

UBIQUISTEN AND DISJUNCTED AREAS

The Whisper Saga

by Ilya Korovkin
Part One

In the time when small people disappeared underground there lived a man named Yngvarr who sensed the right from the wrong and was respected for that. His advices were followed by humans and praised by creatures of all sorts. His judgement was his sword. He had a wife named Unna whose constant heart possessed an icy temper that coloured each word she said. Her beauty was heard of from Brattahid to Irit. Their rich and beautiful house gave shelter to heroes and was visited for some time by Odin.

Yngvarr and Unna gave birth to three sons. Sveinvald the elder, received the force as gift of nature, but had not enough wits to use it mildly, so the story turned him angry. The second son had the name Helge. The passions brought him to the Western Islands and the waves made that he wasn't there. Vyatmarr was the youngest son. This child had

dark eyes, white skin and brown hair. For every present the parents offered him he invented his own word.

A great disease touched Yngvarr and stopped his heart like thunder. Unna felt his call to join him on this occasion on the road of Valhöll. They were buried in a boat covered with ground and stones and their friends killed all of Yngvarr's and Unna's slaves. Their house was destroyed and a green oak tree was planted on its place. All except the third son came out of this story.

Vyatmarr grew up slowly. Only the eyes of his mother and the voice of his farther lived in his memory long enough to be recalled. Vyatmarr became a merchant in Birka and sold furs and deer skin. He was poor because he didn't like to speak too much.

One night in spring he had a dream. With wind a whisper came to his

mind. It told him to go to Byzantium where he will find his fortune. He woke up on this cloudy morning and went to his store near the port. A stranger with dark skin came by in his store and got out without saying a word. Vyatmarr found that the foreigner left a silver dirhem that was issued in Bagdad. The shining of the coin reminded him of his dream and awakened his desire to seek his fortune in the south. He left Birka on the next morning.



© by Sandie Tourle

He took a ship to cross the sea to reach the Land of The Counters. In Ladoga he found another ship and men that prepared to leave on an expedition to Byzantium to exchange slaves, furs, arms and spices. A man named Sveklan was the leader. He was a brave and clever warrior. When staring at a man he knew his thoughts before the man had time to think them. Vyatmarr introduced himself to Sveklan as a traveller and asked if he could be part of his men. "What spirit is that makes you travel?" - returned the question Sveklan. "I heard that a white god existed in the South," answered the traveller. "I don't believe in gods nor spirits", Sveklan said, "But I will take you with me. I need a man has no interest in trade. Prepare to use your force and sight for me." Hundalal, Roden, Tyrkir were among the men that took the river way to the South.

They crossed the Bulgar forests bringing the boat from small river to small

Tea And Sympathy

by Tirdad Zolghadr
Part One

The gentleman at the wheel is Polish. Back in Zurich, a car-sharing agency had referred me to this tall, thin man and his dark-blue Audi A3, who is now leading us through screaming snowstorms, down sleeted highways, on a passage to Hamburg. Yesterday, thousands were forced to spend the night on Germany's snowy motorways, as policemen shuffled up and down,

guage!" We nod, and smile at each other in a strained sort of way. Then we nod again, and exchange the usual formulae in Farsi how is your health may your hand not hurt may I sacrifice myself for you thank you how is your health how are you, and then, still nodding furiously, we smile again, and I turn back to Maciej. "DON'T eat. JUST drink", says Maciej, as we crawl towards a sign announcing the highway restaurant. "I'm protestant," he says. "Have you

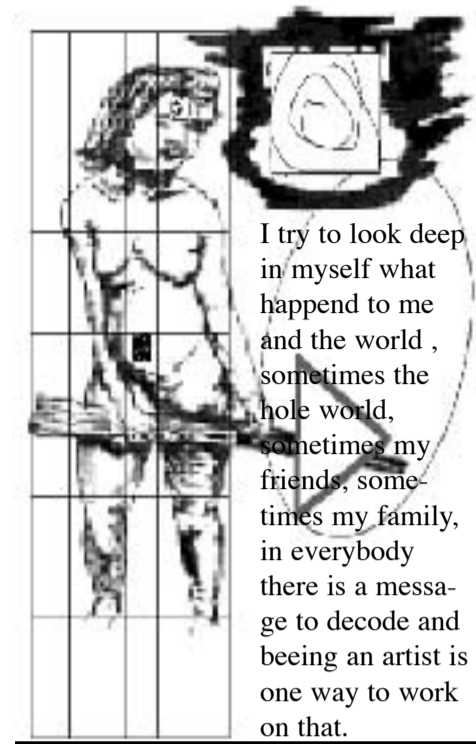
heard of Adam Malysz, the ski-jumper? He's a Polish protestant. And Prime "I'm protestant," he says. "Have you heard of Adam Malysz, the ski-jumper? He's a Polish protestant. And Prime Minister Buzek, him too." "Waaaa-oo", says Chris de Burgh. "Don't pay the ferryman, waaoo-oh". Maciej tells us about the Swedish-protestant invasion of the 17th Century, which was when the Polish flirtation with Protestantism came to an end, and the nation reunited under the banner of Catholicism.

