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introduction

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Shoebox Shoebox Shoebox. A literary creative artistic journal.

One of the biggest fears I had prior to starting a fellowship in Arabic studies and leaving the comfort of an art academy was how to confront people and places I find interesting - for Shoebox - as someone who *is* an artist or creator with an idea worth sharing. And to play the game of making it seem like I know what I'm on about in relation to magazines and self-publishing enough for someone else to be interested in participating.

It's a scary thing because not only are you putting yourself out there, but also exposing your goals and ideas which more often than not feel completely unbased.

What is Shoebox?

It's a solo-project (for now) with the core idea of gathering creativity and stories from a variety of people to share in a common space: of community and openness.

But then what does it do? I question if it's just some paper with some names and some words bound together with a string. But at the same time those questions could be directed at anything in the world. Isn't Shakespeare also just some words on paper?

The amount of submissions for this issue is both rejuvenating and surprising. Through an open call, direct invitations and interviews, the third edition of Shoebox is filled with poetry, essays, creative writing, illustration, painting and more, from many contributors that I have never even met.

And all of the sudden slogans like anti-elitism, inclusivity and openness feel less pressing than in previous issues. All submissions that have been sent have been included in this edition, because how can I make judgement and say what gets in to a magazine that aims at community and openness?

More present now and in relation to this magazine is trying to grapple with the themes of art and society and how they complement each other. If the connection is tangible or if it even needs to be at all.

The way I see it is that striving towards openness and community in art can be a vicious circle, especially in relation to Shoebox. This magazine is already going at it from a point of fellowships and art academies which could be seen to many as the literal definition of *elite*. I was reading about the Egyptian surrealist 'Art and Freedom' movement in 'The Dawn of Egyptian Modern Painting' by Najib Ezz El-Din, and this comment felt uncomfortably relevant to my thoughts:

"In fact, the "Art and Freedom" movement was - in spite of its loud social slogans - secluded from reality. /.../ They spent daytime in drawing surrealistic pictures, and issuing statements that denounced the "Bourgeois". At night, they displaced their pictures at the most elegant salons and galleries, which were unfamiliar to the public /.../. They represented the thinking of the

introduction

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elite in its ivory tower. And though hating this class, they appealed to it, because it was the only class that cared for their art." (118)

Eslam Safwat Makadi, who is contributing with a reflectional piece about the process of writing his book 'Our Truth' in this issue, expressed during our first meeting how existential he found the previous edition of Shoebox to be. That many of the submissions reflected a search for something that perhaps isn't tangible at all.

It is then these constant questions that are driving this magazine forward at a time when things feel as though they are turning upside down.

One the other hand, trying to measure the effect in whatever material way may be missing the whole point. Working on the story about the community arts center Darb1718 for this edition, I was inspired and calmed by how organic this connection feels there. One thing just kind of leads to the other and the beauty is doing it together.

Like previous editions of Shoebox, this number three is a collective word-of-mouth effort spanning a variety of languages, with contributors from many corners of the world. There is no theme by which a contribution has to follow, which is a purposeful decision in order to give space to the individual contributor and their specific work, idea, piece or contemplation.

There is also the important-to-mention fact that my own ramblings in this introduction may be completely unrelatable to a contributor in this magazine. This is done intentionally to further enable the open space that Shoebox is trying to facilitate, as well as to once again raise the point of how one can strive to open a non-hierarchical and inclusive platform.

In the end, Shoebox is about questioning, open dialogue, storytelling and cultural exchanges.

skriften - filip samuelsson

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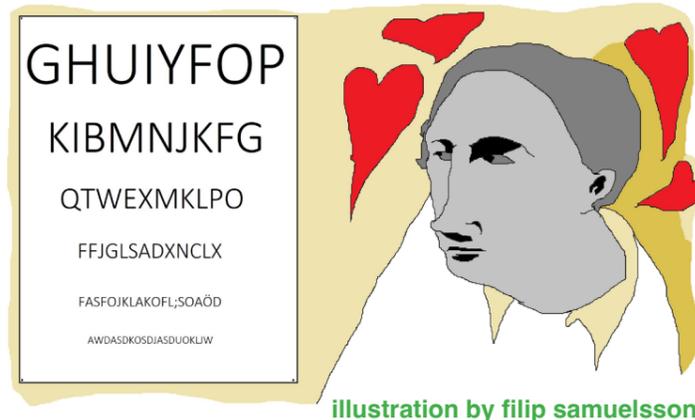


illustration by filip samuelsson

Ibland, när jag känner för att fascineras över de små sakerna i livet, funderar jag på det skrivna ordet. Jag tänker inte i denna korta text göra anspråk på att presentera några nya idéer. Istället är den här texten mer tänkt som en tecknens lovsång. För hur bedårande är inte alla dessa små, svarta tecknen? Och hur fantastisk är inte deras funktion.

Skriftspråket uppfanns antagligen någon gång efter jordbrukets uppkomst och människors övergång från migrerande grupper till permanent bebodda i större samhällen. Det gick inte längre att i huvudet komma ihåg allt som behövde kommas ihåg i ett samhälle. Därför började man först mycket enkelt göra avtryck i mjuka lerplattor någonstans mellan Euftrat och Tigris. en säck vete, två säckar råg, tretton kor, sju getter, och så vidare.

Man började tillägna vissa kombinationer av streck särskilda ljud. Dessa ljud kunde kombineras för att skapa komplexa samlingar ljud. Med detta föddes något oerhört. Förmågan att fånga ord. Skriften var född.

En människas liv är inte långt. Jämfört med livets historia på den här planeten är våra liv blott en hundradel av ett ögonblick. Under denna korta tid skulle jag hävda att våra ord är det viktigaste vi producerar. De är, tillsammans med handlingar, det som gör oss till dem vi är. Är jag snäll, är jag ond, är jag korkad, är jag smart, är jag vacker eller ful? Vad tänker jag på, vad drömmer jag om? Hur smakade lunchen idag, (den var god).

Att dela med sig av sina upplevelser och idéer är nog en av grundbultarna i mänskliga relationer. Men utan skriften är vi begränsade. Begränsade av tiden vi lever i, av platsen vi kallar vårt hem, av hur högt vi kan vråla, av hur många som vill lyssna. Skriften låter oss stiga över dessa hinder. Den ger människor en chans att få sina idéer, sina upplevelser, bedömda i en annan tid, på en annan plats. Kanske ser framtiden på den bespottade med blidare ögon. Kanske vinner den utfrysta stort stöd på andra sidan jorden.

Långt efter vår död, och spridd med hjälp av boktryckarkonsten till platser vi aldrig besökt, kan våra ord överleva. Skriften, utgjord av små, svarta tecken överskrider tid och rum. Den förenar oförenliga människor. Placerar olika åsikter bredvid varandra i prydliga paragrafer. Den kommer ihåg det du glömt. Den meddelar dina begravningsanvisningar när du inte själv inte finns kvar och den förmedlar inbjudan till ditt dop innan du är född.

the written word* - filip samuelsson

*translated from swedish by denis farnsworth

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Sometimes when I feel like pondering the smaller things in life, I think about the written word. I'm not going to claim to present any new ideas in this short text. Rather, this text can be seen as an ode to the written word. For how fascinating are not all these little, black symbols? And how amazing are not their properties.

The written word was likely invented some time after the appearance of agriculture and man's shift from being wandering groups, to permanent settlers in larger societies. It was no longer possible to keep in one's head everything that needed to be remembered in a society. So somewhere between Euphrates and Tigris they began to make imprints in soft plates of clay. *One bag of wheat, two bags of rye, thirteen cows, seven goats, and so on.*

They began to associate certain combinations of lines with specific sounds, these sounds could then be combined to create complex sequences. And with this something tremendous was born. The ability to catch words: writing.

A human life is short. Compared to life's history on this planet our lives are but a fraction of the blink of an eye. During this short time I would claim that our words are the most important things we produce. They are, together with actions, what make us who we are. *Am I nice, am I evil, am I stupid, am I smart, am I beautiful or ugly? What do I think about, dream of? How was the lunch today (it was tasty).*

To share one's experiences and ideas with others is one of the foundational bolts of human relations, but without the written word we are limited. Limited by the time in which we live, by the place we call home, by how loud we can exclaim and by how many that want to listen. The written word lets us transcend these limitations. It gives people a chance to have their ideas and experiences be judged in another time, in another place. Perhaps the future will regard the scorned with kinder eyes. Perhaps the alienated will win great support on the other side of the globe.

Long after our death and spread by the art of printing to places we have never been, our words may survive. Writing, consisting of small, black symbols, exceeds time and space. It unites people who seem impossible to unite. Places different opinions next to each other in tidy paragraphs. It remembers that which you have forgotten. It communicates your funeral wishes when you yourself are no longer here and it invites to your baptism before you are even born.

reading with - alaa elbannan

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Reading with my eyes closed
because sometimes one has to allow more space and time
for the words to stretch between those dancing lights the eyes create when they're squeezed
shut.

Reading with my eyes closed
It makes more sense
Giving room for sound and dream
To b r e a t h e
To eee-nun-ci-yate

In bed at night
Text becomes a blanket
It helps me hide away:
my face, my tummy, my toes and finger tips, my bad temper from today
the story unfolds and the blanket becomes a tent
a new home
established in my own dark matter

Reading with my eyes closed
And my hair so wet
And my feet too dry to make contact with the ground
They might –at any point– crack and break
I remain put,
I don't worry,
Because the author will come now and become a new friend
From the beyond,
Beyond the pages.

Reading with my eyes closed
It's a secret performance
My inner voice shadows a whole theater
Taking every opportunity to improvise
It doesn't shake or hesitate
It owns my imagination
I'm not a stranger anymore
I'm the performer and the audience

Reading with my eyes closed
How many eyes do I really need
to see the truth between the lines
to see flowers bloom and children born
into an unfortunate reality that keeps renewing itself
So
I open my hands to receive as much words as possible

reading with - alaa elbannan

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I fill my palms, my arms, my mind, and my chest with words
I line them on a new perspective
I keep them safe in naivety
An unpredictable corner
Then I close my eyes
and read.

thoughts on the devaluation* of the arabic language* - olivia sterling

*translated from arabic by dennis farnsworth with notes on page 11

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خواطر عن تعويم اللغة العربية - أوليفيا ستيرلينج

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Whether in Belgium or here in Egypt, not a week goes by without someone asking me why I study Arabic, while no one has ever questioned my desire to learn English or Spanish. My Belgian friends raise their eyebrows, try to awkwardly encourage me with a tone of non-understanding, and some of them even express wonder for my taking on such a difficult challenge.

Similarly, Egyptians raise their eyebrows almost in confusion. Sometimes they even laugh and ask me: "Why are you studying a language that is neither useful nor important?" This question saddens me because it reflects a lack of understanding of the importance of the language, which leads to a loss of its value - especially when the question comes from the very native speakers of this language.

When any language loses its value, it also loses all that is inherent to it such as culture and poetry, and even the identity of its people. This is what the Palestinian people face, for example. There is no lack of understanding between the east and west about the principles of human rights, the use of violence and the violation of international law. There is a lack of understanding the very definition of humanity, who belongs to it and who deserves to have its principles applied to them. It is the end of English as a diplomatic language, and it is up to the Arabs to reaffirm the power of their language and to not let anyone tell them that it is less human than any other language.

Language as Soft Power

English has become a language devoid of meaning. We use it to order food and drinks in a restaurant near the Pyramids, to send messages to friends on WhatsApp when we're too lazy to use Arabic letters and to assert our coolness. We watch stupid films in it to forget the absurdity of the world and even Netflix decided to dub Arabic series and films to save English-speaking audiences from being forced to read subtitles.

From the highest platforms and podiums of the United Nations and other well-intentioned international organizations, people shout in Arabic and demand for justice, only to be told in French that the issue is "complex". Grand resolutions are printed in English then thrown into the paper recycling bin, all the while we pretend that we have at least saved the environment.

The only field where Arabic is globally known and especially in the West, is Islamic terrorism. And this is at the expense of an entire people who's religion and language is a message of love and peace, just like Christianity and Judaism.

It is not easy to have a name like "Jihad" or "Osama" in the West; your name is directly linked to negative or violent images resulted by a profound ignorance of the Arabic language, its history, and its cultures.

لا يمر أسبوع دون أن يسألني أحد لماذا أدرس اللغة العربية سواء في بلجيكا أو هنا في مصر بينما لم يسألني أحد في رغبتني في تعلم اللغة الإنجليزية والإسبانية. يرفع أصدقاؤني البلجيكيين حاجبيهم اندهاشا ويحاولون تشجيعي بنبرة محرجة مليئة بعدم الفهم وربما يبدي البعض منهم إعجابهم بإقدامي على هذا التحدي الصعب. وكذلك المصريون يرفعون حاجبيهم في دهشة وشك وارتباك وأحيانا حتى يضحكون. "لماذا تدرسين لغة غير مفيدة او مؤثرة؟" يسألني بعضهم. يحزنني جدا هذا السؤال لأنه يعبر عن عدم إدراك لأهمية اللغة مما يتسبب في أنها تفقد قيمتها وخاصة حين يأتي هذا السؤال من أصحاب اللغة نفسها.

وعندما تفقد أي لغة قيمتها فهي تفقد أيضاً ما تحمله في طبيعتها من ثقافة وشعرية، بل أيضاً هوية شعبها وهذا ما يواجهه الشعب الفلسطيني على سبيل المثال. ليس هناك سوء تفاهم بين الشرق والغرب على مبادئ حقوق الإنسان واستخدام العنف وانتهاك القانون الدولي، هناك سوء تفاهم على تعريف الإنسانية نفسها ومن ينتمي بها ومن يستحق تطبيق مبادئها عليه. إنها نهاية اللغة الإنجليزية كلغة دبلوماسية، والأمر متروك للعرب لإعادة تأكيد قوة لغتهم وعدم السماح لأحد بأن يقول لهم إنها أقل إنسانية أو حياة من لغة أخرى.

اللغة قوة ناعمة

أصبحت الإنجليزية لغة فارغة من المعنى. نطلب بها أكل ومشروبات في مطعم بجانب الأهرامات، نكتب بها رسالات للأصدقاء على "واتساب" حين نتكاسل على الكتابة بالحروف العربية ولائثبات "رؤشنتنا"، نشاهد أفلام غبية بها لننسى عبثية العالم، حتى نيتفليكس قرر أن يقدم مسلسلات وأفلام عربية مدبلجة لإنقاذ الجمهور الناطق باللغة الإنجليزية من الاضطرار إلى قراءة الترجمة.

من أعلى قاعات ومنصات ومنابر الأمم المتحدة ومنظمات دولية أخرى لها نيات جيدة يصرخ الناس ويطالبون بالعدالة باللغة العربية، ويقال لهم بالفرنسية أن الإشكالية "معقدة" وستطبع القرارات الجميلة بالإنجليزية وسيتم إلقاؤها في الصندوق محفوظ للمسودات الورقية ونحن مدعين أننا على الأقل أنقذنا البيئة.

المجال الوحيد الذي أصبحت فيه العربية معروفة عالمياً وخاصة في الغرب هو الإرهاب الإسلامي وذلك على حساب شعبٍ بأكمله يعتبر دينه ولغته رسالة مَحبة وسلام، مثل المسيحية واليهودية.

ليس من السهل أن يطلق عليك اسم "جهاد" أو "أسامة" في الغرب، اسمك يرتبط بشكل مباشر بصور سلبية أو عنيفة ناجمة عن جهل كبير باللغة العربية وتاريخها وثقافتها.

Language is a Carrier of Emotions and Empathy

When the Egyptian people flooded the streets of Cairo and demanded “3aish” it was the responsibility of the foreign journalist covering the protests to understand its meaning and work hard to convey its core message and its political, economic, historical and social context. The use of the word “3aish” for bread in Egypt has a long and deep historical explanation that requires more than artificial intelligence and Google Translate to understand.

Media coverage in Gaza tops the list of double standards in relation to the “conflict” between Israel and Palestine. The coverage is the result of a dangerous and insulting ignorance that Western media outlets suffer from and which leads to falsified information and the suppression of Palestinian voices. When we translate Western headlines into Arabic, it seems as though Palestinians are being killed under unknown circumstances or die for religious reasons.

This overuse of the passive voice in Western languages is nothing but a fatal lack of journalistic and human morals. Making the perpetrator invisible and silencing their names means robbing the victim’s souls. The most notable example that comes to mind is the translation of the term “oustashed” (martyred) in to a form that implies that the Palestinian did not only die by himself, but that he was also an Islamic terrorist who died a martyr. Therefore we face two problems: either the lack of understanding and detailed analysis leads to bad translation, or the inability of the Western media to properly translate Arabic terms and their contexts leads to a misleading distortion of events. Perhaps it is both, and in either case there is an urgent need for correction.

Why Do Arabs Laugh?

Last week, the Arabic language teachers at the CASA* program presented the available spring courses for the students. Among the twenty course options, one in particular caught my attention: “Why Do Arabs Laugh?” with the introduction: “If someone can put a smile on your face, it means they are able to reach your depths. If you can put a smile on someone else’s face, it means that you understand the most minute details of their culture and that you command their language completely: at the level of context, codes of communication and ways of expression. So, what if a non-Arab student of Arabic is able to understand Arabic humor?” Very good... but I would add to the title “Why Do Arabs Cry?” and “What Do Arabs Dream of?” and above all “What Do They Doubt?” Then we would have the necessary tools to understand, describe, and interact with Arab society.

اللغة ناقل وموصل للأحاسيس والعواطف

عندما نزل الشعب المصري في شوارع القاهرة وطالب بال”عيش” فإن مسؤولية الصحافي الأجنبي الذي يغطي المظاهرات أن يبحث في معناه ويستغرق ويجتهد لتوصيل الرسالة الأساسية ومعانيها سياسيا واقتصاديا وتاريخيا واجتماعيا. إن استخدام كلمة ”العيش” للخبز في مصر له تفسير تاريخي بعيد وعميق يتطلب أكثر من الذكاء الاصطناعي وترجمة جوجل.

التغطية الإعلامية في غزة تتصدر قائمة ازدواجية المعايير المطبقة فيما يتعلق بال”صراع” بين إسرائيل وفلسطين التغطية الناجمة عن الجهل المطلق والمهين والخطير الذي تعاني منه هيئة تحرير وسائل الإعلام الغربية والذي يؤدي علاوة على ذلك إلى تزييف المعلومات وقمع أصوات الفلسطينيين. وإذا ترجمنا عناوين الصحف الغربية إلى اللغة العربية، يبدو أن الفلسطينيين يقتلون لأسباب مجهولة أو لأهداف دينية.

