

what about
support and
what about
struggle



L'i

WHAT ABOUT
SUPPORT
AND
WHAT ABOUT
STRUGGLE

ed. **Jennifer Hayashida** and **Corina Oprea**

l'internationale

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so what about the instinct to survive.
so what about birds and burying beetles.
so what about support and what about struggle.
so what about ants and bees and termites.
so what about the field upon which tender feelings
develop
even amidst otherwise most cruel animals.
so what about migration. breeding. autumn.
so what about the numberless lakes of the russian
and siberian steppes and what about aquatic
birds, all living in perfect peace—

something about being maddened by hunger.
something about exuberant life and bird-
mountains and new forms.
something about association and consciousness.
something about the family and then the group.
something about the isolation of groups.
something about the necessity of communicating.
something about simply feeling proximity.

see also:

act of god, civil protection, crisis, disaster medicine, disaster convergence, emergency, emergency management, human extinction, list of disasters, list of disasters by cost, maritime disasters, risk governance, risks to civilization, humans and planet earth, sociology of disaster, survivalism, theklaxon.com, disaster film.

Excerpts from Francis Lo's volume of poetry *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters*
(Commune Editions, 2016)

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

Jennifer Hayashida and Corina Oprea

“The struggle we are confronted with cannot be in any way a one-person task. We must now collectively undertake a rewriting of knowledge as we know it.”

– Sylvia Wynter

In November of 2020, Francis Marie Lo’s volume of poetry *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters* was sent as a gift and an invitation to poets and artists **Napo Masheane**, **Léuli Eshrāghi**, **Merve Ünsal**, **tacoderaya**, **Lukaza Branfman-Verissimo**, and **Fernanda Laguna** with the proposition to resituate its critique of catastrophe discourse in other urgent pasts and presents. *what about support and what about struggle* is the result of that proposition: an international speculative translation project where writers and artists across a range of geopolitical contexts have responded to Lo’s work across languages, forms, and aesthetic-political concerns.

Published by Commune Editions in 2016, Lo’s *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters* reads the US-based scenes and events of Hurricanes Katrina (2005) and Sandy (2012) in order to wonder about collective possibility as it intersects with state failures: what potentials might emerge when we read against the grain of precarity and erasure? What are the poetics we are left with when the un/natural entanglements of “disaster” are taken apart and reconstructed? Lo’s text utilizes translation as one of many methods to examine and critique what scholars such as Orlando Patterson term “social death,” that is, a condition of not being recognized – especially by nation-state apparatuses – as fully human, vis-à-vis a poetics of mutual aid represented through assemblage, transcription, data-gathering, interview, and still-life.

Borrowing from Lo’s methods, we have invited seven artists to respond freely to the book in order to resituate its critique in

past or present Un/Natural/Disasters relevant to the questions posited by Lo’s work. The invitation was to interpret the term “translation” very loosely and with as much conceptual flexibility as possible, to encompass anything, including a video, a poem, a letter, a performance, a sound piece, etc., in response to Lo’s text. “Translation” should thus not be taken to mean a seamless transfer between languages and/or geopolitical contexts, but should instead be regarded as a concept or method to lean on as a kind of scaffold for thinking about how one wants to be in dialogue with another writer’s work – their aesthetic or methodological entry points, modes of critique, rhythm, gaze, etc.

We understand that this project moves from an anglophone imperial US context to what could be loosely described as an international constellation of languages and geopolitical sites; as a result, it feels important to underscore that this project is not about mapping US discourse onto non-US contexts. Instead, we hope that Lo’s methods of looking, feeling, and writing can be useful instruments for not only resituating the book’s analyses – its pasts and futures – but expanding it and allowing it to shrink into places and events elsewhere: the exploited shores of the Atlantic, islands settled by colonizers in the in the Great Ocean, and a multiplicity of languages that carry joy, sorrow, and resurgence equally.

Parallel with, or following on, the poetic/artistic responses, we have asked for Translator’s Notes, included in this collection, where the contributing artists unpack their processes of generating their response in order to orient the reader/viewer’s relationship to the work, taking a cue from their re/verberation of history, complicated both temporally and geopolitically, hinting at unexplored routes of contemplation, composition, and (re)construction of language.

With this collection of speculative translation responses, we've experienced processes of re-mixing histories through language and time – fast-forwarding, resting, reversing, accelerating, and discontinuing – almost as if tangibly whirling on a turntable through temporalities, methods, and geographies based on repetitions, recirculations, and kinship in the practice of revolutionary solidarity.

The written piece by **Léuli Eshrāghi** travels throughout different geographies and languages in the Great Ocean, finding points of inflection with Francis Lo's compositions in order to convene into an ecology of poetic reverberations. **Eshrāghi** presents a textual work that comments on how history is produced through exclusions of languages and of expressions, of traces of what the tongue may express and what the colonial gaze witnessed, thus exposing the colonial logic that forms our relation to words and how we formulate the world.

Napo Masheane's work is an interventive series of audio and textual pieces which can be read as an annotation of histories of omission, as well as an intervention into how they can be retold. **Masheane** weaves a pattern constructed out of a variety of mediums for us to follow through, and across, languages present on the African continent which inform the poetic and sonic composition.

Through their video work, **tacoderaya** (Jonás de Murias + Paula Pérez-Rodríguez) reflect upon the overexploitation of natural endemic landscapes such as the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

Fernanda Laguna's work, produced between 1995-2008, is a visualization of compositions and the translation of feminist, political, and artistic struggles in Argentina from a temporal perspective, interacting with Francis Lo's poetics as both a

sociopolitical as well as poetic dialogue across time, history, and geography.

Merve Ünsal's video work extends the notion of catastrophe through a fairy tale and sculptural approach to image and speculative narrative of the end of the earth. The choreography of the narration is entirely dependent on an interpretation of image sculpted onto the retina.

Lukaza Branfman-Verissimo's call-and-response poster series sets in motion a visual exchange with Lo's work, thereby imagining textual and material solidarities with the book's articulations of mutual aid through poetic and ideological cross-cuttings and refractions.

Francis Marie Lo was invited to respond to the group's responses to *A Series of Un/Natural Disasters*, responses which we presented and discussed in two group-wide online seminar-workshops during 2020-2021 where Lo was present. Their piece, "A Rupture," could thus be termed both a continuation and disruption of this larger speculative translation project where their work is simultaneously the point of origin and (tentative) conclusion, or, hopefully, incitement onward:

Fumbling around
a new world,
mouth around
language with
inadequate potential.

WORKS CITED:

–Wynter, Sylvia in conversation with Katherine McKittrick, “Unparalleled Catastrophe for Our Species?: Or, to Give Humanness a Different Future: Conversations.” in *On Being Human as Praxis*, edited by Katherine McKittrick, Duke University Press, 2015, pp 18.

–Patterson, Orlando. “Slavery and Social Death”, Harvard University Press, 1982.

LUKAZA
BRANFMAN-
VERISSIMO

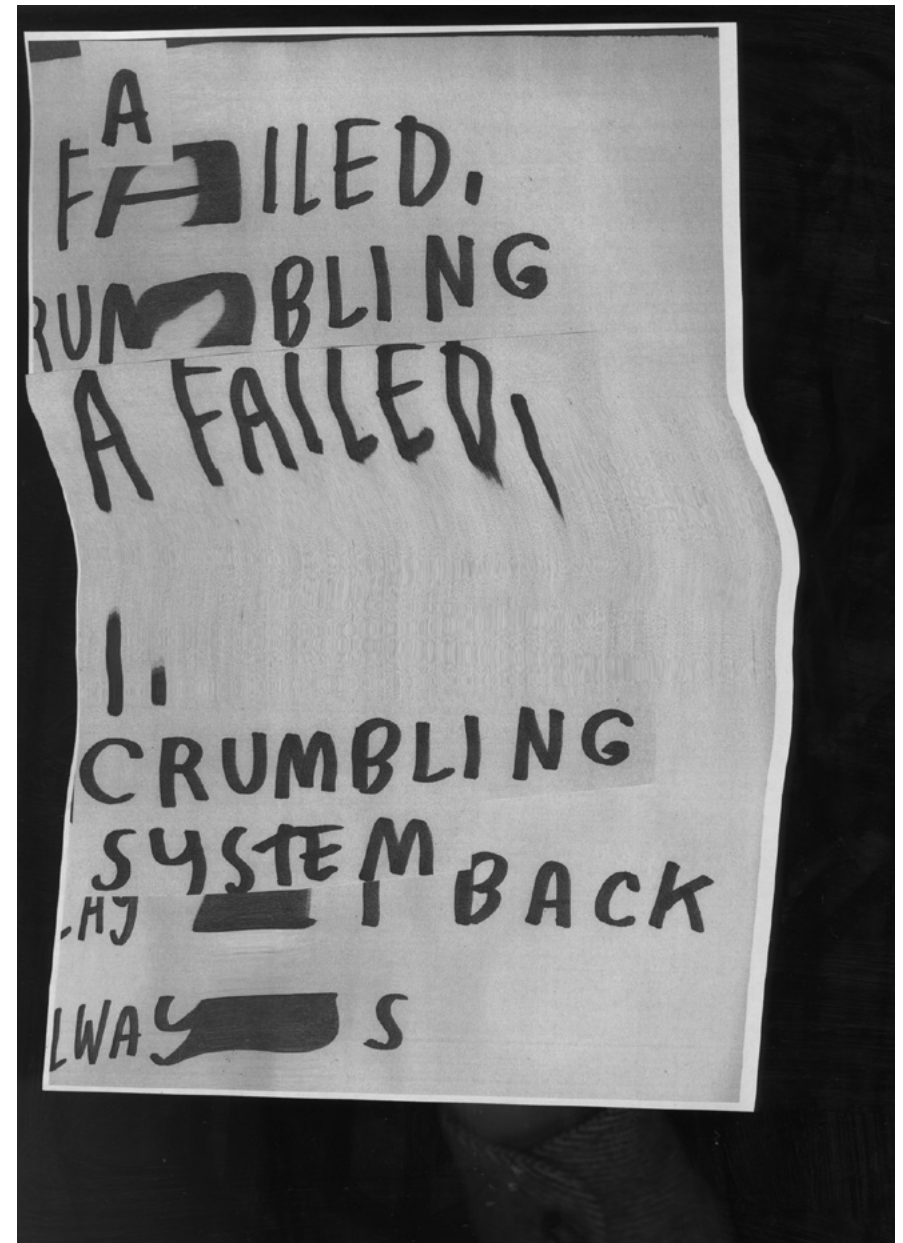
Translator's Note

In compiling this edition of 17 scans/prints/images, I started with a call and response list.

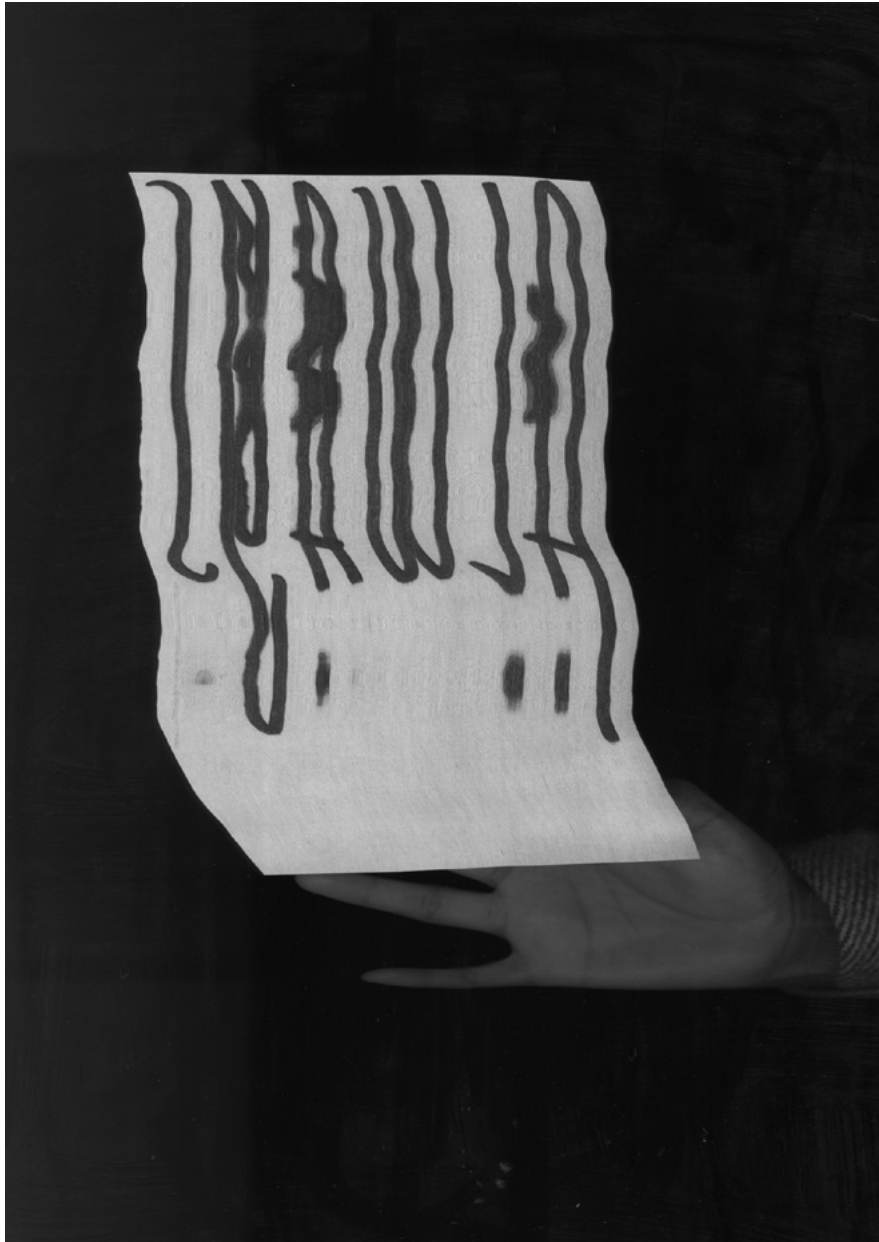
A call and response list is a practice I do to generate content, it also allows my voice to get interwoven with the text I am responding to. In this case, that text is *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters* by Francis Lo, specifically the first poem in the book, *Always Already*.

The call and response list went something like: a line from *Always Already*, then a line from me, a line from *Always Already*, then a line from me, etc, etc, until I had crafted a new poem, a new series of responses, questions, continuation of Lo's words next to mine.

The way I read Lo's words, feels like experiences I have had as a Black, queer, artist, working class person living in this world. The language feels shared, so it felt so natural to interweave these thoughts. Transcribed in my handwritten font, on thin sheets of newsprint, cut up, collaged, scanned on a xerox printer bed, blurred words, reversed words, words pulled along the scanner bed, cut up again, glued together and then re-scanned. My material choices are as intentional as the stories I choose to include. It is exciting when words camouflage into themselves and turn into patterns and abstract shapes, our complex histories don't need to be seen by everyone. The words repeat, always always always, our histories, the actions against us, the resistance work we do, repeat repeat repeat, a "feedback loop" as Lo says it.



A Failed Crumbling, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



Always, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020

so what about the instinct to survive. **

Why is it that survival comes before thrival*?

