

# HAZY STORIES

**Giovanni  
Giaretta**

**belit  
sag**



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In February 2016 we initiated *Hazy Stories*: an exhibition by Giovanni Giaretta & belit sağ. Giovanni Giaretta's works deal with and alter the reality in unexpected ways, and create an alternative way of looking into the obscure and irrational by magnifying the minor aspects of everyday life. belit sağ explores in her practice the role of images in the creation and perception of our reality. She approaches political matters in a personal way, and makes them accessible and relatable to a broader public. For this exhibition, sağ dived into the archives, in Institute of Social History(IISG) in Amsterdam, of political prisoners who went on hunger strike against isolation prison system around the year 2000 in Turkey. As Corridor Project Space aims to work in an interdisciplinary way, the cooperation of the two artists lead to inviting authors to collaborate in this booklet. Artists and authors had conversations about the topics of their artworks in the exhibition. Each author chose a subject of their interest and created their own work. This way, the booklet can be seen as a work on its own.

The booklet consists of texts by Giovanni Giaretta, Angela Jerardi, Maria Barnas, and images of the research and documentation by Giaretta and sağ. Giovanni Giaretta mixed together stereotype images of Italy, personal memories and references from Fernando Pessoa to the italian singer Toto Cutugno. Using the body as a tool of resistance in hunger strike inspired Maria Barnas to

write her poem. Angela Jerardi reflected on the possible intertwinement of narrative and critical forms, the haunting of images and their means of circulation and visibility. Every contributor interpreted *Hazy Stories* and navigated through the blurry lines in those narratives. Together they bring a collection of stories and images to be shared and unwrapped by their readers.

Corridor Project Space Team  
Suzan Kalle & Suat Öğüt



## Giovanni Giaretta

Giovanni Giaretta (Padua 1983) currently lives and works in Amsterdam. After graduating in Design and Production of Visual Arts at the IUAV University in Venice, he took part in a number of residency programs including: Dena Foundation for Contemporary Art in Paris in 2010; Macro, Rome Museum of Contemporary Art in 2012; and, most recently, De Ateliers in Amsterdam. Giaretta's work has been featured in exhibitions in Italy and abroad at diverse institutions and galleries such as: La Criée (Rennes, FR); Tegenboschvanvreden, (Amsterdam, NL); De Ateliers, (Amsterdam, NL); Foundation Botin (Santander, SP); Musée Départemental d'Art Contemporain de Rochechouart, (Rochechouart, FR); Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, (Torino, IT); and Motive Gallery (Amsterdam, NL). In 2013, his work was selected for the 5x5 Castellò. Premi International d'art Contemporani Disputació de Castellò (Castellò, SP). His films have been screened in several International programs and festivals, including the International Film Festival of Rotterdam (Rotterdam, NL) and the Jihlava International Documentary Film Festival (Prague, CZ).



That which isn't there.  
(But which is there because it is hypothesized)

Frankly I am more interested in that which is fantasized than in that which is experienced.

I am attracted by images which aren't there anymore and by those which could have existed, for, not having been fulfilled, they keep their potential and thus are more effective in floating around our imagination.

### **Fernando Pessoa Vs Robert Zemeckis**

Pessoa composes the static drama "The mariner. Static drama in one scene" in 1913.

He wrote it on the spot in one night.

In one of the various dreams narrated by three young girls, during a funeral wake, a mariner appears, castaway and stuck on a desert island. Tormented by the nostalgic memory of his own home, he decides to dream and imagine a homeland which he has never had. A possible past which has never been. This leads to a short circuit of the memory, to a past which is so real that it no longer allows for any recollection of the true origins. A possible alteration, comparable to his previous life but not in correspondence with it. As in "Back to the Future - Part II" when Biff Tannen seizes the DeLorean and the big sports almanac bought by Marty, with the intent of betting with the results contained there. Biff, by stealing Marty's idea, goes back to 1955 and manages to modify the past and create an alternative 1985, an ambiguous, possible and resembling reality.

