

3 August, 12:30-17h Oranienstr. 25 Berlin



Creative Workshop



E
(m)
e
r
g
n
i
t
i
g
n
i
t
i
e
s

In small groups using objects, text and narratives we critically discussed and reflected on the nine micro cultures that make up our identity - class, race, ethnicity, gender, language, religion, ability, age and geography.

We examined and explored how these microcultures each had contributed to our whole person. producing a series of portraits that were presented to the group at the end of the session.

Using transparent paper, pens, tape, a camera, projector and other bits of creativity we could find and through a creative and transformative process, we performed and actualised future selves that engaged with our past.

I was thinking about creativity and wondering why it is so difficult for me to give permission to be entitled to be creative or why I'm feeling such a cautiousness about the idea of myself being creative while I admire that quality in others and as someone who has spent a lot of time in academia and being very analytical



I'm

starting
to

think

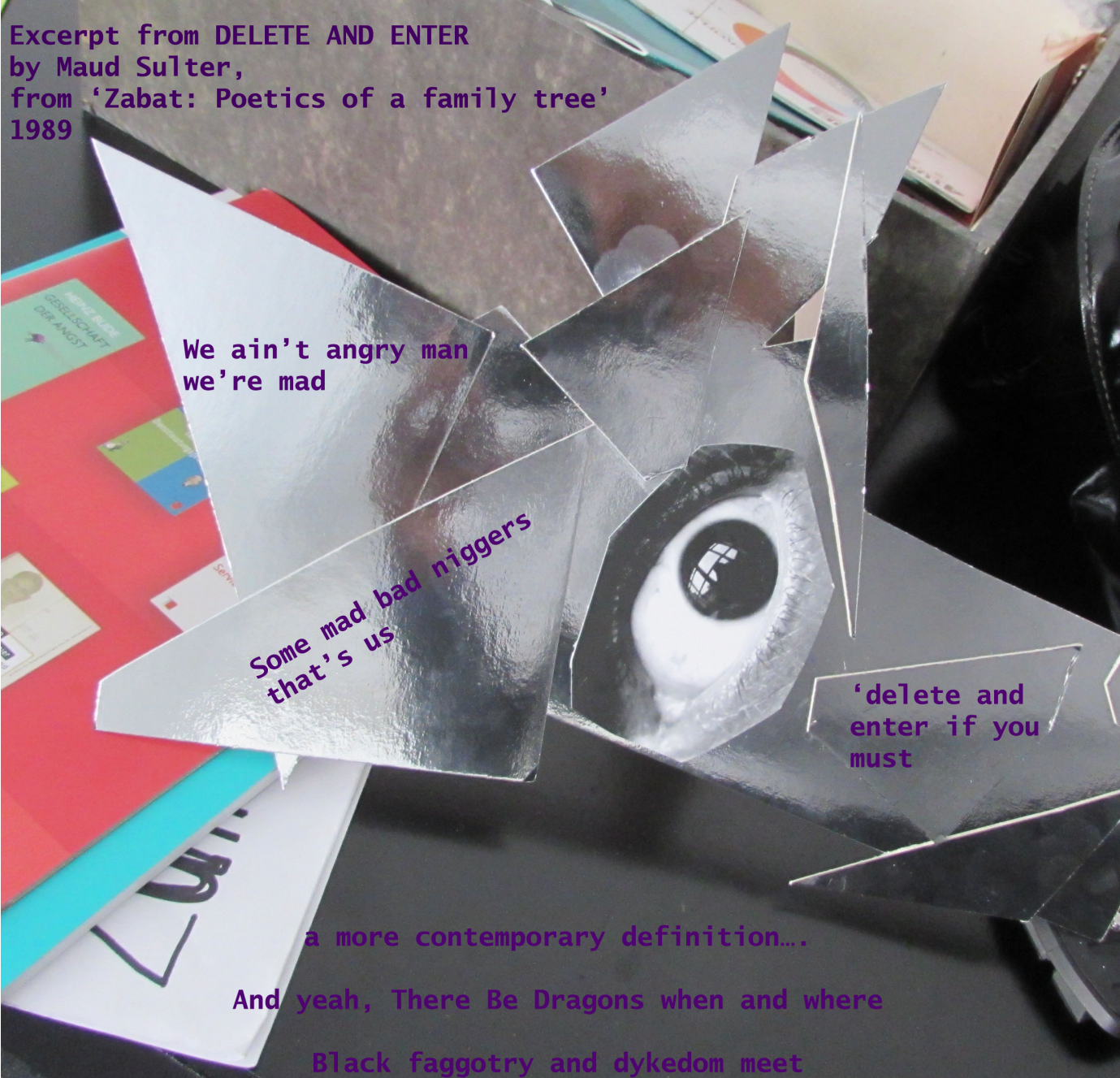
about
the
different
ways
of
thinking

about
things

and
moving
through

space.