*Thrival: a term that combines survival and thriving, taught to me by Margo Okazawa-Rey

so what about birds and burying beetles. **

How do birds know when to turn, when they fly in unison? We could learn a things or two from their community centered lives

so what about support and what about struggle. **

So what about support reminds you of struggle and what about struggle reminds you of support? Do they need the other one in order to live?

so what about ants and bees and termites. **

How would our work be different if we were taught to prioritize our community, travel in groups, live close to home, take care of our elders?

so what about the field upon which tender feelings develop even amidst otherwise most cruel animals.**

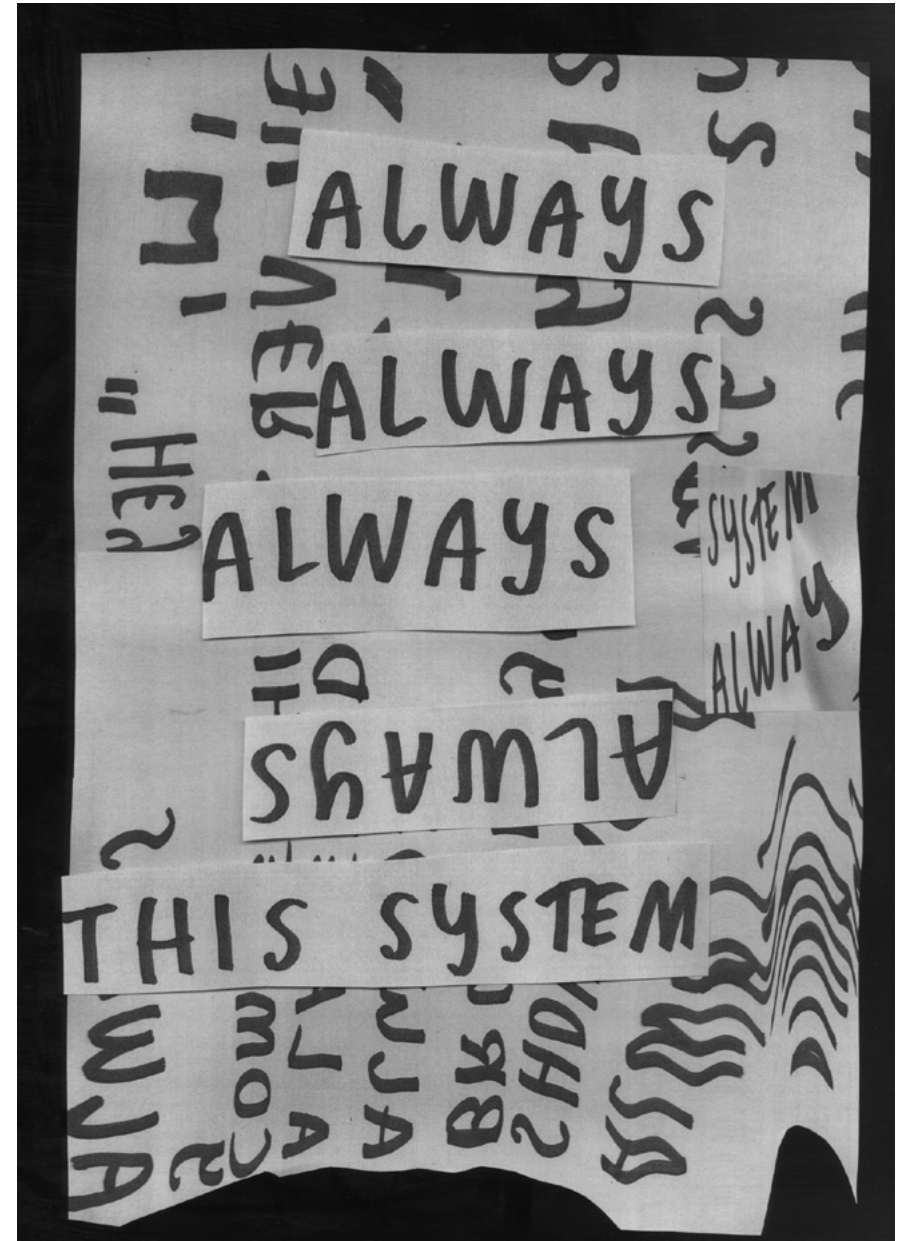
In what ways do you continue, even when our people are being killed everyday? What are the small gestures of care you need to receive? How do you want me to touch you? Who do you want to yell with and where?

so what about migration, breeding, autumn. **

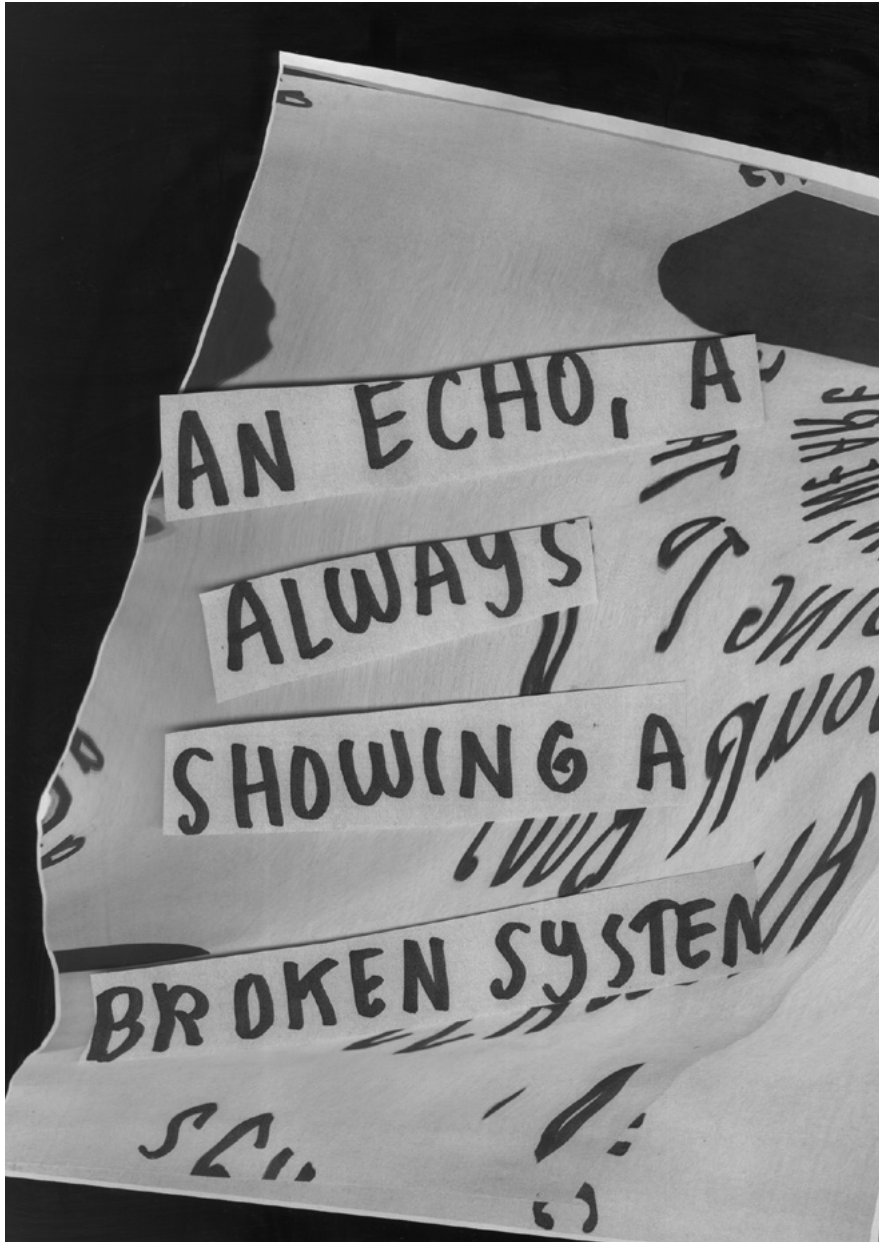
How far do we have to march to hold justice in our hands?
What does this life long march feel? How do we pass down
this work through our hands?

so what about the numberless lakes of the russian
and siberian steppes and what about aquatic birds,
all living in perfect peace--- **

**original verses from Francis Lo, *A Series of Un/Natural Disasters*, Commune Editions, 2016



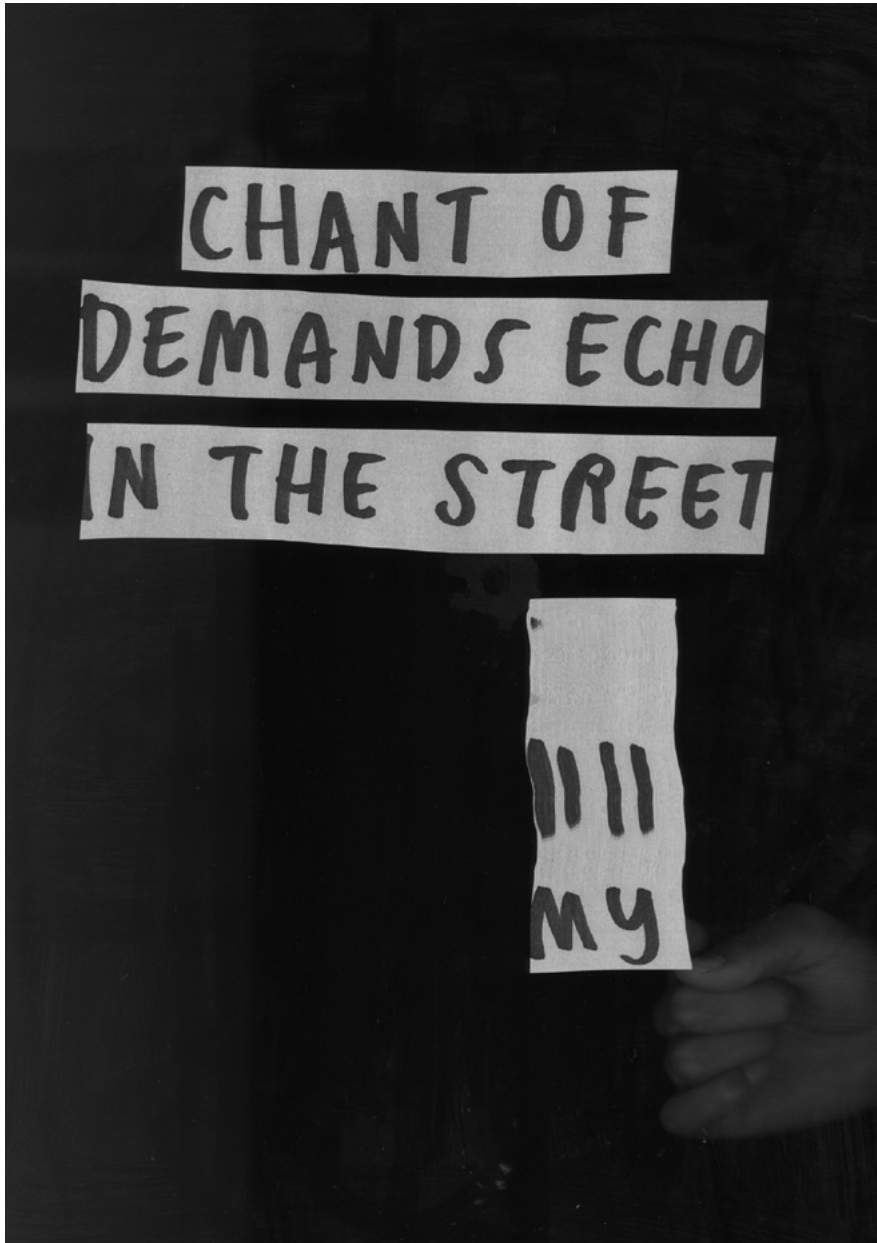
Always Always, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17,2020



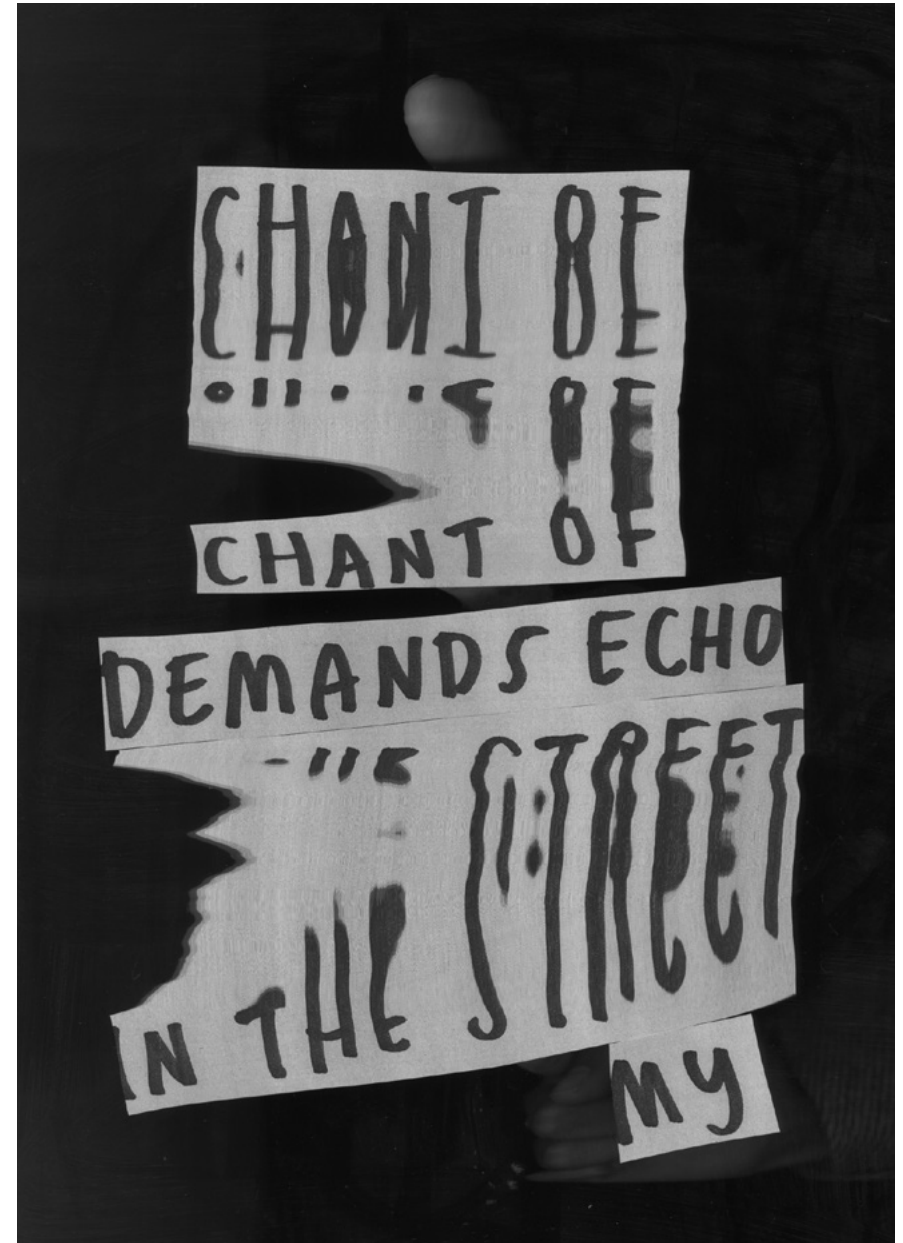
An Echo, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