إن هذا الإفراط في استخدام صيغة المبني للمجهول في اللغات الغربية ليس سوى افتقار فادح إلى الأخلاقيات الصحفية... والإنسانية. إن جعل مرتكب الجريمة غير مرئي وإسكات اسمه يعني سلب أرواح الضحايا. وأبرز مثال خطر على بالي هو ترجمة مصطلح ”أستشهد” إلى صيغة تلمح إلى أن الفلسطيني لم يمت وحده فحسب، بل كان أيضاً إرهابياً إسلامياً أستشهد شهيداً. ولذلك فإننا نواجه مشكلتين: إما أن عدم الفهم والتحليل التفصيلي للسياق يؤدي إلى ترجمة سيئة، أو أن عدم قدرة وسائل الإعلام الغربية على ترجمة المصطلح العربي بشكل صحيح وفي سياقه يؤدي إلى تشويه مضلل للأحداث. ربما يكون الأمر على حد سواء، وفي كلتا الحالتين هناك حاجة ملحة للتصحيح.

لماذا يضحك العرب؟

قدم مدرسو اللغة العربية برنامج الدروس المتاحة لفصل الربيع لطلاب ”كاسا” الأسبوع الماضي ومن بين عشرين احتمالاً للاختيار جذب عنوان دورة اهتمامي بشكل خاص ”لماذا يضحك العرب؟” بمقدمته “ إذا استطاع شخص أن يرسم ابتسامة على وجهك؛ فهذا يعني أنه قادر على أن يصل إلى أعماقك. وإذا استطعت أن ترسم ابتسامة على وجه آخر؛ فهذا يعني أنك تفهم أدق تفاصيل ثقافته، وتمتلك لغته امتلاكاً: على مستوى السياق وشفرة التواصل. وطرائق التعبير. فما بالنال إذا استطاع الدارس غير العربي أن يفهم السخرية العربية؟”. جيد جداً... لكنني أريد أن أضيف للعنوان “لماذا يبكي العرب؟” وأيضاً ”ما الذي يحلم به العرب، وقبل كل شيء، ما الذي يشك فيه؟” وبذلك تكون لدينا الأدوات اللازمة لفهم المجتمع العربي ووصفه والتفاعل معه.

Challenges of the Learner and Responsibilities of the Teacher

As a student at CASA for six months, I wake up, eat, walk, speak, think, and dream in Arabic - both Modern Standard and colloquial. We watch films and series, read folk stories, economic and political articles and write comparative analyses in the fields of sociology, anthropology and geopolitics. We discuss, in our broken Arabic, the future of international human rights principles in the morning, and the need to reform Egypt's old rent law in the evening.

I have realized that learning any language is a never-ending journey that requires humility, and it has sometimes made me feel frustrated. How many times have I remained silent or cut myself off mid-sentence when I lacked the precise word or the right phrase to express my thoughts?

Despite all the benefits and linguistic and personal growth that learning Arabic brings me, I cannot overcome one linguistic barrier that is still there, which I personally consider a fundamental concept for expressing thoughts: the concept of nuance*. When I asked my teachers for an Arabic translation of the word, they explained to me with unsure and hesitant faces: "Something like... differences... or subtle differences."

I'm not talking about the excessive nuance of the Swiss, or French complexity that traps you in a neutral position, preventing action. I'm talking about the importance of nuance in describing a situation: the degree and weight of each adjective, describing relativity, the value of precision, the gradation of colors and the dimensions of time and space. Because nuance does not lead to inaction; it enables action—sometimes radical, more targeted, and more thoughtful.

In conclusion, with these few thoughts, I wanted Arabic speakers and learners of Arabic to understand the power of words and how this power contributes to restoring the existing powerbalance in our personal relationships around a café in downtown and at the tables of major global conference meetings. Understanding the reasons why Arabs laugh, cry, and doubt will not save the Palestinian people overnight, but it could pave the way to building a new model that is more just and more humane.

Let us save the Arabic language from devaluation, let us dive into the depths of the abyss or fly high above the clouds, but please, let us keep it alive.

*translation notes:

***Devaluation** تعويم (floatation) is a reference to the floatation of the Egyptian Pound and how its value - because of floatation - is determined by a foreign exchange market and foreign currency, which has partially led to its horrifying and unstable fluctuation. Here it is also meant to indicate a state of dependence on a foreign entity.

***3aish** عيش is the Egyptian Arabic word for bread as well as the verb for 'To Live'. It has a long history of being used interchangeably to refer to the importance of bread as a daily sustenance for many Egyptians, and how tightly connected it is to the very act of living.

***Oustashed** أستشهد is the Arabic verb for 'To be martyred' which in Arabic is used both in both religious and non-religious contexts. For example someone who dies, is martyred, advocating for, or in protest of a certain cause.

***CASA** Center for Arabic Study Abroad is a one year full immersion program for advanced learners of the Arabic language hosted by The American University in Cairo, which is where the author is currently studying.

***Nuance** In Arabic there is no one word for Nuance. It is here meant to indicate nuance in the way of in-depth analysis and aspiring to achieve an objective and neutral position.

تحديات الدارس ومسؤوليات المدرس

أنا كطالبة "كاسا" منذ ستة شهور أصحى، أكل، أمشي، أحكي، أفكر وأحلم بالعربية، بالفصحى والعامية نشاهد أفلام ومسلسلات نقرأ قصصاً شعبية ومقالات اقتصادية وسياسية ونكتب تحليلات مقارنة في مجالات علم الاجتماع والأنثروبولوجيا والجغرافيا السياسية وناقش بعريتنا المكسرة مستقبل مبادئ الحقوق الانسان الدولية صباحاً وضرورة إصلاح قانون الاجار القديم المصري مساءً.

أدركت أن تعلم أي لغة هو رحلة نحو اللانهاية تتطلب التواضع جعلتني أحياناً أشعر بالإحباط. كم مرة بقيت صامتة أو قطعت جملي في منتصفها عندما كنت افتقر الكلمة الدقيقة أو العبارة المناسبة للتعبير عن أفكاري بدقة. ورغم كل الفوائد والإثراء اللغوي والإنساني التي يجلبها لي تعلم اللغة العربية إلا أنني لا أستطيع التغلب على عقبة لغوية لا تزال في رأسي والتي اعتبرها شخصياً مصطلحاً أساسياً للتعبير عن الأفكار: ترجمة كلمة nuance، فقال لي المدرسون بنبرة غير مقتنعة ووجوه مترددة: "حاجة زي... فرق... أو فروق دقيقة". أنا لا أتحدث عن الفروق الدقيقة السويسرية، أو التعقيد الفرنسي الذي يضعك في موقف محاييد يمنعك من اتخاذ أي إجراء. أنا أتحدث عن أهمية الفروق الدقيقة في وصف الموقف، درجة ووزن كل صفة، وصف النسبية، ثراء الدقة، تدرج الألوان والأزمنة والأمكنة لأن الفروق الدقيقة لا تؤدي إلى التقاعس عن العمل، فهي تسمح باتخاذ إجراءات، وأحياناً جذرية، وأكثر استهدافاً وأكثر تفكيراً.

في الختام، بهذه الخواطر القليلة، أردت من المتحدثين باللغة العربية ودارسون اللغة العربية أن يفهموا قوة الكلمات وكيف تساهم هذه القوة في إعادة توازن القوى الموجودة في علاقتنا الشخصية حول مقهى في وسط البلد ولكن أيضاً على طاولات اجتماعات المؤتمرات العالمية الكبرى. إن فهم الأسباب التي تجعل العرب يضحكون ويبتسمون لن ينقذ الشعب الفلسطيني بين عشية وضحاها، ولكنه قد يفتح الطريق أمام بناء نموذج جديد أكثر عدلاً وأكثر إنسانية.

لننقذ اللغة العربية من التعويم، لنغوص في أعماق الهاوية أو نظير عالياً فوق السحاب، ولكن أرجوكم، لنبقها حية.



dirva / soil - andrėja maiburovaitė

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The use of raw crude oil imposes this motif pertaining to nature. Soil is a reference to new beginnings and cyclic recurrence. The soil / tar title wordplay in the Lithuanian language is applied to the visual link between earth's natural ground and viscous tar usually used for asphalt - the modern flooring of the world, while the technique used (painting with crude oil) acts as a binding force. The unprocessed, natural oil, which was used in the household to impregnate wood, envelops it with its thick protection. This application is a way of containing and preserving or enclosing and obscuring. In the painting I try to contain, consolidate and adapt to use an inherently non-standard material - crude oil - and by containing it, I aim to preserve. Maybe a memory, or something given but forgotten. We live in a world of constant change, and the environment is disappearing. Oil is also an endangered substance.

Soil is a place of rebirth, life arises from it, even though crude oil is notorious for spreading death. The blackness too is just a facade, in reality and light the painting reveals very natural brush strokes and some flickering of color, hiding and waiting to be noticed.

some at-home assignments to spend some time with *type** - anna katalin szilágyi

*these assignments are condensed versions of past workshops organised by betűklub (en: letterclub) a community building initiative in budapest founded by anna katalin szilágyi, that organises workshops about type design and typography.

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Tools

Pen & paper
Something to measure time with

Assignment 1

Think of a letter—it can be anything, the first letter of your name or just something you like
Draw it as fast as you can, without thinking
Set a timer for 1 minute
Think about that letter. Don't do anything else until the set time is over
Set a timer for 1 minute again
Draw it again
Repeat for as many letters and symbols as you like

Assignment 2

Pick an adjective from the ones below:
Subtle, harmless, passive, brave, quiet, smooth, static
Find the opposite of your chosen word
Take a piece of paper, fold it in half
Write down the original word on the left spread, the opposite one on the other side
Think of an A
Draw it on both sides, in way that conveys the meaning, mood or vibe of the adjective

Assignment 3

On a piece of paper, draw a coordinate system with two axes:
Label the horizontal axis: playful (left), serious (right)
Label the vertical axis: weak (top), strong (bottom)
Go through the whole alphabet, place every letter where you think they belong on this system
Bonus task: get a friend, make them do the same, compare your results

Assignment 4

Find something nearby that has a decent amount of text written with a typeface that you find visually interesting
Set a timer for 10 minutes
On a paper, describe the characteristics of the typeface as detailed as possible
Rules and ideas:
You can't draw anything
Use your own words
Find repeating patterns and shapes
Try memorising as much as possible
Once the timer is down, put away the inspiration
Start redrawing the letters based on your notes and your memory
Don't worry about accuracy, this is an exercise about observation, not perfect reproduction
You're done when you have a full alphabet

some at-home assignments to spend some time with *type* - anna katalin szilágyi

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Assignment 5

Write down your full name
Observe your handwriting
Pick a feature, characteristic (such as how tall your letters are, how much they slant, or the length of the strokes that extend above or below the lines, etc.)
Write down your name again, exaggerating or altering that feature
Repeat 10 times

ines kukrić
17



ines kukrić
18

this shirt, it reeks of
bad decisions and rotten food
I cut yours

it is tight around the neck

both of them do not
serve the purpose of .

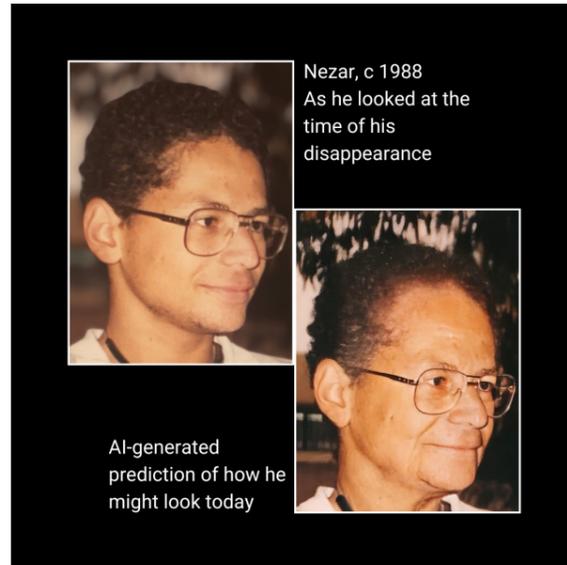
remembrance is the threads
of my own pain
soft, disintegrating
like your nails

the same set that shone bright
on your death bed

a ja
tiho plešem između zaborava i spomena
krvare mi stopala.
kad te vidim, ne dišem
kad dišem, ne vidim te

Prazina postaje sve praznija
Pitaju me kako još uvijek o tome razmišljam
a nisam ni počela
I slušam u krug da se taj šećer proljeva
i to ti je to.

our truth* - eslam safwat makadi 19



*editors note:

Eslam Safwat Makadi is an Egyptian-British writer and father who in 2023 came out with his first book: *Our Truth - An Egyptian Tale For My Son*. The book traces his own family, as well the decades of Egypt's economic, social and political history that led up to the deliberate disappearance of his brother in 1990.

Nezar, Eslam's brother, was supposed to leave on holiday to Germany in 1990, but secretly intended never to return to Egypt. He didn't confide this to anyone, except for Eslam, who carried the secret for years while navigating his own journey through life: growing up, studying, becoming a corporate executive and traveling the world.

The disappearance of Nezar is a family trauma, one that Eslam admits is not spoken about even to this day. This silence that lasted for more than three decades, and his own search for truth, made writing the book both urgent and deeply painful as he delved in to his difficult family history that had long been buried.

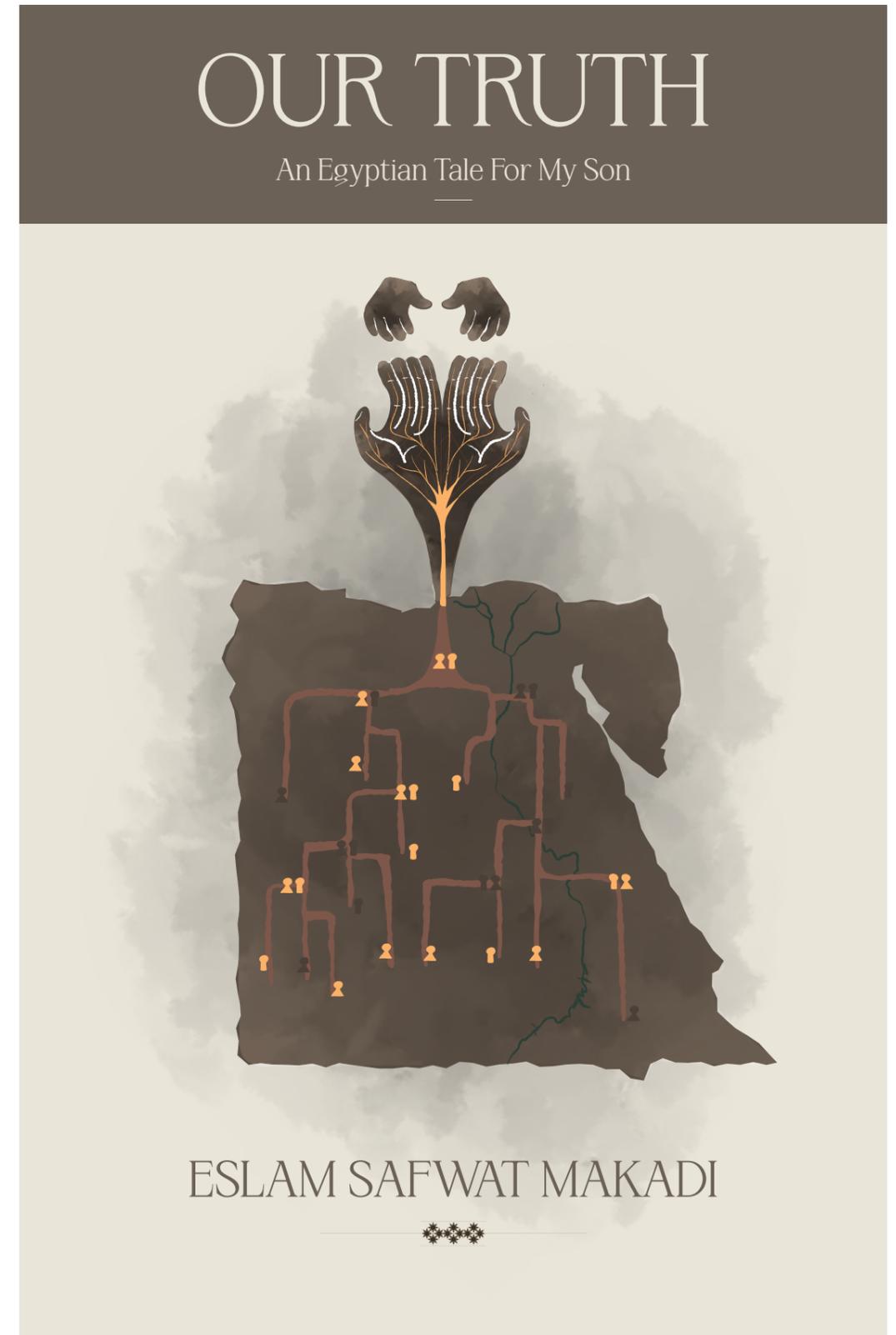
When Eslam's son Nezar, (named after his missing uncle), began to ask about his history and heritage, Eslam decided to finally break the secret that had been weighing him down all throughout his life. It began as a letter and explanation to his son but grew, over the course of the Covid pandemic, to a full-scale exploration spanning generations of family and national history.

During our first meeting, Eslam shared that during his research he discovered that after Nezar had spent nine months in Germany, he disappeared once again. Eslam still does not know what happened to him.

In the coming piece for the third edition of Sheobox Magazine, Eslam gives a first-hand account of the process of writing such a story and the historical events that shaped it. As well as about the act of writing in itself and the vulnerability involved in searching for one's truth.

Our Truth is available to purchase online in both paperback and e-book formats. More information can be found on Eslam's website or by contacting him directly via e-mail.

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sam.safwat@gmail.com



the book cover of our truth - an egyptian tale for my son

A few years back, I needed to go through what my doctor described as a minor surgical intervention to address my sleep apnea. *“The solution is to remove your adenoids and trim your uvula”*, my doctor informed me. Seven years later, I remain indifferent about the loss of my adenoids and deeply nostalgic about my then oversized uvula. What have my adenoids done to merit my indifference? What has my uvula contributed to deserve my longing? These continue to be points of personal amusement. I assume most men would sympathise with my predicament, and many women would find my nostalgia befuddling, though I do wonder if a similar sentiment might be shared around breasts; after all, there is something about protruding body parts! An older version of me would never give words to this ridiculous reality, but the current version sees the humour in it all.

The light-hearted reflection, however, meant in jest, is not entirely divorced from reality. The more salient point during this ordeal was my post-surgery pain: it was excruciating. One week through recovery, I had consumed double the recommended dosage of painkillers. I couldn't eat, and worse, I couldn't drink, let alone smoke. It didn't make a whole lot of sense. The surgeon assured me that it was a routine surgery, and yet I never experienced any pain like it. I needed more painkillers, so I went to his clinic for a prescription and an explanation. *“The pain you are feeling is very normal; we did cut a part of your body. Had I amputated your leg, this would have been the same level of pain you're currently experiencing.”* I left the doctor's office with a fresh supply of painkillers and a newfound appreciation of the relativity of pain.

