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TWO DIARIES

# Two Diaries

Gluklya & Murad

GLUKLYA & MURAD



12345678

28 October

October

Carnival  
of the  
Oppressed  
Feelings

مشاركون

Concept:  
Gluklya  
Support:  
Help:

# Two Diaries

Gluklya & Murad



GLUKLYA'S DIARY

GLUKLYA

29 January 2017

Finally, I saw the entrance to the other tower where refugees are living.

I think I will never forget it. This huge corridor reminds me of a path from the Stalker movie. Your head spins when looking into this corridor. First, there is a staircase with very wide steps. One of the guards said that it is so that if a prisoner wants to escape the stairs will stop him, tying him up. He will fall almost immediately.

Without a special pass, we cannot get inside the prison to them. We can only see this corridor through the glass outside. Guards are present and will stop you if you try to open the door.

1 February

My studio is great, but there the windows don't open. My very first idea here is to place a living tree in the centre of the room, punch a hole in the window as though the tree cannot imagine any other life. A rebellious tree.

A tree which cannot manage to be kept in here. Rebellious, wild tree. Ik ben een opstandige boom.

I would have to cut a hole in the window in order to express this idea.

2 February

I saw the text right by the guards at the entrance of the prison (translation from Dutch):

All who are in the Netherlands are treated equally in similar cases. Discrimination because of religion, philosophy of life, political statements, race or gender or anything else is prohibited.

3 February

Vergadering (meeting) is an important term in NL. Without it, nothing can be decided. They are carefully planned in advance and are sometimes very long. We have such *Vergadering* with all the organisations that are renting spaces in our former prison and begin discussing ways to collaborate with refugees.

One of the most important issues is how to pay them, since they cannot accept money into their accounts if they receive monthly support from the government. It is strictly forbidden by law. But we cannot NOT pay

them if they are going to be participants in our projects. That would be totally unethical.

4 February

I decided to learn how to make my way to COA/AZC, organisations which give refugees a temporary place to stay until they get residence permits. Up until now it has been very difficult because the prison is a labyrinth, and sometimes some doors are open, sometimes not. Since I am here to research the conditions of the lives of refugees in the other tower, I will do it very often, and so I have to know how much time it will take to walk from my studio to where refugees are held.

5 February

I saw this document today. When refugees receive a house, their number vanishes from this list.

6 February

I thought about what the spin of the workshops might be, the idea around which the body of workshops might revolve. What is the main idea?

First, I will start with the studio. I have to create an installation there with a special atmosphere so that people can come and feel the possibility of another reality.

7 February

In the prison, windows are closed tightly, as if in a death grip. I feel claustrophobic. Theo and Charlotte came to visit me, and they were excited about the space. *There is a great atmosphere, like in the movies, the spirit of a prison and all that which usually delights enlightened folks from the world of art....* Sure, it's great for tourists, but if you have to be here all the time, that's another story.

But I am telling myself: you have to struggle and handle it because refugees who are living in the neighbouring tower have it much worse.

8 February

Every day I go to my studio along a special road. It is a tiny road going from the metro to the prison. Running along its left side is a high concrete wall, the prison towers rise behind it, and the railway is on the right. This road is very impressive, it is the road that leads to the prison, you cannot escape, its fatalistic nature is obvious. The road is like a vessel from the heart. Vessel road. Each time I step onto it, my heart muscle spasms and my mind serves up a fantasy vision. Today it was a big wing, like the wing of a giant bird, sticking out of the earth.

If it will be a sculpture, I wonder what material might be used for it.

9 February

Slowly I am coming to understand that the project should revolve around the topic of language. What could be the concept of a language that opposes the verticals of power, money, and the Cartesian vision of the world? I think that creating *our language* might embrace the phonetic pronunciations of words in our different languages. Imagine, it is a Universal language somewhere, before the Babylon tower. Mistakes and confusion are definitely a part of this game, together with the humour.

For example, the Dutch word DOM (meaning "stupid") to the Russian ear sounds like the word for "house" or "home."

Or the word BOS (meaning "forest"), for the English-speaking sounds like boss.

10 February

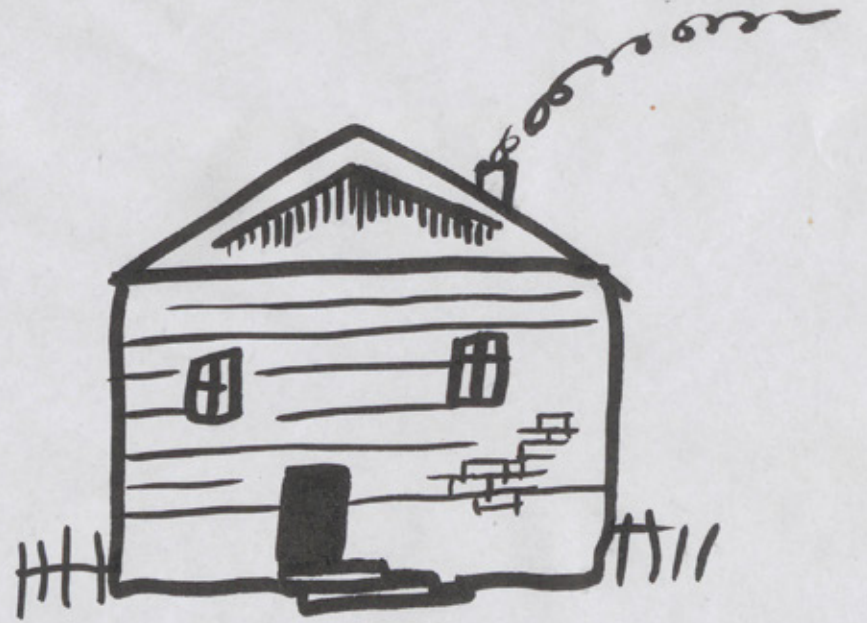
I was thinking about the way I should propose the liberating practices of art to refugees, and it became clear that we have to share experiences with them rather than "knowledge". We have to do something together.

I was searching the internet for texts which might support my vision, when I discovered Silvana Vignale, who writes precisely about this.

11 February

I am busy creating all kinds of advertisements that might attract refugees to come to our section of the prison. By working on them, I am also working on the concept of our workshops.

Sari is helping me translate into Arabic.



ДОМ

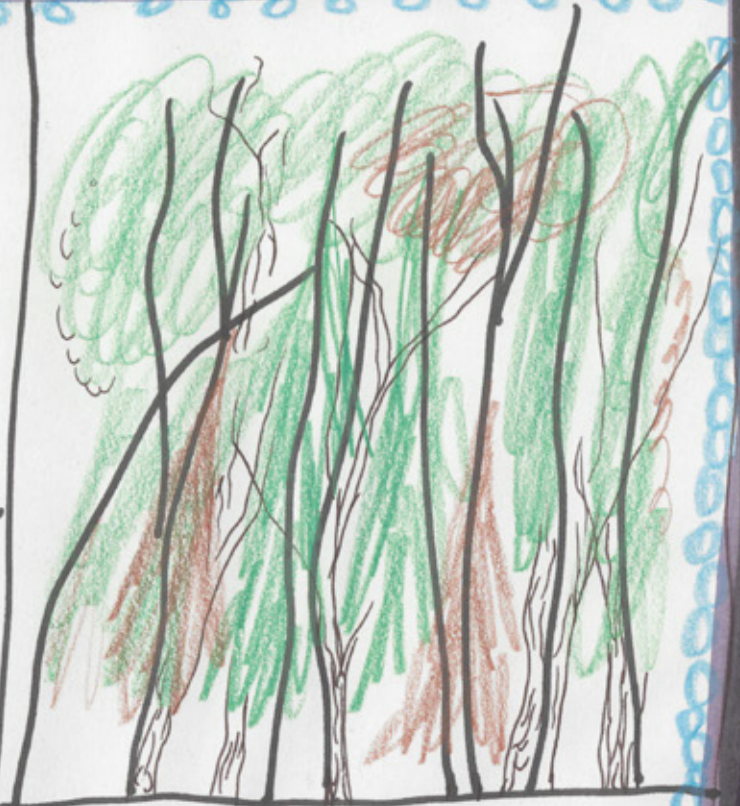
DOM

Dear friends!  
We all know,  
that sometimes  
the words of  
other languages  
we perceive  
differently  
than they  
mean!

For  
example



BOS



ΛEC









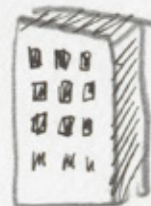
ROT



POT



رشد RICH



بنت



BANK



12 February

Fragments of the USSR Empire are everywhere. In our prison, there is a woman named Lena from Belorussia with whom we can speak Russian.

13 February

Lena came today with a “newcomer” (another word used for “refugee” in the Netherlands). From Iraq. He said he wants to stay incognito.

14 February

I am thinking about what might be a better way to organise the workshops and what might be the unifying idea. It needs to be something familiar for refugees. But also for me, otherwise the project will be alienating.

I have never worked like this before, and I do not know if institutions in Europe will help with recruiting people to the project or whether I should do it entirely myself.

15 February

The idea of workshop N1 “Simone Weil”

I have asked TAAK (the institution helping me realise the project) if I can stay with the refugees in their section of the prison in order to establish some sort of equality, since I am only working at my prison studio and then going home, while they stay there all the time. They liked my idea very much and will write to the administration of AZC to ask permission.

People do not know much about Simone Weil—she went to real factories to work as she thought it was necessary to be with the victims of WWII both mentally and spiritually. Inspired by her heroic deed, I thought I can do even a little to be in solidarity with people who are struggling.

18 February

Sari is from Damascus; he was a journalist there, and I met him on the “Vessel Road” leading from the subway station to the prison. It was just after “vergadering” (meeting) and we simply started to talk.

Sari organises the meetings between the refugees of AZC, who are

waiting for permission to stay in the country, and other people renting rooms in the former prison, including artists like me.

I was telling him about my projects with migrants from the former USSR republics—the film *Wings of Migrants* (2012), which I made with participants from Uzbekistan—and the problem of time with these kinds of projects. When you are trying to establish relationships with people outside the art world, the issue of time becomes central. Building trust and a collaborative spirit take time to do well. I am so happy that I have a whole year for this project now.

19 February

Sari is violet. He woke feeling like the colour violet. Is the entire colour of a person an emotional perception? Or maybe this is his aura? Every person evokes a sense of colour in me, different kinds of doors open depending on each person, different parts of a mental/sensual construction become activated; with Sari, I always feel a mixture of melancholy and the ability to move forward through learning, exploring, researching.

20 February

I want to depict this violet colour (in other words its tone or atmosphere) in our final event – I do not know yet what I will call it.

I believe that the process of all the workshops is very good, but there needs to be a final event summarising all our efforts.

22 February

My studio is looking good now! Finally, I am feeling a bit safe. The administration did not allow me to cut a hole in the window and install the Rebellious Tree. There are strict regulations here. But I brought branches of trees from outside (they cut all the trees along the road) and installed them in the studio. Trees are helping me to bear my existence in this prison.

23 February

Finally, together with Sari, we produced an advertisement that suits all parties.

We put them everywhere around the prison where social workers told us we could. I decided that my door always has to be open. Refugees from the neighbouring tower can visit at any time. It is impossible otherwise, because if you ask them to come at a certain time, they promise to do so but then they don't come.

24 February

I tried to work things out with the cleaner (he is Dutch, not a newcomer). I think he is passive aggressive. I feel it. And I am afraid of him. He comes twice a week to clean our building, and because the WC is just opposite my studio, I run into him all the time. He is always talking to himself while cleaning. At the same time, I hate myself for it. Such a shitty little thing! How can you be afraid of a good and modest, hard-working person who seems a little bit crazy? How?

I'm afraid to go to the WC now. He requires me to speak Dutch. And he became hysterical when he found a little spot of coffee near Marcel Duchamp's famous object (pissoir).

I told him that, though I passed the B1 level Dutch exam, I find it difficult to speak, though I am sincerely in love with this language and consider it extraordinarily beautiful.

25 February

I feel like I am in a real prison here, it's a good working spirit. Sometimes we need to estrange ourselves from society and too much information and just be alone and meditate and work. But if one wants to achieve this, then one must lock oneself in a kind of prison. But I am choosing this kind of "decorative prison" myself, compared to those who are forced to migrate. Is it honest to compare an artistic kind of prison with real prisons?

26 February

I met lawyer-psychologists who work with refugee cases. They called themselves Freeke & Monster. I am searching for those with whom I can collaborate here and had a meeting with one of them: a beautiful, vital lady who said that the main point of their project is to awake a sense of Forgiveness in their patients. Of course, they are dealing with a huge amount of anger. People are caring inside all their negative experience, which once

upon a time might have rushed outside and harmed other people. That is why the institution of psychoanalysis is now rooted very deeply in Western society. When you talk about your frustration, you are sharing, and your anger might vanish. But the problem is that this kind of therapy is very expensive for ordinary people. I believe Freeke & Monster are doing a lot of work for free, and I admire their huge efforts!

Skype with Mother.

27 February

Everybody in our community of renters, Lola Lik, is very busy designing our section of the former prison so that newcomers can enjoy coming here. The corridor is now decorated with wonderful carpets and very nice furniture. There are a lot of toys for children and books. We even have a restaurant now.

But refugees are not coming here en masse, as was expected. Nobody knows why, but I think they are too depressed and scared probably; it is hard to overcome inertia and fear. It probably feels safer just to stay in a cell like a sad frozen bird. But it is a big question why it is like this. The only day when they come regularly is when clothes are given out for free. Thousands of sacks with very good second-hand clothes regularly arrive at the AZC camp.

28 February

I am continuing my struggle with how to organise a workshop. The concept is clearer now—it will be the Language Game where words sound the same but have different meanings. And it might be based on confusion, since while learning languages, we often mix up words with the same pronunciation. It is also interesting to see how participants choose words. And then how these words can be visualised. It can elevate the capacity of imagination and associative, comparative thinking.

I have to start inviting people and see if it works with them. Maybe it is only interesting to me?

1 March

Well, today was quite a day.

One appointment after another and, as a result, a kind of desolation. You want to give, to help people who escaped from real war or poverty, but everything seems to work against it. You think, finally, you have money,

time and desire to do something good for somebody who is suffering, but strangely, in a very weird way, much like in a Kafka story, the system is against it.

2 March

Finally, after a huge amount of correspondence, I have understood that Lola Lik is not going to support my project the way I expected by helping to invite newcomers. They are only renting rooms. Refugees will never come to the studio themselves, as we thought they would in our pre-concept version. TAAK also cannot organise it. I must visit AZC longer myself and go deeper into the camp. To meet people, to understand and study their conditions. It is not possible to do this without free access to their section of the prison. I have noticed that some organisations who are renting the spaces at the same tower as me have already established their activities inside the refugee section. They said I must write to the director Marijke. I asked Sari to do it. He kindly agreed to help. I will of course pay him for his work from my grant. I am acting as an institution here: Utopian Unemployment Union.

3 March

After all these appointments trying to find a way to collaborate, i feel sad, desolate. And i get mad at myself for not being able to be like all the other people of action here. Like businesspeople—cool and pragmatically beautiful.

4 March

A fog descends quickly, just as it happens in winter in St. Petersburg; I lit candles and made the bed with three layers of bedspreads to lie down at exactly 15:00.

I called Marfa to synchronise our efforts—we agreed to lie down simultaneously for 15 minutes to recharge and restart. Then I heard someone talking outside in Dutch, a conversation about paying for something with invoices and things like that. After that, my concentration disappeared.

I sat for a bit with my nerves exhausted, and then I just went home. I did nothing today and am feeling guilty, of course.

5 March

Azinatu came. The first visitor to the first workshop. Thanks to Lena Davidovich, my friend from Belorussia who also rents a studio here, I have gotten to know Azinatu. She is 18, from Ivory Coast and very shy. But she has a soft, sly power in her.

I proposed that she draw. She draws a Buddha Devil. When I asked her what it means, she looked at me with a long, mysterious gaze and said nothing.

6 March

My collaborators helped to organise a meeting for me with the Strong Woman, an experienced social worker who is working tirelessly with great enthusiasm and generosity, and she suggested I print the flyers. That is the way to reach the refugees, she said. She is calling it: Activity Table. I will create a new advertisement for the workshops. She invited me to stand with her near the AZC entrance with these printed flyers and give them out directly to invite people. She said it is the only way to welcome people to come to us.

7 March

TAAK brigade came to visit. Bernie (our producer) looked out the window and said "What is that smoke? It looks like it is coming from the ovens in a concentration camp."

8 March

Nobody I invited came to the workshop as promised.

I think it is a bad strategy—hovering with flyers near the door where tired and depressed people are entering the space, intending to rest or eat.

What are you and your Art is becoming a big question.

Never in my life have I felt so clearly the limited place of Art in society. Thanks to this project, my naivety is vanishing day by day.

9 March

The man from Afghanistan who promised to come did not come.  
Frustration N1.

10 March

Finally, I have found an assistant! So, so happy!

Her name is Nika. Her mother immigrated from a little town in Ukraine with her and is living in Switzerland. She told me about her childhood living near the sea in the village with her grandmother. Long walks to a local school (5 km by foot). Working hard around the house and gardening. I told her about my idea to invite people who are staying in the camp to workshops while dressed in costumes of surreal creatures. But the materials for these costumes should be found in the prison or in places surrounding it. Recycling idea. We went outside, hunting for mattresses. In Amsterdam, people throw things away on the street, also luxury things. For example, thick, mattresses in perfect condition.

We drilled holes in them and made a costume of it. And we also started to produce Resistance Chairs.

11 March

Frustration N2

A friend of Lena's from Iraq did not come. He said that he wanted to do a video with me as an advertisement. I was prepared.

Marijke is not answering either.

12 March

Frejo is one of the rare individuals from Damascus who is now visiting the studio, drinking tea and speaking. His English is quite good. Today he told me that he can't just wait here anymore, doing nothing. He has been waiting for permission to stay for 2 years already. He said: I want to go back to Syria.

13 March

I have met Dick here (he has a second name, Teun). He worked in this prison as a guard for 34 years. Now he works in a pop-up museum showing artefacts from the prison. He showed me the most gloriously horrible artefacts from the prison collection. For example, special shoes where prisoners can hide drugs, and there were doors with all kinds of marks and signs from the prisoners, scratching out in deafening despair.

He said he might bring us to the Mad Tower, where the mentally insane criminals were treated. And he said that he knows how Marijke looks.

15 March

Now that I have put up all my advertisements, the main thing to do is wait.

We wait together with the refugees now. At last we are equal here.

16 March

Frustration N3

17 March

My mind never stops inventing ideas of what we can do together with newcomers, if they would appear at the workshop as a group. If Marijke will give her royal permission, that is. We can organise a performative "catwalk" also in the huge corridor of the prison.

For that, we should make costumes of fantastic beasts, utopian animals, with references to the Mythological creatures of their motherland and fatherland countries. The soundtrack might be their stories as well.

18 March

Yesterday, we were in Sarphatipark. Lena invited me, and we went together with some residents from AZC. Among all the people there, I noticed a modest person who was playing a very interesting instrument. It was a *kopuz* as I learned later. He introduced himself as Murad.

I do not know why, but something inside him attracted me, and I was really happy when he agreed to be the first person to wear the freshly made

‘the coat with the chair’: where we have fixed a chair to the back of a coat I found in one of the prison rooms.

19 March

Bernie (producer from TAAK) wrote to me that access to the AZC part of the prison can only be granted by director Marijke. 123 letters of correspondence.

20 March

An important conversation with H. from Afghanistan. He said, “Why is everybody talking only about the Syrian War? In Afghanistan, war has been raging for 12 years already!” I was asking why he came to NL, was he deported or what happened...

(I must say that I very rarely ask about “the story” since I know how touchy the topic is). I was looking at him and saw all the work and doubt going on inside him: should he tell me the truth or not. At this very moment, the fucking siren that is ever-present here brutally interrupted our conversation.

21 March

Murad visits my studio now from time to time. We are becoming friends. He told me that he was imprisoned for 7 years. The first time when he was 19 years old, the second time around 29. He never gave up resisting the authorities back then. For him, staying here in the prison, with doors that can’t be locked from the inside, is the real nightmare because it reminds him of the real prison. He cannot sleep at night.

I suggested he keep a diary.

22 March

We had a very happy performative visit to AZC in the Mattress costume with some help giving out the flyers and inviting folks to the workshop. We can only enter the territory of AZC as guests of someone staying there.

23 March

Azinatu once again did not come. Strange, right?

Yesterday M. said that people from the East cannot say no directly to your face, they always say yes and then not showing up is totally normal. I am working on how to stay cool when people promise to come and then don’t show up. Frustration N4.

24 March

Why did I name my upcoming performance ‘Report from prison’, asked Theo from TAAK. Why not ‘Report from former BijlmerBajes’?

Well, because prison still exists here in many layers. Besides the fact that refugees are living in the former prison, we create our prison ourselves, by idealising, exaggerating, mixing things. Mental and Spiritual prison is the topic. The trauma, of course, also constitutes our prison.

The role of architecture and memory is an important factor that we cannot ignore—isn’t it? People are living in a former prison here. I think we can consider a prison as the fantasies that we project on each other. For example, couldn’t we also call the huge expectations we have of refugees – that they return us to Purity and Belief – a prison of our own expectations? Maybe this expectation is the basis of artists’ motivation to work with refugees?

I think we can also name it prison when some members of the cultural community start to idealise all refugees.

Some academics and social workers believe that artists cannot offer refugees anything, cannot touch them. Because you have not suffered as much as they have—you cannot work with them. Because you will exploit them, they say. I think this kind of rhetoric derives from the Fear of Otherness. It is the same as the policy that allows people to stay in the country, while not engaging with them; you can stay here, but we will not communicate with you, just ignore you.

26 March

I am so happy that after all the struggles and frustration of people not appearing as promised that I have found Marwa from Aleppo, who agreed to play the game Language of Fragility!

She is very talented, and she says that the process of drawing calms her. The first thing that she drew was her self-portrait.

27 March

Mass protests against corruption, the planned retirement age hike and prison torture in St. Petersburg. Can we call it hope?

I am not there and feeling guilty.

28 March

The time here is passing very slowly. Even for me, who has much more freedom than people in the neighbouring tower.

It is not only because the air is not healthy, but it is also because of the memory and aura of this space. The deviancy of this place as a former prison oppresses you psychologically. Maybe that is why most of the people who are renting studios around me arrive in the morning around 11-12:00 and leave already at 16-17:00. It is very hard for me to behave like an office worker, but I have to obey the rules. But sometimes I stay longer. My family is used to it, but it is very scary. The lights in the entire building are out then, and it is just very scary.

There are days when alarms regularly force you to leave the working space and rush outside. It might happen when a child is playing and pushes the button in AZC, then everybody has to rush outside. On these days it is very hard to concentrate, and you have to stay longer. Marijke already went home, and you are staying behind.

It is a good place to read J.M. Coetzee's *Life and Times of Michael K* and a book that I have been dying to read since I started to visit the Netherlands in 2010: *Max Havelaar* by Multatuli, which I am going to suggest to my friends at the next workshop!

I'm curious what book Marijke is reading.

29 March

Performance 'Report from prison' in the Tolhuistuin. Theo kindly agreed to bring Resistance Chairs in his car.

I wrote a script for the performance and sent it to all the participants: Mirjam Westen, Erick Hagoort, Theo Tegelaers, Bernie Denkens, Sari Akminas and Marwa Abboud. The performance revolves around exchanging the roles of participants to subvert the idea of the *status quo*. I will ask my guests to contribute to the script and then invite them to the cross reading, where they will switch their texts and read them out loud. I am giving freedom in writing the texts. It can be any text which my participants think will be relevant for

the situation. Resistance Chairs and Utopian Clothes will participate in the piece. We will also present the game Language of Fragility, and the important part will be the soundtrack: the rules for refugees / AZC protocol, which we have managed to detect.

Sari wrote an interesting text about Pan Arabism:

29 March 7:00 pm

Pan Arabism is an ideology espousing the unification of all 22 Arab states into one unity, because they share the same history, future, hopes, and dreams. In order to reach one-Arab big unified land-nation.

According to what we have learned in school, there are several many factors which play role in reaching this unity; language, religion, history, and geography. Those are the key factors that were supposed to lead us toward one united nation in the future.

However, this concept is corrupted, and for more than 50 years, the states in the Arab world have used this concept to lead their people into a certain type of ideology which served their interests, and covered up for their corruption and stealing from the nation's wealth.

Why the concept is corrupted? Because the Arab world contains 22 countries, which are spread over a big area covering all west Asia and North Africa. With a population of more than 370 million people, you can't put all of them under the *Arab* concept, Syria as an example; in Syria there are 18 different ethnic and religious groups, but still the official name is "Syrian Arab Republic" and this name can't be changed without changing the constitution, which is in the hand of the state, not the people.

In the Syrian constitution, all the other ethnics and minorities are marginalised, because it serves the interest of the state. Although the state can't delete all the other components of the Syrian society, it can put them under *Arabs* category because it gives more number of people for its propaganda in its fight against Israel (the status between Syria and Israel now is not-war-not-peace, both countries signed a ceasefire agreement in 1973 after the war, officially the war is not over).

So in order to manipulate the target of their people when they start demanding for more freedom and fixing the corrupt economy, the state uses the concept of Pan Arabism, to stop the people from asking for more rights and tell them to wait for the big dream and unity to come true, and the state – among the rest of the other Arab



states – is gathering the Arab people’s powers for the war with the enemy (Israel). In Syria, if you started to criticise what you shouldn’t criticise, you will be charged with “weakening the psyche status of the nation”, then four years in jail.

The concept itself is also not applicable to the Arab world; what is the connection that gathers two men, one from Syria, and the other from Somalia under the Pan Arabism umbrella? What is the connection between the Iraqi nation and the Moroccan nation? There is absolutely no shared hope, dreams, nor future for both nations, regardless of the unified curriculums which emphasised the concept of Pan Arabism in schools! The geographical distance between some of the countries made it impossible for any kind of unity between them (many binary unity attempts have failed through the history), the people who are living in the Arab countries might have the same habits and norms, but this is because of the huge spread of Islam in those countries, but societies and cultures are different, even future is different too.

Even now, if the unity happens, and all the 22 countries became one, the people who are living in the rich Arab countries will not accept people from the poor Arab countries to enter their land (the biggest example happened in 2011, and still, when 20 Arab countries turned their back on the Syrian people, closed their borders, and imposed a visa for the people who were trying to run from the war).

Pan Arabism was for many many years an argument which the states always win against their own people, promising them with a big unity, and big hopes of getting their occupied lands back (Palestine), but what is really happening, is that the governments individually keep oppressing their people, and prevent certain kinds of freedom from them, and secretly have a relation with the “enemy” Israel, all in the pretext of the Arab unity under Pan Arabism and the pretext of fighting Israel.

When i was in school, i have been told that the Arab world is destined to be united, but it is not, because there is Israel in the middle of it. I have been told that the Arab leaders in the summits always sign treaties and agreements for a framework to reach this unity, i remember i told a solution to my teacher once: if they really want to finish with Israel, why don’t they let the people go to the borders and piss into the occupied lands, it will drown Israel, the problem is solved, and Arabs can be united again. Looking at this solution now, 20 years later, i understand why they didn’t do it, although from principal, it is easy and costs nothing, but the existing of Israel means the continuity of the Arab leaders on their chairs.

And since the Arab nation is a very easy nation to trick and to move using emotional and religious speech, the concept of Pan Arabism will keep subjecting those people until a real revolution happens, which shall swap all the land at once and change the face of that part of the word forever.

Here is the order of the readings:

- 1) Theo reads the text by Sari
- 2) Erick reads the text by Mirjam
- 3) Sari reads the text by Bernie
- 4) Bernie reads the text by Marwa
- 5) Mirjam reads the text by Erick
- 6) Marwa reads the text by Theo

Marwa’s Text: My life in Nederland

Hi,

my name is Marwa, and i’m 28 years old, i’m from Syria.

I came to the Netherlands in August, and i moved to the AZC in Amsterdam in September.

I spent around five months in that camp, at the beginning, the camp was like a prison, closed windows, guards, and annoying alarm... everything was bad!!

Then i tried to participate in painting activities, and i joined a workshop in the camp, drawing was always my favourite hobby, through it i can express my feelings and ideas.

But learning the language is my first priority so i can continue my study, i studied Biochemistry, and i would like to continue as laboratory studies.

i love my life now in Amsterdam, even with its difficulties.

I have met new Arab and Dutch friends, they were very nice, and they helped me in the hard period which i spent in the camp.

Topics for broader discussion:

- The role of fantasy in the integration process
- How to support artists who want to work with refugees in the face of the strict rules of COA/AZC?
- How to organise mutual exchange among refugees?
- What rules do artists have to create in this situation?

- How to encourage newcomers to share more information about their culture?
- The frontiers of ethics and aesthetics
- Resistance and Vulnerability
- The topic of weakness (weak power) as the only possible position for artists in the context of aesthetic. For example, when I use handwriting (slightly childlike), I refer to the dissident tradition of masking protest messages from authorities.
- Possible ways to work with social workers. How to organise workshops with them?

30 March

The performance was a kind of a blast (I do not like the word scandal). I had invited Marwa to the performance and asked if she could read in English. She agreed. Following the script, she had to read the text of Mirjam Westen, curator from Museum Arnhem. She started to read, and it was very difficult for her. But she did not give up reading, she just continued with the struggle. Suddenly in the middle of her reading, some woman from the audience started to shout: Where is the artist? Where is the artist? Where is the artist?

I stood up from my chair. She started to shout hysterically and then ran out of the room. My friends Merel and Dan ran after her trying to explain, but she did not listen to them. I came to understand that she found it cruel to ask a refugee such as Marwa to read the text in English in front of an audience. The fact that Marwa had accepted the invitation to read the text in English did not seem to matter for her at all. Does this mean that we have to treat our newcomers as fragile vases and not like one of us? Should we idealise them? I cannot stop thinking about it. Other people who were present liked the piece very much. The team of TAAK supported me. So, in general, I am satisfied and will move forward embracing the vulnerability.

1 April

Workshop with a very young and sad single mother from Eritrea. She produced a drawing and shared her story.

2 April

Finally, I have managed to produce the text about the game (with support from Sari):

The Language of Fragility:

Learning the Dutch language is a serious challenge for newcomers to the Netherlands. There are many methods and ways to learn a new language other than traditional learning, and these other approaches add value to the language-learning process. One alternative method is playing the Language of Fragility game.

No matter a person's native language, the number of words that have similar pronunciation in Dutch is surprising. Words sound the same but have completely different meanings.

This game can be an important tool for newcomers. It allows them to acquire new knowledge, motivates them to search and find similar words across different languages, opens a window for them to see the country's culture, and gives them opportunities to learn new skills.

The combination of language + arts gives newcomers a way to express feelings in a new country without restriction, and to produce something beneficial with artistic and cultural value.

The Language of Fragility game teaches performative skills that enable participants to express their feelings by targeting emotions like frustration, fear or angst. In turn, participants find balance and develop self-confidence.

Language of Fragility is not limited to the individual level. Participants learn words that have similar pronunciation but diverse meanings in different languages. The game encourages players to create an atmosphere of collaboration and unity among themselves, motivating them to engage in teamwork and to unleash imagination, creativity and self-discovery.

Bot (military shoe)

Sari: "The bot in Dutch is the bone that the dog catches, and they keep it in their mouths, they like the taste of it. In Arabic bot means shoe, and it is commonly used to refer to the shoes of the military.

People use non-intellectual ways to express their loyalty to the rulers in Syria; the pro-Assad people took the military shoe as a symbol. They made statues in public squares, did live TV shows with the shoes on the table; pro-Assad people, famous artists, sculptors, actors, they were all shown with this boot symbol.

It is another way to worship the leader. Since the war in Syria, there has been a lot of talk about Assad's ownership of Syria, as the country is

his farm. Now by switching from worshipping the leader to worshipping the military (where the ruler is the highest commander of the army), nothing will change, and the people voluntarily subject themselves to the slavery of the ruler again.”

Nmer (tiger)

Nmer in Arabic is tiger, but in Dutch, nummer is a number.

Sari: “Numbers are exactly how the government sees the people when they are looking for support. The soldiers who die to keep the ruler in his chair are only numbers to the leadership. When they tell people how good the economy is when actually it is very bad, fake numbers are being used.” So stop being a “Dutch Nummer”, and become an “Arabic Tiger”.

Naar (to)

Dutch people use the word Naar to refer to a place they are going to, but in Arabic, the word (Naar) sounds like the word for ‘to’.

Sari: “The woman is going Naar the house, to the house, where a woman lives, but it is to her husband’s house because of the repression and suppression that women face in the Arab world. A lot of women don’t know about life outside the house, only on TV.

From her father’s house to her husband’s house to the grave. This is the circle of a large number of women in the Arab world. They are not allowed to know or to think outside this triangle, and for those who do, they shall be called the ugliest names and considered an outsider in the society.”

Acht (sister)

Two words similar in pronunciation, Acht in Arabic means sister, while in Dutch it means eight, which is the average number of siblings in families in the Arab region.

Sari: “‘The child arrives, and God sends his money with it.’ This is the slogan adopted by the peoples of the Arab region, and they do not give up this slogan even in the most severe crises. You see the family of a government employee who doesn’t earn enough salary, or a worker who earns the minimum wage. They have six children and their poor wives are pregnant! ‘Her belly reaches her chin’, is how Arab people describe pregnant women.

Ask the men why? And from where will you secure the budget? They respond with a smile too. ‘The child arrives, and God sends his money with it’ and wishes God to send more blessings...

Sister after brother after sister... Arab women are being used as a breeding machine, year after year, birth after birth, especially in poor and rural areas.

The government is unable to control this issue, there is no policy on birth control, plus there is a poor economic situation. Men do not use condoms and women cannot object. Eggs (poor children) are thrown into the street. Acht after Acht after Acht...”

3 April

During one of the workshops, Marwa was smoking a lot. I said, “I am amused that you are smoking, did your parents allow you to smoke?” She almost started to cry. “What’s wrong?” I asked with angst. “My parents want to marry me against my will”, she said.

I felt so horrible and such pity for her. We embraced and cried together. You know, it is one thing when you read about these things in books, another when you hear it from someone in person.

We went to Freeke & Monster to ask about the rights of women in the Netherlands.