Broken Always, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



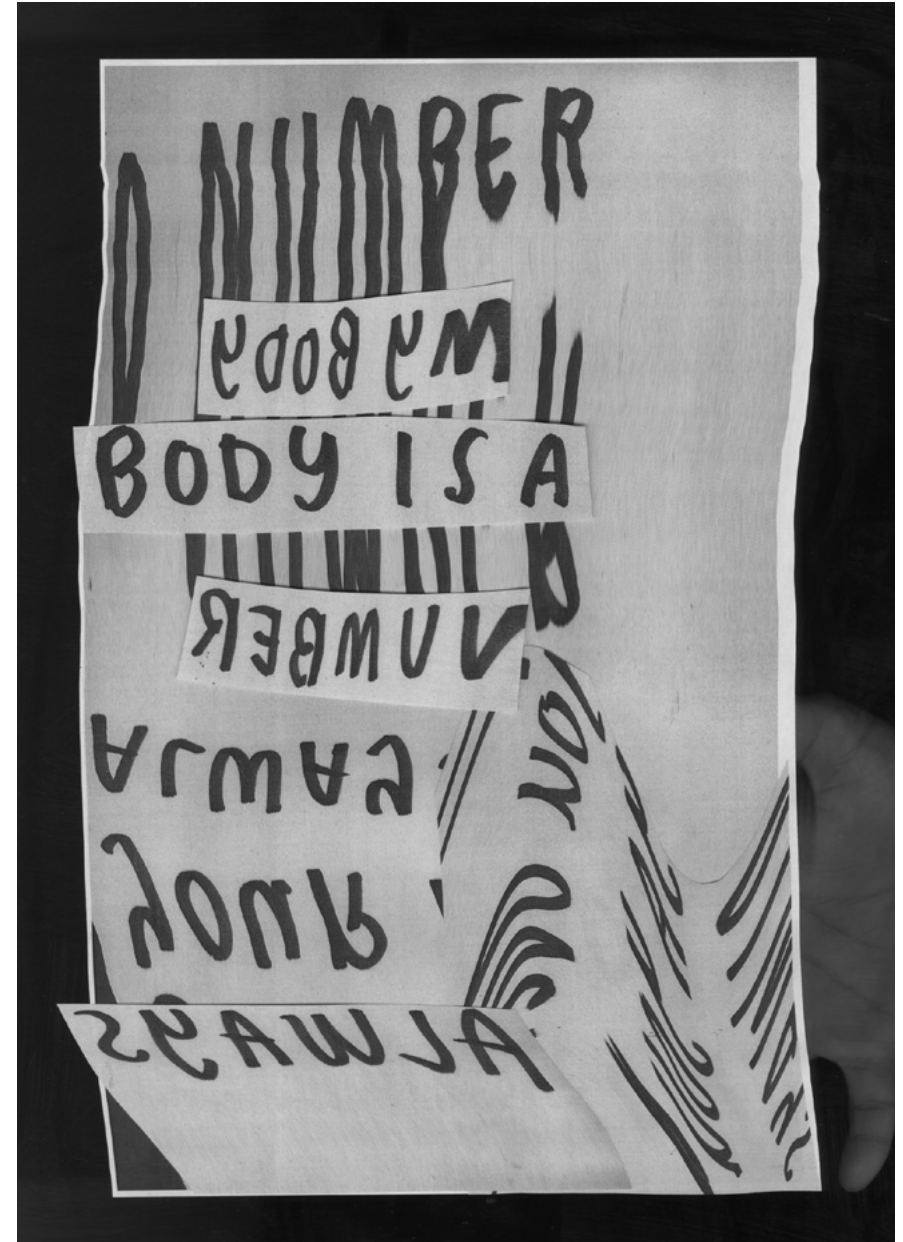
Chant of Demands, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



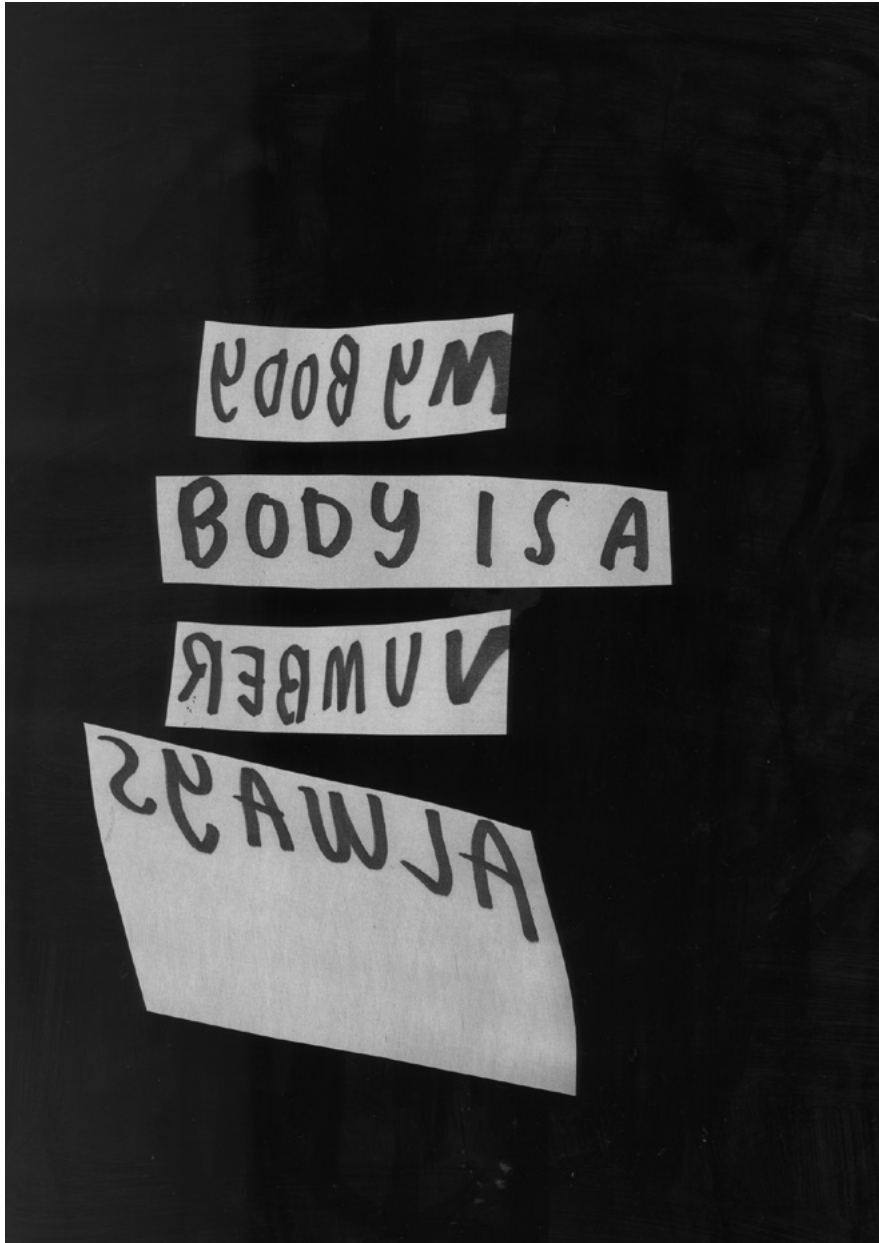
Chant of Demands (2), Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



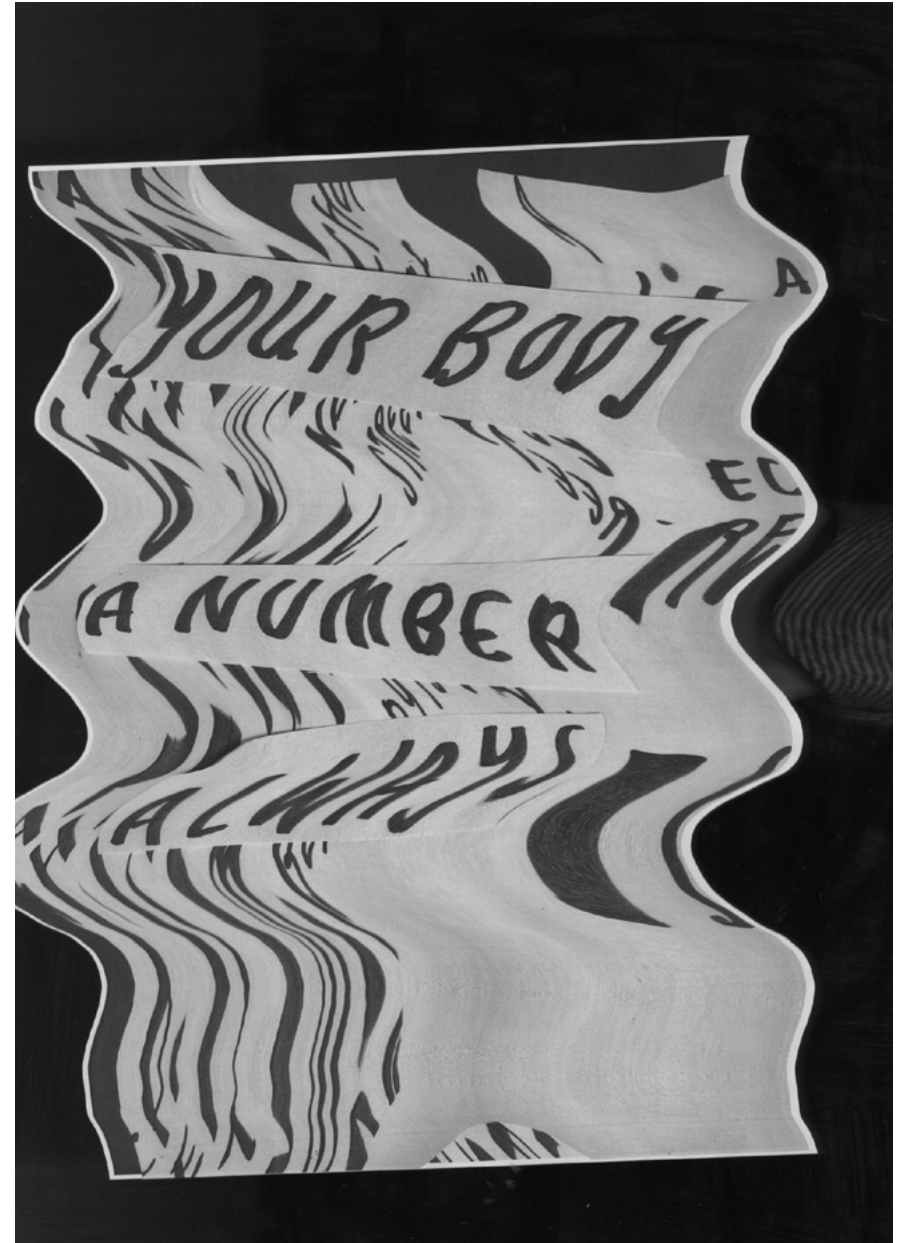
Disaster as in this Moment, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



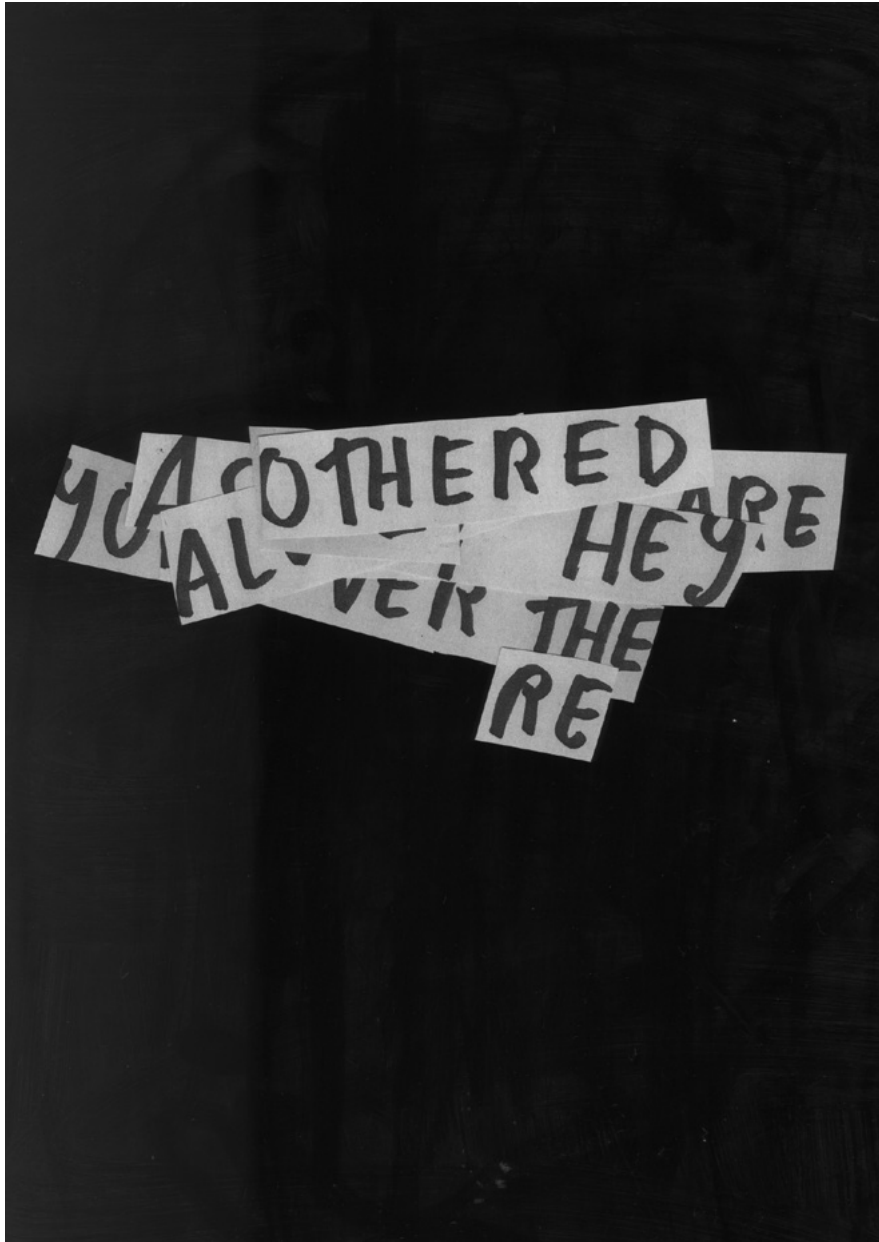
My Body is a, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



