or other forms of dispossession) initiate is making the meaning and practice of freedom and justice, as well as the exercise of political rights, increasingly ambiguous in our contemporary moment. Because of this, there is an urgent need to create alternative spaces of conversation and debate for all kinds of dispossession.

In the spirit of this critical deployment of dispossession, I would also like to invoke the context of contemporary Ethiopia, where an ongoing, diverse protest movement is shaking the foundations of the dominant political order. To what effect? The subjects of resistance have become incapable of extending their struggle to a transformative political life. Clearly new ideas about citizenship and belonging are being constructed in Ethiopia, formulated on ethnic-based geographies and identities. Territorial sovereignty has become an open question, and citizenship is being rethought not in relation to the sovereign nation state but according to multiple forms of belonging and identity. And, it is in this regard that present-day contestations around land allocation, claims, and rights significantly manifest. Certainly, the conflict between sovereignty and the compounded forms of citizenship is linked to the hegemony of the global political economy. In this regard, transnational capital's increasing control of our economies and our social lives has intensified systematic exclusions and have contributed to the formation of destabilized political identities

Perhaps the Ethiopian experience can pose shared challenges to other contemporary contexts of dispossession and to definitions of citizenship rights and their complications in the Global South For instance, until the end of 2019, Ethiopia had led the world in forced migration, with over 1.4 million people internally displaced (followed by Syria, with 1.2 million displaced people). Though the states of conflict are complex, disputes over borders, land allocations among ethnic groups, and ethnic membership and authenticity, were, among many others, causal factors for the recent escalation of displacements, violence, and dispossession. The systematic confiscation of land, conducted in cruel and inhuman ways, has forced an unprecedented amount of people to
become displaced. Exclusion by dispossession and displacement has consequently eroded equal citizenship rights.

The massive, violent protests of 2015 set in motion the disintegration of the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Democratic Front (EPRDF), which had been in power since the fall of the military junta in 1991. The question of land rights was a pivotal catalyst that led to the waves of protest. Promising massive change, dissenting members from the same party took control of the state in 2017. Almost three years on, the new protagonists of power still employ the inciteful political vocabularies that helped them assume power in 2017. Yet, these vocabularies have increasingly become powerless as questions surrounding the dispossession of land and its broader legal implications to citizenship rights have not yet found redress, and the economic crisis continues to expand. The state is responding to this predicament with neoliberal economic endeavors that have resulted in perverse consequences for people in their everyday lives. Moreover, political communities are becoming more and more fragmented and are indirectly expediting the dangerous surge of identity politics in lieu of the politics and practices of dispossession.

Unfortunately, the political agents and activists who emerged in the past three years are attempting to confront the forms of injustice caused by land dispossession with little understanding of the coercive logic of neoliberal projects and their requisite brutality; the ongoing confiscation of land under duress-typically in the name of advancing public interest for develop-ment-is ultimately undermining human and civil rights. Certainly, belonging is constructed and negotiated through access and denial to what one considers one's land, and thus it is the insecurity of land tenure that has brought tension in civil and political life. The intellectual elite are also embroiled in an ideological chaos that

concentrates on the legitimacy (or lack thereof) of various ethnic-based boundaries, rather than the economic inequalities that are behind the ascent of ethnic-based internal demarcations that emanate from dispossession. Since the nature of neoliberal ideology and its relationship to social, economic, and cultural factors is sidelined, the actual determinants behind the presentday crisis of land claims and rights remains concealed. Instead, an entrenched form of identity politics attempts to address the quandary of inequalities that neoliberal economic policies continue to impose. Multiple sensibilities of nationalism have proliferated and the Ethiopian nation state as a fundamental framework to secure land claims and rights is thrown into doubt.

The politics and geography of global capital, as well as the forms of state repression that accompany capital's intensified expansion, necessitates a form of a mobilized global articulation such as these artists have attempted. They are inviting us to think about the urgency of the time Indeed, the politics of urban geography, dispossession and displacement, hierarchies of citizenship, belonging and identity, and new undercurrents of inclusion and exclusion, are among the many factors that drive movements and struggles in the Global South. By primarily speaking to such conundrums in the postcolonial state, these artists are encouraging us to create a broader dialogue in which we can bring the collective experiences of the Global South into focus.