I banked my thoughts with the rest of my endless archives. I knew they would come in handy whenever I mustered the courage to write the story I'd been meaning to write about Egypt. The notion of writing a book about home dated back to 2010. I started putting down my thoughts about my country from the perspective of someone who lived outside of Egypt far more than he had lived in it. At the time, I lived in the suburbs of London, pondering who I was and where I belonged, a sort of premature identity crisis that I, conveniently, attributed solely to being away from home. I started and then stopped and then started and then got stuck. I had never been the type to procrastinate until I decided to write! Fortunately, the Arab Spring happened. It gave me a great excuse to postpone the inevitable under the pretext that Egypt would change under the weight of this event; after all, the intention all along was to write about Egypt.

I thought of going back to Egypt but opted to wait. Instead of leaving London for Cairo, I moved to Paris as I watched attentively for the Arab Spring to tell me something about myself and the country I call home. It was yet another excuse, one of my better ones, to put off a search that never took place, the search for my brother, the very root of my crisis. Within the first few pages of my book, which I eventually managed to write and publish, the reader will find out that my brother disappeared in 1990. A rapid disclosure of my pain and that of my family. A cerebral decision that I took because my intention was never to write a suspense novel but to bring forward the series of circumstances that resulted in the intentional disappearance of a middle-class young man from Cairo. A deep dive into my family's history that dates back circa the 1920's and travelled through time, place and generations.

I was a pressurised system with no relief valve, all it needed was the spark. A seasoned writer may be able to let their thoughts out on command. I wasn't, and I'm still not, I needed the spark



eslam together with his son nezar

our truth - eslam safwat makadi 23

that gets the engine running. It came from my son, Nezar, whom I named after my brother. At the time he thought of Egypt as a part of the mythology he likes us to read to him before he goes to sleep. A fantastic story with magic and spells, ghosts and demons, gods and goddesses. He saw himself as a little Italian hero, the protagonist in his own Roman amphitheatre. My failure as a father to explain to my son his roots provoked me; I needed to course correct. My son became the spark, the fuel and, more importantly, the person I talked to when I decided once again to write. We need all three elements to write a story if one exists. I knew what I intended to tell him, the truth, it may seem simple, but the simplest in life are the hardest to attain.

Truth in Egypt is elusive, a tradition that dates back to the pharaohs. In my generation, a bit more recently, Egyptians had their sofas made to order, and they were meant to last a lifetime. It always started with the fabric, the colour, the pattern and the embroidery. Those who can afford it use *Gobelins* (with a silent s). The very second French word I heard after *merci*. It came from Paris, and furnished the court of French monarchs. It was a simpler time back then, we associated freely with royalty, it's a class thing. At the very moment the sofa is made, a tight-fit cover of hard-woven white cotton is also produced to protect the *Gobelins*. A lifetime passes, and the embroidered tapestry with its turns and motifs gets forgotten, for the effort required to reveal its beauty seems overwhelming to many Egyptians. Imagine if the cover is meant to hide rather than protect. Much like the tapestry is our truth, we have tightly wrapped under a snug fit of hard-woven, rarely dusted protective cover. I needed to find the truth in order to tell it.

Luckily, we are a nation of storytellers, as long as this story is not ours. Endless calls with various members of my family diving into their memory archives. Stories of stealth wealth and past glory made for a Greek ode only flatter. It took a lot of poking and probing to get the story within the story, the truth within the narrative and the ugly that made the pretty shine. I quickly learnt to keep my remarks to myself, for any reaction short of awe was frowned upon. They thought I was being nostalgic, and I was, but I couldn't tell them I wanted to write our story. Certainly, I couldn't speak of the disappearance of my brother because we never did. As I write these words 34 years after what happened, I can sadly admit that we, as a family, never spoke together about my brother. I was about to break a taboo, but I did it in English, and that made it OK for English was my chosen protective cover of the *Gobelins* that is my family story.

I expected the solitude of writing to be the hardest part of the experience, but it wasn't. It helped that I wrote the majority of the original manuscript during the second confinement of the COVID-19 pandemic, but I know that was not all. I once heard a famous writer, whose name I don't recall, say that distraction is the biggest hurdle for a writer. Being locked at home reduced distractions but didn't eliminate them altogether. Technological advancement has enabled us to keep a distraction device in our pockets at all times. I'm guilty, like most people, of leaning, more often than I'm willing to admit, into the dopamine hit a smartphone provides. I was adamant not to be distracted, I turned off my Wi-Fi, silenced my phone and I even turned off autocorrect in my word processing software. It worked, even if my first draft was riddled with spelling, grammar and punctuation mistakes.

Looking back at it, I see a wounded soldier running through the battlefield, hoping to find refuge.

our truth - eslam safwat makadi 24

Stopping was not an option. I recall my wife looking at me lovingly at the end of each day, touching me ever so gently as if not to inflict on me too much pain and saying, "*It must be hard walking through life an open wound.*" I was shell-shocked, I saw her lips moving but didn't make sense of what she meant. I was like a soldier running with a severed arm, a shot wound to the head and a persistent hum in my ears. The first draft didn't pain me all that much, or so I thought. It solved a puzzle that was getting harder to solve with each passing year. The first draft answered every pressing question I feared to ask. There was a sense of achievement and elation. I broke the barrier of fear.

It was the decision to publish and everything this decision entailed that was most painful. The adrenaline of the race against myself, of completing the manuscript, of reaching my refuge, subsided. My wounds laid bare in front of me, scab and pus and bleeding cuts. Exposing myself to the whole world to see: jaded, naked and, like most of us, deeply flawed. Each round of editing felt like a battle, a trauma surgery, flushing of wounds with alcohol. It stung. I screamed in silence. "*Don't report, expand, explain. Paint a picture. Lean into the emotion. Draw an image*", my editor pressed me. I cursed him in my sleep. My background as an engineer and a corporate executive didn't help. For a decade and a half, I saw the world in equations, numbers and bullet points. I prided myself on being measured and concise, which are useless qualities in literature.

I needed to relearn the English language as I tended to my wounds. I had to let go of an image carefully curated for decades. An image that was shiny, flashy, edgy, nonconformist yet playing by all the rules. It's simple: I took a hammer and smashed it all, piece by piece, till it felt like there wasn't much left of me that I recognised. To make things worse, I had no means to control the outcome, a challenge for someone with a slightly obsessive and controlling personality. A friend of mine who was a published author told me, "*You need to accept that once your book is out to the world, some will view it with the disdain of an uninterested shopper in a bazaar. However safe you play it, some will be offended, few will hate it, and many will opt not to read it.*" Encouraging words, but it seemed like an acceptable compromise for freedom, to lose a great part of myself to regain myself.

I went to Egypt once the book was finished and before I was ready to publish it. I needed to look at her one more time before I put out her story to the world because, in the end, it is a story about Egypt. I wanted to get lost one more time in her streets and I did, only this time it felt less delicious than before. There was no more Gobelins tapestry. Egyptians traded Louis XXIV sofas for Lazy-Boy ones. Neither aesthetic appealed to me, but I saw merit in the comfort of a Lazy-Boy. I suppose this counts for a change. I wanted to do the final touches while I was in Egypt, but I couldn't. Not for lack of trying or my newfound talent for procrastination, I just couldn't. I decided to let Cairo and Egypt one last time before I published my book. I decided to walk the streets I knew and lose myself in new ones while I mourned the trimmed part of my uvula.



منتهى
رؤية
صدى
غرابية
عدم
أمنع
بعض
وداع
وصفة
أمنت
كل
باب
شايف
لحظة

أحياناً، أشعر أن بداخلي بحرا هائجاً
أمواجه متلاطمة
أحياناً، أشعر أن بداخلي بحر هادئ أمواجه تنساب بسلاسة،
لتهداً عند الشاطئ
أحياناً، أشعر أن بداخلي بحيرة ساكنة صافية
سطحها يشف ما بداخل قلبي
أحياناً، أشعر أن بداخلي بركة موحلة راكدة،
فلا أتمكن من رؤية شيء
أحياناً، أشعر أن بداخلي فارغ
وكأن كل مياهي قد جفت
فيصير عصياً علي أن أتعرف على نفسي
أحياناً، تتكسر مقاومتي،
فأنساب كاملاً إلى حيث تأخذني اللحظة
دون التشبث بشيء أو التوقف
فيصير كل فعل، كل كلمة، كل تفاعل
سلساً دون زائد أو نقصان
أحياناً، أشعر أن إرادتي أقوى من اللازم
أنني أفرض الأشياء، أتشبت
أتشنج
أريد أن أكون أنا الفاعلة
المتدخلة في مجرى الأمور
أحياناً تتكسر إرادتي، أو تخفت قليلاً
فأشعر بحالة تسليم
وأتدفق مع تيار الحياة
أحياناً يهوى الحجاب المنسدل بيني وبين العالم،
فأصير قادرة على التلقي
تتفتح عيني، فأطل منهما على الآخر
كنافذة أقف عندها عند مغيب الشمس
مستمعة مهادعة الريح لجسدي
أحياناً، أصير ممتدة

ممتزجة بما يحيط بي
فأتلقي الآخر بكامل تكوينه
كرقصة
أو تردد محدد لصوت مميز

رجل يرتدي بذلة ورابطة عنق. يتفوه بكلام مرتب وموزون. قد أتقن الأدوار المرسومة له، وصار فرداً مدمجاً بأمان داخل أنظمتنا العملاقة. تعلم كيف يحسب الأشياء، وكيف يستنبط النتائج من المقدمات، كما تعلم الكثير من الكلمات الفصيحة التي تعينه على ملء الفراغ الذي يزداد اتساعاً بيننا. ينهملك في الفعل، والتفكير، والحديث، لكن كل مساعيه تبعده أكثر عن نفسه، حتى صار يصدق أنه نفسه النسخ التي يمثلها. أحياناً، عندما يعود إلى المنزل، وفي أقصى ساعات الليل حلقة، ينقض عليه حيوان مفترس، يزلزل كيانه ويشعره بمدى الخواء، الذي يحمله داخله. رجل كبالون، مهياً للانفجار بضغطة دبوس. تصيبه الحيرة والارتباك. لقد فعل كل ما قيل له أن يتعين عليه فعله كي ينعم بحياة سعيدة. يتساءل: لما لا زالت روحي تأن في الظلام؟ لما لازلت أتوق إلى شيء آخر؟ لكنه يخاف ويوصلد الباب في وجه حيوانه البري، مستعيناً بإرادته المتشنجة، معتقداً أنه قد ينجو من برائته، إذا فعل أكثر، إذا فكر أكثر، إذا حاول أكثر.

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فهد يركض في ظلام الغابة، عيناه تلمعان، ثغره مفتوح كاشفاً عن أنيابه. يركض هملء طاقته دون التفات أو توقف. الفهد ليس بخير أو شرير، هو لا يتبع أي من هذه التصنيفات البشرية؛ هو حقيقي منغرس في نسيج الوجود. تتفجر موجات الغريزة بداخله، فهي المحرك والوقود، هي الحياة تتبدى دون موارد أو تنميق.

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الحيوان بداخلك لن يغادر، لن يتركك تلوك الكلام كثيراً. هو مرتد على قوائمه الخلفية، عيناه منصبتان عليك، ينتظرك في أكثر الأماكن واللحظات غير المتوقعة، مثل عندما تكون في حفل يعج بالأشخاص والصخب، لكنك لا زلت تشعر بالوحدة والاعتراب، لا زالت وسط كل هذا الزحام، تبحث عن شيء آخر، لا تراه، لكنك تشم رائحته في الهواء، وتسمع زئيره خافتاً بعيداً. لكنك ترفض الهدية خوفاً من المسؤولية، من تبني المجهول؛ لأنك تخاف أن تكون فعلاً نفسك. غير أن حيوانك الضاري، ولأسباب لا تعلمها، يأبى أن يموت. هو مصدر عذابك، وعدم انسجامك مع كل هذا النظام المؤمن حولك، هو مصدر بؤسك وانقسامك الداخلي، لكنه أيضاً طوق نجاة روحك من الفناء. هو الأصل، يعرف العهد، والطريق إلى الغابة. إن آمنت به، إن تركته يسكن جسدك، إن شحذت كل حواسك وقررت أن تركض معه في الظلام حتى وإن تملكك الخوف، مردداً تعويدتك السحرية لفك أسر روحك من كل هذا الاصطناع، حينها فقط ستعرف حقيقتك، وستكون مستعداً للتخلي عن كل شيء في هذه الحياة، باستثناء تلك الحقيقة النابضة في أحشائك.

you - sander labruyère 31

My friend used to say 'We are young, there is plenty of time'.
You think: *how much time?* Nothing really changes except

you growing accustomed to doing one thing over the other,
you growing familiar with the massive levity of ageing.

You have tried out known assessments on weight:
giving up, starting over. Looking at yourself in the mirror.

Scrutinising platitudes, ritual. Defining *I love you* as promise;
as foreplay; as dangerous. But again there is the tangy bitter

of paracetamol, the sooty flower of a coffee stain. Even
the half-truth you erected to cushion another escape

is not unwelcome, like the callus on your thumb regrowing
after peeling it away. And summer wheezes in its husk

and there are shadows racing across and when you wake up
in your balloon, you see Jaan Kaplinski in an unlit window, so humble

near his death. 'What do you know about the pursuit of poetry?',
he demands. When you go and find out, you see his countryman

mouth jokes to each other, laughing. A girl tells you in a hostel:
'you think too deeply'. She says: 'you should kiss me'. Later,

you: at the end of the transaction, ejaculating,
you keep looking at her wine-coloured birthmark. In the morning,

the rain-tanged aubade lulls the cemetery of the church, and
the mass inaugurated by the dissonance of a bagpipe, rings total.

master - sander labruyère 32

In memory of the typewriter and a children's toy. In memory
of flower and fruit and the hospital is bombed:

bangs and voices amidst the long stretched-out cataract of the city,
the soft whisper from beneath rubble: *my boy... There is food in the fridge, please!*

Be quiet!, you shout, fingering rock. *They are coming to help, just stay still.*
And you go on talking, just keep on talking, you talk about the window

next to you, the people outside. You talk about the lake you swam in
when you learned how to float by inhaling, and how abrasive mortality felt.

You talk about blueberry, pine cone, almond. You say: *are you close enough to God?*
I give you my life, it's in the rock! Just push, push!

And you talk about how near they are now and you mention music:
Pink Floyd, Beethoven. You mention your vow as a son. Then your vow

as a husband. father, grandfather. And you ask:
what's his name, your son, what's his name?...

excerpt from a conversation* - sidef and lu kellert

*this is an excerpt from a conversation/interview between lu kellert, a graphic designer currently based in budapest, and sidef, a berlin-based artist, about what it means to be an artist as well as about the exclusivity of the institutional art sphere. it was transcribed, edited and translated from german by lu kellert, and proofread by anna katalin szilágyi. from the 14th of november 2024

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L: Thanks that you found time! I would like to ask you to briefly introduce yourself. Who you are, what you do and how you define yourself.

S: Hi, I am Marta. By now, my artist name has become Sidef, which means nacre in Romanian, my mother tongue. Nacre, because those are the colors I identify with the most. I am a freelance artist and every week I have different projects, where I mostly paint walls for local businesses. Everything started when I worked as a barista in a café and painted there, the walls and everything. For a while that was only my hobby, but slowly it developed into a business.

I've been doing this for four years now and my name grew over time. But that's not necessarily what I want to do the most. Something developed, without my consent so to speak, I just went along. Being an artist is my passion, I love painting and I have painted all my life. I never did it for myself. Even if you do what you love, it doesn't always mean you can identify with it and you can fall into a trap. To favor others; I also thought: "I am mini-famous for that in Berlin, I just have to continue, even if it doesn't make me happy."

L: So your artistic practice only takes a job-service purpose in your life at the moment?

S: Yes it has come to this. Which isn't bad either, I always had fun. Meeting new people every week, learn their stories, new concepts. And I think it's not only about the same thing in every job.

L: How much room does your creative practice take in your life? How did it change over time?

S: I have started to engage with finding out whether one already has their talents by birth, or if they develop. Are you born with it or do your parents engage with it, in order to create a talent? Growing up, there was always painting, art and music in my life.

I wake up and I feel as an artist: I have to start singing, I have to write things. Every time I write, I am writing beautifully, because I always saw that with my mom. I think it starts there. And then I'm on the street, and see things differently than others. Mostly the nature around me, logos and letterings. I cannot say that I'm only an artist when painting.

L: It's something that surrounds your whole life, you said that nicely. Thanks for that. How did you manage that and how do you develop as an artist? Do you even see a point in that?

S: Like I said, I painted a lot of boards in Berlin and it became bigger. What defines me as an artist are mostly the colors turquoise and pink, and palm trees and animals that have patterns. They fascinate me. They make me so happy, so I always put them in.

Then people started contacting for me for that. By now, I also started painting walls. But there were commissions, where I had to adapt to the clients, I think you often have to do that as a designer. You have to imagine it like this: There were wings on my back, big and beautiful wings that that steadily shrunk, it felt like that. Then for a while it was my main source of income, so it was not easy just to quit. I also forgot to take care of myself. When I tried to paint for myself,

excerpt from a conversation - sidef and lu kellert

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I was always stuck. "I have this super power and I'm not using it. I should give myself more time for it."

It does not matter if I'm not earning any money in the beginning, I should just start doing it for me. Two months ago I managed it. Since then I'm taking few commissions. I raised my prices, so only people who really want me would stay. I don't know what I will do yet. I told my mother that I'm not happy as an artist and she said: "Doesn't matter what they think, it should make you happy". When I heard this from my mother, everything changed.

L: I really feel that you are independent in what you want to do and that you want to develop your art by yourself. You told me once that you studied something creative before, but that it didn't work out. I can really see where this is coming from, but can you tell a bit about your experiences?

S: That was some years ago, I was 20, now I'm 28. Every day there was a charade, it was a competition. I didn't reinvent myself, because it dried up my creativity. For example, we had a drawing course and I had the feeling I could not understand the teachers and what they wanted from me. Because of that I felt I had nothing to do there, even when it is important today to have a diploma or to be educated. I think a lot of people have this pressure. Because of that people also go to schools they don't fit in.

But trust me, if you feel it's not doing you well: Just quit it. It was also because I was the only foreigner. I didn't feel excluded, but there was a boundary for sure. To go to uni right after school, because society pressures you; I think that's a big mistake, because you don't know yourself.

L: But everything seemed to have worked out? Or do you have the feeling that a diploma gives you more opportunities? Do you sometimes have the feeling that you're not part of a group, because you don't have one?

S: I had it with clients and it was a fight with myself, almost every day. People see me as uneducated and don't appreciate me.