My Body is a (2), Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



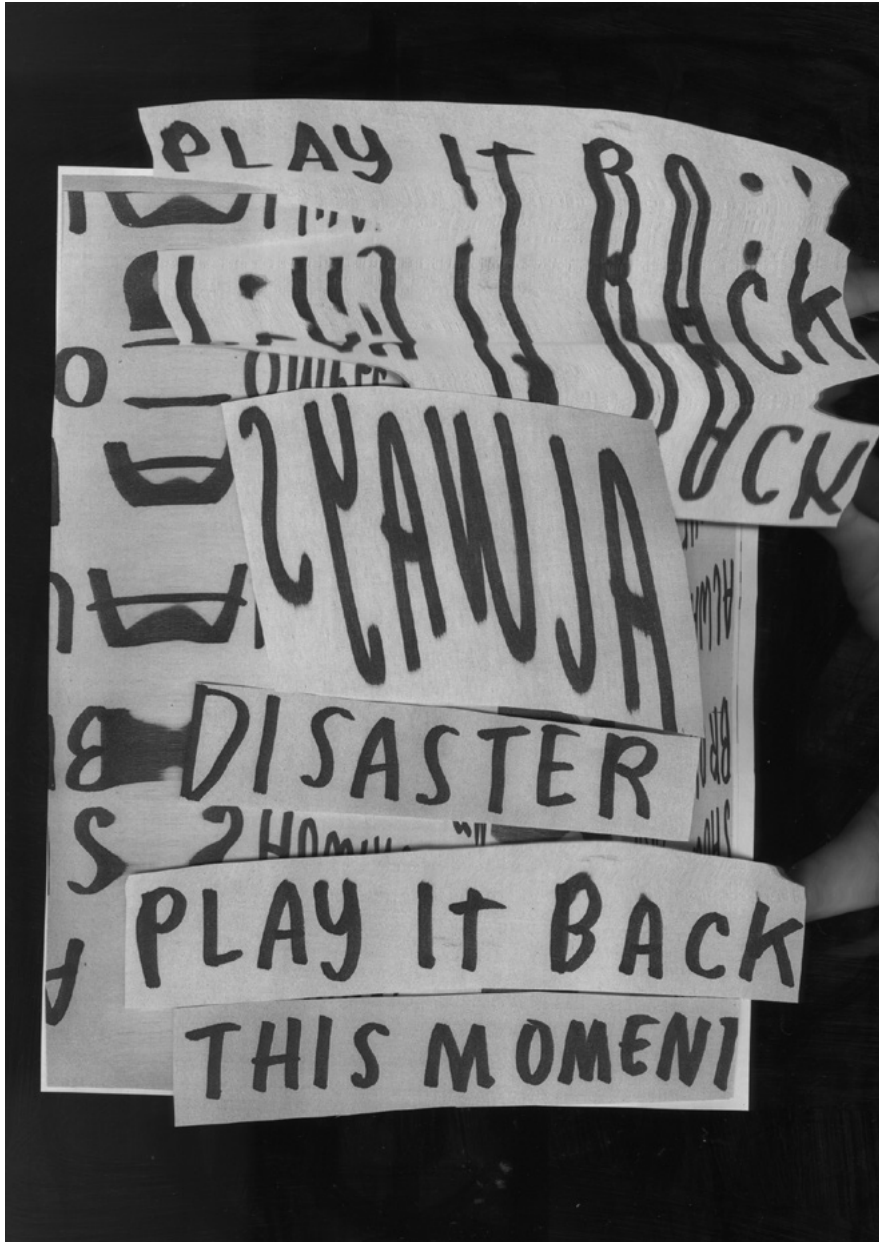
My Body is a (3), Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



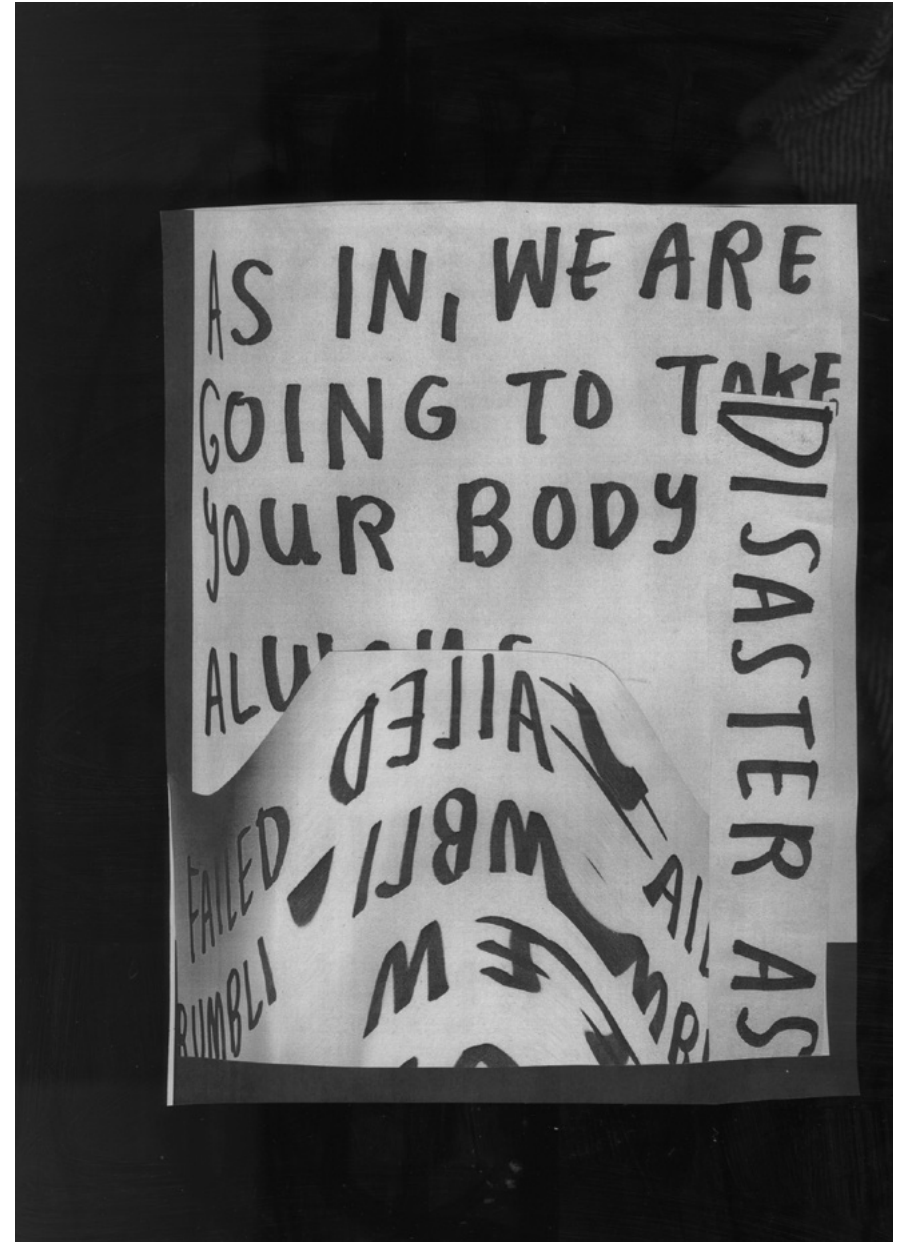
Othered, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



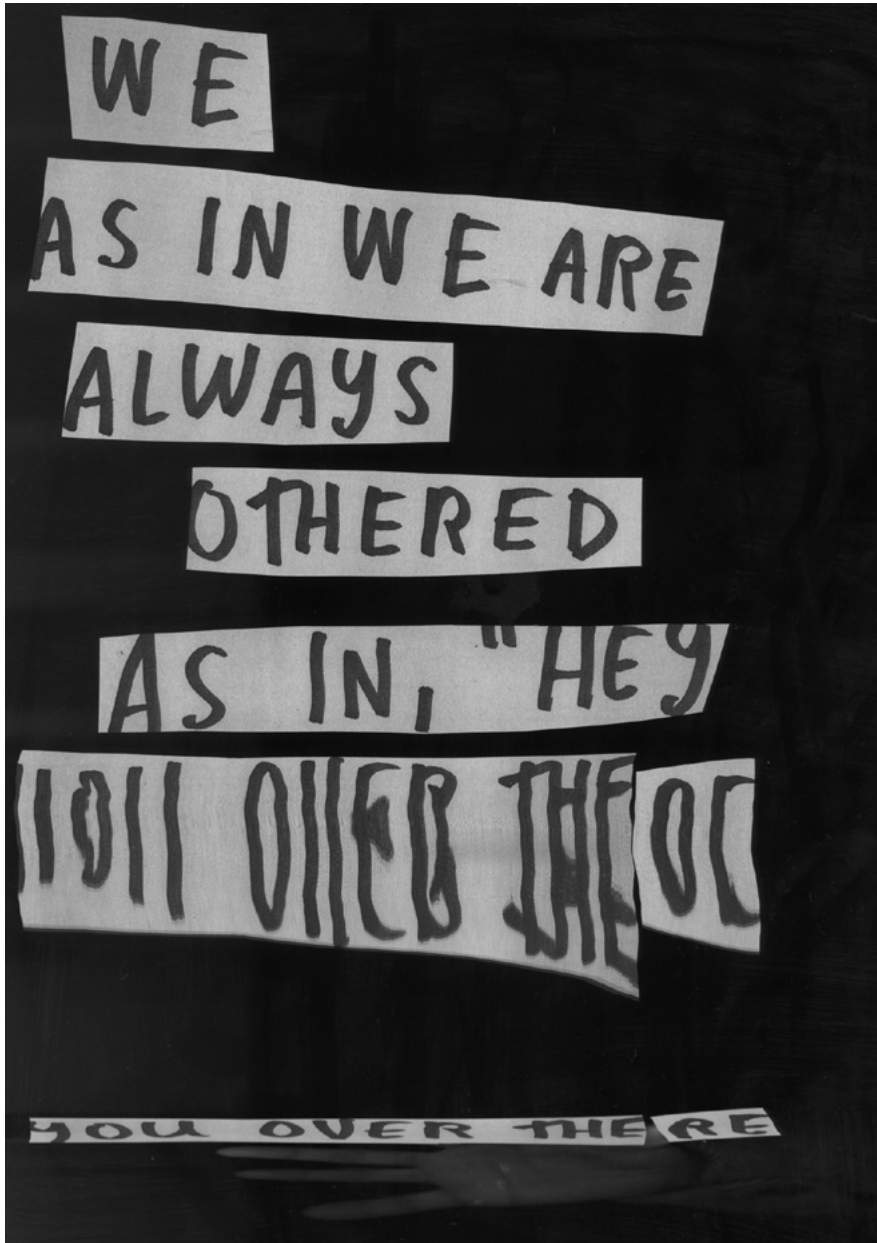
Play it back, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



Play it back (2), Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



We are going to take, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



We as in we, Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020



We as in we (2), Xerox collage scans, Edition of 17, 2020

NAPO MASHEANE

Translator's Note

Oratures in Africa allow us to borrow from each other's poetic voices, styles, forms, and themes in their translations and interpretations. Part of each oratures' story, which is how I refer to myself and Lo's work, is that if we don't write ourselves into history... herstory and/or any-story, we won't remember our past and capture our urgent present experiences. This for me is the premise that connected my theatrics, poetics and narratives with Lo's poetic anthology, *A Series of Un/Natural Disasters*, which looked into social ills and issues, for instance in their poem; *Because Another Tropical Storm is Looming* - pg 9-12, which birthed out of me... *You Are Death, You Are Dead, You have Died*. A poem inspired by the tragic death of an eight-year-old girl - Modisa Mbhele - in QwaQwa, blamed on water crisis in the area, that led to violent protests in the eastern Free State town (South Africa), and the arrest of over 30 people.

Furthermore, there was Lo's poem... *Poor Marks for His Handling of Federal Response* - pg 28-34, that presented itself as a rhetorical statement, "poor people were evacuated by gun point". Here, the departing point inspiration was to compose a poem made out of the weaved-up childhood Basotho games, that are often shared through various translations across Southern Africa by number of ethnic groups to call-on or celebrate rain. I also explored with Lo's... *How There Was So Much Water* - pg 19 - 20, that became the principle dialogue between two poems asking more questions: What fascinates me with the choices the poet made was the way in which they used punctuation marks, where a rhetorical question ends with a full stop.

Fascinated by a saying in an African culture that amplifies that: "He- She- They... That Control History- Herstory... Control the Narrative," I subsequently found that... Translate

into Data to Translate into Fact to Translate - pg 48, by Lo again capturing historic/herstoric data, and translating it into time through a collective translation. I trialed with both of our data collection through slavery, apartheid, migration, civil wars, genocides, un/natural/disasters and femicide, that closely knead into transverse ethnic similarities; between our two countries. While the last poem: *Rain...* speaks to the narrative of the lineage of the Rain Queens, who were (are) believed to have mystical rain making powers. But how the very same legacy of making rain can flood and drown feminine existence of its power. This drawn inspiration was a rendition from Lo's poem... *So What About the Instinct to Survive* - pg 38, which stands as a juxtaposition of what two poetic voices can poetically achieve through commonalities that are in synch with the questions they have.

My overview of Lo's artistic-poetic voice as an orature... allows any reader to engage with timeless questions such as; how far do we picture an un/natural disaster as natural or as another political act that vomits on those who are underprivileged? Lo's tone as an orature challenges supremacy that is engulfed in some particular ritualistic aspects within our inherited traditions and culture. That for me is the crust of how we as poets can echo the politics of the stomach that hinder those who are a part of a world that will always un/naturally pickpocket those who are 'the have not' against (v/s) 'the haves'.

Poetic Response

When the water crisis hit my hometown (Qwaqwa) few years ago. It was presumed that it was and still is not a natural disaster but a political act. The water that sprang in our back yards, and wells of water that have been abandoned and neglected have led to the existing and pressing drought that saw a young girl drowning in one of the dams while fetching water with her brother.

Backdrop: The tragic **death** of a **young** eight-year-old **girl** – Modisa Mbhele – in **QwaQwa** has led to violent protests in **the** eastern Free State town (South Africa), and **the** arrest of over 30 people. Modisa's **death** was being blamed on **the** water crisis in **the** area.

because another tropical storm is looming

because the levees that protect New Orleans from floods are weak

because of his failure to step in

because of a dispute over where to install them

because fema regulations prohibit them from being installed in floodprone coastal areas

because most of the victims were black

because of the war in Iraq

because many of the victims were poor and black

because the Hurricane Center says at least another twenty minutes

before we call where the eye made landfall

because the winds come up this way over this way and then down this way

because, in fact, the wind is actually blowing offshore

because the lights went out in this block

because you're, obviously, potentially in harm's way there

because we're not here to play around in the wind and then take cover

because the water was so deep already, flooding so immense at this point, that it was too unsafe to keep driving

because of that

because there is just busloads of people

The aim of the below poem was to weave two poetic narratives together like how rain threads of Modisa's childhood gurgled in the joyful laughter of the gutters of her life was cut short... only to multiply and resonate in a consort which avoided monotony but was joined together by poetic delicacy of two poets.