knocking on windows and offering hot tea and checkered blankets. His name is Maciej. "Everything freezes over," says Maciej. "We must reach Hamburg before midnight." On the back seat, a quiet Turkish couple sits motionless, an imposing, silent monument of lamb's wool and padded polyester. The thought of spending a wintry night with Maciej, his Chris de Burgh CDs, and a married couple makes me sigh, deeply, the way I've watched my Persian relatives sigh to themselves, fluttering their Persian lashes in a moment of exquisite, Persian drama, sticky-sweet, desperate, agonizing. "Save time." Maciej says. "At this next restaurant: NO eating, just drinking." I turn to the couple. "You're Turkish?" I ask in German. The two start grinning at me from under their anoraks. "Maa hamzabaan hastim", they chirp. "You're from Tehran, we're from the noble nation of Afghanistan! We speak the same lan-

guage!" We nod, and smile at each other in a strained sort of way. Then we nod again, and exchange the usual formulae in Farsi how is your health may your hand not hurt may I sacrifice myself for you thank you how is your health how are you, and then, still nodding furiously, we smile again, and I turn back to Maciej. "DON'T eat. JUST drink", says Maciej, as we crawl towards a sign announcing the highway restaurant. "I'm protestant," he says. "Have you heard of Adam Malysz, the ski-jumper? He's a Polish protestant. And Prime Minister Buzek, him too." "Waaaa-oo", says Chris de Burgh. "Don't pay the ferryman, waaoo-oh". Maciej tells us about the Swedish-protestant invasion of the 17th Century, which was when the Polish flirtation with Protestantism came to an end, and the nation reunited under the banner of Catholicism. Outside, it's getting colder and darker. Malmø. Looks very much like the sound of "Malmø". Swedish invasions and Malmø. Last Friday, I was in Beirut. On my first morning, I asked the man at the reception desk: "Could you please tell me which way is North. Once I know where north is, I'll be able to find my way around, somehow." He took a little while to think, gently caressing his eyebrows with his thumbs, then pointed straight ahead said, "that's north." I wanted to thank him, when I realized he was about to say something else. He pointed to his right, and slowly said, "and down there, that's south."

It's late afternoon. We've been sitting

Leticia Ramos



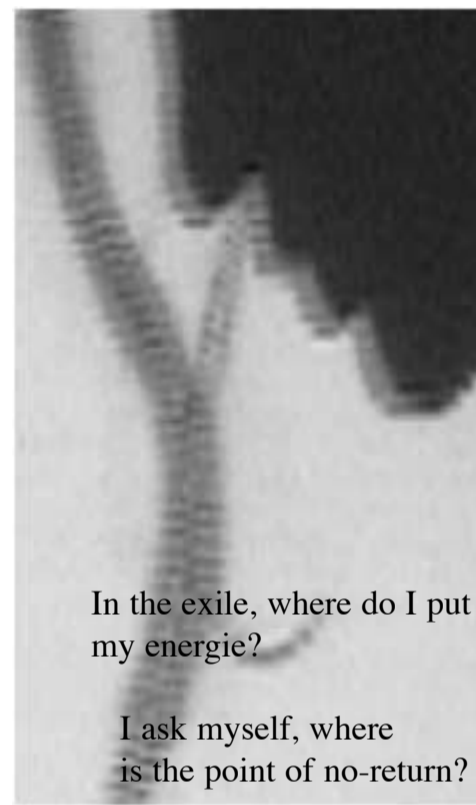
I try to look deep in myself what happend to me and the world, sometimes the hole world, sometimes my friends, sometimes my family, in everybody there is a message to decode and being an artist is one way to work on that.



SHE SPENT HER LIFE DREAMING OF THE PERFECT HOME AND IT'S DESTRUCTION

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In the city, especially in the evening she knows a lot of people, she is always out. She looked for actual empty spaces for rent or squat, sites that could be redesigned and reorganized for fictional groups or individuals to operate 'alternative' structures/systems, which would be self-contained and self-sustaining as well as ecologically sound. She has an independent life. She told me :

«It's interesting how easily people are satisfied with a particular model of success-exhibitions, money in your pocket, and then you are fulfilled. It feels like any other job.»