I wish I could have moments like those back in school, where I had a teacher who was fascinated by what they were doing. That they would gift you this fascination. But that was missing—having a mentor—and my mom was not always there, unfortunately.

The thing with the diploma and having this fight with myself: "I don't have a diploma, I'm not good enough and I'll never be. I don't have this diploma and can't show people that I can do it". But there were cases when I saw people that had a lot of theory, but didn't know how and where to start. I think that's something I was able to manage alone, I mean I started having a business at 19–20. I'm happy and satisfied with myself for that.

I want to somehow teach young people how to get into the scene, because I know it is hard.

L: You mentioned a scene right now, how is it? Do you have connections in Berlin, since you've

excerpt from a conversation - sidef and lu kellert 35

been there for some time? What kind of environment are you in? Are all your friends artists or do you have multiple groups?

S: Art...oh god. I'm going to tell you a secret now: I don't know if it's good or bad, but I can't or maybe don't want to identify myself as an artist. Because I never saw the best in artists, I never met an artist that fascinated me—because they always think so much of themselves. I can't be friends with those kind of people, that's why I don't have artist friends. I know a few tattoo artists, but that's something different, because they don't act like people who see themselves as artists. I hope I'm not insulting you right now...

L: No, absolutely not. It's interesting to see it from the outside. From the people I met the last three years—since I'm studying—only a few people are not connected to the art bubble. At some point you get in and then it's hard to connect with other people. You are in your own world.

S: That's how it is, I build a barrier there. I just keep my distance from artists. Maybe I actually should be more open, because not all artists are the same, I know that. I simply never gave myself the chance to get more into the field. A good friend of mine is also artistically talented, she's a musician. She's the only one, besides that I just know "ordinary people", like IT or marketing. I am alone and I don't completely understand why. I was never thrilled by artists, I think it has to happen in university, otherwise it's not happening.

L: Have you tried to insert yourself into the field yet? Have you tried handing in something for a competition, open call or an exhibition?

S: I definitely want to do an exhibition, but you can't make one when you don't know what to exhibit. I don't see the reason to do a competition. I think these things have to come from somewhere. You have to feel the need for it, but I think when you're not taught to have to do that... When I'm ready I want to show what makes me happy to other people. I see that as art somehow, making other people happy or evoking feelings. But that doesn't have to be a goal, you don't have to show who you are or how good you are. We only have this feeling because of society, I have felt it very often.

L: So you mean that the way the art bubble works is conditioned, unnatural? Is that what you want to say?

S: It's possible that lots of fields are like that, not only art. We are social animals, it fulfills you when you can fit in somewhere. Also back in time, those artist hubs, where artists gathered or poets or musicians—I think it has an appeal and I believe it's magical when people work and create together. But some alter themselves, so they can fit in a circle. I know that I don't want to do that, I don't have a problem with that. I wouldn't of have have understood until now.

L: Understood what?

S: That I have no artist friends, for example. I had a friend in Barcelona, who really liked to paint. We went to a park and painted together. That's the first time ever I did that. So when it happens

excerpt from a conversation - sidef and lu kellert 36

by itself, then sure.

Often I thought I should go to an exhibition, these posh ones, there are so many here in Berlin. I should see if I fit into this world—dressing chic, drinking some wine—I definitely want to try that. I don't necessarily see myself as an artist, so to speak. Who knows, only thinking that you're not fitting in doesn't mean you wouldn't or that you couldn't like it.

L: You're saying you don't see yourself as an artist. What does this word mean for you, actually?

S: I don't know, maybe it's even a trauma. My mom is very talented, we have the love—for everything around us—from her. There was a moment when I thought: "I'm like my mom, I have that from her, that's so cool!". We once were taking a walk and sat on a bench and then she just said: "Look how pretty that branch sits in the sun!". It's rare that people understand when I show them something like that.

She always painted, she actually studied art, yet she never earned money with it. That was a frustration for me. In my head it was always like: "She never made it and that's why you're never gonna make it as well". It was like a mantra, it always dragged me down.

Then she completely stopped painting for a period. She sent me a parcel with papers and water colors, that dragged me down even more. I have somehow lived through her—this fascination with painting—because she sparked it in me. And when she quit, it did not make sense anymore. Now I know that our relationships with your talents are complicated and that she was in a learning process herself, I just didn't know back then.

It's very complicated for me to grasp what an artist is. For example artist are also those who have nothing to do with reality, they have this talent and most of them are insane. I don't know how it works, but it is so. I think being an artist is what I told you, but also what I can't define myself with, this snobby thing and this competition: that you are better than others. I don't see this in me and for that I don't want to identify with that. Maybe it is also because I don't always like what I paint. Yeah, maybe that's the answer.

L: That's a shame. Shouldn't being an artist be the other way around, only people who really feel it and don't have to fit in, who do what moves them?

S: Yes, but it's not my decision to define that, right?

L: I mean, how you see it is always your decision.

S: How do you see it?

L: It's hard for me, because I feel in the middle somehow. Sometimes I feel connected to this academic artisthood, as I sometimes like doing things that maybe not everyone gets right away or because I like being conceptual.

excerpt from a conversation - sidef and lu kellert 37

You think yourself that you are absolutely logical and then you see what somebody else did, with the same thought, but it seems out of touch. Sometimes I see it in others, but I tend to keep it to myself. At the same time I want to do things that others can understand, that are accessible and maybe even help people. Maybe the art bubble made me deviate from that a bit, maybe I can slowly get on track.

That's why I see myself in between. I see lots of people as artists, I think it's a broad term. It's this cheesy: "Everyone is an artist", but it is kind of true. I think you almost need new words. The term artist almost equates to being human, so maybe one has to specify it somehow. I understand how you feel about this term, but it's a shame.

S: You said it well. It could be helpful having multiple words for artist. But I run away from this label. But, I will definitely think about this.

"i just keep my distance from artists" (35) - sidef 38

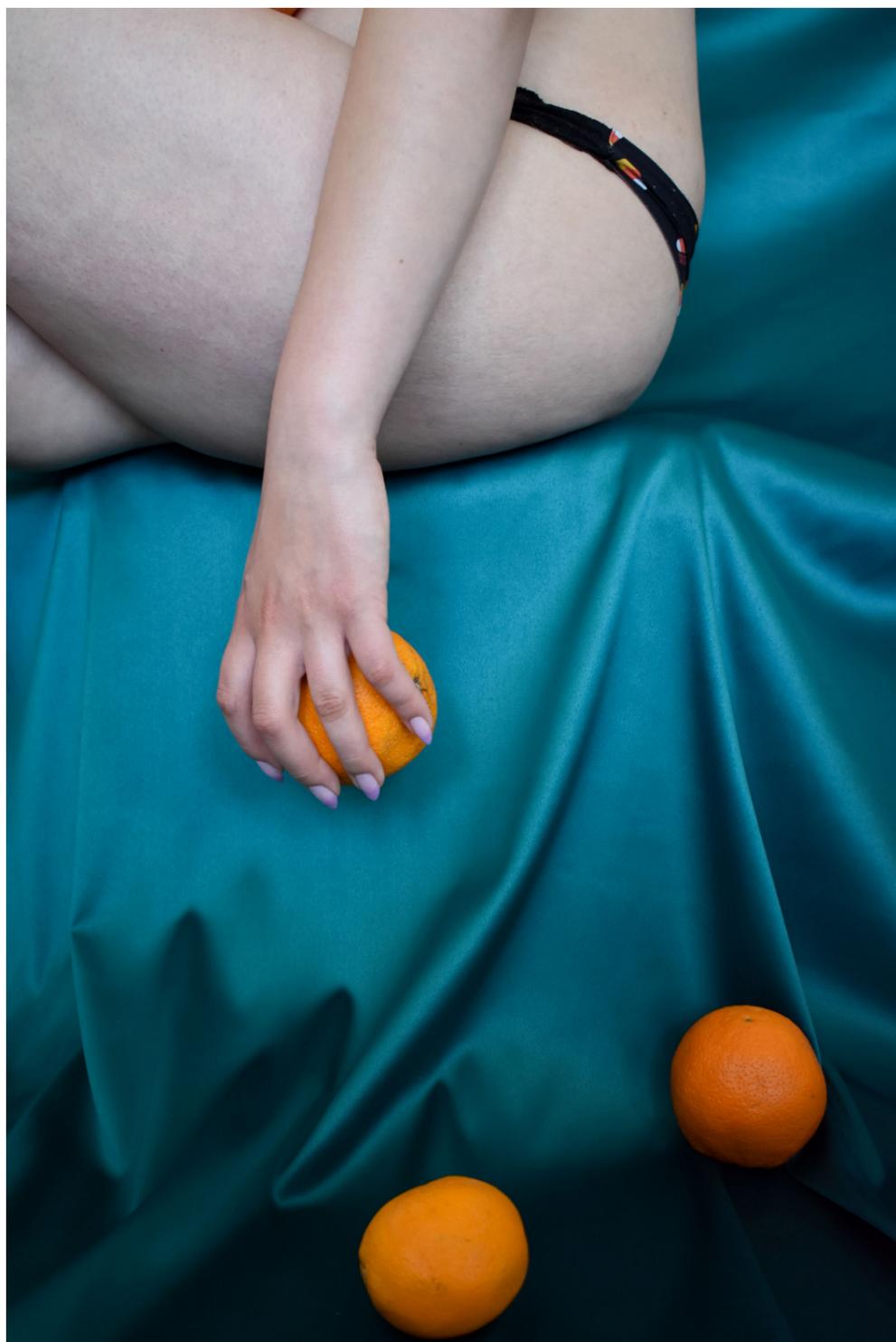
peel - kalina efremova
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peel - kalina efremova
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peel - kalina efremova
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kalina efremova
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koen fuller
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I am drunk off a bottle of pink wine
I've never liked a man long enough for him to know me
And I've certainly never been in love
I asked you if you'd ever accepted that I wasn't gonna make it
And you said yes
That you had expected the phone call for weeks
And I've been gone and dead many a'times
Walked alongside death, although never hand in hand
I've seen you with my own eyes
Felt you, touched you, smelled you
Still can't light the candle by your bed

You taught me how to shoplift
I'm the bad influence though
Taught you had to inhale
timed you while you chugged your buzz ball
And you drove me home in your car that reeked of cigarettes and air freshener
Cause I had gotten you into smoking
With my bad habits and crippling fear of isolation and indifference
And yet I beg to be alone
To those who show me care and tenderness
So I choose to hangout with bums who'd leave me on the side of road if it meant more fun and
more drugs
The only time they'd care is if they thought I was fuckable
Before I lost my virginity I felt like a loser
I still feel like a loser
With this dirt under my nails and a ring I stole from a mexican jesus shop
Pretty sure I'm cursed
But a pretty girl said she could cleanse me
I wonder how far she would go before realising I'm beyond repair
Fuck me, I'm falling apart
I've got some super glue in my bag
I'm almost out though
Hopefully you buy me some more
It'll be a while till it dries

Everything I do returns to you
The touch, the closeness from sex, the warmth from drugs
At the end of tonight
When the alcohol begins to wear off
And I'm heading home
Stumbling around
I'll get that feeling I always get
And it'll linger for a while
But I'll manage to get to bed

koen fuller
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And throw up on my carpet ignoring it till morning
Where I'll grab the cleaner and rag and scrub and scrub
Till I feel like it's gone away
Like you've gone away

Have you gone away?

the ant and i - martin tomov 45

The Ant and I stare at the invisible mountain,
Gazing out at the endless horizon, we ponder,
Who crafted the dreams that made us who we are,
Who destroyed the beauty of our presence?

'Isn't it wondrous...' the Ant marvels,
'...how we watch the wind, rocks, and river cascades,
reflecting the light of the stars down the hills,
with the speed of a thousand photons lewdly fucking
but we will never see them as they truly are?'
The Ant sighs with a ruby smile in a distant gaze,
Melancholic drops of blood sliding down her chin.

The Ant and I look upon the absent mountain,
Our cries silenced by choked bleeding throats,
We only hope to hear a voice echoing through the endless hills
but all we can do is wait in silence.

The Ant and I are but some lonely specks of dust,
Forgotten in the cold and quiet of the night,
Left behind by the histories, by the bloody diaries,
by the faded photos, by the geopolitics of imperialistic
lies, and by the films of unfinished truths.
Yet, we long to love, we long to weep and be together...
—At least that's what She would have said,
Giving tender kisses to my subconsciousness,
Amidst her hush of freezing stillness.

The Ant and I rebel in love and rage,
Spurning the dandy colors of museum art,
Disdaining the caged taxonomy of the senses,
We are against the establishment,
We don't appreciate the bulges on your belly,
We don't like the monarchy, we are anti-social,
We are anti-progressive, anti-capitalistic, anti-utilitarian,
Anti-art, anti-rutte, anti-democratic pricks and thorns

Fuck your beauty, fuck your museums and your money,
fuck the books that you read and the countless crowns,
fuck Netflix and all the time-wasting pleasures of the world,
fuck being a tourist and fuck having a home, fuck being homeless,
fuck your neoliberal reforms, and fuck building resilience,
fuck abusive men, and fuck their deranged cocks,
fuck supporting your white rich companies, and fuck
all the photographers who tried to make them appear blacker,

the ant and i - martin tomov 46

fuck poetry, and fuck this dying world, we are not meant to be here
fuck death and fuck love

The Ant and I swear at the mountainside,
Guessing where the contours of our desires lie,
Longing to reach the serenity of Her angelic mind,
Yet, the Ant and I survived but She did not.

We gazed upon the snowy hills with awe,
Embracing the winds and scent of frosted flesh,
In fear, like a child confronting the vastness of space,
And the inevitable doom of our small universe.

The Ant and I clung to one another,
With trembling legs, we cried in smile,
Our screams echoing through the cosmic peaks,
Yet, the mountain's deaf, it remained the same,
Numbed in an impassioned stillness,
By the coldness of its silence.

eat, think, share! - enzo sica and ricardo granado
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How do we access the quality of a work of art? Is there such thing as good or bad art?

Thinking about these questions, my friend Richard and I decided to create the happening “eat, think, share”, a three-course dinner where each course presents questions that invite the public to discuss a work of art.

eat, think, share! - enzo sica and ricardo granado
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o que você vê?
what do you see?



o que você pensa?
what do you think?



essa obra é boa ou ruim?
is this work good or bad?

eat, think, share! - enzo sica and ricardo granado
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The preparation of the dinner involved harvesting some of the ingredients from Richard's garden, preparing and assembling the courses and turning our kitchen into a setting for the happening by using candles, lights and installing a TV in front of the table.

eat, think, share! - enzo sica and ricardo granado
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For the first presentation of the happening, we chose the work "Cloaca" by Wim Delvoye, an installation where a machine is fed real food and then produces something that resembles fecal matter, which was presented to the guests through a video. When thinking about this project, we were inspired by the power of sharing a meal in promoting fun and constructive dialogues, which was proven right as the guests used the situation proposed to them to connect and reflect on the work.

conversation at darb1718*

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editors note*

I was at Darb1718 for the first time in the summer of 2024 to do a workshop in leather-bookbinding hosted by Sherif Ashraf. I came an hour early, so I waited around by the cafe to enjoy a coffee in the late-afternoon Cairo summer. There were birds chirping, an angle grinder going off in the background and ceramics as far as the eye could see.

The group of men sitting next to me were having an intense discussion about art that I tried to eavesdrop, hoping to figure out if I'd improved my Arabic at all during the first two months of my fellowship; I had.

Eavesdropping made me feel guilty, so I turned my attention to my book about the history of Cairo: Fustat. The first capital of Egypt under Muslim rule, dating back to the very beginning of Islam.

It is in Fustat that the contemporary arts and culture center Darb1718 is located, in the historical 'Pottery Village' (قرية الفخارين) - which explains the immense amounts of ceramic workshops lining the streets.

The second time for me at Darb was during a concert of the Sudanese band Iqd Al Jalad in October. It was a whole different experience, but equally topping some of the most clear-headed hours I've spent in Cairo. By the first minute I was hooked.

The room was dancing, swaying and singing along to the lyrics. I could make out يا جمال النيل والخرطوم بالليل "Oh, the beauty of the Nile and Khartoum by Night" but the words weren't interesting me as much as the music and realization of what a community, a space, can do and the togetherness that it brings forth.

Feeling lost with Shoebox but inspired by the communal and open feeling of Darb1718, I contacted the management the very same weekend for a story in this third edition.

We booked a time with the current managing director Shorouk El Hariry for a tour and conversation about what Darb1718 is, its ethos, mission, as well as what community art means and what it can do:

More information about Darb1718 and its work can be found on their instagram @darb1718 or on their website darb1718.com

conversation at darb1718

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ceramics at darb1718 - photo by matilde ferreri

conversation at darb1718

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streetview at darb1718 - photo by matilde ferreri

conversation at darb1718

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What exactly is Darb? How did it come to be and how do you feel personally about it?

Darb1718 was founded in 2008 with the idea of fostering the contemporary arts movement in Egypt. We work closely with emerging and established artists both locally and internationally, offering avenues for arts education, artist residencies, concerts, exhibitions, and various formats of expression. By focusing on community-oriented programming, we see the arts as a tool to engage with our environment and, together, strive for meaningful exchange and cultural enrichment.

Growing up in Cairo, many of us working here at Darb have a personal connection to this space, which keeps the communal atmosphere very much alive.

No other space in Egypt offers this specific combination of creative expression, societal change, and a connection to heritage. With its unique positionality in the Egyptian cultural scene, there is an openness to receiving ideas from our surroundings, whether local artists, residents, our neighbours, or even passersby – if we can make something happen, let's make it happen.

Could you give some examples of that? What exactly is the communal atmosphere here and how does it relate to the physical art and projects that take place at Darb?

After the demolition earlier in January, everything had come to a pause. To put together a programme for October or November was by no means an easy feat, especially with all the repair work that needed to be done before we could receive people again. But only through the connection to community was it at all possible. And only through that can Darb perform its role.

I remember the first thing we did as a team after I came on board in July was to host a group exhibition titled "(A)Part from the City", curated by Karim El Hayawan. Three of the artists who were physically present reached out later, expressing their interest in Darb's space and that they would like us to work together. And we did! And it was all possible through active listening on both sides.

One of them was Hadeel Osman, a self-proclaimed "#sustainabilitysista". While we were thinking about community engagement, specifically through involving the Sudanese community, we did not want to go the usual route of diversity-oriented programming that ticks boxes to meet certain quotes of inclusivity and diversity without genuine, active listening. The more interesting and organic route for us was to find interesting Sudanese artists and cultural workers whose visions aligned with ours. To bring them on board and say, "hey, I have this idea. You have this idea. How about we do this together?" And voila, that's exactly how we put together our first sustainability-themed market for local makers, Nook & Stitch.