***You Are Death, You Are Dead,
You Have Died***

Child, you are death- you are dead, You have died

Your name was borrowed
From your grandmother's clan names
Curled up around the tongue of your mother
That sings loud
To grow
In the garden of her eyes
To glow
Like the orange of everything in her sky
To flow
Not as her landscape
But as a peeping sun-
Through her clouds

Child, you are death- you are dead, You have died

Your path
Marked with curves,
Cliffs and hills around her waist
Is a reminder
To come home alive, always
But then, you are death- you are dead, you have died
Like a shadow of a pebble that drowned
Not in her womb
But over the over flooding river of her being

*diboko-seboko
puo- dipuo
pina-dipina*

peo-popelong

hodimo-mahodimo

*sehla-tshehlana
tsatsie-letsatsing*

*tsela-tseleng
letheka-thekeng
Lefika- Mafika*

lefu-leholo-ke-ditshego

peo-popelong

because, of course, that's not really the priority

because I guess that's the real problem, isn't it?

because it's a point of contention when the eye
makes landfall

because that's when you know that if you look
outside, you can actually see stars or see the
sun rise through the eye

because the power is out

because it is, after all, built below sea level

because now it looks like we're going to be in the
most dangerous part of the storm

because clearly he doesn't have a radar there that
he can see

because thousands and thousands of people there
affected, thousands, ten thousand maybe

because it started to rain

because, of course, the Superdome can fit many
tens of thousands of people

because they were concerned—and still are, of
course—about flooding

because there's the eye itself moving right over
Empire

because right near here is the only phone in the
house that is a land line

because we have focused a lot of our attention on
New Orleans,

because of great concern about the number of
people there and the fact that it is so low-lying

Your people will no longer
Soil themselves out of you
For you are death- you are dead, you have died
Your grandmother
Will no longer drink your mounting tears
Your Mother
Will never clean fear off
the walls of your face
Nor wipe the landmarks of grief
On your body

Child, you no longer sing your screams
Or have your girlish voice pierce through river-banks
Your lungs can no longer
Carry waters that dripped between your fingers
Your spirit swam and swam
...leaped through political crack
To sink your soul
To wet your childhood
To well up like a storm growing inside you

Now in our garden
Your grave lies
Everything is damp with sorrow
Child, you are death- you are dead, you have died
While our silence ate into the wind

Who... who survives drowning?

Modimo-Badimo

lefu-leholo-ke-ditshego

dikgapha-tse-kgapatsehang
Mmé motswadi- kgapukgapu

fahla- sefahleho

mmele-pelo-le-moya

melapo le melatswana
dinoka-le-dinkwana

fahla-sefahleho

didiba-le-madiboho
lefu-leholo-ke-ditsheho
furalletse- satalletse
didiba-le-madiboho little house

melapong-le-mafikeng
lefu-leholo-ke-ditsheho

lefu-leholo-ke-ditsheho

because the sun was shining outside, but they were not allowed to go home

because it reveals clearly the complete fraud of the “war on terrorism”

because the entire purpose of the “war on terrorism” has not been to respond to a disaster, natural or otherwise

because a new owner would have to pay substantially higher flood insurance rates

because the new data assumes that repaired levees will not break

because of the area’s important oil and natural gas infrastructure and fisheries

because we’ll have people dying

because of water coming up

because we can’t get them medical treatment in our affected counties

because he ignored the risks of global warming

because he diverted funds and manpower to Iraq

because his unfair tax policies inflicted on the poor and vulnerable no other choice

because of a combination of factors that had not been anticipated

because of the inherent weakness of the soils behind it and pushed into

the adjoining neighborhood

because tens of thousands of mostly African-American voters displaced by the storm have not yet come home

because I have to keep up now with where
everybody, where they are now

because they didn't trust voting early or absentee

because of flooding

because of damage or flooding

because so much is really at stake in all of this

because my heart was just failing

because it's exactly what you want

because I've got to go home

because of security concerns

because of the storm

Francis Lo, *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters*, 2016, p.9

So based on Lo's poem on page 19-20 I re-created a strong juxtaposition questions using Basotho/ Batswana/ Bapedi childhood games... linked to rain.

Diketo

*Pula tsa lehlohono
Ha di na ka medupi
Hohle e le diphororo
Le'na he o nkgopole
O jesu' mong'aka
O se ntebale le'na*

Growing up in the mountains
We used to play “diketo”
Out of mined holes... dug up by our little brown fingers
Across our backyards
With the most amazing views of hills, and cliffs
Two players would gather around the circled-hole
That was housing twelve pebbles

*Oho so mphete mon'ghadi
Bona, ke omeletse!
Rothisetsa marotho
Le'na o nkolobise
O jesu' mong'aka
O se ntebale le'na*

One player out of two
Will throw a hand-full of stones up into the air
Then try to grab as many pebbles inside the hole
Before catching that one stone from the air
With the same hand...
If player one doesn't catch the stone from the air quickly
It means they would have failed to cup-off any pebbles

how there was so much water. how things need water to survive. how to be human. human bodies are made of water. how to find the line. how can there be too much of a good thing.

hyponatremia. the imbalance of water to salt in the body. how overwatering can be more hazardous than going without. how water enters the lungs and prevents the absorption of oxygen.

houses filled with water.

how struggle is replaced by cooperation. how to be human.

how there is a difference between refugee and evacuee. how one is marked as an other. how to be human.

From the mined hole
 So the next player takes over... it is their turn
 To capture as many pebbles... to win the game...

*Moloki waka lerato
 Ke khomaretse wena
 Ha o fa ba bang ha kaalo,
 Mphe hanyenyane le'na
 O jesu' mong'aka
 O se ntebale le'na*

Through loss/ grief/ disaster
 Many of us have been trying to play “diketo”
 With words... for our friends
 Who have lost love ones
 Through un/natural disasters
 We have been trying to - play- as
 co-mourner- comforter- co-healers
 We have been trying to dance with 12 pebbles inside a hole
 To ease- to sooth - to play - to catch the one from the air
 So that none of us can drown in our own tears- fears

*O jesu' mong'aka
 O se ntebale le'na
 O jesu' mong'aka
 O se ntebale le'na*

how nature is layered on the manmade.
 or how man interferes with nature and fails.
 something about lines and boundaries and
 naming. something about the ugly being
 beautiful.
 how what's dirty is actually crystal clear.

This poem presents a dialogue between two poets as they translate history/herstory/their-story into data.

***Translate Into Data
to Translate Into Fact
to Translate***



1652

First Disaster... white butter flies came across the sea to eat our lands... Jan van Riebeeck the first colonist... set up a Dutch supply station by the Cape shores in *1652*

1838

Abolishment of slavery engulfed in diamonds and gold sparked Anglo-Boer War in *1838*

1909

The Union of South African without native South Africans... proclaimed by white dominion over majority of black people in *1909*

1912

Black civil rights movement: South African Native National Congress is formed in *1912*

1935 Social Security Act

1913

The Native Land Act (black people... black bodies... black voices cannot and will not own their own land) as of *1913*

1938 Fair Labor Act

TRANSLATE INTO DATA TO TRANSLATE INTO FACT TO
TRANSLATE

1935 Social Security Act
1938 Fair Labor Act
1946 National School Lunch Act
1960 Aid to Families with Dependent Children
1961 Food Stamps
1964 Economic Opportunity Act
1965 Housing and Urban Development Act
1966 Child Nutrition Act
1972 Special Supplemental Nutrition Program for Women, Infants, and Children
1982 Job Training Partnership Act
1984 Truth in Sentencing
1984 Comprehensive Crime Control Act
1988 Office of National Drug Control Policy
1994 Three Strikes Law in California
1996 Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Act
1998 Workforce Investment Act

Francis Lo, *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters*, 2016, p.48

1948

The birth of Apartheid, and white privilege in 1948
1946 National School Lunch Act

1952

Defiance Campaign: we carried you on our backs... you sucked milk from our breasts... how can we the ones who have raised you ask you for permission to walk on our lands 1952

Then 20 000 Mothers/ Sisters/ Daughters/ Women's... march against pass laws in 1956

1960

69 Sharpsville massacre... 69 demonstrators killed, 69 black people... black bodies... black voices... flooded by bullets and drowned in their own blood... in 1960

1960 Aid to Families with Dependent Children

1961 Food Stamps

1964 Economic Opportunity Act

1965 Housing and Urban Development Act

1966 Child Nutrition Act

1972 Special Supplemental Nutrition Program for Women, Infants, and Children

1978

Steve Bantu Biko killed... 1978 after he said... *"The most potent weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed"*-

1976

Solitary whistle of guns killed 600 students... 600 Solitary wailing of tears fell ... 600 school children's screamed... in 1976 Youth Uprising

1982 Job Training Partnership Act

1984 Truth in Sentencing

1984 Comprehensive Crime Control Act

1988 Office of National Drug Control Policy

1992

Nelson Mandela released after 27 years in prison. We were sold out... in 1992

The dawn... the rise...the beginning of democracy.
 FREEDOM!!! in 1994

1994 Three Strikes Law in California

1996 Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Act

1998 Workforce Investment Act

2005- #FeesMustFall

What we felt scattered in the air - Betrayal. Fees- Must- Fall!
 ... Still there is no free education for a black child and its 2005

2012

Black people... black bodies... black voices... against... xenophobia/ afro-phobia/ corruption... black people... black bodies... black voices ... fought for crumbs of bread... black people... black bodies... black voices have turned into dog-eat-dog... "we will be killing each other today!" Marikana!!! That is in 2012

2013/2014/2015/2016/2017/2018/2019. Black women in South Africa have mastered collecting bricks that build sisterhood of friendship on the foundation of trauma...

2020 *un/natural disaster* South Africa has been declared the kingdom of femicide

Here I explored with what Lo's poem can be when said in both English and Sesotho. Almost like the meeting of two languages through poetry.



*“... so what about birds and burying beetles.
so what about support and what about struggle.
so what about ants and bees and termites.
so what about the field upon which tender feelings develop
even amidst otherwise most cruel animals.
so what about migration. breeding. autumn.
so what about the numberless lakes of the russian and siberian steppes
and what about aquatic birds, all living in perfect peace...” – pg 38*

*“... Joale ho thoe’ng ka linonyana le ho pata maleshoane.
joale ho thoe’ng ka ts’ehetso mme ho thoe’ng ka ntoa.
ho thoe’ng ka bohloa le linotsi le bohloa.
ho thoe’ng ka lebala leo maikutlo a bonolo a holang har’a liphoofofo tse
sehlōhō ka ho fetesisa.
joale ho thoe’ng ka ho falla. ho tsoala. hoetla.
joale ho thoe’ng ka matš’a a se nang palo a masabasaba a Russia le a
Siberia ‘me ho thoe’ng ka linonyana tsa metsing, kaofela ha tsona li
phela ka khotso e phethahetseng...”- pg 38*

so what about the instinct to survive.
so what about birds and burying beetles.
so what about support and what about struggle.
so what about ants and bees and termites.
so what about the field upon which tender feelings
develop
even amidst otherwise most cruel animals.
so what about migration. breeding. autumn.
so what about the numberless lakes of the russian
and siberian steppes
and what about aquatic birds, all living in perfect
peace—

Francis Lo, *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters*, 2016, p.38

Backdrop: The **Modjadjis’**, or **Rain Queens**, are the hereditary queens of the Balobedu, a people of the Limpopo Province of South Africa. Their ability to make rain is believed to be reflected in the lush garden which surrounds her royal compound. Surrounded by parched land, her garden contains the world’s largest cycad trees which are in abundance under a spectacular rain belt. The succession to the position of Rain Queen is matrilineal, so her eldest daughter is the heir, and males are not entitled to inherit the throne at all. The Rain Queen is believed to have special powers, including the ability to control the clouds and rainfall. The Rain Queen is not supposed to marry, but has many “wives”.

More so below I looked at the above poem from Lo and used it to compose a praise poem inspired by the narrative of the lineage of the Rain Queens, who were believed to have mystical rain making powers. Probably the response below was to merge two worlds on the landscape of African cultural roots.

Rain

comes down as a delicate worn-out curtain,
a relentless but relatively slow descent
of quite small diamonds drops.
some look the size of corn;
others are like pieces of glowing stones,
or marbles hanging down in convex loops,
or smashed pieces of mirror balls.

these sky tears flow, overflow - flood, floods
with intention on the hand, sand, land
almost hitting, biting, flirting, dallying with the ground,
with vision, conviction, addiction, obsession

if anything, **Rain** when it breaks
and scatter...
scatter and breaks
like glittering, blistering, shooting, shelling needles.

if anything, when it comes,
Rain falls on every house,
not some or others, but all.

If anything, **Rain** when it lands
a lament
too hard to tame
too hard... to name
is a blessing and a curse
a curse and a blessing.
a natural un/natural water dance.

... **Rain** plants its self in the ground,
meets seeds that feeds all.
at times its drops grow,
and flow, overflow - flood, floods
then falls on human walls,
to drown us... all in our own blood.



Napo Masheane - poetic audio work from
Child, You Are Death, You Are Dead, You have Died, 2021,
18:55 min

For full audio experience visit L'Internationale Online's Vimeo
channel on <https://vimeo.com/553198441/bf9dc61964>

MERVE ÜNSAL



My hands did not even tremble, he said. I gently lifted his hand, to my lips. He looked at me accustomed to having his hands kissed. I lifted his hand, the palm facing up both immediate and full of joy I bit his hand deliciously. His blood mixed with my saliva, and I could feel my chin getting wet. The bird entered the crack.

Merve Ünsal - still from /, 2021

For full length videos, visit L'Internationale Online's Vimeo channel
<https://vimeo.com/549358449/a26bd557d1>



Mud and harvest speak to each other. Rooted. These roots give body to place. The sound of the body calms down the storm. The place is filled with states one after the other. This layeredness is not like a mountain unchangeable. It heaves, old repositories come up to the surface. The bird enters the crack and continues underground.

Merve Ünsal - still from /, 2021

For full length videos, visit L'Internationale Online's Vimeo channel
<https://vimeo.com/549359952/75ac1ec4db>



The dusk had turned steel blue. The morning was quick on its feet singing with the deep voice of an organ. The horse were watching people, teary. A mare relieved her hot piss on the stones. The men were unloading the meat. The wind tore through my clothes. What kind of a world was I living in? The bird entered the crack and continues to flap its wings under the earth.

Merve Ünsal - still from /, 2021
For full length videos, visit L'Internationale Online's Vimeo channel
<https://vimeo.com/549356857/6b5a5f6891>

Translator's Note

In speaking about the “spiritual crisis of white America” civil rights activist Ruby Sales articulated the question of “Where does it hurt?” as being a critical question to ask in public life today. This simple yet deeply important question shifted my methods, my media, my point of view in 2017—keeping artistic work at an arm’s distance is not an option today. The urgency of making work requires an entanglement that can only be launched with a radical introspection of where, how, and when that work happens and keeps happening.

My response to *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters* begins with the inability to begin to speak about landscapes. The landscape cradles human bodies, historicities, narratives, and temporalities. The landscape transcends physicality to create a home for language that describes and holds all directions, actions and reactions. “Landscape” contains the action of “scaping”, as “landmines” include “mining.” Building on the militaristic agencies claimed over the land through mining (through planting landmines and mining the earth for materials) I would like to draw on what I term the «actfulness» of “scaping” and “mining.” This «actful» way of making work would impose onto materials (syntaxes) what the landscape has undergone as social bodies contract, temporal bodies convulse.

A recent video work, “**From a Wandering Window**” was grounded in the caption of a renovation photo that I happened upon while looking into the previous state of a mosque on my walking route in Kağıthane, Istanbul: “There were *even* bird nests inside” [emphasis mine] to describe a state of dilapidation made me imagine why birds would ever be linked with the state of an architectural building, triggering me to weave the non-narrative of the work, which is based on a window that leaves to

meander and birds who choose not to see.

The found drone images used in the videos are stumblings. I settled into the /, embracing its semi-upright attempt to keep things together. I propose that we can articulate temporality in terms of the stumbling of time rather than through rupture as to remove the comprehension that can be debilitating in the context of artistic practice. Stumbling allows for a practice that does not confront the gaping immensity of ruptures, but instead integrates and delves into a temporality that can allow for overlaps and specificities that would otherwise not be available. This mode of practice would seek being-with-the-catastrophe rather than to heal or to revise the catastrophe.