Excerpt from DELETE AND ENTER
by Maud Sulter,
from 'Zabat: Poetics of a family tree'
1989



We ain't angry man
we're mad

Some mad bad niggers
that's us

'delete and
enter if you
must

a more contemporary definition...

And yeah, There Be Dragons when and where

Black faggotry and dykedom meet

'delete and enter if you must

a more contemporary definition...

Coz time passes and skipping bullets diseases

Poverty hate is real-life here. No one can be sure

To be here to see to the finer points of language

Linguistics or typesetting errors - though I know we

Call ourselves Black and I undoubtedly name myself Zami.

GAZE DEFLECTOR

Walk
the d
co



presence of your arm
but intervention

Instructions for GAZE DEFLECTOR as (un) Performance object and Public intervention

into a public or institutional space, depending on desired context for your performance.

next of your performance.

Find a chair or surface to sit on.

Bring the performance objects out from your bag and place them onto the surface beside you.

Find the mirror card and begin cutting shapes into it.

What do you want to reveal or conceal?

Your mouth .. your eyes/s?

Use the cut out shapes from the mirror card to re/de-construct your gaze deflector.

Look through magazines to find images of eyes. Cut them out and attach them to your mask.

you will need:
a bag to put your materials in
2 sheets of mirror card
Scissors
Old magazines
glue stick
a (public) space
an audience

Move around the space holding

Move around the space holding your mask.

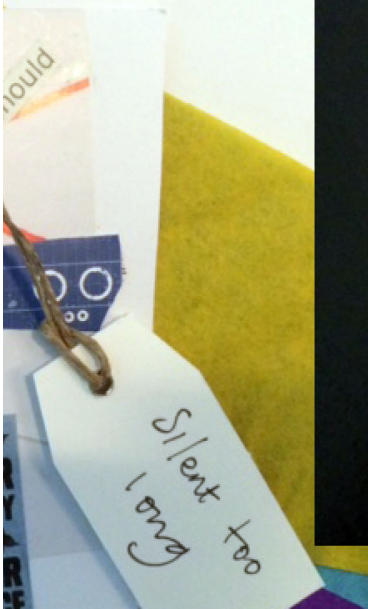
Interact with the 'audience'. Look at them so they see themselves reflected into the mirror. Ask them to take pictures of you.

Ask them to take pictures of

Perhaps your audience doesn't even know they are participating in a performance.

Look through the magazines to find images of eyes. Cut them out

Attach them to your mask





how they move between cultures, how they are created, how they serve memories, and how they may self-destruct when their usefulness is ended.



'The stake of this exploration is to recognise the complexity of the fetishized object that