Ultimately, an ethics of entanglement calls on political ecologists to be accountable for our political position by unlearning imperial epistemologies and making knowledge production a means of collective transformation.

- Juanita Sundberg, "Ethics, Entanglement, and Political Ecology"



## PROTOCOL FOR

## WORKING TOGETHER

This working protocol is suggested by the members of the Willful Weeds Research contributes and enriches it. The and structure.

## I. RESEARCH MEETINGS

1. FACILItATING Research meetings
For each research meeting, two person take on the responsibility to be the main organizers.

They draft a detailed plan and deter mine the venues of our working days They ensure continuity with the previous meeting, and make sure that pending matters are addressed;
They facilitate communication both
within the group and with the invite within the group and with the invited guests;
They assign tasks for specific engageme
They propose productive ways of stimulating, moderating, and exchang ing feedback.
2. Each meeting STARTS OFF WITH
Discussing the week's activity plan (distributed by the main organizers beforehand); Discussing the objectives of the activities
Determining the goal(s) of the
general meeting;
3. EACH MEETING ENDS WITH

- Feedback, reflection, and evaluation of the week;
Discussing and drafting a rough plan for the next meeting;
Making a recorded sound summary recapitulating the main events/explorations (allowing, among others, those who missed the meeting to catch up).

4. BREAK

When the main organizers plan a meeting, they can consider a half-day break in to have moments to look back and forth with regards to the process.
5. meeting venues

We mainly organize our meetings at the Academy. Although this might be convenient, the office atmosphere often
brings the group down. To refresh the energy, we organize working sessions a other locations, inside or outside the Academy's compound activities. We things such as mushroom picking, conversing while walking, telling stories in the woods, etc.

## - Individual researc

 \& WRITINGEach member engages in a site-specific study; each member writes individu ally about this study. We write, share feedback, and then rewrite afterwards Each member of the group can use the
ideas of their writing for the purposes other than our common research project. However, in the case of using extracts from our common project, it is important to refer to us as a research group, FWF as the funder, and the Acad emy of Fine Arts Vienna as the host
3. presentation

When there are presentations of the group members, we agree on considering he following points:

PREPARATION OF PRESENTATIONS: We learned from Eve Tuck that the deeper each of us dives into their research all its particularities and complexities, the more these elements can contribute to the overall project. Presentations become richer when they make explicit key questions, aims, concepts, and methods, and, at the same time, allow for vulnerability and address dilemmas, challenges, and impossibilities. The group can then
identify the "knots" of connectedness within the collective research and work further on collectively strengthening these "knots."
FOCUSED FEEDBACK: For the critical feedback, we have assigned one group member for each presentation to modfeedback may or may not be given on the spot since it may require further additional information or take more time to spell out the feedback.

CRITICISM: Working effectively as a group requires concern for each other This may not be easy to maintain all effort into doing so. We aim to genu inely and critically reflect upon each other's work. Criticism might highlight
blind spots, contradictions, ethical dilemmas, and conflictive positions; it is necessary for the project to strengthen and flourish. In this sense criticism is an exercise of generosity and intellectual commitment. However, it is important to keep criticism con structive. To do so, it might be helpto first check one's own emotional responses before speaking, maybe write down notes, and expand them to avoid projecting one's expectations or anxie ties onto others
allocating tine: The time for each presentation can range according to that the time needed for the presentation may possibly vary from person to person, according to the materials and ideas available at a time. Considering the above, it is beneficial to allocat a minimum and maximum amount of time for each presentation, allowing the needed for the presentation within the proposed range of time

TAKING NOTES: Because each individual ase study carries its own specificity in terms of history and language, the person taking notes might feel unfailiar with the references, including t is important to hack notes and minutes for misunderstandings

## 4. FOCUSED ENGAGEMENT

In our group discussions, we often get carried away, sometimes finding a new path, sometimes getting lost. At suc question about finalizing the proje Since each group member is working on their projects and has lots of materi als to work on, we need one person wit a strong stand to direct and redirect all research activities and materials towards the final outcome. This task is usually performed by the proect's leader, who has an overview of taneously of the general structure o the project.