"Because he had no way to return to his homeland and suffered whenever he remembered it, he set out to dream a homeland

he'd never had, to make it so that it was his, and had always been—a different kind of country with other landscapes, other people, other ways of walking down streets, of leaning outside of windows... Every hour, he built in his dreams this false homeland, never ceasing to dream, by day in the brief shade of the great palms that cast their beaked images on the hot sand, and by night stretched on his back on the beach, heedless of the stars. [...]

For years and years, day after day, the mariner, in one continuous dream, constructed his new native land... Each day he added an imagined stone to his impossible edifice... Soon he had a country already many times traversed. [...] He began to encounter people he scarcely recognized... He'd get to know their life stories, their conversations, and all of this like one who goes on seeing a landscape he's merely dreamed... Then he traveled, by memory, across the country he'd created... And thus he built his past... Soon he had lived another life... [...]

One of the waking girls says: I don't dare look at things... What happens next in the dream?

**“Look, certain things are possible only in Italy. Sickening, really. They should shoot all of them, but like really all of them...”**

Over the past year I've traveled a lot between Italy and Holland, and during every one of those movements a conversation arose with a more or less intrusive person sitting next to me on the plane. Typical themes, besides a probable praise of the hostess, are

euro-scepticism, the Italian character, differences between Italy and the rest of the world and the World Cup of 2006 in Germany. Generalizing, anything “abroad” (an ambiguous geo-cultural area) is always better than Italy. It is better abroad because people there aren't racists like in Italy, or it is better because there are stronger laws and therefore it doesn't have all that illegal immigration like in Italy. It is better abroad because in Italy everything is going wrong, and, mainly, the cause of this are the politicians.<sup>1</sup> In general, abroad, politicians are not corrupt and citizens are honest because politicians make better laws (thanks to them being honest) and citizens have a larger and more pronounced sense of community. Abroad, culture is valued more, and if not it's because it doesn't exist, at least not like in Italy where there is History and Beauty all around. In these (probably light-hearted) discussions, “abroad” assumed the traits of a scenery ready to be used to evoke ideological demands and diverse imageries. When needed, it thus becomes a place with strong laws or more flexible and inclusive. A neutral concept to be exploited for whatever circumstance or discourse. Personally I have often thought that, “abroad” (an ambiguous geo-cultural area) was better anyhow. I often said, or ended my sentences with “... and in fact I'm thinking of going abroad”. Countless discussions ended in this manner. I wasn't the only one. The concept “abroad” represented (at least in the milieu which I frequented) a fantastic possibility to escape. I would dare to say that abroad was fashionable, also because of actual practical difficulties, especially

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<sup>1</sup> At this point some people started blaming the Berlusconi era, some the entire political class, others with more historical interest or of older age blamed the Christian Democracy, Andreotti who would never die and the Socialist Party. Spared, generally, only Enrico Berlinguer and Sandro Pertini.

for who had studied humanities. These difficulties were effectively summed up by my friend Lia Cecchin in a Facebook status from years ago “Italy is a republic built on labor and whoever finds it wins!”

In the beginning, geography is geography and you cannot escape that. Then geography becomes history and we move into different possible directions, based on our various needs, interests or the simple idea of wiping the slate clean.

**And there is always someone who leaves, but where does he arrive, when he leaves. Bye.**

One time a friend told me that she felt an immense nostalgia for the Cadore mountains and that she would never feel at home anywhere but there. The writer Dino Buzzati also wrote about nostalgia and the pain of not being recognized by his mountains anymore after years in Milan. “Now it seems to me that I can’t be happy anywhere else than in the mountains and that I don’t desire anything but them.” Another friend asserts that Venice has shaped his mindset. It’s a unique city and everywhere he goes he treasures and searches for the absence of that landscape and of the symbiosis between architecture and sea. I lived for months with someone who considered Umbria to be the center of the World, and another one for whom the center of the World is Castelvati (Brescia). All viewpoints were genuinely compromised by innate territorial bonds.

I have never had this love for the place in which I was born. In a time in which everyone wants to go anywhere (I am no exception), in which everyone complains about their birthplace (again: I am no exception), I'm fascinated by whoever goes against the grain. Despite my efforts, I have never felt any "Heimat", any trace of a homeland, only a sensation of being an absolutely random appearance in the records.