I have been wondering whether sink holes and their beginning points, cracks, could be transliterations of an upheaval of the earth, temporarily made visible. And what would this articulation relay? Is it possible for us to pulsate and narrate with this upheaval?

The tool of the bird’s eye perspective has withdrawn from image-making practices—birds have chosen not to see and the earth is in upheaval. The images from such devices can only be stumbled on.

Could stumbling be claimed as a method of looking?

CREDITS:

- All the footage used in the videos were found on Public Domain sources. The subtitling texts are inspired by a variety of sources, anchored and beginning in Max Blecher’s *Adventures in Immediate Irrreality* (1936), which I accessed in Turkish in Suat Kemal Angri’s translation.
- The video montage was done by my artist friend, Özgür Demirci. My production was supported by SAHA Studio, through their residency January–July 2021.

LÉULI ESHRĀGHI

Translator's Note

In my friend and colleague Lana Lopesi's forthcoming PhD dissertation on the Moana Cosmopolitan Imaginary, Lopesi buttresses her analyses of contemporary Indigenous artistic and curatorial practice in the Aotearoa context in *su'ifefiloi*, the Sāmoan conceptual process of remixing multiple key elements, and in *mau*, the Sāmoan formulation of Indigenous sovereign collective realisation and consciousness.

Apprehending these foundational concepts is necessary for a genuine understanding of my *fa'aliliuga*, translation, of compositions within Francis Lo's *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters*, for the What about support and what about struggle project.

I think of hearing and seeing these words in multiple languages to the exclusion of English on the page as highlighting the dangerous gaps of knowledge and presence for Indigenous and other racialised peoples from regions such as the Great Ocean where I come from, which are usually peripheral to an anglocentric, racially white-dominant colonial worldview and knowledge structure. In my *fa'aliliuga* I move through Bislama creole that I first learnt in the francophone-inflected Santo/Canal dialect in northern Vanuatu in 2004, through gagana Sāmoa, the language of my maternal ancestors in the currently colonised archipelago bifurcated by dollar, faith, time and shame brought by Europeans, which I spoke fluently as a child in the mid-1990s and of which I have since been deepening my practice. I sway in and out of French, which I first learned for and with Kanak, ni-Vanuatu, Mā'ohi and Mauritian peers before more recently further aligning my living and working in French with First Nations, Michif and Inuit peers from the territories currently encompassed by the settler colonies named Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Québec, New Brunswick, Acadie, Louisiane, Polynésie française, Nouvelle-Calédonie.

With a community and academic background in French<>English translation and interpretation as well as Indigenous cultural studies and Francophone cultural studies, I have contextually translated most of the selected compositions within Francis Lo's writing into my own worldview. This is in fact a testimony against structural white supremacist oppressions that arrest Indigenous and other racialized peoples of the Great Ocean and the many shores we call home for better or for worse. I have drawn on digital resources and on my own cultural memory in the translation and expression of significant *hxstories*, of who is counted as human and who is not constructed as human by Western coloniality, within and without major unnatural catastrophes created by cisheterosexual white men. In the repetitions and lists, I draw on and align with Great Ocean oratures, tattooed genealogical epics, literatures laden with creation narratives, morality and futurity.

I have wanted to write curatorial essays for some time now that excluded facile English grasp, that centred Bislama, Tok Pisin, racialised French, racialised Spanish and gagana Sāmoa amongst other languages, with melanated readers at the front of my mind. I wrote such an essay for the exhibition **Ua numi le fau** held at Gertrude Contemporary in the Next Wave Festival in Birrarungga/Naarm in 2016 with works delving into queerness, language, embodiment, historicity and temporality by Yuki Kihara, Carlos Motta, Frédéric Nauczyciel, Mandy Nicholson, Dale Harding, Atong Atem, Megan Cope and Robbie Thorpe. I censored this version and rewrote it in a plainer interpretation, that is to say, in a primarily English text, but with citations in Kogi and in gagana Sāmoa, and concepts in Woiwurrung and other languages remixed throughout the text.

My *fa'aliliuga* of Francis Lo's compositions takes specific readers of Bislama, French and gagana Sāmoa on short

traverses of 'Upolu, Santo, Maéwo and Éfaté islands, as well as listing and replacing memory rendered just once more on sacred islands and territories brutalised and destroyed by settler, extractive, militourist colonial interwoven power structures. I am not naive to the accountability necessary to speaking to and adjacent to structural issues, communities of cultures racialised by Western coloniality, always complex but seemingly also always essentialised by the one tokenised representative writer, artist, curator, thinker. From page 26, I offer the only full translation of my primary ancestral language, gagana Sāmoa, as a generous invitation to the reader to meet, to get to know, to care, to remember, to share. I have expressly decided to provide only one interpretation, fa'amatala 'upu, from the multilingual translation, being of the Sāmoan central verses of the text. To write and to offer this translation in these languages does not remove me from my positionality but adds very real layers of presence and complex intersectionality.

there are new digital maps
 there are new knowledge systems
 there are new ways of thinking from far away
 there are new villages and islands on the horizon

there is nothing in the world that ended
 there is no hope in that place
 there are no people in these waterfalls and fields
 there is no racist police and no sound of violence

nothing lives here or there on the horizon
 can we still be?

e iai fa'afanua fa'afuainumera fou
 e iai mālamalama auala fou
 o lo'o iai ni auala fou 'o māfaufauga mai mamao ese
 o lo'o i nu'u ma motu fou i le tafa'ilagi

e leai se mea i le lalolagi lea sa fa'amutaina
 e leai ni mōlī fa'apapālagi
 e leai se fa'amoemoe i lēnā nofoaga
 e leai ni tagata i totonu o nēi afu ma fanua
 e leai se leoleo fa'ailogalanu ma leai se leo o le
 fa'atupu vevesi

e leai se mea o nonofo i'īnēi po'o i'īnā i le tafatafa'ilagi
 e mafai ona tātou avea ai pea?

Tanem toktok ia | Traduction | Fa'aliliuga
Na tūsia Léuli Eshrāghi

~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~

bae yumi storian smol, abaot long taem bifo. bambae yumitu yumi lukluk lelebet long taem ia we plante man Franis, Inglis mo Tonkinwa oli kam mo oli aot finis long ples ia be taem ia blong fesfala wokbaot blong mi long Kanal, long Maevo, long Fila hemi bifo olgeta plen we i karem fulap turis Ostrelia, Nusilen, Amerika mo Jaena i kam

sapos yumitu yumi save tingting long fasin blong taem ia yu save harem Bislama, Franis, Inglis mo olgeta langwis blong ol man ples. hemi long tufala taon mo long plante vilij we oli no longwe tumas long solwora, ale, tu long saed riva, long smol bus long Sapi Tu mo long we we ol spirit i stap yet. Stael blong ol Blak man, woman mo narafala kaen fasin blong stap isi long wol ia, hemi no makas!

long taem ia we mi no bin pikinini long stret ples blong mi, long vilij blong Papauta long stamba blong Vaea maonten mo ol narafala vilij we oli kolosap nomo. nem blong olgeta oli Leulumoega, Si'umu, Salelologa mo Apia Taon oli mekem se taem ia we mi bin wokbaot raon raon long Santo, Aore, Maevo, Ifira mo Efate, mo lukluk long Malicollo

hemia fesfala taem we mi bin lanem Bislama mo Inglis hemi nomo bin nambawan langwis long tingting blong mi, inomata long taem we mi bin go bak long stadi long bigfala skul long saed blong ol kalja, langwis, danis, muvi, droing mo singsing blong ol ples we ol man Yurop oli bin kam mo spolem tumas evrisamting

mi bin lukluk plante aelan insaed long bot ia we hemi aot long Kanal i go kasem Tasiriki long Efate hemi taem we mi bin kasemsave long fulap samting, mi bin traem lanem samfala stret langwis blong midel bus long Santo mo mi bin wok long wan skul long Sapi Tu. ol langwis blong ol bubu blong mi i no save kamaot long maot blong mi long taem ia

long taem ia mi bin lego taon blong kasemsave mo luksave long samfala vilij, mifala i bin folem rod blong bigfala riva nomo mo plante maonten wetem somat. long midel long aftanun mifala i bin kasem long we, mo ol pikinini we oli neva lukluk olgeta man aelan we i kam long narafala aelan, oli bin singaotem mi olsem wan

waetman. mi bin seksek ia, from we long taem we mi bin bon long stret ples blong olgeta Yuwibara long kos blong Ostrelia, olgeta waetman i bin talem long mi mo spolem mi se mi stap kam long tudak, long olgeta stret ples insaed long bigfala solwora olgeta bubu oli bin glad tumas mo bin talemsave long ol pikinini we nao mi stap kam

afta mi bin mekem wan stadi long saed long wan man Vao we hemi bin bon long Kaldoni from se hemi bin raetem fesfala roman blong hem, Marcel Melthérorong, mo wan man Kaldoni we hemi bin stap plante taem long Vanuatu mo Ostrelia long tufala midel bus mo taon, Nicolas Kurtovitch, from we hemi bin raetem fesfala roman blong hem long Franis tu

samfala fren blong ol aelan ia oli bin stap wetem mi long taem blong stadi long bigfala skul ia, mi bin tanem toktok fulap blong kasemsave long olgeta man Solomon mo Papua Niugini we oli bin stap long semmak bigfala skul ia. narafala samting we i impoten long stori ia, hemi we mi neva lusum langwis ia olsem olgeta narafala wan

long taem ia tu mi bin stap stori mo raonraon wetem wan man
Ostreliia we hemi bin go liv long Pentekos wetem famle blong
hem long we, Eric Woodward. hemi bin folem nomo wokbaot
blong hem long Kamrun blong go stadi mo liv long we. afta
taem hemi kam bak long Biraranga mitufala i bin sapotem
mitufala plante, from we kukum kakae mo storian oli taf
tumas blong mitufala i save go kasem laplas afta bitim i go
kasem sanbij

because another tropical storm is looming

because the levees that protect New Orleans from floods are weak

because of his failure to step in

because of a dispute over where to install them

because fema regulations prohibit them from being installed in floodprone coastal areas

because most of the victims were black

because of the war in Iraq

because many of the victims were poor and black

because the Hurricane Center says at least another twenty minutes

before we call where the eye made landfall

because the winds come up this way over this way and then down this way

because, in fact, the wind is actually blowing offshore

because the lights went out in this block

because you're, obviously, potentially in harm's way there

because we're not here to play around in the wind and then take cover

because the water was so deep already, flooding so immense at this point, that it was too unsafe to keep driving

because of that

because there is just busloads of people

because, of course, that's not really the priority

because I guess that's the real problem, isn't it?

because it's a point of contention when the eye makes landfall

because that's when you know that if you look outside, you can actually see stars or see the sun rise through the eye

because the power is out

because it is, after all, built below sea level

because now it looks like we're going to be in the most dangerous part of the storm

because clearly he doesn't have a radar there that he can see

because thousands and thousands of people there affected, thousands, ten thousand maybe

because it started to rain

because, of course, the Superdome can fit many tens of thousands of people

because they were concerned—and still are, of course—about flooding

because there's the eye itself moving right over Empire

because right near here is the only phone in the house that is a land line

because we have focused a lot of our attention on New Orleans,

because of great concern about the number of people there and the fact that it is so low-lying

because the sun was shining outside, but they were not allowed to go home

because it reveals clearly the complete fraud of the “war on terrorism”

because the entire purpose of the “war on terrorism” has not been to respond to a disaster, natural or otherwise

because a new owner would have to pay substantially higher flood insurance rates

because the new data assumes that repaired levees will not break

because of the area's important oil and natural gas infrastructure and fisheries

because we'll have people dying

because of water coming up

because we can't get them medical treatment in our affected counties

because he ignored the risks of global warming

because he diverted funds and manpower to Iraq

because his unfair tax policies inflicted on the poor and vulnerable no other choice

because of a combination of factors that had not been anticipated

because of the inherent weakness of the soils behind it and pushed into

the adjoining neighborhood

because tens of thousands of mostly African-American voters displaced by the storm have not yet come home

because I have to keep up now with where everybody, where they are now

because they didn't trust voting early or absentee

because of flooding

because of damage or flooding

because so much is really at stake in all of this

because my heart was just failing

because it's exactly what you want

because I've got to go home

because of security concerns

because of the storm

~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

cyclones dévastateurs de plus en plus nombreux et féroces
 architectures matérielles et épistémiques des ancêtres de
 moins en moins déployées et maintenues
 essais nucléaires de plus en plus cancérigènes et oubliés avec
 les générations

comment faire comprendre aux peuples désunis d'Europe et de
 ses colonies de peuplement infernales que ce tiers de Planète
 est chez nous, est nous, est Océan unique et indivisible avec
 tous les autres océans?
 comment faire respecter l'équilibre instauré au début des
 temps par les déesses, dieux et esprits ancestraux entre tout
 être vivant lié de parenté intrinsèque avec tout autour?

atolls-maisons s'enfoncent
 îles-maisons se noient

rivières-pèlerines s'assèchent
 lacs-pèlerines se désertifient

appartenances ancestrales demeurent isolés et intangibles
 restes ancestraux oublient terroirs et justice

comment faire évoluer les esprits au-delà d'une humanité à
 part entière et d'autres humanités autochtones et autrement
 racisées de l'altérité?

comment prouver que l'humanité vient d'une panoplie
 d'origines épistémiques et matérielles plutôt que d'une seule
 région aux soi-disant Lumières?

hôtels de moins en moins capables de cacher leur complicité
 avec les forces armées et colonisations génocidaires

grandes associations sportives de plus en plus audaces et
 blackbirdesques
 sociétés minières de moins en moins peureuses des
 représailles et des blocages des communautés autochtones

how there was so much water. how things need water to survive. how to be human. human bodies are made of water. how to find the line. how can there be too much of a good thing.

hyponatremia. the imbalance of water to salt in the body. how overwatering can be more hazardous than going without. how water enters the lungs and prevents the absorption of oxygen.

houses filled with water.

how struggle is replaced by cooperation. how to be human.

how there is a difference between refugee and evacuee. how one is marked as an other. how to be human.

how nature is layered on the manmade.

or how man interferes with nature and fails. something about lines and boundaries and naming. something about the ugly being beautiful.

how what's dirty is actually crystal clear.

~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

e iai fa'afanua fa'afuainumera fou
 e iai mālamalama auala fou
 o lo'o iai ni auala fou 'o māfaufauga mai mamao ese
 o lo'o i nu'u ma motu fou i le tafa'ilagi

e leai se mea i le lalolagi lea sa fa'amutaina
 e leai ni mōlī fa'apapālagi
 e leai se fa'amoemoe i lēnā nofoaga
 e leai ni tagata i totonu o nēi afu ma fanua
 e leai se leoleo fa'ailogalanu ma leai se leo o le
 fa'atupu vevesi

e leai se mea o nonofo i'īnēi po'o i'īnā i le tafatafa'ilagi
 e mafai ona tātou avea ai pea?