**BOI**

**بوی**



نمر



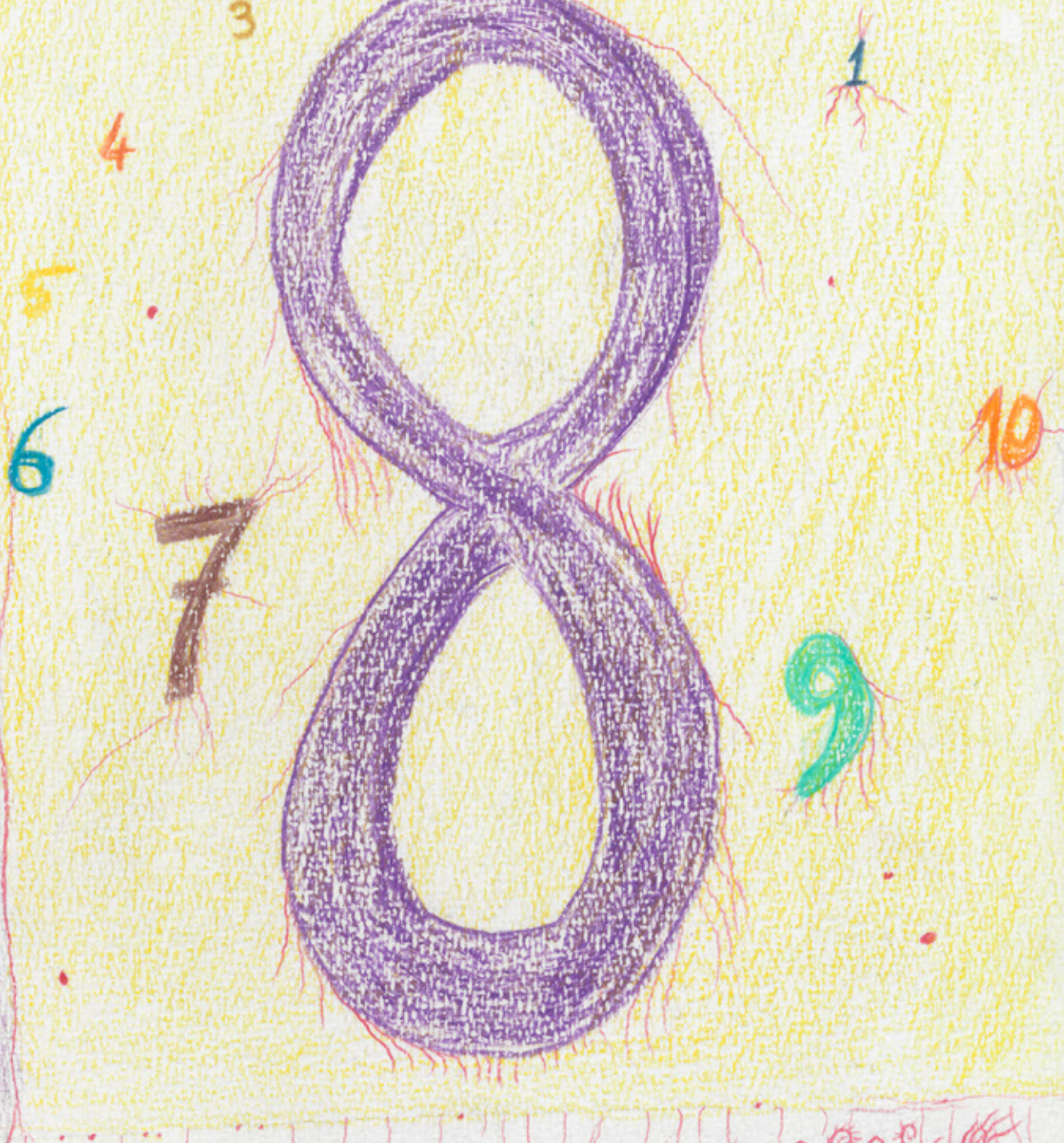
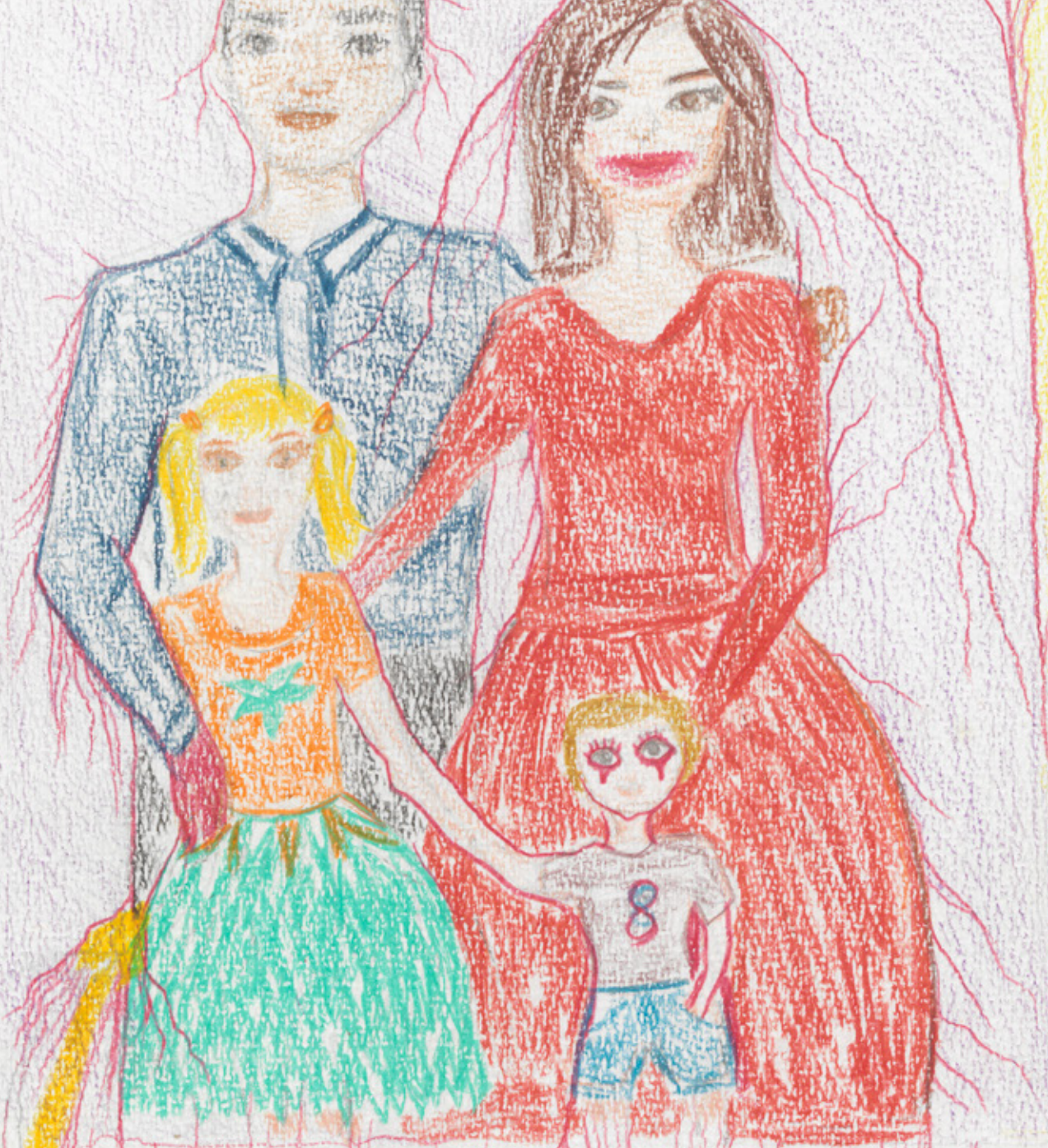
Nummer



LI

MAAR

huis



16 April

Marijke did not answer. Tons of letters about negotiations on how to collaborate with people staying in AZC.

To have access to the area where refugees live, you have to be put on the list at COA and then guards will allow you to go in. Even if they put you on the list, sometimes guards cannot find your name. Then you have to wait near the entrance like a lonely tree, trying to figure out what to do. It might be an hour or more. It can be all day, if you become a tree 'echt waar'.

17 April

Suspension of Usual Routes.

20 April

I have read horrible news from Russia.

The Ministry of Justice is ordering the Centre for Independent Social Research to register as a non-profit organisation performing the functions of a foreign agent.

21 April

I was moving my stuff from home to my studio with Uber, and the driver introduced himself and said he is from Marrakesh. He said that his goal in life is to establish a bank. New Bank. I asked if he sees the difference between Triodos and ING. He said no, not exactly. Then somehow our conversation turned to the question of Belief. He said he is Muslim and a believer, and I said I am not religious. Then he asked: "So, you believe that we came from animals??" I said *yes of course*.

The rest of the drive we were silent.

24 April

I just returned from Brussels, where I participated in a project with wonderful international artists, but in comparison with my main project in the prison it was like child's play in a kindergarten. No risk, curators are doing everything, the task of the artist is just to give the idea. And then this idea is transformed because of institutional rules and restrictions.

Part of my family is in Paris. I spent an amazing evening with Marfa. It is rare when you can be with your child tête-à-tête. That is our strange life. Suddenly, she began explaining the drawings she made, which she had never done before. She showed fantastic drawings. They contain only tenderness, and I could not find the words to say something critical about them, as I had anticipated. I am trying to overcome such tenderness because I understand that it is very comfortable for me, but in the end, it will not be good for my child. The work of a mother is not to just give in to the comfortable condition of being together as two flowers, but to stay critical and try to explain the truth. But sometimes it is so nice and also so painfully necessary to be together like two plants melted in the lake of tenderness. Does Marijke have children?

25 April

Thinking about the next workshops, what they might be like. Thinking about Simone Weil again. Where is the equality? May I stay some days together with refugees in the same tower? Why am I living in the tower that is slightly better than theirs? And I am not even living there, not sleeping. I am renting a studio. Who decided to place the entrepreneurs in the office tower of the prison and refugees in the criminal part? I am feeling Guilty. And it is growing. Marijke, Marijke, why did you leave us?

29 April

Bernie wrote Jacqueline, who said that only Marijke can decide about my stay in the part where newcomers live. But she wrote to her.



30 April

Traveled to Petersburg after a horrible night. Marfa suddenly cried and cried and cried and was not telling me why. Then I started to shake her and scream, “What is with you? Tell me, tell me”... and of course, she did not like it, but I think it was good. Why? Because I want to show her that it is not something horrible. It is just angst and fear, which all people experience from time to time. They come like waves, to-and-fro. She did judge me: “You can just be calm”, she said.

1 May, Labour Day in St. Petersburg

Protest demonstration commemorating Labour Day in St. Petersburg. It is the only day we can be united with other people for the sublime goal of resisting our government. We cannot go out on the 9th of May, Victory Day. It has been captured entirely by nationalists and conservative forces.

4 May

Back to our prison.

I showed the video of the 1st of May demonstration in St. Petersburg to Murad, and he liked it.

7 May

I decided to name the project “Carnival of the Oppressed Feelings”. It will consist of various parties, like political parties, but with poetic titles. For example, it can be Recycling Prison Party (we will use things we might find in the prison), Language of Fragility party (some protagonists from Marwa and other drawings should be realised), some other parties... How many? I did send Marijke some drawings.

10 May

I decided to invite my dear friends to brainstorm the idea of the Carnival of the Oppressed Feelings and to create a performance as a pre-event. Wrote letters for appointments with Robert Steijn, Erick Hagoort, Dilyara.

11 May

I checked the amount of correspondence about asking to have access to the refugee/newcomer part of the prison. 267 letters. And still no permission to go freely to the part where refugees are living. Looking at the mountains of second-hand clothes stored behind bars at this prison. Thinking about establishing the brand: MARIJKE.

12 May

Happy to meet Handwerkgroep (Handworkgroup). They are a group of wonderful women who regularly go to AZC to help women from Aleppo and Africa to sew, speak, encouraging them and even helping them learn Dutch. They do this for free, without any support. I learn a lot from them. Especially with a brave woman named Karin Vromen, who is going deeper into the prison cells, speaking openly with the women. She even helped a woman give birth there.

15 May

A young, single mother from the refugee tower, a friend of Karin, came to visit our area. Unlike many others, who say that the project is interesting and that they might participate (and then don't show up), she said from the start that there would be no time for her to participate at all.

16 May

Letter from Sari:

“Good morning,

I'm good, but I had a call from COA that you are going to the rooms in the AZC, which is not allowed! A man called me, he was with Holida (Strong Woman) and told me kindly to ask you to stay within the reception area, otherwise, they will take it out it on Holida, 'cause she brought you inside, and we don't want this to happen, otherwise, neither you or Holida will come again to the AZC.

Holida was nervous yesterday because she received this note from COA.

These are COA rules, and they are so bitchy about it because they wanna keep high standards.

As for Marijke, just small working plan about what you want to do in the AZC, she is on vacation until next Wednesday, so she will read it when she comes back.

And as I told you, for a one-time workshop, we talked with Katia from the Refugee Company, for more than one time, she has to read the plan, and then Marijke will give us the right contact.

I know how complicated it is, if I had the power, I would change the whole system, but unfortunately, until I get this power, we have to go by their rules.

Met Groet, Sari”

18–29 May

I have conceived the idea of the performance and written a notice:

#### LANGUAGE OF FRAGILITY TOUR

We are cordially inviting you to step into the curious, poetic and controversial world of the artists contributing to the Language of Fragility tour. Through a performative excursion along meaningful points in the former prison, artists will show some hidden parts of it and explain the ideas behind their research. Nowadays, the main task of any human being is navigating through strict rules. How to stay true to yourself and become a citizen of a new country at the same time? During the tour, playful new methods will be exchanged. You will be introduced to a language game, making it possible for you to get your mind off things and relax.

A special part of the tour will be dedicated to the Carnival of the Oppressed Feelings, a performative procession that will take place from the AZC Centre to Dam Square on the 28th of October. This performative demonstration aims to make the voices of refugees visible in society.

The tour costs nothing for those who wish to contribute intellectually/enthusiastically, but it will cost 2 MOLLS (€5,-) in case you prefer to stay neutral, just enjoying the tour without any engagement.

I am thinking about an alternative currency related to our language game. If the Dutch word for money, ‘geld’, sounds like the animal “mole” in Arabic, then we might use this phenomenon for our artistic needs.

29 May

It was a fantastic performance! We pulled it off! And Murad seems happy! He gave us his diary and Irene Jansen read it at the end of the guided tour.

Robert Steijn, dear friend, and great performer, starred as a guide who leads people into the prison reality to see and feel the space, and also to recognise the prison inside you.

30 May

I continue to go to AZC with Handwerkgroep veterans. Mothers are exhausted there, but children are joyful.

I have asked Marianne Koeman, a psychologist from their team, why they are coming here, and she replied: “Because we do not trust the authorities and want to support people who need it.”

1 June

I can tell now that the spin of the project is Murad. Zorava as he preferred that I call him. Zorava is the name of his birthplace.

Of course, it is more than just him, it is all people who are struggling and suffering much more than me and my cultural circles. Such destinies are like a deep, kind of sacral hole where I am looking with horror and respect. But in this concrete case, this idea of true suffering is represented by Murad/Zorava. That is why I am writing that the main nerve, or spin, or heart of the project is him.

2 June

Started to read Abdullah Öcalan, *War and Peace in Kurdistan*.

7 June

I am not sure if I can take the responsibility of inviting Syrian refugees to take part in the Carnival.

12 June

Coming to the prison today, I saw a sign from my friend Tsaplya (in Russian Tsaplya means Heron). Now I know what to do. I got a sign from the spirits that I am moving in the right direction

I have started to communicate with the women in the refugee camp about the role of textile in Resistance.

But it is not an easy task because women mostly want to make clothes for their children and that's it.

15 June

Skype with Mother about the holiday of Marfa. During the talk, I was thinking about mothers of refugees who have no such opportunities for their kids.

17 June

Tijdelijk Museum (a project run by two adventurous women here) asked me to collaborate. I came up with the idea to print huge drawings of these games on the walls surrounding the prison, like advertisement banners. But we do not know if Marijke will allow us to do it.

18 June

When I think of Murad feeling lonely in his cell, I send him good vibes.

19 June

One more Vergadering (meeting) at Lola.

At a certain moment, I understood that Lola Lik (and many other organisations like it) serves the famous idea of neoliberal gentrification – the disaster of using art as a tool of gentrification. Aiming to attract potential buyers. That is why it's important to do a Protest Carnival as an exodus from this environment.

Everybody in Lola is busy inventing all kinds of attractions, including tours of the prison with games of hide and seek, a pop-up museum in the prison, restaurant, sauna, hotel. The hope is that a private owner will buy the building with all the inventions that people from the creative cluster are

proposing. In this case, art increases the value of the building since it creates an atmosphere, and therefore, they think having art in the building will make it sell better.

I see my goal as radically different from the direction of LolaLik.

27 June

I made a promise to myself that I would get up early in the morning and finish the corrections of the interview I did for the book *Dialogical Interventions*. Martin Krenn invited me. So I did that and then cycled to the swimming pool as a good girl. I think my upbringing at the USSR plays a role sometimes. Sport was a necessary activity and perfectly coincided with intellectual work. There is an open-air pool – which I never had in my life before – it is a luxury thing. I have to tell TAAK that we should organise a bus and bring people in AZC to this pool. Then I planned to bicycle to the studio, but I stayed a little at the cafe drinking fresh orange juice and reading Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*. Then, all of a sudden, I felt like I was missing something, like all the iron from my bloodstream was vanished from my body in an instant. In a panic, I started to phone my dears Peter and Marfa. The attack of anxiety without reason was so breath-taking that I started to write and phone them, and while cycling past the market, I bought three apple cakes with the strong desire not to go to the studio but return home and eat with them. The feeling was so strong that I wanted to do it, but because they did not answer me, I sat and drank a cappuccino at the cafe on the way to the studio. I was really feeling like the most vulnerable creature in the world. Like an insect. Or maybe like a piece of shit. But I have learned during my adult life not to fall into desperation or hysterics when the days are empty like these. Everybody can be weak sometimes. Everybody can be a child and have an empty day sometimes. Everybody can spend a day feeling the world like a wound.

And again, I thought about Murad, Marwa, Sari, and others in AZC. It makes me strong. Some people pray, but I am thinking about these people I have met (maybe it is a sort of prayer?), and it is holding me through my life.

11 July

I swim and reach the condition necessary for work: my body is relaxed, but not sleepy. In this state, your mind might lead you to good things. To the right things. Even if there are diverse levels of tasks and ideas in your head, still, you get the general outline.

Does Marijke swim?

13 July

We are thinking about making a video, and so I decided to ask Murad some questions.

He answered me.

1. What do you think about this country? Have you read about Dutch culture (books and/or films)?

I like the Netherlands because of the tolerance shown to different cultures, beliefs, and sexual preferences. I love the importance given to land development and aesthetics. I have visited many museums in Amsterdam. Van Gogh Museum is an important artistic value of Amsterdam. I have read about the role Amsterdam and Holland played in the development of the Industrial Revolution and capitalism in Europe. I find people quite friendly here, but I find the government, like all governments, quite cold and bureaucratic.

You mentioned that you wrote something about our video/workshop with Erkan. Would you be so kind as to send me this text? It was a different experience for me. It was pretty entertaining. Being part of an artistic activity has done me well. I am thankful for this.

2. Can you draft the main principle of a future free Kurdistan?

A democratic and ecological society with equal rights for women and men. With the leadership of women and the contribution of everyone, a fair, free and equal country. I do not want a Kurdistan consisting of a classic state that has narrow boundaries.

3. What is the role of fantasy for you?

The role of fantasy for me is like it is for others, I guess. One's inner game that makes you feel free without the obstacle of rules.

4. What does keeping a diary mean for you? Does it help you to understand yourself more and/or find a kind of balance between your inner world and society?

Writing a diary is like talking to myself. I create a monologue by writing about the situations and events that I have experienced and observed. Sometimes I mention the things I did wrong, and I am critical. Sometimes I write about my melancholy, and sometimes

about my excitement and my dreams in a poetic way. In addition to the poetic text, I also write in prose. I decide in which form I will write depending on my feeling at the moment. Writing makes one free. I have always liked writing, and it has always been a part of my life. It has a healing and exhaling effect on me. Therefore, writing a diary makes me feel good, and it energises me.

14 July

For the first time here, I am fully satisfied with how the workshop went.

My dear friend Dilyara, a sociologist from UvA, agreed to make an observation during my workshop. It was necessary because our friends/participants from Damascus kindly asked us not to take photos.

OBSERVATION

13 July, 17.44

Gluklya's studio.

Present: A man (Man1) and his son (Boy), another man (Man2), a Translator, a Photographer, Gluklya and I.

Man1 and his son were at an art event in the park last weekend. Man2 helps Gluklya to find people for her games. Man2 was also in the park last weekend and translated last time. I have seen the Translator in Lola Lik before, when Gluklya showed me the building for the first time. The Photographer was also at the park event last weekend. The son of Man1 is around 10 years old.

We are in a big room. Man1, Boy and Man2 are sitting at the table drinking tea and eating cookies. The Translator is sitting on the floor. I am also sitting on the floor. The Photographer stays in the corner. Gluklya doesn't want me and Translator sitting on the floor and tries to give us chairs, but we say that we are both fine sitting on the floor.

Gluklya says that we would like to take pictures today and that I will describe what is going on and take notes. She asks if that is okay for everyone. Translator translates to Arabic for Man1 and his son. They say that it is okay. Gluklya says that we won't use names. Translator translates and Man1 agrees. Everyone says: "No names, okay, okay."

Gluklya stays near the table, she looks at Man1 and Boy and says: "First, we play the Language of Fragility. Do you remember the drawing in the forest?"

Gluklya means the game when you need to draw Dutch and Arabic words that sound the same but have different meanings. She explained this

game in the park over the weekend. Gluklya shows several pictures, repeats some Dutch words: 'bos', 'kaas'. Boy is eating a cookie, Man2 is drinking tea, Man1 is looking attentively at Gluklya and signals that he remembers very well. Translator translates what she has just said for Man1. Man1 responds, Translator explains that Man1 could not think about the game because they had an interview at IND with his family, he was busy with it, he has not had time to think about such words.

Gluklya continues to show other pictures: 'aard'. She says to Translator that her friend who is a linguist told her that this word is the same in Dutch and in Arabic.

Translator explains this to Man1: "Aardappel – aarde means ground. So, it is an apple on the ground."

Man1 agrees. He is studying Dutch and knows this word.

Gluklya shows a new sheet of paper with the word 'bijna' ('almost' in English). She says: "Maybe we should do this now. Your status is 'between', in-between, which is bijna. Bijna citizen." Translator translates.

Gluklya:

"Let's try to draw bijna. It's not serious, relax, just draw." She has several pencils and asks Boy which one he wants – red, blue, or black.

He thinks for a bit and takes the red one.

Man2:

"I also want to play."

Gluklya:

"Is black okay?"

He says that it is okay but takes the blue.

Man1 explains in Arabic to his son, then they draw for some time. Gluklya searches for something in the cardboard, Man1 talks quietly with his son. Everyone is drawing. Man1 talks with Translator. Boy listens to them attentively. They talk together for some time.

Gluklya asks Translator:

"What? What have they said?"

Translator:

"They were discussing an idea."

The music gets louder, and I can't hear what Translator says to Gluklya.

Translator asks Gluklya what kind of music it is. She says that it is a radio station made by her friends in Bologna.

Gluklya:

"Do you like it? I can send you a link."

Man1 and Man2 talk with each other. Man1 says something to his son. Man1 drinks his tea, Boy also drinks tea.

Man2:

"When you smoke, you feel nothing."

Gluklya:

"Nothing?"

Translator:

"Your brain creates a tolerance."

Then Translator continues talking with Man2 in Arabic, even though Man2 can speak English well.

Gluklya shows me her picture. It is a bridge. She explains that the bridge is almost an in-between.

Me:

"I didn't know that bijna was such an interesting word."

Gluklya points to the signs in the picture: "And this is eternity". She talks about signs of eternity on the bridge. "Later I will show you an exercise about eternity."

The Boy sneezes.

Translator:

"For me, I would draw a line. On Judgment Day, you will be on this line and after that, you fall."

Gluklya to him:

"It is like in a circus, you are like an acrobat. It is all about balance. Do you want to draw it?"

Translator:

"I am bad at drawing."

She gives him paper and a pencil, he starts drawing.

Gluklya shows her picture to both men and Boy; she explains to them in the same words as to me.

She says to Man2:  
“Translate.”

Man2 responds that they understood.

Gluklya says to Man1 and Boy:  
“Then I will show you an exercise, stand up please”.

The three of them stand. She shows them how to hold hands as a triangle and moves them in a circle. The music becomes calmer and goes well with this exercise. We can hear the sounds of the Translator’s pencil. They all do it for some time, it seems like Man1 and Boy like it.

Gluklya asks Man2:  
“Why don’t you want to do it?”

Man2 responds:  
“I am relaxed.”

Everyone laughs. They continue doing the exercise for some time.

Then Gluklya says:  
“Now we are in a real sect.”

Everyone laughs.

Translator shows his picture (a line between hell and heaven) and explains: “For me, it is not good to be here or here. You need a balance.”

Gluklya says to him:  
“Please translate that to our guests” (because he said it in English).

He translates.

Gluklya says to Man2:  
“You did not want to draw, but you draw very well.”

He cracks a joke about his drawing: “Now you can sell it for a million dollars.”

Man2 shows his picture, he says that it is the dirty kitchen of AZC, rubbish. He says that every day he passes by and sees it. The men talk for

some time, they agree that it is a problem in AZC. Then Boy shows his picture and explains it to the Translator. The drawing is in green. The translator says that the drawing is of a present. For Boy, everything here in the Netherlands is new, and it is a present for him which he opens every day.

Gluklya says:  
“But I thought that the task was to draw...”

Translator:  
“Yes, but this is how he sees the word ‘bijna’. For him, it is a state in-between.”

Man1 shows his picture, it is a pair of scales. He explains that bijna for him is also balance.

Gluklya shows another picture and suggests drawing the word ‘bot’. She explains the meaning in Dutch and in Arabic, but people become confused. Man2 says that it is a different word.

He adds:  
“You have to learn Arabic.”

Gluklya says that she will check it now. She turns off the music and googles the word.

She says that ‘bot’ is ‘bone’ in Dutch.

Man2 touches his leg:  
“This is a bot.”

Gluklya:  
“Leg? What is it?”

Translator:  
“A military shoe.”

Gluklya:  
“Yes, I wanted to ask them to draw it!”

Translator:  
“You want them to draw the military shoe?”

Gluklya:  
“Yes! Because they saw it.”

Translator:  
“But they are all the same...”

Gluklya (about pencils):  
“Here, I want to give them black.”

Man2 to me:  
“What are you writing?”

Gluklya:  
“We told you at the very beginning that she would take notes about what we are doing.”

Me:  
“Yes, I am taking notes. But we agreed—no names. Is that okay? Should I stop?”

Man2:  
“No, I’m just curious.”

Gluklya:  
“Oh, with music it was better, right?”

She turns on the music again. She gives a black pencil to Man1 and says:  
“This is very special pencil, try it.”

She asks Man2:  
“You are not drawing?”

Man2:  
“We should send it to an auction, we can sell it for a million dollars.”

Gluklya:  
“We should think about auctions.”

Everybody is drawing again in silence. After some time Man1 has finished, and he looks at what his son is drawing. Man2 and Translator talk in Arabic.

Gluklya to Boy:  
“You need to draw ‘bot’.”

I look at the Photographer, and at this moment the dress behind her falls. It

was on the wall and fell on the table. Gluklya goes to put it back on the wall. It is a white dress with “I want to go back to Syria” written on it in black letters. Gluklya explains: “This is from Man2. He wanted to go to Syria because he has been waiting for a long time. But now he received the status.”

She says to Man2:  
“It is good that you let us know, we can use it for the masquerade, for slogans, you know.”

She finished putting the dress back in its place. She looks at the Translator’s drawing. On one side of it, there is a dog with a bone, on the other side, there is a shoe.

Gluklya invites us to go to the smaller room. Man1, Boy, Photographer, and I go there. She says to Man1 and Boy: “Here are different creatures.”

She shows them a piece of material, an art object in a starched sheet with her drawings of monsters on it. They go towards it in a line. She asks which ones they like and feel sympathy for. Man1 and Boy look at this drawing for some time attentively. Gluklya is trying to explain one more time.

Photographer says to Gluklya:  
“They do not understand, you need the Translator.”

She calls the Translator to come and explain better. After some explanations, Boy says that he likes a squirrel. Gluklya becomes excited and says that they need to meet Man3, her friend. When he introduced himself, he said that he is a squirrel; he is also often here in Lola Lik. Man1 is still thinking. Gluklya takes something like a placard from the table, one that you might take to a protest. But it is very small, and there is a picture of a woman on it. She gives it to Man1 and Boy and explains that they can point with it if it is easier. Man1 and Boy get confused and do not understand what she wants. Translator explains for some time.

Gluklya:  
“Democracy? You said ‘democracy’?”

Translator:  
“Nooo.”

Gluklya:  
“I heard something similar.”

Translator explains what Man1 has said: “He was thinking about which creature might be IND; how to express injustice, but he couldn’t find this creature. Because it took them so long with all the documents.”

Gluklya gets excited:

“Injustice! Injustice! Please sit down. Let’s draw injustice, IND!”

Man1 starts drawing a new picture. Man2 is walking around. Gluklya gives a new sheet of paper to Boy and says: “Please finish this drawing.”

There is something like a letter ‘V’ on the drawing. Boy starts drawing. Translator and Gluklya go to the bigger room.

After some time, on Man1’s picture the following words appear: “Ik heb geld, ik heb geen geld”, and also something else.

Translator explains: “No money for teeth, for insurance. His tooth costs one thousand euros. We live in AZC, no money, it is part of our body. Why treat us like animals!”

Man1 asks how to write ‘reparatuur’. Translator indicates that it should be with double ‘u’. Man1 finishes his drawing and explains to Translator that he has a problem with his tooth and can’t repair it here.

Gluklya:

“Yes, but we wanted to draw...”

Translator:

“Yes, we changed the topic a bit.”

Gluklya:

“Maybe it is a monster?”

She sits and starts drawing herself. She draws a tooth. She asks: “How do you say ‘teeth’ in Dutch?”

Everybody is thinking and then someone says it. Then she writes under the drawing “Tandarts” (Dentist).

Boy shows his picture and explains that it is a dying man, everyone looks at it. Gluklya seems very happy and says: “It is a good sign to finish this day with such a romantic symbol.”

Gluklya says it may be enough for today and maybe we are all tired. Translator translates and says that yes, it was enough for today.

15 July

I have asked some of the participants to send me an invoice, as I wanted to thank them for their participation in this workshop. All of them ask me what ‘invoice’ means. Why can’t Marijke and team explain it to them?

16 July

Murad came and told us about his nightmares again. The doors cannot be closed in the former prison. When he was imprisoned in Turkey, he was also not allowed to lock his door. Guards could enter his room anytime. It was most horrible at night; they were torturing him. The night interrogations in the real prison are the most horrible thing in this world ever, he says. I gave him a flower that we made with Azinatu in one of the workshops, so he can attach it to the door. It’s a small thing, but even these can help sometimes.

My plan now is to propose ideas for making the rooms for refugees in AZC more beautiful. But I am afraid I need to ask Marijke about it.

Workshop Idea N 13

How can we bring art to the prison and give people staying there a little more feeling of safety? I think artists can propose how to decorate the cell, but first you need to ask a person about their dreams, their desires, of course. I made some sketches based on conversations with my new friends.

The idea of how to decorate the cell of Murad

The idea of how to decorate the cell of Amina and her children

The idea of how to decorate the room of Frejo

Maybe Marijke will like it and allow to realise this idea?

17 July

Skype with Mother.

20 July

Yesterday was a great day. Amina, mother of 11 kids from Aleppo, wrote her name. ‘AMINA’. She refused at first, but I insisted, but not much actually. She wrote the letters one by one and was very satisfied herself. I saw it.



21 July

Small Mohammed told me his dream.

22 July

Conversations with some inhabitants of AZC.

23 July

Marwa is the youngest daughter of Amina. She embraced and kissed me. She is the one who can draw for a long time while the other children are running around and playing their games.

25 July

While we were leaving the workshop room today, one Muslim woman covered entirely in black said to me: "I am from Aleppo. My house is .....", using her hands to show that the house is destroyed.

Tears came to my eyes. She saw it and embraced me. We cried together.

When Marijke gives me permission, I will visit them more often.

26 July

I started to work on the images for our event in October—Carnival of the Oppressed Feelings. I will propose that we use this title in our next meeting with Utopian Unemployment Union (UUU) members. Maybe we should create the characters based on Marwa's suggestions for our Language of Fragility game? For example, Mole, Cheese, Kaas... We can recycle prison materials: chairs, mattresses, clothes. I have asked Dick, who worked in the prison for 34 years, to bring a guard's uniform.

28 July

The Strong Woman asked me to come at exactly 14:00 to meet newcomers from Marrakesh. But suddenly, I felt horrible (both physically and spiritually), and I did not go because I could not move. The reason I could not go is indescribable. Echt waar. Of course, Strong Woman got angry and did not want to speak with me after.

I feel grief and enormous guilt.

I know that Strong Woman will never forgive me. I apologise deeply.

We came to her office to apologise, with the Squirrel holding the statement "all refugees are artists" written on a sheet because they were her words once, but she did not open the door for us.

29 July

Marfa and her friend came to the prison and supported me enormously! I am happy to have at least one daughter. Many women artists have none at all. It is a luxury to be a professional artist and a parent at the same time.

30 July

Mother broke a bone

Bike has been stolen

Marfa was scared at night in the St. Petersburg airport and took the wrong taxi for 5000 rubles, which is ridiculous, of course. The bastard mafia driver attacked her, and she was so scared that she got into his car. That is their method – to take advantage of the vulnerability of a person who has just arrived by aggressively inviting them into the car with a horribly exaggerated price.

The only revelation here can be that this is the school of life.

I wrote a poem:

If your bike is stolen, do not worry

You just go to bike therapy

Go walk around the city, letting go of all the threads binding you to the workdays

Walk around, I would even say "drift" around and look closely, I would even say "look fiercely" at bikes.

Bikes in Amsterdam can tell a lot of stories

Drift N1 Chains/Locks configuration

Drift N2 The rhythm of the front wheels

Drift N3 Nature of the pedals

Et cetera

1 August

Marwa (one of the daughters of Amina) sent me a letter. A love letter. I responded to her.

I fell in Love with her. Platonic love. I have a strong desire to protect her, follow her life, sort of adopt her. At the same time, I understand it's impossible. I am not crazy. So, I will contemplate one more time my desire, my embryo, who is dying day by day, very slowly, to empty my inner space that is open to any kind of love without restrictions.

2 August

Newcomer From Damascus, D. told me a story: Once a dentist came to them in the prison. (A great achievement for AZC, actually).

The doctor checked him and said that his tooth had to be taken out. "But, why?", asked D, "I think it is a strong tooth and should stay." "Since you do not have insurance", the doctor said, "it is easier and cheaper for us to deal with your dental situation this way." D was terrified and refused the doctor's advice. But this story is now being shared all over AZC and resistance is growing.

Men, women, children and all citizens of AZC: Never allow dentists to go with easy solutions! Defend your teeth!

4 August

I learn a lot about Turkey through Murad.

I will ask Marijke to establish a school; we should learn from refugees, people who suffered from the regime of the oppressors. I saw the movie *Midnight Express*, about the prison in Africa. Murad did mention that the prison portrayed there is like a child's game compared with the prison where he was held in Turkey.

5 August

I have asked Azinatu to draw her house. I was never in Africa. Must go.

7 August

A sad story happened when we started to work with potatoes. One refugee (whose name will be not revealed), a very nice and sensitive person, started to paint potatoes, but then one day he suddenly said that he would not continue.

Feeling like a dog with its tail between its legs.

10 August

We started to make the potato costumes for the Potato Eaters Party with Vitaly from Ukraine. This party is about the common ground between all people, despite their status, and at the same time it ironically touches upon the sacrality of the Netherlands—referencing Van Gogh's famous painting *The Potato Eaters*. Besides that, potatoes are also migrants, moving from Latin America across the world.

While working, Vitaly told me his story. When he was young, he used heroin a lot. And his parents sold everything they had to pay for lawyers and save him from prison.

He immigrated to the Netherlands and started to work here, but in the beginning, his employers did not pay him! (His employers were also from Ukraine). But the Dutch system, in this case, was great. They helped him to defend his rights.

Of all the money he makes doing shitty work, half goes to his mother who lives in a small town near Dnepropetrovsk.

During the workshop Vitaly shared some fragments of his life's reality:

"I was biking along one of the canals and saw a completely new sofa. People here throw away furniture which is as good as new. Thinking about how to send this lux trash to Motherland."

11 August

I have collaborated a little in the workshops of a very nice activist, Roza, who is teaching sewing to undocumented migrants who have been declined residence permits by the government.

The woman who showed the most interest in the Making Clothes Workshop survived a boat trip from Ivory Coast. She showed us the wounds in her leg and said she had experienced heavy sexual harassment and abuse. Why did the government not give her permission to stay in NL? How are they deciding?