I've tried many times to feel it, and envy those who feel an intellectual and sentimental tie to the place in which they were born. I'm fascinated by the relationship with some kind of origin, a "safe" thought, a sort of certainty. Like saying "I AM LIKE THIS BECAUSE I WAS BORN HERE AND MY OUTLOOK WAS SHAPED BY THESE VISIONS"

A dear friend of mine from Turin is Sicilian.

He is Sicilian because of his family, his accent, his countenance and his passion. He lives in Piedmont, where he was born, but (in my opinion) his outlook and his sensitivity come from the summers spent down there in Sicily, with some help from research, work and study trips to the South.

More than once I have asked myself what deeper feelings Padua aroused in me, but nothing. Only some rational attraction to suggestive locations, such as the Botanic Garden or the Minici-Zotti Museum of Early Cinema.

A certain passion for the Vicenza Stone and its crumbling away inside buildings.

The Esapolis insectarium.

The Palazzo Liviano made by Giò Ponti with the Campigli frescoes.



Padova promoted to Serie A at the end of the season 1993/94

The tomb of Saint Anthony and the pilgrims who, by touching it with their hand, wear it away in prayer.

The relic of the incorrupt tongue of the Saint.

The abandoned villa in Via Palestro.

The anatomical Theatre (the oldest one in the world!).

The Observatory.

The fake grotto in the Arena Gardens.

Abano Terme in the winter, when smoke comes out of the manholes like in New York in the 80s, because of the thermal water which runs beneath.

I also like to stop for a few seconds below the windows of the Pollini Conservatory, listening to the students practicing piano.

I also adore the Riviera del Brenta with its haze and the sudden appearance of somewhat Palladian villas. I have sympathy for the local use of swearwords, intended as a form of prayer: the invocation of the supernatural in daily life. An evasive view of something generally considered as extremely vulgar.

I also appreciate the expression “ma va in figa de to mare” (“go back up your mother’s cunt”), in its connotation of a person unfit for this world, in need of finding a safe environment.

I admit that I have been following the results of the Padua football team for many years. I do it more as an intimate private ritual than as an excited supporter.

Nothing speaks, however, of love for my provenance, of an image upon which a mindset has been built.

No profound affection was obtained in my childhood.

Perhaps bigger was the intolerance I felt towards a small town which believed itself big, a typical fault of the province. Moreover, in

Italy, small towns (everywhere which is not the Capital) always have a certain history to reclaim: this is the reason for all that arrogant flag-waving. History which has lead, however, to an excellent lack of center. I admit that I hadn’t thought about this before; I like the lack of a center in Italy.

In France and then even more so in the Netherlands I felt, or thought to discern, and nourished, or better analyzed a certain melancholic geographic specter. Satisfied of how geography then becomes a story of movements, at times unconsciously, I now notice a certain bond to Italy.

Nothing tangible.

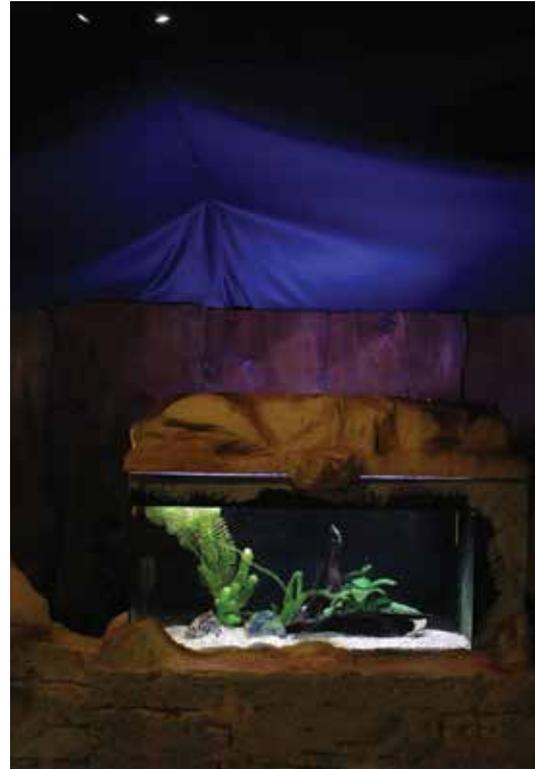
I don’t miss it and I am not sentimental about it. Sometimes I am about Milan because “In Milan you find everything”.