'the bareness



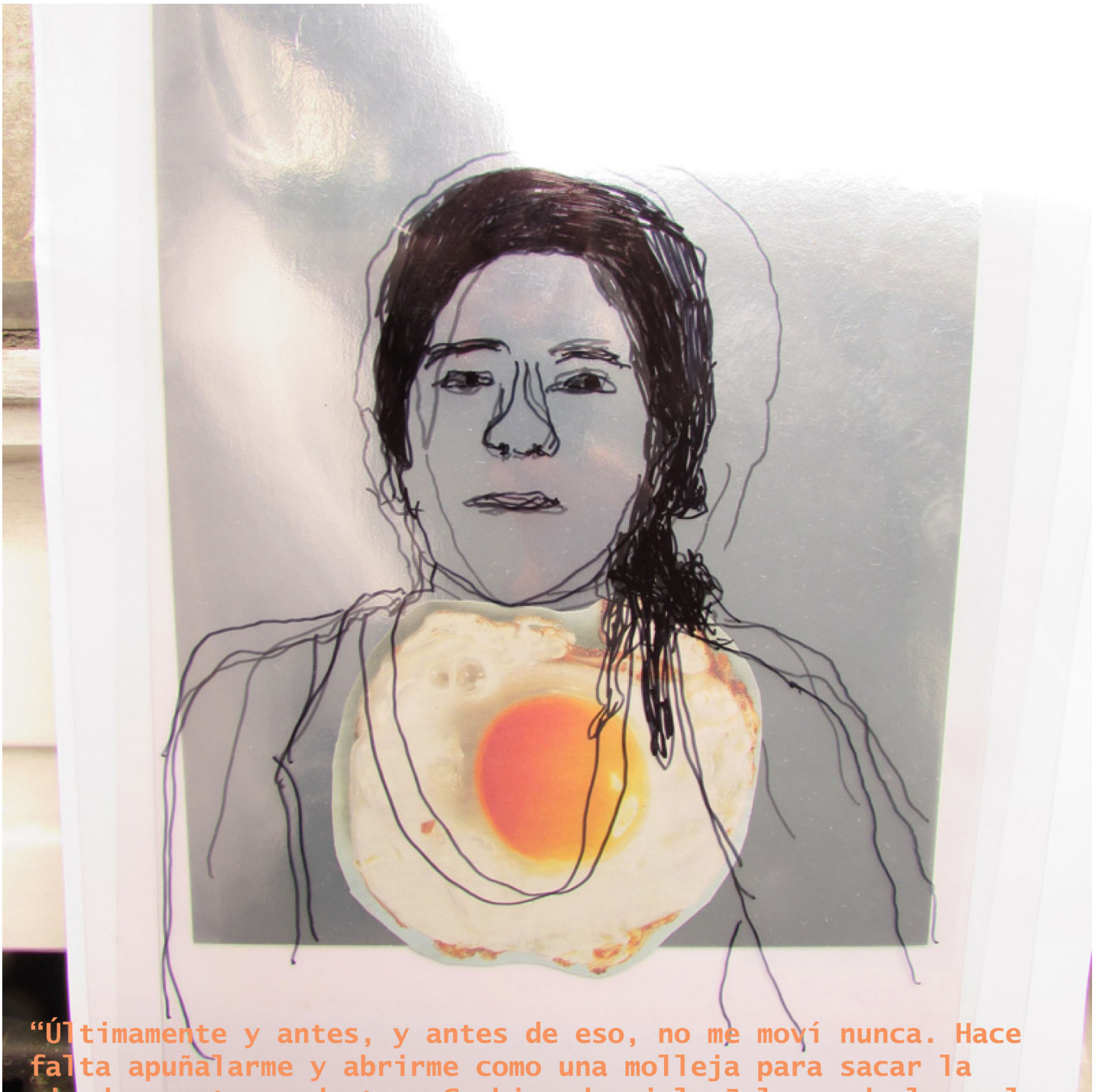
and the balance,



barely balanced,



the next move may'



“Últimamente y antes, y antes de eso, no me moví nunca. Hace falta apuñalarme y abrirme como una molleja para sacar la mierda que tengo dentro. Cambiar de piel. Jalarme de los pelos para levantarme. Hace falta que sangre. Que me enfrente a la ciudad. Que vaya hacia el norte. No hacer otra cosa que no sea hacer esto que quiero hacer y no dejar que nada impida que haga lo que quiera hacer. No me escuchas, pero estaré pensando en esto hasta que lo haga y no me detendré hasta sentir que nada de lo que eres me impide hacer lo que quiero. No me escuchas, pero lo voy a hacer”.



When I travel and have new experiences I keep this note in my pocket to remember: you don't really know what's going on, to step back and wait and see because you don't really know the experiences of others

**‘oh judge yee not, your neighbour you
cannot hold
him in your
hand, you do not know his journey,
in his place
you cannot stand ‘.**