13 August

Workshop about our ecological future

One visitor to the workshop told me that he misses zaatar. A kind of plant that Syrian people eat almost every day, he said. I had an idea to propose that the Dutch government produce tables with zaatar growing from them. Imagine, working with your laptop surrounded by zaatar.

22 August

Conversation with Erick Hagoort about the philosopher Emmanuel Levinas. Why do people on the Left consider Levinas inadequate? Have to research it. Can we propose establishing a philosophy seminar in AZC to Marijke? I would start with Foucault.

23 August

Verbal language is only one of the forms of interaction (from a lecture on psychoanalysis).

I am working with putting pieces of torn textile into a composition. Sewing it together. But not so many people understand textile as a language – that is a problem.

For me, working with textiles is being alive and speaking with myself and the world via non-verbalised surrogates of different desires.

What about the hidden language that we have lost? The proposition that Luce Irigaray gave us.

24 August

Sari showed me his destroyed house in Damascus on his telephone.

Yesterday I saw that woman from Aleppo, who I cried together with, walking with her son along the road. She is extraordinarily sweet with a reserved, kind face.

Her son is an adult and seems kind of lost. When he looked at me, I glimpsed the gaze of a stranger...

She was praying the whole workshop, while others were learning to sew.

Since I was riding my bike, I couldn't stop, but the encounter with her was imprinted upon my memory forever.

25 August

Today the Iranian family did not come.

Frustration N100

I still remember their words during a Lola meeting where they told me they had left their parents and one child in Motherland. They said they never stop worrying about them.

I saw them on Saturday at a party where everybody was happy, but that family was sitting in the corner almost crying. They had just received confirmation that it would be impossible to reunite with the rest of their family for the coming several years.

29 August

My morning:

07:30

Sending invoices

Triodos bank is better than ING (it seems more green and honest) but with fucking sophisticated tools.

Reading Ken Kesey, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

28 August

I am very happy that we received permission to go into AZC and film. The permission that costs so much time and energy and blood. Blood, yes. The bureaucratic system is a huge vampire sucking all liquid from you. But Marijke still hasn't written! I am wondering whether I can go without her permission, with only this letter?

Original letter:

Dear Natalia,

You have my permission to film inside the centre. If it is only inside Murad's room and no other inhabitants are recorded, it shouldn't be any problem at all. That's the private domain of the inhabitants.

If other inhabitants are involved or filming takes place in the public spaces, we need a written consent form from anyone recorded. If you need the forms, I can send you some blank ones for adults and children/parents.

Met vriendelijke groet,  
Menno Schot  
Centraal Orgaan opvang asielzoekers (COA)

29 August

I made a drawing.

Murad said it is precisely him. I'm so happy!

We should do another workshop drawing portraits of the inhabitants of our prison!

30 August

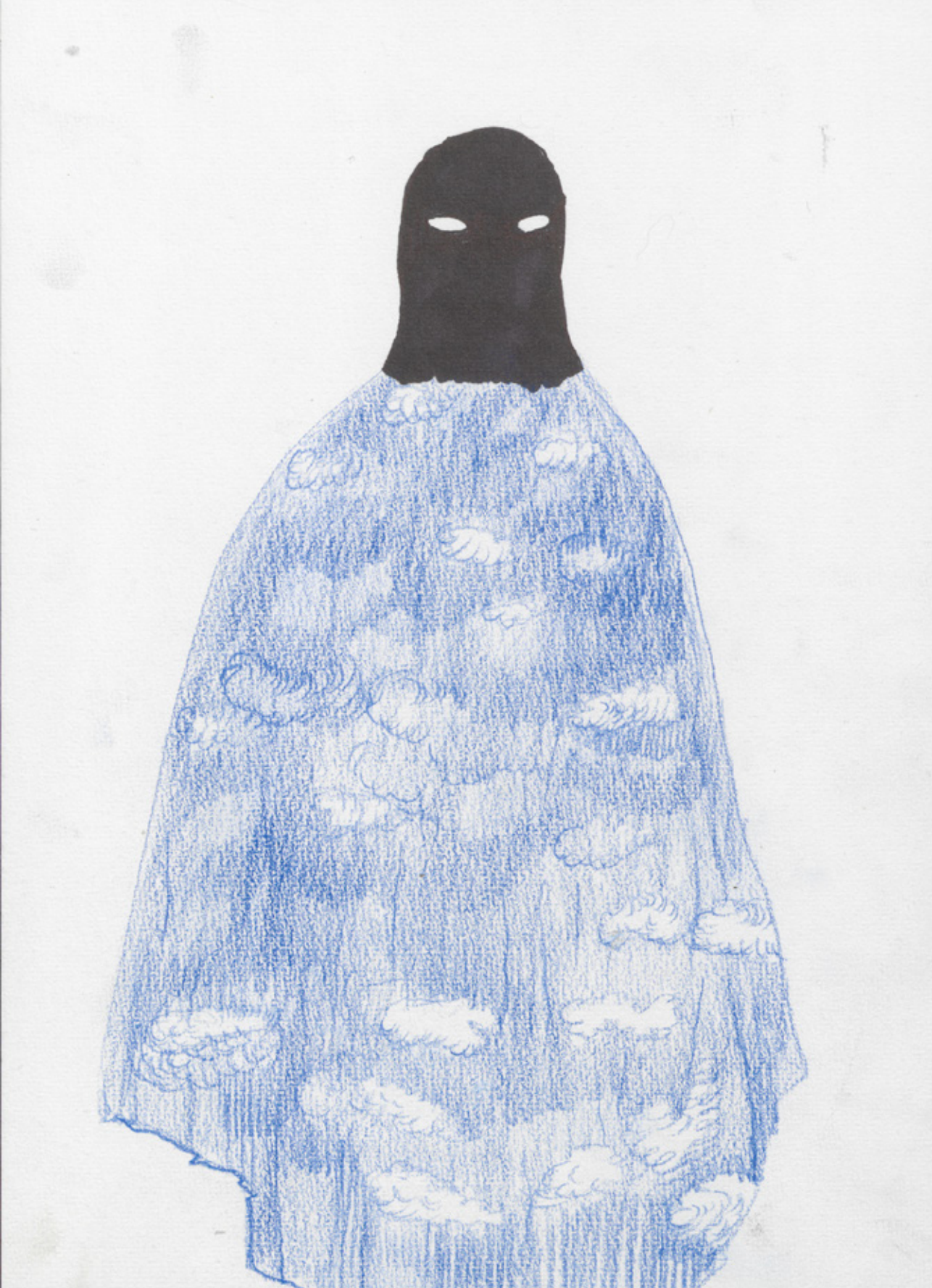
Finally, Marijke wrote to me that she is giving permission! I cannot believe it!  
Ik ben blij. Ik hou van jij.\*

\* I am happy. I Love All of You.

Carnival of the Opressed  
Feelings.











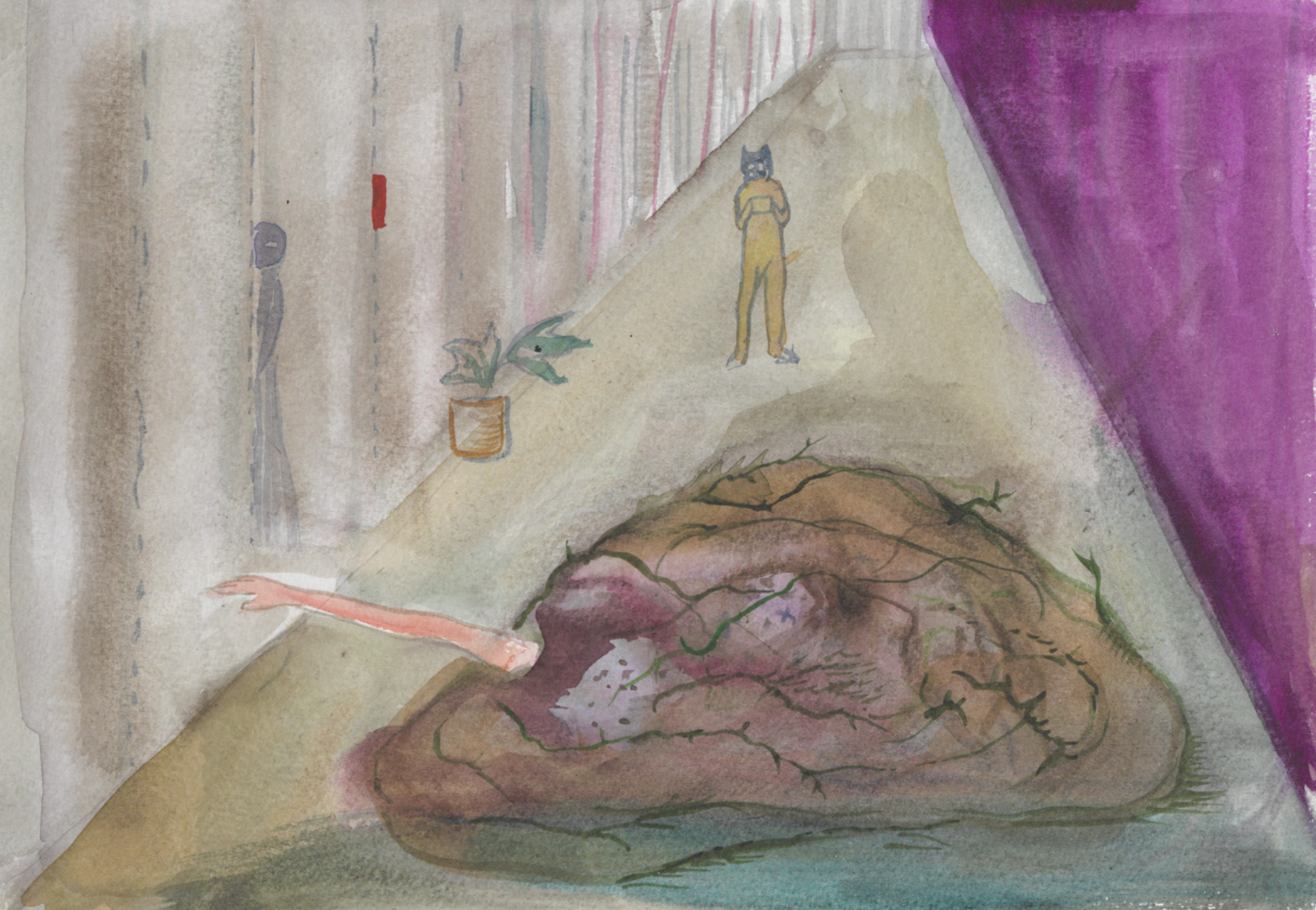








Мусорные бабки против детей.
















February 22







No,  
i want  
to back  
to Syria.

Do  
you  
want to  
Learn  
Dutch?  
Language



5  
787910  
21  
3056  
78910  
330

23456  
25  
678  
89100  
3254

*meditation in AZC*



Where is Saskia?











MURAD'S DIARY

Balîf ji bo min pirr giring e!

Îro ez ji kampa penaberan a Arnhemê derbasî kampa Amsterdamê bûm. Gava ku min bihîst ez ê bême Amsterdamê, ez pirr kêfxweş bûm. Ji ber ku gelek nas û heval li vê derê ne û ji bo başbûna tenduristîya min jî derfet pirr in. Her wiha gelek hunermend û rewşenbîr jî li vê derê dimînin û di van wextên zehmet de têkilî û berhemên hunerî wê bêhna min binine ber min. Lê dema ku ez hatime vê derê, per û baskên min şikestin. Lewra ev der berê zindan bûye.

Navê vê derê BIJLMERBAJES e. Ev der demekê berê girtîgeh bûye û bi sedan girtî li vê derê mane. Dema ku di warê sar de hejmara girtîyan kêm bûye, ev war vala kirine û derîyê vî cîyî li penaberan vekirine. Tewloo, çi fikreke xurt, çi dilgermîyek û çi mazûvanîyeke mezin e!...

Peywirdarekî kampê, ji bo nişandana odeyan -cîyê ku ez tê de bimînim- bi min re hat. Wan korîdorên ku ez tê re derbas bûm bêhna min teng kir û wisa li min hat wekî ku dîwar bi ser min de bîn. Gava ku em gihiştine odeya ku ez tê de bimînim, min dît ku ev der bi rastî jî menzeleke zindanê ye. Odeyeke gelekî biçûk, di nava odeyê de daşireke bêderî û doşekeke kevn hebû. Mala we xerab nebe! Gava ku we derîyê vî warî li penaberan vedikir, ma qey we nikaribû van hesinên li ber pencereyan jî rakin?!...

Li menzelê tişteki bala min kişand ku ji bo min pirr giring e. Li ser doşekê balîf tinebû. Balîf... Ji bo min pirr giring e. Dema ku ez hîn 16 salî bûm, cara pêşîn ez hatim desteserkirin û min gelek şikence dît. Di wê odeyê de, ya ku piştî şikenceyê wan ez dixistimê, balîf tinebû. Çend şevan bê balîf min xwe dirêj dikir, lê çilka xewê li çavên min dihate zêrekî. Sedema bêxewîyê helbet ne balîf bû, tirsê ji lêdanê û bêçaretîyê bû... Lê ew balîf bûbû wek nişaneyê demên zehmet, tarî û pêsîrtengîyê... Piştî vê ezmûna giran ku hate serê min, ti caran min nedikarî bê balîf di xew re biçim. Bi ser de jî, min her tim di jîyana xwe de du balîf didane ber serê xwe.

Ez zivirîme ser peywardêr û min got, "I need a pillow" Peywardêr jî bersiv da û got, "Îro ez nikarim balîfekê bidime te, ji ber ku mesaî xelas bûye û peywardara balîf û doşekan çûye malê. Lê sibehê were resepsiyonê, em ê bidine te." Û piştî vê bersivê lê da ji odeyê derket û çû ser karê xwe. Devîdevî saetekê ez di odeyê de rûniştim. Bê deng û bê lebt û liv... Ew demên reş û giran, ku ez tûşî wan hatibûm, yek bi yek hatine ber çavên min. Û ez ji nişkê ve rabûme ser pêyan û çûme resepsiyonê, cem wî peywardarî. Ez li hemberî wî sekinîm û min gotê, "Pillow is crucial to me!" Zilêm li nava çavên min nihêrî û got, "Balîf ew qasî jî ne muhim e, tu dikarî heta sibehê bisekinî." Min gotê, "Na! Ez nikarim bisekinim heta sibehê, îşev ez

balîfê dixwazim.” Bi matmayî li nava çavên min nihêrî û got, “Bi raya min, mişkîleyên girantir hene, balîf ne pirr giring e û ne mişkîleyeke giran e. Ji ber vê yekê jî, ji kerema xwe re biçe odeya xwe û hetanî sibehê sebir bike.”

Zilêm pê nizanibu çîroka min nisbet bi xwe cîyê mafdarîyê ye. Wî pê nizanibû nebûna balîfê ji bo min nîşaneyê tarîyê ye. Nebûna wê nîşaneyê wextên tenêbûnê, tirsê, êşê û bêhêvîyê ye... Min nedixwest ji zilêm re behsa çîroka xwe bikim. Ji bilî vê yekê, Îngilîzîya min jî têra vegêrrana vî tiştî nedikir. Ez li hemberî zilêm sekinîm, kela girî li çavên min rabû û min dubare got, “I can not wait until tomorrow morning! Pillow is crucial to me.” Pişt re peywirdar bi rêya tîlefônê bi yekî re axift û pişt re rabû ser pêyan û bi hêrs ji min re got, “Li vê derê raweste heta ku ez hatim!” Ez rawestîyam... ma qey ez ê bi kû ve biçûma?... Min nedixwest vegerim û biçime odeya xwe.

Di nava 20 xulekan de peywirdar hat, di dêst de du balîf. Wî bi awirekî tîrş û hişk her du balîf dirêjî min kirin. Yeşîn der heqê min de di tiştên nebaş fikirî û gote xwe, “Tu’l vî dînî lo!” Lê ne di xema min de bûn awir û fikrên wî, gava ku min balîf hildane destên xwe, kêfa min hat û rû li min kenîya. Min her du balîf xistine binê çengê xwe û berê xwe da odeya xwe. Dema ku ez di korîdora kampê re derbas bûm, bi rûkenî û çav bi hêsir min got: “Pillow is crucial to me!”

the time is 01.16

Pillow is crucial to me!

Today I left the refugee camp in Arnhem and went to the one in Amsterdam. When I heard that I would come to Amsterdam, I jumped for joy. Because I have many friends and fellows here and it offers many amenities for my recuperation. Besides, many artists and intellectuals live here and connections and artistic works will do me a heap of good in these hard times. But when I came here, I was frustrated. Because this place was a prison.

The name of this place is BIJLMERBAJES. This place formerly was a prison and hundreds of prisoners had been kept here. After the number of the detainees in this cold dwelling had decreased, they had emptied it and opened its doors to refugees. Jee, what a strong idea, what a heartiness and what a great hospitality!... One of the officials of the camp accompanied me to show me the rooms, in particular the place where I would stay. The corridors through which I passed lowered my spirit, so much so that it seemed like the walls came at me. When we got to the room where I would stay, I realised that it was really a prison cell. It was a very small room with

a doorless toilet and a worn-out bed in it. Jesus Christ! When you opened the doors of this abode to refugees, couldn’t you just have removed those iron bars in front of the windows?!..

When in the room, something that is crucial to me attracted my attention. There was no pillow on the bed. Pillow... is crucial to me. When I was just 16, I was taken into custody for the first time and tortured a lot. There was no pillow in the room where they were keeping me after the torture. I lay down without a pillow for a few nights, but I couldn’t get a wink of sleep. The reason for my lack of sleep surely wasn’t the lack of a pillow, it was my fear from being beaten and becoming helpless... But it seemed as if that pillow had been a symbol of the hard, dark and horrible times... After this terrible experience I went through, I never again could fall asleep without a pillow. To top it all, I always used to use two pillows when sleeping.

I turned to the official and said, “I need a pillow.” And the official responded, saying to me, “I can’t give you a pillow today because we are at the end of the shift, and the attendant responsible for pillows and mattresses has gone home. But tomorrow come to the reception desk and we will give you one.” And after this response he left the room and went back to his work. I sat in the room approximately for an hour. Silent and without moving... Those dark and heavy times I had gone through flashed before my eyes one after another. And then I suddenly stood up and went to the reception desk to see that official. I took a stand against him and said to him, “Pillow is crucial to me!” The guy stared at me and said, “Pillow isn’t that important, you can wait until tomorrow morning.” I said to him, “No! I can’t wait until tomorrow morning. I want a pillow, and I want it tonight.” He stared at me, astonished and said, “From my standpoint, there are heavier issues, so pillow is not of capital importance and not a heavy issue. Therefore, please go back to your room and be patient until tomorrow morning.”

The guy was not aware of the fact that my story was true in its own way. He was not aware of the fact that the lack of a pillow was the symbol of darkness for me. The lack of it was the symbol of the times of solitude, fear and despair... My heart was not in telling the guy my story. Apart from that, my English was not good enough to express this thing as well. I stood against the guy, my eyes brimmed with tears and I said to him once again, “I cannot wait until tomorrow morning! Pillow is crucial to me.” Then the official gave someone a call and afterwards he stood up and said to me angrily, “Stay here till I return!” I kept staying... I had no other place to go to anyway... I was unwilling to go back to my room.

The official returned within 20 minutes, carrying two pillows. Scowling at me, he handed both pillows to me. I suppose he thought ill of

me and said to himself, "What a crazy guy!" But I did not care about his scowling and his opinions, once I took the pillows in my hands, I cheered up. I tucked them beneath my arms and headed to my room. While passing through the corridors of the camp, I said smiling and with eyes filled with tears: "Pillow is crucial to me!"

Saet 01:44

(Kurdish)

### Hestkirina wek dareke bêreh

Heçku ez darek im ku ji axa xwe hatibe qutkirin. Ji ber vê yekê laşê min hinde diêşe. Û ev êş vediguhire, dibe birîneke nepak û nesax. Birîna dara ku ji xweza, jîyan û cewhera xwe hatiye qetandin...

Rehên min di kûrayîya axê de mane û li wê derê gewdeyê min heçku her kêlî biqelibe lawaz disekine. Lêbelê gewdeyê min derbên giran xwaribûn dema ku li ser axa xwe dijîya. Hê jî dengên şikîna gulîyên min di guhên min de ne, lê min li ber xwe dida!.. Stêrk, kêzaxatûn, perperok û ew çemên ku me di nerma xwe de derd û kulên xwe ji hev du re digotin û em bi hev re digirîyan govanên min in. Di gel her tiştî, berxwedêr bûm û li ser pêyan dimam. Min ji dildarîya bo jîyaneke azad û resen ti tişt winda nedikir. Lê niha?..

Ez wek darekê me ku ji axa xwe hatibe rakirin. Dema ku bayekî hişk bê, dicirife gewdeyê min. Tav nabe dermanê çilmisîna min. Baran rehên nû peyda nake, yekser beravajî wê yekê, sist dike axa li binê min û carinan ez pê dihesim heçku diqelibim. Û bi ser de jî, bere bere rût dibim. Ji ber ku pelên xwe diweşînim...

Pel zimanên daran in. Dar bi ba, balinde û darên din re bi xêra pelên xwe didin û distînin. Lê candarên vê derê bi zimanê min nizanin. Lew ra jî, ez kirnizî û bê deng im, xwîn ji min dikişe û her tim pelên xwe diweşînim...

the time is 01:44

### Feeling like a Rootless Tree

I feel like a tree ripped from its soil. My deracinated trunk is in pain, and this pain grows into a fatal wound. The wound of a tree that has been plucked from life, from its nature and essence...

Having left its roots behind, my trunk is so weak that it could fall over at any moment. However, my trunk, when living in its native land, had also been struck by heavy blows. The sounds of my branches cracking

still echo in my ears. I put up with it, though!.. The stars, the ladybugs, the butterflies and the rivers with which I silently grieved and wept are my witnesses. Nonetheless, I endured and survived. My passion for a unique and free life was still vivacious. But now...

I feel like a tree ripped from its soil. I tremble when there is a strong gale. The sun cannot recover my paleness. The rain doesn't feed my roots, on the contrary, it erodes the soil beneath me away more and more, and sometimes I feel like I will topple down. Moreover, I am becoming every day more naked. Because I am shedding my leaves.

Leaves are the tongues of trees. They communicate with winds, birds and other trees in this way. However, the living creatures here cannot speak in my language... Therefore I keep silent, bleeding and ceaselessly shedding my leaves...

Saet 02:15

(Kurdish)

### Balindeyên Dîl

Di sîngê min de balindeyên rengrengî û bi kêf û eşq hene. Gava ku ew baskên xwe li hev dixin û dertên, li esmanan teqleyan davêjin, tu dibêjî qey ez teze ji pêşa dêya xwe dikevim. Ji nişkê ve dem û mekan winda dibin. Ez misqalek im li ser rûyê cîhanê û vediguhirim, dibim mîna rojêraneke li kozmosê. Çermê min xwe nû dike. Çavên min dibiriqin û ruhê min sivik dibe. Carinan ez hestiyar dibim ji firîna balindeyên xwe, lê dîsa jî ez hez dikim ji vê hestiyarîya ku ji baskên balindeyan dizê...

Di van deman de balindeyên min bendî ne di qefesa sîngê min de. Ji ber ku ez nikarim biaxêvim... Bi monologên bi xwe re ez dicehdînim ku wan xwedî bikim. Lê ev têra wan nake û dixwazin di devê min re bifirine derve. Dema ku ez nikarim bo wan delîveyê çêkim, lê didin di nava sîngê min de bi hêrs digerin, li hev du diqelibin û cerg û dilê min diperitînin. Bêzimanî hêsîrî ye. Hêsîrîya gotinên baskdar û balindeyên xewn û xeyalan...

the time is 02:15

### The Captive Birds

There are birds living in my chest, colourful and full of life. As they flutter outwards, I am reborn. Suddenly, time and space disappear. From a speck of dust on Earth, I turn into a planet occupying a place in the universe. I shed my skin for a new one. My eyes shine and my soul is relieved. Even though

their swift flight from my bosom sometimes makes me sad, I have loved the melancholy sound of the birds' beating wings for as long as I have known.

Nowadays my birds are imprisoned in the cage of my chest. As I lack speech. I try to feed them with my soliloquy. Yet this doesn't satisfy them, and they desire to arise through my mouth and flutter outwards. When at last I cannot afford them this, they huddle in my bosom, crashing into each other, making my lungs and heart bleed. To lack speech is to be a prisoner. The bondage of the winged words and the birds of dreams...

Saet 21.23

(Kurdish)

Kampa penaberan a ku ji bendîxaneyê hatiye avakirin: BIJLMERBAJES

Êvareke ewrî ye û warê ku ez tê de diminîm rojên min ên zindanê tînine bîra min. Ji ber ku ev qampa ku ez tê de me, wextekî berê wek zindan/ girtîgeh hatiye bi kar anîn. Ji bo me çî zore ku -her waha çî zordariye- avahîsaziya vê derê wek berê parastine. Wekî mînak, di odan de deriyê hesin da ku ji paşve nayê kilîdkirin hene. Giranî û acizkirina wê tiştê encax kesên ku bi demdirêjî li girtîgehê mabin dizanin. Dîsa hin jinên ku tenê dijîn û xwe di nav ewlehiyê de nabînin wê fehm bikin. Bi boyaxên çilmisandî diwarên odeyan hatiye boyaxkirin û paceyên di odeyan de nayê vekirin. Li ser de ew caxên hesinî ku di wexta ev der girtîgeh bûye hatî çêkirin hîna jî diskine. Wek dibêjin ku "tu li vê derê li bin kilîtê de yî û ne mimkûne ku tu jî vê derê derkevî" Qey ewqas tişt ne besin ku li ser de hertim alarma cixarê lêdixe. Dengêkî bihêwirze û kampax!...Ne kêm û ne zêde ev der tam girtîgeh e. Warekî ji bo pêkûtiya li ser derûniyê ye.

Gelo çî hatiye hizirandin û li ser çî armancê vê warê ji penaberan re vekirine? Gelo ev berhemekî hişmendiya rojavayî ye? Di aliyekî de pesnên demokrasîyên xwe didin û aliyekî din jî çîncînî bûnê wek çandekî dihesibînin. Gelo derheqên penaberan de wek "van kesên ku hatine ji sinifê duyemin û ji desten despotan, ji şer û xizaniyê reviyane. Ji bo vê jî dikarin li her warê bijîn" difikirin. Bi kîjan aqil û armancê ev cîh û war tê bi kar anîn? Gelo hê jî mededê wan ji hişmendiya "îsleh kirinê" heye? Da ku di wextê de li ser vê zîhniyetê girtîgehan ava kiribûn. Dibe ku penaberan wek potansiyelên sûc bibînin û bixwazin wan îsleh bikin? Naxwazim ku nîrxandinên bê heq bikim û bi nêrînekî yek alî bigehêjim encamê. Lê di bin biryara cîhkirina penaberan de tu aqlekî erênî nabînim.

Êvarekî bi ewr e û rojên kevn ku min li girtîgehê derbas dikir tînin li ber çavên min. Ji wan deman ev gotin tînin ber zimanê min:

Ev êvar xerîb e ji min re û li ba min nînin hezkiriyên min.

Baran bibare jî dibe û nebare jî...

Ne ezê bigehêjim tama şilbûyîne û ne jî ezê germ bibim li bin dengên ewran bi hembêzkirina hezkiriyên re.

Ewr vede jî dibe venede jî...

the time is 21:23

From Prison to Refugee Camp: BIJLMERBAJES

It is a cloudy evening, and the place where I am currently staying reminds me of my old days in prison. Because the refugee camp where I am staying was once used as a prison. And how hurtful and cruel it is that its architecture was left much the same as it was in the past. For instance, it has iron gates that cannot be locked from the inside. Only the lonely women who were imprisoned for a long time and do not feel safe and secure anywhere can have a grasp of its heaviness and discomfort. It has pale walls and windows that cannot be opened. Moreover, the iron bars outside the windows also remain as in the past. This place gives you the feeling that you are under the lock and key and that you will never be able to go outside. And to top it all, there is the smoke alarm device that is always emitting a terrible noise and going off unnecessarily. A prison in every respect! A field for psychological oppression.

What are they aspiring to achieve by putting the refugees in these places? Is it a product of a Western understanding that outwardly praises democracy while transforming itself into a classist culture? Are they thinking like, "Somehow or other, these are second-class people that have escaped from wars, tyrants and poverty, so they can live anywhere"? Why on earth are these places being used and for what purpose? Or do they appeal to the sense of "chastening" of the ones who had built these prisons once upon a time? Do they see the refugees as potential criminals and aim at chastening them in these places? I don't want to be unjust and one-sided in trying to understand it, but I find it very difficult to see the goodness in placing people in here.

It is a cloudy evening and my old prison days are flashing before my eyes. Words from those days are coming back to me:

Tonight is a stranger to me and my beloved ones are not at my side.

It doesn't matter whether it rains or not...

I will neither be able to enjoy getting wet nor get wet together with my beloved ones who would hug me below the thunder and lightning.

It doesn't matter whether lightning strikes or not...

Ji paceya odeya xwe ve, li balafirên dadikevin ber bi jêr ve dinêrim. Ji pênuşa min gotinên ne zelal -lê bi piranî dişibin hev- diherikin:

Balafir dadikevin li ser milê min  
Dipelişim.  
Qirçe qirça qefesa singê min e  
Xwîn dibim.  
Ne ji welatê min silavan tînin û ne jî silavên min ji welêt re dibin...  
Mîna ku ejderhayê hesin, dadikeve li ser min  
Dişewitim.  
Hesreta min ji çavên min dipijiqe  
Şil dibim.

the time is 19:02

Through the window of my room, sometimes I watch the aircrafts descending for landing. These sentences, sometimes vague, sometimes precise, but always akin to each other, are flowing from my pen:

Aircrafts are landing on my shoulders, I am collapsing.  
My chest is crackling and I am bleeding.  
They are landing without bringing any greetings from my homeland, and without delivering my greetings to my homeland...  
As if some iron dragons are descending on me  
I am bursting into flames  
My yearning is welling out from my eyes  
I am getting soaked

Sekinîn an jî li hêvî mayîn, paşveçûyîn e...

Ji yek eziyeta heri mezin ewe ku di nav nezalaliyê de sekin an jî bê hêvî mayîn e. Bê dîtîn û nezaniya derheqê pêşerojê de mirov, hertim bi pirsan re dijî. Pirsên mejîxwar. "Wê çi bibe? Çima? Wê heya ku derê ezê bisekinim? Û bi vî şeklê gelek pirs... Ji bo vê yekê, li bin ewrên diherikin de sekinîn, di rastiya xwe de paşveçûyîn e.

To wait is to regress...

One of the biggest forms of suffering is to wait in uncertainty. A person dwelling in obscurity without foreseeing the future constantly lives with mind-gnawing questions. Questions such as, "What is going to happen? When? Until when do I have to wait?" and many more... This is why to wait while the clouds stream over you is, in fact, to regress...

Duh êvarê jinekî Hollendî ji min pirsîyar kir: "Gelo ez dikarim ji te cixarekî bigirim"? Min got "belê fermo" û min pakêta cixara xwe dirêjê jinikê kir. Carekî din jî pirs kir û got: "Hevala min jî heye, gelo ez dikarim ji wî re jî libek bigirim". Wateya dirêjkirina pakêtê ew bû jixwe, yanê tu çiqas dixwazî dikarî hildî, lê jinikê vê fêhm nekîr. Ji bo vê jî min got "helbet tu dikarî ji hevala xwe re jî bigirî" Jinika ciwan, piştê ku cixaran girt, destê xwe avête cizdana xwe û ji min re got: "Ez dixwazim van cixaran ji we bikirim, kerema xwe re bêjin ka çiqas hûn pere dixwazin? Wek ava cemidî li serê min bikin, ez di cih de mam û bi sedema mit mayîna xwe, min nizanî bû ku ez çi bêjim. Dema hinek min xwe kom kir, bersiva jinikê da û min got: "Ez ji bo tiştêkî wiha pere nagirim. Ez Kurdîm û li gor çanda me ji bo tiştên wiha bê qîmet pere nayê xwestin û her wiha parvekirin kêfxweşî dide me" Beranberê bersiva min îca wê jî bi rewşek ecêb mayî li min mêzekir. Wek kesên ku şahidiya pir tiştêk ecêb bike dixûya. Herhal li gor wê, ez pir balkêş tevdiageriyam. Lê li gor min jî xwesteka wê pir ecêb bû. Ji me kê normal bû û kê ecêb?

Min şeva xwe hemû bi hizrandin û ji xwe pirsîna van suala derbaz kir. Piştê van nîqaş û pirsan, ez dikarim bêjim ku di derheqê du mijaran de zelal bûm. Mijara yekem ewe ku min carekî din jî ji çanda xwe hez kir. Li gor çanda me parvekirin, şanazî dide mirov û her wiha mirov kêfxweş û hêzdar dibe. Wisa dibêjim lê tu kes, ji bo şanaz be an jî xwediyê hêz be vê tiştê nake. Parvekirin, ji dil tê û her wiha parvekirin, wek peywirekî xweza tê hesibandin. Ew kesên ku yek jê cixare û nan bixwaze û bi wê re parve neke an jî deriyê xwe ji mêvanan re veneke, wek şermekî û bi nelet tê dîtîn. Helbet ku bi derbasbûna demê ve di çanda me de jî hîn guhertin û bişavtin çêbû û nexweşiya takekesî derbasê erdnigariya me jî bû, lê dîsa jî bi taybetî herêmê me yên çiyayî û gundan de ev çand tiptîk li ser pê disekine û hêzdar e. Ez kêfxweşim ku vê çandê dihewînim û ez tu car xweşbûna vê çandê bernadim. Hasilî kalam sedema pere nestendina min ji çanda min bû û li

gor min ev tevgerekî pir rast bû. Ez encex di yek alî de dikarim maf bidim jinikê û perê wê qebug bikim. Di axa me de azadiya aborî ya jinan li gor me mêran kêmtir e. Bi rastî ev pirsgirêk, di her derê cihanê de li rastê jinan tê. Eger ku hevalemî min ya jin, bixebite û bixwaze ku perê tiştê ku me xwarî an jî vexwarî bide, helbet ezê wê qebug bikim. Mafê wan heye ku vê kêfxweşiyê jiyana kin. Her wiha parvekirin, di xwezaya jinan de heye û di vê mijarê de jî ji me/mêran pir pêştir in. Dema ez di vî alî de ew jina ku xwest ji min cixare bikire dinêrim, maf didim wê. Eger ku mesele azadiya aborî ya jinikê be û bi vê şeklê xwe wek bihêz hîs kiribe, ev tiştêkî bi qiymet e.

Lê ev mesele çûda bû. Li gor min ew tiştê ku min jiyana kir an jî şahid bûm, encamê û berhemên kodên çandî û hişmendî ya bicîhbûyî bû. Ewrûpa, dibe ku di mijara ferdîtî û azadiya şexsî de li gor herêmên din pêştir be. Lê ferdîtî ya girêdayê madiyat, bi demê de qutbûyîna ji civakê û tenêbûnê derdixe hole. Mirov, di nav çerxa aborî de wek êsîr tên girtin. Ew fikra ku -eger perê te tune be tu nikarî jiyana xwe berdewam bikî- bi herkesê ve tê deqandin û herkes jî mecbûr dimîne ku jiyana xwe li derdora peran ava bike û her wiha emrê xwe bi vî şiklê biqedîne. Kapîtalîzm, li her deverê cihanê zîhniyetekî ku di navenda wî de dirav heye derdixe pêş. Û her wiha gelek deverên cihanê de mirov, êdî rastiya vî pergalê hêdî hêdî ferq dikan. Lê qasê ku ez dibînim, li Ewrûpayê ev rewş hatî qebugkirin û bûye çandekî bicîhbûyî. Wekî mînak, li Swiss rastê min hatibû; Gelek kal û pîr mîratên xwe ji zarok an jî ji xizmên xwe re nedihîştin, mîratên xwe ji dewleta wê derê re dihîştin. Herhal li gor xwe wisa dihizirin ku; dewlet, li ser her tiştê ye û wê li zarokên wan jî binêre. Ji bo vê jî pêmayînên xwe bi tu kesî re parve nedikirin. Hecku dewlet, ji zarokên wan ve fikra: “Bixebitin, ew perên ku hûn qezenc dikan biparêzin û bi tu kesî re parve nekin. Eger hûn parve bikin hûnê birçî bimînin” empoze dike û wan bi vî şiklê mezin dikan. Û zarok emrê xwe bi kar derbas dikan û her wiha perê ku qezenc dikan jî bi tu kesî re parve nakin. Çandekî bi vî şiklê ava dibe û li ser jenerasyonên nû jî vî çandê mayînde dikan. Her wiha ev rewş çanda civakbûyîne dikuje. Ji ber ku mirov, nakevin di nav tekîliyên parvekirinê, ji hevdu qut dibin û tenê dimînin.