What interests me about Italy (and about Veneto) is a sort of personal metaphysics which surfaces indistinctly in me at times.

I like to think that the repeated and sluggish car trips along the coast of the Brenta, from Venice to the Dolomites or Tyrol (towards the krauts in any case), can “metaphysically” transfer themselves into the possibility of better understanding Mediterranean cultures without however not understanding more Nordic or rigid and pragmatic cultures, without perceiving those as non-familiar.



The incorrupt chin of Sant'Antonio during the traditional procession



Terrarium at Esapolis - Museum of living insects

## From Sanremo to Vladivostok

In 2004 I was in Warsaw, I had a female friend there. We weren't in love but there was a lot of passion, expressed by an unbridgeable and rather hesitant English. When we went out at night, and they would, by coincidence, discover that there was an Italian guy at the bar, they would always play "L'Italiano" by Toto Cutugno.

Anka didn't speak Italian.

Anka didn't speak Italian.

She thought that Turin was the capital of Italy.

She thought that Sicily had been independent and that pasta had to cook for at least an hour.

She also thought that Rome was part of the Vatican (and therefore not part of Italy).

She, however, knew the text of the song "L'Italiano" by heart, just like the rest of her friends.

Everybody asked me about Toto Cutugno who for me was only a faint memory from popular national television.

*One verse of a song of his goes: "There's the RAI, there's the RAI, there's the RAI. Which keeps you company, if you like, you only need to smile a bit like in a Totò movie"<sup>2</sup>*

After I had gone back to Italy, I discovered that he was and is extremely famous and admired in the entire Eastern Europe and that he often tours in central Asia as well.

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<sup>2</sup> I make note of the fact that, searching the internet for the lyric of the song "C'è la Rai", the only available websites are Romanian and Hungarian, such as the site of the "Toto Cutugno Fan Club Romania".

Despite the fact that the Polish people I hung out with were of a certain "higher middle class", Cutugno was always cited, perhaps even next to the Rome of Pasolini's Accattone, and he was as evocative as Fellini's Rimini which was rebuilt in Cinecittà. In Amsterdam I often end up in similar situations when I spend time with Russian, Polish, Lithuanian and Hungarian acquaintances. Two Bulgarian friends told me that Toto Cutugno often plays in Bulgaria and that his song, "L'italiano", has also been translated into Bulgarian.

In the supermarket with Russian and Ukrainian products in Amsterdam where I occasionally buy "Russian stuff", Cutugno's greatest hits are always next to those of Adriano Celentano.<sup>3</sup> Cutugno in fact explains in an interview with the Corriere della Sera that "There is no doubt that my success is also linked to the unavailability of Adriano Celentano who remains the most idolized artist of the ex Soviet Union. And I, who in a certain way remind him as an author and with my tone of voice, am considered head and shoulders above all of my Italian colleagues". The image of Toto Cutugno is therefore an image of melancholia from the get-go, as he is a replacement for the absent Celentano. He calls him to mind, his tone of voice reminds of his, it's the trace left by an image already present in memory but never truly possessed. After all, performances always have that flattering power of falsification on their side.

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<sup>3</sup> The Corriere della Sera, 26 August 2007

*“Buongiorno Italia, buongiorno Maria con gli occhi pieni di malinconia.”*  
(“Good morning Italy, good morning Mary, with eyes full of melancholia.”)

There is little that can be done at this point, Toto is bigger and played more. Perhaps only during the start of his move towards Eastern Europe he stumped along a little pompous, as the cheap supermarket imitations of Coca Cola. I presume that his music matches better with how a Russian would conjure the cultural panorama of Italy. Cutugno sings the image of Italy to someone who wants to imagine it in this very way.

A stereotype.

It is the specter of something which is not there anymore (supposing that it has ever been there) but that survives in the conscious desire of not ever being possibly truly experienced.