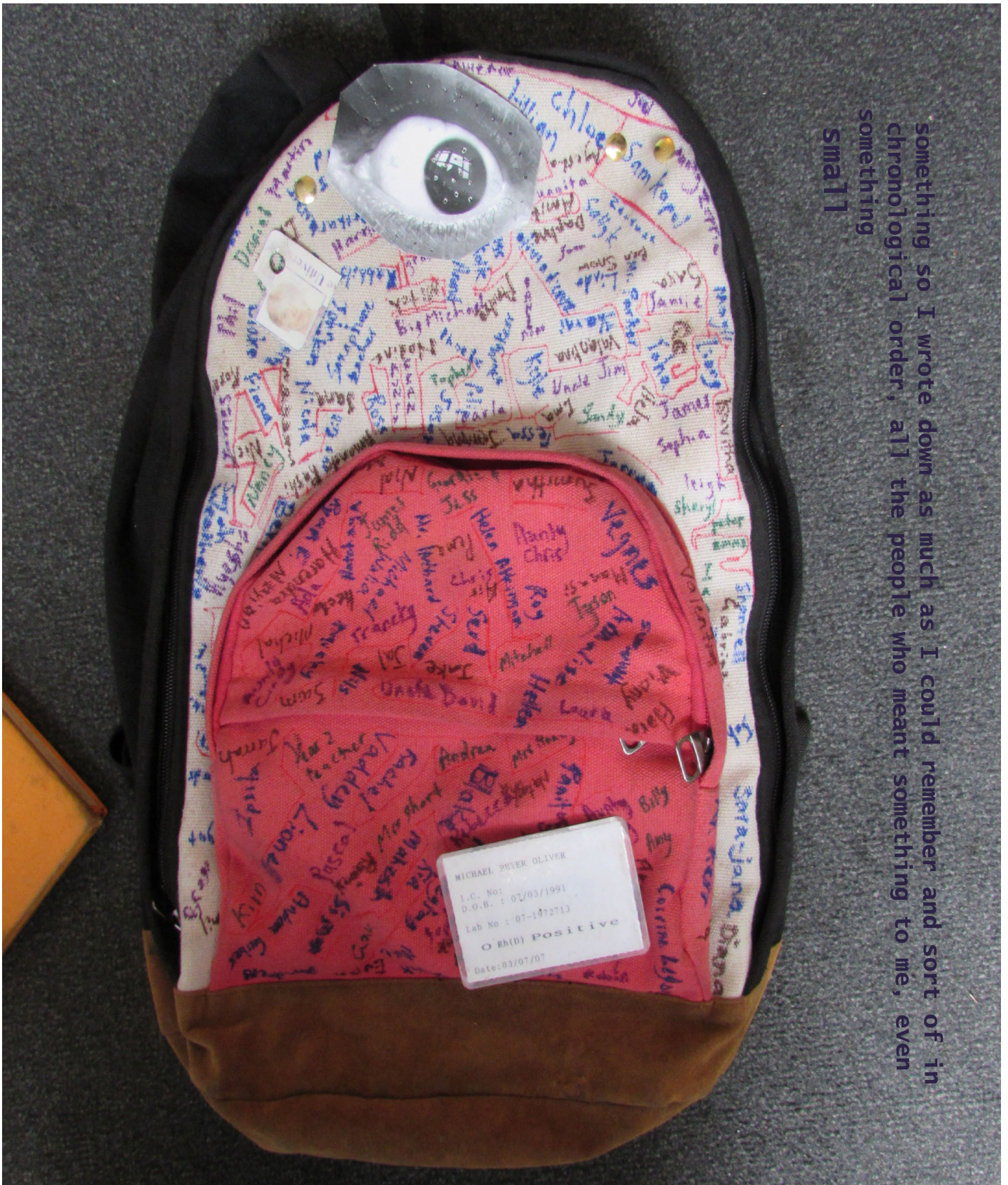




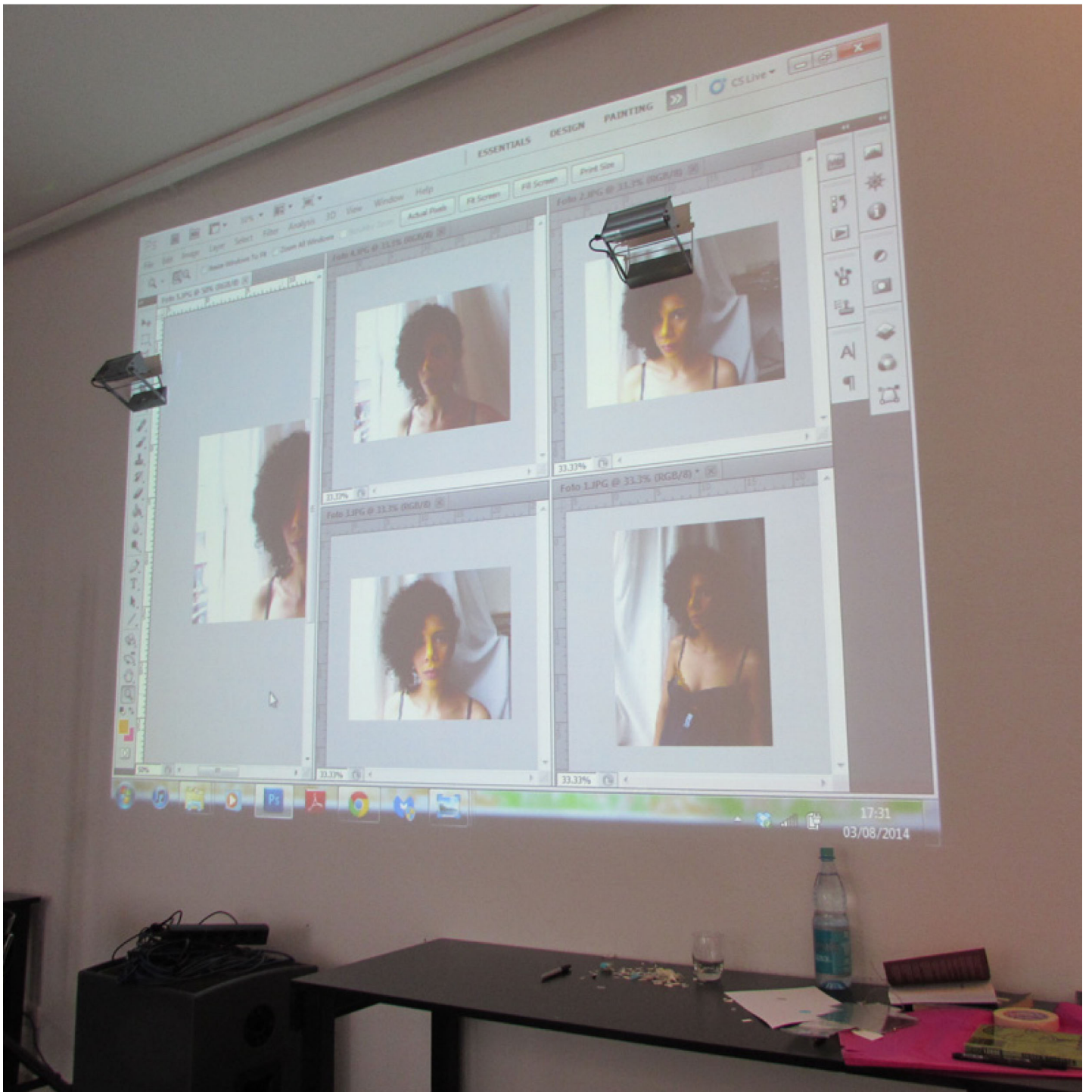
I enter like a bride wearing a white dress to the men's penitentiary. I draw a map on the floor, I move around the bodies, I feel their gazes, they feel me, they start to smell me and I am motivated by their attention. I talk about my experiences and work as a transgender activist woman. They were open to hear that experience. I ask them to take a wedding picture with me and I give them the picture as a remembrance



at some point I've been trying to think about all the people who have meant something to me to try to tie myself to some place or to



something so I wrote down as much as I could remember and sort of in chronological order, all the people who meant something to me, even something
sina 11



'What are you writing in this war poet?

I'm writing my silence.

do you mean that now the guns should speak?

Yes their sounds are louder than my voice.

What are you doing then?

I'm calling for steadfastness.

And will you win this war?

No. the important thing is to hold on, holding on is a victory in itself.

And what after that?

a new age will start.

And when will you go back to writing poetry?

When the guns quiet down a little, when I explode my silence which is full of all these voices, when I find the appropriate language.

Is there no role for you then?

No, no role for me in poetry anymore, my role is outside the poem, my role is to be outside with citizens and fighters.



'social spaces are not blank



and open for anybody to occupy. There is a connection between bodies and space, which is built and repeated and contested over time. While all can, in theory enter, it is certain types of bodies that tactically are designated as being natural occupants of specific positions. Some bodies are deemed to having the right to belong whilst others are marked out as trespassers...not being the somatic norm, they are the **space invaders**.