Li gor çanda dewlet a li vir mantiqa: “Eger tu parve bikî, tu yê kêmtir bibî û birçî bimîni” heye. Lê di çanda civaka me de baweriya: “Eger tu parve bikî, tuyê zêde bibî û tu ti caran birçî nemîni” heye.

the time is 20:40

Last night a Dutch woman asked me if she have one of my cigarettes. “Of course!”, I replied and handed her my pack. “I have a friend, can I get one for her too?” she asked again. I thought that she understood that by handing her the pack I meant she could take as many as she liked, but she hadn’t. So I replied once again, “Of course you can take one for your friend too.” After taking the cigarettes, the young woman reached for her wallet and said, “I would like to pay for the cigarettes,” adding, “How much are they?” I was shocked and at a loss for words. When I collected myself, I said, “No, I can’t accept money from you for such a thing. I am Kurdish, and in our culture such things have no importance and sharing makes us happy as well”, and so I declined her offer of money. She was clearly surprised by my reply. As if she was witnessing something very strange. I suppose, according to her, my behaviour was bizarre. And for my part, she had made a very strange request... Which one of us was normal and which one of us was strange?

I thought about this question throughout the night, and I can say that I am certain of two things again. One, I appreciated my culture once again. In our culture sharing makes one proud, happy and strong. As it goes against what sharing brings, we don’t share in the name of pride and strength. We share because we want to and we feel like it is in our nature. Those who refuse to share their cigarettes or bread, who don’t welcome their guests, are reproached and seen as cursed. Yet as time passed, our sharing culture changed for the worse and the illness of individualism caught up with our region. But especially in rural regions, in our villages, this culture of sharing still stands strong. I am happy to carry it with me and I won’t give up on its beauty. Hence this is why refusing the young woman’s offer was the right thing to do. I could, however, accept her offer in one respect. In our region, most women are far more economically dependent than men. This may be less visible in the rest of the world in comparison to my region, but the same problem exists in every corner of the world. If a woman friend has a job and wants to pay for our drinks or food, I would happily accept it. They deserve this happiness, and sharing is much more evolved in their nature than in men. When I look back at the woman who wanted to pay for the cigarettes, I think of her request as a right one. Having economic independence and feeling grounded and strong is immensely valuable.

But perhaps there is more to cultural codes and lived intelligence. Europe might appear far ahead in individualism and personal freedoms. But individualism, when based on materiality, detaches us from communality and leaves us isolated. People are nearly imprisoned in the

machines of economies. 'If you can't afford it, you cannot live' becomes the slogan of a life lived within a monetary centrifuge. As capitalism forces this centrifuge everywhere on Earth, in some places people seem to be waking up slowly. But in Europe, unfortunately, it is a cultural conclusion to live by this rule. In Switzerland I encountered it. A lot of elderly people are leaving their inheritance to the state instead of their relatives. I guess they see the state as existing above everything and as reassurance for their children's wellbeing. So they are not sharing it with anyone. And since the state imposes this idea of 'work and protect your earnings and don't share it with anyone or you will starve', children, while wasting their lives with work, end up not sharing their gains with anyone. This forms a culture whereby new generations assure its continuity. Communalism ends up suffering the most. For when not in a sharing relationship, people become isolated.

According to the logic of the state: 'if you share you diminish and starve'. The culture belonging to our society, on the other hand, reassures us that if you share you multiply and never starve.

Saet 20.22

(Kurdish)

Gava îro di qorîdora qampê de dimeşiyam ez rastê zarokan hatim. Li vê derê tiştê herî xweş a ku dixwazim rast bêm helbet ku zarok in! Yek ji yekê şêrîntir heft zorokên keç ji xwe re dilîstin. Ji bo belavkirina serê xwe û hinek be jî ji bo bêhn girtinê li koşekê rûniştim û min li wan temaşe kir.

Zarok dikarin mirov kaşê jiyanek din bikin. Ew jiyan ku em hemû ji nav re derbas bûne û anha jî bêrî dikin...Ew demên ku paqij, bê hîsab, bi coş û me xwe tê de kêfxweş dihîsand ku em êdî nikarin xwe bigihîninê...Ji ber ku piştê zaroktî, li nav kincên sînî ku li me dikin de em vediguherin. Derdorê me bi gerdîşan û bi qaîdeyan tê dorpeçkirin û di nav demê de em dibin êsîrê wî. Piştê demên xwe yên zaroktî, em hêdî hêdî azadiya xwe wenda dikin. Ji ber vê jî dema ku ez zarokekê sêr dikim wek ji van deman tîmê birin û xwe siviktir hîs dikim.

the time is 20:22

Today, while walking in the corridors of the camp, I encountered children. The best thing one can ask to encounter here! Seven girls, all more beautiful than the other, were playing. To distract my busy mind I decided to watch them from the corner.

Children have the power to drag us into a different life. A life that we all long for... To a time when we were happy, naive, spontaneous, joyful... After childhood, we become strangers, weighed down by the heavy and artificial clothes we are put in. After childhood, rules and tradition overwhelm us and force us into submission. After childhood we slowly lose freedom. This is why when I see a child, I am transported into a time before our imprisonment and feel myself lighter.

Saet 18.11

(Kurdish)

Mirovahî kete li nav gunehê mezîna li hemberê xwe. Paktiya xwe wenda kir û efsûna jiyanê xirav bû. Em mêr, bûn sedema vê yekê. Ji ber ku me biryara hikma li ser jina da û xweza ya jiyanê xira kir. Ew enerjî û bedewbûna zaroka qiyemetekî mezîna e ku jin, hîn jî wê qiyemetê wenda nekirine. Me xwest ku hikmê li ser wê qiyemetê bikin û me bi vî xwestekê jî bi xwe, ê xwe qirêj kir. Aniha jî em mêr bê kêf in û hîn jî li pişt xwe girseyên bê kêf dihêlin. Jin, wê dinyayê azad bikin û bi enerjîya xwe yê bi coş wê erd û ezman ji nû ve rengîn bikin! Ji dil û can bawerim, her çiqas ez li wan rojan nebînim jî ev bawerî, min kêfxweş dîke.

the time is 18:11

Humanity committed a grave sin. Lost its naivety and the magic of life was broken. We did this, us men. We decided to suppress women and in doing so went against the nature of life. The beauty and vigour that children possess are also values that women possess. We tried to suppress those values and tainted ourselves in the process. Now we are without happiness and what we leave behind are mere mountains of hopelessness. The world will be saved by women one day, and they will return the colour to our sky and our land with their joyous liveliness! I believe this with all my heart. And even if that time is beyond my own, this belief makes me happy.



Kaldığım kampta İran Azerisi bir arkadaşım var. Kalbi, yüzüne yansıyor. Duru ve hassas...Ortak noktalarımız edebiyat ve paylaşımın gücüne olan inancımız. Sanırım saçma bir cümle kurdum. Çünkü edebiyat varsa zaten paylaşım da vardır. Birbirimizle sohbet etmek iyi geliyor ikimize.

Bugün O'nu dinlerken çok duygulandım ve zorlandım. Boş zamanlarında kendisini dışarı atıp gezen biri ve ben, bu durumu O'nun sosyal biri olmasına bağlıyordum. Ancak bugün anladım ki kendisini dışarı atmasının başka ve önemli bir sebebi var. Aslında kamp atmosferi ve odasından kaçıyor. Çünkü kamptaki odasında sürekli kabuslar görüyor ve zor zamanlar yaşıyor. Bana bugün odasından söz ederken gözyaşları oluk oluk ve kalbinin derinliğinden akıp geldi. Çok acı barındırdığını iç çekişlerinden bile anlayabiliyordum. "Biliyor musun ışıkları açık bırakıyorum sürekli" dedi... Gerisini anlatmasına gerek yoktu zaten, bu cümlenin ardını ben yıllardır biliyordum... Ona uzun uzun sarılmak ve konuşmak istesem de kendimi tuttum ve sustum. Sadece "anlıyorum" demekle yetindim yutkunarak. Çünkü konuşsaydım, söyleyeceklerim O'nun acısını daha da katlayacaktı. Bu yüzden gün boyu içimden söylendim...

Anlıyorum seni. Anlıyorum seni, benim göğsü kabarmış arkadaşım. Anlıyorum biriktirdiklerini akıtamamanın acısını. Anlıyorum kalabalık içerisinden gelip bu mekanda sıkışma duygusunu. Anlıyorum geçmişin kabuslarını hatırlatan bu mekan ve buranın omuzlarına yüklediği ağırlığı. Anlıyorum karanlıklarda yaşadıklarını ve yıllar geçse de ruhunun bir floresan ışığına mahkum kalışını. Anlıyorum ardında bıraktıklarının hüznü ve önündeki yolun muğlaklığı ile depreşen kaygıyı. Anlıyorum seni, benim içi kalabalık ama dışı ıssız olan mülteci arkadaşım...

the time is 23:43

I have an Iranian-Azerbaijani friend at the camp where I am staying. You can read his heart from the look of his face. Pure and delicate. We have some things in common: literature and our trust in sharing. I think these two words don't need to be together in a sentence, since if there is literature there must also be sharing. Our conversations console us both.

Today I got very emotional listening to him. In his spare time he likes to go out on walks; I thought he was just searching for social encounters. But today it hit me. His travels are mere escapes from the camp and his room. He is having nightmares and going through tough times. Today when

he was telling me about his room he burst into tears. His tears were coming from his heart. I could already sense his pain from his sighs. He said, "I am leaving my lights on at all times..." He didn't have to say more. I knew which sentence would follow... I wanted to hold him close and talk to him, but I decided to hold myself back and remain silent. I swallowed two words, 'I know.' I thought more words would only add to his pain. The whole day I muttered those words inside my chest.

I know. I know you, my swollen-hearted friend. I know the pain of not being able to tell. I know how it feels to be trapped in this camp after arriving from lively streets. I know how this place loads its weight on your shoulders, forcing you to endlessly relive the past. I know what you have been through in the dark and how your soul is condemned to fluorescent light. I know how worries are rearing up from a painful past and a vague future. I know you, my refugee friend, crowded inside and outside alone.

Çend roj berê ez û xoşewîst Gluklya me hev nas kir. Hunermendekî xwedî taybetmendî ye. Ew li vê derê dijî. Her çiqaş hîn aliyê wê yên dînîtiyê hebe jî, ew aliyê wê yên dîn, tevgerê rastgo dertîne hole. Ji sedema halên wê yên xwezayî hezkirinek min jê re çêbû. Her wiha ew jî li hemberê min pir durist û bi hurmet e. Li gor min tebîata jinan de enerjîyek wisa asî heye ku ev enerjî ne mimkûne bê dezgîn kirin. Dîwanetî haveyna wan de heye. Ez, ji wan jinên ku vê taybetmendiyên xwe diparêzin hez dikim. Di Gluklyayê de van taybetmendiya dibînim û dibe ku em bibin du hevalên baş.

Îroj min di projeyekî hunerî ya Gluklya de cih girt. Rojnivîskê min hate xwendinê û dema rojnivîs dihat xwendin min jî li enstrûmena xwe ya muzîkê dixist. Di destpêkê û dawiyê bernamê de reqskerekî pir biqabiliyet hebû û ev kes bi muzîka min reqs kir. Ev ji bo min performansekî xweş û bi tam bû. Gluklya, hunermendekî eleqedarê binêhişiyê ye û her wiha dixwaze ku cihana ku di hundirê penaberan de veşartî ye derxe holê û nişanê gelên herêmî bike. Her wiha ev performans ji bo balkişandina penaberiyê bû û min jî bi dil xwestî tê de cih girt. Armanc ew bu ku li ser temaşevan û civaka rewşenbîr de tesîrek bihêle. Ez bawerim derheqê vê armancê de em hinek biserketin. Me hewl da ku li ser profilê zimanê min, bala civakê bi vê mijarê ve bikişînin. Ji bo vê jî min, di aliyek ve performansê hunerî pêşkeş dikir û di aliyek ve jî beşekî halê xwe ya li vê derê nişanê temaşevanan dida. Tiştê ku pevbestin be tune bu. Dikarim bêjim ku her çiqaş performansekî wek hatiye plansazkirin xûya kiribe jî pêşkeşiyek pir xweza û rast bû. Heta ku piştê performansê min xwest ku rûnim û di derheqê têtîliya huner û rastiye de û têtîliya huner û ramanê de binivîsim.

Ew kesên ku bîner bûn wextê performansê hinek xemgîn bûn, lê min qet vê tiştê nedixwest. Herhal sedema xemgîniya wan hîn agahiyên ku di jînenîgariya min de dinivîsiya bû. Halbûkî ew bûyerên-zehmet ê di biyografiya min de dinivîsî û guhdarvana xemgîn kir, di welatê min de van bûyeran bi deh hezaran însên jiyan kir û hîn jî jiyan dike. Min carek din jî fehm kir ku ew êşên em bi deh salane dikişînin û êdî li ser me rûniştî ne ji bo gelên vê derê tesîrek wek şok çêdike. Min pir qiymet da empatî û hewldana wan a ji bo fêmkirinê. Lê min tiştêkî din jî dît ku pê xemgîn bûm; di vê demê de dibê qey em li ser du gerstêrkên cûda de ne û her wiha jiyanên ji hev cûdatir dijîn...

Rojekî xweş bû. Yê ku rojê xweş kir û bêhna min vekir huner bû!.. Her wiha ez kêfxweş bûm ku ji bo penaberan -em bihevre dijîn û şahidê jiyan wan im- tiştêkî biçûk be ji min kir. Ew kesên ku di performansê de bi min re bûn û kesên ku hatibûn ji bo temaşevaniyê mirovên xweş bûn. Nasîna wan û mijûldana bi wan re moral da min. Ez ji xwe haydar bûm ji hebûna hîn kesan ku di nav gelên rojavayê de ne û her tim wijdan û aqilê tînin li ba hev, lê dîsa jî dîtîni û bi hineka re mijûlayî kêfxweşî da min. Spas hevala min a xoşewîst Gluklya û spas huner!..

the time is 23:04

I met dear Gluklya a while back. A unique person, an artist living here. She has a frenetic side that probably nurtures her sincerity. I started to like her and her unique nature. She is incredibly honest and respectful to me. I believe that women, by their very nature, possess an unbridled rebellious energy. Wildness runs in their blood. I appreciate women who cherish this side. I see this in Gluklya too, and I think we two are becoming friends.

Today I took part in an art project of hers. A portion of my diary was read out loud while accompanied by an instrument I played. The beginning and the finale were led by a very talented dancer who danced to my music. From my perspective, it was a very pleasant performance. Gluklya has an interest in the subconscious, and she uses this interest to focus on the inner worlds of the refugees. I wanted to present a small piece that was gripping and affecting for the refugees. And I think we succeeded to a degree. We tried to tell it from my perspective and my language, intersecting an artistic performance with a section from what my status here means. Nothing was fictional. It might have appeared as a designed performance, but it was natural, a real presentation. After today's performance, I wanted to write on the relation between art and reality, art and thought.

The viewers lamented a little which wasn't my intention. I think it was caused by the inclusion of some sad points in my biography, although we didn't see the harm in it. The outlines of my life story are shared by tens of thousands of people in my country. Now I have understood once more the pain we bared throughout the past decades, and to become accustomed to it is still shocking for people here. Their attempt to empathise is the most valuable thing for me. But there is another thing I recognise: even today it feels like we are on separate planets living separate lives, and witnessing this separateness is incredibly saddening.

It was a beautiful day. What made it beautiful and made it breathe was art! It made me happy to know I did something, even small, for the refugees I have been living with. The people who came to see the performance were lovely. It lifts my spirits to meet and converse with them. I was aware of certain people in Western society who speak of conscience and mind in the same breath, and to have conversations with some of them brought me happiness. Thank you my dear friend and beautiful woman, Gluklya, and thank you art!

Saet 13.53

(Kurdish)

Li ser hêzdarî û bêhêzî

Yên ku serdest an jî desthilat in, berê her tiştê çand û zimanê xwe belav dikin. Ji ber ku desthilatî ya herî mezin di nav serê însên de ava dibe. Desthilatdar li gora xwe tîgîn û zîhniyetekî dihûnin. Bi girêdayê vê carnana hewl didin ku zagonên xweza bi sekna xwe ve girê bidin û rewşa xwe watedar bikin. Ji van zagonan ya herî pêş jî li ser tîgînên hêzdarî û bêhêzî ava dibe. Tê gotin ku kesên ku hêzdarin, bedenê bêhêza ji xwe re dikin pêlîng û bi vî şiklê asta xwe bilind dikin. Her wiha ev wek zagonekî xwezayê tê dîtîni û bi seleksiyana xwezayî ve tê girêdan. "Ger ku dixwazî bijî, hewceye ku xwe ji bêhêzan xilas bikî. Ger ku dixwazî bijî, hewceye ku hemû dijberên xwe tîk bibî û her wiha ji herkesê hêzdartir bibî". Birdozî ya dewletê bi ser vê çandê ava dibe. Ji bo vê jî hewceye ku dewlet, ji artêşê heya aboriyê bi hêz be û hemû civak hewceye ku li ber dewletê -hêza herî mezin- de stûyê xwe xwar bike. Hemû jin, dijber, karker, hunermend, kesên ku dixwînin û dikarin gotina bînin zimên, kesên ku bi raman, bawerî û berpêbûnên zayendiyên cûda ne. Bi kurtasî hemû kesên ku potansiyela cûdahiyê di xwe de dihewîne û ên di nava van sînoran de dijîn. Ji ber ku ev kesana wek yê hundirîn tîni dîtîni û li gor desthilatdarî ev kesana dixwazî hêza dewletê puç bikin. Çi heyfe ku kesên li gor vê çandê şikil girtine jî hêza dewletê wek teqez qebûl dikin û li gor vê tevdigerin. Heta carnana hîn

kesên ku qaşo rexnedarin, muxalifin jî hêza dewletê pir mezin dikin û her wiha hêza xwe ferq nakin.

Halbûkî ev derevekî pir mezin e. Ji ber ku tarîfên van herdû têgînan jî ne rast e. Wekî mînak, tu carî diktatorekî da ku hemû zagon û çek li destê wî de ye, li hemberê hunermendekî ku destê wê de tenê gîtar an jî firçeyek hebe de ne bi hêztir e. An jî em mêr, bi hezar salanê ku li ser jinan zilmê dikin, lê em tu carî qasê jinan bihêz nebûn û emê nebin jî. Ji ber ku jin, bi tirûşin ku ev hêjayê hemû arteşan, lê em mêr, bi rewşa xwe yê îtaetkar arteşan ava dikin û bi van arteşan jî hewl didin ku hêza jinan bişkînin... Tenê çekên destê nêçîrvanek wî tu carî ji şêrekî an jî ji çivîkekî bi hêztir nake.

Ji ber vê yekê hêz çî ye? An jî hêzdar kînin? Ez bawerim hewcedariya me ji nû ve xwendina van pirsan heye. Li gor min tiştê ku hêzê derdixe holê çendanî nîne, wesf e. Ew tiştên ku di bin navê hêzê de nîşanê me didin, rastî ya xwe de bes paravanên kartonin ji bo veşartina heqîqetê. Eger ku em hêza xwe ferq bikin û bikaribin destê xwe bavêjên li van paravanan, wê emê xwe bigihînin azadiya ku di piştê veşartî ye. Ji bo vê jî berê her tiştê hewceye ku em xwe ji tarza fikrandin û têgînan desthilatdaran azad bikin. Tenê em bi vî şiklê dikarin bi objektîf binêrin û her wiha wateya hêzdarî û bêhêzî fêm bikin.

the time is 13:53

## On Powerfulness and Weakness

The Sovereign or the rulers create their own cultures and propagate their own language, for the mightiest ruler is the one inhabiting the human mind. Accordingly, a set of notions is established from which weaves an ethos. In this context they associate their positions with nature's rules; one being the notion of powerfulness and weakness. That the bodies of the weak can be used as upward steps for the powerful is seen as a natural law, referring to natural selection as its basis. Hence the state must be powered, from its economy to its army. And all sections of society must obey the largest power: the state. Dissidents, women, workers, artists, the educated who are able to speak their minds, people from different beliefs, thoughts and sexual orientations. In short, all the ones possessing a potential for difference. And everything is organised in line with its relation to power and weakness.

However, this is completely a lie. Because how these notions are defined is inaccurate. For instance, a dictator with control over the law and armed forces can never be more powerful than an artist holding a guitar or a brush. Otherwise, us men will never possess the same power

as the women we have tyrannised. Because while women possess within themselves a power worth armies, us men, with our dutifulness, built armies against them. A hunter is never stronger than a lion or a bird just by holding an armed weapon.

Accordingly, the questions of 'What is power?' or 'Who is powerful?' should be asked in reverse. I think what determines power is not quantity but quality. And what we see is only a cardboard screen covering the truth. Our freedom is behind that screen. In short, and for the most part, we need to strip our minds of the state-instituted presumption of otherness and instead begin to develop a more powerful connection to meaning.

Saet 21.32

(Kurdish)

Însên, bi vîna xwe tê wateyekî. Ji ber ku bûyîna xwedî vîn, mirov bi serbixwe û azad dike. Her sekna bi vîn, tê wateya tercîhên bihêz. Lê her tercîh nayê wateya sekna bi vîn. Vîn, hevparîbûna giyan, beden û raman e. Lê tercîh, berpêbûna tenê xwestekên giyan, raman an jî bedenê ye. Û carnî jî berpêbûnên an jî xwestekên bêpîrs in. Wekî mînak, biryardayîna derheqê xwekirina qazaxekî rojane û hîlbijartina rengê wî, bes berpêbûnekî şiklî zayendî ye. Lê biryara guherandina hemû tarz û elimandina xwekirinê, tercîhekî bi vîn e. Ji ber ku jî bêjînga giyan, beden û ramanê derbas dibe. Ya yekem tiştê rojane, seranser û sivik e, lê ya duyem tercîhekî bi wesf û bi tesîr e. Her çiqas bi kar anîna vîn êdî ketibe astekî pir mutewazî jî, dîsa jî bi kar anîna vîn, her însanê kêfxweş dike.

Bijartina penaber bûyin, tercîhekî mecbûrî ye. Mecbûriyetek ji bo jiyankirin, têr bûyin, stîrinê ye û her wiha ji destê êsirtiyê revînekî mecbûrî ye. Revîn, kêfxweşî nade tu kesî. Wek ku çivîkekî hêlîna wê hatibe xerav kirin û baskên xwe bi êş li hevdû bixe... Hemû merheleyên ku penaber jî hundirê wî derbas dibin û her wiha dema ew hîn li welatê xwe de ne muameleyên ku bi wan tên kirin, şiklê şikandina vînê ye. Ji bo kesên mecbûr mane ku tercîha penaberiyê bikin û her wiha bixwazin ku di nav arî de dîsa bi xwe ve bên, êdî jî wan re dîwarên bilind hene. Ji bo vê jî seknekî bi vînê û jî bo jiyaneke nû baskê xwe hevdû xistin, hema hema bê îmkan e. Di nav sînorê hatî zelal kirin û qaîdeyan de bedêla tercîhên mecbûrî tê kişandin. Penaberî, wendakirina sekna bi vîn û qabîliyeta guherandinê ye. Penaberî, ne berpêbûnek sivik û ne jî biryarbûnek bi vîn e. Di navbera arî yê pişt û diwarên pêşî de rewşekî asê bûn e...

the time is 21:32

A person reaches meaning through will. Because will enables independence and freedom. Each intention brings strong decisions. Yet each decision doesn't necessarily contain intention. Intention comes into being within a harmony of body, mind and soul. Yet decisions are leanings towards a demand of the body, mind or soul. Often an inclination without questioning. For instance, the decision of which colour sweater to wear is often solely based on gender, hence it is stylistic. But changing one's dressing habits completely is an administrative task that requires the filters of mind, thought and soul. The latter being daily, superficial and on the surface, and the other manifesting itself as a determined and effective choice. The use of will may boil down to prudent scales, yet once used it still makes one happy.

To choose to be a refugee is an imperative. A compulsory escape to live, to be fed, to take shelter, to not be a prisoner... Escapes don't make people happy. Just like a bird flapping its wings in grief after its nest burned down... With every step that a refugee takes, the treatment they receive at each stop is a decimation of their will. The ones who desire to be reborn from this forced choice, to be reborn from their ashes, now face walls. It becomes nearly impossible to have any will and to fly off to a new life. One can only endure what is determined for them between borders and regulations. Thus, being a refugee is to truly lose the power to change things with will. It is not an orientation, nor a voluntary decision. Being a refugee is an incarceration between the ashes left behind and the walls still ahead.

Saet 00.58

(Kurdish)

Bi rengê bask û bedena min nexape xerîbo. Tenî ya şewatan daket ser min. Dema mirov baz bide û nekarîbe li pişta xwe binêre û aliyekî din de jî hemû danehevên mirov bişewite, êş nasekine. Bi ku de biçî jî ew êş te mecbûr dihêle ku bi tenî û arî re bijî.

Hey, tu xerîbo! Tu qet bûyî şahidê şewata danehevên xwe? Te qet qîjîna wêneyên ku dişewitîn bihîst? An jî qet bîranînên te yên ku bi rûyên xwe yên şewitî digerin çêbûn?

Bi rengê bask û bedena min nexape xerîbo. Anha her çiqas bişibim şevşevokê reş jî di hundirê min de perperokê rengîn heye.

the time is 00:58

Stranger, don't be deceived by the colour of my wings or skin. The soot of many fires has collected over me. As everything you accumulated in life burns, running away without looking back doesn't ease any pain and instead forces you to exist amongst ashes.

Hey, stranger! Have you witnessed the burning of everything you accumulated in life? Have you heard each photograph scream? Or are the faces of your parading memories burned?

Don't be deceived by the colour of my wings or skin, stranger. I may look like a black bat, but inside there is a colourful butterfly.

saat 17:37

(Turkish)

### Post Diktatörlük

İnsanlar, burada posta kutularıyla yaşamak zorundalar. Buna post diktatörlük diyorum ben. Her sabah ve her akşam posta kutularına bakma zorunluluğu nasıl tanımlanabilir ki başka? Çağımızın kutsal ibadetgahları gibi bu kutular. Ne bakışların ışıltısı var ne de kalbin sıcaklığı... Her sabah ve her akşam aksatılmadan bir ritüel gerçekleşiyor. Gönülsüz selam veriliyor, zorunlu askerlik yapan insanlar gibi. Sabah ve akşam tek mil veren emir komuta yığınları. Bir posta kutusu ve içindeki kağıtlara bağımlı kılınıyor insanlar. Mektuplar, ruhsuz kelimelerle dolu. Rakamlar ve talimatlar var sadece. Düzgün cümleler ile bozguna uğrattılıyor hayat... Daha fazla harcama ve rahatlık vadeden renkli banka kağıtları ile ödeme ve uyarı eksenli, soğuk-brokratik talimatlar.

Ve devlet denilen Leviathan

kağıtlarla hükmediyor artık.

Ateşten toplara gerek duymadan...

the time is 17.37

### Post-Dictatorship

People are forced to live with their postboxes here. I call this post-dictatorship. How else can I define the urgency to check their postboxes twice a day? These boxes are modern-day sanctuaries. Yet without a sparkle in their gaze or warmth in their heart... Every morning and

every night a ritual religiously takes place. They greet reluctantly, as if completing compulsory military service. Stacks of commanders give an oral report day and night. People are subjected to a box and the paper it contains. Letters are full of soulless words, only numbers and instructions. Life is put to rout with unruffled sentences. Colourful bank statements promising future expenses and comfort. Bureaucratic instructions sitting atop the axis between payments and notices.

And the leviathan called the state  
Now rules with papers.  
Without the need for fiery cannons...

Saet 02.02

(Kurdish)

Montaigne dibêje ku “Mirov, hemû halên mirovatîyê di xwe de dihewîne”. Mirov di encamê lihevxiştina karekterên ontolojîk -da ku bi xwe de dihewîne- dibe xwedîyê nasnameyekî. Ev demana jî bi êşin û di nav xwe de gelek xeletî û emelên çewt dihewînin. Zayîna mirov an jî çêbûna mirov, piştê xeletiyên gengaz dibe. Ji bo kesên ku xwedî lêpîrs, bi mereq û bi derdê heqîqet û wate, tucar melûmat an jî agahiyên zûha têr nayê. Dixwaze ku bi jiyankirin û bi tamkirinê xwe bigêhîne rastiye. Ji bo vê yekê jî pêdivîyê wî bi kirina xeletiyên heye û tam jî li vê derê pênasiya azadiyê derdikeve holê. Li gor min azadî, di derheqê xeletiyên de bêtirsbûyîn e.

Ew kesên ku dibe penaber, pêgirtiyên mafên bi sinor e û ji bo van mafan wenda neke jî mecbûre ku bi hin rêzikan re bijî. Ji bo penaberekî xeletiyek tê wateya paşveçûyînek bêtelafiyê. Yek xeletiyekî tenê dibe sedema giranbûna rewşa wendakirina aboriyê û tengbûyîna sînorên tevgeriyê. Ji bo vê yekê jî penaber, her tim di dûlêr/kendalê de dijî. Ev dûlêr/kendal, di navbera tiştên tîne ziman û tiştên dixwaze lê nikare bîne ziman de disekine. Êdî jî bo kesên ku dibe penaber, rengê şîn ne li ezmanan de ye. Ji bo wê şîn, di bêrika wî de ye. Ji ber ku ew nasnameya jî bo sekinandina wê welatê hatiye dayîn di rengê şînê de ye û her tim mecbûre ku wê nasnameyê bi xwe re bigerîn e. Li gor min penaberî, ji bo neketina xeletiyek her tim bi tirs jiyankirin e. Û jî bo vê yekê jî penaberî, wendakirina azadiyê ye.

the time is 02:02

“Every man has within himself the entire human condition”, says Montaigne. Every person gains their identity through this war of

ontological characters. These are painful processes harbouring the praxis of mistakes. What we call a human being arises from its mistakes. Especially for those who seek truth and meaning in things with curiosity, slivers of information are never enough. They aim to reach a truth by questioning and tasting things. For this they need to make mistakes, and for me this is exactly the place to come to a definition of freedom. To me freedom is to not fear making mistakes...

A refugee person is subjected to the limited freedom given to them and is obliged to live obeying certain regulations so as to not lose these freedoms. Making mistakes means regression that is hard to compensate. Making mistakes means heavier conditions, economic loss and a decreased range of motion. Hence, a cliff hangs between what they say and what they mean. For a refugee, blue's meaning changes from the sky to an identity card in their pockets. To me, being a refugee is the fear of making mistakes and losing all freedom...

Saet 02.10

(Kurdish)

Min îroj destûra mafê rûniştandinê hilda. Nola barekî giran ku li ser milên min rabû be. Ew giranî ya ku li ser min de da ku nedihat tehmûl kirin ji rûyê sekinandinê bû. Min xwe wek di nav çemberekî de mame de hîs dikir. Êşa derketina ji welêt, her wiha êşa dûrbuyîna ji malbat û hezkiriyên ji xwe giran bû jî bo min. Li ser van êşan de sekinandina jî bo iqame girtinê jî yek caran min teng dikir. Lê anha wek hinekî sivik bûme. Ji vir şûnde wê çî derkeve pêşiya min nizamim lê hinek be jî pêşveçûnek ku min kêfxweş kir derket pêşiya min.

Vê êvarê dirêj meşiyam. Min paşeroja xwe fikirî. Ew demên ku min jî bo azadiya gelê xwe û jî hemû mirovatîyê re jiyaneke bi heqaniyet dixwest û jî bo vê jî bi kelecax xebata ku min dikir. Her wiha van demên xwe yê ku jî bo biryara iqametê kêfxweş dibim jî fikirîm. Û min paşeroja xwe û aniha da berhev. Rewşekî xerib e. Ez jî xwe pîrsîm, gelo xeyalên min biçûk bûne an jî ev, encama derûniya di nav dorbêç de mayîne? Şert û mercên ku mirov tê de jiyandî, li ser fikrandin û ramanê mirov pir tesîr dike. Lê mirov, xwe li gor her şert û mercan jî lê tîne û lê tehmûl dike. Ev destûra/ biryara iqamê, helbet jî bo bi rihetî bigerim û biafirînim pir girîng e. Lê ev destûra iqamê, li cem xeyal û hêcanê min de pir sivik dimînin. Ji bo min bes destûrek sivik û karekî burokratîk e. Ez destûr nadim ku ev biryar, li ser min hikm bike û her wiha xeyalên min bi sînor bihêle. Ez nikarim dinya xwe biçûk bikim.

the time is 02:10

Today I received my residence permit. I feel a weight lifted off my shoulders. There was the unbearable heaviness of waiting. I felt trapped inside a circle. Now I feel a little relieved. I don't know what I will face next, but alongside the burden of leaving my country, being far from my family and loved ones, having to wait for the residence permit was too much. And now, despite all the pain, something happened to make me slightly happy.

I walked for a long time tonight. Thought about my past. I compared the excitement of working for the freedom of my people, in order to further the freedom of all humanity to live in a just world, and the happiness I felt when I received the residence permit. An odd position. I wondered if my dreams had shrunk or if it is just the psychology of being trapped. One's world of thought is heavily affected by the conditions of life. But one adapts to any condition so as to endure. Surely, this residence permit is crucial to being mobile and productive. Yet in comparison to my dreams and my excitement for life it is just a simple bureaucratic process. I can't allow it to rule over me and diminish my dreams. I won't shrink my world.

Saet 02.19

(Kurdish)

Berkenîbûn...

Mirov, bi xercekî ji qaîde, kevneşop û ji ajoyan tê dûtin. Ev xerç, bi derbasbûyîna salan ziwa dibe û bi xwe re çermê jî hişk dike. Bi taybetî jî ew gulpikên li rû de ziwa dike. Her wiha hin kulîlkên li bedena mirov de veşartî û dixwazin ku aj bidin jî bi bihurandîna demê ve ziwa dibin. Ji ber ku ji rojê mehrûm in û her wiha ji sedema perdeyên li ser çavên mirov de nayên dîtîn. Lê belê kulîlkekî renaheng û mezin ya dil heye. Xwediyê bedewbûnekî wisa ye ku wek dayika hemû kulîlkan e. Ev kulîlk, dema fersend bibîne xwe davê derve û rûyê xwe nîşanê me dide. Dema em kesekî rûken bibînin, wê emê wê kulîlkê bibînin.