The scholar Yi-Fu Tuan says “The study of space, from the humanistic perspective, is thus the study of a people’s spatial feelings and ideas in the stream of experience. Experience is the totality of means by which we come to know the world: we know the world through sensation (feeling), perception, and conception.”<sup>4</sup>

*“Buongiorno Italia,  
Gli spaghetti al dente e un partigiano come presidente con l’autoradio  
sempre nella mano destra e un canarino sopra la finestra.”*  
(“Good morning Italy,  
*Spaghetti al dente and a Partisan as President,*

*with the car radio in your right hand and a canary above your window.”)*

The music, composed mainly in minor scales, combines well with the acoustics of Eastern Europe. “Once a Russian journalist told me that I compose songs in minor scales and that this melancholic way of writing songs is exactly how they would write songs in any part of Russia.”<sup>5</sup>

Hence, Toto Cutugno has recreated Italy (or the idea of Italy which he likes to imagine). Imagined things, if told well, are always more compelling than direct experience. Melancholia again stems from an image which is not there, something which is missing and which can only be evoked in its absence, because a convincing fantasy should never contradict that which people want to be told.

The Italy of Cutugno is an imaginary place where “*Young Italians are still romantic. Serenade to those who have separated and to children who are alone and a little lost who fall asleep late with mother TV. Serenade to the rulers, if they sang we would get further, to the pensioners, one more year and one more dime. Serenade to the black cats, to old artists and to waiters, to those who see love along the way.*”

The situations evoked by his texts are perfect sceneries for low-cost films in regions which perhaps don’t exist anymore, and which may have never existed. They are hypothetical strongholds which have survived simply because someone (non Italian) dreams them up, and therefore sees them.

You listen to a song while you roughly interpret its lyrics. Filling in the

<sup>4</sup> Yi-Fu Tuan, *Space and place: humanistic perspective* 1977 - U of Minnesota Press

<sup>5</sup> From an interview with Toto Cutugno by Fabio Fazio, *Che tempo che fa*, 13 April 2013

gaps and transforming as desired that which you don't understand.  
That's probably an affection of the memory to a non-existent  
landscape which resists and insists, as in one of the last sentences  
of the film *Eloge de l'amour* (2001), by Jean-Luc Godard:

"I am thinking of something  
In fact, I'm thinking of something else  
You can only think about something  
If you think of something else  
(For instance)  
I see a landscape that is new to me  
But it's new to me because  
I mentally compare it to another landscape  
An older one, one that I knew"

Giovanni Giaretta



Toto Cutugno performing a song on the Italian Television





belit sağ

I'm a videomaker based in Amsterdam, often in Turkey. I recently finished my residency at the Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kunsten. I've studied mathematics in Turkey, and art in The Netherlands. My video background is rooted in alternative video-activist/artist groups in Ankara and Istanbul, where I co-initiated groups and projects such as VideA (video collective) and Karahaber (video-activist atelier - <http://karahaber.org/>) and bak.ma (visual archive of social movements), and produced video works individually and in collaboration with other video-makers, artists, activists. My work has been exhibited in international art spaces and festivals including EYE Film Institute + IFFR (NL); Salt + Tutun Deposu + Damascus Visual Arts Festival (Turkey); DMZDocs Documentary Film Festival (Korea); Chinese European Art Center CEAC (CH); Art Lacuna Film Festival (UK).



gaze, textile prints and sound piece, 2016  
belit sag



*gaze*, textile prints and sound piece, 2016  
belit sag



Angela Jerardi

Angela Jerardi is a curator and writer living in Amsterdam. Her work engages with ideas of humor, hospitality and awkwardness as possible pedagogical and exhibition-making methodologies; an ongoing interest in absurd realism appears across her projects. Recent projects include *Neither here nor there, neither fish nor fowl*, Museum für Gegenwartskunst Siegen and Schloss Ringenberg (DE), *The Athens Conference for Utopian Technologies*, Etc., Goethe Institut (GR), *Game Theory*, Central Academy of Fine Art Museum (CN), and *Bourgeois Leftovers*, de Appel arts centre (NL). She lectures at the Gerrit Rietveld Academie and writes for contemporary art publications and catalogues, contributing regularly to C Magazine and Temporary Art Review.

