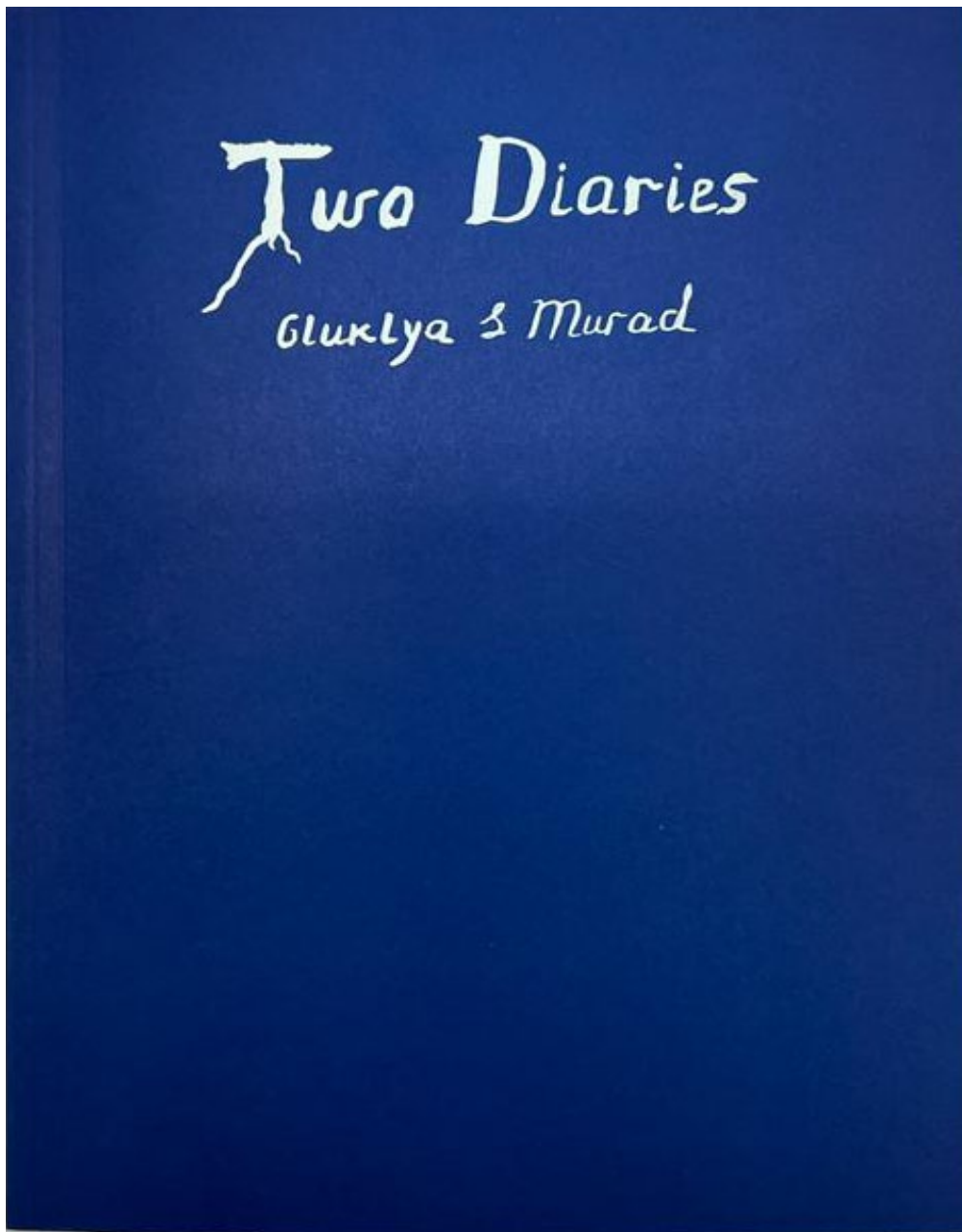


*Two Diaries by Gluklya & Murad*



*Pages 240*

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*Editors Charles Esche & Ashley Maum*

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*Two Diaries: Gluklya & Murad* is the story of an unexpected encounter. A migrant artist (Gluklya) meets a migrant writer (Murad) in a Dutch asylum centre, a former prison on the edge of Amsterdam. Together, they come to understand what migration means, what language allows and how art in its different forms can serve as a cry of anger and a path to self-knowledge and peace. *Two Diaries: Gluklya & Murad* is not only about two individuals lives but also about how art shapes and supports people and carries them through their most difficult times.