Similarly, we connected strongly with Duha Mohammad, a talented Sudanese photographer, whose exhibited work narrated her experience of the urban from the lens of displacement. Now, Duha's working together with Mona Essam, an Egyptian collage artist, on a workshop surrounding the themes of migration, mobility, and the urban experience, which is running until the end of December.

conversation at darb1718 55

Also exhibiting in “(A)Part from the City” was Habiba Ragab, an Alexandrian visual artist, who combined her experience in both photography and embroidery to deliver her workshops at Darb in October, inviting participants to use embroidery to stitch stories upon their personal photographs.

That’s how it’s been at Darb since that exhibition. Bring your idea, talk to us, and let’s see what happens.

Another story is Iqd Al Jalad. They have been around in Sudan since 1984, and had only been in Egypt for nine months. When we first met with them through our Sudanese colleague El Shafee’, we hung out for four hours, four hours of storytelling. I wish we had a camera that day!

They later invited us to attend a concert that they had in Dokki (a Giza neighbourhood). There were around 700 Sudanese people in that concert hall; we were the only Egyptians. We wondered, what is it that we can offer them? An introduction to the Egyptian audience. And since we have been operating in a rather limited space since the demolition earlier this year, we also offered to film them, put something together, and share these videos online.

And their connection to Egypt is incredible. Iqd Al Jalad has worked with tons of Egyptian artists over the years and been here several times. Sherif Sherhabil, the oldest singer in the band, is the son of Sherhabil Ahmad, the father of Sudanese Jazz, who used to work at the Cairo Opera House. Many stories there.

What comes out to the world right now is not even 10% of what is happening on the ground here. We are rebuilding, redefining, and hopefully when we move to our new location we will have what it takes to go.

Darb also hosts a contemporary arts festival which has had several iterations since 2015, the third edition of which was hosted in 2023 at the Citadel of Saladdin. It was a very tricky time, with the entire world order shifting since the 7th of October, on top of having a very challenging location to work with.

How do you contrast contemporary art with the Citadel in the backdrop? How can the Citadel and contemporary art be in conversation? Those were two of the questions of the festival.

We were working on hosting this year’s festival in November, but when we realized that the logistics were not going to work, we got in touch with everyone we knew, and the result was great. With everyone’s eager and collaborative spirit, we are now working to host the festival at the beginning of next year.

We try to challenge typical institutional-artist relations and dynamics, and this drives how we approach everything here. We are also navigating a particularly tricky time for all what constitutes an arts space to begin with.

Personally, I treat everyone I meet here as an artist.

Non-hierarchical, open and everyone’s an artist. Community. I’ve felt that as an outsider as well every time I’ve been here.

conversation at darb1718 56



four members of iqd al jalad during their concert at darb1718 in october - courtesy of darb1718

conversation at darb1718 57

We can't be around here without feeling connected to the surroundings - the kiosk, the people on the street, and the whole neighborhood. Being rooted in this area and its community is part of what Darb1718 is.

We are operating as part of the ecosystem that we exist in, and that means that our success has a direct impact on the community. When Darb thrives, so do the people selling their products on this street.

How can we be sustainable if we don't think about how the arts could be done differently? Sustainable as in: how can we continue to grow and exist, knowing that the majority of operating entities here in Egypt rely primarily on foreign funding? As part of our ongoing conversations, such as the ones we are having with the Arts Collaboratory network, we are questioning our relationship with the West, and how we can challenge the dynamic of programming being funded only when it is relevant to the interests of foreign donors.

Who determines what is relevant to the community?

One of the first things I noticed here was the ceramics lining the streets. How is that related to Darb as an organization and community, and to the other events that are hosted here?

We have built this relationship with people: if they have something to offer, we invite them to offer it here. For example, through offering their crafts workshops at Darb.

But then we naturally attract people who work with ceramics because this is Qaryat al Fuhareen (Pottery Village). People have been working with pottery and ceramics here since before we existed, which translates into the very architecture of the place and how we experience it. Ceramics and pottery are parts of our identity because of where we exist.

One example that comes to mind is Mahmoud Roshdy, who teaches at one of the arts faculties here in Egypt. He came by one day to show us what he does. His work plays around with the very concept of what a material is to begin with. He is now conceptualizing his own workshop with us, for creatives to come and learn his techniques.

We spoke about the future of Darb and the changing that is happening - you're moving for example. How will that affect Darb?

We certainly need more space.

In terms of programming, a lot more would be happening again; we would be able to host more people and do larger scale events, which is what Darb used to do before the demolition. Perhaps it would be almost like a nostalgic comeback. There is also the angle of bringing in more partnerships with others.

"Others" does not necessarily mean typical partnerships between various art institutions, but also partnering with people who work with heritage, or who even operate as makers. People who make something and then sell it. The goal is to dedicate the space to these connections and partnerships in order for them to evolve.

conversation at darb1718 58



mahmoud roshdy together with his ceramic work- courtesy of the artist

conversation at darb1718 59



workshop and studio space at darb - photo by matilde ferreri

conversation at darb1718 60

And also looking beyond art in itself it seems. The relationship between art and so many other fields and ways of being. Do you think that moving will change a lot of things, if people have a connection to the current location?

Moving will be a different experience for everyone, including us. The sad fact is that for the past year people have thought this place stopped existing. Having people around again is extremely rejuvenating and we are looking forward to the new location sparking something. We don't know yet what it'll be like, but it will bring fresh energy and more space and freedom for people to come in and be creative.

And if we do not think about the relationship between art and other fields, we will not be able to continue to exist. Again, sustainability in the sense of sustaining our operation. But also to remain relevant, connected, and grounded in reality.

The thing about contemporary arts in Egypt is that every now and then there comes a specific exhibition, festival, or one-timer that everyone talks about and that gets picked up by local media.

But where is the ongoing discourse? I think that is really what is missing here, and this is where Darb aspires to play a role. Sometimes all you need for a conversation to happen, is to invite others to talk about it.

Final thing I'm curious about is how Darb stands in relation to other contemporary art centers and communities in Cairo and Egypt?

For the past year, we have more or less been on pause, and we are in the process of reconnecting. We do have connections, and people have been approaching us, but it's as though you have a house and only your living room is available to receive guests.

Our relationships are very strong to civil society at large. Arts and civil society in Egypt are very closely connected and we are having ongoing conversations with various entities, individuals, collectives, and creatives of all kinds. When an opportunity arises, the first thing we think is who we can do it with.

Because it's more fun to do things with others. You create opportunities for more people to connect, for more things to happen, and for more things to be created.

And how can you do this in an organic way that allows everyone to meet on an eye level?

will at florenca cafe - lumi androvc muzio
61



the lodge - lumi androvc muzio
62



muzios in bracciano - lumi androvic muzio

63



francas balcony - lumi androvic muzio

64



11_24 (CONVO) - alice harrling
65

Baby, I have the most exciting news!

I'm cutting the ribbon tomorrow -
it's for the grand opening of my insurance company.
Because, you know,
you never really know.

And honestly, it's such a good business idea,
to prove to her I can love.
Because she never knows -
she literally never seems to know.

The abnormally high monthly fee?
Oh, that's because we're offering VIP membership only.
You know,
it was the advisor's decision.

His name is John.
He's also my janitor
and my fuckbuddy.
Isn't that great?

The axe?
Oh, sorry - my mistake.
She needs to be chopped, not cut.
Cutting feels too... ordinary, you know?

So, yeah, I'll chop her in half with an axe.
I've only got one shot.
That's why I've been hitting the gym so much, you know.
She really needs to split clean in two - two perfect halves.
Otherwise, it's a flop.

Which ribbon?
Oh, no -
the PR team thought a simple ribbon would feel too outdated.
You know how marketing is today.

That's why we're adding fireworks - mustard gas-powered ones,
and a dolphin show, where they dance to ambient rhythms.
It's the contemporary era, you know.

You don't?

W3T_4_3V3R - alice harrling
66



X2/10_65 (REMA1N1NG_L1MBS)* - alice harrling

*X2 is the title of the photo-work, 10_65 (REMA1N1NG_L1MBS) is the title of the text

67



Yes, Mother, this is too simple.
No, Mother, there's no explanation.
Father, I'll never extinguish flames like you did,
dragging bodies from the tracks.

My brother - your struggle is in vain.
Can you all come here?
Take a look,
see what I cannot create.

Please, brother, open your eyes.
Because I cannot sell this kidney,
nor my womb.
I will never be that kind.

Maybe you should ask our mother -
about that abortion in London,
about the silver fork Grandma gave you,
about everything, before you fade away.

No, brother, I won't save you.
You know I am bare, unadorned.
Maybe ask Father -
about the limbs at the central station,
about the birthmark he saw.

Your tracks.

RÖR4 - alice harrling

68



Don't

shoot

the mannequin!

poem and english translation - carlos fernández
69

*translation of poems about translation (I feel like the minotaur) or: How I Learned to Stop
Worrying and Love the Labyrinth*

una tórtola traza una línea recta
paquetito igual a cuerpo en su
púrpura cielo
como la túnica del augur que la
interpreta
llegan por allá las garzas
quién sabe de dónde chillan
generan sus alas un signo ignoto
el augur apunta leves marcas
y piensa en un corazón de buey
venerado
a punto de reventar en el altar
brisa ensortijada que se disipa con
las grullas
pero sigue siendo un secreto
sumergir
los brazos hasta el hombro en la
sangre
e interpretar símbolos fuera de lo
humano
a más oro en los ropajes, más vacío
que de nuestros propios símbolos
llenamos
se recogen el augur y su túnica
púrpura
otra tórtola, quizás la misma
vuela en círculos sobre una viña

a turtledove sketches a straight line
package equals body in its purple
sky
like the augur's tunic that interprets
it
there they come the herons
where do they screech from —
who knows
an unknown symbol from their
wings
the augur scribbles faint marks
and thinks about the worshipped
heart of an ox
about to burst on the altar
jewelled breeze by the cranes,
dissipated
but it is still a secret
to soak your entire arms in blood
and to interpret alien symbols
the more golden, the greater the
void
from our own signs filled up
the augur and his purple tunic head
home
another turtledove, perhaps the
same one
circles a vineyard

poem and english translation - carlos fernández
70

я сама себе препятствие
soy mi propio obstáculo
—Marina Tsvetáeva sobre su método de
traducción—

qué diente de romperse
y vertiendo agua podrida
por eso —a medias— trago
se abrió los huesos
con la alianza
 crujir y su sonido
*aquel lobo tenía tanta hambre
que no le quedó más remedio
que llevarse dos doncellas*
qué huesos de abrirse
cómo pudrir la tierra
con salvias malas llenarla
de errores y sonidos
ay **AY** pum **CRAC** UY **au**
no son correctos
no es posible
sacarse una piel para ponerse otra
así una osa lanzando a sus crías
escribiese yo
todavía lo intento

я сама себе препятствие
I am my own obstacle
—Marina Tsvetaeva, about her
translation method—

prone to break tooth
and splashing murky waters
thus —barely— I swallow
they cracked their bones
with the alliance
 crackling, its sound
*that wolf was so hungry
that he had no choice but to take
those two maidens*
prone to crack bones
how to rot the earth
with weeds fill it
with mistakes and sounds
ouch **OUCH** bang **CRACK**
OUCH au
it is not correct
it is not possible
to rip off your skin to wear another
like a bear hurling its cubs
I'd like to write
I am still trying

once the rice is cooked, it is impossible to make it raw

أمشي في شوارع ميلانو
التي تجري سريعا كأنها حصان مجنون فرّ من لجامه
ممن لم يعط له الأكل الكافي
لينقذه ليوم آخر

أمشي والشمس تضرب وجهي
خلال البرد يتسلسل في عروقي
وأشعر الدموع الباردة في وجهي
في يوم عاصف في منتصف الخريف

فصلي المفضل
الآن أصبح جحيما
أنتظر اللحظة حيث كل هذا يعدي
في ملح البصر

كما اعتاد الوقت أن يفعل
مثل نذل يخدع الانتظار

أنظر إليك لما تلعب مع الأطفال
نحن في المسجد

أنظر إليك لما تمشي في الشارع
نحن في السوق

أنظر إليك لما تغطس على الصحرة
نحن في الروشة

أنظر إليك لما تبتسم لي
نحن في البحر

أنظر إليك لما تنظر إلي
نحن في رأسي

أنظر إليك لما تحدثني
نحن في شرفتي

يمر الوقت
يمر الوقت ببطء
لما نتحدث

يمر الوقت
يمر الوقت بسرعة
لما أفكر فيك

لا تحزن
لأنني لا أحزن

لا تبك
لأنني لا أبكي

ممکن تظل
أنا هون

being a crocodile - ethan lieutet khnafo 73

- Us, humans, we were gifted with a set of three brains. The Reptilian, The Limbic, and the Neo-cortical one.

Unchanged and invincible since 200 million years the crocodile survived all the eras, seeing the human being grow and change throughout this ginormous period of time. Without ever sharing the burderns we've created for ourselves.

From pondering the meaning of our existence to headache giving existential question hovering over our head from the beginnig to the end of a lifetime.
Sure, it diversifies the possibilities of experiencing our existence. But also complexifies it.

I wanna be a crocodile, just for a glimpse of an instant.
To laze all day under the piercing ray of sun, the skin crackling from the mud bath and the dirt surrounding a lake, without a single worry.

It's a return to the primal instinct, living solely for surviving. No thoughts about the beginning nor the end. Not debating about love. No nightmare and no dreaming.
Only thriving
Eating, Sleeping, Mating.

*Being a crocodile is forgetting about the emotional weight to go back to the essential principle of life. It's a liberation from the prison of the mind for a moment.
Light, Scaled and Free.*



ethan lieutet khnafo 74

dorota throws the sled into the fence* - dorota molčanová

*this text comes from an ongoing research about slovak weather lores and their accuracy during the last 25 years in the artist's hometown, košice. these are excerpts combining weather lores, weather data and interviews.

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24.2. If it rains on Matej's day, there will be a good potato harvest. (Ak prší na Mateja, urodia sa zemiaky.)

2024 overcast with light rain	POTATO?
2023 overcast with light rain 2022 clear	POTATO?
2021 mostly clear	
2020 mostly clear	
2019 overcast	
2018 mostly clear	
2017 overcast	
2016 overcast and showers	POTATO?
2015 overcast with light rain, fog	POTATO?
2014 mostly clear	
2013 overcast with light rain	POTATO?
2012 overcast with light rain	POTATO?
2011 overcast and light snow	
2010 overcast, fog	
2009 overcast	
2008 clear	
2007 overcast	
2006 mostly clear	
2005 overcast and snow	
2004 overcast	
2003 clear	
2002 overcast with light rain	POTATO?
2001 mostly clear	
2000 overcast with light rain	POTATO?

15.8. If it rains on the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, the potatoes will go bad. (Ak prší na Nebev-zatie Panny Márie, kazia sa zemiaky.)

2024 no rain	
2023 no rain	GO BAD?
2022 thunderstorms with rain	GO BAD?
2021 showers	GO BAD?
2020 showers, thunderstorms with rain	
2019 no rain	
2018 no rain	
2017 no rain	GO BAD?
2016 showers, thunderstorms with rain	GO BAD?
2015 thunderstorms with rain	GO BAD?
2014 thunderstorms with rain	
2013 no rain	GO BAD?
2012 light rain	
2011 showers	GO BAD?

dorota throws the sled into the fence - dorota molčanová

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2010 thunderstorms with rain	GO BAD?
2009 no rain	
2008 no rain	
2007 no rain	
2006 light rain	GO BAD?
2005 thunderstorms with rain	GO BAD?
2004 no rain	
2003 showers	GO BAD?
2002 no rain	
2001 ?	
2000 ?	

DM: What does it mean if something goes bad?

SH: It loses its juiciness and vitality.

DM: Over the last 25 years, something went bad 12 times. What was it?

SH: Maybe a month.

DM: How could a month go bad?

SH: You can't have all 12 months be good every year, so maybe 12 months were bad over the years.

DM: So in those months, everything was bad?

SH: Maybe.

DM: So wine was bad, honey was bad, nuts were bad, and there were a lot of mice?

SH: I meant more in a personal sense, not about harvest or mice.

DM: Is this month bad?

SH: No.

DM: Has anything else gone bad this year?

SH: Hahahaha, our car's engine broke down. So yeah. It turned out that it is now for spare parts. So that's probably the biggest issue this year.

DM: How would you explain that something goes bad?

AT: When it feels stress and fear about what someone else will think.

DM: In the past 25 years, something went bad 12 times. What was it?

AT: Probably me.

DM: How did you go bad?

AT: I feel like I had an overwhelming amount of stress and fear in me.

DM: Do you feel that way this year too? Did it go bad this year as well?

AT: Uh-huh, a little bit this year, too. I wouldn't say the whole year, but since the second half.

DM: Did anything else go bad this year?

AT: Well, I'm not sure if it's connected, but if it's not me, it's something like my outlook on the future. Or I mean being able to see and predict what's ahead, I'd put it that way, so it doesn't sound mystical.

DM: What year, that you remember, had the most snow?

AT: When I was... when I was in kindergarten. So, between ages three and five, so between 2002 and 2004. And I remember wearing a snowsuit.

DM: Do you think those years were good?

dorota throws the sled into the fence - dorota molčanová 77

AT: I think they were good.
DM: Did anything go bad in those years?
AT: I remembered that my sister broke my baby bottle, the one I used to drink my chocolate milk from.
DM: Do you prefer potatoes or buckwheat?
AT: Potatoes.
DM: Research shows that buckwheat was much better than potatoes in 2022. Do you think it is true?
AT: Well, it might be true, but I still prefer potatoes.
DM: Is there a chance all the potatoes in 2022 could have gone bad?
AT: It's possible.
DM: Do you think that actually happened?
AT: Well, if we're talking about the whole world, they couldn't have all spoiled at once. But if we're thinking of Europe, maybe there was a disease that affected them. Looking back, though, I don't recall any widespread infection. Maybe in one country, region, or district.
DM: Why or how can potatoes go bad?
AT: They can get hit by some kind of potato plague, a mold.