Li ku derê û kê dibe bila bibe, dema kesekî dikene dibînim, di rûyê min de jî kenekî dertê holê. Hela ku jinekî bikene, jîyan bi şiklekî cûda bi min dixûye. Kena zarokan jî paqijî û saftiyê tîne bîra mirov... Carnan qerekerên nebaş -piraniya wan mêrin- di televîzyonê de dibînim ku dikenin (diz, kesên ku ji bo nift û erkê şer derdixin, key, dîktator) di hundirê xwe de ji wan re çêra dikim. Lê ferq dikim ku bi rûkenî çêra dikim û ji bo vê yekê jî ji xwe re hêrs dibim. Ji ber ku ew kesana qerekerê zalim in û rûkeniyê heq nakin. Lê hêza kenê wisa ye ku li ser min hikm dike. Herhal sêhrekî kenê

heye ku dikare hemû nêrînin politik têk bibe. Li gor min berkenîbûn, ji înyada zirxa bedenê vebûna kulîlka dil e.

Li vê derê, ev axên ku ez têde mişextî me min wateyekî nû ya berkenîbûnê keş kir. Min ferq kir ku penaberên li vê derê, dema bi rêvebirekî qampê re diaxivin an jî derdikevin li nav bajêr her tim bi rûken in. Ev hal, wek dîmenekî xweş bi min hat û şahidiya vê pozitîfîbûnê min kêfxweş kir. Bi taybetî jî naxwazim ku ew kesên heremî, penabera wek kesên mehdîrîş bizanin. Lê dema min bala xwe da van halên rûkenî, sedema asil da ku di bin rûkeniyê de veşartî ye min ferq kir. Ew kenên penabera ji hundirê wan nedihat û her wiha sedema kenên wan ji vekirina kulîlkên dil jî nebû. Wan hewl dida ku ew hestên xwe yê pelçiqî veşêrin. Ji ber ku piraniyê wan ziman nedizanî û nedikarîbûn xwe baş îfade bikin. Ji ber ku piraniyê wan xwediyê azadiya aborî nebûn û aliyê aborî de mecbûrê alîkariya dewletê bûn. Her çiqas ew alîkariya ji dewletê dihat pir tiştek bê qiymet be jî hewcedariya penabera bi vî alîkariyê hebû. Ji xeynê van sedeman, piraniya penaberan dizanîbûn ku gelên ku li van deran dijîn penaberan wek barekî dibînin. Piraniya penaberan dizanîbûn ku êdî hêlînekî wanê bikaribin dîsa veşêrin tune ye û di nav halekî muhtac de ne. Vî rastiyê bi êş hîs dikirin. Ji bo vê jî wek dil şikestî û pelçiqî hîs dikirin. Û hewl didan ku ew hestên pelçiqî bi rûkeniyê biveşêrin.

Min fehm kir ku penaberî, berkenîbûnê derewîn in...

the time is 02:19

To Smile...

People are plastered with a mortar of traditions and rules. This mortar, as years pass by, hardens the skin. The buds, in time, dry off. During this time, inner parts of the body blossom. But they live deprived of sunshine and remain as secrets. The heart has a colourful flower. The mother of all flowers, it harbours a mixture of all. This flower shoots out at times and shows its face. This is the face we see in every smile.

No matter where and who, a smile appears on my face whenever I see one. Especially if a woman is smiling, life reveals itself differently to my eyes. And children's smiles always remind me of lucidity and purity... When I see bad characters – they are often men – thieves, warmongers of oil and power, kings and dictators etc., laugh on TV, I curse at them silently. But with a smile. Which makes me angry at myself. They are too cruel to deserve any smile. But the irresistible power of smiling overcomes me. And possesses a charm to overrule all political gazes. Because smiling is the blossom against the armour on our body...

Here, in this land of exile, I discovered another instance of smiling. I realised that the refugees are always smiling when they see officials in the camp or locals on the streets.

It does look nice as an image, and I felt happy to have witnessed that positivity. Because I wouldn't desire for the locals to know the refugees as morose people. After watching their smiles for a while, I noticed the real reason. Refugees were not smiling because of the blossom in their hearts. They were trying to cover up a feeling of lowness. Because most of them don't speak the language and can't express themselves. Because most of them are only able to live with the help of the small financial support coming from the state. Because most of them see themselves seen by the locals as a burden. Because most of them sense that there is no home to return to and they depend on the help of others. Hence they feel lowly. And this feeling camouflages itself with a smile...

I understood that being a refugee means untruthful smiles...

Saet 00.35

(Kurdish)

Nişeyên di derheqê jiyân û mirinê de -1

Em ji meçhûlê tînê, dibînin û piştê bê dilê xwe dîsa vedigerin meçhûlê. Me hatina xwe ne hilbijart, lê em dixwazin ku çûyîna xwe hilbijêrin. Piştê ku em tîn vî jiyânê û dibînin, êdî naxwazin ku vegerin. Lê ji bo me kîjanê zore, ew ê ku em jê hatine û nayê zanîn an jî ev ê ku em niha dijîn û dizanin? Li gor min ya ku em dizanin û jiyân dikin zortir e.

Dîroka mirovahî neçe lêgerîn dihewîne ku ji bo dirêjkirina dema kin ku navê wê jiyane. Û her wiha ew lêgerîn hîn jî berdewam dikin. Gilgamêş, Fir'ewin, Hekîmê Loqman û neçe kes dermanê bêmirinê geriyane. Di vê çaxê de li dû hîn dermananin ku qet nebe çend salan emrê direj bikin. Erê ji bo çî? Navê girêdana jiyânê ya bi vî şeklê çî ye? Birastî jî ev "evîna jiyânê" an jî coşa jiyankirinê ye? Bi sonda temama na! Li gor min, ger ku girêdanekî bi evîni heba bi jiyânê ve, evqas zilm, takekesî û niçên xwedibûyîne pêş nediket. Tu girêdanên bi evîne, takekesî, hikm kirin û komkirina sermayê nahewîne. Ji bo vê jî ew tiştê ku em bi navê evîna jiyânê dixemilînin, di rastiya xwe de şiklekî halê takekesî ye. Em dibin muptelayê tiştê ku em jiyân dikin û dizanin û her wiha dikevin halekî perestîşek bê sînor.

the time is 00:35

Notes on Life and Death-1

We come from the unknown to see and to return. We didn't choose the coming but we wish to have a say in our return. After seeing this life, we don't wish to return. Is the unknown we come from or the known we now know and live through more difficult? For me, that which we know and experience is more difficult.

Humanity's history is full of pursuits to lengthen the short step called life. And these pursuits still continue. Gilgamesh, pharaohs, Lokman Hekim and many more seek it. In our epoch, we are seeking to prolong it by a couple of years. Why? Can such devotion to being be called love? Or is it the fervour of life? No! If we were devoted to being by loving, all this oppression, self-interest and this urge to possess wouldn't exist. No devotion to love contains egotism, dominance or the exploitation of capital. What we embellish as love of life is, in fact, a state of egotism and a fear of loss. And it worships only what we live through and what we know.

Saet 02.04

(Kurdish)

Nişeyên di derheqê jiyân û mirinê de -2

Terîfkirinên derheqên aramî de, rastiya xwe de lêgerîna valahiyê îfade dike. Dema ku em aramiyê digerin, dixwazin ku ji barên li ser xwe xilas bin û her wiha terîfa bê fikariyê dikin. Ma jiyanekekî bê fikarî mimkûn e? Fikarên têrbûyîne, fikarên zêdebûyîne, fikarên star bûn an jî stirîne û li ser van de fikarên mirinê...Hasilî kelam ger ku jiyân hebe fikar jî heye...Dibe ku em terîfa ew valahiya ku em hîn ji dayîka xwe nebûne dikin, terîfa ew demên ku bê fikar ya zikê dayîka xwe de. Eger em bizanibin û bi bawerbin ku piştê em bimrin wê dîsa emê vegerin valahiya bi aram, emê wê bi rûkenî xwe bavêjin. Lê tu agahiyê me derheqê vê de tune ye û ji bo vê jî tirsê me dest pê dike. Ji ber ku tirs, hîsekî di derheqên tiştên nayên zanîn de ye. Di aliyekî de em li aramiyê digerin û di aliyekî de jî em ji mirinê ditirsîn.

Îhtîmalên wendakirina tiştên ku di destên me de ye, bi xwe re tirsekî avakir. Û me vê tirsê jî danî li ser tirsên din. Lê ew tiştên ku destên me de ne û her wiha ew tiştên ku em dixwazin bidest bixin, tirsê wendakirin û mirinê zêdetir dike. Çiqas destketiyê me zêdeh be ewqas tirsên me jî mezin dibe. Tirs di hemû ajalan de heye lê mirov, tirsê pirole/fîşal dike û her wiha di nav qefesa singê xwe de vedigûherîne cinawirekî. Ji ber ku ji bilî mîde û rûviyên însên, çavên wî jî birçî ne..Her tim jî pêdiviya xwe zêdetir dixwaze

û kom dike. Bi komkirinê re jî tirsawendakirinê mezin û kûr dibe.

Eger ku em li cîhanê aramiyê bigerin, berê her tiştê hewceye ku em xwe ji barên li piştê me de ne xilas bikin. Ê piştê jî hewceye ku em xwe ji hewesên xwedîbûyîna her tiştê xilas bikin. Ê her wiha xwe ji tirsawendakirinê da ku nayê zanîn azad bikin û bawer bikin ku ji her mirinê jiyaneke zîl dide.

the time is 02:04

## Notes on Life and Death-2

The depictions we make of serenity express a pursuit of emptiness. In pursuit of serenity, we seek to unload the weight from our shoulders and define carefreeness. But is a life free of worry even possible? The worry of hunger, the worry of reproduction and the worry of sheltering are the sum of the worry of death. Namely, if there is life there is worry. Maybe we are defining emptiness before birth. The carefree times we spend in our mother's womb. If we believed that there would be a return to that emptiness after death, we would jump smiling. Since it is the unknown we fear. Fear concerns the unknown. On one side we seek serenity, on the other we fear death.

Unfortunately we added to this fear, the fear of losing what we possess. Yet what we possess and what we desire to possess aggrandises our fear of death. The more we possess, the more we fear. Fear is shared by all living beings. But humanity glorifies it and turns it into a monster living in our chest. Because hunger is not only in our stomachs but in our eyes... We want more than we need and accumulate. As we accumulate the fear of losing crowns and roots.

If we are after serenity on this earth, first we must drop the weight from our shoulders. Then abandon the urge to possess. And then not fear a death that is unknown, but believe that life stems out of it.

Saat 19.40

(Turkish)

Dağları olmayan, rengarenk kumlarıyla kızgın bir çöldeyim şimdi.  
Kanımda karıncalar sürüsü.  
Plastik çiçeklerle süslü vahaları geçiyorum.  
Ardıma bakarken ayaklarım, ayaklarım yok diyorum.  
Çünkü attığım adımların artık izlerini göremiyorum....

the time is 19:40

I am now in a flat, open desert covered by burning, brilliantly coloured sand.

An army of ants in my veins.

I pass through an oasis of plastic flowers.

While looking behind, my feet, well I tell myself that I have no feet.

For I can't see the trace of my footsteps...

saat 22.22

(Turkish)

## Bir eşitsizlik filmi

Bizler bir bahçeye sıkıştırılmış büyük yığınlarız. Bahçenin etrafını kurallar ve yasaların yazılı olduğu çitler çevreliyor. Bahçeden çıkmaya çalışanların yaşam şansı yok..İçimizden bazıları bu çitleri aşmanın hesabını yapıyorken bazılarımız da çitleri komple yıkmanın hesabında...Çoğunluğumuz ise halinden memnun ve sadece karnını doyurup yaşama derdinde. Çitlerin ardında az sayıda insan dolaşiyor ve çok da süslü görünüyorlar. Biz, onlara özenerek bakarken, onlar da kendilerini çevreleyen geniş çeperin ardındakilere gıptayla bakıyorlar. Yani çeperin ardındakilerinin de bir çeperi ve onların çeperlerinin ardında da bir başkası var...Halkalar genişlerken insan sayısı azalıyor. Ve halkalar genişledikçe, azalan insan sayısına paralel daha fazla toprak ve gökyüzü düşüyor paylarına. En büyük kalabalık bizim bulunduğumuz orta bölgede.Yığınlar halinde ve alansızlıktan üst üste, nefes nefese. En geniş halkada ise birkaç kişi yaşıyor sadece, tüm sınırların sahibi olduklarını düşünerek ve böbürlenerek. Ama aslında yüksek bir dağın tepesinde oturmuş ve akşam çayını içenler tarafından yönlendirildiklerini bilmeyerek....

the time is 22:22

## A Film of Inequality

We are a big mound squeezed into a garden. The garden is surrounded by fences bearing the words of rules and regulations. The ones who try to leave don't stand a chance in life. Some of us are contemplating ways to pass through these fences and some of us are calculating how to demolish it all. The majority is content after having their fill, only seeking survival. Beyond the fences there are few, and they look very ornate. As we watch



them enviously, they watch the ones behind the wall surrounding them. In other words, the ones behind the wall are surrounded by another wall, and behind theirs lies still another... But as circles expand people disembark. And as people embark parallel to this decrease in numbers, their share in land and sky multiplies. Our circle is most crowded in the middle. In stacks, from a lack of abundant fields, out of breath. Only a few people live in the largest circle. And they do so thinking they own all the inner circles, boastfully. Without knowing that those who are sitting on mountain tops and drinking their tea after dinner are ruling them...

Saat 02.24

(Turkish)

### Şebi Yelda

Bu gece şeb-i yelda'dır...En uzun geceye böyle denir bizim diyarlarda. Fars edebiyatından Mezopotamya ve Anadolu'ya geçmiş naif ve derin bir tanımdır. Hüzünlüdür, kışkırtıcıdır, umudu besler, tahrikkardır, mistiktir, ışığa açılan kapıdır, aşktır, tecrübedir ve daha yüzlerce tanımı, duyguyu barındırır içinde bu adlandırma. Şeb-i Yelda...

Ben ise hüznüdeyim bu gecenin. Üstüme çökmüş bulutlarım var çünkü.Yıldızlara dokunamayalı epey vakit oldu. Ay ile bakışmadan ve sevişmeden geçiyor zamanım. Anladım ki yurdundan ayrı olmak, gece ile gündüzden de koparıyor insanı. İkisinin arasında gri bulutların çöktüğü bir zaman boşluğu yaşanıyor. Uzayan bir kaos aralığı...

Şeb-i Yelda bu gece. Dokunamadım onun ışıldayan eteklerine ve o, geçiyor yanımdan sessizce...

the time is 02:24

### Sheb-i Yelda

Tonight is Sheb-i Yelda. It is how we name the longest night in our land. A naive but deep definition of winter solstice passed on from Persia to Mesopotamia and Anatolia. Its denotation is sombre, seditious, it cherishes hope, it is insightful, it is a door opening to light, it is love, knowledge, and it possesses a myriad of words and emotions, Sheb-i Yelda...

I stand with the sombreness of tonight. There are clouds flopped down around me. It has been a while since I touched the stars. Time passes without making love with the moon, without even glancing at it. I understand now, being away from one's homeland separates us from

day and night. Between the two there remains only an emptiness of grey clouds. A stretched gap of chaos...

Tonight is Sheb-i Yelda. I couldn't touch her twinkling skirts, and she is passing by silently...

saat 00.20

(Turkish)

### Yeni Yıl Kutlaması

Birkaç günlüğüne Berlin'deyim. Yeni yıl kutlamasını görmek için kuzenim tarafından davet edildim ve Berlin Kapısına götürüldüm. Kutlamalarda biraz gözlem yapıp belki farklı bir şeylerle karşılaşmayı umarak heyecanla geldim buraya. Özellikle de bir bayram havasına dönüşen bu kutlamanın nasıl bir psikoloji ve duyguyla karşılandığını yerinde görme şansım olacak diye sevindim. Bir de yaşadığım kamp hayatının sıkıcılığından birkaç günlüğüne kurtulup biraz da olsa nefes alabilmek iyi gelir diye düşündüm.

-İnsanın kendini, sadece iç dünyasına kapatmaması gerektiğine inanırım. Sürekli değişimi esas almalı ve etraftaki farklılık ve renklilikleri anlamaya çalışmalıdır. Dünyaya sadece kendi gözlerinden bakmayı tercih etmek, bir kuyunun dibinden gökyüzüne bakmak gibidir çünkü-

Bütün şehirde (anayollar,büyük kavşaklar, ara ve arka sokaklar, köyler, tren istasyonları ve tüm duraklar) havai fişekler patlatılıyordu. Özellikle gençlerin neredeyse hepsinde bu fişekleri fırlatan düzenekler vardı ve rastgele ateşliyorlardı. Çocukların ve yer yer yaşlıların da buna eşlik ettiğini gördüm. Kendinden geçmişçesine patlatılan bu fişek ve torpillerin yarattığı büyük bir gürültü ve görüntü kirliliği sözkonusuydu. Bütün şehir duman altında kalmış durumdaydı.Bu görüntü ve ses kirliliği arasından Berlin kapısına yürümek, heyecanımı ve merakımı olumsuz etkiledi. Çok basit ve düzeysiz göründü çünkü bana ve bu halin sebebinin anlamaya çalıştım gece boyu.

Kutlama bahane bana göre. İnsanlar, sistem ve tüketim kültürün mengenesi altında adeta presleniyorlar. Avrupa toplumu, eğitim yoluyla sisteme eklemelendi. Özgürlük ve özgür birey olma kültürü gördüğüm kadarıyla bir kandırmacadan ibaret. Çünkü eleştirel düşünce, liberalizmin sınırlarına sıkıştırıldı ve bu sınırlar dışındaki tüm eleştiri ve karşı duruşlar radikal ve tehlikeli görüldü. Devletlerin böyle görmesi, doğası gereği gayet normal. Ama acı olan toplum da buna inandırılan bir eğitimle yetiştirildi. Tüketim kültürünün insana sunabilecekleri çok sınırlıdır. Çünkü insan, duygu ve hayal dünyasıyla bir deniz gibidir. Maneviyatsız yapamaz. Avrupa toplumunun -genellemem,bu gerçeği görüp alternatif bir yaşam ve anlayışta ısrar eden avrupalıları kapsamıyor ki onlardan çok dost edindim.

yaptığım genel bir tahlildir sadece - anlam dünyasından soyutlanan ve maddi dünyaya sıkıştırılan yaşamları, zamanla bir daralma yaratmakta. Bence insanlar mutsuzlar ama mutsuzluklarının sebebinin de tam olarak farkında değiller. Bu hal, onları bir boşluğa itse de maalesef eleştirel ve felsefik bir arayışa sevk etmiyor. İntihar olaylarının giderek artması, yaşlanmaya başlayan nüfusun moralisizliği, yabancılara karşı giderek artan tahammülsüzlük aslında avrupa toplumunun kendi içindeki buhranın dışı vurumudur. Mevcut hali değiştirme gücünden yoksun bırakılmış insan, özgür bir birey olabilir mi?..

Bu çerçeveden bakınca, sokaklara dökülmüş yüzbinlerce insanın delirircesine içmesi ve havai fişekleri fırlatmasını anlayabiliyorum sanırım. İnsanlar, içlerindeki sıkışan duyguyu, tepkiyi bu gün vesilesiyle dışa atıyorlar. Ve sanırım devletler için de bundan daha iyi yöntem olamaz. Daralan ve moralsizleşen toplum, havai fişek patlatarak rahatlıyor! Bu yüzden devlet, hiçbir engel koymadan isteyen herkese, istediği yerde havai fişek patlatma özgürlüğü tanıyor. Ne büyük bir özgürlük ama!

Berlin kapısına varınca orada gördüklerim de çok farklı değildi. Onbinler ya da yüzbinlerce insan biraraya toplanmış, içip bağıyorlardı. Kurulan sahne ve müzik sadece bu gecenin aksesuarı gibiydi. Saatler 24'ü çalınca yine patlayan havai fişekler ve insanların bağırıp çağırmaları, görebileceklerimin sınırını da çiziyordu. İçimdeki ses "ötesi yok bunun,boşuna bekleme" dedi ve ayrıldım oradan.

Yeni yıl kutlaması...Eskiye ve eksilten bir yıl sonrası, sadece toplumun gazını almaya yarayan bir etkinlik bence. Bir de dönen tüketim çarkının dişlileri için bu etkinliklere ihtiyaç var anlaşılır. Ne yalan söyleyeyim çok sıkıldım bu etkinlikten.Yine de toplumu ve kültürü anlamam açısından iyi bir gözlem şansı bulduğum için mutluyum bu geziden.

the time is 00:20

## New Year Celebrations

I was in Berlin for a couple of days. My cousin invited me to share in the New Year's celebrations and took me to the Berlin Gate. I arrived excited to observe and encounter something different. I was happy to finally see with which psychology and emotions this celebratory event was welcomed. I thought it would do me good to take some time off from the camp and to just breathe a little.

I believe one shouldn't hide inside oneself. One must be predicated on constant change and on trying to understand the differences and colours around one. To choose to gaze at the world with only one pair of eyes is like watching the sky from the depths of a well.

Across the whole city (on highways and large intersections, in back alleys and villages, at train stations and all the stops) fireworks were going off. Almost all young people had mechanisms to light fireworks and they were setting them off quite randomly. Even kids and the elderly were participating. There was an enormous amount of noise and visual pollution created by these firecrackers and fireworks. The whole city was under a cloud of smoke. It was this image and the sound pollution that adversely affected my enthusiasm and curiosity. It seemed banal and simpleminded and so I tried to find meaning behind all this all night.

It seems the celebration was just an excuse. People are systematically suppressed under the culture of consumerism. European society attaches itself to this system through education. Freedom and individualism appear to be smoke and mirrors. For the people of Europe are the ones most dependent on the state and the status quo. Critical thinking is trapped in the borders of liberalism and anything beyond these borders is deemed radical and dangerous. It is expected that states should insist on such a view. What is painful is how this understanding of society is turned into belief through education. The culture of consumerism cannot offer us much. For with their emotional and imaginary worlds, people are like a sea. We cannot do without spirituality.

When looking from this perspective, I think I understand the hundreds and thousands of people taking to the streets and drinking like mad, setting off fireworks. People are letting out pent up feelings by using the occasion as a vessel. And it seems there can't be a better way for states. A tightened and dispirited society eases itself with fireworks! Hence the state allows this freedom to everyone without any restrictions. What a great freedom!

What I saw at the Berlin Gate wasn't so different. Tens, or even

hundreds of thousands of people gathered, drinking and shouting. The stage that was built and the music that was being performed seemed like an accessory of the night. When the time hit midnight people were shouting at each other, and the fireworks limited what I was able to see. An inner voice said, "There is nothing more than this, don't wait around in vain", and so I left.

New Year's celebrations. At the end of a worn-out year that had worn on us as well, it was an event organised to deflate society's expectations. Besides, it seems necessary for the consumerist machinery to continue working. I must say I was completely bored by this event. Yet I was content that it had provided a good opportunity to observe this society and its culture.

Saet 15.38

(Kurdish)

### Entegrasyona Hunerî

Ey sîyasetmedarno, burokratno, ey makîneyên xwe wek endezyarê civakê dihesibînin. Li gor min, ji me zêdetir ixtiyaca we bi entegrasyonê heye. Hewceye ku hûn tekîldariyê bialimin. Destpêkê bi xwe bi xwe re û piştê ji bi jîyanê re. Dizanim ku wê hinek zehmet be ji bo we. Ji ber ku hûn, yek bi yek ji bo jîyanekî di nav qefesekî camekan de hatin elimandin. We behna axê jîbîrkir û we xwe bi qîr şûşt. We ji nav camekanên xemilandî de kulîlk û rojê temaşe kir. Li ser rûyê we de mîmîkên bidem û berîka we de -bi rengên cûda hatibin nivîsandin jî- gotinên dişibin hevdû hene. Pir zehmet be jî ji bo we, netirsîn. Ez formûla çareseriyê dizanim, rihet bin. Berê her tiştê lazime hûn qebûl bikin ku bê maqam û statû hûn tu gûyêk nînin. Û piştê xwe ji hunerê re bihêlin. Hemû Evqas e! Huner, ji bo kesên ku xwe qet tune dihesibîne re enerjîyekî muhteşem e. Ji ber ku huner, van kesana ji nû ve diafirîn e. Ji bo vê jî huner, wê ji derveyê jîyanê we bigre û bîne tam navend û kûrahiya jîyanê.

the time is 15:38

### Artistic Integration

Oh! Politicians, bureaucrats and the machines that see themselves as social engineers. I think you need more integration than us. All of you need to learn to touch, first one another and then life. I know you will struggle. Since all of you are trained to live in a glass cage. Having forgotten how earth smells, you bathe in tar. Gazing at blossoms and the sky from fancy vitrines. You walk around with time-adjusted gestures on your face and with the same word written in different colours in all your pockets. Even if it is incredibly difficult, don't worry. I know the solution, feel at ease. First, you have to admit that you're worth shit outside your positions. And after you need to leave yourself to art... That's it! Art is a glorious energy that recreates those who consumed themselves into nothingness. It will take you from the periphery of life and move you right into the depths of it...

Saat 21.20

(Turkish)

Bugün kampımızdaki çocukları oyun oynarlarken seyrettim yine. Nerede olursa olsun, bir çocuğa gözüm ilişince vücudumdaki enerji farklılaşıyor. Pozitifleşiyor o an için herşey ve yüzümde bir tebessüm beliriyor. Çünkü onlar, bütün karmaşa ve çirkinlikler içinde bile görünebilecek bir güzelliğe sahipler. Ve bence çocuklar yeryüzüne değil, gökyüzüne aitler. Ne zamanki büyüyorlar, cüsseleri ağırlaşıyor, işte o zaman yeryüzüne inmeye başlıyorlar maalesef. Onlara bakınca, heran yükselecek gibi kanat çırpın rengarenk kuşlar görüyorum. İçimden "keşke hiç büyümeseler ve ağırlaşmazsa bu narin beden ve ruhlar" diyorum. Keşke hiç büyümeseler ve düşmanlık, nefret, ihanet, yoksulluk, kıskançlık, savaş, sınırlar, mültecilik, adalatesizlik gibi kavramları hiç bilmeseler. Keşke gökyüzünden hiç inmeseler..

Eğer doğüstü bir gücüm olsaydı bütün çocukların ve annelerinin yaşını dondururdum. Ve sorardım kadınlara aşık olduğunuz insanlar var mı diye. Eğer gerçekten aşk yaşayan kadınlar var ise onların seçeceği insanları da ölümsüz kılardım. Kendim de dahil diğer arta kalan insanlar, yaşlandıkça göçecektik bu dünyadan. Böyleyice Yeryüzü, gerçekten de aşkın yüzü olurdu.. Anladım ki aşk, yetişkin karşı cinsler ya da hemcinsler arası oluşmuyor sadece -ki bu yok denecek kadar az yaşanıyor artık- Asıl aşk, çocukların tebessümünde ve annelerin kalbinde.

the time is 21:20

Today I watched the children playing at our camp again. No matter where I am, as soon as I catch sight of a child my energy changes. In that moment everything turns positive and a smile appears. Because they possess a beauty visible even in chaos and ugliness. And I think children belong to the sky and not the solid earth. As they grow their body brings them down to the surface of the earth. When I look at them I see colourful birds about to clap their wings and take off. I say to myself, "I wish they would never grow up and become heavier, these delicate boxes and souls." I wish they would never grow up, so they would never know what hostility, hatred, betrayal, poverty, jealousy, war, being a refugee or injustice is, or what borders are. I wish they would never descend to Earth...

If I had a supernatural power I would freeze the age of all children and their mothers. And I would ask the women if they are in love. If there are any in real love, I would make their beloved immortal. The rest would age and depart this life, including me. The earth would be the face of love. I realized that love – which is rare these days – does not only occur between adults of the same or different genders. The real love is in the smiles of children and in the hearts of mothers.

Saat 14.37

(Turkish)

Yürüyorum sokaklarını bu şehrin. Bir bahar günü ve öğlen sonrası. Bastığım taşların soğukluğunu duyumsuyorum. Öğleden sonrası değil de sanki bir kış ayazı. Ellerimin cebimde olması öylesine değil yani, üşüyorum, üşüyorum ve titremediğim için bunu bir ben hissediyor ve görüyorum. Sonra arkakik sütunlara, kilise ve saray duvarlarına çarpıyor gözlerim. Gözlerim...tırmanıp tırmanıp aşağı atıyorlar kendilerini. Düştüklerinde ise parçalara ayrılmıyor ve tekrar tekrar ve ıslak ıslak yeniden doğrulup tırmanmaya devam ediyorlar. Ve sonra lalelerine dokunuyorum kentin. Çiçekler, gönlümüzü çelen güzelliklerdir ne de olsa. Ama onların da içlerinden arılar çıkıp sokuyorlar parmaklarımı. Şişen ve kanayan ise parmaklarım değil kalbim oluyor. Ah Kavafis! yurtsuzluk iklimindeyim. Ve çok uzun ve çok soğuk bir mevsimdeyim....

the time is 14:37

I am walking the streets of this city. A spring afternoon. I sense the coldness of the stones I am stepping on, as if it is not an afternoon but a winter frost. My hands in my pockets are not placed at random. I am cold. I am cold, and because I am not shaking no one else is able to sense my cold but me. Archaic columns, church and palace walls catch my eyes. They climb and climb and throw themselves off. Once they hit the floor they remain intact and again and again, wet, they straighten and climb back up. And then I touch the tulips of the city. Flowers are beauties that captivate our hearts. But the bees inside are hostile and they sting my fingertips. What swells and bleeds is not my finger but my heart. Oh! Kaváfis! I am in a climate of rootlessness. And I am dwelling in a very long and very cold season.

Saet 02.01

(Kurdish)

Cîhana di xeyalê min de

Difikirim ku ez ne aîdê vê çaxê me. Ez vê ji ber ku ez pir bîaqil an jî xwediyê maharet im nabêjim. Berevajî tu marîfetekî min tune ye û her wiha ez mirovekî besît/sade me. Heyfa min li min tê û her daîm hewl didim ku zêdetir sade bibim. Ji ber ku li ser min kod û adetên hezar salan hene. Li gor min besîtî an jî sadetî, li vê çaxê de nirxên estetîkê ne ku hatine wenda kirin. Mirovahî, kaosa estetîkê dijî ku ev kaos li ser pirole/fişal ava bûye. Ev halên ku pirole/fişal bi min dide hîskirin ku ez ne aîdê vê çaxê me. Her tişt bi min sînî û bê samîmiyet dixûyê. Bi rastî ez xwekuştinê jî fikirîm. Mirin, ne tişteki mezine ji bo min lê min tercîha mayîna jîyanê kir. Ji ber ku mirin rêyekî dawîya wê ne zela e û ezê ji xwe rojekî biçim. Lê di nav jîyanê de gelek tişt hene ku nayên zanîn û ez dixwazim a wan tiştan keşf bikim. Elbet ku vê tercîha min li gor tercîha mirinê zêde cesaret nedixwest. Lê mirin, bersivekî ji xwe emê hînbûyîn û rêwîtiyekî xwezayî ye.

Du dem hene ku her tim xwe têde xeyal dikim û dixwazim bijîm. Ya yekem, xwe xeyal dikim ku di navbera sedsalê 9-12'de dijîm. Ji ber ku min pir dixwest bi Omer Xeyyam, Baba Tahîrê Uryan, Mevlana, Sadî, Firdevsî û Yunus re heta ku bi Hesên Sabah re bijîm û li van nasbikim. Lê dizanim ku ev êdî dema bihûrî de ma û her wiha eger ku ez li ser wextên bihûrî de bimînim wê ezê ji vê wextê qut bibim û nikaribim biafirînim. Ji bo vê yekê jî bi niçên şoreşgerî hertim li pêşerojê dinêrim. Wê ev pergala bihilweşe û wê jîyanekî bi şeklekî nû ava bibe, her tim meyla min li ser baweriyê ye. Carnan ev jîyana nû ya pêşerojê parçe parçe dikeve xewnên min. Ew jîyana ku wê ezê şahid nebim lê bawerîya min heye ku wê bê jîyankirin bi vî şiklê xûya dike:

Her tim xeyala cîhanekî, hemû teknoloji hilweşandî dikim. Tu tiştê ku elektronîk wê nexebite. Hemû seyare, tîran û compîtûr wê birize. Hemû tiştên ku berê hatibin bikaranîn wek seyare, telefûn, tv û compîtûr, wê di çalên ku derveyê qadên jiyane de hatine kolandin de bîn dewsandin. Li ser hîn amûran de wê kevz derkevin û rûyên wan bîn girtin. Derheqên çaxa teknolojik de wê hîn kevnargeh/mûze hebin û ew amûrên ku di vê çaxê de hatiye bikaranîn wek amûrên îbret ji jenerasyonên nû re bîn rawandin û îzah kirin.

Wê mirov, berê xwe bide ax û xwezayê û dest bi hilberîna bike. Ew avahiyên ku li ser hev hatine çêkirin wê bê valakirin. Ji ber ku pergala jiyana kevn ( dema xirav ku em tê de dijîn) wê biguhere û wê hewcedarî ya bikaranîna van avahiyên kevn ji nebe.

Di her qadên jiyane de wê jin bibin pêşeng û xwediyê biryaran. Em mêr ji wê li gor planên jinan di nav karan de cîh bigirin.

Pere wê neyê bikaranîn. Her wiha wê tu qiymeta zêr an ji mucweheran tune be. Tenê jin, eger ku bixwazin dikarin wek tiştên xemilandinê bikarbînin.

Bikaranîna petrol, xaz û komir wê bê lanetkîrin. Ew kesên ku vana bikarbîna ji sûcên zirardayîna cîhan û civakê bîn darizandin. Ji roj, av û ba, (ji bo ronahî, pompeyên avdayîna zevîyan, aş) wê enerjî bê peydekirin. Karanîna duçerxe, fayton û ji bo çûnhatinê hîn wesayîten bi enerjîya rojê bixebite wê bi pêş ve bê birin.

Ax, li gor hejmarên kesan û ixtiyacên salane wê bi malbata re bê parvekirin. Wê hemû hilbirîn, li ser koperatîf û yekîtiyên herêman çêbibe û ji bo hevsengiya ixtiyacan wê rêbaza alegorî/teqes bê bikaranîn.

Wê tv tune be. Lê salonên sînema wê hebin. Kesên ku bixwaze bi sînema û bi kişandina fotografa eleqeder bibe, wê bîn perwerdekirin û piştê perwerdeyê kamera û makîna fotografan wek xelat bîn dayîn. Wesfên kamera û makînen fotografa wê bişibe hevdû. Hewcedarî bi compîtûran tune be û teknolojiya dijîtal ji wê nehewîne.

Hejmara xwendina pirtûk û lêxistina enstûrmanên mûzikê, hejmara nivîsandina helbestan, wêne, şano, reqs û her marîfetên hunerê wê bibe sedema îtibarê. Ji bilî vana, ew tiştên ku ji bo statûyên civakî tînan bikaranîn wek meqam, serwet, nîşane an ji dîploma wê neyê qabûl kirin û her wiha ew perwerdeya çanda statûyên civakî xwedî dike ji wê bê rakirin.

Zagonên aborî û cezayan wê bi destê jinên pîr ve bê nivîsandin. Îşkence, kuştin, sirgûn û girtin di nav cezayan de wê tune be. Ji civakê avêtin û tenê hîştin wê bibe ceza herî mezin.

Ji bo her kesê û civakê wê mafê parastina rewşa hebe. Eger ku li ser jiyana û rûmetê êrîşekî çêbibe, wê mafê bikaranîna darê zorê hebe.

Mijarên bawerî û teoriyên olî, wê wek mijarên entelektûelî bîn dîtin û niqaş kirin. Lê tu ol an ji bawerî, ji aliyê rêwebir, kal û pîran an ji zagonan

ve wê neyê ziman û pêşniyarkirin. Ol û bawerî, wê nebin mijarên civakî û wek tercîhên ferdî bîn dîtin. Kê bixwaze wê bikaribe li gor bawerîya xwe jiyana bike lê tu kes, li ser kesekî din nikare ol û bawerîya xwe pêwîst bike an ji li ser oldarên cûda êrîş bike.