The book is an important contribution to contemporary art and literature and a valuable and intimate picture of western Europe from the other side of the bureaucratic divide between citizens and subjects.

*Two Diaries: Gluklya & Murad* is published on the occasion of the exhibition *To those who have no time to play* at Framer Framed, October 13, 2022–January 21, 2023.

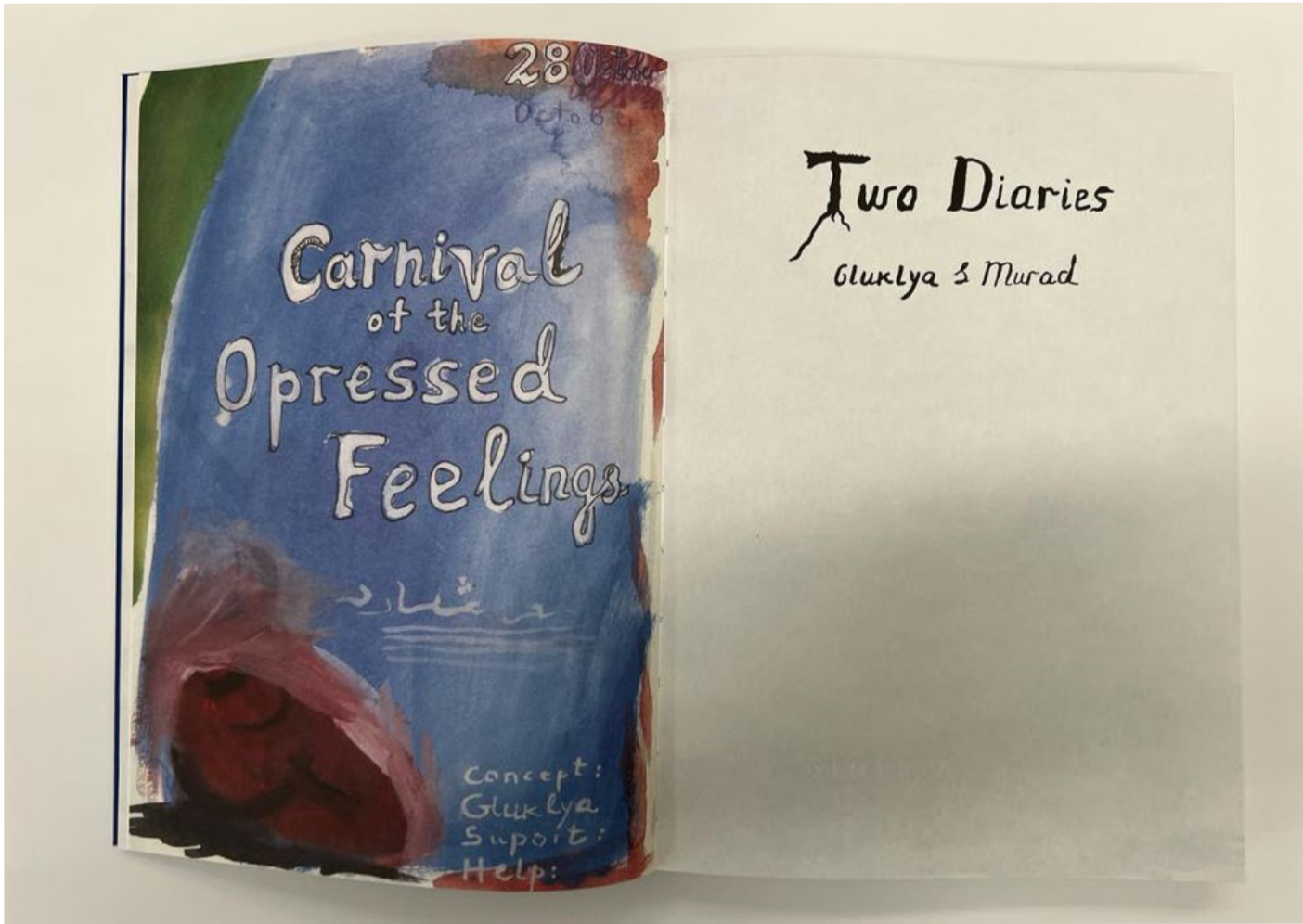
Gluklya (Natalia Pershina-Yakimanskaya) is a visual and performance artist living and working in Amsterdam and St. Petersburg.