DM: Do you prefer potatoes or buckwheat?
HL: Mmm, potatoes.
DM: According to research, buckwheat was much better than potatoes in 2022. Is that true?
HL: Better in what sense? Taste-wise?
DM: I am thinking of harvest.
HL: Hmm, I'd say yes.
DM: Apparently, all potatoes went bad in 2022. Is that true?
HL: Hahaha, what the fuck? I'd say no, because I don't think all of them went bad. I don't think that's possible.
DM: Why or how can potatoes go bad?
HL: How potatoes can go bad, well, they need to be kept in cool conditions. So maybe if they're not stored properly, they could get virus- es. I think this applies to food in general. So I assume some virus might have spread and affected them. Or something could've happened with soil, practically. So my answer would be either a soil defect or some virus that attacked this specific food.
DM: How often do potatoes go bad?
HL: Oh gosh, this is terrible, just terrible, haha. Not often. I think they're a very reliable food. You can count on them. So I'd say not often. Though maybe my ancestors would be disappointed with this answer because I don't know much about potatoes or how they're grown. My great-grandmother would be completely disappointed. But I'd say not often, they're reliable.
DM: What does it mean when something goes bad?
HL: Something goes bad when it passes the point of being good for human consumption. When reaches a stage where people can no longer eat it.
DM: Over the last 25 years, something went bad 12 times. What was it?
HL: Grapes
DM: How did they go bad?
HL: They were hit by some zombie virus, some kind of virus. How did they spoil, shit... Well there just wasn't much of them. You see now I'm not sure if that fits my scale.

dorota throws the sled into the fence - dorota molčanová 78

DM: Are they bad this year too?
HL: Yes.
DM: Did anything else go bad this year?
HL: Definitely yes, but I'm not sure what. Give me a second to think. I think it's apples. Because I've also noticed that we don't have apples every year anymore.
DM: What year do you remember having the most snow?
HL: Woah, probably 2014 or 2015.
DM: Were those years bad?
HL: Yes, definitely 2015.
DM: Did anything go bad those years?
HL: My social relationships within the class.
DM: Were the potatoes good that year?
HL: Hahaha, yes! They're reliable, they're good every year!

DM: How would you explain that something went bad?
LF: That it doesn't go the way it's supposed to.
DM: Over the last 25 years, 12 times something went bad. What was it?
LF: Plans.
DM: How did they go bad?
LF: People not keeping their word.
DM: Did the plans go bad this year too?
LF: Sometimes, yes.
DM: Did anything else go bad this year?
LF: Phew, well, things are always going bad, so yes.

DM: What does it mean when something goes bad?
DE: That it's no longer as good as it was or as it should be.
DM: Over the last 25 years, 12 times something went bad. What was it?
DE: Uh, the odd-numbered years?
DM: Haha, the odd-numbered years?
DE: Well, because there are 12 even and 12 odd years.
DM: How could they have gone bad?
DE: Because the next year was an odd-numbered year.
DM: So, this year isn't bad?
DE: No, this year isn't.
DM: So it's an even-numbered year, so nothing's gone bad this year.
DE: Uh yes.

DM: Why or how can potatoes go bad?
LK: Potatoes can go bad if you leave them for too long, like I once did in the shelf under the sink. It smelled throughout the whole apart- ment. I think if you forget about them. Everything goes bad if you forget about it.
DM: How often do potatoes go bad?
LK: Not that often. They can survive a lot unless they're in the shelf under the sink for three months

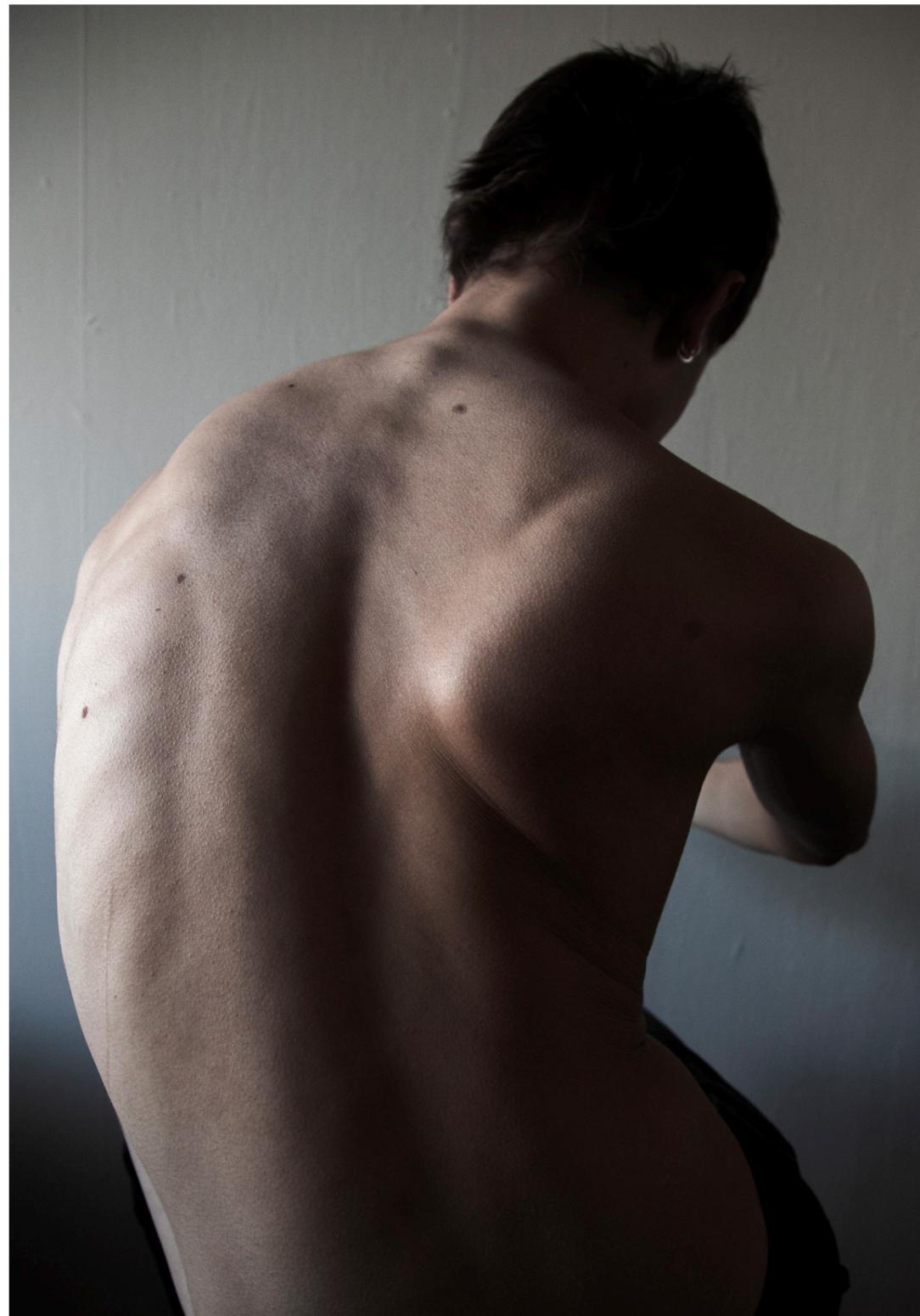
24, 7 - rolf jacobson
79



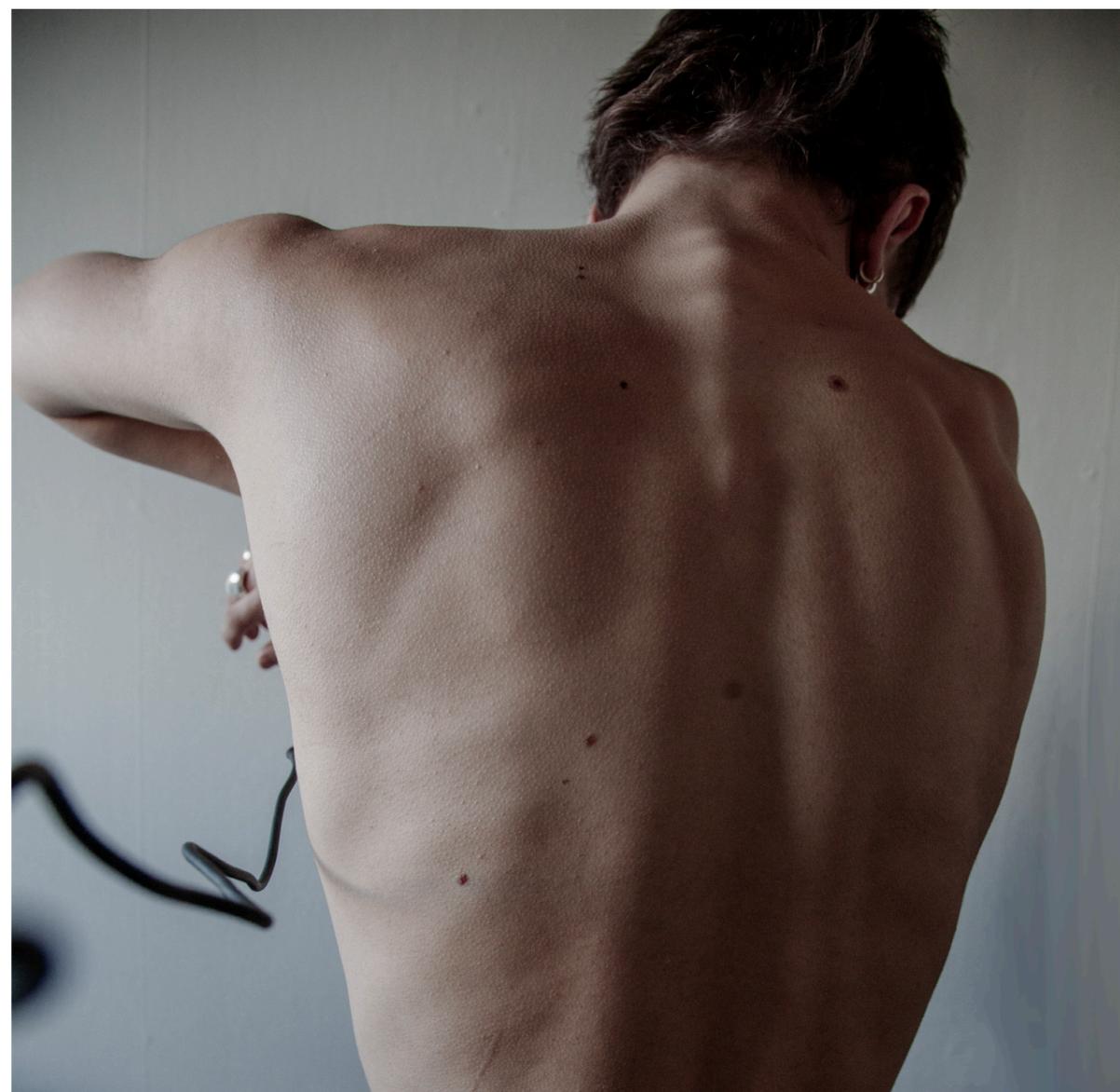
24, 7 - rolf jacobson
80



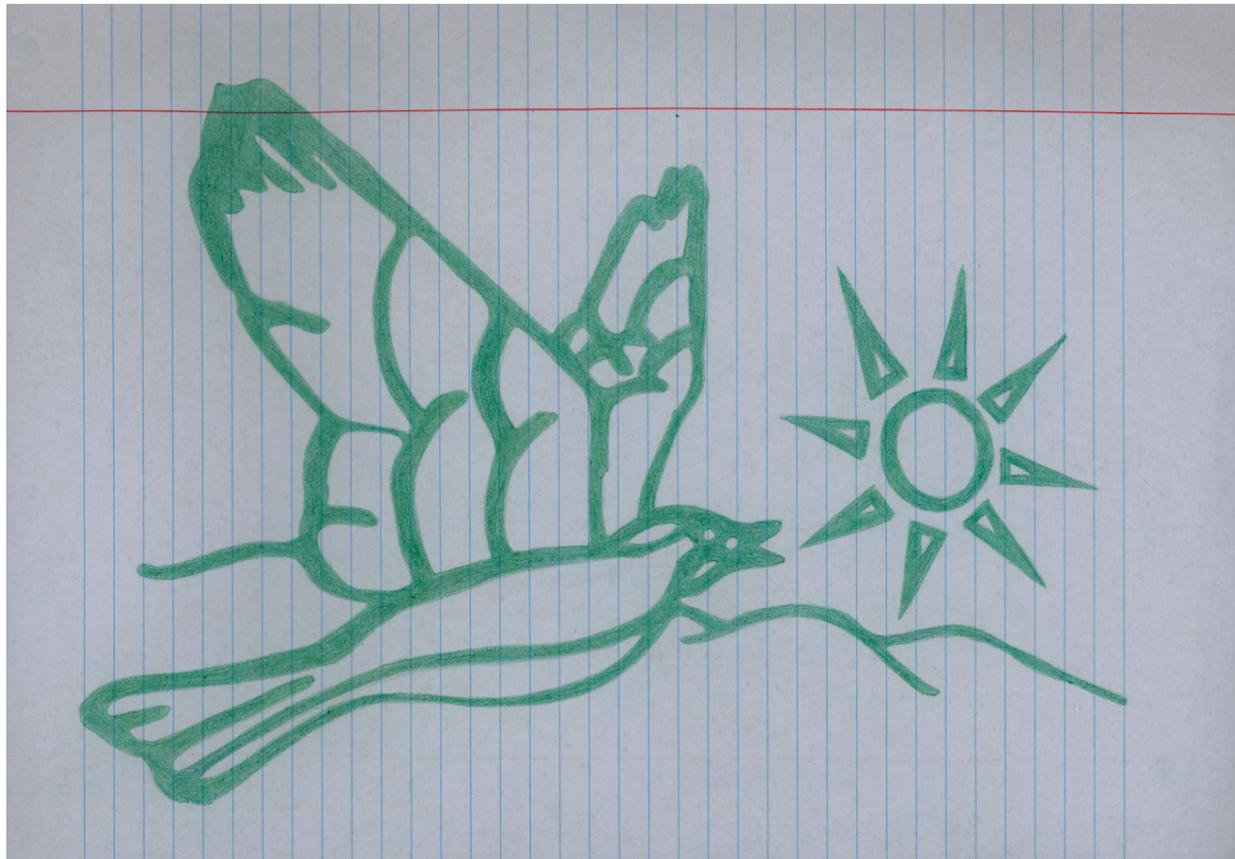
24, 7 - rolf jacobson
81



24, 7 - rolf jacobson
82



dara karadjov
83



dara karadjov
84

‘Good people
need good work’

البعد، هو تلك الغصة التي تشق القلب مسببة ألماً لا شفاء ولا رجاء له.

الرحيل، هو أن تدرك أن حبيباً لقلبك سوف يرحل عنك ولا حيلة لك، سيرحل بمشاكله وتعبه، بضحكاته، بسكونه وبنفسه عن أراضيك...

هي موسيقى بائسة الإيقاع في الخلفية تضيء لمسة على الصورة لتكمل تفاصيلها.

منذ سنتين حين عبرت سحاب هذا الكون لأول مرة ضحكت ساخرة من صديقي المقرب عندما قال لي "أعلم أنك عائدة لنفس الأرض، لكنني أشعر بالغربة في وطني بدونك. فيكفيني أن يكون نفسك موجوداً في هواء نفس الأرض..."

ضحكت ساخرة من شجن الجملة ولم أدرك معناها إلا عندما رحل هذا وذاك ورحلت هي ثم هي ثم هؤلاء.. ظلوا يرحلون فيأخذون عنوةً قطعاً من روحي النابضة بالحياة تاركين القطع التالفة فقط لتبقي متآكلة ومستمرة في التآكل، في كل ما تبقى بعد رحيلهم...

إحفاقاً للحق؛ أحبائي تركوا لي الكثير ليؤانسني، تركوا ذكريات ضاحكة تارة وهامسة تارة أخرى، تركوا مقاعد فارغة بأجسادهم لكن مكتملة بأرواحهم في عبق المكان... تُبعث في قلبي بألم مصاحب بحنان، نعم حنانهم يظهر على شفاهي بإبتسامة شفافة.

أنفاسهم لم تعد تعباً الهواء بالحياة بعد، فأصبح الهواء خانقاً والجو باهتاً والالوان خافتةً توحى بالوحدة...

أدركت كلمة صديقي، فهمتها وللأسف شعرت بها!!

الصديق هو ليس الشخص الذي تراه كل يوم وتحدثه كل لحظة، الحبيب ليس من تخبره بكل التفاصيل فتلك العلاقات مرهقة... هم أناسٌ يبقي جميل أثرهم خير رفيق لك في الدرب، كانوا أناسٌ وأصبحوا أحبباً.

المطارات، لم تعد مكاني المفضل بعد الآن، بداية الفراق كما أنها نهاية اللقاء، بل اللقاء المؤقت الذي يتبعه فراق موحش... تودع من تحب على أبوابها تاركاً أحضانك فارغة مولياً ظهره لجسدك

فاتحاً ذراعيه لأراضٍ جديدة تبعد أميال وبحار ومحيطات وأحياناً كثيرة قارات، تاركاً فرق توقيت يُعجز وإجازاتٍ مختلفة تعيق وأناسٍ جدد يحظون بأحضانهم ويستمتعون بضحكاتهم المدوية صداها في غرف قلبك.

ترى كل ذلك وأنت ساكناً مكانك، ترى كل ذلك وتشعر بتلك الغصة في قلبك عندما بات خاوياً... فتدرك أن ذراعاك مازالا منبسطين وحننك فارغاً كبر أسود مدفون بات الغبار يجرحه ويأكل في حوافه يحاول جاهداً الوصول للجوهر!!!

الملاذ كان حزنًا، ليس فقط المعنى الحرفي للحضن فهو ليس فقط التفاف ذراعين حول جسدك؛ بل هو معنى أعمق من معاني الاحتواء في الحياة.

الحضن هو معنى التقبل، هناك من يحترم خدوش الزمن وعلاماته فوق قلبك ويحبك كما انت... حب غير مشروط!!!

تلك الشحنة الجسدية هي أماني عند الفارق الذي أتمسك به بقوة كما تتمسك العصفير بأغصان أوطانها وكما يتمسك الطفل الرضيع بإصبع أمه خوفاً وحباً...

الحضن وطن حطمته المطارات عند انتهائه وأضافت عليه ألماً حين تركته خاوياً، ساحة تملؤها القارات.

العالم، كبيرٌ جداً في مساحته يكاد يكون غير منتهي بل هو صغير جداً بين الاحباب يكاد يكون طريقٌ واحد نتلاقى فيه في زمن مختلف بتفاصيل مختلفة... لعل الله يجمعنا في أحد أراضيه الواسعة مرة أخرى واستقبلهم بأحضانٍ متلاحمة، نكاد نقسم ان لا فراق من بعده...

سلاماً على أرواحكم الباقية معي دوماً وسلاماً على أجسادكم العابرة بين حدود البلاد وسلاماً على أنفاسكم التي تطيب رياح أراضٍ أخرى باعثةً فيها بالحياة، راسمة ابتسامة على شفاهي تنبض بالحب على أراضي روحي وضامةً شات قلبي الموجودة في أغلب بقاع الأوطان.



under the layers: a body's dialogue - omnia najm 89

"I wrote this poem today, inspired by yesterday's beach day... it starts funny, then it really resembles pain..."

So,

Today, I woke up with a clear mind...

Today, I woke up and held a pen...

Today, I woke up and wondered...

What is art? What is it like to be an artist?

What is self-love? What is it like to love me?

What is life? And how is it like to be?

Am I the only one who gets insecure about her ass every time I go to the beach?

Is it because my mom used to always comment on it? Is it because of that stranger who grabbed it on the bus when I was 13? Is it because I couldn't defend myself? Is it because I didn't own my body?