~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

les pauvres sont ainsi racisé·es par la société blanche munie
 des plantations, terrains
 les pauvres sont ceux qui sont issu·es autrement que de la
 blanchitude, pâlitude
 les pauvres autochtones
 les pauvres noir·es
 les pauvres marrons
 les pauvres basané·es
 les cacaoyers
 les caféiers
 les vanilliers
 les frangipaniers
 les cocotiers

les cannes à sucre
 et toutes les autres métaphores culinaires sous-jacentes à la
 hiérarchie raciale
 les pauvres s'enfoncent quotidiennement dans la misère
 matérielle et la distanciation culturelle des ancêtres

quelle place pour la solidarité entre mondes et quelle place
 pour la lutte intersectionnelle?

qu'est-ce qu'on fait du champ duquel émanent les sentiments
 tendres, même et surtout parmi des êtres autrement cruels qui
 y rôdent?

qu'est-ce qu'on fait du voyage transocéanique, de la mise en
 parenté, des saisons changeantes?

quelle place pour les lagons innombrables, domaines des
 esprits, déesses, dieux, des archipels pointant les maints
 chemins de voyage millénaire vers les rives du bassin,
 suivant les thermales des oiseaux transocéaniques, des
 êtres-symbioses?
 il y a cette chose structurant notre faim existentielle qui nous
 laisse aux amarres

il y a cette chose liant la vie brillante des oiseaux-montagnes
 et des papillons-nuages

il y a cette chose obscurant conscience antiraciste et action
 rassembleuse

il y a cette chose déchirant les familles plus que nucléaires et
 les assemblées villageoises d'antan

new maps
 new plans
 new ways of thinking
 new orleans

nothing out there
 no lights
 no hope
 no people
 no police
 no sound
 no horizon

poor when they originate from white society
 poor when they emerge outside the race
 poor blacks
 poor blacks suffer
 poor while overlooking the inequality
 poor are flooded daily by material misery
 poor in principled fashion
 poor stranded
 poor and outrage
 poor blacks
 poor all along
 poor had been abandoned
 poorest folk in the nation
 poor since long before
 poor and spit them back up
 poor and how long they remain that way
 poor might get
 poor by chiding them for lacking
 poor blacks
 poor combat such a vile legacy
 poor saw in us
 poor black civilians barely endured the fury
 poor response
 poor and members of minorities
 poor population, who should be encouraged to
 return
 poor and African American
 poor population was its supply of middle-aged
 workers
 poor, black
 poor black people
 poor Black people
 poor Black people
 poor and black
 poor black residents
 poor from such post-disaster trauma
 poor and middle class should not have to pay
 poor and black

il y a cette chose isolant les membres de nos clans les un·es des autres

il y a cette chose nécessitant la communication entre mondes interstitiels même lorsqu'on manque d'interprétation entre langues

il y a cette chose simplifiant les mondes complexes beaux insaisissables avec des notions foncièrement blanches de possession, de connaissance, de valeur

On me reproche d'étaler des listes dans tous mes écrits, toutes mes interventions, toutes mes performances rituelles

On me reproche d'énumérer en noms autochtones les dégâts majeurs de sociétés décadentes en manque de perspectives et de futurités

On me reproche de célébrer la piquancté de nos ébats multiples, fluides, libres des lourds fardeaux du christianisme carcéral, infecté, sur nos esprits, corps, foyers

On me reproche de me remémorer celleux parti·es trop tôt dans les bateaux-ravageurs, les clubs de rugby minant nos hommes, les boîtes de nuit réduisant nos cousin·es, les hôtels de luxe proférant nos femmes, les représentations en beaux-arts et en cinéma séduisant tout colon par la magie imagée de nos sœurs, les ancêtres expert·es négociateur·rices croyant plaider en notre faveur en Allemagne, aux États-Unis, en Angleterre, en France, aux Pays-Bas, en Espagne, au Japon, en Chine, en Australie, en Nouvelle-Zélande, au Chili, en Russie mais se voyant dépourvu·es de leur dignité dans des camps et des zoos humains, les biens ancestraux parti·es à l'écrasante majorité du temps contre leur gré vers des collections-trophées

de supposées conquêtes pour le royaume, la république, le prophète, la croisade, la civilisation même, hélas

à ne pas oublier si creuser un puits pour attraper l'oubli vous est possible:

Buka, Rabaul, Hienghène, Nuumèè, Ouvéa, Honolulu, Bikini, Palm, Enewetak, Maralinga, Monte Bello, Moruroa, Fangataufa, Tahiti, Pora Pora, Rapa Nui, Erromango, Mallicolo, Iutruwita, Birraranga, Mparntwe, Yuendumu, Blacktown, Gold Coast, Mackay, Broome, Garrmalang, Mer, Redfern, Fitzroy, Amchitka, nipaluna, Malden, Christmas, Papouasie occidentale, Biak, Cendrawasih, Jayapura, Dili, Johnston, Kaho'olawe, Maunakea, Ihumātao, Maungakiekie, Rēkohu, Saipan, Guåhan, Pãgat, Kanaky, Okinawa, Fukushima, Ntaria, et dorénavant davantage de lieux de vie, de langue, de connaissance et de partage détruits et fragilisés par la ferveur impériale des missionnaires des guerres et des expansions sans fin

so what about the instinct to survive.

so what about birds and burying beetles.

so what about support and what about struggle.

so what about ants and bees and termites.

so what about the field upon which tender feelings
develop even amidst otherwise most cruel
animals.

so what about migration. breeding. autumn.

so what about the numberless lakes of the russian
and siberian steppes and what about aquatic
birds, all living in perfect peace—

something about being maddened by hunger.

something about exuberant life and bird-
mountains and new forms.

something about association and consciousness.

something about the family and then the group.

something about the isolation of groups.

something about the necessity of communicating.

something about simply feeling proximity.

see also:

act of god, civil protection, crisis, disaster
medicine, disaster convergence, emergency,
emergency management, human extinction,
list of disasters, list of disasters by cost,
maritime disasters, risk governance,
risks to civilization, humans and planet
earth, sociology of disaster, survivalism,
theklaxon.com, disaster film.

~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

yumi stap yumi yet
 yumi stap wokbaot
 yumi stap wokbaot yumi yet
 yumi no bin kasem samfala mesej ating
 olgeta oli bin go long wanem ples stret ia?
 olsem wanem olgeta doa oli bin lokem olgeta gud?

hao nao yumi save tingting abaot long olgeta fasin blong stap
 isi mo gudfala fasin blong stap tugeta wetem olgeta we yumi
 serem bed wetem ol, taem yumi stap tingbaot ranemaot ol
 nogud stamba tingting blong olgeta blong Yurop we oli karem
 fulap fasin i kam long ol aelan, rif mo vilij blong yumi long
 bigfala solwora?

olsem wanem olgeta bubu long ol vilij blong midel bus oli
 glad tumas long stret kakae, kastom mo fasin blong stap isi
 long ples be yumi ol yangfala i bin drong fulap long ol giaman
 toktok mo fasin blong olgeta Waetman we oli bin kam long
 fulap grup blong spolem ol tambu ples blong yumi, olgeta
 pikinini olsem fiuja, mo olgeta fasin blong tingting wol ia mo
 olgeta fasin blong lukaotem stret bigfala solwora ia?

ol aelan, ol rif, ol bodi blong yumi oli tambu stret graon,
 oli stamba ples blong ol tambu toktok blong ol bubu i kam
 kasem yumi long taem bifo, i go bitim taem ia blong stap long
 taem blong ol volkan, ol nambanga, ol spirit mo ol tambu tri
 mo riva

WARNING SIGNS AND SIGNALS

the gap in life expectancy at birth between persons and persons persists but has narrowed since 1990. life expectancy is a measure often used to gauge the overall health of a population. as a summary measure of mortality life expectancy represents the average number of years of life that could be expected if current death rates were to remain constant. shifts in life expectancy are often used to describe trends in mortality. racial disparities in life expectancy at birth persisted in 2007 but had narrowed since 1990. the gap in life expectancy between white males and black males narrowed from eight years to six years the gap between white females and black females decreased by six years to four years. most children enjoy good health this is a period when concerns about growth and development emerge and access to diagnostic and treatment services in health care mental health and the school system is critical. both chronic health and developmental conditions have important consequences for children's ability to participate in school. death and dying are complex processes with implication for all involved.

we are alone

we are walking

we are walking, completely alone

we must have missed the message

where has everyone gone?

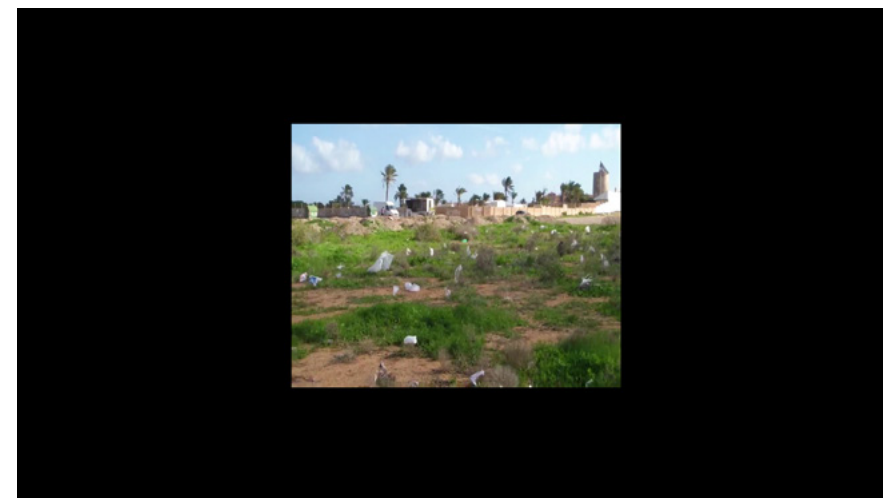
why are all the doors locked?

tacoderaya

Translator's Note

1 majestic wave en mi balco-knee is a work that ponders on the resistance of late-capitalist forms of leisure in the context of climatic disasters. The landscapes produced by the Mediterranean real-estate bubble, when mixed with the sand and seawater that blur its urbanism, serve as a setting from which to reflect on the deficiencies and numbing that neo-liberal processes of subjectivation manifest in the face of the emergence of critical situations at a global or collective level. A sound piece in which 'vocality' is decomposed into a digital and fragmentary use of speech, shaping perception but not messages, *1 majestic wave en mi balco-knee* is also a textual-visual work in which this fictional and hallucinated distance, re-configured into a tour through these dystopian landscapes, seeks to avoid the position of the critical privileged observer. On the contrary, it imagines the possibility of a reflexivity that may affirm its inevitable belonging to the trip: the camera moves with us, and the majestic and tremendous journey does not belong exclusively to an alien and irresponsible *other*, but also to ourselves. The dystopia that comes with the climate disaster will not appear, does no longer appear, with any sort of epic distance, emotional mystery or with a possibility of blaming someone else. In a similar way to the health crisis with which the current decade has begun, it places us before a management of the evil whose faint-hearted and anesthetic quality might come as a surprise.

Through the generation of a series of speculative events in which certain (*un*)*natural disasters* converge with the scenarios of consumerist pleasure generated in spas, hotels, beach clubs, free buffets and guided tours, *1 majestic wave en mi balco-knee* aims to pause before the contradiction of the historical and subjective simultaneity of the desire for strong emotions, obtainable at the touch of a contactless credit card,



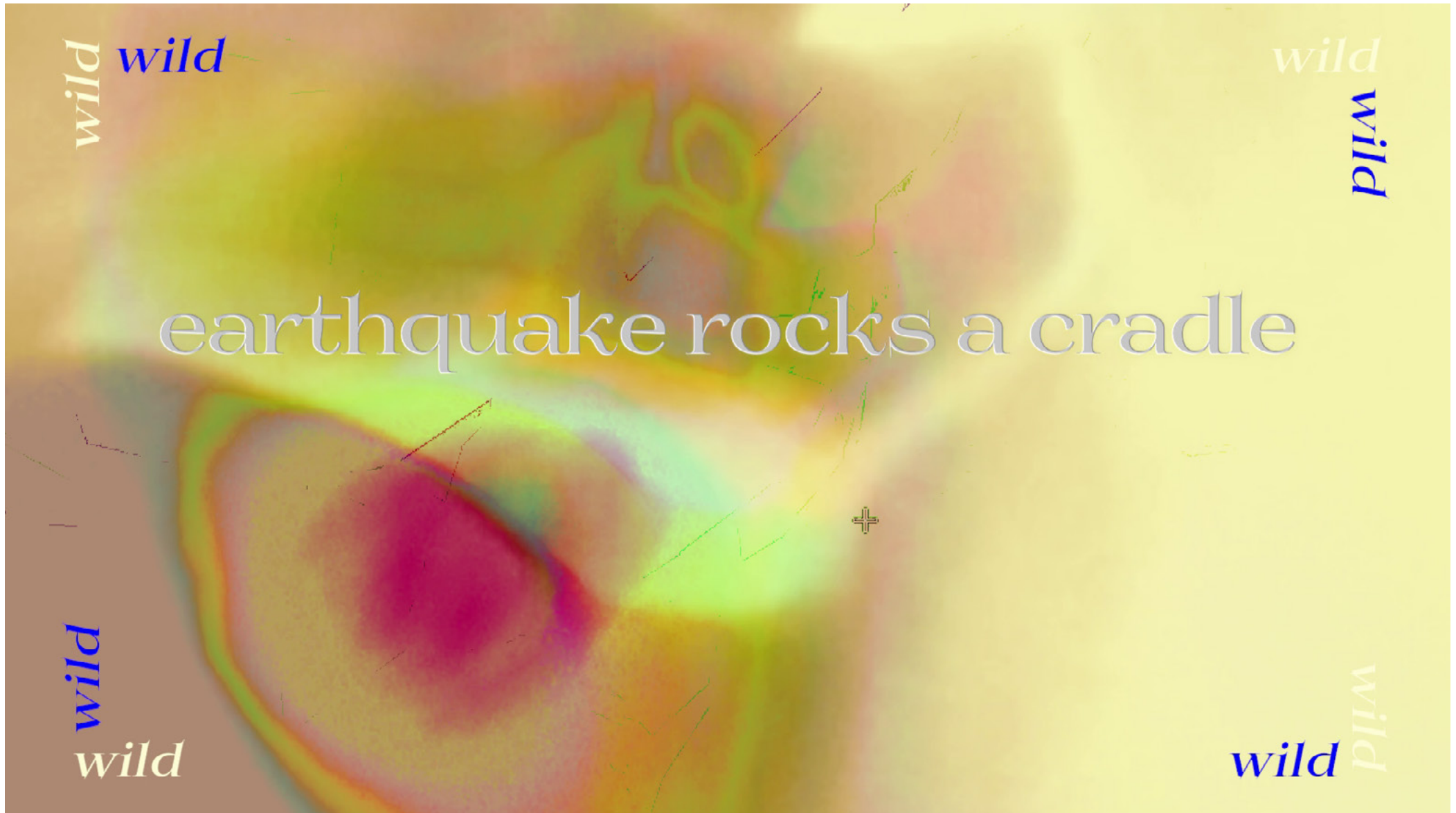
tacoderaya - still from *1 ola majestic en mi balconee/1 majestic wave en mi balco-knee*, 2021
 For full length videos, visit L'Internationale Online's Vimeo channel
<https://vimeo.com/551532644>

with the discourses and data on global warming, the rising sea levels and the effects of human intervention on the earth. The ruinous snapshots that the confinements and travel bans of 2020 left on the retina of the internet, as well as the images of the increasingly constant seawater expansions and damages to coastal urbanism as a result of storms, serve as the visual archive materials for *1 majestik wave en mi balco-knee*.