Evîn, wek pîrozî ya herî mezin bê dîtin. Ji bo kesên ku evîndarin, wê hîn derfet û war bê çêkirin ku ew bikaribin evîna xwe bi rehetî jiyana bikin. Elbet ku jin û mêr wê di yek astê de bîn dîtin û her wiha wê tu cins aîdê cînekî din nebe. Eger ku evîn hebe wê aîdiyet, ji xwe bi qelbê bê jiyankirin. Ecizkirin an ji şikandina evîndaran wê wek sucên mezin bê dîtin û wê bibe sedema ji civakê avêtinê.

Ev çaxa ku em tê de dijîn, her çiqas mirovahiyê ji manewiyat û xwezayê dûr xistibe ji, elbet ku tecrûbeyê ji hezar salan hatî ji heye. Fikra min ewe ku hilweşandina pergale, wê di insanan de ronîbûnekî ji ava bike û berê wan bide destpêkekî nû ya ji bo vejîna mirovahiyê. Ji bo vê ji ew jiyana ku di xeyala min de ye, ez bawerim ji bo mirovahiyê ji xeyalê nêztir e û wê bê jiyankirin.

the time is 02:01

## The World in My Dream

I think I don't belong to this age. Not because I think I'm overly intelligent or have outstanding talents. Rather, because I have nothing that stands out. I'm a simple man. I regret not being even simpler and I try to become so, because I carry the codes and traditions of thousands of years with me. I think simplicity and plainness are aesthetic values long-lost in our time. Humanity is living in an aesthetic chaos based on excess. This excess makes me feel like I don't belong to my time. Everything seems artificial and insincere. I even contemplated suicide. Yet in not wanting to exaggerate death, I began to find it more interesting to discover the unknowns of this world rather than departing to the biggest unknown there is. Surely this is the choice that demands less courage out of the two. And death is going to be an inevitable journey that will be answered anyway. For this reason, there have been two eras where I desired to live and imagine myself in.

The first one is where I imagine myself living between the 9th and 12th centuries. Because I would love to meet Omar Khayyam, Baba Taher Oryan Hamadani, Rumi and Sadi, Firdowsi and Yunus Emre, and even Hassan-i Sabbāh and to live with them. But I simply know that all this is left behind and to stick with these thoughts would mean idleness and detachment from the future, and I look at the future with an incurable

revolutionary urge. I like the thought that the system we are living in will collapse and a new form of life will be born anew. Sometimes this new life enters my dreams in pieces.

The life I wish for, the life I may not witness yet but know will be lived, comes to be like this:

I imagine a world where all technologies have collapsed. No electronics will work. Cars, trains, computers, all will rot. In large pits outside settlements used cars, cell phones, computers and other wares will be buried. Some cars will be covered in moss. Everywhere there will be museums full of relics of the technological era, where these exemplary tools, formerly in use, will be exhibited for future generations.

People will gravitate towards the earth and nature and begin to produce. Stacks of tall buildings will be abandoned as the old life (the corrupt era we are currently living in) and its order will be altered completely.

Women will take the lead in every aspect of life and make decisions. Us men will position ourselves according to their plans.

Money will no longer be in use. Gold or jewelry will not have any material value. Only women, if they wish to, will use them as ornaments.

The use of oil, gas and coal will be damned. The ones who continue to use them will stand trial for crimes against the world and the public. The energy needed for our daily life (for lighting and for water pumps and mills for agriculture etc.) will be harvested from the sun, water and wind. There will be developments in bicycle use, horse carriages and solar-powered transportation devices.

The land will be divided amongst people parallel to their needs and population numbers. Production will take place through cooperatives and local associations, resulting in exchanges aimed at maintaining the balance of needs.

There will be no TVs, only cinemas. Cameras will be distributed for free along with relevant education for those who want to occupy themselves with photography and film. The quality of the cameras will be around the same ratio as the current day and will not contain any digital technology.

The number of books people will read, the instruments they will play, the poems they will write, the talents they have in the fields of painting, theatre, dance and all the beaches of the arts will be their justification for gratification. Outside of these, there will be no awards, fortunes, medals, diplomas and no other validations for social status or education systems such that feed this current culture.

Only elderly women will form the economy and penal codes. There will be no torture, killings, exiles, segregation and imprisonment. The

highest punishment will be exclusion from the community and isolation.

Each individual and community will have the right to self-defence and will have the right to use violence against attacks targeting their life and dignity.

Religious theories and matters of faith will be open for discussion as intellectual subjects. But there will be no faith and religion to be governed by administrations, the elderly or the law. Faith and religion will be pursued not as a communal matter but as an individual one and no one will force upon each other a religion or faith, nor attack one different than their own.

Love will be seen as the most sacred thing. The ones who practice it will be given space and possibilities. Women and men will be equals and no gender will have ownership over the other. If there is love then its belongingness will be lived at heart. Hurting lovers will be one of the biggest crimes and will result in excommunication from the community.

The age we live in, even though it detaches us from spirituality and nature, also contains the culmination of knowledge gathered over thousands of years. In this context, any system that collapses will also bring the beginnings of a period of enlightenment and the resurrection of humanity. This is why I believe that the life I dream of is closer to a reality than to a dream.

Saet 00.12

(Kurdish)

Em derbasê qampekî nû bûn. Ji qampa berê -ku girtîgeh bû da ku hestên giran bi min dida jiyankirin- em derbasê qampekî prefabrik bûn. Ev deravahiyekî du qat e û gelek odeyên wî hene, her wiha di nav avahiyê de cihên ku em bihevî bi karbinin hene. Elbet ku ez kêfxweş bûm ji bo barkirina wê qampê. Ew cihê berê, rojên giran û rojên zindanê dianîn bîra min û dibû sedema zêdebûyîna kabosan. Ev warê ku anha em têde ne di vî aliyê de baş e. Herçiqas menzelekî pir biçûk da ku nikarim tê de tevbigirim hebe ji her wiha cihê desavê û serşûştinê ji aliyên heft kesan ve bê parvekirin ji jê razî me. Dikarim bêjim ku ev der hinek baş bû ji bo min.

Di lûgata wêje û siyaseta me de terîfkirinekî wek "ehvenî şer" heye. Yanê tê wate ya "başî ya ji nebaşan" Ger ku tu nikaribî başiyê bibinî, ewçax hewceye ku ji nav nebaşan de li ser alternatîfa herî baş de lêhûr bî/lê kom bî. Ê heya ku yên nû û yên baş ava bikî hewceye ku pê guliyên ehvenî şer bigrî. Ez bawerim di jiyana xwe yê anha de bi guliyên ehvenî şer digrim.

We moved to a new camp. From the old prison that felt excruciating, to a compound with two-story prefabricated houses with many rooms and common living areas. I was happy to get rid of the old place. It reminded me of a past of imprisonment and was giving me nightmares as a result. From this aspect, the new place is kind of an improvement. My tiny room, which is impossible to move inside, and the toilet and shower that I share with seven other people might be considered a problem, but still, this place feels better.

In literature and politics there is a saying, 'ehven-i şer'. It means the 'the lesser of two evils'. In case you can't find what is good, you should focus on the better choice between the bad. And until you construct the good out of the new, you should hold on to the lesser of two evils. I guess that's what I am doing at the moment.

Saat 00.44

(Turkish)

Kampımızda eşcinseller ve transların birarada olduğu konteynır ev ya da bölümler var. Daha önce kaldığım farklı kamplardan da gözlemlediğim kadarıyla bu insanlar için kamplarda kalmak çok daha zor. Çünkü cinsel yönelimlerini anlamak istemeyen ve onları dışlayan geleneksel kültür, aynı zamanda kamplardaki insanların büyük bir kısmının da özümsemiği ve sahiplendiği bir kültür maalesef. Politik nedenlerden dolayı gelenlerden ziyade daha çok savaştan kaçan ya da sadece ekonomik nedenlerden dolayı gelenler içerisinde bu geleneksel yaklaşım hakim. Bu yüzden cinsel yönelimleri farklı olan bu insanlara, yargılayan gözlemlerle bakıyorlar. Haliyle farklı cinsel eğilimleri olan insanlar da kendilerini psikolojik bir baskı altında hissetmeye devam ediyorlar. Genellikle kimseyle diyalog kurmuyorlar ya da yürürken etrafa pek bakmıyorlar. Bu, kendilerini rahat hissetmediklerinin ve içe kapandıklarının göstergesi.

Bence bu insanların birarada kalacağı, kendilerini baskı altında hissetmeyecekleri özerk kamplar ya da yaşam alanları oluşturulmalı. Göç etmiş tüm insanlarla aynı kampta kalmak zorunda olmaları hiç iyi bir uygulama değil. Bazen onlardan biriyle karşılaştığımda gözlerine bakıp gülümsüyor ve selam veriyorum. Kendilerini rahat hissetsinler ve onlara saygı gösterenlerin de var olduğunu ve az olmadığını bilsinler diye.

Kaldığım tüm kamplarda karşılaştığım bu insanlardan bazılarıyla mutlaka sohbet ettim. Güzel paylaşımlarımız oldu bazılarıyla. Cinsel yönelimleri umrumda değil, hayata farklı bakabilen bu insanları seviyorum ve saygı duyuyorum. Bana iyi geldiler ve bu dünyaya da iyi geleceklerine inanıyorum.

In our camp there are separate container houses or sections accommodating gay and transgender people. As I observed in other camps, staying in these places is harder for them. Because the traditional culture that excludes them is often the culture of the majority of people in the camps. It is not necessarily political refugees, but refugees who are fleeing war and economic crises that generally have more conservative attitudes. Therefore, people with these views often don't accept those with a different sexual orientation as they see it as putting them under psychological pressure. I noticed this through our conversations and my own observations. Usually, the gay or transgender refugees don't converse with anyone or they don't look around when walking. These are indicators that they don't feel comfortable and that they are turning inward.

I think there should be autonomous camps opened for them where they can stay together without feeling pressure. Forcing them to stay with all the other migrants is an imposition. When I see some of them, I look into their eyes and I smile. I want them to feel comfortable and know that there are people who respect them at the camp and that we are the majority. And at all the camps I've stayed, I've always had conversations with some of them. We shared nice things. I don't care about their sexual orientations. I like them for their different outlook toward life and I respect them. They were good to me and I think they will do good for the world.

Saat 22.54

(Turkish)

Bugün bir belgesel izledim kampın kafesinde. Doğrusu çok da anlamadım dilinden dolayı. Tibette çekilmiş bir belgeseldi ve bir çocuğa odaklıydı. Sanırım kutsal görülüyordu bu çocuk ki O'nu görenler başlarını okşaması için O'na doğru uzatıyorlardı. O da uzanan başlara eliyle dokunuyordu. Çok hoşlandım bu görüntülerden ve gün boyu gözümde canlandı izlediğim kareler. Çocukluk, tebessüm, sevgi, şefkat ile kutsanma, afedilme ve arınma isteği üzerine çok düşündüm.

Bence kutsanmak istiyorsak bir çocuğa dokunmalıyız. Ya da onun bize dokunmasını beklemeliyiz. Duvarlara, heykellere, taşlara ya da çeşitli canlılara dokunarak huzur aramak ve dilemek yerine, saf enerjinin en belirgin tezahürü çocuklarda bulabiliriz o huzuru. Onlar, dokunabileceğimiz maneviyattır, yaşayabileceğimiz sevgi ve peşinden gidebileceğimiz hakikattir.

Today I watched a documentary in the cafe of the camp. To be honest, I didn't understand much because of the language barrier. It was a documentary film set in Tibet and the focus was on a child. I think the child was believed to be holy because the people who saw him were leaning towards him so he could fondle their heads. He was touching the prostrated heads with his hands. I enjoyed this scene a lot and had a mental image of it for the rest of the day. I thought at length on childhood, smiles, love, compassion and the desire for ordination, absolution and catharsis. To me, if we hoped to be blessed we should embrace a child. Or wait for their embrace. Instead of seeking peace in walls, statues, stones or other living beings, we can find peace in the manifestation of pure energy in children. They are a spirituality we can touch, a love we can live, and a truth we can pursue.

Saat 00.48

(Turkish)

### Sanatsal üretimin ifşası

Genel olarak üretmek, her insana iyi gelir ve nefes aldırır. Söz konusu sanatsal üretim olunca da durum böyledir. Sanatsal üretimin, sanatçıdaki karşılığı özgürlüğe dokunabilmektir.Yine ürettiklerini sergilemek her insanı gururlandırır. Peki söz konusu sanatsal üretim olunca da aynısını söyleyebilir miyiz? Bence söz konusu sanatsal üretimin sergilenmesi ve sanat-sanatçı ilişkisi olunca durum bunun tam tersine dönüşür. Çünkü ürününü sergileyen bir sanatçı için özgürlük ve özerklik kaybolmaya başlar bana göre.Saflik yitirilir ve sıradanlaşma belirir. Gerçek mutluluk kaybolur ve boşalan alanları yavaş yavaş suni tebessümler kaplar. Gururlanmak için üreten bir sanatçı ise zaten olamaz. Zira gurur, bir sanatçı için son derece basit ve yüzeysel bir duygu olmalıdır.

Özgürlük, her insanın özünde var! Evet buna gerçekten inanıyorum. Herkes buna dokunabilseydi keşke...Zira yaşadığımız dünya çok farklı bir halde olurdu.-ben de çok az dokunabilenlerdenim maalesef- Kendi özüne ya da içindeki kuyuya inip özsuya dokunabilenler ise sanatçıdırlar. Bu yüzden sanatçıların bedenlerini coşkun bir ruh sarmalar. Özgürlük enerjisidir bu. Katıksızdır, kelimelerden, simgelerden ve geleneklerden azadedir. Bütün duvarları aşabilecek güçtedir. Saf halinde ve insanın en derin kuyusundan gelir. Bu bağlamda bir sanatçının üretimi, bütün kalıpların ve verili olanların dışına çıkılmasını ifade ettiği kadar, aynı zamanda içindeki bu enerjinin dışarı taşırılıp evrendeki enerjiyle

buluşturulmasını da ifade eder. Bu enerji bileşimi ise evrende bir zerre olmayı ve zerreyken de evrene dokunabilmeyi sağlamaktadır. Özgürlüğün sonsuz formudur bu. İnsan enerjisinin evrendeki patlamasıdır aynı zamanda..! Şayet evren de bir patlamayla oluştuysa insan, onun bir minyatürü olmalı...Sanatçılara bakınca bunu görebiliyorum.

Bir sanatçı, üretmek için sessizleşir. Kalabalıklar içinde de sessizliğe gömülür ve zamanla daha da koyu bir ortama ihtiyaç duyar. Etraftaki sesler artık gürültü gibi duyulmaya ve herşey bir tornadan çıkmış gibi görünmeye başlar kendisine. Kırkbin yıl öncenin verilerini biliyoruz artık. İçlerindeki enerjiyi dışarıya taşımak isteyen insanlar, yaşadıkları bölge ve kabilelerden çok uzağa giderek bir mağaraya kapanıyorlardı. Duvarlara çizdikleri resimler, çıkardıkları sesler ve yaptıkları hareketlerle aslında sanatsal bir üretimi gerçekleştiriyorlardı. Bu gerçeklik hep varolagelmıştır. Yani sanatçılar, doğurmak isteyen canlılar gibi kendilerini yalnızlaştırırlar. Bu yalnızlıktır onları özgür kılan ve çoğaltan, kalabalıklar içindeki sıradanlıktan ve esareten kurtaran. Bu bağlamda sanatçılar için üretmek, kendi özlerini dışarı taşımak ve evrende özgür birer enerjiye dönüşebilmektir.

İktidar dediğimiz şey, birçok tarifi barındırdığı gibi bir anlamıyla da saf olanın tahribidir. Doğanın ve kadının hükmüyle başlayan iktidar tarihi, aynı zamananda doğal olanın parçalanıp, yerine yapaylıkların ikame edilme tarihidir de. Sınıflar, sosyal statüler, makamlar, şatafat, şansöhet, güzellik, cinsel kalıplar, kıymetli mallar, para ve ayrıcalıklar ile daha nicesini sayabiliriz bunlara örnek olarak. Bu yapaylıklara göre şekillendi bilinç, duygu ve tahrip oldu ruh.

Şehvet, nefret, ihtiras, haset, gurur, intikam gibi düşünceyle harmanlanan yapay duygular oluştuğu gibi doyumsuzluk, herşeye sahip olma ya da üstün olma isteği de hükmetmeye başladı. Bu durum sanatçılara da yansıdı maalesef. Saf arayış ve yolculuğunun sonucu üreten sanatçılar, oluşturulan bu yapay çarkın dişlilerine takılıp saflıklarını yitirdiler.Yani derdi sadece kendi içi ve evren olan bir sanatçının saf enerjisi kesintiye uğratıldı. Kalabalıklarla buluşturuldu, alkışlara ve paraya alıştırıldı. Özgür ruhu, iktidarın yapaylıklarıyla okşandı ve esirleştirildi. Üretimler, alkışlar ya da lanetlere göre yönlendiriliyorsa bunun adı esaret değil de nedir ki? Gurur, öfke, hırs, kıskançlık vb birçok saçma duyguyla sanatçı çembere alındı. Böylece sanatçının özgün hali elinden yavaş yavaş alınarak ve sadece "belirlenmiş" özgünlüklere yönlendirilerek, özgürlüğü ve özerkliği yok edildi.

Bence bir sanatçının üretimlerini sergilemeye başlaması, özgürlüğünü de azar azar yitirmesidir. "Sanatçılar, ürünlerini hiç sergilemezseydiler biz nasıl tiyatrodan, müzikten, resimden, sinemadan yararlanacaktık? Ve bu kadar bozulmuşken herşey, bir de sanatsal ürünlerin yoksunluğu



ağırlaştırmaz mıydı hayatı?” Bunun gibi sorular oluşuyor elbette. Ama bence bunlar da birer yanılısma. Çünkü sözünü ettiğim bütün üretim biçimleri, doğal olanın dışında alıştırıldıklarımız aslında.

İktidara boyunları eğdirildiği ve özü tahrip edildiği için çoğu sanatçının, dünya, bu kadar çekilmez hale dönüştü. Eğer yalnızlığını ve özgürlüğünü koruyabilseydi sanatçılar, eminimki dünya da bambaşka bir halde olurdu. İnsanlar, bu özgür iradenin peşinden içsel yolculuklarına yönelip özyeni açığa çıkarmaya daha fazla yönelirlerdi.

Bugün bize “nefes alacak alan” gibi görünen sanatsal üretimler, sözünü ettiğim derinlik içinde sadece sıradan yansımalarından ibaret olurlardı. Evren ile bağı kurmuş enerjilerle dolu bir gezegenin, bizzathi kendisi bir sanatsal platforma dönüşürdü

the time is 00:48

## The Disclosure of Artistic Production

Production, in general, does good for all people and allows them to breathe. This is also true of artistic production. Production's equivalence in the artist is the ability to touch freedom. Again, to display one's production makes a person proud. But can we say the same thing for artistic production? I think that when it comes to displaying artistic production and its relation to the artist, the situation reverses. Because I think that once displayed, freedom and autonomy begin to disappear. Naivety begins to get lost, and mundaneness begins to appear. Real happiness gets consumed by synthetic smiles. Those who pride themselves on what they produce cannot be artists. Because pride, for an artist, should be a simple, superficial feeling.

Freedom exists in everyone's essence! Yes, I truly believe that. I wish everyone could embrace that part... The world we live in would be an entirely different place in that case. I am also one of those who can barely embrace it. The ones who can get to their own core, or to their inner well, are artists. That's why an exhilarated spirit graces their bodies. This energy comes from freedom. It is pure and free from words, symbols and tradition. It possesses the power to jump over every wall. It comes in the purest form from the deepest well of a person. In this regard, an artist's production, as much as it also means being outside giving form to models and shapes, means the joining of inner energy in unity with a universal one. This unification allows one to be a speck in the universe and, once a speck, to embrace the universe. This is the eternal form of freedom. The explosion of one's energy inside the universe! If the universe began with

an explosion, then one should be a miniature of this... This is what I think when I see an artist.

An artist becomes quiet in order to produce. They become quiet in crowds and in time need a more obscure environment. The surrounding sounds become noise and everything appears as if woodturnings from the same lathe. We now have the data from 40,000 years back. People who wanted their inner energy to overflow were abandoning their tribes to find isolation in distant caves. With the cave drawings, the sounds they made and with their movements, they actualised artistic production. This actualisation has always existed. That is to say, artists, similar to the living when close to giving birth, isolate themselves. It is this isolation that makes them free and multiple. It saves them from solitude in crowds and captivity. In this regard, in order for artists to produce, they must overflow their essence and become a free-floating energy in the universe.

What we call power, aside from its many other meanings, means the destruction of what is pure. The history of power, which begins with a command over nature and women, is also the history of replacing the natural with the artificial. We could include class, social status, ranks, attributions, valuable goods, money, privileges as so many examples. These artificialities shaped consciousness and emotions, and our soul fell into ruins.

As much as the artificial feelings that were formed became entangled with thoughts of lust, hatred, jealousy, pride and revenge, the wish to possess everything or be above everything began to dominate. This unfortunately affected artists in return. Artists who produced through their pure search and journey have lost their purity by getting entangled with the gearwheel of this artificial machinery. Namely, their pure energy, concerned only with their inner world and the universe, has been interrupted. They adapted to crowds, and got used to applause and money. Their free spirit fondled with artificialities of the rulers and they became enthralled to them. If production is steered in the direction of only receiving either acclaim or criticism, isn't its name servitude? The artist is encircled with pride, anger, greed, jealousy and other nonsensical emotions. Thus, the artist was gradually stripped of freedom and autonomy by the erasure of their authentic self, replacing it instead with a designated 'authenticity'.

For me, once an artist begins to showcase their production, they begin to lose their freedom. Some questions occur: If the artist doesn't showcase their work, how can we benefit from theatre, music, paintings and cinema? And since everything else is corrupt, wouldn't the disappearance of art make life heavier? But I think these questions are themselves illusions, because all of the modes of production that I mentioned are

outside the natural order that we have become accustomed to.

Because artists are forced to submit and their essence is mutilated, the world is an unbearable place now. If they could maintain their solitude and their freedom, I am sure the world would be in a different state. People would aim harder to follow their free will towards an inner journey and to expose it.

Today artistic production that appears to us as 'breathing space' remains as ordinary reflections in the depths I have been talking about. A planet full of energies bound to the universe would itself become an artistic platform.

Seat 20.19

(Kurdish)

### Referandûma serxwebûnê ya li herema Kurdistanê

Ez tu carî nijadperest û netewperwer nebûm û her wiha tiştê ku herî nefret dikim yek jî ajîtasyonên li ser van herdu nêzikatiyê ava dibin. Heta min mesafe danî ji bo gotinên pirolekirî yê derheqên şerên mafdar de jî. Şerê mafdar, li gor min parastina rewa ya ji bo nasname û rûmet e. Li gor min nasname û rûmet, du esasên mevhûmê azadiyê ne. Yek politik e ya din jî manewî ye. Ev herdû esas, ji bo însên qadên azadiyê pêk tîne û her wiha civak jî bi însanên xwediyê van esasan pêk tê. Li gor min ji bo civakbûyîn an jî bûyîna gel ne hewce ye ku mirov ji eynî nijadê bin. Ew kesên xwediyê hişmendiya azadiyê ne û ji bo wê yekê jî xwediyê çanda bihevne jiyan kirinê ne li gor min ew endamên civak û gel in. Nijada wê, bawerî, reng û zayend ji aliyê cinsî de meylên wê yên cuda...çi dibe bila bibe. Dîrok nişanê me da ku danasîna çanda civak an jî gel ji ser yek nijadê nabe û ev danasîn vediguhere xetereyek pir mezin. Her wiha dîrok bi êş nişanê me da ku dema em xwedî li mafê yek mirovekî dernekevin hemû gel bi zincîrên êsîrtiyê dorpêç dibe.

Li gor min em Kurd, wijdanên hemû mirovatiyê ne. Ez vê ji bo pesnên gelê xwe bidim an jî gele xwe ji gelên din bilintir bibînim nabêjim. Sedema gotina min ewe ku kesên ku êş bikişîne, qedrên kêfxweşiyê jî çêtir dizane. Ew kesên di bin muamela bi nefret de dimînin û wek "ê din" tên dîtin, qiymeta bihevrebûyîna bi hezkirinê baş dizanin. Ew kesên ku bi şkence rûmeta wan hatiye şikandin, dizanin bi şefqet nêzê mirovan bibin û her wiha parastina hurmetê ji bo wan dibe wek tarzekî jiyanê. Ew kesên ku ji axa xwe tîr sirgûnkirin, zimanê çivîkan hîn dibin. Ew kesên ku zimanê wan tê qedexekirin meylê axaftina bi çavan dikin. Em Kurd bi sedsalane merûzên tevahiyên van tiştan man û dimînin. Hema hema tu rêbaz û amûrên zilmê nema ku li ser me bê ceribandîn. Ji bo wê jî em hatin tûj kirin,

qeliyan û hîn bûn. Ger ku li çavê me were nêrin, wê xemgîniya sedsalan bê dîtin. Û dilê me bi xezebê bêhtir bi şewqet tije ye. Di nav me de jî hin tîp hene ku qîr û borîna ji bo şer dikin. Têkiliya ev kesana hem ji dîrokê û hem jî ji evrojê qut bûye. Her wiha wan tu êş nekişandiye û ev kesên ku wek parazîtîn, dixwazin ku ew êşên hatî jiyan kirin ji xwe re bikin sermaye. Li gor min sembol û kurtasiya me ya Kurdan a herî mezin Jinên Kurd in. Ew jinên ku li hemberê ewqas êş, bi rûkeniyên xwe yên rengaheng rîprast disekin, wêrek in û bi wijdan in. Dema ez li jinên Kurd dinêrim, hezkirina min ji bo gelê Kurd zêdetir dibe. Jinên Kurd da ku wek forma estetîzebûna wêrek û wijdan in, dema ku ez li wan dinêrim, diparêzim coşa xwe ya di derheqê wateya jiyanê de. Ew, hewandina rûmet û nasnameya me ne û her wiha ew, temsîl û hilgirtên hişmendiya azadiya me ne.

Tu zirarekî me Kurda ji kesî re tune ye. Ne bi Ereban, ne bi Farsan û ne jî bi Tirkan re derdekî me nîne. Em bi hezar salane bi van gelan re bihevne jiyan dikin. Bi taybetî tîkiliyên me bi gelên Farsî re ev sê hezar sale heye û me bihevne dewlet jî avakirî ye. Ev hezar sale em bi Tirkan re jiyan dikin. Her wiha bi hezar salane em û gelên Ereban cîranên hevdu ne. Lê dewletên van gelan hertim xwestin ku me tune bihesibînin. Dîsa jî nebera me û van gelan de tu pirsgrêk çênebû û jiyan me ya bi wan re berdewam kir. Li gor min gel û dewlet ji hevdu cûda bîndarî. Dewlet, mekanîzmên zor û desthilatiyê ne. Dema wext were û hewce bibîne ji bo vê mekanîzmê qirkirina gelê xwe jî dide berçav û tu fikare nabîne. Çanda gel ya kûr û bi çeşîd di dewleta de tune ye. Ji sedema tebîetê dewletê ev ne mimkûn e. Ji ber ku dewlet li ser yek çandekî tîr birêvebirin. Yanê ev mekanîzma ji derveyê civakê bes yek çandekî xwe heye. Gewr e, eşk e, bi ajîtasyon û seranser e û her wiha menfaetperest e. Xwe pîroz dibîne an jî pîroziyên civakî ji xwe re dike mertal. Hasilî kelam pîs e, gemar e.

Ji aliyê hemû dewletan ve em di welatê xwe de rastê pêkutiyên hatin. Hin dewlet ku em li bin ala wan de dijiyan û hin dewlet jî piştî hatin kêman û çûn. Me lînc kirin û xwestin ku me xilasî bikin. Li hemberê her tiştê me bi çanda xwe girt û cehdkir ku em her hebin. Em dikarin bêjin ku di vê mijarê de em serkeftî derketin. Qey ji bo gel tiştê hesan e ku hebûna xwe biparêze û serbikeve? Em wek teyrê tawûs bûn li nav ejderhayan de. Pûrtên me hatin biraştin û em pir hatin hincirîn. Her wiha hin kesên ji me li bin piyan de man, lê dîsa jî me hebûna xwe parast û em zêde bûn.

Û ev roj li herêma Kurdistanê referandûma serxwebûnê heye. Teyrên Tawûs ku bi pirçên rengîn, berê xwe dane rojê û baz didin. Ev roj nikarim li cîhê xwe de bimînim ji sedema hêcana xwe. Her çiqas hinek cûdahî hebe jî di navbera nêrinên me yên politik de jî, anha tu qiymeta cûdahiyê tune ji bo min. Ew kesên ku vê rojê referandûmê çêdikin perçeyek ji gelê min in. Her wiha vîna xwe derxistine holê û wê azadiya xwe biqêrin. Azadî li wan tê û ew azadiyê heq dikin. Bêguman eger ku ew, li dûyê dewletekî xwediyê

mekanîzma eşk û li ser avabûyîna yek nîjad de çûyîbûna minê piştgirî neda wana, lê dizanim ku êdî gelê Kurd bixwaze jî nikare bibe dewletekî nîjadperest û zilmkar. Hêvî dikim ku rêvebirên Kurdistanê, wê vîna gel a referandumê de xûya bike bibînin û bi cesaret xwedî derkevin. Û hevî dikim ku di nav ew demokrasiya ku wê avabikin de hemû civakên cûda cîh bigirin û bibe mînakekî baş. Lewra baweriya min ew e ku Kurdistanekî rengîn û demokratîk, ji hemû gelê cîhanê re wê bibe çavkanî ya îlhamê. Bi taybetî jî berxwedan û modela Kobanê û hemû Rojava bû despêkekî baş. Hevîdarim ku ev referandûma li herema Kurdistanê tê lidarxistin, wê întîba erênî û tecrûbeyên ku di Rojavayê de derket holê zêdetir bike. Û helbet ku bila tacek dayne li ser dîroka berxwedanê ya di herema Kurdistanê de. Gelê Kurd, tecrûbeyên hemû kesên bindest dihewîne û ji bo vê yekê jî xwediyê wijdana mirovatiyê ye.

the time is 20:19

### Kurdistan Independence Referendum

I have never been a racist or a nationalist, and what I hate most is the agitation built by these two positions. Even when it comes to the most rightful of wars, I keep my distance from exaggerated statements. What I mean by rightful war is acting in self-defence to protect one's identity and honour. To me, identity and honour are the two components of freedom. One is political and the other moral. These two foundations form each person's scope of freedom, and the definition of society is the gathering of people around this consciousness. I think that we don't need to belong to the same race in order to form a society or a community. Everyone with an awareness of freedom and who maintains a culture of coexistence in this spirit is a part of the community or society. Whatever their race, colour, gender or sexual orientation may be. History showed us that a nation-state formed on a single race is a real threat to humanity. And again, sadly, history has shown us that if we neglect one person's freedom then all of society becomes tangled in chains of captivity.

Us, the Kurdish, I think we are the conscience of humanity. I am not saying this to praise my people or to set them above the rest. Because the ones who suffer are the ones who best know the value of happiness. The ones who face the cold face of death know best the value of life. The ones whose honour is outraged by torture know how best to approach another with compassion and turn respect into the way of life. The ones who are in exile know best how to speak with birds. The ones whose language is forbidden learn to speak with their eyes. Us Kurds have been enduring

all of this for centuries. Almost every tool of oppression has been tried on us. This is how we are sharpened, scorched and learned. If you look into our eyes you will see the sadness of centuries. Our heart is full of compassion and not rage. Amongst us, there are of course warmongers. They are the parasites who are detached from both the present and history, who have not endured this pain yet instrumentalise it to gain capital and a foothold. I think the biggest symbol and summary of us Kurds are Kurdish women. Against all the pain, they maintain their colourful smile and stand upright courageously and conscientiously. As I look at them I care for my people more. As I see our women, formed in the aesthetics of courage and conscientious, my excitement for the meaning of life remains intact. They are at the intersection of our honour and identity, carriers and spectacles of our belief in freedom.

Us Kurds, we are not a threat to anyone. We don't have any problem with Arabs, Persians or Turks. We have been living together for thousands of years. Especially with Persians, we have even governed together, our relationship is 3000 years old. With Turks, we have been together for 1000 years. With Arabs, we have been neighbours for thousands of years. Yet the states these people lived under always tried to disregard us. We continued to live with these societies without having problems with the people. I belong to those who think states and the people need to be considered separately. States are contraptions of power and force. If need be, they crop their own people. States don't possess the profound culture and diversity that the people do, and by their nature, they never will. Because states are ruled through a singular culture. Or more correctly, this extra societal mechanism contains its own unique culture. It is grey and rigid, agitated and superficial. It is a bottom feeder. It sees itself as holy and guards itself with the holiness that belongs to the communal. Its clothing is filthy and dirty.

Us Kurds were suppressed, lynched and all the states in the region and the states founded afterwards desired to eradicate us. Regardless, we held on to our culture and survived so as to exist. Is it easy to survive to exist? We were like peacocks amongst dragons. We got torn, our feathers were plucked, some swallowed under dragon feet, yet still we multiplied and survived.

And today there is an independence referendum in South Kurdistan. With their colourful feathers, peacocks are running towards the sun. I am fidgeting out of excitement today. Even if our political views are different, it doesn't matter right now. They are a part of my people who will execute their will and exclaim their freedom. Freedoms suit them well and they deserve it. I wouldn't be supporting them if they were aiming to form a stark state based on a single race. The Kurdish, even if they wanted,

cannot be a nationalist and cruel nation anymore. I hope the Kurdish governors can find the courage to endorse the will of the Kurdish people who voted 'yes' in the referendum. And I hope they can build an exemplary, participatory democracy open to and representative of all walks of life. Because I do believe that a colourful and democratic Kurdistan will be a source of inspiration for all peoples of the world. The Kobani and Rojavan resistances and models were an especially great start. I hope the South Kurdistan referendum will reinforce the awareness and positive impression formed in Rojava. And of course, to crown the history of resistance in the south. Kurdish people carry the legacy of all suppressed people and the conscience of humanity with them.

Saet 19.11

(Kurdish)

Efrîn

Efrîn, kulîlka herî xweş a Rojavaye..Keça ciwan ku bi fistana xwe yê rengahenk di erdên bejî de baz dide. Xezala min a bi kêf û coş. Welatê min, da ku aşitiyê watedar dike bi darên xwe yên zeytûnên qedim. Jina ku rûken û hembêza xwe ji bo kesên ku ji rûyên şerê dilhişkan direvin re vekirî ye. Şkefa çandê ku tê de gotin û newa tîn strandin. Efrîn...Welatê min a ku li bin hûrbarîne de reqs dike.

Anha bombe dibarin li ser te û bi dengên şewat dihesim. Bêhna min teng dibe û xwe li kolanan dixim. Lê dirûşmên ku biqêrîn davêjim têr nake û nabe mertal di pêşiya bombeyên ku li ser te de dibarin. Destê min dicemidin ji ber ku nikarim destên zarokek ji te bigirim û ev min qehr dike û giran dibe gavên min...Piştire vedigerim odeya xwe ya qampê ku ev der wek nalet û ji min re xerîb e. Tam jî wek gotina Can Yücel dibê

Bi qîrîn dengê xwe dibirim!..

Bi qarîn dengê xwe dibirim!..

Bi qîjîn dengê xwe dibirim!..

the time is 19.11

Afrin

Afrin, the beautiful flower of Rojava... A young girl in a colourful dress, rushing around in a barren land. My vivacious gazelle. With ancient olive trees, my homeland where peace finds its meaning. A genial woman

embracing all those fleeing the pitiless face of war... A cultural vessel where words are kneaded with melodies. Afrin... Dancing with the rain droplets, my homeland...