How to float while touching the floor

My sense is that our conversation... perhaps in its entirety, has been insistently gesturing toward the question – and the affective labor – of critical agency, in its entwinement with multiple forms of doing, undoing, being undone, and becoming, as well as multiple forms of giving and giving up.<sup>1</sup>

A sentence seems to reach something she has troubled to describe. It appeared, meeting her gaze, backlit from the glow of the laptop screen. It's an odd habit, really; when she finds herself struggling, a lack of clarity about what to do, or how to persist, she reaches for reading material, preferably something theoretical and intolerably challenging to read. Perhaps it was precisely this intolerability that met her melancholia squarely, proving itself an adroit adversary.

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She is sitting with her back against the wall, trying to get comfortable. It started pouring as she was walking here and she got caught in it, her jacket soaked through. It seems it's almost always raining here. The room is small, but bright. Around its periphery sits rows of benches and chairs. Murmurs, quiet conversations and a jostling of chairs, bags, and notebooks; then a clear voice surfaces over the rustling, an introduction for the day's activities. Many hours later she will still be sitting here, albeit with some intermissions for coffee. Her mind wanders, and then returns, to a sentence hanging in the air, it's moment of enunciation already passed – there is a political weight still held by materiality, and by the normative processes of production and circulation. The speaker picks up where

she left off: we must go through a process of devaluation; dismantle concepts of artistic value and autonomy.<sup>2</sup> Round and round. The ideas circle, never quite touching the floor, they prefer to float and hover. But these well-articulated theoretical arguments seem to so often get sidetracked en route to the practicalities, disappearing down an abstract path.

What she would like to know is how do we sustain ourselves if we do not produce? It reminds her of an unexpected quip in an essay by the curator Mai Abu ElDahab: “I want to be able to pay my rent. I want to eat a meal in a restaurant, buy books and a new pair of boots from time to time, and rent a small place near the sea in some Mediterranean village during summer holidays every once in a while... a lower-middle-class life (the European version).”<sup>3</sup> And how could one go about having such a life without transfiguring your cognitive capacities into capital? She wonders about lived behavior and actions: how can one go about refusing, what kind of habits could she install in her life that would allow her to subsist and at the same time, rebuff? Work and (seeming) non-work seem to encompass all time and activity. We work, and then when we are finished working, we escape our boredom by doing some work for social media companies on our phones. It is a sort of ceaseless habitual creep, a perpetually hybridizing existence, wherein a dinner with the very same people could be an opportunity to build more professional networks or an evening spent with friends. But of course, it is both, at the same time – the life of the precarious self-censoring, self-actualizing, creative class, freelance worker par excellence. But where in any of this is a refusal? There are most likely multiple forms

of giving and giving up indeed.

And yet, with a certain distance, the gaze adjusts. It’s as though once we can see the height of the building, a concomitant clarity arrives: if it is far enough from our corporeal frame, we can point, we can identify. *There* is the problem we say, knowing all the while that we are complicit, we have aided and abetted all along. And so, contemporary art stays busy with keeping the social critique in the art on the walls, while the back of the house runs like any good capitalist hierarchy should, extracting surplus value and monetizing it for the benefit of those closest to the apex of the pyramid.

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Her head nods sharply down, jolting her awake. The room is dark, illuminated only by the street lamp glinting through the rain-spattered window. She hears the patter of rain on the roof. She grasps in the dark for her tote bag on the floor, and instead she finds water, a good few inches before her hand touches the rough-hewn wood under the wet. Her bag has drifted a few feet over, soaked through, her phone at the bottom, now a soggy, useless, electronic hulk. It takes a moment for her to focus in the dark; the room is empty except her. Other than the arm that had ventured out groping for her bag, she is curiously dry. She grips the bag close to her before sliding her feet round in front of her; the water swamps them, seeping into her shoes. Her legs stumble a bit before swishing through the swell toward the door. She catches her balance in the doorway, steadying herself, before hurriedly sliding down the slippery stairwell.

She reaches the front door, twists the handle and the door sways open easily, a gush of water coming with her. Bewildered, she abandons the open door and drifts out onto the street, into the beating rain.