1 majestik wave en mi balco-knee re-positions Francis Lo's *A Series of Un / Natural / Disasters*, a socially-committed poetry work about the US government abandonment of its population after Hurricane Katrina, in the emotional and spatial transit of the different 'selves' that inhabit the pleasure of the coasts in Spain without any possibility of ethical coherence. A part of the language of *1 majestik wave en mi balco-knee* is taken from the consensual discourses about tourism in Spain, as well as from its institutional and corporate slogans and their equivalents in the digital spectrum (the online bureaucratic language of consent, which is understood as the current condition of possibility for numerous neoliberal processes). We place these discursive fragments together with the unwanted but concrete images and linguistic emissions that occur in the touristic sites: bodies which lie and float in the excess of inhabiting a space with no future. As a consequence of that crossover, the work occurs through two different channels of reading and listening that turn out unclassifiable within the different "language orders" and their norms: at the same time that one listens to an intentionally lyrical Spanish, "corrupted" due to its constant mixture with the languages brought by the Mediterranean tourists (English and German, mainly) and the co-official Mediterranean languages spoken in those holiday areas (Mallorcan, Catalan, Valencian), resulting in a break of the national-state monolith, one can read an English that is no longer such, i.e., a *bastardized* English whose Latinisms become Castilianisms, producing a reading difficulty in the

reception of the English code. In tandem, all of this causes a perceptive distortion which operates both at the auditory level and at the textual level. The blurring of the identity and national dimension also generates an interference or liquefaction of the textual materiality at an orthographic and phonic level: towards misprints, glitch and numbness.

The place from which the different "I"s, or selves, of *1 majestik wave en mi balco-knee* speak is one of a hallucinated perception, capable of converting each conjuncture into pleasure and apparent illumination in order to keep the consistency of a leisure experience. The *1 majestik wave* self is not a specific self and could in fact be many selves at the same time: the piece seeks to maintain the non-referential nature of the first person singular pronoun. Post-vitalist, ecologically aware or eager for experiences, the "I" and its sensitive dispersion overlap and mix, presenting ethical multiplicity as the basic characteristic of the sociable-sensory quality of our time.



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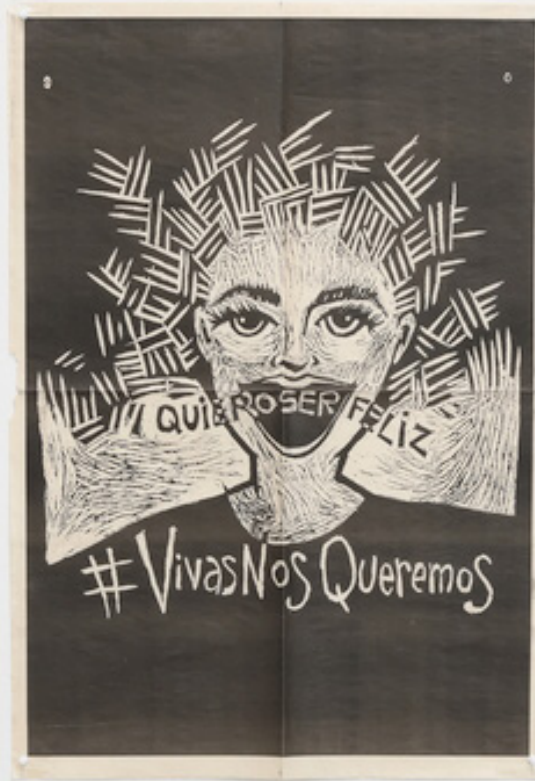
FERNANDA LAGUNA



Fernanda Laguna, *Un momento difícil*, 2017, Courtesy of the artist



Fernanda Laguna, *Morir de emoción*, 2013, Courtesy of the artist



Protest works by the collective "Vivas nos queremos", active between 2014-2017, presented as a living archive of memorabilia from protests organized by Ni Una Menos (Not One Woman Less), a grassroots feminist movement in South America, in opposition to violence

against women, in the project Mareadas en la marea (High on the Tide), co-curated by Fernanda Laguna and professor and activist Cecilia Palmeiro.

<i>Sad</i>	<i>I am a mind and a heart</i>	<i>1724,78</i>	<i>12452</i>
Fernanda Laguna	<i>My mind is foolish</i>	<i>3241,20</i>	<i>23</i>
—	<i>and my heart doesn't know what it</i>	—	—
—	<i>feels.</i>	<i>20 10 12 237</i>	<i>1410,5</i>
<i>The princess in my dreams</i>	—	—	—
<i>is so sad this morning...</i>	<i>I see my doll rest</i>	<i>24</i>	<i>4512</i>
—	<i>and she looks beautiful.</i>	—	—
<i>and I don't know what to do.</i>	—	<i>2222</i>	<i>27684</i>
—	<i>I embrace her with my arms</i>	—	—
<i>Heart,</i>	<i>and I fly to infinity.</i>	<i>12453</i>	<i>37 48 21</i>
<i>don't leave me</i>	—	—	—
<i>don't move away from me.</i>	<i>Poems for me.</i>	<i>4,7</i>	<i>585243</i>
—	—	—	—
<i>I cross the street.</i>	<i>They calm me down</i>	<i>2478,25</i>	<i>673900</i>
—	<i>and make me happy.</i>	—	—
<i>Carefull!</i>	—	<i>7 8 10</i>	<i>6350</i>
—	<i>The mother of a friend told me</i>	—	—
<i>The cars speed by</i>	<i>that her daughter is foolish</i>	<i>225</i>	<i>Sad</i>
<i>and one splasters my pretty dress.</i>	<i>and she prefers me.</i>	—	—
—	—	<i>12,3</i>	—
<i>Carefull with cars!</i>	<i>-lady, come down?</i>	—	—
—	<i>- Yes, low.</i>	<i>555</i>	—

*My goddess queen!
Me just me.*

*Without limits
my imagination grows.*

Florencia.

*Silvana,
Mariana,
Karina.
Jane.*

*Gabriela,
Cecilia,
Cecilia,
Gabriela,
Gabriela
and me.*

*Beautiful boy,
one day we won't see the moon anymore.*

Peaceful morning in my diary.

Peaceful seconds.

*How are you
my mind?*

*Pretty
sleepy
like a pearl at the bottom of the sea.*

*The little saint
(my travelling companion)*

*I am in heaven
she takes care of me.*

*Even though she sleeps
she takes care of me.*

The sun arrives!

*Summer...
and the girls
come and go
on the beach
splashing each other
with the cool sea,
but the sun
only shines for her*

What is poetry?

*My mind thinks
carnal
juicy.*

*My mind is pure flesh...
and I watch everything
with eyes full of tears.*

Free...

*Because your motorcycle takes you
wherever you want to go.*

*It's not sad
it's strange.*

Lashes!

*What I should and
shouldn't do.*

Lemon.

*My hand soots quick
like a rifle.*

My Virgin!

*Lovely
as you know.*

*In her chest
you look splendid.
With this music
you look magical.
In this bus*

*—
Girl on the beach.*

*—
I see a motorcycle
skidding because of the wind.*

I hear it 's song.

*They 're coming...
on their motorcycles
bringing japanese happiness.*

Who was It who waited on me?

*—
... Everything...
is beautiful.*

What more can I do?

*—
I saw a girl
on her amazing motorcycle
Is it that I am really dreaming?*

*—
This is heaven.*

*—
I see the
soft
even
landscape
the rhythm of my state.*

In the dark...

*I make love
with the dark,
with the first thought
that comes
to mind.*

*—
My sweet child
you come flying in
towards the light.*

*I fall
on this country
and I try to see you...
often.*

*—
Buenos Aires
1995/1998*

FRANCIS LO

Removal or collection not permitted:

Yarrow
Baneberry
Pathfinder
Maidenhair fern
Kneeling angelica
Arnica: mountain
 not meadow
Lady fern

Edit, find, and replace.
 Null edition,
zero of zero.

A rupture prompted
 by a violence of nature,
 then: low level
 hum of lack,
 keening quietly.

No being,
 not now,
 nor before,
 only unfolding.
 A horizon,
 then, and there:
 an infinite future,
 and yet—
 no plurality,
 no multiplicity.

Fumbling around
 a new world,
 mouth around
 language with
 inadequate potential.

Common harebell
Varied-leaf colommmia
Alpine willow-herb
Creeping Charlie
White-flowered hawkweed
Klamath weed
Duckweed

Hungry for love, for more,
 for heaven, for you.

Like a wolf,
 etc. etc.

You're hungry now.

I've got a hungry eye, a hungry heart.

They are hungry, they are hungry for you.

Hungry, Hungry again.

I've been hungry way down in my heart.

We're hungry for a life we can't afford.

It probably could happen to anyone.

Hungry for a life without cruelty.

Who will care if I'm hungry?

We're all hungry.

A rare encounter,
 I'm told

Hungry hippo, hungry lucy,
 hungry baby, hungry face.

Funny face I love you.

Tiger lily
Twinflower
Few-flowered lomatium
Twinberry
Leafy dwarf knotweed
Licorice fern
Bracken

A thing about a lion,
 forced intimacy, and prey.

Imminent dread,
 impending doom.

One paw in the belly-wound—
 it probably could happen to anyone.

White-veined wintergreen
Dandelion
Foamflower
White trillium
Common cattail
Oval-leaf blueberry
Huckleberry: oval-leaved, too,
and mountain

and red

Make legible:
 a warning in writing above
 not before later than
 next in time or
 place the indefinite
 now.

A point on a plane,
 haunted by a particularity
 of relation.

There do n't appear
 to be anything here.

BIOGRAPHIES & COLOPHON

Born in Manapla, Philippines, **Francis Lo** is a poet and editor currently based in western Massachusetts. They are the author of *A Series of Un/Natural/Disasters* (Commune Editions 2016), and the chapbooks *NO FILTER* (Aggregate Space 2014) and *Ephemera & Atmospheres* (Belladonna* 2014).

Lukaza Branfman-Verissimo (she/her/they/them) is an artist, activist, educator, storyteller & curator who lives/works between Ohlone Land [Oakland, CA] and Powhatan Land [Richmond, VA]. Their work has been included in exhibitions and performances at Konsthall C [Stockholm, Sweden], SEPTEMBER Gallery [Hudson, NY], EFA Project Space [New York City, NY], Leslie Lohman Museum [New York City, NY], San Francisco State University Gallery, Signal Center for Contemporary Art [Malmo, Sweden], Yerba Buena Center for the Arts [San Francisco, CA] and Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive [Berkeley, CA], amongst others. For the past 5 years, Lukaza has been the Lead Curator at Nook Gallery, collaborating with over 80+ artists, writers, performers & musicians, in a gallery located in their apartment kitchen. They are currently getting their MFA from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, VA.

Napo Masheane was born in Soweto, grew up in Qwaqwa (Free State) and holds a Marketing Management, Speech & Drama and Master's Degree in Creative Writing. She is a playwright, director, poet, performer and a founding member of Feela Sistah! Spoken Word Collective. She is the winner of Mbokodo Award, Pan African Language Award, and South African Film & Television Award, while she has three poetry collections, *Caves Speak in Metaphors* (2009), *Fat Songs For My Girlfriends* (2012), and *Heartbeat Of The Rain* (2019). Napo became the first black

women to produce, write and direct a play, *A New Song*, at the Market Theatre mainstage (John Kani Theatre).

Merve Ünsal is a visual artist who lives in Istanbul. She researches the boundaries of photography and text in her works, tracing the moments when the unspoken is transformed into the unspeakable. Her works are always image-driven and she thinks through the media of photography, video, sound, and site-specific installations. She has shown her work in a variety of contexts across the world, most often through artist-driven initiatives in Cairo, Beirut, New Delhi, Toronto; she has been supported by the Delfina Foundation (London), Praksis (Oslo), Fogo Island Arts, Art Metropole (Toronto), University of Delaware (Lewes) to participate in artist residencies.

Dr **Léuli Eshrāghi** (Sāmoan, Persian, Cantonese) intervenes in performance, moving image, writing and installation to centre Indigenous kin constellations, sensual and spoken languages, and ceremonial-political practices. Eshrāghi has presented work in Sharjah Biennial 14, 22nd Biennale of Sydney and the forthcoming MOMENTA Biennale de l'image, published essays in Versopolis Review, cmagazine, Discipline, 4A Papers, un magazine, and contributed chapters to *Becoming Our Future: Global Indigenous Curatorial Practice* (2020), *Sovereign Words: Indigenous Art, Curation and Criticism* (2018). Ia/they co-edited *D'horizons et d'estuaires: entre mémoires et créations autochtones* (2020) with Camille Larivée, *Artlink 40.2 Indigenous Kin Constellations: Languages, Waters, Futures* (2020) with Kimberley Moulton.

tacoderaya (Jonás de Murias + Paula Pérez-Rodríguez) is a collective whose work dwells on the generation of verbal-sensorial experiences through voices/sounds selection and oral/rhythmic remixing. They took part of *PhotoEspaña2015* (PHEstudios' residency) and have performed at institutions like CA2M, Matadero Madrid or Conde Duque. Among their performances are (*HAY UNA PELEA E IMPORTA QUE PASE*, (2015), a spoken action regarding violence and egoic tracings inside group trivial taxonomies; *titula este truste ánimo yop uwu* (2020), a performative work that puts ego delusions against cravings for the experiences of the attention economy; or *1 majestik wave en mi balco-knee*, a video piece that transits through touristic landscapes, connecting climatic catastrophes and capitalist leisure.

Fernanda Laguna is one of the most influential Argentine artists of her generation, with a multifaceted practice that encompasses visual art, poetry, novels, the creation of alternative cultural spaces—among them *Belleza y Felicidad* (Beauty and Happiness)—and an effective artistic social practice for more than fifteen years in the neighborhood of Fiorito, a center of feminist activism in a place where gender violence is endemic. Laguna has participated in the Mercosul Biennial, Brazil; the Cuenca Biennial, Ecuador; *Casa Tomada*, Site Santa Fe, New Mexico; and *A Universal History of Infamy*, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, among other international group exhibitions. Her works are in the collections of the Guggenheim Museum, New York; Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid; Museo de Arte Moderno de Buenos Aires; Museo de Arte Latinoamericano de Buenos Aires (MALBA); the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; Centro de Arte Dos de Mayo (CA2M), Madrid; and Museo Rufino Tamayo, Mexico City.

Corina Oprea is the managing editor of *L'Internationale Online* since January 2019. She is the former artistic director of Konsthall C, where she curated a programme on decolonisation in the north. She holds a PhD from Loughborough University, UK, with the thesis 'The End of the Curator: On Curatorial Acts as Collective Production of Knowledge'.

Poet, translator, and artist **Jennifer Hayashida** is the author of *A Machine Wrote this Song* (Gramma Poetry/Black Ocean, 2018) and the chapbook *Översättaren som arkiv/Arkiv som översätter* (Autor, 2020). She is the Swedish/English translator of writers including Don Mee Choi, Kim Hyesoon, Athena Farrokhzad, and Iman Mohammed. She has received awards from, among others, the New York Foundation for the Arts, PEN, and the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council. Her work has been published and exhibited in the US and abroad, including at the New Museum, the Vera List Center for Art & Politics, and the Centre Pompidou. She is currently a PhD candidate in artistic research at HDK-Valand, the University of Gothenburg, with a project tentatively titled *Feeling Translation*. She is based in New York City and Stockholm.

what about support and what about struggle

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