Now a bomb is dropping and I feel the aching sounds. My body feels tight and I hit the streets. But the slogans I cry out are not enough to shield you from the bombs. My hands are cold because I cannot reach out to the hand of another's child. I am grieving and my steps weigh a ton. After, I return to my damned, foreign room at the camp. The poet Can Yücel's words become true once more,

I am keeping quiet aloud!

I am keeping quiet aloud!

I am keeping quiet aloud!

Saet 20.15

(Kurdish)

Bêdengiya ji bo Efrînê

Li Suriyê me Kurdan rûmeta xwe parast li hemberê ISID û rêxistinên cîhadîst yên radiqal. Me di berxwe da û her wiha me wan mejiyên tarî û ehlaqên rizandî avêt ji axa xwe. Me ji bo kesî şer nekir. Em ji xwe haydar bûn wateya azadî û serxwebûnê û ji bo van nirxan jî me di berxwe da. Jinên Kurdan pêşenkîtiya vê şerê kirin. Ji ber ku herî zêde ew haydar bûn ji van jirêderketiyên reş ya bi hişmendiya nêrtî û baş dizanibûn ku van kesên reş berê her tiştê neyarê azadiya jinan in. Di wan rojên zor de me carekî din jî dît ku hişmendiya azadiya jinan, ji me mêran zêdetir û kûrtir e. Gellek dewlet, artêş û bi sed hezaran însan welatê xwe ji van mejiyên reş re hiştin û reviyên. Lê Kurdan revê wek bêrûmetî dît in û ji bo vê yekê jî li welatê xwe man û bi ruh û can şer kirin.

Meş, eger ji bo terkandina welêt de be, wek li dogehê de şewat e û di çolekî bê rêgeh de wendabûn e. Lê meş, eger ber bi sibehek hêşîn de be, wek li ser mehînekî ji nûve û ji kûrde arşin kirina jiyane ye.

Li Kobanê û li herderê Rojava ciwanên me, jinên me yên ciwan ên fermanîdar da ku hîn di hijdeh saliya xwe de, porê xwe dihûnadin û ew çarşefên reş diçirandin. Bi agirê dilên xwe, wan mehlûqatên bişûr û gewdeyên bi girêz dişewutandin û dikirin xweliyê agirê. Bi dilên xwe yên bi eşq li hemberê xwestekarên qetlîama û dilên wek kevira de disekinîn. Bi evîne, têkberin nefretê ya ku berhema cehaletê ye...Şoreşekî rast!...

Wan rojana tîn bîra min. Dilên hemû gelên cîhanê bi ciwanê berxwedêrên Kurdan re bû, ji ber ku ciwanên Kurdan, heyfa kesên bêşûç ku li Parîsê, Londonê, Belînê, Brükselê û gelek deverê cîhanê de ji aliyê

ev rêxistina tarî ve dihatin kuştin jî digirtin. Li hemû cîhanê berxwedan û serfiraziya Kobanê dihat pîroz kirin. Yekê Mijdarê, roja Kobanê ya cîhanê dihat îlan kirin. Gelek kes, ew kincên ku ciwanê Kurd -di rojên derbas bûyî de ji gelên din jî gelek mirov tevlê berxwedanê bûn- dema di şer de li xwe dikirin wek nîşane diditîn û wan jî li xwe dikir. Heya ku hîn firoşgehên cil û bergan, des bi firotana van kincan kiribû. Wek ku di hemû cîhanê de ji bo rûmeta mirovahiyê hisiyat û hestiyariyek pêşketi bû.

Lê ev roj? Piştê xilasiya tezahûrên hişmendî ya kevneparêz da ku di bin navê DAÊŞ de kom bibûn? Kurda ku ewqas bedel dan û her wiha li rûmeta mirovahiyê û azadiyê xwedî derketin. Li ser vê jî xwestin ku pergalekî demokratîk û aşitîxwaz ava bikin. Lê ew roj dîsa di bin êrîşekî mezin de man. Bi serde jî îja kesên ku êrîş dikin artêşa dewleteki ye û li cem wan jî bi dehan rêxistinên cîhadîst da ku ji IŞIDê zayîne hene. Bi balafirên şer, bi moşekan, bi tank û kesên ku destê wan de şûr hene êrîşê li ser Efrînê dikin. Ew gelên cîhana mezin li kuderê ne? Ew dewletên Ewrûpî ku dema me şer dikir minet û piştgiriyên xwe dianîn ziman li ku derê ne? Ew endamên senato û kongreya Emerîka yên ku muhterem li ku derê ne? Ev bêdengî û durûtî ji bo çi ye?

Elbet hîn kesên ku qasê kulmekî be jî dilê wan bi me re ye û hîn kesên xwedî wijdan, rewşenbîr, hunermend, parlementer û kesên ku daketine kolanan dibînim. Lê azadî bi dengên lawaz nayê qezenc kirin. Hewceye ku kesên diqêrin, dengê xwe bigîhînin hevdû ev deng di kozmosêde belav bibe. Duh ev deng gihîştibû hev û enerjîyekî avabibû. Me bi wê enerjîyê di nav mejiyên tarî de ronahiya azadiyê belav kiribû. Me bi ronahiya azadiyê, mehluqatên rizandî yên cehalet û koletiyê xilas kiribû.

Lê vê rojê ? Hûn li ku derê ne ey mirovahî? Kesên Parîsî, Londonî, Berlînî, Brukselî û Newyorkî hûn li ku derê ne? We çi zû jibîr kir ku di kolanan we yên ewledar de alikariya berxwedanê Kurda jî heye. Bi hezaran ciwanên Kurd ku bi taybetî jî jinên ciwan canê xwe dan. We çi zû para wan jibîr kir? Çi bû jî çepik û dengê we yên bilind da ku ji bo piştgirî û pesnên berxwedêran bû û me heya duh jî dibihîst? Ma qey dengê we korikî an jî destê we westiya ye? An jî wijdana we zuha bû ye?

Êdî tenê zarokên me dimirin û ew axa ku em tê de dimirin ji we pir dûre, ne wisa? Dema ji rûyên mirinê ya sar xilas dibin û dema sînora bi tîlan teng dikin, dil jî sar dibe, ne wisa? Nexwe cihekî we jan nede û hûn bikaribin bi rehetî serê xwe daynin li ser balîfê, hûn êşa wan zarokên bê malbat û bêwar dimînin hîs nakin? Bêdengî, hilma mirinê ye û her bêdengî, cîhanê zêdetir sar û tarî dike, tê fêmkirin ku hûn vê rastiyê jî nabînin. Hûn, ey dewletên ku rûyên xwe ji van rojan dizivîrin û her wiha ey girseyên ku li dû van dewletan diçin, hûn bi nankoriya xwe pir biçûk bûn. Lê em, ew kesên ku di çiya û kolanan de azadiyê diqêrin, yek kesekî jî bimînin wê emê bibiriqin.

the time is 20:15

## Silence Against Afrin

Us Kurds protected our honour against ISIS and other jihadist radical organisations. We resisted and got those darkened minds and rotten morals off our land. We didn't fight for anyone. We knew what freedom and independence meant and we fought for these values. Our women led the fight. They knew well how these blackened masculine deviants were first against the freedom of women. We saw then once again how women possess a much deeper and stronger consciousness of freedom. States, hundreds of thousands of people, yielded to these dark minds and fled. But the Kurds saw fleeing as a dishonour and stayed to fight with their lives.

To walk away from one's country is to be burned in Hell's flames and lost directionless in a desert. But to walk toward a blue future is to stride deeply upon the earth again atop a mare.

Our youth, young women commanders of eighteen years, braided their hair and got rid of chadors in Kobani and across Rojava. They turned the slobbering bodies of these sword-swinging creatures into ashes with the fire burning in their hearts. They resisted the stone hearts that demanded slavery and massacre with their loving hearts. A win against hatred, the product of ignorance, with love...A real revolution!

I remember those days. The hearts of the people of the world beat with the resisting Kurdish youth. The Kurdish youth were avenging the innocent massacred by this terror-spreading organisation, dishonoured in the Middle East, Paris, London, Berlin, Brussels and other cities of the world. The resistance and triumph of Kobani were celebrated all around the world. The 1st of November was declared World Kobani Day. People were wearing the symbolic clothes of the Kurdish resistance and their international allies. Clothes were even being sold in stores by capitalist populists in an attempt to turn this revolutionary stance into advertising and consumerist merchandise. Regarding human integrity, there was a rising sensitivity and a feeling of closing ranks around the world.

What about today? When the outbreaks of this reactionist mentality named ISIS came to an end, Kurds, who had sacrificed so much and who were beginning to weave a democratic and peaceful system while looking after human integrity, came under attack. And now, this time it is a state army with dozens of jihadist organisations behind it. They are attacking Afrin with fighter jets, missiles, tanks and a raft of sword-bearing, bearded, paid deviants. But where are the powers of the rest of the world? Where are the European states who were once so supportive and thankful? Where are the parliament and senate members of the USA who saw us as heroes?

Of course, I see a handful of conscientious intellectuals, artists, parliamentarians and people taking to the streets. But freedom cannot be gained by meagre voices. Our raised voices should unite and spread across the world. In the past, we created energy out of these voices and shed the light of freedom over darkened minds. With the light of freedom, we diminished the rancid creatures of slavery and ignorance.

What about today? Where are you, Humanity? Parisians, Berliners, Londoners, Brusselites and New Yorkers, where are you? How soon you forgot the contributions of the Kurdish youth, especially the young women who fought so your streets could be a little bit safer. What happened to your praises and claps of support loudly heard just yesterday? Did you become hoarse? Are your hands tired? Or is your conscience dried up?

Now only our children perish, and the land we perish on seems too far, right? Once we got rid of the cold face of death and once the borders were strengthened with wire fences your hearts grew cold, is that so? So you no longer feel the pain of children and families without homes once you yourself no longer hurt and once your heads hit your soft pillows? It seems you also don't see that silence is the kiss of death and that each silence brings more coldness and darkness to this world. O! You, the countries who turn their backs on today and the crowds who follow them. You shrank with your ungratefulness. But for us, who shout out for freedom on the streets and from mountaintops, we will continue to shine, even if there is only one of us left.

Saet 13.14

(Kurdish)

Efrîn Ji Dest Çû...

Xwezî li wê sibeya nebixêr ez şiyar nebûma. Ew kesên ku li Efrîna şêrîn bi destê zorê dihatin koçber kirin min nedîtiba û ew wênayên bi êş li çavên min rûnenîştîya... Jinikek di destê wê de zarokek hebû û dema ji welatê xwe derdiket cara dawî vedigerî û bi kelûgirîn li welatê xwe dimeyzand, xwezî min a wan di wî halê de nedîtiba û ew çax bi dîtina wan kezeba min neperîtîya...

Xwezî li bin dengên çek û bombeyan de, ew pîra ku wek darekî çinarê bû, li ser piştî ciwanekî de û ji sedema terka welat bi êşekî giran digiriya min nemezanda...Û li bin sîya xemgîniya wê de ez neşewitîbûma...

Xwezî ez hîn ji dayîka xwe nebûma û wek kûç û kulmekî ax li ser erdê Efrîna şêrîn bûma. Xwezî Efrîna şêrîn bi zarokên xwe yê şên li ser rûyê min bilîstiba...

Xwezî hemû van tiştana qet nebûya û min wek çûkekî terka wê jiyane bikira. Xwezî ev sibeh jî qet nebûya û ez jî şiyar nebûma...

the time is 13:14

Afrin Fell...

I wish I never woke up this morning, so the grief of those forced to migrate from Afrin would never have reached my eyes. I wish I hadn't seen the woman holding the hand of her child while taking a last glance at her homeland. I wish my lungs hadn't melted with that sorrow.

I wish I hadn't seen the elderly fleeing their country under explosions and gunshots, crying on the back of a youth. I wish I hadn't charred in the shadow of the grief they left behind.

I wish all this didn't happen this morning and that I was a bird fleeing this world...

I wish I hadn't been born, but remained a speck on Earth, and Afrin was a commune with children playing above me.

Saet 22.04

(Kurdish)

Ez Efrîn im Afirandîn im

Di paşila xwedajinan û di tûrikên kal û pîran de av û tov im

Bi sedsalan e bi kulman tême reşandin

Ey dijminên reş!

Gelo wê çî bikin bêr, tevr û pêlavên we yên qirêj?

Ez li wê derê zîlên zeytûn, li her bihusta axa welêt êdî zîlên stêrkîn û hêzgerdûn im

Ez Efrîn im Afirandîn im

Bi tîna dil û bi destên dayîkan ve Di Deşta Cûmê çandina genimê sor im

Bi sedsalane bi hêviyan tême reşandin

Ey dijminên reş! Gelo wê çî bikin hov, birçî û dizên we yên sergêj

Ez li ber qirika Cemîlê Horo û li ber destê Mamoste Dêrsimî bûme Gotin im, hêvî û stranên dengbêj

Ez Efrîn im

Afirandîn im

Li çîyayên Kurmênc bi xwêdana ciwanên rûken ax hat avdan

Îroj wextê çinînê ye û berhemên sedsalan im ez, çûk im çûk, çûkên  
ji axa sor  
Ey dijminên reş! Gelo wê çi bikin çek û topbaranên we, agir û sînor  
Ez Efrîn im, ber bi rojê ve firîn im

the time is 22.04

I am Afrin  
The one creating madly  
In the bosoms of the goddesses and in the sacks of the old men and  
women  
I am water and seed  
I have been scattered in handfuls for many centuries  
O bleak foes! What's the use of your dirty spades, pickaxes and  
shoes?  
I am here, as the shoots of olive trees, in every span of my land as  
starry shoots  
and as mighty as the universe

I am Afrin  
The one creating madly  
Scattered by the hands of the hearty mothers  
I am the wheat being sown in the lowland of Cûmê  
I have been scattered with hopes for many centuries  
O bleak foes! What's the use of your gullible brutes, famished guys  
and plunderers?  
I grew ripe, mesmerised by Cemîlê Horo's tunes and was trained by  
Master Dêrsimî  
I am the Word itself, the hopes and songs of the bards

I am Afrin  
The one creating madly  
Amid the Kurdish mountains by the sweat of the cheerful youth  
the land was irrigated  
Today, it is time to reap and I am the crop of centuries, merely a bird,  
one of those of terra rosa  
O bleak foes! What's the use of your weapons and shellings, fire and  
borders?  
I am Afrin, the one flying towards the sun

Saet t 15.11

(Kurdish)

Referandûma serxwebûnê ya Herêma Kurdistanê û ketina Efrînê nişanê  
me da ku..

Me Kurdan carekî din jî dît ku xerîb û sare paldankên meqam û diwarên  
burokratîk. Hîlekarin ew kesên ku bi stûbend, xwediyê rûyê nerm û ziman  
şêrîn. Ji derewan ava dibe rapeyvînên wan ên bi coş. Dema ku em tîn  
rojevê, bêbandor dibe zagonên wan ên derheqê serxwebûn û mafên esasî.  
Dema ku em dikevin li nav çemberek ji agir, kor û ker dibin ew, "dostên ku ji  
ava medeniyetê vexwarî ne"

Me Kurdan carek din jî fehm kir ku çiyayên bilind û asê ji bo me jiyân  
e, can e û dosta herî qedîm e...

the time is 15:11

The Kurdistan Independence Referendum and What Afrin Reveals

Us Kurds witnessed once more that official positions and bureaucratic  
walls are cold to our touch. Tricksters, the soft-faced and soft-spoken  
nektied ones, are made only of lies; the effusive sermons are soaring from  
their mouths. When it comes to us, the legislation for independence and  
basic rights is out of order and we are encircled in a fire. Blind and deaf are  
the friends who drank from the fountain of civilisation.

Us Kurds understood once more that the rebellious, high mountains  
are both life and spirit, and also ancient friends of ours...

saat 01.14

(Turkish)

Mülteci kamplarında kalma süreçleri, beni çok incitse de aynı zamanda  
tıpkı yaşadığım cezaevi süreçleri gibi öğretici de oluyor. Çünkü buralar  
ezilenlerin mozaigi olduğu gibi küresel sistem ve ekonomiyi, politikayı,  
toplumsal ve bireysel psikolojiyi analiz etmenin de laboratuvarı gibi.  
Kampımızda ağırlıkta Suriye ve Afrika ülkelerinden olmak üzere asya,  
kafkasya, uzakdoğu ve balkanların birçok ülkesinden insanlar yaşıyor.  
Çok çeşitli inanç, dil ve kültürler sözkonusu. Gözlem yapıyor ve haddimi  
bilerek hemen hemen hepsiyle diyalog kuruyorum. Hayatım boyunca  
okuyarak, gezerek ya da yaşayarak haberdar olduğum bu çeşitlilik  
içinde ilkeze gördüklerim de var elbet. Konuşabilmek, bazen gözlerle bile  
anlaşabilmek ve paylaşabilmek beni çok mutlu ediyor.

Bizler, bu dünyada ötekileştirilenlerin bir özeti gibiyiz. Bunu arabesk ya da buhran içinde belirtmiyorum. Mağduriyet edebiyatından ise nefret ederim. Realitenin objektif bir okuması bu. Kampın dışındaki hayat ve içini karşılaştırmam bile yeterli geliyor. Acılarımızın dili birbirine çok yakın olduğundan anlaşabiliyoruz birbirimizle. Örneğin Tibet'ten gelen eşcinsel bir çiftin, Srilanka'dan gelen bir Tamil kaplanının, İran'dan bir sanatçının, Yemen'den bir doktorun, Türkiye'den gelen Ermeni bir çiftin ya da Irak'tan gelen bir Ezidi'nin mağduriyeti aynı zihniyete dayanıyor. Hepimiz iyi tanıyoruz bu zihniyeti. Farklı açılardan da olsa gördük yüzünü bu iktidar canavarının.

Farklılıklara tahammül edemeyen ve özgürlükleri sadece kendileri için ve kendilerinin belirlediği sınırlar içinde isteyen yönetimlerden kaçıyor bu insanlar. Yine bu geri yönetimlerin örgütlediği yobaz gruplar ve onların karanlık dünyalarından uzaklaşma çabasıdır buralara gelme sebepleri. Sadece kaçmak ve kurtulmak için değil, aynı zamanda varolma çabası ve ısrarıdır bu gelişler. Ve sanırım benim gibi politik nedenlerden dolayı gelmek zorunda kalanlar için ülkenin daha da özgürleşmesi ve birgün tekrardan ülkeye güçlü bir şekilde dönülebilmesi amacını taşır buralara gelişler. Bu yüzden anlamak-anlaşılacak çok da zor olmuyor aslında. Bu kadar farklı coğrafya ve kültürden olanların paylaşımı ve dayanışması ise güç veriyor insana. Bizler, ötekileştirilenler, yani düşüncesi, inancı, etnisitesi ya da cinsel yönelimi yüzünden dıştalanmışlar, biraz dik dursak, dayanışmamızı büyütebilirsek ve dünyanın her yerindeki direnişlerimizi buluşturabilirsek ne güzel olur bu dünya!..

the time is 01:14

The time periods I spent in refugee camps, just like my prison times, were painful but also informative. Because these places are laboratories for analysing global systems and economies, politics and social and individual psychologies as much as they are a mosaic of the oppressed. In our camp there are many people from Syria and African countries, but also from Asia, Caucasus, the Far East and many countries in the Balkans. A large variety of beliefs, languages and cultures coexist. I observe and have dialogues with almost all of them while knowing my place. Amongst this diversity, there are cultures I am experiencing for the first time alongside ones I was informed about by reading, travelling and experiencing. To be able to talk and get along, even if sometimes only with eye contact, makes me very happy.

We are like a summary of the marginalised of this world. I am not stating this from an arabesque sensibility or because of depression. I

hate the literature of victimhood. Mine is an objective reading of reality. Even the comparison between the camp and the outside world is enough. Because the language of our suffering is so close to that of another, we are able to communicate. The unjust suffering of a gay couple from Tibet, a Tamil Tiger from Sri Lanka, an artist from Iran, a doctor from Yemen, an Armenian couple from Turkey or a Yezidi from Iraq all stem from the same mentality. We all know this mentality very well. Even if from different perspectives, we saw the face of this ruling monster.

These people are running from the governance of those who cannot tolerate differences and who want freedoms only for themselves and at the expense of their desires. The reason they are here is to be as far as possible from the bigoted herds organised by these regressive governments and their dark worlds. It is not just running away to be safe. Coming here is a struggle and insistence for existence. And I think coming here carries with it the hope to return home one day stronger, having cultivated more freedom for those who are forced to migrate for political reasons. This is why to understand and to be understood is not that difficult. The sharing and solidarity between so many from different geographies and cultures gives one strength. If we, the marginalised – meaning those alienated because of their opinions, beliefs, ethnicity or sexual orientation – stand upright, grow our solidarity and bring our resistances from all over the world together, what a beautiful world this would be!

Saet 00.00

(Kurdish)

Entegrasyon

Mirov, bi zimanê xwe û bi rengê xwe yê xwezayî xweşik e. Sepana ku navê wî entegrasyonê, êrîşa li ser xwezatiyê ye. Li vê derê perwerdeya derheqên rîayeta rêzikên silsile yên ku hatî danîn, mecbûriyeta elimandina zimanekî nû, posta, cezayên pere, sîgorta, îmze kirin, qewl stendin re dibêjin entegrasyon. Bi qeîdeyên hêsan ên rojane çandekî navendî ava bûye û ji bo vê çandê ji herkesê rîayet tê xwestin. Li gor min ew tişt ku dibêjin entegrasyon, tersê rihê xweza û mirov e. Tune kirina şênayî û herkesê bi yek rengê ve nixumandin e.



the time is 00:00

## Integration

A person's beauty comes from their own language and natural colour. The imposition of integration is a violation of such naturalness. The request to agree with a thread of predetermined regulations and routines, the obligation to learn a new language, to pay fines, postage fees, and insurance premiums; to learn to sign one's time, to endorse one's checks, and to follow instructions. This is what is called integration here. These simple, everyday rules form a central culture that everyone is expected to follow. I think what they deem integration goes against the spirit of humanity and nature. It is the destruction of all colours in favour of just one.

Saet 23.50

(Kurdish)

### Di Îranê de bûyer û muxalefeta civakî

Îran, di erdnîgariya me de welatekî li ser çavkaniya çandê ye. Ev cografya ku em Kurd jî li ser dijîn, ji hezar salan berê wek welatê fikr û ramanê tê hesibandin. Wêje, siyaset, felsefe û ilm, ji vê herêmê belav bû ye. Derheqê însên, ferdîtî, rêwitiya ber bi hundir, eşq û heqîqetê çi kelam hatibe gotin. Li ser mey-yar û jiyane çî helbest hatibe nivîsandin. Sadî, Hafîz Şîrazî, Baba Tahirê Hemedanî, Omer Xeyyam, Firdevsî, Ferûdinê Attar û nêçe nîrx li ser wê axê jiyane kirin e. Mansûr û Mevlana ku şexsiyetên wek nîşaneyê azadî û evînê bûn, ji kaniyên vê axê wexwarin. Kevneşopî ya Zerdûştî herî zêde li ser vê axê de hatiye jiyankirin. Di derheqên her halên mirov de da ku mijarên herî mahrem jî dihat nivîsandin û nîqaş kirin. Lê anha çî diqewime li ser vê axê?

Dizanim ku di nav gelên li ser erdnîgariya me de dijîn, gelên ku herî nêzê hunerê ye û bi azadiya xwe re girêdayî ye Farsî ne. Hîn hevalê min ên Farsî hene ku di nîqaşa navbera me de her tim astekî heye û samimiyeta wan jî hîs dikim. Îroj zîhniyeta ku li Îranê xwedî erk û dewlete, ew mîrasa çandî û mirovên bi wesf wekî ku tune dike. Ew rejîma olî ku dewletê birêve dibe, ne li gor kelepura gelên li wir dijîn e. Milet, nikare ku fikrê xwe bîne ziman hûnerweriya xwe derxe hole. Êşa herî mezin ewe ku serê jinan bi zorê tê girtin. Lê belê jinên Fars û Kurd xwediyê rihekî azadin û dişibin wek çivîkên rengaheng. Ji wan tê xwestin ku ew porên xwe yên reş da ku pir xweşik, di bin laçikê de veşêrin. Elbet kesên ku bixwaze dikare serê xwe bigre û hurmeta min ji hemû baweriyên re heye. Lê dema dewletekî an jî saziyekî biryar bistîne û ji herkesê re bike mecbûrî, ez vî wek zilm

dibînim. Di bin gelek zilman de û her wiha di vê mînaka sergirtinê de jî kesên ku herî zirar dibîne dîsa jin in.

Doh gava min nûçeyan dixwend rastê jinekî Aryanî hatim ku laçikê xwe dabû li ser dara destê xwe û dihejand. Li gor nûçe navê wê Vîda Movahed bû. Û piştê kelecaneke min girt ji vê dîmenê. Pêşenkî pir li jinan tê û min xwest ku li wê derê bim û her wiha li pişt wan bimeşim. Li Îranê jin pêşenkî protestoyan dikin. Li Îranê li ku meşên ji bo azadî û dadê çêbe ez bi kelecaneke temaşê dikim û hestiyar dibim. Pir dixwazim ku ew kesana biserkevin. Ji ber ku eger ew kesên ku protesto dikin, ev rejîma paşvexwaz daxînin, wê tesîra wî li ser hemû gelên heremê çêbibe. Li gor min ev mesele, ji guhertina rejîmekî pir zêdetir e. Mesela esil ewe ku wê xezîna çandî ya herêmê dîsa derkeve holê û hişmendiya azadî ya civakî wê pêl bi pêl belav bibe û her wiha wê cografîyek bi ronahî ji nû ve ava bibe. Di wan kesên ku penaberin û di qampê dimînin de jî heyecanekî heye. Dibînim ku di navbera wan û welat, çand û wate de bendekî heye û ev min jî kêfxweş dike.

Gelên Îranê ber xwe didin. Wek şerê tarîti û ronahî ya felsefa Zerdûştî. Bi sed salane tarîti bi ser dikeve. Ez ne emînim ku wê îja ronahî bi serbikeve an na. Lê ew girseyên ku temsîlên ronahiyê dikin, li herêmê zêde dibin û ez bawerim ku wê rojek serbikevin. Ev şerê Ehrîman û Hirmiz e. Dilê min di cenga Hirmiz de ye...

the time is 23:50

## The Social Opposition and Developments in Iran

Iran is part of the cultural resources of our land. This land, that we Kurds also inhabit, has been a home to worlds of thought for thousands of years. Literature, diplomacy, philosophy, science, all spread from these soils. Many words have been spoken on being a human, being an individual, inner journeys, love and truth. Many poems were written on the subjects of wine, the beloved and life. Saadi, Hafez Shirazi, Baba Taher, Omar Khayyam, Ferdowsi and many more figures lived on these lands. Symbols of love and freedom like Mansur Al-Hallaj and Rumi drank from these springs. This is where the Zarathustra tradition is lived. What is happening now in this region where every human condition, even the most confidential, is written and spoken about?

I know that Persian society is the most inclined towards art and most devoted to freedom in our territory. I have Persian friends and I sense a graciousness and sincerity in our sharing. Today, the mentality in power in Iran is destroying the cultural heritage and meritable people of Iran. A regime unfit for Persian people and Iranian land is ruling the government.

People are not able to voice their opinions and bring their talents out into the open. And the biggest pain is that women are forced to cover their heads. Even though the Kurdish and Persian women are free-spirited and like colourful birds, they ask them to hide their beautiful black hair under a cover. Everyone who wishes can cover their heads of course, and I respect every belief. But when a state or establishment decides on a general verdict to be forced onto all it is oppression. As with most oppression, the ones primarily affected are women.

I saw a woman when reading the news yesterday. A young Iranian woman waving her hijab from the tip of a stick. Her name was Vida Movahed. This image excited me. It suits women to be protest leaders, and I wish I could be there walking among them. Women are leading the protests in Iran. Freedom marches are spreading across the country. I watch them with excitement and get emotional. I want them to succeed with all my heart, because their success in toppling an oppressive regime will reflect positively upon other people in the region. To me, the issue is beyond the change of a single regime. The real issue is in uncovering the cultural treasures of the region to develop an emancipatory public consciousness again, and to let it expand outward in waves to build an enlightened region. The Iranians living at the camp are excited too. To see them so strongly maintain their bond with their country through cultural and meaningful connections makes me happy.

The Iranian people are resisting. Just like in the fight between light and dark in the Zarathustra tradition. Darkness has been prevailing over many centuries. This time I don't know if the light can succeed, but the ones who represent lightness are growing in the region and I believe sooner or later they will overcome the darkness. This is the war of Ahriman and Ahura Mazda. My heart rests on the side of Ahura Mazda...

Saet 23.40

(Kurdish)

### Huner

Huner, ji bîra xwe av vexwarin û tekildarî ya xwe bi xwe ye. Li gor min di nav hemû kesan de bîrekî û di vê bîrêde jî avakî rengîn heye. Herkes jî vê bîrê haydar e. Elbet ku giranî, tam û rengê ava ku ji bîrê tê kişandin, li gor herkesê cûda ye. Hîn kes vê avê, tenê di singê xwe de hîs dikin. Hîn kes dikarin tenê kulmekî jî vê avê bigrin û ji bo tama vê wenda nebe jî her tim di nav devê xwe de diçelqînin. Lê hîn kes jî her daîm jî vê ava muhteşem bi kulm kulm derdixin û bi vê avê çav, guh, poz û destên xwe

dişon. Li zimanê van kesan de tama avê jixwe bicîh bûye. Ez, ji van kesan re dibêjim hunermend û bi xemgînî dibînim ku ji van kesan li devdorê me pir kêm hene. Li gor min hunermend, ew kesin ku dikarin dest bidin ava xwe ya heq, vexwin û xwe nû bikin. Navê vê qonaxê jî huner e. Ji bo însan, xwenûkirin-veguherandin zehmet e û her wiha wek xwe ji nû ve afirandin e. Û her qonaxa afirandinê, hem êş û hem jî şadî dihewîne. Dema em li çavê hunermenda binêrin wê emê vê bibînin. Di çavên wan de coş û keder bihevre disekin.

the time is 23:40

### Art

Art is the ability to embrace oneself and to drink from one's well. I believe that there is a deep well with colourful waters in every person. Each knows about this well... Surely the amount of water and the colour depends on the person. Some only sense this water in their chest. Some can only get a handful, tossing it in their mouth without drinking it to retain the flavour. Some grasp as this marvelous water by the handful and wash their eyes, ears, noses and hands every time. The flavour settles on their tongues. These are the ones whom I call artists, and I witness their rarity amongst us sorrowfully. I think an artist is the one who can touch their sap, drink it and replenish themselves. And this process itself is the art. For a human being to replenish, to change oneself, is difficult and almost feels like recreating oneself. And each creation contains both happiness and heartache... We can see it in the eyes of an artist. Fervour and sadness stand side by side...

Saet 16.48

(Kurdish)

### Alarm...

Li ser diwarên sar de bi dirêjî alarm lêdixe. Wek sîrenên ji derbasbûyina dojhê ye...Di dema nûjen de ev dengê zincîra êsiriyê ye...Artêşa zilamên ku qatên reş li xwekirî bi yekdevî dengê borîzanê dixin guhê me.

“Cixare ji bo tenduristi ya we zerar e.  
Lê xiravbûna derûnî ya we feydedar e...”

the time is 16:48

Alarm...

The alarms at the top of the cold walls are going off at length. Sirens from the past's hell... Chains of enslavement resounding in modern times... An army of men in suits unanimously forcing their trumpets in our ears.

“Smoking is bad for your health.  
Losing one's sanity is useful...”

Saet 19.23

(Kurdish)

Tespîtek di derheqên alariman de:

Alarm, ji aliyê leviathanê nûjen ve wek amûrên ji bo belavkirina tirsê tên bi karanîn. Koka wî heya borîzanên şer diçe. Lê di îcadkirina wî de armançekî fireh heye.

Armanca esasî ew e ku li ser kesên an jî devdorên ku wek dijmin tên dîtîn de tirs û qutifandin belav bikin. Hikma li ser wan bi rêya derûniyê hesantir bikin. Û piştê wan bi xwe ve girê bidin û li gor xwestekên xwe rêya beralî kirinê vekin. Despêka xebatên ezmûnî li ser girtiyên di girtîgehandene hat çêkirin. Her roj -bi taybetî jî di şevan de- bi dengê bilind û pir caran ev alarmana hatin lêxistin. Bi vî şêklê hat xwestin ku tirs bikeve dilê girtiyan û qerekerên qutifokî ava bibe. Mexlûqên qutifî, bê vîn, îtaetkar, bê ruh û li gor fermanan tevbigere...Ev tecrûbekirina di girtîgehan de li ser hin girtiyan encamek wek tê xwestin derxist hole.

Leviathanan dît ku piştê ev encam li gorê xwesteka wan derket, xwestin qada pratîgê firehtir bikin. Îcar Leviathanan xwestin ku di nav kesên ku xizmetkar û leşkerên xwe de vê tirsê belav bikin. Di nav leşkerên artêşa xwe de wextên îçtima û amedekariyên peywirên derasayî de wan dangan bi kar anîn. Her sibeh û her roj! Ji ber ku dixwestin xwe bikin erkekî bê dawî û ew kesên ku di bin fermana wan de jî biguherînin û bikin wek tiştên/berkirdeyên itaetê. Dema ji vê tetbîqatê jî encamek li gor xwe girtin kêfa wan zêde bû û xwestin vê rêbazê zêde û belav bikin.

Ew kesên ku erkê li destê xwe de digirin wek key, paşe, zordest, serok an jî serokwezîr biryar dan ku vî amûra serkeftî li hemberê gelan jî bi karbin. Ji bo vê yekê jî vî amûre di nav teşkîlatên polêsan de belavkirin û xwestin ku li ser alarmên polêsan ve çanda tirsê li nav gel de ava bikin. Êdî van sîren û alarman, erka leviathanan diqeriyên û her wiha hikma wan a teqez îlan dikirin. Lê dîtîn ku ev rêbaz, tenê bi serê xwe encamekî li gor

dilê wan dernaxe û li ser gelan zêde sîrayet nake, hewcedariyek bêtir deng û texlîdên alarman kirin. Ji bo vê yekê jî pêdiviyên wan bi derewên xemilandî û baweriyên şêrîn hebû. Her wiha des bi bangeşiya “em ji bo we dixebitin, dewlet ji bo gel heye” kirin. Bi vî şêklê jî êgirkujan heya ambûlansan li ser gelekî vesaîtên rêxistin de ji van alarman danîn. Civak hêdî hêdî van alarman xunaftin û her çiqas jî dengê alarman eciz bibin jî hatin elimandin û êdî erka dewletê dibihîstin.

Ev rewşa civakê ku êdî di nav halekî elimandîde ne, kêfekî mezin da kesên ku alarman îcad kirine, lê bi vî encamê jî têr nebûn! Ji ber ku li gor watedayîna wan “çiqas zêde alarm, ewqas jî tirs” bû ji bo gelan. Ji bo vê jî dixwestin ku tirsê bêhtir bikin û bidin sirayetkirin. Anîn rewşekî wisa ku bi hênceta “ji bo ewlehi” li ser wesaitan heya malan, ji warên dan û stendîne heya marketan li her cihê jî van alarman danîn. Gelan bi zêdetir merûzê van dangan kirin. Ev jî têr nekir û bi hênceta “ji bo tenduristî ya we û ji bo temînata jiyana we” alarmên nû çêkirin û belav kirin. Wek pêkenok û ecêbe ku hin alarm bi sedema cixareyê tên bi cihkirin. Çi wext cixare were kişandin ev alarm lê dixê da ku dengê wî mirov eciz dike û mirov bi hêrs dike. Her wiha tu tesîrekî erênîya van alarman li ser civakê tune ku mirov ji cixarê dûr bikeve. Berevajî, ev alarmana dema lê dixin potansiyela kişandina cixarê hil tê/radibe. Ji xwe armanca esasî jî ne ev e.