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“The pictures will not go away,” Susan Sontag says. “That is the nature of the digital world in which we live”.<sup>4</sup> She is speaking of a group of images obtained by Amnesty International and the Associated Press in 2003, documenting the torture of Iraqi prisoners by American soldiers. A quick Google search confirms that the pictures do not go away, but an object’s presence does not equate to its visibility. Sontag argues that images relay affect; this is their capacity. But they still require interpretation, a linguistic apparatus to render them intelligible. Yet here, in this essay, *Regarding The Torture of Others*—published a few months after these images were made public—Sontag finds her faith in narrative waning. Words, she says, are easy to disguise and forget, “in our age of infinite digital self-reproduction and self-dissemination” – photographs were required to make it “real”.<sup>5</sup> But are images not also easy to hide? Could they not just as easily accrue as digital detritus in this infinite archive of self-reproduction? Despite the incredible ease of editing and manipulating them, do images still somehow remain more real, less refutable than narrative?

Images hold an anticipatory quality, a bound-up potential as non-empirical, empathetic records of human life, despite their seemingly

empirical quality. Of course snapshots and selfies most often attempt to show us not so much as who we are, but as how we would like to be seen. But this preening and awkward performativity seems to only make us more human once captured in the frame. And in their past-ness, images divulge their inherent melancholia, revealing a moment of *what has been*.<sup>6</sup> Perhaps it is this quality that leaves a visual trace, a ghosting. Judith Butler argues that the capacity for haunting arises from the photograph’s linkage with this peculiar grammatical tense, both anticipating and performing the grievability of a life.<sup>7</sup> And it is this pathos of the image that allows us to be haunted by the suffering of others:

“Someone will have lived” is spoken within a present, but it refers to a time and a loss to come. Thus the anticipation of the past underwrites the photograph’s distinctive capacity to establish grievability as a precondition of a knowable human life – to be haunted is precisely to apprehend that life before precisely knowing it.<sup>8</sup>

Butler argues further that it is precisely the image’s contemporary condition of circulation that allows it to break its frame, to always be entering and visiting new contexts, new frames. It is through this framing that normative conditions determine not just what is visible, but how we even conceive of visibility; the act of framing is always an operation of power, delimiting “the sphere of appearance itself”.<sup>9</sup> The very notions of personhood are null without relation to a frame. But at the same time, the heterogeneity of these norms and their performativity forecloses their capacity. They cannot determine, but

their omnipresence delimits the view, setting a context. Certainly this concern cannot be overstated. If the production of visual and narrative culture is to matter, in the midst of the growing deluge of the digital flotsam engulfing us, it will be precisely because of the critical agency of its makers, dragging the frame—in all its heterogeneity—over and over again, into view.

Angela Jerardi

1. Judith Butler and Athena Athanasiou, *Dispossession: The Performative in the Political*, Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013, 193.
2. These ideas are paraphrased from a lecture by Andrea Phillips, as part of the *Commoning Forum Series*, “Forum II: Commoning Art Organization”, at Casco – Office for Art, Design and Theory, Utrecht, January 30, 2016.
3. Mai Abu ElDahab, “You Play Every Time You Rehearse”, in *A Needle Walks into a Haystack*, London: Liverpool Biennial and Koenig Books, 2014, 60.
4. Susan Sontag, “Regarding The Torture of Others,” *New York Times*, May 23, 2004, <http://www.nytimes.com/2004/05/23/magazine/regarding-the-torture-of-others.html>
5. *ibid.*
6. Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*, London: Vintage, 2000, 85.
7. Judith Butler, *Frames of War: When is Life Grievable?*, London: Verso, 2009, 98.
8. *ibid.*
9. *ibid.*, 1.

Maria Barnas

Maria Barnas (NL, 1973) is a poet and visual artist. Both in her written work (which includes novels, poetry and essays) and in her visual work, she works with how description and imagery form and obscure our notion of reality.

So tell me

What does a body convey  
with wallowing words

slow swallows  
swallowed down with the flesh

I imagine devouring.  
My mouth stuffed

with metaphor  
a muffled lake

on a screeching bright morning.  
Its murky edges slosh

against figures of speech  
and what may be called belief.

I have good reason  
to close my eyes

underwater ball shaped rooms  
the crystal roofs complete.



*grain*, video, 2016  
belit sag



*grain*, video, 2016  
belit sag

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