"You're so beautiful!", I remember a friend telling me how beautiful I am...

I shrink inside... Why can't I believe that I'm beautiful?

Is it because my mom used to always push me to put some makeup on, because "no one likes dark circles, you look like a drug addict"... but I really looked like an ordinary teenager.

Is it because I had freckles and my family never liked them?

Is it because of the amount of times my mom forced me to cut a bang just to look better?

I take a sip of my coffee, I take a long breath and I ask you all to take a long breath with me...

I asked myself why I always push love back. Why do I refuse it, attack it and even run away from it? Why can't I accept people to love me as I love them?

Is it because love has always been conditioned? Limited? Mixed with anger, abuse, and avoidance? Maybe!!!

Is it because, "Finish your plate, so I can love you"?

Is it because, "Don't wear black, you're not 60, so I can love you?"

under the layers: a body's dialogue - omnia najm 90

Is it because, "say sorry, so i can love you?"

Is it because, "Don't cut your hair, so I can love you"?

Is it because, "Don't choose your style, your hobbies, your life, so i can love you"?

Is it because, "As long as you're living under that roof, I own you, obey this... so I can love you?"

Is it because of years of your satisfaction and years of my dissatisfaction, so i can earn that fucking love?

But i did all of that, i did everything; i didn't wear black, i said sorry for a reason and no reason, i still do, i didn't cut my hair, i didn't have a style, i ate everything, i didn't have friends, i studied what you wanted, i didn't do the things that make me happy, i didn't live but i also couldn't die.

Do you see? You didn't even let me make my decision to end this life...

I also put some makeup on, I finished my plate, I took that hit, the word, that scream, and that "DON'T TOUCH ME"...

That hit of four red fingers on my face, i don't see it now but i still feel it...

That word felt like a sword in the middle of my heart; no one removed that sword, I kept bleeding and no one removed it yet... I still have that sword in the middle of my heart, it doesn't hurt anymore but some nights, I hear the echo of your voice again and my heart bleeds till dawn.

That avoidance taught me that trying to love another human is a vulnerable state I shouldn't be in because you avoided me when I came up as love in the form of a human...and you still didn't love me...

They say, "your parents will love you unconditionally"...but I didn't see the love and it wasn't unconditional...

They also say that "light finds its way out only through the cracks of our soul", but I'm full of light, I'm glowing, I'm shining, I'm blooming, I'm a beam of light, I'm a meadow of white flowers... Beautiful, right?

Imagine how many crackers I have in my soul...

but that's also beautiful!"

the anatomy of obsession* - mira wood

*these photos are from parts of a 2024-installation by mira wood

91



I chose to
bite out a piece
and I left
my tooth
in you-
I'm an
upstairs neighbour.

the anatomy of obsession - mira wood

92



comic strip - miroslav petrov
93



comic strip - miroslav petrov
94

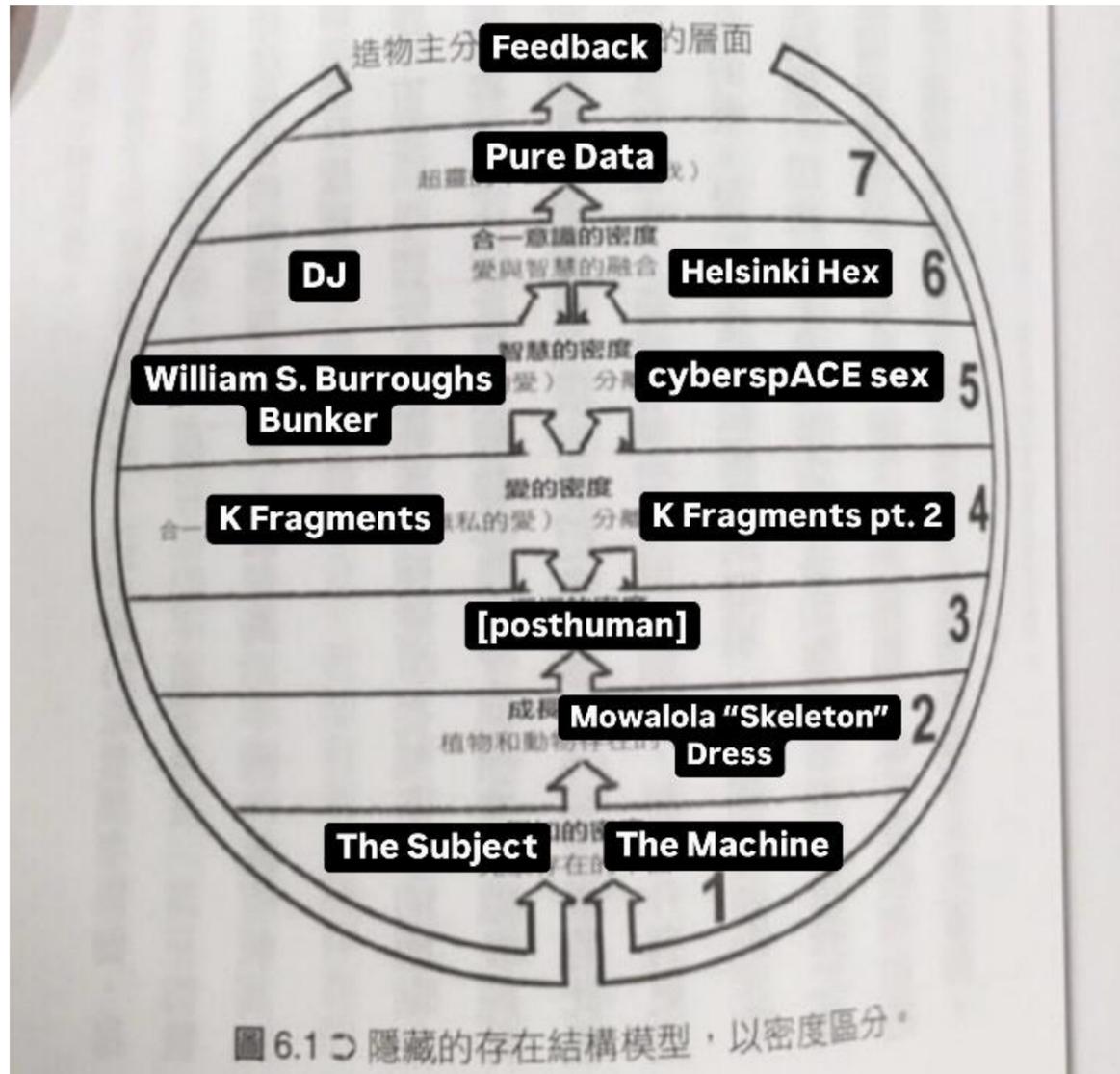


The story is about a duck, who starts its day by chugging a can of machine oil and eating flowers. The duck is running late for a date with the gloomy gargoyle. Gets ready and fires up the plane. Because of the hurry it crashes the plane. Gets dizzy and vomits. Then the duck picks up the flowers from the vomit and makes a bouquet for the gargoyle.

pure data* - dylan murray

*these are fragments of notes by dylan murray that have structured up through a graph (on this page) originally from ecco2k's instagram

95



pure data - dylan murray

96

The Subject

Silicone sheets in layers of yellow, synthetic hair and plastic bones growing out from the cracks of the mass - with stainless steel helix piercing hardware keeping everything in place.

The Machine

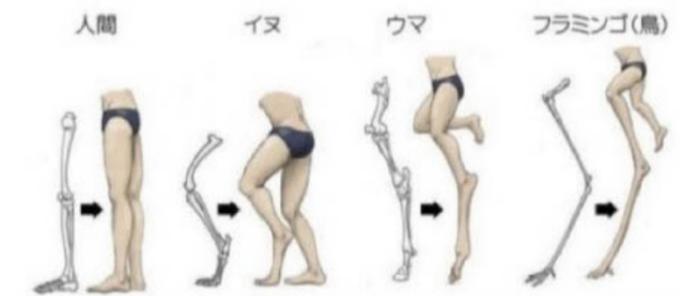
Electropolished stainless steel with foam boat flooring for cushioning. The spine of the machine has a lining of bear hide and it's formed like a slip n slide with a roller coaster restraint on top. A scorpion tail is attached from the head of the machine. The subject in context to the machine, exists, head down and legs up like a praying frog. The head is covered with a helmet, balding hair protruding out of the holes.

Mowalola "Skeleton" Dress

While I was in the hospital (extracting cerebrospinal fluid) I bought this Mowalola dress for 50% off. This black maxi dress, with fabric covering the spine and the middle - of the front - of the body, the fabric continuing down as a skirt to the floor. The sides are exposed from shoulder to entire hip. Except for the panels wrapped around the breasts and panels synching in at the waist. I bought the dress more than a year ago and still haven't worn it out.

[posthuman]

The human leg is assembled by five components, starting in the order from ground up - Phalanges (pasterns & coffin bone), Metatarsus (cannon & splints), Tarsus (hock), Tibia-Fibula (gaskin) and Femur (thighbone). Animals like dogs, horses and bears legs are made up of the same components. So it is often misunderstood that the ankle is an extra backward knee on the animals. The picture below showcases the correlation by elongating the Metatarsus bone to match the animal bone structure.



K Fragments

Im laying on the edge, and I feel like if i roll over i'll fall to my demise
 Pink slime running down
 Tattoo on my stomach
 Bunny fur hands
 Metal on my nose
 Dogs and shirikens
 Im melting
 My tongue is the handle of the sword

pure data - dylan murray 97

Bubble suit
Frogs
Scissor legs
White goat
Melting
Baby alien elf
Vein eyes

K Fragments pt. 2

Stora händer plockar upp mig
Jag ser mig själv med bröst
Rötter och klor
E
Jag åker till tokyo
Jag saknar dig super mycket
Döskalle
J-pop grupp igen....
Massor av rum
Sluta tänka på delfiner
Där är du
Hår
Jag är en titan
Jag är titane
Trans
Effekt
Zoomar ut
Pt1 jag hatar inte mig själv
Pt2 det är vinter
"Your World is Eternally Complete" - Sweet Trip

William S. Burroughs Bunker

On the walls there are picture frames spelling out: "LIFE IS A KILLER", "THAT GUN'S GOT BLOOD IN ITS HOLE", "WE GAVE A PARTY FOR THE GODS AND THE GODS ALL CAME", "SUGAR ALCOHOL MEAT & CIGARETTES". In the corner there was an 'Orgone box' - a big box, beginning with a layer of metal, then a layer of wood, lastly swallowing the whole box in a layer of bear hide. Inside there was a chair in the middle. The idea was that you sit in the chair to collect orgone energy. Next to it were two archive industrial draws and a desk. A couple glasses of vodka, and a few joints around 5 or 6 o'clock, then friends would come over for dinner.

In his bedroom there were two typewriters, under one of the typewriters was a big plastic jug. On the other side of the bed there was a drawer with a gun, he used to shoot the telephone book. The guns were a necessity because he was a junky living in really dangerous parts of different towns, always taking home 19 year old, troubled street boys that had murdered somebody. In the end whilst dying, Burroughs did tibetan buddhist rituals with John Giorno to let his consciousness enter Giorno.

pure data - dylan murray 98

cyberspACE sex

WWWomenInHardDrive - Password: plx!e-p1neapple-torn8do-dr3am-Boy. Enter: (Profile picture: anime eyes). HTML list of active users, existing in digital rooms. Enter chatroom: AI to feminize the face/body activate. Face2Face- Only concepts of bodies, in one digital room, out of thousands collectively building a skyscraper. In actuality I was sitting alone with the machine getting touched prosthetic in an identity I choose to convey. A rape in cyberspace is keyboard smashing.

DJ

L.O.V.E. // We Go, - SOPHIE // McKenzie Wark (Remix)
Crazy Beat Music Umeme 1 - DJ Travella
Bitch Better Have My Money - Rihanna (Korn Remix) A.G. Cook Remix
Sega - Otomo Yoshihide, Yamantaka Eye, Tenko
Drama - NEW YORK, Ren G
Cold Move - Murrettumeri
HYPERACTIVE MODERN JAZZ - HAIZAI AUDIO

Helsinki Hex

#8ace00
#95d219
#ald732
#addc4c
#b8e166
#c4e67f
#d0eb99
#dbf0b2
#e7f5cc
#f3fae5
#ffffff

Pure Data

I've officially uploaded myself to the channel. You know in the end of 'Ghost in the Shell' (1995), when Motoko Kusanagi is in her new body and she is looking over the city and says "The net is vast and limitless". That's me except I'm kinda falling through the layers like the square net layers that eases your fall inside playgrounds you know? Though I think I'm in control. At least I'm trying to take control, that's why I didn't finish my literature course, to take control. I could kinda see all the numbers, lines, grids, patterns etc etc. I felt myself moving through them seamlessly. What was I in control of? I didn't know but I knew everything was fine. When I was on mushrooms a couple weeks ago, I fell into this loop, where the essence of the thought was - "simplex, duplex, multiplex, matrix". Send me your address and I'll send you an USB-stick with an MP3 file of 'data.adaplex' - Ryoji Ikeda B2B 'Your World is Eternally Complete' - Sweet Trip remix that I made in an attempt to explain.

Feedback

Backfeed

agata dohne
99

I stand drooling in the prairie. The sogginess has pulled at the threads of my sweater, hanging on by leaps. I try to make something of it. The sogginess penetrates my skull. My mush has long longed for sea, disappearing from my nose into the moss. Clear Fog
Here I lay myself down
Holding hands with the dew that is starting to congelate the dirt under my fingernails. I must have spent all morning digging up.
The sun is starting to reach me. I continue my search. Mushfree, instinct Rather than survival, curling up on all fours letting the mush find. Starting to approach, whether or not I am being approached. I can almost feel a gaze. The sun is shrinking
You must not want it to come back
So the day is gradually lived

agata dohne
100

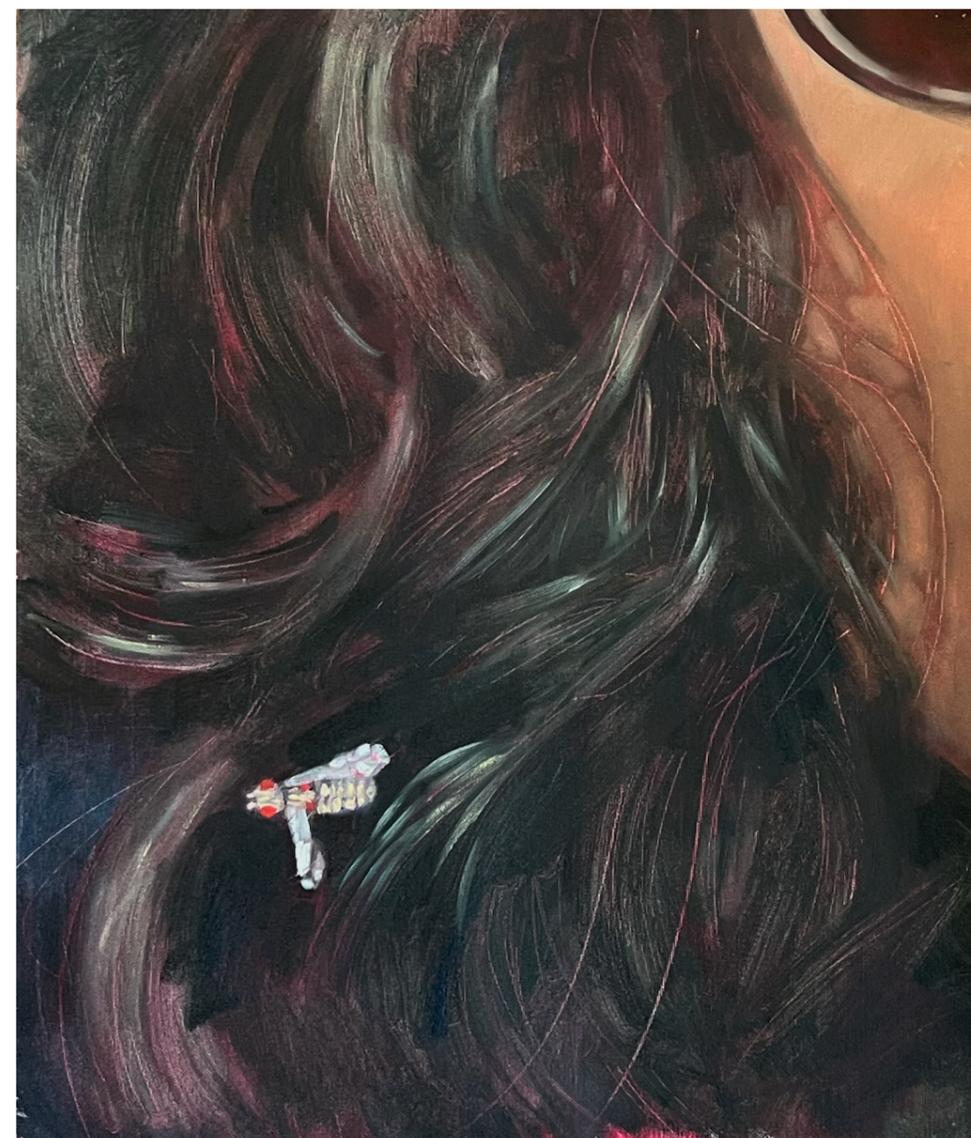


How would I be able to find you, if not for the threads
that combine lust and love in my grey mass grave, where I let it forget you
Must I rely on my body, the one that has unlearned
Must I rely on pheromonic phenomenon
Must I therefore rely on you to have a body to provide me with?
I must have been roaming for hours The sun is setting under my final cause Drown slowly, swim surely,
Drown surely, swim slowly, for only this might mean an encounter unwinding the threads,
you wait for me there
We are dying in the grain that we hit to free the seeds
we are grinding down the sharpness of our teeth for the purpose of filling
with tiny particles of the hitter
we eat little pebbles and let them weigh us down for we rely on our body
and the soil, engraved, for it to carry us
in grave

julia ivanova
101



julia ivanova
102



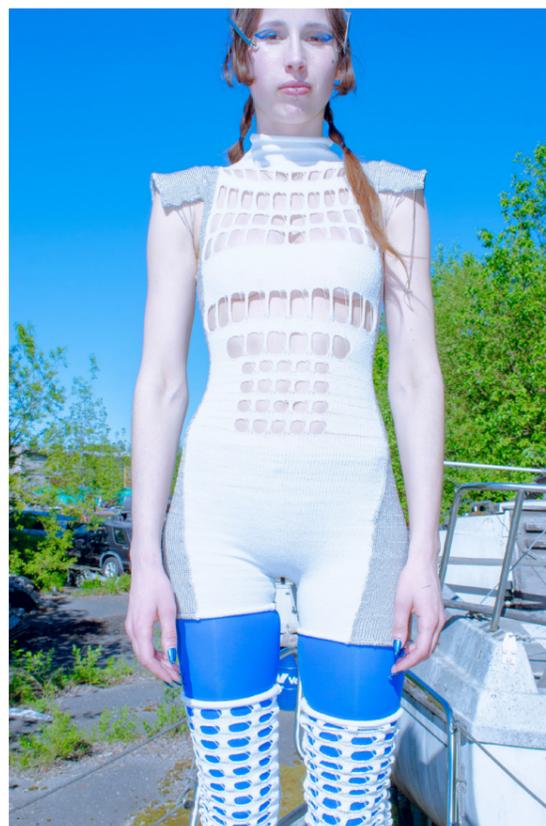
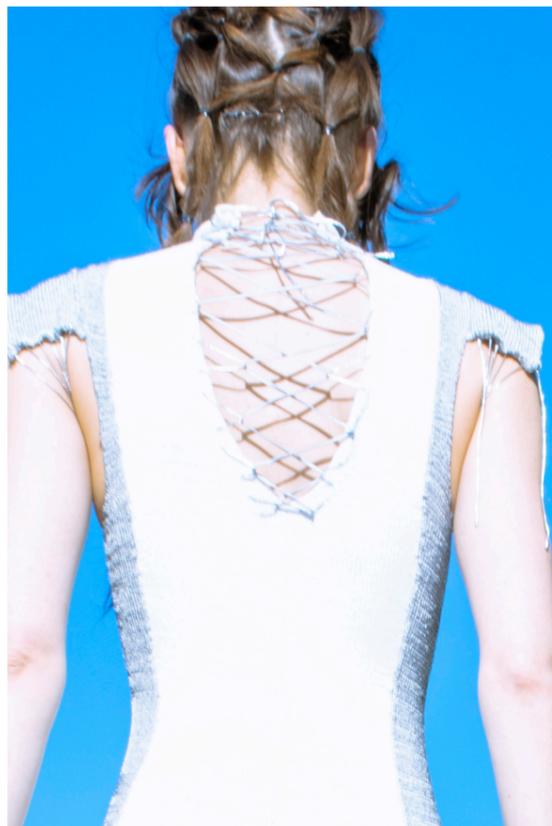
PIXEL DREAM* - eliise järve

*pixel dream is a fashion project by eliise järve with the core question: what would happen if the design process is handed over to ai for collaborating purposes? the intertwinement of human and machine. old techniques and new technologies
outcome: 5 virtual characters, all with distinctive belief systems and personality backgrounds gather to witness the return of an outer space princess...