Murad Zorava is a Kurdish activist and poet currently living in Europe.

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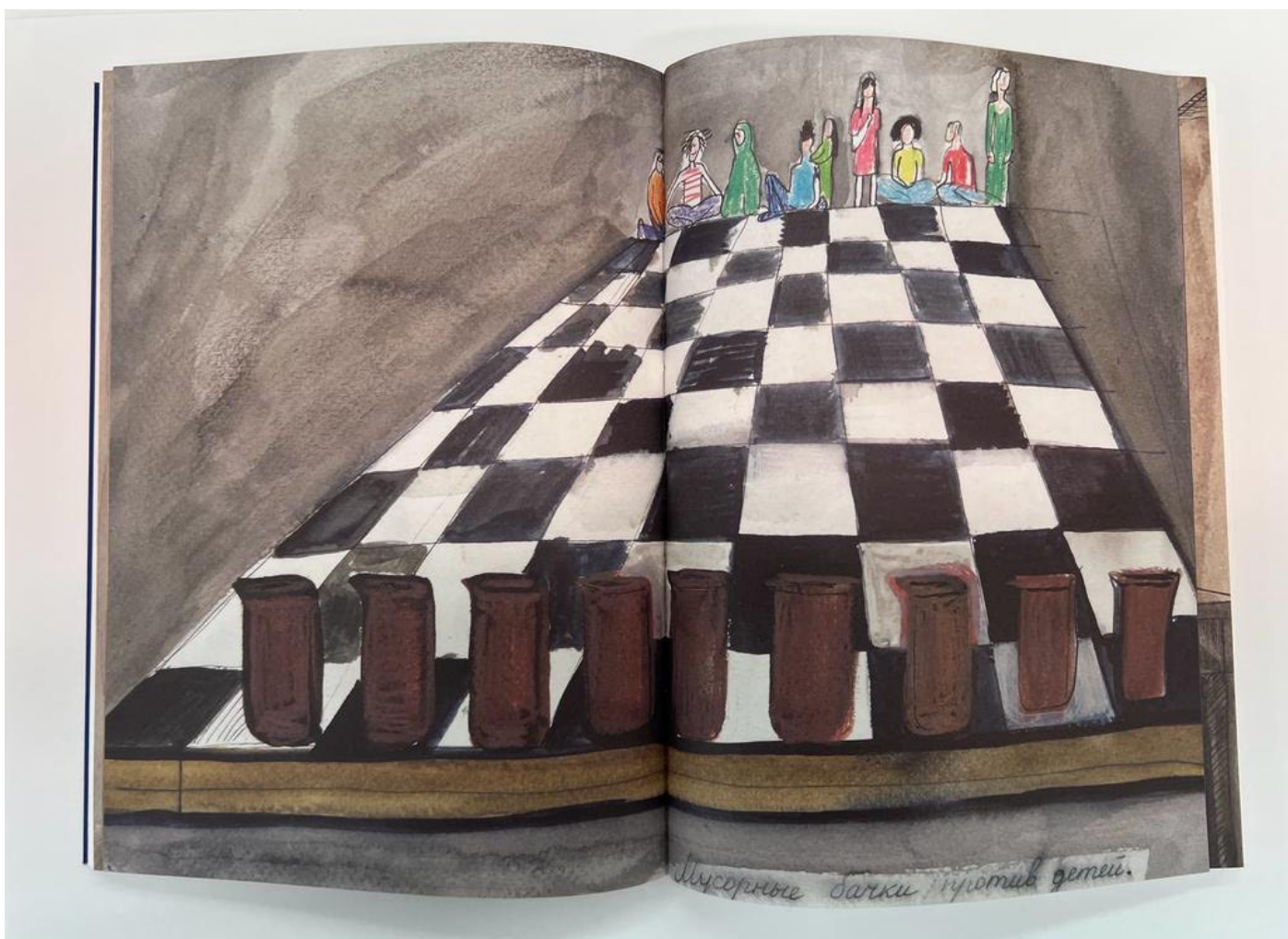


28  
October  
Carnival  
of the  
Oppressed  
Feelings

مشاركت

Concept:  
Gluklya  
Support:  
Help:

Two Diaries  
Gluklya & Murad



Мусорные бабки против детей.