My first exhibition was when he left and forgot his boots, I made an installation with them. He found that good but also obvious, he can't help being critic.



UBIQUISTEN AND DISJUNCTED AREAS

a project by planet22

for the project *ubiquisten and disjuncted areas* planet22 has invited artist Sandie Tourle, born 1969 in Zimbabwe, artist Leticia Ramos, born 1970 in Montevideo, Uruguay, sociologist Ilya Korovski, 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, Danemark and Peter Stoffel, born 1972 in Herisau, Switzerland

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the Whisper Saga...

river. Numerous were the slaves and animals they captured with their courage and boldness. They reached the large rivers by the coloured season. On their stop in Kiev on Dniepr they heard the stories of massacres made by Petchenegues and Khazars. "They killed a Norseman chief whose name was Valdemar. His people are in great distress," so told them a local. "In despair to get revenge the spirits of the men are trembling. No law and no discussion can make them calm," told the local - "The fate of our men and women is thus. We need a stranger's view and in you I seek advice." Sveklan gave his thought to the local: "Each man has destiny, but the force of relations is stronger than each man's fate and has no life without death. The youngest of grown up women of your people needs to be sacrificed". The next night the people gathered and the woman after receiving each man at her house during the day was killed by the oldest of the women of the settling. The life that was never born has died, so was done according to the advice of Sveklan.

After following Dniepr and the shores of the Black Sea the boat of Sveklan reached Bizantium. Vyatmarr thanked Sveklan and his men and disappeared into the hot and strange city. He was impressed by the beauty he saw and felt tired in this foreign place. He found a room for the night and felt asleep in it. When he woke up the next day all of his belongings and silver were gone. The owner of the house was robbed too and in his anger he asked Vyatmarr to go away and never bring with him the bad luck to the house again. So Vyatmarr had to live in the streets of the foreign city, until he had nothing to eat. He was captured hungry and homeless by the city guards and held into prison. The Bizantians hoped to sell him as a slave.

Sveklan was in need of slaves for his way back to the North and his surprise and anger were great to find Vyatmarr on the market. He bought him and asked: "What made you loose your force and become a slave?" So Vyatmarr told him the story of his dream. "You poor fool," - told him Sveklan, "I had three times the same dream in which a whisper described me from its seven sides the oak tree in Birka where I can find a great treasure. But I didn't go to Birka, because dreams are hallucinations and creations of the mind. The man who acts upon them looses his wits. Look at what you have done to yourself" Sveklan was generous and wise, so he

Tea and Sympathy..

in a traffic jam for almost four hours. Maciej announces a recess at the next restaurant. "Here, NOT only drinking. EATING. But drinking, too. Or washing hands." Upon reaching the highway bistro, we sit down at three different tables, then regroup, precisely 25 minutes later, behind the Audi A3 in the parking lot. I'm doing my best to look forward to Hamburg. My mother lives in Hamburg, as do many other Iranians. Friends of mine, the Jahandars, would ship their own Basmati rice to Hamburg. This was during the 80s, when you couldn't find much besides Uncle Ben's, in neon-orange cardboard boxes. So the Jahandars imported two tons of rice. After a year, the entire stock was already eaten or given away; two tons of butter-crusted Persian rice cakes. Hamburg-Iranians are different to Tokyo-Iranians, who are mostly cheap labor, and live under park benches. Hamburg-Iranians are merchants. Bon chic, bon gens. Et franchement très discret. Nor do they have anything to do with LA-Iranians, the tasteless Tehranginos, with their BMWs and marble columns. The Germans appreciate this. Many an Ingrid, many an Ole have assured me: "You Persians are not like all the others." By all the others, I believe they're referring to all the other Muslims. "Your culture is so much closer to ours," they add. By saying this, they believe they're paying me a compliment. Besides Ingrid's and Oles, I also know some Bosnians in Hamburg. They play rock music at the Pudels Klub, and wear geeky suits and ironic moustaches. They're doing the Yugo thing. Could anyone do the Hamburgo thing, the Tehrano thing? I'm afraid not. When it comes to postirony and nostalgia de la boue, it's really always about class. Yugos work much better.

brought Vyatmarr back to Ladoga with his ship and gave him money enough to reach his home in Birka.

Vyatmarr expressed his gratitude to Sveklan and left to Birka. He went to the oak tree standing in the place of his family house. It was exactly the same as described by Sveklan in his dream. Under the tree he found a treasure that made him wealthy for all his family house. It was exactly the same as described by Sveklan in his dream. Under the tree he found a treasure that made him wealthy for all his life. And so his dream has been fulfilled.