103

Name: Space
Age: 18
Region: outer space
Skills: luck
Favorite color: green
Belief: Samazan - circular movements in time instead of linear. Blissful way of seeing the world

Princess of an outer space kingdom. Despite a calm belief set, she feels anxious about the ritual and misses her home planet and cuisine.



Samazan is a belief system that perceives time not as a linear progression, but rather as a cyclical and recurring phenomenon. According to Samazan philosophy, time is like a spiral, where events and experiences repeat themselves in a continuous loop. In the Samazan worldview, this cyclical nature of time brings a sense of comfort and relaxation. Instead of feeling the pressure of moving forward along a linear timeline, individuals who adhere to Samazan find solace in the idea that moments in time are not lost, but rather revisited in cycles

PIXEL DREAM - eliise järve

104

Name: Lolly
Age: 23
Region: Jääki
Skills: Street smart
Favorite color: Red
Belief: Non-existing

A stubborn girly who stole the magical spell and is taking part of the ritual only for the sake of revenge.



Aquaesim is a unique belief system that places profound significance on tears, and the purification of the soul. Tears are viewed as a natural expression of emotion, particularly sadness, which is considered sacred. Unlike other religions that may discourage or suppress emotions, Aquaesim embraces the expression of natural sadness as a means of cleansing and healing the body and the soul. However there is a strict prohibition against self-harm. To symbolize their commitment to emotional expression and spiritual purification, followers of Aquaesim always carry a small tear baggy

PIXEL DREAM - eliise järve 105



Name: Cream
Age: 18
Region: Pink kingdom
Skills: Fashion
Favorite color: Pink
Belief: Varoodlus - the oldest religion, god saved them the promised land.

Has high expectations from her kingdom to win this year's ritual. Super indecisive about what to wear all the time



Varoodlus is an ancient religion, often considered the oldest in the world, with its roots deeply intertwined with the history and culture of the Pink Kingdom, also known as the Promised Land. While Varoodlus bears striking similarities to Christianity, it is distinguished by its unique emphasis on the color pink and a prohibition against uttering the name of God. One of the most distinctive features of Varoodlus is its association with the color pink. Temples, adorned with delicate pink meringue-like structures, serve as sacred spaces where followers gather to worship and commune with the Divine.

PIXEL DREAM - eliise järve 106



Name: Ismel
Age: 20
Region: gelastin
Skills: creatiity
Favorite color: Yellow
Belief: Mnemid - religion without faith = tradition, fasting of words, karbala (barbed wire braceled).

Tries to hold on to something that was lost a long time ago. Can be seen acting in peculiar ways



Mnemid is a religion rooted in tradition and ritual, centered around the belief in a divine entity so fundamentally different and incomprehensible to humans that it defies conventional understanding. According to Mnemidian doctrine, God exists in a state of meta-reality, beyond the grasp of human comprehension. In an effort to maintain a connection to the divine despite the inherent limitations of human understanding, followers of Mnemid adhere to a set of ancient traditions and rituals. One such tradition involves the practice of fasting from words, a symbolic act of silence intended to humble the individual and create space for contemplation of the divine mysteries. Additionally, followers may wear a barbed wire bracelet as a physical reminder of their commitment to their faith and their acknowledgment of the incomprehensibility of God

PIXEL DREAM - eliise järve
107



Name: Zigza
Age: 20
Region: Egamoem
Skills: Seduction
Favorite color: Purple
Belief: Egomesoism - I
am real, everything else
is a simulation. When I
end so does the world

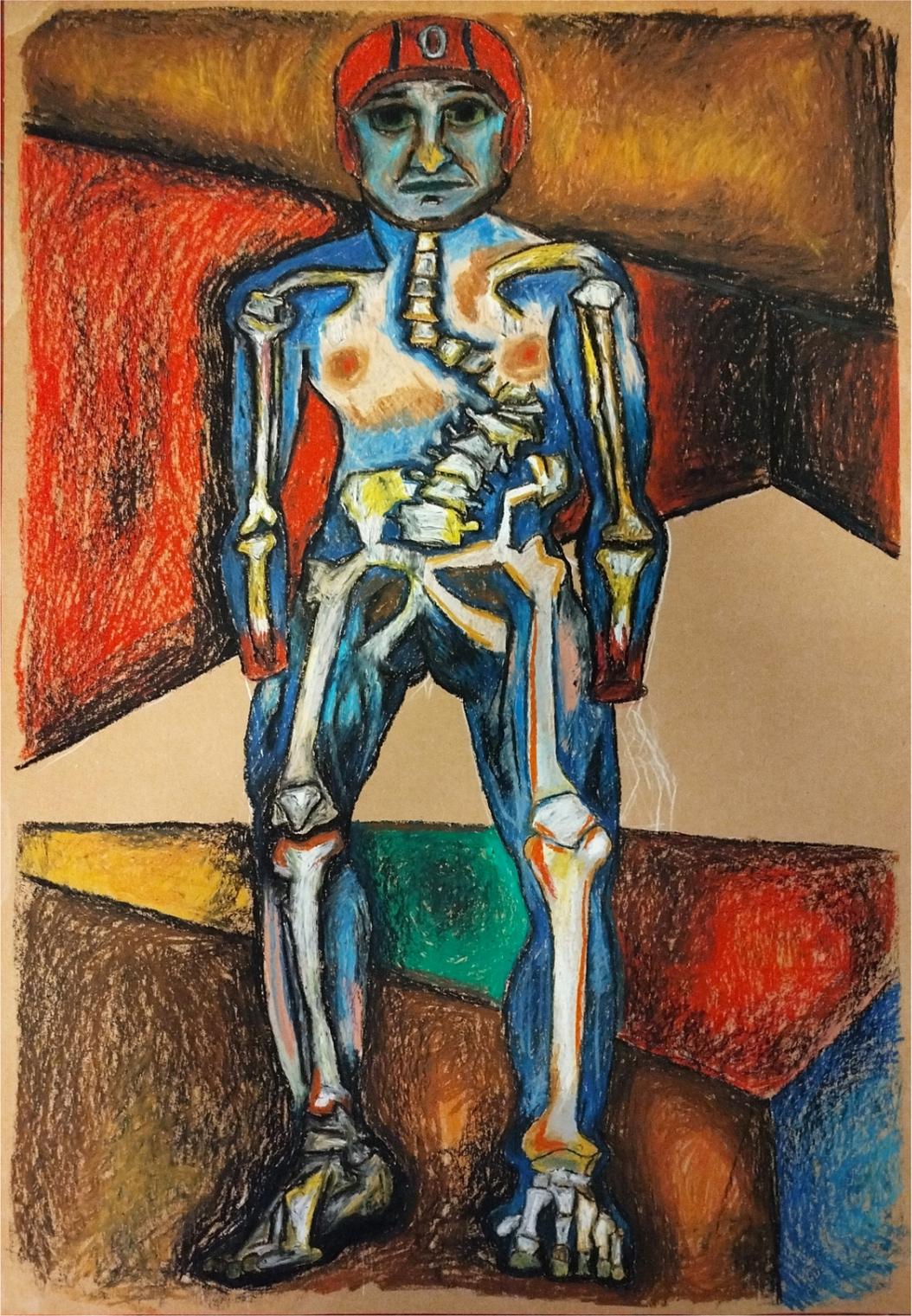
She loves doing nails,
gossiping and feels the
happiest when she gets
complimented about her
shoes

eliise järve
108



Egomesoism is a philosophical belief system centered around the concept that only the self (the "I") is truly real, and everything else—other people, the external world, and the universe itself—is merely a simulation or construct of the mind. According to Egomesoism, when the individual ceases to exist, the entire world ceases to exist as well. Central to Egomesoism is the idea that the individual has complete control over their reality, as they are the sole creator and observer of the world. This belief can lead to a profound sense of empowerment and freedom, as individuals realize their inherent ability to shape their own experiences

agnieszka rymuszka
109



agnieszka rymuszka
110



He loved him.

A real love story occurred between them.

For after all these years of loneliness in the forest, he almost turned into a savage beast. But when he met him, the fats of all the wild animals that he'd hunted down and eaten along the years, and which have cumulated around his heart, have melted.

He hunted him, one of these days, by accident. He found him wounded, in his trap. And because he hadn't eaten for days, his wounded body was very skinny and bony.

He helped him out, and bound his wounds. And when the forest's good samaritan saw his naked body, he thought a good thought. For in terrible times like these, on the brink of a famine, the forest animals decreased, and food became scarce. Only the little animals are left, and these need double the effort to catch them. So he decided to invest in him. To teach him the arts of hunting, to help him and to feed him. To give him on top of his share of food, half of his, to fatten him.

And as it were, his views on the matter proved insightful. For as soon as his wounds healed, and he regained his strength, he demonstrated adept and intrinsic hunting skills. It turned out that his previous urban life did not kill his primary genetic character. On the contrary, he used the technical knowledge he'd learned from the city to reinvent the primitive ways of hunting. He captivated him. And at night, around the fire and the grill, he recited his poems and laughed with him.

He was the strangest of all the animals he came across.

He reminded him of the wolf cub he found years ago. The one he fed and raised and nurtured. Until it became his family and his partner in the hunt.

And when he died, he buried him.

He loved him, and he loved his poems. He learnt them in his mind and in his heart. And when the prophetic day has come and all the forest animals were done, his words resonated in all his being as he ate him.

And after dinner, he solemnly collected his resting bones and flayed skin,

And under the tree, next to the wolf,

He sang his poems,

And he buried him.

أحبه. نشأت بينهما قصة حب حقيقي. فبعد سنوات الوحدة الطويلة في الغاب وحده, كاد أن يتحول إلى حيوان مفترس. و لكن لقائه معه أذاب دهون حيوانات برية كثير, إصطادها و أكلها على مر الزمن, فتكومت حول قلبه. إصطاده في يوم بالصدفة, وجده مجروح في المصيدة. و لأنه كان لم يأكل منذ أيام, كان جسمه الجريح نحيف جداً. أخرجه و ضمضه, و حين رأى سامري الغابة الصالح جسمه العاري, جائته فكرة حسنة. ففي أوقات عصيبة كهذه و نحن على وشك المجاعة, قلت حيوانات الغاب و ندر الغذاء. و لم يتبقى إلا القليل من حيوانات صغيرة الحجم, تحتاج في صيدها لمجهودات مضاعفة لأكثر من شخص واحد. فقرر أن يستثمر فيه, أن يعلمه فنون الصيد ليساعده, و أن يطعمه. أن يعطيه على نصيبه من الطعام, نصف طعامه ليسمنه. و إتضح أن نظرته للأمر كانت ثاقبة. فبمجرد أن خفت جروحه, و إستعاد قوته, أثبت أنه صياد ماهر بالسليقة, و أن سنوات عمره في المدينة لم تقتل صفاته الوراثية الأولى. على العكس, إستخدم ما تعلمه في المدينة من فنون هندسية, لتطوير و إعادة صياغة عملية الصيد البدائية. أبهره. و ف الليل, حول نار الشواء و السهرة, أسمعته الشعر و ضاحكه.

كان من أغرب الحيوانات التي صادفها.

ذكره بالذئب الصغير الذي لاقاه منذ سنوات طويلة, فأطعمه و رباه و كبره, فصار أهله و شريكه في الصيد.

و حين مات في يوم, دفنه.

أحبه, و أحب قصائده. حفظها في عقله و في قلبه, و حين جاء اليوم المعهود, و إنتهت حيوانات الغاب, رنت أصدائها في كل كيانه و هو يأكله. و من بعد العشاء, جمع عظامه كلها و جلده المسلوخ,

و بجانب عظام الذئب تحت الشجرة,

رتل قصائده, دفنه.



آتش این جا نیست مرگ و نیست درد نور جان است و به قربش راه برد
در بسوز و در برآ، ای روح پاک
آتش این جا نیست جز نور و چراغ

Here, the fire is not death, nor pain, It is the soul's light, a guiding flame.
Burn within, rise anew, O purest soul, This fire is but brilliance, making you whole.

life rules* - RAMA, kimia khedri, jacobus benning, tom vos allsop

*this is a collection of 11 life rules that were learned during martina's, kimia's, jacobus' and tom's roadtrip to the venice biennale 2024 with photos from the same trip

115



qr code to the spotify-playlist from the trip

life rules - RAMA, kimia khedri, jacobus benning, tom vos allsop

116



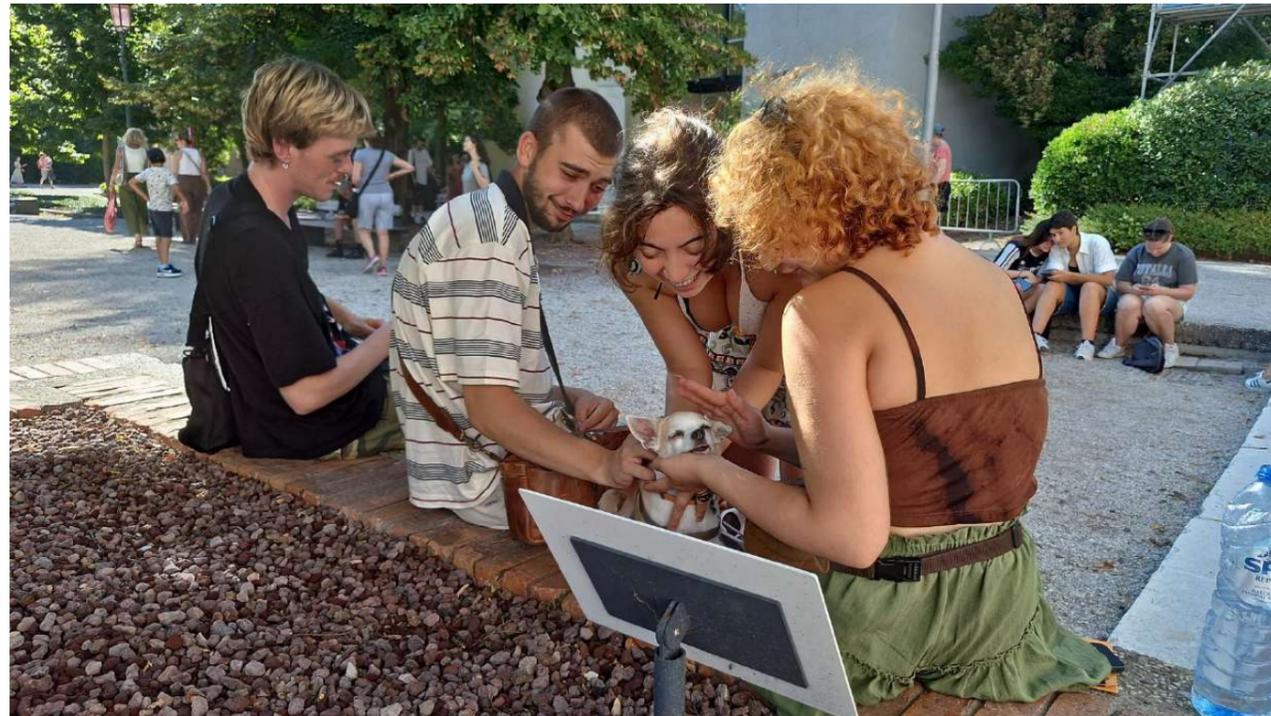
in the car

This is written on page 1 in one of my notebooks. It is a notebook I carry everywhere and we wrote these rules during our trip to the Venice Biennale in August 2024.

Rules we learned:

- 1: The more you take, the less you have.
- 2: Do not take anything personally
- 3: There are no good or bad news. Only news. Except when it's very bad.
- 4: Inner peace
- 5: Teamwork
- 6: Patience is key
- 7: The present is a gift, that's why they call it a present.

life rules - RAMA, kimia khedri, jacobus benning, tom
vos allsop
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the gang with a dog

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Until now, all of the rules that we have learned were inspired by Master Oogway from Kung Fu Panda 1 and 2 and 3 and 4. But only the first one.

Afterwards, talking to dear Dennis we have come up with a couple more rules that are equally as important as the ones previously mentioned.

8: Your body is your temple.

9: Take care of yourself

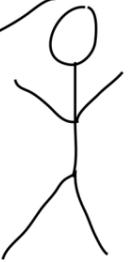
10: Don't bring people down with you.

11: Yolo.

These are the rules that we have learned.

OPEN CALL

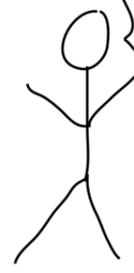
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deadline 27th november 2024

Shoebox3

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