Hasilî kelam, alarm, amûrekî ji bo qutifandina civakan û di nav wan de belavkirina tirsê ye. Ji bilî vê her tişt çirok e...

the time is 19:23

A consideration regarding alarms:

Alarms are devices for spreading fear used by the modern Leviathans. They trace back to war horns. But their invention harbours a much more expansive purpose.

The main goal is to spread fear to the ones seen as enemies and to suppress them in order to make it easier to dominate them psychologically. Afterwards, it provides a path to enchain and govern them. The first experimental studies were done on prisoners and took place in jails. Every day, and especially at night, with the use of repetitive and loud alarms, they aimed to create cowering people by instilling fear. Cowed, flaccid, submissive, lifeless creatures that move by command... The prison experiments had the intended result on some subjects.

Leviathans, after seeing these positive results, applied them in a more expansive way. This time they wanted to induce fear in the soldiers and workers in their disposals. They began to use these sounds while

training their soldiers for rallies and unusual assignments. Every morning, every day! Because they wanted to be the absolute power and they wanted their subordinates to become objects of obedience. Once they saw the results they wanted, they rejoiced and endeavoured to expand their reach. Kings, sultans, dictators, presidents or prime ministers who held power decided to use this successful weapon against their people. They distributed it amongst their police organisations and tried to spread a culture of fear through the use of police sirens. As sirens, alarms shout the power of leviathans and become a pronouncement of their absolute dominance. But once they realised that their effect on society was not as they intended, they wanted to introduce more alarm sounds and varieties. For this, they needed fish tales and pretty beliefs. They hid behind the propaganda of 'We are working for you, the state is for its people!' In this manner, they integrated these alarms into many organisations, from fire departments to ambulances. People slowly digested the alarms and while they were once bothered by their sounds, they have long since become used to hearing the sound of the state's power.

And this gave more motivation to the inventors, as they were not willing to settle for this! Because the people thought 'more alarms, more fear' and for this reason sought to expand their reach even further. This resulted in such a state that 'for the sake of security', they placed alarms everywhere and exposed people to them to an even greater extent, from cars to homes and shopping centres to markets. As if that wasn't enough, new alarms were produced and installed under the excuse of 'health and safety'.

The most bizarre and farcical are the alarms installed against smoking. Whenever someone smokes these annoying, infuriating alarms go off. Yet these alarms are not working to influence people against smoking. On the contrary, when these alarms ring the chances of people smoking increases through the anxiety they induce. Besides, that is not the goal here.

In a nutshell, alarms are devices used for suppressing people by spreading fear. The rest is history...

saat 21.50

(Turkish)

İktidar olma hali, aptal, doyumsuz ve korkak bir obeze dönüşme halidir aslında. Çünkü iktidar olan ve olmak isteyen, gücü, cüssesinin büyüklüğü ve sahip olduklarıyla eşdeğer tutar. Bunun için de sürekli ve şuursuzca yer. Yiyemediklerini ise stoklar; bozulsalar bile kimseyle paylaşmaz ve kendine saklar. Zamanla bu hal, beraberinde psikolojik hastalıklar da

yaratır. Anksiyete, obsesyonlar ve kaybetme korkusu... Yediklerinin azalması ya da onları tümüyle kaybetme ihtimali adeta kabusa dönüşür. Korkusu büyüdükçe agresifleşir. Ortalıkta, karşı bir fiil ya da somut bir tehlike olmasa bile korkusu büyümeye devam eder. Zamanla etraftaki tüm farklılıkları hatta küçük iktidarcıkları bile tehlike olarak görmeye başlar ve onlara karşı saldırganlaşır. Herşey kendisinin olsun ya da kendisinin istediği gibi olsun ister. Saldırır ve saldırtır! Saldırdıkça kendini yalnızlatır. Saldırdıkça enerji harcar ve acıkr. Ve her saldırıdan sonra da daha fazla yer,yer,yer.

Özet olarak iktidarlar yerler, şişerler, korkarlar, saldırırlar, acıkıp bir daha yerler, yine şişmeye devam ederler ama sonunda patlarlar! İktidar halinin kısır ve iğrenç döngüsüdür bu. Ve bu iktidar halinin hastalıklı döngüsü diktatörlüklerde, oligarşik devletlerde, gücü elinde bulunduran büyük sermayelerde ve tüm bunların minyatürüne dönüşmüş olan eril zihniyetlerde hep aynı işler.

the time is 21:50

Power is becoming a stupid, insatiable and cowardly obsession. This is because the ruler and the ones who want to rule put power on par with the greatness of their bodies and what they possess. For this they constantly eat in a stupor. They stock what they can't finish eating. Even if it rots they won't share it with anyone and will only save it for themselves. In time this brings mental disorders. Anxiety, obsessions and fear of loss... The possibility of losing what they can eat or of being removed entirely becomes a nightmare. And as their fear of loss grows, they become more aggressive. Even if there is no counteraction or tangible thread their fear still continues to grow. Eventually, they begin to see every difference or capability, even of the smallest scale, as threat and grow aggressive against them. They want everything to be theirs or, at least, the way they want it to be. They attack and turn against! As they attack they become lonely. As they attack they lose energy and become hungry. And so they eat more and more and more after each attack.

In a nutshell, power eats, bloats, fears, attacks, becomes famished, eats again and again and bloats still further. But in the end, they explode! This is the vicious and disgusting cycle of those in power. And this diseased cycle of rulership works the same way in every dictatorship or oligarchy, with big wealth holding power through the miniature version of this: the masculinist mindset.

Penaberî, bê demsalî ye...

Cografya, hemû zindiyên li ser xwe dişibîne xwe û her wiha însana jî. Wekî mînak ew kesên ku li heremên çiyayî de dijîn, hişk dixûyên li deştiyan re. Ji ber ku bedenên çiyayî li gor şertên dijwar şekil digirin Li hemberî şertên dijwar zêdetir berxwedêr in. Karakterên wan bi hişmendîya parvekirin û bihevî bûyîna ava dibe. Li gor bawerîya wan, ji bo jiyankirinê hewcedariya berxwedayîn û bihêzbûyîna heye. Hindik diaxivin û pir kar dikin. Asî û bi înyad in. Ji ber tekîliyên nêçirwanî û xwarinê xwediyê qurnazî ya xwezayî ne. Lê ev halên qurnaziyê ne xerab e. Zimanên çiya, ezman û çeman dizanin. Xwediyê zanyarî ya xweza nin û ji yekbûyina ked û jiyane bawer dikin. Dibe ku ji aliyê fikrî de nerm û şemetok nebin lê dilê wan pir mezin e.

Kesên ku li deştan de dijîn hesas in û zû dişkên. Ji wan ked, pîrî caran wek enerjîya vala diçe û mirov diperitîne tê dîtîn. Ji karkirina hindik û qisedana pir hez dikin. Ew halê qurnaziya xwezayî ku di çiyayî de hebû, di deştiyan de dikeve şikleki politik û bê wî jiyane nayê meşandin. Di aliyê fikrî de nerm in û ev nermbûn, di karakterê wan de ixtimala derketina hîn bêdengetiyane dibe. Di deştiyan de ji civakbûnê zêdetir takekesî derdikeve pêşî. Di dîrokê de komkirina sermîyan û xwestek/çanda xwedîbûna milk û mal di deştan de pêşve çûye. Şerên ji bo bikaranîna ax, navbera qral û bawerîyan û her wiha ji bo gelek pirsgerêkan deşt, bûye wek bêşik.

Derya, li ser însane de tesîrekî xweşker/qencker dihêle. Divê bila çiyayî an jî deştî be, eger ku di kêleka behrê de bijî, xwediyê karakterekî naîf, enerjî ya pozîtîf û wêfên baş dibe. Bi wan kesên ku di kêleka deryayê dijîn re tekîlî çêkirin, li gor kesên din hesantir e û germahî dihewîne.

Lê çol, însane bejî dike. Her çiqas ku mirovên li çola dijîn, xwediyê karakterên hêzdar û berxwedêr bin jî, her wiha di nav xwe de haletî ruhiya takekesî jî dijîn. Ji ber ku di çolan de lazimî yê jiyane pir kêmtên dîtîn û her wiha herkes dixwaze ku xwediyê van tiştên bibe. Ji bo vê yekê jî kesên ku di çolê de dijî, ji bo tiştên ku destê xwe de biparêze û bi kesî re parve neke, xwe ji mirovên din dûr digre, îzole dike. Mirovên çolê, ji ber ku tekîliyên xwe bi însane û cihanê re bi sînor dikin, di aliyê fikrî de jî hîn tengbûyina jiyane dikin. Lê kesên ku hem çol û hem jî çiya de dijîn, em dikarin wek îstisna nîşan bidin. Ji ber ku ew kesane, li gor mirovên din zêdetir berxwedêr û dest vekirî ne û her wiha di aliyê fikrî de jî pêştir in. Ji çiyane çanda piştgirî û zanyarî ya xwezayî girtine û bi zexmbûyina çolan ve girêdane.

Penaber, kesên ku ji dorhêla xwezayî qut buyî ye. Lê beden, ruh û hişmendîya wê, li gor warê ku bi mecbûrî jê derketî şekil girtî ye. Hîn kes jî çiyane, hîn kes jî deştan, hîn kes jî behrane û hîn kes jî ji çolan tên. Atmosfera cîhê ku jê hatine çermên wan kifş kiriye. Berf, baran, germahî

anjî firtoneyên qûma daketiye li ser wan. Herkes elimiye demsala xwe û jê hezkiriye. Divêjim hezkiriye, ji ber ku dema ruh bielime, hezdike û dixwaze. Lê anha ew cîhên ku êdî tede dijîn, di nav haleki bêdemsalî de ne. Ji bo zarokane ev hal, belkî wê neyê firq kirin û nebe pirsgerêk, lê ji bo mezine ev hala bêdemsalî wê her tim berdewan bike.

Ew hesreta welat ku dilê wan de ye, wê her tim wan bişewitîne. Li derve seqem û çile jî hebe, wê ewê şewata hundirê xwe hîs bikin. An ji hewa çiqas germ dibe bila bibe, wê nikaribe li ser germahî ya agirê li hundirê wan de bigire. Baran, wê nikaribe vê agirê bitemirîne. Ba, wê agirê har bike. Ji ber ku her ba, wê bi xwe re arî yê welat û bîranînan bîne. Hasilî kelam, ji bo vê jî kesên ku dibe penaber, li derve bêdemsalîyê dijî. Lê hundurê dile xwe de demsaleki pêcemîn... Demsaleki wisaye ku ji ezman mûrî dibarin, çiya ji agir û kulîlk ji cemed ava dibin...

the time is 23:17

Being a Refugee is Unseasonableness...

The land transforms each living thing into its own image. People, too. The ones living on mountains appear harsher in the eyes of the ones living in lowlands. Their appearance comes from attuning to tough conditions. They are more determined in the face of hardships. Their traits revolve around togetherness with a belief in resistance as the condition of life. They speak less and do more. They are rebellious and persistent. Because of their relationship to prayer and nourishment they possess a natural craftiness. But not a cunning one. They speak the language of mountains, the sky, the sun and rivers. They contain a knowledge that stems from nature and believe in the togetherness of labour and life. Their consciousness may be slippery or unresponsive, but their hearts are immense.

The ones living in the lowlands are more sensitive and fragile. Labour is mostly seen as a waste and expenditure of energy. They like to talk more and do less. The natural craftiness of the mountain folk turns into politics with lowlanders and into an absolute imperative. Their consciousness is more responsive and this responsiveness can sometimes cause an imbalance in their characters. With lowlanders, the emphasis is on the individual and not the societal. The accumulation of capital and the desire to possess more arose historically in the lowlands. Soil cultivation, land fights, kings, polemics and the cradles of many more troubles are found in the lowlands.

As for the sea, it has a healing power over people. Whether from the lowlands or the mountains, if one neighbours a sea they become naive and

wrap themselves in the many energies and aspects that add beauty to life. People from the coast are easier to communicate with as they harbour an inner warmth.

As for deserts, they make people arid. Desert people hold a very strong and resistant character, but they also exhibit a selfish temper. This is because there is too little to live off and everyone tries to have some of that little thing. By extension of protecting what they have and not sharing it with anyone, they isolate themselves from others. In limiting their relation with the world and others, desert folk also constrict themselves mentally. An exception would be the desert folk living concentric to mountains. These people are both more resistant and generous in comparison to desert folk and also mentally further ahead. This is because they receive the solidarity and natural wisdom of the mountains and reinforce it with the endurance of the deserts.

A refugee person is someone detached from their natural habitat. Their body, soul and consciousness are shaped by the land they had to leave behind. Some are from the mountains, some from the lowlands, some from the seas and some from the deserts. The air where they come from decides their skin. They are permeated with snow, rain, heat or sandstorm. Each is inured to their climate and they love it. They love it because as they get used to something it loves them and it welcomes this feeling. But now, wherever they are, they are living unseasonably. Children may not notice it, but for adults, this sense of unseasonableness will persist forever.

Their longing for their country will always burn inside them. Even in the severe winter cold, they will feel their blaze. Even very hot weather outside will not be able to suppress the heat of their inner fire. Rain will not stop it. And the wind will flare it up. Because each wind that blows brings cinders from their countries and memories with it... This is why a refugee person lives outside the seasons. And in their heart is a fifth season... A season of ants raining from the skies, of fire mountains and ice flowers...

Saet 22.50

(Kurdish)

Li gor min di sed sala bîstan de tekoşîna her mezin jinan û ew kesên ku di bin ala keskesor de kom bûne dan. Ew, li hemberê zagonên me yê hişk, bi rêbazên resen, aqilane û naîf bi şiklekî mûazam di ber xwe dan. Hewcedariya zor û xûnê nedîtin û meşekî şoreşgerî domandin.

Di nav dîroka 5.000 salî ya patriarkal de ji bo bîata nîşana "bavtî" me ew erka xwe ya pûç bikaranî û her wiha me wan însanan perîşan kir. Lê hat dîtin ku hemû zilmên di qonaxa dîrokî de, bi xwe re hişekî berxwedêr ji ava dike. Ez bi taybetî ji li porên jinên me yê pîr de, destên wan ê nasir girtî û

çavên wan ê bi xemgînî de rêça êşên ku hatî kişandin û her wiha hêrsa wan a kom bûyî dibînim. Helbet ku ew rêçên ji êşên hezar salan maye û çirûskên hêrsê, di dilên hemû jinan de hişekî ava dike. Dizamim ku hişê dilan, ji hişên mejiyê firehtir, mayînde û zindîtir e...Ji bo wê jî li gor min, di sed sala bîstan de kesên ku herî pêştir çûn jin in û her wiha kesên ku guhdarê dilên xwe kirin. Hêvîdarim ku di sed sala bîstuyekan de ji ev kesana bi serkevin û pêşiya dawîhatina cîhanê bigirin.

the time is 22:50

For me, the biggest struggle is fought by women and those united under the rainbow flag. They, against the stiff laws of us men, resist with extraordinary strength through their one-of-a-kind, naive and witty ways. In miraculously avoiding violence and the shedding of blood, they made a revolutionary march real.

Throughout the 5000-year-old history of patriarchy, in allegiance to the name of our 'fathers', we exploited a rotten power and put these people through the wringer. But it appears that all oppression experienced in the writing of history brings about a revolutionary memory/repository. I see the spark of anger and the trace of life ache particularly clearly in the grey hairs, callous hands and sombre eyes of elderly women. And it is the glistening anger and the traces of a millennium-long pain that form this memory in women's hearts. I know that the memory of the heart is vaster than the one of the mind, more persistent and more alive. For this reason, the ones who forged ahead most in the 20th Century have been women and those who dared to listen to their hearts. I hope it will be them who prevail in the 21st Century, for it is them who can save us from the destruction of the world.

Saat 21.09

(Turkish)

Kaldığım kampta transeksüel bireyler de var. Bu koca kamp ve kalabalık içerisinde sanırım en çok Onlar dikkati çekiyor. Bazı insanların Onlara bakışı çok acımasızca ve bu durum benim canımı acıtıyor. Zira bakışlar, negatif enerjiler ile dolu ve bazen de ağızlarından kötü hakaretler düşüyor.

Dünyanın her yerinde farklı cinsel yönelimleri olanlar dışlanıyor olsa da, Ortadoğu'da bu biraz daha fazla ve şiddete dönüşebilmekte maalesef. Hangi inançtan olursa olsun, katı dini dogmalar ile hareket edenler ve aşırı milliyetçi-faşist düşünceye sahip olanlar, bu ötekileştirme ve lanetleme haline en fazla katılanlardır. Din ve milliyetçilik kavramları,

geleneksel ataerkil kültürün sac ayaklarıdır. Konu "farklı yönelimleri olanlara" gelince, bu kültürel kodlara sahip olanlar Amerikada'da ya da Ortadoğunun herhangi bir ülkesinde aynı refleksi göstermektedirler. Ötekileştirme, itibasızlaştırma, lanetleme ve bazen de şiddete başvurma... Şuan kampta tanık olduğum durum tam da bu zihniyetin dışavurumu; aşağılayıcı ve onur kırıcı bakışlar...

Transeksüeller, farklı cinsel yönelimleri olanlar içerisinde en fazla baskı ve dışlamayı yaşayanlardır. İlk önce aileleri onları dışlıyor. Sonra yakın arkadaşları, komşuları ve sevdikleri. Yaşadıkları mahalle ve kentler dışlıyor onları ve başka yerlere gitmek zorunda kalıyorlar. Sonra ülkenin tümünde lanetli, cüzzamlı gibi parmakla gösteriliyor ya da yüz çevriliyorlar. Kendilerine yaşayacak çok az yer buluyor ve çoğu zaman da ülkelerini terketmek zorunda kalıyorlar...Kampımızdaki transeksüeller, devasa asya coğrafyası ve ülkelerinde tutunacak bir dal göremediği için buralara gelmek zorunda kalan bireyler. Ne acı bir durum. Neolitiğin, medeniyetin, kültürün, çeşitlilik ile hoşgörünün coğrafyası ne hale geldi... Oralardan kaçıp gelen ve buralarda da kötü bakışlara maruz kalan bu insanlar, kim bilir nasıl da acı çekmektedirler...

Bence 20. yüzyılın gerçek devrimcileri transeksüellerdir! Devrimci ruhu ve düşüncüyü taşıyan biri olarak bunu söylemekten gocunmuyor ve Onlara büyük bir saygı duyuyorum. Bizler, baskıcı sistemlerle mücadele ederken işkence görür, sürgünler yaşar ve bazen öldürülürüz. Ama ailelerimiz bizi destekler. Sokaklar bizimle olur çoğu zaman. Karşımıza aldığımız ve dönüştürmek istediğimiz baskıcı bir iktidar ve zihniyettir. Oysaki trans bireyler, sadece bir bölgedeki sistemi karşılarına almazlar. Aileleri başta olmak üzere neredeyse bütün dünya onları dışlamaktadır. Coğrafyalar değişse de dinler, gelenekler, kültürler...hepsi transların karşısındadır. Buna rağmen tercihlerinde ısrar etmeleri, bedenlerine sahip çıkmaları, ayakta kalmaları ve mücadeleye devam etmeleri hayranlık uyandırıcıdır. Bence gösterdikleri cesaret ve tavır, saygıyı hak etmekle beraber gerçek bir devrimciliktir...

the time 21:09

At the camp where I am staying, there are also transgender people. In this vast camp, I guess they are the ones that attract the most attention. Some people gaze at them spitefully and I find it very hurtful. For their glance is full of negative energy, and sometimes insults find a way out of their mouths.

All around the world people with different sexual orientations are marginalised. But in the Middle East it is worse and grows into violence.

Regardless of what religious background, it is always the ones going by strict religious dogmas and the ones with ultra-nationalist, fascist ideals that are the biggest contributors to acts of marginalisation and verbal abuse. Notions of religion and nationalism are the pedestals that traditional patriarchal culture has been built on. When it comes to 'different orientations', across geographies from America to a country in the Middle East, it is always those with shared religious beliefs that show similar reactions. Marginalisation, denigration, verbal abuse and violence. What I am witnessing at the camp is the expression of such a mentality. Derogatory and injurious gazes are everywhere.

Transgender people are facing far more oppression and exclusion in comparison to those with different sexual orientations. They are first excluded by their families. Then their close friends, neighbours, loved ones, neighbourhoods and cities exclude them, forcing them to move elsewhere. Then their whole country points a finger at them, like pointing at a leprous people, while completely turning away. They find little to no place to exist and in most instances, they are eventually forced to abandon their countries. The transgender people at our camp are individuals who couldn't find a branch to hold on to in the vast continent of Asia and who were therefore forced to come all the way here. What a state of heartache! What has become of the land of the Neolithic Age, of civilisation, culture, diversity and complaisance. How much they must be suffering, those who fled from there only to be subjected to maleficent gazes here.

I believe that the true revolutionaries are transgender people! As a person carrying revolutionary spirit and thought, I don't take offence when saying that, and I greatly respect them. When up against oppressive systems, we are tortured, exiled and at times killed. But our families support us. The streets are with us most of the time. What we are against and what we desire to transform is an oppressive power and its mindset. However, transgender people are not only facing a localised system. Beginning with their families, the whole world ostracises them. Even if geographies change, if religions, traditions and cultures change... Trans people are up against it all. Despite this, their insistence on their choices, how they are claiming their bodies, how they remain standing and continue to fight is formidable. Their bravery and their disposition deserve respect and are truly revolutionary.

Di malê de, şeva min a yekemîn.

Îro ez ji qampê derketim û derbasê xaniyek bûm. Di nav hestên pir tevlêhev de me. Ev salek zêdetire ku di qampê de dimînim û helbet ku xilasiya ji van deran wê min baştir bike. Lê dema ku ez li paş xwe dinêrim û ew kesên ku li qampê mane dibînim dilê min dişewute. Wekî mînak kalekî Afgan heye di qampê de ku ev sê sale bê statû li wê derê diji. Wek wî gelek malbatên bi zarok hene ku bi salane bê statû/bê iqame dijîn. Dîsa malbatekî Ermen heye ku ji wan pir hez dikim. Gelek ciwanên Îranî bê statû disekin û gelek kesên mîna wan...Ev roj wexta ku ji qampa penaberan derketim pir hêstiyar bûm û ji min re pir giran hat. Demek şûnde min nikarîbû pêşiya hêstirên xwe bigirim. Û aniha şeva yekeme ku -li mala xwe ya hîn vala ye- derbas dikim. Li ser hemû diwar û tenhayên malê de hikmê xemgîniyê heye...

Qedeha xwe ji çivîkên ku bi neçarî koçbar dibin re radikim...

the time is 00:12

### My First Night at Home

Today I left the camp to settle in a house. I am in a labyrinth of emotions. I had been staying at the camps for more than a year, and to be freed from those places will certainly do me good. But when I look at what's left behind my heart stings. There is an elderly Afghan man for instance. He has been without any immigration status for the entire three years that he has been at the camp. Just like him, there are families with children staying there. Or the Armenian couple who I love dearly. And Iranian youth similarly waiting without any status, as well as many more people. Today I struggled and became emotional after leaving the camp. Later on, I couldn't hold back my tears. And now I am spending the night in my new but currently empty home. Sadness reigns over every nook and cranny of the house.

I raise my glass to the birds that were obliged to migrate...

Di mal de şevêkî hema wisa...

Divê cihekî/warekî ji bo mirov hebe ku bikaribe bi xwe re rû bi rû bimîne. Malekî, odayekî an jî kûpekî...Belkî jî bes gûliyêk darê an jî quntara çiyayêk

asê. Divê hin warên resen hebin ku mirov bikaribe xwe tê de zêde bike. Kena zarokekî, hembêza dayîkekî û çavên evîndarekî...Îşev hemû avên tiriyan ji bo Virginia Wolf e.

the time is 23:48

### At Home, a Night at Random

One must have a living space in order to be alone with themselves. A house, a room or a cubicle... Or maybe just a branch of a tree or the foot slopes of some rebellious mountains. One also needs authentic places to unpack oneself. The tittering of a child, the embrace of a mother and the eyes of a beloved... Tonight every last drop of grape juice is drunk in the name of Virginia Woolf.

Kaldığım kampı ziyaret ettim bugün. Eve yerleştikten sonra kampta kalanlarla bağımı koparmadım. Zira oradaki arkadaşları gidip görmek ve mümkünse bişeyler paylaşabilmek bana iyi geliyor. O atmosferi tekrardan solumak elbette rahatsız etse de, orada kalmaya devam edenleri düşündükçe kendi huzursuzluğumun bir anlamı kalmıyor ve bu durum, aynı zamanda öğretici de oluyor. Kanatan ve acıtan durumlardan kaçmak yerine üzerine gitmek gerektiğini düşünüyorum. Nietzsche'nin dediği gibi gerçekten de "öldürmeyen acı insanı güçlü kılıyor" Bu tespitin hayattaki karşılığını, hem uzun cezaevi yıllarımdan akabinde hem çok sevdiğim insanları kaybettikten sonra ve hem de yaşadığım işkenceler akabinde fazlasıyla idrak etmiştim. Şimdi ise çok daha değişik bir örneği ile bunu yaşıyorum/z.

Arkadaşlarım olan Ermeni bir çiftle otururken üzerimizde bir helikopter belirdi ve kampın içine doğru alçaldı. Biz, bir tatbikat sandık önce ve merakla izledik. Savaş helikopterlerini ve uçaklarını çok görmüşlüğümüz var ve bizdeki izleri acı yüklüdür...Bu helikopter ise sivildi ve biz ilk kez ürkmeyen bir helikopterin yanımıza inmesini izledik. Garip bir deneyimdi. İbni Haldun'un dediği gibi Coğrafyalar, insanların kaderini belirliyor ya da etkiliyor gerçekten. Buradaki insanlara çok sıradan gelen ve gördüklerinde dönüp bakmayacakları bu uçan cismin bizim belleğimizdeki yerini anlayınca aradaki uçumların bir resmi oluşuyor. Hasılı helikopter inince içinden birkaç sağlık görevlisi koşarak çıktı. Biz hala bir tatbikat olduğunu sanıyorduk ki sağlık görevlilerinin koştuğu yönde, kampın öbür ucunda bir kalabalığın biriktiğini farkettilik. Ters giden birşeyler vardı ve



bazı arkadaşlarım durumu anlamak için oraya yöneldiler. Acı haber tez yayılır derler bizim oralarda. Öyle oldu nitekim ve öğrendik ki kampta kalan ve henüz çok genç yaşta olan Lübnan'lı bir erkek intihar etmiş!..

Ölüm getirmedi belki bu helikopter ama bu kez bir ölüme geldi. Haliyle belleğimizde acı olan yerini-anlamını değiştiremedi. Ortalığı derin bir suskunluk ve hüzün sardı. Herkes gözleriyle konuşuyordu adeta. Her bakışın altında derin ve acı öykülerin durduğunu biliyordum. Ama kimse bu öyküleri dile getirmeye yeltenmiyordu ki herkes birbirinin acısına çok aşınaydı...O an içlerinden biriyle konuşsak ve birinin acısına dokunsak biliyorduk ki kendi yaralarımız kanamaya başlayacaktı...

Helikopterin yükselişini izlemedi hiç kimse. Yükselirken çıkardığı gürültü, sessizliğimiz ve ıssızlığımızda boğuldu. Ortalığı toz-duman eden pervaneleri, içimizde kopan fırtınanın dışa vurumu gibiydi.

Mavi kanatlarıyla gencecik bir kuş uçtu aramızdan, tüylerini bırakarak...Ne Van Gogh'un sarısı örtebildi hüznünü ne de Rembranth'ın gölgesi gizleyebildi yarasını...Ötüşü farklıydı, yabancıydı ve anlaşılmazdı bu diyarlarda. O, Feyruz'un sesinden ve Cibran'ın sözlerinden beslenmişti çünkü. Mavi kanatlarıyla gencecik bir kuş uçtu aramızdan, tüylerini bırakarak...Kırmızı caddelerle meşkulken insanlar ve şehvetin camekana düştüğü bir çağ yaşanırken, farkedilmesi imkansızdı bu kuşun. Ne kanatlarında duran düşler görüldü ve ne de haykırırcasına suskunluğu. Bir kuş uçtu aramızdan, uçtu...Erken büyümüş öykülerini, sadece bulutlara fısıldamayı umarak.

the time is 23:41

I visited the camp I used to stay at. After settling into my new home, I kept in contact with people at the camp. To see my friends there and to share with them feels good. Breathing the air from the past is uncomfortable, but my uneasiness fades quickly when thinking of the people staying there, and, eventually, it even becomes a learning experience. Instead of running from painful conditions that make one bleed, I believe we should insist on them. As Nietzsche said, "That which does not kill us makes us stronger." I came to understand this quote right after my lengthy prison years, both after losing loved ones and immediately after the tortures I was forced to endure. Now I am/we are living them all over again, though in a completely different iteration.

While sitting with my Armenian friends, a helicopter appeared and flew towards the inside of the camp. We thought it was a drill and started watching curiously. Throughout our lives we have seen many war helicopters and planes and the sight of them brings a feeling of sorrow. Yet

this helicopter was a civilian one and, for the first time, we watched it land close to us. It was a strange experience. As Ibn Khaldun says, geographies determine or influence a person's destiny. When comparing what may appear as an ordinary object to people in the Netherlands – something they might not turn their heads to look at – to the kind of place that same object holds in our memory, a picture of the cliff that sits between us is painted. Once the helicopter landed, a few health officers exited it at a run. We were still thinking that it was indeed a drill, right up to the moment where we noticed a crowd in the distance located where the officers were running towards. There was something wrong. My friends went ahead to try to understand what was going on. Where I'm from they say bad news travels fast. Sadly, it came true in this instance, and we learned that a young Lebanese man staying at the camp had committed suicide.

The helicopter didn't bring death this time, but instead, it came for death. As such, the painful place in our memory devoted to the helicopter remains. A deep silence and sorrow surrounded us. Everyone was speaking with their eyes. I knew that under each glance lay deep and painful stories. Yet no one attempted to speak of these stories as everyone was attuned to each other's pain. If we dared to speak to someone and feel their pain, our wound would also start to bleed.

Nobody watched the helicopter depart. The noise of the helicopter was drowned out by the pervasiveness of our silence and solitude. The rising clouds of dust created by the spinning rotor blades were like an expression of the storm that raged inside us.

A young bird flew among us with his blue wings, leaving his feathers behind. Neither the yellow of Van Gogh nor the shadows of Rembrandt could cover his sorrow or hide his wound. His song was different, foreign and incomprehensible in these lands. He was nourished from Fairuz's voice and by the words of Gibran. A young bird flew among us with his blue wings, leaving his feathers behind. Neither the dreams housed in his wings, nor his screaming silences were noticed. A bird flew among us, flew, hoping to tell his untimely stories only to the clouds.

Colophon

Two Diaries

Authors

Gluklya (Natalia Pershina-Yakimanskaya)

Murad Zorova

Editors

Charles Esche

Ashley Maum

Translation

Baha Görkem Yalım

Copy editing

Ebissé Wakjira-Rouw

TURKISH-KURDISH PROOFREADER

Design

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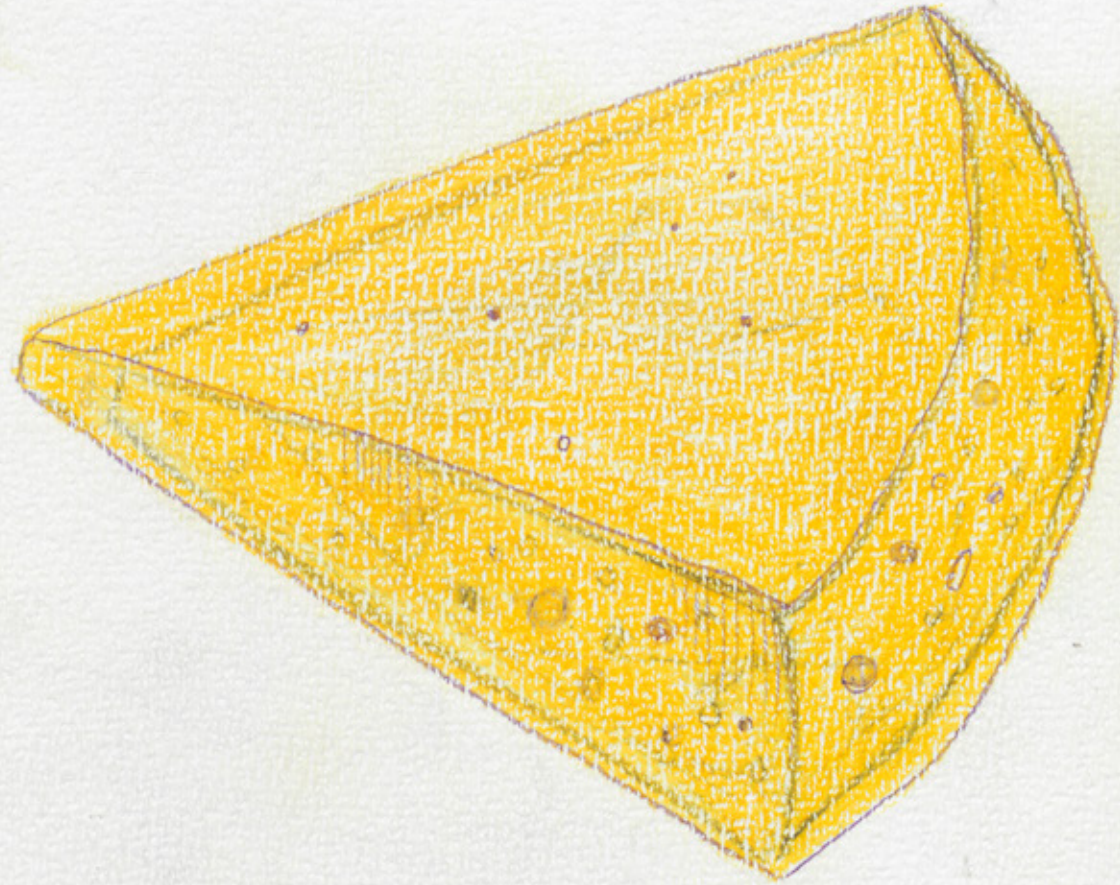
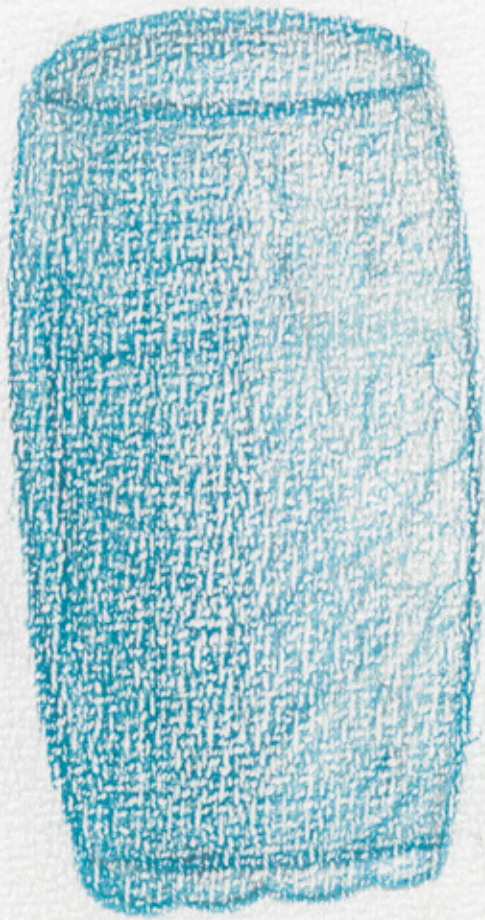
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