

# UBIQUISTS AND DISJUNCTED AREAS

## The Whisper Saga

by Ilya Korovkin  
Part Two

Once upon a time in the three-times-tenth kingdom and in the three-times-ninth country lived a man whose name was Sveklan. The red hair of his beard was known far around to the South and to the North of his town, for he had a ship with devoted men that traveled the lands to conquer slaves and animals. The strong belief in his own force enabled his powers to make him a fierce warrior and a rich trader, but the life of long journeys and heroic battles did not give him the chance to find a wife and to give birth.

One evening at the close of the third lustrum of his life a beautiful woman entered from the darkness of the night through his bedroom's window and appeared to him. Her eyes were dark as tea and her hair was shining, she seemed to be filled with transparent blue water, her mouth was saying something, but only wind was heard. Sveklan tried to touch her, but she disappeared as she entered through the window in the sky and left him obsessed by what he saw. The calm was lost and none of the treasures he possessed gave him the sense of value.

Three cycles of twenty four nights have vanished and Sveklan's heart became more troubled. And on the fifth night of every cycle the image of the woman came to him, but he could not catch it. So he decided to sail away from this torture. He gathered all his men and ordered them to prepare the ship for long and dangerous travel. The town folks respected his will and made the necessary arrangements. Three days before the departure a stranger

the necessary arrangements. Three days before the departure a stranger appeared to Sveklan with a request to join his expedition to the south. Sveklan asked him about his reasons and the stranger explained that he was traveling from Birka to Byzantium in the search of a white god. The stranger's the necessary arrangements. Three days before the departure a stranger appeared to Sveklan with a request to join his

## Tea And Sympathy

by Tirdad Zolghadr  
Part Two

Maciej has run out of CDs, and is looking for a radio channel on the car stereo. Although we still get held up by the occasional traffic jam, I'm relieved to see we're making very good time, and may well reach Hamburg before midnight. "What have you done for me lately Ooh ooh ooh yeah.

a picknick once -" he bends over, squeezing his head between my headrest and the car window, gently blowing his warm breath deep into my right ear, "they all showed up with PET bottles under their arms. Their own PET bottles of stuff." I don't react, so after a minute or so he withdraws his head, visibly disappointed in me. "But I shouldn't be saying this. The guy is driving us, after all. And actually," he adds, watching me through the corner of his eye, "they're alot like the Persians."

He turns around, and searches a bright red anorak until he finds a Granny Smith, which he awkwardly starts peeling with a tiny army knife. His wife watches him, impatient but seemingly very amused. "You're being unfair, you know. Remember the Swedes? Veeeeeery different. Veeeeeery progressive. That's what Abdolrahman told me last time. Veeeeeery pro-

gressve." She looks out her window at the gloomy, misty panorama around us.

"Grave and tragic would it be," she says, "should the enemies of progress be successful in dividing those who belong together naturally, who together must solve the challenge of changing class society into a democratic folkhem. We need a stronger general spirit, a stronger ability to see the whole, a stronger will to give place to interests other than our own."

"Azizam," the husband exclaims, "don't talk about Swedes while we're eating."

He realizes I'm watching, puzzled by her recitation. "Per Albin Hansson," he explains, as she starts speaking quickly and angrily in what I assume is Pashtu. I overhear the word "bourgeoisie", and, later, "Hamburg".

What have you done for me lately Ooh ooh ooh yeah." After over an hour of driving through wet highway slush in pleasant silence, under a sky of extraordinarily monotonous grey, the Afghan gentleman leans forward and starts talking, quietly, in Farsi. "Poles," he mumbles. "Do you know any Poles? They're, you know, nezhaad-parast. Race-worshippers. Just like all the others. Raasist."

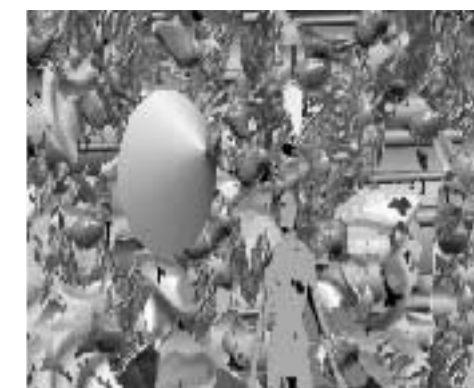
"Like other what?" "Like everyone else up here. You saw Rasmussen, right? You know what he said?" "I know what he said." "And the Poles. You know that Nigerian in their national league? You know when he enters the football field, they throw bananas at him? And they drink like swine. The worst are the Latvians. We had a



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## Housing

Leticia Ramos



The Whisper Saga...

devices, but followed him in secret. As four days came by he knew where Vyatmarr lived and ordered his men to steal all his belongings when the traveler from Birka was out of the place. As Sveklan thought Vyatmarr had nothing to pay the room where he was living and had to sleep on the streets. Homeless, he was soon captured and sold as a slave on the market. Sveklan knew it and bought Vyatmarr with the half of the same silver that he stole from him. He promised to make him free if he would reveal to Sveklan the real reasons of his trip.

came back home Sveklan did not sleep, but waited for the image to appear. The night was long and on the sixth hour the wind has blown through the window and from the sky a blue figure came into the room. Sveklan's heart was beating fast while he saw the beauty of this creature. The woman hands were dancing near his face as he was breathing fast. He called her by her name and her hands did touch his neck. That's how and when this brave man has found death.

Tea and sympathy...

## UBIQUISTS AND DISJUNCTED AREAS

a project by planet22

for the project *ubiquists and disjuncted areas* planet22 has invited artist Sandie Tourle, born 1969 in Zimbabwe, artist Leticia Ramos, born 1970 in Montevideo, Uruguay, sociologist Ilya Korovkin, born 1975 in Moscow, Russia and Ku.Iturpessimist Tirdad Zolghadr, born 1974 in Tehran, Iran. planet22 is an independent exhibition space in the red light district of geneva run by Solvej Dufour Andersen, born 1974 in Løgstør, Denmark and Peter Stoffel, born 1972 in Herisau, Switzerland

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bins are known to suddenly go on murderous rampages, killing dozens. In Minnesota, over the two or three coldest weeks, the radio regularly issues warnings, urging single Norwegian males to seek the company of others. The Swedes, on the other hand, have no such inclination. Nor do Danes.

I consider sharing the story with Maciej, but decide I'm too drained and tired.

The passengers in the back are both asleep. We're arriving in Hamburg, and I notice I've been looking forward to it after all. Red brick buildings, polite shopkeepers, ironic Bosnians. Hamburg is the only German city to have long been free of the influence of feudal aristocracy, proudly flaunting its bourgeois identity, its unbending belief in free trade, in the impersonal, libertarian public sphere.

Maciej switches off the radio and turns right, towards the train station. It will be nice to see the Hajji again. Good old Hajji, and his endless deliberations on modern architecture. Our rendezvous is at the New Point Döner in St.Georg, in just over an hour. This will be the longest night of my life. No drinking or eating. Just praying, hoping and fasting. They've found Mohamad's video tapes, and arrested Hossein and Massoud, but that shouldn't make any difference. Presumably, we'll be taking the flight tomorrow.