1. SUPPORTING ONE ANOTHER

The ways in which group members relate to each other and to what extent they has a huge impact on the collective spirit and engagement. Therefore, if the group members need support with regards to their research, they should be able to ask for it either within the group or individually.
2. GROUP SPIRIT

A traditional African saying proposes
"I am, because you are一let me add, so
that we become." If everyone genuinely
submits to such an understanding and
values contributions from members of
the group, the collective spirit will
elevate in many ways.
3. GROUP EXERCISES

We usually meet for our work in Room \#A4239A, sitting around the big table \#A42 an, sitting around the big table ways to engage with each other during the week-long meetings. Group exercises can be developed from the dif ferent tools that each group member has been working on. Each member of the group can propose small exercises, making the material available for the group.
4. Maintenance Relationships The group often has lunch, but eating ogether at the canteen in the Academy is not a form of socializing. Getting ogether outside the research context framework can nourish our energy and onsidering that, cooking together going out for food and drinks should e included in the weekly planning of our meetings.


## WHAT IF?

Some activities for working groups temporarily immobilized by tensions, doubt, and impossibilities:

Identify the strength of the group.

- Go for a walk.

Do a free-writing exercise on possible sources of the impasse.

Prepare a meal together with everybody contribut ing an ingredient.
Make a collective playlist of favorite sos in different languases avoiding fnavish

Teach each other one dance move.
Teach each other one dance move

## DESTITE DISPOSSESSION Activity Cards

The Willful Weeds Research Group created three sets of cards intended to initiate storytelling through fictionalization: "The Association Cards for Living in Ruins," "Character Cards," and "Condition Cards." The words and images on the cards reference landscapes, ghosts, ancestra worlds, animals, people, and institutions inspired by the different encounters in our research sites. It is our hope that these
cards expand the capacity to listen and respond to sites of dispossession and spark imagination of different, more desirable worlds. To make use of these cards, we propose a series of activities. ${ }^{1}$ We invite you, dear reader, to become a playertake our cards and make them your own, use them to speculate, initiate conversations, stimulate and anticipate different narratives, descriptions, and stories.
























ARTIFICIAL INTELLEGENCE

POLITICIAN

HEALER

THE ONLY SURVIVOR





## DESPITE DISPOSSESSION

 An Activity Book
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As transnational extractivism, neo-fascist politics, and economies of abandonment and disposability expand around the world, can we facilitate situated practices of storytelling and worldmaking that enliven futures propelled by the forces of indignation, desire, and relationality? Despite Dispossession: e An e Activity Book extends an invitation to restore and reinvent bonds of reciprocity with the land, humans, and non-humans, while envisioning transformative and shared horizons.

This collaborative endeavor takes as its point of departure the contested realities and public struggles of the dispossessed. Bringing together seven site-sensitive engagements, the contributors develop their artistic works, as well as speculative tools and activities, to conjure worlds to come in the ruins of dispossession. The result is a combination of subtle theoretical reflection, pluriversal modes of inquiry, and unruly epistemic intervention. Drawing its inspiration from decolonizing methodologies, Black aesthetics, and epistemologies of the South, the project gathers these influences for a novel experiment that demonstrates how arts-based researchers confront dispossession through itinerant practices of resistance.


[^0]:    de Sousa Sa
    the South

[^1]:    Macarena Gómez-Baris, The
    Extractive Zone: Social Ecologies Extractive Zone: Social Ecologis and Decolonial Perspectives (Durham: Duke University Pres

[^2]:    - Karen Barad, "Nature's Queer Performativity"

[^3]:    Roida Tựul, Buried with Turte;
    Buried with Turte (both on lett page) Buried with Turtle (both on left page
    \& Turte and Hyena; Turtle and Boncukku Tarla (Beaded Field), (bot

[^4]:    个 Yade still Despina, by loek
    $\rightarrow \begin{aligned} & \text { Sinop Fortress Prison Mussum; } \\ & \text { photo by ipek Hamzaogilu, } 2019\end{aligned}$

[^5]:    On the set of Opossum Resilience

[^6]:    On the set of Opossum Resilience by Naomi Rincón Galarardo; pho

[^7]:    
    
    