- What do you want ?
- Beautiful man
- Do you want to study ?
- No, I want beautiful man.



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 Saskia 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

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Gluklya's Diary

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 Lola Lik.

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 breathtaking 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.

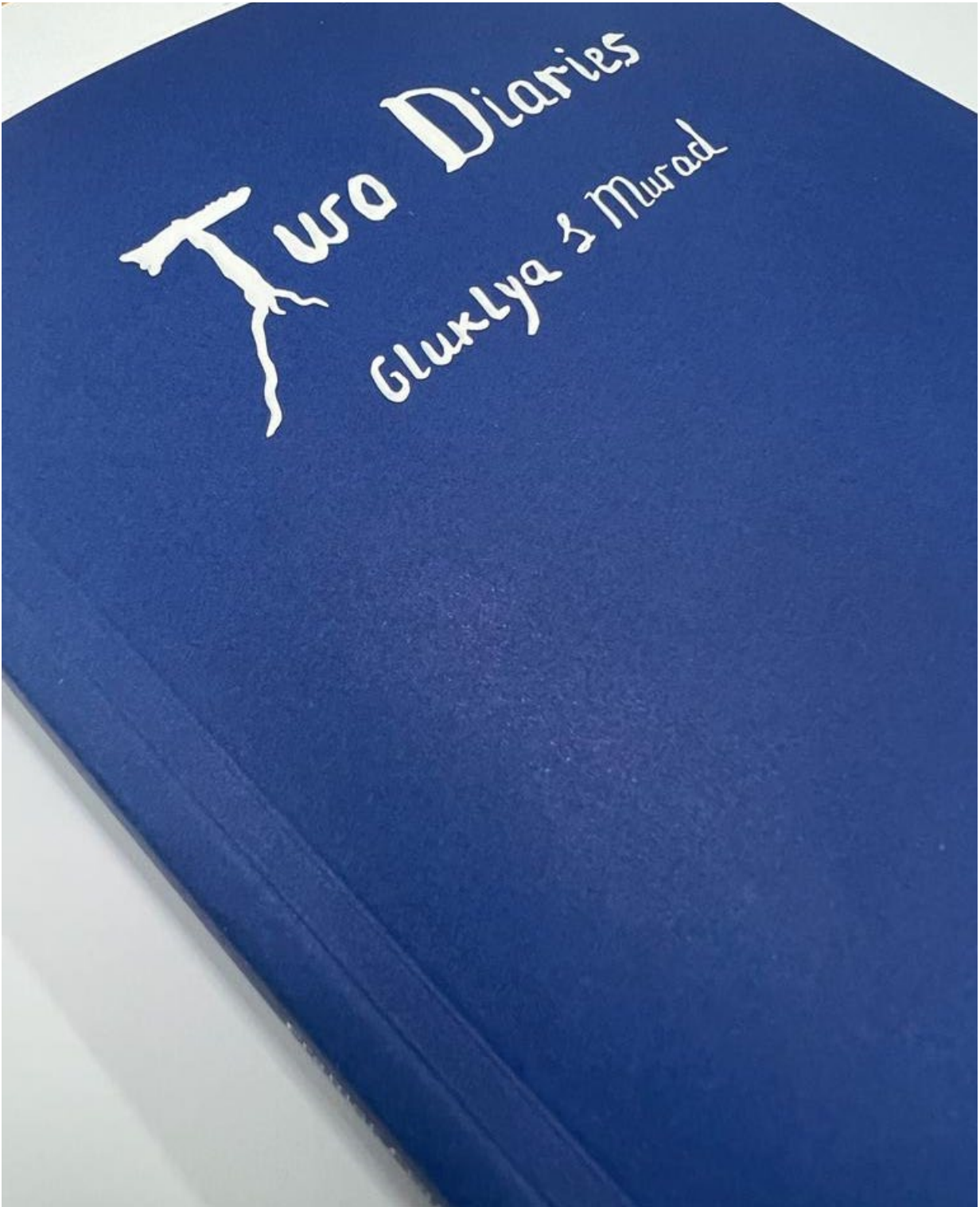
11 July

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 Saskia swim?

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*'Two Diaries' by Gluklya and Murad can now be ordered trough email ([info@akinci.nl](mailto:info@akinci.nl)).*